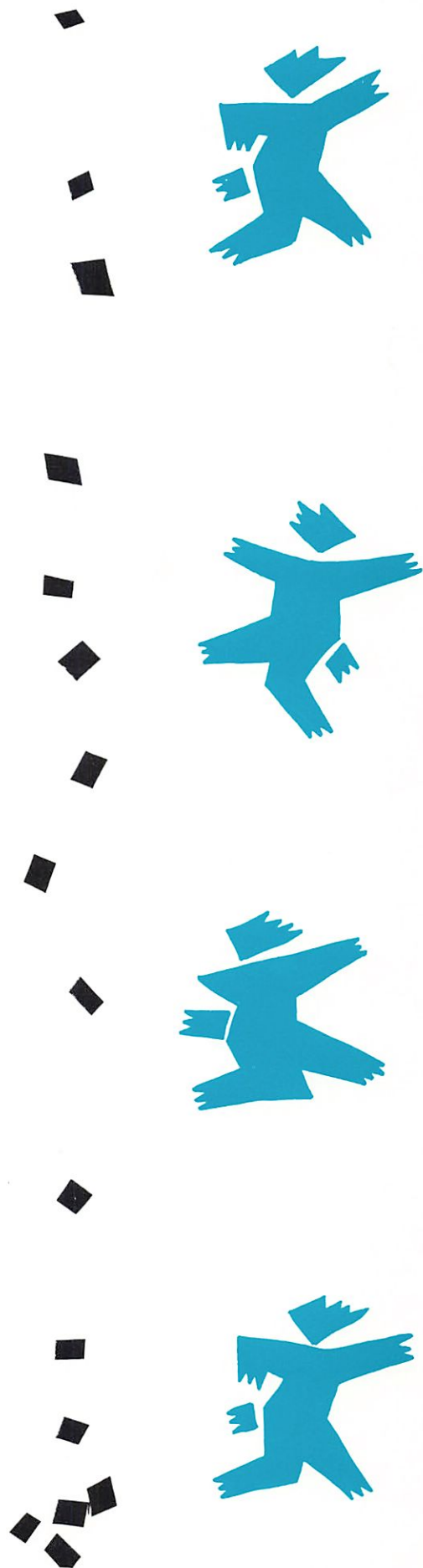


# Denali

*Magazine*







# Denali

*Magazine*

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Spring  
1993

DEAR READERS  
This year has been fun  
and exciting  
for me,  
one that I will always  
remember with  
fond memories.  
I want to encourage  
all of you to  
please continue  
to be a part of *Denali*  
in the years to come

*Jeanette Nadeau*

Lane Community College  
4000 East 30th, Eugene, Oregon 97405  
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Spring 1993. Volume XV Number 3



Clockwise from bottom left: *Peter Jensen, Michael Acord, Sonja Taylor, Steven Tristano, Dorothy Wearne, Yvonne Endersby, Jeanette Nadeau, Richard Hamm.*



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# Contents



FRONT COVER DESIGN by *Jeanette Nadeau*

PAGE 2: Staff photo/staff box

PAGE 4: **Lost and Found** by *Quinton Hallet*  
**Seventeen** by *Gary Fraser*

PAGE 5: Photo by *Roy Snider*  
Poetry by *Bonita Rinehart*

PAGE 6: **Dragon Tears** by *Claudia Vaughn*

PAGE 7: **Rabbit Running** by *Karen Ehlers*  
**Big Idea** by *Marilyn McNabb*

PAGE 8: **Coffee in the Rain** by *Jean Thomas*  
**Crow** by *Don Reynolds*  
**Coffee in the Morning** by *Jeanette Nadeau*

PAGE 9: **Jade Angel** by *Chance Young*  
**Guilty Heart** by *Justin C. Harris*

PAGE 10: **Trees** by *Bill Herrin*  
**Laws of Nature** by *Edward J. Rapee*

PAGE 11: **Desire** by *Don Reynolds*  
**Haiku** by *Maris Granger*

PAGE 12: **Sand** by *Justin C. Harris*

PAGE 13: **Maiden Hair** by *Justin C. Harris*  
**Sleep Walker** by *Bonita Rinehart*  
Etching by *Kevin Dougherty*

PAGE 14: **Praise** by *Peter Jensen*  
**Dandelions** by *Yvonne Endersby*

PAGE 15: **Heart Break** by *Ol' Stupid*

PAGE 16: **Entering the Willamette Valley, 1843**  
by *Susan Applegate*  
**Oregon Roadside** by *Jean Esteve*

PAGE 17: **Sympathy for the Devil**  
by *Melissa Ann Reynolds*

PAGES 18 & 19: **The Kalapuya Year**  
by *Molli Nordlund*

PAGE 19: **Seasonal Propositions**  
by *Kevin Dunham*

PAGE 20: **Memories** by *Gail Heffron*  
**Babies** by *T. L. Seckler*

PAGES 21 & 22: **Our Time of Loving**  
by *Michael Goodwin*

PAGE 22: **Three Sisters** by *Linda Masters*

PAGE 23: **Wildlife illustrations**  
by *Susan Applegate*  
**Collection of Haiku** by *Brenda Shaw, David  
Frye and Maris Granger*

PAGE 24: **Going Home** by *Ronald Ross*  
**To Joy** by *Randy Smith*

PAGE 25: Poetry by *Michelle Brundage*

PAGE 26 & 27: **Uninvited** by *Gary Jackson*

PAGE 27: **The Worst Driver** by *Wendy Wibowo*

PAGE 28: **Romance Tale** by *Bonita Rinehart*

PAGE 29: **Apples** by *Jean Esteve*  
**The Smiler** by *Fran Pecor*  
Poetry by *Lisa Ball*

PAGE 30: **Death of a Surfer** by *Sonja Taylor*  
**Affair** by *Denise Cameron*

PAGE 31: **It is Hard to Be Good**  
by *T. L. Seckler*

PAGE 32: **Stump Geese** by *Ronald Ross*  
**Barview** by *Jean Esteve*

PAGE 33: **Tranquility in Paradise**  
by *William Shrader Jr.*  
**Father to Son** by *Paul S. Morgan*  
Illustration by *Susan Applegate*

PAGE 34: **Darkness** by *Ong Kar Khalsa*  
**Robin** by *T. L. Seckler*

PAGE 35: linocut by *Jeanette Nadeau*  
Poetry by *Kevin Wearne*

PAGES 36 & 37: Contributors and contest winners

BACK COVER: **Stalking a Prey** by *Jason Varner*  
**daughter** by *Denise Cameron*

# Lost and Found

It was supposed to be a simple trip  
with my husband across Iowa countryside  
from Cedar Falls to Des Moines.  
We were unfamiliar with the region  
and in a hurry, so naturally, we got lost.  
The first man in a group from whom we asked directions  
was old, reminded me of my grandfather,  
retired general, dead for twenty years.  
Stretching his frame to its full height  
(I almost saluted), the man pointed south  
mumbling route numbers too softly to track.  
A woman and man who could understand him  
disagreed with what he said and argued  
with each other about our proper route.  
Soon the old man broke in, this time his voice  
a sharp report: "You take the main road south  
out of town, then turn right at the house that  
isn't there anymore."  
And that's exactly what we did.

*Quinton Hallet*

# Seventeen

i wish i were a chatterbox  
a dilettante of social talks  
with steady flow of glib exchange  
or soft discourse down moonlit lane  
but being me with my social block  
i find it hard to pick that lock.

*Gary Fraser*







*photo by roy snider*

We carried torches  
Made of fireflies caught in a jar  
And danced over the evening dewed grass  
As the sky turned purple  
And the stars began  
To flicker on their lights  
And sometimes those stars  
Rushed  
Through the sky  
Like glimmering white birds  
Shot down  
By a silent gun

*Bonita Rinehart*



# Dragon Tears

Once, there was a dragon who moped because people thought him cruel. He hid in his cold, damp cave, and he had built thirteen walls around him, so nobody could discover him. The walls were thick and high; the doors were hidden. Those who tried gave up. Then, after almost endless effort, a curious elf managed to climb over the walls, where she saw the dragon crying in his sleep. He had many wounds, which had not healed after a thousand years. His once beautiful golden skin had now lost its luster, but still the elf could see the dragon's beauty as she looked closer.

She saw the dragon's soul, which was warm and loving but was hidden and had been filled with bitterness and sadness by people who could not see his gentleness. There was a time when he used to help people, but they only abused him. Ever since, he had spit fire. The elf soothed his painful injuries and kissed his tears away.

Exhausted from climbing, she slipped under the dragon's wing and fell asleep. As the dragon awoke, he noticed the stranger, who rested trustfully under his wing. Now he did not know what to do. Should he spit fire? He was ready to blow one of his best fireballs ever, when he noticed that his skin had started to heal and that he was not sleeping in a puddle of tears. He was so surprised and touched that he hummed a song. The elf was awakened by the beautiful melody; she tended him, listened and understood.

Suspicious of the loving elf, he could not believe that somebody was so nice to him. "Do you want my treasures?" he growled, suddenly unfriendly.

"I don't want anything!" the elf replied. The dragon was so selfish that he could not see her caring; the distrust of anybody had blinded him. So once again, he spat fire. The elf died. With her death, he lost his glowing luster again as he walked even deeper into the darkness of the cave, where he went to sleep crying again.

*Claudia Vaughn*







Rabbit Running

# League for Innovation



## National Student Art Competition

first place winner  
***Sculpture by  
Karen Ehlers***

second place winner  
***Print by  
Marilyn McNabb***

The League for Innovation in the Community College is a consortium of 18 premier community college districts across the United States and in Canada.

The purpose of the League for Innovation is to provide exceptional opportunities for students through the pursuit of projects and ideas that promote innovation and creativity.



Big Idea





# Coffee in the rain

A queensize metal bedframe leans upright  
against a once white picket fence.  
The bedsprings now serve as a gate.  
An old rug is crumpled on a hump  
that used to be a compost pile,  
its color indistinguishable.  
The mattress and two chairs keep  
each other company. Today, I throw  
a wooden coat rack like a javelin  
to the junk in my back yard.

There is enough furniture there now to  
make a home.

A bum might be backpacking  
down this block's grassy alley  
eyeing backyards on either side  
when an unwanted bed catches  
his attention.

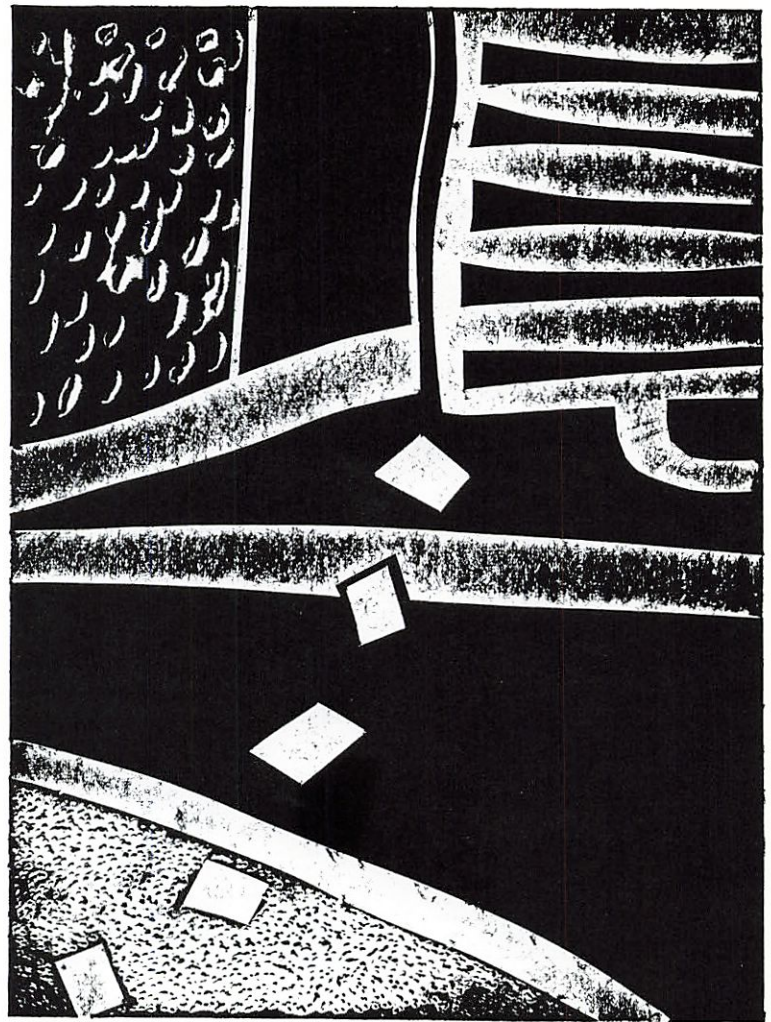
Slowly, he enters  
through the bedspring gate  
late one clear evening.

He shakes loose the coat rack  
from the ground and life  
that have grown around it,  
stands it up, hangs his brown  
musty coat on the only hook.  
Without thinking about tomorrow,  
he falls asleep on the sealy mattress.

When I wake  
I look out my bedroom's  
foggy mullioned windows and  
feel a ghostly presence  
even though he is gone  
long before dawn.

If he decides to live there  
on the hump,  
I would bring him coffee  
in the mornings  
even if it rains.

*Jean Thomas*



Coffee in the Morning  
*print by jeanette nadeau*

## Crow

Carrion crow hops near  
the nameless road kill  
cirrus clouds circle the sun--  
a bright beard of glory.

The air is cooler now and  
filled with coupling insects  
at the end of the year.  
I drive dark and artless  
across four southern states.

*Don Reynolds*





## Jade Angel

In the lost blackness of  
inconsistent dawns  
A jade angel rose teasing  
my lips with the sweat  
of God

The luminous peace of  
moonlit silence  
Now wasted, vanishing in the  
mist of impending resurrection

Tranquility breathed from Holy eyes  
feeling the torture of  
vain dreams  
Understanding, at last, the value  
of Fear

In the beauty of her flight  
I bowed my head in thanks  
Then there were only  
footprints in the sand.

*Chance Young*

## Guilty Heart

I wrote you a letter,  
And it's in the mail.  
Oh, for the things I say,  
Somewhere exists a jail.  
Words there locked away,  
Can only make you pale.

Enfold then this crystal,  
Of beauty promised,  
With corpulent lips,  
Whose warm melting will,  
Reveals bloody tears,  
Of a rhythmless,  
Autistic organ,  
Failing to master,  
The voice.

I wrote you a letter,  
And it's in the mail.  
Aoristic dancers of the dark,  
Telling a terpsichorean tale.  
Blind eyes coaxing to life.  
Figurine symbols of braille.

*Justin C. Harris*







Trees

*photo by bill herrin*

## The laws of nature

Whenever I walk among these trees so tall,  
I contemplate the beauty of it all,  
Of their creation, and how it all could be  
That they are there, in all their majesty.  
The mystery that makes these trees grow,  
To me, I think, that I shall never know.  
How then, claims man right to destruction,

Of things he can make no reproduction.  
Does he think that man is so divine  
That all that lives is surely to be "mine".  
No other life claims as its heritage,  
Dominion over all, and then abridge  
Their sanctity and right to co-exist.  
Oh no! the laws of nature will resist.





# Desire

*Homage to Thee, Ganesha. Elephant-headed One, Lord of Obstacles: homage to Thee.  
Maha-Ganapati Sutra*

On my desk sits a Ganesh  
Fashioned from Ganges River clay  
That I've rubbed in my hands  
Making wishes so many times  
I forget them all.

My wishes have all come true.  
And, while I wonder  
What animates that clay image--  
My Desire? an Intelligence ineffable?  
A tormented Spirit? or perhaps  
A piece of what animates me  
Injected into that lifeless thing--  
I've come to distrust my own will,  
To know that desire granted  
Is suffering and the father of misery.

So I've come round the backdoor  
To the First Noble Truth:  
Every wish come true,  
Whether wished on a star  
Hanging in the astral menstroom  
Or burned in midnight flesh,  
Undoes the wisher like a dream  
Undoes the butterfly and Love  
The lover exhausts and spurns.

I've spent my blood and my future  
On these desires--flashing minnows,  
Sundogs--forgetting what I was

Born knowing: All Life Suffers.  
I've burned while alive, and now,  
While my flame stutters, I lust  
Desperately for what I once scorned.

I lift the image of Ganesh  
Rolling his fat belly in my fingers.  
The seed-pod at his feet is filled  
With tiny carved elephants, the seeds  
Of Desire. Small now, but once planted in  
The soil of my flesh, they grow planet-size.  
They pull me inexorably to the ground  
And fix me to the spot.

This spot is the navel of the world,  
An axis that runs through the spheres  
Equidistant from each coil of the old worm.  
Here, I languish in a calm sea,  
nourished by nectar  
Brewed from the poison of my Desire.

*Don Reynolds*

## Haiku

Children's laughter is shared  
by ducks floating on  
sunlit water of glass.

*Maris Granger*



# Sand

◆ There is sand on the bottom of my glass?  
It's alright I don't drink from that end.  
There is sand on the bottom of my shoes!?  
Really alright, I don't think from that end.  
◆ Oh, you were wondering if the beach would  
Miss the sand I take away.

◆ Child, that's a wonderful thing to wonder.  
Come bother me for a few moments,  
◆ Won't you?  
What tales does your tender mind tell?

◆ You've seen birds, ants, and even bees,  
Venturing forth alone always to return,  
To their homes of hive and nest.  
◆ But how returns the grain of sand?  
◆ You think it travels to distant lands,  
Until weary traveler shakes his pants,  
Over an ocean that slowly tides it home,  
Onto an ever-welcoming shore.

◆ Child, that's the best I've heard in a while,  
And I'm glad our friend is back safely.  
◆ But there's one thing I'm still unsure of--  
◆ Did the beach miss the sand taken away?

*Justin C. Harris*



## Maiden Hair

Where,  
In a rich woods  
Heavy with the dark smell  
Of dirt,  
The early morning mist  
With light footsteps trods  
Bracken and a fair fern  
Whose whorls of lime leaves  
In black lace bend.  
Wet weight.

Quiet winds awaken  
The nodding thistles.  
Pale plumes float softly,  
Slowly down dry creek bed.  
Birds break the final  
Surviving silence with sounds  
Only the small throated  
Can sing.

*Justin C. Harris*



*etching by kevin dougherty*

## Sleep Walker

*She leans across my bed  
And into my dreams  
Seeps  
As fog  
Beneath the door  
As scent  
Across  
The water.*

*Bonita Rinehart*



# Praise

*For Richard Wilbur*

Wilbur was a signal officer  
during World War II in France.  
His job was to lead a team of men  
ahead of the Allied advance.  
They trailed a long, thin wire they hid  
under leaves to a field position  
for artillery to aim beyond,  
for tanks and infantry to catch.

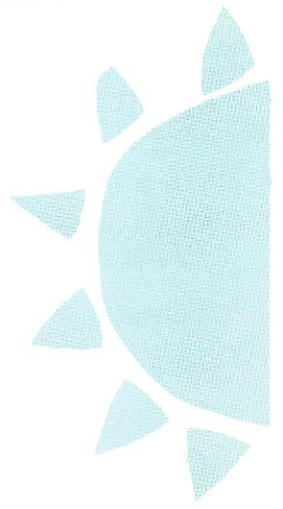
Imagine the sunny French countryside  
and torn trees of a forest patch  
with Wilbur peering through bushes at a row  
of poplars leading to a farmhouse  
covered by a Nazi machine gun nest,  
where friendly, incoming shells throw  
flame and smoke across his view.

The light came back and brought uneasy peace.  
After the war, daylight transfigured that place  
in pastoral France, so we could see  
Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Claude Monet,  
and Berthe Morisot at their easels, all three  
impressionists painting together on one day  
in white clothes like clouds loosely fit  
and straw hats like boats that float on ponds,  
which flake off tiny reflections  
of orange and opposite  
blue on water black as obsidian.  
Envision a picnic: dancing dogs, funny kids,  
baskets of food, and globes of golden wine.

Richard Wilbur came home to rhyme with light.  
That is his role in postwar poetry:  
a scout calling us to advance with beautiful changes  
moving over the land. His lines so clearly  
flash out pulsar fixes as time rearranges  
old constellations drawn on the ocean of night.

He solved E. B. White's riddle with a perfect fit:  
first, save the world; then, savor it.

*Peter Jensen*



Dandelions

*by yvonne endersby*





# Heart Break

One morning, while parked on a street in Eugene waiting for my employer to open the shop, my attention was drawn to a little girl with her mother waiting at a bus stop for the handicapped. I wondered what was wrong with the girl. She walked with difficulty and seemed unable to speak.

On this glorious spring morning (I will never forget the scene that unfolded before me), the mother stood quite still with a look of boredom and irritation, but the girl saw some wildflowers in the grass and with a radiant smile started picking the dandelions, paintbrush, and clover blooms, which she held to her face and smelled their fragrance. Then she gave them a kiss and with her face aglow hobbled to her mother holding the flowers up high for her mother and patted her on the arm as though saying, "See, mother? How much I love you. I give you my beautiful bouquet."

But the mother stared up and down the street and would not look at the child with the sweet smile and her offering of love. The smile started to fade, and the little girl lowered the flowers and looked at them, and her radiance came back, and she extended the flowers again and tugged her mother's hand, but mother didn't look at the flowers or child and yanked her hand from the child's grasp and turned her back on her child.

The radiance left that little face and was replaced by sadness and bewilderment. As she slowly lowered her bouquet, I could see tears filling her eyes as she held the flowers close to her face, kissed them, and with an anguished expression, let them fall to the ground. She stayed there looking really sad until the bus arrived, and then the mother took the girl's hand to assist her in boarding the bus. Then the mother stepped quickly to walk away stepping on the flowers as she left, never looking back at the bus.

The little girl was looking out the bus window at her mother through the tears streaming from her eyes.

*Ol' Stupid*





Entering the Willamette Valley--1843 oil painting by susan applegate

## Oregon Roadside

that bramble bush  
 it's like its branches gallop  
 unbridled all whichway  
 tossing blackberries  
 to anyone like you and me  
 who happens by, oh honey,  
 doesn't that just make you want to shout?  
 let's scramble in  
 like the bramble man  
 and fill our holes with berries  
 and be fat before the others  
 and ones with reins and leashes  
 find us out.





# Sympathy for the Devil

*for Vlad*

I write this because I have to. I have to defend a good friend; I have to defend an innocent boy caught in a hurricane of war and murderous propaganda. His name is Vlad. He is a Serb. He is a dear friend of mine. Most of all, he is innocent. Think of your impression of the Serbs: killers, rapists, barbarians making war on the Croats and Muslims. I contest your tainted opinion! This is the Serbian regime, not the people.

Vlad and I became friends through correspondence almost two years ago. We were common souls, the same dark fascinations, the same musical tastes, the same poetic minds. We are both Goths. (This term may be foreign to you, but it is unimportant.) We exchanged art, poetry, dreams, wishes, stories, friendship. Until the war. He became scared, oppressed. When summer came, he couldn't go on holiday with his best friends in Croatia; it was a separate country. He couldn't correspond with them; letters took over a month to go through. The tensions grew stronger, the hostilities flared, the war raged. Vlad was caught in the middle of a social holocaust. Letters came less often, the mood desolate, glazed over with mock cheer.

His school scores were good, and he was leaving for college in Belgrade. I wished him the best of luck, to write as soon as he made it. But he never did.

I don't know what is going on over there any more. The news here only shows a few casualties whose blood is suppurating and more propaganda. I don't know if my friend is alive or dead. I don't know if I will ever see him again. I do know that Clinton is thinking of bombing Serbia. I don't know about the others, but I know one lost, innocent boy who will die. The Serbian regime is wrong, but the people have no choice. I wait for the war to end, for word to come. I have cried for him, I have waited for him, and there is still nothing I can do. I'll send a message to the mutual meeting ground, and pray he gets it. And wait.

Next time, you think of damning the Serbs, look at your best friends, and think of them far off in a distant war, living under the strangling yoke of propaganda. People are people, but the governments bequeath the image. War is Hell, and evil is rampant and also contagious, but so is innocence. Sympathy for the Devil--the story is longer than the repeated chapter.

*Melissa Ann Reynolds*



# The Kalapuya Year

## Half Summer Time

(July): Weather is hot and dry. The Kalapuya begin to collect hazelnuts and caterpillars.

## Month of Camas Harvesting

(June): The camas becomes fully ripe. The women begin to dry and gather and dry camas bulbs for the following winter, an activity pursued until September or October. The people also catch all sorts of fish. Berry picking begins.

## Flower Time

(May): The camas begins blossoming as the Kalapuya leave their winter houses to camp out for the summer. The spring runs of salmon head up the Willamette River and its tributaries.

## Budding Month

(April): the Kalapuya make more trips into the valley floor to gather roots as the camas grows higher.

## End of Summer

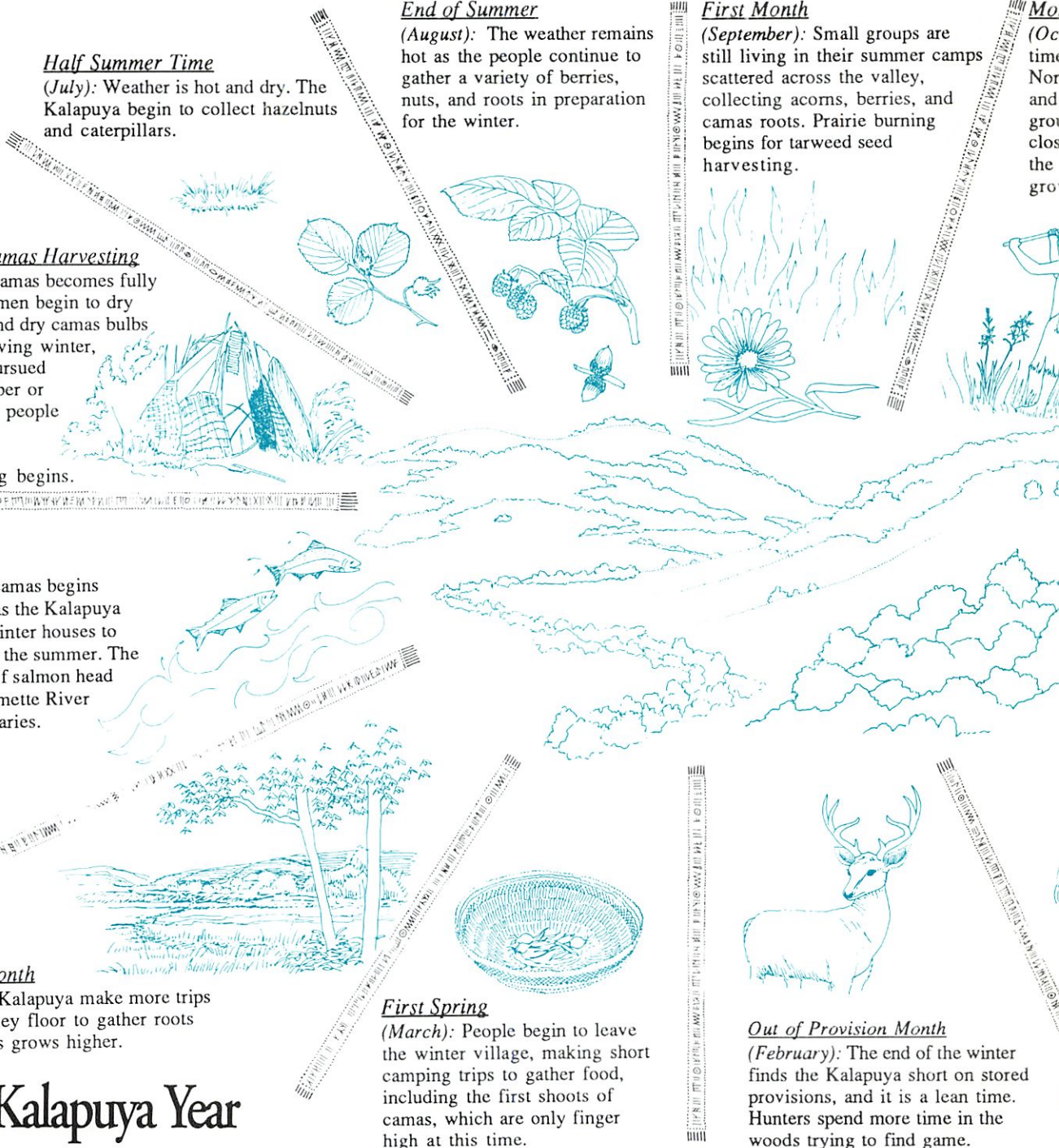
(August): The weather remains hot as the people continue to gather a variety of berries, nuts, and roots in preparation for the winter.

## First Month

(September): Small groups are still living in their summer camps scattered across the valley, collecting acorns, berries, and camas roots. Prairie burning begins for tarweed seed harvesting.

## Mo

(October): Small groups are still living in their summer camps scattered across the valley, collecting acorns, berries, and camas roots. Prairie burning begins for tarweed seed harvesting.



## First Spring

(March): People begin to leave the winter village, making short camping trips to gather food, including the first shoots of camas, which are only finger high at this time.

## Out of Provision Month

(February): The end of the winter finds the Kalapuya short on stored provisions, and it is a lean time. Hunters spend more time in the woods trying to find game.



# Seasonal Propositions

Speak from the depth of your water.  
Walk down wooded byways &  
forested paths where  
ancient carvings crawl along  
walls of live rock--& there  
in the shadow of spirit symbols  
we will gather together  
secrets of seasons to come.

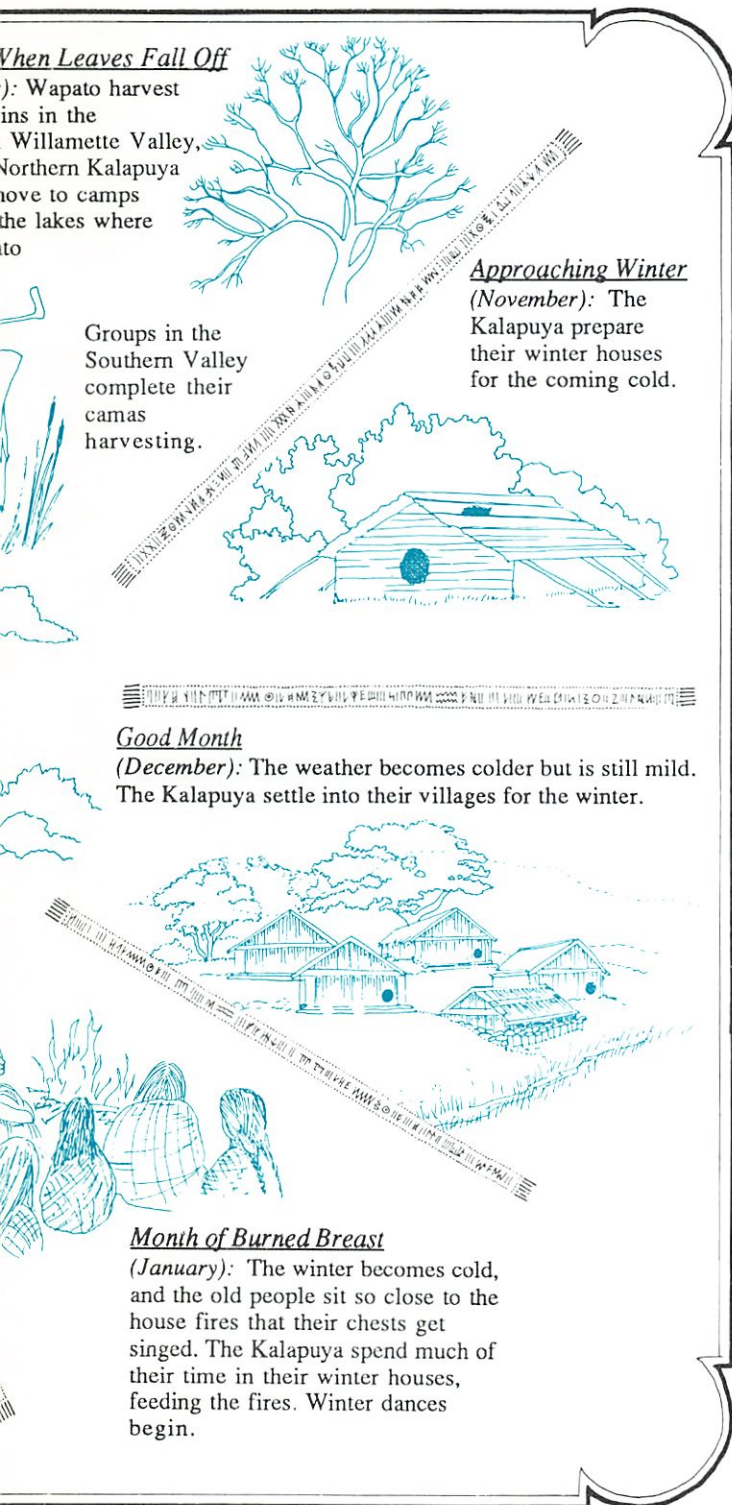
On frost formed mornings--as we  
shiver & shake our way down--mountain  
I propose we compose melodies  
of solidarity--  
celebrate the mathematical  
miracle of two become one--  
extol the exquisite ecstasy  
extant--yet inexplicable.

As buds blossom & bees buzz  
in that too short burst of rebirth--  
afternoon finds us  
enfolded in fragrant grasses  
phrasing home-made poems  
of praise & pleasure--  
lauding life in  
homage to humanity.

Let us converse of windsong  
through evergreen days--  
discourse on wet splashing laughter  
of bleached-browed children &  
atrophied ideals mired in  
midlife's myopic marshes--  
until sunlit splendor  
silently slips into dream inspired dusk.

When rain returns & grieving trees  
weep upon  
lawns layered in leaf  
we shall be blessed  
to dry our bone wet bodies  
before a fire fed fire--&  
as ashen sky dims to dark  
you will turn to me & smile--  
knowing that in the coming  
inkblot blackness  
we will comfort one another.

Kevin Dunham



line drawing and research by molli nordlund





Memories

drawing by gail heffron

## Babies

so peaceful today,  
 mothers in the park,  
 no one speaking,  
     sharing the daydream times  
 easy time  
 thinking thoughts  
     uninterrupted  
 babies  
 running freely  
     pretense-pretending  
 close  
     but independent

growing  
     taller  
     faster  
     smarter  
 but still here  
     safe in their  
         exploring  
         experimenting  
     testing  
 trying on  
     of life suits

*T. L. Seckler*



# Our time of loving

Do you remember our time of loving?  
The hot summer cloudy afternoons,  
waiting for thunder, lightning,  
the rain.

The warm sleepless nights.  
Spanish moss, hanging from the trees,  
in the moonlight.  
Crickets, dogs barking in the distance.

In a room lit by candles,  
some red, some green, some white,  
I waited.  
You standing shyly in our bedroom doorway,  
the air thick with incense, patchouli.

Then, slipping your lavender dress from your shoulders,  
standing naked, your nipples taut,  
your raven hair flowing around your breasts.

You smiled softly and came to me.  
The kiss, the touch, the passion,  
ready, ready for love.

The warm wetness, waiting, waiting we plunged.  
My life for your life, my dreams for yours.  
"I can't wait, don't make me wait."  
Our time measured in heartbeats.

I watched you sleeping.  
I your guardian, you my princess.  
Your black hair against the white pillow.  
Your perfume, like gardenias,  
your quiet breathing.

The gentle warm rain.  
The soft breeze blowing the curtains.  
And from the night, the sounds of locusts,  
fireflies.  
The smell of honeysuckle, wisteria and roses.

Remember? Don't you remember?  
We traveled the same highways,

Walked the same paths.

The taste of red wine, hashish and scotch whiskey.  
The taste of love, yours and mine.





## Our time for loving (continued)

Our sweat, our tears, our words: "I love you,"  
which brought the joy and pain.

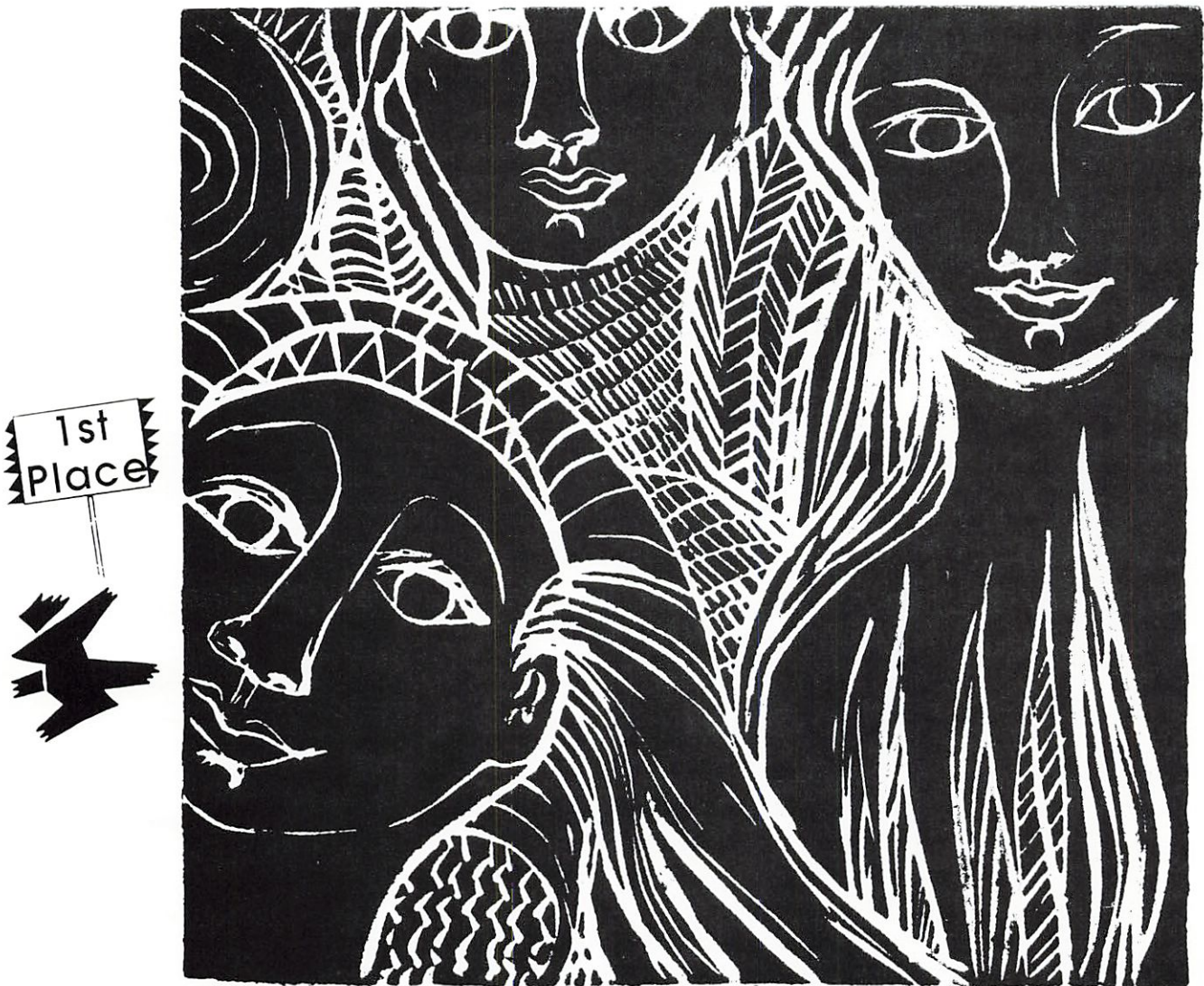
Remember, the night by the river, that look you gave me?  
If I was ever loved and blessed, it was at that moment.

**"Take me, take me now!"**

Your sun-brown body,  
your nipples taut and waiting, waiting for me.  
The warm wetness, the smell of love.

We made love on an Indian blanket,  
and jumped into the river naked.  
Laughing, Laughing.  
Drinking red wine and watching fireflies.  
Sleeping, till rain and thunder drove us to the car.

*Michael Goodwin*

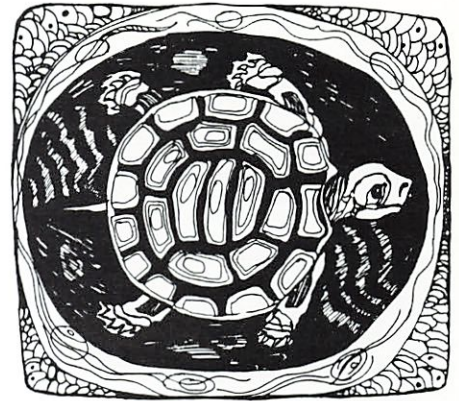
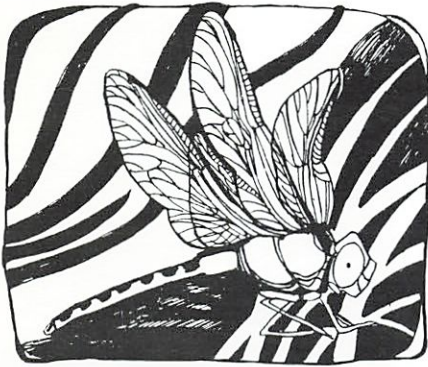


Three Sisters

*linocut by linda masters*







Wildlife Illustrations



by susan applegate

## Collection of Haiku

My door frames a tree  
and my skylight frames a star.  
I am rich indeed

*Brenda Shaw*

A blossom released  
from a high perch  
drifting gently in the air

*Maris Granger*

Comics make you laugh,  
Hangover's make you cry, both  
make you a human being

*David Frye*

On the rack at Safeway  
a mantis prays  
on the carpet shampoo

*Brenda Shaw*







Going Home

*oil painting by ronald ross*

## To Joy

I dream of kissing your honey neck,  
I long to touch your silken hair,  
I am wanton to nestle under your wing,  
As daffodils and wildflowers grow around us.

*Randy Smith*





*A crimson carriage is drawn,  
     horses are stomping,  
 frivolous tassels beat against their  
     stark black blinders.  
 A rich, voluptuous woman mounts this  
     vessel of transport  
     carefully concealing her missing stocking.  
 He watches her ascension and departure  
     with a mournful eye behind the  
     still scarlet veils in the window.  
 The house becomes still and cold in her absence.  
     Its pulsing life force slows with each  
     step of the horses receding.  
 The pomegranite lies bursting, bleeding, half-peeled--  
     on the floor, jewels of garnet, amber, and ruby  
     strewn about.  
 Magnificent fabrics of velvet, silk, and satin  
     torn in a furious passion of propulsion, now  
     hang limp about the cooling room.  
 The beveled mirror reflects this scene,  
     wine spilled on the white bear  
     poised in front of the smoking fireplace,  
 full velvet curtains hastily drawn, the  
     diaphenous undergarments peeking out,  
 one silk stocking suspended, shagged, hanging  
     behind a stately mahogany vanity,  
 her earrings still sparkle in the  
     warm yellow flame from the dripping candle  
     in need of blowing out.*

*Black marble statue of a panther  
     stares coldly at the surrounding decadence.  
 Glimpses of scarlet and violet plume  
     are reflected in the candlelight.  
 Rich debris is strewn everywhere:  
 spilled wine glasses, bones still  
     dripping with flesh and blood,  
     hearty bread tossed aside.  
 Creatures of the Underground feast well tonight.*



*Overripe grapes split upon a seam  
     dripping nectar into this decay;  
 half eaten plums and pears  
 ferment before the smouldering fireplace;  
     bits of torn garments  
  
 under a chair leg, caught between  
     the cherry wood table leaves.  
 Crimson and golden images  
     mould one into another.  
 A swirl of ephemeral flame and bloody desire.*

*The spider webbing of lace lies gently as a veil  
     disguising this feast as one for mortals.  
 This ancient quest for the scarlet, dripping life force  
     leaves many hungry and even more  
     dwindling, receding into the depths  
     of the river  
     of the underworld.*

*Michelle Brundage*



# The Uninvited

It was a cold and rainy winter morning when some friends and I made our way back into John Taylor's kitchen. John didn't care much for me or my friends and would usually start cursing when he saw any of us in his house. We never really cared because John's home was nice and warm, and it was always full of food, especially candy and other sweets.

The clock on the wall showed 8:30. John's wife Aggie had just awakened to the screams of their two year old, Tommy. Tommy was our favorite; we always ate with him, and he never seemed to mind. Aggie took Tommy past us into the dining room for breakfast.

About five minutes later, Blacky, a friend of mine, came into the kitchen with white powder all over his face. Blacky smiled and said that Aggie was serving doughnuts, and we had better hurry because they were going fast. Six of my friends and I made our way into the dining room. Blacky was right. By the time we got there, only a few crumbs remained. We ate what was left and then marched one by one back into the kitchen.

We were still very hungry and decided to get into the cupboards. They were packed full of food; we thought we were in paradise. Just the day before, we had been eating out of garbage cans and trash bins. Everything looked so good, but three things really made our mouths water. There was a half a jar of peanut butter without a lid, a large bag of M&Ms with only a handful missing, and a spilled box of Trix cereal. Before you could say, "Get on your marks," we were in all three.

We had been eating for about two or three minutes when all of a sudden John walked in and saw us eating his food. John was so angry, he knocked me and some of my friends to the floor. He was jumping up and down on us trying to kill us. We were running everywhere to get out of his way.

John stopped jumping and ran out of the room. I ran behind the door hoping that John could not see me. John returned to the kitchen carrying a large, red can, spraying all of my friends he could find. I had seen this can before. When sprayed by this can, my friends would move slowly, then start convulsing and stop moving. I could hear my friends screaming in pain and then silence. The hissing sound of the can was getting louder. I had to run. I ran as fast as I could toward the living room. John turned and saw me; he brought his foot down hard on my leg. Then he turned and saw Blacky on the floor. He brought his foot up again and brought it down hard on Blacky's head.

While John was occupied, I dragged my broken leg into the living room. I found a place to hide behind a desk. Now I could lick my wounds and watch to see if any of my friends had made





## The Uninvited (continued)

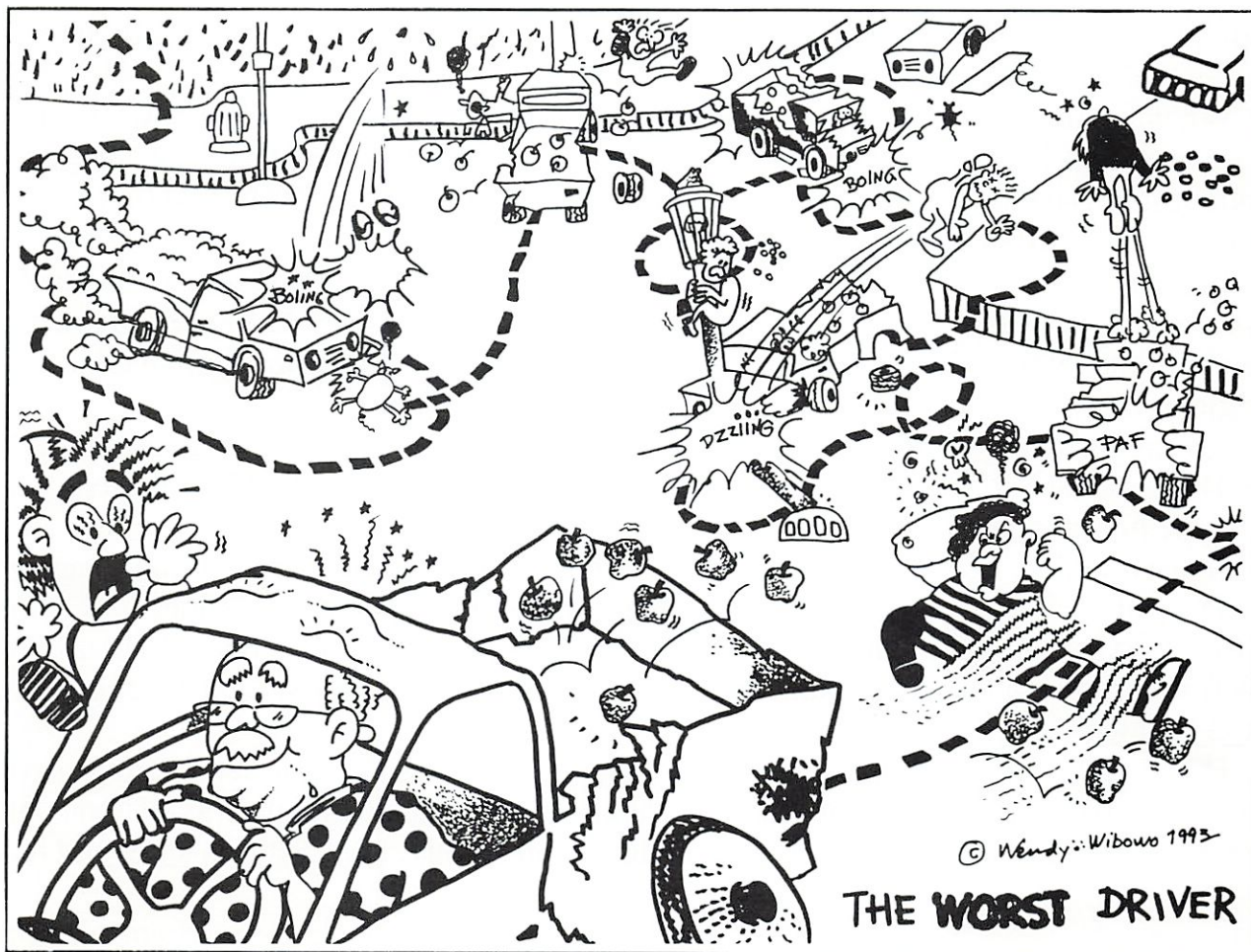
it out of the kitchen alive. Several friends did escape the wrath of John, and we all hid together behind the desk.

We must have waited there for hours before we felt safe enough to come out. At first, we didn't go far from the desk, but as John kept passing us by and not even looking at us, we felt safer. A friend said he saw the family leave and that Aggie had left a pop on the end table. We were weary, but since we were so thirsty, we decided to take a chance. I was limping to the end table when I heard the front door close. It was John, and he was carrying a large vacuum cleaner. He plugged it in and stepped on the back of it. The light came on, and a loud sucking sound filled the room. He was quickly moving it back and forth and heading our way. I could see my friends being sucked up, and I knew I would be next. I tried to limp away. I could feel it pulling me as he got closer and closer. Suddenly, up I went hitting the top of the bag and dropping into the rug dust.

When he finally shut off the vacuum, I was dirty, and my head was spinning. I could feel John pick us up and carry us across the room. Then a door opened, and it was very cold. We tipped upside down and were shaken. I finally climbed out of the dust and found myself sitting in a garbage can.

O well, so goes the life of an ant.

*Gary Jackson*







# Romance Tale

Some years ago, a much older man expressed a romantic interest in me. We saw each other almost daily, and each day he brought some token of his affection--flowers or candy--in hopes of winning a response from me. Each day I ignored him and his romantic gestures, until at last he unwittingly caught my attention and interest. He had something I coveted desperately. On that day, when he begged me to talk to him, I said "Yes" I would, if he let me read his reader during the bus ride to school.

How could I resist such a temptation? A third grade reader was a treasure to a first grader who was sick of the inane activities of Dick and Jane and their dog Spot. Each day I let him sit beside me on the bus, if he brought his reader. On those days that he forgot it, I refused to speak to him. The seat beside me was offered to someone else. He seldom forgot. He even let me keep the reader over the weekend. I let him keep my kitty handkerchief--the one I took my milk money to school in.

The following Monday he returned the handkerchief to me. Tied up in it was a ring. "An engagement ring," he explained and asked me to marry him.

I replied that I didn't want any old ring, but if he brought a book with a lot of pages, like grown-ups' books, then I would marry him.

He promised to bring what I demanded and looked ridiculously happy. The very next day he kept his promise and brought a book taken from his parents' bookshelves. I proudly showed it to all my friends and enemies.

When my teacher saw my engagement present, she flashed stark shades of white and livid shades of red in such rapid succession that her face had a checkerboard appearance. She snatched the book from my hands and dragged me to my fiance's classroom where she told his teacher that he had given this book to one of her six year olds!

His teacher turned pale and swooned. She recovered herself quickly though and took hold of his ear and pulled him along to the principal's office. My teacher and I followed in procession. There the principal was shown the book and told that this third grade boy had given it to a first grade girl.

My ardent swain turned cowardly cad then and cried "She told me to give it to her!"

The two teachers and the principal turned toward me. "You asked him to give you this book?" the principal asked me.

"I just asked for a book with a lot of pages. I didn't tell him which one to bring," I answered.

The principal was momentarily overcome by a sudden spasm of coughing. "I'll return the book to your parents," he told the boy. "Next time, ask before you take a book." Then he pulled a book from his own bookshelves and said, "This book has a lot of pages," and handed me a copy of Little Women.

I hugged the thick volume to myself blissfully, stuck out my tongue at the faithless coward and turned my back on him forever. I never did understand what the tumult was all about, or why one book caused so much excitement. Years later, when I read Lady Chatterly's Lover, I thought it was dreadfully boring.

*Bonita Reinhart*





# Apples

Here in Oregon  
God dropped apples  
to be gobbled in the national shakedown.

Ignoring bruises  
I chomp on mine,  
then cider-lipped kissed my woodsman.

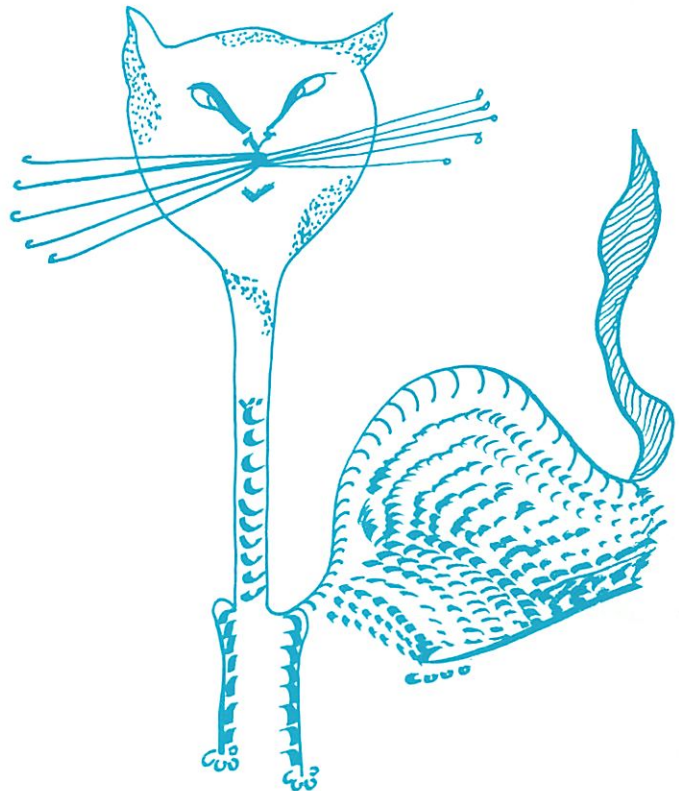
It rained and rained.  
We ran inside  
to wait out the nineteen eighties.

Our muddy boots stayed by the door.  
Our slickers just lay where they fell.  
Our color tv rainbowed out  
the sodden field, the lead sky.

*Jean Esteve*

These things are big;  
These things are small.  
A bit of wind, cloud and water  
begin a hurricane;  
a bit of blood leaving flesh  
begins a death;  
a bit of a man inside a woman  
begins a life.  
These things are big;  
These things are small.

*Lisa Ball*



The Smiler

*by fran pecor*



# Death of a Surfer

He rode the waves of life with abandon  
guilty of a childhood innocence  
he had long outgrown.

Reckless and sure,  
his spirit like the tides,  
in which he took such delight,

driven by the invisible clock of age,  
in a race against the passing of youth,  
he took the ultimate gamble.

Out of control on a winding road,  
one last wild ride,  
he dared and nature mocked him.

He lost the deadly game of chance  
ending in water crystal cold,  
leaving us behind to mourn.

I look for him still.  
In the pounding surf I hear  
the last echoes of his laughter.

*Sonja Taylor*

## Affair

*in exposing all the angles  
underneath our tangles  
it is plain enough to see  
us ending tragically  
though this way or the other  
without one another  
so the only part to change  
is how the middle range  
defines the sort of being  
we'll have to face seeing  
in our mirrors everyday  
a time not far away  
when we gain the common sense  
we lack in present tense*

*Denise Cameron*





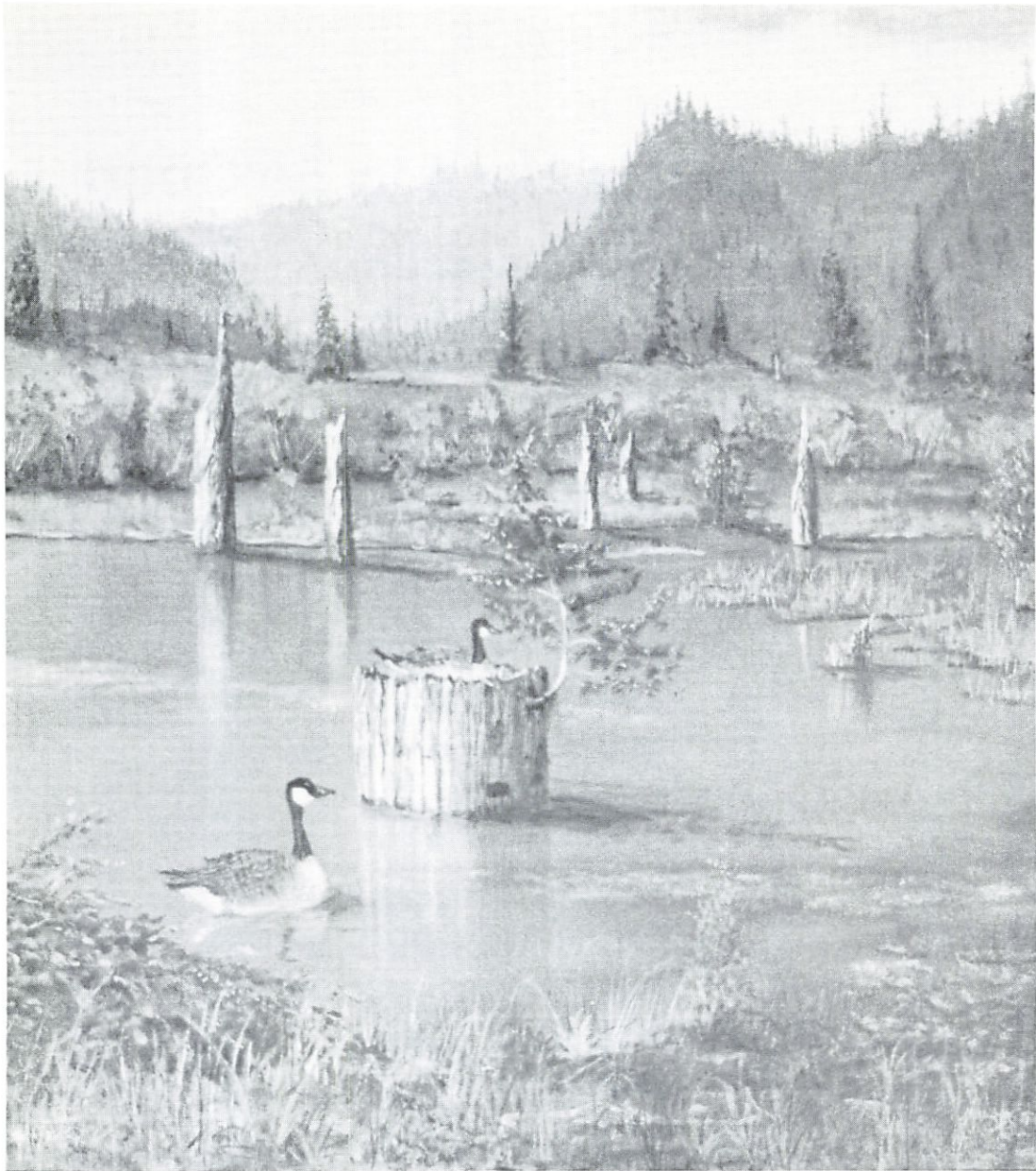
## ◆ It is Hard to Be Good

It is hard to be good.

- ◆ It is hard to be still,  
When youth runs rampant  
Through your veins,  
Bubbling, exploding,
- Like uncorked champagne,  
Sending you laughing and leaping  
Over sun-heated fences
- ◆ Into deep-shade trees,  
Kicking your feet
- ◆ Against rocks and cans,  
Puffing smoke-dust  
Around your toes,  
Sounding new whistles
- ◆ Through gap-toothed smiles,  
Singing loud, happy songs  
To the birds in the air,  
Racing slippery,
- ◆ Wet and splashing,  
Through silvered water drops,
- Sprinkling high above  
Your little boy head,
- ◆ Puddling cool,  
Making muddy quicksand
- ◆ For your curious fingers to dam.

*T. L. Seckler*





*Stump Geese*

*oil painting by ronald ross*

## Barview

A smell of kelp  
sucks down the dusky sky at minus tide.  
The smell of kelp  
embalms the fisher whose cry for help  
came too late through the radio last night.  
Sweet Suzanne sprawls sexy on her side,  
spent, decks doused and perfumed by  
the smell of kelp.

*Jean Esteve*



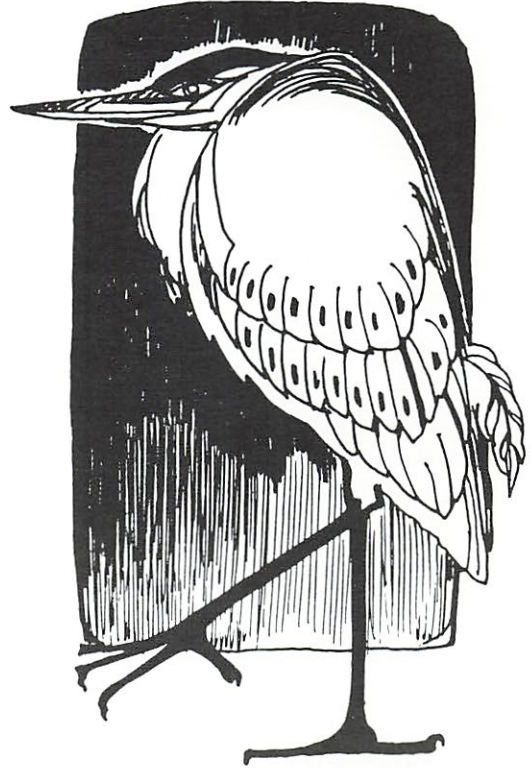


# Father to son

I questioned the old man  
A fire burned between us  
Sending embers to rest in the forest  
Each as an afterthought  
The dance was furious  
His words were muffled by the flame's heat  
Distorted, they meant nothing  
But made their indelible mark  
Language was of no use  
We communicated on a different level  
It was as if  
Both of our lives had led to this moment

Waterfalls run backwards  
Time can stand still  
God is illusion  
Screaming colors  
The shaman sings and dances  
Hot coals beneath his feet  
Tell me, old man  
What do you believe.

*Paul S. Morgan*



*illustration by susan applegate*

# Tranquility in Paradise

The sun has set and night has fallen  
Across slippery rocks small crabs are crawlin'  
The breeze that blows comes straight from the sea  
Where beyond that is mystery to me.  
A sandpiper wells a seaworthy song  
Flies across the beach and now is gone  
The small white boat rocks gently with the tide  
First to and fro then side to side  
the lighthouse in the distance stands as a sentry  
in the night  
Warning and protecting ships with its light  
The palm trees sway as if to say goodbye  
To the last remnants of daylight still remaining  
in the sky.

*William Shrader Jr.*



# Darkness

Smaller than the  
smallest trembling bird  
I feel.  
Quivering in  
the onslaught  
of painful words  
that dig into my  
skin, burrowing  
deeper and deeper  
until they reach  
my heart and lodge there.  
This now  
their home.  
Green dots band  
together to form  
an EXIT sign,  
but then they  
diffuse like fireflies  
and fly off into  
an infinity of darkness.

*Ong Kar Khalsa*

# Robin

Sadness wrinkles my heart,  
As your tears fall  
Tiny upon my cheek.  
Your little-boy nose  
Sniffs and snuffles,  
As you tell me,  
"I don't want to go to school!  
I want to stay home!  
I wish you didn't have to work!"  
And you lay your head  
Against my neck and chin,  
Cuddling close,  
Holding the warmth  
As long as you can.

*T. L. Seckler*







*linocut by jeanette nadeau*

Dusk  
Glowing sunset  
The glittering sea  
Seagulls flying in harmony  
Tides rolling, crashing like thunder  
A sailboat is seen on the distant horizon  
The camera is set to capture the perfect moment  
Tall palm trees all lined up like soldiers in the army  
Purple, red, yellow flowers sway gracefully in the light breeze  
A sharp click echoes in the air, and a picture's scene is shot  
Nature remains the same even though we often overlook its beautiful assets

*Kevin Wearne*





# Contributors



**Susan Applegate** - "I grew up on a farm in Scott's Valley near Yoncalla, Oregon. My family, wildlife and natural habitats inspire me."

**Lisa Ball** is going into film/video production. She is moved by music, life's mysteries and people--container's of the soul.

**Michelle R. Brundage** - "My poetry embraces the continuum of life, indulging the darker sides of death."

**Denise Cameron** - "Of the many roles in my life, being a mother brings me closest to always."

**Kevin Dougherty** - "I'm a graphic design major here at Lane. I have always felt compelled to convey a message or stir an emotion through an image."

**Kevin Gerard Dunham** is a poet and writer who was born and raised in the Mid-Willamette Valley. He now resides in the Western Cascades where he continues to scribble, sigh, study and learn to live.

**Karen Ehlers** - "There's enough ugliness in the world. I think art should be beautiful."

**Yvonne Endersby** is a second year graphic design artist. Her motto is "Don't do it unless you want to."

**Jean Esteve** - "Although Oregon is a theme in most of my work, I have had poems published in several East Coast journals."

**Gary Fraser** - "Disenchanted, dismayed, disjointed, but making progress."

**David Frye** is a native Oregonian whose college career started with the realization that his hopeful ideas could never be accomplished flipping tacos (burgers).

**Mike Goodwin** - "I am 47, a journalism major who loves kids, dogs and loveliness."

**Maris Granger** - "I am 45, raised six children, trying to start as a freshman and hope to graduate with a degree in Social Anthropology."

**Quinton Hallet** lives in Noti and has recently published a poetry chapbook, *Quarry*.

**Justin C. Harris** - "I was a farmer who went sailing. I was a sailor sowing the seas, harvesting the winds.

There is labor and freedom with words."

**Gail Heffron** "While searching for some profound truth to communicate, I realized that any truth in today's society is profound. I hope my work communicates truth."

**Bill Herrin** is a serious amateur photographer, a silly professional photographer and an instructor's assistant for Lane County Education Service District.

**Gary Jackson** is an unemployed mill worker, beginning life again at LCC. "Thank you, Dr. Kemmy."

**Peter Jensen** teaches writing and poetry at LCC and also works at the Public Forestry Foundation.

**Ong Kar Khalsa** is an LCC student whose poem "Darkness" is a reflection of her volunteer at Womenspace.

**Linda Masters** - "I'm glad to be here to learn and share."

**Marilyn McNabb** is studying printmaking at LCC. She has art experience in life drawing, watercolor, sign painting, ad art, fashion illustration, silk screen and oil painting.

**Paul S. Morgan** is an extremely white guy who likes reggae and thinks peace is a neat idea. Turn-offs include nuclear power, flower power, power razors, power brokers and single-hull oil tankers.

**Jeanette Nadeau** - "Art is the expression of life's transitions and expresses the emotions of the soul."

**Molli Nordlund** is a landscape architecture graduate student at the UO, who also works at the Public Forestry Foundation.

**Ol' Stupid** is a student of humanity from Coburg.

**Fran Pecor** is a dislocated worker being retrained at LCC. She does abstracts usually in ink drawings using calligraphy pens.

**Edward J. Rapee** began writing poetry in the '50s. He was awarded the Golden Poet Award for "The Laws of Nature" in 1991.

**Don Reynolds** studies journalism and publication design at Lane Community College.



**Melissa Ann Reynolds** - "This is all dedicated to the memory of dreams. I have my writing, and it is all I ever need."

**Bonita Rinehart** is a gem, a delight, a rare spirit--proof positive that the universe pours out blessings. (She's also quite modest.)

**Ronald Ross** is a dislocated worker going to Lane to pursue a new and exciting career in art.

**T. L. Seckler** - "Transplanted from the Southwest, I enjoy writing poetry, fiction, interviews and articles."

**Brenda Shaw** is a local poet and fiction writer. She is American but worked as a scientist in Scotland for a number of years.

**William R. Shrader, Jr.** - "I have lived by one saying, 'if you are not going to try to fly to the top, don't even bother spreading your wings.' Poetry is my way of flying to the top. With the help of poetry I will always have a reason to spread my wings."

**Randy Smith** is an LCC student who is a gourmet chef at Bubba's and an aspiring journalist.

**Roy Snider** - is a darkroom monitor for Media Arts & Tech. at LCC and is majoring in art.

**Sonja Taylor** - "No matter what else I do, I'll always be a beach bum at heart."

**Jean Thomas** - "To be happy in life you must know yourself. There is no other way."

**Claudia Vaughn** - "Don't expect anything, but expect the unexpected - and a thnak you to the wonderful person who inspired me to write again."

**Jason Varner** - "I am a full time student out here and enjoy drawing pictures of nature's gifts to us."

**Kevin Wearne** is a 14-year-old who enjoys playing soccer.

**Wendy Wibowo** - "I'm a 2nd year graphic design student. I really enjoy design. Anything. It's fun!"

**Chance Young** is a history major who plans to transfer to UO. "I write poetry in an attempt to decipher the meaning of this spiritual adventure we term life as well as to keep a record of its discoveries."

## Results of Denali's Spring 1993 Writing and Art Contest:

**1st Place Poetry, \$50:** "Oregon Roadside" by Jean Esteve, page 16.

**2nd Place Poetry, \$25:** "Coffee in the Rain" by Jean Thomas, page 8.

**1st Place Fiction, \$50:** "Romance Tale" by Bonita Rinehart, page 28.

**2nd Place Fiction, \$25:** "The Uninvited" by Gary Jackson, pages 26 & 27.

**1st Place Art, \$50:** "Three Sisters," Linocut by Linda Masters, page 22.

**2nd Place Art, \$25:** "Stalking a Prey," a charcoal drawing by Jason Varner, back cover.



## daughter

sunlight's crown rests on  
hair tumbling down her back  
in wind-combed glory

*Denise Cameron*

Stalking a prey

by jason varner

