

*denali*





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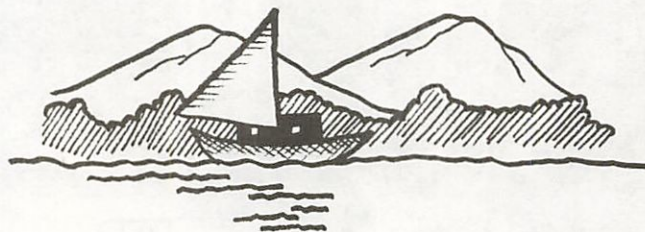
### Editor's Note:

Perhaps the most difficult job facing me as editor is specifically who to thank. Most certainly I must thank my first teachers, Mom and Dad.

Susie Morrill not only taught me photography, but also visualization - the process of focusing a statement amid the multitude of images surrounding us. Jim Dunne rekindled my interest in the written word and presented me a boon in his quote, "On time is late." Still, there are oh so many others to whom I must just say thank you.

A statment of thanks could not be complete without nods to ASLCC, the TORCH, and the English and Foreign Language Department. These organizations give *Denali* the physical support needed to maintain its high standards.

My greatest appreciation, though, is to you who presented your creations to *Denali* with full knowlege that a rejection slip might be your thank you. Without this courage, *Denali* could never be. With 114 literary and 46 graphic submissions, difficult decisions had to be made. The staff and I encourage your participation in the winter and spring issues.



Indra Suryanata



## Words to Tell It

I've searched a way to talk of you.  
I've tried to call your name.  
I've desired to know you completely.

I want to find the exact words  
to say I love you no matter who is offended.  
I want to protest with fury that you are bleeding.  
I've contained my shouts of anger roused by seeing you  
Divided, repressed and tortured.

How to tell that I'm with you  
That I want your freedom  
That I suffer with you.  
America that's your name, so divided, so segregated

In order to dominate you they have separated you  
with lines and borders and they forgot that you were one.

But now how do I tell you? What should I call you:  
Earth? Continent? Mother Land?  
Perhaps simply America?

The race that was born of you is being exterminated,  
Forgotten, and those who raise their voices  
to defend you are destroyed cruelly.

Native America many times exploited  
But never conquered America united  
America I'm part of you.

*-Francisco Salgado*



*Troy Krusenstjerna*





*Bob Walter*

## TEMPORARY INSANITY

Frantic crying  
 Help, Save  
 Circles round.  
 Sky cries with  
 the pain.  
 Running but not.  
 Anger, sadnesses,  
 love, confusion reigns.  
 Spiraling down down.  
 Pounding, want die!  
 Glass, blood, tears,  
 and rain swirl. Scream  
 silently. Cold piercing.  
 Souls shrivel within.  
 blood & love  
 Blood & Glass  
 BLOOD & DEATH  
 down down.  
 Hormones slip  
 and dance. why?  
 Why? WHY?  
 Need, want,  
 depend, please.  
 Blood & pain,  
 but not pain.  
 Numb shock.  
 Stupidity,  
 Fool! out of  
 control.  
 chaotic calm  
 comes down, sunk  
 Realize & Forgive.

*-Heather Scott*

It is an altogether  
 Icy hot  
 And hungry feeling  
 And it eats you whole  
 So that  
 You awake and find  
 You're not there  
 At all  
 Anymore  
 But you discover  
 It is a good  
 And wondrously  
 Frightening feeling  
 To be free

*-Rachel S. Kronholm*



## Harvest Moon

Lonely in myself, restless  
sick, ill at ease, I  
cannot sleep, I prowls the house  
I howl the moon  
voicelessly.

Brew tea in a dark worn kitchen, take  
my thick cup to the round  
white table pull it to my lips taste hot  
chamomile . . .

I catch Her flat reflection,  
entranced  
I dance out the back door  
screen slams shut.  
Illumined,  
I leave family behind  
in slumber, cozy beds  
full of sleep,  
my home.

Beneath the harvest moon  
I drop my robe & stand  
exposed, pale skin drinking, reflecting  
moonlight  
ancient remedy for woman's pain.  
Clouds crawl past Her face,  
far away a roll of thunder, a clap  
echoes I turn my head  
to face the coming storm

chase its rage to a plot  
lying fallow, rich & ready  
overturned  
the work of calloused hands  
I stand and the dank  
smell of life reminds me I would make  
three wishes on the full, fat  
Moon of the Harvest.

I pray  
I sway  
Winds howl and bite, chasing sticks and leaves  
lashing me I fall  
to my knees and bleed.

Overhead the clouds break  
like eggs dumping a wash of teeming water  
over me, sweet  
sweat living tissue and blood mixing  
with salty sleet tearing down  
beating down  
all the way  
down my legs.  
Swimming through the mud is a black snake  
who smells blood and secrets . . .  
he smells woman  
slithers up on his belly to beg a scrap  
he's long and lean  
tight and clean  
ready to stretch his wet new skin  
with the feast of Harvest.

He twines up my leg as I scream  
in the night, arms raised, a flash  
of lightning wedges open the darkness  
delivers sight to the people  
seeking out a feverish lunatic in the rain.  
Wet  
black  
I raise the snake above my head, dancing  
chanting, blood coursing  
down milk-white thighs  
fertilize . . .  
in another flash they reach me  
throw me down  
dispatch black snake  
back home to his woody hole.

They shake my sodden robe, see  
it can't keep me dry  
drag me still praying  
to the woodstove, comfort me  
blanket me in warm wraps

I pass out. They bed me,  
put me down  
I'm baking hot  
again  
I'm shaking  
I shake shake shake with fever  
six hot headless days and nights  
dancing  
with a black snake  
in a sacred fertility rite  
rising wheat  
raising a harvest  
for the coming Feast.

-Leisha L. Sanders





Joy's Dresser

Sharon Dederick

### The Lone Wolf Cafe

two truck drivers talking  
serious business

the waitress was queen  
of the Easter parade  
this morning

still wearing her red sash  
she brings their coffee  
laughing loud

it's been the best day of her life

-Ken Zimmerman

### SUNRISE THE NEXT DAY

Awakening early, I stretch as a plant stretches,  
watching the earth's mask  
slip, and the sun, finally,  
and birdsong  
invisibly from under the heavy green  
wings of a juniper tree,  
and that tree's incredible mandate of berries,  
and there on my coat sleeve, a dark hair,  
not mine, folded against itself,  
and you thought you'd gone this time  
without speaking.

-Neal Gill



## Clarno

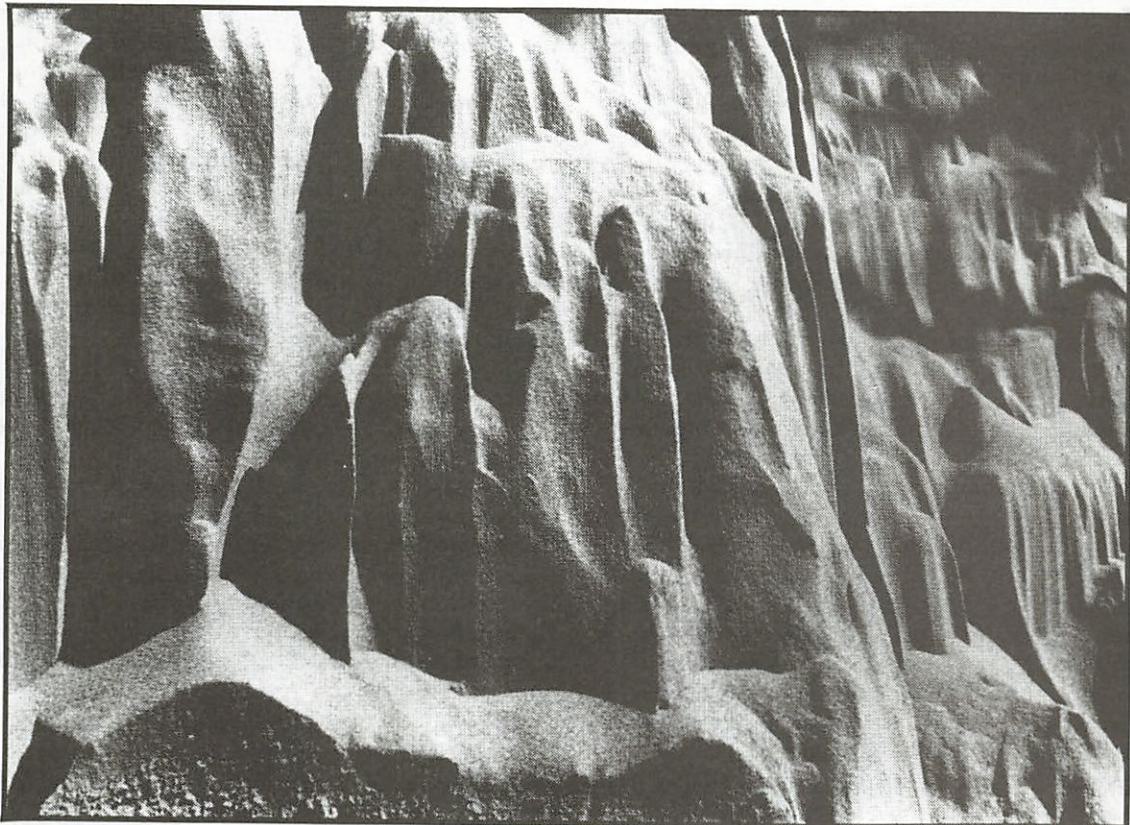
Maybe I'm crazy. Perhaps  
it's this upland desert air  
but it looks to me  
the crossbeams of this gate  
where they are nailed  
marks the homesteader's dream  
knocked into a nailhole.  
An eternally clean beetle  
strides across dirt.  
Junipers go black, a rising  
wave about to crumble.  
Ash, rust, sagebrush poor --  
am I crazy hearing a voice  
calling my bluff -- "So  
crawl on all fours, become  
stupid, whitefaced & skittish,  
live here." These gestures  
toward losing succeed,  
the barbed wire strung true,  
snagging the afternoon,  
huge & open, hopeless & blue.

-Erik Muller

## Beach with Sanderlings

Sanderlings skitter over twig strew,  
Agate pebbles, jauntily testing  
The valence of the surf.  
It is their livelihood  
To fish this edge.  
It is mine to seine for words.  
We come here with two-legged nonchalance  
Seeking a few lively miracles,  
A school of silvery thoughts,  
An ode to a full belly.  
It is simpler  
For them down close  
To grit and shine,  
But I am learning  
To abide  
To behold  
To take what comes with tumbling weather.

-David A. Johnson



Troy Krusenstjerna



# The First Song In the World Was Done In the Blues

by Rachel S. Kronholm

Marion watched his hands arc through the air. They seemed to spell out symphonies just for her. Graceful, brilliant words flowed from his hands in waves. And for a time she forgot their meanings and lost herself in his symbolism. If only she could say it as he could. If she could only learn to put that music into her hands.

She watched as he sculpted stories out of the air and gave them to her as gifts. She watched as he went on with his words and smiled at the dance of his hands and body that seemed to come from his soul. She watched his fingers sing her the blues.

She was a freshman in college the year they met. It had been a lonely year for her. She felt small and horribly lost in the crowds of staring people. Why did they always have to stare? She kept to herself, staying safe in her aloneness.

Marion lived by herself in a small apartment off campus that was barely furnished. She sat on the floor and ate cold Chinese food from little boxes. And she read. Marion read everything. She read books, magazines, volumes of poetry, and four different newspapers. She even read the backs of cereal boxes — anything that would help her escape from her isolation.

Sometimes she went out on rainy days and ventured out into the grey world. She slowly walked the three blocks from her apartment to the coffee house where she drank hot chocolate and read philosophy. She didn't mind it there. It was poorly lit, and people didn't stare at her so much. They just drank their espressos, smoked their imported cigarettes, and argued their politics. Best of all, they ignored her and she felt safe.

As she walked home in the dark, she sometimes stopped to lean against a streetlight. She stood in the rain trying to appear mysterious and beautiful, but she just looked sad.

Marion had no one, no family or friends. She hadn't wanted anyone to look at her or touch her since that night long ago. Now everyone was dead or long since gone. And she was lost, lost behind her scarred mask of a face, behind her books, inside her mind.

She saw Adrian sometimes on campus. He too seemed lost, retreated somewhere inside himself, into a world she could neither fathom nor reach. To her, Adrian personified the night. He was all silence and darkness. He frightened and fascinated her.

Adrian lived in the back room of a rambling Victorian house near the college. He knew every inch of

his room by heart. He knew every floorboard intimately, every bump on the walls. (He had explored them carefully with his hands.) He spent his first few weeks there running his fingers over everything and arranging the room to his peculiar satisfactions.

Sculptures filled the room, unanswered questions carved into dark clay. An unfinished piece usually occupied the desk where he sat in the evening to work. Adrian devoted most of his spare time to his sculpting. He spent many long, lonely nights with his hands immersed in clay. He could feel the faces coming to life in his palms. He felt every line and lump, smoothing here, pinching there. Soon it would be perfect and everyone would see it. Everyone but him.

Adrian was surrounded by solitude. His art teacher was the only one who communicated with him, but even she could not reach him. No one penetrated his silent world. He had no family or friends. No one to get inside.

It was raining that evening, but Marion didn't go to the coffee house. She carefully tucked her long, dark hair into her hat and left her umbrella on the floor. She wove her way toward campus and to the art building where the sculptures by that man who seemed so full of night were being displayed. She wanted to see them, and she didn't care if the whole world stared at her.

The room was filled with people eating strange little sandwiches and drinking coffee from white Styrofoam cups. Many of them did peer at Marion but, for once, she didn't seem to notice.

She was enthralled by the faces, those dark, hauntingly beautiful faces. Faces on white pedestals here for everyone to see. So many eyes looking at her from people out of dreams.

Then she saw Adrian by himself in a corner. His milky-white eyes stared at nothing. The hands which had created those sculptures hung limp at his sides.

Marion went to him with tears streaming down her face and tentatively touched his shoulder. He jumped slightly and turned to her with an inquisitive expression, but she had no idea how to break into his dark and silent world. She just stood there crying.

Slowly he lifted his hand and ran his fingers lightly over her face. His touch was incredibly intimate. It had been so long since anyone had touched her like that, since anyone had touched her at all, not since the fire. It brought memories racing back, memories of flames and bandage-covered faces, of pain and people staring



at her on the street. But she couldn't knock his hand away without being able to give an explanation. And they didn't have a language in common. So she just stood there, frozen, as his fingers traced the tears which flowed down her scarred face.

Adrian's blind eyes searched for answers through his questioning fingers.

Marion could only shake her head against his open hand. Then slowly she began to remember something she had learned in childhood, an alphabet that you spoke with your hands.

She took Adrian's hand with her own and painstakingly began to spell into his palm. "So beautiful" was all she could manage.

When she looked up at his face, he was crying too. Then he took her arm with his left hand and his cane

with his right and led her out into the rain. He walked with the surety of one who knows his path well. They walked hand in hand together through the dark night until they reached the house where Adrian lived. He led Marion inside the dark room and waited.

She could hardly believe her eyes. There were so many sculptures, crowded onto every available space. All those haunting faces looked at them from out of the darkness. She squeezed his hand in hers.

Adrian felt her hands on his face and her lips on his mouth. She spoke to him of sweet summer days. Lithe, lush stories flowed from her body and surrounded him. He surrendered to her hands and listened as they talked to him of love and sad-sweet longings.

He smiled as he felt her body singing him the blues.



Cross-country Snowman

Henrietta Richmond

Trafalger square  
is an iceberg:  
the essence of it's being  
is buried beneath  
tons of steel  
and cold grey concrete.

yes, my love,  
we've lived before  
we've scaled the mountains  
now dust upon the Earth

yes, my love,  
we'll love again  
and sail the oceans of Jupiter.

-Les Inwood



## The Labor of Love

Oh, cruel Linnaeus!  
Curse you and your evil binomes  
From your meristems to your rhizomes!  
Did not the Bard ask 'What's in a name?'  
Why must we play this petiole game?...

Retreat of morning's shroud reveals  
Alone in unnamed vale,  
A figure rending helpless flow'rs  
For intimate detail.

The brook clamors, indignant-  
The wind whispers its shame.  
The figure seems indifferent  
As it searches for a name.

The figure probes still deeper  
The ovary to expose.  
The water ouzel hopes it saw  
The beauty of the clothes.

The figure peers from plant to page  
From clue to cue it strains-  
Attempting to apply each bit  
Of knowledge that it gains.

The figure spits 'O vixen weed!  
Disclose thy name to me!  
Display thy fealty to the pow'r  
Of Hitchie's magic key!'

Spell invoked and instantly  
Comes guidance from above  
The tome parts to page 423  
The name fits just like Digitalis!

Mystery solved, the figure turns  
Now homeward to retreat  
But Rosa, having seen the crime,  
In anger, snares its feet

And who should greet the figure  
As it sprawls in its disgrace?  
Why, Rosa's neighbor, Rhus to kiss  
The figure's ashen face.

A howl escapes the figure in the  
Struggle, then a scream.  
A splash next as it rolls from on  
The bank into the stream.

The figure rises dripping, from  
This fateful exercise  
Humiliated, 'till that twinge  
Of color meets its eye

And then, all is forgotten. All  
Except, of course, the game  
As the figure speaks unto the flow'r:  
'Excuse me what's your name?'

*-Robert Hedden*



*Bob Walter*



an incriminating glance from the girl behind me.  
Horns galore.  
A man, looking around, staring at any girl  
he thinks to be open property - and he thinks  
of her in a perverse way.

Another man, he is burning papers in an ash  
tray, letting out his frustrations, because  
no one else will listen.  
Why didn't the girls walking by the flower  
beds notice they were blooming? They were.

-Angi Gass

### Stressor Number 1

Frustration sets upon the  
business executive in  
triplicate as he continually  
tries to slam a revolving  
door.

-M. Samano



Dawit-Abebe Bikila





**Night Landing**

*George Makinster*

**In Memory (For My Daughter)**

Dawn, frame the picture  
that I brought you from your Grandpa.

Get Thorin to make a frame  
of ebony and oak. Things people leave

when they die  
have power. Especially beautiful things.

Especially things  
they were touching

at the moment of death. Dawn,  
your Grandpa

was a sad man. Nothing ever  
quite worked for him. And he drank.

But those last years, he went back  
to painting pictures:

Oceans and rivers,  
bridges spanning distance. This

bright harbor with its barges  
and sailboats and cheerful

bobbing water, I had to  
scrub for a long time

to get the smudge off where the paint  
spilled

when he fell across the canvas.

It hardly shows now.  
Ask Thorin to make you a beautiful frame.

*-Joan Dobbie*



## Voodoo Children

1 we're always hungry  
love sex food  
blow lots of money  
run around nude

sleep in daytime  
run by moon lite  
don't care who wrong  
don't care who right

3 'cause we're voodoo children  
smoke lots of grass  
don't go to school  
don't go to mass

our skin is vinyl  
'n' music mean  
we dance with stars  
no man has seen

5 we worship at will  
forgive on sight  
fly in the sky  
shine in the nite

'cause we're voodoo children  
U.S. spoil  
don't know labor  
don't know toil

7 don't know want  
don't know sin  
our teeth are straight  
-we always win-

we're hospital born  
silver spoon fed  
our bodies won't rot  
even when we're dead

9 'cause we're voodoo children  
raised on cheap sin  
rocking at the door  
let us in - let us in

yeh, we're voodoo children  
raised on cheap sin  
gonna roll the temple  
let us in - let us in

-Michael Revere



Molly Gage



# BIOGRAPHY PAGE

**Thomas Baxter** is working toward an AA. His drawings are like prayers done "out of respect for Nature, for the Earth." The beauty in a blade of grass leaves Baxter in awe.

**Dawit-Abebe Bikila** is an LCC Graphic Arts student from Ethiopia. Bikina took a class in photography as a degree requirement and "fell in love" with it.

**Sharon Dederick** is a single mother of three, working on a Broadcast-Visual Design degree and intends to earn a BFA in photography. "I think I see things in a different way and want to share that."

**Joan Dobbie** has an MFA in creative writing from the UO. She teaches yoga and poetry in Cottage Grove, Creswell, and Eugene while also finding time to be a mother of two.

**Molly Gage** is an LCC student who is flabberghasted by the whole conspiracy.

**Angi Gass** is a former LCC student planning to return to school this winter. "I see different things going on in society and write about them or capture them with photography."

**Neal Gill** attends Lane while working in the medical field.

**David Johnson** works in the Production Department at *What's Happening*. Johnson is a long time Eugene and Bandon poet and media wrangler.

**Rachel S Kronholm** attends Lane and plans to major in Speech Pathology at the UO. She write because she likes to.

**Troy Krusenstjerna** is at LCC preparing to attend a four year school. "I like art that makes viewers think and try to interpret for themselves."

**George Makinster** is majoring in Electrical Engineering Technology at LCC through the Vocational Rehabilitation Program. He draws as an "expression of inspiration."

**Eric Muller** works as a nurse's aide and an LCC English instructor. Muller has written poetry for almost 30 years and is a member of the Lane Literary Guild.

**Michael Revere** is a published author who drums in a rock and roll band. A student at Lane, Revere believes poetry and music are relevant to life and are socially valuable.

**Henrietta Richmond** holds BA and MA degrees and is auditing classes at LCC for personal enrichment. She is retired and was a pilot during World War II.

**Maria Rosa** is a 74 year old native of Puerto Rico. In 1964 her daughter convinced Rosa to get a GED at Lane. She continued on at LCC obtaining an AA degree in 1966. Rosa was a Spanish tutor here until last year.

**Michael Saker** is rounding up prerequisites at LCC for a degree in medical imaging. Saker finds photography a good artistic outlet.

**Francisco Salgado** is "an American from the small North American town called Mexico City." He traveled through Oregon five years ago and decided to stay. Salgado began studying photography at Lane in '86 and plans to continue his studies at the UO.

**Michael Samano** majors in computer science at Lane. His next door neighbor inspired Samano to write poetry. It helped him maintain his sanity in the Navy.

**Leisha Sanders** is a former LCC student who writes poetry to reach others who feel as she does. Her approach is to "shake the status quo and do the opposite of what's expected."

**Indra Suryanata** is a UO computer information science student from Indonesia. He enjoys creating art for relaxation.

**Heather Scott** majors in English at LCC and plans be a secondary education teacher. Scott writes because "I feel like it."

**Bob Walter** is a carpenter and high school dropout who is glad to have finally found his way back into school. "The power of certain black and white photographs, especially those including people, has always fascinated me."

**Ken Zimmerman** teaches English Composition at LCC. He was winner of Lane Literary Awards in 1988. He has had poems published in many magazines including *Antioch Review*, *Calapooya College*, and *Quarry West*.



## An Oregon Haiku

Getting misty out  
The bartender said, snapping  
His rubber suspenders

-David A. Johnson

"You Ask for Directions!"

Michael Saker



## Yo

Abri los ojos  
a un nuevo día  
a los calientes rayos  
de un sol brillante.  
Y me senti alegre  
de estar viva,  
de ser libre  
para venir o ir,  
de tener el derecho  
de llorar o reir  
de coraje o alegría  
poder sentir.  
Sin pensar,  
que herir podría  
al que a mi lado estaba  
y que el llorara.  
No importa nada  
si rica como un avaro soy  
o como un raton de campo  
tan pobre soy.  
Solo me importa  
que soy libre  
en mi interior,  
que no hay ataduras  
que aten mi corazon  
Que puedo venir  
cuando me necesiten  
y cuando me plazca  
me puedo ir.  
Si, es maravilloso  
sentirme libre  
aunque no pueda  
arrancar mis raices  
y que siempre sea  
como siempre fui.

## Me

I opened my eyes  
to a new day,  
to the warm rays  
of a brilliant sun.  
And I felt glad  
To be alive,  
to be free  
to come or go,  
to have the right  
to cry or laugh,  
to feel anger  
or to feel joy.  
Without thinking  
that I could hurt  
the one at my side  
and that he would cry.  
It does not matter  
if I'm rich as a miserly man,  
or if as poor as a field mouse.  
It only matters  
that I am free inside,  
that there are no ties  
to bind my heart,  
that I can come when needed  
and I can go  
when it pleases me.  
Yes, it is wonderful  
to feel myself free,  
even though I can't  
rip out my roots  
and that I will always be  
as I always have been.

-Maria Rosa

*Denali* will begin accepting submissions for poetry, prose, artwork, and photography for the winter issue on Jan. 13, 1989.

The staff of *Denali* would like to encourage people with a native tongue other than English to submit poetry and prose in that language. If possible, please include an English translation. We may be able to help interpret your work if necessary.

LANE COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
4000 East 30th Avenue  
EUGENE, OR 97405



### Tigerseye

In the last solemn arch of that upraised eyebrow  
lingers the hilarity of grass, the cut-glass  
grace of a summer rain shower, her  
prairie fire laughter, the shatter  
of applause,  
desire.

-Neal Gill

