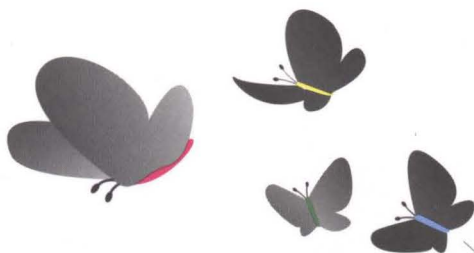
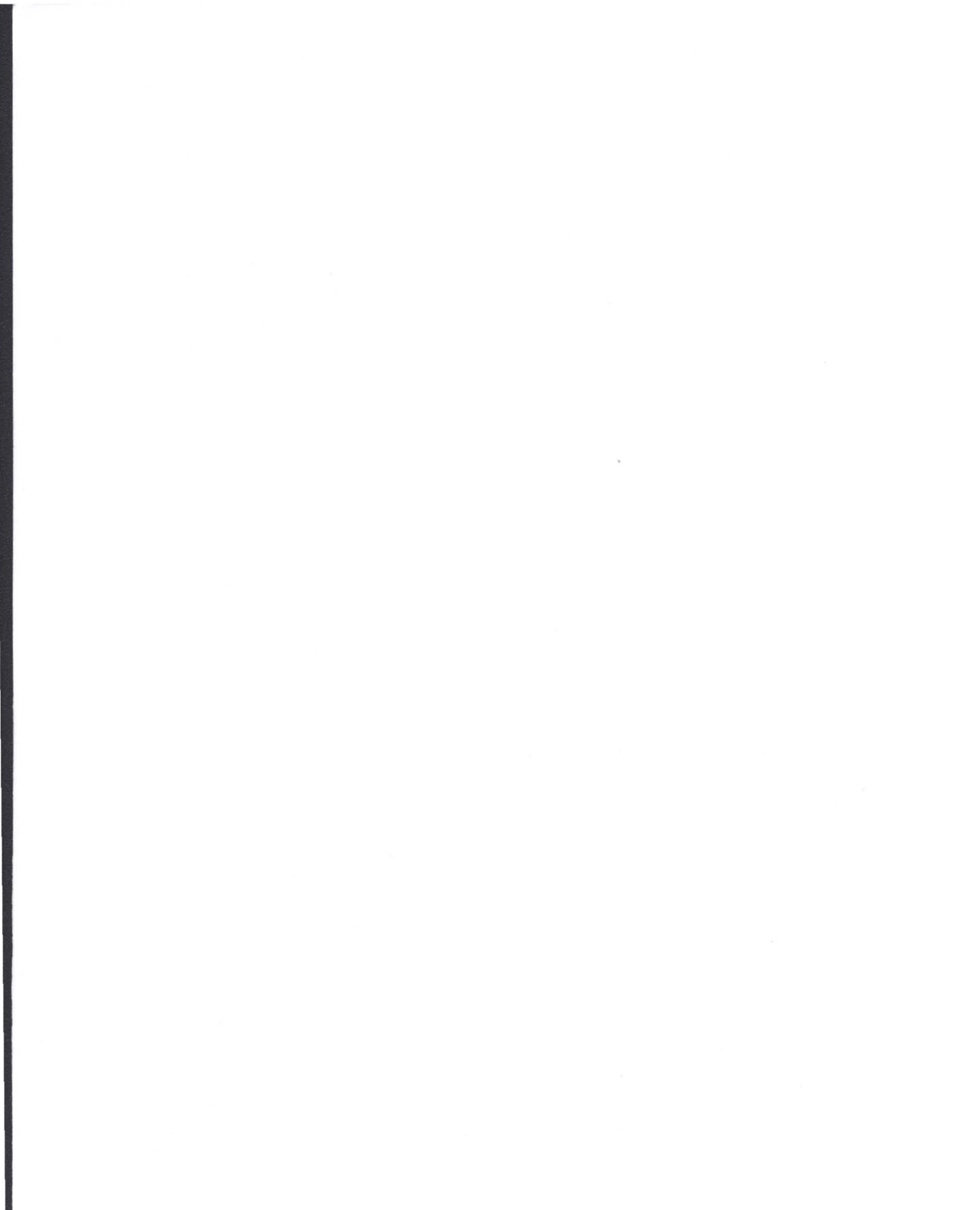


PERIODICAL STACKS



Chrysalis







 **TheChrysalis2008**

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY'S
LITERARY ARTS MAGAZINE

meet & greet

WANNA GET COFFEE SOMETIME?

HI THERE, NICE TO MEET YOU.



CARLEE KONDO / EDITOR IN CHIEF

Carlee is a dreamer.



BECCA DEMAREST / EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Rebecca Demarest is a Junior English/Psychology double major who loves a challenge; hence the double major. She enjoys reading and writing both poetry and short stories and is currently working on a novel about her grandfather. She stumbled upon the realm of publishing in high school and hasn't left since.

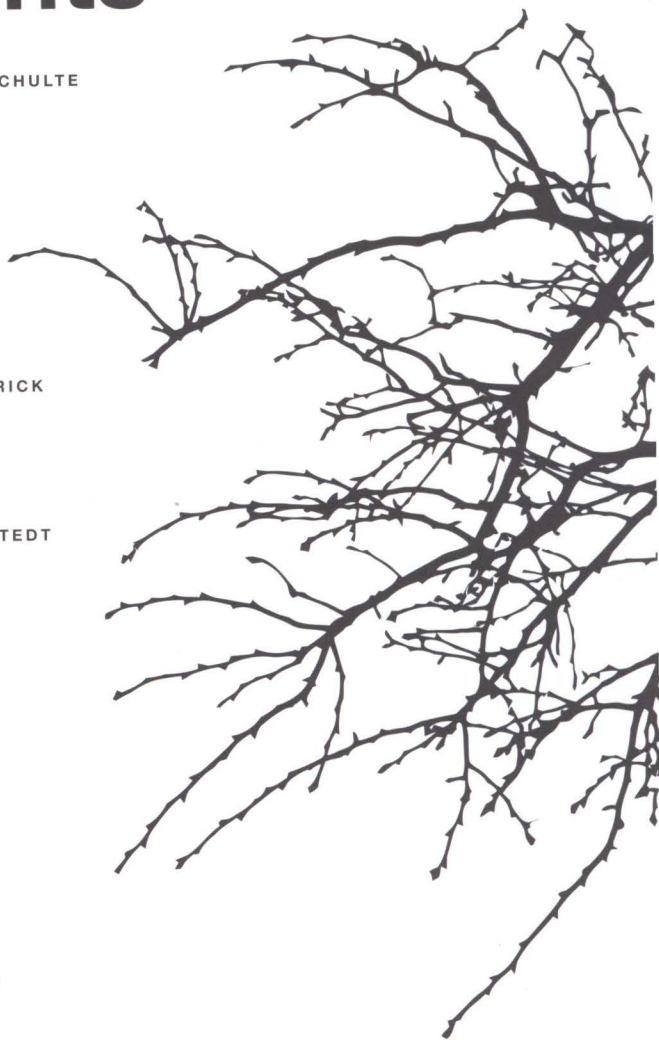


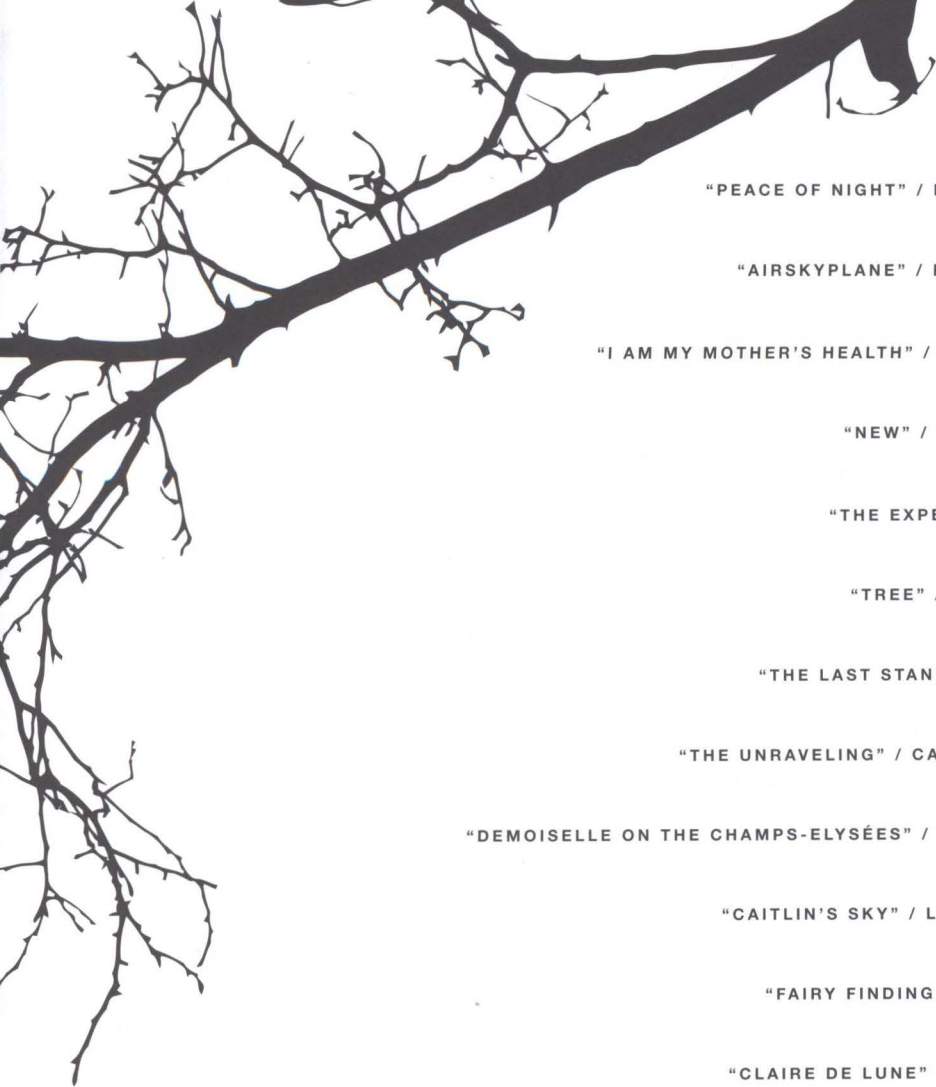
DARICK DANG / CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Darick is a graphic designer from Portland, Oregon and a Junior at Willamette. He currently works as a designer at WITS Production and freelances at an agency located in Portland. His work is heavily influenced by Swiss design, streetwear and urban culture. In addition to design, he enjoys turntablism, music, basketball, photography, art, fashion, and vitamin water.

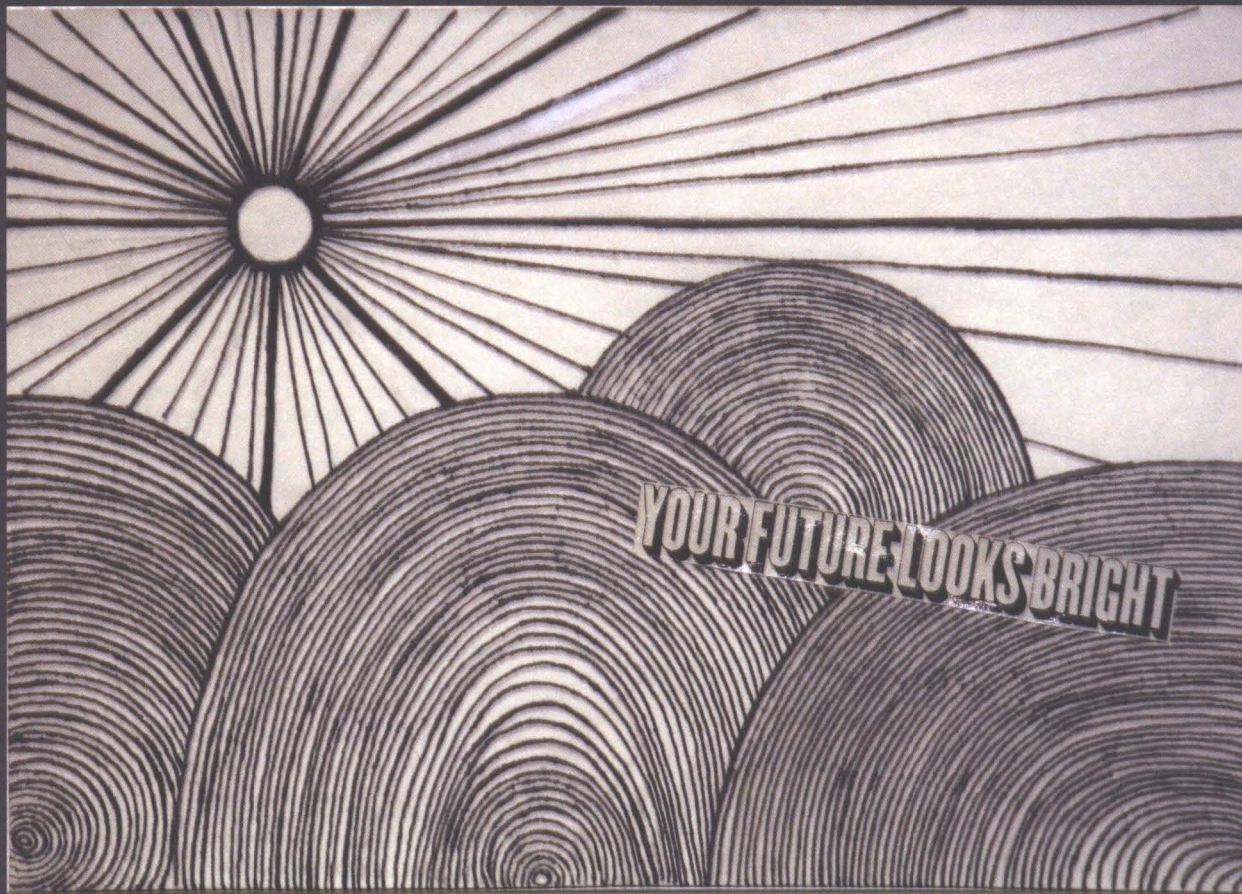
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"YOUR FUTURE LOOKS BRIGHT" / SARAH SCHULTE

"SURFACE" / BRAD GRENZ

The sweat beading surface glows
hot and salty to the taste.
Smooth, taut, tender words
issue from a hot spring mouth
guarding against the cool air.
Night cloaks our movement,
our presence, our intoxication.
Eyes lock, dreams commingle
and the wind blows jealously
across the damp surface
of our skin made one.

George whistled—one high note, one low note. That was the signal. I looked up from my fathers' pocket watch and glanced at George, then followed his eyes to my left where a well-dressed man walked down the street toward us. That was our mark. The mark was about half a block away and dressed in a black coat and hat. George whistled again. I took a quick look at Bart. He was leaning against the wall to my left smoking a cigarette in his right hand. I saw his left hand slip into his dirty trouser pocket. That was where he kept his brass knuckles. We made eye contact, but Bart quickly looked at his feet as a bead of perspiration dripped off his eyebrow and landed on his scuffed shoe. Shit, I thought, he's nervous. I looked back to my right at George again and made eye contact with him. George's icy blue eyes didn't blink at me, but he motioned with his eyebrows toward the mark as if I hadn't seen him. George's hands were in his pockets now, too, but I knew he didn't have any weapons. He wasn't leaning against the wall anymore, but was standing straight up and chewing his upper lip. George's body seemed charged, like he could barely keep his energy inside of himself. His pockets might have been the only things holding him back. When he noticed I was still looking at him, he loudly whispered my name and motioned with his eyebrows again. Ok, I thought, its go time. We have to eat sometime.

I looked at our mark more closely. His dark jacket matched his hat. The hat didn't look brand new, but must have been fairly expensive back when it was new, whenever that was. He was walking at a steady pace, not necessarily slow, but with a gait that suggested he wasn't in any hurry to get anywhere. His shoes were well polished and the same shade of black that his jacket was. He was staring at the ground in front of his feet, not looking at anyone else on the street. He was the perfect mark—rich enough to make it worthwhile and naïve enough to not notice any impending violence. He made his way down the street. I looked at the boys again. Bart dropped his cigarette butt and ground it into the sidewalk. George was staring at the mark. My stomach growled, and I realized I was cracking my knuckles.

As the man got within 20 feet of us, I heard a faint song. The mark was softly humming to himself, a soft tune which he was half humming, half whistling. I couldn't place the song, but it sounded like something a content man would sign to himself. Only a man not worried about where his next meal was coming from, or where he was going to sleep that night would sing this made-up, indefinable song. I clenched my fists. How does this guy live with himself? Can't he see us right in front of him? Is he so happy with himself he doesn't even notice these bony, starving men right in front of him?

The mark hummed past Bart. Bart pulled his left hand out of his pocket and I saw the dirty yellow glint of brass flash in the light. Bart's left hand connected with the back of the man's head with a dull, barely audible thud and the man gave out a small, guttural groan. I was already in front of the man as he fell forward and I caught him in a big bear hug. George was behind me and his hands shot into the mark's pockets and came out with his wallet and money clip just as fast. Bart was quickly walking away, and George turned around and started walking in the other direction. I dropped the unconscious man to the sidewalk. I stepped over the crumpled form, and as I walked away a tuneless song found its way through my lips.



"GROWTH" / SARAH LYDECKER

I.

See them -
the sky, the ice: a gray plane and a white
split by black slopes, whose ceramic summits -
bowls, sunward-thrust - insist, pouting their peaks, on ladles-full
of light, and ice's spine-white lace to line
their seaming timber shawls. Spring's sun-stocks lidded fast, gales bawl,
lathering the world-rind. Flattened aspens thatch
the fields that tiled and orchards that latticed
red soil.

Inland,
bluffs rise like chessmen - black rooks, white bishops.
Seaward,
a beach whose frost the light elates
divides ocean and snow.





"ROUND" / TIMOTHY KOHLSTEDT



"ALASKAN MOUNTAINS" / TIMOTHY KOHLSTEDT



“ODA OKADA” / HEATHER SCHABER

"HARVESTER" / JOHN LAWRENCE

On a field soaked with war
I charged for glory, evermore,
And just as I had seen before
I marveled as the bullets bore
Swiftly for the hearts of men.

On that field I saw descend
A thing whose will I could not bend,
And as I watched him scar and rend
Lives I'd thought could never end
Openly I wept- and then

With his sickle overhead
He cut a path both wide and red,
And as I lay there frigid, dead,
I wondered how I would be fed
Presently to the worms.



"DAM GRAVEYARD" / JOHANNAH LARSEN

My father's businesses in Montréal never made much more than to pay off small business loans. He and my mother opened and closed a shoe store, delivered phone books for a stint, and now operate a small bookstore where Chaim Potok sells everyday. But they still struggle financially. I currently attend Columbia University's Journalism program in New York, and while I managed to get myself here through merit scholarships my parents forward me sums of money for remainder of the tuition. I cannot help but feel that this additional pressure somehow hurt my father's business. Anyways, my father, inspired by hours of watching "Antiques Roadshow" pulled his old violin from out of the closet and searched for one similar to it on the internet. He discovered that the violin my grandfather gave to him is worth a considerable amount. He did not mention how much in his letter, but did say that a prominent appraiser of antique instruments would see him and determine the violin's worth. That, and the American dollar is currently stronger than the Canadian looni.

It is 3 pm; I wear a dark suit and a white shirt and am riding in a taxi on 125th street towards LaGuardia Airport. You can no longer smoke in the cabs but the leather seats still smell like tar products of various sorts. I hope the smell won't linger in my suit; my father would disapprove. Because it is 3pm the taxi ride only takes twenty minutes. My father lands in ten minutes. Those ten minutes allow me time to determine his terminal and be there, waiting, as he strides along the moving sidewalk. I have not seen my parents since April when we celebrated my father's 53rd birthday. We ate at home and my father received a call from his brother in Tel Aviv. I am 23 years old.

A crowd of darkly dressed travellers begin to move through the tunnel towards me and I check the marquee above the checkpoint for the time. It is now 3:38pm. This must be my father's flight. I stand on my toes to get a better view of the approaching crowd. I put my arms out for balance. I, like my father, am five feet, six inches tall. He wears a beard. I do not. It takes some time for the crowd to exit, most speak French. The language never bothered my father. He said that living with French speakers made him feel cosmopolitan. I see my father now, he wears a dark suit and a white shirt, a black beard cut as short as the hair on top of his head, and his glasses. They are prescription glasses that tint when in the sun, yet the glasses are always dark. I think he wears them to hide the thin, purplish skin underneath his eyes. He sees me and smiles. We are glad to see each other. We hug. He smells like a clean suit and a shower. And alcohol. I don't remark on this.

He says, "Alon, my son, it is good to see you. How is my journalist?"

"I am doing well, father. My research is coming along quickly." I make a move to carry the violin for him and he blocks me with his wiry frame. He says good-naturedly, "Alon, my son. This is a heavy burden that I must carry alone." We laugh and he hands me the roller bag.

"How was your flight, dad?"

"Oh, you know how those things make me feel. All closed in and unable to move. I read an article about the Love Parade in Tel Aviv. They are expecting a lot of people this year. 250,000. Crazyes, all of them. Lewd crazyes." I think that this makes him miss Tel Aviv, actually.

I ask him, "Dad, you didn't say how long you'd be in New York. When will your man meet you about the violin?"

"Tomorrow afternoon, my flight home is later tomorrow evening. I can only stay for a short while, my son. Your mother needs me back at the bookstore as soon as possible," he tells me. "Alon, your research is going well? Maybe that is why you have no time to write to your mother."

"Dad" I say, "I write an email at least once a week. You must know, she checks the computer in the bookstore everyday. She reads you my emails. She tells me."

"Yes, but she cannot hold those letters in her hand, Alon. You must know how sweet it is to receive handwritten letters through the mail. I send them to you as often as there is news to tell."

"Dad, I think you just want me to practice the Hebrew alphabet. You think I lost my identity outside of your home. Outside Tel Aviv. Columbia University has one of the highest concentrations of Jews in the U.S. They have the Institute for Israel and Jewish Studies."

"Yes," he says gravely, "but do they ask my journalist son to protect his identity?"

His heritage? No. Alon..... a father worries about his son." He smiles and I think he's just kidding around.

I ask him, "Are you hungry? Have you eaten?"

On the way to Koronet Pizza my father tells me that the violin is a 1926 Ernst Heinrich Roth violin made out of 'tiger maple.' "As I detailed to you in the letter my father purchased it for me when I was in my youth. His discipline encouraged me to take the best care of the instrument. And now the violin will pay off, even if my earlier playing didn't." This next piece he says in a much quieter voice. It's so low that I have to push against the seat restraint to hear him over the engine's constant din. "The internet listed this particular model, made in the 1920s and in such beautiful shape, as at least \$6,500." He looks down admirably and pats the dark green case straddling his knees.

"Dad," I say in a voice low enough to match his, "If you had \$6,500 just laying around you would have already known about it. Come on..." He puts a finger to his lips, nods towards the driver, and watches him through the rearview mirror. "All I am trying to say is, what if this doesn't work, what will you do next? What will happen to the bookstore? What will happen to mom? This isn't the best way of taking care of her, these schemes..."

"Alon, have you no faith in your father? They say that there is a time in a man's life when he tests his parents' will and knowledge. Men do not need this stage. Respect your parents, Alon. I promise you that all will better soon." He's looking at me through those tinted glasses. I smile and say, "Ok. Ok." Then I add, "I'll pay for this taxi."

After an early dinner my father takes the violin out of the case and says, "It weights 395 grams. Very light, it's a professional instrument. Do you want to hear something before it goes?" I have not heard my father play since I was young, just after we moved to Montréal. I say, "Ravel, string quartet in F major, second movement, Le Très Rythmé."

My father rocks his head backwards, laughing loudly in my kitchen, and says, "Alon, do you have any idea how long it has been since I played? Oh, ages. And you pick Le Très Rythmé. I will try."

He places the violin on his left shoulder and secures his it with his bearded cheek. The bow is still in the case and he leans towards the table to get it. The movement starts with an impossible pizzicato but my father's fingers play it with remarkable agility, especially considering the time spent away from the instrument. The sharp notes reverberate in my bare, modern apartment. His ability amazes me and I smile even though he cannot see it. After several repetitions he moves the bow in his fingers and begins rapidly oscillating it across the four strings to produce a shaking note that rises to an incredibly high pitch, similar to a bird's. He then shortens the piece by moving towards the doleful midsection of the second movement, plays a few stanzas, and stops, weeping.

"It's been a long time," he says, putting the violin and the bow into the green case. He pushes his prescription glasses onto his forehead to wipe dry his watery eyes.

"Dad, it's amazing that you've retained the ability to play Ravel. I'm very impressed."

He says, with a shaky voice, "Yes, well, it has been a while since you've heard me play. It's good to be here with you, Alon. We see each other more infrequently now that your program started."

"Yes," is all I say. I should email more often.

"All right, my son. You will wake up early tomorrow, and I've got a long walk ahead of me. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Dad."

"I love you, my son," he says.

"I love you, dad." And I go to bed.

The next day my father stands inside the lobby of the downtown Art and Antique Dealers League building and asks, "How do I look?" He looks very happy and sure of himself. I say, "You look very professional." He smiles. A tall, thinly mustached man wearing a green and cream striped vest strides in, shakes my father's hand, puts his hand between my father's shoulder blades and ushers him into the room through which he just entered. This looks like a routine exercise and my father does not have time to look back at me or smile or wink or something usual like that. At least, that is what I was expecting. I flip

through twenty pages of Arts & Antiques until they return to the waiting room without the violin. They shake hands and my father walks towards me and tells me that it is time to go.

"Well, tell me about it," I say to my father.

"He made an offer and I sold it," my father says. He is not smiling.

I ask, "Did they give you the price the internet suggested?"

My father squints behind his dark glasses and attempts to hail a cab at the curb. His not answering my question agitates my nervousness. I ask him again. He says, "No. It was a forgery, but a very well made forgery. He gave me \$750 for it." I have nothing to say on the way back to the apartment.

My father begins packing his single bag and I ask him, "Was the cost of the airplane ticket to New York the same as or greater than the price for the violin?"

"Alon, I didn't come to New York just to sell my violin, I came to see you, too."

"Dad," I say, "I thought you came here under the pretense that you were going to sell the violin in order to tie up loose ends, to pay for the shop's loans, to take care of mom."

My father says, "I am taking care of your mother." He says this very firmly and stops putting his toiletries into a zip lock bag. "I will always take care of your mother. Do not disrespect me and say that I am not. You are our son and we are taking care of you as well. That is why we have the bookstore. That is why the shop is in Montréal and not Tel Aviv."

I am angry and say, "You use the pretense of caring for Hava as a way of pursuing your own blundering business adventures. Just like moving from Tel Aviv, just like the shoe store, just like the bookstore. You want to do your own thing and spin it so that you appear to take care of others."

"I AM taking care of others," my father yells back. "My son, it breaks a father's heart for you to speak this way. You went to college to lose respect? You have no respect, Alon. No respect. I gave up the violin that my father gave to me as a child to take care of your mother. And to take care of you. I am very disappointed that the violin cost less. I am more disappointed in my cynical journalist son who has no respect."

"How are you going to pay for everything," I ask my father. "You're right back where you started, and what have you thought about the future?"

"Alon," my father says, "I just found out about the violin. I will have to think about it on the flight home."

"You'll be drinking on the flight home." My father stares at me through his tinted glasses. His brows are twisted in a knot just above them and there is a little spit caught in his beard. We are the same size but he looks smaller even though he is angry. We look at each other for some time before he returns to packing. I leave the room and pour myself a glass of water from the sink. As I do this I think, am I just like him? Am I yelling at him about taking care of my mother just like he uses my mother to pursue business avenues? But what am I pursuing? Am I trying to blame our distant relationship on his poor decision-making instead of my involvement with Colombia? Is that an excuse? I turn around and my father is wheeling his luggage through the tiny living room and towards the door.

"Dad," I call. "I am sorry for yelling at you."

"You can tell me about it in a letter," he says. "I have a plane to catch."

"No, wait, Dad. I want to fix this before you leave." My father's hand is still on the door handle, his weight is on his left leg, and he does not look the least bit interested. He looks sad and tired.

"Alon, you are my son and I love you, but you cannot live with this disrespect. You need to reevaluate the love you have for your parents." I feel terrible. I walk over and hug my father, he hugs me back with his free hand, the one not on the door handle.

"Dad, I love you," I say desperately to my father.

"Do you? Yes, you do. I know that you love me like I loved my father." He winks through his glasses, does not smile, and walks through the open door. We did not resolve anything.



"SHAPES" / SAMANTHA HUNTINGTON

without a face
no identity
except the features
of its beauty are cloaked
without a face
no lying, grinning mask
no cloak to hide
from all its details
a face illuminated
against the dark
background red
and sticky as resin
see the hair
a faint dark halo
an un-icon
but not its soft
thin strands
see the wound
and faint outlines
of humanity
but not the small
hidden splinter

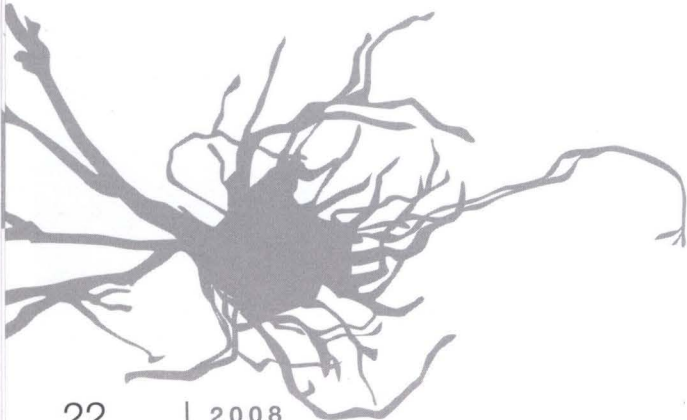


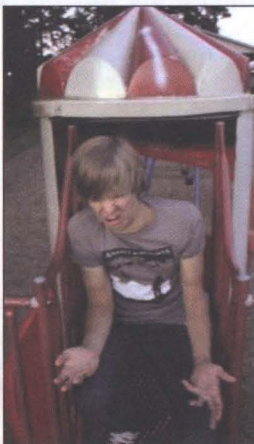
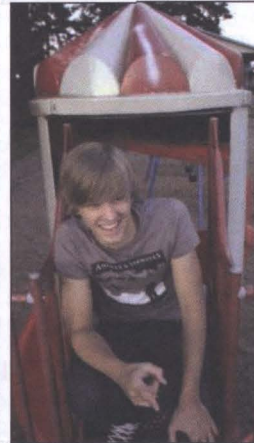
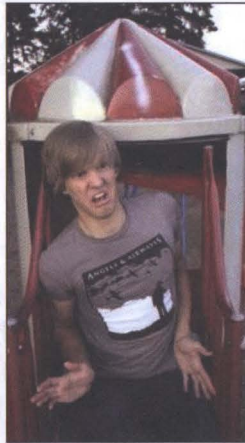
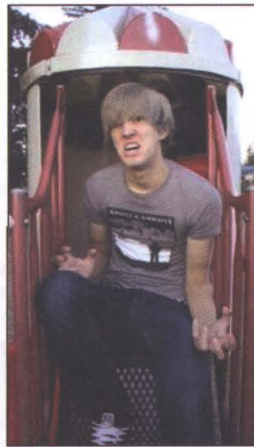
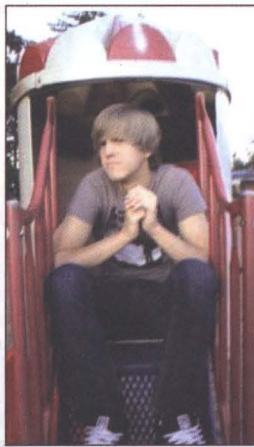
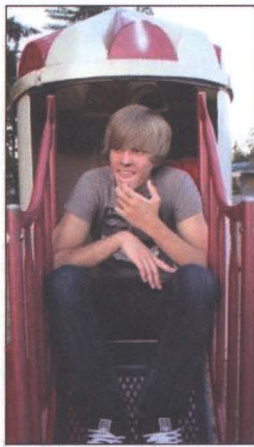


"FLYTRYPHON" / DELORA HILLEARY

"DESCENT" / BYRON HADLEY

7 years ago we met in the park
6 months ago I awoke by your side
5 weeks ago I asked you on one knee
4 days ago your heart held still
3 hours ago I drowned my sorrows in tears
2 minutes ago I said "I'm sorry"
1 bullet from now I shall see you again





"MATT MONTAGE" / SARAH SCHULTE

She awoke to a world of vibrant colors she had never seen before. When she fell asleep last night, and all the nights before that for that matter, the world had been dull and muted, filled with indistinct, mumbling shapes of brown and grey. She had fallen asleep, as she often had before, so full of despair that there was no despair at all, only numb. This morning when she woke, before she had opened her eyes, she was aware of the beating of her heart for the first time she could remember. She felt it thump-thumping against her ribcage strong and hard, full of life and will. And when her eyes finally did open, her breath was taken away, as if a vacuum outside her mouth and sucked all the air out of her lungs so she was empty, only to be filled up more with what she saw around her. Around her she saw life.

This train had done something to her. Sleeping in the rusting cars with the light of the bright, bright moon shining through where the rust had created windows. The comfort and warmth she had felt on the hard, cold floor. She woke up relaxed, refreshed, and able to see beyond what anyone had ever been able to see before.

She had come to these abandoned cars yesterday evening purely because that was where her feet led her as her mind was engrossed in thoughts of the end. The fog that was constantly surrounding her life, making things not awful, but hardly bearable was becoming too much. The world had become an unhappy place for most people these days. No one could pinpoint a certain moment when things had become too difficult to care about, when love and hate, taste and touch had become a chore. All the things that had filled living with life had slowly disappeared into grey, and no one seemed to mind too much.

As the fog had begun to seep around the world, into corners and under doors, people simply seemed to implode on themselves. They no longer thought of old friends, no longer ventured outside to walk among flowers that had also begun to fade. They no longer wrote letters of passion, but merely went through the motions of what they were sure were the most important things to life. Eat. Sleep. Work so money could be obtained, as money was one of the essentialities of life, perhaps more so than sleep. And when they weren't doing any of those things, they were inside with the shades drawn, staring into square screens that simulated for them life, that blared empty noise and projected dead colors. People no longer touched, no longer dreamed, no longer kissed or looked with longing at another. People no longer cared for anything except for continuing for the sake of continuing.

Except for him. He could not clearly remember the time before the fog; the fog had taken that away. Still, though, he knew something was not right, and he would sit on the steps to a large building people had once visited for comfort, hope, for history, for contact. He would sit on the steps trying and trying to make his bow do what he knew deep down it had once done. Nothing happened no matter how hard he tried, but still he would sit, and sometimes he would speak, wondering aloud, "What has happened that makes the world filled with so much and so many different kinds of sorrow?"

She never heard him because she never tried, because oceans kept them apart and she was limited by what she had been taught as the truth, as the laws of the world. The limits of communication, the limits of human capabilities were taught to her as fact, so she never tried to hear the boy she had once known, but who had faded as they told her he would, as everything else had.

This morning, however, was unlike any other, and she awoke temporarily blinded and deafened by sensory input that was greater even than that which had come before the fog.

She swung her legs over the side of the train; the train was the only thing that had not seemed to change. The weeds climbing up the side, the birds nesting in the corners had been beautiful in the fog and were beautiful now. It had struck her the night before because she could barely remember the last thing she had seen that had been so beautiful. This morning the train still held the same majesty, but to her wonderment so did everything else. She cautiously stepped onto the soft, cool, green grass. The sun was shin-

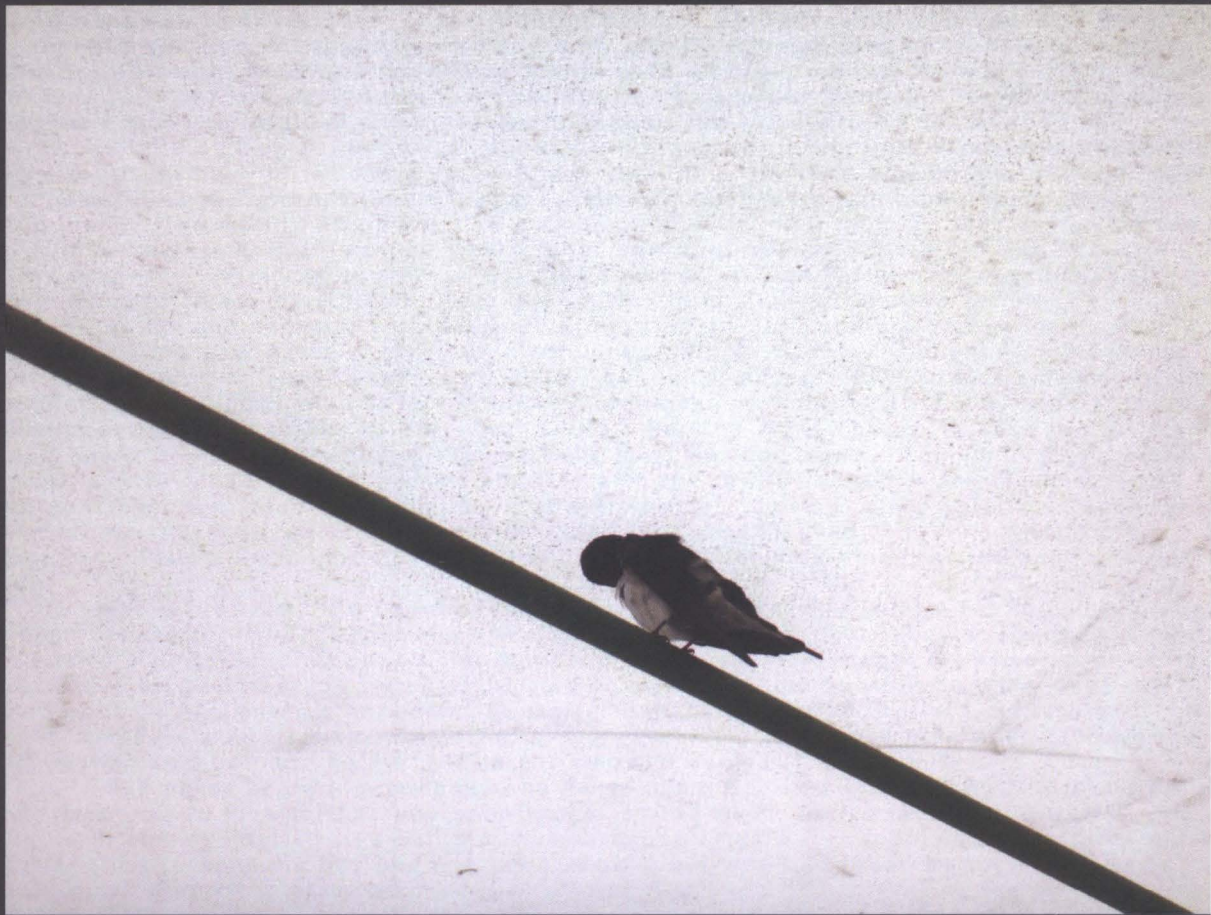
ing and she could feel it around her, but the morning still held a chill in the air. This chill, however, was not like the one she had lived with all her life. This chill was invigorating, a new and exciting sensation. All around her the world was coming alive. Birds in the trees opened their beaks and for the first time in years, songs emerged, and the air was filled with their harmonies. Bees and dragonflies buzzed happily about, greeting the flowers that for so long had only wilted despite the amount of sun and water that fell on them.

And somewhere far away from her, a bow was drawn across strings, as it had been hundreds, thousands of times since the world had been enveloped in mist. Except this time, a sound was omitted. A low, vibrating, note filled with more meaning than had filled the world in a very long time. People stopped in their tracks, dropped their mundane doings, and listened. The note was so full and true that not only near the boy, but around the world, people were awoken. People were reminded of what had been, and they looked around, confused at how they had allowed all that was beautiful to be lost.

Far away in her clearing, the girl smiled as she heard the familiar sound and spoke out loud to the trees, the sky, to no one.

"That is what love sounds like."

And on the steps, the steps that had witnessed so much, the boy sat and played his cello for her.



"RUFFLED FEATHERS" / TAMI LANE

"HAPA" / JADE SNOW

half of a whole of something new,
unique,
complex,
often underappreciated and misunderstood
the 32nd flavor
unknown
a rich texture
enhanced, not diluted
the marriage of spices
chilies and cinnamon-
dark, spicy, blush
confused...searching
bobbing in the waves of distant lands
their exchange the birth of the
exotic
creatures magnificent in their obscurity
the plumage of peacocks
two halves united
cross-continentially,
physically,
spiritually...
not bland nor sweet nor bitter
distinct
an unforgettable combination
black licorice and basil on the tongue
savory,
obscure,
a cultural breakthrough
the rising sun
perhaps not full, yet fulfilled...

persevere.

Happiness does not come pre-packaged.
You can't go to the store,
aisle 11 - Good Feelings -
to pick out that low fat, low sugar,
"Happy times" option.
When I walk down the rows,
scanning the nutrition labels,
I am deluding myself.

The one reading "Tall, Dark, and Handsome"
will not make me healthier.
He is not, as the wrapping suggests,
full of 10 essential vitamins and minerals.
I cannot satisfy myself through him;
he is only
empty calories.

The frozen food section,
cannot give me a sense of
accomplishment.
The TV dinner complete with college degree, dorm life
and a side of good resume will not,
in fact, get me a fulfilling career, I may
still be hungry after the 4 plus years are
eaten up.

The deli is alluringly simple.
It's family meals, mom, dad, siblings,
and distant relatives, do not
guarantee
stability or safety. You never know
if they have been under the heat lamps
too long,
the hidden bacteria thriving, unseen. Be careful.
Sometimes they can make you ill.

Homegrown. That's the only way to be sure.
Nurture the plants yourself, plenty of
self respect, hard work, lots of direct sunlight,
and use the shitty days as fertilizer.
Prune down your unnecessary commitments,
add a sprinkle of optimism around the edges,
and trim the worry back if it gets to be
too much



"SHANGHAI HARBOR" / LAUREN PRESSLER

I felt the sunshine on my back
I watched the bright sky turn to black
I held the answers in my hand.

In just a moment I find out
Just what the worry's all about
As every promise turns to sand.

And so I wander through the night
I drink too much and pick a fight
I wake up bleeding in the street.

A drunken loser on the bend
A broken mind that will not mend
I find a bench and take a seat.

The morning passes over me
The people walk but never see
I've lost my purchase on this land.

For many years I'm on my own
One in a crowd but all alone
I can't remember where I stand.

With broken skin and dimming eyes
Once warm with trust now black with lies
I'm wracked with carnage of deceit.

No sun will rise nor moon to bay
The words fall silent where I lay
Into death's arms I now retreat.





"RIVER" / SARAH LINDSTROM

this novelty of neurons
synapse: zap!
alive: am!
but don't we disregard
that subtle leap of charge?
the electron is God and
love weighs
 9.11×10^{-31} kg
this marvelous crescendo
is only voltage flow
and therein lies its glory
synapse: zap!
alive: am!



* GROWTH* / SARAH LYDECKER

I love eating strawberries
It's a challenge
Strawberries can't be eaten in one bite
bite, bite, bite
3 bites, quickly?
Oh no! Not fast
Savor slowly

Hold on to the bottom
Pinch the leaves
Bite it just to
have a taste

Take a nibble
chew widely
as if the mouth was
Full
savor, smile, swallow
Let the sweetness fill
the mouth

Hold on
probe a morsel from
the tip
chomp a chunk
and make a chasm
red, pink, white, soft
like a lover's mouth
Kiss
as it moves away
Smile, Blush and Breathe

Just have fun
Eat with ease
ripe and ready
seeds and red

Strawberries



"SILENT FILM" / WILLIAM MOCKRY

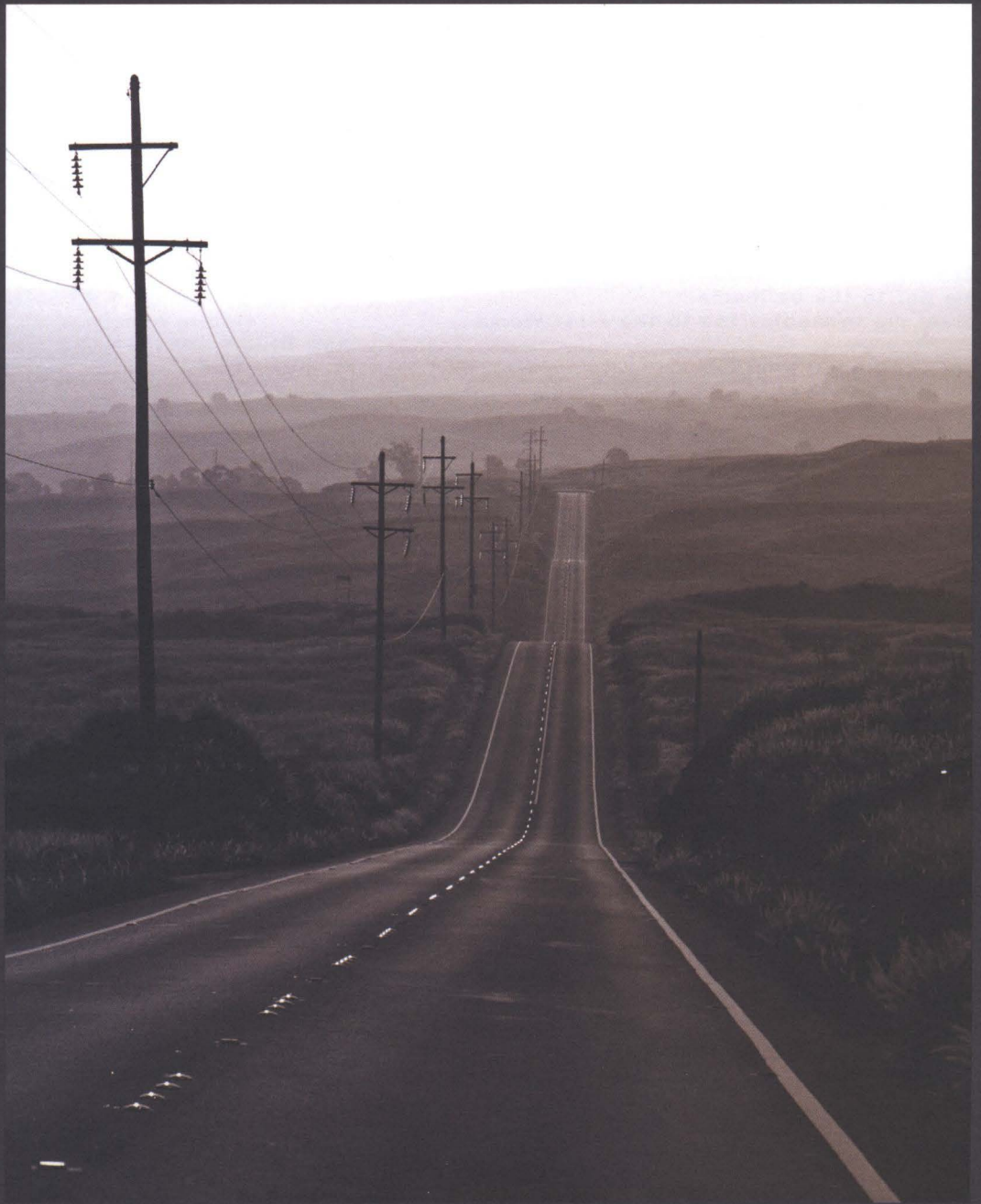
The car, it's rumbling up the drive
The whole town is alive
In sweeping sepia
That seeps into the clicker ticker-tape parade
For a movie made
Before my parents' age.

Their mouths open and close
Captions are their words
What is heard
Is the grand and spiral tremolo
Of the grand and spiral organ
Its notes fly me to the moon
Take me out to the ballgame
Transplant me in medias res to the First World
War
Anywhere and everywhere
I sail on those notes
And I dream of the actors' voices
In my mind.

Clara Bow with her swiftly bobbed coiffure
Mary Pickford, so sweet and demure
Buddy Rogers, dashing and handsome
The Gish sisters, held for ransom
And Charlie Chaplin rides on the cogs
Trips over logs
And lands in the laps of disaster faster than
anyone can
(Such a comical man!)

And while the projector flickers
And the ticker tickers
And the honky-tonk piano
Of Tin Pan Alley caliber
Rambles the rambling rags
I lose myself
Swept away by the colors and sound
Of the black-and-white
Silent film.





"RUSH HOUR" / COLBY TAKEDA

"Orion! Orion!" Danny managed to whoop in between guarding her face from the eyebrow-high weeds. I was running with my eyes closed, feeling the slap of the pollen tips against my ears and eyelids and chin, following the single-thudded pattern of Danny's footsteps ahead of me. Even at that age she was unbalanced. Today, when people hear me describe Danny as unbalanced, they assume I'm making some greater statement about her mental stability. No. Really, I'd never claim to be so perceptive or to know her so well. She's literally physically unbalanced. When she walks, only one flip-flop flops. Or I guess it's high-heels these days. Then, it was bare feet.

She led me to a grown man—shirtless—lying on his back in the weeds and intently fixated on the hot pink cat's cradle string Jacob's ladder strung between his fingers. I supposed he looked more like his fabled, astronomical hunter namesake (he'd changed his name himself), than "Dad," which is probably why even the six-year-old Danny referred to him by no such moniker. He hummed the theme to Star Wars as I gaped at the massive circular tattoo on his chest. (Later, I would recognize it as the Mayan calendar).

"This is Alicia," she said in a pompous, matter-of-fact voice that—unlike my babble—was used to being taken seriously by adults, "and she can't whistle either." I would soon learn that, in Danny-Speak, this meant we were friends. It really is strange, I guess, that a commonality would be the basis of our friendship—our tendency to hum when others whistled might have been the only thing we ever had in common. For the record, neither of us ever learned. Danny was always quite boastful about her labial inabilities—proud, it would seem, of our shared ineptitude. I would like to say the same of myself, but it wouldn't be the truth. In secret, every time my brother and dad would break into a high-pitched whistled tune, I would pout and wet and blow until I felt like I was having a charlie horse in my facial muscles. Still do.

Which isn't to say that I felt much like whistling eleven years, two months and some odd days later. I was fourteen. Danny was still only seventeen, but nobody could seem to convince her of that. It was my first funeral, not to mention my first time in a church. For some reason, I remember feeling entirely more conscious of the fact that I was in a church than the fact that I was at a funeral. I kept feeling the smoothness of the gold-leafed pages of the bible that had been on my seat, pulling them back with my thumb just to feel them flap past. Funny, it looked just like the ones that come in hotel nightstands. I'm not sure why I was expecting an official church bible to be any different, but I was.

"Oh honey, it's way too late for you," Danny snuck up and forced me to begrudgingly scoot in, preferring to take the aisle seat for herself. The quick get-away seat.

"Fuck, I hope there's food after. I missed lunch," she said without thought to how her voice would carry. I smiled weakly at the couple who took their seats in front of us. I looked them over, wondering if I'd ever heard their names mentioned in one of Tanya's stories.

Maybe this was her cousin who had to be hospitalized for the amazing persistence of his Viagra-proliferated erection (that is, if he even existed). I still hadn't washed the shirt I'd been wearing the night Tanya told us that one. My white v-neck was, like so many other things, crumpled unceremoniously on the floor beside my bed, the beer that Adam had spilled onto it after being so taken with laughter now a dry tan on the sleeve. That night—like so many—we'd sat in the bed of Guy's old F-series telling lies long after we'd ran out of Jack and beer and cheap gas station wine.

"Let there be light," Danny continued to mock as she lit her Camel. She said she only smoked Camels so that she could sue the company one day, blame their cartoon advertising for sucking her in as a kid.

"Don't act like someone died or anything," she elbowed me in my side, under my ribs so that I gave out an involuntary lp!

"Put that thing out, it reeks," I said, tucking my elbow tight to protect my side. I didn't really mind the smell of cigarettes—well, not anymore, at least—but it was getting in the way of my detective skills. See, Danny didn't believe in any artificial scents—no perfumes, deodorants or even mildly scented shampoos. It didn't always make her super popular on a hot day, but it always told you where she'd been. Today, once the cigarette

smoke wafted away (she'd picked the bible off my lap and put it out somewhere in the New Testament), she smelled like expensive men's cologne. I'd call her out on her morning conquest, but I had nothing to ask, and I knew she'd have nothing to say.

Of course there was her usual smell of pot. I didn't even register it then, so elemental was it to her scent. I suppose I only started to realize how much I associated that pungency with Danny after it became increasingly absent. And then, I must admit, it was with some degree of longing that I remembered its former presence. I didn't so much prefer its scentless, powder replacement. Danny sure did though.

Far more interesting than the cologne or the weed—and more incriminating—was the slight hint of musty butterscotch. To this day, there is only one thing in the world that I know to smell just that way. It's tucked away in the loft of Danny's dilapidated barn, under an old brown tarp that we used for slip-n-slides. There, in an old trunk—whose contents somehow combined to create that signature scent—is everything that Danny has left of her mother. Danny's mom died when she was three. When we were kids—when I didn't know any better than to bluntly ask about such things—I pressed Danny to tell me about her mom and how she died.

"She stopped breathing and her heart stopped beating," Danny said, as if this was obvious. And, even at age five, it bothered me, seemed uncomfortably incomplete. Some years later I realized that, while she indeed did stop breathing and her heart inevitably had stopped beating, this was not the whole story. Turns out it had been some sort of cancer. That's the impression I was still under at Tanya's funeral—that Danny's mom had died from cancer. It would be several more years before I would learn that there had been a note.

My face has this annoying habit of being all too true to what I'm thinking—which always gives me away when I'm lying or daydreaming in class—and at that moment I can only imagine that it looked somewhat concerned. After all, my best friend had been rifling through her dead mom's stuff the morning of the funeral for our newly dead friend. Mistaking my concern over her emotional state for mourning over Tanya, Danny rolled her eyes at me.

"Am I ruining this for you?" she asked.

"What?"

"Your first funeral and everything," she said, and I wasn't surprised that she'd registered my inaugural funeral attendance, "am I ruining it for you? Should I have brought my handkerchief?"

"No. What? No," I stammered, caught off guard by the line of questioning and the idea that Danny would ever own one of those lame monogrammed snotrags, "I mean, I just think we should be respectful. Like, for her parents or whatever."

It sounded like a lie, and the way Danny leaned back against the armrest on the side of the pew to take in my full image, I knew she found me suspicious. If she could have, she would have raised a single eyebrow at me. She couldn't raise her eyebrows separately, but I could. Had we discovered this before the whistling incident that day in the park, we would most likely not have been sitting next to each other that day in the church. I, for one, would definitely be obliviously attending my Thursday morning classes, probably fresh from eight hours of wholesome sleep in a room free from the clutter of beer-stained t-shirts, too. Maybe no one would even be sitting in that church at all.

"It's not about Tanya, all these long faces and dry sniffles. It's superficial. Tanya doesn't care whether your eyes are red or not. Hell, Tanya doesn't give one flying fuck about anything at the moment." The couple in front of us picked this moment to slide down to the far end of the pew. "People are just here to fulfill some sort of sick 'death routine.' They're here cause Tanya died, and this is what you do when someone dies. They should be here cause she lived—or at least for the free wine—nothing else really matters. All this shit about how it happened and how it's such a goddamn tragedy..." she stopped short, shook her head and kind of grinned at me in a resigned sort of way. You'll get there, that grin seemed to say to me. Pissed the hell out of me right then, too. I mean, I was trying to get into this whole funeral thing, as lame as she made that sound.

"Just leave it alone," I said, trying—and failing—to hide my frustration which only

grew as I got into a rhythm, "I'm trying to go through my death routine. It's not everyday your friend drives into a fucking ditch, after all." I felt like, sitting there in that church, I had a right to be dramatic. I admit I threw in the expletive in hopes of sounding as defiant as Danny had. It didn't have the ironic, swearing-in-church feeling I was going for, but rather sounded something like I imagine a hangnail would.

"Oh yea, cause that's what's important about Tanya, that she drove into a fuck-ing ditch," she replied, using her choicest of obnoxious girl voices to imitate my speech. We weren't fighting exactly. I think we'd figured out a long time ago that we didn't have enough in common to really fight about. We just picked at each other sometimes, mostly when we felt dangerously close to relating to each other on some deep, emotional level. And that just wouldn't be our style.

So we sat there through the service. Danny made that weird, nasally-stopped, half-laugh chortling sound when the priest expressed his sympathy for the "Slut family," when Tanya's last name was—as she had always viciously insisted—pronounced "Sloot." The third time he mentioned "the Sluts," I found myself making the same nasal-stop sound, though I was determined not to make eye contact with Danny afterwards (I bet she didn't look over, anyway).

When I arrived late to fourth period Spanish that day, wearing a pair of creased black slacks which stuck out against the sea of blue jeans, my friend Jessica asked me—and she did so while raising one suspicious eyebrow—where I'd been all morning.

"Funeral," I shrugged in response, turning back to the lesson on the use of the subjunctive that I had been tuning out. She offered something of her sympathies—in a way so elegant and appropriate that it pissed me off a little bit—before asking me, almost apologetically, how it had happened.

"You know, she stopped breathing and her heart stopped beating."

Jessica was sitting uncomfortably beside me, her head bent so low over her notes that she could have put her eye out with her furiously jiggling pencil. I was leaned back in my chair, with nothing on my desk to carry on any false pretence of attention. I was humming. I was three years old again, running with my eyes closed after the sound of Danny's uneven footsteps.

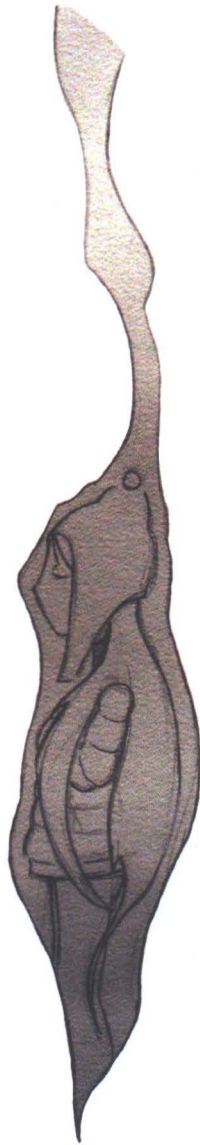


"PEACE OF NIGHT" / PATRICK WILGOHS



"AIRSKYPLANE" / PATRICK WILGOHS

I am health my mother's
from the first time she pressed that bottle
to her lips and
inhaled
To the hand shaking forcing
the child lock cap
To the collapse of the marble
floor
and the
back rolling
starving of her eyes
of her own tongue. for a bite



"NEW" / KELLI MAESHIRO

In a room unfamiliar, in a bed not my own, next to a man I do not recognize, I wake up this morning. Stale cigarettes linger on his skin. Panic does not pulse through me as it did the first time. I remain cool. I must leave though, and lucky for me the sun's not yet risen. How long should I wait?

I turn slowly onto my back, stare up at the ceiling, and listen to the rain outside. I pause and take a silent breath before I peel off the covers so I do not wake him. I slip out of bed. Last night is a blur, as if a crazy man had finger painted over every picture in my memory. The shadowy images in the room take shape around me, but it requires all my strength to stand, and the stench of alcohol brings me close to vomiting. I swallow the feeling. It's a small apartment, which will make it hard, near impossible to open the door without waking him. There are clothes on the floor but I can't tell which belong to me. I find a pair of jeans and pull them on. He stirs. I stop. Shit.

I stand motionless in the room until I hear the sounds of sleep, the shallow breaths, in and out. My wallet and keys are all I need. I feel across of the dresser and find nothing. The floor, the sofa, the coffee table, nothing.
"Hey."

I turn to the bed. The man whose name I can't remember is sitting there on the side of the mattress with his feet on the floor. He stands, naked, and comes towards me. He's younger than I am, I believe. His skin is still tight on his abs, biceps and chest. He puts his arms around me and moves for a kiss. It hasn't hit him yet. I turn away.

I see his expression out of the corner of my eye. It's one I've seen before in men his age. I remember I had once stood there with that confused look, the furrowed brow, naked and vulnerable.

"I'm just... looking for my keys," I say. My eyes don't leave the floor. He stands there quiet, the drum of the rain louder in his silence. He stares at me, but I can't bring myself to look. Eyes still fixed on me; he nods, even laughs a bit, and shakes his head. "On the counter, over there," he says and then walks away from me to the window. He's watching the rain, but that's not where his mind is. It's so much easier when they don't wake up. I take my keys and my wallet and retreat from the room. Its hard being where he is right now and I remember the night the rain changed for me too. The night it changed from being refreshing and reviving to being what rain really is. Wet. Wet and heavy.



"TREE" / SARAH SCHULTE



"THE LAST STAND" / ZANE MORIKI

From this mountain ledge
the old ranch looks defeated.
The barn leans over
 like the crippled sheepdog
 lumbering up the driveway.

Silence stalks the fields,
hovering over crumbling fences
 and ramshackle barns.
 The ranch is dying.

Still, the mountains are steadfast,
standing firm, like a brigade of soldiers
protecting the earth.
I will lie here at their feet,
 letting the wild blood
 run once again.

Like wheat sways in the wind,
waiting for the touch of rain,
I long to see your face again,
framed by the weather-beaten window;
 welcoming strangers and friends
 from the red porch steps;
 the shape of your hands.

I can feel the tug of pain inside,
 the stirring of blood
 as the thread starts to unravel.

There is Skipper,
crushed by that farmer's truck,
his eyes resigned as I stroke his bloody fur.
 How can I roam the fields
 without my shadow?

We used to run
to the nearest haystack,
 hiding from the lightning storm.
 Now I know there is no escape.

This inevitable unraveling
 will go on, tangling at times,
 dwindling every season,

until at last my soul is weightless,
 swept away
 from this earthly decay,

 arriving at that far country
 where the threads will be rewoven.



Ragged rampant ruffled skirt
Lilting on the ground in halting high heels
Hair held back
Sweater secured
On the light and luscious shoulders
Where the hands of handsome male monsieurs
Make midnight trips
And move their lips
To whisper wistful, lustful words.
"Je t'aime," they say
She'd have it no other way
And kisses the espresso celestial skies
With a sultry kiss
And a tango twist
While the nighttime nocturnal pedestrians stroll
While the buses and cars
On both sides of the rue
While the Champs-Élysées
Run rushing right by
And bid them
Adieu



"CAITLIN'S SKY" / LAUREN PRESSLER



"FAIRY FINDING" / LEA STRATTON

In a vastness
of empty and stars and
infinitesimal time
there is love. Pure, silvery.
The love of one small, blue place for another.

The moon has come out
of the closet.
Her glow is not a reflection of the harsh sun.
This delicate moon
beaming
quietly loves the feminine curves of the Earth,
the deep water, the living skin.
And for this,
moon's life glows with purpose.

She peeks her face out
waxing until naked before Earth's beauty.

But
Earth's heart is broken.
She would return the moon's love
this gleaming thing tied to her.
Earth is too full of sadness, humanity,
war
too sad to love the light.

The moon covers herself in darkness
again, again.
Her love never wanes, though
and both still revolve.
Two women
two heavenly bodies surrounding each other
until the end.



-Somewhere: a clock tower heralds twelve:
The First Glance.

At first glance: tickled senses.
Prickled bonds born bybuilding bridges,
Mocha-irises speak of wit-and-intellect,
A hinted-smile emanating gentle-sunlight,
And an angel's voice
Clear-and-crisp as the calming-spring breeze...It bea-
cons,
Ne'er a sweeter-lei-flowed...Scented by the heavens
Than the one that crowns you.

-In a Glance, glimpsed a snow flake's tip.

A heart beats for thee.
Hear within my chest,
The sounding of silent longing,
A distant late-night-confeussion
So far from truth...Buried and protected,
Penetrated by love's tender light
Do you see it?

-A Sideway's Glance, 'tis a season anew.

A hand outstretched.
Willing to be held,
Of skin softer than spring's first rosed-budding-bloom
Tender held uncertainty,
A Walk.
Arm in arm.
Mind to...Mine.
Swaying to the rhythm of
Syncopated-hearts
Rhyming in quiet
reflection.

-Now a Glance. Now a Glance returned.

A heart-beat-skipped,
The sharp intake of quick-breathless-lost,
Heated-face-aflame brushed with Rose-tinted-blush,
Warmth of heart-and-spade entwined,
Flurry-of-time-forgotten-lost-
The moment perfect-exalted-so-near-
Soon a final-first-bridge-kiss-closing...

-Then...
A Glance
...Away.

The Glance has been broken.

We are Alone, and Isolated,

Over coffee studying,

Economics,

Again,

As Friends,

And That...

is

Okay.



"SLY TURTLE" / COLBY TAKEDA

Excepting the tree trunk, the clearing looked the same as the dozens the men had passed that day. The grayed trunk stood hollow, about four feet tall and ten feet in diameter, charred black veins ran from the cracked top to the base. There was no doubt to the men that it would have dominated the forest when living, and that lightning ended its existence as a tree. Now there was just a trunk, a reminder to what once was. To the three of the men, there could not have been a more trivial detail.

"Poor Bastard." Jack Dixon whispered from the head of the group. He did not know where this came from. These were the first words spoken by the four of them in hours, and they were nearly inaudible. It was the fifth day in the woods, and they were no closer to the mine. Jack was the unspoken leader of the group. His authority was derived from a composure the other men did not possess. It was yet another leadership role since the War, another goal that was not coming into fruition. People Jack met always knew he served, but nobody could be sure for which side he fought. He wore his dark hair short and kept his face neat. The way his eyes caught others' gave off a sense of intensity that often rendered him dominant within his interactions.

Jack had enjoyed many points of success in the military. He was promoted to sergeant after only ten months, and was very proud of the fact that no man from his unit was killed. But the War was fifteen years ago. The idea that it was the peak of his life, however uncomfortable, was becoming unavoidable. Jack had never been able to hold a steady job, and this was now his third trip into the hills in three years in search of gold. He was married to a beautiful woman, Claire; a fair skinned woman with blond curls, considered striking by all who knew her. Their romance was not beautiful, Jack loved her, and that was the extent of it. Shortly after their first year of marriage, a charming boy was born. Grant Dixon had his mother's curls and his father's sharp features. Jack had built him a swing off an old oak branch in front of their house. Until it broke, Grant split time between being on the swing or at his mother's side. To his father he would ask questions about geography and the Presidents, and Jack never had an answer. It was in Grant's sixth year that Claire told Jack she was leaving him. I need a man who can provide for a family, she told him. I found someone, she told him. I'm taking Grant, she told him.

That was eight years ago. Jack, staring blankly at the tree trunk, could think of nothing else but Grant. He missed his son and wanted to be there for him. He wanted to show him his way into manhood, to teach him to hunt, to watch his first courtship. The trunk remained inanimate.

"You poor bastard," He declared with a heavy sigh.

"Who?" asked Samuel from the back. He spoke with a slight impediment from the brown corn-cob pipe that clung to his lip. He hadn't had tobacco to smoke for days, yet the pipe could always be seen in the side of his mouth. He was excited for conversation.

"That tree," Jack replied after a few seconds, "the poor bastard was king of the forest."

Samuel did not respond. Neither did the other men. They had not known Jack long enough to understand what he meant. To them the trunk represented nothing more than a hollow memory. They caught their breath at the clearing and moved on.

"THE FATHER MY FATHER KNEW" / TYE SUNDLEE

He rose like the November sun, with a grudge,
Stumbling up through the harvest's haze.

The farm, awake for hours without him.

Only tattered light broke the whisky smog
To guide the boys through their chores.

His cannon arm disjointed by a snap freeze -
A lead shackle on his robust form -
He strained to stand tall, be his former oak self,
He rose on the fuel of these past June glories -
burning fastballs, igniting cheers -
and the thought of an Irish coffee.

Now the boys slay wilted corn for warmth.

Jabbed into the shadow of forgetfulness,
by time's keen, indiscriminant trident
he faded under cancer's eclipse.

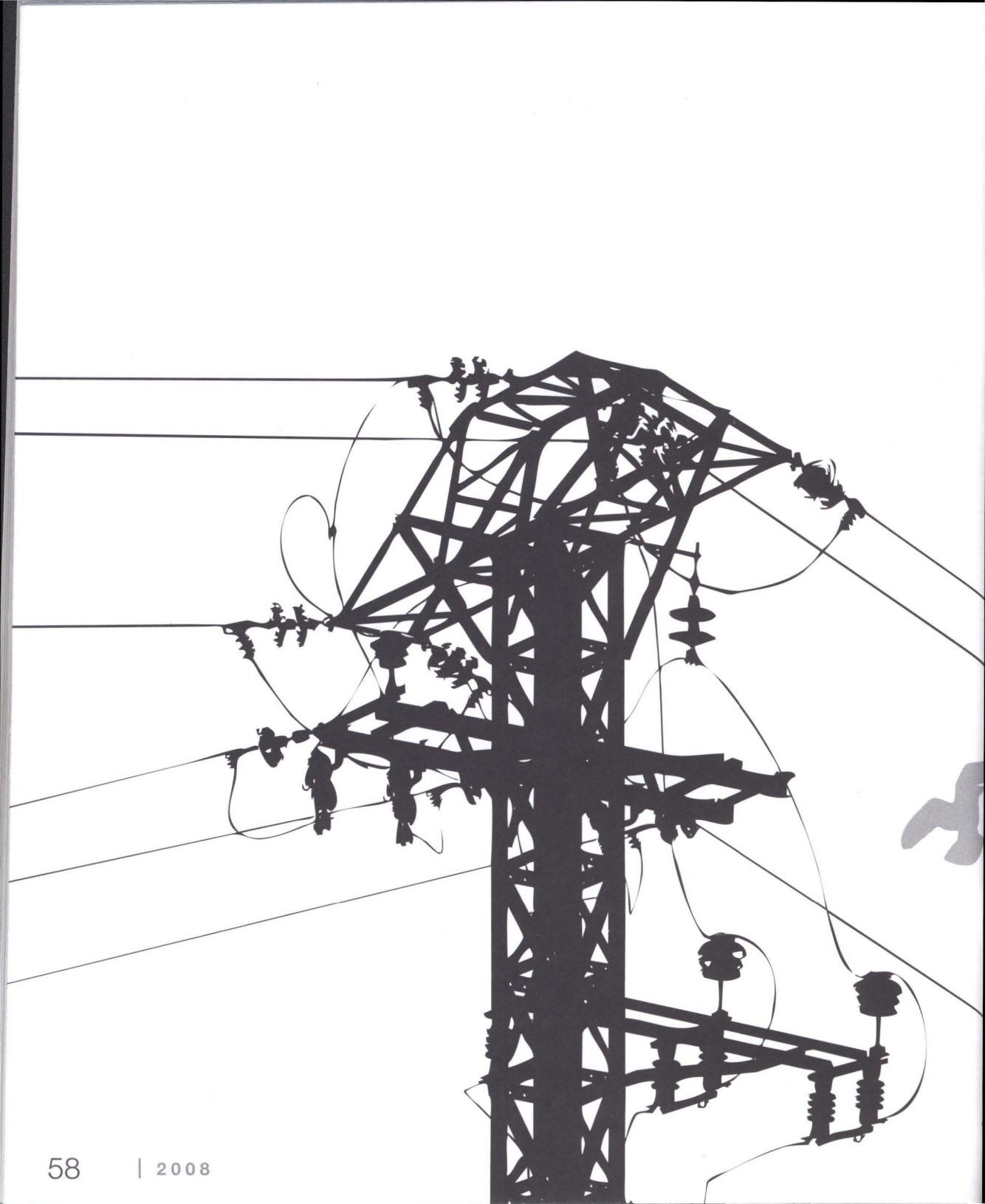
His young boys crowded the cast iron kitchen stove.

I write.

A hand clutches me when it wills, strips me
of my cap, forces me into its patterns,
jabs my nib against paper's smooth roughness,
pulls me across the page
while words form and grow,
conceived in the mind but born through me.
Then I lie, both wishing and dreading,
pregnant with untold stories.

Someday there will be no next time.
I know that I will be thrown away.
I will run dry, I will be stepped on—
Shattered.

There are so many ways to die,
forgotten, unthanked, while the words
begotten in unequal partnership, hand and ink,
mind and pen, will live forever,
ripped from me.
You think then that I wish to die?



On the highway I opened my mouth to sing
but instead I swallowed America,

and subtly, as I drove, grew wide between
the shoulder blades

and deep down the spine. The expanse of land split me in two
into a canyon over the river of the road.

And, unholy though the land is in its raw
form, unfamiliar to the hands of good

or evil, it grew inside me until the crevice
became a deep cathedral, the vault

of the sky as the foundation for the terrestrial
sacellum that transubstantiated my weary

roadsick body until I was holy on the inside
and had to lay my unearthed body down

on the laical sheets of the day's
inn and exhale silently, in search of a song.



THANKS.



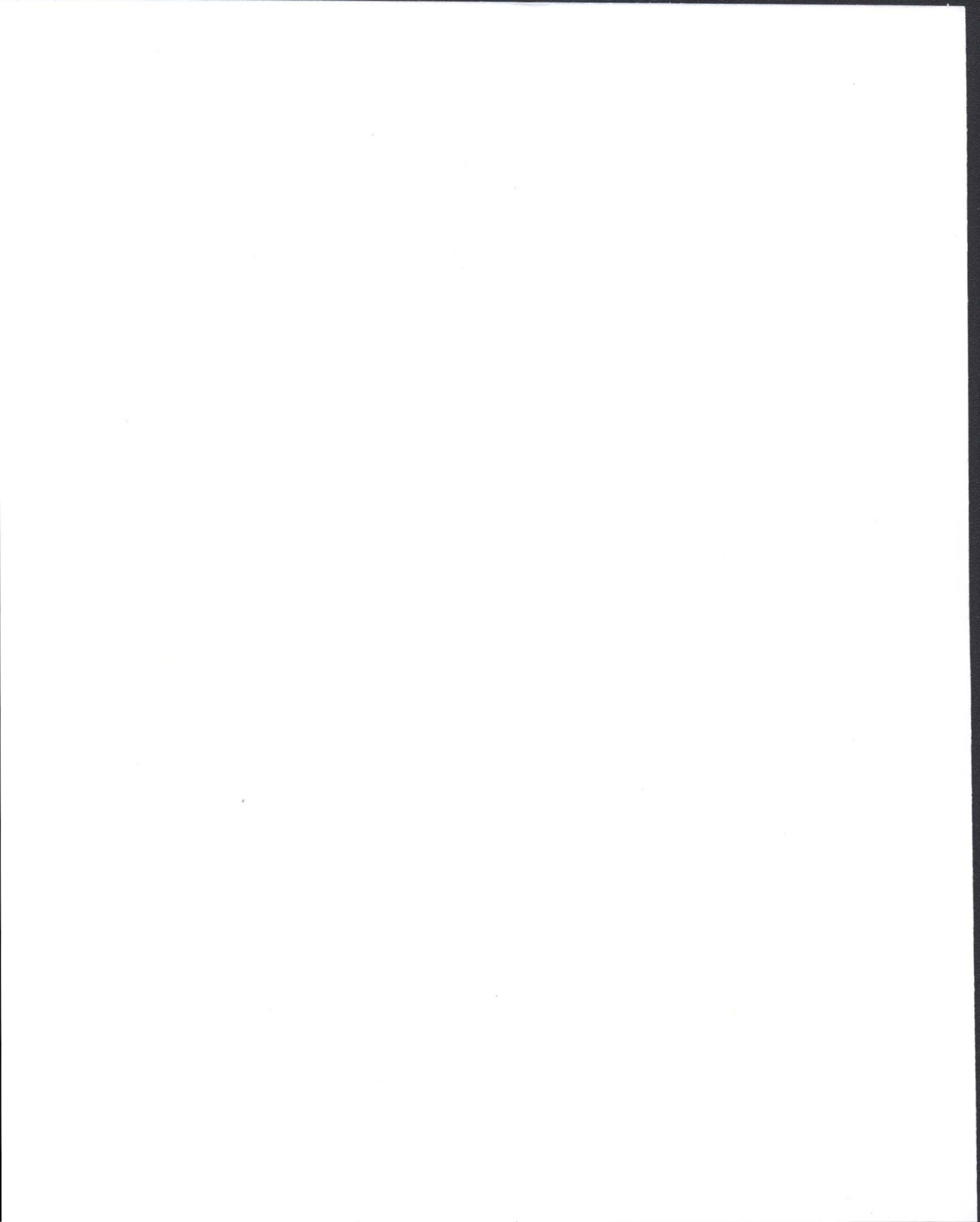
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“UH, GEE, GREAT.” 
- ANDY WORHOL









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