



Jackie

by Russ Cole

going 75 mph on interstate 29  
the telephone poles look  
like sioux sundancing,  
the blistered cornfields  
like withered oglala maidens  
and the unmowed weeds  
beside the highway  
stare stonily at me  
as unshaven norwegian faces  
of stubborn pioneers

by Lucy Kercherberger

# THE LOWLANDS READER

## Men Like The Trees

Men like the trees,  
that grow so tall,  
leaves turn gold,  
and then they fall.

But the night, still  
carries on, all alone,  
and the leaves  
are going home.

Spring is the color  
from which they came,  
but fall is the color  
which has no name.

For winter is the time  
trees need leaves most,  
and then they are gone.

by Steve Beiens

The Lowlands Reader will consider all forms of creative talents. But you must first make your efforts known to Alan Boye c/o The Nebraskan, Nebraska Union, 68508.

## U.S.a.

*whirring emptiness  
clutching at our loins,  
dancing us out of existance  
all that's firm is stuck  
in our teeth  
we're burning out of hope  
& leave all alone to be  
earthquake shatters  
streak the air & our trip  
freaks to Bummer Heights  
maced brains  
scrambling for a rock,  
cracking us into two fears  
all that's real is lying  
at the roof of my mouth*

marc i duPree

## Rain Storm

The lightening flashed  
Beyond the windows  
And the thunder rolled  
Across the heavens.

But people came and  
People went  
Despite the rain that wet  
Their hair and caused the  
Pools on grey cement.

by RoseMary Masid

## Slaughter-house

by Russ Cole



Just a thought  
the sun kissed  
the mountain top  
gently  
then they both  
lay down together  
and the new day  
was pregnant  
with meaning

by Ben Cacloppo