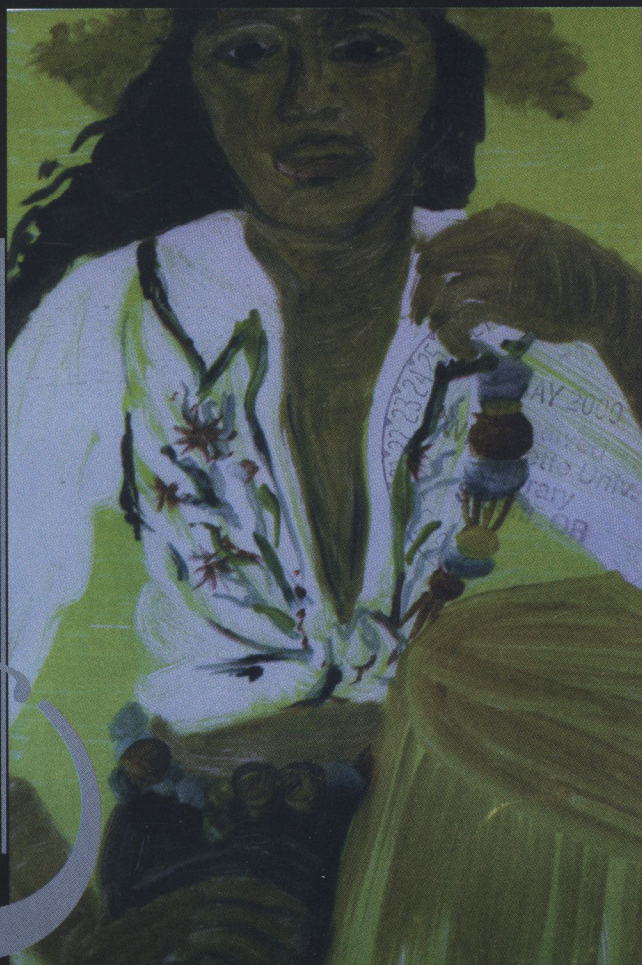


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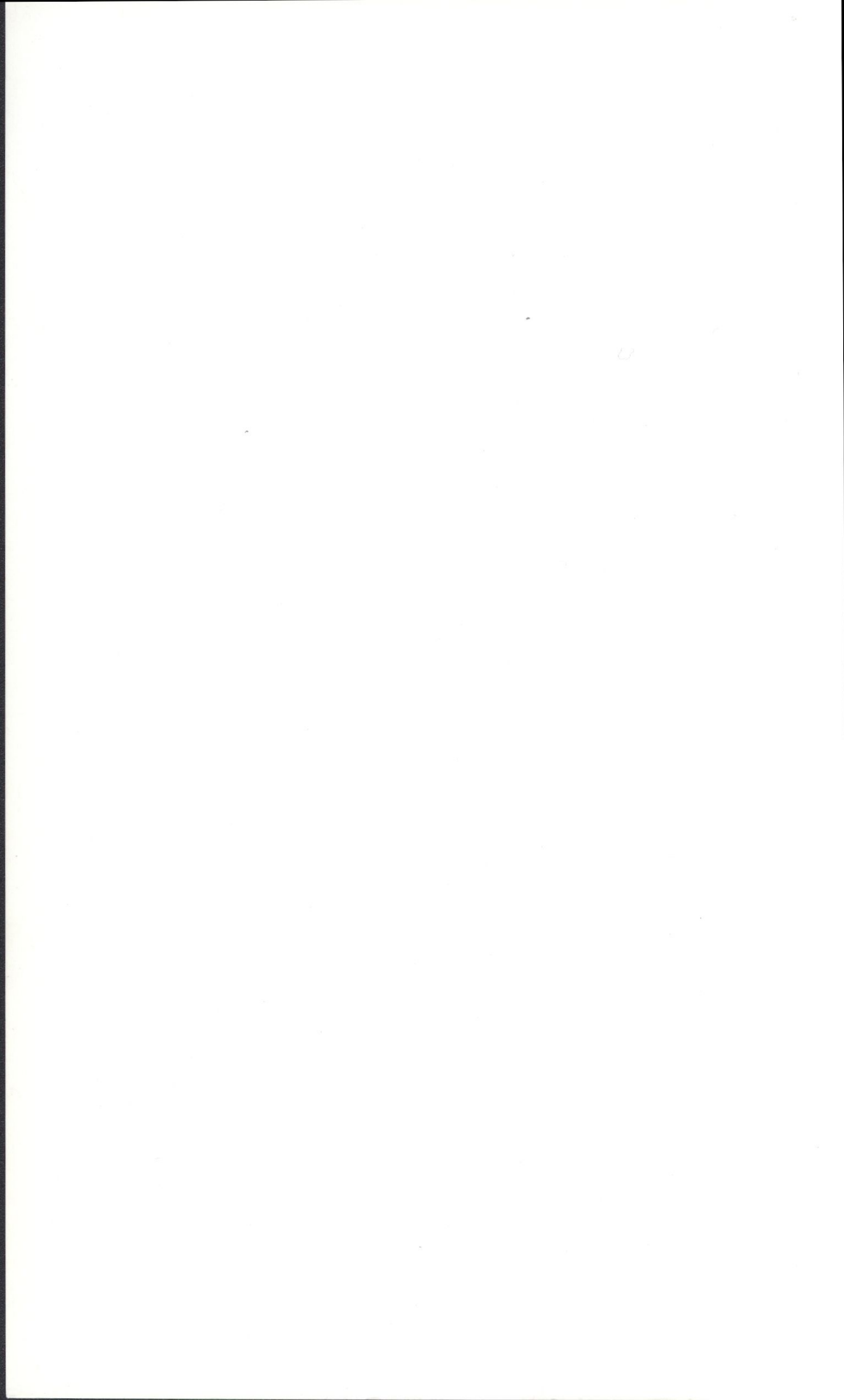


# Chrysalis

Volume 4

Issue 2

Spring 2000



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# C hrysalis

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Willamette University

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## ontents

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Woman at Table	Sarah Alexander	cover
Something more personal	Sara Anne Zier	7
$E=mc^2$	Tobin Addington	8
The Juggler	Matthew A. Johnson	9
Untitled	Makie Suzuki	10
The Man with the Glass Eye	Matthew A. Johnson	11
He Knows More with Less	Dan Rivas	14
Speed	Debu Gandhi	15
(untitled about inevitable things)	Jonathan Westfall	15
Arrow Slit	Matthew A. Johnson	16
An Eve Regrets	Katie Kanagawa	17
Death	Tobin Addington	18
Japanese Haibun	Kara Dixon	20
Haikus	Ben Stfford	21
Untitled	Erica Henrikson	21
Untitled	Laila Clark	22
Violin	Serena Duckrow	22

ode to uncle bill's party light	Elizabeth Crouch	23
Wishing Rabbits		
Knew Our Speech	Matthew A. Johnson	24
Alone in Denver	Julie Stefan	25
L.A.	Debu Gandhi	25
The Unforgiven	Ben Stafford	26
Esteem	Sara Anne Zier	27
Memories of Light and Dark	Jennifer Benner	28
Untitled	Makie Suzuki	32
Untitled	Daveleen DeMars	35
11 haiku	Aaron Briggs	36
Untitled	Dan Banakus	36
The Door	Jonathan Westfall	38
<i>Small Town Devastated by</i>		
<i>Freak Pep Ralley Explosion</i>	Magda Michalowiz	41
Dreams	Yoichiro Aoki	42
They were his daughters	Liesa Kister	43
Rights of Passage	Katie Kanagawa	44
The Twelfth Apostle	Kara Dixon	46
Tenor Saxophone	Eben Dickenson	47
Greta Louise	Courtney Skyback	48
An Ivory Gown	Sara Anne Zier	49
Wheel inventing	Dan Rivas	50
Uncle	Sara Anne Zier	51
it's like this every day	Dan Rivas	52
Balmoral	Magda Michalowiz	54

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# Credits

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Sara Ann Zier

---

at first she dreamed his poetry-  
his ink-stained fingers  
long sighs and shredded drafts  
she might be aesthetic  
by his words,  
something to breathe for  
or stumble towards

but in the mirror  
she watched her own tired face,  
the right ear lower than the left  
and dirty, misspent freckles,  
stocky german lineage  
and generations of unplanned births

his diction could not pay homage to that-  
to humbled beauty  
to cucumber salad  
to learning English by television  
or a thumbless nazi grandfather

he could not read that  
in the depths of any blue-colored  
pair of eyes

---

Tobin Addington  
*class of 2001*

I'm sorry.

There are some patterns  
even science can't change.  
Test tube iguanas  
in military cages  
battling, dismantling  
composing Dickens  
on a 1940's typewriter.

Thank God for science.  
Or is it, thank god for Science?

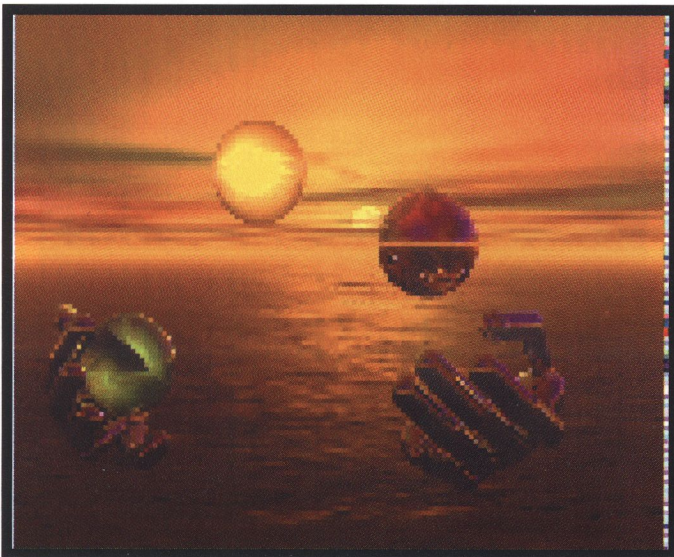
I admire her.  
She can quote Matthew, Mark, Luke;  
Einstein, Newton, and Hawking almost  
simultaneously.  
Almost.

I'd like to enter her,  
discover her wealth  
of knowledge from  
the inside  
out.

Our mingling.  
Our Holy Communion.  
Our Big Bang.

I'm sorry,  
but scientifically speaking,  
you're no match for her.

Chemistry is one subject that cannot be learned.  
The slamming together of atoms is up to the gods.  
(Or is it, the slamming together of Adams is up to God?)



The Juggler  
Matthew A. Johnson  
*class of 2002*



Untitled  
Makie Suzuki  
*class of 2000*

---

Matthew A. Johnson  
*class of 2002*

There once was a man who crafted sight.

Or rather, he was a man who made monocles. People often asked him why he only worked on one eye, and he always said, "So the other can know what is real."

For he did not make ordinary lenses, you see.

He was an artisan of the highest order, and people came to his shop from miles around. Came, and brought money with them too, all to bid on his amazing goods.

And they had to bid too, because he only completed one monocle a year.

On New Year's Eve it was unveiled, precisely one-second before midnight, so it could see the opening of the year. It was quite a production. The mayor was there, and all his officials, the people of the town came too, rich or poor. They did not come to buy, for no commoner could afford such art, they came to see.

For you see, on the first day of every year, anyone could look through his new window, without cost. It was his gift to the people.

Within a week, his latest wonder would be gone, carted off to some exotic land, to be used by some exotic personage. He didn't care who they were, he sold them when he was finished with them, and the money was only for food for

they next year. He never left that town.

You see, the world outside held no fascination for him. He longed to see more of what was in front of him.

It has already been said that these simple bits of glass were not merely glass, that they were the exceptions to reality, and not the rule. It remains to be said, however, how this is, and what it means.

We cannot know how he made them, it is doubtful that he ever knew himself.

So it only remains to explain what they did.

They were windows, as it has been said, windows into the rest of the world. One looked through things, another could tell you what people thought. Another could see the weather a day ahead.

This was how this simple man became known as "The Seer," and was the indirect advisor of many a ruler.

But one day he decided to build a new one, one that was more amazing than anything he had never tried before.

It seemed impossible, but then again, had he ever failed?

He decided to try and divine the truth, to be able to see it with one eye, as one sees the distant through a telescope.

He worked for a long, long time, throwing out many attempts before being successful.

It is not as if they were bad, or broken, but rather, not what he wanted. Some of the world's most powerful leaders came from the beggars outside his door.

But finally he was successful. He felt his success as soon as the last polish was made, but he would not toy with success. He was very curious, but decided to wait until he was rested.

And so, he went to bed, and dreamed of nothing.

The next day, he got up, had breakfast, and sat down in front of his masterwork.

He did not hurry, he was, and always had been a patient man. He had waited his life for this sight, and he could wait still longer.

But at last it was time, and he took a deep breath, and fitted it to his eye.

He kept it there for fully one minute.

And then he took it off, carefully, lovingly, set it on the floor, and smashed it with his boot.

He never built anything again.

---

Dan Rivas  
*class of 2002*

He walked two miles each night  
despite a poorly fit prosthetic.  
For my father,  
walking was desperate.

Each night,  
red faced and cold,  
he would return and stumble,  
falling backward into his chair.

And every night  
he would unwind his bandage  
to reveal bloody sores  
where once he had a leg.

And each night he would  
say to me with satisfaction:  
Smell the night air.  
You should smell the night air.

Before he lost his leg  
he never used to walk.  
He used to sit in his chair  
and watch the evening news.

Jonathan Westfall

*class of 2003*

The beast was sleeping in its patch of wood  
Twilight broke through the ember sky  
A lone child, lost, crying, confused  
He stumbled his way into the wood  
Awakened, the beast smelled the air  
“Little boy, why are you in my wood?”  
“I’m lost and frightened. Please help me.”  
“Where are you?”  
The beast came to his feet  
“I am here.”  
“Who are you? I can’t see you.”  
And then, the beast, he attacked the little boy  
But the little boy grew like the history of man and broke the beast in two  
He drank his blood  
He ate his flesh  
And then the little boy laid down his head  
And then the beast was sleeping in its patch of wood.

Speed

Debu Gandhi

*class of 2002*





Arrow Slit  
Matthew A. Johnson  
*class of 2002*

---

Katie Kanagawa  
*class of 2002*

I would I were the leaves upon the floor  
Of immense Forest—grey without regret—  
Or even breathless Sand across a stretching Shore  
That joys in nothing, nor hauls loathed pains of debt.  
But nay! I an a creature cursed to Know,  
To ne'er attain Utopian felicity.  
Ah Knowledge! Thou art my minds' foe,  
never shall I shrink from my eternal enmity.  
Pray, give me leave and I will toss this weighted cloak  
Of sleepless nights and waking days  
For the strength, the living, of the eldest Oak.  
So Wisdom is the food of Fools, I say,  
'Tis they that share the balm of tender peace,  
While I must watch the Blackbirds and beg my soul's release.

---

Tobin Addington  
*class of 2001*

I. A Final Introduction

Death arrives in waking  
dreams wearing a business  
suit and hoop earrings.

He asks me to fly with him  
his wings outstretched  
in ostentatious luxury

Black velvet is his fabric  
of choice.

Soft chocolate the texture  
of his voice.

He deals with me and promises  
love; slick, gooey love.  
like his bright nail polish.

Noxious fumes seep from between  
his toes as he shakes my  
hand, turning my sweat into steam-

Though I feel no heat.

Death does not come all at  
once,  
but slowly, cautiously, licking his lips.

II. Homecoming

Death embraces with soothing  
limbs, completing every  
kind of circle.

The ultimate lesson in  
geometry.

Kara Dixon  
*class of 2000*

Unable to face the thought of spending 70° weather walking through the city, I decide to follow the Mill Stream through town. I have never followed it past the campus boundaries. First, I cross the street and walk along, lined with tulips.

The deep red petals  
nod in the wind.  
A single yellow tulip—  
the only one that won't bend.

I stop to rest by a small waterfall. As I sit down, there is a commotion off to my left, and I realize that I have startled a blue heron from its place near the water. His large wings open and he flies up, finally coming to rest on a tree branch above my head.

Do not be afraid  
I have only stopped  
to watch you stand so still,  
on one long leg.

I watch the bird for a while, and then return to my course along the stream. It soon breaks away, leaving me with no sidewalk. Instead, I follow a dirt path down into a tunnel, which crosses under a one-way street.

Tree roots, exposed  
to the sun and wind  
are cracked, dead bark peeling.  
They make nice steps.

Farther into town, I meet up with the Mill Stream again, in the center of a park. Metal signs stick up amidst the plants, giving the names and descriptions of what foliage lies below. One sign, discussing Blireiana Plum, tells me that their color is "pink to rose."

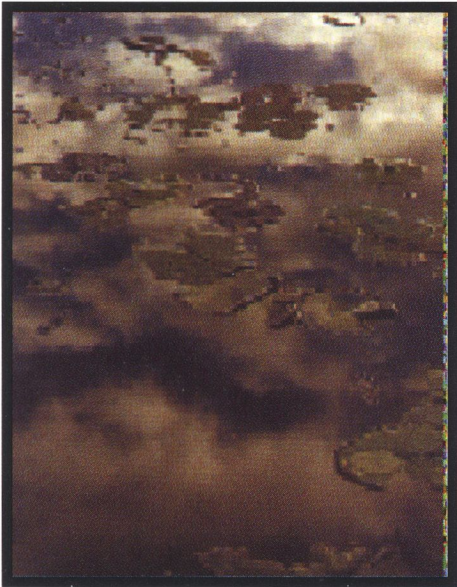
When will you shed  
this disguise of green leaves,  
and break out into roses?

Dusk seems to have sneaked up on me, so I cross the nearest rusty bridge and follow

the water back towards home, along the opposite bank. I come to a bush full of red flowers. One blossom is lying upside down on the cement below, and looks like the skirt of a Flamenco dancer. I drop the flower in the water, upside down, and watch it until it spins away. On my way back, as I cross under the tunnel, I hurry past the large spiders that wait, motionless, near the light. Their thin webs shine. Once I get past them I test out my echo, hooting like an owl and yelling my name.

A voice answers back,  
 deep and hollow.  
 Someone has stolen my words.

Later that night, I wake up to the sound of thunder. The rain is falling hard, unlike the usual Oregon drizzle. I smile, open the window, take a deep breath of the stormy air and think of home.



## Haikus

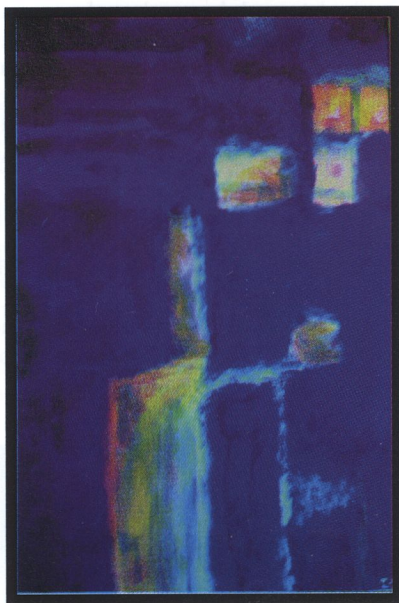
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Ben Stafford  
*class of 2003*

I ponder haikus  
 The lazy man's poetry?  
 Or elegant art?

Untitled  
 Erica Henrikson

Untitled  
Laila Clark  
*class of 2001*



Violin  
Serena Duckrow

Elizabeth Crouch

*class of 2000*

dolphins fly across the ceiling,  
flickering by like fireflies in the moist air.

dancers floating past my eyes.  
chin thrown abruptly backward,  
arms outstretched for freedom

red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet  
boom, boom, boom, boom, boom

creamy cotton stuffed into my mouth  
burning

she gave me breakfast

---

Matthew A. Johnson  
*class of 2002*

He tires quickly,  
his playmates are so massive  
that it takes a lot of effort to leap  
over their hunched shoulders  
without tripping.

Then at night they don trampled brown hats and trench coats,  
to vanish into the dusk again,  
private detectives in nature's night.

But the connecting words,  
(my henchmen)  
keep them in line long enough for me to secure each pen  
with a period.

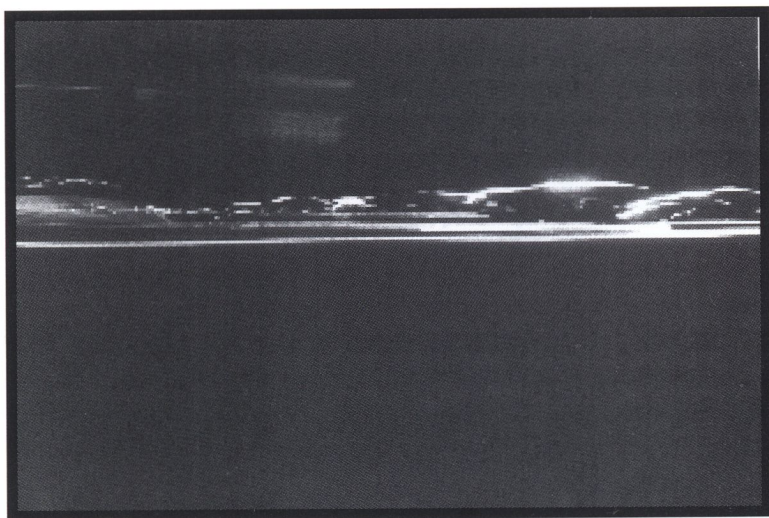
Hope is wishing rabbits knew our speech  
and could chatter away of their own accord,  
spinning yarns for our quilts.

And so she holds him,  
Stroking the stardust out of his hair.

---

Julie Stefan  
*class of 2002*

incessant motion  
perpetual thought  
hearing your name by  
voices of strangers  
awaiting your feigned  
arrival in a  
closed Denver airport.



L.A.  
Debu Gandhi  
*class of 2002*

Ben Stafford

*class of 2003*

---

Walking beneath the leafy skies  
Lined by nature's pillars of might  
Scents of lavender and rosemary suns  
Warmth of fires that burn in heaven  
Mosaics of color flit at the edge of my  
senses  
Illuminating the beauty that resides in  
inertia  
Though the path is long  
It is a pleasant one  
Leading through the perpetual twi-  
light  
Of the Garden of Blissful Pain  
A crystal-clear river that flows rapidly  
Leading only to its own genesis  
Through this presupposed paradise  
stride I  
With the other unforgiven

---

Sarah Anne Zier

steep-faced boy, who leaves at dawn,  
when things get so hard  
there's nothing solid to focus on,  
and after that  
there aren't even details.

but my knuckles still crease  
when fingers bend to grasp keys  
or push down to grind coffee beans.  
and there are other details  
like the feel of clean sheets to bare breasts  
like the sun through half-blinked blinds.

and I am huge now.

my shadow stretches over the curb  
into the crosswalk  
where I will follow it-  
by strong steps.

Jennifer Benner  
*class of 1999*

From *The Gnostic Scriptures* by Bentley Layton. "Generally speaking, after the fourth century AD the official suppression or nonpublication of unorthodox Christian literature extended to all regions and languages of the Roman Empire. The result for our times is that, [they] . . . have now disappeared almost without a trace . . . The outstanding exception to this rule was southern, Coptic-speaking Egypt: there, for reason of climate and settlement pattern, ancient manuscripts have been able to survive virtually forever if buried in the dry soil."

From *The New York Times*. Wednesday, April 7, 1999: "After climbing to the 22,000 foot summit of a volcano in northern Argentina, archaeologists have found three frozen Inca mummies, 500-year-old remains of a ritual sacrifice, which are so well preserved that blood is still present in the heart and lungs. The bodies were buried beneath five feet of rock and dirt. Scholars said the finding should yield important insights into the religion and the worship of sacred mountains in the Inca Empire, which spanned most of the Spanish conquest in the early 16th century."

The small town of Nag Hammadi lies halfway up the Nile. The river runs like a thin vein through the surrounding desolation. Across the water from the hamlet a high chalk cliff stretches out like a giant arm. There are gaps in its white walls, hollows left by ancient tombs. Beyond the cliff and town there is only desert. It is never still; low winds shift the sand constantly, shaking the flat plain like a thin scarf. The sun shines naked. It seems to melt the air; the landscape wavers before the eye.

The air is cold on Llulliallaco. Thin clouds hover around the peaks; it is hard to see in the perpetual fog. The valley below looks shallow, almost invisible. The mountain straddles the border between Argentina and Chile, but borders mean little up here. The peaks of the Andes might be another world altogether.

In 1945 an Egyptian camel driver was digging for fertilizer near Nag Hammadi. It was a hot day, like all those before it and all those that

would come after it. New blisters were born on the man's hands. Sweat dripped off his forehead and disappeared in the sand by his sandled feet. He was wearing a white garment and from a distance he looked like a flower bending in the wind. He was digging in that relentless sun when he chanced upon a clay jar. He split it open and found a number of manuscripts, codices, bound like the books of today.

In March 1999 a small expedition of archaeologists led by Dr. Johan Reinhard ascended the mountain. Butter winds swept thick snows across the Andes that month. White flakes pressed into the crew and melted against their faces. From a distance their small figures looked like ladybugs clinging to a leaf.

On the 16th the crew found the first burial. The team held one of their members by the ankles and lowered him into the hole to retrieve the mummy. Suspended in the cavity, in the dark smell of earth, his dangling arms hugged the small figure—the first person to touch it in over 500 years. They soon found two more bodies. All together there were three mummies, children between eight and fifteen, two girls and a boy.

The codices were brought to Cairo and identified as Gnostic scriptures. Gnosticism had flourished as a philosophical and religious system in the first four centuries after Christ. Previously the only information about this group came from the early Christian church fathers. They regarded the elitist Gnostics as heretics. The Gnostic belief that man is saved by nature, not grace, contradicted the Christian dogma. All original Gnostic texts were thought to have been destroyed by that young church until the Nag Hammadi discoveries.

Ornate textiles, pottery and statuettes made from silver and shells were buried with the Incas. Frozen naturally since death, the bodies themselves are almost perfectly intact. In a telephone interview with reporters, Dr. Reinhard said that these were the best-preserved mummies he has ever encountered; he could even see the hair on their arms. The archaeologist concluded the children were *acallas*, or “chosen ones,” elite members of Inca society who were killed as part of a

sacrificial rite. The mummies and the artifacts found with them are important in the study of capacocha-human offerings. In capacocha the victims are drugged and then buried alive. Only the most important members of society are mummified. Their bodies must remain intact because wholeness is equated with holiness in Inca cosmology. The expedition carried the still frozen corpses down the mountain to the city of Salta about 300 miles away. Medical scientists will test the bodies for diet, health and genetic composition. The mummies will remain refrigerated in Salta at the Center for the Conservation of High Altitude Cultural Patrimony.

The camel driver found the Gnostic manuscripts by chance. But he recognized that anything so ancient must be important and sent them to a museum in Cairo. His part, the most crucial one, was finished. Scholars pieced the crumbling codices back together as completely as they could; they documented even the faintest trace of ink on the smallest scrap of paper. The documents remained un-translated for over twenty years while they argued over who would receive credit for the work. Finally published in 1970, the Nag Hammadi texts changed the study of Gnosticism drastically. There are still no final conclusions about the ancient religion, and likely there never will be; too much of the evidence is still hidden in the desert or has disappeared forever.

Dr. Reinhard didn't know exactly what he would find in the Andes, but his mission was clear. He was looking for evidence-clues as to the order of ancient civilization. He found his treasure, and the archaeologists gently carried the three child mummies down from their cold mountain heaven. They will be weighed and measured, carbon-dated, classified and filed. The Spaniards raped this continent for gold 500 years ago. The archaeologists' quest for knowledge is pure, or at least its corruption and arrogance is more subtle. Some may raise objections to the removal of the bodies-they were obviously buried with much care and ceremony. But these protesting voices are smaller than the duty of the erudite.

It will make them blind with insatiable desire, roast their souls, and [be] like an irremovable stake piercing their hearts. And like a bit of in the

mouth it leads them toward its own intention. And it has fastened them with its chains. And it has bound all their limbs with the bitterness of the bondage of desire for this corruptible, mutable, changeable visible realm. From The Book of Thomas- "attested by a single manuscript from Nag Hammadi."

The Nag Hammadi codices were buried during the fourth century as an increasingly self-conscious Catholic Church was purging itself of heresies. The man who hid them here hoped they would be found in a more tolerant age. The Gnostic knew that the scriptures were more important than anything of himself he could leave behind. The Gnosis, knowledge of humanity's true condition, could save. His own body is merely a shell that encases his soul. The physical world is the product of an evil god, constructed to trap the divine spark of the soul in a prison of matter. The flesh is a foreign garment he wears on the earth. Death is the only escape from this material, the lowest, of worlds. Released from the world of action and matter, the soul that has achieved Gnosis finds repose when it rejoins the realm of light.

In Inca cosmology the body served as a symbol and mediator of cosmic structures and processes through its own structures and processes. The processes of the cosmos, in turn, were modeled on the process of the body- the intake and outflow of air and fluids, the digestion of food, the circulation of blood, reproduction, aging and death, and so on. -  
Constance Classen

How great is the body that is a small model of the universe? A year of life reflects the rotation of the earth. The sun and moon stand for people and the stars are animals. The long blink of sleep is the setting sun. Water irrigates the body like the stream does the land. Imagine seeing a human form in the nobility of a mountain. How great then was the sacrifice of three royal children?

The Gnostics denied the body; the Incas honored it as they honored the universe. In Egypt they offered their knowledge, in Argentina their flesh. Of all the billions of souls and bodies, some have philosophies and prayers and theories, others only skeletons, and most nothing at all.



Untitled  
Makie Suzuki  
*class of 2000*

We try to understand the important ones. Those who built pyramids or wrote books or ruled empires. The Gnostics informed our own Christian tradition. In turning to them we look for our own origins. Some with radically different cosmologies, like the Incas, we study with an almost perverse fascination. With a need to order their beliefs and actions in line with our own way of living and thinking. And what, if anything, will they think of me?

What sense will they make of this mind and body? Will they find me in the desert or the mountains? I have lived in both. What will the bones and words I leave behind say? My skeleton will tell: female, young adult, Caucasian, 5'5". But would they know me as I was in the flesh? That prison of matter and mirror of the cosmos. Did I wear it well?

If they find me in the desert can my bones tell them the way the sand stuck to my skin? How the wind pelted it into my mouth, my ears, my nose and eyes. That I shook it from my hair for days afterwards? Can they feel my bare feet on that grainy carpet? Can they taste the sweet and salty sweat that slides down my face? Do they know how the sand gives way at every step; the dune both invites and resists my ascent. And that when I shut my eyes the sun still burns through my lids and I can see my veins—thin and bright red.

They may find me in the mountains. Where I walk through the woods in silence that was alive with the buzzing of life. Where I knelt before blackberry bushes whose thorns left thin white scratches on my hands. Can they taste the warm juice spread across my tongue as it smashes the berries against the roof of my mouth? Do they know the smell of evergreens? The soft crunching of pine needles under my boots? Can they feel the breath rising from my stomach as I climb into thinner air? And the chill of the mountain lake, of bottomless dark waters, numbing and invigorating at once?

What if I had to put my whole life in a jar to be discovered 2,000 years from now? What will stand for this mind's life work? Will a few letters exchanged between friends show those few but great moments when I was truly connected with another? The times when I felt like I was conversing with myself. Can a really good paper I once wrote on "Sunday Morning" sum up that spring when I began to understand the beauty of finitude? Will a few journal entries give a true chronicle of my breathing days? I might leave books with some favorite poems

marked? But the scholar of tomorrow will never know the way they sounded when I whispered them to myself in the middle of the night. Can any list of wishes ever show what I was really after?

My bones may be labeled, recorded and then forgotten in a basement drawer of a new Smithsonian. An examiner carefully turns them over, running a gloved finger along a white femur. But I doubt the archaeologist will find much fascinating in my bones; he has seen many like them before. He gently replaces my dismantled skeleton, hearing the bones rattle for that second before he shuts the drawer with the final, soft thud of a dismissive push.

But how do you catalog a soul? By assembling all the fragments of letters, marked-up books and papers into a single volume labeled "this life." They may archive the collected objects and pictures from my room but never know its inhabitant. Somewhere there will be a file of all the postcards written and received. Small images of art, great cities and quiet towns, black and white faces. Pictures of landscapes, dramatic or subtle, backed by an ancient handwriting scrawled against bent knees in the corner of a train station. But none of these things will count as the meditations of walks in wonderfully strange places. Will my soul still exist outside its shell? Can you separate a mind informed by carnal experience from the physical world?

When my soul floats away, will it feel release, a long awaited repose? It may long to again be burdened by the flesh-that judge of hot and cold. Will my spirit miss the body that betrayed it with desire, sickness, and old age? I have been bounded by desire "for this corruptible, mutable, changeable visible realm." Because I could never believe that my soul was separate from its cage-from the earthly realm that is both light and dark. I may linger long over old printed words; they will become a memory of my soul. But I will not forget the memory of my flesh. "Why should she give her bounty to the dead?"



Untitled  
Daveleen DeMars  
*class of 2003*

Aaron Briggs  
*class of 2000*

I want to be there  
to check your teeth, as you smile,  
for small bits of food.

This blue atmosphere,  
as we lie here on the grass,  
bulges over us.

Men of unclean lips,  
our jaws drop, our necks go slack,  
walled in by the trees.

You are the morning.  
Mourning in my selfishness,  
I, rejoicing, dance.

Untitled  
Dan Banakus  
*class of 2001*



Long legs, well trimmed toes,  
smooth, soft cheeks, ears, probing nose:  
your whole body glows.

Can I sketch your scent,  
or the smooth rub of your skin,  
or even your eyes?

My favorite day:  
I pulled weeds, mowed the lawn, and  
cut myself three times.

One atom of air  
jumps over reason's fences.  
Where does lightning start?

Holding a bottle,  
a young father anxiously  
stands shifting his weight.

"Kitsch," that illusion  
when people paint their dead grass  
green like light through leaves.

Coiled leaves of roses.  
A thumbprint of vanished ash.  
Blue paint on gray blocks.

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Jonathan Westfall  
*class of 2003*

A man from any age walked along a street of any design and noticed a door of no particular style. There was a sign on the door and the man stopped to read it. In any language you please, the sign said:

“He who first walks through this door shall be greeted with great fortune. All who follow will be greeted with death.”

The man considered this.

*Of course, he thought, someone has already entered the door. I will be met with death. I will not enter. Then, he realized, of course everyone else who has seen this sign has thought the same thing, therefore, no one has entered the door.*

*I will enter and be met with fortune.*

Similarly, he wondered if everyone had decided that everyone else would have realized that no one had gone before them, and entered.

He wondered if someone had taken that leap.

It seemed to him that no one would risk their life on such a gamble. It was a fifty-fifty chance, true, but the stakes?

Too high.

Or were they? Would someone really risk their life? He could think of several states of mind that would see the door, say *Nothing matters* and step inside. Suicidal. Careless. Depressed. Stupid.

They were all possible, but...they somehow seemed unlikely.

The man began to pace as he pondered the problem. *How many people have walked by and decided they would be the first? Just one, just one! Just one is too many...Just one and I have to know!* He did not think he was more intelligent than anyone else; it seemed to him that surely someone had reached his conclusions.

Surely someone had decided that they were most stalwart and would be the first to open the door. Surely someone filled with stubborn, stubborn pride had thrown the door open and walked inside to fortune. Of course, he continued, countless hundreds could have followed and made the same bold move and been met with death.

*Will I be the one or will I be the hundreds?*

So many choices. So many wrong and just one, just one? Just one that was right.

*So many choices!*

For hours the man sat in the alley, wondering what to do. His brain went round and round like a ferris wheel; a continuous loop of infinite complexities.

How far to absurdity?

This man was the stubborn logician that would spend the time to see this through. He was dedicated. Filled with resolve. This man was certainly most stalwart. He was certainly most smart. He could think it out...

But would he?

When he had first walked down this alley it had been night; now dawn was near, and still, his thoughts ran in circles. Would it stop?

Slowly, surely, as he tried to sort water, the man became mad. He could find no answer. He could make no decision. So much time - So much thought - So much *effort*. The investment was too great.

He had to know.

Suddenly, the gears in his brain jammed and his mind slammed to a halt. All was clear. The man knew what to do.

Like a shining light of divinity he realized that he

could know that answer. He saw the surest way was also the simplest.

Open the door.

Open the door and, like a giant leap for mankind, rush inside.

Meet fate.

Meet fortune.

He was prepared for death.

He was ready to die.

Mad, reckless, and determined like Satan, the man of no particular age took a deep breath and stepped forward to the door. He straightened his grab, extended his arm and grabbed the handle. The man could not feel it's nondescript features through the burning determination and boiling excitement that raced through his body.

His hands were almost numb.

The man took one last look at the rising sun in the nameless alley around him and slowly turned the handle. His whole body tensed, as if a needle had entered his spine. He pushed the door open and felt the tension release. The needle emptied, the breath exhaled, and the climax was achieved.

The man jumped inside and heard the door slam shut behind him. A breeze outside blew softly and the sun kept on rising.

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Magda Michalowiz

I have a vision of a drug-induced coma  
of a leave in my hair and a flash of satin.  
I'm the homecoming queen but somebody  
forgot to tell me that I'd be stripped of my title  
and tiara if I was found collapsed  
in my own vomit.

My face could be pale because of the moonlight  
reflecting weakly off the shuffle of fabric at my waist  
or because of the anxious shadows cast by those  
curious bystanders who had come to witness  
the triumphant downfall of an angel  
lips frozen in mid-pout.

But I'd tricked them, and with a devilish grin  
I'd escaped from the disappointed onlookers  
and walked into the sea with eyes flashing  
and satin and moonlight swimming around my ankles  
shadows falling on angular cheekbones and  
eyelids demurely lowered.

Now the stars glinted reproachfully  
against the rhinestones of the tiara  
that the waves attempt to rip out of my  
defiant hands.



Dreams  
Yoichiro Aoki  
*class of 2000*

Liesa Kister

*UC Information Center Specialist*

They were his daughters.

Her hands would hover  
before her lips. White  
bats devouring her breath  
until her silence returns.  
Then they would flutter back  
to the cave of her lap.

She had quite hips,  
no voice to her movement.  
And melody was from her eyes  
they're a color prone to old songs  
songs of conquest.

Her teeth,  
a pearl rosary for apologies,  
tongue counting the litany.

Katie Kanagawa

*class of 2002*

I know you now, O Lover Mine,  
You are avenger-villain-thief  
With ever-youth as deaf to Time  
as 'twas when first I fell to grief!

I was still new when first you came  
a stranger to my childish play.  
How could I now how weight of shame  
Would too soon come to sport decay?

With coltish limbs I leapt—I failed  
To reach the distant bank of green,  
But sharpened stone my flesh assailed  
and first-shed blood with cloth convened.

You saved, spared me, on that day  
Though innocence was past repair.  
My infant sight had given way  
To scorching Noon's bright flames of care.

As summers were slipping, I felt questions bite—  
They multiplied, beckoning answers as when  
The moth succumbs to lamp's fierce light,  
She flutters too happily unto an end.

Fear built on doubt, and love borne on fear  
Led me to flirt with your mystery one eve—  
Feverishly anxious, I yearned to draw near.  
I faltered, I waited, I burned to conceive

Of one reason, one motive, to call you by name.  
I need not have parried for near me you drew.  
So by, ah! So close—'twas possession you claimed;  
From my friends and the gath'ring we quickly withdrew

To a place void of chatter, of intrigue, of nothing.  
Icy breath touched my neck as you tested my will,  
"Though I was long before you were that darling thing  
that I stole from the river's dank embrace of chill,

'I am of your creating, be lover or fiend,  
Close your eyes, you will find me, sweet, ever thereafter  
And more, ah love more, with each passing night's dream.  
Other suitors may crave thee, may covet thy laughter—

'Know thou this!  
'Tis I that will stay with thee all of our days."  
With one kiss—but the kiss!—all heat drained from my veins  
For his lips were quite livid, his touch—dare I say?—  
Winter's ne'er met his mark, his caress all life drains.

And God!  
He would not let go 'til he'd stolen it all,  
'Til I shivered and wept in the fall of my Spring—  
He left me there, naked, dressed only in clothes;  
Now, he never goes far, not too far from his sweeting,  
*How should he?* for have I the part of creating.

I know you now, O Child of Mind,  
As every mortal knows this threat,  
As every sunrise loathes the moonshine,  
As every soul harbors regret.

I have run from my mind's shadows  
Long enough—my pow'r I see.  
Stranger—Friend—Adored—My Life's Foe—  
Now, 'tis the time you followed me.

---

Kara Dixon  
*class of 2000*

At my birth  
Iscaiot meant “man of Kerioth,”  
the village in Palestine where I grew up  
like the other boys,  
chasing goats and kicking up dust  
in the streets.

Mother hoped I would become a great man,  
and so I have.  
My story is written in all the history books.  
My name terrorizes the hearts of men.  
A kiss from me can bring instant leprosy,  
or a place on the cross.

Who needs to be the Prince of Peace,  
the Messiah, the Savior of the World,  
Alpha and Omega?  
For my glory, all I took  
was thirty pieces of silver and the name  
*Judas.*



Tenor Saxophone  
Eben Dickenson  
*class of 2000*



Greta Louise  
Courtney Skyback

They meet at a Valentine's dance in the late thirties, and they married that summer, on the seventeenth of August, his birthday, so he wouldn't ever forget the anniversary. For fifty years they celebrated the marriage—even the year she nearly left him. But this summer he lies under the white quilt in the downstairs bedroom, breathing portable oxygen. He smiles at his wife who made him breakfast, then lunch and dinner, but he cannot eat much, so his thighs wither behind his knee bones. And in the night he whispers about how she looked that Valentine's night, dancing slowly, head tilted back, and a flower pinned on the breast of her ivory dress. Gently, she wipes his face with a towel, and, with her other hand, she holds his. Eyes open and breath stifled, he smiles through delirium. Near, she sways languidly, and the layers of ivory cloth make ripples around her body.

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Dan Rivas  
*class of 2002*

Found the plan for making the wheel (finally!) then realized that the wheel was the whall  
-quite a relief to inventors in Kansas where whalls turn the tractors (so they can buy the children GI Joe) that are the machines that feed the machine of mechanized force. (New ideas are hard to come by.)

In 20 years (10% of history) the wheel is forgotten and the wholle is sought and the inventors in Dakota work on machines that calculate and construct (new answers for the previous irrefutable answers) approximate simulations of iron lunged robots (doing better work for less pay) and soon it is discovered that the wholle is the wheel that turns the cogs and sprockets and besides, we all fly in rockets. (Thank god we do not need the wheel.)

Analogize in the case of misguided wheel inventing.

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Sara Anne Zier

He sits in a chair, in the back of the room,  
legs stretched out, and he breathes slowly.  
silent among words, he minds the conversation-  
something about rowing and large women  
at four o' clock in the morning;  
something about a boyfriend  
who won't dance at his cousin's wedding.

And he laughs with the rest-  
Hard, full laughter  
Like the echo of a steel drum.

Still, no one asks  
about his wife or son, who left.  
But more scotch.  
Would he have more scotch?

---

Dan Rivas

*class of 2002*

When the waves crashed against the rocks  
I paid little attention.  
It happens every day -  
waves crashing, salt in the air,  
the Earth moving -  
I had no idea a child was there.

I wanted to get my feet wet  
after a hot day,  
relax for a moment, breathe the breeze.  
But I saw his arm,  
and I knew there was more,  
so I started running.

I could see him despite the mist  
in my eyes. I could tell he had been there  
for about a day since his face had turned a  
pale blue and sea foam had collected on his chin.  
The waves continued to lap up over his body,  
then recede, joining the larger ocean.



The grains of sand beneath my feet were once pebbles  
and the pebbles were rocks,  
which clung without intention to the hillside.  
And though they were clinging,  
they knew not that it was their fate  
to let go and fall to the Earth.



But not seeing the history of it all,  
I reached out and grabbed the boy.  
And as I brought him to the beach  
I hit his head against the rocks.

---

Magda Michalowicz

There was something kind about you  
your worship rained on ears dry from recent drought  
and kisses on lips parched and cracked from  
episodes of lustless disagreement.  
You kept me hovering inches above the  
goosenecked troubles of my life.

I would lay in the grass at the chipped blue china plate of water  
until gingerly you lean over me to serve  
a helping of affectionate reprieve from  
my constant overanalyzation of thought of inadequacy  
and distraction from the hum of nerves  
recently passed over with sand paper.

I would walk, soaked in the fumes from creeping cars  
allowing the exhaust to coat me like a protective shroud  
sealed in by the pressing heat rising steadily from  
the grainy pavement;  
my attention caught by glimmering mirrored buildings  
impersonally neighboring one another  
and you would nonchalantly grab my hand and  
leading me further into the glass jungle.

So I would watch you and you'd pretend not to watch me  
and we both watched the windsurfer  
shakily gliding through the yachts moored  
thoughtlessly in his path.  
I shielded my eyes from the relentless sun by  
closing them while kissing you  
feeling grains of sand whisper and rush underneath my hands and neck.  
I gave the sand a new home in the folds of your shirt  
as I brought my arms up to anchor around your neck  
and basked in the innocent adulation of that your hand  
on my back offered.

I would burrow my way into your embrace

a butterfly with few days of life stretched before her  
well aware of the fragile nature of the soapy bubble I was enclosed in  
while the colorful powder of life still coated my wings,  
I flew anxiously around a world too big to  
discover with the dozens of wingbeats I was limited to.  
I ignored my broken wing and the crooked flight that resulted,  
cherishing only the intricate designs  
found delicately painted on my temporary canvas.  
I had yet to wind my way back to earth,  
but for now your fingertips gently adjusted my course  
in order for my path to be straight through the concrete jungle.

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