

# Dancall



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

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## SHIPPINGS TO THE GRAVEYARD

Old growth not left seen  
Secrets wisdom greed ignores  
As Hot-Steel-Teeth CRY

poetry by Donna L. Sower



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## Editor's Note

Welcome to the final issue of the 91-92 *Denali*. As outgoing editor, I am immensely grateful to our fine staff and to the advisors who worked patiently and tirelessly, Peter Jensen and Dorothy Wearne. Join us in celebrating the year at the *Denali* Finale, Wednesday, June 3, from 2 to 4 pm in Center 476 (the area just off the English and Foreign Language Department's lounge). Festivities will include an art display, readings, music, and a reception. Signed copies of this year's and vintage *Denali* will be available. This is a great opportunity to meet the staff and contributors. Everyone is welcome, and I would like to extend a special invitation to this year's contributors.

One of the things I like best about being editor is that I get to use this space to speak to all of you. In the wake of recent local political events, I would like to leave you with this quote from Martin Niemoeller:

"In Germany they came first for the Communists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, but I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics, but I didn't speak up because I'm a Protestant. Then they came for me, and by that time no one was left to speak up."

Let's just think about it, folks.

Warmly,

Bonita Rinehart

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## Submission

Today in the mail  
an envelope arrives, addressed by my own hand.  
Enclosed is the batch  
of poems I sent four months  
ago to a prospective publisher.  
We have no current need  
for these poems, I'm told.

It isn't rejection  
I mind so much;  
it's seeing so many  
of my old selves come  
back to me like that.

poetry by Quinton Hallett

# The Watch

I have a watch I said — watch  
A marvel of mechanical magic held out before me.  
The phases of the moon, stars and mythical creatures  
Whirl in an arc across its face.  
I opened it to show my sister,  
It moved in my palm.

An ancient view of Ptolemy the immortal  
A heaven of spheres spin and shrink  
— one inside the other  
— with the Earth at its core.  
“I don’t understand this.” Sister stopped the watch  
With the comment.  
I had to stop, too — I had to think.

It started again as through a gallery we walked.  
Before us came dioramas and little chimes  
Spelling out the story of it all as I talked.

Curiosity got the better of her,  
And sister stuck her finger into the cogs,  
And the universe altered.  
“One stone” broke off the French Renaissance.  
Sister was upset, “I’m sorry I faltered.”  
I panicked and said, “But I just bought this.”  
So I surveyed with anxiety as Ptolemy’s servants  
Glued the pieces back together in bliss.

We continued in time.  
It was really quite comical  
As things disappeared right out of our minds.  
The monks wrote nonsense in the dark.  
Boats wouldn’t float and planets flew in circles.  
Strangest of all — People walked backwards,  
As they pointed ahead crying, “This way, this way!”

When we were through, I put the marvel  
In my pocket for safekeeping,  
But when I felt for it later  
All I had were loose parts

Mixed in with spare change  
“Oh no!” I cried in dismay,  
But somehow I knew it would still work anyway.

poetry by Alisa McLaughlin

art by Dahna Solar

## *While Waiting For A Waffle*

*I looked out my window at the hummingbirds  
hovering like a breath in winter,  
here, then gone.*

*I could see myself quite plainly  
framed by damp dishes and spaghetti air.  
I could see well  
past the frontyard,  
past the clothes,  
Waiting , impatiently  
like everyone else.*

*Flying free  
Weightless, thoughtless  
guiltless.  
A drop of color, a swimming pool—  
an ocean of rainbow paint  
with brushes everywhere.  
Dry , ready to be filled,  
saturated, inundated  
limitless,  
and my hand the only one.*

*Then the timer went off.*

poetry by Lyn Rea



## An Interview with Artist / Actress Mary Unruh

by Marta L. Budd

Mary: I hate the big spiel artist's usually give concerning their work. My philosophy is rather simple. I like to maintain truthfulness in my work. My truth may not be someone else's, it's hard for me to intellectualize this. One objective I have is to convey emotion. I don't really care about what someone thinks about my work, I'm more concerned with how it makes them feel. I want my work to connect with people in their non-linear spaces.

Denali: How long have you been creating art and what mediums interest you?

Mary: I guess I've been creating art all of my life. I've never taken classes though, so I suppose I've never taken it seriously, myself as an artist, that is. But I really began in earnest about two and a half years ago. I finally realized you don't have to sit in a classroom to create.

I explore all mediums. However, I've been

working in oils lately. I love the physical aspects of working with oil paints. Oil is like butter, you can mold it so many ways on the canvas.

Denali: What artistic influences and personal experiences do you bring to your work?

Mary: At the moment, Freida Kahlo is a strong influence. She put so much of her being into her paintings. In that way I think I'm similar to her. Not necessarily with the style, but with the expression of emotion. The only thing I know how to paint is my inner experience.

Denali: Abstract portraiture seems to interest you, can you elaborate on this?

Mary: I like abstract forms because that's the way life appears to me. I don't think I view reality as concrete in nature. I like the abstract human form because humans are not perfect.

We're twisted, contorted creatures, and we never want to own up to that aspect of ourselves.

Denali: I find your experimentation with religious iconography fascinating, can you please comment?

Mary: Spirituality has always fascinated me. When I was growing up I went to bible school; my parents never forced me. Actually I took the whole thing so seriously that I thought I was destined to be the next mother of Jesus. After all, my name is Mary, I was a virgin, it made sense to me at the time. But religion doesn't make sense to me anymore. Why the hell is it such a sacred institution? Through painting the symbols of religion, mainly christian ones, I'm trying

to decipher their meaning both on a personal level and in context of society as well. Really, what does Jesus on a stick mean, or the Madonna figure? Martyrdom and purity, a seemingly innocent contradiction that people idealize.

Denali: I know that you're very active in theatre also, and you've appeared in a number of LCC productions. Do you have any plans to combine the two in the future?

Mary: I love the whole theatre experience. I don't have immediate plans to combine art and drama. I don't really need to. Drama is art. I do have an interest in performance art. But for now, everyday life is my performance art. It's tantalizing to feel the possibility of the moment.



# The Future of the Cello

As the space shuttle launches through the ozone  
to study Southern Lights and Star Wars,  
the cello plays Elgar's Concerto  
in memory of Jacqueline Depre.

Why does life have such a bitter side?  
Are we really just the next dinosaurs?  
Why wouldn't we be? The powerful eat  
innocence and beauty for lunch

and spit out the bones into landfill.  
In the future, it may be the cello  
playing across space that saves us  
from flushing our lives down a black hole.

We are trying too hard to become like light.  
It may be the cello singing across space  
that convinces some superior, inhuman race  
that we are worth keeping alive.

We may be named the Cello Civilization of Sol  
on some distant 11-D star maps  
and already be soothing those hot brains  
light years away as we soothe ourselves

by listening to the mellow bowing  
and quick fingers of Rostropovich  
that play across space like invisible  
Aurora Borealis curtains of sound.

poetry by Peter Jensen



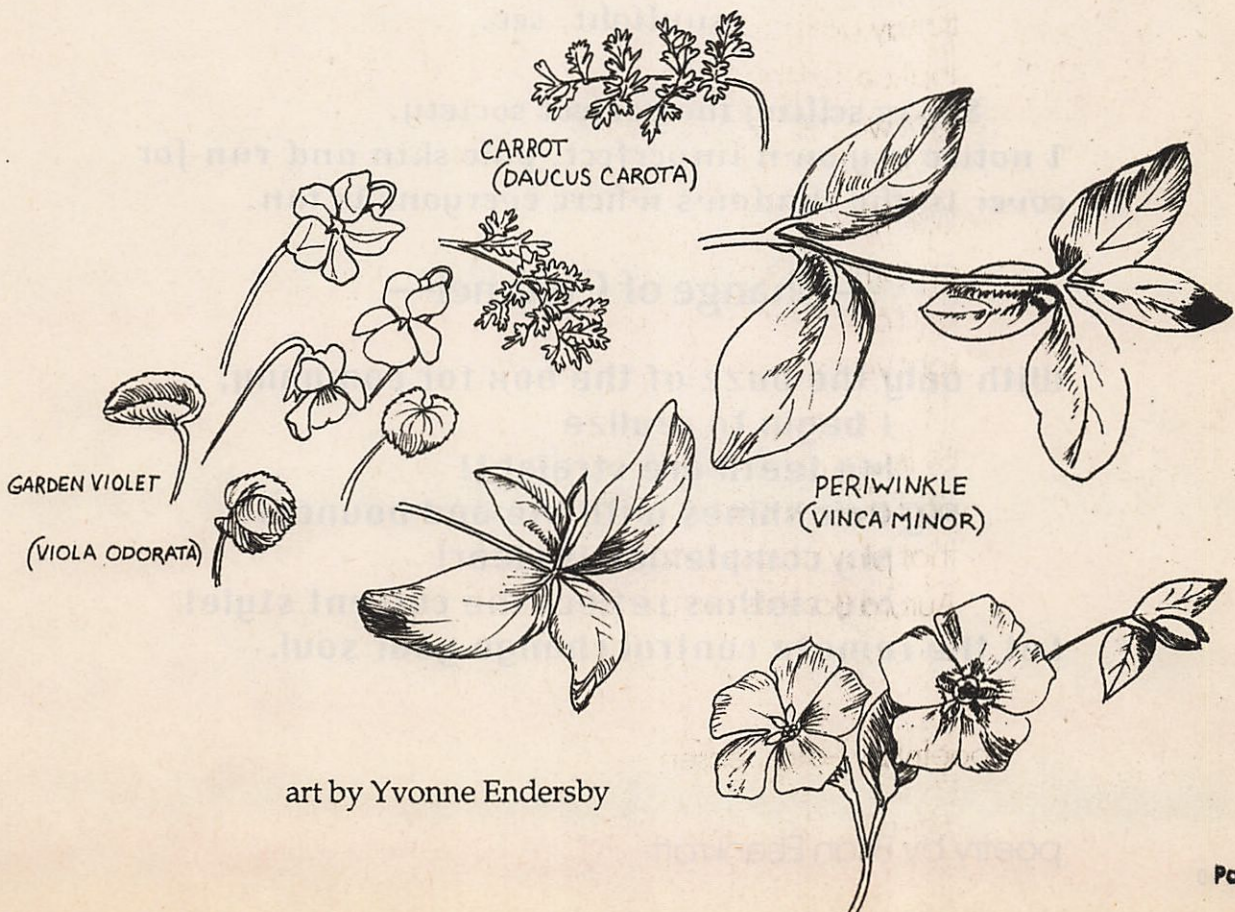
# Black Island 1973

poetry by Peter Jensen

I can see Pablo Neruda's enemies  
sacking his house on Black Island,  
crushing all the sea shells  
in his vast collection  
to look inside them  
for names of his dead friends.

And there, standing by the grave  
of his dog in the garden,  
the poet barks at a North American  
intelligence agent, who steals  
manuscripts of Neruda's poems  
for a major U.S. university.

The poet has just come back,  
after his death from cancer  
among tubes in a large hospital,  
which reminded Neruda of a blue whale,  
to give the ground above his dog a pat  
and find his (justly famous) hat.



art by Yvonne Endersby



# Puppy Love

Fiction by Judith A. Clark

I used to think that dead puppies were the saddest thing in the world; not anymore.

I was fourteen when Dad came home drunk. It was so hot, and I was the only one home. After slurring a quick hello, he stumbled to the kitchen and stepped on the baby puppy that I had rescued from under a car. The poor little brown and white mutt couldn't walk when I had found it a week earlier. Now that it was all fat and happy, my father killed it. The puppy screamed, but my father felt nothing — not emotionally nor under his foot. Dad stumbled off to bed; he wouldn't remember the next morning. Sweat and tears mingled on my neck as the screams assaulted my ears. The echo remained until I threw up.

I remember a riddle from an old Latin text: What is that isn't, yet has a name and answers when called? Sometimes, in silence, the echo calls to me. Dead puppies used to make me throw up.

That was before my baby died. She was so lovely! A tangle of exotic golden vines, her long blonde hair trailed down her back as if straining to reach the earth. Oh, you hear how some eyes are like blue pools of water or like a clear summer sky, not my baby's eyes; they weren't that dull. Hers were the blue that you saw from the bottom of that deep crystal pool, looking up at that oh-so clear summer sky. They might even have been bluer than that, I just can't remember.

At only three, she knew that forever was "you and me", and she loved me "best and always." I tried to love her best, but I don't know if I did. I never let her have a puppy.

Dead puppies used to really bother me before they started this.

Why can't they leave me alone? My memo-

ries, my heart, they torture me enough without the lies and tricks.

She's alive, they say. She wants to see you. She misses her momma. Sure, I want to believe, to dare to hope and to accept their lies as truth. They may wear white, but they try to deceive me, nonetheless.

I used to brush her hair as she sat on my lap watching cartoons. Every Sunday, we used to feed the ducks and rock the swinging bridge.

It's only been a bit over a week, but I see her every night in my dreams. It starts when God tells her to kill herself. Then, I watch her run out in front of the little red car. What is that isn't? Next, she lays beautiful on satin, and her lips pull back to let her smile, even in death. She continues to rot right before my eyes. When I awake, I always find myself whimpering like a puppy abandoned at a rest area.

"She doesn't seem to be responding," said the man behind the desk. "Maybe we should try a psychotropic. Have you any lead on what set her off?" The light poured in through the window behind Dr. McMahan. The young blonde girl in front of him saw only a shadow surrounded by an aura of gold.

"I told you, no drugs," the teenager stated with a toss of her mane. "I don't have anything new for you. I came home and found her sitting on the sidewalk crying. There was mail, open and read lying around her. There was a cigarette ad, a coupon book, and an emotional plea for money from the local animal shelter. Nothing makes sense to me." the girl rose to leave. When she reached the door, she paused.

"I miss my mother," she said quieter, practically a whisper, "I used to think dead puppies were sad."



## *sparrow*

*i hear her  
early in the morning sometimes  
she turns the radio low  
on the classical music station  
and sits by the window  
sketching the birds that come  
to the feeder she hung in the tree  
across from the porch.*

*i do not call to her  
"what are you doing out there?"  
or "hey, bring me a cup of coffee!"  
wisely  
i pretend to be asleep  
knowing  
that if she is pleased  
with her drawings  
she will slip back into bed  
and her hair will fall  
sparrow soft  
against my arm.*



poetry by Marc Smeaton

art by Yvonne Endersby



## Realization

The moon shined through  
the bare limbs of the  
elm  
casting a frail shadow  
on the graffiti covered  
bricks  
Standing, staring as cold  
as the December air  
Mind boiling with LSD  
sounds of the city  
fade into the night  
lost in the freedom that is silence  
I realize there is one predominate  
word on the wall -  
Econochrist



art by Judith Clark

*poetry by Chance Young*

## Untitled #1

Sitting in the jazz bar  
with necktied small business men  
Drowning wives in their marriage  
to gin and tonic  
trumpets crawl through smoke  
filled air  
Soothing minds full of endless  
digits and sexual frustration  
As they sit, they run  
run from their chosen existence  
And I sit here with my wretched  
soul, and ale  
running from mine

## Feminine According To Mr. Webster

I called on Mr. Webster.  
There is no Ms. Webster.  
So I asked him,  
Help me define her,  
This is what he told me . . .

"To be a suitable woman,  
She will be gentle,  
She will be delicate."  
Hmmm?

I called on Mr. Webster again.  
There is no Ms. Webster.  
So I asked him,  
Help me define him,  
This is what he told me . . .

"To be a suitable man,  
He will be strong,  
He will be vigorous."  
Hmmm?

Where's Ms. Webster?  
I challenge you, Mr. Webster,  
Me, a gentle, delicate female.  
Me, a strong, vigorous womyn.  
Define that.

*poetry by Sheila Muckridge*

## Tongue In Cheek

Men beat on the outside of the drum,  
like to make noise, spit on the ground,  
suck titty, and walk on the moon

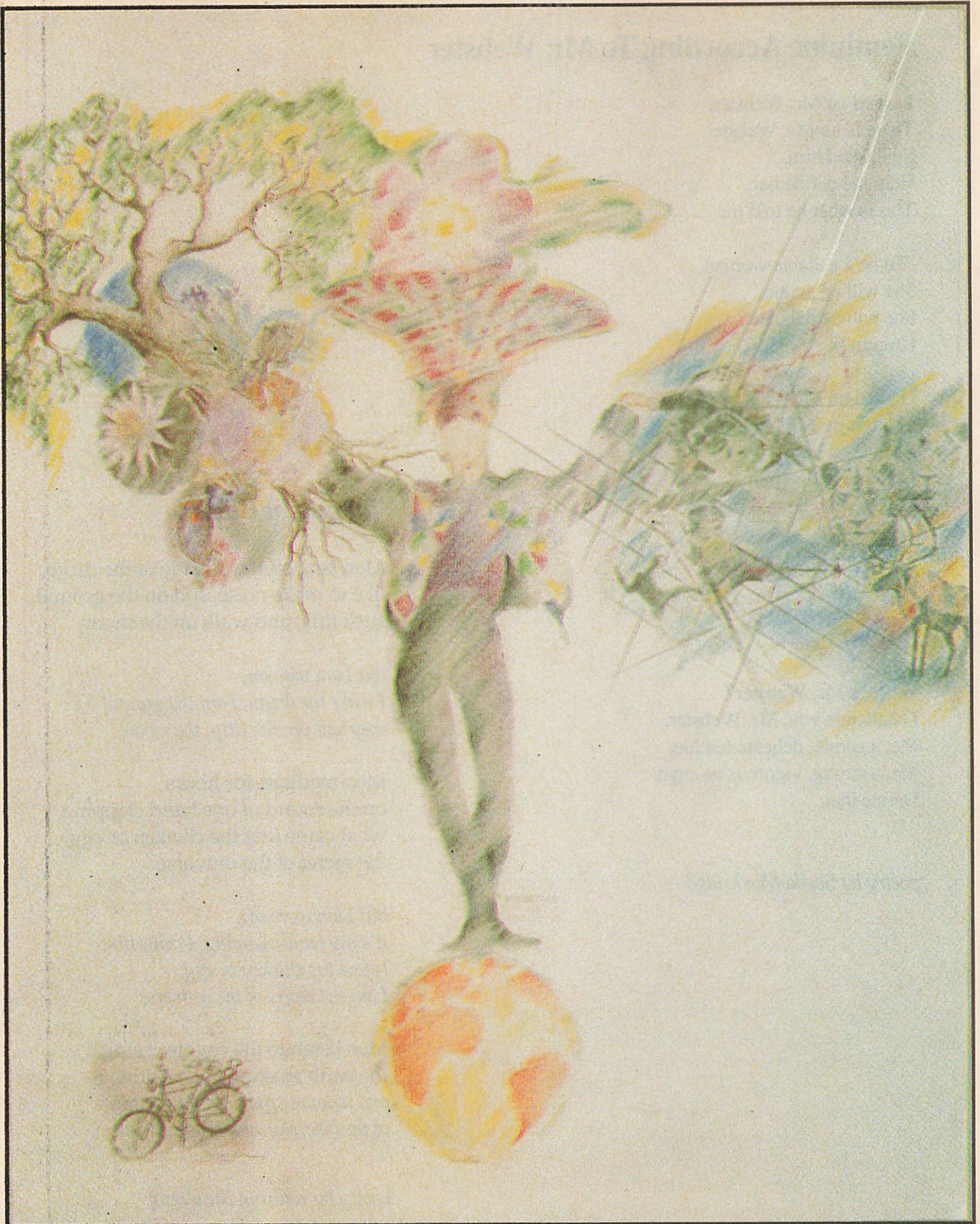
*but I am woman,  
I make the drum, I am the ground  
they spit on, the titty, the moon*

Men meditate for hours  
on the sound of one hand clapping,  
what came first the chicken or egg,  
the secret of the universe

*but I am woman,  
it's my hand clapping, I came first  
before the chicken or egg,  
I am the secret of the universe*

Men listen to the coyote crying,  
the earth shaking and steaming;  
*and woman speaking in tongues,  
of the lake, sky, and crow.*

*poetry by Kathryn Steadman*



art by Sharon Smith





art by Sharon Smith

## Dream State

The dream was beginning again. Her terror of it was as great as if a sulfurous beast sat upon her chest and clawed at her face. She tried to wake herself willing her eyes to open, her legs to swing over the side of the bed to the chill, tile floor, but her eyes focused only on the scene of the dream. Her dream-self looked at her legs. They were held in a vise. Metal bands gripped her to a — she twisted her neck around to see — an examining table — like no physician's examining table she had ever seen. Her arms were held also in that same vise grip. She struggled against the bands. A searing pain shot through

## Fiction by Bonita Rinehart

her arms and legs. She gasped. Tears burned at her eyes.

A white clad form turned towards her. It held a hypodermic. As it crossed the silver walled room to her side, it said "If you continue to struggle, the discomfort will be increased."

She shuddered. How could anything that devastating be increased? How could this person call it discomfort?

"Please, let me go," she pleaded.

"Now, you know we can't do that," it answered patiently, as it thrust the needle into her cheek.

She screamed. The sound echoed off the silver walls like the reflections of mirror to mirror. A long time later, she heard the scream die away.

It brushed the hair back from her face. She saw that its hands were sheathed in latex gloves. It smiled at her almost tenderly.

“Why am I here?”

As if it had answered an infinite number of times, it said, “You know why you are here. You have bad thoughts. We are helping you to remove those thoughts.”

“What thoughts?” she asked desperately.

More pain . . .

“Do not attempt to trick us with pretence of ignorance. The sooner you cooperate, the sooner you will be cured and able to return to your job.”

“Where do I work?” she asked.

“You work in the disease culture lab. You are very important, Selene. The strain you are working with could blind the infants of the enemy. It is a brilliant accomplishment. We had discussed giving you the award — before you became ill.”

“The award?”

“The award — for the strongest worker in our war effort. You must cooperate so that you can recover and return to your work.”

“Why are they our enemy?” she dared to ask.

“They are the enemy because they possess land we need, because they increase their numbers, because they are an inferior race, because they have a different appearance, because they refuse to accept the moral good that we know is absolute. They are the enemy because we despise them.”

“What do they think of us?”

Wrong question.

“They pretend to wish peace with us. They offer to teach us — to grow more food, to have healthy children, to live longer.”

She knew the pain would come, but she had to ask.

“Why don’t you let them teach you?”

A long time later she wondered who was that woman screaming? Then she realized it was herself. Odor . . . she had soiled herself.

Its hand touched her shoulder. “Bad thoughts.”

She sunk away, wishing in the vast exhaustion of pain, that she could sleep and escape. A hand shook her shoulder.

Her eyes opened. The silver walls were gone. The examining table was replaced by her own bed. The white clad person was no longer standing over her. Instead, her

roommate looked at her with worried, compassionate eyes.

“The dream again, Amber?”

She nodded, not trusting herself yet to speak. Speech had brought such horrors a moment ago.

“You need to see someone — a doctor, or a counselor, maybe. You’ve had these dreams almost every night for . . . how long?”

“I forget.”

“Well, you look like you’ve been through a war — or something worse!”

“Something worse.”

“See someone!”

“All right.”

She made the appointment without any great hope for relief. A few more nights of this and she’d lose her mind. Maybe those dreams were the herald of her insanity.

There was another dream before her appointment. It began like the others — silver walls, examining table, metal bands, the white clad form infinitely patient even while administering excruciating agony. Screams.

Then it said, “I will leave you with the necessity for bringing yourself in line with approved thoughts. When I return, we will talk again.”

Her cheeks were wet with tears of relief. She wondered how long her respite would be. Not long, it seemed. Another white clad form entered the room and walked over to her. It bent over and whispered in her ear.

“When the technician comes back, say that you hate the enemy. Say that you want to burn the flesh from their bones and melt their eyes from the sockets and pull out their tongues with hot pincers. When you are shown pictures of the enemy’s children, spit at them. Say you wish more than anything to return to your work. Say these things. Keep saying them. They’ll return you to your station at the disease culture lab. When you leave tonight to return to your apartment, someone will be waiting for you. You will be asked how the work is going. Answer, “Going well, but not as quickly as I wish.” That person will reply, “Many wish the work would go faster.” You’ll be brought to a safe house. After you’ve had time to heal, you can decide whether you want to take permanent sanctuary, or stay here and work from within.”

She was overwhelmed with questions. “Who are you — who are we?”

A smile . . . “We are The Friends of the Enemy. We believe that they want peace. We think there is enough for everyone. We are many, and we will pull down this

nightmare state!"

A cool hand touched her forehead. "Courage, Selene. It won't be long. Now scream — scream louder than you have ever screamed."

She obeyed.

The other white clad form rushed in. "What do you think you are doing?"

"Just giving a lesson," her savior whined.

"Well don't come in again without authorization." It dismissed the intruder, then turned to her. "Are you ready for another talk?"

She shuddered, nodded.

"Tell me, Selene, how do you feel about the enemy?"

She repeated what she had been told to say. Vituperative sounds spewed from her lips. The pictures . . .

Spit on them!

Her tormenter was gratified. "Excellent, Selene. A complete recovery, and we are sure there won't be a relapse, aren't we? This room is always here waiting to help you if you have bad thoughts."

She forced herself to smile as it released her bonds. "When will I be able to return to work?"

"Your enthusiasm is commendable. You can shower and change into clean clothes. Then a transport will take you back to the lab."

She walked to the door indicated. Her hand touched the handle — cold.

Awake.

Her roommate held her hand. "I'm glad you have that appointment this morning, Amber. I couldn't take many more of these nights, and I don't think you could either. When you scream, it's like hearing the gates of hell open."

She squeezed the other woman's hand. "Thank you. I'm all right now."

The morning filtered into the room as she lay awake waiting to fully believe torture was not imminent.

Later, at the doctor's office, she wondered if she would be diagnosed as insane. She blanched when the doctor entered the examining room. White clad . . . She had not been able to sit on the examining table.

He smiled benignly. "I understand you have been having some pretty disturbing dreams."

Her smile was rueful. "My roommate insisted I come. My screams are interfering with her sleep."

"Yours, too, I would imagine."

She nodded. It was impossible to hold back the tears.

He handed her a tissue. "There now, tell me about these dreams."

She told — a skeletal version — silver walled room, white clad technician, examining table, pain for wrong thoughts, pleasure for right, disease culture lab, Friends of the Enemy.

"That's quite a dream. It's almost as if you had looked through a window into the past. There once was a group called The Friends of the Enemy. They rescued people who were being tortured, opened lines of communication with the other side, sabotaged some bio experiments that would have ruined the gene pool for a millennium."

"I never heard of them!"

"Well, not consciously, perhaps. Probably something overheard in childhood stayed in your mind and has only surfaced recently in these dreams. Not too many people even know about that part of our history. We have peace now — peace for as far into the past as most people can remember. There's no reason to dredge up old hate. That's why the bad years are not often discussed or taught about in school. The dreams are easy to stop, fortunately. Just take one of these tablets before bed," he said, writing a prescription. "You'll have several dreamless nights. When the tablets are finished, your own normal dreams should return. Relapses are uncommon, but if one should occur, this can be refilled."

"Thank you. My roommate and I both thank you."

"I'm glad to be able to help and glad that it was not more serious. It's quite strange that you should have these dreams just now because it was right about this time of year, nearly ninety years ago, that the crucial moves were made against the warring establishment. A bio disease worker sabotaged the major lab. She had been accused of having wrong ideas and tortured, much as in your dreams. The Friends of the Enemy rescued her. The destruction of the lab allowed those working for peace to gain the time they needed and unite with the so-called enemy."

"Do you know what happened to the woman or her name?"

"I think it was something like Seler . . . no, Selene! I believe it was Selene. It has been many years since I read the news account of the incident. She died alone in the lab killed by the bombs she planted. Interesting story, eh?"

She left the office, holding the prescription, thinking of the night to come. The paper fluttered from her fingers, a butterfly picked up by the wind. She did not pursue it. She knew she would not fill that prescription, would not take those tablets and return her life to normal. She had an appointment to keep.

# GRANDMOTHER

Grandmother, a small woman  
wore no brassiere  
preferred comfort to glamour  
never wore heels  
her only make-up  
once-a-while lipstick

Grandmother wore  
a loose housedress  
an apron, a hairnet  
stickpins I gave her for Christmas  
golden hummingbird, glass ruby  
silver lamb

Grandmother wore  
false teeth that didn't fit her  
real teeth yanked by a dentist  
the year she married Granddad  
didn't finish school

Hot summers  
under window light  
I pulled stiff hairs from her neck  
with tweezers  
She cut my toenails  
fed me pound cake  
pecan pie  
green beans

Grandmother took me  
to the movies  
dimestores  
restaurants  
museums  
flower clock  
swimming pool  
Sunday school

the graveyard  
the graveyard

*poetry by Alice Evans*

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## *Madonna's Wishing Well*

*Poverty can never be virgin of birth, so the blue Madonna casts her shadow  
on her new formed flame.*

*Economic forecasts bring dark clouds quickly to this new union.*

*Poverty nibbles away the blue Madonna's self esteem; she carries the shame  
and cannot share the blame.*

*Work barely breathes life to the necessities, so she begs for help to survive  
a life of disparity.*

*Poverty brings out the parasitic in all from the benevolent benefactor  
to the bum in quite natural ways.*

*She then sells herself to varying degrees and finds she is never able  
to establish clarity over her loss of power with all this charity.*

*She looks to the community for unity and hopes for empathy,  
but community protects its golden treasures and agrees in fear  
over her having chosen her own pain.*

*So it goes on. Society sacrifices the blooded scarlet ewe  
supposedly to save the lamb.*

*But the blue Madonna still swims upstream with the hope to spawn  
a better future for her child.*

*Maybe you'll see her some bright day dropping silver lined tears of pain  
instead of change for change in the wishing well of life.*

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poetry by Christine Millet

## Don't Talk To Strangers

be careful  
or you'll give yourself away  
so hold still  
deep down inside and listen  
speak softly  
shhh . . . because it's a secret  
look closer  
people give themselves away  
but not you  
be careful and you can hide  
prying eyes  
won't detect your other life  
their questions  
will fail to reveal your shame  
if you try  
you can almost disappear  
and forget  
be careful and they won't know  
he hurts you  
if you could be good enough  
would he stop  
you don't know 'til it's over  
when to breath  
or when it's okay to cry  
you don't know  
if there is any safe place  
you just know  
a little girl must always  
be careful

*poetry by Denise Cameron*

## If I Walked Out

if I walked out, into the moon's light  
under it's cold glowing face  
there along the lane,  
where winter trees raise icecoated arms  
in vain searching this light for warmth  
that never is;  
I would go alone  
not even my self to tag along  
nor would it be left behind  
for truly it isn't there  
a shell I seem  
hardness covering emptiness  
in my eyes the last hope gone out  
like the candles burned away, one by one  
what light is there  
a reflection of the outside  
the feelings going mercifully dark  
soon the numbness beyond pain  
will be nameless, too,  
transformed in the colden glow  
if I walked away in moonlight  
(don't ask me to feel again)

# Reflection

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# REFLECTION

cold out tonight  
tired of fighting  
ready to give up  
driving the car late  
tears sliding down  
headlights catch her face  
in her tragic eyes  
a flash of anger  
riding despair  
she sees me now  
warm in the car  
going someplace  
while she is ragged  
walking nowhere  
to her I seem  
purposeful and safe  
what she doesn't know  
though she was glimpsed  
a moment gone  
memory lingers  
at home again  
she's in my mirror  
alone, afraid  
the part  
I fight to hide

*poetry by Denise Cameron*

## Tell Me

tell me  
about how you met him  
tell me  
one of your favorite stories  
like how was your first date  
your first kiss  
tell me  
how his eyes light when you smile  
that he likes who you are  
how you laugh  
tell how often you can't find the words  
that sometimes you have fights  
and make-up  
tell me  
about the middle of the night  
how it can be so safe  
being close  
tell me  
that you are still in love  
tell me  
how he's the one you run to  
that he will dry your tears  
share your pain  
tell me  
how you care for one another  
that when he says your name  
you feel it

# David's Song

Photographs and text by  
Michael Omogrosso



David Thompson walks with a casual gait, the gait of one who has stopped running to catch up with the world — satisfied to let the world catch up to him.

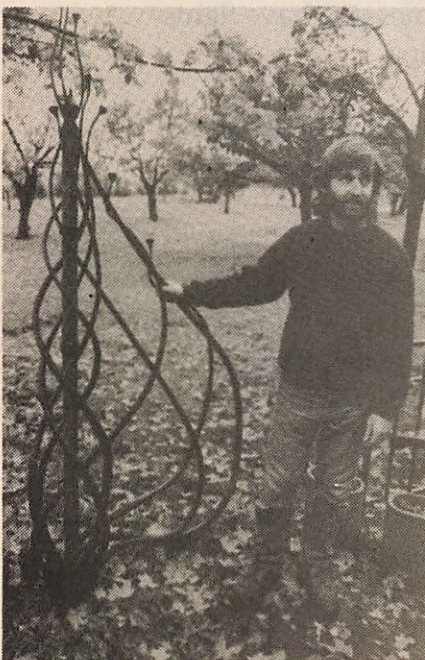
"I worked like crazy several years ago," he says referring to a time when wrought iron gates and railings paid off his house. "Now I have friends doing wrought iron and making lots of money, but they sometimes look at me and say, 'David, I wish I could do what you do.'"

He remembers his mother getting him a welding torch when he was in Junior High, "I lived on a farm so I always had a chance to weld something." And he recalls always "playing around with (metal work)," as well. For David "playing around" means being creative.

David leans forward from inside "David's Song I" to give it a bit of a shove, and as it begins to move he reminisces, "This used to be up at Mount Hood Meadows. The wind blows a lot up there and made this piece always move."

Digging even further back David relates the piece's inception, "I worked building spiral stair cases. Every time I would put a piece of steel into the roller to form it, I would admire the beauty of the curve. One time I did some for myself." And "David's Song, I" was soon playing for the world.

Curves continue to intrigue David. From a free standing garden gate to bird bathes to his own staircase, the curves keep drawing your eye around and up. "I'm really caught up in viney things," says David. "The curves are or-



**Eugene sculptor David Thompson (left) swings open a steel vine garden gate that he made by heating steel rods in a furnace and pounding them into the desired shapes with his hammermills.**

**"David's Song I" (above) will be on display in the Downtown Mall in Eugene beginning July 1 and will remain there through January.**



ganic, always changing."

As does David's art. He says his focus changed toward the end of his apprenticeship in sheet metal work from attaching pieces of metal together to bending, stretching, and pounding metal into flowing forms. He attributes that change to becoming interested in blacksmithing.

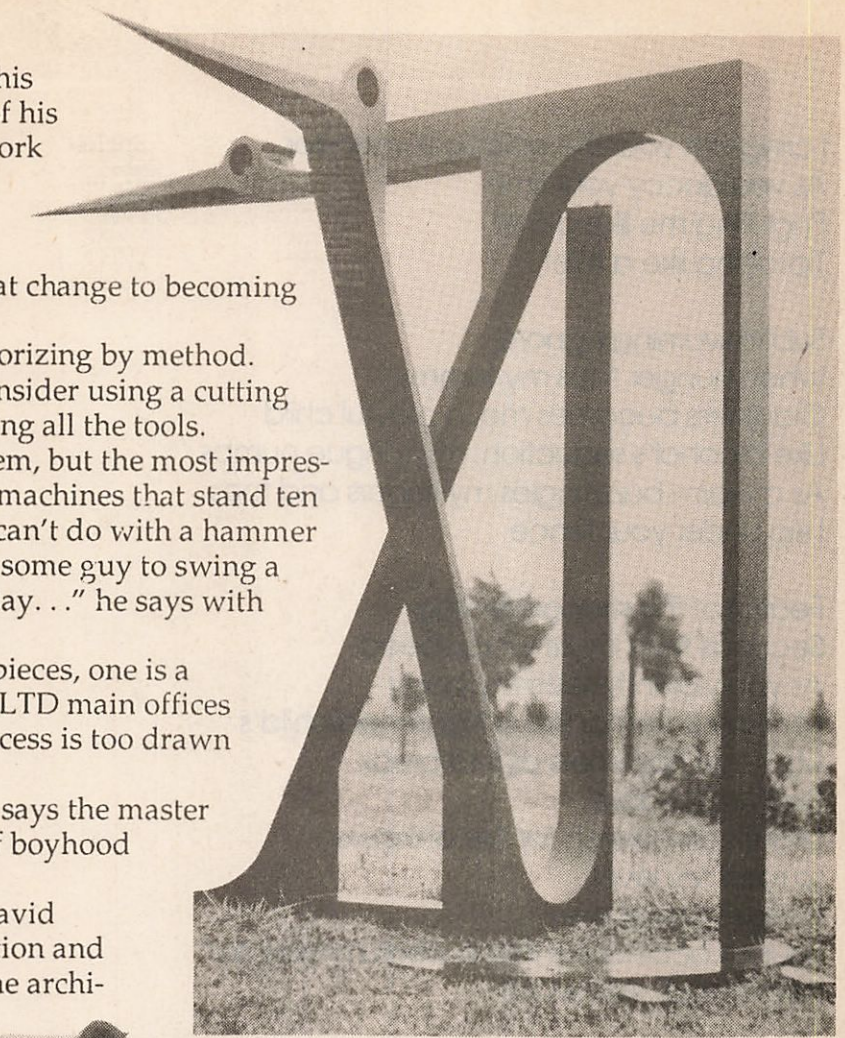
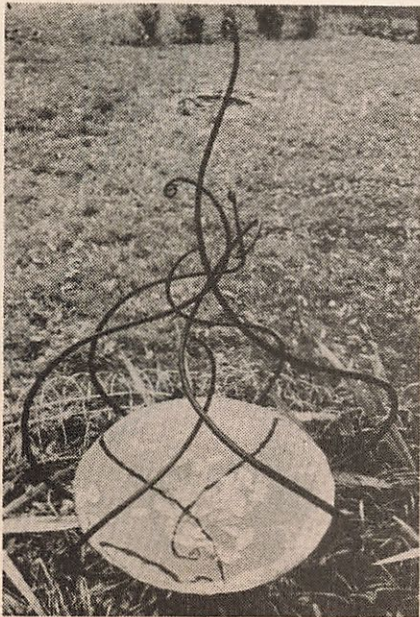
But this sculptor avoids categorizing by method. "Some blacksmiths wouldn't consider using a cutting torch, but I like the option of using all the tools.

And his shop is filled with them, but the most impressive tools are the huge hammer machines that stand ten feet tall. "Some things you just can't do with a hammer (hand-held). Now if I could get some guy to swing a two hundred pound sledge all day..." he says with close to a laugh.

He has done some public art pieces, one is a interactive fountain piece at the LTD main offices — but he feels the public art process is too drawn out.

"The spirit wants to be now," says the master sculptor not hiding a remnant of boyhood impatience.

As for his immediate goals, David Thompson hopes to merge function and form by entwining his art into the architecture of homes and businesses. And with each clang of the hammer, David comes one stroke closer to forging that future.



A viney bird bath (far left) graces David's backyard.

The ten foot tall steel sculpture, "Nest," (left and above) reveals varying forms as the viewer shifts perspectives.

I cringe at you, the ecliptical monster  
As you decoy your time  
Engulfing me like a mist  
Tiptoeing like a thief

Subtle warning I ignore  
When hunger taps my tummy  
Giddiness becomes me, a playful child  
Like alcohol's seduction, my tongue numbs  
As a warm buzz tingles my fingers and toes  
I slip under your fence

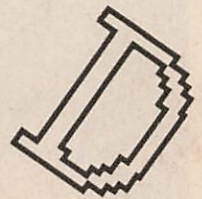
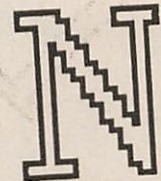
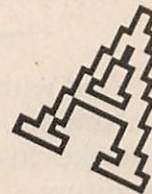
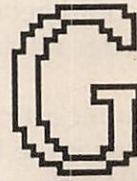
Fearful of this strange feeling  
Seconds flash by at warp speed  
As you violently seize my body  
My hands tremor like a frightened child's  
My heart hammers as if to break  
Delirium attacks  
I frantically search for the antidote  
to raise my level  
Images coruscate  
Sounds accelerate into a stadium-filled riot  
As my body slams OUT

Into throes  
My soul unconsciously on stand-by, lost in a black hole  
As my body races on like an electrocuted zombie  
My limbs thrash  
My head pounds the floor, a child in a tantrum  
My muscles clench as if poisoned  
My teeth become my tongue's enemy

Others' hollers, echos in a tunnel  
"I CAN'T HEAR YOU"

Swathed in darkness I feel no body  
But my soul begins to rally  
Like strobelights in slow motion  
Unknown faces and voices emanate

I phase in  
And out



A by-stander in a crowd, I wonder  
"Who are they talking to?"  
I hear my name  
Someone whispers to me  
"You'll be all right  
Try to stay awake."

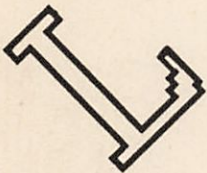
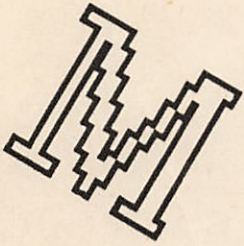
I phase in  
And out

I hear sirens  
As shadowed figures stir around me  
My body feels as if not my own, Novocained numbed  
Once again blackness becomes me  
I look from above and from below  
White lights seen  
I know the doctor's voice  
As sounds swirl the table and room  
I hear my name  
"We thought we lost you," he says gently  
"You're a real fighter."

A nurse strokes my hand, a mother comforting her child  
My body feels like a cadaver, sucked dry of all energy  
Huge knots on the back of my head are felt with each  
throbbing pang  
An iron taste in my mouth sickens me  
As they help me to sit up I feel hollow  
My legs feel like rubber  
Yet cement heavy  
And when I try to stand they wobble

Mom walks into the room  
A terrified look distorts her face  
She puts her arms around me  
Quivering  
She says, "You scared me to death!"  
At thirteen, I too am scared  
I faintly smile and hug her like my teddy bear  
Never wanting to let go

I certainly feel like death  
As it shadows the other side.



## **El Todo-Nada**

Para que el Todo-Nada sea Todo  
el Vacío es la Forma y el Vacío.  
Este sensible cuerpo hecho de lodo  
es también el suspiro que hago mío.

El yo de que me ufano, de otro modo  
es la Nada del Bien en que confío;  
sólo un invento para mi acomodo  
y la cárcel sutil de mi albedrío.

Cómo puedo yo ser sin ser yo nada.  
Cómo hablar de algo mío si no existo.  
La forma de mi cuerpo es la morada  
de Aquel que es existencia por lo visto  
y existencia también por lo invisible;  
yo soy ese Vacío inconcebible.

**poetry and translation by José Maria Lugo**  
junio 2-91

## **The Whole-Nothing**

In order for the Whole-Nothing to become Whole  
the Void turns into the Form and Void.  
This sensitive body raised from the mud  
is no less the sigh I have made my own.

The I I boast about is otherwise  
Nothing in the Good I confide in,  
something I have made up for comfort  
and the subtle cage of my own will.

How could this I be being hardly anyone?  
How to speak of my own since I have not arrived?  
My body's outline is the dwelling  
of the One whose being we are able to see,  
whose being remains to be seen.  
I am such impossible Void.

## *Breath Wind*

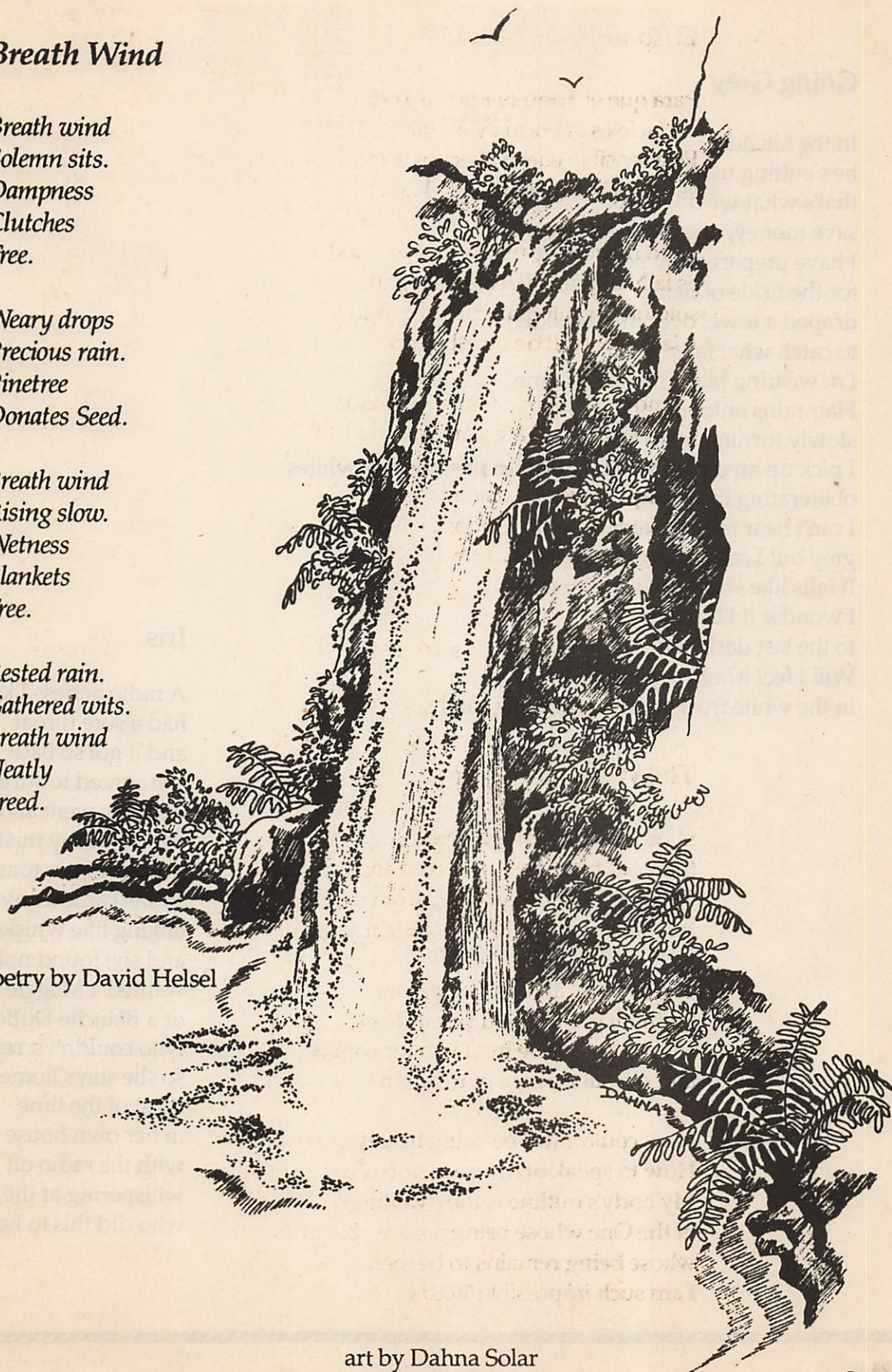
*Breath wind*  
*Solemn sits.*  
*Dampness*  
*Clutches*  
*Tree.*

*Weary drops*  
*Precious rain.*  
*Pinetree*  
*Donates Seed.*

*Breath wind*  
*Rising slow.*  
*Wetness*  
*Blankets*  
*Tree.*

*Rested rain.*  
*Gathered wits.*  
*Breath wind*  
*Neatly*  
*Freed.*

poetry by David Helsel



art by Dahna Solar

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## Going Grey

In the kitchen  
he's cutting my hair.  
that's what we do to  
save money, one of the things.  
I have prepared my neck  
for the tickle of hairs,  
draped a towel over my shoulders  
to catch what falls.  
I'm wearing black pants this time.  
Hair rains onto my thighs  
slowly turning them ashen.  
I pick up an orphaned curl, scrutinize the rebel whites  
obliterating the brown.  
I can't hear my hair turn  
grey but I can see it.  
It falls like snow mixed with rain.  
I wonder if I'll be alert  
to the last dark one.  
Will I feel it? or maybe lose it  
in the white frost on my dwindling thighs.

*poetry by Quinton Hallett*

## Iris

A radio actress I know  
had a sore throat  
and it got so bad  
she agreed to surgery  
but they went and removed  
her larynx by mistake  
instead of her tonsils  
so she came away  
talking like whiskey  
and she found nobody  
wanted a Maggie the Cat  
or a Blanche DuBois  
who couldn't scream  
so she stays home  
most of the time  
in her own house  
with the radio off  
whispering at the ones  
who did this to her.

# Contributors:

**Marta L. Budd** is an art history major, who is transferring to the U of O.

**Denise Cameron** is a woman healing and growing in her own way, in her own time.

**Judith A. Clark** is a single mother and an English Major.

**Brian Eisenkraft** "I grew up watching the typical seven hours of T.V. a day. I have suffered an inferiority complex ever since. Thankfully, with the right therapy and medication, I've learned to live a normal life."

**Yvonne Endersby** is an L.C.C. graphic design student. She has a previous degree in mass communications.

**Alice Evans** is a freelance journalist, poet and fiction writer who teaches writing classes at Westmoreland Community Center and at the L.C.C. Florence Center. She also edits fiction for *Northwest Review*.

**Jim Governale** has a preoccupation with writing, and hopes that someday it will be an occupation.

**Quinton Hallett** is a poet and fiction writer from Noti.

**David Helsel** is a Eugene poet.

**Peter Jensen** has published *Confluence*, a book of selected poems with Erik Muller and David Johnson.

**Jill Lauch** is expanding the concepts of humanity by example.

**Jose' Maria Lugo** was born in Managua, Nicaragua and lived in Mexico until 1955. He has a masters in Philosophy and has published criticism and poetry.

**Alisa McLaughlin** is "an artist striving to be heard like a voice in the wilderness, who is either ignored or told to shut up; so the ignorant

can sleep."

**Christine Millet** is a triumphant soul.

**Sheila Muckridge** is an L.C.C. student working on an Oregon Transfer degree.

**Michael Omogrosso** "Presenting the extraordinary face of ordinary people to other ordinary people is my passion, in any medium.

**Lynn Rea** is a Journalism major.

**Bonita Rinehart**, the 1991-92 editor of *Denali*, Chair of the Media commission, Vice-President of ASLCC, member of Phi Theta Kappa, Goddess Extraordinaire, and crack racecar driver loves to have her hair brushed.

**Marc Smeaton** is still confused about why his work is getting published.

**Sharon Smith** "We cannot ignore the fact any longer that man and the environment are interrelated and depend on each other for survival."

**Dahna Solar** "I am thankful to my husband and four children for supporting me through my scholastic and artistic endeavors."

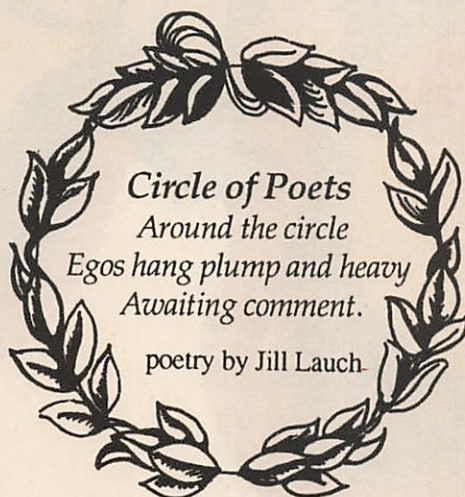
**Donna L. Sower** "Poetry is an outlet to my pain and an inlet to my love."

**Kathryn Steadman** "This poem was written after a particularly bad bungee jumping experience."

**David Thompson** "Move the material till it moves you!" My personal satisfaction as an artist is in clean, graceful, harmonious sculpture.

**Mary Unruh** is an artist, actress and human being extraordinaire.

**Chance Young** "I'm a history major because I enjoy the study of the physical, emotional, and spiritual struggles of human existence"



## Circle of Poets

Around the circle

Egos hang plump and heavy  
Awaiting comment.

poetry by Jill Lauch.



Ode to Spring

God all she did that vacation was climb up on the board and toe it to the end and  
spring!  
every  
day  
of the  
vacation

*poetry by Jim Governale*