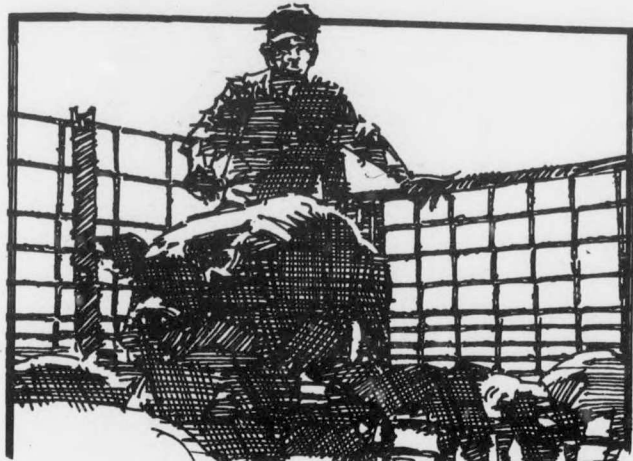


EXPRESSIONS DISTRACTIONS

SALUTE TO PORK PRODUCERS



My Hero

I can still see your tender smile
even see the mirth that always
shone in your gentle brown eyes
I can still hear your ever present laughter
I even hear the many tunes that
you played so lovingly on your fiddle
I can still feel the warmth of your presence
as we rocked in our chairs before the fire
as we welcomed the beauty of the morn
I can still feel your arms as they held me
as you wiped away my tears of woe
and comforted me selflessly, lovingly
You are embedded in my heart and soul forever
I shall cherish all of our memories
hold them, and never let them go
Someday, I shall be with you
someday, somewhere in another place
I feel this is so true
For God only knows, as do I
I feel this is true
for I love you so, my beloved Grandfather.
Sherrie Hudson



The Final Curtain

My beautiful ballarina
You danced into my life,
giving me so much joy.
Under a passionate spell we
held the spotlight and laughed
at our ignorant audience.
I could have held and watched
you forever...
Now cruel, the final curtain must come
before I am ready for the dance to end.
My desires for you rivals Degas love for the Brush
and I shall always carry the memories of your
sparkling eyes and lovely smile,
close to my battered heart.
D. McCluskey

NEXT WEEK!!!
A salute to our friends
the fresh fruit growers...

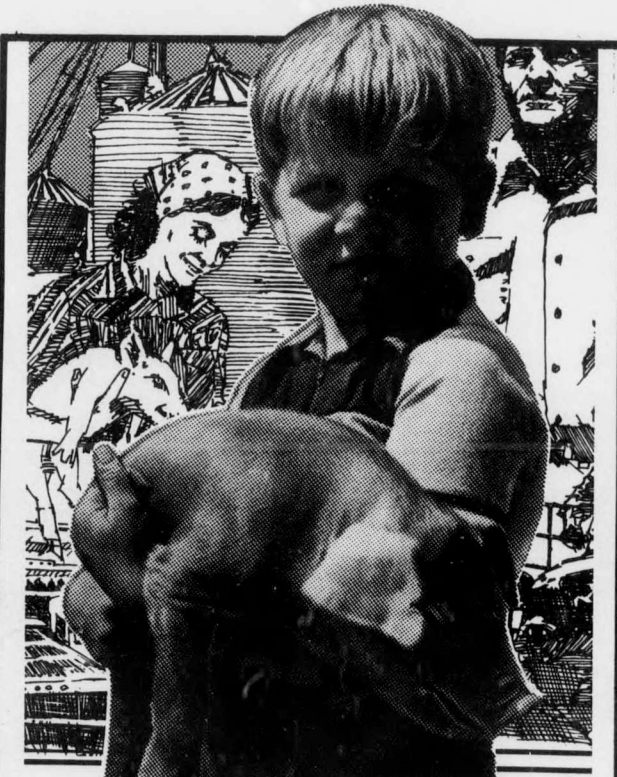
Salute to Stephanie's Family: Hog Producers Everywhere.

Pork pork pork.
I love it on my fork.
Pork pork pork.
its wailing death, I record.
but pigs whisper to me like my mother

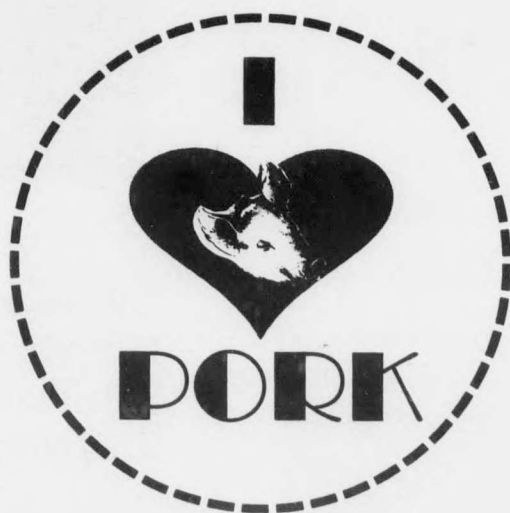
Pigs pigs pigs
I've been driven insane
pigs pigs pigs
by the smell of their sweet methane.
but hogs scream madness in my dreams.

Hogs hogs hogs
the righteous lamb of God
hogs hogs hogs
make more money than a bunch of logs
but headcheese only denies white death

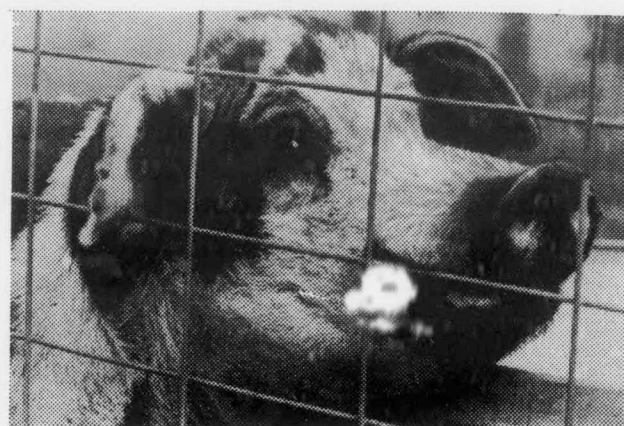
I salute our pork producers with every loving
inch of my tender fork
zoohey



Thanks, Pork
Producers, For
A Great Year!



Your cut out 'n' keep commemorative badge.
Wear it with pride!



Dreams

He slipped between the covers,
On a lonely, dreary night.
A lengthy state of bliss descended upon him
Dissolving, dissolving...
The world swirled about
As he entered the new realm.

A spirit full of sublime passion overtook him,
As fluid images fled by.
Thoughts that cannot be discerned,
until a new vision emerged.

And he found himself in new country,
New place and new tune.
Sights and sounds of busing activity
That took him by; he saw her
Sanding by the stalls.
Their eyes not with flickering affection. Flickering

Alas! but time is short!
Life is but a soliloquy
For the vision cut off; it seemed so long,
The new sun arising signals
The start of another morn.



Someone walks behind me

Obsessive compulsive-
It's three a.m. and the phone is ringing again.
So cruel, interrupting sleep
imposing memories
of a flirtation gone horribly
horribly wrong.
"Fuck off!"

is too subtle for you-
no less than the promise
of the rest of my life,
manipulation of my body,
will satisfy the passion
lurking in your spying eyes.
Respect (Instead of Ownership)
is something I can't explain
no matter how many hours
you have me on the phone.
O, woe is me, I think-
If only you could understand
you don't need me
you need a good shrink.
M.J.