

[Fall 1990]







ceramic mask by Dan Wells

## Some Recurring Nightmares

"Nightmare # 317"

A screaming rage choked voice  
"All right, you filthy obscenity  
quit dripping blood all over my shiny shoes  
and get your dirty cut throat  
(off my knife!)"

"Nightmare # 89"

God but it hurts to be murdered.

poetry by William A. Jenkins

**Lane Community College**

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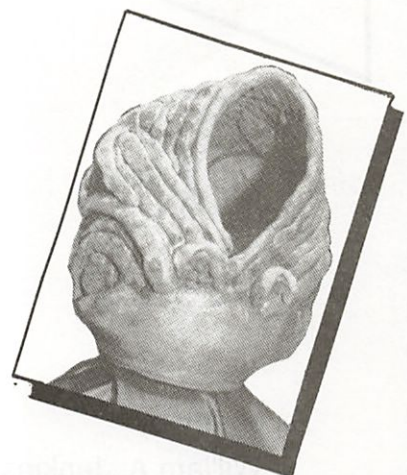
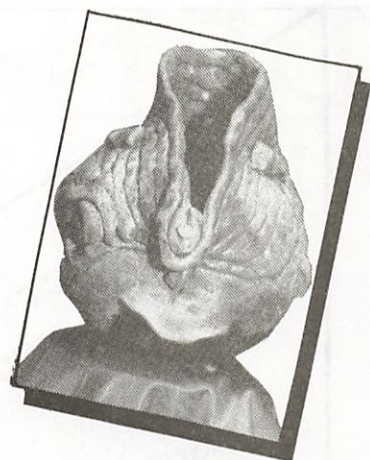
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Ugly Pots  
ceramics by Alex E. Lanham



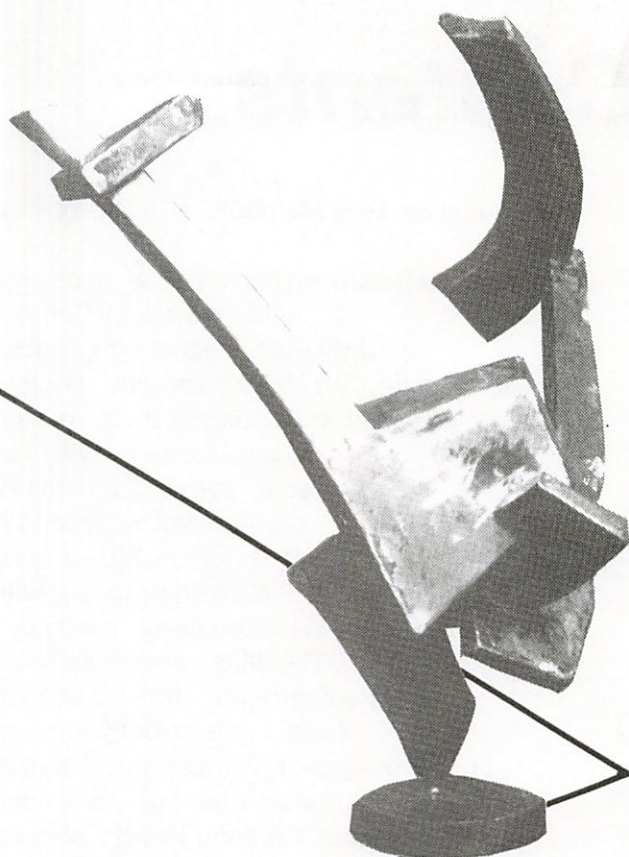
SONNET #  $\nabla \nabla R 2$   
 (R = .79788)  
 OR  
 THE ENGLISH MAJOR'S LAMENT  
 poetry by Michael Beller

Geometry--science of shapes from Hell.  
 So wicked it torments me in my sleep,  
 Figures with the spirit of Jezebel,  
 And geometry books sure aren't cheap!

Scalene triangles have no side equal.  
 Lines that aren't in the same plane are skew.  
 Supplementary: angle with sequel--  
 This isn't math; it's a mental thumbscrew.

I can't use n-gons in pentameter.  
 I don't need to construct angles to live.  
 I won't say, "Hey, babe, nice perimeter."  
 But there's no way to escape. I'm captive.

Geometry problems I can't deduce.  
 I don't comprehend, I guess I'm obtuse.



steel sculpture by  
 Andy Wachs

## Rule of Thumb for Young Writers

Always avoid using words

which have more syllables

than your nose has inches!

(Fortunately for me I have a rather large nose

which enables me to use such words as

'misconbobulationability'

and still remain well within the limits

of correct proportion).

poetry by  
 William A. Jenkins



photography by Robert Willis

## A DREAM

Lightning sharp when they adorn me

with the brilliance of falling stars

folded in a gentle sky.

Your eyes, float softly

on a voice of cascading

colors of light

like silk ribbons spiraling from the heavens

in my mind.

Raining neon drops of glass splash

from your tongue, exploding

into prisms of bodies.

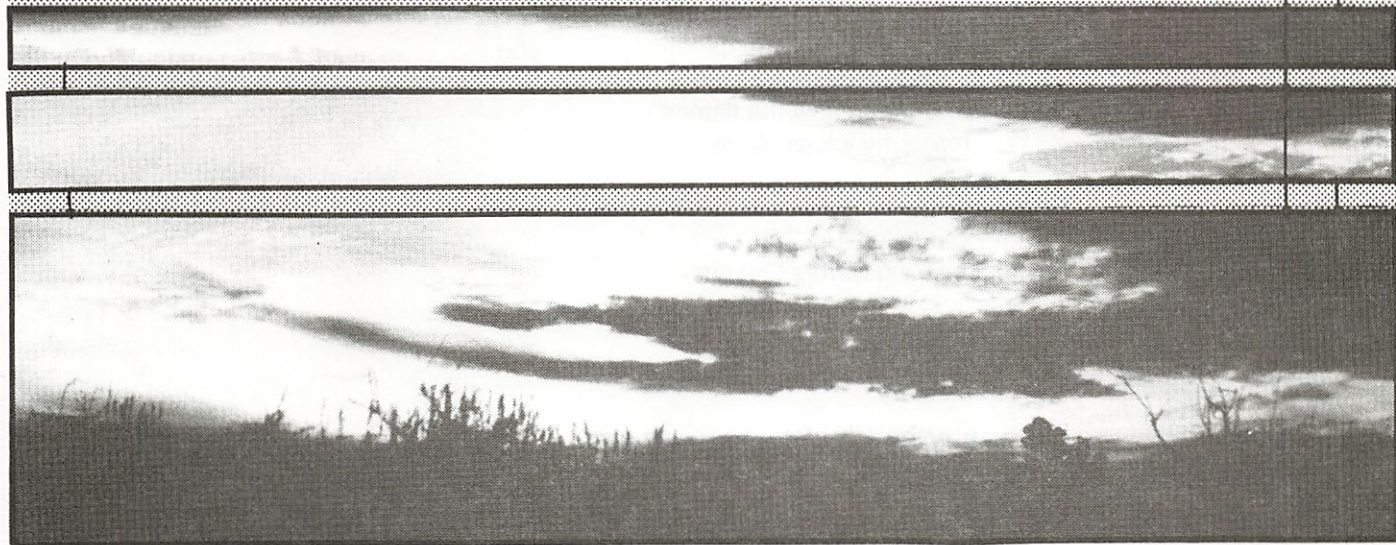
A rainbow pool nestles among

clouds of my thoughts.

An electric waterfall of winged flowers

a mirror image of a dream.

poetry by Sabrina Panasuck





# B-B-Q

Here's my beef:

who defines what a woman's body should be?

Who says that one kind is better than another?

Men freeze when a skinny blond passes,  
like pointers at a goose  
quiver, as if to savor  
the rushed nerve pulses  
in their groins.

Betty Boops,  
strutting around in minis,  
dress to accent  
their attention spans (brief),  
flutter their lashes,  
nitpick their food, and  
coo idle conversations.

If I didn't eat  
those three buttery breasts  
for dinner, succumb to the generous  
second scoop of ice cream,  
what would my man hang onto for the  
bucking Brahma  
ride of his life?

Make a feast of a sparrow,  
you groveling mongrels.  
Come on, I dare you to  
fire up the grill, now,  
toss that sparrow  
up here,

see  
how

she

shrivels

and watch how the flames  
make my juices sizzle.

Come on,  
sauce 'em up,  
Lay those Blond Barbie Queens  
next to my  
prime rib.

poetry by Lee Blackburn

airbrush by  
Cuong Lam





## On Surprising a Goshawk

As I went out the door  
the hawk flew up; circled low.  
That is all: there was nothing more.  
Just myself, going out,  
and the hawk, looking from below  
like a small silver kite.

A few wingbeats to start his flight,  
then that gliding spiral in the air,  
delicate feathers catching evening light.  
For an instant: a shape pinned to the sky,  
head tilted for a momentary stare —  
then a straight line into the trees.

poetry by Lee Crawley Kirk

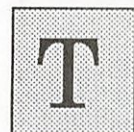
El Capitan

photography by Jim Jarboe



# R e a s s u r a n c e

fiction by Bonita Rinehart



he child crawled to the end of the bed and over the foot rail, onto the lap of the huge stuffed panda that sat on the chair by the foot of the bed. She brushed her cheeks and hands against the smooth, prickly plush and tried to burrow into the bear's chest. The bear's arms were too short to reach around her. She wanted to be held.

She pretended. She did a lot of pretending.

"I wish you were real," she whispered.

Then she climbed from the bear's lap over the arm of the chair and the foot rail and back onto the bed. She pulled the quilt up to her nose and drew in the warm air of her breath. She watched the bear sitting so still in the waving pool of moonlight.

It was a sin, she knew, and she would probably go to hell or at least purgatory for it, but she wished the bear would become real. The arms would grow long enough to really hold her and the legs would become real legs and walk very fast as he led her away. He would have a voice — she wouldn't have to whisper, "I love you," and pretend someone was saying it to her. The eyes would really see. They would see her and not think she was too plain or ugly or hateful. The bear would never think she was hateful. She loved the bear. The bear loved her.

The bear didn't love them. The bear didn't like what they did. The bear knew what they did. The bear knew they put him in her room to frighten her. She wasn't afraid of the bear, though. She knew the bear loved her.

The bear would grow sharp teeth and long claws and be very, very strong. The bear would have a fierce growl, a roar that could rattle the windows and make the blood clot. When the door opened, the bear would stand and be

taller than them, and when they came into the bedroom, the bear would growl and roar and they would be afraid. They would know what it was to be afraid. They would come into the bedroom and the bear would tear them with his claws and his teeth and there would be a lot of blood and it wouldn't be hers. They would scream and the bear wouldn't put his paw over their mouths, because everyone should hear the screams, and they would cry and the bear wouldn't say, "Stop crying or I'll give you something to cry about." The bear would say, "Cry more," because that was what they really meant when they said, "Stop crying."

She would watch. She would sit in her bed and watch.

There would be a lot of blood and it wouldn't be hers.

The door opened.

She pulled the quilt over her face and closed her eyes tightly. If you don't see, it doesn't really happen. If you don't look at the person, you are not sure who did it and it doesn't really happen.

The quilt and the sheet were pulled back. She pressed her lips very hard together because she knew you weren't supposed to scream. If

you scream people will hear and know how bad you are.

The bear watched. The bear sat on the chair and watched and tried to grow bigger and have sharp teeth and long claws and real legs and arms and be able to growl and roar. She knew the bear watched.

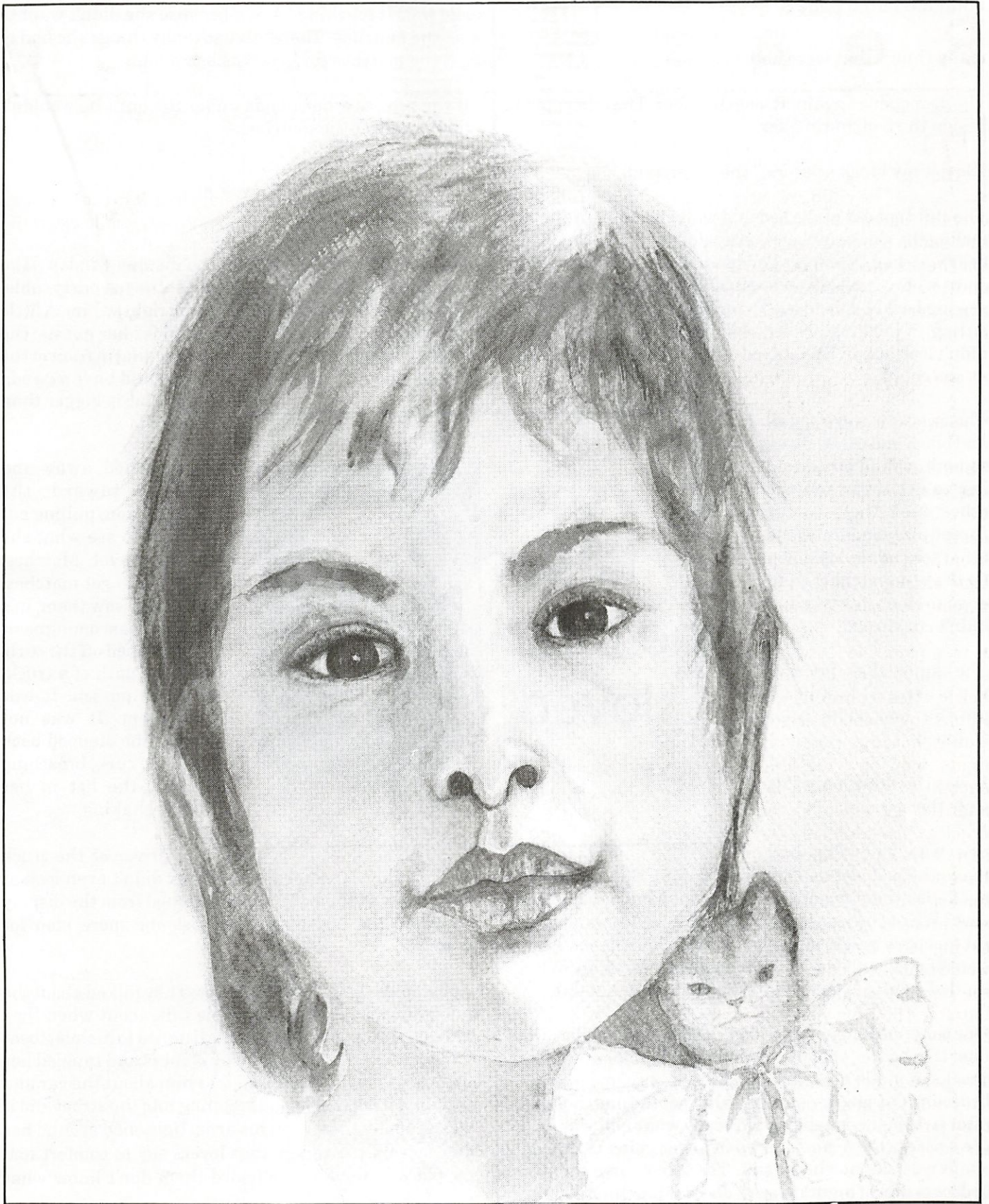
The door opened again, and closed. She was alone with the bear.

The bed was wet. It was bad to wet the bed. She did so

**"It was  
a sin,  
she  
knew ..."**

continued on page 10





Erica      watercolor by Ana Lee Lively



many things that were bad.

The door opened again. It was the other. The other stood beside the bed, hating her.

"Go get my black scissors," the other said.

The child got out of the bed and walked across the floor, feeling the ridges of the wood against her bare feet. The bear watched. She went downstairs and there were red spots where she walked because she had been bad. The sewing basket was in the living room. He was in there, sitting in his green chair, reading the newspaper. He didn't look at her. She stayed as far from his green chair as she could.

The scissors were small and black and pointed and sometimes the other told her to get them and the other used them to cut thread and sometimes the other told her to lay down on the bed and take a nap or go to sleep, it's late and didn't cut thread.

She handed the scissors to the other and laid down on the bed. The bear watched.

It was the same, only this time the scissors.

She was bad. She had made the bed wet and she was hateful. She wouldn't even kiss them goodnight and what kind of a child is that? When she was just ten days old she wouldn't even take a bottle unless she was laid down with it; she made herself rigid and screamed if she was picked up. What kind of a child is that? Hateful. Just plain hateful.

One time she had touched herself there, and it felt nice, like the bear's smooth, prickly fur felt against her cheeks; it made her warm, and the other came into the bedroom and saw her and made her get the matches and after her fingers so she would know what hell was like, the scissors there and she wasn't ever going to do that again was she no she wasn't. The other came into the bedroom a lot of nights to see if she was touching herself, but she never was. She kept her hands on top of the quilt, except when she pulled it up over her head. She left her hands on top of the quilt so the other could see

she wasn't touching herself because she didn't want to get the matches. There were so many things she had to get the matches for; she was bad a lot.

If the bear saw her hands under the quilt he wouldn't tell her to get the matches.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The woman stood in front of the display window. The panda was sliding from his chair at the tea party table. A hand reached into the display and righted him. A little girl doll sat at the table and poured for her guests: the rabbit, fox and bear. The woman standing in front of the display thought, "Every little girl should have a panda bear that is bigger than she is."

"... she  
knew  
the bear  
loved  
her ..."



She turned away and walked toward the intersection, pulling out her list to see what she had to do yet. Matches. She had to get matches. Then she saw them, in a car that was coming near. She stepped off the curb, into the path of a truck. The car passed. It was not them. It was not them. She stepped back onto the curb, breathing deeply, the list in her hands shaking.

The driver of the truck swore at her. The people in the car didn't even look at her. It wasn't them. The bear watched from the display window. She hurried home, just one more stop for matches.

At home she lit forests of candles. They talked about the insignificant things that people talk about when they are safe with each other and she listened to his heartbeat and brushed her lips against his chest and tangled her fingers in the fur there and told him about the car and thinking it was them and stepping into the street and it wasn't really them, and his arms tightened around her and he said the things that lovers say to comfort and people who have never heard them don't know what they are.

The panda bear sat in the display window, waiting. ■



raku ceramic bowl by  
David Adam Edelstein

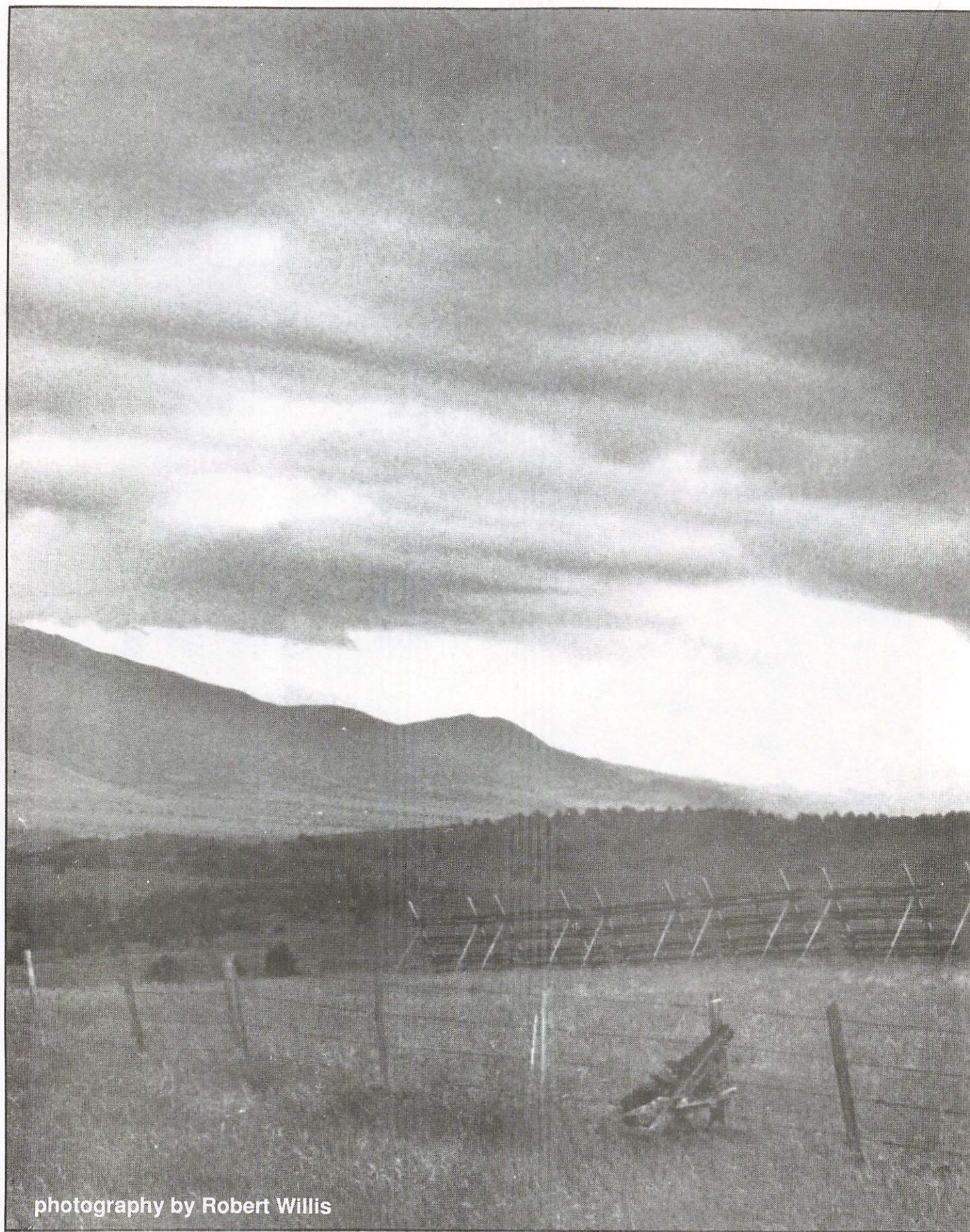


## Messages of Silence

I dream to speak such words  
that all the world  
will hush to hear each glittering  
jewel of truth  
but as I gird my soul  
for declamation  
a rain drop falls  
or a night bird calls  
and I can only mutely  
nod agreement.

poetry by William A. Jenkins





photography by Robert Willis



# YET ANOTHER YIN/YANG POEM

Jenny, you blew through my life  
Like a Chinook Wind  
Warming my winterbound heart  
With your girlish delight  
That a man turning grey at all his edges  
Would court someone so translucently green  
So cheerfully alert to the light above  
I imagined, I guess  
That you would be true to us, if not to me  
Then I felt the dull blade of indifferent betrayal  
Slip between my ribs like a skeleton key  
Unlocking your next escapade  
Suddenly you were gone, ditching me  
In this backwater town  
Off to school in another country  
Jenny,  
Call me when you pass through  
This state  
I'm in

poetry by  
David Johnson



# in deep forest sunshine

In deep forest sunshine

there follows a stream

along the cool green

basin of a moss saddled woodland

hill and high

up against the patchwork sky

where cedars reach halfway to heaven

a lone hawk watches each ripple of the slyly meandering rivulet

with one eye reserved for the forest floor-

in search of prey the hawk awaits

his strike in circling flight-

instincts alive

a paradigm of universal light

of millenniums compressed

as death and life combine

in a fragment of a second

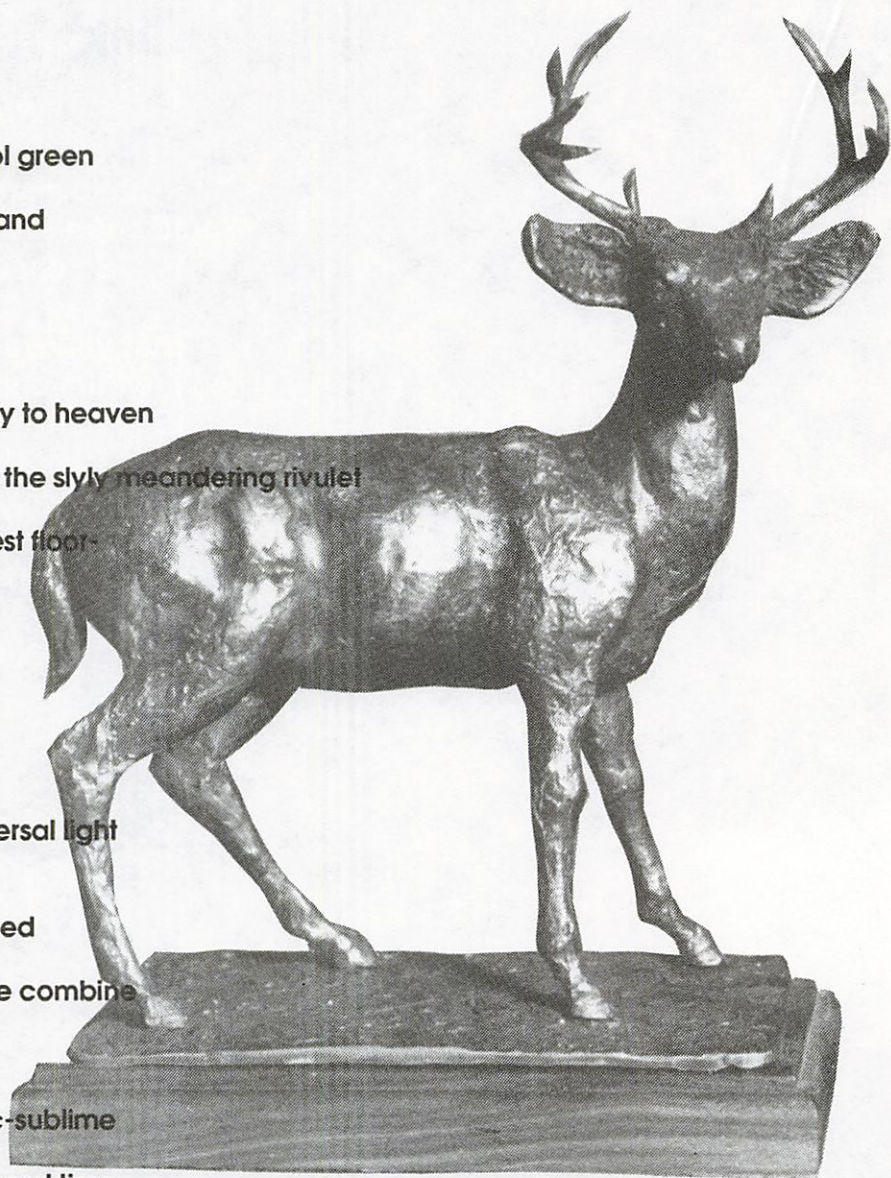
to effect the synthetic-sublime

of an illusion cast in space and time

calm is destroyed ere it's restored

as if omnipotence were pitched from high above a shrine

/the hunter seizes its prey in its prime--



poetry by Richard Lewis Leebrick II

sculpture by  
Floyd C. Wilson



# OLD BARNS, OLD BONES

Out here, old barns shift  
to show and hold the shape of wind.  
Brambles, their slender thorny fingers trembling,  
search the cracks between complaining boards.  
Bracken elbows old foundations,  
unfurling green flags where it has won.  
Old wood, bones of barns, Oregon-grown,  
sinks to slumber in the soil where it was born.

poetry by Lee Crawley Kirk

Frenchglen  
photography by Deborah Pickett



# The Bout

I, who have been excused  
by masculine deities  
with their ten-syllable diagnoses,  
can rest  
reprieved  
while my sisters  
who also suffer  
from attacks of the heart  
fight on breathless  
punching sixty cents on a dollar  
boxed into a corner  
hostile to single mothers.

I, who am ordered to rest  
for at least three weeks  
or possibly four  
until further evaluation by the  
primary care deity in consultation  
with associate subsidiaries (male, of course),  
scrub the dishes  
scrub the floors  
scrub the children  
scrub the clothes  
dry, fold, and hang  
my priorities  
while I negotiate with day care providers  
financial aid administrators  
welfare case workers  
lab technicians  
dieticians,  
and I root from the sidelines  
for friends (women, of course)  
wrestling in economic bondage  
sans referee or official sanction.

I, who am excused (albeit temporarily),  
gather my strength  
while another scar forms  
on an officially recognized portion of my anatomy.  
I fill my lungs with oxygen  
enriched frustrations,  
poised for the bell  
signalling my re-entry  
into the struggle.

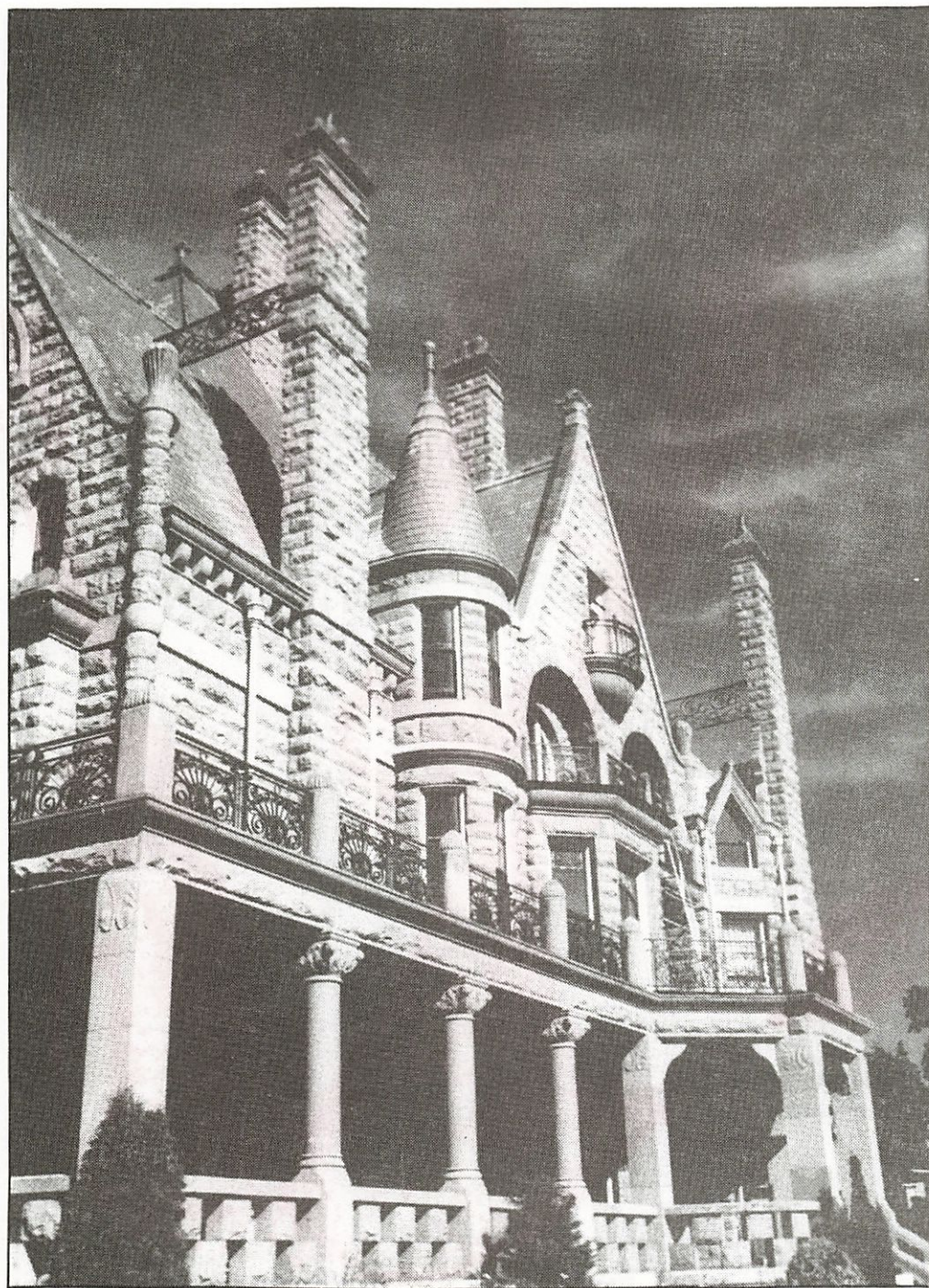
poetry by Della Lee



Terra Cotta Study  
sculpture by  
David Chalat



# downstairs



i wake up at 3 a.m.  
and pace the floor  
with bare feet.

downstairs  
a scratched record  
shrieks  
somebody  
somebody  
somebody

i wonder who  
and why the walls  
are trembling.

no. i am not  
a fair maiden  
pacing a red heart  
over southern hills  
from a blood moon.

my heart is whole  
the moon is white.

i am not drowning from grief  
in ponds of despair.

there are no  
ponds in my rooms.

but the walls are trembling  
i know  
the walls are trembling

my feet are cold.  
my ears are numb from  
somebody  
somebody  
somebody  
shrieking downstairs.

photography by Erin Naillon

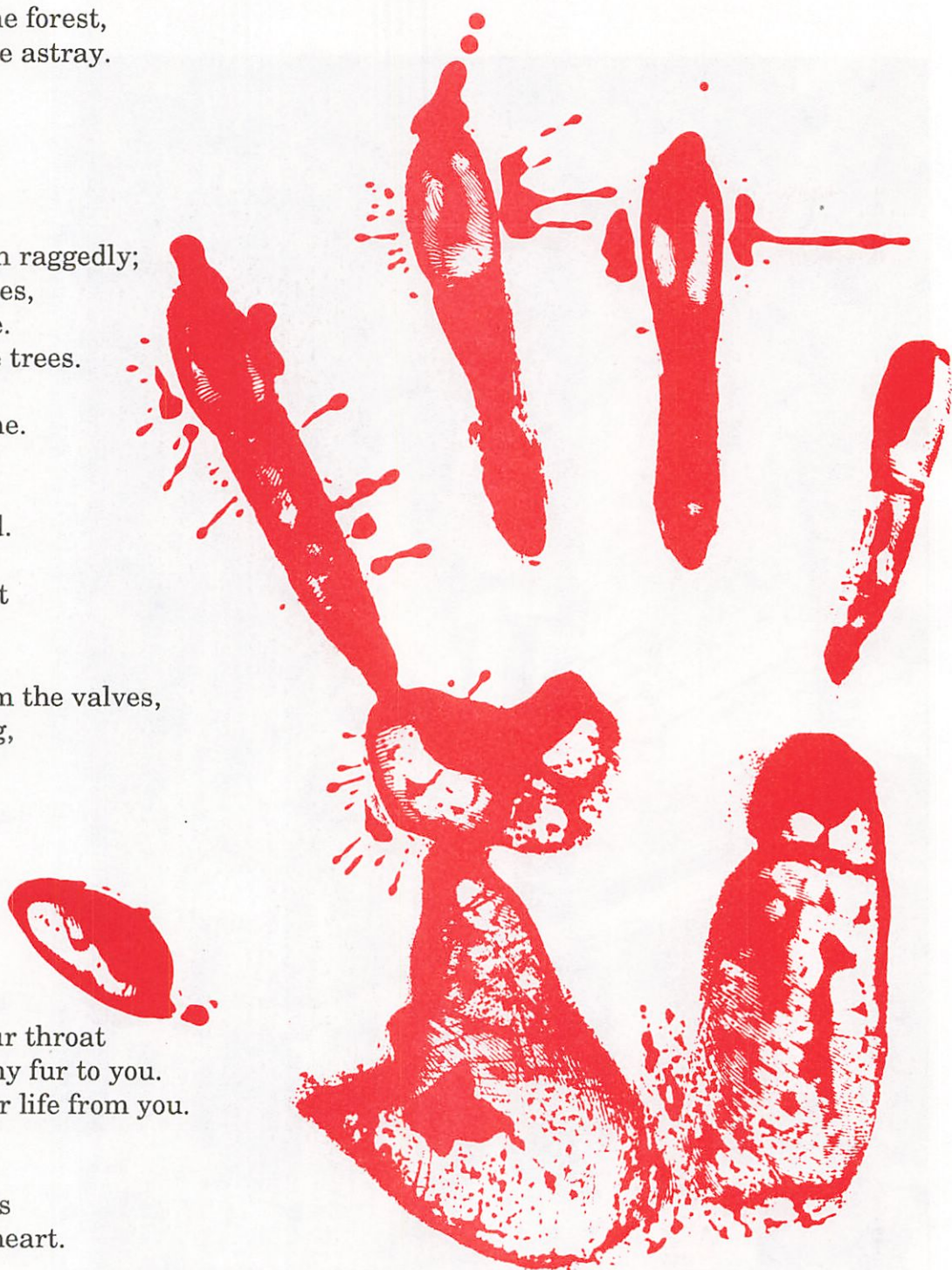
poetry by Stephanie Shell



# Red Horizon

Wandering through the forest,  
my thoughts have gone astray.  
I smell blood.  
It is me.  
My heart has been  
ripped  
out of my chest.  
The wound hangs open raggedly;  
blood drips to the leaves,  
forming puddles of life.  
Something stirs in the trees.  
I raise my head  
to behold you before me.  
You stand,  
naked,  
my heart in your hand.  
I watch  
as you smear my heart  
across the sky,  
my life's blood  
continuing to flow from the valves,  
the red warmth falling,  
like rain,  
upon the woods,  
upon me,  
in my eyes.  
I see my pain,  
my anger,  
in this red haze.  
With a snarl, I leap.  
My teeth sink into your throat  
as your hands grasp my fur to you.  
You laugh as I rip your life from you.  
For you know  
that I cannot live  
when your hand ceases  
to guide my bleeding heart.

In the forest,  
side by side,  
we three lay.  
Wolf-woman, man, and death.



poetry by Keri Baker



photography by Robert Willis

# One Night

One night off Newfoundland  
in waters where even Viking ships  
must have foundered,  
there were three of us on a forty-foot  
sailboat in a hurricane.

The night sky and forty-foot seas  
were all one: we rode up black  
mountains to breakers on top.  
I sat on the forward deck and poured a can  
of oil to slick each wave right when  
one hundred mile winds hit.

Then, we were blasted by the atmosphere  
of sea, rain, and wind so fierce  
that long after in my bed, I dream  
that the world is attacking our boat,  
and mountainous waves give way to waves of rocks.

In this nightmare,  
waves of air spin and drill the atmosphere  
and blow away all life.

poetry by Peter Jensen  
(After #76 from One Hundred Poets  
chosen by Hokusai)



# THE H E I M P E R S O N A T O R

A ruffle, a curl, a spot of honey dew  
Perilously high shoes  
(If that's what it takes to be a woman, then i don't wanna be one)  
Now get your lips on straight-HONEY!  
Slow crawl (she approaches the counter)  
The clerk does not speak, but her eyes scream, "What do you want?"  
"I would like to fill out an application in order to become a woman"  
The clerk (past her prime, at least in her own mind, thus paralyzed)  
chuckles with a low growl as she hands her a lengthy form  
Eyes downcast  
with both hands she grabs and manages a humble "thank you"  
Step #1. Darken both eyes  
Step #2. Accent your cheekbones  
Step #3. Renovate your mouth (remember when applying make-up, pay no attention whatsoever to  
what nature intended you to look like)  
Now, let's see how you walk  
Yeah, look slim, chin up, head high, now slide, curve, walk as if you're  
gliding, walk, now turn, shake it up, hip hop, walk honey walk!  
Confused by the instructions her hands sweat and shake  
She pokes herself in the eye while applying mascara  
she does not bleed  
she squirts Chanel #5  
Upset by the probing questions on the application  
she wonders if she has a body part to bargain with  
Meanwhile . . . troops of professional women march by  
Militant in green, purple, red, and pink eyed  
visibly disturbed by such competition  
she gives the walk another try  
her legs slide  
her dress is too tight  
her hair isn't right  
her insides cry  
The clerk behind the counter has witnessed the entire process  
and she drops a quick dime  
Later that evening she's arrested for impersonating a female  
A background check proves revealing  
no ability to recite lines misleading  
her vocabulary lacks familiar phrases such as:  
"I'm soooooo sorry"  
"Give me some money"  
"Help me"  
"Giggle, giggle, gulp"  
She's locked in solitary for being unable to give reasons  
reasons for the desire to be herself  
unpainted, unwaxed, undone  
she's paying the toll  
of letting someone else decide  
the value, the definition, the connotation  
Of being a woman (if that's what it takes to be a woman, then i don't  
wanna be one)

poetry by Marta L. Budd

steel sculpture by  
Andy Wachs



# Every Thing in Its Place

As was her habit & his mute insistence  
The widow irons suntans, whipcords,  
Khaki workshorts from Monkey Wards;  
Stacks them neatly on a cardtable  
Glowing with the astral patina of Thursday night  
Pinochle games.

On another table, folding, aluminum,  
nifty for picnics at the lake,  
She stockpiles National Geos, May Brands,  
Louis L'Amours, his Outdoor Lives.

Here in the dark, aromatic cave of their garage,  
She lays out the implements of his evenings,  
Hammers, chisels, hatchets, levels, putty knives  
Wooden handles worn smooth by an earnest palm,  
Steel edges still as sharp as his last stroke

And I, browsing among these oddments  
Of a creased, decent life,  
Find trousers too wide, shirts too big,  
Tools that too easily fit my hand



Out of Service Man:  
Homage to a Dysfunctional Society  
sculpture by David Chalat

poetry by David Johnson



# Mammalogy Specimen

poetry by William A. Jenkins

Far pale star

your flicker light

seems a blue steel needle

through the night

that pierces my eye

and pins my brain

to a display board

called time.

## Seashell

I left a year of my life  
Imprisoned in the swirls of a seashell  
The calling of waves binding  
With whisper cords.

poetry by Bonita Rinehart



raku ceramic bowl by  
Alex E. Lanham



# Contributors . . .

**Keri Baker:** "Look up the word 'untitled' in the dictionary. That's me!"

**Michael Beller** likes chocolate. "Yup. That's it, folks."

**Lee Blackburn**, a single-parent mom, will soon get her walking papers from the LCC Criminal Justice program.

**Marta L. Budd**, an LCC student pursuing a degree in English, enjoys poetry, literature, art and all forms of music.

**David Chalot** has lived in Italy and Switzerland while studying art. Presently he is enjoying life in Eugene and teaching figurative sculpture for LCC Continuing Education.

**David Adam Edelstein** on ceramic art: "The true mystery, the true joy, is in the creation. I guess you could say some of us never get over wanting to play in mud, and wanting to play with fire."

**Jim Jarboe** is a former timber worker who is studying for a degree at LCC in broadcast visual design. Last summer he attended the Ansel Adams Fifteth Anniversary Workshop in Yosemite National Park.

**William A. Jenkins:** "Let the bastards laugh. I still stagger-walk the soil above their bones and chant my lifesong against the coming of night. But, oh God . . ."

**Peter Jensen**, LCC English Instructor, claims writing poetry helps teach all other writing skills. "I like Japanese poetry because its traditions are so strong that they allow poets to control wild feelings."

**David Johnson** is a native Eugenean. He is Contributing Editor for *What's Happening* and does freelance writing and graphic design.

**Lee Crawley Kirk**, a.k.a. Captain Kirk, has been published in William Stafford's *The Long Sigh the Wind Makes*. She is a frequent *Denali* contributor.

**Cuong Lam**, a native of China, has lived in the U.S. for the past twelve years. "Art has been a part of me all my life. This is my first experience with airbrushing."

**Alex E. Lanham** has worked in several media: glass, print making and now clay. "The 'Ugly Pots' series is still in transition. Their form represents the feminine in all of us."

**Della Lee**, last year's *Denali* editor, is currently studying literature at the University of Oregon.

**Ana Lee Lively:** "I come from a family of artists. I feel like I'm following family tradition and having fun while I'm doing it."

**Richard Louis Leebrick II** is a full-time student after twelve years of cooking professionally. "Boy, does it feel good to get out of the food service industry!"

**Erin Naillon** freelances as a photographer and is currently Photo Editor of the *Torch*.

**Sabrina Panasuck**, an LCC student and single mom, is planning to attend law school after obtaining an English degree from the University of Oregon.

**Deborah Pickett** is this year's *Denali* staff photographer and was Photo Editor for the *Torch* last year. She has instructed at Maude Kerns Art Center.

**Bonita Rinehart**, an LCC English major, describes every day as an adventure. "I cannot imagine what it would be like to be bored."

**Stephanie Snell** is an LCC first-year student studying dance and writing. She views poetry as "a way of getting in touch with feelings and expressing myself."

**Andrew Wachs** has studied in Southern California and at Portland State University. He is interested in the uses and capabilities of steel as an art medium.

**Daniel Wells:** "Just like you, I'm a completely unique bundle of drives and tropisms and experiences; a largely illusory interface, expressing the ever changing relationships of the inner and outer universes."

**Robert Willis** works in various art media including photography, painting, drawing and sculpture. "Just an art student having fun."



