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Dearest Humans,

The goal of Writers each year is to successfully represent the individual and collective voices of the student body at the University of Portland. This task is not without its challenges. Given the plethora of differing experiences and voices that comes from within the University, our responsibility of identifying that common thread can become an arduous one. However, this year we found that paradoxically, it is that wealth of experience that both separates us and unites us—as you will see in the pages to come.

While everyone will glean different insights from the works, we challenge you to remain open to the diversity and multiplicity of selves that are presented in the following pages. One of this year’s Editor's Choice pieces, “A College-Educated Local Braddah, Cheehu! \mn/” provides a remarkable account of the many selves contained and negotiated on a daily basis. We believe that this year’s selections amplify and celebrate this multiplicity, exploring the faces we choose to show (or not to show) to those around us.

These pieces challenge assumptions made in haste (Grandpa Ed Shot a Man, p. 31) and take up the interconnection and disconnection of and from bodies (Spontaneous Contact *, p. 33; they ask on the first day, p. 13). They invite you to explore the deeply personal facets of identity that too often either go unnoticed (shifting and bursting earth, p. 30) or are just carelessly overlooked (‘A’ole Au He ‘Amelika – He Hawai‘i Au, p. 55).

Additionally, we are excited this year to introduce (and hopefully normalize) the practice of placing preferred pronouns next to preferred names, as another testament to the many ways in which our understandings of others are already—always partial. We think that these pieces are powerful enough to shift your views on what constitutes community and invite growth through dialogue, and reflection.

Keaton Gaughan & Emily Nelson
Senior Editors
“Activism is the courage to act consciously on our ideas, to exert power in resistance to ideological pressure—to risk leaving home. Empowerment comes from ideas—our revolution is fought with concepts, not guns, and it is fueled by vision.”

– Gloria E. Anzaldúa

This Bridge We Call Home: Radical Visions for Transformation
I am now in the final semester of my undergraduate career, a momentous and highly-prized achievement to say the least. I am four months closer to graduating with my bachelor’s degree, a distinguishing trait on my résumé that will set me apart from others. Not only this, but it grants me the ability to respond with “bachelor’s degree” when asked about my highest completed level of education. And I sit here thinking about all the formal education I’ve received in over two decades of existence – it’s astounding. And when I go home, back to kuʻu kulāiwi (my birthplace), I am hailed by relatives and strangers alike as an example of mahdahland, da place where I was born, my famlee an’ ahdahz look up to me as da samaht Hawaiian a “good” kanaka (Native Hawaiian). One that took the initiative to make a better future for himself. I wonder if other students here feel the same.

Whenever I’m away, I put on a different persona, a mask of sorts. I need to
appear intelligent
Wenevah I steh heeyah, I ‘ack diffren, like I not myself, you know? I gotta ‘ack like I smaht wen
in everything I do, even though I am educated. Whether it’s talking to my professors, other
I do tingz, but I steh smaht! I edukayted! But wen I go an’ tok wit my profesirs, or da ahdah kidz
students, or people in public, I must speak proper English – no pidgin. “You’re only allowed
dat go here, or stranjahz, I got fo’ speak English – an’ no speak lah’dis. “Eh, brah, you can only
to speak pidgin when you go home or speak to someone else from Hawai’i,” I tell myself. I
speak da kine pidgin wen you steh home or wen you fine one local persun,“ I say to myself. I gotta
thank my mom, though, for pushing my sister and I to speak proper English at home when
tank my maddah cuz she da one who wen make my sistah and I speak English wen we steh home
we were younger. I guarantee you that helped a lot, especially when I hear other locals
as keiki (children). Dat wen really help us out a lot, espeshally wen I heeyah da ahdah local peepul
struggling to communicate with non-locals. It is difficult, no doubt, but having that ability to
having hard time toking wit da haoles (foreigners). Yah, dass tough, but you gotta be aybull to go
“code switch,” to have that fluency, to switch between two languages in a single conversation,
from one tongue to da ahdah if you going talk wit someone using both wen you talk-story wit dem.
is a skill that requires practice.
It takes practice, brah. Lotsa practice.

No matter: I still steh one smaht braddah from da islands, chee!
No matter: I’ll still be a college-educated local from Hawai’i, woo!
Beloved

Claire Breiholz • She/Her
The forest is beginning
to rust,
the waterfall carving
devotion to the rocks,
Thales believed
in water:
back-lit,
flit and fluttering on
the backs of trilobites,
a soft-spigot
salt-licking
away the flattened
shoulders of rocks;

fall is an exhale,
a breath in the
mouth of the deer
shifting
like those shedding
button-leaves and needles,
participating in the form
of tree.
Observation 01

Terrance Lewis • he/him

Splitting fingers
Flicking tongue
Curving fangs
Gripping strong

His fingers dancing on skin
His lips wording the wind
They cast a compounded spell
The likes of which fell
And gel together forget-me-nots
He consumes
An otherworldly beauty
Never mind those hymns of hers
All fall prey
Hims and hers

His fingers split
His tongue sharp
He lures them all
closer and closer
Sinks his teeth in
Wraps them ‘round
The tightening titan
He coils
Inviting them into his innermost circle

A crack, a quake, a tsunami
Of bliss consumes them and he swallows
No chewing, no coaxing
No gnashing of teeth
Instead consent and eager
To slide down his throat
Deeper
Observation 01

And deeper into the one rabbits' hole, true
But dark is his pit
And forbidden the fruit

But please mistake him not for me
Just an innocent bystander you see
He and I
Are not one
I have not fingers that chill
Nor twisted lips to bend wills
I never tricked Eve
Though I've coveted the fruit
And tasted its nectar

I remain clean
No fingers
No prints
Forked tongue
With Spring Comes Velvet

Kate Fennimore • she/her

The leathered brown hide,
draped and sown with a border of marbled jowl,
horns growing pine tree boughs
splitting with needles,
with spring comes velvet,
wade,
herd together for bugling fall,
announcing what we will never know
with a glossy tongue,
vapor forming at the tip,

faith alone is sipped.
Dancing with Two Men

Kai Hynes • he/him

shattered windowpanes under walls
of flesh and air
colors intermingling with rainbow fingers
interlocking and releasing
visions drowned by colloquial linguistics
under which my rotting hand lies
let them murmur and sing
the songs I cannot put on paper
is it really just a feeling?
Lessons in Briefly Belonging

In the west side of Bird Land there’s Ortega Park which, before I found its hidden narratives, I only knew for its reputation of being the park where the rich kids went to smoke pot. Although Bird Land, called so for its many streets named after birds, might have you guessing that it’s a neighborhood full of senior citizens and enthusiastic ornithologists, the true residents live a far less humble existence. If your nest is in Bird Land, then you are likely an employee of Apple or Google, an engineer or a computer programmer, a start up tycoon or a tech management big wig. On the weekdays residents belong to the iconic companies they slave for and on the weekends they visit Ortega. At least, that's what I thought. Since neither of my parents were involved in the technology industry, I didn’t live in Bird Land and had no excuse to visit Ortega Park. But, one summer, my aunt had her intestines removed and I found myself an excuse. That summer I learned the twists and turns of its pebbled pathways, the schedule of the Saturday morning cricket matches, and the smell of those ancient barbecue pits mixed with the scent of the roses that, no matter where I was in the park, were never too far out of sight.

Willing to work any job under the summer sun, I jumped on the opportunity to walk my Aunt’s dog while she recovered from her surgery. The walking route once I got to the park, she told me, was a simple perimeter that began at the corner of Canary Drive that met Ortega’s freshly cut grass field and ended near the always-occupied tennis courts. So, on the last day of school, or on the first day of summer, depending on what your feelings are towards school, I biked to my aunt’s, leashed the dog, and set out on the route that would become so well traveled that most days the dog ended up walking me.

Not too long into dog walking, maybe two weeks in, I joined a gang. The gang, which was composed of two middle aged women and their respective poodle mixes, met everyday in Ortega Park at around 9:30 AM. There were others in the gang, stragglers who came every once and awhile, but for the most part it was just the three of us. The ladies, a small woman with a heavy Russian accent and a soft-spoken, almost saintly, gray haired woman, approached me one morning and asked if I was Jan’s, that’s my Aunt, daughter. No, I told them, I was her niece and that I was hired to walk her dog while she recovered from her surgery. So, despite the age disparity, I was granted access to Ortega’s very own dog walking gang. And I’d like to note that we really were a gang. We met all the criteria. We had an established territory, the park, we met frequently, almost everyday, we had visible gang identification, stylish poop bags holders and we broke some rules while together.
Lessons in Briefly Belonging

According to official Ortega Park rules, dogs aren’t allowed off their leashes, but when we got together we let the dogs go free and had someone be on look out for the park patrol. So, yes, I can with seriousness tell strangers I was once in a gang. I listened to the ladies’ stories about their kids, their husbands, and of their workplace drama. One day, the kind gray haired woman, when it was just the two of us, told me about her life growing up in rural Kansas and how her father was killed by a lightning strike. For the reason of dismissing gambling practices of some relatives I had committed to memory the figure of 1 in 12,000. The odds of getting struck by lightning in a lifetime are 1 in 12,000 while the odds of winning the lottery are 1 in 175 million. But after hearing this story I had to ask myself what were the odds that I’d meet someone at a park whose dad was killed by a lightening strike? The odds were pretty slim I guessed. I felt lucky. She continued to share with me bits of her life. It astounded me how many troubles she endured her willingness to share her stories with me, who at the time, was a simple high schooler. It was one of the first instances in my life in which I could interact with adults not directly related to me on a personal level. I felt a nearly imperceptible flicker of independence.

Some days, however, I missed the ladies and had to walk the perimeter without a talking partner. I didn’t mind it. I took the time to watch the morning Tai Chi classes populated by the elderly but still agile Asian community members. I noticed how the dog’s ears perked every time the group snapped their bamboo fans. On these days, I’d balance a pile of smooth, flat rocks in a secluded area of the park just to see if they’d be there the next day. I’d note the articles of clothing that went unclaimed near the children’s play structure. A camouflage baseball cap rested, unmoved, on a pole near the playground for the entire summer. Every time I passed I’d wondered about the owner, what they were doing that caused their forgetfulness, who they were with, whether they missed their hat. I decided that it was probably a gift that they needed to conveniently lose.

One of these days, when I had missed the ladies and was walking only with a dog and the feeling of summer slipping through my fingers, a man practicing Tai Chi beneath a tree struck up a conversation with me. His name was Manu. He was a generous number of inches taller than me and spoke with one of those deep, infinitely, calm island voices. I learned that he was born in Fiji and moved to the U.S. nearly fifteen years ago, leaving his family back in his homeland. As we walked side-by-side, he told me he was working as a security guard for a tech company. This statement I had no trouble believing because physically he looked like he could be a line backer. But as we spoke he didn’t seem like he’d be capable of hurting even the smallest living creature with intention.
Lessons in Briefly Belonging

Our first conversation ended when I reached the edge of the park. Walking back to my aunt’s house, I felt indelibly peaceful. Manu had a contagious calmness. It was same thing that radiates from a wise grandparent or a veteran teacher. I saw Manu very rarely, but I can remember exactly what we talked about the last time I saw him.

“I got laid off.” He said with neither an intonation of bitterness nor disappointment. Not knowing exactly how to respond I said, “I’m sorry to hear that.”
“Oh no, do not be sorry!” He assured me.
“Now I finally have some time off. Did you know, since I have been in America I have not had one day off. I have always been working. I am thinking of this as my very first vacation.”

We both shared a laugh. I laughed partly out of relief that I would not have to publicly console a well over 200 pound man. He laughed because he knew things about life I didn’t. I remember wanting to make people feel the way I felt when I talked with Manu. The feeling that everything is just fine. It’s still, all these years later, a hidden aspiration of mine.

But, eventually the summer ended, my aunt recovered from her surgery, and my services were no longer required. I was jolted back into reality and got busy. Ortega Park began to recede. The gang of ladies I chatted with nearly everyday and the learned routines of the frequent park visitors found a place in my collection of recent memories.

It must have been months since I had visited Ortega, but one Friday, when neither Physics class nor home felt like places I wanted to be, I decided to visit my long lost summer sanctuary. I found a spot on a picnic bench among a cluster of barbecue pits and, while peeling an orange I had planned on eating at school, watched the park move in the same rhythm that I had remembered it moving everyday during the summer. The muffled laughter of children on the playground. The freshly cut grass. The old men who walked thoughtfully with clasped hands behind their backs. I had learned Ortega’s song. The smell of my orange sobered me back into the moment. I had learned Ortega’s song and I learned that it sang not just for me.
they ask on the first day

they ask on the first day: introduce yourself, include your major, and tell us one fun thing you did over the break.

in my head, i say: this meager introduction will not suffice—my name, well—i’m no longer even sure of that

i study english i guess, however, why would a person study a language that cannot fully or even partially encompass their experiences or even acknowledge their existence?

even though no one thought to ask, my pronouns are he/him or they/them.

over the break, i was complicit in an act of colonization upon this my body. [claiming my body seems less daunting a task, if it’s any consolation]

one (assigned) identity swiftly abandoned

actually, with excitement and little remorse

the two symbols of that identity: scorched and sliced with a thin scalpel

and the rest of me, sutured and sewn back together

what arose from that hospital bed was a new person!

or so they say…

it’s still me, mom. things just look and sound and act a bit different.

(and inject yellowish oil into ALT ER NAT ING thighs every Wednesday afternoon, but i promise it’s no big deal)
they ask on the first day

Keaton Gaughan • he/they

i harbored a very real fear
a fear that this new form (morphology) would lack depth
that it would be flat…

yes but not—
unidimensional.

flat…isn’t that the
point???

but i’m not. i can’t be!
there’s so much more to me than meets the eye,
quite literally…

now, five weeks--post-/colonizati-
/operation:

this body is healing

and oh so happy.
as happy as a worthless
body can be!

she is gone.
he is here…he is the only one you see now.
they. they have always been here.
silently awaiting truth/recognition/visibility

---i am the sum of all of my parts---
somewhow, someway
Sleeping not Benign

It's buried in the bone like a hibernating bear. The animal has carved out a space to sleep and I follow the path of its disturbed snow. I know where it leads but I don't want to know, so I look up at the trees. More snow is falling to cover my eyes and in the darkness I see the tattoo on my sister's arm, happiness and love written in our grandparents handwriting.

Time doesn't pass in front of my eyes. It passes behind my back, when I'm away, preoccupied. When home is made to revolve around itself, when there are no more children that need somewhere to be. When diagnosis is hidden and comes second hand.

When I'm home I drive her to the store and we don't talk about why she can't drive herself.

Why does the beast stalk the corner of my eye and not maul me?
Bare

Haley Meisburger • she/her

It was your collarbone that I fell in love with. The way it curved deeply in forming the perfect pocket for the sighs I breathed into you, the perfect cave for me to whisper, “I love you” and hear it echoed back to me. It was your bare collarbone that I ran my fingers lightly over. I remember telling you that the word I used to describe you was gentle. You had been surprised and I had no idea why.

My fingers danced like soft rain across your chest before taking refuge on your collarbone. It was the part of you that was so blatantly human, your bone sticking out of your skin shouting “look at me! I’m alive!” It was the closest to the inside of you I thought I would get.

And even when I was wrong, even when I had come to see inside your heart and beneath your skin and deeper into your eyes than I wanted, it was your collarbone that kept me loving you.
Airplane Window Sights

Isabel Tubao • she/her
Oh, but isn’t she lovely?
We could have written a hundred poems about her,
Watched her flicker from behind a screen,
Made her our muse,
Our holy thing -
But instead, we shall eat her,
Because the food ran out a week ago and it will be ninety years
Before we start burning girls properly.

It’s quite easy when she is reduced to arms and legs, stomach and hips,
Things with flesh that will sustain us.
Pull them away and she falls apart,
Like she was never even there to begin with.
(We hope she will be cool with it –
after all, she didn’t seem like one of those girls
who makes a big deal about these types of things.)

Her name wasn’t Jane, but that is the name we fasten to the droves of girls
Who die anonymous.
It’s demure, quiet, pleasing –
But most of all it is short, forgettable.
She might have apologized,
She might have been fifteen, or twenty –
There were probably children, a family perhaps –
We dig up her bones, ask
“Why didn’t she do something, try to save herself,
She couldn’t have been that scared if she let them,
Maybe she even liked it – “
But she can never answer, because
All we have are the bones that were once a girl,
And all that matter is that when we were hungry,
We came for her.
We don’t know what her name really was.
We didn’t ask before we ate her.

(There are boys who have her in their veins,
Who only exist because we devoured her.
They keep that hunger buried, unsure.
It sits awkwardly in the body,
Like an undigested bone.)

(But it will find a place.)
Nothing wistful struck her in July
When her hand cramped shut at the sight of a pen
And minds & guts drew blank after blank–
Pondering the ellipsis between words left to suffer inside
Empty page turns toward empty page
Among the pinches and punches of days
Who sat in silence
and fear thereof

Stunted growth
even in that large room
And no desire to consume or produce

The end brings all abandonment and comfort
For her, who seeks both
Breathe in the feeling
of morning light touching skin
splitting threads,
spreading afghans of
shadow so thin, your body

is nearly
inseparable
from time:

minutes flexing this way and that
in all directions, intangible
waves of sound, of desert grass
emanating from
the hills and angular Sierras

of your curvature.
Your knees will well up to
your eyelids
as you roll over and reach,
emptying out the last bits
of soggy bread
that found their way into your tea.

del Cielo licks at every last drop
de tu cuerpo.
Fifteen. A table was spread out before me. A pendant holding a single light bulb dangled from the ceiling focusing light on the table two feet below. It was the brightest light in the room, casting a hard shadow over the only object on the table. My mom’s computer was playing video clips of my latest wrestling matches. Outside, it was raining. The windows could have very well been separating us from a starless space on that new moon winter night. My father was sitting on the bench facing the computer while I watched from a distance. I stood there on the cold tile floor. My father was speaking, but I wasn’t hearing. His face told the whole story—the furrowed brow, the tightened upper lip, the widened, flaming eyes. I felt voiceless, powerless, and inferior. No matter how hard I tried, I never seemed to be enough for my father. Later, I would discover that this was just the feeling that pushed my mom away from him. At the end of his monologue, I walked silently up to my room and went to sleep. I dreamt I was happy that night.

Eighteen. I sat on the couch on a sunny afternoon where my parents had sat together just two months earlier. At that time, they appeared to be just another perfectly happy married couple. Now I know that couldn’t have been further from the truth. Outside, the oak leaves had changed from their light green color to a darker tint, brought by the summer months. The green grass had lost its life, turning to a light brown skeleton that stood hollow and stiff. I sat on the couch waiting for my father. He was outside in his car on the phone with my mom. I was sure that once he came in, he would bring news about their relationship. I waited. An hour passed.

When my father finally walked through the front door, his head hung low and his shoulders slouched forward. My brothers, standing on the upstairs balcony and I watched silently as he walked to the kitchen. We stood up and shuffled behind him to hear what he had to say. I stood closest to him with my arms folded. My two brothers gathered behind me and to my left waiting for someone to speak first. My father looked down at his feet as he leaned against the counter top. His body seemed sunken and frail. His grief had caused him to lose his appetite over the past two months. 20 pounds lighter, he stood there barely keeping himself together. He broke the silence. “Your mother wants a divorce,” he said just before bursting into tears.
We all knew it was coming, but we said nothing, as if our silence would conceal the hopelessness of the situation. I turned toward my brothers not knowing what to do next. Reed shook his head as he moved past me to hug my father. Layne, my younger brother, followed. Then, I trailed behind him. 23 years of marriage, lost to the breeze like a shriveled oak leaf floating gently away. We embraced my father as he sobbed, and I felt nothing.

Nineteen. Hood River, Oregon, was beautiful in the spring time. To the west, nearing Portland, the gorge narrowed. Both shores steepened into cliffs that hang over the broad Columbia River. Pine trees were dense and the grass was thick and green. To the east, the gorge almost melted away. The walls flattened and the pines thinned into rolling hill grasslands that were populated by brown earth and hundreds of windmills. Hood River was the middle ground between the lifeless desert to the east and the luscious growth to the west. This makes Hood River the perfect place for wind surfing giving it consistent winds of 12-15 mph year-round. A year after the divorce, my father invited me there to attempt some wind surfing for myself.

My father was changed after the divorce. His body had filled back out, but he kept his lean physique. He trimmed the baby fat, so to speak. He carried himself differently as well. He stood taller with his shoulders rolled back. He seemed proud in his resilience. And I was happy for him. Even though I understood why my mom had left him, I couldn’t help but have respect for him. The divorce had left him completely broken, but he rose from it a better, stronger man.

After our day of wind surfing, my dad and I went to the local microbrewery in the downtown area. We talked over some pale ales and sour beers. We talked about school. We talked about life. We talked about books we had read. Hell, we even talked about women. It was here, as we drank some beers at the bar, that I began to see him differently. As I looked at him with a cold drink in his hand and smile on his face, I saw a kind hearted, carefree man still in pursuit of happiness. Then, in an instant, I could see things through his eyes—myself from his perspective, his love for me, and his positive, open outlook on life. I could hear the thoughts in his head, which seemed to exclusively consist of the things around him—the band, the bright lights, the attractive waitress.
I could feel the pain he felt when my mom left him—weeks of no appetite, hundreds of sleepless nights, and an overwhelming feeling of loss. My heart sank, but then it rose and opened as love poured in.

I took a single picture on that momentous trip. After our last few hours on the river, my dad and I sat with our backs to the water and our faces pointing west toward the fresh, green pinewood forest. My arm was outstretched, holding my GoPro in front of us. We were surrounded by the inescapable beauty of Hood River. Flowers were blooming. Oaks were blossoming. The sun gently bathed the countryside providing it and us with new life. The turn of the seasons was telling us something, I think. Maybe it was time for something new.
Of days spent inside

Theresa Foley • she/her

she mourns
concrete dreams
that hang in a space
of in-between lucidity

the string of reality reveals
they are flimsy as paper
intricately folded
and tacked to the ceiling

two cranes sit in symmetry
bathed in the yellow light
of a yellow room
where the smell of bodies
clings like damp skin

stuck in a sedentary loop of time
legs intertwine like roots
that grow over each other
and suck up water
as if they were dying
oh, yes. bricks...nice.

JOCELLE TADE • SHE/HER
Sacramento Greyhound Station

Jonathan Wiley • he/him

Lines move slowly at the greyhound station. Men pace outside and blow different kinds of smoke in different directions.

Luggage hastily tossed in random compartments – tagged with final destination stickers – now rendered meaningless.

Over a breakfast of granola bars, a man explains to his seat-partner-turned-hostage of the subtle intricacies of jazz music.

Mandatory cigarette stops shake pins and needles from crossed legs, and several more bolts loose on the rattling engine.

Makeup runs from the corners of the crying eyes of a woman finishing a loud phone call with her mother from the front of the bus.

Peering over a broken TV toward an orange sunrise, a boy dreams of owning every single rural farmhouse the bus passes.

As bus 102DL3 parks in Sacramento, a dozen passengers stumble across the open parking lot to a single pay phone.
what do you see when you see my curves and grooves, misshapen metal under my volcanic surface, shifting and bursting earth covered in vast jungles, dark and startling from which i can almost hear beasts crying help me escape from his softness, my softness, unnatural and unnerving protrusions like shipwrecks peaking from beneath strange seas and my volcanic surface, shifting and bursting earth that will not cool and the oil slick that i swim in every day with the largest bush you have ever seen, impenetrable, sprouting in a horridly unattractive oasis in this cracked desert and my volcanic surface, shifting and bursting earth through every bit of land that could be tame and the pothole that lies slightly off from the monstrous mountain range and my volcanic surface, shifting and bursting earth when you see my body is a mystery to myself what do you see when you see it when you see my curves and grooves, misshapen metal under my volcanic surface, shifting and bursting earth
Grandpa Ed Shot a Man

Kristine Foo • she/her

Was the wallpaper
Blue or white
On the outside
Before I saw
the inside

Of the bullet holes
Of your gun
When you shot

Was the wound
Red or white
On the outside
Before it
coursed inside

Of the shots
Of my memory
When you missed

Was the man
Black or white
On the outside
Before you saw
the inside

Of the burglar
Of your house
When you hit
The Pen

The pen was in perfect plastic, wrapped in ribbon from the hall closet, taped terribly together by hands that had forgotten how to conceal Christmas gifts. The pen was quality because it was sold alone, not in a pack. It had a fine-tip. And it must have cost a pretty penny.

He told me he knew I wrote. He told me he read a story of mine, hidden somewhere in the archives of the school website. He told me he thought of me when he saw it so he bought it, and I noticed the way he elongated his O’s when he spoke—something I’m sure no one else noticed because I was always paying too much attention to him.

The pen was on my nightstand. It was silver and pointed and clashed with every other pen in my small collection. And it was my favorite pen. I didn’t have a desk so I wrote at the dinner table. And I always used the pen. For my journal, for my notes, for all those scribbled lines I drew to cross out sentences when words wouldn’t come together. The pen was perfect just like the plastic had been. It always glided. It never bled. It never disappointed. Or so my memory claims. I used it until it dried out, suddenly, all at once, quitting when I was partway through writing a capital O.

The pen sits in my Mason jar of writing instruments and sometimes catches the light. The pen has no refill cartridges. At least none that have presented themselves to me. Even though I looked for too long. The pen did not go in the trash, though. It stayed right there with the rest. And when it collected dust, it used to bother me. I used to wipe it off. I don’t remember when I stopped. But I do remember seeing it when looking for a red fine-tip, covered in a thin layer of gray dust, but still sitting in my Mason jar. Always in sight.
Nearing a chapel on a hill we are turning, gently, as a cohesive body of bodies, of minds. We are drawn to the glare of the sun as it juts over the ammophila arenaria, producing an eyeful of green streaks over a purple and orange gradient. The blare of warm brass floats to mind as my eyes make contact with a heavenly body that seems rounder, grander than usual. The sky appears like a mound of agitated glitter, a gentle hand dragging and spreading each particle of light until its vignette turns periwinkle, purple, midnight blue, pitch black. Clearing a slope of rocks, the sky and our seven pairs of sneakers are free to stretch out as far as the surf. The brown of glass bottles, silver of aluminum cans, flecked with particles of earth, brush past our lips. We lazily break into smiles, chuckling with sacred delight as we feel the uncharted parts of our hearts extend to meet the horizon. Rooting ourselves in soft sand, I take note of its magnetizing pattern. A memory imprinted on the surface. It spreads over the indentations of the tide, of time. Like the skin on the face of a beloved grandfather; I am fascinated. White fingers scurrying away from our sneakers only to crawl back out at an unfelt, sometimes recognized pace. A laridae dances across the sand and disappears into a Sam as she runs to greet the porous rim of the waves, her head engulfed by the sun as she looks up and laughs. Like Mary of Nazareth she is a warm wholeness. Sam of Sacramento, a saint in her own right. Toting a smile we’ve each seen before, but have never felt within the pits of our stomachs. Her radiations of copper and gold settle over me like a drunken tide. Her dimples fade with the light of the day, the sound of the surf, and I think “I’ll remember to appreciate that more, next time.” The changing sky is barely noticed by our eyes and our stomachs resolve to marry our bodies to necessity. Turning gently, as a collective, I periodically force my neck towards the ocean, concerned I will forget a moment that can easily bleed into another. This space and time happens every day. These smiles bud on our faces every day. Variations and derivations are allowed, seen by eye, known by mind, but uncharted by most. Can hearts remember these songs, both what we half create, half perceive? Later, on the doorstep, we pour the moon’s memory from our shoes.

* after Wordsworth
SCARY HOURS

ANGIE ROMANIE • SHE/HER
we had to make you blankets so i
tied a prayer into each knot
the blanket dissected:
two pieces of fabric, 215 knots

it’s boring to talk about the smell
of hospital hallways, i know that,
but knowing that only makes them smell worse
and now it’s the only thing i remember

except that’s not true i remember the smell
and casting spells in the bathroom while
i tired not to throw up
i remember wondering

what if a spell is pulling weeds out
of a stranger’s garden or out of the
flower bed next to the hospital entrance?
and saying to the universe: look! I am doing
this good thing for no reason! I am doing this
good thing for no reason! I am doing this
good thing for no reason! look! don’t i deserve
something nice?

what if a spell is eating all the spinach
off your plate? what if a spell is seeing
your name written backwards in the
condensation of a school bus window?
what if the spell is looking at your face
in the mirror until you have three eyes
or what if the spell is the blink that
gives you two again?
Illusory Illumination

Kristine Foo • she/her

Gilded scales of gold
Behold the wind beneath
The wings that waft
The width of the world

Of ocean’s tide
Of golden glide

Awaiting dusk
And twilight’s gleam
A somber settle
An evening dream
January was the first time I fell in love with you
and I held it deep in my chest
afraid of the power behind those
three small words
until that psychedelic hiccup
forced it all out.
the courage was terrifying.
it was worth it.

August we were counting down the days
until classes started
unwilling our summer liberty
to burst into an iridescent rain.
but school came quickly and
broke our backs
with Bibles
and responsibility.

Counting down the days until Thanksgiving
break and planning out
the exact number of times to ride Splash Mountain.
we’ll never make it we’ll never make it
we’ll never make it
we’re in the goddamn air!
the residual California heat shocked our
shivering systems into submission
but I couldn’t stop my cheshire smile
from the moment we hit the ground.
not once.
the year of 2016

Over christmas i wished you were there with me sipping hot beverages and stroking along the cat’s spine. but i knew i had less days left than fingers and holding onto your optimism i reminded myself you were almost in reach. “i can’t wait to see you,” i texted, hoping you’d be wrapped in brown paper stuffed under the cat tree.

But by new year’s eve i was ready for the world. you willingly allowed yourself to be dragged through the streets of San Francisco asking why each stopping place was significant how it added to my story. i could see the gears spinning inside that scientific skull. eventually it came time to retreat and i kissed the city streets goodbye and you instead. i kissed you fourteen minutes late into the new year a bite of pancake stuffed in my cheek.
Don’t Interrupt Me!

CLAIRE BREIHOLZ • SHE/HER
“So many roads once; now so many cul de sacs.”
How young could I get cancer?

Do you need a break from Claire?
She does.
An unnecessary woman.
All time is all time.

I am empathetic, and I am kind.
All of the sudden the sun is gone, and rain is falling from the sky
And somewhere in there was springtime.

When death comes,
Keeper of the universe,
So it goes.

Facing our risk of cancer empowered.
That is true poise.
Jerry Robert Fisher was the name given to him by his parents, John James and Frankie Maurine Fisher. From what I have been told, but was not old enough to remember, he grew up in the small town of Faith, South Dakota. He was the kind of smart that made for an engineer—even graduating from the South Dakota School of Mines—but that was not the only thing he settled for. He had an affinity for trying new things such as jewelry making, painting, and even property managing. After moving many places across the U.S., when his youngest child of five, I was born, he decided to settle in the small town of Sweet Home, OR with my mom, Martha Wells. He continued property management for duration of his life in Sweet Home.

I distinctly remember important moments with this man, my father, that I took for granted, and would not realize until many years later. While I was in elementary school, I remember riding in the front seat of his white van. I would always feel the vivid lining and bumpy texture of the gray plastic rubbery surface of the inside of the car door. I would play with the window, rolling it up and down, and then up again, to relive some of the stench of gasoline and metal tools scattered in the back of the seatless van (to soon I would miss the nostalgic scent). There was never much spoken dialogue as I was usually a quiet passenger. We would pull up to one of our smaller rental apartments and greet some of the tenants, my favorites of which were Orville and Eileen. They would always give me sweets and other food they had stored in their cupboards. Their apartment always smelled of smoke as it wafted from room to room—smothering the senses.
Molly Fisher • She/Her

They would let me sit on their bed and watch TV while my dad had a beer or two with Orville while discussing sports. I would like to note that my mom probably thought my dad was working during this time.

My dad—growing up in a Catholic family—brought me to church on Sundays at St. Helen’s Catholic Church. After, we would drive to The Point restaurant located by Foster Lake on the east side of town. My dad would order coffee and I would help by pouring those small diner cream cups in to the steaming white mug. I would also take the liberty of using the empty cream cup to fill it with coffee and take a sip. We would always end our meal with an hot fudge sundae, which we would share, but I would always eat the majority of. I don’t remember when we stopped going to church together but it was some time around Junior High—the distance between us never changed though.

When I reached High School, these moments all changed. We gradually started to see changes within in his personality, just little things at first. He would start saying strange things or forgetting recent events. By no means was he an alcoholic, but we thought that the beer he often drank masked some of the symptoms that would have been more noticeable if he had not drunk. Eventually, he changed enough that we took him to the doctor to look for a cause. We were relatively surprised to hear that he had early-onset Lewy Body Dementia—a form of Alzheimer’s. It was a weird experience, at my age, having a parent who had this condition. He was only 62 at the time (I come from a relatively older family being the youngest of 5 kids and my oldest brother being 11 years older than me) I remember us trying to reason out a cause for how he would have gotten it. We knew that Dementia didn’t run in the family, none of my grandparents had it when they were alive. We narrowed it down to an accumulation of brain injuries he had over the years.

You could say my dad was very “accident prone.” While my dad was in high school, he got into a bad car accident where his head went through the windshield on his car. From my understanding, there was a car parked in the middle of the road below a hill, because someone needed to use the woods to go to the bathroom, and they drove into it because they couldn’t see the car in time (this was also during the times they didn’t have seatbelts in their car). If you fast forward a bit in time, while he was working on the rental houses I know he had a few incidents where he had fallen through a roof.
One time while I was playing outside, and my dad was working on the gutters, his ladder tipped backwards while he was on it, and it crashed to the ground. All I remember from the incident was that he had foam coming from his mouth, and that he had broken several bones. It is a blur for me what happened after he fell, I don’t even remember if an ambulance came or not. I don’t know if it was just traumatic and I wanted to forget, or if my mom made me go into the house so I wouldn’t see what was going on, or so I wasn’t in the way. We concluded the cause for his dementia was an accumulation of all these incidents.

Dementia can make someone seem irrational in the eyes of someone who doesn’t have it, but to the person who has the dementia, it can make everyone around them seem even crazier. During the next five years after he was diagnosed he gradually got worse. One of the symptoms that stood out was his hallucinations. It became increasingly difficult to reason with him. He had moments of mood swings and odd emotions which were never appropriate to the situation. He once thought that someone was burning our garage down, and while normally the first thought would be to call the police or even go stop the person, but instead he just sat down and continued to eat his cereal.

At one point, I remember having to reason with him because he thought my mom was cheating on him (He would “see” other men in the house). He eventually got medication to help stop the exaggerated hallucinations. He would do some other funny stuff too, like trying to sleep in my or my sister’s room. I remember having one of those giant Costco teddy bears in my room, and he picked it up and moved it to my mom’s room and laid it in her bed thinking it was her. He also loved to just randomly break out into song, even if he didn’t really know what he was singing. I would play music that I thought he would like, such as Jerry Jeff Walker, but amusingly enough he seemed to respond better to the song Angel of the Morning by Juice Newton. Singing along messily to the lyrics, “Just call me angel of the morning, angel. Just touch my cheek before you leave me, baby.”

It was a bit painful when he began to forget who I was. Some days he would guess right, and others he would think I am his sister, or someone else. But he wasn’t just mentally deteriorating he was doing so physically too. It got worse towards the last year of having dementia. He had to start being lifted and wheeled around. Other physical functions stopped working, but I’ll spare the details.
One day, he just seemed to shut down in only a moment, he stopped talking, laughing, being angry, being able to swallow, or even being able to sit up right. All the fundamentals of being human were stripped away from him. We called hospice. He was pumped up with morphine while he laid in his new bed with the gadgets and gizmos to help the bed sit up. We called my brothers who live in Portland and told them what was going on. I was at my friend’s house when my mom called me to tell me that my brothers and their wives came home. I went home after finding that out. They ended up staying home for about a week. All of us would periodically go check on dad, going in and out of his room nervously and we filled up with no understandable emotions. Then it began.

A repetitive gargling noise started coming from his throat. I didn’t know what it was at first but then I learned from a little blue pamphlet. It was called the Death Rattle. The blue pamphlet, sitting on our dining room table left behind from the hospice team, read, “This breathing often means that death will occur in hours or days.” The emotions I felt were so raw and unconceivable. I was in my room when I got the bad news from my mom. I don’t think there were any words exchanged, I just knew by the look on her face—my dad was dead.

No last words were enough. I stood in his room staring at his face, thinking of what to say, but nothing seemed appropriate, at least not when others were around. When they left the room, I stole a moment to say goodbye and thank you, the most manageable words that I was able let out despite the tight feeling coming from my throat trying to silence me. Everyone was scattered in their own little corner in the house taking a moment to breathe and let out their tears. It was 20th time I saw my sister cry, the 2nd time I saw my mom cry, and probably the first time I ever saw any of my three brothers cry. I was also crying. I remember that night being filled with silence and wine. We had the funeral a week later, and then school started back up.
An Ode to My (Dead) Dad

Claire Breiholz • She/Her

Dad,
Can you imagine people
Cringing at this title like I do?
Some would say that my humor
Is my coping mechanism.
To them I would respond, if I
Do not laugh, then I would cry.
Which would you prefer to gape at?
Please! Let me make my grieving more
Convenient for you.

Dad,
Have you heard of the Dead Poets Society?
I wanted to belong to something,
So I created the Dead Parents Society.
DPS for short.
People awkwardly laugh at my morbidity.
I laugh at them for being dense.
It is the one club that I hope doesn’t
Get any new members.

Dad,
Did you know that there is never
A good time to die?
You have been dead longer than
We were alive together.
They say that time is a human construct.
I say, try living 10 years, 6 months, and 12 days
Without your dad.
No shit: Time is a human construct.
But, time is not an illusion because I miss you.
An Ode to My (Dead) Dad

Claire Breiholz • she/her

Dad,
What were your hopes and dreams?
What was your favorite color?
Did you like to stay up late or get up early?
What did you love about Mom?
About me?

Dad,
I miss the smell of CarMax lingering
In the room.
I miss your beer belly,
Cushioning my hugs.
I miss your snicker
Your jolly rancher jar
McDonalds gift cards on Christmas
BBQ chicken with salad
The Simpsons in your office
Hide-and-seek.

Dad,
People tell me that I am strong.
Some days, I feel that strength.
But on days, like today,
When I remember that
It has been
10 years,
6 months,
and 12 days,
I just wish that I could
Hug your beer belly
And feel the façade
Crumble.
I can see all her arm hairs in the light

blonde tips dancing
like silver waves of
sage, Her smile is one of
turmeric

mirroring the thick
curry paste we separate
with the metal scraping of
car, We drive

and the orange dust fills
in behind us.

We set off, collecting
our metal lives that morning,
dipping ourselves into
the still; a sacrilegious baptism.

Now the road beyond us dwindles
until it is nothing
and We too, begin to fade
into November’s yolk-yellow sky.
The grotesque form

that holds our
road snacks and sweat-beaded bodies
hardly deserves to be still
or moving. We pull over --
God’s curry could swallow us whole.
The Pass

Summer has hung heavy in the air all day, teasing sun-starved bodies with the promise of its arrival. The weather becomes a legitimate topic of conversation; customers are in better moods and tips are more generous. The noise hums from the rafters, and although closing isn't for fifteen more minutes, the dining room is deserted, glowing in the light of the sunset. Every speck of dust, having gone unnoticed for the winter months, reflects painfully off every surface.

As night edges in around the treetops, she starts to open the windows, sighing with relief as the cooling evening breeze crosses the threshold, smoothing the folds of her stiff-collared linen shirt. The sky is cooling to a dark blue, the edges rimmed with yellow like the ribbon she wears in her hair. It’s her signature, the thing everyone knows, the thing that makes her stand out among the regulars. She hates every morning that she has to thread it through her hair.

She sits down at a clean table, absentmindedly following a fruit fly with her eyes as it does lazy circles above an upturned wine glass. A faint reflection in the glass reveals a hopeful face, perpetually upturned, with wistful eyes that have doomed her to a life of heartbreak and nostalgia. She can hear the faint strains of music from the kitchen behind her, mingling with the crash of pans and the laughter of the cooks as they finish cleaning for the night. She doesn’t turn around, but she hears them making plans and complaining about the heat. Imagines them smoking over the stove and letting the vents suck it up.

Someone in the back is saying that it looks like rain tomorrow. That’s how it always is around here, they say in a voice that is boisterous from relief and exhaustion and lack of use. One nice day and they take it away. She wonders whom “they” might refer to.

She can see the edge of the road from her vantage point. All day cars have roared up and down the black river of highway, off to hike or fish or call in sick to work. But the road is empty now, snaking through the tall ancient trees towards nowhere.

Someone once told her there was a promise in an empty road, just like the promise of a blank page or a sunset. She remembers thinking that was poetic bullshit.
Sweat pools under the cuffs of her shirtsleeves, but she won't undo them. She can in fifteen minutes, when she locks the doors behind her. For now she distracts herself, traces her thumb across the edge of the table. It's old and scarred from years of shoved chairs and burns from hot plates, but it's all hidden by white linen. Just like she is, she thinks to herself with something like wry amusement. White linen can cover anything. Food burns, unfortunate tattoos, scars that will never heal right no matter what you try.

The tattoo was a mistake, an eighteenth birthday present to herself. She had barely thought about it at the time, gripped as she was with the conviction that all headstrong teenagers seem to share. She had picked the shop because it was cheap, and because they didn't know her there. She wondered, even then, if the artists ever warned against getting someone else's name on such a public place, especially the name of some other boy who may or not be there in a month. But of course he would be there, she had thought. There had been no doubt in her mind.

She has thought about having it removed many times, but there was always some excuse as to why she can't. Some excuses are legitimate: she doesn't have the money, she's too busy, it might hurt.

A crash from the kitchen; she comes back to the dining room. What is it about these slow nights that make her think things like this? She could go right now. Somebody would notice, eventually, but by then it would be too late. She would be long gone, tearing through the dark pines across that endless open road with only headlights to guide her. It's a romantic notion – she's never been accused of being anything but – and tonight, when the air is heavy with stale sunshine it is so tantalizing that she can nearly taste it.

It wouldn't have to be far. Just somewhere where not even a yellow ribbon could tie her down, where she could sing along to the radio without someone asking, “how come you never did anything with that voice?” A place where she could get a job where the clientele wasn't a constant, eight-hour reminder that she knew everyone too well. Someplace where the name on her wrist wouldn't be an eternal identifier.

When closing time comes she gets up from the table and says goodnight to the cooks. She slips her key in the door, turns it once, twice, three times, jiggling the door handle to make sure it's locked. She walks to her car, feeling the heat from the day rising off the asphalt. The highway is still empty when she pulls out of the parking lot, so dark and untouched that if she wasn't so tired she might cry. She turns left, as she always does. She's got work early the next day.
A PROMISE

Alysha Naone • she/her

In the middle of the night you can hear the Madagascan geckos chuckling within the thin wooden walls—at least I think they are within the walls because I never see them—I also hear the wall clock ticking away by the door, the merciful silence allowing it to speak—it feels free after being muted by a bunch of kids running all day across the brown rag carpet—and I see them now, my cousins, in deep slumber to my left and right, on the big blanket my Grandma lays down whenever her grandchildren decide to sleep over, and I am staring at the ceiling, urging myself to go back to sleep because Grandma's house is creepy at night, because here, echoes of days before I came into this world mingle in the hollow air, and I am scared of the alien echoes I do not know, when my Mom and aunties and uncles were little kids like us, and there existed great aunties and uncles who walked on the brown rag carpet before, but have now gone to some other level of existence, and I am scared to face their ghosts alone in this sleepy house—what if a great aunt crept up on me? I know they are not evil spirits, so I should be fine, and I also have Grandma's little angel statues to protect me, but I would not appreciate it if the ghosts of my relatives watched me in my sleep or tapped my shoulder, so I make a promise to myself, a promise to never scare my great nieces and nephews when I, along with my cousins lying left and right of me, become ghosts.
which is up and which is down?

Jocelle Tade • she/her
Is the weight of the world on your shoulders?
Cause it sits on mine, like a heavy parrot squawking
About the news I don’t bother to hear.
There is talk about the “Greats”
About Scholars and scientists and authority figures
About war and tragedy and making the world right again.
However I find myself wondering about my peers,
With the whole world falling behind me like a crumbling building,
I’m watching my friends reach out for an ice cold beer,
While they talk of understanding.
600 years ago,
The youth was doing exactly what we are.
Questioning the systems and gathering in groups
Telling stories that they want to understand
Telling stories of beauty and possibility.
They had separated much like we have
Classical and Adventurous.
Where do we stand in the face of change?
Where do you sit when he asks you to make a decision
A decision for you?
"I pledge allegiance to the Flag…"
They forced me to learn this in elementary school and, being the naïve kid I was, I accepted it.
I took this to heart, especially after 9/11 when I wholeheartedly became an American.
"…of the United States of America…"
The U.S.A. The country that stripped my people of their sovereignty.
The imperialist regime that overthrew my queen and then mocked her in racist and wicked tones.
Oh, Liliʻu! Forgive me for reciting these words!
"…and to the Republic for which it stands…"
"Stands" for what, exactly? For “freedom”? For “democracy”? For…what?
We chastise other countries that make their citizens swear devotion to them, but this?
Oh, no!
We are not them – we are us. The U.S. The Republic.
"…one Nation…"
The Nation.
A nation united by a(n un)common identity, its history muddled with tragedies and triumphs.
"E Pluribus Unum" or “In God We Trust”? With whom do you place your faith?
"…under God…"
Ah, yes. We were once a polytheistic, Polynesian people.
O Papahānaumoku, O Wākea,
My brother, Hāloa, protectorate of kanaka maoli and ancestor of kanaka ʻōiwi today.
O Kāne, O Kanaloa, O Kū, O Lono,
O koʻu mau ʻaumākua,
E kala mai iaʻu! Forgive me!
"…indivisible…"
A country reliant on a two-party system with zero chance of any others getting a seat at the table.
The beloved G.W. warned you about the dangers, but no!
You claim to be “indivisible,” but the divisions run deep.
"…with liberty and justice for all."
For “all,” or for “whom”? Surely not for me, not for my people.
Where is the liberty in the continued occupation of our islands? Where is the justice in that?
125 years – one-hundred and twenty-five years.
‘Aʻole au he ‘Amelika – he Hawaiʻi au.
About the Contributors

Sabrina Bernaldo-Olmedo (she/her) is using photography to translate the rough parts of life into something pretty since 2007. (cover)

Tayler Bradley (she/her) is a junior English major, Fine Arts minor, and aspiring novelist. (15)

Claire Breiholz (she/her) is a sophomore secondary education and English double major. She has a passion for drinking tea and for reading. Claire loves exploring national parks and spending quality time with her cat (and family/friends, of course). (3, 40, 41, 46)

Isabel Cortens (she/her) is a sophomore Philosophy and Spanish major who likes to collect and eat the figs growing in her backyard. She likes to run in the hills and cook with friends. (21, 48)

Kate Fennimore (she/her) is a senior English major who wants to open up room for admiring the natural world through verse. She is driven to illustrate the missing links in the human experience that nature can fill. (4, 7)

Molly Fisher (she/her) is a sophomore Marketing major who enjoys graphic design work and spending time with family. (42)

Theresa Foley (she/her) enjoys checkered print and riding her bike. (25)

Kristine Foo (she/her) dabbles in poetry and creative prose; nonetheless she is chronically afflicted with writer’s block and spontaneous vertigo. (29, 37)

Keaton Gaughan (he/they) is reveling in his “niche popularity” and is immensely grateful for having been a part of Writers for the last two years. Currently, he is trying to re-navigate the world in the body he occupies while resisting cis/het norms forced on him by society. (13)

Kirby Graff (she/her) is a junior English major. She loves San Francisco and alternate consciousness and strives to spend her life writing about both. (38)
Kai Hynes (he/him) is a sophomore Theater/Comm major who likes the beach. (8, 30)

Kale Kanaeholo (he/him) is a kanaka ʻōiwi mai Oʻahu, Hawaiʻi, studying History. He is an avid listener of mele Hawaiʻi and the musical Hamilton; he also enjoys photography and a good bowl of ramen - sans bamboo shoots, though. (1, 55)

Terrance Lewis (he/him), from public figure to destroyer of worlds with the flip of a coin. (5)

Kelley McCaffery (they/them) is a junior English major who wants to secure reproductive healthcare, vertical farming, accurate census forms, and art for all. (32, 33)

Haley Meisburger (she/her) is a junior Mechanical Engineering major who likes to write poetry between her time analyzing turbine efficiencies, watching Key and Peele, and playing ultimate frisbee. (16)

Sarah Mernaugh is a sophomore Psychology and English major who liked stickers and the color yellow. (36)

Alysha Naone (she/her) loves lady bugs and daydreaming. She is still trying to assert her dominance over squirrels. (52)

Emily Nelson (she/her) is a junior English major and memoir enthusiast whose pastimes include eating salad mix with her bare hands and reading Wikipedia summaries of horror movie plotlines. Please don’t ask about her novel. (11, 50)

Harrison Pyros (he/him) is a sophomore Business major who loves satire and jams from the 80s. (34)

Angie Romanie (she/her) is a senior civil engineering major who eats word and pictures for breakfast. Hopefully with enough words/pictures - Angie Romanie can finally communicate exactly how she feels. (35)

Meghan Rzegocki (she/her) is a Communications major who likes writing poetry, taking pictures of her roommates’ dogs, and hopes to travel through Europe. (54)
Monica Salazar (she/her) is an English major who enjoys Earth’s rotation—it really makes her day. (9)

Mario Sarich (he/him) believes that every captured moment preserves the memories that make us. He’s a humble Croatian-American, aspiring trial lawyer, photographer, and filmmaker. (26)

Annie Scott (she/her) enjoys cheap sushi and listening to American Beauty. (20)

Jocelle Tade (she/her) aims to be an old camera lady, taking on different mediums of film throughout her life. (27, 53)

Isabel Tubao (she/her) is a junior Elementary Education major who prefers dark chocolate but will settle for milk chocolate. (17, 31)

Cole VanAnrooy (he/him) is a junior Biology major who is studying to go to PT school, but in the meantime, he just wants to spend time with his friends. He aspires to be the beer pong champion of the world and grow a mullet like young Neil Patrick Harris. (22)

Mireysi Ventura Rivera (she/her) is a freshman undeclared major who enjoys reading books, painting, animating and taking photos. (12, 49)

Jonathan Wiley (he/him) has a longstanding and tense relationship with the bush outside his window who is a piece of shit. He has also never cried or sneezed. (28)
Acknowledgments

This publication is the product of the dedication and support of the following people:

Fr. Pat, our faculty advisor, for trusting us enough to actually make this happen and for the constant uplifting support that seemed to radiate from you during each and every time we interacted.

José Velazco, for explaining nearly every aspect of InDesign in painstaking detail to the board.

Erin Cave, for giving Writers a place to call home every year without fail.

The English Department, for carving out space for creativity and self-expression through the written word.

Our contributors, for breathing life into these otherwise blank seventy-two pages.

And finally -- our Editorial Board, for their wit, insight, creativity under pressure, and dedication to making this shit happen.
About the Editors


Kristine Foo (she/her) dabbles in poetry and creative prose; nonetheless she is chronically afflicted with writer’s block and spontaneous vertigo.

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Elena Lazarus (she/her) is a senior Biochemistry major and English minor who also works on the Patient-Centered Outcomes Research Institute peer review editorial board at OHSU. In addition to her passion for scientific writing, she also enjoys gardening (hence, plant biochemistry), reading and writing poetry, black and white film photography, cooking, and hanging out with her dogs who keep her grounded.

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Emily Nelson (she/her) is a junior English major and memoir enthusiast whose pastimes include eating salad mix with her bare hands and reading Wikipedia summaries of horror movie plotlines. Please don’t ask about her novel.

Catherine Warner (she/her) is the human equivalent of a red solo cup filled with tears, tequila, and take-out pizza.
About *Writers*

*Writers* Magazine is the University of Portland’s annual publication of written and visual works. It offers students the opportunity to showcase their creative endeavors, and gives editors the challenge of selecting works representative of the campus community’s collective culture. *Writers* offers all those at the University of Portland and around us a glimpse into our campus’ imaginative resources and expressions.

*Writers* magazine has been sponsored by the English Department since 1977, before which it was titled *Dedalus*. With guidance from a faculty advisor, the magazine is entirely student-run.

Submissions and inquiries can be sent to up.writersmag@gmail.com.

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Submission Policy

*Writers* Magazine accepts submissions of original creative work by current students of the University of Portland. These works include but are not limited to short prose, poetry, short plays, photography, visual arts, cartoons, and comics.

Each person may submit up to three written and three visual works. Written works are limited to 2,000 words. Visual works are considered for the cover.

All submissions are evaluated by the editorial board. Submissions are kept anonymous throughout the evaluation process.