



The Mill

2017



The Mill

Willamette University
2017

a run of The Mill publication.

Acknowledgements

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Our mission is to help encourage the growth of creative communities on campus, and this journal is a product of the pursuit of that goal.

Note From The Staff

Some of the content in this publication may be triggering.

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The Mill

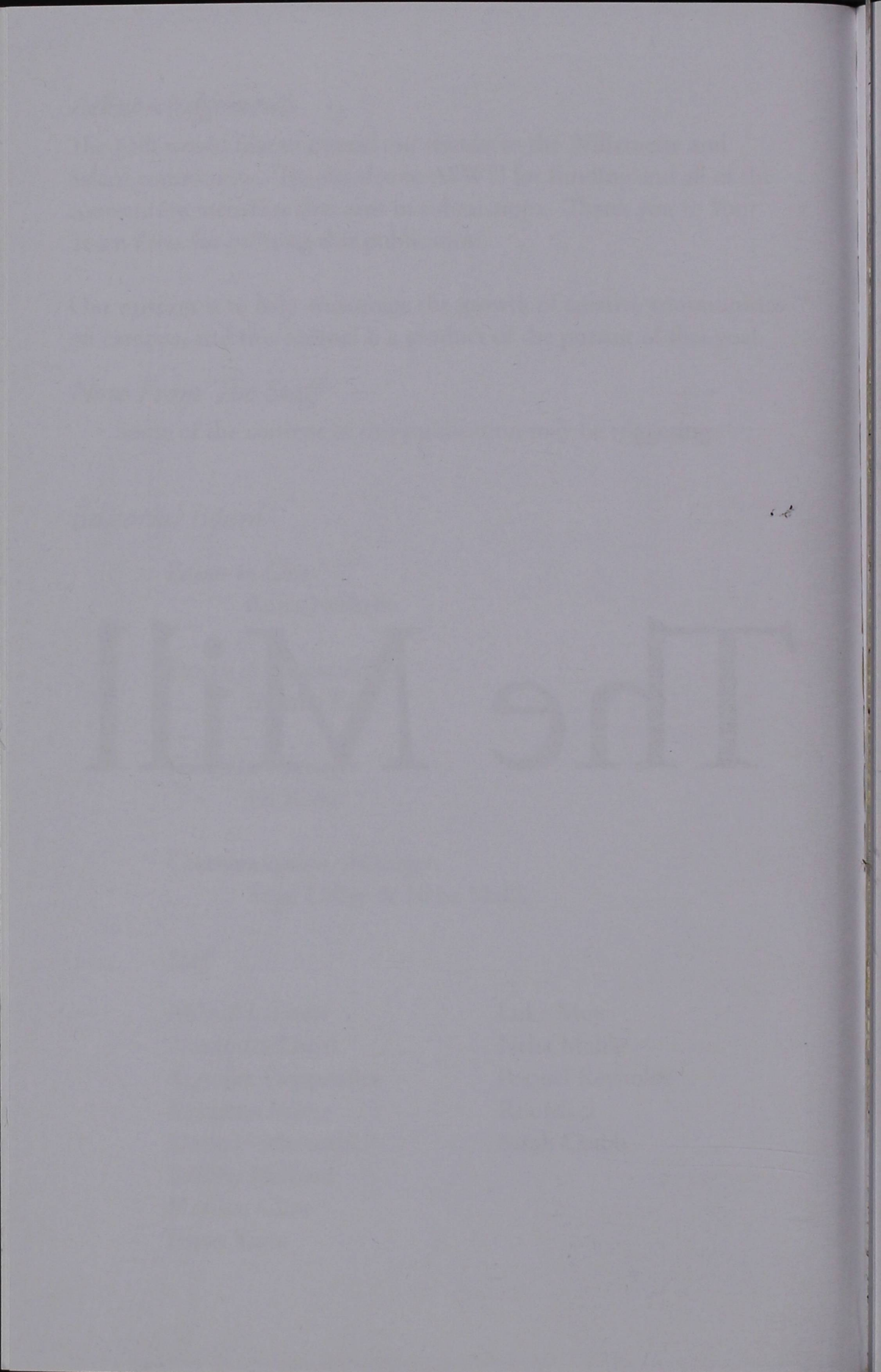


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**Note: cover image*

Mekong Delta

Evan Dilley

Argyle Mandela

But what is a mandala,

But a medulla oblongata's

Point of strategic confluence?

Or: A Working Boy's Journal of how I

learned to give up on my sexual
hang ups and love the bomb

Grenades and Pomegranates

Madelaine Au

Nunca te olvidaré
El sacerdote en verde,
de pronto ORO y el cielo
lleno de vidrio. Se cayó

en mis manos. No recuerdo
Las letras de la biblia. ¡OJO!
Había sangre entre mis uñas,
había aceite entre mis labios. Dios

Me olvidará. Cuando no hay oraciones
en mi boca, ni culpa en mis huesos.

Author's translation:

*I will never forget you
The priest in green,
suddenly GOLD and the sky
full of glass. It falls*

*in my hands. I don't remember
the letters of the bible. LOOK!
There was blood between my fingernails,
there was oil between my lips. God*

*Will forget me. When there are no prayers
In my mouth, nor guilt in my bones.*

Burning of the New Carissa

Camille Holzman

Embers rose,
first gold then bronze then black,
off the burning freighter's frame,
filling the air with the sharp stench
of smoldering gas.

The heavens,
once mulberry and magenta and mauve,
was left a charred cloud
shadowed with soot.

Spindling pines
clothed in emerald, malachite, jade
stood steep, enveloped in heat
as the explosion embraced the boat,
as their needles were blown black
with the strength of the blaze.

Hushed houses,
painted in beige and blue and pink,
stood in solitude,
watching as the noble ship
sank beneath the fiery waves.

Cud

Evan Dilley

Gulp

Swallowing the lily

The sexual organs pass through the lips and calcified gates

Followed by the petals and stem

Masticated; sliding past the fleshy tongue

A simple, warm mountain of a creature

Eating flowers and grass

Beside the simple, warm mountains of its waste

Steaming with the delicate fragrance

Alack, a poisonous element has entered the fray

Phases

Nebraska Lucas

1. I chew on your ear like a dog and bite your top lip until it bleeds.
2. I find my dog dead in the driveway with its head cut off.
3. We get high and fuck to old cartoons. I think I might like you.
4. We never really fucked but my dog is still dead.

Sacrilege:

Tyler Griswold

I:

Chain me to stability.
One with nymphs and zesty sprites,
bless this soil with our syrup,
Redwood roots to lap it up.

Etch a mark on withered skin,
But cores will tell the truth.
Flood the drought and germinate
I'm here -- you're gone

II:

The blood rushed out like rabbits in heat,
while the lumberjack refueled his tool.
Heaps and gobs of clotted blood
fragraned the air with a rusty twinge.
As the chainsaw dug deeper,
penetrating the back of a fallen comrade,
the tip began to hit wood. Chips of flakes
cursed with the human spirit float
down from the heavens you created,
and cover the ground with sin.

Even in My Wildest Fantasies

Nebraska Lucas

My shit smells like Takis.
I enjoy the saltiness of it.

When I was younger, I used to wish I could just shit all my fat away, or cut the tiny yellow beads out of my stomach and watch them spill onto the floor.

When I feel fat, I am a balloon over Tokyo. When I feel thin, I am still fat.

I eat Takis with an obsessiveness I'm sure that many reserve for sex. I eat until I am full and then I eat again. If I could talk to all the tiny yellow beads in my stomach, I would apologize to them the way a mother apologizes to her children.

I'm sorry that I resent you even though I created you.

“In a tattoo shop,”

Dawn-Hunter Strobel

drinking the shittiest Chai Latte of my life,
metal music playing at half blast,
light streaming through dusty windows,
I wonder at what all brought me to this field in my life.

How my father is a preacher and my mother was raped in the military. How they fought all the time but I don't remember it. How I attended a writing camp every summer for 9 years but most of the poetry I write now is only a few lines long. How I used to kiss flowers and feel like no one understood me. How I always succeeded at everything I tried to do and then German class my first semester of Freshman year of college changed that. How I decided 2 months ago that I could kiss my friends on the lips and not fall in love.

All of these pieces of myself are floating in the shafts of sunlight sauntering through the dusty tattoo shop window and it crosses my mind that if I stood by that window long enough, those pieces of myself would eventually settle on my head and shoulders, they would slip off and fall to the ground as I breathed, they would rise up in a hurry when someone opened the door, and then settle around me again.

I think of a line from a Greek chorus I performed recently:
“You should have loved a god, I am but dust.”

And then I think of a quote from my Anthropology textbook:
“The human body contains approximately 100 trillion cells. About 90 percent are independent micro-organisms that live within our bodies.”

I am a god.
yet
I am but dust.

It would do me some good to sit in that shaft of sunlight for a while,
drink this shitty chai latte,
watch my cousin get her first tattoo,
let my soul settle around me.

Mermaid

Ariadne Wolf

She came out of the water, and lay on dry land.

Her tail flopped in front of her and changed into human legs before her very eyes. She put on the shirt and shoes and shorts. She went to him.

There was a girl she left behind, but she would not remember that for a very long time.

Sometimes in her dreams there was another world. Sometimes animals with tails called to her, and she knew things about them, intimate things she could only have known through close contact.

She used to dream she was not of this world. She used to long for something that would feel more like home to her.

Once she ventured out beyond the breaking waves. She wanted to swim deep into the sea until it would take hold of her and pull her under.

Let them say this was against her will. She knew better.

Once she dreamed of the girl, before she knew anything real about anything at all. They swam together, in a pod with other girls, splashing and laughing. All the world was warm, and liquid, and blissful.

She left a woman behind when she became one, and with the departure, pleasure evaporated. The world filled up with crystalline drops of liquid amber. In them, she saw the sensations she could no longer feel. All around her people drank and ate and enjoyed themselves, while all she could do was watch.

Something broke her open. She did not offer her permission, not that she remembers; only, once the world was jagged as razor coral, and then it was all soft again.

There was a girl who swam around inside the secret places in her heart. There were sunlit days, and snow unexpected and heart-warming. There was someone who smiled to see her, and laughed at all her jokes, and looked at her with understanding. There was a feeling of being found.

There was a Happening. Perhaps no one else will ever believe her, but she knows it was real, because it happened to her.

Untitled

Eli Kerry

I spend a lot of time
wanting
to build a farm with my boyfriend
and 3-5 of our closest friends
and spend a lot of time
working
with my hands & feet
and 3-5 other body parts-

but only
as a kind of
abandonment.

Footnote # 7: How to Raise Your Children

Doug Hochmuth

Jeff disliked the notion of driving with the windows down ever since the family vacation to Palm Springs. There, his father pulled up to a stop sign and The Dog, a white and pewter Scottish Terrier, jumped from his lap and darted toward an oncoming El Camino whose driver, adjusting the car's A/C could not see The Dog and did not stop. Like carbonated toothpaste, The Dog spurted beneath the tires before Jeff could flail his voice to the couple in the front seats. A couple who had forgone counseling and went straight to acting class, holding hands with a precise stillness while great mountains of doom and hellfire boiled inside them, the volcanic peaks of which would erupt at his high school graduation. The couple would move to the farthest possible points away from each other on the continental U.S. Jeff's father, who had been born in Arlington, Virginia but had always grown up near the beach and knew no life without the sound of the ocean (a subject of which would bring the couple closer during their first chance encounter beneath a pier in New Jersey at low tide) moved to Point Arena, California. Jeff's mother, who had a predilection for isolation, which brought her beneath the pier in New Jersey, operated and provided upkeep for the West Quoddy Head State Park's Famous West Quoddy Head Lighthouse on Lubec Road and belonged to no town and lay on the northwestern most finger of Maine. Jeff settled into a successful academic career at a prestigious ivy covered institution in the middle of the country. The Dog's death, this being a story about a dog, and his parents' willingness to buy him a new one but not scrape the remains from the 'noon hot blacktop for a proper burial, would forever plague Jeff's romantic intentions.

Of his four serious partners, Josie was the most likely candidate for marriage and reproduction because Jeff loved her. He loved her and unlike when he was with John, Jessica, or Jay, Jeff eventually slept in the nude with Josie and let her unroll the window when they drove. On a record scorching

Saturday in Los Angeles traffic, Josie's right pinkie finger played with the window button absently, threatening to crack the cold box in which they sat. Josie, quite early on, had recognized the way in which Jeff's attitude fluctuated with the window and though he never spoke of it she knew there were only so many moments in a month she could feel the heavy breeze when they drove before he would boil over. Josie felt the button. She played with the notion of an equation that ran through Jeff's head anytime they drove, approximating his degree of discomfort, likely being made up of [speed of the car + centimeters unrolled + how long Josie had been playing with the button + how long she kept it unrolled/whether she moved it up and down or kept it still (to determine whether the act was designed to satiate boredom or due to a longing to avoid his company and escape out the window)].

It was in Spring that Jeff began losing his shoes on date night. The nicer the reservation they had made the longer it would take for Jeff to find his shoes and if Josie had insisted he simply wear different shoes he would remind her that those shoes would not match his current outfit and would be happy to change but that would likely take even longer. Josie's annoyance at being late for things eventually became a distinctive trait she would take into any future relationship. As summer approached, Jeff stopped using the fan when he went to the bathroom and would only brush his teeth once a day, never scraping the gunk from his tongue, but grew more willing to kiss Josie. Jeff insisted they eat in more often and would overcook her fish and undercook the risotto, his "signature dish." He began toying with the idea of making his office into a different kind of room, not a baby room per say, but the cocoon a baby room could bloom from. Around the same time, he stopped scrubbing the dishes at all before putting them in the dishwasher (a job he insisted on doing so that she could have the easy job of putting them away which of course was complicated by her need to redo the dishes each time she got home to empty them). In the mornings he would press the coffee but wait until it was at the perfect temperature before calling up to her to inform it was ready. On Sundays he would tend the herb garden with great precision, but neglected the petunias she had planted and when asked, he could not explain their death. It was around this time, in early May, he began wearing socks to bed. He closed his eyes during sex 80% of the time so that she might imagine he was imagining she was someone else, that her body belonged to any number of bodies he had felt before. He made sure to make her orgasm in anyway possible but would insist that he

was "satisfied by her pleasure" and that he was tired from having to wake up early for work. He slept facing away, looking toward the door, and would get up three times a week at a seemingly random hour of the night to check the ever changing status of the Yen, for those were in fact strange economic times. Jeff even went so far as to drive a town over, buying a condom with cash he would drop between his car and the front door so that Josie might form some exotic delusions as to Jeff's whereabouts when he left the house at odd hours to head downtown and better gauge the changing status of the Yen and its impact on other foreign currencies. Although Jeff loved Josie, he did not love her enough to scrape her from his boots for a proper burial.

11/9/16

Ellie Nash

walking up the stairs,
my foot falters.
i had thought there was an extra
step there.
i had absentmindedly expected more
from something that had always
been what it was.

El Niño Who Lived

Asalia Z. Arauz

“14?!” I hear them say as if it
is a big number,
back in my *tierra natal*
Madres breathe life in us 14
at a time.

Mi Madre Clara Arauz did it too,
pero, not all of her children could stay for her.

“7?!” I hear them say as if it
is a big number,
back in my *tierra natal*
Madres lose their babies 7
at a time.

Mi Madre Clara Arauz did too,
y not one of us could help her.

“37?!” I hear them say as if it
is a big number,
back in my *tierra natal*-

No,

Aqui en esta tierra te agarran y no te dejan ir
Te llevan a la mierda.

Linger

Dawn-Hunter Strobel

I like the way you linger



The way your scent lingers



lingers on my lips like a lollipop

I keep writing poems for you about candy
cotton candy
cotton candy bubble gum pink

like my hair
like the way I could not wait to show you my hair
like the way I hoped you would run your fingers through it
like the way I hoped you would run your fingers through it and never fall in love with me.
I am glad you will never fall in love with me.
I am tired of people falling in love with me.
I

you love the way

linger.





**THY METEORIC, NOW SWELLING PANT AND
ROAR, NOW TANGING IN THE DISTANCE,
THY GREAT PROTRUDING HEAD-LIGHT
FIX'D IN FRONT,
THY LONG, PALE, FLOATING VAPOR-
PENNANTS, TINGED WITH DELICATE PURPLE,**

**THE DENSE AND MURKY CLOUDS OUT-
BELCHING FROM THY SMOKE-STACK,
THY KNITTED FRAME, THY SPRINGS AND
VALVES, THE TREMULOUS TWINKLE OF THY
WHEELS,
THY TRAIN OF CARS BEHIND, OBEDIENT,
MERRILY FOLLOWING,
THROUGH GALE OR CALM, NOW SWIFT, NOW
SLACK, YET STEADILY CAREERING;
TYPE OF THE MODERN-EMBLEM OF MOTION
AND POWER-PULSE OF THE CONTINENT,
FOR ONCE COME SERVE THE MUSE AND
MERGE IN VERSE, EVEN AS HERE I SEE THEE,**

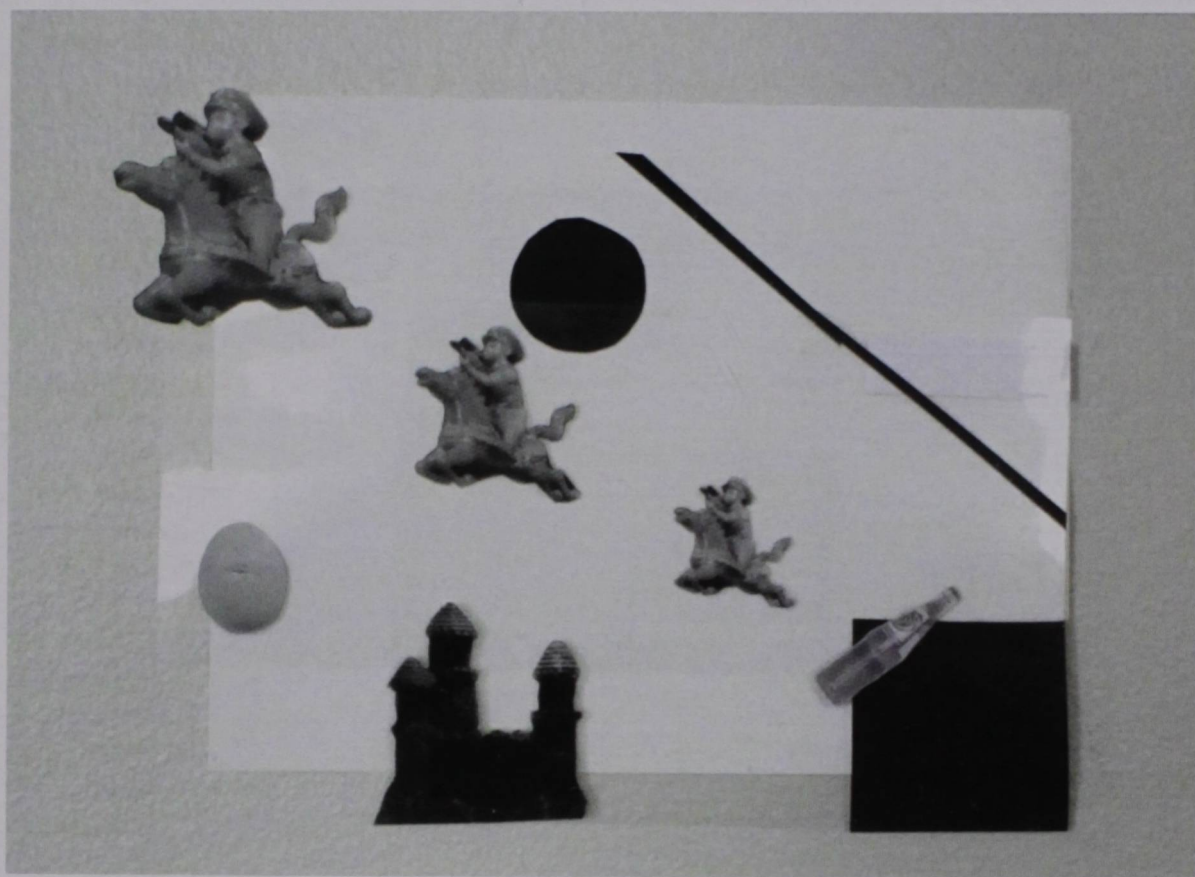
**WITH STORM AND BUFFETING GUSTS OF
WIND AND FALLING SNOW,
BY DAY THY WARNING RINGING BELL TO
SOUND ITS NOTES, BY NIGHT THY SILENT
SIGNAL LAMPS TO SWING.**

**FIERCE-THROATED BEAUTY!
ROLL THROUGH MY CHANT WITH ALL THY
LAWLESS MUSIC, THY SWINGING LAMPS AT
NIGHT,
THY MADLY-WHISTLED LAUGHTER,
ECHOING, RUMBLING LIKE AN
EARTHQUAKE, ROUSING ALL,**

Fuck Art \$10000000

Louis Bengston

MS Paint



Containment 2

Martha Fast

35mm film, transparencies, cardstock



Containment 1

Martha Fast

35mm film, foam core, transparencies



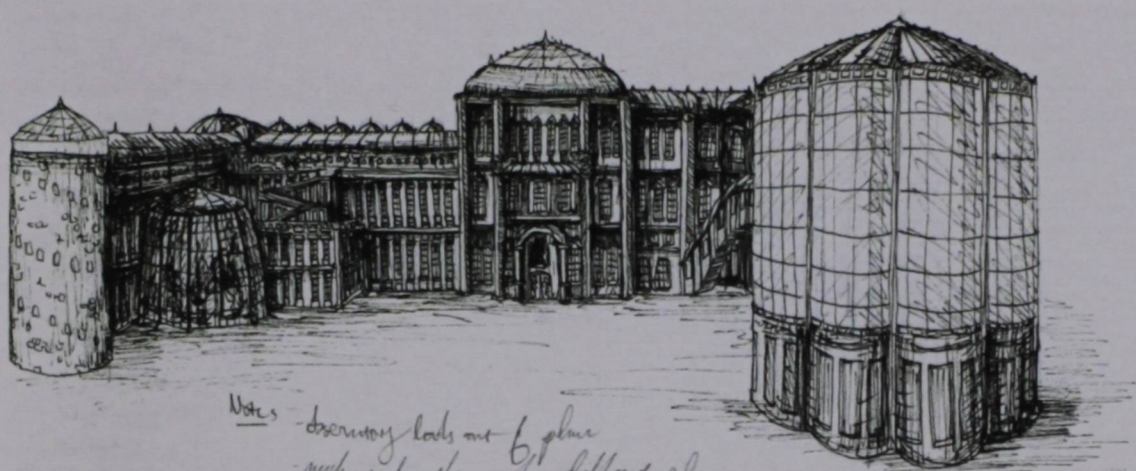
Creation 5
Martha Fast
35mm film, diptych, 11x14"



Balloons

Anna Neshyba

Ink and colored pencil



Notes

- decorative looks not to plain
- might make the roof a different color (green?)
- smooth on the look of the windows
- gables should be more recognizable
- note inside of conservatory more pronounced

Mansion
Anna Neshyba
Ink and graphite pencil



short-term long-distance

Nastja Nykaza

Video art



Revels Triptych
Anna Neshyba
Ink and felt tip

Blue Fruit Snacks

Bridgette Peirce

She had to find the right fruit snacks. The last time she had been in a rush and grabbed the pink ones by mistake, and Jamie had thrown a tantrum to rival the best of them. His temperament was definitely worsening, she thought as she pushed the trolley toward her destination, passing the pharmaceuticals section on the way. Poor Jamie was having a rough time in his new school. Maybe that's why she tried so hard to please him. Ibuprofen—how was their supply? She never knew when next she'd be in need of one, when her phone would vibrate and a brusque voice would inform her that she needed to come to the school. She grabbed a bottle. And then another.

Which color should she get now? she thought with a hint of panic, as she was confronted with the multitude of options. Obviously pink would not do. Pink was for girls, didn't she know that? An evening's affair; dresses, roses, the blush on her cheeks... Jamie's father had always liked when she blushed, or perhaps more specifically when he made her blush. Just thinking about it made her face feel warm all over again. Calming breaths. Blue. Blue was good, blue was for boys. But Jamie always wore green. But, no, that wasn't quite right; his uniform was green. Like his eyes. Jared's eyes. Not brown; like coffee, Jared would say— like dirt, she would reply.

"How are you today, ma'am?" asked the cashier with a soft smile as he reached for the box of blue fruit snacks. She responded that she was doing well, as usual, and he pretended to believe her, as usual. The woman was like clockwork, he would reflect every time he saw her. He would often wonder how this woman could look so worn and rumped and yet still manage to come in at precisely the same time each week. His boss would say that he should take lessons from her. Her hair was falling out of its unintentionally messy bun. She paid cash; she always paid cash, leaving the

cashier no concrete hint to her name. Ask? Much too forward. Guessing could be fun—Holly? No. Jessica? Certainly not, a preposterous thought, what was he thinking—Madelaine. Nice *m* sound. That could work. For now. “Cheers.” He watched her walk out the door and climb into her car—until next week, then.

When she got home she would have to remember to clean Jamie’s room. Goodness knows he wouldn’t do it, and Mother was always scrutinizing her parenting skills during her visits. She probably shouldn’t have bought the fruit snacks; empty calories; pure sugar; not the type of thing a proper mother should be feeding her child. Well, a *proper* mother should also be a little more supportive—how had what happened to Jared not changed anything? Clove Street. Dammit. She’d missed her turn.

As expected, the room was a battle zone—clothes were strewn everywhere, making a valiant effort to oppress any clear surface. It smelled like twelve-year-old boy—better than it had at its worst, over a year ago. One year, four months, three days. The clothes were placed in the wash, the windows unlocked and opened. She’d need to close and relock them before Jamie came home; window privileges had been revoked after the second incident. A frightening affair that had left her shaken and Jamie defiant. She sipped her wine and stared at the glass, momentarily marveling that she no longer felt the need to grimace with each swallow of the thick red substance. Her stomach churned as she thought about how there had been so much of it, covering his face, dampening his hair. She tossed the remaining wine into the sink and rinsed it away.

It was 1:32pm when she heard a knock at the door, as expected. No matter that they had said 2:00pm; The Woman—she and Jared used to scoffingly call her (Jared with much bravado)—always came early, hoping to catch her off-guard. She had grown wise to this soon after her marriage and was now ready for an arrival at least an hour in advance. One hour, she told herself as she reached for the door handle, only one hour alone with her.

“Hello, darling.” She kissed her cheeks on either side—a summer away and she suddenly thought she was French. It had been a lovely summer.

The usual routine was observed: The Woman followed in her wake as she inspected every inch of the house, pretending she was curious to see it after *so long* and pointing out every surface that wasn’t dusted and every flower fading from its prime. Not the only thing past its prime, she would

think bitterly. And continue to silently endure.

After being told about all her failings—which she was already painfully aware of without them being continually nitpicked apart, thank you very much; yes she knew her upkeep could use some work, how could she not know that, yes she knew her just-stocked fridge was lacking, obviously—they sat down on opposite sides of the sofa in the living room with a pot of tea on the table before them—it hadn't been tasted yet but it would probably be the wrong brand, how could she stand to drink such cheap stuff—and began the second part of their usual routine, which mainly consisted of being told of all the old woman's recent successes including, but not limited to, the takeoff in her retirement business as a jewelry vendor, the adoption of a purebred hound who was already so well-trained, and her progress in her gym routine. "You really should start going yourself, dear. You don't want to start scaring off the men." There was a time when these comments would have stung—now they just picked at old wounds that had already scabbed over and caused only minor irritation. "If you don't want to start with the hard stuff, dear, you can try a Zumba class. The ones at my gym on Thursdays are quite mild." Had she remembered to record Strictly? David had it rough last night. Maybe she could just check for a moment... No. That would be suicide. Best to wait it out.

Clunck shift ping twist. The sound of the door creaked open followed by heavy footsteps—please let him have wiped off his shoes! She called him into the room. He received a much more generous appraisal. "What a handsome boy." "Getting rather tall." "In need of a haircut, though"—cue pointed glance. Mother was somewhat soft with him in a way she had never been with her or Jared; curious as he was the culmination of their most disdained union. At least it was nice to have some of the attention and pressure drawn away. Sometimes she felt like an egg—she could be scrambled, boiled, poached. Or fried.

Jamie bore the appraisal with a patience beyond his years. She was pleasantly surprised by this—only six months ago who knows how he may have reacted to the intense attention: a rude comment, a slammed door, a broken plate. At its worst a runaway attempt—mobile, twelve pounds eighty-two pence, and change of underwear all bundled up in a handkerchief tied to a stick. Mother didn't know about that.

"Mum, can I have a snack?" Ducking out. Traitor. Cupboard. Don't leave. Not yet, Jaime. A few moments silence minus the *tick-tick-ticking* of the clock. Ticking away her sanity, she used to say. She

had hated that clock. Now it had to stay—it had been his, ever the clock enthusiast: for remembering that time was finite. Mother's mouth opened and she braced herself.

"He's looking rather thin."

"The doctor says he's perfectly average for his age group. And he's made a lot of progress, after..."

"Progress. An interesting word. The bettering of something. That boy had all the potential in the world, and you call his return to subpar normalcy progress."

"Mother—"

"I'm concerned, darling. Concerned that you are not in a fit state to be parenting that young boy. You think I can't smell the wine on your breath? I've given you time, been understanding considering the circumstance—"

"'Circumstance'? What happened to Jared was not a 'circumstance.' It was a terrible, painful *tragedy*"—an overturned car, fragments of glass mixed with pebbles, a dog in the road, some had said, blood, blood, blood, thick and red and real, like wine with an iron taste—"and you have never once supported me or Jaime through it." She was shaking; don't let her see you cry, don't let her, don't give the satisfaction, she has no power over you...

Jaime reentered the room. Thank God. She hurried to compose herself, Mother's eyes lost some of their sharpness— Wait. No. Goddammit. She should have said to get a banana! Or a yogurt! A rookie mistake! She saw the eyebrows rise, the lips purse in cruel, satisfied dissatisfaction.

"Fruit snacks are hardly a good snack for a growing boy, wouldn't you agree?"

Essence of Irritation

Raquel Reynolds

you know
what's the best way to
have something
boil over?

keep a lid on it.

A POEM ABOUT SAUL BELLOW

Abigail Lahnert

**Famed for being a Nobel Prize winning author
and terrible Family Man**

November 4th 2016

Saul Bellow was a handsome man.
AT LEAST: that's what all the biographers say,
I want to ask them, to whom? *To whom?*

My beauty shifts and sags
 grows taut or softens
depending on the time of day,
 on the quality of the lover.

The beauty of the moment
when the receipt is handed off
or the teeth are scrubbed clean
are not commodified
the way her beauty, or mine, sometimes is.
The way we, sometimes, want it to be.

HONESTLY: Saul Bellow could have been beautiful
to hundreds of women and still there would be one
who would not see it.

It doesn't matter, *it doesn't matter!*

Does it matter that he anticipated his greatness
before greatness came upon him?

Act natural, *act natural*.
Is that natural?

There have been bets placed on
the ways I need and want and want and crave:

those bets have been lost.

HA!

Saul Bellow and I lay in bed together.
My yellow sweater, his grey t-shirt.

It is unexpected, his child like nature, when he
curls into me with the soft sound made only
by things young and vulnerable.

always my beauty will be young
always it will be vulnerable.

Saul Bellow writes fiction into his world,
his world into fiction. I am a story too,
but he didn't write me.

If he had, I'm sure would think he were rather handsome,
and all the bets he placed on me would be winners.

October 17 2016

Bellow's novels are like signs in a nature
preserve describing the behavior of beavers.

They could say anything and the beavers would
go on building and breaking dams.

On them he writes:

“Here we see beavers writing theoretical essays.”

“The beaver is known to like cooking scalloped potatoes.”

“Beavers are historically known to live in dry, hot deserts.”

It could say anything. The habits and hummings of the beavers will not change. No theories or potatoes crop up in their habitats.

Bellow writes these signs for humans in his novels.

We read them and see a mirror, changing accordingly.

“Here we see humans driven only by sex and prestige.”

“The human is known to be restless and seeking.”

“Humans make messy relationships.”

Bellow writes an Academic White Man in existential crisis.

Hot young woman-made-thing on his arm.

Why do I turn introspective at his trials and revelations?

To him I would be a bombastic lay, a good look-see in a dim bar;
but I feel it, I feel it.

This is the emotion more swamplively than any rationality
that tries to dry it up and leave all its ooey-gooiness
on the parched ground, each creature separate
and easily seen.

But the mangroves are thick in my belly, whether
Bellow thinks they are or not.

Deprecation:

Tyler Griswold

I made this hell my dwelling:
hung sheets over windows,
toilet paper covering mirrors.
Unscrewed every flickering light bulb
Unhinged all the rusty doors

Slept in cooling bath water,
dimmed every single sin
Latched both locks tight.
Took a bite before I starved.

Relayed daily mutterings -- wholly
Carved wrongs in complete rights
Raised a glass to bathroom tiles.

Tattered the totality of my wardrobe
Wasted my body away

Fell in love with my hallucinations.

The Metaphor Poem

Raquel Reynolds

To start,

Her face was like a bucket of steam
Oozing out of the steel trap
That held her soul.

Then next,

Her hair patterned similar to a bear,
All wild snarled gold that conceals
Up a cat smug smile.

Followed by,

Her eyes, which entrance her face like
Obsidian in a pearl jewelry box,
Luring you in at its misplacement.

The rest,

You can guess
Was just as odd and fair.
Oh, how alike a human and metaphor.
To hide meaning with such care.

cgh-cgh-cgh-cgh

Evan Dilley

The dream starts with my basement, only it doesn't
Stop with a concrete floor so many feet below the
Start of the flight
There-'s not a floor, it goes down
And there-'s water and steel rafters
And girder-s
And walkway-s-s
And it-t goe-s-s
Down with the octopu-s-s man
wish wash wish wash wish wash wish
And the animal statue-s-s are cracked
H-e si is my grandfather of my grandfather of my grandfather so on
The whi-te octopus-s man
In the floorless water
wish wash wish wash
Steel girders, rafters
A time two or three
See ti si so
Moving still water with algae and kelp
And no floor

LOVE STRAWS (THEY'RE FOR GRASPING)

Maddie Cleaver

Sometimes he wanted to tell her that not everything is representative but this poem sure as shit is

love straws- they're for grasping
like for breath
like for words
like my hips
for hands at night

these straws are not real straws

you can't suck chocolate milk through them, drunk tears on their shirt

a reluctant romantic: you might call her tree-like, tall and full of SAP

and now! everything is sticky with you!

wet and sweet glistening and sticky stinking sap with you

when she really talked about you she talked about how she was reaching for
you always arms fully out s t r e t c h e d

and he met her eventually

somewhat reluctantly?

that's how it felt sometimes grasping for love straws

it almost sounds dirty doesn't it

one time i lifted my turtleneck to my nose and inhaled maybe you but
maybe

that was a reach too

she used to think it was kind of funny to get tears in your ears when you're
crying and also lying (down) but he made it sound pathetic instead

Bossman

Madelyn Jones

said to me:

“Keep yourself on track, there’s no room for your gossip here,”

I nod.

“Also, I look forward to seeing you at the gala tonight,”

He winks.

I don’t breathe out.

The one I call my love
puts his hand on the small of my back,
the place he puts it to tell me things
pulling me in he said:

“Remember you’re mine tonight,”

I curve my back, so he thinks

I’m pressing into him,

he asks me to nod.

They say behind every great man,
there is a woman,
at least if I stay like this,
I could be known for something.

Modern Marie

Raquel Reynolds

Cold blood bitch a couple years to young,
Struts with money and a forked devil tongue,
Just watch her flip her head of hairspray,
Living off a latte and two tweets a day,
You'd think she get tired of that high hand she plays.

Baby born for the cellular screen
To a white-class cohort of vapid teens
Sip sparkling water like its champagne.
Burning classmates with snark degrades,
You'd think she get tired of kicking the maid.

Wear the crown as the social king,
Fuck, you think she settle for second-rate queen,
When she can watch your face fade
Pale under her snakeskin Prada shades
As you endure the cafeteria stockade.

My God she's got everything,
Blond eugenics and a diamond ring,
You'd forget the bitch was thirteen,
When you fantasied her head stuck in a guillotine.

Footnote #16: Someone in Particular

Doug Hochmuth

Katherine had a dream in which she was struck by a bus while checking her watch. It was no fault of her own nor was it the watch's. Traveling west on Russell Street, bus number fifty-two of the Sioux Falls transportation system struck Katherine because it suffered a power steering failure when the drive belt snapped and the 72 year old bus driver who enjoyed pornography on VHS because he liked to listen to the mechanical hum of the machine as it fast forwarded past the story line, no longer had the muscle necessary to control the bus in question because he had stopped masturbating which had been for many years, his only form of exercise.

Katherine, if we are to be specific, died in this dream when her head impacted the sidewalk as a result of the crash and not the crash itself, but of greater note is that Katherine did not wake up upon impact with the bus. The dream was not recurring but its format was consistent. Starting at age seven Katherine died in her dreams but would not wake, and would see herself being carted away in the ambulance or scraped off pavement or unplugged from life support or pulled from burning wreckage and just once she dreamt long enough to be cremated but never dreamt past the moment her body was dissolved, disintegrated or disassembled by medical students. Katherine's encounters with the Dreams of Death became infrequent as she entered high school and met a senior with a Junkyard '56 Ford who did not insist she wear a seat belt. Katherine thought perhaps it was that her d/o/d were a childhood peculiarity she was simply beginning to grow out of, and even began thinking of it as common occurrence that once grown out of would be forgotten and not talked about and therefore never become common dialogue. She wondered often, with her back against the passenger door and feet on the lap of The Man Who Drove The Junkyard '56 Ford, that there were perhaps many oddities no one spoke of and that the reason no one made sense was because everyone, like her, was terrified of people

reading their mind and therefore actively sought to scramble their thoughts anytime they looked someone in the eye. It could be concluded that it was some combination of her mental egg salad and constant subconscious reminder of mortality that resulted in her making with The Man Who Owned The '56 Ford, some semblance of forever. And while carrying it to term she had a dream in which driving, with her back to the passenger door and feet on the lap of The Man With The '56 Ford, the setting sun played about her neck and got warmer even as it set (they of course died in this dream, Katherine being thrown out the window and dying in the ambulance. If she could have seen the glass imbedded in her face before the ambulance arrived and seen the last rays of sun glint and mix with the blood that overtook the glass she might have noted it for its peculiar beauty) and took it to mean they should move south. The Man With The Junkyard '56 Ford got a job working grounds maintenance at the El Paso airport where he met an old man who claimed he could fly and brought The Man With The '56 Ford into a smuggling operation based out of the Huerco airstrip thought to be abandoned since 1967. It was one night when the twins were crying and Katherine was throwing plates that The Man With The '56 Ford went the airstrip before his scheduled departure and did not perform the proper safety checks before flying and, not because he did not masturbate or own a VCR, could not control the plane in a sudden patch of turbulent air. The Man With The Junkyard '56 Ford and a share of a crumpled and burning Cessna 182 would not return to El Paso and Katherine's first of two tools to avoid the thought that she had driven the man to negligence was holding both children and looking them in the eyes. The other was to go to bed, where she would not dream of anything in particular.

Second home:

Tyler Griswold

I:

The day the willow's whispers swept through the brook,
I squirmed myself deeper, concerned by their roars.

In my crusty crevice the sirens rang like cultic chants,
Sadistic, monotheistic, a Waco group of enraged giants.

Thrashed around our structures, stole our stability,
Scooped us up, threw us out, and left us all to bake.

Transported to a white-washed cell, consumed by distant waters,
We wait to drift, not fly, to show we haven't changed.

II:

Mistakes are always present in the presence of constant light,
We assumed there would be changes to their foreign DNA.

Traveled to distant sources to discover the unknown,
Always held our own safety in the highest regard.

Netted up our dreams to sleep under stars,
Saw the full-effect of moonlight.

Blacked-out artificial luminance, tested hypothesis,
Discovered results, all along we were wrong.

Tall People

Doug Hochmuth

We walked to the bar and were only served on the second floor and when a young man lighting his cigarette backwards spilled his drink on me we met his brother who was Russian by way of New Zealand and “smoked fat kush” because the ozone hole above Auckland made for great weed and we drank whiskey beneath the table and missed the fireworks because we were talking about boats and how fast boats are supposed to go and how many people are supposed to be on a boat before it becomes a yacht and if a yacht is about capacity or size or sheer determination and the Russians caught an Uber with a polyamorous couple who were over dressed and liked Jäger and I missed the ferry because I took time to tie my shoe like mother said and the surge pricing cost me a month’s utilities and I had to buy whiskey in plastic bottles for three weeks and woke up with more clothes on each morning, first it was the socks and then socks were on my hands because I was cold while cooking and wanted to maintain dexterity while optimising temperature and swore I invented a new type of glove and finished the Sopranos and the whiskey and went to bed each night with onions taped to the walls so when I cried because my dreams were about the way you got healthy I had something to blame it on and my mirror broke when the tape could no longer hold it to the door and I still used it and I used it even though it was cracked and distorted the proportions of my body because it reminded me of whiskey and the way I

Gnawing

Raquel Reynolds

Stress is a rat-pack
Living in the sewers
Of your mind eating
The sanity of serenity
The hoards getting
Bigger the more it
Devours, breeds, &
Plagues the body
Tearing itself apart
In the reclaiming of
The land waiting
Till the piper finally
Comes to drown the
Vermin in your sleep.

Mono Sonnet, The Ambiguity of Identity.

Sadara Witherspoon

Remember
Your
Identity
Is
Your
Own
Unique
Story.

No one thinks they know more about you than you know more about yourself. No one stops to accept or think about your own Identity because No one knew you struggled with your own Identity. No one dares to question your Identity. You know, No one can be anyone, but do you know a No one? It was my first year of College. Those first years were the best, everyone trying to learn to relearn what they learned. No one wasn't listening to the professor, and even the professor was aware of that, but continued their lecture. No one spoke to me, except for No one. No one felt that it was a good idea to talk about making bi-racial babies in Economics. No one thinks that I am 'hispanic'. I reply to No one with a simple, "no". No one pushes my limits, but No one did that day. No one said "I had to be Hispanic." No one didn't believed me when I said "I am Black, Native and White." No one listen to their own words as they touch my skin and said "Your skin is too light to be black. You do not look like a Native, although I have never seen a Native before."

No
one
Doesn't
Know
your
Identity.

Two different perspectives:

- No one as a person's name, Individual.
- No one as a general audience.

Driving Bye

Maddie Cleaver

Puzzled?

God has answers

1800 HIS WORD

I'm glad I took a picture



Willamette University

Makers

Asalia Z. Arauz

Abigail Lahnert

Ana Neshyba

Ariadne Wolf

Bridgette Peirce

Camille Holzman

Dawn-Hunter Strobel

Doug Hochuth

Eli Kerry

Ellie Nash

Evan Dilley

Louis Bengston

Maddie Cleaver

Madelaine Au

Madelyn Jones

Martha Fast

Nastja Nykaza

Nebraska Lucas

Raquel Reynolds

Sandarah Witherspoon

Tyler Griswold

