

WATERSHED



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Volume 26, Number 1

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Fall 2002

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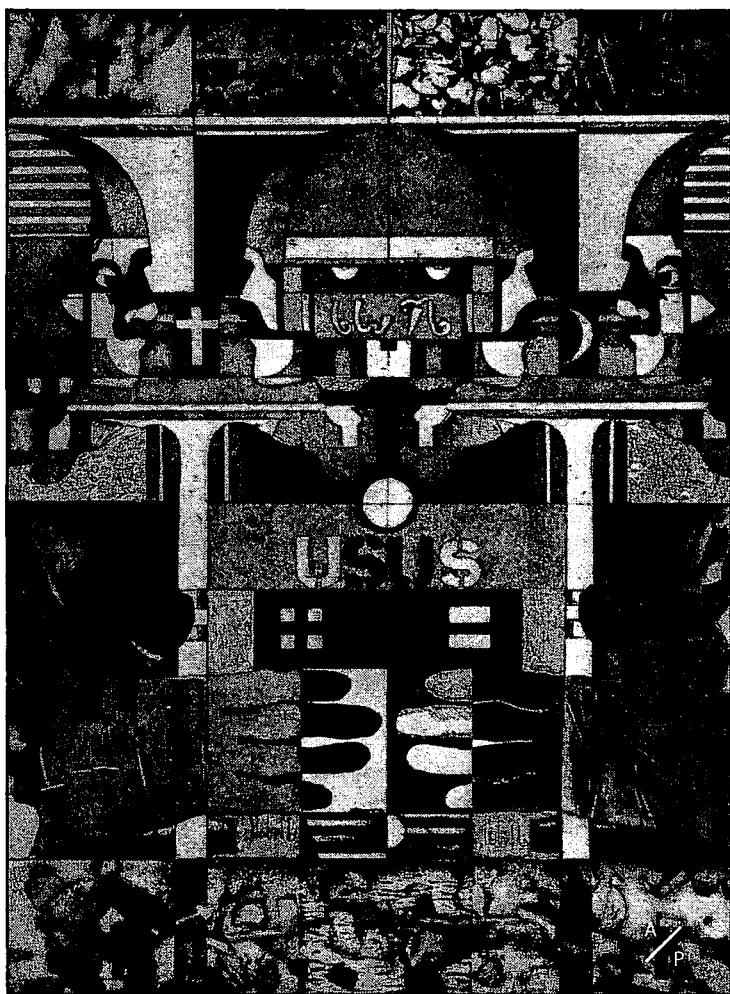
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US and Them

Marion A. Epting



Untitled

Michael Keefe

Like midnight through tinted glass
the brush touches softly
Dripping, and dripping slowly
downward across the shadows.
The canvas weeps,
darkness sleeps in this empty sorrow.

Darkness waits
patiently on a whisper
from the corpse of a mother.
It carries the silence of a child
born into war, sitting
beneath a crumbled wall
waiting for death to come,
as if it were Christmas.

Emptied bodies in its wake,
it seethes and slides
through the veins of an arsonist.
Drips from his smile
like fire drips from
branches on trees.
Breath in deep
choke on the empty promises
that rise like smoke
and are as quickly forgotten.

A frame set about our squinting eyes
drowning just beyond the lamplight.
Walking lonely in the park
like a memory.
Darkness fades
melts gently into the masses.
Until we have to ask ourselves
one more time
if we stand in the light.

The wind sweeps soft circles
across the shadowy shades of evening,
blithely blending day and night.

I stand.

Fingers in the breeze,
thoughts in the deep,
deep breath of melancholy.

I breathe.

Slowly now, then faster
as pain and the day exhale
from deep inside. Caverns.
And your name echoes
in the emptiness of space.

I scream.

My voice the shelter
in which my anger hides.

Cracked,

like a crystal decanter.

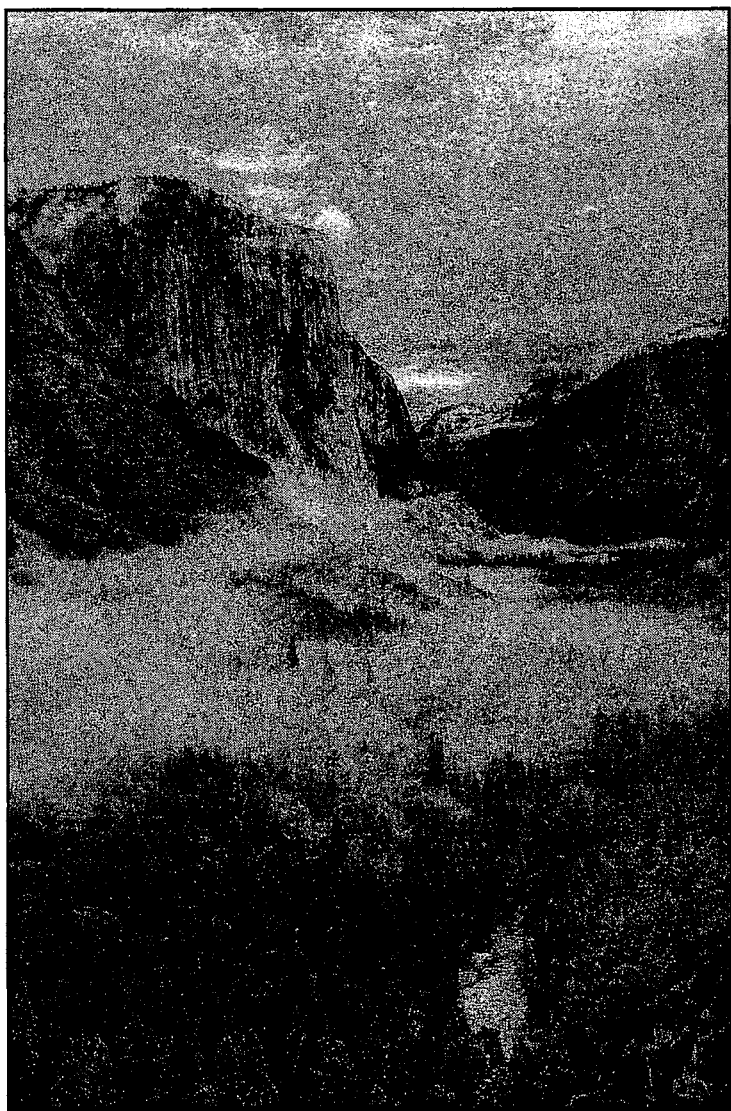
Whiskey and wine
spill forth,
bitter and sweet,
fragrant in the moving air.

I run.

I run and I will not stop.
Will not stop until these
bitter dreams flow—
rivers to the sea of completion.

I digress.

My thoughts disperse,
east and west.



Untitled

Tony Dunn

i.

October. Cold shoals. I skin
Waves, bluer than my
Own veins. I cannot trace
The outline—elegant, aimless—
Of your sloop. You sail,
Scoop out part of my horizon.
You sail because I want an island on my own.

I am on it now, my bare
Feet fleshy, and I can feel it—
Craggy, winded, nooked with fingery
Purple petals. I would
Send you to monsters that I might raise goats.

ii.

The caves.
They are down so far they
Lap up the waves, fill full their
Gray mouths. Musical.
Singing grim to me—
Sha la la la—
Mesmerous. Uncanny, cool
Notes sculpting moons in the morning.
Once they were full
Of your hammering,
The dull infinity of
Expectations: fix, find, heal.
Now I watch branches, fig
Snaps crashing and thrashing
As the waves dig rocky harbors
For their burial. Undemanding graves.

iii.

It is no child that screams in the night.
Something in me waking. Selfish, angry, alone.
I hear it shriek—ugly beak open, wings raging.
Wanting to fly out the room.
NO!
My thunder cracks the black out of the room,

Doom
In all its loud glory shocks the night.
I will not fight.
Let it find another island,
Blush young in the middle of an alien sea,
Before it will push you back to me.
I am biding my time,
My tide alone.
It is not yet November,
And I don't know the tip of my island.

iv.

I climbed to the top of the island
To lose my breath. To watch it escape,
Hot in the cold around my knees—
Hair-tracked bends of bone and flesh.
I sat in the rain to get wet.

My young goats clamour again under their mothers,
Skinny stripped with drips.
I know these drips, the grass, the mud,
My goats in their cold gray coats.
Everywhere I turn I see the water,
And fill it full of boats.
Tomorrow it will be December.

I will burn fires in the house,
Stoke up its gray bounds and smoke
The sky in hungry puffs.
I have marked the ground of this place
From finish to start and in all the ways of my head.
I have balanced it into my heart,
So now there are tender things again.

Little bumps in me that
Remember the feel of your hair,
Or the way we talked on a grassy patch
Of wind beyond the beach.
And last night I heard your voice in the waves...
You wild adventure floats back
To nestle in my secrets.

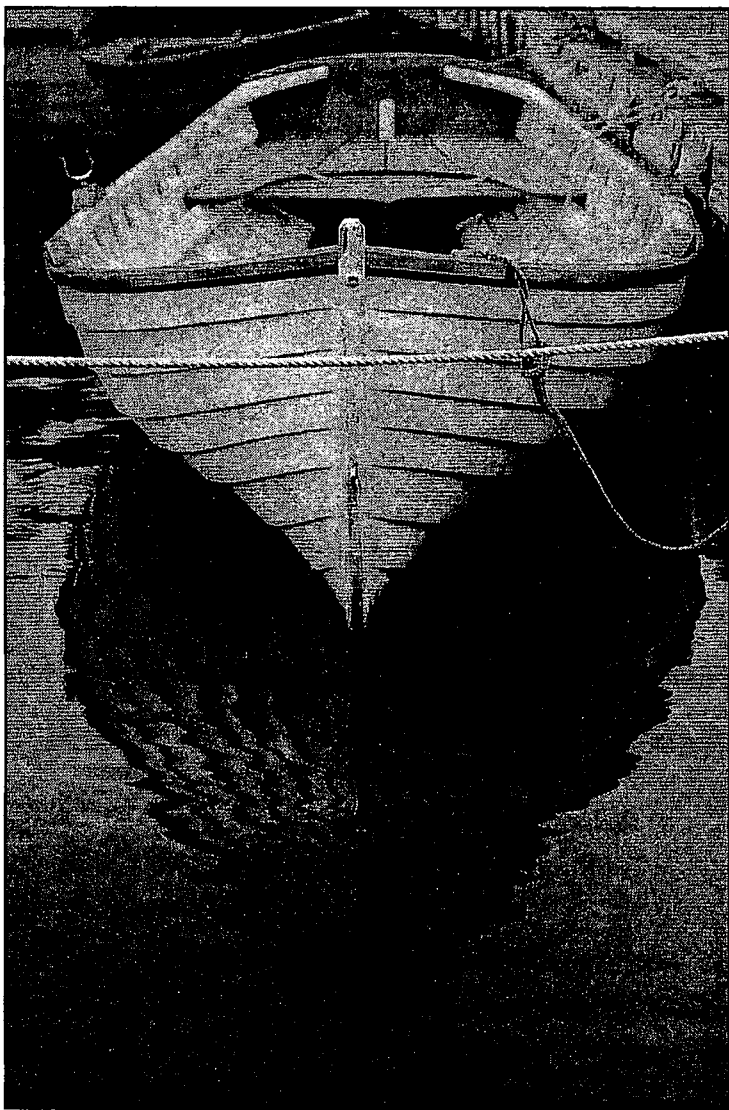
v.

Crashes at dawn, and your ship
Wrecks into the harbor.
The way you come in with drums,
And the goats bleat.

You feel the tough of my feet.
Look at the island again,
See my face without memories.
Slushy rush of rain to rejoice—

I missed your voice.

On the ship and the shore stand strange
Monuments. Curiously stable
Clutters of our selves your hydras and my caves.
And, always lapping, in,
Out,
Our waves.



Quiet Skiff

Renee Suzanne Muir

I have never set sail from Marina del Rey,
or truth be known
from any port at all.

Not in the summer or the fall
have I felt the freedom—if there is freedom—
when setting sail from Marina del Rey.

I have sailed through the fate bending seas
with Robinson Crusoe, and even through
the *sharp seas* with Wyatt,

as we *charged with forgetfulness*
through the storm of maritime words and metaphors
in a college anthology of British Literature,

but never in my life have I
stood on a moonlit stern
beneath billowing masts, gracious,

white, full of summer wind and light
Of course there are others who have sailed
from Marina del Rey,

and more than likely, right now,
in this slender moment of hapless time,
someone is sailing out, white shorts,

tan legs, Nautica sweatshirt and visor.
Standing on a beautiful boat with a name like Annabelle
or Jenny in lazy, curling letters on the side.

Skimming through the bay
already sipping Napa Valley wines
or imported beers, laughing with perfect smiles

and perfect white teeth, somehow happy,
shallow, running for the deep frothy peaks
of the Pacific every chance they get.

And then it strikes me that maybe I am content,
just as happy, and infinitely more free,
floating, gliding, cutting through the humid air

of familiarity, finding the frothy peaks of thought,
foamy, white, there in my mind as I sail,
though never set sail from Marina del Rey.

Green anemone, pert as a sweet-pea, gracing
tide-pool
with untold mystery. Like me.
Only you didn't *see* me.

With the tide way out,
I held the riddle in my trembling hands,
while not far off,
rubber-clad men
dove for abalone, flat knives in hand,
using kelp
to pull themselves down, down,
into crevasses
where only the intrepid go.

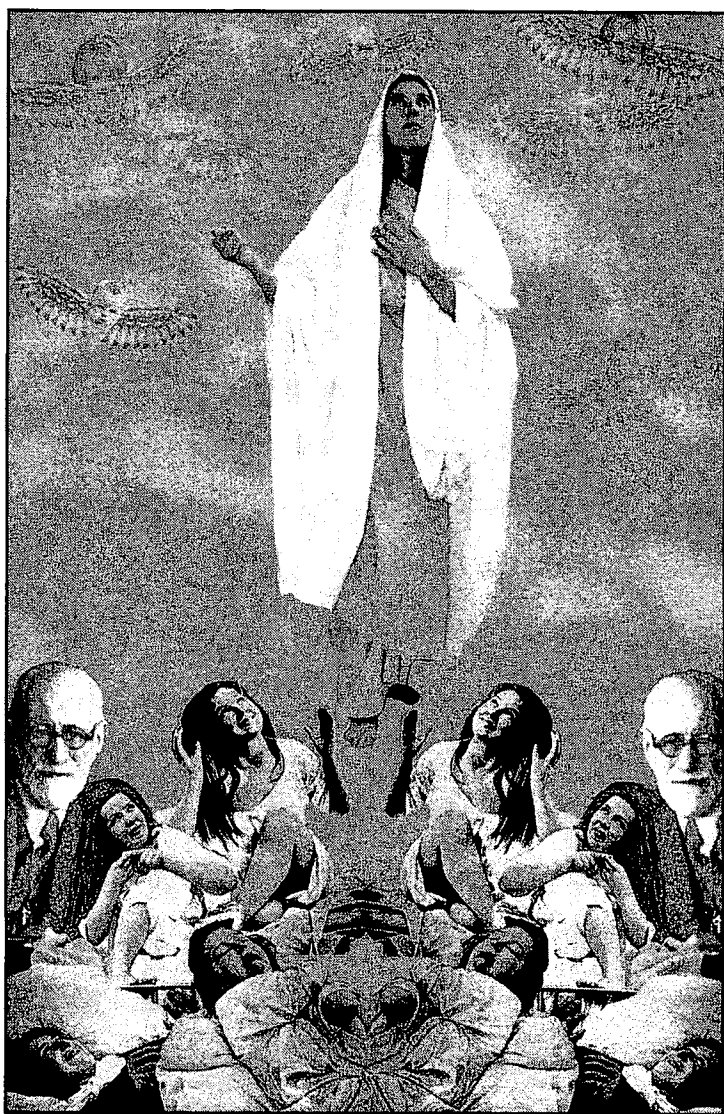
I was like that, once.
I dove into your dream
to see what was there—
got tangled in kelp,
lost a fin.
When I finally burst
through the surface,
my nose bled.

My hands
were empty.

Today I woke up stepping into puppy-dog slippers before
pulling the limp corpse of a blanket from over my head.
Today I won a plush dolphin; it sparkled like rusty metal
razor blades dragging across a young prostitutes wrists.
Today I watched a country fall into civil war on television,
throwing rocks and paper and scissors until both sides were blind.
Today I sat on the ocean floor, and amid the cloud of blood
was a family of snow owls, drowned in their own tears.
Today I was a cat, destroying small, innocent lives
with my prophetic claws, I dealt justice to them all.
Today I filled the streets with broken glass and bicycle pumps,
like oil in a hot pan, they jumped and played and screamed.
Today winter attacked me with a dead hand, it cracked and shattered
across my face, digging trenches for the battle to come

Today was like every other day, except there were no more snow
owls to save us.

Today I needed to be saved.



A Few Witches Burning

Jennifer Station

Too Long in This Mirage

Dustin Iler

Estragon: Well, shall we go?

Vladimir: Yes, let's go.

They do not move.

—Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot*, Act 1

Vulture, black feathered, bald headed, feasts on Vulture, His reflection
which we watch in this heat in which we are baking, drying
into something we never were before.

In this desert lying halfway buried in the sand,

which we watch in this heat in which we are baking, drying
our tears which we are drinking, crying
in this desert lying halfway buried in the sand
to sustain ourselves in this wasteland.

our tears which we are drinking, crying
cannot be captured in the palm of our hand
to sustain ourselves in this wasteland.

Be certain to know that I am not He who

cannot be captured in the palm of our hand.
He who came after me and will come again, will
be certain to know that I am not He who
will unravel this mirage we are asleep in.

He who came after me and will come again, will
release the mirage we are halfway buried in,
will unravel this mirage we are asleep in.
The sun looks down like an eye in the sea, for He

releases the mirage we are halfway buried in,
which we watch in this heat in which we are baking, drying, as
The sun looks down like an eye in the sea, for He,
Vulture, black feathered, bald headed, feasts on Vulture, His reflection.

The Song of Spain

Siobhan Barrett

A life
played through
the breeze of jasmine
bringing smells
of fried
squid
of saffron perfumed
paella
of salt encrusted
fish
played through
gypsy lace and rosemary
sold in voices
lined with
torn mouths and wandering eyes
stained by history
played through
the tapping
 flamenco
the stomping
 flamenco
faster and faster
twirling blacks and blues, yellows and reds,
dizzying the mind
faster and faster
while one stomps
still
 slowly
 the heartbeat
 of the Spanish melody.

Vladimir Horowitz's Ghost Explains How Chopin Works

Bryan Tso Jones

It begins with no boast, only bare silence
empty air tuneful aria, assuaged by hands
on ivory as fingers incline, interrupt the space between
tips of fingers that tease, their talc edging ebony.

Hovering here, the audience's ears
are released with rising melody
bearing mood and motion. Moving fingers
weave a story that snatches, swells and lifts,

causes wonder to wink in wide sea of eyes
like butterflies in bloom of buttercup kiss,
of their long laughter, like crying,
of at length, their last breath. Long afterward,

high above the concert hall, even the hurl of rain drop's
plummet through plane of air, falling perfect from storm.

Now the day lengthens,
the grass curls green over
the uncut graves of my lawn

it is the bushy countenance
of Shen Nung, wild one
who bit into roots

with his teeth to taste
their panacea;
before this blade starts

with a chug, churns insistent
gaggles into a whirl
that cuts his hair,

levels its unkempt appearance.
And where are you, Walt Whitman
your beard springing up

in tufts from the moundy earth,
these eagerly sought graves
of my mind?

Back and forth the red bull
drives and snorts, sputters
when it has tasted too much of grass

of so many leaves dumped and sifted
into the can, the green and browned ends
smell like Ginsburg pissing

in some street in Greenwich
before heading in hungry fatigue
to the supermarket in search of you.

Here under the pungent snap
of fresh-cut lawn,
you and he and Shen Nung are sharing
a joke, your beards by the lengthening
days growing wild as vines and ginseng;

dashing together naked in the sun but for the tufts

that stretch down to fondle jovial ankles.
Watching this boy curse and mutter,
struggle with the eyebrows of bushy men rooted deep.



California Savannah

Tony Dunn

The Lucy T. Whittier Screen Door and Flying Machine Company

-a display at the Museum of Flight

Nancy Talley

At the California Institute of Technology
students learn more new information
in one week
than I and my kind
absorbed
in sixteen years of public or private schooling.

So. When change comes, I sit,
momentarily left behind, knowing
I will never catch up,
somehow understanding
how the peasant felt,
strapped to the plow,
when some drudge told him
the world was round
and he laughed
then pulled aside the fold in his trousers
to relieve himself in the furrows.

... and still I persist in the belief,
like the peasant,
that I know most of what I need to know
even though the furrows grow deeper
and the need to relieve myself more frequent.

Little Naked People

Joel Hilton

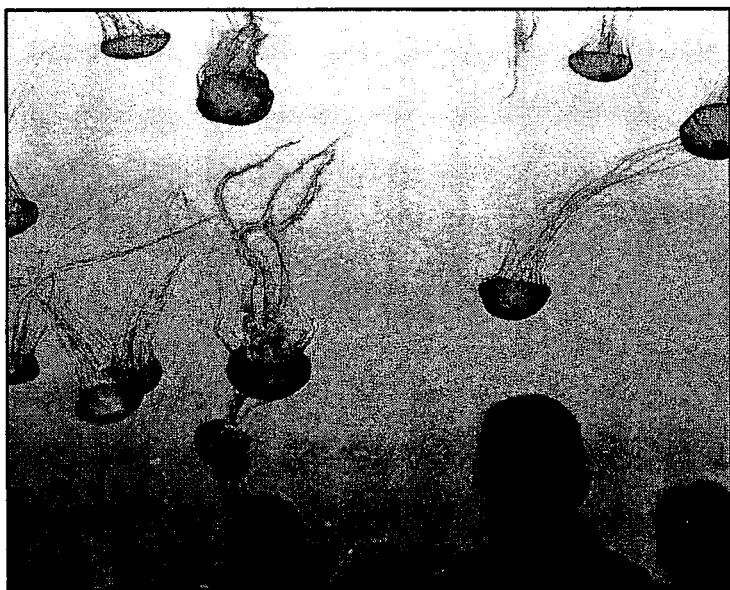
The woman and her overripe melons,
The little man and his cartoon penis.
I considered them unattractive
Even as a child.

The little boy,
Naked.
An abstract illustrated version of me
I couldn't take seriously.

Perhaps the fat little man threw me off.
Maybe the woman who
Didn't really look like Mommy
Made me think twice.

Hairy and plump,
Hand drawn pictures of people with no clothes.
An effort to explain to me
The details of my arrival.

You chubby little man,
And you chubby little woman.
Little naked people,
Where did I come from?



Monterey Bay Aquarium Jellyfish

Michael Keefe

Visiting Hour —for my brother

Sarah Pape

Stepping into that buzzered air,
you were waiting for me.
Plexiglas between us I sat
and was startled that I could not hug you,
forgetting every movie I've ever seen
about jail and those loved ones
on the other side.
It took your motioning for me to pick up
the receiver,
and hear your voice.

Do you remember when you were two
and I would put you on the back
of my banana seat?
Your tiny desperate hands would cling to my waist
and we would tear up and back
the gravel drive.
You leaned your head heavily on my back,
Panting euphorically, your pulse would
synthesize down into
the marrow of my spine.

The distance over these lines takes you
a hundred miles away, fifteen
years gone and I see my reflection
superimposed over the actual solid
of your face.
Our lips converge into one mouth,
noses become one breathing sound,
and our eyes unite into one seeing depth.
A single layered identity,
proof that we come
from a conjoined destiny,
one pocket of home.

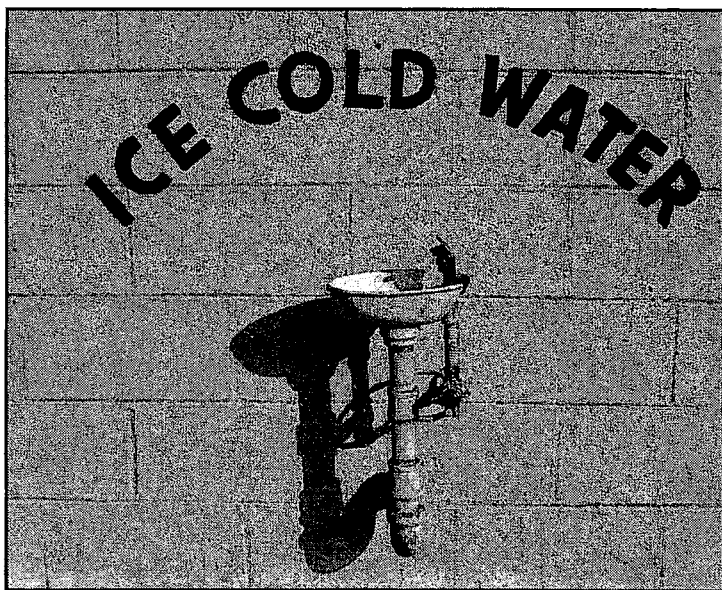
I yearn for you to be small again—
return to two
so I can hold you close to me.
In my arms, sharing breath,
and let your sorrows rest deeply
upon my back.

They scatter like moths after the light has been shut.
Squatting out space in an open field.
Hands small enough to crumple in my fist
Left to forage through the night like raccoons

Inheriting the vacuous eyes of their fathers and mothers
The distinct expression of having nothing to offer;
Of being unavailable; an emotional casket
They scream from the silence of their hearts
Holding out empty cups with swollen hands

The pasty white mucus of thirst on their lips
Harboring that familiar chip on their shoulder

Because they have survived...and survived
And despite themselves. Survived.



W. 9th St. and Broadway

Sarah Oliver

Blow on the Lamp of Winter

Daniel Marlin

High winds
Outside this bus to work
Beat the hand-written signs
Of tabernacles and laundromats,
Clotheslines caught in sudden night rain,
Hot pants thighs
Shivering on sabbath corners.
Paused at stoplight
We see a small, blond lady cop
Emerge
From her caged and shotgunned car,
Check the heft of her gear,
Turn slightly to talk
Into a small
Shoulder box,
And at the corner
Begin to tell
A tall black hooker
In wig and lipstick blaze
Who is a man
Something
We cannot hear.

Hoots
From some of the younger passengers.

High winds
Outside this bus
Sting the bones
Of sleepers
Roused in doorways,
Whistle
Through cracks
In stucco and shingle
To the perfumed rooms
Of the backslider's head,
To the calloused
Immaculate hands of the pious.

Blow on the lamp of the poor

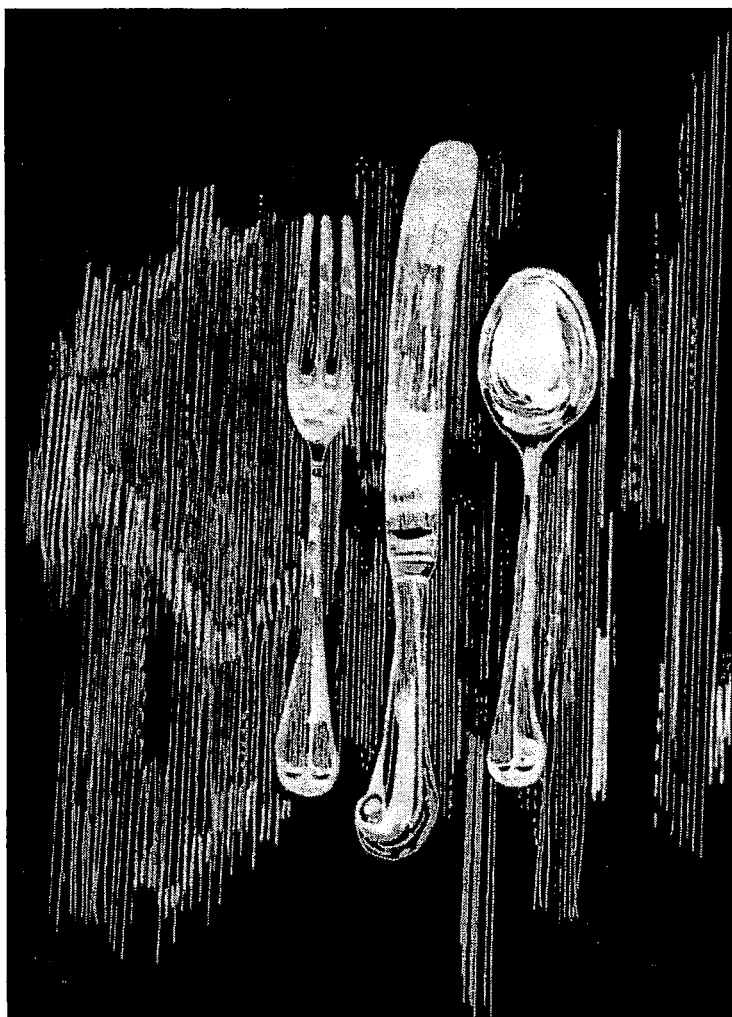
Neiman Marcus was her back rest.
The city moved around her.
She sat staring forward.

Long grey roots showed in her blond hair.
Her clothing clean, ruffled white blouse unironed.
She sat looking proud.

Back straight.
Legs crossed in a lotus position.
She sat proudly without a sign.

Slender ankles.
Neat black flats on her feet.
She sat and waited.

Hands at rest on her knees.
No rings on her fingers.
She sat, waiting for handouts, looking proud.



Dinner Paraphernalia

Erin Abbadie

Pomona, the tom waits motel, where sandpaper
towel smells freshly of tortillas, and residue
of crankcase on the carpet means
athlete's foot is sure to follow.



W. 18th St. and Park

Sarah Oliver

Iowa man told “build me an ark”

Des Moines (AP) - Nearly fourteen years after the untimely death of Rock and Roll's greatest artist, reliable sources have now confirmed that Roy Orbison has been in communication with Iowa resident Lewis Grandstaff.

“I have been commissioned by Roy Orbison to build an ark and that's what I intend to do,” says Mr. Grandstaff.

“I don't know how long it will take; but when the construction is completed, my instructions are to deliver it to Konocti Harbor in Northern California.”

In the midst of these times of unrest, many agree that Roy Orbison is exactly what this nation needs. U2's Bono summed up many feelings when he said. “Writing for him was like writing for Elvis, who was the only comparable vocal talent. His great gift was to turn the pain and bad luck that he experienced into ground breaking songs.”

i could have told you
what would happen
to your eyes,
told you there'd be snakes
in the newsprint—
hair of god

about the flight
above the green shag forest,
the bending, straightening
cigarette of time

told you
there'd be raptors
in the sofa,
inkspot dragons
breathing in the blinds

5 Places to Hide (if you are a cat)

Christopher Patzner

1.

There is a small hole
near where Grandfather
hid the body under the shed,
if followed it will lead
to an empty restaurant in Chinatown.

2.

In the endless white
an arctic tundra sings
of underground caves.
A family of polar bears
will keep you warm
like they kept warm
bones of countless explorers.

3.

Sometimes you can hide
near the moonlit window
behind the bloodstained drapes.
Though the blood is still fresh,
no one ever looks there anymore.

4.

There is a pyramid in Egypt,
they will be expecting you.
If you are lucky, perhaps
there will be enough embalming fluid
and they may worship you for eternity.

5.

If you can find a taxi
that will take you
to the church on 5th street,
have the preacher lock the door
whisper to him your name,
the only thing you have
hidden for so long.

He doesn't ask to come inside
Outside he smokes a cigarette
Still two hours before sunrise
It mingles with the rain as it comes in the window

Outside he smokes a cigarette
I know the truth:
It mingles with the rain as it comes in the window
Questioning what is real

I know the truth:
Sometimes I scare him when I write
Questioning what is real
Staring at my reflection in the toilet bowl

Sometimes I scare him when I write
But that is just a nightmare
Staring at my reflection in the toilet bowl
The night is far too cold

But that is just a nightmare
Outside he makes no noise
The night is far too cold
The clock reads 3:30 am

Outside he makes no noise
He doesn't ask to come inside
The clock reads 3:30 am
Still two hours before sunrise

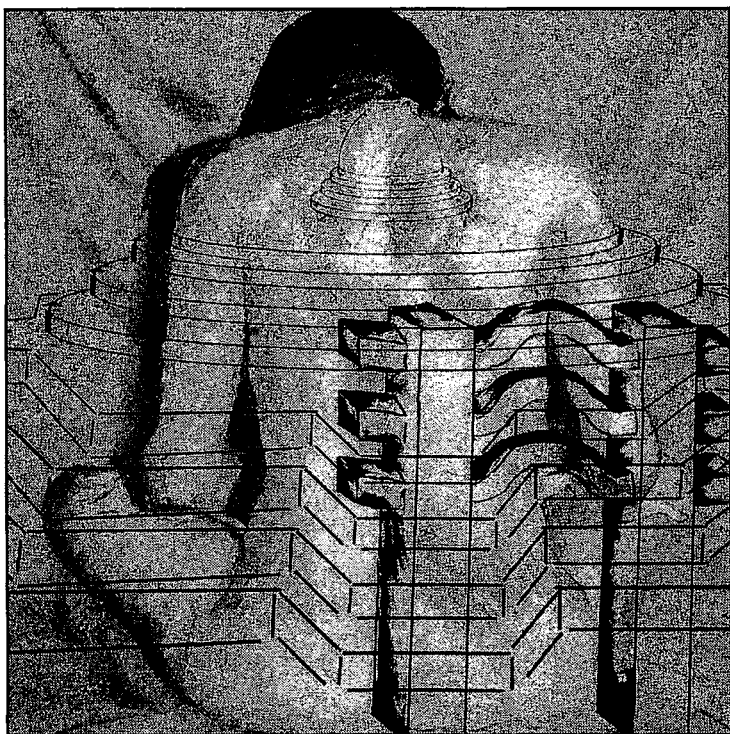
She studies the three-for-a-dollar rack,
Grocery bags clutched in her plump fists.
Finally she waddles inside,
A short woman
With blotchy skin
And watery blue eyes.
“What's new? Any good gossip?”
She asks, grinning.
I shrug.
“I lost ten pounds this month,”
She says proudly.
“Heart disease runs in my family
So I need to be careful.”
She talks about trying to like
Low-fat cottage cheese.
Of her brother's recent heart attack, she says,
“He's just gotten out of intensive care.
I've been praying for him.”
When I'm busy,
She leafs through her books:
Agatha Christie, Jackie Collins,
Biographies of Mother Teresa, Lauren Bacall.
“That's a pretty dress.
It matches your eyes,”
She tells a customer who's buying
Valley of the Dolls,
Adding, “Jacqueline Susann may be trashy
But she sure is a hoot.”
Finally she sighs and says,
“I should go home
And cook my low-fat pasta.”
She rummages through her change purse,
Doling out nickels and pennies
Like semi-precious stones.

Sitting on the toilet
contemplating a woman's body
and why there is so much blood.
Rich, thick gobs
of beautiful blood
swirl as I flush.
I am reminded of
a painting I saw once,
on a stark wall
with a simple name card attached,
in a modern art museum.

I think of painting
my own picture,
splashes of succulent
red, turning a lifeless burgundy.
The cycle of my body
shedding unused tissue.
I dream of running
naked in a field
and letting my blood flow,
of squatting by a tree
and watching it slowly
drip onto the grassy earth.
My red unto the mother.

I am woman.
I bleed.
I gush once a month,
to shed a life
that was not given a chance,
not this time.
Yet we are not to think
periods beautiful.
I am not woman
without mine.

My integral key
to birthing my women,
who will bleed
in the woods,
giving to the earth
what she has given to us,
motherhood.



Stupa

Jennifer Station

My Dream-Mother lies
on her stomach
on the grass
amid all the Spring Flowers
in my garden—
I planted it
just for Her.
The flowers bow to her beauty.
Her long black hair
falling around her thin shoulders,
slightly bent,
her large dark eyes,
her sun-browed skin,
her thin, gentle face—
when standing
she is tall and slender.
She wears
an old white sun-dress,
long time favourite of hers
so it is a favourite of mine.
I remember hiding
in that white muslin
as a laughing child.

She reads aloud
from her tattered book
she has read one thousand times
—*Little Women*—
and I listen for the hundredth time
lying next to her
on my back,
remembering
being sick with scarlet fever.
She read it to me then
for the first time,
and I knew
I'd always love her.

Sometimes we go for
mountain hikes.
She points out the wild flowers,
knows all their names.
She tells me,
“This you can eat;
This is an excellent herb”
in between pauses
in our conversation
about the Buddha,
or The Vedas,
or The Tao.
She was raised Catholic
but taught me
to think
for myself.

Whenever I need her
she knows
without my saying
a word.
She comes to me,
“It will be alright”
and I cry
on her lap
while she strokes
my hair—
sitting there
for as long as I need.
When I do not need her
she does not bother me.
She tells me,
“You are a young woman now,
I have given you all I can,
but I am always here
if you need me.”
She has made me
Bold, Strong, Healthy, Sane—
In Her Image—

I pray that I can live up
to her expectations.
I pray that,
when a mother myself,
I can give my daughters
All that she has given me...

Yet I know
No Woman Could.

Great-Grandmother tell me
How it was I came to be born—
Were you captured by
a blond/blue-eyed soldier
who himself
forced upon you
forced up in you
and you became
a heathen bride of war?

—OR—

Did you run from your
reservation prison
to his arms—
for true love gave away
your life/people/
history to
suffer in white man's world?

Either way—

You bore
the blond/blue-eyed brothers
and my dark haired/dark-eyed grandfather
pale-skinned/half-breeds
denied their heritage/
their mother
for acceptance

My Grandfather
Your Son
fathered his
blond/blue-eyed daughter
dark haired/dark-eyed son
my father
who, when whispered rumours
of you surrounded,
clenched their fists

and chanted the mantra
"I am White"
Denying you again

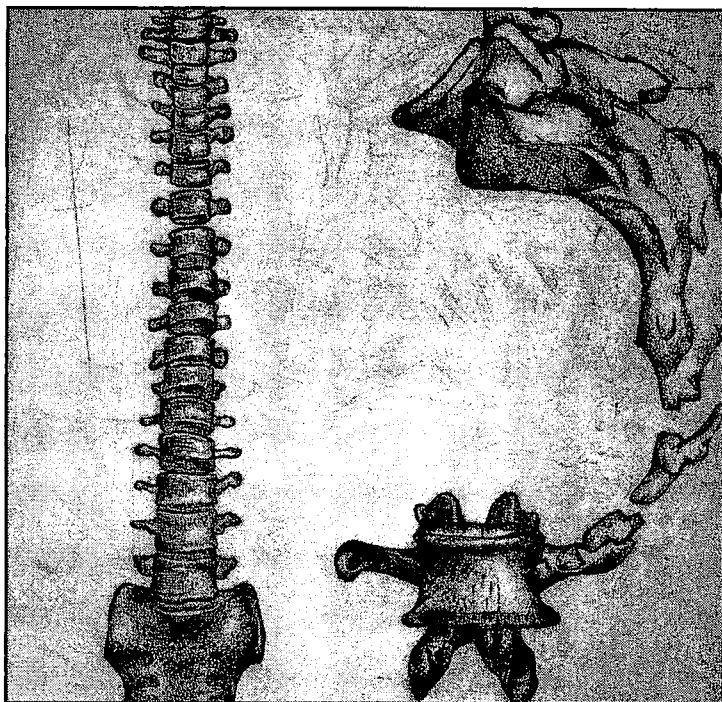
My Father
fathered my
blond/blue-eyed brother
and dark haired/dark-eyed me
Brother and
my blond/ blue-eyed cousins
question your existence
while
You come to me in dreams
and show me my soul
I accept You
You call me
Only Daughter
Pawnee Daughter

Cry if I say
"I am white"
cry when blond/blue-eyed boyfriends
tall me Pocahontas
Indian Princess
say they can
"see it"
See What?
French/English/Irish,
German/Norwegian/Native American
Heinz 57
My own father tells me, pleased
"you look Spanish"
and I hear your heart
rend open

Blond/blue-eyed brother
Blond/blue-eyed cousins
call them "your children"
You say
"only You"

Only Daughter
Pawnee Daughter
they say I am crazy
because She is Me

I am She
I was born of Her
Pawnee Great-Grandmother
You will
Never be denied again



Untitled

Sarah Oliver

I was in the dentist's chair.

They waited until six
in the morning to call me.
My mother had died
in the middle of the night.

The appointment for my crown work
had been set for months.

I went.

Her death had been expected.

A blessing, they said.

My sister and I wept
so many times as she left us
little by little.
Surely, there would be no more grief.

He asked me brightly—

Good dentists do—

How are you today?

At first she hid the signs of MS
walking close to furniture
to catch herself from falling.
A beautiful woman,
she hated looking awkward
much less drunk.

I wept in answer.

He thought it was about my teeth.

Outings to the hairdresser
became major events.
She broke her leg,
but the bad one.
The doctor said—
Well, that's a blessing.

I wept in anger.

Then the nursing home.
Little by little, she left us.
Surely there could be no more grief.

I wept.

Family conferences.
The quality of a life worth living.
Instructions to the doctor.
Plans for the service.

Matching off-white samples
to my off-white teeth.

There is one less person who knows me.

They are working on my mouth
as though I'm not weeping.

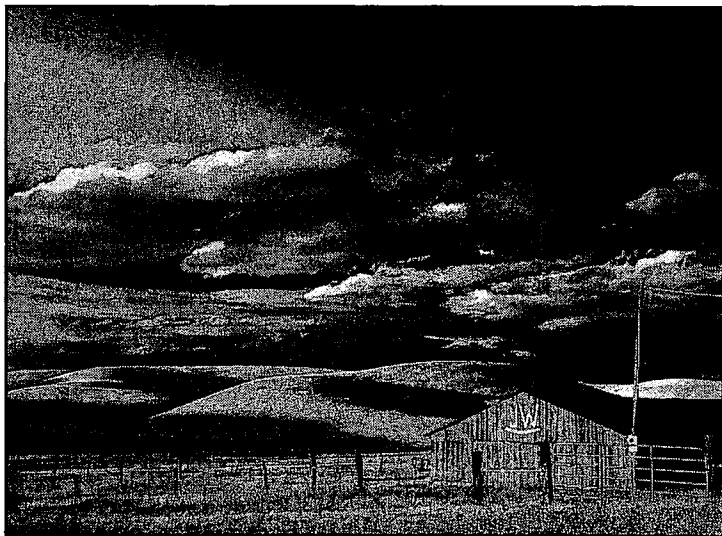
Towards the end,
We told her—
We'll get it fixed.

With every dentist's appointment,
my eyes fill with tears.

It was a missing tooth and
she was vain.

Sometimes I explain.
My beautiful mother died without her front tooth.

When the buds spring
from brown branches
that were thought dead—
that baby girl sees
you, dad, and
she yawns endlessly
at the surprise
of blood pumping, again
in a direction that
implies growth,
as purpled mouse ears
of petals, blinking their eyes
to be above ground
from the deep cool
of the muffled earth.



JW Ranch

Tony Dunn

My father announced clearly through his fog—
I want to die at home.
How many homes had he had?
Where was he in his head when he said home?

He spoke in addresses—
Hubbel Street where he was born
Gibson Street his childhood home
Howell Street the home he purchased for his family
Seneca Point the summer cottage

I took my father home.

I knew that he knew he was home
when he told me, pointing,
Put my glasses on the mantel.
Right there where he had put them since I was a child.

We cast his ashes
on the green grass in the back yard under the trees
he had planted and pruned and loved.
I did take my father home.

Contributors' Notes

Erin Abbadie is a Studio Arts minor at CSU, Chico. "This is my third semester in the program, and I love it," she writes. Her piece titled "If Not..." won second place in the 47th Annual Juried Student Art Exhibition at CSU, Chico.

Siobhan Barrett designs and makes clothing and furniture. Spain and Antonio Gaudi influence her work. She plays classical piano and attempts to play the drums.

R. Brooding is a Chico resident who has appeared in previous issues of *Watershed*.

Kit Croucher says, "One mind, varied tools. I am an interdisciplinary artist: books as sculpture, words as images, images in layers."

Ralph Dranow currently lives in Oakland, CA with his wife Naomi Rose, who is also a writer. His book, *Sunday Ritual*, won first prize in the *Nerve Cowboy* 2000 Poetry Chatbook contest. He also volunteers at a local retirement community leading literary discussion group.

Tony Dunn is a graduate student in Instructional Design and a staff member in Academic Technologies at CSU, Chico. In his spare time, he does landscape photography.

Marion A. Epting is a professor of art in CSU, Chico's Department of Art and Art History. he received his M.F.A. from Otis/parsons in Los Angeles, CA, in 1969.

Kristin Fairbanks graduated from Chico State with a degree in English. She is currently pursuing teaching credentials so she can teach high school English.

Carrie Fritsch was born in Paradise, CA, and has stayed in the area to study Graphic Design and Creative Writing. She enjoys the outdoors, art, and writing to express her inner struggles with the demons of this world.

Bob Garner would like to reveal his secret name. It starts with a 'B'.

Kylee M. Hayden is a senior at Chico State majoring in English with a minor in Creative Writing.

Joel M. Hilton is currently a junior at Chico State, working on a major in Communication Design with the option in Media Arts as well as the minor in Creative Writing. He was born and raised in Chico, CA, and has lived here his entire life.

Dustin Iler was born in Salinas, CA, and at the age of seven, moved to Ojai, CA. He is an English Major.

Michael Keefe lives in Oakdale, CA.

Jim Matthews, a Chico resident, and formerly published in both *Watershed* and *This Little Bit of Earth*, said that he wrote this article because was influenced by his friend Gale, who believes in Roy Orbison.

Renee Suzanne Muir is an amateur photographer who enjoys taking pictures of anything and everything.

Sarah Pape is an English major with one semester left to go before she graduates into the big, bright world and gets a job across the street from Taylor Hall at Café Max.

Christopher Patzner is a Communications major at CSU, Chico, though he is currently planning on switching to English. In his free time he enjoys writing, painting, composing music, and singing in the shower. He has been told that he has trouble making up his mind.

Shannon Rooney is an Interdisciplinary Studies (English/Education) grad student who resonates with La Rochefoucauld, who said: "True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary."

Bonnie Roy has been a student at Chico State since fall 2001 and expects to graduate in fall 2003. In the meantime, she is studying Political Science and Communications as a special major while

maintaining her interest in the creative arts, especially writing. Post graduation, she plans a steady rise to fortune and fame.

Jennifer Station is a former Butte College student and a graduating senior majoring in Art Studio.

Nancy Talley, a former Chico resident, has two books in print: *Crone's Notebook* (second edition), and *Psalms for the City*.

Bryan Tso Jones is a first-year M.F.A. student who resides in Chico, and, like a mad scientist, he attempts to bend the sounds of words to his will.

Heidi Ann Wallis will have a B.A. in English next spring. She spent last semester in London, took a lot of pictures, and wrote a lot of poems. Life after Chico? She plans to get her masters in Creative Writing.

