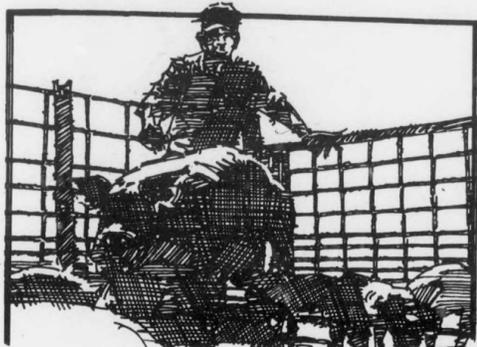


EXPRESSIONS DISTRACTIONS

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...
 How 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

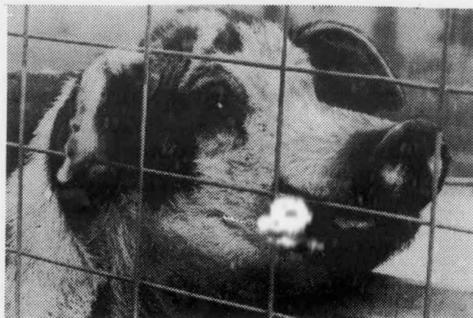
Salute to Stephanie's Family: Hog Producers Everywhere.

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
 zeeboy



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.

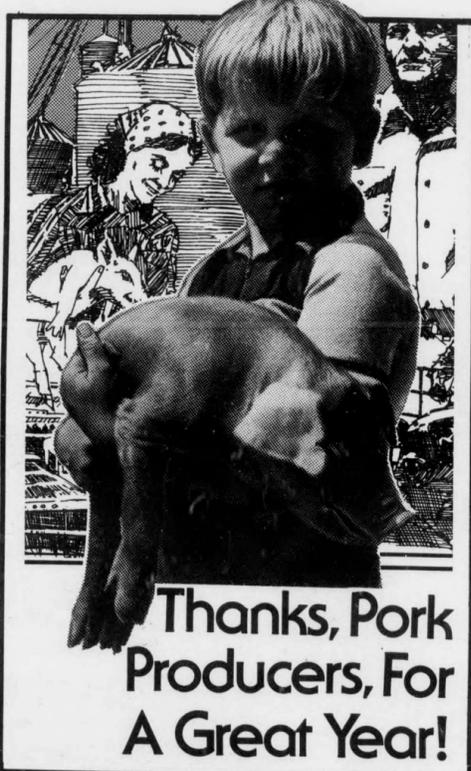
And he found himself in new country,
 New place and new tune.
 Sights and sounds of busing activity
 That took him by; he saw her
 Sanding by the stalls.
 Their eyes not with flickering affection. Flickering

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.



Thanks, Pork
 Producers, For
 A Great Year!



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

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