

Northern Lights 2012

*University of Wisconsin
Marinette Arts Journal*



SUMMER NIGHTS
by Jennifer Voelker

Fireflies mingle in the midnight sky
Soon they start dancing to the frogs and toads
later on as the moon comes out.
There are trees swaying in the breeze
that think of many summer nights like these.
They know of Mother Nature's many secrets.
To them something so simple & enjoyable in life
is much to be grateful for.
I've come to the realization that I don't need
a lot of money to be happy, for the simple things are all that matter.
The owls have their dinner and tuck in their young
all snug and warm. Like an artist putting together a piece of art.
As the night goes on, the warm summer air hugs me like a
warm blanket, and I fall asleep to the stars I love so much to watch.

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ROSE by Rebecca Knabel

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Cover art: SNOWY OWL by Shawn Kolaszewski

Acknowledgments

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TWO FOR LUNCH

by James LaMalfa

We,
Two birds of prey,
Circling warily,
Looking for lunch
Spot a plump pigeon,
Far below.

You,
Always quicker,
Dive with speed
That tears the air from
One's lungs
And dispatch the mark quickly.

We dine, while carrying on a dialogue
Concerning the letters of St. Paul.
Having sated our appetites,
You,
Delicately clean beak and claws.

I,
Wishing to impress,
Reach for a napkin,
But there is none.
Poor service!

Having finished our repast
Leaving little for the ants,
We take flight,
Wingtip vortices
Stirring debris on the forest floor.

Departing,
We chat amiably,
But leave no tip,
For lunch.

"I'll not dine here again," say you.
"nor I," is my reply,
as we spiral upward
borne aloft on warm summer air.

In mid-summer
With the windows sealed shut.
The hole
In the upstairs bedroom wall
Where she once
Struck his head.
The broken closet door
That used to be
Supported by unbreakable
Stainless-steel hinges.
The 13 wooden steps,
Carpeted in dark-green
Seemed like miles
To the top;
And his head bounced
Off every one.
Memories of multiple
Dark purple,
Almost black,
Bruises explained away by
Lies of accidents.
Every detail of her hand
Imprinted in his mind
From the hundreds of times
It met his eyes.
On the inside,
One can see,
This house is
Not
A home.
He acts unaffected,
Unaware of his past.
Shows no signs,
At least to anyone else.
Anyone else,
On the outside looking in.

MOCKINGBIRD
by Rachel Badgley

Sing us a song, pretty one.
Don't hold your thoughts inside.
Give us a lovely tune
And by our rules abide.
Sing not of all your woes
Or of your fears. And peace!
Let that word remain mute
In your throat, lest we release
the throes of the worst offense.
Think not freely, pretty one.
Just show your best pretense.
Sing now, my mockingbird
Let your song be sung.
Let not our rules subdue your voice
Let it now be wrung.



CONCENTRATION
by Kelsey Garden

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN
by Ryan Merritt

From the outside looking in
One can only see
A home.
The outside painted off-white,
broken
Up by thick cedar trim,
Coated black.
Three cars
And an SUV
parked
Like soldiers in a line
To the left of the home
In front of the garage,
Resembling a family.
A perfectly mowed,
Seamless green lawn,
Lined with pines and maples.
Two man-made miniature ponds
Neatly placed
Next to the front walk
With bushes
And flowers,
Full of life,
Enclosing them
As if to say,
“don’t cross this line.”
They haven’t been touched
In years.
Only on the inside
Can one see
The damage
Left from years
And years
Of hardships and turmoil.
The chill of a winter breeze



THE DOOR
by Sabrina Tebo

A CONVERSATION WITH NOTCH by Darwin Adams

“Notch, look at this! According to this book *A Complete Guide to Cat Training*, if I confide with my cat on a daily basis she will, and I quote, ‘respond by being a communicative creature.’ The authors suggest that I tell you about my day or consult with you on business matters. Furthermore, if I communicate with my cat as if she were a sentient creature you will develop into the ‘queen of cats.’ What do you think of that?”

Notch opened one sleepy eye to see what all the commotion was about. She was lying prone on the couch with her head on a soft pillow when I interrupted her nap, the twelfth somnolent recharge period (the term she prefers to call naps) of the day. She looked at me as if to say, “This better be important to merit an act of flagrant dream intrusion.” (FDI, or flagrant dream intrusion is another term she’s fond of bandying about).

“Well, according to Dr. Debra Piroton, a celebrated cat expert, if I set aside time, everyday, to communicate with you and reinforce a strong conversational pattern, both you and I will, quote, ‘feel less silly about crossing the conventional barriers of human/animal conversation every day we do it.’”

Notch rolled her eyes back into her head, flopped it back down on the pillow, let out a sigh, and looked like she wanted to say, “When was the last time you had a date?”

“You don’t understand, Notch, if we spend quality time together in meaningful conversation, we will bond through mutual communiqués.”

“The only mutual bonding I want to do is at the feeding bowl each morning. You fill it, I eat it...end of conversation,” Notch thought.

“It says here that one of the barriers we may encounter is ‘If your cat is trying to change the subject because it feels foolish or guilty it may begin to lick itself nonstop.’”

“I’m not the one who should feel foolish or guilty,” Notch’s instincts told her. “After all, you’re the one talking to a cat! If non-stop licking is a sign of foolishness, you, buddy, should be slobbering all over yourself. Remember the time you brought home that electric mouse?”

“According to renowned cat behavioral scientist Mildred Moelk, cats can respond with a vocabulary of sixteen different vocal patterns. Let’s try it out. I’ll tell you about a Civil War Battle and then you respond with a vocal signal.”

“Was ‘snarl’ on Mildred’s list?”

“Don’t go back to sleep! I’m serious. We’re working on a symbiotic bond here.”

“No, you were working on a symbiotic bond, I was working on a somnolent recharge period,” Notch thought as she closed her eyes, trying to ignore the incessant chattering.

“Well, I can see you’re not in the mood to talk. Where was that chapter on cat boredom?”



BOREDOM
by Lindsey Schroeder

I have a name.
We all have names.
Some remembered, Some forgotten.
But...
eventually Our names are whispered among each other.

I was #3...
I have a name...
and I have been here for quite a while.
This night We embrace #8.
For #8 is Confused...
Bludgeoned...Terrified...But not alone.

I wonder what name #8 has.
I bet it is Beautiful.

Tonight another ritual
has been demanded.
Tonight another is buried here.
Tonight We have been summoned
to a Ritual that belongs to Us...
a Ritual created by He, the one who digs
under Our Willow Tree.

...The Willow tree that sits over here...
...the One that is surrounded by knotted roots...
...the One that shrouds the secret of Eight...
...The One to which We belong...

I am Number Three
and I have a name.
We all have names.

BALLET OF THE ONE WHO DIGS

by Jaime Polasky

Over there sits a Willow tree...
majestically dancing in the Northern air.

Tonight We will embrace #8...
a Ritual demanded by the breeze.
Knotted roots shape the boundary
to which We
belong...

Not only to him, but to each other.
For We are his...
but We remain together.

On every escarpment my Soul is filled...
with pain, with sorrow,
with a bonding secret...
We are summoned here once again,
for he, the one who digs,
is digging tonight.

Here he digs to hide #8...
this one much more shallow than others...
more shallow than mine.
But not shallow by much.

I was confused...
when I was placed here.
Bludgeoned...Terrified...But not alone.
For I was #3.

When he, the one who digs, returns to dig here
We see our Earthly Remains...
yet again.
Some still crawl with grayish flesh...
others do not.
And I?
I am nearly bones,
but I...
I can still feel the Wind when she braids my hair.

AUTUMN SOLILOQUY

by James LaMalfa

The roadside trees stand naked
Against November's witch winds.

Fat turkeys work the forest's edge,
While overhead gray goose
Flies south
Abandoning northern woods
For warm Gulf waters.

Season of sadness this is not,
For nature is simply storing all for spring.

CURRY

by Rachel Badgley

Thyme passes with the wave of a hand.
Scent intoxicates the hardest minds—
Reminiscent of love, childhood, and lost beginnings.
Mince through life under direction
Of a higher word,
And of that in perpetual creation.
Sift through once forgotten memories
Brought back by scents
Infusing the mind.
Bring to the table
The dish of new life.



EARLY SPRING
by Kayla Walters



ANTEATER
by Gaelle Londoiz

The Siren approached, that eternal temptation
Her face covered with the foremost of her wings.
She walked with a grace that rivaled Hera
To meet with the one who had so long denied her.
For this mortal had heard her time and again
And could not be swayed
Would not be swayed.
Until his life had been lived and come to fruition
The fullness of a man.
He stepped forward, and reached out his hand
The Siren took his, and drew back her wings.
The earth shook and the seas trembled
Yet they met each other's gaze
Caring not for what they had wrought.
For a mortal had seen what was forbidden to see
And lived.
They went from that place
And reached out to the sea.
For none, be he god or mortal
has again heard sung
The Siren's song for the man Rhodeus.

WINTER MORNING
by James LaMalfa

I scattered seed for the winter birds,
A present easily given from my comfortable room,
While they struggle in winter's cold embrace.

Brilliant sun and ultramarine sky
Look down on deer tracks crisscrossing
My yard,
Creating a frozen tattoo
In white, virginal snow.

Two rivulets formed by the sun
Melting roof snow,
Merge, then diverge,
Seeking earth but finding only
Crusts of white.

My cat and I celebrate this day,
She, dreaming of stalking birds,
I, dreaming of summer skies
And flight.

THE DIVE
by John Anderson

Jeremy looked over the ledge into the dark pool. Waves crashed against the rocks of the cliff. The lake's waters looked so different from up there, so much more dangerous. Jeremy and his friends had been there since school got out. He heard his friends whispering and moving about waiting for him to jump. Derek yelled, "Just do it!" Jeremy cringed. They had been waiting for over five minutes now. He was the last guy in the group to take the jump off the cliff and he was sick of being teased. He had to take the dive.

Jeremy squirmed at the thought of hitting the water wrong or getting the wind knocked out of him. He peered over the edge again. His vision seemed to focus in and zoom in on the waters below. Everything in his peripherals seemed to move closer to him. The maples and pines lining on the other side of the lake stretched to get closer, and the waters looked as if they were getting further away. His focus shifted to the trees and the mountain behind them lying on the far bank of the lake. He used to climb the maples on the lake's edge. He'd climbed part of the mountain before, too. These waters frightened him though. He looked back at the group who were wearing a mixture of bored and anxious faces. He started to think that this meant more to him than it did to them. Maybe it wouldn't matter if he ever jumped. Jeremy relaxed a bit, relieved. He caught a whiff of wind that carried the smell of freshly cut grass. It was almost summer now. He had all summer to take the dive.

He had almost convinced himself not to jump. That is, until Derek yelled again, "Hah! He's chickening out!" Derek started walking towards Jeremy, strutting; he got close and said quietly, "I knew you would." He turned on his heel, his shoulders cocked and head high. Paired with his spiked hair and his peach fuzz unshaved, he looked like the kind of kid Jeremy would normally hate.

Derek wasn't always brave. He used to be afraid of the dark and scared of places like the woods out of town. He was always afraid whenever they went past the derelict houses on the way out of town, scared when they got past the field to the edge of the woods. But then they both got scared and ran back past the rundown area to the safety of Jeremy's two story home where they could drink hot chocolate and watch TV.

He wasn't the Derek that Jeremy knew growing up. Derek had always been a good friend. He stood up for him. Hell, he took a couple punches for Jeremy back then. He never complained. He always finished the fight and came back smiling. He was always happy to have someone there to talk to. Now he picked

That many more sailors from miles around
Perished at the sound.
But Rhodeus would not be swayed.
Legends had been told, Rumors had been whispered
Of the fabled beauty of the Sirens
Known only to the gods
And forbidden to man.
Rhodeus knew them all
And hadn't been swayed.
Yet in the fullness of his life
All his wishes accomplished
Rhodeus was swayed
To embark on what no man had dared to do.
With one final song, the Siren began.
It rustled the waves and churned the waters.
The sky was reddened and the sun forsaken.
The melody was a fire that couldn't be satiated.
For Rhodeus was swayed.
He would see the beauty
Sprung from Persephone's reign
That no mortal could yet ascribe.
The song showed the way through storm and blight
As Rhodeus sailed to see
That which was forbidden to see.
With Rhodeus' approach
The wrath of Poseidon abated
And the hush of a breath filled the air
As the world waited.
Rhodeus abandoned his ship, his home for so long
And swam unaided to the Siren's hither shore.
He stood there alone
Unwilling to yield, Waiting to see
What had been denied mortals
Since the founding of the heavens.

THE SIREN OF RHODEUS
by Dave Kolenda

Her song pierced the storm as light through early morn's mist
Ever and anon had her touch
Drawn sailors to uncharted depths
To there abide with Leviathan
Until the changing of the world.
Her song was as a silken web
Spun out of the breath of Aphrodite's gardens
And filled with the frost of Hades' winter.
It touched the hearts of men as the brush of sea foam.
And prideful captains eased to their knees
As they embraced their coldest hour gladly.
Yet there was a man, a great captain of men
Whose heart could not be swayed.
His father and his father's fathers had been claimed
Driven over the sea as cattle to the slaughter.
Rhodeus was his name, as a hero of old
Neither god, nor demigod
Only a man.
One to whom the fates had not laid claim.
The four winds he had conquered
Distant lands he had seen.
Yet his soul was his own and no Siren could claim.
But one sought to have him,
Her melody rang out across the sea
Promising knowledge and life but granting
Only death.
But Rhodeus could not be swayed.
She sang of truths that could not be seen
And told them to those claimed by the grave.
But Rhodeus could not be swayed.
The Siren fashioned a song of such wonder and awe



SUMMER AFTERNOON
by Rebecca Knabel

fighters, and picked on Jeremy. He rarely went out of his way to help someone, and if he did, he always wanted something in return.

"C'mon, guys!" Derek yelled, "Let's get to the bowling alley." He turned towards Jeremy, "Coming, chicken?"

Jeremy looked at the water. He said to himself more than anyone else, "I've never seen you take the jump. But watch me." He tore off his shirt and in his boxers he was ready. He took a deep breath and stepped back to get some running ground. The entire group turned towards him and cheered. Jeremy sprinted off the edge and flung himself toward the violent waters.

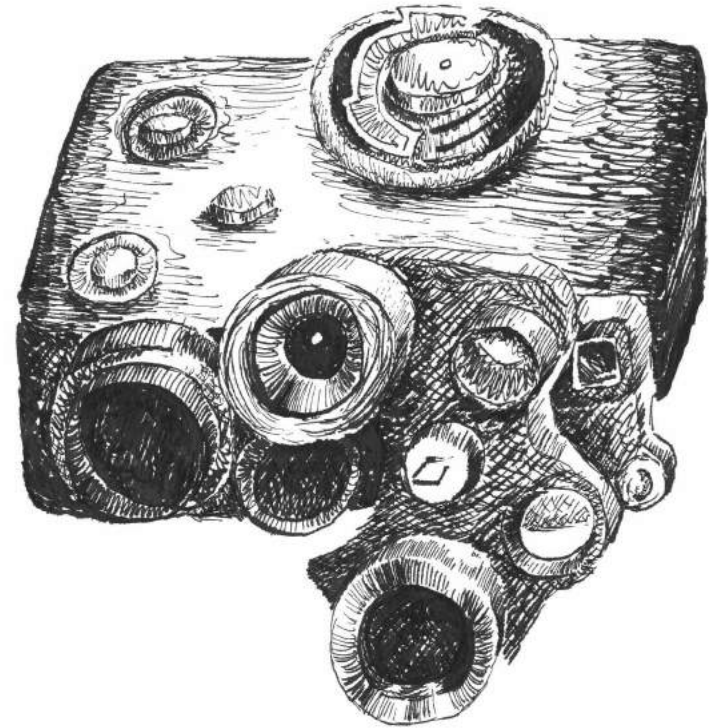
The wind screamed past his ears and stung his eyes. It only seemed like a second before he hit the waters triumphantly. His hands stung as soon as they made contact with the water. He felt as he was going under that he had made it. He had taken the dive and he was all right. His feelings of accomplishment were quickly replaced by the cold that set in the instant he was submerged. His chest tightened and he felt like he was suffocating. He swam to the surface as quickly as possible. Waves pushed and pulled him as easily as a plastic bag blowing in the wind. Jeremy steeled himself as he saw a place to climb up. Every inch he swam felt as if he were being pushed back a foot. It felt like forever before he got to the shore and up to the rocks.

There to greet him was Derek, who grabbed his hand and pulled him up. They climbed the rocks in silence. Derek took off his shirt the second they reached the top and walked towards the cliff. Jeremy was catching his breath when he noticed Derek was near the edge. He panicked and yelled, "Wait! Derek, don't jump yet!" He had never taken the jump alone before. Derek looked at him and smiled, then started to run. Jeremy knew he couldn't swim well. He moved to cut him off, but it was too late and he was over the ledge towards the violent waters. He couldn't see where Derek went in so he didn't know where to jump.

Seconds passed.

Jeremy walked back and forth a couple of times, panting, panicking. He wasn't afraid to jump. He was afraid to hit Derek. He saw something that looked like Derek off the rocks to the left, and, without hesitation, he jumped to the right.

He hit the water, but this time didn't even feel the cold. The only thing he felt was the burning in his gut. He looked around for any sign of Derek among the waves. They weren't that big, but in this situation they may as well have all been tidal waves. He looked for even a hand. Something—a sign to know where he would be. The waters seemed so much more calm now, though they tossed Jeremy just the same as before. It wasn't long before he saw something—



CAMERA
Zak Pasdo

and that would be the end of it.

But the persistent young man told me he was impressed with Eisenhower's farewell speech on the military-industrial complex and the cautionary tale it forecast. Stunned by his comment, I wondered, "Where did that come from?" Thinking that this must be the only thing he ever remembered about some foggy history class he'd slept through, I momentarily figured he was using it now as conversation filler.

"How unusual it was for a military man to warn against a permanent armaments industry of vast proportions," he mused. But then he expounded how fascinating it was that in the early 1960s the irrational hubris between the Soviet Union and the United States verified Eisenhower's fears as both super powers escalated into torrid production of weapons of mutually assured destruction. He reflected on how curious it was that the president immediately after Eisenhower was assassinated. Could it have been retribution for Kennedy's apprehension of increased war-footings? But then, switching gears, he ruminated on Eisenhower's impotence in domestic affairs. In his opinion, Eisenhower had a flaccid response towards 1950s racial tensions which he deemed presidentially dilatory. And he added that the thirty-fourth president's tepid response to the tawdry episode of Senator Joe McCarthy's red scare histrionics did not register on Eisenhower's political radar screen until the inflammatory legislator started impugning the military. It was only then that Ike pulled the plug on Tail gunner Joe. As an aside, he did credit the former general for instituting an interstate freeway system for national defense, which had far-reaching economic value.

I was blown away. It was only then that I realized this intricate human being had a name. It was embroidered on a dirty patch of oval sewn onto his stained Penzoil shirt.

Derek's hand palm side up splashed out and slipped under the waters again. He swam as fast as he could and got hold of Derek's hand. He reached into the waters, feeling for Derek until he caught his arm. He began dragging him through the waves. The shore seemed so far away as he looked back at Derek's limp body. He swam harder pulling himself a few inches with every stroke. A wave grabbed Jeremy and Derek and threw them through the water. Jeremy's leg hit a rock hard. He was so close to the shore. He kicked and tugged Jeremy until he hit the side of a rock, then pairs of hands came down and grabbed them from the unrelenting waters.

Jeremy got a look at Derek's blue face before everything went black. He heard muffled voices, some he didn't recognize; some sounds he thought were sirens. But he could not hear anything else.

He dreamed a lot. Nothing he could remember exactly, but when he awoke he was warm. He didn't know where he was, but his leg hurt. It felt busted and bruised all over. He opened his eyes and looked down. He was in a warm bed in a hospital. The smell of sanitation, soaps and clean beds, the very distinct hospital smell filled the room. His mother was there asleep leaning back in a chair. Derek's mother was in the same room, awake. She was standing against a wall looking at Jeremy. She smiled, tears in her eyes, "Thanks for saving him. I'm glad you're fine." You could tell she was slightly drunk as usual. How she got into the hospital, Jeremy didn't know.

"Is Derek OK?" Jeremy asked.

"The shit head? Yeah, he's fine. He's passed out." She swayed a bit as she talked. He saw Derek's eyes open a bit and look over his way. He checked that his mother wasn't paying attention to him, though, so he opened his eyes more and stared back. Jeremy knew he wanted to say something, something to his friend, but he couldn't. Jeremy smiled back at him. His mother smiled in reply, a kind of creepy smile missing a tooth and the rest was a shade of light yellow that you could almost smell.

That's why Derek had become hostile. Jeremy realized what had happened. Derek hadn't changed, not as much as he had. Derek just wanted to hang out, away from his house, his family, but Jeremy had stopped inviting him over, had stopped playing with him long before he became the Derek he was now. He always said how much he hated his home when he was younger. Jeremy had forgotten that. They had always protected each other. But it was he who had quit on Derek first. He knew what he had to do.

He would start protecting his friend again.

GOODBYE ADDICTION
by Cheri Branham

You got under my skin, but now you must leave,
I'll show you no mercy so don't try to plead,
This journey is over, you're no longer my burden,
For I clearly see it wasn't just me hurting,
Your deceit was baffling as I poured out your lies,
I went from angel to monster once I let you inside,
I lied and manipulated just to get my way,
No one could trust me or believe a word I'd say,
Put in situations I'd let myself be degraded,
As the vision of my innocence slowly faded,
I didn't even care because I'd listen to you,
Continuously taunting I'd need more to get through,
Telling me I'm worthless so I'd do anything to get it,
Then I'd need more, to numb what I did and regretted,
I looked in my eyes a hole deep and dark,
As my wrist and arms covered me with track marks,
You took me over fully so that I lost myself,
I lived a life of misery—my own little hell,
I picked my poison—heroin and crack,
Yet no matter the substance you conducted the track,
And as you drove me I wanted to die,
Yet here I am, caged up, but alive,
I'm ready for change and I'm in the right place,
This program and sentence is my saving grace,
You'll no longer entice me with your death dance,
I'm taking over my life—this is my second chance.

CHANGE OF OIL AND ATTITUDE
by Darwin Adams

Flipping him the keys, I told the grimey young man to change the oil and filter on the Chevrolet and check the right front tire: it was losing pressure. Driving by the Quik-Lube, I noticed two empty stalls and seized the chance to get the truck serviced before my next appointment. A half hour force-squeezed into a hectic day was fortunate. Swallowed up in my personal flurry, I didn't notice anything distinguishable about the grease-monkey consigned to my vehicle. Opportunistically, a couple chapters in the current book I was reading could be digested in the meantime and then be on my multi-tasking way.

The subconscious image of someone toiling in a Quik-Lube is commensurate with that of a vapid dead-ender who relates better to a lug nut than to a person. Pejorative characterizations like gear-head, wing-nut, knuckle-scraper, and wrench-wizard satisfy a fundamental need to summarily categorize entire groups of people and thus simplify and sort out a complex world. It's not fair, but we all do it.

Young men, especially, are often stereotyped into a secular, immediate gratification sphere. The period of young male adulthood is pock-marked by a rudderless time of experimentation, non-commitment, and defiance before their life paths have crystalized. Those who linger too long in the transformation are lumped together as losers. We can all imagine him: an unkempt stoner in his middle to late twenties, residing in his parents' basement, sleeping till noon, lounging in underwear while surfing the net, playing video games and watching movies, maybe shooting some hoops later on, and reflecting on nothing more than three days into the future; foreseeable prospects = zero. Most likely, our imaginary moocher dropped out of junior college with a 1.25 grade point average because he blew off classes and never cracked a text book. His societal reflections consist of the superficial prattle gleaned from MTV. He couldn't pick Joe Biden out of a lineup, but knows every lead singer from every rap group from the last two years. The permutations of our stereotype would be an endless fund of amusement if only it wasn't so real.

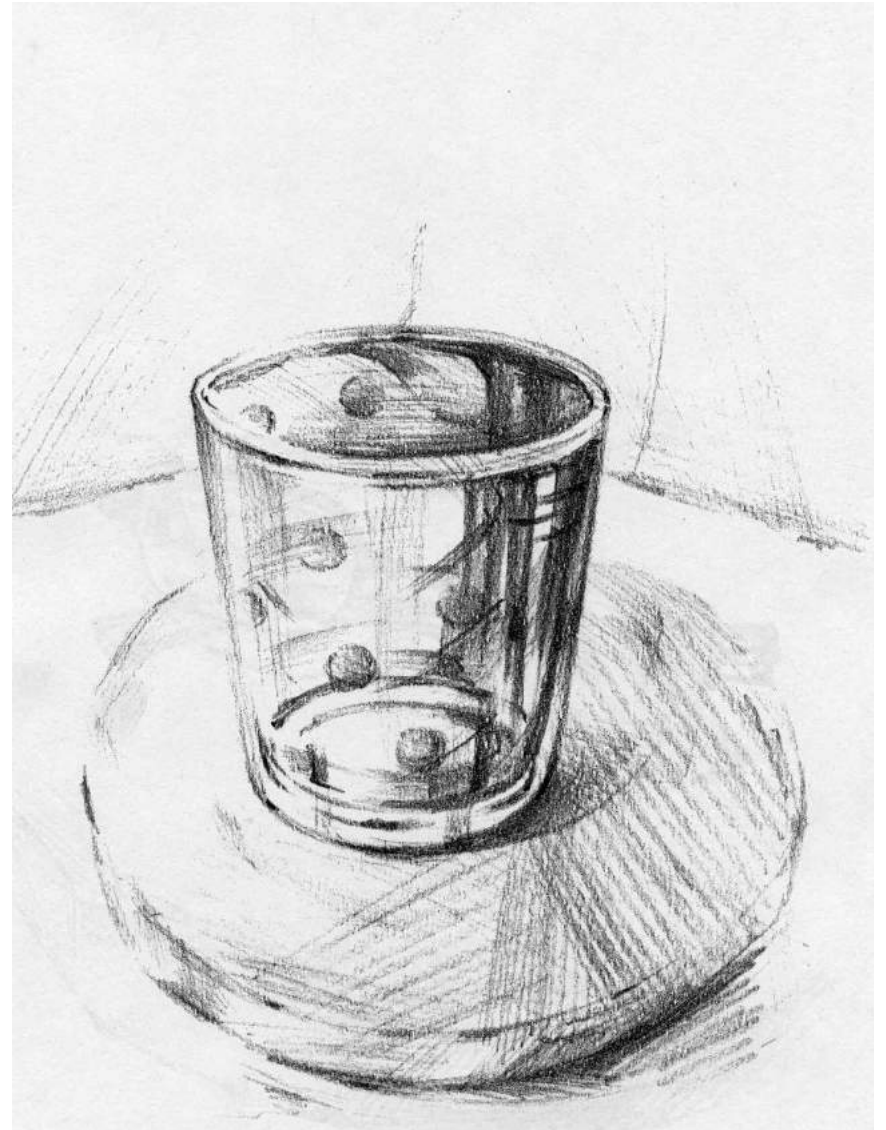
As I lounged on the ragged stuffed sofa in the dumpy waiting room and twenty-nine pages later, my pseudo mechanic with the oily cap appeared, said the pickup was ready, and that it would cost me \$44.53. He was polite and businesslike. While digging out the exact change from my pocket, he asked what I was reading. I told him it was Ambrose's first book on Eisenhower, figuring he probably had no idea who Dwight Eisenhower and/or Stephen Ambrose were

88 KEYS
by Susan McBride

Each sound rests on the drum
Each key like a drop to earth, refreshing and new
Each forming together a melody of intensity
Each pause waiting for the next burst of vibration
Each end like a beginning, waiting to be embraced
Each a journey through a memory
Each finger lay softly, for my pleasure
Each a gift, from the pianist



ZEBRA
by Julie Muenster



TUMBLER GLASS
Jae-Hyun Kim

CONSOLATIONS AFTER A SNOWSTORM
by Brittany Alloy

My snowboard talks to my skis
they are praying for ice to freeze
later on this week about the time the hills open.
I have socks in drawers and on feet
that think the snow came early.
They know nothing of colors changing on leaves.
For them watermelons come in January
and their snowflakes and breeze.
I've discovered that I don't need
a snowstorm, a storm to succeed.
A house mouse crawls behind me
like a horse in heat.
And I can hear the garage door open
the people in this house I love.

MASKED
by James LaMalfa

When the pygmies of power
Have excised themselves
And a new race replaces them,
Perhaps the survivors will agree,
Challenging the old gods of Olympus
Is dangerous business!

Lilliputian machinators,
Pinion the human soul,
Like an African mask entombed in some clinical,
Temperature-controlled museum,
Drained of power and divinity,
A pathetic dead thing.

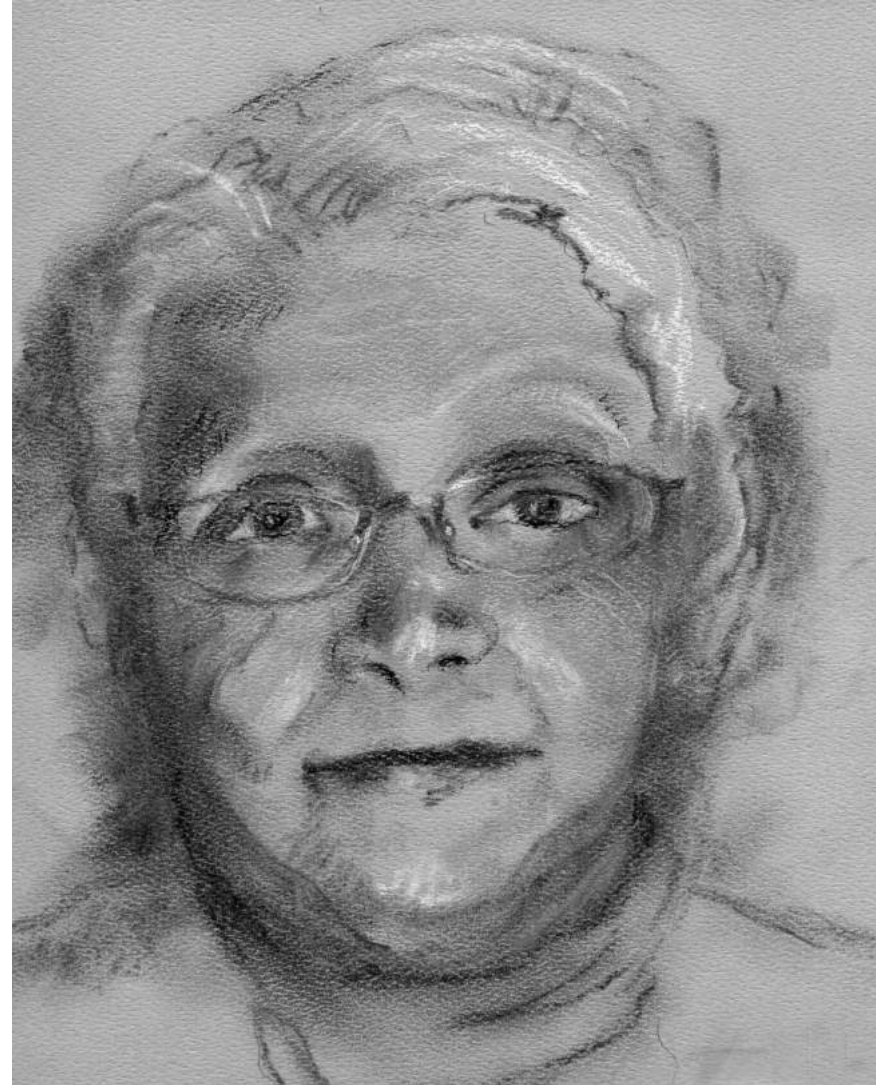
We are all forced to participate
 In America's derangement.
Staring at the cyclopean eye
In our living rooms,
A creeping plague of the spirit
Settles in, unnoticed,
But real, nonetheless.

Anthropology Notes:

The very earliest anthropologists in the Pacific Northwest recorded multiple versions of stories about 'Hog Fennel Boy' among the Coast Salish. He appears to be an old and likely aboriginal, supernatural figure.

Yet, Marsh Hog Fennel is cited as a European species that has naturalized only in certain areas of the U.S. fairly recently. This raises questions about culture, memory and ethno-botany.

Personally, I'd go with what the old people say.



MOTHER
by Debbie Haines

LETTING GO
by Gabriella Sheldon

Loud music echoed through the halls of the 100-year-old home built by a lumber baron. Betty Black slipped on a colorful blazer, a gift from an old friend. Then she chose costume jewelry to match. She was getting ready for work at the Krist Center, which was devoted to the educational needs and desires of the community of Jillson, located on the shore of Lake Michigan. For over 20 years, she had worked part time at the Center and planned to work past retirement age.

Betty smiled at her reflection even though her face showed signs of her age. She hummed "Will you still love me when I'm 64?" as she applied makeup to hide some of the wrinkles and age spots. Her light brown hair fell to her shoulders in ringlets. She was thin, almost too thin by some standards. Years earlier she had started a rigorous exercise program which kept her weight in check. While not everyone appreciated her message of personal discipline, both physical and spiritual, almost everyone knew that it had carried her through tough times.

Betty's first husband had abandoned her when their three children were very young. She struggled as a single parent for ten years until she met Peter at the Krist Center. They had a whirlwind romance followed by marriage, but Peter died in a plane crash three years later. Shortly after his death, her oldest son Jack broke through ice while fishing and drowned. Betty was very close to her surviving children, Franklin and William. She was a loving grandmother to their five children.

Betty shut off the music. The old house creaked as a wild winter wind blew. There was a threat of snow in the winter sky. The 25-minute drive to work was usually uneventful except for slippery roads and city deer. At least the roads were dry heading to work this Monday in early February. Donning a real rabbit fur coat and hat, Betty headed outside to her car, which was parked in her driveway. Her garage was temporarily filled with close friends' possessions. Joseph Millner and his wife Faye had volunteered to teach in China for one year and had needed a place to store their belongings. Betty started her car and then scraped off the ice on the windshield. She sighed as she reflected on the comfort of a car kept in a garage: no snow and ice to clear off.

About half an hour later, Betty was in her warm office getting ready for the day's activities. She had two main responsibilities: organize events and plan classes for all ages. New money from a grant had come in, and she had some ideas that she thought would benefit the community. When her boss asked for

MARTHA'S ADVICE FOR GETTING RID OF GHOSTS
by Dail Murray

Al Learst and I had a conversation about "brief ethnographies" a while back and I left wondering how can you abbreviate ethnography, the invention and hallmark of cultural anthropologists? It's our stock in trade. How do we alter it to explore new forms of expression and still translate cultural knowledge with integrity?

Martha's Advice for Getting Rid of Ghosts

If you are being ghosted, you need to burn Ockmane.

White people call it Marsh Hog Fennel.

You burn the seeds.

Make sure they are good and dry.

Take maybe a teaspoon,

Drop them on top of a hot stove.

You can probably use an electric stove if that's what you have.

Ockmane protects you from getting hurt spiritually.

It grows between the land and salt water, where they come together

It keeps things apart, like a fence between two worlds.

That's its power.

Ghosts can be your own people come back crying for something they miss.

Like special food.

When that happens you need to feed them.

That's why we burn food.

White people don't understand that part.

Sometimes ghosets are carrying a warning. Maybe for a relation who's still living.

Something's going to happen to them.

Then you need to hire Uncle Frank or an Indian doctor from Canada who earned

The power to talk to them and understand what they are saying.

But I'd try burning these first.

from Field Notes: Nooksack River Village, Winter 1968

GOTHAM DINER
by Richard E. King

Alone in a diner at two in the morning, in an unfathomably cold city, hostile to those who can't decipher its nebulous code of survival. Strangers in the night speaking words, desperately groping for magical phrases to portray their thoughts to a world too busy to care.

A snatch of talk, a snippet of conversation, what do all the words mean? Lonely souls searching for understanding, seeking to be understood, but the words fail. Rages of rain beating the streets, my escape from the barrage of fragmented talk barred.

Another cup of demon bitter coffee, a furtive glance at the occasional newcomer seeking refuge from the driving rain, but never eye contact, for that would violate the code.

I listen to hushed words coming in spurts and fragments. Surely they must make sense to someone! Are the recipients of all those words really listening? Will anyone remember the joy, the angst, the hope, or the anger submerged in all those late night snatches of words?

Languages I can't understand drifting through the air, some lyrical, some staccato. Who are these people speaking in languages foreign to my world? When did the rhythms of a common language migrate to such a jagged juxtaposition? Do their words paint a deeper understanding of our existence? Are their words more descriptive of human thought?

Spasms of stifled sobbing drifting among the currents of words, laughter from the back corner—is it humor or derisive? Emotions coloring the meaning of strange words—the dim yellow lights casting a surreal shadow on exotic speakers and surreptitious listeners. My mind becomes a sail, catching the currents of misplaced fragments of human dialogue. The sail becomes full, stretching to cope with the energy of an emotional world of words, words that don't belong to me.

The rain simmers to a slow patter, enough to allow my departure from the intimate talk of searching souls. I emerge from the diner to the mean streets of Gotham, narrowly escaping a drowning, in snatches of conversation from strangers.

her to meet with him later, she was very excited to share her plans.

At 10:00 Betty joined her young boss, Dr. Zachary Smith. He was wearing a dark suit with a white shirt. She caught a glimpse of white on his pants: His fly was open. Momentarily she was flustered since he was her boss even though he was close to the age of her sons. Timing didn't seem right to mention his problem, so she said nothing. Smith closed the door behind her and sat down at his desk. Betty felt a coldness in the room as she sat down across from him. Even his blue eyes seemed cold and distant. He cleared his throat and said, "I suppose you are wondering why I called this meeting."

Betty nodded affirmatively and said, "Yes." She smiled politely.

"We have decided to hire someone new to work on grant projects, someone better qualified than you are."

Betty couldn't believe her ears. She thought of the successful programs she had initiated, the employee of the year awards she had won, the hours of time she had invested in community activities for the Krist Center.

Dr. Smith went on. "We will keep you until the summer activities begin, so you have some time to make plans. Perhaps our office can help you find new employment." He gave a lame smile and added, "At least as a part time employee you have learned to live on the little we have been paying you."

In shock and disbelief, Betty got up without responding. She turned her back on Dr. Smith and opened his office door. She mumbled, "Do you want your door open or shut?"

"You can leave it open," he answered.

Betty walked quickly to her office, secretly glad Dr. Smith's fly was open. She finished her morning tasks, which included teaching a parenting class for single mothers at 11:00. The winter storm that had been threatening all morning started in earnest on her drive home that early afternoon. When she was finally home, she found bitter tears to express her sadness and surprise. After a brief pity party, she started to think of her future. She had to be positive. A line from the Sound of Music encouraged her, "When God closes a door, He opens a window." What window?

Betty decided to light the fireplace, which always cheered her. Later as she sat in its warmth, peace flooded her soul. She was old enough to get social security, which would keep her afloat. With that income paying her expenses, she could continue her work in the community as a volunteer. She loved to bake and cook. She could turn her home into a B and B since she had several empty bedrooms. Ideas kept coming to her as she sat. She could spend more time with her children. She might even find a new boyfriend, definitely one with a good

income. She could write the great American novel. As she pondered her options, she found herself smiling. In spite of the pain of being let go so unexpectedly, she did have hope. Letting go of her own plans, she knew where her hope was founded. And she was going to trust one more time. Besides, this was the land of opportunities and *American Idol*. Didn't she sing in the church choir?



CASCADE
by Lindsey Schroeder



MORNING BLUR
by Kayla Walters

INDIAN SUMMER
by Richard B. Peterson

A season for sensing. Mild days and crisp nights.
Blue skies with pillows make everything right
Trees in their costume and birds southern hasting.
Seeing and listening. Hearing and tasting.

Cool on the skin are the late summer breezes.
A gust from the north signals wintertime freezes.
Fowl on the wing quacking and honking
V-shaped formations make haste to new dwellings.

Robed in the splendor of yellows and reds.
Birches and Maples float leaves to new beds.
Apples ripen to crunchy tart spheres
A smell of cider wafting downwind appears.

A touch to the finger and touch to the cheek,
The burbling laugh of a fast running creek.
Aromas of fires herald the middle of fall.
An Indian summer to satisfy all.

Proud name to a most proud time of year.
Rejoice in the summer lacking in fear.

I WOULD BE IN TUSCANY
by James LaMalfa

I would be in Tuscany
Crossing the paving stones of Firenze,
Green and white marble that witnessed the rebirth
Of art five hundred years ago.

I was there in winter and felt the earth shake
When the bells of Santa Maria del Fiore
Rang in Christmas.

They pealed mightily,
As if, by sheer force of sound
They could purge the unshroved Florentines
Of all earthly sin.

Giants walked the streets once,
Where are they now?

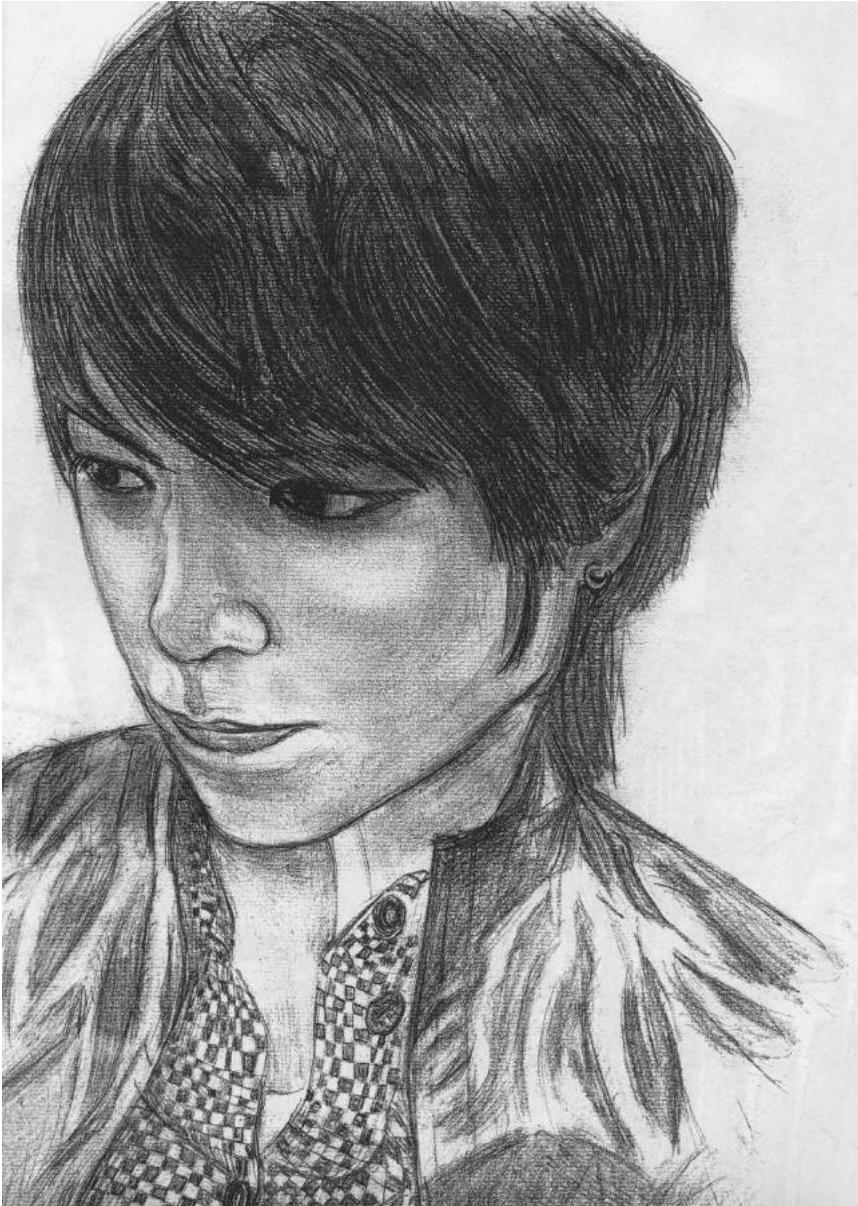
No one has written sonnets to a new Laura,
Or painted a better image
Than Leonardo's Gioconda.

We must tolerate diminished, hollow men,
Who cannot make art,
For there is none in them.

A small graffiti by Michelangelo
Confounds the pretended geniuses
Of this shallow age.

The tyranny of the masses
Makes it so.

Greatness, once found in Italy,
Is denied us now
By social engineers
And political stasis.



PORTRAIT
by Jae-Hyun Kim

REACH FOR ME, I'M NOT FAR BEHIND
by Kevin Scoggins

Oh, night,
What a beautiful night for an aimless drive.
Passing oh so quickly were the
Endless evergreens, gently illuminated by the silver sky;
Alas! Look to the heavens!

Enchanting were the diamond raindrops falling;
An inspirational wonder finally telling me that this could be my time,

A time to grow,
A time to consider a perspective other than my own.
Your timing is crucial;
Please don't let me falter...

So you've made your great escape out of this place...
This dreadful place and left me behind
With crumbling values and pathetic standards,
A longing for a former existence.
Lighten my shoulders, please relieve me!
I'll take the blame for all of this!

Afflicted by the memories that
Strive to keep my mind at peace,
Yet losing touch with everything that's
Shaped the life I've led;
I've lost my way.

Give me time!
I need you to reach out for me, I'm not far behind.
A change is coming,
I won't disappoint you!

I know,
I know that you're still with me;
Your loving touch is all too real...



GOOD FAIRY
Debbie Tomaszewski

DORIS
by Danielle Deloria

Door County, 1937

It was the night of the dinner and silent auction fund raiser at the country club. Though consciously aware that her long pink gown was a bit too much for this low-key affair, Doris circulated about the room. Suddenly, she heard a cackling laugh. "Oh, no," she whispered.

Maris Bradford-Hall had arrived.

Heads turned and conversations hushed when the heiress made her entrance. Her waif figure seemed to swim under her ivory dress and matching bolero jacket. Her quick wit and penchant for writing big checks always compensated for her domineering manner.

Constantly at her side, Helen Forrester had copied the dress and mannerisms of Maris. Together they were an impenetrable force.

Doris pursed her lips. She had made the mistake of calling out Horrible Helen for laughing at the misfortunes of others.

Eager to avoid another confrontation, she wheeled around and then crashed into a tall gentleman in an English morning suit. He caught her as she stumbled back. His warm hands burned through the thin silk of her evening gown. "I'm so sorry," she whispered.

"No harm done," he quipped. "I am quite accustomed to attractive ladies throwing themselves at me." His midnight blue eyes crinkled mirthfully at the corners as he flashed his trademark self-assured smile.

She would recognize his dark wavy hair anywhere. It was William Davis III. He was known to be quite charming—and a bit reckless. Engaging in playful banter with him was her guilty pleasure.

"Excuse me," she said, "I must dash off."

"Why must you do that?"

She gestured timidly toward Helen who was now approaching them.

"Oh," he said. "If you wish to make a graceful exit, allow me." With quick motion, he slid his hand to the small of her back. He quickly, yet gracefully, guided her through the crowd. They weaved their way through the kitchen. He pushed the door open and she stepped out into the fresh night air.

She felt giddy as a schoolgirl playing hooky.

He led her around the corner. His red Mercedes Benz SSK Roadster

gleamed eerily in the moonlight. The open two-seater suddenly looked like a flashy deathtrap.

“Your carriage awaits milady.”

A wave of fear washed over her. She pulled away from him. “Oh, no, I couldn’t.”

“Beg pardon?”

She averted her eyes.

“You seem to be tense; a moonlight drive can be relaxing. What are you so afraid of?”

She lifted her left hand. The diamond solitaire glistened with warning.

He gazed at her quizzically. “Are you happy?”

“Of course I am,” she snapped defensively. “How dare you...” her voice trailed off.

He raised his hands in a gesture of mock surrender. “All right,” he sighed. “I thought that you would like to get away from that parlor snake in there, but apparently I was mistaken.” His hangdog expression caused her to feel a twinge of guilt.

She bit her lip. Perhaps, she had overreacted. Doris knew that she could be a bit defensive at times. It was a part of the dark side that she had tried so hard to suppress. She exhaled slowly. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I didn’t mean to...”

“It is I who should apologize to you. After the difficulty you have been through, I might have been more sensitive.”

Gentle warmth welled up within her. She gazed at him caringly.

“If you would like to talk about it, I would like to listen.” He held the passenger side door open. His tender expression summoned her.

She hesitated for a moment, and then climbed in. He closed the door behind her. As he circled around to the driver’s side, he began to hum the melody to “I’m Always Chasing Rainbows.”

Her pulse quickened. Does he know I love that song or it simply a coincidence?

They sped along the winding two-lane blacktop. Moonlight flickered through the treetops. The headlamps reflected in the eyes of small animals for an instant only to disappear again. With wind whipping at her hair, she felt an intoxicating mixture of fear and excitement.

He smiled salaciously. She smiled politely.

Over the roar of the engine, he said, “I have but one piece of advice to give you: be true to yourself. I think that I have been acquainted with you long enough to see through any pose you care to strike.”

“What do you mean?”

“The fleeting glances, the way you laugh at my jokes, and now you dash off with me; hardly the behavior of a devoted wife.”

She averted her eyes.

The silvery moon glinted on the water.

When Robert Du Boris showered her with Tiffany pieces, silk dresses and fur pieces, her friends thought he was quite a catch. However they had not witnessed the testy moods that came with his white-knuckle sobriety.

She looked at William again. He was charming, but how far could things possibly go with him? What had she gotten herself into?

She thought of Robert. Word would circulate and he would be heart-broken.

“Oh, this is a mistake,” she said urgently. Anxiously, she tugged at his arm. “Please, take me back. Take me back now.”

“All right,” he said loudly.

Suddenly, a deer darted out into the road.

William slammed on the brakes and turned the wheel sharply.

She felt a strange vertigo-like feeling as the tires skidded on the blacktop. Trees flashed in the light of the head lamps. The banshee scream that escaped her throat rang in her ears.

Doris remembered nothing more.



FLOWERS
by Boxuan Xia