

Cabalabi

Art & Literary Magazine
Fall Winter 2017/2018

Poetry | Prose | Visual Art

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

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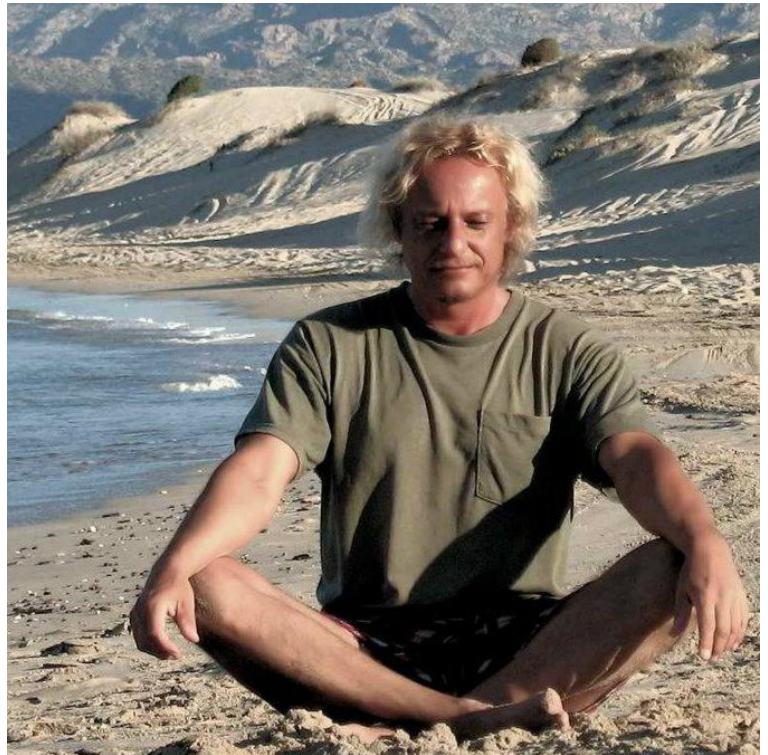
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In Memoriam

While we're eager to see what lies ahead of us in our path in 2018, we must pause to consider who we are leaving behind this year. It is with great sadness that our beloved colleague and friend Reinhard Pawlicki departed this life in July 2017. His amazing spirit, creativity, and benevolence will be greatly missed. The revival of this publication and the involvement of Pima digital art students in our production would not be possible without Reinhard's steadfast contributions. His friends and *Cababi* editorial partners dedicate the 2017-2018 edition of *Cababi Art & Literary Magazine* to our dear Reinhard and his family. ¡A su salud, amigo!



Special Thanks

The *Cababi* editorial staff would like to graciously thank Provost Dolores Durán-Cerda, President David Doré, Vice President Lamata Mitchell, and our new PCC Communications Dean, Kenneth Chavez, for their amazing and generous support of *Cababi*. We could not boast the amazing lineup of talent we work with every day at Pima College without all of YOU!

Congratulations and thank you to Stephanie Slaton for her beautiful photograph "Desert Spring Beginnings". We are proud to use this stunning photograph as our cover this year.

Be in the 2018-2019 *Cababi* Publication

Look for Spring 2018 submission updates, *Cababi* opportunities, and more art and writing endeavors.

Visit www.pima.edu/cababi
for official 2018-2019 submission information.

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Letter from the Editor

Is it just me, or was 2017 one of the most challenging years in recent history?

Personally, I'm not even sure how I survived the past 12 months. I managed to make it through an anguishing separation, the implosion of my home in an impending divorce, induction by fire into singlemomdom (is that word?), and about a handful of debilitating heat waves of anxiety over the longest, hottest summer on record. I liken my personal life to what we've witnessed on a national and global scale: one gigantic, never-ending panic attack.

If we look back on this past year we're inundated with 2017's Best Hits including but not limited to: terrorist bombings, prescription drug overdoses, airstrikes and orphans, cyber attacks, nuclear missile testing, hurricanes and earthquakes, raging wildfires, mass shootings, and about a thousand poorly crafted, bombastic Tweets. In our art and entertainment world, we lost countless contributors to our American Canon including legends like Mary Tyler Moore, Chuck Berry, Chris Cornell, Chester Bennington, Jerry Lewis, and Tom Petty. *Cababi* even unexpectedly lost one of our own over the summer – Reinhard Pawlicki, our beloved Digital Arts Editor and last year's *Cababi* cover artist.

However, we still exist!

Somehow, we have most of our wits about us and are sprouting new, coiled tendrils of knowledge, experience, and strength fertilized from the black, mineral-richness of our scorched earth. These tiny, green shoots hold the promise of new buds, personal potential, and endless possibilities for 2018. I liken this year to the devastating California Wildfires in one of the state's most beautiful regions: the sprawling hills of wine country in Napa and Sonoma. Amongst the 8,400 burned structures of California Wine Country miraculously remain the sturdy, multi-generational vineyards that hold the lush, fruit-forward promise of tomorrow.

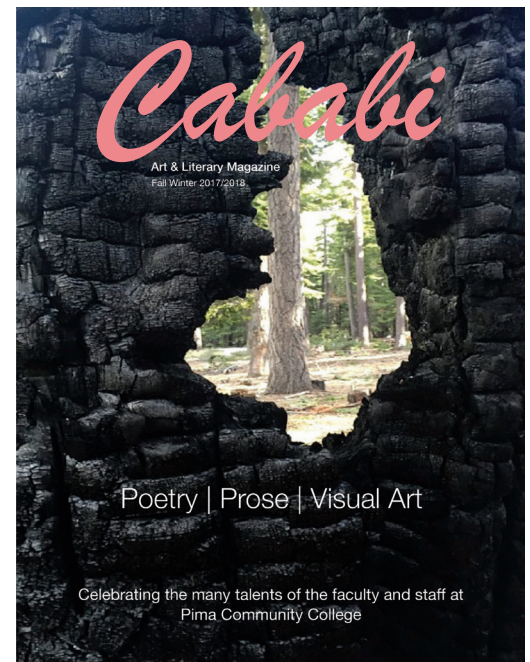
In addition to California's best coastal varietals, I credit a diet rich in art, music, and literature for getting me through the dark days of 2017, albeit in the fast-food form of Audiobooks, Netflix, and Pandora. However, if this past year leaves us with anything, it's proof that the creative collective of our nation and communities within it can not only survive and overcome adversity in these times, but can also successfully organize and flourish in our ever-changing environment. With millions of people marching worldwide in the largest single-day protest in American and global history at the beginning of this year to the most recent eloquent oratory rebukes on the United States Senate floor, it's clear that more than ever our voices in all forms of written and artistic expression are being heard and pushed forward into the consciousness of our society.

With that momentum we must set our intentions with yogi-like mindfulness (or with Jedi mind tricks if you prefer) for the New Year. Our editorial board decided to kick-off 2018 with our choice of magazine cover for this year's edition in that vein. This year's gorgeous cover photo "Desert Spring Beginnings" by Stephanie Slaton narrowly won over our equally beautiful runner-up image "Burning with Life" by Amanda McPherson. We carefully considered these two images as symbolic of the year coming to a close, finding striking beauty through the thorns and a verdant hope beyond a charred path.

We hope that you enjoy these images and the many other pieces of prose and art we've carefully selected for you this year from the breadth of talent we have working at Pima Community College. We are so proud of this collection and the tireless work and commitment our faculty, staff, and administrators pour into their everyday efforts to make this institution a home for all who learn and work here.

Enjoy,

April Burge, Editor-in-Chief



Photograph by Amanda McPherson

Post Election 11/14/16

By Andrea Foege

In the morning, two dogs wander
perilously close to traffic
Two fires in the afternoon,
one shooting a black
plume high above
mid-town, the other coughing
a rusty haze east from the Catalinas
where the Supermoon will later rise
No connections, but this week together
they seem clear signs of the Apocalypse
Maybe it matters, and maybe it doesn't
Spiritus mundi ac in cassum
A family will be split
A face kicked in
A planet sucked further dry
What desert will my daughter walk through?
Maybe it matters, and maybe it doesn't
What desert will she walk through?
"Too bright, too bright!" she greets
the Supermoon, but I
make her look
The spirit of the world is blinding



Anja-Leigh Russell, Lynette's Legs, digital photography



Carolyn Sotelo, *Floral Self-Portrait*, mixed media



Michele Portale, *Stars*, digital photograph

Living Again

By Patti Gardiner

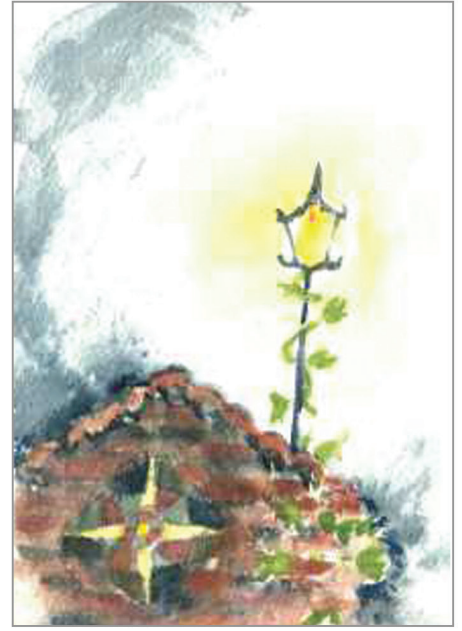
I'm going to bring my sadness outside today.
Out into the sunshine
where it can be warm
and sunbaked
and feel white cotton clouds
softly brush the tears away
as they float across the blue sky.

I'm going to let the fresh spring winds
swirling in the golden grasses
grab the cloak of darkness
whipping it from my hands
and send it disappearing
across the open plains.

I'm going to watch the light shimmer
in the last drops of dew
that cling to tree branches
and moisten the soil
for new sprouts
delighting in life.

I'm going to sing a song
with the birds and the bees
and the insects
humming a melody
of happiness.

I'm going to listen
to my soul
as it awakens
and glories
in living again.



Brittany Griwzow, *Spaces in Italy 02*, watercolor



Jerry Gill, *Standing Woman*, bronze



Mellissa Bouey
Romansch Fractals, digital photograph

What to Do with Terri's Ashes?

By Elaine Jones

Terri's ashes have been sitting on my dresser in a pretty Chinese vase for more than 30 years. Maybe I should do something with them, like other people who scatter ashes of loved ones someplace meaningful to the deceased – from the top of sun kissed mountains or flung into the waves of our life-giving, mother ocean, dust to dust or water to water in an evolutionary sense. Personally, I want my ashes to be split into four miniature urns, one for each of my four children, each with a personality – appropriate design. I found out that you can order these little urns when I was shopping online for an urn for my older brother's ashes a few years ago. I got a cedar box, 8 x 4 inches for him and buried him in his pre-paid cemetery plot at Rocky Springs Missionary Baptist Church. But for myself, I imagine that my spirit will be divided undamaged along with my ashes into four little urns so that I'll be present in the home of each precious child, still witnessing their lives from the great beyond, somehow connected still.

But what would be meaningful for Terri? Should I scatter her ashes on my lap where she stretched out as I stroked her soft, warm tummy while watching TV, whispering that she was my sweet baby? Should I pour her ashes into a blue ceramic dog bowl filled with melting scoops of vanilla ice cream? Maybe I should take her back to Baltimore where she was born, to scatter her ashes in the fragrant green grass alongside the Woodlawn High School track where she rolled onto her back on a chilly spring afternoon in 1979, four furry black legs waving in the air, smiling at the sky and at me, then springing up suddenly to race across the field with her luminescent black coat flying. Oh my, I'm tearing up now, remembering how joyful she was, grinning, and running full speed across that field, the sun glistening off her back. Terri wasn't my first Cocker Spaniel, but she was the best and my last.

Cocker Spaniels are the smallest member of the Sporting Group, hunting dogs really. The American Kennel Club says they should have "a cleanly chiseled and refined head... in complete balance and of ideal size... standing well up at the shoulder on straight forelegs with a top line sloping slightly toward strong, moderately bent, muscular quarters..." There's more. I understood all that. I went with my husband, Dan, to dinners with people who knew a lot about Cocker Spaniels, about their bloodlines, about breeding excellent dogs, about showing dogs. This was an avocation for most people, but it was a livelihood for many others. We put a deposit on an upcoming litter with Ruth

and Art Benhoff, well known in the Cocker Spaniel circles on the East Coast.

I was 22 when we paid \$300.00 in advance – before she was even born – for that tiny black Cocker Spaniel puppy from Artru Kennels in Baltimore, Maryland. The kennel name was a combination of Ruth and Art Benhoff's names. Breeders didn't sell puppies that might be show dogs until they were about three months old. Then some puppies of good breeding and sound structure would be kept for show and others – not quite good enough for show, but with excellent genes – were sold as

promising brood bitches, good matches for champion studs, for the right price. A more experienced breeder in Tucson – an atmospheric scientist at the University

with a small, well respected Cocker kennel – vouched for us. We promised to show Terri, to breed her with one of Ruth's gorgeous studs and to let Ruth have the first pick of the first litter. We were nobody in the dog world and we eagerly agreed to everything. Ruth sent a little black Cocker puppy to us via cargo flight in fall, 1975. We agonized over what to name her, and settled on Artru Apache Tear, as she was black and shiny like that gem of the Southwest. We were worried about how Terri – named before she arrived – would weather her trip. We'd heard stories of dogs freezing in airplane cargo area or having strokes or being left unattended on hot tarmacs during their cross-country flights. Terri emerged from her kennel slowly, tentatively, looking at us, seeming weary and baffled. She fit into my hand and even now, I remember how she looked into my eyes with those trusting, soft brown eyes. I was in love. Later, I was labeled as having a pet mentality – a derogatory term in dog circles – meaning I got attached to the puppies, didn't view them as commodities like my husband, like others in the world of dog breeding who had an eye for quality and quickly sold any dogs with flaws.

Terri was almost perfect and she had great bloodlines. When she was old enough, we sent her back to the East coast to a professional dog handler – Diane something – and she soon won enough shows, earned enough points to be a champion. We moved to Baltimore in 1976, ostensibly so we could alternate graduate schools, but maybe the truth was that we moved there because that was where there were lots of fabulous Cocker Spaniel people, and we because we could visit Ruth and Artie in person. And we did and we were thrilled to sit in their kitchen talking with one of America's premier Cocker Spaniel Kennel owners. Just wow.

"She fit into my hand and even now, I remember how she looked into my eyes with those trusting, soft, brown eyes."

Once Terri was a champion, we retired her from the show ring – as was the usual practice – and selected a suitable stud from Artru Kennels – Artru Skyjack – a gorgeous blonde boy champion. He had a shorter back than Terri and a more chiseled muzzle. Should be a great match with incredible offspring. I cried when we left Terri at Ruth's as I knew they would hold her still while he mounted her, to be sure there was no chance he'd be traumatized (bitten) by an unwilling bitch. My being upset about this was just another indication that I really wasn't suited for the show world – I had such a pet mentality. I couldn't get over the fact that we actually paid to have some horny dog rape our sweet girl. We left Terri there for several days so they could repeat the act to increase chances that she'd conceive. It worked and she didn't seem to have any post traumatic symptoms afterward. Or, maybe she did and I just didn't know how to tell.

We scheduled our vacation days for the week Terri was due to deliver her first litter and I helped her deliver eight wet bundles, some black like mama and some blonde like their daddy, and Dan acted as the assistant – intense together. I set my alarm to wake every 2-3 hours to check on the puppies, to be sure they were all getting equal nipple time. One was small, clearly hungry but unable to compete for milk so I tube fed him with feeding tubes, stolen from the Newborn Intensive Care Unit at work, designed for premature babies not much bigger than these tiny puppies. I held him in my left hand, his spine curled against my palm, and I threaded the tube into his mouth and watched as his tummy swelled with the warm milk and he drifted off into puppy sleep, his legs relaxing, falling against my fingers; so very sweet, my heart warmed in that dim light, through the night so that, despite my own sleep deprivation, I didn't mind.

So, years later, when that husband and I divorced, I took Terri and our sons, the Mazda station wagon and moved back to Arizona. By the time the boys were 4 and 6 years old, Terri was 10. She had cataracts and bumped into walls; she was hard of hearing and no longer came when I called her. I was working two jobs, going to graduate school and taking care of my delightful,

rambunctious boys. I didn't have time to keep Terri's coat washed and combed so it was usually dusty, dull and knotted. She was still affectionate and cheerful.

I kept her in the house mostly and at night, after the boys were in bed, I lifted her up onto the couch so she could rest her grizzled head on my lap while I read, and as always I lazily petted her tummy, stroked her neck and back while she dozed off.

She slept beside my bed, snoring, lulling me to sleep. Then she became incontinent. When I awoke during the night and roused to go to the bathroom I stepped out of bed into a pile of warm dog shit. I was sorely aggravated but it didn't seem like the penalty for incontinence should be death. But finally, after months of agonizing about the responsibility of pet owners, the dilemma of when it's time, I decided it was time to let her

go – to euthanize her. In the natural world, she would have been dead long ago. I talked to my sons about it, I made the appointment with the veterinarian, and I took the day off work. On her last night with us, we put a bowl of soft vanilla ice cream in front of her and she lapped it up and wagged her stubby tail. Oh my, if she was still enjoying ice cream, was it really time? But, in the morning, the boys went to school, I took her to the veterinarian's office, I carried her into the examination room. I gently set her on the cold steel table. She looked up at me with those same soft brown eyes. Did she know? I stayed by her side and stroked her head and kissed her muzzle as the vet injected her with the death serum. She watched me until she

couldn't. I cried as her eyes closed and her breathing slowed, then stopped. I still cry when I remember. But I owed her that much, to stay with her as she died. And I just can't do anything with her ashes except keep them on my dresser, somehow still connected from the great beyond.



Alexis Egurrola, *I Heart Arizona*, digital photograph



Dennis Landry, *Blues Man*, mixed media

Cinema

By Wilson Dolaghan

In the holy musk
of butter and spilled things and
summer and boyhood delirium,
expectant wonder and
pubescent aching and
credulity of heroism and
villainy – that life
will hold such things for
us – we saw Eden in the image
cast upon the screen by the pale
wedge where the dust motes
danced angelic – not a place
to be reached but one arrived
at, a place that was sacred in
its power to move such a mass
of anxious youth to reverent
silence.



Mā`] d` HgjIYd

Reach for the Sky, digital photograph

Sisters Making Bread

By Maureen Burns

We pass each other close
in perfect rhythm and twist
our hips as we skirt those
oblique allusions and resist.

With perfect rhythm we twist
and stretch and ponder the ridges
of oblique allusions and resist
the urge to smooth and press the edges.

Instead, we stretch and ponder the ridges.
We push and knead and play
with the urge to smooth and press the edges,
careful to avoid a remark gone astray.

We push and knead and play.
Words wrap and fold over one another,
careful to avoid the remark gone astray,
about our mother, my father, your brother.

Words wrap and fold over one another
while hands pliantly weave interventions
about our mother, my father, your brother,
yet yield neither intimacy nor pretensions.

While hands pliantly weave interventions,
eyes, shoulders, and hips sway and glide,
yielding neither intimacy nor pretensions,
and allow our passions to subside.

Our eyes, shoulders, and hips sway and glide
away from laconic prose
and allow for our passions to subside
as we pass each other close.



Anja-Leigh Russell, *Girl with Glasses*, digital photograph



Caroline Pyevich
Transformation Cycle, acrylic on canvas

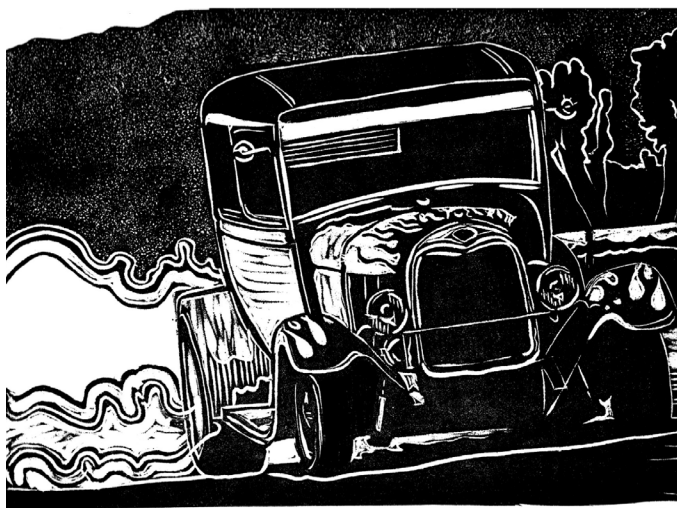
1972 Ford Maverick

By Clive Holland

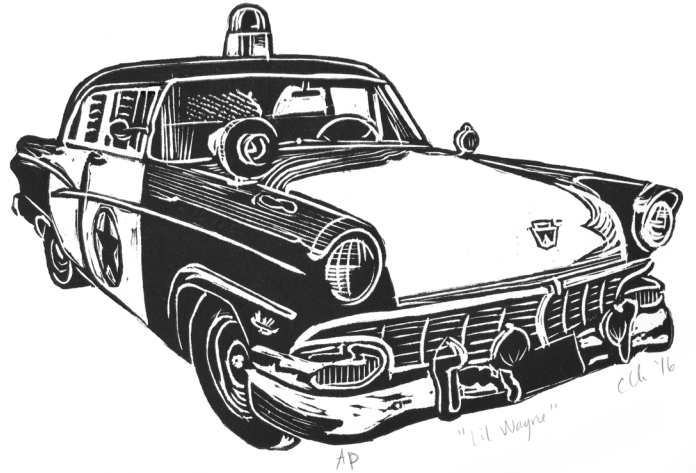
Two doors, four seats, no glove box
Two crank windows, two tilting out
Eight cylinders, one valve each, sluggish
Automatic transmission, slushy
She sat, lap belt on, looking at me as I drove
Dim lights from the simple dash, barely enough to see
Speedometer, fuel gauge, idiot lights
Strange hand-pull-brake, to my left, no cars in the rear-view mirror

AM station, that played music
She sang along to the song
Her pitch and tune, perhaps a remake, perhaps just off
Never in line with the original
Benson, Tombstone, Bisbee, Douglas
Slow winding roads to her house
Parking the old Ford next to her father's Lincoln; green tree
New car, him never to drive it again; old tree, never gave him shade
anyway

She bounded to her mother
I leaned on the long, slightly sloped hood
Watching the embrace, they cried, I felt heat from the radiator
Minutes like numbing hours, as in a dentist's chair



TP "Make You Say Uncle!"
Casie Herron, *Death Becomes Her*, relief print



Casie Herron, *Lil Wayne*, relief print

Waving me over, climbing the stairs, into the house
Ever so slowly, following them inside
I, in the living room, looking out the window
Why were these people here? He, so painfully awful to them all

Mother, daughter, telling alternate versions, the same stories
I stared at the Maverick, wishing I were driving away
These women, pretending they really liked the dearly departed
Mild air, drifting, an open window, teasing
Smelling recent rain, old inefficient motor; Screw 25 MPG
I can spin the tires through the intersection – she startled me
I looked out at my car, and the tree – how did you know, she asked
That bench, that tree meant so much to him? She waited

I never responded, frozen, staring
She realized, not her father's spot
She laughed, it was that – how did she put it? – 'goofy' car
Hugging me, love, painful laughter, and release
Wonder, wander, weather, welding
The bench next to the tree, her father's handiwork
Today, everyone but him sat there, a first
Still, I thought the car a better work of art, and more comfortable



Nancy Keller, *Untitled*, mosaic

Sweets

By Christine Seliga

I'll eat the broken cookie,
I don't mind.
Some people need
a lusciously layered
opera cake,
centered in the spotlight of a display case
in the bakery up the rue from Versailles.
It comes nestled in a crisp white box,
embossed golden serifs on top,
cinched closed with a blue ribbon
tied in a bow, ends curled,
just so, just so.
But I'll eat your broken cookie,
because you made it.
And the consecration,
from your untutored hands,
is more blessed
than a hundred perfect Patisserie boxes,
which I would be hesitant
to open anyway.

Here's the Thing

By Anja-Leigh Russell

I'm dressed in my charcoal-grey jeans (from a thrift store),
a striped, slightly-lighter grey top (from Anthropologie),
a black & white swirly print sweater (from Goodwill),
a black, grey, orange scarf thrown casually around my neck.
A black fedora, on which I've sewn black buttons, rests on my head...

The Walmart greeter guy, dressed in his green and yellow official vest,
watches me walk toward him.

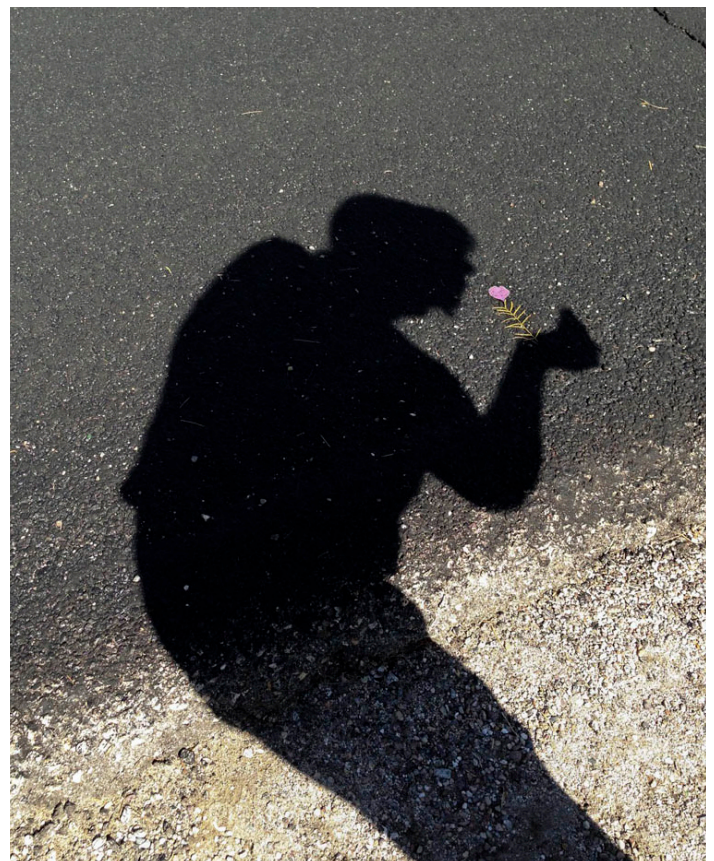
He says, "I like it when people dress up."

He's pretty old.

I guess he's old based on his yellowing brown, stained and crooked
teeth,
thinning grey hair, and bent posture.

I guess it doesn't take much to impress some people.

I'm pretty old too, so I notice these things...



Patti Gardiner

Shadow Series #2, digital photograph

Pantyhose Rug

By Lisa Grenier

Like most women in the 70's, my mom wore pantyhose a lot. When they got too many runs, she'd retire them. My mother would not throw them out; however, she saved them all in a dresser drawer that smelled of face powder, perfume and (faintly) of feet.

I don't know where my mother came up with the idea, but she discovered that you could recycle old pantyhose by cutting the legs into one continuous spiral strand. She used this yarn to tie up bundles of old newspapers for recycling. She was terribly proud of her resourcefulness in a way the rest of us didn't understand. Why not buy cotton string? At that point it probably cost all of .59 a spool.

After a while, using pantyhose yarn as binding just wasn't enough for my mother so she set out to make a rug. My mom was an expert crocheter. In her youth she had made bedspreads, tablecloths and countless doilies. Later she made hats, gloves and sweaters for us kids. This time my mother made a small, circular throw rug. Working without a pattern in the round turned out to be trickier than expected. The results were astonishing. Parts of the rug were loose and lacy, others dense. The circle did not lie flat but rather puckered and flounced. The concentric rings were in various shades of coffee, taupe, nude and sand. My mother added a row of festive acrylic fringe around the outer edge. It looked like a large round Band-Aid with a beard.

The rug was ugly, that was true, but the hope was that it would prove to be useful. It turned out to be a failure in all respects. First, it was placed on the linoleum floor by the side door. If you happened to step on the rug while going from the dining room to the kitchen, it would almost certainly slip out from under you as slick as a dress shoe on a frozen pond. If you decided to dry your feet on the rug, it didn't absorb and left a dirty puddle on the floor. Pantyhose are stretchy, even when crocheted into a rug, so any attempts at wiping your feet would result in Twister like contortions of your legs. The rug simply wouldn't stay still long enough to be useful for anything.

My mother knew this but couldn't get herself to throw it away. It was relegated to the laundry room, behind the washtub.

Years later, I found the rug and asked my mom if I could have it. I was in my twenties then and as clever as I was snide. I wanted the rug for comic reasons, a prop for telling a story that began,

"My mother was so cheap that..."

That was a long time ago, long before everything happened. It was long before the illness that first took away my mother's creativity and finally took away her life all together. It was also long before I discovered that I was becoming more like my mother than I ever thought possible.



Anja-Leigh Russell

Exceptionally Unexpected, digital photograph

Now I take old sweaters, pull them apart, and make new things. I save used coffee grounds to make textured Play-Doh for my son. I cut up plastic grocery bags and crochet them into reusable shopping bags. Were the original bags not reusable enough? I may just be worse than my mother ever was.

I'm in my forties now and find great solace thinking about the rug. It's just me and my four-year-old son in the house, and I'm digging out the pantyhose rug from its storage space under the sink. We'll use the rug as a sit-upon when we're playing on the cold tile floor. Maybe I'll even make a companion model out of old plastic grocery bags.

Of the Vanquished

By Wilson Dolaghan

This sky
this expanse
over which the long history of the land's violence could spread
has spread at least in memory and in song
where in
there is
no sign of God through the
milky color of its blindness
born of dust raised by
the ghosts of cattle drives and men on horseback
summoned up by Ford and Chevy and republican senators
with hands soft like French philosophers'
and the old men who talk of what they no longer remember
with any clarity but instead do so only at the urging of a
bitter pearl of anger grown around long vanished sand
all now buried beneath the even sward of golf courses
if not the shade of graveyards

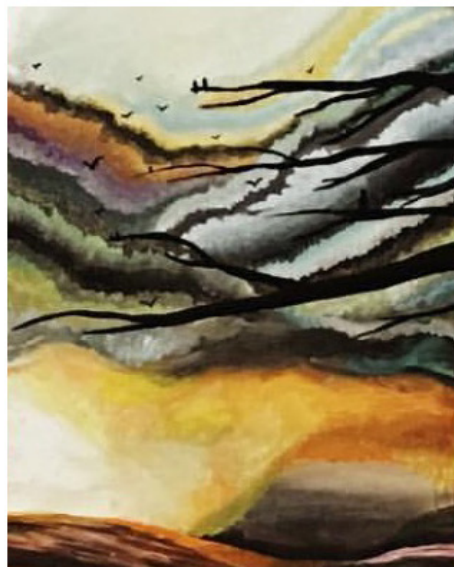
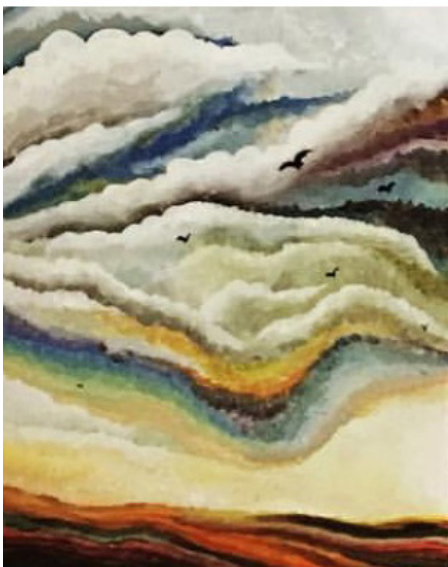
And in the cricketsong of the still-warm night
I recall the yellow daguerreotype faces
with eyes like craters
staring at me from behind their Roman names

Virgil
Horace
Julius
Victor

gone now like the bones of Cannae



Caroline Pyevich
Northern Lights, acrylic on canvas



Veronica Willis, *Rolling Clouds*, acrylic

Jimmy's Reparations

By Tom Speer

June of '06, I was in L.A., sent by my boss to a long-weekend convention of alternative newspapers, so I thought I'd call on Jimmy, my childhood friend, best friend in college, my traveling partner in Morocco, my housemate (briefly), and my onetime supplier of very good pot. It was also my 50th birthday, but I was maybe the only person who cared, and I was not about to tell anyone else. When I called him, Jimmy invited me over to see his new house and meet his new wife, Connie. "Hey man, we got a lot of catching up," he said.

And so there I was, the birthday boy, at rush hour on the freeway trying to find Jimmy's house. The cars were jammed like aphids on a rose bush, and my car was averaging ten miles per hour. I was starting to have my doubts about this meeting. So much time had passed. I could call him back, postpone. But there was the real reason for my visit, the matter of the boat. Ancient news, some people might say. In our high school junior year, Jimmy and I'd bought a boat together with a mutual friend whose name I have since forgotten. A year later I started college, then took a semester off. Jimmy took a year off. The unnamed friend moved. The boat? It just seemed to disappear. My share in it was \$300, a good chunk of money in 1974. In all the years since then I'd never gotten up the gump-tion to mention it to Jimmy. I'd written it off. Call it pride. But my landlord was threatening eviction, bills were piling up, I was desperate.

And it was my birthday. Half a century.

Finally, I got off the freeway and arrived at his house in San Fernando valley; low and long, with huge front windows looking out on an equally huge front lawn of nothing but grass and a few bushes. I drove into the half-moon curved driveway and up to the imposing 5-car garage; the most prominent feature of the house, it made the compact I rented on a very tight company budget look like a toy. I was expecting something more modest, maybe a two bedroom with wall-to-wall in the living room, and a bong on the coffee table. I sat in my car for several minutes. I combed my hair

two times. Taking a deep breath, I walked to the door, holding a twelve pack of Schlitz and a bottle of cheap Merlot.

Jimmy looked great. Nicely cut grey hair, styled even. A bit of a paunch, but who was I to talk? His wife was attractive, I could tell that even from a distance. I saw her in the kitchen, moving briskly about. There were flowers on the dining table that was set with fine china. When she came out, she smiled and laughed a bit shyly; she was slim and a little shorter than Jimmy, had striking green eyes and a smile that went to her eyes. She was a school-teacher, and taught fifth grade I soon found out.

"Perfect timing," she said. "I'm Connie." She held out her hand. It was small, and had an array of colorful rings.

I was grinning at her. "Glad to meet you," I said, "Gordon." We shook hands.

Into the silence that followed, Jimmy spoke up. "You know, Gordy, it's been over ten years." In the foyer was a large mirror and some tall potted plants. Now I would never have a mirror in a foyer, because I don't really like to look in the mirror. But there we were, three more than middle-aged people, me with my strategically combed

hair, Jimmy looking grey but good, and Connie, who looked not at all as I had expected, but like someone's attractive auntie. "You're looking good, Jimmy," I said.

Jimmy just smiled sort of self-consciously. He didn't tell me I was looking good. I had often wondered how he could survive as a dope dealer and decided it was his honesty, which sort of stands out among criminals. Now he was "in real estate development," and "doing real good."

Jimmy led me inside and we sat down. After a few minutes Connie came in and handed me a drink – my Schlitz with a twist of lime. I noticed he and Connie were drinking Perrier and I decided to go light on the beers. Connie had laid out hors d'oeu-



Ernesto Trujillo

Jimmy C Knows Peace, acrylic on canvas

vres and we lit into them eagerly. Jimmy and I had eaten together many times and we could fall into the hog at the trough routine with no problem. We started “catching up” on old times. Inevitably, that included past fuckups, misdeeds, and failed relationships.

“Gordy stuck me with his ex-wife once,” he told Connie, smirking, waving an olive on a toothpick at me. “His first ex-wife, I should add. He left her high and dry when they were staying with me in the mountains.” He laughed at the memory. “Took me four days to get her out of the cabin.”

This needed some sort of reply, so I said, “Yes, well Jimmy got me busted for a pound of marijuana that I didn’t know he had with him. In my car, I might add. His lawyer got us both off because of the bad search, but still, we spent a weekend in the drunk tank of the Fresno jail. That was a lot of fun.” Old stories went back and forth, some of them new to Connie, but familiar to us.

“Yes, I got out of the business finally.” He looked at me gravely, like he was pondering a heavy past. “Got past the feds by the skin of my teeth. Saved by a technicality of a technicality.” Then he laughed. He had such a hearty, unrestrained laugh. You had to like him. “Now I’m a real estate salesman. Just tell me if you get interested in moving here. I could get you a good property. I have a few properties near here. You could stay over and look at them if you want.” He got up and opened the sliding door to the patio.

A floppy-eared puppy came into the room, chewing on someone’s sock. “He’s cute,” I said, looking down and rescuing the sock. I handed it to Connie.

“We just got him two weeks ago,” Connie said, “He’s grown a lot.” And that set her off with a story of their efforts to find the perfect pet, filled with obstacles and vet bills. Jimmy, meanwhile, was outside on barbecue duty. Connie struck me then as a more complicated character than she came off on first glance. Her nails were bitten close, and she had a tattoo of a wheelchair near her ankle. What’s with the wheelchair, I thought.

She brought in the food from the kitchen, and handed me my bottle of merlot to open. Jimmy carried in everything from the barbeque. We sat down to eat. Jimmy asked me to say a prayer. Coming from Jimmy’s mouth this was like a kick in the shins. I recalled his straight-laced Christian mother who booted him out of their house when she found his titty magazines and his books on existentialism and Buddhism under his mattress. She told him she wouldn’t have dirty minded heathens in her house, and when he wanted to shape up and find Christ again he could come back. The prayer was a surprise. The food looked great. Steaks, chicken, corn, French bread, salad, those nice little French green beans with little onions and sliced almonds beautifully arranged on black stoneware. I hadn’t said a prayer in a very long time. I am a reporter on a small weekly paper, poorly paid, overworked. As such,

“Though we hadn’t seen each other for quite a while, Jimmy and I had a long history of bull sessions to fall back on. Really, we were like long lost brothers.”

I run into all sorts of people and situations, but still I was temporarily thrown for a loop. Nevertheless, I was on my best behavior.

“Maybe you should do that,” I said, turning to him

Jimmy smiled at me like an altar boy. He knew I would say that. “Dear Lord, bless this food and Your bounty, bless my friend Gordy here, bless us and hold us to a good course. In Christ’s name, Amen.”

“Amen,” I said. I could have done that. Yes, I could have done even better than that.

“So what happened Jimmy, how did you get religion?” Though we hadn’t seen each other for quite a while, Jimmy

and I had a long history of bull sessions to fall back on. Really, we were like long lost brothers.

“I didn’t get religion. It sort of came to me.” Jimmy was by now digging into the food. He approached food with a football player’s gusto, all elbows and fork up.

“And how did it come to you?”

“I joined AA five years ago. I got Hepatitis C and had to stop drinking and drugging.”

“I know a lot of people in the program,” I said. I was thinking, Geez, Jimmy, what happened to all the past? What happened to Jean Paul Sartre and Alan Watts? What did you do with your nothing matters we’re all going to die anyway? Jimmy had always been a quiet, philosophical type. His was a unique mix of nihilism, zen, pills and marijuana. “So you’re still not drinking?” I knew the answer but I wanted to hear him say it. I just couldn’t place him in this Norman Rockwell setting.

“Yes, we’ve both been sober now for almost five years. AA’s where Connie and I met – you know the bowling alley down at Vining Avenue where it hits the freeway? We met in the room with all the shoes.”

“Your meeting was there with the shoes?”

“Yep. Shoes on every side, lots of coffee, and God in the background. In AA, God is one of those things you can hold onto to get off the drugs and booze. You give yourself over to The Higher Power. You recognize your own weakness.” Jimmy looked over at Connie and grabbed her hand, which was hard since it was holding a fork. But they did it anyway, held hands there at the table.

Connie nodded in my direction. “Jimmy was my main source of strength then. I think we saved each other. We both were addicts. We just hadn’t admitted it.” She smiled kind of sweetly then let go of his hand and went back to the food.

“Do you still attend meetings?”

“Oh, yeah, we go a lot.” Jimmy said. “We need the meetings, and we enjoy them. I help some of the new members interact. I pour the coffee.” I tried to imagine Jimmy pouring the coffee. It was hard. Jimmy’s not the domestic type.

“Jimmy’s real active,” Connie said. “I go less than he does.”

The conversation moved to easier topics. Our lives. What we were doing. I talked about my kids. He told me about his son, Jay, who was waiting tables in Boston and studying art at the university there. I remembered Jay fondly; I'd lived with him and Jimmy for a month when his son was only four.

Meanwhile, we worked on the food. I mean it was attack and take no prisoners. We did the spread proud, down to the last bit of bread and butter.

"How about dessert?" Connie said.

We all nodded and out came the cheesecake and strawberries. We worked on that as well, without quite finishing it off. I excused myself to go to the bathroom.

The bathroom was so spacious you could get lonely sitting on the toilet. More mirrors. I looked into them, but looked away. I washed my hands quickly and got out my comb.

When I returned they'd gone to the living room and Jimmy and I continued telling old stories. Connie seemed comfortable with Jimmy's bad boy past. Jimmy brought up our trip to Morocco. "Did I tell you this one honey? When we were in Spain we traveled with some people we met all the way down the coast in a VW bus and parked it at the tip of Spain in Algeciras."

"Yeah," I said, "I waited there for my girlfriend, and Jimmy and the rest all decided they'd walk to Marrakech from Tangiers. It's a walk of 400 miles, but they had no clue."

Jimmy returned to the story. "We took the ferry to Ceuta and once off the boat, bought two donkeys and some supplies. The first donkey died after twenty miles. Another ten miles and we sold the second donkey and got on a bus. Crazy..."

"Tell Connie about the gambling with Andy," I said.

"It's interesting you bring that up. Connie's heard about Andy."

"Wasn't he the guy you sent the thousand dollars to?" She screwed her face up, like this was an old issue that had since become a joke.

"Why'd you send him a thousand dollars?" I asked. My boat came to mind.

"I'd kept in touch with Andy over the years. When you're in AA one of the things you try to do is make reparations for the damage you've done. I think I hurt him then, and I wanted to make it up."

"You didn't owe him anything, Jimmy. He was a fool," I said. My boat money, including interest over three decades would just about bail me out of trouble. But thirty years is a long time, long enough to forget. Maybe he thought the other guy gave me my share.

Jimmy looked over at me curiously. "But we're all fools. Remember the story, honey?" He looked at Connie.

"Sort of. Remind me."

"Andy just wouldn't stop the poker game we started, just de-

manded to keep playing. He went all the way up to Casablanca to get a money order his mom sent to the American Express office, came back and wouldn't quit, just demanded I play again. He was the worst poker player I've ever seen. I begged him to stop. I offered to give him his money back. He lost every cent his mom sent him and more. He was a little bit crazed."

It was obvious by then that Jimmy had money to burn. I said, "Well, Andy had a lot of good sides. He was a terrific cook. He could sing and play guitar, and he made great spaghetti, which was pretty hard to do in Marrakech. I remember it took him days to find the pasta. Anyway, it was generous of you to help him out, Jimmy," I said. "I bet he was surprised."

"I guess so. He'd always felt bad about what happened. You know in other ways it was a good time, we were close, we all were real friends." Connie said to me, "You want some more wine, Gordon?" I handed her my glass and she filled it.

"What I really need is a smoke." I got up to go out.

"What's wrong, Gordy?" Jimmy looked surprised.

I turned to open the sliding glass door. "I'll be back." I scooted out the door and walked to the far side of the swimming pool.

From the far end of the pool, it was quite a distance to the living room. I needed a break. And I needed to maintain my cool if I wanted to get my boat money, which was going to be tricky since I hadn't mentioned it in over 30 years. I felt embarrassed to bring it up.

Then something shifted, like a sudden change of scenes. I was sitting by myself, smoking and drinking my glass of wine when I heard Connie and Jimmy's voices, speaking like they were right next to me. The bit of static tipped me off, and I looked around and saw the intercom up on the wall. I heard Jimmy say, "How do you like his comb-over? Houdini couldn't wrestle his way out of that," followed by Connie's "hilarious." Crackle crackle. Then it cut out and I just heard bits and pieces. Her voice saying "high cardiac risk" and "enormous belly...he should join a gym." Crackle crackle. Just before it cut out I heard Connie's voice again, "Sad guy. What's he doing here, anyway?" followed by some sort of reply; then I heard Jimmy saying "... he just seems like a loser... good guy really" followed by laughter. Then their voices were gone as mysteriously as they arrived.

For a moment I saw myself as if from a distance, as an observer. I was sitting in the patio chair, fuming, red-faced. Then I slumped back in my seat. The anger seemed to dissipate like air out of a tire. Yes, Connie, I thought, what am I doing here?

I went back inside. The room was empty. Jimmy was in a side room talking on his phone. I sat back in the same place on the couch. Connie had gone somewhere. Sitting there, I thought about what I had heard out on the patio. It was as if I had gone

"Jimmy was my main source of strength then. I think we saved each other. We both were addicts. We just hadn't admitted it."

through a door that I shouldn't have. I got up and poured the rest of the bottle and thought about my life, my three marriages gone sour, my three children in three different states, my five jobs at five different small papers, each for a few years, then gone. The drinking, the dope. The child support that kept me always behind. Fifty years didn't really add up to much.

Jimmy's return interrupted my reverie. "I've spent a few years making reparations."

He seemed to be announcing this to me for some reason. He had a maniacal grin, not the altar boy smile. "I think I need to make reparations to you as well."

"I don't see that you've done so many bad things."

"You don't know. I've hurt a lot of people." Jimmy got up and turned up the gas on the fake coals. He turned to me. "I've got a proposition for you. I want us to play cards tonight and if you win I'll give you a thousand dollars, and if I win you'll come with us to church tomorrow. Don't think of it as charity. I've lost lots more in ten minutes in Vegas. I'd enjoy it. We haven't played since Marrakech. It'd be like old times."

Connie returned bringing fresh drinks. There didn't seem to be a lot of downsides to Jimmy's proposition. I might be too proud to ask for my money back, but I wouldn't mind winning it back. I acted a little reluctant, "Are you sure?" and so forth, but he was determined to play.

And so it began, the longest stretch of cards of my life. It was Saturday night around nine, and we were playing dealer's choice for games. We had equal piles of one, five, and ten dollar chips. Connie brought snacks for the first few hours, but then she spread a blanket out on the couch and went to sleep, and we kept playing at the card table Jimmy had set up. The game moved back and forth. "Do you remember sixth grade?" Jimmy asked me.

"Of course I remember it."

"You were the only kid who talked to me for days after Dad died."

"We were friends. That's what friends do."

"Yeah, well none of my other friends would even come near

me. It was like I was a pariah because of what he did." Jimmy had found his father hanging by a rope in their garage.

"Lots of the kids didn't know what to say. I didn't either. I just sat with you."

"Well, I remember it like it was yesterday. Those days still haunt me. You were great."

I pulled back from his statement. Now I was great?

"But, Jimmy, aren't you thinking I'm a loser? Isn't that what you really think? I'm going to raise you ten"

"I call. Full house." He fanned the cards across the table. Another hand up in smoke. The night was no longer young.

"Why do you say that?" he said.

"Didn't I hear that earlier?"

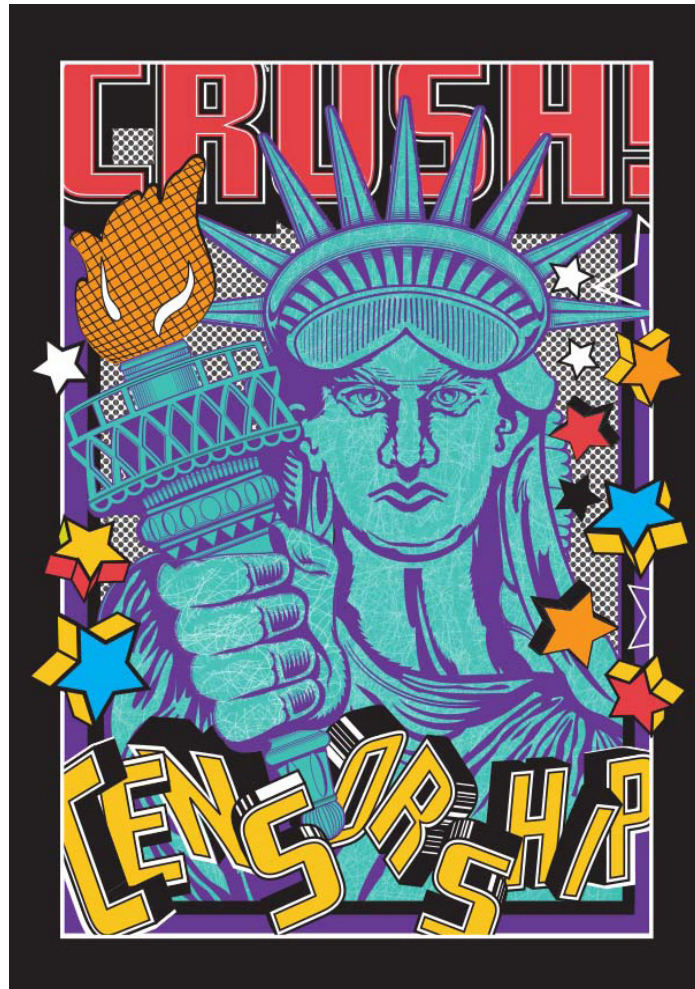
"When?"

"When I was by the pool. Your intercom was on. Didn't you know? Remember, Houdini and the combover?" The conversation was taking a turn, and a long silence ensued.

"Who's dealer?" Jimmy asked.

"I forget. I think it's your deal." He dealt the cards. We played several more hands, some wins, more losses. Jimmy was nervous for the first time. The night was getting out of control. "I'm sorry about what we said. We were just messing around. We both like you." He dealt a new hand.

Finally, I was down to thirty five dollars in chips. We'd gone through all the snacks. Jimmy was surrounded by bottles of Perrier. I was surrounded by Schlitz beer cans and wedges of



Dennis Landry
Crush Censorship, digital illustration

lime. "What happened to the two decks of cards you had in Marrakech?" I asked him.

"I've kept them, but I don't play with them anymore."

"Why not?" I'd had some suspicions about the decks, but had never mentioned them. What did I know?

"Well, cards get old like people get old. Old and bent. I'll call you with two aces." He set the cards down fast and hard, like a slap on the table. "What you got?"

"Just old and bent?" I set down my three kings and scooped in the pile of chips. "I was just wondering. They were beautiful, and unusual, bought there in Marrakech, I think."

"Yes, they were hard to find, and expensive."



Mike Rom, *Creature*, digital illustration

“An unusual design, the camels and the swords.” I looked into his eyes. He looked away.

“I’m not sure I can dig them up. Do you really want to look at them?”

“Should I?”

“Should you what?” He had gotten up from the table and was looking at an old *Time* magazine on the coffee table. Jimmy’s tension was palpable. “They’re just cards,” he said, reaching over to me with his hand and giving my face a gentle slap. It was affectionate and aggressive at the same time. His smile seemed forced and close to a grimace.

Maybe they were. I had lost some money myself in Marrakech to those cards. And we were living there on two dollars a day. In any case, that interchange started Jimmy’s losing streak. Afterwards he couldn’t seem to get a single good hand. It was as if he had given up or perhaps decided to throw the game.

On Sunday morning about six o’clock I cleaned Jimmy out. I hadn’t had a cigarette during the entire game. We had played non-stop, fought a fierce competition. I didn’t want to take a break, didn’t want the night to lose its momentum. Connie had dragged herself to bed sometime in the early morning, telling us we should go to bed too.

“I haven’t had so much fun in a while,” Jimmy said. But his countenance told a different tale; he looked dazed by his defeat.

“Yeah, me too.” I felt exhausted and a little amazed that I was even sitting there in that house, on Jimmy’s green couch, my Houdini-proof combover intact.

“We should get Connie up in a while and go out for breakfast. Let me get you coffee.”

I sat and thought of the evening’s contest. I had wanted to win, badly. I needed the money, but I knew it wasn’t just the money. I remembered Andy’s utter desperation in Morocco.

His trip to Casablanca for more money. In that hotel room with the single naked light bulb hanging down there had been almost no talk, certainly no jokes when the cards were on the table. When we started it hadn’t been about the money. But the stakes grew over time, and an anger built. We seethed. It was war. And I knew last night with Jimmy what I wanted was to win that game, to finally win that war.

He pulled out his checkbook, and handed me the check he’d already made out. “But as for all the rest, I guess we shouldn’t talk about it anymore.” This was the payoff, his reparations, and my further silence bought and paid for, all thrown together.

“Ok. Don’t worry. But I’m not coming to church.” Any further candor was not in the cards, so to speak. I gave him my best brotherly smile. The thousand dollars would cover rent money with a bit extra. Jimmy’s reparations would do it.

“Do you believe in anything? Do you ever pray?”

“Maybe. I’m really not sure. Sometimes I think I pray.”

Later that morning, we all went out for breakfast. I learned about Connie’s wheelchair tattoo. Her father had been hit by a drunk driver and paralyzed, confined to a wheelchair. Connie had cared for him for 13 years, and in the process she became addicted to painkillers and alcohol. She called it a “terrible irony.” After the breakfast, the waitress brought out a little cake with one lit candle. They all proceeded to sing Happy Birthday.

“How did you know?” I asked him. Their singing had turned my face red with embarrassment.

“Jay heard about it late last night from your daughter Karen on Facebook. She says, wherever you are, she wishes you a happy 50th. Your other kids chimed in too.”

When I was driving my little car away from the restaurant I thought to myself about Jimmy’s word, reparations. Jimmy wanted to make amends for something he knew was wrong, but he didn’t want to go into messy details like marked decks. I wanted my \$300 but was reluctant to bring up the old debt. For us both, the past had plenty of embarrassing things we preferred to avoid. So, perhaps we were even. I didn’t wave to Jimmy and Connie as they stood outside the restaurant waving to me.

Then I noticed he was gesturing to me to come back. I turned the car and drove to the curb.

He came up to the window and stuck his head in when I rolled it down.

“I guess this makes us even on the boat,” he said, and winked.

I told him I needed to hurry up or I would miss my plane. “Goodbye,” I said.



Carolyn Sotelo

Pat Benatar, gouache on illustration board



Jerry Gill, *Cow*, pink Colorado alabaster



Jennifer Wiley, *Above the Clouds*, digital photograph

The Moon and Other Things

By Anthony Hinckley

I'd kept the moon for years in an old cigar box
that had a picture of a matador spinning away from a charging bull,
glued to the inside of the lid.

The black and red of the bull fighter, his cape, and the bull
had long since faded and the picture flaked away in places.

I kept the moon in the box with other things:
a small war nickel purchased in Baltimore when my father visited,
a round pearl from China held under my tongue for over a year,
a one-dollar bill from the Bahamas that Manny gave me,
clam shells collected with Michael and Esther in North Carolina,
the vertebrae of a coyote found hiking through the desert,
a plastic devil horn Nana bought me in Little Italy in Cleveland
that kept away curses,
a rabies tag, hawk feathers, sand dollars, a mouse skull, a Zippo lighter,
tiny painted wooden turtles from Mexico,
keys to locks, turquoise stones, bottle caps, a set of Bakelite dice,
a dried poppy, all crammed in tight.

I promise to one-day attach the things in the cigar box to a mesquite branch;
lace the items in between thick thorns with thread or fishing line.
Create my totem, feel strong.

That night the moon looked worn and a dull ash-gray,
like a rock that had been thrown against a wall over and over again
until any potential beauty or luster had been chipped away.
I was once an old photograph,
turned dull brown around the edges and faded in the middle,
and so decided to take the moon out of the cigar box and place it back into the sky.

The Dust

By Frankie Rollins

What Comes After: 1918

He is on the train home from war.
He travels through cities, the dark bustling hordes.
He remembers the portals in the late summer desert sky.
He travels through green forests, hills, and watches other soldiers get off, some in towns smaller than his own.
He remembers his fellow soldiers laughing, drunk, handing him a tin cup of wine.
He remembers a mold-darkened farmhouse wall in France.
He remembers his sister's arms, her thin fingers holding lizards, climbing rocks, playing piano.
He remembers the leaves being shot off a tree, falling one by one.
He remembers the lurch from the boat to land, the cheering in foreign tongues, the tiny crooked streets, buildings green and white and blue, so different from home, from what was wattled, what was adobe, what was brown.
He travels on the train shouldered in by soldiers, all of them wearing worn uniforms, ancient looking packs, what mud will do.
He remembers his mother learning to make tortillas from Carmelita, his mother's hair slipping from her bun.
He remembers exploded earth.
He remembers the stone on the mountain, where the spiny lizards live.
He remembers his town, the long dusty roads, impossibly brown, impossibly bright in the desert sun.
He travels over wide and full rivers running fast.
He remembers getting drunk with the Marlen brothers the night before they left, and how none of them mentioned injury or death.
He travels with no one he knows, one-by-one the boys he'd known from the war having gotten off in other places, severing some cord.
He remembers ruling a stone with his sister, a kingdom of peasant lizards, how Aggi liked a kingdom in trouble.
He travels and his stomach grinds with hunger. He can't remember when he last ate.
He remembers his father's bright white suit.
He remembers the yoke of Aggi's curiosity.
He travels and the windows flash with trees upon trees upon trees. He knows what this would look like after war.
He remembers the boy with his hands shot to rags.
He travels into mountains and plains, staying awake. He is afraid he will have the nightmares and scream on the train.
He remembers Aggi on the porch with her records.
He remembers his father on the mountain, in summer, in his suit, strolling the meadow, smoking a cigar.

What he remembers jumbles, rolls, slides as he passes through the landscape. He cannot keep it organized and understandable. He has returned, but some part of him is nowhere, is vanished, a hole. He wishes he'd been at home. He wishes he'd stayed, folded bandages, melted tin, grown gardens. He would have himself, if he had stayed. Something to go on. What will make it different now? How will he fix things?

The massive weight of all that Paul does not know hisses in the whistle of the train at every stop.
The train rolls into long wide stretches of land and rock and he is suddenly in brown lands, green saguaro, home.

In the morning, the sun is so bright that he feels it searing through him, revealing all that he wants to hide. He doesn't want to face his mother. He knows he screamed in the night. Jack's name? He's been told this is what he often shouts.

If his sister, Aggi, were there, she would have asked him, what did he have to hide? Who was Jack? And to Aggi he might have confided the splattered cheek of a young man named Jack, the flabby bits of him tossed into his coat, all the bloodied hands trying to fit the metal parts embedded in Jack into the coat with his pieces of body. "Your first gone west," the man next to him said, a sympathetic pat on his shoulder. But Paul was confused about going west and how it related to the metal sticking out of the guts, as if a misplaced toy was in there, a handful of jacks in flapjack batter, the coils of intestines like the jack in the box, no, he could not tell it, not even to Aggi. Even the other men did not speak of it, after. Boing! Jack and his hunk of digested metal sprang inside Paul. Boing! Boing!



Amanda McPherson, *Fallen Soldier*, digital photograph



Rochelle Byrne
Odocoileus Hemionus Eremicus, digital photograph



Nancy Keller
Austin in the Rain, digital photograph

Identity is Not an Equation or Formula

Defying Yumminess of Cultural Heritage

By Sandra Shattuck

When I was growing up and someone asked me why I had such curly hair or an olive complexion, I replied, “I’m a quarter Palestinian.” This equation delighted my eight-year-old love of math puzzles and the precision of numbers. These days, I may have a less numeric sense of identity, but the little girl within still wonders which part of me is that twenty-five percent: My left arm and leg? My hair and skin? The sound of my grandmother’s Arabic-accented English in my memories’ ear?

The other seventy-five percent of my heritage equation belongs to the world of white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, or WASPs, mostly Scottish and English with a thread of Mohawk from my paternal grandfather. Once, my mom asked me, “Why do you focus so much on your Palestinian side?” I didn’t have an answer. But my mom identified herself not as English or Scottish, but as a New Englander. My dad, however, was always half-Palestinian. He claimed his father’s Scottish and English heritage by playing the bagpipes and wearing a clan tartan. I’ve never thought it strange that my dad could shift from reciting his favorite Arabic phrase (*Mumkin ahudlac sura? May I take your picture?*) to playing a *piobaireachd* (pronounced “pibroch”), a classical piece of bagpipe music.

My paternal grandmother, Rose Seikaly (Wardah Seikaly in Arabic), was born in Haifa, Palestine, the third-born in a Christian family with nine children. Before 1920, Grandma’s family sent her to Syracuse, New York, to take care of her father and two brothers, who had set up a peddling business. Grandma established her own bridal trousseau sewing business, married an American, and had two children. Her grandchildren were born in the 50s, and by that time, Grandma’s homeland had ceased to exist for several years: Palestine became Israel in 1948, in an event Israelis call Independence Day and Palestinians call the Nakba, or Catastrophe, and my relatives in Haifa fled to Lebanon, Jordan, the United States, and elsewhere. Many Palestinians lived in refugee camps. I grew up wondering how my grandma existed as a state-less person, someone whose passport had become invalid overnight. What did it feel like to lose a country?

But before I was old enough to understand Palestine’s history, I knew the culture through my grandma’s language, her cooking, and my relatives. Grandma spoke English fluently with a pronounced Arabic accent. She rarely spoke Arabic, but the language slipped through with a few words: *Yallah*, *yallah* – Come on! Let’s go! and *Habibti* – the feminine form of “beloved.” The food Grandma cooked could only be named in

Arabic, which we sometimes mangled in our childish tongues. *Malfouf mahshi*, a dish made of cabbage leaves stuffed with beef or lamb and rice and cooked with tomatoes, became “mouth full of meshi.” Other favorites were *lahambajejan*, a meat pie, and *etras*, cookies filled with walnuts, sugar, cinnamon, and rose water.

None of Grandma’s children or grandchildren learned Arabic. Dad said that Grandma wanted her children to assimilate well, so she insisted on English in the home. One of my greatest regrets is not knowing Arabic, although I’ve learned other languages and have tried sporadically to learn Arabic. When I visited my Uncle Michel in Amman, he compared the richness of Arabic to a vast sea, an ocean too broad to ever swim across – and I never progressed beyond a doggy paddle.

English was my grandmother’s third language, and French, which she learned when she went to school in Beirut, was her second. Before I ever took a French class, I remember Grandma teaching my sisters and me how to sing “*Dites-Moi, Pourquoi,*” a song from the musical, *South Pacific*, so that we could perform for the neighbors when we went visiting. “Going visiting” required that we memorize the song, learn how to curtsy, and dress up in our Sunday best. We put the youngest in her stroller, and then navigated a few city blocks, stopping every few houses to visit Grandma’s friends. We girls sang our song in French, curtsied, and then received treats of cookies and gingerale, while Grandma chatted for a few minutes.

As a child, I loved the ritual of “going visiting,” but I did not understand the central nature of this custom for my grandmother’s culture until I was older. When I visited relatives in this country and in Amman, I noticed that family visited each other daily – for coffee, a meal, or a chat. As a child, I was used to visiting family only two or three times a year, alternating grandparents on Thanksgiving, Christmas, and summer vacation; distance precluded more frequent contact. For my grandma’s family, almost daily visits were like breathing – necessary, unquestioned, natural. I wondered how Grandma survived the isolation she must have felt in the United States. “Going visiting” allowed Grandma to recreate a part of her culture with neighbors, but her family was spread across this country and overseas. That lack of daily family contact must have felt like an amputated limb.

Did my grandmother’s separation from family make the loss of her country that much more painful? I don’t know. Grandma never talked politics, and she called herself an Arab as often as she called herself Palestinian. When she began a sentence



Mano Sotelo, *God Has Chosen You From All the Nations on Earth*, oil on panel

with “In the old country...,” I heard love and longing, never any bitterness. By the time Palestine was no longer a country, Grandma had lived in the U.S. for over thirty years and had two grown children about to have their own children. Perhaps she considered herself more American than Palestinian.

Grandma did not teach her grandchildren the history of her homeland, so we learned on our own. By the time I was teaching a contemporary world literature course in my first job as a college professor, I felt confident enough to include on the reading list the novella “Return to Haifa” by Ghassan Kanafani, a Palestinian author who was assassinated by a car bomb. I felt a special connection to the story since my grandmother was born in Haifa, but my genealogy did not confer automatic knowledge, and I had to study hard to help my students understand the complicated history of British colonialism, the Arab-Israeli War, Zionism, the Six Day War, and the Green Line, which anchored the beautifully and powerfully written story.

These days, being Palestinian American means that when I study the U.S.-Mexico border with my students, I think of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip and the wall Israel has built to

enforce Palestinian apartheid. I pay attention to articles detailing the connections between the two walls, such as “Gaza in Arizona,” written by the courageous local journalist, Todd Miller. Miller explains how the U.S. buys Israeli security expertise to construct the technology of border militarization: “surveillance balloons with high-powered cameras,” “seismic sensor systems used to detect the movement of people,” and “assault rifles, helicopters, and drones” (“Gaza in Arizona: How Israeli High-Tech Firms Will Up – Armor the U.S. – Mexico Border” with Gabriel M. Schivone).

These days, the twenty-five percent of my DNA contributed by my Palestinian grandmother functions less as an equation and more as a lodestar, guiding my interests and empathy. These days, when I think of my grandmother’s trip across the Atlantic a century ago, when I name myself the granddaughter of a Palestinian immigrant, that’s when I feel most American.



Anja-Leigh Russell
Union Station Nun, digital photography

Laisser Les Gens Vivent

By Anja-Leigh Russell

Let the people live!
Once again a feckless river threatens
to dismantle the shifting sands of time.

No one, nowhere captures cloudless skies.

We silently read the morning news,
inured against the onslaught.
Girding our loins,
longing for the unreachable,
we settle for what is familiar...

Fresh-squeezed orange juice
is a metaphor for what can be,
released from its protective encasement
bringing life, pleasure
alleviating thirst, desire.

We take to the streets,
rally against the odds,
scream with discontent.

Then...
the illusion of progress
stops us in our tracks.

We live somewhere between
fresh-squeezed orange juice
and mighty prayers of redemption.

Easter Vigil

By Eric Aldrich

Inside the house, a chocolate rabbit sat dejectedly in a pastel wicker basket and wondered what flaw or personal shortcoming stood between him and his destiny. Weren't chocolate Easter rabbits molded to be eaten? Why then did he still have one candy eye, most of his hollow chalky body, and one ear?

Outside, Seamus sat dejectedly on the trunk of his father's sedan, gazing at his distorted reflection in the shiny chrome bumper and wondered why he needed to go to church instead of eating his chocolate rabbit. The twelve previous Easters of his life consisted of wantonly consuming sugar, wearing pajamas until noontime, hunting for colored eggs in predictable hiding places (always between the cushions of the couch), and waiting for his grandparents to arrive with money-filled cards. This year was different. Church was ruining Easter.

A robin landed in the lilac bushes and squawked. The branch bounced under the bird's weight.

"Go away, robin," Seamus thought, glancing over at the bird. It flew away. He wanted to go kick the soccer ball against the side of the house, but fifteen minutes ago Mom told him that she and Dad and his three-year-old-brother, Alex, would be "out in a minute" and she warned him not to mess up his church clothes.

"Church clothes suck," Seamus mumbled, looking down at his tie and his toe-pinching wingtips. Why did God want you to dress like such a goon?

"Come on, Seamus, just don't kick me too hard," the soccer ball beckoned from beneath an azalea bush, but Seamus ignored it. He leaned back on the trunk and spread his fingers wide to touch as much surface area as his could. The sun-warmed metal felt good on his hands.

"Sorry, soccer ball," Seamus telepathically apologized to the neglected ball. The previous Christmas, the ball waited patiently under the tree for him and, though he wished to rush down to the basement and kick the ball against the walls, he had been hurried through breakfast, dressed like a prick, and whisked off the church then, too.

"Why does Jesus ruin all the holidays?" Seamus thought. Before Christmas, he hoped the divine intrusion would be limited to unimportant Sundays. He hoped Christmas and Easter would be spared. Not so. He looked around the neighborhood at all the other houses smiling brightly in the Easter morning sun

and imagined families in pajamas, lounging together on living room carpets, peeling eggs and eating chocolate. He wanted so badly to spend Easter with his family. The minister said they were all God's family, but Seamus had no interest joining a family that made you get up early, stole time with your mother and father and brother, and dressed you like an idiot. Also, the lady who guarded the coffee from kids seemed an undesirable family member, as did the Sunday School superintendent who,

only weeks earlier, advised Seamus' mother that his earring was not "in God's plan" for boys. Out it came the next day. Seamus' real family had their share of problems, but God's family harbored scores of

"It didn't make sense to pray if God would just do what he wanted anyways. Why did the church people keep praying?"

nosey jerks and bullies. God's family also seemed to contain a greater than average number of retards, and most of the church people treated the retards with showy over-tolerance that seemed humiliating. Seamus once entertained the hypothesis that the uncomfortable clothes made the people assholes, but the guy who yelled "Amen" at inappropriate times throughout the service wore jeans and a t-shirt to church and he was still an jerk.

Seamus leaned forward and the back of his shirt came untucked from his pants. The shirt was a hand-me-down from Seamus' cousin and it didn't fit. The collar strangled him and, though the sleeves extended down far over his knuckles, the cuffs still managed cut his wrists when buttoned. And it never stayed tucked. Just because his cousin was fifteen and Seamus was thirteen didn't mean that their sizes ever matched at any point in their developments. He stood up and tried to half-heartedly stuff his shirt back into his pants and it bunched up his underwear. Then he sat back down.

The front door of the house opened and Seamus turned to look.

"Come on, Sue, we have to go. We need to get there early if we want to get a seat. It's Easter Sunday."

A muffled, exasperated voice responded from somewhere inside the house, presumably the bathroom, and then the door closed with an emphatic, "Oh for God's sake..."

Seamus looked up, shielding his eyes with his hand, then leaned over, resting his elbows on his knees with his head in his palms. He shut his eyes and started to pray.

"Dear God, thank you for my family and everything that we have and that we're all healthy and we have plenty to eat. Oh,

and thanks for this beautiful day. Thanks for Jesus too, which, I mean is you anyways, because of the Trilogy, I mean, you know, thanks. I am praying to ask you to teach my parents the true meaning of Easter. Easter should be about being together and being happy, not going to church, which is terrible. It's really shitty. Oops, sorry, I didn't mean to think a swear, but I don't know how to stop thoughts from coming. Anyways, I don't want to go and I'm pretty sure no one else wants to go either, because they're all mean and cranky. I bet all the kids at church would love you a lot more and a lot more people would become Christians if they didn't have to go to church. The fat lady who guards the coffee is a bitch. Sorry again. Why do I have to spend

time with her today instead of Mom and Dad and Alex? I hate her! You're everywhere, right? My Sunday School teacher says you're omnivorous. So if you're everywhere, then you're here just as much as at church, so we're not even going there to be with you. People at church are mean. When I go to school, they let the retards eat in the lunch room and we're all nice to them, but at church people are mean to the retards. They won't let the retards sing in the song time before Sunday School because they sing really bad, but I don't think it's ok to stop them. They have the right to sing. I feel sorry for them. So why do I need to spend Easter with the people at Church? If you're real, I mean, you're real and I believe you're real... sorry...then stop my parents' cars from starting so we can stay home like we did before Grampa Brown died and Mom started making us go to church. Grampa Brown

is in heaven right now and I know that he would rather see us happy than unhappy. You can even ask him. So please, stop the cars from starting. In Jesus name I pray, Amen."

Then there was nothing to do but wait. Seamus knew that in order for the prayer to work, he needed to have faith, but it would have been a lot easier to have faith now if any of his previous prayers had worked. He prayed for an A on his math test – he got a C+. He prayed for his baseball team to win their scrimmage – they lost. He prayed to kiss Heather Palmer at



Patti Gardiner
Shadow Series #1, digital photograph

recess – she told the recess monitor he tried to kiss her and he had to stand against the wall. The Playstation he prayed for never showed up and he never got to go see the movie “Showgirls” at the theater even though he prayed twice to go see it. Yet, people at church continued to insist on praying and continued to claim that it worked. Seamus’ still struggled to trust his own logic over the opinions of adults. When the old lady with cancer got better the church people said it was because they all prayed, but when the little girl with cancer died, they said that it was God’s will. Why would God save an old lady and not a little girl? Old ladies die. That’s just what they do. If Seamus was God, he would have saved the little girl. It didn’t make sense to pray if God would just

do what he wanted anyways. Why did the church people keep praying? Why didn’t Seamus just stop?

A car passed and Seamus looked in the windows. A man drove and a woman sat in the front and a boy sat in the back. They were all dressed up.

“They must be going to church,” Seamus thought and he felt sorry for the boy. He left his seat and walked over to a lilac bush. Maybe if he picked some lilac flowers and gave them to Mom she would let him stay home. He abandoned the thought almost instantly. Nothing could dissuade Mom from church. It would be a waste of flowers.

Seamus began eyeing the soccer ball again, but, before he could run over and give it just one kick, the rest of the family exploded from the house.

“We got to go. We got to go. Seamus, get in the car,” Mom ran over to the car, opening the back door for him at the same time she opened the passenger door for herself. She hopped in and slammed the door. Dad hurriedly strapped

Alex into the safety seat while repeating, “Come on, Seamus, get in. We’ll be late.” Seamus sat down, closed the door, and buckled up. Alex looked overwhelmed. He stared at Seamus, his eyes wide and his mouth slightly open. Dad flung himself into the driver’s seat and slammed the door. He put the key in the ignition and... click... click... click.

“Godammit!” he yelled, shaking the steering wheel. His mother started angrily babbling exasperated somethings. His father hollered, “The goddamn battery’s dead!”

“We’ll have to take the other car,” Mom yelled. His mother opened her door and jumped out, spun around and opened Seamus’ door. She closed the door on Seamus before he was fully out. His father ripped Alex from the car seat and bolted to the other car. Mom sat in the passenger seat and Dad threw Alex on her lap. They all shouted at Seamus to hurry, but he moved slowly, wondering if his prayer worked. He climbed into the backseat of the other car. Dad was shouting that he didn’t have keys for that car and Mom was yelling that they were in her purse and that if he’d just wait a goddamn second she’d get them out, which she did.

Seamus watched the keys pass from his mother’s hands into his father’s. He fired off a series of thought-prayers – “Please don’t work, please don’t work, please...” His father jammed the key into the ignition, wrenched it forward... and the engine came alive. The car was out of park, into drive, and pulling from the driveway.

“Not funny,” Seamus prayed.



Jerry Gill, *Seated Woman*, bronze



Alexis Egurrola
Le Pink Desert, digital photograph

YOU *#%!!!

By Patti Gardiner

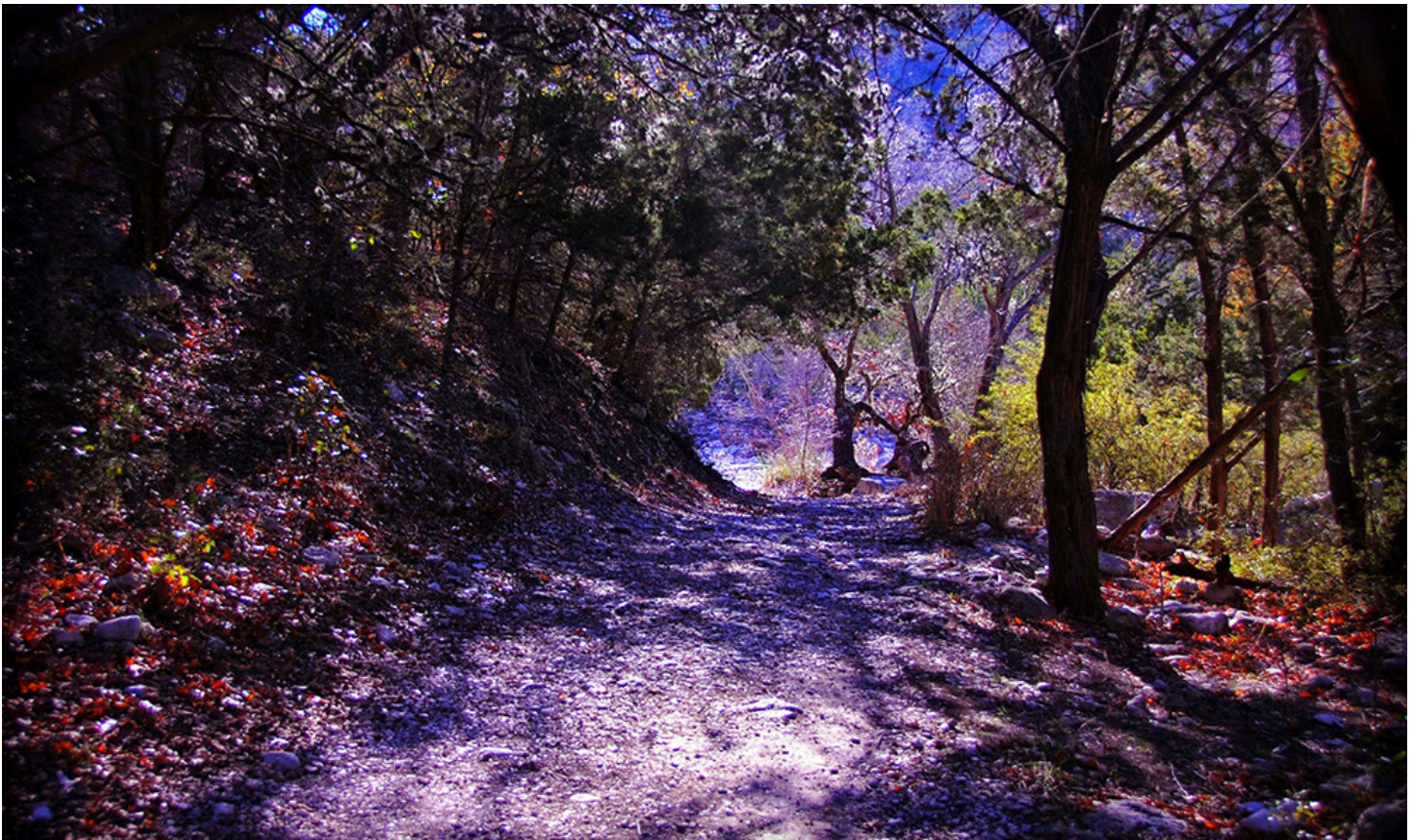
Even now,
I can't bring myself
to say the words.

Even with all this
hurt and anger boiling inside,
I can't even type it.

Even though it is the truth,
and others have said it for me,
the words are stuck in my throat.

Even your blatant betrayal
can not make me hate you
or call you a fucking asshole.

oops.



Diane Deskin, *Lost Maples Light*, digital photograph



Jennifer Wiley, *Lookout*, digital photograph



Casie Herron, *Homunculus*, intaglio print



Michele Portale, *Jack Frost Sat on the Hood of My Car*, digital photograph



Melissa Bouey, *Hot Air Balloon*, digital photograph



M] ckY: gm] q
Wind in the Jib, digital photograph

The Majesty of Saguaro

Jackie Gill

Standing strong and straight
Prickly on the outside, moist and supple on the inside
Standing together as majestic
Each one but not alone
Power and peace in numbers
With space between
To explore and grow
Nature's great silent teachers
Long in life and limb
Providing life for self
And sustenance for others
Just in being
Strong enough to withstand burning sun and drought
Never doubting the abundance around them
Or that the replenishing rain will come again.



Diane Deskin, *Both Sides Now*, digital photograph



Kat Manton-Jones, *Katlas: Temporal Gulch & the Rincon Valley*, watercolor and ink on paper



Kat Manton-Jones, *Katlas: Temporal Gulch & the Rincon Valley*, watercolor and ink on paper

Bacanora

By Anthony Hinckley

The last time we went,
 the Mexican Army flagged down our car
 and we pulled over to the side of the highway.
 J Man opened his door and stepped out,
 forgetting to put the car in park.
 It lurched forward like a hungry tarantula leaping from its hole,
 straight at two soldiers whose guns were taller than them.
 I seized with terror, and the soldiers flinched
 but otherwise stood still. J Man scrambled back into the car
 and jammed the shifter into park.
 For seconds there was tremendous silence
 then broad smiles and audible laughter from everyone.

We usually drove to Puerto Penasco for fish and clams once a
 month during the season.
 The two-and-a-half-hour journey along Ajo never seemed long.
 A great sea of high desert, once molten mountains,
 buried by sand, then oceans, then sand again,
 and dotted with shrubs and cacti stood guard along the road,
 keeping vigilance.
 The unrestricted sky allows for the dissolving of belief in time.

Once we crossed the border, I was free
 from the scrutiny of angry and frightened cops and bosses who
 demanded everything in exchange for handfuls of trinkets,
 free from the sinewy stares of paranoid neighbors who watched
 from windows behind walls, free to breathe.

And my favorite thing to do
 after J Man parked the car behind Alberto and his brother's fish
 stand was to drink Bacanora and eat squid soup at Martine's.
 The smoky fermented liquid came from the state of Sonora,
 a tequila made in small batches,
 sold in the recesses of rural village markets in two-liter plastic
 soda containers, or at Martine's, where they put it in bottles.
 I could taste the salted wind and pale dirt that rose in patches of
 dust in every sip.
 The liquor sank into the history of my belly
 and left a taste of sunbaked-flesh of earth in my throat.
 I'd drink four or five glasses and tell stories with J Man
 and whoever occupied a vacant bar stool
 while Martine practiced his English.
 Sometimes I'd stare out the window into a bay
 tightly packed with rusting trawlers and dream of eating shrimp
 for breakfast.

Sonora

By Wilson Dolaghan

Clouds pass
over mountaintops to slit dark bellies on their razor's edge,
to spill clear blood in rivulets down the folds of earth and stone or
float down the slope like a shoal of living wool

In the cold, all things gain clarity – in the desert,
the stillness, all movement, the illusion of life

The turning of the firmament is a tired play before the eyes of this
wizened earth, pulled to pieces by the fire of its long past youth,
sagging into wide, lonesome valleys – valleys where scrub rises like
whiskers above a bearded woman's lip

The chill and the silence become
synonymous, a presence like the nearness
of a mute but vigilant god, a god
as trapped in misery as we, as powerless, perhaps only
a ghost slowly dissipating into
the endlessness of the sky



Alexis Egurrola, *SunDaze*, digital photograph



Kat Manton-Jones, *Katlas: Temporal Gulch & the Rincon Valley*, watercolor and ink on paper

Learning to Land

By Maureen Burns

1

The takeoff is quick and effortless but completely unnatural. With your spine curved inward and your feet rising toward the stars, you feel like an umbrella blown inside out. But with arms spread and palms facing forward, your hands can be used for balance, and by forcing your feet below your seat, you are able to gaze straight ahead instead of at the ground. Your equilibrium settles along with the panic. The drumbeat in your head subsides to a hum. There is no question that the flight is real, no amazement that you are able to propel yourself so quickly, from the street below to an altitude of 30 feet. In fact, there are few sensations, other than relief that you escaped from the person lurking near the hedge, between the brick Tudor and the Victorian frame house next to it. Rising above the Chinese Elm, you feel the cold air sharp against your face. Tears blow out of the corners of your eyes and stream into your hair.

2

Tears blow out of the corners of your eyes and stream into your hair. You weren't aware that you could cry in your sleep. You should have known. You can cry on a bus or at the grocery store. You can cry in the library or in the ladies room at work. You can cry at the deli and the dry cleaners, in the car, on the telephone with your sister, or at your therapist's office. You can cry along with a Blues song just as easily as with Reggae. Anything will make you cry: a broken nail, spilling coffee on your blouse, or burning the toast. A solicitor on the telephone will make you cry. Even the dog food commercials make you cry. Crying isn't the hard part.

3

Crying isn't the hard part. But then neither is going up. Flying straight and level was hard. Lowering was even more difficult. So you feign confidence and know-how. The stars appear like fireworks without the percussion. An invisible moon illuminates the ground below. Already you forgot about the prowler and how easy it was to escape and take flight. Up there, above the telephone poles and street signs, above the rooftops and the water tower, all you need to do is to glide and enjoy the view. It is nighttime, but you aren't afraid. There are no snakes to cross your path. There are no wild animals to tear you apart. Even birds don't fly at night. But you aren't alone in the dark.

4

Alone in the dark is when you cry the most. After you read your horoscope and tarot cards and Celtic runes. After you listen to "I Can't Make You Love Me" ten times. After you peddle the bike for an hour and then cool down with another hour of yoga. After you turn off the lights and lie diagonally across the bed because you don't want your head and feet and arms where they used to lie, next to him. You cry for fear that sleep will never come again and you will have blue circles under your eyes for the rest of your life. You will begin to resemble a Holocaust victim or your Aunt Mildred. When you return to work, people will ask if you are doing okay, but they don't really want to hear about it.

5

They don't really want to hear that your life will never be the same, that every dream you had for the future was destroyed. And whom could you tell about the flights? Who would understand? The flights are amazing, and they are daunting; as you circle between the trees, then pass over the street, only to dart between two houses when you think you see his shadow below you. You can't remember who he is, but the thought of him makes your heart pound and causes you to fly straight up to an altitude of 50 feet. To avoid escape is beyond your control, but to control the flight takes courage and determination. You must extend your arms, lower your feet, employ your hands as flaps to level off, and then concentrate on the descent. And then you begin to look for something to hold on to.

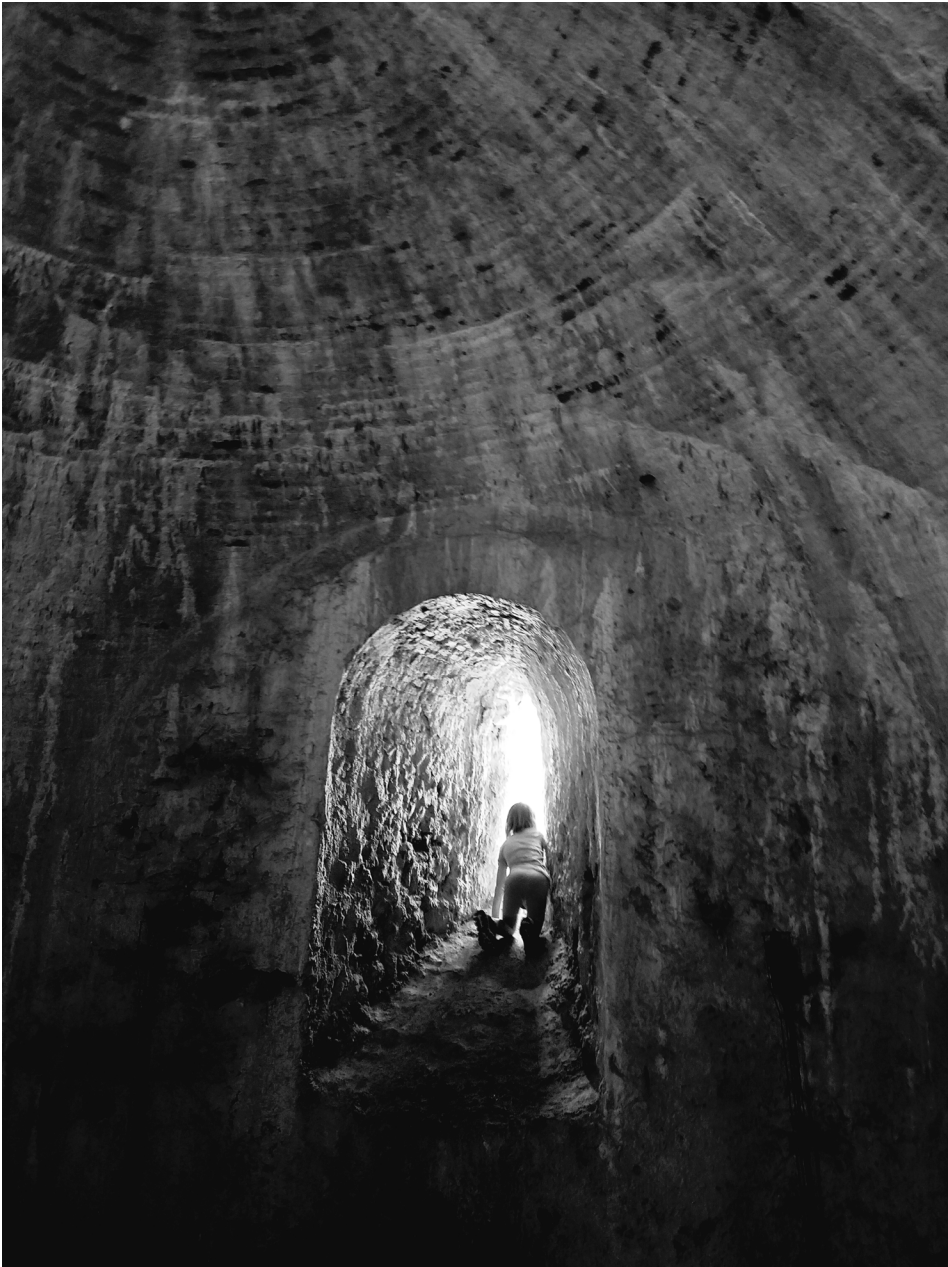
6

Every day you begin to look for something to hold on to. Some spark of beauty or dollop of joy to take your mind off what you have lost and what will never be again. A pouring rain or heavy snowstorm can distract you, but you watch for the child giggling behind you at the grocery or the mint that the bank cashier gives you with your receipt. You put away the Adele CDs and gather all the Bruno Mars you can find in your car, your office, your bedroom, your stereo cabinet. Only happy music now, music to dance and clean house with. His closet is the first to be cleaned: that yellow sticky note on the floor, the worn-out sneakers in the corner, the one ski glove on the shelf in the back. Then the magazine rack; no more *Car & Driver* or *Popular Mechanics*, no more *Sharper Image* catalogs even though you like *Sharper Image*. Maybe next month or next year you will look at it again. Then there are the walls that he never wanted to paint. He said he liked tan walls with the blue carpet. You didn't have to think very long to know what he wouldn't like, and then the walls were pink. Not little girl pink, but the palest pink you can find, the color of pale adobe as the sun sets in the desert.

7

You fly toward the adobe house that is the color of the sun setting in the desert. It has a red tile roof with a large chimney jutting out of the center. You grab on to the chimney and hold on to it as you inch your way down to the roof. The tiles look smooth enough to sit on, and the roof is layered so that you can make your way down one section at a time, until you are only one story above the ground. You have extraordinary abilities.

You have no fear of heights and are capable of scaling walls and maneuvering on rooftops. These things you have seen in movies or read about. But no one has ever told you how to land. You have watched birds soar and circle or perch one-legged on the telephone wire, but you never took the time to watch them descend. Now that the danger is past, this seems to be your last obstacle.



Jennifer Wiley, *Echoes*, digital photograph

8

You thought that removing every reminder of him would be your last obstacle, but you were wrong. Now the loss is more apparent. Where there was once clutter, now there is emptiness. Band-Aids and antiseptic and cough drops are moved to his side of the medicine cabinet. Winter coats, ski pants, hiking boots, and backpacks are placed in his closet. His junk mail goes in the trash, other mail is returned to sender—moved—address unknown. You never asked for his address or new phone number. It is better not to know. There is no temptation to hear his voice late at night or wonder if his resolution is still as strong. So you look for ways to fill the void: nature hikes with the Audubon Society; practice yoga and qigong; join a choral group, or a book club; order tickets for a live musical.

9

On Sunday morning you grab on to a street lamp and scoot down until you are on the ground. Then you wake up. What a relief! All you had to do was land and the anxiety drifted away. Next time you will practice lifting-off and landing. You already have the lift-off part down pat. Look up to the sky, point your toes, arch your back, and let go. But you have to learn to land without grabbing on to poles or climbing down trees. Up down. Up down. Up down, until you get it just right. Then you can fly further, out of your neighborhood, across the lake, over a mountain peak. There is no limit to how far you can go, once you learn to land.

10

There is no limit to how far you can go. With enough time and money you can experience every imaginable adventure, and then some. The trick is to keep busy, be with other people, and stop thinking. Knitting and quilting are out – too much alone time. Only busy housewives like to sew at night, so that they can escape from the chatter and chaos of husbands and children. Serious reading is difficult. Your mind wants to wonder and refuses to grasp new concepts. You don't want to get a new pet, because you will be forced to spend time with it, instead of pushing yourself to get out and meet new people. But, a puppy is a wonderful way to meet people. Take a yellow Lab puppy anywhere, and you draw a crowd. Teach her a few tricks, and you are indeed impressive.

11

You are indeed impressive as you lift off, circle the park, aim for the light post on the corner, grab it with one hand and attach one foot, swing around it like a circus performer, and then gently glide to the ground. Tonight you will travel out of your neighborhood, perhaps out of the state. It would be wonderful to see Wyoming at night, if the fear of landing in the dark weren't so pervasive; but you know you must learn to land without the use of poles and trees and rooftops and chimneys. You need to fly to a wide-open space and practice maneuvers. Up . . . soar . . . circle . . . land. Up . . . soar . . . circle . . . land. Landing takes concentration and prior planning. How does it work? Should you go into a sitting position? Turn on your side and dive like a hawk? You will practice diving and then enter a sitting position, so that at the last minute you can straighten your legs and hit the ground running.

12

Now, instead of dragging yourself out of bed in the morning, after three or four hours of sleep, you jump up and hit the ground running. You feel energized and you never looked better. All right, admit it, it's nice to eat ice cream in bed and watch *Bridget Jones' Diary* while giving yourself a facial and a pedicure. Eating is enjoyable, instead of a chore. No more planning meals and grocery shopping for hours; just hit the salad bar on the way home, stock up on cheese and crackers and soup, eat when and what you want and never, never clean the oven again. And vacations, the possibilities are endless. You could visit Alaska or spend a week on the beach in Tulum. Maybe you will get your groove back. You could take a cruise or go to one of those spas that starve you and pamper you at the same time. But you miss the dreams. They are no longer customary; so tonight as you go to sleep, you will think about flying.

13

Think about flying and there you are. Circling, soaring, diving, gliding, hovering, and finally landing. Think about your feet resting on a large gray cloud as you descend. Your hands are out for balance or in Namaste. You can sit in full lotus with your arms resting on your knees or stand like a stork. You are a Warrior. You are balanced. You are confident. You have learned to land.

14

The last thing you want the world to see are tears blowing out of the corners of your eyes and streaming into your hair. They don't want to hear that your life will never be the same. Why should it? So you look for something to hold on to. Anything is better than being alone in the dark. Crying isn't the hard part, and this isn't your last obstacle. You will clean and create more clutter. You will stretch and relax and stretch some more. On Sunday morning you will head for the adobe house that is the color of the sun setting in the desert. He would hate that color, but there is no limit to how far you can go. You can go to Kauai or take a cruise. Maybe you'll get your groove back. You could fly to the moon or at least Wyoming. You know when you land you will hit the ground running, because you are indeed impressive. You can soar. You can dive. You can land.



Mano Sotelo, *Resurrection Project, Savior*, oil on panel



Brittany Griwzow, *Spaces in Italy 01*, watercolor



Carolyn Sotelo, *Bjork*, gouache on illustration board

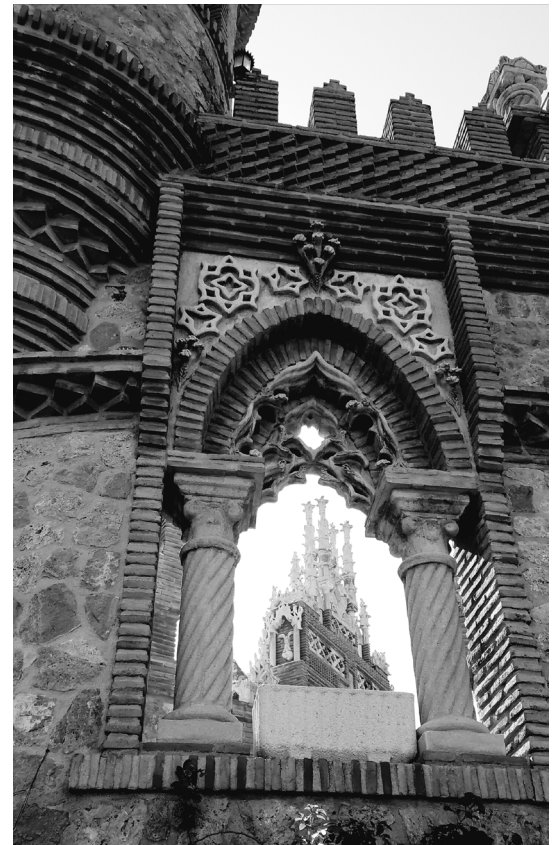


Diane Deskin
Oceanside Pier After the Storm, digital photograph

Not Again

By Christine Seliga

I hear the footfall on the stairs
again
By spoor I tell whose steps are theirs
again
My skin chills, tense, raises fine hairs
again
But, they won't catch me unawares
... again.



Jennifer Wiley,
Beyond, digital photograph



Jennifer Wiley, *Inner Darkness*, digital photograph

Day Turns on Itself

By Christine Seliga

Medea weather
smothers newborn day's pink light
grey clouds weep cold grief



Anja-Leigh Russell
Sidewalk Reader, digital photograph

Just Like Peter Lorre

By Anja-Leigh Russell

Those sleepy eyes.
That smoky voice.
Her teenage self longed
to smother those sensuous lips.

Do you think we should drive a stake
through (my) heart, just in case?

Clark Gable, Gregory Peck, Cary Grant?
Mere mortals, pretending to be men.

Peter was downstairs cool,
clothed in imperfection.
Upstairs, dividends paid off,
her blatant lust abated.

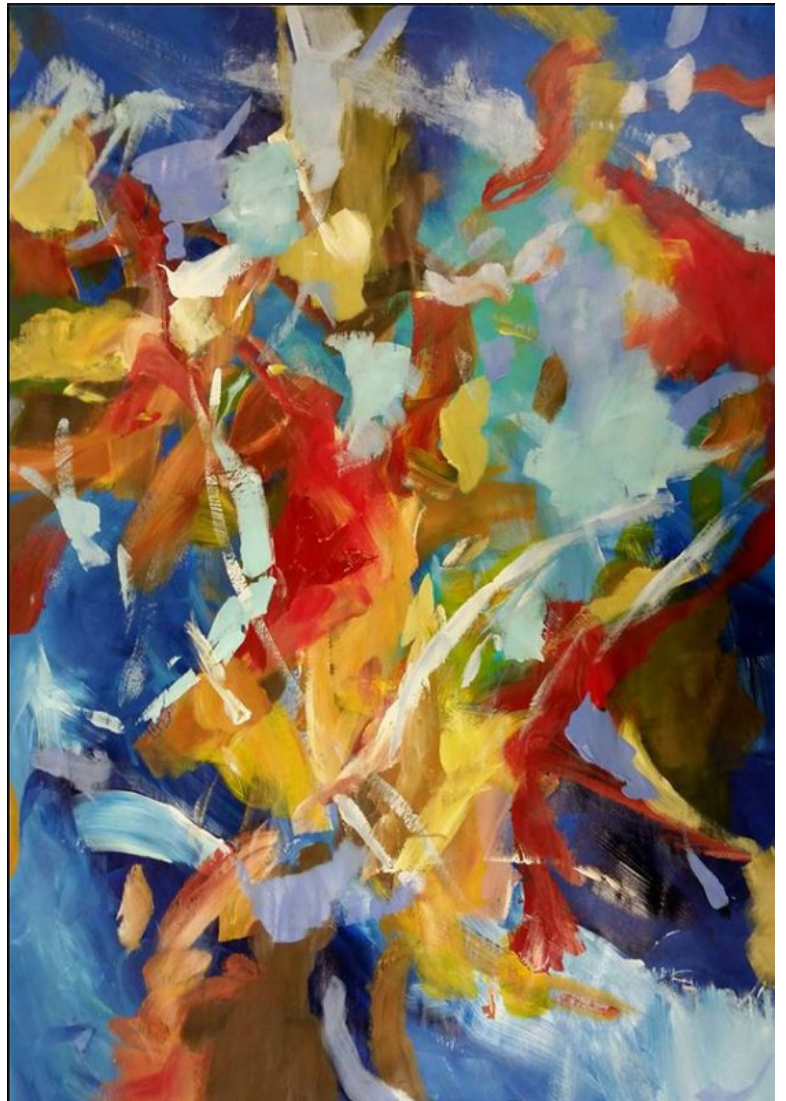
I have many a friend in Casablanca, but...
you are the only one I trust.

Don't dilly dally with mere pretense.

Her heat grew to adulthood,
replaced by fate and fortune,
two-bit men, disappearing acts.

All that anyone needs to imitate me is
two soft-boiled eggs and a bedroom voice.

All that's needed now
lies upon unhurried faces,
within languid movies.



Victor Navarro, *Untitled*, acrylic on paper



Casie Herron, *Make You Say Uncle*, relief print

Potato Chips & Peace but No Kumbaya

By Elaine Jones

A 5-day silent retreat sounded absolutely compelling. I notified my four (adult) children of my whereabouts. They took bets on how long I could last without talking. They did not ask why I had decided to do this. I was 62, newly retired, single again and feeling off balance.

I arrived at the rural ranch-like setting on a clear Tuesday afternoon in February. It was a single-story old guest ranch spread over acres of quiet desert just north of the Catalina Mountains. Meandering dirt paths led through rows of rooms and casitas, each with doors opening to the outside. Weathered oak trees shaded modest lawns with Adirondack chairs scattered about. I took deep breaths of clean air and smiled watching a hawk glide gracefully through the wide blue sky.

I was sharing a 3-bedroom apartment with two other women and we awkwardly, silently, negotiated who would have which of the bedrooms. One of the women, wiry and tense, was agitated as soon as she walked into the apartment and found she had roommates. She had requested a single, private apartment and she certainly wasn't expecting to share one bathroom. She wrote out her complaints energetically on a page of lined paper torn from her meditation journaling notebook. Later, defeated in her quest for a private room, she scrawled another note, an apology, assuring us roomies that she was happy now to be sharing the apartment. Probably she decided she'd better make up with us, or risk mindful short-sheeting. Maybe she had an epiphany about how much cheaper it was to share the apartment than have a single room. Just think how many reflection journals you could buy with the savings.

An hour later, we convened in the meeting hall for orientation. Twenty unmatched (and mostly uncomfortable) chairs were arranged in a semi-circle with the two teachers seated, smiling like angels, at the front, cream-colored candles flickering at their sides. Cushions were stacked to one side for those who preferred sitting cross-legged on the floor rather than in chairs. I hadn't had enough yoga to attempt the cross-legged position, so I used the cushion as a footrest and tried to get comfortable in my chair. The night air was chilly and so several people had earth-colored shawls or cozy patterned blankets draped over their laps or shoulders, looking like facsimiles of beatific Tibetans.

The rules included silence, except when our teachers invited questions after Dharma talks. To be clear, silence was to be observed even during meals. If we needed to communicate with

retreat staff, we could leave a note on a designated bulletin board – a little like junior high – “I like you. Do you like me? Check yes or no.” General announcements from retreat staff were to be written on a large white board beside the door to the meditation room.

Delicious vegetarian meals were served buffet style in a rustic dining area three times each day. We had dessert once each day at either lunch or dinner. This led to dessert-anxiety: “Will there be dessert at lunch today? Or not until dinner? That vegan, chocolate torte yesterday was incredible. Maybe they'll put out the left overs today.” Oops. “Wait. Focus on your breath... inhale... exhale... chocolate... no, no, focus... inhale... exhale... let go of your attachment to chocolate.”

The third day I was (once again) the first one to lunch since I'd decided that mindful walking didn't have to be slow walking, especially if there might be chocolate at the destination. Scanning the lunch line, I was astonished to see that the last item was a large bowl of potato chips. Who serves potato chips at a silent retreat? I laughed out loud, briefly. Everyone else went through the buffet line without any apparent reaction to the absurdness of this. Didn't they realize the situation? It was a noisy

undertaking and the crunching was ridiculous. I left a note on the bulletin board: “Potato chips? Really?” Nevertheless, they were there again the next day. Maybe they were on sale, or maybe the chef had a sense of humor. The second time,

a number of people took their trays – with chips – and ate by themselves, outdoors. I refrained.

On the fourth day, there was a white-board announcement that the ranch staff had generously offered to build a bonfire for us that evening. My memories of campfires were of roasting marshmallows under starry skies in chilly mountain air, maybe singing Girl Scout campfire songs so I was looking forward to the evening. After the last meditation and Dharma talk of the day, people began circling Adirondack chairs around a robust bonfire. They sat silently, staring into the fire like a bunch of pensive zombies. “Guess there won't be any rousing renditions of Kumbaya”, I thought.

The fire died down eventually and the night air was crisp. I waited to see if anyone would spontaneously put another log on the fire. Nope. So I silently, quietly wrestled one of the smaller, stumpy logs onto the fire. The log landed on top of the pile -- a victory – but the impact collapsed the original pile. After a

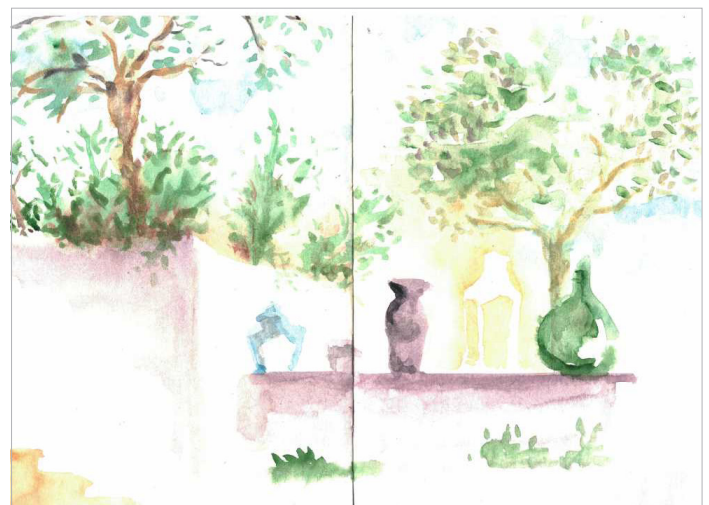
*“ Wait. Focus on your breath...
inhale... exhale... chocolate... no, no,
focus... inhale... exhale... let go of
your attachment to chocolate.”*



Michele Portale, *Delicate*, digital photograph

minute or two – a mindful pause – a younger man slowly stood and of course, without a word or any eye contact, went about adjusting the pile. By then I was bored and still cold so I left them to their fiery reflections and went to my room to make a phone call from my closet to check on the status of my niece, who had given birth that day.

Clearly, I was self-amused by some of the novel silence-related scenarios, but then I am generally easily amused. However, it wasn't all silly. Before the retreat, I thought my tempered quest for meaning at this point in life might be a little unique. Turns out it was a developmental cliché and as unavoidable as adolescent angst. Spending unhurried hours in meditation, the absence of conversation and the tranquil desert setting let me drift into my own thoughts without interruption. I meandered through memories, gradually finding patterns in my many mistakes and sorrows, interwoven with good decisions, joyful events and kind deeds. In the end, I felt more settled, at peace and ready to continue on. I'll probably do it again next year – kind of an annual meaning-of-life tune-up – if they agree to serve French fries and let me sing at the campfire.



Brittany Griwzow
Sketches in Italy 02, watercolor

Pinkies

By Frankie Rollins

She cuts off both pinkies and sets them in a silver tray (so that she can wash it and then display them on it later). She watches the cut pieces and her stubs daily as they evolve, one set swelling and bulging, the other set shriveling and growing dark.

Pinkies, like so many aspect of her life, seemed superfluous. When a person imagines life without them, there seemed an abundance. She wanted to illustrate this abundance. Like so many things that seem abundant until they aren't, she was wrong about her fingers.

Her pinkie stubs throbbed at night, more pinkie than they'd ever been, demanding her attention to their presence hourly, and by the hour, they did need tending. All that blood, all that pus, the hideous contents of the trash can, the things she really couldn't do anymore, the full grasping, and plucking. Also, the bandages made washing her hair and brushing her teeth nigh impossible.

She was reduced, after all. The abundance had only been in her mind, and once such a blithe, confident amputation had



Diane Deskin, *Bamboo Light*, digital photograph

been enacted, it could not be undone. It could not, even if she sewed on new fingers, even if she got prosthetic pinkies. She was irrevocably altered.

She watched the pinkies in the dish shrivel. At first, they looked like hamster babies, fat and pink. Soon, though, they darkened into plugs of tobacco, curls of bark.

She wondered about the little bones inside and how long ago they'd become firm and whole inside of her flesh, when she thought they'd just be there, forever. But then she ceased to care about them and willingly! purposefully! allowed a tattoo artist (paid him 1,000 bucks!) to take sheep shears and hack them into a bowl that startlingly filled with blood.

She decided to put the nubs in the window in the sun. She was afraid they would smell unless they desiccated.

Sometimes, at night, she moaned with the pain of her pinkie nubs, wept at the literal end of a thing, how she'd forgotten that a thing could end, that everything would end.

There were a few months where she stayed at home and lived off her savings because she was embarrassed, really, by her own sheer bravado and optimism. Clearly, a bigger fool never lived.

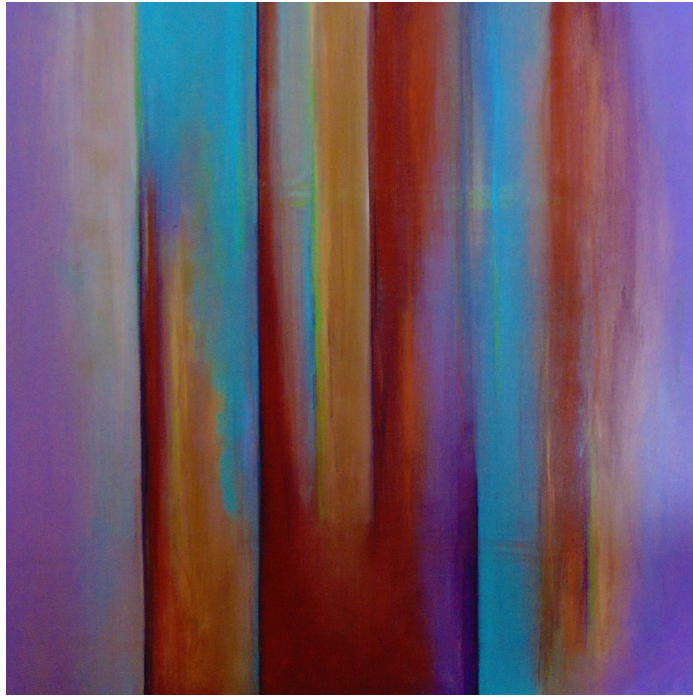
The dark plugs began to look like teeth in the silver dish, and her nubs no longer needed bandages, and she had learned how to write and cook and button without those two small fingers. Diminished, but wiser, she began to reverse her whole point of view. She began counting the small things that truly led to abundance, not as in too much, disposable, but how even a small window bears endless patterns of shadows and light, how one last chive can change a potato, how a sip of water can be sweet, how one screen door can lead to a whole day.

She buried the teeth pinkies in the yard and began to count the small, flittering birds in the trees.



Patti Gardiner

Shadow Series #3, digital photograph



Caroline Pyevich, *Pathways*, acrylic on canvas



Carolyn Sotelo, *Angel Wing Begonia*, oil on mylar

Contributor Bios

Eric Aldrich

Eric Aldrich teaches Writing and Literature on the Downtown Campus.

Melissa Bouey

Melissa Bouey is a math instructor for Pima Community College currently working at the Downtown Campus. She practices creativity as an amateur photographer eager share a unique perspective on every day items to exotic global locales.

Maureen Burns

Maureen Richey Burns was born in Kentucky. She lived and attended colleges in Germany and in Switzerland and eventually moved to Colorado, where she completed a Bachelor's and a Master's degree in English Literature/Creative Writing at the University of Colorado, Boulder. She led a weekly Creative Writing Workshop in Boulder for nine years, while also teaching Creative Writing at CU and English Composition and English Literature courses for Colorado Community Colleges. She now lives in Marana, Arizona and teaches Writing at Pima Community College, Desert Vista Campus. Maureen also volunteers at Tohono Chul Park, a 50 acre natural park where visitors can enjoy the beauty of nature combined with art and educational activities. Maureen spends much of her free time experiencing nature and studying the ways it demonstrates the interconnectedness of all life. Maureen's life has been a journey of self-discovery, leading to a better understanding of the world she lives in and the human perspectives and ideals that drive it. As Linda Hogan states in her essay titled, "Hearing Voices," published in *The Writer on Her Work, Vol II, New Essays in New Territory*, "Writing begins for [her] with survival, with life and with freeing life, saving life, speaking life. It is work that speaks what can't be easily said."

Rochelle Byrne

Rochelle Byrne, Acting Advanced Program Coordinator, Desert Vista Campus. She enjoys running and hiking in the Tucson area, and always looks forward to wildlife encounters.

Diane Deskin

Diane Deskin is the Advanced Program Manager for Instruction at Downtown Campus. She takes her camera almost everywhere she goes—to work, on travels, on bicycle rides, walks and hikes. She really doesn't know what she is doing and has never studied photography—just enjoys taking photos and observing the small moments.

Wilson Dolaghan

Wilson Dolaghan is a writing tutor at the Desert Vista campus's learning center as well as a support assistant at its faculty resource center. He possesses vast inter-center knowledge. He has received a bachelor's degree in English literature and writing from Southern Oregon University and hopes to continue into graduate programs in fiction, classics, or philosophy. He is currently putting together a small booklet of poetry that he will distribute clandestinely at undisclosed locations—unsolicited by their proprietors—because he honestly doesn't know what else to do anymore. Every afternoon when he gets home from work, and sometimes in the mornings, he works until the late night on a novel that is nearing the end of its second draft. His favorite authors are William Faulkner, J.L. Borges, and Gene Wolfe. He can make the 100% factual statement that in 2006 Johnny Depp denied him a hug and then made fun of him but does not tell the story often because it involves a family tragedy.

Alexis Egurrola

Alexis Egurrola works for Upward Bound Program at the East Campus. She is obsessed with the desert and flowers. Alexis is an amateur photographer taking pictures of nature with an Iphone. She has a keen eye for details and even has a dedicated Instagram for her landscape pictures.

Andrea Foege

Andrea Foege is Writing Faculty at the Desert Vista Campus. When not teaching her fabulous students, she is chasing around her three-year-old daughter, which is why this is the first poem she has written in a long, long time.

Patti Gardiner

Patti is a writer, visual artist, and faculty member in Digital Arts at Pima Community College. She has had work exhibited in several galleries in Tucson. She has a sent weekly inspirational eCards to subscribers for over 2 years. To Patti, expressing the universal feelings that we all experience in simple word relationships and visual images is very satisfying. Nature is her muse.

Jackie Gill

Jackie Gill is currently a Counselor at Pima West campus, and has worked in career development and student services in higher education for over 25 years. She is originally from Michigan, and spent 10 years working and living in Phoenix, but could not resist the pull to return to the loveliness of Tucson. In her free time, Jackie likes to express her creativity through writing, singing, crafting, scrapbooking, building fairy gardens and playing with her three small dogs.

Jerry Gill

Jerry Gill is an adjunct professor of philosophy and religion at East Campus. He began as an amateur sculptor some forty years ago, at the age of forty, by taking a sabbatical year off studying a variety of arts at a small liberal arts college in Seattle. He mostly works in stone and bronze but has also worked in clay. He much prefers using a chisel, hammer and file over power tools because he finds that working directly with his hands is more rewarding. He does not make the pieces in order to sell, hence his home is full of them. Occasionally, they have been given away as gifts. He mostly enjoys the creation process and likes to explore postures and poses as opposed to direct representations. He finds that writing, which is another avocation of Jerry's, has a lot in common with sculpting—they both require “carving”—one with words, the other physical materials.

Lisa Grenier

Lisa Grenier has taught for Pima's Adult Basic Education for nearly 20 years. She is currently teaching in a career pathway program that integrates basic skills education with occupational certificate courses (IBEST). In her spare time, Lisa can be found reading non-fiction, conducting research, or creating wild and sundry things from unexpected materials.

Brittany Griwzow

Brittany Griwzow is artist and computer scientist who has worked as a laboratory technician at the PCC East Campus Computer Commons, Testing, and Learning Centers since 2010. Her preferred medium is watercolor and anything that can go into a sketchbook, with various tangential interests in book making, metal working, fiber arts, et cetera. She also thinks computer things are neat, like programming, digital illustration, photo manipulation, and animations.

Casie Herron

Casie Herron is an art and yoga instructor at Downtown and Desert Vista who believes students are current and future producers and consumers of culture. She likes to help them use critical analysis to make informed and thoughtful decisions. She strives to create a non-judgmental pedagogical stage where students can explore and thrives on helping students use art to create personal meaning for themselves. In her own art, she enjoys intaglio and relief printmaking, painting, ceramics, 3D sculptural mosaic and her latest infatuations are antique cars and vintage photogravure with soft ground textures. You can find her at the studio or the gym, at home making quilts or refinishing furniture, gardening, or spending time with her grandma and family.

Anthony Hinckley

Anthony Hinckley is a writing instructor at Pima Community College. He is enamored with his students, and when he is not correcting run-on sentences or pouring through rough drafts, you can find him in his backyard with his daughter on lazy Tucson nights counting stars and sifting through the complexities of what could be.

Clive Holland

Clive Blanco Nederland is an exceptionally complex individual—as he expects are you. He has always seen himself as quite perfect for use in profile upon a coin—however, Clive does not want to be on a stamp. Besides writing, Clive enjoys tea with honey, toast with lemon curd, and sweet rum from Dominica. He has been accused of liking the colour green too much—however, it isn't true. Moreover, how could one like the colour green too much? Clive writes poetry, screenplays, short stories, and occasionally other things.

Elaine Jones

Dr. Elaine Jones retired from the University of Arizona College of Nursing in 2014 and is now an adjunct professor in Psychology at Pima College West and Northwest Campuses. She travels often, and visited Galapagos Islands, Spain, and Australia recently. She swims, bikes and hikes, and will celebrate her birthday with her second sprint triathlon in September. Other interests are country swing dancing, vegetable gardening, social action, Buddhism and Judaism, visiting her four children and grandchildren, and of course, writing creative nonfiction pieces.

Nancy Keller

Nancy Keller has always loved art and poetry. She writes, she paints, she sculpts, she mosaics, she makes her own clothes. If it's crafty, there is a good chance she is doing it. She gets a lot of sass from her friends in the art writing world for her campaign against prose poetry, but other than that, she is pretty harmless. She has sold several pieces of art 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 and writing. 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.

Dennis Landry

Dennis Landry is Department head for Digital Arts, Film and Game Design at Pima College West Campus. Dennis has 25 years experience as Creative and Senior Art Director in various Advertising and Design Studios. The past 18 years have been the most rewarding as a full time instructor.

Kat Manton-Jones

Kat Manton-Jones, Curriculum Coordinator, District Office, is a signature member of the Southern Arizona Watercolor Guild and has been painting for the past 17 years. She is an avid hiker, backpacker, and amateur naturalist. Having lived most of her life in Arizona, she has spent time in the back country and seen many changes to the state over 40+ years. In 2015, she envisioned a ten year goal to hike the 801 mile Arizona Trail from Mexico to Utah. To date, she has completed 199 miles. She enjoys documenting her experiences through a journal sketchbook named "the Katlas" which is a personal atlas of her journey. The Katlas includes field and trail notes, visual impressions, and emotional responses to the day. It is a joy to have these experiences and memories. The Temporal Gulch and Rincon Valley Passages are featured in this year's Cababi.

Amanda McPherson

Amanda D. McPherson is an Adjunct Faculty member, at Desert Vista, Northwest, and the West Campuses where she teaches Early Childhood Education. Her hobbies include traveling, hiking, photography and writing.

Victor Navarro

Capturing his overpowering artist expressions has been Victor Navarro's passion since the age of four. Moving to the United States from Guadalajara, Mexico in 1998, nurtured his inspiration. Soon this inspiration became an obsession.

While still in high school, he traveled to France and it was at this time, Navarro met Madame Denise Woirin, a highly recognized European art critic. Her affiliation with the Drouot Cotation Dictionnaire, (similar though more prestigious than Christies) offered a venue of exposure where only the best artists in the world are referenced. After rigorous interviews and juried auditions, Navarro's work appears in this elite International Dictionary of Artists. Considered by all in the industry to represent a "Lifetime Achievement," this is truly a phenomenal distinction.

Consider this: Navarro is the youngest artist ever to be honored with a permanent placement in Europe's most coveted and revered art authority.

Soon following Navarro's rising fame, a Silver medal was awarded from Paris' International Academy of Lutece. Victor has received recognitions from the Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts and the European Center for the Promotion of Arts and Literature. At 19, Navarro was one of the youngest artist in the world to be invited to exhibit his art work at the famed Louvre in Paris, under the salon "Carrousel du Louvre" Additional recognition along with prizes have continued to follow from Art Communities in the United States as well as France

Victor continues to thrive in the arts by co-directing art exhibits and creating new bodies of work

Michele Portale

Michele has an art background, but now uses her skills at Pima in the DC Copy Center printing for any and all. She is an active gardener and loves the many forms of nature. She also finds man created objects worthy of admiration.

Caroline Pyevich

Caroline Pyevich is a psychology faculty at East Campus. Caroline's vision is 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.

She has been painting professionally since 1998 and 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.

Frankie Rollins

Frankie Rollins has a collection of short fiction, *The Sin Eater & Other Stories* (Queen's Ferry Press, 2013). She has also published work in *Feminist Wire*, *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 writing for Pima Community College on the Desert Vista campus.

Mike Rom

Mike Rom, Instructional Media Coordinator at PCC Downtown Campus.

Mike worked in the movie industry in Tucson for over eight years and did everything from art department to office PA to special effects explosives—there was an explosives expert helping set them up and occasionally the crew was allowed to set them off.

Mike is a doodler from way back, always getting in trouble for drawing on things. He always loved art and when he got to 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.

Mike started photographing flowers for his wife's paintings—she works in oils—and eventually framed some of them and put them into an art show at Blue Raven Gallery and Gifts, co-owned by

Katie Iverson, a Pima College instructor. He sold his first piece in his first show and have done pretty well since then.

Lately he has been working with wire sculptures and digitizing photos.

Anja-Leigh Russell

Anja-Leigh Russell received her MA in Creative Writing at the age of 62 from California State University, Northridge, and taught university and college level writing classes in the Los Angeles area before moving to Tucson in 2010. Her poems tell stories of women exploring their sexuality, gaining independence, overcoming oppression, experiencing loss and sorrow, and accepting both the chaos and adventure of contemporary life. As a modern-day senior citizen, her words testify to a quality of truth that is at once candid and universal. She has been published in *The Northridge Review*, *CSPS Poetry Letter & Literary Review* (contest winner), *California Quarterly*, *Diner*, *WordWrights*, *Lubith*, *Painted Moon Review*, *ROAR*, *BorderSenses*, *Earth's Daughters*, *Poets Against the War*, *Pomona Valley Review*, and *Her Circle* ezine – and she has read her poetry at various locations throughout the United States. Her poem *The Women Behind Me* (one of only ten poems chosen from 300 submitted) was published in the recently released *Beautiful Women Like You and Me*. She currently is a substitute instructor at the Desert Vista campus.

Anja-Leigh started photographing in the 1950s with a Brownie camera, but moved easily into the digital age when it became available. She was one of the first three women photographers to exhibit her work at the Minneapolis Institute of Art in the 1970s (she had a completely different name then). Her eye is always on the lookout for the unexpected moments life presents us.

Anja-Leigh earned a Master of Arts in English, Creative Writing at the age of 62, and taught university and college level writing classes in the Los Angeles area before moving to Tucson in 2010. She is currently a substitute instructor at Desert Vista campus.

Past exhibits in Tucson of her photos and paintings include ArtWorxx, Woman Kraft Art Center, Ventana Recycled Art Exhibit, Cox Communications, Kirk Bear-Canyon Library, and Marana Senior Center. Two of her photos have been published in *Contemporary Issues* and *Decisions: Reading, Writing, and Thinking in Today's World* (2004).

Christine Seliga

Christine Seliga works at the PCC West Campus as a Library Services Specialist by day. By night she sleeps. But in the wee early hours when the coyotes are still up, and the sun has yet to breach the horizon, she writes, occasionally poetry.

Stephanie Slaton

Stephanie is an Instructional Media Specialist in the Center for Learning Technology at Community Campus. Every Spring, she rambles the desert parks near campus waiting for the cactus blooms. Occasionally, she captures those colorful adventures with her iPhone camera

Sandra Shattuck

Sandra Shattuck is English faculty at the Desert Vista campus, where she co-coordinates with Alisha Vasquez the NEH grant on Border Culture.

Carolyn Sotelo

Carolyn S. Sotelo obtained her Masters in Fine Art degree from the Academy of Art University in San Francisco and her undergraduate degree from Otis/Parsons College in Los Angeles. Carolyn's passion for illustration done in the flat graphic style and color theory and lead her to a very fruitful career as a pattern/graphic designer in the fashion industry in Manhattan in the 1990's. Currently, Carolyn shows her work in galleries in Tucson, Arizona and local communities. Carolyn is also a full-time faculty member and instructor in the dental hygiene and dental assisting programs on the West campus, Pima Community College.

Mano Sotelo

Mano's work 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 Art Museum, local and national juried and invitational shows, and a variety of Tucson galleries.

Tom Speer

Tom Speer has been an instructor at PCC for nearly three decades at the West Campus. His third book of poetry and photographs will appear this summer, published by Moon Pony Press.

Ernesto Trujillo

Ernesto Trujillo is a graduate of the University of Arizona, Tucson. 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 a analytical conceptual view and continued studio practice. He eventually hopes that his work will influence others in creative and innovative ways.

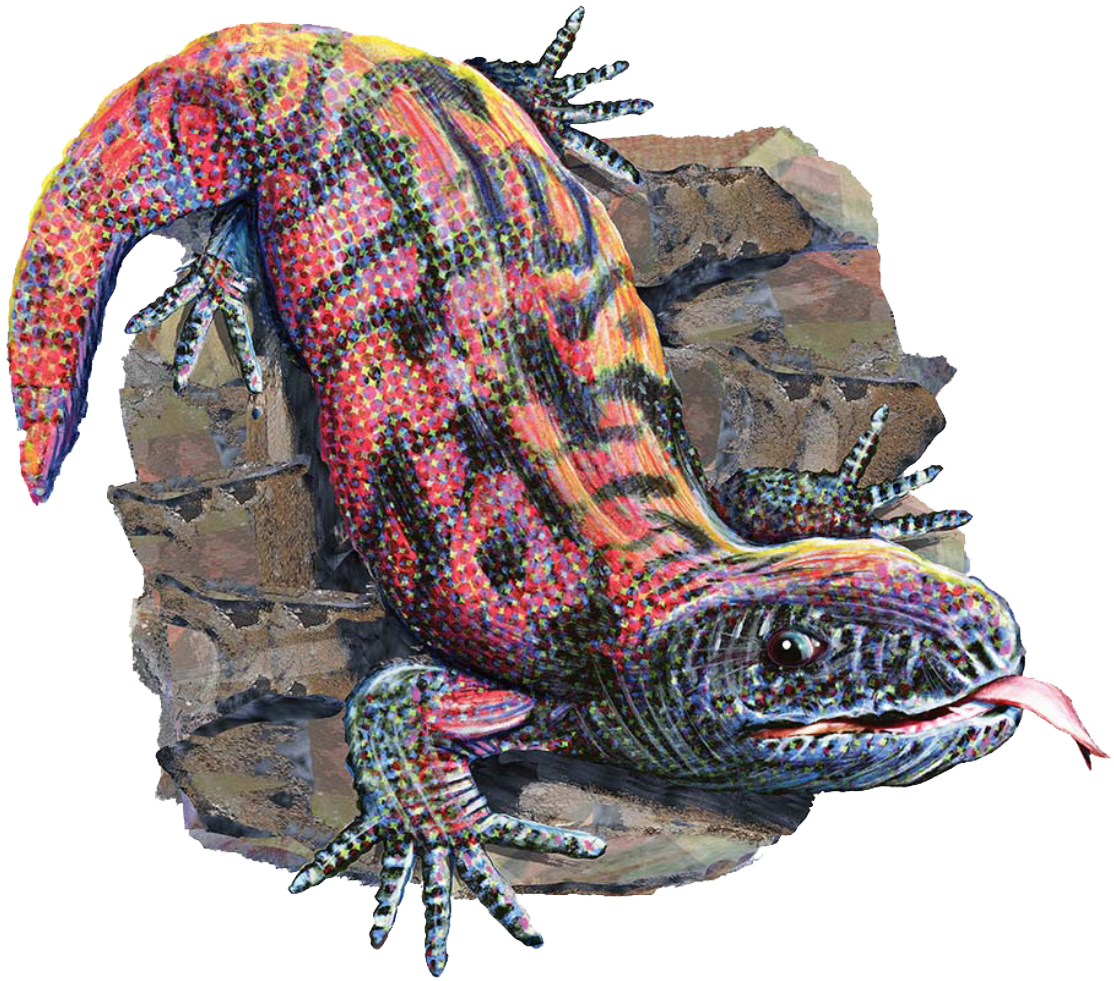
Jennifer Wiley

Jennifer Wiley has been teaching writing at Pima Community College since 2004. In her spare time, she enjoys traveling and photographing beautiful things.

Veronica Willis

Veronica Willis is a Tucson Native. She has worked for Pima for 10 years. She started at Downtown campus in the library and now works at LTS at District. Her mother was an art teacher so she has been doing art her whole life and just recently started painting again.

Cababi is a Tohono O'odham term that means
HIDDEN SPRINGS



Dennis Landry, *Gila Monster*, mixed media

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