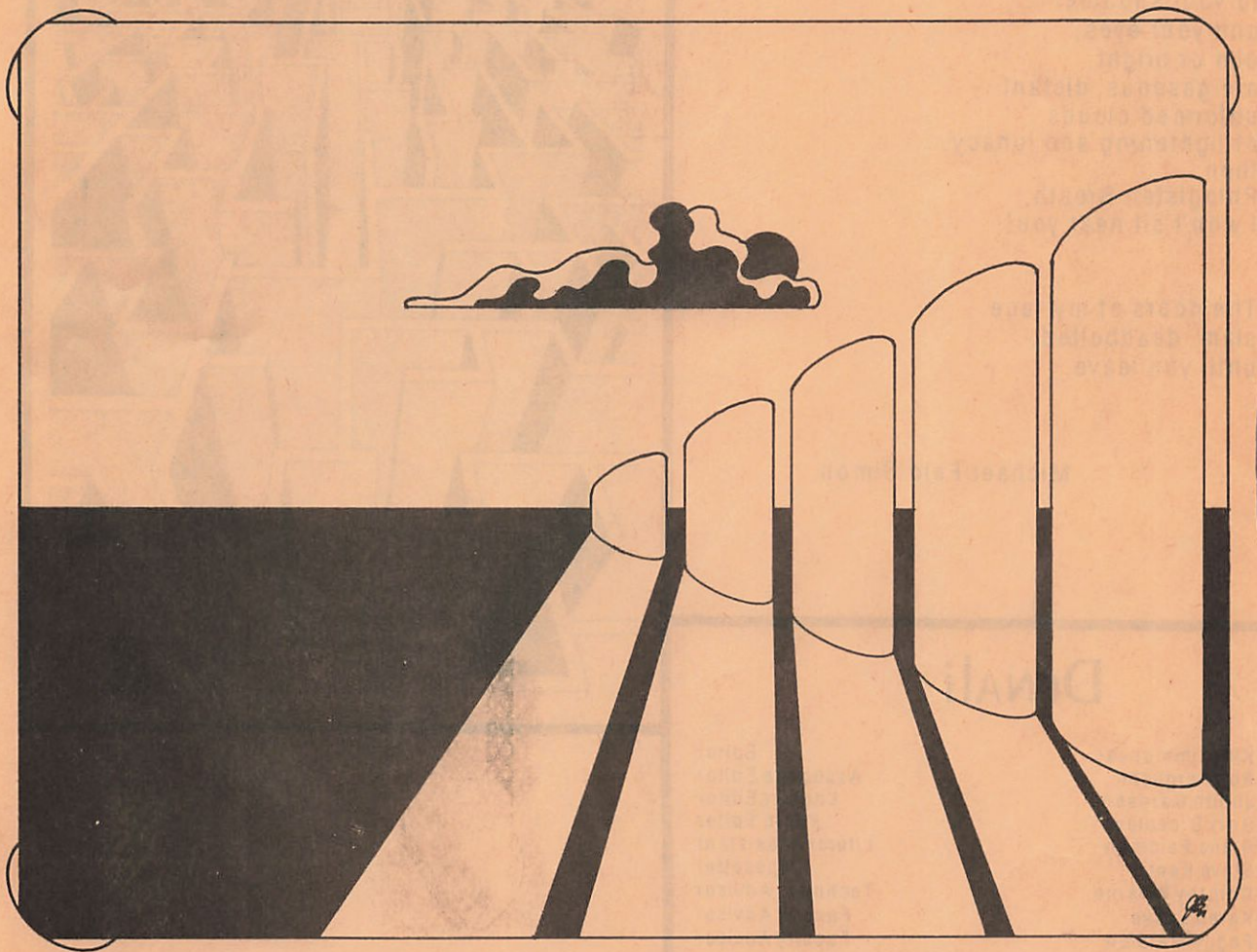


# DENALI



Ed Brumley

fall 1984

A LITERARY ARTS PUBLICATION



## Popular Realty

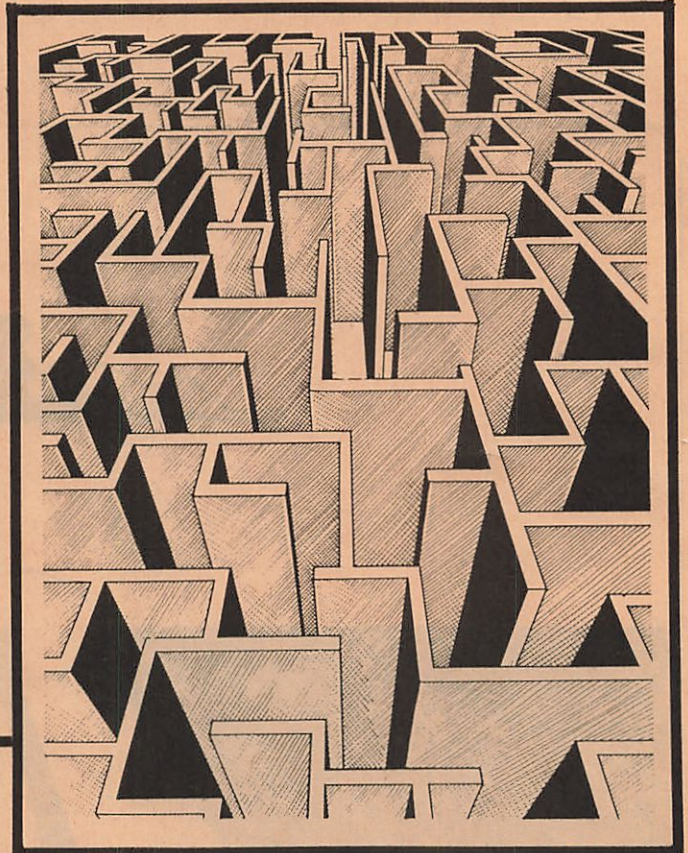
Is a magazine I always  
think says Popular Realty  
which people subscribe to  
on the bus  
or I won't sit near them  
and will ride past my stop  
to confuse them.

Apeneck Sweeny isn't the half of it!

If your jaw hangs  
at just the wrong angle  
to your shoulder  
and your eyes,  
dim or bright,  
are gaseous, distant  
unformed clouds  
of lightening and lunacy,  
then,  
Phlogisten Breath,  
I won't sit near you!

The doors of my face  
slam, deadbolted,  
until you leave.

Michael Feld Simon



## DENALI

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*Bum*

The change of season confuses me  
I'm lost among the drops.  
Some damp old streets reflecting light  
Fast cars make so much noise  
Downtown's wet, yet dry in shade  
Where cover gives no light.  
I freeze to bone, and chill to think  
No dry print for sheets tonight  
With a million dollars the sun shines  
Bright, yet sick and artificial.  
For me I would be poor and bright  
Than be a rich icicle.

Mike Rash



Dean Freiman

---

*Sometimes Bad*

Failure's cold and gnawing chill  
Ceases to cease its teasing still

Years and years and years of this  
Numbers of acting tears persist

Who am I to shine myself  
My grey and dusty dirty pelt

Leaving, telling, spitting so  
I trust I may not wish to show

Oh god and angel notice me  
And trust my good sweet honesty

For failure is, and sorrow's such  
They sway and swing my soul too much

Mike Rash

---



*Last Angel*

Your lips peak  
to blow the fluff  
from a dandelion.  
Your smiling eyes  
leave me  
to examine the last angel  
that stands between you  
and an unspoken wish.  
Your lips pout  
in mock irritation.  
A breeze comes  
to blow the last angel  
away.

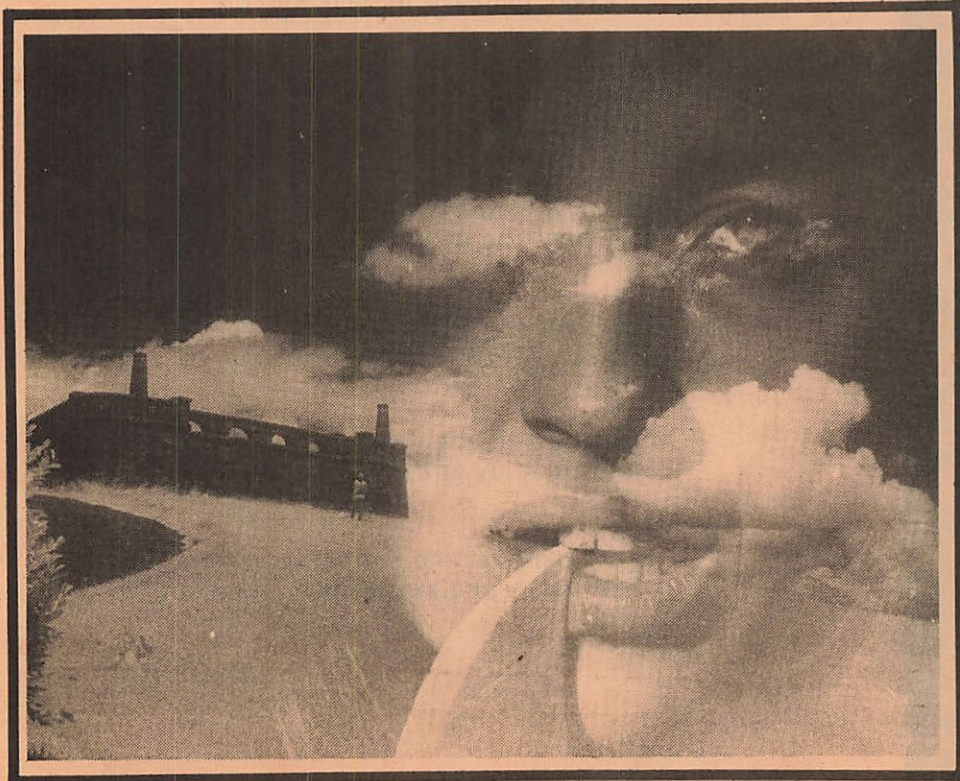
Dan LaMarche

*Painters*

Pablo Picasso's sitting  
on the dirt-and-oil smeared curb  
of a New York City neighborhood.  
He digs the paint  
from beneath his fingernails  
with his teeth,  
and dreams of new child-paintings

while an indifferent wind  
paints patterns of cans  
and fallen leaves.

Dan LaMarche



Staff photo



## *Ballad For Brydwyll*

He came alone from mountains cold,  
With broken sword and spirit torn,  
To tell us tales of days gone by,  
Of how the mogul dragons were born.

It was a day like this so fair,  
A young maid walked the Wildwood Hills,  
Gathered herbs and blossoms strong,  
To heal the sick and mend the ill.

She came upon a recent cave,  
Where something had been digging there,  
Stepped inside the chamber hole,  
And found the dismal dragon's lair.

Old worm dead, the stench did reek,  
Of rotting flesh and corpse decay,  
But around the necro dragon-morgue,  
A hundred pearly orbs did lay.

Against the stink, she gathered quick,  
And placed the spheres against her breast,  
Left the cave, did not look back,  
And stole away from dragon's nest.

The miles ahead, to home she went,  
Her treasure warmed with mortal heat,  
The nacreous ovum hatched within,  
And woke to find her vital meat.

The infant dragons, ravenous ate,  
Upon their unsuspecting feast,  
And her life-blood quickened them,  
Changed the embryo to beast.

The taste for blood on flaming tongue,  
They came in hordes to Mountain Shire,  
And strong they grew on maiden host,  
Consuming all in dragon fire.

Townsmen fled the feverish breath,  
They cared no more for daughters born,  
But one brave man vowed passionate,  
To dragon conflict, he was sworn.

With hardened arms, and brandished sword,  
The reckless knight fought hard and tall,  
Opal scales fell, snicker snack,  
He smote the dragons, killed them all.

Linda Clark

## *The Gift*

I will not question your gift of love.  
I will accept it with grace,  
cherish it,  
as a woman cherishes a child,  
hold it to me,  
breathe its every breath,  
touch its every smile.

I will wrap it in the warmth of my body,  
feed it with the milk of my soul.

And each day,  
with each thing that I touch,  
show my happiness,  
my gratitude,  
for this gift  
Oh so beautiful, so sweet.

Olivia Cooper



Staff photo



*Gone on the Night Wind*

The night carried a whisper  
Of cool tones in the sky.  
I stood on a mountain,  
Lost, wondering why  
Friends born, live and die.  
I heard a child laugh,  
A mother cry,  
A father silent as graven stone,  
his breath was the cool tone,  
Flickering light the whisper of flight,  
Alone on a mountain at night.

Rosco Wright



*He Comes to My Classroom*

a black hole  
whose radiations  
mimic emotions,  
tiny bursts of heat  
quickly dissipated.  
All water and power  
poured into him  
sink, vanish  
in his incredible density.  
Devouring my emissions  
makes him more ravenous.  
My exhaustion  
will only push him  
to hunt the librarian

Michael Feld Simon

*Modest Advertisement for a Cookbook*

Friends

Are your nights sleepless  
because of the countless, tiny  
bubbly-gurgling crushed voices  
of murdered slugs and snails?

Could your ecosystem nightmares  
be eased by knowing that this  
slimey, repulsive stomach-foot  
has found a niche  
in the local food web?

Do your Delphiniums  
tremble with terror  
when the dew-smooth night  
reverberates to March of the Gastropods?

We have the answer!  
Now  
And for all time  
Send your favorite recipies  
to Haley's Gastropod Gourmet  
Cookbook and Fieldguide

If your recipe  
is seleted  
gangs of gleaners  
will graze your gastropods  
TODAY

Michael Feld Simon



*An Ode*

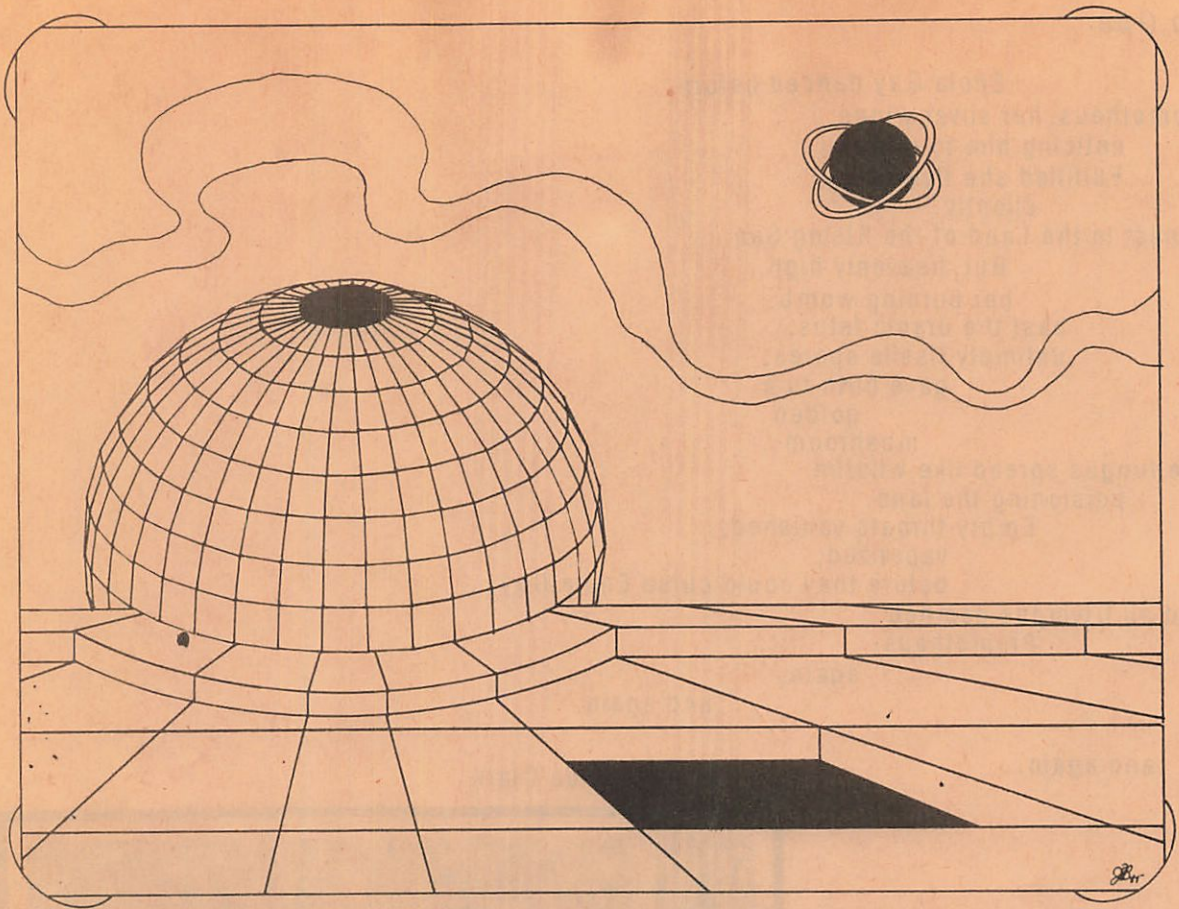
Enola Gay danced before  
Prometheus, her silver wings  
enticing him to love.  
Fulfilled she flew  
silently,  
to nest in the Land of the Rising Sun.  
But, heavenly high,  
her burning womb,  
cast the uranic fetus,  
untimely fissile spores,  
gave birth to a  
golden  
mushroom.  
The fungus spread like wildfire  
poisoning the land.  
Empty throats vanished,  
vaporized,  
before they could curse Enola Gay,  
And all Olympus damned  
Prometheus  
again,  
and again,  
and again...

Linda Clark

Staff photo







Ed Brumley

*This Is Just A Test*

Eggs sizzling in the pan,  
Radio murmuring in the background.  
Teenage daughter wants an allowance.  
Daddy frowning at his cuff button and  
Talking about car repairs.  
"This is just a test," says the radio and  
Sends out that spine touching note.  
Johnny-one-note howling danger.  
Daddy raises his voice to be heard.  
"Isn't it my night to cook?"  
Mommy, looking for a report in her  
Briefcase  
Says yeah.  
The phone rings for the daughter.  
The radio murmurs on.  
Son wants a new football.  
Mommy dishes up the eggs.  
Forks and knives clink in time  
The music on the radio.  
And then the radio sends out  
Johnny-one-note howling danger.  
Forks and knives poise motionless on the  
Air,  
"He didn't say it was a test, Daddy."

Beverley "Bjo" Ashwill