

PERIODICAL STACKS



# THE CHRYSALIS



---

# THE CHRYSALIS

---

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY  
2011

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank our faculty advisor Gretchen Moon for her guidance and encouragement and K/P Corporation for their partnership and expertise in publishing our magazine. We are grateful to the Associated Students of Willamette University, the English Department, Westside Hall Council, Eastside Hall Council, Kaneko Commons and the Art Department for funding our publication. Most of all, we would like to thank the Willamette community for their literary and artistic work and their readership.

## STAFF

### *Editor in Chief*

Isabella Guida

### *Executive Editors*

Madison Niermeyer

Angela Boston

### *Design Editor*

Piers Rippey

### *Design Staff*

Amara Fanucci

Hannah Elder

Kiana Díaz-Figuero

### *Staff*

Astra Lincoln

Emma Kyle-Milward

Hannah Schiff

Katie Tucker

Olivia Lawther

Samantha Huntington

Sarah Spring

Noah Church

### *Cover Art*

*Goats in Trees* by Rachel Tsolinas

THE CHRYSALIS

Hannah Schiff	1235 – 1270 AD	39
Kim Miller	Bluebird, Songbird, Rain	40
Astra Lincoln	Pretending I'm Emerson	41
Cameron Hill	three petals	42
Madeline Yoste	Rest Stop, Oklahoma	43
Hannah Schiff	Hangin' Around	44
Madeline Yoste	Windblown Mountains	45
Todd Leiser	Untitled	46
Hannah Schiff	Tiptoe Through the Tombstones	47
Cameron Hill	with fear and trembling	48
Jordan Wildish	Untitled	49
Cameron Hill	between trees	50
Amara Fanucci	Elephant	51
Erika Foldyna	Virginia Hales	52
Bonnie Balogh	Untitled	53
Matthew Soma	Untitled	54
Erika Foldyna	Leaf	55
Micah Mizukami	Untitled	56
Jordan Wildish	Untitled	57
Kiana Díaz	Hidden Desires & Floral Fantasy	58 – 59
Erika Foldyna	Sushi	60
Amara Fanucci	Chinese Characters	61
Emily Cafaro	Tweed Tee & Tweed Tum	62 – 63
Erika Foldyna	Willamette Squirrels	64

*Prose*

Colin Wilson	The Feeling of Skiing	65
Angela Leone	Excerpt from Translation	67
Jenna Smrz	Script	68
Brent Jones	the SHORT(est) STORY	73
Astra Lincoln	peter pan syndrome	75
Scott Klein	Politics in the Developing World	77
Aaron Widenor	Morning Breakfast	78
Mirella A. Razloga	Books like Brown Horses	85

---

HAIKU # 1

*Madison Niermeyer*

---

oxygen running  
all night in a small clear tube  
right under your nose

---

“AS I LAY DYING” FOUND POEM

*Hannah Schiff*

---

My Mother is a fish,  
and now she is getting so far ahead I cannot catch her.  
I can feel the floor shake,  
it was not her.  
She is not a rabbit.  
Acting so bewildered  
and willing  
and dead.

She jumped into the water again...  
hadn't caught her yet.  
She is a fish but I let her get away.  
Waiting for the water,  
cut up into pieces of not-fish now,  
not-blood on my hands and overalls.

---

## CRAIGSLIST AD POEM

Liesa Kister

---

Actual ad as seen on-line, copied below ...

---

portland craigslist > clackamas co > jobs > writing/editing jobs

### **In need of a Poet**

Date: 2010-11-14, 11:38PM PST

Reply to: job-ukrrd-2060838094@craigslist.org

I'm in need of an excellent poet to write a single poem. Please send me an email with your rates, and past experience.

- This is a contract job.
- Principals only. Recruiters, please don't contact this job poster.
- Please, no phone calls about this job!
- Please do not contact job poster about other services, products or commercial interests.

PostingID: 2060838094

---

My email response ...

#### 1. Cover Letter and Resume

Dear "In Need of a Poet,"

In my past experience  
Beyond royal births and heads of state  
Too few merit their need of a Poet  
Noble purpose, an asset in a Muse

In my past experience  
A whole life's work can be found  
In assessing the value of a single poem.  
Font of inspiration defines a Patron

In my past experience  
With literary partnerships, politics draw a line  
Or harmonize to awaken excellence.  
Share with me your stand on rhyme.

#### 2. Setting the Market Value of a Poem

What is my rate as a Poet, can I earn  
Gratuity for good service by explaining  
The meaning of life, or how life has no meaning?  
How do you value a single poem?

Should I set my rate by the word,  
By the number of drafts, by completed verses, or  
Find my value measured in pounds of pressure  
Ardent against my keyboard?

You want to pay for a single poem!  
I know poets, their hope chests filled  
With dusty chapbooks - your myth is  
The invisible scribble in all the margins.

### 3. Past Experience - Making Poetry to Order

Once in the 10th grade I earned \$24.50,  
A dog eared copy of Interview with a Vampire, plus  
A complicated reputation, by ghost  
Writing love poems for a quarter each.

Valentine factory confession - I recycled.  
All verses were original, but not fresh.  
One who could have noticed a tell tale pattern,  
Too busy earning love poems to bother to read them.

Once I scripted an investiture ceremony for the Dean of Campus Life  
All in skaldic verse - it was a gift...  
Vikings revered their poets, feared the potent magic of their words.  
Poets caught wielding talent for influence or seduction could be killed...

Been "outed" as a poet, published, invited to read my own words,  
Asked to perform the word witchery of others. I have achieved  
Some balance as a poet, requests for verse are nearly equal to Life's  
Infamous moments, when offered dire warnings to put down my pen.

---

WEEKDAYS

*Caitlin Dugas*

---

Rise early, oatmeal  
cranberries  
coffee  
kudasai.  
And what...? I don't  
understand your Japanese, professor.  
Up stairs,  
stairs,  
toosmall  
nospace  
forfeet  
stairs  
Berkeley, do they even exist  
outside your mind...?  
Never mind, it's  
lunch time  
more stairs, more stairs, fourth floor stairs  
lead to tribes  
and countries  
and questions of culture.  
Down again,  
thump  
sigh  
thump, step  
tune out until dinner time  
long line  
What kind of meat is this anyway?  
Then the last nocturnal walk  
to film class or  
a meeting or  
the massive waves  
and vibrations of sound  
coming out of Taiko drums.

---

PROLETARIAT

Scott Klein

---

*“Not only are they slaves of the bourgeois class and of the bourgeois State; they are daily and hourly enslaved by the machine, by the over-looker, and above all, by the individual bourgeois manufacturer himself.”*

- Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, Communist Manifesto

On a rainy Saturday afternoon  
in the politics section of a used bookstore  
with mahogany walls lit by a golden table lamp,  
like one you would find at an antique store  
or your grandma's living room, listening to the rain beat  
upon the windows covered by cherry wood blinds,  
I lingered upon this line, long enough for a few raindrops to fall,  
until I was distracted by the book's loose binding,  
likely caused by cheap production in a factory of a few workers,  
who, if they had taken time to read what they were making,  
might have glanced at this line and laughed, as they slaved  
to spread Marxist ideas to people like me, in a comfortable book store  
on a rainy Saturday afternoon.

---

PRAYER TO THE SMALL GOD OF MONDAYS

*Kali Boehle-Silva*

---

[Those for whom penance  
outlasts faith  
may still be found within  
the upper room with all the others  
afraid and waiting.]

Lord, for small unkindnesses  
Make us forever guilt-full.

Still, we too want to reach out  
touch, taste and see—  
not for evidence  
or freedom from doubt  
or even the possibility of belief

but the kind of blessing  
that may come of such a gesture.

---

## MILK

*Brent Jones*

---

Nestled in the valley  
Rolling barley hills to caramel banks  
Honeydew streaks if sunlight stroked with the firm swish  
Of a brush dipped in divinity  
Like skyline highlighters drawing the eye  
To the sweet river lolling in its own coolness  
A river of milk  
Spawned from holy udders  
Of cows with dignity  
Who moo in French  
But live in India  
This creamy moonshine comes from other creative sources  
Goats, Sheep, Water Buffalo, and Yaks  
Horses, Reindeer, Donkeys, even the Camel  
All dancing in time, bound by the same  
Supreme pearly devotion to nourishing goodness  
In their riverside pens  
Their happy energies overflowing  
A milk river  
Fed by tributaries of vivacious mammaries  
Of mothers who care  
Symbol of that caring connection  
Between mother and young  
Life itself (& breasts)  
Proteins and antibodies and love  
A life giving lactation  
Did Hera really spill milk from that Greek bust  
And give us the Milky Way?  
To swim past the primum mobile and into raw beauty  
Not to mention the blissful byproducts:  
Ice Cream, Whipped Cream, Cream, and Yogurt  
And what's not better with butter  
Each a demi-god worthy of its own clergy  
Though let us not forget—the cheese  
Elysian clouds assuming physical form  
The pleasurable balls, wheels, and wedges  
Motif of wealth and luxury  
Reoccurring theme in fancy  
Floating all into a lactic ocean

Though don't let this distract  
From its origin, the milk  
Leche, Lait, milch, Gyuunyuu, "melk"  
Life-giving, life pleasing  
Most likely the base of distilled ambrosia  
We must not let imposters fool us  
Acidic coconut water, rice and almond concoctions  
And there is no soy milk  
For there exists no soy nipple upon any soy titty  
It's soy juice veiling it's own vileness  
Masking itself as the  
Luscious, Delicious, Viscous  
And don't tread on that word, viscous  
Ringing of slime and science  
It's more than an emulsion of butterfat globules  
It's what gives milk the kick to tingle upon your tongue  
Moustache-worthy flavor quality  
A worldly bond to inspire  
A love for your milk-drinking neighbor  
And a taste that has shape and color  
That ivory alabaster sensation  
To stick  
To your palate  
To your heart & soul  
  
And on adding chocolate—  
I've seen, I've tasted  
Though it is a beautiful medley beyond description

---

HE(A)RD  
*Emily Moore*

---

Occasionally and with an air of resignation I am moved  
To survey and then release the contents of my head  
Like a cage of domesticated birds or a net of fish  
You're all women, I whisper to them, I can't kill you  
Like a doe herded into a corner of my mind's pasture  
Like a sow, like a heifer, these thoughts are good for milking  
But bad luck to shoot, because what about the babies?  
O gendered ones, no open season is ripe for you  
Go on with your existence, then.

---

UNTITLED

*Caitlin Dugas*

---

Poke  
me I smirk at  
you, you  
hug me I  
hug you too.  
I push you, you  
laugh at me you  
smile because it's  
silly we  
don't mean anything won't  
make a note in history but  
I laugh  
when you show off you  
roll your eyes when  
I show off back, but then  
I say goodnight you  
say goodnight we  
leave for the day, leave for the weekdays  
until I see you again we  
start again.

---

## BACKPACK

*Colin Wilson*

---

July 1st, 2016

Compressed into boxes,  
right-angled rooms,  
barriers of brick and glass;  
overshadowed by fluorescent  
desiccators.

I can't breathe here.

So I'm leaving it all behind, except  
for a backpack.

I don't plan on returning—  
just have to  
go.

Day 1

A silent, seething rage propels me  
past the day hikers,  
pressing me over folded mountains  
and on, deeper into the verge  
of nowhere.

My only wish is to be  
nowhere, and nothing more.

Day 2

I am gradually reawakening to the sounds of moss underfoot;  
to the many smells of mud and the  
taste of pine needles floating  
in tea boiled on an old Svea stove.

Today, I see endless panoramic views of  
no-one everywhere.

Day 3

Remnants;  
a cairn,  
a single candy wrapper on the peak.  
My entire world is contained

in a backpack  
but somehow their world  
lingers on,  
vestigial.

Day 4  
Rejoicing in the total  
indifference  
of jutting cliffs,  
blue glacial lakes,  
and lightning.

I am overjoyed to be  
so utterly insignificant.

Day 5  
A lone contrail cuts the  
sky, a scar,  
and I am ripped along its seam,  
enraged that their world can still  
follow me here.

Day 6  
Callused hands and  
torn cuticles. Parched  
palms and crusted blood  
on fingernails. Bug bites,  
blisters, and chapped lips.  
I am sweaty, I am stinky,  
I am alive.

Day 7  
...  
I don't have to say anything  
today.

Day 8  
There's still a heavy load on my back,  
but nothing's weighing me down  
anymore.

Day \_\_?  
I have become

day-blind.  
The sun rises,  
the sun sets.

And I will be somewhere  
new  
when it sets.

This is all that matters.

Day... nothing  
Nothing. I feel nothing  
and nothingness, because  
for the first time,  
I do not  
have to feel.

Day.  
The enumeration of days  
is no longer necessary.  
The passage of time is told  
by the blooming of wildflowers,  
the melting of snow,  
and how quickly I am

running out of food.  
Two packets of soup, a cookie,  
and a tea bag are all that remain of my journey.  
I'm starving,  
emaciated, and exhausted.

But I have been,  
for a long time,  
content.  
For a long time,  
the world has been enough for me.

The Last Day  
I hear the first human sound  
long before I see the trail;  
it is deafening.

The day hikers will probably think  
that my tears are  
beads of sweat dripping down my face,  
but this is my re-entry,  
and I am burning  
with something  
intangible.

July 16th, 2016

A day divided somehow into  
hours and seconds.  
Woke up and fell asleep  
in the same place.  
Propelled myself over leveled  
rectangular platforms.  
Struggled to comprehend  
chairs; ungainly quadrupedal  
assets —

I just want a stump  
or a boulder.

---

LUVUNGI, MEDIATED, AUGUST TWENTY THIRD  
*Kali Boehle-Silva*

---

They even made the dirt look clean  
in the photo of the woman  
on the metal bench of the clinic.  
Sanitized and framed  
cropped and tinted.

What is her name? What are the names  
of the other five thousand three hundred ninety-nine women (estimated)?

I am not writing to exorcise guilt. I do not want this  
beautiful, or tragic. I will not obscure what happened.

Two hundred women raped in four days, they report  
in front of their families  
as the houses were looted  
and no one was killed

(by rebels, they report  
so that we can accurately construct  
our context, know how to respond, know  
how long to pause at the end of the article,  
how long before we can go back to our lives, can open  
new pages, can relegate this to the status of

History, to be looked up under the proper heading:  
DRC, endemic rape, FDLR, MONUSCO,  
Luvungi, clinic, nameless woman).

My words obscure what happened.  
I am writing to exorcise guilt.

I am asking  
*what is her name?*

---

ROOTED

*Emily Moore*

---

If you're careful  
and very still  
and lie soft against the floor  
Time will pass  
and soon, you won't  
remember any colors  
or why math matters  
Your skin will recall  
how, once, it was the  
forest floor  
and your bones will sink  
closer to the wood  
of the kitchen under you  
Feel free to cry,  
but know that moss  
will trail down your cheeks  
and mushrooms on your nose  
The soft hair of your arm  
stretched across your  
exhaling stomach  
will turn to ferns  
who will spear down through  
to the ground  
Entire forests will use you,  
be birthed through you  
It will be the purest case of  
ashes to ashes,  
dust to glory

---

PORTRAIT, MOUNTAIN HOME

*Kali Boehle-Silva*

---

Mountains are mountains, she says,  
leaning over the counter, hands  
on the cup of coffee.  
She's lived here thirty years,  
in the high desert. Always planned  
on leaving, but then  
she had kids, and it was a quiet place  
to raise three boys. It's not much,  
this town, she says.  
But you can see in the way she moves  
around the room and rests  
her arms on the counter  
that this is home—the easy laughter,  
the sounds of machinery  
drifting in through the open door  
of the shop.

Mid morning. Outside,  
trains idle at the grain elevator  
across a long stretch of brush,  
rain drifting down from the low clouds.  
Later, the sun comes out,  
the colors along the ridgelines change,  
light moving across  
the slopes of red hills.

At five, she packs up, turns off lights,  
closes and locks the doors, and  
drives home through the quieting town  
past motels, the empty storefronts.  
Past the mountains, that are,  
after all, only mountains  
like mountains everywhere.

---

FRUIT BOWL FOR THE NATION

*Madison Niermeyer*

---

Here in Yakima  
we board up all the windows  
to keep grandma safe.

I've been to the Home Depot fifty times this year alone,  
each time in vain to find the answer.  
Asking in Paint the nice lady  
gave me a few ideas:  
Chinabone Siltskin, or  
Maple Hopscotch were mean ones,  
but none quite matched  
the tone of our-land-owned  
I'm searching for  
for my home.

Over in Lighting I got the run-around  
they found me turning fixtures upside-down  
to see where they were made.  
My problem, I told the sales floor,  
is that I can't imagine your product  
beckoning me home  
at 500 yards on a dark night in the winter  
while we're sitting here  
amid this gainfully lit  
discount warehouse superstore.

I expressed my desire for a roof of grass  
whose gentle wave of high-quality turf  
or thatch at the least  
could match the tumbling hills all around.  
From the highway my home could be any other;  
only upon closer inspection  
can you tell that my clothesline is made  
not of cord but of catgut,  
or that my sunny patio  
maintains the river's inflection.

Deep beneath the earthen layer,  
upon which sits my carpenter's prayer

to my forbears' cross-country trawl,  
there is a lake of misery where the tears  
of all American sadness go to rest.  
My windows will match the tint of that lake, in the same way  
a home that fits in the shape of the land  
surpasses one that sits unmanned,  
abandoned plain, so long unclaimed,  
the ancient vale remains unnamed.

---

CLIFFSIDE

*Brent Jones*

---

Jagged peaks plunged upwards in a series of foliage falling from rocky  
High rises towering over a boulder bound babbling brook below  
A steep sheer edge stops stone from air  
Flora garnished with dropping dew  
From lemon grass and lichen beards  
Birds in bushes singing to clovers  
Nature's sounds, smells of  
Trees all around  
So far above, sky  
The horizon all so  
discombobulating,  
disorienting and  
delicious  
I stood in  
Admiration  
Wondering for  
All of Mother's  
Soil & secrets  
She would  
never tell  
I though it  
All so  
bounti-  
fully  
beau-  
tiful  
right  
befo-  
re

I

f

e

l

l

---

NIGHT TO MOURN

*Astra Lincoln*

---

she spun in circles until she  
remembered the sound of your  
voice and she wrote it down and  
she watched clocks move backwards  
and she wrote until her bones broke  
and she hugged everyone she met  
and everyone she couldn't wait to.

she walked across michigan  
and watched cars going from  
a to b and she doesn't know  
anything but the smell of grass  
and the sweater she still uses  
as a pillow sometimes when  
she's ashamed of herself.

she moved away so she could watch  
old men chasing birds and  
lonely women waiting on park  
benches and she blew bubbles so  
she could watch them float and  
watch them drown and wait for  
them to die alone.

she wanted to wrap a present.  
she wanted to tie the bow.  
she wrapped and wrapped and  
suddenly the box had disappeared  
and the paper fell in on itself and  
i guess this is what it feels  
like when you're happy.

---

OCTOBER

*Caitlin Dugas*

---

I jumped too close to the water  
and now it's eating me.

I jumped too close to the water  
but you're still walking on the shore.

The ocean isn't here to you  
flat plains are all you (sea  
I'm drowning in)  
me.

I jumped too close to the water  
but the silence wasn't broken.

The silence in that particular cave  
that overgrown path, not intended  
for our exploration.

---

SAPPHIC # 1

*Madison Niermeyer*

---

Called with good news, greeted with joy, but knew from  
sugared tones that something was wrong. They say that  
blood is lurking deep in Dad's lungs. Who saved him?

God and the Doctor.

Saved him. Hope you say is a thing with feathers,  
wrong. I know what hope is; it's sternly watching  
capsized kayaks sinking in rivers proclaiming

Dad is not dying!

Dad is drowning. Oxygen lacking, nothing  
can be done. I wake with a startle, cotton  
mouthed and gasping. I too am drowning. Please Miss

Emily save me.

---

I'VE SEEN NO STRANGER THING

*Astra Lincoln*

---

i've seen no stranger thing  
than the girl by the sea, the girl made up  
of wilted flowers  
licking  
up the murky water from a cliff's bare back  
on a rainy day in december.  
her tongue was sliced on the old souls  
of jagged rocks, stale blood running  
through the dirty water. blue

hummingbird in a glass jar  
to protect it from the stormy weather  
of which it was unafraid, resting  
at the slender golden tips of her fingers.

---

## MY READERS WITH SHOES

*Scott Klein*

---

There you stand—  
smelling of lavender soap,  
your breath with a hint of mint—  
reading this, slumped over the counter,  
the constant, comforting hiss  
of the coffee maker behind you.

Inspired or perhaps distracted—  
certainly not bored—  
you stop to stare at your feet.  
The tan lines come into focus,  
so stark you can picture  
the sandals that caused them,  
placed near the door  
with all your other shoes,  
and you wonder if they know each other—  
exchanging stories of adventures passed  
as you silently sleep.

The sandals describe to sneakers  
the feeling of warm sand on their soles,  
while the sneakers, meant for running,  
lament their neglect.

Slices of cracked wheat jump  
out of the toaster  
as if they could no longer stand the heat.  
With toast ready and coffee in hand,  
you consider finishing the poem,  
the one on the counter, smudged with jam  
then look at the clock,  
and leave for work  
wearing a different pair of shoes  
from the ones you normally wear,  
to give them a new narrative,  
and maybe, to spare the others  
from the same worn-out stories  
this pair recounts every night.

It rained today.

A small packet of sunflower seeds  
lay opposite of you,  
tattered  
muddy fingerprints along the edges.

It rained yesterday, too.

A yellow coat still drips;  
puddles near the door,  
umbrella laying dry  
and unused.

You don't like the rain, do you?

You've been glaring at the seeds,  
kicking the umbrella,  
and welcoming drops in  
through open windows of his room.

They didn't like the rain either.

That's why your sister left the seeds,  
your brother left the umbrella,  
and the room to your other brother  
still empty years later.  
It'll stop raining soon, though.

The sun will peek through the clouds:  
the flowers will grow,  
the umbrella will be put away,  
and the windows to your brother's room  
will be soothed by a crisp spring breeze.

Just wait for the rain to pass;  
You all love spring.

---

YOU, SPECIFICALLY

*Emily Moore*

---

It's easier to call them  
feathers, these bones  
to call them family  
than it is to point out  
how pointy I've become

It's softer inside to say  
that I worked hard  
and that's why I'm hardened  
It's softer for their eyes  
which watch with alarm  
to see that I'm a product  
of productivity

But god, I'm so tired  
of calling bruises art  
of calling slivered bones  
feathers, of all things -  
of calling myself  
worn out  
when I want to be worn in  
by you, specifically.

*“but now I am wondering if you are even listening  
and why I bother to tell you these things  
that will never make a difference ...  
But this is all I want to do”*

-Billy Collins

I want you to know I am trying  
To please you completely  
Like a dog, I want you to hold me  
And see some small part of yourself

I want you to know I am opening  
Like a small, pink flower in your palm  
But if you do not feed me  
I will dry up and crumble like old parchment

I want you to know I am diving  
Into depths unimaginable  
So that I might find some small token  
A pearl to press to your soft lips

I want you to know I am kissing  
Like a lover, I want to be inside you  
A perfect intimacy, symbiotic magic  
Making one another whole

I want you to know I am ending  
One second at a time for you  
As I touch you tenderly  
My hand cramps, and I give in

I want you to know I am not giving  
Up on you, I am giving everything  
Like warm, dry leaves  
Breaking under your feet

So softly in your ear  
But now I am wondering  
If you are even listening

---

MY OPINION REGARDING TWO WELL-KNOWN VIETNAM WAR  
MOVIES: A HAIKU  
*Quinn Humphries*

---

Full Metal Jacket  
Pales in comparison to  
Apocalypse Now



---

UNTITLED 0'09  
Emily Cafaro  
Charcoal and ink

---



---

WHERE IS MY CONTROL  
Kim Miller  
*Scrapbook painting*

---



VIETNAMESE WOMEN  
Amara Fanucci  
*Photography*



---

NO NAME  
Emily Cafaro  
*Mixed media*

---



---

NO NAME  
Emily Cafaro  
*Mixed media*

---



---

ARRANGED BY DESIGN  
Cameron Hill  
*Photography*

---



---

1235 - 1270 AD  
Hannah Schiff  
*Photography*

---



BLUEBIRD, SONGBIRD, RAIN  
Kim Miller  
Scrapbook painting



PRETENDING I'M EMERSON  
Astra Lincoln  
*Photography*



---

THREE PETALS  
Cameron Hill  
*Photography*

---



---

REST STOP, OKLAHOMA  
Madeline Yoste  
*Photography*

---



---

HANGIN' AROUND  
Hannah Schiff  
*Photography*

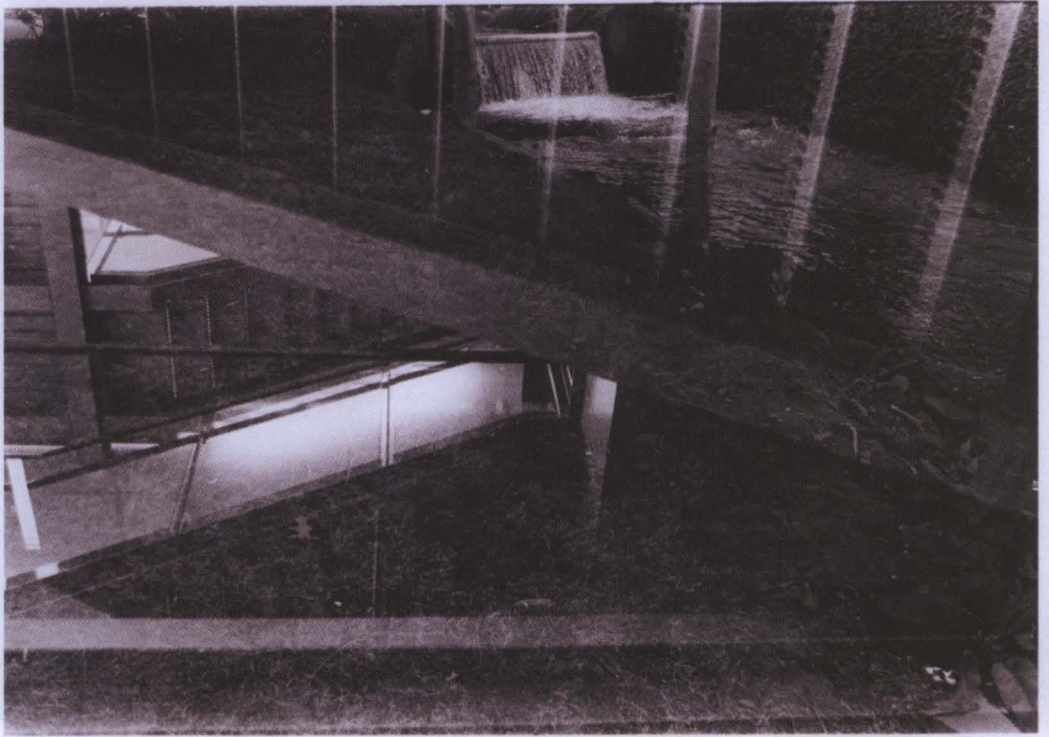
---



---

WINDBLOWN MOUNTAINS  
Madeline Yoste  
*Photography*

---



---

UNTITLED  
Todd Leiser  
*Photography*

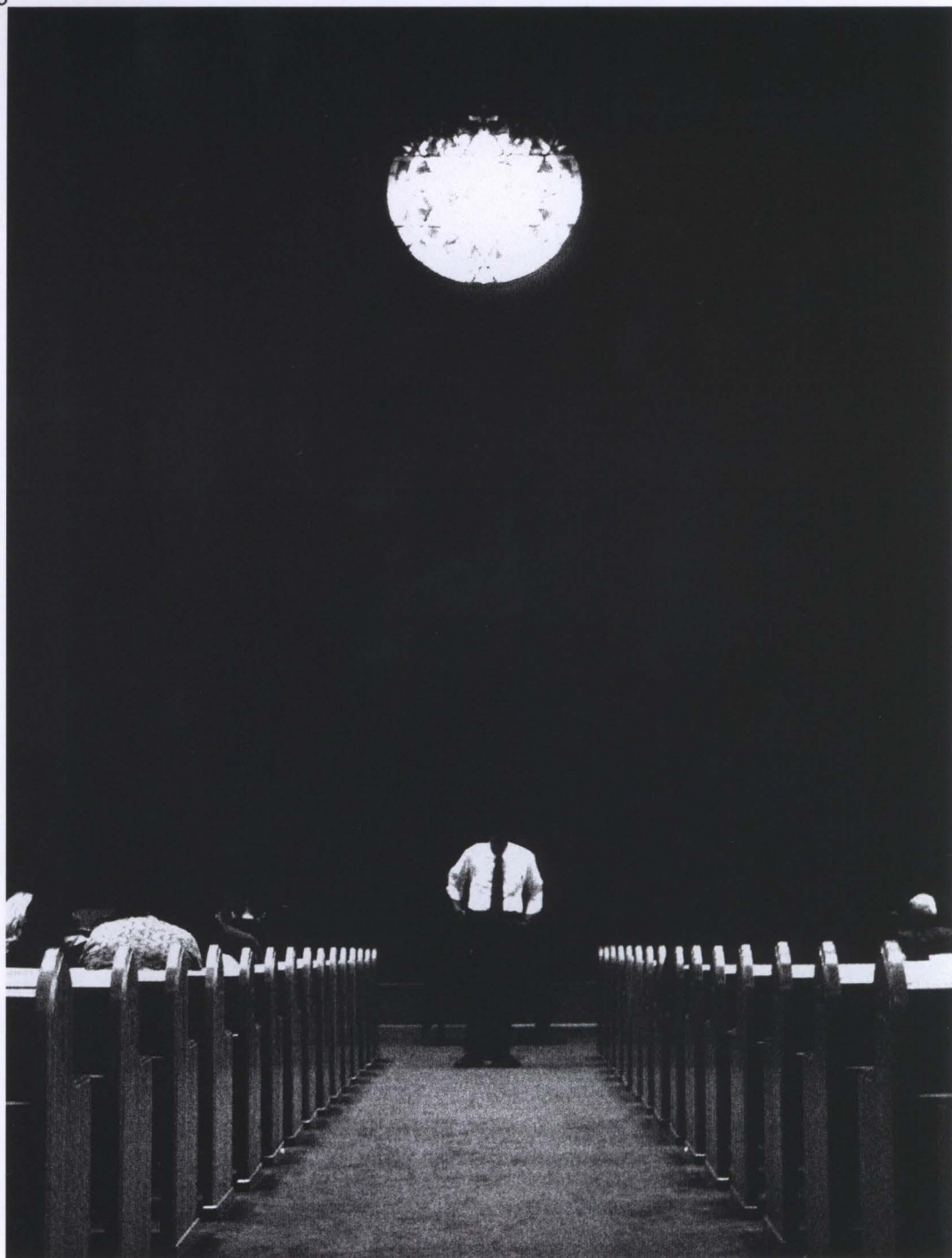
---



---

TIPTOE THROUGH THE TOMBSTONES  
Hannah Schiff  
*Photography*

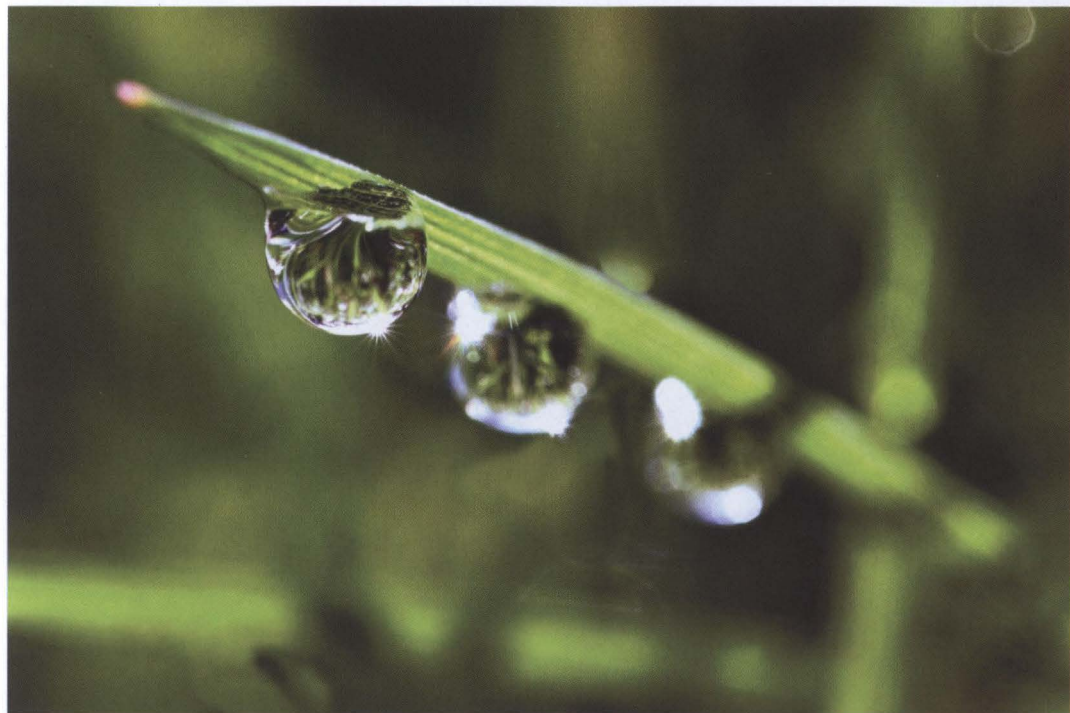
---



---

WITH FEAR AND TREMBLING  
Cameron Hill  
*Photography*

---



---

UNTITLED  
Jordan Wildish  
*Photography*

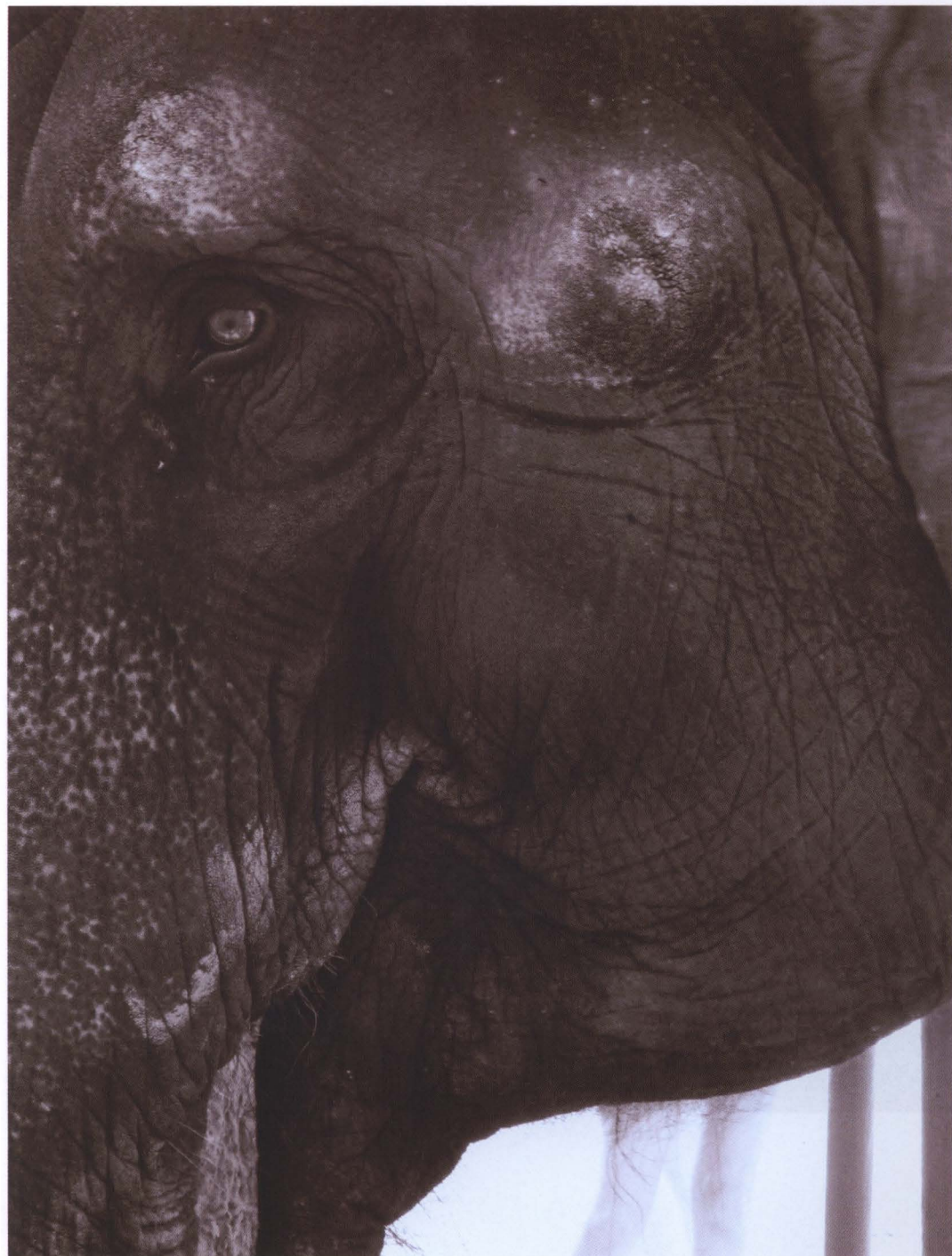
---



---

BETWEEN TREES  
Cameron Hill  
*Photography*

---



---

ELEPHANT  
Amara Fanucci  
*Photography*

---



---

VIRGINIA HALES  
Erika Foldyna  
*Pencils and acrylic on canvas paper*

---



---

UNTITLED  
Bonnie Balogh  
Ceramics

---



---

UNTITLED  
Matthew Soma  
*Ink print*

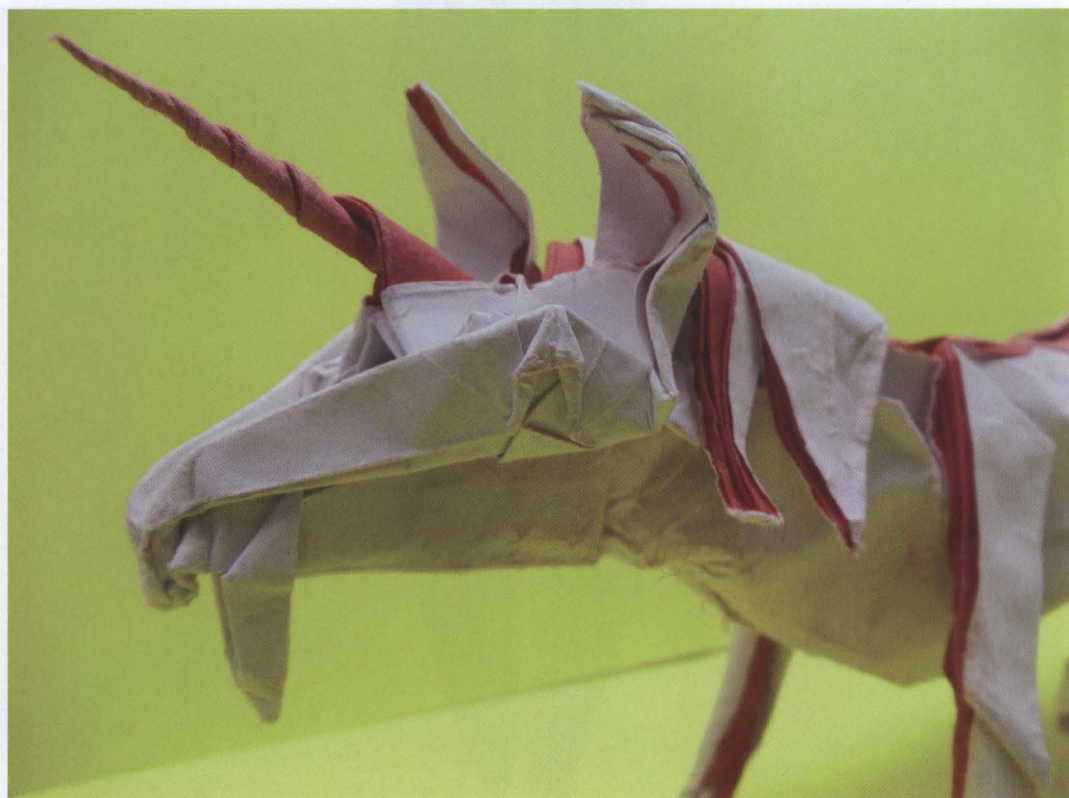
---



---

LEAF  
Erika Foldyna  
*China marker on leaf*

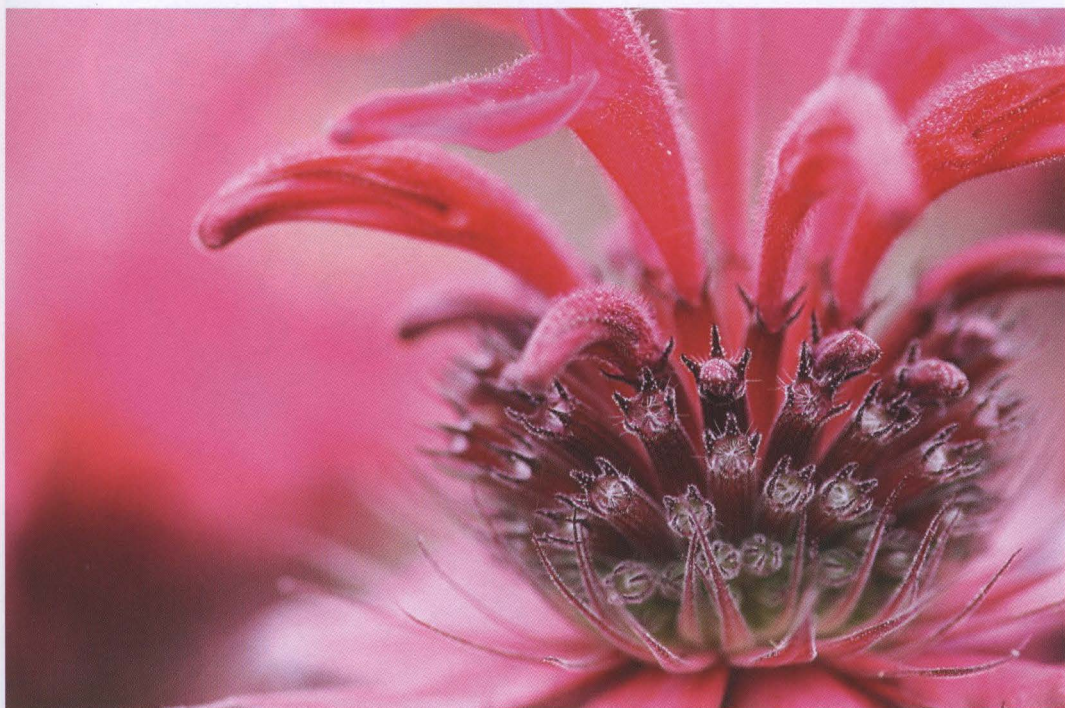
---



---

UNICORN  
Micah Mizukami  
*Origami*

---



---

UNTITLED  
Jordan Wildish  
*Photography*

---



---

HIDDEN DESIRES  
Kiana Diaz  
*Mixed media*

---



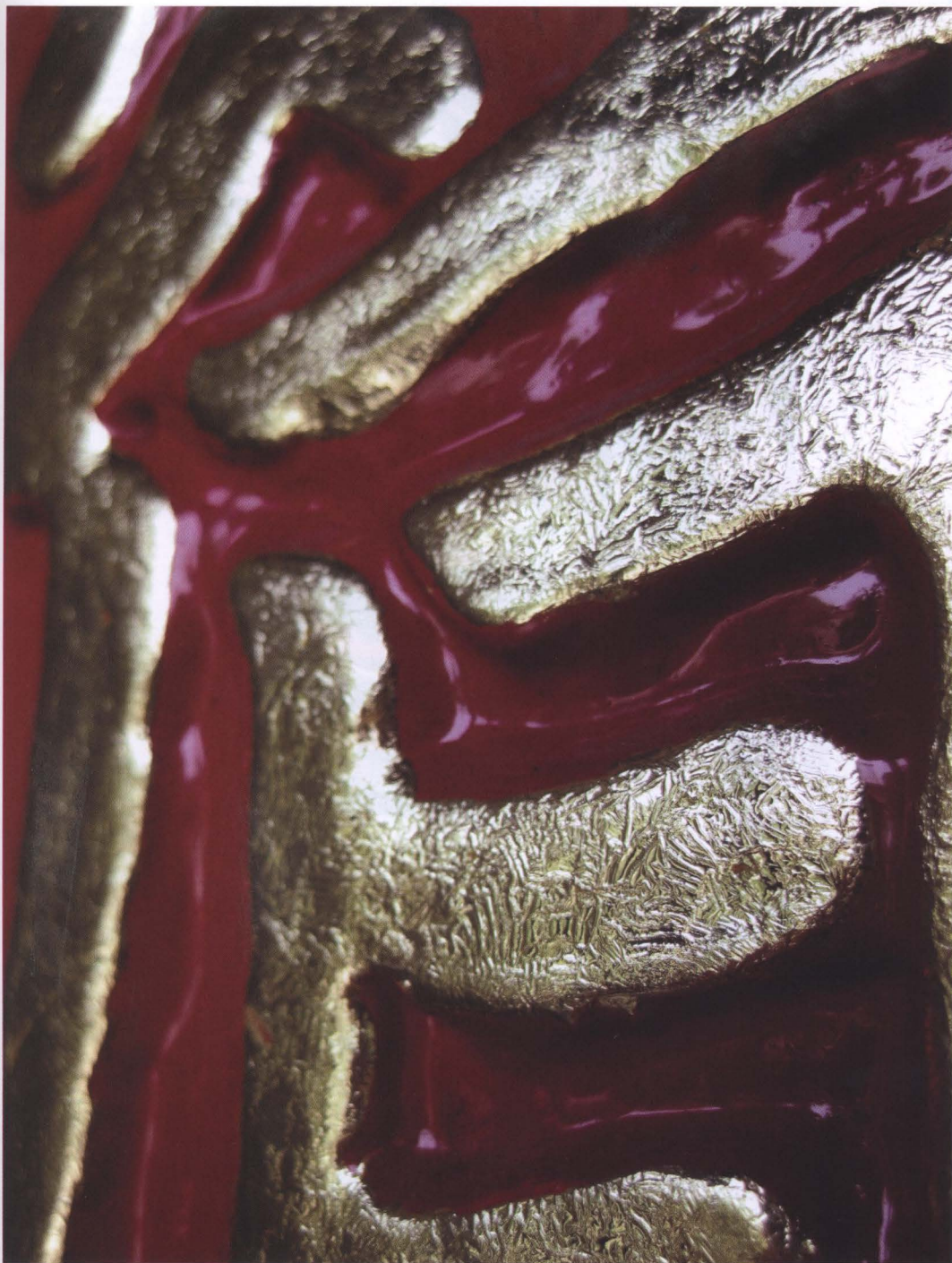
FLORAL FANTASY  
Kiana Diaz  
Mixed media



---

SUSHI  
Erika Foldyna  
*Scratch board*

---



---

CHINESE CHARACTERS  
Amara Fanucci  
*Photography*

---



---

TWEED TEE  
Emily Cafaro  
*Monoprint*

---



---

TWEED TUM  
Emily Cafaro  
Monoprint

---



---

WILLAMETTE SQUIRRELS  
Erika Foldyna  
*Conte crayon on paper*

---

For Sarah

*Sometimes, when I close my eyes, all I see is falling snow.*

Take a deep breath—you're here. The mountain's cold, halated silhouette against the winter blue sky, upthrust canines gleaming in the morning sun. The nothing-smell of crystalline fragments, frozen shards of fallen clouds. The soft sound of their sifting in the wind. Take a deep breath and let it all go. You can finally stop, just to stop. Because right now you need to stop everything and just simply be for a moment. The world falls away ...

High atop the peak, bitter wind slashing at exposed cheeks, the whole world unfolds beneath you. Your face is numb, encrusted with rime, your blood is laced with ice. You don't care; your adrenaline is surging, your heart is hammering, your mind is reeling. The world snaps into crystal-clear focus. It's an icy euphoria, a shivering anticipation. Your eyes are ablaze, radiating a cold fire.

Your ski tips drop off the cornice and you swear it's like falling in love for the first time. There is a hanging moment, airborne ... time slows, your stomach flutters. You don't remember landing. Not a thought enters your mind, you spend one full second living in the pure present moment.

As if opening your eyes for the first time, you find yourself already in motion, contained between the jutting walls of the narrow chute. Gravity hurls you down, down, down—there's freedom here, somehow, not in choosing your destination, but in choosing how to get there. Exhilaration.

In the trees, you are fast and nimble. There's no time for hesitation, zipping through steep glades at breakneck pace. You're flying on split-second reactions, flicking your tips reflexively around each turn, ducking and blocking branches as you go. The trunks flit by...

An open groomer—the run is steep and smooth, and you glide over the tilled corduroy like a knife over canvas. Canting smoothly from edge to edge, cleaving great sigmoid arcs into the face. Hurtling down the slope, you are the calm center of a fisheye lens, the

world warping around you. Captivated by the blurred rush of pure velocity, wind roaring in your ears.

Through moguls, you are light, quick, and flexible. You're finding your rhythm in the jumbled ocean of bumps, flowing through the rough, airy surf. Extending, rotating, flexing; smoothing each impact to an imperceptible hush.

Deep powder: lighter than feathers and smoother than silk. Plumes of snowflakes billow out in front of you, a shimmering haze floats in your wake. The softest imaginable sensation of soaring. You are entranced, a body immersed in the steady cadence of rise and fall, loft and plunge. Slow, lateral oscillations in the infinite plane of a fallen cloud. It's nothing less than a glittering dreamworld, frozen in shades of white and gray ...

*Sometimes I lose myself in the patter of falling snow—it's the softest, whitest sound I know.*

Two or three hours were gone to the game, and then the night spun quickly to evening. Skies darkened quickly with the pull of winter hours. The passing of the sun seemed to mark a child-like freedom, like there was no longer anyone supervising. Like a child reading under the covers with a flashlight, Gabe had found a strange type of refuge in Karen's apartment. It was as if the space itself had taken on Karen's essence, the spirit that leaked from her pores. Gabe imagined, still tipsy with a stomach and mind full of beer, that the different pieces of the room had actually interacted with him, like the anthropomorphized furniture in *Beauty and the Beast*. The hooks by the door had flown over, like metal fireflies, and taken his suitjacket off his shoulders. They had loosened his tie, unbuttoned his shirt, and dropped them with thin silver legs over the back of the chair. The doormat then, had bounded over like the Doberman sleeping on it, and rubbed up against his leg until he had untied brown chord laces and slipped off his leather shoes. The chair itself would massage his shoulders, loosening up the conflict he imprisoned in his upper traps, as the coasters pushed another cold beer towards him and the television hypnotized him with crackling Spanish lullabies.

"Aren't lightbulbs something else?" he said.

"Come again?"

"Lightbulbs. They're incredible. One tiny little filament, heated up to an incredible amount. Incredible. Something so small, to create so much, light that gets all over the place. You'd never look at a filament and think it has that kind of potential. Yet here we are, humans, such big, able bodies, and I don't think I'll ever do anything as incredible as light."

He felt the word in his mouth one last time, saying it slowly and noting how his tongue moved to make the sounds. "Incredible."

"You're pretty powerful too, man."

"I don't want to be powerful, really," Gabe scratched at an itch on his head and fell back against the couch cushions, "Just to do something incredible."

"Right. Like light. Fair enough."

INT. PRISON - DAY

MITCH HADDOCK sits hunched in a ball in the corner of his cell. We can see his bare shoulders, completely covered in scars. It is clear that the rest of his body is in a similar condition. Beneath his knotted and overgrown beard we can see a face that appears to be around his mid-20s. His stomach growls and we follow his gaze to the empty food dish sitting on the floor beside him. His face screws up in contemplation and then adopts a look of determination as he makes up his mind.

MITCH: (very hoarse voice) Hey ... Hey, is anybody there? It's been three days since I've had food ... three days ... is anybody there? Hey! ... I don't wanna die.

MITCH puts his head in his hands. In the background we hear footsteps. MITCH'S head jerks up and he hastily pushes himself to his feet. He runs over to the prison door and pounds on it.

MITCH: Hey! Hey! ... Look I jus' want a bit of food!

We hear the footsteps stop, and then the bolt being unlocked. MITCH scurries back away from the door. It slowly begins to open and then a head pops around the side.

KAY: Well Hello.

MITCH sits in his corner staring at the man suspiciously. The man leans nonchalantly against a wall. He appears to be in his late 20s to early 30s, has spiky blonde hair and is wearing a dark green jumpsuit with combat boots. A small scar crosses his left eyebrow. A cigarette rests behind his ear and over his shoulder he carries a pack, and around his waist a utility belt. On the utility belt hangs a gas mask, some rope, and other random odds and ends.

MITCH: I've never seen you 'round here before.

KAY: I'd expect not; usually try and avoid places like this. Lucky for you I didn't avoid this one.

MITCH: You're not a guard.

KAY: Ha! Me a guard? Yeah, not in this lifetime.

KAY takes out the cigarette from behind his ear, lights it, and takes a long drag.

KAY: My name's Kay by the way. There's a moment of silence.

MITCH: Got any food?

KAY: Sure.

*The corners of MITCH'S mouth twitch up into a semblance of a smile, but the smile freezes when MITCH realizes that KAY'S not making any moves to get food out of his pack.*

MITCH: (*cautiously*) Will you give me any food?

KAY: Well that's a whole 'nother question now isn't it? I mean food is pretty hard to come by nowadays.

MITCH'S *face turns blank.*

KAY: Here.

MITCH *startles as KAY tosses him a protein bar.*

KAY: I'm not the kind of guy who would let a man starve in front of him. Come on, let's get some supplies and blow this joint.

*KAY strolls out the door. MITCH stares at the protein bar as though he can't quite believe it's real. After a moment he unwraps it as quickly as he can and stuffs it in his mouth. As he chews the protein bar in pure bliss, KAY'S voice calls back.*

KAY: You coming?

*MITCH stands up and walks slowly towards the door. He carefully peaks his head out and looks right and then left. To the left KAY can be seen digging through storage bins, occasionally putting something in his pack. MITCH pulls his head back, has one last look around his cell, takes a deep breath, and steps into the hall.*

KAY: I'm pretty sure I've got everything. Here.

*KAY tosses MITCH a gas mask and a jump suit similar to the one he's wearing.*

KAY: Put those on, as soon as you're ready we can leave.

MITCH *struggles to pull on the suit.*

MITCH: You're taking me with you?

KAY: Well to tell the truth, it's easier to survive out there if you've got somebody with you.

MITCH: Is the war still going on then?

KAY: How long have you been stuck in here?

MITCH: Lost track after two years, it's been a lot longer than that though, maybe 'bout four?

KAY: You haven't seen it yet then.

MITCH: Seen what?

KAY: Buddy, you've got a lot of catching up to do. Well, with the war ... you know what? It'd probably be easier to just show you. Come here.

*KAY leads MITCH over door, pauses for a moment and looks over at him.*

KAY: You ready for this?

*Without waiting for an answer, KAY opens the door. Outside is, nothing. The land is a desert wasteland with the occasional remains of a building buried in the sand.*

KAY: Welcome to the end of the world.

EXT. PRISON – DAY

*MITCH surveys the scene, his eyes wide.*

MITCH: The end of the ...

KAY: See, as the war went on, more people got involved, and eventually it was World War III, only for this war, people were actually stupid enough to use nukes.

MITCH: The end ...

KAY: Lots of people died, most people died, but some are still around. Of course most of the survivors have some sort of radiation poisoning or are missing an arm or a leg or something. Me, I got lucky.

MITCH: All of my friends and family ... gone ...

KAY: Well you didn't honestly expect to see them again did you? I mean if I hadn't come along you would have died eventually in that cell never seeing any of them.

*MITCH turns on KAY and snarls.*

MITCH: If I was still in my cell I could at least have still thought they were well and happy! I wouldn't have known about the end of the world, I could have spent the rest of my days in peace!

KAY: Look on the bright side, some of your friends or family might still be alive.

*MITCH slowly turns his head towards KAY, and then turns back to the scene of destruction. He gazes out hopelessly.*

KAY: Oh, yeah, what's your name kid? We're going to be traveling

together, so you might as well tell me.

MITCH: Hm, oh, it's Mitch, Mitchell Haddock.

KAY'S fist smashes into MITCH'S face. MITCH tenderly puts his hand to his cheek.

MITCH: What the hell was that for?

KAY looks at MITCH murderously, he has one hand gripping the gun on his belt, and the other clenched.

KAY: You son of a bitch.

MITCH: What?

KAY: I ought to just kill you, save the rest of the world trouble. Mind you, I've been hoping for this day for a long time. Never expected it would actually come.

KAY pulls out his gun and points it at MITCH.

MITCH: Wait a second, wait a second, what am I being killed for?

KAY: You really don't know do you? HA! Well let me tell you. You remember how this whole war got started in the first place?

MITCH: Yeah, some idiot shot the emperor's brother; he got pissed, and decided to take it out on the country where his brother died.

KAY: That's right, the emperor's stupid kid brother decided to rob a bank.

*The blood drains out of MITCH'S face. We see a quick flash back of some guy robbing a bank. MITCH is lying on the floor of the bank with the rest of the hostages. We see him slowly start to pull out a gun, and flash back to the present.*

KAY: It wasn't a big bank, wouldn't have been worldwide news, maybe one person would have died.

MITCH: No ...

KAY: But of course some bozo decided to be a hero.

KAY emphasizes his point by pushing MITCH to the ground.

KAY: Apparently he thought the best thing to do, would be to shoot the guy dead.

MITCH: Wait ...

KAY: DING DING DING! We have a winner folks, the one who started it all, MITCHELL HADDOCK! If you had just left well enough alone, one person would have died, one! But you had to go and kill the guy, just had to mess it up. And now how many people

have died? A few million? Billion? I don't know, and I don't care, I just know I'm going to enjoy every last bit of blowing your fucking brains out.

KAY *cocks his gun, ready to fire.* MITCH *looks devastated as he fully begins to realize what he's done.*

MITCH: I didn't know, I had no idea ...

KAY *pauses for a moment, and then takes his finger off the trigger.*

KAY: You're right, you have no idea what you've done. That's actually a good idea. You know what, I've decided not to kill you just yet.

MITCH: You're not gonna kill me?

KAY: Don't get excited, I'm only keeping you alive so I can make your life as miserable as possible. I want you to see the damage you've caused.

MITCH: Oh.

KAY *roughly pulls MITCH up to his feet.*

KAY: Come on, let's go and see some of your handiwork.

---

## THE SHORT(EST) STORY

*Brent Jones*

---

“Breakfast!”

The call echoed through the entrance hall, past the unshipped boxes, hats fallen off the coat rack, and shoe pile—two more now added.

“Breakfast!”

A kick to flatten a corner of the 70’s throwback rug sent up a bunch of dust and a little dirt. Hard to believe something lived here.

“Breakfast!”

Almost sing-song, but not quite, the call was in the same timber and resonated in the makeshift living room, in which living was more of a struggle than its namesake would suggest; the clock was slow, the couch’s springs begged for relief when sat upon, with the thick smell of rust stuck in the air. Through the room’s overly extended corridor—more like a continuation of the hall than another room—the ever-buzzing fridge was the only response to the repeated call of: “Breakfast!”

The inquiry moved into the kitchen, where dishes were piled up to the bottom of the cabinets, a city of grime and bacteria thriving in the towers. A smell of burning metal came from the the stove still on medium low, turned off quick as to pretend it didn’t just happen. A snap and the memory files itself straight into the forget immediately pile, yet another pile waiting to be taken care of.

“Breakfast!”

Making a quick turn out of responsibility, the still almost-sing-song-but-not-quite tone sounded in the bedroom, with the bed being more a functional dresser heap of clothes than a place for rest – unless the desire for lumpy rest.

“Breakfast?”

A stir, the sudden shift of a sleeve. Yet another pile of undisturbed neglected duties now seemed to disturb itself. A ruffling, then a yawn with two padded feet emerging in a stretch before ears, eyes and snout followed out of the stack of socks and sweaters.

“Breakfast! There you are. You have to be the quirkiest corgi this side of Queen. I brought some leftover salmon from work, chow down buddy.” With Breakfast now full of fish, the dog retired for the night, and the owner followed shortly after, waiting until tomorrow to deal with the piles of things that only sort of matter.

& you were scared when you fell and scraped your knee for the first time, so you covered yourself in band-aids and vowed never to take them off. the scabs dried and fell off, the skin was clear again, and you still replaced the bandages every time they showed any signs of weakness; every time they could leave you vulnerable to the scrapes and scratches of childhood.

& you were nine when the last of your baby-teeth fell out, and this frightened you. you found a piece of loose thread hanging off your baby blanket, and ripped it off. this was then tied around the third tooth on the left, which proceeded to be pulled out and hid beneath your pillow with a letter: "dear tooth fairey. i am scared and i will miss your visits. i can not be without you. i heard you won't pick up teeth that were pulled, and did not fall on their own. i hope that every night you come and see this tooth. i hope you do not take it, but leave it here and check every night to see if it is a keeper. it does not want to be kept, but it does not want to be forgotten."

& you were frightened when a girl fell in love with you for the first time and asked to hold your hand. you said yes, but became worried that she would pull your hand too far and take a piece of yourself with her. you did not want to be broken, nor did you want to be left alone. you let her write you letters and you kept them, but you did not keep her. you did not let her keep you; never again would you let someone get the opportunity.

& you were eighteen and you did not want to leave your home. you did not want it to forget you. you did not want to be lost in a new town and forgotten by time and suspended without a path, so you stayed where you could walk the sidewalks of your childhood and retrace the steps which you had always walked, and you expected you always would. sometimes you would run, and sometimes you would limp, and sometimes you would simply sit and watch others walk past you. but you did not leave, nor did you let the memories of the place leave you.

& you were terrified when you read a book that outlined the different types of sadnesses, because if there were that many variations in sad there must also be many variations of everything.

you did not know what it was like to be happy on wednesdays, or how to be welcomed by strangers. you did not know what it was like to be me, or to be the man who sells you black coffee in the morning. you did not know what it was like to be yourself, so you threw the book away and you went to work and enjoyed the consistency of gray cubicle walls.

& you were an old man with a book of polaroids with your aging face changing on every page, and the faces of others changing around you. new friends, old friends, and different seasons are all signs of change. you realized that the sun does not go down; it is just the earth and the sun and their shadows, spinning around. you realized that one day you would be buried in dirt. instead, you filled the photo frames with smears and stains. you did not want life to go on, because things that move sometimes stop moving. you erased all proof of previous movement, of growth and of age.

and underneath these bandages, you shall die a child. you will not be serene. you will not be innocent. you will simply be hiding, under years of bandages.

Grahamstown, South Africa, 2010

I walked up a long road placing each step, avoiding puddles and soft earth that dotted my way. I attempted to understand the poverty all around me by recalling what I knew about this subject. I passed a rundown store with a battered poster of a young black man in a blue shirt, his smile askew, about to drink from a glass Coca-Cola bottle. Beyond, women gossiped in front of their scrap-wood and piece-metal shacks where chickens pecked the barren dirt, unaware of the unemployment and overcrowded schools. All this could be explained by a theory, framework, or paradigm. The Washington consensus model explained the Cola ads. The shacks supported dependency theory. Laws of comparative advantage explained the gossiping women, and why their husbands work in far-off cities. Marxism explained the unemployment. Domestic politics the overcrowded schools. Neo-Marxism those chickens. Then I saw an old man, his face worn by the wind's abuse, holding a plastic bottle—a river of discarded bottles just like these drifted through the township—on his knees by the side of the road, collecting murky runoff water to survive, and I was stuck. No theory, framework, or paradigm explains why I stood there, doing nothing.

Rob McCarthy should've known better than to make pancakes after the previous night. It was such a sentimental gesture that he didn't know what had possessed him to make it; and as he heard Anna slumping down the stairs he cursed himself and tried not to let the cakes burn. That would make an already awkward morning even worse if that were possible.

Anna Caffrey dragged herself into the kitchen like a newly risen zombie, dead to the world around her. Flakes of glitter still clung to her cheeks, fallen from the chandelier mounted above the bed where she had passed out. She had left her shoes back at the party—stranded on the carpet where she'd tossed them—but examined her feet and saw no signs of bruises from walking. Her face felt slightly swollen and her hair resembled a hedge that a mad gardener had taken shears to, but other than that she was all right.

As she entered the room, Rob did his best to look busy with sculpting the batter shapes into the faces of cartoon characters by swirling the plastic spatula in figure eight motions. It was an odd talent that he had never presumed he would have a chance to use, but now he was glad for it. He wished that he could've completed them before she came into the kitchen though so that they would be too busy stuffing their faces and wouldn't have to notice the silence between them. The batter was barely solidifying however, and so he was forced to endure what he thought must have been a hell-glare from Ms. Zombie.

For a moment, Anna stood where she was in the kitchen doorway, her hand rubbing at her throat. It was scratchy from alcohol, and the inside of her mouth felt like being stuck in the middle of the driest desert in the world without a fucking map. Desperate for a glass of water, she turned to the sink and her eyes caught on Rob. They were unfocused and didn't recognize him at first, but before he could feel a sense of relief, the sweetly aroma of pancakes reached her, causing her brow to wrinkle and her eyes to blink with clarity.

Rob could only stare at her; imagining that he could see a thought bubble above her head like a character from a comic book. In hers he could see thunderheads accompanied by skull and crossbones growing darker the longer she stood there. It was a foreboding image, but he tried his best to ignore it as he motioned for her to sit down next to him.

Anna remained standing. The wrinkle in her forehead traveled downward and settled in her mouth like a snake waiting to strike.

“What the fuck is this?” she asked.

Rob winced. Her tone stung him like a whip and caused his spirits to sink.

“I, uh ... made breakfast,” he said in a tone that was tinged with apology.

*What did he have to apologize for anyway? It had taken him forever to find a frying pan and Bisquick mix, and she didn't sound even a bit grateful. And all this was because he had thought she had said she was craving pancakes ...*

Anna moved to sit in the seat adjacent to him. Her eye were ringed with sleep that made it hard for her to focus on the scene in front of her, but she shut them for half a second and processed what he had said to her. Seeing him making breakfast in *her* kitchen had given her quite a shock. It was uncomfortable, him invading her personal area and being so casual about it.

Just as she was about to go off on him about his tactlessness, a voice that she half-recognized as her own materialized in her mind as if a tape recorder was playing;

*PANCAKES! I want pancakes in the morning.* The voice was boozy and loose; the syllables sliding around on the slippery surface of her tongue and the tone seemed to indicate that the speaker was not aware what they were saying. That *she* hadn't known what she was suggesting. *How on earth had he remembered that?*

Put off by this recollection of last night, and unsure whether to be flattered or angry, Anna stayed silent as Rob stacked the finished pancakes on a plate and set it in the center of the table. Anna leaned over to them and sawed off the ear of a Mickey Mouse-shaped one, speared it on the tip of her fork, then transferred it to her mouth.

The pancake's layers of fluffy goodness were a welcome reprieve to the wasteland in her mouth, and she found that the syrup tickled her tongue pleasantly. She swallowed and felt a satisfied heat wash over her. Immediately she wanted another one, but decided she needed to water the dryness of her throat first if she wanted to be able to enjoy the rest.

As if in response to this thought, Rob passed her a glass and she filled it with orange juice from the carton on the counter. Drinking from it was like taking a cool bath on a hot day, and she could almost feel herself waking up. In between gulps, she eyed Rob with an uncertain look.

“Thanks,” she said.

*Why did he have to make things so difficult? He could have left as soon as the sun was up and that would've been just fine. Instead, he'd decided to fulfill a drunken request for flapjacks and gets to see me shuffling around and looking like I just crawled out of a garbage can ...*

The pancakes were indeed superb, concluded Rob after his first one, light, and just the right soggianness of maple syrup. The Mickey's shape made them perfect for swirling in the sugary sauce that seeped through them, and he hoped Anna was enjoying them as much as he was.

Glancing at her, he remembered that she most likely wasn't very hungry this morning. Although he hadn't had as much to drink, he'd woken with a glaze over the world and a body that seemed like it was angry with him for even trying to get up. Anna looked as though she was still fighting that battle. Her blonde tangles of bed-head hid her eyes, and she slumped over in her seat as if she would fall asleep at any moment.

Bad posture excepting, Rob didn't think she had much to worry about; while her hair was a mess, it would be fine once she'd stuck her head in the shower, and today was Saturday so she needn't worry about doing anything other than laying around the house all day. She was groggy, that's all, not even hung over and definitely not as sick as she was acting like. *She can sure be a real wet blanket sometimes*, he thought.

With her taste buds now fully awake, Anna was able to appreciate the food and with it her mood brightened as well. Looking over at Rob, she felt some amount of gratitude, as well as jealousy because of how well he had stayed together. He was still wearing his green military jacket he'd had on at the party, but his brown hair showed evidence of a shower and smelled nice. She didn't want to think about how bad her own breath must be right now.

They knew each other from journalism class. He sat at the ends of the seats and took notes on his laptop—usually between playing

flash games or looking up pictures of space ships—and she resided in the way back, scribbling notes on the back of her grocery list and took swigs from a metal canteen that did not contain water. They were currently partners on a research project dealing with censorship in the Middle East, and Anna had proved invaluable due to her connections overseas with some friends who lived in Yemen.

Rob remembered calling to her from across the room and over the din of the party after he glimpsed her next to the drink table. It had been a genuine surprise to see her there, since neither had shared their plans for Friday night or suspected that the other knew the host. As the crowd around them became packed and began the traditional rallying cry of “SHOTS SHOTS SHOTS SHOTS!” they retreated to a quiet corner where, after exclaiming their amazement at running into one another, they chatted about lessons and where the best place was to get a tattoo in town.

When Anna got a text from someone about a game of “Never Have I Ever,” that was about to start upstairs, he had grabbed her hand without hesitation and navigated their way to the bedroom just as cards were being passed out. Anna had been impressed at how smoothly he’d threaded through the crowd, like they were hurdles and he was an Olympic runner, and for the rest of the night she found her eyes drawn to him.

*Never have I ever ... lied about my age to get into a bar. Drinks all around.*

*Never have I ever, gone three days without brushing my teeth. More than you'd like to think about.*

*I've never ... had sex in a public place. Gleeful snickers and cups were refilled.*

On and on it had gone. By now, the questions and who had drunk to them were almost completely gone from Rob’s long term memory; but he could still remember Anna covering her mouth with a hand in response to a particular one, and then her unbelieving eyes when he had sheepishly taken a sip from his cup. That look had been worth it.

Sometime later, after they watered down their livers with the party refreshments, it had occurred to one of them that they should head home. While they were struggling into their coats, Anna had glanced down and cursed at her feet

“Oh shit, I don’t remember where I left my shoes”

Rob hadn’t the foggiest idea either, and without needing to think about it he offered her a ride home on his back, reasoning that she could retrieve them in the morning. She accepted with enthusiasm, and clung to his shoulders as they trekked back to her apartment. Rob was aware of how warm she felt against his back and the snugness of his grip on her calves, and momentarily found himself relatively sober. Anna seemed perfectly content as well, and showed it by making excited comments about the night and laughing raucously when he made an offhand joke.

As they reached the intersection before her house, Anna gripped him hard around the arms as though there was something urgent on her mind. Then she leaned over spoke and near his ear. Her voice was slurred, but he heard her clearly.

“Pancakes! I want pancakes in the morning ...”

And now here they were. All because of fucking pancakes.

When she tried to justify it to herself, Anna kept on coming to the central issue; that whatever had been the cause for them getting together, it had happened. No escaping the fact or denying it; she had found this out when she woke in the morning and felt something different about herself. A kind of aching that was not pleasant necessarily, but not bad.

“So, the first thing I want you to know is that I had a great time last night” Anna finally said. Her tone was reasonable, but hesitant. *Start with a grenade and build up to the atom bomb. He at least deserved that much.*

Rob nodded. “So did I,” then added as a show of affection, “and I’m glad you let me stay afterwards.” *She may just be saying that because she doesn’t know what else to say, but I’m not gonna worry about that right now.*

Meeting his eyes, Anna did her best not to blush and turned her attention back to breakfast. He was just so damn *honest*, like he couldn’t help it. With him acting like that, she didn’t think she would be able to lie or even tell a half-truth.

“The thing is, even though it was really fun for both of us, I’m worried about whether it’s a good idea for it to happen again,” she said.

The phrase “one-night stand” was something Rob was not unfamiliar with, but he still reflected that this was the first time he could apply that term to what had taken place last night. Mentioned in regular conversation, he always associated it with a slightly embarrassing, slightly exciting feeling that had everything to do with the connotations of fucking and nothing to do with what was on his mind presently; the person you hooked up with.

Anna fidgeted with the corners of the t-shirt she was wearing while watching for his reaction. The mood in the room was uncomfortable and inescapable. It was as though they were both trying to move away from each other for fear of being smothered, but were stuck in some kind of Jell-O in which they could only turn in circles. She felt too hot and wanted to take a shower to clear her mind in addition to her body.

“I know what you mean, sometimes something really great happens, but it never happens again. But that’s okay, because part of what makes it great is that it sticks out in your mind as special.” He said, a little hurriedly.

“You understand? It was fun last night,” (*was it Rob’s imagination, or had she smiled during that last part?*) “But I don’t want it to get in the way of getting our project done.”

“I wouldn’t want anything like that to happen either.”

“But I liked what we had here, so we should just ...”

Rob sensed the drop off before she came to it and got up from the table.

“I agree, it was lots of fun, but our lives are hard enough to manage without another person in them. So let’s call this a wonderful lapse of judgment and agree that it won’t happen again.” He said the words with a conviction that came from somewhere inside of him he hadn’t known existed.

Anna got up awkwardly from her side, but was relieved that he had been the one to say what she was thinking. She’d avoided Hiroshima and it was mostly thanks to Rob. Not many people saw that in class, that willingness to say the thing they were all thinking but were too reluctant to voice. *Is this what you learn about someone when you and them get that close?* she wondered.

“Okay,” said Anna, who felt like normalcy had been almost

completely restored to the situation. "Plus we've got to go through those interviews today and put them in order for the second half of the essay."

She walked him to the door, and, without even a twinge of weirdness, gave him a short hug. Rob returned it, catching a brief whiff of her hair that was strong but sweet. Her hair had smelled the same way last night, not like a flower, but an active, nature-tinted scent that was like running pell-mell through a forest full of newly fallen dew. In those dreamlike moments, Rob had discovered then that it was possible to be both alive *and* in heaven. Reminiscing over his memories, he stepped down from the doormat and started down the sidewalk.

Absentmindedly, Anna called out to him "Thanks for breakfast." Rob turned and saluted her, then continued on his way.

She went back into the house content and focused. Gathering up the dishes they had used, she rinsed them off one by one before putting them in the dish rack. Noticing that there were still a couple pancakes left, her first thought was to toss them out but instead she fished through a couple kitchen drawers until she came up with a Ziploc bag that would fit them.

Anna stowed the bag near the front of her refrigerator, next to a bowl of leftover pasta, and pushed a half a dozen bottles of Blue Moon ale aside so that it was fully visible and she couldn't miss them when she was looking for something for breakfast. She closed the door and her eye caught on a picture that was stuck at eye level with a cheery magnetic rainbow. It was her sitting on a playground swing with a mischievous smile on her face.

Looking at herself, the thought came to her that these two girls were completely different people, even though they shared the same name and had similar personalities. At some point or another, something changes and the person you were before disappears and becomes a memory. Anna reflected that even the girl she was now would one day be gone, and for a brief second had no idea who she would be after that. This thought terrified her.

Without warning, the sweet taste of pancakes blossomed in her mouth, an aftertaste from breakfast and she smiled. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to be a new person, at least, not as long as there was something to look forward to in the morning that tasted like honey and was made of the stuff of heaven.

The La Tour Hotel in southern France was one of the most secluded in the Auvergne area. Pines surrounded the cabin-like structure. A man and woman looked out their bedroom window at the beautiful view. In the far distance a solitary brown horse galloped among the lush grassy plains. The second Great War had left remnants of its legacy, which to the passerby were indiscernible. The suite itself was intricately decorated with Venetian wood and gilded golden furniture. The couple's room was one much coveted, second from the top level, a gorgeous idyllic sight. The woman stood nearest to the window and the man just behind her.

"Horses are pretty smart aren't they?" the woman mused aloud.

"I suppose so, I'm not sure," replied the man.

"I would think so," the woman wondered as she stepped forward to put her hand on the glass. "Men are/ Man is? so dependent on them and they've always helped us."

"They have, haven't they?"

"They're really beautiful. Don't you think they're beautiful?"

"Not as beautiful as you," said the man who then kissed the woman on the cheek. "I'm going to see the concierge," the man continued, "I'll be back soon," and then left the room and woman.

The woman wandered around the room. Near the bed was a bookcase she began to explore. She sighed to find the text all en français.

"What good are these to me if I can't understand French?" Still scanning the titles she picked up a book called "Grandes Espérances."

Just then the man walked in, his eyes followed from the window to the books and then he walked there.

"I'd really like to read something but they're all in French. Do you understand French?"

"Sure I do, let me see ... Great Expectations; that's what it's called."

The woman turned from the book to look at the man. She stared at him with a new fascination and wonder. Seeing her face and

reading her thoughts the man replied, "The language is not that great and hasn't been very useful."

"Well of course it is! We're in France aren't we? And it's the most beautiful language- the language of love."

"Well yeah, but ..." Cutting him off the woman got up to go to the window again. "Do you think I, well we, could get a horse?"

Confused by the sudden change in subject the man muttered, "Well we'd have no place to put it and you probably won't use it that much anyway."

"Yes I will. I'm sure I will."

"You will? When?"

"Every day. I'll use it every day, you'll see."

"No you won't. You wouldn't need to use it every day."

"But I'd like to, and if I had one I would."

"You haven't had one and you've been fine."

"That's because I didn't know how beautiful they were. I never had the chance to see."

"It's just an animal."

"To you. You've been around them and seen them more than me. You don't even understand their beauty."

"What would people think? You riding around all day?"

"They'd think I'm very lucky."

Getting up now the man went over to the window.

"Let's go to bed," he stated as he began to close the blinds, "the sun is setting."

"But it's only nine. I want you to read me that book."

"I'm tired. And anyway you wouldn't understand." The man then began the monotonous ritual of going to bed while the woman remained unmoved. The overhead light was dimmed. He got into the covers and lay silent. A few moments passed before he quietly said, "Good night."

But only silence followed.





**THE CHRYSALIS 2011**