



LANE COMMUNITY COLLEGE

WINTER 1997

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### Announcements:

#### Upcoming events

- Denali Art and Literary Scholarship

Competition Spring term

- Denali Finale with art show, performances readings and reception

- April 30 Spring term submission deadline. No theme restrictions.

Contact the Denali office for information.

Center 479 F. 747-4501 x2830

#### Web Pages

Visit the Denali web page <http://www.wgx.com/denali/fa96/main2.html>

main2.html

Visit our art director, David "Scissorhands" Star's web page [members.aol.com/starp49229/index.html](http://members.aol.com/starp49229/index.html)

### Apologies

"Spoken World" by Dan Armstrong

"Samhain" and "Winter Waits"

by Rhonda Marie were incorrectly printed in the Fall 1996 *Denali*. We apologize for these errors, and thank the authors for the opportunity to republish their work in this issue.

### In Gratitude

• Thank you to the Lane Community College foundation for the generous gift of \$400 to be used for awards in the Spring 1997 *Denali* Art and Literary Scholarship Competition.

• Thank you to the folks in the computer lab for their advice and assistance.

• Thank's *Torch* staff, for the use of your facilities!!!!

• Thank you to our advisors — Peter Jensen and Dorothy Wearne.

### Denali Literary Magazine

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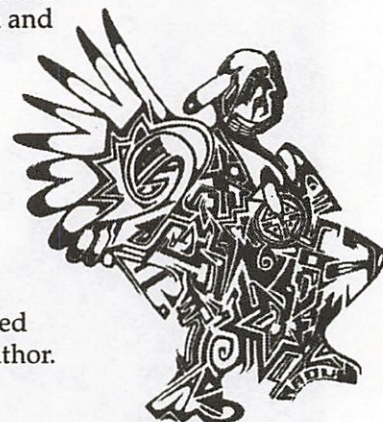
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*Denali* logo cut and paste by David Star

Cover art mixed medium featuring quilt by Reba

Cover design by David Star and Rory McLeod

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*Werner Ostermann*

Werner Ostermann was born May 11, 1913 in the Ruhr Valley of Germany. He graduated from "high school" with a B.A. degree, then studied under a Jesuit priest for five years.

Although he learned about the dark nature of Nazism from the priest, Ostermann, under pressure, joined the German army in 1935. While a soldier, Ostermann became the victim of torture for speaking out against what he had heard and witnessed. In 1938 he was able to come to the United States as a "visitor," thanks to the help of a Jewish friend who was later murdered. He received medical attention and further training in the U.S. This enabled him to get an engineering degree, and begin his American career in communications.

In 1945, while on an assignment in Alaska for the U. S. government, Ostermann met "Old Trapper Jack," who had trudged the Aleutian wilderness 33 years earlier. The trapper would not allow photographs of his homestead, so Ostermann began sketching. "Cabin of Trapper Jack" was one of many sketches from that period. In 1978, after observing pre-dawn with its changing shadows and reflections on the water, Ostermann created his first oil painting, the landscape pictured here.

Now in his 80s, Ostermann lives with his lovely and charming wife, Grace, in the attractive Eugene Hotel, where he maintains his art studio.

*David Star*

## Winter Waits

Geese honk steadily south  
in a cool sapphire evening sky.  
Cedar smoke coils and dances  
upward through crimson leaves.  
The river murmurs its frosty goodnight.  
We sit close together  
as stars glitter above.  
Your face, ruddy, glows as you  
dream before the fire.  
My fingers, whispering through your hair,  
leave sparkling trails of desire.  
In the back of my mind  
I hear the song —  
an ancient melody, without sound,  
blood beat of my line.  
Your arms enfold me  
with passion's gentle gift.  
Furs and darkness cover us.  
For one last Autumn evening  
Winter waits.

*Rhonda Marie*

## Cabin of Trapper Jack



*Cabin of "Old Trapper Jack" in Northman, Alberta*

*Werner Ostermann*

## The Late Night Phone Call

I.

It's true that I've called you, late at night.  
Anxiously I sit with the phone pressed to my ear.  
On the fourth ring you answer, your voice thick with sleep.  
I close my eyes and I see you, the image almost too much to take.  
I picture you dragging your fingers through sleep tousled hair.  
I breathe in and smell you, I lick my lips and taste you.  
An iron hand clamps itself around my lungs.  
You ask if anyone is there.  
No one is.  
I am with you.  
I am snuggled deep under the covers, spooned against you.  
My head is buried in the pillow as I drift in and out of sleep.  
I run my hands along the length of your body.  
Trembling and restless, I wait for you to respond.  
You turn and press me to you.  
My desire is deep, painfully intense.  
We are within each other, a mutual dream in fitful sleep.  
I will night to never end, the sun stay forever in the hills.  
There is a click followed by a low tone.  
My surroundings are vague, porous.  
You are gone.  
I stare numbly at the receiver in my hand.  
No one is here.  
No one.  
Only me.

II.

It is late.  
The only time the phone looks safe.  
I duck under the thick veil of night, crouch deep within.  
The receiver feels alive, as if it could squirm out of my grip.  
I will myself to dial.  
I call forth my image of you, close it behind my eyes.  
You answer.  
I can tell you have not slept long.  
My god, I am so glad to hear your voice.  
My heart leaps to the edge of my throat.  
I cannot swallow it down.  
I am choking, fighting for breath.  
I feel panic, like a tide, rise within me.  
I scratch at my constricting throat.  
My chest feels full, purple spots dance before my eyes.  
Dimly, I hear strangled coughs and sputters.  
I realize it is me, and sink to my knees, the world spinning.  
My vision is gray and fuzzy, and somewhere I hear my name.  
I fall forward as air rushes into my lungs.  
Thirstily I gulp it down.  
Gasping, I am gathered into your arms.  
Your face floats before me, wraith-like in the darkness.  
I can see your eyes, warm and dark, they swallow me.  
I could live inside you, tuck myself away in your mind.  
I swallow against the dull ache in my throat.  
Like a stirring of wings your hands brush my face, my hair.  
There is a click, followed by a low tone.  
I open my eyes to blackness.  
Quietly, gently I cradle the receiver.

III.

My hand sinks into the inky depths of darkness.  
It slips over my body, molten twilight.  
Night, no longer a dark coat I slip into, but a layer of me.  
Smooth, with no ending, and no beginning.  
Like skin.  
Thoughts of you pour over me like sharp needles of rain.  
I rebel against myself, tonight, I will let you rest.  
I will be content, with my memories.  
I push the phone away, it is an effort.  
Like holding off sleep, while I watch you.  
I will the shadows away, no darkness shall fall upon you.  
Silently, I crouch beside you, aching to touch you.  
I draw nearer, hardly daring to breathe.  
Half covered, your body is bathed in a thin trickle of moonlight.  
Ever so carefully I touch your exposed thigh.  
You shift slightly, and then turn on your belly.  
Your hand reaches under the pillow.  
I pull away and step back.  
The curtains fill with breeze.  
Gently, the wind toys with your hair.  
I realize, that I could die for you, just as I live for you.  
The scene is shattered by the phone's piercing ring.  
With a jerk you wake.  
Hello?  
I stare in horror at the receiver in my hand.  
I know I should hang up, I have no place with you anymore.  
Your voice is trembling, shaky.  
I have put that fear there.  
And yet, I can't control the tiny spark of happiness I feel.  
Just to hear you is enough  
Silence, but I know you are there.  
I hear you shiver.  
I know who this is you say.  
I wonder if you do, if you ever did.  
Listen, you say, I'm hanging up now.  
I wish I could speak to you.  
I can't.  
There are no last words for the dead.  
I realize I have no right to you.  
There is a click, followed by a low tone.  
I replace the receiver.  
Finally, there is no will to pick it up again.  
We can both sleep well.

*Chere Vouchell*

### Closing the Gate

The day after  
peaceful baby's sleep  
Mark three years of what do we call it?  
innocent start unleashed with a kiss  
no tongue, no bold probing,  
closed soft lips on the side of your neck,  
just a kiss  
and the gate opened.

Did we know? Of course not.

Now, three years later  
I've admitted the persistent ache that looms the day after. — Shelton-Mc Murphy - 1888 Eugene  
I haven't learned yet how to return from having opened myself.  
I told you this last night but my words were anemic:  
Do you understand?  
It gives a glimpse of what an addict faces  
after a taste of bliss.  
How does one come back to being separate?  
How can separate not feel like alone?

What raw dark spots gets rubbed in the ebbing and mourns,  
holds on for what can never be filled?  
a never-unlearned reaction to being at someone's utter mercy,  
someone I could only trust, no question of her fitness to the task?

And now you're the one.  
(Who did the choosing? Not us  
or rather a very *big* us.)  
But now I can close the gate and return to myself  
though the infant terror survives my experience and failed memory,  
though you, sense of self intact  
or at worst in your own kind of terror,  
return post-haste to the skin that defines you as separate  
from me

But back to the gate.  
One idea is that the difference between a schizophrenic and an artist  
is that the artist knows how and when to close the gate.  
Now that I'm no longer clinging (at least literally) to my mother's dry breast,  
now that my survival isn't really at stake (regardless of the visceral impression that it is),  
I can close up my skin and come back to *this* physical reality of being separate.  
The memory of that sip of bliss is what pulls the drunk off the wagon,  
keeps love addicts always sniffing out the next time.  
Maybe the difference between addiction and liberation  
is knowing which gate to close and when,  
and then, of course, closing it  
(assuming that opening it isn't an issue).  
What was needed then just isn't there to come through anyway.  
Opened elsewhere, where it's also needed,  
there can be a flow inward and out,  
and rather than revealing a chasm  
it allows an unfolding and a possibility for bliss that's not so elusive,  
nor so dependent on the whims of another.  
Serendipity works  
because closing the gate really throws it wide open.



## Upon Receiving Poems From a Friend in Berrytime

Your Poems came in a hot season  
when all I had to do was stand  
in blackberry shade and milk black juice  
into my green glass jar.

When berry-picking season comes around  
my tongue is alive with the liquids of heat—  
the dappled shade of the harvest of words  
leaves my mouth purpled with longing.

By May this year the torrid February  
sun had forced the first crop in—  
September's rains swelled a second  
coming in my hand—and even then the fresh

wet raspberries tumbled my mind  
to the taste of skin and its fruit, the poems.  
As when blackberry brambles snag my hair,  
I am snarled in a thicket of dangerous meanings:

the fruit stripped into the jar, the muscle's  
fatigue, the scratches, fresh blood, and scrambling,  
the cool and hot words that stain the white page  
timeless and rising. I am warm-loined

for the ancient ritual of coupling in the fields.  
Drunk on cassis and raisins, the rain of red poems,  
the spread of purple, the mouth and mind,  
their colors and heats—yes juices

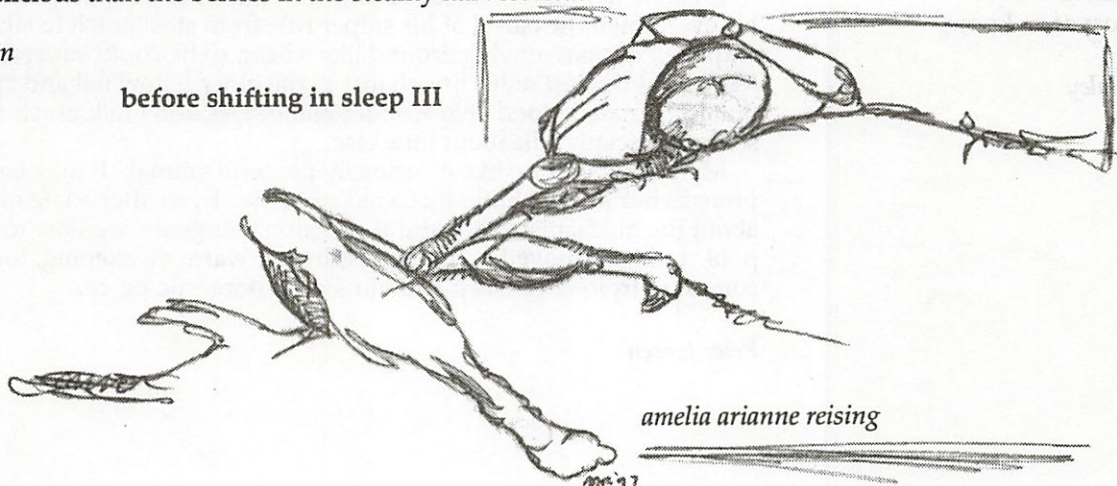
awake juices is the law of ripe things.  
There is no cool, untouched place in the mind  
of berry season, not in the fragrance  
of your gathered honey, drowsy cinnamon summer,

your languaged tree of fruits hanging down against  
my poem-darkened skin. Words fall  
into my open mouth, phrases turn, meanings  
lengthen as images imply, suggest themselves

and all pry from me this unleashed cry of hunger  
as bare and heavy-breasted I stir the jam  
in a consumation the mind cannot resist—to eat  
poems more delicious than the berries in the steamy harvest heat.

Sandra M. Jensen

before shifting in sleep III



amelia arianne reising

## The Honeyed Moon of August

For Peter on his 52nd birthday, which  
occurred during our honeymoon.  
Iskutine Lodge, Lake Eddontenajon,  
Iskut, B. C. August 19, 1994

How the year now circles around us  
like a warm golden bear. Last autumn  
we ate the strange dark berries that led  
us to enter the den of winter together;  
our every breath as one caused bleak  
storms to arise and howl like white wolves  
outside the stone step of our inward facing door.  
Inside we feasted on rich gifts  
from wild gods: the yellow calabash,  
plaintain purple and smooth, small, warm  
sweet potatoes, and red wine cool  
as an underground cave. Sustained,  
we ate and drank of this untamed stream,  
watching for Raven to change his face in the moon.

Now the unhurried year blows a summer  
breath across the silk-skinned lake.  
Across the Iskut burn flame the fuchsia fireweed  
and pearly everlasting, bridal white. Your  
birthday sounds of loons learning to fly  
and fluff-faced jays screeching from  
cottonwood to fir. Many bears  
not far off fish for spawning salmon,  
layering on the heavy fat in this bright river  
of feasting before the snows come on. Far  
away from where our journey began,  
we stand at the center of our lives,  
hearts anchored on the Pole Star. The Great  
Bear wheels around us, spreading wide arms  
in starry constellation about all  
the worlds now streaking the night sky toward us.

Sandra M. Jensen



Ocean Floor

photo collage by David Star

## Within

Swim to slip  
to slip  
through mossy waters where  
salamanders hide,  
fishes' eggs drift, wait to hatch.  
Tadpoles quiver  
up to their mirror.  
catch a quick skipper,  
swallow.  
Smooth in there  
down below  
where more is alive  
than most of us know.

*Diane Haley*

## My wife waking

She is so vulnerable, as if she could never defend herself if an enemy struck at night, as if she could never have made it through World War II like her father Warren, that silver star (outliving two platoons and two purple hearts) fighting all the way to Ramagan.

I call her Turtle Woman as she awakes. She seems so slow, slowly crawling up from the pond of a dream onto a cold, muddy bank. I am a pre-dawn man. But for her, I know how unnatural it is to rise before the sun has warmed the air!

I bring her coffee, black in a cup like engine oil. She sips it hot, and it brings her evolving back up to human. Imagine a soldier being served coffee in a foxhole before rising to fight a charging enemy, who was also served coffee and then ordered to charge before the other side could grind its beans.

Imagine her father Warren taking coffee just before dawn, so he could focus his eyes down the barrel of his sniper rifle from steel notch to silver bead to stupefied human moving around like a bear, so he could squeeze the trigger letting out the rest of his breath just as the other fellow fell and spilled his mug of decaffeinated blood. No wonder real heroes don't talk much about war while some politicians talk about little else.

My wife wakes up like a curiously peaceful animal. It may be her skull protects her slowed brain like a naked turtle. Even after a late night reading about the mechanisms of natural selection, her genes are slow to rise in their pool, and I am moved to tenderness by her warm awakening, for I know it comes up from deep sleep and our sweet, domestic peace.

*Peter Jensen*

## Wolf

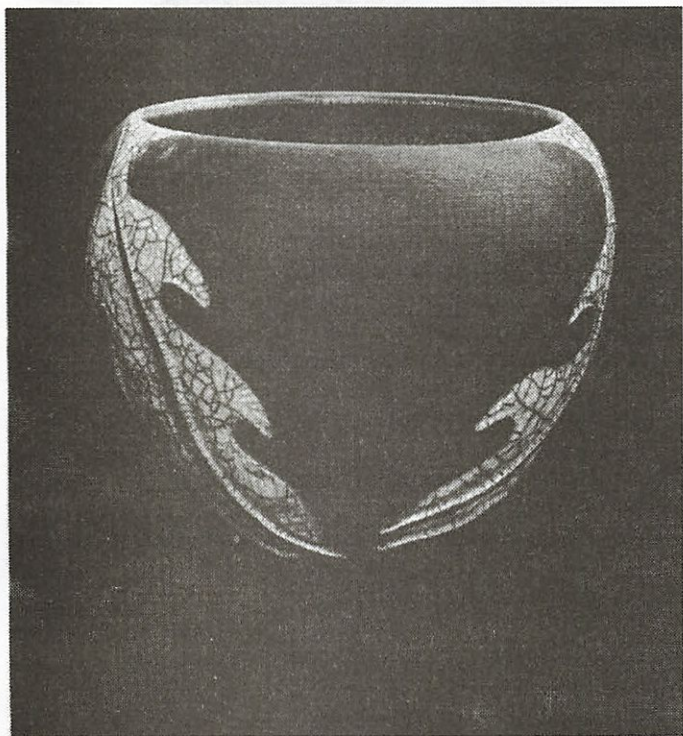
Soundless paws bound over soft forest snow,  
Loping, purposeful, not rushing,  
but steadily covering ground.  
Heading for the forest edge . . . gathering speed . . . and then

Hurtling out of blackness into the open frosty moonlight.  
Joined by others, racing now, up, UP,  
leaping and scrambling, to the top!

As hot breath plumes out into the icy night air  
stars pulse, blood races.  
The moon, illuminator and lone witness to this ancient rite,  
silently summons as the first howl pours out,  
silver. . . primeval . . . echoing down into the valley.  
Answered by a second, a third, a fourth . . .  
spiraling out into the universe.

Before man lifted a club or stood upright  
wolf sang her medicine to the stars.  
And after man is gone, wolf will sing.

*Rhonda Marie*



*Leaf Bowl by Karen Perkins*

## Indian Baskets

The Maidu wove them  
on Bidwell's ranch in Chico  
where Grandma taught  
the children.

They came to Santa Clara  
where grasses grew  
over an artesian well  
at Grandmother's house.

Each year they came to weave  
their grinding stone  
on her front porch  
gave credence to this story.

In Eugene, at my house,  
I have a Maidu basket;  
it holds my thimble,  
scissors, thread.

The thimble holds my finger;  
the grinding stone held corn,  
the basket means of fixing buttons, mending tears;  
the story holds them all.

*Sara Stanley Baz*

## Rock

Dry puddle of rust and grey  
resting in my hand,  
is movement time?

You move in ageless swirl.  
The porous back that weighs  
so smoothly in my palm  
transforms.

My presence flickers by,  
a cloud-shadow  
sweeping across your sky.

And your structures  
are unstably  
flowing around eternity.

*Sara Stanley Baz*

## Garnets of Passion

It starts with the dark garnet beads  
of my great-great-grandmother Lucia.

Lucia gave them to Maria, her daughter.  
Maria gave them to Ida Celestina, her daughter.  
Ida Celestina gave them to Fernanda Enrica, her daughter,  
and on to me, Marcia Ida, the daughter of Fernanda Enrica.

They have a history of Italian women  
from the old country  
from the old ways, the old life  
a history of passion.

A life started in the dolomite region  
of Italy, on the Austrian border.  
My grandmother, Ida Celestina,  
whom I called Nonnie  
told me the story of the beads.

the red garnets  
my heritage

"These are very old, old with passion,"  
is how she always started the story.  
I can hear her now even though she is no longer.  
When I feel her presence  
I go to the wooden jewel box.  
Taking out the garnets, I encircle my neck with my legacy.

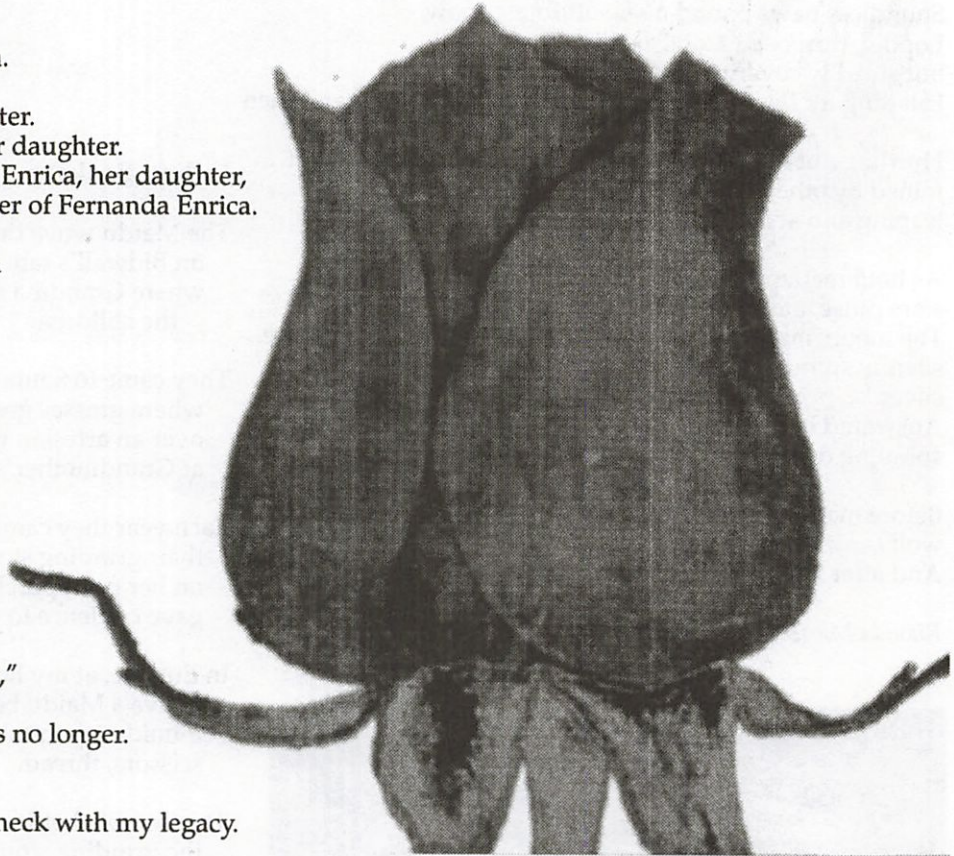
She told me the story.  
My great-great grandmother lived in Tenno, Italy  
a very small village  
with a communal well where you washed your clothes  
gathering the daily gossip  
along with your daily wash

Lucia was a very young woman  
when Franko asked her to wed  
in the village church, where  
all the names of the births  
deaths  
and marriages were recorded.

It was a small ceremony  
in a small church with a small community  
to support the union.  
No rings were exchanged,  
Franko lacked the wealth of silver  
yet he embraced his bride  
with passion and a circle of garnets.

Many years passed and  
many children were recorded  
in the ledger of the church.

Maria was born to Lucia and Franko.  
A young girl with her heart in tradition.  
Her marriage was written down  
and the necklace of garnets  
encircled her wedding.



*Rose by Nick Spurgeon*

Maria gave birth to Ida Celestina,  
whose passion for life  
entitled her to the  
dark red garnets for her wedding day.

It was written in the book.

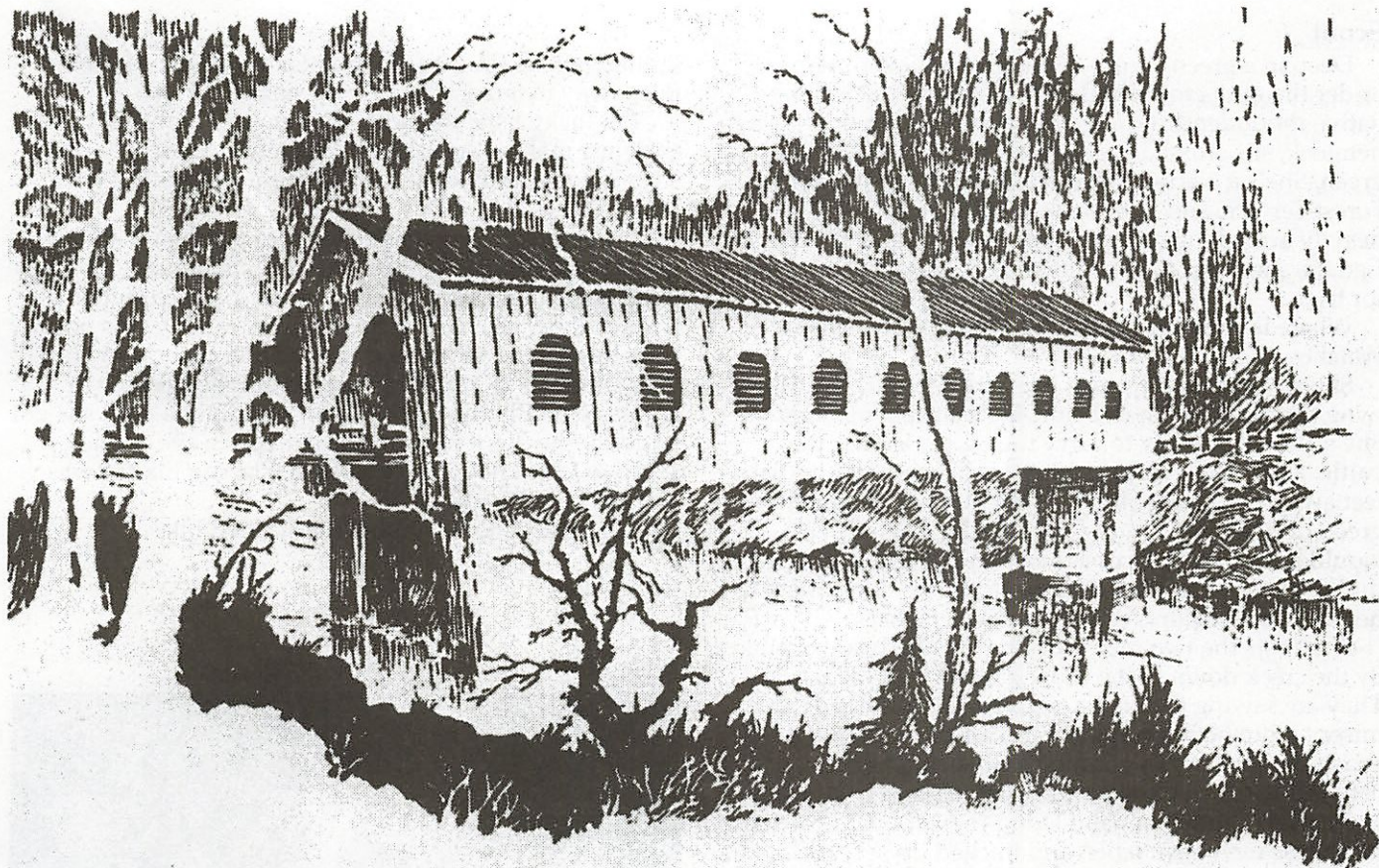
Ida Celestina bore a child of determination,  
Fernanda Enrica, my mother,  
who wore the beads of fire on the day she wed my father.

It was written in the book.

Fernanda Enrica gave birth to me,  
Marcia Ida,  
a child of passion for tradition,  
for the history of our women.  
The ones who came before.  
The ones who wore the beads.

The ones who are written in the book.

*Marcia Maffei*



Goodpasture Covered Bridge  
Leaburg

GABE HART

## thorn

i'm gathering stories like blackberries  
staining my dress  
i prick my fingers as i pull them  
from life-brambles.  
like berries, too, long too soon urged from the vein  
they are bitter and hard when green.  
my face puckers in a distasteful grimace  
as round words burst open on my tongue  
unripe juice making my eyes water.

i think of mixing these with sweeter ones to make a pie  
but my mind shifts and i mash them instead  
making hurt preserves to eat with fresh half-baked dreams.

*amelia arianne reising*

## ditch

last night loving thoughts had i towards an irrigation ditch  
walking by in the glare of headlights  
wondering how deep beneath the murk it flowed  
whether strong enough to brush aside a struggle  
whether the depth could easily cover my head or no.

i paused crossing it  
looked longingly at the slick grasses  
and thought how beautiful they'd look  
wet like that in my hair  
against the bruised and bloated death-blue of skin.

*amelia arianne reising*

## Scout

Deep in a green clump of old growth sword ferns, under the pink crown and brown shade of a blooming native rhododendron, slightly behind the trunk of a large hemlock, sits crossed-legged a woman dressed all in green. She's a Native American Special Agent for the U.S. Forest Service, and her mission this time is to stalk two, heavily armed loggers, who are stealing federal Red Cedars, sneak up close to them, and videotape evidence for trial.

Where is she? She could be anywhere: She Who Watches.

She wears a jungle green hat with a Red-Tailed Hawk wing feather stuck in its brim. She's a tribal member. She's allowed by law to carry the raptor feather into battle. Her brown face is painted dull green. From five feet away, her face would be difficult to distinguish from green understorey shades. Perhaps her brown eyes would burn into sight first. Her hands are also painted dull green, and they lift dull green, rubber binoculars to her face. She acquires raptor eyes and focuses.

She spots the two men working as quietly as possible by the creek down in the draw but not very far away. They are sawing through a two foot thick Cedar with a misery whip between them. She can hear the shush shush of the old, two-handled saw slicing heart wood between them. She spots their black assault rifles leaning against old stumps of giant Doug-firs cut long ago. She sees these men have fallen and bucked up several Cedars left behind growing at the foot of the clearcut as part of the narrow, riparian buffer zone. She guesses they plan to winch the cut logs up to their extra large truck, load up, and drive out after dark.

They were hard to find, and since a Forest Service timber cruiser was found dead in a clearcut above Mill City six months before with a tiny bullet hole in his back between his shoulder blades and an exit chest wound larger than his heart, these two timber thieves have been listed as dangerous, possible murder suspects.

She unwraps the video camera from her pack, turns on the power, and zooms in. She records the time and date. She gets their actions on tape. This is her part: to get real close, get evidence, stay put, and get out after they leave. Just in case she's spotted, she has back-up a mile away up on the ridge on a side road: two other U.S. Forest Service special agents in a green jeep with a radio. They are armed with semi-automatic shotguns and civilian models of military rifles. But they are there for her only if she is seen. She will remain invisible; the larger team that will stop and arrest these timber rustlers is headed by FBI agents waiting down by the locked gate across the only road to town these men can come down on.

She's just glad these loggers don't have a dog. She spent most of her time (before coming closer) looking hard with her focused raptor eyes for the dog they don't have. No dog was always harder to verify than some real dog. She had said to herself, "I'm glad Coyote isn't working with these guys."

Just then, a Stellar's Jay had yelled at her. She froze. One logger had looked up. She swiveled her head like a Great Horned Owl and gave that jay a yellow-eyed

killing look. It almost stopped his little blue heart. He flew away in terror. The sawing started again.

"I'm lucky," she thought. "Raven isn't here. That owl trick just makes him mad. But Raven loves deep timber, so he's gone, and he can't warn these loggers as I get closer."

So she took a long time to get into position with her green pack of video equipment, binoculars, radio, Baretta 9 mm pistol, and a long, green, spray-painted sniper rifle with a scope. Her skill at this kind of stalking was not something she had learned at Special Agent camp with the Seminoles in Florida. Her Dad taught her how to sneak up on Elk this way in the Coast Range until she got so good, she did it for fun and patted the Elk on the rump to let it know she was there. Playing Elk tag was still her favorite sport.

"You're it!" she would tell the startled Elk.

*Peter Jensen*

**Richard V**



*Maya Rommwatt*

## Nightscape

Mount Saint Helens slides into clouds  
that night winds drive up  
her dark, exploded slopes,  
and teams of Beowulf dragons swirl  
steam and mist around the dome and opened  
crater to the north  
as ravens cry and flock to their pitch-  
black, nocturnal roost  
somewhere in the blasted forest.

Behind steam and fog  
St. Helens looms like a ghost.  
She seems more like Odin's shipwreck  
than a mountain and casts  
long shadows down  
uprooted valleys to the east.

Stones of every shade  
from gray to red to gold  
throng the stream bed  
of a sixteen year old  
course that erosion found  
through heaps of pumice  
blown miles out in new hills.

The fallen mountain top  
lies all over and bleeds gray mud  
that washes out all the hollows  
down to dam Spirit Lake.

What's left looks like bones  
of fossilized prehistoric beings:  
dinosaurs blown off peaks,  
whales thrown into the mountains  
to mix together all the ribs  
of evolution in one yard,  
a timeless mess designed  
like math of massive landslides.

Here the undoing and mixing of all ages  
see the light as subterranean  
bacteria bubble up and run  
over lips of contagious waterfalls.  
Here the mountain's magma chamber rumbles  
and builds its dome again in quake  
after quake that call the moon  
mother as it makes magma tides  
and proves Moon's ties to Earth's insides.

Named as a goddess by Natives,  
Loowit aims her broken barrel  
to the sky and fires shot after shot  
at the target of the moon.

Night and cloud pour  
over the west rim of the crater  
while one star stands  
like a singer on the eastern rim  
and howls an ancient anger  
against destruction like this  
or any sacrifice  
that eludes human sense.

## Richard III



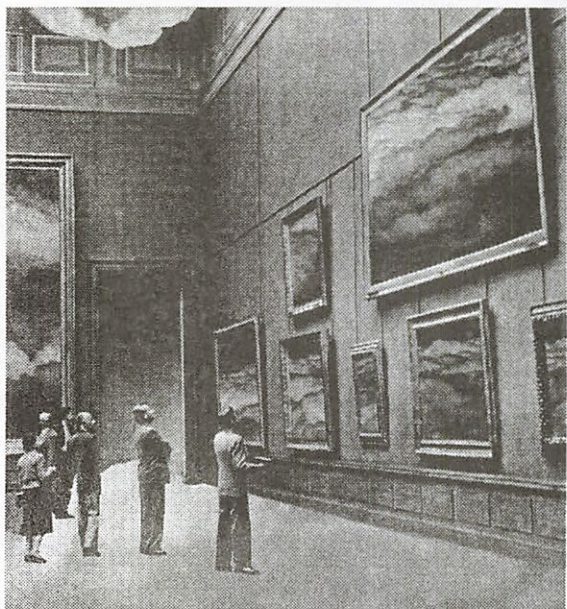
*Maya Rommwatt*

But Loowit is less  
than a mountain and more  
a marker for Earth's motion,  
where the Pacific Plate slides  
under North America, and the ocean  
shudders as the continent  
shoves its shelves over  
abyssal plains and canyons.

Dark matter causes renewal  
that comes in a cycle  
and makes all the rest real.  
Without darkness, no light.  
Without ignorance, no learning.  
Without ice, no burning.  
Without shadow, no bright,  
returning fire.  
Without death, no desire.  
Without volcanic gloom  
to melt a flash flood,  
only icy doom.  
Without volcanic flame,  
black hole and all the same.  
Eruption restarts the engine  
that pounds our hearts.

*Peter Jensen*

Images  
by  
David Star

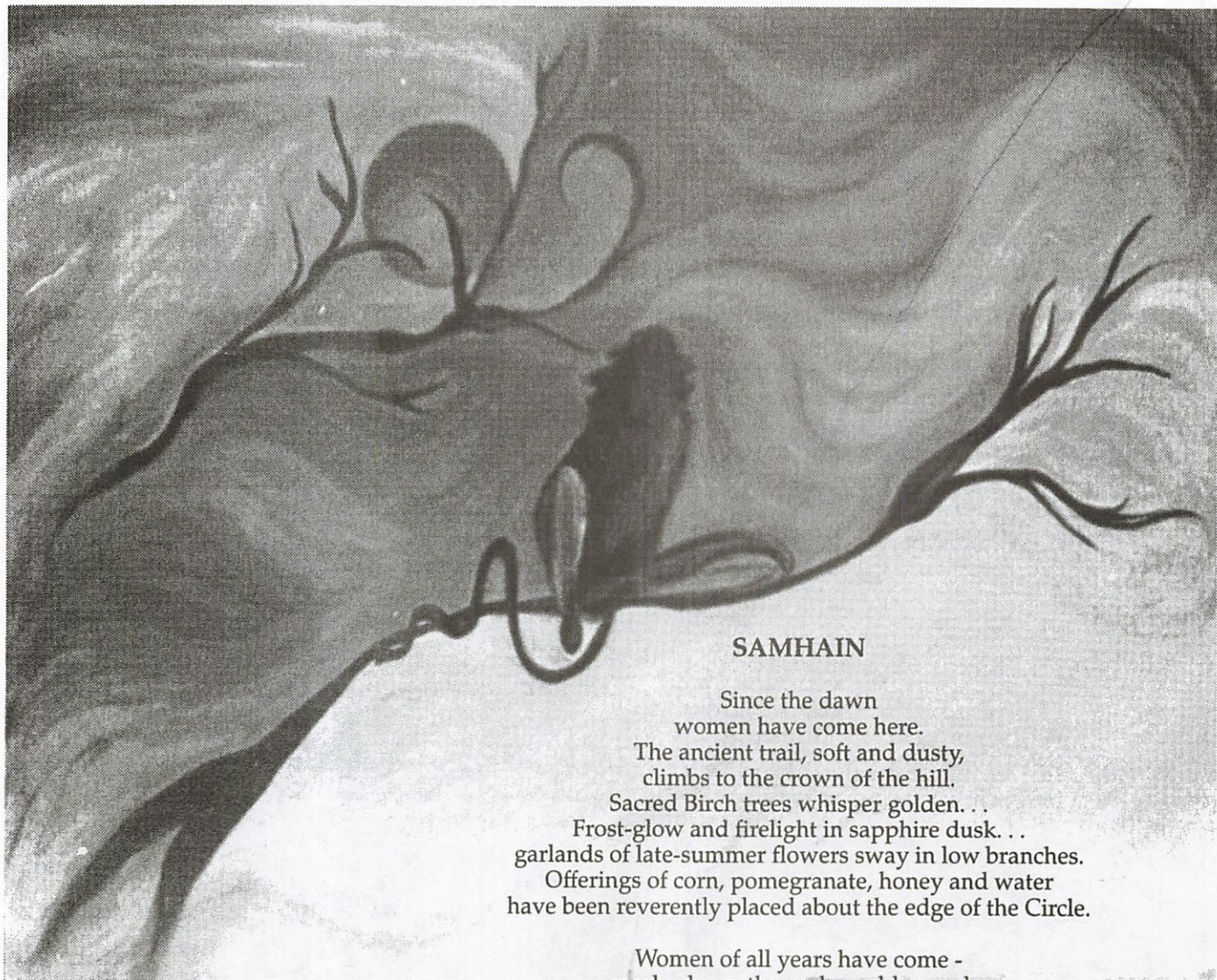


The images featured here represent a few of the black and white collages that I have created since 1995. While the majority of my work makes use of color photos (from magazines pre-'68), I find working with subtle greys to be another kind of challenge and a good vehicle for moody pieces.

These were chosen because they share a consistent element - the sky. I spend a great deal of time just watching the incredible Oregon sky with its amazing cloud formations.

facing page: top to bottom: Angel Landing; Break Through; Cloud Room; Corridor; below: The Visitation





### SAMHAIN

Since the dawn  
women have come here.  
The ancient trail, soft and dusty,  
climbs to the crown of the hill.  
Sacred Birch trees whisper golden. . .  
Frost-glow and firelight in sapphire dusk. . .  
garlands of late-summer flowers sway in low branches.  
Offerings of corn, pomegranate, honey and water  
have been reverently placed about the edge of the Circle.

Women of all years have come -  
rosebud mouths under golden curls,  
lush hips and breasts proclaiming ripeness,  
and wrinkled faces smiling softly beneath white halos of wispy hair.  
Maiden — Mother — Crone,  
all have climbed the hill  
to dance their thanks,  
to sing their love,  
to offer the fruits of the harvest to the Mother Goddess  
who births us. . .  
who nourishes us. . .  
who leads us out of this life at its end  
into the next realm.

On this night the veil is thin  
between the world of the flesh and the spirit.  
The moon rises.  
The women sway and chant,  
lifting their hands to receive Her light and Her love. . .  
opening arms to welcome the new year.  
Honor and thanks are sung at this time,  
as the Earth prepares for winter's cleansing sleep.

(October 31, 1996)

Rhonda Marie

you, diamond-faced

It's no secret  
I like to receive and endure  
the heat of your selfless  
indulgence.  
Your flesh, long untried,  
on pale of my own  
seeks redemption  
in slick deathless waves.  
To feel what you know  
in this cold season's youth,  
your breath sighs deep in thick  
words.  
Delight-filled, it quickens  
and shakes past existence,  
reaps greens of gone days  
lived away.  
Slaking fire-lashed skin  
on my bones  
accepting,  
the wet of your cloak  
flows translucent,  
descending;  
in tide pool you rest,  
glass lids drowning blue,  
and the moon sends her silver  
to cool you.

*Diane Hailey*

### genesis

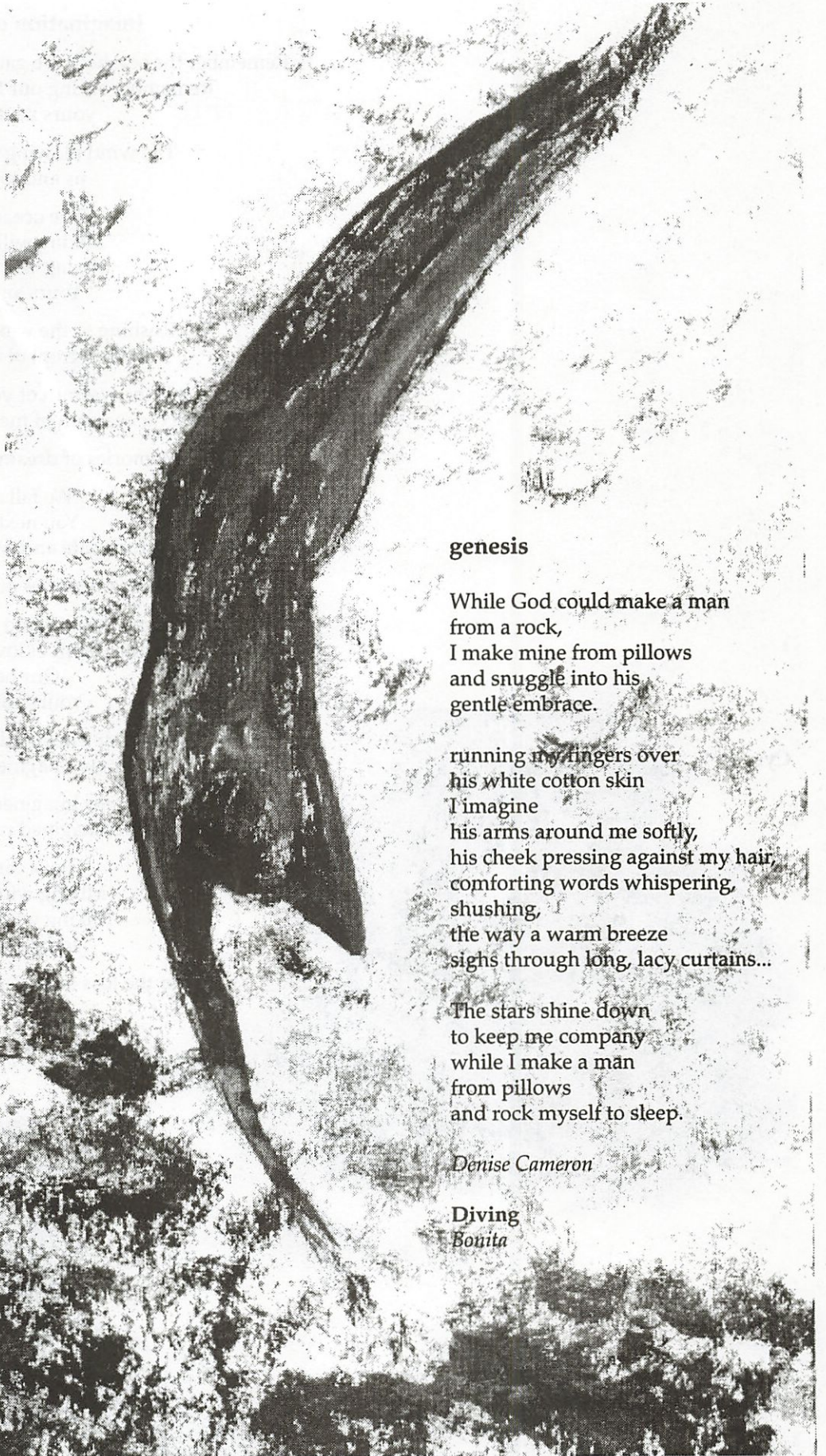
While God could make a man  
from a rock,  
I make mine from pillows  
and snuggle into his  
gentle embrace.

running my fingers over  
his white cotton skin  
I imagine  
his arms around me softly,  
his cheek pressing against my hair,  
comforting words whispering,  
shushing,  
the way a warm breeze  
sighs through long, lacy curtains...

The stars shine down  
to keep me company  
while I make a man  
from pillows  
and rock myself to sleep.

*Denise Cameron*

**Diving**  
*Bonita*



## Imagination of Memories

Remember the seashells we gathered along the ocean's edge  
Remember seeing our footprints in the sand  
yours next to mine

The wind blowing the gentle rain to  
us and to the sea

The ocean spray  
Mixing with the rain  
Mixing with our tears  
Yours and mine

Rushing to the warmth of our cabin  
To sit in front of an inviting fire

But it is the warmth of you that is warming me  
And the warmth of me that is warming you

Memories of dreams that never were

We fall asleep  
You next to me  
It feels safe and warm and loving

These memories of my imagination

I awake and find you next to me  
The depth of love penetrating  
Our hearts  
Yours and mine

We are entwined becoming one  
In my imagined memories

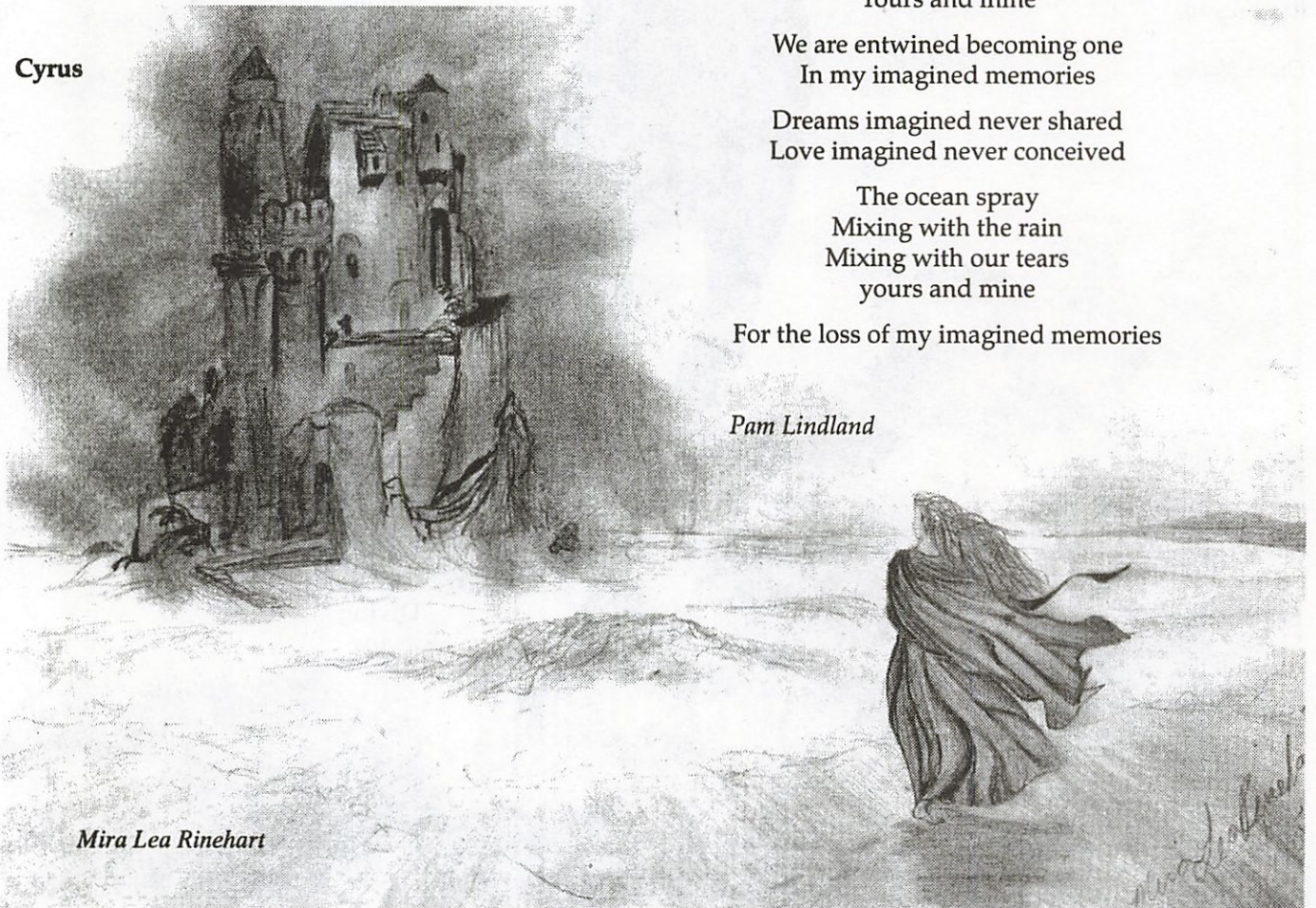
Dreams imagined never shared  
Love imagined never conceived

The ocean spray  
Mixing with the rain  
Mixing with our tears  
yours and mine

For the loss of my imagined memories

*Pam Lindland*

Cyrus



*Mira Lea Rinehart*

## Memo

To: Elizabeth  
From: Lowell  
Date: Now, or Thereabouts  
Subject: What To Do With The Dog

This issue will be made easier by the fact that we don't have a dog. I wish we did, though, because maybe it would bind us, or rather *have* bound us. That's the mistake people make with children, I know. As in, "Our relationship is the pits, so maybe having a child will make it better." Only it doesn't work that way. Still. . .

- A schnauzer would have been nice. A black one, a miniature, a female. We could have named her Blacky or maybe a people name like Hannah. The woman sitting beside me in class as I type is named Hannah. I like that name.

- When I was a boy, I named my new puppy Ginger after a girl in my third grade class. When I told the girl — with great pride and affection — about the honor I had shown her, she was offended. I wonder where she is, what she is doing, and if she remembers that day.

- I wonder how long it will hurt like this. It will be for months, most assuredly, but then to a lesser degree for years. I think for the rest of my life. Because losing you is like a death, and I have been through deaths; I know the pain never goes away completely. There's always a little pocket of sadness. It's just sealed off most of the time so I'm able to function. But then, for whatever reason, the pain comes back to me, for a little while at least.

I remember many specific moments of mourning. Once I was in Montana driving my possessions across the country in a Ryder truck. My Mother had died a week earlier 2,000 miles away, and I had flown from Oregon to Mississippi, held her hand as she died, planned her funeral, sold a house, bought a house, flown back to Oregon, and packed my many belongings, all in seven days.

Now, I was somewhere in Montana — or maybe it was Wyoming — at sunset on a chilly October day. I went to a supermarket for sardines and, on impulse, bought some bubblebath in a big blue plastic bottle that looked like a seahorse. I thought to myself that someday I would have a bathtub, and I would lie there in that warm womb surrounded by bubbles, and I would be happy. Only, I didn't *really* think that: I just wanted to think it. What I really thought was that I would never be happy again in my whole life, not even for a moment. Three months later, I did feel happy though, and it was for only a moment. Still, it told me that I would someday be okay. And I was.

But, of course, life is never okay forever. I wonder when I will feel another moment of happiness. I know I will. I just have to hold on.

Finis

Lowell Andrew Thomas

### bad chemicals

everything in this moment depends  
on closed eyes, falling backwards,  
arms that might not be there.

so we stand together on the corner  
of 2nd street and someone's fence. . .  
my world my vision, has imploded into

the tiny glowing red ember dangling  
from my lips; the cigarettes that i  
give you hell for, that i am now

smoking voraciously, arranging my  
world on this warm, dark night, and  
all i see beyond this everything . point

is your face. so we share each other's  
distress, and this is how we love. when  
you first told me that you like girls, i

smiled and said i know. when you called  
me sobbing, when you forgot to take the  
pills that make you normal, when you told

me things that i wasn't supposed to know,  
you understood falling, eyes closed. you  
pulled me through times when i felt touched

by God and when i felt He had deserted.  
i don't mind lugging potting soil down 5th  
street for you, i don't mind knowing that

some things, all things come with a disclaimer,  
because i am always falling backwards, eyes  
closed, into arms that might not be there

*Anthony Robinson*

### tried to stop

in this, the city where we were born  
the streets all have their voices and colors:  
every leaf that falls in autumn,  
(like stars beneath the streetlights,  
nestled in concrete dusted with snow)  
every drop of rain, wet with promise,  
carries old words,  
spoken softly then forgotten  
here is where i loved you

in this, the city where we lay down  
in grass sweet with dew and earth,  
something higher than reasoning  
and more alive than understanding  
and bigger than the sum of all your  
thoughts and sideways glances,  
something moved me once;  
here is where i loved you

:and when the train rumbles  
at night and police sirens cry through  
winter's cold, and when, out walking,  
the warm breeze that becomes spring  
carries your smell, dark and warm and  
colored of yesterday  
and (i know) tomorrow  
—I am moved again

in this, the city where i couldn't be what  
you needed;

here, where i pulled pieces from the sun, glowing  
and warm, flowers from unsuspecting gardens,  
stole street signs and offered all up to you;

in this, the city where you offered me only the  
glare of headlights in a narrow alley;

where i touched you sometimes  
(and it was all right); where i wished i was someone else;  
where i stood before you naked, and threw down  
all the things i stole for you, all the things you broke  
and you only smiled

where i covered everything with a patchwork quilt  
held together only by thinning memories of  
moments we didn't have

here is where i tried to stop

here, in this city

here, where i love you

*Anthony Robinson*  
**The Cord**

## homecoming

after speaking with my father  
on his birthday, April winding down,

i returned the receiver to  
its cradle, and made up reasons  
to go

— but that town won't let me near  
these things:

wasted days of Summer, youthful, cultivating  
a taste for beer and other things:  
(drugs, poems, soft dark places)

rising early August mornings, stepping barefoot  
onto the porch, before the heat set in  
walking through the lawn to the garden,  
piles of sage, brushing mint, basil, grass  
laying in the sun, listening to the warm earth. . .

Sometimes, in my sleep, i walk the streets of that old town:  
my father is always there, smelling of fish feed and cheap  
beer from metal cans, looking like Paul Newman in  
"the Color of Money"

and sometimes, i'm riding in the back of someone's  
pick-up truck, country music blaring from somewhere  
and i see me swimming in the north fork, a little fat and  
ashamed.

and sometimes i'm crying over the death of the grandfather  
i hardly knew, or crying over a teenage crush, walking  
home  
at night, wondering if i'd ever have sex with a real live girl  
and  
when i come in, off that street through the living room  
window,

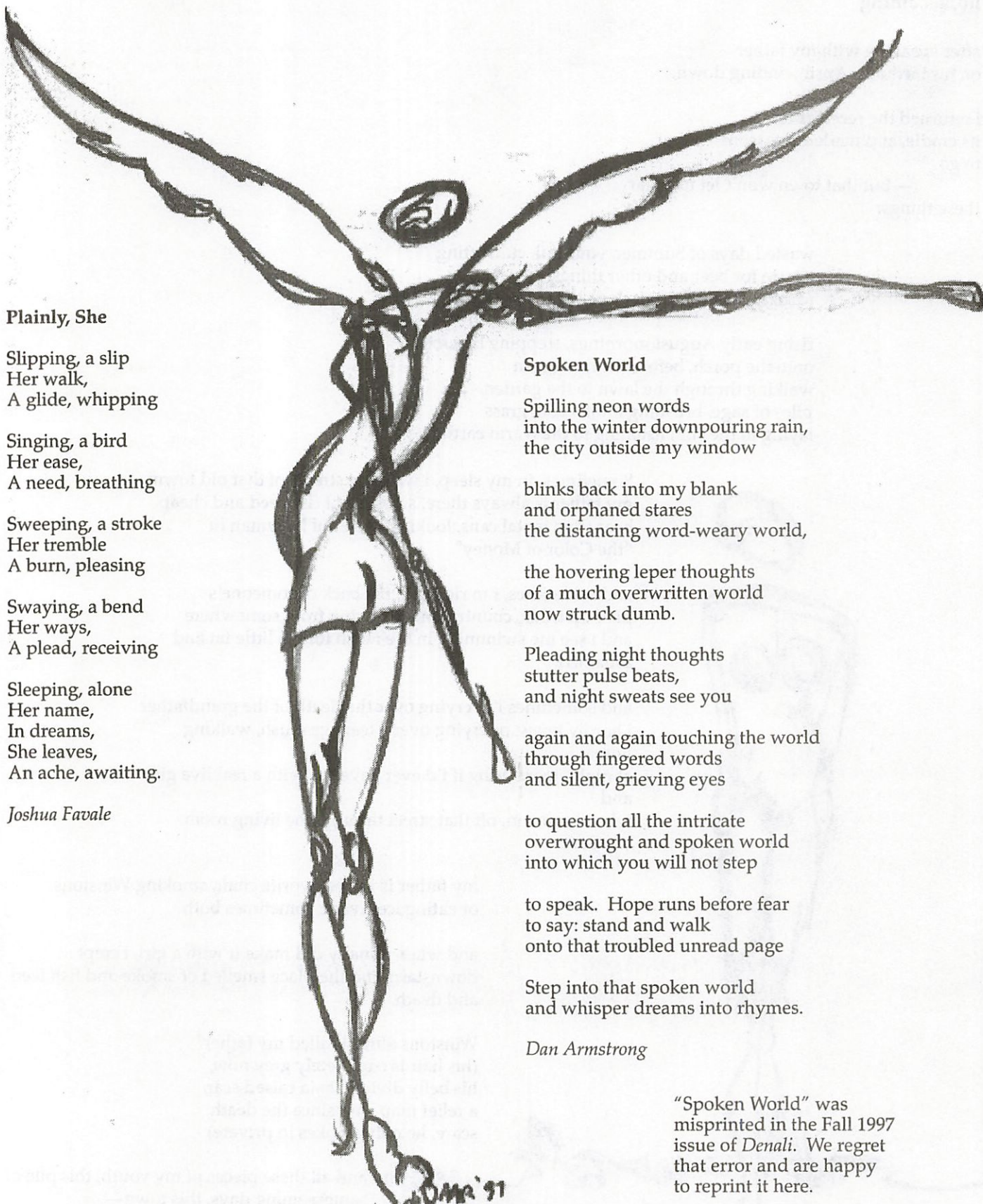
my father is in his favorite chair, smoking Winstons  
or eating ice cream; sometimes both.

and when i finally did make it with a girl, i crept  
downstairs and the place smelled of smoke and fish feed  
and death.

Winstons almost killed my father:  
(his hair is completely grey now,  
his belly divided by a raised scar,  
a relief map, and since the death  
scare, he only smokes in private)

and all these pieces of my youth, this pile of  
sameseeming days, this town—  
won't let me near. i can't go home.





### Plainly, She

Slipping, a slip  
Her walk,  
A glide, whipping

Singing, a bird  
Her ease,  
A need, breathing

Sweeping, a stroke  
Her tremble  
A burn, pleasing

Swaying, a bend  
Her ways,  
A plead, receiving

Sleeping, alone  
Her name,  
In dreams,  
She leaves,  
An ache, awaiting.

*Joshua Favale*

### Spoken World

Spilling neon words  
into the winter downpouring rain,  
the city outside my window

blinks back into my blank  
and orphaned stares  
the distancing word-weary world,

the hovering leper thoughts  
of a much overwritten world  
now struck dumb.

Pleading night thoughts  
stutter pulse beats,  
and night sweats see you

again and again touching the world  
through fingered words  
and silent, grieving eyes

to question all the intricate  
overwrought and spoken world  
into which you will not step

to speak. Hope runs before fear  
to say: stand and walk  
onto that troubled unread page

Step into that spoken world  
and whisper dreams into rhymes.

*Dan Armstrong*

"Spoken World" was misprinted in the Fall 1997 issue of *Denali*. We regret that error and are happy to reprint it here.

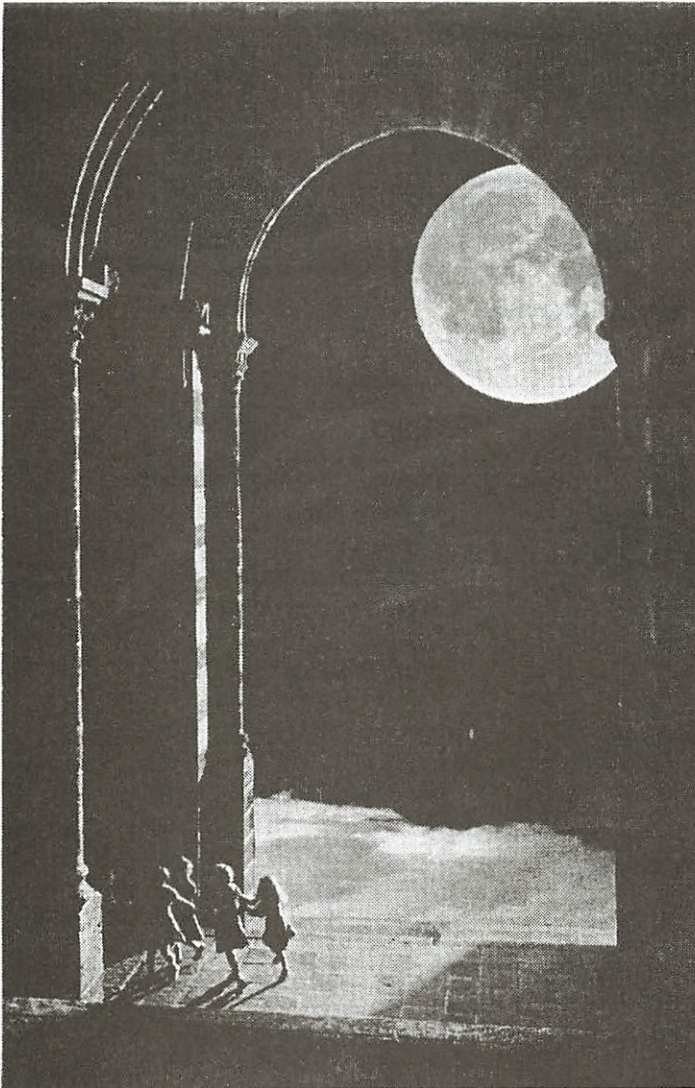
## curve

i love the word "curve"  
the way it speaks to the sides of a room  
where the silhouette of my breast is cast.  
it is the shape of hands cupped,  
holding liquid or the glory of me,  
the inward slant of the small of a back  
and the underside of an upturned neck.

"curve" describes the way the road winds  
carrying me down pot-hole infested alleys  
and crunching gravel drives,  
a mouth upward turning to smile  
and the sound of certain words spilling from a throat.  
it is a spine curled in a doorframe  
and the twisted, gnarly branch of a mother-tree.

i am all of this without a single angle-  
my body shaped with the round smoothness of a word.

*amelia arianne reising*



*Winter '97*

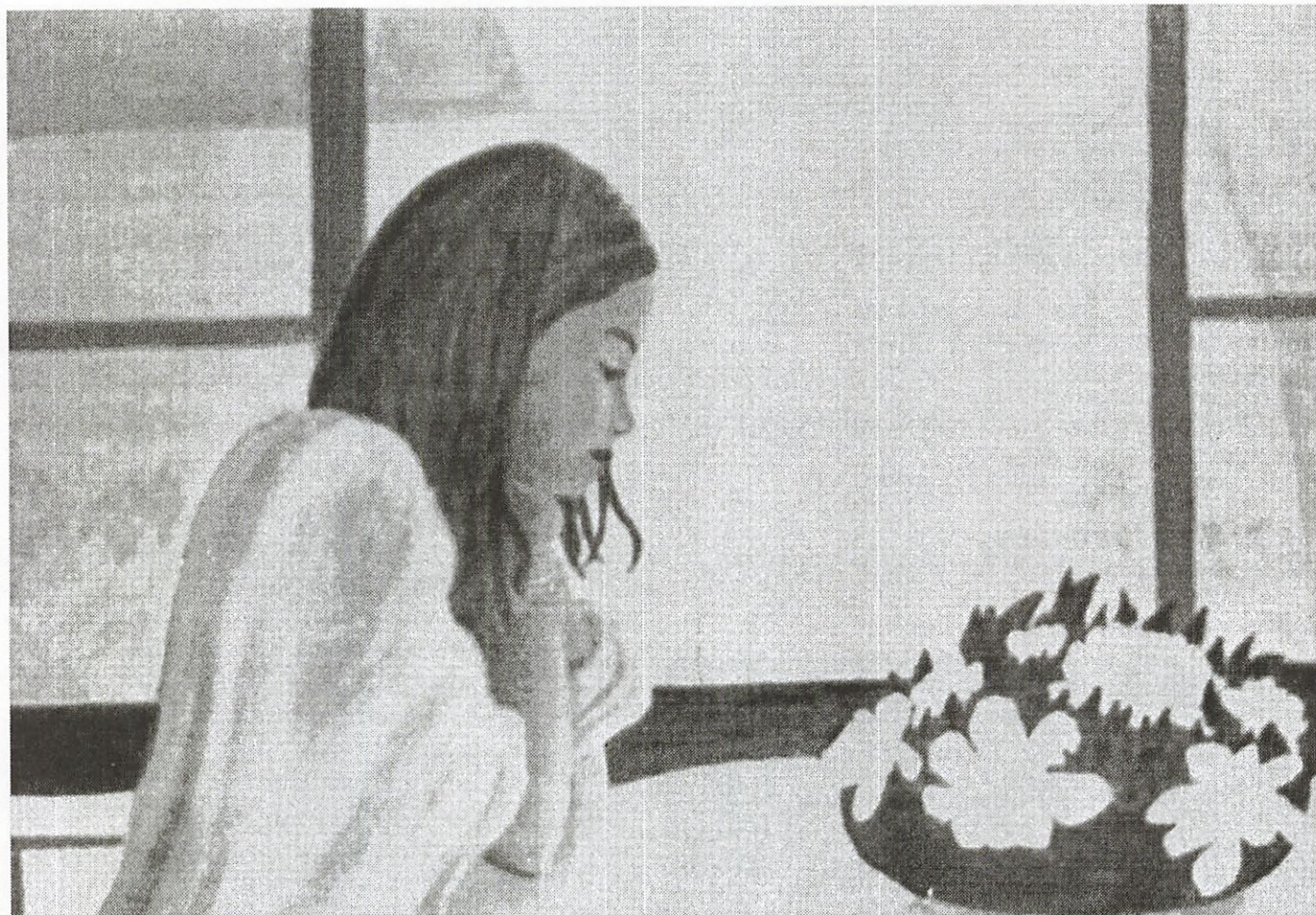
## Moon-light

Misty-eyed, I hide my sadness.  
Moolight sifting through the madness...  
Cast a beam of light on me  
And, suddenly, the "blind" could see  
Captive tears, of years; imprisoned  
Blurred a spirit, once envisioned  
Sweet; as sweet, an image be  
And gracefully, she came to me  
As if, in some hypnotic state...  
I welcomed what I saw, as fate  
It seemed to come so naturally  
The way her eyes... enlightened me  
Intense, in depth; fierce, in glow  
Through them, I saw into her soul  
It felt familiar; warm and good  
The way, they say, that heaven should  
I wanted to reach out to her...  
To touch her, but I was unsure  
I closed my eyes, to dim the sight  
And felt her arms... wrap 'round me tight  
Embraced by love itself, I felt...  
Empowered by her, as I knelt  
The raindrops, dripping from my head  
And... dancing, with the ones I'd shed  
Together trickled to the earth...  
Where they became a "pool of worth"  
For, in that puddle, is where I found...  
Myself... reflecting from the ground.

*Eqlipx*

## Moon Dance

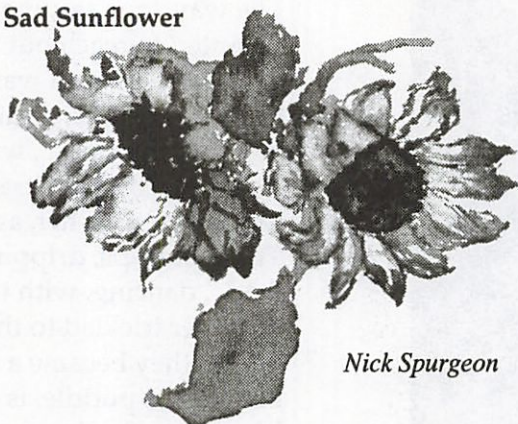
*David Star*



untitled acrylic

*Rachel Rosner*

Sad Sunflower



*Nick Spurgeon*

### touch

i saved the gloves she left  
keeping them to wear  
in the garden  
certain their touch  
would warm the soil

*Marc Smeaton*

### **I bring you flowers**

I send postcards and pictures  
tell you about my adventures,  
and achievements.

I spread my life before you as  
a picnic to entice you  
a party to honor you  
only you never come,  
and I am erased.

in D. C.  
people bring pictures and postcards,  
letters, flags, and baby shoes.  
they bring stuffed toys, candy,  
and flowers,  
heaps of flowers,  
bouquet by bouquet.

They leave their gifts for those  
who cannot smell the scents  
or hear the words  
or eat  
ever again.

Still they come,  
a party to honor the dead.  
They mourn honestly,  
and if they aren't comforted  
at least,  
when they leave their wall,  
they know who is who.

*Denise Cameron*



**Guardian Angel**

*Vitt Rogacki*

### **What Did I do?**

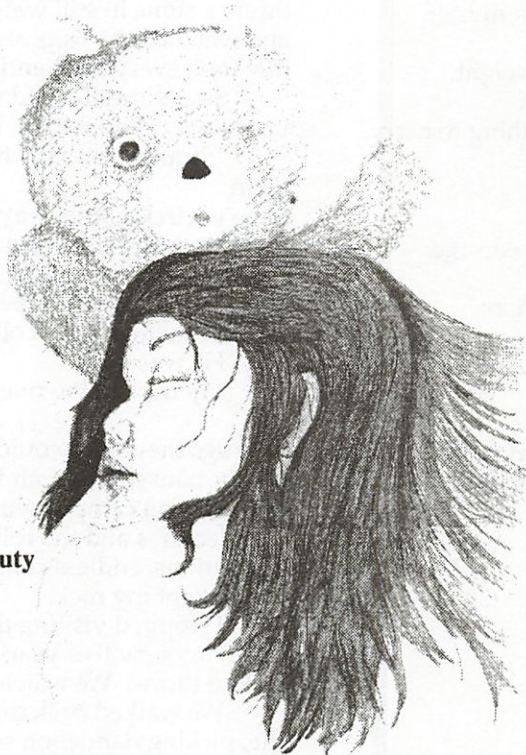
First memory  
Mommy yelling  
At me  
Very loud  
Why Mommy  
What did I do?

Daddy's voice  
Always angry  
Daddy's hand  
Coming at me  
Ow Daddy  
What did I do?

Older brother  
Says he loves me  
Touches here  
Feels funny  
What did I do?

Late at night  
Mommy crying  
Daddy drinking  
Hit me hard  
All gone black  
What did I do?

*Anje-la Nikol*



**Sleeping Beauty**  
*Noni*

## The Cord

Standing at the kitchen sink  
Looking out  
At the skeletal starkness  
Of a winter morning  
I felt the grip of contractions.

There is such a sense of waiting  
In those still moments  
As the sun backlights the trees.  
Awed by the silent beauty  
I heard the golden song of morning ring.

Later  
In the hospital  
I asked my husband to close the curtains  
And shut out the deafening light.

I have read  
That trouble reveals  
The strength in a marriage,  
That grief draws a couple closer.  
Not true for us.

The silent, unmoving child  
Was an affront to my husband;  
I was somehow to blame  
For the cord  
Wrapped around the small neck.

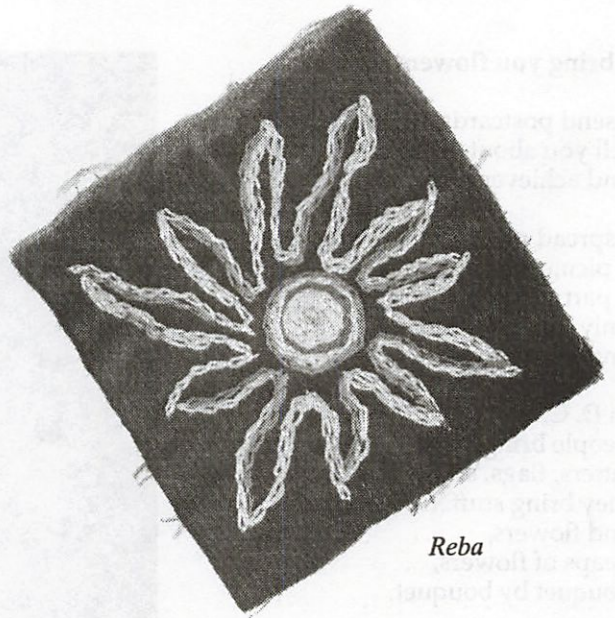
Weakened by an empty labor  
I was not far behind  
In laying blame upon myself.

Blame is a tangible weight.  
No child in our arms  
We must have something to carry.

My arms were tired  
A little rest  
The petals of a wrist corsage  
Dropping  
Onto the bathroom floor.

Discovered too soon  
More blame.  
More weight to carry.  
I am untying the cord slowly.  
Marriage can be a still-birth, too.

*Clare Isissa*



*Reba*

## Days

It would happen inevitably at different times of the day.  
The strange beckoning that was not to be measured in time units.

Sometimes the path would be littered with gold, or the wet slime of decay mingled with the sickly, sweet smell of fermenting apples.

Empty and raw, even the pale autumn light hurt. My destination, the sharp curve of the Willamette. Here the waters roared and wrapped around, giant smooth rocks in their path.

The Sucking, ripping, gurgling sounds made white foamy spots that mixed and split into floating patches. Moving whirlpools became transparent funnels swiftly bound out to sea.

The rain would beat, drizzle, or just hang as a wet mist. I sometimes threw a stone in still water near the bank and watched the ripples as they disappeared into the rush that took everything and made it the river.

Sometimes I could with open eyes feel the cold water closing over me until I was filled with it, not myself anymore.

"Strange, isn't it," he said, appearing out of desolation, "how ripples seem to go in circles but always move away from the center?"  
I said nothing, staring out and away.

When he opened my clenched hand and slipped in a cold, hard, shiny green rock I jumped. "Keep it," he said, retreating. "I don't know if I collect them or they collect me."

He was gone.

My trips to the river continued; I clenched the rock, sat in my place full

of drugs they said would get me through time - through the gaudy, nauseous screaming of the speckled throated rhododendrons, the coeds on campus with fake bown skins, the droning of endless class lectures and the roller coaster of nightmares, merciless apparitions, endless running - bitter sleep.

I kept my rock.

I stopped visiting the river at sometime. A decade later I took my new five-year-old daughter back to the river. I gave her my rock to throw. We watched it disappear.

We walked back through the woods that were turning color, she, picking dandelion seed heads and blowing white stars into the wind, towards me.

*Samina Van Winkle*

## Waste:

My breath sits on the window ahead of me as I watch the world slide beneath LTD bus tires. I fill my lungs again with the stale air of a bus, the smell of nagahide and sweat. Like the new car smell, but I think of all the bottoms that have sat in this spot, and then it doesn't smell so new anymore. Hidden rocket boosters blast off, rocking all the passengers' heads backwards and again, we're immersed in exhaust filled skies. We pass an old man walking the opposite direction. His pants are a plaid green, and the shoes are slip-on Honchos; the ones with Goodyear soles, but it doesn't seem like they've given this man a very good year. His face is saggy and the eyes are somewhat sunken, like a fat beagle but a lot less hairy. The back is slouched over held up by the metal cane he leans into; this could be a gun, but I doubt it. He waves to the bus as we pass, and I think about waving back, but these windows are tinted, and besides, no one else waves either. I smile instead. The remnants of an old man, a bombed out church where the few and faithful still meet, but that's all that makes the church: faith. Other than that, it's only rubble. Then I seriously wonder where he's headed. The grave? Indirectly maybe, but then again so am I along with the rest of the folks on this bus. By the time his withered hand is in full waving throttle, he's already passed by the last tinted window; becoming nothing more than a smile on my face. I'll probably forget his pants and Honchos once the next car passes though. And still my breath cloud grows larger, then fades a little, then grows again; pulsating. I sigh again.

Nine-thirty in the morning and the bus lurches ahead into the asphalt stream again. The clouds of night have become tired of their duty and decided to call a day, leaving an unusually blue canvas stretched across miles of evergreens. Mountains, I think, the captors and liberators of the sun. For the horizon and sunset rise up a couple miles, leaving it almost impossible for any cowboy to ride into; at least on horse anyway. My mind comes back to the back of a passenger's head which is full of dandruff. I don't want to stare at it, so I turn my own and stare at the reflection instead. My reflection super-imposed by a blur of pastel houses and playgrounds. The eyes looking back into foreign landscapes; foreign yet oddly familiar. It took me some time to realize that no matter how you approach these eyes, they'd always be staring back into yours. But there's something mysterious that resides within them, like staring into a dark green ocean. The life that flourishes beneath the surface, the miles between you and the bottom. The face on the window sways to the gear shiftings and decelerations of another stop, then illuminated by the sun in its egocentric glaze. The eyes squint. I squint. Looking into me, yellow splashed across my face, yet I'm looking out. Sometimes though, you catch glimpses of what lives beneath these waters, and even those are only a minute section of the entire ocean itself. And as the bus glides through pastel landscapes, I'm catching these glimpses.

A.K. Louie

## Loving You

Feather falling in the moonlight  
Soft silver tendrils reaching,  
resting, clutching at a gnarly tree limb  
I have loved you this way

Cold sparkle of a midwest winter night  
Arctic powdery snow, flowing away  
through numb fingers — bitterly  
I have loved you with pain

Spring green new and tender bright,  
Where dew like tear drops poised  
or slipping slides  
You have touched my heart this way

I think I hold you in myself  
Yet some how you like breath exhale  
In despair I never understand to  
Beware the grasp — wind in the empty hand

*Samina Van Winkle*

## Hands

I have no path.  
I float lifelessly  
Within a lifeless job,  
Greeting endless, faceless  
Grocery carts,  
Cash,  
Checks,  
WICs,  
Rarely truly acknowledging a customer  
Or a voice .  
I am as guilty  
Of the crime that victimizes me,  
Lays me bare  
And exposes me for the statistic I am.  
I file away the carts  
Like another failed dream  
And I am pulled up short  
By the outstretched hand of malice,  
Insanity  
In the blood-shot eyes of a regular.  
He pulls me aside,  
Whispers of judges and bars and fast food joints,  
Placing his expulsions upon my representative shoulders  
With a presumptuous hand of familiarity,  
Explaining with an apologetic voice  
Why he refrains  
From courting those of us he has raped  
With a word or a look,  
And I stand there all the while,  
Stunned by the hilarity of it,  
The grotesque joke he hands to me  
An offering of repulsion,  
And I grasp it to me in secret,  
Back to my sister cashier to reveal the burden  
So that between us the horror shall be twained  
By the meeting of our eyes  
And our desperate sighs  
As we displace another violation  
In the wiping of tired hands on soiled aprons.  
The bright glare of the store lighting  
Clarifies the atrocity, chases away all hope  
Of redemption from this new burden,  
Leaves us to empty carts in the silence.

Keri Brunig

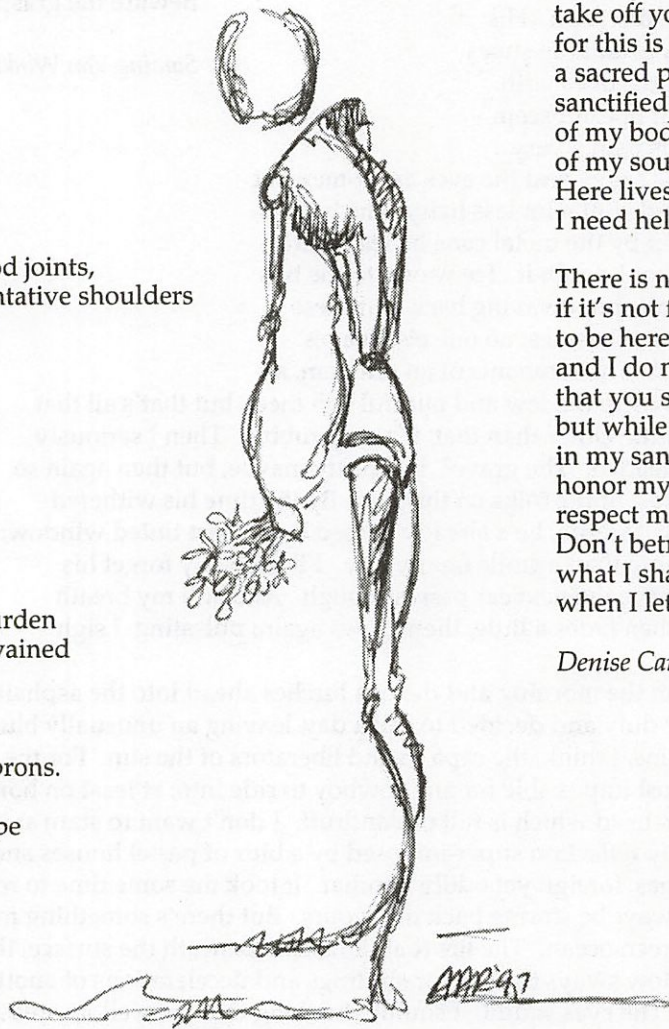
## Covenant

When I let you in,  
where I don't let anyone,  
promise me not  
to point and stare.  
Or doubt me.  
Or be cold and distant.  
Or at least,  
if you do those things,  
hide them well —  
and deep —  
that I won't feel them  
while I'm bare  
before you.

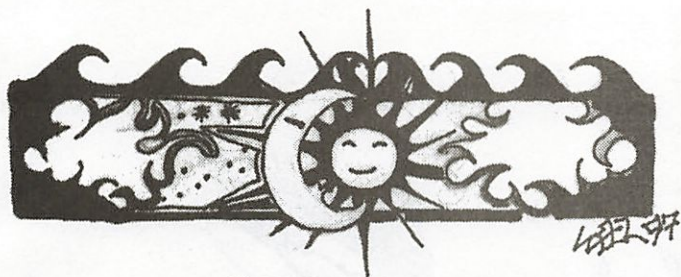
When you come in,  
take off your shoes.  
for this is a sacred trust,  
a sacred place,  
sanctified by the blood  
of my body,  
of my soul.  
Here lives the woundedness  
I need help to heal.

There is no shame  
if it's not for you  
to be here with me.  
and I do not require  
that you stay forever.  
but while you're here,  
in my sanctuary,  
honor my trust.  
respect my sacrifice.  
Don't betray  
what I shared with you  
when I let you in.

Denise Cameron



sorry i am      amelia arianne reising



### Contributors

**Dan Armstrong** - teaches film studies and writing at LCC. His previous publications include fiction, poetry, and numerous academic articles on George Bernard Shaw and the films of Frederick Wiseman.

**Sara Baz** - is a student in Journalism and History at the UO.

**Keri Brunig** - I change without much notice. Older and more foolish.

**Denise Cameron** - just finished her BA at the UO and is rediscovering quiet evenings without homework.

**Eqlipx** - is a Denali contributor.

**Joshua Favale** - is a Denali contributor.

**Ellen Gabehart** - is an LCC faculty member.

**Diane Hailey** - . . . gaining speed as I float, my mind wafts through sleek and timid reeds that shout their joys at the season coming. . .

**Claire Isissa** - I am trying to renew my own life through poetry. I hope I have something to say worth listening to.

**Peter Jensen** - is an LCC faculty member.

**Sandra M. Jensen** - is an LCC faculty member.

**Pam Lindland** is an LCC contributor

**Rhonda Lindsten**, a.k.a. Rhonda Marie - I am an art student, mother, and friend. I walk in honor and speak my truth.

**Adam Lowe** - is an LCC student.

**Noni Lundy** - is the mother of a beautiful 4 yr. old daughter, Leslie. She majors in Criminal Justice and is a student senator.

**Marcia Maffei** - "You are unique just like everyone else."

**Will Matthews** - When there's a will, there's a way.

**Anje-la Nikol** - is an LCC student.

**Werner Ostermann** - left Germany (near Essen) in 1938, after a threat from Hitler. Though barely able to work after being beaten, he was allowed to come to the U.S. where he served in an air corps unit. The Trapper Jack cabin was an early drawing done while serving in Alaska. Today, Werner continues his art with oil painting in a local retirement facility.

**Karen Perkins** - LCC continuing education instructor for the past 1 1/2 years, art teacher for Springfield School Dist. for the past 14 years. She maintains a studio at home and shows very occasionally.

**Reba** - taught herself to sew while following the Grateful Dead, her work is part of a quilt she is making in honor of them.

**amelia arianne reising** - still looking; do you know where it is?

**Bonita Rinehart** - internationally published author, playwright, star of stage and screen is leaving her public life to enter the cloister as a Benedictine nun.

**Mira Rinehart** - "Today's the only day we have to celebrate, yesterday is gone, tomorrow is too late."

**Vitt Rogacki** - is an art teacher at the LCC Downtown Center, and was a well-known portrait artist in Hollywood during its heyday.

**Anthony Robinson** - is a part-time writer and HTML hack who is lucky enough to have three jobs and a full-time class schedule. He is a hopelessly sappy and derivative poet without a shred of talent, and kind of a jerk, as well. (editor's note: We at Denali strongly disagree with the author's assessment of his talent; we think his work is extraordinary, and are thrilled to publish him!)

**Maya Rommwatt** - I am currently a first year student at LCC and am an art major. The photograph is work I did in Photo II fall term. I am continuing photography this term.

**Rachel Rosner** - is an LCC student.

**Marc Smeaton** - a hopeless romantic, is still looking for the woman in himself.

**Kim Spencer** - is a founding member of the Sisterhood of Serendipity.

**Nick Spurgeon** - can't help but create, can't help but relate, can't help but be true.

**David Star** - I was drawn to photo collage (using pre-1968 periodicals) in 1992, as broadly seen photography has become a major part of our visual social language. I see life as a continual learning process and enjoy studying and researching materials that cross my path.

**Lowell Andrew Thomas** - I'm 47 and have lived 37 years in Mississippi, two in Minneapolis, and eight in Eugene. I like Lane, but am sad so many people smoke, because it is an anti-life choice, and life is so short and so precious. My life becomes richer with the years, yet I dread "old age."

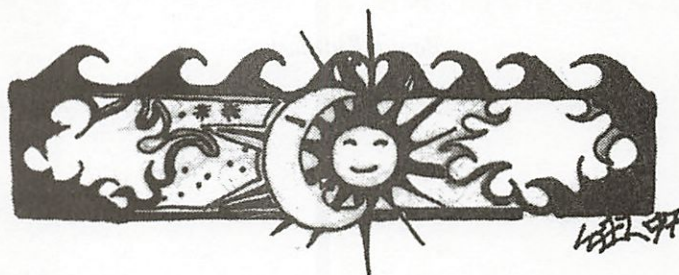
**Raoul Thompson** - is a Denali contributor

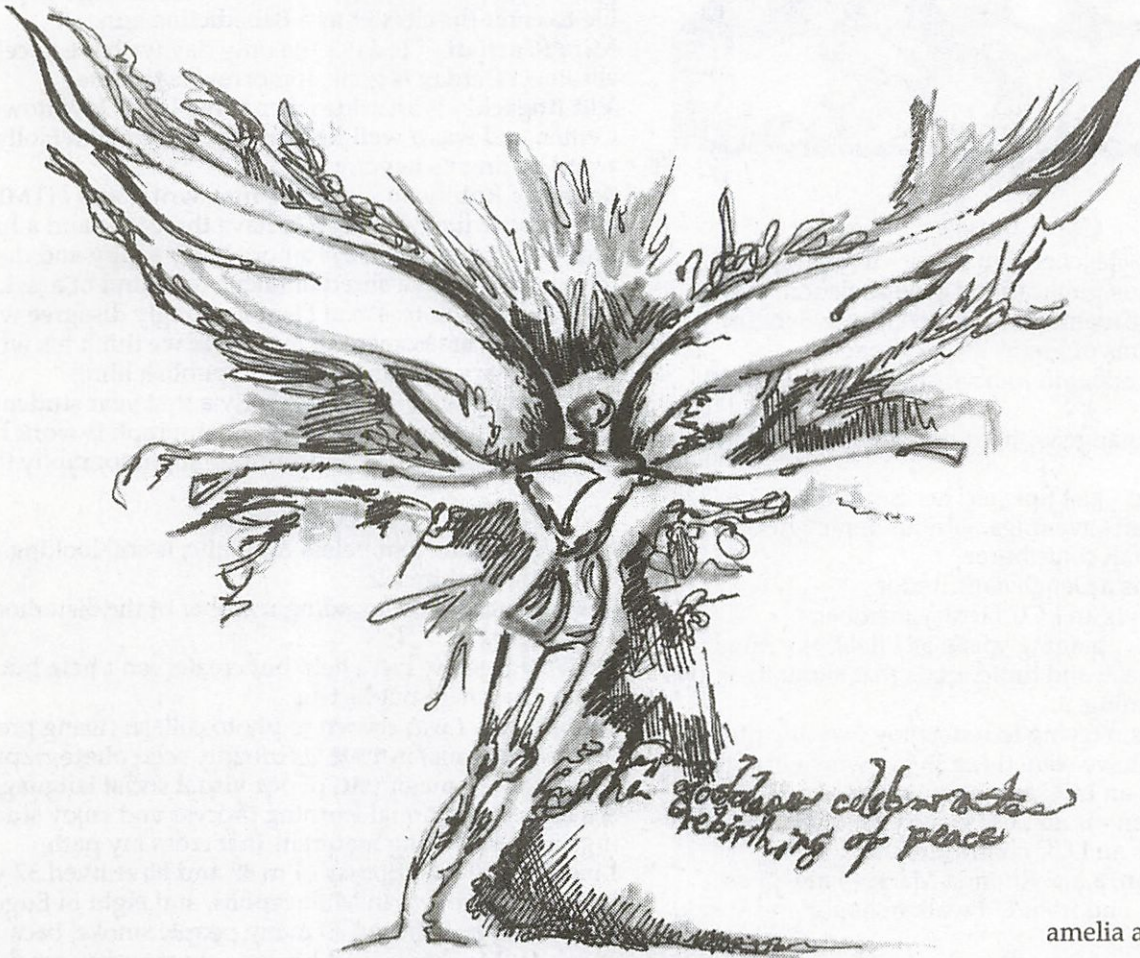
**Hans Urhausen** - I'm a first year student at Lane in the graphic design program.

**Chere Vouchell** - I was born too late for the sixties and too early for anything else. I'm just like everybody else.

I'm so different I fit in. I'm desire and revulsion. I'm yesterday and today. I am obvious and mysterious. I love her and I hate her. I hate him and I need him. I am surrender and destruction. I am 80% water.

**Samina Van Winkle** - is a member of the Denali editorial board.





amelia arianne reising

### willow

late at night i pick up my drawing pencil  
put an image of a woman on the back of a list of chores  
i did not do today —  
there were other things more important — the early morning  
walk in the field to gather wildflowers and grasses for the  
table, typing the stories i will send out like birds  
released from an aviary  
and this woman, drawn out of an afternoon nap,  
with irises like fragmented jewels  
and hair like willow branches in a storm.

*Bonita Rinehart*