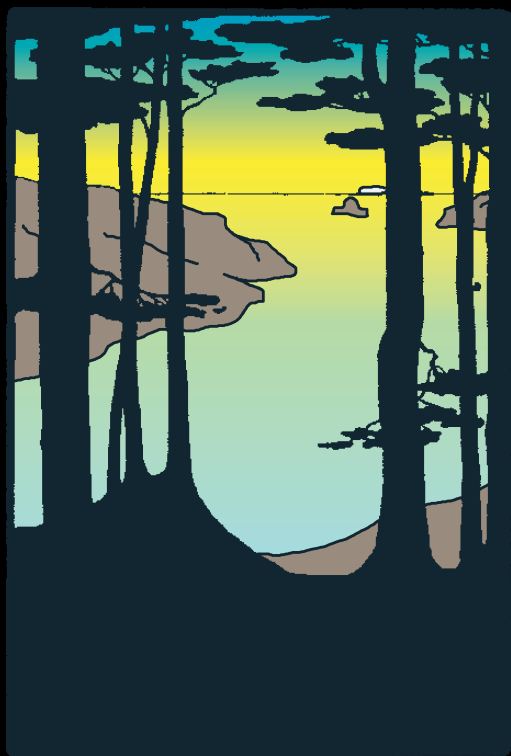


# HENRY'S FORK

JOURNAL



2010

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**HENRY'S FORK JOURNAL**

An Anthology from Writers @ Harriman 2010



WRITERS @  
HARRIMAN

**Writers @ Harriman**, a writing workshop for high school students, was held August 1 through 7, 2010, at Harriman State Park of Idaho, near Island Park, Idaho. Visit [writersatharriman.org](http://writersatharriman.org) for more details.

Writers @ Harriman  
Box 2525  
Boise, ID 83701

Margaret Marti, Director  
Email: [writersatharriman@yahoo.com](mailto:writersatharriman@yahoo.com)

Designed by Tamara Shores

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FROM "RIVER"

**T**he bed of the river is decorated with boulders  
I test the waters, unexpectedly warm, cool enough  
to relieve August heat.  
The water is a second skin,  
washing away my doubts and fear,  
confident the river will keep me afloat.  
I hover in the freedom of the water,  
weightless,  
my worries drowned.

— *Kaleigh Moore*

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## FOREWORD

From all perspectives, Writers @ Harriman 2010 was a success. You need not take my word for it alone, because evidence to support that statement abounds. Begin by reading these students’ contributions to this anthology. They have done outstanding work. The 34 students came from 28 schools. Eleven were returning students and five were high school graduates. These students came to write.

The success of the week is also measured by the enthusiastic responses of the teaching writers. Each of them—Chris Dempsey, Catherine Jones, Meghan Kenny, and Nicole LeFavour—discovered their students were imaginative and curious, diligent and productive. The proctors and the park staff underscore the students’ teamwork and caring support for one another. And the students themselves summed up their experiences for the week’s workshop in superlatives! They tried new techniques, dug deeper into their lives, risked sharing their writing with their peers, and found new friendships with students who also love to write. They hiked, rode horses, and swam in the Henry’s Fork.

Writers @ Harriman is possible because of the tireless efforts of SheilahY. Prevost and Yvonne S. Ferrell. Together they envisioned such a program in the magnificent outdoor classroom of Harriman State Park, centered in the handsome Laura Clark Scovel Education Center. This program matches part of the mission for the park, and our gratitude extends to Keith Hobbs, the park manager.

Our guests were Cort Conley, who shared his expertise and humor, along with some of his library, and Elaine Ambrose, who told about growing up in rural Idaho and becoming a published author. Proctors Jerome Stenger, Dana Owen, and Kelly Yashida maintained levity and balance. Our website is hosted

by Rick Just. Idaho Public Television's Marcia Franklin and Jay Krajic spent the week with us documenting the workshop for "Outdoor Idaho."

This program is underwritten by gifts from the Whittenberger Foundation, Idaho Commission on the Arts, Boise State Radio, Laura Moore Cunningham Foundation, Carpenter Screen Printing, Elaine Ambrose, Clancy and Sheilah Prevost, Laura Clark Scovel Estate, Idaho Public Television, and Idaho Department of Parks and Recreation.

The euphoria that filled us as Writers @ Harriman 2010 concluded is barely contained in the pages of this book. We hope some of it reaches you.

— Margaret Marti, Director  
*writersatharriman.org*

ALY FAWCETT

## *Postcards from Horses*

The beating of his hooves  
pound along with my heart.  
The dust cakes my skin  
fills my nose and my pores.  
I am full, bursting  
with the joy of this moment.  
I pat his shoulder,  
feel the strain of graceful muscles  
that guide me  
across the nuances of the earth.

By the end of our journey  
we have become part of each other  
as if bound at the saddle  
and I hate to leave  
my newfound friend.  
My legs, stiffened in their position,  
refuse to move from the stirrups.  
But I do climb down,  
looking deep into his eyes  
I see our mutual agreement.  
And I leave sore yet content  
Because I can say I left  
Without regrets

ALY FAWCETT

## *Farewell from an Old Friend*

what is this place  
I have grown to love  
in such a short, short time

the riverside swell  
the wind that howls across the empty space  
the stars that glow sun bright

what is the sound  
that wakes me  
from dreams of home

my ears are swiftly greeted by  
the voices of newfound friends  
the bagpipes on the breeze

what is the peace  
no technology brings  
a quiet isolation

I feel so far away from home  
a lonely kind of inspiration  
one that seems to be so soothing

now I turn in spirals  
like the aspen's fragile leaves  
not quite ready for goodbye

AMY CONWAY

## *Home*

The house that should have been painted last year.  
Hard water stains in the toothpaste crusted sink.  
Q-tips tattooed with mascara,  
Gauzy remains on sticky granite.  
My bedroom door's voice cracking as it yawns open.  
Open DVD cases stacked in piles on the orange carpet like burial mounds.  
The backyard that used to have six aspens  
Dad cut them down this summer  
They were dead.  
Sliding door with a screen leads to the deck  
Wasps with long legs like spaghetti nest there every summer  
Tiny bodies catch the sun and remind me of the flashing lights at the  
railroad crossing downtown.  
Lisa's long hair waves like creases in a baggy sweatshirt.  
Sarah paying for the movie again  
She always has mints in her purse.  
Marie fixing my makeup before I go to school  
Her eyes look like stars.  
Dust grows in layers like sedimentary rock  
Marking Ben's absence at his white knobby table.  
Puppy with a black coat and chocolate eyebrows  
Howls her excitement at the possibility of a walk.  
The old dog dragging her hind legs. Arthritis froze her knees after a fall  
in the park.  
I spent an hour in the garage with her that night. Her sweaty, quivering  
tongue reassured my fingers.  
I scratched her ears, her favorite spot.  
It wasn't enough.  
Dad's tennis shoes on the kitchen floor stained green from mowing the  
lawn.  
His hand on my shoulder smells of sunburnt soil and dog.  
Mom deftly rubbing an ice cube under a rag on my broken wrist  
My tears spotted her fingers.  
I hear all their throbbing hearts  
The cadence of my life

ANNIE MATSON

## *Gone*

Minutes melt into years  
like the ice of the North  
cradled in the depths of the warm Pacific

They move and glide so smoothly  
with nothing to hold them back

Time sees no barriers—  
knows no restraints

Never does it look back

It only looks ahead;  
only moves forward.

Some try to catch time in a photo  
and keep the moment forever—

The frozen image of a child  
sitting in a high chair,  
mouth and fingers coated with a sticky red ring of licorice

But with mere seconds that moment was gone,  
only leaving behind a lingering memory;

Like an echo after the shout

That time is history—  
Gone forever.

ANNIE MATSON

## *The Rodeo's at 7:00*

Close your weary eyes  
Rest your heavy head  
Low now onto the stiff white pillow

Dream of the things that have been

Forget the shrinking aged body  
That seems to trap you now  
Holding a wild young man hostage inside

Feel the coarse rope  
Twisted braids catching on the thick callused skin of your fingers

The rush of the world around you  
As your horse begins to run

The instinctive swing of your sturdy arm  
The whistling of a soaring loop  
Cutting sharply through clouded air

Dusted from the disturbed earth beneath your trusted Palomino

Muscles tense and tighten  
As you feel the lasso find its target  
And a reassuring pressure pricks through your arms

Go now to your last rodeo  
It starts at 7:00 tonight

Slip on your boots beside your bed  
See waiting family and friends

The rodeo starts at 7:00.

BARBARA MILLWARD

## *The Bel Air Creek*

Away from the farm  
Away from waiting raspberries  
Away from barking dogs  
Away from the broom waiting to be swept  
Away from the craziness of my brother  
Away from the world

I slip down an old dirt bridge  
leading the way to  
the muddy creek dappled with sunlight  
flowing beneath the bridge  
The refreshing shade of the oaks and maples  
A well-worn path shows the way

Bel Air Creek from an eagle's height would be  
hidden by trees that guard those who swim below  
A wide ribbon of water  
In the murky depths  
fish are concealing themselves  
Frogs leap from the bank splashing as they swim away  
Deer sip, then bolt at the sharp snap of a stick  
Splash of a leaping jump  
Thud of a mud ball hitting its target  
Quiet plonks of a stones dropping to the surface of the stream  
Sounds of those admiring the ripples  
Murmurs of conversations in the background.

Sitting on the bridge  
dangling my feet  
Smelling what the wind brings to me  
Scents of freshly cut hay  
Raspberries and new grass  
all are brought to me

Lying in my secret place  
I feel the damp grittiness of dirt on my back  
A hard lump of a rock presses into me  
A tickling sensation of grass against my body.

BARBARA MILLWARD

## *The Meadow*

Wind rushes though the meadow stealing seeds  
Whisking them away to far off places  
Wind dying leaving its passengers alone on a hilltop

Burying deep within the ground  
Forgotten by the wind  
Left by themselves

Rain sprinkling from the sky helps the seedlings to push through the ground  
Sun encouraging the sprouts to grow taller  
Bees to pollinate the new plants to spread their leaves

Flowers layer the hill with waves of colors  
Alpine lilies, asters, snake grass  
Indian paint brushes, golden rods, sticky geraniums

Late in the summer flowers start to droop  
Seeds awaiting the arrival of the wind  
Wind picking up whisking the seeds away to far off places

BARBARA MILLWARD

## *The Package*

“You can’t take it!” She bellowed, murky hair flailing, as she charged the man along the cliff side, eyes glinting ferociously as a mad bull.

“Au contraire,” he chuckled. “I already have,” he grimly stated. He dodged to the left as the woman barreled past him, and off the ragged cliff side.

The man, still carrying the package, grimaced, and then his face filled with remorse as he heard the bloodcurdling screams of the falling woman. “AHH!” A loud splash cut off her frantic yells and the piercing wind garbled whatever her last words might be.

The mysterious man peered over the edge into the briny depths as salty tears slid down his bruised face. Bidding his last farewell he whispered “Goodbye, mother,” as he slipped away into the mist-filled trees with a paper wrapped package hidden under his worn leather coat.

BRANDON BUTLER

## *Piano Method for Beginners*

The piano is easy. Your first step is to sit down. Obviously a well made bench is good, but a chair or a stool will do, for this once at least. You’ll replace it later. Wipe the dust off of the top, and make another note to get a good rag and finish the job in an hour or two. Wear good socks for this. The sustain pedal is too cold for bare feet and too clean for shoes. Press it twice, once gently so your foot is used to it, once a dash quicker so the piano is used to it. Hold it that second time and listen closely—hear it ring, the string’s pulse magnified just enough so the human ear can sense the forgotten memories that others have left there.

You now have permission to touch the keys, but only to make sure they’re in tune. If some aren’t, it’s too late now, but make a mental note to avoid the offending keys. Now look around. Melodies are everywhere. Look under your seat, behind the couch across the room, in the painting next to you. You should keep a few with you everywhere, just in case, too. Put them in those socks you’re wearing. When you find one, a good one, don’t grab it. You need its permission. If it comes down for you, hold it gently using only your fingertips. Weave it between them. Slowly, gently, reverently, touch a note. Any of them. Now let that melody work for you.

It’s nervous at first—touching just gently one note at a time, tapping out a subtle rhythm into a small chant. At first it might just be your right hand, softly floating over the ivory and defining its personality in a flurry of whispering movements. Now it will pull your other hand into the fray—either strongly, a power introduced into the music, a new force that further pushes the piece into a symphony, or it will be more subtle, a note at a time, becoming one with your right hand for a few beats, then slowly pulling, and stretching the tone into a double entity, not at peace or at war, not at tension or at comfort, but something that those terms don’t understand: harmony. Either way, the music grows, and expands, and matures. It has now become conscious of itself, and the dangers of exceeding itself at this point are high. Don’t climax. That is later, and if you peak early, you’ll lose the whole piece.

If you manage to tone it down—which is the mark of a true pianist—then your right hand will begin to climb. Let it. It starts on the ladder of keys and deftly moves into a higher rhythm and your left hand begins to bow,

perhaps in total submission, to a sense of superiority. Remind it that it isn't worthless, but this is the right's shining moment and jealousy is worthless. Now bring it back down again, a key at a time, small, individual steps to cascade into a rant when fingers join together. Add one more harmony between the hands and make it bigger than it was before. The melody will fight you, but that is how music escalates into a war. It's a battle of fingertips and piano keys, a flurry of knuckles in black and white. But once again this is not the climax. In the midst of the fury, withdraw—

And the music will stop, instantly, throwing the piano into submission once more. Allow a few seconds for silence to reverberate through the room. Take a breath, you're nearly there. Press that first note again, then again as though you've started the piece over again, but take it the opposite direction, translating the melody into a deep bass voice as your right hand harmonizes in new ways. Finally, let the essence of the song—that weary spirit that grew for you, let you tame it—let go of it. It no longer has room to grow, but will settle into your lap. Comfort it, caress it one last time, and end on a chord.

BRANDON BUTLER

## *The Window*

The grey haired man stood staring out the twelfth story window, blinds opened to flood the room with the evening light. Massive panes of glass, across the room, made believe they were invincible, guardians against the city lights. The setting sun turned shadows from the buildings into darkened claws that would no doubt consume people, cars and streetlights, feeding them to a black monster past the horizon. The desk behind him, normally so tidy, the product of obsessive dusting, polishing, arranging, now so lonely, covered in crumpled papers stained by coffee rings and an untouched nametag. *Jeremiah Kingston*. He hadn't slept in the last three days, showed it in his in his bloodshot eyes and worn face. Dark stubble on his chin had begun to thicken. Three weeks—three weeks of writing and signing and calling and heaven knows everything he'd worked on. And it ended in nothing. The deal had been broken by the associate company. There had been full out war between corporations, with Jeremiah at the front lines. He told the directors that he had the upper hand, that he had an unbreakable case. But with such surety in his company comes the risk. If someone is that certain, stakes inevitably go upwards in the hectic, business defined world of Wall Street. And someone like him—at the height of his game, at the peak of his potential—he wasn't allowed to fail. He knew there would be consequences worse than death in this gambit. The city outside was hushed, and the earth began to slowly recede from him. Up here, in the darkened New York skyline, he was alone, a failure society had thrown in the windy cloudless summits. A knock on the door behind him. A pause. The man didn't turn to look and see who entered without invitation. It didn't matter. The sound of a paper sliding onto his desk, then the click and knock of the door closing once more. The man had one more thought. He wondered how simple it would be to break the window's reinforced glass.

CHERIE ROYAL

## *Letters to Naomi*

To my dearest love, Naomi,

James and I arrived at Bangor, Maine, today. The weather is cool and the clouds give shade even when the tall pines fail. The deer are as abundant here as the squirrels back in Idaho. James misses you dearly and I have to be honest, my heart and gut constrict whenever he mentions how much he loves his beautiful girlfriend. But on to more happy news. Our first night was peaceful enough; the fireflies came and introduced themselves to us. They flew onto our hands and crawled around them, you should have heard James exclaim over the sight of them. I've gotten you something very special, my dear. I hope you will love it, and I hope you will accept it; a ring awaits you upon my return.

Sincerely your greatest admirer,  
Daniel Forest

Dearest Naomi,

It's been a week since I got your card. I'm sorry that I haven't been able to send you one back. James and I have been busy hunting the does and large deer here, there are so many. I found a nice antique looking book store on a corner in Bangor. It's across from a delicious pizza joint, "Pat's Pizza." You have never had anything so amazing in your life; remind me to take you here if we ever travel this way again. Anyway, this book store had a great collection of poetry. I selected a book that had an old leather binding; I know you will love it. I have noticed that James has been acting a little strange. I don't know what or why he's been this way but I did notice a horrid reaction to the poetry book I bought you. I'll see what I can do to sooth him, whatever the problem is. I don't want you to worry. I'm sure he doesn't know a thing about us. There is no reason to expose our love just yet. He's so happy.

I love you,  
Daniel Forest

My love,

Something tragic occurred this night. I know it's only been a few days since I wrote you about the poetry book. I'm so sorry, but James has taken his life. He ran from the hotel late at night and shot himself with his hunting rifle under the stars. He found your post cards and other items that would connect you and I together. The police would not let me see the body but the blood that was pooled in the parking lot was good enough evidence to know it was true. He's gone, Naomi. He's really gone. I know this is a great loss for you, and I'm so sorry to hit you with even more loss. But James was my best friend; I won't be able to live knowing my lies and actions have caused his death. I bought flowers for his grave, and they were daisies, your favorite. When you receive this post card you will soon be informed that I joined James in death. I could not live with this guilt upon my heart. Just know I love you with all my heart until the moment it stops beating.

Goodbye, my love,  
Daniel Forest

ERIC AMADOR

## *Dead yet Beautiful*

Dead,  
but once alive was this small part of a pine tree.

Rough like extremely dry elbow skin,  
Sticking out from all the other green objects around it  
with is reddish brown colorfulness,  
like a stain on a white shirt that you just can't get out.

Its bristles feel like the back of a porcupine,  
only less sharp.

What kept this small part of a pine tree alive,  
before it was brutally murdered by the powerful forces of nature,  
was the tree absorbing water and the sun.  
Even though something may be dead, it doesn't mean it isn't beautiful  
in some sort of way,  
and that maybe its spirit isn't gone.

ERIC AMADOR

## *I Am*

I am self-conscious and paranoid  
I wonder what people think of me when they see me  
I hear the laughter of people that are making fun of me  
I see people looking and staring at me like as if something was wrong  
with me  
I want to have a friend that can relate to me in every way possible  
I am self conscious and paranoid

I pretend sometimes that there's nothing wrong with me  
I feel uncomfortable whenever I'm around people I don't like or don't trust  
I touch my face and feel all the flaws that I have  
I worry people won't accept me for who I am  
I cry whenever I'm alone and no one can see me  
I am self-conscious and paranoid

I understand that everyone is different  
I say that things will get better for me and they will  
I dream that someday people will accept me for who I am  
I try not to think of the bad things in my life but of the good things  
I hope that I can be myself around all my friends and family  
I am self-conscious and paranoid

ERIN STRETCH

## *Love*

To know the land is to run through it, to return and point to various areas and exclaim “The marmots live here! That’s the path to the swimming area!”

To care for the land is to know when to remove a part of it, and which part ... to give it the water it requires, but also the sun it needs ... to allow it to grow, but guide it so the growth does not cause harm.

To respect the land is to leave it unsullied, to understand it as its own being, not as a slave to the hands of the caretakers, for even if the caretakers were gone, the land would survive.

To honor the land is to see the creatures to whom it gives life, shelter and sanctuary, and accept the coexistence between animal and nature without trying to bend either to your will.

To love the land is to see it as it is, in a thunderstorm, blazing sunlight or the faintest shadow from a cloud, and still love it. To hear the owls at night, and the cranes, and the love never falters. To walk its trails, and arrive at the destination with aching legs and dry tongue and burnt skin, and not see it as a journey wasted.

GABE HESS

## *Gifts and Blessings, the Small Things Make Life Worthwhile*

Six live bands—jazz, blues, salsa, funk, folk, rock and roll—drifting through an open square.

The refreshment of ocean spray,  
The cold breeze rustling through my dark hair.

Unknown surprise—speckled birds soaring through a dark sky, the clouds heavy with rain. A blue bird perched on my window sill singing me awake on a Sunday morning.

Golden sand between my toes.

A Trek bicycle, the red and white 10 speed, propelling me through an open stretch of pavement. I am a bullet shot from a smoking gun. My body moves like a freight locomotive (strong legs pumping out the rhythm of the song on my iPod) moving me, willing me, to reach an imaginary finish line. My spirit soars in elation at the indomitable freedom of the open road.

Quiet streets after a thunder storm, shallow puddles on the side walk.

Old friends who know you better than you know yourself

Rosemary, the delicate green shrub, my mother’s favorite.

Snow-capped mountains to conquer. My labored breath coming out before me in great white puffs like my own personal city of clouds. My hand reaches the top and I let out a primal scream, my mind reeling in the joyous pride of accomplishment.

Scarlet rose buds in the garden, the soft red petals a reminder of how nothing lasts forever

The maroon hammock in my tree, its hypnotizing rhythm safe and quiet like a child in its mother's arms. My mother's soft voice, a hushing lullaby wafting through the open window.

I glimpse the fiery sunset at Table Rock. The sun says goodnight. Moonlight reflection on a glass pond. A rock skipping until it disappears from sight. A pretty girl in a silk white sundress.

The smell of her hair like fresh strawberries, her soft hand entwined in mine, our laughter drifts through the summer sky. My heart speeds up like a car engine kicking into high gear.

GRACE BOWLER

## *Do Eagles Cry?*

Do eagles cry?  
Do they feel  
Like they're drowning in the silence  
That crowds my mind

I wish I could scream  
Lift my head  
Let the love, fear  
Guilt  
Out  
A razor cry  
That would penetrate the heart

If I had wings  
I'd fly  
Laboring until my despair dissipated  
And I'd plummet  
Spiraling downward  
The greens and blues  
Dancing  
Until the separate  
Pooled into one

GRACE BOWLER

## *August Water*

She swam  
To the shore  
Strokes confident and even  
August sun caught her rust hair  
Setting it afire  
Toes caught hold of grit  
She rose from the river  
Wiping tiny droplets from her delicate face

GRACE BOWLER

## *Untitled*

While I was searching  
For my wings black  
I saw my old friend  
Guilt  
But he could not stay  
And wondered away

So I went to find  
My life partner  
Despair  
But he was late  
And couldn't wait

On my way home  
I stopped to see  
Anger  
But he was tired  
And already in bed

With my wings black  
I flew back to my hole  
And flung them from me  
I stepped out of my skin  
Leaving my bleached bones behind  
I continued down

I didn't stop when I lost my sense of touch  
The walls fading to the back of my mind  
I kept going when sight fell away  
And even the black was gone  
I didn't pause for a breath when hearing left  
Even my thoughts could not be heard  
When my bitter blood became to taste  
I crawled deeper  
When my nose quite  
Just stopped  
I stopped  
I was home

GRACE WILCOCK

## *Dark Passage*

My own heart pounded against my chest, while I walked to the old rotten door that blocked off the passage way to the strange room beyond it. I clenched the cold hard key in my hand, feeling sweat trickle down the back of my neck. I could feel fear rushing through me, for what may be behind that door. I turned to look behind me, to see if my Uncle Cyrus was following me. He had forbidden me to never come up here, as I felt guilt rushing through my body.

I was walking up the stairs that creaked underneath me, feeling my hands shake as I reached the door. Knowing that it would be locked, I put my hands up against it to feel the rough edges. I felt that the door was cold, and had some holes in it. I jumped at the sound of my uncle's voice, making me turn around quickly and dropping my hands.

"Emily!" My uncle spat, in an angry voice that echoed through the hallway. I flinched, while keeping my hands in my pockets. "You are never to go into that room, if you do, consequences will happen in the near future." My uncle warned, before stomping off into the other room.

I shook my head as I came back into present, turning my head back around to look at the door. I moved my thumb over the key once again, feeling the edges of it. I thought for a moment, wondering what the consequence would be if he found out. Gently, I reached in to slide the key into the hole of the lock. Just as I did, I felt the hairs stand up on my arms and legs, hearing a small whisper calling out to my name. I glanced over to the window, seeing that it was the wind that came through the door. I gulped, feeling sweat come off my forehead, wondering who had opened the window. I shivered slightly from the chilliness, which came through the open window. I turned back around and slowly turned the key into the lock, pausing before opening the cold rigid door.

I open the door quietly, peering into the darkness, adjusting my eyes just enough to see a pair of yellow eyes floating in mid air. I felt myself start to shake, wondering what it was that was lurking around in this room. I quickly turned my head around to search for the light switch as I ran my hands against the wall, feeling them shake against the wall of fear as I found the light switch. I snapped it on, feeling more comfort as I turned around seeing light instead of darkness. I laughed a shaky one, as I looked over at the cat.

"Silly cat, almost scaring me out of my shoes," I mumbled. I walked slowly over to the old colorful couch, which used to be my mother's. I slowly sat down in the couch, watching as the cat leaped down from the window sill and onto the couch. I watched the cat's quick movement, as it did this process. Seeing it jump onto my lap, and cuddle up against my chest, I smiled a little, feeling more comfort flowing through me, knowing that I had someone here with me. I scratched the cat's ears, hearing the black cat start to purr. I gasped quietly to myself, looking up to see my mom's picture standing on the window sill. Why was this picture here? Why did my uncle abandon me from this room? Was he the one who killed my mother, and had me live with him? All the questions came flooding through me; while memories flashed through the inside of my brain, picturing my mother and I playing cards one night. I cuddled against the cat, feeling the warmth come through me as I thought, "I know something happened to my mother, for she wasn't capable of leaving her own daughter stranded." I'm going to find out who ever had done this, and some of my own feelings thought it was Uncle Cyrus.

HEIDI BEERS

## *Dancing*

Pale fingers dance across ivory keys,  
The room fills melodies.  
The sweet sound,  
I wish it would never end,  
I sit dazed.  
A smile graces his face.  
His pleasure,  
Evident as stars,  
Shining in the summer sky.  
A simple cord here.  
An intricate melody there,  
Perfectly harmonized.  
As if angels pick them.  
I watch.  
My mind spinning.  
Images of tall grasses,  
Stained with wildflowers.  
Golden sunset,  
Tinged with pink and purple.  
Fluid ballet of his hands,  
Coaxes the sound from the keys.  
My very being shakes,  
Echoing this tune he creates.  
Like waves hitting a shore.  
Shivers chase each other,  
Down my back and arms,  
Till they reach my toes.  
Each note fills the air.  
Sweeping and sliding,  
Well-trained muscles rippling.  
Like water around a fallen pebble.  
Fingers moving as quickly as spiders,  
Weaving their delicate web.

His song flowing naturally,  
A waterfall over a cliff.  
Filling my head with dreams.  
Flying over city skylines,  
Swimming through vast oceans.  
Intoxicating peace,  
Like an old friend,  
Greets me.  
He caresses the keys,  
Choreographing a melody.

HEIDI BEERS

## *Drowning Soul*

At first just a puddle,  
Meaningless and small,  
It grew.  
Water swirled at her knees,  
Rising and rising,  
Threatening to graze her shoulders.  
She tries to scream for help,  
But her lungs fill with water.  
People walk by, oblivious,  
Lost in their own worlds.  
Not seeing or just ignoring,  
The poor girl slowly drowning.  
Mouth open,  
Water restricting her screams.  
Her hands grasp for anything,  
To pull her up for breath.  
Save her.  
Her lungs ache,  
Eyes fade.  
But people continue passing,  
Her life before her eyes.  
Floating, weightless,  
Knowing death is not far off,  
Then someone stops,  
His eyes fill with tears,  
And he reaches for her hand,  
And pulls her out of the deep water.  
He pumps on her chest,  
Fills her lungs with air.  
Helping her to breathe.  
Still gasping,  
She asked him why he stopped?  
He answered simply,  
No one stopped for me.

HEIDI HUGHES

## *Cutting My Father Off*

I have seen women cry  
as their hair fall to the tiles  
sprinkling the cool floor.  
I've seen girls and women reach out  
wishing they could touch their pony tail again  
and braid the rusts and dandelions and chocolates  
into a woven beauty.  
I've seen them cling to their locks,  
hold on to memories shared  
and still refuse  
to let go of their youth, as they hear the  
snip clip snip of scissors and  
the drift of strands to their feet,  
tickling their toes.

And I watch

waiting for my turn  
to rid myself of this mess of hair,  
to cast away the memories,  
forget about my father's fingers running through,  
tucking hair behind my ears.  
Forget about how pieces touched my cheeks  
as he pulled it back.  
I long for the snip clip snip  
to help me forget his shouts,  
and take me away from what he was—  
keep me from counting days and months.  
I have seen the women cry,  
and I will never understand.

Seven days ago,  
I spent the night at his house  
318 West Divide Creek, now,  
no one will talk to me.



JAMES GEORGE

## *Sympathy for a Devilish Fiend*

Everyone always blames the monster. OK, it's normally our fault, but not always! Besides, we usually have a reason. Look, I'm the Hydra, and I've had more than my fair share of blame from you puny humans. But I myself was an innocent victim of that brute Hercules. I had done nothing wrong, and yet he came into my domain and murdered me! OK, I may have eaten a few of your "men," but in my defense, I was hungry and they were asking for it. Who goes looking for a gigantic, regenerative lizard with multiple heads and doesn't expect to be eaten? Either they were stupid, and by removing their genes from the community pool I did humanity a favor—which I still haven't been thanked for—or they were looking to die and I fulfilled their wish. Either way, I hardly see how I can be blamed for their "untimely" deaths.

Anyway, I was sunning in my swamp, when that meathead Hercules comes crashing in. (By the way, has anyone ever told you that you humans make too much noise? No wonder you are the laughing stock of the animal kingdom.) But I digress. Hercules came barreling through, almost walking right by me until he bothered to look around, fists clenched tight around a sword and a torch.

Now normally I'm just irate when humans come to my home uninvited. For one thing, you are obnoxious. All that archaic speech, with the "thee's" and the "thou's" and the ever-present "foul monster." I mean, think up a new insult already! Plus it is uncomfortable, to say the least, to pass one of those bronze breastplates you folks insist on wearing. Most of you are tasty, what with the steady diet of wine and cheese, and it keeps me in shape, so for the most part I let it be. But with Hercules, it got personal.

Hercules arrived in his primal human splendor, such as it is, in order to murder a highly intelligent creature (me) for the simple purpose of gaining a measly scrap of fame for himself. Now people, I'm sure even with your limited culture you know this isn't right. Yet for all his stunted intellect and appalling lack of manners, Hercules has proven himself adept at killing what you beings deem "monsters." Adding to his experience is his semi-divine nature, thanks to his father Zeus Cloudbreaker. (Now that guy is pretentious.) Normally, this would have been a fight for the ages, with the tie close but not definite, except

for the human's ace in the hole: fire. Damn that Prometheus. If he hadn't had such a bleeding heart and given you apes fire I would still be living in my lovely dank swamp right now. Well, I guess he got his due. He's a bleeding liver now! But back to the story.

With fire being the one thing able to disable my regenerative abilities, any fight against it is ultimately futile. And despite the derision I hold for Hercules, he did defeat the Nemean Lion. And I've met me: I'm no Nemean Lion.

JESSY FORSMO-SHADID

## *Someday*

Someday, I will declare my independence  
I will lace my own shoes  
Pack my own things  
I can do some things by myself

Someday, I'll wake up  
Stronger than the night before  
I will look fear in the face  
And say  
You can not  
Will not control me

Someday, I will lead  
Lead the world to a grander imagination  
Open their eyes to acceptance  
Close off negativity  
I will speak for those who have no voice

Someday, this black hair that's blonde  
Will become gray  
I will have wisdom to share  
To my brothers  
To my sister  
To my babies

And maybe, just maybe  
Someday years from now  
I will tell my stories to my grandchildren  
Stories of my teachers, stories of my heroes  
I will tell how two mothers raised me into  
An independent little girl to  
A strong young lady  
And eventually into an wise woman

Someday, those grand babies of mine  
Will hug my knees  
Kiss my cheeks  
Hold tight and never let go.

JONATHAN O'GARA

## *Pollution*

The Brighton Corporation came.  
They liked what they saw.  
They sent belching machines.  
They sent rough and scabby build crews.  
They sent in boards for assembling frames.  
The Brighton Corporation came.  
They liked what they saw.  
Honking, stinking cars are here.  
Snarling, snapping dogs are here.  
Submissive, manicured lawns are here.  
The Brighton Corporation came.  
They liked what they saw.  
The wind in the aspens is gone.  
The murmur of the river is gone.  
The mournful loons are gone.  
The Brighton Corporation came.  
They like what they see.

JEAN-LUC

*Un Moment Solitaire*

Dans cet instant notre monde est parfait.  
Le temps a arrêté de son marché pour nous.  
Les vairon curieux nagent dans un cercle d'argent,  
Et une abeille cherchent avidement pour le nectar.  
Un chœur des insectes psalmodient baryton chiant,  
Et une aigle émettre sa cri soprano.  
Le moment vit et meurt à le même temp,  
Et notre monde fait le même.

JONATHAN O'GARA

*A Solitary Moment*

In this instant our world is perfect.  
Time has stopped his march for us.  
Curious minnows swim in silvery circles,  
And a bee searches hungrily for nectar.  
A chorus of insects chant a dull baritone,  
And an eagle rasps her soprano cry.  
The moment lives and dies at the same time,  
And our world does the same.

JULIA RAE CARROLL

## *Beatrice*

I silently cursed the Homeowner's Association as I grasped the rail beside the stairs. If they'd just fix that damn elevator, I wouldn't have this problem every day going up to my own home. Charles, God rest his soul, would have had it fixed in a jiffy.

But ever since the last meeting, I haven't brought it up to anyone. I could tell they thought my health was failing when I mentioned it—someone even had the nerve to suggest I move someplace ground level. "In case of emergency," they said. I can take care of myself, I'd just like some rest for these old bones.

Sighing, I set my bag of books down on my apartment floor as I shut the door behind me. The second-hand store had a sale on history books, and there were plenty there on Vlad the Impaler that weren't in my collection. As always, I immediately checked my answering machine, in case my son had finally gotten back to me, but there were no messages. Sitting down on the couch, I rubbed my arthritis-stricken hands.

I'll tell you what I do know: one day, I'm not going to be able to make it up those stairs. I'll tell you what I don't know: what I'm going to do when that day comes.

JULIA RAE CARROLL

## *Part of the Whole*

Uniform, but unique in its own way  
like a snowflake  
from afar so unremarkable,  
up close, so unforgettable.

A spindly branch  
from a powerful tree  
needles, sharp, to protect its bark,  
the bark that shields the golden insides  
curved like the claw of some unholy beast

It sat on the pine tree,  
with a lifespan so short,  
and nowhere to go but down  
to be cut by wind, or rain, or plucking fingers  
to be destroyed by what gave it life  
or to die protecting its whole,  
but never to survive what made it be.

JULIA RAE CARROLL

## *Transparency*

Transparency's  
A girl's best friend  
a friend that I don't have.

Sweetness and softness  
and rose-colored cheeks  
is what a girl should be made of.

She shouldn't be hard  
and God forbid she's mean

She weeps when she's angry  
and beautiful when she cries,  
running into a man's arms.

That kind of girl  
is easy to find  
as branches and bark on a tree.

So many branches and bark on a tree.  
So what's wrong with me?

KALEIGH MOORE

## *Fisherman in Still Life*

A whirring down the stream  
a fisherman  
casts his line  
smooth, like a practiced artist  
painting on a fresh canvas.  
The fisherman's red flannel shirt  
and dusty blue hat  
are rippled,  
reflected on the canvas of water  
as if a shaky hand painted him  
into the river  
left him there to fish.

KALEIGH MOORE

## *River*

Beneath my bare feet, pebbles  
Shades of brown, orange, grey  
embedded in the shore  
Under my feet, I feel them  
Smooth, some rough,  
edging me  
to the clear waters, flowing calmly  
many larger stones with sand  
places where feet before mine  
have left imprints  
dented and smoothed into a distant memory.  
The bed of the river is decorated with boulders  
I test the waters, unexpectedly warm, cool enough  
to relieve August heat.  
The water is a second skin,  
washing away my doubts and fear,  
confident the river will keep me afloat.  
I hover in the freedom of the water,  
weightless,  
my worries drowned.

KATHRYN A. PERRY

## *Capture My Heart*

My lungs,  
They hurt,  
Burn.

In the break,  
Of the trees,  
I stopped.

But he still follows,  
His eyes red,  
His smile black.

The cloak he wears,  
Drifts around,  
Like mist at his feet.

He cackles,  
He smiles,  
He reaches toward me.

I scream,  
His boney fingers,  
Clawing at me.

I shut my eyes,  
But I don't escape,  
The stench of rot.

He's there,  
Always lingering,  
Waiting to catch,  
My heart.

I shriek.  
He cannot embrace me,  
He cannot claim me.

He yowls again.  
His laughter,  
A nightmare.

My heart is my own!  
I scream at him,  
Backing away.

You cannot have it!  
You cannot shut the light,  
From my soul!

He growls,  
At my defiance,  
As he slowly fades,  
Away.

But he is not gone,  
I know that.  
He always lingers.

KATIE WHITMORE

## *Fences*

There are many types of fences in the world. White picket, horse, chain link, barbed wire. The most restricting of all fences is that of fear. Material fences trap your body but the mental fences of fear and uncertainty take hold of your mind with their steely grips. Some people are afraid of failure or loss but all types of fear fence you in so you are trapped in your own consciousness. Some fences are meant to keep us safe like those around prisons and fenced-in backyards, and protect our pets from dangerous roads. Fences like the Berlin Wall that cut Germany in half or the fear that lurks in the dark recesses of your mind should be broken and torn down. When I think of the fear that lies in each of us I see a thick, tall barbed-wire fence that grabs at you with its pointed clutches if you attempt to escape. What is your fence? Fear of public speaking, lack of self confidence, or the fear of failing? All of these can help build this fence that traps you. To tear down that fence you just need to overcome that which built it. Easier said than done, but it is true. Out of all the fences in the world the most restrictive is not made of wood or metal, but of your own fears and insecurities. Let us band together as one to tear down these walls that block us from achieving all that we can.

KATIE WHITMORE

## *Home*

Home is where the heart is, or so they say. My home lies between the countryside and Idaho Falls. With a sigh I lie on my bed at night and listen to the music of the world. Soft breathing floats to my ears, coming from my mother in the next room. My border collie, Patchet, yips in his sleep. The pads of his feet scrape across the carpet as he chases imaginary prey, lost in his own dreams. I hear soft sounds of the city as well as the gentle ones of the country. I can hear the hiss of cars as they drive past and the whistle of the train somewhere in the distance. The airplanes roar like mighty dragons as they fly over. The crickets sing their nightly song and the frogs speak their croaky language. The drums of thunder fill the air and raindrops patter against my window. I am at peace.

KATIE WHITMORE

## *The Land*

To respect the land is to ride the roaring rapids, to listen to the dull thrum of the waterfall as it pounds the pitch black lava rock, to take in the smells of the great pines on the banks of the mighty Snake River.

To respect the land is to keep it clean, but not everyone does. I look at the waterfall that flows near my grandmother's house and a feeling of disgust burns within me. Beer cans and cigarette butts litter the forest floor and clog the river. To me, it was and still is a beautiful place to go to escape, but to others it is a place for parties or fishing.

From a plane you wouldn't see this secret garden, only the curvy shape of the Snake. Pines, aspens, oaks, and cottonwoods surround and shield this simple waterfall, my waterfall. Trout dart through the water, squirrels cut through the trees, and bald eagles soar in the sky. Their screeches float to my ears like lilies on their pads float down the river. The faint scent of fish lingers in the air as I cross the bridge which leads me to this sacred place.

I stretch my body out on the lava rock island, and feel the warmth radiate around me, I am peaceful. I feel the need to enjoy and preserve the natural beauty of this beautiful place.



KATIE YODER

## *No More than Friends*

Rubbed between my fingers the bone heart rests  
its cold hard, it doesn't beat  
but since I cant have the real one that lay in his breast  
he says its the best he can do  
I pull him close, hold him tight  
he takes my hands  
we dance in the sunlight  
he whispers I'm his best friend  
I tell him hes mine  
but no more than just friends  
it crosses the line

KENDI STONEBERG

## *Acceptance*

You may not believe me when I tell you this, but I once met a man, Acceptance by name. I was traveling. No, I did not know where I was going, but, really, who ever does? I had wrapped a thick quilt around my shoulders. A cap filled my ears with cotton. Heavy gloves held my hands, to replace my dear friend. But yes, even then, the chill scraped my skin, iced my bones, crept through my veins. It poked my face, sharp as needles, and numbed me right down to my toes.

It was on this night, the coldest night of all nights I have ever lived, that I saw Acceptance, from a distance. He waved to me, further down the path on which I was travelling. Beside him, at the base of a tall pine, was a welcoming, flickering fire. Its flames waved to me as well and I walked gratefully to them. The smoky smell of roasting beef filled my nostrils, unsettling my already angry stomach.

Finally, I reached him and stared with a gaping mouth. He was a mountain of a man, nearly eight feet tall, with shoulders of a grizzly and arms like small trees. He smelled of the forest, stirring scents of rushing rivers, sappy pines, and musty earth through the air. His eyes burned like coals from the fire but they crinkled at the corners, soft as a silk scarf, the favorite one that you wear all the time. His teeth shone brightly in the light from the fire, and he showed them all to me, spreading his arms wide, his heavy coat flapping and swaying.

"Welcome!" he said in a voice like a cannon. It echoed, like laughter in a many tunneled cave, "Join me at my fire?"

He said it like a question. I was welcome to choose, and I seemed to be drawn to this place, so warm, so comforting, so lifting. I wanted to stay, but my eyes strayed back to that fading dark path that I had travelled so long. How could I settle? Leave the trail I had accepted as my home?

Acceptance watched me with knowing eyes. To how many travelers like me had he offered his fire and words?

"That path leads to nowhere," he warned me, eyes sparking, arms reaching towards me. His hands were like suns, radiating warmth and light. I wanted to reach out to them, feel them between my own lonely hands.

I glanced back again. The path, my path, was harder to see, overgrown

with black weeds and frigid mists in the trees. It was still there, but now my eyes could pass over it as something in the background.

He stroked his short black beard, his wide brow no longer smooth but creased with concern, as he watched my slow deliberation. He reached again, his hands finally resting on me. My shoulders disappeared beneath his broad palms, and their warmth seeped through me, expelling the chill.

Once again I looked back at my path. The foliage had closed around it hiding it completely from my view.

“No!” I shrieked. I yanked away from him, my feet trudging back through the shadows. My heart slowed as my blood turned to rivers of ice in my veins. “What have you done?” I yelled at Acceptance. “Where did it go?” I searched the black trunks and there it was. The head of the path peeked from between two crooked aspen trees, whose bark was dull and peeling away. I felt instant relief. I could not lose the path.

“You are not losing the path,” he boomed, reading the thoughts in my head. “It will always be there. But you do not have to walk it any longer. You lose nothing, and gain a life, the life that you have said goodbye to.”

I stood on the fringe between the playful, flickering warmth of the flames and the overgrown path that had me dragging my body through the solid waves of my own sorrow and self-pity. I was torn, but worse. My unwillingness to let go of things that are passed, and my wish for a final peace warred against each other, rattling my resolve to do anything, to make a final decision.

Half of me was stuck, buried so deep and so broken nothing could pull me out, but here was the other half, inch by inch tugging me away from the tornado of depression that had become my life.

“What do you want?” Acceptance asked me, his whisper like a rush of mountain wind.

I stared at the path with a steel knife in my throat. “I don’t want to forget!” I choked past the pain. But the dark half was losing, leaving the muck and the grime of despair behind.

“And you never will,” he answered, stepping toward me, his heavy boots sending clouds of dust swirling past my face. “Come with me, and I’ll make the path brighter, easier to bear.”

I did not look back this time. The path was ahead of me now. Acceptance took me in his arms.

KENDI STONEBERG

## *Injustice*

Injustice! I screamed, but only to myself. Who else could understand my struggle unless they have lived it? So I close my eyes, here in the only place of serenity I have left. It is quiet. So quiet. The silence is a soft pressure on my ears, and I revel in it. This world, this place we love because of freedom, it breaks me. No one, no one is free. Not really. It is darkness, cold and dull like the room in which I now sit, in this too hard, straight-backed chair. Empty, like the walls that surround me, but I will not look. I will continue to sit, close my eyes, and listen to the silence. No windows. No escape but for that door. That door that I do not want to open.

KENDI STONEBERG

## *Shatter*

The glass vase balances  
On the shelf.  
We watch it  
Sitting there precariously  
On the edge.

Its crystal gleams  
Casting rectangles of reflected light  
From its unbalanced perch.  
The very essence  
Of a child's innocence.

A change in vibration.  
A motion unexpected.  
No one sees or hears  
The shattering of the glass.  
Shimmering pieces  
Shadow the ground.  
Found, too late.

"I should have moved the vase," she says  
"To a safer place.  
I should have seen this coming."  
We mourn the shattered pieces.  
They praise the light  
The vase once held.

KRISTINE QUINT

## *Dodging Light*

"Holy shit," Adam panted. He rested his palms on his knees. A slick snake of sweat slithered down his spine. "I can't believe that just happened."

"I know," Delilah agreed, breathing just as hard as Adam. "Those cops came outta nowhere!"

Adam's forehead wrinkled, and he leaned against the cool brick building behind him. Graffiti gang signs haloed his scruffy blonde hair.

"How could they have known we were there?" he asked. His voice rose in disbelief.

"Someone must have tipped them off," Delilah guessed, her rich New York accent present in each syllable, as she ripped off her hoodie. The long run through the alleys of downtown Chicago had them both beat.

Chicago fuzz were hard ass, hard to beat, and hard to escape from. Adam and Delilah were some of the lucky ones.

"You think they got Joe?" Adam asked.

"Dunno," Delilah said brusquely. "But we better keep movin'. The cops don't stop looking when we stop running."

"Yeah," Adam agreed. He looked over his shoulder, and then the two turned and jogged down the alley step in step. Back to headquarters.

"I think I saw them get Annie," he remarked. The light that reached the pavement from between the roofs and window boxes flashed over their life-hardened bodies while their feet patted over the concrete. They could smell home cooked meals, streaming in tendrils out of the open windows. Adam missed that.

"Well, she always was a slow runner. At least her old man's got enough dough to bail her out each time. He's even got enough money to wipe her record clean," Delilah snorted.

"That's what happens when you're the boss's daughter," Adam remarked dryly.

"Chyeah, no kidding."

The two continued to trot in silence, passing graffitied wall after graffitied wall until they arrived at the base. They hesitated before they opened the warehouse door.

Delilah rested her hand on the metal handle that pulled the garage door open. The city was cooling down, the chilly spring evening settling

upon Chicago like a hood over an unsuspecting victim.

The sun was in their eyes, casting a rich yellow glow over everything. The shadows of the pebbles on the poorly paved road were longer than a nightmare. Adam blinked. Delilah squinted.

“Well?” she prodded. “Should we go in?”

“We have to. And don’t look at me, you’re the one holding the handle,” Adam said.

“You know the higher ups don’t like to hear bad news...” Delilah sighed, hesitating.

“Let’s just get it over with.” With a firm set of the jaw and a tightening of the shoulders, Delilah and Adam hauled open the garage door to release their fate.

KRISTINE QUINT

## *I Was Told to Notice*

We spoke  
Disrupting cities under the grass.  
Our skin flinched against each  
Leaf stroke,  
Cowardice in the face of insects.

I glanced up. A bird  
With a curving beak of butter,  
It landed softly on the branch.  
Just another finch in this  
Harriman colony.

It preened off  
A downy feather that  
Drifted languidly, like a pollen seed  
In summer wind, a message for  
Destroyed cities in the grass.  
The feather sashayed  
Through the breeze towards  
Earth like a dancer.

This bird of butter  
This dancing feather

A quick, silent  
Promenade.

LACEY GROSE

## *Endure*

She sits on a swing, looks at the empty one beside her  
She misses his presence, misses his laugh  
Even though it's been a year,  
She still misses her other half

She remembers the tires screeching and girls screaming  
The glass flew, and there was blood  
Her heart saved, but the other's not  
All that she wishes is that she were dreaming

Her heart was saved, but is still breaking  
His heart finished, it beats no more  
She's the one crying, getting eaten from the core  
Her happiness is gone, but she continues faking

Her mind goes back to when they were kids  
Swinging on the swings, and adventures go on  
Playing tag and eating candy  
All gone  
She slowly gets off her swing and sits on his

He left her, but she'll always need him  
He'll always be there, but on the inside  
She's always thinking, "How come he died?"  
Searching for answers, looking within

She looks for "why" but doesn't see  
His last gift to her was his life  
But she didn't want it  
She'd rather die  
She survived. Why didn't he?

LISA CONWAY

## *Lady Sorrow*

As my wooden boot creeps onto the icy shores, I see the victims lying there. Some old, others young, but both have the same look, the same expression of grief defining their faces. And now it's my turn to be overcome and join the family of lifeless bodies, Lady Sorrow leeching the very wholeness of their souls. My shivering legs feel like molten lead as I leave my perch and step into her waiting arms, my constant companion in my nightly thoughts. She stands there, gazing at me, her tall form blotting out any sparse light that might have emerged from within the cloud covered sky. Her musty breath grabs me, chokes me like a noose upon a tree, forcing me to my knees. The pitch black tresses of her hair lick my frozen cheeks, lingering in the pit of my stomach, pulling the tears out of my eyes.

LISA CONWAY

## *The Escape*

Her hair whipped around her face like a thousand velvet cords. She rode at a gallop, escaping her white pursuers. The thrum of the hoof beats beat the rough ground seeming to imitate the sky in a thunderstorm. The strange men were inching closer with each bound of their mounts but they were no match for her horse, no challenge. Callina was wild bred, a native of the mountains, a live ball of speed set loose. The girl allowed a smile to crease her face as the hills and mountains rolled past her, a blur on Callina's lean body. She leaned forward in the wooden saddle, nearing the darkening woods.

LISA CONWAY

## *The Wondrous Nature*

The tall man breathed in  
Taking in the tangy smell  
Of the pine needles  
A finger of wind  
Gently playing with  
The thin wisps of his hair  
He slowly shut his eyes.

The music of the proud tree's leaves  
Ringing, like bells on a sleigh  
The rich harmony of  
The frisky crickets and grasshoppers  
Playing back and forth  
With each other

The unstoppable buzz  
Of the flies, honey bees, mosquitoes  
Taking wing,  
Like a bird leaping of its perch,  
Around and around his ears.

MALLORY WHEELER

## *A River of Life*

The river is one of life.  
As we flow our way toward the final resting place.  
The ocean.  
It is calm and smooth,  
Shallow and uneventful,  
Swift and frighteningly strong.  
With swift turns and steep canyon walls  
you cannot see around,  
The river is a river of life,  
And it will take me home.

MALLORY WHEELER

## *Down the Snake*

Yellow, blue, and grey commercial rafts line up along the entrance port. Those of us waiting scavenge for flat rocks, hoping to skip one lucky pebble to that far and unknown side.

I am handed a paddle. Once again, I am in the front for a third year. I find the most excitement here. I am first to see the water drop away from around the raft, first to feel the splash of the wave as it breaks around the raft. The lead sets the pace, those in the front control the rhythm of the raft. Teamwork is crucial. Our guide tells us, even if the rapid is huge, and you just want to cling to the person next to you, you must paddle through the entire rapid. It could save your life. Paddling through that churning water acts like a third leg on a tripod, bracing you against the river, and keeping you inside the raft.

We push away from the shore. Anticipation overcomes me. Though this is the fourth year that I have been on this trip, it has never been the same. Last year, it was the highest I have ever seen it. The level of the river affects the ferocity of the rapids. When the water is high, Big Kahuna is a huge rapid, full of dips and holes, and blind corners, sending out a challenge to anyone willing to test their abilities. When it is low, Big Kahuna mellows out a little bit, and Lunch Counter comes to life.

We come to the Dire Straits, a calm shallow part of the river. Our guide tells us not to be misled. While the river is calm here, a monster rages ahead. Still he gives us the OK, and I back flip into the river, my personal flotation device trying to get my right side up before I introduce my head to a rock. I resurface. This is a water baptism, acknowledging to the river gods that I understand that they are in control.

Since I was little, getting wet has been a gift. The hot sun of mid day beating down from above, making me sweat to death; never wanting to go back indoors because of the endless beauty. There was only one solution, and that was water. Swimming, running through the sprinklers, or just taking one five gallon bucket filled to the brim, and throwing it over your head, it took care of the heat, if only for a little while, and if I dried off, it was a simple repeat. As others from both my raft and neighboring rafts jump in, water fights begin. I want to share my love of water with everyone, and seeing as we were already in the river, why not?

I dunk one of my best friends, freshly back from Germany. As she sputters back to the surface, sputtering words foreign to me. I won't repeat them in English. The water fight continues, and unknowingly, I get further and further ahead of my raft. I don't realize how far away I have gotten until I hear the call of the river guide's voice, "You need to get back here. We're approaching rapids."

I am ahead of the raft, so I have two choices: let the boat catch up to me, and risk going through the rapids by myself, or swim against the current, and make it back to the safety of that inflated piece of rubber. I chose number two.

I make it back to the raft, and they pull me in about 300 yards before we hit the big one. That is, the Big Kahuna. Certain times of the year, you can actually see people surfing on the Snake River if this rapid is big enough. We get closer. We decide which song we want to sing as we go over the rapid. We all agree on an old camp fire song, "Miss O'Leary."

The harsh cry of "All forward!" rings from the back of the boat, where our guide is steering us toward the underwater waterfall that is the Big Kahuna. I see the water drop out from around the raft. I can't see anything but white mist and water everywhere. I hear a startled scream, and realize that it escaped from my own lips. Dropping into the deep hole, we start singing.

*One dark night  
When we were all in bed  
Miss O'Leary left  
A lantern in the shed.  
The cow kicked it over,  
Winked her eye and said,  
Its gonna be a hot time  
In the old town  
Tonight.*

*FIRE FIRE FIRE  
WATER WATER WATER!  
JUMP LADY JUMP!  
EEEEOOOWWW BOOOING!*

We yelled "WATER WATER WATER!" at the top of our lungs, but could barely hear each other. A surge blasted up out of the abyss,

knocked me backwards, and almost out of the raft. The only thing holding me in, were the people next to me and behind me, holding onto my foot and the back of my life vest. Water, water every where, trying to dump me in the drink. Talk about perfect timing.

MALLORY WHEELER

## *Every Breath*

It's a simple gift,  
You can't touch it  
Or feel it.  
But every breath taken in  
Is precious.  
Slow down.  
This busy pace from day to day  
Is so rushed  
Take some time to enjoy  
The simple gifts.  
The sun beaming through the pine trees,  
The call of cranes  
As they move through marshland.  
That last breath you just  
Took.  
Everything, whether big or small  
Is a gift from God,  
And we should  
Take the time to thank Him for everything that we have.

MALLORY WHEELER

## *How to Get Home*

If you come from the east or the west on the interstate,  
Take the exit at American Falls.  
If you come from Blackfoot, or north, follow the highway,  
It will take you right through my hometown.  
Those are really the only two ways to  
reach my Aberdeen.

There is a crack in the sidewalk by the Mexican restaurant, where  
My sister totaled my mother's car on her way to church one Sunday.  
There is an Icee shack in front of the grocery store. Delicious.  
If you turn toward the west on main street,  
You will see where I went to kindergarten, elementary, middle and  
high school. All lined up in one row.

If you turn east between that crack in the sidewalk, and Sinclair,  
That is the road I have lived on my entire life.  
Who would have known that moving only a mile down the road  
would change a young girl's life?  
There's my home. The one I grew up in. There is a door on the  
second story, just suspended on the side of the house.  
And the memory of the balcony we never started.  
More down the road. Out into the country side.

There's the cemetery.  
My grandparents, cousins, and some friends are there.  
The canal, where I used to jump in on hot days,  
The field right across from my house,  
Where summer after my freshman year, two horrific car crashes  
changed my view on life forever.  
One of those crashes involved a classmate. LifeFlight landed in  
my front yard,  
And took him away. I still think that it is a miracle that he  
survived.

Now the pine trees that guard our house from the wind.

They hide their needles in the grass, and if you don't have  
calloused feet, they will jump out and bite them  
My lawn. There are probably not so wild turkeys eating the bugs.  
Don't worry. Only Turkzilla will chase you.  
My driveway. Gravel. I don't recommend bare feet.  
The shed, where we keep the lawn mower, the gas, and other tools.  
It used to be the original house. With one big room, and a loft. It  
is falling apart on the side facing the fields because of the  
constant irrigation.  
The chicken shed.  
The evil ones live there.  
I was chased by a rooster when I was little, and they seem to think I  
make a good target.  
At least we don't have geese.

MALLORY WHEELER

## *That Jacket*

I pull my old green jacket out of the closet once again. Another year at camp is approaching. I am overcome by the familiar smell of burning pine. The scent of smoke coming from the campfires of years past linger on this jacket. I hold it close, and take in as much of the scent in one breath as I can.

I hold it away to look at it. When it was new, a dark forest green, and a little big, I was sure I would never wear it. It looked like something straight out of a war movie, with its many pockets.

But I took it to camp that first year when I was eleven, and that ugly army green jacket became my camping teddy bear.

I look closer and see the small hole burnt into the left hand sleeve. Playing with fire. I see the tear down the right side, and remember falling down the logging trail last year, and tearing up my legs. I look at the inside of the jacket, and see how green it is compared to the outside, which has been unbleached to a dull grey brown from the sun.

I slip it on now, a fairly tight fit compared to how big it used to be. The jacket hugs me, and holds me close. Once again, I am surrounded by that smell of campfire smoke.

MARISSA AIKEN

## *Chuck Magione*

I live in a little windy town; I always have. You'd think I'd be used to the wind, but I'm not and I don't think I ever will be. Something about thunderstorms makes the wind moan like a dying beast between the sagebrush outside of town. The wind comes first, long before the storm, and sometimes its hours before the first drop falls. In those hours I sit in my dark bedroom with my knees to my chest. The wind is worse at night; I can't tell you why. I sit and I listen and I shake, afraid of the howling wind wrapping my room in its groaning. I try to outlast the wind—squeeze my eyes tightly shut as if that could close my ears as well. But the more I wait the more I fear and I can feel my muscles tense until I am a tight ball of panic—I can't move, I can't think, I can't breathe.

That's when I know I need Chuck.

I manage to take out the old cassette my father gave me when I began to learn how to play brass. Its yellowed plastic says Chuck Magione—Fun and Games in faded black ink. I place it in my broken stereo that only works long enough to play a single side. I push the stiff buttons and the tape begins to whir. Just as the music starts I feel my tension begin to trickle away like hundreds of grains of sand in an hourglass. With the mellow sound of the horn, I feel all my worries fly away. Once again, I can breathe. I sit and listen until finally I can sleep.

MARISSA AIKEN

## *Crook/Rook*

The yard is long and dark, a lawn in perfect condition with every weed torn mercilessly from the soil so all that remained was a bed of grass exactly four inches tall from earth to severed end. Perfect for hiding my cautious footsteps rustling silently on the greenery, the sound of a moth's beating wings, as I crossed it. Every step is calculated by my whirling brain five feet above; I feel like a super computer programmed to slink across this luscious lawn into the sprawling mansion at its end, and slip back out exactly seven minutes and forty-six seconds later with my prize in hand. I am to be seen as a shadow, heard as a moth, and felt as a wisp of mist in the breeze. I am there, but only momentarily, a glimmer of a presence, a phantom on the wind.

As such, I slide across the field toward the great white house on the knoll. When I reach it, I don't peer inside. Rather, I turn my back to the wall, bend my knees, and leap at the open window above me. I catch the edge in my hands and fling my legs up and over my head so I land in a crouch just below it in the shade of the security lights outside, an arc of light across the floor.

I turn my head so I can survey the room, and am not surprised to find it empty. Boss said it would be. I roll out of my crouch to the side where the shadows are deep enough to make me invisible but still brighter than the cloak of night, and check my watch. One minute, twenty-two seconds in. I'm three seconds behind schedule; I better pick up the pace. I walk a bit faster than I had practiced down the dark hallway to make up for it. Boss is very particular about timing. He said ten minutes of alarm silence was all I could have, and I want to make sure I'm out of there early.

I enter the third room on the left and close the door behind me. It is pitch black inside, as I expected, but for two tiny pinholes of light in the far left corner; the laser alarm protecting my target. I take five steps forward, then two left, and find myself at a lounge chair. I kneel by it, lifting the right front leg, and discover a pin-like key with three prongs on the end. Yet again, Boss is right. Per his previous instruction he sent me via self-destructing computer earlier today, I sidestep the chair and take three more steps with my hand outstretched, then touch the wall. Precisely as he had informed me, there is a wall socket two feet off the ground with loose screws. I remove the cover and insert the pin key into the top screw hole, turn left for

183 degrees, pause for 2.6 seconds, then turned 90 degrees right. The two pinholes of light disappear and I am plunged into complete darkness.

I leave the key in its hole, turn right, and walk four paces forward. My left hand brushes metal and I smile. It is a music box about eight inches long, five wide and five high, minus the winged seraphim on its lid which is about three inches on its own. It is inlaid with layers of mother of pearl and Formica; I feel the warmth of solid gold beneath my gloved fingers. With a light touch, I tuck my hand underneath the feet of the angel and lift ever so gently, as if it would crumble if I moved too fast. Again I turn 183 degrees left, pause, and turn 90 degrees right; the cherub releases its hold of the box. I wrap it in a silk scarf I have in the bag around my waist and place it tentatively in the pack.

I retrace my steps, remove the pin key, replace the cover, and return it to the leg of the chair. Two steps, turn, five more and my hand lands right on the doorknob. With my grin in place, I leave the room, but as soon as I turn the handle, all the lights snap on and I run for my window. I check my watch as I run—seven minutes thirty-three seconds. I am right on schedule; my face morphs into a sick smile and I run even faster. The window is still open and the guards are running around outside; I count my lucky stars that there are no curtains on that window to flutter in the breeze.

Five feet from it, I crouch in my stride feeling all my muscles build up like a computer charging only massively faster, then leap. I shot through the window just as guards storm the hallway, and go over the heads of the men on the ground. I tuck and roll to absorb the shock of the fall then place my right foot on the ground and come out of the tumble running for the trees. When I hit the tree line I check my watch again—seven minutes forty-three seconds. I pat the bag with my prize inside, and stroll off through the woods; sounded like a perfect heist to me.

MARISSA AIKEN

## *Beginning with Two Lines from E. E. Cummings*

There are so many tick-tock  
Clocks everywhere telling people  
the moments gone and come  
So awfully many tick-tocks  
Clanking minute gears  
Abrasive on the mind  
Which was meant to ignore  
Such regulation and consistency.  
We were born to listen to the  
Sluggish strolling of a river  
A soothing murmur over silky stones  
We were born to listen to the  
To the patter of June rain  
On the roof of an old Subaru  
the tattoo of the weeping sky.  
we were born to listen to  
The rustle of autumn leaves  
Blowing from the boughs of  
Hawthorn and oak  
The sounds of nature  
Instead of the clangor  
Of a tick-tock clock.

MARISSA ZAMUDIO

*Butterflies*

Blacks of Blues  
Purples of Pinks  
Peace

MARISSA ZAMUDIO

*Mosquito*

A fierce night  
No chance of surrender  
His banded armor  
And his fine sword  
Striking and striking again  
Until I smack him to his end.

MARISSA ZAMUDIO

## *Ursus Teddius*

Some bears will let humans hold them for comfort  
Will not bellow or snarl.  
Some bears don't get nervous when you walk near  
We can give them a bear hug  
When we need one  
Let us stroke their soothing synthetic fur.  
Some bears will catch our tears of concern.

All I want is to stroke your long deep fur  
Hold your massive paw and hear your measureless heart  
To step fearlessly into the woods to find you there  
When no one else is around.  
Don't be frightened.  
All I want is a bear to be my friend  
To listen to me beneath the stars  
Till I close my eyes  
And hold me tight until the sun returns.

MAY CARAWAY

## *Remember*

I remember the bugs  
Flying above my head, invading my space  
Inviting me into their world.

I remember the cool wind  
The soft blanket of green grass  
The army of trees standing tall against the sky.

I remember swimming in the warm, murky lake  
The moss squishing under my feet  
Changing to gravel as I walk  
And moss again

I remember the stars  
How just a few miles  
A few less bright city lights  
Could make them beam from the sky like tiny pinholes into heaven.

I remember the horses, the bears, the beavers  
The otters, the squirrels, the bats.

I remember a happier time.

MAY CARAWAY

## *The Plunge*

I take a deep breath, expanding my lungs as far as they will go, and look down. I can't bring myself to think about how high up I am. I can't think about anything but the waves, crashing against the rocks. They make a sound like cymbals banging together. They are accompanied by the pounding of my heart, beating like a drum in my ears. The wind is strong and fierce, ripping its way through my hair and pounding against my skin. But my breath, whooshing in and out of my lips, is louder.

I turn my eyes up to the sky, trying to get my bearings. I can do this, I chant silently. I can do this. I can do this.

I curl my toes around the edge of the cliff face, poised and ready to take the plunge. I bend my knees, feel the stretch and pull of the muscle. I spread my arms out beside my head, like a bird opening its wings, and jump.

I don't close my eyes. I don't want to miss anything. Because if I'm doing this, I'm doing it all the way.

It all blurs past, the colors and shapes blending together. The wind, soaring past me, is so sharp it hurts my skin. I've stopped breathing altogether. I've stopped breathing and thinking and trying. Now I just feel. I feel the harsh wind, and move my hands through it, giving it texture. I feel my stomach swim up to my mouth, and I take a deep breath to force it back down. And I feel the plunge. The fall seems to last forever. Just when it feels like it will never end, I hit the water.

Everything stops for a moment. And then everything hurts.

The water is a thousand shards of ice, stabbing me, wounding me, cutting me open. I don't know where I am or who I am or what's happening to me. It's so dark I can't see my hands, my arms, my hair, floating out around me. And my eyes are burning viciously, like my lids have been stung by a thousand bees. When I finally close them, I imagine my lashes to be tiny pins and needles. They poke their way together as I kick to the surface.

When I come up for air I suck it down like I never have before. My lungs ache and my throat sears with fire. I'm so cold my teeth aren't just chattering, but banging and bashing together. My body is convulsively shaking, accentuating my every sore spot and bruise. I'm too stiff to swim yet, so I just float.

So why did I do it? Because for a minute, right before I hit the water...  
I was flying.

MCKENZIE CANDALOT

## *Fear*

On a shadowed path  
Beneath the moon  
Beside a well,  
Forgotten

Out from the depths  
Of splintered shade  
A thing creeps near,  
Quite softly

Its form does writhe  
From shape to shape,  
The world bleached  
Of color

His voice creeps and crawls,  
A spider or ghost  
A liquid nightmare  
That's breathing

Who hears what he says  
In this language we  
No longer know?

He draws back from the well  
The colors return  
His darkness proved weaker  
Than light

We know him as Fear,  
The nameless dark,  
The dark inside  
The world

He lingers in shadows  
Lost to the moon  
And fights not to be  
Forgotten

MCKENZIE CANDALOT

## *The Robin*

I could hear Fredrick's rhythmic, wheezing breath beside me, mingling with the sounds of people and traffic, car horns and footsteps. The bag on my arm is heavy, strap digging into my elbow, but I don't mind the weight. Just paces before us, a young robin flutters to the ground, pecking bugs brightly from the sidewalk. Fredrick and I pause, watching the youthful fellow fill his belly. Just then, I don't mind the thick smog hanging in the air. Fredrick places his hand on my shoulder, a withered hand I still love, and faces me. His face has grown wrinkled with the years, folding into laugh lines around his mouth and eyes, yet I still see the young man I fell in love with beneath the familiar creases.

The robin gives a small twitter, watching us with liquid black eyes, and departs in a flurry of wings. Fredrick smiles, blue eyes twinkling, and kisses me softly. The world around us fades away as he leans close and whispers, "I love you, Evie."

MCKENZIE CANDALOT

## *The Spider*

Motes of sunlight dusted the trees, falling through a lattice work of branches to warm the lush carpet of grasses and flowers. Splintered trees littered the ground like matchsticks as an ethereal drapery of birdsong caressed the ground like mist, inter-woven with the drowsy drone of bees and the murmur of wind through aspen leaves.

Between the twisted forks of a fallen tree's limbs a spider lingered at the edge of a delicate tapestry of webbing, partially illuminated by folds of sunshine. Careless in the morning's ease, a raven-black fly lumbered through the air, colliding with the clinging webbing. Shock waves wriggled outwards, triggered by the despairing struggles of the captured fly. The once stone-still spider launched itself forward, a dark blur against the silvery net. Pouncing on the fly, it silenced its prey, venom pulsing through the fly's body, no bigger than a thumbnail. With the ease of a practiced predator, the spider mummy-wrapped its breakfast, thin legs whirling webbing around the limp form, and deposited the fly near the edge so it could repair its trap unhindered.

PETER CHRISTMAN

## *A Guide to Being Happy in a Crowd*

First, go to the loud ones of the party. Let them yell out your name and a repetition of the inside joke you all know. Laugh. Hug the girls who are waving their arms at you. Use manly greetings for the guys, fist pumps, hand slaps.

Join in on the circle of friends and listen to the girl who is telling her latest story about the time she tripped as she was walking onstage for her solo in *Bye Bye Birdie*. Make a funny comment about or imitation of her fall with just the right timing at the end of one of her paragraphs. Laugh with everyone else.

Hear after that the story about the crazy Popsicle guy outside the county fair and the description of the latest hilarious YouTube video of the hopping dog. Smile encouragingly or chuckle heartily at every moment, thinking inwardly. Then say you need a drink and leave the ring, lending an ear to the beginning of the story about the food fight in the lunch room last week, which you already know.

Walk over to the cooler near the back of the room, saying hello excitedly to the girl that is there. She will glance at you strangely and smile at how foolish you are, walking past you. Reach inside and grab a 7-Up, open it, and look around the room. Scrutinize.

Notice the short boy from your biology class whose name you can't remember standing next to the door awkwardly. Move to him. Smile and imply that you know who he is, then ask him about the band portrayed on his shirt. Make eye contact as he explains it to you. Ask him what songs they play. Create a joke about the name "Boy Will Be Girls," watch his expression; ask him about how school is going when he continues to frown. Grin and make another joke.

Nod when his lips curl and listen intently as he begins to speak in earnest to you. Snicker kindly at the bear/bare pun that falls flat and guffaw loudly at his good imitation of Mrs. Hansen. Seek out an opportunity, say you need to go speak with a homework partner. Go hover back around the circle of loud ones for a while. Stretch your back.

Stand at the edge of the crowd and stare in. Randy will be conversing, so don't try to interrupt. Cheer along with everyone at the end of his

story. "I know, right?" he'll say to the comments everyone will rain over him. After a while he will glide toward the food-laden counters, and the loud ones will follow.

Don't, but regret it. Look around again. Eye the smaller circle by the sofa and move to it. The four in this ring know you, so they'll let you in.

These will not chatter and tell stories. One of them will comment on the lameness of the party periodically, but mostly they'll just stare at each other with frowns, look over at the loud ones and sigh, or make bitter comments about the same.

Keep your happy expression, but agree with them mildly. Make a slight joke about the perpetual loudness of one of the loud ones they are staring at. They will not laugh, only raise their eyebrows and nod with fierce faces, but they will approve. Speak like this a few times more, then say you have to go socialize with those twittering birds. Turn away as they roll their eyes and nod again.

Cross the room to throw your soda can away. Try to avoid the short boy, but he will catch you, some new fact about school on the tip of his tongue. Smile and nod as he speaks for five minutes about the Civil War test he failed in history. Gently tell him—Brayden, that's his name—tell him to have good luck next time and squeeze away. Put the can in the garbage.

Observe the girl with the red and white striped shirt slumping in the argyle chair in the far corner. She, Megan, will be crying. Sit next to her in silence on the floor, the grin gone from your face. Hand her a tissue. Accepting it, she will thank you and turn away. Wait.

A few minutes later Megan's close friend will come up to her and begin comforting her, whispering softly about the loss of Megan's sister. They will embrace and sob together. Stand and leave then. As you do, replace your smile.

Go and linger around the loud ones. Talk to one of the girls about her surfing plans in Hawaii over the break. Listen to her until Randy starts replaying his favorite tale about climbing the Grand Teton on a date, distracting her attention.

At this point, excuse yourself to the bathroom. Close the door. Clench your teeth and strain your muscles. Tear at your hair. Feel that churning in your stomach, and groan.

Once you are finished, exit back into the party, smiling appropriately. Head for the nearest group, glance around for anyone else in need, open up another drink.

PETER CHRISTMAN

## *Glass*

I hear the twinkle of the canyon wren,  
As the river laps hungrily at  
My air-filled float, touching it  
With its thousandth watery tongue.

“Colorado,” it was named,  
But color is the last sensation  
I would ever attribute to the  
Glass below my eyes.

Icy but still flowing freely,  
It ascends and falls with the whims of man,  
Yet still it carves its Glenn Canyon beauty,  
As it has even before that name.

To my right and my left at the river’s edge,  
Bushes sprout like moss,  
Visible now, but not at night  
For during the day, the dam halts erosion.

Above these, tiny giants rise, mirror barriers,  
Melting to desert varnish from sandstone pores,  
Stone parents of the canyon  
Below, a child under suspicion.

But they drift off from time to time,  
An alluvial fan, a side passage,  
An abandoned meander pecking another  
Path around the rocks.

And as I ponder these powerful beings,  
Sitting in a creased line of the  
Palm of God’s hand.  
I think of times past,

When this river had rusted openly,  
When the sediment had run as red blood,  
When its height had changed with the seasons,  
Heaving its skin from spring to fall,

When weathering was regular,  
When different birds sang differing tunes,  
And when the canyon lay untouched like dew,  
A place unknown of men.

Then I hear canyon wrens again,  
A rare breeze pushes the raft back,  
I see the shades of shale and sand,  
Run my hands below the river,

The plug at its start calming the canyon  
To let my passing happen.  
The walls peer high above me,  
Twin curators, watching.

SAFFRON KRUSE

## *Become*

That pace  
Quickens my breath  
Inhale. Let go.  
Your foot travels  
Farther,  
Faster.  
Steed of the earth,  
Stop, don't stop.  
Become my breath  
Of life  
Become my time.

SAFFRON KRUSE

## *Beginning*

The sword of the day pierces gently my eyes.  
Calling of the feathered ones echoes inside my head.  
A breeze floats its way through my hair so fine.

SAFFRON KRUSE

## *The Despair of Him*

He is the dark alleyway on this side of the sunny street.  
Toss out the old water,  
Drown  
Me  
In  
It.  
Knocking and knocking,  
He knows where one hides.  
Rip out a heart,  
Toss away the key.  
                    Don't be discovered.  
Out of the puddles,  
Into the light.  
Fight off the thing called  
Despair.

SAFFRON KRUSE

## *To Become Her*

She has become the cloud of gray.  
Crying, not stopping.  
She is the rainwater, sadness on my tongue.  
On my heart.  
She is mud between my toes.  
Cold and unstable.  
She is the prick of raindrops on a tin roof.  
Melodic, quick, hurtful.  
What she was might she always be.  
What she is,  
She is me.

SHELBY MAYDAWN PETERS

## *Maybe*

Maybe I'll find myself in a coffee shop  
where I can smell hazelnut and vanilla  
And the man serving me  
will stop to take a smoke outside.  
Maybe he'll have sideburns and short, cropped hair  
that could grow to a beautiful head of hair  
a girl  
could easily run her fingers through.  
Maybe he worked a late shift last night  
covering for a coworker he sometimes imagined  
sleeping with.  
Because of the late shift, he woke up late  
and forgot to shave.  
Maybe, while in that coffee shop,  
I'll set down my latte  
that was almost a mocha  
and meander through the small wooden tables  
where small talk is heavy  
where cups and spoons chink endlessly  
Maybe I'll make my way to the glass door  
where the golden bell above my head  
will ding  
and I'll be outside  
The morning city air caressing me  
The chill raising the hair on my bare arms  
The back of my neck  
Maybe the coffee boy  
will look my way and nod  
blow a puff of smoke  
that lingers for a moment  
staining the stale air  
fading as it floats to the hidden sky  
Maybe I'll walk over to him  
and hold his gaze  
I'll raise my hand to his face

graze his stubble with the back of  
my two fingers  
Then I'll turn away and leave  
and maybe  
we'll meet again.

SHELBY MAYDAWN PETERS

## *Where My River Will Take Me*

My river begins smooth and gentle. An occasional ripple, but it fades quickly. It is wide and no danger is present. The temperature is perfect; the water wraps around me like a warm blanket.

Further down the river, I know there will be rapids with razor sharp rocks. I'll toss and turn; the water will beat me against the rocks. When the rapids pass and the water will finally calm for a moment, I'll see the blood plume into the water. It will leak from me like food dye.

Later, the water will be liquid ice. My bones will become rigid and my skin tight. I won't be able to clench my fists. I'll want to get out. The inviting shore will whisper my name. But I won't move. I'll have my body pulled in tight around me to warm myself, but it won't work. I will only be able to let the current carry me.

It will be hours before the river eases its temperature. The river will be narrow here, but very deep. There'll be ferocious fish that chomp at me. Because the water will be slightly warmer, I'll flail my arms and legs. I'll cry and my salty tears will slide from my face and blend with the freshwater.

Then, someone will catch me. He'll be warm and I'll cling to him. The water will be calm and warm once again.

TYLER HAACK

## *Old Friends*

I hear her sniffing,  
The rain drops splashing on the road,  
and her suitcase hitting the ground.

I just gave her the news,  
that her husband has passed away.

She tries her hardest  
to hold in her cries,  
but little sounds  
seep through her lips.

My hand on her shoulder  
feels her grief.

Her eyes raining  
and her lips shivering,  
make me feel her pain too.

TYLER HAACK

## *The Crow*

I stare across the plain,  
brown buffalo run,  
making a thunderous roar.  
My tribe sets up the teepees,  
grass bending in the breeze.  
I'm saddened this may be  
the last place we can settle,  
before white men take over our land.  
White men's camp in the distance,  
one hundred log cabins,  
all spewing smoke, causing the world to go black.  
White people spread,  
as fast as their black silhouette does,  
constantly encroaching on our lands.  
We are the dodo birds the white men made extinct.  
Beautiful creatures taken out of this world,  
because of greed.

## CONTRIBUTORS

### WRITERS

CHRIS DEMSPEY, from Middleton, Idaho, is the author of *Winter Horses*, a book of poetry. He has been Idaho Council of Teachers of English Language Arts Teacher of the Year and Eagle High School Teacher of the Year, which is where he presently teaches eleventh grade English, honors English, American character, creative writing, and journalism. Chris also coaches track and football. He earned his master's degree in Arts in Education from Boise State University.

CATHERINE JONES is a freelance writer from Missoula, Montana. Most recently, she has worked with Full Glass Films and director Danny Leiner, adapting the manuscript of her novel, *The Ceremony*, into a feature length screenplay. An earlier version of the same novel was a finalist for the 2005 Dana Award in the Novel. In 2010, she was a resident at the Millay Colony for the Arts and a recipient of a grant from the Montana Arts Council. She has taught writing for the 406 Writers' Workshop in Missoula, Boise State University, and University of Montana. She received an MFA in creative writing from University of Montana.

MEGHAN KENNY, a writer who lives and teaches in Baltimore, says, "I grew up in New England, but I spent seven years during and after graduate school in Boise. I love Idaho." Meghan held the 2008-2009 Tickner Writing Fellowship, was a 2008 Peter Taylor Fellow at the Kenyon Review Writers' Workshop, and won the 2005 Iowa Review Award for Fiction. Most recently her stories have appeared in *Hobart*, *Pleiades*, *The Florida Review* and *The Kenyon Review*, and she was a 2010 Tuition Scholar at Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. She holds a BA in English from Kenyon College and a MFA in fiction from Boise State University.

NICOLE LeFAVOUR, has an MFA in creative writing from the University of Montana and a bachelor's degree from the University of California/Berkeley in the evolution of cognition. She teaches creative writing at The Cabin in Boise, which is where she lives, and has represented the state in the National Slam Poetry competition. She is the Idaho State Senator from District 19 and has a tireless record in striving for human rights through her work in the legislature and organizations to which she contributes her energy. Nicole says: "As a young person, I lived on an Idaho ranch at the edge of the largest wilderness area in the lower 48

states. Nothing inspires me to write more than being in the wild. It is not only what is around me, the beauty, the unexpected detail, the intricate lives of the plants and animals, but what of myself I find there.”

## PROCTORS

DANA OWEN, our naturalist, received a BA in environmental studies and politics and government from Ohio Wesleyan University before she realized she wanted to work with birds, not politicians. She spent time in Honduras, Ecuador, and the Galapagos Islands volunteering with rural farmers, studying wildlife, and working as a naturalist guide, and she served as conservation intern at Hawk Mountain, Pennsylvania. Dana is now managing a family-run greenhouse business with her family and fiancé, Jerome Stenger, while finishing her MS thesis in raptor biology through Boise State University.

JEROME STENGER was born and raised in Cincinnati, Ohio and currently resides in Asheville, North Carolina. An English and journalism major, he was the fiction editor of the Ohio Wesleyan Literary Magazine, studying under Robert Olmstead. While there, he was awarded the Ulle Lewes Prize for overall promise in creative non-fiction writing. After three years of library service (two of them in Idaho), he made the next logical step and became the manager of a 9-acre greenhouse business near where *Last of the Mohicans* was filmed.

KELLY YOSHIDA is a Boise native who earned her degree in linguistics at Boise State University. She is a jill of many trades, but most often finds herself writing and working with English language learners. Some of her all-time favorite moments in life include: festival dancing with Akan chiefs in Ghana, waxing nostalgic with a Croatian shopkeeper in Belgrade, and playing “third proctor” at Writers @ Harriman 2010.

CAMP DIRECTOR MARGARET MARTI is the director of Writers @ Harriman, developing the writing workshop and managing the details. Before moving to Boise in 1999 where she was the managing director for The Cabin, Idaho’s literary center, she worked in publishing for some 20 years. Margaret researches, edits, writes, and reviews grants for nonprofit and government organizations. Her passion for the arts and the outdoors, sometimes together, drive her. She is a life-long reader and passion for the arts and the outdoors, sometimes together, drive her. She is a life-long reader and writer. To relax, Margaret immerses herself in needlework and quilting.

## STUDENTS

MARISSA AIKEN is a junior at Mountain Home Senior High School. She lives with her parents and older brother, who taught her to love writing from the day she was born. She enjoys dancing ballet and drawing. She aspires to publish a book and hopes to write all of her life.

ERIC AMADOR from Hammet, Idaho, is in his sophomore year at Glenn’s Ferry High School. He likes to make people laugh and smile. At first he can be kind of shy, but once he gets more comfortable he goes all out. He likes playing trumpet, but loves writing.

HEIDI LORRAINE BEERS is junior at Rocky Mountain High School in Meridian, Idaho. She is in her third year in the marching band. She wants to thank her family for supporting her and her mother for writing down her first story for her because she couldn’t spell yet.

GRACE BOWLER lives in Ogden, Utah, but her home town is Gooding, Idaho. She loves hiking, long boarding, swimming, tennis, and Frisbee golf. “I have dreads and half-inch gauges and love coffee shops,” she adds.

BRANDON LEE BUTLER likes to make believe that he’s a musician first, writer second, artist third and a superhero at night who can shoot chocolate from his fingers. He’s probably living in Rexburg and probably a junior this year, unless you’re reading this years from now. (Brandon likes to make sure those people aren’t left out.)

MCKENZIE JU CANDALOT has always lived in Cottonwood, Idaho. Mckenzie hopes to move to Europe, preferably the U.K., after college, where she intends to teach high school English and write novels in her spare time.

MAY CARAWAY, who has always lived in Idaho, is a sophomore at Idaho Falls High School. She loves singing, acting, art, and most of all, reading and writing. She lives with her mother, two crazy older brothers, and adorable hamster, Butterscotch.

JULIA RAE CARROLL attends Skyline High School in Idaho Falls. She enjoys working at her school newspaper, writing, practicing martial arts, and loves listening to music, particularly rock.

PETER CHRISTMAN is a senior at Madison High School in Rexburg, Idaho. He enjoys reading great books, performing in plays and speech, acting crazy, and being happy. He also loves music and focuses this passion through piano, guitar, cello, and singing.

AMY CONWAY is a senior at Madison High School in Rexburg, Idaho. After she graduates, she plans on attending BYU-Idaho to study English and art. Amy enjoys dancing, drawing, and playing acoustic guitar in her free time. She hopes to write a novel someday.

LISA CONWAY is a sophomore at Madison High School in Rexburg, Idaho, reads for hours at a time, and started writing at age 10. She is an avid music fan, and plays both the piano and the violin. Her favorite type of music is classical, written by Japanese composers.

ALY FAWCETT is a graduate from Mountain View High School in Meridian, Idaho, and attends attending Boise State University, with a plan to major in elementary education. In her spare time, Aly enjoys reading, daydreaming, and obsessively checking Facebook. She is currently attempting to write a novel with one of her newspaper friends.

JESSY FORSMO-SHADID is a sophomore at Kuna High School. Jessy is an older sister of four, Jayden, Janelle, and Jordan. She is the daughter of Michelle and Christina. Jessy plans on becoming a writer and doing something with theater or acting.

JAMES GEORGE is a senior at Coeur d'Alene Charter Academy. He plays men's doubles on the varsity tennis team and is in National Honor Society. He is a four-year member of the Montana Model United Nations delegation from his school.

LACEY GROSE is a freshman at Skyview High School in Nampa, Idaho. She obviously enjoys writing, and on occasions she likes to draw. She draws the characters in her books, and she can play the guitar, but that doesn't mean she can play it *well*.

TYLER HAACK is a junior at Bonneville High School in Idaho Falls, Idaho. He runs cross country and track, and he writes for the school newspaper. He loves to run, swim and play the guitar. In the future, Tyler plans to write a few novels and some poetry.

GABE HESS is a senior at Boise High school where he participates in football, track and rugby. Gabe hopes to be a professional actor someday and join the cast of "Saturday Night Live!"

HEIDI HUGHES is a senior at Meridian High School and likes to cook, read, write, and sleep. Her goal is to get her undergraduate degree in English with a focus in creative writing and a minor in secondary education.

SAFFRON KRUSE, from Buhl, Idaho, is a senior who loves dancing, writing, swimming, archeology, piano, and myriad of other random things. She wants to go to a college where she can do all she loves. She would love to travel everywhere, with friends or alone. She loves rock opera!

ANNIE MATSON is a senior at Leadore High School in Leadore, Idaho, where she plays basketball and volleyball. "I love to be involved with everything around me, love my family and community, but music is my passion," she says. Annie hopes to start college at BYU-Idaho and then go into the dental or medical field.

BARBARA MILLWARD is from Castle Rock, Washington (14 long hours away), and is in eighth grade at Castle Rock Middle School. She also enjoys photography, especially photographing moose, as well as running cross country, and being in charge of the school's yearbook. She hopes to study medical sciences.

KALEIGH MOORE has been writing creatively ever since she decided she couldn't draw. She's from Kuna, Idaho, has two cats, and loves "The Mortal Instruments" series. Her favorite things include "Doctor Who," sleeping, and playing the flute. She hopes to be a high school English teacher someday.

JONATHAN O'GARA was born in Tacoma, Washington, and moved to Idaho in 2005. From that time on, he has struggled with both replacing apples with potatoes and accepting that there is virtually no public transportation here. He enjoys fly fishing, bagpiping, and speaking French.

KATHRYN ALANNA PERRY was born in Idaho Falls and has two older brothers. She has played sports since she was small. Kat's father introduced her to mountain biking, thus the reason why she always looks like she's been in a fight with a bear. She plans to go far with her writing some day.

SHELBY MAYDAWN PETERS lives in Jerome, Idaho, where she is a junior at Jerome High School. Shelby is a member of the advanced drama team and golf team at her school. She loves to write and play the piano in her spare time.

KRISTINE QUINT, from Victor, Idaho, graduated from the Journeys School of the Teton Science Schools in Jackson, Wyoming. She is a backpacker, a skier, a fly fisher, and more than anything, a reader and a writer. Now she is a freshman creative writing major at the University of Montana in Missoula.

CHERIE ROYAL is a senior at Kuna High School, in Kuna, Idaho. She describes herself as a simple, quiet girl who loves to write, filling notebooks full of poems and prose about fantasy and love. She enjoys drawing and reading as other forms of entertainment.

KENDI LEE STONEBERG is from the small town of Montevideo, Idaho, and will be attending Brigham Young University-Idaho this winter, majoring in English and creative writing. She comes from a family of six kids--two sisters, three brother--and knows how to drive a spud truck.

ERIN STRETCH is a graduate from Skyview High School in Nampa, Idaho. She loves writing, volunteering, and just about anything that has to do with books. Her hope is to get a job at her local library.

MALLORY LYNN WHEELER, from Pocatello, has always enjoyed writing. She is an Idaho State University student. Although she is not exactly sure which way she will turn at the fork in the road, Mallory knows that writing will always be something she will enjoy.

KATIE WHITMORE is a sophomore from Idaho Falls, where she attends Skyline High School. She enjoys reading and writing; it is her form of escape. After high school she plans on going to college to study creative writing and to write novels for young adults.

GRACE WILCOCK is a sophomore at Idaho Falls High School. She would like to study English and become a professional writer and English teacher. "I love to write and draw, love to ride horses, and spend time with friends and fam. I enjoy going camping, and hiking/nature walks," Grace says.

KATIE YODER, otherwise known as Max, is a freshman at Garfield-Palouse High in Palouse, Washington. She loves to write novels, ride horses, paint with watercolor, draw, and train dogs. She wants to live in Alaska as a wildlife biologist, studying and protecting the Arctic wolves.

MARISSA ZAMUDIO is a freshman at Columbia High School in her hometown of Nampa, Idaho.. After graduating in 2012, she plans to go to Boise State, studying to become a life flight nurse or athletic trainer. She loves art and has recently finished her mural "Places to Escape" at East Valley Middle School in Nampa.

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