

PERIODICAL STACKS

Chrysalis

Volume 3 Issue 1 1998-1999



Chrysalis

In Just-
spring when the world is mud-
luscious the little
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer
old balloonman whistles
far and wee
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-sotch and jump-rope and

it's spring
and
the
goat-footed

balloonMan whistles
far
and
wee

—e. e. cummings

Willamette University
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C ontents

cover	Brook K. Gauthier	14	Linda Bowers
1	My Half-Grin Belinda Stillion	15	Mamiko Shimba
1 Suzanne Lundeen	16	Natsuko Kimura
2	devil spawn and moonface Zoë Stagg	17	Yoshiko Sekigushi
2 Brook K. Gauthier	18	Laura Brian
3 Amy Thompson	19	life Tobin Addington
4	Exotic veggie sandwiches	19	In the left rim, with a rainbow
 Liberty Davis	 The Property of DUAA
6	Jim Bertolino Reads Jenna Manley	20	Child Amy Curkendall
6	About Time James Bertolino	21	People-watching Marie Diamond
6 Bryan Bruss	21	sailing with Rupert Jenna Manley
7	Baubles Matthew Johnson	22	The Love Song of Hephestus
7	Brother Ass M.D. Usher	 M.D. Usher
8	First Crop Paul Jungwirth	22 Suzanne Lundeen
8 Marie Diamond	23 Laura Brian
9	Serenade (after Theocritus)	24	after the Uffizi Jenna Manley
 M.D. Usher	24 Maki Suzuki
9	Gold Chrysanthemums Litter the	25	Luscious Sangria
	Ground Sarah Graves	 Magda Michalowicz
Tanka Reflections		25 Devadatta 'Devu' Gandhi
10 Ryan Bruss	26	Pura Vida Heidi Dietrich
11 Sirena Tablet	27 Laura Brian
12 Junko	28 Ryan Bruss
13 Kayoko, T.	30	Johnny's Porch Aaron Briggs

31	Laura Brian	58	Ryan Bruss
31	The Awakening	James Bertolino	59	His Seat	Liberty Davis
32	(Talkin' 'bout) My Generation	M.D. Usher	59	Brook K. Gauthier
32	Maki Suzuki	60	Spiders	James Bertolino
33	Benjamin M. Joyce	60	Unknown Artist
34	Walking Salem #2 . . .	Sarah Graves	61	Tic-Tac-Toe . . .	Magda Michalowicz
34	Courtney Skybak	61	Maki Suzuki
35	Courtney Skybak	62	Prodrome	Suzy Piluso
36	Shawn Elmore	64	Brook K. Gauthier
36	The Daredevil	Paul Jungwirth	65	Faces	Amy Thompson
38	My Mother's Beach Leaps	Heidi Dietrich	66	her silver tongue . . .	Belinda Stillion
41	Ryan Bruss	66	12 hours until the airport	The Property of DUAA
42	The Ring	James Burtolino	68	Karen K Hendrick
42	Maki Suzuki	69	Maki Suzuki
43	<i>from</i> Cruisin' for a Blusin'		70	Nature Boy in the Bistro	Ki Sui Ruiz
	. arranged for voice by Barry Nelson		70	Untitled	Property of DUAA
49	Devadatta 'Devu' Gandhi	71	Los cuchillos	Liberty Davis
50	Romantic Jeff	Belinda Stillion	73	Benjamin M. Joyce
52	Copy 1	Amy Thompson	74	Laura Brian
53	Brook K. Gauthier	75	Untitled	Piper Walters
54	Suzanne Lundeen	75	Untitled	Kati Swanson
56	Snorkeling off Catalina Island	Paul Jungwirth	76	Shawn Elmore
57	Karen K. Hendrick	77	One Morning	Marie Diamond
58	Spontaneous Comprehension	James Bertolino	79	Editors' Last Word	Editors



My Half-Grin

Belinda Stillion

i have realigned my perfect paradigm
to squirming freedom like that of a river.
naked and alone, i wish to jump into the freezing
water of now.
i've stood on the banks too long and my toes are tired of damp silt.

i do desire the heat and the pain of a clean bath;
so I beg to be rinsed of Moonlight's shadow.
I do desire to sink below all that stars can look down upon—

coming up, splashing different and free,
glistening of a new skin,
the moon and her stars sink back into the night sky of out there.

I am new and the Ethereal Hand has shaken me.

I am new and my angels are weary,
their work is final and I look to the heavens with a half-grin.



Suzanne Lundeen

devil spawn and moonface

Zoë Stagg

a cereal killer
duped by his own
devices.

rank,

at his pulpit preying
the righteous and
most holy,

festering,

collecting soul-tissues
blowing his nose and
tucking them, crumpled,
in his sleeve.

spongy,

shedding his scales,
shining new evil,
exposed.

fungus.

hissing to taste
raw bait for
a spell,

rotten

seeping in, deceiving,
strangle-hold cobra-
commanding her.

love.

just shoot him in the
head and put him out
of ~~our~~ my misery.

yours truly,
zoë



Brook K. Gauthier

Exotic veggie sandwiches

Liberty Davis

It wasn't until I started first grade at Michelson Elementary that I began to notice the differences between me and the other kids, between my family and the other families. It wasn't until then that I began to question my name, my clothing, my lunches, my reality. At age five I had begged my family and neighbors to call me "Snow Duck," and now at age seven I secretly longed to be called "Lisa." Never before had I felt uncomfortable in my second-hand clothing; and never before had I been ashamed of our oxidized bronzish-green Chevy Nova that sputtered and cluttered as it rolled to a sickly stop at the main entrance of the school. There I waited with the childlike notion that the more invisible I felt, the more invisible I'd be. So, I lowered my chin and allowed my long brown hair to shield my face from the curious, watching eyes of the other children.

Children were my toughest critics. I became painfully aware of the fact that the only new piece of clothing I owned was a grape-colored, long-sleeved shirt that Grandma had sent me for Christmas from the Sears catalogue holiday edition. It was velour with a ruffle and a satiny bow; I loved it and therefore, wore it almost every day that year and the next. The remainder of my wardrobe consisted of those oh-so-musty

bargains my mom considered a steal at the local thrift store: a puffy orange jacket, some mousy-brown threadbare corduroys, sunshine-yellow polyester bell-bottoms with sprays of fuschia and green daisy-like flowers, a pair of scuffed-up cowboy boots and other fabulous buys. All holes were patched, and hems let out. There was no room for vanity in my house.

I lived in a lopsided cabin with too many corners. My dad built that cabin with his very own hands and continued to make his very own additions over the years. Just about everything was tilted, slanted, complex—an odd combination of simplicity and confusion. I remember the time I came home from school to find that the kitchen was no longer the kitchen, but rather the living room. My mom always complained about it—the unfinished projects, the sink in the living room, and the sawdust lurking in the corners. Our mere existence out in the boondocks, out there in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, in some way or another proved that modern conveniences would never be anything more than conveniences.

By not flushing our waste down the pipes, we were fighting the system. And by not tuning into the boob-tube, we were fighting the lackluster day-to-day experience of the average North American middle-class citizen. My father refused to have a television; so, Sesame Street was never a babysitter of mine, and to tell the

truth, I'd never heard of it or any other show before starting grammar school. I guess my classmates felt sorry for me; they felt that I had been deprived in some way. In my dad's opinion, humankind was evil and only getting worse with the advance of technology and man-made images. His refusal to scrounge in the garbage so often fed to society served as a model for the rest of us. I suppose that at the time we didn't really have much say in the matter; over the years we learned that we did in fact have a choice. We could choose which ideals to stick with and which to discard. I hadn't yet realized at age seven that my father's eccentricities were at the base of our family identity.

I was expected to wrap my exotic veggie sandwiches in the daily newspaper, as my father said the French do, while the popular girls pulled baloney and mayonnaise sandwiches out of their plastic Disney lunchboxes. Those white bread sandwiches of theirs always came properly packaged in sterile sandwich bags. It all looked so neat and normal like the girls themselves from the Hostess cupcakes to the sugary-sweet Capri Sun drinks that the good mothers has so lovingly placed in their daughters' flashy pink Barbie boxes. Of all the unfamiliar foods, Cheetos most

fascinated me. I'd never seen such a vibrant orange before, excluding some of the flowers growing in my mother's garden.

My mom had a real affinity to plants, and would always say that gardening gave life. She absolutely glowed with an untamed joy when she planted; the dirt under her fingernails and the mud on her knees gave her that happy hippie look. My dad named my mom's patch of green world "Patchuki's Paradise" in honor of their years together in Hawaii where he picked avocados and fed the family edible weeds. He even spray-painted the words "Patchuki's Paradise" on an old piece of blue sheet metal he'd found laying around and set it up in front of the chicken pen.

My dad collected every piece of scrap material he could salvage. Each old crooked, rusty nail was resurrected and given the opportunity to share in our family structure. No matter how hard and long he hammered those nails they were never completely straight. Thus, our home has always been a little crooked. Dad claimed he didn't need to use a level to build our house, and he was right. But I can't help thinking that things may have been different if he had.



Amy Thompson

Jim Bertolino Reads

Jenna Manley

you read and his head droops
curling, curling heavily into chest
his spine softens
and mightily he collapses closer, closer to me
you end the poem and the silence wakes him
he murmurs wordless approval
you begin again and he nods toward sleep
why, I want to hiss at him, why did you come?
my body can curve no more concave
a silence stirs him
he straightens
and groans
wordless
approval

About Time

James Bertolino

Don't you think
it's about time we called
a female hermit
a himmit?



Ryan Bruss

Baubles

Matthew A. Johnson

If you could hold stars in your hand,
but, what do they become to you?
Lanterns, marbles, jewels?
Are they gifts to be given to your beloved,
when the sky is dark
and you hold her close?
It depends.
But one thing is certain.
For you, they can never roam the sky again
and are only fruit to be plucked
from the cosmos.

Brother Ass

M.D. Usher

The Body is a Donkey,
God our Fodder Very Blest.
They say when swallowed
He shall ever over Hee-Haw boldly
Come. Is such though my Distaste
That Word is only mouthed,
The Burden light I buck or else
I spit & spew the Bridle out.
So yoked I am to muddy Thoughts
& weighed by stony Heart
Down. When I do, however,
Sweetness taste, my Ration
Smacks o' Milk & Honey,
Then Donkey dutifully resolves
To drop the Subject,
From Bowels of Compassion.

First Crop

Paul Jungwirth

That morning I beheld the green remains
of last night's crime lying plain
upon the summer grass. Stalks of corn
I saw as seed, last night green and lithe,
now in the muggy August sun that
celebrates the day, shocked and frayed.

In the dead of night they came, while I slept
they came on all fours, like animals,
out of the wood. Right against the wooden
wall they danced around the corn,
beside my bedroom where, like me,
the dinosaurs kept sleeping. I never
heard the nimble raccoon fingers
playing in the moonlight on my sheaves
of tender corn, slipping through the silk.

In shame I walked among the shattered crop,
a tiny scrap of earth I'd fed by hand,
between my mother's daisies and petunias.
The wood along our claim, a land
I knew and ran through every day, smashing
puffball mushrooms, stood glowering
that morning, untamed and without remorse.



Marie Diamond

Serenade

M.D. Usher

I assure you I am the common folk
Poet-cum-plumber your mother warned you
About, a smithy preferring the tricks
To the trade, a pop-eyed, bow-legged joke
Of a man, fat, steatopygous too.
Butt: like solder to melt, mortar to mix
You, kiss and caress you, darling, I will,
Swear by the hair of my chinny chin chin.
Just open the door; let me in, honey,
In! The other suitors long are gone. Still
The night lies silent. Come now: 'tis no sin
To indulge a poet his poetry,
 A plumber to use the tools in his box,
 To listen when a monster lover talks.

Gold Chrysanthemums Litter the Ground

Sarah Graves

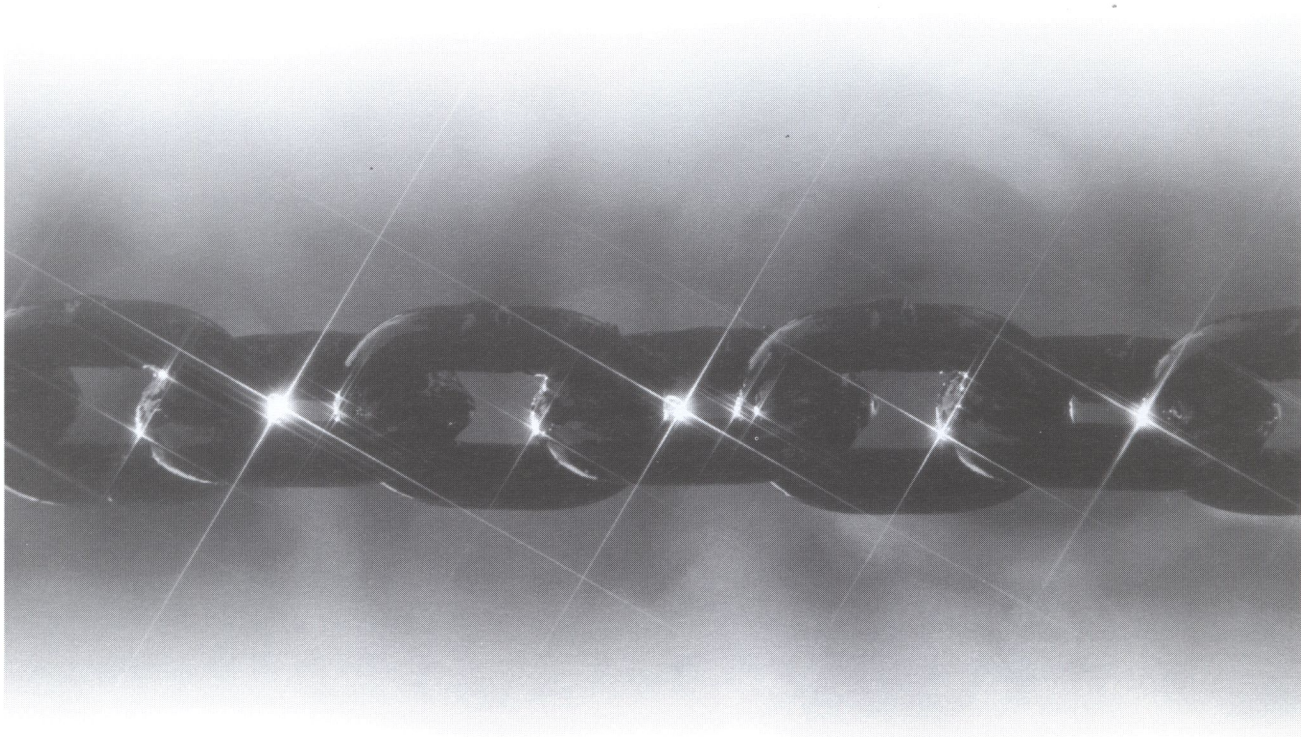
Gold chrysanthemums litter the ground.
Unconscious feet crush their bright petals.
Beside the walk a freshly cut stump
stretches skyward as if to catch the sun
on its now gone branches.

I watch the disfigured tree to remember
the courage of reaching toward you.
Instead your buzzing words eat into my ears.
My tears augment the soft morning dew
and my thoughts scatter underfoot.

Tanka Reflections

On the Japanese-American Experience

The Japanese tanka is a five line poem of thirty-one syllables; each line contains 5-7-5-7-7 syllables, respectively. The following tanka were composed by the students and teachers of a cross-cultural class, ENG 118: World Literature, that studied the Japanese-American Experience during World War II. These poems respond to the injustice of the U.S. internment of Japanese-American citizens and the pain caused by loss and separation.



Ryan Bruss



Packing my suitcase,
 Only what I can carry,
 Underwear, of course...
 What mementos of freedom
 Can I tuck among the socks?

Divina Jabot

旅立ちのための荷作りをする
 本当に必要なものだけ
 下着は絶対には...
 自由であった頃思い出を
 靴下には隠して持って行くのもいいですか?

Ree Kim

Ikanaide
Tsubuyakitsutsumo
Shikataganai
Namidakomete
Senaka mitsumeru

行かないで
つぶやきつづめ
仕方がない
涙こらえ
背中見つめる
| 順子 |

Translated by
Prof. Tabet
Mark

"I ache to say "Please don't go."
But I must bite my tongue
There is no way
I fight back the tears
As he walks away - Junko -

なつかしき

Natsukashiki

桜舞散る

Sakura maichiru

春の午後

Haruno gogo

絶えず願うは

Taezu negauwa

朝のおとずれ

Asano otozure

I yearn for

afternoon in the spring

the cherry blossoms scattering
before the wind.

What I always wish is
arrival of daybreak.

Kayoko. J

Tule Lake Revisited

The high cry of geese,
Rushes wailing in the wind,
Whispering waters
Lap the shores of memory.
Internment turns, transfigured.

--Linda Bowers



再会

がちようの高い鳴き声

風の中で嘆き悲しみながら飛び急ぐ

ささやくような水が

追憶の岸部を包み込む

抑留者達のざわめきが聞こえる

translated by
Natsuko Kimura

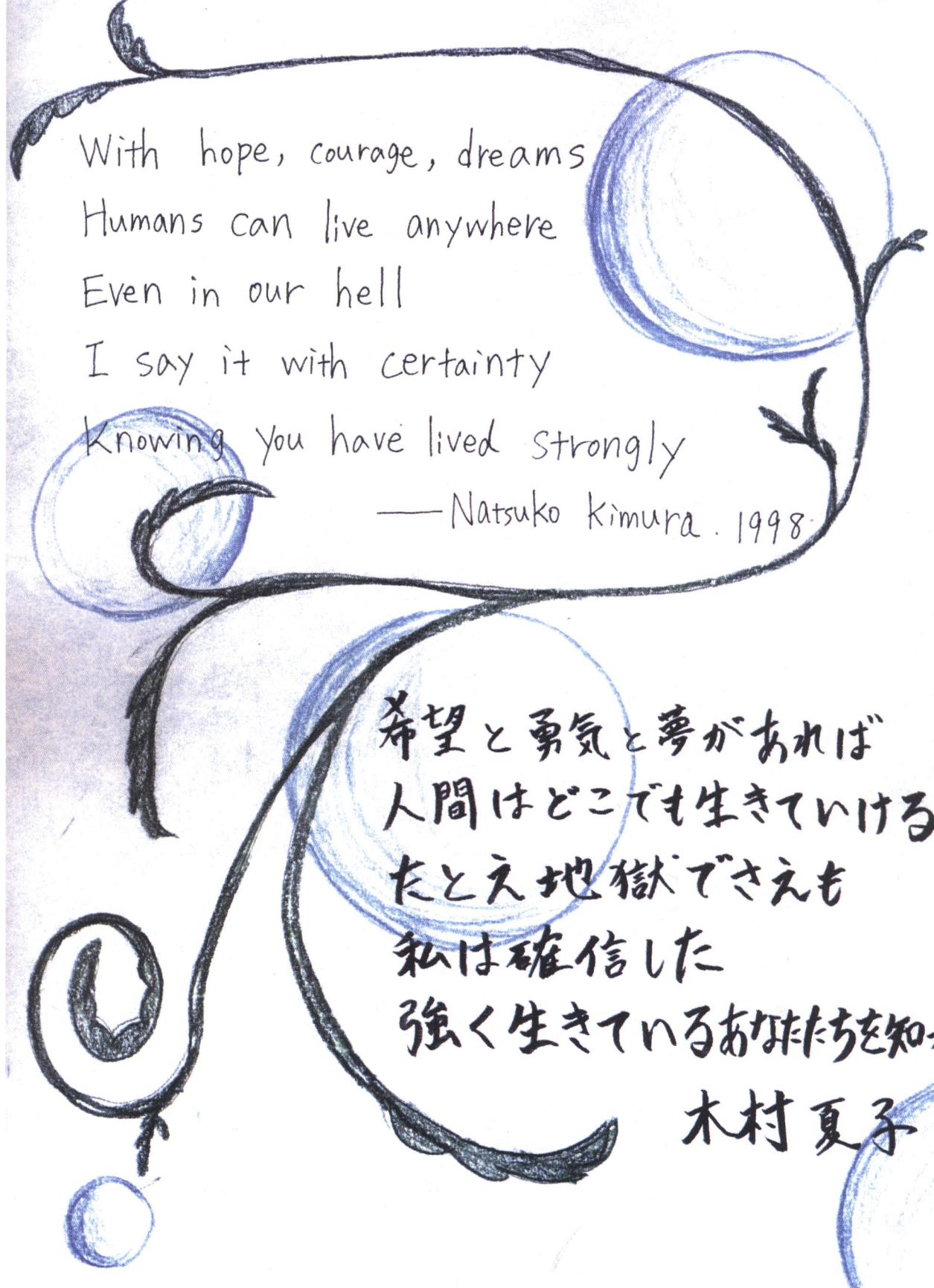
旅立ちの
朝日をあびて
行く手には
君の笑顔と
新しい風

榛葉麻美子

As they left camp
The morning sun
showered down

On their path of travel
The smile of yours
is a fresh breeze

Mamiko Shimba



With hope, courage, dreams
Humans can live anywhere
Even in our hell
I say it with certainty

Knowing you have lived strongly

—Natsuko Kimura. 1998.

希望と勇気と夢があれば
人間はどこでも生きていける
たとえ地獄でさえも
私は確信した
強く生きているお母たちを知って

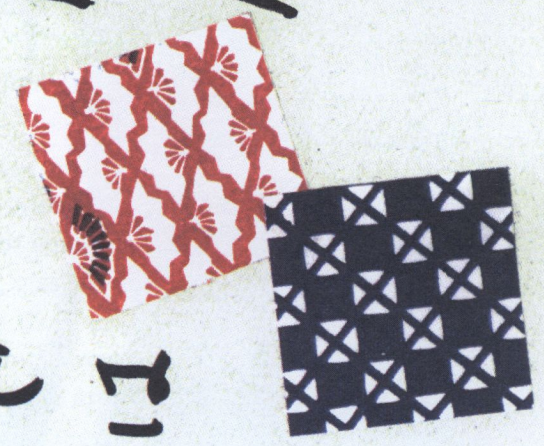
木村夏子



悲しみの
涙だけで

心には
一世の
終わらぬ
声

Not only Sorrow and Tears
We must take to heart,
but also voices,
Keep their voices
in our minds.



Yoshiko Sekiguchi



Laura Brian

life

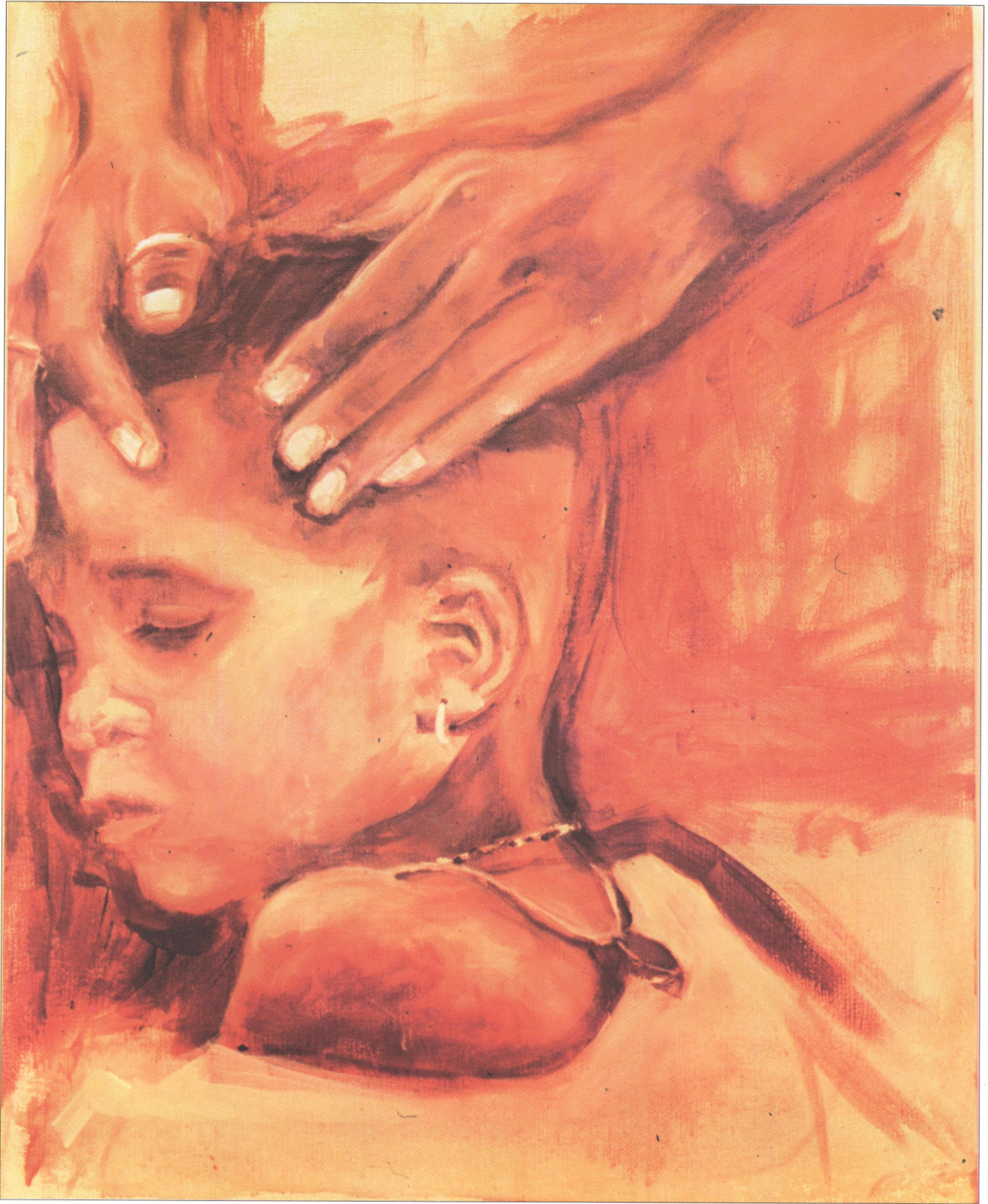
Tobin Addington

The desires of the
heart, flesh,
and mind may
never reconcile.
It is a strange,
strange world.

In the left rim, with a rainbow.

The Property of DUAA

Have you ever rushed to put on socks
To get to philosophy
And the right was a tube cut
And the left was a heel cut with
A red line at the toes so that
It keeps falling down,
Collecting in the arch as
Crinkles that make you take off
Your shoe and ask if
God is at the far right,
Or on the very top?



Child
Amy Curkendall

People-watching

Marie Diamond

my mind wanders to that evening
sitting in the cafe,
and outside
the boy walking by
with the large iguana
on his head,
its tail alone
hangs down past
the boy's shoulder.
I wish I could
curl up like that,
along with my warm tea and lulled thoughts,
spying the world from atop someone's head.

sailing with Rupert

—Aberystwyth Harbour, Wales, 12 November 1997

Jenna Manley

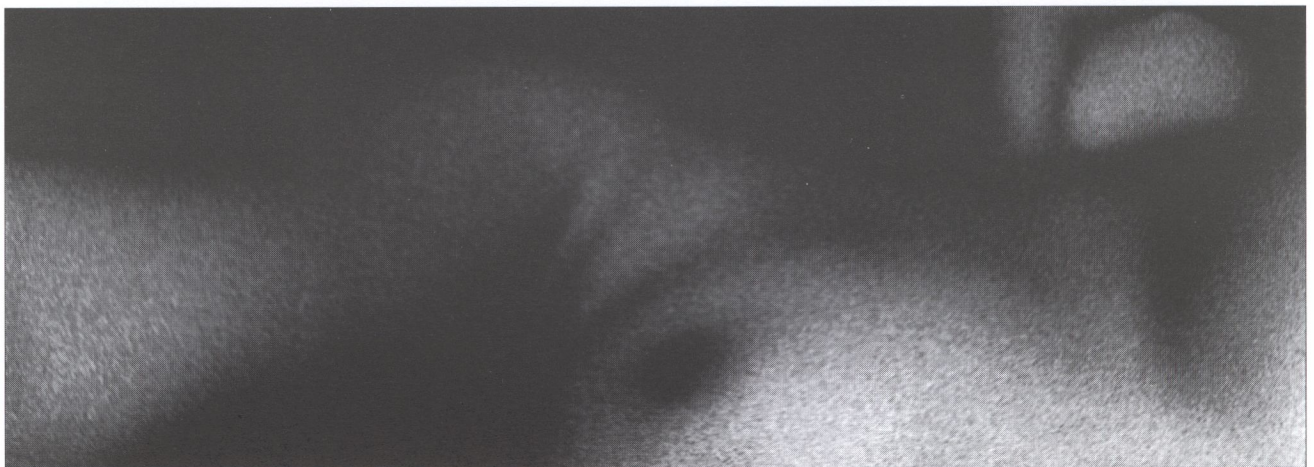
his name is Rupert
he tells me we won't use the flare
and tighten the jib
this is what sailing should be
cumulous cloud obscures the sun
wave breaks across starboard bow
rainbow bends over coastline
and lean out of the water
to balance the boat
skimming like seabirds
numb foot in foot strap
he tells me he studies Marine and Invertebrate Biology
and is surprised I do English

The Love Song of Hephaestus

Working men and women unite!

M.D. Usher

I and Aphrodite meld.
This hammer wield
I love to forge.
She loves me
Ambidextrous
Till the both are sprained
And
Lambasted
Waste we sprawling away.
Tongues twisted
Kisses
Loose I breathe
And blow
Like bellows to her embers.



Suzanne Lundeen



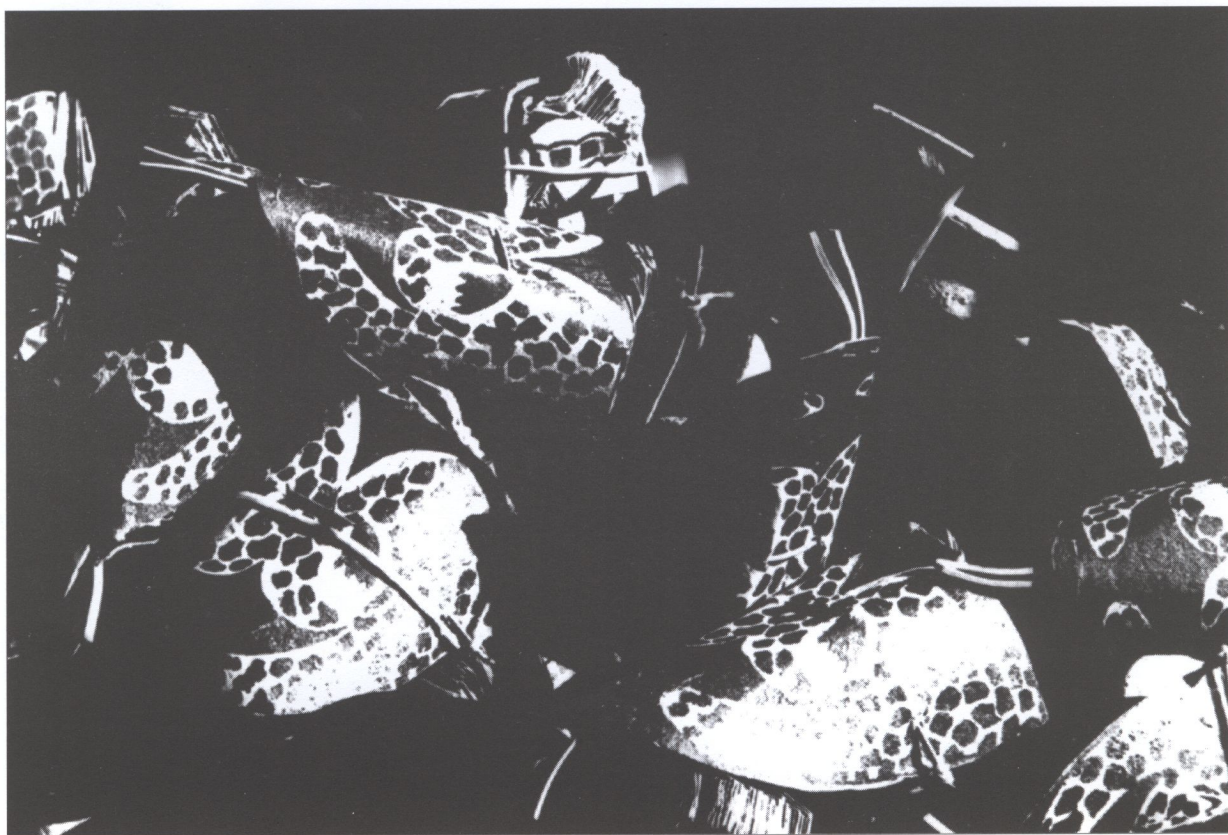
Laura Brian

after the Uffizi

—Florence, Santa Monica Hostel, 3 January 1998

Jenna Manley

I've seen so many Madonna con Bambino
with pomegranate, with lamb, with John the Baptist
that one more doesn't affect
until he moves across the room to watch the football
and she surveys the growing crowd with distaste
we discuss poetry, gender, religion, home and home university
we teach him to flick a paper football
but tire of his restless enthusiasm
she sits motionless while mascara drains
from lashes to hollow under eyes
blond hair relaxing limp over weighted shoulders
and we marvel until the day ends
made full by interaction, reduction of differences
into two bottles of wine



Maki Suzuki

Luscious Sangria

Magda Michalowicz

These are the hollow men
grambling and diving
the bastards run round the prickly pear the prickly pear
caught by the jubilant halo of the turtle dove they
cry noisily swelling cadences.

These hollow men are
pale as clover champagne
drunk as the fetid summer sun
they catch in the bramble
gutterly commanding "give me my milk!"

down their bellies it cascades
"eat our savior" the chant and devour
frolicking on top of each other
crushing head with their greedy paws
slurping their way through one pile

Then the next
froth dripping down their gluttonous cheeks
sitting satiated again perusing each other
"Who will be next?" Sacrifice is upon us.
skipping round the prickly pear

To the cry: "you are our victim"
launching their greasy bodies onto
my shocked and rapidly abused body
tearing hair and eating flesh
I am fuel for their libidinous fire.

Thus I am dragged to the prickly pear
where they stuff my head with straw
and I lay resigned to the ritual
witnessing the violence cracked from their mutton chops
watching milk drip down the swell of my belly.



Devadatta 'Devu' Gandhi

Pura Vida

Heidi Dietrich

Ba-bump. Ba-bump. The handlebars vibrate as our bike tires hit pothole after pothole. The winding dirt road is a far cry from the paved highways of home.

"My hands are sore," Carly says as she pedals beside me. She holds out her palms, reddened by the jarring movement of the bike.

"Only two more kilometers to Playa Hermosa," I remind her. "We'll take a break there." Carly nods, and in a burst of energy, she pedals fiercely to pull in front of me. I see that her back, bare except from swimsuit straps, is spotted with mud. The downpour ended hours ago, but some potholes still hold pools of water. The sky is a bleak slate gray, reminding us we've come to the Caribbean coast smack in the middle of Costa Rica's rainy season. Carly and I have opted to spend this cloudy day on bikes rather than on the beach.

Thick greenery borders the jungle road, but here and there I can catch a glimpse of the beach through the bushes. Carly slows to let me catch up, and then starts to sing "Mundial de los Ticos," Costa Rica's theme song for the World Cup. Since every radio and television blared soccer games constantly during the tournament, we know the anthem well. I join in, and just as we belt out the final chords, we pull up beside

Playa Hermosa. On the five hour bus ride here from San Jose, we researched beaches in our trusty Lonely Planet guidebook. The book said that Playa Hermosa's yellow sands and gentle surf make it one of the most popular spots in the Limón province. Today, not a single soul is in sight, and the wooden lifeguard stand is empty. This isn't exactly high tourist season in Puerto Viejo. We watch the waves lap upon the shore until we hear the familiar rattle of a bicycle behind us.

"I caught up," pants Eva, her face flushed with the effort of pedaling on the rugged road. "Think we can stake out some water?" Eva, the third member of our party energetic enough to rent a bike for the day, had pulled off the road for a bathroom break a good half hour ago.

Carly and I re-mount our bicycles, trying to ignore our aching rears, and we set off in search of water. We pedal in silence as the road weaves away from the beach and back into dense jungle. I hear only the song-like chirps of insects, the clatter of our bicycles, and the distant roar of the Atlantic Ocean. Little green lizards and orange and black spotted crabs scuttle in the dirt by the side of the road.

Fifteen minutes later, we approach a tiny wooden shack with a house behind it. A Coca-Cola sign hangs by the shack's door. "Abastecedor Laura" has been painted crudely across it. We peer through the open customer's



Laura Brian

window. We can see bottled water in the glowing refrigerator, but nobody is in sight.

“¿Buenas?” I call out, and then again when no one answers. At last a little girl runs out of the house behind the shop. She is dark skinned like most Caribbean dwellers, and her hair has been woven into tiny braids. Her feet are bare and she wears a dirty tank top and short shorts. The little girl can’t be more than seven, yet she expertly counts the colones we hand her in exchange for the water. The shop is obviously a family business.

Re-hydrated and refreshed, we bike the remaining 15 kilometers to the coastal village of Cahuita. The air is heavy and we’re dripping with sweat by the time we lay our bikes on the sand by the first soda we come to. Bob Marley croons from the snack shop’s tape player. Ticos—Costa Ricans’ nickname for themselves—have a real thing for reggae.

We collapse in the wooden chairs of one of the soda’s three tables. Our rickety table is made of unevenly spaced slats of wood, and bottles of hot sauce and sweet ketchup form the

centerpiece. Right away, we start slapping the mosquitoes buzzing by our heads. I mentally scold myself for leaving my Jungle Juice back in our cabinas. Bugs thrive in beach towns like Cahuita. In a couple of minutes, a gray bearded man shuffles in from the back kitchen. He wears leather sandals and a shirt unbuttoned halfway. As is typical in a soda, he offers no menu. We ask about fresh juices.

“Piña, sandia, papaya, guanabana, cass, tamarindo, zanahoria,” he lists off.

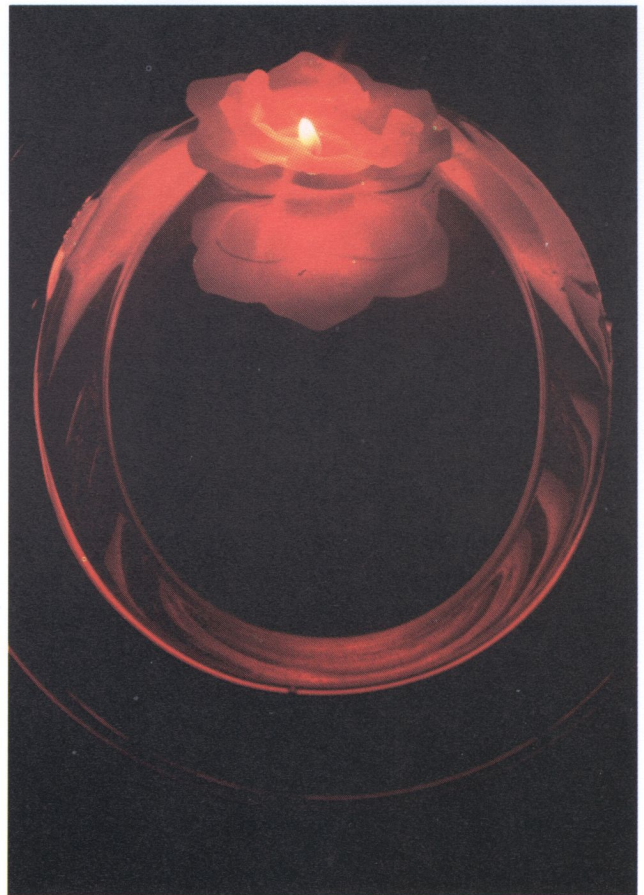
“Papaya,” we decide, and he grins to reveal a row of rotting teeth. Moments later, we hear the knife striking the kitchen counter, and then the roar of the blender. He carries out the tall glasses one by one, and the first sip of the papaya batido tastes both sweet and icy.

“Have you ever been to Cahuita?” he asks us in Spanish, and it’s clear he’s accustomed to foreigners. When we respond in the negative, he tells us that we must see the village river that empties into the ocean. Apparently, natural minerals dye the water a rusty red-orange. It means biking a few kilometers further, however, and Eva firmly declares, “I am not an athlete.” We thank our waiter, and then Carly and I bike on alone while Eva parks herself on the beach.

The houses we pass are painted bright shades of every color of the rainbow. Back home, the paint scheme would seem tacky, but it fits this laid back beach atmosphere. Having

passed through the main streets of town, we come to a split in the road. In the street before us, children play with a soccer ball, clouds of dust forming as they run back and forth. They giggle as we brake and ask which way to “el rio rojo,” – the red river. One little boy points, and when we thank him his white toothed grin shines bright against his dark face.

As it turns out, the bearded man from the soda wasn’t exaggerating. The dark orange shade of the river’s waters looks almost unnatural, especially when contrasted with the bright blue of the ocean. Carly and I agree that it appears



Ryan Bruss

polluted, but we know that the nearest industrial factories and amenities of a modern world are kilometers away. I've always avoided chemistry classes like the plague, and can't begin to guess what natural phenomenon causes the rusty color of the lazy, slow flowing stream. I ask Carly for her take on the river.

"Heidi, I'm a Spanish major," she informs me. Oh well.

We turn our bikes back towards Cahuita but before we can shove off, we see an elderly woman ambling down the dirty road towards us. The woman's hair is piled on top of her head and wrapped with a patterned scarf, and her skin is the color of dark coffee. "Buenas tardes," we greet her. She smiles and offers us mamones, a small and prickly fruit, from her woven Ecuadorian bag. We've learned to love mamones these last few months, partly because they taste good, but mostly because they're fun to eat. Carly and I split the fruit's spiky outer shell to find something resembling a grape nestled inside, like a pearl in an oyster. We chew in silence for a few moments. Carly finally asks the woman what she knows about the river.

"The blood of our ancestors runs through this river," the old woman says with a solemn expression, and proceeds to give us a mini history lesson. At the turn of the century, the

inhabitants of the Caribbean Coast were forbidden to enter San Jose. Apparently, the majority of Costa Ricans harbored prejudices towards the dark skinned Africans who immigrated to this area. "This river represents their years of suffering," she finishes. I decide I prefer her explanation over any scientific analysis.

We thank her, and with a glance to our watches, realize we must head back to Puerto Viejo. She nods and points towards the cloudy sky.

"Va a llover," she predicts. It's going to rain. It rains almost every day in August. We bid farewell, and she responds with "Vaya con Dios." Go with God.

We find Eva half asleep on the sand. She groans when we tell her it's time to jump back on her bicycle. "Only twenty more kilometers to go," I tease her.

"After today, I'll never move again," she says, but drags herself off the beach and onto her bike seat.

We pedal past the soda, and the bearded man stands watching us from the doorway, a bony kitten curled in his arms.

"¡Pura vida!" he calls, raising his arms in farewell. Pure life.

The three of us wave back. "¡ Pura vida!"

Johnny's Porch

Aaron Briggs

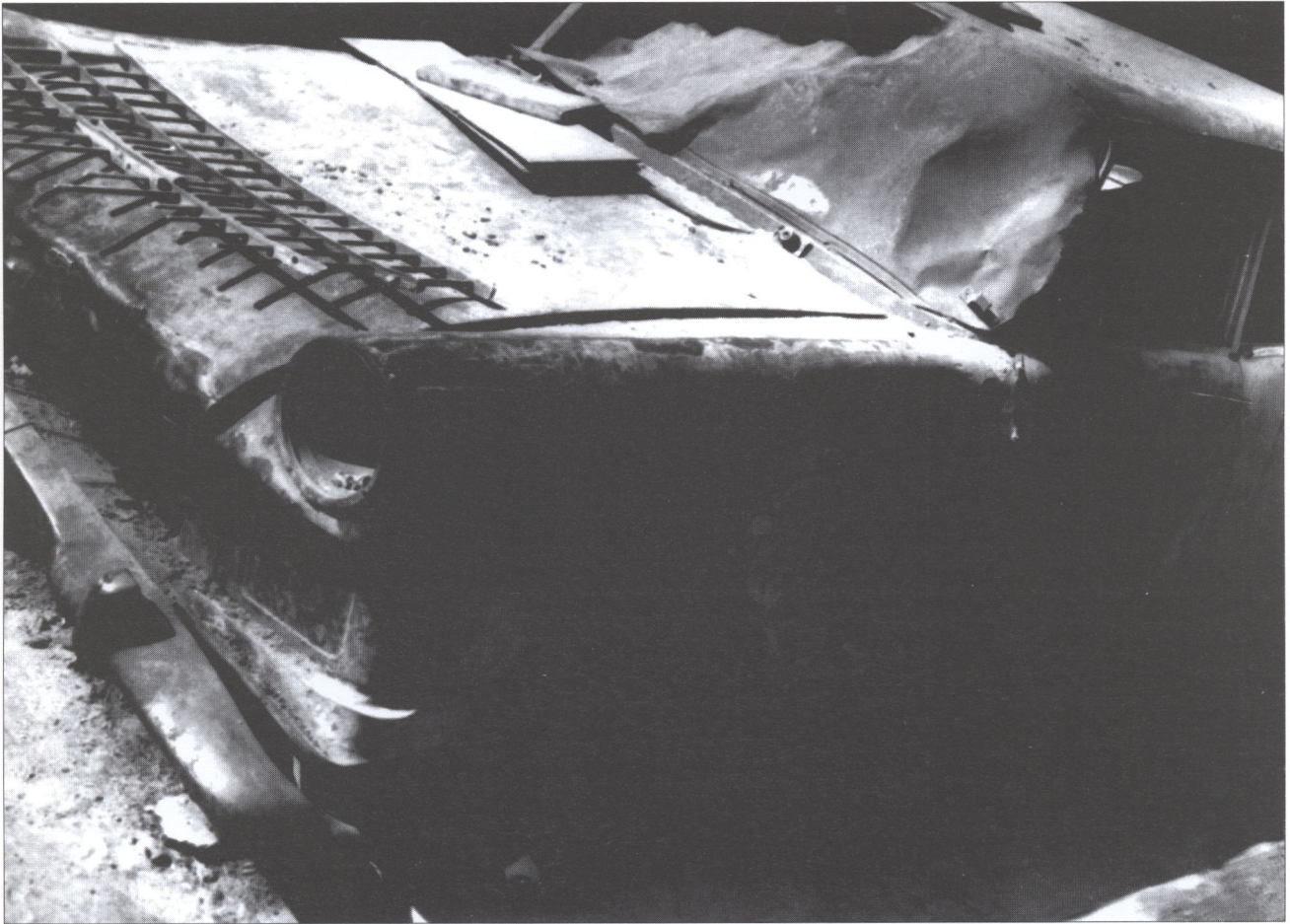
Through the wall of smoke the exhaust of an old engine for a moment I hold my breath

and step up into the bus
and we're bouncing and leaning up the mountain
and I'm holding the bar and spreading my feet
as an old man talks too quickly the chatter and murmur of Spanish words these friends
who ride buses home
and are excited or dismayed by the blondness of me.
Bouncing and leaning up the mountain and
out the door, through the smoke,

and we're standing on the edge of a road.
Until we're bouncing up a hill again in the Toyota
the red and white of the wooden bed hop out

and walking up the road again
toward ancient houses, ruins,
the cool air fresh mud cakes and frosts my boots
the people so sweet open interesting and now

I'm sitting on Johnny's porch, reading about chaos,
complexity, economics,
picking mud from my boots,
waiting for Johnny to come home
to his house. Cracked
(you can see the sky through the wall)
bare pictures of a Latin Jesus cover the walls. Water stains
and tile floor.
2 year old Viviana says that her little grandparents are not in the house
but in heaven,
and asks if we live here now?



Laura Brian

The Awakening

James Bertolino

Sleeping below the full moon
he remembered his womb.

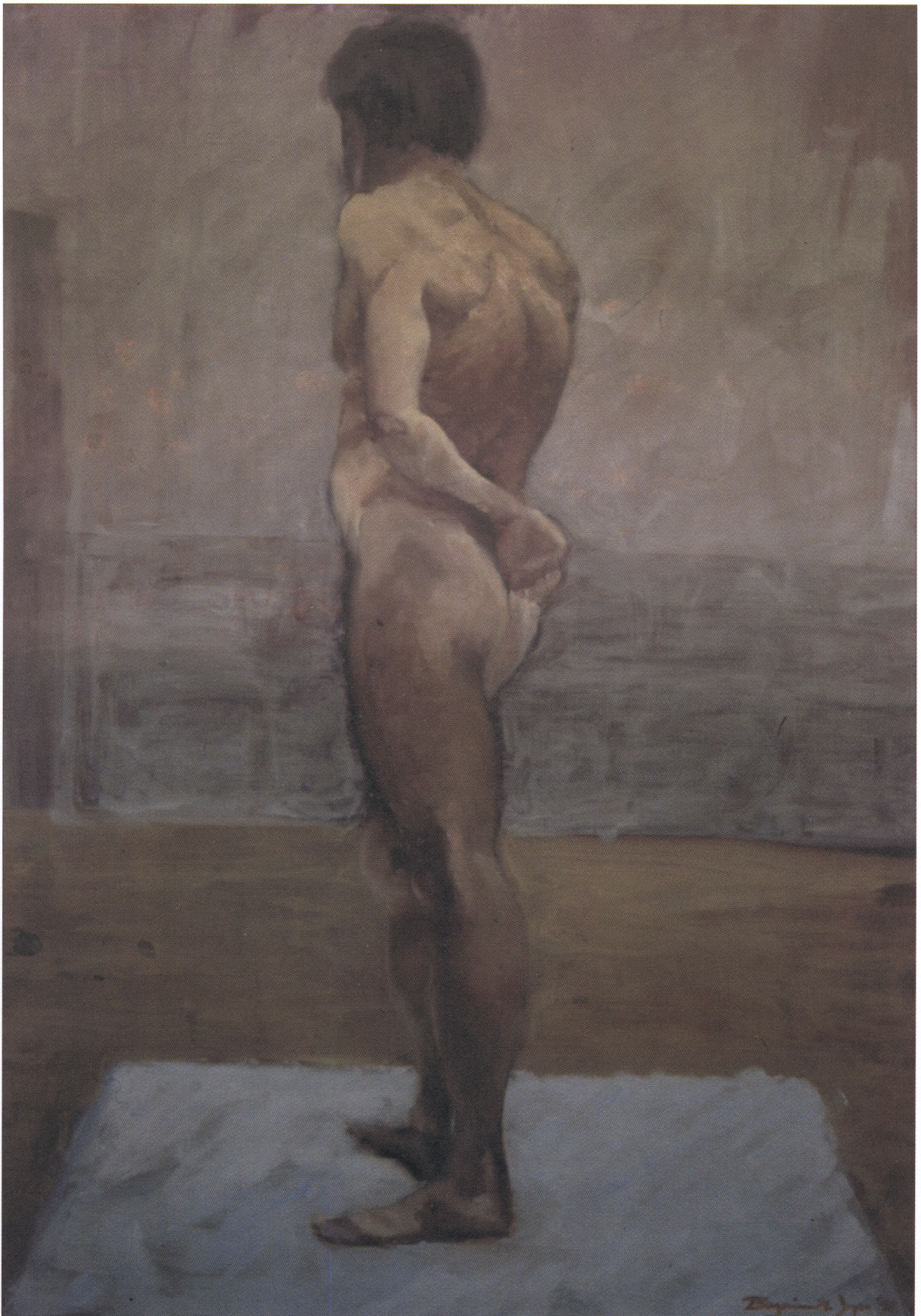
(Talkin' 'bout) *My Generation*

M.D. Usher

We all crawl
out of the womb
for a slap on the fanny,
baby.



Maki Suzuki



Benjamin M. Joyce

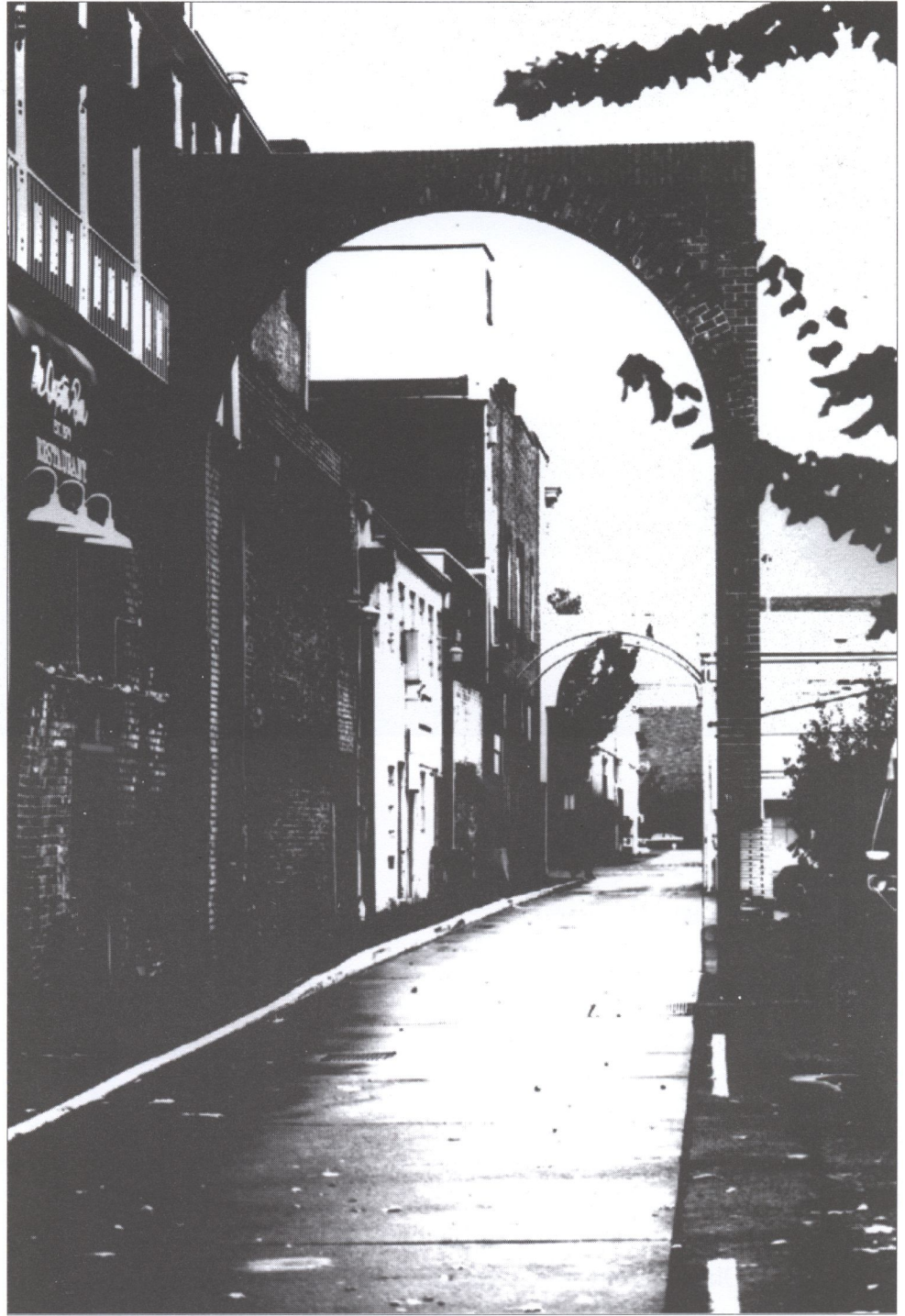
Walking Salem #2

Sarah Graves

The gnarled gray tree
twisted in springtime flowers
mockingly salutes
the rectangular sculpture
rusting in his quiet yard.



Courtney Skybak



Courtney Skybak



Shawn Elmore

The Daredevil

Paul Jungwirth

Buzzing like a bee on helium,
His stunt plane homemade from blue triangles,
Red diamonds, and gaudy yellow stripes
Shook the grass and shook our knees.

A dozen Sunday slacks skipped church to gawk
From a cool Ohio hill, above the private field.
The vibrating whirl of shapes and dreams
Vaulted like an airborne gymnast from cloud

To sun, defying birds and logic,
Exalting in our cheers.
We rose into the sky above the reach
Of pastors, wives, and rotten corn husks.

The single engine dipped and spun
Our necks until like dizzy kids we stained our clothes
Upon the grass. And then we saw him lose control,
Leaving red triangles hanging in the sun.

In his plunge I saw the tire treads
An inch above the telephone wire,
Trip wire, before he pulled up, sailing high,
His laughing motor mocking our naivete.

We loved this daredevil fool,
A man who built a plane with sticks and plywood
In a backyard garage to bring the sky
To us, an Ohio hero who couldn't fall.

He cut the autumn gusts to feeble shreds,
A swashbuckler with a chrome propeller
And a lover's flapping scarf. Through blue he fell
To knock us down again and nearly shave our heads.

When we rose the plane was gone.
Wind tensed. At last a humming caught the breeze.
His giddy wings burst above the oak tree
In a cloud of startled starlings.

He stretched the motor long across the fields,
An airplane rolling through a long smooth arc,
Crops hazy underneath a shadow and a yawn,
Until his weary bird aligned our hill in languid glide.

Above the strip of solid dirt he came,
Descending slowly, playing out his force,
Then landed on the good Ohio earth.
We hated him for not crashing.

My Mother's Beach Leaps

Heidi Dietrich

Once upon a time, my mother was my world. She read to me the stories of Roald Dahl, tucked me in at night, and combed my hair into pigtails each morning. I sobbed the first day of preschool when she waved goodbye. And then, somehow, I learned how to read my own stories and brush my own hair, and she wasn't everything to me, but just plain Mom. Now, my mother lives hundreds of miles away, and while she isn't my world, she is more than just Mom. Bit by bit, she has become my friend.

I remember the summer I turned eight as the summer when I began to see my mother as human. That August, my family packed our green Volvo station wagon to the brim with sleeping bags, pancake mix, a Coleman stove, a frisbee . . . all the essentials of a Kalaloch camping trip at the Washington coast. Into the back seat climbed my eleven-year-old-sister Lisa and I, where Travel Connect Four, Archie comics, and graham crackers were tossed to keep us at bay during the long ride.

My parents, always thinking ahead, planned our departure for the middle of the week so we'd stand a better chance of pitching our tent in a quality camp site, and westbound ferry lines would be shorter. Most mid-week morning commuters travel to the eastern side of Puget Sound for work. We joined the short lines of cars waiting for the Edmonds-Kingston ferry. Since our boat was just pulling up to the dock, we climbed out of the car to inhale fresh saltwater breeze.

"I'm buying a latte," my mother announced, heading to the near-by espresso stand. No true Seattlelite can survive without the morning cup of coffee. My sister and I elected not to join her: at that point, we hadn't developed a taste for lattes. Instead, I tapped my sister on the shoulder and announced "You're it!" She chased me as I

wove back and forth between the parked cars. Dodging around a jeep, I crashed into a man reading the paper. Oops. Maybe it was time to stop.

Breathless, we returned to the Volvo. My mother was handing my father his cup of black coffee and dumping a couple of raw sugar packets into her latte. The Seattle P.I. newsboy walked by, and my father searched his pockets for change.

"What disloyalty," my mother teased as he paid for his paper. My father reported for the Seattle Times, distributed only in the afternoon during the week, and the newspapers shared a friendly rivalry.

"Will you read us the comics later, Dad?" I asked him, and he nodded his agreement. Of course my sister and I could read, but there was nothing more comforting than having a comic strip read to you. Our favorite was "Prince Valiant," which only popped up in the Sunday editions. I can still hear my father's deep voice beginning to read: "Our story . . ."

The cars ahead of us fired up their ignitions. My dad folded his paper and climbed back into the driver's seat. Coffee still in hand, he followed the line of automobiles boarding the ferry. As soon as our car's emergency brake clicked into position, all four of us hopped from the car and raced up the narrow stairwell to the outside deck. We leaned our heads over the railing to watch the remaining cars load one by one. I'm not sure why the car loading was so crucial to witness, but it was. I relished the thump of tires hitting the metal on-ramp and the way the orange-vested men directed the vehicles to fit together like puzzle pieces. When the final car thumped its way onto the ferry, the orange men scuttled to place blocks under its tires and close the chain gate at the edge of the deck. The metal flaps of the boarding ramp slowly rose as the ferry tooted its farewell to the shore.

"Goodbye!" I yelled in response. My parents smiled and my sister rolled her eyes.

Three years older than me, she didn't always find my antics amusing. At times, she'd play hot lava with pillow cushions and eat picnic lunches out of doll dishes with me, but at other moments she acted too old for our games. I shrugged off her mood swings, believing *I* would never outgrow hot lava.

As I stuck my tongue out at Lisa, enormous engines roared to life. Forgetting our bickering, Lisa and I cheered as the boat moved away from the dock. My mother and father retired to the beige vinyl booths inside the ferry, content to stare out the windows, sip their coffee, and read the paper again. We hung our heads over the railings to feel the wind whip against our faces. When we grew chilly (even in August, ferry rides could be cold) we begged our parents for quarters for video games and vending machines.

"Girls, there are graham crackers in the back seat," my mother told us in a voice that meant we wouldn't argue our way into a candy bar. We pouted for a moment. Why would we want boring old graham crackers when we could have Sweet Tarts and Gobstoppers? Lisa and I couldn't frown for long, though: soon, we'd be barefoot on the ocean sand. We listened to my father talk about his book research and my mother wonder if she'd get the teaching job she interviewed for a few days ago. Boring, grown-up discussion. I tuned them out and thought about the beach.

That night, we sat in a ring around the crackling camp fire. A bag of marshmallows and roasting sticks propped on the picnic table gave testimony to our early evening indulgence. Sipping hot chocolate and reading the latest Ramona novel, I thought life seemed just about perfect. The faces of my father, mother, and sister were bathed in the glow of the flames. Each upheld themselves in the world of fiction. I felt myself relax listening to the ocean's lullaby. Cracks and pops of the firewood burning punctuated the dull roar of the waves. In the

neighboring campsite, someone brought a guitar, and distant voices chorused in song. "Michael, row your boat ashore . . ." My family members raised their heads from their books, too, listening to the melodic chords of the guitar.

"Maybe we should sing," my mom suggested.

"I think they'd kick us out of the campground," Lisa said. "Would you want to listen to us?"

"We certainly do lack the musical genes," my dad agreed. "At least we can read!" Yes, we could read, and read we did as the light of the fire dwindled and flickered, and then disappeared completely.

"Toothbrushing party!" Lisa announced. We need it too, after gobbling the sugary s'mores. We pulled tubes of Crest and toothbrushes from our duffel bags and brushed together by the bushes at the edge of our campsite. Lisa and I decided to see who could spit out toothpaste the farthest, but our game came to a halt when we almost hit my father.

My mother unzipped the side of our enormous tent, ushering in my sister and me to change into our pajamas. "I'm not going to be able to sleep, thinking about the beach tomorrow!" I declared as I pulled on my snowflake pajama top. We'd arrived at the campground too late to play on the shore, so I was aching to jump in the waves. I heard my mother sigh, probably thinking that it would be a long night. The funny thing is, as soon as I crawled inside that warm sleeping bag, my eyes closed, and they didn't open again until I heard the twittering of birds at dawn.

My swimsuit, still damp and sandy, stuck to my skin under my clothes and made me itch. As I walked through the campground with my mother, we could smell dinner cooking on fires and Coleman stoves. Peering into campsites, I saw hot dogs roasting, foil dinners charring in the coals, and spaghetti sauce bubbling on a

burner. My stomach rumbled from a day playing on the beach, and I chattered on about the macaroni and cheese we'd be cooking that evening. I didn't notice that my mother was uncharacteristically silent and distracted.

We turned onto a footpath that wound through the campground's forest. The trees and low bushes and shrubs grew so closely together that at six o'clock, the path ahead seemed dark. I remembered my father, the tree expert, telling me that while California has the biggest trees and Oregon the greatest range of tree species, Washington's forests are the densest. Once in the forest, I felt like we were the only human beings for miles. The fresh odor of pine needles overwhelmed any campers' cooking smells.

The path ended when we reached the campground's main parking lot and the pay phone. I hopped onto a log bordering the edge of the lot. My mom pulled the phone number out of her pocket and dialed while I hummed a tune and pranced down the log. Heroic Heidi and her dare-devil tightrope walk! Oh, the smell of the sawdust and the roar of the crowd. Hurray for Heroic Heidi!

"Heidi!" Mom called. I'd made my way to the other side of the lot. "Let's go." I descended from my high wire act.

"Did you see my death-defying stunt?" I asked, skipping beside her as we headed back to our camp site.

"No, dear I was busy talking to the school district," Mom said with a tight smile.

"So what'd they say?"

"I didn't get the job." Her voice seemed flat and direct, and quite calm.

"Oh, well. You'll probably get the next one," I predicted with childish optimism. We walked back hand in hand towards our campsite. At first, my mother didn't speak, until we passed a banana slug lying on a nest of pine needles.

"Look, Heidi. We'd never see a slug that big in our garden at home."

"Yuck," I said, crinkling my nose, and then steered the conversation back to mac and cheese.

At the time, I didn't think that the phone call might have hurt her, and that my mother really wanted the job. How could my mother be hurt by anything? She was invincible, and nothing could penetrate her shell of steel. My thoughts shifted to the next day on the beach: would the sun shine and would we build a sand sculpture again? My mother and her job fell to the back of my mind.

The morning air felt crisp and chilly. My mother, sister, and I walked together towards the beach, armed with blankets and towels. We wore our swimsuits under sweatshirts and shorts, hoping the afternoon sun would give us the courage to body surf in the icy waves. Today was Girls' Day: my father was visiting the neighboring logging town in Forks. He planned to spend the day in the forest with several loggers, since his book-in-progress focused on the old growth and spotted owl controversy. Forks, a town surviving on timber dollars, has little sympathy for the environmentalists. One T-shirt in a Forks store read, "Save a logger, shoot an owl."

With my father gone on important business, my mother could spend the day with my sister and me. Stepping out from the wooded path and onto the beach, we paused to watch in silent awe as the gray waves crashed their fury upon the sand. My mother stood absolutely still for a spell. The wind ruffling her hair, she flung her head back to breathe in the salty ocean air. I now wonder if she believed that she could fill her body with the ocean's energy, driving out any disappointments or failures.

All of a sudden, my mother dropped her towel and turned to my sister and me.

"Are you ready, girls?" Were we ready? I'd been ready for months.

"You lead, Mom!" I said.

She jogged down to the smooth stretch of sand by the waves, and then turned to run parallel to the water. A few paces into her mad dash, she leaped into the air and shrieked in pure freedom and joy. Grinning at each other, my

sister and I started running after her, and joined my mother in her annual beach leaps.

As the years passed, nail polish replaced Archie comics on the car rides to Kalaloch. Then came the summer when my sister decided to spend the week boating on the Columbia with her boyfriend rather than camping with the family. I invited my best friend instead, and we probably spent as much time giggling over boys in our tent as we did jumping in the waves. The summer I turned seventeen, no one in our family played on the beaches of Kalaloch. My sister and I volunteered for a public health service organization in Latin America. My parents opted for a trip to England, sleeping in hotel beds instead of damp sleeping bags. We haven't been to Kalaloch as a family since, but my ties to the ocean have not diminished.

Last spring, as Salem skies turned sunny and temperatures rose, the students of Willamette

abandoned their studies to frolic outdoors. I joined a caravan of cars heading to the beach around ten one night. When we pulled up to the coast, some started gathering sticks for a fire, and others waded in the water. These brave souls raced out of the ocean moments later with chattering teeth and blue lips. I neither tended the fire nor danced in the waves. Something needed to be done before this beach trip would seem complete.

I started jogging away from the group, and then broke into a run, striding as fast as I could down the beach. Every few paces, I leapt in reckless abandonment. With the crisp wind blowing against my cheeks and hair, I felt alive.

"What's with the jumping, Heidi?" a friend shouted after me. I sprang from the sand one final time. Turning to face my companions, I smiled.

"They're called beach leaps."



Ryan Bruss

The Ring

James Bertolino

Following the sound
of a waterfall down

through madrona
to a stone bowl

where stream gathers
before leaping

*

Spooling there
a snake with tail in its mouth

its curved dimensions, green above,
orange below, become a twisting

moebius strip: wedding ring
binding eternity with time



Maki Suzuki

102

S A

Bop ba dop ba da da da dot

T B

Bass

Perc. *fill*

106

S A

Bop ba dot dot dot ba dot

T B

mf Bup bup bup bup

J

Bass

Perc. *fill*

110

T B

bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup

K

114

S A

T B

mf
Doo wee

bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup bup

118

S A

T B

doo-dle-uh doo bup

Doo way

bup bup bup bup (etc.)

122

S A

T B

bee oo ba doo ba doot n doo bup

bu doo wee doot n doo doot n

L

126

S A

T B

doo ba doot n doo ba doo bop

bop! Doo wee

ba dup Bah dot bu dot bop!

130

SA — bah doo-dle-uh doo bup Ha doo n doo-die-uh doo doo doot twee

TB

134

SA oo ba doot n doo ba doot Ba doot n doo ba doot n doo ba doo doo ba doo doot

TB

bup bup ha ba doo doot

138

SA Ra doot n doo bee oot n doo ba doot n oo ba doo doo doo doot

TB

Bup bup bup...

M

142

SA Ba doot n doo ba doo ha ha dot bup ha ha da ha da ha dup

TB

N

146

SA Dwee oo ba doo doo — ba doo bop Ba doo bop bop ba

TB Ba da

150

SA doot n doo bop Ba doot n doo ba doot n doo ba doo ba — Ha ha doo dot ba

TB da ba da da Doo

O

154

SA l v on dot Ra doot n doo ba da ha da da da ha dop Doo-dle-uh doo-dle-uh

TB wa da

158

SA doot n doo ba doot n doot n doot n doo ba doot n doot n doot n doo bop Ba doo-dle-uh doot n doo ha doo ha

TB

162

SA
 dot Hop bop ba ba dop Bu doo wa — bu doo wa — bu doo wa — bu doot n doot n doo bop

TB

166

SA
 Bop bop bop ba — D⁷ G⁷

TB
 Din din din...

P *Small group improv. freely over changes*

a la string bass

170

SA
 D⁷ A^{m7} D⁷ G⁷ Doo-dle-uh doot n doot n doo ba

TB

174

SA
 doo ba doot n doo ba doot n dweel - oo bop Bah ba da ha doo wop bop ba dah da n da ha doo dot

TB

178

S A

Bah dot dot da ba doo dot

ff

Q

Bah ba da ba dot

T R

ff

Pnc.

ff

G13

A7(#9)

D13

Bass

ff

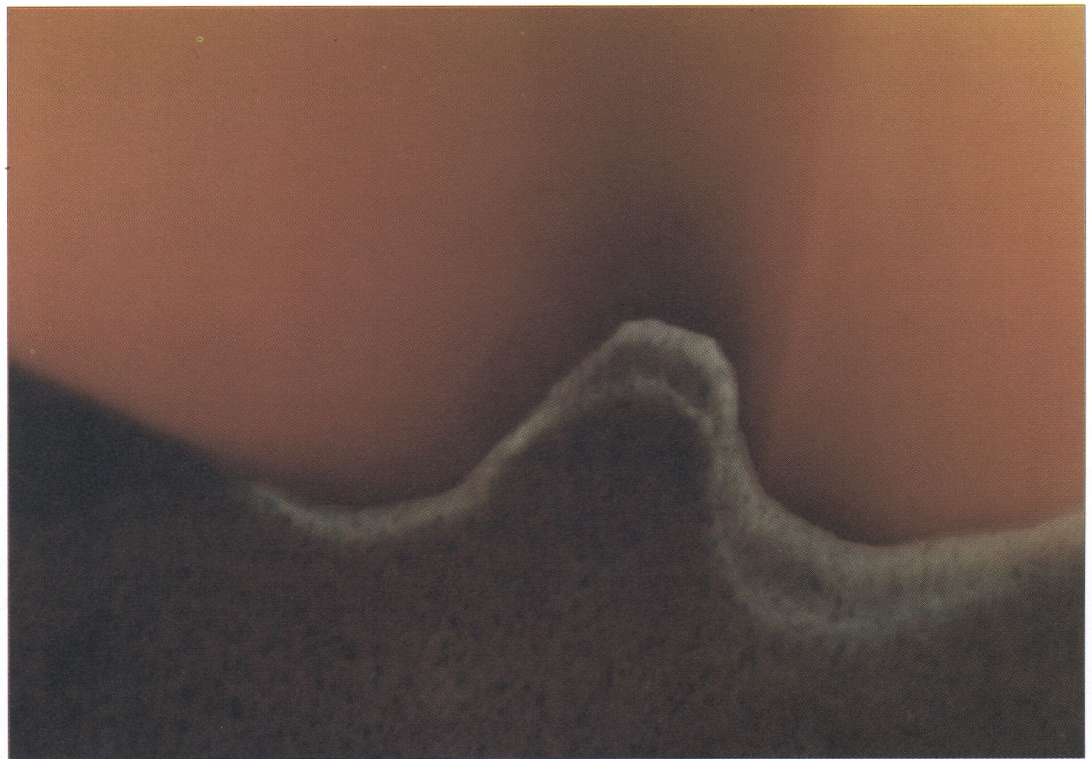
ff

Perc.

fp

ff

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a vocal and instrumental ensemble. It consists of five staves. The top staff is for Soprano and Alto (S A), with lyrics 'Bah dot dot da ba doo dot' and 'Bah ba da ba dot'. The second staff is for Tenor and Bass (T R). The third staff is for Piano (Pnc.), with chords G13 and A7(#9) D13. The fourth staff is for Bass. The fifth staff is for Percussion (Perc.). Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *fp* (pianissimo). A 'Q' (Crescendo) marking is present above the second vocal staff.



Devadatta 'Debu' Gandhi

Romantic Jeff

Belinda Stillion

I stand here and I grieve here. I grieve for the time Jeff and I had and for the time we will never have again. Up on our hill, we made for ourselves a beautiful castle, as Jeff and I used to think of it. Our tower overlooking the great valley, once rolled with a spring green: dark and light shades contouring in the distance. Jeff and I liked it best when we could stand here and count the colors of the rainbow down in the valley. There was Ms. Hutchings' red barn just south of the Grady's yellow mailbox, the blue elementary school to the east, and as Jeff insisted, we found our orange painted in the sunset overhead.

I grieve for our sunsets. The brilliant orange and seeping red do not rest over the same piece of land as it used to. I now count black streets and brown buildings. No one wants to count those. Even the hills roll to a different color: a dark, putrid green like the color of old lettuce. Today, under this aged sky, I returned to this cliff to find what I hoped to still remain, but sadly, like Jeff, our rainbow had faded in the gloom below.

Jeff and I used to race to the edge of this cliff from the bottom step of his back porch. We ran barefoot in those days across his short, green grass that liked to pinch and pierce our soles. We would stop just before coming close to plunging to our deaths, letting our young bodies waver in unbalance at the edge, holding our shifting weight on the pudgy tips of our toes. We liked to run with a panic as if risking our simple lives, although I never would think to jump off the edge. He always raced better than I could.

"Just cause you're a girl don' mean ya hafta let me win."

"Just cause you almost fell off first don' mean you won. Just means you always like to hurry 'til the end. You know I get scared of that edge sometimes."

"Scaredy cat! There's nothin' to worry about. One of these days, Amy, I'm gonna run and keep runnin' just to scare your wits out."

We would have those tissy fights almost every day in his backyard. Playing games like these made it easy being Jeff's best friend, and usually pretty fun. He did things I did not always understand; different things that kids our age were not clever enough to contrive. He liked drying out countless roses to leave on my windowsill for me to find almost every winter morning. He always kept empty wine bottles around and melt wax down their sides. When we would play, I did not need to ask why he did such things, I knew he was just different. He stood out in the way he kept to himself—Jeff did not watch others, others always seemed to watch him.

Once, Jeff's dad caught him scratching his own hand with a piece of broken blue stained glass found by the old church. Looking sternly disappointed, his father yelled, "Why, Jeff!" over and over. Jeff did not answer, just kind of grinned at his blood. He was not afraid, but almost comforted. While his dad grabbed his wrist and pulled him up the porch steps into his kitchen, Jeff did not struggle, but walked patiently as best to keep up with his dad, almost dutifully. After a while, Jeff's dad stopped asking why and resigned to let Jeff bleed.

So, with countless scars on his hands and wrists, Jeff and I continued to play with his wine bottles and his garden of dead roses. I remember asking him if he thought he was being romantic by leaving wilted roses at my window every night. With a slight glance up from focusing down on his scarred wrist, he replied simply and assuredly, "Romance is dead, like the rose and like me." I captured his expression floating beyond his brown, matted hair. His crystalline blue eyes had never stirred and frightened me more than they had in that still moment. They appeared stark and dagger-like, conquering my perceived ignorance on the dead matter of

romance. Never had my blonde hair, brown eyes, and gangly, girly arms felt so tedious. In my confusion, Jeff yanked one of his empty bottles away from in front of my lap, glanced at me once more revealing a violent frustration, sighed, looked away, then slowly left with his back turned. Out of fear and bewilderment, I remained motionless for quite a while. I had only asked him a question, and in response, should have understood the roses and wax-covered wine bottles; I felt ashamed. That day, my wide eyes stared at my own hands and wrists. Clean, untouched, milky skin that felt so far from Jeff's hurt and struggle. For the first time, I had questioned Jeff and for the first time, I had hurt him.

Now, standing on his old cliff, I miss my brilliant best friend. After junior high and into high school, we grew into our own lives, separate from one another. Jeff graduated bearing the medals of our science, math, and english departments, showing his teachers that they need not ask why in response to his brilliant extravagance; Jeff was undoubtedly a genius. He could have had the history medal as well, but he disliked studying history and welcomed mediocre grades in that subject. His belief: "history is dead." I believe he went to study mathematical theory at MIT, but dropped out after his sophomore year; no one knew why, but they must remember, with Jeff, we need not wonder.

My parents later received a letter from him addressed simply, "To Amy." I carry it with me because it is all I have left of his words. Today, pulling it out of my wallet feels like finding another one of his wilted roses. I read its red ink almost from memory:

*To Amy:
I am alone in our valley this
evening, and wonder where you*

*are. I know you are not at home,
so I hope your parents can relay
this letter. Is your hair still
blonde? Are your feet still bare?
Do you see the same sunset as I
do? Well, I suppose you have a
family now or a husband or
something romantic like that.
Send them my warmest wishes
and our memories. And for you, I
send my grief. I grieve in this
vacant valley, for I cannot find the
wilted words to say I need you so.
Romantic Jeff*

Too smart to wear shoes on dry grass, too ingenious to not find orange in the sky, too incredible to adore the beauty of live roses; so is the nature of my old best friend, Jeff. I wonder where he is, however there is no return address on the letter and his parents have long since moved away from the valley. Standing here, I wish I could at least see the same colors below as we used to, but even if they did remain, I am not sure if I could count them without Jeff. I have a feeling that if he stood here with me today, we would race and pretend to jump, come close to dying, and never really intend to take the leap. Perhaps, I think, Jeff's intentions were different than mine.

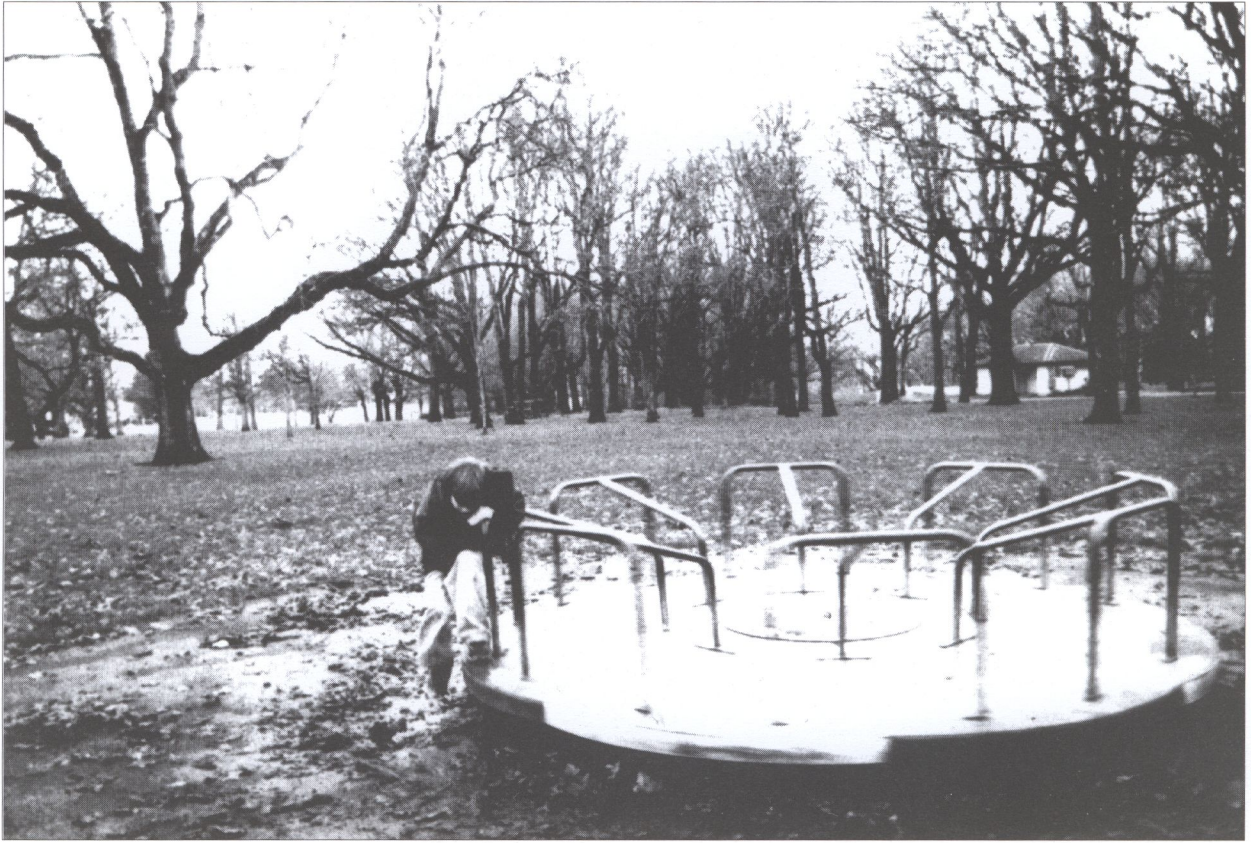
Upon this realization, I close my eyes, take off my sandals, and slowly return to the aged wood of the porch steps. Turning around, I see a launch pad before me. Taking the first step, then the next, then the next, my feet race quicker than ever before, welcoming the harsh splinters of the dead grass on my bare feet. Pulling closer and closer to the edge, my speed like my anticipation does not wane. Upon reaching the cliff, I do not stop, but leave the cliff behind me and think to myself, "Never before this second have I felt so close to Jeff."



Copy 1
Amy Thompson



Brook K. Gauthier





Suzanne Lundeen

when the monster is dead
or Humphrey Bogart boards the airplane
All I need is a breath
But the green sand with its
shifting sun patterns is so distant
I must have imagined it—
Surrounded as I am by bones—
gaping at the sun, which drifts
like dust through the water,
up there with faithless Geribaldis,
waves like bay windows
lapping on the skin,
And all my air goes violet,
violet.



Karen K. Hendrick

Spontaneous Comprehension

James Bertolino

She was an older student who believed
in a natural symmetry, expected plumbers
to be good swimmers. In class

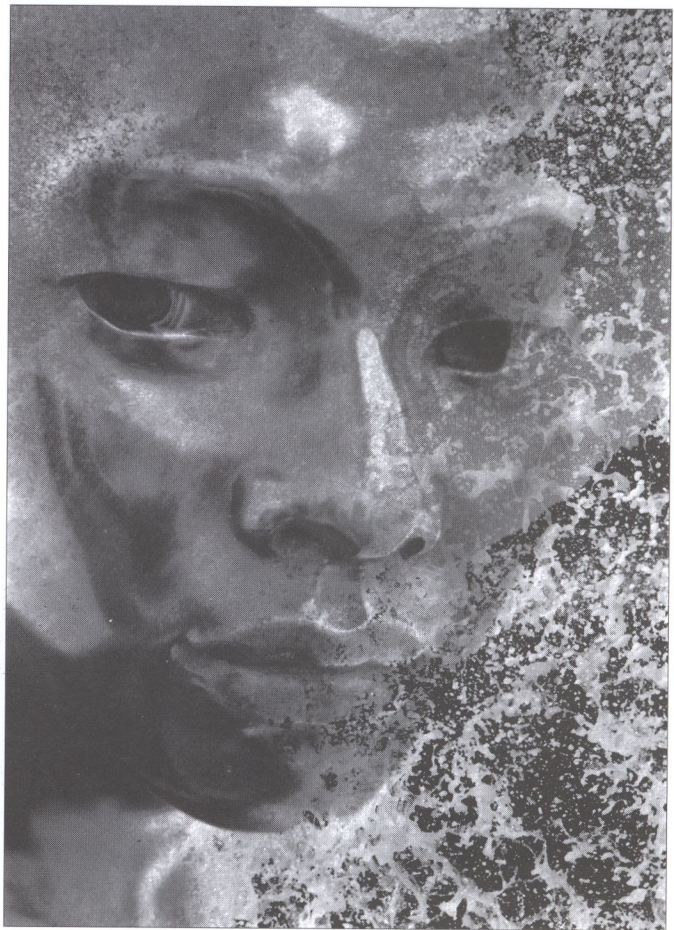
she asked if chimps, once they learn
to talk with fingers, become afraid
to touch real things.

In letters to the editor
she defended the right of insects,
and insisted that psychoanalysis

always fails. The evening of her last
Halloween, a former lover arrived
wearing a mask of her face

disfigured by the agony of rebirth.
At college the next day she raised
and waved her hand in the professor's

line of vision. When finally
recognized, her body
burst into flames.



Ryan Bruss

His Seat

Liberty Davis

I trotted naked as a skinless snake down
the yellow lines and she
searched, frantically calling into

the barn and deep
in the depths of the pond. In
a logging truck I sat, returning,

returning to my gate with
my two year old eyes and my
necklace in

place and maybe that
man felt sorry
for me from up high.



Brook Gauthier

Spiders

James Bertolino

In California
even the spiders
are blonde.

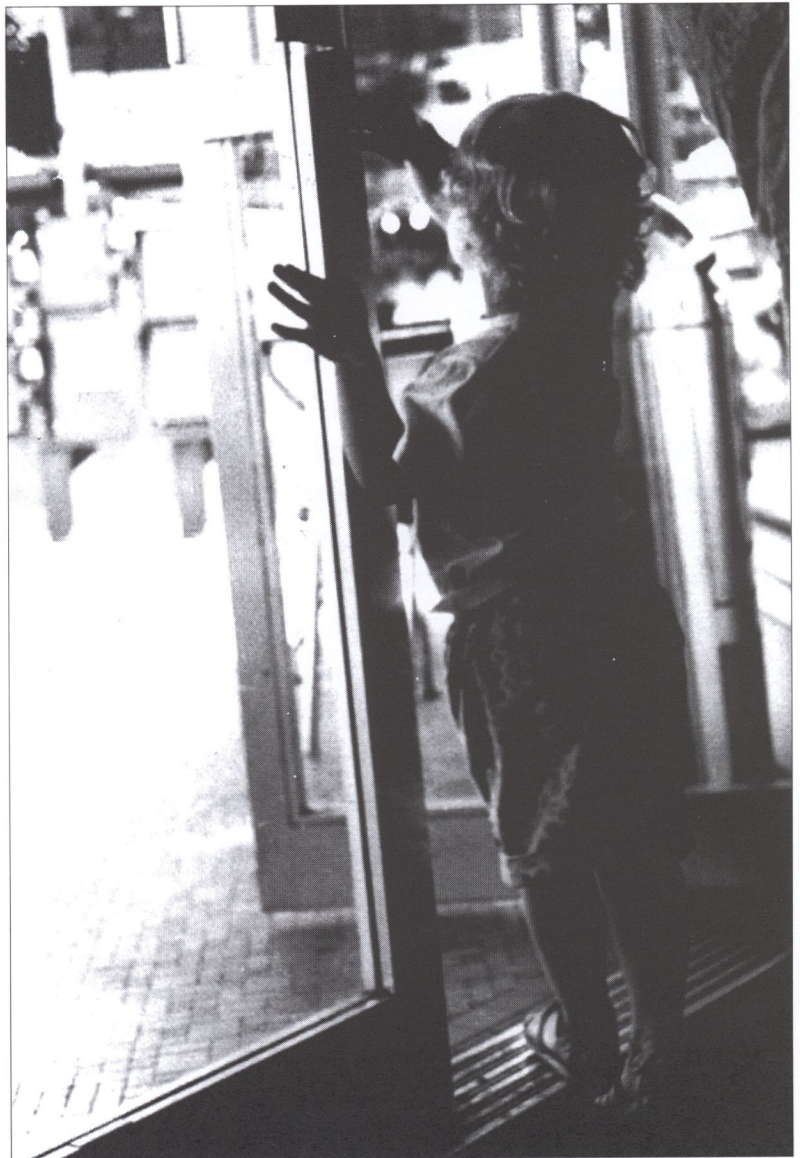


Unknown Artist

Tic-Tac-Toe

Magda Michalowicz

The sugar plum fairy frosted your
eyes with sparkling evergreen mint
and spun your wings of the most divine silver string
and when you climb out of my mind
to wave your wand over my glazed eyes
you sprinkle your honey dust onto my lips
which I lick gingerly, tasting
and lie back content to find you
settling amongst the strands of confusion.



Maki Suzuki

Prodrome

Suzy Piluso

Twelve years old is pretty young to ponder the nature of the mind-body connection. But I began early, after the first malfunction of my body that took the form of a debilitating migraine headache. The incident scared me into wondering: Was the sudden burst of pain my body's response to panic? Or the spreading numbness? When I first sense a headache coming on, how convincingly must I tell my body that nothing is happening for this to actually be the truth? Despite my desperate questions over the years, I discovered I was truly powerless to the sudden short somewhere in the intricate system of signals and feedback loops that normally self-regulate to drive my body's most basic functions.

This first migraine began with an odd, indescribable sensation while on the busride home from Damascus Middle School. As the bus rumbled past tree farms, pastures, and neighborhoods that had barely escaped total development, I anxiously pondered my sixth-grade existence. All week long my girlfriends had been snubbing me and I was feeling about as lonely and depressed as a sixth-grader could be. Agitation throbbed in my veins.

Almost before the doors creaked open I barreled off the bus and sprinted up the driveway to our beige one-story house. The slam of the door echoed hollow and I heard its lengthy reverberation in my head against the backdrop of Oprah that my mom was watching as she folded clothes. I pounded past, feet pulsing heavily on the linoleum, and stopped short in front of the darkly stained wooden door to my bedroom. My brow furrowed like a thick blanket draped over

my eyes and suddenly I felt ill but without a single physical symptom I could identify. A thickness was hovering over and around my head like a forcefield. I traced the doorframe, my fingers amplifying every little nick and smoothness. During following headaches I would recognize this feeling of dread and heightened sensitivity as an aura, formally referred to in medical journals as "Prodrome".

I shook it off as nothing, as maybe the Twix bar I inhaled on the bus punishing me, but I felt unnaturally clumsy as I tripped over the dirty clothes in my room. A coldness raced up my arms from my fingertips as the sunlight slicing through the venetian blinds became blinding and sounded in white waves that forced liquid from the corners of my squinting eyes. Photophobia. I fumbled for the shades and could hear each shallow breath underneath my racing heart. I quickly adopted religion. Dear God, please help me, I began in my head but was hung up on God. God. God. I repeated it out loud, tried to spell it slowly, but the closest I could come to the word was a dry fragment of a guttural language. I tried the rest of the sentence but signals were dropping and synapses destructing; I could not remember the sounds or arrangements of letters. My mouth went dry and tongue began to swell; I ground my teeth to make the tingling in my gums stop. My swollen hands hung like limp fish and I could see right through the fourth and fifth fingers to my lap underneath so that my mind perceived a three-fingered hand.

Panic. I stumbled down the hallway, feeling my way along the cool walls and squinting towards the sounds of Oprah. I burst into the family room and heard myself through the buzzing in my head announce my presence with a string of completely unintelligible phrases that made my stomach churn. I scraped my burning

hands with my fingernails. Mom stopped ironing and her initial smile melted into a grimaced “What”? I shook my head and answered “Hmmm-mmmm” and bolted back down the hallway. I missed the doorway and smashed straight into the doorframe, feeling the pain cut deliciously through the numbness. I couldn’t breathe and found myself back into the family room, pointing to my head. Mom had the phone and was rapidly spilling words such as “tumor” and “stroke”, but I ignored them in my fury to sound out the word God.

The veil of numbness suddenly slipped away and blood cascaded into my face, gums and fingers, and I reached for my temple to feel the vein pulsing with the hot liquid. I began to slowly sound out Gaawwwddd in my head, and all the way to the hospital I held my tongue in my teeth to welcome the return of feeling. Heavy gray clouds overhead began to spatter rain and I repeated for mom to bring the umbrella, which I kept calling “the banana”. My stomach swirled and I told myself not to think anymore.

The headache hit like my head had smashed through the windshield as we cleared the intersection between Powell and Stark streets. I clutched my throbbing cranium in my arms and surrendered to the vice clamping tighter over my temples, spreading the pain into my forehead, then face, then head, then neck. The actual headache of a migraine is the result of rebounding vasodilatation and swelling of blood vessels both inside and outside of the cranium regions of the brain after severe prolonged vasoconstriction in peripheral circulation. The pain is the stretching of the nerve fibers as the blood rushes down the dilated vessels. But all I knew then is that I was shattering into slivers and was reduced to a tiny moan of response. So this is what it feels like to die, I contemplated. For

the first time I considered that my body was not really my own and has greater control over me than my mind has over my body. At this point I still couldn’t manually shape these thoughts in my head, I must of just felt it.

The fluorescent lights of the hospital were an added bonus of a baseball bat to my skull and even behind closed eyes scarlet eyelids blinded me. My jaw popped open for yawn after yawn to relieve the pressure until it hurt so much I could barely open it. Someone was drilling me with questions and I was somehow answering them.

I was slid into machines. First an X-ray of my head, which revealed no abnormality. While I was waiting for the next test in I was violently sick, but my headache immediately subsided, leaving me like a wet noodle. The MRI scan involved placing me inside of a large frightening tube attached to numerous monitors and metal pieces. My entire body was aligned between two large magnets in the tube so that by changing the orientation of electrons in my body, my brain was photographed. Again, nothing was revealed.

Once my head began feeling better, I began falling asleep in any position--in machines, on chairs, standing up. Finally the doctor sent me home with syringes of sythetic caffeine and an injection gun. I heard the nurse through a fog explain the importance of administering the injection immediately into the aura stage, or the vasodilators would be useless. So I began (and continue, although the migraines are less frequent over the years) to follow the aura and am actually tuned to even the slightest change in my moods, sensitivity, light response, and overall feeling. Sometimes the sensations are so thick I can ride it in on a wave of certainty of what the next ten hours or so will bring. But more often than not it is too hazy or brief; then it becomes problematic. Several incidences in high

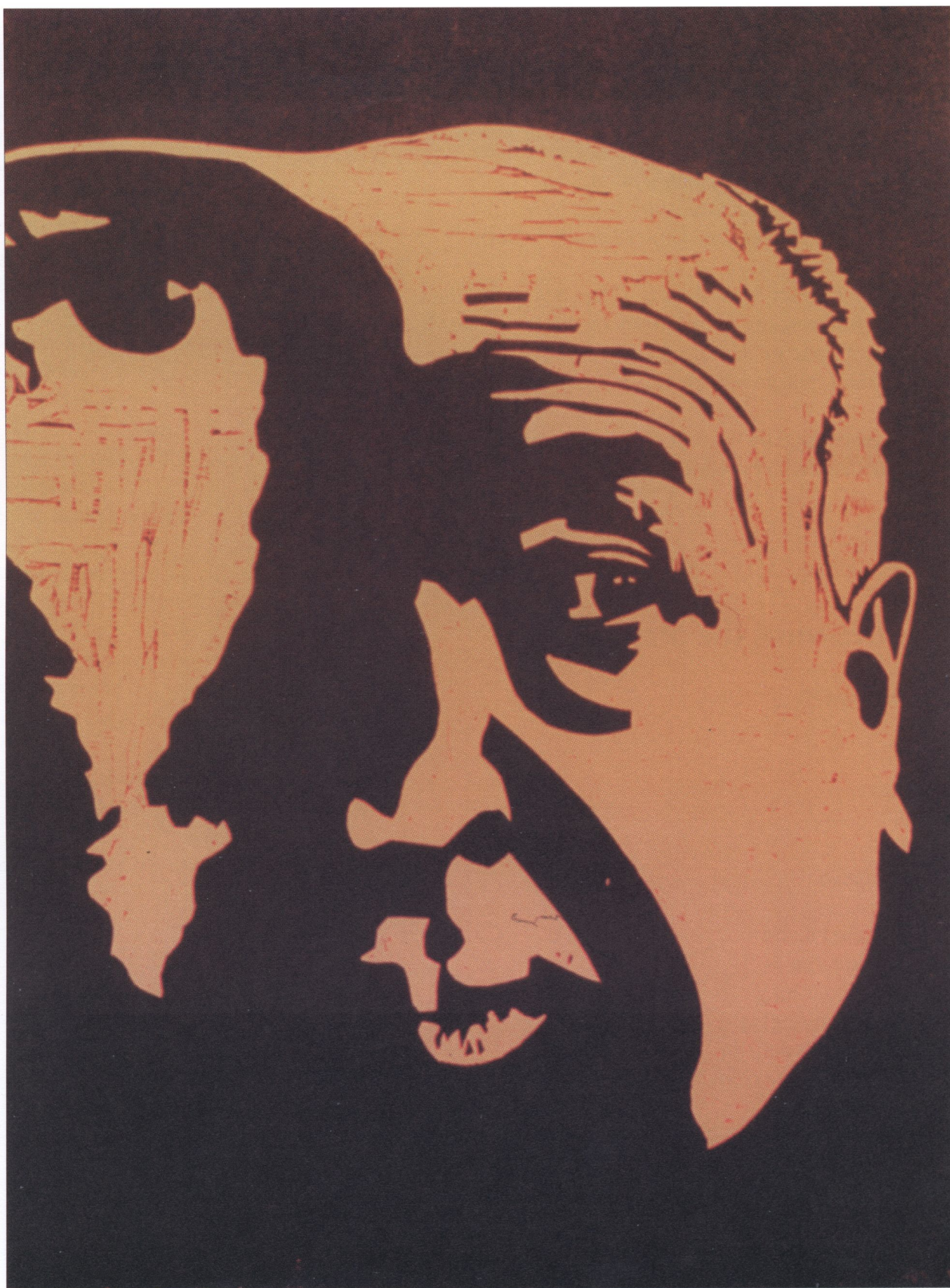
school I launched out of my seat and raced from a classroom to beat the progression of speech and vision distortion, injecting myself or popping pills-- only to find out it was a false alarm, that I was only light headed from hunger or exhaustion.

Eventually I determined that the shots were useless because of the strict timing involved, so doctors swung the treatment the other way and prescribed a strict diet eliminating all caffeine sources. That did nothing, either. After growing suspicious of drug treatments I found the most successful medicine for my body during a migraine is really within my own mind, that it

has more power over my physical self than I had thought over the years. The remedy involves complete surrender to the chaos in my veins and lying back to pretend it is just like any other nap. It is a race of the mind to attack the teeth-grinding fears--*Why can't I feel my face? Am I having a stroke? Why won't my heart slow down? Are brain cells frying?* If I can intercede quick enough I can convince myself that the routine will be short, and I can ride it out in stillness. *Yep, this feels like an extra short one. And I'll be outta here any minute now.* The fear still lingers, but no longer consumes.



Brook K. Gauthier



Faces
Amy Thompson

her silver tongue

Belinda Stillion

You melted the Great Blue but skipped your solace
and set into the crimson gold of later;
soon, you'll collide with your stark lunar love
while she hovers and shines her silver flesh.

Bare will seethes for a lavish taste of her naked spotlight,
ah, but so many curious stars crowd to see her show, so glow
and you peer upon none more than a heavenly glimpse—
a blind faith in her eminent ivory essence

Melt her twice-layered heart-cold ice with your teasing crimson—and thus,
Watch her sharp silver tongue retrieve into her still celestial space.

12 hours until the airport

The Property of DUAA

Some
Would say
The sun
Is
Dead overtaken
by a
mineral-circled moon
behind clouds
that look like our lungs
hanging over city lights
in shallow yellow dulls of
“this is where I come from,”
so-sigh-to-this-city
that keeps you coming back
for more.
Yesterday morning I was sitting
by its' door
with cartoons ice skating
in signs of shmancy catering.
Squiggly lights were hanging over corporate bagels
and I was drinking coffee from the cup of where it started.

(I'm a ghost on this state street)

managers fight hangovers
in pulled-down 'cowboys' hat eyes
their
power-trip denim
button-up longsleeves
fight the stomachs of a public education
while the girl in line hasn't the slightest clue what she wants.

Her jeans hug to her knees
exploding
 half way
 down
 the calf to cover

Over-sized
Patent leather loafers
And 2
three-inched souls.
She's the child of Utah 60's.

In any other state she'd be a republican
Dressed in the
Bottomed-bells of a Gapped generation.

 The door opens.
 Cold rushes the steam off my young maiden.

And an orange man steps up to the decision.



Karen K. Hendrick



Maki Suzuki



Ki Sun Ruiz

Untitled

The Property of DUAA

When I ate the pear
I tasted the back of a woman
Curved toward the dawn
Wrapped in the trickle of a mandolin

Los cuchillos

Liberty Davis

Mientras ella picaba betarraga blanca, su marido roncaba tranquilamente sobre la mesa del comedor grande y limpio hasta el punto de estar esterilizado. Parecía como si el resto de la casa se hubiera achicado y envejecido en menos de un mes del matrimonio. Ahora, la casona estaba casi arruinada; nadie la cuidaba. Pedazos del tejado yacían en el patio como si estuvieran esperando la llegada de una nueva vida porque hacía poco se habían dado cuenta de la terminación de la suya y, además, sabían que no había ni una esperanza de redención para ellos. La pintura se había puesto triste y gris como la barba de un anciano sin nombre. La belleza de antes se había convertido en una especie de monstruosidad. Los muebles de madera oscura, gruesa y noble ahora estaban cubiertos de ese tipo de polvo ahuesado y malhumorado. La sala de estar olía a muerte. Olía a una muerte de pensamientos, de amor; olía a una muerte de emociones.

Y sin falta, los cuchillos llegaban. Todos los días llegaban más cuchillos. Después de dos semanas así, no se podía andar en la casa porque era tan peligrosa la situación. La cuchillería se ubicaba en la avenida principal del pueblo en esa provincia desconocida. Era una avenida llena de escombros y de mujeres pobres pidiendo ayuda, mujeres buscando un desayuno en la basura de los demás. Esperaban encontrar algo comestible en la basura de una sociedad irresponsable. Rosa no tenía ganas de salir porque estaba satisfecha con sus esfuerzos de crear otra forma de amistad entre ella y los vegetales. La cocina era su hogar y era obvio que nadie más era bienvenido tan sólo los cuchillos que no cesaban de venir. El esposo dormía en el comedor donde nunca comían, mientras en la cocina Rosa soñaba sin dormir.

Cada día llegaban más cuchillos. El hombre que vendía cuchillos se sentía avergonzado delante de Rosa y por eso, no le hablaba. A la vez, le admiraba tanto, tanto, tanto que no podía resistir regalarle un montón de cuchillos. Le regalaba cuchillos grandes y buenos, cuchillos chicos y baratos, y cuchillos inútiles y feos. Al principio, ella los colocaba en el sótano. Luego, los puso en el baño de los huéspedes. Ese baño no era necesario porque nadie les visitaba nunca. En muy poco tiempo, no había más espacio en los cuartos de la casa. Sin embargo, Rosa no rechazaba los ofrecimientos del hombre de los cuchillos.

Pues, ella lentamente destruía la casona, la única cosa que servía en su matrimonio, en busca de espacio. Primero, tuvo que quitar las teclas del piano para poder instalar algunos de sus nuevos regalos en esa parte del piano. Se dio cuenta de que eso no bastaría. Decidió hacer algo con las mudas piedras del suelo. Las iba a reemplazar con tablas de roble que para siempre duraría y debajo de esas tablas pondría la mayoría de los cuchillos. Una por una, extrajo las piedras de su ambiente comunal y las puso en un hoyo detrás de la casa. El hijo de los vecinos cavaba y cavaba; cada vez hundía más profundo en la tierra con su pala de acero. La tierra gritaba por su herida y el viento gemía aterrorizado por lo que veía, pero nadie les hacía caso. Rosa, la esposa, era dueña de la cocina, pero los cuchillos dominaban hasta el aire que ella inhalaba. Era un dolor casi irreal, pero afortunadamente, a ella le gustaban los dolores del otro mundo o por lo menos, imaginaba que sí.

Ella estaba obsesionada con el arte culinaria. Su vida matrimonial consistía en cocinar y nada más. Nunca dormía. Es que temía que dejara de respirar. Lo que ella hacía bien era conversar con los vegetales, les daba personalidades propias. Mezclaba miel con leche y así intentaba transportarse a la tierra prometida. Su propósito en la vida era combinar

los procesos de destrucción y creación. Se decía que la manzana era como un auto en que después de pelarla el contacto con el aire la hacía oxidarse como si estuviera aparcada por el lado de la playa. Los frutos del mundo le fascinaban porque le mostraban nuevas perspectivas. Al picar un rábano, descubría que no era rojo sino blanco por dentro. El rábano se vestía de rojo con la esperanza de engañar al tomate, una fruta que sí era roja por fuera y por dentro.

Rosa prometía guardar todos los secretos. Para poder guardar tantos secretos, ella tenía que siempre estar con sus amigos. Era su deber y lo quería cumplir. Tenía que proteger a sus amigos ante el ataque planeado por los enemigos. Sospechaba que los rábanos estaban muertos porque llevaban manchas de sangre por fuera y una crueldad fría por dentro.

Su esposo silencioso nunca decía nada en contra de sus acciones. Bueno, es cierto que ese hombre nunca decía nada. A Rosa no le importaba; ella estaba ocupada con la preparación de sabores. Nunca dejaba de preparar la comida, era un proceso interminable.

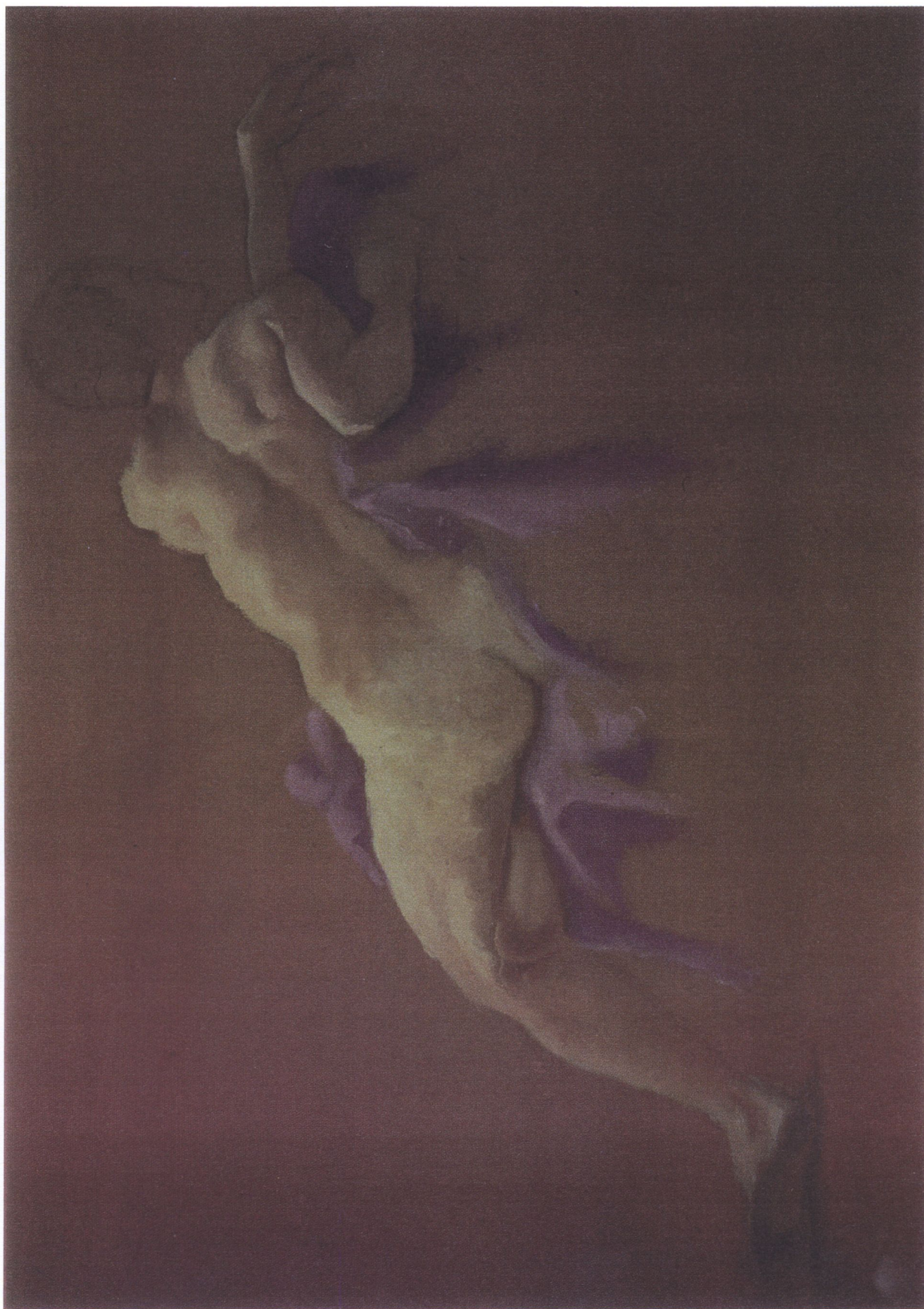
Todo había empezado el día de la boda. Sus padres adoptivos le habían dicho que ya era hora de casarse porque no la aceptarían como solterona. Rosa decidió no quejarse sino buscar una forma apropiada de expresarse. No la esperaba encontrar en un matrimonio de jóvenes desconocidos. Les preguntó a sus padres si podía ayudarles en algo y mencionó calladamente que le gustaría preparar la torta. En vez de estar nerviosa por sus apariencias o por el hecho de comenzar una vida matrimonial, ella se puso nerviosa por la comida. Se preguntaba una y otra vez si la torta era bastante blanca, dulce y alta. La redondez de la novia y su piel oscura fueron acentuadas por su vestido blanco, demasiado blanco. La gente decía que la torta estuvo exquisita, pero también decía que desafortunadamente la novia estaba más o menos

distraída durante la ceremonia. Ni miraba al novio. El novio parecía estar dormido o peor aún, muerto. Ni levantaba sus ojos vacíos.

Después de haber comido una de las creaciones de Rosa, todos le decían que su pasión culinaria era algo especial. Según la leyenda de su mamá biológica, el arte de cocinar era una cosa de familia, pero nadie (ni la madre) cocinaba con el mismo gusto de Rosa. De verdad, era increíble lo que ella inventaba. Era creadora de otros mundos; creaba una realidad donde la comida hablaba.

La cocina tenía una magia inexplicable. Todo lo vivo estaba dentro de ella. Era llena de colores, de olores y de las creaciones de Rosa. El pollo olía a curri y pimienta negra. La lenteja olía a comino y zapallo. Mientras las papas sofreían en aceite de oliva, el olor a cebolla flotaba por todas partes de la cocina. Algunas hojas de laurel colgaban del techo como símbolos del bosque en donde la gente se perdía en un estado de éxtasis. Plantas crecían en la jardinera de la ventana: menta, tomillo, salvia y romero. Rosa picaba y picaba con el deseo de encontrar otra forma de amar. El acto de comer sus creaciones era un acto casi religioso, casi sensual. En ese acto, veía el círculo de la vida. Rosa creía que su talento en la cocina demostraba algo sobre el funcionamiento del universo. Ella era profeta. Preveía el futuro del trigo y del maíz.

En una de esas noches insoportables de calor espantoso, los cuchillos tenían la sensación de que algo andaba mal. Hacía tanto calor que el mundo pareció dejar de girar. La espuma de las olas colgaba en el aire y las estrellas ya no eran más que unos huecos invisibles en la cobija negra del cielo. Todo lo que brillaba antes de ese día ya no podía hacerlo. Las flores estaban marchitas y sin color alguno. Las luces de la cocina se apagaron y por todo el pueblo solitario se escuchó un grito inhumano.



Benjamin M. Joyce



Laura Brian

Untitled

Piper Walters

“The universe is so vast
And my life so short.
I’ll be gone and lost forever.
How insignificant I am,” one said.

“The universe is so vast,
And I have a brief moment to shine
How thankful I am
To be a part of it all,” said the other.

Untitled

Kati Swanson

In the waters deeper than your soul
Shines the possibility of salvation.
To drop your weight and rise to the surface
Might hasten the pressure that kills you.
Stay in the depths, in the darkness that smothers.
Deny the sun and suffocate in the velvet shroud.
I will not stay with you.



Shawn Elmore

One Morning

Marie Diamond

I wake up thinking of two-person beds
Mysterious laughter during fantasy pillow fights
Hard versus soft
And people dancing in classrooms

I get up
Brush my teeth
As the waltz of a kiss and a hug plays
And I actually sing along
Even with toothpaste foam
Sputtering from my mouth
Next would be the song about the drunk
Who had nothing better to do
But I have to leave

I go out
In my striped sneakers
Watching the squares of sidewalk
Pass beneath my feet
A great blank comic strip
Where Nothing is funny
Especially when leaves and bugs
And my footsteps are added to it

Those panels—
Such neat, perfect containers—
I could spread my dreams
Into them
So they would stay in their places
Stop mixing with the real dreams I've lived
But it's hard when
In them both
Everyone keeps telling me the same things

Editors' Last Word



Chrysalis is a publication of the Associated Students of Willamette University. Submissions are accepted from all members of the Willamette community. Entries are blind-judged on the basis of majority vote by the *Chrysalis* editorial staff. Staff members may not vote on their own material or material they recognize.

"The pursuit of truth and beauty is a sphere of activity in which we are permitted to remain children all our lives."
—Albert Einstein

"Future butterfly, gonna spend the day higher than high . . .
everybody knows you only live a day, but it's brilliant anyway"
—Elliott Smith

"melon margaritas"

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"Fanatics have their dreams, werewith they weave
A paradise for a sect. . . ."
—John Keats

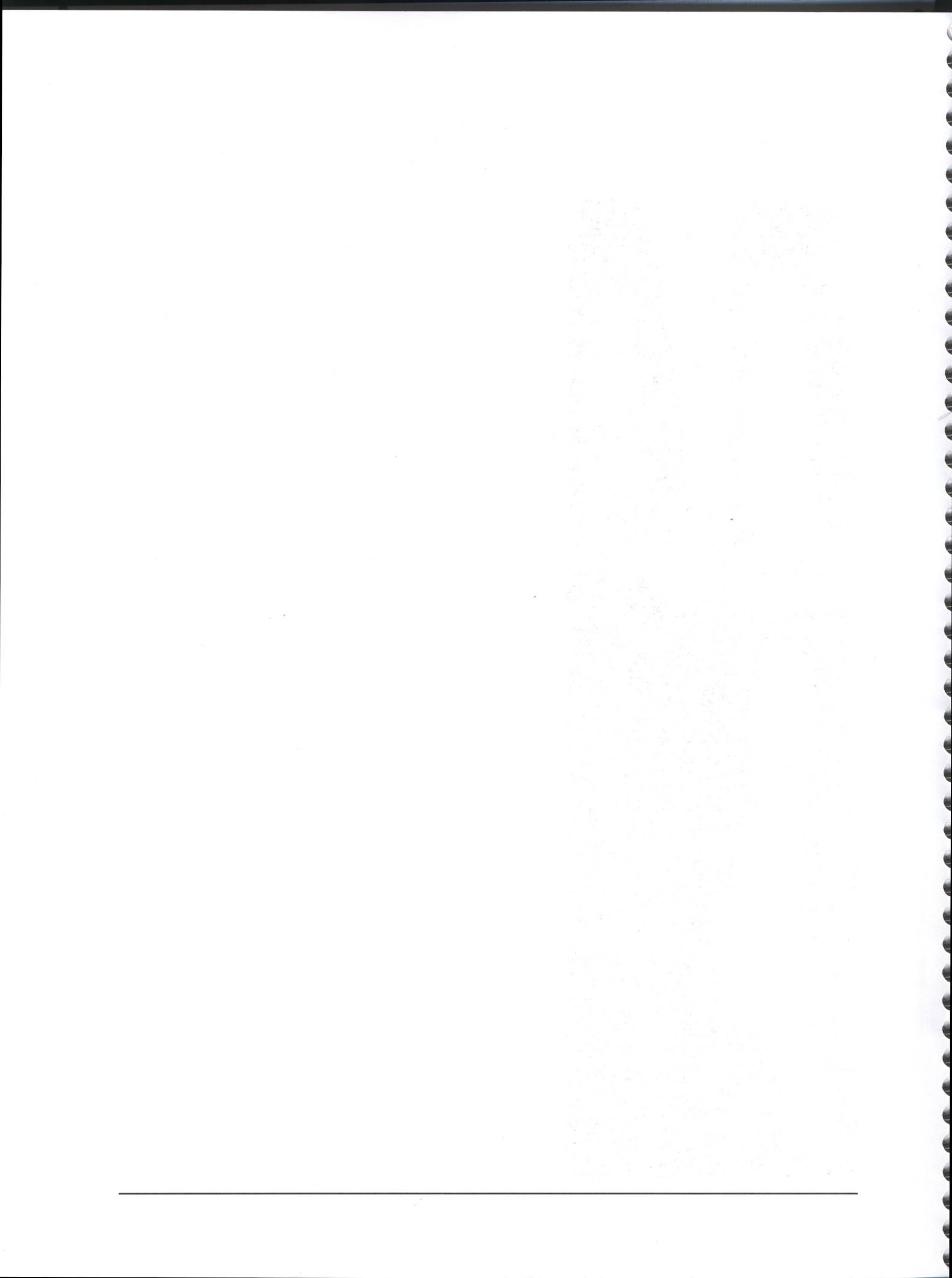
"Milli Vanilli are meant to be played with"

"If it isn't true,
at least it's well invented."
—Old Italian saying

"ambivalent"

"One must still have chaos in oneself
to be able to give birth to a dancing star"
—Nietzsche

"Certainly we shall rise, certainly we shall see
and gladly, joyfully tell one another all that has been."
—Fyodor Dostoevsky



Chrysalis