



Haute Dish

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Haute Dish

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Man Working on Computer

by Becca Peterson

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Editor's Letter

*"That is part of the beauty of all literature.
You discover that your longings are universal longings,
that you're not lonely and isolated from anyone.
You belong."*

— F. Scott Fitzgerald

When I accepted the position of Managing Editor for Haute Dish I did not realize what I was getting into. The support and generosity of so many members of this school has overwhelmed me. First, to all those who submitted works, published or not, I want to thank you. Thank you for sharing your thoughts, hearts and time with the rest of us.

Second, a gracious thank you to all the editors who put in hours reading, reviewing, and voting on the submissions. Your opinions and expertise make this magazine the uniquely personal publication it is. Thank you to those editors who will be graduating this spring and summer, we will miss you. Special thanks to those editors who volunteered time to help with proofreading or volunteering at events—you show up in those specific ways that make Haute Dish thrive. I want to especially thank my predecessor, Mai Xiong, for her continued support of Haute Dish, and its quirks and demands. And, thank you to our returning faculty advisor, Suzanne Nielsen, your boundless energy and encouragement of arts and literature at Metropolitan State is infectious.

And finally, I want to thank you, the reader. Your voice raises ours, and our voices are nothing without this readership. You have passion and talent within you. We have left the front and back cover pages of this issue of Haute Dish blank. We hope you will see it as a call to action. When you find yourself inspired by your fellow Metropolitan State community, use this space to start creating a piece of your own for future submission. We hope all members of the Metropolitan State see themselves within Haute Dish's pages. We thank you for your continued support and camaraderie. Haute Dish exists to provide a space for art and literature in all our lives.



Tessa Gedatus
Managing Editor

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Bedtime Monsters

Kaj Paub Her

My dad and I used to play at the park's playground down the street from our house. It was a small playground with only one seesaw, one slide, and one swing set with two seats. Not many children lived in our neighborhood so waiting for a turn on the swings with my dad didn't take long. Sometimes if my dad wasn't home, I'd walked to the playground by myself, playing on all the sets until he'd walk through the park's gates towards the playground and scoop me up right into his arms. It didn't matter if he had to catch me going down the slide or high in the air on the seesaw; although, he had a harder time getting me off the swing set. As soon I was in his arms away from the park's playground, he'd scold me about the dangers of being away from home late at night. One day, after picking me up from the park's playground and on our walk home, he told me, "If I don't come home before the sun sets, go home and lock all the doors and windows. Make sure the television is on along with the kitchen and living room lights."

"Why?" I asked. "Is it about being alone?"

"Yes, it is. It's also about the monsters."

I glanced around, peering at bushes and behind trees. But only shadows and birds and an occasional squirrel was sighted. Grabbing his hand, I asked, "Do you mean the monsters on T.V.?"

"Almost." He squeezed my hand tight. "These ones are real, though. They look just like you and me."

"If it looks like you or me how can we tell?"

My dad put on his thinking face then said, "When the sun starts to set, monsters come out of hiding to see who's still awake and walking around. They find these people and follow them home. By the time night falls and the stars are peeking out from the black sky, the monsters walk up to your bedroom and check for two things. One: if you're still asleep; and two: if all your lights are off. If they think so, they tap on your bedroom window three times, making your bedroom window slide open without a sound. Soon as it's wide enough, they slide into your room, the air turning colder as they crawl towards your bed."

My eyes widened. "Then what happens?"

"I don't know what happens next."

"You know what monsters do, so you have to know what happens next."

"Okay, well, no one really remembers what happens."

"That's weird," I said, frowning. "Can monsters be animals? Like Mrs. Denson dog; he walks in circles and barks at flowers."

My dad laughed. "No, Mrs. Denson's dog is just old."

The sun had set by the time we got home from the park. I was jumping on my bed, hopping up and down on my soft cushy bed, already wearing my blue PJ's and having washed up. My dad, still in his white

collared shirt and red tie, caught me from under my armpits and laid me down.

“Time for bed,” he said, throwing the blanket over me.

“Storytime?” I pleaded.

“No, not tonight.”

“Then tomorrow. You don’t read to me every week like you promised.”

He raised an eyebrow. “You remember?”

“Yeah, because if you don’t remember, then I have to remember for you.”

My dad didn’t say a word; instead, he chuckled and shook his head, making his way towards the light switch to flip it off. Calling out goodnight, he closed the door with a soft click, taking the last of the light with it. Darkness to envelope my bedroom. I waved my hand in front of my face. I didn’t see it. A soft clunk came from my window. I shut my eyes tightly.

Then I heard it. Three taps.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

I held my breath, remembering what my dad said about monsters.

I wasn’t asleep. Maybe the monster’s thought I was.

I rolled over and pulled the blanket over my head, thinking, monsters can’t be real.

The room started to get colder. Something thick and narrow began to crawl on my bed. I imagined it grey

and shiny, appearing like an octopus arm. It would be wiggling and long, leading up to something black and large and terrifying. I couldn’t take it. Mustering up all the courage I had I jump out of bed and dashed for the door. I tried to open the doorknob, I really did, but my hands were shaking so hard that it took me three tries to turn the doorknob. When the door finally swung open, I jumped. My dad was standing in the doorway, wearing his own grey PJ’s and looking down at me.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

I could feel the cold sweat on my skin and under my arms begin to dry as I blabbered, “There, there were noises, and, and, and—” My tongue twisted up, stopping me from finishing.

“Monsters?” he asked.

I nodded, pointing at my bed. “It was there.” I moved my finger to the window. “And there.”

My dad peered into the room before walking in. He checks every corner of my room. He pushed the covers of my bed aside, lifted the blanket to peek under my bed, and pulled the window up to check if it was locked—which it was. When he finished, he sat on top of my bed, patting the space next to him. I clambered onto the bed and sat beside him with my legs crossed.

He was running a hand through his hair, staring at his lap. “I shouldn’t have told you about the monsters,” he said. He had his thinking face on, and his arms were crossed. I waited for him to say something, but

he didn't, so I opened my mouth to say something just as he finally said, "There are rules about monsters."

I closed my mouth so fast my teeth clicked. "Rules?"

"Rules," he repeated, looking thoughtfully at me. "Would you like to hear it?"

"Is it scary?"

"No, no. Think of it . . ." he trailed off in thought. "Think of it as like a bedtime story."

My dad turned on the lamp next to my bed. The pictures of planes on the lamp appeared as shadows on the walls and ceiling of my room. "See these shadows?" He pointed at a shadow plane on the wall in front of us. "The shadows have to be really big if the monsters want to get you."

"How big?" I asked.

"They have to be huuuuge," my dad said, drawing out the 'u' and spreading his arms wide. "Imagine a building."

"How huge does the building have to be?"

"Well, like a skyscraper, similar to the ones in New York."

"That's huuuuge," I said, also spreading my arms wide.

My dad nodded, a crooked grin stretched on his face.

"Does that mean the monsters are big too?"

The grin from his face disappeared, a startled expression replacing it. "No, the monsters—" he

stopped himself and ducked his head, covering his face in his hands as he heaved a big sigh; big enough where I saw his chest and back expand then shrink. My dad said something in a muffled voice.

"Dad?" I asked.

The hands on his face slowly slid down onto his lap. He turned to look at me. "What if I told you there are no monsters?"

I blinked back at him. "What?"

"There are no such things as monsters," he repeated.

"But," I started. "But you said there were monsters, now you're saying there aren't any?"

My dad's eyes softened, lips thinning as he pressed them together tightly. "I'm so sorry. I just didn't want you playing at the park's playground when I wasn't home."

There are no monsters because monsters don't exist. What about the tapping at my window? What about my room getting colder and the thing crawling onto my bed? I frowned, my stomach souring. Then I felt my chest and face get hot and burn. Embarrassed that I was scared of nothing and angry that I've been lied to.

"You could've just told me you didn't want me to play at the park's playground before it got dark out," I muttered.

"Listen, why don't I tell you a bedtime story. A good one with a happy ending?" he offered.

"For lying," I said, "you owe me two bedtime stories."



Sunny Side Up

Kate Harker *PHOTOGRAPHY*



Bearded Dragon Emily Flynn *WATERCOLOR*

Lord of the Things

Max Tran

So, here I am fleeing for my life from a bunch of Royal Guard armed to the teeth with halberd, sword, and a little sparkle in their eye that tells me how badly they wish to skewer me. Thieves, like mice, are quite resilient in their choice of lifestyle, I thought... until someone screams; redaction, until a woman screams. Not that a man wouldn't exclaim his utter disgust of a mouse, or a thief, but a woman who screams at the top of her lungs can be heard for miles like a squire learning how to play the trumpet for the first time: people would go head over heels to make them stop. In hindsight, I probably shouldn't have stolen onions at knife-point in the first place, especially since said knife was responsible for accidentally slicing my grab-bag open and spilling the contents of my heist. In double-hindsight, I probably shouldn't have sheathed said knife in said bag.

I do have one solemn onion left, however, and running through the streets as my death approaches has given me a moment to bond with the last living thing I may have the luxury of being in physical contact with. This onion is so perfectly round, and large, and red, and I honestly think I'm losing my mind because I'm looming over an onion I've just kidnapped.

Melodrama aside, or melon-drama, no, onion-drama, losing those mooks is an easy task made easier with all that armor they wear, so I'll just tuck into the usual corner around the block and give them the slip! Three. Two. One... oof!

The usual corner is admittedly larger and darker than normal, and this wood flooring... mmm smells like mahogany. Did I take the wrong turn? I can't see a

thing, which no doubtably would be alleviated if I would uproot my nose from the floor. And, what do we have here? This isn't my usual corner, but a shop: it's a quaint space with airs like an old couple's cabin. The bed, kitchen, and commons area are all within sight from the curtained door I slipped through, and the walls tinged of dusty leather and stale herbs. A posh countertop split the room in two where an old man and I assumed one side while a younger man was casually wiping the counter from the other side.

"Welcome traveler, to Adrian's Wonders and Wares. I'm Adrian. The old man in the corner is also Adrian. Don't think too hard about it."

Adrian von Lugenheim-or-however-his-name-is-pronounced is the most famous traveling vendor in all of the Land who has the renown to have any and everything one could ever dream of in his small shop; of course, no first-hand account exists of what is actually available to purchase from him. Rumors. Although, despite the nature of rumors, I tend to cling to life long enough to find most of them to be true.

"Wait, the Adrian?!"

"I said, don't think too hard about it."

"Good-day Adrian, and to you as well, Adrian."

"Don't bother with him, he's blind and deaf...and old."

"He looks fine to me."

"And, so do you, but it doesn't take sight nor sound to tell you're worse for wear. Tell me, traveler, what is it you seek? I have any and everything one could ever

dream of in this small shop.”

“Asylum?”

“It appears you’ve got that already... for now.”

“Food?”

“Try to be more creative. This is a shop with any and everything.”

“But, this shop is so small.”

“Like I said, don’t think too hard about it.”

Despite what Adrian says, I’m still thinking hard about it. I mean, I really don’t think he has anything more than some mystical proverbs and stale wine, so I think I’ll play him up while I wait-out the witch-hunt outside.

“I’ve decided what you can sell to me, Adrian, the Mystical Proprietor of Any and Everything!”

“Whatever. Just tell me so we may discuss price.”

“Yes, well, I would like lordship over all the Land, no, the world! Name your price.... Well?”

“Hmm, I can do that for you, but the price will be steep.”

“Sure, sure, what’s your price?”

“See old-man Adrian over there? Without touching him in any manner...”

“Uh...”

“Make him cry.”

I knew this whole rumor surrounding Adrian was moot, but now I that I’m being told to make a someone’s granddad cry I’m certain this whole mystical-shop ordeal is much less than a rumor.

“Easy task. I know plenty of humorous tales...” or so

I planned upon realizing that Adrian said old-man Adrian is like a cadaver!

“What’s that, traveler? Go on, make him cry.”

I could spend all day trying to think of a workaround for this nonsensical riddle, but I can hear the Royal Guard outside still searching for me. Oh, that’s right! Don’t think too hard he says, so I won’t think at all... Right, this is hard. I think something to eat would get my riddle-solving juices flowing. I squat next to old-man Adrian and contemplate my options.

“Adrian.”

“Yes?”

“I missed breakfast, and –”

“Hmm? How about your onion? Eat that.” He’s right! I forget about the onion rolling within my hand and, pursing my lips, I kiss my last friend goodbye before closing my eyes and taking a bite. Yes, I can feel it now as tears roll down my cheeks. The answer is... it is...

“Hold it! He’s over here.” I know that voice and, opening my eyes, I can see that the royal guard are now arresting me?

Where did old-man Adrian go, and Adrian, his shop? Being carried out of my usual alleyway hidey-hole answers nothing and, looking around, there’s nothing resembling the shop in sight except my half-eaten onion.

“Hey now, at least let me finish my onion.”

“Don’t fret sire, we’ll get you another one.”

“Wait... did you just call me –”

“Of course, think nothing of it, sire.”

What Late-Winter Air Does

Margot M. Barry

Purling waters under ice call me to attention.
As breath is remedy to birth,
a breeze dissipates my stasis;
it is mono then stereo
gliding through the curves of my ears,
whispering along the details of my skull.
It sanctions me to soften like inky papers,
to root downward and break bread with the awakening earth,
to stretch and relax to the figure of branches.

March 8th, 1994

Camille Smith

Indeed the best part of someone's birthday is
watching them blow out the candles.
I watch your eyes
over lit wax, we're all singing
out of tune; save for someone hanging on
to the melody with white-capped fingertips.
I'm wearing the good dress, the one you say looks like
the summer you were twenty-one, the one
I think makes me look like a kindergarten teacher.
I'm busy hoping you get whatever you wish for,
hoping you don't tell me so that it will come true.
I hope you get the kind of happiness
that can't be translated into other languages,
the kind that children get during snow days,
the kind you bring to every river you put your toes in.
I'll put mine in too,
I'll ruin my shoes with you any day, honey.



Chaos 1 Miguel Marie Johnson *ART*

Spinster

Sarah Fjellanger

Long before I knew what the term spinster meant, I hated it. It was the name that some of my mother's family members used when speaking of my great Aunt Mable. She was my grandfather's sister and had never been married. She was one of those people who always smiled, laughed in a childlike manner and seemed nervous when anyone but I came to visit. Never do I remember her without a full-length apron attached to her robust frame, odd colored hose stretched tight on her swollen legs and black, "old-maid shoes" with two-inch heels. There was no beauty in what she wore, but her snow white hair and ready hugs from those ample arms were exactly what I craved.

Her house had a magical tinge to it. There were alcoves, turrets, and a creaky stairway that lead to an upstairs bedroom. The stairwell was narrow and cave-like, encased in layers of clothing that hung from nails on the side walls and newspapers sat piled off to one side of those darkly-stained risers. Most of the time,

my aunt rented the upper level of her home to single ladies who'd come to town as school teachers or newly graduated nurses and then she'd not allow me to go in their private area.

It was she who taught me the art of knitting and crocheting. Repeat row after row, then stare at the pattern. Tight stitches here, ones too loose over there and finally, when you got the tension just right, a row of perfectly interwoven yarn appeared. She did tatting too, but died before I was ready to be taught that Scandinavian art form.

A round, well-used wooden table with claw feet was strategically placed in the center of her dining room and it was there that the two of us often sat to enjoy her sugar cookies. In the center, a sugar and creamer set of pale green sat on a hand-made doily. She had another grouping, a special one with a shiny orange glaze, and I was given that set after she died. By then, I had three children and a husband who drank

instead of buying groceries. But one afternoon, a man knocked on our front door. He was looking to buy things for his antique shop. Twenty five dollars for the orange-glazed set was his offer and I cried as I bought a week's worth of groceries and remembered my dear sweet aunt.

The one thing I never saw, though it must have been there somewhere in her house, was her cedar chest. You see, in those days, young girls, if they were lucky, would have a hope chest where things they'd made could be placed awaiting their own wedding day. Instructions from her Will gave this beautifully constructed piece to me. I loved it from the beginning. The strong smell of red cedar burst forth whenever I'd lift the lid and it reminded me of the cedar closet her brother, my grandfather, had made for my mother to store her woolen clothes and blankets away from the moths who liked to eat them. It had a peaceful presence about it, a sense of protection.

Inside the lid of the cedar chest, a poem had been pasted, one about a spinster. I always imagined my aunt had taped it there and it made me sad that she'd never found a sweetheart, or maybe she had, and he left her. No one ever talked about it.

The chest of cedar has traveled everywhere with me as I've moved into my own form of aloneness and my own world of memories fills its confines. Originally, there were the dish towels, pillowcases, hot pads

and dresser scarves made in my teen years, all of them meant to seed my hope of marriage someday. Marriage came and went, three times, and so now, as you open that chest, you'll find a trove of memories: two bride dolls that survived my childhood, a variety of special gifts, a baptismal gown made for me by my mother who had used the silk Dad brought back from Japan after the war, the one embroidered with pale blue flowers, the one worn by me, my children and most of my grandchildren, the one now safely folded in the narrow blue box with gold patterns caressing its surface. There is a sweater crocheted by a cousin for my first daughter, a blue gymnastic uniform worn by my youngest child and a wishing-well made as a group project by my children and their cousins when we all stayed in cabins by the lake. That project began as a milk carton, was carved into the proper shape, then covered in pine boughs and rocks.

Spinster; an outdated word. It was meant to characterize a person who failed because of never being married. No wonder I hated it. My aunt could never be judged a failure. She was a nurse, a Sunday School teacher, a person who opened her home to those who struggled to find their way. She was my mentor in so many things, that special someone you can never forget. And even though the poem... *Death of a Spinster*... is still glued inside the cover of her hope chest, I will always think of her as the one who could make me smile when the world seemed darkest.

Bdote

April Carlson

Where the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers meet

Memories breathe on my heels
As I explore this island
A chorus of voices undersole
Rise like the mist that hides
These rivers at dawn

“Hubris!”
A condemnation from the ferns
Has come to meet the feet of my
ancestors--Men who abandoned
Their ancestors to
Name Beauty and Abundance
Willing brides

This sentence
Sinks under skin
To find bone and tendon
Until I condemn my
Self

A regret inherited
A longing passed on

Eddy
Where my soul
Has no claim

Here
I know in the way only
Blood can know things
I cower

Between
Forefathers
Between
These leaves that whisper
Together in a language
I don't understand.





Fall Color-Along Mississippi River

ChingChen Li *PHOTOGRAPHY*



Dreamy Coral Charm Dawn Cramer *DIGITAL ART*

My Sister's Giggle

Marcia McMullen

Oh, my soul smiles at the memory of the sound,
and the vibration from Mary's giggle
It meant I wasn't alone
upstairs in our shared bedroom
with the striped and flowered wallpaper and our built-in dressers
Mary's giggle
like sun after rain,
wheels on a train that would transport us to somewhere else
up the stairs, 'round the corner
I knew she was there
and it was there
relief, comfort, safety
perhaps her giggles, our symphony, would keep his anger
deep downstairs
perhaps push him to the basement refrigerator
to quietly grab yet another beer
and he and his anger-coated shame could saunter to the patio and
he could just be, the free, handsome man
that he wanted to be
and she, my mother could remain on the second floor
frozen, yes still frozen in...
what, I do not know
for she has not yet fully melted
that story,
not to me.
Mary's giggle was there
like a lifeline to childhood
and the happiness that
in this house
just could not be.

Graveyard

Caroline Lubke

The pay phone has a big sign marked ONE CALL ONLY and doesn't need quarters.

Gina only has a single number memorized: her own. But since her cell is missing — along with her purse, her memories, and apparently her mind — there's at least a chance of an answer, so that's what she tries. "Pick up," she whispers, counting the rings, knowing that when she reaches five she will be sent to voicemail. "Pick up, pick up, someone pick up—"

Someone does. "Who is this?"

Oh, for the love of— "Lucas?" She should have known. It's another one of his stupid tricks. "Typical. Don't you have anything better to do with your time than torment me?"

There's no reply.

"I really hate you."

Silence.

"If you don't pick me up in the next ten minutes, I'll have Grady fly all the way back from Tokyo just to kick your ass."

Nothing.

"Lucas? Can you hear me?"

"When I find out who this is, I will kill you." Her brother-in-law's tone is soft, smooth, and deadly. "You won't even be able to scream by the time I'm finished."

Huh? “Lucas, it’s Gina. What the hell is wrong with you?”

“Say her name again and I’ll find your family as well.”

“Are you off your meds?” Please let it not be that. He’s dangerous when that happens. “If you drugged me I swear I’ll press charges this time.”

He doesn’t respond, which is a really bad sign. “Lucas, knock it off. You win, okay? You win. I’m scared. I don’t know where I am and I don’t remember what happened and I’m scared and I’m tired of this.”

“So am I.” Oh, no. Now there’s a playful note to his words. He’s going to be institutionalized again, she can tell. “You sound like her, I’ll give you that.”

“I am her— I mean, I’m me.”

“Prove it, then. Tell me a secret. Something only she would know. Go on.”

Fine. “About five minutes before I married your brother you tried to kiss me in the stairwell. I stomped on your foot and broke two toes, but you danced with me at the reception anyway because you’re you and you knew I couldn’t refuse without making a scene.”

“...and what did you say during that dance?”

Gina swallows. “I said if you ever tried it again I’d knee you in the balls,” she tells him. “And you said to go ahead, because you didn’t want children unless they were mine. Is that a good enough secret? Will you come get me now?”

For a moment she wonders if she’s lost the connection... then she hears a ragged, sobbing breath that doesn’t fit with her idea of Lucas at all. “Gina?”

“Finally.”

“Gina. Oh, God.”

“I know it’s tough to think right now, but I need you to focus. Where am I? None of this looks familiar.”

“I put you under the tree at St. Agnes.”

She frowns. St. Agnes is where her mother-in-law is buried. “There’s no trees here.” There’s no anything here. Just a phone booth. “Lucas, please. I want to go home now. Please just come and get me, okay?”

“You know I would. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

In all the years they’ve known each other he’s never sounded like this. “Lucas, be honest: how long has it been since you took your medication?”

“Too long, I guess. I don’t care. Just don’t hang up. Ever.”

“I... I wasn’t planning on it.” She tries to smile, even though he can’t see, because something is very wrong. “I hope my phone is plugged in.”

That, of all things, makes him laugh. “Since this mobile hasn’t been active in three years,” he says, chuckling sickly, “battery life is the least of our worries, don’t you think?”



Sunset on Lower Cullen Lake Elizabeth Todd *PHOTOGRAPHY*

Not Every Man Knows

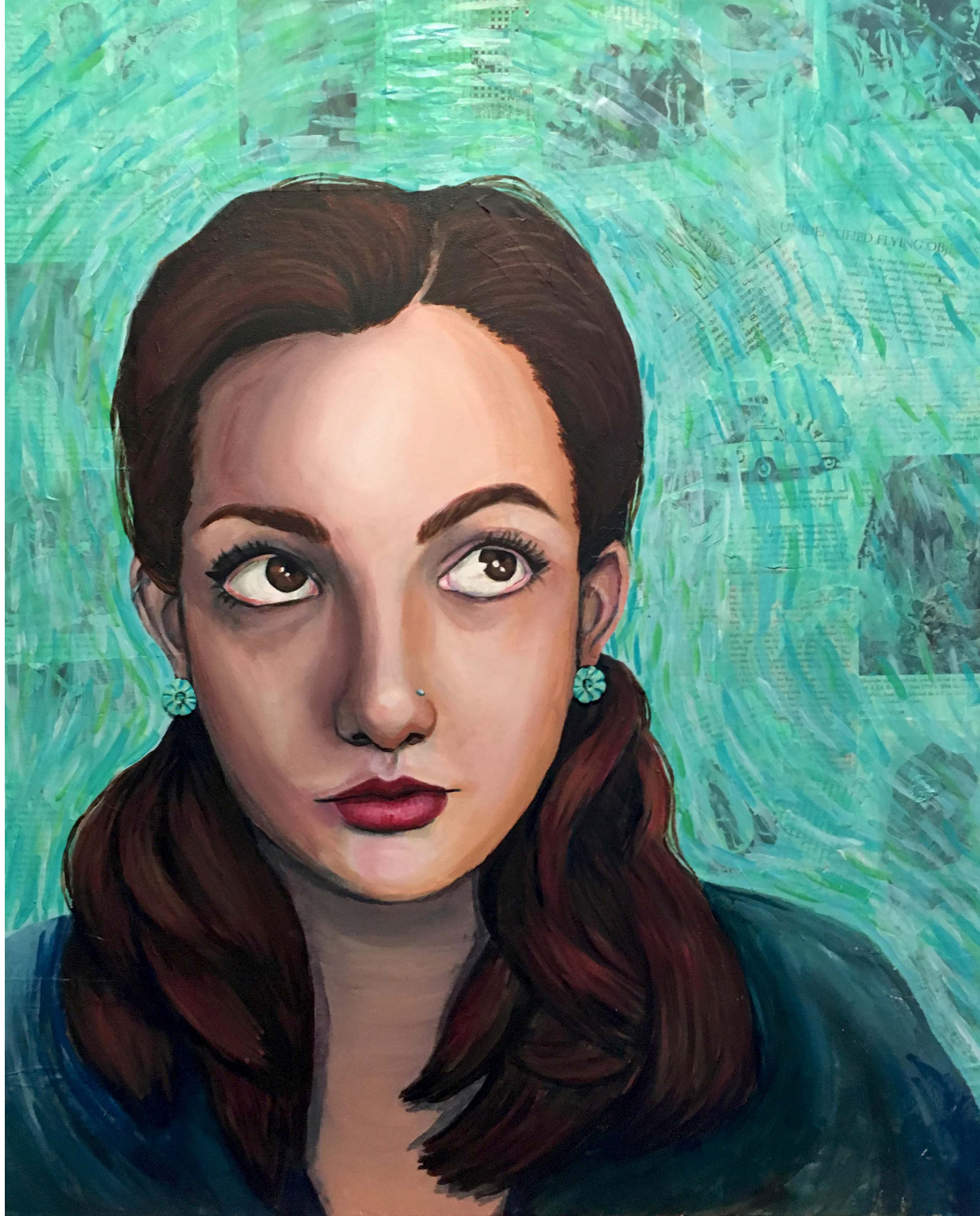
Carlyn Crouse

Not every man knows what he shall sing at the end.
The end is not meant for sweet lullabies
that tickle freshly soaped skin
and soothe the imagination to sleep.
Those are meant for the ears of babes
who have yet to feel the clutch of pain
at the loss of a lover.

The end is not meant for a love song.
One that forces air into gasping lungs
grasping fingers,
eager for the warm touch of fire
just starting to burn.
My love is gone.
She left this world a mother of two
a grandmother of five
and the lost love of a broken man.

The end is not meant for a sorrowful ballad.
The kind that plunders the heart
to the depths of darkness
and fears the brilliant light of day.
For the end is not sad, it is merely the end
of a life not fully traveled
but one that has at least taken
a stroll down the street
hand in hand with a woman
as shattering as the sun
with a gusty spirit as strong as the north wind.

Not every man knows what he shall sing at the end
clinging to memories,
desperate for hope
longing for one last lingering glance
through eyes that no longer see.
All I know is I do not wish to sing,
only to bid farewell
to a world I am ready to leave.



Self Portrait Emily Flynn *ACRYLIC ON CANVAS*

Saga

Once upon a time

(that is how these stories go)

a girl pulled a sword from a lake.

She held it aloft

and said

“Look what I found!”

They took pictures

in them she smiled proudly

and they said, “Oh, she’s our new queen!”

(They were joking.)

Then they took the sword from the girl’s hands

because swords are not for little girls

and spirited it far away

to be studied

then cataloged

then locked behind glass

to be sure no girl will ever touch it again.

The next time a girl pulls a sword from a lake

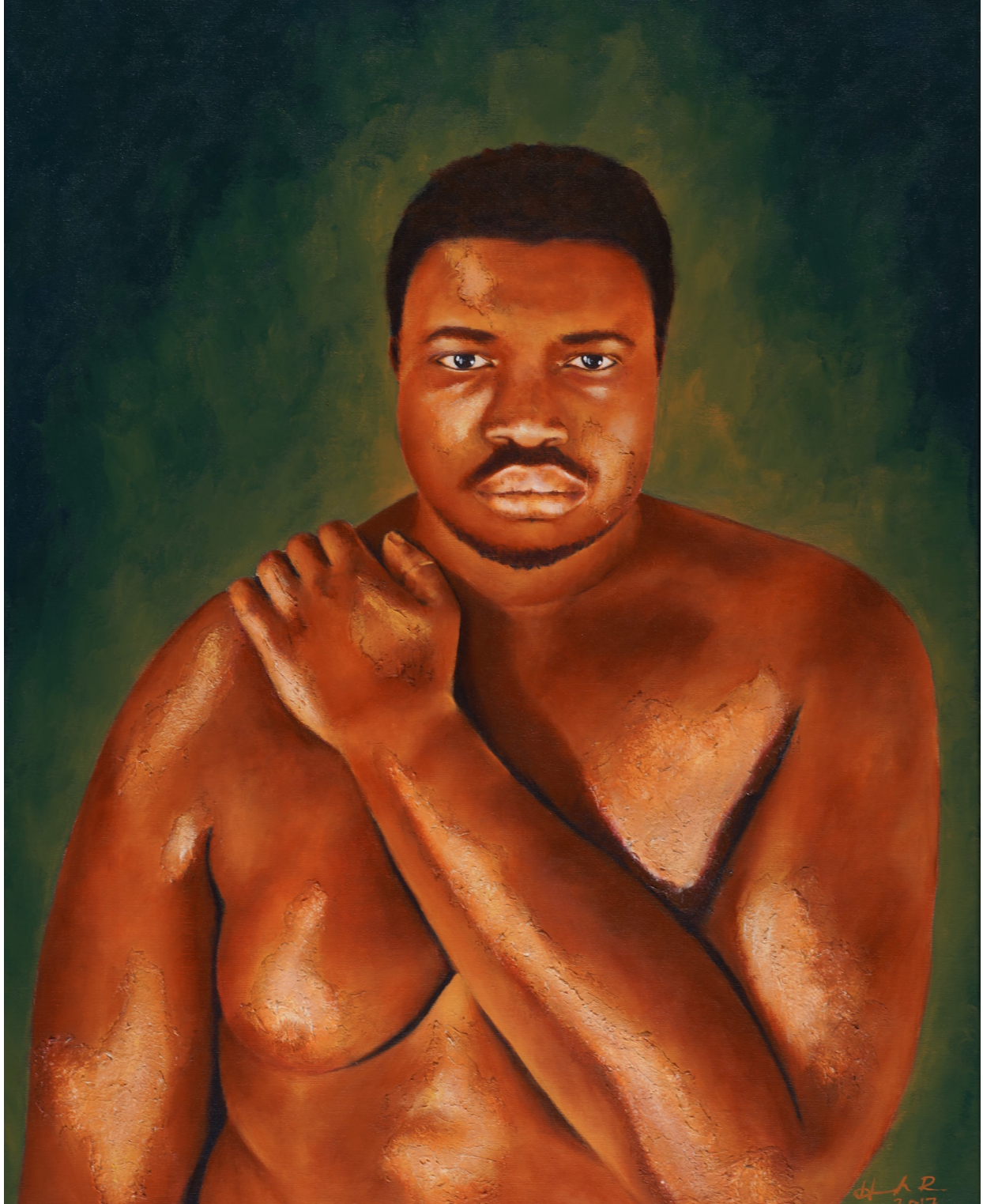
she will keep it

and dare them to take it from her grasp.

Tap Out

Jamie Haddox

Like I might slip
into some dreamlike state
that enables me to pour
tequila shots
in my sleep
or dole out perfectly
measured doses of morphine
while hypnotized.
Like I might tap out
a backhanded blur
of buoyant metaphors
and blacklisted content
that will shock and amaze.
Like I might not edit away
(hatchet, machete, chainsaw)
all the charm
my arms can carry
to the dumpster of self-defeat,
darlings decapitated
with mania, malice,
and delight.



P. Hannah Ross *ACRYLIC & FIBER PASTE ON CANVAS*

In-between

Megan Bauer

I'm stuck here in the in-between: Caught just between my fears and dreams
Floating in a web of passing time, waiting for the clock to chime.

I keep chasing milestones as though they are the only things worth living for.
But I don't care for holidays or birthdays, so maybe it's all just an illusion since they're one in the same.
But if I take the milestones from myself, I'm not sure if anything would ever capture my interest again.

I can taste the wedding cake on my lips.
I can feel the crease of the diploma in my hand.
It's all so real.
But I see the dollar signs and calendar pages filling up an ocean in between me and everything I yearn for.

I find myself spilling out excuses to deny myself every and any possible pleasure in between.
I can't jeopardize the future that might never come.

I'm the girl always carrying a five-pound umbrella in her bag on the off chance that it might rain
and my shoulders are growing weary.

Life is all about waiting - I know enough to know this.
But what I still have to learn is how to set a timer and trust that it will beep without my eyes glued to it to
double check for centuries.

The seconds will dig into your skin.
The minutes will burn.
And the hours will cut off your circulation as you close your eyes to shield yourself from the years that
would be too much to bear and finally tear you apart.

I'm caught in between this daily distress of fear versus hope
As I yearn for the future, as I piss away today
Because it could never offer anything as beautiful or chilling as what tomorrow always will.

a logarithmic measure of the rate of transfer of information in a particular message of language

Walker James

Psychedelic Norway, he called his book,
and I did not understand why,
but he was our teacher,
and sometimes we respected him,
but mostly I wanted him to like me
because I had two fathers
who wanted me to like them.

John was a curly-haired satyr who did not play the
flute,
or a wooden bodhivista who,
over the course of many centuries,
became overgrown with moss.

His sweaters were always slightly too large for his
frame,
rolled up to his elbows like a dishwasher,
although I don't recall seeing him smoke a cigarette.

We watched one scene from Eraserhead,
then talked about childbirth and toddlers.

Everybody was fighting,
so he made us listen to a song by Jack White.

He had this quiet way of speaking,
from the skin beneath his lower lip,
like a rabbit moving from bush to bush in the
moonlight,
off the side of a road, at the end of a backyard, near a
pale blue pond.

His hands were like dish-rags,

folded together in his lap, his corduroy.
I always want to write about how men's knuckles look,
but I cannot really recall his...

Were they like helmets? Were they like pearls?
Were they like witch noses? Were they long and flat?

I just remember him sitting cross-legged in the plastic
black school chair,
telling us to meditate, count, breathe, and incite,
then darting out of the room
while our eyes were closed.

I don't remember what he smelled like.
Wool and rain, maybe, or a
poem he wrote about a moving blue flame.

He found me once
under a crumbling staircase,
near the old science building that was, two years later,
destroyed.

He told me to write about the shape of fathers
and make lists that are true.

(Or maybe I said those things,
and he simply spoke the air.
Or maybe he never said anything,
but simply cast the right reflections.
Maybe all he actually said was,
"Be honest.")

I think I eventually followed his advice.

Remembrance

#6.445 Rhyan Bogle

I used to have this photograph of us,
her, and I.
Or rather, her, myself, and two smiles.
Both wider than the photograph.
For years after those smiles seemed like nothing but lies,
relics of an ancient civilization,
I would take out the picture and scold it,
dare it to stop telling me lies.
But it always said the same things
Two young faces with smiles painted on
their skin. Both wider than the photograph.
At least six hundred and thirty eight times,
I threatened the picture with fire,
and it would just echo the same things it always did,
like an outdated, refuted textbook,
it professed the same truths
it always did. The ones disproven by thousands
of scientific studies.
Entire Ted Talks were held to point out
the blasphemous claims that the picture laid,
yet still it lied. For years, it lay in a drawer
in my desk, near my everyday existence.
Eventually, it ran off to torment some other fool,
I thought it gone forever. Still, it resurfaces
now and then.
Though I lost everything
that the picture claims as truth,
I've never been able to truly misplace it.



Sunshine, Ghosts and Ashes

Liz Tetu *DIGITAL ART*

Bedtime Story

Tessa Gedatus

When I was a child, my parents would lie in bed with me every night and read stories. The Bernstein Bears, The BFG, and The Chronicles of Narnia were recurring requests. Their narratives are tangled in my memory with my father's warm breath—shifting my hair as he read. His chin rested on the crown of my head, his voice was low. I heard it reverberating in his chest when my ear pressed against it. "Good night, sleep tight, don't let the bed bugs bite," he would end with a whiskery kiss. My life is filled with memories of reading, but none as visceral as this first intimate act of the bedtime story.

It was my mother, with her own love of reading and writing, who would bring me to our small local library every weekend. When I was able to write my name, I took a deep pleasure in printing it on the checkout card that lived inside the front cover of library books in those days. Each time I borrowed a book, a sizeable mechanical stamp operated by the iron grip of our local librarian would print the date and time it was to be returned. I would hate her for the implication, for the reminder that this story was on loan. We would walk home hauling mountains of books in a plastic laundry basket.

I wrote my first book in second grade. It was an illustrated short story about a horse, a nearly complete plagiarism of Black Beauty. The cover was yellow construction paper, and the pages were adorned

with crudely colored pencil sketches of a horse in a field. To my embarrassment and pleasure, my mother occasionally brings this book out from storage where it lives with many other mementos of my early works. "Do you remember this?" she asks, knowing full well that I do. "You have such talent, and a love of writing," she tells me. I always fail to see the connection between loving Anna Sewell's work and any talent on my part. But, my child's heart knew, literature was how my family said I love you.

In grade school, I was first to raise my hand to read a paragraph from textbooks in class. As a Jehovah's Witness, I did not take part in many of the rituals of elementary school life. Although surrounded by a loving church community, at school I was always a bit of an outsider, looking in. When other students would stand to do the pledge of allegiance, I remained seated and silent. On Valentine's Day, all those pink boxes adorned with doily hearts and glittered names never had mine on them. When my peers flooded the bleachers of the gymnasium for the Christmas pageant, I sat in the hall, listening to the songs and the laughter through the door. Reading was a way of entering a world freer than my own, one where Nancy Drew took me along as she solved The Mardi Gras Mystery in New Orleans.

At thirteen, I became Alice down the rabbit hole. My parents divorced, a situation that left us excommuni-

cated from the church and community I had always known. I insisted that I must live with my father. I packed the first of what would be many bags and set out from my childhood home. I arrived on the doorstep of a dilapidated house the size of a postage stamp, where I found my father smoking a cigarette, something I had never seen before. It felt like a sin. At night, the sensation of burning and choking would often wake me when he lit his late-night, bipolar-manic cigarettes, as I would come to call them. I would lull myself back to sleep by reading a few pages from books that explored spirituality, Buddhism, Zen, and reincarnation. I wondered if everything I had been taught as a child was wrong. I looked for remembrances of my old life, but with each religious text, my view of the world grew more complicated.

In the months following my parents' divorce, my father's mania began to surface. The remodeling project on his postage-stamp house took a strange turn. There were missing windows, walls, and doors, and only a wood stove in the corner of one room to warm us that winter. I would cocoon myself in a pile of old, scratchy quilts that smelled of dust. Swaddled under their weight, I would feel safe. My father disappeared for days at a time. I learned how to make grilled cheese sandwiches and tuna helper, and I ate a lot of frozen dinners. There was a time I was so ill I lay in bed for days, in and out of consciousness, wondering if someone would find my body. I stopped reading fiction and switched, pragmatically, to self-help books. When spring came, I lived in a popup camper in the side yard of the house to escape the late night smoke. I would live a lot of places in the years to come.

Moving from one living situation to another defined my life. Changes would be brought by a new school or a new version of my father, and in both, I was on the outside looking in. None of it felt real. I fumbled through junior high and high school. I always enjoyed learning, but now any interaction in class felt as biting as cold wind on wet skin. Eye contact and conversation were painful. Schoolmates told me about the things they saw my father doing around town. I wished I didn't look like him. I spent most lunches in the library, where I read travel brochures and destination guides for exotic places, dreaming of a life far from everyone. Huddled on the floor of one of the library's soundproof booths, eating pop-tarts, I escaped, if only for that one hour. At night, I feverishly wrote angst-ridden poetry that espoused justifications for my self-imposed isolation.

In the years that followed, I found comradeship reading works such as Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar*, and Tom Robbin's *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*. Poets like Sandra Cisneros, Charles Bukowski, and Mary Oliver wrote with bravery and truth that gave me the desire to continue exploring the world. Their voices filled my ears and my chest when I needed understanding or an escape from my thoughts. I was thrilled to discover authors who could reflect and justify the life I was experiencing. I wanted to find others who thought like me, who saw the world—full of wonder and pain. Every day revealed a more complicated story of who we humans are. It was a world that didn't always have walls, and that was okay. I reasoned this meant life could be mean and beautiful too. Their works shaped the way I looked at the world and my place

in it. Without those authors who realized, above all, that we continually destroy and recreate ourselves, I would have stayed isolated, mourning a life where love was as pure as a bedtime story.

Today, I am in a house that is warm and still, with a soft bed and a wall of books. Every one of them holds not only the author's story but my story as well. Not only do I recall Thor Heyerdahl's experiences on *Kon Tiki*, I remember being twelve and wanting to be a marine biologist with all my heart. When I look at the worn paperback binding of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, I am reminded of an old friend who once brought me perfume from Paris. Several heavy tomes covering abnormal psychology and mental illness are tucked in a top corner. Next to them, there is a notebook with my father's medication dosages and hospitalization history, available for the next time I need to reference them—though I know that story by heart. There is a shelf full of travel guides that reminds me of the places I have traveled and the stories within stories that come with those experiences.

On a recent night, I ask my son which book he wants to read as I tuck him into bed. I then lie down next to him and feel his soft, fine hair against my lip as I read *One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish* by Dr. Seuss.

"From near to far, from here to there, funny things are everywhere," I whisper. I then kiss his warm head.

Contributors

Margot M. Barry is a senior on track to graduate in spring 2019 with a Liberal Arts degree (Archives) and a Creative Writing minor. Margot loves libraries, archives, food, and tromping along trails. She hopes to continue working with and writing about them in the years ahead.

Megan Bauer is a senior in the Social Work program. She has had a lifelong passion for writing and most often finds herself turning to poetry to express herself.

Rhyan Bogle is a Creative Writing major. He is thought to be a human who fancies the idea that imagination can change the world, or at least give it more reason to eat waffles.

April Carlson is a poet, writer, student, and mother — not necessarily in that order. She is currently enrolled in the MS program in Technical Communication. April lives in Fridley with her husband and two kids. She loves exploring the outdoors and learning how language and concepts shape the reality we experience.

ChingChen Li is a first-year international student. Every day is a discovery for her. She enjoys photography and likes sharing her photos.

Dawn Cramer is a senior pursuing her Individualized Studies degree in Studio Arts and Digital Design. Dawn is drawn to botanicals, color, and paper. These elements speak to her and creating paper botanicals is her way of exploring paper representations of the many designs and patterns nature provides. It is also her way of connecting with the world around her. Every flower and plant have an essence that she captures in her artwork. The materials are simple: paper, wire, glue, paint, and ink. Cutting each petal and leaf by hand, the humble piece of paper is transformed into an intimate, one of a kind paper sculpture. Paint and ink are used to add detail and nuance to each piece. Her work is literally and figuratively growing each day as she strives to make a positive impact on those who view it.

Carlyn Crouse is a Twin Cities native and a senior studying Creative Writing. She enjoys sci-fi and flash fiction literature.

Sarah Fjellanger is a recent graduate with a degree in Creative Writing. She enjoys writing short pieces in addition to working on her historical fiction novel.

Emily Flynn is a Studio Arts graduate. She is a painter who works with mainly acrylic and watercolor. She translates her love of animals, the macabre, and the unusual into bold and striking images. After graduating from Normandale Community College with an Associate of Fine Art, she transferred to MSU. Continuing her artistic journey at MSU allowed her to work with a variety of different mediums such as relief printmaking, screen printing, papermaking, and digital arts. She currently works in a custom framing and printing shop in Burnsville and hopes to one day become a curator in an art museum.

Tessa Gedatus relishes being the current Managing Editor for Haute Dish and will miss it when she's done. She hopes to leave the magazine, school, and world improved through her contributions. Tessa's creative works aim to celebrate the things that bring her joy.

Jamie Haddox writes poems and crushes dreams. She believes good timing can turn bad choices into success stories. She enjoys her steak rare and her eggs poached. She graduated in 2014 with a BA in Creative Writing.

Kate Harker is in the Bachelor of Arts program. Her primary art form is macro photography with an emphasis on food. She is passionate about showing viewers just how beautiful and interesting food can be through the use of texture, light, and composition. Her goal is to give the public an intimate experience with food because everyone can relate to it; it can make a person feel sad, happy, nostalgic, or even repulsed.

Kab Pauj Angelina Her is an undeclared undergraduate student. She is currently taking Creative Writing courses which have helped to accelerate and improve her writing skills and taught her how to structure a story.

Walker James is a part-time student and lives in St. Paul.

Miguel Marie Johnson is a transfer junior. She is working towards a Bachelor's degree in Creative Writing with a minor in Physics. Upon completion of her degree, she intends to tutor those struggling in math and science. She also plans on attending graduate school to further her work in creative writing.

Caroline Lubke is an undergraduate student with an expected graduation date of Spring 2020. She is married, has four cats, and cannot resist ducklings or popcorn, in that order.

Marcia McMullen returned two years ago to finish her degree. She is a single mother with two daughters and getting them through college was her main priority. She feels blessed to have the opportunity to return to college. She loves to write poetry and a memoir. She was raised in an alcoholic household and learned much living in the shadows. She has stacks of leather-bound journals that have recorded life's happening's in over the years. Woven within the pages are insights, thoughts, feelings, and recollection of experiences that are precious to her. She is in the process of reviving and editing some of that work. Many jewels lie within, some shine brighter than others and others need a little polishing to reveal the pearl.

Rebecca Peterson is an Art student graduating in spring 2019 with a BFA. Most of her works are portraits and her primary focus is painting with acrylics on canvas, but she also does drawings and illustrations. She is heavily inspired by pop culture. Other influences include the Fauvist and post-impressionist art movements, as well as music. Themes she continually explores are mental health, feminism, and the impact of technology on modern society.

Hannah Ross is an undergraduate student in the Individualized Studies program; her focus is on understanding humans through art, psychology, and language. Hannah's current series explores individuals' perceptions of themselves and how they are influenced by personal history and society. She uses color and texture to embody individuals' stories and emotions in painted form. These works are meant to create conversations about beauty standards, gender roles, mental health, and political climates.

Camille Smith is a senior studying Psychology. In her free time, she writes and performs poetry, plays, and creative nonfiction.

Elizabeth Todd is a graduate student, currently in her last year of the Psychology program. She has a BA in Writing and an MA in Liberal Studies and now works in the Information Technology (IT) division of Metro State as a Content Producer and Editor for the university website. In her free time, she enjoys reading, streaming everything, scrapbooking, and playing video games. Her primary career goal is to break free of freelance writing and be successful enough to write novels and research articles full-time.

Liz Tetu graduated with a BA in Creative Sexual Communication in 2018. His art on sexuality, gender, and politics is popping up in publications like Bushwhacker, Polemical Zine, and Queer Babes of Cartoons. He's busting his butt to get to grad school.

Max Tran is currently an undergraduate student working towards a degree in Creative Writing. His works follow high-fantasy and science fiction of short story and novel length. His writing style typically follows grand adventures and an in-depth cast of characters who band together for a common goal. This year, he is focusing on flash fiction, which has been focused on fiction and fantasy-themed stories with mysterious auras and profound morals. Max's most recent works have explored comedy.

Haute Dish is published two times a year, spring and fall semesters, and is dedicated to showcasing the literary and artistic talents of students, staff, faculty, and alumni of Metropolitan State University.

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