

# from the OUTER BANKS

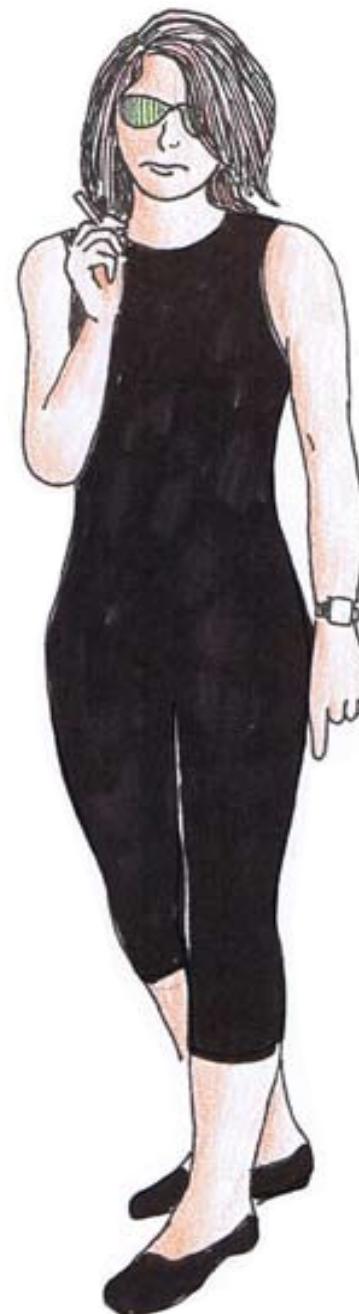
*This issue's poetic rendering from the  
Mystery Woman of Perth, Australia...Judy Banks*

## AIR-BLUSHED

Two days in the air and I feel like a vagrant,  
Dishevelled and tired, not smelling too fragrant.  
An hour till we land - if ma sees me this way  
She'll believe all the stories my brothers relay.  
But all is not lost, for in anticipation  
Of an airplane disaster, I carry foundation,  
Hairspray and lipstick, fresh blouse and a brush,  
A small vial of perfume, mascara and blush.  
While everyone's sleeping, I struggle from my seat,  
Taking care not to tread on my neighbour's sooked feet.  
'Prettying up,' I explain to a steward in the aisle.  
With undisguised doubt, he says, 'You'll be a while.'  
I enter the bathroom; it's a very small space  
With no room on the ledge for my vanity case.  
So I unpack its contents, put the case on the floor,  
Hang my clean chiffon blouse on the hook of the door.  
With cosmetics lined up on the six inch wide shelf  
I commit to the task of transforming myself.  
Cleanser on tissue, warm water on skin,  
The old is removed and the new can begin.

First the foundation: I pour some in my hand  
And from there to my face goes the 'Saharan Sand'.  
Guaranteed to reduce the appearance of wrinkles,  
Three coats and I've plastered the deepest of crinkles.  
Of a sudden, to my right, a very loud knock  
And I clutch at my chest in momentary shock.  
As I turn to the door in response to the sound,  
The bottle of foundation is knocked to the ground.  
It vomits its contents on the floor and my shoes  
So I ignore the knock to attend to the ooze.  
Loo roll and water should clean up the splatter  
But dabbing and wiping just worsens the matter.  
A mushroom-hued sludge on the floor of dove-grey  
Is the best I can do, have to leave it that way.  
I dispose of the tissue - the wet paper mush  
Disappears with a loud sucking noise in the flush.  
With loo roll expended there's no room for error  
And I gingerly turn to my work in the mirror.  
My t-shirt, reflected, although once all red,  
Now has a beige hand print with five fingers spread  
Around my left breast like a mark of compliance  
To membership terms of the Mile High Alliance.  
I snort with amusement - it isn't worth caring;  
On landing it will be the clean shirt I'm wearing.  
Lashings of lash-maker, flushes of blusher,  
Max Factor's Stayfast to make lips look lusher:  
With skill gained of practice I apply them with care.  
Soon all that remains is to sort out my hair.

After teasing and tossing, with tresses now tame,  
I pick up the hairspray and liberally aim  
At my newly styled head, but I'm caught by surprise  
As the plane gives a lurch and I spray in my eyes.  
I'm thrown to the left with lids tightly squeezed  
And the edge of the toilet connects with my knees.  
When I reach out for something to steady myself,  
The collection of make-up is swept from the shelf.  
Like the string of past boyfriends I've canned man by man,  
The items drop one by one into the pan.  
All but the vial which smashes on the seat



And mists me in perfume from elbows to feet.  
I've no mind for the stench for I'm in too much pain  
And have miserably turned to the mirror again.  
My sore streaming eyes have left thick black streaks  
Of kohl and mascara down each of my cheeks.  
I've nothing but water in this tissue-less plight  
To use as a cleanser, to restore my sight,  
So I scoop it in handfuls, I rub till I hurt,  
Then wipe off the mess with the front of my shirt.

But all is not well, for when buying I chose  
Waterproof products - now each side of my nose  
Has a panda-like eye, large, black and spherical;  
On anyone else I'd think it quite comical.  
From cheekbones to chin I'm a lipstick-smudged red.  
I take hold of the shirt, lift it over my head -  
It's filthy already, can be used with some soap  
To finish the clean-up, or that's what I hope.  
I have arms in the air, shirt over my face,  
When the plane jigs once more and the vanity case  
Falls with a thud as I totter to the right;  
I trip on its handle and grab out in fright.  
With hands flailing wildly, balance my intent,  
I latch onto the blouse to halt my descent.  
It is torn from its hook and in the free fall  
It's ripped down the middle. Now it's no use at all.  
With the blouse in two pieces, I land on my arse  
In the mushroom-hued sludge,  
in the perfume and glass.

The sting of the shards as they puncture my skin  
Is nothing compared to the mood that I'm in.

For outside the door, and voicing concern  
Is the smart-alec steward. He demands I return  
To my place in the plane. As I stagger to my feet,  
He threatens to enter lest I reclaim my seat.  
He speaks of the turbulence, says we'll soon land.  
When I straighten my clothing the blood from my  
hand  
Is added to the palm-print, the make-up and dirt  
That decorate the front of my previously red shirt.  
And it's not over yet - when I open the door,  
The mirror reflects what took place on the floor.  
Painted in mushroom on my skirt of off-white  
Is each feature of butt cheeks, the left and the right.  
With shoulders set straight I step out of the room  
And the steward keels back from the stink of perfume.  
Any comment from him and I'm apt to turn violent;  
One look is enough, he's immediately silent.  
He watches my exit in mute stupefaction.  
Considering my state, it's a valid reaction.  
My hair is in spikes for the Extra Hold spray  
When I'd lifted my shirt had set it that way.  
My face is half black, the rest of it scarlet,  
There's a hand on my breast and I smell like a harlot.  
As I make for my seat I feel his gaze on my bum.  
He's the least of my worries, for I've soon to meet mum.





## GENE SCHAFER

Automotive Repair

I'm too damn cold  
to say anything  
rude.

MONTICELLO, UTAH  
Phone: Look it up yourself  
Email: what are you...nuts?



## STEVE RUSSELL Moab, UT

**Lifetime  
Backboner**



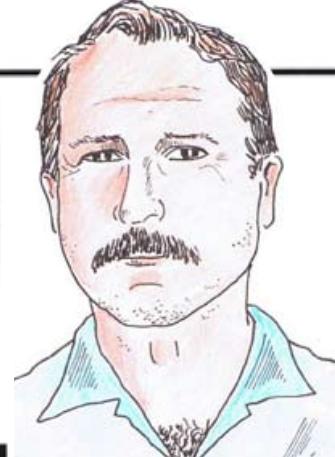
**LIFETIME  
BACKBONER...**

## TERRY HEARD

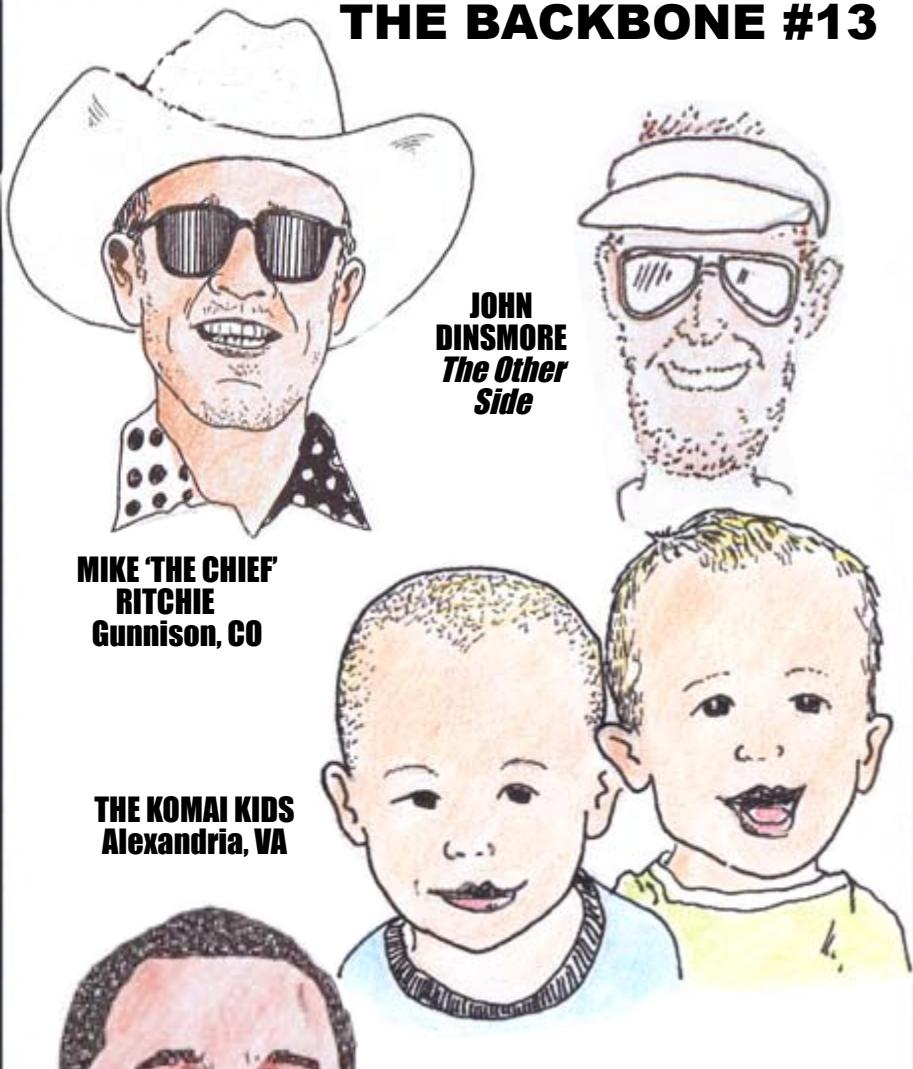
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package, don't throw it out.  
let us weld it."



## THE BACKBONE #13

JOHN  
DINSMORE  
*The Other  
Side*

MIKE 'THE CHIEF'  
RITCHIE  
Gunnison, CO

THE KOMAI KIDS  
Alexandria, VA



**IT'S TIME THE ZEPHYR  
HAD A 'STIMULUS PACKAGE'  
OF ITS OWN!  
JOIN THE BACKBONE OR  
TAKE OUT AN AD...**

**HELP KEEP THE ZEPHYR  
THE 'VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.'**

## THE FINGER



Sherman Beye...Oconomowoc, WI  
Sarah Jilke...Glade Park, CO  
James A Jordan...Green Valley, AZ  
Lewis Downey...SLC, UT  
Michaelene Pendleton...Moab, UT  
Dennis Young...Grand Jct, CO  
Robert Vance...Flagstaff, AZ  
Anne Madsen...Berkeley, CA  
Dorothy Dahlenburg...St. Paul, MN  
John Allen...Rangely, CO  
Izzy Nelsom...Moab, UT  
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