

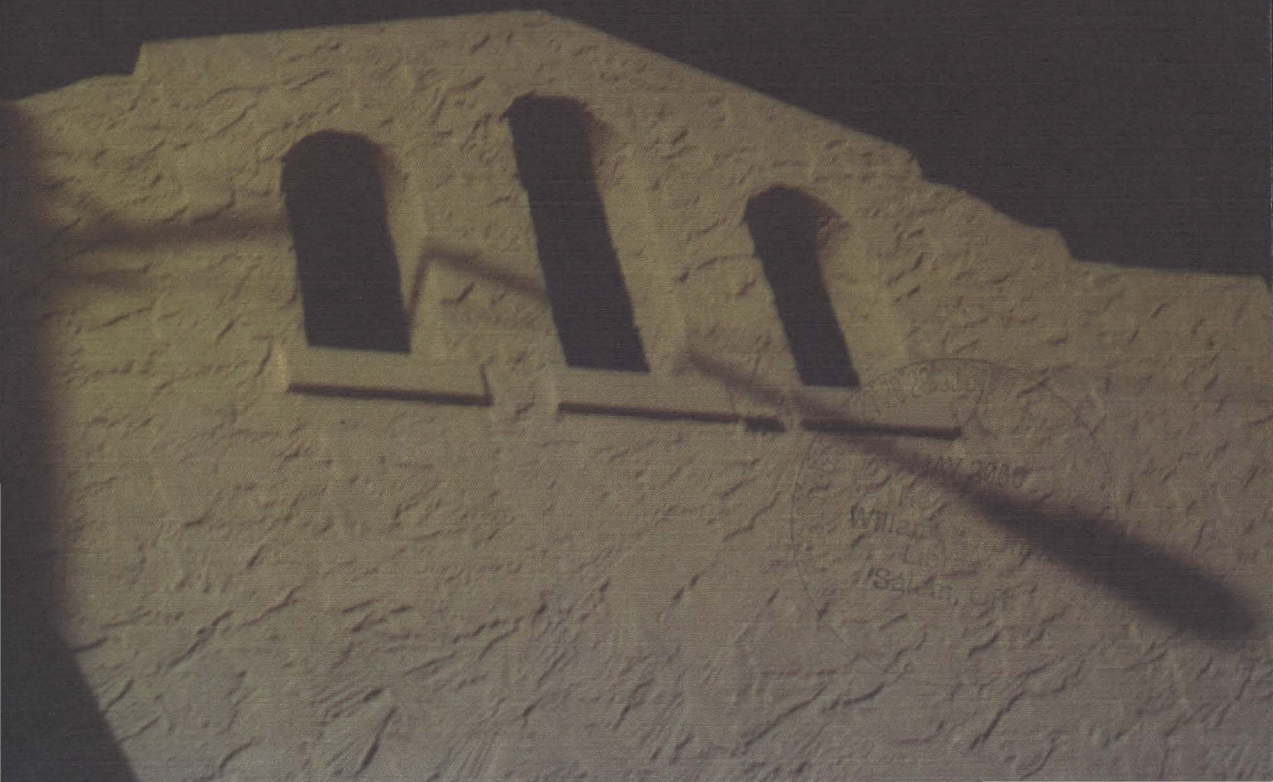
PERIODICAL STACKS

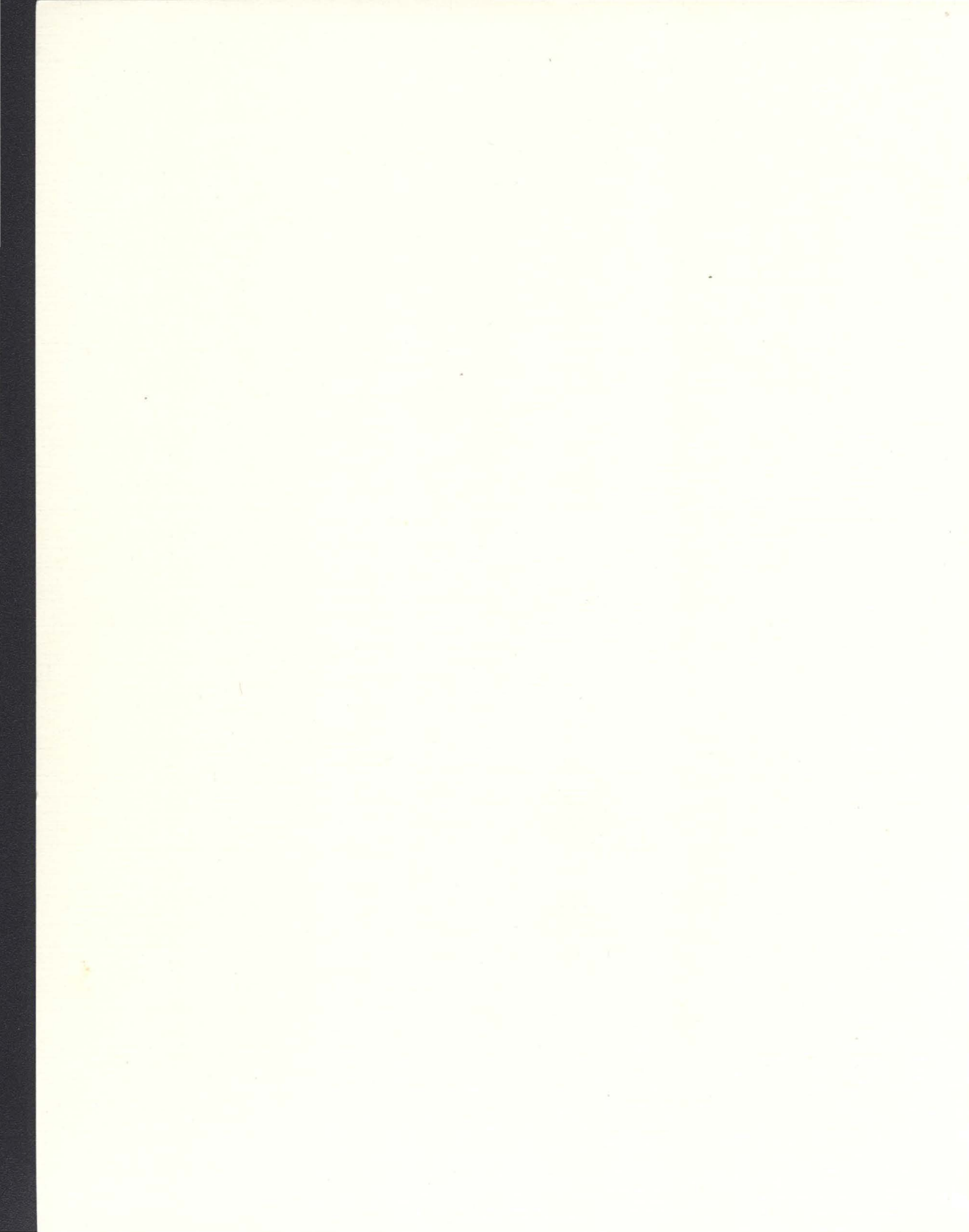
# Chrysalis

Volume 2

Issue 2

Spring 1998





# Chrysalis

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Volume 2

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by the river  
you ask if I am cold—  
when I say no  
I try  
not to shiver

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Willamette University

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# wool yam hit

*David Knott*

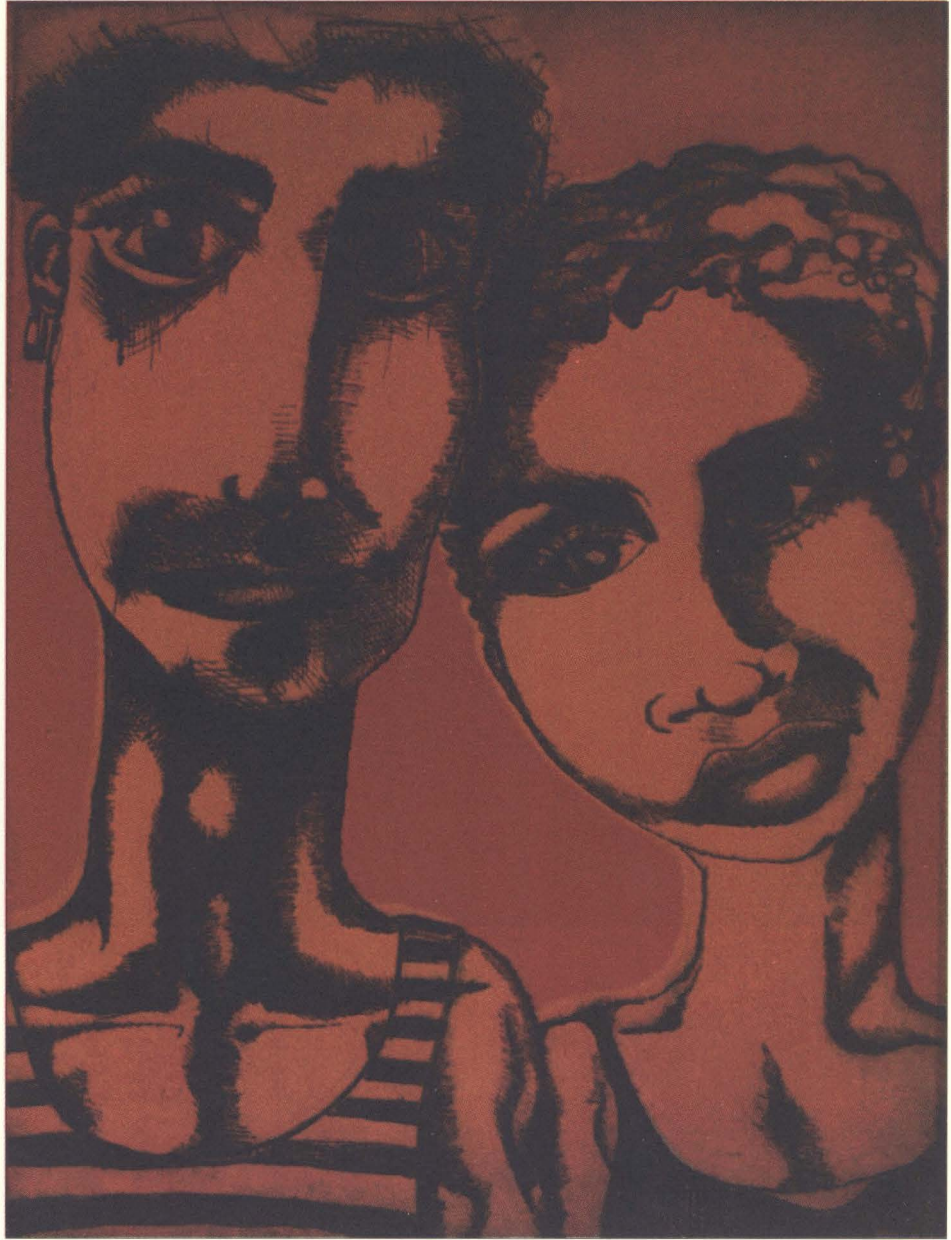
Wheel lamb it  
Yew meatus  
Wit shall lens geneva  
Nay possum mobility  
Of change and

Wool yam hit,  
Yore noisy rain  
Of construction  
Tea chess  
Me to grin.

Will lambent,  
Upon you always  
Eye well key up safe  
The dream to belong.

Ant event owe sum  
Wail care folly cry yin  
Pariah fat,  
The rain will always  
Carry your song.

## The Travelers



*Eben Dickinson*

## best friends pantoum

*Sheridan Michelle Horning*

i like closeness and i seek it  
i seek it readymade  
i am the unsaid lover, unsaid love  
the betweenness in your middles  
i seek it readymade  
because it's easier when it's just  
the betweenness in your middles  
i'm fixed to be betwixt  
because it's easier when it's just  
a premade package, since  
i'm fixed to be betwixt  
i'm too vague to take just one  
i like closeness and i seek it  
a premade package, since  
i'm too vague to take just one  
i am the unsaid lover, unsaid love

# Enumerations on the Fallacies Inherent in Modern Relationships

*Anonymous*

Who do you want me to be today?

Does this situation call for one or more of the following, and if so, how should I play the role of

doting daughter (calling her folks always on Sundays to chat about how they are)

high maintenance girlfriend (looking at her reflection through the plate glass windows of department stores—Starbuck's at the least)

fragile victim (blinking back her waterproofed mascara tears hoping for some pity or at least attention)

harsh bitch (leaving the party early because it was lame—there was not enough alcohol to make the people interesting)

(Who just wants to find a place in the world—A PLACE—not even necessarily my place or the place, just somewhere that is)

At this point (or prick) in time, do I need to play to your heart or mind (or stomach or groin)?

Please, how can (not even MAY I, because this is a serious matter) I please?

Do I need pretend to your emotional (or is that you acting?) or calculating posture at this particular moment because you seem to be expecting a

femme fatale (leaning against a wall of rain her cigarette glowing with red lipstick)

model student (bringing a funeral leaflet to class proving her presence had been required elsewhere—though not as fervently)

best friend (listening to you whine while her arms pat your ego/back into fighting shape)

typical female (screaming at the sight of a bug when you're there—surreptitiously keeping a beetle collection under her bed)

(As opposed to ME—whoever that is this evening—should I be a beatnik or a ballerina?).

I can (again a very pressing situation) be any of these.

I can (still) wear fluffy sweaters and baseball caps and leather pants and blazers  
and sunglasses and white cotton underwear.

I can (continue on) eat red meat and bagels and sunflower seeds and ice cream and  
cauliflower and strictly liquid diets.

I can (God willing) keep doing these things with my eyes closed/even in my sleep  
(prevents mirrored introspection)

because I am frightened of immediate ambivalence if you should ever discover:

I may not (read: CAN'T) quite be who you really think I am.

# Tomorrow Wendy is Going to Die

*Shanti Spencer*

Your body,  
It lies there  
Stuffed with machinery.  
Life like breath while  
Eyes blink and  
Dart under their lids.  
Chasing dreams?  
But no,  
Those dreams were from you  
And you are gone.

Excuses build between our friends,  
“Have you seen her lately?”  
No, OK?!  
I haven't gone to see your body,  
Shriveled muscles  
Hairy legs and drool crusted mouth.  
It's not you, not you.

You were a fad maker.  
Confident, flirtatious,  
Everyone's best or worst,  
And after the accident,  
Closest friend.  
But you didn't die.  
We couldn't grieve,  
We could not cheer.  
Hope became pointless,  
Curses, we didn't dare.

You will die tomorrow,  
Your machinery unplugged.  
We'll gather at the beach to mourn.  
Your beach,  
Where your new bikini  
Once created a tan line  
Across your young breasts.  
Blond hair blowing across  
Your smiling face.  
Sun-lotion smoothed over  
Clean shaven legs.

We will look at each other,  
Strangers for a year,  
Friends only through you,  
Tears will sink in the sand,  
Not for you,  
We know you are fine,  
For ourselves,  
Not knowing how to feel.



*Jennifer Kramer*

# (Untitled)

*Caroline Chow*

cellophane  
memories  
fly away  
wrap around  
themselves  
and get  
stuck.  
but,  
through them  
all  
I see  
myself  
clearly  
but still  
warped  
and sticky.

# Blisters

*Sarah Graves*

I peel away the skin on my toes,  
releasing a river of lactic acid  
built up from too tight shoes.

My second to last toe  
is pregnant with skin pushed aside  
while walking.

I pare away at it,  
revealing layers of skin  
like grains around a knot of wood.

I feel flawed, cutting into myself  
each layer pinched by the scissors  
falls finally to reveal tears

my feet cried  
while I walked callously on.  
Stopping for a moment

I watch it ooze away from me  
the departure of pain sweet  
but the skin behind pink,

just birthed to the world  
by my scissors.  
It reminds me of you

a pair of shoes  
I have walked two years in.  
My feet have grown

to fill the space between us.  
Now you pinch me,  
the tears well up behind my eyes.

My head aches.  
I can not step out of you.  
You can not be snipped out,

put away gently from myself,  
dropped on the floor,  
forgotten.

You will rub behind my hair.  
Slowly my tears will dry inside  
the skin will crack  
and you will fall away,  
leaving me,  
pink,  
raw,  
new.

# Desolée, Monsieur

Danielle Gordon

Catching in my languid nylon attention like  
A ragged finger-nail, his voice jerks forward  
In self-conscious English, slipping sometimes  
With fluent relief into quick-fire French,  
Yet neither grating nor caressing enough to  
Surpass the defences of late-afternoon skeptics.

The beep of backing trucks  
drifts in the open window with  
cool air and the novelty of sun,  
pulling us out the window  
on its smooth rays,  
so words like *strophe* and *quatrain*  
pluck at a daydream  
launched with the name: Petrarch.

Glancing idly forward, I meet  
The professor's naïvely expectant gaze;  
He assumes I have been listening, so  
I catch at echoes on the air,  
Stuttering: "Un tercet . . . ?"  
"Mais non, la thèse: qu'est-ce que c'est?"  
Someone else must have answered;  
My freed attention escapes, guiltless  
To learn by osmosis on this halcyon day.

# When people talk about muses . . .

*Liesa Kister*

Well, today  
my muse is covered  
with shaggy gray fur.  
It sits here  
with graham cracker crumbs clinging  
to its pouty lips  
silently demanding stories  
of magic and mayhem.  
If I do comply,  
it will wiggle  
pudgy toes in pleasure.

Yesterday,  
it followed  
my movements with  
a serpent's gaze.  
its moss-green coils  
hiding my notes,  
hissing whenever  
I came too close.  
I could not work,  
with its constant  
threatening rattle,  
sounding so much  
like empty pages.



*Sara Jaeger*

# Things You Say

*Marie Diamond*

The gravel in your throat crunches  
as you walk down the street  
but never grinds itself into  
fine dust.

You go to buy a paper at the newsstand  
and pebbles tumble out as you ask  
“How much?”

You kick one ahead of you  
as you continue down the sidewalk.

Your eyes  
follow the stumbling stone along the ground  
and suddenly meet  
with a fuelless flame flickering  
on the concrete.

You see feet near the humble fire,  
look up to see a young woman  
who says  
“Sorry”  
and scorches your eyebrows.

# Raw

*M. Brassaw*

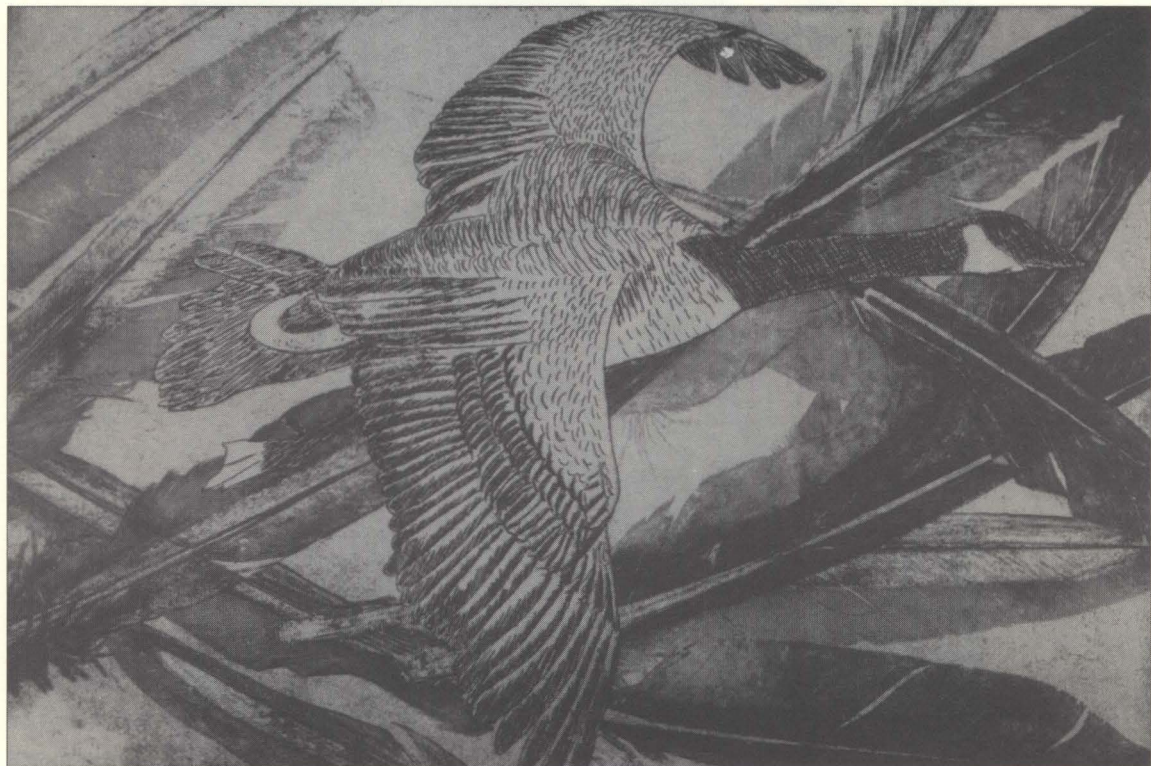
It was the first time I had ever bought a steak of any kind.  
I had this idea to celebrate Father's Day  
by purchasing a big slab of raw meat  
for all the years of raw love  
which had been lavished upon me.  
I bought a round steak, a big one,  
because I love my dad.  
One pound for each ten years of my life.

Maybe it was an accident—  
I had never bought a steak before.  
But a round steak isn't meant to barbeque,  
It's tougher and it takes too long to cook.  
When I realized my mistake, the moment was over.  
Standing over the front lawn,  
I cried hot impulsive tears  
because I never loved enough,  
or got it just right.

I'm not sure if it was worth it  
to go back to the store that second time,  
to choose a top sirloin steak  
with a bone to strengthen  
the kind of daughter I should have been,  
but never was,  
on just the first try.



*Rebecca Detrich*



*Greg Gonzalez*

# Napoleon's Stars

*Belinda Stillion*

Out on his sea-bound bow  
the evening went wistfully, kissing his brow.  
A costume of nation-colors dresses his contemplations;  
    but soft! his mind does not wonder the then-treading of hostile nations.  
Frosting his inner discourse, lies a cover: pure and warm.  
In disalignment with his silly soldier's squawk,  
Napoleon's back they face with perplexed dialogue.  
The sea's simplicity rolls over his being and response  
    to the cynics at his back who know not of a God.  
And so on their sea, and under Napoleon's epiphany,  
    come the words that teaches their silence soft:  
"If there be no God, you must be first, rid of these."  
The dumb faces raise their eyes to the dome Napoleon implies  
    and are smarted by His Grace's pinpoint delicacies:  
    brilliant diamonds as infinite in number as the pact of their shaken wonder.

(And I, dry in my faith, heard the pastor so spake  
    and, although in day and centuries away,  
    stare upward and grin, for Napoleon's stars  
    shone bright upon my new skin.)

# (Untitled)

*Caroline Chow*

Twenty-four hours ago today  
horse number twenty-three  
ran away,  
won the race  
and i am only twenty-two  
just starting this chapter,  
turning past the twenty-first page  
of yesterdays  
twenty dollars more to pay  
this bill for  
nineteen memories of him  
we were only eighteen  
seventeen days of bliss and heaven  
sixteen candles blown out, wisping away  
those black and white photos of innocence  
only fifteen more seconds  
to develop into forever  
where did we go  
on the fourteenth of september  
wasted away  
thirteen minutes of kisses  
fallen petals of a dozen red roses  
i've fallen too  
eleven steps up  
ten steps down  
and i count nine neighbors  
but eight empty hearts  
in these days  
i need more luck  
than seven can give  
i have six more minutes on  
this cold parking meter

and five more cents  
in my pocket  
four more blocks to heaven  
three exits  
to escape  
two eyes let slip these tears of never  
and i will return again  
for one more day.

# Red White Blue





*Eben Dickinson*

# Sunscapes

*Tobin Addington*

The spindle fingers groped  
for the sun  
setting fire to the House  
of my father  
still living in the land  
of memory.

But unlike the fire from above  
I keep my roof wet  
slicked with the sweat  
of an unusual night.

I beg your pardon for the  
sins  
committed while life passed us  
both by.

They were right.  
They were right.

If I were to build a house  
on the sun  
would you pluck watermelons  
from your mouth?

My destination is more curious  
than my thoughts along the journey.

Dust always gets in my eyes  
But it is chocolate and sunshine  
that makes me sneeze.

If I touch you  
my fingerprints will stain.

It is raining blood  
on the sun,

and they were right.  
They were right.

# Magnets and drawings.

*Garett Reiss Brennan*

Wind is easy to devour after sex,  
Like ferocious oceans bathing  
Morning bugs in summer  
Desire the sky.



*M. Brassaw*

# Trio

*Tobin Addington*

## I. Shadows

For whom did God make  
the night?  
For lovers?  
For dangers?  
For the demons of the dark?  
Passions of my skin?  
For fake poets to scour,  
as a sink, for meaning?

I think of you at night, my thoughts rising  
from an ocean, as a familiar lover rises from a bed  
of vigilance and husk, to cry for another day together.

## II. C minor

Hands grope through the  
floor  
reaching  
Four evenings echo  
notes of a lonely  
chord  
arpeggiating upward

Coronado ravished paradise  
exploring wilds of flesh

I am Coronado and when  
I am an old man I will  
recall my conquests with  
the dust of the past  
and sneeze with nostalgia  
at loves worn and dreamed  
away

### III. Advice

I like peanut butter  
and jelly  
gravelwiches.

Except when they break  
your teeth  
out of spite  
for the living room  
of the mind.

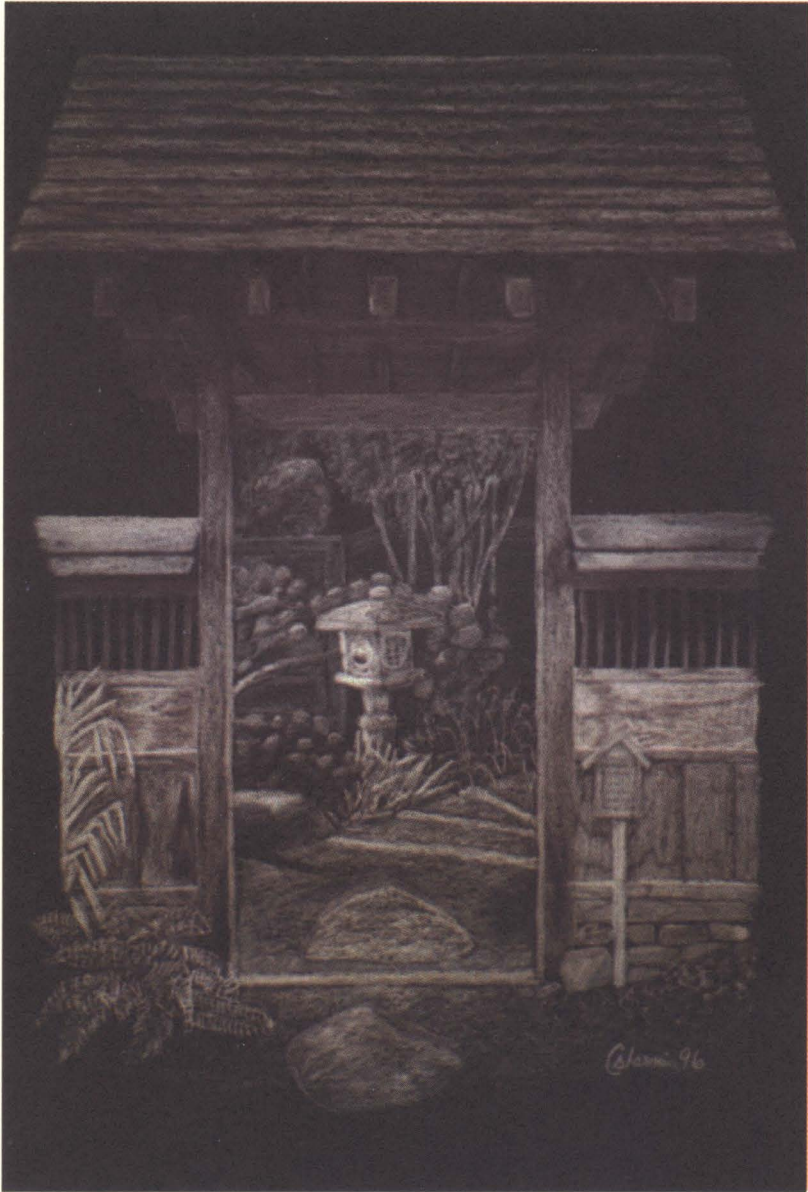
Dust off the tap shoes.

# Day Residue

*Danielle Gordon*

Nightfall finds me pensive  
having discharged all my duties;  
though released, drawn forth to slumber,  
still some impulse makes me linger  
so I take a pen to paper  
in attempt to bring fruition  
to these saps that still are running:  
sundry residues and queries  
and a hundred half-felt stirrings,  
each cut short by time's progression  
and the ruthless march of duty.  
Now unanswered, near forgotten—  
wistful ghosts of conversations,  
lurking meaning in a gesture,  
inspiration from Orion,  
brilliant insight lost in passing—  
each submerges in my conscious  
to appear as wild fancies  
in a dreamful, cryptic slumber  
more confusing than revealing—  
thus it is I take these moments  
to diffuse the day's remainders.

# Japanese Garden



*Catherine Jarmin*

# Trying Not to Drown

*Marissa MacDonald*

the room glows warmth,  
dances quietly to classical guitar  
à la John Doan.  
alive.

the Center of this particular Universe remains  
through sunbursts,  
explosions of red and yellow and mud,  
drizzle-storms of mistrust and doubt.  
calm, lush-green friendship and God-strength  
prevail.

tranquil and welcoming,  
electric with life, but  
a light is burnt out on  
the strand of white lights. . .  
and a girl is burnt out  
in the corner.  
still.

lying curled.  
the curve of  
    her shell  
        traces her  
            hip, her  
                waist, and  
                    down and  
                        around to  
                            her cheek,  
                                and a strand  
                                    of hair  
  wet at the  
  corner of  
  her eye.

a cello loses its warm humming  
and screeches soprano  
thin into the air with her breath.  
pleading.  
reaching.  
desperately . . .

    attempting . . .  
    reconnection . . .

the screeching fades off  
on a high E-flat  
as the slow quicksand blackness  
wins its battle  
again.

emotionless.

# Advent Feathers

*Sarah Graves*

Every year at this time  
My mother begins to erupt like a volcano.  
It begins with low growls and smoke,  
crescendoing to shrieks  
and fiery looks.

Christmas is coming  
but our goose is wiry and nervous.  
It darts around the yard.  
Its eyes dancing out of its head  
keeping watch over my mother.

She enters the yard  
clouds piling up behind her  
as she stalks the honing wheel  
out by the shed.

Her hair, radiating  
like lightning,  
as she grinds her ax.  
The blade screams and spits fire.

My mother, her eyes wild and shifty,  
seeks out the goose  
brandishing her weapon.  
She hikes her skirt up about her knees  
and chases it across the yard.

The poor bird  
its wings clipped  
races  
with mother in heated pursuit.

She snatches another feather from his tail  
and leaves him panting,  
cornered  
in the yard.

The advent calendar hangs  
its borders ringed by white feathers,  
like the countdown ticks  
on a prison wall.

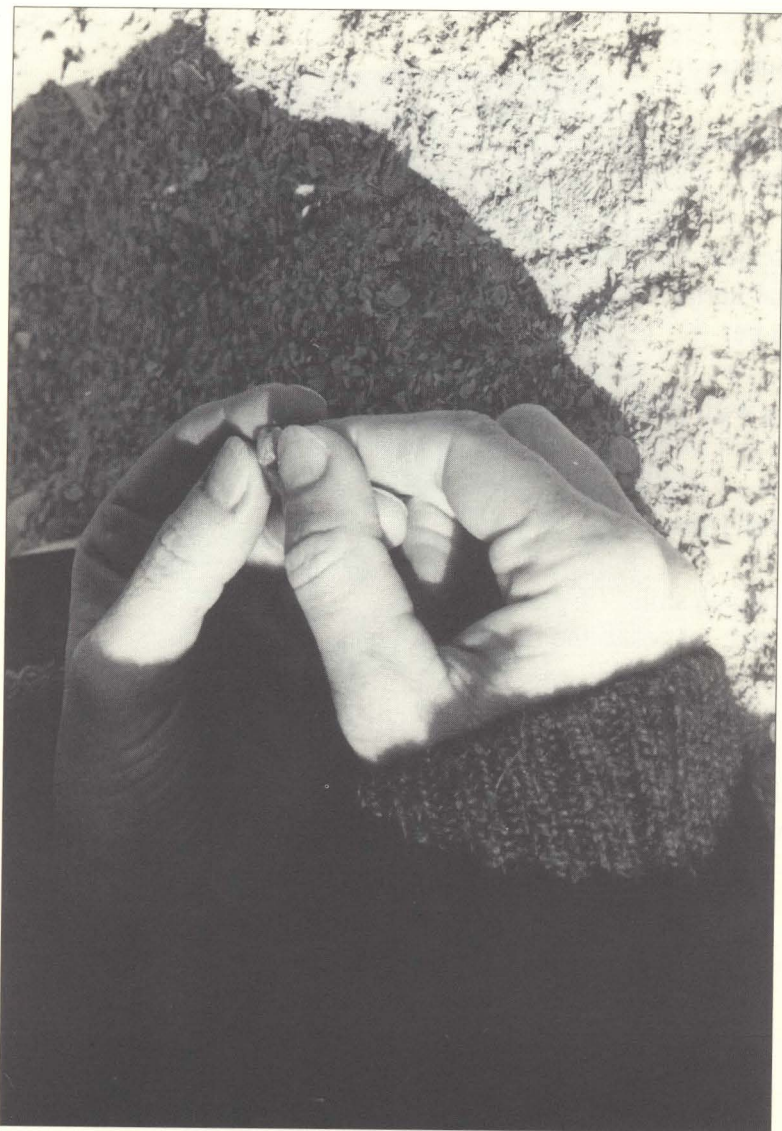
On Christmas day  
we bow our heads over  
the dead bird, plucked, roasted.  
Delicately we gnaw in silence  
the well-muscled meat stringy and rubberized  
and thank God  
the lava never reached our feet.

# Opa

*Anna Von Rosenstiel*

I see your legs  
placing themselves  
on each plank.  
I see the veins that  
run down,  
under your knees  
and stop,  
tangled,  
around your ankles.  
Slowly across the sand  
your feet move,  
like they will break.  
I see the place over your heart,  
a box of scarred flesh,  
a blistered callous.  
The skin on your shoulders is pale  
like sea tides have dried over it.  
Reaching the water,  
you lean,  
dipping your hand into the surf,  
foam biting at your wrist.  
In your eyes,  
squinting from the setting sun  
like a busted egg yolk  
across the water,  
I see you remember the last time  
you threw yourself among the waves.  
And as you watch me  
wrestling with the incoming tide,  
you relive it,  
motionless,  
with grains of sand between your toes.

# Mom



*Anna Von Rosenstiel*

# thoughts of childhood

*Aaron Briggs*

pant leg roll back down  
over small beads,  
and smooth dampness a reminder  
of play and water.

look into the clearness of water  
and tell me what harm,  
what threat can be.

and young boys with transparent shirts  
splash yell  
and get hair wet  
before drops plop from noses.

In these days the sun shines  
birds that look like leaves in the tree make a happy chirp

the mist is faint in the air  
something about the clang of bells  
brings to mind  
thoughts of childhood.



*Rebecca Detrich*

# On, Heart

$\text{♩} = 46-52$   
*passionately in earnest* *mp*

VOICE: OH, HEART, WHAT IS THE FIRE? (No Breath)

CELLO: *p*

PIANO: *p* ped — | ped — | ped —

4 *subitop*  $\text{♩} = 70$

VOICE: CAN IT BE TRAIT-ED, OR WILL IT SOON DIE OUT?

CELLO: *p*

PIANO: *p* *mp* *p* *mp* \*ped \*ped \*ped \*ped \*ped

7  $\text{♩} = 80$   
*CON RUBATO* A TEMPO

PIANO: *mp* *p* *mf* \*ped \*ped \*

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10 *poco rit.* A TEMPO

mf *mf* *p*

ped. \*ped. \*ped. \*ped.

13 *morendo* *mp* *mf* *mp*

NE-VER BE-FORE HAVE

mf MID. PED. *ped.*

15 *mf* *poco rit.*

I BEEN SO CON-SUMED. IT HIN-TERS NY SLEEP AND

\*ped. \*ped. \*ped. \*ped. \*ped.

18 *a tempo* *rubato*  
*mp*  
 SIBS WHEN I WAKE CAN SUCH MO-MENTS AWAYE- TER- NE-TY?  
 \* ped. \* ped. \* ped. \* ped. \*

21 *a tempo*  
 OH HEART, I AM A-  
*subito p* *apianissimo*  
 \* ped. \* ped. \* ped. \* ped.

23 *mp* *mf*  
 FRAID FOR I DE-SENE NOT SUH JOY AND IF  
 \* ped. \* ped. \* ped. \*

26

*mp.* *molto rit.*

IT A-MIN-ISTRE, I FEAR. I FEAR WHAT I SHALL RE-COME.

*mf.* *p.*

*ped.* *siz. \*ped.* *\*ped.* *\*ped.*

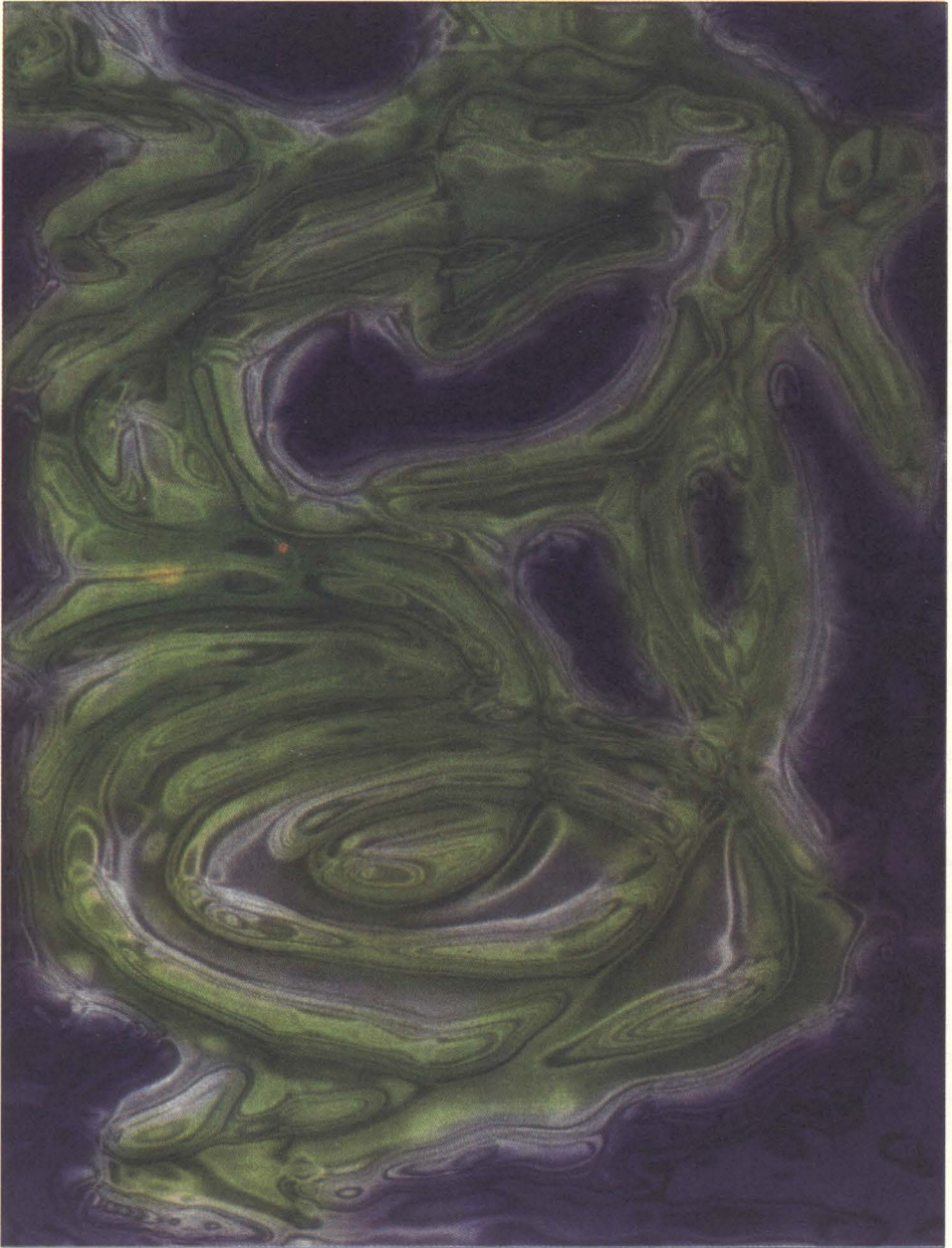
*morendo*

# Long Distanced Suicide

*Shanti Spencer*

She murmured—suicide.  
It skittered statically through the wire,  
Buzzing at my ear  
Pounding in my head  
Knotting round my stomach.  
Little nicks redden the soft white.  
A matter of fact, cold razor  
Teases her frail wrist.  
Frailty that yearns and cowards  
For the intrusion of that alien device.  
“Have you no care for me?”  
I thought.  
Thoughts to travel  
And from her end I heard echoed,  
“Have you no care for me?”

# Swing Dancing in the Clouds



*Ryan Bruss*

# Among Blackbirds

*Paul Jungwirth*

Morgan emerged from the subway and breathed a deep sigh. The men wearing the smell of sweat through tailored suits and the women sporting bony elbows were behind him now. The sky, opening like a heron's wings in deliberate flight, seemed endless, and the street ran onward to meet the blue somewhere below the yellow trees. Storefronts gradually gave way to houses painted cream and light blue. A block away, Morgan saw a solitary man walking towards him, lazily smoking a cigarette. The entire street was free of cars. As Morgan let his gaze drift upward, blackbirds on the sidewalk skipped away from his sightless feet. Without any greeting, the man—suddenly ten feet from Morgan—asked, "Is the Bank of America this way?"

"What?" asked Morgan. He stopped and examined his inquisitor, who was tall and dressed in a gray windbreaker.

"Do you live here?"

"Yes," Morgan answered.

The stranger continued the interrogation, squinting through tiny pupils set in dull bluish eyes. "Is the Bank of America this way?"

"I don't know," said Morgan. This man seemed eager for an answer. He wanted to help, but didn't know the stores behind him. For all the times he'd walked from the subway stop to home, he'd never paid much attention to the businesses. Thinking, still surprised by the man's abrupt question, he thought he could remember a book store, a florist's—yes, he could always smell the flowers—today they were lavender—and some law offices. He knew there were banks, but he didn't know which ones. The man's right hand jerked up to remove the cigarette.

"Is it down the street?" he asked. His brow furrowed and he leaned forward with a hint of desperation. Morgan couldn't look away from his constricted pupils.

"There are banks that way," he said slowly, still trying to recall images from his daily walk, "but I don't know if there's a Bank of America." Now he remembered an old-fashioned cigar store where a mangy dog always stared at passers-by.

"Down this street?"

"Yeah."

“A Bank of America?” The stranger asked hopefully. He shifted the cigarette to his left hand.

“I don’t know. Well, yeah, maybe.”

“There’s a Bank of America this way?”

Morgan dimly recalled a bank with tall glass windows where he always stared at the desks on their green carpet, but he had never noticed its name. “I think so. Down the street a couple blocks.” He wondered if it was a bank or a law office.

“Okay.” The man replaced his cigarette, and Morgan turned to leave. The stranger turned too, then wheeled around abruptly. “It’s a Bank of America?”

“Yeah,” Morgan said.

# Where the Poets Live

*Sarah Graves*

Every time I pass Carmel by the Sea,  
I remember the reedy woman who taught me my name.  
Lou Malander.  
Her voice, like the cry of a mother duck,  
Led us through the brambles of blackberries  
To the sweet taste of poetry.  
Twenty little fourth grade faces,  
Freckled and fickle,  
Not easily wooed.  
We watched  
As she pulled a circus from her pockets.  
Words ran around us, like the rainbow of a carousel.  
I learned how to mispronounce  
Onomatopoeia.  
It falls from my tongue,  
Splat!  
Flat and awful, but dizzy in spring  
When birds trill in trees of young green.

I was ten.  
I owned the two-bit world,  
I was queen and the first lady president  
All rolled into one.  
I was a star in the sky shining brighter than the moon,  
And perhaps Shakespeare,  
When Lou printed my poem about the blooming tree.  
I still remember the praise of rushing words  
Coloring my cheeks pink.

Just yesterday I blushed,  
My cheeks playing unfaithful.  
I hid  
Behind the hand,  
Holding the clandestine beer,  
Its green label blaring  
against my rosy face.  
At twenty I seek carbonation in beverages.  
Things are flatter now and words  
Run together forgetting their names.  
The sky bleeds into the street  
And dreams are killed by passing cars.  
I own three black shirts  
I forget to laugh at the comics,  
I only shrug when the newsprint smudges my fingers  
And leaves streaks on my face  
Like the black-ash tears of old childhood.

# Editors' Last Word

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*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.

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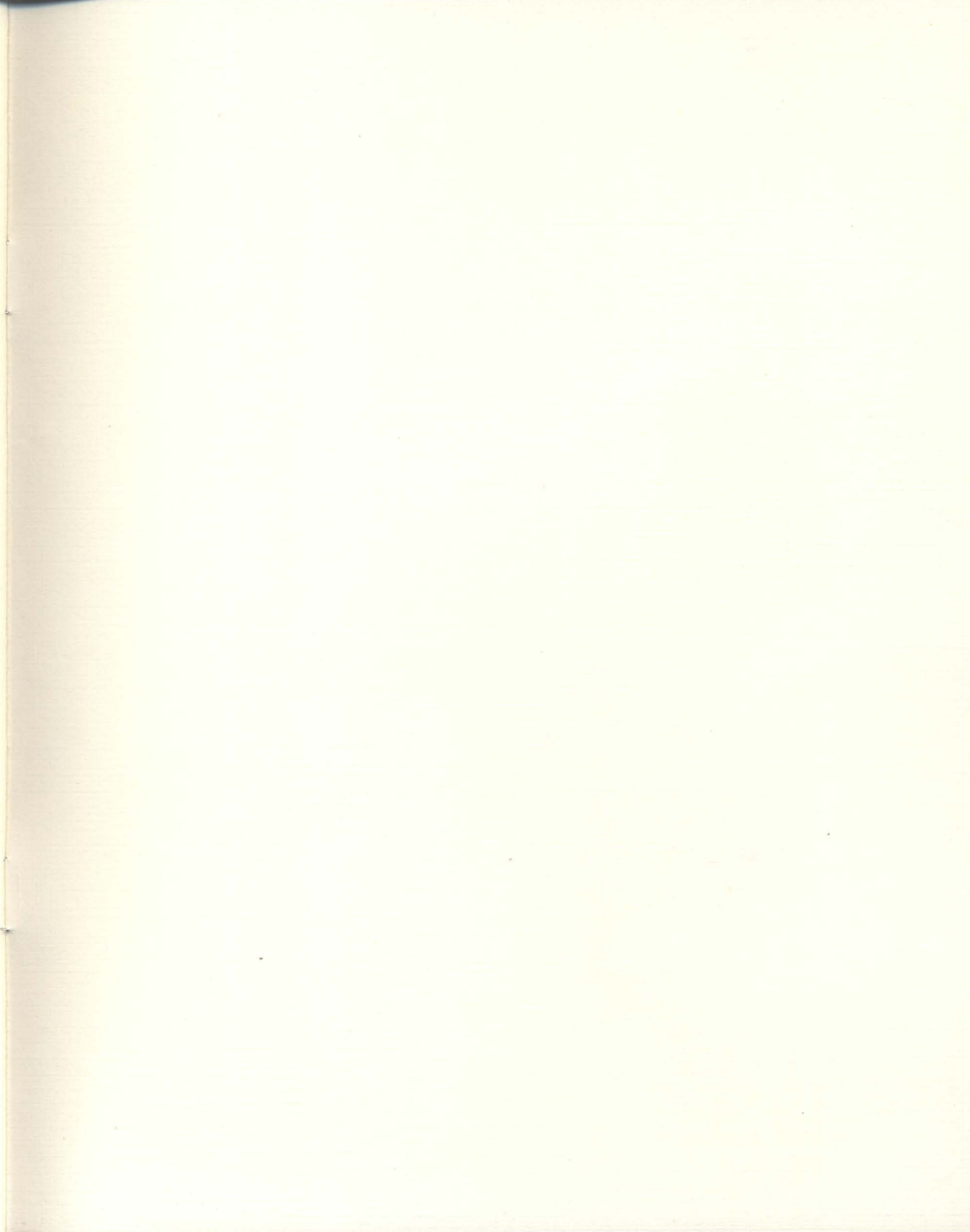
In honor of the many random submissions we received, here are our thoughts. . . .

Love poems: one poet, same day, two girls, two poems. What's the room combination this week? How long did it take *you* to decipher "wool yam hit?" So that's what a pantoum is! We get more mail than you do. Poetry is funny after 1 A.M. Professional photo service. A cool poet who came to campus but we can't remember his name said he liked *The Chrysalis*—really! Pizza and pears. How do you pronounce "Chrysalis?" ('kris-ah-lis) Now where do we find a pianist, cello player, and soprano?

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