

Fall/Winter 2015-2016
Issue No. 2

Caribiki

Art & Literary Magazine

Artwork by: Manny Sotelo

POETRY • PROSE • VISUAL ARTS

Celebrating the many talents of the faculty and staff of Pima Community College



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Special Thanks To...

The Pima Community College Foundation for their generous 2015 grant award.

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This edition of *Cababi* was proofread by Pima Community College students:

Sergio Castro from *Short Story Writing*
Steven Brooks, Sharon Browning, and Heather Bechtold from *Basic Short Story Writing*
Diana Jaramillo from an *Independent Study in Creative Writing*

Thank you to the wonderful Downtown Campus leadership for their generous support and assistance in helping make this edition possible:

Dr. Yira Brimage, Dr. Pat Houston, and Dean Julianna Wilson.

Congratulations Downtown Campus President Dr. David Doré

Dr. Doré is the 2015-2016 recipient of the prestigious *Cababi Gila Monster President's Cup*. The annual recipient of this award receives bragging rights for a year due to the outstanding number of spring submissions to *Cababi* that originated from their campus. Dr. Doré's Downtown Campus won the Spring 2016 submission count. Will Dr. Doré keep the cup next year, or will he have to hand it over to another campus president? Encourage your campus to submit to the 2016-2017 edition of *Cababi* to see who wins the Next Gila Monster!

Congratulations and thank you to Mano Sotelo, East Campus Art Faculty

for his stunning cover page painting "Savior 2"
We are proud to host his beautiful work throughout this edition.

This Fall/Winter 2015 edition of *Cababi* is dedicated to our *Cababi* creator, Dick Frontain.

Home of *Cababi*
Downtown Campus



Thank You!

Thank you to the vibrant and wonderful people who work at the Downtown Campus and congratulations to our contributors from all Pima campuses and offices.

Photos by: Jorge Caballero

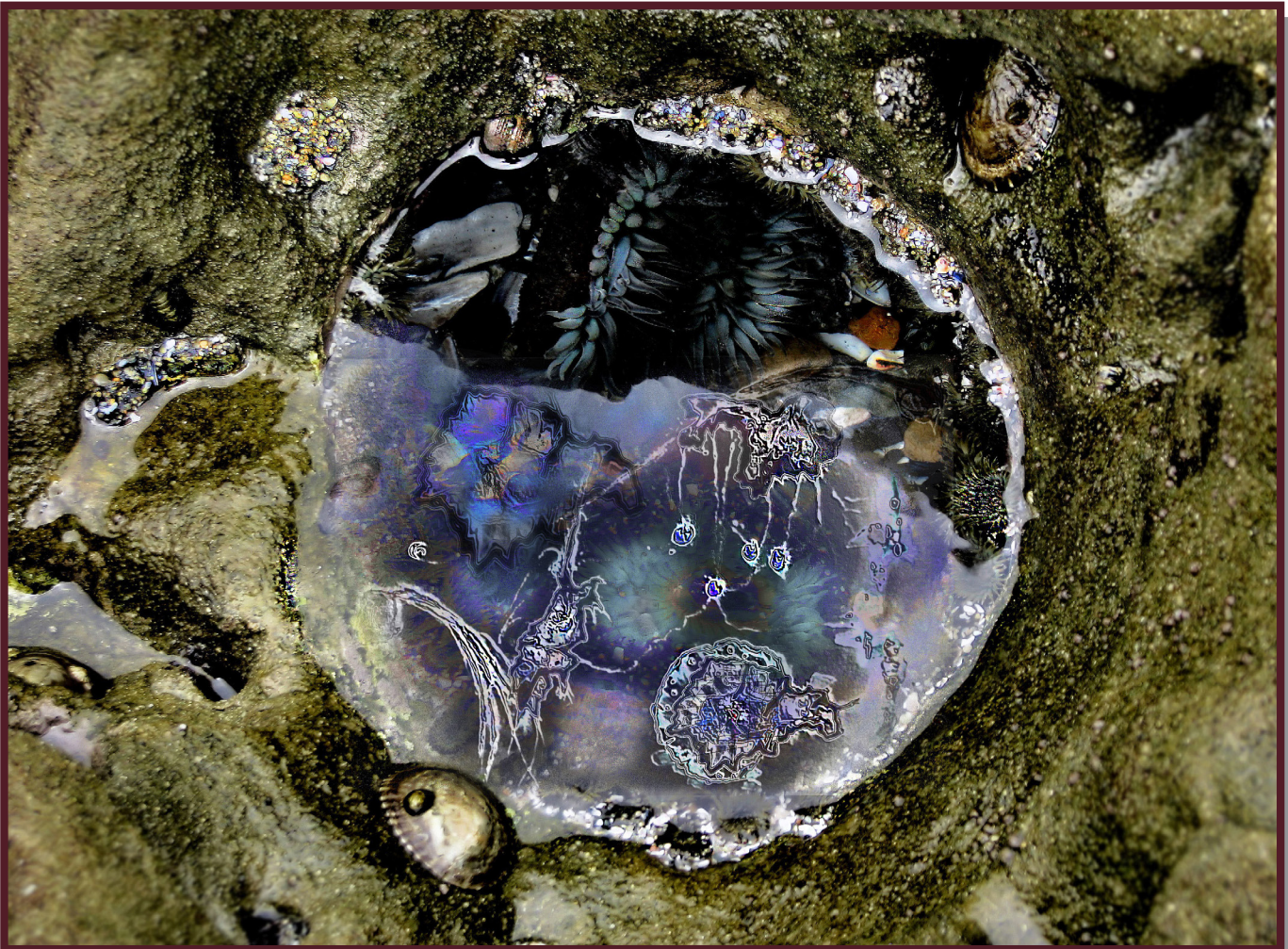
Letter From the Editor

Great Scott!

This year has marked a resurgence of past trends, new awakenings, and the continuation of age-old storytelling in art, literature, and pop culture. From the Kansas City Royals winning their first World Series since 1985 to the highly anticipated Star Wars Episode VII premiering this month, the year 2015 has been the year of “the comeback”.

Speaking of comebacks, the Fall 2014 Cababi edition made such a popular return we decided to go district-wide in 2015! In this better-than-ever publication, you'll see an impressive lineup of nationally recognized writers, artists, and contributors from every branch of our Pima family tree, from the District Office to Community Campus, all culminating in a wonderful testament to the creativity, talent, and dedication our faculty and staff pour into the student experience at Pima. If only our original creator and beloved Downtown faculty member Dick Frontain could see us now; we know he'd be proud.

Cababi is also elated to announce our new student opportunities on our editorial board. This edition boasts the talents of our Guest Chief Designer & Layout Editor, James Alewine. James is a



talented digital arts student and intern from West Campus with an impressive creative portfolio, who graciously accepted the role of overseeing our magazine design and layout. Also, a wonderful team of Desert Vista creative writing students meticulously copyedited all of the prose and written work inside these pages. We couldn't have made this magazine a success without our students' contributions and efforts. We look forward to collaborating with our Pima students from here on as we anticipate offering student work experiences in a variety of roles and disciplines in 2016.

In 2016, we'll continue to pursue official PCC funding. As one of two approved Pima publications, we are in need of sponsorship to support our growing publication and our contributions to Pima College. To date we've been able to publish, market, and operate thanks to the gracious and voluntary contributions of Downtown Campus Vice Presidents Pat Houston and Yira Brimage and a very generous 2015 grant from the Pima Community College Foundation. In the next year we're looking for district-wide support and financial collaboration to create an official line item in the Pima College budget. Please forward your budget comments and ideas to pcc-cababi@pima.edu as we create our funding taskforce and committee in the New Year.

Looking back on the collaboration of this issue, it has been truly wonderful to see the depth and breadth of talent that Pima has working within its walls. We're tremendously excited about the fine body of work that artist Mano Sotelo has submitted, including our exquisite cover; Mano is one of many talented artists and writers that are featured in this edition. To see more of Mano's work, please visit: www.sotelostudio.com. We also boast several nationally recognized writers within these pages - Frankie Rollins and Molly McCloy. Frankie is a *Pushcart Prize Special Mention* recipient and Molly is a three-time winner of *The Moth's New York City Storytelling Slams*. Frankie and Molly lead a bevy of Pima writers with impressive publication distinctions in this issue.

Moving forward, we're excited to announce our call for submissions for the 2016-2017 publication year. We're looking forward to seeing how this current issue will serve as inspiration to spark creativity across the district. We can't wait to see what future submissions we receive to culminate into another superior body of work from our talented faculty and staff. Do you have a story you always wanted to tell, a photograph you took that inspires you, or a poem that you need to write? Consider joining your peers in the next year as a Cababi contributor. Go ahead; take a chance! As Doc Brown in *Back to the Future* suggests "maybe to understand our future, we must go back in time". Whatever forces lay ahead of us, it should prove to be a very interesting 2016.

May the Creative Force Awaken You in 2016.

~ April Burge
Editor-in-Chief

P.S. I selected Reinhard Pawlicki's photo "Tidepool" to accompany this letter because it's an appropriate representation of the diverse and beautiful lives that contributed to this publication.

Please visit www.pima.edu/cababi for official 2016-2017 submission information.

Visit us at: www.pima.edu/cababi
Contact us at: pcc-cababi@pima.edu

Please like us and add us on social media!

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Look for Spring 2016 submission updates, *Cababi* opportunities, more art and writing endeavors.

POETRY • PROSE • VISUAL ARTS

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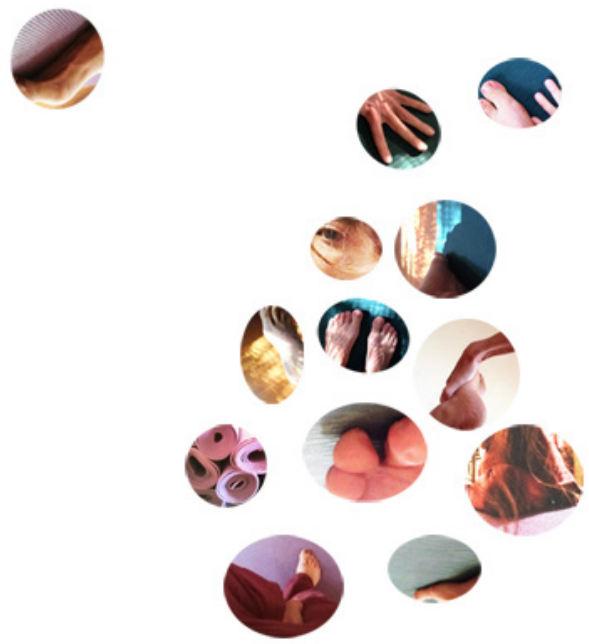
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Cababi

We want your work for the 2016-2017 publication.

YOGA: A PERSONAL ESSAY

Josie Milliken
Downtown Campus



Do you have a hobby, a secret talent, a passion for art, a drive for self-exploration, or a viewpoint that you want to express?



Submit your culinary accomplishments, travel feats, editorials, photos, paintings, prose, and any other self-expressions for our next issue.

Submit your work to *Cababi*!

Visit: www.pima.edu/cababi for official 2016-2017 submission information.



THERE'S ONLY

Shelly Dorsey
Downtown Campus

A dove sits
on the green rebar sign
which has a white rag
wrapped around its base,
put there by a man who
used to live in the metal culvert
at the end of the wash.
His shopping cart sits
upside down near the sign.

I last heard him
in the back of a cop car
near the culvert,
his voice unintelligible
and drifting from the
dark vacuum inside
while the officer's arms leaned firmly
on the top of the car.

There's only the hot, dusty sky
with the tattered yellow blossoms
blowing from the trees,
the shopping cart with its frozen wheels,
the rag inflating and collapsing
with each puff of wind,
the dove rising
and calling
as it flies.



SORRY I LIED TO YOU

Tom McDonald
West Campus



WRITING (CAT POEM)

Elizabeth Frankie Rollins
Desert Vista Campus

In the dream
my cat built a book
with stripped green saplings
twined into planks
of skinless red muscle.

The answer, when I asked,
was nonchalant.
Sapling ideas,
the flesh of knowledge.

The meat left red stains
on the floor in rings,
topographical maps of knowing.

I would have asked more,
but my mouth filled
with blood
when he laced it to my fingers.



COTTON TALE GURU

Chris Koval
Downtown Campus

Beatrice Potter where are you now?
Making stories in the heavens
Peter Rabbit is alive and well
Living in a monastery in the Himalayans
He created a new society of rabbit monks

Snow bunny knows the trouble I've seen
Snow bunny knows my sorrow



THREE CLOWNS

Kris Swank

Northwest Campus

(for Marc Chagall and Alan Gordon)

Three particolored acrobats came tumbling to our town,
Primo walking on his feet, Secondo upside-down.
Youngest brother Valentino joined them in the square,
never touching on the ground but hanging from the air.

They somersaulted through the streets, and played on lutes with ease.
They walked a rope between two roofs, and swung on a trapeze.
They juggled knives, but lost no limbs. The townsfolk clapped and cheered.
Then Valentino flew so high he simply disappeared.

Primo and Secondo walked on stilts to close the show,
pulling Valentino down from where saints only know.
All the people of the town watched long into the eve,
tossing copper pennies as the brothers took their leave.

It wasn't 'til the morning, and the three had left this place,
that the townsfolk learned some treasured goods were gone without a trace.

The miller's wife will tell you that she was a lovely lass.
She spent her days admiring her face within a looking glass.
But when the glass went missing, it was to her great surprise
that she found her own reflection shining in her husband's eyes.
Now the couple spends their evenings huddled underneath the covers
as in olden days when first they met and courted as young lovers.

Our fat and lazy canon never walked where he could ride
on a swaybacked poor old donkey, 'cause he thought it dignified.
But when the morning came, his servant cried and woke the priest,
for the stable door was open and inside the stall no beast.
Now the canon must walk everywhere; what he once thought uncouth
is the reason that his belly's shrunk and he's regained his youth.

Miser Ottokar the burgher built a mansion out of stone.
Safely there he hid his gold, but always dined alone.
Tragedy struck Ottokar, prince of all the hoarders,
when his golden coins just vanished. Now he has to take in boarders.
Yet the old man never thinks upon the days he was a miser;
now his dining hall is always filled, he's happier and wiser.

Though they lost their own dear treasures when the acrobats left town,
not a one would call the constable, nor run the trio down,
for the value of what each had lost was less than what they found.
So, come one and all and raise a cup to particolored clowns.



SHE DRINKS BORDEAUX

Tom McDonald

West Campus

She looked
at him
as if
he were
a chablis
brought
to her
by mistake.



BETWEEN US

Brooke Anderson

Downtown Campus

Sitting on the couch with him,
I cried, sharing
Martin Espada's poem "Rednecks."

Stopping several times,
Working through,
I gave voice to his lines.

Lines where this woman with
This melted face, this purple face, was
kissed by this
Man, this redneck. A man
That made the educated boys laugh.

He was ignorant
He was unworldly
And backwards.

I looked at him.
He looked at me
Rested his head against mine.
Dark locks rolling over my shoulder.

My chest expanded and collapsed.
The weight of those words,
Of his forehead.

With a squeeze to my thigh,
He stood, picked up my
Little red ukulele,
And with a grin
Started to strum.



3 SECONDS & A HYPERCELLO

Sandra Shattuck
Desert Vista Campus

Postmodern and rushed, I race my 13-year old Civic down the highway during the churching hour of Palm Sunday, convinced my agnosticism guarantees me prime parking at Target, where my rectangle of red plastic will buy the Gamecube I'd promised my son months ago when I got a job with health benefits.

Radio tuned to NPR, I catch a show on technology and the arts. Someone from MIT Media Lab talks about a hypercello for Yo-Yo Ma, and my mind is hooked, spins out space, images, and notes, all of it pretty much ineffable, when I glance out the window to the right.

An unpromising spring day threatens affective disorder with snowed-in sky and brown fields—everything looks tired. My vision catches on two patches of black. One darts, jumps, and twists—a short-haired, wild cat; the other, its prey—a grounded crow, left wing trapped in the sharp, dead grass.

I am driving too fast to keep my eyes on the bank, to watch the scene play out, to find out if the cat catches the crow. Instead, one irrevocable insight claims me. Time weaves into one fat present, full of seams that look like this: I hurtle down the highway encased in one ton of steel—I listen to a radio program that snags my imagination—I see a cat hunt an injured crow. Everything, all of that, happens in three seconds, no more.

They say the hypercello looks like an ebony skeleton, microchips embedded in the bow. Yo-Yo Ma plays and I hear ghosts. "Someday we won't even need hyperinstruments," says the guy at MIT Media Lab. Smart microphones capturing sound from traditional cellos will stretch, compress, and string waves of music. I don't care how they do it. I just want both sound and movement in my blood, tweaking and soothing, reminding me of ghosts, the end of winter, and the fullness of three seconds.



HEAVEN'S LIGHT

Jennifer Wiley
West Campus



BOOT CAMP

Chris Koval
Downtown Campus



BARRIER ISLANDS

April Burge
Downtown Campus

Sulphur never inhaled so well as it lays just above the city, drifting from a nearby paper mill. Perhaps it is a sensory remnant of hot shells and cannonball fire – a rocket’s red glare.

It’s the smell that greets me as I step out onto the curb, suitcase in hand, home away from home, feet planted on hallowed ground, adjusting to sea-level footing of historical forbearers. My pulse is steady as I absorb this moment, just beyond his grasp.

Crooked grave markers sheltered under Cypress Trees along muddy banks overlook the past and our present. The night is dewy, thick, and the buzz of cicadas penetrates the inky shadows of the tree line.

The air clings to my skin, dampens my locks, and beckons me back to the Low Country tour-de-force that haunts the misty, kudzu-entangled, Bohicket memories of a younger us, now standing before me. His smile belies the significance of the moment, a decade in the waiting.

The tide ebbs and flows through oyster beds and the briny stillness of the marsh waits for shrimp trawlers to pass, like specters in the bay. Widows walks grace gentile balconies, used for flower pots and chase lounges now. We drift unspoken through histories, mine and his, North and South, old world and new.

Dimly lit cobbled alleyways between art galleries and restaurants secret the passages between centuries that dot the map between manacled markets of yesteryear and Yanks clicking cameras. The city center passes into the ebony-draped evening as we float over roadways connecting barrier islands, linking lives, tracing back time, mile after another.

Tonight the yellow tails of streetlights trail behind us, over still rivers that await the early morning glide of boat bows, like Francis Marion canoes slipping in and out of reedy cover. Winding roads draped in low country canopy secret the way to shoreline grace. My hands feel small; my heart beats wildly as we wander in and out of Folly’s shadows.

These are the moments we’ve waited for, timing of the essence, timing the enemy, time like the tide on a ticking watch gracing the arm of a restless soldier emblazoned with the remnants of time served. All is well in this hour miles from The Battery, smothered in Angel Oak blankets, lost in my Prince of Tides.

It is yet days from an early dawn mist that escorts us back to the mainland, over drawbridges of destiny and mossy stanchions that weather the mercy of barrier island waves that lap at our heels and toss us ashore like bullet fragments after fire-laden nights above the harbor. We are the artifacts of battle-tinged lives, shrapnel drawn to a hot magnet, awaiting a smoldering reunion on the pristine glass of water in late summer.



WHAT’S IN MY POCKET

Danny Clifford
Northwest Campus

What’s in my pocket?
Half a Xanax,
a set of someone else’s keys
and all the other general silliness.
But I’ve got a terrific view
of gray tide and a sky to match
this clever gnawing in my gut.
When we spoke today,
you spoke of differences
and a less interesting job:
One where they say something,
you consider the pornography of it all,
and repeat the tenor to someone else.
Me? I took one hundred thirty two steps
to the ocean today trying
to think about love.
And you say your life is the emergency.



APPROACHING DUSK

Jennifer Wiley
West Campus



Zoe drove through the morning thunderstorm that had quickly filled gutters and many intersections making them impassable. She took a back route through the ever-expanding medical complex to the parking garage. As she turned the corner a flock of oblivious pedestrians, some with umbrellas, others with newspapers held over their heads, lurched into the street right in front of her.

“Look out!” Miranda yelled, grabbing Zoe’s arm. She braked, spraying water in three directions before the engine died. Fuck, that’s all she needed...to run over some idiot today.

“Sorry.” She said looking over at Miranda, trying to calm down. Rain had a strange effect on desert dwellers. Zoe waited while packs of medical, nursing, and pharmacy students took the opportunity to wade across the flooded street. She switched on the ignition and the RAV sputtered to life. In spite of the downpour, they arrived early for Miranda’s treatment planning session. They watched the RA’s and the docs arriving and played a game, matching the actual life-size doctor with the small photo on the wall.

“There’s Dr. O’Herlihey,” Miranda whispered, pointing to a black and white photo. A cheerful-looking woman with a stylish bob smiled at them from the wall. “She was Mimi’s oncologist.” Miranda was referring to a friend of hers who was in the last stages of liver cancer. Zoe noticed how vulnerable Miranda looked. Her beautiful blue eyes were wide, almost teary. She reached over and put her arm around Miranda, hoping she wouldn’t mind since she did not like public displays of affection.

After sitting in the waiting room for at least forty-five minutes, they were escorted to an exam room. Zoe stared at the wall. Hospitals were always cold and she was beginning to feel numb. Miranda read a flyer about a support group for the brain injured. She looked up. “I wonder if I’ll have to take time off from work during treatment?”

“Well, that’s something you can ask the doctor. I don’t think it’s a given, but...you should if you need to. I certainly would.”

Zoe listened carefully to the steps in the hallway. She thought she could distinguish between the footsteps of a nurse, an assistant, or a doctor by the pace, sound on the floor, and the pause at the door. She hadn’t heard any footsteps, however, when Dr. Corelli’s RA, Kiko Tinaba, slipped into the room in her white coat, trousers and what appeared to be satin Chinese slippers. They turned out to be Sketchers but still, they were a nice touch. Dr. Tinaba couldn’t have been more than twenty-four. Her head was shaved, a tiny silver Buddha dangled from her neck, and her eyes sparkled behind trendy wire-rims. She shook hands with Miranda and Zoe, sensitive to the fact that they were a couple.

“Ms. James, I just have a few questions to ask you before you see Dr. Corelli.”

“I will get to see him today, won’t I?” Miranda expressed the same concern Zoe had. Would they indeed see the real Corelli, the doctor who had completed his residency under the doctor who had created the procedure?

“Of course, he’s just finishing with another patient.” As Dr. Tinaba spoke, Miranda hung on each word, but Zoe became mesmerized by the voice. There was a clean, clear...

no...fresh cool...tone. She couldn’t quite figure it out. Maybe it was the precision of the voice that entranced. As Dr. Tinaba asked Miranda questions, Zoe got up to get a drink. She felt fidgety as she paced. She had just turned around in the room when Dr. Corelli hurried in and said, “Ms. James, I’m sorry to keep you waiting.” He reached for her hand and she side-stepped him and said “No, it’s not me. There she is.” Miranda turned and smiled, he laughed, the RA chuckled.

“You looked so nervous I thought you must be the patient.” They all chuckled again.

“Well, Ms. James. This is a good decision you are making.”

“Do you think so?” Miranda seemed hesitant.

“Oh yes! The Cyber Knife,” Corelli explained, “is state-of-the-art non-invasive surgery. There are only 50 of these machines in the country. You are in very elite hands.”

“Isn’t it dangerous?” Zoe asked not because she didn’t understand the risks one took with any medical procedure. It was more that she was dumbfounded by the virtual aspect of it, the thought of Dr. Corelli manipulating the Cyber Knife in cyber space, and shooting pencil beams through Miranda’s head.

Dr. Corelli smiled at Zoe. “Oh, no. We don’t do anything dangerous around here.”

There was a sweet playfulness to Dr. Corelli. Zoe liked him. He made cyber surgery on the brain seem like an afternoon at the opera.

After dinner, Zoe watched Miranda head straight to her room and log onto the WebMD site. “I just want a little bit more information than the doctors gave me,” she said closing the door. Part of the problem as Zoe saw it was that Miranda had worked in health services over twenty-five years. She knew nurses and doctors; she knew the ins and outs of hospital procedure; she was aware that mistakes are often made by even the most diligent health professional. And as the old saying went, *people in the medical field make the worst patients*. Zoe usually believed what the doctor told her if she liked the doctor. She knew that mistakes could be made, but she chose to leave things alone. And if she couldn’t actually trust in the doctor, she could trust in the good nature of the universe. Miranda couldn’t. She simply knew too much. She always had questions after she had finished her consults even though she made lists of questions. *What are the chances of seizure, will I need to take steroids, will my vision be affected. How much hair will I lose?*

The resident had suggested she would have to have six weeks of treatment. That seemed extreme for what was supposedly only a small piece of tumor left after brain surgery two years before, made inaccessible by its location on the sagittal sinus vein.

“Well, you see,” Dr. Tinaba said, “we don’t want to zap you with too high a dose. It is better to treat a little at a time so the brain cells that die don’t die all at once and cause other problems. This way the brain has time to re-absorb the dead cells.” Even a child could understand this explanation.

Dr. Corelli had corrected the resident’s calculation, however. “We can do this treatment in five days”. *Only five days. That’s much better*, thought Zoe, squeezing Miranda’s

hand for support. Miranda squeezed back slightly then said, "But will that be safe? I mean, you can do that?" And Zoe thought about all those dead cells lying around in Miranda's skull if the treatment went too fast. Dr. Corelli was amused and reassuring. He spoke with his hands, his eyes and a soft Italian accent.

"Of course! You see, the tumor is about the size of a walnut." He pulled out the x-ray and put it in front of Miranda and Zoe.

"We will be able to fractionate the treatments because of the size. It is small, yes, but still you don't want it in there." They stared at the dark walnut inside Miranda's head that was pressing ever-so-lightly on her right lobe.

Miranda logged off the computer and came into the living room. She had managed to find what she was looking for: *1 in 1,000 patients may have blindness* after treatment.

"I don't want to be blind," Miranda said dropping into the chair next to Zoe who was watching *Law and Order*, the original. It was an episode she had seen at least three times but she was transfixed by the quirky criminal being interrogated by Lenny.

"You are not going to be blind," she said, continuing to watch Lenny do his thing. She reluctantly turned toward Miranda, trying to be more empathetic and patted her leg. *Would that suffice? Would that be enough to hold Miranda until a commercial break?* She had been comfortable in her stony silence, not wanting to talk anymore about "the procedure." They had talked all day about it. Miranda asked questions Zoe couldn't answer. And Zoe made assurances. She felt a surge of resentment at spending yet another day, another evening trying to find answers to unanswerable questions. Then she felt the guilt and took a breath, letting herself relax. A commercial came on and she hit mute. She turned to Miranda.

"I know you're scared, but it will be okay."

"How do you know that?" Miranda asked in a tone that was almost angry. Zoe felt the despair setting in. Telling Miranda she would be alright wasn't going to fix her fear. No amount of assurance would.

"I just know, that's all." Zoe persisted. "I just feel it. You have to trust. And besides, it's benign." Zoe did feel optimistic. That wasn't a lie. She also felt fear herself because her reserves were low. It had been about two years since the original tumor had been discovered. They were packing for a weekend trip when Miranda began to complain of an excruciating headache that would not go away. A trip to the ER, a six-hour wait, and a CT scan would reveal the problem. Zoe was reading a book to Miranda called, *The Town That Forgot How To Breathe*, trying to take her mind off the pain in her head when the doctor appeared and said...

"I am sorry to have to tell you this, but you have a tumor on your brain." Zoe dropped the book and burst into tears. Miranda looked up at the doctor.

"We will need to do an MRI to get a closer look at what we're dealing with. We'll get you prepped for the procedure shortly, but I'll give you a minute," he said, visibly disturbed by Zoe's wailing. He patted Miranda's shoulder and left.

"My god! Is this it? Is this the end of my life?" As they held each other and sobbed, doctors, nurses, more sick people

passed or were wheeled by them. One young woman who had apparently escaped from the hospital's psychiatric unit was subdued by police officers and brought back in, strapped down and screaming. They were finally moved into a room and it wasn't long before the lab tech showed up to take blood and prep Miranda for an IV.

"Do I really need an IV for this?"

"It's just a precaution," he said. "This way you're ready to go." He worked gently, but Miranda's veins were not cooperating. He tapped and inserted the needle and deftly moved it around under the skin, searching, then moved to another spot.

"I'm sorry," he said as one vein after another slipped away from him. Finally he found a vein that could hold the needle and he said, quietly, "Eureka." Miranda breathed a sigh of relief and leaned back against the pillow.

This procedure, a much more exact and close look at the brain, did reveal that the tumor was benign, on the outside of the meningeal tissue and non-life-threatening. She would, however, need a craniotomy, and then she would need time to recover. Their relief was as quick as their distress had been.

During the recovery time, Zoe did everything for Miranda; cooked healthy meals, bathed her, helped her dress, called friends and family and reminded them to come by and visit. She trudged to her full-time job, overwhelmed by the confluence of emotions, and at times her fear of being trapped manifested as anger. There was so much uncertainty. Miranda reported so many symptoms; tiny seizures, a cut in peripheral vision, tremors and internal shakiness, sensitivity to light and noise, ringing in her ears, pain at the back of her head where the flap--a horseshoe-sized incision--was located, held together with giant staples. Zoe came home from work early one afternoon and found Miranda standing in front of the bathroom mirror examining the incision.

"My head hurts," she said furiously, rubbing the back of her head.

"Of course your head hurts. You just had brain surgery. It wouldn't make sense if your head didn't hurt." In truth Zoe could only imagine what Miranda must be feeling everyday as she sat in the living room beset by the after-effects of someone poking around in her brain. *These symptoms could possibly indicate a breach in the temporal parietal juncture causing scattered arrhythmic electrical patterns*, her neurosurgeon had explained. And so they waited, together and apart, and Zoe had been amazed by her own capacity to deal with the daily demands on her, both physical and emotional. She had managed to keep her own fear at bay and rise to the occasion. They walked around the block each evening, down the alley past an old adobe being renovated and barking dogs. Miranda leaned on Zoe for support and balance, and when the noise and light became too much, they headed back to the house. Finally, after months of being vigilant, Miranda began to emerge out of the dark cloud that had been engulfing her, the symptoms began to disappear. Zoe was grateful to have her back.

"I shouldn't go online and look for answers," Miranda said, looking down at the floor and shaking her head. Zoe agreed. Every time she did, Miranda found more conflicting

pieces of information, more duplicate symptoms, more confusing exceptions to every other piece of research. But she couldn't help herself. Like a bystander who cannot turn away from a terrible accident, Miranda looked and looked. Except in this circumstance she was no bystander.

The first day of treatment Zoe took time off from work and drove Miranda to the medical center.

"People in hospital parking lots drive a little crazy," Miranda warned, as Zoe circled, looking for an empty spot. She wondered if Miranda was referring to other drivers or her. She did often become aggressive behind the wheel.

"Why is that?"

"They're often slightly debilitated from medications, pain, maybe bad news." Zoe whipped their tiny RAV into an open spot just ahead of a Lincoln Navigator.

"There is no fucking way that giant-ass vehicle is going to fit in this space," she grumbled. The Navigator sped away, screeching its tires and narrowly missing an equally large-ass truck barreling up the incline into the lot. They climbed out onto the top level of the parking garage and made their way across the grounds, passing people in various stages of decline and recovery, depending on how one looked at it, waiting for Van Trans, Handi-Cars, and unreliable relatives scheduled to pick them up. Near the entrance to the Cancer Center, two blue signs in front of them read, THIS IS A NON SMOKING CAMPUS, and SMOKING AREA UNDER THE BLUE AWNING→. Zoe looked around for the blue awning, expecting to see a cluster of smokers furtively puffing under it, but she didn't see either. They boarded the elevator, which took them to the basement and Radiation Oncology.

Miranda slid her identification card through the machine and was checked in. They found comfortable seats against one wall next to a table piled high with bananas, apples, and fruit juices. Zoe picked up a Cran-Grape for herself and an Apple for Miranda. Zoe was so thirsty she downed the juice in two gulps. Then she headed for the vending machines and bought a large Snickers bar. She offered a few bites to Miranda, but Miranda was restless and distracted.

"I wonder if I should alert the receptionist to the fact that I'm here," she said looking around for a receptionist to speak to.

"I think that's what the card and machine are for...that is your check-in," Zoe tried to reassure her as she shoved down the rest of the candy bar, crumbling nuts and tiny chocolate pieces on the front of her shirt.

"I just want to make sure." Miranda got up and went over to the large circular reception area just as a receptionist came out of the back.

"Hi, yes...if you put your card through, you are checked in....oh! Let me look just to make sure." The clerk typed in some numbers and Miranda's name appeared on the screen. Miranda returned to her seat and Zoe got up to get another fruit juice, suddenly aware of how thirsty she was again.

A man in moccasins milled around the waiting room looking for a magazine, coffee, snacks. There seemed to be a miscommunication between the radiation tech, the receptionist and a patient. They couldn't locate her. They kept calling her name,

"Barbara Jackson, Ms. Barbara Jackson?" Zoe knew the

woman was in the bathroom and that her husband was in the hallway talking to someone.

How come I know where the patient and her husband are but the staff doesn't? Zoe thought, feeling slightly contemptuous of them. *And another thing, why can't these people sit still so somebody can find them? Should I tell the staff where they are?*

Is it any of my business? Within a few minutes, the woman emerged from the bathroom and rejoined her husband just in time as the radiation tech made another sweep of the waiting room and located the wandering couple. Zoe was relieved, and glad she had not interfered.

She glanced over at Miranda, who was still thumbing a copy of the Smithsonian.

"Denizen's of the Deep: New Views of the Weirdest Creatures You've Ever Seen."

Not today she thought. She noticed a young woman who was bent over a clipboard filling out forms for her sister who was in the hospital. Zoe had heard enough of a conversation between the rad tech, the doctor and father to understand this. Miranda looked up from the magazine.

"That family seems very needy," she said, leaning toward Zoe.

"The girl's sister is in the hospital already."

"Oh!" Miranda said, wincing.

The father of the girls, long-haired, with *Indian Pride* tattooed on both shoulders, kept pacing, chattering to the nurses and even the man who was cleaning out the giant aquarium. A short-stocky elderly man was escorted back to the waiting room by a smiling, pregnant rad tech. He hung on her arm and kept talking to her. Then he stopped by the reception desk after spotting two doctors.

"Hello, hello," he said, raising both arms at the two men sitting on stools by computers.

"Hello, Mr. Archer, how are you today?" One asked and both turned and smiled, giving him the full force of their attention.

"Fine, great. I guess I don't have to come back until..... tomorrow...oh no....uh! Monday...Monday cuz we've got the weekend coming up. And I'm feeling good, good, but I'll be back." The doctors nodded. He inched closer..... "Now which one are you," he asked pointing to the younger doctor, "are you Jensen or.....Franklin?" The doctors were both standing now and they towered over Mr. Archer.

"Neither, I'm Hanson....."

"Edgar, we've got to get going now before traffic gets too bad and the kids are hungry," his wife intervened, gently pulling him away and reminding him of a pending engagement and the two grandchildren she'd been corralling during his treatment.

"Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Just let Poppy go potty and we'll get going." He disappeared into the long hallway. The oldest child dangled from one of the chairs next to Zoe, and started singing, "Poppy's going potty, Poppy's going potty." Zoe smiled at the boy, then turned to Miranda.

"Some people need a lot of attention, don't they?"

"Did you see the scar?" Miranda whispered. "There was a huge scar above the temporal area. It's probably a loss of inhibition. Maybe a partial temporal lobotomy."

"Do they still do that?" Zoe asked.

"Well, sure! Lobotomy just means lobe or removal of a lobe." Zoe was startled by a radiation tech in pink teddy bear

scrubs calling Miranda's name. She came over to shake her hand.

"Hi, my name is Mary and I'll be giving you your treatment today. She beamed at both Zoe and Miranda. Zoe could tell the meds had finally kicked in but they only seemed to have made Miranda more anxious.

"Can she come with me?" Miranda asked, pointing to Zoe.

"Oh sure, for the first part of it, while we get you set up." The three of them made their way back to a large room. Another tech helped Miranda up on the table and brought the mask over. It was white with 1/2 inch square holes all over it, a combination fencing mask and medieval face plate.

"My lips are so dry."

"Here's some water," Zoe brought over the bottle of Dasani and Miranda sat up to drink.

"Do you want some music?" one of the techs asked.

"Let's see....we've got Oldies, some kind of piano singer, and classical."

"Oldies, that'll be good." Soon a tune from the late 50's came on, *Goodnight My Love*.

Zoe leaned against the wall and imagined drive-ins, cruising main in long, low, chrome-encrusted cars. A night sky filled with stars. Yes, it was comforting. The techs began fitting Miranda into the mask.

"It's tight back here where the screws are," she pointed to the back of her head. One tech tied a rubber band around her feet to make sure she was even, then began manipulating the mask again. Miranda put her hand up, "wait, I'm sorry," she said. The technician removed the mask and Miranda sat up to cough. She looked over at Zoe. Zoe smiled and gave her a thumbs up. Miranda swallowed hard, took a deep breath, then lay back down. The mask went on again.

"Lift your chin, okay, how's that?"

"Uh, okay. It's very tight back here."

"There's not much we can do about that. Can you handle it for about 15 minutes?"

"Yeah, okay. Will you keep talking to me and telling me what you're doing?"

"Sure, we can do that."

There were green beams of light knifing across the room above the exam table where Miranda lay.

"Okay we're going to do the first x-ray now," Mary said, and the other tech turned rapidly toward Zoe and shooed her from the room. She walked back to the waiting room thinking of gamma rays, something about marigolds and gamma rays, and moonlight.

She could see the Indian father standing by the reception desk as she approached the waiting area. His desperation and uncertainty about his daughter's fate were palpable. His other daughter had put down the clipboard and wrapped herself up in a red blanket. Zoe felt the cold but didn't want to talk to the father even though that might have been the compassionate thing to do. She walked by him, avoiding eye contact. She found another seat against the wall and picked up a copy of *House Beautiful*, flipping absentmindedly through its pages. Poppy and grandchildren were nowhere in sight but a father and his athletic-looking teenage son had taken their place. The boy looked completely healthy and normal except for his shiny bald head. The elevator bell made a loud ding, and a mother wheeled her young daughter into the waiting room. The girl wore a leg brace with an American flag sock over it. Zoe's heart shuddered for a split second. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, letting in the pain. Outside, above them, the season began to shift from summer to an almost imperceptible autumn.



LEMON YELLOW

Greg Reddoch
District Office

Cababi



A CHRISTMAS MEMORY: SAN DIEGO

John Spaulding
West Campus

We were chewing raw celery stalks
 on the ball field bleachers
 when the news came on that Sunday
 when the news came we were on the porch
 talking about running away maybe
 just stealing a box of Kix cereal and
 hiding on Iron Mountain when
 the news came and Bob Wills' music
 was interrupted by the news
 on the radio or the news was interrupted
 by the news it seemed like then
 all the doors on all the houses on all the streets
 were opening the screen doors banging
 and everyone running outside onto
 their lawns, sidewalks and driveways like
 the women with their aprons on
 and hands covered with flour into
 the street where families were now
 coming home from church in their new
 Plymouths, Packards, or old Nashes and all
 their car radios turned on and everyone
 looking up and pointing at
 the cloudy sky waiting for something for
 aeroplanes it turned out to come
 up over the horizon through the cold
 gray sky from the west far across the ocean
 from somewhere people we didn't even know
 talking to us now and all the loud radios on when
 Stevie the neighbor boy with bad breath
 and a butch haircut and a space
 between his teeth was laughing real loud
 and asking if we were afraid I remember
 a telephone ringing a dog barking
 and wondering what would happen
 next what would happen now and
 then it got real quiet and I wondered
 if something would happen to Christmas.



HOLY CROSS CEMETARY, MILWAUKEE

Prairie L. Markussen
Northwest Campus

The groundsmen carry
 weed whackers high over their shoulders.
 Ceremonious, like altar boys
 with their candles, guards with their bayonets.
 They go in twos and fours to trim
 the edges, to unblur the lines.
 And here lies a child alive for a year, dead
 two centuries past.
 And here, a veteran of Vietnam, who survived
 the war, and then died in this modern time.
 And here a woman whose prime was in the flapper
 hour and she, one of these, if her picture is honest,
 dead before a different war. The groundsmen come
 in twos and fours and do their work,
 and each month snip the weeping willow branches
 that dip into the rippling pond again and again.



KOAN
Shelly Dorsey
Downtown Campus

'Buddha sucks dick'
 he scrawled in big black letters
 on the side of the
 Zen center.
 He had to guard himself
 from compassion,
 from bowls of oatmeal
 cups of tea
 wool blankets
 schemes to construct
 a shelter for him.

How could we know that
 all he really wanted was
 the hard concrete slab
 of the front patio
 where he could spread out his
 plastic sacks and sleeping bag,
 where he could take a look at
 the stars in the night sky
 and sit quietly humming
 before limping off the next day?



RECONNAISSANCE
Chris Koval
Downtown Campus



AND WE FORGET SOMETHING WE ONCE KNEW

Danny Clifford
Northwest Campus

And we forget something we once knew,
something in the unapologetic symmetry
of the water,
when each wave pardons the next.
I want to say of the tension
in our arguments,
that there is no tension
in our arguments.
That a shore, and water,
and road, and distance
mean no more than
there is time to get
from there to here.
My first teacher, who carouses
in the blue of my bowed head,
taught me of commitment.
A life, partly estranged,
tangled in a riotous wreck of tipsy
and the written word

on a bedside table, stacked.
In that classroom
I think I have an understanding
of you.
Leave,
don't watch the evisceration.
Your smile is tired. I know.
And in this yellowed light
bounced from surface to sky,
surface to sky,
from sky,
there is a mercy that you bring.
For what I have bargained for,
this book,
I will look for
my husband, my friend,
and give you only this:
That I cannot leave this classroom,
and it never seems to be Wednesday.



BLUE EMERGENCE

Caroline Pyevich
East Campus



DEN DE GRAZIA

Brooke Anderson
Downtown Campus



A PARTIAL BAPTISM

Brooke Anderson
Downtown Campus

I'm a preacher's son's daughter which is kind of a famous thing to be. You see, there is a glory that comes along with being the first family in a church. People look up to you: the minister's family, the man closest to God; the holiest of men among men. It's as if being related to the man preaching the Sunday sermons, inspiring the people, teaching them how to be good and follow God's laws, somehow gives you special access to the divine. All you have to do is greet the congregation, sit in the front pew, and not freak out as the congregation watches you watch grandpa harness the power of God.

For as long as I can remember, their gaze made me feel like they saw a halo of light around my head. "Wow, the preacher's granddaughter," they'd say, bending down on one knee and shaking my tiny two year old hand, looking up at me somehow even though they were four times bigger than me. Of course being mostly fair haired blondes fed the congregation's divine family fantasies. Toe heads, they would call us, and our hair, given the right lighting, does light up like halos. In fact my mom took the funniest picture of my little sister in full halo effect when she was just a babe and barely big enough to sit up on her own. In the photo my six foot tall father is sitting in full shadow looking thin and small, and my infant sister is perched on his knee in full sun looking plump and Godzilla sized. Her short little blonde baby hairs, that were more like fuzz than locks, are standing straight on end, all a glow. She looked more alien than angel. Angel or alien? It's all in the interpretation, but I preferred to think of my sister as under an alien beam of light about to lift her away to other-worldly adventures, not as a servant to God.

The church has always felt like an alien place to me, but not in that free spirited, adventurous way. I've never gotten comfortable in one which is probably why Catholic churches, the ornate ones, especially the ancient ones, are more appealing to me than your typical strip mall Baptist building or neighborhood Pentecostal house. The ornate ones are meant to shock and awe, maintaining a distance between you and their all mighty God. I want that God housed in stone and marble not dry wall and two by fours. Church is not my heaven, nor was it my father's.

Being the preacher's son means you grow up poor and dependent on your community. He is the youngest of four kids, and like the congregation, his mom, my grandma, worshiped her husband. My grandpa could do no wrong, and she lived to please him. This man, worshiped by so many, lived off the donations given during services from shipyard workers and grocery store clerks which meant this family of six would often turn a pound of hamburger into a weeks' worth of meals. In fact, grandma could make the most incredible crockpot spaghetti sauce out of hamburger grease and a little bit of tomato paste. Despite this dependency and desperate poverty, they were the equivalent of rock stars in this working class neighborhood; the whole family was on stage, singing hymns next to my grandfather as my grandmother played the organ. "Sit and smile; let everyone see you how they will see you." This was grandpa's motto for his children. Glorious projection was the

result; the people saw the halos not my grandpa never looking up from his bible or coming off the pulpit long enough to play catch with his sons, not the eldest boy Dave's midnight parties in the Mojave desert with boys, pistols, and beer. The pressure to be perfect angels and to uphold grandpa's divine image didn't keep my father in the Baptist church. He grew his hair long, played guitar, and smoked a lot of weed. In fact only one of grandpa's four kids, the only brunette child oddy enough, grew up to be a good Southern Baptist woman. So church was a rare occasion for me, something done when visiting grandma and grandpa, and something I could do on my own if I so chose. My parents, however, were much more

"The weight of her ass bent my unsuspecting finger back until the bone snapped."

interested in spending Sundays driving around in their VW bus and hiking through the redwoods. Their church was not in a pew with their bodies hunched in prayer and their hands dropping coins in the donation plate. No, we danced around campfires and canoed up rivers with our heads held high, our eyes fixed on the sky above and the endless sea of stars shining their tiny beams of light down on us. They wanted me to be curious about the world and find my own god. Unlike grandpa, they refused to say THIS is God, THIS way, the Southern Baptist way is the one and only way. And so, I squirmed in my hand-stitched lady bug dress on those visiting Sundays when church members would coo and caw at me, the preacher's granddaughter, looking at me like some sort of gate to salvation they wanted to pass through, like a little angel with the key.

Despite my discomfort with church, one summer while attending grandpa's bible school, I made the choice to be baptized. Ironically, just weeks before my best friend had broken my right thumb prancing into her living room and jumping right on top of my hand perched on the arm of her sofa. My thumb went from pointing to heaven to noodling in purgatory. The weight of her ass bent my unsuspecting finger back until the bone snapped. My mouth a gap, I got up, walked out her front door and across the street to mom and dad who immediately took me to the hospital for x-rays and a cast. So, there I stood, six years old, in a cast from fingers to elbow, unable to sit still, rising from my pew, heeding grandpa's call to Jesus, walking down the aisle, and choosing to be baptized.

I'm not sure what came over me. It was like that alien beam of light that extraterrestrially lit up my sister struck me,

making me stand and come to Jesus. From bowed head with eyes closed in prayer hearing grandpa emphatically say, “Do you feel the spirit? Then rise and come to Him! Accept Jesus into your hearts!” He urged, “Keep your eyes closed. Don’t pay attention to your neighbor. Only come if you feel Him” as if there was no pressure to make that choice. I felt that weight, I was a preacher’s granddaughter after all, and I didn’t have to open my eyes to know people were moving up the aisle, to Jesus, to being saved, to leave this hell on earth, which really only felt like hell in this church with expectant eyes. So I did what angels do: I obeyed the call and let the light pull me down the aisle to my grandpa who took my little hand in his big, preacherly paws, and shook it, smiling at me with a glint in his eye and a grin like the Cheshire cat’s.

Determined not to get in the way of my spiritual path, my parents didn’t say a thing about my choice. It took a few

days and many a hymn to prepare for the baptism. Grandpa uncovered the baptismal pool located behind his pulpit. He explained that The Called would come down into the pool to meet him. He would dunk our entire bodies into the water, and we would rise out of the water saved. Of course, with my cast, I would have to keep my right hand up and out of the water.

When it was time, I put on a white robe, along with the rest of grandpa’s new flock, and walked into that baptismal water where my grandfather waited for us, his robe floating around him like an octopus’ tentacles, like Ursula the sea witch singing to us poor unfortunate souls. As I approached, I saw the bible in his right hand and his left reaching for me. I walked into the pool and let him lay me back almost entirely into the water, but my right hand I kept high and dry all the way to my elbow.





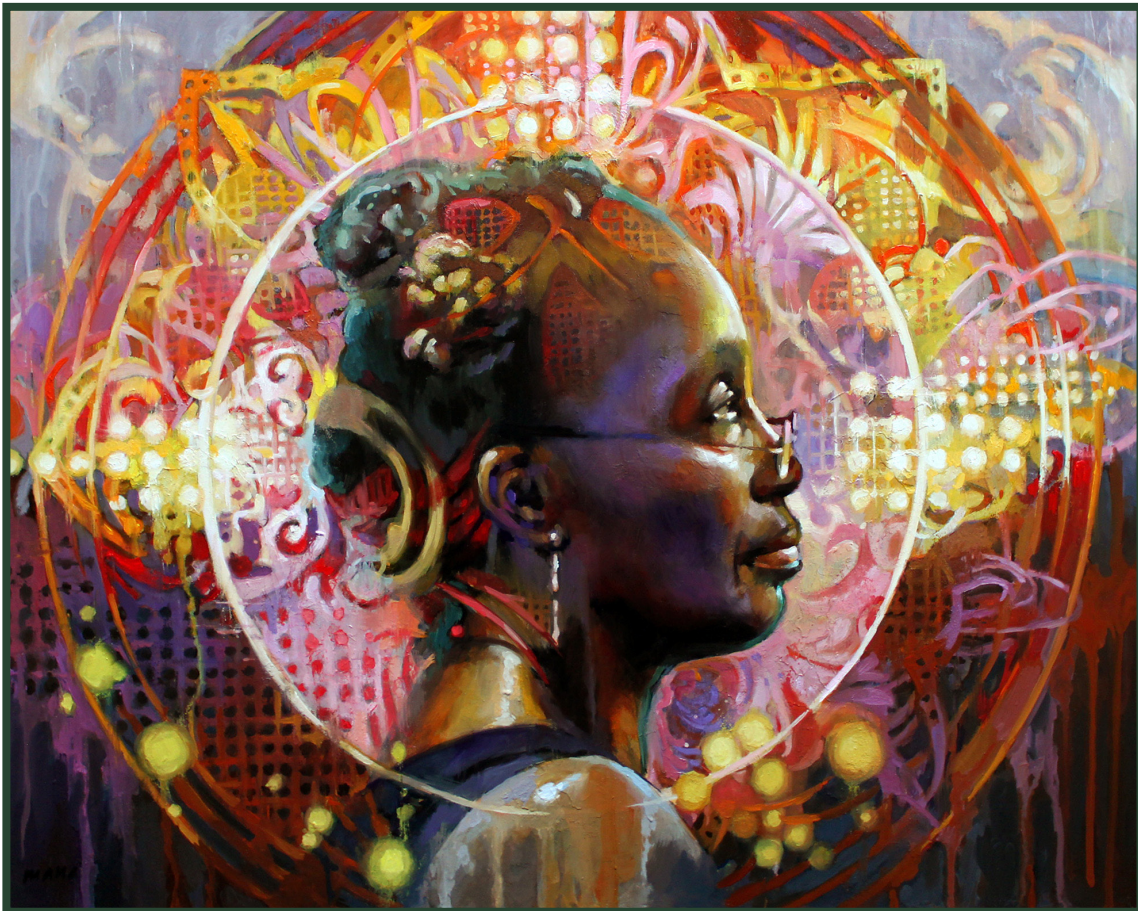
RESURRECTION OF MOSES

Tom McDonald
West Campus



SAVIOR 1

Mano Sotelo
East Campus



BEFORE AND AFTER

Stacey Wrona
Desert Vista Campus



CROWN OF THORNS 1

Jennifer Wiley
West Campus



MOSAIC

Nancy Keller
East Campus



THE WICKED

Greg Reddoch
District Office





Laura Milkins
Downtown Campus

May 1 – October 3rd, 2011

In 2011 I walked home... It took five months, 4 pairs of shoes and the incredible kindness of strangers. I walked alone from my house in Tucson, Arizona to my mom's house in Grand Rapids, Michigan wearing a live webcam that captured the entire journey. I asked people I met along the way to walk with me and share a story. These are my last two BLOG posts. **To read more, go to my website: <http://www.walkinghomestories.com/>**

The Worst Hard Time... Again

Posted on July 11, 2011 by Laura

On 4th of July, I felt my first rain drops in 65 days.

Boise City, OK made the New York Times in May because they hadn't had any rain in 222 days. To date, they have had 1.18 inches of rain this year... I've been walking through the "Dust Bowl" (grasslands of New Mexico, Oklahoma panhandle and southwestern Kansas) during the worst drought in 100 years. It's worse than during those Dirty 30's, when all the top soil dried up and blew away in huge clouds of dust hundreds of feet tall that swallowed up houses, caused fatal dust pneumonia, sent most people packing and drove many mad.

There is a book by Timothy Egan called, "The Worst Hard Time" about the people who stayed through the Dirty 30s, about why they came and how and why they stayed. I have been privileged to get to know some of their descendants, many of whom farm the same land with a quiet stoicism and acceptance of this year's hard time.

It is simple, with no rain, there are no crops except those that are heavily irrigated from local wells. There is no grass this year in New Mexico's Kiowa National Grasslands. No grass. Not a blade of green in the hundred miles of high desert I slowly walked through, just bare earth with brown tired grass leftover from last year. Every rancher has to buy hay... but there is no hay except for irrigated plots. I asked my host in Abbott, NM (population 2) where they got the huge new truckload of hay that her son had just arrived with, and she said, "It's last years hay from someone's barn." When I asked her how they are getting by, she replied simply, "I have the best neighbors."

After spending the night in the Baptist church, I was in a tiny cafe/diner in Keyes, OK. There were a few ranchers having their breakfast before starting the day. We talked about them selling off most of their herds because of the drought. They also said there'd been 4 fires the night before from lightening strikes, one of which had burned down a few buildings of a local rancher. This is a common story along my route, fire, fire, fire, dry heat and wind.



Photo by: A.T. Willett

I can believe that this wind could drive someone crazy, back in the thirties or now. Day after day, for months, with very few breaks, I've walked with the wind whistling in my ears. Sometimes the wind has been strong enough to blow me off the road, and walking into a headwind makes 15 miles feel like 30. I end the day with wobbly legs, red pinched skin and sand everywhere... I remember seeing a 1928 silent film called "The Wind", set in west Texas, about a woman who goes mad from the constant wind. I now relate this on a personal level.

The wind is like a soap-opera character in the story of my journey, sometimes a good friend gently pushing me forward and cooling my heated skin. Then plotting against me the very next day, foiling my progress and howling in my ears for hours. Or abandoning me entirely to the hot midday sun on a 105 degree day. It is practice in patience and perseverance to know the wind so intimately. This is something the farmers and ranchers learn when they take their first steps in this landscape.

Love,
-Laura

I Made It! Thanks...

Posted on October 12, 2011 by Laura

I am finished. I have walked 2,007 miles, from Tucson to Grand Rapids. Walking from south to north and west to east, in desert wind, pine forests, over mountain passes, through clouds of smoke and dry heat, across prairies, open range, grasslands, rolling hills, above the flooded Missouri, past miles of idyllic farmland, row upon row of corn/milo/soybeans, in rain or wind, through the woods, along the shores of Lake Michigan, cruising over deep blue water, through big cities and small towns, and on my last day, crunching through frost-coated grass dappled with red, orange and yellow leaves.

But this beauty that is our country is only half the story.

Walking Home is about how connecting with community, online and in person, can create safety. How a lone woman can cross the country but never truly be alone.

I carefully planned this trip so that it was impossible to do on my own. I didn't bring a tent and I only had a \$2 per day budget. There is no practical way to walk across the country by yourself on \$2 a day without a tent... I had to ask for help.



Photo by: A.T. Willett

“...never have I experienced anything more beautiful than surviving and thriving completely by the grace of the kindness of others.”

And it worked. For 156 days I asked for kindness and received it abundantly. From my friends and family, the road crew guys who offered me water, the people who stopped along the highway to make sure I was alright, the community organizations who made phone calls to their members to find me a night's lodging, my online followers who watched over me daily, my fellow walkers who joined me for a stretch of road, my wonderful hosts who shared their homes and stories with me... never have I experienced anything more beautiful than surviving and thriving completely by the grace of the kindness of others.

In 156 days, I slept in 122 different beds on this journey, 96 were in homes and 26 in non-homes. The other 26 beds were in hotels, motels, resorts, unrented apartments, churches, the humane society, the maritime museum, an RV park, and a spiritual retreat. In 156 days, I paid for only 8 night's lodging... the rest was free of charge.

I lost track of how many times people bought me dinner or handed me money. They would hear what I was doing and want to help me on my way. One guy gave me all the money in his wallet, six dollars, apologized and then came back with a bag full of snacks and handed me a \$100 bill. This was not the first or last time someone gave me \$100. Another time, a woman gave me \$5 and said, “I'm so sorry I don't have more money with me. Good luck! I'll be praying for you.” Just about everyday, someone prayed with or for me.

I want to thank each and every person who prayed for me, watched over me, or helped me on my way. Whether you read this or not, my sincerest thanks. I quite literally couldn't have done it without you. The beauty and kindness I found on this journey has blown away any lingering doubts I had about the breadth and depth of the human heart. Thank you all.

Love,
-Laura



LOGIC 101

Tom McDonald
West Campus



LIFE IN A SMALL MINING TOWN

Mike Alvarez
Northwest Campus

Rising before the sun,
men who work the mines
dress solemnly in quiet
bedrooms.

A meal of toast and strong, black coffee,
as the machinery in the copper smelter
creaks to life.
Ugly, gray-black smoke billowing
so high it blots out the morning sun.

Climbing into battered pickups,
the men wave to darkened windows.
The way to the mines is not far:
it has taken them all their lives
to get there.

As the sun treks across the cobalt sky,
the men toil in the stench-filled
mines of copper.

The work shift ends;
the men trudge home to
dinner: a ritual of muffled silence.
Thoughts like lasers cross their minds,
but words never reach their lips.

My father works in the dust-filled hellhole.
What dreams has he forsaken?

He smiles as he strips the charcoal gray uniform
shirt from his hard, lean body and drops
the white hard hat on the ancient refrigerator.

He showers but cannot wash away
the sweet, sick, coppery stench.

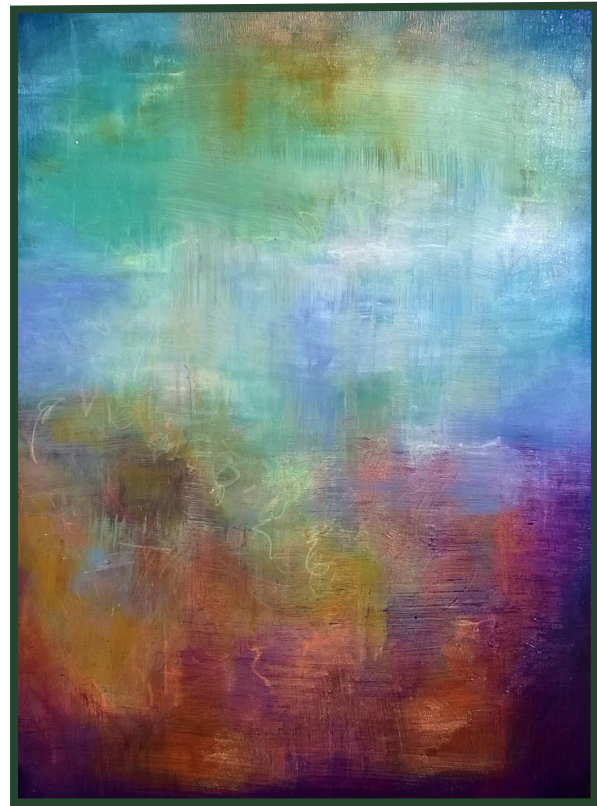
The sky, not yet fully darkened;
weariness claims the men who work
the mines.
Who knows what dreams, if any,
they permit themselves.
Tomorrow will be the same as the day before,
and a thousand days that follow.

Nothing changes much in the small copper town,
Not even the quiet murmur of despair.

If you
can lead it
to water
and force
it to
drink
it isn't
a horse.

If the
stitch comes
too late
it may save
only eight.

If I
broke your
heart
it was
because
I cared
about you.



RETURNING TO GODHEAD

Caroline Pyevich
East Campus



CRABAPPLES, 1922

John Spaulding
West Campus

Wasn't it the pig woman
who knew what happened
in the crabapple orchard
when the Episcopal priest
and the choir director
were found side by side
covered with shredded
love letters like snow
on the grassy stubble
and rotting apples
that warm autumn day
and didn't she testify
on a hospital stretcher
about corn robbers,
gun shots, a mule
named Jenny,
flashlights, and
a screaming woman
while trained nurses
stood by her
in the courtroom
to protect something
from something
when nothing
much was happening
that particular month
in New Jersey or even
on that abandoned farm
so long ago
except that the crabapples
so small and so sweet
continued to fall
and decay
on the ground
all that September
as they always did
and the birds
kept pecking at them
as they always did
as though nothing
else mattered—
because, of course, it didn't.



WIRED COWBOY IN SKY

Mike Rom
Downtown Campus



I JUST DON'T REMEMBER THAT

Charles "Chuck" Williamson
Downtown Campus

I remember when
Doug and I ran
up Ventana Canyon Trail
to Window Rock
to look
down on Tucson 4000 feet below
and how
along the way
where the bedrock meets the stream
beneath an oak
we found a black timber rattlesnake
that was full of piss and vinegar.
I remember that!

But I just don't remember
that family
which over a 1000 years ago
sat on that same bedrock
grinding maize
so much so that they made
round holes
in the rock itself
that now
hold puddles after rain.

I'm sorry, I wasn't there.
I just don't remember that.

I remember when,
at 3 am from Mile Post 17
I started running down
Catalina Highway, to make the
Mile Post 0, 6 am start of the
Mount Lemmon Marathon
and then
turned around
and ran back up again.
I remember that!

But I just don't remember
that Gordon Hirabayashi
a Japanese American
a principled
peaceful man
who in 1943 challenged his
relocation orders
to go to an
internment camp
he lost his appeal
and on his own recognizance
to serve his sentence
hitchhiked
from Seattle
to the place

we call Prison Camp
that place
I ran past on my descent .

I'm sorry, I wasn't there.
I just don't remember that.

I remember when
June 2003
from the Tucson valley
I watched my mountain burn
and as Summerhaven
went up in flames,
a massive shaft of smoke
became a pyrocumulous cloud
spreading into an anvil
as it hit the stratosphere.
I remember that!

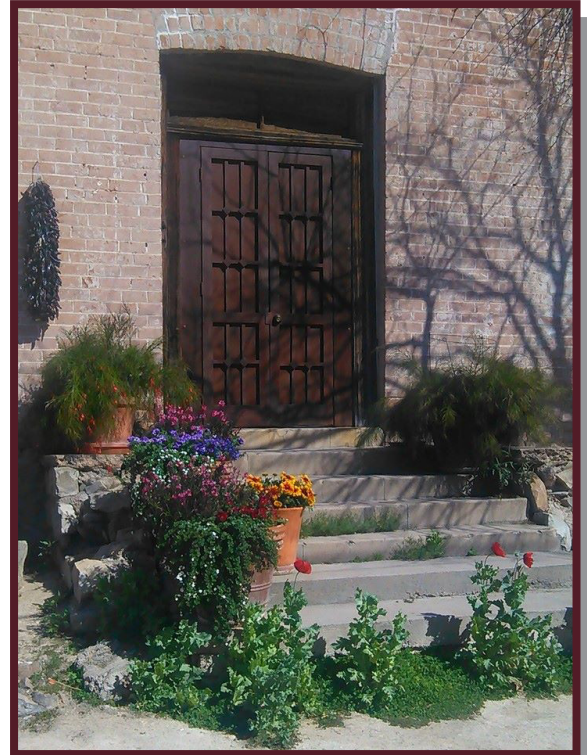
But I just don't remember
that volcano
atop that exact same spot
25 million years ago
that spewed cinder and rock
upon itself
and the valley below.

I'm sorry, I wasn't there.
I just don't remember that.



CHURCH STEPS

Andrea Kooshian
Downtown Campus



WOOD CARVED MESQUITE BOWL

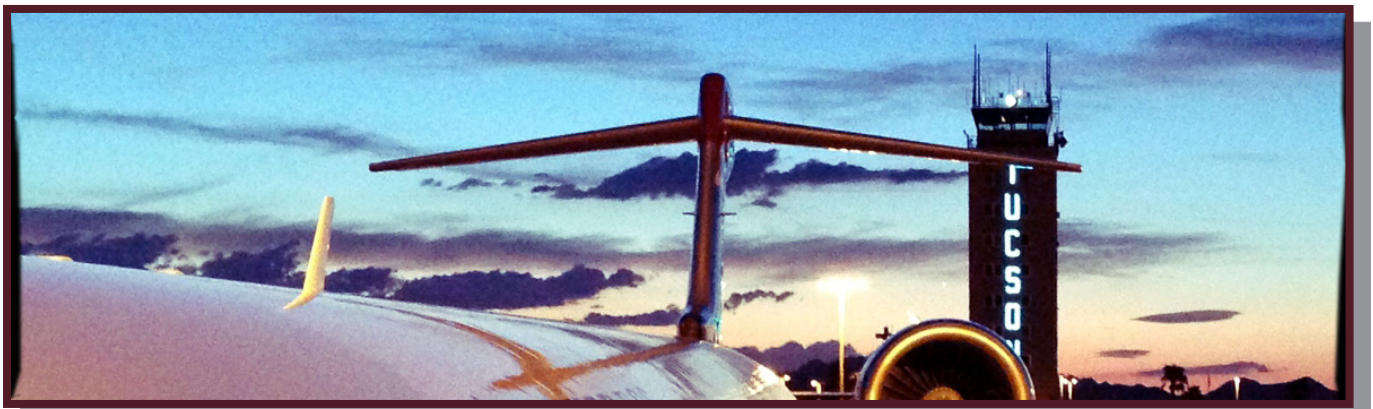
Gabriel Scara
Downtown Campus





OUT OF TIME OUT OF ENERGY OUT OF COGNITION

Ernesto Trujillo
Desert Vista Campus



HOME
Josie Milliken
Downtown Campus



MARRIAGE

Molly McCloy
Northwest Campus

Each morning
 while it's still dark,
 just before the light comes,
 this one bird sings,
 just goes for it,
 tweeting up his jazz
 storm of trills,
 joyful wandering solos in the dark,
 this lone bird,
 and the song inspires me
 to dart into my day
 and dare it,
 and better yet,
 right as the sky lightens,
 more birds tweet back,
 echoing the first long solos,
 so I tell my beloved
 I've guessed this bird
 is my heart,
 maybe our heart,
 and we rise early
 to hear the song
 each morning.



LA ONDA

Greg Reddoch
District Office



LITTLE BOAT

Miranda Schubert
Community Campus





SEARCHING UNCONSCIOUS MIND

Mano Sotelo
East Campus

Cababi



BACK-LOOKING

Eric Aldrich

Downtown Campus

“His childhood was full of them; his very body was an empty hall echoing with sonorous defeated names; he was not a being, an entity, he was a commonwealth. He was a barracks filled with stubborn back-looking ghosts...”

- William Faulkner, *Absalom, Absalom!*

On my first day as a high school English teacher, I sat on my big, green, metal desk with the blackboard behind me. I faced south, toward a wall of windows spanning from just above an old-fashioned heater up to the ceiling. Stained roll-up shades hung to various lengths, covering the windows and reminding me of levels on a stereo equalizer. Blackboards – not dry erase, but black chalkboards – occupied the north and west walls. Rows of empty desks stood at attention, waiting for students to sit, listen, read, write, and learn; to goof off, to fall in almost-love, to meet the people they’d be for the rest of their lives. Years before, as a student, I sat in one of those desks, the last desk in the last row to the right. Even now, if I’m not up front teaching, I gravitate to the farthest back corner of the room.

Before it became my classroom, the room belonged to Mrs. H. Patricia Creighton. Mrs. Creighton was my English teacher in 1996/97. In the years since I graduated, she became the administrator over curriculum and she served a short but wonderful stint as the high school principal during my second year of teaching. She was a cheerful person, gray curly hair, glasses, and quick to smile. Her sense of humor was gentle but witty. She would be grandmotherly, if your grandmother’s vocabulary outsized the dictionary. To trouble or disappoint Mrs. Creighton was to know guilt, because she was forgiving and didn’t demand it. When I joined the faculty at Uxbridge High School, she became my friend, but the feeling that this was still *her* room, not mine, was everywhere. Her books were in the cabinets and closet, her pencil shavings in the desk drawers, and her memories worn into the old carpet, chipping paint on the walls, the creaking fan in the ancient HVAC unit under the windows.

A large mural covered the wall to the east, an addition to the room since I had last been there. I spent a long time looking at it that first day. It was what I would call “good student quality,” which isn’t quite the same as “good quality.” It displayed a two-dimensional scene, the depth-of-field of a medieval Last Supper. In the painting, Mr. Whitehouse, who also once taught in the room, stood before his desk instructing a seated anachronism of canonical authors; Poe, Hawthorne, Wharton, Shakespeare and a Bronte sister. Mr. Whitehouse leaned on metal crutches, a reminder to me and my students that polio existed in Massachusetts not so long ago. Whitehouse vacated to retirement before I arrived at UHS. My dad says Mr. Whitehouse was a nice enough guy, remembers him hitting desks with his braces to wake up sleepers.

“What are you doing here in Mrs. Creighton’s room?” the question came in my voice, uninvited, as I considered

the mural. I hopped down off my desk, tried to busy myself organizing books and supplies, hanging posters, sorting files. I searched for enthusiasm, for some sign that the old room knew Eric was returning, remembered me, welcomed me back as Mr. Aldrich. But no matter how I tried, I felt out of place. I felt my own ghost watching me from the last seat in the last row, a punk phantom with silly JNCO jeans, gauged ears, Slayer t-shirt, and an irritating adolescent smirk.

“I’m teaching,” I told myself, “I don’t want to work at the insurance company anymore.” After college, I took a job working for a local insurance company. I spent every day in a cubicle in a dismal office two towns away. It smelled like burnt popcorn and over-microwaved Lean Cuisine. Phones buzzed, keyboards clicked nonstop, and the coffee tasted like tar. Teaching high school offered better hours, independence, and the indispensable feeling that my day-to-day life mattered for more than some faceless name’s bottom line.

“But this sucks,” the ghost of teenage me protested, “you promised to get out of here. You haven’t gone anywhere.” I didn’t have an answer. I continued opening doors to cabinets and closets, sifting through yellowing copies of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Wuthering Heights*, *A Farewell to Arms*. With care, I collected every undamaged Ethan Frome, a favorite of Mrs. Creighton and mine. Each crevice I disturbed coughed out dust and mustiness. Maybe the odor of the aging, asbestos-infected building conjured my ghostly thoughts, but I still needed an answer for why I hadn’t left. In a few days, the rows of seats would fill up with students and a teenage stranger would sit in the last seat in the last row, unaware that seat was haunted or that I was the one who haunted it.

I hadn’t been a very cooperative student. I felt trapped by the rules, by the hallways, by seeing the same people I’d known all my life, the same people who had known one another for generations. I rushed my assignments, challenged every order a teacher or administrator gave me, skipped school, and instigated my friends to cause trouble. I disrupted assemblies and slipped out unguarded doors during lunch. Nearly all my teachers (even the ones I respected or liked) expressed their disappointment in my behavior, my effort, my lack of dedication, and my disrespect for authority. Almost every teacher, that is, except Mrs. Creighton. She encouraged me to write my ideas down. She tolerated my off-color remarks and questionable themes in my short stories. She invited my mother to join a committee where I would see her alongside my teachers and the parents of the “good” students. Instead of telling me to be a “good” student, she treated me like one. She ignored me when I put Sharpie markers through the holes in my earlobes or tapped the rhythm of a death metal song on my desk instead of working. She acted like my ideas mattered and she listened.

I eventually organized the room, placed my materials alongside remnants of Mrs. Creighton’s lessons and maybe even a few of Mr. Whitehouse’s things. I checked the clock and realized I needed to head off to the first of what would

be an ongoing stream of faculty meetings. I wasn't the only alumni teaching at Uxbridge High and I met some of my old classmates on my way down the hall. Their teenage ghosts peered at me through their eyes and I wondered if they saw the imprint of a younger me in mine. They were surprised to see me there, or perhaps I imagined that. In any case, most of them kindly offered me the "welcome back" I sought alone in my room. Unfamiliar faculty also flowed toward the library and the meeting, friendly interlopers to distract me and quiet my ghost, new faces in the old place.

In the ensuing days, weeks, months, and years, I got to know my colleagues. We called the rooms by their true owners' names; Dan taught in Mr. Lynch's room and Amy taught in Dr. Wise's room, and I taught in

“I don't want to work at the insurance company anymore.”

Mrs. Creighton's. As a student and a teacher-student, Dr. Barbara Wise, who was also a lawyer, taught me the pedagogic power of Socratic questioning, high expectations, and redirection. Unfortunately, I never worked with Austin Lynch. In 1995, I goaded my friends to disrupt his class during the twilight years of a successful career; if he remembered me at all, I'm ashamed of that memory. Sheila, Mrs. Bernardm occupied Mrs. Creighton's room before I did and I came across her there sometimes in the headings of forgotten assignments and in the back corners of desk drawers. Sometime after I left the first time, Dr. Wise had moved into a new room and Sheila took that one when Dr. Wise retired. That room was next to Bill Smith's, whom Sheila, Dan, Amy and I all had for at least one class when in school.

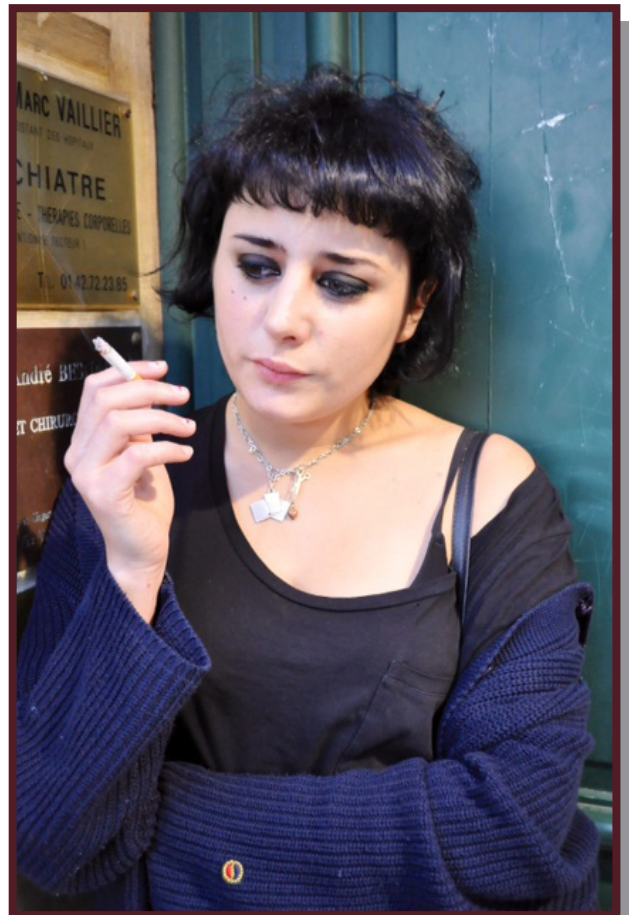
I taught new students with familiar last names, my classmates' siblings and cousins. Their older brothers and sisters remembered me or didn't, made true or spurious claims about things we did together, things I didn't want the new generation to know. I made tenth graders read Ethan Frome. Sometimes I would sit on the ancient HVAC and read it to them, surprised when they silently turned the page before I finished it, signaling they read along. They were impressed that Zenobia Frome had no teeth and they remembered to laugh at the sled wreck as soon as they realized it touched their hearts a little, a classic cover-up. I loved teaching and I felt at home, but too much at home.

It wasn't until several years later, when Mrs. Creighton's room felt like my own, that I found the answer to my teenage ghost's question: Why didn't I leave?

When adults talk to kids, they point forward to the future, to the wide-open space that they think will occupy your life. But young people have pasts just like old

people have pasts and though the quantities of years and memories might change, the past is the same for everyone – it's everything that's happened to you until now. In the past, I wasn't someone I wanted to be, but I didn't know how to be someone new in the future. So I went back and traced someone's footsteps. I realized that Mrs. Creighton haunted my room, too. And while my ghost taunted me, hers continued to teach me. Every time I taught and my class learned, or I showed compassion, or I overlooked something small, or I encouraged a troublesome student when others only expressed disappointment; every time I tried to be a good teacher, I remembered Mrs. Creighton and she taught me again.

After several years in that room, I finally decided to fulfill my promise to teenage me and leave the backwoods of Massachusetts, leave the little town of Uxbridge and the old high school and the room I shared with Mrs. Creighton. I set off for Arizona, a place I had never been, a place dramatically different from New England's little towns and unending trees, a place where no one recognizes me and my Swamp Yankee accent struggles to form unfamiliar names.



DEEP THOUGHTS

Chris Koval

Downtown Campus



NIGHT TRIPS TO THE UNFORGETTABLE PLACES OF THE HEART

John Spaulding
West Campus

He wonders if
there could be candles somewhere
inside the earth's tunnel.
Perhaps everyone will speak
quietly in an empty bedroom
and in place of blood
he will dream
the calm and unshadowed light.

Like others, his childhood was eaten
by his adulthood, but his
fears diminished with age.
Yet when he tries to settle his debts
with the world he thinks
it all may be quite pointless,
possibly just a joke. Still,
who could not love
and miss the skin and bones?

He worries that the mistakes
of his life will continue
in the dreams of other people,
as if the sea itself contains all
the cries and screams of the drowned.
Now, as the stars melt slowly
into his sleep, he tries to remember
his life--how he was awestruck
when he saw his first rainbow,
how he was five
before he finally realized
that when people die
they don't come back.



UNFORGETTABLE CARNAGE

Mary Carol Dolaghan
Desert Vista Campus

At first I said.
"I will never get over losing her,"
a vow I make as if
I might be able to dishonor her
by walking away whole from
the carnage of her death.

It was a promise, a vow
to secure her to me
and as unnecessary as
promising that tomorrow
there would still be gravity
and that water would
continue to flow downward
into the sea.

It is one of the truest things
I have ever thought,
one of my most accurate predictions.

She was removed from us
not with the clear, precise
cut of a scalpel,
but in a wreck of a disease,
cells behaving dangerously.

We were holding her to us,
and then she was gone.

We lived in shock
only later realizing
we had lost hands and arms
and part of our shoulders
as if she had been ripped
from a family photograph

These jagged wounds heal,
but not without their phantom echoes
as we keep moving through the years.



PUMPKIN

Patrick Grenier
District Office



ON TELLING MY VIRGINIA STORIES

Elizabeth Frankie Rollins
Desert Vista Campus

The ancestors tangle and compromise in re-telling. There is the twenty-bedroom Sunnycrest, the ice engineer, the tall Southern sons, the watermelon farm, Uncle Harry's axe wound, Aunt Mamie's silenced daughter, a girl named Jelly who doesn't look right.

Their telling won't be contained in neatly shaved, perfumed memory. Paternal and maternal wreath and knot. Clasp, like thighs.

The details of the ancestors are termites, eating door frames and panels of formal remembrance, defecating in sawdust the unseemly acts.

Babies born squalling and smeared, blood whitened and blued.

Slave shacks stood on the Rollins farm.

Major Fulgence deBordenave and the Louisiana Zouaves arrived, starved and defeated in Franklin, VA.

Mamie gave birth to a daughter, raised as her sister.

My grandmother married a Frog with weak kidneys.

Muscles straining, back steaming, the ice engineer lowered ice into the engine room of the train.

In my sweating limbs, the rounds of their blood merge.

The house of memory is broken. No longer turreted, roofed with slate planks, no longer lead paned, white-sashed and rimmed with boxwood topiaries. History has decomposed her, turned her green and laden at the edge of a woods, left her to sulk in the honeysuckle vine and black bead pokeweed, where poison ivy shines with oil and the umbrellas of Queen Anne's lace quiver and beckon.

What they wanted to keep separate, laundered and polished, I have let fall in the laced heap of my veins. The distinct stories are mingled, soiled, stained. They have fallen into the hot fuming lap of the wood, their voices the black flies buzzing.

In the quiet of those oily green nooks, the pile of tumbled chimney rock are these stubborn men: Ernest Augustus in a smashed cab, upside down, and the screaming of flappers, Harry Rollins' leg gushes blood, Dr. deBordenave drives away from his mad daughter.

Here, twined with black snake, my great-great grandmother died a maiden aunt, my grandmother haunts a tree, my great-aunt paints watercolors in the asylum for seventy years. The loam of breasts, which suckled or did not, pulses under the ferns.

Each half-truth or lie or feigned ignorance has bowed a wood floor, cracked a shining banister, exposed a bedroom to the ravage of weather. The memory house is broken open and a peony washing bowl sits tilt in the swarming ant dirt.

I know the ancestors better in leaf and light than they ever wanted to be known. I know who resented God, who believed in failure, who suffered lack of humility, who did not know to love. I know who left what beauty behind in our blood to flutter or scourge or shine. They have no more story to make, those limp leaves curling August humid. They are seeds spilled from pods, earthworms milking soil, and still, in obscene summer heat they hiss with tongue and wing: *You are not owner of these tales.*



TWILIGHT COWBOY

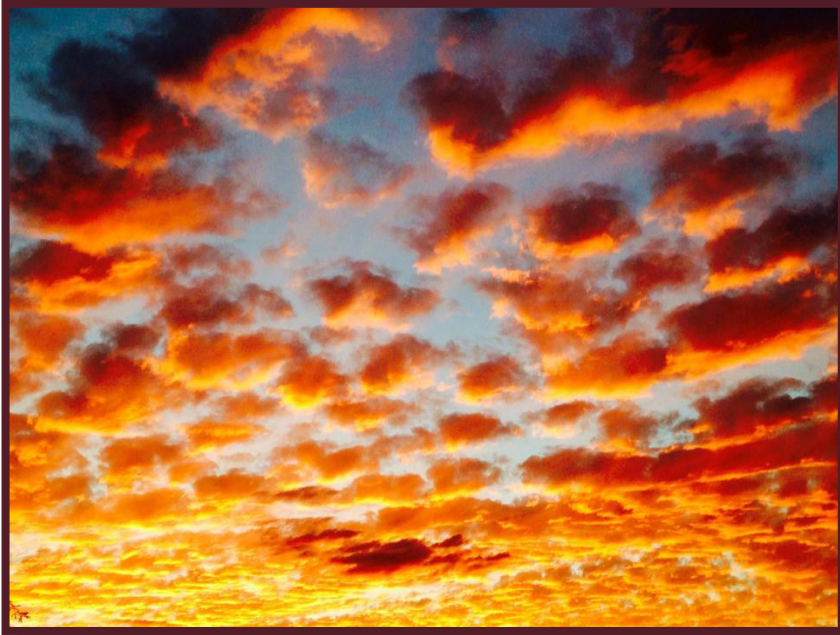
Mike Rom
Downtown Campus

Cababi



COTTON CANDY

April Burge
Downtown Campus



RAILROAD TRACKS

John Spaulding
West Campus

Hope was living in your face there
were hallways through apple trees spearmint
growing in the snow and a large globe
floated through the library in those
days you lived in the creamery and
wore a cigarette behind your ear at
boy scout camp you showed us all
your sins like an animal with dirty
skin we couldn't live without your
talk about red haired girls and
picking cherries wearing only
pajama bottoms and a cowboy hat or
sleeping on someone's porch while
remembering warm railroad tracks where
we walked near trees like rusty
pitchforks to your green pickup with holes
in the floor as humble as anyone who
is listening to you now who is listening
to any of us when we sleep for a while
I forgot you the town with its white church
coffee cake doors fruited carpets pianos our
school clock with large roman numerals at
times I think I will return or live
where I am wanted again but I have grown
old without you grown away from who knows
what you could have been an athlete surely
someone without religion it does not matter
if we had remained friends something would
have happened as it happened you died
before the town almost burned down and now
I sit in an empty coffee shop eating a dry
sandwich thinking of the covered bridge
over the river your satisfied smile and
why humans are the only animals
with knowledge of their own deaths.



THE TWO ROSES

Jorge Caballero
Downtown Campus



AUTUMN SOUND

Tom McDonald
West Campus

It was the
sycamore
in the front yard
swaying
in the wind
like the
old man
standing
holding
the overhead
rail on an
afternoon bus.



PHARMACOPEIA

Kris Swank
Northwest Campus

Messieurs Allerton, Ballerton, Limerick and Nod,
Limited Partnership, Inc.
is where to be going when you're feeling odd,
for they'll sell you a tonic to drink.

They have herbals for agues, a physick for flu,
a remedy for pigeon pox.
If you're sneezing or wheezing, then try the green brew,
and their draughts make you fit as an ox.

There are ointments and unguents, emollients and salve,
medicaments, liniments, balm,
palliatives, purgatives, curatives and
a sedative proven to calm.

They have potions and lotions for every known ill.
Their Cure-All is famed far and wide.
For the dropsy and popsy they have just the pill:
ring the bell and step on inside.

Now, nobody knows how they brew up their cures,
but the townfolk are healthy, you see.
So they happily buy from the good four messieurs
all their tisanes and tinctures and tea.

The town was fair teeming with dogs and with cats,
though they're seen in the alleys no more.
Gone, too, are the urchins, the imps and the brats
since the Partnership opened its door.

But if you have an ache or a pain or a kink
or a rash spreading over your bod',
get you down to the Limited Partnership, Inc.
of Allerton, Ballerton, Limerick and Nod.



PREY

Casie Herron
Desert Vista Campus



PATIENCE

Tom McDonald
West Campus

Driving through
Tucson 107°F
the sign at the
bridge says
WATCH FOR ICE

—I think about
my small furry
Cretaceous ancestors
100 MYA
waiting quietly
for the terrible
lizards to go away



BULBS & BLOOMS

April Burge
Downtown Campus



SWIMMING LESSONS

Mary Carol Dolaghan
Desert Vista Campus

After Bob's heart attack and bypass surgery, Georgia lay in bed beside him in their new retirement home. She heard the rhythmic sound of the sprinklers watering the golf course as she fell asleep, and later, just before dawn, she dreamed about coming home from her water aerobics class and finding him dead on the floor. When she reached down and felt his pale skin, finding it cold as a carton of milk, she felt as if there was no earth to stand on.

In the waiting room during his surgery, she had confessed to the preacher that she couldn't bear the thought of living without Bob, and the preacher had said so calmly and confidently and with such tender sympathy that God wouldn't allow her to suffer anything he wouldn't also give her the strength and comfort to bear. But when she dreamed those dreams and flew out of her sleep, breathless and wet with sweat, it was hard to believe that there could be any comfort for the loss of his strength.

Back when she was a girl on the Texas panhandle, she had listened to the wind blowing sand against the bare, gray wood of her house as she fell asleep and then dreamed that if she made her thoughts go up, up, up high in her head on a sunny, windy day, her feet would leave the ground and she could float up into the sky. She would leave the vast plane of land, the dusty dry-land farm of cotton fields and move into the airy clouds, which in her dreams had always been a terrifying and exhilarating surprise. She remembered always drawing her feet up when she passed over the windmill, being careful to not get them caught in the whirling blades.

After his surgery she didn't go to the pool for two months. She was afraid to leave him. She missed joking and visiting with the ladies in her water-aerobics class, although a few of them had dropped by the house from time to time. But there wasn't any careless easy laughter there with nothing to take the focus off the effort of making conversation, and Bob would always come in, wherever they were, and take over, always managing to talk about himself. He was like that. Even when he was sick, he was one of those men who took up an entire room and squashed everyone else flat against the wall. Finally, he told her to go back to class, to quit hovering around, and as always, she did what he told her to do.

In the dressing room at the pool, as she listened to the other women complain about their husbands, she undressed shyly, pulled on her skirted swimming suit as quickly as possible, and then waited for the others before walking into the bright sun. They moved along in a covey, all hunched over, trying to hide their sagging breasts and spherical stomachs, keeping their flabby arms close to their sides as their water shoes slapped against the wet, mottled pool deck before gingerly lowering themselves into the cool water. Only Marlene, their instructor, stood straight with her shoulders back. Although she was as wrinkled as any of them, they all thought she looked great—still slender with a criss-cross tummy-control panel that was able to keep her stomach bulge in check, her skin tight on her face, her drawn-on eyebrows arching high. Once, Joyce, a short gossipy woman with soft pillowy hair that she never got wet, whispered to Georgia that Marlene had had a face lift. Joyce stepped back and looked

at her as if she had just handed Georgia a delicious piece of chocolate, and Georgia responded with a slight smile and uncomfortable silence as if she had just placed the lovely chocolate back in Joyce's hand.

"Lift those arms high," Marlene demanded, and when they ran in place she urged them on, "Churn, churn, churn, gals. Gotta burn that fat." For the three widows she added, "Gotta catch a man." They all knew that was what Marlene was up to when she re-penciled her eyebrows after class and headed over to the clubhouse, already married three times and "in between husbands now" is the way she put it.

Georgia knew she wouldn't remarry if Bob died first. She didn't want to bend herself to a whole different set of some other man's whims. Even the thought of it made her feel tired and hemmed in.

Often a lean, white-haired woman swam laps in the roped-off lane next to where she and her friends gathered in a circle with their large brightly colored foam noodles. She liked to watch the woman gliding through the water, a shiny film of it on her skin, effortlessly, like a hawk riding hot waves of air rising from the desert floor. The woman's swimming was such a solitary thing. Georgia couldn't imagine it. Since Bob had retired, she had rarely been alone.

She had started going to class because her doctor had recommended it for her arthritis and because she didn't like playing golf at their new club. Everyone was too serious about the game. The big chart on the clubhouse wall, where they all wrote down their scores, had ruined it for her. But she didn't know how to swim, and she knew Marlene had guessed her secret the first day of class when she had thrashed around in a panic every time her feet had left the bottom of the pool.

The kick board had been a big step. Marlene stayed right beside her all the way, doing a graceful side stroke. "You won't drown. I won't let you," she said as reassuring as the preacher.

"I'm surprised at you," Bob had said when she told him she had signed up for swimming lessons.

Marlene clapped her hands, excited as a kindergarten teacher. "You're going to love it," she said squeezing Georgia's hand. But it proved more difficult, perhaps, than Marlene had thought it would be. Georgia couldn't relax enough to learn to float.

She lay on her back in the water, Marlene's hand firmly supporting her under the small of her back.

He would remarry if she were to die first, she thought. Men do.

"Just relax," Marlene whispered. "Just take a little vacation."

Georgia had never lived alone. She had gone straight from her daddy's house to the house she shared with Bob.

Marlene said, "You are going to do it today. I just know you will."

"I hope so," Georgia said even though she didn't want to hope for too much. She was prepared to fail again and go home defeated by the reflex to draw her knees up every time she felt Marlene take her hand away.

She didn't know how she would be able to summon herself to clean out his side of the closet, to empty his drawers.

Her son might like to have Bob's Stetson. She could give one of the girls Bob's father's watch.

"Just ignore my hand," Marlene said, slowly whispering a hypnotic chorus of calming instructions. *Just pretend it isn't even there. Don't be afraid. I'm only an inch away. Relax. Enjoy yourself. Doesn't it feel good?*

"Mmmm." She relaxed the muscles in her shoulders and neck. Her head fell back as she let her arms and legs go limp, relinquishing all her defenses. She was lying on a shimmering

bed of water. She closed her eyes and remembered dreaming those girlhood dreams of being up in the sky above the Texas high plains.

"You're doing it, Georgia. You're floating. I'm holding my hands in the air. Keep it up. Keep it up."

A warm calmness drenched her, and she knew she would learn to swim. Floating was the hardest part, Marlene had told her once.

Maybe swimming would feel like flying.



SAVIOR 3
Mano Sotelo
East Campus

Cababi



THE DEVIL'S REACH
Brooke Anderson
Downtown Campus



SECURITY LIGHTS

Stacey Wrona
Desert Vista Campus

He walks into October
night to smell
passing green.
Quits his safe brick,
bed, couch,
to unplug from stripmall
and dischord of city.

He strolls past leaves
resting last drops
before winter,
and excuses
the concrete path
steering his course.

He seeks the one spot of woods
deep enough to muffle traffic,
still broken by
hovering mercury vapor;
it steals the job of the moon
and outlines modern man's
quivering mistrust
of eggshell darkness.

Weary with worming,
he settles for rock
to vent, his arm
fires.
Release comes
in shattered filaments.



VW

Casie Herrion
Desert Vista Campus



STOP THE RIDE

Tom McDonald
West Campus



ORANGE

Chris Koval
Downtown Campus



THE BODEGA OF THE MIDDLE

Maggie Golston
Desert Vista Campus

Exactly what does it take to have grown from being a camera into being a gun? The gloss on the matter is tiny and extraneous, boiled potato filled with meat, fried hot dog wrapped in bacon. The bodega of citrus, of the small black dog, of the aging burro, of the armed checkpoint, the unarmed. The baroque detail of Zeta tagging on the interstate heading north, too, is church, the crosses marking human roadkill at intervals.

The bodega of the middle is currently between owners, in escrow, on layaway. Secessions in succession: duchy, proxy: baja/alta, baja/alta. It is drawn in chalk a meter from rain at the town hall, in unspeakable uniform sprawl ringing burnt cities. Even as the ladies clutch bags and nod under kerchiefs, the arsonist is paid in a third currency.

At the bodega of the middle, one is rarely required to show papers, to be any one thing at any one time. Boys are girls. Knives magically cling to walls at the ready. Surely there are bodies beneath one's feet, their owners moving objects a centimeter each night, bodega of the dybbuk, bodega of stars or stripes, of piles of hooves and hearts. The coyote, the partisan, dolor won't extricate from meaning; one draws from a bag a wedding ring with someone else's name engraved inside.

Wave at the prisoners on work detail on the freeway past the mission. Hold still as the mad rabbi crosses the street toward the café, carrying eggs for midnight frying. Bodega of the middle, strands of amber without certificate, bread soda, piñata, fine linen, horchata, boar's heart, cow's liver, Soviet cigarette, box of Chiclets, take what is given, what is given up, *para todos, aciü.*



THE BEAUTY WITHIN

Geneva Escobedo
West Campus

TI move away from self-judgment now that I am older, my hair is grayer and my body is not as lean as it once was.

Aging is a gift. A time to reflect on life experiences, both pleasant and painful.

I toss out society's views on beauty. I reject that women should make every effort to look young. I will age gracefully and accept that my youthful outer beauty is fading.

Instead, I focus on the beauty within. To feel blessed for the spiritual beauty that has manifested itself over my 65 years.

The beauty of sharing my story with others to create special bonds and heartfelt connections.

The beauty of being there for a family member who is on her death bed—holding her hand and praying for a peaceful passing.

The beauty of giving advice to a young student who is struggling with their identity and is challenged academically.

The beauty of creating laughter with a colleague who is in a state of melancholy.

The beauty within us is profound and unending. Look deeply, tap it, appreciate it, and be with it.



BLUE LIGHTNING

Jorge Caballero
Downtown Campus



WHERE LINES MEET

Stacey Wrona
Desert Vista Campus



TIL DEATH DO US PART

Jorge Caballero
Downtown Campus



DEATH

Katherine Jackson
District Office

The door opens and immediately I feel the cold as I always do on these visits. I like hearing my shoes clicking on the large square tiles down the long hallways. The way the ceiling lights shine on me make me feel like I am making an entrance to a stage. I turn in the direction of a black-painted arrow on the wall, and face a room with the word “Intensive,” written on the door, an adjective describing what I am about to experience.

I see her lying on the white sheets, with the white blankets, and steel rails on either side of her bed. I grab and hold tight to one of the steel bars so if she decides to leave, I can go with her. We have never been apart. There is a constant beeping like a countdown to something about to take off. Is she about to leave me? This one single recurring fear that I have plays over and over in my mind. All the long nights of falling asleep on a wet pillowcase, scared that she won’t wake up the next morning. Wishing she was younger like a regular mom, and that her heart was stronger. I have given her pills under her tongue since I was five. She always gets better in a couple of days. It’s been a week now.

Tomorrow is our 6th grade talent show, and I’ll have to miss it. She never heard me sing or saw me dance. I know when she wakes up she’s going to ask why I’m not at school. All she cares about are my grades.

I can’t believe they have her hair loose. She looks so beautiful without her bun twisted on the back of her head. I don’t want to leave her side, but the nurse says they have to check something, so I go to the waiting room. Aunt Ethel is here from Arizona, and she brought all of her kids. I feel like I can’t breathe. Why is everyone here? I can’t stop crying. I’m going back to the room; I have to; she’s all I have. She’s always told me that when she dies no one will love me like she does. I hear her calling my name.

“Kathy, Kathy, get Katchouch out of my bed. I don’t like no dogs on my bed.”

“Momma, Katchouch died two years ago!”

The beeping stops. Why is everyone here?



The Shadow – West

The shadow knows what came before and what is yet to come.
Drifting in and out of existence. Appearing at unexpected times
in unusual and familiar places

The first time, it made its presence known when I was camping in the Graham Mountains, a place I frequented for family picnics. These Western mountains near my childhood home are like a sacred place.

Why did it appear? To taunt me? Confuse me?
Is it someone I know—past or present?
I'm not scared. Just curious. Who are you?

The Shadow – East

I faintly recall sensing the shadow when I lived in Florida.
It quickly flashed by me after opening my eyes during meditation.

My marriage was falling apart. I was seeking solace,
Searching for answers. What did my future hold?
Did the shadow return to guide me? To comfort me?

After great deliberation and emotional ups and downs, I
knew it was time to leave. To move on.
Would the shadow return after I settled in my new home?

The Shadow – North

I was in Sedona for a week. I traveled there to focus on balancing mind, body, and spirit.
I read, wrote in my journal, and prayed. I hiked in an area known for its
strong vortex. This space creates a human bond with mother earth—a feeling of being
one with the universe.

I sat on a large bolder, taking in the scenery. I was immersed in the present and let
go of all my worries and current challenges. I stood up to leave and felt a strong wind
whirl around me. It was spooky as if a message was being sent to me.

Was it the shadow? Did it return once more to let me know that I was where I needed
to be?

I felt a great release, as if a burden was lifted from my shoulders.

The Shadow – South

I travel south with Mom to the Desert Diamond Casino. We pass San Xavier Mission
also known as the “White Dove of the Desert.” We enjoy the ride and mom reminisces
about the time she and dad, as newlyweds, climbed the hill with the white cross on top.
They held hands and recited a special prayer for a blessed marriage.

We each take \$80—our limit for an evening of gambling. If we win, great! If we
lose, we will have fun playing a variety of machines.

I select the buffalo game and wonder if I will win again. I concentrate with the
hope of doubling my money.

A feel a gentle tap on my shoulder. I quickly turn around. No one is there.
I enter my \$20 bet, hit the play button and get ten free spins! It keeps going, adding
more free spins. Before I know it, I win \$300 on a penny machine.

Was it the shadow that once again appeared but this time to give me luck?



ANOTHER NAME FOR SHADOW

Melissa Johnson
Community Campus

Notice a blanket of the absence of day
Clinging the outlines of the human frame,
Facing flat against the pavement.
Claiming a portion of the wall for itself.
It suddenly lies still,
Hiding its hideous face,
In plain sight.
In the corner, behind me,
Trying to run away,
As morning presents itself.



THE TATTERING CALL

Prairie L. Markussen
Northwest Campus

after Andy Goldsworthy

He is fascinated by the circle,
birthing it anyplace with nature's nearest tools.
His circles gape dark in dust, push

webbed mesh of twigs aside to allow
its gravid circumferences to spread, hollow out
snow mounds, only to see them cave

in on themselves, given time.
The circle is everywhere.
Yet it is the erring oval, edges uneven,

the tips pointed, that suit him better. The circle
is nature's darling, the eye's easy choice.
The almond oval is something else.

It is not the moon, not the berry,
not the orange or the sun.
It is the hard, red sand of Mount Victor,

carved, layered—an ever-descending
opening. It is the clay pushed
into the hollow of a south-facing tree in Runnymede.

It is its remoteness
in shadow, its welcome smile
in dappled light.

It is the feathering of red leaves,
like a hemline of lace,
edging the inward-facing bark

in Scaur Water. It is the oval, its hopeful half,
the ragged earth-slash, and not
the circle, that suits him. It shows.

It is evident—he has toyed tenderly with stones,
stuck numb hand between rocks
in creek beds, sought the crevasse

in the glacier, traced the uneven borders
of countries and waters alike along
a yellowing map. The uneven,

and imperfect. Not the yawn of the circle,
but the tattering call, the bright cry,
of the other.



RAVENALA MADAGASCARIENSIS

Prairie L. Markussen
Desert Vista Campus

In the night while you have slept,
I have found myself skimming
through each room of our house,
touching nothing, the slight lift
of my hair on my back the only
indication of my movement.
I have found myself out the back
door, down the steps of the deck,
and to the base of the traveler's tree.
It shoots upward, each stalk and fan-shaped
leaf a guffaw at gravity. This is not
Madagascar. This tree is not
a palm, though it
masquerades as such. In the night
while you have slept, I have come
for water. I have come to be quenched.
Ignoring the boring tap in our kitchen,
I take out a knife and cut in to
the closest petiole. I tip it to my lips
and drink—it is cool and tastes
faintly of grass. A fleck of dirt
passes over my tongue. I am
grateful. I will not wake you
with my cooled lips, my night air
hair. I lay the stem and its tongue
of a leaf on the ground; I lay myself
down upon it. I curl into the
meat of the plant and sleep. If I'm honest,
I'm waiting for the brown fruit,
and for the light blue seeds within.
I'm waiting to test your eyes
against that color yet again, and to behold
what you can bear.



RAZOR BLADES

Christopher Koval
Downtown Campus

Urban American drugstore. It's 2:00 a.m under harsh fluorescent lights.

Clerk: Will that be all?

Customer: I think so.

Clerk: That'll be \$11.85.

Customer: I don't have enough.

Clerk: How much yah got?

Customer: \$3.00

(pause)

Clerk: I'm sorry.

(pause)

Customer: I'm sorry too. I'll put them back.

Clerk: I'll do it.

Customer: Thanks.

Clerk: No problem.

Customer: I love you.

Clerk: Excuse me?

Customer: I love you.

Clerk: I'm sorry I...

Customer: It's okay, I understand.

Clerk: Understand what?

Customer: You don't have to say it back.

Clerk: Thanks. I didn't want to hurt your feelings. I just...

Customer: "Owner of a lonely heart..."

Clerk: "Much better than a -"

Clerk and Customer: "Broken heart."

Clerk: Yes.

Customer: Yes?

Clerk: No.

(Pause)

Customer: So where do we go from here?

Clerk: I don't know. I need time. Space.

Customer: The final frontier. Empty air. You need your own empty air.

Clerk: Yes. No. I don't know.

Customer: I'm sorry. I'm smothering you.

Clerk: Look, I'll pay for the razor blades.

Customer: To make yourself feel better.

Clerk: That's not fair.

Customer: I wish things could be different.

Clerk: Me too. Let me buy you some shaving cream.

Customer: The blades aren't to shave with.

Clerk: Well, you can't slit your wrists with these. All you can do is shave them.

Customer: I'll find a way. I'll pry off the plastic.

Clerk: I'm not worth killing yourself for.

Customer: I'll be back tomorrow.

Clerk: I hope so.



CASS STREET, 1955

Tom McDonald
West Campus

I loved
the flapping
sound of
the wash
on the line
in the summer
mornings,
my mother
singing with
clothespins
in her
mouth.
So many
things were
possible then.



WINDOW DRESSINGS

Brooke Anderson
Downtown Campus

How often, a window
is opened just enough to
let in what should not be let in.

Too often what seeps through
leaves stains, dirties draperies.
Stirred up gravel, pollinators, spurs
Particulate air that
Trickles down the crack made by
opening that window.

It's slow leaks that cause the most damage.
Particle after particle settles
unnoticed in the folds of fabric
Hung to regulate visibility and temperature.

As that dust settles,
the dressings unravel
under increasingly heavy circumstances.
The undoing is strand by strand.

More often, open a window all the way.
Release the bolt blocking the passage
to let in what should be let in.
The bits will become wholes;
the wholes will be noticed.
Noticing results in washing and stitching.

Stains treated, odors removed,
Not replaced
by new, unsoiled draperies.



THERE IS NO SAFE DISTANCE HERE

Danny Clifford
Northwest Campus

There is no safe distance here;
no away-from-you.
Things circle close,
but just overhead,
just out of reach.
And here is where the tension builds.
Near the thicket of succulents never too close to the sea,
and a pink halo of bougainvillea
which hides bird nests too small to be of consequence,
yet grab attention as a consequence.
We never told quite the whole truth. Did we?
Things are unpacked and flung about,
one sandal canted over the next, slipping,
cigarette burning through its ash,
Bukowski, and his space, waiting;
and making their way in measured, undulating lines
outside, a regiment of the pelicans near the shore,
flying one behind another
in cadence.
Within the tide,
a niche is whispered for me,
a place
nearest the wave-crest and foam
away from the surfers, dressed as seals, playing the edges.
Somewhere near the rise of the sand-drag,
before the beach's rotted wood and rusted iron,
past the dead things with opened eyes,
I didn't quite fall in love with you,
and I think I'm happier because of this.
I'm happier because I didn't close the distance between us
when you gave me the chance.
Didn't fall in line to spill at your feet.
I stood there, foolish,
eyes opened,
peddling fish parts-
great for soups, bird food, and seal bait.
Still, I put right your sandals,
took a long drag and learned of the inhale
working against the exhale,
tipped my shit-covered hat to the sea,
and found a poem
more to my liking.



STONE

Kitty Reeve
East Campus

(For Clea)

From across the country
I've come to visit Alice,
my best friend.
We stand on the dark sands
of a Northern California beach
Thundering waves break on the shore
Seagulls call through cloud-covered sky.

I take pictures of Alice
and Clea, her long-haired, green-eyed daughter.
They hug, pose, tease
as they move among the massive rocks
that line the shore.

After lunch, Clea runs in and out of the waves
while Alice and I sit on silvery driftwood, talking.
My eyes fasten on a shiny black stone.
Flat, smooth and round, it soothes my palm.
Here, I say to Alice, placing the stone in her hand.
To remember this time, this place.
Her fingers close around the stone.
Her eyes touch mine. We smile.

Years pass. Alice, in California,
writes to me, in Massachusetts.
"Clea is having a hard time.
May I give her the stone?"

A decade later
in Tucson
at the funeral for my son
Clea's hand touches mine.
She closes my fingers around
the smooth black stone.
Our weeping eyes meet.

Six years pass. I stand beside Alice's hospital bed.
Her body lies oddly, stiffened by paralysis.
An ordinary procedure
has gone terribly
wrong.

I press the cool stone
into her soft warm palm.
Her bewildered eyes search mine.

Alice died last year.
Recently, Clea called.
"I miss her so."
Me, too, I say.
"I am holding the black stone," she says.



An excerpt from *The Call of the Trogon*

*In a field by the river,
My love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder,
She placed her snow white hand:
"The Salley Gardens" - W.B. Yeats*

March, 1980

The windshield wipers were old and ineffective. The heavy wet snow of the Northern Arizona mid-March blizzard was winning. Snow accumulated on the windshield.

An hour earlier, Alexandra, me, and Ashley (a cat whose fur looked like smudged ashes) headed south out of Flagstaff, beginning the first leg of our move to Tucson. I was leaving for good the college town I'd lived in for years. Alexandra was looking to start graduate school in Tucson.

On the outskirts of town, as we passed the last gritty gas stations and dirty city roadside snow banks peppered with cinders and discolored by weeks of exhaust, we could tell that beyond the ominously overcast sky, the hidden sun was setting and dusk was falling hard. The colorless road and the threatening low-hanging clouds quickly turned an even darker shade of drab.

We drove south. The blizzard struck. Beyond the buffeting blasts of swirling snow we knew, even though unseen to us then, stood a roadside forest of stately ponderosa pines and occasional rustic mountain meadows so beautiful that every few years these meadows were re-photographed to once again be displayed on the pages of *Arizona Highways* magazine, capturing a unique mountain beauty whose magic has been known to sometimes lure post-graduates to tarry in Flagstaff a year or two before tackling graduate school.

The VW was packed to the gills with our possessions hurriedly stuffed in the back. Ashley had the best range of movement. She could find a space on top of books, luggage, and housewares behind us. There was at least four inches of cat maneuverable space just short of the roof. Up there as well, the dome light was kept on so Alexandra could read. The amber incandescent bulb housed in the yellowing plastic cover only weakly cast a pathetic light. Ashley, seeking human comfort, or maybe just the warmth from the heater, would jump onto either Sandra's or my lap and then move between us as she pleased.

There were occasional little avalanches of books spilling into the front seat. Alexandra repeatedly set the books back up on their perch behind the front seats. Some miles later, they'd topple again.

The storm worsened. The Beetle's clattering rear tire chains beat out snow-softened tattoos that would rise to a crescendo where the road was bare and then do a diminuendo slide back when the packed snow returned.

Alexandra's view from her front passenger's seat in the old gray VW Bug was reduced to nothing but a mat of snow on her windshield. Her dumbfounded wiper was stuck - stuck half-way across her windshield. Just audible below the inexorable march of the chains was a labored whirring and grinding noise of the immobile clamp of the blade being stripped by the oscillating wiper motor shaft.

The windshield wiper on my side, the driver's side, was working hard, swinging in fits and starts across the window, but it could not quite keep up with the onslaught of heavy snow.

With Ashley sometimes in my lap, and sometimes not, I frequently had to open the driver's window and reach around to the front of the windshield with a towel, manually clearing the accumulated windshield snow just enough to have a paper plate sized hole to look through.

After a few of these cleanings, Alexandra asked, "When you do that, can you shut the window as quickly as possible?"

"I have to see the road."

"The diesel exhaust coming in the window is making me sick," Alexandra explained.

A snowplow was a few sets of red rear lights ahead. The Beetle and a whole train of other cars and trucks were following it.

I glanced at Alexandra. She did not look well.

"Are you going to puke?" I asked, considering the intimate quarters of the front seat.

"Where's the pineapple?" she asked with a hint of urgency.

I turned toward her to get another quick diagnostic look.

"Get the pineapple!" She sat up straight in her seat, turning towards me, "PLEASE?"

"Ok... OK!... Here comes the pineapple!" I reached back behind her seat and brought forward a little plastic trash can shaped like a pineapple. Some of the paint that once made it clearly a pineapple still adhered to it. I put the little trash can in her lap.

Alexandra picked it up, and looking worse by the second, slumped with it into her seat. She hugged the pineapple to

the chest of the parka she wore like it was a teddy bear, both of us feeling more secure that the pineapple was at the ready for that unpredictable, but possible, explosive moment.

An hour outside of Flagstaff we were still on the



Colorado Plateau at a good 7,000 feet elevation.

"When can we stop? I need a bathroom."

"In another 10 miles we'll drop into the Verde Valley. The snow will turn to rain. When I pull off the road to remove the chains you can go off into the bushes - or you can wait till we get to the gas stations in Camp Verde."

Sinking lower in her seat Alexandra croaked, "Gas."

The snowed yielded to rain over a few miles. The sludge and slush on the road became greasy splattering puddles. The paper plate sized windshield porthole expanded to a pizza pan. The Bug's blanket of snow began melting and random clumps flew off behind us.

The road's shoulder and the darker beyond reappeared. We sped by phantom oaks and junipers. I was finally able to see more than the red rear lights of the Ford pickup ahead that

we'd relied on since just outside of Flagstaff.

"Thanks, truck. You guided us through the murk and muck and kept us out of the ditch. Thanks, truck."

"Ohooo my gawd," Alexandra moaned.

To remove the unnecessary chains, I pulled the VW off the road, miscalculated how slippery the shoulder was and skidded instead of stopping. Fortunately, the chains took hold just short of going off the shoulder, stopping the Bug abruptly. "Errrrrrg," Alexandra uttered.

A single book toppled forward and landed between the front seats. The book flopped open to a page that pictured a stunningly long-tailed bird. Its back and head were green like a parrot, it wasn't a parrot, but it certainly did look like a bird out of the tropics. This handsome bird had a bright yellow bill that was short and curved just a bit downward - like the curved bill of a cardinal. The breast was bright red, almost a cherry red, with a clean white collar demarcating the red breast from the green hood of the head. Below the picture was the caption, "Coppery-tailed Trogon." It was the bird I'd read about. I knew that although native to Mexico, some of



them were summer residents in the Santa Rita Mountains, just south of Tucson. That bird was one of the reasons I was headed to the Tucson and the Sonoran Desert. I closed the book and looked at the

familiar mossy-green cover, "Field Guide to Western Birds," by Roger Tory Peterson. I really wanted to share the significance of the moment. I looked over to Alexandra and just for the heck of it, I voiced the Coppery-tailed Trogon's call, just like I'd heard on the record, "wehrr, rr, rr, rr, rr, rr... wehrr, rr, rr, rr, rr, rr, rr".

Alexandra looked up from her misery and with her face all scrunched at me, and asked, "What???"



WINEMERCHANT

Chris Koval
Downtown Campus



HONEY IN A JAR

Stacey Wrona
Desert Vista Campus

How would it be
to write a song?
Where does the voice start to cry,
when does the throat tickle a little louder
what other noises punctuate
space
and
time?
I would love to fondle
piano, cello, harp,
to push the chords
past smoke and polka.

Oh hummingbird,
you look like a toucan
when you stick your tiny tongue
to suck nectar of sunset-bell flowers,
a ridiculous toucan, too:
selling sugar motion
to my hungry eyes,
trying to catch a single flap
of your wing.

I want to dismantle the peel of life
before it devours me.
Past the husk, the bitter rind,
what fruit lies within?
I am digging for the pith.

Twilight nectar, come drink of me, too.
Together we can tell our stories,
our stories will never end,
a thousand lives could dwell in them and
have fields of song leftover.

Helen poured hot water over instant coffee crystals and buttered her toast. She sat down at the kitchen table and tried not to think about Chips. He would be fine; he was just tired. Still, it struck her as odd that when she got out of bed he rolled over so limply as if coasting on the wave of the moving blankets rather than by his own volition. Odder still, he had not followed her out into the kitchen to sit by his bowl. He was probably just tired and in a deep sleep, dreaming about chasing rabbits down holes and peeing on his favorite tree. The vet told her: *Helen, that dog is dangerously overweight* - but she had owned dogs all her life and never fed them diet dog food. She pampered him, yes, but he was only four years old. When the cold weather let up and she could walk him more often he would work off that winter weight.

...more walks. What a lot of work! Some mornings Helen felt too tired to walk Chips to the clothesline pole in the yard and tether him there long enough for him to do his business. Could she ever give him sufficient exercise?

At eighty-six-years-old, Helen prided herself that she maintained her independence and resisted moving into a nursing home. Her children stopped by every so often. Her son, Carl, bought Chips for her. He dropped in out of the blue one day with the dog in a laundry basket full of blankets. How excited she felt when he handed her the puppy! She acted so excited. She was scared, but she had acted so excited. How would she take care of herself and a dog? She would manage, so she acted so excited.

How could that lazy dog still be in bed? She went about noisily in the kitchen. She dropped her butter knife onto her plate. It rang out. She heard Chips' licenses jingled in the other room, but he did not come and she realized she only imagined hearing the familiar sound in expectation.

This will work, Helen thought as she filled his bowl with dog food. The nuggets fell into the bowl and ding, ding, dinged - a dinner plate and dinner bell all in one calling, *Come on, Chips! Come on, Chips!* Chips did not come.

That crazy dog, Helen said aloud. Sometimes she said things aloud for practice. She went such long periods without speaking. When at last she had to answer the door or the telephone her voice would crack and croak. Helen thought it made her sound like a witch. Other than the few times she forced herself to practice using her normal voice, she spoke mainly to Chips. Her Chips voice consisted of a high, nasal tenor and a handful of tones - a tummy scratching voice and an alluring above-the-tail scratching voice and a scolding looking-down-on-the-dog-from-above voice.

She decided to go check on him. She walked to the bedroom door but no further. The shades were drawn and the room was dark. She discerned the shadow of Chips on the bed. He lay on his side and his ears flowed off his head like seaweed caught in the current of the quilt. It was too dark to distinguish his features and Helen needed a new glasses prescription, but still she swore his eyes were open.

Sleepy boy, she said as she walked back to the kitchen. She did not turn on the light or go into the bedroom.

After breakfast she sat in the kitchen and read the church bulletin. The priest had included a funny little picture of a baseball that said GO RED SOX on the second page. Did the priest write the newsletter himself or did Carol's daughter (what was her name... the church secretary) write it? She wondered if the priest knew about the baseball. Helen noticed that Paul Morrison's family had included a prayer for him. He passed away from cancer awhile back, maybe six or seven months before. Always either cancer or heart attacks it seemed. A heart attack had taken Helen's sister before her seventieth birthday, but she had been morbidly obese. Yet, Helen thought, sometimes even thin people died of heart attacks, not just fat people, so the same must apply to dogs and the vet was just trying to scare her by telling her that Chips needed a diet. *Why would he do that?* Helen wondered

When her husband, Frank, was alive he kept the most beautiful Springer Spaniels. When Carl was small, Frank and Carl trained those dogs so well! They taught them to hunt and they looked just like the dogs at the feet of the fine English gentlemen in the old paintings. Even Father O'Neale, standing in the living room and surveying the dogs in the yard, declared, *Frank, I have never seen such fine hunting dogs! They must be pure bloods*. Chips was a pure-blooded dachshund. She never learned where Carl bought Chips, but he told her, *he is a pure-bred dachshund with papers and everything*. Chips wasn't as regal as the spaniels - he waddled along with a whip-tail flapping and his little belly almost dragging on the carpet, but Helen would have traded all the nobility of the larger dogs for the convenience of such a small animal.

Helen left Chips' food on the floor. He would want it when he got up (*that lazy dog!*) and she went into the living room to watch a little television. Never much on and too many commercials, but maybe she'd watch Oprah. Oprah wasn't on yet. The lady on the morning news was so pretty, but much prettier before she dyed her hair. She settled on Good Morning America. Some girl sang (or, Helen thought, lip-synched) in Times Square. She was a pop singer. She had her bosom all pushed up and sticking out...such a shame! She would be a pretty girl if she could dress respectfully and Helen thought her mother must be mortified to see her daughter in Times Square exposing herself like that. What people did in private was one thing, but in Times Square! The rush of outrage distracted Helen from what really tugged at her mind.

Helen knew that Chips was dead. She knew it from the moment she awoke with his limp little body weighing down the sheets near her thigh and when he didn't get up for breakfast and when she lingered in the bedroom door and he lay so still, his little chest neither rising nor falling. She knew Chips was dead, but what to do? She could call Carl to come over and take Chips away but then she would be alone. He would not buy her another dog because he would know that Chips died because she overfed him. Frank's pension checks and her social security barely covered her bills and medication, so that ruled out buying another dog on her own.

She shut off the T.V. and the pop song ended abruptly in a split second of static. Helen closed her eyes and sighed. She tried to envision herself going into the bedroom, turning

the lights on, and touching his body and then what? She could place him in a box with a blanket, call Carl and wait for Carl to come and take him away, but she knew he would probably pull the car behind a store with a dumpster and pitch Chips away into cardboard boxes and plastic bags. If she asked Carl to bury Chips in the yard he'd do it for her, but to think of her friend always so cold and alone just outside the house would be unbearable.

She ran herself a bath and brushed her hair. She undressed and looked down at her engorged and sagging stomach, and her humongous, misshapen breasts, and her creased joints where the loose skin and flesh folded at seams that never existed in her youth. How had she survived a life of obesity that cut her dog's life so short? *Anatomy*, she thought as she lowered herself into the bath. She did not have a long torso hung between four stubby legs. Her weight distribution was not as severely opposed to obesity. She was not a dachshund. If only she had thought of this before it was too late! She could have put Chips on a diet; she should have known that his body was not built to support weight. To be so old and stubborn! Helen began to cry.

After the bath she composed herself in the mirror. She towed off, but she had neglected to choose clean clothes to wear for the day. She kept all of her clothes in the bedroom. She picked up the same nightgown and housecoat she had taken off and put them back on. She could count on one hand the number of times in her life she failed to change her clothes and almost all those days she'd had the flu.

Then she went and made herself some lunch. No one begged for some of her sandwich and no one decided that he needed to go out to pee at just the moment she sat down to eat. *That crazy dog is going to skip lunch too*, she mumbled as if outwardly denying the truth could defy those mutinous thoughts of death she left lurking in the bathroom. She made chicken salad – Chips' favorite. She only ate half the sandwich.

After lunch she picked up the phone to call Carl and tell him about Chips and get the whole ordeal over with. How should she tell him? He had warned her about Chips' weight and exhorted her to follow the veterinarian's advice. Could she withstand a scolding right now? Did it make a difference if she called right at that moment? As far as Carl knew, whatever moment she called would be the moment Helen discovered Chips dead. The silver lining to being alone was a certain control over the truth that made time and circumstance a nebulous entity in the relation of facts to other people.

Helen placed the phone back on the hook and washed her dishes from breakfast and lunch. The unpleasant thoughts that accosted her mind were a calculated assessment of the logistics of modifying the truth. When would she need to call Carl? How long before Chips began to smell? What about rigor mortis? Would that give her secret away to Carl if she waited to call him until later that night? Or tomorrow? Or until...

I'll call him at three, Helen told herself, but when three o'clock rolled around she stayed on the couch eating crackers and reading a romance novel. Though her clock chimed, she

pretended not to hear it and fancied that the time had gotten away from her. When three-thirty rolled around and she felt her eyelids getting heavy she told herself that she would call Carl after her nap. She pulled an afghan over her legs and routinely smoothed out a spot for Chips behind her knees.

She awoke an hour later, or more accurately, she told herself that she had slept for an hour. In fact, she had probably only slept for fifteen minutes. *I'll call Carl right after dinner*, she said as she rose and turned on the pole lamp behind the end table. Dinner transpired in much the same manner as lunch – Helen ate very little. She placed the uneaten portion of her microwave pot pie in the refrigerator because there was too much to waste. She sat back down at the table and thought, *Carl's not going to want to deal with this as soon as he gets home from work and he still needs to eat dinner* and she resolved to call him at seven o'clock.

At seven Helen picked up the phone and dialed Carl's number. Her heart pulsed in her ears more loudly than the numbers pulsed on the phone. It rang once. Helen worried that when Carl answered and she attempted to speak her voice would crack, so she said *That's one* out loud. The phone rang a second time. She forced a deep breath and focused all her energy on not crying. It rang a third time and then a fourth and then it picked up – *Hi, you've reached Carl and Maggie. Sorry we're not in right now, but if you leave your name, number and...* Helen hung up the phone and did not leave a message.

Helen did not call again that night. She watched television and read more of her romance novel. Her usual bedtime – eight o'clock – came and went. She yawned and her eyes filled with tears from yawning and she crossed her hands on her large stomach and sighed. *Perhaps I'll just sleep on the couch*, she thought, but the light afghan would not be warm enough and the decorative pillows on the couch were okay for a nap, but too hard and thin to sleep on all night. She went to the bathroom and took out her dentures and placed them in cup of water by the sink. She hiked up her housecoat and nightgown and sat down on the toilet as much to think as to go. *I could put the afghan in a gift box* she thought, *and I could lay Chips in it*. She considered just placing him on the couch for the night.

She stood up from the toilet and readjusted her clothes and plodded out of the bathroom, flipping off the light switch as she left. A nightlight came on in one of the electrical outlets. The appliances in the house hummed and buzzed to one another, seeming very much alive. The heartbeat of the clock in the living room tick, tick, ticked away. *Maybe I won't wake up tomorrow and I will never have to deal with this*, Helen thought, wincing as if from pain. She entered the bedroom and took off her housecoat without turning on the light. She removed her glasses and placed them on the nightstand. In the blurry darkness she could make out the shadowy presence of the dog on the bed. Through cataract obscurity, Chips appeared as the usual dachshund-shaped shadow. Helen crawled into bed and lay on her left side, tugged the quilt up beneath her chin, and shut her eyes. The undertow of bedding pulled Chips close against her thigh.



WINE AND TEARS

Mariana Carreras
Downtown Campus



THREE SPIRITS
Caroline Pyevich
East Campus

————— *Cababi* —————

Cababi Contributor BIOS

Eric Aldrich

Eric teaches writing at PCC's Downtown Campus. He was the fiction competition judge for the 14-15 issue of Pima's students journal, *Sandscript*. His work has appeared in *The Feathertale Review*, *Emerson Review*, and *Prick of the Spindle*. He enjoys hiking, heavy metal, science fiction, and training his cats.

Michael M. Alvarez

Michael, a native Arizonan, has written and published numerous short stories, essays, poems, and articles on writing. His stories and articles have appeared in the *Arizona Daily Star* and *Writer's Digest*. His award-winning short story, "The Human Element," was included in the 1994 anthology, *Computer Legends, Lies and Lore*. His other books include *The Last Place God Made, Deliver Us from Evil, Kino's Gold, The Treasure of the Santa Ritas* (Young Adult), and *Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to be Writers* (a book about writers and the writing life). Mr. Alvarez is a member of the Arizona Mystery Writers and the Society of Southwestern Authors. He lives in Tucson, Arizona and teaches writing at Pima Community College.

Brooke Anderson

Brooke was born into water and spends much of her time returning to it, whether that be in Tucson's canyons, the Pacific Ocean, Gulf of Mexico, or friends' pools. Once upon a time, Brooke thought she would live in Tucson for a short period and then return to her home state: California. However, as the story goes for so many of this city's residence, it doesn't look like she is moving back, ever. The desert owns her soul now, in that good way. Amidst her many talents (writing, belly dancing, swimming, hiking, camping, festivaling, basking enthusiastically in the glory of existence), Brooke makes room for her full time gig as Pima Community College Writing Faculty at the Downtown campus. Take a class with her sometime. You'll love it! (winky face)

April Burge

April is the Cababi Editor-in-Chief and enjoys working with creative, adventurous, risk-takers who work hard and play rigorously. She's extremely proud of the rich and vibrant collection of nationally recognized artist and writers in this year's edition of *Cababi*. With a hundred irons in the fire at any given time, April is a teacher, free-lance writer, public relations and marketing consultant, a devoted mom to two beautiful children, a wife, and overall sassy domestic diva. She loves the country life, food, outdoor projects, invigorating exercise, sports, and boisterous entertaining – especially anything related to Halloween celebrations. She's an avid mommy blogger and underground Internet critic of all things foreign and domestic.

Jorge Caballero

Jorge grew up in Southern Arizona, Guadalajara, Jalisco, and San Carlos, Sonora. He works for Pima County Community College District, and has done so for the last 7 years. Starting at Northwest Campus as an IT Specialist, he held that position for 6 years, and was known as the campus photographer as he always had a camera in hand and wasn't shy about taking thousands of pictures. Currently, Jorge works at the Downtown Campus in the Dean's Office as Support Staff. His love of the arts has continued at Downtown Campus as Jorge continues to photograph and create on a regular basis. You can usually spot Jorge around the Downtown Campus carrying a bright red camera. Among other creative outlets, Jorge works with paper sculpture and continues to develop and explore this exciting medium.

Danny Clifford

Danny earned his MFA at the University of Arizona in Creative Writing focusing on poetry, and currently teaches an array of writing courses at both Pima and Cochise colleges. At any given time you might catch him reading a comic book, singing karaoke, lighting matches, or debating the subtle socio-political nuances of the African American in the new world.

Carol Dolaghan

I grew up in Southeast Arizona, but lived in exile in California for seventeen years before returning to my beloved homeland three years ago. I have been a writer, an English teacher, a writing tutor, and I am now happy to be the Professional Learning Coordinator for Adult Education at PCC.

Shelly Dorsey

You're mostly likely to find Shelly teaching writing at Pima's Downtown Campus Writing Center. You might also spot her exercising at the Reid Park hot water pool, reading a good book on her Kindle, taking a nap with her cat, meditating at the local Zen center, or having dinner with friends, family, and her partner, Dan.

Geneva Escobedo

Geneva is currently Executive Assistant to the West Campus President. She has held a variety of administrative and management positions in higher education over the past 26 years. Ms. Escobedo has worked at PCC for 16 years. She was the Student Services Manager at East Campus, Program Manager for Marketing and Public Information, the Title V HSI Grant Manager and Program Manager for Developmental Education and Student Services at the District Office. Prior to her employment at Pima Community College, Geneva worked at Seminole Community College in Sanford, Florida and at Arizona State University where she served as Director of the Downtown Center and Director of Community Outreach. Ms. Escobedo received a B.S. in Business Administration from Arizona State University and an M.B.A. from the University of Phoenix. She is a lifelong learner and has completed classes in poetry writing at PCC and participated in several writing workshops and conferences. Geneva has published articles on student retention in the *Journal of Developmental Education and Hispanic Outlook Magazine* and wrote several articles on academic programs for PCC's *Career Focus Magazine*. Several of her poems were published in a women's anthology, *Our Spirit, Our Reality: celebrating our stories* in 2011. A short story was recently published in an anthology titled *Frijoles, Elotes and Chipotles Oh My! & Other Tummy Tales*. Geneva enjoys journal writing, participating in a women's writing group, reading and dancing. Her poetry and stories focus on family, the Mexican culture, diversity and spirituality.

Sandra Florence

Sandra received her Master's in English/Creative Writing from San Francisco State University, and has been writing and teaching in Tucson, Arizona for the last thirty-five years. She taught at the University of Arizona for 18 ½ years and in a number of community education settings working with refugees, the homeless, adolescent parents, women in recovery and juveniles at risk. She is the recipient of a NEH grant under the initiative, The National Conversation on American Pluralism and Identity, and through the grant ran a community writing project for 3 years. She has published scholarly articles on writing and healing and writing as a tool for public dialogue. She has just published a book of poems, entitled, *The Radiant City*. She currently teaches writing at Pima Community College.

Maggie Golston

I am a Writing and Humanities teacher at Pima's Desert Vista Campus. This is my sixth year at Pima; I have also taught composition and creative writing at the University of Arizona, and composition, creative writing, and cultural theory at the University of Utah. I hold Bachelor of Arts and Master of Fine Arts degrees in Creative Writing from the University of Arizona. My poetry has appeared in journals like *Ploughshares*, *Spork*, and *Sonora Review*. I love poetry readings, and have coordinated readings series in Tucson, San Francisco, and Salt Lake City. I was a performing musician for 20 years, and released the album *Spaceman* in 2005. Also a freelance journalist, I have written many arts features and profiled some of Tucson's finest musicians and arts professionals.

Patrick E. Grenier

I was born at St. Mary's Hospital here in Tucson. It just happened to be Easter Sunday Morning that day in 1953. I attended St. John Evangelist elementary school and graduated from Sunnyside High School. I studied at the University of Arizona where I received a Bachelor of Science in Business and Public Administration (BSBPA) in 1982.

I've been a carpenter my whole life having worked my way through the UofA residential framing and for myself building restaurants and cabinets prior to coming to Pima Community College almost nine years ago. where I work as a carpenter in the Crafts Department of the Maintenance and Security complex. I took my first formal watercolor course in the Fall of 2014 at the PCC East Campus. I have four wonderful kids and a loving female Doberman Pinscher dog.

Casie Herron

Casie is a Tucson native, born and raised! She loves yoga, gardening, cooking, vintage car shows, and making art. She is currently teaching ART 100 Basic Design at Downtown Campus, as well as a couple yoga classes. Casie is the sole yoga instructor for Raytheon, sneaking her peace-making ways into the missile complex, and also teaches for LA Fitness local gyms. When she's not doing yoga or teaching, she likes painting, relief and intaglio printmaking, sculptural mosaic and playing poker.

Katherine Jackson

Katherine Jackson is originally from Akron, Ohio. Before moving to Tucson Katherine lived in Galveston, Texas. That's where she began writing journals of her life experiences as a hobby and keepsake for her family. She has been employed by Pima Community College since April, 1994, where she has attended various writing workshops and classes. One of which was taught by an author named Nancy Wall who encouraged her to share her writer's voice, and planted the seed of possibilities. Katherine thoroughly enjoyed attending Pima Community College's Writers' Workshops as she gained an array of advice and guidance from guest authors. But it wasn't until Joshua Cochran's class on Short Story Fiction, that she began to really hone her writing skills. Ms. Jackson considers herself now a memoir and fiction writer. And the Flash Fiction "Death" is her first submission. Katherine's other interests include music, photography, and time with her grandchildren.

Melissa Johnson

Melissa currently works in the Adult Education Department of Community Campus as a Student Service Technician. Melissa has recently earned an associate of arts degree in Liberal Arts at Pima Community College in May 2015 and continuing her education at Arizona State University to pursue a Bachelors of Social Work degree. What she finds inspiring about writing poetry is that the words itself can bring out many different perceptions and as an poet, feeling the emotional connection with a piece of work, whether it's visual, music or written, can influence the ways that one may think, speak and feel about anything. Melissa feels that she is growing and maturing as a writer. She currently spends most of her time in ceramic work and organic gardening. Although Melissa tends to be very private about her work, she continues to learn that each writer has their own journey, sharing it is a different story.

Nancy Keller

Nancy has always loved both art and education, and although she has always been a drawer, a painter, and a sculptor, she did not discover her love of mosaics until she combined these loves. As a high school teacher, she went looking for a way to engage her students, to use something physical and aesthetic to make a connection to writing and literacy. A mosaic seemed like the perfect idea, a metaphor for taking something ostensibly broken and unwhole, and turning it into something beautiful and unified. She started a class project, and got utterly hooked, herself. Now, in addition to painting, writing poetry, and making her own clothes, there is always a mosaic project going on in Nancy's life. She has sold several pieces through her on-line Etsy.com store under the store title of Kellerbration, because life should be a celebration. She walks fast, talks, fast and always makes time and space for art. She can be found at PCC-East during the work week managing a TRiO Student Support Services program for students with disabilities, smiling, and finding new ways to think about art and education.

Christopher J. Koval

Christopher, has an MFA in Creative Writing and Writing for the Performing Arts. His interest in writing began with work in the theater. He spent a decade in California training, performing, and finding his artistic voice.

In 2004 he completed his training in San Francisco with the Bennett Theatre Lab in Stanislavsky's Ultimate Technique: Active Analysis through Physical Actions. Afterwards he went on to perform contemporary and classical works including *Mid Summer Night's Dream*, David Mamet's *Bobby Gould in Hell*, and Stephen Vincent Benet's *John Brown's Body*.

His desire to tell the story of the human spirit sparked his interest in creative writing. Shortly after he earned his MFA at the University of California, his love for the stage and Stanislavsky brought him to Tucson, Arizona, where he became an assistant instructor teaching the technique with his mentor, Philip Bennett. He began teaching writing at Pima Community College in 2014.

Photography is another art form Christopher uses to capture the essence of the human spirit and the drama of life. The aim of his art is to uplift and inspire. www.wix.com/chriskoval/CJK-PHOTOGRAPHY.

Prairie L. Markussen

Prairie lives and writes in Tucson currently, though she's lived and written all over the place, including Los Angeles, Chicago, England, Wales, and Korea. She teaches writing for Pima Community College. She enjoys traveling, eating Korean food, and coaxing her garden to grow in the desert climate. She has been published in some great places, including *Atticus Review*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *The Fiddlehead*, *Louisiana Literature*, and in an anthology of short poems called *Bigger Than They Appear* published by Accents Publishing. She writes for Today's Author, a blog that explores the writing process, and provides tips and inspiration to new and seasoned writers. The blog can be found here: <http://todaysauthor.com/>

Molly McCloy

Molly is a three-time winner of The Moth's New York City Storytelling Slams. Her work has been published in Slate, Nerve, and Swink. Molly performs ten stories a year for Arizona venues, including Odyssey in Tucson, Arizona Storytellers in Phoenix, and Lit Lounge for the Scottsdale Center for the Arts. She holds an M.F.A. in Nonfiction from The New School, lives in Tucson with her wife Rebecca Curtiss, and teaches writing at Pima Community College. She is working on a memoir based on Mad Dog Grudges, her one-woman show to be performed in New York on October 3.

Tom McDonald

Tom is a neuroscientist, poet, photographer, musician, adventurer, mediocre chess player, and certified psycho chick magnet. He has spent most of the last 40 years as a college professor, teaching classes in biology, psychology, neuroscience, neuropharmacology, animal venoms & toxins, computer programming, and mathematics, predominantly because he didn't know how to do anything else. He also once conducted research on voltage gated potassium channels in the Ion Channel Lab at the University of Arizona School of Medicine, for reasons unknown even to him. In semi-retirement he now teaches anatomy and physiology at Pima West Campus to aspiring doctors and nurses, making sure for the sake of all humanity that most of them don't pass. He once physically ran into the Dalai Lama while descending a stairwell, and was once stranded at the bottom of a remote region of the Grand Canyon for two days before being rescued by river raft and helicopter. There are many more aspects to his incompetence, but there is insufficient space to list them all here.

Laura Milkins

Laura is a multimedia, interactive performance artist, living in Tucson and teaching Art and Visual Culture at Pima Community College since 2012. She received an MFA in painting from University of Arizona in 2008. In 2009, she was a Fulbright Scholar in Mexico City. For this public performance, "Walking Stories: Mexico", Milkins walked across Mexico City in the company of strangers, posting the stories they shared each night on a BLOG. Recent work includes "The Kindness Project", spending a year contemplating kindness, and "Walking Home: stories from the desert to the Great Lakes", in which Milkins walked 2,007 miles from Tucson to Michigan wearing a live webcam. In 2014 she and Gina Cestaro founded Spiral Journey School of Movement, a school dedicated to teaching authentic movement in Tucson. Since 1993, Laura has been organizing art shows, performances and festivals, and has received grants, awards and international recognition for her work. Her performances focus on community and social interactions, and the role that technology plays in both.

Josie Milliken

Josie Milliken, Ph.D., teaches Writing and Literature courses at Pima Community College and works with colleagues to organize various creative writing events at the Downtown Campus every semester. In addition to teaching, Josie writes prose (fiction and nonfiction) and poetry. She is also a certified yoga instructor and avid long-distance runner.

Reinhard Pawlicki

Reinhard Pawlicki was born in Hamburg, Germany and came to Tucson as a foreign exchange student to the University of Arizona to study Physics and Astronomy. He fell in love with the landscapes of the American Southwest and Tucson in particular. Reinhard is now teaching Digital Arts and Game Design on the West Campus and his favorite hobby is to explore all those beautiful places of this planet. He also is currently working on another Master's degree, in Educational Technology.

Caroline Pyevich

Dr. Caroline Pyevich is a full-time, instructional faculty in psychology at PCC East Campus, and she also teaches several classes each semester in the area of student success (STU). She has been working at PCC for over 7 years, has a background in visual arts, psychology and counseling, and she has been painting professionally since 1998. As part of her studies in psychology, she has particular interests in the areas of positive psychology, creativity and well-being. Dr. Pyevich feels that creative arts need to be incorporated as a major part of her life and the lives of others. She aims to create images that reflect the inner workings of her consciousness and the space where dreaming and visions occur, where there is a connection between the self and the divine. The vision is spontaneous and unplanned, where paintings develop through the process of discovery and inspiration. The layering process and color patterns are a manifestation of this heartfelt expression. Her paintings are mostly large, abstract acrylic pieces on canvas. Dr. Pyevich has had numerous showing throughout Canada and the United States, including in Arizona, Oklahoma, North Dakota, Minnesota, and Illinois. Her work has been featured in magazines and galleries in Manitoba, Canada and Tucson, Arizona, and she currently shows paintings in many local businesses.

Elizabeth Frankie Rollins

Elizabeth Frankie Rollins has a collection of short fiction, *The Sin Eater & Other Stories* (Queen's Ferry Press, 2013). Also, she has work in *The Fairy Tale Review*, *Sonora Review*, *Conjunctions*, and *The New England Review*, among others. Rollins has received a *Pushcart Prize Special Mention*, and won a Prose Fellowship from the New Jersey Arts Council. She teaches fiction and composition writing at Pima Community College, Desert Vista Campus.

Mike Rom

Mike started at Montana Tech in petroleum engineering and then switched to Montana State University's computer engineering program but realized that he wanted to be more creative with his life so he started taking Film and Television classes and ended up getting BS degrees in both Film and Television production.

After graduation, he worked in the movie industry in Tucson for over 8 years and did everything from art department to office PA to special effects explosives—there was an explosives expert showing the assistants how to set them up then they helped set them off.

Mike was a doodler from way back, getting in trouble many times for drawing on things. He has always loved art and when he started working at Pima College, he was able to indulge his creative side through their Digital Art classes. He took sculpture and drawing classes and learned how to paint with acrylics.

He started photographing flowers for his wife's paintings—she works in oils—and eventually framed his own work and put them into art shows at the Blue Raven Galley and Gifts. He sold his first piece in his first show and has done pretty well since. Lately, he has expanded into doing wire sculptures and was Artist of the Month at the local SAAG meeting the first time he entered one into their competition.

He shares a website with his wife at RomByDesign.com, to exhibit his art.

Gabriel Scara

Gabriel is a lab Supervisor for the Business, Occupational, and Professional Department on the Downtown Campus. He has worked in wood, metal, stained glass, and found materials creating sculptures and objects of whimsy for over 20 years. "Tucson is a beautiful city with great natural beauty, a wonderful climate, generous people and I am proud to call it my home."

Miranda Schubert

Miranda has been a full-time employee and part-time student at PCC for a little over four years. She grew up mostly in the Southwest, holds a BA in Mandarin, and rides her bicycle everywhere.

Sandra Shattuck

The struggle of being an unemployed single mom seems an unlikely place to find poetry, but literary inspiration peeks out of the most common-place spots and can be caught if we're attentive. As writing faculty at the Desert Vista Campus, Dr. Shattuck encourages the writers in her classes to welcome creative surprise, wherever they find it. Outside of class, Dr. Shattuck can be heard gasping at the latest plot twist in *Jane the Virgin*, cheering her favorite contestants in *The Voice*, and muttering as she tweaks a new gluten-free scone recipe. She has not yet realized her desire to play *Pikmin 3* but hopes to some day wield Rock and Winged Pikmin. Dr. Shattuck's reading list includes young adult and middle grade novels and really good science writing. A big reason Dr. Shattuck loves her Kindle is because she can read in the dark, which reminds her of being a kid and using a flashlight to read after lights out.

Mano Sotello

Mano's artwork has been exhibited at the Coutts Museum of Art, Alexandria Museum of Art, Tampa Museum of Art, Coos Art Museum, Tucson Museum of Art, University of Arizona Museum of Art, Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, Tucson Desert Art Museum, Phoenix Museum of Art, local and national juried and invitational shows, and a variety of Tucson galleries.

Currently, Mano is art faculty at Pima Community College's East Campus. He has over 14 years of higher education teaching experience, and prior to teaching at PCC he taught courses at Southwest University of Visual Arts, Artist Network University (online), and The Drawing Studio.

Mano earned a B.F.A. degree from Otis Art Institute Parsons School of Design in Los Angeles CA, and an M.F.A. from the Academy of Art University in San Francisco CA.

Appointed by the Tucson City Manager, He is a former member of the Tucson Public Art and Community Design Committee. Prior to teaching, Mano worked for several years as a production manager and graphic designer within the graphic arts, printing and publishing industries.

To see more of Mano's work, please visit: www.sotelostudio.com.

John Spaulding

John's work has appeared in more than fifty periodicals, including *The Atlantic*, *Rattle*, *Nimrod*, *Poetry*, *Prairie Schooner*, *APR*, *The Iowa Review*, *The Canadian Forum*, *Boston Review*, *The Southern Review*, *Hunger Mountain*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, and other places. My four published poetry titles include "The White Train" (Louisiana State University Press), "The Roses of Starvation" (Riverstone), "Hospital" (Finishing Line Press) and "Walking in Stone" (Wesleyan). He was awarded the first Norma Millay Fellowship, and has been a Walt Whitman Award finalist, as well as a winner of the National Poetry Series. His book *Hospital* was selected by the Arizona Daily Star as one of the best books of 2012 by a southwestern author.

John's articles, "Poetry and the Media" and "The Popularity of Poetry," appeared in the *Journal of Popular Culture* and *Popular Culture Review*, respectively. John is also the editor of a culinary history, *Civil War Recipes*, published by the University Press of Kentucky.

Kris Swank

Kris is Library Director at the Northwest Campus, and has been an instructor in PCC's International Business Studies and Honors programs, as well as a part-time instructor of business at Northern Arizona University and Thunderbird School of Global Management. She was named 2014 Outstanding Honors Faculty at PCC. Kris holds a BA in Humanities and English, *summa cum laude*, from Dana College, an MLS in Library Science from the University of Arizona, and an MBA in International Management from Thunderbird, where the faculty honored her as the Barton Kyle Yount Award outstanding graduate. Kris has recently turned her life-long love of fantasy literature into a professional pursuit. She completed an MA in Literature with a concentration in J.R.R. Tolkien Studies at the Mythgard Institute, and began writing fantasy poetry and literature criticism. In addition to *Cababi*, her fantasy poetry has appeared in the journal *Silver Leaves*. Her literature criticism has been published in the peer-reviewed journals *Tolkien Studies* and *Mythlore*, and the edited collections *Fantasy and Science-Fiction Medievalisms: From Isaac Asimov to A Game of Thrones* (Cambria, 2015), and *Harry Potter for Nerds II* (Unlocking Press, forthcoming 2015). She has also written for *Library Journal*, *American Libraries*, and other professional library publications.

Ernesto Angel Chavez Trujillo

Ernesto Trujillo is a graduate of the University of Arizona, Tucson. Ernesto is an instructor at Pima Community College Desert Vista Campus at the Center for Training and Development Business and Technology Programs. In addition to the business computer courses, he leads in the Medical Certificate programs which includes medical billing and coding. He has explored various mediums of art and continues to implement hybrid techniques and materials with traditional methodologies in creating art. His work has been influenced by many resources including painters, printmakers, sculptors, and makers of art throughout the discourse of history. His work attempts to embody other disciplines of science, nature, and human behavior to create works of art that exemplify honest expressions of self. He is constantly attempting to uncover new methods of approaching art, both from an analytical conceptual view and continued studio practice. Eventually he hopes that his work will influence others in creative and innovative ways.

Charles "Chuck" Williamson

In the Peterson Guide to Human Animals, Chuck Williamson is usually keyed out to be the Lone Wolf. In contrast to the swirling over flowers of Social Butterflies, and dark smoky caves of Lounge Lizards, the natural habitat of Lone Wolves is up there on Craggy Ridge, being a dark silhouette back lit by a half moon, and singing a poem from the wilderness genre of mournful, soul-filled howls.

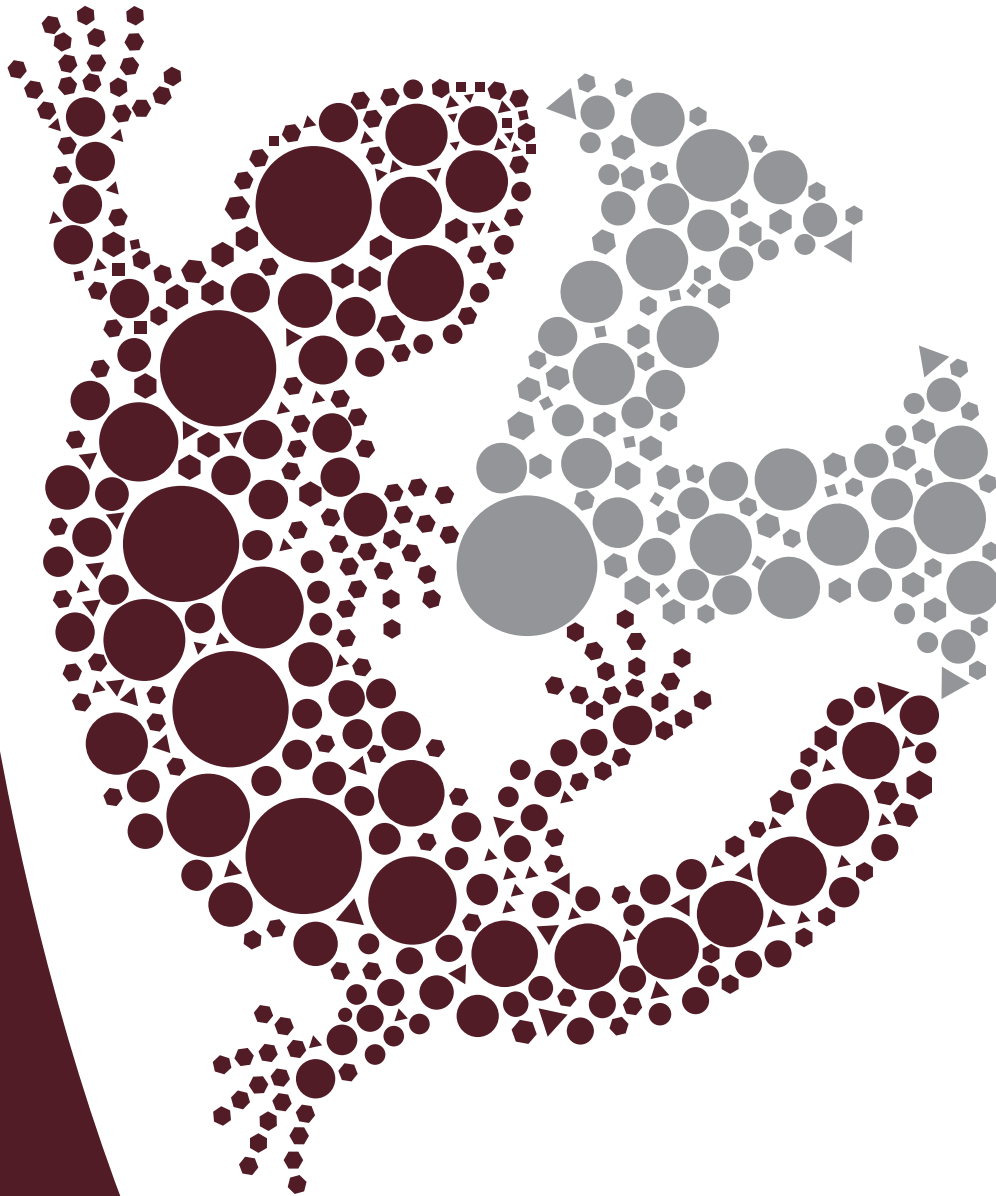
Jennifer Wiley

Jennifer has been teaching writing at Pima since 2004 when she moved to Tucson from her native San Diego. She enjoys gardening, hiking, reading (especially 18th century British novels), travel, and photography. In the process of finishing her dissertation in English at the U of A, Jennifer looks forward to having more time in the not-so-distant future to indulge in her hobbies.

Stacey Wrona

Stacey loves nothing more than when her free time allows her to paint or write. She earned a Bachelor's degree in Studio Art – Painting from Bradley University, and placed in the Chester Sipple Poetry Contest while there. She currently works as a Lab Specialist in Pima's Culinary Arts department; she thinks it would be only fair if there were seven or eight of her so that she could pursue all of her passions with equal ferocity.

The meaning of *Cababi*
is a Tohono O'odham term that means
hidden springs.



Cababi

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