

Haute Dish

The Arts and Literature Magazine of Metropolitan State University



Summer 2016 Volume 12 • Issue 2

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

Student work is published in Spring and Fall; Summer issue is open to students, staff, faculty and alumni.

CALL FOR ENTRIES – FALL 2016

Now accepting submissions from current Metropolitan State University students for our Fall 2016 issue. The Fall 2016 issue will be in full color. Submit your prose, poetry, photography, illustration, and digital storytelling. We're encouraging submissions of multi-lingual poetry and prose. Express yourself as only you can. Metropolitan has wonderful writers from all over the world—and next door—here's a chance to get published.

For submission instructions and details about our selection process, visit hautedish.metrostate.edu.

Questions? Email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu.

Submissions deadline for Fall 2016 issue is midnight, July 15, 2016.

Want to join the *Haute Dish* staff?

Graduation is an achievement but means we need to find more students interested in working on the magazine. Email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu if you would like more information about joining *Haute Dish*.

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Hello,

Debby Dathe has passed the Managing Editor baton to Stephanie Grill and Christine Lashinski. We are excited to present the Summer 2016 issue, which is a black and white issue except for the debut of our newest category, digital storytelling.

We had our Spring Reading in March at Open Book (home of The Loft Literary Center, Milkweed Editions, and Minnesota Center for Book Arts). Those with work published in the recent issues of *Haute Dish* read their pieces and shared their artwork. It was a fantastic evening, and we are so very fortunate to live in a community that supports the arts.

Metro State students come to the University with diverse backgrounds, skills, and knowledge. If you have not yet submitted your work to *Haute Dish*, we want to encourage you to do so, because our truths and perspectives are what make us great. We also want to thank everyone who has submitted to *Haute Dish* this semester and to congratulate everyone whose work was chosen.

Thank you to the editors and staff of *Haute Dish* whose contributions make the magazine and evenings like the Spring Reading possible. They are a wonderful and talented group of people.

We hope you enjoy reading the Summer Issue!

Stephanie Grill & Christine Lashinski
Co-Managing Editors

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 **Digital Storytelling** Visit: <http://hautedish.metrostate.edu/Summer2016/videos/>

Big Betty, by Jennifer Cannon, is an enchanting video about exploring, hitting the open road, and the adventure that ensues after wanderlust persuades her to purchase an RV.

Freedom, by Wayne Peacock, is a video about his childhood experiences, the pressure to conform to his Christian upbringing, and how through the exploration of atheism he was able to find peace and freedom.

Reverberation, by Kevin O'Connor, is a short fascinating nightmarish tale he created that as its title suggests stays with the viewer long after the film has ended.

The Smallest of Birds

Erica Wallace

I first encountered a hummingbird five years ago. Actually, the shimmery green-backed hummingbird encountered me since I was in no way in control of the moment. I had not set up a feeder in my backyard with a sugary sweet red attraction nor had I any idea that hummingbirds build nests in the small knots of tree branches. It was May. Spring arrived early that year. I recall quite clearly that the snow began melting in February, and I was quite unaware that it was the prime time of the season when the ruby-throated hummingbird returns to nest in Minnesota.

I am reluctant to describe the encounter further because that would mean also having to admit that at the time I was smoking a cigar, and have so far kept the significance of the moment to myself. It even took me years to share it with my husband. I knew he would be more upset that I had given into my habit than the fact that an actual real hummingbird had for the briefest second touched my shoulder. The fact that for a flash, I was able to glimpse the sight of a hummingbird in flight, free in South Minneapolis would be lost on him. How could I explain to him that if I were able to freeze time like a hummingbird's wings seem to be able to, that I too, would have touched the bird's shoulder?

There's something else though; something more than the seemingly innocent indulgence in a cigar outside in the springtime. The day

was perhaps a week after Mother's Day and I had returned from the doctor's office. For the occasion, I had the family car otherwise I would have spent another late morning in the bed watching Wife Swap in between sleeping and nursing my twin boys. Their three month follow-up appointment, however, pulled us out of bed and as I made the return trip home, I stopped at the convenience store for a coveted cigar. Once I parked the car, I walked along the side of my house to the backyard with car seat carriers in both of my arms. At three months old the two of them weighed the same as newborn babies. Both fed at the office, calmed and soothed from the pain of being poked with needles, they slept and stayed asleep from the appointment, to the store, and upon reaching home.

I remember swatting at my shoulder thinking that the hum of wings beating against the air meant that I was being bothered by a rather large bee too close to my ear. I turned my head and witnessed myself face to face with a hummingbird. Inside the physical space of my head it was hard to distinguish between the sound of the bird's wings beating and my own heartbeat which seemed to quicken and match the bird's wing frequency. As soon as the realization that the bee was actually a hummingbird, the small animal was gone and out of sight, and yet my brain sent signals to the rest of myself spreading realization. It's rare when an adult sees a thing for the first

time. Usually the wonder and curiosity that comes from the first sight of a thing happens as a child and the memory of wonder at a thing becomes lost when the seeing becomes repetitive. But for me, seeing a hummingbird for the first and only time as an adult, the wonder has remained.

Once I was able to convince myself that what I'd seen was real, I panicked. I have a habit of letting my imagination go to very dark and cursed places when I am blessed with serendipity. My mother loves hummingbirds and immediately my thought hung onto the very real belief that the moment with the bird symbolized my mother's death. I thought to call her just to check but stopped myself when the conversation played out in my head. When I arrived at her asking why I was standing outside in the backyard with the babies, I decided not to call her and to trust that she was alive.

As I settled into the calm of inhaling my cigar, I let myself think about the philosophical, or rather spiritual reasons why a hummingbird would come to my backyard in the city and touch my shoulder. Why me? I knew it was a long morning. To be honest, it had been a long three months. Born at thirty-three weeks gestation, my baby boys spent twenty-one days in neonatal intensive care. They could breathe

on their own but were born too early for any intuitive command of the sucking reflex necessary for nourishment. My boys stayed in the hospital until their feeding tubes were removed. When they came home weighing five pounds, my milk was flowing like a geyser from two faucets. I lost all sense of time. Loathing the night time with its every forty-five minute interruptions, I could only get enough sleep by staying in the bed until two o'clock in the afternoon, switching my position from one side to the other to feed one of them. When most babies are three months old, they coo but my babies weren't even smiling yet. I felt incredible aloneness at home with myself and them who seemed only to want to be near my breasts, their mouths always open like they too were little birds.

Being given a report of two healthy babies, I was relieved, yet still tired and the day was no less longer or a blur than any of the rest before or ahead of me. So when I left the office and stopped at the convenience store, I decided to indulge in one mindless and yes, unhealthy treat. A treat meant for me, but one that would likely enter my lungs, trickle through my veins, and enter my milk stream. And the hummingbird... it caught a glimpse of me and my babies, maybe even saw my cigar. I imagine it decided I need to be touched on the shoulder and experience a time frozen in wonder.



Electric Eye

Kevin O'Connor

Déjà Vu You

Brandt Schubbe ©MEVIC

If you can
Just get your
Life in order
Ask,

Who had done
This before

Perhaps your dead
Pappy played a part
In your story

Or

Perhaps your mother
Made you a keeper
Of women

Lose that chip on
Your shoulder

And

Give your friends
A little smile

They will ask,

Who had done
This before

Apology

Alfreda Amah-Clarke

the scent of rose
clogs
like camphor
preserving slips
in closets.
you hit
and miss with iris,
carnations en masse,
pansy,
fussy lilies
hiss slow perfume
gardenia blossoms
stifle like smoke
in a closed room
as a Holiday sings
sad tunes;
Red.
I
would prefer
tulips instead.

An Ethereal Burden

Hue Lieu

For the umpteenth time, I wake up and realize that it was only a dream. And like all dreams, the little details that felt so normal and matter-of-fact now seem odd and out of place to the conscious eye. However, when it comes to her, even my involuntary imagination dares not stray from the truth that so characterizes the worn and convoluted strings that bind us together. No, it has never been the fairy tale I am able to conjure up in the sun's presence, which makes the escape from wake feel so undeniably real. All things considered, I felt at home—happy, even. But, it was more than that; I felt alive, as though my heart only beats when the entirety of me believes that she is near.

I flood my mind again with the scenes I am able to recollect, trying diligently to fill in the gaps with the honesty and grace only my unconscious has mastered. The false memory of her and me are disappearing faster than I can replace them. It is as if the dream were a liquid carefully cupped in the hands of sleep, but now are seeping through my fists of desperation. I am left with only the glimpse of a smile, the unshakable feeling of hopeless desire, and the images of a dachshund we both once knew.

My attention inevitably turns to the white walls that surround me, the silence of the early winter morning, and the emptiness of the space beside me. What else can I do but lie here and surrender as reality seizes me. I recoil from the bitter taste of weakness and defeat. A silent tear escapes my eye before I have a chance to order it back to its source. I take a deep breath, and my face mimics the expression of a stone; I have become numb to the shameless weeping inside.



Willow Lakes

Amber Bergslien



Fishing with Nelson, Moloka'i HI

Kathleen Buxton ©MEVIC

The Last Chicken is Dead!

James Baustert

THE MEGALOPOLIS TRIBUNE
December 14, 2205

THE LAST CHICKEN IS DEAD!

By Ernest Wing
BENT ARROW, NORTH DAKOTA.

This morning, at 7:14, Esmeralda, the last female *Gallus domesticus*, the fabled chicken of earlier centuries, succumbed to sub-zero temperatures. Esmeralda was the sole survivor of the flock of twenty-one for which Congress had provided a fenced hundred-acre protected free-range living area just south of Bent Arrow, North Dakota in hopes that the species would thrive.

The chicken represents the thirty-fifth non-human animal (NHA) species to dwindle to extinction since all NHA's were deemed equal to *Homo sapiens* over sixty years ago.

Few presently living can remember the bitter struggle, brilliantly executed by the animal rights groups PETA, SPCA, FAR, AVAR, NARN, ISAR, and such vegetarianism groups as IVU, CVA, EVY, AVS, and JVNA, which, in 2142, won full and equal rights for NHA's that included such domesticated creatures as dogs, cats, cows, horses, sheep, ferrets, parakeets, gerbils, guinea pigs, lamas,

cockatoos, donkeys, rabbits, and parrots, all of which had been held in subjugation for millennia.

Recognition of all NHA's as equals to humans was accompanied by the ban on the consumption of NHA flesh, which was defined in the legislation as being tantamount to cannibalism. The result was that all the wonderful domesticated creatures, as well as all wild creatures, were fully emancipated and henceforth protected from humans in the second half of the 22nd century.

Unfortunately, domesticated animals found survival difficult. The genus *Bos*, the common cow, was the first such animal to have its existence extinguished by predators when all enslaved cows were released into freedom. These simple, peace-loving ruminants found it impossible to survive in the environment inhabited not only by wolves, coyotes, mountain lions, and tigers, and bears, but overrun by immense packs of dogs and cats which had been liberated by the millions. The poor, innocent bovines didn't have a chance.

It appeared most dangerously just two years ago and less than sixty-five years after the victory by the animal rights and

vegetarian groups that NHA's might well win out over humans in the competition for living space and food in some geographical areas. Wild carnivores fed gluttonously on other emancipated creatures, and their populations exploded, as is the nature of creatures when given unlimited food supplies. When marauding bands of dogs, wolves, and various large cats began making incursions on areas populated by humans and doing harm to the inhabitants (eating them, actually) war was finally declared and The World Guard Organization was mobilized to confront and contain dangerous NHA's in the areas of conflict.

The initial slaughter in the uneven battle of tooth and fang versus bullets, lasers, and rays was appalling but was accepted by even the majority of the remaining animal rights groups because of the appalling murderous raids the animals had conducted on so many agrarian communes around the planet.

Once again, however, the defenders of NHA's came to their defense: after much lobbying, it was finally legislated in world court that, in all fairness, humans and NHA's must share living space on the planet but would have to be segregated from each other.

It was decided, therefore, that humans would inhabit most continents, with the exception of Antarctic and part of Africa. Africa was walled off at the Tropic of Capricorn:

humans to live in the northern section and NHA's to occupy the southern portion. In addition, the NHA's were given the islands of Greenland, Madagascar, Corsica, Borneo, Kauai, and Cuba, which was thought to be eminently fair by all humans except the former inhabitants of southern Africa, and the islands of Greenland, Madagascar, Corsica, Borneo, Kauai, and Cuba.

All humans and NHA's are in the final stages of being translocated to their respective territories. South Africa was the first area to have humans removed. A few residents of that region refused to leave their birthplaces and communication with them was lost rather quickly in every instance.

At last humans and all NHA's will be able to live in peace on the earth, each group truly enjoying their full freedom and equal rights. It is unfortunate, however, that the new kingdom of animals arrived too late for the hapless chicken; Esmeralda could have been happy on Kauai or Madagascar with other pacifistic fowl.

XXX



Donkey Cart

Betsy Salvatore

Crunching

Christine Lashinski

We sat around the oval table with its claw foot legs, snacking on carrot sticks and spinach dip. Our shared laughter slowed from a stream to a dribble as we became aware of a presence watching us, scrutinizing us. The oldest part of our brains stirred in preparation of danger. Like an open door to a blast furnace, the back of our necks heated, making us squirm in our chairs. As one, the guests of the thirteen-year-old birthday party turned to the source.

Dad, loving, kind, and funny dad stared at us girls with hard narrowed eyes. We sensed a stranger in the guise of the man we thought we knew before us; a stranger who despised the noise of all things that crunched. Some dislike the sound of wind or the squeak a fork makes as it rubs across china but he, he hates crunching with a passion usually reserved for criminal offenses.

His aversion to the crack and crunch of crisp vegetables or chips was well documented. His feelings showed early in his marriage. His wife would freeze, feeling that stare, and swallow what was left in her mouth in one gulp. His children, when they came, began their eating adventures with pureed fruits and vegetables. Did he return to those years in his memory as the golden years? The years without chomping and chewing and crunching?

We teenage girls, with varying degrees of experience with this crunch-hating phenomena, pushed the vegetables away and decided to move elsewhere. Perhaps we went outside or to the bedroom, but the laughter took a while to return like a cold engine on a winter morning.

All families have habits and aversions that make them distinct. We are a peculiar people of mysterious origins. We would like to blame our bad eating habits on his lifetime hatred of noisy eating. Perhaps it's why as a family we enjoy cake and ice cream over broccoli and carrots. There are no easy answers. There is more to our weight game of sometimes up sometimes down than an ireful stare, but what of what might have been? What if that cross look had come our way while devouring a dessert? We will never know.



Cemetery Bridge

Kevin O'Connor



Everything Is Coming Up Roses

Kelly Knapp

An Exercise in Futility

Debby Dathe ©MEVIC

I recently joined a gym. Yes, it surprised me too. But after the “Wellness Consultation” and learning about the different machines, everything has been going well. I even took a few classes and learned that I am extremely uncoordinated. It’s a gift.

The other night I was riding a stationary bike, going nowhere fast, when a woman climbed onto the bicycle right next to mine even though there were dozens to choose from. Assuming that the presence of headphones over my ears would discourage any attempts at conversation, I returned my attention to the onboard television airing a very special Dateline Mystery.

Keith Morrison had just given some compelling evidence against the victim’s ex-husband when the woman next to me started talking to someone that I could not see. I adjusted my headphones and turned up the volume to drown out her voice. That worked for a few minutes until over the noise of the bike and the volume of my television I heard the woman say, “I am not a danger to myself or others.”

Unsure if this was just a really odd mantra of hers or if it was something she said before stabbing the person next to her, I became concerned. I was also very aware that I could not pedal away from her on a bike with no wheels. So, without making any sudden movements, I got up, wiped down the cycle and collected my water bottle.

I moseyed away from the bikes and as nonchalantly as possible chose a piece of equipment on the other side of the room. Of course it didn’t matter what distance I walked, I could not gain any ground on a treadmill. There was no escaping her voice. I did take comfort in the fact that she would not catch me on that bike no matter how hard she pedaled.

I observed the people around me, watching for their reactions to this woman but no one else seemed to notice her. They were busy climbing stairs that went nowhere, walking, running or cycling in place, and rowing imaginary boats. Suddenly an old saying popped into my head and it had never been more appropriate than in that gym...

“Wherever you go, there you are.”

Officer's Row

laura brodie

"Why, hello there," said the pleasant looking lady. "What a nice warm Sunday this is turning out to be. How about you come inside for something cool to drink?"

He'd have no problem saying yes if he weren't just a little freaked out. He stepped back and shook his head with surprise and disbelief. Who the hell is this? I thought these places were supposed to be empty? He turned to face the other nine houses in the row, and sure enough, they were all boarded-up and abandoned as they should be. The houses at Fort Snelling, known as "Officer's Row," were something to look at back in the day. The ornate brick residences, curved with sidewalks, manicured lawns and ample garages were built for the military officers and their pretty wives.

Frank recalled reading that Fort Snelling had shut down in the early forties and eventually each house had its doorknobs removed, plywood placed on its windows and all doors securely bolted, covered with warning signs.

"Well, I'm not going to stand here all day and let the bugs in," she said again.

This can't be right. Nobody has lived in these houses for seventy years. Maybe this is some sort of re-enactment. Or maybe this isn't really happening. It's about time I lost my Goddamn mind, with all this shit I've been going through lately. God knows I've been under a lot of stress. And a cool beverage certainly can't hurt.

Frank was given a porcelain cup as he stepped into the house. Amongst the images in the shadows, he saw an ornate tea-set laid out near wallpaper the color of canaries. There was too much else to see. The woman looked Frank in the eye as she handed him his saucer. He looked right back at her and sipped his black tea. He became lost. He saw his arm float up to thank her, and watched in horror as he knocked his cup off its saucer to smash British black tea all over the canary wall.

She turned her back to him. Her head was down. "I'll be right back with some rags," she said.

Frank watched the brown splat-stain tea run in streaks down the yellow wallpaper. He felt foolish. What was he doing there? And why is he drinking tea, for God sakes? He HATES tea! He snapped to and stepped over the broken porcelain and walked out of the officer's house, with the officer's wife still searching for rags. The temperature changed as he slammed the heavy front door behind him. Colder. He took three deliberate steps, then felt a rush of energy through his body. He turned.

A certain sense of panic took ahold of Frank. The door-knob was gone. There was no door. Like the other nine houses, there was only a thick sheet of plywood. He noticed that the piece on the front window was inch-wide and openly cracked down the middle. He stepped forward. He had to look. It was empty and dirty. A timid yellow twinge drew his eyes, and there he saw it. Seventy years darker, on a much paler wall of canary. His long-streaked tea-stain. No woman to be found.

Harry

Jamie Haddox

He used to carry the allure of
pure danger. Droplets
of lights still flash in his eyes,
brows point to stark comprehension.
He aches with the foul odor of
awareness. A younger version
was a snake, sly and deceitful,
a rambler, a drinker, a scoundrel.
He ran the rackets, his colleagues
in crime were his only brothers,
and he never saw a need to tie
down a woman. Now the gray
hair wisps around the bald,
shiny top of his head. His ears
grow useless and full of hair.
His knuckles are fat marbles
of bone and arthritis. And the
price he pays for his crimes
of aging is this phone call.
The words “benign, Pal.
You’ll live to be a hundred.”

I’m Happy

Kathleen Buxton

My stomach feels weird
My right ear is sunburned

There’s a large sliver in my big toe
There’s a chance I’m severely dehydrated

I’m happy
I’m traveling



Alligator Snack

Janelle Danforth

The Guardian Angel

James Baustert

It had begun so innocently. Mr. Caruthers, a dapper man of thirty or thirty-five, was only a broken nose and a bullet notch in his right ear short of being handsome. Tall with dark wavy hair, black eyes, and a neatly trimmed mustache, he wore a spotless black suit with a gold vest over a white shirt with a black string tie. A black wide-brim hat and a crooked cigar clenched in his teeth completed the portrait. He was, perhaps, a gambler on this paddleboat heading up the Mississippi to Fort Snelling, just a day out of New Orleans.

On deck for a morning stroll Caruthers spotted his quarry, the well-dressed attractive young lady who had caught his eye the previous evening at dinner. She was standing alone at the railing enjoying the brisk fall Louisiana air.

“Excuse me, Miss, I’m John Caruthers,” he said as he removed his hat and cigar and bowed slightly. “I saw you sitting by yourself at dinner last night. Are you traveling alone?”

“Well, yes,” she said a bit hesitantly, “sort of. But I travel with a guardian angel that hovers around and watches over me. And I enjoy eating alone. I have my thoughts and ideas to mull over.”

“Thoughts and ideas to mull over?” One eyebrow curled up as he chuckled, “What’s a pretty thing like you doing worrying about thoughts and ideas?”

“Well, if you must know,” she gave him a prim smile, “I’m actually traveling on business.”
“Business! A beautiful young lady traveling on

business. How utterly fascinating.” His smile was that of a hungry wolf as he moved uncomfortably close and lowered his voice. “Please join me at dinner and tell me about your business.”

“Thank you, Mr. Caruthers,” she said as she backed away, “you’re very kind but I really prefer eating alone.”

“Well, it’s obvious from the fine garments you wear so well and the muff you carry that you’re a lady.” His searching eyes upset her as he smiled and again moved closer. “A lady unescorted could be at some risk these days with all this North, South hostility still so rampant.”

“Oh, I’ve encountered no hostilities. I think they’re for carpetbaggers and politicians,” she said as she slipped past him. “Please excuse me. I’d like to just stroll about the deck and enjoy the morning and my thoughts.” She turned and quickly walked toward the bow.

He snarled at her back, angrily threw his cigar into the river, and stalked to the lounge. Two ladies who had overheard the conversation made a point of “accidentally” meeting the young lady as the ship passed an old plantation.

“Isn’t that a lovely home,” the first lady said. “How wonderful that it survived the war. Oh, excuse my manners,” she smiled and extended her hand. “I’m Mrs. Lee and this is Mrs. Grendahl, my daughter. We’re heading home to Saint Louis after a wonderful shopping spree in New Orleans.”

“Becky Pride.” The younger woman smiled and extended her hand. “I’m Becky Pride.”

“Oh. You’re the B. Pride listed in the cabin next to ours,” Mrs. Grendahl said.

“What a lovely muff you have,” Mrs. Lee said. “Just covered with beautiful flowers. There must be a dozen different blossoms rising right up off the surface.”

“Eleven.” Becky held it up so they could see. “Just eleven blossoms. Each one is unique.”

“It’s the most elegant fancywork that I’ve ever seen.” Mrs. Grendahl said, reaching out to touch a flower. “I’ll just bet that it came from France.”

“Oh my, no.” Becky turned it to look at the blossoms. “It’s not from France. I do the fancywork myself. It’s most comforting work to settle one’s nerves.”

“You do it yourself!” Mrs. Grendahl was astonished, “How ever do you do it?”

“Well, it’s a needlework form that I’ve worked out using a variety of threads and yarns.” Becky held the muff up again to show off the blossoms. “It’s a bit of tatting and a bit of crocheting and embroidery, and sometimes I even darn a little.”

“Wonderful!” Mrs. Grendahl was delighted. “Do you do it professionally?”

“No, no. It’s just a hobby to calm me and keep my hands busy.”

“Is there a Mr. Pride and little ones?” Mrs. Grendahl asked.

“There are no little ones, I’m afraid.” Becky’s face clouded over. “There was a Mr. Pride but I lost him to an evil traveling man who had accosted me.” “How terrible!” Mrs. Lee touched Becky’s arm. “What ever happened?”

“Well...I don’t like to talk about it...” She looked away, her eyes sad. “But they got into a horrible scuffle and both died of gunshot wounds. I’ve been traveling almost constantly ever since, trying to keep our little Indian artifacts business going.”

“You poor dear. You’re traveling alone, then?”

“Well, not completely. I travel with a lovely guardian angel that has always protected me.”

“Why don’t you take meals with my daughter and me?” Mrs. Lee offered. “You’d be more than welcome.”

“Thank you, no.” Becky smiled, pleased with the offer. “You’re very kind, but I feel the need to be alone, to think.”

“Very well.” Mrs. Lee said. “But if you’d like company, we’ll be close by.”

“Thank you for being so considerate.” Becky excused herself and entered the lounge to pass through to her cabin. As she passed, Caruthers, who was sitting at the bar, said, “I’ll see you later, Missy.”

Becky shuddered a bit and didn't acknowledge the comment.

Over the next two days Caruthers found numerous occasions to pass Becky in the lounge or on deck and each time he put his hand on her shoulder or arm, asking her to have dinner with him. She always politely rejected his invitations.

On the fourth night at dinnertime Mr. Caruthers was seated alone at the table just behind Becky. He had obviously visited with John Barleycorn for a good portion of the day because his speech was slurred and he toppled his water glass. He leaned back to whisper, "I'd like to see you after dinner, Becky. I have a little surprise for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Caruthers." Becky said without turning to face him. "But I'm a very private person and prefer my own company."

Caruthers lurched to his feet and threw down his napkin. "Prissy little Missy," he muttered, and staggered out of the dining room.

After Becky finished dinner, she picked up her muff and made her way to the lounge to listen to the two entertainers playing banjo and piano tunes. It was late when she left the lounge and she found herself totally alone on the walkway. She clutched her muff a bit closer as she hurried by Mr. Caruthers' cabin.

As she entered her cabin Caruthers leapt out of the darkness, grabbed her arm, slammed the door and turned up the lights.

"Too good to have dinner with the likes of me

aren't you, Missy." He wrapped his arms around her and began frantically kissing her.

Becky twisted her head side-to-side away from him, "Please Mr. Caruthers, let me go. Please don't do this."

Caruthers slapped her, raising a welt on the side of her face and loosening her hairdo. "Shut up, Missy. Be nice to me or you'll get hurt." He clutched at her bodice ripping the lace and tearing off the buttons to her waist.

"Oh please, Mr. Caruthers, stop!" She struggled and tried to pull away. "Stop before it's too late." "It's already too late for you, Missy," he snarled.

"STOP, STOP." She wedged the muff between them as he ripped her camisole off her shoulder. A muffled explosion instantly stopped Caruthers' attack. He stumbled backward to the bulkhead, looking at his gold vest that now had a finger-sized hole that was oozing crimson. He slid down to a sitting position and looked at Becky with a question on his face. He seemed to be trying to say something and then he slowly rolled to his right till his head hit the floor.

The door burst open and a deck hand rushed in followed by Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Grendahl. "What the hell?" The deck hand said, as he looked from Becky to Caruthers.

Mrs. Lee, seeing Becky's disheveled condition, turned the deck hand around and shooed him out of the cabin saying, "Fetch the captain at once."

She went to Becky and covered her with her own

shawl saying, "There, there, Becky. We're here. You're safe now."

The captain arrived almost immediately. One look at Becky's bruised face and torn garments told him the entire story. "I'm so very sorry Mrs. Pride," he said. "I had no way of knowing what sort Caruthers was. You rest and I'll take care of everything."

The captain and the deck hand quickly carried Mr. Caruthers away.

"You've been through a terrible ordeal, Becky." Mrs. Lee said as Becky pulled a robe over her torn clothes. "Would you like one of us to stay with you tonight?"

"Oh, thank you for all your kindness," Becky replied, "but I need to be alone. You understand." "Yes. Yes of course." Mrs. Lee's face was a picture of sympathy. "We'll see you in the morning. If you want anything during the night just thump on the cabin wall and we'll come running."

After they left, Becky opened her steamer trunk and got out her handy-work kit. She arranged a lamp and settled herself in her easy chair with her kit and her muff. Slipping her hand inside the muff and into the secret pocket, she removed the small 41-caliber derringer. "Hello guardian angel," she said with a sad look.

She opened the gun's breech, extracted the spent shell and proceeded to clean the weapon. She slid a new cartridge into the gun, closed it, and laid it aside. Then she thrust her hand into the muff and extended her finger out through the fresh

hole that was midway between a daisy and a tiny rose bud. She stared at the hole and smiled gently. "Well, what flower shall this twelfth one be?" She murmured. "Perhaps a hollyhock. I don't have one of those, and Mr. Caruthers was a rather common type. She selected a needle, threaded a pale green silk, and began to build stitches around the circumference of the hole.

At breakfast the next morning, Becky decided to join her two new friends at their table. Although numerous passengers leaned together to whisper as she made her way across the dining room, no one spoke to her as she passed.

"How did you fare last night, Becky?" A concerned Mrs. Lee asked. "We worried about you."

"I did alright, thank you." She managed a slight smile. "Although Mr. Caruthers terrified me, he did no real harm."

"Becky, do come and stay with us in Saint Louis for a few days," Mrs. Lee offered, smiling sadly at Becky. "After this experience, perhaps you'd like a little time to recover with some friendly souls."

"Thank you so very much, Mrs. Lee, but I've decided to get off the ship at Cairo," Becky was pleased that she had friendly faces this morning. "I'll catch a packet that will head up the Illinois River and I can arrange connections to Chicago. My main buyer is there. He has offered to buy the business and I think it's time to sell. After I turn it over to him I believe that I'll return home to Atlanta to rest. I'm so very tired of traveling and I may well have exhausted my guardian angel.



Country Life

Debby Dathe



Library Classroom at Sunset

Janelle Danforth

Gemini

Joylene Kohl

I heard them fighting in the bedroom, heard my mother tell him she was leaving and taking her children with her. I am torn in half, I don't want to leave my father, and I don't want to leave my home. This is the first time I met the twins. "Stay," whispers Castor, "Go," coaxes Pollux. Thus begins my dual life.

My new world is dark and dirty with fishless little black lakes in alley ways and littered concrete lawns. Men drink out of paper bags and mumble; chocolate colored children roam the dirty streets and look at our light skin and blond hair as if we don't belong. Sometimes they are nice to us; sometimes they chase us home through tiny little yards and try to poke us with nails. We are staying with my Aunt Shirley's family. My uncle Irie is a scary man, he carries a bag of candy and after luring you onto his lap with the promise of a chocolate he rubs his sharp old whiskers on your face leaving invisible tears on your skin. He makes his children eat the evidence of their crimes, cigarettes, shaving cream, and toilet paper. Whatever he catches them with they eat. "Try this," my cousins say. I watch from a distance but I don't participate. I threw up once just eating the meatloaf.

I become a much more worldly five year old after we move to Minneapolis from the country. Nicollet Avenue is as foreign to me as France. Watching the teenagers in the neighborhood I learn what it means to French kiss. My

perverted older cousin loves to educate us girls and I learn that people take off their clothes and lay on top of each other and make babies. I learn that there are people who don't look like me and sometimes they are mean. I learn that Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy and the Easter Bunny don't exist. I still pretend to believe. I learn to fear.

The twins come for me at night when I dream, they snuggle me in between them and swaddle me in fur blankets. We fly through a glittering universe in a chariot pulled by white horses. They point out our constellation and tell me that I will shine there with them one day, with them and all my loved ones who now are shining in the sky. As we ride, Castor speaks to me in Latin in soothing tones that I somehow understand. Pollux sings to me the sweetest lyrics of love that create a balm on my soul. Castor shines so bright that I can barely look at him, Pollux burns with a fiery dark fire. Yin and yang, lightness and darkness these polar opposites will ride with me for the rest of my life. As dawn begins to break and the chariot approaches earth they fly me over the route that I will travel so many years of my life. North to south, country to city, love and hate. They know that life and Jupiter will always pull me in two different directions; diverging infinitely, merging finite, diabolical demon, benignant angel, eternally youthful, shriveled old soul.

Continuing to Remember

Brandt Schubbe

Missing you today
As I smoke, which
You told me not to

The freshly brewed coffee in my hand
Manages to be just enough to only
Remember you, and all you did

I told a friend that you died, and
He said, hopefully she didn't suffer

I didn't tell him, but you had pain
Every day I knew you, and it
Was both physical and soul

You lost two sons
One my dad, and
The other my uncle

That had to hurt

The way you suffered with cancer
All your days, was to much to understand
When I was younger, but now I do
Get why you kept fighting

Children and grandchildren will
Allow anyone to fight on, and you
Did it so well

I miss the poetry you
Sent me in my early life
I miss the clothes you put on my back
I miss your hands in mine, and
How you refused to ever let go

On Thanksgiving, when you
Couldn't taste food, and
Shortly previous you
Forgot who grandpa was
You still cooked food
That you couldn't even try

You will go on forever
When you get to your
Heaven,
I hope you
Are as generous as
You always have been

Transcendent

Christine Lashinski

soul seeking knowledge
yours, and mine, and theirs
a world of firsts
curiosity never quenched

could you have imagined
such beauty?
reflection in a drop of dew
welcome in a wagging tail

did you think life would
get easier?
on your own
work unfinished

what slipped through
your fingers?
squirrelled possessions
children grown
unprotected dreams

do you recognize the person in
the mirror?
one last dance
so much to tell
welcome home

Blowback

Jeanna Stumpf

You said, "Get out of my way."
So easily
it scared me.



Counting Sheep

Betsy Salvatore

Contributors

Alfreda Amah-Clarke is a Liberian-American writer and actor who has been published in various literary magazines and has several awards including the Columbia Scholastic Press Association's Gold Circle Award. She also placed in the *Baltimore Sun's* Writing Contest in 1995. Alfreda enjoys reading, movies, and meeting new people. She currently lives in Saint Paul with her 2 (amazing) children.

Amber Bergslien is a senior at Metro State and will be graduating after this semester. Aside from her studies, she is a charcoal artist who is passionate for the outdoors, unplanned adventures, and a good cup of coffee.

Betsy Salvatore is majoring in Technical Communication. Her photos are from a trip to Ireland. She enjoys using her camera to capture the beauty in the world.

Brandt Schubbe is a Professional Writing Major and a Creative Writing Minor. He is also the Production Manager and Poetry Editor for Haute Dish. This is his last semester. He would like to thank the cast of characters who have helped work on this magazine. He believes it all to truly be a blessing.

Christine Lashinski is a writer who lives in the woods with her husband, two boys, and a slew of pets that her in-laws never let their son have. She knows all the details of a fictional character's life, but can't remember her neighbor's first name. She is addicted to good tales and chocolate.

Debby Dathe is a recent graduate with a BS in Human Services and she is excited to be submitting as alumni for the first time. As a

former member of the Haute Dish staff she is anxiously awaiting the release of this issue and the launch of the newest category (Digital Storytelling). The advancements of the magazine and the diversity in the submissions and submitters has been fun for her to see over the past few years and she is sure it will continue to be in the future as well.

Erica Wallace is a senior at Metropolitan State University majoring in Creative Writing. She has four children: 14 and 5 year old daughters and six year old twin sons. She is also a twin. Erica enjoys summers with her children, traveling with her husband, reading, writing memoir and fiction, and running.

Hue Lieu is pursuing a Master's degree in Public Administration and Nonprofit Management. She is passionate about youth development and lifelong learning. In her current position at Saint Paul Public Schools, Hue works to raise the equity levels for all LGBTQ+ youth. In her personal world, she enjoys woodworking, rock climbing, photography, playing pickup sports, spending time with her animals, and backpacking/camping. But of course, none of that means much if it isn't done with her best friend and fiancé, Brandi.

Jamie Haddox is a poet from Minnesota. She holds a BA in Creative Writing. Her work has appeared in *Haute Dish*, *Gyroscope*, *Pretty Owl Poetry* and on the *Golden Walkman* Podcast. In her spare time, Jamie loves engaging in witty banter, Cards Against Humanity, and reading lots of Nick Hornby books.

Janelle Danforth is a graduate student in the Technical Communications program. She is also currently working at Metro State as an office manager in the Information Technology department. Janelle loves to take photographs, especially of the natural beauty of sunsets. She works as a graphic designer and photographer on the side, and hopes to do this full time one day.

Jeanna Stumpf loves poetry with most of her heart, and for that, she is grateful.

Jennifer Cannon is currently pursuing her M.S., Technical Communication at Metro. She graduated in May, 2015, with a B.A., Technical Communication and Professional Writing. After many years in the financial field, Jennifer has decided to focus her second career on a more creative field and is enjoying exploring the opportunities to utilize technology and multi-media in a meaningful way; while also taking lots of RV trips.

James Baustert Metro State class of '77. Scottsdale, Arizona resident with a couple of summer months in Minnesota. Eighty-six year old unpublished (new) writer of short stories. Career in sales and advertising. Co-inventor of the lithium powered heart pacemaker. Claim to fame -- three outstanding offspring with 13 grandkids and a best-friend wife of 57 years.

Joylene Kohl is a writer, designer and entrepreneur. After completing her Bachelor of Arts degree at Metropolitan State University she is taking a break before working on a Master's degree in Creative Writing. She loves to travel and is still torn between the lake and the city.

Kathleen Buxton holds a biology degree from Metro State. She is currently working with animals, traveling, writing and blogging at adventureMN.com.

Kelly Knapp is a senior at Metro State, pursuing a customized Liberal Arts Major. Her major is focusing on the intersection of Global Studies and Public Health. She looks forward to starting graduate school for public health in 2017. She would like to study abroad, and maybe participate in the Peace Corps program for public health graduate students. Her long-term goal is to work for a nonprofit organization that provides direct care to members of the international community.

Kevin O'Connor is an Organizational Communication major in his last year at Metropolitan State.

laura brodie recently graduated Magna Cum Laude with a degree in Creative Writing and Gender Studies. She currently works as a writing tutor as well as a personal care assistant. She has no idea what she is going to do next.

Wayne Peacock is a recent graduate of Metro State. "In fall 2015, I created "Freedom" to fulfill the digital story requirement of an advanced writing course. Someone important to me suggested I submit the story to Haute Dish for publication. Using narration, photographs, and music, "Freedom" explains how and why a child who was indoctrinated with Christianity converted to atheism as an adult."



Focus on Metro

Debby Dathe

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.

Currently, we are accepting electronic submissions from enrolled Metropolitan State University students for the full color Fall 2016 issue.

The deadline for submissions is midnight, July 15, 2016.

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

For other questions, email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu.