

DENALI

Lane Community College

Spring 1986



CONTENTS

DENALI

Poetry	page
Max <i>Elizabeth La Marche Bach</i>	3
GOLD TO DROSS <i>David R. Harkey</i>	4
Untitled <i>Dave Kemp</i>	5
Cat's Plight <i>Denise (Bear) Bernard</i>	5
Untitled <i>John Thors</i>	5
Spring Haiku <i>Alan Van Zuuk</i>	5
Untitled <i>Regan Lee</i>	5
Untitled <i>Regan Lee</i>	6
DON'T LEAVE IT TO BEAVER <i>Lee Widener</i>	8
To the Time of the Wonderful Process <i>DK Ayres</i>	9
Seagulls <i>Dave Kemp</i>	10
A DACTYLIC DOOMSDAY DITTY <i>Don Schenck</i>	11
PRISM <i>Ashleigh Brown</i>	11
As the Sandpipers Danced <i>Rosco Wright</i>	12
Cherry Pie <i>Polly Bowman</i>	12
Twenty-Seven Children <i>Joshua R. Hamill</i>	13
Essay	
Dragon's Tails and Venus' Moons <i>Rachel K. Pooler</i>	14
Art	
Shadowscat <i>Theda K. Johnson</i>	3
Untitled <i>Dominique Sepser</i>	4
Untitled <i>Andrew Egil Nelson</i>	7
Untitled <i>Susan Lo Giudice</i>	8
Untitled <i>Susan Lo Giudice</i>	9
Orchids <i>Theda K. Johnson</i>	10
Untitled <i>Phil Shea</i>	15
Still Life With Rig <i>Denise (Bear) Bernard</i>	Back Cover

Cover photo by Andrew Egil Nelson

POETRY CONTEST

These are the results of *Denali's* 1986 poetry contest. We would like to thank all the authors who took the chance and submitted their work. Keep it up!

FIRST PLACE

Living Across From the Church

by Constance L. Savage
(Winter issue)

SECOND PLACE

PRISM

by Ashleigh Brown
(Spring issue)

THIRD PLACE

Windchimes

by Elizabeth LaMarche-Bach
(Winter issue)

DENALI

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Denali is a student-managed publication of Lane Community College. All works are protected by appropriate copyright laws. Please feel free to drop by our office and pick up your submissions during our posted office hours. Also, the *Denali* staff is available for discussion of submissions any time during their posted office hours. An appointment may be made with one of the staff, but is not necessary. We would encourage all contributors, whether they are printed or not, to drop by and talk to a staff member about their work.

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Shadowscat *Theda K. Johnson*

Photograph

MAX

My sister and I decided
to bury her puppy
beneath a palo verde
among the yellow blossoms.

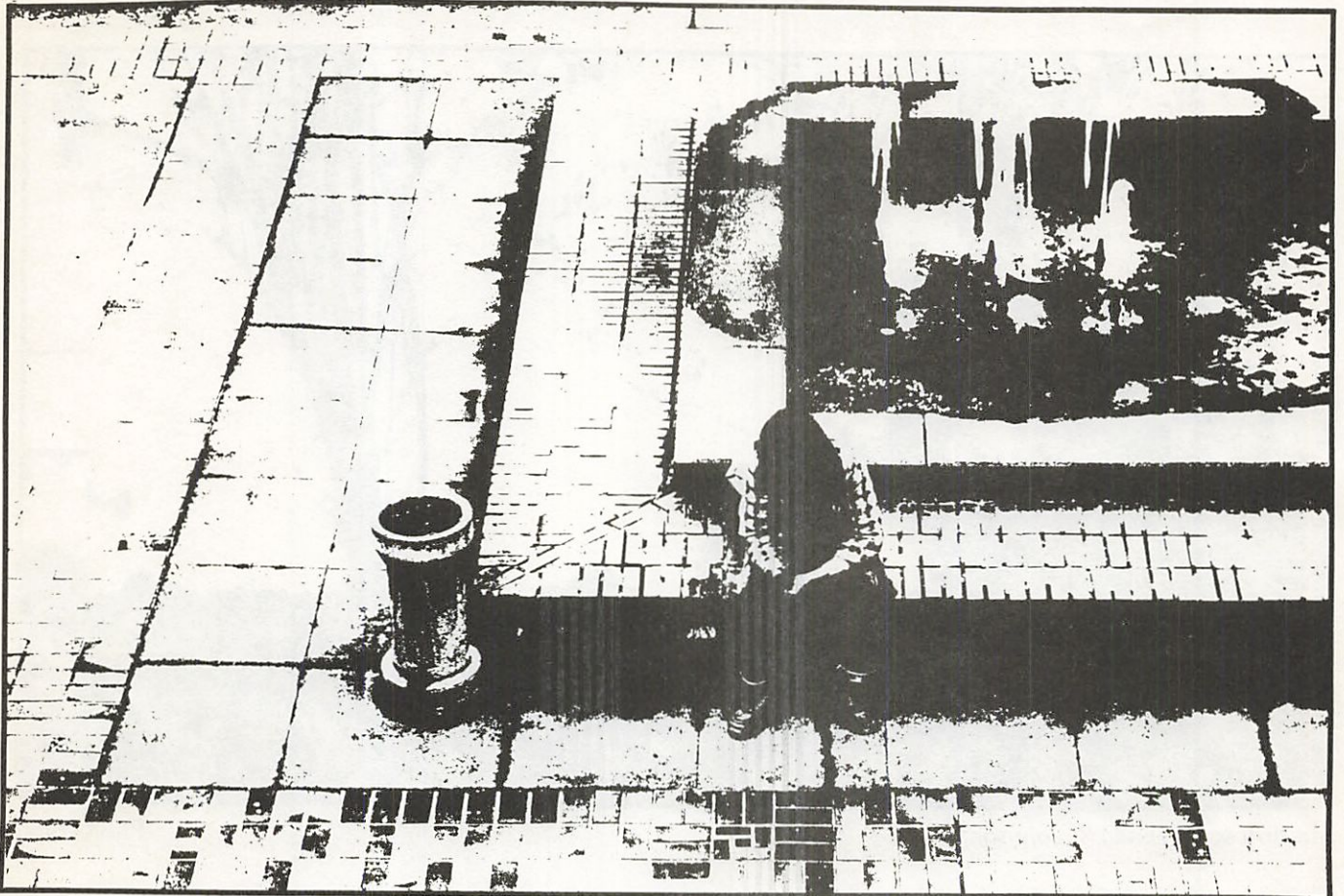
While I drag a hose
the shovel falls over
defeated
by the hardness of dirt
and no recent rain.

He was sleeping when he died
and lies stiffly
at the bottom of his grave.

We'll cover his face first.

The wind swirls
his black fur.
There is already
some dirt on his nose.

Elizabeth LaMarche-Bach



Untitled *Dominique Sepser*

Photograph

GOLD TO DROSS

A class benumbed from the instructor's prose.
 A lesson slowly seeps into their minds.
 Her students bask themselves in mute repose,
 And on occasion wake to mark the time.
 Though tools are simple--paper, chalk, and slate--
 She's dedicated, vowed to pay her dues.
 A dated wardrobe illustrates her fate;
 She's only sported one new pair of shoes.
 Though often met with obstinance and rage,
 She shapes young minds and heightens their esteem--
 Enlightenment, delivered by a sage--
 For in her heart wells purpose paradigm.
 She sacrifices for this noble cause;
 Integrity reduces gold to dross.

David R. Harkey

Spring Haiku

Cherry blossom musk
Borne in the teeth of cold winds
white against brown earth

Alan Van Zuuk

Untitled

water calendar
eons surging onto lake
movement is its flight

john thors

Untitled

Wooden bird feeders
the dusty smell
of pine and moss.

Regan Lee

Untitled

I wonder about
the low, quarter moon and
the ghosts scurrying ashore.

Dave Kemp

Cat's Plight

Scared out of your yard
claws dig deep weathered white bark
trembling stiff gray fur.

Grass murdered beneath
savage pads, barking blood's tune
predator craves cat

Terrified feline
take refuge high on birch bough
master calls your foe

Denise (Bear) Bernard

Untitled

moving through your life
i repair cracks in windowsills leaving
a fine powder behind that
settles on Prussian-blue chintz.

quietly i open cupboards roughing up
nervous-yellow enamel glancing
at your bottles and heavy squat jars
full of beans and tea.

i move tiny icons
and feathers stuck to bark
eyeing clumps of amethyst filling
miniscule holes with damp gray
putty.

stepping carefully over instruments from Africa and Brazil
i push back Elephant Begonia in cracked pottery.

i am thrown back

to another time:
silent/slow early '50s
of the sunken living rooms with back lighted ceilings
the sound of the blue sax over
abstract watercolors
endless cups of strong coffee
accompanying beat poetry
and everyone in black

the navaho-white textured walls
breathe still this history
that follows you
into now.

Regan Lee



Untitled Andrew Egil Nelson

DON'T LEAVE IT TO BEAVER
(For four voices)

VOICE 1: I turned on television
Yesterday morning
And he was gone.
Vanished.
Into thin air.
Mr. Greenjeans--
Where have you gone?
Oh, Mr. Greenjeans--
Won't you teach us?
Teach us how
How to love
Love the world
The world around us.

VOICE 2: PLANT YOUR FEET IN THE GROUND!

VOICE 1: I turned on television
This morning
And there you were.
But it wasn't really
You.
Popeye--
What happened to you?
Oh, Popeye--
Won't you show us?
Show us how
How to live
Live our dream
The dream inside us.

VOICE 3: ENOUGH IS EN

VOICE 4: Put my body in
Put my head in a bubble an
I wanna be a White House

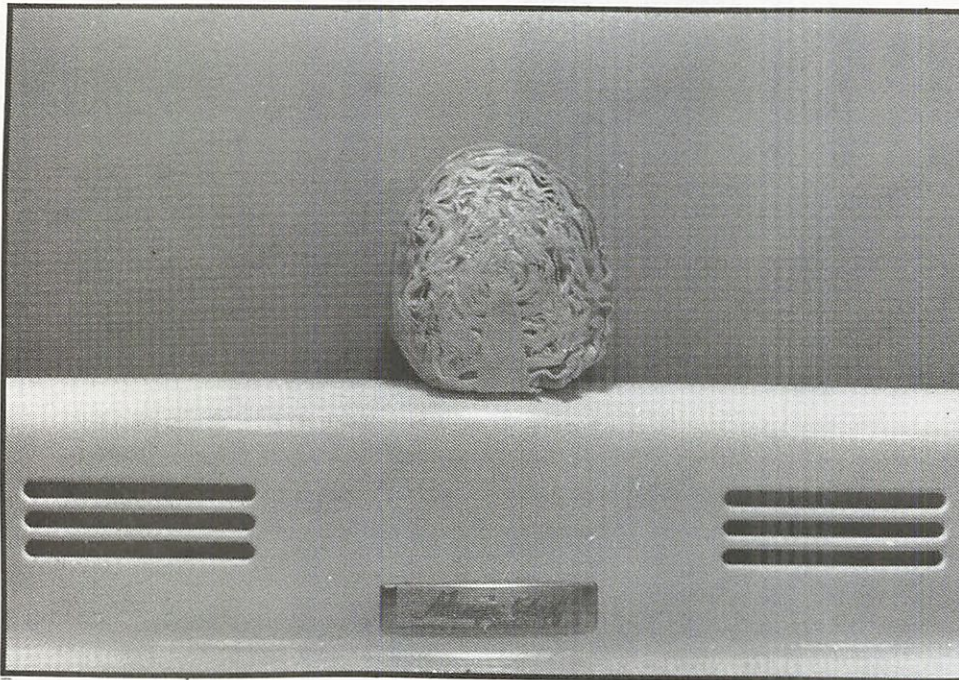
VOICE 1: Can you see you
Buried in the garbage dump
Bones so broken,
Skin so melted,
Dreams so dead.

DON'T LEAVE IT TO BEA
DON'T LEAVE IT TO BEA
'Cuz the Beaver's just a bird

DON'T LEAVE IT TO BEA
or we may never
shut down shut down the
TV Dinner TV Dinner TV D
Avon Snoopy soap Avon S
ronald mcdonald poppin' fr
dodo disposable chemicrap
Nuclear Mentality.
open up open up
your eyes, wake up your m
Wake up!
Wake up!
Please wake up
Your heart...

I turned off television
Today
And it was all gone.
Vanished.
Into thin air.
And there you were-
There all of you were.
I love you all
And I wish
I wish I could
I could spend
Spend a life with
Spend a time with
Spend a lifetime with
With each one of you.
I love you all and wish I co

Lee Widener



Untitled Susan Lo Giudice

Photograph

UGH AND THAT WAS TOO MUCH!

controlled atmosphere dome.
control my thoughts.
bubble Zombie!

young bodies

ER!
ER
rained bubblehead!
ER!

ner
oopy soap
h

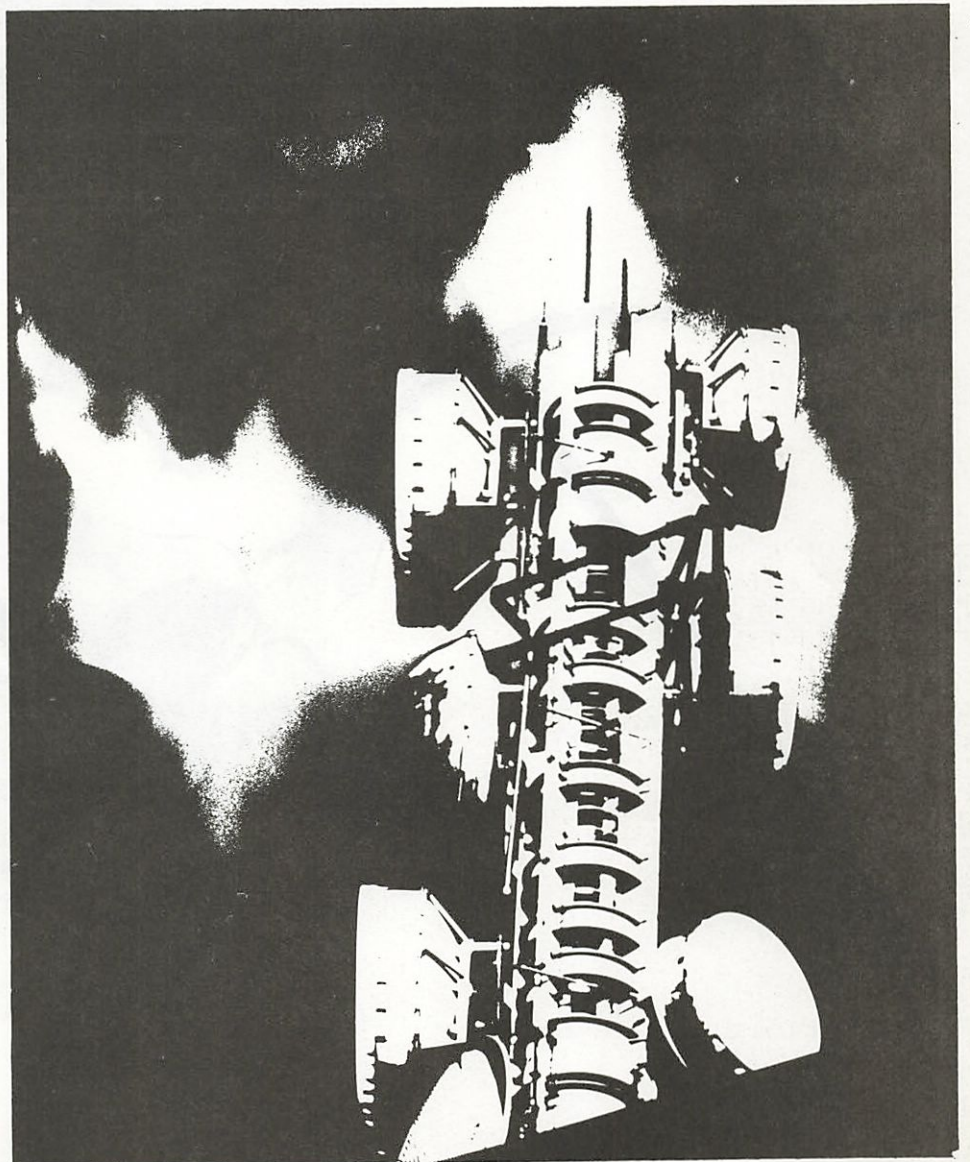
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ld spend a lifetime with each of you.

To the Time of the Wonderful Process

You came into my life as a shadow:
unobtainable, unclear, and untouchable.
You took me by the hand
and eagerly introduced me to life.
You taught me to share and give,
but most of all, you taught me to take.
And in my innocence you grew and grew
until one day I burst and wide-eyed,
with the needs of a woman,
I faced a man.

DK Ayres



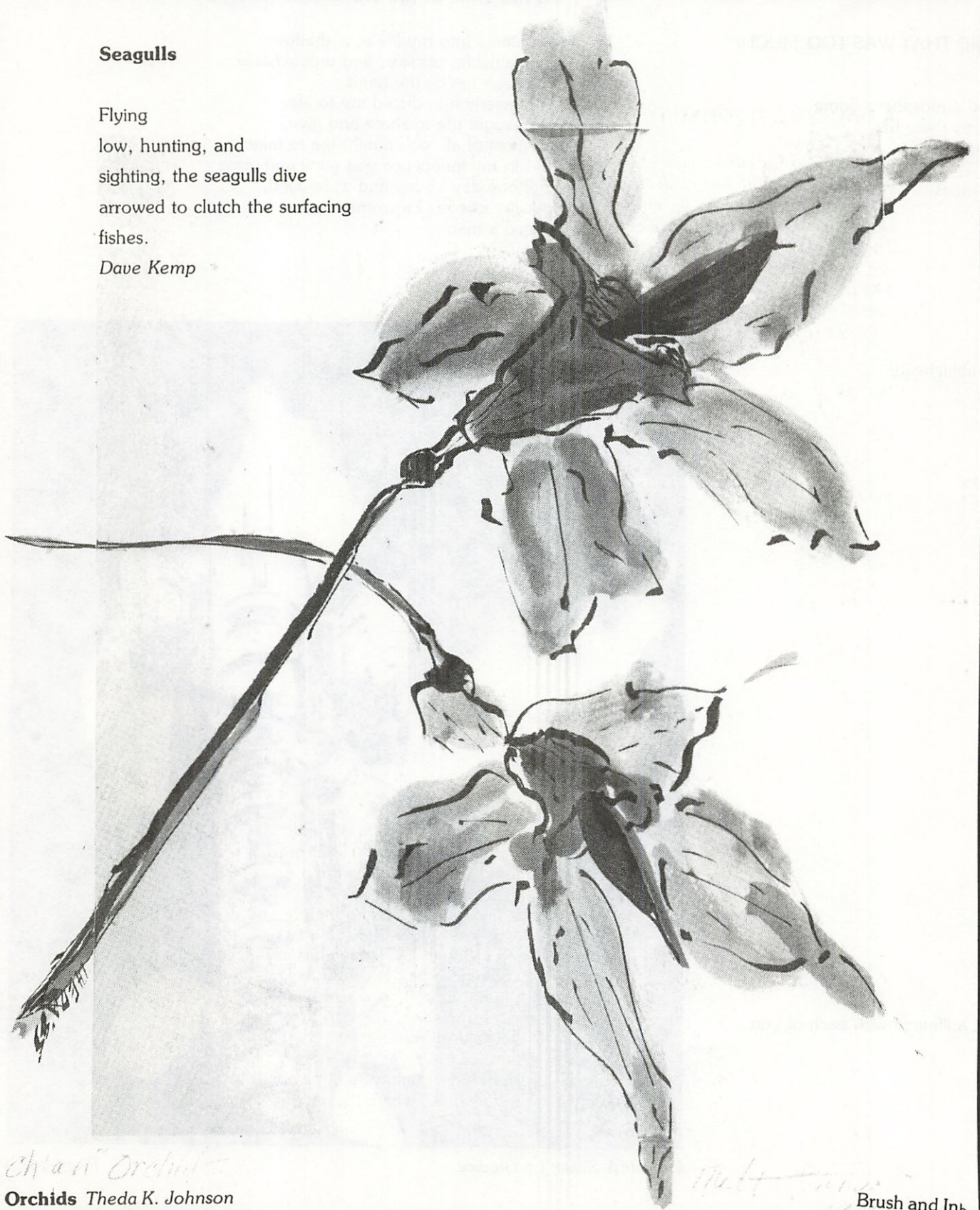
Untitled *Susan Lo Giudice*

Photograph

Seagulls

Flying
low, hunting, and
sighting, the seagulls dive
arrowed to clutch the surfacing
fishes.

Dave Kemp



Ch'ian Orchid
Orchids Theda K. Johnson

Brush and Ink

A DACTYLIC DOOMSDAY DITTY

Our bellicose President, and all of his ilk,
Are threatening the rest of us to have our blood spilt.
"Star Wars" are legion, the missiles deployed;
Our ancestors' faith is all but destroyed.
The rockets' red glare gave truth through the night,
But what consolation is *now* within sight?
The faithful and simple are sure he'll prevail,
While the rest of us know what *that* will entail:
...conscription universal, shelters everywhere,
padded-cells, unholy smells, "bombs bursting in air."

Ms. Washington was handy, Ms. Adams influential;
Mary Todd was Lincoln's Hell: she seemed inconsequen-
tial!
"Lady-bird" Jonson flew away in her turn:
She might have known something Ms. Reagan must learn:
That voters are gullible, slogans a sham,
Diplomats cynical, generals...damned!
Should the concept of "One World" reach only deaf ears,
Then the "Landlord" is angry and our rent's in arrears!
...conscription universal; shelters everywhere;
padded cells, unholy smells, "bombs bursting in air."

Don Schenck

PRISM

Bright moments dance through our minds
Like rays through a Saturday Market prism.
The whole spectrum performs, winds,
And unwinds, dictated by the wind
or the gentle fingers of a passing friend.
Silent moments are obscured by clouds
Trapped deep inside that opaque chasm,
The past forgotten, in binding shrouds.
You are what you choose to expose
So you search for the sunlight
And seek shelter from the night.
You are a slave of the sun. You know
Blinding fluorescent lights reveal but a shadow
Of the truth that shines within the soul.

Ashleigh Brown

As The Sandpipers Danced

The Pacific stretched
 In tumbling, striated walls
 Of storm-gray-green and white--
 Lost in oblivions of mist;
 The rainy beach, to pleasure two of us,
 Expanded miles
 As the sandpipers danced.
 Phyllis laughing, running,
 Raced the surf,
 But I would only madly hurry.
 Cold, needle-point rain,
 Southwest,
 Stabbing eyes and cheeks,
 As noses dripped
 Like cathedrals in a cloudburst.
 Etched slates of sand,
 Rain pitted,
 Helpless,
 Before the surf,
 Lay textured bold
 Until the froth glided over,
 Sliding back,
 Cleansing the shore of a small history.
 We turned;
 We walked
 Into spikes of rain,
 Happily,
 Trousers soaked as we looked
 Beyond the car, indoors, toward coffee and brandy,
 As the sandpipers danced.

Rosco Wright

CHERRY PIE

Late summer rain.

I'd just fixed my hair and
 didn't want it wet, so you
 climbed the ladder to those
 red little jewels.

My goats nibbled
 your corduroy jacket
 I pushed away their
 soft muzzles, while you
 plucked the juicy ones on top
 and put them in a silver bowl.

Inside
 you were so gentle.
 With your thumbs
 you opened them
 and removed the pits.

I cut the flour into tiny balls,
 shaped it in my hands and
 rolled it out smooth
 You spooned
 your filling into the shell.

An hour later it was done.
 We couldn't wait; cut two slices
 that ran hot and red
 over our plates,
 then smothered them with
 thick fresh, cream.

We sat on the porch
 watching the rain
 come down, devouring
 what we'd made, and
 you said it was the best
 you'd ever made.

Polly Bowman

Twenty-Seven Children

Twenty-seven children, did line the gayly shore
With breasts of gold and feet of clay and hearts of iron ore
With silver shovels in their hands and sunshine in their hair
They filled their plastic buckets full of sand and ocean air
At Mom's admiring words they danced, together rythmically
And Daddy from his easy chair did nod approvingly
With effort and desire now, one hundred and eight limbs
Did pull and push and squeeze and shove and shape and make amends
In circles did they wrought in the sand, in walls and sturdy floors
And all along the face they molded openings and doors
In speed and pleasure did they work, laboring the day
Till afternoon their towers stood, a product of their play
With pride they beat upon their breasts, they laughed and patted backs
And in their castle did they crawl, to guard against attack
With boldness and bravado now they stood erect inside
As outside of their shelter loomed the rising eventide
The water lapped now ever near, their parents bid them stay
The castle glistened in the sky, the children did obey
Mom restrained a feeble cry, and Daddy held her tight
As out of nowhere came the wave, a monster foaming white
The children all were washed away, the castle fallen great
The parents turned aside and sighed, they learned from their mistake

J. R. Hamill

Dragon's Tails and Venus' Moons

by *Rachel K. Pooler*

The day school was let out for the summer was the moment Sylvie and I longed for from the time Christmas vacation ended. We'd start then to plan what we'd do with all those warm, sunny days ahead. Relaxation figured strongly in our plans.

Finally summer would arrive. Sylvie being the sun worshipper she was usually ended up at the river. Here, the water undulated all green with algae over rocks that humped out like hippo's backs, tempting her to lie in the sun like a fat snake. Her mother kept insisting that she would be a fat snake if she didn't stop taking so many cookies with her.

I spent quite a few of my summer days riding my bike and reading; quite often, to the surprise and amusement of the log-truck drivers, I'd do both simultaneously. Lots of times though, I'd spend all day with Sylvie.

I'd arrive at her house just before noon, which is when our favorite soap opera came on T.V. We'd get our calorie laden snacks arranged at arms reach then sit back to enjoy the trials and troubles of Pine Valley. All the while her older sisters would be making fun of us for getting caught up in a silly T.V. show. What did they know?

After the show, Sylvie and I and sometimes two or three of her eight sisters would run out to the clothesline to grab a warm towel. We would eat all the ripe raspberries or strawberries that grew by the clothes-line, then we'd race for the pond.

The trail to the pond was a sheep path, where foxtails, rocks, thistles, and swampgrass made the way perilous. Of course, Sylvie and I held the conviction that going barefoot in the summer was a must, so we memorized the pitfalls of the pond trail and ran and leaped over the rough spots.

Over at the pond, we'd grab the oars, push the canoe out and try to stay in it while the sisters tried to dump us. Then the fight was on. The sisters would get the log raft and paddle it with their arms trying to catch us to get the paddles, the canoe, or both. Sylvie and I would end up paddling to the shady side of the pond where the swampgrass grew huge, the sticks, algae, and mud making it impossible for the raft to get through, also making the bottom of the pond too gross for the sisters to walk on, leaving them immobile and yelling about it! We suffered numerous mosquito bites, but even so, we were usually successful in losing our pursuers. Soon we'd tire of paddling around the pond and abandon ship out in the middle (being sure to take one oar and leaving the other floating lazily in the murky water).

After swimming back to shore we let Sylvie's sisters know that the oar was at the dock, then we'd take off for the river via Sylvie's house. She would go through the back door into the kitchen (making sure she wasn't dripping water all over the floor) to grab handfuls of delicious chocolate-mint or peanut-butter cookies her mom had made while we were swimming. Sylvie would sequester the treats in a grease spotted brown bag, ready to meet me out front where I'd be picking green apples or pie cherries to add to the loot. Then we'd set off for one last experience, be it diving off the high rocks into the river or hiking to the top of Hobart Mountain to see the whole farm from a better perspective. As we headed for the back pasture, it never failed that Sylvie's mother would yell after her to be back and have her chores done before her father got home from work, and for me to do the same.

Finally the sun would dip low, and the hills bordering the pasture would look black and ominous. Their dragon's tail humps pointing at Venus and her moons told me that I'd better get home, and fast!

The ride home on my bike was always a race against myself. I'd jump on my two-wheeled steed, waving good-bye to Sylvie, and yelling into the wind for her to be sure to meet me at the bridge in the morning. Then I'd pedal as fast as my legs would go up the right-of-way to beat the darkness home.

Upon arrival at home, I'd run into the house to do what ever chore was mine that day, while my mom would warn me that tomorrow I'd better get my job done before I left the house! Agreeable as always, I'd assure her that it would be no problem.... But then again, tomorrow was another day.



Untitled *Phil Shea*

Photograph

Still Life With Rig Denise (Bear) Bernard



Pencil

Bear
Denise
LIFE
WITH
RIG