

Of Haute Dish

The Arts and Literature Magazine of Metropolitan State University
Spring 2014 ~ Volume 10 Issue 1



What is *Haute Dish*?

Published three times a year, *Haute Dish* is dedicated to showcasing the literary and artistic talent of the students of Metropolitan State University in St. Paul, Minnesota.

To view detailed submission guidelines and more information about our selection process, visit us on the web at hautedish.metrostate.edu.

Come like us on Facebook at www.facebook.com/HauteDishofMetroState.

Spring 2014

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From a Managing Editor

In reading the submissions we received for this issue of *Haute Dish*, I'm reminded of something my grandmother used to tell me. We had a record-setting number of poetry, prose, and visual art to choose from this time around and, for that, we thank you.

I'd also like to thank my co-managing editor, Laura Brodie, who will be stepping down from managerial duties, and our faculty advisor, Mary Ringstad, for helping *Haute Dish* to run as smoothly as possible. Please enjoy reading this issue at least as much as we have enjoyed putting it together for you. We look forward to your submissions for our upcoming black and white Summer/Fall issue.

Jeff Arcand

From the Faculty Advisor

Thank you to the Communication, Writing & the Arts department for the invitation to serve as faculty advisor for *Haute Dish*.

It's been a pleasure getting more involved in the university community. I've taught for Metropolitan's College of Management and the College of Arts and Sciences for almost 10 years now – but somehow when the “bell rings” at the end of classes, most rooms seem to empty quickly!

So I've really enjoyed the chance to meet our editors and staff for coffee, learn more about everyone's hopes and ambitions, and give advice (I've got a license now!) on publishing and production matters.

Thanks to Jeff Arcand and Laura Brodie, our managing editors for your time and hard work. Jeff will be continuing as managing editor for another semester, and gracing us with his wry wit. (His editor's letter on this page is exactly as intended.)

Thanks also to Pat Sullivan, for working hard on the layout of the magazine, to Amber Newman and Lynelle Hubbard, our new staff members, and to our roster of editors. Everyone donates their time and talents to make this the best magazine we can, and their efforts are appreciated. And congratulations and best wishes to our editors who are graduating. This Spring 2014 issue of *Haute Dish* brings you a variety of creative work by our diverse student body. I hope you enjoy the collection.

Mary Ringstad

Submissions

We are now accepting electronic submissions from Metropolitan State University students, staff and alumni for the Summer/Fall 2014 issue. This will be an all black/white issue, featuring B/W photography and illustration. Send us your best B/W work. Prose and poetry welcome as usual; if the black and white theme inspires your prose and poetry subject matter, those will fall beautifully into the issue's focus as well. **The deadline for submissions is Tuesday, July 1, 2014 at midnight.** To view detailed submission guidelines and for more information about our selection process, visit us on the web at hautedish.metrostate.edu. For other questions, email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu.

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Cover: Young at Heart
Watercolor
David Mulford

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Grown Up

Angela Hager

When he informs his mother that the only thing he looks forward to is breakfast and getting out of school each day, he expects her to say he is exaggerating. Instead she lets out a small sigh and rubs her forehead.

I don't do enough with you do I? Well let's do something. He listens as she rattles off ideas on the drive home from school – let's play a game, read a story, go for a walk, go for a bike ride, go to the park. Things they did before middle school, when he could still lean his head back on her chest, when he felt her arms from behind. He missed leaning back.

Once home he runs inside and up to his room. We'll do something later, he hears her call out.

Maybe they will. Maybe today will be different. Maybe she'll throw a football with him, or take him to play pool. They'll go to a movie, or rent one. She'll help him clean his room – the empty water bottles, wrappers and crumpled papers under his bed were starting to escape.

He waits for her to call him down. To tell him what they are going to do.

He can hear her in the kitchen, opening and closing the refrigerator, opening and closing the oven, opening and closing the cupboards. Chopping. More chopping. He plays his video game.

At dinner she's still in her uniform. The television glows from the living room. He tells her about his score because he has nobody else to tell. She nods, pieces of her hair fall from its bun.

She picks up the kitchen while he eats, and asks about his day. He lingers over his plate. He waits for her to suggest a

visit to the antique shop in town because she noticed he liked collecting old soda bottles, but she doesn't.

He observes her - rinsing dishes, cups and silverware before plunking them in the dishwasher. She scoops pieces of onion that fell to the floor. She scrubs a mystery spot on the stove.

He waits for her to tell him to get ready for a bike ride or to go outside. Instead she wipes the counter, washes her hands and leaves the room. He hears the washing machine rumble.

He pushes himself from the table before she returns, and heads upstairs to start his homework. At nine o'clock he reads his book. And after, he searches the bottom drawer for a pair of pajamas. He wonders what they will have for breakfast tomorrow.

Blue Innocence

Xia Yang



Bath Time

Elizabeth Todd

It's my bath time and we have bubbles this week. My mom said that I could bring an extra Barbie in the bath tub with me.

"All right, honey. The bath is ready. Make sure it's not too hot before you put your legs in there."

"Yeah mom, I know. You tell me like every time."

My Barbies are named Margaret and TJ. Usually they get along but they're fighting now. I need to put them down because mom always gets mad if I don't wash my hair during my bath. If I don't, she comes and does it for me and then my bath time isn't as much fun. There's something next to Margaret, and I don't know what it is. Now it's moving. I'm scared now; I don't want to get out of the bath tub because I don't want it to touch me.

"MOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!"

My mom came right away. I'm crying now but I point to the bug. I don't want it by me so I try my hardest to stay in the corner of the bath tub. My mom uses toilet paper to pick up the bug and leaves the room. I'm still afraid even though the bug isn't there anymore. I want my mom to come back. Then she does.

"Alright doll, let's get you in this towel. We'll put on your pajamas and then we're going to go to the store ok?"

"Can I get a sucker?"

"We'll see."

I'm in the car now with mom. We pull up to the big red building and go inside. There's a weird window that we walk up to with an old man behind it. My mom tells me to sit on the hard chairs.

"Can you tell me what this is?" My mom holds up a bag with the weird bug in it.

The old man answers her, "That looks like lice. There are some home kits in aisle four. Please take that bag home with you."

The man looks scared and my mom takes my hand. We walk through the tall walls of boxes and my mom chooses one. Some lady with fuzzy hair takes my mom's money and makes it into coins. Then I follow mom to the car and we go home.

When we get home mom makes me stand on a chair by the sink. She starts washing my hair. I was so scared of that bug I guess I forgot. I knew I should've washed my hair.

A Moment

Heather Leopold



Unsicherheit

Whitney Butz

“I like you blonde.” Olaf was always blunt. He was a tall awkward man who spoke in halting English and his German accent was viscous. He was raking leaves in his front yard. I nodded in response, inhaling slowly from my cigarette as I sat on my front step.

“I do too.” I said. That day I felt light and soft—it was the kind of day that fit me blonde. Autumn had begun, but summer warmth still held on. The breeze pulling the first fallen leaves did not leave me despairing but hopeful for the coming reds and golds of the season.

Aside from Olaf, I kept to myself. I wore red lipstick every day, reapplying before I went to sleep, partly because you never know, but mostly because I must. I bought a new wig each week. My razor was always guarded with the #2.

Olaf rented the tiny blue house next door. Everything he did had an unnecessary amount of emphasis. His hair was gray but his eyes were young. Every day he came outside to keep me company while I smoked. He always had a different comment. They were simple remarks, nothing profound, but they always left me comforted. It was like he always knew what I needed to hear.

One day, when the leaves were brown and crumpled and raked and bagged, when the snow threatened at any moment from cold white skies, he did not appear. This day was different. My mother had called.

“Are you coming to your father’s funeral?” Her tone was expectant.

“He’s not my father.” This felt like a legitimate excuse. My mother had married him the day after my thirteenth birthday. He started molesting me the following year.

My mother sighed. “What do you want from me, Alyssa?”

I hung up. My hands shook. I needed a cigarette. The front step was my distress signal. By my seventh cigarette, mouth dry and throat burning, I realized that Olaf had not appeared. I kept his house in my peripheral and made note of our other neighbors’ activity. Mrs. Johnson across the street was hosting her grandkids this weekend. The Ostrowskis down two houses were getting ready for a garage sale. The huge balding woman around the corner was apparently intent on walking her Dachshund three times a day. It’s surprising how much you notice when you’re waiting for something else.

Olaf’s house was dormant all day. Not a light or a sound or a hint of activity. I retired inside for my nightly rendezvous with a bottle of wine. I faced a weekend of cigarettes and a constant buzz of Cabernet Sauvignon. With this amount of self-medication I would not need my sleeping pills.

Drawing a bath, I hummed Für Elise as I lit some aromatherapy candles. I turned the radio to the local jazz station and dipped into the steamy water, letting my tense muscles steep in the bubbles. I lit a cigarette and found myself relaxed.

A soft rap of a knuckle on the front door. The bath water sloshed as I sat up, my cigarette safely poised mid-air. I listened through a soft saxophone solo.

“Aleesah?” That accent. I stood up and wrapped myself in a towel, my feet slapped puddles as I hurried to the door.

“Coming.” I tried not to shout. When I opened the door, Olaf was gone. His house was dark and silent. The autumn air chilled my wet skin and I retreated inside, locked the door, and returned to my steaming tub.

Memories of a childhood filled by appointments with specialists. The suspicious look in my mother’s eye when I would tell her about a new friend I had made. My insides shook.

“Are you lying to me, Alyssa? Are you lying to me again?”
Mother would shriek.

Not wanting to remember anymore, I closed my eyes and submerged into the tub. My nose bubbled air up to the surface as I sighed. I could lie there forever, safely soaking.

The next morning I wiped the drool off my cheek and checked my phone. Seven voicemails. To delete this message, please press seven. My mother’s husband was buried. Olaf had not appeared. I was alone. I opened my closet and surveyed the landscape of hair and color before me. What did I feel? My fingers found a long bunch of wild white hair. I adjusted it upon my bare head. Perfect.

I never saw Olaf again. I waited for him each day on the step, smoking my cigarettes, my hair blowing about like smoke. A week after he did not appear, I realized that I was the only one who had noticed. Not the Johnsons or the Ostrowskis, and the tall balding woman never said a word about it. I thought of my mother. I thought of the appointments. I thought that I was better now, that I was okay, but I could not be sure.

Dr. Roberts was pleased at our session that next week.

“This is good progress. I know you don’t like calling them anti-psychotics, but they will really help.”

I left his office and stopped before my reflection in a tall downtown window. My long white wig no longer framed my face, but consumed it. My eyes belonged to a small fright of a girl. I hated it. I lifted the wig and crushed it under my heels. The shock of my exposed head was terror and freedom.

Sometimes I see Olaf out of the corner of my eye.
Sometimes I see him in the face of a man on the bus.
Sometimes I hear him calling me, hear his jarring accent as he shouts “Aleesa” through the autumn wind.

The Guitargrapher

Legato Gabriel

Follow my fingertips
As I strum the stars.

Chords and coordinates
Resonate a map of a heartbeat
We share along waves of sound.

Memories and melodies
Echo a connection
We share through the wire.

Listen to the rhythm
As I orchestrate the elements.

Meters noted and meters traveled
Measure the depth and
Composition of our lives.

An arrangement
Instrumental to the
Progression of Legato.

Winter

Jamie Haddox

Two shoulders are a wobbly pedestal
for a head that only wants to roll,
roll past the dirt;
down between the couch cushions.
The urge to sink slowly
pulling everything down.
Watching spiders creep by unscathed,
not even willing them dead, just away, as they go along.
The small victories of the day fade
into the background of a lazy headache.
A restless discontent magnifies
the desire to wallow.
The wallowing that has been building
behind dress suits, emails, luncheons
and daily reports;
wallowing that has taken the back seat to
hockey practice, mortgages,
and professional interactions.
It has been waiting between sinks full of dishes
and baskets of clothes, sewing, homework and piles of
bills;
fended off by denial for so long,
pushed into a corner to wait for a moment
that didn't seem so selfish,
a moment that will never come.

The Hopeless

Nicholas Vittum

as youth fades, it becomes clear
our bell curve leaves us destined to the dark
we are, of course, unaware in infancy
and through childhood, better or worse, existence is a given
the horizon, in the most dreadful circumstance
proves substantial, with no sign of oblivion

hope lingers on for the sickest child
that hope stays with us in diminishing degrees
slowly smote from outside factors
withered from exhaustion
until eventually
it eludes every last one of us

but in hope's wake there comes a bridge
forked to infinity with paths unique
as the individuals they beckon

and when the hopeless choose their way
with startling conviction

life begins again

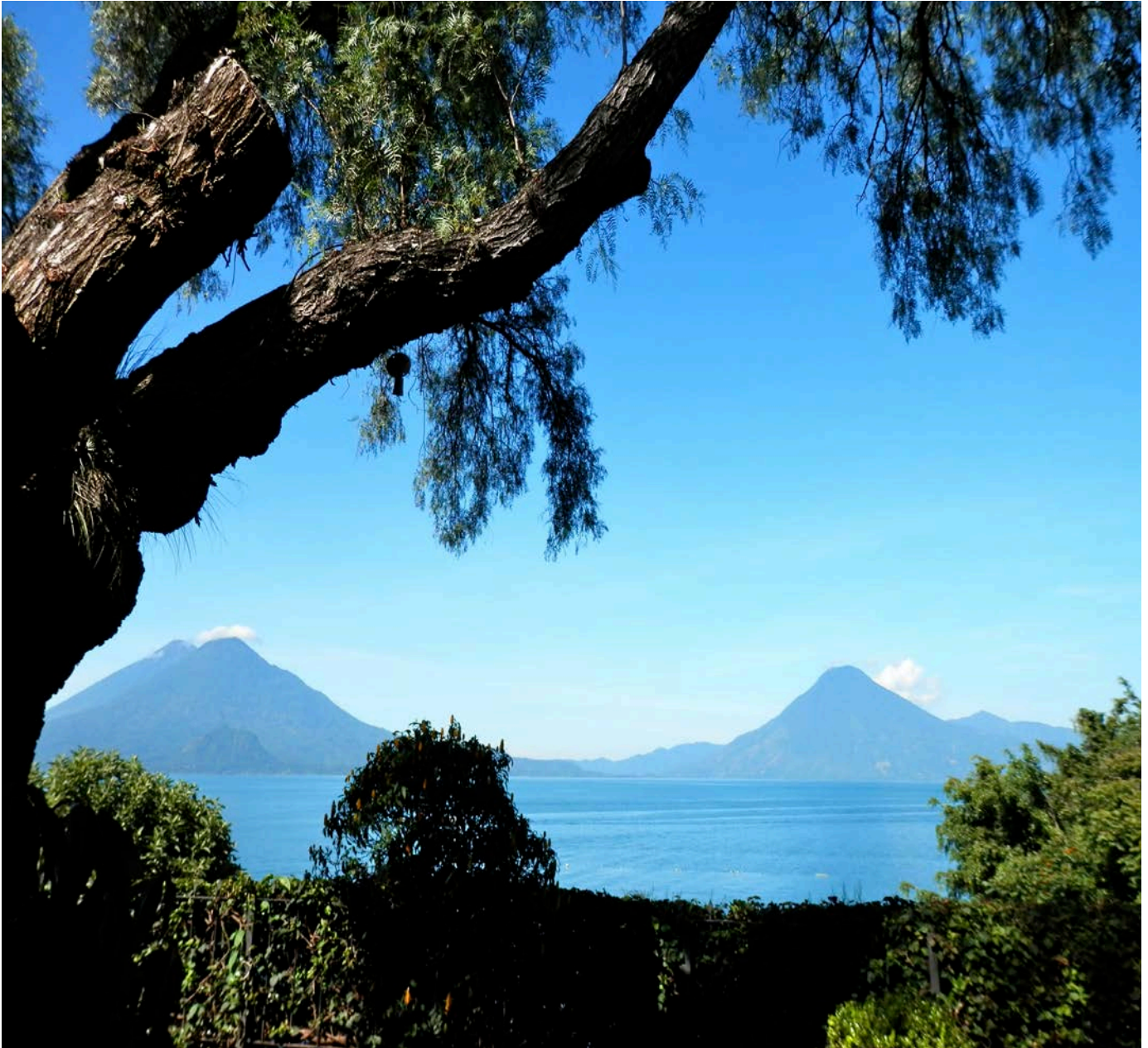
Cowboy

Heather Leopold



Lake Atitlan

Andrea Paiz



Boys and Candy

Clara Waddell

“Why have you been sent to my office today, Miss Waddell?” the principal asks.

I don’t want to talk to her. She looks mean. Her hair is too curly and her glasses are too big.

“Clara?” she asks.

I wipe my bleeding nose. It stings and feels puffy.

“Do I need to call your parents?” she asks.

“No.”

“Then tell me what happened.”

I’m tired. I want to go to the nurse’s office and lay down.

“I kiss boys for candy,” I blurt.

The principal’s tiny eyes widen and she leans forward in her chair. I’ve never been to the principal’s office before. My grandpa has told me stories about principals with wooden paddles for spanking the naughty kids. I don’t see one. All I see are plants and a cat mug.

“You do what?” she asks again.

“I kiss boys for candy. On the bus.”

I wait for the principal to yell, but she doesn’t. She takes off her glasses and covers her eyes with her hand.

“What grade are you in?” she asks.

“First.”

“And why are you kissing boys for candy?”

“I only kiss Jacob.”

“Ok, why do you kiss Jacob?”

“His candy canes.”

“His candy canes?” she asks.

“His Mom gives him fancy ones, with lots of different colors. He only shares if I kiss him.”

“Really?”

“I didn’t want to. He’s a boy and boys have germs,” I sniffle. “But the candy canes are so pretty. I don’t even eat them all. I just like them.”

“And the only way he will share is if you kiss him?”

“He started it. I didn’t want to do it, but he said it was the only fair trade.”

“How long has this been going on?”

“Since Christmas.”

“You must have quite the miscellany of candy canes.”

“He doesn’t bring them every day. Just Fridays.”

She opens a file on her desk and looks it over.

“The bus driver said you hit Jessica. He said you were very acrimonious,” she says in a serious voice.

I start to cry, because now I know I’m going to get it. My nose is burning and it hurts to touch. I just want to go home.

“It’s ok. Just tell me what happened, Clara,” she says.

“Jessica told the bus driver that Jacob and I were kissing. Now, I have to sit in front for the rest of the year. Everyone laughed at me,” I blubber.

“So you hit Jessica?”

“She was making fun of me and wouldn’t stop. I didn’t mean to hit her hard.”

“And she hit you back?”

“In the nose.” Tears are streaming down my face. My parents are going to be so mad at me.

“How about I make a deal with you? If you promise not to kiss boys for candy or hit your classmates, I won’t tell your parents. Do you think you can handle that?”

“Yes,” I sniffle.

She hands me a Kleenex and stands to lead me out the door.

“I think someone is waiting for you,” she says with a smile.

I peek around the door to see Jacob sitting on a chair outside the office. He has tears too.

“What are you doing here?” I ask.

He stands and pulls a candy cane from his coat pocket. He hands it to me.

“I’m sorry,” he sniffles.

why i write

laura brodie

i have an odd confession to make. i love to squeeze pimples. better yet, i love to squeeze blackheads. i don’t know what it is, but there is an innate sense of satisfaction in finding a group of blackheads on my nose and squeezing out what looks like massive glumps (yes, i made up this word, as well as use it often, especially for any acne related conversation) of pus in my x30 magnification mirror. and what is pus exactly? pus is a purulent reaction to bacteria and infection, but also a result of an effective immune system that is fighting back. our white blood cells create little warriors called “neutrophils” that engulf and destroy bacteria, but after they are done, or after they give up, they die and become.... you guessed it, pus. that’s when i hunt them down; all those dead little warriors strewn about my body, filling up my epidermal cavities. i often imagine that my enlarged, darkened pores contain piles of pustular cities, teeny-tiny little civilizations of spewing, colorful debris, possibly even complete with little pus beings. and my big, fingernail sharp tools come along and press them all out, all the little pus children and pus families running about screaming in an extracted aftermath of salacious sebaceous slaughter!

but this is not a story about pus, this is a story about why i write. there is an old latin adage, “ubi pus, ibi evacua” – a medical term that means “where pus, there evacuate” or “if there is pus, let it out.” in this respect, words are like pus, both in speaking and in writing. we need for them to come out of us, and writing is one of the most effective ways to express accumulated mental toxins. i write to get the “pus” out of my mind. i write to create an opening for the toxic purulence to be expressed from my thoughts. and just as pus is a reaction to bacteria and infection, so is writing a reaction to how i experience the world. and as pus is a sign of an effective immune system that is fighting back, so is writing. writing is fighting back. writing is my thought, my emotion, my insight and my result, for better or for worse. writing is my tool and words are my neutrophilic warriors, scrambling out to fight battles or expel whatever it is that i need to get out of me, good or bad. writing is the process that gives order to chaos. sixty-thousand thoughts a day, they say we have. they swirl around and torture my mind and build up into what feels like a fat mental cyst, an accumulation of emotional pus, ready to spew out in glumps of verbiage. and like the pores that always fill back up with pus, so do our never-ending streams of thought and reckless self-talk, forever taking the risk of infection if either becomes too full.

the infected, backed up mind is also often prescribed with antidepressants, just as an infected pustule can be treated with antibiotics. but without extraction, the medicine is never enough. and just as a grommet can be inserted to help evacuate the excess fluid within, so is writing the grommet for my mind. writing is my vessel, my space to express and emote. my place to detoxify, expel, cleanse and regenerate. my emotional suppuration, the sebum of my soul. i pick and squeeze my mind when i write. i turn my thoughts to my x30 magnification mirror and listen to the mayhem. i write because i have something to say. i write because i am. and writing is what will be left of me after i am gone. my many, many little warriors of word.

Keyhole Cave View

Debby Dathe



Bad Things

Jason Rustan

Freeman Arason walked through the vestibule from the parking lot to the office at the front of the building. He hung his parka on a coat rack by the door, and quickly went down the darkened hallway past the bathroom on the left to the metal door that led to the warehouse. The warehouse was quiet except for the buzz of florescent lighting and the cycling of the overhead heaters. Past pallets of product tightly wrapped in plastic he moved to the open center of the warehouse, and peered towards the large overhead door at the far end where the flatbed diesel truck sat idle, and he swore under his breath.

“Ervin!” He called.

“Yeah,” a voice answered from the other end of the warehouse.

“Where the hell’s Dickie?”

“I don’t know. His car’s out there, but I haven’t seen him.”

“Yeah I know his car’s out there, looks like it’s been there all night. When did you get here?”

“A while ago.”

“God damnit, that load should’ve been gone by now.”

Ervin Metz emerged with a clipboard.

“Nothing from Dickie?” Freeman asked.

“Nope.”

“Well, we’re going to have to get Warren in here, we can’t wait around for Goddamn Dickie Pate.”

“Already called him, and he’s none too happy, this is supposed to be his day off.”

“This is the oilfield, Erv, there are no days off,” he said with a smile, “when’s he going to be here?”

“He should be on his way.”

“Alright, let’s get him loaded up, so he can just get the shit and go.”

Outside the sun was just beginning to brighten the North Dakota badlands, painting hues of orange and pink and baby-blues across the blackened fabric of the January sky. Crystals of ice sparkled in the emerging glow. Snow was piled high at either end of the yard, and empty pallets were stacked at the back near the railroad tracks. It looked more like a defensive perimeter than an oilfield service facility.

The backup truck driver arrived red-eyed, weary, and in general bad temper. He grabbed the logbook from the office, jumped into the waiting diesel, and left again, pointed northward into the oilpatch. Freeman and Erv retreated to the office for coffee.

Two metal desks sat in the far corners of the room canted slightly towards the center. The office was adorned with wood-paneled walls which were warped and bowed under the window from years of water damage. A thread-bare couch sat along the wall backing the warehouse, and an end table held an array of trade magazines and newspapers. The calendar above the couch depicted a girl in a bikini straddling an array of drill bits. Baker Hughes knows how to drill, read the caption. The space smelled of oil mud and cigarettes.

Freeman stood looking out the window, across the parking lot, over Dickie’s car, to the rolling hills and buttes that spread out before him in the morning sun.

“Dickie Damn Pate. What the hell am I going to do with him?” He looked at Erv, seated at the desk.

Ervin shrugged his shoulders.

“I’m going to have to let him go if he keeps doing this shit. I can’t afford to have guys not showing up.”

“I know, he’s digging his own grave.”

“If it weren’t so damn hard to find drivers -” He trailed off.

“You know, I hear he’s been getting into some pretty bad shit.”

“Dickie?”

Ervin nodded and sat forward resting his elbows on the desk.

“Bad shit, eh?” Freeman was a little amused that his nearly sixty-year-old warehouse manager would refer

to anything as ‘bad shit’. “Like what, Ervin, like animal sacrifices or something?”

“I don’t know, just bad things.”

“Where did you hear this?”

“Jacob’s heard stories.” Ervin’s son Jacob worked as a derrick-hand on one of the Bomac rigs.

“Well, I think almost everyone’s got a story or two, Ervin. Dickie’s a little wild, but I don’t know if he’s really any different than anyone else out here.”

“No, this stuff is pretty bad.”

“How so?”

“Well, I don’t want to say if the man’s not here to defend himself –”

“Okay, but you got me curious now,”

“All I’ll say is if Jacob’s half-right, Dickie’s doing some real bad things.”

“Alright – well, maybe I’ll have to talk to him about all that if I don’t have to fire him first.”

The two men sipped their coffee in silence as the clock on the wall ticked. It was nearly 8:30.

Moments past, and Freeman said, “Listen, we got that load of mud coming up from Casper, we better make some room.”

Back in the warehouse, Freeman noticed that a sack of lime had fallen from a pallet and split open on the floor near the back wall.

“Hey Ervin, can you clean that up for me when you get a chance?”

“I can do that right now Boss.” Ervin said grabbing a shovel and a trash bin.

Freeman climbed onto the forklift, and began rearranging the rows of pallets nearest the overhead doors. A few moments later, Ervin came in from outside through the service door and stood off to the side of where Freeman was working. His face was ashen, and there was a frightened look in his eyes. Freeman turned off the forklift.

“I found Dickie.”

The two men stood over the dumpster located just outside the shop. Inside was Dickie Pate, folded at the waist, a little like a diver in a pike position. His head was turned unnaturally to the right, so that the men could see his face. Frost covered his cheeks and his hair, and his eyes were wide, frozen, and white. Blood, congealed and black had oozed from his nose and mouth. His wire rim glasses were on, but were bent and askew, with the left arm sticking wildly up into his hair.

“Ervin, you better call the sheriff.”

Ervin flinched at the sound of Freeman’s voice, “Right boss,” he said.

As he listened to Ervin’s hurried footsteps crunch on the snow and ice, Freeman couldn’t look away from Dickie Pate in the dumpster.

Sophisticated Lady

(Duke Ellington)
Julie Myers (For My Father)

A poignant moment, innocent, untainted.

The habitual request of a little girl in love with the man.
Play it please?

Your fingers dazzled adept with skill,
Moving like the Duke’s elegant and slick over the keys,
With manicured tips, bronzed skin, and an alligator band
Wrapped around your wrist.

The haunting melody fascinates me

As your playing intermittently flashes

The beauty of your crowning jewel upon your fourth
finger,

And you sit so handsome upon your throne.

You are golden.

Badlands

Jason Rustan

Blood was easy to follow in the snow. The trail led down a gradual slope, past scattered sage and buckbrush, into a juneberry-choked draw.

“Look - he laid down here,” Tobias said, pointing to a depressed area in the snow with the barrel of his rifle.

“He must be about done for, don’t you think?” Walter folded the ear flaps down from the inside of his blaze-orange cap.

“Could be,” Tobias answered, “If he’s gut-shot, he could run forever though.

“Well, he’s bleeding pretty good, I think he’s about done.”

“Well, if he goes to woods, we might never find him. I shot a doe like that once, and she went and bedded down in a thicket and we looked and looked - but we didn’t find her ‘til the next week when we were working the same draw. I must’ve almost stepped on her a dozen times, but she never spooked. So, you never know.”

A pervasive overcast pressed down on the Badlands and the greyness made it difficult to determine where the horizon ended and sky began. Snow crunched underfoot, and plumes of breath-fog trailed the men as they continued on in search of their quarry.

The buck had not detected them as they lay prone on the crest of a butte. He wasn’t big, three points to a side, and the main beams of the antlers curled slightly inward at the tips, so it looked a little like a basket. He had been moving slightly away from them at about one-hundred and fifty yards, stupid with rut, chasing the scent of some unseen doe he would never find. Walter aimed for the heart, a baseball-sized target just behind the shoulder. But an icy wind was watering his eyes - or maybe he was breathing too hard from negotiating the butte - or perhaps he had a touch of buck fever, when the excitement of the kill can

cause one to jerk a little too hard on the trigger and send a shot wild. For whatever reason or for all of them, he had missed his mark, so they followed the tracks and the blood through the buttes, draws, gullies and canyons, on the final afternoon of deer season.

“I think he’s slowing down.” Walter said.

“Yeah, you might be right.”

The trail led along a ridgeline on the south side of a high butte. A juniper thicket extended to the bottom of the slope and leveled from there into a valley of sorts, speckled with red scoria-topped knolls, and scattered pockets of trees and brush and rocks. The rugged land continued as far as they could see until it melted into the sky. Under the protection of the trees, the snow cover diminished, making the trail more elusive. There was less blood too as the wound in the deer’s side had begun to clot. They slung their rifles and descended into the junipers.

There was a dry creek bed that ran along the bottom of the butte, and as they emerged from the trees they saw two men in blaze-orange about one hundred yards away on the other side of the wash, field-dressing a deer.

“Huh, how ‘bout that.” Walter said.

“Well, let’s go see.” Tobias replied.

As they approached, they could see that the buck had three points on each side. One man knelt in front and had opened the body cavity. He wore a blaze baseball cap, turned backward over short-cropped hair, and a weekend of stubble on his face. His sleeves were rolled up, and his right hand was up under the sternum of the deer, to cut the windpipe. The other man stood leaning over near the head, holding each leg just below the hooves. His hair spilled out wild under an orange stocking cap, and his full beard was coal-black. They were younger men, younger than Tobias and Walter.

“That’s nice of you to gut my deer for me.” Walter said.

“What do you mean?” said the standing one with the beard.

“We’ve been tracking that deer for a couple of hours,” Walter said, “I shot him, that’s my deer.”

“No, we got this one not ten-fifteen minutes ago.” The one with the knife stopped cutting and sat back on his boots.

“No, no, fifteen minutes ago, we would’ve heard the shot, and we didn’t hear anything.”

“Listen, I can’t help if you didn’t hear it, but he popped out of the woods over there and we got him, simple as that.”

Walter pursed his lips, replaying the last fifteen minutes. “No, no, we would’ve heard the shot, wouldn’t we Toby?”

Tobias looked at the antlers of the mule deer, but said nothing.

“Well, sorry guys, but we got him, we’re gutting him, and possession is like, nine-tenths of the law and all.” said the bearded one with one corner of his mouth turned in wry grin.

Walter looked at Tobias, and shaking his head, said, “Can you believe this bullshit Toby? These guys are trying to take the deer that I shot!”

Tobias looked at the two men, then back at Walter. The one that had been cutting stood up, and said, “Listen buddy, I don’t really care what you think, but this is my fucking deer.” He turned to his friend who was now standing upright, and said, “Get the tag on him.”

The man with the beard zipped open his fanny-pack and pulled out an envelope.

“Oh no you don’t!” Walter said taking a step towards him.

Still holding the knife, the other pointed it at Walter, “Back the fuck off old man!”

“Don’t you point that goddamn knife at me!”

“Tag the deer!”

The man with the beard fumbled with the adhesive backing, then reached to fix the paper license to the antlers.

“Don’t you do that – that’s my goddamn deer!” In a swift movement Walter unslung his rifle and pointed it at the man with the tag.

“Walter -” Tobias raised his hand.

“Shut up Toby!” Walter turned slightly and pointed the rifle towards the man with the knife, then back again.

“Walter -” Tobias’ heart raced. He saw the hand holding the knife, and how the blood was starting to congeal, dark around the fingernails. A magpie took flight in the distance from a stand of junipers. Steam rose from the splayed abdomen of the mule deer.

Snow began to fall.

Walter’s hand twitched.

The Bridge

Brian Wilson

The trees scraped against my face in the dark but I couldn't stop running. It'd be over if I did. I couldn't see more than a few feet ahead. Instead, I reacted instinctively: dodging as the trees came into view, jumping over rocks when they were right in front of me. The bridge must be near. A bullet whizzed by my head and cracked against a tree in front of me. The splinters ricocheted in the air.

The landscape changed. The trees vanished and a huge open plain spread out through the night. Exhausted, I stopped running and laid flat on the ground with my body spread out as flat as it would go. Without the moon it was completely dark. Against the ground I could smell the fresh moss. As I heard him coming through the trees, I scuttled backwards without making any noise. I thought about my clothes turning green with every scoot, but then I thought about it being stupid to think about, seeing as this man wanted to kill me.

He reached the field and kept running. I held my breath as he passed close by me. He panted loudly but then I heard shallow breathing, like he was trying to hold it in.

"Tiiiiiiiiiiiiimothy," he said. "Where you at, son? I just need to talk to ya, son." He had no flashlight. If I believed in God, I'd thank Him for that.

"Come on, boy," he said. "Settle this like a man."

I inched further away. Each movement made a little rustle but he still didn't hear. The ground smelled stale. He was only a few feet from me now. I flattened myself as much as I could and stopped looking up. I turned my head to the side and closed my eyes. I heard his foot sweep the ground for me.

"I know you're out here, boy" he said. "Goddamn it quit being a pussy." Then I heard a 'thud' from his direction. "Motherfucker," he yelled, and his keys started to jingle.

He'd whacked his leg on a large rock and was hopping up and down to ease his pain.

"You little fuck," he said. The jingling stopped. "I can wait as long as you." He sat down close to me.

Time lost meaning. Every so often I inched away. With my belly on the ground I wiggled away from him like a snake. Each movement sounded like an earthquake to me but he never indicated any notion of my proximity. "It'll be morning soon," he said, "if I'd only brought my damn flashlight we'd of ended this hours ago, boy. Don't you worry, though, Timmy, we'll end this all right." He laughed.

The man was a hunter. He wouldn't stop until he had me. Even if I wriggled to a hiding spot and got away, he would keep coming after me. Maybe, though, I could get him before he got me. I felt for the knife in my belt.

Somehow he knew I was still there. He sat on the rock that his foot had hit. I changed direction. Instead of moving away, I circled around to the back of the rock so I'd be behind him. My shirt was wet from the dew. Sweat dripped down my face.

With the morning came the sun. Dew on the ground. Some shapes vaguely came into view. I saw the shadow of the rock and his figure about ten feet away from me.

I held my breath and stood up, still staring at the rock. I adjusted the knife in my hand until the grip was right. Then, slowly, I crept toward his back. This would be the only way. I'd never killed someone before, but I'd never had someone chasing me like an animal before either. He had to go; it was either him or me.

The sun peeked out and now instead of shadows the actual objects started to come into view. He talked with his back to me. He talked of wars, of life and death. He acted calm, without a care in the world. He sat on the rock waiting, looking around as though he knew that I'd appear shortly.

Five feet away. His flannel shirt, his short dark hair were right in front of me. It seemed like hours, standing there,

creeping forward to end his life. I had to do it. In my mind I thought about all the bad things I'd ever done, but none came close to killing someone.

The rock he sat on made a sort of throne, with his lower back in a little crevice. There was still enough room for me to stab him in the heart through his back. I brought the knife high over my head, ready to strike him down, wild with rage.

But he turned towards me. He smiled without rising, his teeth eerily yellow even in the shadowed dawn. "Hello Timbo," he said. I continued down with the knife out of instinct and confusion. He whacked it to the side with his hand before it penetrated his skull. "That was your grand plan?" He laughed. I lunged forward again, but this time when he knocked the knife away I punched him with my other hand. My punch hit the arm holding the gun, which went off as it flew from his hand to the ground.

He didn't laugh now. "I wish you hadn't done that," he said. He rose from the rock to pick up the gun. As he leaned down for it, I kicked him in the balls. He went down, falling on top of the gun. I ran. I didn't think about trying the knife again. "Tim you little sissy fuck," he yelled. "Come back here god damn it."

I could see the outline of the bridge over the hills. It rested across a chasm with a rushing river far below. The gun went off. A bullet flew by. I turned to look. The man aimed his gun at me from his position on the ground. I ran faster. "The bridge," I thought, "get to the bridge."

The next shot didn't come right away. He took his time to carefully position himself by steadying the gun on top of the rock. I was close to the bridge. The grass stopped and the world dropped off down a huge hole, a canyon between one side of the world and the other. A bridge connected the cliff edges at a point where the field jutted its mossy grass outward toward the chasm. It was the shortest point across as it stretched only a few hundred feet. Past the dark forest of trees and the emptiness of this side, the other side, over the bridge, had a town within five minutes walking

distance. Life lived there and salvation, we both knew, lay for me on the other side.

The next bullet went straight into my left calf. A hot spark went through my leg like someone was trying to rip it apart. And indeed, it was being ripped apart. I fell. A red pool of thick blood flowed from the wound. I willed myself not to pass out. Pulling off my sweater, I tried to use it as a makeshift tourniquet, like I'd seen done on shows. It didn't work well so I used it to soak up the blood instead.

"Bullseye. A direct hit. Haven't sunk the battleship yet, though." He rose. He felt around his privates as he wobbled toward me with awkward steps. "Timmy that was a shitty little deal there, you doing me like that."

I removed the sweater and stood up. "Fuck you," I said. "If you had any balls you'd still be on the ground."

He spit and fired the gun wantonly in my direction, hitting nothing close to me but not caring. "Such a dirty mouth you got boy."

I still had time. His slow steps suggested I'd hurt him pretty bad. Standing up, I hopped in the direction of the bridge. The old, dilapidated bridge had splinters and broken wood popping out at varying angles. The rope connecting each plank of wood looked as though it could snap at many of the points at any time. The rope even felt old on my hands, but it also felt sturdy, like it was made from some old material that we don't have anymore, some material from a different age when things were made to last with more permanence than now. I walked to the center of the bridge and waited.

"Timbo, it's over. I win. We win. You lose. Give up. The meek ain't inheriting shit today boy." He laughed. He was pretty close to the bridge now. The water rushed under me with white foam and swirling waves. I couldn't reach the other side before he reached me, not with the bullet in my leg. Plus he could shoot me in the head right now. He was toying with me now.

I sat down to let my feet hang over the edge of the bridge. "I still have an out," I said. He looked at me and

smiled. “I can hit you before you hit the water. You know that, right? My shot’ll kill you first and the fall’ll kill you second.

Don’t make me regret not killing you while I have the chance.”

At the edge of the bridge he stopped walking and pointed his gun at me. I looked at the water again. Odds were I’d die in the fall. Odds were he’d shoot me again, and this time he’d hit. Still, those odds were better than the alternative. I scooted a few inches to the edge. We stared at each other for a few moments. “Do it,” he dared.

I pushed off. As I did, a flock of birds came out of a tree in alarm. They dashed about in one formation making horrid squawking noises. The man looked up at them for an instant, and it was that instant I plunged off the edge. As I accelerated through the air the gun fired and a bullet came close to my head. With my eyes closed and my breath held I made my body as straight as I could: arms against my sides, feet straight under my stretched out legs. After a few seconds I hit something impossibly hard. It didn’t feel like the water would move. “I missed,” I thought as my legs crunched against my body. But in another half second I was underwater.

I sank. For terrifying moments I went down, down, down, realizing the air was getting further away from me. My legs ached all over. “Climb!” I said to myself. “Climb now!” I clawed at the water. My bones felt shattered but I grabbed at the water trying to reach the top. After what seemed hours I pushed my way through and took a large breath of air before a rock in the river slammed me down again. This time it didn’t take as much effort to come to the surface. When I did, I looked up to the bridge and saw the man standing there.

“Fuck yooooooooou!” I yelled. My broken body didn’t hurt so badly while I watched the speck of a man getting smaller as I floated on. “Woohoooo!” I said, slapping the surface as I floated downstream. But the man was taking off his shoes. “No,” I thought, “he wouldn’t do it.”

He came to the edge of the bridge, stood there for a moment, and then yelled “I’ll see you in a second. Don’t you go nowhere, boy.” And he put his arms against his side and sprang forward into the river.

I saw the splash as he hit the water. “Please be dead. Please be dead,” I thought to myself. But he came up in a few seconds. With a calm, purposeful stroke, he started down river after me.

The Lightning Storm

Scott Olson

The lightning was a little irritating last night.

Maybe it was the way it disturbed my routine
of lying night after night in bottomless silence,

incessantly dreaming that something soft and
improbable was tiptoeing naked through the dark.

The beautiful woman in the painting above me
quietly stepping down from the frame,

already her head resting on my chest,
her feet sore from dancing,

our children running around the bed
and the house a goddamned mess.

And then the room flickered white
and she was right back on the canvas,

her shoulder turned shyly away—
startled as I was

at everything that had just happened.

ippy ipp

laura brodie

here
on my shippy ship
float
on my tippy tip
wet
luscious drippy drip
splash
swollen lippy lip
moist
thirsty sippy sip
clothes
quickly rippy rip
hair
free from clippy clip
trousers
must unzippy zip
immerse
wet wet dippy dip
naked
shapely hippy hip
nipples
pinching nippy nip
heart
pumping flippy flip
fingers
inside slippy slip
leather
playful whippy whip
body
sweating grippy grip
here
on my
shippy ship
drip
drip
drip

The Story of Us

Jess Mueller

I like to collect coffee mugs.
My mugs tell a story.
A story of us.
Our trip to Gooseberry.
The night in Red Wing.
My first Ren Fest, with you.

These mugs will move with us,
The collection expanding,
Along with our family.
Minneapolis.
Chicago.
New York.
Seattle.

When we are old,
Our children grown and gone,
Our mugs will help us remember,
Even when we no longer can.

Hoarfrost in Bloom

Pat Sullivan



Edge of the World

Suzanne Stein



Brothers

Suzanne Stein



Contributors

Andrea Paiz is a Communications major and particularly enjoys photography. Her Lake Atitlan photo was taken in Guatemala, which is one of her favorite places. Angela says, “I love to capture those moments that take my breath away. This photo is one of those moments.”

Angela Hager is a Creative Writing major and will graduate in the spring of 2014. Grown Up is a flash fiction piece inspired by her eleven-year-old son, who is at an age where everything is read between the lines.

Brian Wilson is a graduate student in the MBA program. He has always been interested in creative writing and would like to pursue it as a career; he has studied philosophy and human rights and hopes that his future work will impact the way that people think about ethical issues.

Clara Waddell is a Minnesota native and advocate of the arts. She will graduate in the fall of 2014 with majors in Screenwriting and English, and a minor in Creative Writing.

David Mulford is a senior and will graduate this spring. Painting has always been a passion of his; he grew up painting watercolors and recently began studying acrylic techniques as well.

Debby Dathe is pursuing a degree in Gerontology (working with the elderly). Debby works as a secretary and a Home Health Aide; she also teaches cake decorating.

Elizabeth Todd is a graduate student, currently in the Liberal Studies program. She works in the Center for Academic Excellence as a writing tutor; in her free time she enjoys reading classic literature, watching Netflix and playing video games.

Heather Leopold is a Business Admin major who has recently taken Intro to Photography.

Jamie Haddox is in her second year pursuing her BA in Creative Writing. She transferred last fall from Anoka Ramsey Community College (ARCC) where she received her Associates degree with Emphasis in Creative Writing in 2011, and was honored as ARCC Outstanding English Student of the Year.

Jason Rustan is seemingly close to graduating with an individualized degree that has something to do with creativity. He lives far north of the Twin Cities with his wife, two sons, and a very poorly behaved dog.

Jess Mueller submitted a poem she had written for her Creative Writing class. She says, “We were given an assignment to focus on something small. My fiancé and I both have a history of dementia and Alzheimer’s in our family, so chances are good we will both be stricken with this when we are older. Classmates thought this was sad, but I think it paints a nice picture for our future. At least we have the coffee mugs...”

Julie Myers is a senior pursuing a BA in English with a Creative Writing minor. A late bloomer might be an understatement in describing her, but through her education she has found she is completely enamored with the spoken word, critical examination of text, and English Literature.

Laura Brodie was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, grew up in Cape Town, South Africa, and has lived in St. Paul for the past 20 years. She is currently working on her Liberal Arts major, along with minors in both Creative Writing and Gender Studies. She is also the mother of two amazing daughters, writes poetry, memoirs, erotica, is an avid women’s rights advocate, and kicks ass in every way.

Legato Gabriel is a Creative Writing major. When he is not hiding behind a paperback, he may be spotted lifting weights or on the treadmill at the gym; sources have not confirmed what he is running from yet.

Nicholas Vittum is a poetry editor for Haute Dish, and is majoring in the Social Sciences at Metro. Assuming everything goes perfectly according to plan, he will graduate someday.

Pat Sullivan is working on her Technical Writing degree and will graduate at the end of spring 2014. Then she will move on to getting her Master’s. In her free time she enjoys playing on her various computers, playing with her cat and going for walks.

Scott Olson plans to write the next great American novel, right after he buys some turtlenecks, grows a Hemingway beard, and graduates. Until then, a few half-baked poems and obscure academic essays will have to suffice.

Suzanne Stein spent the Fall 2013 semester studying in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. She is majoring in Gender Studies, works in the Gender and Sexuality Student Services Office and holds an officer position in the student organization Lavender Bridge.

Whitney Butz is a junior, majoring in English Literature with a minor in Creative Writing. She recently transferred from the University of North Dakota, and is loving her new life with a Golden Retriever named Cassius and a handsome bearded man named Kyle.

Xia Yang is a Screenwriting major with minors in Biology and Creative Writing. Xia will be graduating this spring; in her spare time, she loves to take photos.



April Snow

Xia Yang

Haute Dish is published three times a year and is dedicated to showcasing the literary and artistic talent of the students of Metropolitan State University in Saint Paul, Minnesota.

We are now accepting electronic submissions from Metropolitan State University students, staff and alumni for the Summer/Fall 2014 issue. This will be an all black/white issue, featuring B/W photography and illustration. Send us your best B/W work. Prose and poetry welcome as usual; if the black and white theme inspires your prose and poetry subject matter, those will fall beautifully into the issue's focus as well. The deadline for submissions is Tuesday, July 1, 2014 at midnight. To view detailed submission guidelines and for more information about our selection process, visit us on the web at hautedish.metrostate.edu. For other questions, email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu. Come like us on Facebook at www.facebook.com/HauteDishofMetroState.