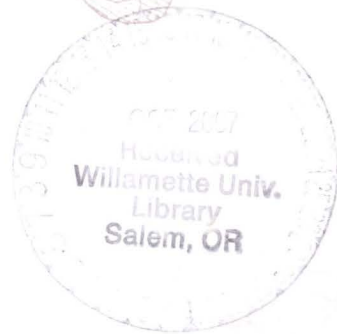


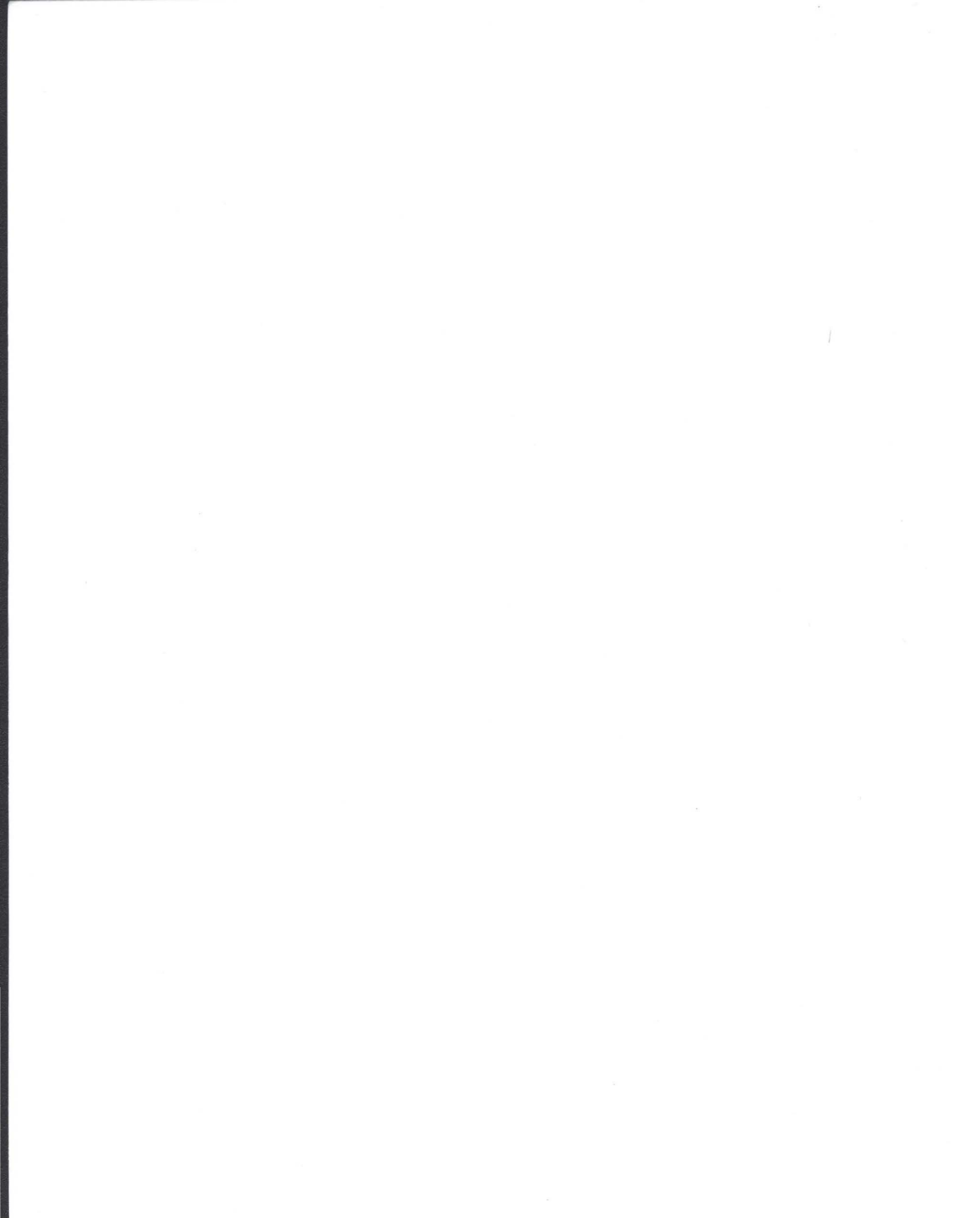
PERIODICAL STACKS

Willamette
presents the 2007
edition of

THE CHRYSALIS

Art : Literature





THE CHRYSALIS



THE CHRYSALIS

Editor in Chief: Shannon Lawless
Graphic Design and Layout: Elena Borquist
Associate Editors: Carlee Kondo
Acacia McGuire
Travis Sanders
Bob Heck

for
Logan Will
and
Kalan Morinaka

LITERATURE

24	Almeida, MaryAnn	Faith
8	Barrett, Brianna	A Strange Bird Tries to Fly
19	Carson, Catherine	Vincent
52	Chock, Erin	Once Again
21	Demarest, Rebecca	Wishing Steps
45	Eichner, Maureen	Gray Days
34	Frackelton, Zan	Prayer No. 1
17	Gundlach, Jason	Chimes: Villanelle
49	Hayward, Peter	Prison Blues
55	Kulmac, Erin	Lab
12	Lawrence, John	24 Hours 'Til Breakfast
29	McKeen, Christopher	Charles Dodrey's Confession
20	McKenzie, Josh	Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam
35	McKenzie, Josh	Seven Red Letters
11	Millard, Steven	All Who Seek
48	Moran, Clinton	The River
36	Murray, Michael	A Saturday Much Earlier
46	Nelson, Brian	Apple Trees
27	Nelson, Brian	Birds
43	Nelson, Sylvie	Hope
59	Roxburgh, Shanley	I'm From...
56	Sherve, Amanda	Abandoned Hope for the Children
7	Sifferman, Teresa	Mysa's Song
42	Smith, Larkin	Things I Learned in Kindergarten
26	Snider, Elliot	Sonnet for the Great, the Happy
23	Snow, Jade	The Alice in the Mirror
39	Steere, Chris	Frost Land Soul
61	Steinmeyer, Diane	Doomsday
53	Steinmeyer, Diane	Proposal to my Furry Blurry Baby
58	Svenson, Kristen	Together
44	Svenson, Kristen	Dearest Thomas
9	Titus, Mat	Clouds
41	Titus, Mat	In Pursuit
16	Whitney, Angela	With Tea
38	Yunker, Mat	A Southern Mother
32	Yunker, Mat	The Newspaper



The Chrysalis is an annual journal of literature and art by Willamette students, faculty, and staff. An editorial board of students selects and compiles poetry, short stories, photography, and other media into a magazine to reveal a slice of the university's creative talent. For more information, contact chrysalis@willamette.edu or visit willamette.edu/org/chrysalis.

ART

18	Barrett, Brianna	Chance Encounter
25	Borquist, Elena	Apply for Sterility
37	Borquist, Elena	Apply for Culture
57	Brown, Samuel Alexander	Mt. La Grange
33	Burstein, Mara	usta be ug
47	Finley, Kate	Golden Rays
40	Harmon, Rebekah	Japanese Tree Spirits
51	Himmelreich, Drew	Chinese Cat
22	Kelly, Susannah	Untitled Woman
10	Kelly, Susannah	Untitled Bird
54	Kriebel, Marcella	Harvest Moon
60	Lydecker, Sarah	Disasterpiece
15	Scalpone, Noelle	Derelict in an Alleyway
28	Scalpone, Noelle	Vagabond in a Subway

[Mysa's
Song]

TERESA SIFFERMAN

Mysa leaves to bathe her head.
Belly hanging,
swollen,
fed.

Water glistens bright and golden,
as the sun its surface boldens.

Slinking from its muddy bed
rears primeval beast of dread.
Mysa, with her face a'glint
fails to see those eyes of flint.

Water boils
rippled,
red.

Pretty Mysa's floating dead.

[A Strange Bird]
Tries to Fly

BRIANNA BARRETT

I don't know what the song means but
I think I'll wash my face when I get home.
Yesterday is the year anniversary of the sunburns on my
shoulders.
I need somebody to sit with me in the grass and watch
the Sky change colors and I think we'd note the discovery
of new colors entirely
 redder reds and browner browns
 greener greens and goldier golds
 blackS and whiteS
with a sharp contrast to reality as is
often the case
when my mind wanders around the outskirts of my soul.

On a scale of 1-10 I think the
smell of flowers is overrated and instead lotions and perfumes
should be leather or library-scented
And I wonder why can't there be a place where
evergreens grow seclusion as neon lights decorate city streets.
I bought these wraparound shoes because I thought
they made me look like Athena
until I didn't have a skirt to match
the size of my vanity.

I daydream about gray eyes that lie
and three-hundred and twenty feet higher we're
more impulsive than we pretend we would like to be.
I decided between March and April on any given morning in May
 because I didn't like the picture on my calendar
 or that stressful wait 'til June.
If life were so easy I think by now it'd be months from now
and then back to now again.

[Clouds]
MAT TITUS

Each cloud born
from each smokestack
is born with a hunger.

It seeks it in
the broad clean blue
of younger lungs
and ocean fronts,
between the waves
and white-grown trees.

It seeks it in
cigarette filters
or the great minds
behind the bloodshot eyes

and other itchy organs
breath by breath
pulling the burning closer.

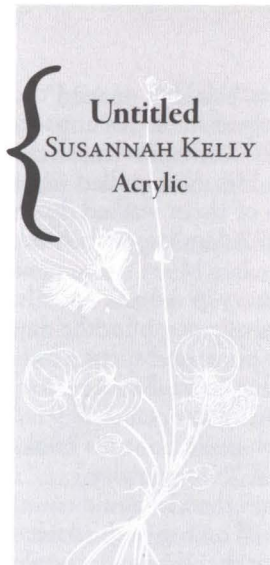
It seeks it in
bedrooms and stalls
of bathrooms at barrooms.

It whispers to the leaves
to unweave their roots from the earth
so it can huddle in their magpie holes.

It seeks it in
guns.
Not the barrels, but the safeties.

It seeks it in
heart transplants
not the hearts, but the doctor
whose coffee had one too many
sweet pink packets that morning.





Untitled
SUSANNAH KELLY
Acrylic

I am from Let there be light
and there was light.
I am from water turned into wine,
from the net thrown on the right side of the boat.
I am from the healed leper
and the cripple who walked.
I am from the mustard seed,
birds perched in its branches.
I am from David and Goliath,
the triumphal slaying of a giant.
I am from seeds that fell on rocky soil.
They sprang up quickly but were scorched by the sun.
I am from the God who will have none before him,
from the statue of salt overlooking Sodom.
I am from the prodigal son
and the servant's buried money.
I am from he who takes comfort in the Lord
for his yoke is easy and his burden is light.
I am from the final supper,
his wine poured out for many.
I am from heavy wood beams,
from the thorns and vinegar.
I am from it is finished.
The earth shook and the rocks split.

**All
Who
Seek**

STEVEN MILLARD

[24 Hours Til Breakfast]

Rolling waves drowned the shore with their misery. A single, exceptionally large crab was tossed in the breakers. It was starving, and in the dim light of dawn it searched for a meal. Wave after wave assaulted it. The spray hissed a cackling laugh into the air. As the sun found its place in the sky, the crab gave in and took refuge beneath a large green rock. Using its oversized claws, it dug in to patiently wait out the day.

A gentle hand tossed Adam's long, blond hair. "Wake up," said Adam's mother. As the air from her words caressed his cheek, Adam took in a deep breath and shot open his blue eyes.

"Where am I?" asked Adam.

"We're at the beach, kiddo," his mom answered.

"Why am I here though?"

"You'll see, my child. The beach is fun."

Adam scrunched his nose at

the word "child" and violently undid his seatbelt. He opened the back door of the small white Nissan and helped his mom unpack. He grabbed the blue cooler filled with drinks and snacks for the day; it was by far the heaviest piece of gear. His mom pulled out a folding chair and her giant purse. The two of them walked down the path from the parking lot to the beach. Adam lagged behind, encumbered by the cooler.

It was late morning and the salt air was heavy in Adam's nostrils. His mom unfolded her chair and began to set up camp for the day. She pulled out a bright pink visor from her purse and spent a long time positioning it on her forehead. Adam dug around in the purse, looking for his books about Neanderthals and fighter planes. "Here," said his mother, and with one probing reach pulled out his books along with a novel she had packed for herself. "Now, go play."

Adam had read all of his books more times than he could count and after forty-five minutes he stacked them all on top of the cooler. He shuffled around his mom's chair, looking at the cover of her book. He couldn't make out any of the elegant cursive writing but he liked the image of one angel dismembering another with his flaming sword. His mother's eyes were dark, staring straight through each page. Every so often her lips twitched, half forming a word. Adam knew not to bother her when she wore that face. He left her and walked south down the beach.

Adam stared out over the breaking waves, his eyes fixed on a jagged protrusion of rocks one hundred yards out to sea. The pebbles below him burned the soles of his bare feet as he walked down toward the surf. He was in up to his knees before he looked down at his soaking corduroys. He bent, scooped a small handful of sea foam and blew on it. White bubbles flew out against the breeze in the direction of the sharp, gray island. Adam turned and ran back up the shore.

"Mom, Mom! I found an island. Mom look!" shouted Adam.

Adam's mother looked up from her novel and squinted through the heat at the silhouette of her son. As he came closer to where she sat, she could make out his blue and white striped sailor shirt tucked into his drenched corduroy pants.

"Adam, look at your pants. What have you been doing?"

"Mom, I found an island and..."

"That's nice, dear," she interrupted. "Now look what you've done to your pants. You shouldn't be going in the water."

Adam struggled to get free of his pants as they clung to him with salty, invisible claws. He managed to get them off and throw them over a log. His shirt hung down to his thighs, just covering his black Batman briefs.

"I'm gonna go to the island and build a fort and be king of the ocean!" said Adam.

"Honey, I don't want you to go in the water. There's undertow that will suck you right out to sea," she said with a sigh.

"Nah-uh, Mom. I'm a good swimmer. I could make it."

"The answer is no, Adam, so just go build your little fort on the beach. No swimming."

The beach, who wanted to be king of a beach when one could rule the entire sea from a craggy throne? Adam's first instinct was to throw a tantrum until he got his way. But he was no longer a child. He held his anger in, magnifying it until it burned at his ribs. He turned his back to his mother and walked slowly, his eyes cast down, in the opposite direction of the island.

Once he was out of his mother's sight he walked along the water's edge, turning over all the rocks he could lift in search of some buried consolation treasure. After several minutes he came across a particularly large rock covered in barnacles and seaweed. He passed it over, at first thinking it to be too large for him. He returned to the stone, though, noticing that it was the only one he had seen all day that was so completely enveloped in life. Most large rocks had the odd barnacle or two, but this supernatural brick pulsed with them. So thick and juicy was its seaweed covering that on his first attempt, Adam could not even get a firm enough grasp to lift it. Thick green fluid ran down his wrists as he dug in

his nails. The juices were dark and viscous, and he imagined them to be alien blood seeping into his veins. He caught his grip on a large barnacle and strained with his legs. The rock rolled over in the direction of the sea.

Left behind was a pool of water swirling with green and brown. Adam leaned down to investigate. Two enormous pincers shot from below the surface. Adam jumped back but then murmured to himself, "Oh, it's just a crab." It was the biggest crab Adam had ever seen. It emerged from its ruined hiding place one long, jointed leg at a time. It kept its large, sharp claws fixed upward and open. Its shell was black. It did not shine in the afternoon sun but instead absorbed each ray of light that fell upon it. The dark form went sideways down to the water, eyestalks fixed on Adam. Adam's eyes returned the stare. He watched it closely as it scurried along. Just before it could get to the water, he blocked its path. The crab turned to face him and bubbles frothed from its strange mouth. Adam looked back to the pool of water a few feet away and noticed hundreds of little crabs pouring out like a fountain of tar.

"Where do you think you're going?" cried Adam. He stepped lightly over the large crustacean he had been blocking and gazed into the pool. A few stragglers lingered behind. They darted back into the murky water as

Adam approached. He plunged his right hand into the pool, and when he pulled it back out, two little crabs hung tight to his fingers. Their pinches hurt, but they were too small to actually break the skin. Adam shook his hand back and forth in the air. One of his attackers let go and flew back into the pool. The other hung fast. Adam lifted his hand to his face, now used to the pain from the crab's little grip.

"Stop it, let go," he commanded. The crab's eyes were glazed, its legs wrapped around Adam's middle finger. Since reasoning with the crab had not worked, he took his left hand and with his thumb and index finger made his own fierce pincer.

"Let's see how you like it," he said. His fingers came crushing down with more than enough force to blast the crab's insides

JOHN LAWRENCE

out. The crab hung lifeless and empty. Adam pulled at it, separating its arms from the rest of it. He tossed the mangled shell on the rocks. He then yanked at the claws. They were still perfectly clamped, as though the only visible part of some small and otherwise hidden demon. The first claw came off with ease since it was clamped onto his nail. The second claw tore at his flesh as he pulled it free. His brow wrinkled at the sight of his blood. He licked up the small red beads. His fingers

tasted like crab intestines and saltwater. He spat and then noticed something rocking in the waves.

It was a boat. Not of any significant size—it was a dingy, upside down and stripped of paint. Adam ran into the breaking waves, and the salt water stung the small cut on his finger. He was up past his waist when he got to the boat. By timing his pulls with the waves, he managed to drag it into shallower water. He righted it and pushed the small craft into the rocky shore. He climbed inside and scooped out the water with his cupped hands. He scooped faster and faster until the inside of the boat was empty and his hands were filled with splinters. The oars for the dingy were still inside of it, secured to the walls. Adam undid the lashings and shoved off into the choppy sea.

He had rowed a boat once before, at Cub Scout camp. The only real trick to it was that you turned your back to wherever you wanted to go. At first the small boat floundered in one direction, then in the other as Adam overcompensated. Then he found his rhythm. The boat plodded along from the force of his little strokes, slow and persistent. He panted. Spheres of sweat flew from his long, golden bangs as he turned his head. The warm little beads were soon swallowed by the coldness of the sea. The island was just barely in view. It cut the horizon like obsidian through

the flesh of a mammoth. Adam removed his shirt, wiped his forehead with it, and began to row harder.

The thin muscles in his back surged to the surface of his skin, threatening to break through at each pull. Adam's skin was pale and smooth. The sun began to drop in the late afternoon sky. As it descended it sparkled off of the thin layer of salt crusted on Adam's shoulders. Adam licked his lips. His strokes became increasingly shallow. He looked back at the island; it seemed miles away. He threw back his head and began to sing,

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest..."

He didn't know where he had heard the tune, but his fresh mind remembered every word.

"...Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

His voice was shrill. It rang out over the open water, badly out of tune. He thought of his mother still sitting on shore and dropped his voice almost to a whisper.

"Drink and the Devil had done for the rest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of..."

Before he could finish, he was knocked out of his seat by a sudden collision. The pointed rocks of the island pierced the waterlogged hull of the dingy. He scampered up to the top of the little hill, ignoring the cuts on his shoulder. He stood as tall as he could and shouted out into the vast blue of sky and sea.

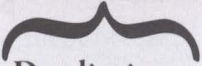
"Now I'm king of the ocean!" He pulled off his briefs

and waved them to mark his conquest. The sun touched down into the sea, and a gust of wind blew across the rock. Adam lost his grip on his underwear. He watched as the bat symbol flapped away into the dusk. He shivered.

Adam stepped down to where the boat had landed. It was half full of water and sinking into the dark blue waves. He ran back to the top of the hill. He faced the shore and screamed. "Mommy!" he called again and again, his voice high and breaking. He sat down and wrapped his arms around his knees. His mouth felt filled with cotton and his lips were cracked. In the quickly vanishing light he thought he saw his mother back on the shore. She folded up her chair and turned her back to him. "Wait!" he meant to scream, but his voice came out as a pitiful hiss. He grabbed his shoulder, trying to hold in the throbbing panic that seeped from it. His lungs drew in air faster than they could let it out. He stood, then leaned forward and bent his knees. The rock dug into his toes as he pushed off, hands together over his head.

But they did not save him. Four feet below the surface, jagged spires of earth reached up to greet his plunging yellow head. It was over instantly. The waves rocked his empty body through the night. Just before dawn, a lone crab came upon him and began to feast on his wide, disbelieving eyes. 🦀




Derelict in an
Alleyway
NOELLE SCALPONE
Etching



[With Tea]
ANGELA WHITNEY

I bite the sugary, gritty flesh;
the sweet fruit overwhelms me
today I am roped and tied by this date.
I want to reach into the boughs of
a palm tree and retrieve you.
To travel to where you were invented.

They are the oil of the old world,
the food of ancients.
Smearred on bread and fingers.
Eaten sweet or savory
with wine.
Deserts and camels and dates.
I want to have a date with the history of dates,
to venture to when the first date was discovered
Who picked it,
in what land?
A young man, hunting, trying to prove himself
comes home
not with meat but
laden
with dates

It was a medicine and ointment before it was a food.
Apothecary shelves heaving with jars and
the smell of date oil and
salve
Who planted the first date tree in his garden?
What type of date did the royals harvest?
Surely animals, before humans
pawed and gnawed dates off the earth.
In Europe where they were scarce
I want to see the bargaining for
and the exchange of
dates for gold.
Then brought to some lady's tea table,
like mine, eaten at four o'clock.

[Chimes: Villanelle]
JASON GUNDLACH

An abandoned chime sways alone in peace;
the forgotten song lives somewhere in the past.
Recall lost notes, let our music be released.

Permit me your ear's entrance, let me speak:
two fresh worlds exist only by the fact
an abandoned chime sways alone in peace.

As the wind climbs through the trees,
it carries no memory of what was had.
Recall lost notes, let our music be released.

The rhythmic sound of love once came with ease,
but now only its shallow echoes last:
an abandoned chime sways alone in peace.

Do not allow that melody to forever cease;
let the gates enclosing remembrance unlatch;
recall lost notes, let our music be released.

The air is dead but for a silent breeze;
ride it as it moves, love propels us to act.
An abandoned chime sways alone in peace.
Recall lost notes, let our music be released.

[Vincent]

CATHERINE CARSON



Chance Encounter
BRIANNA BARRETT
Photograph



I wish I could have met you.
I, too, have been imprisoned
in a stark room with no windows.

Once I escaped
and hid deep in the forest,
surrounded by green.

Just as the peace of the woods captivated me,
I felt the rake of sharp nails in my back
as despair dragged me off
to that empty room.

Maybe together you and I
could have outwitted her,
creeping past her in the night
as she lay sprawled outside our door.

We would run for miles,
past those frightening cypresses
that rasp the sky with aged fingers,

through the night with those maniacal
stars whirling above
like tornadoes of remorse,

past the café with faded yellow awnings,
through meadows bristling
with tangled weeds,

until we came to the edge of morning,
a flowering orchard,
dreamlike and still.

I would take out my canvas
while you set up your easel,
the morning sun igniting your hair.

Burning through the canvas,
you would capture the harmony
of earth, sky and trees
in lyrical yellows
and speckled greens.

My palette would be swirling
with words yearning
to be spoken to the wind-filled sky.

As day would fade
into evening light,
we would watch crows
gliding over flaxen wheat fields,

while the fresh slashes
on your canvas would heal
beneath the peach blossom trees.

Rank and file
hand-in-hand.
Trampling
the promised land
we sing--
elegies to dust
-jacketed dry urns
in old dead tongues.

bibere venenum in auro,
to live eternally tomorrow!

We are
cigarette burns on
cellophane film
in fast motion.

[Ad maiorem dei gloriam]

JOSH MCKENZIE

[Wishing Steps]

REBECCA DEMAREST

Somewhere deep in England
these steps one day
appeared with a little
Sign proclaiming them
to be Wishing Steps.

They went straight
down through a hill.
Straight down to the
bottom, carved out of
solid stone, a folly
I think they called it.

The way they work
is you think of your
Wish as you walk all
the way down, all the
way down to the bottom
of these 29 steps, all

the way down, so I
walked down the 29
steps, wishing and
hoping, keeping one
Wish firmly in mind
all the way down to
the bottom of the hill
but I never seemed
to get there. I started
counting, anxious to
be down but the steps,
they just kept coming
down down 45 76
no longer 29 and
I lost track of the
Wish, the Hope I was
hoping, gave in,
and I reached number
29, the bottom, the
End, look back up
the tunnel, Wishing Stairs,
call to my friend,
Don't come down,
Go around,
these steps only
eat Wishes.





**The Alice
in the
Mirror**

JADE SNOW

Drink me,
dear Alice
I am smooth as wine
and slow as honey

Eat me,
naïve child
I am sweet as sugar
and tempting as fire

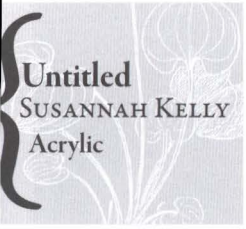
Hear me
under blond hair,
tantalizing as the Cheshire cat
I call your name

Feel me
as you fall down the rabbit hole,
tumbling around my open arms...
I am the space that catches you.

I will save you,
Alice darling,
from the monotony of life
the blank pages that bore you
and the lessons you sleep though.

I will thrill you,
sweet Alice,
in that wild imagination
igniting your fears and
exciting your passions.

You will never search for more
I will be the manifestation of your dreams
everything you thought you could not be,
everything you were taught was wrong,
everything you are afraid of becoming—
that I will be,
dear Alice—
the white rabbit you always imagined
but could never be,
I will be the one you run to catch
yet will always slip from your fingers...
you will never cease to chase me
I will be your ambition.
I will be the girl in the mirror you've always
wanted to be.



She wails, like a bomb rushing to spread shrapnel
All ready to decimate the city.

[Faith]

MARYANN ALMEIDA

She cries, a funeralled mother for her buried son
Under ground, chopped pieces of skyscraper
Bloodied buildings, broken bodies of civilization

She shakes, earthquaked rubble of man-made disaster
Shattered glass in her skin, blood like tears on her cheek
Dark, dirty hair matted with sweat and splintered drywall
Torn cloth, embracing her exhaustion like dressing a wound

She prays, calling to a God they don't recognize
Begging forgiveness of all sins which caused such an unholy Jihad
Against her family, and better judgment,
She prays forgiveness to their God, too
Words like water cleanse her mouth, spitting pieces of broken hope
There is enough religion to go around, but never enough faith

She waits.



[Sonnet for the Great, the Happy]

ELLIOT SNIDER

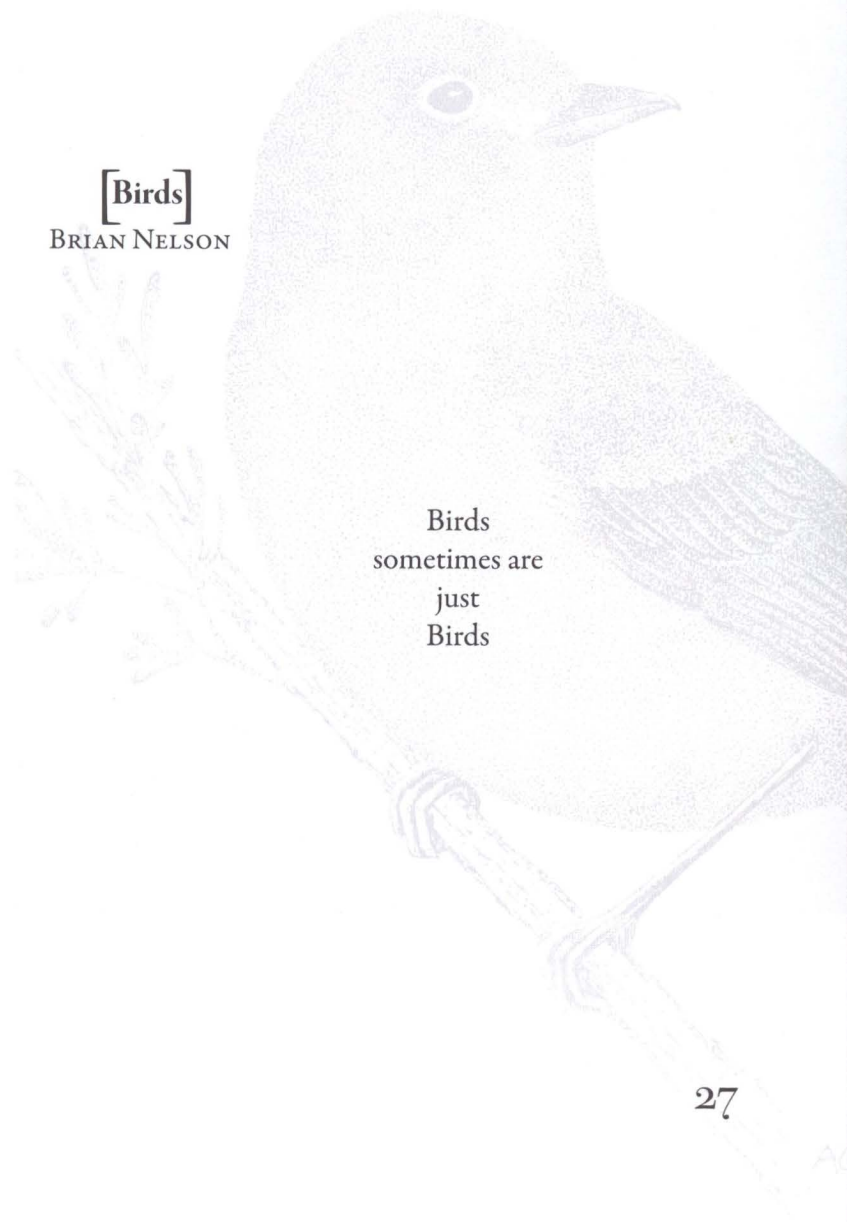
The Great pay constant dissatisfaction
For achievement is fueled by discontent.
Late night toiling is sorrow in action
Or such nights would, in sleep, be spent.
Yet the Happy must take life and swallow
For perpetual joy is complacency.
To accept what is as is is hollow
They yield in bliss meaningful agency.

The Great must then, inside, be sad
For the Happy are, outside, not great
To flail at both and miss drives mad
What God made this our twisted fate?

And so we be in constant strife,
And on and on and on is life.

[Birds]

BRIAN NELSON



Birds
sometimes are
just
Birds

Vagabond in a
Subway

NOELLE SCALPONE
Etching





[Charles Dodrey's
Confession]

The normally harsh ringing of the alarm clock, worsened by the previous night's heavy drinking, woke Charles Dodrey at the ungodly hour of five a.m. Doing what any sensible man would do, Charles fumbled with the clock until the noise stopped and fell back asleep until nine, at which point he realized with a groan that he would be late for work. Then he remembered that it was Sunday. Then he remembered that he was a priest, and he would indeed be late for work.

Father Charles Dodrey, who should have been saying his morning prayers at the perfectly godly hour of five, instead left his home at 9:15 without having even shaved.

Father Dodrey was fortunate in that the church was only a short distance from his home and in that the choirmaster, Father Charter, having long grown accustomed to the priest's late starts, knew how to extend the opening hymns almost indefinitely. He had even taught the choirboys breathing techniques to hold out a fermata to truly heroic lengths. This morning, however, required no such displays; Dodrey appeared at the altar during the fifth and final verse of 'Holy Father, One, Eternal.' Charter lowered his hands, the choir sat, and Dodrey began the service. Like Charter, he had grown used to his late nights and knew how to improvise his way through a sermon. In fact, Charles could invent Biblical quotations more

easily than most clergymen could recall real ones. The trick, he'd discovered, was in subtlety: if you get tripped up in too many Thous and Thys, you will lose all credibility. If anyone challenged him, he simply said it was from the Apocrypha, as no one really knows what that is anyway. It wasn't that Father Dodrey liked speaking unprepared; he didn't even really like speaking publicly. He just could never come up with a good sermon, and that is what had started him on his drinking the previous night.

The problem with Charles was that, while he had lost his faith, he had not lost his conscience. That he no longer believed in God or any of the other doctrines he preached did not bother him; he had long ago come to terms with that. He simply felt bad about deluding his parishioners. Yet he knew he would feel far worse about breaking the awful news

CHRISTOPHER MCKEEN

to his flock that it didn't really matter what any of them did; they're all going to die anyway. So every week Charles Dodrey put off writing his sermon until Saturday night, and then, forced to write page after page of what he knew to be lies, he got drunk in the hopes of drowning his conscience and making it easier. It never worked, but he kept trying with a perseverance that in other circumstances would have been truly admirable.

Charles, despite his alcoholism, was not a bad person. In fact, it should be emphasized that he drank and lied out of love for his parishioners. His church was his only connection to the world, and, sad as it was, the people to whom he spoke once a week through the screen of a confessional were the closest thing he had to friends. In part he wished to spare them the pain of truth, but more than he would admit, he simply could not bear to lose them.

The thoughts that went through Charles's head as he extemporized his sermon were not philosophical or reflective, two moods he usually tried to avoid. He wasn't thinking of much at all, aside from his headache and the unbearable echoing of his voice inside the nearly-empty church, too vast for its small community of the faithful. The smell of Eucharistic wine and the choir's final, bold chord at the end of the service sent Charles to his chambers where, without any satisfaction or relief, he vomited into a wastebasket. Relief, he thought, would be found in the dark and quiet of a confessional, and that is where he went after the nave of the church had been emptied. Instead of relief, he found someone already in the other side awaiting him.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," the man said with a soft but compelling voice. "It has been ages since my last confession."

Charles had, of course, long since given up truly listening to the confessions of his flock. He simply could not bear hearing their plights with the knowledge

that he could offer them no real reward for their suffering. An honest man at heart, he also could not stand his own hypocrisy at absolving them of the sin which (there being no God) did not stain them, while knowing the sin which (his having a conscience) did stain him was far worse and would be even if there were a God (which there wasn't) to stain them for their mild sins (which they didn't have). Such convoluted reasoning, of course, did nothing to relieve his habitual hangovers. So, though he heard them, he did not truly listen but rather calculated the penance he would give each one. He hated to be harsh on them, but he knew they expected something to redeem themselves and would not feel absolved without it. This is all to say that when the confessor said, "It has been ages since my last confession," Charles only thought, "that'll be an extra Hail Mary."

The man continued, "I fear I may have failed someone who is deeply important to me. When he needed my assistance, he looked, but he did not find me, as I had promised him he would. I worry I may not be able to regain his trust."

At this, Charles took some notice. Though later that afternoon he would ascribe his interest to the voice's loud, pounding quality, an effect of the remaining alcohol in his veins, he would eventually admit that it was the earnest manner in which the confession

was spoken that forced him to pay attention. Unfortunately, he had grown unaccustomed to actually paying attention and had therefore lost much of his tact. Thus it was that his first attempt at honest compassion in a very long time led him to say, "And why exactly should I care?"

We should probably allow Charles a little sympathy; after all, he was out of practice with sincerity, and as we have seen, his kind heart had grown used to expressing itself in cold ways. Perhaps what he should have said was, "Why are you bringing this to me? Your friend abandoned you; you should feel no guilt." But the confessor didn't seem to mind his outburst. The man was silent for a moment, and then said, "Well, it is your job, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," Charles began. "And let me tell you, the world needs it too, because nobody really cares about anybody else. It's a sorry existence when you need to hire somebody to care about you. And would you like to know how I've been going about showing you how much I care about you all? I tell lies. And they're not even nice lies. I stand up every week and tell a few dozen people that they'll go to hell if they don't do what some man one thousand years ago says another man meant when he wrote two thousand years ago about a prophecy written three thousand years ago. It just isn't right."

The man was silent throughout all of this, which was rather odd, as Charles was being quite rude. Nonetheless, he didn't seem to mind just listening. At this point, though, he spoke softly, saying, "No, it isn't."

"Yet somehow they all seem to take comfort in it. But it's all lies. There's nothing out there. Existence is meaningless." Here, Charles caught his breath. "One part of it's true, though. All liars go to hell, and I've been in hell for as long as I can remember."

They were silent for a full minute, after which the stranger said in a quiet voice, "Why is it meaningless?"

"I'd say the burden of proof isn't mine," Charles said. "Have you not seen the world? Half of the people who come in here every week don't even deserve to be spit on, and the other half are being spit upon by them. The suffering you see in my vocation makes Purgatory sound like a welcome relief. Give me a reason any god would allow it. Sure, Job suffered, but in the end he got to ask why. Nobody gets any answers anymore."

"What would you ask God?"

"Why are we expected to trust a being that makes so little sense and never offers the least

assurance of its existence? Faith is good, but shouldn't we get something in return?"

"Then why do you keep preaching faith?"

Again, Charles became silent for a moment. "Because," he started. "Because it's the best thing I have to offer them."

"Maybe it's the best thing he can offer you, too. If it can give meaning, it's real enough." Charles was about to speak, but the stranger opened his door and began to leave. Just before disappearing, he said kindly, "I bless thee, Father, though thou hast sinned."

Charles sighed and shut his eyes. Perhaps now, with that over, he could find the relief he had sought. ☩



[The Newspaper]

MAT YUNKER

I had seen my father do it innumerable times before,
suddenly sitting up a little straighter,
putting down his coffee.

Past his elbows his body remains motionless,
his head is angled slightly downward,
his face static and expressionless.

His deft, worn hands grasp the corners of the paper
and his tired eyes stare through it,
those most of all showing his years.

The concerns of old men flit across his wooden gaze
like dead moths falling from a table,
stocks dancing up and down, numbers numbers numbers

The paper makes a snapping sound of finality
as his customary flick of the wrists
puts Business to death and reincarnates Entertainment.

Once again he turns and folds and turns again.
And again his hand settles on his coffee.
And his tired eyes stare forward.

My wide eyes dart to my hand on my coffee realizing what I've done
and a wry smile is aborted by the finality
of Entertainment glaring at me from the table.

I bleakly and nervously look left and right,
but nobody here knows what has happened,
so my tired eyes drop to stare forward.

usta be ug
MARA
BURNSTEIN
Acrylic on Canvas





[Prayer No. 1]

ZAN FRACKELTON

Silvery lines of cotton wrap around my shoulder:
Sable and cream, rose and lavender.
Needles prick my skin, carving a watery salt,
squeezing the juice from my round fruit.
As I spin, spindle, threads converge
to a knotty family.

Who could weave a fabric
tight and smooth as your skin?

Unbind me, peel away the hardness,
the ties that cover my fingers and eyes;
let the heart, dripping with light,
pulse unfettered.

Pour your clear, nervy droplets
make little spheres on my organs;
rip them in fifty, let me open into you,
the first crocus of spring.

[Seven Red Letters]

JOSH MCKENZIE

seven red letters
(scrawled hastily)

on crumpled napkin
blood-dying your gin&tonic

flintflame
chapped lips...
(red ash)


breathe deep
and fade away.


**[A Saturday
Much Earlier]**

MICHAEL MURRAY


...always goes clockwise. I wonder if it's the same in Australia. Okay. Left pocket. Left pocket. Just a little. There we go. Make a neat little row and upsy daisy. Up up up. Whew! Oh. Stings the nostrils. Ahh. Okay. Here we go. Gotta wash my hands, check my face. Looks good, brush my hair back a little there. Wow. Starting to get a few too many grays for comfort there. Guess it'll look good for my new job. Distinguished. And here too. Not distinguished. Seasoned. Like whatshisname umm Dr. Thornton from All My Children. Like him. They always say I look like him. It's time. Back out the door. Back to the bar. I should buy her a drink. I wonder what my tab is at. What? My card has been declined. No. How could that happen? What did I... Oh. Oh no. I remember now. Sorry man, I don't have enough to What?! This is unnecessary. I can come back tomorrow. No. I am a professional man. I am trustw Oh! So they meant it when they said thrown out. Wet. Is that blood. Phew. Just the sidewalk. Okay. Get up. You can just stand up. You're not an old man yet. My bones

are making noises. Okay, just grab that lamp post. Gotcha. Okay. I'm up. Up. I need to get up. Gotta find a bathroom. No. Can't go back in there. Got it. Go back of there. Okay. This dumpster will work. Look at me. On a dumpster! I'm filthy wet. Chrissakes I'm supposed to be a principal now. I can't be like Nice little line. There we go. Phew. Okay. Back to the street. Let's take stock. I've got my wallet, but moustache bartender has my credit card. But my card is maxed. I don't need it anyways. Cash. How much cash do I have. Eleven bucks. Not enough. How am I supposed to finish the night with eleven bucks? That's not even cab fare. What time is it? 12:04. Only 12:04? What the hell? Feels like it's a lot later than that. Just walk down the street. Something'll work out. Okay. I'm walking nothing is working out I can't feel the inside of my mouth. There's a bar. Go inside. What do you want. Start with a shot always start with a shot. Whiskey might bring the feeling back to my mouth. No. May as well take another. The bill? Oh. Sorry. Left my wallet. No that wont work. Cut and run? Okay. Three more shots down the throat out the door. Its burning! Can't feel my mouth but my throat is burning. Wait. I just came from this way. I can't go back in that bar the bouncer is shaking his head at me. No. Turn around? No. Back this way farther. Wow it

burns! No more bars down this street. Gotta turn somewhere. Left? Right? Left? Right? Left. Left. There is something. Open the door. Oops. Push not pull. Ugh. What is that smell? Where is the bathroom? Back and to the right. My right? There it is. Same shit different toilet. Just a little line. Like a minus sign. Go from right to left. It's like reading Japanese. Wow. Check my wallet. Still eleven bucks. Should cut my losses. Into the bar. Thanks sir but no thanks. Pull not push. It gets me every damn time. Which way is home. Not home. My hotel. Where was it. Must be back the way I came. Somewhere. Who is that? Someone I don't know. What!?! On the ground how did I get on the ground. Get up you! Get up. No. Just hand him your wallet. Stay down. Stay down old man. There it is. Eleven bucks is all. My watch too? How dare he? My wife is going to kill me. Home without my watch. Just stay down. Down. Wet. Sidewalk again. No. Urine. No. How could yes urine. Creak and stand. Gray hair distinguished seasoned. No. Gray hair old creaky. Useless. Please. Sir. Mugged. I need to get to the Hilton. No. No problem. Thanks. Wait. Wait! Right or left? Right or left? Left? Right? Left. Left. Left foot. Right foot. Miss the crack. Two steps and miss the crack. Left. Right. Put one foot forward. Then the other. You can be back in... 



Apply for Culture
ELENA BORQUIST
Woodblock Print



the morning sun is warm
on her sundress
and her smile is warm
on her face
and her bare feet are warm
on the creaking old wooden stairs.


little motes of dust
appear and disappear silently
as they pass through the
soft sunbeams

the child feels his mother's
loving approach
and his happy gurgle is
entirely homogenous with the moment
in the motes and the creaks of the stairs
his protolaugh belongs.

she lifts him gently
from his cradle
and carries him
humming a quiet hymn
to the table.

she sets him down
swaddled in light blankets
and keeps her radiant face
turned towards his as she
opens the sewing kit.

highpitched laughs
hummed hymns
deft hands
sunlight
silence



the child's first cry
is a fork scraping the bottom of
a near-empty dish
and its shrill force doesn't budge
her loving smile.

she works quickly
and her fingers don't falter
despite the slickening pink
bloody tears.

somehow the hardened hands hold him down
and still tug the thread
through the top eyelid
through the bottom eyelid
and again
and again.

the cries continue
confusion and the pain
of the needle and of
the dwindling slice of sunlit room
that tugs smaller
and smaller.

the thickness and roughness of the thread
pulls the skin away from the eyes
it rises and falls
fast as the child's tiny chest.

soon both eyes are sealed shut
and bristle with
thread and eyelashes
twin streams of tears carrying
the blood away.

[a southern mother
MAT YUNKER

she lovingly picks up his rag body
unconscious
and deposits it in
his lovingly handcrafted
wooden cage.

her own stitches wearing thin
she keeps her eyes closed
and feels her way
smile affixed
to the kitchen to wash.

Frost
Land
Soul

CHRIS STEERE

I'm from the cold plains of snow covered trees
where the fires burn and dance with the breeze

I'm from flesh of the moon and blood of the air
I sing with the wolves and fish like the bear
I'm from the meteors that shower the sky
who look down from above to see through my eyes

I'm from the shadow of day and the burning dawn
I'm from a place where few people have gone

Japanese
Tree Sprits

REBEKAH
HARMON
Watercolor
on Paper



Do you remember the day you found the map captioned The Path Happiness Has Taken tucked under the bus stop bench and stepped to your seat at the front of the bus by the mother whose sons knew how to sit still so well they could have been blind and when a bird hit the windshield like a raindrop the woman's mouth made no move to gasp

and the intimacy of the freeway streaks of headlights and taillights and how the coin stood on its side while we spoke of that map and the speed of happiness as a thousand little car parts did exactly what they were made to do – no more, no less, and all in a very business like fashion, despite the radiator's pranks

and how bright the hospital lights were on your teeth while they stitched your split lip without sympathy because you were still laughing so hard at the barstool stories of a vet still living in the seventies as if he'd only been benched for a season and war would come again, but we were past being needed and gave Athena only fingertip bitten flirtations, not our names, and not our faces

[In Pursuit]

MAT TITUS

because every day people piled bibles in a bum's violin case on the corner by the church and you took one from under his useless eyes to hollow out but you never did, mentioning something a little sentimental about how heavy it was and how it fit like a grip in the palm of your hand so we quit looking to needles for directions and planned our trip to the faraway we'd been chasing

but all the same, I lay hidden under the floury sheets in our sixth story apartment and lazed the lengthier days away while I'd hear you through the haze, pulling rosaries from your throat and casting them over the balcony and each Hail Mary hit a bird or a squirrel or shattered on stones that held their tongues so well they could have been sleeping – but we knew better

and my breath hung in the air like your words when you said "You're holding me back" as I stood at the foot of an empty violin case and I couldn't tell if I'd gone blind or if I was seeing for the first time but I looked up at the crumbling cherub and noticed how young he looked, and how old the penniless musician at my feet whose instrument sang what I still can't say?

**[Things I learned
in Kindergarten]**

LARKIN SMITH

Hugs not drugs
Turn that frown upside down
Sharing is caring
Lend a hand
Love thy neighbor as thyself
Do unto others as you would have them do unto you
Treat people the way you want to be treated
Follow the golden rule but

Be blind to your differences Be
blind to your privileges Be
blind to your prejudices Be
blind to your system System-
atically Erase Ignore Pretend
OPPRESSOR.

Erase all memory of wrongs committed Erase
the blood on your hands Erase
the hurt Ignore
the differences Ignore
the struggle Ignore
your neighbor friend lover Ignore
your history heritage roots culture Ignore
your whiteness Pretend
we are all treated as equals Pretend
we all start with the same opportunities Pretend
you cannot see feel hear the differences Pretend.

Assume superiority Assume
entitlement Assume
the position of
OPPRESSOR.

Be all you can be
the best be
the highest achiever shoot
for the stars reach
for your dreams aim
for the moon be
the OPPRESSOR.
Be white.

[Hope]

I don't remember who told me it's air pollution that makes us see colors in the sky when the sun sets. I just remember that familiar disillusionment, like when I learned that the eucalyptus trees that look so perfect in Capitola aren't really supposed to grow in the U.S., and that it's possible Jesus wasn't actually born December 25th on a snow-white evening. It's this feeling that something is amiss, some small but fundamental comfort taken away that can't ever be replaced because you can't trust anything anymore, not even beauty.

The wharf is crowded on New Year's Eve in Santa Cruz, probably because of the once-a-year free parking. But we find them finally, the family friends we've come here to meet. He's hunched over the railing untangling his fishing line and she turns to see us, laughing as she asks Do I look like a fisherman's wife? She is playing the part to the hilt in her easy gracious way—she's brought tea in a thermos and paper cups, and a whole loaf of bread, Cinnamon Raisin Swirl that was probably a last-minute thought, grabbed on the way

out the door.

Strange how beginnings make us remember. But that's what I did as I sat there on the fender of their car, getting colder and colder on the cusp of the new year. I remembered how I always thought the blue patterned bandanna he wore around his neck was handsome and fitting. And how when I learned that he wore it to cover up the tube they had to put in his throat after the tracheotomy, I didn't stop thinking that. In some way this lent it another kind of handsomeness, poignantly defiant and hard won.

What did you do for Christmas? my mom is asking her.

I had a meltdown, she laughs and we all laugh with her. A couple months ago she told me No one has any idea what this has been like, and I believe her absolutely. No one, not even my dad who drove them to the emergency room three times this summer, or my mom who listened as she spilled her guts at the kitchen table late in a darkened house.

She looks so small and contained in her light blue puffy jacket, fragile and invincible all at once. Parkinson's hangs around her as well as her husband, although her body is healthy. It's somewhere in the lines around her eyes, in the momentary sharp intake of breath.

This is going to be Don's new hobby, she says, and we all

smile as he lurches back to get more bait, breathing heavily.

And then someone says, Look at the sunset.

I don't remember who. I just remember how everything fell away as I turned my head to see it, that unattended moment . . . the purple sky even more beautiful because I knew what it was, and I knew what we were, standing there on the wharf with all the joy and pain we'd brought with us along with our coats in the back seat of the car. So the sun is setting on 2006, I thought, and isn't it strange how endings make us think of the beginning—the beginning that was and the beginning that's coming. There is so much more room for hope at the beginning.

I think, if hope had a color, it would be this pinkish purple that has no name and needs none, that bleeds forcefully into the dark blue of the sky like a burst of emotion into the calm foundation of logic. If hope had a smell it would be this: day-old fish and saltwater, rot turning to freshness. And if hope had a touch it would feel like this wind . . . chilling and clean, so pure it's almost unbearable.

Don never did catch any fish that day, but he looked patiently into the water even as the light faded, even as his wife said Donnie, we should go home now. We should go home. 🐟

SYLVIE NELSON

I was wandering through a field of
memory acid, when I suddenly thought
of you. It has been far too long since we last went
butterfly hunting. We must
never do it again. It brings me much more
pleasure imagining you as the helpless
insect, slowly plucking off your
legs, one by one. Instead we should, once
more, dance naked in a pasture of
poppies. Perhaps then I could finally
poison you with their perfume.

[Dearest Thomas]
Anderson
KRISTEN SVENSON

Your snake eyes and putrid breath
remain burned in the back of my brain,
seemingly forever. I shall never forget the sting
of your kisses or the unmistakable
flavor of your icy touch. The way your flickering
tongue darts across your teeth when you are
angry will never cease to horrify me.
I hope this letter reaches you, as always,
incapacitated; and thoroughly hope
that, in time, you will learn to relinquish
your ravishing sword.

When next we meet, perhaps you
will not plunder so willingly inside the
flowers of the innocent. Yet there could never
be too many years between our
encounters. I pray that you always enjoy
the life of the continuously afflicted.
I await your department in the same
cherry and blossom love you so graciously
bestowed upon me. I could never
thank you enough for these troubles
you've given me.

I remain humbly and most
respectfully yours,

[Gray Days]
MAUREEN EICHNER

These gray days have a loveliness
of their own entirely.
A time for rest; a time for life to
pause and hearts to breathe.

These quiet shades of gray and white
are not the sun, it's true.
Yet they cover the old earth with a cloak
before the world turns new.



Apple mush is spread all around, littering
its plashy juices. Apple flags proclaim
summertime is here. I support modesty
of ambition, as do the others

Apple generals weary
of saluting droop their branches. I see
one man with a flicker of light ... but,
I reject matchboxes.

One flame could ruin our sweet clinches
One man could destroy our pleached branches, Our
hunched leeches... Our
wrenched teachers. One man

Apple mush attracts stray birds. I reject
stray birds.

[Apple Trees]
BRIAN NELSON

As the sun sets, our quaint orchard is filled
up with sunlight. The eerie sunlight makes us match
like a purple bathroom with purple
soap inside.

Apple trees, together and tired.

Golden Rays
KATE FINLEY
Photograph



I run between jagged cliffs like hands through hair.
Sloughs steal from my waters like
appendages steal
from the torso's blood supply. My waters are wide
now and reflect all in the sky.
In the slow moving
core I hold many lifelines to the food chain. As my
waist narrows, no more slick stones.
Scalpel-sharp
rocks with smooth pebbles at their feet. The small
steelhead that were misled and enter my
midsection rarely come out alive.
The ground I run on
tenderizes their meat until they can fight no more.
My slender waters expand back into
voluptuousness and the
water smooths. At the end of my run I am split in half by
the delta. Those long legs eventually meet
the base on
which I stand, the ocean. I will never stop running, my body
will never get tired. As long as the snow
keeps falling and the sun
continues to melt.

[The River]

CLINTON MORAN

[Prison Blues]

"Judging by your funny accent, I'm guessing you aren't from around here."

"Well, I guess you're as smart as you are pretty, little lady, because you would be correct. I just moved here from Maine."

"Maine? What'd ya come all the way out to Oregon for? Running from the law or something?"

"Quite the opposite, pretty thing. I heard you was gonna be in this very bar, on this very night, and I had to make sure I was here to buy you another... what are you drinking?"

"Vodka tonic," she giggled as she held up her glass.

His northeastern accent had been a hit on the west coast. Maybe it was the wet weather that attracted people to it, who knows. He liked to think it was his charm and good looks, but in the end he knew it was the voice that turned people's heads, not his cigarette stained teeth and receding hairline.

"So what do you do for a living?" she asked.

"I'm retired. Thought I'd

come out here and see a different part of the country."

"Retired? You don't look old enough to be retired to me. Were you a school teacher or something?"

"Ha." He had to laugh. "Not hardly, darling. I was a prison guard for thirty years."

"A prison guard! Are you pulling my leg?"

"No ma'am, used to beat those filthy savages back with a stick on a daily basis. Cracking heads and popping teeth. They used to call me The Dentist, because if they started any shit on my watch someone was gonna be missing teeth the next day. Toughest screw they ever seen."

"You look a little small to have been a prison guard."

"It ain't the size of the stick, pretty thing; it's how you swing it."

He'd been using that line since he first became a prison guard in 1966. His father wanted him to carry on the family legacy and be a Lobsterman, but he was scared of the water. Sea sick too. He was relieved when he got the prison guard job, because it meant he'd never have to fish another day in his life.

He took her back to his extended stay motel room and had sex with her. It was brief, satisfying neither, but it was all he had. All he could muster. She wasn't in any position to complain about it either, he reckoned. The stained Packers t-shirt, her crooked front teeth, and the ratty hair told the tale of a woman who had lived a hard life. Just the fact that he had called her darling and bought her a drink was enough to get her to sleep with him.

"I don't even know your name," she admitted as he got up to grab a beer out of the small fridge in the corner.

"Earl. But you can call me Big E, if you'd like."

"Ha! How 'bout Big Earl?" she asked, with extra emphasis added when she said "big."

"Okay by me," he replied with a smile.

It excited her to think of Earl being a prison guard. It was a macho job in her mind, and that made him more desirable, gave her something to fantasize about as his hairy body sweated up against her.

"What was it like?" she asked.

"What was what like?"

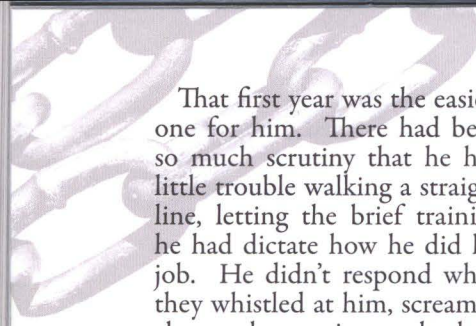
"Being a prison guard, silly. Were you scared?"

The inquisition made him recall a past he'd been trying to forget, to get over. "Yeah, I was scared. Hell, my first year on the job the warden killed himself and the captain of my watch was charged with murdering a prisoner."

"Murder!" she exclaimed. "That must have made for exciting times."

"You could say that," he responded.

PETER HAYWARD



That first year was the easiest one for him. There had been so much scrutiny that he had little trouble walking a straight line, letting the brief training he had dictate how he did his job. He didn't respond when they whistled at him, screamed about what a nice ass he had, or blew kisses at him. He just thumped the heavy oak baton in his hand, wishing he could knock someone's teeth out, but knowing he couldn't unless he wanted to end up like the captain, or worse, the warden.

Those two had kept him on the straight and narrow for the first couple years he worked at the prison. But when things settled back down to the day in, day out grind without the scrutinizing fanfare, he began to feel the tension of prison work. When he took the job, he had no idea what it would be like, that it wouldn't be long before he felt like a prisoner himself. That that tension would become so intense he wouldn't be able to stop himself, supposing that he wanted to, from knocking some teeth in.

The first time he let loose was in December of 1968. He had been working long hours to cover for all the guards with families. Guard Deacons had begged him to cover one shift, and when word got out that he accepted, he couldn't stop the guys from asking. He didn't have a family to spend the holiday with, so it proved difficult to say no. All he had were the felons.

It was either fate or bad timing when prisoner 38553 whistled at him in the corridor. Maybe the Christmas spirit got the best of him, but Earl let him know he'd had enough. His grip grew tighter as the prisoner walked past, and before Earl knew what he was doing, he was clubbing the side of 38553's face with his baton. He went down fast, most likely because he didn't see it coming.

By the time Earl had struck him six times, two other guys were looking on. Not interjecting, just watching. 38553's face was bloodied, his nose bent in two directions, a piece of it attached to the end of Earl's stick. He stood up and pulled at his shirt, flattened it back out.

"Goddamn Earl, I didn't know you had it in ya!"

"Ya, shit Earl, we thought you was a pussy all this time. Who knew?"

"Will you look at that," the first one pointed. "You knocked his front teeth out."

Earl stared at the bloody roots on the concrete floor. They were pointing right at him.

In prison, nicknames are everything. They let everyone know exactly who and what you are. If you're labeled a fag or a felch queen, you better have eyes in the back of your head. "Monkey Spunk," the old captain would have called you before he got locked up himself. If your name had the word "fuck" in anywhere, nobody even looked at you wrong.

On that December afternoon in 1968, two nicknames were added to the roster: "The Beaver," for prisoner 38553, and "The Dentist" for Earl knocking them out.

No matter how hard he tried to see something nice when he thought about the prison, all he could see were those teeth. So white and so bloody at the same time. So many teeth he could have collected them all up and made a necklace with matching tennis bracelets. He was the coldest screw they ever saw.

One time, he was beating a prisoner so hard that his hands were sweating bad enough for him to drop his baton on the guy's face. Did he stop at that point? Not The Dentist, he stomped his foot on the baton and cracked his cheekbone instead. It got to be so bad that Earl was hated more than the rapists.

He tried to think of something to say to her. He could feel the tension in the room as he sat at the end of the bed holding his beer. "Yeah, like I said, I'm retired now. No more shit patties are gonna get tossed my way now, baby doll."

"Shit patties?" She wanted to know more. She had to. But she could feel the sweat turning cold on his back, knew that it wasn't the time.

"Wanna go again?" she asked as she pulled on his shoulder.

"I got nothing but time, baby," he answered. 🍷



Chinese Cat
DREW
HIMMELREICH
Photograph



The rain is back,
and so are you.
That last day, we sat forever in
that restaurant
on the corner of Everett and 10th, and
ever since, the smoke there
reminds me of you,
the way you filled my head,
those days,
that night
when headlights broke through blinds,
painting stripes across
your back
and arms.
You said,
“Hold me tighter,
Tighter.
I’ll float away.”
The rain had stopped, by then.
My ear to your heart, I realized that
a trifling thing, a weakly
clenching and
unclenching
fist was all that held you there.
You said, “Tighter.”

[Once Again]
ERIN CHOCK

Proposal
to my
Furry Blurry Baby
DIANE STEINMEYER

I'm gonna ask her today--I'm
gonna, gonna ask her this way:

My love--I knew from the first touch
of your big furry blurry hands
& that twinkle
in your dark vurry lurry eyes
& the sweet, oh! the sweet growls
from your grrr-ie, slurry, &
oh-so-furry mouth...
My big foot baby! My hot Yettie Betty!
I want to murry, marry, murmur to you
good little nothings about ripe red
churries & mmm green curries--
and d-d-d-durries. What's that? Don't worry.
You're the light of my abdominal--my abominable
snow world. We gonna rest our furry feet,
put away our hurries ta watch snow flurries,
and take in life, take me away, take my hand.
Will you? Could you? Fuzzy, luvie, blurry Betty--
will you be mine & only mine
for eternity, baby, for the rest of time?

She's gonna say yes, I can feel it--
'cause I know she's okay
with my big furry toes
and my cold wet nose--
an' I love 'er so much
I can't let 'er go.

snap

[Lab]



Harvest
Moon

MARCELLA KRIEBEL
Mixed Media

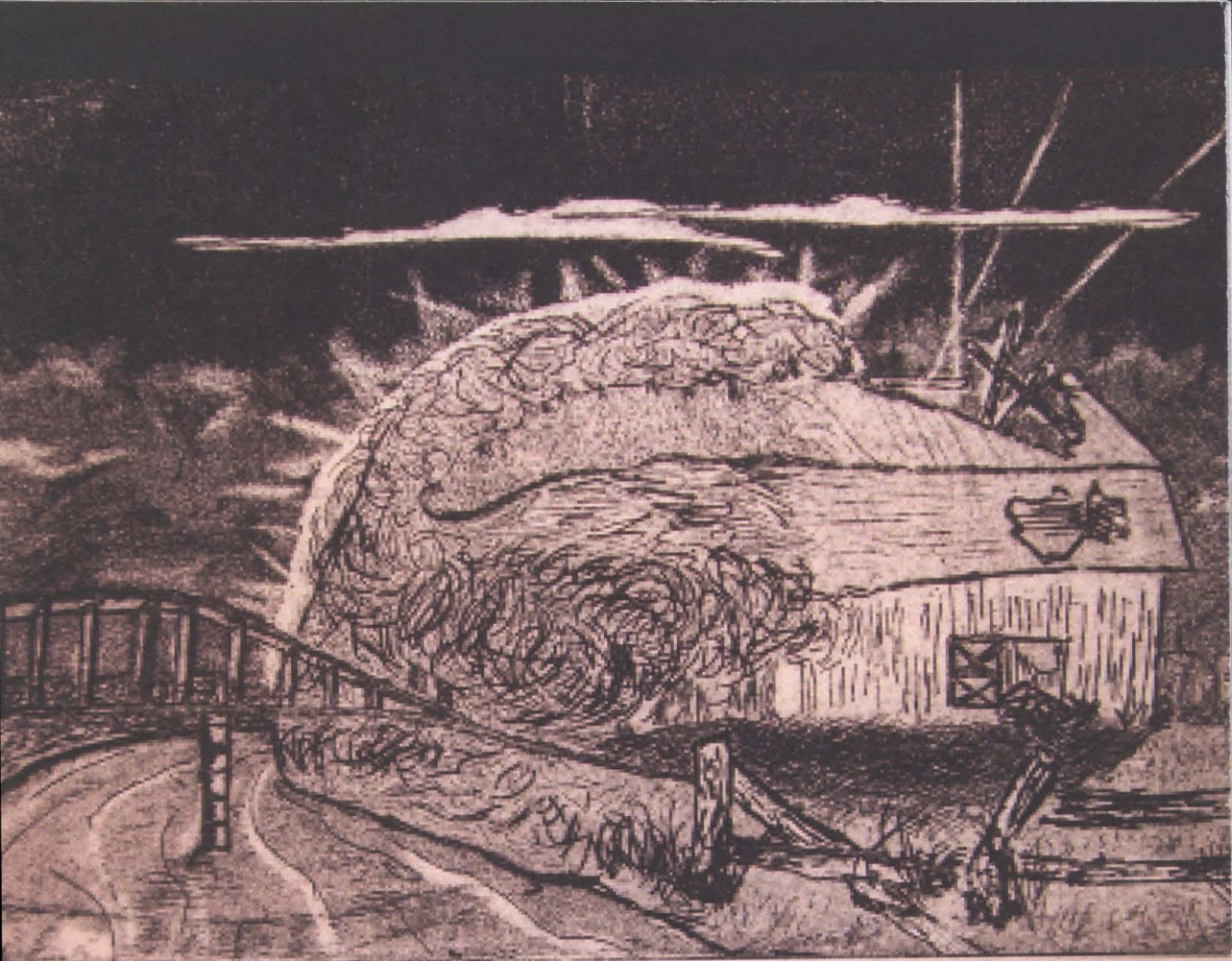
Sweating slightly in the warm lab, Tyler tried to keep his hand steady as he bent over the gel. It was 11:35 p.m. and he'd overstayed his time, but he wanted to make sure he finished his thesis on schedule. He was nearing the peak *want to go hiking this weekend?* of his project *I can't, I have a paper to do* and would soon learn *sorry I wasn't around last night*, if his painstaking *I fell asleep in the lab* techniques would pay off. In a couple weeks, he'd have results. *I got my results, and my score should be high enough to get in.* Discarding *I guess this means we'll be at different schools* a pipette he'd carefully *You waited too long, so it broke again* stretched and elongated over a Bunsen burner *See, you roll it like this. Thanks. No problem. I'm Anita* and used to deposit the indicator, he grabbed a micropipette and took *I'm busy, I'm covering another shift at the lab* up exactly 1 microliter of the mix of bacterial DNA (already cut *stop shutting me out, you don't have to hide everything* by enzymes) and was ready to delicately insert it into the last *she's on her last legs, I thought we'd email you and let you know before we put her down* well in the row. He'd used several *maybe next time, I have to finish this problem set* controls of uncut DNA and then *Dude, you're always working on those things* strands broken *You're joining the Navy?* at different places *I'll mostly go back and forth* along the sequence of nitrogenous

bases *between Maine and San Diego, depending can't say when on the enzyme I'll be home again* he had used. Then, he'd inserted each type *maybe she's just not my type* into bacteria and grown it *Katie's all grown up now and she's moving back east* replicating the gene. Next, he'd extracted new samples to see which *study hard, kiddo* genes could be *must you call me that* successfully copied. Finally, he inserted the reproduced *everyone's become* genes into the cluster *so scattered now, have you noticed?* of aberrant cells *We hardly even call anymore* to see how successfully they could be taken up *I don't want another one* and multiplied *You can't just replace her.* That's where this test came in *I'm sorry to say that the tests came back positive.* It would show him which genes could be best *it's best to do your work first* replicated *I don't want anyone else* and integrated *but you're never around* into the cellular DNA; comparing that with the ultimate effects *Is grandma gonna die?* of the genes would allow him to perhaps project *I don't know how efficient treatment* *What do you mean it can't be treated?* with each kind of gene insertion could be. Overall, there were 20 independent *I'm moving out* groups; he had several samples *each week is a different excuse* and was running *Well I want good grades* tests *we still don't know the full effects* on number 14. Despite his fatigue of *diet and lifestyle on the severity and course of the illness*, he slowly and

deliberately you chose this path, remember? lowered the tip *don't lower your personal standards* into the well and deposited the sample. Gently, *I don't know how to say this exactly, but* he removed *I think we should take a break* the micropipette and switched on the gel. The current *right now, I'm too busy to focus on anything but school* began to run through *you're running away again, and hopefully I got into the program in Austria* before long he'd have nice, *plus some people have a very positive prognosis and can recover aligned while for others, it's not so easy* rows they sat in the second row of pews at the funeral of smudges, indicating which genes were actually present *You can't miss the holidays, you need to come home. I'll try but I might have to work* in the samples. It would take about an hour *I've gotta run, my plane leaves in an hour* to complete the process *she's being processed now. What the hell does that mean?*, but the equipment was wired *you can't always just fix someone with a timer* people change and grow apart that would automatically turn it off for him. He could get some rest *I have to stay in the rest of this week to study for my finals* and come in and check the results *there are a lot of medications in the field, so we'll prescribe something and see if it helps and go from there* and take pictures *I'll send you pictures from my trip and email them to you, every week, the whole year—you'll see, we won't lose touch* the next morning *he woke up and she was gone.* 🐾

[Abandoned Hope]
for the Children]
AMANDA SHERVE

In the park they are finding
bodies, so do you still want to
go play? When the gun is on my eye
should I look away? Shall I let
the blood drown the others?
It flows so freely from the
eyes of the innocent.
Hear the sound of my glock
this once. A grave inside a church
sounds so safe and sinless.
That is where the blood is spilled.
The cat shakes the mouse back and forth.
Yes, its diseases are rather pleasant.
No, it's not a killing spree.
They call it a cleansing of the land,
Purifying the world, ridding of evil.
All this pain is killing me.
I'll be leaving my guns
behind for the children.
They shall play and be merry,
while causing pain and misery.
Do come and visit their graves.
And bring with you roses of black.



splashed
across the sky
hung between
sparkling
stars

p

o

e

d

t

t

young		naïve
innocent		and shy
he sits with		eyes down
smiling		so softly
timidly		waits
heart beats		hands shake
firmly he grips	the	softened flesh
paddling each	oar	with happiness
trying not to splash	in	their canoe
sits under stars	out	peaceful.

young figures drifting serenely afloat into the late hours of
night. face to face under a painted sky, two wild hearts,
content to just sit, lingering forever, as the hours
of darkness pass. a promise to face
the cold dawn together.

the water so softly lapping at the rim. The ripples of the boat travel so idly across the water.
worries, cares, problems lie somewhere on the distant shoreline, not yet close enough to fear.
at times

the boat will sway and threaten to topple	
but when both work together, neither is left stranded	
forced to swim to shore, freezing and alone. Time is on their	
side as hours turn; and lovers, once young, now aged by the night,	
must face the dreaded dawn. the boat's bottom clunks against the rocky	
shoreline.	together
they travel	never alone
for hand	in hand they
they face	the long
walk	home

t

o

e

t

soft
light of
the moon
grows
dim

d

d

[I'm From...]

SHANLEY ROXBURGH

I'm from red dirt playgrounds,
from warm rain showers and
barefoot puddle jumping. I'm
from grassy hills and cardboard
box races, from the laughter as
my cousins and I slide for hours.
I'm from "Howzit, how you stay?"
"Eh, I stay da kine." And everyone
knows what I'm talking about.
I'm from fresh ahi poke and
lomi lomi salmon, from garlic buttered
shrimp and takeout Chinese.
I'm from long tables filled with family
where I'm nestled between Auntie Toe
and Pono, from stories from the past,
the generations blend together.
I'm from mango picking and tadpole
catching at Grandma's house,
something we haven't done since she passed.



[Doomsday]

DIANE STEINMEYER

Cacophony cracks through the clouds.
The stars shudder, sputter, emit
warnings of descending doom and despair.
Dissonance divides the crowd
as they mutter and spit obscenities
about Jesus H. Christ and incestuous mothers.
Children shriek and claw at the ground
when they see—

The sky is falling!
Or something very large is falling
from it.

Old men bound to their bibles
stare incredulously at the scene.
There is no fire, no brimstone,
no pestilence, no seven-headed llamas
impaling the wicked with their jagged horns.
There are no reverent angels with harps;
there are no saved or chosen or righteous
when—

BOOM!

The sky is a mass of shiny pink latex;
in seeming slow-motion building tops and
skyscrapers puncture the surface
and WOOSH! KERSPLASH!

The last few philosophers quickly huddle up,
light a match, pass to the left, and smirk
as the woes of man crumble.

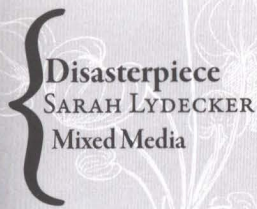
Generals and politicians stand by—helpless.
They knew the projectile was coming:
a water balloon the size of Mars
sent over from Andromeda at the first sign
of life on Earth.

CRACK! SNAP!

The heavy latex of a broken balloon
wraps readily around the Earth
and those not drowned, suffocate
as they press their faces and fingers and feet
against the cruel casing.

The artist Christo smiles to himself
as he gazes at a world—
new like Christmas morning—
wrapped up in pretty pink plastic.
He sighs his final sigh;
accepts his appropriate demise.

And the oblivious fish keep on swimming.
And the Earth doesn't really seem to care.
And it turns out that gender confused seahorses
still have no concept of doom or despair.





The Chrysalis staff thanks faculty advisor Gretchen Moon for her invaluable support and guidance; Professors Olympia Vernon, Margaret Ronda, and Michael Strelow for helping to solicit and select submissions; those at the K/P Corporation for their expertise in printing and willingness to educate; and the Associated Students of Willamette University and The Writing Center for their financial assistance.





