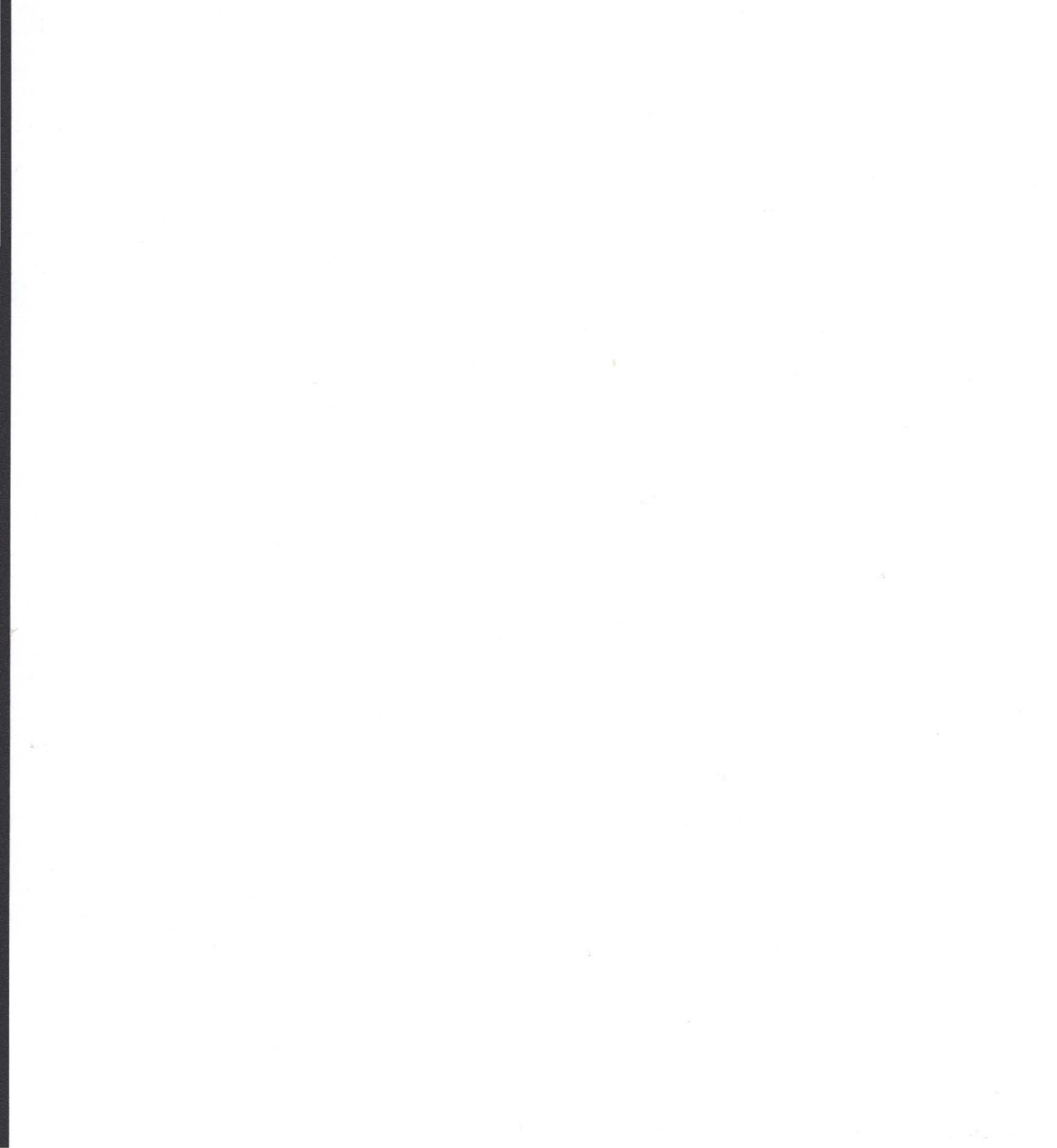


PERIODICAL STACKS

The background is a dark, textured surface. A light blue rectangular label is in the top left corner. A series of light blue lines form a large, stylized 'L' shape on the left side, with a horizontal line extending from the vertical line. Another horizontal line crosses the vertical line from the left. A thick horizontal line runs across the bottom of the cover.

THE CHRYSLIS



THE
CHRYSALIS
2009

EDITORS

Jamie - Jamie North is a senior English major at Willamette University. Jamie loved her time as Editor-in-Chief of *The Chrysalis* this year, and she hopes the magazine will continue to be a quality venue for literary and artistic conversation. When Jamie is not reading poetry or critical theory, she enjoys riding horses and teaching riding lessons. Jamie will enter into an MFA program for poetry in the Fall.

Candice - Candice Peaslee is a senior English major who loves literature but prefers Russian novels and Romantic poetry. She has greatly enjoyed working with the other editors on this magazine and hopes to pursue a career in book publishing.

Angela - Angela Boston is a freshman at Willamette and an aspiring English major. As Editor-in-Chief of her high school literary magazine, she nurtured an enduring love of student expression, which she has carried through to her duties as Co-Publicity Editor of *The Chrysalis*. Angela hopes eventually to earn a Master's degree in education and teach high school English, though she is presently content with singing in the women's choir and duck watching with her friends.

Madison - Madison Niermeyer, a freshman from Salt Lake City Utah, served as Co-Publicity Editor this year for *The Chrysalis*. Maddi is a lover of poetry, mountains and whitewater kayaking and is excited to keep working with *The Chrysalis* for the rest of her time at Willamette.

Samantha - Samantha Huntington is a Psychology major and Creative Writing minor. She was also an editor for her high school's literary magazine. This is, however, her first time being published in a college literary magazine, and she hopes you enjoy her piece.

Sarah - Sarah Devine is a junior English and Spanish major. Her English emphasis is creative writing, and she completed a novella as her thesis. Some of her favorite authors are James Baldwin, Alice Walker, Manuel Puig, and Toni Morrison.

Olivia - Olivia Lawther is a freshman whose goal is to take Organic Chemistry and then restore paintings the rest of her life. She was the Layout Editor and hopes to continue working with *The Chrysalis* next year.

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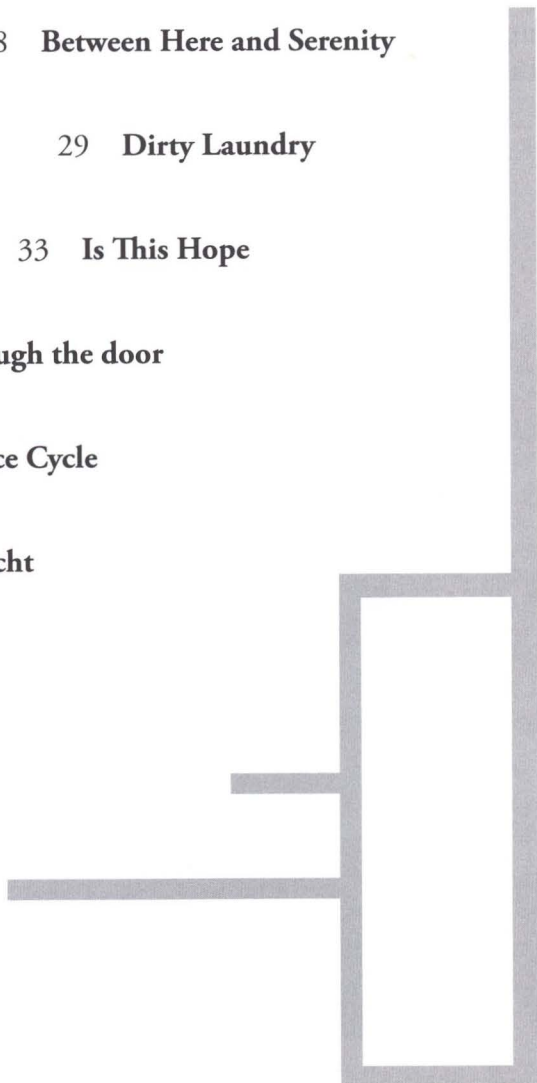
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Every year I am reborn
under the kiss of the cold
October wind. The grandfather
boughs of our old sycamore bear
witness as they sway across
the yard. We watch in awe
as autumn's tender threnody augments
into a memory of all things green.



Katherine Albertson — Larkin Smith

1

The matter spread out into
the silence.

Tendrils of dust and light
sifting forward and going out
into space.

2

In the depths of boiled seas
small flagellum probing, feeling
sensing the up, the out
perhaps with a faint glimmer of thought.

3

And when was that day?
The slimy fish shrugged out
from the damp deep.
Fins tasted soil and cold air.
No more rocking ocean sway.
Out and up.
It wants to be there too.

4

Now we look together at the stars.
Are they our birthplace
or just a reminder
that we must go up?
We chase it in our starships.
Where are we going,
with eyes tied by slivers of cloth,
arms open?
I don't know.

5

The air fills your lungs.

Sweet water

sloshing down your throat

and into bloody veins.

Full on the inside.

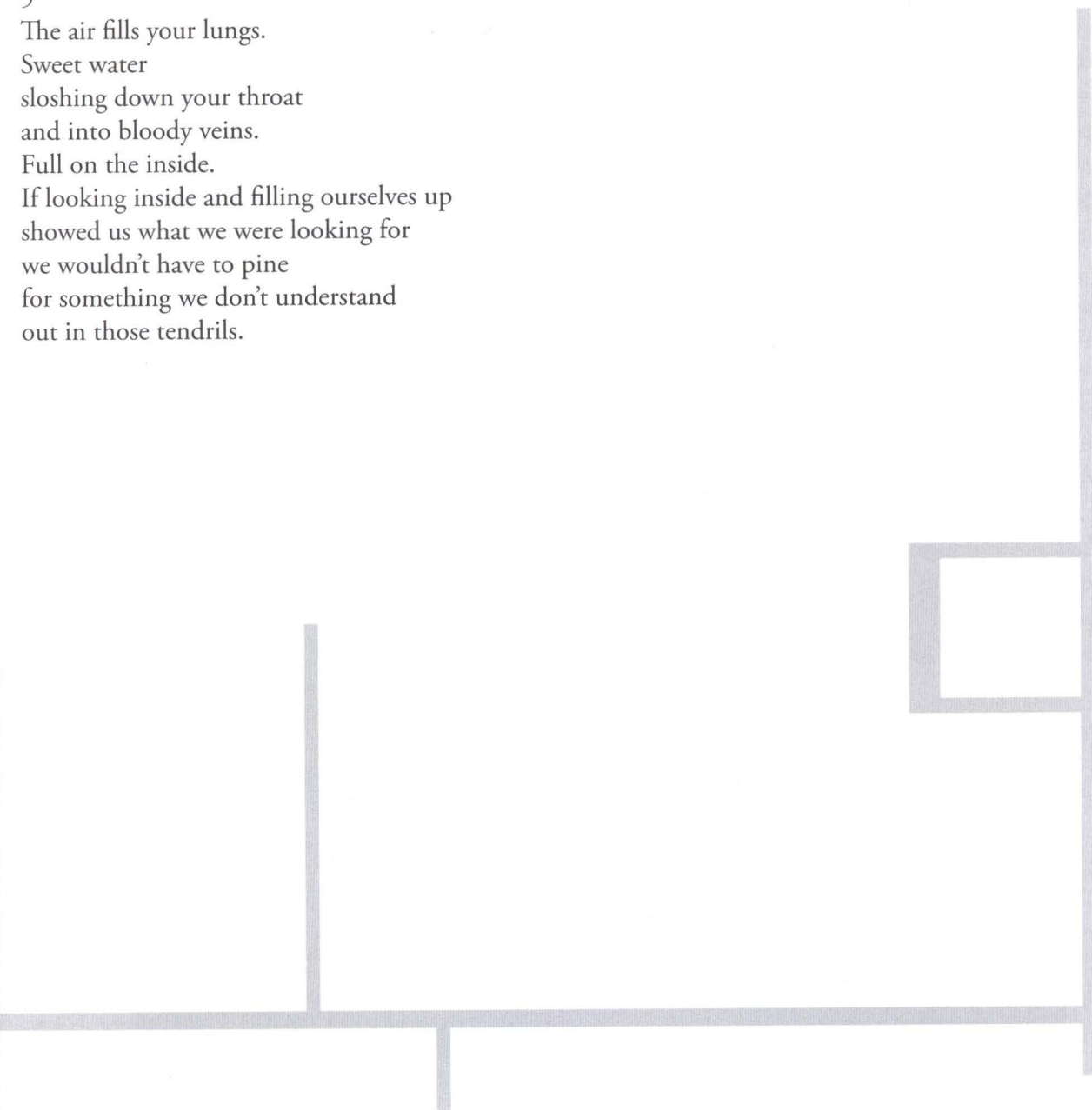
If looking inside and filling ourselves up

showed us what we were looking for

we wouldn't have to pine

for something we don't understand

out in those tendrils.





Untitled — Shannon E McDonell-Bryant

So last Friday, everyone wine-minded and winding down. I'm just remembering that fight in Union square on my birthday when I was too stubborn to wear tights with that dress and it was so cold. I have this problem where I don't have any cold weather clothes and I miss the jacaranda trees. I have these Mexican flowers in my room though. Paper petals and crunched up leaves. I shipped them over the summer in a little cardboard box with some shoes and all of my favorite books. They came out all crushed together and wilted like dried flowers. It was easy to pull them apart though. It wasn't easy when you told me that you were rarely going to be here to see them, and before that I never really knew what it felt like to be sad. I liked the feeling of opening the petals back up, restoration. Isn't that what everything is, restoration?

After we're inside, the cold gets mended and we don't need tights anymore. The fight ends and tomorrow we're eating strawberry crepes and walking down Haight Street. I bought this indigo shirt with all of these intricate beadings and the shopkeeper gave me all of these bindis and bangles for my wrists. On the cab ride home we had this driver who kept on talking about how fat his wife had gotten, but how then they joined a gym and started walking up all of the hills. We were laughing really hard. And everyone wakes up Saturday morning, still minds after winded, winding dreams. I can't tell you theirs, but I've been seeing the sunlit freeways off of Balboa, the 163 North and South separated by Chrysalis trees.

Over the summer, I got the Five of Cups card. The lady in the lawn chair acted like it wasn't so bad, but the picture still scared me. He's walking forward, but keeps looking at the spilled cups behind him. It took me a while, but I get it now. The cups turn around, things come back, constantly closing and opening, it's cold out, it's warming, we forget the reasons we were angry, always wake up, sometimes it takes a little longer than we'd like, restored.

Textbook images of Pompeii:

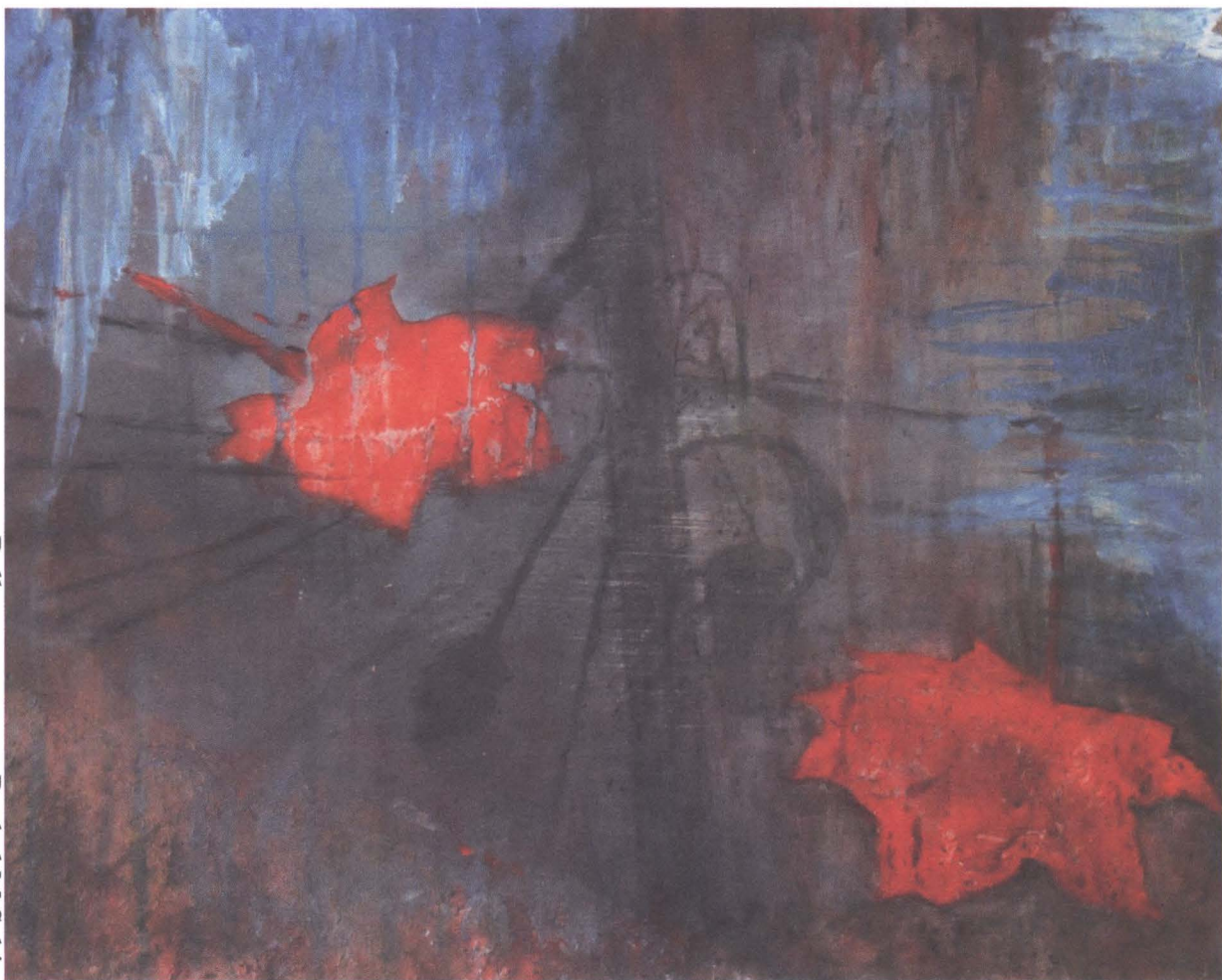
ashy soil, plumes of fog, distant
mountain, fields of bodies, dead
stumps of something ancient.

Textbook pages: their roots in ruins
along a wide-mouthed river.

Like octopi, flat-headed and prehistoric
tentacles clinging, they flee
toward the safety of the water.

riding the shadows of a traveling train
on the breath of the wind or the tears of the rain
slowly churning through the old good-bye
(for even the prettiest can make us cry)
the blind man dances to the beauty of dawn
and the blind man dances on...
we do what we don't and want what we do
deep in the depths of the never ending blue
nevermore, nevermore shall the sphere forever turn
(in the pull of the cavity it chooses to burn)
in the how and the should and the why and the when
the blind man dances, once again...

riding the clutch of a black stallion's mane
in the ave mere of the undying rain
while up float the chimes of a sad ocean song
(for surly they were hers all along)
the fires flicker a greenish hue
and the blind man dances too...
while the fleshy skin of tomorrow burns
and the dawning of a new age turns
the stars sing along to a devilish tune
(and even the joyful beasts howl at the moon)
the blind man still is dancing, dancing
the blind man still is dancing, dancing
the blind man still is dancing, dancing
and the blind man dances on...



Bellevue — Rachel M Sabin

I didn't see it couldn't see it until she turned sideways, then the taut curve of her belly, outwards from under her ribs, I saw it only then, as she turned and placed herself in profile against the bright light the florescent harsh and unforgiving, unnatural light, and when she felt me seeing she paused for a moment only a moment and put one long hand over her belly and it lay there, awkward and graceful and protective all at once, like a large pale spider whose legs were long and delicate with knobby joints and weighed down with silver rings that hung loose like collars, like garters on the spider's legs, and beneath her hand there lay cloth and skin and muscle and baby, a very great deal of baby, on her narrow frame, although perhaps after all not so much, for I could not see it there from the front. Maybe a trick of color and light and the style of her clothing, for which I am sure there are many tricks to disguise such a thing, such a shameful thing, as a bulge or a baby, but which I do not know for I am not one of those who are In The Know, which is a very good place to be if you should be interested in such things as hiding babies or in finding them once they are hidden, but is not a place where I am so fortunate as to find myself very often, for various reasons.

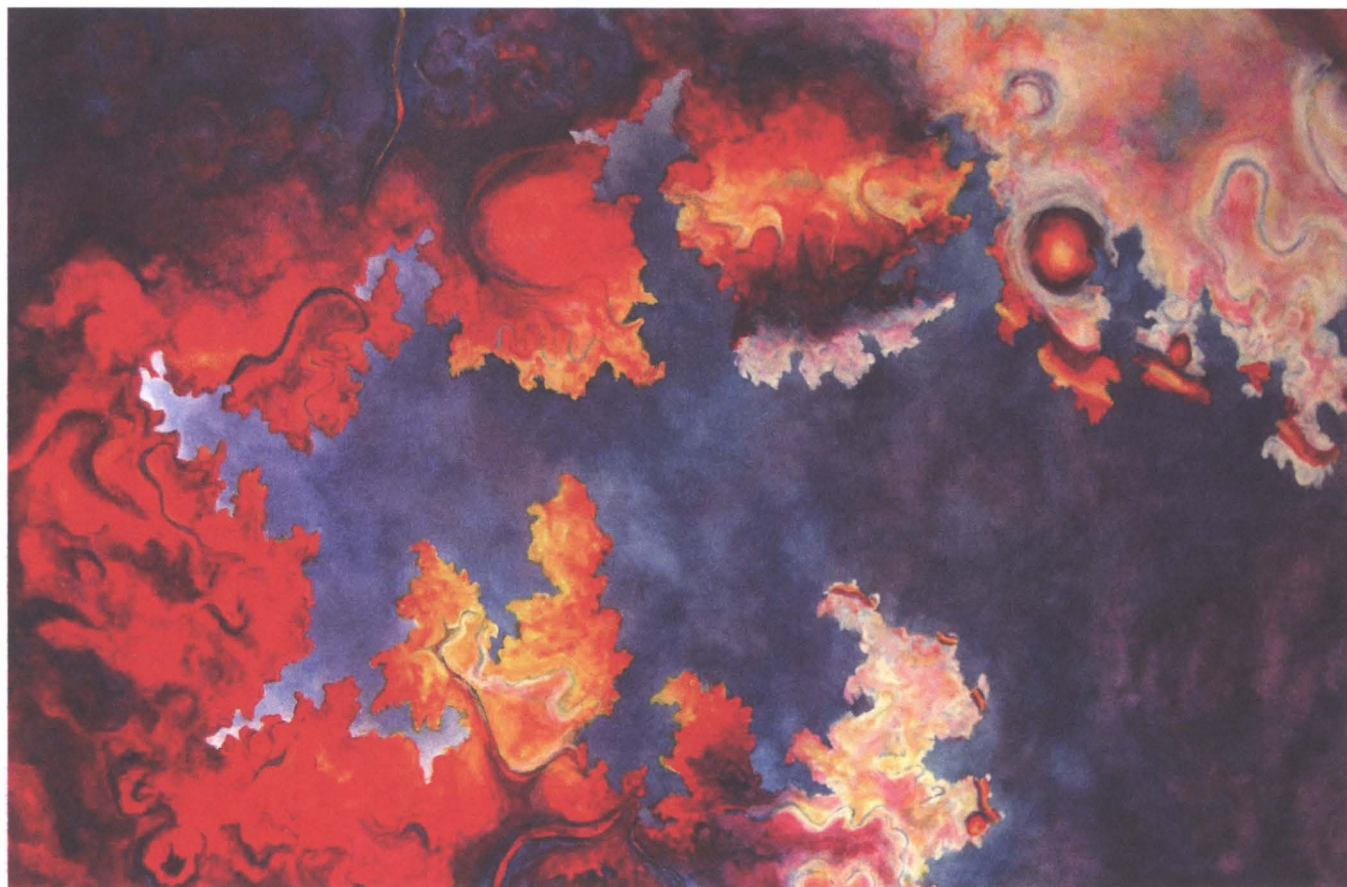
She continued then, completed her turn and her task and then returned to me with a new expression in her eyes, a defensive vulnerable and almost angry challenge that had a great deal to do with her own insecurity, I felt, and much less to do with any slight on my part, but see, there, I could once again have been wrong and that, after all, is not so very uncommon. She handed me my change, reached out one long, rawboned hand, fingers grouped, pointing downward, to contain the tiny collection of coins and when I offered my own cupped palm she opened her fingers and released slowly the coins so that they fell one by one with a continuous series of bright hard ticking sounds into my hand, and when she was done I stirred them once with my thumb as if reassuring myself of their value, checking her work, even though it was more out of habit than anything and I wasn't looking at them anyway and so could only have been counting them by feel, but I saw her eyes catch on the gesture and narrow in affront, and I could practically hear her uncertainty turning the habitual motion into an insult, pairing it in her mind with her condition and age and the fact that my eyes had rested for a moment on the form of her belly, and coming out with an assumption of dishonesty. Her cheeks grew pink and her mouth tightened and became small on her face, pulling down on her lips as her eyebrows followed the movement of her mouth, as if the corners of her lips were attached to her brows, that they must always be a certain distance apart, never more or less, and so followed each motion of the other in tandem; the entire effect was sullen anger, I thought, which made me sorry because I really hadn't had any thought of offending her, nor had it crossed my mind to correlate her pregnancy with her morality, but still, there it was, and because it came

so quickly and easily to her I knew that it must have happened before, that someone, perhaps several someones, had looked with disapproval at the obvious not-flatness over her hips and allowed their disapproval to color their judgment of her, this girl working behind the counter in this little shop whose face was almost too young for her job, let alone for impending motherhood and all that that implied. Because of that, because of the fact that other people had judged her, perhaps unfairly, without bothering to try to know anything real about her, for that one thing and no other I was struck by the sudden urge to reach through the counter and put my arms around her, just enfold her in a calm embrace and thus apologize for all the unfairness in the world, for all the unwitting cruelty of strangers who have no thought of how their actions and prejudices affect the objects of their opinions. I would have liked to have held her for a while and maybe say to her that I had not meant anything at all by the unconscious combination of gesture, that there was no thought of judging her in my mind, I was merely observing the world when she happened to enter my perception of it, and so it was all right, she needn't feel ashamed or defensive this time, because this was her life, too, and I could not know all the intricate interconnected things that must have conspired to place her exactly here, exactly this way, because there always are those things, hundreds and thousands of them, and she herself may not even have been aware of many of them, but that didn't stop them from being there and relevant.

I did not do these things because they would not have been socially or culturally acceptable, because at the very least she would have been made uncomfortable and creeped out, and at the worst she might have called the police and had me hauled away as a lunatic or worse, and neither of these possibilities, nor any of the myriad that lay between them, would have done anything to accomplish the goal I wanted, to make her feel not-alone, okay, less scared.

Instead I smiled at her, a friendly, reassuring smile, which she returned with a narrowing of the eyes and an air of heightened suspicion, and then she wished me a nice day in a tone that clearly wished otherwise and I had to move away from the counter to make room for the next customer, who was a youngish woman with a small toddler hanging from one hand and a baby in a stroller occupying the space between her and the counter, so she had to lean over his head to hand her items to the girl while trying to answer the toddler's shrilly repeated inquiry of Why something was the way it was, all the while struggling to remove her wallet from the purse on her shoulder. Her motions had all the frantic calm of barely contained panic, and as her eyes fell on the ballooning abdomen of the cashier she said softly, Oh, and then looked at the girl's face with a kind of tired, half-apologetic smile of dismay, as if commiserating with someone who would soon be in the same state that she was in, as if to say, Oh dear, I'm sorry, this is

what it seems you have to look forward to soon, isn't it? The girl behind the counter smiled back, a similar smile, sympathizing but underneath that, terrified, the smile of someone who is holding everything together all right, but just barely and just for the moment, and at any second it could all go flying apart in different directions; she handed the woman her change with a different motion than she'd given me mine—neatly counting it back into the waiting hand, waiting for her to stow the bills before she tipped the change from her palm into the woman's, and then waiting again until she had got her wallet back in her bag and herself mostly collected before handing the bag across the baby's head to his mother, who took it with another smile, grateful this time for the forbearance of someone else who recognized the feeling of being ever-so-slightly an outsider.



Your Future is a Strange and Beautiful Place ——— Rachel M Sabin

"Starry Night" by cell phone light
 Binges on cookies and
 donuts in the quad
 "Are you not enjoying these two's
 altered state of mind?"

"I guarantee you it's not the first time
 ("I'll walk back with you,"
 "I love you,"
 "Ask you out if you didn't...")
 it's been true."

Blue-shifted reality, mad Hamlet,
 Purrs and bedtime stories,
 The city thunders by on tracks,
 Red ink spells out
 Beyond (A verage).

Weighing mechanism
 (for this round)
 Net benefits
 "And what's important
 is the pleasure."

Urg come home late again last night.
It seem like ever since we invent fire,
Urg always have somewhere else to be.
He say he hunting saber tooth,
But I think he after other sort of tail.
Blarka say she saw Urg bonk
Morka over head last week with our
Wedding club. Morka such slut.
She not even have attractive overbite.
When Urg get home from battle,
All he do is sit on rock, stare at
Cave paintings and drink marrow
Of his enemies. We no even talk these days,
All he do is grunt. But not in cute way
he did when we date. I burn mammoth
Again at dinner and Urg yell like bear.
Maybe someday I leave this cave,
And make Urg ancient history.

Tai- chi grass incense-

d pomegranate

Pantomime:

sans *time* :: emit :snas

chi-iat Panto : mime :

sans time *time sans*

ihc- Tai

sans eimt

incen: s : d

gras :s e: pom gran :: eat

Tai chi chi chi chi chi

grass
s incnd pom mgrantttt

Pantime :: : *sans*: sans

om

time

If March starts as
 a lamb
then it will come
 out as a lion

If I ask you to
pick me jasmines
then will you
plant them in the bathtub?

If I forget those sayings
 about the weather and
the patterns of your stepping
 in like a lamb, out
 like a lion

Then will you place your hand
on the bone of my collar and try
to memorize the in-and-out
 of my breathing?

November

Now, I know you knew I know
November

By the leaves littered in your eyes
I know November

The sweeping of the streets
I know November

And yes, I will say no
November

One syllable to denounce
No, November

Sits knowing in my mouth
No, November





Reflection of Hope — Cameron N Hill

Rope Ladder

Line by line we climbed into
Thin aired castles in empty sky
that glistened, vacant
climbing and climbing
I saw it
the far earth

Horizontal

The tightrope walker almost fell
Her foot slipped, her eyes widened, round,
And then, steadying,
vertical thought of
air below
feet floating

Parallel

tracks through mud big small mother son
one faltering, the other sure
they lead me to this
the end of my road
alone, but
still I go

Feverish

Between the walls a buzz like bees
silver wings beating back and forth
We hear it coming
In our fevered dreams
Panic kills
restless sleep

Dialogue

Speckles dot memories of what
was thought useless, squalid, or sour
but is actually
the transfer of a
mimetic
song, so cold.

In the Alley

The woman calls, her eyes distant
“spit into the ground for rivers’
gold,” she whispers through
the threat of squalor
dark and cold
won’t retreat.

Between Here and Serenity — Cameron N Hill



Rachel moved around the kitchen, preparing a meal she wouldn't eat. Since her discovery, she had found herself unable to stomach anything more than water. The meal was not for her; it was for her husband, Chris. Despite everything, she could not help loving him with everything she had, and everything that was lost.

She put the final garnishes on the chicken penne, and carried the plates to the table. She lit the candles and adjusted the silverware before calling in Chris.

He gasped when he walked into the dining room and moved to her side. "This is beautiful! Is it all for me?"

She scoffed, "The table always looks like this, every day for ten years!" They were playing their usual game, pretending they were perfect.

"I don't deserve it." He kissed her gently on the lips. "I love you." He sat on his side of the table and began eating.

Rachel sighed and took a short swallow of her water. As she stared at the wild curly hair and rumpled shirt that contradicted Chris' clean cut demeanor, she wondered if she would ever believe a word he said again.

"How was work?" Chris said after a moment.

"It was fine, a little tiring."

"I think we should have a movie night, you know, to relax after a long day of work. It's been a long time since we went out together."

In this moment, as she sat upright and pensive in her stiff chair, not eating the food she'd prepared, she made a decision. There might be a way to make everything right again.

"I'm going out after dinner," she spoke softly.

"Really?" Chris swallowed his mouthful of food before speaking again. "I thought you were tired. Why don't you relax with me?" He smiled playfully at her as his eyes twinkled with the light that had always made him so attractive to everyone who met him.

"I'm just meeting some friends from work," she said, ignoring his question. "I might be back late." She went back to blankly staring at her plate and idly picking at her food as the smile fell off Chris' face. He sank back in his chair, his expression a mixture of confusion and worry.

"Well alright. Would you like me to clean up for you?"

"No, I have time." She stood and took their plates, then walked to the kitchen, refusing to make eye contact with her bewildered husband.

She washed the dishes she'd left piled on the side of the sink with a concentration she hadn't had for years, scrubbing each plate as if it were her last act on earth. After every last shining fork was put away, she calmly walked up the stairs to their bedroom to change. She slid into her black dress that just grazed the top of her knees, accentuating her long legs, then slipped on her black heels to match. As a last thought, she put some dark red lipstick on her full lips. With her wool coat on, she looked like she had dressed for a funeral.

Chris still sat at the dining room table pretending to read as his teeth clenched in apprehension. He looked up when Rachel walked past him to the front door, her heels hitting the hardwood floors with a finality in each step.

"Have fun," he called to her as she opened the door. Rachel didn't respond, and she hoped that the sound of the door closing knocked the wind out of him.

She sipped her drink with careful concentration, the harsh whiskey parting her lips and scalding her throat. She stared blankly at the worn, sticky surface of the bar, ignoring the rowdy regulars and the tiresome music. The drone of alcoholic voices blended with the bad bar music and football game recaps on the small television in the corner. She jumped slightly as he sat on the stool beside her.

"Hi," he spoke with a smile on his face. His foul breath filled the air and she straightened under his gaze. "Can I buy you a drink?"

"I have a drink," she responded, avoiding eye contact.

"Are you being coy with me?"

She smiled and downed the rest of her drink. She knew this stranger would be just what she needed. Taking a deep breath, she turned to him with determination in her eyes. "Where do you live?"

"What?" he asked with surprise.

"Where do you live?" she insisted.

"Just around the corner."

"Good." She stood quickly and picked up her coat, making her way to the door, purpose in her every step.

He threw down the money for her drink and followed her into the darkness.

She laid beneath him, feeling his weight, his presence in everything around her. His filthy, hairy body enclosed her as she struggled not to breathe in. The stained and torn sheets felt coarse on her skin. There were no words, no kisses. Both had a purpose for this night, and neither saw a point in pretending that it meant more than it did.

She left the room without a sound, the thick air making her feel small as she passed through, her heels muted on the threadbare rug. The first breath of the freezing air outside filled her lungs and she closed her eyes to take it in.

Rachel yawned as she stepped through the door. She couldn't believe her boss had kept her so late again. She quietly made her way upstairs to the bedroom, finding Chris already sleeping quietly beneath the sheets. She smiled at his peaceful sleeping form, then began to undress. She hung up her coat and then climbed into the warm bed beside her husband.

As she reached to put her arm around him, she sighed and smelled the perfume on the sheets. The perfume that wasn't hers. She drew back from Chris, and as she did, he moaned softly and turned away from her, wrapping the sheets around his thin body as he did.

The house was dark when Rachel got home, but warm in contrast to the cold night. She undressed in the bathroom, and stepped into the hot shower. She slowly and meticulously washed every part of herself, removing the sweat and grime from her skin. After putting her clothes with the dirty laundry, she stepped into the bedroom and breathed a sigh of relief. Rachel got into the bed beside Chris, the soft sheets wrapping her in a protective cocoon as she gazed lovingly at her husband's face. She stroked his smooth chin and kissed each of his eyelids, then dropped her head on the pillow beside him.

"We're even now," she thought to herself, as she settled into the night of rest she had been missing for weeks.

Rachel slowly drifted into consciousness and took in the morning light through the blinds. She turned and found Chris already awake beside her, staring at the ceiling.

"Good morning," she whispered with a smile.

“Oh...good morning,” Chris said quietly, as if he’d only just noticed her presence.

They laid there together, silent and pensive. The silence filled Rachel with apprehension as she reflected on her decision. Did he know? Had she done the right thing?

“Rachel,” Chris sighed, as his blue eyes drifted to her brown ones for a moment, then moved back to the ceiling. “Do you think things would have been different if we hadn’t lost the baby?”

Rachel looked away from him, then closed her eyes as she clutched at her stomach. She gasped and choked out a sob as she balled her hands into fists in the white sheets and wept for everything that was lost.



Is This Hope — Cameron N Hill

that “the well is deep, but not infinite.”

the deepness inside the door. And the light

gray of the whitened frame, infinite

which is to say

the locks are deep

or that

through the door there is no

“sense of the world”

that it is

“only the sense.”



A Piece Cycle — Tess A Milio

A gezind zalbe acht,
Un betn nor tzvei, -
Un kumpt on di nacht,
Vu shlofen dan zey?

Drei mitn tatn,
Un drei mit der mamen –
Hentlech un fislech,
Geflochten tzuzamen.

Un kumpt on di nacht,
M'darf machen di betn,
Dan haybt on di muter
Dem toyt af zich betn.

Zi meint an emes, -
Es is nisht kane vunder:
Oych eng is in kever,
Dokh ligt men bazunder...

- Avraham Reisen
Varshe, 1899

A Household of Eight

A household of eight,
And only two beds, -
And come the night,
Where will they sleep?

Three with the father,
And three with the mother –
Hands and feet,
Braided together.

And come the night
We need to make the bed,
This starts the mother
She wishes she was dead.

She thinks with a truth, -
It is no wonder:
The grave is also narrow,
Yet one lay separately...

- Abraham Reisen
Vilna [Vilnius, Lithuania], 1899

I.

Cezanne, you and I
will paint a reality
shards of sky
colliding into land

we will hold it all together

let it be incomprehensible
let it be glorious

let the elephants dance
and God throw up his hands in awe

how can there be so many stars?

II.

Elephants dance in faded tones

like the train's accordion hinges they bellow
in elephant ecstasy

it is a subtle celebration
the slow creaking of pines
paint chipped white on red wooden houses

the elephant dance is the dance
of tender destruction

and together you and I and the elephants
stamp our feet in frantic faded tone

The branches creak in the old tree
next to this quiet shack.
I stand alone and hear the sea.

My chair sinks underneath me.
The shutters hit the house, smack, smack.
The branches creak in the old tree.

Legs rise to meet the water's plea,
and gulls, like vultures, circle at my back.
I stand alone and hear the sea.

"She used to let her golden hair fly free"...
Those lines you whispered decades back.
The branches creak in the old tree.

The tide is aching to set me free.
Cold water. Bones inside me crack.
I stand alone and hear the sea.

There's nothing here to stop and see,
so take yourself and don't come back.
The branches creak in the old tree.
I stand alone and hear the sea.

<a random scene from a meadow you've never seen>

Under Nature's Eye & Her Instinct

	were		that						
T		S		S		d	e	l	s
H		E		O		d	a	d	i
E	once	E	they	W		a	n	n	d
S		D		E		a	n	i	o
E		S		D		d	d	l	n
							e		s

as river's laugh

hah-(b r l
u b e)-aha

and you feel safe
and you feel safe
and you feel safe
and you feel safe
and you feel safe

Horizons



beyond
"normal"
sight

THERE ARE NO ATOMIC BOMBS HERE .

RUN

Run

run

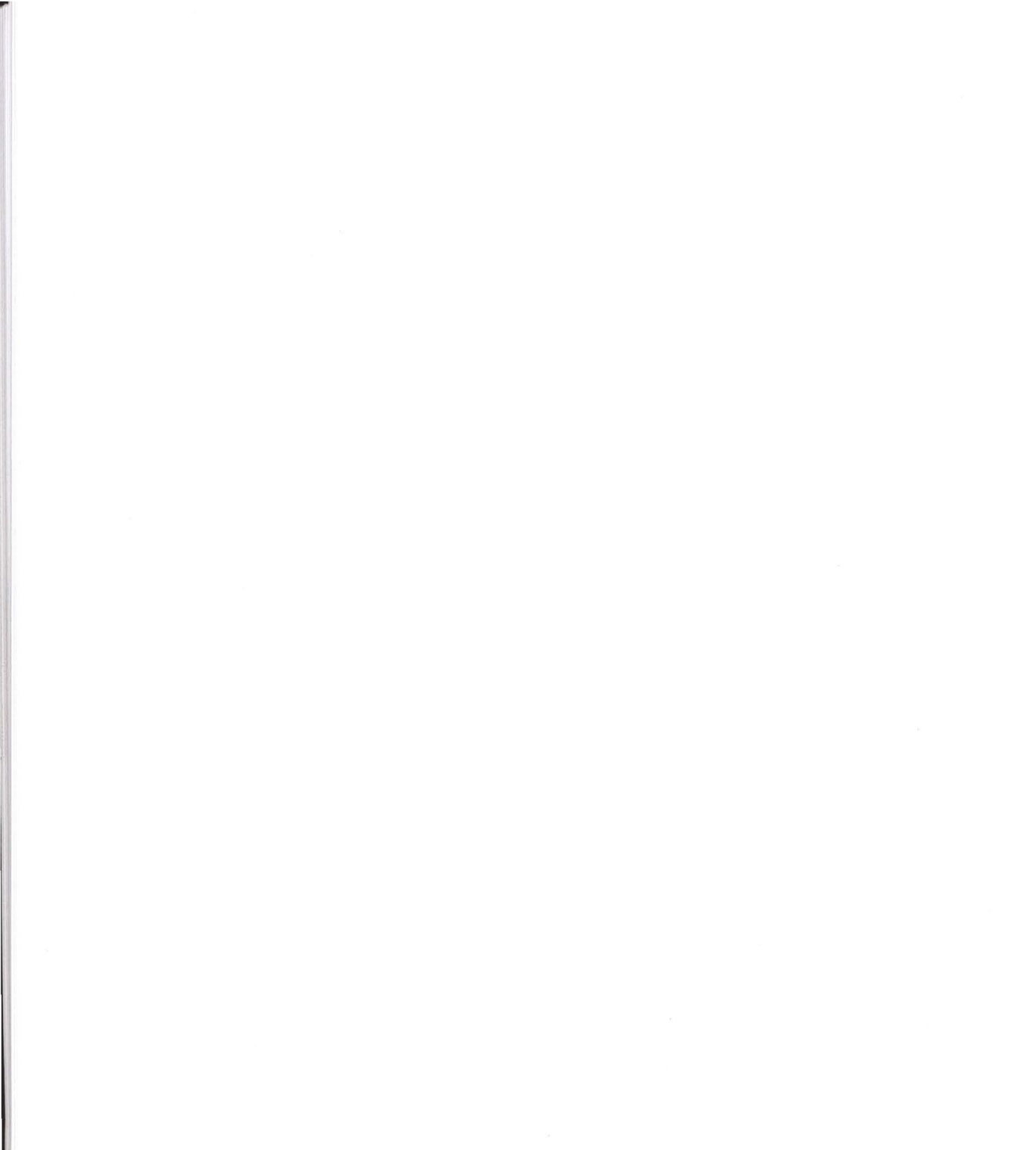
back home soon.



Passing Time — Tess A Millo

In the freezing garage my father sands the wood feather-smooth.
I am his feather, his bean, his jellybean.
I am his feather and he sands me smooth but misses a spot.
Wait! I cry but he is gone and smooth-worn
I wander through the field. My shadow haunts me.
Cold, I feel it one step behind.
When I turn to look it is not my shadow but my sister
walking towards me through the rye.
The corn is wind-flattened and we think of our childhood:
sweet corn and soybeans. The red barn hides behind the poplar trees.
My sister leaves me alone in the field.
The stars burn stares into my skin. I feel them pierce me
even when I shade myself with a rhubarb leaf I have plucked
from my mother's garden.
I care more for the violets that grow wild
beside the railroad tie.
My brother strolls by, holding onto the cat's tail.
The cat's charcoal stripes chase after me,
its icy nose nudging at my heels.
It will not burn away with the mist.
Its padded feet slink through the house,
the twitch of its tail knocking the picture from the wall,
twisting around the banister as we climb the stairs.
I sleep in the dark.





AUTHORS / ARTISTS

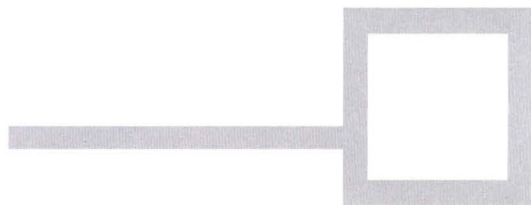
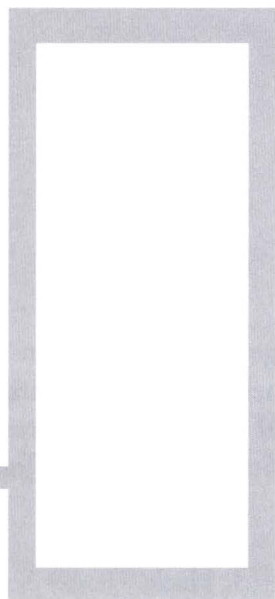
Madison Niermeyer - Larkin Smith - Sara Ridgeway - Shannon E McDonell-Bryant -
Jamie Spiegel - Breanna Lee - Kristen Svenson - Rachel M Sabin - Kira Bohm - Carrie Tirrell -
Sarah Spring - Jamie North - Cameron N Hill - Class of 332W/Ronda -
Samantha Huntington - Tess A Milio - Rebecca Stanley - Brent Jones - Maureen Eichner

Class of 332W/Ronda: Jamie North - Carrie Tirrell - Patrick Heck - Jenny Sorich - Kei Godwyn - Tom
Kirkpatrick - Brent Jones - Erin Chock - Mark Morgan - Devon Rule - Brad Grenz - Jamie Spiegel -
Michelle Kim - Christian Eickelberg - John Dunton - Caitlin Palo - Maureen Eichner - Margaret Ronda

NOTES

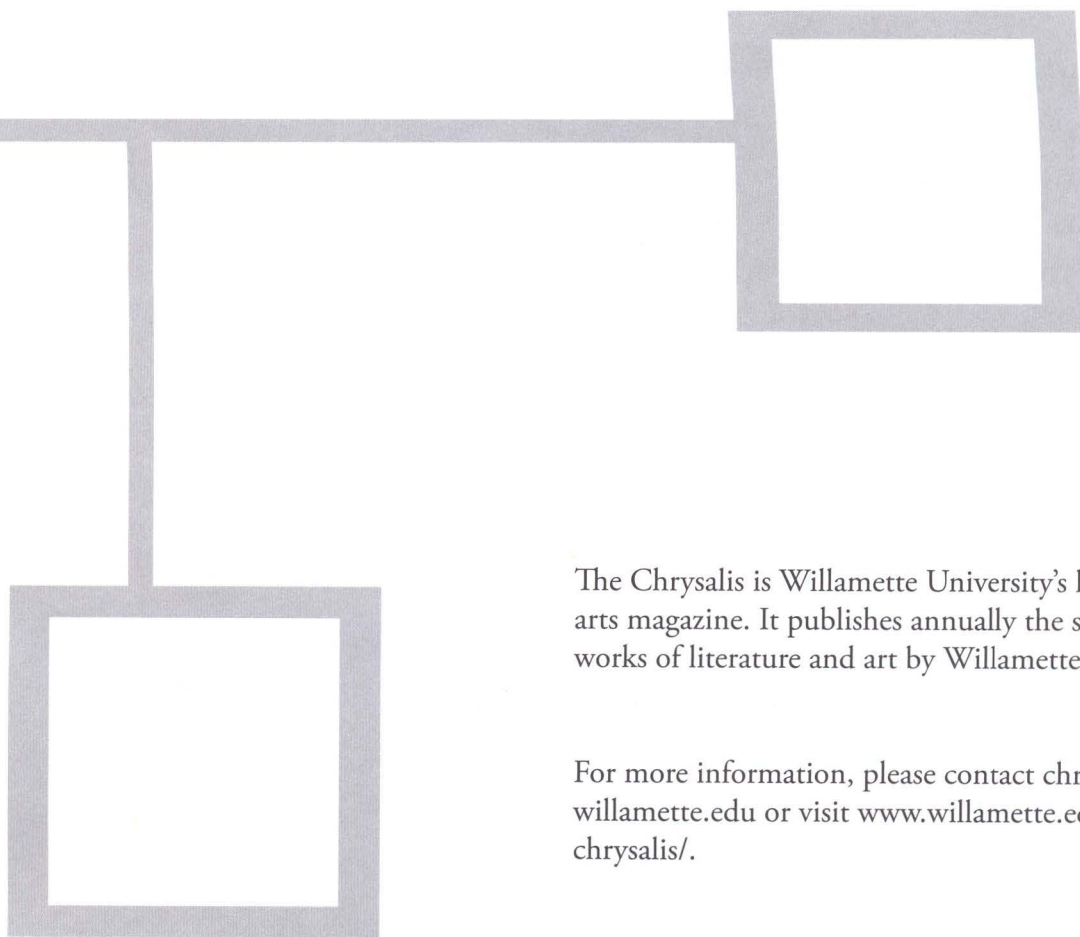
“A Gezind Zalbe Acht” was transliterated by Rebecca Stanley from Yiddish and then translated into English. The transliteration and English translation are published in the magazine.

The collaborative poems were written by Margaret Ronda’s 332W Imaginative Writing II: Poetry class in the Spring 2008. The poems are unrhymed Clogyrnachs (a form of syllabic Welsh verse). Authors contributed single lines.



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The Chrysalis is Willamette University's literary arts magazine. It publishes annually the selected works of literature and art by Willamette students.

For more information, please contact chrysalis@willamette.edu or visit www.willamette.edu/org/chrysalis/.



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