

*Lane Community College*

*Spring 1997*





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**In Gratitude**

- Thanks to the LCC Foundation for the generous gift of \$400 for art and literary scholarships.

- Thanks to the judges for the Scholarship Competition.

**Art:**

DeAnna Douglas

Craig Spilman

Walt Stevens

**Literature:**

Karen Locke

Susan Glassow

Susan Swan

- Thanks to treasurer Danny Aramino and ASLCC for \$249 to support printing the Spring issue of *Denali*.

- Thanks to the Torch for use of the equipment, and extensive technical support.

**Apology**

"Minnie" by Gail Clarno was incorrectly printed in the Fall '96 *Denali*. We apologize for the errors that appeared in the text.

## Congratulations

Denali Scholarship recipients:

**Art :**

Merriah Fairchild for the photograph  
"Quiet Sisters"

David Hinman for the sculpture  
"Memento Mori III"

**Literature:**

Charles Sheinin for the short story "Each One"

Kathryn Steadman for the poem "Ghazal: Purification"

Each recipient receives \$100.

Honorable Mention goes to Chere O'Shaunessy for the essay "The Y. P. Anthem."

The winning pieces are printed in this issue of *Denali*. On June 6, from 3-6 p.m. view the winning photograph and sculpture at the *Denali* Finale Art Show to be held in the northeast area of the cafeteria. The authors will present special readings of their work at the Finale.

## Announcements

The *Denali* Finale, an extravaganza of entertainment, will be held June 6, from 3-6 p.m. in the northeast area of the cafeteria. This event will feature presentation of the *Denali* scholarship awards, an art show, readings, music, drama and a reception. Everyone is welcome at this free event.

*Denali* Literary Magazine  
Spring 1997 Volume XXX Number 2  
Lane Community College  
4000 East 30th Avenue  
Eugene, Oregon 97405

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*Denali* is printed by *The Springfield News*.



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## Sea, Swallow Me

*poetry by Diane Hailey*

Frail reds and golds  
of simple speak broken  
lay cheerless before you,  
and scattered . . .  
ideas like sand on a long, windless beach.

Something coming  
wraps me up  
in words of yours  
so thick I don't think to climb out.

Maidenhead lost  
by stormy September,  
I steal from dark nights  
yielding blackness as deep as this ocean.

Seaside now frenzied  
laughs at filigree shadows  
as they dance,  
trapped in breezes spat out by the waves.

Wind whips and swells,  
leaves me featherless  
with shivers for arms,  
while bony squawks from seabirds' throats  
drag briars through my ears into you.





**Serene Seas**

*pen and ink by Jean Sinclair*



# Each One

*fiction by Charles Sheinin*

It's been a year. At least I think that's right. Yes, I'm quite sure; the cycles of the moon haven't changed, have they? And this is the thirteenth moon ... or so. I've lost track because it really hasn't been important until now. Well, now it's too late ... the paths are set and the course is laid. Always I ask myself, What could I have done? Had I noticed ... aw, but what's the use? Hindsight is twenty—twenty, and back—tracking is certainly not important now.

The clouds ... I think ... yes, of course; it started with the clouds. Like hungry vultures they crowded up the last blue skies until they were nothing but an appalling, dull grey uniform. And the snow: so fragile, so pure, so innocent. What knowledge did the snow have? All it could do was keep falling and falling and falling. I still watch it, you know. 'Cause that's what I do, I guess. I like to watch; especially people. But as I watched the end come closer and closer, I became more annoyed with people. Now I can enjoy the company of the snow. That's about all I watch anymore; besides, it's the only thing left here that's alive.

It's a damn funny thing, the way it all turned out. All those experts and scientists figured some idiot would hit the panic button and blow this chunk of rock to kingdom come. Imagine what that might've been like: chunks of rock drifting aimlessly in space ... and all that snow, fluttering about madly everywhere like one of those old shakeup paper weights (of course, I guess the snow would melt to water first, but I'm no scientist, thank heaven, so I wouldn't know). Others figured some aliens would come steal our planet. It's still quite amusing looking back on it, how everyone thought the world would end. And I guess it did end in war and aliens, in a sense. But the tabloids — strange as it may seem — knew everything from the start, and of course nobody would listen. Though, looking back, it occurs to me that they must have found the Old Government documents, from before the plague war. Ancient history, of course. All the genetic engineering and research — and of course all the propaganda — to "Save the Human Race," but now I guess it all blew up in their faces with the coming of the snow. I suppose it should be awfully lonely out here, what without Gertrude and the kids. What a funny name, Gertrude. I used to tease her about it all the time. Perhaps there's a chance

... No, the kids would be gone now too, I guess.

Hmmm ... the games ... and to think I used to have one, too. It's a wonder I survived as well as I did. When *They* came out with *Their* first model, everyone had to have one right away. Then the snow came ... Of course, my memory's a bit fuzzy, so I can't quite put my finger on it. Everyone played it, because we all thought it was a game. Well it was, to a point. But games aren't supposed to take shape the way this one did. What amazes me the most is how well planned it was; every unique, impossible detail planned out just so ... I still don't see how *They* could've done it without having had the chaos "game" in the first place. Now there's a paradox for you, because *They* couldn't have.

The snow really is so ... so ... lovely today. Each snowflake ... each one is so unique and unpredictable; it boggles the mind to think how they could possibly form, each one its own pattern, from nothing. I suppose if you could duplicate every slight twitch of every particle which made up a snowflake, then I *suppose* you could duplicate one. At that, it would still take years to simply create *one*. And even *then* you wouldn't be successful. But these snowflakes, these are different.

*They* must have had a death grip on the Government, because it wasn't long before it was mandatory for everyone to at least learn to play the chaos game. That was all *They* needed to do, 'cause then you were hooked. I mean, some didn't like it, but most did. And then all of a sudden you just didn't notice the ones who didn't, as if they had vanished. It must have taken *Them* ... oh, I can't even think of it ... *They* must have been working for generations on it, and ... it's so hard to think now. The oddest part, I suppose, was my job. I used to repair the games, which was almost a joke 'cause they never broke, but somehow or another there was always something for me to do at the game depot ...

*They* really messed things up, though. *They* did, and it doesn't matter because soon there won't be anyone left to remember. I mean, *They* don't even have a name, because now *They* are the only *They* there is, so it's quite clear who's who and what's what. And, I take that back: it is lonely here without Gertrude and the kids. I mean, it's a different sort of lonely, because the snow is its own company. Or was. Each one *was* so unique, like a *real human being*; I could just sit there and watch the snow fall.

At least *They* won the war. A good part of the reason was, of course, that no one except for *Them* knew

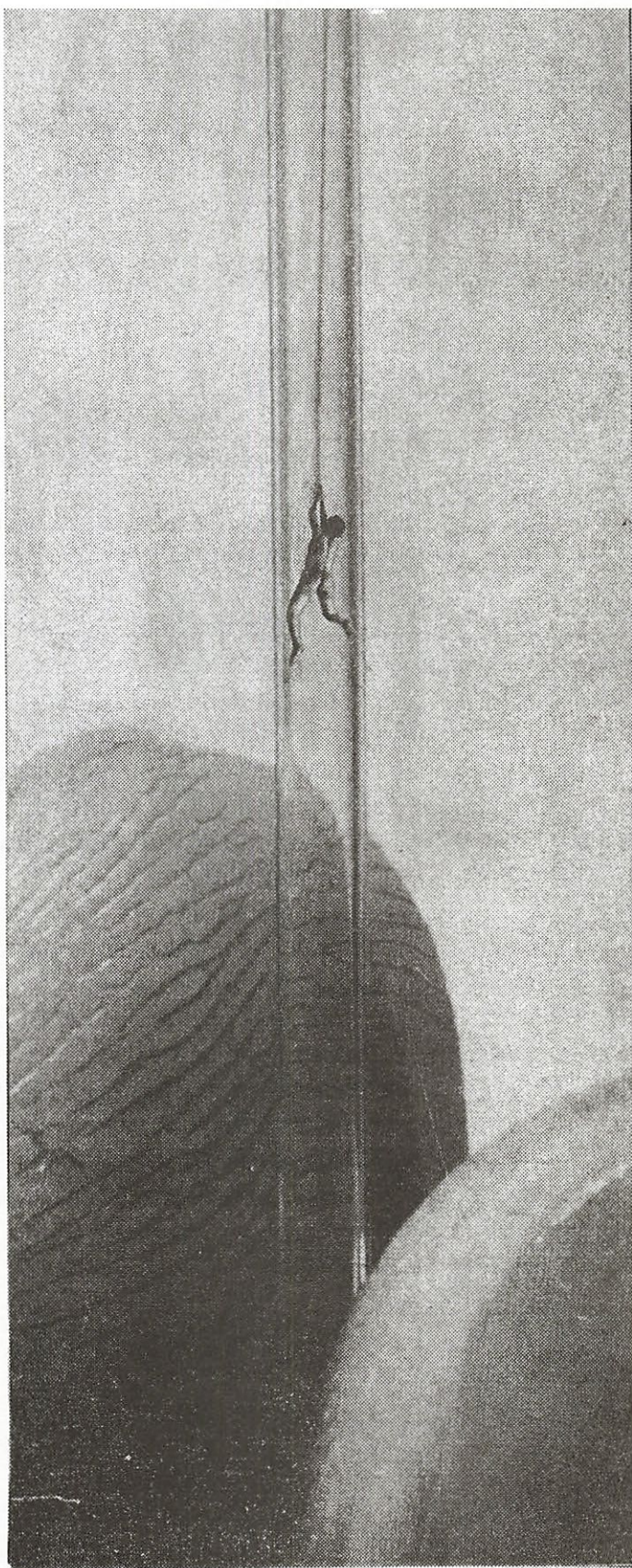


there even was a war and that the chaos game was *Their* weapon. As everyone kept playing the game, it became more and more real. Like I said, I'm no scientist, but from what I understand it was based on some sort of chaos—fractal engine—program—deal. I remember my boss at the depot (he was one of *Them*, you know) gave me this example; he said that it was possible, due to the "chaos effect," for a butterfly to flap its wings on one end of the world and create a hurricane some time later in another part of the world. I thought he was exaggerating a bit — you know, to make a point — but looking back on it, I think he was being pretty literal.

I don't like the snow anymore. It gives me the chills now just watching it fall, slowly: each snowflake calculatingly making its way down to the earth. And this is the part I think *They* didn't — couldn't — account for in *Their* fractal plan, because if *They* had known, then *They* wouldn't have done it. I know because I wouldn't have done it. *They* respected — no, envied—the uniqueness of each flake. *They* wouldn't have done it out of spite ... would *They*?

The crud had already hit the fan before they discovered the new species. But when they finally did find *Them*, and finally figured out what *They* were doing ... Mutants, they called *Them*, and dragged *Them* into the street and beat *Them* to death. A few escaped, but most were killed off: easy pickings by then. I was at work when it happened, so I was able to avoid most of the chaos (there's that word again). Everyone had gone crazy and was suddenly out to get *Them*.. Understandably, of course; nonetheless, the game had done its thing, and *They* survived. The strongest always do, apparently. Or at least the best suited to the environment. After the violence erupted, after I had fled with *Them*, after the snow fell and fell and fell, after the world had died ... after it all, I realized how perfectly, how precisely, how delicately I fit into the fractal game, with all my co-workers and neighbors and family and friends ... and after it all, I knew: I was one of *Them* ...

But it's been a year, and now I know *We* failed. Don't look at me, it wasn't my plan. I just like to watch the snow, 'cause that's the way I'm built. That's the way *We're* built. And *We did* stop the global warming, or at least delayed it a few thousand years. I wonder what sort of animals will rule the world then? I wonder if they'll be like the snow is now, each one the same ...



**Experiment #1**  
*photo-collage by David Star*



## Cat Class

*poetry by Bianca Mercedes Proudfoot*

And after the last had laid her head and the only  
Sound heard was steady breathing —  
I went from my window where the world was sleeping and  
Behind in my alley the cats are straying. . .  
I see you where I've wandered  
Where you lie so still and peacefully  
You must be dreaming out at sea  
You are glowing lying before me  
I know I am not dreaming  
So I am not scared you will wake to see me  
Seeing through you. . .  
I am thrilled I can stay here and breathe your same air  
You lay sprawled like an angel —  
Your wings for a pillow,  
Your gown for a blanket.  
May I be your heart?  
Please dream of me one last time before I am forgotten.  
The moonlight from my window is bathing you  
While I bask in you.  
I won't forget you when we're done.





**portrait of a reclining nude**

*pen and ink by Sandy Hord*



# Twist

*poetry by Chad Goodell*

I like it

when you blow into town

like

some Jezebel, some holy person —

proselytizing, expecting me to

pay due

to your sermon-blues

(it's a sweet twist)

— goddamn —

Just blow into town (goddamn) . . .

You're the Marquis, baby, you're

deliverance; revival-tent laughter and lizard-spine:

I do not shake;

(one so dirty)

I do not cry —

I just watch you blow into town

(goddamn).

(can seem so holy)





**Bobo on the Beach**  
*block print by Jesse Woodruff*



## The Y.P. Anthem

*prose by Chere O'Shaughnessy*

I'm just like everybody else. Like all the other YP's (young persons) I spend my days wandering from class to class and working at jobs that I'm lucky enough to kinda like. I listen to the Indigo Girls over and over while drinking coffee and smoking packed Marlboros, cause hey, there's meaning in those songs. I sometimes wear strange, green or black thrift shop clothing and Docs. I like to look a little ugly, a little dirty, and usually this is no problem cause I have no money. Everyone except other YP's and Mom hates the way I look. Why not Mom? Mom loves me even when I can't stand myself. Like those serial killers on Death Row whose mothers go on national TV and say that they still love their erring sons or daughters no matter what. Yep, my good ol' Ma would do that. Just like all the other YP's I hate Cindy Crawford, but I starve myself half to death trying to look like her. I think Madonna has great boobs, but I also think she's a weird slut. Just like everyone else, I have short spiky hair because Alanis Morissette has long hair, and who wants to look like that psycho anyway? My hair has been many different colors, because being unusual and a little scary is "in." I hate that it's okay for condom ads to be aired only on late night TV. Like everyone else I'm occasionally inspired to write things like this with the small, vain hope that someone, somewhere, who's just like me and hates spandex and polluted air, and scrawny girls with better boyfriends, and money grubbing politicians, but loves Gothic architecture and late nights will somehow read this. I want that; I want to touch someone else, because I'm just like everyone else. All the time I have spent trying to convince myself I'm so different is bullshit. I have bad skin just like half of the people I know. Ha! We are all united in acne. I guess it's okay to add me to

the billion other people who hate their exes too. Hey, what can I say? Me and those billion other people know that we tried so hard to make that relationship work. We wanted to sing it in the streets when that person loved us, and stop breathing when they decided not to love us anymore. Now I fantasize about sending my ex a copy of this, written in a substance he doesn't recognize. He would just shake his head, and try not to think about the big mistake that was his relationship with me. Hey genius, I didn't exactly end up with the person I went to the Melissa Etheridge concert with either! Yeah, and at least I know what pisses me off. At least I don't use people like band-aids. I know who I am. I know I do. I just want two things, a No Doubt t-shirt and a bumper sticker that says, "I'm not gay but my girlfriend is." Even though I'm not a lesbian, and don't necessarily want to be. I have gay friends and I don't feel weird around them, so I'm not homophobic which is good. Who lives a bad life? Raise your damn hand! So, at least the rest of us know. I want everyone else in the world who's tired of stuffing it; all fat teenagers watching reruns of 90210, all parents who don't understand their kids anymore, screw it! Everyone okay? I just want everyone to stop and notice a few things. The sun came up again today, and if you didn't sleep for whatever reason, maybe you saw it. Maybe you don't give a shit. Maybe you never do, but it still came up and it always will even if we get stupid enough to start throwing bombs at each other it would still be night for twelve hours and day for the other twelve. That's just the way it is. No matter how many of us puny humans decide to stop breathing life goes on without us. The sun rises anyway. Someone will see it. What else is there to say? Hell, I don't know, I'm just like everybody else.





**Morrison sketch**  
*pencil by Steven Fosnaugh*



# Electric Desert

*poetry by Jenny Smith*

A newcomer, I stood on the rim of the electric desert.  
The ether didn't snap, or spark,  
And the power was more potent for its vague elusion.  
It was the steady surge of a stealthy, vibrant voltage,  
Pulsing strong, but veering hard into the sun,  
Which radiation belied the stretch of bleak deception.

Keymasters were rare to behold the locked core;  
The seething silence of arid expanse promised,  
Yet yielded little to we unlearned in wizardry.

\*\*\*\*\*

Then everything that was sublime beat against me,  
And I was the searing spark born of the vast electrosphere.  
Not so did the desert dwellers scorch across the sky;  
They had patience with the mystery, being bred of it — were

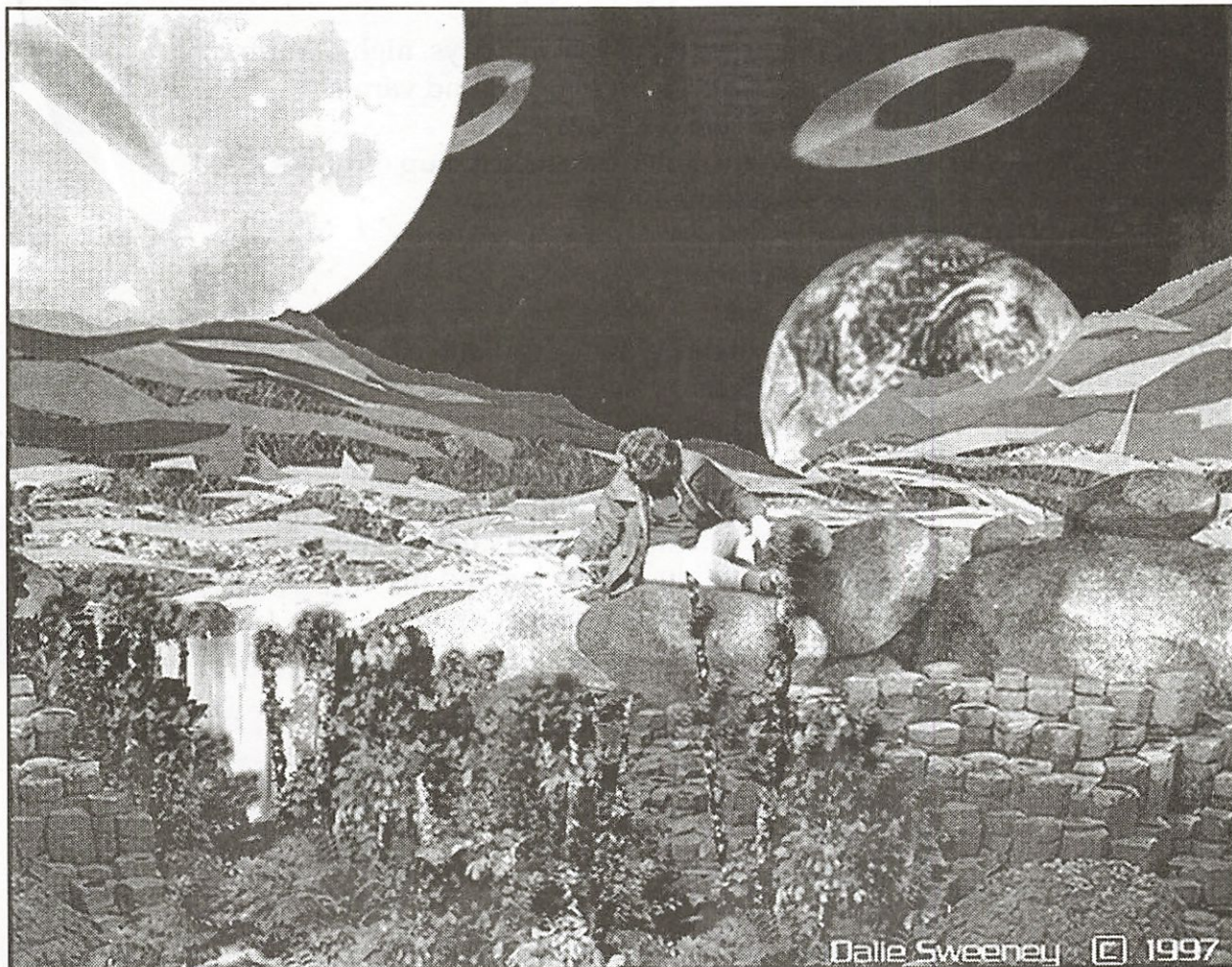
Unaware of living lives upon the slowly swelling rise  
Of the shimmeringly sluggish crest of rolling desert tide —  
The throbbing, pounding crash and roar,  
As waves exploded 'cross the floor,  
And slithered to their very doors,  
They felt no calling to explore.

\*\*\*\*\*

But yet the wattage, scattered wide,  
Regathered in the blazing sky;  
Once more the sealed and heavy press,  
Deceptively cloaked in lightness,  
(To soothe the anguish and distress),  
Did weigh upon the souls of those  
Who bore the life-weight 'mongst their woes.

And so upon the desert rim,  
As spectator to all within,  
Did I behold in wonderment,  
The bounds of plane and firmament —  
And all that life which dwelt in peace,  
And failed to note that it would cease.





Dalie Sweeney © 1997

## Another World

*computer generated image by Dalie Sweeney*



## summer, part two

*poetry by Anthony Robinson*

when summer blazed and  
our days (young days, long days, nights warm)  
were occupied with sawdust and varnish  
paint and safety glasses and  
the ominous timeclock: (slicing up our lives into  
neat six minute fillets)

i had no fear

when i met her, glowing radiant  
and inexplicably shockingly crude  
yet somehow gorgeous,

when i slept with her one two five  
times maybe in a bed, nearly naked and  
close, and i didn't touch her and my  
friends, they said i must be gay, i  
smiled and didn't care,

when we hunted for houses, spent long  
afternoons drinking wine before The Mill  
and climbed through windows, trespassed,  
ate lunch on her lawn, and went to work  
a little drunk,

when i told her that our friendship would  
soon be over, would fly away like summer  
always does, she held me tight, put her  
head on my lap and said "no". she called  
me her brother and said she loved me.  
i stroked her hair and

i had no fear

when october pulled in on a chilly wind  
(thoughts of mexico, Sara, blue luminous  
neon sea algae clung to my body, wet salty  
and trying to speak spanish) when i came  
home and she had found a boy,

i had no fear.

sometimes she misses me





## Side Street Cafe

*pencil drawing by Grant Bathke*



## Metolius

*poetry by Matt Riopelle*

I remember walking  
By a river, I was walking.  
Twilight —  
On a dusty path that followed  
The River.  
A crescent moon began to stir behind  
The reaching spires of pine trees.  
Sugar Pine trees that cast ever-softening shadows upon  
The River —  
Where I was walking.  
The river spoke — in a whisper and in rage —  
To my soul — fluent in its watery wisdom.  
Night  
Slowly stretched itself over the Sky  
And brought an increasing number of Nighthawks  
To feed on the congregating insects.  
Bats —  
Holding their evening vigil —  
Flew so stealthfully close to the water  
And to my face, that I could feel  
Wings  
Beating — like the heart within my frame;  
Like the afeared beaver beating his tail  
Against that eloquent River,  
Where I was walking.

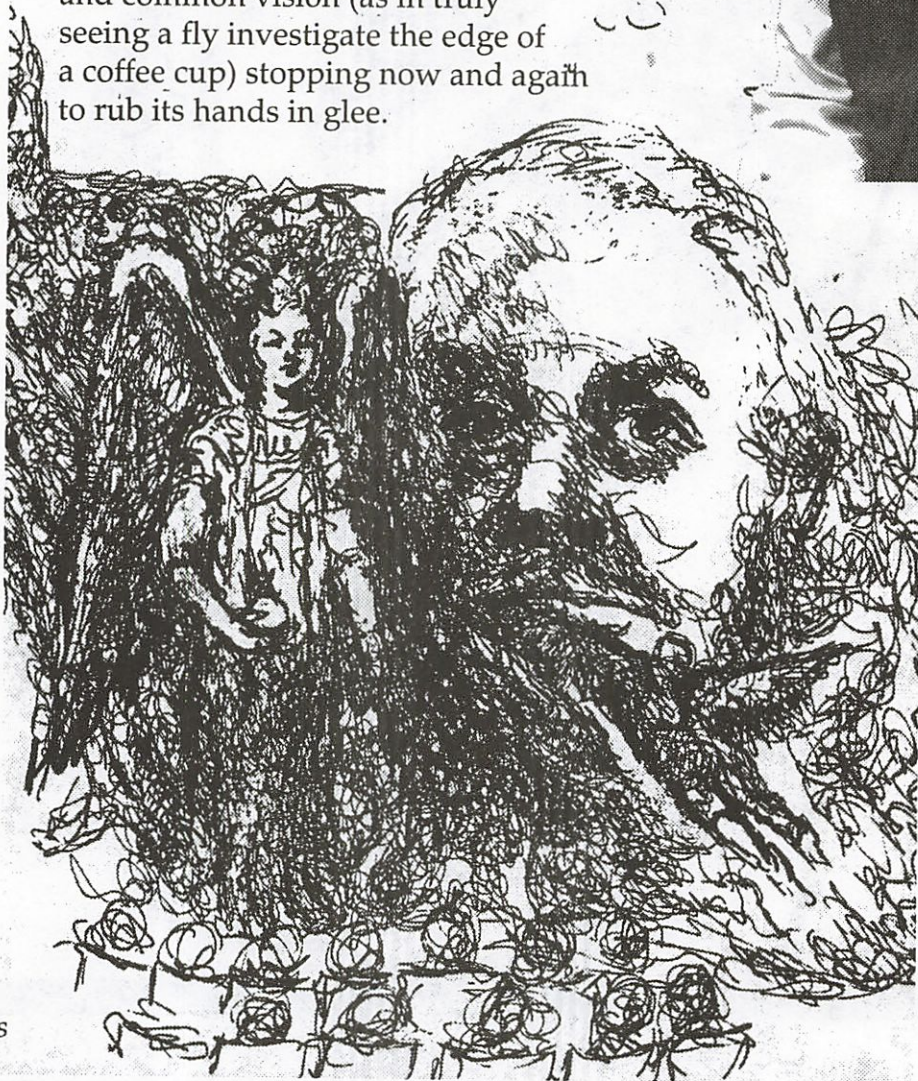
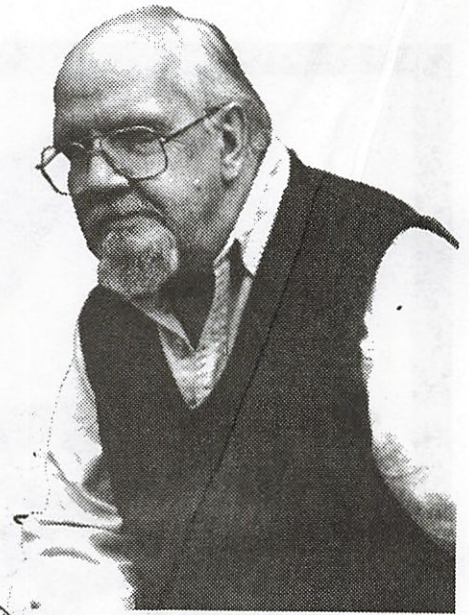




**untitled**  
*paper cut and paste by Melody Nunn*



Wisdom, after a lifetime  
and intensity of trying,  
appears one afternoon  
like Gabriel calling on the young virgin,  
or raising the flap of Mohammed's tent,  
filling the air with a soft glow,  
spilling old painful memories and images  
into new vorices of comprehension,  
dwarfing great and monumental  
ideas with the beauty of simplicity  
and common vision (as in truly  
seeing a fly investigate the edge of  
a coffee cup) stopping now and again  
to rub its hands in glee.



*by Nick Nickolds*

"To be an artist is a very special thing ... Beyond fame and success, it is a priesthood. After the merchants and industrialists have disappeared leaving the ruins of civilization behind, the artists and the shamen will have to pick up the pieces and put the whole thing back together again ... the artist to create a new vision of humanity, the shaman to redo connections to the universal mind. In the meantime, the artist must hold on to the vision of beauty, the shaman guard the memory of perfection."





**Emilia**

*sculpture by Heidwig Horvat*



**Gränz**

*sculpture by Heidwig Horvat*



### About the Artist

Heidwig (Hedy) Horvat was born in Czechoslovakia in 1914 and lived in an orphanage as a youth. In 1956, after six years in Argentina, she migrated with three children to the Bronx. It was there that Hedy discovered her talent as a sculptress while teaching her children art at a kitchen table. While Hedy continues to create small 3-dimensional pieces (from found materials), her daughter Olinka Broadfoot, has gained an international following for her prominent sculptures.



## miss

*poetry by amelia arianne reising*

lying here in bed i plug in my electric stars  
stare at the ceiling and make a wired wish  
i am noticing on the wall above the door  
a star casts a shadow a black hole i could  
stick my hand into and maybe even disappear  
i'd like to disappear sometimes  
into a black hole cast by strung-out stars  
far away from this place where i wrecked my room mate's car  
and occupy myself with the drone of the television in the background  
(laugh tracks and choreographed killings detract from my hurt)  
i want to climb into that black hole in my bedroom wall  
leave behind these notions of drowning myself in that irrigation ditch  
or in the river near my best friend's house, my home —  
i wonder if the universe is only as big as i can conceive  
and if so, that all i can conceive  
are these parallel walls laced with filament stars  
and stucco cloud formations (maybe this lamp  
is the moon) means i am the center  
i lie here on the floor  
unplug these electric stars from the surprised face of the socket  
think, as the darkness eats me like cake icing  
(sweet but unfilling), that every night is a black hole.





**Quiet Sisters**  
*photo by Merriah Fairchild*



## Inversed Breathing

*poetry by Adam Louie*

Breath and breathe, tomorrow inhales another,  
I am not dead, yet death speaks silence  
Cryptic voices sneaking voodoo skulls  
esoteric lines, of thought and thought that think inside  
believe this freedom I feel  
to kill and hack and cry inverted tears  
to speak of names I'd rather not say,  
to pray of things that never happen —  
like the ten commandments and doubts of Thomas.  
I am not dead yet  
speak silence brother not of games or class  
or beer or women,  
I lose track of loose ends too often  
fraild complexity and a little exhausting,  
I'll come back some day, Prodigal sons do it all the time,  
but this is where I'm staying  
this is my home





**Musician's Paradise**  
*pen and ink screens Jean Sinclair*

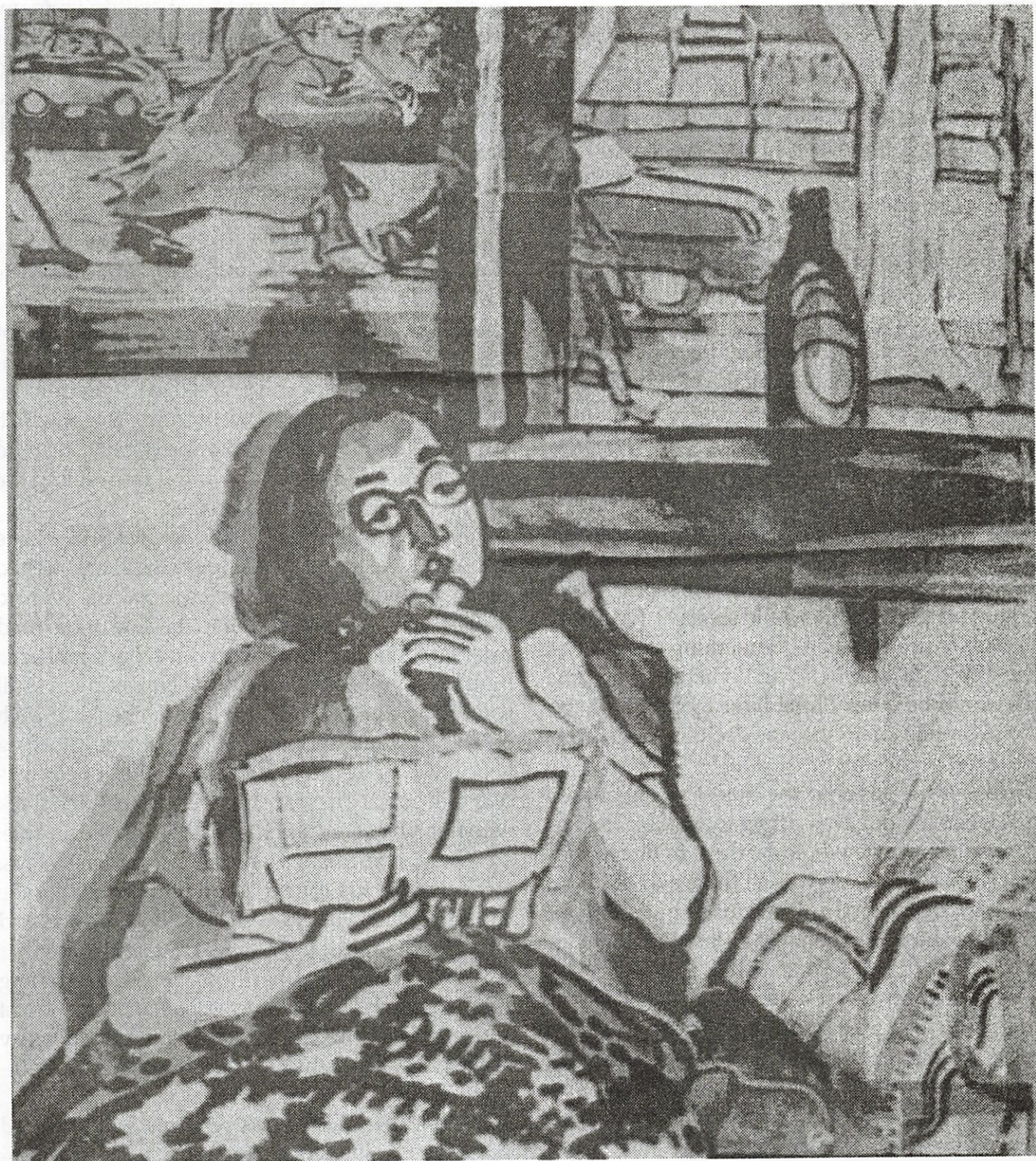


## untitled

*poetry by Valerie Hutchins*

Suffocating as the blind man's trot  
I see the world small and abandoned by father rape.  
Stumbling thoughtlessly across the shard pavement  
I gash my toes into the green wetness on the other wave  
of images consuming bloody feet.  
I have warped myself around the wool blanket and staring up  
I see cloud pulling tendons, jerking back  
jerking off  
into the stillness of the wool fibers  
and I am weak.  
Pregnant women cloak themselves  
floating by  
magnificent array, sands scraping between lovers' thighs  
caught between toe nails.  
I see the raw bellies screaming  
bursting to halt madness  
convulsions of copulation's  
laying loveless fields of dust  
Cropping green lush combines eating the land away.  
Tiny images, brush strokes of fawns  
reborn stillness I burst through the barbed wire labia and fill  
my groins with canopy of elder trees,  
grandfather moss  
reborn stillness I burst nothing to harm.  
Burning legs and successions of high awareness  
I feel short breaths tight in lungs consumed by your pipe  
rolling twirling with maroon leaf sanity  
an arc of invisibility flames my orange quilt tent.  
My red sled hills slick with summer's lubrication  
bounded glory  
I hug tight and pretend to kiss, forgetting  
thoughtless battles and ladders of distance  
I am now on top, high  
I can see embracing continents of separation  
from way up here  
and for a moment I thought I could fly  
Mom forgot to catch me  
(infant with not-so-bloody knees)  
screaming the immaculate world a shot of Crayola color,  
I thought I could touch the sky from under the snow ball bush.





**Pretzel Eater**  
*painting by Jim Hay*



## Once more unto the breach

*fiction by Denise Cameron*

She walked out of the office slowly, carefully, feeling the wall with her hand on the way out the door. It was just starting to rain. There was an umbrella in her canvas bag, but she didn't get it out. Should she go back to work or not? Not an easy decision. Even crossing the street was almost too much for her. How far away was that car, did she have time to cross now, or should she wait? Somehow she found herself on the other side and walking on. Another street, another decision. But the tears were blinding again. She leaned against a lightpole, the cold metal pressing on her back. The lights changed, and changed, and changed again. Cars sped by as she stood waiting for herself to decide what to do. She looked for her watch, was it only two hours since she left her job for the appointment with her therapist? She needed the money she'd make this afternoon, but she was in no shape to work. Would she lie to her boss? What would she say? That someone close to her had died? Something she believed in certainly had, but changing 'something' to 'someone' would be a lie. She'd have to deal with that later. Now she knew she was deciding to go home for the rest of the day.

Crossing the street to the bus stop she chose a place where no one was sitting to wait for the bus. The number twelve would be there in fifteen minutes. All she had to do was sit there and not think about blood, not think about what she saw everytime she closed her eyes or let her mind wander.

Over the last two weeks her mind played violent and graphic images at random. Just that morning she passed a huge tree with a massive trunk. The thought came that if it fell on her as she walked beneath it, she'd be crushed. She suddenly saw her own body smashed under the tree, her internal organs shoved up her throat where they blocked the airway and, with someone trying in vain to save her, she choked to death in her own blood. Why was she seeing these things? A bus drove up, but it wasn't hers.

A young man approached her. Do you know how to get to Cancun? Cancun. Oh, the restaurant. Her mind was slow. She thought, but couldn't remember the name of the street even though she knew where the place was; she ate there when she could afford it. Finally, she noticed the system map, and showed him the way. He tried to talk more with her, but she wasn't focusing very well and wished him luck getting to Cancun.

Of course, the twelve was crowded. She hadn't stopped to check her face before she left the counselor's office, but she was fairly certain that she looked like she had been crying. So she avoided looking anyone directly in the face and headed for the back of the bus. About seven teenage girls followed her to the back and proceeded to gossip about their friends: which girls were trying to get which boys' attention. She pulled out a book to read, to keep her face down and her mind from filling the trip home with unwanted images.

What time was it? Last week her watch had gone through a wash cycle because she had forgotten to check the pockets of her jeans, now she had no watch. The bus was pulling to the side of the road to let someone off. It took several seconds for her to figure out what street this was. Her stop was still some way ahead. The girls were checking each other's makeup and hair. One girl was showing her newly pierced tongue. She couldn't help herself, she stared. The girl's tongue was rosy and thick with this silver stud stuck right through the middle. Her own tongue being forced to lick a man's penis. Her mouth being forced down into his crotch, she had pulled back because she couldn't breathe and then the beating started. His hands slapping her face and punching at her head. His rage spilling out on her as he beat her down to the floor; the last thing she saw was the field through the doorway as she fell: the sky, the treetops, the tall grass, nothing.

The sky outside the bus window was streaked with clouds. She wondered if it would keep raining. Her stop was next. She pulled the cord, only it didn't seem like her hand, she couldn't feel it at all. It was working by itself. She thought of Thing from the Addam's Family. The Addam's Family and how they weren't so bizarre compared to her family. At least they admitted they liked torture, they didn't



hide it: Uncle Fester on the rack, being stretched and stretched. Playing games in the cemetery, at least they weren't afraid.

A man stood up in the row of seats to the left, preparing to get off the bus. But this was her stop! Breathe, she told herself, he's just a guy going home. She let him get off ahead of her and then stepped down onto the sidewalk. Decide which way to go, she thought. This way? Behind him? Or maybe down a few of the side streets? But she couldn't decide, her feet were moving on the familiar path and just kept going, one ahead of the other, avoiding the worst puddles and uneven places that would make her trip. They knew where they were going and she let them take her along. She passed a house where the lights were on already, though it wasn't dark yet. When she looked ahead again, the man from the bus was gone. She tried not to think.

He was waiting for her, around the corner. He had a gun and he stepped out and started shooting her. Bullets ripped through her body. In slow motion, she saw blood spurt through holes in her gut and her hands trying to cover them. She dropped to her knees, blood came through her mouth and she was falling.

Her house wasn't far now. Her feet were still

walking her and there was no blood. All in your head, she thought, it's all in your head. The hands pulling the house keys out weren't very steady, but she didn't drop the keys. The door swung open and she hurried inside. Leaning back on the door to close it, she sobbed. Maybe some tea would be soothing, maybe not, but it might give her something to focus on. She wondered if she should call someone, anyone, some crisis line? The numbers

were posted on the wall next to the phone by the self who had been through all this before and knew she would need them. Once again she stood on the edge, her past threatening, at times overwhelming, her present, but maybe this would be the last time she'd go through it. Her therapist would have to hope for her, she didn't remember how right now.

Something soft brushed against her leg and she jumped, frightening the kitten and herself. Suddenly too tired to make tea or phone calls, she picked up the kitten and walked down the hall to her room. Her bed was scrambled by the morning rush, but

warm because she had forgotten to turn off the electric blanket. The kitten was purring loudly in her arms as she crawled into bed and cried herself to sleep.



### Angel Mosaic

*color pencil drawing by Sandy Hord*



# Half Moon Rising

*poetry by David Evans*

Half moon rising and one quart  
low,  
your Wicca eyes sand  
me smooth.  
Your peach voice, sticky  
breath  
exhale the cocoon of wood  
dust from me.  
Stripped bare, hand-rubbed  
'til lustrous,  
my odometer reset - brand  
new,  
yet yesteryear's model.  
Kick my tires and  
like  
a pinwheel, watch me spin,  
just a gust away  
from your lips.  
A birthday  
candle,  
come quench  
my fire!  
Eclipse, come snuff me  
out  
!





**Where's My Reflection?**  
*sculpture by Cynthia Smith*



## **Ghazal: Purification**

*from the Purple Series*

*poetry by Kathryn Steadman*

One year the white blossoms opened before Spring,  
sometimes sex peels you back too quickly.

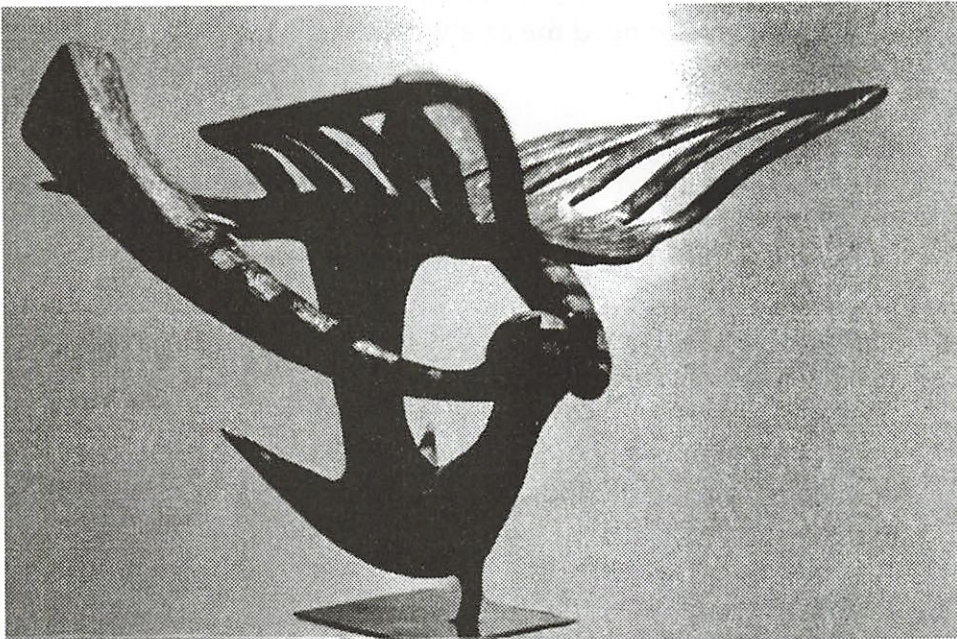
Last night with arms and legs engaged,  
I saw the body's perfect niche for pain.

Leaving his house today thinking of metaphors for heat;  
red poppies, flint, a house on fire and me in it.

Miles and miles of skin aren't boundary enough,  
this man has entered my prayer life.

Keep your eyes open, Kathryn  
if your body glows red it will turn black, whiten to ash.





**Memento Mori #3**  
*sculpture by David Hinman*



## Untitled

*poetry by Shelly Lucas*

This day does not need me as a witness of  
its passing.

I need only to stay in this quiet space of slumber  
— enveloped — by the beige sheets of my skin  
the pink folds of my warm hands and  
in the soft pillow of my vanilla sweet hair.

I need only to witness  
the beating of my own heart  
the cyclic rhythm of my own breath  
the rise and fall of my own body  
the lights dancing behind  
my closed eyes

I need only to witness my humanity





**Waldport**  
*painting by Ann McGlade*



## Austin

*poetry by Terri Hatton*

Southward  
like a bird  
Sunshine  
for a girl  
Southlands  
like a dream  
Moonshine  
for the pain  
Meander  
like a gypsy  
Moondog  
for an hour  
Follow  
my heart.

## by the lightning

*poetry by Bonita Rinehart*

i am a traveler  
your touch is my guidebook  
i map the night  
by the lightning  
of your eyes

## par le coup de foudre

je suis un voyageur  
votre toucher est mon guide  
je carte la nuit  
par le coup de foudre  
de vos yeux





**April in December**  
*painting by Diane Rios*



untitled

*poetry by Jesse Steinman*

in and down the road aways,  
heard a winged song as pink morning hit.  
my solitary second-story window,  
in the trees and all around.

so i sat,  
one-ear tuned into  
scattersongs, calls, shrill  
voices. (and fell asleep absorbed)  
in the garbled morning cacophany,  
which entered itself  
(slipped like a thief, really)  
into the wayward reaches  
of my distant, dreamy mind.

Thereupon a silent tear, unabashed,  
white in the new morning light,  
fell,  
drizzled itself down my cheek,  
penetrated the corner crevasse of my still lips,  
and disappeared.

Outside solitary robin red glide;  
the blackbirds rattle,  
the day begins to feast  
on the night's losing battle.

Day, of course, had come again.  
(another, and another . . .  
oh, and another).



# Contributors:

**Grant Bathke:** BFA from U of O. Now studying graphic design.

**Mūdra Bergan:** a Denali contributor.

**Dino Bruchelli:** a Denali contributor.

**Denise Cameron:** loves the beach, her children, flowers and her friends. She smiles a lot these days.

**David Evans:** Poet-at-law and musician, just passed the bar and longs to visit the stars.

**Merriah Fairchild:** "Last night I was asked, 'Why don't you do art more?' I can't stop thinking about that question. It's a good question."

**Steven Fosnaugh:** is a fourteen year old artist attending South Eugene High. This drawing was a gift to his sister who loves The Doors.

**Chad Goodell:** "I will be accepting submissions for a cool pseudonym throughout the year. Palindromes encouraged vigorously."

**Diane Hailey:** "Seems I think often of your yeses and eyelids in dreams."

**Heidwig Harvat:** Born in Czechoslovakia in 1914. Travelled to Argentina. Moved to United States in 1956. Self-taught artist.

**Terri Hatton:** Journalism student, loves cats, bad poetry, and sunshine.

**Jim Hay:** MFA Michigan State University, shows across U.S. and Japan. Teaches at LCC.

**David Hinman:** Graduated from U of O in architecture in '95 - travelled started doing sculpture classes at LCC - currently student aide in sculpture department at LCC.

**Sandy Hord:** Black ink and brush. Portrait of a live female nude.

**Valerie Hutchins:** "I greatly appreciate the taste of dirt."

**Reiko Kageyama:** Attending LCC, majoring in Fine Art. Show: LCC Library and '95 Student Show.

**Adam Louie:** owes his enthusiasm for writing to his elementary principal, Starla, who was absolutely convinced he would join a gang before he got to the seventh grade. Thanks, Starla!

**Shelly Lucas:** "I am a mother, student, self-employed and currently seeking to be elected as Student Body Treasurer. I was born and raised in Eugene."

**Anne McGlade:** "Late on the scene. Love to paint"

**Sophie Navarro:** "I enjoy a good cup of strong espresso. I am French and Spanish and enjoy being at Lane, for the



**Untitled**  
*collage by Dino Bruchelli*

fourth year, knowing my goal now; I would like to be a Graphic Artist."

**Nick Nickolds:** for many years a wanderer, artist, mystic, something of a recluse in his later years.

**Melody Nunn:** "I recently moved to Eugene from Summit, Oregon, near Corvallis. I'm an LCC student."

**Bianca Mercedes Proudfoot:** "My fourth term at LCC. 20 years old. Loves to write poetry and short stories and draw."

**amelia arianne reising:** improving.

**Bonita Rinehart:** the Mother Theresa of poetry, is dedicating her life to bringing poetry to the downtrodden masses.

**Matthew Riopelle:** "Lane student majoring in Life Studies and minoring in Personal Growth (my parents would probably add Slacker Studies to that list)."

**Diane Rios:** "I began stenciling in France ten years ago when I noticed political graffiti on buildings. I live in Eugene and am currently beginning the LCC Graphic Design Program."

**Anthony Robinson:** "I still hate sharks, and I don't care much for pigeons either."

**Chere O'Shaughnessy:** "Hmmm ... Denali Finale ... Finale ... Ending ... Wait a minute, what do we do with these purple shrouds again?"

**Charles Sheinin:** "I'm me ... what's to say?"

**Jean Sinclair:** "My goal is to be a visual storyteller."

**Cynthia Smith:** "An LCC drawing instructor for the past three years, I find myself consistently producing sculptures, oils and watercolors which reflect encounters between inner and outer realities while balancing home life and biodynamic farming."

**Jenny Smith:** "I am a 24-year-old single mommy going back to school!"

**David Star:** Being able to encourage and promote other artisans has been rewarding. I am thankful for my experience as art director.

**Kathryn Steadman:** growing more beautiful.

**Jesse Steinman:** "I enjoy skateboarding and turtles. I want to be a writer. I like to travel."

**Dalie P. Sweeney:** "I am a second-year graphic design student. I graduate at the end of this term. These were done in Photoshop 3+4."

**Jesse Woodruff:** Formerly from the East Coast. Studied Fine Arts @ the College of Wooster, in Ohio. Currently resides in Eugene and works for *Eugene Weekly*.





**Untitled**  
*oil painting by Mūdra Bergan*