

Pensacola Junior College, Pensacola, FL

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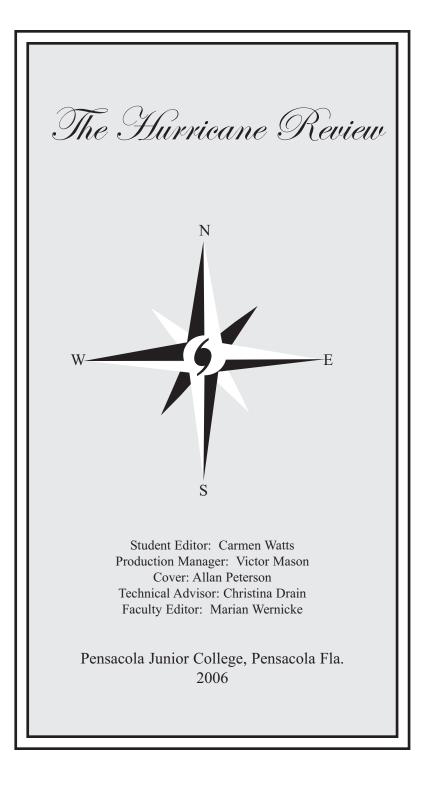
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Subscription prices for *The Hurricane Review* are as follows: one year, \$4; two years, \$7; three years, \$10. Single copies of back issues are \$4 while supplies last. Please make your check or money order payable to Hurricane Review, PJC English/Communications Department.

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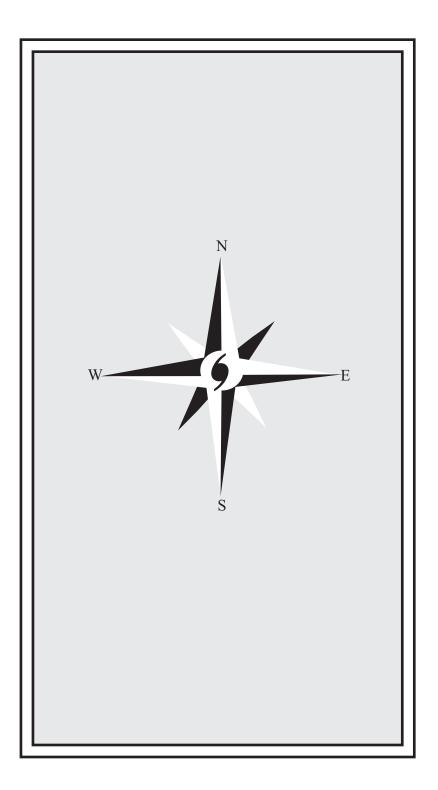
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Jean Valentine

A POEM

A poem

Is like a fracture

In a mirror

Revealing

A shattered vision

Of reality

We haven't seen before

But

Perhaps

One

We've been reaching for.

David Sapp

ALL WE KNEW WAS TO KISS

All we knew was to kiss in my baby blue '68 Ford, on the hot black vinyl seats that stuck to our skin, on the dusty township roads skirting the pungent hay fields and the deep, cool woods round Utica, Ohio. At fifteen and seventeen we tasted bliss, our tongues stemming ungainly words, our bodies hungry, our minds shy, our hands ignorant of purpose; our soft, plump desire stumbled, falling headlong into bewilderment. All we knew was to kiss. After thirty years, I struggle for her name, but my mouth remembers hers, my mouth still listens for that summer when nothing but delicious, electric silence clung to our lips.

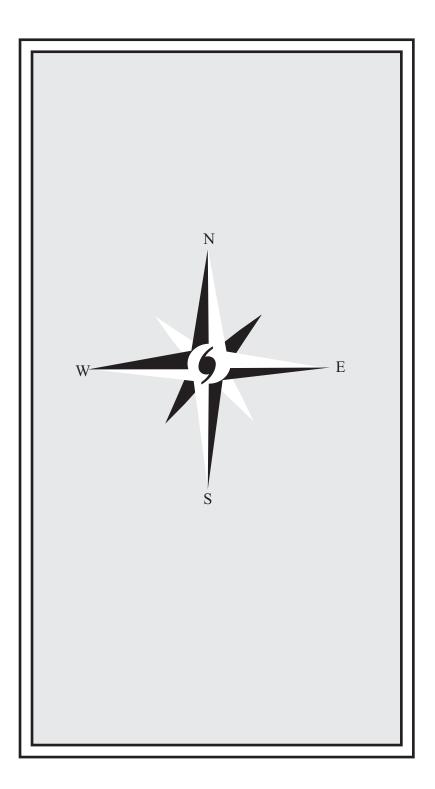
Cherise Wyneken

WINDY WALK

Tall torsoed pines bend against the blow, their tufted tops shimmer like lime jello. Orange sea grape leaves, tugging in tenacious grasp, fall and scuttle on the path. Tee shirts flutter on swift walkers, long loose palm fronds sizzle like a steak fry sputtering through the leaves. That bold face in the sky's terrain has stared away the clouds but the clatter of umbrella trees speaks of pattered rain. Scraps of paper skip across the lawn white caps on the dawning sea. Air moves across my ear drums in rumbled echoes loud.

Deep inside unseen pressures gust, forcing me to lean into the wind. SCENARIO FOR THE CELEBRATION OF CHRIST S NATIVITY

Partridges perhaps. Certainly not leaping lords. The milkmaids might be worked in nicely. One thinks of sheep, but it was farming country, holy or not; there must have been cows. Also, for that matter, geese, to be served up hallowed and gracious. Once the production has gone beyond the Holy Family, the three kings, the ox and the donkey, the field is open (Some people do not stop at bombs). So we have crèches with palm trees, sprinkled with imitation snow, to mark the change of calendars; we have mistletoe, a parasite of pear trees, and loaves shaped like saints, to keep the rest of Christmas. Also ceremonies of fire (Once burning logs and bushes, now brandy at tables, candles in the particular service of the church). Reindeer? Hardly. More likely the turtle dove whose voice was heard in Gilead. The story after all is about a birth around the festival of the sun. Hymns, scorned by priests and revolutionaries, are caroled for welcome or lullaby. Shepherds and masques on stage defeat the dark. The wilder heads of the parish, choosing their fool king, come up with pipers piping, drummers drumming and gold rings. There are stalls in the greatest thoroughfares. And this might be useful: In Provence on the eve of Epiphany, Children went forth to meet the giving kings.



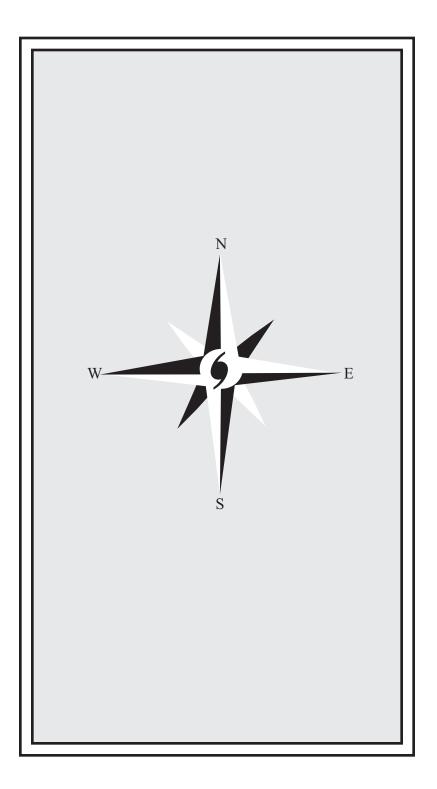
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Acknowledgements

We at *The Hurricane Review* feel we must acknowledge the generous assistance and support of the following people:

Thom Botsford Christina Drain James Martin Sandra Vick

Thank you so much for your time and help. We could not have done it without you.

Sue Allison Gaylord Brewer Charles Edward Brooks E.G. Burrows Martha Caughey Noel Conneely Steven J. Dines James Doyle Nancy Ford Dugan Robert Faguet Herta B. Feely Janet Flora Coral Hamilton Richard C. Harrison Laura Hogan Travis Howard Diane Gaines Jackson Hillary Joubert Mary Julia Klimenko Henry Langhorne Vivian Lawry Susan Lewis Katherine Murphy W. Dale Nelson Mary Pomeroy Judith Rypma Dennis Saleh David Sapp Christopher Seymore Lee Slonimsky Jennifer Soule H. William Taeusch Tony Tracy Ryan G. Van Cleave Jean Valentine Cherise Wyneken Sara Zandi Jianqing Zheng

