

denali



Lane Community College

Spring '89

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Editor's Note:

In the middle of this Spring '89 term, with school work piling up before me, and the threat of a nervous breakdown like an ominous thunder cloud poised just above my head, the TORCH editor, Alice Wheeler, flitters into the office, hugs me, and says in an unexpectedly happy voice, "Congratulations." I didn't remember any recent marriage, nor could I recall becoming a proud father in the last twenty-four hours. My confusion must have shown, for Alice chimed, "Denali won first place." With the joy of a bum recovering from amnesia, only to find he is in fact a millionaire, I cast off my depression, embraced Ms. Wheeler, and ran to my mailbox to find a first place award certificate from the National Scholastic Publication Association for the Fall '88 issue.

Success has also come to issues not yet entered into competition, too! A fine Winter issue was well received and, as I type, the petals of the Spring issue are being formed soon to bloom with all the glory of the season and twice the size.

And so I gratefully pass on the congratulations to the readers of *Denali* without whom *Denali* would be only so much ink and paper; to the writers, artists, and photographers without whom *Denali* would be only so much inkless paper; to the dedicated staff and advisors without whom the ink on paper might have read "nalDie"; and to the ASLCC and other financial supporters without whom *Denali* would be inkless and paperless.

The faculty and staff of the English and Foreign Language Dept., the Mass Communications Dept. (especially the photography instructors), the Performing Arts Dept., and the Art Dept. have all been fabulous for encouraging students to get involved with *Denali* by submitting works or volunteering to work.

A special thank you is extended to Mary Seereiter and dancers, Dorothy Velasco, Barbara Moreseth, Jacquie McClure, and the writers who, through live performances sponsored by *Denali*, have given *Denali* a life beyond print.

As the nineteenth year of *Denali* and its predecessors draws to a close, I give over the editorship to Della Lee. With your continued support, *Denali* will remain a constant medium of artist communication.

Literally yours,

Michael Omogrosso, Editor



Macro Life

-Michael Primrose

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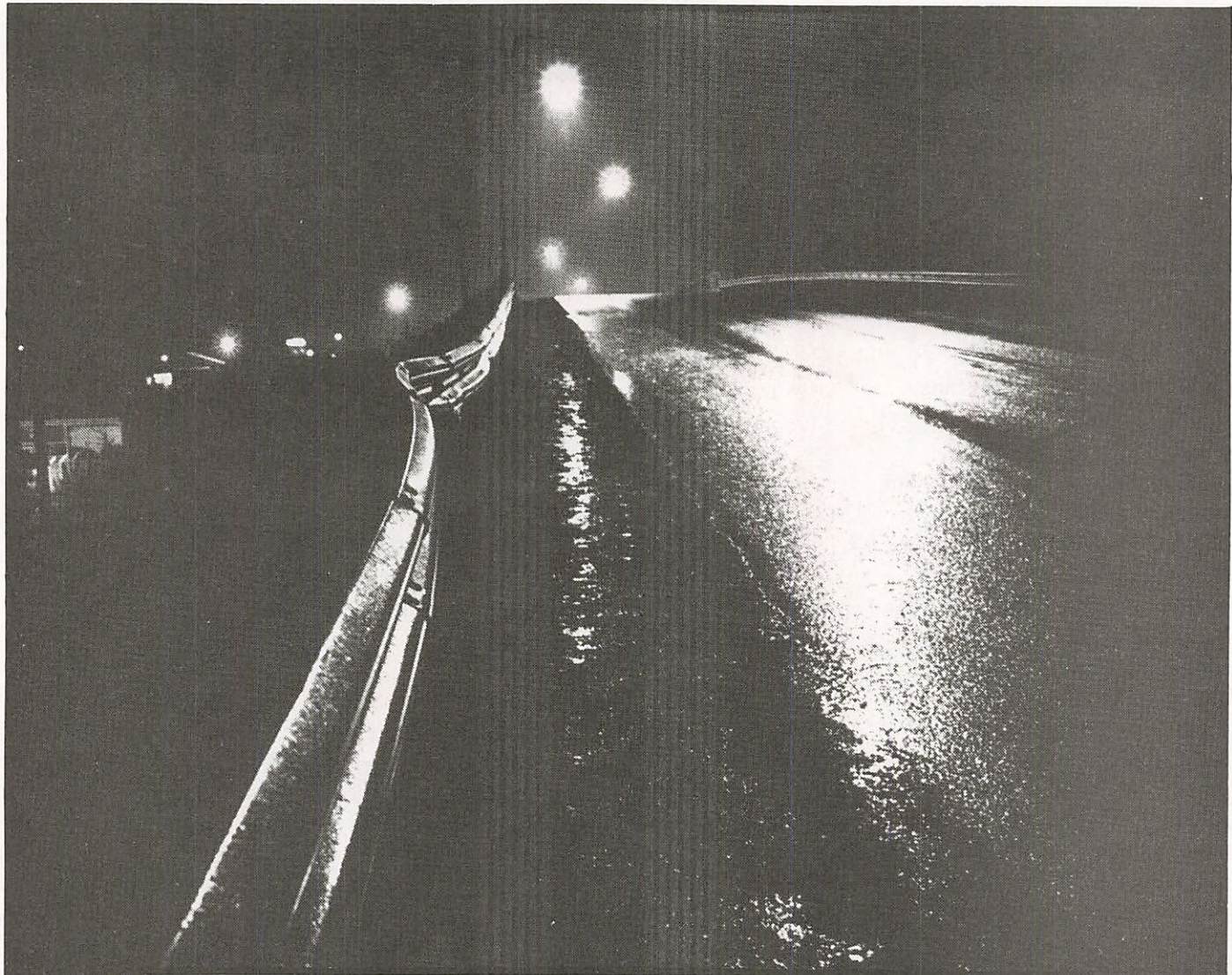
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"Poetry begins with a lump in the throat."

-Robert Frost

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Forgive me
for this is too much
I am an Indian soul
trapped, blocked by concrete forms
and chaotic carelessness
Listen and you can hear my ancestors
Voicing their lament at the broken hoop
a tribe without a golden dream
I am in an old state
without an eagle
Only the foreshadowing of clouds
against the sun
from the dissolution of a broken promise
a lonely cell
a dim bar

an unmarked grave
a lonely figure uncertain, afraid
an object of alcohol, jails, prisons
and drugs
a social misfit
an object of abuse and social scorn
accepted only in handsome dress
and appearance
an object of judicial tongue-lashing
law and social abuse
I am an Indian soul
trapped in a pale obsequiousness

Ed Littlecrow

-Sean D. Elliot

She sits there
a smile and
a bitter laugh

She says,
Your Great-grandparents
were smart
They wrote on the papers
Irish
Black-Irish they said
They knew how to
out-smart
the white man

She says,
They put it on
Birth certificates
Marriage certificates
Death certificates
White-man certificates
They would be accepted
No one would know
They were smart

She says,
They never told
their children
But someone
did
In whispers
In echoes
In the wind
Voices said
Indian
But they said
No!
Black-Irish
They were smart

I stand there
a smile and
a bitter laugh

I think,
My Great-grandparents
were smart
They wrote on the papers
Irish
Black-Irish they said
They knew how to
out-smart
themselves

I think,
They put it on
Birth certificates
Marriage certificates
Death certificates
White-man certificates
What price acceptance?
I know
I am smart

I think,
They never told
their children
But someone
did
In whispers
In echoes
In the wind
Voices said
Indian
But I said
Yes!
Indian
I am smart
And I leave
laughing

Because,
The white man
out-smarted
us all
in the end

Because,
The White-man
needs proof
that
we are
Indian or Irish
alive

-Sherry Van Herpeyn

Raccoon.....

by Andre Briggs

Why the damned dog looked so damned dignified I'll never know. Maybe he wasn't dignified at all -- maybe it was just my imagination. He stood there near the front porch which was raised about four feet above the ground. He was chained to a leg of the porch with a heavy chain and had a large ring attached to the chain near his collar. He was a hound, as all the dogs were hounds, milling around the front of the mill, mainly because Mike, their owner, liked to hunt coon with them. But this hound was different. He had a kind of dignity. He didn't whine or beg, but just sat there on his haunches, his front legs straight in front of him, his head slightly bowed, and looked straight ahead. His ears were long and rust brown in color, and his eyes had a sleepy look. His skin was white and blue-spotted.

I don't know how it happened, but I just fell in love with that dog. I used to bring him some sweets, pieces of cookies and something left over, scraps of meat with a lot of fat on them. It didn't take him any time at all to wolf them down. He wasn't overly friendly though -- I guess it was because he had been beaten so often by Mike, who kept him half-starved.

I was dickering to buy Brounton's Mill, as it was called in Chadd's Ford, Pennsylvania. Mike was poor white trash from South Carolina. He drank and hunted and mistreated his dogs and his family.

He warned me, "Don't give that hound anything to eat, especially cookies. He gets enough to keep him lean and mean, and that's the way I want him. So just stay away from 'im until you buy the place. Maybe I'll give 'im to ya when I leave."

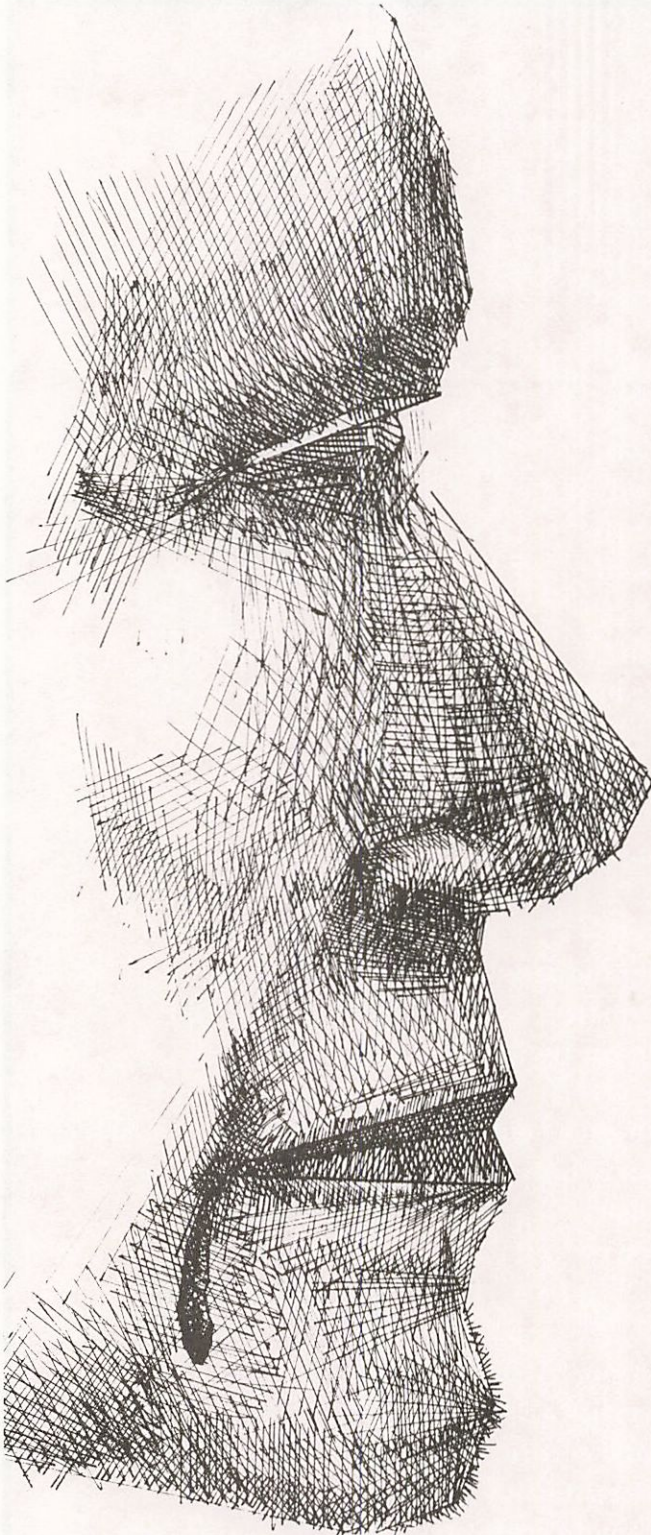
I looked at him stonily, and walked away without saying anything.

About a week later I bought the place and went up to Mike and said, "I'd like that dog, what's his name?"

A slow smile crept across his face. "Raccoon is what I call him, but it'll cost ya -- thirty-five bucks for a trained coon dog." I was surprised because I thought he would give him to me. Thirty-five dollars is a lot of money for a half-starved dog.

"All right," I said, and pulled out thirty-five dollars right then and there. I could hardly wait to start feeding that dog and bringing him back to normal.

"As soon as I get my auto-mechanic tools together, I'll be



Scram

-Derek Trost

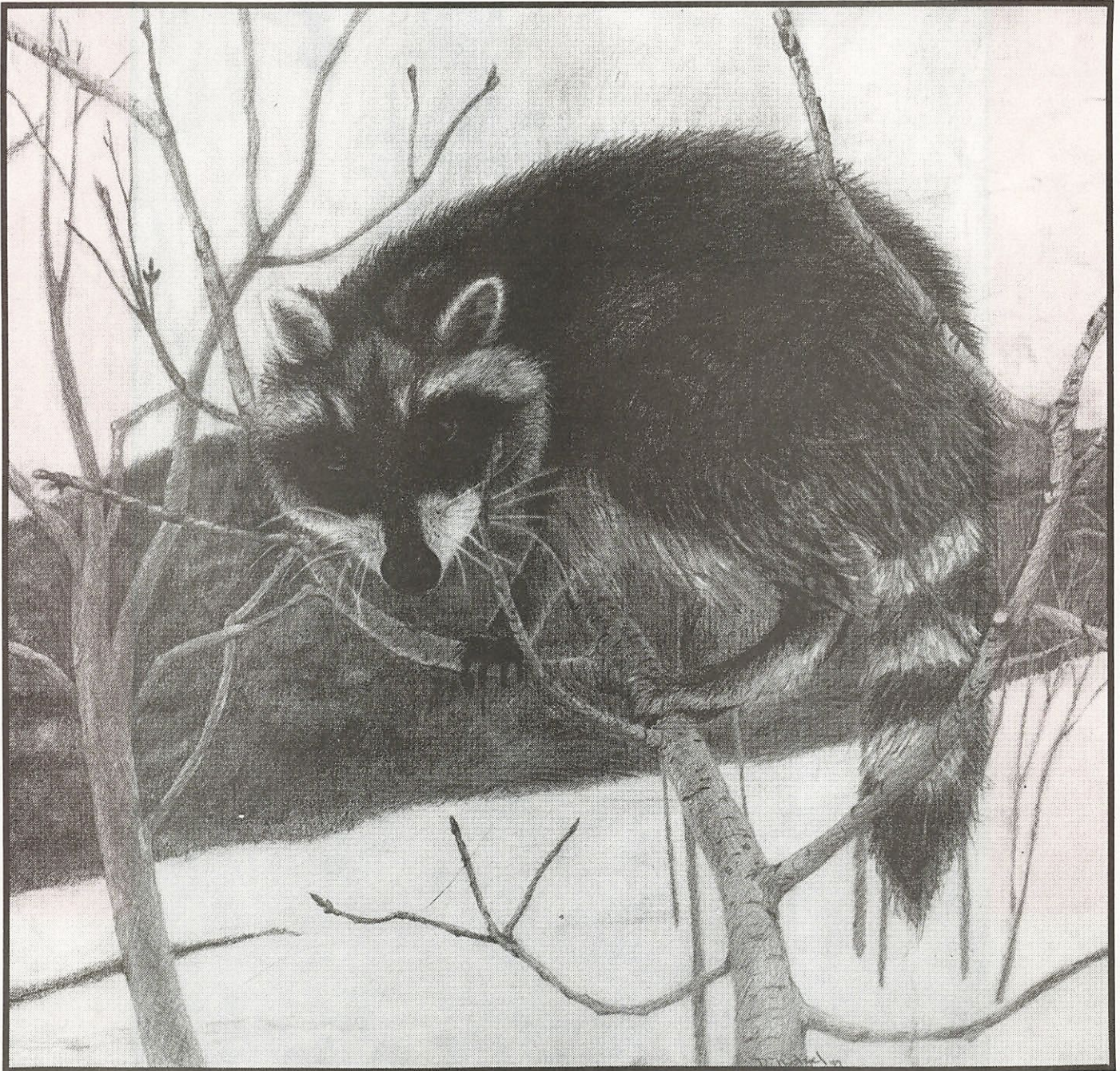
Yeah, but there's blood coming out of the side of his mouth. So! Let's get out of here!

Raccoon

heading out of here, back to the Carolinas. You can have 'im as soon as I pull out tonight. Right now I'm busy."

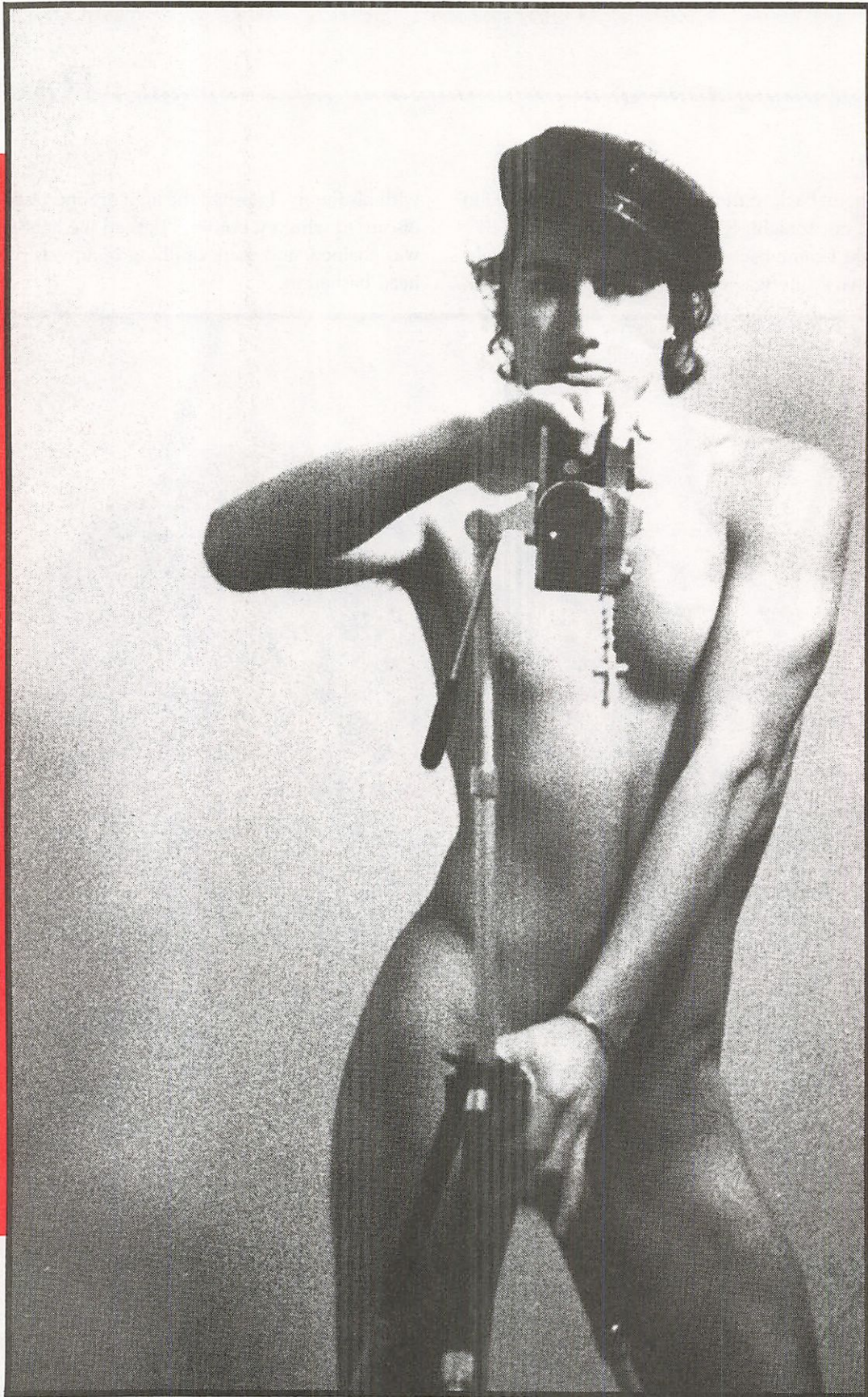
Later that night I came back to the Mill. I had a flashlight and could see that Mike was gone in his old pick-up truck

with his family. I flashed the light around discovering several discarded whiskey bottles. I flashed the light where Raccoon was chained, and there on the ground was the dog with his head bashed in.



Raccoon II

-Dee Natzel



Self Portrait

Jamie Antonio

Thach

by Bob Perkins

I stood on the top of the berm and watched Thach leave. She clutched the doll tightly in her arms, and the extra satin dress was dragging in the dirt. She slowly walked to the main road, turned left, walked in front of a small store, and disappeared from view. Thach did not look back. I never saw her again.

Ap Ben Soi, Tay Ninh Province, Republic of Vietnam, 1966

I was known by the Vietnamese name of Bac Si, meaning Doctor. As a Special Forces medic, I was responsible for the medical care of a United States Army Special Forces A Team, approximately nine hundred Vietnamese and Cambodian mercenaries, and a village of about two thousand people. The order of treatment was soldiers first, then their families. Civilians from the village were treated in the afternoon sick call.

One morning I was doing routine sick call when the nurse and Sergeant Vinh, a Vietnamese Special Forces medic, brought me a special patient. Standing before me was an old Cambodian soldier, and in his arms was my patient, a very sick six-year-old girl. The old man was the ferryboat operator for the camp, an old, honored soldier, and the girl in his arms was his daughter. Her mother had been killed by the Viet Cong. She had been in a children's hospital in Saigon for the past two years but had not improved. In fact, when she went into the hospital, she could stand up, but now she could not stand or even sit up. Would I, the Bac Si of Ben Soi, who had helped so many people get well, please make his daughter walk again?

No problem. That was all I had to do -- make the girl walk. I had no idea that this little Cambodian girl would touch the lives of so many people.

Her name was Thach (Tock). She was small for a six-year-old even by Asian standards and grossly underweight. Her head seemed overly large because of her emaciated condition. She was a homely child with close-cropped, sweat-matted hair; large, listless, watery, jaundiced brown eyes; a mouth too large for the small, lethargic face; and four wide-spaced growing teeth typical of a six-year-old.

A physical examination only confirmed what I already knew: Thach was a very sick little girl. Totally unable to sit

up, she had reduced strength in both hands and a large, draining, ruptured lymph gland on the left side of her neck.

My only choice was to take her to the American Mobile Army Surgical Hospital (M.A.S.H.) located about five miles away. The diagnosis was tuberculosis and scrofuloderma, a type of T.B. involving the lymph system. The open draining lesion was caused by the scrofuloderma. The X-rays also showed three lumbar vertebrae that were almost totally destroyed. Prognosis: grim, in the very best medical facilities -- facilities not available at Ben Soi. Thach's medical treatment was going to be long and have some serious complications.

We put her in a Spika cast -- a full body cast from her chest to below her knees -- totally immobilizing the spine, hips, and both legs. I had Thach's father re-assigned to the hospital as a medic with his only duty to care for his daughter. It was going to take a father's love to get her through the next few months.

She needed competent medical care for twenty-four hours a day, so I took her to the Province Hospital. Admission was easy in the military wing: find a bed and put the patient in it. We found a bed in a corner for Thach. It had screened windows at the head and side of the bed. Actually, it was a stretch of the imagination to even call it a bed. All she had was a metal frame with a woven steel spring mat connected to the frame with springs. Patients were expected to sleep on a straw mat or just throw a blanket on the steel. I couldn't leave Thach that way for even one day. I had to get her a regular mattress.

It did not take long in the local market to find a good mattress, but it cost me \$5.00.

The mattress was too long for the bed, but that did not matter. We folded one end, and by sliding Thach up on the bed, she could use it for a pillow. Her father, who would also be living at the hospital, could sleep on the floor on his rice straw mat and blanket.

Now all I had to do was instruct the duty medic as to when Thach was to get her medication, which I did with Thach's father present because I wanted him to hold the one-week supply I had taken from the M.A.S.H. unit. This way I knew she would get an injection with the right medicine at the right time, and with a clean syringe.

Almost as an afterthought, I asked the old man if he had

Thach

enough money to feed them both until pay day. He had no money but told me not to worry because he could get some money from friends. I doubted whether he could get enough money to feed Thach and himself. Without money, Thach would not get the food she needed, defeating my purpose for putting her in the hospital, so I gave him about 1,500 Dong. (Fifteen American dollars -- one month's pay for the ferryboat operator.)

A week later the camp received an early morning radio message from the "B" team commander, Zero-six, ordering me to report by 0900 in duty uniform. I had no idea why I had to report, but I knew I was in big trouble, since an order to wear jungle fatigues was a way Zero-six had to say you were in big trouble.

Zero-six did not always march to the beat of the traditional Army drum. His pace was speeded up from 120 beats per minute to 151. He was the commander and did everything his own way. His uniform was a sight to behold. The sew-on rank, branch, name tape, and U.S. Army badge had Air Force blue backgrounds. He wore at least three sets of foreign jump wings: Vietnamese, Taiwanese, and Korean. On his right hip was a Browning 9mm, (replacing the issued .45 caliber automatic), a snap-link, and a short sling rope.

However, in spite of all his impulsive, irrational thoughts and actions, he did have a few redeeming qualities: he hated all officers and loved sergeants, kids, water buffalo, and dogs.

Zero-six also had a nervous habit that was distracting. He would pinch his right cheek a few times and bite the back of his right hand while he was talking. The more upset he became, the more times he would pinch, pinch, bite, bite.

I reported to the sergeant major, who told me to knock on the commander's door and report in proper military fashion. The door was painted camouflage with raised letters. It read:

COMMANDER B-32

LTC Happerfield

Commanding

I knocked on the door, and a loud, snarling, whining voice answered, "Come in."

I opened the door and walked directly to the commander's desk, centered myself, and saluted. "Sergeant Perkins reporting as ordered, Sir." He returned my salute.

"Sergeant, is it true you have a little girl in the hospital here

in Tay Ninh?" Pinch, pinch, bite, bite.

Yes, Sir."

"Well, Sergeant, why in the hell didn't you tell me she was here?" Pinch, pinch, bite, bite.

"I didn't know that you needed to know, Sir. I filed my status report."

"That is right. You did, and it took that damn medic of mine a week to tell me about it. Now, I want you to tell me all about why she is there." Pinch, pinch, bite, bite.

I explained her condition, adding I thought she would get better care in the hospital than at the camp. Besides, I didn't have the room for her at Ben Soi, and I had already given money to her father so they could eat.

"What does she need to eat?"

"Just lots of fresh fruits and a normal diet."

"Is that all? Sergeant Major, get my goddamn mess sergeant in here right now. Have a seat, Doc." Pinch, bite.

When the mess sergeant came in, Zero-six ordered him to get a case of oranges, apples, grapefruit, and every type of fresh fruit he had and take them to Thach at the hospital, immediately! "Now everybody get out of here and get to work. Doc, you and I are going to the hospital." Pinch, pinch, bite, bite.

We rode to the hospital in Zero-six's jeep, my first and only ride with that wild man. His jeep was one of a kind: tiger-striped seat covers, dual radio antennae, a wire cutter on the front bumper, and an M-60 machine gun mounted like the Rat Patrol. The main street to the hospital was also a main highway, always jammed with traffic: military trucks, water buffalo carts, motorcycles with trailers loaded with passengers or cargo such as pigs and chickens, bicycles, and Honda 50's -- women sitting side-saddle behind the drivers. Zero-six drove at maximum speed, one hand on the horn, cussing everyone and everything in front of him.

I hadn't seen Thach for a week, and she looked much better. Her big brown eyes were much brighter, and her face was all smiles and teeth. I didn't get to say much. Zero-six did all the talking. About every tenth word was in Vietnamese.

"Hi, I'm Chung Tau (LTC) Happerfield. How are you? How's the girl? Biet? (Understand? He pronounced it Beet.) You need to have anything, you just let me know. Beet? I mean anything. Beet?" Pinch, pinch, bite, bite. "Hot in here,

Thach

isn't it? Met? (Hot?) Huh, hot. Tell you what you need. You need a fan. Do you want a fan? Beet? That's OK. I'll get you one. Let's go, Doc." Thach and her father had no idea what he said.

We went into town where the Colonel paid \$25.00 for a \$15.00 fan.

When we returned to the hospital to give Thach the fan, her father was sitting on the bed, very confused. Stacked on the floor by the bed were cases of fresh fruit. The old man told me that two Americans came in, put the boxes down, and left. He didn't know what to do with the fruit. I told him to feed Thach all the fruit she would eat and sell the rest. Thach and her father never had money problems for the rest of the time they were at the hospital. The old man sat in front of the fan and sold fresh fruit from America, delivered by the mess sergeant. Sometimes I gave him candy and cigarettes -- a real sweet business.

Thach made a fantastic recovery. After a month, the drainage stopped and the spine started to fill in with new bone. She was feeling good for the first time in several years.

As the months pass, Thach continued to improve. I visited her each time I went to town. I was not the only visitor; Zero-six made her a personal project. His new "B" Team medic took over the responsibility of providing the medications. Many of my own team members stopped to see her, and many of the "B" Team members did, too. She was getting a little bit spoiled.

In a letter to my cousin, Glenda, I told her about Thach and asked her to send me an American doll as a gift for the little Cambodian girl. After Glenda received my letter, she told Thach's story to her neighbor. The neighbor's ten-year-old daughter went to her room and came back with one of her own dolls to send to Thach. She was crying when she gave the doll away, but she said Thach needed the doll more than she did: she had many dolls. It was her biggest and best -- a thirty-inch-tall Rosemary doll with an extra satin dress.

After six months of Thach being in a cast, I finally decided to take her out of it for good. I had made two cast changes prior to this day, but she was not allowed to stand or even move during the cast changes. After six months of tropical heat, she was to be free of the cast, hopefully forever. When I told her I was not going to put on a new cast, big tears streak-

ed her very happy brown face.

The old man was given instructions for exercises, but she was not supposed to stand, sit up, or get out of bed.

After one day, I let her sit on the side of the bed and assisted her to stand. She laughed and cried as she stood up for the first time in more than two years. I told the old man to continue the exercises; I would take her out of the hospital the next afternoon.

The next day, just before lunch, the nurse asked me to go outside with her. Standing just outside the door, dressed in new clothes, was Thach. She walked up to me, stopped, and saluted just like a real soldier. She said, "Bac Si number one." I returned the salute. She had earned it.

It was time to give Thach her doll. I had her wait while I got her gift. I have never seen a more surprised and delighted girl than Thach when she saw the doll. All she could do was ask, "Toi?" (Is it mine?) She said it over and over again. Once again, she started to cry.

At the same time, I heard a sniff, sniff from behind me. I turned around to see the team sergeant wiping tears from his eyes. He looked at me and said, "Bac Si, if you tell anyone, I'll kill you." I never told the team.

They left camp through the main gate. They passed the villagers, squatting in the shade of the guard shack, waiting for the afternoon sick call. Neither Thach or her father noticed a Vietnamese girl with an open, draining cyst on the left side of her neck.

I stood on top of the berm and watched Thach leave. She clutched the doll tightly in her arms, the extra satin dress dragging in the dirt. She slowly walked to the main road, turned left, walked in front of a small store, and disappeared from view. Thach did not look back. I never saw her again.





Harmonies of Nature and Song

-Patricia Burrows

Today

We cleaned my apartment today
The spiders we made homeless
Universes we destroyed
In the midst of the battle
I looked for meaning in your eyes
And the spider crawled behind the faucet
The fluffy white of fifty thousand eggs
I crushed
I could put no meaning there
In your eyes and I want to.
I can't make you want me
No sparks
A clean apartment.

-B. Ratid

**On The Edge,
On The Ledge,
On The 19th Floor**

Dark, it's night
Lights dancing in the dark
Isn't life rather dark?
Where are the lights in my dark life?

Rather dizzying up here
Oingo Boingo's "Dead Man's Party" booming, In the background
The beat moves my body in a rhythmic dance

On the edge
On the ledge
On the 19th floor
I tense, ready to jump
A menacing smirk
A maddening smile
That man down below *is* rather excited, isn't he?

See the man below
See the man jump about
See the funny man's gyrations
What's *his* problem, anyway?

-Jeff Christensen



Reflecting on Petroglyphs

-Michael Omogrosso

Our Storm Week (February 1989)

There was much advice
from mid-west almanacs
about driving or walking
or heating the house, just
to stay alive, unlike the old one who
rushed out with a shovel, then collapsed.

Our driving is hardly good
anytime, so after it snowed
wrecks clogged the off-ramps.
Days passed before the highway crew
set out salt and signed -- Caution: Ice.

Some of us rode busses, which
skirted hills and dropped us
blocks from our usual stop.
We pushed on, with extra warm
socks, mittens we'd dug up, taking
small steps as the radio said,
taking our chances on ice.

Once the Alaskan air creaked off,
sun made slush of the roadway.
We resumed speed, extended
our stride, feeling still
the brilliant reminder of the grace
of our trees lined over and over with snow.

What had kept the cold from
sinking further? What held
the wind in check? Long shadows
like timbers fell in our way.
Our heads ached with glare
when we stepped into light,
everything we care for
tender and exposed.

-Erik Muller

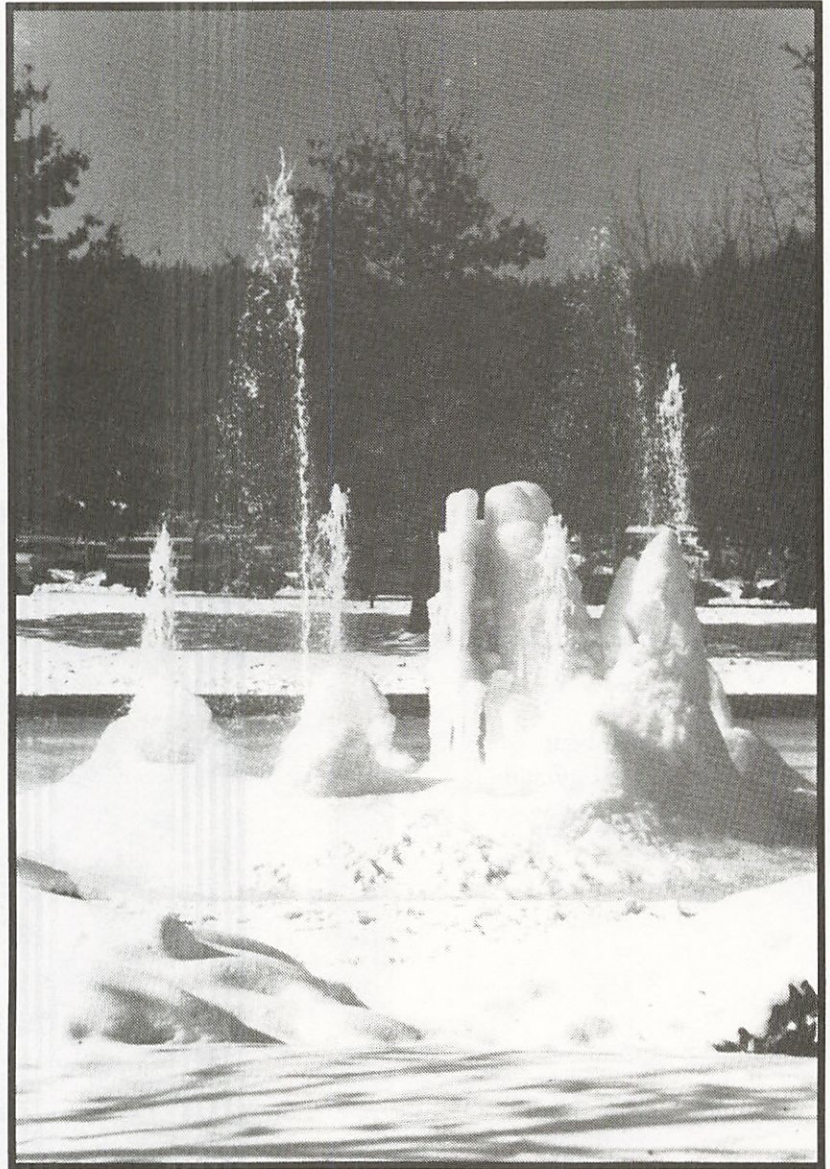
And Now It's Snowing

The garden's been planted
the car's been polished
and now it's snowing

Winter clothes have been stored away
an iris bloomed the other day
and now it's snowing

I gave you a poem with my love last week
you said goodbye, then you kissed my cheek
and now it's snowing

-Bill Kenney



-Michael Saker

Ice Storm

You are a conflagration of ice
Within the heart of me,
Making crystals of my thought,
Flaming
As light upon porcelain snow.

-Bonita Rinehart

The Fly and I

i was awakened today
in a horrible way,
but a way that's familiar to all.

i was attacked as i lie
by a maniacal fly,
a fly with immeasurable gall.

i cowered in bed
as he dove at my head
in a fury of psychotic lust

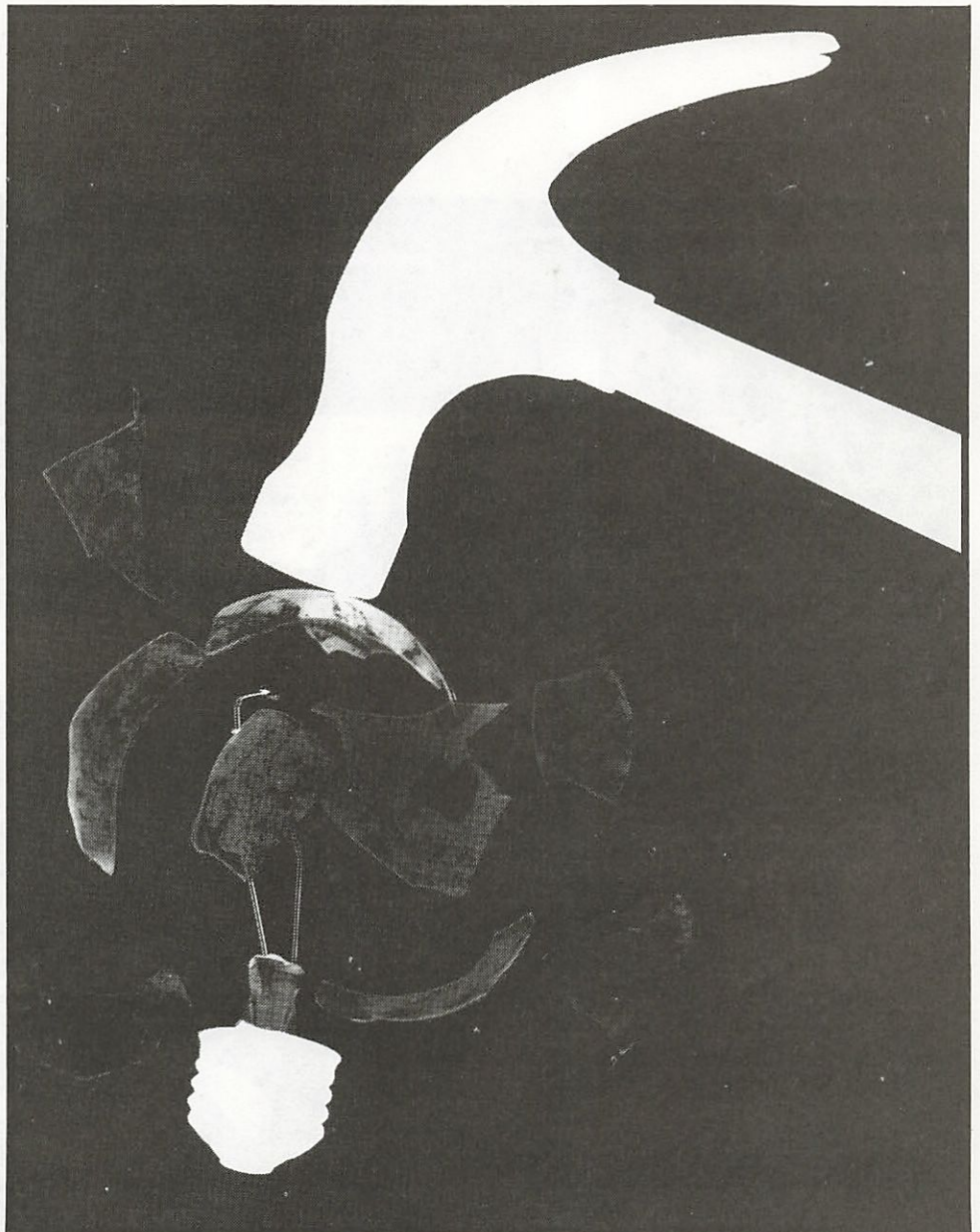
and trembled in fear
as he perched on my ear
fighting back tears of disgust

for an hour, it seemed
i didn't dare breathe
fearing he might get away

i lay there quite still
then sprang to the kill
victory was mine today

i clobbered that fly
and watching him die
went back to bed and waited
for another of the stupid bastards.

-Les Inwood



Shattered Idea

-Danita Reynolds

But Those Eyes...

I.
So comfortable:
My best friend and yours,
You and me--
The symmetry soothes me.
It falls easily in place,
Domino patterns
Of black and white
Complexity.
Ashes, ashes
They all fall
Down.

II.
I cry over the lonely
Merry-go-round
In the corner
Slowly turning in the dark.
We swing,
We walk,
I talk endlessly--
Explain EVERYTHING
In minutest detail.
"Are you listening?"
We walk,
We sit
In middle-of-the-night

Empty streets
Telling secrets.
"But do you understand?"
I am you new
Toy,
But I remain
Oblivious
To the key
In my back.

III.
Drugs,
Rebellion,
Sneaking, stealing,
Flunking, fighting,



Pacific Northwest

-Thomas W. Baxter

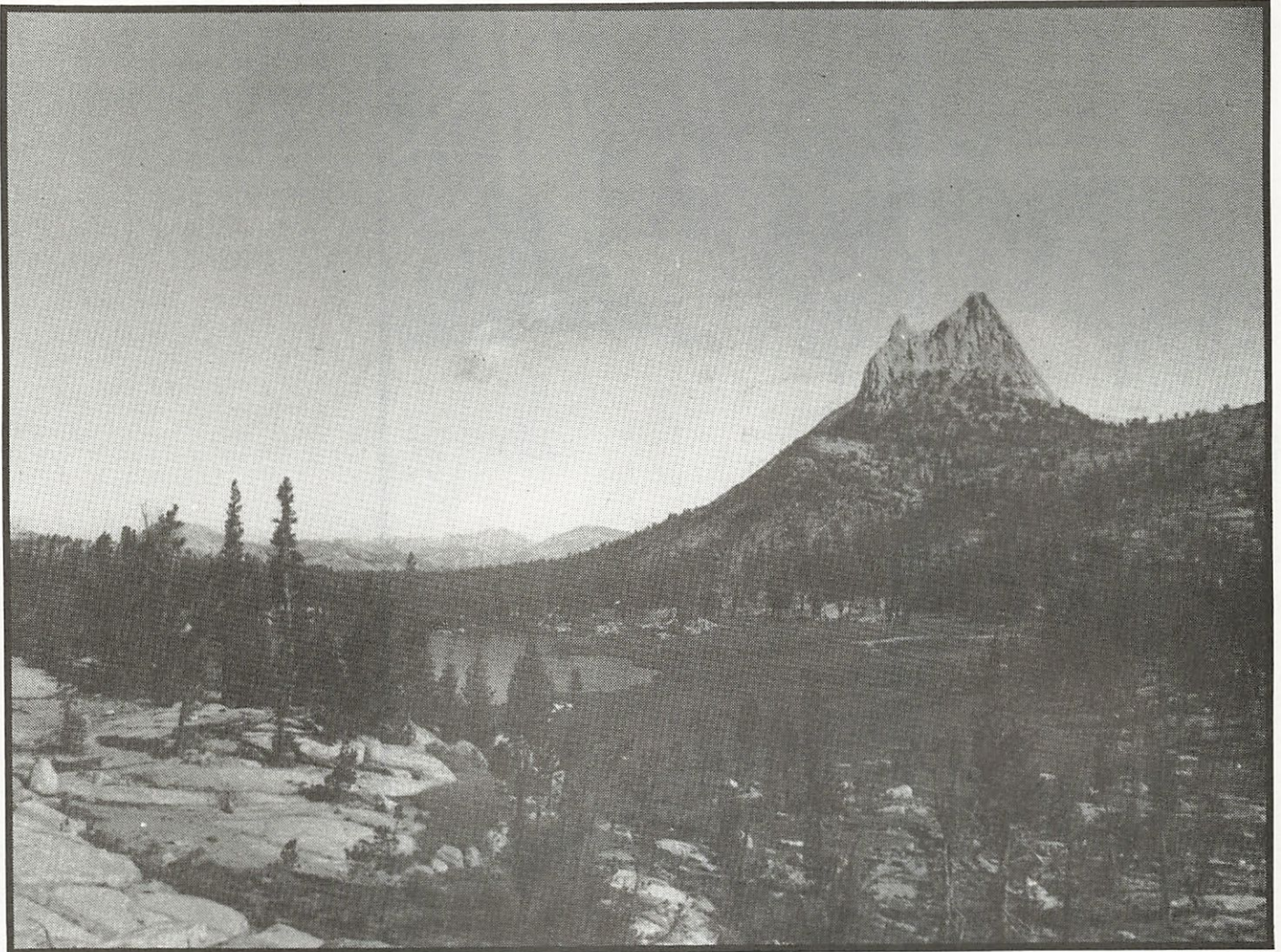
Crying, crashing,
And wishing
Were only a part
Of the plan
Because somehow
You,
My beautiful obsession,
Also
Made the insane
Seem
Oh, so
Logical.

IV.
I arrive hours late
(oh my god i am heartily sorry...)
Trembling beneath your
Wrath,
(please stop)
Walking on eggshells
Of misunderstanding--
(i have nowhere else to go)
I am helpless.
As the floor comes up
To meet me
(i'm sorry, i'm sorry, i...)
My mind suddenly realizes
The insanity
But it is too late--
I cannot escape

And when forgiveness is offered,
I take it hungrily.
(...for having offended thee)

V.
I have not heard your voice
In over two years now,
And yet, you still insist
On breaking down my doors
And walking around in my dreams.
I try to push some of you out
Onto this page in front of me,
But when I look the other way,
You sneak up behind me
And fill the empty place
With stones.

-Rachel S. Kronholm



Cathedral Peak and Lake, Sierra Nevada

-Mark Driscoll

Sun Umbrellas

It could only happen
in a cloudy country.
It took a millenia to introduce
the glass roof to Scotland
to let in light,
keep out the rain -
to give the sun-starved citizen
a glimpse of what might be.

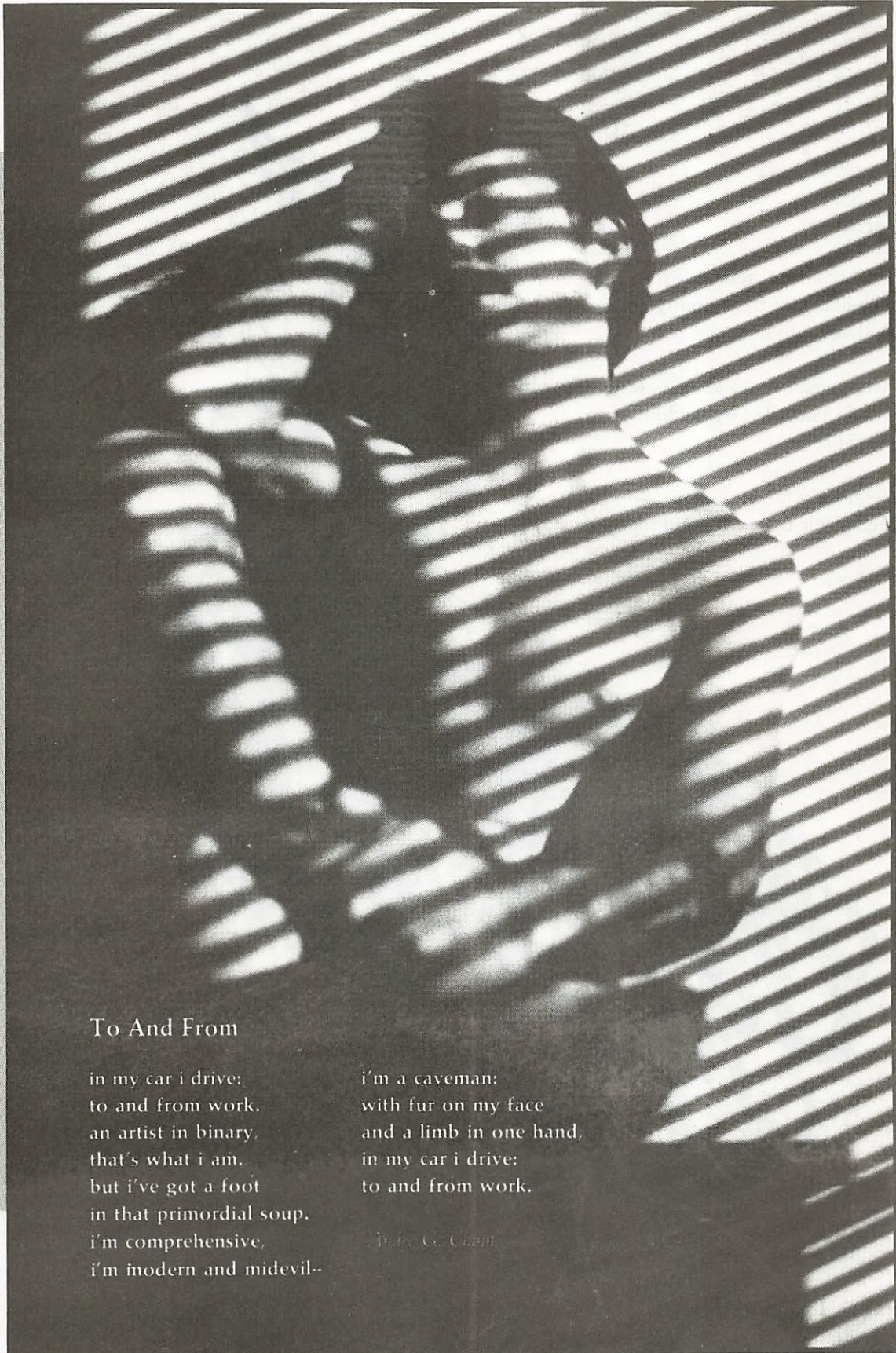
Now, glass roof in place,
they've scattered
wrought-iron garden furniture
around the cold stone floors,
put parasols above the tables
to protect the users
from imaginary sun.

It seems so sad -
but the illusion works.
The place is packed.
They've come in out of the rain
in droves.

-Brenda Shaw



-Mary Quarles



To And From

in my car i drive:
to and from work,
an artist in binary,
that's what i am,
but i've got a foot
in that primordial soup.
i'm comprehensive,
i'm modern and midevil-

i'm a caveman:
with fur on my face
and a limb in one hand,
in my car i drive:
to and from work.

-John G. Clark

Self Portrait

-Paul Bunch

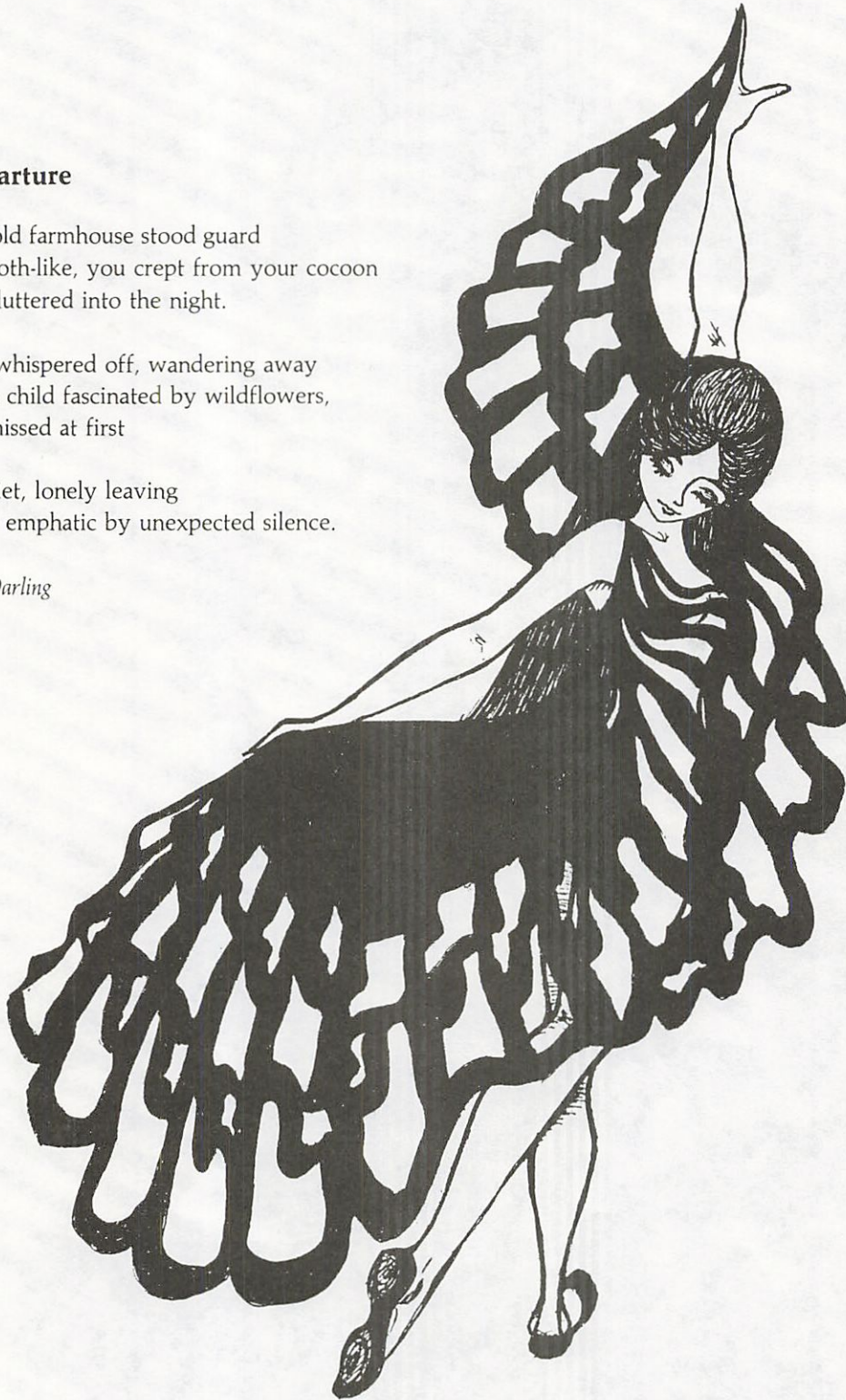
Departure

The old farmhouse stood guard
as, moth-like, you crept from your cocoon
and fluttered into the night.

You whispered off, wandering away
like a child fascinated by wildflowers,
not missed at first

A quiet, lonely leaving
made emphatic by unexpected silence.

-Lee Darling



Butterfly Rising

-Mia K. Rollman

Aunt Mary Beth's Recipe for Making Trouble

Hoo-ee, child! You think you got trouble?
You don't know what trouble is!
Trouble is when your new in-laws
are coming to check you out,
and the toilet backs up and
floods over the rugs and leaks
through the ceiling of the guest room
and soaks the mattress right through;
and when the plumber gets there
he says it's on account of the septic tank
is plugged, and the septic man's
booked solid but says he'll come over
if you uncover the tank so you do,
shoveling dirt and sludge
until the tank is clear but
the dogs get down in the hole
when you're not looking and then
roll all over the living room
carpet and the furniture while
meantime a whole kettle of jam
has boiled over and your mate
has tried to yank it off the stove
but dropped it and christened
the kitchen floor with four gallons
of raspberry goo about the same time
as the cat crawls into the hole
where the toilet belongs but isn't
because the plumber had to run an errand
and the whole house smells
like shit with jam on it
and cat, mate, plumber, septic man, and dogs
all start hollering at the same time
and right then your in-laws show up saying,
"Surprise! We took our vacation time
so we could spend the whole
three weeks with you."
Now, that's what I call trouble, child,
and don't you forget it!

-Lee Crawley Kirk



Emily

-Bob Walter

Shortcut to Paradise

(Learn to Bend)

by Leisha Sanders

Kept wondering where it led but finally turned back, anticipating a log truck lumbering down. Took my hands off the wheel to see if I really wanted to crash and my pickup went straight for the gravel edge, the sheer drop crossed with the roots of young trees growing brazenly up the incline. We threw gravel off as I turned the wheel abruptly & careened

down the snaky narrow road in front of country houses laid back across lush green lawns in the shadow of ancient fir.

What would it be like to live so close to Paradise?

One couldn't sleep for the crushing wheels of logging trucks rolling by.

Like now. A constant procession of them through my hometown. Out on the highway is a sign that sez: "Old Growth Fir. \$80/cord." To someone in 1989, old growth is worth \$80/cord.

Another truck rolls by.

Put your hands to the land. Break it. Wash your Mama's hair. Comb it. Leave it waving in the breeze. Sleep in her hair. Dream of freedom. Dream of me, dancing, follow . . . follow me.

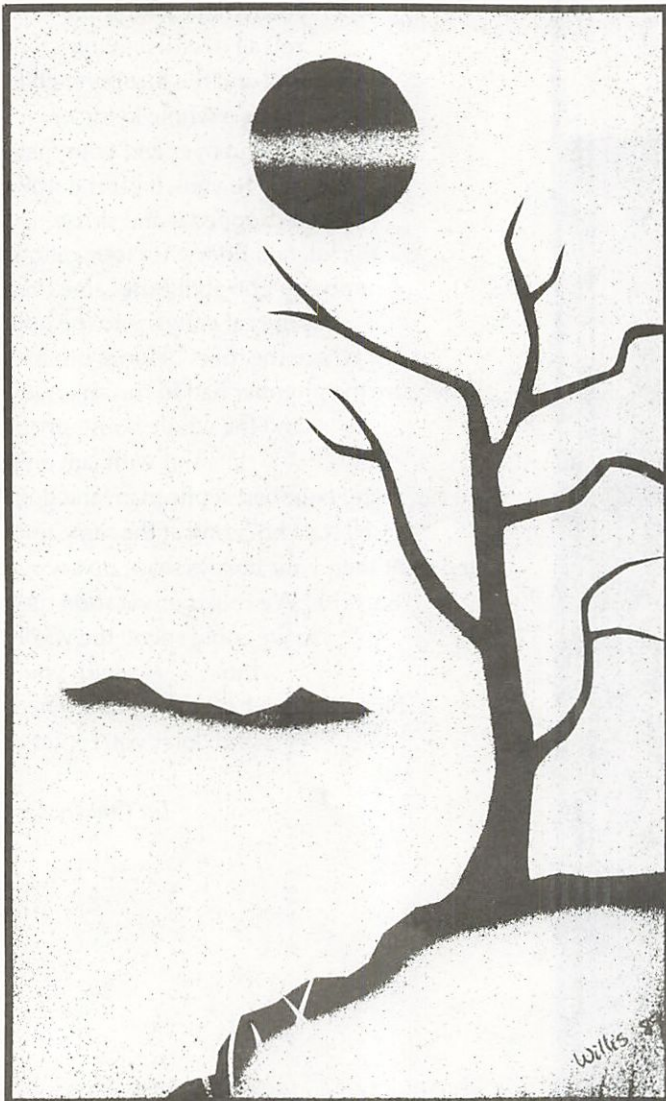
See where I'm pointing. It's a dark path through the woods. Have no fear. Take the path of your life. Leave this dream. for a nightmare where

You crown the sky, king, Atlas, the very one marked with a slash as if bleeding, tiny ants so far below moving glinting metal, growling trucks shiny stainless steel flashes dragging through below the carnage of their passing so rough, so loud the birds silence in fear, squirrels huddle high with their young

then the whining, birds take flight something saws a bite out of you far below, but "wait!" you think, "I'm too old to bend any more. Let me stand. Just let me stand here tall with my head in the sky" but the squirrels chatter, the ants bellow and gravity takes you in her arms it is Death it is your Fall, no you shall not bend this is your ending those men below shall not bend but break your bones to make your bed of dead moss littered there with the smallest of your remains, found useless, you are board feet, a new deck, a table, a cord of firewood for eighty bucks why couldn't you bend why couldn't you somehow resist the pull of the saw?

There is a hole where you used to be. There is a cloud of smoke in the sky that was you. Your price is much less than a dollar for each year you lived and every penny of profit means another acre of Death.

Why can't you learn, now, learn to bend?



-Robert D. Willis



the Knife Man

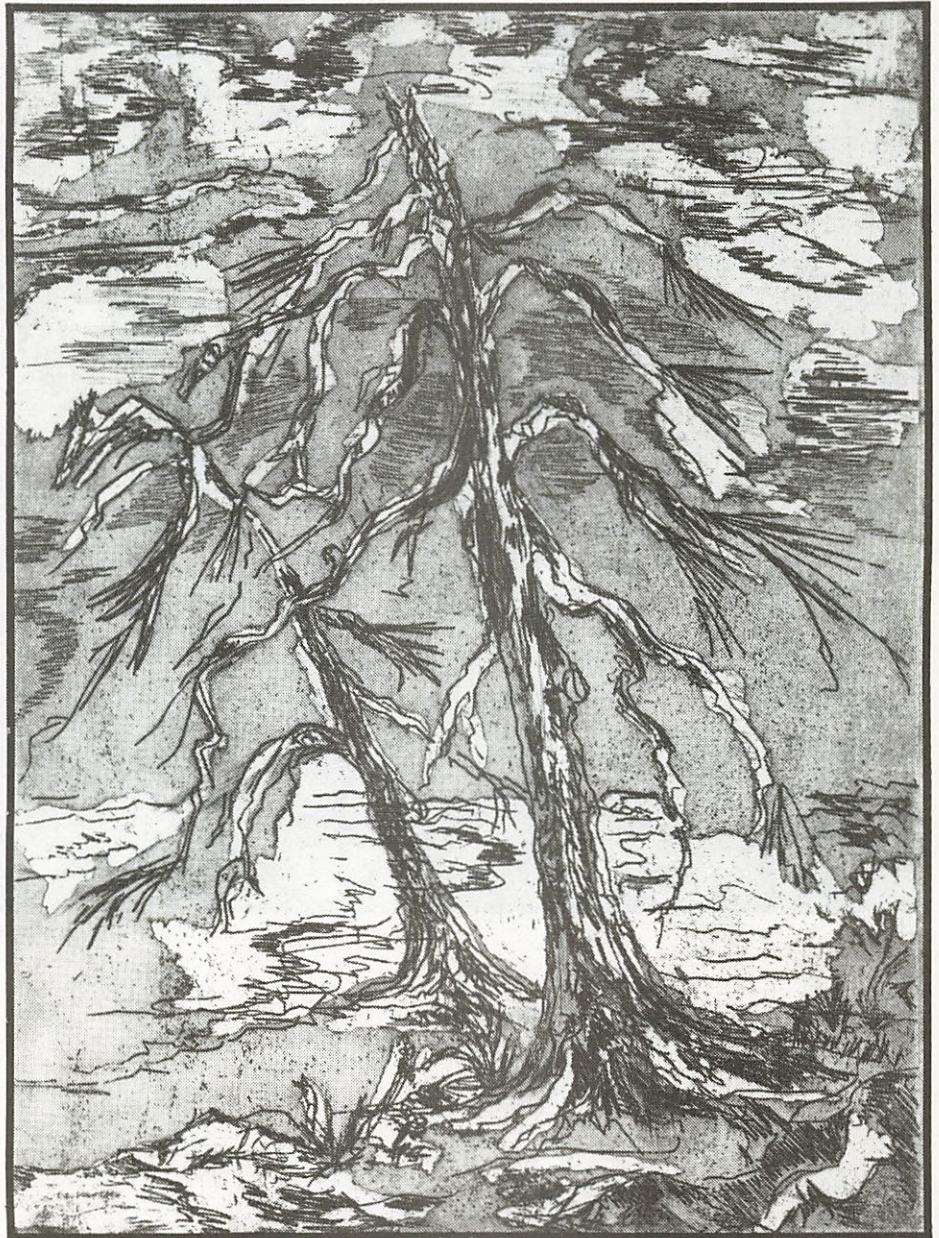
there was a mourning in his bell a heavy
clank of metal
on metal & in the houses a rush
to gather edges dulled
by the passing seasons

scissors
vegetable knives great
carving blades the children offered to the Knife Man his skin stabbed
taut by the summer's heat
his face shadowed by the visor
of a gray cap
his eyes fell
back into his head like wolves stalking
the deer with a worm
in its heart

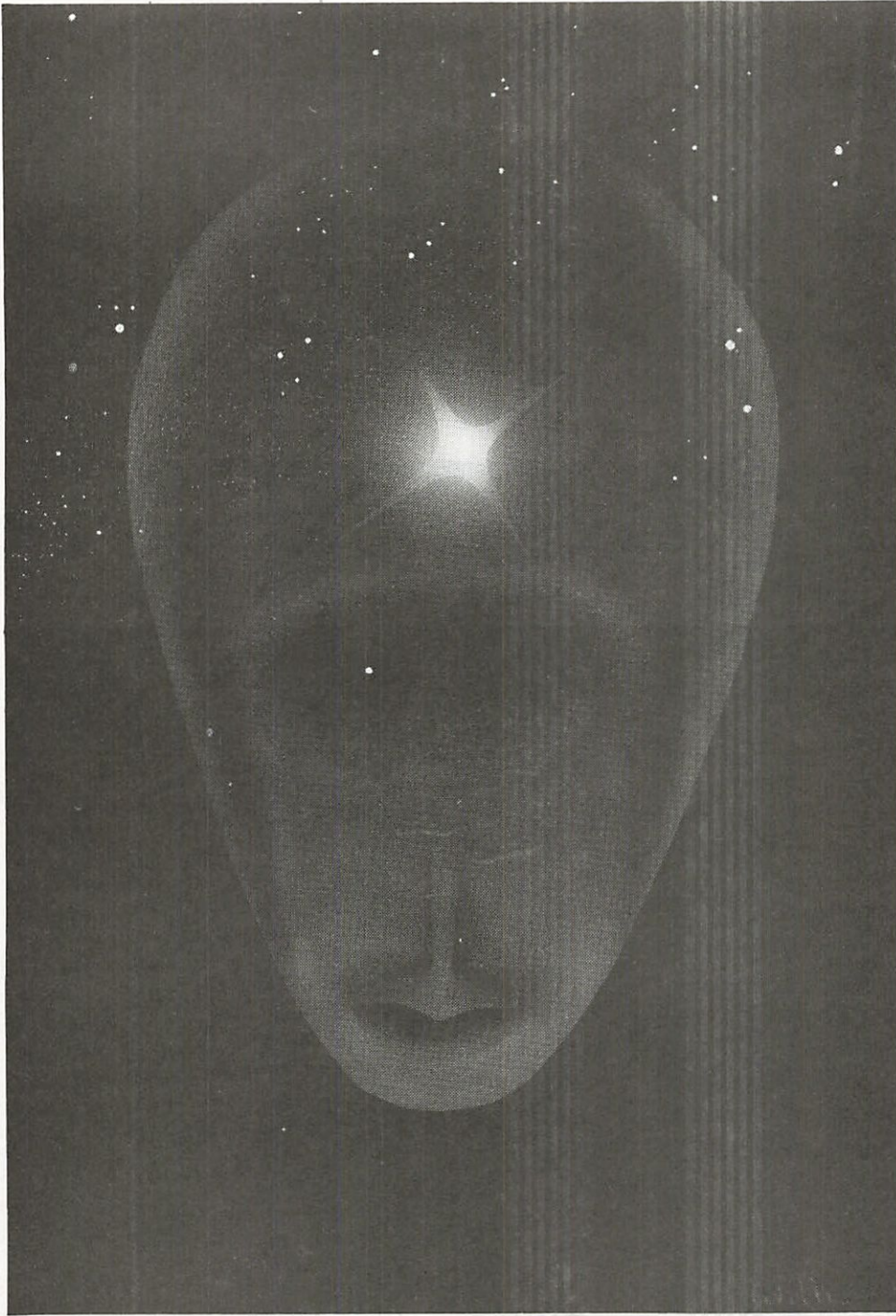
the Knife Man spoke a language rough
as his knuckles skinned
on the sharpening
stone spun by his worn
boot on wooden
treadle
we didn't understand
the words but the sounds cracked
our bones settling
the marrow

after he left all
the block's
children in the sanctuary
of our mothers'
kitchens slid
our thumbs down the sharpened
blades opening
flesh learning the names
of blood the tongues
of wet fire
on that day we spoke
the Knife Man's language

-frank rossini



-Shirley Ebner



-Robert D. Willis

Dreaming

Spiral spaces,
Mystic places,
Flowing out of time;
Dreams betoken
Thoughts unspoken,
Moments most sublime.
Formless faces,
Light erases
Silhouetted line;
With colors borne
On moving form,
Visions made to rhyme.
Voices singing
Notes for bringing
Melodies that chime;
Flawless passion,
Artists' fashion,
Kaleidoscopes so fine.
Spiral spaces,
Mystic places,
Falling back in time;
Back to places,
Earthy spaces,
Clocks that ring at nine.

-Mia K. Rollman

I Twine Up From The Ground With You, My Lover

We spin toward the sun
together
you are my stamen
the wind
blows
you caress me
I bloom & my blooming
with the spring
is an orgasm
brief & shameless.

-Leisha Sanders



Young Tulips in Creswell, Oregon

-Mike Hanson

Walls

These walls that choke me so
have been able to do
what I believed they never could.
They have been able to lock my dreams in,
that I believed would always be free.

Walls that imprison my dreams,
that mutilate these thoughts of mine.
Why do you try to bury me alive?
Why don't you shrink and disappear?
Why don't you let me breathe, be free?

I want to make you invisible.
I wish I could destroy you with my hands,
force you to give me the freedom I desire,
and to be able, like the air, to go anywhere

Paredes

Éstas paredes que así me ahogan
han podido lograr
lo que creí jamás lograr podría.
Han logrado encerrar mis sueños
que creí que libres siempre serían.

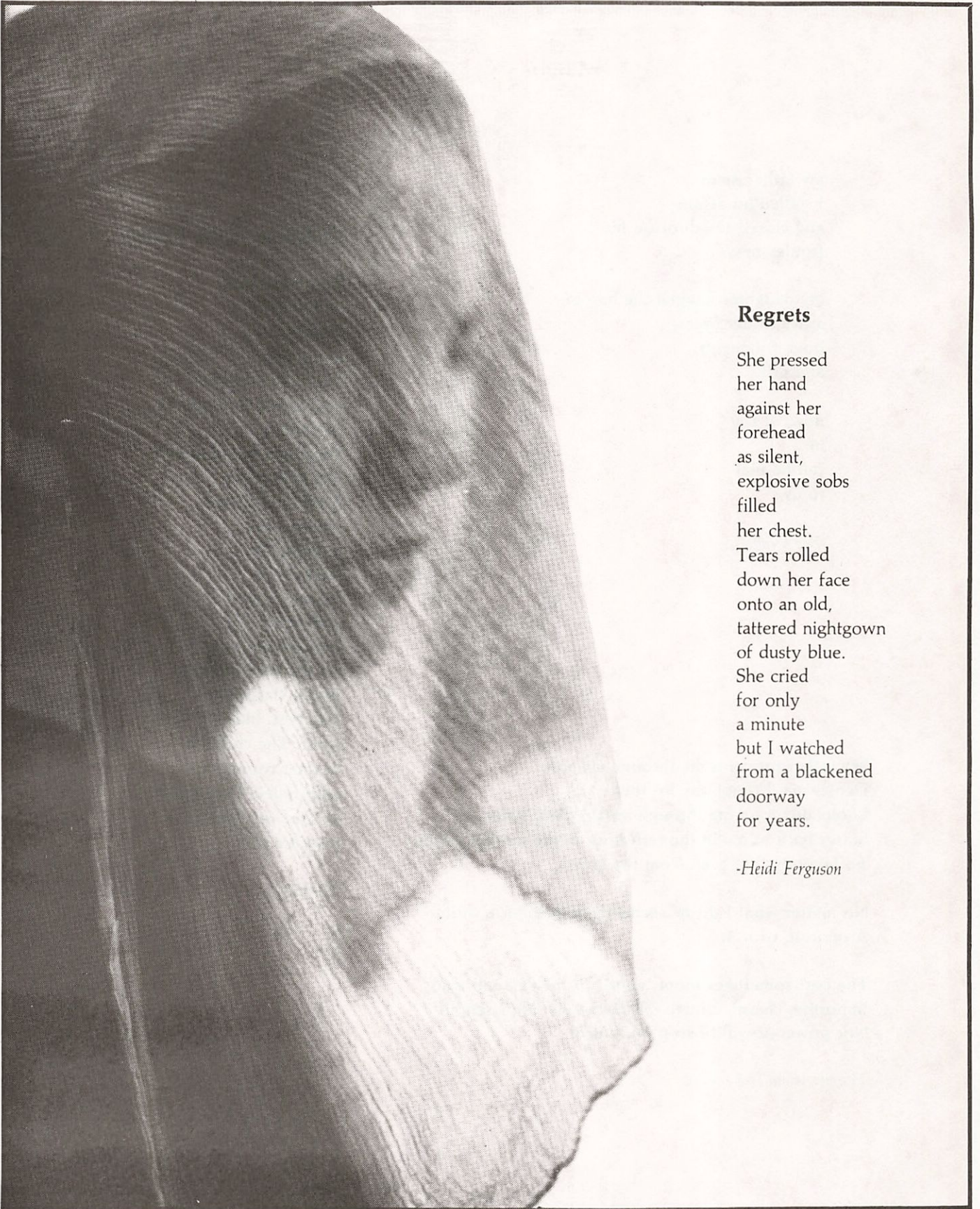
Paredes que mis sueños aprisionan
que mutilan a los pensamientos míos,
¿Por qué se empeñan en enterrarme viva?
¿Por qué no se encogen y se desaparecen?
¿Por qué no me dejan respirar, ser libre?

Yo quisiera hacerlas invisibles
quisiera poder destrozarlas con mis manos
hacer que me dieran la libertad que ansío
y poder, como el aire, difundirme.

-*Maria Rosa*



-*Molly Gage*



Regrets

She pressed
her hand
against her
forehead
as silent,
explosive sobs
filled
her chest.
Tears rolled
down her face
onto an old,
tattered nightgown
of dusty blue.
She cried
for only
a minute
but I watched
from a blackened
doorway
for years.

-Heidi Ferguson

my father died;
I settled his affairs,
and closed the door on his
fruitlessness.

my daughter hugged the bag of
ashes to her breast,
bone fragments,
and grit.

now, at last
he
can be real
to us.

-Bob Walters

My father torments me through my son,
Denies me through my brother,
Looks down on me through an alcoholic sister,
Stares back at me in the reflection in my mother's eyes,
To taunt my life even from the grave.

No matter what I do he seems to be behind it, in it,
Around it, of it, it.

The past sometimes looms ahead of me as a tall, and
Imposing, chasm, a huge fall above me. No strength
Nor power-of-will to stop or control.

-Aaroun Ivann Donn Varr

Children of the Booze

Booze bubbles
in his veins.
Children cry
and plead.
Violence explodes
and erupts throughout
the house.
Furniture tossed about
like driftwood.
A bloody blouse
strewn over
a chair. She
weeps in a
corner. Scared
and alone. He
lays, passed out,
on the kitchen floor.
Bottle clasped to
his chest, like a
lover. The children
in their room, sigh,
with relief. They know,
at least for tonight,
they are safe.

-Heather Scott

I ran
outside
I cried out
WHY?!
Why on Good
Friday
did you have
to die?

With affection
I remember
how your blue eyes
smiled
how you loved to sing
and sing

Kristina

With sorrow
I know
how you needed love
and hoped
for peace
how you tried
to please
how you wanted
to give



Karah and Kristina, April 1988

how you screamed
and suffered in silence
and ran
instead
into darkness
and by your own hand
into white light

Kristina

If only you knew
how much
your most captive audience
your family and friends
deeply loved
and admired you

With clarity
I ache
"You're like Mommy"
your baby daughter
said to me

Sister

you sing
please teach me how

-Kimberly Buchanan

In Loving Memory
Kristina G. McDonnell
November 21, 1961 - March 24, 1989

BIOGRAPHIES

Jamie Antonio is a student at LCC with a history in Performing Arts, but he is empassioned with photography.

Thomas W. Baxter, an LCC student, was born and raised in Michigan and has always been in love with the Earth.

Andre Briggs, whose story *Easy Kill* was previously published in *Denali*, is a student at LCC.

Kimberly Buchanan is an LCC student searching for a way to combine her interests in art and nutrition -- and she just might be on to something.

Paul Bunch is working toward an AA degree in Broadcasting and Visual Design at LCC. He likes photography that explores and inspires thought about human emotion.

Patricia Burrows, currently in the Graphic Design program at Lane, is studying for an associate degree of Applied Science.

Andre G. Chinn is an LCC student studying visual design and production, an electronic musician, and the host of "Another Green World" on KLCC-FM.

Jeff Christensen, a kinder, gentler member of the LCC Student Senate, enjoys staying the course, a thousand points of light...

Lee Darling came to Eugene 28 years ago and never left. She is currently searching for a new career at Lane.

Mark Driscoll is a psychotic bed-wetter and rabid sociopath. Approach with caution. Do not attempt to apprehend.

Shirley Ebner, an art student at Lane for the past three years, plans to be a professional student from now on.

Sean D. Elliot is pursuing a degree in photojournalism. He has completed his time at LCC and will attend Oregon State University next year.

Heidi Ferguson is a Washington native and LCC student who enjoys writing for herself and for her classes.

Molly Gage is an LCC student. Formerly, she was art editor for *Denali*.

Mike Hanson is a graphic design student at LCC.

Les Inwood, a father and an LCC student, is still working on his personal biography.

Bill Kenney, a burnt-out, Master's level psychologist, tries to create images that make the reader see, feel, or think differently about the universe we all share.

Lee Crawley Kirk, a freelance writer from Eugene, has a waterfall on her third-floor apartment deck, where she and her husband nurture flowers and tomatoes.

Rachel S. Kronholm, an LCC student, writes because skydiving is too dangerous, and she can't imagine what else she would do.

Ed Little Crow is a political activist who writes poetry to make his point about what's going on.

Erik Muller is studying French and teaching composition part-time at LCC. He has written poetry for 30 years.

Darci Nash, a sociology major, writes and paints to release stress.

Dee Natzel wants to be an illustrator of children's books and a teacher. A fine arts major, she enjoys art history.

Michael Omogrosso, a Broadcast/Visual Design student entering his fourth year at Lane, believes in Truth, Justice and the American way(is that North or South American he asks himself).

Bob Perkins, a retired Special Forces Army Sergeant First Class, attends LCC and works in the Veterans' Assistance Office.

Michael Primrose will make a photodocumentary of the lifestyles and architecture of the Soviet Union next July for LCC's Social Science Department.

Mary Quarles - "I said to the wind as it took me away, 'That's where I wanted to go today.'"

Denali will begin accepting submissions for poetry, prose, artwork, and photography for the fall issue in November 1989. Please look for posters announcing the deadline or contact the *Denali* office.

The staff of *Denali* encourages people with a native language 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.

Next year's issues of *Denali* can be mailed to you for a \$25 subscription. Tax exempt donations are also accepted. Please make checks payable to the LCC Foundation/*Denali*, 4000 East 30th Ave., Eugene, Oregon 97405.

The Occasional Rose

What is life
But a collection of
Fairy tales and roles?

What is life
But a collection of
Memories and old clothes?

What is life
But a collection of
Thorns and the occasional rose?

-Kara A. Williams

BIOGRAPHIES

B. Ratid is a paranoid LCC student who wishes to remain anonymous.

Danita Reynolds, in her first year at LCC, plans to continue her education and hopes to earn a degree in fine arts.

Bonita Rinehart, a single parent, is an English major and a member of Phi Theta Kappa. She reads voraciously and loves Rachmaninoff.

Mia K. Rollman, a carpentry and building construction student at Lane, draws and writes as a creative outlet.

Maria Rosa is a 74-year-old, 1980 graduate of LCC, native of Puerto Rico. Her work has been published in the 1988 edition of the *American Poetry Anthology*.

Frank Rossini, author of *Sparking the Rain*, is an LCC instructor in the Study Skills Department.

Michael Saker, photo editor of the TORCH, is rounding up prerequisites at LCC for a degree in medical imaging. Saker finds photography a good artistic outlet.

Leisha L. Sanders imbues her poetry with respect for women and nature; her poetry and life celebrate the erotic.

Jeffrey Scharn is a second year graphic design student at Lane and plans to attend Oregon State University.

Heather Scott is a Lane student who plans to study secondary education at the University of Oregon. She hopes to teach English in Japan.

Brenda Shaw is a New Englander who lived and worked as a scientist in Scotland for a number of years. She and her husband moved to Eugene in 1987.

Derek Trost has been a music student for the past 2 years at LCC. He anticipates studying architecture at the University of Oregon next fall.

Aaroun Ivann Donn Varr, a pseudonym Jim Dunevant uses as an alter ego in prose and poetry to work out and deal with heavy subjects in life. Dunevant is the abused son of an abused son and is retraining in graphic design at LCC.

Bob Walter is a carpenter and high school dropout who is glad to have finally found his way back into school.

Kara Williams - "I have been writing since I was 7 or 8; I write because, to me, it is like pouring your blood out onto paper for all the world to see."

Robert D. Willis, an LCC student, finds it hard to verbally communicate his feelings; painting offers a release valve for him.

Jamie Antonio is a student at LCC with a history in Performing Arts, but he is impassioned with photography.



Out on Kunga's Shed

-Sharon Dederick

