

Wind



M. F. Gordon 9/20

Wind

Volume 1:
Science Fiction
and
Weird Fantasies

Poems
by
Joyce Worley Katz

Art Credits

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Apology

I've written poetry all my life. In fact, the first piece of writing by me still in existence is a short story prefaced by a poem about "... a little girl named Alice Who lived inside a palace", penned when I was seven.

Since those seminal lines, I've produced a very substantial volume of work, in bulk if not in value. Although I feel very self-indulgent for publishing my own verse, I am even less prone to ask someone else to do so.

The poems span the years from 1956 to the present, and were done under varied circumstances. The ones in this volume use horror and science fictional imagery, and I hope that you'll find some pleasure, and perhaps even some worth, in reading them.

-- Joyce Worley Katz

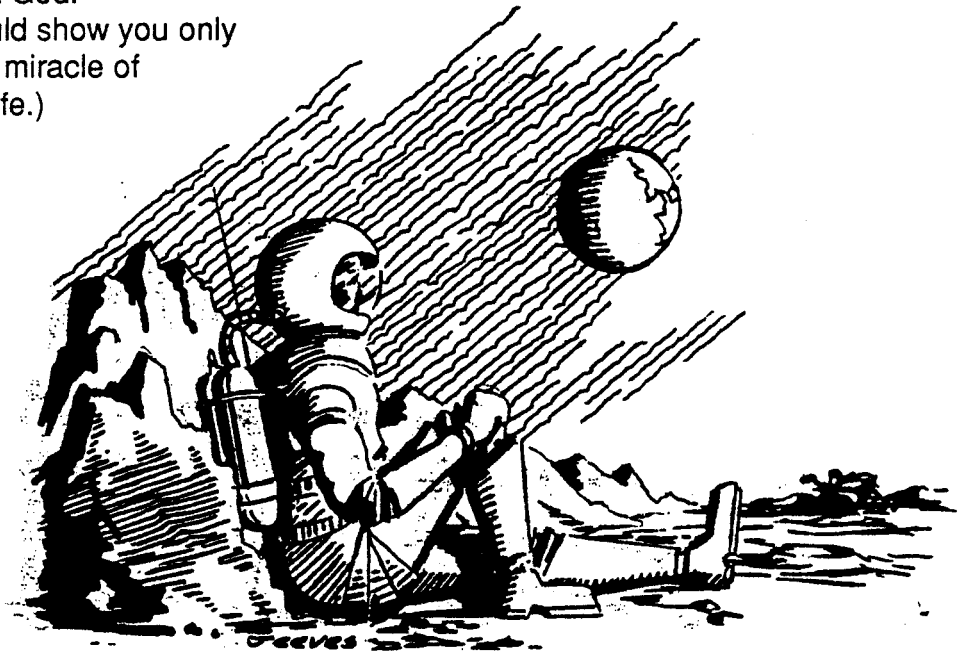
Wind #1, August 1992, is written and edited by Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107). It is produced for the entertainment of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and a few poetry lovers everywhere. Thanks to Arnie for layout and production help. Publication date: June 15, 1992

Lines Written

Upon The Reading Of
"Religion in Science Fiction"
by Steve Pickering
As Published in Al Andrews' *Iscariot*

Follow me into the stars...
I'll show you soulfulness.
(Others would show you only
The wonders of the cosmos.)
Follow me into Time...
I'll show you the Great Mystery.
(Others would show you only
The symbols of inventiveness.)

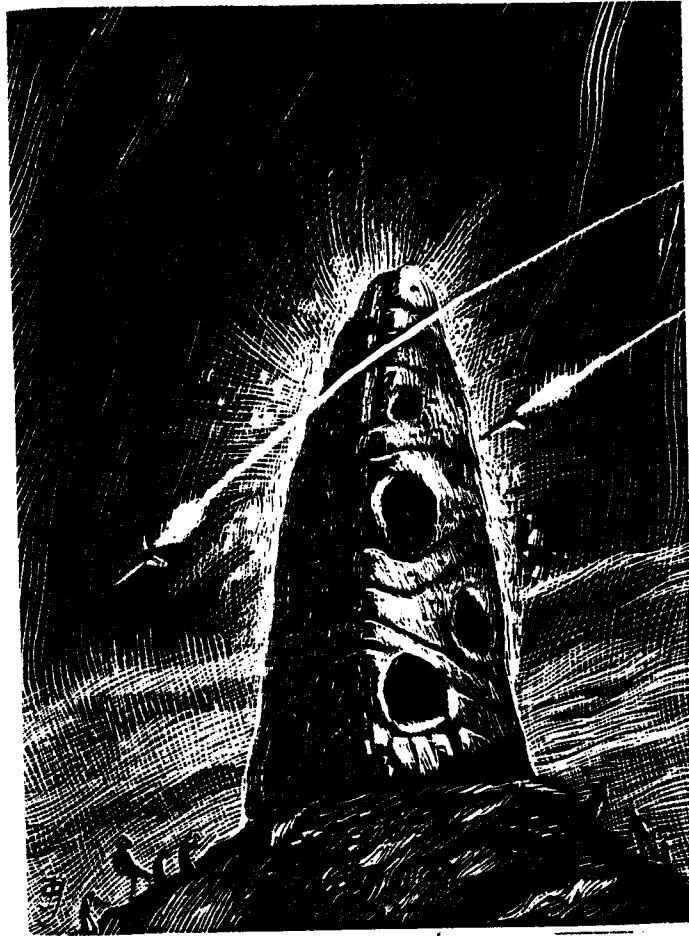
Follow me into dusky cities
On planets yet unnamed,
In galaxies we've not yet found,
Though a universe we've only glimpsed.
I'll show you God.
(Others would show you only
The greater miracle of
Intelligent Life.)



Comment:

I've always thought the search for religion in science fiction seemed unnecessary.

The glories of the universe are truly more magnificent than any manmade philosophy.



Space Program

Earth vomits out her wealth
Into the sky
As her ships, like gleaming
Daggers flung by some
Chicago Eastside hood --
Rockets screaming --
Push their bulk,
Not toward orbit, but
Toward conquest hoped for
In battle against
Some yet unknown race
On some still undiscovered planet.

(Originally published in Doug Lovenstein's *Arioch!*)

Conquerors

As the aliens left the starship --
Gleaming daggers that had borne them here --
They looked about the land
They had claimed by conquest.

Hot it was -- and barren.
But they knew that time
Would heal the wounds
Their missiles had inflicted.

The seas would stir again
and life would crawl onto the land.
The lark would come
And the serpent crawl
And man be born again.
Someday mountains would again
Point their fingers to the sky
And the men on Terra
Would follow the mountains
To burst screaming into space...and war.

And so the aliens
Went back into their ships
And left -- defeated.

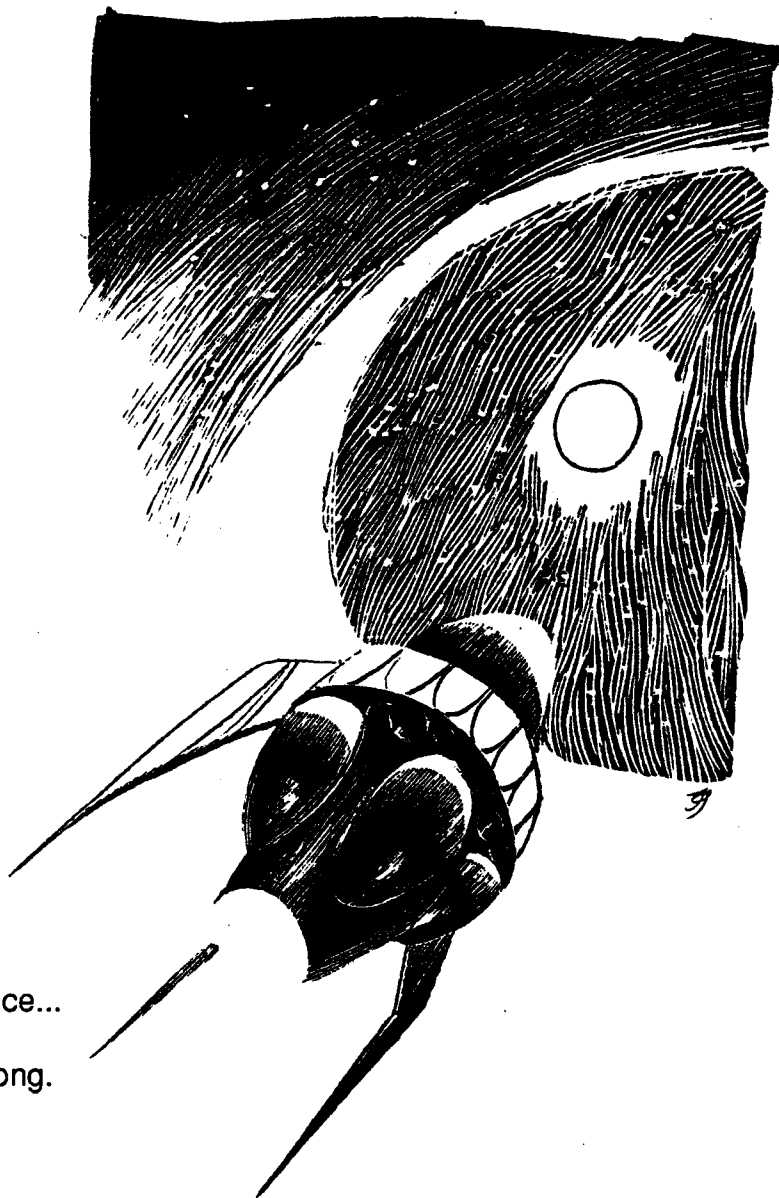


Commentary: "You can break down our mountains,
boil our seas and scrub the earth's face clean of life.
But give it enough time, and we'll be back, baby. And
no matter how long it takes, when we get back, we'll
find you!"

(Originally published in Doug Lovenstein's *Arioch!*)

Moon Walk

They've given the moon to science...
which was, perhaps
where it should have been all along.



The Big Bang

Among the stars that rush
helter-skelter,
running from their point of birth,
fleeing from their birthing trauma,
scattering like frightened sheep
who lack a shepherd...
you question my fear?
The universe is frightened,
and measures its fear in light years
and milleniums
searching for nothingness
in which to hide.

Poor silly frightened universe...
barely an instant old
when compared to the wisdom of a man.
I'm older than you, and wiser.
In my fright I no longer run mindlessly...
Now I cower, hoping that some shepherd will find me
hunting for this lost lamb in the night.

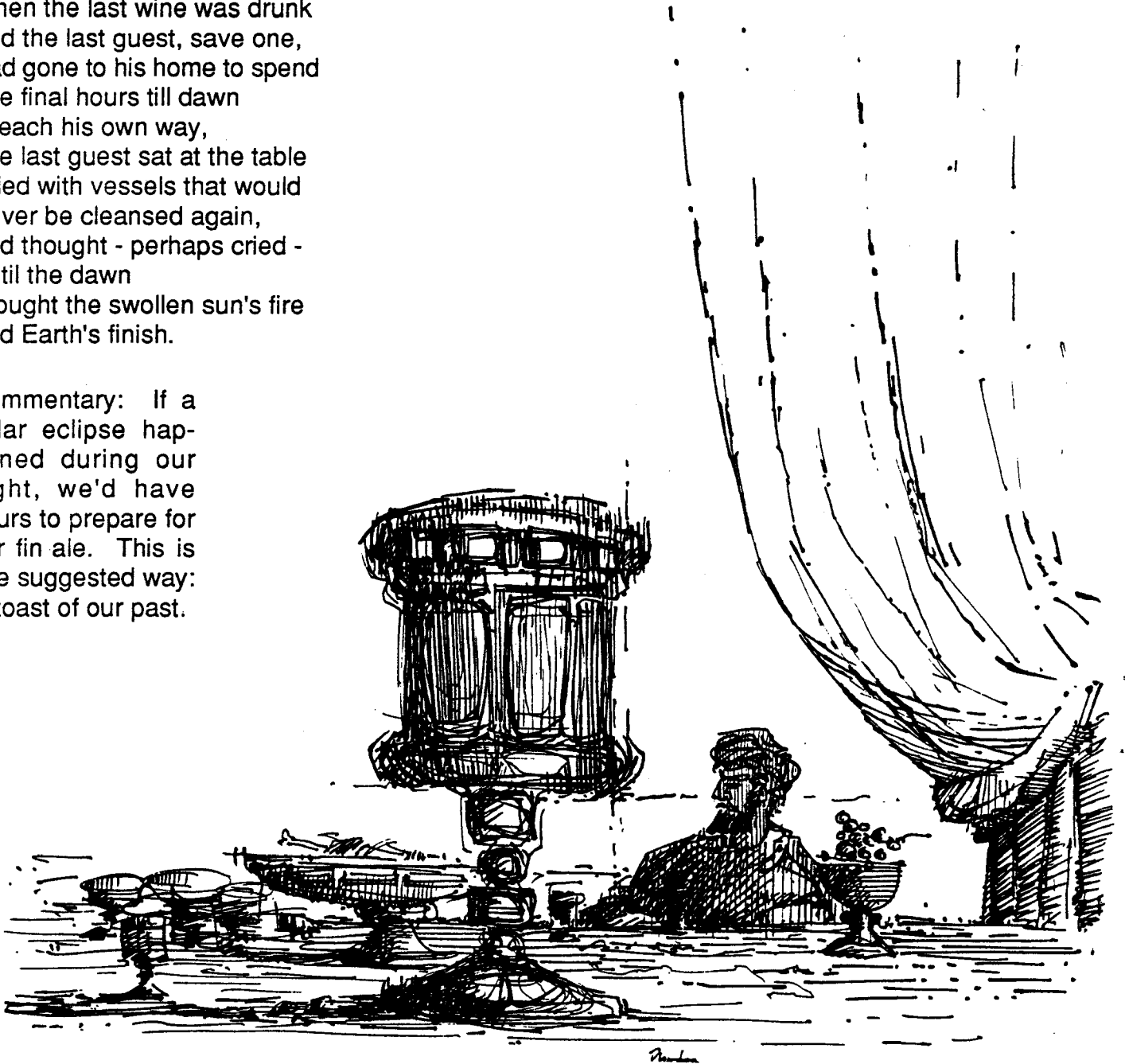


Last Toast

One last great feast was held
And many glasses lifted high
With toasts to all those present
And generations past.
Heroes names were many
And warm hearts were proud
To grant them accolade.

When the last wine was drunk
And the last guest, save one,
Had gone to his home to spend
The final hours till dawn
In each his own way,
The last guest sat at the table
Filled with vessels that would
Never be cleansed again,
And thought - perhaps cried -
Until the dawn
Brought the swollen sun's fire
And Earth's finish.

Commentary: If a solar eclipse happened during our night, we'd have hours to prepare for our fin ale. This is one suggested way: in toast of our past.



(Originally published in Duggie Fisher's *ODD* #14)

Never Land

Caught in a never-never land
Of my own mind,
There is no earth, no sky, no ether.

I'm floating in my own
Created universe --

Save me, my brother,
Save me...
Before I slip away.





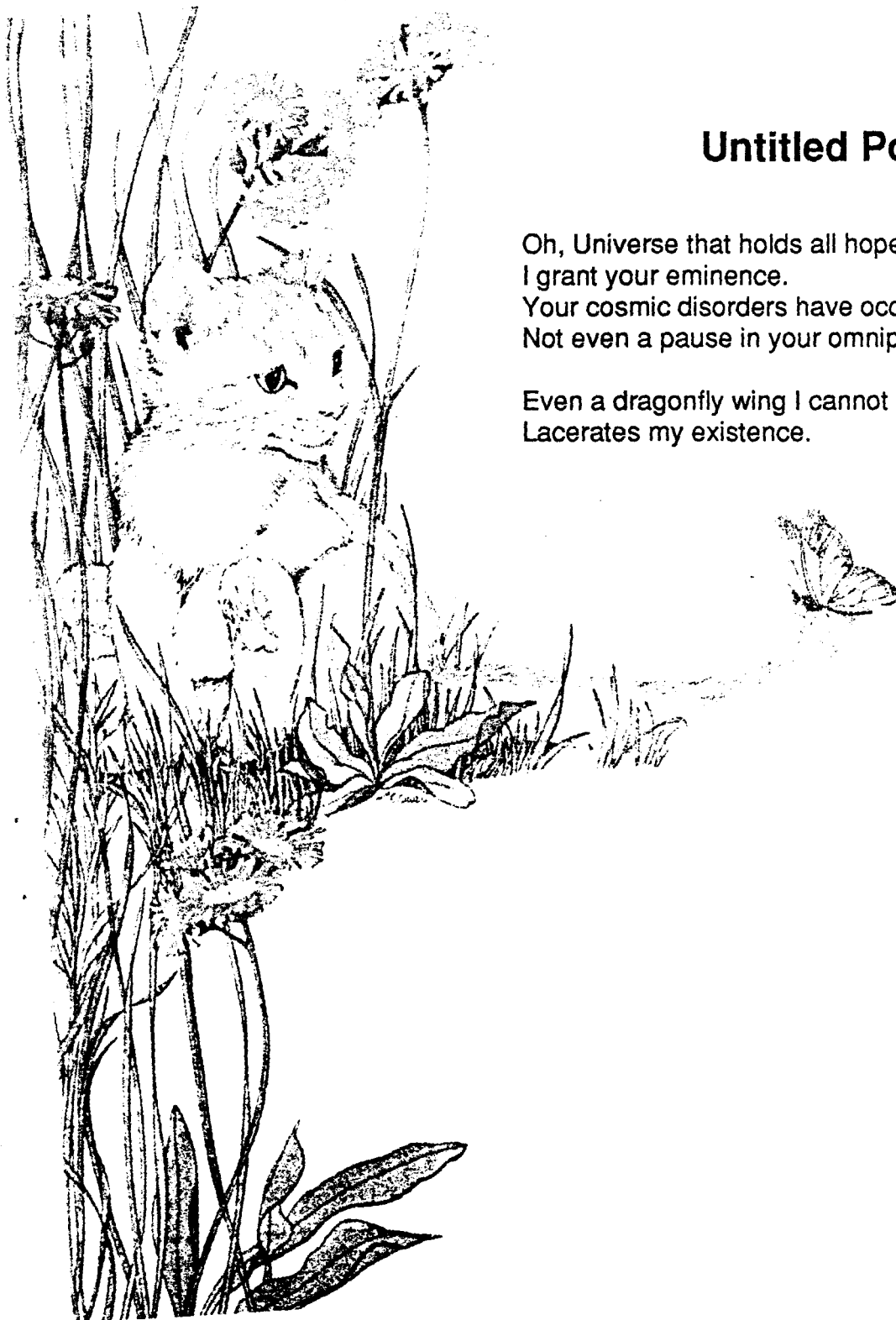
Reward

The stars are cascading;
They crash upon the ground.

My wings are burnt -- I'll fall.

The old folks lied...
It's raining again.

(Originally published in Duggie Fisher's ODD # 16)



Untitled Poem

Oh, Universe that holds all hope - and none -
I grant your eminence.
Your cosmic disorders have occasioned
Not even a pause in your omnipotence.

Even a dragonfly wing I cannot grasp
Lacerates my existence.

The Starshipmen

(to the tune Phil Ochs wrote for *The Highwayman*)

The sky was a star-filled vacuum
Spred through infinity.
The ships were like gleaming daggers
Speeding through the starry sea
And the crews watched the new star systems
New planets there to see
As the starships kept on flying, flying, flying
As the starships kept on flying
Further from the home port Earth.

The crews entered alien cultures
Collecting their spoils of war.
The crews entered strange star systems
As they travelled from Earth so far,
But they did not forget their home world
Though they visited many bright stars
And they said, "We'll return to Terra, to Terra,
lovely Terra,
Oh yes, we'll return to Terra,
Return from wherever we are."

As Earth waited for the crews' return
And watched her clear blue sky
From out of the star-filled vacuum
Came warships into Earth's sky -
Ships from another star system
And Earth knew that she would die
Unless they returned to Terra, Terra, Terra.
The crews must return to Terra
For otherwise Earth would die.

But Earth's ships kept flying on
Through the universe's starry strand;
Yes, Earth's ships kept flying on;
They did not know of their land -
Of how the aliens had challenged Earth
And how Earth could not stand.

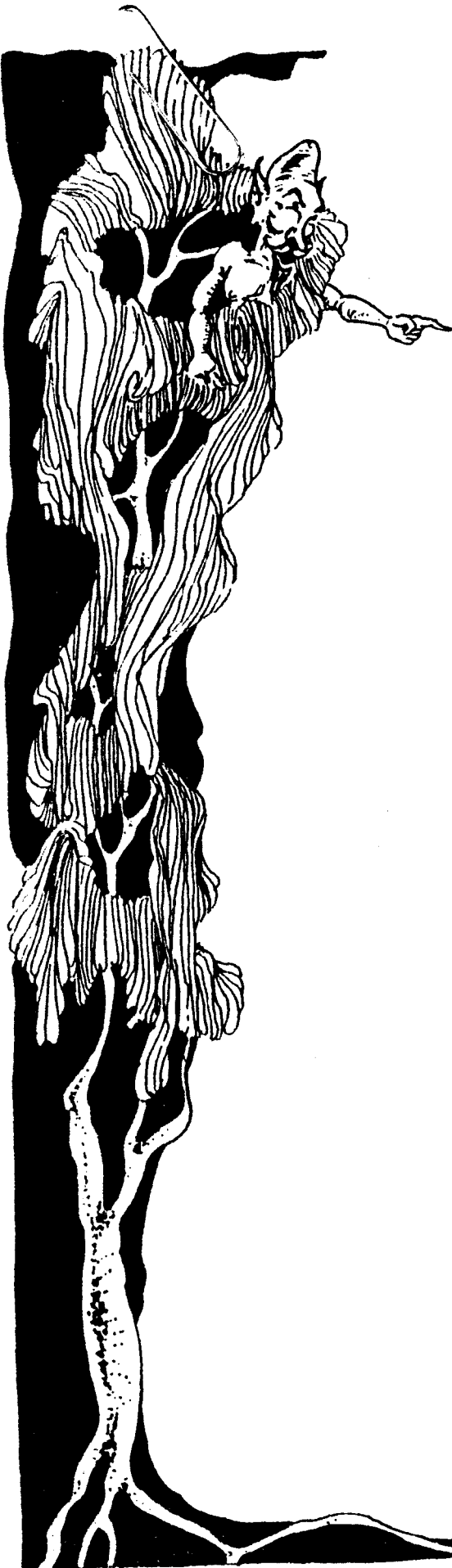
'Twas many light years 'ere they heard it
And the crews grew wild to hear
How in Earth's defenselessness
She fell in a war back there
And how an unknown invader
Had conquered their home world there.

They turned - they sped back toward the Earth
And they polished their war arms bright.
They faced and fought the alien foe
In space's endless night
And they died in the fight to regain the Earth
When Terra was just in sight
And they never returned to Terra, Terra, lovely Terra,
And Terra was a conquered land
No matter who was right.

But people of the universe still talk
About the men from this galaxy
And about the gleaming daggers
That sped through the starry sea,
Through a sky that's a star-filled vacuum
Spred through infinity
And the starships that kept on flying, flying, flying,
The star ships that kept on flying
Away from their home port Earth.

Commentary: I've seldom committed filk and never sung it -- this moross song has been my guilty secret for years. Incidentally, this is also the only science fiction story I've ever written.

Weird Fantasies



The Vampire

I

It's bad -
This casting about
In one's mind
To think of which
Innocent
Should be the next victim.

God. What's wrong with me?
I didn't ask to be this way.
I don't like it -
I don't even approve.
But, I cannot stop
This hunger.

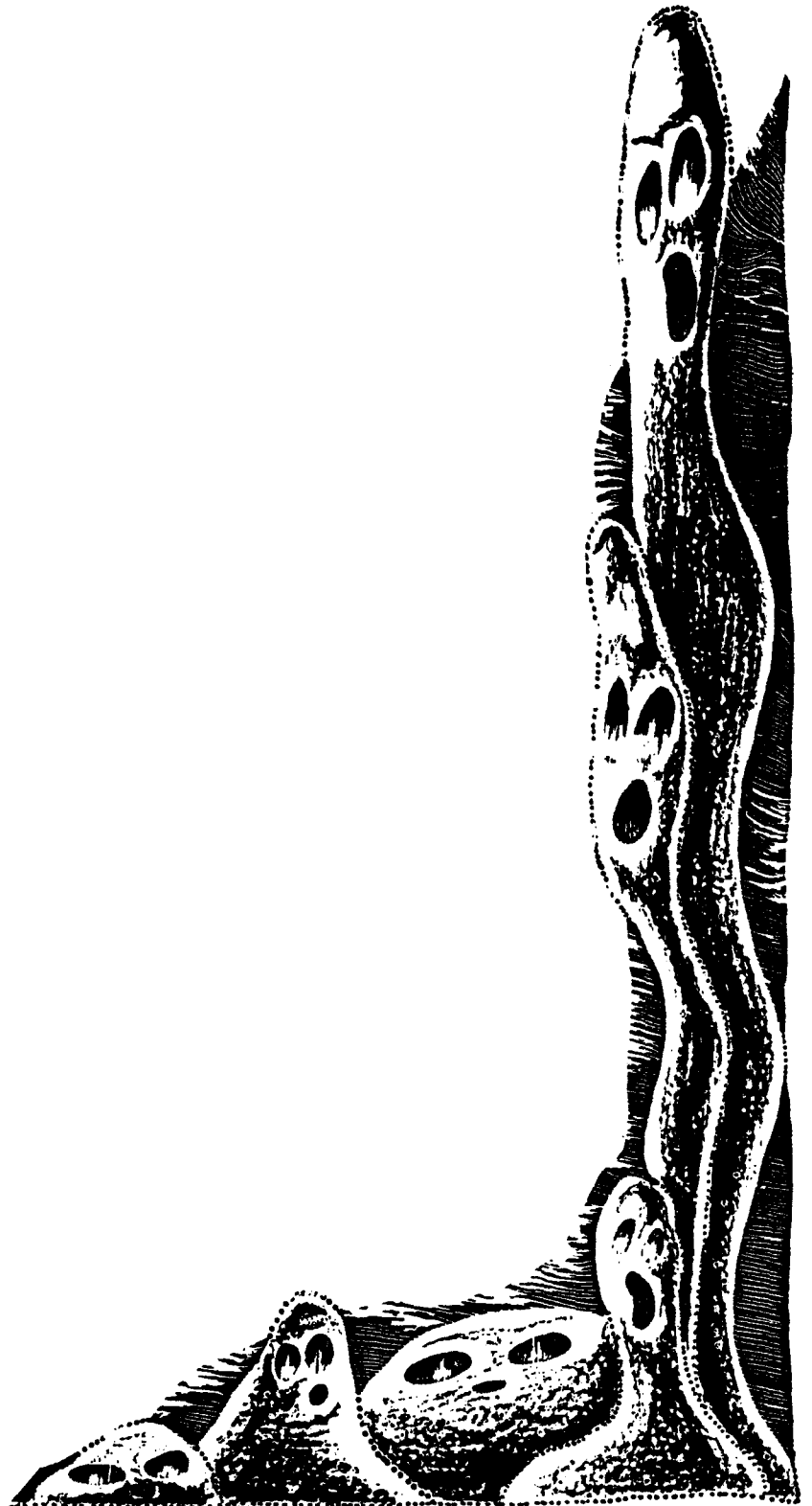
II

Well, I've found the next one.
I'm not happy - nor proud -
Of my decision.

If only I were
Like the folk-monster
That Transylvania feared.
I wish I only
Drank my victims' blood.
If only my appetite
Could be satisfied by that.

But, why..dear, God...
Why must I be
An Eater of Souls.

Commentary: I've always had a good deal of sympathy for monsters, who merely do what they must as well as they can. Did the Medusa go to Heaven, do you suppose?



(Originally published in Duggie Fisher's ODD #19)



Night Dreams

My days are made
Of Sunshine
And my friends' tinkling laughter...
Followed always by
Nights of unaccountable terror.
Fear - shifting the familiar shapes
Around my bed...
Fear - casting its own shadow
On my walls.

I wake unrested,
My pillow wet with my own
Night-tears,
And live another bright day
Knowing even during the noon
That night will come again.

Song of the Lorelei

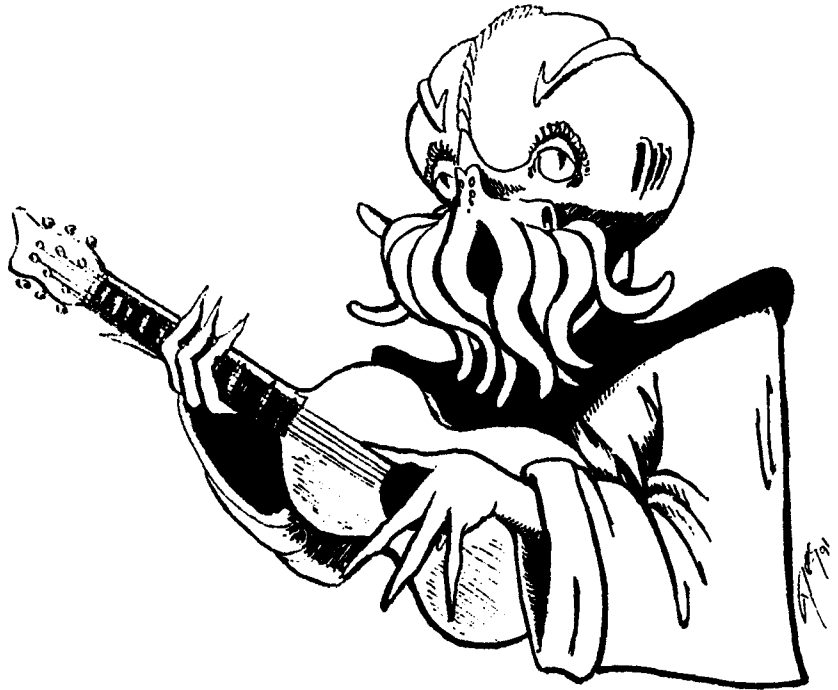
Sing your songs
But use your own tune
And let me hear
Your own words.
Give me of yourself.
Do not turn away your eyes -
Do not hide.

Let me have your soul
To roll about in my hands
And if then
It's cast away,
What matter.
The pain can be endured.
(The pain - oh, God - the pain.
How can you speak to me of pain.
I know of pain.)

Give me of yourself.
Let me use your soul...
I want to eat your soul.
If then I retch it up,
No difference
And why should this matter.
The loss is nothing
You cannot endure.
(Don't speak to me of loss -
I know of loss -
How well I know of loss.)

Give yourself to me
For I am empty...
I hunger for you.

Is not my hunger for you
Enough?



Rebirth

The Old Gods stir
And mutter in their graves
And grow restless from
Their long confinement.
The footsteps of men
Disturb them in their graves
Like battle-drums calling them
From their tombs.

The Old Gods are waking
And roadways grow troubled
With dust of their feet
And the night grows more chilly
As they approach.

Commentary: There is nothing
so scary as an old vice once
conquered.

(Originally published in Jim Reuss' *ID #1*.)



Reconciliation

Spent a couple or four years
Ripping your heart out of your living body
And stand there holding it
In your bloody hands.
Spent a decade or so,
Poking fingers into your living brain.
Pull up the loops and coils -
Watch the convolutions -
Prodding - puncturing.

Then, put the whole bleeding mess
Back into your body
And stand there.
Say it doesn't hurt you now.
Say that everything is
Back in its proper place
And nothing has changed.

Say that everything's the same.
Then, make it true - if you can.



Summer's Monsters

Summer's sleepless monsters,
Who pursue me through my years
And leave me only
In my death-like winters,
And leave me only
When I cannot flee:
Summer's changing monsters,
Who alter face
And shape
And name -
In klaidoscope of forms -
But stay the same beneath it all...
Summer's crying monsters,
Who leave me
In my flight
No time to weep,
No time to rest,
No time to turn and look at you...
Summer's obscene, slimey, pursuing
Ridiculous monsters:

Catch me this year -
For then I could learn
Who you are.

Commentary: "...and in the fire
of spring, the winter garment of
repentance fling"



Old Gods

The old gods lie sleeping,
Forgotten in their graves,
Until some nodding shaman remembers.
In quavering tones, he calls them forth
And, in his oldness and feebleness,
Forgets the reason
He awakened them,
And goes back to sleep.

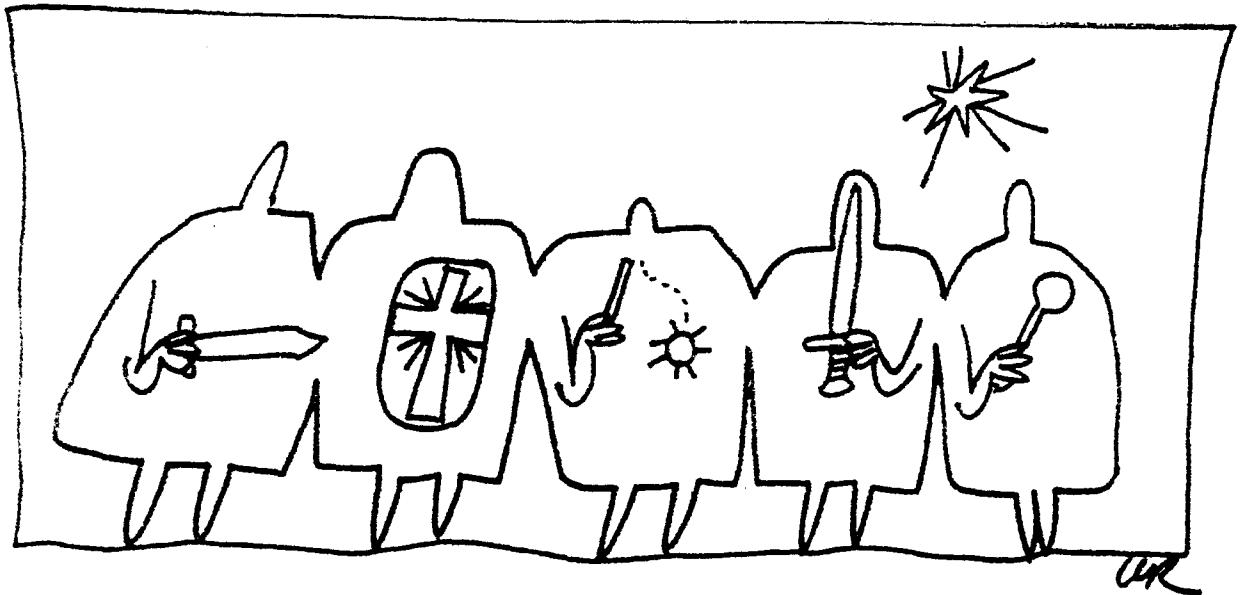
(Perhaps there was no reason...
Maybe something in his dreams
Recalled the words...)

But, the Old Gods are summoned,
And searching for their task,
Roam up and down
And chance on ... me.

I, in my helplessness,
Have fallen heir to these
Cantankerous old warriors
And have naught to direct
Their strength against.
My enemies are more
Intangible than they.
My foes cannot be seen to be destroyed.

With simple-hearted lunacy
These action-loving guardians
Keep searching for the
Enemy to be undone...
And find nothing.

And, they grumble.
But they do not leave
So I am very well protected
From white traders,
Horse thieves,
Mounted cavalry,
And the like.



Originally printed in Doug Lovenstein's *Arioch!* #3.

Chaoni

The mist rolls off the lake
and rises to the moon
and the wind stops.

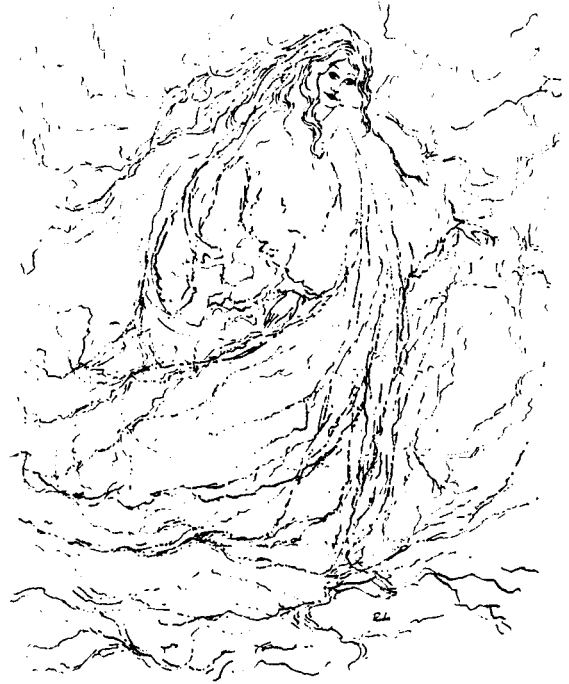
Not even the fish
break thru the surface
of the blackened water,
brackish in this cove.

The road stretches before me
straight - level.

I cannot lose my way
and I'll keep to the middle
and never glance to the side
where willows grow thick,
and no breath of air
stirs their branches.

The hills are ahead...
perhaps an hour's walk
and I'll be there...
and out of this accursed lake-land.

Commentary: When they dammed the St. Francis (in S.E. Missouri), the resulting Lake Wapappello took the town of Chaoni. Now all that exists along this haunted section of lakefront that bears the town's name are stairways leading to nothingness, basement rooms half filled with stagnant water, and brick chimneys pointing bleakly to the sky.



Metamorphosis

The summer has come...
And the faces
I learned to trust
Through the long winter just past
Have thrown off their
Blankets of decency.
Naked, they stretch
And grin at the sun
And their smiles
Reveal their teeth.

The hands which
Gave me comfort
Through the misery of winter
Stretch to me now...
They beckon...
And I go to them.

Originally published in Jim Reuss' *ID #1*.

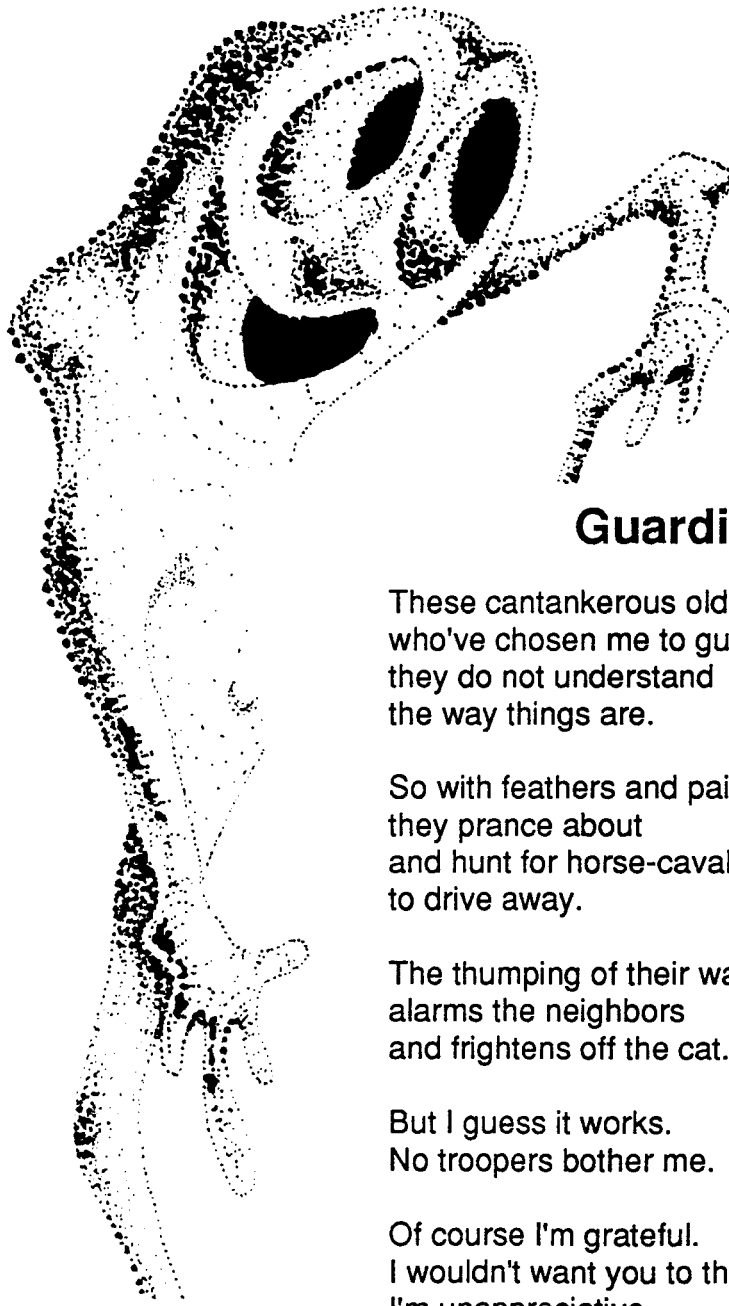
Summer Grey

Stretch naked arms
And grab the sun
And take the brightness
From the day.

Steal the summer
And eat the summer
And haunt the summer
With grey eyes.

You are summer's nameless monster
And I do not know you
Except by burning eyes
And grins that show your teeth
And hunger that requires my soul.





Guardians

These cantankerous old warriors
who've chosen me to guard,
they do not understand
the way things are.

So with feathers and paint
they prance about
and hunt for horse-cavalry
to drive away.

The thumping of their war drums
alarms the neighbors
and frightens off the cat.

But I guess it works.
No troopers bother me.

Of course I'm grateful.
I wouldn't want you to think
I'm unappreciative.

But I do wish
they'd restrain themselves
from their war screams,
at least at night,
enough to let me sleep.

Summer Madness

The summer madness
Has come again
And you are this summer's monster.

You've come to
Eat my soul -
And you're ugly,
Gross, and
Slime-filled.

But your belly hangs slack
And your eyes show hunger.

What summer madness is this
That makes me give
My soul to you.



Satin Dreams

I've been having satin dreams
Between cold cotton sheets.
The love we share is built on air
But I'm burning with its heat.
All my silly little schemes
Shatter into empty dreams,
Wrapped in satin fantasy
Between cold cotton sheets.

Not one night when I don't pace
Asking questions of the face
Reflected on my window pane.
Tear-stained eyes show no trace
That love has tied me up in lace
Prisoned in a dream that's all in vain.

I've been lying with despair;
I've been sleeping with the dead.
I need a breath of fresh air
'Cause I ought to clear my head.
Yet every day is filled with sorrow
And each night I seek relief
Wrapped up in satin fantasy
Between cold cotton sheets.

