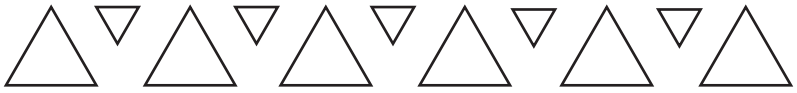




REFLECTION

56.2



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Reflection submissions are evaluated and selected anonymously.

Reflection staff would like to thank everyone who participated in the literary and visual arts community on campus by submitting to the journal. Joanne Shiosaki and Jeffrey Dodd deserve our praise for facilitating an instructive and positive experience.

REFLECTION 56.2

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"Don't think about making art, just get it done. Let everyone else decide if it's good or bad, whether they love it or hate it. While they are deciding, make even more art."

Andy Warhol

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EDITORIAL STATEMENT

"I am convinced that everybody is creative in some way or another... Just by virtue of being a human being, we are creative."

Father Alan Yost, S.J.

Creativity is to push boundaries, stretch limits and expand the possibilities of consciousness. The process of creation requires an unfolding of self, surpassing that which has been done before. The authors represented in this second volume of the 56th edition of *Reflection* succeed in challenging the confines of traditional art through their exploration and exposure.

Open these pages of promising inspiration to discover Matt Friedman's "Eros // Thanatos," an essay reflecting on sex and death. The authors in this issue expose their thoughts on difficult issues such as divorce, death, and oppression. Turn to "Mirrors" by Bryce Dillon and find an entire night captured in a photograph, an example of how the artists and photographers reveal new visions of the world through their artwork.

Thank you to all who took a risk in submitting their creations to *Reflection*. You exposed to us how much this journal means to the Gonzaga community and the significance of creativity in the life of a human being.

Now I entreat you to begin exposing your mind to the creative works in this journal. May the words, art, and explorations of form encourage you to delve into that light of originality buried within the soul.

—Katherine Charters

NUDIST LIBERATION AT AFRIKABURN WITH LINES FROM ASHLEY CAPPS

MCCARRICK CLARK

I had a body once, in the Karoo, sticky,
greasy wrapped in satin that shone like milk
& sweatbeads. She came to me Day Six:
when neckline became waistline, when I had scrubbed
down my brain—the sun excavated two new peaks
on her sacred site where Man & Religion pointed
an index-finger, screamed “Demon!” while squeezing
& pushing up. The glittering shingles hung low,
responding to every step with jubilation & pointed
in non-demon directions. Ankles redefined neckline &
just past the rain I found Her, absolute in her softness
& fierce in her legitimacy—so I left her there, in the desert
& the fire, where all wild things can be wild.

WRITER'S BLOCK

MAGGIE FISCHER

A brief letter to the protagonist:

I think it's time I told you why I've whispered you into being, dusted you out of the corners of my mind just to leave you in the middle of an empty white space, wondering about the past and future. I think it's time to tell you a story that I've been listening to my whole life.

Once upon a time, but no that's not quite right...twice upon a time, maybe. There was a tiny little bird, perched on a branch, in the middle of winter...or was it spring? Or maybe it wasn't a bird, maybe it was a rock, in the middle of a river, standing its ground or being tossed about while the current went on its mighty way. Maybe it was nothing but the air that swirled around the head of a very important person, once, blowing their scarf from their neck to their face in a tumbling headstrong fashion, and that very important person adjusted their neckpiece, mumbled about the weather, and moved on with their very important life.

Maybe it wasn't just one moment, but many moments, like every time you find yourself smelling summer's coming in the cool night air. Something about summer makes you forget about the dead grass and relish in the weeds. There's something inside me that I can't quite explain, and I thought that maybe I could. It's full of hope and desire and passion and a little bit of arrogance, and I thought that maybe if I let it out to breathe it would help me forget about death for a quiet second. Instead I got you. And I realized what you are, what I am, what this is.

I live in a world of four white walls. Of staples and masking tape and the corpses of trees, where right outside my window flies hit their head and die. I live in a world that I don't understand, or understand too well. I am not sure what I am, but I know what I'm not, and it hurts me every day.

Sometimes I think these walls will fade, or fall, maybe burst into flame in some grand symbolic gesture. I think that they'll collapse under the weight of my own faith and I'll finally see what the sky is supposed to

look like. Blue is all well and good, but I see more in those clouds, that sun.

When I was young, I thought that I could talk to trees. I felt that when I sat outside on the deck and spoke to them, they waved their branches in reply. And when I sang, the wind blew like mad; the trees were applauding me. This window mutes the trees. These walls block the wind.

I long for fire.

I have failed you; so let me burn. You are a pipe dream, in the clearest sense, you poor fellow. You are all I have to show for a life full of dreaming, and you remain not even half-finished.

The wind is beating at these walls, trying to get in. Am I the damsel in distress, or the wicked queen? Too transparent, altogether. All that I am is an idea, begging to be thought.

Think of me. Give me life.

I cannot wait to make sense of this anymore.

My deepest regrets,

The author.



KATHERINE SUMANTRI

“Odd One Out”
Canon 550D

WHEN A SON BECOMES A WEAPON

SARAH TAYLOR

A Father Buries His Son:

A father's suffering awakens like ancient fish, only at night. Children: gut-brained and blood-lunged, too many boys missing in action on Japanese sand. He would dream of his son and always wake up counting (degrees of separation). A neighbor's skin, the news, the war that made the world count two. Tonight father's grief sends him swimming down street. He buries his son in the yellow earth of American-born ribs, and set the house on fire so his son would still feel warm when fleshy cocoon went quiet.

A Father Murders His Neighbor:

Flesh burns more like paper than you'd think. Tonight my door opened to eyes as empty as deep-sea nets trying to catch the light. The knife glinted before I saw a father's reason had gone belly-up. Grief is as honest as evolution's slow breakage from sea-fin to sand-foot. I felt everything. My own flesh eventually evaporating over bone. Centuries after our fathers' slap-gasping against ground, I die as the white man lets go into blue. I am a crackling sound in a dream-like tomb.



EAN VAN
BRAMER

“Reflections
of the Heart”
Cannon T5i

AN INTERVIEW WITH FATHER YOST

KATHERINE CHARTERS

Father Alan Yost's original artwork can be found somewhere on the spectrum between neuroscience and the Impressionists in its spiritual creativity, emphasis on the beauty of natural form, and fascination with scientific patterns. As a coordinator for Gonzaga's University Ministry, a Jesuit priest and a dedicated artist, Father Alan Yost kindly made time out of his many responsibilities to meet with *Reflection* editor, Katherine Charters, to discuss his views on creativity.

Reflection: What got you into art?

Fr. Yost: Well I have been drawing since I was a little kid, but never studied it in any formal way until I was a Jesuit. I was in philosophy studies in Chicago and I had some time and some room for some extra classes here and there so I took an oil painting class. When I finally got some formal training I found I had some raw talent and was able to develop a little bit. After philosophy I was sent to Portland, and another one of my obsessions is the sciences, and at that time I found I was into sundials and clocks. A friend of mine and I were having lunch one day in Portland and I said, "I want to make a sundial, you know, do all the calculations," because every sundial has to be a bit different depending where it is on the planet. He got me signed up in a pottery class to have access to materials, and I did the calculations using a book I had. Now [the sundial] is in the Jesuit house in Portland, they kind of have it under a bush, not oriented at all, so it is more of an art piece...

Reflection: Yeah, arts and sciences mix so well, I mean, look at the college of arts and sciences...

Fr. Yost: And look at people like Leonardo and Michelangelo.

Reflection: Do you find yourself still trying to incorporate science into your art?

Fr. Yost: A little bit, I did a proposal for the university for the idea of a labyrinth, because that is something that fascinates me, a sort of sacred journey idea. I found an image of one that doesn't exist anymore, it used to be in a cathedral in France, that I really like...

Reflection: A physical labyrinth?

Fr. Yost: Yes, it was a proposal I did...you never know if anyone will take interest, but I did an acrylic painting of what it would look like to give the recipient of the proposal a better idea.

Reflection: Were you thinking it might be in the Hemmingson Center?

Fr. Yost: Yeah, that was my proposal; to have it maybe on the floor inlaid in tile or etched, but the only concern was that it would be covered with furniture and things like that and no one would actually use it. The person who actually saw it really liked the idea, but maybe the lot that is now used by the construction company would work, it would be an outside thing, which would be bigger than I was expecting. I do not know if that is strictly speaking science, but you need a lot of geometry and stuff to figure it out.

I have been getting a little obsessed with Leonardo lately too. There is this really great book, *How to Think Like Leonardo da Vinci* by Michael Gelb, that you might find really interesting. It breaks down into seven types of thinking a person can develop to improve their global creative thinking using examples from Leonardo's life. I read in a really cool book a few years ago that he and Machiavelli collaborated on a project. They were going to try to divert the Arno river in Florence in order to deprive water of Pisa, their neighboring enemy city, and when it was all finished Leonardo said the project failed because the engineers did not actually listen to every point he made, that is how confident he was that he was right.

Reflection: I cannot imagine diverting an entire water source to prevent your enemies from drinking; that is so cruel! Besides Leonardo da Vinci, what other artists are you drawn to or get inspiration from?

Fr. Yost: I really like most of the Impressionists, but I am totally mystified how they do what they do. I tried to do it one time, I tried to do a simple

house plant using impressionism but it looked like it was seriously diseased. If I could find a place that does a workshop on how to paint like the Impressionists, to me it looks like they have painted on fur or something. So those guys. Including Berthe Morisot, who is one of the Impressionists. Another thing I like about the Impressionists is there are a fair number of women among them. You do not see that in a lot of the art before that era.

Reflection: What compels you to create art?

Fr. Yost: I never thought about it until quite recently, just in the last three to five years have I really thought about why I did it. There were huge stretches where I did not do anything, sometimes when I was feeling kind of down I would feel the urge to draw something, but I never had any formal training so I was almost always disappointed with what I created. But anyway, the final answer is I am convinced that everybody is creative in some way or another. Most people think that creativity means art or music or reading. We really have to broaden our definition of creativity. We just talked about science; some of the greatest scientists have been some of the most creative thinkers, mathematicians as well. People think math is merely linear and logical but to come up with those ideas in the first place.... When I first started teaching creative writing I was forced to think about creativity more so I could teach it, and one of the things I remember reading was that most housewives insist that they do not have any creativity. Yet when you think of all the things they have to do in a day if they have children, no day is the same. You cannot just run off this linear [track], you have to be a creative thinker on your feet. And so I just wish we could broaden people's understanding of what it means to be creative so they could see what their creative gifts are, and of course when that happens, they can do things to further develop them.

But in the end, my philosophy of creativity is founded in my Judeo-Christian faith, because the first thing you see God doing in scripture is creating, even before love, which of course, is intrinsic to God, but in order to show that love He first had to create.

And the other thing that is fascinating is that God creates us in God's own image and likeness, so what does that mean about us? It means that we are also creators. Just by virtue of being a human being, we are creative. It makes me sad that so many people do not recognize that in themselves. Even just with drawing, I am never going to become a

Leonardo or a Dürer, but I have learned a ton about how to draw and how to think. I do not think it is because I am gifted, I think it is because I put in the effort, and I think that if one wants to, one can learn. I think people up until the Modern era were pretty well trained early on because for some reason that was valued more than it seems to be now. People say, "I can't draw a straight line." Well there are very few straight lines you ever have to draw anyway, so you are getting off on the right foot by not being able to draw a straight line. You hardly ever find a straight line in the natural world; it is probably one of the most boring figures a person could draw.

Reflection: I think about how when I took a drawing class here at Gonzaga they talked about learning to see differently. It is not about having the motor skills to draw, anyone can get those, but learning how to see objects differently, do you find that is true?

Fr. Yost: Yes, very much so. And the one who brought that out for me was Betty Edwards and her book, *Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain*. She talks about how we are so left-brained, we are socialized to be left-brain thinkers and the left-brain is very symbolic. Someone says, "Draw a face." You know what the symbol of an eye looks like, you know what the symbol of a nose looks like, so you do those things, but you are not seeing the face that you are drawing. So you say, "There's an eye, there's what an eye looks like." Except it is not what that particular shape looks like that is going to look like the person's eye, it is just going to be a generic eye. And you are exactly right, it is learning how to look at a person and see a person's actual eyes. That takes practice. The left-brain likes to be in charge, so any efforts to try to think non-symbolically or see non-symbolically it kind of fights against. So you have to want to do it and know that to some extent that is going to happen, so that when it happens you do not think, "This is a total waste of time," which is a voice that is going to probably come up. "What a waste, why are you doing this? You don't have any talent. You could be doing something much more important, like lines," which are very linear and easy to draw using a ruler or something like that.

People of the Christian faith should be seeing ourselves as creative. The thing is, we are living in an era where we need as much creative thinking as we can get because there are some horrible problems looming in the church, the government, environmentally, and repeating the same solutions we have used in the past is clearly not working, if they ever

did work. Human beings need to step up. I do not want to be an alarmist or anything, but if we don't...well I think we will, I do have the hope that we will. I just hope we do it sooner rather than when it will take trillions of times more work to fix.

Reflection: Do you think the Jesuit education helps people become more creative?

Fr. Yost: I think so, having gone through Jesuit formation. The world views [Jesuits] as pretty left-brained thinkers, very logical and pretty good at managing and very good management is creative as well. St. Ignatius, he lived roughly around the same time as Leonardo at the very beginning of the Renaissance, a Spaniard, for the first half of his life he was very left-brained. He wanted to be a soldier, a courtesan in some great and powerful king's court. You see that reflected in a lot of his writings on spirituality. Almost inevitably he also then comes back after giving a long explanation of point-by-point how to do a particular thing, pages and pages, he will finish by saying, "or whatever is best in the Lord." This is after his conversion. He recognizes that the Spirit has to work in our lives in order for them to have meaning and some of the spiritual exercises involve imagination to an amazing extent. We tend to think prayer is going to be from God; it is going to be something from outside. But in the Holy Spirit we use anything we that we have, including our imagination. Again, the connection between us being creators and God being a creator, that is going to be a really strong connection for God to use with us. That is why, to me, the fact that Ignatius put so much emphasis on imagination in prayer is a big deal. And I do not know if we do a tremendous job bringing that into all of our works and into the people that we serve. We try from time to time through preaching, and professors probably try to do that.

Reflection: I believe that the professors here try to help us think for ourselves, which is definitely a form of creativity as well.

Fr. Yost: Exercising that right-brain. I love the fact that they are called the spiritual exercises too, because nobody starts an exercise regimen thinking they're going to be an expert that first day. Nobody picks up a violin and thinks that they are going to play like some great violinist within a day. It is the same thing with prayer. It is something that we have to stick with through thick and thin, and when it feels like it is the last thing we want

to do we just have to do it anyway, when it feels like you cannot see any progress at all you just keep doing it.

Reflection: One last question: what is your favorite or preferred medium to work in?

Fr. Yost: This is probably the hardest one you have asked! The human soul. Just kidding, could I be more pretentious? Hmm, it changes, it fluctuates. Right now it is drawing with graphite, and I use some color, just a few. Here is a confession: I am not really as good at seeing colors as some people are. For me that is a burden that I have gone through my amateur artistic life with because I love color. I loved my time in Spain and Morocco because they have such a love of color and use it freely, but I do not see it as clearly. I see it and appreciate it, but it was like my drawing teacher was speaking Greek or something, I just could not see it. I like the use of color, but right now I am just using colored paper as a background and then I am taking two or three colors, one light and one dark, and kind of go up and down from the paper hue. I kind of like that. Some people just have the gift for it, or maybe it can be trained, I do not know. Probably it can be improved with training, but I do not know where to go to get that training, so until then I will just do the best I can do.

Reflection: That is all we can do. Is there anything else you would like to speak to on this subject?

Fr. Yost: Thanks for showing interest in art. To me it is such an important subject. A lot of institutions are finally recognizing how important creativity is, but I think we are still only paying lip-service to it. I mean how many organizations have in their mission statement "innovative thinking," and yet when you bring the innovative thinking before them, that left-brain kicks in and there is a lot of criticism and cynicism about it, so thank you for being one of those evangelizers for creativity.



FR. ALAN YOST S.J. "Holy Family"
Colored pencil
with digital
enhancement



**EAN VAN
BRAMER**

“Lights over
the Columbia”
Cannon T5i

KANSAS CITY STOUT

MARIA MILLS

Hatch green chile on the sharpest knife you own
and on my fingers too, so I call you
by the name only I call you
and you brush the flour from my cheekbone

with your one adept hand. As you start
your car (you're driving me
to the grocery store), you turn to me
to ask: "Have you tried the Kansas City Stout?"

I have not so you buy it. I lick my lips
when I try it. With your most adept
hand, you rub my shoulder in
the way that tells me: You are mine.

I think it has begun to snow outside.

EROS // THANATOS

MATT FRIEDMAN

1. Intro

Eros: (Ancient Greek: "love, mostly of the sexual passion") one of the four words in Ancient Greek which can be rendered into English as "love." The other three are storge, philia and agape.

Thanatos: (Ancient Greek: "Death," "to die, be dying") the daemon personification of death. He was a minor figure in Greek mythology, often referred to, but rarely appearing in person.

"We have in fact only two certainties in this world - that we are not everything and that we will die."

—Georges Bataille

2. Evasion

Euphemisms for sex:

- Making love
- Doing it
- Boning
- Fucking
- Banging
- Bumping uglies
- Doing the horizontal mambo
- Knocking boots
- The old in and out
- Adult naptime
- Afternoon delight
- Assault with a friendly weapon
- Driving Miss Daisy
- Extreme flirting
- Filling her out like an application
- Forbidden polka
- Getting it on
- Getting some
- Getting a bellyful of marrow
- Getting up in them guts
- Gland to gland combat
- Hanging at the Y
- Jerking off with someone to talk to
- Joint session of Congress
- Lust and thrust
- Marital congress
- Mattress dancing
- Making the beast with two backs
- Organ grinding
- Pants-off dance-off
- Pressing the baby button

Euphemisms for death:

- Departed
- Gave up the ghost
- Gone to the narrow bed
- In repose
- Kicked the bucket
- No longer with us
- Resting in peace
- With God again
- Gone to eternal rest
- Pushing daisies
- The Big Sleep
- Bit the dust
- At room temperature
- Dirt nap
- Feeding the worms
- Immortality challenged
- Kicked the oxygen habit
- No longer counted in the census
- On a permanent vacation

Aletheiophobia: a made up word meaning fear of the truth.

Why are we afraid to honestly discuss sex and death? We use all these euphemisms, and far many more, for sex and death, but why? Euphemisms are evasions. Why are we evasive? Are we embarrassed? Are we scared?

“Calling sex by its name thereafter [the 17th c.] became more difficult and more costly. As if in order to gain mastery of it in reality, it had first been necessary to subjugate it at the level of language, control its free circulation in speech, expunge it from the things that were said, and extinguish the words that rendered it too visibly present.”

—Michel Foucault

Many euphemisms fall under the categories of humorous, religious, or scientific. Humor, religion, and science are merely removals from actualities though, a form of distancing. It is easier to look at sex and death from a distance. Why?

“A thing is a thing, not what is said of that thing.”

—Alejandro González Iñárritu

3. Sacredness

“Welcome every organ and attribute of me, and of any man hearty and clean, / Not an inch nor a particle of an inch is vile, and none shall be less

familiar than the rest.”

—Walt Whitman, “Song of Myself”

“Through me forbidden voices, / Voices of sexes and lusts, voices veil’d
and I remove the veil, / Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigur’d.
/ I do not press my fingers across my mouth, / I keep as delicate around
the bowels as around the head and heart, copulation is no more rank to me
than death is. / Believe in the flesh and the appetites, / Seeing, hearing,
feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag of me is a miracle. / Divine I
am inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touch’d from,
/ The scent of these arm-pits aroma finer than prayer, / This head more
than churches, bibles, and all the creeds.”

—Walt Whitman, “Song of Myself”

“Your body is the church where Nature asks to be revered.”

—Marquis de Sade

Sex and death are sacred. However, in recent history, we have profaned sex and death through over-discussion, discussion in all the wrong ways. We’ve profaned through advertising and pornography, action movies and video games, medicalization and religiosity, and now our perceptions are warped and sterile—we can’t see sex and death for the beautiful, sacred things they are. We are paradoxically removed from an authentic understanding of sex and death by being over-engaged in these topics. Foucault observed that the Western concepts of confession and discourse are primarily to blame for this over-engagement.

“The mind governed by the flesh is death, but the mind governed by the Spirit is life and peace. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.”

—Romans 8:6-7, New International Version Bible

Fuck that.

Buddhists believe that craving, or desire, is the cause of suffering. It is our inability to overcome our cravings that makes us suffer. We are ruled by our cravings, and this makes us mortal. All people strive for immortality in some form or another. Some people strive for this by renouncing their cravings. I will not. I want—this cannot and will not change. I am not a

slave to my desires if I choose them. And I do choose them. I choose a life full of small, beautiful deaths through sex, drugs, and losing myself in the beauty of the world and the people around me. A life without death is a waste and a shame. I am not subjugated by the law of God—I am my own god.

“Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself, I am large, I contain multitudes.”

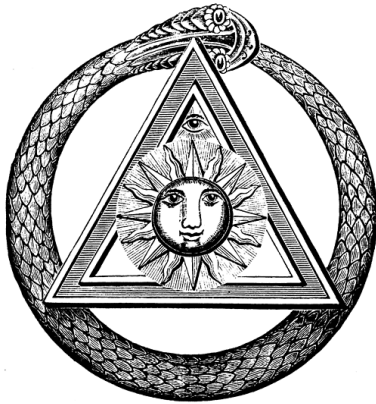
—Walt Whitman, “Song of Myself”

“My manner of thinking, so you say, cannot be approved. Do you suppose I care? A poor fool indeed is he who adopts a manner of thinking for others!”

—Marquis de Sade

4. Consumption

Ourorboros: (from the Greek for tail-devouring snake) an ancient symbol depicting a serpent or dragon eating its own tail. Drawing by Theodoros Pelecanos, in a 1478 copy of a lost alchemical tract by Synesius.



Life is nothing but consumption—life eating life. Death and renewal. Cyclical. This is true of both sex and death—they are both simply points on the same circular continuum.

“I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the beginning and

the end, / But I do not talk of the beginning or the end. / There was never any more inception than there is now, / Nor any more youth or age than there is now, / And will never be any more perfection than there is now, / Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now."

—Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

"Birth, and copulation, and death. / That's all, that's all, that's all, that's all, / Birth, and copulation, and death."

—T.S. Eliot

"Urge and urge and urge, Always the procreant urge of the world."

—Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

"Finding a new mammal species is rare; finding one that kills itself through ardent and repeated sexual encounters is even more rare.

A. arktos follows the mating patterns of others in its genus, copulating for up to 14 hours at a time and with multiple partners in order to ensure the survival of its lineage. Yet these fervent sexual escapades take their toll: Males' stress hormone levels increase dramatically during the weeks-long mating season, eventually causing their bodies to shut down completely. What a way to go."

—*Discovery* magazine

Carnal: 1. Pertaining to or characterized by the flesh or the body, its passions and appetites; sensual 2. Not spiritual; merely human; temporal; worldly.

"A kiss is the beginning of cannibalism."

—Georges Bataille

"Sex is as important as eating or drinking and we ought to allow the one appetite to be satisfied with as little restraint or false modesty as the other."

—Marquis de Sade

"...I'm dead / Tell them all we're dead / We can hold the wake right here in this bed / Sunk into you / Tangled in sheets / Buried in blankets six feet deep..."

—Bring Me the Horizon, "Fuck"

"I have never known sleep like this slumber that creeps to me / I have never known colors like this morning reveals to me / And you haven't moved an inch such that I would not know / If you sleep always like this, flesh calmly going cold."

—Hozier, "In A Week"

"Wild nights - Wild nights! / Were I with thee / Wild nights should be / Our luxury! / Futile - the winds - / To a Heart in port - / Done with the Compass - / Done with the Chart! / Rowing in Eden - / Ah - the Sea! / Might I but moor - tonight - / In thee!"

—Emily Dickinson

Sexual death should be beautifully violent; chaotic, loud, and passionate, a candle burning on both ends:

"Love demands expression. It will not stay still, stay silent, be good, be modest, be seen and not heard, no. It will break out in tongues of praise, the high note that smashes the glass and spills the liquid."

—Jeanette Winterson, *Written on the Body*

"'Explore me,' you said and I collected my ropes, flasks and maps, expecting to be back home soon. I dropped into the mass of you and I cannot find the way out. Sometimes I think I'm free, coughed up like Jonah from the whale, but then I turn a corner and recognize myself again. Myself in your skin, myself lodged in your bones, myself floating in the cavities that decorate every surgeon's wall. That is how I know you. You are what I know."

—Jeanette Winterson, *Written on the Body*

"I didn't only want [her] flesh, I wanted her bones, her blood, her tissues, the sinews that bound her together. I would have held her to me though time had stripped away the tones and textures of her skin. I could have held her for a thousand years until the skeleton itself rubbed away to dust. What are you that makes me feel thus?"

—Jeanette Winterson, *Written on the Body*

Sex is mortal, and reinforces our mortality. Sex brings death nearer. It is a consumption as it is a consummation.

5. Thanatos Gia Ton Eafto (Death to the Self)

Death is not the end of your goals—death is the goal. Death of the ego.

“The need to go astray, to be destroyed, is an extremely private, distant, passionate, turbulent truth.”

—Georges Bataille

Flow: “...being completely involved in an activity for its own sake. The ego falls away. Time flies. Every action, movement, and thought follows inevitably from the previous one, like playing jazz. Your whole being is involved, and you’re using your skills to the utmost.”

—Mihály Csikszentmihályi

Intimate sex (whether romantic or not) is an engagement in flow—a death of the ego, of the self. Two cease to be and instead become one.

Sex that is intimate does not necessarily have to be romantic, though it most commonly is. However, non-intimate sex is not an engagement in flow, nor is it a death of the ego. Rather, it is a feeding of the monster that is the ego—it is narcissistic. It is mere masturbation with another human body, and is hollow and empty.

Autoeroticism: sensual, sexual gratification of the self, usually obtained through the stimulus of one’s own body without the participation of another person. It is derived from such acts as stroking, masturbation, and fantasy, or from other oral, anal, or visual sources of stimulation.

Alloeroticism: sexual feeling directed to another person, as opposed to autoeroticism.

The meditative state, like intimate sex, is an engagement in flow, and a form of death.

Intimate sex is also meditative.

Osho Publikaties said of sex, “The sex act starts as a voluntary act, but it never ends as a voluntary act. A point comes where your voluntary mechanism is taken over by the nonvoluntary. A point comes where your conscious mind is thrown off and the unconscious takes over. A point comes when your ego cannot exist and the non-ego is in power, in control. You feel a sudden death of the ego; you feel you are dying.”

La petite mort: French for “the little death,” an idiom for orgasm. This term has generally been interpreted to describe the post-orgasmic state of unconsciousness that some people have after having some sexual experiences.

More widely, it can refer to the spiritual release that comes with orgasm or to a short period of melancholy or transcendence as a result of the expenditure of the “life force,” the feeling which is caused by the release of oxytocin in the brain after the occurrence of orgasm.

People fear death because they fear they are losing themselves. In this way, acts of death to the ego such as the sexual act also are frightening: “In this act, I am losing myself—how am I to be certain that I will be capable of coming back?” The answer is you can’t be certain.

6. Paradoxes

Truth is often found in a union of opposites, in paradoxes. Sex is both a gift of life and a death to the self. Inside every man, there is an element of the woman—the anima. Inside every woman, there is an element of the man—the animus. Our truest selves are a union of opposites. We are both man and woman, beings of death and beings of life.

“I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise, Regardless of others, ever regardful of others, Maternal as well as paternal, a child as well as a man, Stuff’d with the stuff that is coarse and stuff’d with the stuff that is fine.... These are really the thoughts of all men in all ages and lands, they are not original with me, If they are not yours as much as mine they are nothing, or next to nothing, If they are not the riddle and the untying of the riddle they are nothing, If they are not just as close as they are distant they are nothing.”

—Walt Whitman, “Song of Myself”

“Out of the dimness opposite equals advance, always substance and increase, always sex, Always a knit of identity, always distinction, always a breed of life. To elaborate is no avail, learn’d and unlearn’d feel that it is so.”

—Walt Whitman, “Song of Myself”

"Life is death."

—T.S. Eliot

We all want to die, really. Paradoxically, most of our lives are spent killing our selves, attempting to join (rejoin?) the infinite and interconnected. We try to kill our selves with religion. We try to kill our selves with meditation. We try to kill our selves with sex. We try to kill our selves with drugs and alcohol. All we want is to stop being our selves and to simply be.

Kill your self.

7. *Ars Boni Moriendi* (The Art of Dying Well)

"O welcome, ineffable grace of dying days!"

—Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

You have two choices in facing death: you can march in despair towards nothingness, or you can face death with the confidence that you will live on past it. Both choices are uncertain, but one is a fight against instinct, and the other a submission to instinct—our instinct to perpetuate.

We in the West hide from death. We hide behind euphemisms, and we shield ourselves through sterilization and denial—but if we start to see the death that surrounds us, death will cease to be a fear. We fear what we don't know. The simple solution is to make the unknown known.

Sis vis vitam, para mortem (If you wish for life, prepare for death).

"And as to you Death, and you bitter hug of mortality, it is idle to try to alarm me...And as to you Corpse I think you are good manure...And as to you Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths, (No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.)"

—Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

Recognize that you have no control in matters related to death. This recognition does not mean surrender or apathy—observe, learn, confront, experience. Death is everywhere, don't hide.

"...witness and wait."

—Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

Liminality: 1. the quality of ambiguity or disorientation that occurs in the middle stage of rituals, when participants no longer hold their pre-ritual status but have not yet begun the transition to the status they will hold when the ritual is complete 2. The in-between; a threshold.

Ex: beaches, graduations, carnivals, drug trips, sexual ecstasy, dying.

Life itself is a liminal space, a ritual to prepare for the journey of death.

"There is no stoppage and never can be stoppage, If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their surfaces, were at this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it would not avail in the long run, We should surely bring up again where we now stand, And surely go as much farther, and farther and farther...See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that, Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that. My rendezvous is appointed, and it is certain. The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms."

--Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

"What is known I strip away, I launch all men and women forward with me into the Unknown. The clock indicates the moment—but what does eternity indicate? We have thus far exhausted trillions of winters and summers, There are trillions ahead, and trillions ahead of them. Births have brought us richness and variety, And other births will bring us richness and variety."

—Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

"What do you think has become of the young and old men? And what do you think has become of the women and children? They are alive and well somewhere, The smallest sprout shows there is really no death. And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it, And ceas'd the moment life appear'd. All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses, And to die is different from what anyone supposed, and luckier."

—Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

"I know I am solid and sound...I know I am deathless...I exist as I am, that is enough, If no other in the world be aware I sit content, And if each and all be aware I sit content."

—Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

"Time that withers you will wither me. We will fall like ripe fruit and roll down the grass together. Dear friend, let me lie beside you watching the clouds until the earth covers us and we are gone."

—Jeanette Winterson, *Written on the Body*

"I know I have the best of time and space, and was never measured and never will be measured. I tramp a perpetual journey...Not I, not any one else can travel that road for you, You must travel it for yourself. It is not far, it is within reach, Perhaps you have been on it since you were born and did not know, Perhaps it is everywhere on water and on land. Shoulder your duds dear son, and I will mine, and let us hasten forth."

—Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

1. Rebirth

"The gate you're afraid to enter / Holds the treasures you seek / Your flesh, my bones / Young hearts, old souls / The gate you're afraid to enter / Holds the treasures you seek / Silver and gold / Young hearts, old souls / This is the death of the subconscious you knew / Follow the inner voice, follow the truth / Forever we are bound to this burial ground / Unless we let the light shine through / My heart it no longer bleeds / (Reborn) / I've got the love that I need / Stop wasting your time waiting on misery / I'm reborn eternally."

—Senses Fail, "Renacer"

In Greek mythology, a phoenix is a long-lived bird that is cyclically regenerated or reborn. Associated with the sun, a phoenix obtains new life by arising from the ashes of its predecessor. The phoenix was adopted as a symbol in early Christianity.

The Giant Sequoia tree is the largest organism on Earth. These trees can live for thousands of years, the oldest known tree being over 3,500 years old. In order to reproduce, Giant Sequoia trees require fire—the heat opens up their cones and allows the seeds to fall to the forest floor and take root. Sometimes, the parent tree survives the fire due to the Sequoia's strong bark—many times, however, this is not the case. It is only through the destruction of the parent tree, though, that the Giant Sequoia can proliferate.

"So it goes."

—Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse-Five*

"So it goes."

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"So it goes."

—Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse-Five*



CAROLYN
CAPITOLO

“Lost in the
Louvre”
CanonT3i



KIMBERLY
AU

“Koi Fish”
iPod Touch 5th
generation

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NATURAL DISASTERS

MAGGIE FISCHER
RECIPIENT OF THE 2015 GURIAN AWARD
IN FICTION

MONDAY

It's 9:15 PM and I am getting a divorce.

Pulling on my old sweatshirt from University of South Florida, I nab my charcoal mug from the counter and poured myself a cup of coffee, adding a splash of milk and three sugars. Bryn always told me three sugars was overkill, but I told her she just didn't know how to be sweet.

Rubbing my thumb and forefinger against the bridge of my nose, I sat down at the kitchen table and arranged the papers Bryn's lawyer had drawn up in front of me like a map. Where to begin? A humid draft shuffled the papers around me, mixing them and knocking a few to the floor. Picking up my reading glasses, I didn't even bother rescuing the fallen papers, but looked up, knowing what I would see. Instead of the off-white walls of my kitchen with the decal that I've always hated (little palm trees—as if we didn't already get enough of those in Florida), there was the jagged wood of a makeshift window carved into the wall by the fridge, giving a clear view of my backyard, stars twinkling. The old palm tree that towered above our house had been removed already, but it left its mark in the basketball-sized hole I kept forgetting to cover up. I took a sip of my coffee as I listened to the veritable frog symphony performing under my porch, thinking about Sunday.

At the thought, I abandoned the papers to their fate underneath the table, and moved to my living room, waving at my back door neighbors through the hole as I passed. Howie Stratton waved back, calling out to me. "How're you doing, Oliver?" I shook my head and gestured to the sharp bits of wood by my head, shrugging. "Well, I'm hanging in there, Howie! It could have been worse, I suppose." The elderly man looked confused and shook his head, saying gently, "No, son. I mean, I heard what happened. How are you holding up?" Chuckling, I admitted, "I desperately need to get this hole covered up, these mosquitos are eating me alive! Thanks for asking, How." He may have started to say something else, but I didn't hear, already disappearing into my living room, calling out a goodbye. Shifting

onto the couch, my mind turned back to Sunday.

Bryn's lawyer will be there in a room with tables that are too tall. They'll make me feel short, I know it, the expensive mahogany surface will reach all the way to my chest and that skeezy, 6'5" beanpole she employs will be patronizing the entire time. "Mr. Monroe, as you know, my client has requested your cooperation in this matter." I'm glad the mediation is on a Sunday. I will use the Sabbath to pray that lawyers everywhere find themselves mysteriously unemployed.

Desperate for a distraction, I turned on the TV, watching our local weatherman adjust his dark blue suit and smile wanly at the camera.

"Well, Hurricane Fay has left the city of Wauchula a bit worse for wear," the young meteorologist intoned, adjusting the coil of his dark hair and giving the audience a heartbroken look, "and the city is still recovering. Trees are still being removed from hundreds of homes every day, though the hurricane struck nearly a week and a half ago. Luckily our lovely city is not the first line of defense, though our hearts and prayers go out to the people of Sarasota who lost loved ones in this horrible tragedy. Until next time, I'm Roy Winters. Stay safe, folks!"

I switched off the news and rolled my eyes, grabbing an old Christmas throw from the easy chair and settling back into the pale green couch cushions. Bryn used to kick me in her sleep, so I'd retreat to the living room for some relief. Now my bed was free from unconscious assailants, but it was funny how sleeping on the couch made me think of how easy it is to imagine her upstairs even now, punishing the comforter for snuggling her close. Twisting onto my side, I closed my eyes.

TUESDAY

A lawnmower woke me, or at least that's what it sounded like. Cursing Howie and Pat Stratton on every star I knew, I threw the Christmas throw over my head, shoving my face back into the couch to block out the noise. The closer my nose got to the corners of the green fabric fibers, the louder the mower got until I finally sprung off the couch, still dressed in my weekend jeans and old alma mater sweatshirt. Running a hand through my greying hair, I looked out the front window and saw some construction workers from the city feeding a maimed palm tree into a wood chipper. They waved when they saw me watching, giving my ruffled appearance some smirks.

Ignoring them, I headed to the toilet, already dreaming of the morning's coffee. Thanking God the bathroom managed to avoid the palm tree's wrath, I washed my face and brushed my teeth. Making a face at

the taste of the baking-soda-heavy toothpaste that Bryn always bought, I brushed my teeth with slow, methodical strokes, sitting on the edge of our pale blue bathtub and letting lawnmowers linger in my mind.

That's how I got her back the first time: lawnmowers. See, she hates the sound they make—that growly sort of wail that makes you hear it from blocks away when anyone in your neighborhood is cutting the grass. She told me that she heard a story about a man in Maine who lost control of his lawnmower, and it turned on him, shredding his legs like paper. Any time she cut the grass she did it with ballerina feet; bouncing back at the slightest movement, ready to bolt.

Our second year of marriage, Bryn told me I was the worst person she'd ever had the chore of knowing, and that she was leaving for good. I told her that if she stayed, I'd mow the lawn every day for the rest of our lives: even when it snowed. She told me scathingly that "it never snows in Florida," but she put away her suitcase.

I spat into the sink, accidentally rinsing out my mouth with hot water. Sputtering, I turned the knob and let it turn icy, taking a handful and splashing it against my face in an effort to wake up properly. Looking at myself in the little mirror by the medicine cabinet, I wondered why I appeared sixty when I should look forty. Well, forty-seven. "Richard Gere is sixty-five," I told the blue-eyed man in the mirror. He seemed unimpressed, so I opened the medicine cabinet in search of a more rapt audience. My hands acted for me, ignoring my standard bottle of aspirin and grabbing the old bottle of Percocet Bryn used to take after her knee surgery. Time to get divorced.

I wandered around the kitchen, swatting at the mosquitos that came in colonies from the hole in my wall, landing on sticky old dishes and trying to rid me of my blood. Walking to the sink, my foot stuck on one of the papers I'd abandoned the night before, and I hopped around for a bit, trying to snatch it from between my toes. I finally grabbed hold of it and straightened, squinting at the tiny script. "PETITIONER IS UNCERTAIN AT THIS TIME OF THE FULL NATURE AND EXTENT OF HER SEPARATE PROPERTY...." The letters seemed to dance across the page, marching into little house-shapes, and I thought of when we bought this little abode.

Bryn told me she wanted to see the ocean every day, right outside of her door, like she was going to be swept away in a tidal wave if she dared step foot out on her back porch. But I've never been a fan of the smell of fish, so I planted us in a sea of palm trees and retired people.

I checked my watch and cast a distracted look at the papers

under the table, swiping a forearm across my forehead. Feeling feverish, I thought of Bryn's busted knee and popped a Percocet in tribute, deciding that 1:27 PM was the perfect time for a nap.

WEDNESDAY

It rained today, a warm rain. The humidity made the droplets seem like steam when they hit the sidewalk, sifting into the air like the world was cooking Florida for a balanced breakfast. Swinging my legs over to the side, I realized that I fell asleep on my bed for once. The wind brought wayward water; smacking me in the face and making my slate-grey sheets damp. I pummeled Bryn's old pillow, before tossing it off the bed, watching it hit the wall and wondering why you tend to think of objects as belonging to the same person forever. She'd left the pillow here; this was my pillow now. I watched the rain come down harder and the pillowcase start to get soaked.

I started to get up, but caught myself on my elbows and fell back against the bed. Last night I dreamt that I was in the midst of Hurricane Fay, and the wind was howling at me just like Bryn used to. She told me that I never could hold her right, not quite, and she felt as if my arms shrunk a centimeter for every year we were married. I told her she was tiny enough I could still hug her tight, but she never wanted to be tethered to anything. Fay wailed louder, wreaking havoc on the coastline, and I told Bryn she had to hold on or be swept away. Hurricanes don't listen to marriage vows, but I promised, "for weather or for worse."

Another droplet of rain hit my leg and I started, looking up at the cloudy blue sky as I heaved myself out of bed. Grabbing a ratty plaid robe from the bedpost, I tugged it over my shoulders and closed the window, waiting for the rain to stop as I stared at the spot on the wood floor where Bryn dented the boards by trying to drop a lamp on my foot. The lamp had been surprisingly resilient, bouncing a couple of feet before finally shattering near the windows. I thought of the window that nature made inside my kitchen. Bryn broke the lamp and Fay broke the rest.

Sighing, I went downstairs in my bare feet, prepared to get divorced. I grabbed a beer from the fridge and wiped the condensation off of the base, taking a sip before glancing at the pile of papers still strewn about the table. Divorce needed something stronger than coffee. I looked over the terms of our marriage spelled out in legalese, reminded of when Bryn and I used to study for tests at USF. Bryn would try to make up songs to help her remember vocabulary words, and I would tell her that she couldn't sing. The lady at the library hated us; Bryn did her best shouting

there.

I was broken out of my stupor by the sound of the television; broken voices that whispered in the next room. It seems that Roy Winters was appearing on my television without my permission these days—did I really forget to turn that damn thing off? They were still covering the hurricane, though it felt like years since she'd struck. The hole in my house was becoming a part of its charm, and I welcomed the varied insects that found their way inside. My thoughts were interrupted by the wail of a violin and the contemplative plunking of a piano. Poking my head into the living room doorway, I spotted Roy Winters on television looking sadly at a split box of pictures; black-and-white faces of strangers gazing happily at me, unaware of their colorless state.

"The victims of Hurricane Fay's wrath are husbands, daughters, and friends. They are community members who made a difference on Sarasota's shores every single day. These are the faces of the fallen. Remember them and pray for the people they left behind who are grieving." Roy Winter's voice was the perfect blend of regret and condescension. I've never felt pity so tangibly.

Sparing a glance at the television, I could have sworn I saw Bryn's face flash across the screen; blond hair tied in the braid that meant business, over-exposed to make her look as if she was smiling. But I knew better. It couldn't be Bryn; she refused to smile for photos. When asked, she'd always say that you shouldn't try to capture memories by sight—we both wore glasses anyway.

THURSDAY

It's 11:30 PM, and Thursday is almost over. I'm standing here in my bedroom watching Wauchula sleep in the ninety-degree heat. We'd just been knocked about by heavy winds, and yet the air was still. I shifted uncomfortably standing there, disliking the grating sound of the frogs who sang at night. It felt as if they'd crept into every corner of my bedroom just to give me lullabies, and I could have sworn there was one in my bed last night.

I'm having a hard time deciding if I can't sleep, or if I've been sleeping for weeks. Time had been a strange beast lately, whispering in my ear as if to say, "look out, you are missing things." I tried to search for a tarp to cover up the hole in my kitchen today, but instead I counted how many books Bryn left in my library. She was the worst kind of reader, collecting stories she would never spare a glance. Tomes like trophies

stacked up and gathered dust, a paper statue of a story that had ended.

I tilted my head back and let another pill fall onto my tongue, wondering if the stars ever got divorced. The empty bottle of pills in my hand didn't have an answer, and neither did I.

The hole in my house seemed to have widened even further as the night progressed, and I wondered if some unknown animal was gnawing at it when I wasn't looking. Maybe the trees that made up my walls were attempting to rejoin nature, and soon I'd be in the ground with the rest of the insects taking over my home, six feet under with the memories of Bryn.

FRIDAY

On one of my trips to the fridge I noticed the blinking light of my answering machine, scolding me for refusing to pick up. The first message was from Bryn's lawyer, one I'd heard several times. He told me that our mediation would be in a few weeks' time, on a Sunday. This Sunday. Pressing the buttons on the house phone obsessively I skipped over a new message from the contractor, asking me when I wanted him to come to the house until I heard her voice.

"Ollie, hey," she sighed over the machine like she had been running long distances. "Look, I know this is fresh, but you need to sign the papers. Get your ass in gear for once. Sign it in crayon if you can't find a pen, just—just let me go Ollie, please. Jesus," I heard her swear softly before she hung up the phone.

I grabbed two beers from the fridge and closed it, glimpsing my shadowed face in the reflection of the toaster. I must have been drunker than I thought, because Roy Winters' voice kept repeating it in my head: "These are the faces of the fallen." I kicked at the divorce papers, now all on the floor.

SATURDAY

I remember the day Bryn told me she was moving to Sarasota. It was the same day we ran out of butter and had to use margarine. It tasted like being late for a morning meeting without breakfast, and I promptly spit it out in a nearby napkin. I got up from the table to throw away the offending piece of toast, yelling back to ask her why she even had margarine in the fridge. When I came back to the table, my plate had been replaced with divorce papers, and the margarine was all over my

favorite jacket.

She left the house in her old tracksuit; the cream-colored one with the wine stains down the front. I remember telling her that she would miss me in less than a minute, and I'll never forget what she said back, because she lowered her voice to a near-whisper.

"I've been missing you for years, dear. Might as well make it official."

SUNDAY

It's 7:18 AM and I'm late for my divorce.

I told Bryn I would be there at 7 'o clock sharp, but my morning began with a stubbed toe and a cold shower. The only clothes I could find in my closet were black, and as I tied my tie the thought of nooses persisted, my mind flirting with the suddenness of death by broken neck. Swallowing these morbid thoughts, I shut my eyes tight and heard Bryn telling me her plans for Sarasota; whispered in my ear like a dirty secret.

"There's something about the ocean, Ollie, don't you want to feel it? Up close, swirling around you, like you were meant to live there forever, but you weren't born with fins. I don't mind if I get sand anywhere and everywhere, just let me have the ocean close. Ollie, come with me."

It's 7:49 AM and they are lowering Bryn into the ground. The papers are somewhere near the place they found her; bobbing off the coast of Sarasota.

PREACH WITH YOUR HANDS

URIAH MITCHELL
RECIPIENT OF THE 2015 GURIAN AWARD
IN NONFICTION

The Spokane Deaf Church is a traditional house of worship. Services are held on the second floor of a small, white wood building, set behind a much larger brick Intersection Open Bible Church. Both are Pentecostal.

A small sanctuary of the Deaf Church includes maps of the Dominican Republic, China, and other countries, along with photos of the church community's missionary work.

A wooden Star of David hangs on one wall below a small green and yellow banner that says: "Pray for the Peace of Israel." Below the star is a small blue banner with the written verse "Psalm 122:6."

By 10:30 on a Sunday morning, church members fill the seats. A woman with black hair pushed to the curve above her head in a dome-like arch that flows over her shoulders in thick locks enters with other members. One of the hearing members sneaks a complimentary donut from the boxes in the lounge area. Her arms stretch wide, puffing her cheeks in jest at him, warning him about eating too many of the complimentary donuts after the service. *Eat too-much. Fat.* Her name is Gloria. She was raised in Butte, Montana, and came to this church three years ago.

Following close by her is a woman with long, flowing brunette curls, holding a black cane as she makes her way to the seats on the left. She taps Gloria's shoulder, making gestures that tell of her activities the past week. Her name is Joanne. Gloria responds to Joanne, hands moving fast and sure. Her red fingernails glint underneath the fluorescent lights. At times, their mouths make small grunts and sighs as they sign back and forth. Both live in a world of silence, these vocal utterances go by unnoticed to them. Their hands are their mouths and their eyes are their ears.

A woman in a wheelchair makes her way through the crowd to the front of the room. She wears a cast on her right leg, contrasting the

modest black-laced top that covers her olive skin. A man with white hair wheels her in. He wears a green polo shirt. They pass through the aisles to the front of the church members. Pastor Yamile Gray is the woman's name. Her husband is Pastor Allan Gray.

The atmosphere of the room is casual yet communal. Yamile welcomes the members, new and old, to the church. The numbers are small, twenty or less, and are not consistent. Members come and go. Deaf individuals that live in the city of Spokane are few. So few, in fact that this city is what deaf individuals would call "Oral Country." Pastors Allan and Yamile Gray kept this in mind when coming to Spokane, feeling it their calling to bring the Word of God to those few who decided to reside in this small area.

"I don't want to be a complainer when I am old," says Yamile. She signs as she speaks. *When old, I will not complain. Not complain. No.* Her Colombian accent is thick despite her deafness. Yamile was six when she lost her hearing. Details are unclear to her but she recalls plummeting from a two-story building. Her hearing gradually faded as a result. Thanks to her hearing background and supportive family, she still knows how to rely on the vibration of her vocal chords, remembering how to speak despite not hearing her own voice. "I want to be grateful. Don't let anything stop you from praising God." *Amen! Amen!* Members of the church make the thumbs up sign over their heads with their right hands, patting their left palms repeatedly, meaning Amen. "Always be thankful. Be humble and graceful." *Amen! Amen!* The pastors use both sign language and speaking when preaching at church, unlike most deaf churches; a very controversial choice in the deaf community.

"I do both because there are hearing and deaf people at this church," says Pastor Allan Gray before the service starts. "But when you're in a deaf church, you just sign. When you're in Rome, you do what the Romans do." Despite not being able to hear, his voice is very eloquent.

Ben Bahan, professor of Sign Language and Deaf Culture at Gallaudet University and a hearing man born to deaf parents, explains in his book, *A Journey into the Deaf-World*, that there are common misconceptions of being deaf in a world and culture that bases its viewpoints entirely on hearing. He states that "hearing people naturally assumed at first that all languages are spoken, so many start out with the mistaken belief that ASL is spoken English expressed on the hands according to certain conventions." Sign Language, or more specifically American Sign Language (ASL) has its own unique form of grammar with

its own interpretation of the world. Deaf culture, however, is not only difficult to get in touch with, it is also isolating.

The members continue to pat their hands in thankfulness, as a projector screen to Pastor Yamile's left illuminates a lion. A crown of thorns is digitally placed upon its head as a lightning bolt strikes behind its back. The words, "The King is Coming! Are you ready?" glow yellow at the lion's feet. Yamile Gray sets up the presentation for her sermon as a man in a striped shirt of white, blue, and gray makes his way to the front of the group. He is a man of about thirty, with a bend in his right knee, causing a limp. He signs his beliefs.

God watching you. God pleading signs the man. "God is watching you, pleading," the translator Yamile says. *You want defeat enemy. God-knows.* "God knows you want to defeat the enemy" *Wise! Be wise! Give! Give! Give! Money give, when times want.* "Give your money in desperate times." *Make God, happy, happy, happy.* "It makes God very, very happy" Yamile matches his enthusiasm word for word. He warns of the "enemy," saying to avoid him. *Him [the devil] Flatten! Flatten!* He stomps the ground as if crushing an insect beneath his foot. Members raise their hands in affirmation, some showing the Amen sign above their heads, as the white words appear on the now blue projector screen. Pastor Allen sits in the back, making notes for his sermon.

"Jehovah M'Kaddesh," says Yamile, looking at the white words. A member pointing her middle and index finger, making a V shape, taps the fingertips onto her left palm, and flipping them over with a look of curiosity. *Meaning? Meaning?* She does this in front of her chest as one would usually sign in a conversation. Yamile doesn't see. Too many people are blocking her. She raises the hand sign above her head to catch Yamile's attention. "It means," replies Yamile. "the Lord is our Sanctifier." Yamile's right hand, shaped like an "L" touches her thumb onto her left shoulder, tracing down her body to her right hip. Lord. She then makes a fist of her right hand and smooths it over the palm of her left. *Sanctify.* "The Lord will make us clean." For each of the church services, members are taught new words, both Hebrew and English. After teaching this word, they apply it to a verse. This week was an analysis of Leviticus 20:7-8.

The service is half over. Pastor Allan Gray approaches the podium for his sermon, swinging a plastic white bag in hand. It clinks and clunks with him. He takes out the items, showing a water bottle, a plastic grape juice container, and other wastes. "Are you disposable?" he finally asks. He points at members and then makes throwing away gestures.

Pastor Allan was originally from Oklahoma. He and his two daughters, who are also deaf, went to Oklahoma School for the Deaf from kindergarten through twelfth grade, having married two "Oklahoma boys." Though he became a football player during his high school years, he often found himself isolated and alone. That was until he met his wife during his missionary trips. Through her, he came to be more accepting of himself.

A woman from Colombia, Yamile had the daunting task of not only learning sign language (both Colombian and American) but of also learning American English. She went through high school, her family supportive of her despite her deafness, eventually getting a translation bible, with two columns on each page. Her eyes glanced back and forth, meticulously matching each Spanish word to its English counterpart, signing along the way. She was one of the blessed deaf individuals. Other deaf Colombian citizens are not so fortunate.

While the pastors recall their marriage and meeting, a woman of seventy-four with white hair sits, listening intently on every word and raising her hand in praise of the couple's spiritual journey. Blue and turquoise decorate her earrings. She is a missionary. Her name is Dana Alexander, an American woman who travels the world helping deaf children. Her adoptive son, Vladimir, is not with her today. He is a Colombian boy with bronze skin, hair neatly cut with fluffy curls resting on the top of his head and fades on the sides of his scalp. His eyes are serious, alert, and filled with pain. He usually wears polo shirts with tan slacks, given to him by his guardian. All of them drape over his thin yet growing frame.

The week prior, when meeting visitors outside the deaf church community, Vladimir pretended to forget his name, hoping not to sign in front of the hearing folk. *Forget... I Forget.* "Children like Vladimir are usually beaten for signing in public," says Dana, signing the words as she speaks. It is good practice. "They are seen as a burden." Vladimir, a child from the Filadelfia School for the Deaf, knew little of his father. The man left when he was little. Being a "burden" on his family, however, whenever he would sign to his mother, she would call for the father to abuse him, training Vladimir to be ashamed of his disability. Dana reminds him not to be ashamed of his deafness, but ingrained habits and fears are difficult to overcome.

The relationship between hearing and deaf communities have long been complex and often hostile. According to Ben Bahan, regulations were made on the deaf community, forcing operations to cure one of their deafness. Not only that but there were efforts to prevent the reproducing

of deaf offspring. As some deafness is genetic, there have also been studies attempting to insert genetic material into cells to prevent deafness from occurring in infants.

More members trickle in, most of them middle-aged or older. Among them, a seventeen-year-old boy, hair a pale yellow, comes into the room. He is tall and skinny, wearing a green hooded sweater and blue plaid shorts. His father, also tall, wearing yellow polo shirt, comes from behind him. Dana quietly approaches the young man, welcoming him back and wishing him a happy seventeenth birthday. His father signs his thanks to Dana. "Thank you," the boy replies, waving his hand. Unlike his parents, Chase is able to hear.

"I think that being deaf is kind of like a gift and a disability," says Chase. Like many children of deaf adults (CODA), he learned to speak through his interactions with other children, rather than his parents. He understands his parents' sign language clearly, though he is "not an expert" at ASL. There are times, however, when interactions with other hearing folks are difficult. "Sometimes my friends or their parents think that speaking really slowly or shouting will get my parents' attention instead of just writing what they need to say on a piece of paper." Facebook and other social networking sites have really helped bridge the gap between the hearing and deaf cultures, but there is still the divide of misunderstanding.

The sermon presented by Pastor Allan Gray is about being disposable. Not just disposable for one's deafness but for one's own inadequacies when facing God. "God will never throw you away," says the pastor. "Whether you're hearing or deaf, you are of God's blood." A hearing man, Ron, and his deaf friend, Andy, come to the front of the church to bring out the communion bread and wine. An older woman with silver white hair, cut right above her ears and wearing an ocean blue dress walks in. A mechanical battery is latched upon her right ear lobe. A round, plate-like electronic outer transmitter, is nestle under the woman's locks, carefully hidden from immediate sight. She is Jane Ramsey, a missionary who works in China. She was an adult when she started to lose her hearing. After recent surgery for a cochlear implant, she and her husband Leroy have since established a fairly new and controversial connection to the Deaf World.

Dr. Charles Berlin, a cochlear implant expert and doctor of hearing and the inner ear, says "From the point of view of the deaf person, I can agree and sympathize that their culture and their language are as

acceptable as anyone else's." However, he also states that "nobody can make me say that a pathological cochlea is acceptable and should be allowed to continue...I am dedicated to curing deafness." Because of this, his actions have been interpreted as "genocide of the deaf."

Jane Ramsey and her husband are active members of the church. They make sure to practice their sign language, diligently teaching themselves proper ASL grammar while learning about the deaf community. All the members sit and pray as a whole church community. Pastor Allan Gray speaks while signing their prayer: "Holy Spirit, come down. Let people see and know God has touched them." *Holy Spirit, come down, come down. People's bodies, God touched them. Let people see, know.*

"Deafness, is not a problem for those born with it," explains Pastor Yamile after the church service. "People don't accept you. They think something is wrong with you. But remember to treat any person, hearing or deaf, with respect."

"Try to talk to deaf people like they're normal," says Chase. "There's only one thing missing from them and that is hearing. That's it."

"Don't bow down to pleasure the world. Bow down to God," says Pastor Allan Gray.

SOON-TO-BE FLIGHTLESS BIRDS

MARIA MILLS
RECIPIENT OF THE 2015 GURIAN AWARD
IN POETRY

Almost conspiratorially, the car sputters and runs out of gas.
My mother puts her hands over her face, the back of her neck
blushing red.

I find the fact of this: our car poised,
almost leonine, at the tip of this highway off-ramp
practically laughable
and very distant. A dog
chasing ptarmigans against the stretching snow
or the tigers on TV.

My mother's neck, however, is pink and very real.
I sit still, and do not say "I told you so."

HANNAH SOUERS

“Vengeance”

Screen print



ECHOES

NATALIE OCHOA

The smell of pine inflames my nostrils here
and Amber musks my mind like thickened fog,
as rocks form moss while I'm waiting along
the familiar gravel. Lakeside, I'm near
a pool of cigarette buds and crushed beer
cans we finished in high school to match long
talks and attempts at sex that went wrong
because I had an intimacy fear.

A sound of crunching bark and veins of trees
reminds me I am no longer alone.
I jolt upright thinking that it is you
but realize my imaginings foxed me
again. Your name engraved in mass of stone
reads Almost Lover Dead, August 2002.

JACK JONES

“Black Horse”
Canon 5D MK II





GRADY FOSTER

"Untitled"

Cannon EOS Rebel T5

FISHING THE CLARK FORK

FOR ROBERT S. HEALY

MONDA VAN HOLLEBEKE

The dust dies on the gravel road.
A man climbs from his truck and sits
on the running board to pull on waders.

Over the lodge pole pines killdeers worry
and swoop, watching the invader.
He grips his pole and surveys the river.

Clomping downstream toward the eddy
through bear grass and salmonberry,
he slides, scattering rocks, to the water.

The dark green torrent tumbles, swirls.
He drags an arm across his brow,
puts down his wicker creel.

Sunflowers on the far bank shiver
with bees, grasshoppers, small birds.
He breathes in the Bitterroot air.

Above his head white clouds
sail on a blue deeper than ocean.
A breeze quickens the aspen.

Beyond the bend a bullfrog murmurs.
Casting, he wishes for a death like theirs—
a taut line singing above the river.

BROTHER

JOHN WINSLOW

He has always been a voice through the bedroom door:
In Boston he convinced me he could fly
and even after the crashing I remain
convinced, and I am still sure
that there are no synonyms for Massachusetts,
that his hazel always captured the ocean better than
my blue, that it's not always the bones that break
first: sometimes it is the concrete or the falling.
Like all of his secrets this one
has never asked to keep itself close

everyday is perfect weather to fly
and he knows this deep, knows
it shattered bone and fresh-ink blood,
and while he could never teach me
how to stay in the air,
he taught me to jump.



**BROOKE
BONNER**

“Little Brick Building
in Old Town Spokane”
Printmaking

IN THE POND BEHIND MY HOUSE

MICHELLE ORSI

Listen: a coyote cries while paws sink into tar made with syrup. In the house by the edge of the trees I hear him. Following my old prints, I trudge my newborn claws into unknown. I can smell the black pond just beyond the trees, the decay of turtles and the odor of bones formed in a black hole. He spots me. The coyote, my brother, sees me and he cries louder for his pack. He thinks he is a wolf but of course he is not. He is only the corpse of a wolf, a skeleton. Of course I can't tell the difference. I wag my puppy tail and lick his mud and blood coated fur. The others come and they pounce. Let's play, I think, but this is a different kind of game. They bite into my baby flesh but they don't realize I'm already dead. I've been dead, three weeks now, my puppy fur false flesh, and when they bite into me, my skin shrivels away, maggots fill their mouths. My brother coyote waits and watches, his paws taken by blood water, his bones consumed by acid, his mother and father smiling at him with their maggot teeth.

AN INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM EASLAND

NATALIE OCHOA AND MATT FRIEDMAN

William Easland is a twenty-four year old freelance photographer here in Spokane. He attends Eastern Washington University and studies Recreation Business Management. His work has recently been published in *Sunset Magazine* and he continues to find work photographing weddings, engagements, and landscapes among other things. To view his portfolio and work, visit:

williameaslandphotography.com

Reflection: What do you define as art and creativity?

Easland: Art is anything outside of the necessity of living, anything in our life that is outside the requirements to sustain life. It's like building a house—why do we need a wall painted green? Is that art, or is it part of the essential construction? I think that's art, because it doesn't matter what color that wall is—it doesn't change whether we can eat, whether there is a roof over our head. In the same way, a poem has no necessity for gathering food or, you know, all those things.

Reflection: How do you feel that your work personally fits into your idea of art?

Easland: Well, photography is a very special art. I think that the world is so immense, so beautiful, that it can't be fully appreciated. So photography is simply distilling this beauty down to a moment, just a singular moment. Most lenses on most cameras can't even capture our view of the world; most photos are a cropped image of what you see, and a singular moment in time. But they allow us to appreciate and understand the beauty of the world that we live in. Painting, photography, and art are just simpler moments of our incredible world.

Reflection: When did you first start taking photos?

Easland: Well, I had a fascination with light, which I know is a cheesy thing for any photographer to say because photography is all about light, but I truly did. There were just times where I would just obsess about the way the light looked in a room, or a space, or through water, or in a reflection...and as a kid, specifically, I remember being in the shower—this was freshman year of high school—and I would just stare at the way that the water fell from the shower head down to the ground, and how the light from the window would come through, and it was just so incredibly fascinating to me. Anyways, I'd see this beautiful light, and I did kind of what I was talking about earlier—I distilled everything else out and was able to shut out all my senses and just view that simple, singular beauty for what it was, and kind of take a picture in my mind. It progressed from there, I suppose.

Reflection: So this started young? And you carried this throughout high school?

Easland: I think so! I never have identified myself as a photographer or an artist in any way. I think at first it was just like an outlet, or a sense of an appreciation that I have that I couldn't express. I could see this thing, but I couldn't tell anyone about it. Even now I can't describe how that light looked, but in my mind I can see that image. I think photography in the beginning was just like an opportunity to show others what I was seeing in a space, or a time; just that incredible beauty that I saw.

Reflection: When you take pictures are you trying to capture your personal perception of how things appear to you, or do you want it to be as close as possible to the truth, or objective reality?

Easland: That is something that I wrestle with. Some say that a lot of power lies in the photographer, and I wonder about that. I'll capture a wedding, and I think my photos are beautiful in the sense of the way that I am displaying them or showing them, but it's definitely my point of view, you know? And I want to be as honest or earnest with the feelings of the people there, but I wonder if what I'm capturing is their view or my view; if their perception of beautiful is my perception of beautiful.

Reflection: How do you feel that you balance your commercial photography with your artistic photography?

Easland: There is a big difference between what sells and your art. I have used photography as an incredible expression of myself—my inner struggles and demons—kind of like poetry. I took this photo where I crushed a light bulb, and it's in the center of this piece of paper, and I scratched around it in all this pencil, and I put black electrical tape on the outside, and to me it's art. This photograph serves no purpose; it doesn't explain a moment in anybody's day, it doesn't capture the catch of a superstar football player, it doesn't document any war...it literally serves no purpose other than to function as art to me. And then there is freelance photography, you know, corporate photo-shoots...the photography that I love and hope to go towards forever in my life and career is photography that combines those things. I want to document the time of a wedding, or an engagement, or a place, but I want to integrate the truth, or the art into it so that you're not just looking at something simply in the form of it (as in the non-artistic view).

Reflection: What is your view of photo editing or Photoshop?

Easland: I think about this a lot. A lot of people don't think about it, but you need to—it's really important if you're going to be taking photos. So, the original photo-editor, I think, is Ansel Adams. Everyone knows that name, it's like one of the most famous names in photography. So, people loved his photos because he took photos that captured the feeling or the atmosphere of a place. Other people were just taking pictures—and this is obviously rudimentary photography and developing technology—anyways, they were just taking pictures and documenting. A lot of his stuff was conservational work. These people would take a picture of a tree, and they would print it out, and there it was, and you would look at it and it would be pretty cool, but you would think, "I don't know, this isn't really doing anything for me." Now Ansel Adams looked at a scene, got the feeling, or perspective, or truth, or reality of what he was feeling inside—the indefinable beauty, or the element of intangible experience that you have with something that you view—and he incorporated that into his photography. He edited, essentially, using burning and dodging and a few other techniques, simply darkening or lighting certain things. He'd develop the photo and would darken and lighten things in the photo physically with

the film. And people would look at his photos and would be blown away. The difference between Adams and other photographers of the time was that he wasn't taking his picture and then stopping, he was taking the picture and then spending the time to make them have that feeling. So my recommendation is yeah, go, edit, edit, edit, use Photoshop! To a degree. I think you can create a better sense of your subject with editing, because cameras are limited, all technology is still limited. The one thing that I don't like, the thing I dislike quite a bit, is the crazy modification of people. I think old people earn their wrinkles, I think everyone is beautiful. I completely disagree with Photoshop in the sense of altering humanity; I don't think humanity should be altered. I think those features that are typically edited are real, and they make people who they are. The crazy editing is an absolute sin—to decrease the reality, the existence of this human being. I think most of society would agree with me on that.

Reflection: What are your upcoming projects or things that you're looking forward to?

Easland: I moved to Spokane about three years ago, and I knew even before coming to Spokane that I was going to photograph this place. You know, it's small enough that it can be captured, but it's rich in culture. I've thought about all these different ways to capture Spokane, but only recently have I figured it out. As I drive around Spokane, I see these old brick signs that are painted on the walls and stuff, and they're all over the place, they're super cool. There's one by Boots, on the Saranac...some of them are hidden, some are obvious, and some are really fading away. I just thought, "Man, this is cool. This is a real Spokane thing that I haven't seen before." Obviously these things are old, there's got to be history behind them. So my newest project that I want to do is to document these old signs. I started doing some research, and they're actually called "ghost signs." I'm no expert on it, but there is an EWU professor who conducted a class in Public History where he sent his grad students out to all these signs, and they researched and got history on all these different signs. There are like 40 or 50 of them! There's actually a map on Google that gives you a walking tour of 23 of these signs in Spokane. So I want to partner up with this professor and see if we can take beautiful pictures of these signs, represent Spokane, and then bring in the history of it and make a beautiful pairing between photographs that really brings out the essence of these signs. Hopefully maybe we can get these in the MAC Museum, or make a coffee-table book to sell at Auntie's.

Reflection: How do you feel about everyone having the ability to take high quality photos now just because they have an iPhone? Does it lessen the medium of photography?

Easland: Okay, so the first iPhone photo ever published on the National Geographic cover just came out recently, which was kind of a landmark. Is this art? I think that it's a little bit absurd to even question this; it's like some kind of egotistic jealousy like, "Oh, someone can take a photo as good as mine without my expensive camera." I don't understand that. I think that it's not the golf clubs that make the golfer, or the bike that makes the bicyclist; it's not about the tools. More power to the people that can take great photos without expensive gear; I mean, that's how I learned. I started taking photos on a crappy camera. Anyone who thinks that art is depreciated just because there's more of it is just an asshole.



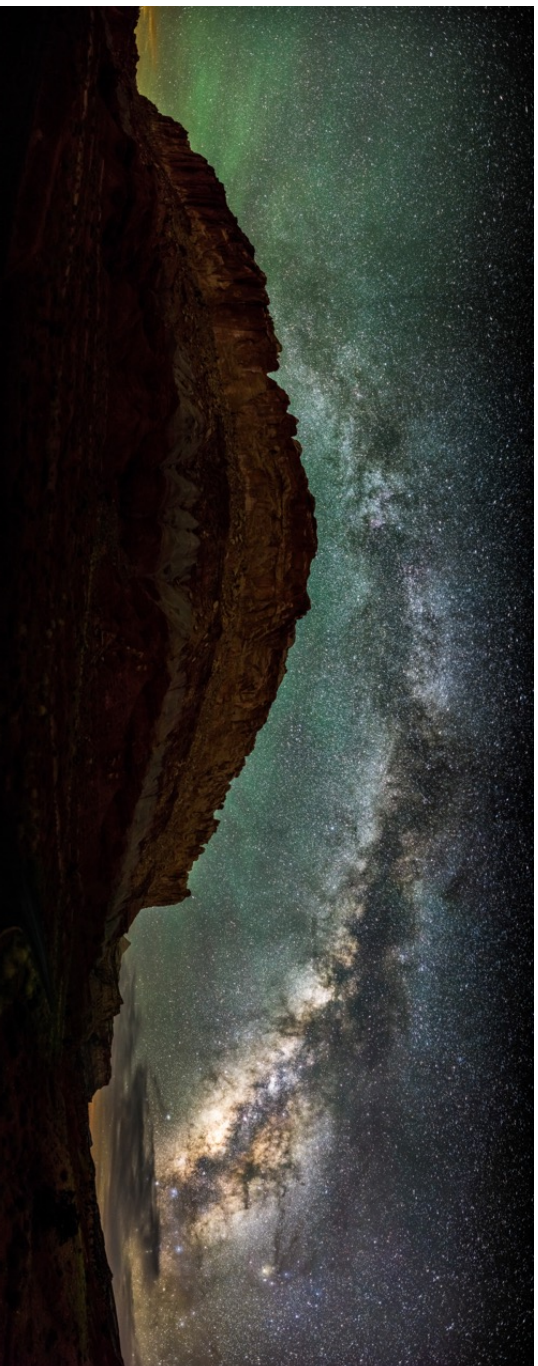
WILL
EASLAND

“Convict Lake”
Nikon D700

I WATCHED A MAN SMOKE EVERY DAY IN SUMMER

JENNIFER HILL

A house stands across the rain-wet road,
painted like the inside of a lime rind;
like the underside of aspen leaves, blown
in summer wind. Daily, this one man finds
solace in cigarettes, stands with his hands
in corduroy pockets, on the back porch
next to garbage bins, a black fence and bland
windows. He stands still like the tall white birch
in the yard. So slowly, he picks the stub
from his mouth, lets it fall to the concrete,
still thinly smoking. Then with his shoe, rubs
with two swift kicks, the grit into ground: neat.
Plucks with five fingers the stub: gentle.
Drops it into the bin: transcendental.



BRYCE DILLON

“Mirrors”

Nikon d610 with 24mm f1.4 AF-S G.

MICHAEL ORCUTT

“City of
Angels”

17b: 35mm
multiple
exposure



BECAUSE I'M 87 AND TRY NOT TO LIE, I'LL TELL YOU

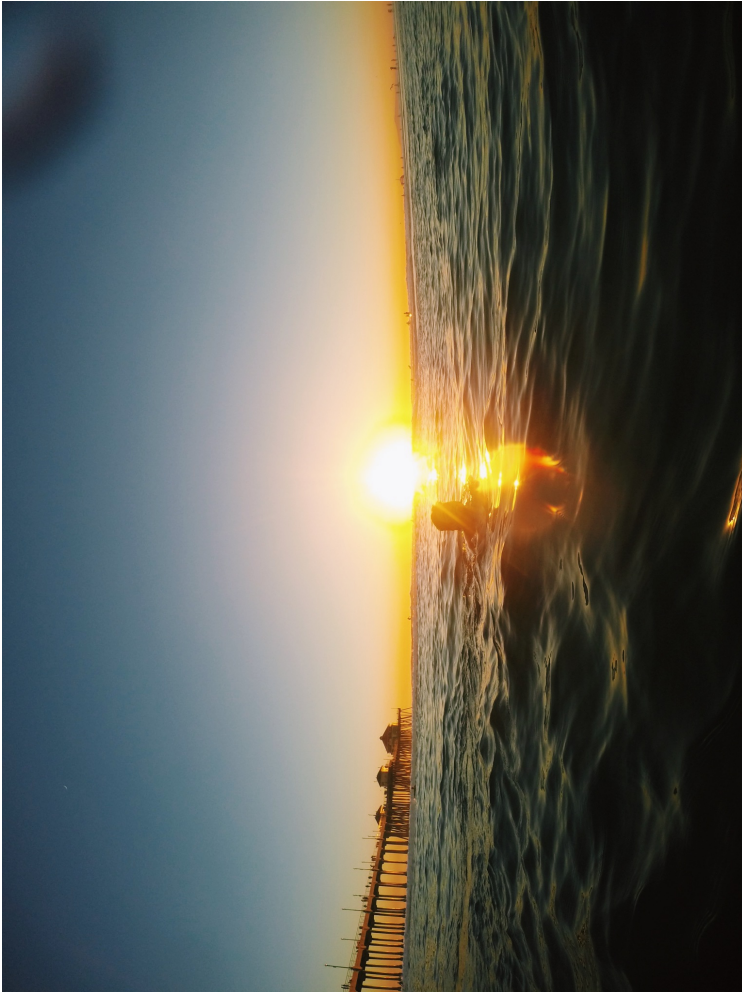
JENNIFER HILL

the weirdest thing I ever saw was a white woman dressed and painted like a geisha, on the back of a motorcycle. She was cruising across the San Francisco Bridge one arm slung tight around some suave Elvis looking guy, and her other arm was held aloft like the Statue of Liberty's, middle finger—slim, rigid, white—braced against the wind. That's weird, isn't it, but we see that thing all the time in San Francisco, and I'm eighty seven years old so I've seen a lot. But the weirdest thing was that I looked at that woman and I swear I thought I was looking at myself. Even though my hair is silver and even when I was seventeen, it was shock-blonde; not like this woman's gleaming black. And my eyebrows are more disappointing than soggy Cheerios, but hers arched more stately and severely than the Rocky Mountains before a summer sunrise. But I felt the same pang you feel when you don't expect a mirror to be somewhere, but you glance up and there is this person who you think is beautiful and wild, but terrified and just the smallest crease below her hairline and momentary flare of her nostrils betrays an anxiety that she is perhaps staring at the clearest reflection of herself that she could ever see; the unexpected reflection.

KIMBERLY AU

“God’s Glorious
Sunset”

Canon EOS
Rebel SL1





**ISOBEL
SMITH**

“Gaze”

Oil Painting

WAKING FROM THE NIGHTMARE OF A GRASS ROOTS LEADER: MEDUSA JELLYFISH & SUICIDE BOMBS

MCCARRICK CLARK

Medusa suspends atop a nest of kelp forest, her four arms dangling in tranquil defeat. I can feel the power of her subdued venom through salt molecules centimeters away from the pads of my fingers. Tears or ocean lap over my face, leaking into the corners of my mouth & I swear the sun is only trying to burn through with its blasts of orange & ultraviolet like the night we blew up that barn. Listen: I lead you all on my arms like Medusa carries all of her eggs: on her arms, exposed & you followed me into that barn with backpacks whose weight could change a nation, change the world—or be nothing. You are nothing. I wonder if you choosing to sacrifice your lamblife just to make my point, was really a cop out (If we spent our lives free floating, would we be happy?) And her translucent tendrils extend toward my abdomen, threaten to swallow.



ANDREW
FIORETTO

"Static Love"
Acrylic

CONTRIBUTORS

Kim Au likes long walks on the beach, 2-liner rap battles, watching the sunset, playing basketball, and Disneyland. She also enjoys eating her favorite meal of spam, eggs, and rice.

Brooke Bonner is a junior Art major who enjoys Thursday nights when she can snuggle up on the couch with her kitten and watch *Grey's Anatomy*. She hopes to one day live in London and gain a fluent British accent.

Carolyn Capitolo dreams of one day owning a fleet of food trucks serving homemade cookies and ice cream sandwiches. In the meantime, she spends her time dancing in her room and drinking endless amounts of chai tea.

McCarrick Clark is an English and Political Science major who has officially befriended every feral cat in Spokane.

Bryce Dillon is an Environmental Studies major with a passion for shorts, rowing, and the occasional dabble into school work. He spends as much of his nonexistent free time as he can eating bagels to undo any exercise he does, as well as traveling and taking photographs.

Andrew Fioretto likes three things: pasta, lasagna, and French baguette. His carb count is above average but he compensates with regular exercise. He does not prefer cardio after dark or untimely visitors. Milk and tea with bedtime

Matt Friedman (1993-2015) was a cotton-headed ninnymuggins, wanted in 49 states for over 1,200 counts of grave robbery. When he wasn't pretending to be a whale, he was usually stealing other peoples' wisdom to turn into wisdom he could pass off as his own. He also had frequent flyer miles at In-N-Out.

Grady Foster is a freshman who enjoys her camera, daydreaming of medieval times, and dancing in public. She hopes to one day join a ghost-hunter team.

Jennifer Hill is a senior who likes night running, microwaved cake-in-a-cup experiments, and browsing the adoptable dogs on humane society websites.

Jack Jones has recently given up on his secure science degree to pursue the more lucrative field of photography. The rest of his time is split between reading the newspaper and mumbling incoherently.

Natalie Ochoa is an English and Criminal Justice double major. She enjoys skinny vanilla lattes and hopes to one day master the art of the Australian accent.

Michael Orcutt is a sophomore biology major with aspirations of becoming a veterinarian. He's from Wyoming where his pastime is driving long distances without seeing anything.

Michelle Orsi is a senior majoring in English and Spanish. Sometimes she talks in both languages at once, making her incapable of speaking either language.

Isobel Smith is an Environmental Studies major who loves the forest and painting, while dreaming about her true love for her mother's cooking.

Hannah Souers can't decide between entering medical school after her time at Gonzaga or continuing her passion of being a comic book artist. She recently illustrated a comic book titled GUTS: Guild for UnTrained Supers, inspired by the GUTS improv troupe.

Katherine Sumantri is a sophomore Special Education major from Singapore, who enjoys photography and can never say no to Chipotle.

Sarah Taylor prefers to follow her heart over a compass, a valuable attribute in most outdoors adventure guides.

Ean Van Bramer is a freshman Biology major who loves to spend what little free time he gets taking photos capturing the beauty around him.

Monda Van Hollebeke graduated from Gonzaga with an English degree, moved to Seattle, raised a large family, taught college level classes for a number of years, and then vanished into the wilderness of poetry.

John Winslow is a senior double majoring in English Writing and Religious Studies. He spends far too much time fantasizing about climbing trees.

Poetry. Fiction. Nonfiction. Photography. Art.

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