



HAUTE DISH

THE ARTS AND LITERATURE MAGAZINE
OF METROPOLITAN STATE UNIVERSITY

FALL 2015

VOLUME 11 ISSUE 3

Hello again,

Thank you for picking up the latest issue of Haute Dish and congratulations to all of those who had their work chosen. I'd like to thank everyone who submitted to this issue. The volume of submissions more than doubled from our summer publication. It was wonderful to have so many people get involved, even if it did make judging very difficult. I hope this trend continues!

New Look

I'm really excited about this issue. We have a few changes this time... To begin with, we have a design team now and they have created a great looking magazine for us. This is also the first time that we are showcasing a featured piece in each category (poetry, prose, and visual arts); based on the Most Editorial Votes In Category (MEVIC). We have our first multi-lingual piece in this issue from our call for submissions last semester. You will see the poem written in Hmong and the English translation. And finally, we are introducing a new category "Focus on Metro," it is a visual arts category highlighting Metro State and its students. The Haute Dish staff is the first subject of this category and can be seen on the back cover. Submissions are now open for you to show us your Metro side.

New Deadlines

There is one more change; we now have set deadline dates for submissions. Spring: Nov 15th, Summer: April 15th, and Fall: July 15th. Mark your calendar now so you are prepared. Alumni, faculty, and staff are still allowed (and encouraged) to submit to our summer issue. Current Metro students may submit during Spring, Summer, and Fall.

New Reading

Haute Dish will be hosting a casual reading this fall. So, for all of you who are published in this issue or in previous issues, we would like to encourage you to come read your work. We will also be collaborating with The Writer's Think Tank and The Metropolitan in the future. Check out our Facebook page for more information about that.

Same Gratitude

Thank you again to everyone who helped create this magazine; submitters, editors, designers, staff, and all of those who do the tedious things that no one knows about, but makes all the difference. And thank YOU for picking it up. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed putting it together!

Debby Dathe

Managing Editor

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.

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

Like us on Facebook
facebook.com/HauteDishOfMetroState.

CALL FOR ENTRIES - SPRING 2016

Now accepting submissions for our Spring 2016 issue. Submit your prose, poetry, photography, and illustration. 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

Submissions deadline for Spring 2016 issue is midnight,
November 15, 2015

Questions? Email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu

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. Contact Debby Dathe at hautedish@metrostate.edu if you would like more information about joining Haute Dish!

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CONTENTS

4	THE TOWN OF BOOKS SARAH FJELLANGER
5	(UNTITLED) JEREMIAH GRAFSGAARD (MEVIC)
6	LOOKOUT POINT DEBBY DATHE
7	SELF PORTRAIT AMBER BERGSLIEN (MEVIC)
8	CHEEM KUV PANGHOUA THAO
9	STOP ME (ENGLISH TRANSLATION) PANGHOUA THAO
10	THE LONE BEE KEVIN O'CONNOR
11	NEON INSECT–IRAQ 2009 JEREMIAH GRAFSGAARD
11	MODERN DAY SLAVERY BRANDT SCHUBBE
12	MERCURY HAS HEALTH BENEFITS BRADLEY BACKUS
14	HIBISCUS SUNSET BRIELLE BERNARDY
15	CLASS REGISTRATION MATERIALS FOR "BUIS 310: DRESSING LIKE A RETAIL BUSINESS MAN" KEVIN MILLER
16	'THE EXCELSIOR DAILY' AMBER BERGSLIEN
17	WISH CHRISTINE LASHINSKI
17	A WALK AMONG DEAD LEAVES JOSE AGUILERA ARAYA
18	THE CURIOUS TALE OF THE BORING MR. FIGGINS GARY NIELSEN
21	BIRDS OF A FEATHER BETSY SALVATORE
22	CIRCLE OF LIFE BRIELLE BERNARDY
23	ROSES ARE RED DEBBY DATHE (MEVIC)
25	IN NEED OF . . . KEVIN O'CONNOR
26	AGING GRACE IVY GERVAIS
26	WEDNESDAY'S RAIN KEVIN MILLER
26	FRIENDS FIRST/A HUMBLE HAIKU HEATHER DIGOLO
27	WILDLIFE YUSRA KAZMI
28	READING IS FUN! BRADLEY BACKUS
30	BANDIT HEATHER DIGOLO
31	REARVIEW MIRROR CHRISTINE LASHINSKI
32	CRIMSON & MALACHITE BEN GUINDON
33	CHICAGO, ILLINOIS NUHA ALMUSWE
34	BEAUTIFUL BLOOM BETSY SALVATORE

*MEVIC= Most Editorial Votes In Category

THE TOWN OF BOOKS

SARAH FJELLANGER

Every year, as long as anyone could remember, people began arriving in Mundal on the first day of May. Most were Norwegians who had endured the winter with its all-encompassing darkness that dragged on and on as they quietly read the stack of books selected the year before. By mid-March they had mailed them all back to the Mundal postmaster. After all, this was, and is, the town of books, a town that some think of as an answer to a national book exchange.

Mundal sits snuggled between the mountains and the Sognefjord, the deepest and longest of the world's fjords. There are no roads to Mundal, only the fjord known for its spectacular waterfalls that drape against the mountains like white curtained lace before plunging into the frigid water below. In the summer months, the village houses row upon row of bookshelves filled to capacity with the word spines sent in from all over the

Norwegian countryside. Tourists and natives alike come to peruse as they wander in and out of people's homes and businesses looking for the perfect titles to fill the cold winter nights.

It was here that a young wife named Else had once sat in the hay mow of their farm and watched as the first ferry of the day approached the dock. Else was a dreamer, one who loved to tell stories to the children in the neighborhood, and secretly envisioned writing a book that would sit on someone's shelf, or rest between decorative bookends on the desk of a professor. Words continuously stirred in her thoughts as if she were playing a game of Scrabble. Many times she tried writing a story in six words like Hemingway and once attempted a tale of terror like Poe. Never, though, would she let her husband know of them. He had forbidden her dream, thought it foolishness, and a waste of time. But, like the pull of a magnet, the

blank page had been too strong and over the years words had been secretly etched upon it. She'd hidden the stories in the hay mow corner, the ones she would have wanted to read, the titles she would have placed on her own bookshelf if she'd had one.

A time came when Else could no longer scale the wooden steps into the loft nor walk to town to visit with her daughter.

"Mother, you should move in with me."

Pulling her close, Else whispered, "We must bring the stories."

"What stories?"

"The ones in the hay mow."

With guidance from her mother, the trove of notebooks were found and brought to town where Else and her daughter read and re-read them deep into the long winter nights.

"These need to be in a book, Mother."

"Oh, they're nothing but the ramblings of a dreamer. No one would want to

(UNTITLED)
JEREMIAH GRAFSGAARD

read them.”

In June of the next year, as the summer solstice began, Else and her daughter sat on the porch outside their mustard-yellow house on Main Street, sipping egg coffee and watching tourists peruse the town’s makeshift library system. Else loved conversing with everyone, answering questions, recommending books; it had been the healing she needed. That morning, an elderly gentleman approached the pair and inquired as to a recommendation for a book to grace his shelf at the university. Else had no chance to respond as her daughter rose and walked to the new rack she’d placed on their porch that morning.

“You should have this one, sir. It’s a collection of stories written by a woman who loved words, but had to hide them.”

Later, as they watched the man walk back to the ferry, the treasure tucked under his arm, a tear meandered down Else’s cheek and fell onto the matching book cradled in her lap, the one simply titled Else.

You are beautiful,
with your coffee
and your cigarette
hanging from your lower lip.
Reminiscent of the past, present, and future
failures and disappointments.
Like an abscessed tooth speaking on moral decay.
But I love you,
just the way you are,
In all of your misplaced glory.
Translucent.
Pretending to let the world see through you.
With your aura in hues of
purple and blue and red;
like a never ending
cooling fire.
You burn me!
I am enamored by you
and your smile
and your mystery.
You intrigue me,
with your depth and simplicity.
Your view of the world
in black and white
tinted through a green lens.
Your body, bronzed by the light of sun.
Your voice,
not but a whimsical whisper
on the palate of my taste buds.
Your breath delicious, succulent, and edible.
I would kiss you if you would not turn away.
I can taste your essence even now, at this distance.
And I love you,
sitting there,
with your coffee,
and your cigarette,
hanging from your lower lip.



LOOKOUT POINT
DEBBY DATHE



**SELF PORTRAIT
AMBER BERGSLIEN**

Charcoal Drawing

CHEEM KUV PANGHOUA THAO

Muaj coob leej hais rau kuv
Tias kuv tsis muaj peevxwm
Yuav ua tsis tau li luag tej

Kuv hnov lawv lub suab luag
Kuv hnov lawv tej lus thuam
Tias kuv ua tsis tau li luag tej

Tiamsis kuv, xav ua ib tug nas ej
Kuv mam ncav kom cuag cov hnuv qub
Vim tsis muaj ib yam, tsis muaj ib yam
Cheem kuv
Es tej lus cua no yuav muab tso tseg
Kuv mam txeeb kom tau mus ua ntej
Vim tsis muaj ib yam, tsis muaj ib yam
Cheem kuv

Txojkev no yuav phomsij
Txojkev no nws yuav nqaim
Tsuas muaj kuv ib leeg ntseeg kuv tus kheej xwb

Tiamsis kuv, xav ua ib tug nas ej
Kuv mam ncav kom cuag cov hnuv qub
Vim tsis muaj ib yam, tsis muaj ib yam
Cheem kuv
Es tej lus cua no yuav muab tso tseg
Kuv mam txeeb kom tau mus ua ntej
Vim tsis muaj ib yam, tsis muaj ib yam
Cheem kuv

(Kuv...) Yuav ntsia ntsoov kuv lub hom phiaj
Txawm nkees npaum cas los tsis pub tig rov qab
Kuv, yuav ntsia ntsoov yav tom ntej xwb
Txawm nkees npaum cas los tsis pub tig rov qab

Tiamsis kuv, xav ua ib tug nas ej
Kuv mam ncav kom cuag cov hnuv qub
Vim tsis muaj ib yam, tsis muaj ib yam
Cheem kuv... xav ua ib tug nas ej
Kuv mam ncav kom cuag cov hnuv qub
Vim tsis muaj ib yam, tsis muaj ib yam
Cheem kuv
Es tej lus cua no yuav muab tso tseg
Kuv mam txeeb kom tau mus ua ntej
Vim tsis muaj ib yam, tsis muaj ib yam
Cheem kuv

STOP ME *(ENGLISH TRANSLATION)*
PANGHOUA THAO

Many people tell me
That I don't have the courage
I can't do what others can do

I hear their laughter
I hear their mocking voices
Saying I can't do what others can do

But I will be a heroine
I will reach for the stars
Because there's nothing, there's nothing
That can stop me
I'll let go of their lies
I'll race to be the first
Because there's nothing, there's nothing
That can stop me

The road will be dangerous
The road will be narrow
Only I can believe in myself

But I will be a heroine
I will reach for the stars
Because there's nothing, there's nothing
That can stop me
I'll let go of their lies
I'll race to be the first
Because there's nothing, there's nothing
That can stop me

I'll look forward to my goals
No matter how tired I'll get, I won't regret
I'll look to the future
No matter how tired I'll get, I won't regret

But I will be a heroine
I will reach for the stars
Because there's nothing, there's nothing
That can stop me
I'll let go of their lies
I'll race to be the first
Because there's nothing, there's nothing
That can stop me



THE LONE BEE
KEVIN O'CONNOR



NEON INSECT—IRAQ 2009
JEREMIAH GRAFSGAARD

MODERN DAY SLAVERY BRANDT SCHUBBE

Delighted I dream
Of the day
In which
I am a free man
From all gates
Of restriction

The doors clamor
Behind me
As I go to work
With my big
Big hammer

As I struggle
In the hot
Hot sun

The heat
Invades my privacy
I am down
On the day
For I can hardly
Stand up on my feet

Dirt covers my
Hands
I hear music
In my mind
The wind passes by

In the grease
Of which I am covered
There are little grains
That put pain all
Through my body
I seek for peace

The long day ends
Night invades
I am calm
I look on and
Dream of
The day
Of which I
Am free
With no bonds

MERCURY HAS HEALTH BENEFITS BRADLEY BACKUS

Mercury. You can buy a can of this liquid remedy at your local Dollar Tree Store. The product costs one dollar and one cent even though everything else in the Dollar Tree Store is one dollar. There is also a steep taxation because Mr. Chemical was elected for the United States president.

Why does contaminated fish have such robust flavor? Mercury. Do you ever wonder what a dentist jams into your mouth while you are knocked out by laughing gas? Mercury. What planet did we really come from? Mercury.

If you find items on the shelves that say “100 percent cherry juice” or “100 percent apple juice,” avoid those. You ideally want “100 percent mercury.” Mercury has been noted to stimulate the brain and improve memory. Statistics show that mercury blended with bromine can build strong lasting immune systems.

The substance mercury is a wondrous gem. The architect of mercury is none other than Sir Edward Mercury. In Europe during the mid 1300s when the bubonic plague was a rising problem, Death knocked on doors and gave people fist pumps. So Sir Edward Mercury devised a plan. He came up with a substance that would save the lives of many. He birthed Mercury. The rats would eat the mercury and then become a food supply for those involved with the plague. The effect of mercury does not have the same result on humans as what it does to rats. For rats, mercury is a deadly poison, but for humans, mercury is an essential nutrient.

Mercury is refreshing, rejuvenating, and it replenishes our source of Vitamin A, B, C, D, E, and K. It also

acts as a Vitamin AA, which most people are unaware even existed. Vitamin AA has been used for batteries, but there is also Vitamin AAA, which is a supplement that should be taken with one full glass of mercury. Mercury is a fabulous substitute for Multivitamins and is recommended by most high-profile nutritionists.

There is a dissolvable form of mercury. You may mix it with any of your favorite juice beverages or if you like, water. It sure beats Gatorade or Powerade, energy drinks that contain electrolytes. The beauty of dissolvable mercury is that it comes with electrolytes and many other beneficial lytes like protolytes, ionlytes, and UVlytes. These key ingredients are locked inside the heavy metals of mercury, making it a necessary chemical to your daily life.

New practices have shown that mercury will end global poverty by the year 2020. The substance mercury creates change inside our communities and that is just what most poor folk need is change. Change to buy food and drink. Change to acquire new clothing and shoes. Change to attain shelter. Change for the common good of mercury.

Did you know that the core of planet Mercury is made of mercury? I would assume that is how we were blessed with this precious resource. Mercury could not have derived from Earth. What does Earth have? Oil? How good is that? Why would I ever need oil?

So it is safe to say that planet Mercury is our true home. It is in our blood to have mercury and speak in tongues of mercury. From the time we were born and got launched off in our mercury pods to this foreign

place called Earth, we have welcomed mercury into our lives. So say a prayer for our president, Mr. Chemical, so that he may stay in office for as many years it takes to deteriorate the United States of America.

Some believe that the Roman god Mercury gifted us mercury or that miniature drone bees produce all-natural unnatural mercury honey. Most drones are made of mercury. When you read how to assemble a drone, it will say, "Step one: take apart your batteries. Step two: take apart the high voltage box. Step three: take apart your brain." Make sure that when you purchase your drone, you get model M-1000. The "M" stands for mercury and the "1000" stands for the number of ketchup-sized packages of liquid metal that will be available inside the assembly box. Opening these packages of mercury can offer often amusing and astonishing results. Buyers of the M-1000 drone have noted that when they open the mercury packages, they would find an explosive firework that was occasionally lit, human belly fuzz, or fleas that would spring out at them. If you have a preference for mercury bottles over mercury packages, then by all means choose that option. The bottles contain filtered droplets of pure mercury that you can inject, ingest, or insert into your eye. Be very careful when opening the bottle that has eight skulls and crossbones on it. You might wind up in Davy Jones' locker.

The latest books published by Mercury House are manufactured with 82 percent mercury. The other 18 percent is a mix of lead, cadmium, thallium, tin, and copper. Readers have complained that they see the words too well and they wish to see the words less in these books. The

solution was to mix mercury with oil and dunk each of the books into the liquid substance. Readers reported that they can now read the books less easily and that they are pleased by the results. "I have to actually strain my eyes now to read these books.

Thank you Mercury House for publishing such fine quality works of shit!" said one reader, a long time fan of Mercury House books. "Those mercury vapors really work wonders for me. I can feel the burning in my eyes. Mercury House books are so exciting!" said another reader. A third reader who wished to comment was unable because they were inspired to go on a personal quest to become Liquid Metal Man.

Drive your Ford Mercury. Fill it with unleaded mercury. The price is much cheaper than today's gasoline. Gasoline is a useless product in our current mercury generation. Premium mercury is your best choice. It spills out these vapors that latch onto plants and animals to help them grow big and strong. America needs more muscles! Lots of big mercury muscles! So go to the gym and pump that mercury. Leave the iron for the losers.



HIBISCUS SUNSET
BRIELLE BERNARDY

CLASS REGISTRATION MATERIALS FOR
"BUIS 310: DRESSING LIKE A RETAIL BUSINESS MAN"
KEVIN MILLER

Prerequisites: BUIS 105: Racist Water Cooler Jokes, BUIS 110: Clearing Paper Jams, BUIS 150: Not My Problem- Scapegoats and Sacrificial Lambs, BUIS 175: Why isn't the Stapler Working?, BUIS 200: Ethics Smethics- Rule Your Store Like Stalin....and uh....maybe, like, some math or, something, right?

Nope. Nevermind. Just the other stuff.

Course Description: Now that you are nearing the end of your retail business degree and gathering the loose ends, those not-too-exacting details of your oppressively boring and ill-considered career and life choices, you must learn to dress exactly like your peers. These men (and only men) exemplify the beauty of restrained style, that sheer elegance of the ballooning and frumpy middle-management alpha-male. Toss your chrome plated cufflinks to the wayside. Fasten only the bottom button on your blazer. Sure it's a little long, but trust us, you'll grow into it. Kick your tailor in his uppity engorged testicles and throw toilet paper on his roof (you do have a tailor, don't you?). You'll be burning a lot of bridges in the coming years, so you might as well get an early jump on it (refer to your materials from BUIS 150, BUIS 200). This is a required course- employer's look for it.

Required Course Materials: Double-breasted blazer (three buttons, ill-fitting, pastel color of choice), receding hairline (comb-overs preferred), square-toed slip-on casual loafers (Amish-chic, black), pleather belt (brown), ornamental belt buckle (gaudy and self-indulgent), pinky ring (gold), aged tube socks (originally white, now yellowing), khaki pants (high crotched, elastic waistband, stains optional).



'THE EXCELSIOR DAILY'
AMBER BERGSLIEN

Charcoal Drawing

WISH CHRISTINE LASHINSKI

To my great-grandpa, I once made a wish.

The corners of his mouth remained level
with his lips.

Please, oh please, can I come with you?
Come with you to fish?

My great-grandma cooked for us all, hid-
ing a surprise in the dish.

My cousins tussled over the walnut, yearn-
ing for a boy to kiss.

To my great-grandpa, I once made a wish.

On the floor of the canoe, I watched their
tails swish.

On my knees, I kissed the minnows and
set them free.

Please, oh please, can I come with you?
Come with you to fish?

A tomboy likes trees and things that squish.

No boys. No girls. No kids on the boat.

To my great-grandpa, I once made a wish.

Scrunching up my face, I yelled, ish.

I didn't understand. I'm a good little fisher
person just ask my mom or my dad.

Please, oh please, can I come with you?
Come with you to fish?

Memory serves up the timeworn hope with
a flourish.

Such a tiny thing to be seen, to be heard.

To my great-grandpa, I once made a wish.

Please, oh please, can I come with you?
Come with you to fish?

A WALK AMONG DEAD LEAVES JOSE AGUILERA ARAYA

The sun hurries to its sunset on a chilly mid-October afternoon of this insipid and plastic relationship. Our strong personalities barely trickle down any hint of conflict, but we already like to taunt each other with harmless jokes and intentional miscues. As the ground is mostly covered with corpses of the warmest tones and hues, it is mandatory for us to wear a layer or two to endure the long shaded tracts of the lake trail. I wear nothing but a shirt, yet I decide to carry my jacket, mostly for her. When I extend it to her one quarter of the way, she refuses it, claiming that the thin cotton sweater she has on is enough. But I can see her shivering even on the fading sunlight. Nothing but a sign of the stubbornness to come. I desist from my offer, aware that we are not at that point at which we desire to control each other's every action. We slalom through the flow of people, or rather they slalom pass us, since we are so slow. I carry the dialog with pointless stories to get her laughs, but I feel each word goes unconnected through her brain. She is quite smart, but maybe I bore her with what I deem are interesting subjects: wars, music, different countries. No room in her head for anything other than gods, and sons of gods, and holy spirits. My bad. I suppose there is quite a bit of room for her work gossip, complaints about colleagues, overtly generous bosses and I'm flabbergasted at the prospect of such archetypal an interaction. I push her into trying to look at things from afar, but scant progress is made before we start running into the same people because we walk so slow. We struggle to find warm patches on the pavement, though not nearly as much as we do for our common ground. The rest has been told too many times. The same people reading on the grass, skateboarding down concrete stairwells, walking their dogs, or fishing with their children. A mausoleum of dead, living, and unborn relationships. The little future there is here will mean nothing eventually, for us and for them. Then why go on walking in such cold weather?

THE CURIOUS TALE OF THE BORING MR. FIGGINS

GARY NIELSEN

Mr. Figgins had been fiddling around with his jacket for far too long. It never seemed to fit right. He would pull a sleeve down here, adjust a collar there, and in the end, he couldn't bear to look at himself in the mirror. He looked ridiculous. It was too tight around the chest and draped down far too low. Mr. Figgins looked as if he were wearing a dress. Most unbecoming.

"I despise this jacket. I don't know why I bought the damn thing in the first place," Figgins muttered to himself.

Figgins was all alone in the attic of his dusty old house. Miss Violet was downstairs flipping through scrap books. She was lulling into a deeper depression day by day. It had been a long, hard winter, and the spring held little promise for hope.

Meanwhile, Figgins had begun his daily routine. He first attempted to straighten his jacket, to no avail, and proceeded to move onto reordering the bookshelf. He was a tedious figure, working to ensure the sanity of his possessions. One day, he would order them alphabetically, the next he would order them chronologically, so on and so forth. It was a never-ending cycle of fruitless work with no clear solution. Figgins enjoyed every minute of the three hours he wasted everyday trying to find something in his mind that didn't exist.

"Well, shall we get off to it?"

On this particular day, Figgins decided to reorganize the bookshelf based off of color. He put all the light colored books on the higher shelves and gradually proceeded downward with darker colors on each proceeding shelf. Any books that didn't fit or were in between the shades of the shelves, Figgins dropped on the floor. Figgins had read all three hundred and forty one books at least three times and it made no difference to him what kind of shape they were in. They sat in the dark attic,

where there was only a creek of light shining through one window. It was a heavily dusted window, because it wasn't like anyone was going to be too picky about how the attic looked, except, of course, Mr. Figgins. Dust was popping up in Figgins face and he hardly noticed or cared. The dust hadn't bothered him in many years.

After reordering the shelf, Mr. Figgins found himself on the second level of the house, a floor below the attic. Violet had left to get Eveline, so Figgins didn't have to worry about disturbing her in her daily routine, something Figgins would very much like her to reciprocate.

Figgins wandered around the upstairs floor until he ended up in the washroom. He was looking out the window at the busy street below. There were automobiles and cyclists but the most abundance of people walked along the sidewalk. There were hundreds of faces and hundreds of stories. Mr. Figgins would like to learn every single one of them but refused to leave the house, because he was too ashamed of his attire to follow any one of them. Figgins sorrowfully turned away from the window but avoided glancing at the mirror because he was too upset to look at himself. Besides, Miss Violet had turned out to be an interesting story herself.

Immediately after Mr. Figgins left the washroom he was approached by Oscar, Violet's dumb, simple lab. Oscar however did not like Mr. Figgins and barked at him upon sight. Mr. Figgins shooed him away but Oscar would not budge. He would step back if Mr. Figgins stepped forward but he would not completely retreat. Figgins would then have to reprimand Oscar.

"Go away, you mutt!" Figgins protested.

Oscar backed up and turned, dejected. He whimpered with his tail between his legs and followed the stairs to the bottom floor. Mr. Figgins did not like that animal.

If there was one thing he didn't like about Miss Violet staying down here it was that animal. It was just never comfortable around Mr. Figgins. It caused him great strife.

Figgins then approached Miss Violet's room at the end of the hall. He reached for the handle, but heard the downstairs door open and immediately fled to the attic. Miss Violet was home earlier than he had expected.

"It has to be done. You know that," spoke Eveline.

"I know. I just thought I'd have a little more time. That's all," said Miss Violet.

The two women were sitting down to a cup of coffee. Violet preferred hers black while Eveline took it with lots of sugar and lots of cream.

"It's just not going to work out that way, honey," Eveline said sympathetically. "We have a buyer who is willing to match your price outright. The place will be his next week. I'm sorry."

Violet sunk her head. She now had a good view of the salt shaker in the center of the kitchen table. She was trying to think back on all the memories she had made in this house. Nothing came to her mind. It was swirling.

"When the divorce came through like it did," Eveline continued, "there was just no way you could hold on to the place for very long."

Violet looked up and nodded slowly. She let a slow sigh that seemed to drag on for ages. Her long hair was draped in front of her face, concealing her blue eyes, filled with tears.

"If you need anything dear," Eveline was looking for an easy escape as she stood up. Violet nodded quickly and Eveline revealed a soft smile before she turned and left. Violet was alone once again. Before the night's end

she would have to begin packing up what was left of her belongings. They had no place in the house anymore. They were just fragments of a broken picture compressed against years of hardship. Her armor was shattered.

While Miss Violet began packing things up starting with her room, Mr. Figgins had begun a game of chess, as was customary. Figgins adored playing chess. There were almost endless possibilities when the game began and each player would slowly narrow their options until they were defeated. It was like competing to see who could finish their supper last.

On this afternoon, the pretentious Mr. Figgins was facing the flamboyant Mr. Figgins. To Figgins, the game always started off rather boring with each player matching the other player's move directly. It was like there was mirror in the middle of the board. Figgins found the symmetry rather dull. However, once the pieces started coming in conflict with one another the game really got going. Pieces were taken left and right on both sides. It was chaotic. However, as is the case with all the games of chess Mr. Figgins played, the black side would always win, in this case the pretentious Mr. Figgins. Loss and defeat had never been at the same time so simple and yet so complicated.

Proud over his victory and dejected by his defeat, Mr. Figgins decided it was time to go back downstairs. When he stood up to exit the attic, he heard Miss Violet push up on the attic door. He turned and looked at the floor door being pushed up just a few inches. The door was locked and hadn't been opened for many years. The lock was rusty now, incapable of being opened.

The light that escaped through that slight opening shined right through Mr. Figgins face. He didn't bother

to move. He wanted her to see him.

"It sure is dusty up here," Miss Violet said looking at her attic for the first time in years. "And very cold."

Miss Violet saw the bookshelf, the mirror, and the table and the chess pieces but had failed to notice Mr. Figgins. Violet looked around to see if any of the old antiques were in good enough condition to be sold. After several minutes of careful examination, she shook her head and closed the door.

"I'll let the next owner worry about breaking in there," Mr. Figgins could still hear her. "Nothing too valuable in there."

"Next owner?" Mr. Figgins whispered to himself. "How drab."

Mr. Figgins had always watched Miss Violet closely since she had first moved in here with her husband. He was a simple man but there was nothing simple about Miss Violet. She had this walk about her. It was elegant and graceful but every step she took was a cautious one. It was as if she were afraid that the next step would be harder than the last, and in her case it usually was. She was quiet and smart, but above everything else she was determined. She was going to have a child and live with her family forever be happy forever. When things broke down, she withered but she did not fall apart. She was fascinating to Mr. Figgins.

After hours of reading Gogol's *Dead Souls*, Mr. Figgins escaped into Miss Violet's room. She had packed up most of her possessions in a mountain of boxes that protruded from the back corner. There was no particular arrangement about them, which bothered Mr. Figgins. He proceeded to her dresser where she had several pictures of her family and her former husband. They had gone in together on the house, but once the divorce became final

she had it all to herself. They had bought it with the idea in mind that they were going to have children, something Miss Violet was adamant about. It was too bad she was barren. She had wanted children more than she had wanted a husband.

Mr. Figgins then approached the bed where Miss Violet had fallen asleep. She was exhausted from moving the boxes, and two glasses of wine further ensured the deepness of her sleep. Oscar lay on the floor, tired from the excitement of the day.

She laid in a light purple dress above the covers. Her red hair was down, with several strands dangling in front of her face. Mr. Figgins stood next to her at bedside. He reached for her forehead and swept the last remaining hairs behind her ear. He ran the backs of his fingers across her cheek. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up, and she let out a deep breath. Mr. Figgins bent down, placing his hand on the bed. He could see her breath now as it pumped from her mouth. He touched his nose to her hair and whispered in her ear.

"Never anything simple. Yet so beautiful."

Mr. Figgins took in a large whiff of the fragrance in her hair, which smelled like lilacs, before he straightened himself up and stepped back from the bed. He looked into her face one last time, and smiled.

"A broken woman knows no defeat. She presses on my love. Away from us. Let's wish her all the fortune in the world. She has been good to us. Interesting. A grand novel in her own right. A game of chess that ended with a stalemate. She will be missed," Figgins reminisced.

In the morning, Mr. Figgins was in the house alone, straightening his coat. But his head held heavier in its place as he mulled soft thoughts and warm embraces.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER
BETSY SALVATORE



CIRCLE OF LIFE
BRIELLE BERNARDY

ROSES ARE RED
DEBBY DATHE

The thunder woke me up. At least I thought it was thunder, until I realized it was coming from inside the house. I got up and walked quietly down the hall to my parents' room. You get hit in my house if you aren't quiet. I saw my Mom standing over my Dad; she had a strange look on her face. She noticed me standing in the doorway and said "Shh, your Daddy is sleeping."

I have seen my Dad pass out in some pretty odd positions, but I have never once seen him pass out face down, wrapped up in a rug. I haven't ever seen a dead person before either, but I knew he was. The blood was coming through the rug and I could still smell the gunpowder in the air. I had been wondering when this would happen.

"Mom." I said quietly, then louder when I didn't get a response. "MOM!" She turned to look at me. "What?" She asked innocently. "What are we going to do now?" I asked.

My Mom & I had been watching a lot of TV lately, mostly crime shows about women killing their husbands or boyfriends. I always liked the stories, but I think Mom was making plans. She would sit very still, absorbing every detail of the show, especially the details of the murder. Sometimes she would cheer the actresses on while they bludgeoned their husbands to death on the screen. One day she said that not one of them was worse than my father. I couldn't argue with her.

Now, here we were in the middle of our very own crime scene. I may have only been ten years old, but I remembered that at the end of all those shows the woman always got caught. I don't think my Mom understood that part. She had gotten my Dad in the rug, but now she didn't know what to do with him.

I've known for a while what my Dad was and I knew I didn't like him very much, but I thought there might be a little piece of me that would miss him if he never came back. But as I looked down at him, all snug in his rug, I knew that I just didn't care. He beat any love I had for him out of me years ago.

I was more surprised that Mom finally did something. We left him once but she missed him, so we went back. It didn't matter that I was happy for the first time in my life or that she was making plans to go back to school so she could better herself. She missed him, so we went back; and we were severely punished for leaving. After that I knew we were stuck there until one of us died or they killed each other.

I just wished that she had killed him any of those times that he was beating me or when he was beating her and I was clawing at him to get off of her. But no, she did it while he was asleep and then didn't know what to do with him.

After what seemed like hours, Mom's head snapped up and she ran outside. For a second I thought she was going to leave me alone with him. I went to the back door in time to see Mom getting the shovel out of our shed. Apparently, she was going to do some late night gardening. Dad always hated that flower garden and now he would spend eternity buried in it. The thought made me smile and I went out to help dig.

We dug the hole nice and deep, and then used the wheelbarrow to get him from the house into his final resting place. Mom lifted the handles and Dad slid out of the wheelbarrow and landed with a wet thud. We stood in

silence for a moment and then began to fill in the hole with dirt. With every shovelful of dirt I threw on top of him my spirit became lighter and lighter. When the hole was completely covered, I felt free. A tear slid down my cheek.

My Mom saw it and said she was sorry and “I’m going to miss him too.” I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. She was going to miss him? This man that was only happy when he was crushing your bones or your spirit? The woman had lost her mind.

“Then why?” I asked.

She paused for a second, picked up the shovel and said “I’m pregnant.” I followed her to the tool shed and watched as she put the shovels back in their places, the way Dad insisted, and I was still too surprised to speak. She continued, “I just don’t want to raise a baby in this kind of environment.”

That did it. All the times he beat me for no reason, while she watched and did nothing and now she wanted to protect a child she had not met when she never protected me. I was furious and hurt and she did not understand a thing. She was babbling about the three of us living together and having a wonderful life and about how much I’ll like Mark.

Wait a minute. Back up. “Who is Mark?” I asked.

“Oh,” she said. “He’s Mommy’s special friend.”

“I know what that means. I’m not stupid.” I snapped at her. “Does HE know that you’re pregnant?” I asked.

“Well, I suppose you’ll find out sooner or later.” She stopped and looked at me. “It’s Mark’s baby, honey.” She continued into the house to finish cleaning up.

My head was swimming. For a moment I let myself believe that she had done it for me, to protect me from him. I knew in my heart that she was most likely thinking of

herself, but I had never imagined this. She killed my Dad because she was having another man’s baby, and that was it. I hoped this kid had a better Dad than I got.

I fell asleep that night listening to my Mom scrubbing the walls and tearing up the carpet in their bedroom. I was done helping her. She was on her own.

When I woke up the next morning I had the feeling that something important had happened, but I wasn’t sure what it was. Then I remembered, oh yeah, my Dad isn’t here anymore. I got up and found my Mom asleep on the couch in the living room and there were bags of garbage scattered around the hallway. There wasn’t a trace of blood anywhere.

I fixed myself breakfast, got dressed and went to school like I did any other day. I always liked school. I didn’t have a lot of friends, but even the mean kids weren’t as bad as my parents, so it was cool. The school always had heat in the winter, air conditioning when it was hot and there was always enough food for everyone at lunchtime.

I always wanted to be in some kind of activity like other kids that got to stay after school, I didn’t even care what activity. But I always had to go straight home. Maybe now I will be able to, I thought. As I walked I started to imagine all the new things we would be able to do and the freedom that we would have, now that he was gone.

I opened my front door and saw a strange man sitting on our couch, drinking a beer. I was about to ask him who he was but realized that this must be my Mom’s “special friend.” He moves pretty fast, I thought to myself. My mom came running around the corner, “Oh, honey! You’re home.” She said as she came around to hug me. She never hugged me, so I knew this was all for show. She smelled like she’d been drinking. I shrugged out of her grasp and went off to my room. I did not want to be part of her fairy tale world.

Not much changed around the house. Once in a while someone called looking for my Dad, we usually just told them he was out on a bender and they said they understood. Mark moved in and immediately took over for my Dad, except he didn't work. That's one thing about my Dad, no matter how much of a drunk he was, he at least tried to keep a job.

It wasn't too long before I started noticing bruises on Mom. I had been so used to seeing them before that it took me a while to remember that Dad was gone and these are fresh. They were fighting all the time and they were almost always drunk. I mostly tried to keep away from them.

Once, after they had been fighting about my Dad (my Mom was saying Mark would never be as good as my Dad, if you can believe that) Mark stormed out the back of the house and peed on Dad's grave. Mom flew at him, pulling on his hair, arms and legs, anything she could grab hold of and pull him away. He didn't budge. He zipped his fly and slapped her across the face.

I didn't remember going outside, but there I was with a shovel in my hand. "Get away from her!" I yelled. He laughed and shoved her to the ground. I swung at him as hard as I could, but he took the shovel away from me. "This is how you do it." He said, as he swung it down on my arm. I thought my arm was broken, but I refused to cry. Mark threw the shovel down and stomped around to the front of the house to his car. "What did you do?" Mom yelled at me and ran after him.

I got some ice out of the freezer and went to my room to try to make some kind of sling. Maybe I could have the school nurse look at it tomorrow. I've been through this before; I'll just pretend to fall at recess or before school, if it hurts really bad.

In the morning the first thing I saw was my Mom and Mark asleep in each other's arms, passed out on the sofa. I stood there staring at them. I looked at my swollen black and blue arm, then at my Mom and her fresh bruises. But she was cuddled up to this man, looking happy and peaceful. She never even asked if I was ok. The doorbell rang and snapped me out of my funk.

There was a policeman at the door. I opened the door a little bit and asked if I could help him, like all the other times there were police at the door. He told me that some people have been looking for my Daddy and he wondered if I knew where he was. I looked at my Mom and then back to the officer. I opened my mouth, and then looked back at her again. Things were never going to change. "Try under the roses." I said, and slipped past him and went to school.



IN NEED OF . . .
KEVIN O'CONNOR

AGING GRACE
IVY GERVAIS

Hearing the ticking tock go and grow longer,
oldening ears lose to quieting, slower years.

Opening their eyes,
to past face,
new wrinkles,
dry cracks on lips
that had found new meanings to words from their full lives.

Familiar far more shaky warm arms holding still your heart,
flooded mind to memories of meeting, moving, mischief, romance;
reasons why you were here.

FRIENDS FIRST/A HUMBLE HAIKU
HEATHER DIGOLO

Behold Yellow Rose
Cover thorny doubt with heart
Save a future scorn

WEDNESDAY'S RAIN
KEVIN MILLER

Sometimes the rain is nice
when the temporary daylight
crawls down out of the electric fog and
you stagger across the damp pavement,
each step more surreal than the last.

Artificial lights look
well, just that
so without an incandescent
in eyeshot the black mist
pulled the house keys from my
hand into a stagnant puddle. Failing
to grasp them I sat under an oak
tree meditating on a dress matched with
nail polish, she picked through the
fruit platter eating only strawberries
or grapes, never honeydew. The question
of the storms progress, that is,
was I on the periphery or in the
eye seemed irrelevant. Only a sense of these
shrinking clouds whose
violence plucked my keys from the puddle
and left the backdoor open beside the
wilting hydrangeas.



WILDLIFE
YUSRA KAZMI

READING IS FUN! BRADLEY BACKUS

Reading is so much fun to do. When you read a word such as Jack or Jill, you are to think,

“Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water!”

When you find a word that you can’t pronounce, ask the word,

“How do I pronounce you?”

The word may reply,

“I don’t know.”

You completed a sentence, but now you might ask,

“What is a sentence?”

It very well may be your jail sentence. Believe it or not, jail is a great place for reading; just ask your inmate, Fred, the psychopathic killer. He could respond by saying,

“Why yes, books are quite influential. I can read step by step instructions on how to be a lunatic.”

You may find a comma in a particular sentence you read. What is a comma? Is that slang for coma? Are people just that lazy with their words? How about if we call it a commure? Then people can think of manure when they read it.

“Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of tequila!”

Or was it water?

When you read something, you often don’t have to tell the difference between tequila and water. You just find a paragraph you don’t like and dump your beverage on the

page. Then you can just skip that page altogether.

The second option is to tear the page out, crumble it up, and then proceed to ingest it. Believe it or not, paper serves as a nutritious snack.

The third option is to take the book that you are reading, throw it on the ground, stomp on it and say,

“I love reading! I love it, I love it, I love it!”

Never should you concern yourself over a second or third book. If the book has more than one word then it probably has nothing good to say.

We are fancy in the way we dress, the cars we drive, the way we walk our dogs, but fancy books may discourage us. When confronted with a fancy book, your first urge may be to sing,

“Old MacDonald had a farm E-I-E-I-O.”

Read Shakespeare,

“Thy art thou E-I-E-I-O.”

Do you now see how fun reading can be? You knew nothing before and you know nothing now and you will know nothing in the future.

When people ask,

“What are you reading?”

You can’t help but to say,

“Was I reading? I thought I was just staring at the line that runs down between both pages.”

There are words there, they say,

“I am the line between both pages.”

Readers tend to read while sitting. They read a book with a topic about sitting. Sit upright. Don't slouch. Cross your right leg over your left leg—not the other way around. Drink your coffee with your left hand. Avoid using your right. Your right hand is for holding your book. The title of this book is “Sit.”

Too much of reading your words forwards can cause an illness where you start reading backwards, this is known as Backwards Reading Syndrome. A couple hundred thousand readers get treated for this each year. They complain that after having read to the very last word of a book, they now find themselves back at chapter one. Some of the symptoms are mild discomfort while reading, screaming the words of every sentence loudly, confusing the names of characters for profanity, and believing that you are the book and that the book is reading you. You should consult your doctor if you ever try strangling your book.

Certain caution should be taken when it comes to reading too many books on zombies, werewolves, or vampires. These books may contain warnings that clearly state,

“If you read this book, you will turn into a cliché.”

You read a book on werewolves. You now have the cliché hair, the cliché howl, and listen to that growl! It would give any Little Red Riding Hood girl a reason to read,

How to Kill a Werewolf for Dummies.

If you turned into a vampire from reading vampire books, chances are you might want blood. Suddenly everything that is red will appeal to you. As you flip through lengthy epics, you bite at every page, solely because the ink is red, and you wonder why it taste like nothing. You forget that these are borrowed books from a local library, so now you owe a tremendous fee that will cover the damage of incessant bite marks.

If you become a zombie from reading zombie books, it is probably not because you have absorbed so heavily information on zombies, but rather the fact that your eyes stopped on the word “Zombie” and you reread the word “Zombie” for five days and five nights without sleeping. Your vocabulary has now been reduced down to one word, “Zombie.”

We are often selective about what we read. We would rather read about iPhones than nature. Who needs a book? We can read on our iPhones, but how much “I” is put into that phone? They should be called myDrones. While you are looking at all that glorious data, your myDrone is scanning your brain and preparing to put “Zombie” on the screen. Your response would be to swipe to the next page, which would also read, “Zombie.”

You have unlearned so much from reading on your myDrone that you decide to pull up an article on how fun reading can be. All you have to do is sing,
“Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of tequila!”



BANDIT
HEATHER DIGOLO

REARVIEW MIRROR CHRISTINE LASHINSKI

The journey here has been a long one. Cold and moisture from the tailgate permeate my jeans. I kick my legs like a swimmer in a dream, going nowhere fast. Heat seeps through the oversized mug to warm my hands as fog drifts above the land allowing only the barest glimpse of the tips of trees from the forest below. The smell of sugar browning alerts my body to the rush of caffeine that has jump-started my mornings for the past decade.

Thoughts intrude like the ring of a call I do not want to take, but answer or no the moment is interrupted. If I had it all to do again what might I change? Relationships salvaged. Lives saved. Part of me believes each misstep gains me traction. I became more myself. But perhaps that's merely the wishful thinking of the girl who always wants a happy ending.

I blow on the hot surface and dare a small sip. The coffee never tastes as good as it smells. My biggest mistakes; the points where all seemed lost; I own them like a DVD collection to be taken out and played over and over again when I am in the mood to feel worse about myself. Today, I have the power to stop the moving images of memory and store them away for another time and place.

Water beads on my green jacket, the one I splurged on so many years ago. The raincoat was worth the cost. Like my marriage, it survived the elements and the test of time.

The metal creaks and the tailgate dips as he joins me on my perch. He takes a drink. I had asked if he wanted his own; he said no, he'd just share some of mine. This thing he calls sharing, I call stealing. A montage of similar situations plays through my mind. Is that when I started taking more than I needed, fearing I wouldn't have enough? Perhaps it started

in childhood when not a single item could be purchased if it were not for sale. Or maybe I came into this world with eyes too big.

Twenty-five years ago we came to this exact spot on our honeymoon. A road trip to Oregon was everything we wanted, far away from wedding drama and a vacation we could afford. Not so different now. Most of our funds are still sunk into our life together. Children and college. Soon it will be weddings and grandbabies, not necessarily in that order. I gained wisdom, but not as much as I thought I would attain. Most days I am still winging it, feeling like the same girl on the inside as my wedding photos appear on the outside.

I hop off the truck to the ground. Every bit as ungraceful as ever, my husband reaches out a hand to steady me. Once, while on a bus that would not stop for fear of breaking down, I had been forced to jump from the moving vehicle. My husband's eyes transmitted his anxiety that I would somehow fall and end up beneath the tires. As fears go it wasn't unreasonable.

As we travel out of the clouds and back to earth, hot air blows from the vents across my skin. I glance in the rearview mirror at roads I have already traveled, and then out the windshield to what lies ahead.



CRIMSON & MALACHITE
BEN GUINDON



CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
NUHA ALMUSWE

“The camera is the least important element in photography.” —Julius Shulman



BEAUTIFUL BLOOM
BETSY SALVATORE

NUHA ALMUSWE is a current student at Metropolitan State University pursuing a major in Biology and a minor in Psychology. When she's not reading from a thick textbook, she enjoys being behind the lens capturing the small things that go unseen. Almuswe describes photography as one of the very little things that can be understood by any man, allowing us all to hear a song foreign to others but familiar to us and read a script invisible to ink and holds no boundaries. Loft Mentorship poetry mentor.

JOSE AGUILERA ARAYA moved from Costa Rica to Minnesota four-and-a-half years ago and has been making observations about life in the Midwest ever since. He speaks English, Spanish, and has given Swedish a try. An avid cinephile and soccer devout, he prefers stream-of-consciousness writing and painting eclectic images with ethereal description. His dream is to use different languages to tell unique stories in unique ways.

BRADLEY BACKUS is a freelance writer for the Metropolitan at Metropolitan State University located in Saint Paul, Minnesota. He is a part-time creative writing major. He enjoys word play and descriptive imagery. Thanks to teachers and friends, he has found a new love for satire and poetry. When he is not writing articles or stories, he is taking as many shots in golf as the scorecard can handle. He is currently working on a novel of fantasy fiction.

AMBER BERGSLIEN is currently a full time student in her junior year at Metro State. Outside of school she is a charcoal artist who is passionate for life, the outdoors, adventure and travel. She grew up in a small town in Corcoran, Minnesota and currently lives in Medicine Lake. Her artistic process began as a young girl and continued into high school where she took art courses focusing on ceramics, drawing, and painting. After high school she attended UMD where she enrolled in a college drawing course. She has been creating charcoal drawings ever since. Amber is currently working on a series of drawings with inspirations from the outdoors.

BRIELLE BERNARDY is a graduate student in the criminal justice department at Metropolitan State University. She graduated in May of 2014 from Metropolitan State University with a Bachelor's Degree in Criminal Justice. Prior to attending Metropolitan State University, Brielle attended Moorhead State where she was working

towards a Bachelor's Degree in Fine Arts. Her passion has always been to help people in need, but also enjoys sharing her photography with others.

DEBBY DATHE is a senior at Metro State; majoring in Gerontology and minoring in Creative Writing. Lately, when she is not at work or school, she has been trying to make her vegetable garden grow. It's turning out to be harder than she thought...the rabbits seem to be enjoying it though.

HEATHER BEAR DIGOLO is a future graduate of Metropolitan State Universities College of Individualized Studies. She enjoys writing, painting and meditating in nature. Heather advocates for the healing power in creating from any medium necessary. She grew up watching her dad work his own dark room process before technology came along. No matter what we create or how we create it, we are all creative beings; it is in our nature to create. 'Bandit' is her dedication to her veteran father who loved photography and cars.

SARAH FJELLANGER is an undergraduate student working toward a degree in Creative Writing. Her prime writing interests center around snippets of little known history and the aging population.

IVY GERVAIS is in her final semester at Metro State. She's done it! Bundling a major in creative writing and a minor in advertising, she secretly hopes to prove everyone wrong and capture one of those elusive creative dream jobs she always hears people talking about.

JEREMIAH GRAFSGAARD is a Professional Communication Senior and transfer student to Metro State. He received his Associates degree in Liberal Arts & Science from Minnesota State Community and Technical College in Moorhead, MN. Jeremiah is involved with Metro State's Student Senate and has a vast variety of life experience, which includes a six year military career and involvement in higher education leadership & advocacy.

BEN GUINDON is a freelance writer and an employed editor. He mostly does work writing articles for Ani U Magazine and wood engraving of poems and designs with his infrequent free time. He is an aficionado of gaming, tattoo and piercing culture and music.

YUSRA KAZMI is a graduate student (MS-Computer Science) at Metro State University. Photography is his Hobby and passion!

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. Addicted to good tales and chocolate, she is attending Metropolitan State University majoring in Organizational Communication and minoring in Creative Writing.

KEVIN MILLER is a Professional Writing student at Metro State. He enjoys writing of almost any kind. He also likes music and philosophy.

GARY NIELSEN was a Creative writing Major at North Hennepin Community college. He writes mainly prose fiction, but has also been known to dabble into poetry and screenwriting. He has experience as an editor both of works of fiction and non-fiction. His favorite writing topics include but are not limited to: paranormal, science-fiction, and horror. He graduated after the Spring Semester of 2013, with an Associate in Fine Arts in Creative Writing. He then transferred into the Metro State business program. He will graduate after the 2015 Fall semester.

KEVIN O'CONNOR graduated with a Cinema Editing & Post-Production degree from Minneapolis Community & Technical College in May, 2014. From there, he went on to periodically perform freelance editing and motion graphics. In the following fall, during a semester of photography, he decided to augment this degree with a bachelor's in Organizational Communication. While at Metro State, he worked for the Institute for Community Engagement and Scholarship, as a tutor and photographer, and hopes to get even more involved this fall. He hopes his work, both artistic and otherwise, will make a direct and positive impact on the community.

BETSY SALVATORE is a part time student majoring in Technical Communication. She began taking many pictures after the birth of her first child. Years later, when her four children ran Cross Country and Track, she captured hundreds of pictures for their teams. She has always admired the talent of famed documentary photographer Dorothea Lange, and dreams of capturing one photo at her caliber. Recently, she has switched gears to capturing the beauty of nature.

BRANDT SCHUBBE is a senior at Metropolitan State University. He resides in Minneapolis, and writes poetry daily. His love for new ideas has given him inspiration to reach out in his creative endeavors.

PANGHOUA THAO is a singer/songwriter from Saint Paul, Minnesota. She first became involved with music in middle school where she sang and played piano for her church worship team. Soon after, she picked up the guitar and started writing her own originals. She has participated in various events and competitions such as Kang Vang's 'All In The Mix', Lucky Cha's singer/songwriter contest, CHAT's In Session Singer/Songwriter Competition, and many more. Her biggest dream as a musician is to be an inspiration to others. Aside from music, Panghoua is currently enrolled at Metropolitan State pursuing a degree in Urban Elementary.

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 Spring 2016 issue.

The deadline for submissions is midnight Sunday, November 15, 2015.

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



FOCUS ON METRO

HAUTE DISH STAFF

Haute Dish is proud to announce the new visual category *Focus on Metro*. Now it's your turn to show us your Metro side. We're looking for unique photos of Metro students on campus engaged in university activities and events, showcasing the spirit of Metropolitan. To get started, here are the hard-working Haute Dish editors taking a moment to enjoy the magazine. Send us your own *Focus on Metro* photograph; one will be chosen each issue to appear on the back cover. More submission details at hautedish.metrostate.edu.