

FIRETHORNE

The Gustavus Journal of Literary and Graphic Arts

FALL 2012
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS COLLEGE

FIRETHORNE SUBMISSION POLICY

Firethorne is Gustavus Adolphus College's student-run literary magazine comprised solely of student work. Firethorne is published twice a year, with a supplemental in the fall and a full-length publication in the spring.

Students may submit their work by emailing firethorne@gustavus.edu with "Firethorne Submission" in the subject line and the student's name, year, and major included in the body of the email. Emails must attach prose and poetry in Microsoft Word format in a standard font without color (Times New Roman, 12 pt.). Attachment file names should reflect the titles of the work you are submitting and the student's name should not be included anywhere in the document itself. Artwork and photography must be sent as a JPEG file with reasonable file compression (300-600 dpi), again with the file name reflecting the title of the piece. Multiple submissions should be sent as separate attachments. Drawings/paintings/etc. that are being submitted may either be scanned and then emailed, or can be a high quality physical copy. The Firethorne encourages collaboration between artists and photographers; pictures of sculpture and other multimedia works will be credited to both their creators and photographers. Physical copies of paper artwork can be submitted through the Gustavus Adolphus post office and sent to Professor Baker Lawley. Firethorne will not publish anonymous work or materials submitted from a non-Gustavus email address.

The Managing Editor will systematically code all submitted work and turn over the submitted work, without attribution, for the editors' scrutiny. Firethorne staff will admit submissions for creativity, originality and artistic value.

For prose, submissions should be 2500 words or less. Artwork and photography can be color and up to any size, however please take note that color may be cost prohibitive depending on available funds. In this event, Firethorne staff will convert artwork to grayscale with the submitter's consent.

Submissions marked for publication will appear in their original submitted form except for technical aspects such as font, size, page placement and corrections of obvious grammatical errors. Stylistic changes (i.e. word substitutions, changes in length of the work, word omissions, etc.) recommended by the editors will be made only with the submitter's consent. If recommended changes are not approved by the submitter, they will not be made; however the publication of the work will then be determined by the Firethorne staff as it reflects our artistic mission for the publication as a whole. It is against Firethorne policy to publish works that do not reflect the submitter's artistic integrity.

Firethorne will publish up to two works from an individual student in each issue. This policy is applicable to both Firethorne editors and the general student body. Staff members' works will undergo the editing process like all other submissions.

The views and/or opinions expressed in the publication are not to be taken as those of Firethorne staff or its associated bodies. Materials deemed to place the publication at risk for liability with regard to obscenity or profanity in connection with hate speech, slander or other illegal forms of speech will be removed at the staff's discretion. Work found to be fraudulent in nature or plagiarized will be disqualified upon confirmation.

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and to you, our cherished readers, for your interest in and passion for the written word and artistic expression.

Thank you,
The Firethorne Editors

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

Last spring, when handed the responsibility of operating and managing *Firethorne*, we had no idea what was in store for us. This semester has proved to be a semester of learning. While in the classroom we learn theoretical approaches to literature, it is in *Firethorne* that we learn the process of producing and publishing literary and graphic arts. Hours of coding, heated deliberations, and late nights in the office have all culminated in this publication.

We are grateful for our role in *Firethorne* and for the opportunities it has yielded. But these opportunities are not exclusive to us. This past semester we excitedly welcomed more editors than ever before. Through *Firethorne* our editors have the chance to grow by discovering new software, using professional editing notation, and experiencing the reviewing process.

Perhaps most importantly, *Firethorne* is also an opportunity for the budding writers and artists of the Gustavus community to experience the process of submitting for publication. The process is a harrowing one, riddled with both acceptance and rejection. Yet our greatest hope is that submitters learn the importance of persevering. Continually hone your craft, pursue excellence, revise constantly, and don't be afraid to push yourself. Never give up on what you are passionate about.

We now invite you, our reader, to look through the magazine. Each page and each piece was lovingly labored upon for your reading pleasure; the publication's educational properties are a bonus. But perhaps in reading, *Firethorne* will become a learning opportunity for you as well. Maybe you will discover a new technique, find a new medium, or consider a new perspective. So soak it all in, be inspired, and enjoy.

Happy Readings,

Kristina Ericksen & Abby Huff

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Cover art: “Raindrops” by Kristina Fosse, Senior Sociology and Anthropology Major

Back cover: Excerpt from “Fragmented Thoughts” by Laurel Boman, Junior Classics Major

EMILY HAMBERG
JUNIOR BIOLOGY MAJOR

THE ART OF OVER-THINKING

My small doubts
come only late at night.
They trickle through my window,
illuminated by moonlight,
making me wonder—
Am I wrong or was I right?

KRISTINA FOSSE
SENIOR SOCIOLOGY & ANTHROPOLOGY MAJOR



OLD DHAKA

RIDE

This small key yields a soft click
Creating freedom for my modern machine

I throw my leg over the rusted metal and begin to feel
The forces resisting as the wheels turn faster

These tiny gears go in circles,
My favorite record put on repeat

I don't know where I will end up,
But the racing cement beneath gives me solace

But soon, it's gone and all that remains
Are small grains of sand scattered with jagged stones

I push forward into the distance as the wheels wobble
Trying to find the most stable terrain

Rich old wood flooded with acres of bright golden ears
Is now all my eyes can see

I once longed for the same pavement I can now barely imagine;
The gears too have become ingrained to the gravel

Both of my hands are now clenched tight
And the circles that carry me come to a complete stop

I take a moment to stare in awe at the orange sun being put to sleep
Beneath a cavalry of green sycamores

I only wish that my tendons could forever turn these petals
And take me into such a perfect horizon

ABLUTION
(*LA TOILETTE*, MARY CASSATT, 1891)

The woman bends over the basin,
Deliberately cupping water in her smooth, white hands.
The water is blue, the walls, a darker shade of this color of life,
Matching the carpet embroidered with fallen leaves.

Her feet sink into the softness of the rug —
A forest floor, now.
Her vanity is surrounded by the blue, blue sky.
Her towel's green stripes speak of the trees that
Create the walls of her dressing room.

Still, she bathes,
An ancient ritual of ablution,
Not to be disturbed.
The vials on her vanity add a sense of the
Cosmopolitan.
Yet all she sees is her reflection in the basin
As if in a clear forest spring —
Her beauty never wavers under water.
Her smooth breasts, like fruit from a tree,
Hang fully down, absorbing the heat.

Slowly, she wets her face.
Drops fall to her feet, to the carpet of
Blue pine needles.
Some fly to the sky.
In the mirror, the spatters remind her...

The room, once again.
The blue, brown, green, cream room.
The pitcher at her feet, where she left it.

IN BLOOM

It was on that first night in August when Lily Böhn tip-toed across the cobbles of Isola Bella to the Pier in her pink ballet slippers that she heard the gospel truth from Harvey Whittaker. Wearing a pair of dusty khaki shorts and a bright red tie with his grubby, brown corduroy blazer unraveling at the cuffs, Harvey sat slumped over an empty bowl of clam chowder, his hairy legs dangling over the side of the pier. The graying curls on his head were mussed on one side as if he had been sleeping for days, as still as the stones beneath his sixty-eight-year-old bottom. The scruff on his sun-tanned jowls and neck made him look just as disheveled, but his eyes said otherwise. Wooden in color yet very much alert with consciousness, his irises seemed to simultaneously reach deep into some sweet and philosophical spot in a dark corner of his mind and out to the silently exploding colors on the horizon beyond the Borromean Gulf. An almost visibly salty sea breeze snatched away the remnants of the stifling humidity from the afternoon, causing Harvey's eyelids to close as his chapped lips parted in a toothy smile. It was in this state that Lily's virgin feet came to rest gracefully behind him, under the shade of a cypress tree. The little yellow barrette pinning back Lily's fair hair stuck out at such an angle that suggested curiosity might get the better of it and cause it to jump right into Harvey's lap. Still, the lips of both girl and barrette stayed latched as Harvey spoke.

"Sky's cloudin' up suh'm beautiful t'night," he murmured wistfully, imbibing the lingering dregs of light and warmth from the sun. The star of the scene was now setting in a ring of silk-drawn clouds like the eye of a celestial storm. "Is just about time."

"Time for what?" Lily asked without moving, her voice just far enough above a whisper to be carried to the end of the pier.

"Oh, y'know. Dinner, fer some. Dusk. Th'end of happy hour. Limbo, I s'pose."

"What's that?" she asked, as if she hadn't heard.

"Limbo—y'know what—."

“I know what limbo is. What I meant was, I don’t understand.”

Lily had moved out of the shadows to sit on the northern edge of the pier, removing her shoes as she spoke.

“Don’ unnerstand what? If y’knows what limbo is, what’s else to make sense?”

“Well, it’s after dinner for me, it isn’t even close to dusk, and I don’t see any reason why happiness can only last an hour or what limbo has to do with any of it.” She stated these things more as fact than explanation and touched her toes to her little corner of the sea with their thirteen years of wisdom and wear.

“H’ain’t that the truth!” Harvey boomed, shaking into coarse laughter from a smile and a slap on his puddle of a knee. He set the empty bowl on his left, then turned over his right shoulder to survey his company. The knotty muscles in his face contracted and his mustache quivered as he realized Lily’s age. “Now, whatsa child like you doin’ out here so late?”

“I could ask you the same question,” Lily replied, sweeping the blond curtain between Harvey and herself behind her ear. Instead of meeting his gaze, however, she continued to look just north of the fiery glow receding behind the knoll across the bay, where the clouds had cleared and indigo was being gathered to the earth in a shower of stars.

“Well I s’pose you could, but it wu’n’t make much sense since I’m no child!”

“Aren’t you?” This time Lily delivered her response with a curious stare from her gray eyes.

Harvey raised his eyebrows. “Well shoot, I guess I am. Not in the way you might’ve heard though, I’d bet.”

Lily continued to stare, but Harvey had turned his back on her and resumed the same paradoxically introspective and outward-reaching expression as before. After pulling her feet out of the water and back onto the pier, Lily gathered the skirt of her lilac dress and stood up. Abandoning her slippers, she painted watery footprints all the way up to where Harvey sat and waited to find the pair of glasses through which he saw the setting sun. Harvey looked up at her and scooted to the right to make a spot for the girl, which she quietly accepted. The two of them looked at each others’ knees, one pair white and nubile, the other dark and arthritic, riddled with traces of varicose veins.

Harvey chuckled. "These bones don't look too young though, do they?"

He turned to Lily as he asked the question, but she was squinting out into the ocean again, still trying to see through Harvey-colored lenses.

"Aunt Rhee says you haven't been back to America in years."

Harvey's lips peeled back in a smile. "Oh, well that's true enough. I don't suppose your Aunt Rhee's been back there much 'erself if she been around here long enough to know that."

"No, she went to see my sister in California last summer," Lily said, missing the deeper meaning in Harvey's words. "She said twenty-one was a good age for Ally to bond with her."

"Ho-ho, well I bet!" Harvey's rough laughter coursed through the air again. "If 'bondin' means shootin' the breeze with a bottle-a rum!"

Lily frowned. "Ally doesn't drink that much. She didn't even wanna drink when she turned twenty-one, but Aunt Rhee said it's always good for a special occasion."

"No, I s'pose your Aunt and sister'd be more the type for a bottle-a Madeira in any case," Harvey said, ignoring the bulk of Lily's defense. "But don't you go gettin' any ideas now missy."

"Lily," she interjected.

"Whussat now?"

"My name's Lily."

"Oh, right then, nice to meet you miss Lily. I'm Harvey," the old man replied, extending his hairy hand.

"I know." Lily let her delicate white fingers be engulfed by his, twice as fat and not as long as hers.

"Well, alright then!" Harvey exclaimed in mock surprise. Pretending to be offended, he added, "I bet your Aunt ain't told you everthin' about me, and she don't know the half of it either!"

"She says you're the homeless island hermit." An impish smirk grew on Lily's face. She was goading him now, challenging him to disprove her.

"Ha!" Harvey barked, still in good humor. "I s'pose that's true enough too."

Lily was slightly disappointed that he had not risen to her bait, allowing them to be equals in the bickering of good friends. Then again, there were hardly any similarities that she could see between

an old, homeless hermit bumming around in Italy and an American teenager fated to live with her aunt for the next five years. Lily liked Italy well enough, but Aunt Rhee was not cut out for raising a two-year-old on her own, much less keeping track of Lily.

Her eyes were positively straining now with the brilliant red light resting on the sea, right at eye level. Lily thought of her sister Ally's sultry red lipstick and wondered why she had not personally raided her aunt's supply already...

"But what was I sayin' agin?" Harvey broke into Lily's daydream of what it would feel like to press the waxy paint to her lips. "Before you introduced yourself."

The sun returned to its typical shape in Lily's eyes, no longer resembling Ally's ruby lips. "That I shouldn't get any ideas," she answered.

"Well, that was rather dumb of me, wa'n't it? You get all the ideas you want now, Lily, just take a page out of your sister's book and go easy on the juice. 'Course you're 'llowed to have fun once in a while, when you're young, but don' go gettin' sloshy every Tuesdee."

"Sloshy?"

"Oh nevermind," Harvey said somewhat hastily. "Ignorance is bliss, eh? Or maybe naïve-ety."

Again, Lily ignored Harvey's misuse of the English language and said, "Aunt Rhee says that's not a good saying."

"Well, why—how old *is* your Aunt Rhee?"

"Thirty-two."

"Ah," Harvey said knowingly, placing his hands on the pier behind him for back support. "Not too old, not young enough, neither, I'd say. She probably feels more strongly about the second part though, eh?"

Lily interrupted Harvey's chuckle. "I don't know. She's old enough to be a mom." Gita's fragile face appeared in Lily's mind. She hoped Aunt Rhee remembered to put her to bed soon....

"Well, havin' a baby won' make you a grown-up but raisin' one will!" Harvey coughed another chuckle and continued: "Growin' up's not the hard part though is it, stayin' young's the trick."

"Aunt Rhee says she did." There was no pause between their statements.

"Did what?"

"Had a hard time growing up. Her parents got divorced when she

was nine and Uncle Marlo left when she was my age.”

“Is that right? Well—and what *is* your age?”

“Thirteen.” She tried to hide the annoyance in her voice at revealing such a signifying trait; age, in her experience, often had the power to change an adult conversation into something much more trivial in an insignificant amount of time.

Harvey whistled, but Lily had nothing to fear of him altering the tone of the conversation. “And your Aunt Rhee lets you out here so late?”

Lily shrugged, pulling the curtain of hair off her ear again. She neatly replaced it and said simply, “She’s fine.”

“Hmm,” Harvey mused, unconvinced. He tilted his heavy head back and eyed Lily skeptically, then found her face contorted in a contemplative frown.

“Why the long face?”

Lily ignored the misuse of the idiom and turned her face to him without meeting his gaze, answering, “What you said about growing up. Ally doesn’t want to pay bills and stuff like that like Aunt Rhee does, but she doesn’t have any problem staying young. She always tells me to be a kid, but I don’t see what’s so bad about twenty-one, or sixteen....”

“Ho-ho, well, you’ve got a while before that!” Harvey broke in. “Your sister’s right about that, not rushin’ things, but all that logistical stuff will come easily enough. She’ll be jus’ fine.”

Harvey leaned forward again and rested the palms of his hands on his kneecaps. His arms were a bit short to meet them comfortably, however, so he pulled back a little and scratched at a stain on his right pant leg. The indigo blanket in the north had crept closer to the horizon, and the air was no longer warm enough to tempt teenagers into swimming. Lily waited for Harvey to say more, but when he finally spoke, the words were not what she expected.

“Lily.”

Her face looked paler now in the dimming light, soaking up more “cold” colors than warm. “Yeah?”

“What’s your middle name?”

Lily resisted the urge to raise her eyebrows; she wanted to see where he was going without distracting him. “Anne.”

“Lily Anne.” Harvey put a hand on her arm and pushed that mysterious corner of his mind out a little further from his eyes.

“Lily Anne, I want you to remember something. When your sister Ally or your Aunt Rhee tells you to act like a grown-up or stop behavin’ like a child, you remember that the only thing wrong with that, being a child, is embarrassing society, and society duh’n’t know you like Ally or Aunt Rhee, and nobody knows you like you do.”

Lily opened her mouth to form a response, but nothing came to mind. She shut it, looked back and forth between Harvey’s eyes, searching for the crime society said he committed, and decided to answer his request simply.

“Okay.”

Satisfied, Harvey lifted his hand from her arm and re-placed it on his thigh, returning to the last purple lip of the sun’s light flowering into dusk.

“Well, I maybe misspoke earlier, but it’s gettin’ on dusk now, and I bet your Aunt Rhee would like it better if you were home with her.”

Lily sighed and stood up, careful not to be unladylike with the flipping of her skirt. “Oh, she doesn’t mind. Little Gita gives her enough trouble, and she’s only two.”

Harvey opened his mouth to comment, but Lily interrupted him. “Anyway, it was nice to meet you mister...well, what was your last name?”

“Oh, we don’ need to be botherin’ with all that,” Harvey said with a shooin’-motion of his hand, “but m’Daddy’s name was Whittaker, so I’m Harvey Anton Pearson Quentin Whittaker.”

Lily smiled. “All right, Harvey. Nice to meet you.”

“And you as well, Lily Anne.”

Lily padded back on the now-cold cement to pick up her slippers and hesitated. Harvey’s back was hunched and facing her in the same position she had found him. She thought of calling out to him, wracking her brain for some acceptable means of offering him a place to sleep. Finding none, she turned her back on him as well and retreated past the cypress tree and away from Isola Bella. The walk to Aunt Rhee’s was short with Harvey’s words still in her mind to accompany her, and soon the little Italian flat greeted her with a warm bed and a view of the stars that transported her into dreams of fire, flowers and feet on a cobblestone pier by the sea.

ZEYNEP TUZCU
JUNIOR PSYCHOLOGY & SPANISH MAJOR



BOYA KAVANOZLARI

I HEARD YOU COULD SEE JUPITER LAST NIGHT

I heard you could see Jupiter last night — no lie
Mistook it for another sphere, thinking
Not possible, with only human eye
So we walked underneath— minds unblinking.

Though wait! One friend did stop, asked which shines bright
Gazed up, stood in the middle of the street.
Saw two stars side by side, watching the night
But we thought the planets were more discrete

I heard you could see Jove this last weekend
Its rings were missing, its shape us deceived
Read it from a site, heard it from a friend
I think I did see Jupiter last eve.

Looking upon the sky down from afar,
What if we observed self, as we the stars?

BUT ONE FISH HEARD MY CALL

my mother's waiting our return
waving on the shore
we sail away and all I see's
a speck and nothing more

the waters lap the waters rock
our sorrowed little boat
I cast my line and tug a bite
a hook caught in his throat

and the winds howl as I reel him in
my silver squirming bullet
he flips and he flails as I grasp his scales
neath the underside of his gullet

LEIF ERIK ESTENSON
SENIOR STUDIO ART MAJOR



COMPLEXITIES AND LAYERS

REMEMBERED IN AUTUMN

The large is present in the small...

Ted Kooser

The green tea lights recall
Chai tea, first taste.
The outdoor fireplace.
Words spoken through crinkling leaves...
Your face.

Driving home in autumn night light:
the stars breathing coolly,
Breath of winter air.
Orange knit sweater with a blue stripe against my
Shining hair.

The red maples:
Trampolining, the photo.
Smiles, leaves falling around us,
Getting up from the black mesh, hair electric,
No fuss.

Autumn soups:
Stepping in the guacamole, in the tupperware container.
Pungent smells, laughter,
All those small touches. You
Remembered after.

NO ES NADA

Our van parked at a gated, teal building with black words: Bethany House.

“¿Quiénes son?” she asked, gently pushing a broom. Then, awkward silence.

No one else could speak Spanish, so I took charge. “We’re here to volunteer.”

The best thing you can do is listen, they told us. It’s all we could do.

A tiny, wrinkled woman sat at the end of my table. I smiled.

She smiled back and I asked for her name. “Lupe. Yo soy Lupe,” she said.

Ten minutes later we hadn’t spoken. I thought words would solve problems.

She watched, pensively, as a woman with wild gray hair, too young, was served.

“No es nada,” said
Lupe, when her only meal
was taken away.

“No es nada,” when
she lost her factory job.
She moved to Texas.

“No es nada,” when
I opened the heavy black
door on her behalf.

I sat with her, watched
her, did nothing but listen.
I understand now.

THE TREE IN THE GARDEN

The Garden stood alone under the light of the great sun, Hope, beyond the reaches of the world. And it was filled with many fair things, and the colors and lights floated freely on the breezes that wafted ever around the Garden's high walls. Often it was that a song or melody came by, as if from many miles and many years away. Time was a stranger in the Garden, and Sorrow had never crept beyond its marble gates. For this land was eternal, and never was within its grasp.

It came to pass that a seed, borne on the wind from distant shores, fell to earth in the Garden. The casing was cracked and withered from its long journey on high, and it sought purchase in the rich soil.

But this was the seed of Evil, and the tree it bore was gnarled and bent. It did not flourish in the light of Hope, but rather withered further. But the tree of Malice was cunning, and it put out the roots of Envy to draw strength from the black ground. The roots of Envy spread wide, and they drew to themselves the food of other, fairer plants. And the fairer plants withered in turn, and as they withered, the tree of Malice grew strong, growing high and wide and with many thorns. The leaves, the leaves of Hate, fell deep upon the ground and smothered the flowers as they grew. The branches spread far, darkening the ground with their spread.

As Time passed, for Time was a guest of the tree and had come to know the Garden well, the tree brought forth seeds, the twin seeds of Doubt and Discontent. And as the seeds grew in their twisted husks, Hope grew black with the tree's waxing power. Knowledge, Persistence, and Faith, who were walking throughout the Garden, saw the sky turn dark and were afraid, for this sky was new to them. Knowledge knew, as a certainty, that some great evil had come to the Garden. Hoisting his wide rake, he bade the others to find the source.

Faith, fleet-footed Faith, sped ahead and soon came upon the tree of Malice. Knowing at once that the tree was not of the Garden, he returned to his friends. He led his companions forward, though the

sky of Dismay made their trek black as it strengthened. They arrived at the tree to see the seed of Doubt fall to earth. But even as its husk touched the ground, it was crushed by the flat of Persistence's axe. Then the seed of Discontent fell and was likewise crushed. And so, in short order, Hope burned through the sky of Dismay.

So Faith, Persistence, and Knowledge spoke at length about the tree, and Knowledge said, "It is unlike the trees of this world. It puts out a great and terrible darkness as its strength grows. It produces nuts that reek of some great evil I know not. We cannot suffer it to stand, for it would be the death of the Garden. Come, Persistence, let you and I clear its foul presence from this earth."

And so Knowledge with his rake and Persistence with his axe sought to bring the tree down. Knowledge cleared the leaves to let the flowers grow once more in the earth around the tree. Persistence sought to bring down the tree's thorny and mottled trunk. But the tree of Malice was cunning. Drawing on the roots of Envy, it grew more leaves and piled them thick before Knowledge's rake. The branches blocked Persistence's swings and struck back at him. When the axe did land a blow or sever a limb, the roots of Envy would heal the tree before another strike could fall. And the tree continued to produce seeds which grew and fostered a sky of Dismay. Persistence would crush them—Rage and Jealousy, Tyranny and Greed, Chaos and Destruction—much as he had the first two, but Sorrow still came to skulk at the edges of the Garden.

Many skies of Dismay came and went before the three spoke together again. And Faith said, "We have been blessed insofar as you have held the tree at bay. But I can do little against it and grow tired. I yearn to continue our journey through the Garden."

"We must make an end of the tree first," said Persistence. "I can keep pace against its growth. But I can never defeat it."

Knowledge spoke. "I can think of no way to defeat it on our own."

They sat for a moment in contemplation as the red and orange and black leaves of Hate fell like soft rain around the three. Then Knowledge spoke again. "The roots feed the tree and keep it preserved. By destroying them, we can defeat it, for it has no way to guard its roots." He turned to Faith. "You may continue on your journey through the Garden. We were told that Truth himself lives somewhere within. I charge you to find him and his silver spade, and bring him to us. With his great help, the Garden can once again be

rid of Time, and Sorrow will be driven from every waking shadow. With his help, we can strike at the root of this evil. Go now, for I see a sky of Dismay coming on.”

With this said, fleet-footed Faith bade farewell to his companions and set out in search of Truth and his silver spade.

And he would search the Garden for that elusive fellow and search long. And Knowledge and Persistence and the tree of Malice would stay locked in combat, neither gaining an advantage over the other, until Truth, with his silver spade, could be found to put things aright.

KRISTINA FOSSE

SENIOR SOCIOLOGY & ANTHROPOLOGY MAJOR



WATER, FOG, AND SKY

EVE, THE THEOLOGIAN

My mother is always
making up for the Bible.
She likes to say Eve was
“the first theologian”
because she was
“the first to question.”

But I can't be a
make-up Christian,
not anymore.

So when I tell
The Creation Story,
I tell it my way:

In the beginning,
Eve said,

Fuck you.

*I wasn't formed from anyone's rib,
and I didn't eat that stupid apple.*

*If you could learn the difference between
metaphor and martyrdom
you'd have caught that long ago.*

*You see,
I didn't want to give birth
to your ungrateful sons,
to your ungrateful nation
who would grow up to blame me
for the Sins Of The World.*

*But, you see
there was no abortion clinic
in the book of Genesis,
and a man can still rape you
in the Garden of Eden.*

KRISTINA ERICKSEN
JUNIOR ENGLISH & HISTORY MAJOR

OF BLUE

Airplane passes;
sky yawns

AMY HARVEY
SOPHOMORE ART EDUCATION MAJOR



SHADOWFAX IN REPOSE

FRAGMENTED THOUGHTS

I.

I've concerned myself with the walls of my reality
for too long now.

It's time to start
cleaning the windows.

II.

The horizon is a vertical line,
imaginary—of course
from where I lie.

And the sun, a yellow
ping-pong ball that will
not escape
a soft green net.

Perhaps it will ricochet
softly
off the earth
and remain in our court
for a while longer.

III.

The poet plays both Narcissus and Echo
transfixed with self-love while piecing together already-said words.

IV.

Silliness is a sort of sanity,
And pettiness too.
Be wary of the serious, though.
 For therein lies insanity.

ABBY HUFF
JUNIOR ENGLISH MAJOR



GASP!

LAST NIGHT WHEN I WAS AN EGG

What was it? She rolled around in bed, half awake. A piercing scream had penetrated even the thick veil of sleep that enveloped her. (She was the yolk of a cooked egg, the white was her sleep.) No, not a scream, a siren mixed with a train whistle. Was it? She felt herself to be back in her own bed, in the world, not in the land of abstracts where she had been a few seconds ago. Was it seconds or hours? Or years? Her yolk popped. Thinking, thinking, grasping at the disappearing fringe of a yellow and white striped shoe-string. She had lost all of the feeling in her body, perhaps the warmth of her blankets remained—that was all. She had not been herself, but many different people. She changed continually, but it had not been confusing at the time. That part she could remember, but the white shape had been replaced by an egg. Eggs? She thought, Was I dreaming about eggs? She fell back asleep at once and became senseless to her quandary.

LIMBO

The rod of the pool cue glided back and forth between Martin's slim fingers as he surveyed the field before him: the odds were not in his favor. Three balls remained—one striped, one solid, and the eight ball, right in front of the left corner pocket. Number five sat pulsating in its flamboyant orange just to the left and two inches in front of the Black Magic, actively reminding Martin of the pressure he was under: "I'm the last one!" it seemed to exclaim. "You have to pocket me!" Still, the situation screamed impossibility.

Martin exhaled loudly and settled into position from the right side of the table to knock the cue ball hard and fast, as close to the left edge of number five as he could make it—it was his only hope.

Jonas watched from the shadows behind the same pocket the eight ball guarded, his head and shoulders silhouetted by the glow of a neon pink flamingo sign. It was hard to see in the dim light of the bar just how dirty his white undershirt was, or how menacing he looked in the brown bomber jacket he always wore. To Martin's knowledge, no one had ever seen him without it, and for some reason, this was a comfort to him—although it was ominous not to have any idea what lay underneath, he was glad not to have a concept of the raw power that could, no doubt, be summoned if the jacket came off. It was just better not to know, he reasoned, what fate he might meet in such a case. Still, Martin was under no illusion that he would or *could* actually win, and if that was the case, what could there be to worry about?

Martin pulled back slowly on the pool cue one last time, honed in on number five and slammed the chalky tip into the cream of the cue ball. A miniature cloud of blue smoke puffed into the air before the rolling ivory orb, creating the image of strange, enormous white eye with a hazy blue iris and no pupil.

Rolling.

Searching.

Probing.

Martin was suddenly aware that he was no longer watching the movement of the billiard balls, but staring straight into the eyes of a man who now seemed much more—or less, depending on how you looked at it—than that. Jonas' gaze did more than pierce Martin with its direct intensity; it ripped into him with a bestial voracity that only increased when Jonas bared his teeth in a devilish grin.

The cue ball tapped the solid flame of number five, causing it to kiss the soulless black of number eight. A dull *thunk* resounded in the corner pocket, and the significance of the sound filled the room. The game was over. Martin became completely unhinged.

“You—you—he’s a cheat!” Martin screeched, wrenching himself from the cruel blue eyes in the shadows to address the other patrons. The last word was so high-pitched that the denotation was almost lost on the audience, but he had their attention. “The ball—he—he’s a wizard, or a fucking *hypnotist*, did you see? *Did you see?!*”

The men seated at the counter swiveled back to the bar and hunched over their beers, not wanting to get involved. Whatever Jonas was, no one wanted to make eye contact with him or the crazed man appealing to anyone who would look his direction.

“I had it! The five! The eight was—it was—i-i-it shouldn’t have—I could have made it!” Martin was in hysterics at the injustice of it all. It hardly mattered whether he won or lost—he was grateful not to invoke the resultant wrath of winning—but it was downright bad sportsmanship to cheat, he told himself.

The bartender set the green glass bottle he had been cleaning back on the shelf behind him and threw the rag into the sink. He cautiously made his way around the other side of the counter and tried to talk some sense into the grown man turning into a blubbing block of Jell-O.

“Now c’mon Marty, is jest a *game*, you know Jonas never—.”

“DON’T CALL ME MARTY!” Martin screeched again, straining his vocal chords so much that he began to cough violently. Someone handed him a glass of water and he began taking huge gulps before he thought to identify his savior. Jonas had moved from beneath the flamingo to replace the billiard balls in their triangle, half-illuminated by the shaft of light trickling in the high, dirty window of the pub. Martin cast a furtive look toward the movement and suddenly spat out his mouthful of water, dropping the glass as well.

“Jesus, Marty, now who’s gonna clean that up?” the bartender

asked irritably, jumping back from the shattering glass.

“POISON!” Martin screamed, ignoring both the hated nickname and the question. He stared at Jonas, breathing heavily, but addressed the bartender, “What in the *hell* kind of joint are you running?!”

“Now Martin, I—.”

Jonas was suddenly towering over Martin, breathing the scent of sweet tobacco into his face. “That’s all right, Cal. He doesn’t mean any disrespect to you, I’m sure, but I’m curious to know why Martin believes I poisoned him.”

Martin’s knees threatened to buckle at the direct address, but his feet were rooted to the spot, just as his eyes were to Jonas cold expression. The two-day-old scruff on his neck and face hid the pockmarks of innumerable scars, and even though Martin was blind to them, he was scared stiff, utterly lost for words.

“Well?” Jonas asked, as calmly as before.

Martin tried to communicate: “I—I-I—I—.”

“That’s enough of the stuttering, I think.” Jonas silenced Martin with a cupped hand, and the littler man’s eyes grew wide. Before another word left Jonas’ mouth, Martin’s eyes rolled back as he fainted and collapsed on the beer-stained floor. [next entry]

No one moved.

Jonas scanned the room for witnesses, searching for any shocked expressions, but he found none. Cal continued to look at the ground and shuffle his feet uncomfortably under Jonas’ mystifying stare as the weathered lips parted in speech:

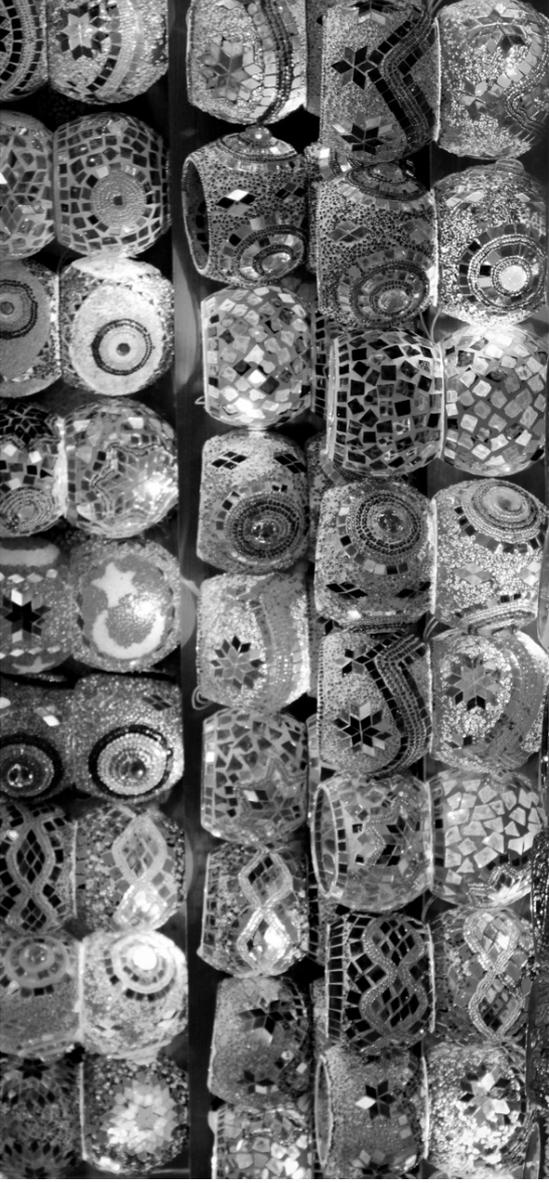
“I s’pose you ought to call the authorities there, Cal. I ‘spect Martin may need some medical assistance.”

Cal shivered at the calm, calculated tone and mumbled something like, “sure, s’right, oughta call somebody,” retreating to the phone behind the bar counter to carry out Jonas’ instructions. As he punched in 911 and began muttering into the receiver, he noticed the pub quickly emptying as wary customers slipped out the front door. To the remaining three or four patrons skulking in the shadows, too ashamed to show their drunken faces in public so early in the evening, Jonas voiced his farewell:

“Enjoy the rest of your evening, gentlemen.” Chuckling at the lack of response, he turned his back on the lounge and spat on the floor just behind the pool table. The bartender hung up the phone and hurried back around the counter to clean up the broken glass,

careful not to get in Jonas' way. Before disappearing into the shadows and out the back door, Jonas paused and whispered huskily over his shoulder: "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." Cal's blood ran cold, but Jonas was already gone.

ZEYNEP TUZCU
JUNIOR PSYCHOLOGY & SPANISH MAJOR



FENERLER

ILLUMINATION

I asked the Night one evening,
 “Night, where is the Light when you’re around?
 Do you hate each other?”
 I watched as the Night twirled the stars around me
 Silence.
 I gave up.

I asked the Light one day,
 “Light, where is the Night when you’re around?
 Do you hate each other?”
 I watched as the Light danced my shadow around me
 Silence.
 I gave up.

But one day at dusk
 I saw the two walk by each other
 exchanging greetings
 and realized
 neither ever left.
 I smiled.

CONSIDER THE WALRUS

Consider, now, the walrus. Why, you may ask, the walrus? The walrus, my friends, is a sadly overlooked household fixture. Many are those who pay no heed to their walrus, save to toss it an occasional dish of scraps. But I say to you: The walrus is a versatile beast!

What, you now ask, can a walrus do? Many things, my friends, many things.

Do you lack a can opener? A walrus' tusk, properly sharpened, will do the job! Do you require a place to store notes? Pin them to your walrus' blubbery flank!

But these things are only the beginning of the functions of a walrus! Has the neighborhood been struck with a rash of break-ins? Your home, if guarded by a walrus, shall never be touched! The fearsome bark, colossal size, and protective temperament of the walrus will keep burglars at bay!

Do your children plead and mewl for a pet? A walrus, properly trained, makes an excellent companion. Their bulk makes a superb playground for little tykes, and a comfortable seat for older children.

Does your garbage disposal bill mount ever higher? A walrus, with its all-devouring appetite, will take care of that problem! And walrus dung will provide the answer to your barren garden!

Are you aged? Do you fear that you will fall and lie helpless for days on cold cement floors? The solution, my friends, is a walrus! These clever beasties can be trained to dial emergency numbers, and even speak simple phrases!

And if the end times come, and you require sustenance, walruses make delicious eating! Their blubber can be used for light, and their bones for simple tools.

To receive a brochure about walruses, write to 1400 Walrus Way, Walrus Bay, Alaska, 60606! Affordable pricing—payment plans available! Shipping and handling free if an order is placed within the next 30 days!

*VICTORIA CONTRERAS
FIRST-YEAR BIOLOGY MAJOR*



MONEY HUNGRY

BETH SCHMIDT
SENIOR ENGLISH MAJOR

SECRET OF THE SNOW GLOBE

In a world deemed winter
houses line the street,
their windows glow orange
from family gatherings
as bells ring in the church
nestled down the path.

Its steeple raises into the glittery
falling snow, whirling with the prayers
floating up to Heaven
as Pine trees stand in their coveted green
hiding beneath mounds of white.

A smiling snowman with perfect curves
stares at the mailbox, flagged for pick up,
holding a letter to Santa
wishing that Spring would come this year.

FUNERAL

Sometimes I remember the day of my Grandfather's funeral.
The way all the cars were directed into one of many lanes
where we could stand in an ordered group
and wait for the designated chaplain.

My youngest cousin flitted around, distributing goldfish
like tiny golden tokens. I was introduced to two new fiancés
who both seemed exceedingly bored with the affair.
I wore an old, ill-fitting suit.

It all felt very much like a family reunion of sorts,
aside from the waves of headstones with white-crossed crests
undulating outward
in time-fixed rows.

The entire service was read from a dog-eared ream of paper
clipped into a worn binder, held by an oaken mannequin,
beneath a rusted gazebo which contained
a tiny, dusty bag of ashes.

My cousin, finished with goldfish, wandered over to that podium
and began dancing. Recording the whole affair
with trembling hands was my uncle saying
“Grandpa is dancing with him” over and over.

The only person who shed real, tangible tears was the woman
who no one seemed to know. Every sharp gulp of air covered
the vocal drone, followed by several seconds of
sustained sniffing.

Afterward we thanked the man with the dog-eared binder,
packed up the cars,
and fled.

HARMONIA

she assembles a catfish skeleton
from downriver leavings
piece by piece

she places it completed
on the mantle

she tells her windowsill
they are her father's bones

NICK THEISEN
SOPHOMORE STUDENT



REACH

TRANSLATIONS FROM A SIX-YEAR-OLD'S JOURNAL

Ooooo the memres
Soooo charistt to me
tack up the most
ove the room in
my horeit I will
nevr frgeit al the
memres I had my
hol life thae are
the onle thing tate
mak me happy
and love
memres

Oh, the memories so cherished to me
take up the most of the room in my heart.
I will never forget all the
memories I had, all my life.

They are the only thing
that make me happy and love.
Memories.

