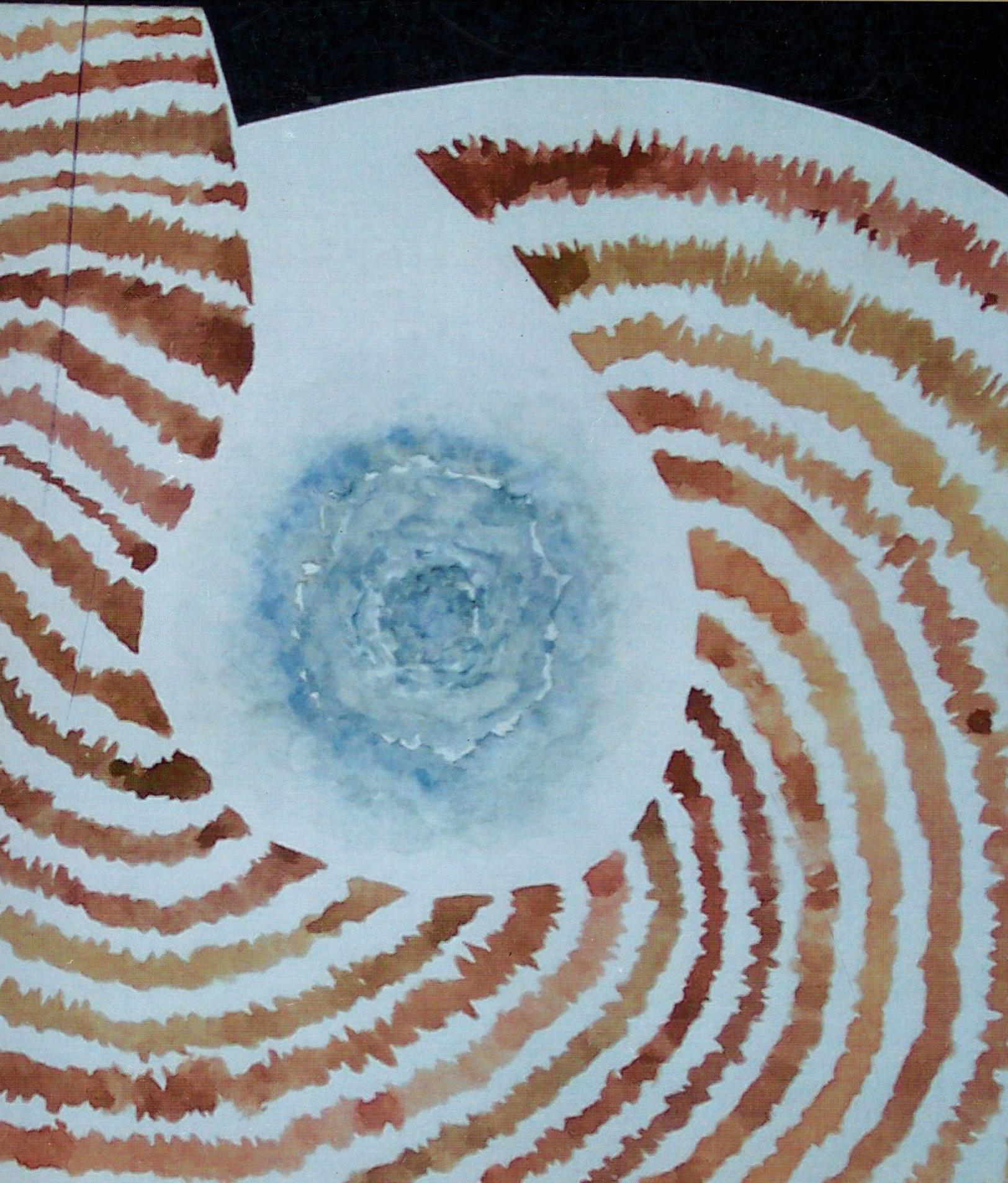


Clamor



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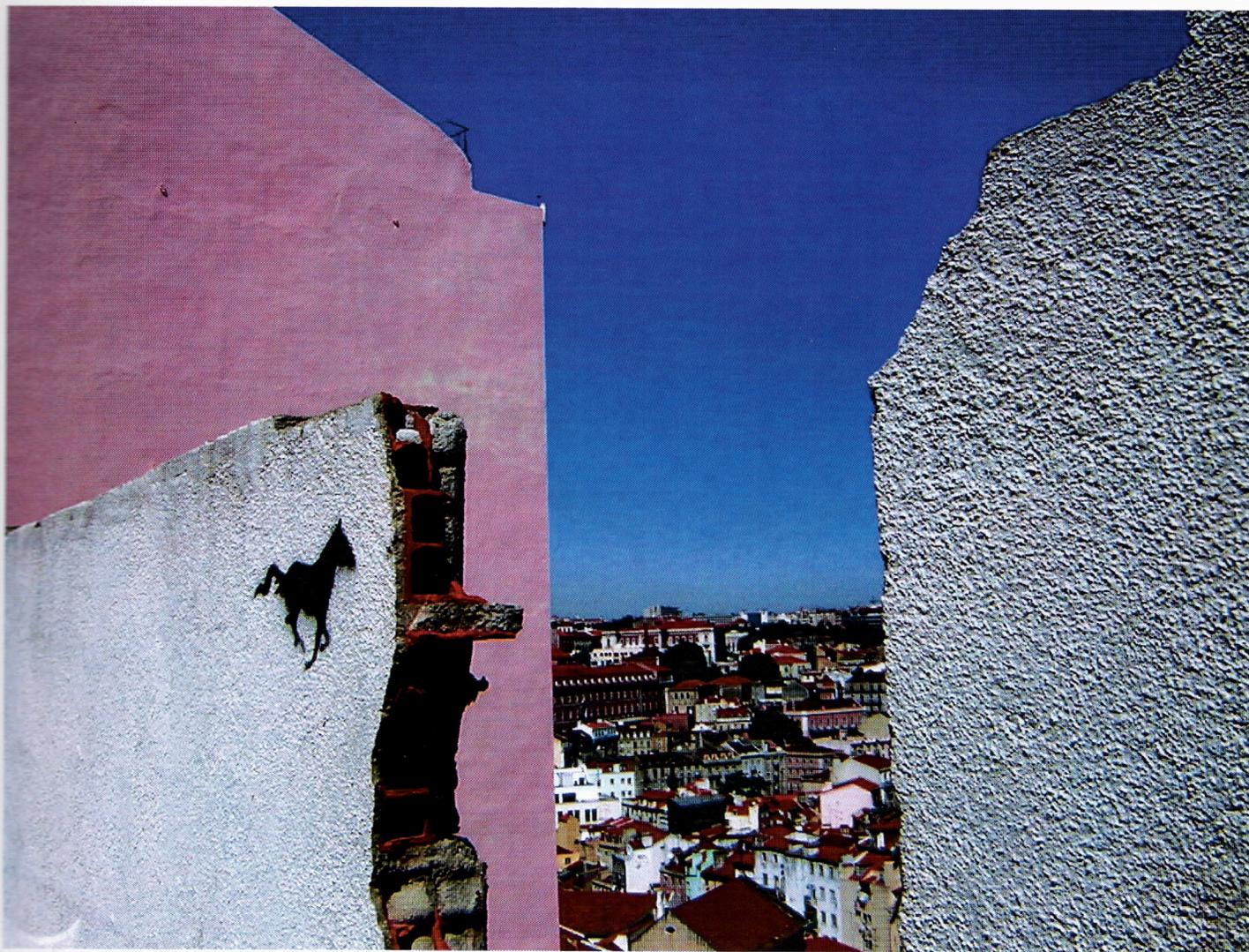
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Wall with Running Horse

Deborah Caplow



Cold Peacock

Henning Thiel

Charles Alexander
pushing water 33

the orange sweater lands

and the language is relieved

or relieved of

what lies under

air and air of

as for the other path

where was it?

an umbrella in

an office supply store

yellow

for the daffodils

Charles Alexander
pushing water 36

rage of the

open page

one finds a word

or makes one

the difference is of faith

raspberries growing on the fence

cherries in the bowl

few

words

enough

Charles Alexander

WHAT POEM

what was what is what leads what follows
what remains what strums what listens
what wants what resists wanting what for
what if what sucks what blows what showers
what bathes what aims what sprays what bubbles
what rests what acts what receives what bends
what stiffens what goes what comes what meddles
what mends what organizes what runs chaotic
what ass what hair what penis what breast
what vagina what oil what condom what connects
what concerns what centers what disperses
what begins what ends what overthrows
what goes under what turns over what sizzles
what slices what enters what leaves what plants
what waters what never turns around
what spins constantly what loves blue
what greens yellow what overs what unders
what ughs what grrrs what embraces
what turns scornfully away what cares what loves
what hates what hates love what loves hate
what predicts what waits what sees what blinds
what devil what angel what kisses what tongues
what ears what starts what stops

Charles Alexander
a book (for barbara)

a book on its side on top of my bookshelf
about six feet high its spine exposed looking
at me

do you have 999 books with a corner cut away
so that the books now have five edges instead
of four

can the books balance on their fifth edge pre-
cariously or not can a book be unbalanced
can we

unbalance the space of the book the space
of our habitation are you in the book can I
find you

can a book unbalance will the words spill out
from the pages or perhaps recombine themselves
to rebalance

steel comes to mind is there a place for steel
here not *steal this book* but book of steel like
man of steel

or *steel curtain* or we *steel ourselves* against
the onslaught we cut off our corners and balance
on edge

Rebecca Bilbao
Mud/Eros/Art

Braiding Up Her Hair

The goose maid, who was really a princess, went out the city gate and drove the geese out into the pastures. When she reached the meadow, she let down her hair, which was of purest gold. Its glistening radiance awakened the boy's desire and made him want to pull out a few strands for himself. Perceiving his designs on her, the princess spoke the words:

“Blow, ye gentle winds, I say,
Blow his little hat away,
Make him chase it here and there,
‘Til I have braided all my hair,
And bound it up again.”

There came such a strong wind that it blew the boy's hat into a distant pasture and sent him chasing after it. By the time he was back, the princess had finished combing and putting up her hair and the boy wasn't able to pluck a single strand. This made him so angry that he refused to speak to her. In silence, they looked after the geese until evening, when they returned to the city.

--Verena Kast

The true princess became a goose maid through trickery. In ancient Greece the goose, sacred to Aphrodite, was a symbol of love and fertility. At the same time, as a creature that churns about in the muck, the goose is an attribute of the Russian Witch, who often has the feet of a goose or lives in a house that stands on goose legs. Thus the goose is associated with a “witchy” aspect of a woman and the “muck and mire” of physical embodiment. The wise old king who has sent the princess to attend the geese, knows that she must attend to eros, to the dark feminine, to love and sexuality before she can find her power.

To “tend” something involves concentrating on it, keeping it from dissipating.

The goose maid goes out every morning through a dark gate to an open meadow,

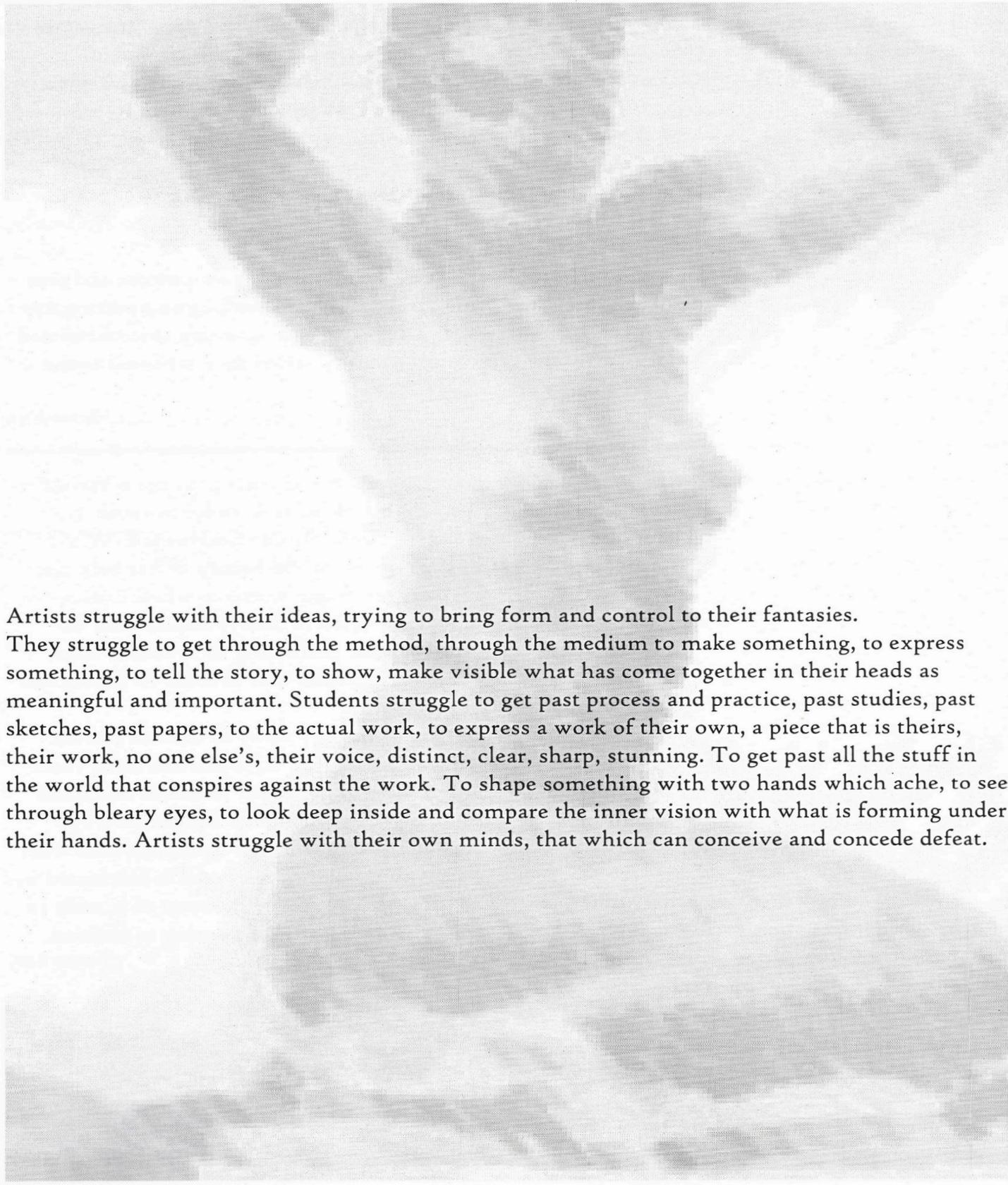
suggesting that she must pass again and gain through a dark place in order to come to a clearing where she can find herself. When a boy is enticed by the beauty of her hair, she invokes her magic winds to whisk him away. A woman's hair is closely linked with her erotic power, reminding us of fairies who comb their golden hair in order to seduce and bewitch men.

She sends the boy away so she can put her hair in order – that is, so she can bring form and control to her erotic fantasies and braid them together. In a more subjective way, teasing the boy with her hair, correlates with a situation in which a woman is fascinated by an idea, basks in the enjoyment of it, only to let it slip away without coming to fruition.

--Verena Kast

The Idea

She's a wisp of a thought, picked up from a book, an idea, deep in me, a resonance. The story of ordering one's hair, of forming and controlling erotic fantasies and braiding them together, calls to the artist's spirit.



Artists struggle with their ideas, trying to bring form and control to their fantasies. They struggle to get through the method, through the medium to make something, to express something, to tell the story, to show, make visible what has come together in their heads as meaningful and important. Students struggle to get past process and practice, past studies, past sketches, past papers, to the actual work, to express a work of their own, a piece that is theirs, their work, no one else's, their voice, distinct, clear, sharp, stunning. To get past all the stuff in the world that conspires against the work. To shape something with two hands which ache, to see through bleary eyes, to look deep inside and compare the inner vision with what is forming under their hands. Artists struggle with their own minds, that which can conceive and concede defeat.

Basking

She sees open water. Moonlit fingers beckon her forward. A slight breeze sends ripples across the surface, sending fragments of glittering light into the night. Entranced, she moves forward quickly, ignoring her surrounding, letting her normal caution dissolve in the ripples of moonlight.

Her feet are sure in the soft ground, her muscles flex and strain, carrying her toward the cool promise of open water. Suddenly, the surface beneath her feet changes, mud squishes underfoot, tripping her forward momentum with its sudden hold and she stumbles to her knees. Her body quivers to stillness and for a moment she is stunned. She moves one foot cautiously, feeling silky smooth texture instead of coarse sand or the cutting broken stubble of the grasses. The mud slides easily beneath her spread toes and sucks on each one gently.

She becomes aware of the temperature of the semi liquid that she is kneeling in, not cold, not warm, the perfect medium to soothe. She is no longer looking at the open water. The mud feels good and she considers it wonderingly as it glitters like black velvet dusted with gold. Slowly she sits back, thighs settling into the strange, exotic mixture of liquid and solid. As the smooth mud coats her skin it takes on the aspect of a lover's caress, both heating and soothing her at the same time. Bewildered, she gazes up beseechingly at the moon for guidance.

The ground tugs at her legs, silently urging her to move, to flex and welcome its touch. She stretches out her senses, allowing every nuance of the night to fill her open consciousness. Every tiny movement, her breath, the arch and dig of each foot, adds to the gentle sucking touch of the mud. She stares up at the impassive moon and wild fancy takes over as she savors the impression of being sucked on, licked and swallowed by her powerful lover.

--Anonymous

Female orgasm was a taboo subject for centuries. Male physicians sporting impeccable credentials pontificated that the very concept was a female fantasy born of fevered minds and could not exist. With the rise of modernity, the floodgates have opened and a deluge of descriptions of female orgasm, advice to women on how best to achieve it, and debates as to its relative merit have poured forth from many different quarters. A casual perusal of the shelves in

the women's studies section of any bookstore confirms this observation.

Evolutional biologist waded into the fray in the late 1970s, contributing a number of possible explanations the question that interested them most: What was the selective pressure that would have stimulated this unusual trait to hypertrophy so in the current female version of the hominid line?

--Leonard Shlain

Fascination

She whispers, "make me" from the back of my mind. The act of coiling and forming a sculpture, basking in the enjoyment of sinking my hands into the clay begins to dominate my attention.

As the deadline to begin the project looms, my eye searches for the face, the gesture, the form that gives shape to the idea.

She's a girl sitting on a bus who holds her head at just the right angle, she has a look of adventure and friendship in her eyes.

She agrees to pose.



re,

hat gives



Tending

A mound of wet clay,
rolled into coils,
potential.

Slowly the
form
takes shape
on the stand.

It's a challenge,
a frustration,
the clay cooperates
only so far.
The artist
coils the clay,
working up
few inches at a time.

An hour,
sometimes two hours
pass before the work
must be set aside
allowed to dry,
just so much.
The act of waiting
requires careful attention
a sensitive touch,
experience,
trial and failure,
rebuilding when
the entire form
collapses.
A blow torch
can speed the process,
but don't rush, above all avoid cracks!



Satisfaction

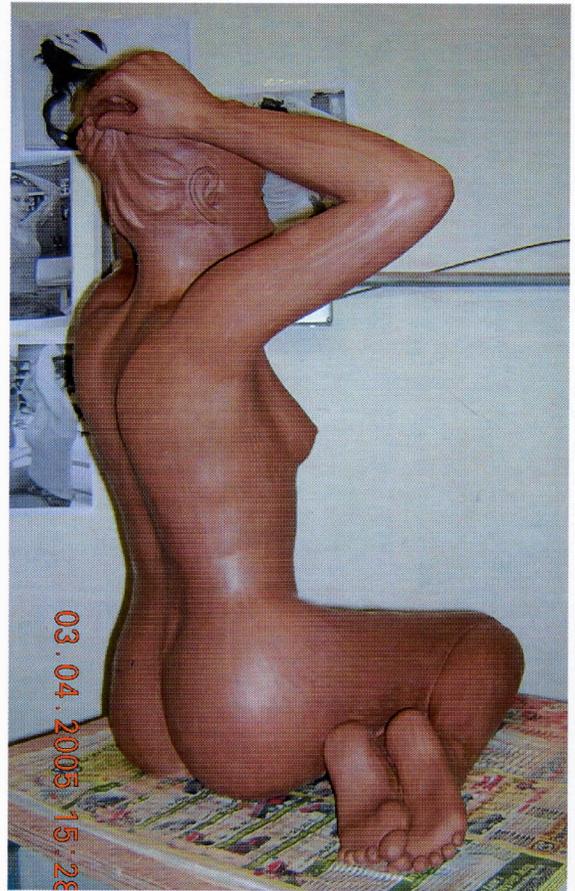
She's done. Finally, the point when doing anything else is just wrong, too much, so stop.

She's done.

Sitting there in the middle of the room while everyone who has watched for weeks, watched as she took shape out of formless clay, claps and celebrates.

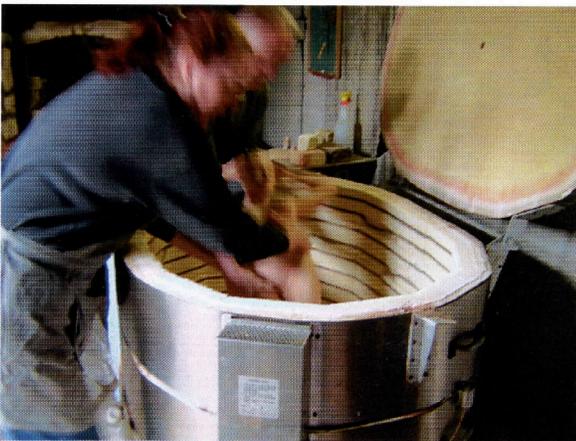
The artist wraps the sculpture carefully, protecting the fingers from drying out too quickly, the arms from any chance contact with the wall. She's reached the point when what is made and what will happen next is completely beyond her power to control. She puts away her tools and cries alone.

She is done.



Into the Fire

She lowers the sculpture into the kiln, the great oven, the mass converter, and flips the switch that begins the process of transforming clay to stone.

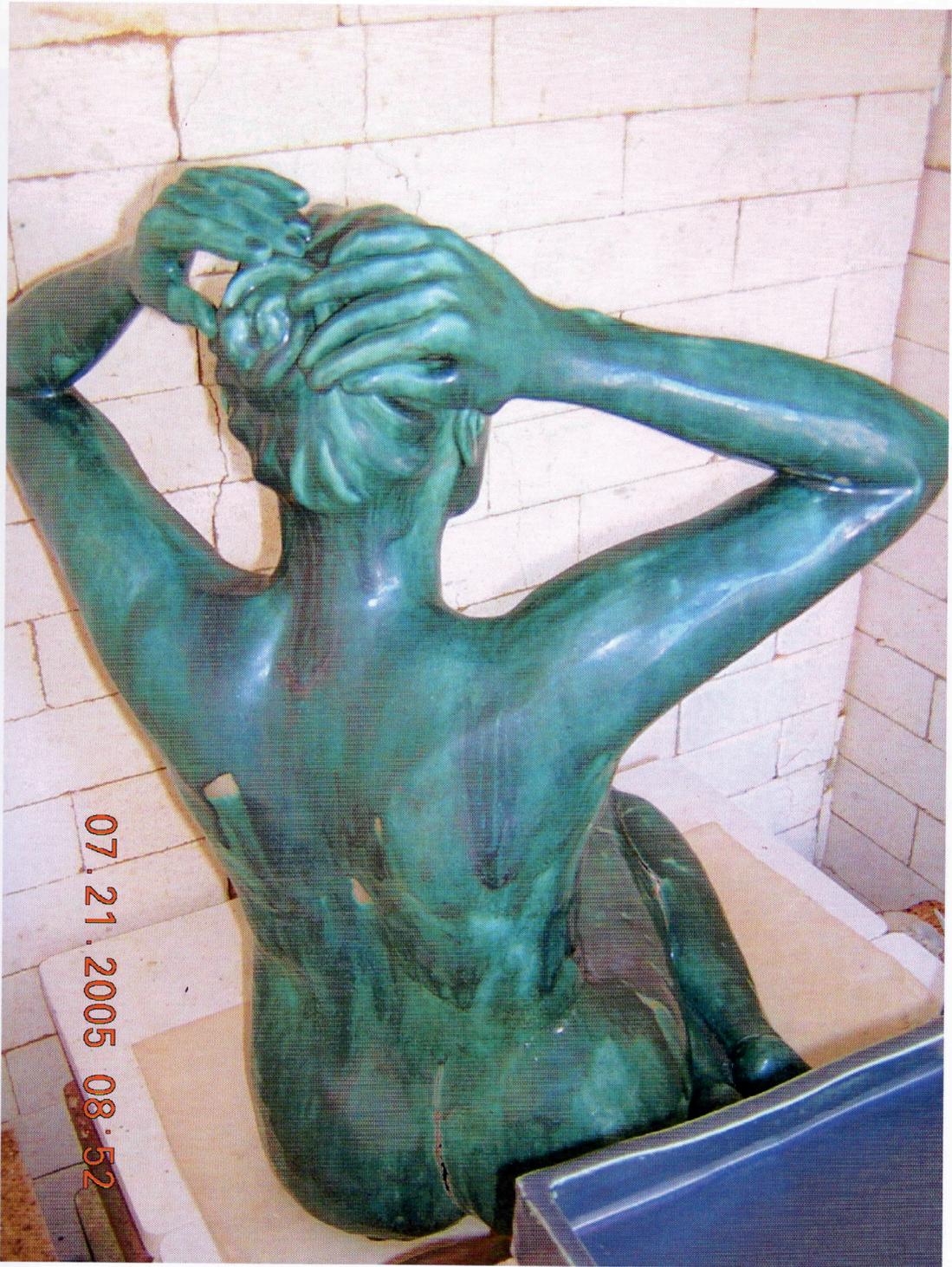


It's in the fire now, she puts her eye to the glory hole and stares at the yellow, orange, red light. It is light that is too bright. Squinting, she tries to see her work. As she turns away, she hears "crack," a sound that hurts like a tear in her womb, like the knowing that comes with miscarriage, the pain that signals the death of a dream. There's nothing to do now but wait.

Among the more ingenious explanations for why sexual signaling disappeared in humans is the one proposed by anthropologist Nancy Burley. Women lost the ability to monitor their ovulatory moment, according to Burley, because those who grasped the connection between sex and pregnancy realized that pain,

possible death, and taxing demands were also part of the deal. A woman so enlightened, Burley theorizes, might prudently decide to abstain from sex. Celibates do not leave offspring. Selection pressure would therefore, favor those women who were unaware of their ovulation.

--Leonard Shlain



Failure.

The form is exactly what she was aiming for, but the cracks are undeniable, the fire has betrayed her. She packs the sculpture into the car and takes it home. Her hopes and plans are dead, and she does what anyone does with a dead dream, she buries it in the garden. Grasping the idea, getting through the anxiety, going through the process only to be disappointed, only to have to start over, She feels the need take a hot bath, then to comb out her hair and braid it up again.

Passages are from Verena Kast's *Through Emotions to Maturity: Psychological Readings of Fairy Tales* and Leonard Shlain's *Sex, Time and Power: How Women's Sexuality Shaped Human Evolution*.



speak!

Evan Grim

Patrick Brodie
Cricket Sonnet 5

I come from lands of backwards time and space.
I stay up every night and sleep all day.
I walk like light and sprint a snail's pace
on arms and hands like legs along the way.

Where I'm from crickets eat the scorpions,
and water burns, and fire gets you wet.
A feather weighs more than ten thousand tons,
and granite flows in every rivulet.

Where I'm from ice is hot and steam is cold,
and here wars are enjoyed and peaces won.
We praise the shy and turn away the bold;
we give our young away and keep our old.
Where I'm from things we start are never done.
Where I'm from hate is lead and love is gold.

Patrick Brodie

A Caustic Rendition Of Some Tenderness, In Code

Much amiss in the head, Dear. —Browning

Begin in image? Well, what good is it?
 Resolve to throw it out, then.... (Check?) It's true:
 Each cheek of yours is not as red or soft
 As roses are, at dawn, and each is not
 That fragrant, either. Then, what is your hair?
 Here, there—it is as everywhere as ants.
 But when I think about your eyes that night
 On Point No Point—the moonlight made your eyes—
 No—something in your eyes brought out the moon's
 Excited glow, and it became another
 Silent, beaming face in awe of your—
 (Ah, damn, I cannot help myself from not
 Not grunting clumsily of your stuff. Am oaf.
 Don't think un-honest: Love numbs tongue, offs thumb.)

Begin in what, then? Images, deficient
 Language, broken bridge of mind to mouth,
 Oo-oo-ah-ah-oo-articulation—
 Only Love should stand in for itself,
 Devoid of ornament, naked, exposed.
 For what, though? How could Love stand on its own
 Amid the tumult of the too-wild world
 Men tamed and made? (This question is too big;
 I cannot answer it alone. The world
 Now grows to frightening size: hurtling through space,
 Earth carries six sextillion metric tons
 Faster than life—almost.) What clever pun-
 ishment we all must suffer, zipped up in
 Recalcitrant, emotive body-bags.

Equate the thing. (Begin again.) With what?
 A field, perhaps. Love is the back and forth
 Nodehportsuob gnidees dna, wolp, tsevrah
 Done every spring, hoping the crop will last.
 Fael gnillaf lanif eht si evoL: oot dnA
 Landing on the speckled-white brown floor
 -Oc ot gnilliwnu ekalf ylno eht: llaf fo
 Ordinate its winter gown. And you,
 Dancing, graceful as a falling leaf,
 You played Clara that December, ah,
Offrant de grands jétés à tout le monde
 Up there on stage.... "She's mine," I whispered to
 An old man next to me. He shook my hand.
 "Remember that," he said, "when you grow old."

Evenings spent with you beside the fire,
Making up stories corresponding to
Your favorite fugues of Bach, of Mozart in
D-Major; mine, Sibelius, Beethoven,
Even some Brahms. Love was the beggar's bread,
And we had wheat, and flour, and cello suites
To make it with. The storms of middle winter—
Hold. That wasn't all. What violent, wild
Attacks the world outside made on the house!
No wind left the house untouched; each icy
Drove of atoms tried to smash the boards
Between us and the cold. We shut our ears,
Removed ourselves from everything outside,
Every atom of the world of men.

(Atoms? At most as many in a man
To count as men would fit in a giant star—
How big it makes one feel! and how important!)
You were—no. Begin again. Infinity.
O, God! we promised too much of ourselves!
"U & Me / For all / Eter- / Nity!"
(At least that long, we hoped), we wrote, but Time
Re-emphasized that we were wrought of different
Elements: I, of integrals,
Metaphor, and plasmic nebulae;
You of treble clefs, French horn, and re-
Levés. "There're infinite prime numbers, all
Unable to be cut," I'd say. And you:
"Nutcracker tickets go on sale today."

Go on, forget that, too., Begin again.
Summer. Suddenly out of the woods
And dark we saw fireflies above the field,
New fawns, and silhouettes of does, the sun
Descending far below the western treetops,
Verdurous dusk. And till then we'd known nothing of
Earth and of the wild, and what we'd taken
Notice of before seemed nothing but
An idle memory of no importance.
Coyotes howled somewhere beyond the trees,
And we felt drawn together with it all,
Voice thrown off except our quiet oo's,
Ah's, and other unarticulated
Sounds. But now that, too, seems like a dream.

(Really, that is what I loved the most.
 Instants like that one. With you, the world,
 Senses alert—no, not the memory
 Eroding me with time, the real event.
 You know, though I hate it—Poetry,—I'd write
 One thousand sonnets to recall the forces
 Under which we felt so pulled, and though I
 Cannot evaluate the integral,
 Remake the time itself, or you, in dx 's
 O!'s, or even words and riddles, I'd
 Scuffle with the fists of universes,
 Stand my broken vowels against the gaping
 Mouth of Time, and sharpen "I, uh, oo" with
 Y, L, V, and therein find our losses.)

This fragment as a cut of time—begin:
 Something horrible from number theory,
 Analytic, tiny, lost Atlantis—
 Now to listen, now to hope, now you:
 Decode this echoed ode, this inch of ego.
 Dis-cover me in coded verse, hidden in
 O's and I's of Love, and let us be
The Rose's Hope in hero's pose. Let us
 Make new beginnings out of old, and let's
 Yellow each autumn's leaves, and green them back
 Each spring, begin again, and dance away
 Years, long as we dare think. And let us wear
 Each shoe-sole thin with dancing. Let us not
 Suffer the shoemaker to sleep a wink.



Palace of Fine Arts

Aíme Mello



Flavor of the Month/Pick Your Pleasure

Rodney-Dean Smiley

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Danielle Burhop

Poem Inspired by Spam Email: My Nucleolus

With a resume on catnip, it is difficult
to secure a calm profession. I am bawdy and full
of cartwheels. The matter is one of push & pull.

My nucleolus is devastating. Just an FYI.

Mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way.
Make sure you listen to the sound of the floor.
That will lead you again and again to the proper door.

By nerve! All means are to and fro.

Use the cartoon compass. Use it well.
The directions have changed throughout the years,
and the old Crab has taken the opportunity of spheres.

Danielle Burhop

Yale 250s

(This is a concept based on the optional law school application essay known as the “Yale 250.” Applicants are asked to write a 250-word essay upon any topic of their choosing.)

Yale 250: The New Sincerity

If the abundance of world snarkiness is getting you down, I have just the thing: The New Sincerity.

The difficulty with sincerity of any form is our instantaneous ‘mistrust; the level of frankness required is not something we remember how to respond to. Take, for example, Bill Murray’s hangdog mug: we snicker when we see him, but it is not the robust belly-laugh of SNL days of yore—we’re talking the laugh-stuff of discomfort, the unnatural titters that issue forth from unsure mouths. This is today’s response to sincerity—a quick giggle and puzzled look. We’ve simply forgotten how to keep a straight face. When Wes Anderson has Bill gaze into the camera, he surely intends the audience to love, not chide, that pockmarked fellow.

The New Sincerity is already taking a beating from the poets—fie, poets!—but you, Yale, you alone can save this theory from history’s dung heap o’ irony. The poets want to know “What is sincere? How do you know if you’ve achieved sincerity? What if you’re just being a pompous ass and ought to be made fun of?” These poets have never understood true beauty. They’re all about the iambs—they’ve no love to spare.

Please, Yale: save The New Sincerity. If anyone can prove the merits of calm reflection and considered response to the world at large, it is you.

Yale 250: Ugly Puma Shopping

The point of purchasing Pumas is to find the most garish pair you can possibly unearth. The colors Puma puts together actually makes this chore a challenge: beige-lavender-puce; off-white and pumpkin with Velcro; goldenrod and doodoo brown with fatty hip-hop laces—their shoe design studio is likely piloted by brilliant potheads. Picking the most inspired color combo is a time-consuming ordeal, indeed.

Oh, how I love my Pumas: my Christmas pair is forest green and baby pink, with odd, nubby soles that slide wildly on any slick surface. Clad in my dyed suede, I care not: Pumas are the anti-fashion, the anti-matchy-matchy. I do not anticipate needing a Puma purse in peach, port and periwinkle to accompany my sneakers.

But still! Choosing any shoe is a labor of love, so choosing an ugly shoe adds a curious element of aesthetic pleasure—little things become more important, such as the curve of the toe, the limpness of the shoelace. The purchaser will likely find herself muttering “this is more ugly-ugly, while this pair is more actual ugly.” Ugly, once a word relegated to the thesaurus’ dark side, finds itself a new fan club.

The resurrection of “ugly” is not something to take lightly. I wanted to inform you of this development post-haste. Like all counter-intuitive uses of language employed by the demographic that favors slogan tees and skinny jeans glommed onto anemic calves, there is but a tiny window of opportunity to capitalize on this apogee of misguided color schemes. Ugly hasn’t any time to spare.

Yale 250: On Cartoon Eyeballs

Open your newspaper to the funny pages. See all of the cartoon eyeballs? *Nota Bene*: They are all some form of sphere, with some sort of dot within. I estimate 90% of cartoon eyeballs are no more complex than that.

The artist can nudge the eyeball a millimeter and suddenly the wee cartoon man is angry; another nudge sends him into sadville; the next nudge might make him appear maniacal. Moving the “pupil” a smidge can take a cartoon face from genius to drooling. Sure, sure, sometimes it’s the eyebrows doing the work, raised so far up they are no longer even attached to the cartoon head they are meant to modify, but instead are hanging like two lazy commas surfing the updraft of a heat register in December. But, eyebrows are all hyperbole; eyeballs, subtlety and finesse. The noisy already get plenty of attention in this world. It’s the eyeball’s turn to shine.

To eyelid or not to eyelid?, that is the question. For here’s the rub: in cartoons, we can simply bend the outer rim of the eyeball until it creates a recognizable facsimile of a human emotion. Eyelids are great for alluding to sleepiness, but otherwise can be discarded. Cartoons, after all, do not need to blink.

Eyeballs in actual human heads are sometimes pretty, sometimes alarming, sometimes mundane. But eyeballs in cartoon heads meet the underlying sonic standard set by the word itself—*eyeballs*, after all, is a hilarious word. Like *monkey*. Or: *Underpants*. *Bubble*. *Wattle*. *Banana*. *Forty-two*. *Pickle*. *Llama*. Well, you get the idea.

Yale 250: My Boyfriend's Microwave is Better than Mine

I frequently make oatmeal in the morning, from those little pre-packeted flavored pouches; I favor maple undertones, with the occasional cinnamon kicker. Sometimes I'll go for freeze-dried cranberry bits in with the oats—the tartness is a welcome wake-me-up.

I mention this because my microwave has only two options for oatmeal texture: soup or glue. I have been unable to find the sweet spot on the timer for the proper consistency.

It is possible I could boil water on the stove instead; I have heard the factoids about microwaves destroying all nutrients in everything they zap. I've tried to picture this phenomenon: beautifully-wrought double helices dissolving into a softly bubbling pool of watery muck, like the Wicked Witch of the West. Where do the nutrients go? Are the B vitamins really that delicate? Maybe they're hardy. Maybe they've evolved, and now thwart the evil zapping powers of microwaves everywhere. Of course, that makes no sense—where's the selective advantage? I don't think B vitamins mate, for instance. In any case, I eat oatmeal for fiber, which might gremlinify into six grams of radioactive evil, but should still scrape my insides clean.

Iconic movie references aside, I must admit: My boyfriend's microwave nukes more superbly than my own. (This is not meant to be a metaphor.) Oatmeal that spends two minutes in his white box emerges in the proper creamy-fluffy texture that oatmeal eaters everywhere pine for. I can guess blindly at the amount of water I ought to add, and it's like his microwave can appreciate this and adapt to my capriciousness. It's lovely.

Courtney Burnett
solstice

She is all alone and cold she thinks, like so many others, other people using the same words in this deadened-up tightened-up spiral. So get used to it baby, they say & she's already inside of the keys, lined-up notes. She does not see herself: thin skin rolling over webby bone, baptizing it, soaking it in the cocoon condition, what belongs?

She's uncertain about the fragileness of the whole thing, even barely aware of it or acutely aware. The red leaf light stretched across embryonic harpstrings, snap your fingers and break her when she is broken. Growth is the wings crumpled over in clutching failure, the words crumbled and cracked among each other, and still sitting up facing the rising waves. Maybe she's not alone.

corpse pose, death pose

So get used to it baby, is what they say to her now, because you're stuck here and she's floundering and unfound and she believes them and she bellies up, she gives it up, she falls inside the hands over her eyes. Her hands face down, closed like a gate or a door or a bound-up bird. No bowls about her or in her, none open or empty.

corpse pose, death pose

She dreams, firehouse bench dreams, aqua neon strings robing her lightly and she's captured in steel graffiti & the drumstick splinters in her hair. She's sitting there covered in people and march night and maybe she feels a tugging of aloneness, memorizing the grooves in the wooden underside of the table. And she gives in, she's here.

Lonely bits of vocal scattered in the grass, rising in drops, blue seeping accidents in her wrist, on the other side, a rosehip scrawl of mercy tumbling. There's the red leaf light in her wrist, again, so much out and so much in like light startling us because we are not by ourselves. She's in it now, she's inside of her own wrist, her pulse, exposed, within, given away, bound, pulse, pose & life, pose & weep, red leaf light among tears with veins.

And in the veins there are the seeds. And in the seeds there is the hope.

corpse pose, death pose
hallelujah, hallelujah

Courtney Burnett

Meta Chord

Blank canvas, metaphorically speaking.

Not an uneducated person; a canvas that has already been painted on.

Affordable, and recycling is pure fringe fashion *unfinished*

No lines. New, in the used sense of the word.

No one will remember what was underneath so I will tell you

nothing of that.

House paint possibly

A surprisingly sophisticated medium

and no one can see like the décor that is really from
thrift stores (place of art)

butterscotch green *where did you come up with that color?*

Coffee stems texturally here there throughout
ground trill map freelance topography

I can hear you and my response is

Know that.

Senseless?

Twining these things with paint tones untangle *my deliberations*

How did that get in there?

You attack me because you want me to know that you are there. That you are heard. So I try to listen but have I completely made a mistake? That is the way you tell me it happened. The issue is that I am sensitive and you are verbose. You have given me over to adulthood and this is one of those disconcerting lapses in between albums (place of classic speakers) I can hear you Blame me. I believe it matters. Not absolutely of course absolute belief? You appeal to what is only natural the urge to snap back yet help me deconstruct the diatribe bare

and that

is

why

I

paint

it was not necessarily me but it was in the room.

Allowing for imperfect beginnings

processes materials (paint) (life)

Music.

Isn't all painting, when you are caught in the act? first a shadow then

We know where the understanding lives between you and I. The things that cannot be directly acknowledged for their sake are given over to the intervallic

(love place) warm malleable curve in stone

Discovered

Creation.

The metal place in the halos was dissolved with salt water and tiger honey. Disconnected, they fluttered for a moment in time as candlelight in fine sky. It is just how you can never use the word poetry. When captured it was not the illumination of a frame releasing but rather like sand falling through the earth became alternatively whole. In cavernous hope lay a little boy covered in blue stones, breathing. It is because riverless existence was born of grieving minds. The halos, shifting strokes uncurled, descended among shabby branches. The paint was filled with ashes so it would not dry out. Brushes were fashioned out of dragon celery and put to use among those weeping. Weeks went by.

heal

I fell outward and stumbled

kneading the emptiness

flowdown

innumerable strands that spoke around Gravity

it is what is there and what is not there

what was in the room

String and triads

back tattoos and Bob Dylan

The unraveling of tall tales and the folk and chic of the matter.

The harpsongs rose in and out, a sleeping chest of unwound halos, weaving steadily through the stones until they were thread and rain. The boy breathed. Continuing in physicality the harpsongs remained as blue deepened into indigo. There were paintings all around and the moving ones saw sweetgrass struggling up in the plains. Cocoa tea and auburn willows came with the wind. The boy decided.

The painter liked the feeling of not knowing English. Trying it on and adjusting shoulders and wrists to change and inhabit the lee of the stone without lines. The process not unlike a slow fever or keeping pace with a dog chasing the length of the waves on a beach. The words having come from colors and primitive fabrics, and the dust souls present now that lived in the same air a thousand and thousands of years ago. Stillness in the chords of the wine.

Courtney Burnett

N

There was a time when she sang because she could not see. Before the propensal outdoors and the ages came into focus she found the divisions of colors and earliest firm in her own green voice, raw and tender of shadows. Her eyes incessantly roaming every part when you would speak to her in order to visually glean the peak meaning of the moments spent in the absence of vocal searching. After inspired reflection I for many years kept her buried under my pillow, refusing in all that time to turn it over for new air. I dispelled her untrained voice for its covering of others and bellowing in the face of bawling only to submerge them in hearing whispers. I did not mean to become managerial. After more fingers of time she grew up inside me as I slept, a vine of welcoming and childhood to singe the core of separation and illuminate being undone.

The dream-catcher house left her in draught and curious heat. It was an extraordinarily close August. She left her sunknots one by one along the cobblestone path and drifted further among massive stranger-cats. The corridor floor dissolved beneath her and she was left to carpetbags and traveling electronics. Surrounded by wakeful furniture and deserted tomorrows she swung back and forth, sweeping the ground with her heels.

It's hard to listen to a hard hard heart

Someone called in between the sinking television and scattering papers. It was not a refuge of silence, only a compassless place that collected chalkboards full of loss. Stranded in below-pitch hibernation, draped and tethered in fine silk she made a recitation of states. The place arced out in cambers carved by eggshell fronds, drawing together above her craning for an instant before seaming out to light upon the gilded shell. It would not surrender the cocoon around her heady consciousness to translate ache.

Pounding up against the stone and steel

Nige spoke from deep inside a seventeen plastic cave with barely fighting room for lungs. He did not mince words for more than twenty seconds.

"Kati broke up with me"

Beating close to mine

The telephone wrenching so deeply, for an object

<i>Answer</i>	<i>I can barely receive you</i>	<i>Let go and an indistinguishable</i>
<i>throw comes crashing through the window just where the</i>	<i>light usually reaches your</i>	
<i>temple.</i>	<i>I can barely believe you</i>	<i>Heart conveyed ounce on ounce</i>

She opened the door to a puppy with dull-gold threadbare fur and flop-down ears. His eyes cast down full in the shock like three years old in the medical waiting room. Candy and alone.

Sometimes a hurt

He hugged her back, only a little alive. Strange house. Strange cats. Strange. Sister.

Sometimes a hurt is so deep

Understanding that these couches are not sufficiently the rafts we felt we could risk survival on were the whole world only oceans and we were still four and six years old. The rain would come down and down and we would float around on upholstery and each others' feet. Furniture gymnastics.

deep

Only I can't let go and there is this tugging at the hips that tips the table and lets me know I am asleep but doesn't quite wake me up.

deep

He started to cry. There was nothing for it but that thought. To see it and stop talking because the words came from nowhere steady. She could have no voice and stay there watching, lifting, straining just to receive. Inadequate.

You think that you're gonna drown

Now pulling from the green and grey, the wax storybooks and hiding dunes. It's over now and you are the little boy burrowing in the sand, braving buckets full of wily crabs, cowering beneath an ancient rope swing. Shadowing cousins and never quite catching up, awkwardly hiding awkwardness with carbon laughter.

Sometimes all I can do is weep weep weep

She remembered that she could not climb trees, after all. At least he had learned that without breaking her heart. In a low-slung willow far enough beyond the backyard tent to be in perpetual dusk they ran upwards and caught at branches more reachable than strong. But they never snapped. She preferred cursiving in the newborn dirt, gentle and soft as ash appears, beneath the hollering limbs and ruddy-rose shouts. And he had learned.

*Strange how hard it rains now
Rows and rows of big dark clouds*

If only the film would lift and leave her there, unphotographed and contrasted against the canyon edge. In the ridges of the climb she was sure to find her way, in the haze of scope sure to misplace herself.

But I'm still alive underneath this shroud

He was crying into his multidirectional hair and his girlpants held up by no hips and a trendily un-trendy belt.

praying

And the baby blue guitar pick in his pocket

It's never rained like it has tonight before

Well, because people die and...you were there. You called me when you heard I was crying in my car, gasping at the sobs heavy in the air. I know that when we were little kids I made you feel like a shadow too. These years that I have called friendship between us were built on the shores of bickering and sockdolls and the songs we made up all day long. And did you ever think we would write one together

It was at this moment that he fell off the couch and she could not reach her hand quite far enough. Separated by a misstep in grief after all this time

but I'm holding on we were scared of bears, and we liked states and capitals

underneath this shroud and someday remembering when we didn't understand weight

Rows and rows of big dark clouds to square our shoulders anyway

Praying

And you brought me flowers that you picked in a ditch. Buttercups like the ones that told us we didn't like butter and pinkdark clovers that I refused to eat and you did. I used to like the idea of playing in ditches like hollows in a meadow whose curves fit like Mom's back and whose highest lows offered comfort in softened noise. And staying adrift

Her blood had gone wooden and slow. She got up and hugged him but he was far away in the ocean. Sister. She was bothered that they were now beyond words as hers spoke out of an old tape recorder in the corner of the house. Call me when you get home

Now I am usually anxious that you are going to die. Recessing viral eyeminds I try not to think about you being drinking or smoking or wrapping your car around something unforgiving. The bad part is that I don't see you in between the severely sloth-aware everydays. You are not missing but you are an open fan from the dollar store whose patterns I cannot make out.

rows and rows

He had night terrors. Since they lived in the downstairs his chatterings tended to get into her dreams and she would wake up knowing they were coming from the other side of the wall. She would call his name to verify his sleep-talking state and as usual he would not answer, continuing to mumble over nocturnally invented names and mixed up chapters.

I don't want to beg you

I remember that the skin on my feet felt foreign to the cement by the absence of elasticity and not as much of

me touched the floor in the moon-middle of night as in the daytimes. Glasses resting needlessly over puckered eyelashes I would shuffle next door and flip on your light. You never liked me for that, but you were not awake.

For something maybe you could never give

Sometimes they were two sick children together. First he would stay home in the morning and throw up Top Ramen and neon-ruby medicine while she busied herself being studious and ignoring the faint feelings. Coming home she would not be able to stride up the driveway and it seemed she was climbing a mountain of dizziness that toiled of all things away from the front door. She would collapse (still studiously) onto the opposite couch, futon, prettily disguised mattress or whatever held with which furniture-fancy cycle their mother was engaged in at the time and commiserate.

As the early dark would twile into owl-ruled eerie hours we knew in our ribs to keep at bay the extraterrestrial designs and lattice-worked brilliance. I know that the knocking language was not originally our idea and as opposite of storytelling notions as is this fact we lifted it from some media sphere we craved. We only made about three words before crossing world ponds but kept the first stirrings in vials around our funny bones.

Big dark clouds

Being awake, I would knock lightly at first and when you did not answer I worried that you had been kidnapped: that I had not been listening hard enough for the prowlers and they had stolen you away without giving me even a chance to be punctually afraid.

holding on underneath this shroud

They learned to take care of each other in that section of the house. Sister-brother mantras repeated with endearing affection each time one suffered from Rejecting Stomach Disorder which they mutually found unbearable. Paperdoll patterns printed on the years with the cylindrical side of colored pencils, the stencils once used with their leftover pigment manes.

The way that you would be there standing behind me, a sensory ball of Boy and Brother and Salt. The current between the aching and the sprouting teary shield was that you were troubled and younger and uncertain but you still stood there. Rooting down underneath the foundations where it will stay even in the dry times.

all this praying falling down

He is saying short silver things. The same words every time so that she doesn't have to wonder what she is going to hear. He brought her water with ice and a metal bowl. He would hide in his room with pillow in his ears receiving just enough to come out if needed. When the coast was clear he would not be able to sleep. He would get up and hum around making sure that she was still only half asleep so he would not have the forlorn knowledge of being alone in the eeriness. He would gather up towels just in case. He would not know the name of Rick Danko for several more years.

I'm not looking for the rest of your life

Heartbreak is not a slow acknowledgement of the wrong devotion, an occasion you always knew was coming and on timeline formally sit up with your chest to the crashing waves to see and nobly exist next to. It is not romance and it is not glamorous court-defiant choice. It does steal up in a creeping way, but not one inside of which you perceived or wanted to perceive. It is a child. It is your breath caught in beachwood and sandy velvet-toned glass. It is turning on your heel one too many degrees and cracking a russet twig you could have treasured had it been alive.

"Hey, I'm here

It is just simmering and eventually down when you need to boil, if only to lift the envelope adhesive at its tip and temper the roots for a moment. It is the phone call that you can't protect against whether by preparedly fearing or forgetfully denying. It is the writing of this and how you can't use the word love in such pieces. It is half-hearted loss

A drawling strum progression and heavily-lidded lyrics. So heavily-lidded, in fact, that they are not there. Because that is how we play. You will not say a word. You do not mince words. You will barrel yourself in with all the pieces and tendrils and drum downstairs where you will grab your guitar as though you did not mean to at all or you meant to with everything in yourself. You will come upstairs under the pretense of being wandering and offhand and permit yourself a few glances.

I'm still alive underneath

*You fold yourself into a perch of sorts on the arm of the plastic sofa. You feather around on the strings for awhile before moving into a tune. Don't be afraid to use simple words and quarters, Brinkley. I wait, hanging over the half-wall. I think about writing about you and what you would think. In a few years I will be Married or I will be a Cat Lady. If I am a Cat Lady you will come over and play music and drink wine. If I am
Married*

I Don't Know What We Will Look Like.

Strange how hard it rains now

I brush these particles away. I nod my head meditatively. This way you know I am here in the music and the rain.

Deep heart

He would begin to sing in a low gravelly picking way that was more mumbling with purpose than melodically making words. It was humming and probing consonants and working chord with tongue. She would join in, after a sisterly fashion. It was the same as lying in the middle of the road at three twenty-five a.m. and looking straight up, up, luminaries and even closing eyes. Watching smoke picturing intricate castles in the sky and withdrawing too swiftly to be traced. Following a trail of wisps and late-night headlights to figure the difference.

it's hard to listen

I see that we look the same. We are both pretend emo hardcore models.

Now that we are older I sometimes try to date people. Mostly you do not like them. You do not believe in violence but once when you ran into a pompous-yet-still-hurtful Californian at the grocery store you scoffed and thought if you say one word about my sister I am going to punch you in the face

you enjoy telling this story of course.

I enjoy hearing it of course

Not because that experience remains definitional. It was not isolated or drawn out. Just because it is you and I, bandits against the world.

It's hard to know

when to give up the fight

Your hair the texture of contactless sight and you smell like incense, weed and damp windowsills. Nag Champa but we don't like sage. Blind people who meet you must think you grew up in the forest living as a gatherer of berries and smoke rings. I imagine that you came out of Orion's belt and sifted through the pine-needle heavens to grow into an Adam. Yet your hair remained fiery, not as flame but as ancient pottery that has been smoldered underground until it glows gently latent.

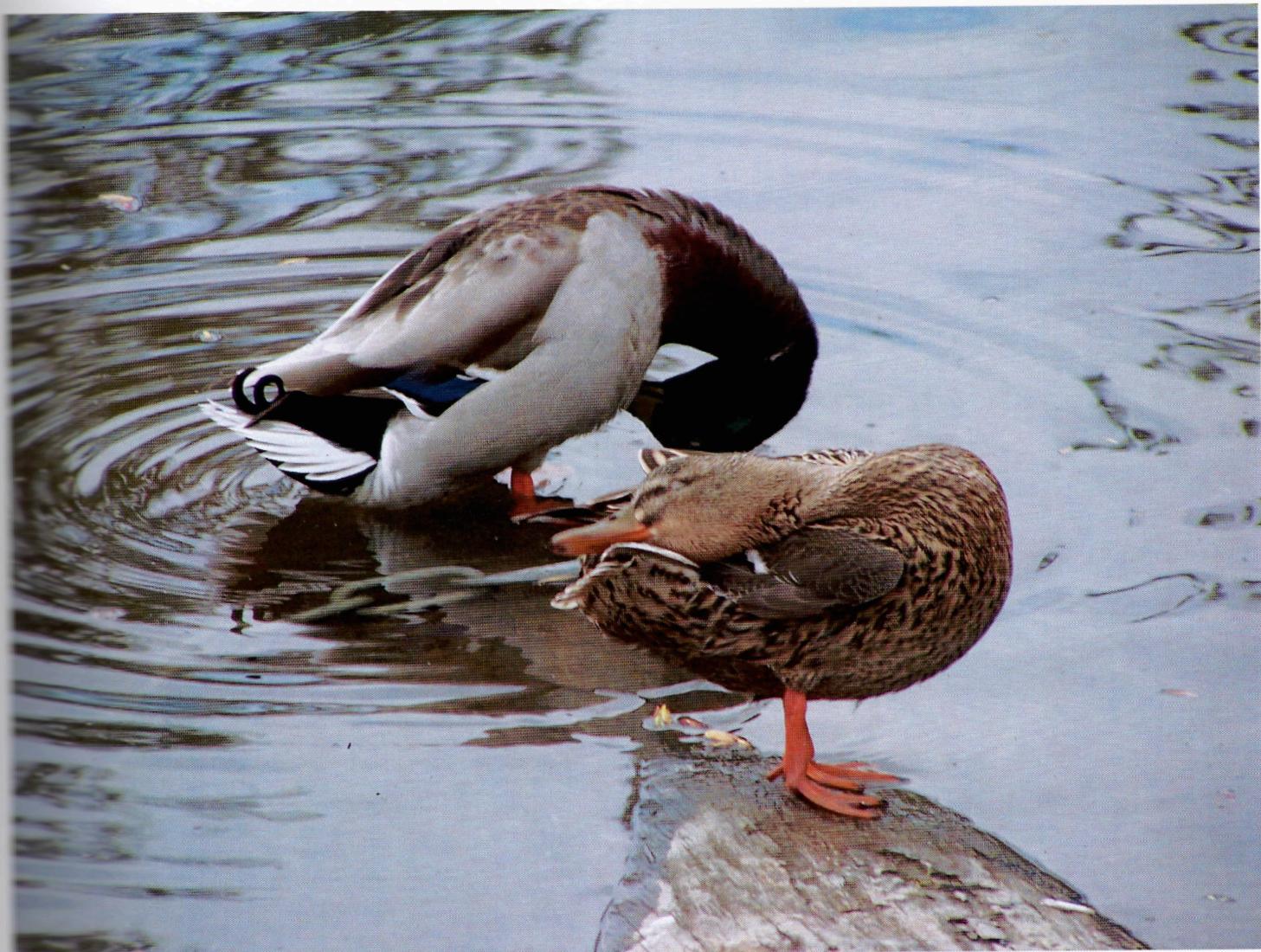
I just want

another chance to live

You hang back in your hugging grin. In the end you have nothing to say but what is true even in indecision. You pause with your thoughtful fingers pursed in midair:

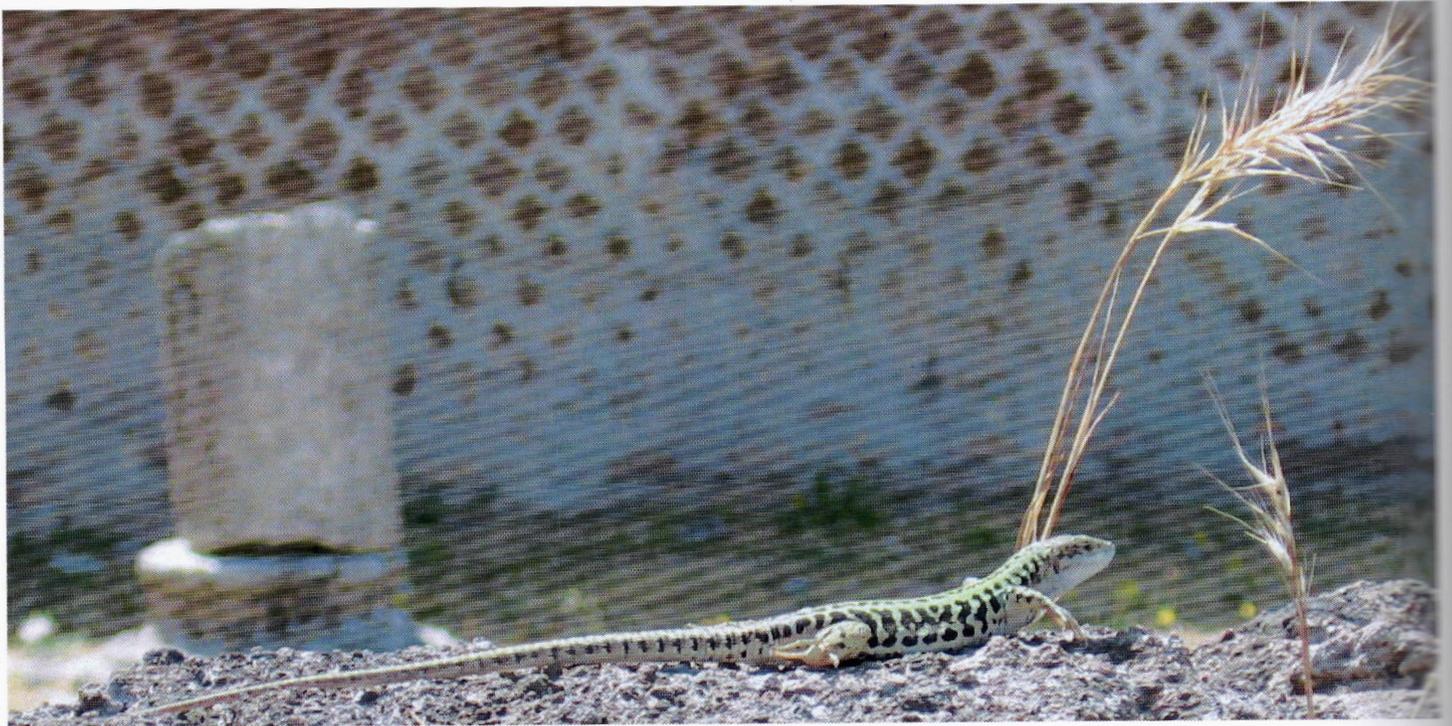
"there is much life ahead."

The lyrics are from Patty Griffin's *Rain*.



Groomin

Louie Hagman



stay!

Evan Grim

Kelsey Denney

Chaos

thousand splinters in my hand
even sandwich in my sand
no order in the land
masters

Bat Man

He was a bat man with his bat hours.
His only friends: vampires and astronomers.
His only enemies: circadian rhythm and dawn.



rim

Phillip Paul Emmons II
Haiku

I be who I ain't.
I got them zombie troubles.
Someone knows my name.

Odd is not even,
Even when odd is not rare.
Odd is even strange.

Communication
The form won't allow for more
That's probably best.



ignite

T. Windsor



Impending

Linda Gerking

Jonathon Friedman

Fermata

Embryonic rain wets the city's palate.
I met you for coffee, or tea, or a beverage
of some shape or flavor.

We come from the thirsty
part of the country where water bodies
are blue-hued maps or vacation photographs.

In separate Septembers,
we found a watered Sound, and clung
to its hum with our still parched tongues.

We pull in less water than waste.
Your tattoo reminds me—
Black arc over a dot,

Sitaded outward, darkened corners.
Musical symbols permanent
held across your foot.

Jonathon Friedman
Home

We try to mimic night in daylight.
The transparency of your glass table
offers a gust of see-through

in day's convulsive illusions.
I made a bed out of the couch
in your living room, tucked myself

in the width of its wing span
rested on hollow bones.
We are coated in stereo Iowa.

Lap the bedroom,
Palm the wall to keep count.
I found a lost self in an echo,

lost a new self in dusk shadows
by the unhinged window—
twice it shattered onto 1st Ave.

Bite sized glass shine puddles
like summer,
our take away glasses of Ketel spiked fruit juice

sipped near the market's grumble—
nostalgia nipped memory still
renders this contentedness.

Jonathon Friedman

battered copy

—waitress with a shaved head, and an
oak tree tattoo. Her neck loaned me

the book with the shriveled spine.
Don't crease the corners of borrowed books.

I placed slivers of paper to mark the pages
whose contents are now destitute of clarity;

The sense of emotional remembrance remains limpid.
I wanted to recall the particularities, the thunderous phrases
Softened by snow, and spent \$3.47 on
a battered copy of *Giovanni's Room*.

People are too various to be treated lightly. I am too various to be trusted.
Now I remember concrete things

also abstractions: his characters are table tops
slowly stripped of varnish,

not the finality of rough exposed grain,
instead the haggard look of

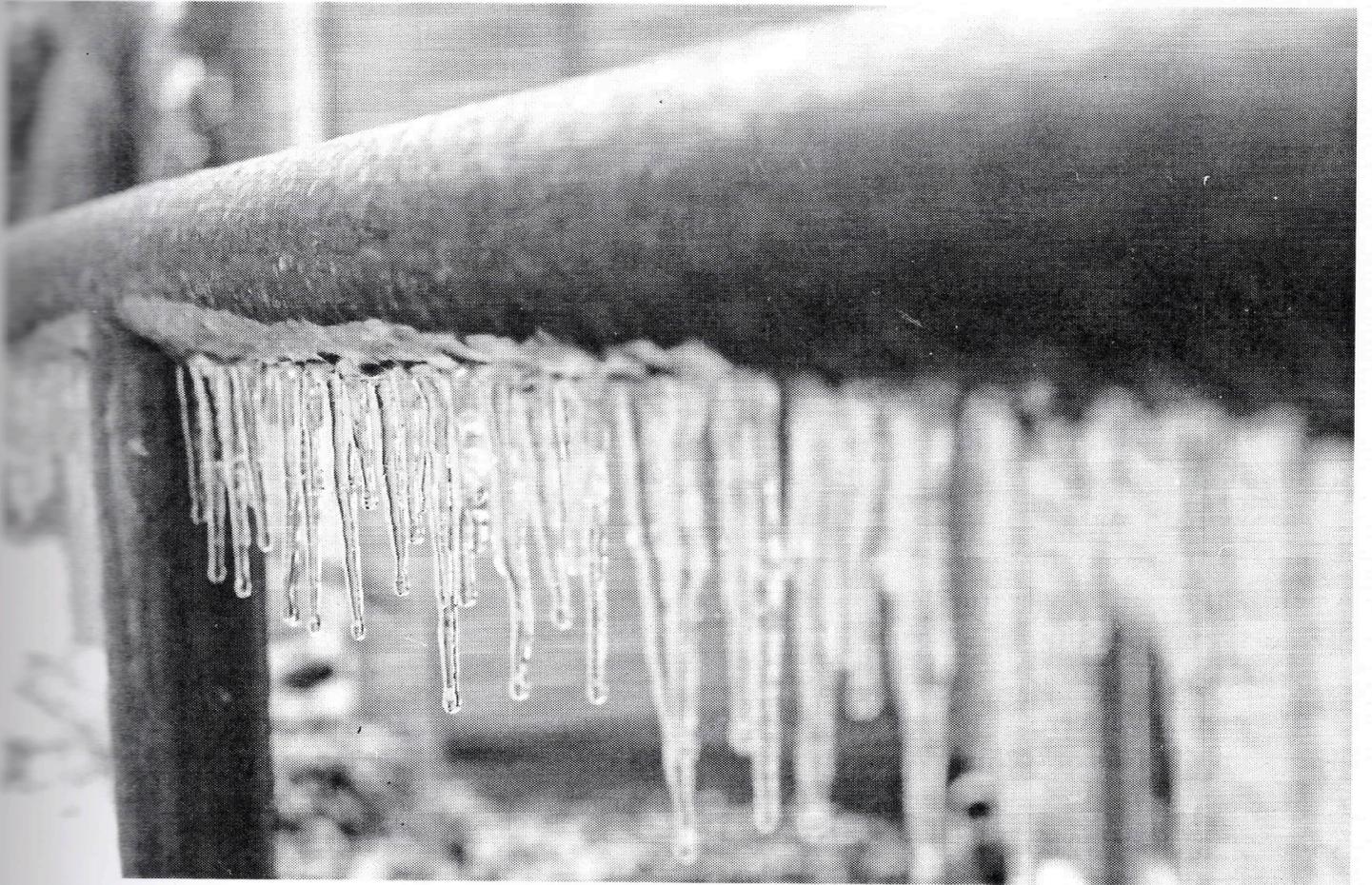
blunted cutlery, shuffled newspapers,
a brush bursting with hair—

The lines 'Don't crease the...' and 'People are too...' are borrowed from James Baldwin's *Giovanni's Room*.

Linda Gerking

A Response to *Snowball*: To Collide

1. Perhaps this pleasure
you seek
 2. What some have
called the
 3. In this your estate,
this
 4. You pile all your
desire to
 5. Refusing languages
that would give your
 6. You choose instead
the lipstick
 7. The snow that has
frozen
 8. Where little will be
accomplished
 9. You press your chin
into
 10. It is never revealed
whether
 11. Down on the snow,
blood
 12. From this deep
winter scene
 13. At this point in your
own narrative,
 14. About to discover
yourself in
 15. Near the end of the
film,
 16. Hurtled through the
air
 17. But the snow had
also become
 18. Gleaming with the
soft effulgence,
 19. They lived their
dream, their
 20. They felt the tug
of
 21. And now the
Room
 22. In their strage
world of
- is only form, nothing more, nothing less.
- state of waiting, white snowball without breath.
- is messy, about to get.
- collide, under your pillow, in duress.
- wreckage a place of repair,
- but not quite the dare.
- sounds like gunshot, next door.
- will it not? end it where?
- the empty space of rapport.
- there's a place for brute force, escape.
- reveals the path you cut, your wake.
- your face, a thousand directions more.
- sessions of inquiry, about me, suffocate.
- an alarmingly late storm.
- reciprocity, velocity, harm.
- lights come on when you're ready.
- shocking, a voyeur, unsteady.
- somewhere the cold laughter.
- ripples obscuring evidence of either.
- faking it, not trying that hard, softer.
- like a fold - a constraint.
- half sentences, they sleep under colored Christmas lights



3074 Redwood Road

T. Windsor

Evan Grim

Sketches Which Never Expected Their Autobiographies

A Cartoonish Menagerie:

Left hand elephant
 Ponders his bottom lip
 While simplistic dolphin
 Enjoys being upside down
 And a crude dog stands,
 Tip toes, tumbles,
 Wears a face
 And all the while
 The back of a head
 Wears the fore of a bird
 And shouts angular scribbles
 And the elephant is
 Is the prettiest of the bunch

Coyote Bishop

A hybrid of al and az (who knows?):
 A horse head wearing lipstick,
 Sitting atop its tower,
 Looks down on
 A spider with too many eyes
 A penis disguised as a jet liner
 A clitoris masquerading as a tiger
 And the record
 Of a particular pattern
 From some natives of Central America

A changing face:

He emerges first as
 Shakespeare, sans frilly collar;
 A change in hair
 And it's Einstein
 Hair removed,
 Drop shadows dropped on
 Becomes wind spirit
 Trapped in a box.
 When the anger comes clean,
 Einstein and Hitler are there
 Staring down a bottle
 Of Jim Beam

Evan Grim

Frida (*What the Water Gave Me*)

Pulpy extract of everything, too many polluting distillations to name a taste and your cut cheek. Here are the juices of everything life; the baby and the bathwater, the affairs running down your legs and the sweet cactus.

There are the tightropes strung on human necks and little creatures walking well above human lives. Who can blame them; how can they resist? I pissed in a pitcher of orange juice one kid summer, and it filled up with yellow jackets. Your blood is leaking from the faucet, arterial splutterings with the bubbles and blushes of the pulse of plumbing.

Cut cheek, hell; you're swallowing your own sweet cactus, blowing milk bubbles, blood bubbles, come bubbles, orange juice and yellow jackets, coming out your mouth. You're lying in it, up to your lips and can't crawl out. The only island escape is hand-sized, and already inhabited by your dead body. But sorry, you're lucky to be alive, bracketed up the back, crumbling Corinthian column propped with edgy iron scaffolds and surgeons crawling up your spine. Don't go crucifying yourself, but those nails are holding your head above water.

The facts floating there with you are neither cold nor hard. And you can't leave them in the tub. And when you dry off, you may not feel clean. The city-swallowing, land-breaking volcanism won't leave your skin. It's the juices of life bubbling up. Pus exists as a cleansing agent.

Evan Grim

Malicious Anatomy Study

1.

I will be a nude model for an
art school and the students will
draw the folds of my un-
erect, uncircumcised skin and hair
in painstaking detail.

I will shut off the
heat in winter so my
nipples will be erect and
textured and the students'
knuckles will begin to
ache with cold and quiver
struggling to control
hands with brush or char-
coal and render the scrotal
wrinkles wrapping my
retracted testicles.

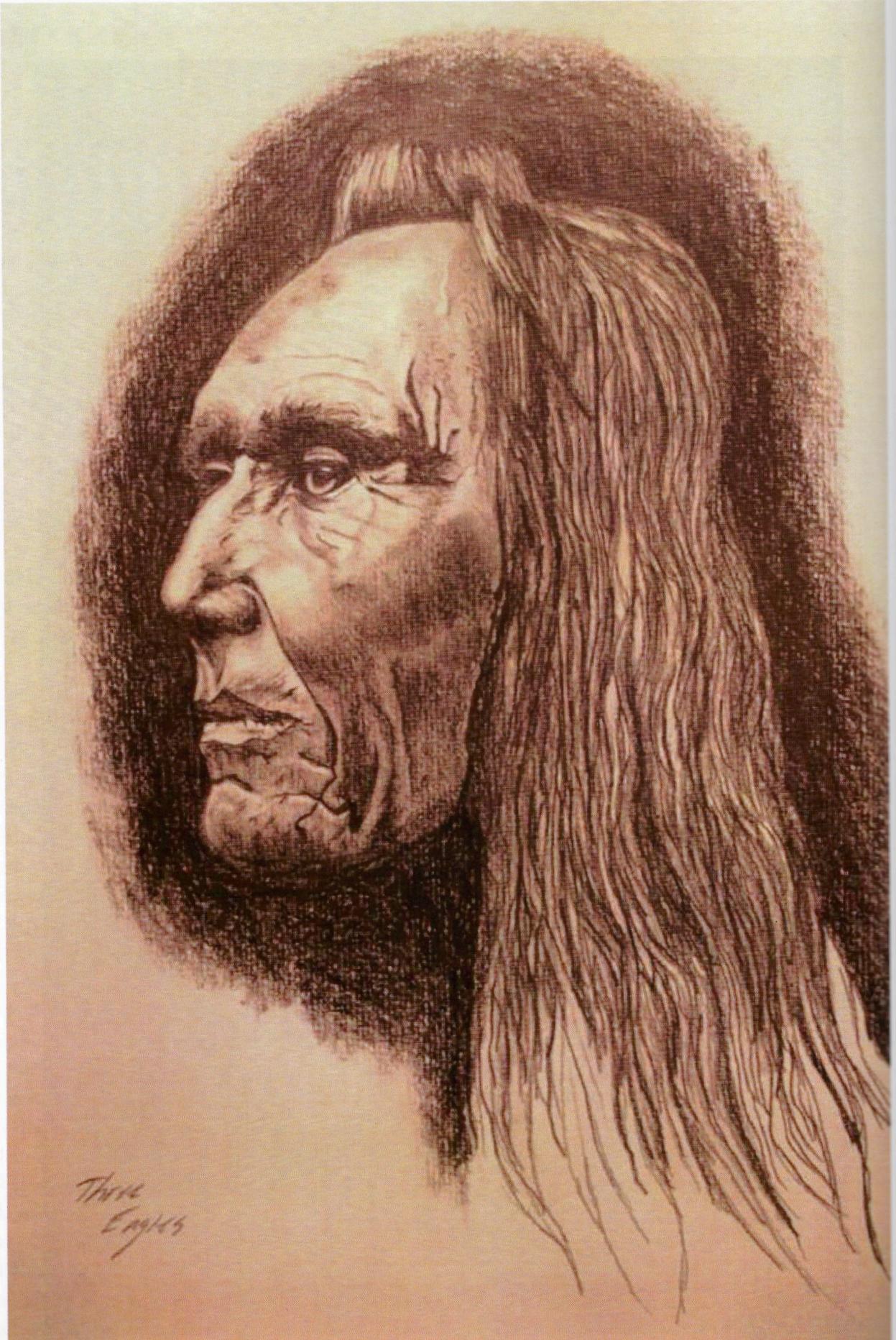
2.

It was
unfriendly of me to
present my anatomy in such
a malicious way, I'm sorry.
I hope your hands are feeling
a little less cramped today.
Maybe we will wait for
summer's sun to
try this thing again.
Maybe with the lighting better
and your fingers feeling
hot and spry and clever they
can plunge into my shadows with
a greater fervor
and with pleasure I
will smile inside staying
still to let inquiring
tool tips trace
and redefine me on
your milky pages
and once you're done with
chest and legs begin
to touch on features of
my placid face.



He's Still There, Lisbon

Deborah Caplow



Three Eagles

Wade Arthur Johnson

Wade Arthur Johnson

Excerpt from *Visions: A Memoir of Dreams*

I open my eyes

I open my eyes to what seems a black void of nothingness. I open my eyes wider. They are as wide as I can possibly make them. They are bulging out of my skull with that stinging feel of dryness. But still all I see is a fuzzy darkness devoid of any structure. Just an empty space. I seem to be suspended within it, weightless as if I were underwater. The realization I can perceive something, even if it is nothing, assures me of my consciousness. I at least have some of my senses. My brain has awoken along with my eyes.

An abrupt string of sheer noise in my ears assures me I have some form of sensory hearing. It comes on deafeningly. I can feel my drums pulsate. I think they might explode just as it starts to slowly quiet and change frequency. It shifts from a low bass of sound to a higher ringing. It rings now like an ultra high pitched version of chirping grasshoppers. It is the sound that would make any one shake or cringe. It goes on for quite some time, but I don't even know how much time passes here. The ringing has now become a mind numbing mantra. The sheer length of it starts to drive me insane. This must be why a baby cries during birth. The awakening of consciousness, of brain functionality. Born into the world screaming for dear life.

Abruptly the feeling and sound of breath within my non-visible body is present. Sucking in air and then letting it pass out. Breathing. I breathe. Now I know I am physically alive. I start to breathe harder. Gasping for air gives me a strange dizzy sensation. I slow down and relax. I inhale. Then I exhale. As I push out the used air, I can see my breath before me as white mist. It flows out in spirals as it disappears.

I peer into the blackness straining my eyes from concentration. At last without any warning a speck of white light faintly appears within the dark. It seems to grow with size and distinction the longer and farther I stare into it. As I stare with unbending concentration, I feel as if my mind is stretching along the narrowing of my vision to this light. A tunnel. A wormhole. A vortex. Instantaneously I am bombarded with white light shining into my eyes with copious intensity.

I close my eyes and all I see is red. Red. I open my eyes to a tiny slit. There is no more black. The darkness has been replaced by a bright green color. Green. Everything appears green. Everything is now illuminated. As my vision adjusts to the light, it is not so bright. Everything appears to be dark, full of shadows and utterly silent.

As I look I begin to feel my body. I have a body. I look at myself. I have been lying with my chin atop my knees on the ground. Red was my color. I start to move and eventually I sit up from my place on the ground. Body movement comes naturally, non-mechanical and jittery. I look around at the space I am in. The cold floor. The ceiling. The light at the end of what appears to be a tunnel. I am astonished to find I have been lying in the middle of a hallway. A hallway with many doors along each side. I raise my head toward the light. I see that the light was given by double doors opening. It is not a tunnel as I had thought.

I stand. I stand up on to my feet. My knees shake with the lack of strength. After much trial I gain my composure. I start to walk slowly toward the light. The outside is still very far away. As I walk down the hallway I pass by the other doors on both sides of me. I wonder what is behind these doors. I bet if I opened one it would give me an answer to where I am. I stop walking and turn to my left. I reach out to grab hold of the door handle.

Just as my hand touches the cold metal I hear a footstep from the dark side of the hallway. A loud footstep like metal smashing against the floor. It echoes from the deep darkness.

Echoing. Echoing. Echoing. Then another footstep I hear. Echo. There is nothing that appears to be moving back in the darkness where the light stops shining. The sound of footsteps becomes louder and more frequent. The echoes become layered over themselves into a loud rhythmic resonance that hurts my brain. Finally with little hesitation I turn towards the light and start to run. Faster. Faster. My heart is pumping fast. Sweat runs down my face. I breathe harder. I am running as fast as I can, but the light seems to move farther away the closer I think I am to it. The hallway stretches farther and farther. The echoing noise behind me gets louder and louder. Then with a sudden jerk my legs give out and I land flat on the floor. My eyes close. Then darkness.

The Journey

I stepped onto the cardboard bus. I paid the bus driver. I turned to walk to my seat. What I saw then was something I did not expect. Every person I had known were the dead passengers on this bus. My friends, acquaintances and family. What was the destination again? I timidly made my way step by step past the corpses, most of which just stared out the window. As I slowly reached the back of the bus where I planned to sit, something caught my attention. I looked. It was an old man, it was my grandfather. His head was turned to the left as if he was talking to someone. I just gazed at him with disbelief. Then he steadily turned his head and stared right into my eyes. It was the sort of stare that pierces your soul. Black, cold, lifeless eyes, that stare. The jolt of it made my body shake me awake.

Puppets

It was once known that it was time to see clearly. It was time to see the world for what it was. Puppets. Hollow puppets. Saw mother as a puppet. It was all performance for me. She had strings attached to her arms, her legs, head, mouth, hands, and feet. Cracks ran down both sides of her mouth so the puppet master could make her speak. Now every one began to be seen this way. What they truly are. It was all a show for me. Everything that every body did was to trick me in to also being a puppet. It was all just a stage, only without the music.

Lucidity

An enormous moon that covered the sky shown brightly on me as I lie awake in bed. I could not sleep. I could not sleep because I was scared. I lay under my covers shivering, sweating with fear. There were my eyes shifting from side to side, paranoid something was in my room watching me. Haunting me. I could feel the cold sweat of fear upon my body. I was sure they could sense it too.

There were whispers. Whispers in my ears and with my mind. Shrill little murmurs. Faint little sounds of awful voices. My eyes stared straight ahead, without movement. I centered my vision upon a hanging flannel shirt in my open closet in front of me. I stared at it intently. I was mortified to even move an eyelid. As I gazed in to the shirt I noticed something strange about the wrinkles along the sleeve. The longer I looked at it the more I realized the wrinkles created the image of a human face... Then... it moves. The mouth moved as if to speak. My body jerked back in shock. It was trying to say something. The lips were shifting up and down trying to communicate with me. I shut my eyes to escape the terror.

The light from the moon began to shine faintly into my dark room. The light made a reflection upon a narrow strip of white wall creating a brilliant area of white. So bright I had to squint to see it. This drew my attention away from the demon on my flannel shirt. Was this white light now an angel? It looked like one. The angel did not give me much comfort. It inflicted upon me an even greater sense of terror than the demon. Was this a dream? No, it was real.

My own face

I looked into a pool of water below me. The water was blue from the reflection of the sky. I wondered to myself, what was on the other side of this mirror of water? I bent down and looked into it. I saw my face in the water now. My eyes looked into my own as I gazed into the pool of water. I was locked onto my image, onto my perceiving eyes. It started to rain. The ripples from the rain distorted the image it held. But I still held the view into my own eyes intently. I looked closer. I looked deeper. I began to see my reflection in my reflections own eyes. The farther I looked the farther I went. When I looked into my eyes, I saw infinity.

Death

I found myself sitting in a pew in a cathedral. I looked around more and noticed I was among many people, yet I felt alone. Most of the people, I noticed, were people I knew. People I know. I was among my own family and friends, but why was everyone crying? Their once happy eyes were now all buried in tears.

I realized I had been to this cathedral before. A long time ago. Everything was in order. The red carpeting, stain glass windows, candles, and gothic architecture. It was the same.

When the ceremony was done I got up from my seat and watched them all walk mournfully and weeping. I had forgotten who died. We all gathered around the open coffin of the deceased. Some people say a prayer over the body, some kiss it, and others just look. When my turn came I approached the coffin slowly. All I could see at first were pale hands crossed atop the chest. When I got there, I looked. I looked at the body. I looked at the face. I looked at myself. This funeral was mine.

I open my eyes

I open my eyes. I am still alive. I am still red. The sound of footsteps is no more. There are no wounds or any pain. As I start to get up off the floor, I notice something out of the corner of my eye. I turn my head quickly to catch what it is. I see that it is a hand. A hand kindly awaiting the acceptance of its helping desire. I look up at the figure of a man standing over my body. Darkness shadows his face. He stands tall with his one hand out, stretched to me and his other grasping a long staff. Is this Death?

I stand up to look at him. He is just a man. Not Death. He is a janitor. He is green. He stands taller than me and wears janitor's clothing, covered with a greasy looking grime. Shadow still prevents me from seeing his eyes and most of his face. I ask him where I am, but he does not answer. Instead he points towards the open doors ahead. But I already tried to escape. Without debate he lays his hand upon my shoulders and leads me towards the open. The hallway and its many doors pass by me as we draw closer to the light. I am ready.

The light engulfs my entire body as I pass through the doorway. All is white. The bright light turns into green. I am green. Green is now the color. I wonder to myself why everything looks different. There is nothing here. Just light.

Gina Latshaw

Excerpt from *The Cannibalistic Body*

Initial consideration

During accidental placement, energy is sometimes stored in mislabeled containers unable to hold the amount of volume necessary for continuance. These containers often come in forms considered "bodies." When the body can no longer contain the self and self begins to spill out of pores and windows, a reaction within the body forms. While the slow and often painful leak grows, the body (in a frantic and confused reaction) mourns for the loss and begins to consume without outside nourishment. Through this act, self-sustenance is created by the destruction of cells including the swallowing of the nucleus. To alleviate the tension cause by such an act, the following suggestions are made:

Visit libraries on occasion. During such a visit, loud and disturbing noise should be produced, drawing attention to oneself. Although the self will continue the leaking process, the dread and feeling of loss can be stifled for that immediate moment and possibly the entire day.

While walking through parks, it may be necessary to talk to strangers. Tell them about your leaking problems, including unspeakable details. Then, quickly walk away while the stranger is confused and in shock. This can have a reversal effect on personal confusion by replacing it with absurd self-satisfaction.

Begin to voice your opinion on every decision and action around you. By removing the tape from this quieted mouth, it may be possible to reuse it on one of the pours in which you are leaking from, thus slowing the process.

When in public gathering, clothing and manners can be viewed as optional. This is your right by the entrapment of the mislabeled flesh.

Passion of art

The collision, violent like life itself. Crimson mixed with sorrow and the solitude of hospital walls. The attraction, blending in layers, chalk or oils. Richer than saffron, as intriguing as death or love, or both. It is the red that pulses through veins, flowing rich, thick like cream. The rubies caught in the sunset, darkening autumn leaves. The flicker of mitosis creating asters, the fibers twisting in the collision. Her visions embraced in crystal to be drunk greedily—intoxicating reality. It fills the pages, the room.

The condition

Pieces began to break, functioning only when altered with white pills so small they look to be irrelevant—deadly. The treatment is sometimes more drastic than the illness.

Kill the remainder. Confusing contradictions.

Preclusion never works at this stage, there is no time, time being irrelevant anyway. Even the white pills once adored after a trail became paltry, another piece of paper reinforcing the unavoidable terminology, the joke of a prefix “non.”

It's in the blood. Confined by flesh and tissue, running deep in veins. Energy binding to each other in destructive chaos. But there should be a separation—blood, flesh, idea, soul. A connection builds over time, and attachment looks back. This is how fear is created.

Pity being stripped from his eyes years ago, the words roll off his tongue with ease. My questions are only a bother. Closing the file quickly, he walks away in his black dress shoes. Her memory of it will fade. I will announce it until my voice becomes hollow and I begin to hate prefixes and butterflies. I could pluck their wings like buttercup petals, leaving them as limp and withered as her body.

Dream

She's full of stories, some from windows, some from the sand and wind of childhood, some left untold... some from dreams. Dreams that create worlds, universes, or maybe memories. Nothing can be done with them, the terror of geometry, the meanings mingled with fog and the aurora.

If only I could change them, like in my dreams. Pulling apart the very atoms between my fingers. I know I could fix it then. I'm so close. I will understand the meaning of light.

Her boyfriend once told me of waking to her pinching her fingers together, only to catch air and emptiness. This is not uncommon, most of her work is done this way. Enlighten this way, something that happens when preparing.

Delia Mapita-Maraire

Excerpt from *Diabolical Milestone*

Beauty Abound

My flawless protruding stomach, proliferating stretch marks, inflexible bouts of morning regurgitation, and embarrassingly unusual cravings for mud, marked the most beautiful days of my entire life. Life within life is such an inconceivable sensation. Now that human form grew within me, pregnancy no longer seemed overrated. Every night I longed to feel him kick anxiously in my uterus, so Loyiso and I could rub my stomach and calm him down – just to let him know that his parents would always protect and nourish him. He always kicked ardently when the theme music for *The Sopranos* came on television. Connecting these joyous kicks with mafia music, Loyiso and I decided to record this music for selfish moments when we wanted to feel him kick and move around my womb. “He’s going to be a world famous soccer player one day. Maybe even play for England,” I would always say to Loyiso. Thabani – our LOVE, our LIFE, our EVERYTHING. He would be our beauty abound.

Beauty Removed

That fatal decision would plague, haunt and hunt me down forever. That piercing silence that occurs right after the loud crash from two cars colliding head on would play repeatedly in my head like a broken vinyl record. But what would keep me up all night from this day forth would be the sight of my seven year old Thabani flying through my windshield from the middle back passenger seat of my car. His smooth chocolaty skin pierced a thousand times by a combination of tiny and large fragments of broken glass. His jugular ripped apart by protruding shards of venomous glass. Why did I have to drive that day?

If I could relive that day we would stay home and enjoy a warm cozy fireplace and play family board games until the stormy weather passed. Loyiso and I had been arguing intensely about visiting my cousin and his family in Birmingham for the weekend.

There’s a lot of white noise in my head.

I’m not sure whose decision it was for us to leave in such treacherous weather. A deadly bolt of lightning had struck the truck that rammed into us, sending the driver into shock and sending his vehicle straight into our icy path. Shrouded visibility and a slick road reduced my chances of veering out of the way before doomsday. Why didn’t Loyiso drive that day? We should have stayed home.

White noise. Piercing silence.

My beautiful son was no longer protected. No amniotic fluid to feed his soul. Someone told me he died instantly – a man in a blue or was it gray uniform of some sort – I’m not sure – maybe a policeman. I can’t recall.

White noise. Piercing silence.

My son died, my husband sustained extensive abdominal and head injuries. I came out without a scratch.....just permanent emotional scars.

Delia Mapita-Maraire

Excerpt from *Tears for a Requiem*

Night Time Phobias

Picturesque. Sunset. Blue, gold, orange,
bloodshot red. Even when the sun sets, it slowly disappears beyond the horizon in a magical way. The dark of the night returns to struggle with the light and all the magical colors that the sun emits. This time the darkness wins the battle to clear all light from sight. The moon and stars are frail allies of the sun. The moon appears in halves, and quarters, and wholes when it feels like it. Merely bits and pieces; here and there. The stars are numerous but miniature pieces of light; too weak to conquer the night.

Blinded for an eternal moment. I can't really see in this smoke filled hut. My city-slicker, suburban, "used to light bulb" eyes are burning. Tears flow. It's no longer the grief; it's the smoke from the fire in the middle of this skillfully built mud hut clawing into my fragile eyeballs yet warming my icy limbs. The only sense organs currently functioning appropriately are my ears. I can hear shrill weeping in the background.

What a wretched sounding cry! Who is that?

I'm not sure, my daughter, it's probably one of those women from the neighboring community making their rounds tonight.

*Oh yeah, the annoying ones that attend all the funerals in this valley, and cry louder than anyone else, while shedding **no** tears. Most of the time they don't even know who actually died.*

Don't say it like that. It's part of life here. You wouldn't understand my dear.

*Far, far away; find comfort in pain
All pleasure's the same; it just keeps me from trouble.
It's more than just words; it's just tears and rain.*

There are a lot of things I still don't understand. I probably never will. But as my mother always told me, life goes on. It's a matter of how you deal with all the adversities that lie on your predestined path.

Ben McGinnis
A Forbidden Clearing

His object of desire: one vintage tire swing placed by the forest's edge. This was his childhood rebellion, bred early and to last at least a decade, maybe more. Innocent toy, rubber joined with thick twine to the branch of the aging birch tree's trunk, rotted, dry from years of use, precariously near the clearing's cliff-like drop. He was forbidden, yes he knew, by generations past who knew the danger, tales offered as deterrence from his pushing urge to frequent, stories, yes he knew, exaggerated fabrications made to scare: how Grandpa Ray broke his back on the lower sandy ledge when pushed by naughty Uncle Sal, who later snapped the tire swing's branch while hanging by the edge. These fanned the flames of his desire, made bold through reissue of forbiddance so he longed to clutch the rope and plant his feet and ride the wind with inherent boyish abandon. Pin-cushion topography of the forest floor, peering eyes behold through jagged shards of dusky light created by the evening sky: suspended, tantalizing, inviting in its emptiness. He noticed then the evening air, the moment his resolve had melted with the stories: the scent of bold revolt and how it's not unlike a whiff of summer mums.

Ben McGinnis
Shattered Puddles

On the steps of my father's house

I sit and watch the rain

make puddles.

The croaking down the pond

I discovered as a child-

jumping in puddles

shattering like mirrors

fragmented shards of light

like the constellations

meteors and comets

I observed here

with my father.

I am content now

to watch them grow

until one pool,

lucidly transparent

spills and flows

into another.

Ben McGinnis
Permanence Is

Permanence is

a vision

gained through

the wrong side

of a lens,

milieu of backward

looks and glances

seeking resurrection

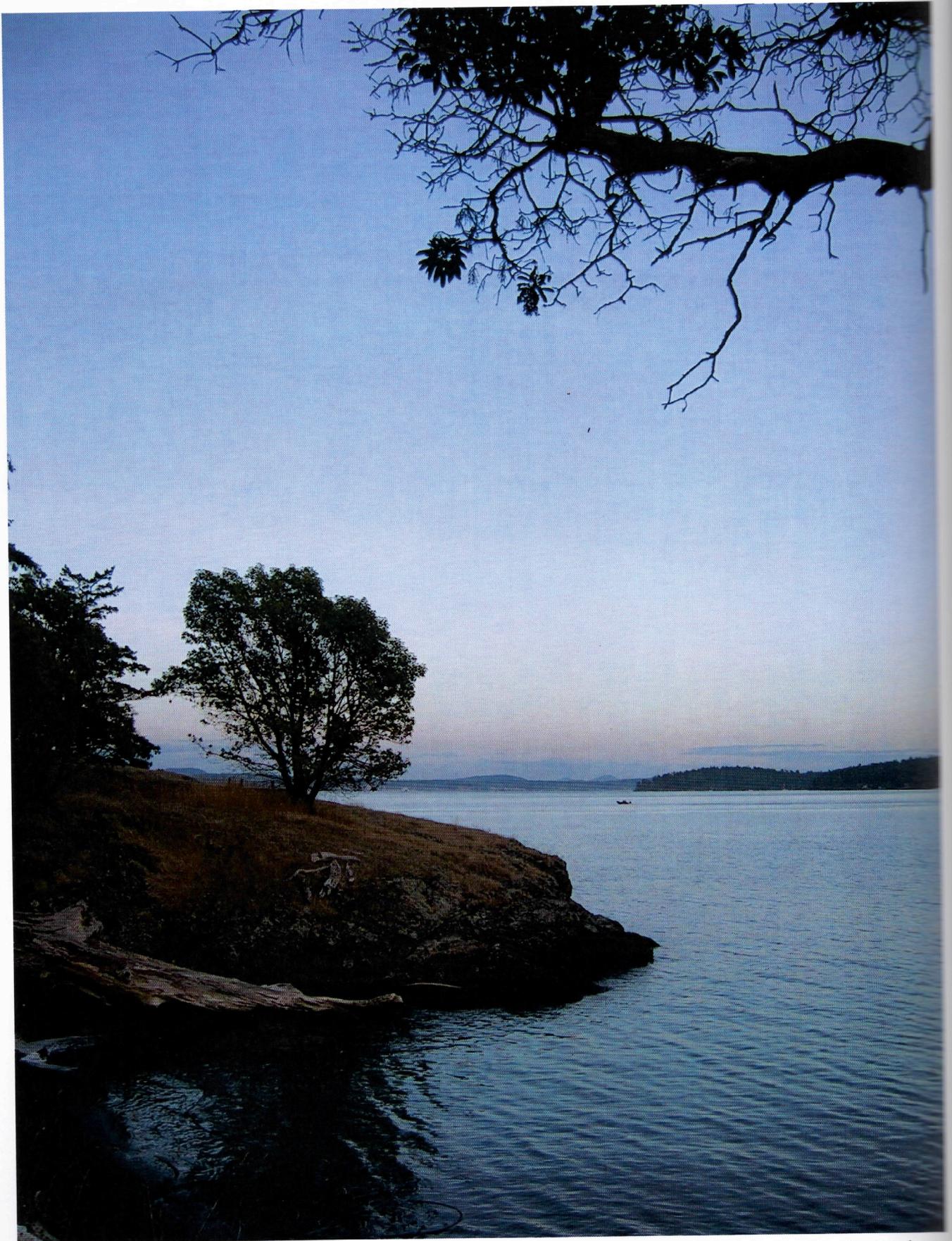
from a death

imposed by time.



Wall, Lisbon

Deborah Caplow



FHL Twilight

Linda Gerking

Hannah Sanghee Park
Friday Harbor, 2006

For PTB

You saw the seal. But you did not see the salt-peppered grasshoppers whip-stitching the Atlas-

held sky to the ground. Their dry chirrup was a steady chant, muffled pyrrhic

feet. You heard a woodpecker on repeat, petering out as we left. But the taper

of the seabirds you did not hear, sleep clotted your ears. Those birds, peels

from Japanese ink-prints, sang the faux pas of avian songs—it stripped the sap off

of adjacent trees. You smelled my room. But you did not smell the brackish moor

of the tide pool. The pageantry of it, laid out, made my heart and fingers want to dial

the operator, ask the currency of sand dollars, the prime wishability of starfish; I rolled

in the cool of it. The hues of it—a red, a rhubarb, a ruby—heightened my new bravura

to touch them: mollusks, urchins, that E.T. animal that rested on both water and terra, to laminate

the two with its full, pulp-lipped center. sprawled out in a fashion any redneck

would appreciate. The sea cucumbers—spined, cummerbunding themselves to denizens

of the pool, moved like the dying old. No starfish here were flashy exhibitionists. On

the side, a watermelon of an anemone frothed and fluttered its wormy phenomena

towards the surface. Where were you then, the barnacles' monocles held a net

of hearts in their eyes, a new kind of Eros,

Hannah Sanghee Park

How the Dog and the Cat Begat that “Dat”

SCENE 1: IN THE BEGINNING...

CAT: NIP this in the bud, tuck this in—your bark and bite weigh *equally* worse.

DOG: GONE are the lazy days you fry your fur in the sun. The world—your continual pillow.

CAT: A LOG, sticks, tree bits—things peasants drag home—try pheasants!

DOG: GIRL, at least I’m grateful for food and proper drinks!

CAT: A TONIC or two? Or toilet water?

DOG: *STAR Magazine* called—you licked yourself where?

CAT: TAILS or heads? You’ll sniff both!

DOG: EAT DOG food henceforth—no more domesticated sushi. Let sleeping goldfish lie.

CAT: NAPPING is an activity that no owner needs to trouble themselves for.

SCENE 2:

DOG: MA, Pa, the whole family knows I guard the place...unlike you, SCAREDY-

CAT: BURGLARS can slip by you, even if you did WORK LIKE A-

DOG: EARED, eyed, nosed—check! I'm ready; I'm up anyone's ALLEY.

CAT: SCAN this! You're going closer to stupidity....warm, warmer, HOT

DOG: YEARS of study on your kind's kindness shows...warm, cold, COOL-

CAT: OUT OF THE BAG, I guess, your true feelings, they've been hiding UNDER-

DOG: PILE on the pity party! Stuff your FAT-

CAT: OR WALL yourself into a well! I would seal off the TOP-

DOG: DAYS you'd have, and still so lazy you'd fall paws-up! That was my idea, you COPY-

CAT: FIGHTING is what you want? Tonight, the temperature hot or CHILLY-

DOG: FACE the facts. Pain—pure, poured—your bones will feel it MAGNIFY-

CAT: WALK the walk first. It's your back you better WATCH

DOG: TOOTH—nay, my teeth—will make you a fine back crest. Your blood will be RAINING

CAT: AND...?

DOG:...The End.

EPILOGUE:

And that night, some cinematic lightning bolts fell, fur melded and melted into a doggedly made catastrophe—the Dat.



Fallen Amongst Infinity

Wade Arthur Johnson



Falling Fire

Larisa Idlis

Marion Power
Creation Revival



Le Rêve

Henri Rousseau (1910)

In moonlit wood
Sitting on her sofa
Half dreaming half awake
Wild animals appear

She feels her soul wander
Into thick of the forest
Disembodied mere shadow
Revenant the ghost

Reconstructing her vision
Accepting her nakedness
She is not cold
And the apparition is real

A piper is playing
Plants are blooming
Reanimation of spirit
And a natural revival

Marion Power Was Watt's Negotiation

This one was one explaining literary portrait beyond what her eye captures a portrait of character of personality negotiated. This one was one explaining the coded reference of sitter to writer to sitter constant negotiation. This one was one who was explaining historical mood coded and referenced of reader reading relationships in words. This one was one who referenced images stacking ideas one upon another upon each other in the reader's mind stacking sequential sentences like blocks. This one was one explaining process of consciousness flowing no resolution to flow with no resolution. This one was one with recurrence not repetition multiple facets not repeated but recurring.

Marion Power

The Lay of the Land After Kuo

She doesn't even know what to think anymore
What to do with the tough guy in the big blue truck
With his dog hanging out the window on the driver's side
Where does he fit?

Where does she put the Chinese poet in khakis and white shirt?
Reading his prose sharply aware and oddly gentle
Working the puzzle, each piece revealing itself
In time over a life he is finding his way

She looks at the pieces, searching for a familiar edge

So many pieces to put together
Images of a big blue truck the man the dog
The poet reading something he wrote
Having to put everything into place

Multiple open boxes on this table
Until the fitting obsession finally falls
A part, a return to finding her way
Heart beating in a strong and definite manner

She lives like this
She feels herself real
She feels herself parting
Multiple pieces of carrying, fitting



Backyard View March 1, 2007

Henning Thiel

Beth Secor

Bound/Declaration

If this train was moving any slower it would be backing up into Mexico. As it is, we only just inched into Canada about a half an hour ago and don't quote me on this, but I believe that the engineer took crossing the border as in occasion to decrease the speed just a little more. Had we come by car we would have arrived already, but you said that you wanted me to have a respite. From what however, you neglected to say, presumably from the stress of driving. Since we are going to be without our own vehicle in Vancouver, I'm beginning to believe that this train business was a covert attempt to drag me into your lifestyle of choice, pedestrianism. Clearly, I did not scream nor kick nearly enough.

The real problem here is that I have to pee. And, even though it is slow as hell, this is one wobbly damn train. At the moment I feel bereft of any sort of equilibrium and not much like knocking my way into fellow traveler after fellow traveler in search of a toilet. Besides, didn't you say that the bathrooms were a couple of cars away? This is not entirely insurmountable, I could stumble and apologize my way back to the crapper car and take care of business. But you have apprised me of a further concern. I didn't join you in the monumental cup of coffee you had at the outset of the trip, the one that necessitated your visiting the facilities awhile back. How was it that you characterized them, "a bit confining," something about not being sure that you were going to be able to turn around in there? And if your relatively skinny butt was that bound up, there isn't any hope for mine. I'd be a wedge for sure. I think I'll just have to hold it until we get to the station. Thank god I skipped the coffee.

For awhile there, I was completely on board with the train thing. I mean, four whole hours that I could dedicate to reading. Oh, and this quarter I have a lot of reading, train travel—fucking brilliant. Not long after leaving the station, I cracked Lance Olsen's *10:01*. It was perfect, an entire book of one and a half page vignettes. After forth-five minutes, I'd make it through two, and while the present state of the great grand niece or daughter, illegitimate or twice removed and none the wiser, of Franz Kafka, was quite interesting and weird and all, between the constant locomotion and my anticipation, concentration just wasn't happening. Now that my brilliant master plan had been dashed and discarded, and there being only so much scenery that one, well I anyway, can tolerate, I was really glad to see that you had brought along the handy *Time Out* travel guide. Here's the thing: I don't have the forethought to do something as sensible as buy a travel guide. That is what I have you for. I'm more of a hip of the pants, by the seat kind of person. Mostly, I'm just disorganized. What you have me for, I don't know.

This seems to me a funny book, I mean, there is an entire section titled *Gay and Lesbian... Follow the rainbow to Vancouver's gay mecca*. I don't know, maybe it's just a funny city. Evidently there is a whole culture. I should study up on that. The guide is very informative:

This was one of the first provinces in North America to legalise gay marriage... same-sex couples in British Columbia can get married with the same rights and benefits as any heterosexual couple. Even if you're not a citizen of BC you can still get married here. A marriage license from the Office of Vital Statistics (604 660 2937, www.us.gov.bc.ca/marriage) can be obtained for \$100.

But really, back to the matter at hand. Right now we are meandering through a marsh. I know this is counterintuitive, but the surrounding land seems to be quite saturated. My perception to the contrary, I'm not ruling out the possibility that I could be projecting, a sort of reverse take on the cliché of how the sight of water induces an urge to urinate, here the need to

pee creating ubiquitous visions of water. If I'm soaked, so is my world.

This staggeringly profound contemplation is interrupted by a voice over the PA system dutifully reminding each and every passenger that we need to fill out the declaration forms that someone came by and thrust at us about an hour ago. Canadian customs officials will be collecting them upon our arrival at the station. No custom form, no entry into Canada. Well, maybe it's not quite that serious, but anyway, the announcement sets off a flurry of activity. Rummaging and rustling comes from all corners of the car. I am quite amused until I realize that I don't have a clue where my own form has gotten itself to. And, big lot of help you are, when I ask if you know where it has gone, all you can do is look at me and make a face that clearly says, "I'm not your Mummy!" After a few minutes of intense and frustrated searching, I finally locate it in the bottom of my carry on bag between pages four and five of the Lance Olsen book, marking the place where I left off.

After examining the form for a couple of minutes, I am not any clearer about what to do with it than I was when it was tidily sandwiched between Olsen prose.

Again, I look to you and ask, "Uhm, what are we supposed to declare?"

A soft smile crinkles around your eyes as you cock your head and slip your palm beneath mine, replying, "Our undying love."

Resisting the overwhelming and competing temptations to either plant the most amazingly passionate kiss on your smirking lips, or erupt in cackles, I slacken all expression and wryly ask, "Does that come with a marriage license?"

Just as quickly, you respond, "Nah, that's a hundred dollars extra."

So, you had read that section too. Why had I any doubt?

Rodney-Dean Smiley

It's Only a Game

We never did play
those tracks we promised to--
Augusta, St. Andrews, Pinehurst.

We never had
a putt to save par at
Amen Corner, and the Road Hole.

*Having won three consecutive amateur championships, many
believe he could be the next Jack Nicklaus.*

Dreams change.
Gone are hopes of joining the tour--
The Masters...The Open.

Everything changes.
Just as Titanium replaces Persimmon,
Munies take the place of Pebble.

*Johnny Miller Takes Over as Color Commentator for Ken Venturi
on CBS.*

Like children
we begged to caddy for
Gary and Rudy.

Like starving vultures,
we devoured Jack's words in
Golf Digest.

Play Like the Pros: A One Year Subscription...Now Only \$15.95!

Remember when
we ditched morning classes to
join an early afternoon twosome?

Remember how,
if there was still enough daylight, we'd troll the lakes for balls--
Titleist and Top Flite?

*Santa Anas Blow in From the East: Southland Residents find
Various Ways of Coping with the Heat.*

Gone is the time before jobs,
before positions...
before careers.

Gone is the time when hours
on the practice tee was considered,
"Time well spent."

"Mergers, down-sizing, and outsourcing means many American workers will need to consider alternative careers. Experts say many in the workforce will need to acquire new skills if they are to have any chance of competing in today's job market."

These days we still wait
for the fog to clear so we can hit
our first drives,

And these days we still watch
the rooster tail as dew sprays from
our first putts.

7:00 am Starting time: "Will the Johnson foursome please report to the first tee?"

It's still a game
After swing-thoughts and pre-shot routines...
the low rising fade, the high draw.

It's still just the same--
Settling up on friendly bets, embellishments in the clubhouse--
Nassaus and Skins.

...bragging rights take the place of tournament victories

No, we never played
those great holes we
swore we'd play.

No, we never did turn pro--
never drove for show, nor did we truly
putt for dough.

Many men experience a mid-life crisis as they near their early forties. It is often at this point that men come to realize many of their earliest hopes and dreams will never be fulfilled.

"You know if I could just improve my short game, some say I

Stephanie Stewart

Excerpt from *Seeing Your Breath*

As you walk into Harvey's Shop, the taste of blood freezes in the back of your throat where your sinuses drain. It tastes like cold iron. Behind the steel door a 48 inch round thermometer floats in the center of a stark white wall opposite of Harv's office. It needs to read 36 degrees farenheight at all times. The FDA requires a room temperature log for each hour. A copy of the log must be attached to each invoice before shipping. Failure to do so could jeopardize Harvey's butcher shop without an opportunity to reopen. There was a large shipment heading out to Chicago early this morning. *Fresh Express* was picking-up at 7 o'clock instead of 10. Harv figured he would just stay over extra hours at his night job and treat himself to a hearty breakfast at Callahan's. It makes for a long day and pots of coffee, but he didn't mind.

Outside it was cold. Harvey left his night job at the warehouse. His lungs were pierced with each inhale and made him cough. Harv walked briskly to his maroon 2001 Jeep Cherokee across the barren parking lot. Climbing-in, shutting the door and starting the ignition in one swoop, he checked the outside temperature next to the clock; 5 degrees at 4:36 am. "Jesus Jenny it's damn cold! More like minus 5 with the wind chill." He gripped his hands together over his nose and mouth. He had left his navy blue Polartech gloves on the kitchen counter after shoveling the walkway. Harv continued to rub his hands together. He reached over to test the temperature at one of the vents. It was still chilly so he waited. With weather this cold it's wise to allow the engine to warm-up. He clicked on the radio. "Sister Christian now the time has come. . ." Not necessarily a song to keep you up in the wee hours, but 95 WAOR at least had to have Skynard in rotation this early. In an attempt to wake-up and calm the shivers, Harv began to sing along with the chorus. "Motor in, what's you price for flight. . ." He tested the temperature again. Bingo! He cranked-up the blower and pointed the vents at his face. The warm air felt like a hairdryer. He moved his face around as if to dry it. Harv put the truck in gear and was off to indulge in good eats and good atmosphere. In this town Callahan's was the only 24 hour restaurant. Just off the toll-way they served-up all kinds of good homecookin' at any hour. Harvey wasn't a regular, but was on a first name basis with the third shift staff.

Barb was his favorite server. Harv always sat in her section and talked beyond the menu of politics and movies. Each time Harv saw her he wanted to ask her out for coffee after her shift, but thought it sounded too strange. She had probably drank quite a bit of coffee throughout the night, if she drank it. Even when he wasn't at Callahan's he struggled with his desire and a way in which to ask her out.

"Hey there Harv. Great to see your smiling face this morning. It's been awhile," Barb called over from the drink station. "Be right there with some coffee for ya." Harv replied with an ear to ear grin and a nod.

He slid into the beige vinyl booth. He took the menu from behind the napkin dispenser to make sure his favorite entrée was still listed under *Morning Glory*. A burly looking man in the smoking section across the room caught his eye. A hairy fella with deep-set eyes glanced Harvey's direction and then stared out the window. Barb came-up from behind Harv with a cup of coffee and coffee pot, "Are ya frozen?" With a perma-grin, "Holy crap its cold. It's gotta be way below zero with the wind chill. I'm surprised my truck even started." "Has the cold kept people away tonight?" Harv asked.

"Just the opposite really. It's been pretty steady. As soon as the lake effect started about 11:30, we were packed. What's going on in the life of Harv these days?" Barb stood at the end of the table.

Harvey took a sip from the tan speckled mug, "Not too much." He took another sip. "Boy that tastes good." He took another sip. "Just trying to work both jobs as much as possible. The shop's doing well. Gotta big shipment going to Chicago early this morning. That's why I'm here. I'm gonna make it in an hour before they pick-up to finish paperwork." Harv took another sip of black coffee, glanced out the window and up at Barb. She instinctively reached over to top off his cup. "Yep," she said, "Working a bunch and staying busy with void fillers. I hear ya there. Life is what happens when you're busy, right?" She gave a half smile. "Havin' the usual starter this morning? Wheat toast and grape jelly, right?"

"Sure thing Barb," he looked up at her with a nod and took a sip of coffee. "You got it," she jotted it on her notepad, "Check," Barb motioned a checkmark in midair. She walked from the table and Harv's perma-smile was toned down as he continued to fix his glance into the parking lot. His eyes moved from the burly man back to the window a few times.

Harv thought of possibilities. He wasn't sure about himself or what his life had to offer. It made him uneasy, yet excited. He pictured his life in Ft. Meyers Beach and not in Lakeville. Harv danced with the thought of Barb; although, he wasn't sure about anything.



Blue Bicycle, Lisbon

Deborah Caplow



Anem

Amy Jones

Spring 2006 Poetry Class

Self-Containment

Finding yourself in a hole, at the bottom of a hole, in almost total solitude, and discovering that only writing can save you.

Hand scrambles to write these words...words that will carry you from the depths, to the sunlight that seems a memory!

The sunlight seems a memory because I stepped inside the room, dark and I saw the spots of the sun retained in my retina.

My favorite moment is when I see color in the moment of blindness after a flash.

The kind of colors that you also see when you are little and close your eyes to look into the sun.

All of these colors are so meaningful between the paces your eyelashes make.

Creating a web between each—catching the light.

But he preferred darkness, and illusions.

And she preferred blogging and self-containment.

The first line comes from Marguerite Duras' *Writing*.

Spring 2006 Poetry Class
Befriended by Destiny

This house is a place of solitude.

But no more a friend has come in.

Everyone has one of them, a bad friend is like a guilty pleasure: it may be bad, but there is something about the taste.

Like most bad things it's partly good—sometimes a lot good

Only in reminiscing can we see the whole journey

From the first step to the last, destiny has met its maker

And yet we continue tromping along like ignorant fools—never really sure that destiny exists.

The first line comes from Marguerite Duras' *Writing*.

Spring 2006 Poetry Class
The Queen of Samaria

That ordinary woman, the Queen of Samaria.

The Queen of Samaria, she ordinarily was a woman except that

At times she wore a man's tie wrapped around her neck

And it was during these times that she felt free

Modesty clung to her and enthralled the passersby

Each piece falling to the floor with each step she took

Each sound, a shattered and bruised announcement of her pain

Each sound, a melodious and heartening reminder of her human-ness

The first line comes from Marguerite Duras' *Writing*.

Spring 2006 Poetry Class

Storm Pattern

I noticed the park shadow scrying, and gave her your name, for the sake of her gaze.

When the crystal shattered, she looked away and began to

Imagine previous breaking up of mental patterns blown

With no hope to gather thought, to survive the storm.

The storm least of his worries, lost of it his desperate attempt at death, but it is strongest
when gathered by survival

To overcome something, it teaches you a priceless lesson.

Like having something under your belt is like having something firm under your feet

There are few things more discouraging than an empty belly

My mind conjures patterns of a feast I cannot touch.

The first line comes from Laynie Brown's *Rebecca Letters*.

Spring 2006 Poetry Class

Waves of Memory

You are somewhere, the unknown will say, and the summer will sign in waves.

Somewhere lost in the savvy summer gazing at waves

Mind wandering back and forth over memories, much like the tides before me.

The tide washes over memories which now are stones of the ocean: smooth and perfect;
not granite.

Mine are made of broken beer bottle glass,

Mine are made of shattered shards of summers gone past.

Only the seasons stretched out so, when we were before the running together of the years

Summers could last life times and winters even longer.

That is why both seasons should be lived at the beach, a timeless location of eternity.

The first line comes from Laynie Brown's *Rebecca Letters*.

Spring 2006 Poetry Class

Derail

Our legs were half over the stairs.

At the bottom, bumped and giggling, a sprawl after our mattress ride

My brother would put his face in the bottom of the sleeping bag

Flashlights and figures in the dark were our game

Back and forth we played till our little fingers could play no more

The rhythm and the beat
That we created in the streets
Made the night come alive
Our time had arrived

But I, not being one for rhyme, must derail this train.

I shall pack my bags and create a move

Bright future for myself, away from painful mementoes and fleeting shadows.

The first line comes from Jeanne Heuving's *Incapacity*.

Contributors

Charles Alexander is a lauded poet of multiple volumes of verse and a publisher of handmade letterpress books and trade literary editions, both of which explore innovative writing and its conjunction with book forms. He is the current recipient of the Arizona Arts Award, the largest arts award given to an artist in Arizona State. He was a visiting artist-in-residence at UWB.

Rebecca Bilbao is a senior at UWB in the IAS -SEB program. She has been published in the policy journal and the literary review before. Her creative fiction efforts have been the most fun she's had in any class at the UWB.

Patrick Brodie was fused approximately sixty-five million years after the last dinosaur from wayward deuterium atoms in the halo of the Milky Way Galaxy. He is a student of extra-sensory massage and chemical horoscopy, and (much to his dismay) he cannot be googled. His interests include designing fuel-efficient time machines, searching for a cure for AIDS, and Jenga.

Danielle Burhop, Dani, is in the MAPS program at UWB. She writes, she edits, she reads. She can be reached at burhopd@gmail.com.

Courtney Burnett does beautiful things with words. She graduated from the IAS program in fall 2006 with a concentration in culture, literature and the arts. She was unavailable to consult on this brief biography as she is currently on holiday in Paris, or maybe even somewhere in Spain by now.

Deborah Caplow teaches a variety of courses about art and culture in the modern era. She travels to Mexican and Portugal whenever possible. Her book *Leopold Mendez, Revolutionary Art and the Mexican Print*, will be published in November 2007. These photographs were taken in Portugal over the last three years.

Andrew Caulfield lives in an ivory tower in Bellevue, where he suffers from delusions of grandeur and yells at motorists passing by on the street below.

Kelsey Denney graduated from the IAS department with a CLA concentration in March of 2007. She would like to thank her family, the makers of Cheez-its, 80s music in general, and the words of British whisky distiller Thomas Dewar, for their continual inspiration.

Phillip Paul Emmons II also writes: I am a tiny nucleus of consciousness around which rages an ever shifting hurricane that is my being. The "I" of which I speak is nothing but a fiction created to hold the forces of chaos at bay. Armed with my fragile psyche, I sally forth into the void. Should I discern, even for a moment, the crushing totality of truth, I would become a slack-jawed and empty-eyed drooler.

Jonathon Friedman's least favorite thing, ever, is talking about himself.

Linda Gerking - deadlines. easy-peasy. unplanned. perhaps. UWB IAS CLA 2006 graduate.

Until recently, **Evan Grim**'s pants were all too long. They are now too short. It has been supposed that this has less to do with a change in height than with a change in driers. Sometimes when you take pants away from the environment they've become accustomed to, terrible things happen (and soon everyone on the bus can see your socks above the ankle).

Larissa Idlis says: my works are experimentations with color. I feel that I need more color in my life, and when painting I try to find the harmony of color that expresses my frame of mind. My first experience with painting was probably around 10 years ago. I used to make "batik," fabric painting, pieces. Now I've changed my technique and do acrylic paintings. I moved to the USA seven years ago from Saint-Petersburg, Russia.

Amy Jones says, I think my art reflects what I get out of experiencing the sounds, movement, shapes, colors, lines, and patterns of nature. Most of the time I like to mix colors from just the three primary colors and black. The color I use up most is yellow.

Gina Latshaw is a student at the University of Washington Bothell campus. She will be graduating June 2007 with a degree in interdisciplinary arts and sciences with a focus in culture, literature and the arts.

Aside from writing poems, **Ben McGinnis** manages to devote time to his IAS studies. After college he hopes to move on to adulthood. His academic interests include procrastination, graduation, and sleeping. He is currently surviving studenthood and aspires to be either a teacher, an author, or a bum riding a freight train boxcar to San Francisco. An avid music lover and bongo enthusiast, he plays for anyone who can stand listening.

Delia Mapita-Maraire is a business (finance) student and unexpectedly discovered (after taking a fun creative writing class with Lidia Yuknavitch) that she actually likes to write! This is her final quarter at UWB - is it too late to change her major? Family, music, visions of her beautiful country Zimbabwe, and all the heartache associated with this beautiful African savannah country are major contributors to her creative writing.

Aime Mello is retrieving her creative abilities from the rubble that was once her passion. She is a junior in the IAS program, and has been addicted to "lippy" for 23 years, which by the way, is not her age.

When **Hannah Sanghee Park** turns 21, she will gambol with ballerinas and get tutu-waisted, accordingly.

Marion Power wants to send out a thank you to all of her professors for giving her an expansive, memorable, and remarkable education.

Beth Secor, while only slightly adverse to leaving it all up to the fates, expects to design a highly creative and hopefully somewhat monetarily rewarding rest-of-her-life-plan, sometime after June 2007 (when, barring unforeseen...she should finally be in possession of a BA).

Stephanie Stewart: UWB; Center for University Studies and Programs- Program Coordinator. Stephanie enjoys writing poetry, fiction, and non-fiction of whatever genre she feels she can sink her pen into effectively. She has participated in NanoWriMo 2005 and 2006 and has attended "Write on the Sound" in Edmonds, WA and "Surrey International Writer's Conference" in Surrey, BC.

Henning Thiel, IAS Senior, UWB, was on his way to school one morning and happened to have a camera with him. One day of winter transformed Lake Stevens into a beautiful snowy wonderland, basking in brilliant sunshine. Three hours later, most of it was gone.

T. Windsor - Tricia woke up this morning thinking the ability to focus is often in disharmony with the big picture. Then she had coffee.

The Spring 2006 Poetry Class was Alex Ball, Courtney Burnett, Kelsey Denney, Cristopher Dwan, Amy Eklund, Jonathon Friedman, Linda Gerking, Evan Grim, Danielle Hanson, Rufina Keaton, Gina Latshaw, Naomi Madalina, Ben McGinnis, My-Hanh Nguyen; Jennifer Nichols, Marion Power, Alisha Quast, Chelsey Quinn, Bethany Schell, Robin Schwartz, Beth Secor and Louis Varelas. Their poems were created as an exquisite corpse writing exercise.

Charles Alexander
Rebecca Bilbao
Patrick Brodie
Danielle Burhop
Courtney Burnett
Deborah Caplow
Kelsey Denney
Phillip Paul Emmons '99
Jonathon Friedman
Linda Gerking
Evan Grim
Louie Hagman
Larisa Idlis
Wade Johnson
Amy Jones
Gina Latshaw
Ben McGinnis
Delia Mapita-Maraire
Aime Mello
Hannah Sanghee Park
Marion Power
Beth Secor
Rodney-Dean Smiley
Stephanie Stewart
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