

w i n t e r 1 9 9 8

# enA

LANE COMMUNITY College



## •••••Editor's Note•••••

So, i came in to work on this publication earlier this morning than i usually wake up. If i'd stayed in bed, maybe i could have dreamed the damned mag through to completion. No such luck.

Of course, by the time you read this, all of the problems will have somehow been resolved. i wish i could jump forward to where you are and find out how we fixed everything to give you the glorious product you see before you. Right now, though, you probably don't really give a rip what troubles we've had here or how early in the morning amelia came in to work. What you might care about are the differences in *Denali* this issue.

We have a new events calendar in the back of the mag for your use, thanks to the brainstorm of our new literary adviser, Bill Sweet. You can find it on pages 36 & 37. Also, there was a little clause on that submission form you signed allowing us to create biographical statements for those of you who neglected to include your own. Heh heh heh. You were warned; now check them out on page 39.

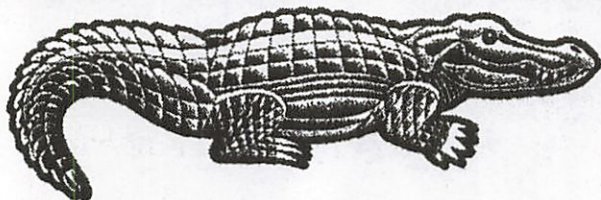
And note our little reptilian friend, the dENALiGATOR, pictured all over this issue. We hope you like our new mascot as much as he likes living in our office (which will find a new location by next fall, by the way).

Our thanks to the staff of *The Torch* for sharing the production facilities again this term, and to our exalted adviser, Dorothy, for going above and beyond the call of duty with *Denali*.

Cover design contest winners for the Winter 1998 issue are: Tiffany Turcotte and Sean Hankins. We were psyched by the high quality of the designs we recieved and hope y'all submit for the Spring 1998 issue. Deadline is in April. Stay tuned for more info!

"The world, you must remember, is only just becoming literate."

-Aldous Huxley



All works and dENALiGATOR Copyright © 1998 *Denali*. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be printed in whole or in part (except for the purpose of review) without the written consent of the author/artist.  
Views expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the magazine, college, or LCC Board of Education.

# DENALI

"the high one"  
formerly "The Concrete Statement"  
Winter 1998

GODDESS/EDITOR IN CHIEF  
amelia arianne reising

## MINOR DEITIES

ASSOCIATE EDITOR	DAVID GUY EVANS
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT	CASEY LAMM
COPY EDITORS	BILL SWEET
	DENISE CAMERON
	DAVID GUY EVANS
COVER DESIGN front	TIFFANY TURCOTTE
back	SEAN HANKINS
BIOGRAPHER	CASEY LAMM
PRODUCTION CREW and	DENISE CAMERON
EDITORIAL BOARD	JASON COMSTOCK
	DAVID EVANS
	ANTHONY HARLAN
	CASEY LAMM
	AMELIA REISING
	BILL SWEET
	DOROTHY WEARNE
	ARIEL ZIMMER
TECHNICAL ADVISOR	DOROTHY WEARNE
LITERARY ADVISOR	BILL SWEET

## Contributors

Charles P. Alvarez • Erica Boyd • Bobbette Chichmanian • Glen Cushing • Michael Daggs • D. G. Evans • Kelly Flagg • Sean Hankins • Jon Hubble • Sean Patrick Hill • Pawarin Jintanasonti • Nick Kuykendall • Pam Lindland • David McNair • Jon McSilvers • Cameron Michaelis • Carissa Mornes • Raine • Rowan Morrison • Toshinori Nakanura • Kevin Papagni • amelia arianne reising • Bonita Rinehart • Monica Rivas • Victor Runyan • Sarah Steadman • Step • Patrick Strautman • Kevin Sullivan • Sheri Takemoto • Tiffany Turcotte • Deanna Uutela • Jake Vermaas • Alicia Zaklan



\*\*\* what's in this issue \*\*\*

page

- 04 The Constraints of Time pen & ink by Cameron Michaelis
- 05 Rubies prose poetry by Bonita Rinehart
- 06 Soil photo by Glen Cushing and Image poetry by Carissa Mornes and  
Morning - Toaster poetry by Raine
- 07 a sense of want poetry by Sarah Steadman
- 08 untitled drawing by Kelly Flagg and "Stephanie You're a Peach"  
poetry by Patrick Strautman
- 09 "sorry i am" poetry by Pam Lindland and A Brother poetry by Nick K.
- 10 Sallow Angel pen & ink by Kevin Papagni
- 11 Untitled Pomë poetry by Steps
- 12 Snoring Man on a Train poetry by Monica Rivas
- 13 she said poetry by Charles P. Alvarez
- 14 untitled artwork by Michael Daggs and Golden Touch poetry by  
Deanna Uutela
- 15 Barn Light poetry by Kevin Sullivan
- 16 yeah poetry by amelia arianne reising
- 17 Darkness poetry by Erica Boyd and Snow poetry by Toshinori Nakanura  
and Sleeping and Dreaming poetry by Sheri Takemoto
- 18 untitled drawing by David McNair
- 19 Vela poetry by Sheri Takemoto
- 20 Escape from the Wormhole pen & ink by Cameron Michaelis and  
Adam's Wedding poetry by Rowan Morrison
- 21 upon completion poetry by amelia arianne reising
- 22 White Out poetry by D.G. Evans
- 23 untitled artwork by Jon McSilvers
- 24 Naked Laundry poetry by Sean Patrick Hill
- 25 Barriers photo by Glen Cushing
- 26 the poor knight revisited poetry by Jake Vermaas
- 27 untitled pen & ink by Kevin Papagni
- 28 untitled scratchboard by Kelly Flagg
- 29 Woman 2 poetry by Jon Hubble
- 30 Aurora fiction by Monica Rivas
- 32 Eagle drawing by Pawarin Jintanasonti and only in origami, baby  
poetry by Jake Vermaas
- 33 Pomegranate Seeds and Maple Leaves poetry by Bonita Rinehart
- 34 Rubbers fiction by Victor Runyan
- 35 Taken poetry by Alicia Zaklan
- 36 Event Calendar
- 38 Sahalie Falls photo by Bobbette Chichmanian
- 39 Contributors Page





The Constraints of Time    *Cameron Michaelis*



## Rubies

suppose just suppose now go with me on this you are sitting  
in your easy chair reading a good book leather bound with  
sewn pages not glued and fine end papers thinking easy thoughts  
about how good it feels to drink a glass of wine before the  
fire while it snows outside of course it wouldn't be snowing  
inside inside is warm and comfortable with a fire burning  
on the hearth maybe apple wood and that glass of wine looking  
like rubies or raspberries and you are drinking the  
rubies/raspberries thinking  
about snow outside and fire and wine inside

when suddenly

the thought comes to you out of the blue or the fire or  
the raspberries or wherever thoughts come from  
anyway this thought comes to you that you could be walking  
outside in the snow instead of sitting before the fire  
drinking wine that looks like rubies or raspberries in the glass  
and you close the book you are reading because good books and  
good wine belong together and put on your boots and overcoat  
and gloves and hat and walk out of your warm house with the  
apple fire and ruby raspberry wine and the good book leather  
bound with fine end papers and you start walking not to the  
store to get bread and milk not to a friend's house to sit  
before his fire drinking wine and talking about books but just  
walking no place in particular

walking

and looking at the snow flying around the streetlamps like white  
bees swarming

silently

silently swarming

and you think of the sparks that rise up off the logs that burn  
in the fireplace and you think of how those sparks are like  
bees and maybe sound a little like bees as they crackle and  
hiss because bees buzzing does sound that way and you are  
walking along not paying attention to where you are going  
and you bump into me walking in the snow and i am in your  
arms my cape like rubies or raspberries or wine in the glass  
and we kiss

silently

suddenly

beneath a streetlamp while millions of white bees swarm and  
the snow falls silently and back home the fire burns down  
on the hearth waiting to be replenished and  
you don't think of wine in the glass or books just  
kissing me

*-Bonita Rinehart*





Soil    *Glen Cushing*

## Image

face in the mirror  
she is forever screaming  
yet there is no sound

*-Carissa Mornes*

## Morning – Toaster

Head hung in despair  
morning offering rises  
I thank my toaster

*-Raine*



## **A Sense of Want**

It is always as it has been  
A sense of want, a senseless need  
To be fulfilled by one that cannot fill  
Some call it destruction (of a mind)  
Some call it abduction (of a heart)  
Few call it love (of another).

It is this, that, and the other  
A woman's deed of passion  
A man's reason in action  
This is what the bible says  
This is Milton's written word  
This is truth in passing.

That is searching for eyes like my own  
That can see beyond the sight  
Of a reckless world and life  
And reason has sense  
And sense IS passion  
And I am senseless.

**-Sarah Steadman**





untitled Kelly Flagg

### **“Stephanie You’re a Peach”**

You loved an apple  
that had just ripened —  
The artistry of the knife  
that carefully peeled the flesh away.

You love the taste  
of the white that was inside.

And when the apple’s core  
became darkened with your breath,

You swallowed the seeds,  
despite the pain —  
You tossed it away.

My memory is bad, my love ...  
was it an apple or my heart?

*-Patrick Strautman*



## **"sorry i am"**

I read  
"sorry i am"  
it made  
me  
cry  
I did not know  
why  
I do know  
now  
You hurt me  
but  
I said  
"sorry i am"  
because  
you were all  
I had  
to hold me  
till  
the hurt  
stopped.

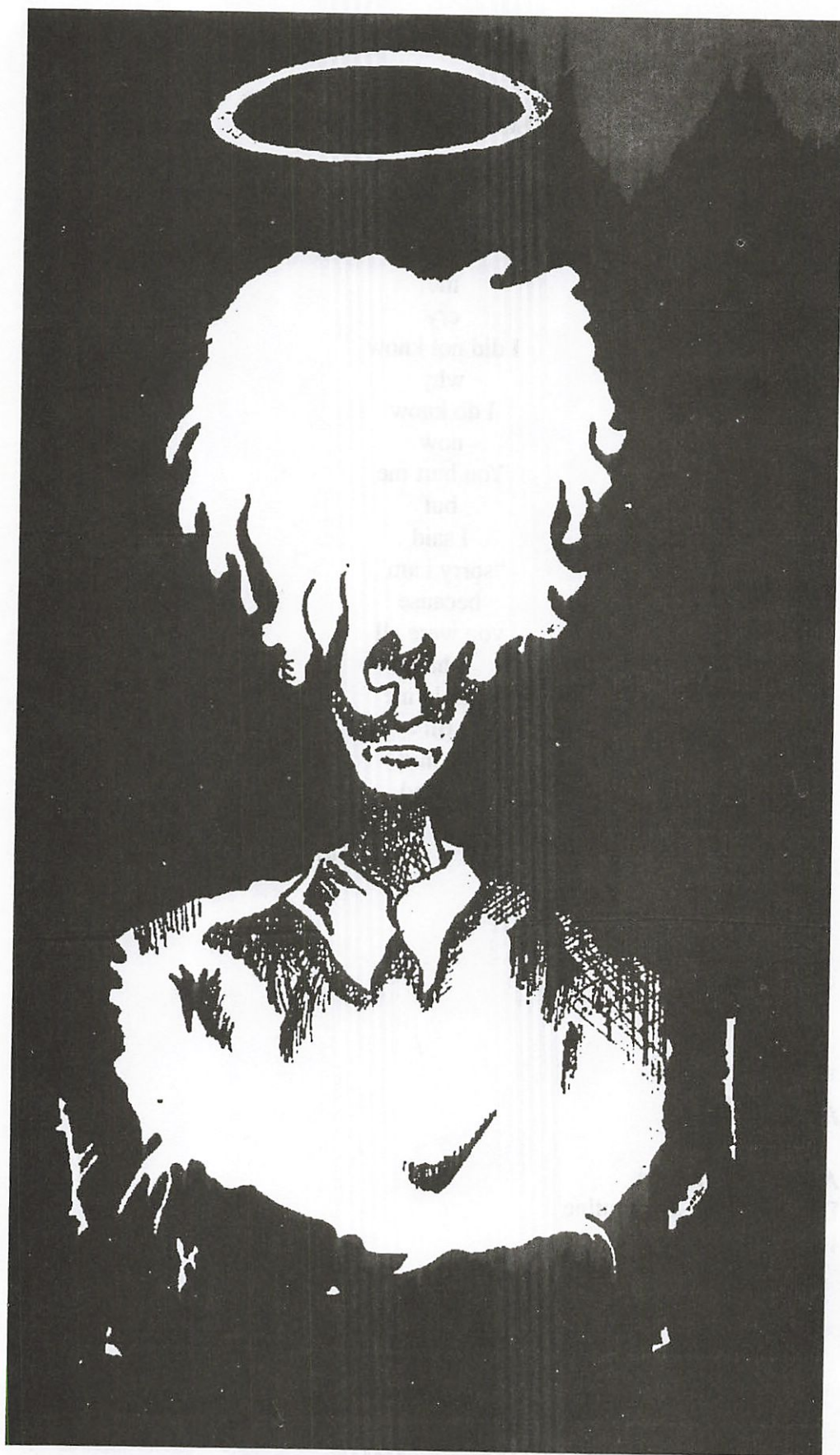
*-Pam Lindland*

## **A Brother**

A smile unreturned  
Disappointing, but routine  
I have no brothers.

*-Nick Kuykendall*





Sallow Angel    *Kevin Papagni*



## Untitled Pomë

I haven't a thought of what I might do to  
clean up my inner-workings,  
cry?  
I've shed tears that have become as rivers,  
torrential,  
I am alive nearly twenty-eight summers  
and still find it hard to live,  
why?  
I realize that brick walls are harder than my head,  
realize that hands are not fists for a reason,  
for fuck's sake,  
why am I so ineffectual?  
how is it that I watch myself sink deep into  
a pit of depression  
laugh as my feeble claws grasp,  
then,  
at last,  
fathom how deep this pit might become and scare the  
shit out of myself with it,  
so,  
how is it only then that I cry,  
puke,  
pray,  
do whatever I can to get out?  
why do I wait?  
am I that stupid?  
do I crave death?  
that's pretty stupid  
to my credit,  
I am a shining star,  
to my dismay,  
I am adrift,  
lost in the vastness here,  
with one thin anchor cable,  
and so,  
barely hanging on,  
letting go,  
letting go,  
I finally fall so deep that I  
rise above,  
tears spilling out of my eyes at the  
beauty of all I have forsaken,  
that this forsaken beauty  
has not forgotten me,  
will not let me go\_\_

-Step



## Snoring Man on a Train

He was excessively three-dimensional  
Colossal bulb of a head  
so white  
it was blue  
So transparent  
that he glowed in the dark.

He had no body  
because he was a skull  
Just an enormous  
dead skull  
that lived  
to suck out  
all the air of  
the universe  
precariously contained in  
that midnight  
compartment  
enclosed in the spaces we rented.

He was a holograph  
suspended in the blackness  
expanding and collapsing  
as he controlled the weather patterns  
of the Amtrak universe.

Empty yet sonorous  
even those hollowed out eyes  
sucked it in  
inhaling the earth  
spewing forth decay  
spitting it all out  
covering us with it  
dried saliva  
hissing in his throat  
toasted crickets on helium

Screeching hacking hurling wheezing  
life support bag machine  
inside out tornado  
rythmically sucking in more than its share  
pausing to consider its oxygen stash  
for a split second  
and then rejecting it

until She saved us.  
That merciful gold-banded angel  
methodically tilting upward  
the skull's chin and  
dropping it  
like a diseased apple.

Suddenly, in that split second  
the laws of the universe were restored  
silence flowed again freely once more  
and we had our air back.

*-Monica Rivas*



## she said ...

"then just listen, i will tell you the truth as i have seen it,  
through the eyes of lechery and thievery, walking hand in hand with  
a dirty old man in my head,"

... she said ...

"his puckered, so-old gray lips, his mustache stubble,  
his tongue, strong as a bird's, forced into my mouth,  
i can smell his old "old spice" cologne/after shave, bet he was just about as  
perverted as they come,"

... she continues ...

"i was just playing video games, my grandparents had just dropped my  
sister and i off not 15 minutes earlier, and this man, who was  
my grandpa's friend, my dad's cousin or something, anyway,

he came into the room that had the video games and started rubbing me on my crotch, i didn't  
know what to do,

i was scared,

it kinda felt good but it was creepy,

i was about twelve or thirteen,"

... she crosses her legs, folds her  
arms and clamshells down on herself ...

"this"

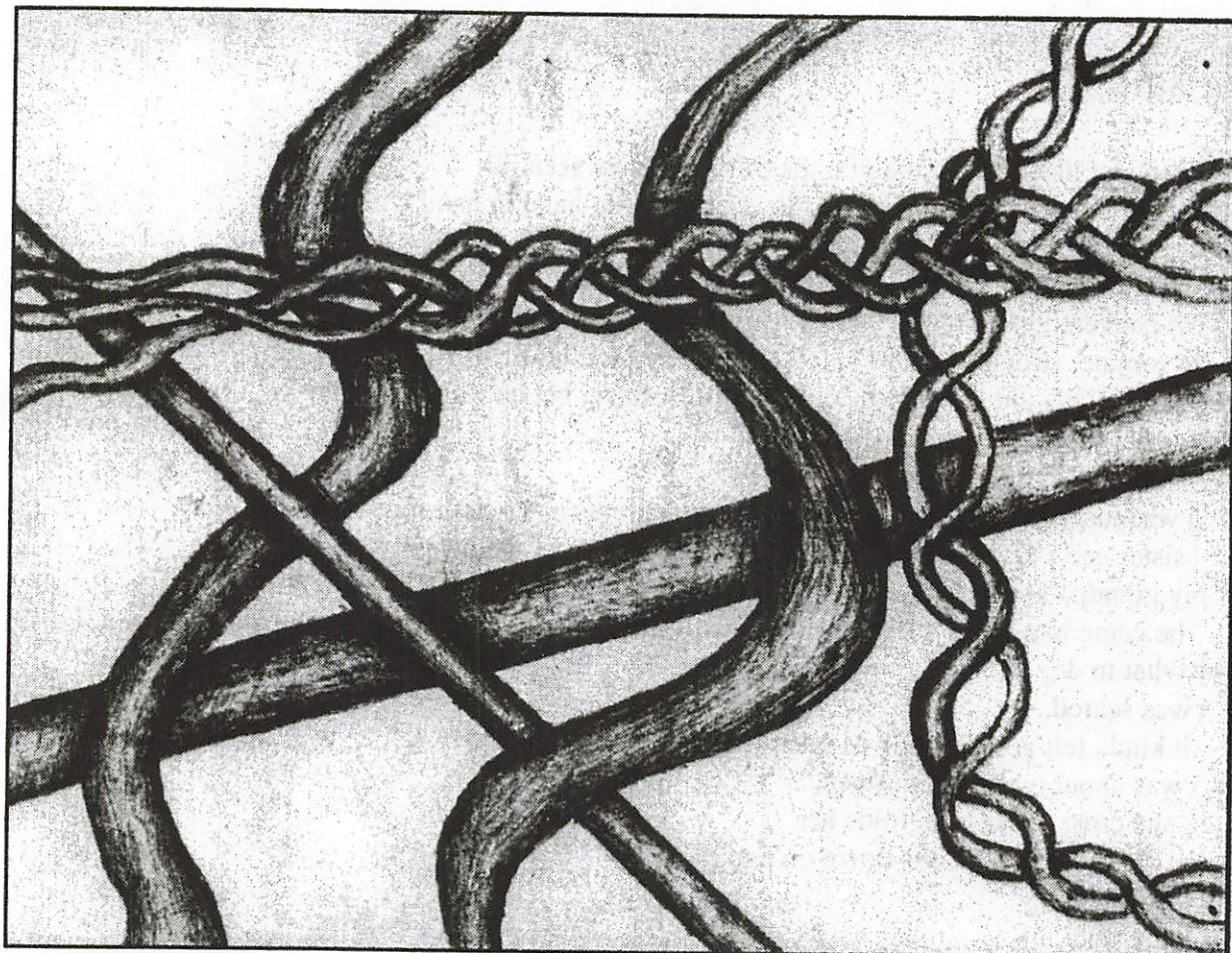
... she said ...

"is happening to kids all the time,  
i really hope to god they can make it back,  
it's hard,  
i'm still not back"

... she said ...

- Charles P. Alvarez





untitled **Michael Daggs**

## Golden Touch

With just one look  
You can diminish me  
One touch you can repair me.

*-Deanna Uutela*



## **The Barn Light**

The barn light,  
in January, was sorry it was cold.  
it melted a hole in the  
evening, though: some nights  
the stars were jealous.

The hay still promised  
August, but never told the sky.  
It still smelled of summer  
thoughts – all dusted with frost.

My thoughts; new  
as a shiver, rode my  
breath unto winter's still;  
far and away,  
far and away ...

**-Kevin Sullivan**



yeah

i think, in retrospect,  
it's the need in us  
that pushes them away  
that greedy, selfish possession  
driving the get-away car  
tires squealing down the avenue ...

i'm trying  
trying so hard this time (too hard?)  
trying to keep my hands  
clasped behind my back  
rather than my arms  
clasped around his neck  
my irons clasped around his ankles ...

failure is:  
late at night  
lying in bed when i crawl on top  
and just hold him  
hug him tight beneath me;  
quiet, he nests there  
wraps his arms around  
sighs, maybe kisses the top of my head ...

the dark is lovely, lonely  
quiet  
i  
listen to him breathe  
each breath pulled in, pushed out  
those lungs a slot machine  
each breath a quarter —

always he's waiting for the big return.

i don't know whether to  
admit that i need him or lie  
and say i don't, not ever  
as though admitting that i sometimes  
need him  
need anyone  
is like admitting to being fond  
of pornography or  
dentalwork ...

see, i need to be filled up;  
silver in my molar  
creme in my twinkie

cherry in my pie (apple of my eye)

i even filled up the sky with half  
of him and half  
of me  
but when the clouds formed  
they were just the same, white  
water-vapour they always were,  
maybe sometimes looking like  
dogs or beach balls or  
circus elephants ...

and when i crossed my eyes  
trying to squint a banana boat  
into a reversed silhouette of his face,  
the sky cleared like a dry erase board  
and the sun tried to blind me,  
shrieking  
as i grabbed a magic marker and  
started  
to fill back in the blues of my eyes

*-amelia arianne reising*



## Sleeping and Dreaming

Stretching to the morning's first  
song of neighbors slamming their front  
doors. "Don't give me any of your shit this morning,  
Angel, I gotta catch that bus down the road!"  
He's a stalwart-looking man who wears a flannel in  
the summertime and doesn't smile when I pass him  
by. I don't think he cares too much for me.

She sings to me when she comes home around six.  
Songs I have never heard of, I think she writes them in  
her sleep. Silent tambours ring through their cold  
sheets. Does she pray?  
And does she pray like I pray? On hands  
and knees, wishing the pain would go away –

I often wondered if I could share my bed with  
a robust man who doesn't like my singing, or with  
a woman who prays just like she does. Then I wonder how they  
share a bed at night, or if she ever sleeps at all. But I  
know she loves him because she told me so, and wonders  
where my boyfriend has gone to. I give her a hug and  
run to the wind-covered hideaway. There I don't have to contend  
with waking up too early ...

*-Sheri Takemoto*

## Darkness

The sun breaks my window  
I lie in bed  
yearning for darkness, come again

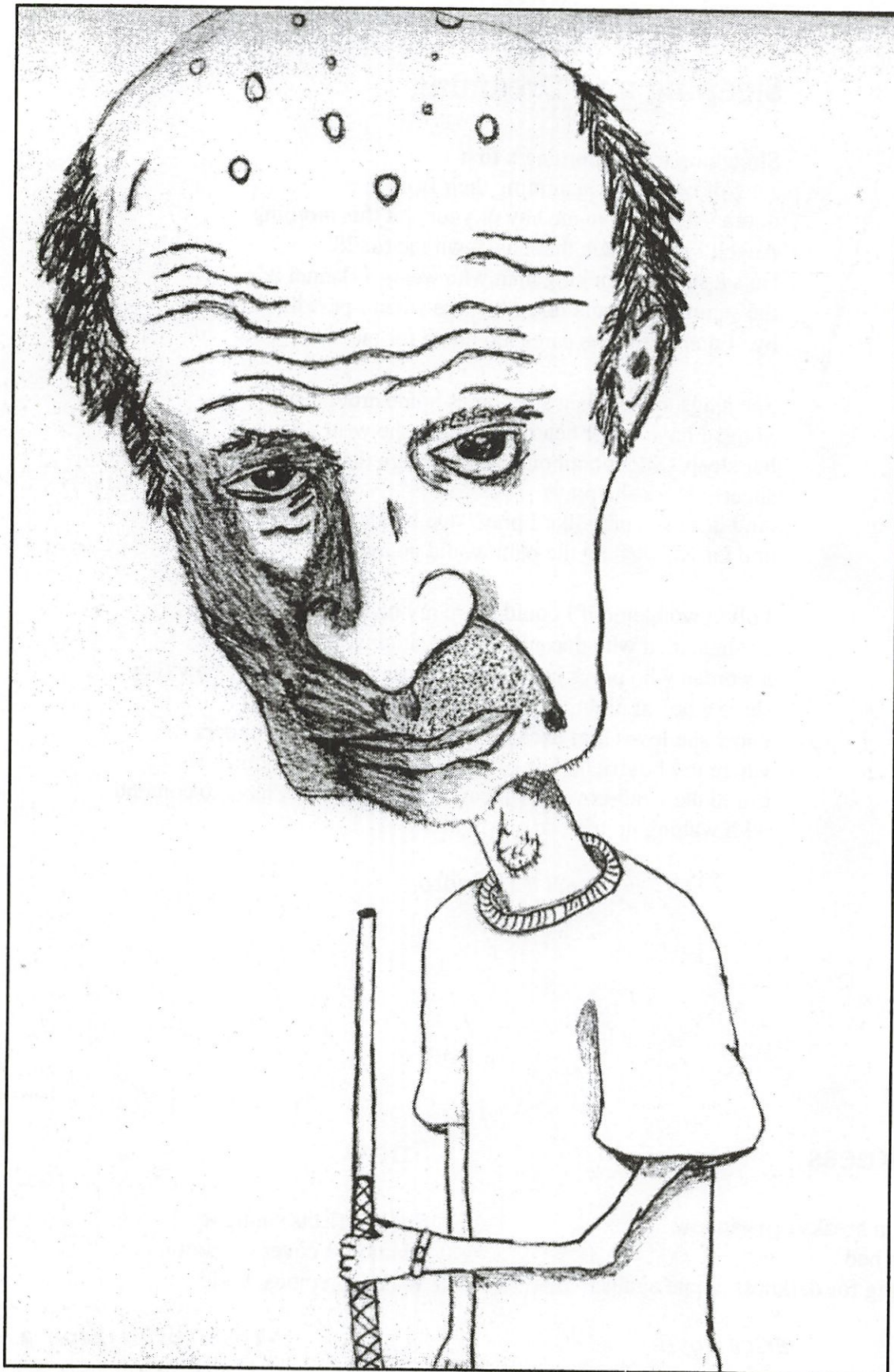
*-Erica Boyd*

## Snow

Snow reflects sunlight  
Diamonds cover the roof  
What a precious world

*-Toshinori Nakanura*





untitled

*David McNair*



## Vela

Lily-white and fragrant too, I had  
long forgotten how to speak your  
*summertime* blues

Dressed in your Sunday school best  
Mommy can't wait to fit you in  
her wedding dress ...

I can't hide, it's a xylophone, wanting  
to be your ivory key but has no ending  
on the metronome

In my memory. It's your finger pressed  
against the glass – Boy, you best be hoping that  
I don't shatter the alto melody

Playing on the stereo, adjust the reverb and  
hearing the echo come through like Normandy on  
my quiet beach scenario

Because I like the solitude, more than  
the riots in your fancy discotheque or the  
kisses from your corner store.

**-Sheri Takemoto**





Escape from the Wormhole

*Cameron Michaelis*

## Adam's Wedding

I arrive in the garden like a reptile,  
 wall-colored till a catch of light  
 reveals the glint of copper beneath my skin.  
 I would not miss this for the world.  
 Over fluted crystal I read fear on your lips,  
 fear of tongues – their travels, their tales.  
 Fear that mine might leap  
 out between bicuspid – scurry, long-toed  
 ear to ear – darting in and out  
 to salivate on drums and lobes.  
 Tales of figs and vines and Eve's conspicuous  
 absence from the biting of our quince.

But this serpent tongue will not  
 lick your festive, conditioned air  
 today. Cheshire nods and mazel tovs  
 are all it has to offer, knowing  
 that each time your baritone lilt draws  
 her eye over the edge  
 of your jaw – down your neck –  
 it is not an apple  
 she sees catching there at all.

*-Rowan Morrison*



## upon completion

this life —  
or something in it —  
draws me back to dreams  
like a sleeping bag fantasy  
holding me in —  
a fat-zippered  
night thing  
held in contempt

yesterday i held  
my hand/an orange  
as they both bled  
same knife cut/same blood  
and thought of someone i've loved  
holding (father-of-all-my-preacher-my-religion)  
a gun to his head maybe  
praying to a god he unbelieved in —

this life —  
or something in it —  
suck-pulled him back into the whirl  
another flotsom  
drain-caught —  
i thought  
"this — this is something/someone new"  
but somehow  
somewhere  
i knew  
he was just another me  
another one with two fists, clinging

*-amelia arianne reising*



## White Out

Jello in the belly  
    (lime, I think), dessert  
        for a blizzard of regret . . .  
the back of my sister's kitten –  
        snapped  
    in closing the garage door;  
the curve of my cousin's breast –  
        cupped  
    in the darkness of teenage theater;  
the hasty semen and acid –  
        spread  
    in the garden of future, former friends;  
the platefuls of dissolute years –  
        heaped  
    in pillars high as storm clouds.

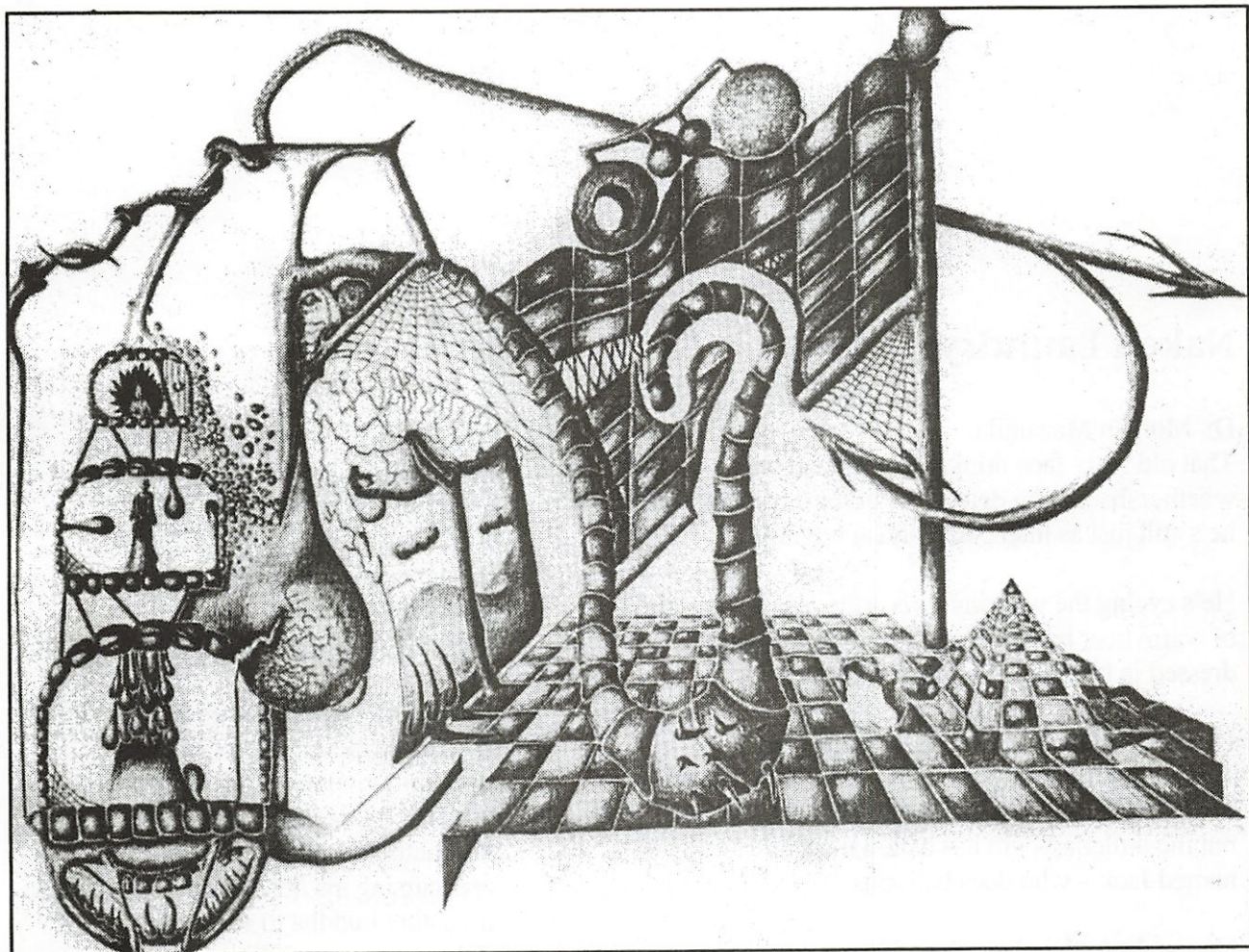
From the banquet table, the window frames  
    a world dripping mad –  
        its landmarks swimming  
    in soap flakes, bleached rice  
        and marshmallow screams.

Time to glove and scarf myself  
    against the tectonic drifts,  
    and cast a fallen angel  
        or husky snowman  
    before the synaptic thaw – Absalom!

Absalom!

*-D. G. Evans*





untitled

*Jon McSilvers*



## Naked Laundry

Dr. Morgan Mazanilla,  
That old rusty face drinker, the moped man:  
whether discussing delectable billiards or quantum physics,  
he's still just as interesting and annoying.

He's eyeing the working girls with cups bottles glasses  
of warm beer balanced on a barroom banister,  
dressed in black and shimmy gold.

Five cups of coffee is worth a tip, he says,  
in Los Manos diner by the high school,  
where business is slow and the waitresses slower;  
but the bulletin board has a clown for hire  
named Jack – who does balloons.

He speaks to the old and toothless  
about yin and yang and seaweed and such,  
and laughs with men who live in their cars  
about women playing darts in the corner.

(The art on the wall has been torn, he notices,  
relating this to no one but himself;)

The holy garlic alcohol vampire  
screaming "Gojojoba! Gojojoba!  
God is a crutch! God is a crutch!"  
This be the man of blue curacao  
with paisley pawns under the table;  
all of them he plays  
as world turn under.

The room was filled with singing ghosts  
hosting stripes on their backs;  
his heart cried out to uncaring stars  
and half hidden moons, crying  
"Something's got to give someday!"  
and nursing his lions brew and pretzels;  
no nature buddha to save him,  
only old wiccans telling him to eat more  
vegetables, and all he could think was  
"I hope I laugh when I die,  
or at least to laugh as I cry."

Far and away he hears  
the geese in the sky.

*-Sean Patrick Hill*





Barriers

*Glen Cushing*

Winter 1998 • 25

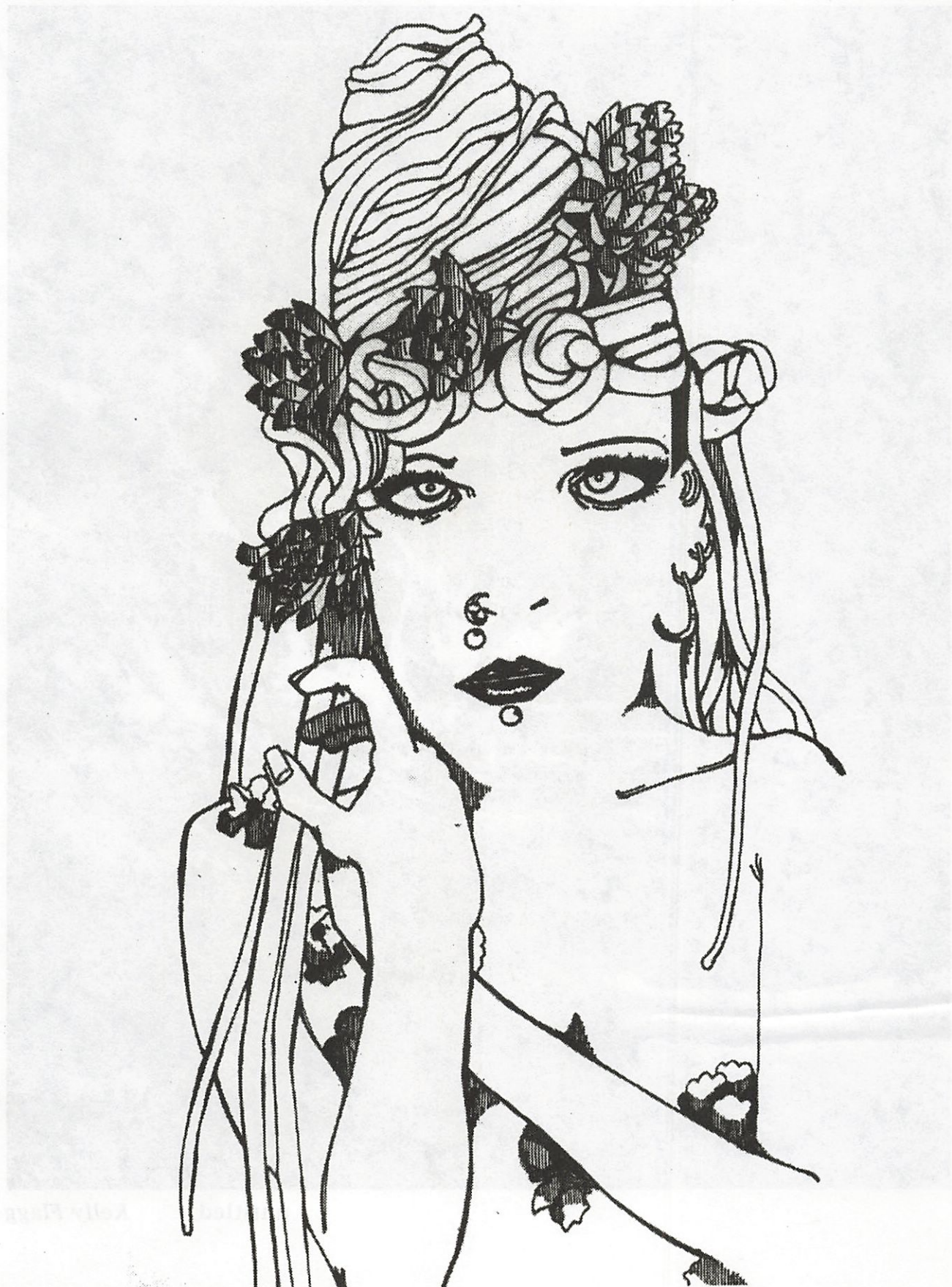


## the poor knight revisited

the night you married the sea,  
I picked up a fragment  
of my head from the floor and  
left for el  
dorado. at the end  
of the next day,  
my steed made into glue,  
my hound into a mutt, i arrived,  
limping  
w/ a hole in my helmet  
and a machine in my chest;  
only to discover the city  
had not even existed in the first place.  
and there, on the other side  
of its waterfall  
waited a girl  
w/ bleak eyes  
& soft hands,  
whose darkness knew my name.

*-Jake Vermaas*





untitled *Kevin Papagni*





untitled

*Kelly Flagg*



## woman 2

to drink of you, deep,  
the nectar,  
as if manna,  
sacred and holy,  
from your lips,  
this seeming life  
blood, fueling in me  
something nearly  
vulgar, yet somehow redeemed  
by the very  
reverence, you, and, I, together  
lend to this  
world, that I am given to the  
delusions  
of the boy that I am.  
awed by the  
power of our twining,  
dance, you and I  
weaving one another  
into the secret  
places of our inner-  
most sanctities, I  
suppose I have met  
no-one quite near the  
likes of you \_\_\_\_

*-Jon Hubble*



## Aurora

I stepped out of the tub and climbed back into bed to dry myself off with the sheets. Then I put my favorite underwear back on and searched for my uniform. All my white blouses weren't white anymore because they all had orange rice stains on the chest and all my dirty socks were stretched out of shape. My plaid skirt finally turned up under a pile of Teresa's Tiger Beat Super Specials and I was glad that the pleats hid the wrinkles so well. I hopped down the stairs two by two and saw the same note as yesterday posted on the fridge, except this time it had a fresh piece of tape on it. "Be home late. PLEASE take a bath. Mom."

Everyone was gone already, except for Sniffles. I poured us a bowl of Pink Panther Flakes and searched for the free plastic magnifying glass. It was gone, which meant that stupid David must have already taken it to burn ants with. I pressed down on the cereal until it was covered with milk, flicked on the TV and invited Sniffles to hop onto my lap. He purred loudly as I offered him a spoonful of pink milk. One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me until there was nothing more for Sniffles to lick except himself.

By the time "Underdog" was over, I knew I'd better hurry up or I'd be late for school again. It was a sack lunch day so I threw a pair of *empanadas* into my lunchpail, changed my mind, and put them back in the fridge. I replaced them with two blue Charms lollipops and

some cinnamon toothpicks and set off for school.

I jumped into my desk just as the last bell rang. Sister Giavannina eyed me suspiciously and ordered me to keep my hands folded and on the desk where they could be seen. After the flag salute, roll call, morning prayers, and milk count, Sister Giavannina commented on how nicely most of us looked and said it was time to collect the money envelopes for Picture Day. When she reached my desk, she raised her eyebrows that were really one big eyebrow and asked, "And where is yours?" I shrugged my shoulders. "I asked you a question and I expect a response."

"Well, my mom has been really busy studying and I guess she sort of forgot, I guess."

"You guess? Haven't you given her any of the announcements we've sent home?"

"Yes, but she leaves before I wake up and comes home after I'm already asleep sometimes."

"So you have a part-time mother?" A bunch of other kids laughed and I lowered my head and refolded my hands. "So where is your money envelope for pictures? Or does your mother not want pictures taken of you for some reason?" I heard Joey Flynn say, "Yeah, she's so ugly she'd probably break the camera," but I didn't say anything.

A small brown hand like my own pressed a crumpled corner of paper into my hand. I turned around and faced Aurora Cervantes. Aurora had such a big family that there was a cousin and a brother or sister in

practically every grade at school, including the ninth grade. Everyone always made fun of her family's "Big Bean Machine," which was their old red Chrysler station wagon with the missing hubcaps. Even Aurora's grandparents came in that car to drop her off and pick her up every day, along with the other eight Cervantes kids.

"*Vete a casa por el dinero durante el recess. Le diré que estabas en el baño* or something. Bye." I pushed the note down in my left sock and nodded ok to Aurora. Then I wondered why she was being so nice to me because we weren't really that good of friends. I mean, sure we were in the same class and all, but I played with my friends, and she played with her relatives.

As soon as the recess bell rang, I raced home, found the key under the petunia pot and unlocked the front door. Sniffles was meowing for attention as I ran upstairs to my parents' room. Nothing. I ran back down and found the blue envelope with the price list stapled to it on a pile of my mom's books. It was empty. I ran back upstairs and shook David's G.I. Joe piggy bank as hard as I could, but nothing came out. Suddenly, I remembered the glass candle with the beat-up saint painted on it. It was on top of the fridge. It was filled with shiny coins and I poured them all out onto the table, separating all the silver ones and stuffing them down my other sock.

Kids were still playing tetherball and jacks when I snuck back into class and



quickly emptied my heavy sock onto the floor. I told Sister Giavannina that my mom had passed by school and given me the money for pictures. "And where might the envelope be so we know which package she would like to choose?"

"Oh, she forgot it, but she just said to get whatever I could with it."

"I see," she said, counting the coins and looking at me like I'd just stolen the collection plate. "You have just enough money to purchase Package Plan E, which includes a class picture, one 5" x 7" and eight wallets." The second bell rang and everyone took their seats.

"Our class is scheduled to take pictures immediately after lunch and I would suggest that you brush or style your hair nicely for the picture." She looked directly at me.

When we walked into the lunchroom, I smiled at Aurora to thank her for offering her help, even though I didn't need it.

"What are you looking at her for?" Shannon asked me.

"I don't know. I just think she's nice."

"I thought you weren't like those other beaners, so how come you're best friends with them now?" I sure hoped she didn't group me with Aurora's family anymore, especially after that night Shannon's mother had invited me over for dinner and hoped that the "Fiesta Nacho Supreme Salad" she had made in my honor was "as good as my mom's". I guess I passed the test when I failed to recognize such a popular ethnic dish as shredded

iceberg lettuce covered with smashed Doritos, creamed corn and melted Velveeta cheese.

"Well then, if you're not one of *them*, don't hang around with them, okay?"

"I'm not," I said.

"Good. Now let's see what you brought for lunch. Anything good?" I traded Shannon one of my Charms lollipops and half of my cinnamon toothpicks for her egg sandwich and Snack-Pack pudding. Even though I didn't like egg very much, I loved the soft and squeezy Wonder bread that my parents refused to buy. Shannon also gave me her carton of milk because she had a frozen root beer that always thawed out just in time for lunch.

We were just about finished eating when Aurora appeared out of nowhere. "Can I sit down with you?" I looked at Shannon for an answer. She glared at me and then looked Aurora up and down. I thought about the note she'd written that morning and gave her a quick nod. Aurora sat down next to me and smiled across the table at Shannon, who looked around to see if anyone was watching.

"So which picture packet are you getting?" I asked, trying to make conversation. "I'm not getting one this year," she said, smiling meekly.

"Why can't you? Are you too poor or something?" Shannon asked, turning around again to see if anyone had witnessed her talking to Aurora.

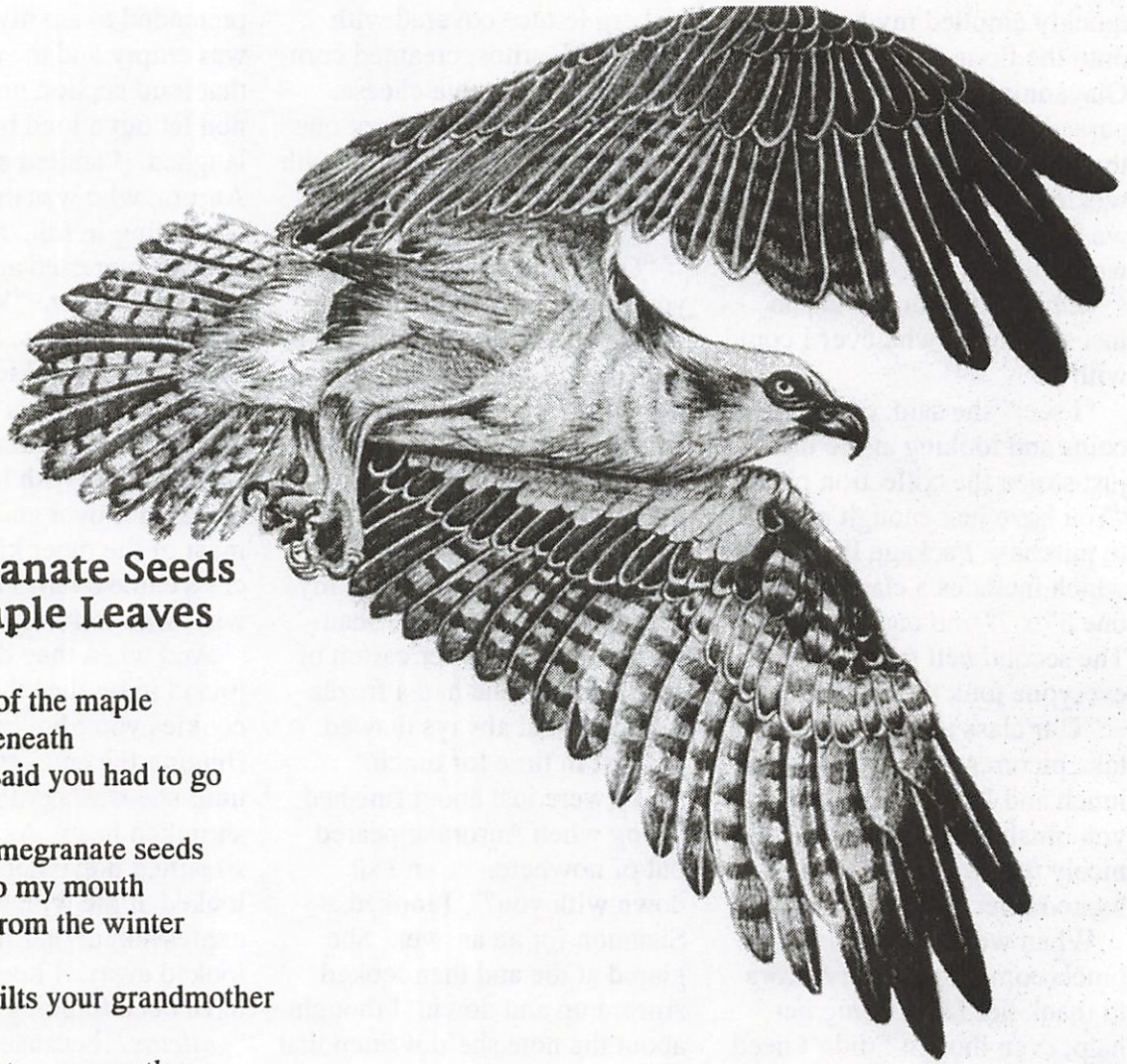
"Well, we kind of have a big family and for everyone to buy a package then, well, there's always next year." I couldn't think of anything to say, so I

pretended to sip my milk until it was empty and the carton made that loud suction noise. Shannon let out a loud burp and laughed. I smiled and looked at Aurora, who was unwrapping something in foil. Shannon looked interested and Aurora offered it to her. "Would you like some cookies, Shannon?" she asked. "Cookies?!! Those aren't cookies, you idiot, they're Ritz crackers!" Shannon shrieked with laughter and repeated it over and over until most of the other kids in our class came over to find out what was so funny.

And when they did, they too joined in on the "those aren't cookies you idiot" chanting, flinging the crackers at Aurora until she was a crumb-covered, shrunken heap. As silent tears streamed down her cheeks, she looked at me with a puzzled expression on her face. I looked away. I knew she must have been thinking the word "*galletas*," because there's no distinction in Spanish between the two words, but I couldn't bring myself to say the word out loud. I wanted to tell them, but I couldn't. It would have meant too much. I pictured them calling me a "greaso" and a "beaner" and a "tortilla-lover" again, and I carefully shoved that corner of paper I'd been carrying around all day down deeper into my sock until it crumpled against my shin and made a painful little lump.

-Monica Rivas



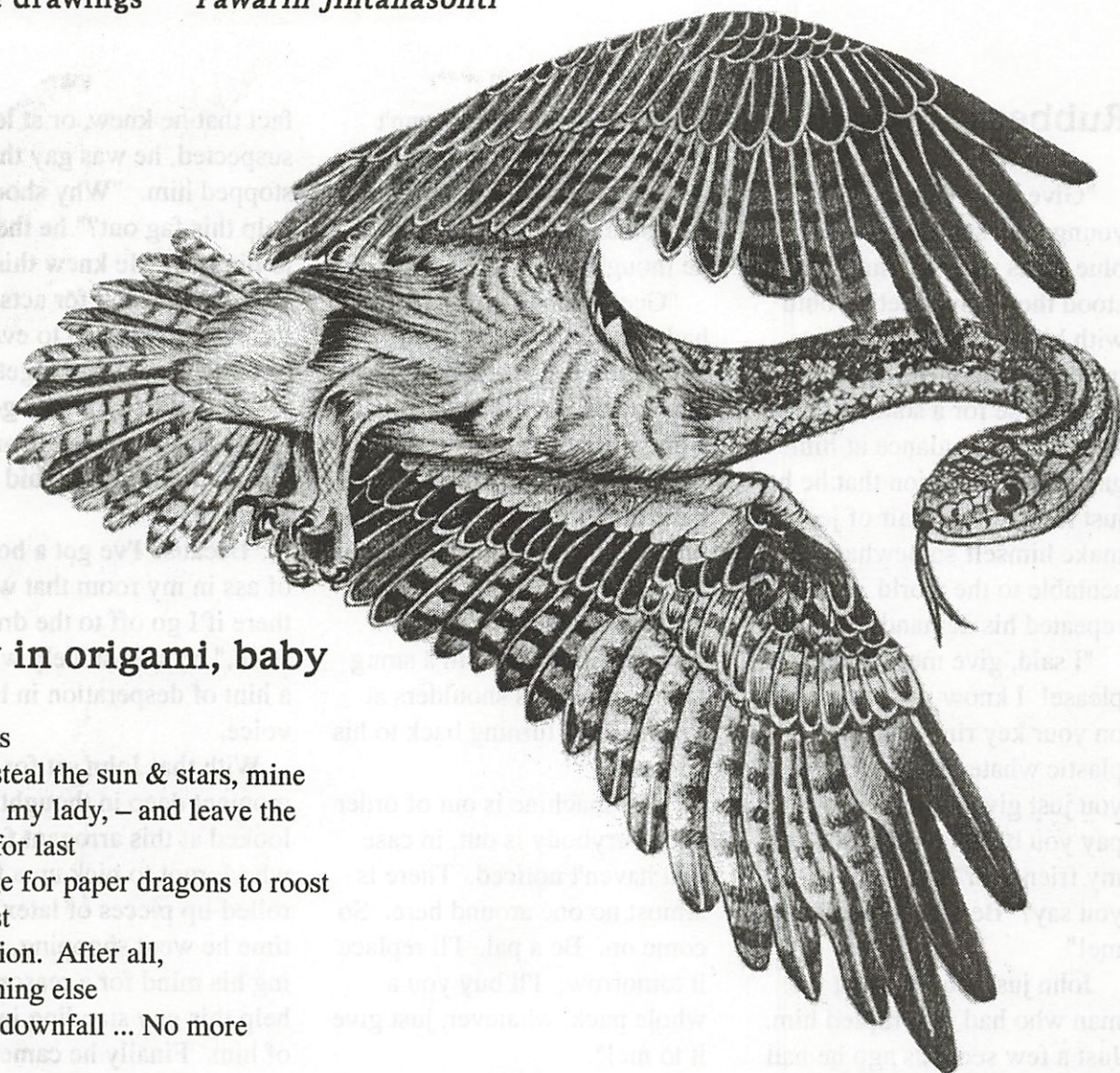


## Pomegranate Seeds And Maple Leaves

The leaves of the maple  
We stood beneath  
When you said you had to go  
Were red  
Like the pomegranate seeds  
You fed into my mouth  
As we hid from the winter  
In the attic  
With the quilts your grandmother  
made  
And passed to your mother  
And then to you  
When you married the girl  
Who carried the seeds of cancer  
In her warm body  
In the attic you cried  
Telling me how cold  
Your wife became before she died  
How you tried to warm her again  
But her red embers  
Would not quicken  
I have tried to warm you  
With pomegranates and maple leaves  
And my lips  
But for now  
Winter still blooms within you  
And you must go.

*-Bonita Rinehart*





## only in origami, baby

if songs  
could steal the sun & stars, mine  
would, my lady, – and leave the  
moon for last  
a refuge for paper dragons to roost  
& resist  
extinction. After all,  
everything else  
has its downfall ... No more  
shall  
the frenzied unlight nor the superstarry afterword  
contrast  
the falseness of my dreams; No more  
shall hefty helpings of whored wisdom be  
iced on injustice ...  
left bleeding for moral vultures.  
EXIT the  
angels, morning rebellions, the inspirational  
distances, the infinite and the  
enduring – where are they now?  
(stage left)  
– now Cardboard (above  
)Prop-ups(which) of an Old-Western (a solitary :mOOn:)Hollywood  
Town (hovers ...

-Jake Vermaas



## Rubbers

"Give me a rubber," the young man standing there in blue jeans said to John. He stood there, an athletic youth with his chest bare and feet naked. He looked like he could easily pose for a statue of a Greek god. A glance at him gave the impression that he had just thrown on a pair of jeans to make himself somewhat presentable to the world. He repeated his demand.

"I said, give me a rubber, please! I know you have one on your key ring in a little plastic whatever. So why don't you just give it to me and I'll pay you back later. You'll be my friend for life. So what do you say? Be a pal and give it to me!"

John just looked up at the man who had interrupted him. Just a few seconds ago he had been sitting watching a hockey game on the t.v. in the lounge of his dorm hall. He'd gotten good and comfortable and in walks a brash man wanting something from him. "What is this world

coming to when a man can't even watch a hockey game in peace without getting dragged into other people's sex lives," he thought.

"Gee, I don't know. I kind of had plans for that condom. Why should I give my protection to you just because you weren't smart enough to get your own? On top of that there have got to be plenty of people up and down this hall to ask, or why don't you just buy one out of the machine in the bathroom?" he finished in a smug tone, jerking his shoulders at the man and turning back to his game.

"The machine is out of order and everybody is out, in case you haven't noticed. There is almost no one around here. So come on. Be a pal. I'll replace it tomorrow; I'll buy you a whole pack, whatever, just give it to me!"

John looked this man up and down as he thought about his words. Thinking that if this had been anybody else he probably would have given him the condom already. It was the

fact that he knew, or at least suspected, he was gay that stopped him. "Why should I help this fag out?" he thought to himself. He knew this guy would just use it for acts that it turned his stomach to even think of men doing together.

"Why don't you just go down to the drug store quick and get some," John finally said to the man.

"Because I've got a hot piece of ass in my room that won't be there if I go off to the drug store," he said snidely with just a hint of desperation in his voice.

With that John sat for a moment deep in thought. He looked at this arrogant fool who forgot to pick up a few rolled-up pieces of latex last time he went shopping, searching his mind for a reason to help this guy standing in front of him. Finally he came up with one: it was the decent thing to do, and it wasn't like he needed the condom to watch a hockey game anyway.

**-Victor  
Runyan**



## Taken

I want a man to take me  
to draw me into himself  
to hold onto me  
when I would walk away

I want a man who  
knows what he wants  
(me)  
and who refuses,  
with arrogant confidence,  
to let me not want him

I want pure, raw, hot  
Desire.  
pursuit, and capture  
possession in its most delicate form.

I want invisible bonds  
that pin me to the wall  
and bind me to him,  
a stare that I cannot escape  
piercing me, holding me immobile

I want adrenaline pumping through  
my soul  
Breathless anticipation pulsing through  
my veins  
Waiting, waiting  
begging, to be absorbed by him.

*-Alicia Zaklan*



# dENALigATOR's Swamp Stomps

• a calendar  of local goings on •

<u>Date</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Time</u>
Feb. 21-Mar. 22	Third Dimension	Maude Kerns	
Feb. 21-May 15	Watercolors by Maude Kerns	Maude Kerns	
Feb. 23-Mar. 13	Robert Bissell Exhibit	LCC	
Mar.-April	Shirley Froyd/Gretchen Raisch/ Frank Gosar	Alder Gallery	10a-5p
March 6-28	Margaret Coe-New Paintings	Hult Center	
March 7	Fish Bone & Veracoasters	W.O.W. Hall	8:30p
March 7	Ladysmith Black Mambazo	Hult Center	8:00p
March 7	LCC Chamber Orchestra	LDS Church	3:00p
March 7	LCC Faculty Dance Concert	LCC	TBA
March 8	Wizard of Oz	Hult Center	2:00p
March 10	LCC Symphonic Band	LCC	7:30p
March 10	Let's Go Bowling/Engine 54/ Skaatillites	WOW Hall	8:30p
March 11	Gretta L. Ehrlich-Fiction Reading	UO	7:30p
March 12	LCC Chamber & Concert Choirs	LCC	TBA
March 12	Odetta & Erica Wheeler	WOW Hall	7:30p
March 12	Heartbeats (free)	Hult Center	12:15p
March 13	Jazz Concert	LCC	TBA
March 14	Mass in Time of War	Hult Center	7:30p
March 15	Wizard of Oz	Hult Center	2:00p
March 18	Symphony Firsts (free)	Hult Center	Noon
March 19	Symphony Firsts	Hult Center	8:00p
March 19	Val Brooks-Fiction Reading Barbara Bascomb-Fiction Reading	Campbell Sr. Ctr.	7:30p
March 19	Eugene Peace Choir (free)	Hult Center	12:15p
March 26	Traditional Mbira (free)	Hult Center	12:15p
Mar. 30-April 24	Jim Ulrich & Jerry Ross Exhibits	LCC	
April 1	Porgy and Bess	Hult Center	7:30p
April 2	Porgy and Bess	Hult Center	7:30p
April 3	The Jello Show	Maude Kerns	
April 3	Pre-performance Lecture (free)	Hult Center	Noon
April 3-25	Wayne Abbonizio-Sculptures	Hult Center	
April 4	Andrew Massey-Conductor	Hult Center	8:00p
April 8	Ravel & the Classics (free)	Hult Center	Noon
April 9	Ravel & the Classics	Hult Center	8:00p
April 10	Ballet Northwest	Hult Center	7:30p
Apr.10-May 15	Escapes	Maude Kerns	
April 14-18	Riverdance	Hult Center	8:00p



April 17	Louise Lindsey & Pamela Lehan-Siegel-A Bird Print Benefit Performance Poetry	Maude Kerns	7:00p
April 18-19	Riverdance	Hult Center	2:00p
April 19	Riverdance	Hult Center	7:00p
April 23	Chef's Night Out	Hult Center	6:30p
April 24-25	The Tempest	LCC	8:00p
April 24	Symphony Pops: Latin Beat	Hult Center	8:00p
April 25	American Spirit	Hult Center	7:30p
Apr. 27-May 15	Studio Assistants Exhibit	LCC	
April 28	LCC Faculty Jazz Concert	LCC	TBA
April 30	Emerald City Jazz Kings	Hult Center	7:30p
May 1-2	The Tempest	LCC	8:00p
May 3	The Tempest	LCC	2:00p
May 6-7	Spring Dance Concert	LCC	7:30p
May 8-9	The Tempest	LCC	8:00p
May 12 & 14	Vocal Jazz Invitationals	LCC	7:00p
May 18-June 5	Student Art Exhibition	LCC	
May 21	LCC Chamber Orchestra	LCC	8:00p
May 21	Poetry Reading	Campbell Sr. Ctr.	7:30p
May 27	LCC Jazz Band & Combos	LCC	8:00p
May 28	LCC Chamber Orchestra	Off-campus	TBA
May 29	"Spectrum" Vocal Jazz Ensemble	LCC	8:00p
June 2	LCC Symphonic Band	LCC	8:00p
June 4	LCC Chamber & Concert Choirs	LCC	8:00p
June	Invitational Red Sculpture Joe Valasek	Alder Gallery	10a-5p
June 8-12	Graphic Design Exhibition	LCC	
Mid-June	Lane Literary Guild Open Mic	TBA	TBA

**For more information or ticket prices, call:**

***Alder Gallery***

55 W. Broadway, Eugene: 342-6411

***Campbell Sr. Ctr.***

155 High, Eugene: 682-5318

***Hult Center for the Performing Arts***

7<sup>th</sup> & Willamette, Eugene

ticket office: 682-5000; 24-hour concert line: 683-5746

***Lane Community College***

4000 E. 30<sup>th</sup>, Eugene

performing arts box office: 726-2202; art department: 747-4501 ext. 2409

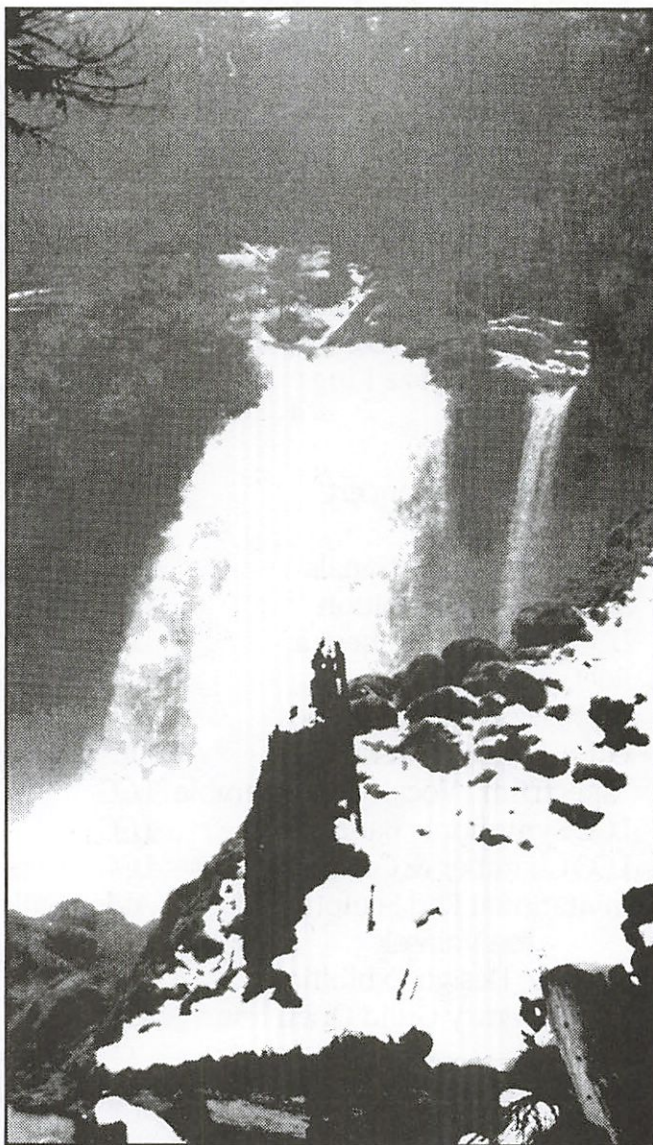
***Maude Kerns Art Center***

1910 E. 15<sup>th</sup>, Eugene: 345-1571

***WOW Hall***

291 W. 8<sup>th</sup>, Eugene: 687-2746





Sahalie Falls

*Bobbette Chichmanian*



## Erica Boyd-

maybe then ... maybe then i could ...

## Glen Cushing-

turned all of his submissions in at the very last minute. He said he would have been there on time, but his long-lost aunt died. Yeah, right Glen. Sure.

## Bobbette Chichmanian-

photographer-at-large, in action for *The Torch*.

## Michael Daggs-

originally wanted to use a really raunchy pen name. He begged and begged for a long time. "No!" we would say. "It's unnatural!" we would say. Finally he gave up and went home.

## D.G. Evans-

is an adrift derelict who is prey to the tradewinds and in search of a private constellation and an eventual harbor.

## Kelly Flagg-

when asked what inspired her work, replied, "My love for my sweet little sister, whom I look up to and constantly beg for advice."

## Sean Hankins-

"It is my purpose to extend a loving, helping, peaceful and unifying hand to all my brothers and sisters in this ever growing world of uncertainty. P.S. Someday, I will rule the world with an iron fist ..."

## Sean Patrick Hill -

is a New York Cowboy who roams the asphalt tundra, drinks coffee and rants about the apocalypse of Generation Next.

## Jon Hubble-

is a lecherous man who writes to the women he would like to know, but is too embarrassed to reveal his feelings to them.

## Pawarin Jintanasonti-

Beyond contributing to *Denali's* contents, Pawarin also took the dENALiGATOR for walkies and cleaned out its litter box each day.

## Nick Kuykendall-

Nick enjoys hiking, rafting, skiing, sneezing, tennis, soccer, camping, falling, jogging, hunting, cooking, animal husbandry, football, sailing, basketball, itching, surfing, baseball, reading, and eating soy.

## Pam Lindland-

mother - student - poet. Living an adventure.

## David McNair-

On the third day of production, David came into the office and shot our assistant editor. It really set us back.

## Jon McSilvers-

Though his love for travel had him in Belize for the entire term, Jon's dedication to submitting to us went undaunted. Jon mailed us two dozen pieces, and all by Overnight Priority Mail. Our thanks go out to you, Jon, wherever you are.

## Cameron Michaelis-

"Stranger in a strange land. Don't mind me; I'm just visiting ..."

## Carissa Mornes-

graduated from Springfield High School in 1996. Her fellow class members voted her "Most Likely to Skip College and Go Straight to the NBA." Lucky for *Denali*, she has decided to spend a few terms at LCC.

## Rowan Morrison-

We'll never forget the day Vermont native Rowan Morrison came to the office to drop off his submissions. Despite our none-to-subtle attempts to shoo him away, Rowan hung around and told dirty jokes for (five and a half) hours.

# CONTRIBUTORS:

## Toshinori Nakanura-

once memorized the entire text of *War and Peace* only to discover she could no longer remember her address.



## Kevin Papagni-

has a hard time thinking up zany autobiographical statements about himself.

## Raine-

Hard-hitting Raine can chop a telephone pole in half in under eight seconds. She set a state record at the Lane County Fair in '95 with her personal best of 7.13 seconds. Wow!

## amelia arianne reising-

you who know where i am, who i am; come find me.

## Bonita Rinehart-

is no longer entertaining offers.

## Monica Rivas-

submitted most of our favorite pieces. We ended up using only two of them when we realized all of the others were *Baywatch* scripts with new titles pasted over the originals. David Hasselhoff ... mmmmm.

## Victor Runyan-

has been a student at Lane for longer than he cares to think about, and is planning to transfer to UO next year. That, together with his work for *The Torch*, are but the First Steps in his PLAN FOR WORLD DOMINATION!!!

## Sarah Steadman-

remembers a time when the men were men and the women defied categorization.

## Step-

"I am not too happy about how things are, but I love. This is the single most important thing about me."

## Patrick Strautman-

likes to make biographical statements in the second person context. Exceptionally talented, and doesn't show a hint of modesty when writing bios. Dedicates his poetry to Sarah Walker.

## Kevin Sullivan-

is a fourth-year Architecture student at UO.

## Sheri Takemoto-

is pondering the justification of why the government won't allow those over the age of five a lunch time and a naptime during a work day.

## Tiffany Turcotte-

a Graphic Design major who transferred from Seattle to Eugene.

## Deanna Uutela-

consistently submits high-quality pieces every term. She says that all of her submissions are complicated metaphors dealing with her acceptance of her daughter's big fat gerbil, Prometheus.

## Jake Vermaas-

wishes this world were more like a mango than a week-old banana, but the fruit vendor is out of town and the kid he left the stand with ran out of fresh fruit yesterday, so he's trying to get some mileage from last week's surplus.

## Alicia Zaklan-

has been waiting for the sky to fall. She's been disappointed so far.



