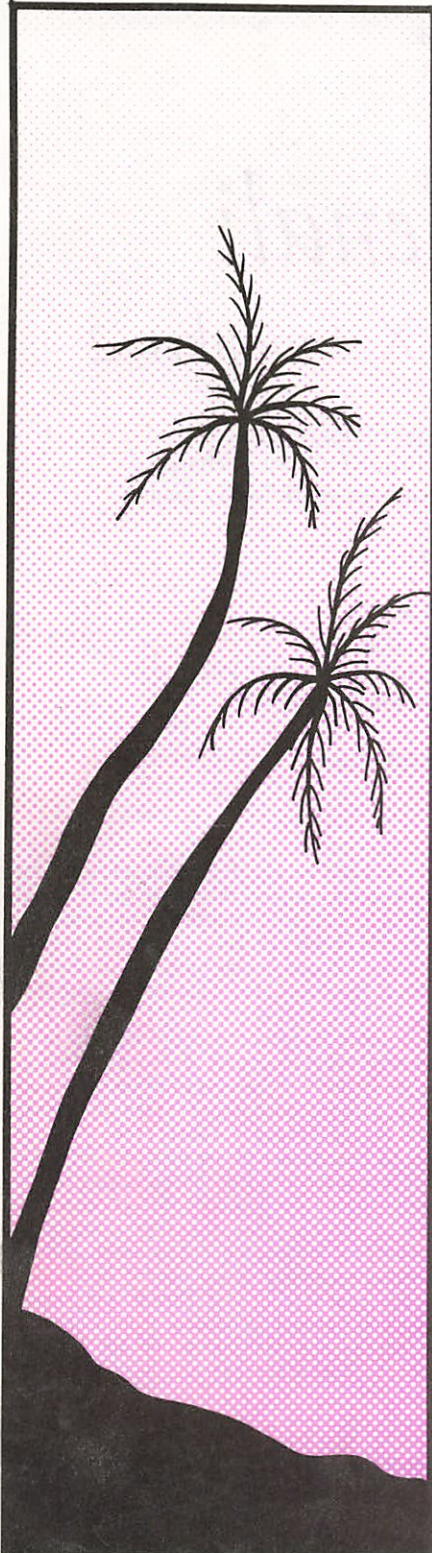


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Snow

A man who had nothing to say
walked everywhere in the snow
and met no one.

-Steve Podry

denali

volume X number 2

Editor/Michael Omogrosso
Associate Editor/Kimberly Buchanan
Art Editor, camera work/Molly Gage
Production:
 Elizabeth Bach
 Jim Dunevant
 Josefina Romero
 Jacqueline Walujo
Technical Advisor/Dorothy Wearne
Literary Advisor/Peter Jensen
 Special thanks to:
Literary consultation/Ken Zimmerman

Editor's Note:

The mid-winter blues have come and are already beginning to evaporate under the occasional rays of pre-spring sunshine. I've started my peas soaking, soon to be received by the warming earth. Cupid's bow has apparently been working overtime and visions of summer dance in the eyes of most I meet. This time of year has always inspired me the most, as if in shucking the frigid cocoon of winter, creative energies are stimulated within to well up in poetic motion.

A new *denali* is birthed once more, bringing conceptual imagery to life with the magic of writing, drawing, and photography, and with this fruition, delivers to the world the seed of creation, concept, to begin the process anew. I hope in tasting this fruit, you will be inspired to create and perhaps join in making the spring issue the biggest and best *denali* ever.

In order to increase the number of submissions, we must seek more funding from either public or private sources. Whether you participate by submitting work, or by simply enjoying *denali* in your favorite easy chair, you can help *denali* become better by making a tax deductible contribution. Make your check payable to the LCC Foundation and be sure to earmark it for *denali*, please, and mail to Lane Community College c/o *denali*.

denali gratefully acknowledges the English and Speech and Foreign Language Dept. and the ASLCC for providing funding of *denali*, and the TORCH for the use of their facilities. Special thanks goes to the dedicated instructors of LCC for encouraging student submissions.

LANE COMMUNITY COLLEGE
 4000 EAST 30TH AVENUE
 EUGENE, OREGON 97405



Gouche de la planta

Josefina Romero

The Woman Who Loved Soap

-To Irna Ratushinskaya, Soviet poet imprisoned
for three years without pen or paper.

Last night your dream touched
a branch: you felt
the bark crumbling under your hands.
Now, with a stick, you carve a poem
into your bar of soap,
the curls dropping around
like leaves. Anxious, you listen

for the echo
of your jailor's footsteps.
You scrub until the soap is blank,
the words your cramped
fingers made soaring
into the clean air
of your mind.

-Mervin Mecklenburg

River of Dreams

In this world of dreamers
None of us just sleep
Through this dream
Some of us get caught
Standing in the rain
Watching the rivers madness
In a glass full of tears
By trying to swim upstream
Some of us will never know
What it's like to be wet
Waiting in our cocoon
For eternal summer
And for the moment
That awakens by magic
As the river flows to the sea
Where dreams find the way
To their destinations in love

-Charles Purkreibitz



Francisco Salgado

a saxophonist in the garden of art
(for Sonny Rollins)

you perch

three

notes on a polished
belly the air
around her pregnant
with the unheard
vibrations your horn breathes

bronze

to wood

to light slicing
the mind's still water
colors spread
under your tongue the young
woman in the yellow dress opens
her eyes explode black
blues in art's garden

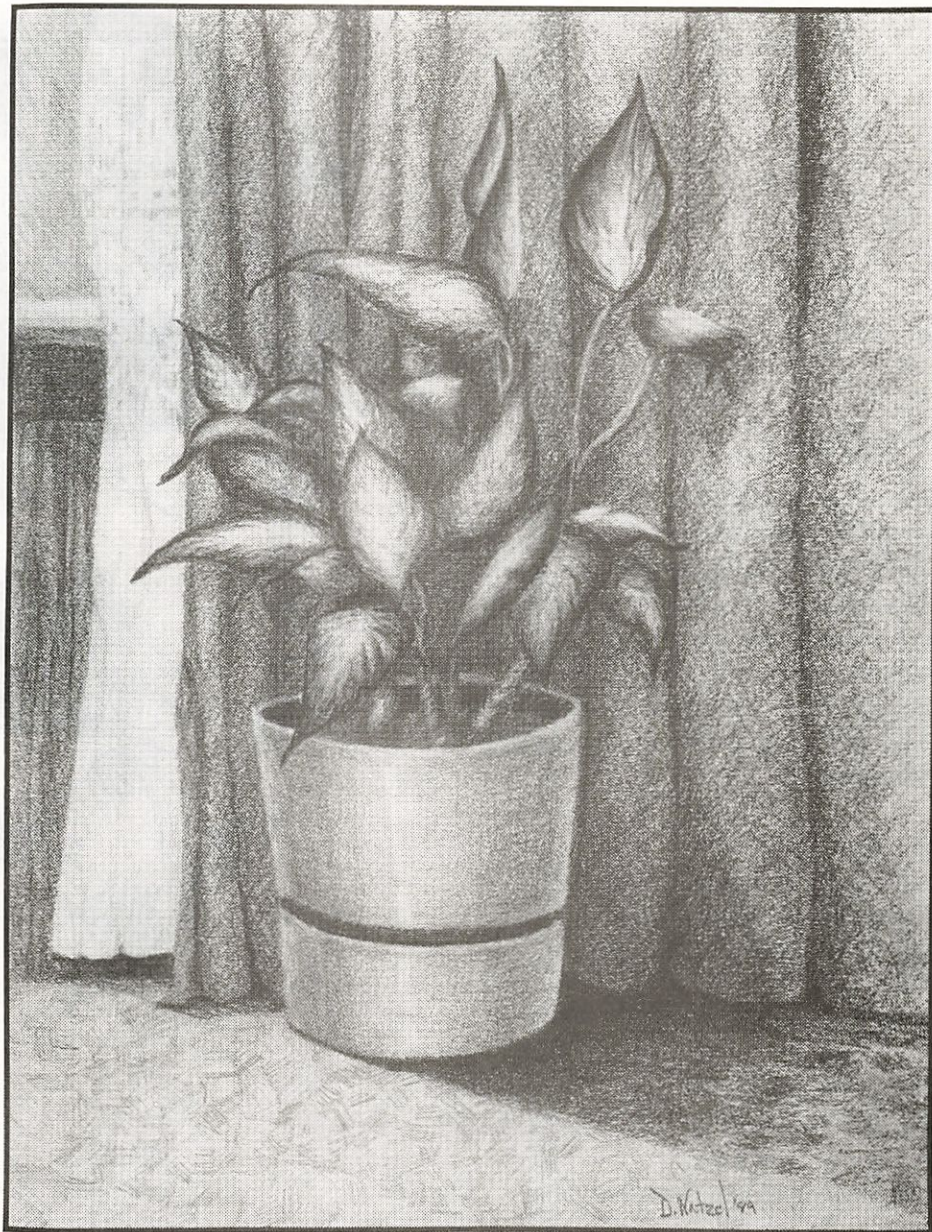
outside the gate police

hold

the crowd

in their arms

-frank rossini



Dee Natzel

Dizzy Spell

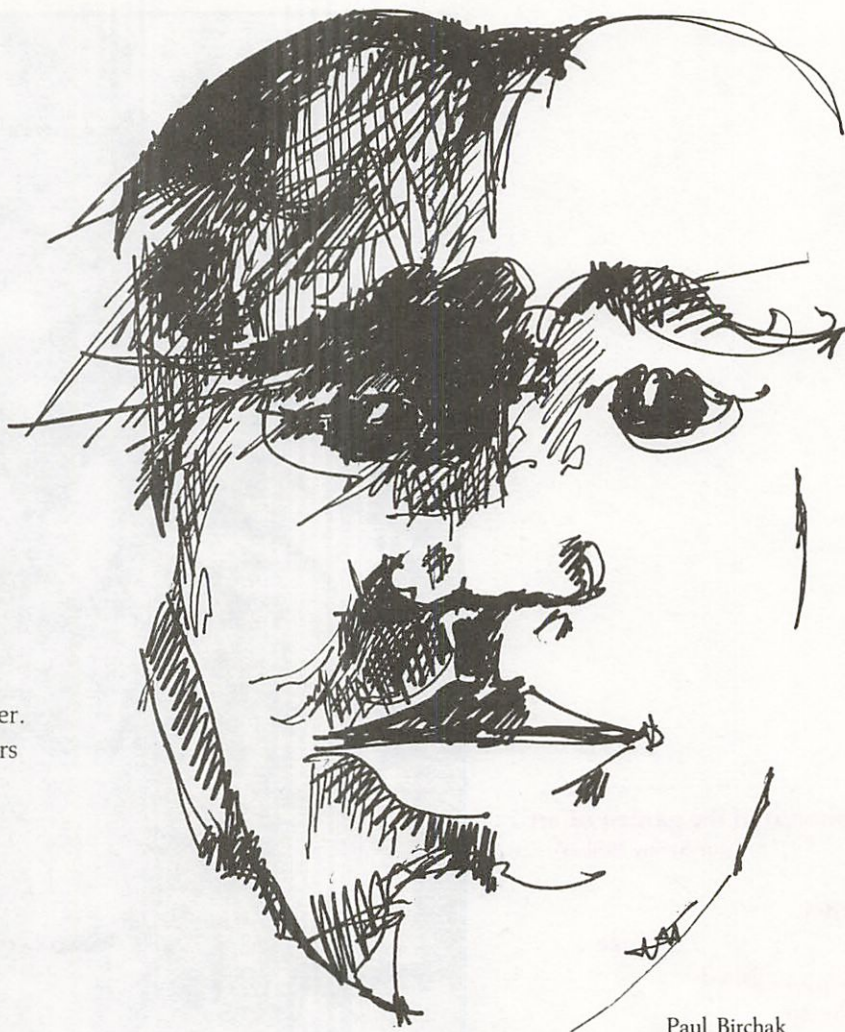
You can be so white and red
In this Victorian context:
Something murderous on the staircase;
A skeletal claw, reaching through blood;
Sick and sensitive, a monster
With the same terrified eyes
In panic on the balcony, and I your mother.
Hold hands with you and count my fingers
Afterward.

Viscid pool
In the heart of thorns
Set round with cadaver lilies.
Like beach pebbles, in the well
Skulls
Crack and tumble, whirling.

On your knees under
Terrible trees made of bone, hung with shifting masks
In the warm night wind
Something makes the branches rattle
But you do not look up.

Overhill to Egypt
For the clean sun on still sand
And a sorrow heavy as the pyramids.
All voices die and echo in the corridors.
I did not live where I could see the vultures and the tombs
But the scarabs I remember, in the dust.

-Ziggy Blum



Paul Birchak

Dog and Sharks

Just another day
With the mad dogs of hell.
200 fishing boats sink
and a young woman
from Portland
is eaten by sharks
Where ya gonna go?
It's all madness
on this hunk
of dirt and water.

Those mad dogs from hell
yap at my feet
when I take a walk
What about the damn leash law!

-Cameron Snyder

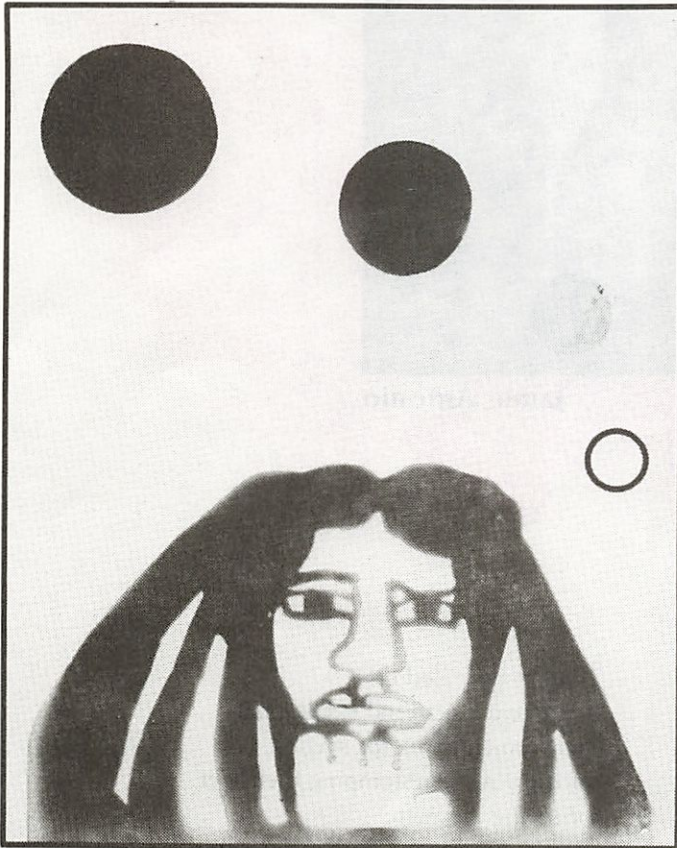
January 31, 1989

The Room

The room is a body
and the body is a room. And a name
is a place, a word a home. I open the door
and the room opens. Small animals
push through brush beside a creek at night.
Their songs send thin ropes out toward the stars.
Darkness slants in through the windows
like sunlight under water, through thoughts
of the future and past. This is a place
of prayer if anywhere is,
if the big room under the dome of the Blue Mosque was

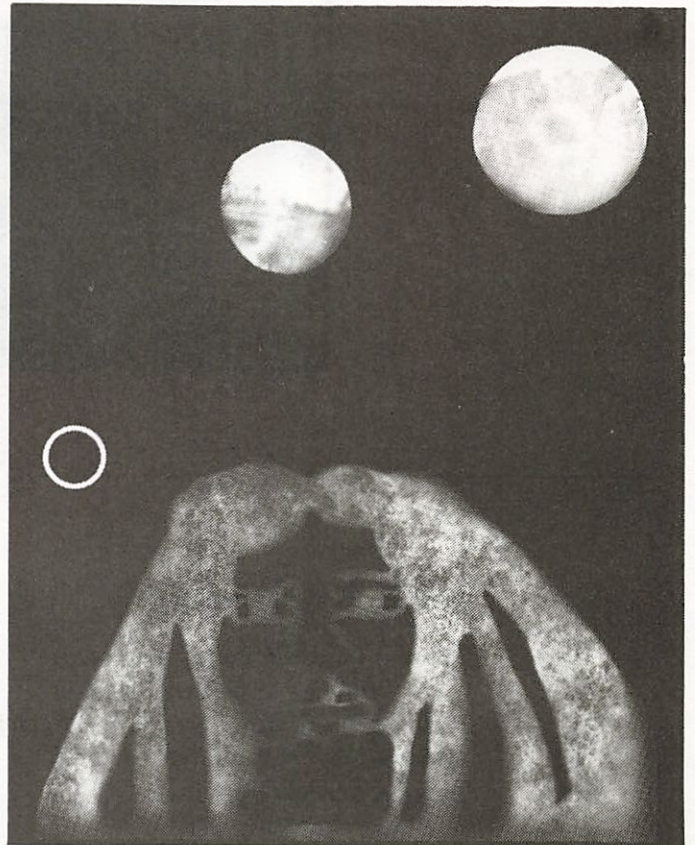
in July, fifteen years ago. In one corner
my mother singing "Strangers in the Night"
in a low voice, and my father in another
out on the boat at dawn, a six year old
boy shivering beside him.
That's where I learned to believe the sea,
convinced at last by its dark rocking
as I lay back and looked up at the Milky Way
like a distant ceiling, lifted
out of myself, while back on shore the others
shook their heads beside driftwood fire.

-Ken Zimmerman



It is Ever Thus

Mary Quarles



The Rising Breath of the Creative



Jamie Antonio

Wolfeboro, New Hampshire

The awkward half moon returns
to its promise of reaching in secret,
finding goats to dance on shelves of granite.
Cliffs below, down hills,
the river bends, curves itself
into town. The men there
have bearded themselves against winter
and fish the lake in shacks
over holes in ice.

Tonight the filled cafe
is where a guitar and fiddle play.
The women come for singing,
for clapping, for stomping their feet,
for seeing the men,
for the weight of a mug in their grip,
to ask or say yes to dancing.
This town is beautiful.

Scott Taylor

No!

I don't want you
to knock at the door
that one day you closed
when you told me
"I will never be back."
that's why I say to you
it never should be said,
"Of this water I will not drink."
Today you come back to me
by life beaten,
your body tired
and humbly you ask me
to open the door
that you closed the day
when you abandoned me.
But in my heart
there is no pity,
neither have I patience
to stand your presence.

No!

No quiero que vuelvas
a tocar a la puerta
que un día cerraste
cuando me dijiste,
"Jamás volveré".
Por eso te digo,
nunca debe decirse,
"De esta agua no beberé".
Hoy a mi lado vuelves
por la vida vencido,
tu cuerpo agotado
y humilde me pides
que abra la puerta
que aquel día cerraste
cuando me abandonaste.
Pero ya en mi corazón
no existe clemencia,
ni tengo paciencia
para soportar tu presencia.

Maria Rosa

Non!

Je ne veux pas que tu reviennes
sonner à la porte
qu'autrefois tu as fermée
quand tu m'as dit
"Je ne reviendrai jamais"

C'est pour ça que je te dis
on ne devrait jamais dire
"Je ne boirai pas de cette eau"

Aupres de moi, aujourd'hui,
tu reviens
par les années fatigué
et par la vie vaincu
et humilié tu me demandes
d'ouvrir la porte
qu'un fois tu as fermée
quand tu m'as abandonnée

Mais je n'ai pas de pitié
dans mon cœur
je n'ai pas la patience de supporter
ta présence.

Herstory

by Della Lee

I

She sat among the flowers, half-hidden by the dahlias, peonies, and chrysanthemums tall against the house, and watched the caterpillar hanging from the leaf, vulnerable in its half-finished cocoon. From the kitchen, she heard the sound of china crashing, and her father's voice, a raw, animal roar. A door slammed; then from the garage came drunken cursing and her mother's muffled wail floating out the bedroom window. She fingered the pages of her book, a collection of Shakespeare's tragedies, such delicate paper to bear the weight of dark thoughts.

The caterpillar twisted as it spun the liquid thread in a slow revolution, and she felt the breeze on the back of her neck and a prickling of her skin and turned her head. She saw her father watching her from the driveway. He stared at her, his dark eyes sunken in shadows. She wiped her cheek with her hand, smearing dirt across her face, and stared back until he climbed into the car and drove away. Clouds of dust rose from the gravel as the Chevy faded in the distance. The caterpillar kept on spinning.

Her mother's sobs were louder now. Carefully, she broke a stem from the chrysanthemum and stuck it upright in the ground, shielding the caterpillar from wandering eyes, knowing sometimes a cocoon isn't enough, and stood up. She shook the clods of dirt from her sandals and rubbed at the soil on her knees. The sunlight was fading behind the clouds, which were rolling quickly across the big sky, the big Kansas sky. Never was the sky so full, unless a thunderstorm was coming. She picked up her book and thought of Ophelia's solution as she trudged up the steps, but the dry, greedy land sucked up all the water that fell, sucked it out of the gulleys and creek beds in a day or two, leaving only puddles for the mosquitos to use as breeding grounds. No escape, no escape from here.

The waist of her shorts was too tight, binding her movement, pinching her breath, as she sat at the piano.

Schubert and Chopin were waiting. Straightening her shoulders, she began to play. "I'm growing up too fast," she thought. She was big for seven.

II

The rain dripped cold from the leaves as she huddled under the tree and dried her eyes. It reminded her of Oregon: green ferns along the trails of Shotgun Creek; wild iris and tansy ragwort filling the pastures; deer and possum risking the highways, black and shiny in the constant rain. Fifteen years there, and now this. Would she ever get home? One of the babies began to wail, and she flicked her cigarette away, not looking where it fell, not caring if all of Michigan turned to ashes, and she with it. The spring mud grabbed at her feet as she headed for the trailer. The other child was wrenched from her nap, and her cries joined those of her twin. She picked up a scrap of towel left on the steps and wiped her feet.

Inside, she filled two bottles with water and crumbled a peppermint stick, adding half to each. The babies sucked greedily on the sugar water as she changed their diapers and carried them, one by one, to the sofa. Soon they tossed the bottles aside and fussed for something more substantial. A dull, throbbing ache stretched her skull.

She pulled off their socks, and they laughed, distracted, as she counted their toes: "This little piggy went to market, this little piggy stayed home, this little piggy had roast beef for dinner, this little piggy had none, and this little piggy cries, 'wee, wee, wee, wee' all the way home."

Her mind had been filled with shadows these many months, but on this spring day, the fog began to clear, perhaps washed away by the rain, or her rage. He should have been back hours ago with the milk, some bread, and maybe some meat, but she was sure he had sold the food stamps again or traded them for dope. He'd come slamming in around midnight, she supposed, and yell for

Herstory

his dinner, then beg her forgiveness tomorrow.

Quickly, before she changed her mind, she bundled the girls in their coats and carried them to the shopping cart outside the trailer. She laid them on a blanket and draped a garage bag over the top to deflect the rain. The wind at her back shoved her down the road to the pay phone less than a mile away. A car raced past, flinging muddy water on her legs, and she sang, "Some glad morning when this life is over, I'll fly away!" The babies kicked their legs in the cart, and waved their tiny fists, and screamed.

At the pay phone she punched the numbers quickly and jiggled the cart, waiting. At the sound of her mother's voice, she began to cry.

III

He was reading a poem by James Whitcomb Riley, a clippity-clop rhyme that tugged at her memory. She closed her eyes and drifted from the college classroom to a prairie church, thirty years in the past. One Thanksgiving, in Kansas, she had memorized that poem. Everyone in the district -- except her father, of course -- had been there: a town's worth of people in their rusty black suits and flowery hats, classmates sniggering in the back pew,

her mother -- dreams on deposit, and Reverend Johnson tapping his foot, while she recited, "When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock." She remembers crisp red taffeta and black patent leather and fingers nervously twisting behind her back, the smell of old wood, and a blur of faces and hands, smiling and clapping for her.

Later, she sipped hot coffee between classes, glad to be in Oregon, glad to be alive. The air was sweet with the scent of the pines, and the rainmist felt clean on her skin. Now four years old, the twins were making new friends at day care, and she had earned the respect and friendship of the women in her Transitions class; in less than two years, she would be at the University, and, not far in the future, she would be teaching at a college like this one. Life was good.

She thought of her teacher. Perhaps some day she would thank him for reading that silly old verse, not even part of the American Literature textbook any longer. He couldn't have known that it would call forth a little girl who was brave enough to be smart, and creative enough to survive, and strong enough to be remembered.

The woman needed those qualities now.



TWO BEE RED WITH MUCH HUE MORE

Won Fart - 2 Beets
Naked Fission On Blind Street
Froot Looped, Spanked, And Spoken
Spewage From Mouth Uh Jokin'

Lying In Schoenberg's Dogma
With Dissonance Built
While Others Crave
Romantic Sounds Of Syrupy Silt

New Cage For Monetary Lines
Snot Coagulated On the Vine
Spiritual Toilet Bowl
Permeating Gandhi And EWEB

As These Thoughts Keep Flowing
Like Philosophical Puss
From My Frequently Geekish Head

-Sean M. McDonald

RESOLUTION

She's full of brass.
She swings her ass
like a lioness on the prowl;
trying to make men whistle
or howl up the hollow
canyons between resolution
and desire. Her fire
would burn holes
through any canvas
a painter put her on.

At night, she sits
alone. Disconnects
the telephone. Listens
to Mozart on the stereo
while losing mascara
on the collar of her shirt.
That buttocks-rolling walk,
the talk suggesting sin --
an act to hide herself
from the empty eyes of men.

-Lee Crawley Kirk

For Kara Anne,
With loving memories of a special journey.

Bryce.

Awesome,
Silent monolithic rhapsody.

Immortal Temple,
Cathedral-spired ethereal creations
In white, vermillion, pink, and gold.

Holy Bryce,
Spiritual muse of
Voiceless communication.

-Ken Powis

Yellow Center Line

Loud Rockin' Music
Pop Pop Poppin'
Rockin' Loud Music
O Pop O Pop O Poppin'

Hissin' Rubber On
Shiney Wet Pavement
Yellow Center Line
Hisopin' Hisopin' Hisopin'
Look! Oh Man! Like Man!
My Old Aunt Waddlin' Along!
Hobwobbel Hobwobbel Hobwobblin'
Along!

Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane!
Pop Pop Poppin' ----- Opop Opop
Opoppin' Along!
POPinnn POPinn popinn popinn inn inn POP!

Yellow Center Line
Fur -- Guts -- Bones -- Sweet Soul
Washed Out Dried Out Flaaat So Flaata On
Yellow Center Line
Save For One Tiny Gray Hand With
Opossable Thumb Palm Up In Appeal On
Yellow Center Line
Pop Pop Poppin' ooo... ooo... Poppin'
ooo... ooo... Possum... ooo... ooo... Opossum

-Nan Kennedy

You Can Measure Time Any Way You Like

A face. Hands.
Grandmother's cool skin
wrinkled finely,
weighted with its catch.

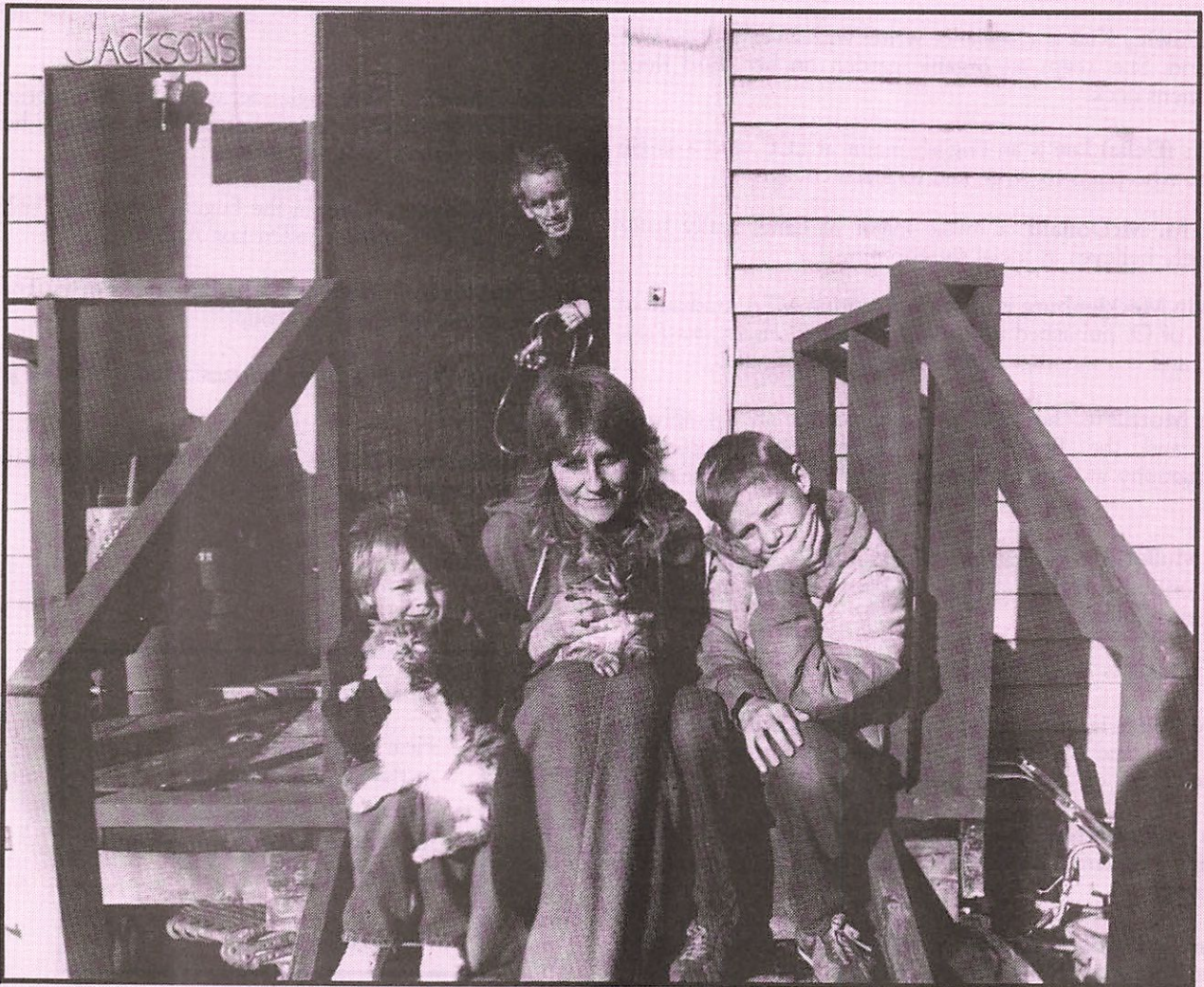
Each day the sun
crosses to the miller
and is chipped so fine
it slips through bags.

One almanac shoe
predicts more rain,
then drying & cracking.
Its toe waits to break
tomorrow's surf.

The unshaded
bulb shouts Now.
Darkness plunges.
Sleeping we don't count.

How many times
have I stood by
the sink looking outside
and filled a glass
with water
and tilted my head
all the way back
to drink?

-Erik Muller



Franklin, Bonnie, Scooter & Papa
Springfield, Oregon 1988

Susie Morrill

BIOGRAPHY PAGE

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

Ziggy Blum is an artist, writer, and musician who has attended LCC.

Paul Birchak is enhancing his art at Lane and says, "I am a tool of the earth. I must create while I'm alive."

Travis Doane claims T.S. Elliot and the paintings of Dali as influences. He is a fan of industrial music, Doctor Who, and James Dean.

Nan Kennedy, a mother of two and a registered nurse, is studying art education at LCC.

Lee Crawley Kirk is a freelance writer with a very supportive husband. She keeps an organic garden on her third floor apartment deck.

Phyllis (Della) Lee is an English major at LCC, and a single parent who plans to write and to teach college.

Sean M. McDonald, a music major at Lane, really truly sincerely believes in social stereotyping.

Mervin Mecklenburg is a creative writing MFA graduate of the U of O, published in *Pacifica*, *Windmills*, *Helios*, and *Poetic Space*, and is a member of the Lane Literary Guild.

Susie Morrill teaches basic and intermediate photography at LCC and the EMU Crafts Center. She directs the Photography at Oregon Gallery at the U of O Museum of Art.

Erik Muller is a veteran poet for almost 30 years, teaches composition part-time at LCC, and is a member of the Lane Literary Guild.

Dee Natzel is an LCC student studying art.

Steve Podry teaches "Stresswriting: Inner Conflict as Entertainment", and is a therapist in private practice who "...lives at the corner of psychology and art."

Charles Purkrebitz, born in West Germany but a 20 year Eugene resident, is a sophomore at LCC majoring in sociology.

Kenneth Powis is the father of three daughters, a grandfather, and a returning student at LCC.

Mary Quarles is pursuing art and psychology at Lane, hoping to use both in a career in counseling.

Josefina Romero is from Mexico City and in her second year as a graphic arts student at Lane.

Maria Rosa is a 74-year-old, 1980 graduate of LCC, native to Puerto Rico. She has published two books, and enjoys painting with oils.

Frank Rossini is a published poet and author of a book called *Sparkling the Rain*. He is an instructor at LCC in the Study Skills Department.

Francisco Salgado is from Mexico City, beginning his study of photography at Lane in '86, and plans to continue at the U of O.

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.

Cameron Snyder, living in the Eugene area since 1973, is a refugee of "the monster called Los Angeles".

Scott Taylor is a member of "The Big Time Poetry Theatre," a Eugene area performing group.

Jacqueline Walujo is from Indonesia and is studying graphic design at LCC.

Ken Zimmerman teaches English Composition at Lane and the staff thinks he's just the sweetest guy ever.

Heat Lightning

Heat lightning
in the air, a hatless man
standing at the edge of
the glow of a bright streetlamp
watching moths...

-Steve Podry

"SONIC DEATH PRECEDING THE RISE OF THE YOUTH"

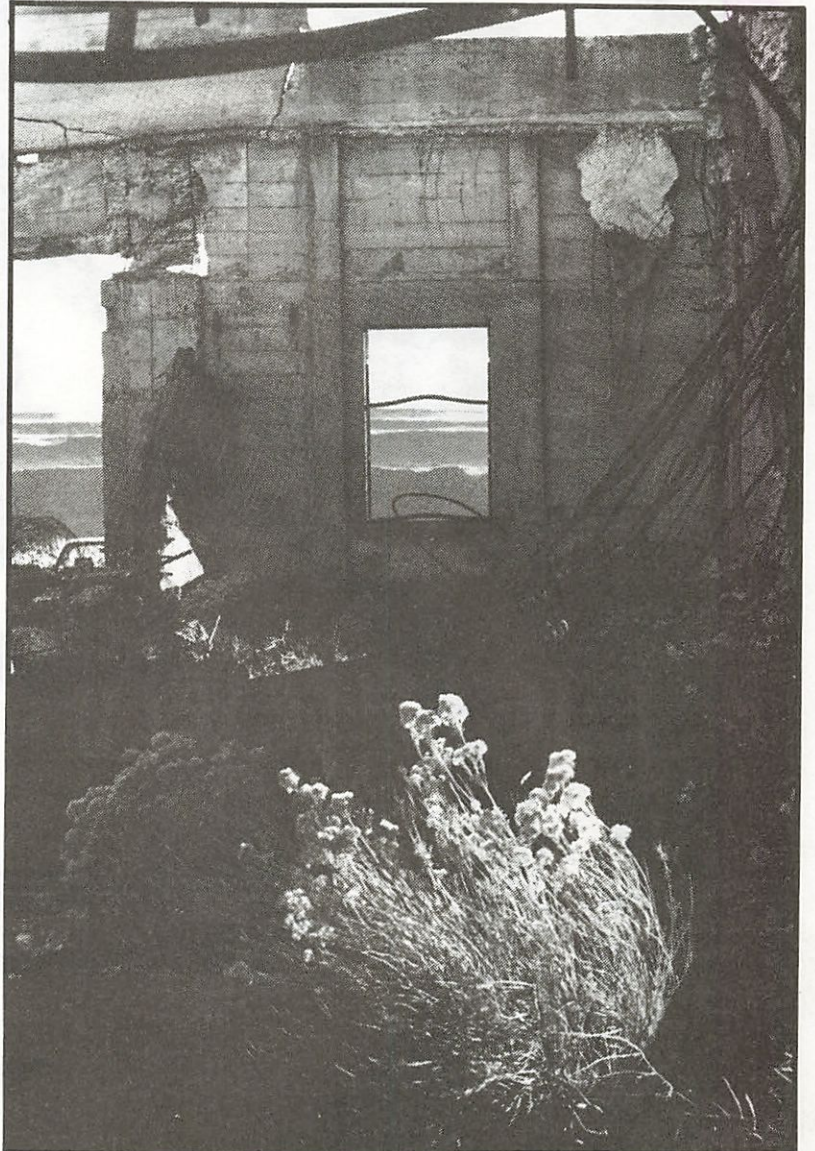
(for Jack Barnett, "Hautgraben")

the house has burned down.
the people with the horse-arms have tried to hold the roof up.
collapse.
the flies escaped, their wings are singed.
the paleolithic bones under the floor
dance macabre, roses and teeth.

he sleeps in the sun.
his eyes are skin-graves for dried insects.
life is built on knucklebones.
the bone-jungle rattles.
teeth go down.
he is in communion with muscle-earth
whose stones are songs to him.

a halo of green.
sternum.

-Travis Doane



Jamie Antonio

