



Haute Dish

THE ARTS AND LITERATURE MAGAZINE OF METROPOLITAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Spring 2016 Volume 12 • Issue 1

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.

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CALL FOR ENTRIES – SUMMER 2016

Now accepting submissions from current students, staff, faculty, and alumni of Metropolitan State University for our Summer 2016 black and white issue. Submit your prose, poetry, B/W photography, and B/W 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

Questions? Email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu

Submissions deadline for Summer 2016 issue is midnight, April 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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Editor's Note

Hello (and goodbye),

First of all, I'd like to thank everyone who submitted to *Haute Dish* this semester and congratulate those of you whose work was chosen. The quality and quantity of submissions has increased with every issue and that has been very exciting to see.

We had our Fall Reading at the Educated Palate on the St. Paul campus of Metro State in November. The small group size made it possible to discuss the works together after each reading, which added to the enjoyment of the event. And now with the new student center open we have the perfect setting for next fall. Our annual Spring Reading will be held on March 26th at Open Book (home of The Loft Literary Center, Milkweed Editions, and the Minnesota Center for Book Arts). Those with work published in the recent issues of *Haute Dish* are invited to read and share your artwork. Everyone is welcome to attend.

The National Endowment for the Arts has selected Metro State as a site for the "Big Read" and *Haute Dish* will be hosting a reading between 1/19 – 2/18/16.

We will also be introducing a new digital storytelling category soon; the details are still being worked out, but our wish is to feature the selected digital stories on our website. Please watch our Facebook page for more information about this as well as information about the Big Read.

This is my last issue as Managing Editor of *Haute Dish*; I am graduating and going off to join the real world. I would like to say thank you again to all of the editors and staff of *Haute Dish*, it has been great working with all of you. Now that I've gotten the hang of it— it's time to go. And so for the last time I say, "I hope you enjoy reading this as much as we enjoyed putting it together!"

Debby Dathe
Managing Editor

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Monarch
Brielle Bernardy



Red Oak 1017
Andrea Fjeldberg

Reflection

Christine Lashinski ©MEVIC

Too quick, you would have found fault.
In yourself. In others.
You would have the world be perfect in every way.

You would have looked away
from that internal view.
Much too harsh and critical for a nice girl like you.

You would have distanced yourself from pain,
from failure,
from your own blatant inadequacies.

If you would have succeeded,
you would have never grown or learned.
You would have never discovered compassion or understanding or patience.

You would have danced more.
Laughed more. Put your heart on the line more.
You would have blobbed the paint on the canvas,
and let the colors spread as they may.

The Student Body

Debby Dathe

I swear I've spent half my life standing in a stupid line. The teachers are always lining us up. We walk to lunch in a line, to the library, to go outside, even in an emergency drill. If there is ever a fire in this school, I hope it will spread slowly so we can evacuate in an orderly fashion. (I always wondered if the firemen would stop us if we weren't lined up by height.) But this kind of line, this was the worst.

Gym class. The choosing of the teams. We were already in the line, now we waited to see how our evil gym teacher, Ms. Franzen, would divide us up into teams. We all silently prayed for her to start numbering us off. My friends and I had figured out where to quickly run if it was odds or evens, so we could play on the same team. But not today. We saw it coming, there was a special glint in her eye. This would not be good. "Brad," Ms. Franzen said and pointed to the spot where he should immediately run to. The class groaned in unison. We would have team captains and they would be picking their teams. It was to be a popularity/fitness contest.

"Mark," she said and pointed to a different spot. The students began talking amongst themselves, trying to guess which team they would be on, when they heard her call another name.

"Jesse." When he didn't move fast enough she called again. "JESSE! Over there!"

Three teams, oh my god, three teams, I thought to myself. Oh and with these boys doing the picking, this was not good.

"Kevin," she said and pointed to a spot against the other wall. A murmur went through the crowd.

Four teams. It must have been her birthday; our embarrassment would be her gift to herself. The class was quiet. We waited to see if she'd call another name, but the four most athletic kids had already been called up. As one we held our breath, and then we saw her smile.

"Choose your teams." The fluorescent light beamed off her teeth in a way that made them appear yellow and pointed. I bet you could see horns coming out of the top of her head if her hair wasn't so poofy.

"Brad, you start. Then go in the order I called you," she said, and then sat back to enjoy the show. A slow, evil smirk stretched across her face. It wasn't a surprise who each of the boys called first; it would be their friends, and then the very athletic boys, then the cute popular girls. It was after they had all been chosen that the panic sunk in. The prayer of the unpopular and the unfit spread from kid to kid, "Please GOD, don't let me be last. Please, please, please, don't let me be picked last." I think God's busiest time of day was during gym class, at least when Ms. Franzen was teaching.

When one kid was chosen from our line the rest of us would move closer together and if it was our friend that was called we would tell them to have us picked next. That never worked though. As soon as they crossed over to the other side, they breathed a sigh of relief and forgot about the rest of us still standing in that line.

“You. Tall kid,” Jesse said. We were in trouble now. It didn’t matter that we’d all gone to school together for the past five years; these boys didn’t know anyone else’s name. This was going to be ugly. I glanced up at Ms. Franzen; I’ve never seen her smile so big.

Five kids left, including me. I was trying to make eye contact with my friends, to get them to put in a good word for me. I mean really, none of us up here were very talented- what did it matter who they got stuck with? I just didn’t want to be last.

One after the other three kids were plucked from the line. The room got quiet as they all watched what was happening. Two kids left in that line. We each stood there, repeating our prayer, “Please God, don’t let me be last.” He could only answer one of us. We looked at each other and nodded, then turned to look at the team captain. He was upset; he didn’t want either one of us. The other kids in line were telling him who to choose.

Why weren’t my friends saying anything?
“Blue shirt,” Kevin said.

I was not wearing a blue shirt. The captains had been calling us up in order, so I knew exactly

which team that I would be on and began walking over to them, trying my best to remain confident. That’s where I went wrong.

“Wait!” Ms. Franzen yelled. Everyone stopped and looked at her.

“Did you get picked?” she asked. Now everyone looked at me.

“No, but...”

“Go back to the line and wait to be picked,” she said with a sneer.

I walked back to the line and faced the class like I was waiting for a firing squad. The team captain certainly took his time before finally looking at me and saying, “You.” I quickly ran over and joined my team. All that and we didn’t even know what we were playing yet...

“Dodgeball!” Ms. Franzen yelled.

I wished that she would play too so that I could give her a birthday present right in the face. But no, she was happy to watch us destroy each other from the sidelines. Happy birthday Ms. Franzen, enjoy the show.

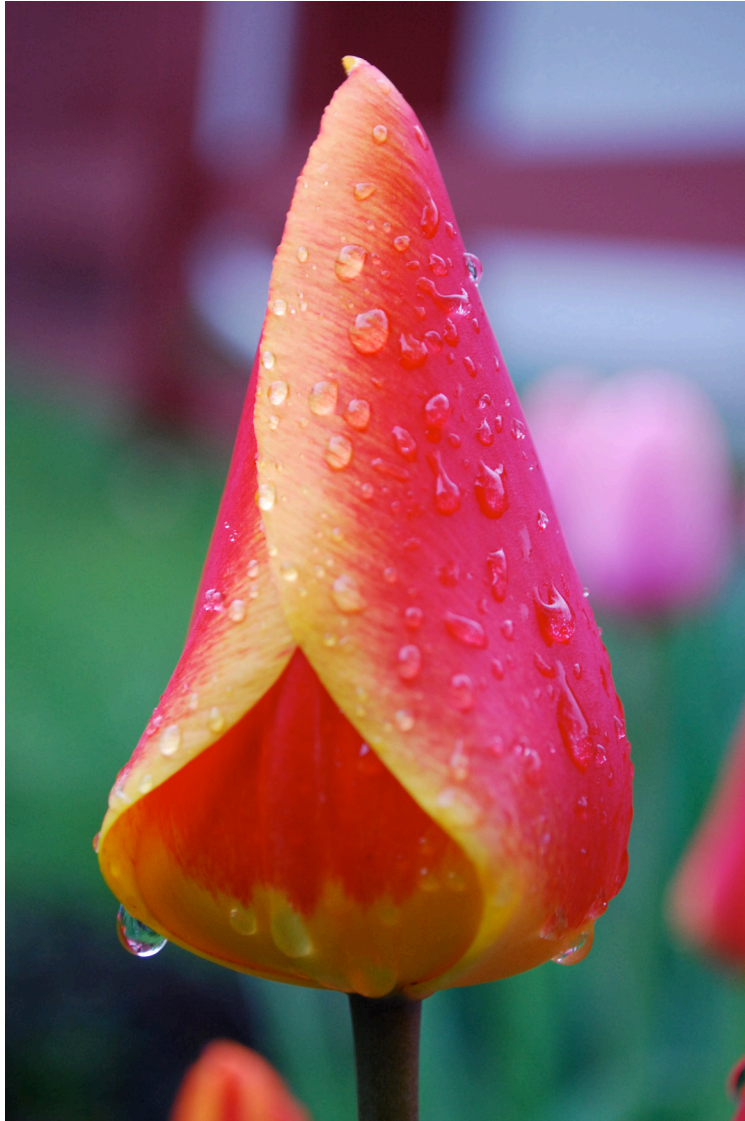
Iselder

Alyssa Kuglin ©MEVIC

Some days it feels like your limbs weigh half a ton and they anchor you to your bed. You can look outside your bedroom window and see the sun and the trees and the sky, but you are trapped; restrained in the grip of the blue beast whose arms are covered in fur. In the beginning, the fur feels prickly like a wool sweater and you ache to get rid of it, but over time the over-stimulation of the rough texture makes you numb. You'd fight it off if you could feel. The numbness becomes normal and your old life is like a phantom limb. It sometimes feels like the person you used to be is still there, but you look down and see that the hole in your chest is still hollow.

One day you might catch a glimmer of the old you staring back through the mirror and you reach out to caress the cheeks flushed with vivacity. The apparition smiles warmly and whispers, 'you will be okay,' and it doesn't resonate within you as something possible. Days go by and the vision of your old self manifests again in the mirror, its eyes sparkling with life and joy. 'You will be okay,' it repeats and you startle at the flutter of hope that awakens in your gut.

Each day the vision becomes clearer and the voice grows louder as it chants, 'you will be okay.' The hope that you thought had died in you was simply dormant, like a tulip buried in snow that bursts from the earth at the mention of spring. The cocoon the blue beast had placed around you begins to crack and the shards of your despair crumble as you claw your way out of what had become your life. You emerge from your ordeal and stand tall again. The hole in your chest has scarred over, reminding you of what you came from, what you were and that you are a survivor.



Tulip
Jeremiah Grafsgaard

The Boy & Michelle: Immigrants, Lovers, and Welcoming

Mohamud Isaq

The desert heat was excruciating, and the boy was suffering from a mixture of dust pneumonia and heat strokes. But he kept walking and walking. He was beginning to feel a shortness in his breathing. Breathlessness, he thought, was only for those who don't play el futbol. But he couldn't walk any longer. After a few yards, the boy found a small tree, a Guatemalan fir, and went under its shade. All hope was lost, and the boy was defeated by nature, and the immature decisions he had made along the way. As he was sitting under the shade of the tree, a series of flashbacks violently came upon him. They were about the boy's good old days with Michelle Hernandez Rubio. He cried.

There were green fields and plenty of water in all directions, and the trees showed life, fruits, and commitment to the security of the boy's village. The water was abundant there. "I need water," the boy was trying to say, but there were no words coming out of his mouth. But he knew he needed water, immediately. He

needed it very badly. As the boy thought about water, under the small shade of the tree, he began to contemplate. He was thinking of the unknown and wondered of something vast and untouchable; something very abstract. Silence. Darkness. Light. The boy began to brood on his deteriorating conditions, and on his situation. His right hand was running across his hips, without the boy's command. It grabbed the military knife the boy had bought from the streets of Oaxaca—he was to use it if any altercation with la migra or the coyotes occurred. Darkness, then slight lighting. Bleakness.

Now the boy began to think about his mother. She was saying things about love, kindness, inclusion, and other things he was just finally beginning to understand. But it seemed too late now, and time was becoming his enemy. Darkness. Light. Michelle. Darkness. Light.

The boy was debating with his knife and nature and his past and his Michelle. He had left her in Mexico City without...

Darkness. Stream of lighting. A figure appeared in the distant trees near a small hill that the boy had climbed and hiked on when he was first experiencing the heat strokes, and just before the dust storms began, which was exactly the moment when he began to run out of water. Behind the first figure were other figures. Some looked like children, others looked like elders, and some were in between the two. There was another figure, but he couldn't fail to tell the figure that he first fell in love with, for true love always exceeds expectations. It was Michelle!

And there was Michelle, tall, muy hermosa, and good to look at—with a gallon of water over her shoulder and a huge backpack with a JanSport label on it. There was a distinct smile on her face, and the boy knew the reasons for it. She had dreamed about him, a private dream that required love to be felt, visceral, and where love wanted to be noticed and welcomed—where rationality and logic were so absent, that Dostoyevsky became offended while in his grave!



Abbey Ruins
Adam Moyer

Shhhh

Rhyan Bogle

“Shhhh.” He said,
entering my tent.
My terror
only annoyed him. He couldn’t
understand why
I was weeping.
“SHHHH!” He said,
louder this time,
obviously mocking me.
He lectured me
about how I needed to be
quiet, how I was keeping
everyone else wake.
He told me how pathetic
I was, and left angrier
than he was when
he entered. Although I was
glad that the shadow
followed him
when he departed,
I’ll never forget
how it put its finger
to its mouth
and whispered
“shhhh.”

The Waiting Room

Carmen Perez

Chase could feel all of it. He felt the burning sensation in his nose, fighting the urge to sneeze. There was a tingle in his throat, then it started to itch. He continued to clear his throat. The secretary jumped almost every time. She would glance over at Chase, as if waiting for a comment from him, after meeting her eyes the first time, he kept his gaze at his folded hands. His palms were moist, so he rubbed his hands on his navy blue slacks to dry them off because he needed to wipe his sweaty forehead. He could feel pressure coming from his lungs, he sat cemented in his seat, unable to avoid what came next.

Chase started to topple over his chair and hacked a wad of phlegm from the back of his throat, with that blocking his wind pipe, he threw his body backward and forward with one giant cough. He looked around the waiting room and found the energy to run over to the small garbage can and stuck his head in it. Everything came out. Not just the clog in his throat, his morning coffee, his wife's eggs-over-easy and his cold medicine. Groaning and holding his stomach, as if to prevent anything more from coming out, he wiped his mouth on his sleeve as he looked up at the ceiling lights. In doing so, that had triggered a series of violent snotty sneezes. The secretary had rushed to his aid, offering tissues and asking if he wanted water. He couldn't respond in between sneezes, his ears felt plugged up so he could barely hear her repeatedly say "bless you".

By the time he had finished sneezing, his vision was blurry from his tear-filled eyes. He put his

hands out for the box of tissues and pulled at them, vigorously wiping his nose. He rubbed his eyes and opened them to the weary face of the secretary. She abruptly asked, "Are you done with these? I need to get back to my desk, you know what, here, just have them." She shoved the box in his hands and reached for her keychain, and a tiny bottle of hand sanitizer. She couldn't help scowling at him before walking back to her desk rubbing her hands together, as if she had lost patience for him in between all the sneezing.

Chase knew he should not have gotten out of bed that morning. He knew he was feeling worse than that time he ate under cooked meat and got really bad food poisoning. But he needed this job, he needed to provide some type of dignified income for his family. Chase didn't blame the secretary for being annoyed with him, recalling his years in college, he would always get a cold around exam time. Nothing worse than being the main distraction in a room of seventy people, and having absolutely nothing to balance the blame on such as cell phones going off or people coming and going from the room. Just his sniffing and coughing filling the air while everyone was trying to concentrate. He couldn't help but recognize that feeling of embarrassment all over again while waiting to be interviewed. But he stood his ground, he needed this job.

Chase composed himself and used up the last few tissues in the box on the endless snot coming from his nose. "I'm sorry to bother you miss, but can I have that cup of water now?" Chase

requested in a raspy voice. The secretary was on the phone now, she was mumbling into the phone and staring at a file, avoiding his eyes. After a few minutes, she hung up and looked directly at him. “Mr. Sawyer said that he had to cancel all of his afternoon appointments due to a family emergency. My apologies.... Um, Mr. Harlon. Let’s do a reschedule for next week,” she flatly said and started typing on her computer. “How’s October 9th? Same time?” She kept her eyes on the computer as she asked this. When Chase didn’t answer, she flashed her eyes to him and followed his stare. Chase could see in the window behind her, his potential-future-boss Mr. Sawyer sitting at his desk drinking coffee.

“Doesn’t seem to be in a rush to leave for his family emergency,” Chase couldn’t catch the words before they escaped his mouth. The secretary looked taken aback. “Excuse me Mr. Harlon?” She snapped back. Chase shook his head and mumbled, “Nothing, it’s nothing. October 9th is perfect. See you then.” As he turned to leave the office, he could overhear her say under her breath; “Well maybe if you weren’t trying to infect the whole damn place with your virus.” He raised an eyebrow and stopped in his tracks, he was going to turn back and respond to her but then decided against it. He opened the door and let it shut behind him. He looked at his watch, it was 11:04 a.m. It was almost lunch time in downtown Minneapolis. He was about to open the next set of doors to leave the building and decided to cough on the door handles. As he walked down the street, he yelled back at the building, “How’s that for an infection?” Laughing and holding back some violent coughs, Chase began his commute back home.



Fix Your Windows

Adam Moyer

The Needlepoint Cushion

Sarah Fjellanger

You sat on the needlepoint cushion attached to your grandfather's footstool. It had been your special day. Together you'd gone to the lake, the one on the edge of town, where you swam within the roped off section meant to corral the younger kids. That day the heat had topped 95 degrees. He'd sat in the shade while perched on the hillside overlooking the beach. You'd come out of the water to check on him from time to time. His face had seemed pale.

Later on, he'd called you over wanting to take you for an ice cream cone. That had always been your special secret. Neither of you had ever told Grandma; she would have scolded about spoiling your supper.

Now you pondered the events of the day, dissecting them as you listened to hushed tones coming from adults in the room. He'd brought you home to their house and the two of you had sat to chat awhile. You had begun the exchange as always, but this time, he failed to add to your conversation.



Tugboat
Betsy Salvatore

Hummingbird

Christine Lashinski

Coffee. She has one cup
then two.
Throughout the day she flew.

She flutters and flitters
and moves from one to-do item
to the next.

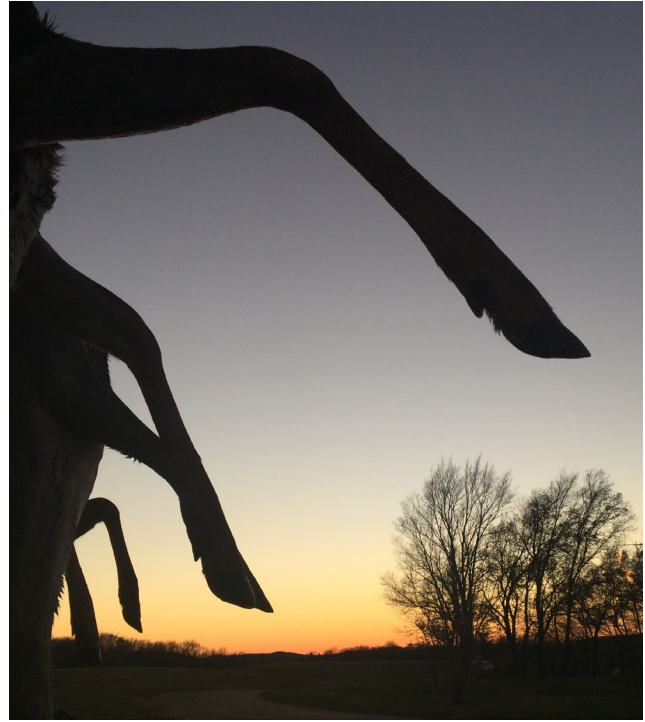
Her movements a blur.
There then gone.
Then back again.

Hours to fill.
No time to stop.
Candy and donuts and soda pop.

Thoughts make her sad
and worried
and depleted.

She comforts herself with the white noise
of tasks yet to be
completed.

For a moment, she pauses.
Her fragile beauty revealed.
Before her inner thoughts,
are once again steeled.



Deer-ly Departed

Nicole LaPoint

The Intricate War

Kayla Jans

Small bellies grumble.
Dirt filled war hearts stop beating.
Strategies fail them.

Midnight

Jeanna Stumpf

When you come around me
near then far
the fragile sky of my eyes
falls apart and hides a tear

Walking from you over there
I dare a nightingale
to rustle up another heart
for me
not you

Milken evenings
in soft halos of silence
beckon water pails and rubies
filled to the brim
with perfect empty far away horizons



Cat Cove

Stephanie Grill

That Which Burns

Rhyan Bogle

If it smells
like fire, I walk
the other way. The risk
offers me nothing
any more. I have
abandoned the need
for adventure, the longing
for passion. Gone too,
my desire to dance
within the flames.
There was a time when I lived
for the thought of being
burned. The chaos that came
with uncertainty
used to pilot my every
day. However, that life
engulfed me whole. Left
me with only scars, and an
empty heart. I can't
throw caution to the wind
anymore. What hasn't killed me
has made me wary.
When you left today,
in tears, screaming, I wanted
to chase you, stop you, and answer
your last question: Yes,
I love you, and in that
I do not expect you
to understand, or to be
even the slightest bit happy with
my decision. It is so
very tempting to follow
your plan, to just leave.
Start from scratch; chase
your dreams. You and me
vs. the universe. It sounds
so very pretty. Sadly,
I can't. When it smells
like fire, I walk
the other way.

They say he got his father's eyes...

Kirk Washington

man
away on the shores

the bank,

tense standing alone
next to the water

looking...

he can hear his story but
it resembled
the sound of static
 and wonders if
the language was
changed while he slept.

the voice sounded like
something
like the beginning
of laughter
 .., of time.

What's certain
about the future is that it is
uncertain...

it's been heard before...
in relation to what's around
him
even when he was awake.

the sound
made sense
but only at a time
when words lived

 the lake looked back at him,
loaded in his eyes
like tears.

they found him.
over the summer underneath
the overturned boat
in cedar lake.

the water
remembered his name.



The Haunted Ship
Kevin O'Connor

Evidence

Gina Nelson

“Take a screen shot.”

“How do I do that?”

“You press that top button and the circle button at the same time.”

“Then what?”

“Then you go to your photos—where all your pictures are, just like a normal picture; it’ll be there.”

“Okay. Then I should probably email it.”

“Yeah. That’s probably the best way to do it. They don’t really have a phone number to text it to. Pretty sure you can’t text to 911.”

“No. I mean ... I should really do it.”

“Yeah.”

“I should send it off. Like, soon.”

“Yes.”

“But should I? Really?”

“Do it now. I’ll wait.”

“I’m scared.”

“I know.”

“I wish I could do it anonymously.”

“But that would do no good. They kind of need to know it was you.”

“I suppose.”

“Do you think I need any other details?”

“I think the screenshot will say it all.”

“What if he comes after me?”

“He might.”

“Thanks. You’re no help.”

“Well. It’s true.”

“I suppose.”

“But you have to do it anyway. Seriously. Just do it. I’m still standing right here. I’ll even stay with you a while afterward. We can go get ice cream.”

“Okay. Promise?”

“Yes. Now do it already.

“I like rocky road.”

“Me too.”

“Should I say anything?”

“Would you just brave it up already! It’s getting hotter and hotter out here.”

“Okay! Okay! Screenshot taken. These stupid mosquitoes. There’s one on your forehead.”

“Seriously! Just do it already.”

“Do you know the email address?”

“Look it up!”

“You’re bleeding.”

“I know. You stabbed me. Remember?”

“No. I meant the mosquito on your forehead. He left blood when you smacked him.”

“Give me your freakin’ phone!”

“No. No. I got it! Don’t touch me.”

“Do it already!”

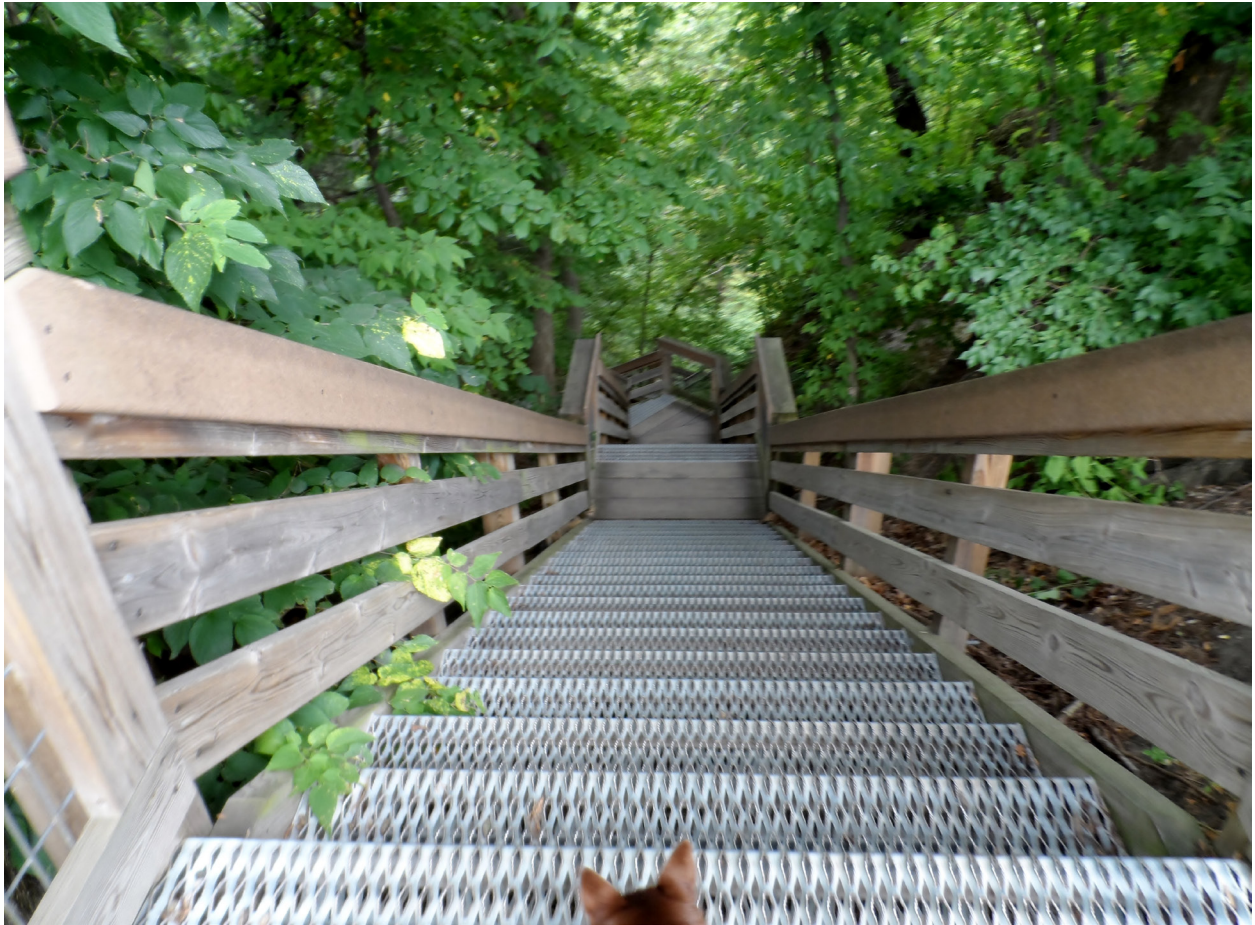
“Hold on. Here—how’s this? I included it before the screenshot.”

Dear Mr. Police Officer. My husband is a psychopath. He raped and killed all those girls that came floating up out of the river last week. I was going for a walk this evening, and I saw a man I thought was him, so I stabbed him. I don’t know where my husband is, but I have this text message from him that explains it all. Here’s a screenshot. The man I stabbed was so kind to help me figure out how to send it. He’ll be fine; don’t worry—he’s leaving town tomorrow and doesn’t have time for police reports (the man I stabbed, not my husband). I’m sure you can find that killer somewhere. I hope this screenshot helps.

*Sincerely,
Janice*



And She Scored
Nuha Almuswe



Apprehension
Debby Dathe

Glasses

Kevin Miller

Excuse me for refusing to
stifle my casual disappointment
so our conversation doesn't
slither to a dark place where
words and circumstances can't
blend with your bland
theories of existence based
solely on cups and their fullness.

Apparently, and according to
the Gospel of You,
chapter 0, verse always,
life ought to
unfold before me in such a
simple dichotomy that every
issue appears very clearly,
either half-empty
or half-full.
It's so simple. How
didn't I see it- I've
just been wasting my life
microwaving Pizza Rolls and
overcomplicating things and
what have you.

Now, just for conversation's sake,
let's say I shit in a river.
And let's say that river is the same
one I drink from. And you shit in it.
And you drink from it too.
We all do.

Let's say I have a half glass of that river's water.
Does the glass care if it's half-empty
or half-full?

I'm not sure about river water.
That's not what I went to school for and
I don't drink water when bourbon
is available and I don't give
A goddamn if you call the glass
half-empty or half-full so long as it's
half Maker's Mark.

They're dying in Chicago
they're dying in Paris
they're dying in Kenya
they're dying in Tibet
they're dying in St. Paul
they're dying in Fallujah
they're dying in Lagos.
So, next time I see you,
let's just say everything is peachy.
And I'll leave, as quickly as possible
with a half-empty glass of
something brown, like
we all do.



Irene Hixon Whitney Bridge
Andrea Fjeldberg

A Painter's Truth

Sarah Fjellanger

"There's an aura about being in the presence of greatness, don't you think? I believe the men who brushed their paints onto these canvases were infused with a spirit few ever touch; a spirit that burns like coal, but lifted them above everything we mortals understand. And yet, they struggled against a world that failed to recognize the power of their greatness."

"Hmmmmmm. I guess."

"I always wanted to create sculpture like Michelangelo. Maybe I could have. He could feel the piece locked inside the stone. I once touched the one where a man is emerging, but still trapped in the rock. It was so agonizing. Have you ever seen it?"

"Agonizing? How do you figure?"

"For me, the piece told a whole story, a life story, my life's story. Everyone is trying to be, ...oh, you know... to be something that makes sense of our time in life and the space we occupy."

"That's pretty deep, but none of us will ever be great, especially me."

"Well, I believe each of us can be great in our own way. Maybe we won't make front page news, but great is a perception."

"I once would have agreed with you, but look at these paintings and tell me, which of us could ever make something to rival these works? Which of us could design something to live down through the ages?"

"Oh, I'm not a painter, only an admirer of them. In fact, I love the work of all ages, even ones made by a child."

"A child has no talent!"

"A child paints truth and that is talent. Adults weed out truth in lieu of a world they wish existed. Take Monet, for instance, on that painting to your right. How many people do you see in the scene?"

"There are none. What are you talking about?"

"A child could paint something like this because of its simplicity, its reality. And yet, we say he was great in his technique, his color choice, his portrayal of life. He did what a child would do in that he gobbled the color on the canvas instead of using the pallet to mix. It was new and yet, not really. Now, tell me, do you paint?"

"No...I mean yes, but no one buys my paintings. They sit in the studio gathering dust."

"Do you like watercolor or oils? I used to paint, when I was a little boy."

“Watercolor mostly. And what did you use?”

“Ha! I used my absolute favorite medium...a box of 64 crayons. One year, my uncle gave me charcoal, but I never got to use it. So, tell me, which of these paintings is your favorite, or do you prefer another era? Rembrandt is one that always speaks to me, although, sometimes I wish his paintings were less dark, but that was the way they portrayed things then. They recently had his work on display here. Did you know that?”

“I don’t much like any of these impressionistic works. In fact, I’m not even sure why I’m here, but it’s free and I needed to escape.”

“Wanna talk about it? But then, maybe I’m intruding. I have a tendency to do that. My daughter used to always tell me to stay out of other people’s business. Bad habit, I guess.”

“I don’t know. Maybe.”

“I whittle from time to time. Usually I make an animal. At least that’s what my grandson likes best. He’s in college now, a real smart kid, but I suppose all grandparents say that. He’s going to Columbia College in Chicago. Wants to be an artist, but not like these painters. He wants to make things for movies. He’s always telling me about the things he’s made. He’s very good at describing all that to me. I guess I’d refer to him as a pedantic of sorts.”

“I had a wife once, a kid too, but they left. It was no life for them. I basically lived in my studio, she worked to support us and the kid was alone. Sometimes I feel there’s an inanity to my life.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. Say, I’m going to head to the coffee shop, would you like to join me? My treat... that is if you don’t mind my chatter.”

“Alright, but why didn’t you ever use the charcoal set? Here, this is silly; we’re sitting back to back. I’ll come around to your side. I hate these chair configurations. There, now...”

“You didn’t notice before, did you?”

“No. I’m so sorry. What happened? Is this why you didn’t use the charcoal? Now I’m prying. Forgive me; it’s none of my business.”

“Don’t apologize. It’s easier when folks don’t see me. Hearing works well, though, don’t you think? And these sunglasses cover a lot of the damage. You know how I told you that kids are great at truth?

“Yeh.”

“Well, I can’t tell you how many parents have been mortified when their child comes over to me and starts asking questions. I don’t mind, though. They’re so innocent and mean no harm. I guess you could say they’ve not yet built an ersatz manner like adults tend to. It was more of a challenge when I first started

teaching at the college.”

“You were a professor?”

“Yes, a professor of the humanities, would you believe? I loved it. Once the students got past the missing component, they realized they couldn’t pull the wool over my eyes, so to speak. I heard them, I smelled them, and sometimes, I just knew they were there even when they moved quietly among the others. I learned their names, their habits, their strengths and weaknesses. Each semester was a new puzzle of students.”

“But how did you know what paintings are on these walls, or about Rembrandt and the others?”

“Well, I haven’t always been like this. There was a time when I had all my senses. I remember colors, light and darkness. My grandson is my biggest fan now. He spends hours describing things for me. We come here a lot and while I sit, he tells me about each of the works. My memory is still grand and I carry that picture back to my Rosie. She’s not able to come with me, but I make sure to tell her all about my adventures. She’s not much of a talker, just a great listener...and a good kisser too. Ha!”

“Is your wife ill?”

“Let’s walk toward that coffee shop, shall we?”

“Sure, but should I be doing anything for you?”

“Oh, no, I can handle myself. Now, about my Rosie. She...well, she gave me the best fifty years of my life. Now it’s my turn to give back. You see, she’s lost the ability to remember most things.”

“I’m so sorry. That must be hard on you too.”

“I think it was harder for her, actually; at least when she was aware of things going away. Now she’s blissfully unaware. It seems to quell her anxiety, though, when I come to give her updates on my adventures. Sometimes I even read to her...braille you know. On the nicer days I take her for a walk around the grounds. The nurses are good about letting us have a picnic out under the weeping willow. She always loved picnics when our Jennifer lived at home.”

“Is Jennifer your daughter?”

“Yes.”

“Where does she live now?”

“Actually, she died. She and her husband, that is. It was a car accident, one of those freak things. We’d have lost William too if they hadn’t left him with us that day.”

“My attempt at painting doesn’t seem so important anymore.”

“Oh, don’t say that. Tell me, do you love it? Is it what gets you up in the morning? Would you ever want to do anything else?”

“I love the smell of canvas and paints, the feel of it between my fingers. I dream of my work at night, than fail so miserably in the day.”

“Maybe you didn’t fail so much as the right person hasn’t come along yet to recognize the strength of your work. May I see it sometime?”

“Yes, but how will you see it?”

“You do know how to talk, don’t you, to describe, to energize my soul for your work? And by the way, I’d like you to order a Chai tea latte for me. I’ll find us a table and you can tell me all about your work.”



Up in the Clouds

Betsy Salvatore

Dereliction

Dawn Rausch

Where is the light?
My chest is tight...
The air is dank.
My mind is blank.
My hands are wet.
This dark vignette
KERTHUNK, KERTHUNK.
Where is the light?

Where is the light?
My chest is tight...
The air is dank.
My mind is blank.
My hands are wet.
This dark vignette
betrays me still.
The drive, the skill
KERTHUNK, KERTHUNK.
Where is the light?

So Jack and Jill
Betray me still;
Fell down the hill,
Fell down the well,
The depths of hell.
The air is dank.
My mind is blank.
My hands are wet.
This dark vignette.
My hands are wet.
The drive, the skill
The hunt, the kill,
Betrays me still.
KERTHUNK KERTHUNK.
Where is the light?

You, No More

Gina Nelson

It is cold. It is dark.
And I am here alone.
There are no humid fumes
of yesterday
to mingle with your scent.
And I smell you.

I drove by a sign two weeks ago
Thursday. It wore your name
in
big
BOLD
letters.
But it had nothing to do with you.

And all too soon,
the fragrance of
your cologne
is replaced by the lilacs
of a sticky summer day.



Hawaiian Sunset
Brielle Bernardy

The First Word
Rhyan Bogle

It takes a thousand words
to think
of just one word
that could even hope
to remind me
of the first word
I may even think
to consider
to use to describe
the first word
that comes
to my mind
when I try to think
of you.

Contributors

Adam Moyer is a Screenwriting major in his first semester at Metro State. He is also an independent songwriter, very orange, and continually refuses to learn how to whistle properly. He can usually be found getting lost.

Alyssa Kuglin has been a lifelong resident of Minnesota and currently lives with her 15 year old cat, Willow. She loves trying to do the New York Times crossword in under 30 minutes and spouting trivial facts about TV shows and the presidents. Her piece was inspired by her personal experiences with mental illnesses and desire to bring awareness to the mental health issues that few are willing to talk about.

Andrea Fjeldberg loves finding new angles to look at the world; as well as showcasing a single piece that has a bold color. Rustic old buildings are some of her favorite things to shoot.

Betsy Salvatore is majoring in Technical Communication. She enjoys using her camera to capture some of the beauty in the world.

Brielle Bernardy is currently in her last year of school at Metropolitan State University working towards a Master's in Criminal Justice. She graduated from Metropolitan State University with a Bachelor's Degree in Criminal Justice. Brielle originally began her college journey as a graphic design major. In her free time she enjoys drawing, graphic design, and sewing.

Carmen Perez is currently a student at Metropolitan State University; she is working to pursue a Bachelor's degree in Creative Writing. She received her Associate's degree in Liberal Arts from Saint Paul College, and decided during her

studies there that she had a passion for writing. She discovered that she wanted to raise awareness on social issues through her work. She hopes to publish a novel (or two or three) someday.

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.

Dawn Rausch is a senior majoring in Creative Writing with a minor in Technical Communication. While Dawn is a writer, she is more of a procrastinator. In the wild, she can be found reading, playing video games, marathoning Netflix, and cuddling with felines Gimli and Phantom.

Debby Dathe is graduating at the end of this semester with a major in Gerontology and a minor in Creative Writing. She is excited about graduating but will miss going to school. It surprised her how fast it all went by. Although she is looking forward to this "free time" that she has heard so much about...

Gina Nelson is a writer and photographer who is currently a senior working on her Bachelor's degree in Creative Writing with a minor in Studio Arts. Gina is also a mother, wife, and grandmother—those things keep her personal life vivid and interesting. Her plans upon graduation are to continue working on compiling fine art photography books as well as further her various writings, including novels, short stories, poems, and children's picture books.

Jeanna Stumpf is a junior majoring in Creative Writing. She loves poetry with most of her heart, and for that, she is grateful.

Jeremiah Grafsgaard is a senior at Metro State. He is a Professional Communication major and is minoring in Media Literacy. His poem “(Untitled)” was selected for the Fall 2015 issue of Haute Dish and received the “Most Editorial Votes In Category” (MEVIC). Jeremiah has a vast variety of life experience, which includes a six year military career and involvement in higher education leadership & advocacy.

Kayla Jans is a senior at Metropolitan State University. She is double majoring in Screenwriting and Creative Writing. She spends most of her free time on writing new pieces and binge watching shows on Netflix. She is going to be graduating from Metro State this spring semester.

Kevin Miller is a writing student at Metropolitan State University.

Kevin O'Connor is a junior majoring in Organizational Communication.

Kirk Washington Jr. is majoring in Community Development. He is an artist who hails from the North Side of Minneapolis. His projected graduation date is May 2017.

Mohamud Isaq, pronounced as Mah-mood, is from the city of Woodbury. He graduated from Harding High School in 2013. He is planning to major in Education-Social Studies, and teach high school History. He enjoys soccer, reading, and is a nature-lover.

Nicole LaPoint has studied Photography, Elementary Education and the Culinary Arts throughout the Midwest and is now in the Individualized Studies Program writing her own degree in Youth and Community Development. She spends her free time working as a Program Assistant for a film documentary, Through the Banks of the Red Cedar. Her dream is to join the Peace Corps and travel the world.

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 man, allowing us all to hear a song foreign to others but familiar to us and read a script invisible to ink yet holds no boundaries.

Rhyan Bogle is a collegiate junior, but in his first year at Metropolitan State University. He is an aspiring writer who is enjoying the college life in his thirties. Hailing from the small(ish) town of Grand Rapids, MN, Rhyan now lives in Coon Rapids, MN.

Sarah Fjellanger, a student at Metro State, is working toward a degree in Creative Writing. Her writing interests often encompass little known snippets of history and interactions with family elders.

Stephanie Grill took this picture while visiting the Humane Society in Winona, Minnesota and decided that she wanted to play with the cats and give them some attention. She wanted to take them all home!

Focus on Metro



Possibilities
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, along with faculty, alumni, and staff for the all black and white Summer 2016 issue.

The deadline for submissions is midnight, April 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