SPECIAL THANKS TO: Joeclyn Bridell, Martha Cantu, Dr. Michael Dressman, Exxon Corporation, Aaron Gumm, Judy Harper, James Heggie, Linda Howell, Ida Hussein, Dr. Dan Jones, Mr. and Mrs. David Lyons, Jim Middleton, Floyd Newsum, Gwen Putney, Jebbie Scoggins, Cathy Stern, Student Government Association, University Program Council, Em Williams.

The Bayou Review
Literary and Arts Magazine

Table of Contents

POETRY

When I Met the Famous Writer
By Ian Edward Dix  Page 1

Old Roads
By Cathy Stern  Page 2

Untitled
By Safrona Renee Jeffries  Page 3

Intell
By Joseph R. Williams  Page 5

To Richard
By Wendy Li  Page 6

The Drive
By Diana Feid  Page 10

The White Horse
By Santos Ocanas  Page 11

Rural Louisiana
By Phoebe Williams  Page 12

The Tears of the Victims
By Lorenzo Thomas  Page 14

Poetry Reading at the Downtown Library
By Cathy Stern  Page 15
Deus Ex Machina (The Vertical Tube Process)
By Ian Edward Dix
Page 20

In Need Of
By Santos Ocanas
Page 22

Late
By Denise Living Wilborn
Page 23

Lovelle
By Larry Harbison
Page 23

Wiping the Sweeping Flood of Her Tears
By Mark Stallman
Page 24

I Do Not Think of You
By Wendy Li
Page 25

Morning Thoughts
By Kelly Ballow
Page 26

Moment Remain
By Joseph R. Williams
Page 32

FICTION

Cryin' For Stinky-Feet Jessie
By Tomas Vellejos
Page 7

An Autumn Afternoon
By Donna M. Cheshire
Page 16

The Good Chance
By Gillian Landreneau
Page 27

*Copyright © 1986 by Lorenzo Thomas. All rights reserved.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND INFORMATION

Robert Maldonado
Page 4

Submission Information
Page 34

Staff Photo
Page 35

The Bayou Review Logo by Humberto Jaime
Dedicated to Tina Prihoda
When I Met The Famous Writer

When I met the famous writer,
I thought I'd walk up and say:
Help--I need your help.
You see, I'm not like all the others
who are lolling at the fringes,
sipping gin with sideways glances,
and await a single chance
to gush and pump your hand
while you stand basking,
asking inane questions,
ever hearing, never caring
for the answers that are tendered
by those singed-wing moths who flutter
in confusion all around your glow.
No, I'm not like them! I can glow,
I have the spark to be a fire, too,
and I aspire to have that glow like you,
but please look at me and not through me,
please don't try to view me as some
curious 'B' movie, please don't smile,
sign your name, glad-hand me,
or look away.

--And please don't say you're glad I came.

And then I met the famous writer
and he looked through me and said:
"How are you?" and "What's the name?"
and "Glad you came!" He shook my hand.
"Help--I need your help," I muttered,
"Can you tell me: Where's the can?"

Ian Edward Dix
OLD ROADS

My father loved old roads, collected them. No matter where we traveled, suddenly, off we would go, after a nod from him to mother, down some rutted lane to see what we could find—a hidden village maps had overlooked, ramshackle country stores where he'd pull up, buy ginger ale, and chat with the old men, or better still, explore a river road for two-car ferries that we'd take across and back pretending we were sailors like his ancestors, Nantucket whalers, alert for spouts, for storms; or he would turn around to find a view, a high place where a grass-grown wagon path would draw us up old rocky hills to open sky, the world stretched out and small, unreal, below.

Sometimes he took us off to what he knew was there: those ancient, empty farms, the barns faded and leaning, silent fields, a few gravestones under a tree, moss-spotted, worn by bitter weather. Getting out, we'd stand holding his hands, I and my sister, calm as the yet unborn, listening for the sound the long-dead hum to those who follow them.

Cathy Stern

"We're getting married!" I told my friend, whose marriage met a bitter end. She rolled her eyes and gave a shrug. "So what?, she said, "it's two-to-one that you and he will part, of course, all marriages these days spell divorce. You mark my words, you'll see the truth, and though I know it sounds uncouth, reality is never kind—but good luck, kid, you might change your mind."

"Impossible!", I interject, "we're in it for life, we've learned respect. We're not gonna be like all the rest. We love each other—that's manifest!" But I stop for a moment and recollect, the letter which his mother sent. His oldest sister left her spouse, left behind children, sold the house. They seemed so happy, or were we blind, or was it just our state of mind?

I won't join the ranks of some of my friends, whose marital bliss they failed to defend. I see them feel bitter when ex's are mentioned, I'm forced to take sides at divorcée conventions. I can't help but feel that they wrote their own endings, soon to be in paperback, copyrights pending. It's easy to quit and blame one another, divvy up the children and go back to mother. "I'll take the Jaguar, you keep the house. Mother was right, I married a louse."

I guess we're alone to think we'll work it through, to feel that occasionally we'll pay our dues. That sometimes we'll argue and sometimes we'll cry, and statistics will mock us and challenge our pride. And when to my fiancé, I show my fear, he touches me gently and tells me, "My dear, the world will bear witness to our lifetime decreement...by the way, will you sign this pre-nuptial agreement?"

Safrona Renee Jeffries
Back in 1478...
When the eagle ate the cactus serpent
They brought forth...
More than metal
On this historic date...
Was when a sum was learned,
and the dark ages ended

Joseph R. Williams
To Richard

So you ask for a poem
from this lost prophet-moth

Let me tell you first:
Let me tell you nought
at all,
et al,
this girl's in fire with you
oh, trench-tender one.

(smadmanthunderbull)

Can't you see?
Her moats, your seethe.

Convoluting
round and
round and
round and
more

I can't tell how enchanted
poem you so are.

WendyLi

Cryin' For Stinky-Feet Jessie

Esky! Esquirosa! That's what everybody at school calls her. Esky Jesky. Her real name is Jessica Montoya. Her family calls her Jessie. But everybody else calls her Esky Jesky. That and Stinky-Feet Jessie. And, you know what? She never even cries. It's like she don't even care.

I remember when we were little kids, a couple years ago. We used to go play on the swings at school. First, we'd pump our legs and get goin' fast, and high, 'til the chains would jump. Then, when we were goin' nice and high, we'd start in. Sorta singin', sorta just talkin'. You know? Like when boys are playin' baseball and go, "Hey, batta, batta. Strike one, strike two, strike three, yer out. Hey, batta, batta. Hey, batta, batta." Or like when girls are jumpin' rope and they make up those rhymes? Like that. Well, we always used to go like this when we were swingin': "I'm cryin' for Stinky-Feet Jessie. I'm cryin' for Stinky-Feet Jessie." Over and over and over. I don't know why. It don't even make sense, no? And she wasn't even there to hear us. But it made us laugh, anyway.

One day mama hears me and Rosie - that's my little sister - makin' fun of Esky Jesky. She tells us we shouldn't call her that. "Why not?" we ask. "She is Esky," she says. And me and Rosie laugh. Mama says we shouldn't use words we don't even understand and call people such names when we don't really know 'em.

So I ask mama, "What does esquirosa mean, anyway?" And she says, "Well, it means sickening. Like something that turns your stomach." And we laugh some more and I say, "Well then, that is the right name for her. She makes everybody sick. Huh, Rosie?" Rosie says yes and both of us wrinkle up our noses like if we smelled spoiled milk or somethin'. And then we laugh.

Mama don't like that and she sends me to the boys' bedroom and Rosie to the girls' bedroom. She tells us not to come out 'til she comes and gets us. "You sit there and think about it," she says. So I sit on the bed 'til I get bored. Then I look out the window awhile 'til that gets boring, too.

Then I see the Spanish Dictionary on top of the chest. My big brother Gilbert uses it for his Spanish Class. He's in high school, you know. I turn to E for esquirosa, just to see if it's a bad word. Why else would Mama be so mad at us? But you know what? There's no such word in the dictionary. I figure it must be a bad word. But then I change my mind 'cause Mama never said nothin' about it bein' dirty or nothin'. And everybody says that word and nobody says nothin' about it bein' a bad word.
But I'm a perky smart kid. That's what my teachers tell me. So I look in the English part under 'S' for sickening and there is a list. Right after "nauseabundo" - I guess that's how you pronounce it - and right before "repugnante." It stat right? Repugnante? But guess what? It isn't esquiros. It's asqueroso.

So, I flip back to the Spanish part and look up asqueroso. And boy! What a list of words! Nasty! Filthy! Nauseous- I'm gonna have to look that one up to see how you pronounce it. And there's more. Loathsome and disgusting! Jeez! Poor Jessie! Who started calling her esquirosa, anyway?

Then I close the Spanish Dictionary and get the English one. I gotta see how you pronounce that word: nau-se-ous. Then when I find it, I see that it's nau-seous. Two sounds, not three. And then I see the word nausea. Hmm. I wonder how you say that in Spanish. So I get the Spanish dictionary and flip to the English part and look up nausea.

And there it is: "asco, n.m. nausea; loathsomeness." Boy, somebody must've really hated Jessie to start calling her Esky Jesky. And then I notice somethin' else about the word "asco." Inside of two curved marks that look like sideways smiles it says "coll." - whatever that means - and then the word "fear." Fear? What does that have to do with nausea?

I wish Mama would come and get me so I could ask her about this. But she takes forever to come back. And all I can think of is Esky Jesky. "I'm cryin' for Stinky-Feet Jessie." And I ask myself, "How come we call her Stinky-Feet Jessie, anyway?" I never noticed no smell on her. Not her feet. Not her armpits. Nothin'.

And then I start to think some more about Jessie. She lives about three blocks from us in a big ol' run-down apartment house. It's the only four story building in the whole neighborhood - maybe the whole town - and it's right next to the arroyo. And right next to it is an old run-down barn or somethin'. I'm not sure what it is, but nobody's lived in it for years 'cept the pigeons and some filthy old man everybody calls Miser. He walks around town carryin' a bag full of trash and he sleeps in that old barn, or whatever it is. Everyone says he's really rich, but he's just too cheap to spend his money, so he collects trash and sleeps there. All I know is the whole place smells like birdshit and so does Miser. Now, he's esquirosa.

But Jessie and her family, they ain't that bad. You wanna hear somethin' funny? You know what everybody calls the place where Jessie lives? The Castle. I guess just 'cause it's so big and it's made outta big grayish brown stones that are all rough and crumbly when you touch 'em. But that's about the only reason I can think of. 'Cause it's a dump. A plain ol' run-down dump. And just about everybody who ever lives there is dirty. I mean kids with piojos in their hair and shit slidin' outta their diapers down their legs. Yecch! And you know what's even worse? I hate to say it, but I don't think nobody's ever lived there 'cept Mexicans.

We don't have no black people in our town. So I guess the Mexicans are kinda like the niggers around here. 'Cept there's so many of us they can't treat us all like niggers. So I guess there's the Spanish people - like us - the ones that live in halfway-decent houses, and then there's the Mexicans. The dirty Mexicans. I guess Jessie and her family are the Mexicans. The dirty Mexicans. I've never been inside of their place - I wouldn't even think of it! But, you know, now that I think about it, Jessie really ain't that dirty. I mean, she don't stink or nothin' and her face is always clean. It's just that place she lives in. And her clothes. It looks like she gets 'em at the Salvation Army. I guess that's why we call her Esky Jesky. But jeez! Esquirosa?

It seems like a whole day before Mama comes to the door. "Come an' eat," she says. She's still mad, I can tell. "An' don't forget to wash your hands."

"Mama? How come you got so mad at us? I looked up the word esquirosa in Gilbert's dictionary. It ain't no bad word or nothin'. Did you know there's no such word? It's really asqueroso. Did you know that?"

"Is that all you learned?" she says. She's still kinda mad.

So I tell her, "Well, no. I been thinkin'. I guess yer right, Ma. I was thinkin' about Miser. Would you say he's esquirosa?"

"Miser? Well, I don't know. I guess so. But you shouldn't tease him, either. He's prob'ly crazy. He can't help it if he's crazy." "I guess not. But he's esquirosa, no? And some of those people that live in the Castle? With piojos an' all that?"

Mama turns red an' grabs my shoulder. Not hard, but kinda firm. Like she's got somethin' important to tell me.

"I know you're too young to remember, but you talk to Gilbert sometime. Or any of the older kids. They'll tell you what it's like to live in the Castle."

I'm so su'prised I don't know what to say! Then she looks at me kinda sad and kinda scared at the same time. "You just thank God you don't live there and pray that we never have to live there again!" I just know I'll never forget that.

Tomas Vallejos
THE DRIVE

Driven by maternity, I drove down the road toward a home.
The keys were safely locked away, no need to use the locks today.

The road stretched on

Driven by one then by another, my windshield covered by rain,
onward to that home, as mother, her loss would become their gain.

The road began to climb

Driven by a blinding tradition. My fuel begins to run low.
Love has yet to see its passion. The keys, the locks, they know.

The road is rapidly descending

Diana Field

The White Horse

Oh, magical white Horse,
Why did you take her away?
With your crystalline beauty
And your sensual touch
You blinded and shackled her
So that quickly she fell
into your empyrean embrace.
You swept her away
Over abstract rainbows
And withering lights,
You promised her Heaven
But Hell you gave.
Still she went with you
Through those wretched trails
Of deadly intent
Marked by broken arrows
Left with fresh blood
on their tips.
Towards beautiful and invisible cliffs
Not caring whether she lived or died,
You rode on and on
To fields of guile
where things seemed easy
in her comatose mind.
But, because of the lifeless illusions
Which she thought were better
Than any concrete solutions,
She fell and she drifted
Into infinite sleep,
Sleep which I
Could not rouse.

Vainly she had clung to you
On that last journey
Over abstract rainbows
And withering lights,
which had now ended
With an innocent Life.
Didn’t you see
Vanishing White Horse
That she was afraid
that life would engulf her
and make her bear
earth’s invisible weight?

Santos Ocanas
Rural Louisiana

She stands, holding her child
Straddled on her hip.
Her scraggly hair is
Held back by a yellow rubber band.
She wears a thin, ragged cotton dress.
The teenaged mother, with a smudged face,
Waits outside in the dusty trailer park
For her man to return
In an old rusty pickup truck.

Phoebe Williams
The Tears Of The Victims

I cried from Goree
In fever and chains,
From Durban in the light
Of a hut wreathed in flames

Do they weep at Robben Island?
Are there tears in the Sahel?

A starving man's eyes
Do not wander or tear
They gimlet the sun
With a wide open stare
That augers past life
And drills deeper than lies
And the dying don't blink
At duststorms or flies

If the tears of the victim
Ever had an affect,
It is something that science
Has not defined yet.
If the tears of the victims
Were more infectious than art,
Long ago human suffering
Would have broken your heart.

Lorenzo Thomas
DEUS EX MACHINA

(THE VERTICAL TUBE PROCESS)

Entwined, in darkness now, lie two of the fallen, sound asleep, who ground a clumsy pas de deux, and danced the silly dance of life. Each heard the guttural urges, undecipherable but meant, and felt the fingernail in flesh, the moaning plead to give relief and bring the sweaty tension's end. And from the waltz of waltzis were sent the million tiny messengers with wriggling tails and eyeless sense to swim the smooth, wet walls, intent on driving home the ancient code empatterned in their tiny heads.

VERTICAL TUBES DON'T ALWAYS WORK WHEN THE TUBES ARE PARTED. SOME ARE KEPT IN PICKLE JARS, THE OTHERS ARE DISCARDED.

The slant light of October falls in harsh defraction through the trees and marks the place in patterns where the frozen earth is freshly dug. And, to the realm of worm and slug, is tendered deep a little box, the culmination of those dreams, the Nobels, laurels, and salvation, speeches, parades, and (of course) our heartiest congratulations. Those who bear to witness, now, interment of our greatest scheme will mutter "Ave...", "Pater..." near the little pit dug in the green. How vain the argument now seems, the point and proof have slipped away and all the mind can now recall are children's chants of other days.

VERTICAL TUBES CHURN DAY AND NIGHT AND PROCESS TO THE RAGE AND HUM OF THEIR MACHINERY, THE PLAINSONG OF THE AGE:
NOGODNOGODEAREALONE NOGODDEAREALONE!

Ian Edward Dix
In Need Of

I've reflected over it
As others have before
And, as others will, for sure.
I muse over it
During prime-time T.V.
Or lonely nights
When all is quiet,
Or when shopping at the mall.
The question is timeless.
Politicians, grinning preachers,
Death Row inmates,
you name it, they've all asked it.

Christians say it's running out,
A bum will say different
If you have a dollar.
Hell, just yesterday I asked it.
Funny, how time ran out
Before I even started
On an answer.
It was five of three,
And it was ten minutes away.
Time is just too short
To be figuring out answers.

Today, there is no rush
To find out the answer.
There's tomorrow or
Next week or next year.
Today, there's no time to ask
Questions without end.
My paper is due
And professors,
Well, you know
They have no time
For empty questions
When time is a concern to you.

Santos Ocanas

Lovelle

Hindsight, as they say, is best,
And looking back,
I never really knew her.

Though I suppose, I thought I did,
In those days I knew everything.

I did give lots of gifts,
And cute little cards,
Promises not to hurt her.

I can't recall a single smile,
As she unwrapped the packages.

Larry Harbison

Late

6:45
7-11
Too early
Tall slender red-haired
dressed
in professional garb
her bare legs
unshaved
Sheer-to-waist
medium-to-small
rude
sandlefoot
$1.89
She works
Maybe downtown
Wonder where
she
puts them
on...

Denise Livings Wilborn
Wiping The Sweeping Flood Of Her Tears

Wiping the sweeping flood of her tears,
she asks him, "Where are you going?"
He leaves her without a whisper
while the waves roll in beneath a trembling sky.
She looks out at the horizon with a sigh,
taking a deep breath,
smelling the salty odor of the sea
carried to her by the rushing breeze.
She sits alone,
until something breaks her calm.
He returns to her
at the first blush of dawn.
She asks, "Where have you been?"
He says, "Where I should have been, with you,
holding you within my arms and
wiping the sweeping flood of your tears."

Mark Stallman

I Do Not Think Of You

You
are palms, born for carving.
Ribbon,
loose, in smoothed-back hair.
This blouse’s rise and falling,
running water, morning air.
You
are notes in absent humming
to a coat draped on a chair.
The sound of shoes becoming
leaves, dead, upon my stair.
One enwrapping
instance
too lost to be ensnared.
Death in love. A moment.
Clothes abandoned,
souls so bare.
You
are...
a sorcerer at my window,
blackbirds waiting at my door
that vanish with a whisper
like ghosts in fields of corn.
You
see,
you are the darkness
I dreamt of in a womb,
that cuts my palms
my restlessness,
my winter afternoons.

Wendy Li
Morning (Thoughts)

(Is that the time?! Oh, no!
I bolt out of bed knowing that
I won't be eating breakfast, or
Applying makeup, or
Using the iron.
I shiver after the shower
That washed the bare minimum
To save time.

(DAMMIT! Why do I save stockings that have
Runs? Do I think that
I will wear them again?)
Cursing,
I search for another pair.

With a lock of the key, I am
Out of the house,
Running.
(Oh, good, car door is unlocked. That will
Save time.)

Like a stunt driver, I race out
Of the driveway,
Cursing every slow thing in my way, I
Watch for police cars that may be
Watching me.
(Oops, slow down, school zone.)

Suddenly,
My foot instinctively lurches for
The brake.
(Why are you standing in the road?!)
Pinheads!
You could get hit!
My hand readies for a
Hornblast.
Still, curious, I slow even more as
I approach the crowd.

Passing, I gasp.
Limply, my hand drops from
The horn.

In a daze, I find my way to work.
My timepiece gets an
Unexpected rest.
Eyes brimming,
I think of
Those people --
Anxiously huddled over
A dog.

Kelly Ballow
The Good Chance

It was raining with a gentle insistency on the Boulevard Chat Noir. Lights from the traffic were reflected in the wet surface of the street, and a patch of petrol shimmered in the gutter. Lingering lunchtime smells drifted from the now almost empty cafes to mingle with the exhaust fumes and the smell of the wet earth from the Luxembourg Gardens as it floated in soft gusts past the table where Yvette was sitting, under the blue awning of "Le Bon Chance."

Yvette was still a young woman. She lived by herself in a room on the top floor of an old house on the Left Bank. She worked as a guide in The "Gallerie des Impressionists" in the Place de la Concorde. Her friend, Marie, who also worked there, had arranged to meet one of the visitors she had been showing around, but she was unable to keep the appointment because her mother had come to visit her from Alsace a week earlier than planned. She asked Yvette if she would go instead, and Yvette had agreed.

Yvette signalled the waiter over, "Another glass of white wine, please."

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

A group of students walked by, talking and laughing among each other. As they passed by Yvette's table, one of the boys turned and smiled over his shoulder at her. She smiled back, and the feeling of poignancy left her for a moment. She thought how marvelous it must be to fall in love. It had never happened to her, but, as she frequently told herself, she was still young.

"Do you like shopping?" asked Monsieur Adam, and, without waiting for her reply, he carried on, "myself, I love to shop. I cannot resist the thought of something new. It elates me. But, unfortunately, the feeling does not last." He gazed at the cars as they splashed by. "Never mind, this afternoon we will go shopping. Please, finish your wine." He waived to the chauffeur who was flirting with the cashier across the zinc-covered counter top.

Yvette stood up. She couldn't tell this man that she loathed to shop. New things held a horror for her. They brought with them a sense of intrusion. But how could she refuse this gentle little man with his wistful smile.

They stepped into the limousine. Yvette inhaled a smell of cold leather and absolute cleanliness. She drew back, "Do you mind if we walk Monsieur?"

"Of course not. And please, Adam -- not Monsieur."

Yvette smiled with relief as he slipped his arm through her's. As they started walking toward the Boulevard Saint Michel, it was still only finely misting, although the sky was grey and heavy with rain. The sidewalk cafes lining the boulevard were empty except a couple which still had the awnings down and, under these, casual afternoon shoppers were watching the passers-by. The old bookstores looked warm and inviting; the doors open to show the shelves of books which, in fine weather, lined the sidewalks.

"When is your birthday, Yvette?"

"July the tenth."

"Then you are a Cancer?"

"Yes."

The man smiled to himself as he steered Yvette into a winding cobbled-stone side street. They stopped outside the window of a small jeweler's shop.

"You wait here, my dear. I shall only be a minute." He stepped into the shop, and the door bell clanged behind him. Yvette looked up and down the street. The gutters were clogged with garbage -- orange peels, old wine bottles and stained newspapers. Above, almost meeting over her head, the narrow houses seemed to be stretching their pointed roofs toward the dull sky, as if they were trying to claw themselves up out of their foundations.

Across the other side of the street was a tiny cafe. It was run by Arabs.
On the steamy window, a notice read "cous-cous". Suddenly, the door of the cafe was thrown open, and two men came out. They waved at Yvette, and she waved back. A smell of boiled vegetables and mutton enveloped her, and, through the open door, she saw the customers spooning their cous-cous from big earthenware bowls as they laughed and shouted across the street: the door of the cafe blew shut with a bang. She stepped back in front of the jeweler's window. Monsieur Adam came out, the shop bell clanging behind him. He took Yvette's hand in his and placed a large, smooth stone in her palm. Yvette stared at the rich, shimmering pool. "What is it?" she whispered.

"A ruby. Your birthstone." He gave a soft, excited laugh.

"It's yours."

"Oh, I can't. Really, I can't," gasped Yvette.

"But you must," he insisted.

"It's too much—to expensive. I hardly know you." "I didn't buy it for you because it was expensive. And we know each other enough for me to give you this."

"But why?"

"Because it is alive. You will see."

She looked at the quivering pool in her hand. Blood and fire.

"What shall I do with it?"

"Whatever you want; it is your birthstone," he laughed.

Yvette put the stone in her coat pocket, fearing that it might catch her on fire and burn her to death. The man took her arm again, and they walked further down the street. He stopped in front of a bowed window which was crammed to the ceiling with the door of the cafe blew shut with a bang. She stepped back in front of the jeweler's window. Monsieur Adam came out, the shop bell clanging behind him. He took Yvette's hand in his and placed a large, smooth stone in her palm. Yvette stared at the rich, shimmering pool. "What is it?" she whispered.

"A ruby. Your birthstone." He gave a soft, excited laugh.

"It's yours."

"Oh, I can't. Really, I can't," gasped Yvette.

"But you must," he insisted.

"It's too much—to expensive. I hardly know you." "I didn't buy it for you because it was expensive. And we know each other enough for me to give you this."

"But why?"

"Because it is alive. You will see."

She looked at the quivering pool in her hand. Blood and fire.

"What shall I do with it?"

"Whatever you want; it is your birthstone," he laughed.

Yvette put the stone in her coat pocket, fearing that it might catch her on fire and burn her to death. The man took her arm again, and they walked further down the street. He stopped in front of a bowed window which was crammed to the ceiling with shoe boxes. "Would you mind if I went in here for a minute?" he asked. "It is the shop of a marvelous bootmaker, and I promised myself a new pair of boots the first time I met a pretty girl."

"Yvette smiled, "No I don't mind at all."

"One moment then please." He hurried eagerly inside.

As Yvette waited for him, once more she wished she could have got rid of the ruby. It still seemed to her like a torch that was lying in wait in her pocket, ready to engulf her in flames. The sky was almost black, and, although it was still barely raining, a strong wind had risen. The pieces of garbage and newspapers were being tossed in the gutters. A sudden gust of wind brought alive a pile of leaves and orange peels, whisking it into a small kaleidoscope. Yvette felt the grit rise up from the pavement and bit into her legs. She laughed out loud against the wind as a small grey cat dashed across the road to seek shelter in a covered alley.

After a few minutes, the man came out of the shop. He smiled broadly and pointed to his feet, which were encased in a pair of red leather cowboy boots with long, pointed toes and high heels. "Now I'm ready," he laughed.

Yvette looked at his glowing face and then at the new boots. Her throat started to ache. "Shall we go to my room?" she asked, "I'll make some soup or something."

He looked at her closely before answering, "Yes, I would like that."
MOMENT REMAIN

I saw a tower...
   A water tower
Simple...it works
Easy...it pumps
A reminder of a simple easy town
A town I once loved
A place I was alone
Now I don't have much

I saw a tower...
   A water tower
The people below it
The ones above me

    They love
    They hate
    People touch
    People touch me
But so does that tower...
    Poor little water tower town

Joseph R. Williams
The Bayou Review welcomes contributions of poetry, fiction, literary criticism, artwork, and photographs from the students, faculty and staff of the University of Houston - Downtown. Contributions should be no longer than 1000 words and should be submitted with a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Bayou Review, UH-D Center, 101 Main Street, Houston, Texas 77002. We reserve the right to edit copy for grammar, syntax, content, and libel.
Detering Book Gallery
Buy & Sell
USED & OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS
Monday-Saturday, 10-6 & Sunday, 10-5pm
2311 Bissonnet-Houston, Texas 77005 · (713) 526-6974

RIVER OAKS BOOKSTORE
The Complete Bookstore
Giftwrapping and Mailing
We welcome special orders.
1987 W. GRAY HOUSTON, TEXAS 520-0061

BRAZOS BOOKSTORE
2314 BISSONNET STREET 523-0701

Office of University Relations
serving UH-Downtown

Special Events·Publications·Printing·Media Relations
Advertising·Multimedia Services·Alumni·Public Affairs

One Main Street, Room 911-S · Houston, Texas 77002 · (713) 221-8010