

## *Weekend V* | Ewww Lake Evergreen

### **What Rhymes with Framboise?**

*Or, an Ode to Bloomington/Normal  
(a/k/a the Reminder Sonnet)*

Shall I compare Weekend to a stilchester  
In Illinois' sun? It shan't, methinks, stink  
That much. Anon, then, friends, might I pester  
Y'all – though ha-ha be our goal – upon the brink  
Of our jaunt, remember these for thee:  
Foods to bring and wine to taste, poetry we'll  
Slam. If caravan you'll join, mail of e  
To me please send. All else forget, till  
    Full on City Twin banquet we groan  
    (And from our hotel prob'ly out get thrown).  
        - Your Obedient Servant

### **Oh Shakespeare Where Art Thou?**

*An Ode to the Fest in Four Parts*

There's a Western we know, not the best  
Which we visited each year at the fest  
They took us for granted  
We became disenchanted  
Now Country Inn is the place that we rest.

We ate breakfast at Denny's this time  
The food was simply sublime!  
They serve a Grand Slam  
Cakes, hashbrowns and ham  
Uncle Tom's is more famous for slime

Grady's was the site of our play day  
The Eighties were clearly its heyday  
We declared war  
On poor Steve on the shore  
Mateys, it was more than just an OK day

Kurt's favorite is Cornholioanus  
Since then all he does is complainus  
He said of King Lear  
It's the same every year  
I left him at home. What a painus.

– Kurt and Deb Dicke

### **Lake Evergreen**

By the shores of the opaque lake  
Thinking swimming in it a  
mistake.  
Don't open your eyes  
Or so you might die.  
Hey John stop throwing grapes.

– Bill Douglas

### **The Accidental Bryku**

*(On Reaching To a Napkin)*

Looks like Bryan is  
Going for another Haik –  
U – having a snack

– The collective

### **Untitled**

Oh Jack Kerouac  
You spin in your grave to think  
This is now the Beat.

– Rob Douglas

### **Heat**

It was very hot  
Nary a breeze to be found  
I thought I'd pass out.

– Bryan Schneider

### **Which Folio Malvolio?**

Weekend With was  
Once wicked  
When winsome wenches  
Walked with  
Wacky William wonks  
Willing, waiting  
Wondering when  
Wouldst windward  
Washboards wend  
Wicker  
Whatchamacallits.

William.  
Shakes spear.  
Throws spear.

Ophelia pain.

– Mike Mikottis

### **E=mc<sup>2</sup>**

Ophelia  
Pain  
Hamlet  
Those eggs be  
Montague  
Let's Make a deal  
Capulet  
Fly off in the wind

– Mike Mikottis

### **Trick Forks**

*Regretfully submitted  
by YOS (Your Obedient Servant)*

You salaam to cheese  
O'erhead green breezed leaves  
    snap now  
You're sporting salad

### **Untitled**

Oh Malvolio  
You are a crazy bastard  
Nice yellow socks man

– author unknown

## *Weekend VI* | Drink Contest / Tewkesberry Slushies

### **Who am I?**

I was thinking just the other day  
I've really come a long long way  
Old Milwaukee and Cheetos were a treat  
Jerry Springer's show could not be beat  
Then along came a guy named John  
Who said come to Bloomington  
Now it's framboise and sheep's milk cheese  
And pooh poohing the choice of Pericles  
– D. Dicke

### **Who are we?**

John  
Ed  
Sharon  
Mikottis  
Bryan, Kurt, Debra  
Oh, and another John and Sharon  
And this guy that I don't know that comes down tomorrow.  
– D. Dicke

### **The Brylenderku**

[Sound of blender turned on and off, five times, then seven times, then five again.]

– Bryan  
(Recipient, Grand Prize Rubber Chicken Award)

## **Beats Me**

*(A Somewhat Sonnet, on the occasion of Weekend With William, the Sixth of that name - YOS)*

Begin the spin: Friends, blowhards, funny men, blend  
Me a Rum Runner (extra rum). I come not  
To praise us, but to mock. How is it we wend  
From “wherefore”, “thine” and strange cross-gartered plot –  
To glowing lake and Yukon shortcut? No beret  
And snifter crowd, we. But, stink – what bag,  
Pretentious, through yonder tub emits? To frappe  
This mix of high and low sans reflex gag:  
For best results, clump it all and hit puree.  
We pulse and crumb, and liquefy Prosperos  
Against the timbers of a Grady; or fold a  
Faux Pho with Elizabethan heroes.  
Can one great word totally explain us?  
Methinks ‘tis this: Cornholioanus.

## **Unnamed Fibonacci**

Me  
You  
Us Two  
Yes We go  
Plan, Do, and We  
Everyone together having fun  
Hoping and wishing for some [unreadable] do,  
– Sharon II

## **Untitled**

I,  
Yi,  
Yi Yi,  
I am the  
Frito bandito  
– presented by Kurt

## **Bryku**

Who would have thunk it  
A nice breeze at the Ewing  
Wow that was quite nice  
– Bryan

## **Weekend Top Ten, or Three, or Whatever**

The Full Cleveland  
Who *isn't* an idiot?  
Tewkesberry Slushies

## *Weekend VII* | Match Game 1675 / Pontoon Poltroons Untitled

Henry Five, a July night –  
Although cool, a real delight!  
Friendly folk, relaxed and loose  
Thanks to Steve, I'm here "toose" –

Oh, oh, oh, before I go  
Pontoon well, or next year no mo!

- Richard, I, Steve Kulm's Uncle

## **Our Servant**

Glory Be Our Servant John,  
Who Shakes and Shakes and Shakes again  
Till we all a "peare" in Bloomington

- Steve Kulm

## **Achin' for an Agincourt**

In a Springfield Mausoleum lies a man torn  
For he does not know how to mourn,  
For a Party whose next leader is not born  
- Steve Kulm

## Untitled

I've never been to Bloomington  
But here I am, new friends and son  
And brother, too, and dear old Will  
My heart  
My heart  
My heart be still

- Nora Kulm

## Bryku

Lost in Bloomington  
Hungry as Bryan Schneider  
Where's the Taco Bell?

- Beth Hage

## To New Lows

*A Toasting Sonnet On the Occasion  
of the Half Off Weekend (Whenst We Cut our Bard Intake by 50%)*

You meant well, Wm., we know. Yet: Oh, O!  
The fault, dear artist, is not in your fine verse,  
But sweat and wine do mix not well with BOH  
Boh BOH boh BOH Boh BOH – and worse,

When adverbs, gerunds, subjects as shook soda  
Do seem, and odd placed verbs are, juices sap,  
Or tempest brains, which even follow Yoda  
Not could, sink into a mid-summer's nap.

Once more unto those seats, dear bard? My ass!  
The thought of Love's Labor Lost brings high panic.  
Still: Mirth we'll make; we'll answers Match; we'll sass  
Ludqueeg on his personal Titanic.

So pistachio mustachioed, do  
Vessels hoist now we: We few. We happy few.

- YOS

*Weekend VIII* | River Tubes / Allen Ludden

***Untitled RSVP***

Dismal solitude.  
Journey halted. Absent from  
Weekender revel.

- *Elizabeth*

***Mineral Point! (Lyrics)***

Mineral Point, Mineral Point...  
What's the point of you?

Mineral Point, Mineral Point... (It's a)  
Non-glaciated...  
Slightly emaciated...  
Unique point of view.

When the Password is "bucolic"  
Mineral Point's the clue!

When the birds in sky do frolic  
Mineral Point's the blue!

When it's time to wax symbolic  
There's only one thing to do:

Raise Old Glory o'er Mineral Point  
And give a hearty "moo"!

- *Mike*

Frank Lloyd Wright is cool  
Seventy bucks is too much  
House on Rock is cheap

- *Chris*

**Perhaps the Lady Doth't Drooped Too Much**  
*A Sonnet on Mid-Illinois Nights' Dreams*

Shall we compare Spring Green to past loved site?  
Warm corn-fed lips had she, a figure eight,  
We thought. But o'er time a robust once-delight  
Can almost seem somewhat – er – glaciare.

O! Summer joys we flung: Ewing dining,  
B-Ber Nuts, cold Tewkesberry Slushies, glow of lake,  
The triple cripple who soaked us, whining  
Of crummy breakfasts (except, 'course, Steak and Shake).  
True, to have a Rubenesque figure here  
May speak less of paintings than the sandwiches:  
But our hostess now, undulate land of beer,  
Offers such voluptuous images.

Sure to Twin Town we hie again just might!  
Till then: We'll here, with that weirdo Frank Lloyd Wright.

- Y.O.S.

Eee gads! Here I am with my subscription to  
Elcastellano.org's "La palabra  
del día" expired! What can a woman do?  
Oh yes Fibonacci can unite destra,  
Sinistra; exalt senses like flights of wine.  
Process mapping, budgets, yield no such extra  
Delights of pretentious cheeses; words sublime!  
Does she submit? Tolerate the daily hell?  
When oh how she has yearned for this special time  
Away from co-workers she can never tell.  
Desesperación crushing soul. The pains!  
Shakespeare! Merengue! Sheer joy they would compel!  
Her wish for safe travels is all that remains  
And next years' hope for perhaps tidy quatrains.

- Elizabeth

## **Feet of Angels Bryku**

Limburger is made  
From BO bacteria  
Ew, smell my fingers!

- *Deb*

do I entice you?  
My quiet seething visage  
One fit per trip. Done!

- *Melissa*

A last ...  
P eople getting together  
O r  
E veryone going it alone  
M akes no difference, always a  
good time!!!

- *Sharon*

Know dogs allowed  
Know dogs quiet  
Who's a good boy?  
You are.  
(don't count - there's no numbers  
associated)

- *Mary Jo*

## **Intimations of Inanity from Recollections of Bloomington- Normal**

What though the gleam of Lake Clinton  
Be now forever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the mini-golf artificial turf, of glory in the Ewing Manor  
bower,  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind,  
In the oppressive humidity of outdoor theater,  
Which having been must ever be,  
In the soothing smears of pungent cheese that  
spring  
From Wrightian cows of single color,  
In the faith that looks through intermission,  
In the years that bring the alcoholic mind.  
Thanks to the poets heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its meters, iambic or otherwise,  
To me the mixedest metaphor can give  
Thoughts that lie too thick for tears.

- *Bryan*

*Weekend IX* | Weekend Olympiad / The Lodge

**William Weekend in Wisconsin**

For not faint hearted  
Lacerated toe in Moccasin  
Gangrene hath started

- *Scott*

**I Hate Haikus**

I hate haikus lots  
Stupid little pointless things  
Wait I just did one

- *Alex*

**Gownku** (courtesy FTD)

For the gown winner  
Prancing and dancing with glee  
Welcome to the fold

- *Melissa*

**A Bovine Fantasia**

How now, cow  
You are brown  
Or black  
Or even moo of blue  
There is no variegation  
In your pigmentation  
Your single hue  
Is pleasing to the eye  
Standing stark against the sky  
You, rumen true,  
Do but chew

Converting grass of green  
To nectar white  
Which passes then to local cheeseries  
Where Kelly, of hair color light,  
Does regale with tales of muenster, swiss and cheddars all  
Until we, few merry band,  
Do pretentiously munch from mouth to hand.

- *Bryan (Malvolian of the Year)*

### **William Weekend Nine**

William Weekend Nine  
Exposed to William first time  
Cover my ta-ta's

- *Andrea*

### **Lodge Sonnet: A Tete-a-tete Between Pheasants, One Worried, the Other Not**

They're blind! – *squawked Fred'rick* – gullet flushed of hope.  
That walls that in iced days release their scent  
Of slaught'rous beast should in summer not scope  
Our urge to preen and splash. O joy is rent!

Hang on, *says Murray*. I seen this gaggle.  
I heard 'em come; you won't believe their story.  
We know rifle butts, but malmsey? A bag'll  
Cheer 'em – if it's got brie instead of quarry.

You see they brought no dogs? I heard one say  
They couldn't kennel theirs, not knowing whether  
He'd feel lonely. When they say "game", they mean play,  
Not us! Brykus? Gowns? Don't ruffle a feather.

*Thus Fred'rick warbled odes: 'Tis this I wished!  
Till he, by a msthrown water balloon, was squished.*

- YOS

## Weekend X | Clam Bake!

### **Oft Worn, Never Washed \***

*An annotated ten-year walk through  
Weekend wearing the GoH*

And if what's-been and laughs, like stilchester  
Crumbs, affix themselves to you, this half score years?  
A cloying framboise spot first will mess your  
Markdown fibers.<sup>1</sup> An iron burn by Ed.<sup>2</sup> And there's

Some cream from one weird udder.<sup>3</sup> A cleaning  
Now from Triple Cripple water<sup>4</sup>; then muck –  
Eww, yuck! Lake Evergreen, you suck.<sup>5</sup> Careening,  
A sprig hits from out the blender.<sup>6</sup> What the .... Luck

Would have it: A hair or two off Milli.<sup>7</sup>  
Did those unnerving stains come from Rayburn  
And from Ludden?<sup>8</sup> At least swale smudged grass, willy  
Nilly, is covering up your Cockburn.<sup>9</sup>

Gown! Your blotched textile – but polyester –  
Is our fine yarn, where, O Future Folly: Fester!<sup>10</sup>

— Your Obedient Servant

*\* Disturbing title coined by Weekender Ed*

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<sup>1</sup> You are encouraged to ask Weekender Mike where one might wake up after a night with Deb's cheese tubs and really sweet wine.

<sup>2</sup> Continuing apologies to the Pixilated Weekender.

<sup>3</sup> WwWm Three shout out to the Twin Cities Steak and Shake and the inventor of single serve containers.

<sup>4</sup> Grady's Family Fun Park is ironically not ADA compliant.

<sup>5</sup> Btw, has anyone ever seen Brackish Stink as a green paint sample at Restoration Hardware?

<sup>6</sup> Art historians believe Weekend Six witnessed the creation of the first small appliance-based Japanese verse, the Brylenderku.

<sup>7</sup> RESOLVED, "our kind of people" had a little more fun riffing on Match Game then with the Gribbles that year.

<sup>8</sup> Aris-TOPH-anes?

<sup>9</sup> Yes, yes, we know that's not how it's pronounced.

<sup>10</sup> To be fair, GoH is only 40% synthetic fibers. Anyway, here's to a happy X and many more to follow!

## **Pate Haiku**

Canard in a can  
melt-in-your mouth force fed duck  
Don't eat the cat food

## **Try Real Hard Not to Be a Jerk**

-Words and music by: Shakey Willy Wordsmith  
(aka Muddy Mississippi Mike Mikottis)

*instrumental opening*

Try real hard not to be a jerk  
Try real hard not to be a jerk  
It may look easy but it's alot of work  
Try real hard not to be a jerk

*instrumental finish*

## *Weekend XI* | Family Game Night

### **Remembrance and Reminder: A Post-End Note**

*As the cow said to his mom, Thanks for the mammaries*

This 'postend' I am not up for poetizing,  
To meter muddle our happy dregs: Peels  
Triumphant, sand dragged home, gobs of Visine,  
games put back, new blender packed, cigar butts, wheels

Of pretension Ziplocked – Again, jerkily,  
Our Gown on hanger-new awaits. One crew  
saw all cranes and sniffed cheese sludge. And our whole troupe, we –  
Some small, and from far, those new, one sha-rew –

In warm days quaffed, put tongue to Mikotti  
Surfeit, and snacks ... And now, for future smirks,  
Please hit the blogs, post your pix, and all try  
To soberly record how your drink works.

But more verse? William, see the end of my fist?  
I would rather head to a taxidermist.

— YOS

## *Weekend XII* | The Twisted Olive Supper Club / Canoes

### **Lacking**

No poems. No Bill.  
No Brie.  
No Dickes. No Kurt  
No Me.

Some boozing.  
Some gazing.

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Some tubing.  
Some grazing.

But,  
No pretense. No plays.  
And,  
No me.

. DD

### **Being Pickled**

*A sonnet toast to the grand opening of The Twisted Olive Supper Club*

The heedless space of a bulbous Chevy  
Encases them. Find a spot. They see the host.  
Two gimlets to start, drained clean as Evvie  
Lowers oil-basked meats. More drinks. They toast,

Lost in cackles and haze and paneled murk  
And highballs; an extra plate for bones – “Daddy,  
Lookit me!” – A drop-by from Ern (and wife) from work,  
And heavy creamed drinks near the silver dressing caddy.

The building’s a kind of warehouse today.  
The drop-ceiling’s swallowed. Waste oil out back.  
Corrosion, from gin and smokes, has its way.  
But mostly time. (In us, years find a snack.)

Yet – in prudent cars – we came: To\* their spirits,  
This moment, shining fresh as relish-tray carrots!

*\* All, please lift glasses here. This is the time of the toast you lift your glass.*

**Fully stocked sand bar**

*Our first hai-canoe*

Driftless flotilla.

Trestle? Ed we're tipping we're —

Phones in white-rice bag

— YOS

*Weekend XV* | Vaudeville Murder Mystery

**Who and how done it: Weekend XV**

*The Time-to-Vote Sonnet (Post-Weekend Wrap Up)*

It wasn't Mrs. Vrooman's sturdy bread  
Or ghosts of imitated Lincoln trees.  
We didn't end up under wordy head-  
stones because of bitty bikes that kink the knees.

The Butcher of Bloomington: Acquitted.  
So too the Ace of Pomeranian.  
Towanda round hurt no one. We flitted  
To Normal and lived to tell the tale again.

And now we know everyone playing  
Did no offing (except the faux Commie).  
So who of us is guilty of a slaying?  
Vote your Top Tens now. Choose one from Tommye

Or another. For on a mansion knoll,  
It was we killed us – wielding only a droll.

## *Weekend XVI* | Beverly Hillbillies Mystery Night

### **The Suck Up Sonnet**

*Dedicated humbly to the exalted,  
dazzling XVI GoH Talent Show Judges*

To what does your splendor match? Deb Dicke,  
You're infused joy, like sparkling Bryan Schneider –  
The happy zing of a fresh lime rickey;  
The way of the martini: Fine gin (slight stir).

No Dacron GoH, Fran Underdown:  
I style you and my two Mikottii  
As a Dolce & Gabbana wedding gown;  
Next to Shanzhai knockoffs, a true Dior tie.

You gems of humanity, Bonnie, John,  
And precious parents, Tommye, Wayne,  
Electrify my life like silicon  
And shimmer as a rain-washed diamond vein.

My love for you's timeless as smashed, stopped clocks.  
Hey, this don't work? How 'bout some cash stuffed socks?

- YOS

## *Weekend XVII* | Paint 'N' Sip / Allerton Estate

### **MushVrooms**

*Our rollicking, frolicsome, Pollocky dream (Post-Weekend Wrap-Up)*

She layers thinly, he is all Sakrete.  
Each bared our own spirit, like woodland Pucks,  
Through Weekend. And if we birthed no Magritte,  
Yet we shared full joys, loves and laughing yucks

Under swaddling skies – for once not too humid:  
A mid-summer play with nonstop undressing,

Wondrous meals, gardens, our Vrooman,  
Then, as if to grade school art class, regressing.

A fungus flourishes with fertilizer  
And dank (and how do buried talents sprout?).  
Though the Muse worried we'd murderize her,  
With beret, face hair and Master Mike, out

Came startling art. So cherish your special blue.  
Till next year, when our friendships we all renew!

– YOS

## *Weekend XVIII* | Laffstock Comedy Barn Players

### **Underwhelmed**

Frank Lloyd Wright's all right  
Warehouse too much dust and must  
Who needs the dumb bat  
| *Tommye. Malvolian*

### **Bean There; Done That**

Thou must mind the Bunn  
Else thy pot runneth over  
Thou hast wet thyself  
| *DD. Silver Medal*

### **Untitled**

First time Weekender  
Looking forward to some fun  
Great times with loved ones  
| *Jennifer. Bronze Medal – Tie*

### **Wright Direction** | A Bryku

We start with no guide

From the womb self-docenting  
Where's Bryan Schneider?  
| *YOS. Bronze Medal – Tie*

Hunting lodge is nice  
Not good for the animals  
Eat corn no read meat  
| *Mick*

### **today**

Cedar Valley Lodge  
Brought us all from our homes  
Food! Wine! Improv! Friends!  
| *Tommye*

### **Road trip**

The date was now set  
Spring Green is the next stop  
Ready Set Let's Go  
| *Sharon*

### WWW

At Cedar Valley  
With a bunch of weird people  
Amused and confused  
| *Ed*

The syllable count.  
My place in the bathroom line.  
Both five seven five.  
| *YOS. From "Haiku Helper"*

### Ha! Ha! Haiku | A Spiteku

Meteor oh my!  
The sky was quite a beauty  
Tonight was the best  
*MJ, Lu, Fran, Jen, Tommye,  
Wayne, Mick. By the non-play  
goers to mock those up the Hill*

### Friday Night

Silent Sentinels  
Late Lights Streaking Sky Wonders  
Early Light White Dawn  
| *Mike*

### Afterku

Cotton candy despair.  
Ghosts of dead rainbows  
On my tongue  
*DD | Haibun variation on a theme from Frogpond 37:2*

I need a haiku  
Love you to the moon and back  
Happy to be here  
| *Lu*

### Mickey

New pup in the home  
And he won our hearts quickly  
And likes his friend Jake  
| *MJ*

G---- : Renku! Haiga!  
We've all got our own problems.  
Lou Gehrig managed.  
| *Deb. See "HSA Midwest News  
- July 2018"*

### Our Flyku!

Keep your spirits up  
The father also rises  
You can't be grounded  
| *The Collective. To Joe*

### Our Comedy Barn

Laugh passed hand to hand  
Hitchhiked through dice and docent  
Good friends all thumbs up!  
| *YOS. Post-end wrap up*

## *Weekend XIX | Aloha Wisconsin*

Led by our senior Weekenders, teams of three created their own hulas to the tune and theme of Little Brown Gal. Lovely lyrics below. (NB: Several of the priceless song sheets were lost, which required reconstructing some words.)

### **Team Tony, Mike, Julie**

It's not the islands fair that are calling to me  
It's not the balmy air nor the tropical sea  
    It's the little brown Spam in the little tin can  
    In a little grass shack in Hawaii.  
It isn't Waikiki or Kamehameha's pali  
Not the beach boys free –  
Round Round I get Around! –

### **Team Wayne, Andy, Alex, Sara**

... it's the little blown games and little t-shirts  
In the big stadiums in Chicago.  
    Through that city wonderland  
It's broken all the sports fan's hearts.  
    It's not hard to understand,  
For the players, the teams are farts  
    I'll be leaving soon, but the thrill I'll enjoy  
Is not the teams who beat, nor the balls and the ...

### **Team 'It's Nots': Lu, John, Joe**

It's not the gorgeous lodge that is calling us here  
It's not falling asleep listening to Shakespeare  
    It's the little white man in the Hawaiian shirt  
    Who also looks cute in his blue jeans skirt  
It's not the Mikottis's cooking which is so stout  
Or Frannie's bellini that makes us pass out  
    It's the little white gal who wore the chef's hat  
    Who worked in the kitchen and never did sat  
Outdoor on that big round stump  
Playful shots at Donald Trump  
    It's so easy to understand  
    Why we show up again and again and again

We'll be leaving soon, but the thrill we'll miss  
Is not the big brown lodge or the quail but it's this:  
It's our ol' kane and his beautiful wahine  
Who gave up Hawaii for the Lex.

**Team Mick, Mary Jo and Erik.**

Went to rent a pontoon! We had a store in mind  
Run by two local loons who didn't like our kind.  
*(Refrain.) There's no little brown hair from a little brown dog  
On a little pontoon in Illinois.*

So out went Mary Jo and Kurt. And Deb and Bryan too I know.  
On the lake they go, but with Millie No No No.  
*(Refrain.)*

They tried to catch a fish and caught a little sun.  
Made a watery wish and had some watery fun.  
They brought the pontoon back. They cleaned the rental boat.  
But the loons began to crack. They cried Millie's hairs from Millie's  
coat.

Three lawyers began to vent. Ed Ludwig made a fist.  
Our dog is innocent. So they made a list.  
*(Refrain.)*

Where is the land Green and summer-like Spring?  
We are very keen. Cedar Valley is just the thing.

**Team Scream: Fran, Deb, Jon**

Aloha.  
We share with you a tale from a weekend past.  
Our people were led by the spirit guide  
Docent Bryan to the Richmond Center.  
He brought them to the barren and neglected  
A.D. German warehouse designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.  
They were were excited to explore the interior of  
This gem, but first were led up  
Winding stairs to a small dark theater.  
On a television they watched the  
Orientation on the history of the warehouse.  
As they stood up to go, a commotion was heard.  
Out of nowhere, a bat appeared and headed  
Straight for Mary Jo.  
With a blood curdling scream, she ran down the stairs,

Out the door and down the street, never to  
Be heard from again.  
Mahalo!

**Team Rosemary, Jennifer, Bryan** [*Winners! Hips of Kilauea award*]  
All About Tommye

Tommye is so fair and she hulas for me.  
She has lots of flair but it's not easy to see.  
*(Refrain.) It's a little white gal in a little grass skirt  
In a little wood lodge in Wisconsin.*  
She's an improv blast. I'd hate to tube in her wake.  
But she doesn't know her gas from the brake.  
*(Refrain.)*  
She has the key to each and all our hearts  
It's easy to see all her hoomalimali.  
*(Refrain.)*

### **Tommye's Tune**

It's not the rolling hills or the vale so green  
It's the friendly bunch that makes this scene.  
I put my joy in fun and games  
And our chil'd-er-rains  
And the charming lodge in Wisconsin that Weekend.  
As we eat around, we have to thinks:  
The food was great and thanks to our John  
For the happy Weekend in Wisconsin!  
Oh we know we've got to pack and say:  
Aloha!

## Weekend 20 | WiFiW

*Untitled*

Halcyon Spring Green

Not so now the experts say

So, in Zoom we trust

| Bryan

### **The Gown of Humility**

I know I did wrong

I washed it so many times

Get thee robe gone

| Rosemary

### **Jigsaw** (A true-ku)

Random shapes of green

Which lock together, or not

Last piece found on ass

| Andrea

### **What to do? What to do?**

Time just flew

Here I am again

With no haiku.

| Elizabeth

### **'I'm going to do whatever sounds good.'**

Come, fill Solo cups.

Drooping peach boughs laugh and  
urge:

Bellini us now.

| YOS (With apologies to Omar  
Khayyam)

*Untitled*

Bryan Debra CHEESE!

Friends family years of memories

John Hoffman, Thank You!

| Mary Jo

### **Haiku Pressure**

The sun and the moon

Make me smile every day

Yay made a haiku

| April Bredy

*Untitled*

Need a new usage

My casino tuxedo

I'll wear it to church

| Erik

### **Heaven & Earth**

Zoom since we are home

Fran is looking down on us.

We are together.

| Jennifer

*Untitled*

The Perfume of Off

Sweating and freezing at once

Snoozing through Act Two

| Deb

*Untitled*

Summer is here, yea

Cannot use pool. Damn Covid

So jump in the lake.

| Mick

### **Whistle Blower**

Haiku emerging?  
Why don't you blow the whistle  
It is disgusting  
| Mike

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And our Malvolian of 2020! ....

### **A family trait**

Tribute to cuz Fran  
I want your philosophy  
Live without judging  
| Lu

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### **A post-Weekend lament ...**

Zoomed again today.  
But it was not the same  
No champagne, no zany, no hat,  
There was none of that.  
Math and death, oh joy!  
To fly away one day.  
| Elizabeth

## Weekend 21 |

### The Peach Bellini Casino and Hideaway

#### **A Chair**

I hold Papa's chair  
I sit on a chair also  
Therefore I am chair  
| Erik Nazar  
*Malvolian of the Year*

#### **Shining Brow**

On foot we travel  
Learning more  
On Frank Lloyd Wright tour  
Much to see  
In amongst the trees  
Rhubarb grows  
Near Midway Barn  
Bugs, bugs darn  
Grace was chat chat chat  
Floppy hat  
We learned a lot  
Grace chat NOT!  
| Julie

#### **Limerick**

Enjoying all the frivolities  
While waiting for the whistle to  
blow  
It's time to go  
We'll never know  
The surprise in the show  
| Joe

#### **Untitled**

A perseid flares!

That was a seven or eight!  
I didn't see it.  
| Bryan

#### **Untitled**

Cedar Valley Lodge  
Has seen many folks like us  
It'll never be the same  
| Tommye

#### **Diced Fate**

Chips churn. You're up, then  
You need replaced ricotta  
And trees attack you  
| YOS

#### **Drift Less**

Float more! Dam it all  
Taliesin, lake swimming  
Driftless savannah  
| MJ

#### **Behold our Leader**

Compliments to John  
Who brings together each year  
Friends and family  
| Anon

#### **Confidence**

Blackjack wow simple  
Craps is the easiest thing  
I just sold my pants.  
| YOS

## Weekend 22 | Reaching Our Zenith

### **The Patlocked Putz**

Pat was smoking his butts  
The good group needed some futz  
Can you believe his guts?  
Where's your sticker?  
That was a kicker  
| Sue E (Malvolian)

### **No Haiku!**

Haiku: Such nonsense for a poem!  
Ridiculous – I moan  
Just write some verse  
Make words to rhyme  
Keep it simple and save time  
| Wayne (1st runner up)

### **No comparing**

Playing games with friends  
Makes me feels so inept, lost  
But I'm not alone  
| Tommye (2<sup>nd</sup> runner up)

### **Lodge Limerick**

The manly guest comes to make a pheasant hit.  
For fickle us, it's our lavish present fit.  
Such rich hunting land.  
A urinal, if you stand.  
But hardly the place to take a quiet and pleasant ... sit.  
| YOS

### **It's a fact**

I'm not complaining  
I'm just extremely detailed  
They are projecting  
| Rob

Here's the idea  
Build up hope of pie today  
We can sell the signs!  
| Deb

### **Random Thoughts**

School on hill, rain, locked!  
Cows have personality  
Wyoming Valley  
| MJ

### **Crushed and tumbled**

Long last Dad? What next?  
Hardened by pressures of life  
I'm Roger the Rock  
| YOS

Procrastination  
Is badly underrated  
Can do this later  
| Mike, during the closing  
ceremonies

## Weekend 23 | Camp SwingStar!

I worked in a hospital  
With chick named MJ  
We'd biked, ran and skied  
On an occasional day

I met her friends and family  
Over the years  
And some that were here  
And some way OUT there  
She talked of a trip  
She wanted to go  
She said there were people  
She'd like me to know

MJ had assured me  
They were all very hip  
I found a group of oddballs  
Who I accompanied on the trip

We rode through the island  
Well known as Sicily  
When over in Europe  
we were filled with glee

The moment we got back here,  
I thought we were done  
But then we had dinner  
That was lots of fun

We all talked about riding  
We all gave high-fives  
Then after we had eaten  
We all said goodbyes

There was one guy while biking  
I will not now name  
Who had dealt with my nonsense

And thought I was lame

I figured I had it  
In this group I was in  
But here I remain  
Though ice very thin

Thanks for the invite  
To this rumble and tumble  
I appreciate the people  
I remain very humbled

**- John Hamby (untitled)**

Rain falls down outside  
I keep drinking booze soaked fruit  
The world seems more better  
Brett | Malvolian

Frank Wright had a gift.  
Designed many structures all  
right.  
Were they good or not?  
Tommye (untitled)

To craft is divine  
Made so much better with wine  
Now it's time to shine!  
Cassie (untitled)

*Ballroom Floor/Bedroom Ceiling*  
Wrapped in REM dream, I –  
Tippy tap tip tap tip tap  
Boot camp eight fifteen.  
John Hoffman

*Weekend XXIV* | Toe-GUH! Toe GUH!

*Untitled*

Frank Lloyd Wright did well  
He designed homes really swell  
They're as weird as hell  
Tommye | Malvolian

**On the Perdurance of  
Unusual Carpet**

Cookie Monster Blue?  
Who Knew? Mrs. Wright, that's  
who!  
And now you do too.  
Bryan | Malvolian

**Weekend**

Kegs and chaos roar,  
Toga clad, the lodge door swings  
Party never sleeps

**Salve**

Elmores Sue and Craig  
Welcome to your first Weekend  
And apologies  
John (N.B. Claire and  
Charles weren't arrived  
during reading; big hello to  
them)

**Life**

Rain falls from the sky  
Flowers blossom and nature  
thrives with beauty  
The snow covers it up  
Vince

**Bright Horizons**

Peace, Joy, Gods and Heroes.  
What will we find come  
tomorrow?  
Let's rejoice, embrace the future  
Craig

**Olympic Dreams For Us**

Are simple acts of friendship  
Shared meals and games of the  
gods.  
Knotted sheets, draped in kinship  
Cramich Mikalin

**Phish**

Poseidon's waves crash  
Trident gleams beneath the sea  
Fish swim fast and free

**Spring Green**

We gather together  
Always for the better  
Good friends forever  
Craig

*From 'Act of the Gods'*

**Dionysus**

It's time for the show  
What happens when you're  
drinking  
Go celebrate lust

**Hera**

Humans and marriage  
I control fertility  
I make you pregnant

**Poseidon**

I control the storms  
Now the sun shines with you  
here  
The storm now resumes

*Untitled*

Haiku time is passing  
Lion meat is settling well.  
The green valley seems at peace.

Dave