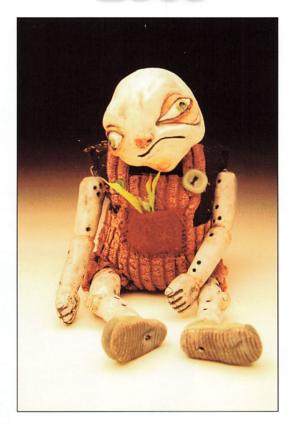
DENAILI



LITERARY AND ARTS MAGAZINE



DENALI 2009



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Eugene, Oregon

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Old Growth

watercolor

Pamela Vosseller

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Cheri Browne

League for Innovation Winner

League for Innovation Contest Winners

Lane Community College is a member of the League for Innovation in the Community College, which is an organization dedicated to enriching the lives of community college students and faculty through hosting conferences, producing publications, providing services and leading projects and research, among many other notable things. Each year a different League member college hosts a student art and literary contest. The first place winners of each category from each participating college are then moved on to the national competition, where they recieve cash prizes and publication. This year's first place winners are showcased throughout.

For more information about the League for Innovation go to: www.league.org.

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OWEN

medium format photography

Shannon Burlington

Reconstitution

Aidan Holpuch

I know a boy with short legs and broad shoulders, skin colored cinnamon and ash by the pacific sun, he has eyelids like the hidden bellies of ocean shells shimmering fainting purple, smooth and flat, they gather light in lovely marble hollows at the bridge of his nose and store it there, caged in and sheltered from covetous eyes, I too lived in those hollows once, I was collected quietly piece by piece and deposited into those tiny oscillating bowls, where my reconstituted form swam circles. until exhaustion made my mind numb and I forgot the meaning of my own name.



The Lost Sense of Touch

Melanie J. Martin

I trace over the labyrinth of a pine beetle's wanderings,

through deep brown petroglyphs etched upon the ruddy

surface of a cedar.

appearing throughout the forest as rotting logs

shed their bark

from the phloem.

How can symptoms of a deadly disease have such beauty?

My hands seek the answers, reading them like brail.

Rain streams through the canopy;

the earth, trees, shrubs, and I bleed into each other.

This is where real unity begins.

The path and I become one another; it walks over me

and I lay down before it, snaking over the wet-

ness, gliding

red earthworm.

through cisterns of mud, winding

through roots that lace the earth (one like a great

its striated side poking through the ground), slithering

through petals like crushed cherries being

smashed into homemade wine, tufts of lime green rein-

deer moss

lining my sides.

The trail flows from my feet, and I from the trail

Babylonian cascades of moss and towering cedars tell me.

the forest isn't something you walk through—

it's something you must get into.

I see with my hands, taste with my nose, sam-

pling texture after texture

and letting it sample me, the whorls of my skin

cells, the pores of my hands.

We meet one another in this way.

I let my fingers do the seeing,

running over the underside of a juicy, delicate

mushroom,

plump and white and private.

There is an art in touching;
you must do it delicately and slowly,
let your nerve ends spring to awareness,
allow them to absorb.
You must wait to be felt in turn,
slow and absolutely steady,
absolutely present.
Exist in those middle grounds where textures meet,
fitting together like a puzzle,
the hairs on your arms and the layered pallet
of bark,
your pores and the mint colored lichens in
the shape of oak leaves,
slathered to all the branches of a tree.





Behind Closed Blinds

35mm photography Emily Hill

Not So Sweet

Tahni Nikitins

He lets her know that guys like him never sleep alone when they don't want to.

It doesn't even require words for her to understand. It requires little more than his long slender fingers lifting a pale pink rose to his nose, his cat-lips behind the stem and soft green leaves smiling as his dark eyes gleam up at her. And he turns in the chair, a little side-ways motion as he lowers his other hand between his knees and his eyes to the rose; he tips it out away from his face to examine the petals as they grow a darker shade of pink towards the curling-in center. The tiny motion is enough to tell her everything. His glance up at her through the shade of his long dark lashes is just for her benefit.

Blushing, Helena bows her head as he plucks the leaves from the stem and she knows he isn't so sweet but, neither is she.

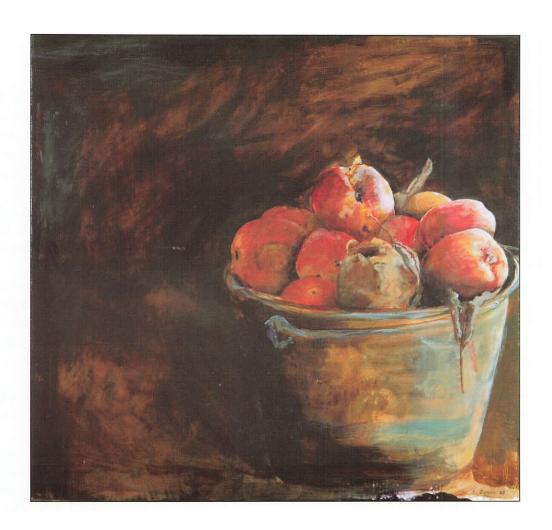


Saturdays: Sweet Home

Catherine McGuire

The kid, sixteen, has a smoker's cough, he hacks and leans into the engine well; the air is oily, tangled with gas and the percussion of metal interrogation. Nearby, the river rushing over basalt is a horizontal waterfall, an endless faucet. Birds try out their courting songs; they compete with mowers and hot rods on the long stretch at the end of the road. Unseen, a neighbor fires up a chainsaw, bites into some wooden limb, live or dead: another starts a blower, turning gasoline into air to push leaves, dirt, twigs across a lawn; to push hearing into deafness. A spiral of gray rising across the street from the leaf-and-cardboard trash fire sends Vesuvian scraps spiraling lazy to the lawn. These weekend rituals punctuate the workday shuttle for workers like bees returning to their hives. Bees can no longer smell the opening flowers; diesel and exhaust, air-fouling machines, now bind the subtle pheromones,

killing the scent, losing the call. Trapped in a man-made fog, they miss their aim, sometimes by inches. Stamens fold untouched, and the bees starve. Unconnected with their purpose, the motions remain, sterile. As sun warms the lawns they've squared and neutered with their sprays, men wander the grass, power tools' gastosterone numbing them to the pointlessness of their sterile lives.



Late Fall Apples

oil painting Kathy Gunson



Last Night in the Nursery

River Donaghey

In the dark I can't see Anna's face. I can barely see my feet in front of me, which is why my shoes are just now beginning to dry from the puddles I stumbled through an hour ago. The cloth on each shoe is stiffening with sand and seawater. I'm squinting hard to make out some kind of expression on her face, and every few seconds I have to stomp my feet to keep from sinking into the wet sand. It makes a sickly slapping sound. I can't read the expression on Anna's face. Between the slits of my eyelids, her head looks like it is smudged with grease. Slap-slap go my feet.

"I'm not fucking moving," she yells to me.

Twenty yards away, I see the silhouettes of my three friends framed against the ocean like buildings. They're standing side by side, and have unconsciously arranged themselves from largest to smallest: Rowan, Dub, and Noah. They're waiting impatiently. I see Morse code flickers of alternating black and dark blue as they lift their shoes from the sinking sand and the ocean peeks through. I can almost hear the slap-slapping like a wet hand against your stomach.

"She says she's not moving," I shout.

I'm in the middle of an invisible game of tug of war. I can feel them both pulling hard at their invisible ropes; I am the pivot point. Anna walks away from the ocean, towards the rocks on the other side of the beach. The ropes make an obtuse angle; 130 degrees. I turn to face her, and when I look back over my shoulder, I see the silhouettes growing. They're moving towards me. The pull of the ropes relaxes slightly.

"Are you serious? The path back up is the other way." Rowan is frustrated. Somehow, I am her guardian. I am responsible for her refusal to walk with us. Somehow, it's up to me.

"I'm completely lost," I say. "But I trust you know the way back. Anna is stoned and convinced the path's over there. She won't budge unless we go with her. Let's walk where she says the path is, she won't find it, and she'll come with us."

"Fuck this," Rowan grunts. "I'm cold and my feet are wet. We have school tomorrow. I'm heading the way I know is right. You guys can come or stay."

I should've mentioned: it's Tuesday night. September. School starts tomorrow, which means in a few hours we'll be Seniors in high school. We crammed into my car around 5 p.m. Now we're God knows where, past Yachats, on the beach. Lost. There is only one path leading back up to our campsite. The rest is cliff and rock. The idea of scaling the cliff rolls into my head, but

my fingers are numb, and I'm afraid that trying to climb would make my frozen fingers snap off. They'd make a noise like breaking a carrot in two.

I have placed myself in the middle of two distinct factions. Anna, who's convinced the path is farther left, and everybody else, who are convinced it's down to the right. The pot in my system has amplified everything to an almost intolerable level. It's turned a giant magnifying glass on the world. I'm sure my friends are insane. I'm going to die tonight. I've quietly accepted my demise.

"C'mon, D." Noah isn't making eye contact. He has a nervous habit of bouncing up and down on his knees, legs bowed, and running his hands over his thighs. He's doing it now, and through my magnifying glass I see right through him, like he is made of some sort of liquid. He's freaking out. It seems he's also come to the realization that we're going to die. He's taking it slightly less casually.

I have begun this story with the climax. It will end with a half-crazy homeless man in A&W and dancing on the hood of my car in my high school parking lot.

"This is ridiculous. I want to go back to the tent and go to bed." It's Anna's voice, coming from right next to me. I didn't notice her walking up to us. The invisible rope is dragging loosely on the wet sand. We're together. That's something.

I know Anna's wrong. At this point, I think she knows she's wrong too. But she's going down fighting. She's wearing a baggy army-green hoodie and her pajama pants—fleece and dark blue, stamped with cartoon pictures of deciduous forests. All of her clothes hang loosely at her body. In middle school, Anna struggled with the idea she was fat and all these years later it still manifests itself in little things like this. I can see through her, too. She is translucent. I can see her mind working. I can read it like ticker tape.

The thing is, she's beautiful. She's just fucked up enough for it to be extremely alluring. She is the most unreliable person I know. She is the most bipolar person I know. She is the most self-destructive person I know, aside from her old boyfriend, Kirk. I am completely in love with her and I've never told a soul. A few weeks ago, while my girlfriend was away in Tahoe, I contemplated seriously my love for Anna. I mentioned it, once, to an older friend, and he made it clear to me what I already knew—that she would make my



Last Night in the Nursery (continued)

life hell. He didn't understand that was the main attraction.

The day after I admitted my love, my mother dreamt I dated Anna and it was awful. My mother is psychic. She used to talk to dead people in her sleep regularly. I took her dream as a sign, and I shoved my feelings about as far back as they could go.

And now we are in some sort of standoff, and I'm caught in the middle. The five of us are close, almost touching, but they've choked up on the rope. I am being torn apart now, more than ever. No one speaks for a long time. Slowly, quietly, Rowan turns and heads the way he knows is right. Dub and Noah are at his heels. I follow. Anna falls in behind. Something unspoken has gone down. She has accepted defeat. No one speaks about it again.

The tent is dark brown and okra. Apparently, those colors are very slimming, because on the outside the tent looks small and meager. On the inside, it's a suite. The snacks we purchased before we left are treating us well. Dub bought Kettle Chips. Anna decided to go hungry. I have two Clif bars and a bag of jerky. Noah, who was stoned when we picked him up, bought a loaf of bread, peanut butter, and bananas. We pass these

around like a bottle.

Still, no one speaks. The sound of crashing waves is so loud and overpowering that it feels like we're right inside it, engulfed fully by the noise. The crunching of Dub's chips sounds small and weak against the noise of the ocean. His scraggly beard is speckled with bits of Honey Dijon chip. They glint like flakes of gold. As he chews with chipmunk cheeks full, I can't help noticing how much he looks like he did when he was seven years old.

Dub and I grew up together. We are growing up together. He was always the sidekick; he always followed my lead. In middle school I desperately wanted to be popular, but I wasn't cool enough and Dub wasn't cool enough. I secretly hated him for that. There's a dent in the corner of my wall at home, made by Dub's head in sixth grade. He was sleeping on my bed and I wanted him off, so I pulled him by his collar and he hit his head into the wall. He was crying, curled in a ball on the floor, as I fell asleep. It was almost the exact position that, years later, he was curled into when I fell asleep as he was freaking out on acid. He had taken it by accident in my room when he ate two Pez laced with LSD. I left him lying on the floor both times. He would never have done that

to me.

There is snickering, and I turn to Noah. His mouth is full of banana. He's laughing with his head tilted back and his mouth open. I see the half-chewed banana.

"Do you have any idea what we did tonight?"
He says, still laughing and chewing his banana. A laugh bubbles out of Anna like she's been holding it back all this time and finally the pressure got too great.

Rowan is laughing, too. When he smiles he looks just like his mother, but you can't tell him that. "Do you remember pouring the bong into the ocean?"

When we first got down to the beach, after smoking pot against the face of the cliff, we held a ceremony. Rowan felt strongly that we needed to pour the bong into the ocean, to become one with the sea. In line, we marched to the water. I found a kazoo in the pocket of my pea coat, and began a stilted version of "Amazing Grace." We were loudly belting the refrain as we returned the bit of water to its home, like a soul when the body dies.

Dub's laugh turns into a scream. I see something fall from the top of the tent. He screams again.

The moment of reminiscing is shattered. There's a spider crawling over Dub's sleeping bag. He is high and screaming again. As I'm digging through my bag to find something to scoop the spider up with, I hear odd stomping sounds. Dub cheers. When I turn back around, I see Noah sitting up on his knees, triumphant, a lopsided grin on his face. He has both of Dub's Nikes on his hands. The sole of one of them is smeared with what used to be inside the spider. I'm reminded of the time, drunk at my house, that we played Spin the Bottle. The ratio of girls to boys was weighted towards girls, but Dub kept spinning Noah. It became a running joke. Noah made Dub shave because his beard was scratchy. I'm almost positive that they aren't gay. Which is too bad, sort of.

It's almost three a.m. and Anna is already asleep beside me. I can feel her body pressed against mine between both our sleeping bags. This is as close as we're ever going to come. I think I'm okay with that.

A&W is far from packed. It's the next morning, and we're eating hamburgers and drinking root beer. It's school picture day today, at one. There's a man in his thirties, looking homeless, slumped down into a booth on the other side of the

*

Last Night in the Nursery (continued)

restaurant. He keeps looking at us. Finally, he stands and walks towards us. There's something weird about the way he's staring. Everybody feels it. Noah gets up to use the bathroom. He disappears.

"Hey, well, hello there, guys," the man says. He's shifting his weight from foot to foot and rubbing the tips of his fingers against his thumb, one finger at a time. Thumb-pointer. Thumb-middle. Thumb-ring. Thumb-pinky.

Everyone has taken a silent vote and elected me spokesman. They're waiting for me to speak.

"Hey man, how you doin'?" I say, and then turn back to my friends.

"Well, actually, see, not too good actually, I mean...say, are you guys in a hurry?" Thumb-pointer. Thumb-middle. Thumb-ring.

"Yeah, sort of," I reply. He's psyching himself up to say something. I cut him off before he has a chance to. For some reason I'm feeling uneasy. "We're from Eugene. We've got school in a few hours."

"Ah, right, I mean, I see." He mumbles. He slides himself down into the seat that Noah left unoccupied.

I can see Noah standing outside the back door, watching things unfold. When he notices me looking, he ducks out of sight.

"The thing is, see," sitting now, he has stopped rubbing his fingers together. Now they are poking and prodding at the side of his face, absentmindedly, like he's trying to adjust a mask that doesn't fit right.

"The thing is," he repeats, "that I really need to, like, bring something to my girlfriend. She's got this infection, see, and she needs this juice, this cranberry juice, and I need someone to bring it to her. She lives, um, well, just right up the road over there," he points south, towards some residential neighborhoods. "But I can't do it, see, because she took out a restraining order, and if I show up it'll be a big issue..."

"Is everything alright over here?" Asks the waitress. Something was making her uneasy as well. She's in her mid-forties, wrinkled around the edges from smoking, and overweight. She wouldn't be the biggest help if we actually needed it, but we don't. The guy looks like he's about to cry. He's getting shaky and his eyes look close to overflowing. He seems desperate, but not violent. I think we can handle ourselves.

"Yeah, I think so," I say. Everyone else is awfully quiet.

She studies me for a few seconds before

speaking. "If you need anything I'll be right here." I smile back at her.

"I mean," He says, jumping back into our conversation, "I don't mean to interrupt anything, but I'm so worried and she needs this cranberry juice and, see, it's not far away..." Suddenly, I realize that he looks like Sméagol. Poor, broken Sméagol. He is begging, pleading. His eyes are glassy.

"I'm really sorry..." I start. He cuts me off.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't have asked. I knew you guys looked too busy. I should've left you alone. I'm sorry. I'm sorry." Sméagol is apologizing rapidly. The words are spilling from his mouth.

I say, "I don't feel right getting in the middle of this restraining order thing. If she needs cranberry juice, she can go buy herself cranberry juice. Sorry. Good luck." I stand up, and the others follow.

"Ah, yes, now, see, okay." His eyes flutter back and forth. His fingers are back doing their thing. Thumb-pointer. Thumb-middle.

And that's that. We climb back into the car. Noah is waiting next to it. When we get close, he asks, hesitantly, what happened.

"Some people have hard lives." I tell him.

When I wake up, yeah I know I'm gonna be I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you

We're practically yelling as we're nearing Eugene. We've got the song on loop, and I can hear my speakers breaking a little bit more each time it comes on again.

But I would walk 500 miles And I would walk 500 more

After ten times through, the refrain hits us and we're ready for it. The call and response. Every vocal harmony. My little blue Camry is bombing down Patterson going forty, and we're yelling the da da da back and forth to each other with every window down. Just as the last notes fade away, it starts up again. We're all feeling pretty invincible. My tires drift as we roar into South Eugene High School's back parking lot. We can feel the last few remaining seconds disintegrating as we try to hold on. Can we make it through the song one more time? Can we keep the drive going a little bit longer? My knuckles are white and empty of blood as I make fists around the steering wheel. The tires continue rolling forward even as



Last Night in the Nursery (continued)

I pull my foot off the gas.

And then the car is off, the music has stopped, and I'm staring at the purple concrete wall of my high school's gym.

This is it. This is who I've grown up into. I'm living the life I wanted when I was a Freshman four years ago. The Seniors I tagged along to parties with, the Seniors that lived lives I could only dream of—that's me now. And I think I'm hitting all the bases. I'm doing a pretty good job. I think younger me would be damn pleased. I don't acknowledge that enough. But here I am, eighteen years old, staring at a giant concrete wall, and I think I've been living right.

"The problem with enjoying what you've got in the moment is how easy it is to lose." It's just me and Anna in the car. I'm talking at her and the hulking wall. "See, when I'm stuck in the past, or looking into the future, I'm in control. The past and the future are solid. But the present's always slipping away, and I feel like Indiana Jones running, the bridge collapsing at my heels. Does that make sense? When you enjoy every second of life, you're constantly losing precious moments. They're constantly slipping through your fingers. It scares me shitless.

"Because I've got it. Finally. For the first time

in my life, I've found something that's working. But it's just a matter of time before everyone goes their separate ways, and I'm stuck rebuilding from the ground up. But for now, at least, things are good."

I flip my keys to Anna and she holds them in her open palm. We make eye contact for a second and then she slumps down in the passenger seat while we go get our pictures taken. We look haggard and tired, and we wear our dirty clothes like a badge. When we come back out, Anna has all the car doors open, Ratatat blasting on the stereo. She's dancing on my hood, and her bare feet leave great arcing smears in the dust we picked up from the beach. The sky is made of shattered pieces of a robin's egg. I feel like a God. And like every Godly feeling, it won't last. But I'll enjoy it while it does.



Finding Self
35mm photography
Emily Hill



Memoirs From an Old Folks' Home

Henry Jones

I.

Varicose veins

Liver spots

Lipstick so red it makes strawberries blue

Grey curls framing her translucent face

She has a sweet walker

She's my girl

We never talk

I don't know if she can

Hell. I don't know if she can use the can

I can

But I don't

II.

Rice pudding

Is no dessert for a grown man

Especially on Sundays

I used to eat Iced Cream on Sundays

In the park

Licking scoops watching women licking scoops

Fiery Loins

Iced Cream Headaches

Bug eyes as big as their breasts

I'd start licking faster

Til my teeth would float like ice cubes

Look at that beautiful nurse

Where's her Iced Cream?

I have eight bites more

Maybe I should buy her some

Here she comes

Lick... Lick, Lick, Lick, Lick

Choking throat frozen solid

Can't even swallow

She's gonna talk to me

Lick, Lick, Lick

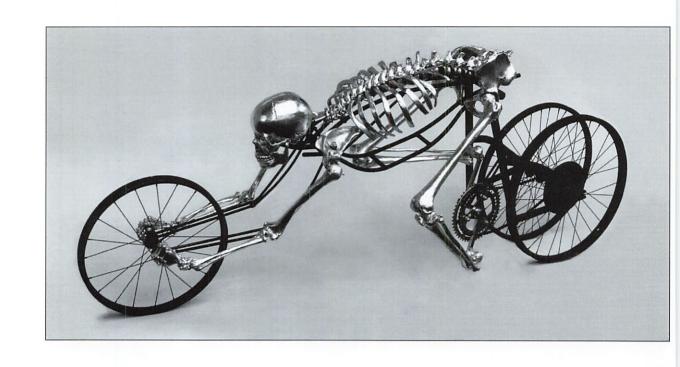
"Here's your rice pudding, Henry."



Delicious

digital photography
Javier Magallanes





Bio-Cycle welded steel, mixed media Jud Turner

High Desert

Eileen Dawson Peterson

Wind whistles through the pungent sage rustling in and around the stunted Juniper

Tumbleweeds roll across the gravelly sand racing with the restless wind

summer air so hot it dries the sap nights chill and cold on bare skin

prarie dogs pop out of subterranean homes wary eye on the eagle circling overhead

lizards skittle from rock to rock past a rattler coiled on the baked surface.

At night a lonely but hardly deserted terrain turned magic by a blue-white moon

guarded by distant white-topped mountains a place of silence roaring in your ears.



Jumping Fences

Tera Mingus

How do you feel?

Well, not so good, actually, doctor.

And why do you think that is?

I...well, I keep having these dreams...

Really...

(Abruptly) Yes.

Tell me more about these dreams...

I see...(hesitates).

(Murmurs) Go on.

I see...fences...countless numbers, all spread out over various hillsides...

Teaspoon

Wendy looks out her window. A lonely oak tree sways in the wind, its branches barren and covered with frost. Wendy's forehead presses against the cool glass, her eyes two gray orbs peering out of the darkness. Shadows play across her face, dancing in and out of the hollows that seem to linger there. Her lips quiver slightly in the cold of her room, set like pale pink rose petals in the middle of her pale face. She sighs once, and her breath expelled upon the pane spreads a light fog that creeps crossways to blur her view.

Her head tilts sideways, and her eyes settle upon the fence that encloses the yard. Laughter echoes in her mind, flashing for an instant like lightning across her stormy eyes. She knows these echoes are reverberations from a distant past, but cannot remember to whom these memories belong. Nor does she bother to care, for caring seems like such a waste of time to her now, as does everything else. Time has ceased to exist for her. It has folded and creased so many times that she has lost any sense or judgment of its passage.

Her eyes linger on the fence, sweeping up and down the length of it. She hears that melodious laughter yet again breeze through the passages in her mind, just beyond the reaches of her understanding. How she wants to understand! Comprehension wrestles with the laughter, springing and twisting and coiling through the halls so that a light sweat breaks out upon her brow; she chases and trails the sound until it

has completely faded and she is left panting and heated, her skull pulsing with a dull throbbing that is only the subtle warning of the awful migraine that approaches.

Footsteps sound on the stairway that leads up to the little room, and Wendy stirs slightly. She closes her eyes, adopting an impassive expression. She wonders for a brief moment from whom she is hiding, but the thought departs as quickly as it arrived. The footsteps have grown louder, the soft padding becoming a noisy stride when they reach the landing that leads to the door at the end of the hall. She knows from an intuition that is far beyond her that this is the door she sits behind, day after day, her body and mind decaying into the vast space of the place beyond this place. She sees this place sometimes when she is sitting in the alcove, staring out the window. The place beyond this place is waiting for her. She can feel the wind howling in her bones whenever she sees those hills. All those hills and fences. Her eyes open once again and she looks over the fence in the yard intently, searching every post and panel, waiting apprehensively for the freezing wind that sometimes accompanies the visions from the place beyond this place. She blinks, and the involuntary reaction breaks her concentration into pieces. The footsteps have stopped outside the door, and she knows without looking that a shadow has fallen through the crack in the bottom, blocking the light from the hall.

The door creaks open, the sound breaking the unwavering silence that has been encompassing the room. A tall, stout figure is outlined in the light from the hallway, and for a moment, it seems to Wendy as if it were nothing but a shadowy apparition filling the space of the doorway. A hand slips out from the dark form, sliding along the wall. Wendy's body immediately tenses, and she shuts her eyes against the oncoming threat.

Light suddenly fills the room, illuminating every nook and cranny. Wendy opens her eyes for a split second and her pupils immediately contract. She emits a little cry, her voice sounding hollow and bare, and at once she turns away from the light, facing the window and pulling her knees to her chest, her arms hugging them tightly to her body. The figure enters the room, a large tote swinging by her side. She sits it on the bedside table and opens it, rummaging through the contents inside. Wendy sneaks a glance at the stranger, sees thin, pursed lips and droopy eyes, and then she looks back out her window, again focusing her attention on the fence." Teaspoon,



Jumping Fences (continued)

Wendy," the stranger says, taking out a dark vial of liquid and pouring it into a little spoon. "are you going to take it peacefully or am I going to have to give you a shot again?"

Wendy ignores this speech, though she flinches as the word shot leaves the lips of the stranger. She sudders inside as a vision of a long, cold gray needle breaking ghostly skin fills her mind. She feels the steely prick as it goes deep into the skin, and suddenly she truns away from the window, still seeing the needle as she holds out her hand for the teaspoon.

you are," the stranger savs complacently. Wendy cannot help but see the cold smile flickering across the stranger's pudgy face as she gives Wendy the teaspoon. Wendy's eyes dart down to survey the dark, syrupy fluid. It sits there in the teaspoon, glinting like a deep pool of blood, and she can feel herself gag. Yet, she lifts the teaspoon and downs the liquid in one gulp, forcing herself to ignore the urge to choke. She drops the teaspoon on the floor and freezes, her body remaining rigid and motionless for endless seconds. The stranger stoops to pick up the teaspoon, wrapping it in a paper towel and placing it back in the tote.

Instantly, Wendy's body is wracked with

convulsions. She shakes and shakes, her legs going straight while she hugs herself tightly. Her teeth chatter noisily, she manages to stand and make her way across the room. She collapses onto the little bed that sits unnoticed in the corner, and lifts the only sheet there to cover her completely. As the thin cotton settles down the shakes slow measurably until they are only little twitches, and then suddenly they cease altogether. An uneasy stillness invades the small room, and is only broken by the stranger zipping up her tote and departing. The door closes swiftly behind her, followed by the small clack of a lock being slid into place.

Gradually, Wendy rolls over to the edge of the bed. She hangs her head over the side and opens her mouth to vomit her small dosage. She throws the dark liquid up all over the clean floor, her body heaving with the effort to rid itself of the nasty fluid. After she is done, she coughs and spits, then opens her eyes to examine the mess below her. A mass of stomach bile and red syrup lie splattered below her. Without any conscious awareness, she reaches down and dips her fingers in the concoction. She proceeds to write hurriedly on the floor above the pool, her eyes unfocused as she watches herself performing this act, nothing

registering in her mind. When she is finished, she rolls back over in the bed and pulls up the sheet, like it was before.

Outside, the wind starts to blow. The tree groans, its branches waving chaotically, casting frantic shadows through the window. In her bed, Wendy is seeing fences. Many, many fences rush through her mind, flying faster and faster towards her. And now she is running with the wind, closing in on the fences, exhilaration close to madness filling her and driving her onward. She reaches the first fence and feels the muscles in her legs tense in readiness for the jump. She launches herself over the fence, her mind cracking brutally, and her subconscious splitting apart from the strain. She sees the ground for a brief second, almost feels it under her feet...and then she is plunged into the void, being chased swiftly through the darkness by a quiet laughter.

Strange Print

Morning dawns with birds singing songs carried on the wind as it blows through the clear cobalt sky. In Wendy's room, an unusual quiet has settled, cloaking everything in surreal light. Footsteps sound on the stairs outside, but

nothing stirs. The hump of the body in the bed is motionless, yet remaining undisturbed by the approaching stranger. A lock is slid back, and the door swings inward. The stranger steps into the room and notices the pool of vomit and the smudges above. She walks over to the mess and realizes the untidy smudges are actually a message written in a very inexperienced scribble, as if an eight-year-old had written it. Her breath catches in her throat as she reads the words and she turns to the bed and throws the sheet back. Her eyes widen at the sight that greets her and a little cry of horror escapes her before she clasps her hands over her mouth.

Wendy is stretched out on the bed, her ashen eyes glazed over with a steely look of death. Her arms are twisted up over her head, her light cotton nightgown pulled up over her hips, revealing plain white panties. Her hands are open and relaxed, and there are half-moon cuts in her palms where her fingernails have sliced them from the night before, in her frenzied exit from life. Ruby trails of dried blood run from the corners of her mouth, her angry and swollen lips already taking on a fierce violet hue. Her long hair lies spread out on the bed around her, shimmering in the morning sunlight even though it has lost the sheen that



Jumping Fences (continued)

only true life can give. Wendy's long, thin legs lay straight out, her feet hanging over the bottom of the mattress. Even in the stillness of death, her body seems to give off the aura of pure insanity.

When the stranger can look no more, she turns back to the writing on the floor. Puzzled, she reads the words again, the look on her face growing more confused and less controlled. Her lips move soundlessly, mouthing the words over and over again. Finally, she lets out a long, quiet sigh and turns away, taking her leave of the room. The door clicks shut behind her, and the habitual sound of the lock being slid back into place echoes in the empty room.

Left behind, the body of Wendy gazes unknowingly into space. The morning sun shines on unimpeded, ignorant of the death of the young woman. Wendy's words are left unheeded on the floor, glinting in the light even as they stain the wood.

The Message

I look upon the fence Seeing not the posts and panels

Seeing instead a way of life

Hurdle this fence

And the next one

To run away

From a life of madness

Such as mind has become.

Wendy

•



Soliloquy pencil

pencil Jesse Nagamatsu



Blue Sheets

Aidan Holpuch

In the morning you found the poetry of a wounded Jezebel laying on my floor and mistaking it for my own you felt the thousand shot sting and lead weight of guilt fill your belly, displacing sour wine and whisky.

So you decided to do some writing of your own, a scribbled apology and a quick escape.

You said you were sorry, that your shame made you want to jump from my window at 8AM.

And for a moment you were a boy, small and consolable.

For a moment you were pitied.

But then I saw a hair from your unwelcome head on the blue sheet of my bed and remembered how I had awakened with dizzy incoherence.

Confused by your scent in my room, by foreign hands groping in the dark.

In that instant I had thought that you belonged simply because you were a man and for that fact reminded me of something else. Something good.
But your tongue was too hard.
And you didn't smell the same.

I pushed at your chest with whisky weak will and rolled my head on the pillow in protest.

You pleaded with me: in a band, on the road and lonely, you see. I felt sick.

And I wonder now if you even know My Name.



þögn fegurð

watercolor Brittney West



Machine-Gun Alley

Valerie Morales

I see you Mama

With a gun in your lap

Between the pages of that magazine

Watching us play here in our front yard

Where the grass is yellow

Patchy n' dead

We make mud-pies

Squishy n' wet

We slide down driveways behind these walls

Our bellies on the backs of skateboards

And you, you protect us

From the ugliness of life

That we haven't met

I see you Daddy

With a crack-pipe in your hand

Hiding in the downstairs darkness

Of your paranoid mind

I see your pupils large n' round

Like the glow of the afternoon sun

That scorches our sand colored skin

You come and go

Like the prostitutes that parade

This boulevard day n' night

With their patent leather stilettos

Track marks intermittent with tattoos

Telling the stories they don't tell

And you, you are hardly around

Form prison to drugs

And back again

I don't really know you quite yet

I see you twin sister

Holding my hand wherever you go

Speaking the words I can't get to come out

Making the friends I can't seem to secure

I see you coming down the stairwell

The earth shaking so loud

It startles you, I hear your screams

The screwdriver you held in your mouth

Now covered in blood dripping from

Your bitsy lips

Your teeth like seeds

As red as a pomegranate

And you, you are special to me

From sunrise to sunset

I rely on your shelter

My twin, my other half

I see you young brother

Digging in the dirt

The hard earth no match for

Your strength

Determined and resourceful

Goliath for survival

Your great brown eyes looking back at me

Loving me like I love you

I can feel the purity of your smile

Touch the nucleus of your laughter

Without disconcerting its source

Your fascination is contagious

When the black n' whites make their rounds

Through the narrow alley

We've known as home

They've named them projects

Doors n' windows, families

Extending for literal miles

In both directions

To compartmentalize

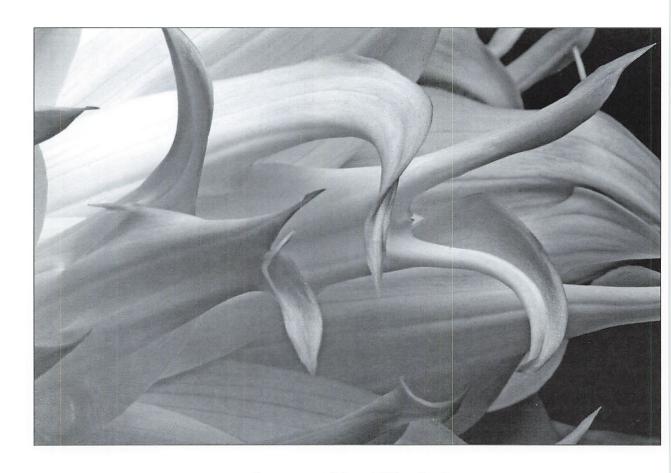
Our circumstances and class

Our innocence

We three...

We three, in Machine-Gun Alley.





Angel's Flight

Rick Barich

Heaven on the Way (Jasper State Park)

Steve McLeod

The spirit here is local like a page in time out of Genesis Traversing down the secret rufus-colored blackberry bush road, the river gently bends and shimmers in manganese blue it's an emerald crystal still in the matrix church Sunday picnics that never end the sun is always mellow glassine and gauzy the sharp, angular purple shadows are always there and remain -like Andrew Wyeth's "Groundhog Day" O please, Jasper don't ever incorporate. flow river, flow... and don't let anybody know.



Cheshire Divinity

Aidan Holpuch

I have become quite certain

That God lives

In my belly

A Cheshire grinned,

Maniacal deity

She swings on intestinal ropes,

Bouncing from

Mesentery to viscera

And back again

Tickling my guts

And depositing fluttery pockets

Of irrational joy.

I am not sure

From whence she came

But I am beginning to believe

She crawled down my throat

While I lay sleeping one night,

Unannounced and uninvited.

She ate my angst

Before I even knew she had

Taken up residence.

And now she's halfway

Through my sorrow

Which means my anger

Must be next in line.

And I am afraid

She will not stop

Until all is lost

To the accumulating euphoria,

She shits daily,

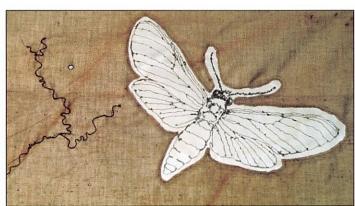
And flings about

With total disregard

For the previously staked claim

Of Discontent.





Timeline

mixed media
Amelia Beiderwell



Rain

Mildred Crow

The walls were painted candy pink, the bed pushed against the window overlooking the disheveled urban garden; the old maple framing a space between houses for a small circle of stumps and an altar of weather-damaged treasures. When it rained the bells hanging from the tree's branches could be heard ringing through the thin glass of the window. When it rained we would sit on her bed and talk about love and art, or wait—drawn into the dark, cold afternoons.

Rain and laughter of chiming bells on days when we designed marionettes, read and spoke of hearts, and feverishly discussed our plans. Rain and tears of falling glass on days when her body shook and she pulled her hair, crying and confessing like a child. I would hold her arms still, my fingers circling bone, and let disaster rock through her until she cursed me and was done. Her tears drying and draining me, glass and sand, so that I felt numbed when her breaths finally evened.

Do Butterflies Remember?

Michael West

Sweet Butterfly

Batting wings

Like batting eyes

Do you recall the crawl?

The leaf bound legs of it all

Now so wispy on winds you wake

From morphos cocoon

To Ballerina's Swan Lake

Oh Butterfly, Flower's your friend

Drunk on sweet nectar

And not the bitter leaf's end

You died to that earth side

To reside behind White Walls

Your Meditation Halls

Where green grows

And the Rose is won

Enlightened you've become

Butterfly-

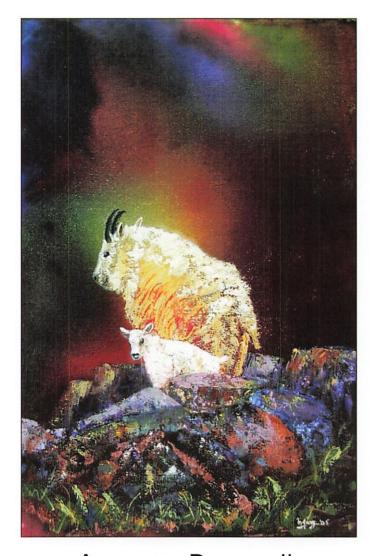
Are you Flowers that fly?

Freed in space

Visiting your Cousins

Frozen in grace





Aurora Borealis

watercolor

Mary Gary

Iris: A Rediscovered Poem by Sappho

Leo Rivers

While traveling west, midmorning, in a break in the rain, a lucid and clear rainbow hung right to left - like a sash from the left shoulder across the breasts to the right impishly out thrust hip of an invisible girl dancing down the side of the hill.





Forget
digital photography
Anna Scheri

Captain Tory

River Donaghey

Like a machine, Tory's body went through the motions that had become so routine in the past few days. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched his left hand raise, fingers spread slightly, and wave to the crowd clamoring around him. He could almost hear an audible clink of gears as he imagined pulleys engaging to tweak his face muscles, and stretch a smile across his face. Flashbulbs popped like exploding stars across his field of vision and for a second, he was back.

The flashback came on quicker and more severe than usual, and briefly, his painted smile faltered. He was in the flashback fully now. Back, suspended in nothingness, watching in futility as his ship and makeshift home shrunk slowly as he drifted farther and farther away. There was no gravity to stop him; there was no friction to slow his momentum. It—

"Captain Tory! Captain Tory! A brief question!" The reporter's voice snapped him back to reality. Tory tried to focus his thoughts on her. She was a short, slightly pudgy woman in her late twenties, with round glasses that fogged up as she exhaled. She breathed almost exclusively through her mouth. Tory was repulsed by the way she threw herself at him, clawing at him for a quote, pulling at his pant leg for a quote she could

triumphantly present to her boss. "You were lost in space for six hours before Lt. Tugiffer caught up to you in the rescue pod. What did you think about, floating as far as a hundred miles from the space station, not knowing if you'd ever be rescued?"

Tory felt the gigantic weight of gravity pressing down on his shoulders and he brought his thumb and forefinger to the bridge of his nose. There was no real way of explaining all that passed through his consciousness as he tumbled through the total perspective vortex of space. He felt another flashback coming on full force, and he blinked hard to try and steady his gaze on the grotesque woman reporter. He found it increasingly difficult to focus his eyes. In a last ditch effort to steady himself, he squeezed his eyes shut tight.

The darkness behind his eyelids brought back the memories full force. It had him completely entangled. Defeated, Tory let it overtake him.

It had already been three weeks. The past two and a half were spent under the scrutinizing eyes of NASA psychologists trying to make sure Tory wasn't suffering from heavy post-traumatic stress. It also bought NASA time to get their story straight. With so much relying on this mission,



they couldn't possibly afford to admit a technological glitch. The spin they put on it was solid; even Tory could give them that. Blaming the malfunction on foreign-made parts, promising to only work with American companies now to ensure quality and help fuel the dwindling economy...It all felt so patriotic. Tory was their figurehead.

He'd been whizzed from press conference to press conference for the past three days, without so much as a good night's sleep. At first, the busy schedule had kept the flashbacks at bay, but already they had wormed their way back. He was caught up in it again.

The infinite void of space would force him to nothingness immediately, if it weren't for his bulky white space suit. It was specially designed to go against everything the universe wanted. Space longed for Tory to join the void, to become the nothingness with it. In time, nothingness would win, as it always does. For now, he still had a few hours of slightly stale oxygen in his tank. Why his thrusters wouldn't respond, he couldn't say. He jammed his finger against the button again for posterity's sake, knowing full well it wouldn't respond. They sputtered their apologies but refused to engage. Tory had been out running

a routine maintenance check when he started to notice his communications malfunctioning. He tried to radio in to Tugiffer, to tell him about the problem, when all the electronics on his suit went dead. His magnetic connection with the outer skin of the ship gently released.

Painstakingly slowly, Tory drifted farther and farther from the ship. He watched it grow smaller as he floated away. If he had been moving faster, things might have almost been better. But with only the slightest momentum propelling him back, the slowly shrinking ship felt like a great cosmic taunt. "It's so close, Tory," the universe would say. "Why don't you go back over there, huh? Why don't you go back inside and have a nice glass of Tang? Aw, no way of pushing yourself back in that direction? Gee, too bad."

Two hours passed, and then three. The ship was a tiny speck in the distance. With no point of reference, it looked to Tory like he had stopped moving. With nothing left, he closed his eyes and began to pray. He talked to God, tried to reason with Him, begged, like so many before, for some sort of salvation. When he opened his eyes, his heart sank deep into his stomach. There, out in the endless nothing of Space, was a tiny blue speck, and as if by some miracle, his vision

enhanced. He could see all the tiny pinpricks of countries and the even smaller pinpricks of cities dotted across the blue. Then his eye noticed some movement, and he realized that it was all the tiny pinpricks of people, scurrying here and there, busy with their lives. God whispers in your ear; the universe slaps you across your face. Finally, Tory understood. Somewhere, floating, lost in the darkness of Space, falling both up and down simultaneously, Tory lost God. He was repulsed by his act of prayer, and even more at his thought that it would be answered. God was just a small idea on a very small planet. His life didn't matter. Nothing he knew and loved and worked so hard to achieve would matter. Space will win each of us over, as it always has. Eventually, we'll all join the infinite nothing. There's no way of fighting it off forever. It just wasn't worth the effort.

Tory let his eyes close again. The next thing he knew, he was under the bright lights of the ship, carried in the arms of Arnold Tugiffer. Arnold had caught up with Tory in the rescue pod, and finding him unconscious, feared the worst. As Tory's eyes opened and his chest filled itself with air, Arnold sighed with relief—but there was something in Tory's eyes that unsettled him, something that he couldn't put his finger on.

"Captain? Captain Tory? Are you alright?"

The reporter's voice reached deep into Tory's mind, grabbed him by the scruff of his neck, and pulled him back to reality.

Tory blinked three times in rapid succession. Then his mouth opened.

An invisible hand released his crank, and the wind-up doll poured out his well-rehearsed answer. There was nothing left in Tory. He was as hollow as a chocolate Easter bunny. NASA's top psychologists had seen that the moment he arrived back in Houston. They had taken the opportunity to fill him to the brim with their own words and propaganda. Tory knew full well what they were doing, but his drive to resist was long gone. He took on the role of the wonderboy-hero and acted it out perfectly. He said every line they shoveled into him, and America swooned. Tory was their golden ticket, and he played it without thought or hesitation. His will to fight was up there somewhere, gone, floating just outside of the Earth's atmosphere. He looked out at the countless adoring faces in the crowd. Hundreds of loyal, God-fearing Americans, too afraid to accept the fact that nothing they would ever do could ever amount to anything. They hold tight to their religions so they can believe that somewhere out in

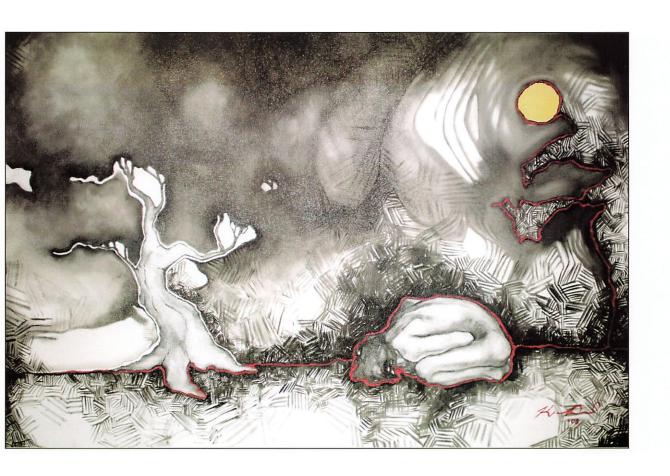


Captain Tory (continued)

the emptiness of the sky, a great entity is watching over, giving them the big cosmic thumbs-up.

"I can be their hero," Tory thought. "I can make them proud to be a tiny speck of dust living on a slightly larger speck of dust that is America. I can make them feel like they so desperately want to—better than somebody else. I can help them pretend that they matter."

He smiled to himself, and heard the familiar sound of gears crank and twist. His mouth creaked open, letting fall another well-rehearsed line to the hungry masses that ate up every word.



Lifeline Series #1

oil on canvas Krislyn Dillard



Fragmentos

Domitilo Rodriguez Muñoz Translated by Jill K. Reece

I.

Permanecí solo

Como un fantasma expulsado de su infierno

Quedé en silencio y solo oí ecos del silencio

Grité con delirio y escuché voces que venían del

cielo

Agonicémiedo pensando que era el espíritu de

un muerto.

I stayed alone

As a ghost thrown out of his hell

I remained in silence and only heard echoes of

the silence

I screamed with delirium and heard voices that

came from the sky

I was in death throes from the fear

Thinking it was the spirit of a dead one.

П.

La soledad, la acompaña su silencio

Respirando el aire que llega de lejos

Esperando a la vida para que le devuelva su eco

Despertando una sonrisa de su silencio.

Loneliness, its silence accompanies her

Breathing the air that comes from afar

Waiting for life to give back its echo

Waking a smile from its silence.

III.

Lloraba porque así lo había elegido ella

Sus lágrimas habían caído como fuego en la

tierra

Allí brotó un aliento de conciencia que curó a la

virgen casta

Que era amiga de la inocencia.

She cried because she had chosen it so

Her tears had fallen as fire on the earth

There sprouted a breath of conscience that cured

the virgin caste

That was a friend of the innocent.

IV.

Te miré de lejos y escuché tu aliento

Suspiraste tomando una flor que se encontraba

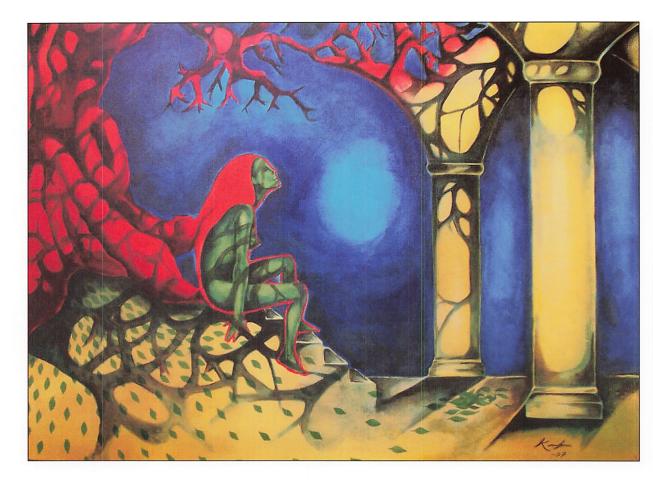
en tu huerto

La acariciaste y miré que te excitabas cada

momento.

I saw you from afar and heard your breath
You sighed taking a flower that was found in
your garden
You caressed it and I saw that it excited you
in each moment.





Mythology

oil on canvas Krislyn Dillard

Veiled Silence

Kathy Torvik

Silence veils the mountain lake in gray and rises in wisps from glass surfaces.

Muted songs rest in crevices of rock.

One steps lightly,
 respectfully,
 into moisture laden calm.

Time slows.

Mists swirl, revealing
 sharp granite peaks fringed in curtains of white
 gray upon gray and white,
 the unveiling of which would be
 sacrilege.



Street Boy

Sharon Lask Munson

A young man lounges by the curb on the corner of Seventh and Washington

ignoring cars merging his tattooed right arm circling

the neck of his restless gray hound.
A neatly printed sign leans,

bolstered against his bulging knapsack for motorists to read.

Sitting tall, legs outstretched, silver cell phone plugged into his left ear,

his laughter tumbles into the noonday sun. Words on the cardboard read

Homeless God Bless Will Work for Money capture my attention at the red light. Too busy with his own conversation

to catch my glance, his diamond earrings pierced through nose and ears, glitter in the sun

reflect back a day of gaiety and mirth.

Gravity Point

Michael West

There is a ringing in my ears The buzz Of magnetic shifts in tectonic plates Gravity is feeding into the hillside As cemetery souls sink into stirring vats Like some strange fog crawling on all fours I release the reins as time stands still In breathless wonder These wheels spin like hands counter clockwise Forcing machine to rise against all logic There is no north star to guide us No compass to keep We are Salvador dripping Slipping, sliding up hill As Gravity points its will

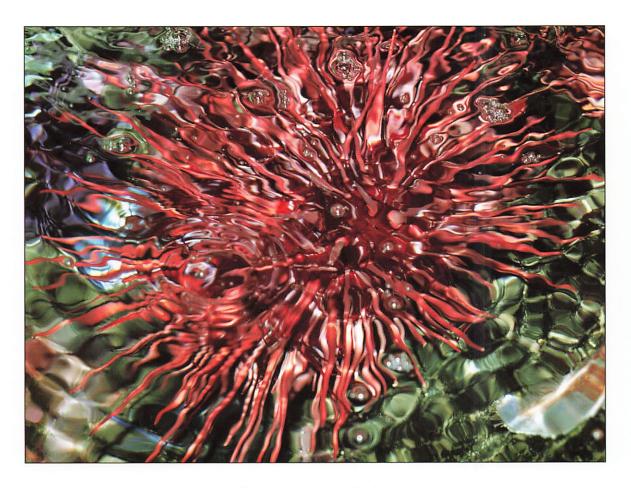
We are caught in its rapture





Cotton Field

watercolor Pamela Vosseller



Sea Urchin

digital photography Lisa Shepherd



What Could Have Been

Megan Carlson

In front of her stands a mountain of things left unsaid. The words keep repeating over and over in her head. She just sits there at the foot looking up towards the sky, too overwhelmed to even give it a try. The words pile up 'til the peak is out of sight. She knows she'll never be able to scale a mountain of such height. So she sits there and she dreams of what could've been, regretting the choice she made to never speak again.

She's stranded on an island in the shape of her heart.

The years of unrequited love are tearing her apart.

But she just sits there on the shore watching the people float by.

She doesn't know how to swim, only knows how to cry.

Consumed by the sea of loneliness she drowns.

and sinks to the ocean floor never to be found. So she sits there and she dreams of what could've been, regretting the choice she made to never speak again.

Now she may be silent, she may be alone, she may regret a choice or two, but one thing is known. All the people she could've met and all the words she could've said, could never be as perfect as what she created in her head. The possibilities there are endless and it's enough to get her by. Reality has failed her, but imagination will never die. So she sits there and she dreams of what could've been. accepting the choice she made to never speak again.

Barcelona

Mildred Crow

Down by the water: past the tourist bars, call centers, street venders and other boozed-up youths, past the hotels and tall graffitied walls, the art nouveau street lights and souvenir shops. Here with our feet buried in cold sand on the hot night. Our own paper carton of 69-cent wine and a beat-up guitar with a scrap of red velvet ribbon tied around its stem. There are no Spanish guitars to serenade us so we have lugged our own across the city, and Zane idly plucks the strings as we spin tales. Confessional, fanciful, and nostalgic tales that we perform with false voices and silent interruptions.

This is our island, half-hidden behind a low cement wall and spreading out endlessly into the sea. The ocean is as mellow as its temperature tonight; waves rippling gently onto the beach, returning the city lights diluted with salt, moonlight and stars. Later I'll swim in my clothes and dry on the sand, letting Zane's voice guide our island across thousands of miles of sea to somewhere I've never been before.



Lady Lost

Cheri Browne

League for Innovation First Place Winner 2009 - Poetry

I still think about her. Colored in jumpsuit layers, the sores, chatter and vacant smiles.

She wasn't supposed to be like this. It was his belt, her nails, their cold.

The endless view of Mom's other cheek.

The smell of whisky, leather and bacon.

The sound of boots, snores and the weight of dead drunk.

They say the eyes stay the same size throughout life.

They must have formed a layer of frost by now. If you held your breath long enough to get close, you could see the secrets time had absorbed into her irises. Her pupils black, seared with fright, frozen.

She was special once. A dollhouse, a friend.

She kissed a boy because she wanted to.

Long dark curls, a husband. A lost child of her own. Too much blood.

They say life repeats itself.

I think she left her mind on purpose. I pray she never finds her way back.

Right now, the caked mud on the lipsticked cigarette butt in the gutter is her only concern.

She can only be bothered with finding a match that isn't soggy.

She is only anxious about the wind staying still long enough to light it.

She is content and I get it.

She is extraordinary, protected.



Home

*mixed media*Candice Westberg



Margaret Magdalene

Leo Rivers

Born mad Maggie looked out from infinite

inward spaces, mind

folded into an unseen origami of wide leaping

wings

her mad gorgeous eyes were that bird's laughing

wings

her nubile red raspberry lips pursed to kiss

the wonders of our blue sky world

as they passed like

Eden-tame beasts

before her naked baby wriggling.

Born with Venus at her mid-heaven

Maggie came out

with a shout

naked as the round rocks one sees under fast

springs in rainforests

where huge bold painted spiders each the face of

a tireless arachnid

spin webs of Amazon tinsel over orchards whose

seeds

blown down from stars where nameless deities

make love

an academy and a science of sighs.

Maggie was born to make men mad

make men paint dream scenes

write long poems and fall drunk asleep

Maggie stepped out

of a school-boy's dream or an old goat's reverie

or a letch's wildest scenario.

Women stopped talking when

bare-legged

Maggie crossed the street like a deer a glade full

of whispering rays

women turned from gaggles of gossiping geese

to mean eyed mommas

with no kind word to say;

no way!

Maggie was as careless and changeable as a

cloud on a blustery day

dark at dawn, sunny and sending down showers

in turns until night came

to carry her away.

"Maggie is crazy"

one voice says

"Maggie had a baby"

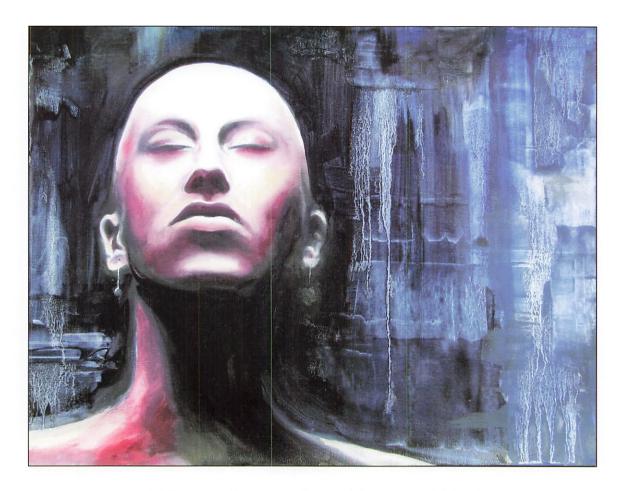
another voice says.

I say those who have lain with Maggie are changed from that day they do all the same things in all the same ways but their hearts and brains have been carried away. Maggie was a painter. She painted in oils. Her art was full of tumult and wild magnetic fields that leapt from her palette to wrestle like wild women in the weeds driven by the thunder-claps of a lightening wracked storm. She was arrested, ranting, clothes torn, breasts embarrassing the officers her bewildered tears delighting the mob. Now everybody purses their lips. Now everybody nods. Maggie was put someplace.



2009 63

Mad Maggie is gone.



Checkmate, Beautiful

oil painting Brittney West

Loving the Internal Rusty Corrosion

League for Innovation First Place Winner 2009 - Fiction

Kayla Rose Jackson

Grumble.... GGRuMMMbLEg, moaned her stomach. God, I hope the boy sitting behind me didn't hear that, she said to herself. For the past week, yes that is seven days, she had kept her calorie intake under what most people would consider a healthy diet. Three times a day: celery, carrots and water, that was all. This time was different--she had made the plan. She was really going to lose those pesky extra pounds. And to not have those pounds crowding her midsection and bottom meant everything. It meant having a gorgeous slick boyfriend, meant having popular friends, and most of all it meant having a life. Nobody would ever love her the way she is. This thought seemed to rot her from the inside out.

He watched her from two seats back, eyes locked on the back of her head. His young face seemed to grow older every day as he sat in that seat watching the sad girl. His head was full of love for the girl and his body was filled with lust. He thought these same thoughts every time he saw her. She's perfect to me. Her hair's long and clings to her in a way that I've only dreamed I could in those dark warm moments alone in my room. She walks like no one sees her, like a ghost. Carefully and gracefully she glides through the crowds at school. How I admire her

for everything she is. Even as I sit behind her on the bus she seems so sad, so alone. All I want is to run my finger in between those thick brown strands of hair. Whisper in her ear about how her beauty has illuminated my world, how her smile makes my day. How everything will be better while we're together.

"FRANKFORD ST. NEXT STOP" crackled through the crusty, smoke rusted lips of the bus driver.

Her pale shaky hand slipped up through the air to the cord and back onto her lap with perfect precision. Must be twenty to four then. She knew this without the digital clock at the front of the bus. She knew this out of pure repetition, and in forty-five seconds she would stand and exit the bus out of the door to her right.

His thoughts went hotter and faster with the beat of his heart. This is her stop, say something, say anything... Give her your number... That's when the bus driver started to put the pressure of his foot down onto the brake pedal, shifting his weight in his air-cushioned seat, slowing the bus for the stop.

She grabbed up her backpack and cassette player and prepared for the bus to stop. Her legs

washing a survey of the same o

Loving the Internal Rusty Corrosion (continued)

felt like butter--she needed to eat. She closed her eyes and gathered her strength, then up she went using the inertia from the bus stopping to stand herself up. Then as fast as she had come onto the bus she was on the stairs down out of the bus.

As the doors pushed open to let her outside, his lips parted and with all his effort he said, "Goodbye, Sally!" The doors slid shut and she turned left walking down the road. He said something, he really said goodbye to her. His thoughts were still racing back and forth through his mind. Did she hear me? Did she ignore me? Does this mean she hates me? Maybe I scared her? Does she even like boys? Maybe she heard me but was too scared to reply. Maybe she likes me just as much as I like her, and that's why she pretends not to see me... This went on for a long time inside his head.

Her headphones were pounding with the beats of Boston. Her feet were dragging across the pavement the entire way home. And her mere sixteen-year-old heart was racing with the hopes of her new diet. I wonder what I would look like thin? I know I can lose 30 pounds, phhh that's like nothing. I wonder what the girls at school will say when I come to school in clothes they only wish they could fit into?!? I wonder which

boy will be the first to ask me out? I wonder if any boys will ask me to the dance? Oh, maybe that cute boy who always sits behind me on the bus ride home from school would talk to me then. These moments of self-encouragement were important to her--they helped her. Maybe she really could lose that extra 30 pounds that had been harassing her body and mind for years at this point. GRUMBMMLllee yelped her little stomach. 'Goddamn! That one hurt!' she said to herself. 'At least I'm just about home.'

Kicking anything and everything that was in foot's reach, he staggered home. He had finally said something to his one and only crush, but now he felt worse than ever. Even his favorite birds flying over his head didn't break a smile on his face. This will never end. I'll never be popular enough to win her over. I'll never win any girl over. I'm hopeless. These moments of low self-esteem made him want to hurt things.

She turned the key into the lock and pushed inward. "Home at last! Ahhhh." She threw down her heavy backpack on the stairs and went into the kitchen. First thing's first. Time to crack open a rewarding Diet Pepsi. She slumped down into her normal position on the living room couch, remote in right hand, soda in the left. CLICK-

pazzzzit. She flipped channel to channel from one food commercial to the next, from one cooking show through a couple movies with cakes and barbecues. And that's when that thought went through her head: Hey, nobody's home. I should take a look in the refrigerator and see what's in there. No one's here to see me eat, so it doesn't count. No, I can't. I've been so good on this diet. But I'm so hungry it hurts. Oh man, this sucks so bad. OK, I'll just eat a little something now. Maybe I'll go on a run later to burn off these extra calories.

He walked around his parents' house through the side gate and into the backyard. He was supposed to wait there until his dad came home. His parents didn't trust their sixteen year old son alone in the house. So his mom had put a two litter of Mountain Dew on the folding chair next to the patio sliding glass door and as usual there was a variety of snacks along with it, some kind of compensation I guess. He popped open the two litter and sat down on the cold cement along side the house, pulling out his pocket knife in his right hand, holding the soda in his left. He liked the sound of the knife on the ground--it was solid, strong and thick like he wished he could be. Then putting the soda back onto the folding lawn chair

and standing up, he wondered how many times he could get his knife to stick into the tree in the corner of the yard. He looked the tree up and down and remembered that the tree was dying anyway and his parents were going to have to cut it down soon. So he decided that it would be fine if he tried to stick his pocket knife into the monster of a tree. Before long he was throwing his pocket knife at the tree trying to make it stick into the bark. Then that thought went through his head: I love this moment. Nothing else matters. Right now is all there is. There's something about the knife sliding into the bark with such ease. What is it about the knife that makes me so happy? Nobody's home until after five. No one's here to see me. I wonder if my skin would slice like that? It wouldn't matter as long as nobody sees me doing it. No, you're not supposed to do that. At least, I'd like to think so. But everything hurts. I just want it to go away. Maybe if I just cut myself a little, I'll stop hurting on the inside. OK, just a little now I'll just wear long sleeves for a while to hide it up.

Before barely any time had passed, she had the Triscuits box half empty and most of the household's sharp cheddar cheese consumed. A jar of peanut butter with a spoon sticking up

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weeken the way

Loving the Internal Rusty Corrosion (continued)

out of the center sat in front of her. But she was still hungry so she went to the refrigerator and poured herself a big old cup of milk, fat free of course. What the hell? She was already stuffing her face—what would pouring some Captain Crunch into the cup of milk harm? Every bite she felt better about everything. She was smiling and giggling to herself. "Oh what's that? There's left over pizza in the fridge too?" She felt a slight cramp in her stomach and said, "I've been starving myself for a week so I can have a slice of pizza." Only after lifting the pizza box's lid and seeing that there were only three slices left did she decide to eat just two. This will just be my dinner tonight, since

I'm just so hungry right now. I'll have to make sure and go on that run in a little bit. Oh look at that peanut butter sitting over there--so chunky and creamy at the same time. And up it went-a huge spoonful of Jiffy crunchy peanut butter into her mouth followed by a rush of milky cereal goodness. Then she piled the two scrumptious slices of pizza onto her mother's old blue Tupperware plates, and on into the microwave. She pushed the reheat button and turned back to the counter. Then seeing the big pizza box filled with only one slice of pizza she said, "Well,

I can't just leave the box with one slice in it." She reached in for the last slice. Munch mmmh... Before the timer had counted down the whole minute and a half to heat the meaty cheesy pizza she had eaten the last piece with a fierce animal like speed. She had just downed multiple spoonfuls of peanut butter, an entire cup of Captain Crunch, half a box of Triscuits, a lot of cheese and the last slice of supreme pizza. BEEP BEEP BEEP went the microwave. The pizza's done. And now for the grand finale, two huge deliciously prepared slices of warm pizza. Swiping up the plate and shuffling back to the couch it all came back to her. What the hell am I doing?

Before barely any time had passed, he had his coat off and his shirt sleeve rolled up. All he could think about was the knife sliding into the bark with such ease, the way nothing else mattered while the knife was flinging towards the dying tree. With the pocket knife his father gave him for their summer camping trips in his right hand, he pushed the cold metal tip up to the front of his bicep and dared himself to push. A thick metallic saliva rolled through his mouth, and he forgot about everything that happened that day. All that mattered to him was right in this moment. The knife was power in his hand; it gave him its

power. And he pushed. Again. Again, quickly. Then hot liquid pulled the pain away from his insides and he watched his pain drip down his bicep to the back of his elbow and drip from him and onto the pavement. Nothing mattered. He felt a weight lift from his stomach. It was strange. He had sliced his own skin twice and it didn't matter. He looked around his yard and then at his watch Only four twenty-five. Realizing that he still had over an hour to wait for his parents to come home, he lifted his shirt completely off. The chill that rushed over his young body gave him a feeling of animal-like fearlessness. Closing his eyes he brought the knife to his chest and dragged the knife from left to right in fast short motions. He continued with this until he could take it no more. His hand froze. He dropped his knife to the ground and opened his eyes. In the reflection of the patio sliding glass door he saw himself standing there, a little blood still dripping down his arm. His entire chest was red with the new scratches. Tears started to pour down his checks. Picking the knife back up and seeing the red, he looked back into his reflection and realized what he had done, and whispered, "What the hell am I doing?"

Setting the plate down on the coffee table in

front of her, those oh-so-familiar feelings of self disappointment had returned. Back to where I started...I thought this time I could really do this. I thought I could really lose the weight. Completely saddened she stared into the 32inch comfort zone in front of her. Then grabbing the plate back onto her lap, she started picking at the pizza. Maybe this was just her bad habit. Whatever it was, the chewy mushy texture sliding down her throat was familiar and comforting even comforting to her broken diet and remaining waistline.

Setting the pocket knife down those familiar feelings of depression returned. Back to where I started, depressed, sad and alone. Heavy with sadness he cleaned the knife, then his chest and then his arm. Washing the little droplets of blood off of the cement with the Mountain Dew his mom left him, he put the pocket knife back into his pocket. Then sitting down in the lawn chair he ran his fingers over his self-inflicted wounds and felt a strange sensation, comfort. He wiped away the tears from his face and put his shirt back on. It made him happy to know that he had a way to release what was inside him. A way to keep his thoughts at bay, and most importantly, keep them to himself. It was just simply comforting.

Same routine as normal, feeling down and

ale manufacture of the second

Loving the Internal Rusty Corrosion (continued)

lethargic, she walked to her bus stop. Mumbling the words to her old worn cassette, she stood against the pole that marked the stop. Her thoughts raced with self-conscious words, fat-ugly-useless-unpopular-fat-ugly-useless-unpopular...

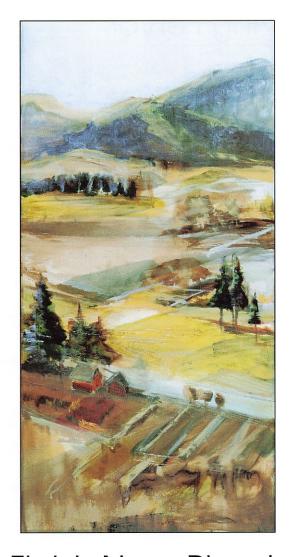
The next morning, he walked to the bus stop at exactly 7:16 and arrived there at 7:28, just in time as always, to catch the 552 to school. Standing silently, he thought about his secret crush. I wonder what she does after she gets off of the bus. I wonder if she ever thinks about me? No I can't be so illogical. She would never think about me, ever. She's so perfect and pretty. I'm sure she spends her evenings out with those guys from the football team...

The bus pulled up to her stop and she sighed deeply. Here it goes again, another day, shot through her mind, as she stepped up into the bus and gave the driver her fare. Before she could even find her way into her seat the bus was pulling back up to speed and on to the next stop.

Here's the bus, time to get on with another pointless day, he thought. Stepping up those stairs and paying his fare, he looked down the row of hard plastic seats for his spot. He always sat in the back right corner of the bus, it was a perfect view of her--who always sat directly across from

the back exit. But today he was shocked to look back, and see someone sitting in his spot. Walking closer he became astonished that it was her. She was sitting in his spot. He couldn't believe it. Then a hot wave flashed through his face. Now where am I going to sit? Frantically he swooped into the seat she always sat in, exactly 3 seats in front of his normal spot--exactly 3 seats in front of her.

Only then did the tension that both he and she were feeling connect. As each one of their faces became hotter and redder, a new feeling tingled and tickled at every nerve making their minds race towards each other. And as their minds exploded with possibility and hope simultaneously, they both somehow knew, that they had become aware of each other.



Fields Near Pisgah
oil painting
Phyllis Null

North Control of the Control of the

Synthesizing Fervor

Aidan Holpuch

I've never seen I know that it's not you

You smile like this before. That I talk to,

So I get myself drunk

A still life grin at 3 AM. And try to forget.

It's been 6 hours I don't forget

And I know your face must hurt. I think

You just can't tell yet. Too much

And too far.

You speak too loudly

And keep missing the subtleties. I remember you before

And grow hateful

I want to sleep, Of this synthetic fervor.

Or drive, or curl up

With arms around my knees I look for you now

And eyes shut tight. But it's the manufactured emotions

You swallowed tonight that look back.

Instead I raise my voice too,

I don't want you to feel alone. If I quit drinking now

I think I might cry

I pretend not to notice the smell So I keep it up

Of your chemical sweat,

Until my face goes numb too

Or the way that you keep And I can't remember Repeating yourself. How I made it to bed.

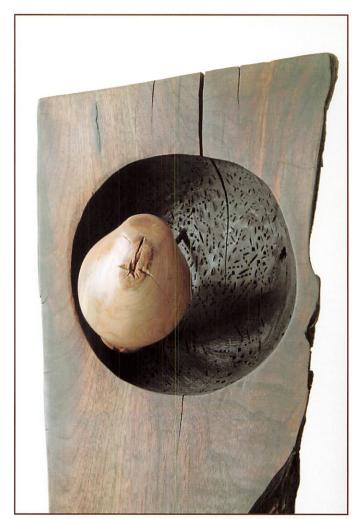
These Awkward Hearts

Sarah Ulerick

How will these awkward hearts of ours reach across the busy miles and hours, the hundred rivers and tangled roads that crowd the space between us? We could meet as mystics in the shadow of Mt. Shasta, lying naked on the lakeshore, bathed in moonlight, never touching, simply breathing our compassion into the chill night air. Or travel north and south by train until the two tracks meet, leaping from the final cars into each other's open arms, as if we practiced a thousand leaps and always landed safely.







Mother and Child

sculpture
Deborah Bulcau

Our Little Cathie is Sleeping

League for Innovation First Place Winner 2009 - Essay

Christie May

I pace. I smoke a cigarette. The house is silent. There was a note left on the kitchen table by our roommate, Xavier. It says, "Kathy's room at the hospital" and the room number is jotted below. I saw it last night and thought it was old, from one of her surgeries - the mastectomy or the hip replacement. She wasn't home last night when I got there. Xavier and my brother, Scott, weren't home either. It was just me. Something wasn't quite right to me about this, but I couldn't quite place what it was. Now it all makes sense after the phone call this morning. That was the first time I've ever slept here alone. Mom's always home, shut in the bedroom, wearing her robe and baby blue satin pajamas, doped up on Vicoden. She has no friends or hobbies and her boyfriend left her a few weeks ago. I wondered where she was but there was no one here to ask. There was only the note on the round mahogany table that balances lopsidedly on a deck of cards. I sit now, holding it between my fingers, rereading it. I wonder how Xavier could not have explained. I want to tell him that my mother's name is spelled C-a-t-h-ie. She's not one of those silly women who spell their cutesy names with a y. She's not that sweet.

Scott comes to get me. We drive at breakneck speed to St. Vincent's. He usually plays loud

techno music but not today. He chews a nail off and spits it out the side of his mouth. He asks how much time she has.

"There's a tumor pressing on her brainstem.

They can't operate. Her brain's filling with fluid."

He downshifts and mashes the gas pedal to the floor. My body is flattened against the grey seatback.

"The doctors said she went into remission a week ago," he says, sticking a new finger in his mouth.

"I know. I guess they forgot to check her brain."

Scott glances at me sideways. There is awkward silence. This is the most that we've talked in months. We haven't been friendly since I ran away after a fight with Mom and came home to find signs commanding, "Go away bitch!" taped neatly to the insides of the windows and the sliding glass door. This wasn't the first time I felt unwelcome at home. Once, Scott's cat attacked us while we were looking at her kittens. Mom ran out of the room and shut the door, leaving me alone. The cat sank each tooth and claw in my calf, hanging all of her body weight. I repeatedly slammed the closet door against her body until



Our Little Cathie is Sleeping (continued)

she released me. I got inside the closet and hid until they removed her from my room. The cat attacked me and only me each time she saw me after that. They locked her in my walk-in closet when I was home. Sometimes they wouldn't lock her up because they felt sorry for her. I'd sit outside until they put her away. Mom kept the cat because Scott told her to, for more than a year. Scott's her favorite.

There's nothing else to say. There's nothing to cover the silence. Only the gears changing and the sound of our breath.

When we walk in the hospital, I am overwhelmed. The smell is antiseptic. The walls are mint green. We give the receptionist our mother's name and are given directions. We walk to the elevator banks. I follow Scott like a recalcitrant child, dragging my feet. I stare up at the arcing ceilings, at the black and white photographs of the Catholic founders lining the walls. I shiver, wondering how they died, if they are watching us.

We go up to the 4th floor. It's different than the other ones here. There's no constant chattering between staff, and phone calls at the nurses' station are taken in hushed tones. There's only the sound of clicking keys and the rubber soles of the nurses' shoes whispering across the taupe carpet.

We find the room, the second to the last at the end of the hallway. Scott knocks lightly and the door swings open. Uncle Chris, Mom's twin, is standing there. He motions us in and, hesitantly, we enter. His wife Adrienne is there too, along with our grandparents. They give us sympathetic eyes. It makes my skin crawl. I look around the room instead of at them.

Grandma is holding a stick with a button, attached to a thin, clear tube. The tube is attached to a hanging bag and there's another tube taped to the inside of Mom's elbow. Grandma's thumb is poised over the button. I don't know what she's giving to Mom, but Grandma is probably the least qualified person to administer it. I can see that she's had a few drinks today, as usual.

"She's asleep. Our little Cathie is sleeping," she says.

"What is that, Grandma?"

"The doctors gave us this for when she's in pain. We can just give her more if she's hurting."

"How do you know if she's hurting?" I want to know.

"If she makes a face," she says. She watches my mother intently. I look at her lying on the bed.

They have taken her wig away. Her real hair is three centimeters long. It's gray with thin streaks of black. She's breathing deeply. Her face is pinched, but that doesn't seem any different to me than normal. She always wears that expression – pursed lips and wrinkled forehead. She's always pissed off when she's talking to me, but perhaps that's different when I'm not around.

Mom winces. Tears start leaking from her eyes. Grandma presses the button insistently and wipes Mom's eyes with a tissue from her purse. There are always 12 million tissues crumpled beneath her wallet and glasses. I can never tell if they're used or new. Part of me hopes she isn't wiping Mom's eyes with a used tissue. Part of me hopes that she is.

Scott goes to Mom's side. He has long, shiny black hair like she used to have before it all fell out. He bends over to touch her and hesitates. "You can touch her," Grandma says. "Go ahead."

Scott touches her shoulder gently and says, "Hi Mom." He sits in a pink cushioned wooden chair. I don't want to sit near her. I don't want to touch her.

Adrienne comes and stands next to me, arms folded.

"What's in the bag?" I whisper.

"Morphine," she says. I search her eyes. She lifts her eyebrows above her wire rim glasses. "There's nothing else they can do," she says. She squeezes my shoulder and walks away.

I am so angry. I want to shout at them, "Monsters are not victims!" How can they sit there and feel sorry for her, this woman who sat by for five years, allowing her husband to molest her daughter and then abandoning her? For the woman who allowed her son to beat her daughter every day and told her to cover up the bruises at school?

I watch Mom's chest moving up and down. There is no beeping heart monitor. Just the morphine bag, the white sheets tucked below her ribcage and the rhythmic breathing. She exhales deeply. Her chest does not rise. One second. Two. Three. She doesn't take another breath. My only thought is my therapist's claim that when someone dies, their soul can be seen rising from their body. I see nothing escape. Perhaps she is soulless, as I've always suspected.

I look around the room mutely. Maybe I'm imagining this. Everyone is talking and looking elsewhere. No one saw but me. I stand and tell them I have to go to the bathroom. I don't tell anyone what I've seen. I don't want to be here



Our Little Cathie is Sleeping (continued)

for the pity for Our Little Cathie. I walk down the hall and go into the bathroom. I wash my face and look in the mirror. The whites of my eyes are red but the irises are verdant green. They are when wet, like my grandmother, like my mother. I wipe my face with a brown paper towel and return. Adrienne is waiting. Her eyes are glass. I know what's coming.

"She's gone." Grandma comes out, weeping.
"Our little Cathie is gone."

I hug her. She curls into me deeply. Her bones are sharp but I hold on. She took me in when I was five, after Child Services threatened to remove me. I remember making cookies with her and lying on the kitchen counter while she washed my hair in the sink. I think of her as my real mother. She may be naïve and a drunk, but she never hurt me on purpose.

Grandma tells me to go say goodbye. I go in. Scott runs to me and gives me the fiercest hug he ever has. We cry for different reasons. I have never seen him cry before. He has never been nice like this to me before. I want him to be mean, like normal. We let go of each other, remembering ourselves, and look at the body. She looks the same, only still. Uncle Chris and Grandpa are standing by the bed. I want them all

to leave but I can't talk. Adrienne asks everyone to step out so that Scott and I can say goodbye. Everyone shuffles out the door.

I wish Scott wasn't here so I could talk to her. I want to tell her how much I hate her, what a miserable mother she is. He takes her hand and leans down close. My mind flashes to a scene from a couple of years ago. I returned from running away from home and found a letter left for me on the kitchen table, tucked in a crisp white envelope. She said that when she found out about what my father was doing to me, she felt jealous. As if I was the other woman, as if I had a choice. As if I wasn't a toddler. I ran away again. When I returned, the letter was missing and we never spoke of it.

Scott presses his cheek to hers and squeezes his eyes shut, holding her hand. I look out the window at the tarred roof of the next building. This disgusts me. I cannot forgive her. It's my turn. I walk to her side and just stand there. He's watching. I want to ask him to leave, but it feels wrong to ease my suffering at his expense. That would make me just like her.

I look down at her, at the bald head I have pet so many times. It made her so angry. She would swat my hand away and snap at me. I couldn't

resist. I reach down and pet her head one last time. "Goodbye, Mom." This is all I can manage.

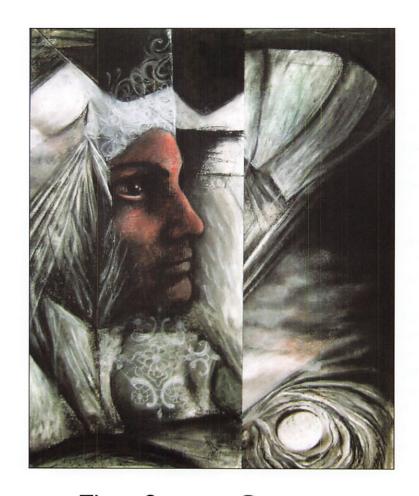
I am in a fog. None of this is real. They're waiting outside the door. Someone tries to hug me. I push them away and walk to the end of the hall. In the last doorway two women are inside cleaning. One of them glances at me. I lean against the windowsill at the end of the hall. My family is bawling and hugging each other, saying how sad this is. I want to throw up. The two pink scrub-clad nurses come out of the room.

"She just lost her mom," I hear one say. They exchange a pitying look and walk over to me. They tell me how sorry they are.

I dutifully say "Thank you," and hope they'll go away, but they don't.

They pet my hair, my arms. For some reason, I let them and I allow myself to cry. Somehow their touch is more acceptable than my family's. These women are responding to my pain, not their own.





The Snow Queen

Charcoal & Conté Crayon Mildred Crow



Madrone, Look Out Mountain

35mm photography
Noah Jones



Influence

Abree Brand

Whenever I come over to pick up Daniel, his mother makes me wait in the entryway. She can't quite bring herself to make me wait outside, even though I know she wants to. When I step across the threshold, her lips move, like she's playacting some rebuke in her head, but the words never get voice and she merely holds out her hand. "Wait here while I get him," she'll say, and make a gesture like she's telling a dog to sit.

The entryway is small and the rightmost wall is covered in pictures—pictures of Daniel, Daniel's parents, aunts, and uncles I've never met. In them Daniel is chubby and shy, looking up at the camera like it's something to be pleased. In my favorite picture, he's wearing a striped shirt and sitting on his hands, looking into the distance, embarrassed to be watched. He is right on the cusp of becoming the Daniel I know.

The Daniel that I know is whisper-thin and he comes down the stairs so quickly and smoothly that you'd think he was confident. His mother follows behind him and asks questions, times them so that when he sees me he's answering her and can't say hello. He answers her so smoothly that you'd think he was telling the truth. She always asks where we're going and he always has an answer for her—a movie, a concert, something

she can look up in the newspaper when suspicion gets the best of her. When she runs out of questions I step backwards over the threshold, and Daniel follows me out and scrubs the air with his hand: goodbye.

When she closes the door, he is a different person. The smooth line of him falls apart—he is all angles, broken symmetry. We go to my car and I pull out onto the road. He might lean forward and drum his hands against the dash; he might sit back and rest an arm on the passenger door, his fingers twitching faintly. He says nothing to me. I drive.

If he speaks later on, it's only to tell me where to take a turn – little words like left and right that have no weight and do no damage. Sometimes he says nothing and so I make turns where I please. It doesn't matter. Every time we're in my car we're going where we always go—away.

In choir class our chairs were all joined at the sides with metal hooks, and the hook between his chair and mine represented the borderland between tenor and alto. He sat on his hands and slouched so our shoulders wouldn't touch. He was always looking over at the soprano section, where a blonde named Caitlyn sat with ankles crossed and sang as though divinely inspired. His

feet tapped a rhythm that had nothing to do with what we were singing.

When my Uncle Rick died, my mom pulled me out of school for a week, and when I came back, I found Daniel sitting with one leg propped up on my chair. His hands moved when he saw me, like he was trying to brush me away. When it didn't work, he dropped his legs to the floor and shrunk in on himself mutely. I took my seat next to him and his foot drummed out a four-count.

"You were gone for a while," he said. He didn't look at me.

"I was in Florida," I said. "My mom's brother died, she had to put together the funeral and everything."

"Oh." Another four-count, double-time. He glared down at his foot like he wanted it to stop. "Sorry."

"It's okay." I didn't say anything else. After a while he looked at me, neck cricked at an angle, like it hurt him to do it.

"Mom's brother means your uncle, right?" I nodded.

"But you don't call him your uncle," he said.
"No, I do," I said. "He was my Uncle Rick.
But, you know." We looked at each other. He didn't know. "He was just some guy I saw once a

year at Christmas," I said. "But he was my mom's brother."

His hands were jitterbugging against his knees and he folded them together, stretched his arms out in front of him.

"So you weren't really sad about it," he said.
"It's always sad when someone dies," I said.

His hands sprung apart and he glared at them, turned them into fists, pounded them twice against his knees. He cricked his neck back towards me and did something I'd never seen before—he smiled. In the pictures on the wall of the entryway, his smile is always a tremulous curve, poised to disappear in case it isn't the right time to be smiling. But the Daniel I know doesn't smile like that anymore. Now he smiles and it's all angles.

"It's not always sad," he said.

In June, we went to a choir competition two counties over. We wouldn't win, but we packed up our robes and filed dutifully onto the bus at 6:45 in the morning. Daniel took the seat behind Caitlyn the blonde soprano and propped his leg up on the aisle seat so no one would sit next to him. From my seat, I could see the back of his head lolling back and forth with the rhythm of bus. Whenever Caitlyn turned around, he went

Manufacture and

Influence (continued)

rigid.

We sang about love under summer starlight and the judges were unimpressed. We were supposed to sit in the audience and watch the other choirs, but two by two, people began to sneak away, crouch-walking up the stairs to the exit, fooling no one. Daniel gripped the armrests of his chair like he was in intolerable pain and when Caitlyn sneaked off he followed her.

We boarded the bus trophy-less at 4 o'clock. I took a seat by a window and put my legs up on the aisle seat. It was one thing to sing, but it was another to be sung at. I was tired of music and tired of people. The truants showed up ten minutes late with Chinese takeout boxes and Daniel glared down the aisle at all the occupied seats. Caitlyn tucked herself snugly between a window and a bass named Gregory and Daniel went past them with his shoulders hunched.

When he came to my row, he stopped and looked at my legs on the aisle seat. I swiveled, dropped them to the floor, and he sat down.

The seat was wider than our regular chairs but he sat like he always did, compressed down into a line. After half an hour of driving, he shifted and one of his hands peeled away from his body and lay on the seat between us, palm up. I tried not to look at it. I felt the worst impulse to touch him—tap one finger on the fragile exposed center of his hand and watch it seize up protectively like a pill bug. He'd fall out of his chair in his haste to get away.

Seven rows up Gregory said something and Caitlyn chirruped laughter. Daniel stirred, half-rose in his seat to look at her. When he sat back down, he remembered I was there, and he looked around at the rest of the bus to prove his interest was non-discriminatory.

"We did awful today," he said, too abruptly, more to the air than to me. "This whole trip was a waste."

"They knew we'd be awful when they sent us," I said. "I don't know why they thought having an audience would change things."

Caitlyn laughed again. The sound echoed brightly back to us, stirring up ripples in his expression. "We're not all bad," he said.

I looked out the window. For a long time neither of us spoke. "How's your mom doing?" he asked.

"Okay."

"I mean, about her brother," he said.

"I don't know," I said. "It changes. She's still going through all the estate stuff, so it's not like

she can just stop thinking about it."

He nodded.

"And she hasn't given away his stuff," I said.
"Like his dishes and furniture and things. She just mixed it all in with ours."

"Did you need it?"

"No."

He nodded again. His hands were motionless in his lap and for a moment he seemed contained, as though the sharp edges of the world had retracted.

"And she drives around in his car now," I said. "Even though hers is a lot nicer. I don't know how she's supposed to move on if she's always surrounded by him."

He closed his hand slowly, opened it. "What happened to her car?"

"She lets me use it."

He closed his hand again. Now it stayed closed. "You're lucky," he said. "My mom sold my dad's car when he died."

His fist went to his knee and tapped it with slow deliberation. "Oh," I said. "I'm sorry."

"Did you drive yourself to school this morning?" he said.

"Yeah."

His expression brightened. "Do you think

you could give me a ride home? I'm supposed to call my mom and have her pick me up." His lips, faintly curved, scissored wildly into a grin.

"And I really don't want to." I hesitated. "How far away do you live?" I asked.

"Not far," he said.

He put me on the freeway headed north. For ten minutes, he didn't say anything and so for ten minutes I kept driving. When I looked at him, he gestured vaguely at the road ahead.

"A little bit farther," he said.

Exits passed. Whole cities passed. We drove by sprawling cow pastures and signs directing us to a nearby prison.

"We're in Norco," I said.

Daniel nodded.

"You don't live in Norco," I said.

He didn't say anything. When the next exit rolled up, he pointed. "Here," he said. I took it. "Left at the light."

We drove past a strip mall and turned onto a residential street. I slowed down and waited for him to point to a house. The street dead-ended in a tangle of brush and cracked pavement. I slowed to a halt.

"Here," he said.

I looked around. The sun had set and the sky

May Commenter of the Co

Influence (continued)

was mauve and cloudless overhead. The last of the houses were far behind us.

"What's here?" I said finally.

"Nothing," he said. He exhaled. "It's nice."

I've never been past the entryway in Daniel's house but I imagine it full of monumentshuge, towering, invisible to the eye, obstructing doorways and airflow. There are monuments to God and country, wealth and family, monuments to keeping your mouth shut when things are bad and letting it run endlessly when things are inconvenient. Surrounding them like laser grids I imagine eyes, millions of them, endlessly crossing sightlines that make sure no monument is touched. And then Daniel, the one I know, navigating the rooms like a dancer-a twitch of the hand to avoid touching God, a slouch of the shoulders to avoid smudging wealth. When he isn't quick enough to pass, I see those eyes pulling in on him, blazing focus, watching him as he steps back and away. There are some rooms he doesn't enter because the risk is too great and there are some rooms that are barred to him because he's too young to be trusted inside. He lives in a nice one-story house in a good part of town, but when I'm standing in the entryway, I can feel the rooms multiplying back.

I didn't understand on the first night because I was angry and he couldn't blame me for it, sitting there in the dim twilight on the unincorporated edge of the county. If it had been anyone else I would've been scared. But Daniel had spent so much time writhing away from the soft press of influence that he had dwindled down to nothing. If I wanted him to go away, all I'd have to do was push at the air near his body.

But I didn't. For a while we sat in the nothing and when I turned the car back on he didn't complain. His hands were loose and still. When we got back into town he told me where to turn, and this time the streets looked familiar, made sense.

It was fully dusk when we arrived at his house, the nice one-story burning light from all windows. As soon as I pulled into the driveway the front door swung open and Daniel's mom came out onto the porch. Daniel swung out of the car, forgetting to say goodbye to me, his voice smooth and reassuring as he told her a story about how the bus had arrived late, how the choir had gone out for dinner, how I had given him a ride home and how nothing was wrong. He put a hand on her shoulder. For a second she looked at me, eyes glinting, and then they turned away and

went into the house.

I didn't understand him on that first night but I understood her. If her son wasn't in front of her eyes, then he was dead. She hadn't asked for it to be true, but it was.

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR



Jubjub Bird and the Bandersnatch

Aaron Moore

Liz Rubin

I've seen the most potential of my generation wasted away

Through needle and straws

Through blood and tears

Vomit and vodka

Driven mad by idealistic perfection

And compulsion

Through endless binges

And unrequited love

Running nude in the middle class streets

Of beggars and rag collectors

Made empty by the constant devouring of new crazes

New phases

New rules

New faces

I've seen them all run and hide

Scared of succeeding

Tired of failing

Believing that death is only the beginning

And life merely the waiting line

Now how do we come to a stop

When our feet were running

Before we hit the ground



Girls in Blue Dresses

*mixed media*Bren Kleinfelder

The Lost Colors

Melanie J. Martin

Birds

fly the spectrum of colors as our eyes cannot, soaring simultaneously the four chromatic directions. Gentle plumage grazed with indigo resolves into balance

Awaken the dream wanderer, ask her to see.

Bees

bear witness
to the colors of the patterns on the flowers,
ultraviolet rhapsody immersed in nectar.
Pollen laced footprints tread silent
on fluorescent mosaics rendered
over centuries.

Small children, when asked, "What color is this?" have no words for the name, and learn it doesn't exist. So it disappears. Where is the dream wanderer? She's in Borneo, somewhere.

A spinning wheel of hues presents itself, saying, "This is what you will know," like a flat map leading the mind into two dimensions, or a language tricking the mind into a concept of superiority.

We must fill in the lines with the correct colors, says the teacher, before we can paint.

Where does color happen, when it does? It's not in the feathers; it's not in the eyes. It happens in the spaces between

Us and Them

Track down the dream wanderer; tell her she'd better start traveling and tell us what she sees, so we can see it, in a dream.

Market Ma

Reel to Reel

Aidan Holpuch

Last night's poison

still swims anxiety

through my veins

and tugs my nerves

toward consciousness

too early for full recovery.

The morning light

that I wish away

no longer packs

its new beginnings

for visits to my door,

only scalding vision

and overexposure.

I know the trick

and so I burrow

deep undercover,

trying to find my way back

beneath the weightless

mantle of dreams.

But memory shards stab

the back of my eyes

and single images reel by

until I know that sleep is gone,

or never was

and I am conscious again,

against hope.

Nothing to do,

but reclaim the brain

that did the bidding

in the first place.

And so I begin to recover my night

by seeking to put order

to my new collection

of bar-grease lithography;

unwelcome stains that grow vivid

under eyelids ill-loved.

My heart is beating too fast,

my hairline sweaty.

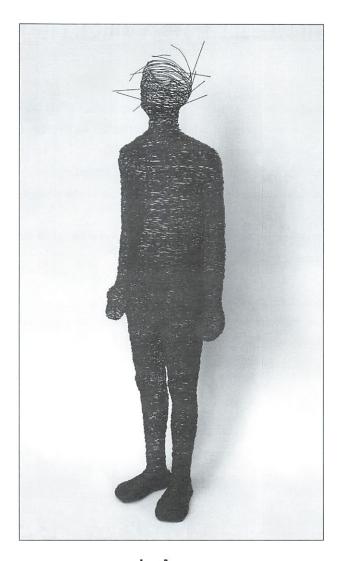
I hug my knees,

but still feel alone.

All the while the canned laughter

from a downstairs sitcom

floats up through my floor.



I Am
welded steel sculpture
Jud Turner

and the same of th

Springtime in the Willamette Valley

Sharon Lask Munson

The neighbor's chestnut tabby drinks in sunlight outside my kitchen window.

We inspect each other warily

In the school yard

On the lawn a redbreast robin scouts mown grass stalking a savory morning snack,

the puss turns its head, wary and watchful.

through mud spattered double pane glass.

The sapphire sky spreads out like a child's picture book,

its pages pillowing clouds clothespinned in suspension.

Winds from the south whisper to yellow daffodils,

their long necks bent toward the open gate.

Soft breezes dry freshly laundered shirts clipped to the line in back.

Purple lilacs along Priceboro Road fill the air with perfume.

In the school yard an eight-year-old soars high in a swing

and ever mindful, in the distance, the Coburg Hills stand, like soldiers

guarding this gentle valley.



Two of a Kind

digital photography
Shannon Burlington



Cummings and Goings on Allergy Days

Leo Rivers

to greet before

little girls must remember being sperms 'cause they wriggle when they jump-rope working up steam like salmon leaping upstream under cradling boughs natal echoes in their dreams little boys must remember being water fountains because they burble as they wobble slamming their fist into their mitt waiting outside the diamond for a baseball to fall. girls talk to their dolls clouds trailing shadows like the trains of maids-of-honor brushing the table cloth of a table under which little boys hide. weddings and adults go on like weather over the long green grass in which the field mice squeak to meet and rub nose to nose

tails like quarreling snakes wind and unwind away. the crowned frog's solo waltz of bohemian mustache by Dali beholds a trench in which mustard gas felled a poet who would have written something at least. adults are without curiosity while children suspect all things.



Walking Shoes

35mm photography
Lucas Polzin





Breakfast digital photography Angie Bloomfield

Sometimes

Catherine McGuire

Sometimes the anger builds,
like rain soaking a towel,
until the sloppy burden is twice
the weight and leaking as well.
Sometimes the fear rises
in my spine and blood
'til every capillary is buzzing,
trying to escape each other and
my body needs to burst.
Sometimes doubt burrows
termite-like into each cell,
makes a hollow and begets
the paralytic worm of ennui
and I freeze.





Wake

digital photography

Anna Scheri

Bitter Tastes Good

League for Innovation First Place Winner 2009 - One Act Play

Cheri Browne

CHARACTERS:

Melissa—20-something female

Karen—20-something female

SETTING:

Late afternoon, Melissa walks into the house she shares with Karen. Karen is sitting at the table in the kitchen looking on the computer.

KAREN:

Guess who got to be part of her like millionth group layoff today?

MELISSA:

Uh...you! (She jumps up in the air and points to Karen) Congratulations. You going to go celebrate?

KAREN:

Celebrate? More like slit my freaking wrists...or go back and shoot the place up.

MELISSA:

Ooh! Ooh! Shoot it up! Then you'll be on the news and I can write a book about you and I'll be rich!

KAREN:

Awesome. (Eyes roll)

(Melissa, accepting her idea as defeated walks over to the sink and gets a glass of water.)

MELISSA:



Bitter Tastes Good (continued)

Well, what are you going to do? You going to go blow off some steam at least? I still think you should be celebrating. I mean, not because it's cool that you got laid off, but because there probably isn't anyone on earth that has been laid off as much as you in the last five months. What's it been, seven times?

KAREN:

Eight. But who's keeping track?

MELISSA:

Right. (She sets the glass down on the counter and hoists herself up, taking a seat.) KAREN:

I've been spending my afternoon thinking about whiskey and doing the most mindless shit on the Internet. I quit at life.

MELISSA:

Ah. Yeah, the Internet'll make you want to do that. I did notice earlier that your Facebook status was misspelled. You do realize that's the online equivalent to having your fly undone?

KAREN:

Stupid stumbleupon.com just sent me to ratemykitten.com and I actually sat there for 10 minutes rating everyone's kittens on a scale of 1 to 10. The saddest part is, I feel like that's been the most productive part of my day. Now I'm on my way to hotornot.com to rate everyone ugly for a while.

MELISSA:

Got to have balance I suppose.

KAREN:

I like calling people and their kittens stupid and ugly.

MELISSA:

And fat. (Pauses) You know, they say the way you treat people is a reflection of

how you feel about yourself.

KAREN:

Well, you must think you are a huge bitch then. And that's okay.

MELISSA:

And you must think you're fat, ugly and stupid. And that's okay too.

(*She hops off the counter and walks to the fridge, grabbing a beer*)

Dude, this 3-year-old kid at the homeless shelter I work at put an apple up his shirt today and told me he was pregnant. He said he was going to have a girl and name her Law. I told him I was going to eat her. He totally cried. It was awesome.

KAREN:

Did you?

MELISSA:

No, I wanted to, but I caught him eating it before I could steal it from him. He smelled like pee.

KAREN:

Dude, you work in a homeless shelter, doesn't everyone smell like pee?

MELISSA:

Hey now, I wouldn't talk shit if I were you, at the rate you're getting laid off at, you just might end up sharing a cot with one or two of them.

(She hops back on the counter.)

Man, did I tell you about that other stupid little kid at the shelter the other day?

KAREN:

Do I want to know?

MELISSA:

So I was looking after this 2-year-old while his mother tried to find a job, which I don't know how she's going to do that with one tooth and a half bald head, but



Bitter Tastes Good (continued)

anyway, I'm watching this kid and I turn my back for just a minute and he's gone, like, nowhere to be found. I looked all over the freaking place and finally heard him crying so I walked around the corner and found the stupid kid locked in a freaking bike cage! A bike cage! Kids sure are stupid aren't they? This is the same kid that heard snakes in his juice box the other day and wouldn't drink it. I sure don't like kids. We don't even have a key for the cage in the office or anything, so I ended up having to go hunt down a pair of bolt cutters, which actually wasn't that hard since I work at a freaking homeless shelter. The place is full of junkies and tweekers...bike thieves, ya know.

KAREN:

Yeah, I know. So, what, is this, like the third time a small child has locked himself into some unusual circumstance on your watch?

MELISSA:

No! Only the second!

KAREN:

Well, who's keeping track? Man, today is depressing. You know, even my brother got a job today. I get laid off for the eighth time in five months and he gets hired. MELISSA:

Oh? What's he doing? He finally moved on from the cow suit?

KAREN:

Yeah, and get this...He's modeling! He's going to be on a movie poster.

MELISSA:

(Uncontrollable laughter) Modeling? Wow! Sad day for popular culture.

KAREN:

Yeah, as a World War Two character. He'll be embracing a Fox News correspondent.

MELISSA:

Is he going to actually be in a movie?

KAREN:

No.

MELISSA:

False advertising! It'll be a scandal. Ooh, maybe I can write a book bout it and get rich.

KAREN:

He gets paid fifty bucks for it.

MELISSA:

Yeah, it'll be like that Twister preview where the tractor tire smashes the car wind-shield...yeah, never in the movie! Scandal of the century...last century.

KAREN:

Whatever, it's fifty bucks. I'd sully my good name for a quick fifty. I got offered a weeding job for twenty-seven yesterday. Sully my name for fifty, or my hands for twenty-seven?

MELISSA:

That would be a dilemma. Did you and your gay boyfriend watch that movie last night? The Jude Law one?

KAREN:

Yeah, Dave made me watch it because he has a crush on him. I think I'll have an egg salad sandwich just for the mayonnaise, and a salad just for the vinegar.

MELISSA:

That sounds slutty. Jude Law says Shania Twain hates mayonnaise.

KAREN:

I'm starting to think that today might be a perfect day to go down to campus and



Bitter Tastes Good (continued)

find those free hugs people and punch them in their stupid faces.

MELISSA:

Or stand next to them with our own sign that says Free Blow Jobs.

KAREN:

Yeah. That's better. We'll totally show them up.

MELISSA:

Well, on that note, I'm going to go shower. We should go grab a drink or something.

KAREN:

Yeah. Fuck it. (Melissa begins to walk out of the room, pausing to look out the window.)

MELISSA:

Damn, do you realize how cold it is out there today?

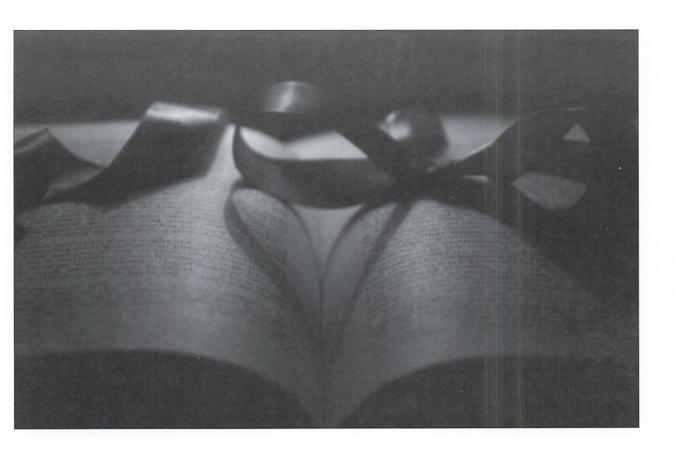
KAREN:

Almost as cold as it is inside our hearts.

MELISSA:

Almost.

THE END



Literary Love
35mm photography

Katie Jones



CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

RICK BARICH strives to bring out the emotion in macro shots of flowers. He and his wife, Debby, are a photo team dedicated to flowers. Their website is www. oregonmacro.com

AMELIA BEIDERWELL believes that making creates language within the relationship of form and its audience by capturing a moment and suspending it in time.

ANGIE BLOOMFIELD is calm, collected and German.

ABREE BRAND received her BA in English from UCLA in 2005. She currently works in the Disability Resources department at LCC.

CHERI BROWNE is a student, functioning procrastinator, overthinker, and mother. Not necessarily in that order.

DEBORAH BULCAU mainly focuses on exploring life through her work and sharing her emotions with her viewers.

SHANNON BURLINGTON is an environmental science major at LCC and mother of a 5 year old.

MEGAN CARLSON has been an amateur writer, illustrator, and all around creative person since she first learned how to hold a pen. You can see more of her work at http://nutmegmedia.weebly.com

MILDRED CROW is a second year art student in both fine art and creative writing. Visual and language arts are equally essential to her; mutually enriching, they combine to provide a creative context in which to engage her life experiences.

KRISLYN DILLARD is a Eugene based emerging artist, mostly showing in her hometown of Portland, Oregon. The story of her art is less precise than the images or process used, and is more an instinctive plot driven from personal feelings and the world around her.

RIVER DONAGHEY is a Senior at South Eugene High School and the musician with local band "The Tunnel Kings." He recently picked up where he left off in third grade--writing fiction and nonfiction short stories. MARY GARY is a member of the Cottage Grove art guild and exhibits her work locally. She has taught and studied art in Minnesota and California, and learned from talented artists all over the country.

KATHY GUNSON says, "The old cliche 'nature offers such beauty' is a smack-between-the-eyes truism. Rotting apples at the end of fall spell bees, vinegar, and the taste of summer."

EMMA GUNSON-ANDERSON is a 23-year-old art sudent whose main interests are ceramics and atmospheric firings.

EMILY HILL loves to incorporate reflections, shadows and shapes into her phtography, such as in "Finding Self." "Behind Closed Blinds" is part of a series.

AIDAN HOLPUCH has been a community member since 2000. She believes "writing begins as an act of catharsis and evolves into a processing agent. It is a means of better understanding experience, appreciating the range and nuance of emotion and becoming aware of subtleties."

KAYLA ROSE JACKSON currently lives with her 4 cats, boyfriend and typewriter, loving anything and everything to do with human expression and life.

HENRY JONES was born in 1927 in South Wales and came to the United States in 1978. He has been writing for over 60 years and now resides in an assisted living community in Lane County.

KATIE JONES' piece "Literary Love" uses the book "Pride and Prejudice" to recreate a potograph she saw with a heart-shaped shadow cast onto a book.

NOAH JONES is an LCC student and local photographer specializing in the pristine landscape.

BREN KLEINFELDER has actively pursued a passion for photography for over 25 years. She has won several awards and currently resides in Eugene with her husband and daughter.

JAVIER MAGALLANES is a Southern California native raised on the Oregon Coast. He has been a photographer for about four years. Other than photography, he enjoys riding his bike and drinking Yerba Mate.

MELANIE J. MARTIN is a freelance editor and storyteller who believes in the power of the oral tradition for awakening us to the sacred connections.

CHRISTIE MAY says, "This essay was written with the belief that abuse survivors should not be forced to carry shame for the actions of their abusers. It is time to let go of a world of domination and embrace ourselves, each other, and the planet."

CATHERINE MCGUIRE has been a published poet for two decades and is a member and newsletter editor of Oregon State Poetry Association.

STEVE MCLEOD is a 55 yr. old Eugene resident, wandering worker, soon to be student at LCC, sometimes painter, prognosticator and (rarely) poet.

TERA MINGUS is currently attending LCC. She has a passion for writing and loves to show her creative side.

AARON MOORE is an art student. He often says things that keep you laughing hours later when you are walking down the street by yourself. He also laughs at people that walk down the street laughing to themselves.

VALERIE MORALES is an English major planning to transfer to the University of Oregon. She has two beautiful children and a loving partner and works part time at St. Helen's Catholic Church as an Events Coordinator.

DOMITILO RODRIGUEZ MUÑOZ is from Oaxaca, Mexico. He loves literature, philosophy, and music.

SHARON LASK MUNSON grew up in Detroit, MI. After thirty years of teaching overseas and in Alaska, she is retired and lives in Eugene, OR.

JESSE NAGAMATSU and art have been fraternizing since the early days, in a unique relationship of mutual confusion and appreciation for one another. Art has helped Jesse survive, and he hopes he can allow a part of it to survive when he is gone.

TAHNI NIKITINS has been writing for as long as she can remember, but has only recently began trying to get her work published.

PHYLLIS NULL majored in art in the 1960's. Now a "senior" in her sixties, she has taken up painting again after a 30 year hiatus. She focuses on outdoor landscapes.

EILEEN DAWSON PETERSON is an award winning poet whose work has appeared in South Dakota Mag, Pasque Petals, and Arabesques, just to name a few. She is also a 2004 and 2007 Writers Digest Writing Competition winner.

LUCAS POLZIN is in his first year of the AAS Drafting program at LCC. He is also a current ASLCC Senator. He has been trying his luck with photography since age eleven.

LEO RIVERS was born in 1950 and has lived such places as San Fransisco and New ork City. He now lives in Cottage Grove. He is a Buddhist and an Athiest and is dancing more each day.

LIZ RUBIN has attended LCC for two years. She is working towards transferring to the University of Oregon where she will complete her English Literature degree.

ANNA SCHERI was born in Boston and raised in Eugene. Her work attempts to capture the beauty, movement, lines and fluid shape of this world. She has most recently been drawn to photographing macro-matter.

LISA SHEPHERD's love for the Oregon coast has drawn her to photograph its landscapes and the sea creatures that make their homes there.

KATHY TORVIK works as a student advisor at LCC. She has an art background and enjoys hiking, photography and traveling. She tries to bring imagery and language together in order to evoke the emotional feel of a place.

JUD TURNER is a sculptor working with welded steel and found objects to create work which embraces contradiction. "Between seeming contradictions, lie greater truths." SARAH ULERICK has been writing poetry since she was seven years old. Her new work recognizes the challenges of love and relationships in her 50's--which fortunately is quite different than in her youth. Sarah has worked at LCC since 1990, most recently in the Science Division.

PAMELA VOSSELLER has painted exclusively in watercolors since 1992. Her art has reached private collectors in the United States, Scotland, London, Australia, and France through gallery displays at the Coos Museum and The River Gallery in Florence, where it currently hangs. Her work can also be reviewed at www.pamelascolors.com.

BRITTNEY WEST's body of work generally consists of absurdity, humor, or her interpretation and understandings of this life. She is most influenced by Rumi, and wishes to paint and draw with the same love and truth his words speak. Her greatest goal in life is to help others in any creative way possible through the arts.

MICHAEL WEST's piece "Do Butterflies Remember?" was inspired by the teachings of Rudolf Steiner--the premise being that flowers and butterflies are really one and the same. "Gravity Point" is about a back road in Los Angeles, near a cemetary, where a car will roll uphill.

CANDICE WESTBERG says that her piece "Home" was a response to a prompt on her "space in time." The transition from light to dark is representative of her own movement out of a dark place in her life.

About Denali:

Denali has been a publication of Lane Community College for over thirty years, accepting and publishing original submissions from all Lane County residents.

Denali is student and community member run with an annual circulation

Lane County wide. We strive to give both new and established authors and artists the opportunity to put their work out there to be seen and heard, as it should be.

Denali Magazine 4000 E 30th Ave Eugene, OR 97405 (541) 463-5897 www.lanecc.edu/denali



The Happy Life
oil painting
Brittney West

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Featuring Works by

Rick Barich

Amelia Beiderwell

Angie Bloomfield

Abree Brand

Cheri Browne

Deborah Bulcau

Shannon Burlington

Megan Carlson

Mildred Crow

Krislyn Dillard

River Donaghey

Mary Gary

Kathy Gunson

Emma Gunson-Anderson

Emily Hill

Aidan Holpuch

Kayla Rose Jackson

Henry Jones

Katie Jones

Noah Jones

Bren Kleinfelder

Javier Magallanes

Melanie J. Martin

Christie May

Catherine McGuire

Steve McLeod

Tera Mingus

Aaron Moore

Valerie Morales

Domitilo Rodriguez Muñoz

Sharon Lask Munson

Jesse Nagamatsu

Tahni Nikitins

Phyllis Null

Eileen Dawson Peterson

Lucas Polzin

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Liz Rubin

Anna Scheri

Lisa Shepherd

Kathy Torvik

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Sarah Ulerick

Pamela Vosseller

Brittney West

Michael West

Candice Westberg