

# Denali





# Denali

**Spring 1991**  
**Volume XIII Number 3**

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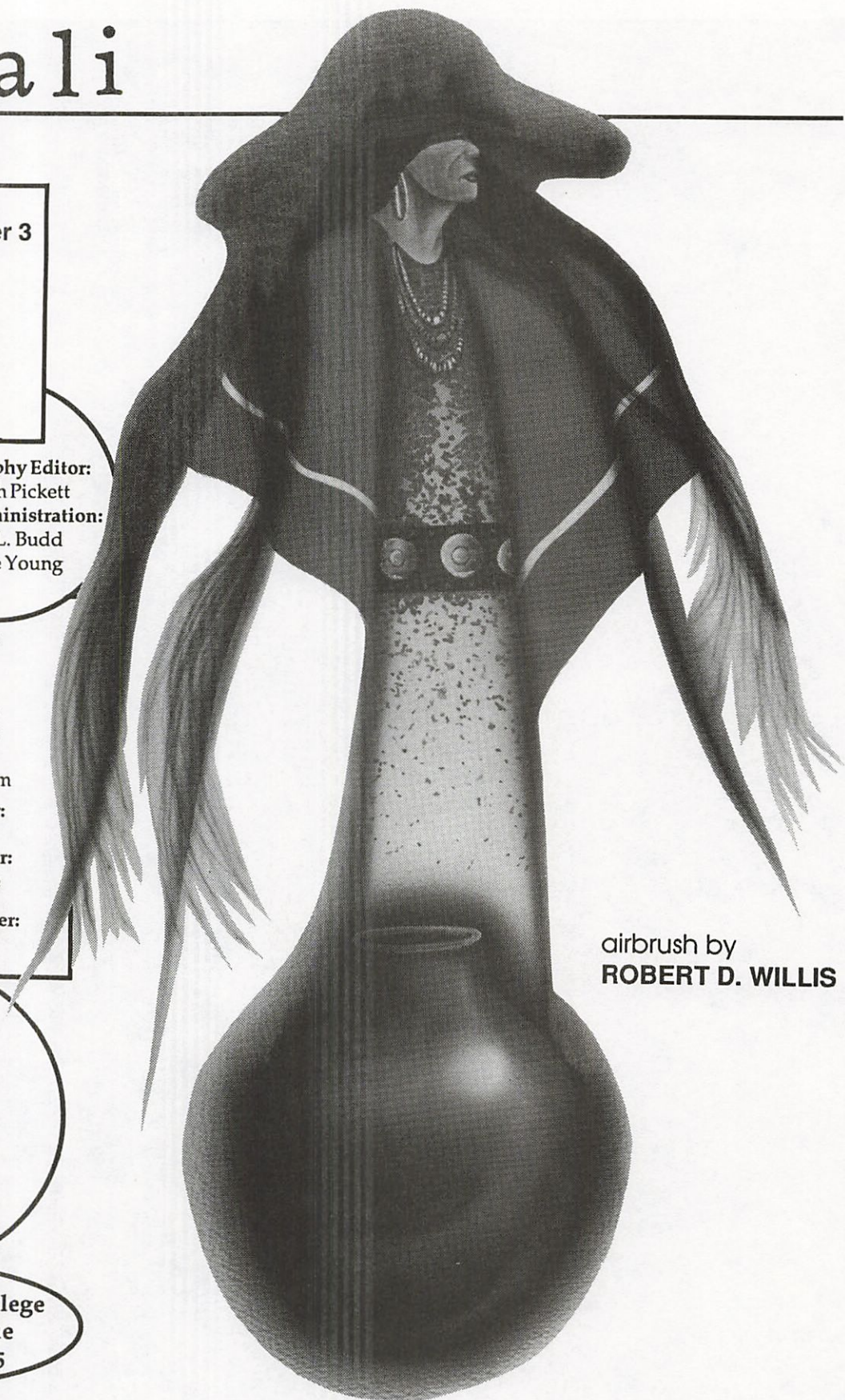
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airbrush by  
**ROBERT D. WILLIS**

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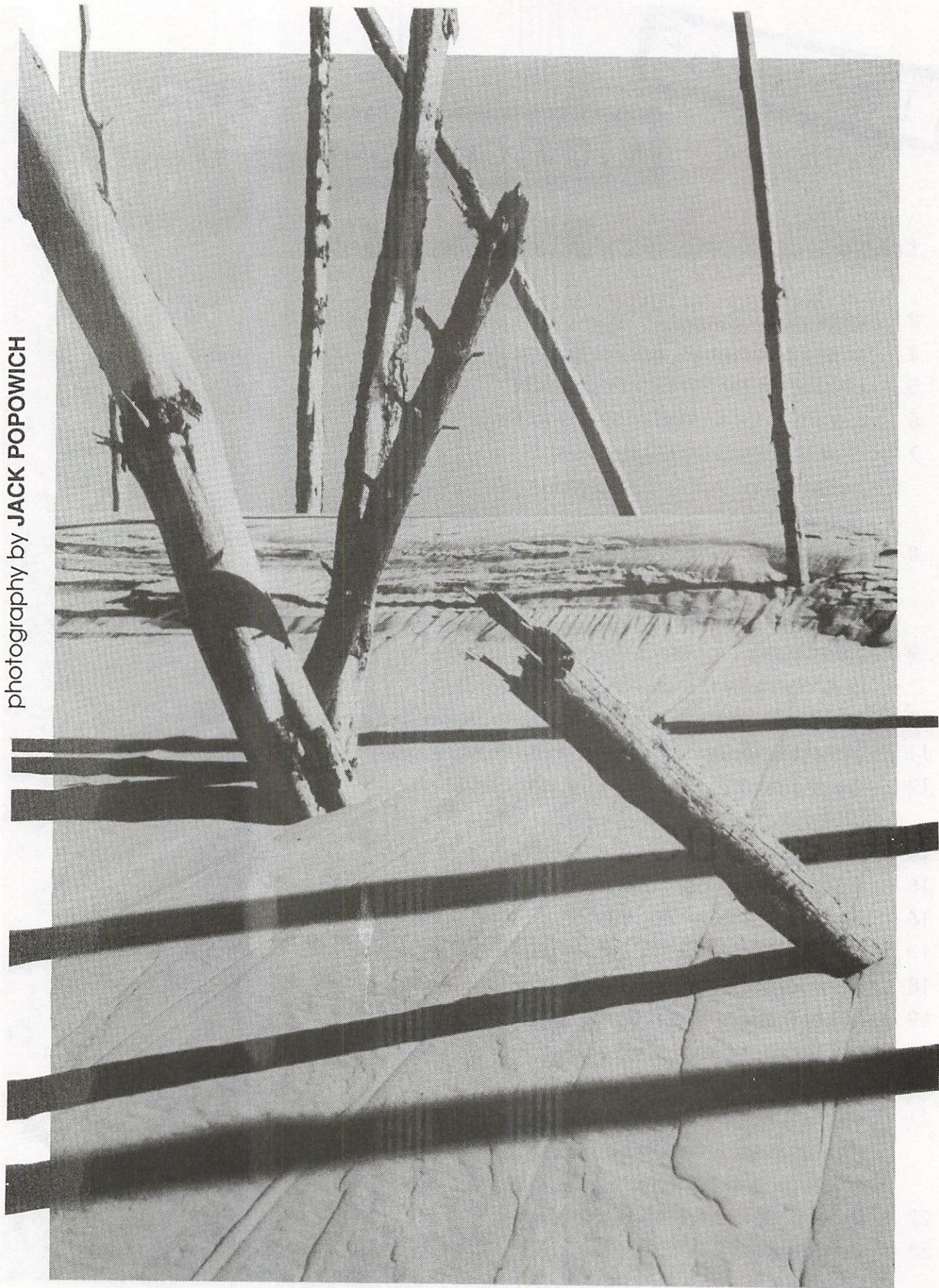
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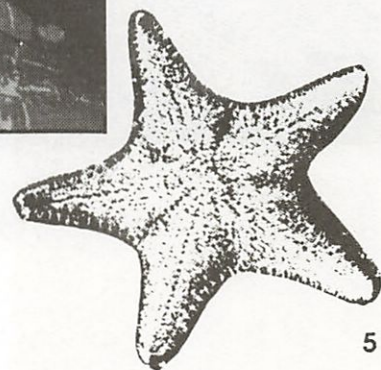
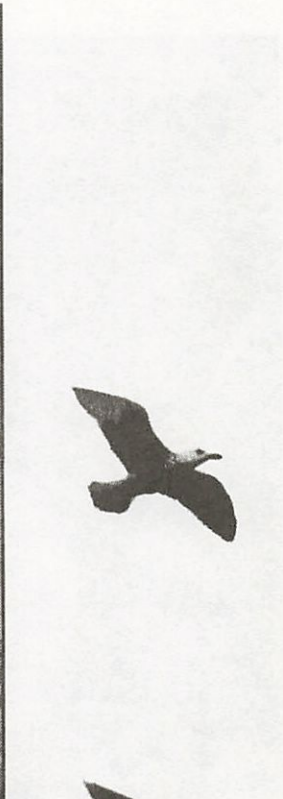
photography by **JACK POPOWICH**







photography by **JACK POPOWICH**





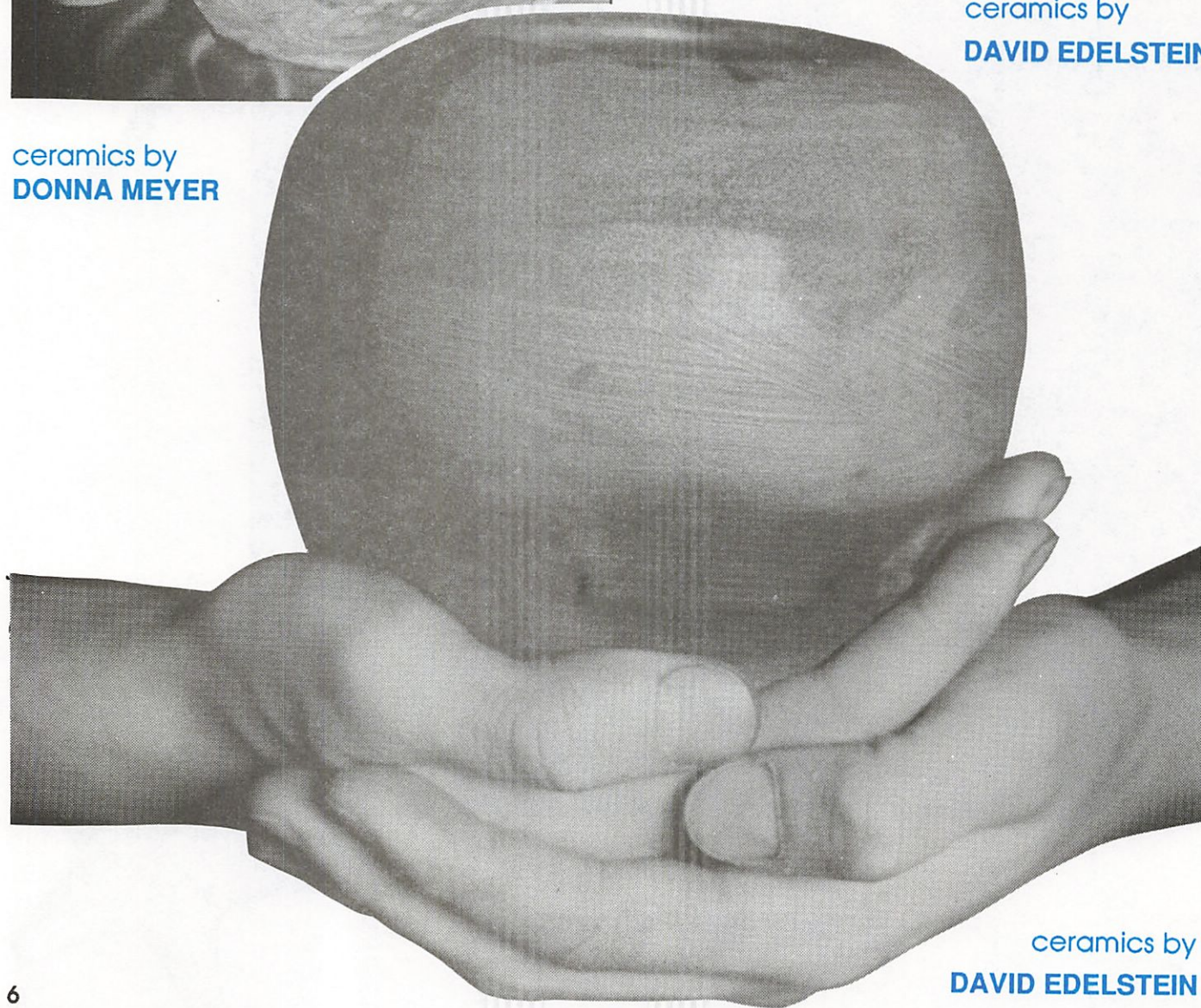
# Pottery and



ceramics by  
**DONNA MEYER**



ceramics by  
**DAVID EDELSTEIN**

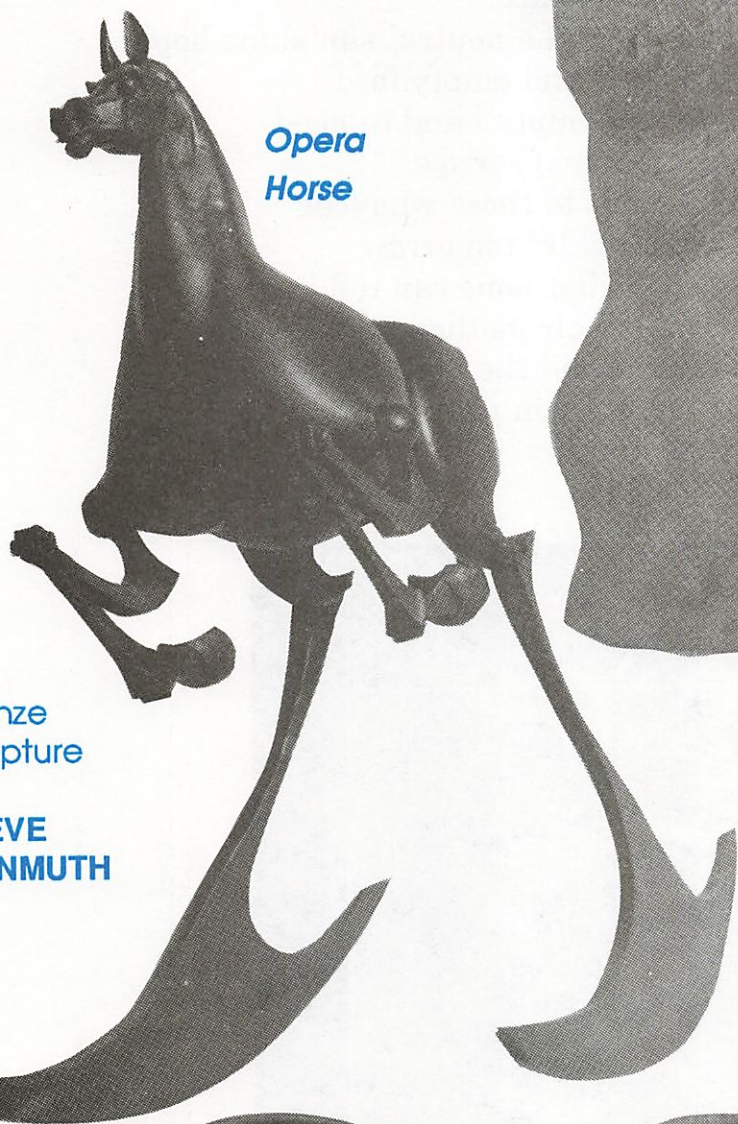


ceramics by  
**DAVID EDELSTEIN**



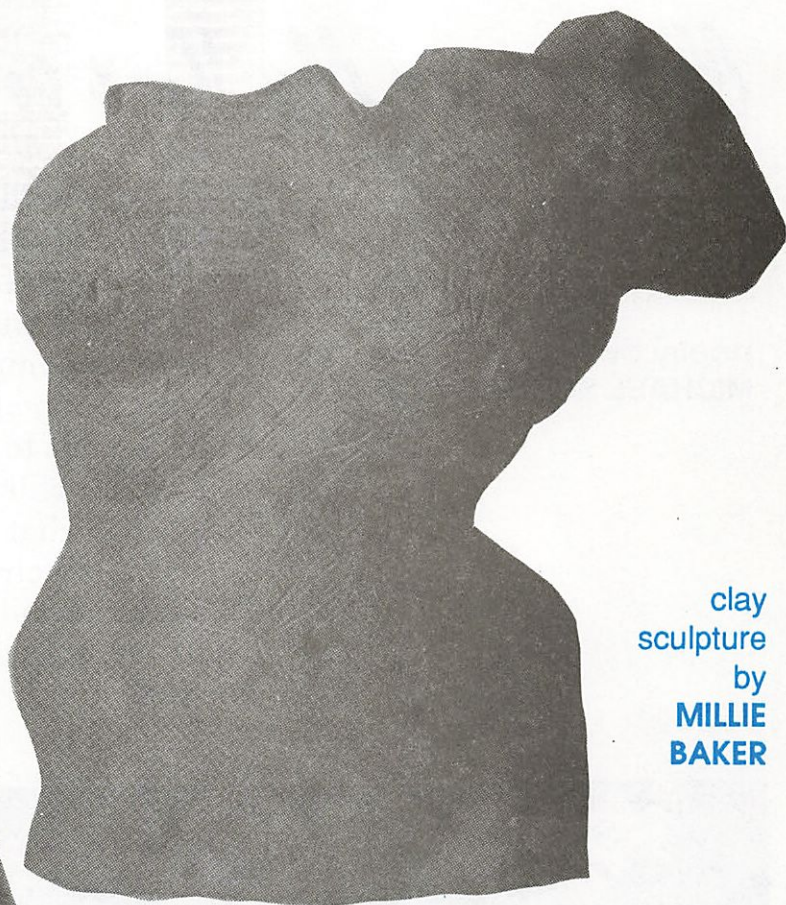
# Sculpture

*Opera  
Horse*

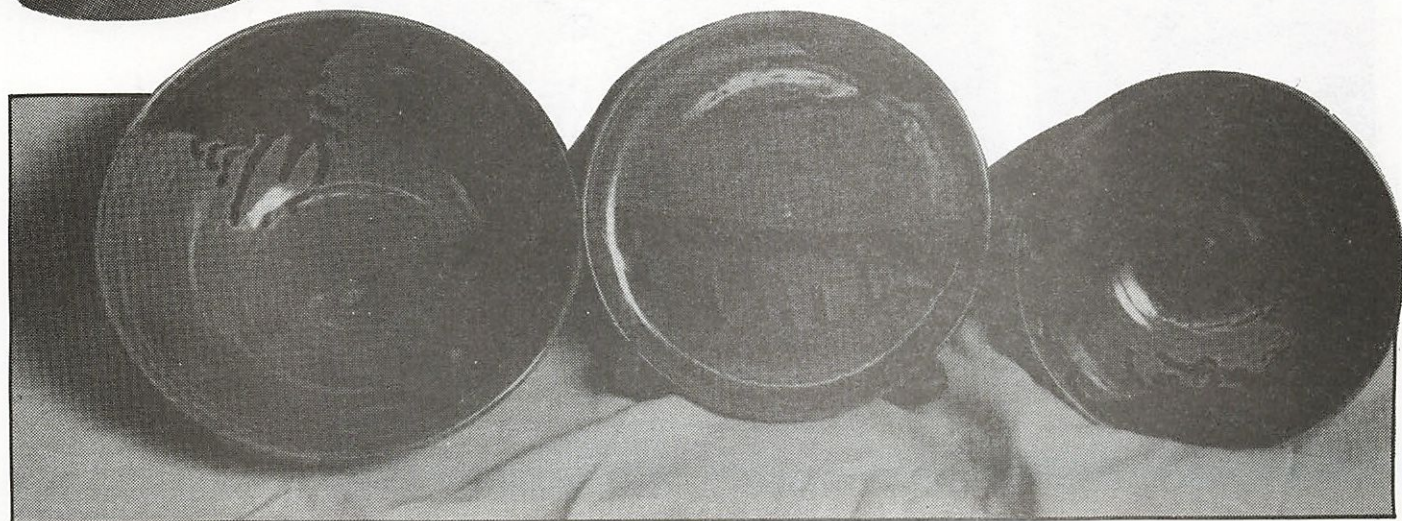


bronze  
sculpture  
by  
**STEVE  
REINMUTH**

clay  
sculpture  
by  
**MILLIE  
BAKER**



ceramics by  
**ANNE DUMBLETON**





# Notes from My Visit to the Third World

poetry by  
**MICHAEL SCHLESINGER**

I've seen untold confusion  
Passing into space  
And I've seen the neutral sun shine hope  
Upon a dead and empty face  
I've seen an empty hand in need  
An open palm of sorrow  
Reaching out to those who feed  
To give her child tomorrow  
I also saw what none can tell  
                (their mother went insane)  
I'd rather spend the night in hell  
Than watch them pray again  
For rain



woodcut by  
**DAHNA SOLAR**



# life scenes



dyes miss the lines  
expand and contract  
burgundy and midnight blue  
running side by side

the flute rocks  
the plastic crinkles  
silver plate and matte blue  
with little white flowers

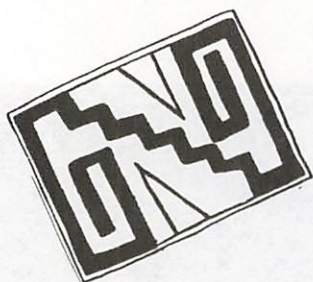
photography by  
**PAUL STAPLETON**

pain is felt here  
anger and fear  
doors slam  
feet stomp  
but nothing is said

everything festers  
paints bubble  
colors mingle until cloudy  
muddy purples, greens, and tans  
line vinyl furniture  
in sections and panels

poetry by  
**NANCY BURKE**





# sad awakening

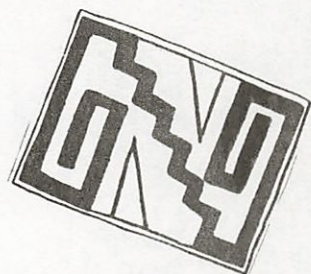
ants' invasion  
collective suicide  
crumb's recollection      tragic succession  
dilutes expectations and broken dreams  
images behind the retina  
coming from that childhood  
never assumed      always badly remembered  
that was the beginning of all future disagreements  
meet up in the apex  
that is me – now  
like the cows  
like the waves  
like the dust  
eternally wandering      eternally vegetating  
without knowing why  
repelled  
tortured  
but you laugh and you struggle and you swear  
you dream and you think  
sweet dream and torturing thought  
fast dream      short and clear  
uncontrollable      drug addict      unexpected dream  
where you could feel you are sitting on a throne  
when really you are sitting on a toilet  
where you can be center of a harem  
while you are sleeping alone in your bed  
where you can rub elbows  
with god and the devil  
you talk to them face to face  
you spit on them  
you humiliate them  
you feel more powerful than god  
the devil's king  
but you wake up  
the music on the radio  
you forgot to turn off before sleeping  
still playing  
all your clothes on the floor  
in the center of your small bed  
is your spongy and solitary body  
bitter taste in your mouth  
sour sensation in your mind  
sad awakening

translation by  
**JUAN PRAT SANCHEZ**





# triste despertar



invasion de hormigas  
suicidio colectivo  
recoleccion de migas    tragica sucesion  
esperanzas aguadas y sueños rotos  
imagenes tras la retina  
procedentes de aquella infancia  
nunca asumida    siempre mal recordada  
inicio de todos los futuros desacuerdos  
encontrados en ese vertice  
que soy yo ahora  
como las vacas  
como las olas  
como el polvo  
eterno vagar    eterno vegetar  
sin saber porque  
repelidos  
torturados  
pero te ries y luchas y blasfemas  
sueñas y piensas  
oh! dulce sueño y torturador pensamiento  
sueño rapido    corto    claro  
sueño drogadicto    incontrolable    inesperado  
que te hace sentir estar en un trono  
cuando estas en el excusado  
que te hace sentir el centro de un haren  
mientras duermes solitario en tu cama  
te condeas con dios  
y con el diablo  
les hablas de tu a tu  
les escupes y  
les humillas  
llegas a ser dios de dioses  
rey de los diablos  
pero y oh! te despiertas  
la musica de la radio  
que se te habia olvidado apagar  
todavia funcionando  
la ropa por el suelo  
tu cuerpo fofo y solitario  
en medio de tu pequena cama  
amargo sabor en la boca  
agria sensacion en la mente  
triste despertar

poetry by  
**JUAN PRAT SANCHEZ**





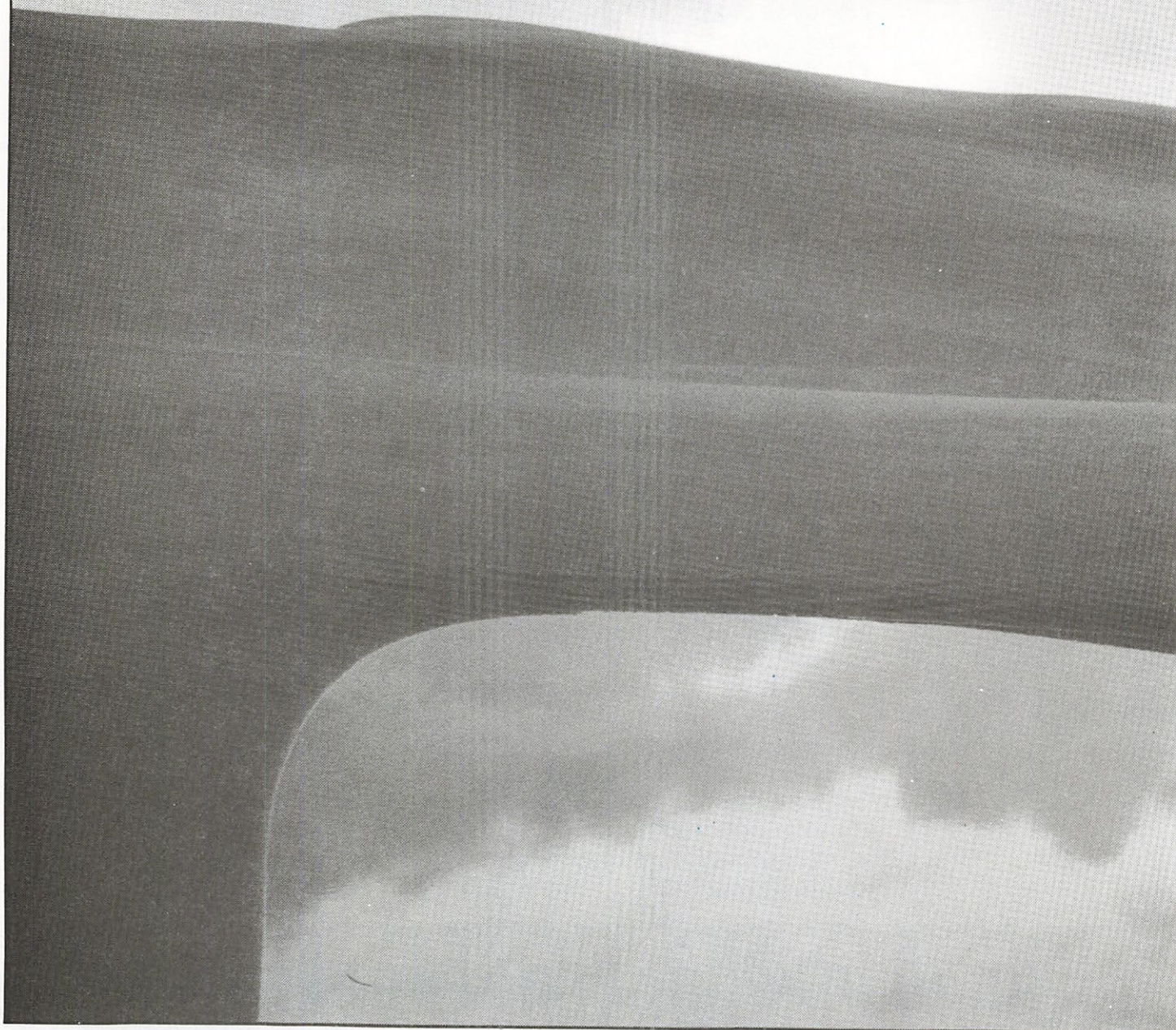
# pacific dusk

poetry by  
**ROBIN ROBBINS**

sky streaked  
crimson    scarlet    violet  
i walk  
the low tide sand  
unmarked  
broad  
flat  
seaweed and coors cans  
and sandwich wrap tangled  
at the high water mark

photography by  
**GUY WEESE**

i remember  
walking with my lover  
alive then  
eyes laughing  
soft teasing together  
strolling arm-in-arm  
a slow block to dinner  
a mild summer night  
giant hibiscus blooming  
in the patio of the basque restaurant  
where round sourdough loaves  
heavy with fragrance  
bake in the outdoor brick oven

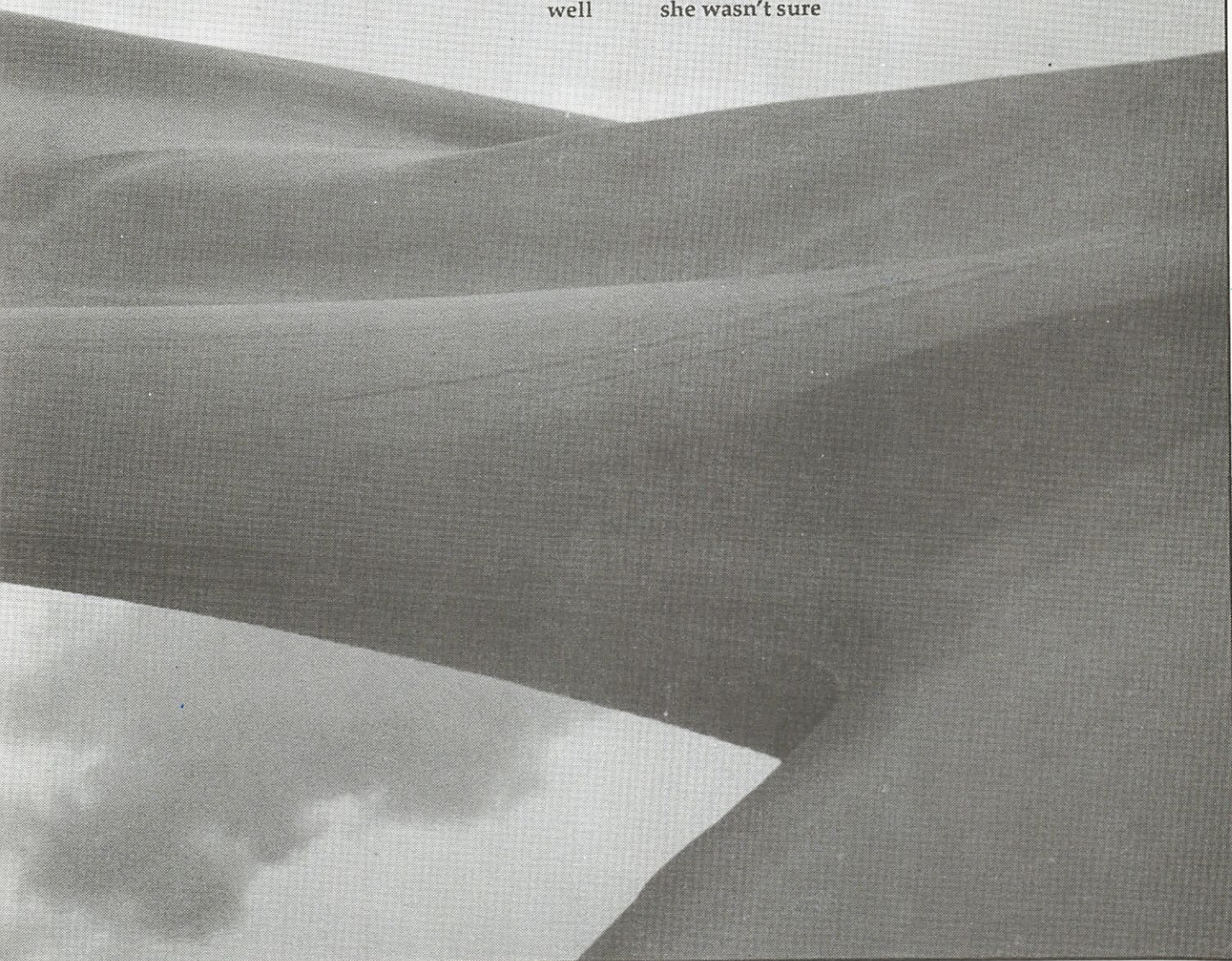




i remember  
the unwashed man  
who shuffled past the hostess  
guarding us  
and weaving among the diners  
slipped past twenty tables  
to find us in the corner  
he crouched  
wordless hungry  
hands cupped extended  
the hostess raced over  
and protested — politely  
since we were customers —  
when we exchanged blessings  
“no bums,”  
she hissed  
her fangs gleamed in the lantern-light  
he was hungry  
she was afraid

i remember  
the barefoot woman  
with two ragged puppies  
a chance meeting  
not a block from here  
not a year ago  
she was a secretary  
a legal secretary  
from phoenix she came  
to nurse her mother  
and after her mother died  
she lost her job  
she lost her home  
she lost her mind  
we talked warm  
in early sunday sun  
(my lover patient in the shade)  
she wanted nothing for herself  
but her babies  
they hadn't eaten since  
well she wasn't sure

this darkening dusk  
sorrow-filled  
sky streaked mud-gray  
i walk  
the low tide sand  
i am the homeless







photography by **PAUL STAPLETON**



*To the man who exposed*

*himself to me in the parking lot*

## A Long Time Ago

someone must have done something bad to you  
and you left your body to survive  
now you do that same thing  
to someone else, to me

today when you turned to me  
your hand on your penis jerking  
your spiritless cum oozing  
like a wound festering  
I looked with bewilderment  
into your face, into vacant eyes  
seeing no one in that shadowy body  
leaving me alone

but I will tell you, I'm here, I'm here  
and I will name it all  
every part of your body  
penis, hand, cum, mouth, testes, heart, eyes  
forcing you back into your body  
making myself visible again.

poetry by

KATHRYN STEADMAN





photography by GUY WEESE



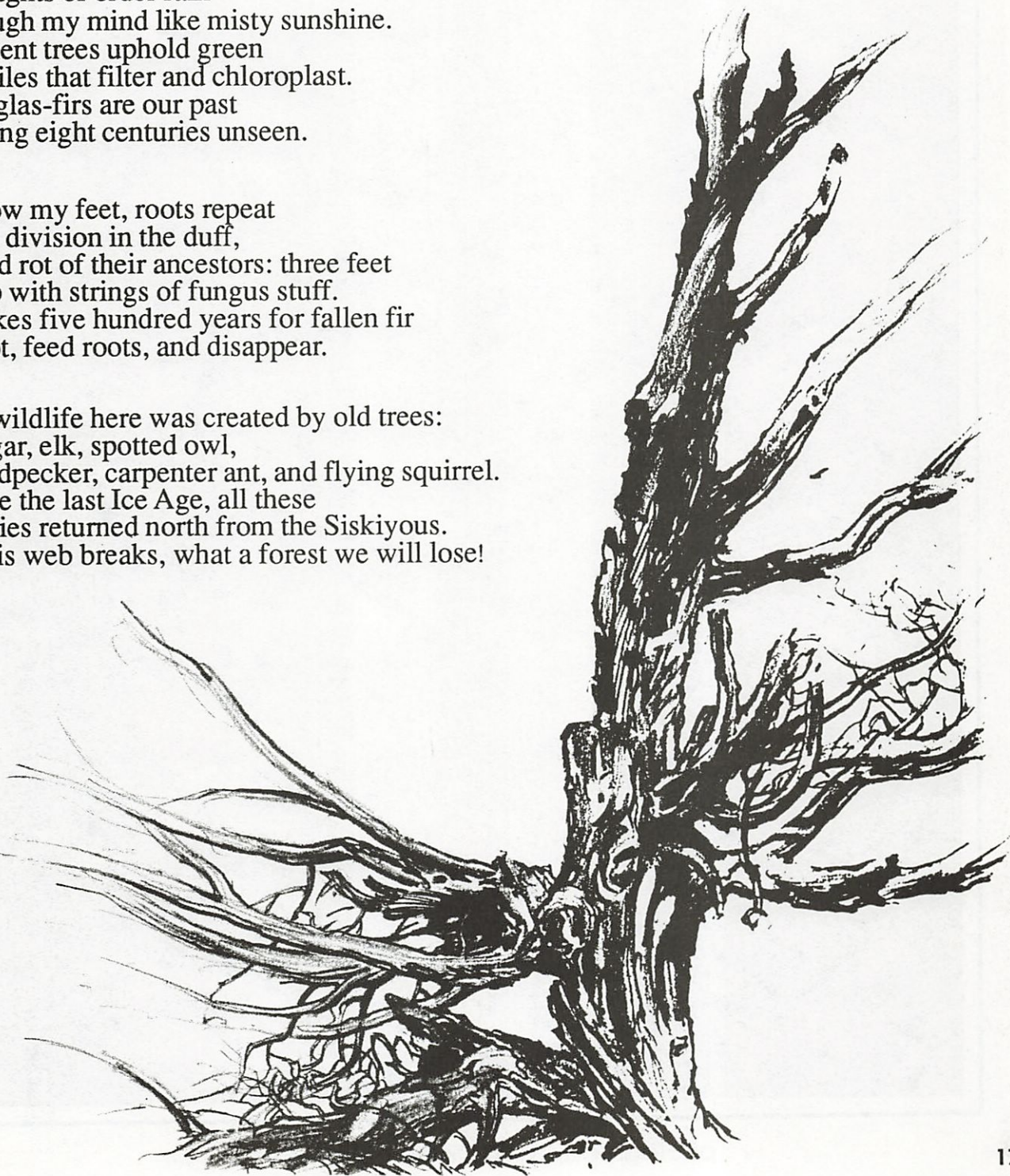
# Oregon Old Growth

poetry by  
**PETER JENSEN**

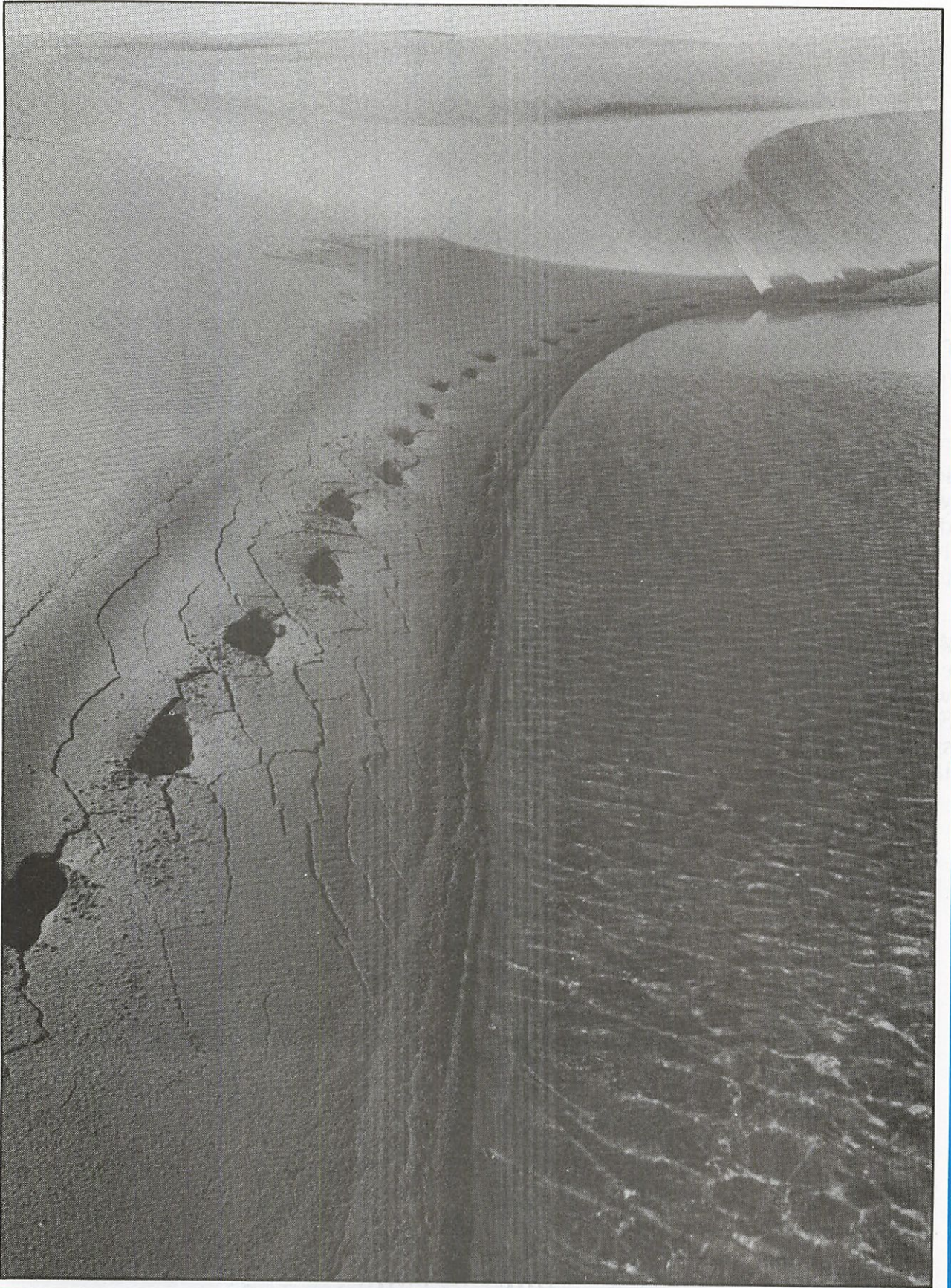
Thoughts of order rain  
through my mind like misty sunshine.  
Ancient trees uphold green  
fractiles that filter and chloroplast.  
Douglas-firs are our past  
rooting eight centuries unseen.

Below my feet, roots repeat  
long division in the duff,  
wood rot of their ancestors: three feet  
deep with strings of fungus stuff.  
It takes five hundred years for fallen fir  
to rot, feed roots, and disappear.

All wildlife here was created by old trees:  
cougar, elk, spotted owl,  
woodpecker, carpenter ant, and flying squirrel.  
Since the last Ice Age, all these  
species returned north from the Siskiyou.  
If this web breaks, what a forest we will lose!









# To My Father

poetry by **POLLY BOWMAN**

You return to me, not in dreams as I'd imagined  
But in this common cardboard box via U.S. mail.  
Mom and I collect the parcel, which rides between us  
As we finish up our rounds in town.

Inside the box, a thick plastic bag holds your ashes  
Chalky white like tiny round bones.  
I need to visualize the demolition of your body  
Now reduced to these trivial remains.

My mother and I have no real plan.  
We carry the bag outside, solemn.  
I crush the porous rocks in my hand  
While Mom scoops out two handfuls, scatters them  
Neatly around your favorite tree.

I can almost see you up on your riding mower  
Your baseball cap shielding the warm spring sun  
From your eyes. I almost think it was you  
Who made the grass so green and glossy.

I make my way down to the creek below.  
I toss a fistful of ashes across the water.  
They float gently down, luminous, bright.  
Mom likes the effect, follows my lead.  
We take turns tossing.

The water glimmers like a clear night sky.  
Your white light twinkling up at me.

---

photography by **JACK POPOWICH**





# Between

fiction by Bonita Rinehart

It was the time of the changing of the guard, the season between seasons. The air undulated, warm as gold one moment, crisp as the ripening apples the next. The scent of chlorine perfumed bodies mingled with the odor of turning leaves and soil getting ready to sleep. Shadows ate more and more with increasingly sharper teeth. The pendulum movement of the earth's breath was as rhythmical as the pumping rise and fall of my bike pedals.

I rode my bike past the bakery, where filled sticks and sugar cookies and white paper bags blended, past the flower shop with its recipes of flowers, over the railroad tracks, tensing for the bump, down the river path, racing for a moment as the ground sloped down and the brown, shadowed water made cool cries. My hands gripped the handlebars, my arms tightened. I laughed, owning the world.

Then, the spokes of the bike whirring like maple seed helicopters, I slowed, stopped. I got off the bike and leaned it against the black, wrought-iron fence. The gate stood perpetually open, half fallen, rooted into the ground. There was another cemetery in town, but I never went. It was a cemetery: this was a graveyard.

The ground yielded to my footfall like comfortable slippers. I walked around, reading names and dates and phrases that taunted death . . . beloved . . . died in childbirth . . . sacrificed his life for his comrades . . . together at the last . . . A few leaves had already fallen, eager for death. The ground was crunchy with acorns around the lone oak tree. The air smelled darker here — like going into grandmother's cellar.

Then I saw them — mothers holding sleepy infants on flower skirted laps, children running through their laughter like dandelion feathers on the wind, fathers plucking roost-

ing youngsters from the trees to ride on their shoulders, grandfathers tossing a ball straight to a bat, grandmothers passing sugar cookies from endless stores in wicker baskets, lovers gliding, arm in arm, like swans and skaters. Red checkered tablecloths were laid out, quilts spread upon the ground with admonishment to "walk around." Small and not so small hands stole crisp-as-a-fall-day pickles and deviled eggs and olives. A fussing toddler was hushed with a lullaby, a scrape kissed and instantly healed.

A child stopped his flight and looked oddly at me, then at his mother. I knew she was his mother by the way her breath and lips curled up softly as she looked at him. She smiled at me. He ran on. I was not important enough to be noticed for more than a moment.

The heightened chill in the air made me look at my watch. So much later than I thought . . . I had to get home to help with supper. Outside the black lace rim I straddled my bike for a moment and looked in. Weeds pushed over headstones, a few squirrels sorted through acorns. No mothers holding infants on flower skirted laps . . . no lovers gliding like swans and skaters . . .

I rode home, down the river path, over the train tracks, past the flower shop and bakery. Late Summer gathered in the day, as early Autumn spilled out the evening. My legs ached a little as I pushed the pedals harder to climb the slope.

When I am rational and adult, I tell myself that imagination peopled my graveyard, that imagination works overtime and writes stories for the eyes. I tell myself that it was an abnormality of seventeen, that I never really saw . . . There are other times though, when the guard changes and seasons meet for a firefly brief moment, that I see lovers gliding like swans and skaters.



# enchantment

*god help me if she ever expects me to go into rhapsodies  
about her face  
or body*

*i can't remember what color her eyes or hair are  
and her body has me totally bewildered*

*i think she's beautiful  
but maybe i've fallen  
under the spell of some hag  
with bulbous eyes and leather skin and blighted hair.*

*oh well.*

poetry by  
**MARK SMEATON**

photography by  
**TROY KRUSENSTJERNA**



## Her Moment

poetry by **ROGER TUCKER**

*She wears her emotion  
with the delicate force  
of lace.*



**Draize Eye Irritancy Test:** The standard test of substances that might get into the human eye. In this test, a variety of substances are dropped into the eyes of a group of albino rabbits, who are restrained from movement and prevented from blinking. The test results in a variety of painful reactions, the worst being blindness or death. The test does not help prevent or treat potential human injuries. It is done only for legal purposes should a company, such as a cosmetics factory, be sued for liability.

# Draize Daze

fiction by  
**KERI BAKER**

My mind absorbs the light of a neon sun as I gaze into the depths of yet another meaningless commercial. Then I begin to SEE. A glamorous blonde applies her favorite perfume behind her ears, over her swan-like neck. The scented mist falls upon her upturned face and then she screams.

Her swan-like neck seems to collapse inward as her ears elongate, sprouting short, white fur; her face contorts into finer, smaller features. Her two front teeth extend over her lower lip as the fur spreads like wildfire from her flopping ears, taking over her face, her quivering nose, spinning down her neck, racing along her arms just as quickly as they withdraw into her imploding body. Her clenched fingers grasp spasmodically at the air. Then the paws twitch weakly as the change takes the rest of her body in a loud, wet, snapping sound.

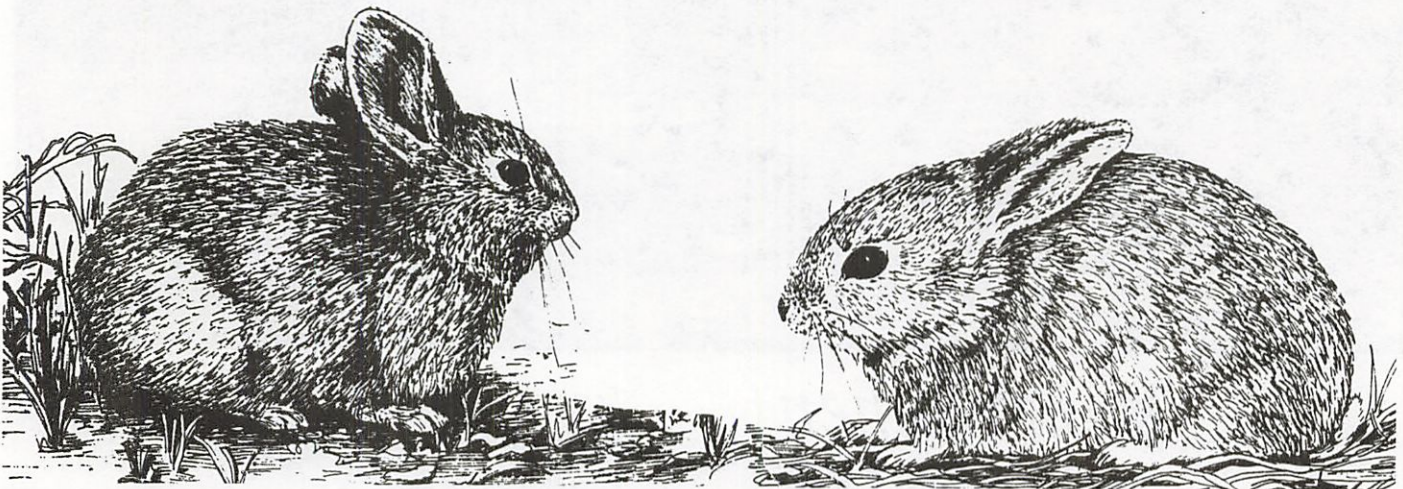
Like the Wicked Witch of the West immersed in water, the woman's torso sinks, shrinks, melts inward. A desperate squeal escapes an unhuman throat as her long, lovely legs turn a new shade of white, folding in and upon themselves repeatedly. The contortion of her figure is over in but a moment, the length of a breath. In the silence that remains, I see before me a sorely exhausted rabbit, fear in its eyes as it lies entangled in a torn dress next to a bottle of spilled perfume. The creature's pus-filled eyes implore from the crackling screen.

I look at the hands that I have stretched forth and the blood drips from my fingers like a torrential rain. I cover my face with my hands in shame. When I open my eyes to the world once more, the surreal is imprinted upon my grieving mind. I grope for the solid phone to tap out a familiar number, finally aware of the pain I had inflicted over the past five years.

Bells rattle my brain, clipped short by the lifting of a receiver and a voice at the other end.

"Sensual Scents Testing Labs. How may I help you?"

"I QUIT!"





# Contributors

**Keri Baker:** Humane: 1. Compassionate; merciful. 2. Emphasizing human values and concerns. "Let's think about this one, folks."

**Millie Baker** has worked with clay "off and on" for about 12 years. "I specialize in mixed media works, using ink and brush, oil pastels, metallic ink and colored pencils."

**Polly Bowman** is a part-time counselor and instructor in the LCC Counseling Department. She writes fiction and poetry.

**Nancy Burke** is LCC's OSPIRG coordinator. "I write because I like to."

**Anne Dumbleton:** "I'm a former nurse. Potting brings joy into my life."

**David Edelstein** quotes Tennyson: "Yet all experience is an arch, where thru gleams all that untraveled world."

**Peter Jensen**, LCC English instructor and conservationist with Oregon Natural Resources Council, is working on his third book of poetry.

**Troy Krusenstjerna:** "My eyes see what I feel. Photography allows me to express what I feel."

**Donna Meyer:** "My pots are layered with colored clay and personalized with glazed pencils and pastels."

**Jack Popowich**, please phone the Denali office with your biographical info.

**Steve Reinmuth:** "My goal is to create art that is physically, mentally and spiritually uplifting."

**Bonita Rinehart:** "Healing, celebration and homemade bread are the signposts of my life."

**Robin Robbins:** "As usual, I am at a loss for words."

**Juan Prat Sanchez:** "Someone lost in time, lost in space."

**Michael Schlesinger**, who are you?

**Mark Smeaton:** "I haven't written any poetry before this, but I thought it was better than getting drunk and shooting myself in the foot."

**Dahna Solar:** "I enjoy using my talents to express a multicultural viewpoint."

**Paul Stapleton:** "This is it."

**Kathryn Steadman**, an LCC Community Services student, works at Voices of Eugene, and practices Reiki.

**Roger Tucker**, a new student at LCC, is seeking new friends and opportunities.

**Guy Weese**, a local photographer, is a member of the Photozone Gallery.

**Robert D. Willis:** "I prefer to do, rather than to say what it is I do."

## Editor's Note

To All Friends  
and Readers:

We thank you for your generous support and constructive criticism. We again invite you, our readers, to submit your fiction, non-fiction, poetry and art to *Denali* for consideration by our Editorial Board. Look for us next year, with Bonita Rinehart at the helm as editor for '91-'92!

Robin Robbins



A black and white photograph of a rugged, rocky landscape. In the foreground, there are dark, jagged rock formations. In the background, two large, blue, dome-shaped structures are visible against a light sky. The overall scene is dramatic and surreal.

LANE  
COMMUNITY  
COLLEGE  
*SPRING '91*