

# WATERSHED





# **WATERSHED**

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## WATERSHED

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### EDITORS

Dianna Abolins

Chris Baldwin

F.T. Barrett

Sandy Jensen

Thad Kenner

Tyler Lee

Amber Stickerod

### FACULTY ADVISOR

Ellen L. Walker

### COVER DESIGN

Serena Littrell

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AKIRA ORIKASA

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AKIRA ORIKASA



BOB GARNER

---

**crabgrass**

why            not

let it be

the

lawn?

the sanctuary

rising  
like a cartoon  
caption,  
pink foam  
bubbling  
from his mouth,  
his eyes rolled back  
to bloodless  
white—  
she's looking  
for a spoon  
to press his tongue  
into his jaw—

you cannot watch  
him die  
like this  
again.

and so you stumble  
from the bedroom  
down the narrow  
hallway,  
stumble  
through the sterile  
kitchen  
to the backdoor,  
let the backdoor  
swing  
into the broken  
sun...

the sky  
above your head  
is burning,  
ground  
beneath your feet  
is hard;

you slip between  
the rusted  
barbs  
to wade the waist-  
high field  
of purple-  
tipped alfalfa  
to the sanctuary  
in the quiet trees:

bend the branches  
back to enter,  
brush the leaves  
away to find  
the imitation  
leather sofa,  
red and brown  
boxelder  
bugs  
pouring  
from its cushions  
like the night.

**the hibernating mind**

having slept for two millenia  
the fear of morning was an elixir  
he splashed it on his face like aftershave

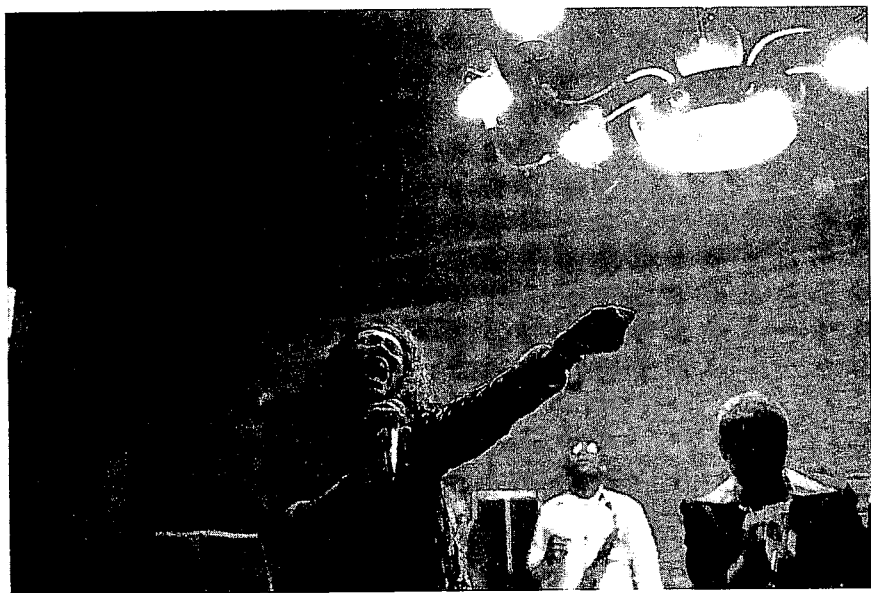
born again to levitate  
he moved like a ghost over the four-lane highway  
ten inches above the ground

licked his ingrown talons with a bird tongue

looking like a prophet in a trenchcoat  
looking for the hibernating mind

**Outside Bismarck, 1997**

The snow blew overnight  
more than twenty feet of bank.  
From the bare ground up to a second-story window,  
packed  
the hundred-year-old farmhouse  
into the earth,  
the same way I buried  
your legs in the sand  
at the beach  
last summer. Remember, you couldn't move?  
You snarled as I licked my popcicle  
under the umbrella, shaping a ridge  
between two valleys with my heels.  
*Dig!* you growled. Like the tractor  
one man drove into the blizzard.  
He couldn't sleep  
the night he heard a woman was lost  
in her car on the highway.  
He scooped, with the bucket, a path  
to her headlights. Rescued  
the stranger, while the snow  
made monuments on his property  
this year. Filled in six-  
acre corrals, the fencing  
like walls of wet sand, built by hands  
rough and thick,  
the same hands paid good money  
for cows and sheep  
now lying silent  
in the snow. Frozen commodities.  
The fourth generation farmer  
must watch them thaw on prickles  
of silvered weeds,  
under a blinding spring sky  
late April,  
their skin slack on their bones.



SARA SIPES

## Rhapsody

Blue note  
you tell me stories  
through your sound,  
piano and horn...

I can see the smokey club  
from where I sit, small tables  
clinking drinks.

Your sweat trickles down  
like a slow fountain  
pouring sweet  
your music-soul  
name.

You are  
a melody  
a dream  
a sweet dance  
a long, hot summer night  
with a cool wind blowing—

You are so many memories  
in one song-note.

## Da Nang

The Perfume was a cocoon.  
Its gentle waves lapped tranquility  
and wrapped pagodas and huts in peace.

Vietnamese was a necessity,  
French was an accessory  
fading with time  
and Chinese was spreading.

Maidens billowed in white,  
matrons crouched in black,  
gentlemen ruled and children  
were plentiful.

Suddenly, in the name of Peace,  
The Perfume gushed red, and its  
waves spewed the agony of  
a bursting vein.

A shrieking sky rained flames  
and death by l'Orange.  
Crematoriums suffocated the air  
with the odor of burning flesh.

Our precious earth;  
exploded in metal, vaporized limbs,  
and was trampled by footsteps of terror.

Cement paved the way  
for screeching aircraft to crowd  
what used to be fields.  
Soldiers marched with maidens  
white is stained  
and the mei tei cry.

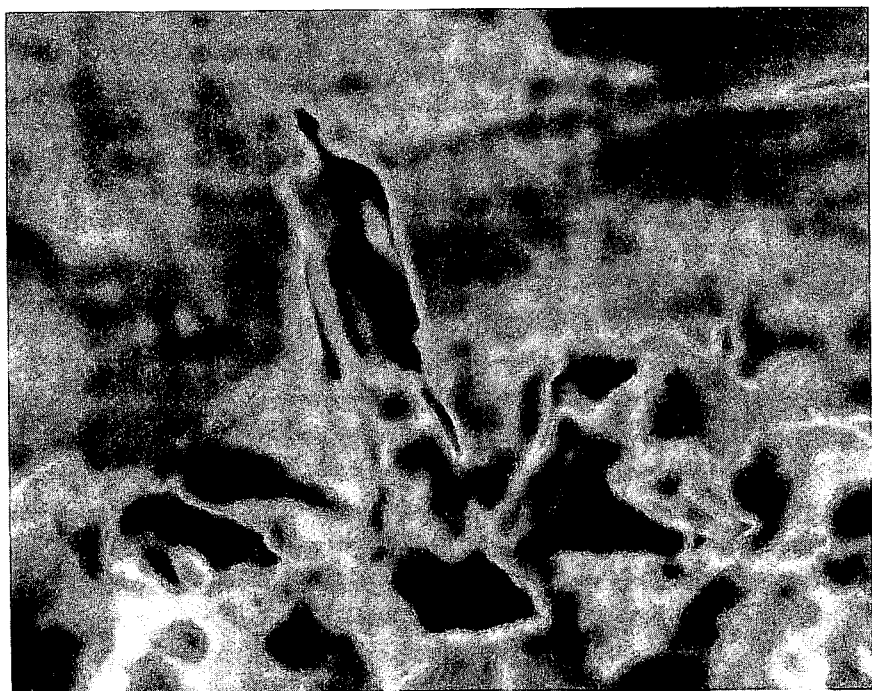
Today, in uneasy Peace,  
Chinese is a necessity,  
Vietnamese a fading accessory  
and French is nearly extinct.



Airplane carcasses litter the fields,  
crumbling runways are haunted by the roar of silent engines  
and ghosts emerge from cracks in the tarmac  
to pound out their angry dance.

Maidens adorned in western wear  
Matrons dingy in black and  
still the mei tei cry.

The Perfume flows with a new reign.  
Its meanderings host a change in rule,  
Yet many tears of old continue to gush  
and will never be swept away.



MEREDITH CAHILL

LESLIE BOUCHARD

## Welcome to Schizophrenia

Characters: THE VOICE, USELESS, ORDERLY  
Scene

The stage is empty except for a man in his mid-thirties, Slowly rocking in a wooden rocking chair. The "Voice" begins offstage.

VOICE: Here you are.

USELESS: Who's there?

VOICE: Useless, Useless, did you think you could hide from me?

USELESS: I said, who's there?

VOICE: Come now, listen to my voice. You know who I am.

USELESS: No...No. I came so far...

VOICE: You're still as pathetic as you always were.

USELESS: I walked and walked, moving, moving... always moving so you wouldn't find me.

VOICE: Did you really think it was that simple?

*(VOICE enters and paces back and forth behind USELESS, sometimes getting down close to his ear other times shouting from across the room. USELESS can not see him)*

USELESS: Oh Gawd! I don't wanna be found. Why can't you leave me alone?

VOICE: Leave you alone? Leave you alone!

USELESS: No... *(cringes and slightly covers head)* No..

VOICE: You owe me.

USELESS: I don't owe you. *(then louder)* I don't owe you.

VOICE: *(menacingly)* You slimy, worthless piece of shit. You slither through the gutters of life, sucking at the sludge and waste, maggots feeding on your brain, nesting in the open sores of your flesh, and who pulled you up? Who pulled you up?  
*(USELESS covers ears, cringes, and starts rocking to the rhythm of the words)*

USELESS: No... No... Noooooo

VOICE: Do you remember what it was like before, before I saved you?

USELESS: I remember, I don't want to remember.

Hmmmmmm *(trying to drown out the VOICE)*

VOICE: Hmmmmmm, do you think you can drown me out?

## WELCOME TO SCHIZOPHRENIA

---

Do you think that's all it takes? You hum and poof, I disappear?

USELESS: I can't hear you, hmmmmm

VOICE: Useless, Useless, Useless, Useless (USELESS *flinches backwards*)

USELESS: Okay (*pulls himself together with exaggerated movement*)

VOICE: I gave you the box! (VOICE *exits*)

USELESS: I know you gave me the box, but it's mine now. (*begins scanning the room, trying to find the VOICE*)

USELESS: Take it if you want, but you can't open it, not here. (*more nervous glancing. VOICE reenters with a box in his hand*)

USELESS: Where are you? (*swats around head, as if to keep a bee from landing*) Don't touch me! (VOICE *places the box on USELESS' head; he becomes very still*) Aahhhh!

VOICE: What are you afraid of? I'm only going to unclasp it.

USELESS: (*frantic*) Not the latch, mustn't touch the latch.

VOICE: Is there something in here? Maybe we should take a peek. I'll only open it a little.

USELESS: No, not even a little.

VOICE: What's in the box, Useless?

USELESS: The sound comes first; it always does, moaning, crying, screaming.

VOICE: (*slowly begins to open the box, about an inch*) What's in the box?

USELESS: I hear it now. It's coming.

VOICE: What's in the box?

USELESS: I feel it pouring out around my eyes. Can you hear it? Can you see it?

VOICE: What's in the box!?

USELESS: Fear! (*Shouting, looks down as if he is holding the contents of the box in his lap. He is terrified*) Look what you've done.

VOICE: Ssshhh...Ssshhh...

USELESS: Close the box.

VOICE: Ssshhh...

USELESS: Please close the box. You can stay. You can do whatever you like. (*jumps up from chair*) Here, you

## WELCOME TO SCHIZOPHRENIA

---

can have my chair. It rocks you know. Make them go back.

VOICE: Sshhh... Back in the box. *(slowly begins to close the box)*

USELESS: Close it quick, hurry quick now.

*(USELESS sits at the foot of the chair. VOICE sits in the rocker, like a king sitting on a throne)*

VOICE: I'm going to like it here. It's so peaceful.

*(VOICE gently rocks in the chair, petting Useless' head as if he were a pet. After a while he stops. USELESS leans his head against the Voice's leg. USELESS moves his hands as if he is counting on an invisible Rosary, his eyes are closed.)*

USELESS: Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee.  
Blessed art thou among women *(VOICE stares down at him.)*

USELESS: and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

VOICE: Jesus?

USELESS: Holy Mary, Mother of God

VOICE: that egocentric wanderer.

USELESS: pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death

VOICE: Kiss my ass and I'll wash your feet.

USELESS: Amen. Hail Mary full of grace

*(As VOICE says his next line, USELESS silently mouths the words the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.)*

VOICE: Shut up. I don't want to hear it any more.

USELESS: blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus. Holy Mary

*(As VOICE says his next line, USELESS silently mouths the words Mother of God, pray for us sinners now.)*

VOICE: Did you hear what I said Useless? Shut up!

USELESS: and at the hour of our death. Amen. Glory be to the Father, and to the...

VOICE: You can't do this to me.

USELESS: and to the Holy Spirit

VOICE: I won't stand for it.

USELESS: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be...

## WELCOME TO SCHIZOPHRENIA

---

VOICE: Enough! (*stands up, leaving the box on the chair.*)

(VOICE *briskly paces back and forth behind USELESS. He stops, looks at the box, and then goes over and picks it up. USELESS slowly opens his eyes, then stares straight forward, unmoving, unblinking. VOICE begins to open the box*)

VOICE: (*playfully*) Look what we've got here. (VOICE *reaches into the box.*)

VOICE: (*acts as if he has pulled something from the box*) It has a funny odor, don't you think? (*He holds out his hand beneath USELESS' nose, USELESS cringes and recoils*) I know that smell. Now what is it? (*sniffs it himself*) Burning, something burning.

(VOICE *holds it back under USELESS' nose.*)

VOICE: Let's play a game, shall we? Let's see, how about "Name That Smell." I've already given you a hint.

(USELESS *acts as if he is about to vomit*)

VOICE: Need another clue? Hmmm, it was part of your body once.

USELESS: Hair, hair to flesh, skin, peeling skin, smolder, singe. Burn!

VOICE: It did burn nicely now didn't it? Hold it up, let me see.

USELESS: (*inhales deeply, twice*) Ohhhh

VOICE: Which hand was it? Left or right, right or left? (*drops the "smell" back into the box*) Well no sense crying over crispy lingers.

(USELESS *rocks mechanically on the floor.*)

VOICE: Listen (*holds box up to his ear*) They're calling you. Useless. Useless. (USELESS *stops rocking, listens for sounds*)

USELESS: (*softly*) Use-less (*pause*) Use-less

VOICE: Do you know them?

USELESS: (*as if calling to the voices from the box*) I hear you.

VOICE: Of course you hear them; they're calling you.

USELESS: They're in the cellar, down, down in the cellar.

VOICE: It's your fault they're there.

USELESS: Don't cry, please don't cry.

## WELCOME TO SCHIZOPHRENIA

VOICE: They have no choice but to cry. You torture them.  
USELESS: I can't help you.  
VOICE: You're worthless  
USELESS: Help them!  
VOICE: No.  
USELESS: Pain, they're dying.  
VOICE: You're dying, I'm dying, we're all dying.  
USELESS: Can't you hear their screaming?  
VOICE: Musical, isn't it?  
USELESS: Help them, in the cellar.  
VOICE: There is no cellar.  
USELESS: They're buried.  
VOICE: (*nods his head*) They are buried. Beneath where you sit, Leprous bodies squirming in the cold damp earth. Their claw-like paws digging, digging towards you.  
USELESS: Listen (*pause*) They're moaning up through the dirt, deep, deep.  
VOICE: They're calling you.  
USELESS: Spewing earth worms with their wailing.  
VOICE: I hear them, (*pause*) "join us, join us."  
USELESS: Go away. Leave me alone. (*slowly raises arms up in the air*) Can't you see? Don't you know? My hands, they're burnt away. I can't dig. No, can't get you out. No fingers (*sniffs the air*). Their scent still floats here. Go away now. No Savior here.  
VOICE: They're singing.  
USELESS: I don't hear them anymore. (*pause*) They're dead.  
VOICE: They're not dead. They're singing you a song. Can't you hear them?  
USELESS: They don't sing to me.  
VOICE: (*recites in a sing-song voice, like it's a nursery rhyme*)  
Lock you first down in the cellar, 'til you rot and hell takes over, snip your fingers with my tongue, drain your soul out on the ground, flood the dirt with rancid blood, claw the earth with feeble stubs, whisper nightmares in your brain, bad dreams better than life remains, inhale the scent of burning flesh, your life food for rodent's nest, still I sing your useless song, until you're dead I'll not be done.

## WELCOME TO SCHIZOPHRENIA

---

USELESS: That's not their song, it's yours.

VOICE: So it is, so it is.

*(Jingling keys can be heard offstage. ORDERLY enters with a tray.)*

ORDERLY: How ya doing there Mr. Franklin?

*(VOICE fades to the back corner of the stage. ORDERLY approaches USELESS.)*

ORDERLY: It's time for your medication.

*(USELESS is zombie-like. ORDERLY places a paper cup in his hand. He waits for some response.)* Here you go Mr. Franklin, open up.

VOICE: *(faintly)* It's poison.

*(A smile slowly creeps onto USELESS' face as he opens his mouth. The ORDERLY puts pills into USELESS' mouth.)*

ORDERLY: Wash it down *(guides USELESS' hand to his mouth and helps him drink)* There ya go.

*(USELESS swallows. VOICE slumps to the floor and closes his eyes. ORDERLY pats USELESS on the shoulder.)*

ORDERLY: You want me to turn the channel there Mr. Franklin? *(walks to the front center of the stage and pretends to turn the channel on a T. V.)* There's supposed to be a great fight starting on thirty-two.

*(ORDERLY exits. USELESS begins rocking again.)*



**Liam**

my blood courses through him  
and yet,  
he is not of me  
the emergence of his life  
hurdles mine into another place  
that older generation  
of Sunday dinners  
and remembering when

faint wisps of tawny hair  
lay like feathers  
on his miniature head  
while elfin lips pucker  
then howl in indignation  
thrust from warm and dark into the day

As I stand and gaze at his figure  
through the sterile glass  
I am thrown back to a time  
when my child lay  
swaddled and new  
untouched by the world

**some days**

i feel a perpetual sadness, it engulfs me at odd hours  
in the middle of a chore  
my limitations slap me in the face.  
tears well up in my deadened eyes  
i create, no, i created  
art took form within my hands  
painted, molded, brought into beauty by my hands  
i create only words now.  
the weariness of time  
has turned others' compassion  
into pity and ultimately,  
embarrassed contempt.  
like a clown, i paint an imbecilic smile  
it allows me to retreat  
not deal with the inner demons that taunt me.  
what has become of my dreams?  
they stood like a beacon waiting for me to follow  
extinguished now  
as i crash against the brutal shore  
of my own body.  
advice, heaped upon me  
i want to scream at the world  
Leave me alone  
you don't know what it's like to be me  
to have someone else cut your food  
pull back your hair  
floss your teeth or tuck in your clothes.  
there is always one bit more  
advice, force fed by well meaning people  
that i am growing to despise.  
don't talk to me of Anthony Robbins—  
his arms work swinging wide circles in the air  
when he sits in a booth  
choosing from the plastic menu  
he orders what he craves.  
i order what doesn't need to be cut

I am not a weak person  
i am strong, but it is a curse  
i dwell, sometimes too often  
on what was, what might have been  
what should have been  
but in the end  
there is only  
what is.

## The Visit

### CHARACTERS:

ALLYSON: 13-yr.-old granddaughter

GRANDMA PHYLLIS

GRANDPA HENRY

JIM: 35-yr.-old son-in-law

MAX: 9-year-old grandson

CAROL: 35-year-old daughter

SETTING: Kitchen. CAROL and JIM are sitting at the kitchen table

JIM: One more day to go. I don't know if I can make it.

CAROL: This is day three, dear. They're not leaving for another four.

JIM: You're kidding?

CAROL: I wish I was.

JIM: This is hell. I've died and gone to hell.

CAROL: It's only purgatory. It won't last for eternity. It just seems like it.

JIM: How did you do it?

CAROL: What would that be?

JIM: Live eighteen years with those people and not end up in the state wacko ward?

CAROL: Be nice, they mean well.

JIM: So'd Attila the Hun.

*enter MAX*

CAROL: Good morning Sweetheart, how'd you sleep?

MAX: I didn't.

JIM: Bad night, huh?

MAX: I could hear them snoring clear out on the couch.

CAROL: I thought you were sleeping in with grandpa?

MAX: Mom, the man has a serious gas problem.

CAROL: Be nice.

MAX: He kept sayin' "here comes another train," then let one rip. I had to get out of there. I couldn't find a gas mask.

JIM: *(to Carol)* I warned you about the enchiladas.

CAROL: It's not his fault. When you get older your system can't handle certain foods as well.

MAX *glances at his parents with a worried expression.*

JIM: Don't look at me. I suggested cyanide-laced  
creamed tuna for dinner.  
MAX: For us or them?  
CAROL: That's enough you guys. Mom and dad are going  
to be up any minute. It'd really hurt their feelings  
if they heard you talking like that.

PHYLLIS *enters*

JIM: (*whispering towards Max*) Speak of the devil.  
CAROL: You're up early, Mom. You should sleep in. You're  
on vacation.  
PHYLLIS: What? Waste the day when there is so much to  
do?  
CAROL: Sit down. Let me get you a cup of coffee. There's  
nothing you have to do. You're supposed to be  
relaxing.

CAROL *gets up and pours a cup of coffee. PHYLLIS sits down in  
Carol's chair*

PHYLLIS: (*to Jim*) I have a few boxes that need to be put up  
in the attic.  
JIM: I'd love to help, but I'm running a little late this  
morning. I'll do it for you tonight, after I get  
home from work.  
PHYLLIS: Don't worry about it. I don't want to be a bother. I  
know how hard you work. (*to Carol*) You are very  
fortunate to have such a good hard-working  
husband. He puts in so many hours at the office,  
he doesn't even have time to mow the lawn. You  
know, I read an interesting article in a magazine  
just last week, while I was at the hair dresser's. It  
was titled "How to Tell if You're a Workaholic" or  
something like that. Anyway, it said an unkempt  
yard was a sure sign of a hard-working  
personality.  
CAROL: What boxes do you need stored?  
PHYLLIS: I cleaned out your linen closet for you. You had  
everything BUT a towel in there: Christmas  
decorations, winter sweaters, picture albums. It's  
no wonder you had to store the towels in the  
bathroom.

JIM: Silly me. I always figured they kind of went together, bath towel, bathroom.

CAROL: They're fine where they are mom. The shelf in there was made to hold towels.

PHYLLIS: I know they're fine now. I have them stacked nice and neat in the linen closet. Don't worry, it was no problem.

JIM: Well I hate to leave such pleasant company, but this hard-working man has a time-clock to punch in about half an hour.

*Exit JIM*

*Enter ALLYSON, dripping wet, wrapped in a shower curtain*

ALLYSON: Thanks a lot Max, real funny.

MAX: What'd I do?

ALLYSON: Oh, like you're so innocent.

CAROL: What's the problem.

ALLYSON: First the little weasel sneaks into my room and steals all my make-up, right off my dresser. Now he's taken every towel in the house.

PHYLLIS: They're in the linen closet, Dear.

ALLYSON: What closet? We don't even have a linen closet.

CAROL: Grandma put them in with the Christmas decorations.

PHYLLIS: (*laughing*) Oh, no, I didn't put the towels in with Christmas. I have more sense than that. I just told you, I boxed up the lights and nativity in one of your old file boxes.

CAROL: Old file box?

PHYLLIS: Don't worry about it. Your father found a dusty stack of boxes in the garage. They hadn't been touched in years. We dumped them all together into one of your hefty bags. Those draw string ones sure are nice. I'm going to have to pick some of those up for your father and I when we get home.

ALLYSON: What about my make-up?

CAROL: Did you notice any labels on the boxes?

PHYLLIS: Good heavens no, just some black marked chicken scratch down one side. I think one said something like bank and taxes '87, something like

that. Whoever wrote it really should take a penmanship class.

ALLYSON: Hel-lo! My make-up?

*Enter HENRY*

HENRY: Make-up? Why would such a pretty girl want make-up for? Look at that face. Your mom here didn't start wearing make-up until she was at least sixteen.

PHYLLIS: Now that's not true. Don't you remember that peachy lip gloss your sister Ruth gave Carol Jean when she went into high school? *(to Allyson)* She wasn't allowed to wear it every day of course.

CAROL: Where did you see it last?

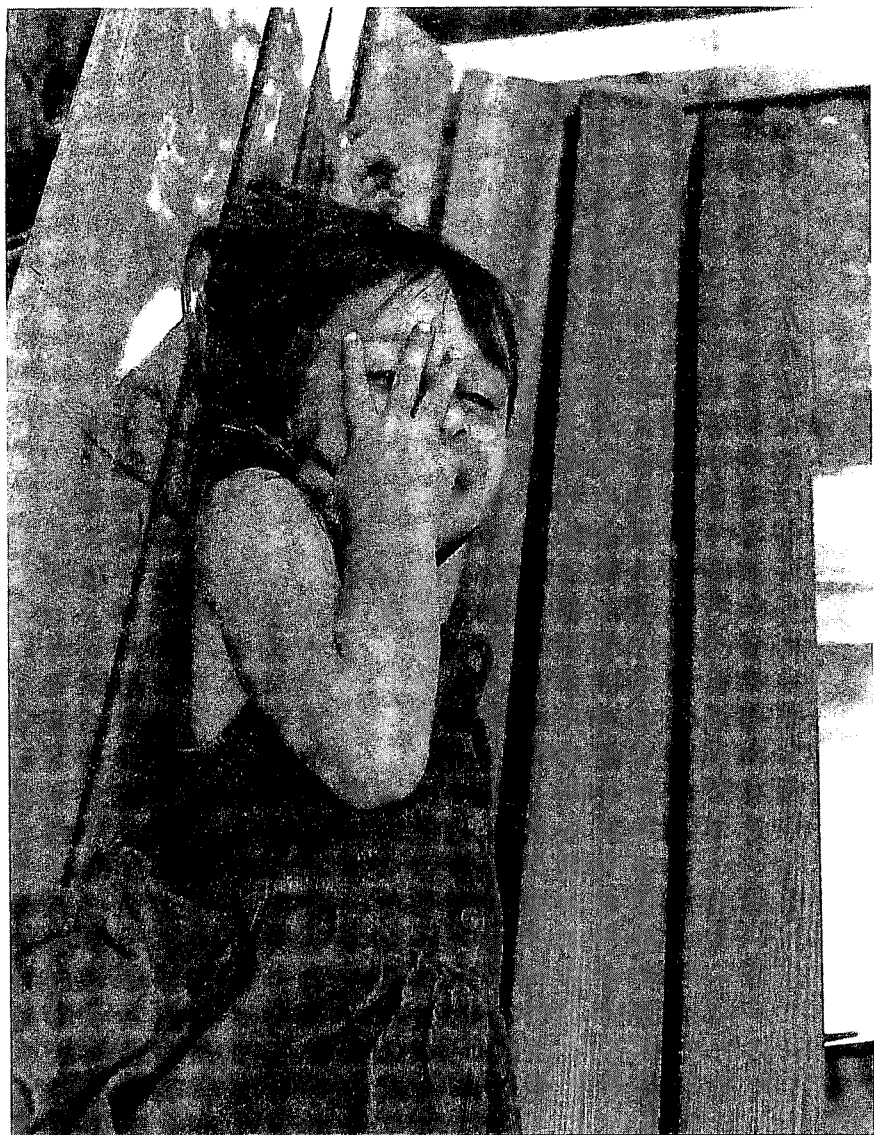
ALLYSON: Spread out on my dresser, where it always is.

PHYLLIS: Was that your make-up? I thought it was left over from Halloween. I packed it up with the rest of the decorations.

ALLYSON *storms off stage*

CAROL: Have a seat, Dad. I'll get you some coffee.

HENRY: Hey Max, how's the ol' room mate? Is that a train I hear coming?



MEREDITH CAHILL



## When I was Five

I climbed the stairs of Astoria Column  
Ethel  
with her cigarette-stained fingers  
and wide open smile  
stayed behind  
her tired legs would not manage  
the steep spiraling steps  
that mine easily did  
still scabby knees lifted  
almost to my chest  
while grubby fingers clasped  
the cool rail and pulled me upward  
above the earth  
I reached the top  
and circled twice the tight round room  
Come down now sweetie it's time to go  
I looked out  
through the brown tinted portal  
out across the ocean  
a whale spit up its drink  
through the top of its head  
the cannery drifted up there  
with the salty smells of unshucked oysters  
and discarded fish heads  
Okay you've seen enough it's time to go home  
that's not my home  
I sat on the smooth plank flooring  
and felt the vibration of wave after wave  
crashing on the rocks  
that could not be seen through the tiny window  
a squawking seagull passed by  
if I opened the glass and stepped outside  
would I land on its back  
or splash with the whales  
Please come down they need to close  
I turned off my eyes and stayed there  
until the sun swam into the distant water  
and Ethel's voice grew faint and hoarse  
I wonder  
How many children sleep there now

## **The Life of a Nigger The Death of a Brother**

The trigger got no heart that's  
what that nigger said when the  
bullet tore the brother apart  
Die nigger! Die! Is what that  
nigger said right when he put  
that brother to bed then he  
walks off like nothing even  
happened if someone steps to  
him they will get a cap in  
the azz just for acting stupid  
that's what he yellz out in the  
poorly lit ghetto streets this is what  
happens niggerz killing brothers just  
for some action I walk down  
the street and I have to look  
side to side before I get  
to the corner because niggerz  
gonna take your life without  
a warning all this shit just don't make sense but brothers  
don't know how to act when full of ignorance.

**Titleist**

A young boy in baggy shorts  
pretends he's Tiger Woods  
on a not so green lawn,  
his club a streak of sunlight,  
a Nike swoosh,  
its head a silver-gold asteroid  
in an erratic three-quarter orbit,  
trailing a comet-tail of dust  
as it passes its low point,  
leaving a white moon still nestled  
in a tiny emerald sky.

KIARA KOENIG

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## Silence

A solitary seagull walking slow, eyes on the white-cap horizon,  
whole wing testing wet wind, broken wing etching wet sand

## Visiting My Sister In Texas

### *I. First Evening*

After you assure me it's the coolest part of the day,  
I help you carry the basket of laundry out back to be hung  
Blowing against my arms and face  
the wet sheets move with me in the wind.  
Their warm soapy smell reminds me of childhood.

And I wish, sister, your large Texas sky  
could make me forget  
another evening under back eaves:  
me with my legs spread apart,  
you with a wet towel and soap  
showing me the right way to clean up  
after grandfather was done with us.

Now, covering my hand with yours —  
you show me the right way to hang shirts  
so the clothespins won't leave marks  
and the thick seams under the arms will dry.

### *II. Migraine*

It comes in late morning  
just as when we were children.  
Pulling down the shades,  
I place a cool rag over your eyes.  
But without medicine  
the pain in your head is so bad  
you can't move. Rolling you onto your side,  
I pull your T-shirt over your breasts,  
lay your new son fussy with want  
as close to your body as I can.  
Holding him on his side, palm against  
his back, I watch as he fills his stomach.  
Content at last, he sleeps. Releasing your  
nipple from his mouth, you send a stream  
of milk to his ear—round and pink  
as the petals on your sheets.

III. *Afternoon at the Missions*

"The only way up," you say, pointing  
to the narrow steps smoothed by years.  
My daughter, wanting to look through the priest's  
high window, begins climbing the steep passage  
without rails. Walking behind, I keep a hand  
on both walls—listening for the slip of her foot.

The chamber is smaller than I expected  
and I am glad to lean out the window—  
waving down to you in the grass below.  
New son held to your breasts,  
you look up at the sky darkening with rain.

Turning the chamber into her church,  
my daughter makes crosses with sticks from  
her pocket. Laying two on the window sill,  
she kneels but can't remember  
the movements from forehead to shoulders  
she saw the women in the courtyard making.

Watching her trying to pray,  
I remember the curve of your back,  
sister, the way you made your body  
so small on the carpeted steps of the pulpit.  
And after mother left the church, you stayed  
there praying for her soul until the organ music  
stopped and you crept back to the pew, face red,  
a home-made cross pressed into your palm.

IV. *Flight Home*

From up here  
clouds cast shadows  
on the desert floor —  
dark ghosts  
trailing gowns  
like priests  
over the dead face of the desert  
separating  
you from me

## VISITING MY SISTER IN TEXAS

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cracks in the ground  
like veins  
tracing back to your arms.

## First Holiday Without Mother

Sneaking out the side door of Grandma Lee's trailer  
where father's family sat eating pumpkin pie  
from flowered plates, we took the Ford

grandpa could no longer see to drive  
Racing it over the raised railroad tracks  
we did to it what we wanted to do to our bodies

and would. But this was before whisky and men  
when cigarettes and the back roads  
of a farming town were enough.

Snug in our T-shirts and jeans,  
we parked the car  
to walk the edge of a dried up spillway

where the concrete slabs  
sticking up like pillars at its bottom  
remained monuments of our parents' bravery

when cutting jr. high phys-ed they dared  
their slim arms and hands to grab the only rope  
tied across two bent and rusted poles.

This was the first holiday without mother.  
Father's family sat chewing pie between words about her,  
the one who got away, like we wanted to and would.



## Camouflage

Dry bark flakes into  
the breeze —  
in a whisper of wings,  
a tree sheds  
a moth.

Tall standing grass,  
the color of dust —  
the lioness lowers her ears  
so the zebra won't see  
their blackness.

A heavy white paw  
covers the polar bear's nose.  
The black spot  
on the snowdrift  
disappears.



SARA SIPES

## No More Age

Saturday.  
Marshmallow cereal  
with tiny puffy shapes  
pink, yellow, orange, green, blue  
all bleeding their colors into the milk.  
Cartoons, but not the modern kind  
no mutants, warriors, or people with huge eyes  
and tiny mouths.  
Loony Toons.  
Tweety, Daffy, Foghorn Leghorn, Taz.  
Yosemite Sam shakes his red mustache  
and shoots at the ground  
bang bang bang bang  
sending him up in little fits  
spraying bullets everywhere,  
he tells Bugs Bunny to draw a gun.  
Laughter  
our wedding bands clink softly  
as I put my hand on yours.  
This is as old as I want to be.

## Grooming

The spring pasture grasses have dried and opened their seed heads to the position that enables the seeds to be carried away. By wind, wool, pelt, or white crew socks, the seeds disperse.

The grass is no longer sweet and succulent—it is more like dry, brown cereal. The horses pilfer through it but add no flesh to their hips. We will need to hay them soon.

Once, they glanced up at my arrival at the pasture gate, then went on eating. Today, the thought of a tree-ripened apple brings them walking toward me. They swing their hips and offset the motion with nodding heads.

I have not lied to them; I hold an apple for each.

Their skulls fill with the sounds and vibrations of crunching apples when I put their halters on. The red horse's mouth froths—he holds the tip of his tongue in his teeth to draw apple juice off. His breath is sweet with apple sugar.

I tie the horses casually outside of their stalls. I stand at the red one's shoulder, facing his hip, and bend over. Before I can get the hoof pick out of my pocket, he raises his hoof for me to clean.

Their coats lie smooth and shiny, the richest colors of summer. The red horse turns his head away and leans into my curry comb, ensuring that the black rubber teeth go right down to the skin. I lean into his weight, rubbing tight circles, feeling tension leave my muscles as equine dander builds up beneath my fingernails.

I reach the shoulder with my comb, but the horse can't wait. He curls his neck around to nudge me, lifting a hind leg and pointing with his nose to a spot on his belly that he cannot reach. I comply. I'll groom the barrel later.

His chestnuts have grown out a little. I peel a layer of the flat, teardrop-shaped extra toe off his inner leg. He stamps and shakes his head. I add a little grease to keep the tender new surface soft, then move on to the mare.

My fingers separate tail hairs one by one until each tail can be combed without hesitation. The roan mare stands within an oval of white and red hairs around her feet, her clean muzzle and jaw-line slightly oily from the clipper blades.

I lead the horses back out to the pasture. Releasing them, I watch as they wander away, admiring how their tails fan out hair by hair on their flanks as they swish at flies.

They don't go very far; I lean on the fence rail and watch them. The lowering sun sprinkles them in gold dust. The mare sneezes.

I turn and walk back to the barn to fetch their hay. The smell of horse lingers in my sinuses. I inhale deeply and smile.

## Rowing

Rowing past Pele in the shadow of the mountain, I push the water by. My outrigger floats over the rolling swells, then dips with my paddle into the glassy sea. Three raw canes and half a dozen pineapples fill the other end of the boat, their sweet-tart fragrance riding past me on a gentle tailwind. My three daughters will worry those canes for days, leave them dry as coconut husk on the back porch.

Pele sleeps, her crater a huge bowl of weightless cinder flakes. Beneath the bow of my boat, she continues to build her island. I see flickering, through the clear water, orange knees of lava kneel on the ocean floor. White bubbles rise, then pop at the surface. Their steam evaporates when the seawater-shells burst. My oar churns the bubbles before they surface as I push the water by.

It is a long row to Wailea, but easy. I begin work at daybreak, walking the rows of cane, stooping and slashing. It doesn't hurt my hands anymore. The cane can't cut me at all. I grab the pineapples by their spiky hair and kill them at their necks. My knife must always be sharp.

The sun sets to port. The water around it is syrup, resin, amber, then stone. The sun boils it down, like Pele's knees. She is sister to the sun, and I push the water by.

NOREEN AUSTIN

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## The Octopus House

In darkness she labors  
Answers cries  
Rocks away nightmares  
Her purpose clear  
Her sleep  
Cursory

In all rooms she reaches  
She gives, gives and gives  
Nurtures them complete  
Her designs, intricate  
Her color  
Paling

In brightness they leave her  
Her tears unheard  
As she disappears into the walls  
Her ends  
Achieved.

Embark upon a wintered journey  
of spite and excess... parables of bog  
and frailty. The tweak and shamle of  
blue-notes wafting riverside or  
pattering of feet skipping to an unknown fate  
But it always comes back to Her, liquid  
and shimmering in semi-translucent opaqueness  
with marble eyes of bluegreengrey crystalline  
oceans. Concessions of contrivity and libations  
of lonely scrawlings and sometimes randomly  
lucky incantations of poeticism and romanticism,  
the shapely nameless Her, who haunts and hunts  
in dreams, like an empty silhouette shadowdance  
on rock walls of solitary confinement, and  
Why's-it-gotta-be-like-dis-I'm-a-askin-myself  
to no reply, and can I not fall  
into patterns predictable, but rather predatory predicaments  
and 'p... this!' as I shift rambling topical metamorphose  
morphine—  
sedated quasi-conscious thought-flickers of dwelled upon  
bickering,  
dicking around, and dogging the issue altogether, and  
she keeps popping up (that sneaky bitch), riding my rolling  
waves, surfing my semi-sanity-filled babblings, as it all comes  
down  
to that from which it grew and was spawned:  
How Reality Rides A Shadowed Steed  
and our embarked-upon journey comes full-trapezoidal  
and to a closing  
and I leave you a white wintered page  
just like a sheet of night.



**critic**

I speak the voices of shadow and sorrow,  
sing a chorus of self-doubt and  
wasted moments in time.  
I bar you from true happiness.  
I've given you a gift  
a twisted ornament of imperfection...  
To mandate a remembrance of true self,  
the you I once owned...  
A scar, to contain an ego meant to soar.  
Shackled in twisted and deformed reality,  
I am negativity, I am your black shadow

**the evening**

In the coming of the moon's light  
when shadows fall long and awkward  
and silence crashes like waves upon us,  
My shadow-self revels in nomadic freedom  
roaming through the dark ink of sky,  
melting into all other shadows  
as they ripple through heavens  
like ravens to other worlds

## Hibernation

Fallen into a gulch under the  
dank black branches of  
swamp trees, is the body of a man's  
poetic genius.

Rotting—away from the  
green, the voices have died, gone  
dormant for a season's  
nap.

Children don't laugh in this jaded  
muck, where moss doesn't grow,  
doesn't hang from willows that  
don't weep over this inanimate  
bog. Reaching from the sucking  
surface that clutches wit, his arms stand  
erect, fingers pointing like  
pins.

Jelly-eyed muses flit  
around their amber glow dripping the  
sap of his thirst, tongue eagerly  
tugging it to the back of his  
throat, past his windpipe, into his  
bloodstream. As his eyes roll,  
crickets chirp, and stars rip the  
sky.

## P.S. One Last Note From Nick Carraway

The Buchanans are alive  
and living in Sonoma California.  
I know it, because I've seen them.  
I've heard their stories, I know where  
they've been.  
While Gatsby's flesh was still being eaten by  
death, they were seeing the sights  
in Aruba, Italy, Spain,  
you name it.  
They never looked back,  
and never had to.  
I met them in a campground between  
Mendocino and Fort Bragg. Me and my Jordan Baker  
in a tent,  
them in an oversized motor-home.  
My cheap  
corkscrew wouldn't fit around the top of  
the expensive bottle of wine that I had.  
Theirs did.

Tom has mellowed with time.  
His once hard  
frame has softened into a round one. He  
says, "That's just great," a lot.  
"What, you're in school? Wanna be a writer huh?  
That's just great. Getting married huh? That's just great."  
Daisy is still fashionable. Her eyes still flit.  
That's all she needs.  
Tom takes care of the rest. He still likes her pretty  
and dumb.  
As we sat next to a fire on the sand,  
Daisy sliced pears  
on a marble cutting board, with a gourmet knife,  
and meticulously  
wrapped them in thin sheathes of mild cheese.  
The salmon steaks and  
caviar they had  
for dinner hadn't  
tided her over.

P.S. ONE LAST NOTE FROM NICK CARRAWAY

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She giggled a lot and drank more than a lot.

That's how Tom likes her.

She spoke with the greatest excitement  
about

her daughter, who was roughly my age,  
and going to school in Australia, having  
already done a semester in London.

Then the subject turned to  
their vacations, which seemingly  
never end.

I heard about the wet, slimy  
galoshes that she had  
to wear while fishing in Mexico.

She was just sure that  
hundreds of  
other feet  
had been in them.

About the tuna fish sandwich that the  
Mexican  
crew of the fishing boat insultingly  
gave her for lunch.

She only stopped long enough to slice some pears  
or to drink her expensive  
champagne. So expensive  
it came in a bottle that  
I didn't even recognize.

She asked,

"How do you camp in a tent?

Do you rent them?

Or buy them? What?"

Then, she covered her mouth and roared  
with laughter.

All I could see was a red light  
blinking on a buoy  
out

in the water.

And I thought,  
the green light has turned  
red.

MARK STILWELL

---

The selfish blue jay  
Hides a seed by the river...  
And starts a forest.

## Hookey

Yolanda Coleman was thirteen years old and the most beautiful girl in school. Her black skin had a light of its own and her piercing dark eyes were relentless in their probing intensity. She wore her hair long and braided with colorful beads African-style. When she smiled it was like sunshine breaking against a bank of storm clouds.

All the kids were a little afraid of her, maybe because of her beauty or maybe because she always seemed to know something that no one else knew.

She didn't speak much but when she spoke, people stopped what they were doing.

Mario Pavone was there the day the police came. He saw her face as they handcuffed her hands behind her back. He watched as they put her in the backseat of the squad car. It was the first time that he realized that someone else's pain could hurt him

He ran home from school that day. He ran past his house. He ran and ran until he couldn't breathe. And then he lay down behind some bushes in Mrs. Mahoney's front yard, and he cried. He cried until dark.

When he arrived home, his mother asked him if he'd been fighting again. He told her that he hadn't. He told her he had a stomach ache and that he didn't want dinner.

Yolanda didn't go to school the next day, nor the next either. There were a variety of stories circulating about what she had done.

Then the weekend came. Saturday morning he walked to Yolanda's house. Her brother Jerome was on the front porch. He was two years older than Mario and very tough. He belonged to a gang and people said he was selling drugs. Everyone called him J.C. Mario stood on the sidewalk in front of his house.

"Hi J.C., " he called.

"Hey little man, what's happnin'?"

"Yolanda, is she okay?"

"She's in the house. You want to see her?"

"N..n.. no!" he said in a panic.

J.C. started to laugh then and called, "Landa, there's a white boy here to see you."

Mario wanted to run, but as in a dream, he could not move. She came outside and down the sidewalk to him; all the while she was looking directly into his eyes. She took his left hand in hers and covered it with her other hand for a moment. And then she put his hand to the side of her face. She let his hand go then, and he thought he heard her say thank you but he wasn't sure. She turned her back to him and started slowly towards the house.

"Why....?" He started to ask tentatively. She turned back to him, smiled, shrugged her shoulders and went into the house.

Monday she was back at school. He saw her in the morning at her locker, and at lunchtime she was sitting alone in the cafeteria.. He saw her as soon as he walked in. He went directly to her.

"Hi, Yolanda." He was leaning on the back of the chair opposite hers.

She acknowledged him with a slight nod and the trace of a smile.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" he asked.

"No," she said watching him intently, He put his bag lunch on the table.

"Somethin' on your mind?" she asked looking at her plate.

"Why'd the cops come for you?" he asked. The words came out louder and faster than he intended.

"Doesn't concern you. I know you want to be my friend, but keep it simple."

"You think I can't handle it?" His face grew red.

She stood up and smiled then.

"The day before the police came I was playing hooker."

"You mean hookey," he laughed.

She leaned on the back of the chair next to his and put her face close to his ear.

"No. I mean hooker."

He watched in wonder as she walked away.



## Clear Cut

Within me  
thousand-year-old trees die,  
methodically sawed down  
by his ear-assaultive chainsaws—  
those big guns  
of his well-channeled malice.

I know the agonizing  
crack  
break  
strain  
of each lush and voluptuous  
bough-shaped tree  
as she  
falls to earth—  
thuds to the ground  
with a shuddering  
and a thundering  
that frightens animals.  
No longer does the marvelous tangle  
of these branches  
rub and squeak  
on a windy, summer's day—  
no longer do the swarthy trunks  
sway like gypsy women's hips  
in tantalizing dance

He clear-cuts me,  
makes me the denuded,  
spectral sight  
of a tree graveyard—

a woman, a swath of land  
cut by him.

## Late Winter

February.  
Camellias outside my window.  
Pink blossoms  
open, winter's prayer  
for spring.

Leaves of healing green mesmerize  
as I glance outside,  
try to dissolve  
into that emptiness  
from which all else  
emerges.

Rain falls, making soft  
slapping  
against slick, shiny leaves,  
a gentle percussion,  
an entrancing rhythm.  
Snow juncos flutter  
from springy branches  
to the birdfeeder  
overhead.

I take heart, knowing  
some hungers are fed.

she does not know her  
own length how  
rivers have sung  
and chanted as they  
exulted in their course  
through primeval forests how  
they have roared her  
name as they crashed into  
still pools from airy  
summits  
she does not hear herself when  
autumn leaves tumble gently  
down dancing and whispering her  
voice and song with  
their ephemeral tongues  
she does not recognize  
her smell when winds slide  
off the ocean's blue  
skin or when the  
earth breathes her breath  
as rains drum their prayer softly  
into lakes and mountains and  
meadows  
she does not know her own  
length and this is  
her beauty  
and her strength.

## The Carnival of the Dead

When I was a boy living in the Mekong Delta my grandmother's neighbor swallowed a handful of fertilizer. He had lately been getting into a lot of arguments with his wife and mother-in-law, something about their inability to have children. One night, as he weaved his drunken way along the dirt road towards his home, he saw the bag of fertilizer and ate a handful. He was found half-lying in a rice paddy the next day. A week later he died. A monk burned himself in front of the temple down the road, and a girl hung herself at the bend just past my grandmother's house. But the monk burned before I was born, and I don't remember when the girl stopped breathing.

What I do remember is what my grandmother told me. "Don't leave the yard today. It's Uncle Four's funeral." He wasn't really my uncle, but that's what I had to call him whenever he passed my grandmother's yard. I was there often, playing outside the palm leaf house, since my mother had to go to the market in My Tho to sell her eggs, and my father had to build brick houses for the new wealthy, whose children in America brought them riches whenever they returned to their homeland.

"Maternal grandmother," I asked, "where will they bury Uncle Four?" He had been a young man, and had yet to build a tomb for himself.

"They will bury him next to his house, and your uncles will build a tomb for him later. Go outside and play, my offspring, but don't leave the yard."

I did as she said, sitting under the February sun with my dirt and my sticks. It wasn't long before the shuffling feet of an old man passing lifted my head. He was carrying a small bronze gong, with a striker that matched the white of his beard. Soon after, another old man passed, this one with brass cymbals tarnished brown. I paid them no mind, being content with my sticks and dirt.

When the coffin passed, I stood. I heard the motor bike approach, the familiar buzzing growl that came and went several times a day. I lifted my head out of habit, but instead of a neighbor returning from market, there was a red and yellow and silver and blue and orange box resting atop a trailer

attached to the motor bike. Uncle Four's house was a little way down the road, around the bend. If the tall ditch palms hadn't been there, I would have had a clear view of his home. My eyes followed the motor bike as it turned onto the little bridge that crossed the ditch in front of the yard. I couldn't see anything else clearly, so I sat back down in my dirt until my grandmother called me inside to eat.

I sat down in front of a bowl of noodles in broth with bean sprouts and peppers, spearmint leaves, and thin slices of beef. My grandmother had the same, except for the beef. "Maternal grandmother," I asked, "why do they bring music to Uncle Four's home?"

"Eat your noodles and broth, my offspring. Never mind about Uncle Four today."

After I ate, my grandmother joined me outside, stringing laundry up to dry. I went back to playing in the dirt, digging a small hole with my sticks. Another motor bike with a trailer passed. This one was filled with somber men, and drums, and long wooden poles. I watched them go to Uncle Four's house too.

Not long after they arrived the beating began, the drums and the gong and the cymbals, and moaning strings too, which arrived without my knowing. I asked my grandmother if they were having a lion dance at Uncle Four's house. She only said no. I stood and walked to the edge of the yard, almost into the dirt of the road. I stopped when my grandmother asked me where I was going. I stared in the direction of Uncle Four's house, straining my eyes through the ditch palms.

Men were there, clad in white and taller than I had ever seen, sifting through the green of the palm leaves. The beating continued, the strings wept, the men danced a stilting dance on their poles. The sun was high in the open blue, and there was a slight breeze that made the shadows shift around my feet. I watched my grandmother's wrinkled hands open clothespins and shut them again over my shirts and pants, and they were dancing on the clothesline in the wind. They danced for maybe an hour, tempo-ed by the drums and gongs, mourned by the strings. I could hear the music clearly but could see only the tops of the dancers, white shirts with long flowing sleeves, heads ringed with white cloth crowns. Where their feet stepped I did not know. And then it was quiet again. No, not quiet,

because the breeze still blew, the way it whispers through trees no matter where you are. The procession traced its steps past my grandmother's house. The old man with the gong, the trailer full of somber men, the trailer emptied of a coffin.

The next day my grandmother let me leave the yard, and a few days after that it was the fifteenth day of the lunar month. I had to go to temple with my family. They walked along the dirt road lit by the full moon; I walked ahead. When I came to Uncle Four's house I stood at the foot of the bridge and looked into the yard and saw the mound of fresh soil, tinted blue by the silver moon. It was silent and still, a rare occasion when the two reigned contemporaneously. But the steps of my father and mother made stillness surrender, and grandmother made silence retreat.

"My offspring," she said, "let's go."

A Saturday morning in autumn.  
She kneels at the brook,  
Running smooth.  
Sun at her crown.  
Thoughts warm,  
Massaged and exercised.  
Alive.  
Feet bound to the earth.  
Melted,  
Woven through the soil.  
Each grain a part of her,  
Swimming through her toes.  
Ten of them,  
Breaking the solid crust,  
Down,  
Below,  
Deep to the core,  
A tangled web of roots.  
Solid.

## Running Rain

Pouring skies  
Dancing trees  
Splashing roads  
Running shoes

Smiles curve my mouth  
rain covers my head  
dripping down my nose  
...drenching.

Pouring skies  
I hear whimpers and complaints  
"rain, rain go away"  
"no" bubbles from me  
splashing droplets are my friends.

Dancing trees  
plastered to my face  
curving in and over my eyes  
my tongue out and up  
tasting each drop as it falls.

Splashing roads  
each footstep falling down  
brings water up to meet my legs  
washing away the pain  
that pills could not erase.

Running shoes  
feeling freer than a loosened leaf  
I weave down the sodden path  
sorrows cling to rain drops  
and slide to the ground  
I leave them behind for some  
unwary person to splash into.



## Tornado

Wind snapping their silks nine horses strut  
onto the oval. Thunder wracks  
their nerves. Two jockeys rise  
in the irons: "Easy, relax—"  
Their mounts stamp, quiver, as the rain  
rattles a steel starting-gate. Six  
circle the track in terror.  
Lightning spooks the mare—

She balks behind her gate, rearing  
into the rain; the jock's fist  
grips her mane. Eluding  
outriders, she splinters the rail, the post.  
Splashes off the track. A shattered  
knee produces this plunging list—  
She hobbles home with a rocking  
gate, plodding through the paddock.

Her groom sees the mare nodding, stumbling  
down the path. Clucking his tongue,  
he coaxes her into the barn  
where the owner waits. She lunges  
from his grasp. Frowning, the vet  
taps his temple. The trainer sponges  
blood from her muzzle, her sopping mane.  
She shudders, shaking off the pain.

A stable boy brings blinkers she won't wear.  
She gnaws his wrist—wrenches his arm—  
enraged if anyone takes hold  
of her bridle. Guardedly the groom  
slips the pistol from his belt,  
lifting the storm-lamp in the gloom.  
Now its flame illuminates his face,  
she trails along at her halting pace.

## The Driver

After I'd steered the ambulance off the road  
I coaxed it across an open pasture,  
rocking to a halt in fresh April mud  
while overhead the rack of warning-lights  
whirled its circus colors. First I shut down  
our shrill siren. Then blacked the lights. Once  
their dazzle thrilled me—now it chills my blood.  
At four in the morning a full moon flooded  
Butte Creek Canyon with its cold white glow  
which marbled the water in light and shadow.

Before us Search and Rescue had planted flares.  
Unsteady stars, they flamed up, hissed, flickered  
over the slick creekside, revealing tape  
with which the team sealed the site—bold yellow  
like the body bag laid out on the bank.  
Nearby we found the subject's pocketwatch.  
Twin shell casings. His trail map soaked to pulp.  
Two gin bottles. Binoculars. One lens,  
already shattered, popped at my thumb's touch.  
Detritus of the self—a man I almost knew.

Off duty we played interminable chess,  
a pair of bunglers... Fondly he thought he lived  
for his family; his work. To a wilderness  
firefighter the hours had seemed infinite,  
watching the wind chafe the meadow. Returning  
to find his wife loading the station wagon,  
taking their children to live with her lover.  
Clearly suicide. Still the sheriff impounded  
his gun. A deputy shot photos. My young  
paramedics finished probing; signed papers.

They hoisted the stretcher on board with a care  
beyond their years, the yellow bag turning  
orange beneath our emergency lamp. Shifting  
the corpse to the fixed cot, their work was done.  
I latched both doors. Briefly the engine stalled.

Then, throbbing, it lifted us free of the field  
and—headlights only—we eased onto the road.  
No wailing siren. No revolving lights  
to speed us through traffic. It was not yet dawn  
and the dead have all the time in the world.

## Herons

Herons thrive in Ostia where no ship sails  
into harbor. Fishnets fray; unknot; return  
to stray hemp—threads for nests. Once a port fails

to satisfy the Roman soul merchants spurn  
its morning market. The river's a marsh that sprawls  
before us. Scholars stalk each wharf to learn

how a resplendent shrine, neglected, falls  
to ruin: while the last mosaics break  
the lusty gods cavort across these walls—

Noon finds them lying shattered in the wake  
of a black squall. Already summer trails  
Hadrian into history. Herons rake

the marsh. At dusk they roost among the scales  
on the docks of Ostia where no ship sails.



SARA SIPES

## CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

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AMY ANTONGIOVANNI received her MFA in poetry from St. Mary's College. She is presently teaching Composition at both CSU, Chico and Butte College.

Formerly an interpreter for the deaf, NOREEN AUSTIN has returned to school to study English and Creative Writing to formally pursue her life-long writing hobby.

HEATHER BRITTAIN BERGSTROM is a senior at CSU, Chico. She is also the mother of a seven-year-old daughter and is expecting a baby at the end of December.

Now teaching five-year-olds at a private English language school in Ansan, South Korea, HEATH BJORDAHL began his studies at Arizona State University in Mechanical Engineering but later changed his major to English Literature in which he received his degree in 1996.

LESLIE BOUCHARD, senior English major / Creative Writing minor, mother of three and recent grandmother, began writing poems and short stories to entertain her children when they were young. She is currently writing a novel and hopes eventually to teach creative writing.

MEREDITH CAHILL is a third-year student at CSU, Chico who is interested in both photography and creative writing.

TREVOR CALVERT is an English major who transferred to CSU, Chico from Columbia Junior College, where his work was featured in *The Columbia College Spring Review*.

Although MARY CAPRA holds a Bachelor's Degree in Accounting, she is interested in establishing a career as an editor and writer. She presently works for a national community service organization which promotes reading literacy.

A senior Journalism major with a minor in Creative Writing, BONNIE COX would like to "write children's novellas...the kind of books that educated and entertained me throughout my childhood."

Recipient of CSU, Chico's Outstanding Academic Writing Award for 1991, **BOB GARNER'S** work has been published in *The Painted Hills Review*, *Contrapposto*, and *Thrust*, and he has work forthcoming in *The California Quarterly*.

**DEBORAH GRELE** has been a serious writer of short stories and poetry since her childhood. She is a member of a writers' group in Chico, and she also enjoys volunteering in her daughter's fourth-grade classroom.

**GEORGE KEITHLEY'S** most recent collection of poetry is *Living Again*, published in Spring 1997 by Bear Star Press. He lives in Chico and is at work on another book.

**KIARA KOENIG** is a graduate student in English at CSU, Chico and a former editor of *Watershed*.

**WINDY WILLOWS LOVELL** is a senior at CSU, Chico majoring in Child Development. She loves to work with children and plans to obtain an elementary credential.

**CALIPH CARIBE MONGES** is a young poet from Philadelphia who writes in the genre of urban rap artists and who has been published in the National Library of Poetry. He believes that poetry can express inner thoughts and feelings and can also be used as a tool for change.

**AKIRA ORIKASA** is a Graphic Design major from Kawasaki, Japan who hopes to have a career in the movie industry creating special effects.

**SAMUEL PROVENZANO** is presently enrolled in advanced writing courses at CSU, Chico.

**SYDNEY ROGERS** is a Public Relations major with a minor in Tourism. She says, "Travel is my passion and my hobby," and she likes to write about her travel experiences.

**SHANNON ROONEY** lives with her son, Austin, in Chico, where she writes for various publications.

## CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

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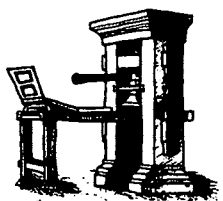
SARA SIPES is the Photo Editor at the *Chico News and Review* and a 1990 graduate of CSU, Sacramento.

MARK STILWELL, a Speech Communications major whose first love is Forensics, also enjoys philosophy and spending time in nature. He has recently developed an interest in writing poetry.

GEOFF THOMAS is a Santa Cruz native, a poet, an artist, and a surveyor of simple beauties.

BRENT WALBURN is a senior at CSU, Chico who is studying English and Creative Writing. He plans to continue his study of creative writing at the graduate level.





## COLOPHON

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