
GARY LEE ENTSMINGER

The Fool on the Hill

Our fourth issue of *Pinyon Review* radiates an aura of contrasting colors and images highlighting the significance of place and mood during the great transition from summer to fall.

Luci Shaw, in "Equinox," tells us to "Watch how nimbly the light / overlaps its edges." The light "expands to a bright blur" and later is "split by the prism of a glass shower door." In contrast, in Robert Shaw's "September Toadstools," "the flowers fade" and "days turn duller" as the toadstools "emerge / out of the dingy trapdoors of the soil." Scott Wiggerman, in "Texas Zen," says "The chinaberry leaves have yellowed, but / no other leaves have changed: dull browns, weak greens – / no purples, reds, or golds – the same old rut / we've seen." Ken Fontenot, in "Meditation In Fall," seems to see a similar range of color, "Day emerges from a dull grayness."

Jim Reiss, in "Little David," gives us a dodecahedron of colors seen through a child's eyes: "He ate red bean ice cream in a blue glass building with a triangle on top." Jane Hilberry makes fall increasingly personal. In "Her Illness," "Lichen embraces stone. / A strange November sleep." In "Childless, She Tends the Garden," "The chard grows long into fall. / Many things need tending. I pick up the rake."

Jay Friedenberg captures sky and rock with a keen grasp of the vibrant blues-to-greens and pinks-to-oranges that characterize the timeless landscapes of arid environments. Stan Honda's photographs of the meeting places of earth and sky focus the more subtle light of night and clouds in a place where "The pueblo structures at Wupatki ... stand as silent witnesses of a people long gone." Tom Holmes, in "From One," echoes infinite time where "All mountains begin at one, / all mountain ranges echo from one."

In "Gasoline," Michael Miller reminds us – "How fortune favors us with / Our place of birth." Elizabeth Schultz takes us into Michigan's thick woods, where modern life and its ever more encroaching technology intrude on the peacefulness of monarchs and blue jays. In "Reviewing Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*," "She strips / leaving a

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weight of white / petticoats on the shore, / and steps toward the sea.”

“In *The Bounder*,” Claire Feild brings man and nature together in a cool, offhand way—“yeah, he was hot as a chili / pepper turned on its side.” But later, “he leaves their outstretched arms, / shaky like tree limbs not in / control.”

This issue’s soundtrack is Beethoven laced with Fleetwood Mac. Michael Miller, in “*Dream*,” is “intently composing the *Eroica*” in his dream, “cataract clouds vanishing / As the music bursts.” Ken Fontenot in “*Something Modern, Something Old*” calls out, “O Stevie Nicks! You carry your instrument around / in your throat ... But in my more somber moods I prefer Beethoven.”

The dim view seen through the eyes of the narrator in Gary Entsminger’s “*Masks*” is transformed into a faint suggestion of promise as he ascends his stairs. In Neil Harrison’s “*Cold Earth Wanderers*,” the oneness of light and dark orchestrate the themes of remembrance and friendship in a story seemingly created from a dream and the remote rugged mountains of a Wyoming wilderness.

“Everett got to his feet and tried to shake off the dream. He recalled the night he’d felt himself rising out of his body and moving away, seeking some final answer to it all, finding nothing.”