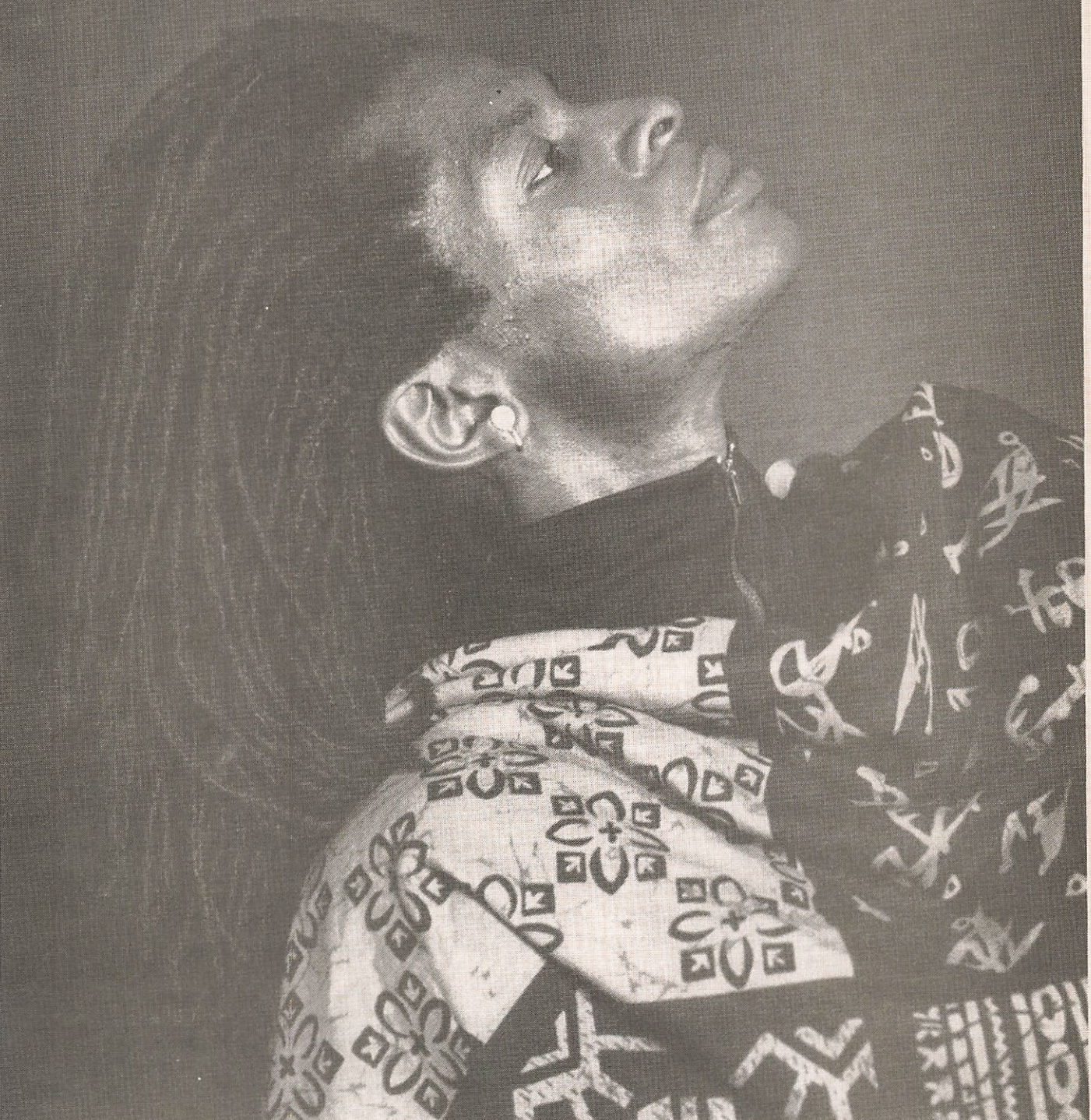


Fall 1991

# DenAli



Lane Community College

# Denali

*Mission statement: to seek the high place within ourselves and support others in their climb to their own high places.*

**Editor:**

Bonita Rinehart

**Associate Editor:**

Marta L. Budd

**Art Director:**

Deborah Pickett

**Photography Editor:**

Troy Krusenstjerna

**Assistant Editor:**

Ray A. Young

**Editorial Board:**

Keri Baker

Stephanie Baldwin

Marta L. Budd

Quinton Hallett

Peg O'Hara

Dore Hovey

Deborah Pickett

Robin Robbins

Bonita Rinehart

Mira Rinehart

Dahna Solar

Donna Sower

Kathryn Steadman

Ray A. Young

**Production Manager:**

Stephanie Baldwin

**Production:**

Stephanie Baldwin

Marta L. Budd

David A. Edelstein

Troy Krusenstjerna

Michael Omogrosso

Deborah Pickett

Bonita Rinehart

Mira Rinehart

Robin Robbins

Kathryn Steadman

Dahna Solar

Donna Sower

Ray A. Young

Sequoia Warner

**Literary Advisor:**

Peter Jensen

**Production Advisor:**

Dorothy Wearne

**Denali Logo Design By:**

David A. Edelstein

## Editor's Note

The name of our magazine, *Denali* means "high place." In keeping with this name our mission is to seek the high places within ourselves and support others in their climb to their own high places. The submissions for this term impressed us with their intensity, beauty, uniqueness. We wish we could have published all of the excellent pieces of art and writing you were generous enough to share with us. We have gathered a representative sample of your work and hope you find something in *Denali's* pages that you feel was included especially for you. We will be showcasing your writing and art through readings and an art show Winter term — there's just too much fine work to limit it to the pages of the magazine!

Thanks are due to a staff who worked patiently and tirelessly with a new editor, our "editors emeritus" Michael Omogrosso and Robin Robbins, Steven Mueller and Thomas Rubick for special technical assistance, and advisors Peter Jensen and Dorothy Wearne whose presence as people was as valuable as their professional expertise. Thank you!

*Denali* welcomes your suggestions, comments and criticisms (they help us to learn!). Submission deadline for Winter term is February 7th. Thank you for being part of *Denali!* Sursum Corda!

God bless you all,  
Bonita Rinehart

### Announcements:

- Lane Writers Club and *Denali* are holding an essay contest Winter term. For information contact Sharon Thomas in the English and Foreign Language Department or Bonita Rinehart at *Denali*.

- *Denali* is sponsoring a Young People's Poetry Reading to benefit Food for Lane County and Toys for Tots. Students 1st through 8th grades, will read their poetry on Saturday, December 14, from 1 to 3 pm in the Blue Door Theatre of the Performing Arts Building. Admission free with donation to either organization.

- Deadline for Winter *Denali*: February 7th.
- Please pick up your submissions in the *Denali* office.
- Look for coming *Denali* events including an art show and readings.

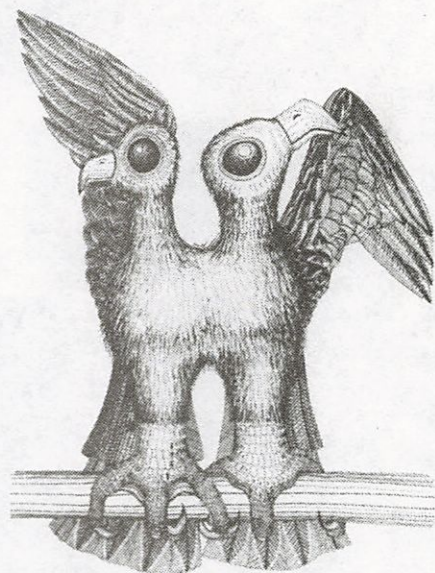
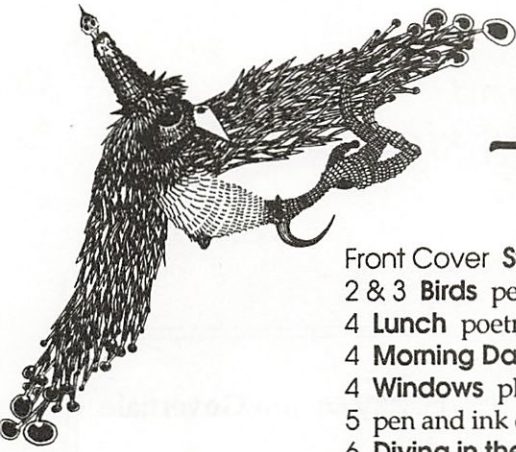


Illustration by James L. Hovey

---

Lane Community College: 4000 E. 30th Avenue, Eugene, OR 97405

Copyright 1991 *Denali*. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reprinted or reproduced without the expressed written permission of the author. Fall 1991. Volume XIV Number 1



# -Contents-



- Front Cover **Steev Moore** photograph by Deborah Pickett  
2 & 3 **Birds** pencil drawings by James L. Hovey  
4 **Lunch** poetry by Jim Governale  
4 **Morning Damnation** poetry by Kenneth D. Milchak  
4 **Windows** photography by Paul Stapleton  
5 pen and ink drawing by Jon Hancock  
6 **Diving in the Dark** fiction by Don Stahl  
6 illustration by Mira Rinehart  
8 **All-Weather Man** poetry by Quinton Hallett  
8 **Entropy** sculpture by Benj Estep  
9 **Untitled** poetry by Bonita Rinehart  
9 **Fog** photograph by Jack Popowich  
10 **I Only Get Grins from the Flaming Horse that Haunts my Noosphere**  
poetry by David Johnson  
10 **Lavender Dress** poetry by Joan Edwards  
11 **Out for a Spin** poetry by Joan Edwards  
12 **The Artistry of Carol Westlake** Text and photography by Michael Omogrosso  
13 **Profile of Carol Westlake** photography by Michael Omogrosso  
14 **La Matiere Gris/Grey Matter** poetry by Nancy Spain Cockrell  
14 **Clouds** photography by Troy Krusenstjerna  
15 **Jewelry Spread** rings by Clayton Richards, jewelry by Beam Barrett  
16 **Steev Moore** sculpture by Jerry Williams  
17 **Steev Moore** photograph by Troy Krusenstjerna  
18 **Perfect Bookmark, Beard of my Blood** poetry by Rachel Indigo Cerise  
18 **Copper Head** jewelry by Beth Hazzard  
19 **Vi er for mange til arbejdet** poetry by Thorkild Bjørnvig  
19 **We are too many for the jobs** translation by Jytte Reinhold-Jensen  
19 **(No More Im)ages of War/Choose Peace** photography by Guy Weese  
20 **Davey** fiction by James C. Lynn  
22 **Working for the Company** fiction by Kara A. Williams  
24 **Sonnet Three** poetry by Michael Schlesinger  
24 **Feather** pen and ink drawing by Nancy Allen  
25 **Secrets** poetry by Ken Zimmerman  
25 **Hand** woodcut by Dahna Solar  
26 **Elk Turds in the City** poetry by Jason Kuttner  
26 **Eugene Mall** poetry by Kathryn Steadman  
27 **Woman on the Mall** poetry by Bonita Rinehart  
27 **Bus** photography by Paul Stapleton  
28 **Bargaining** poetry by Kathryn Steadman  
28 **Girl with Eggs** illustration by Mira Rinehart  
29 **Nana** poetry by Rhonda Lindsten  
29 **Still Life** poetry by Robin Kelly  
29 **Champion Creek** poetry by David Johnson  
30 **Passing of the Storm** poetry by Mary Chestnut  
30 **Feather** illustration by Nancy Allen  
31 **Squirrel** pen and ink drawing by Nancy Allen  
Back Cover **Topi** pencil drawing by Deborah du-pont-Ellis  
Back Cover **Oregon Haiku** poetry by Quinton Hallett



## *Morning Damnation*

*I woke this morning with dancers in mind  
Something like ballet, but not nearly as kind.*

Poetry by Kenneth D. Milchak

## Lunch

Poetry by Jim Governale

Between Katzenzacks'  
and the Dari Mart  
lies a parking lot and a street  
and a lot which is non-concrete  
and I wonder waiting for my veggie sandwich  
if the staff at Katzenzacks ever manage  
to strike conversation or a cigarette  
across the street with the Dari Mart set

Photography by Paul Stapleton

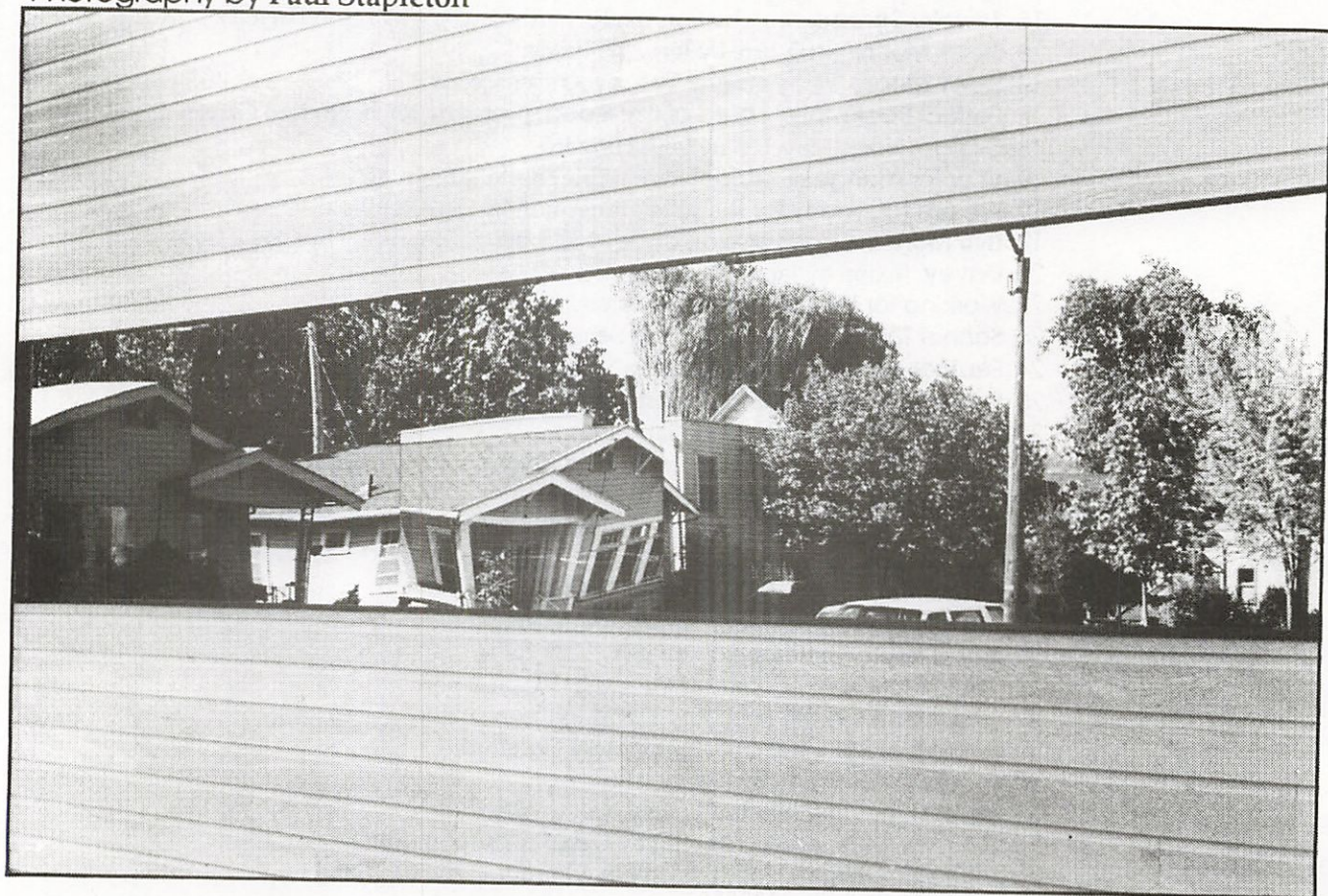




Illustration by Jon Hancock

# DIVING

Fiction by Don Stahl

Illustration by Mira Rinehart

# DARK

in the

Even after dark, after the harsh sunset faded, the air stayed hot. It hung motionless, syrupy with the smell of ripening cantaloupes, and it separated Paul and Ellie like sticky glass. She was showing Paul the summer constellations: "Draco," she said, "the head there, body curving around the Little Dipper. Cygnus over there. Cassiopeia." They stood near the garden and did not touch.

Following her pointing finger, nodding, Paul let her voice slide into the sound of the creek. He wanted to stroke the back of her neck and push his fingers up under her long hair, but he did not move. Ellie unsettled him. When she spoke the words came from an interior he couldn't explore, as if she was an island and he drifted offshore in a boat, fascinated, waiting for signals.

They worked in the same office: stocks



and bonds, financial planning. One day she asked him his sign. "Leo," he said, lying only a little for the sake of virility; his birthday was actually three days into Virgo.

She nodded and looked out the window, where dogwoods and ornamental maples scorched under the July sun. "They should water more often," she said. She laughed.

Baffled, he chuckled aimlessly; much later he decided she had been amused by the joke of landscapers — professional gardeners! — who planted shade-loving trees on a dry southern exposure. Then, remembering the way she laughed, he wasn't sure. There was an undercurrent of hardness, as if the trees had not measured up. She showed no sympathy.

But though she could be hard, Ellie knew secrets. She lived in the country and had a garden. To Paul the produce

section of the supermarket was foreign ground, and when he went shopping he bought beer and microwave dinners. When he thought of her growing tomatoes and lettuce and eggplant he imagined mysterious labor, the secrets of fertility.

He asked her to dinner. They went to movies and disagreed about the plots and acting. At last, standing beside her in the night, he smelled melons.

"Paul," she said. "You haven't been listening."

"Well"—

"Where's Draco's head, then?"

"It's a tangle to me," he admitted.

She sighed, turned away from him, walked toward the creek. He started after her but the dark unnerved him and he stumbled. When he came to the deeper gloom at the edge of the trees he stopped. "Ellie?" he called.

She spoke suddenly, almost at his elbow: "I can see you, Paul. Can you see me?"

"No." His voice sounded lost, and he made it a joke: "You're not there, are you? You're an astral projection . . . You're an enchantress, and I'm doomed."

She touched his arm. "Come see what I've found." He edged forward and saw a green bit of light, cupped by her hand. "Glow-worm," she said. "The light's in his tail. You'd hardly notice him in the daytime."

"You'd probably notice, enchantress. Why does it glow? Is it a sexual thing, a come-on for the female?"

"Maybe. I'm not sure." Pinching it between thumb and forefinger, she held the worm up. Then the light disappeared — she had crushed it. Paul heard her laugh beside him in the dark. "This fellows come-on didn't get him very far, did it?" she said.

The air was stifling. Paul felt it squeeze his lungs. He didn't want to question her; maybe the worm was just a garden pest. "Let's go back," he said. "I'm thirsty."

"No. Come on." Taking his arm and pulling him along, Ellie ducked into the trees. The creek, invisible, muttered ahead. "There's a pool," she explained. "A swimming hole. You'll see." Leaves brushed his face as he shuffled behind her and he batted them away with his free hand. Sweat stung his eyes.

When they reached the creek, though, he couldn't see the water. There was only a glitter of reflected starlight where the trees opened out a little, and the steady splashing of a riffle. "Take off your clothes," Ellie said. "The best way is to dive in."

Paul kicked off his shoes and stepped out of his shorts. He felt rock underfoot, gritty and warm. "How far down —?"

"Oh. Ten feet, more or less." She sounded breathless. "Not a long dive. The water's deep."

He groped with his feet for the edge. Perhaps, he thought, it had been only a gardener's distaste for insects — and he was no glow-worm. But even ten feet might be a killing fall if she sent him headfirst onto rocks.

"Ellie?" he said softly.

"Go on. It's very deep." Her voice gave nothing away. "Go ahead and dive, Paul."

Overhead the stars burned like phosphorus. He stared up at them. There had to be a way he could excuse himself without losing face. But he could think of no hold he had on her. "I can't," he said finally. "I'm too scared."

Ellie said nothing.

"Help me out." For the first time a breeze touched his face, and again he smelled the ripening melons. "Ellie, do you think we can go together?"

He heard fabric rustle as she slipped her dress off, and then she took his hand. "We can't dive, you know — it's more awkward with two. When I squeeze your hand jump straight out and hold on tight. Do you understand?"

Paul took a long breath. "I do," he said.

## All-Weather Man

Poetry by Quinton Hallett

Every day for thirty years  
the all-weather man made coffee,  
fed the dog and walked the same route  
over chipped slate steps  
from the house to his workshop,  
the back third of a country barn.  
His wife would stand at the window  
wondering what it was about machines and tools  
that kept him rapt.

Out in the shop there were lathes and saws,  
clamps and vises. Seasons found him  
among his instruments, turning table legs,  
bargaining for time. With his tools  
he could fix anything,  
except fifty years' tobacco smoke.

When his legs, heavy as andirons,  
began to pool with blood  
he stayed in the house, sat in a wheelchair  
facing a window which faced the barn.

Growing impatient about the unused shop  
and silent machinery gathering dust,  
and suggested an auction. When he didn't protest,  
she called the auctioneer to set a date.  
While she dialed, the all-weather man  
swiveled his chair away from the window  
which faced the barn.

Auction day came and so did a van  
to swallow the shop and take it to town.

She steered him into the hall,  
weathered man in bagging corduroys  
and plaid flannel shirt.  
He wheeled past his tools scattered on tables,  
imagined replacing them inside chalk outlines  
he'd drawn for each on his pegboard wall.


Item by item the hammer came down:  
ratchets, a drill press, four types of sanders  
a "fully operational, newly conditioned  
worm-drive saw."

When the last bid was over,  
she left him alone and went for the car.  
When she returned he was turned to the wall,  
his hands arcing slowly  
above the wheels of his chair.  
His face was resolute,  
as if there was still somewhere to go.



Sculpture by Benj Estep

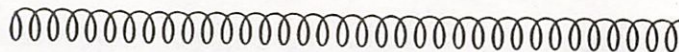




*Fog lays upon the hills  
Like a thick angora scarf*

Poetry by Bonita Rinehart

Photography by Jack Popowich



# the lavender dress

I have never tasted lavender  
It must be sweet, delicate  
as worth a taste  
as lavender's worth wearing  
by those of fair complexion

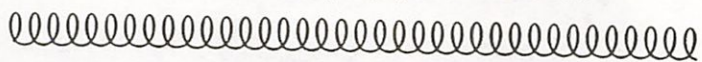
My dress was lavender  
my favorite dress  
crisp cotton  
comfortably worn  
the morning of the accident

No blood was spilled  
mingling red with lavender  
smudged with tar and splashed  
with sunlight outside  
the yellow car

Then sirens and  
sounds of cutting, tearing  
ripping lavender to pieces  
gathered up and trashed  
lavender mixed with bloodied  
hospital trash

En route had they smoothed  
lavender around my hips  
opened my collar wide  
noticed my cheeks  
how red they look in lavender  
Had they licked their lips  
for the sweetness

Poetry by Joan Edwards

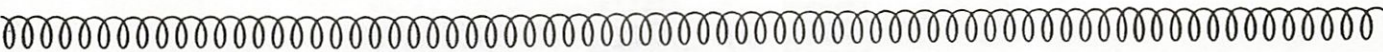


## I Get Only Grins From The Flaming Horse That Haunts My Noosphere

It was himself  
Who seduced Lois Lane off the roof  
Of the Daily Planet Building  
It was himself  
Who shoved Hart Crane  
Off the fantail of the steamship Orizaba  
It was himself  
Who hounded Poe through the delirious streets  
Of Baltimore

I hear his warnings            I catch his drift  
One by one the lights  
In Tacoma's Union Station have burned out  
One by one the axe wounds  
In my oaktree heal

Poetry by David Johnson



## out for a spin

I feel the pressure of his chin  
on top of my head, our way of holding hands  
in 1948. We walk in the park, I in a wheelchair,  
often tipped back and spun in wheelies.  
We laugh as if this is the way it should be.  
At street corners, he tilts me like  
a delivery of beer. I'm more fragile. Fear  
bubbles through my lips at each crossing  
until I feel his chin again.

In the 60s I accept the pressure of his body  
against mine. In the 70s at times I choose to walk  
alone in a battery-powered wheelchair. I start out  
like a newly licensed driver assuming control.  
Instead of signals that eventually change,  
pedestrians that cross out of the way, I'm stalled  
by bigwheels or bikes abandoned, water shooting  
over sidewalks, cars hulking in my path. I feel  
his reassuring hand on my shoulder.

In the 90s I crook my arm through his,  
my collapsible chair, in the trunk of the car.  
We walk in the park. I pause to rub a leaf, inhale  
its spice, salute the river running over rocks,  
stroll where bigwheels and bikes have drivers, rest  
on a bench that won't tilt or roll uncontrolled  
if power is by chance disconnected, power now  
beside me crossing streets with ramped corners,  
spinning wheelies on my toes.

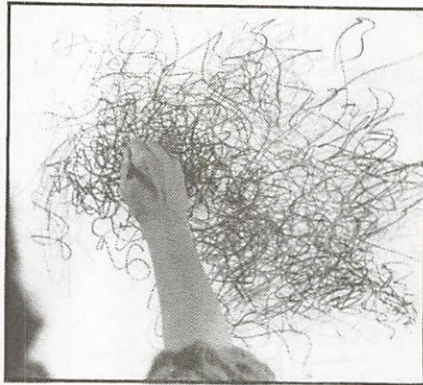
Poetry by **Joan Edwards**

# Art & Survival: A Juxtaposition

## The Artistry of Carol Westlake

*Photographs and Story by  
Michael Omogrosso*

As she moves about the room to select a few favorite pieces of fused glass to be photographed, she says, "Well, there are those favorite pieces that sell, and then there are those among the ones I like best that . . ." She leaves the statement hanging



there. For Carol Westlake, that uncompleted sentence holds the reason she started Lost Marbles and her fused glass venture, Virtu, both styles of jewelry aimed at two specific markets. "To financially succeed, an artist must produce what the buyers want," she says adding that many of the great artists were far ahead of the market place and so remained poor.

Those favorite jewelry pieces that ". . . don't sell" (her thought finishing the uncompleted statement), appeal to Carol as art-for-art's-sake: her first love.

A graduate of the Art Institute of Boston in Massachusetts, Carol is familiar with many art forms but has focused on drawing, photography, and jewelry. She is a mixed-media artist blending one medium into another with an eye for unusual perspectives filled with colorful insight.

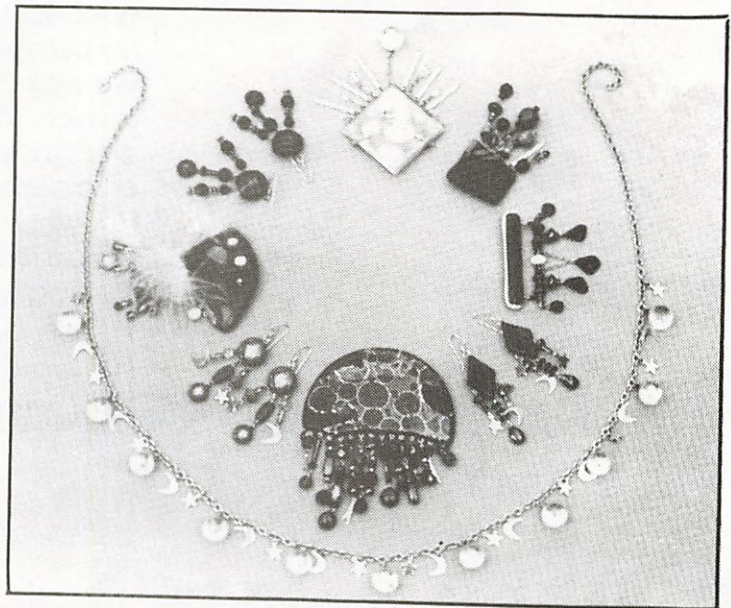
Like so many young artists, she had a dream of producing art that both satisfied her self-expression and that generated a comfortable living. Her income, though, was to come only from jobs supporting the arts like teaching, working in a custom

color photography lab, producing multi-image slide shows, or helping to direct the EMU Craft Center on the University of Oregon campus. "I couldn't see a future (as an artist) at the Center," she says explaining why she quit after working there for three years.

But it did keep her involved expanding her creative outlook.

One day, she found her marbles, her Lost Marbles, that is. "For several years, I made fine silver jewelry for myself and kept playing with crafts," she recalls. "I began doing things with fused glass that were pretty way out. I remember thinking it was crazy enough to have been done by someone who had lost their marbles." And so Lost Marbles came into being. The name eventually led Carol to add a line of jewelry actually made from marbles. The fused glass work then acquired a more up-scale name, Virtu (beautiful to the eye of the collector).

With her marble and fused glass enterprises, she finally blended the right art mediums into a money-making venture with which she could be satisfied. "Art inspires the job," she exclaims, "and the job inspires





the art! I found I could do this, still be creative, and support my art-for-art's-sake endeavors, as well."

Drawing is where Carol currently looks for the art-for-art's-sake experience artists need to keep their creative edge. She is concentrating on what she calls her "Scribble Series."

"I have been trying out different feelings," says Carol as she lets her hand swirl and twist with first an emerald green and then a cerulean blue pencil. "For a while," says Carol, "I was involved with a mono-chrome approach." She would use the various shades of a color for each piece to get a sense of the emotions and images the colors would conjure. Now, Carol is weaving those color feelings into a scribble tapestry.

She stands up for a moment, takes a step back to see the effect, and smiles. Returning to her stool, she adds yet another color. It is obvious that this is pleasure. No, that's the wrong word. Here, away from her jewelry bench, Carol is engaged in an act of passion.

While Carol Westlake is finding both personal and financial success with her art, she laments that art school did not prepare her for a major task facing every artist who creates art for a living: marketing.

Entering juried art shows, having shows with other artists or by yourself, sending slides and resumes to galleries, keeping books and records are all topics to consider in the untaught business of art. Understanding how to present your art as satisfying the shifting needs and wants of the purchasing art clientele ranks number one for monetary success.

"I was committed to art for art's sake, but I became disillusioned when I finally figured out what was involved," recalls Carol. "I could accept it (art) as a career, or I could continue it as a means of self-expression." She adds, "Of those artists who are really great, not necessarily famous, the ones who made it had to find a balance." Carol is referring to finding a balance between art geared for a market and art for personal satisfaction.

Art critics and art historians retain the privilege of bestowing the titles "great" and "famous" to the world's artists. Yet it seems that Carol Westlake is one step closer to receiving those titles, for she has found a balance, creating art that matches the flavor of the market place in order to live, while maintaining her own kind of creativity for the sake of her art.



Photography by Troy Krusenstjerna

### Grey Matter

The sky; it's grey.  
Grey like my heart.  
Our mother, the earth, suffers

Why?  
Because we, we her children,  
have forgotten her.

In our rush  
We take from her  
All that she freely gives.

Do we not see?  
Do we not listen?  
She cries in her pain.  
When will we realize the truth,  
That her pain is our pain  
and we die together?

Original French poem  
and translation by  
Nancy Spain Cockrell

### La Matière Grise

Le ciel, il est gris.  
Il est gris comme mon coeur.  
Notre mère, la terre, souffre.

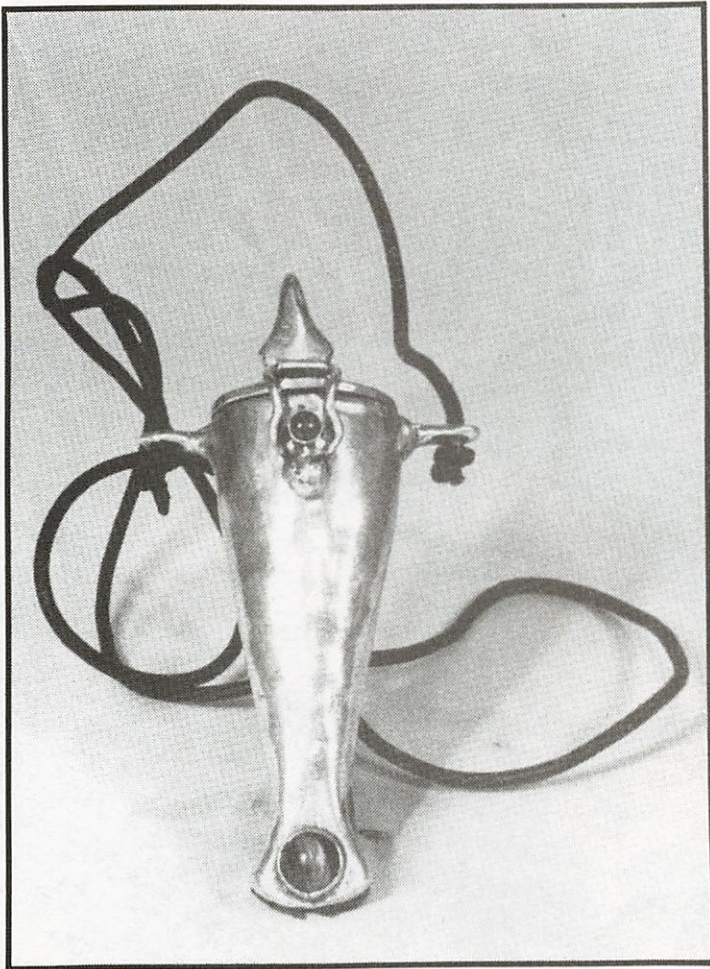
Pourquoi?  
Parce que nous, ses enfants, nous  
l'avons oubliée.

Dans notre course précipitée  
Nous prenons d'elle  
Tout ce qu'elle donne librement.

Est-ce que nous ne voyons pas?  
Est-ce que nous n'écoutons pas?  
Elle pleure dans sa peine.  
Quand nous rendrons-nous compte de la vérité,  
Que sa peine est notre peine  
et que nous mourons ensemble?

# *Jewelry*

Jewelry by Beam Barrett



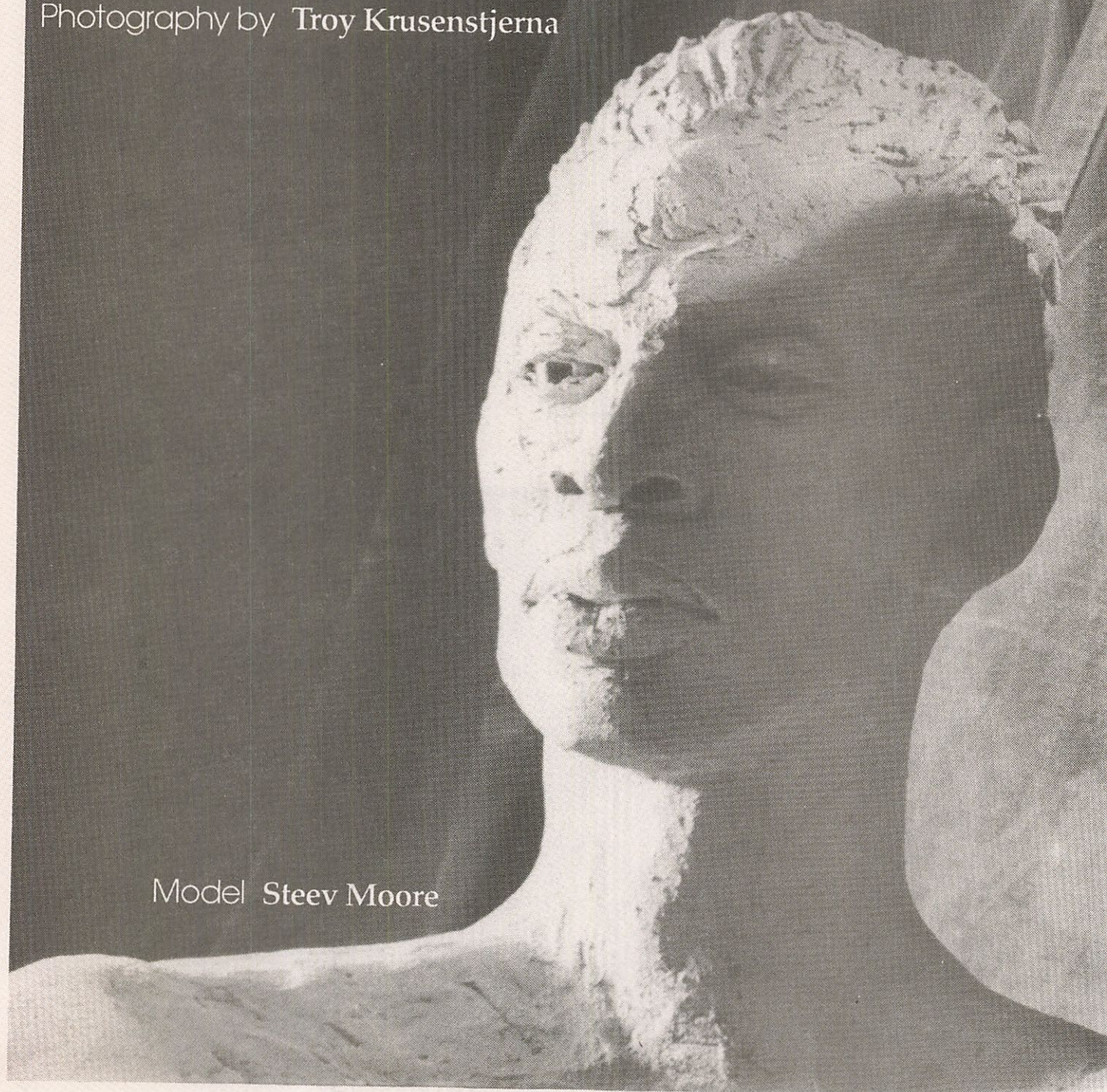
Jewelry by Clayton L. Richards



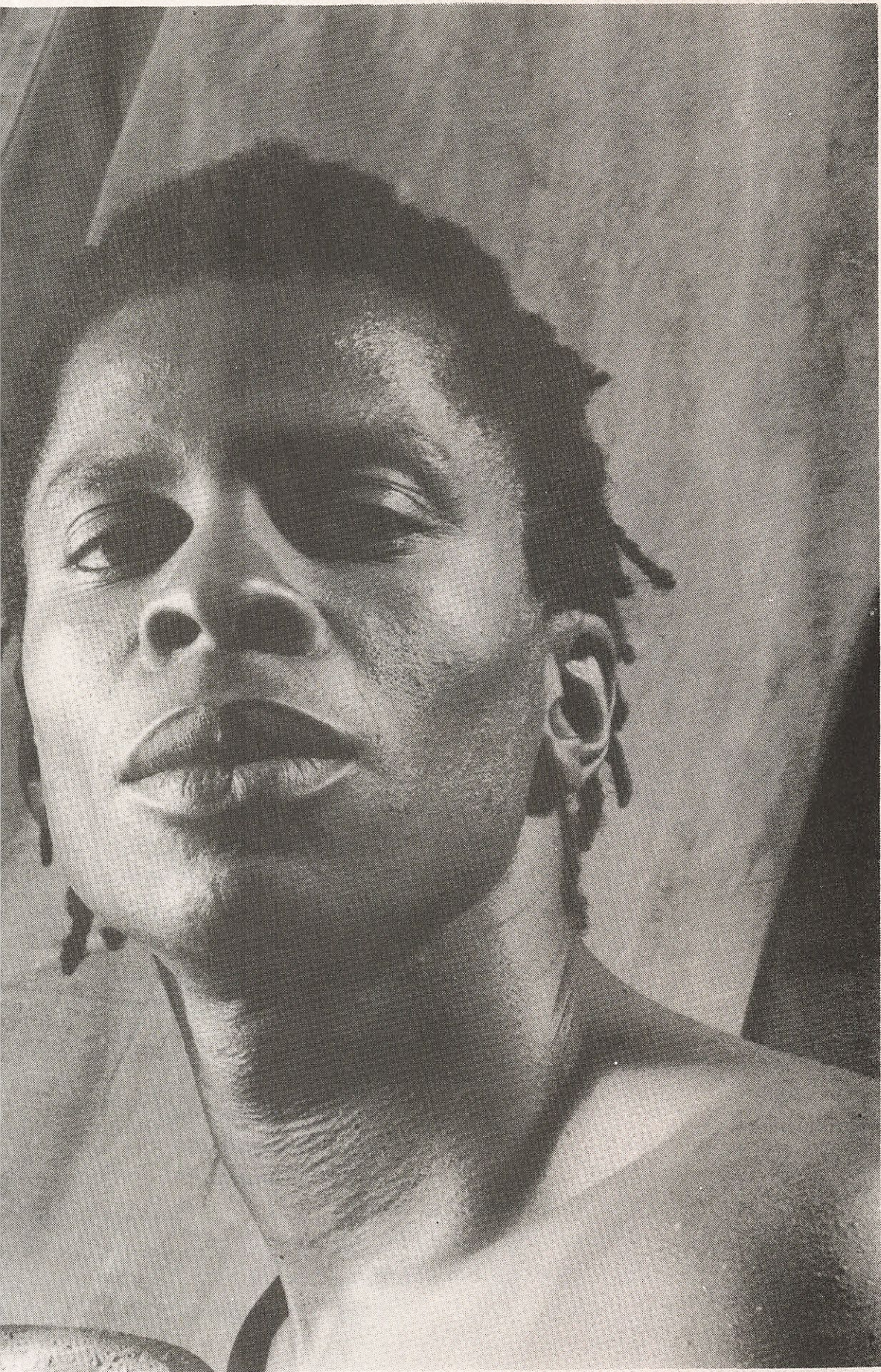
Sculpture by Jerry Williams

Photography by Troy Krusenstjerna

Model Steev Moore



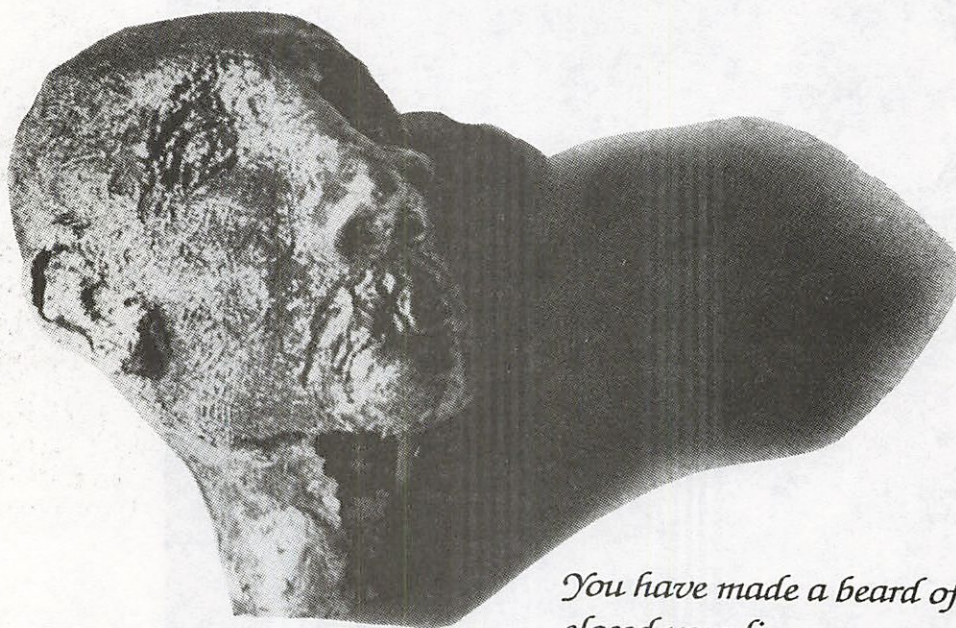




DOUBLET AKKE

*I think you cry alone at night in the dark  
an intellectual man flips on the lamp  
picks up a book frowns slams his reading down  
never finds  
the perfect bookmark*

Poetry by Rachel Indigo Cerise



Jewelry by Beth Hazzard

*You have made a beard of my blood  
closed your lips on my history  
flew backwards then toppled crippled  
like a split winged bird  
at my birth*

*You avert your eyes from my agony  
choosing to let in  
swallow's portions  
as if you don't hear me*

*I never happened  
I never gambled  
I never counted*

*on your scrutiny  
or your lips and tongue  
making a beard of my blood  
bringing me back to life*

Poetry by Rachel Indigo Cerise



Photography by Guy Weese

We are too many for the jobs  
for the resources of the world  
for the openness of nature

We are too few  
to take care of our children  
to love

Only one thing  
We would never be too many for  
War

*Vi er for mange til arbejdet  
jordens ressourcer  
naturens åbenhed*

*Vi er for få  
til at passe vore børn  
til at elske-*

*Kun til ét  
er vi aldrig for mange:  
til krig*

poetry by **Thorkild Bjørnvig**  
translated from the Danish  
by **Jytte Reinhold-Jensen**

# Davey

---

---

She threw the curtains back, and bright morning sunlight streamed into the dingy crib room. "Good morning, sweetheart, how are we doing today? Davey?" She went to check the quiet bundle in the crib. "Still a sleepyhead, I see. I'll come back in a little while and see if you want to get up, okay?"

And then she left the room.

Humming to herself, she leaned down to turn the chrome knob. Hot water hissed from the showerhead to splat and patter upon the worn porcelain of the bathtub. She undid the sash of her bathrobe, and let it fall to the floor. Then she stepped into the tub. First a gasp, as slightly-too-hot water stung unprepared flesh, and then a sigh of pleasure as the warmth began to sink deep, and tension began to drain away to nothingness. Gently she soaped herself, luxuriating in the almost erotic tingling as her hands glided over her body. Then she turned to the full force of the shower, letting the water wash away the soap, the dirt, and most of all the worries and cares of the day ahead. When she stepped out of the shower into the thin fog filling the bathroom, she felt like a woman reborn.

As she toweled off, she almost felt guilty, as if she were ignoring something. But what could be wrong on a beautiful day like today? Not even thinking of her runaway husband could ruin her mood. She and her Davey were still together, and wasn't that what counted?

Of course it was. And she continued to dry herself, contented that the subject was closed. But why was her heart pounding so?

After checking on Davey again, she made herself breakfast. Just light toast and tea, which she munched

contentedly by the window that overlooked the city. Her appetite was but a fraction of what it used to be, but it didn't matter. She could stand to lose the weight, or so she told herself. It was such a lovely day outside that maybe later she would take Davey out in his stroller. It had been several days since she had done anything like that. The fresh air would do him good.

The TV babbled endlessly from the corner of the room. The sky outside was a light metal gray with high cirrus, yet the sun shone through seemingly unhindered, casting its rays through the window to form a bright yet somehow diminished patch that lay upon the floor like a dead thing. Motes of dust floated through the dead sunlight, chasing each other and disappearing into the darkness surrounding it.

What was wrong? She had felt so happy a few moments ago! But now her stomach ached sourly and her hands began to shake. Terror rose within her like a great black tide, threatening to drown her within its foaming, polluted depths. Threatening to wash her illusions and leave her facing . . . .

"NO!"

She recoiled and her breakfast fell from her lap, the teacup exploding on the floor like a small bomb, spraying fragments everywhere. A large piece nicked her calf and a thin trickle of blood ran down her leg unnoticed.

She sat for a very long time, face buried in hands. Finally she looked up and a complacent smile graced her features once again, belying the tears that ran freely down her cheeks.

Everything was just fine.

Housework was a sure cure for the blues, or so her mother had always said. She ran the vacuum over the living room rug, its endless scream grinding in her ears. Back and forth, back and forth. Hadn't she done this yesterday? And the day before? It didn't matter. You never could be too clean, especially with a baby in the house.

Back and forth, back and forth. An idiot exercise, but a soothing one. She ran the vacuum around the entire room, making sure she didn't miss a spot. Can't be too clean, can't be too careful, not with a baby in the house. Even if the baby is . . .

What?

She turned off the vacuum, its whine fading into a cottony, ringing silence. "Davey," she called, her voice muffled in the suddenly heavy air. "Davey?"

She went to the door, her hand frozen upon the knob. He was okay, surely he was. She turned the knob, a cold, heavy weight settling on her heart, which fluttered wildly beneath it like a dying bird.

She didn't want to open the door. To do so would kill something within her, something vital. What was behind that door might kill her.

She pushed the door open, hinges groaning mournfully as it swung wide. Hesitantly she approached the crib, now framed in the dead sunlight. She peered over the edge.

Davey lay swaddled in blankets, his head turned

to one side on his little pillow. China-blue eyes gleamed dully in the sunlight. His lips were slightly parted, and beside them was a deep, rust-brown stain upon the pillow.

The blackness rose again, swallowing her completely this time. In it echoed angry shouts, her and her husband's. She saw Davey, frightened, screaming in his crib. She heard Davey's father yelling for the little bastard to shut up shut up SHUT UP! A fist

upraised, white knuckled with fury. Arcing down in a blur, followed by a muffled thump, the screams cut off with a squeak like a broken toy. And silence. Terrible silence. Davey's father, backing to the door, his face a grotesque mask of horror. And then he was gone.

The blackness receded. No, that's not quite right. She forced it down. Bit by bit, her subconscious rebuilt the fragile lie her waking mind had been living. She shook her head fuzzily as if coming out of a dream

...

And everything was fine again.

She bent down and picked up the limp form. "Come'ere, sweetheart." Davey's head lolled to one side but she caught it and steadied it, restoring the illusion. She held the bundle to her breast as she sat down in the rocking chair. She rocked gently back and forth as she crooned a quiet lullaby, interrupted by an occasional sob.

Everything was fine.

Just fine . . .

" Everything  
was  
just  
fine . . . "

# Working for the Company

Fiction by  
**Kara A. Williams**

July 4, 2009

Dear James Lanahee,

I have an interesting case to relate to you, James. About a week ago, I ran across a file titled "Throwaways." As my new position is sorting out the old cases from the new, I opened it, to find in it a picture of a four year old oriental girl with tears in her jade green eyes.

I quote, "When Tisi Aranoto was placed in the care of The Farthington Center, in June of 2001, she promptly received a 'permanent' room because of an error in filing.

"This error, due to the color of the girl's eyes, resulted in a primary diagnosis of blindness, which in turn, resulted in Miss Aranoto's delayed placement on the adoption lists. As a further outcome of this error, Miss Aranoto missed an opportunity to be adopted.

"Tisi Aranoto has spent eight years with us since, and she is now ten years of age. We believe that she is a waste of Company funds, and as such, should begin to work for her livelihood."

Can you believe that, James? Ten years old, and already they want her to function as a "working girl!" Well, there are fifteen more like her and seventeen boys. One of the boys' stories is almost as bad.

"Gregory Anderson came to The Farthington Center in October of the year 2000. His parents were Homeless and so did not have the \$35,000 to put him on our adoption list. Until an opening arose, he was ignored. By the time an Unpaid opening came up, he was five years of age, which, by International Adoption Agency standards is just too old."

The Center only wants \$50,000,000 for the entire lot of them, including medical benefits and all profits gained from their employment. What do you think? I know it's \$6,000 above our budget, but these are children.

Think About It,

*Asrael Childstar*

July 13, 2009

Dear Asrael,

You know I have been opposed to your doing this since you first came up with the idea, but I can go along with it as long as we have enough money left over so we can feed the children properly. Six thousand isn't that much, so if you really want to go through with this, then go ahead and get all of them.

I really am worried about you. Spying on The Farthington Center and Company, Ltd. is very dangerous. Why, you could get gassed for treason. I mean, they are the second largest corporation on the planet. Childmarketing is only the least of their holdings.

Remember the Youth Anarchist Party uprising of 1991? The nuclear 'local anesthesia' that was applied was made by the Company. It took out the entire city of Eugene, Oregon.

Remember the American Indian Movement? The Company's assassins took care of that little difficulty. I guess what I am saying is, 'Just be careful, and don't let anyone get to you.'

Love,

*James Lanahee*

July 30, 2009

Dearest,

You worry too much. But of course I'll be very careful. I miss you, and how are you and Pansybear? I'll have the children ready for transport in a week; do you think you can be ready for us by then?

I have been up almost non-stop for thirty hours now, I am just going to tell you, "I love you," and go to bed.

Love and miss you,



August 7, 2009

Asrael,

Come home. Pansybear and I have stopped eating. We miss you so much. Remember when we first got her how she cried all the time? Well, the neighbors don't think Pandas are so neat anymore.

I hope you get home soon. I am very nervous. I won't be a worry wart though, just say that if you get hurt I am going to be pissed.

Marliri stopped by this morning to see if you were back from your mission yet, and I told her you were still gathering data. I hope you are.

Pining Away,



August 19, 2009

Dearest Asrael,

What the hell is going on? Where are you? Damn it woman!

Pansybear is on tube feeding and I can barely type, I have so little strength left. Come home, or write at least.

Hurry,

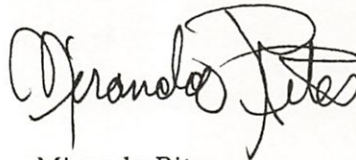


Aug. 31, 2009

Dear Sir,

We the people of San Diego, through our beloved police force, regret to inform you that we have identified the bodies of your wife, Asrael Childstar, and thirty-two Throwaway children, fifteen females and seventeen males. The shipment records show sixteen females, and we are searching for the suspect/survivor even now.

Thank you for your cooperation,



Miranda Rites,  
San Diego County Sheriff

# Sonnet Three

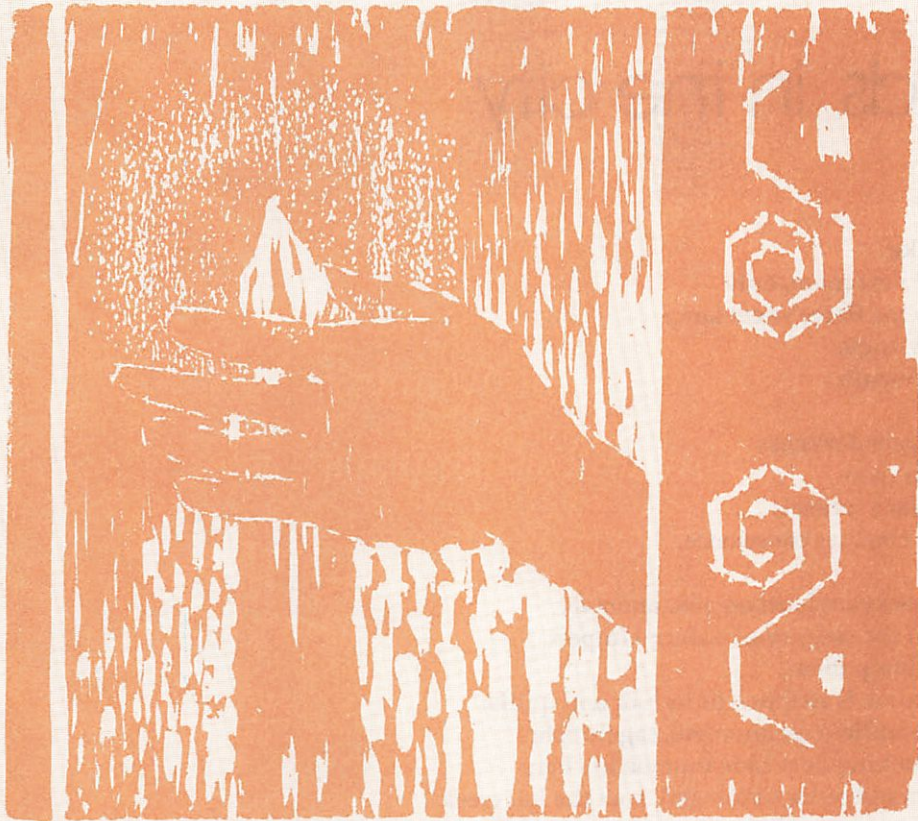
*We loving live, and loving, live to die:  
As autumn drops the life from fired trees,  
And winter melts, and spring arwards its breeze  
And summer months, themselves to satisfy,  
Receive the dead, and ageless precedents-  
There was no other; another shall not feign  
To view my soul's bespattered residents  
Until the summer's lost, and lost again,  
And life renews its hold on young veiled hearts,  
And faith, restored, and peace again of mind  
Returns another love, another kind  
Of living love, and death again departs  
    This season, with reluctance, with a cry:  
    You loving live, and loving, live to die.*

Poetry by Michael Schlesinger

Illustration by Nancy Allen







Woodcut by Dahna Solar

## Secrets

Poetry by Ken Zimmerman

Some say the secret's keeping secrets.  
We tire of what's known.  
Bright clothing fades in sunlight, and stones  
exposed to weather wear away. But minerals accrete  
around a rock buried under the stream,  
wood covered with ashes burns  
for days. Maybe that's why we love dreams  
and memory, why young girls in bars learn  
what native people knew, to keep  
their true names from strangers.  
And why we fear photographs: their danger  
is they capture too exactly.  
So what is it, hidden in a word?  
What swims there, in deep  
water, under the light reflecting sea's  
surface? What center do we circle, like birds  
of prey, toward what meat do we dive?  
We want the world to yield,  
just as much as we want to stay alive.  
What we don't know is what we feel.  
We feed on the secret revealed.

# elk turds in the city

every night i wake  
stumble into the next room, only  
to be blinded by the fierce street lamp  
shining a narrow angle  
exactly in my face-path.

it shatters my dream darkness  
shakes me up too soon  
steals away precious morsels  
of my ape-blood creature conscience.

in this city, my backyard is an organic anomaly  
bits and pieces of the country-of nature-i import  
and back here i dump them.  
a road-kill porcupine is stripped of its hair and quills;  
stems of yarrow, mullein, pennyroyal, sagebrush;  
the dog drags a reeking deer hide into the kitchen;  
a stack of western red cedar scrounged from the fall creek  
shake mill stands crisp and light like balsa.  
fungi and a well formed elk turd  
lay out to dry.

Poetry by Jason Kuttner

## On the Eugene Mall

a slim warbler  
carries me  
on the flute of his lips.  
to a mystical forest.  
I toss him the coins  
I'd saved for laundry  
this act of tithing  
feeding his prayer.

Poetry by Kathryn Steadman



Photography by Paul Stapleton

**Woman  
on  
the  
mall**

Poetry by Bonita Rinehart

she is a comedy  
that no one wants to see

her tobacco brazened voice  
irritates  
like fingernails across chalkboard  
and used car commercials  
her clothes would shame a clown  
no one wants to hear her jester's cry

she smells

her hands grasp  
dirty fingernails curve under

her hair

she will not let me pass  
insists that i share  
i have nothing to give her  
no time  
she dances around me  
forces me to look at her

she has my eyes

# Bargaining

In the forest  
kites from years ago  
hang as desires, on these patient trees.  
Who brought me  
to that wilderness  
cluttered floor beneath me  
the day he told me take my panties down,  
reaching so far into me  
touching a pure and empty place  
that didn't even belong to me.

Secrets like second litter puppies  
held under water  
until their loyal eyes drown  
my will won't keep them down  
they rise, smelling of dead fish.

The birds I heard singing  
while I lay on that path are dead.  
The path is paved.

If at five I can seduce you  
and nine years later  
make you die,  
I must have magical powers.  
Let me save you, save you  
save myself  
from these bloated bellies rising in my waters.

You are dead, and I still lie.  
Alive you could have asked for help  
and I could say  
give me your hand  
father  
now  
and I'll give you back the raping.

Poetry by Kathryn Steadman

Illustration by Mira Rinehart



---

## Nana

*I planted irises today.  
Their smooth spike leaves  
with a dusting of gray,  
and the flowers -  
venerable and delicate,  
colors rich and subtle,  
bring back the face  
of my grandmother.  
Her skin was  
soft and cool  
against my cheek.  
And her fragrance  
was there . . .  
as I planted irises.*



Poetry by Rhonda Lindsten

---

## Champion Creek

After the gold was gone  
Miners dismantled the tramway  
Leaving a pale green stripe down the ridge  
Like a white ring around the finger of a divorcee

After the boom bottomed  
The hardscrabble bonanza boys  
Deserted their gloryholes for the Klondike  
Leaving Champion Creek to breathe a little easier  
Fiddleheads to push through the bunkhouse floor  
Ore carts to tilt, jaws agape  
In the licorice fern

Poetry by David Johnson

## still life

dusted  
in a hush,  
lifeless bouquets  
lie huddled upon  
a throatless  
piano  
in  
a room  
with a thousand  
corners echo  
memories  
dead  
flowers whisper  
parched  
sentiments  
from  
empty bottles  
about seeds  
not  
spent.

Poetry by Robin Kelly

# Passing Of The Storm

Poetry by Mary Chestnut

HEAR MY WHISPER-VOICE  
AS IT SWIRLS,  
BUILDS,  
CASCADES  
ALONG THE WHIRLWIND  
OF MY MIND.  
DO YOU FEEL MY BREEZY CARESS-KISSES  
OVER YOUR CHEST,  
ACROSS YOUR NECK,  
AGAINST YOUR LIPS?  
THE STATIC OF MY LIGHTNING TRESSES  
REACHES FOR YOU,  
CLINGS TO YOUR BODY,  
PULLING US TOGETHER,  
SURROUNDING US WITH WILD FORCE.  
I AM IN YOU, A PART OF YOU,  
AS SHEETS OF DESIRE  
LEAVE US SHAKING,  
DRIPPING WITH HOT DEW UPON OUR LIPS  
AND THE WILD AROMA  
OF NETTLE-MUSK  
SEEPING INTO OUR SOULS—  
PROMISES OF MOONLIT RAPTURE,  
TWO BODIES AS ONE  
PRESSED UPON FOREST FLOORS  
DAPPLED IN SILVER SHADOWS.  
STINGING TORRENTS OF PASSION  
LIFT  
US,  
TURNING TO STEAM  
AND RISING WITH THE WIND  
AS A PRIMAL CRY  
THAT DRIFTS IN QUIET CURRENTS  
WITH THE BREAKING OF THE STORM  
AND THE SIGHING OF A NEW-DAWN SUN.

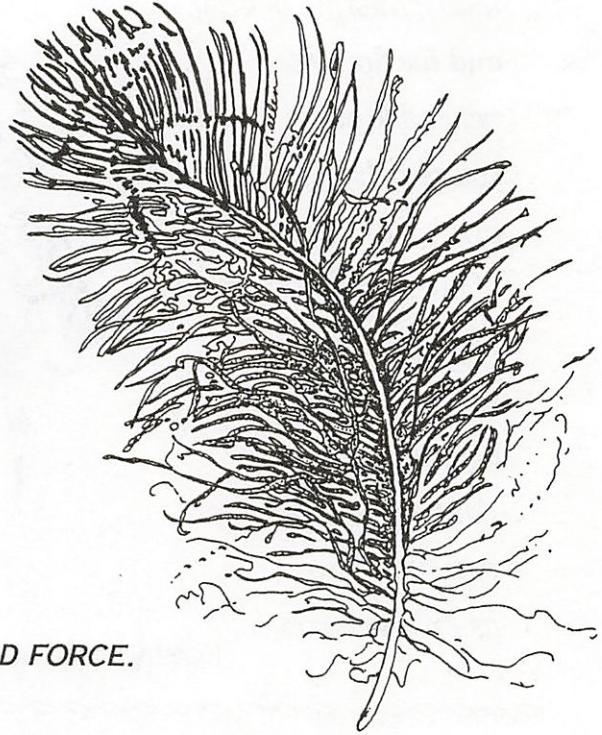


Illustration by Nancy Allen

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Nancy Allen** is a graphic design major at LCC and hopes to specialize in scientific illustration.

**Beam Barrett** "Patience is like food, if you don't have it, you go crazy!"

**Thorkild Bjørnvig** is a well-known Danish poet.

**Rachel Indigo Cerise** "We Are."

**Mary Chestnut** "is my pseudonym, but you can call me Gypsy Rose . . . whichever suits."

**Nancy Spain Cockrell** "I took 'See America First' seriously. What I see happening here is as serious as what we condemn other nations for doing. I believe Earth is a living entity. We can't use it up, because 'you can't grow home again.'"

**Joan Edwards** is currently membership secretary for Lane Literary Guild. Her work has been published in *Denali*, *Fireweed*, *The Pointed Circle* and *What's Happening*.

**Debbie du-pont-Ellis** Appreciating all creatures great and small . . .

**Benj Estep** "Our world is in a sickened state. We consider ourselves separate from nature and that is wrong. If we destroy nature, we destroy ourselves in the process."

**Jim Governale** is a Eugene poet.

**Quinton Hallett** writes poetry, fiction and essays. She is a member of KWANNIM Writers and Lane Literary Guild.

**Jon Hancock** is a second year student at LCC and plans to transfer to the University of Oregon next year.

**Kristina Harris** is a freelance writer, attending LCC for further advancement.

**Beth Hazzard** a native of Portland, Or., is enrolled at LCC in the general studies program. She's enrolled in a jewelry class for enlightenment and for fun.

**James L. Hovey** "These drawings are from a time when I was wild and had plenty of time. Now I'm domestic, and time is short."

**David Johnson** is a poet, novelist and journalist living in Eugene. His byline is seen most frequently in *What's Happening*.

**Robin Kelly** is a full-time LCC student on main campus.

**Troy Krusenstjerna** is currently photo editor for *Denali* and has been a closet photographer, musician and artist for 7 years. "My whole purpose as an artist is to create work that is inspiring to all those who inspire me . . ."

**Jason Kuttner** is a science student at LCC and lives in Eugene.

**Rhonda Lindsten** is an LCC student and a working mother with 2 young daughters.

**James C. Lynn** is a writing tutor with interests in computer telecommunications and fiction writing. He is an extraordinarily patient man.

**Kenneth D. Milchak** "I'm a full time student at LCC. I like milk!"

**Michael Omogrosso** "Without art, this world would be a far too serious place, so speak with color and draw with words."

**Deborah Pickett** is a photographer and currently the art director for *Denali*. She is also a member of the Photozone Gallery and is striving to find peace and balance in her existence.

**Jack Popowich** "Sometimes six of one and one half dozen of another doesn't add up to twelve!"

**Clayton L. Richards** is an LCC student and a silversmith.

**Bonita Rinehart** is an alien life form that has taken over the body of our editor.

**Mira Rinehart** is a first year student at LCC and was a featured artist in the Spring 1991 *Denali* Finale.

**Jytte Reinhold-Jensen**, translator, teaches English, Danish, and German in a Danish middle school.

**Michael Schlesinger** is an LCC English major. "I'm currently riding a wave of creative energy."

**Dahna Solar** is an LCC graphic design major. "I have a strong respect and love for all cultures . . . Peace is an important and essential element to maintain this."

**Don Stahl** is a Eugene writer and lives with his wife and son.

**Paul Stapleton** was featured in the Spring 1991 issue of *Denali* and is a student at LCC.

**Kathryn Steadman** has decided that if you feel anything at all when you read her poetry, her job is well done.

**Guy Weese** is an explorer and local photography addict. He is a member of Photozone Gallery.

**Carol Westlake** "The essence of art is the idea or concept which is then expressed through the appropriate physical medium."

**Jerry Williams** is a famous set designer for the Eugene Festival of Musical Theatre and a director at the University of Oregon.

**Kara A. Williams** "I only know that I know nothing."

**Ken Zimmerman** teaches writing at LCC and has previously been published in *Antioch Review*, *Seattle Review* and *Fireweed*. He also participated with Ken Kesey and others in writing the novel *Caverns*.

About the cover: **Steev Moore**, who is also the featured subject of "Doubletake," is an LCC art major.

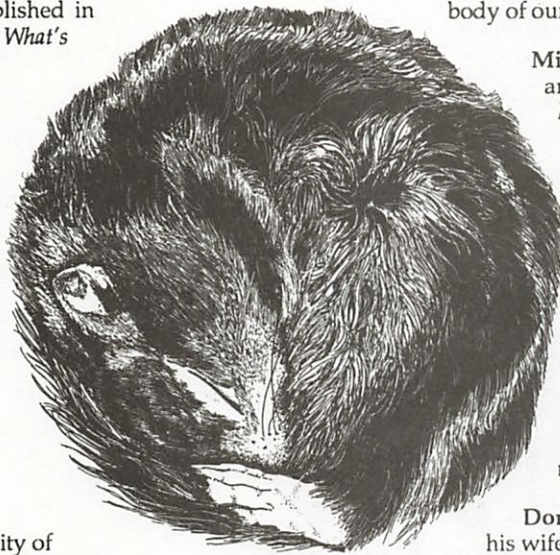


Illustration by Nancy Allen



Oregon Haiku

shards of brown glass  
glinting in the garden  
vitreous weeds

Poetry by Quinton Hallet