

HAUTE DISH

SUMMER 2015

THE ARTS AND LITERATURE MAGAZINE
OF METROPOLITAN STATE UNIVERSITY
VOLUME 11 ■ ISSUE 2

Hello,

Thank you for picking up the latest issue of Haute Dish. This is easily going to be the best part of your day. If your work appears in this issue, congratulations! It was chosen from a group of very talented contributors. Our Summer issues are even more special because it is the only time that alumni and faculty are allowed to submit during the year.

If you would like an opportunity to see your work published, please submit now for the Fall issue. There are so many talented people here at Metro State and we look forward to seeing lots of new contributors in the future. As we seek to be more reflective of our school, we would like to encourage students to submit multi-lingual work.

This has already been a great year for Haute Dish. Our annual reading at Open Book (home of The Loft Literary Center, Milkweed Editions, and the Minnesota Center for Book Arts) was a big success! We had a wonderful turn out, a packed audience supporting the students who read their published work. The AWP Conference was held in Minneapolis this year and Haute Dish was able to send a group of students. It was a wonderful experience and I am very grateful for the chance to go and meet so many published authors, and to receive so much valuable advice from them.

I hope you enjoy this issue as much as we enjoyed putting it together. I'd like to thank everyone who contributed to making the Summer issue a great one. Now, grab a glass of iced tea, sit back, relax and enjoy!

Debby Dathe
Managing Editor

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

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

Like us on Facebook at [facebook.com/hautedishofmetrostate](https://www.facebook.com/hautedishofmetrostate).

CALL FOR ENTRIES - FALL 2015

Now accepting submissions for our Fall 2015 issue. Submit your prose, poetry, photography and illustration. We're encouraging submissions of multi-lingual poetry and prose. Express yourself as only you can. Metropolitan has wonderful writers from all over the world - and next door - here's a chance to get published.

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

Questions? Email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu

Submissions deadline for Fall 2015 issue is July 15, 2015

Want to join the Haute Dish staff?

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

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CONTENTS

- 4 **VACATION** Laura Brodie
- 5 **AMBIENCE** Wendy Stokes
- 6 **WAKING UP** Rebekah Pahr
- 7 **MOTORCYCLE GRAVEYARD** Patti Walton
- 8 **FIELD FORTS** Rebekah Pahr
- 8 **AVIATOR** Debby Dathe
- 9 **BORED AT THE MUSEUM** Scott Olson
- 10 **BREAD OR PANCAKES? (A QUESTION OF THEOLOGY)** Kevin Miller
- 14 **DRIVE BY** Scott Olson
- 15 **DEVIL'S KETTLE** Rebekah Pahr
- 16 **BRING ME MY FLOWERS** Kevin Miller
- 16 **RIOT HORSE** Scott Olson
- 17 **ODE TO IMMIGRANT ORPHANS** Sarah Fjellanger
- 18 **CONCESSION SPEECH** Debby Dathe
- 20 **SILENCE** Sherry Lee
- 22 **RIVER STONES** Ben Guindon
- 23 **COURT OF COGNAC** Ben Guindon
- 25 **ADORATION** Debby Dathe
- 26 **DEVOTION** Debby Dathe
- 28 **AN OLD COUPLE STROLLING BY A MARINA** Scott Olson
- 29 **THREE STARS** Laura Brodie
- 30 **BATTLE CREEK DOG PARK** Laura Brodie
- 31 **GERMAN HERITAGE** Brandt Schubbe



VACATION
LAURA BRODIE

AMBIENCE

WENDY STOKES

*When we last spoke, your mascara sipped Pinot Blanc
deliciously, and I envied the dry sashay
of your steely blues moaning
coarse, sultry blushes against
my southern sighs.*

*Not that I had reason to long after
summer palettes ripe and decent,
but I accommodated white hyacinth beautifully, spilling
hot brilliance
all over the place.*

WAKING UP

REBEKAH PAHR

*Bludgeoned brain abandoned,
like drowned worms,
engorged, lethargic.
Fine grey tendrils,
splayed silent.
Cocooned in dusk,
skull vacant.*

*Eyes shuttered,
darkening.
Crusted corners
weighted with secrets.
Stillness settles,
thick and ceaseless.
Time insatiable – grinding
sound slurring,
dust,
cloaking corpse.*

*Slumber fragmented,
fitful.
Velvet soil muffles footsteps,
foggy reminiscences – filtered
silver
absorbed in dampness.*

*Visions disjointed
mossy,
cool, aloof.
Weary bones stirring,
as leaves gather,
rotting and sprouting.*

*Earth incision splits,
surface collapsed
inward.*

*Shedding sheets,
skin retreats,
emerging.
Casement hollow, carcass –
discarded.
Excavating decay,
screaming soul awake,
ascending.*



MOTORCYCLE GRAVEYARD

PATTI WALTON



AVIATOR

DEBBY DATHE

FIELD FORTS

REBEKAH PAHR

*Our field forts,
mimic cloudy cocoons
spun along,
dark shadows
clinging to
underside
of tree thicket.*

*Camouflage,
charcoal branches,
twisted like etchings,
wooden walls
and blushed stained glass.
Spills of sun
sifted
through a crab apple
leaf mosaic.*

*Burred, dwarfed
warped,
tree nymphs,
squatting,
showering petals
soft as whispers,
our cloak,
portals to a cool
secret.*

*Smooth burrows,
breaking edge of prairie
nests,
gathered,
foraged,
lined with field treasures,
pilfered from golden grasses
and purple tufts,
harvested for field spirits.*



BORED AT THE MUSEUM

SCOTT OLSON

BREAD OR PANCAKES? (A QUESTION OF THEOLOGY)

KEVIN MILLER

Part 1 -----

I stumbled into work late wearing the autumn air like wet denim. It's that time of year when every retail wage-slave begins mentally preparing for Black Friday. In less than one week, crowds would assemble outside Mall of America's doors and grovel to their patron saints of excess and consumption. Christmas music was already looping through the speakers, and I was waking up with Christmas carols stuck in my head.

As a merchandise pick-up and receiving associate for Sears, I had to find every online order, move every fridge and television, and ink tag every Kardashian branded dress to pass through our store. It was fourth quarter, and the holidays are essential for any failing company pretending everything's going to be O.K.

And failing, the company was. They had just begun a new corporate initiative to “change Sears culture.” In reality, they gave several million dollars to a couple of suits who had never spent a day working for the company, and had no idea what the real issues were. The sum-total of their research was the phrase “members first.” Members First! The managers shouted it at one-another across the store as if it were a game of Marco Polo. Members First...members first....They muttered it under their breath, repeating it like they were trying to convince themselves it was true. Our CEO, Eddie Lampert, was persuing corporate profits with the same lusty abandon and disregard for ethics that made him a successful hedge fund manager. He combined Sears with K-Mart, and 700 store managers were all too eager to play the Ishmael accompanying his Captain Ahab.

And the customers ignored the miserable landscape, thinking of us peons as little more than background noise. A minor inconvenience, a speedbump on the road to their straight-to-DVD Disney existence. Like the chosen people of Adam Smith, they atoned for the sin of thriftiness on Thanksgiving. Huddled in tents, they prayed to sweet Baby Jesus they get that T.V. or I-Pad before we run out. In the land of milk, honey, and doorbusters, a little cold isn't going to keep them from tossing money at their underpaid brethren.

My feet slammed against the cracked linoleum with an unexpected heaviness. Passing through our swinging doors, I saw my colleague Chuck leaning up against the desk. At 6 foot something, 250 pounds, he towered over me. A biker mustache and nicotine tar cling to his upper lip, looking like frosting from a chocolate cake. He's clocked in, and checking Facebook on our Windows 2000 computer system.

He heard my footsteps and assumed I was a manager, or at least someone that mattered. With the grace of a baboon, he tried to click the x-box and close the browser. The computer froze, and his brain-machinery grinded to a halt. Neurons flickering in the darkness, nerve endings too experienced to fire, his panic was tangible. With nothing but Internet Explorer error messages in front of him, he turned to see who caught him breaking company policy.

“Bro!” he yelled as we make eye contact. “You had me worried for a minute there.”

“Don't worry man, it's just me.”

Immediately, he reopened Facebook, and he began complaining about all the bullshit in his life.

“Did I tell you about that bitch my son is dating?”

“No, not yet.”

“Yes I did. You know man. That fat-death-metal-internet-porno-bitch with the camera show?”

“No man, I'm pretty sure I would remember that,” I answer, giggling.

Chuck's life is a compilation of outright mistakes and minor fuck-ups. He has four grandchildren in his custody, since his first son went to prison on assault charges. He has two grown children living with him. He has a common law wife (his Old Lady), who, unable to work, chain smokes and watches the grandkids. He has a three room tenement in Bloomington where they all live. He has a love for funk music and singing to himself. He has a love of all things politically incorrect. He has a brain burnt

out from years of hard drug use. Most of all, he has a love for his own voice, a need to hear himself talk.

“Yeah bro,” he starts. “She’s a trip. She’s too lazy to get a job, and half the time she’s high on Oxycontin. She’s, like, all depressed and worships Satan, only listens to death metal, wears a lot of black makeup and stuff.”

He paused, judging my reaction.

“And my fuckin’ Old Lady invited her over for Thanksgiving.”

I laughed, picturing the scene. He took a deep swig from a two-liter bottle of Coke. “I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Clause” played overhead, providing the theme music for our discussion.

“Man, and she like, she sets up a camera on the internet and talks to a bunch of nerds who can’t get laid in South Dakota and shit bro. But first, she gets naked and rubs food all over herself!”

He doubled over laughing at the thought. “These... these dudes are over here like ‘man, I wish I had a black metal bride like you, come marry me.’ Like, how did these guys ever get a piece of ass in high school bro? All you Norwegians are trippy. Bunch of fuckin’ jabronies man.”

He started to pull up her Facebook profile. “Look at this chick, man,” he says typing her name, but then stopped short. He took two steps back from me.

“But, she, she, she takes all these selfies man, and she’s gross and fat- it’s bad. She has to hold the camera like this,” he raised an imaginary camera high over his own head, using his biceps to push together his man-boobs and accentuate the cleavage.

“She’s like, ‘hi boys,’—click—click—click.” He rubbed his

chest with invisible food and laughs. “I tell you bro, she’s a fucking trip. She has to leave dinner early, so she can do that shit. Now I have to hide all my leftover turkey so she doesn’t steal some for her next show.”

His black lungs gasped for air in between talking and laughing. He returned to the computer, having forgot why he opened Facebook in the first place. He begins to sing along with the Christmas music, not caring what song is playing or if he was singing it correctly. Like a scat singer whose vocabulary is limited, he belted out a tone deaf cry of “ringy dingy, ringy dingy.” He surveyed his News Feed, and I began looking for something work-related to do that I wouldn’t hate. That sounded like a lot of work though, so I looked over his shoulder and watched out for managers.

Part 2 -----

Dale, a security detective at Sears, is a pious man, completely devoted to white-baby-Jesus. Chubby and graying, he could pass as an off-duty mall Santa. He’s a carpenter by trade, but he can’t bring himself to leave Sears. He enjoys arresting black teenagers for stealing stuff like, I don’t know, toe socks and candy bars too much to walk away from his part time job. Managers were short staffed that day, so they asked Dale to help out with unlocking doors and other such menial tasks.

Chuck needed a T.V. for a customer, and he paged for a manager on the overhead intercom. It paused the rock-and-roll cover of “Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer” blasting overhead.

“Manager to T.V. lockup please, manager to T.V. lockup thank you.”

At merchandise pickup, we get exactly five minutes to find a piece of merchandise and deliver it to a customer. If we fail to do so, the customer gets a coupon, and a manager yells at us. T.V.s are locked up, because we can't be trusted. Only managers have keys.

"Manager to T.V. lockup please, manager to T.V. lockup."

No manager.

Dale came waddling into the backroom. Keys jingled in his right hand, and he waved Chuck and me towards T.V. lockup.

"Sorry guys," he said, smiling. "I guess they're a little short today. I'll get it for you."

"Buncha goddamn retards if you ask me man." Chuck responds. "How can you be short staffed when Black Friday is less than a week away? If these fucking guys would give somebody a raise, maybe they would stick around longer than fifteen goddamn minutes, you know? America's in bad shape bro. We're done. The country's fucked."

Dale cringed as Chuck spoke. Every syllable slapped his face like an exposed penis in an HBO special, and Dale's television only shows basic cable side-boobs after the kids are asleep.

"You know Chuck, you might offend people with all those 'g d's'" he started. "I teach Sunday school at church. My kids are in that class. I'm not going to say anything, but you should be more careful."

Chuck smiled, his lips pulling back to expose a toothless set of gums. Seeing an opportunity, he wasted no time.

"Yeah, I used to do that church shit too man. I had to get rid of them though. I was working construction back in

Phoenix, and going to this Baptist Church because I liked the singing. Me and the Old Lady were watching the Final Four basketball games on my day off, and they showed up at my house. The pastor wanted to 'save' me or some bullshit. I told that retard God can wait until Sunday to save me and kicked him out of my fucking house."

The disgust on Dale's face paired nicely with his clenched fists.

Chuck continued.

"If I go to a church, they better have a goddamn pancake breakfast. Doughnuts and coffee. Load me up with some of that stuff and leave me alone. You know that thing in the bible, 'man shall not live on bread alone'? There are also fucking pancakes bro."

Dale was fed up. He opened the door to T.V. lockup, and said nothing. Chuck found the T.V. and walked away slowly, laughing to himself. Our five-minute time limit was exceeded three minutes ago. A customer nervously paced outside our swinging doors, worried we might not have his Samsung in stock.

Chuck, unfazed, pushed through the door singing a Christmas song to himself. "Ringy, ringy, dingy, ringy..."



DRIVE BY
SCOTT OLSON

DEVIL'S KETTLE

REBEKAH PAHR

*No time allowed here, only compass the sun.
Reading dots, dashes and solid lines,
hiking map topography traced out by little fingertips
probing for fey portals.*

*Knapsacks packed with sandwiches and flower-books,
smooth walking sticks carefully selected.
Worn jeans, soft bandanas,
perfumed by last night's campfire and bug spray.*

*Canopy of trees shiver, raining dew,
like the canvas ceiling of the old green army tent
we woke up under,
damp and warm.*

*Destination marked on the map, angry red-dot warning.
Spirits called forth, creatures among the trees,
lurking in the periphery.
Hiss of distant water drowns
whispers of unease.*

*Trail breaks, lookouts like beauty marks,
balanced on rivers edge, cubist juts and angles.
Tumbled rock sharp as broken bones,
coated in slippery green scum,
water now, a low growl.*

*Thundering white noise and rapids,
Devil's Kettle churns beneath us,
poured into cavern mouth,
sputtering smoke vapors.*

*Perhaps pushed in by wicked sprites,
souls of lost children linger in the mist,
tracing tear trails onto our cheeks
with water-swollen fingers.*



BRING ME MY FLOWERS

KEVIN MILLER

*Despite all the warmth of her informal
Pleasantries and double entendre
In these whiskey driven
Nights of quiet desperation*

*I wish she'd bring me flowers
While I can still smell them.*

*A handful of something wild
When the lilacs bloom in the bright wind
And we're sprawled out together
In the city grass.*

*I'll blow the petals off a dandelion
And say something dumb to
Try to make her blush or
Smile*

*And look back at the day
As if it were a significant accomplishment*

RIOT HORSE

SCOTT OLSON

ODE TO IMMIGRANT ORPHANS

SARAH FJELLANGER

Accented sounds had ceased coming from the wheels of the cattle car, the one that had been their home for the past three days.

Bales of hay were haphazardly piled against the inside walls, their dust and loose pieces scattered and falling through any viable crack onto the creosoted ties below.

Click-a-clack, click-a-clack; the monotonous song had rung in their ears for so long.

Distance had not erased their longing like the adults said it would.

Every one of them knew loneliness, the loneliness of having no blood line to reach out and hold you.

Fear was a fiery dragon, especially for the younger ones.

Gelid air, like a fog, had found its entrance and begun to seep through cracks in the walls.

Handkerchiefs were folded into scarf formation and placed on the girls' heads, while boys pulled their hats down farther, hoping to cover their ears.

Inside the smaller ring of hay bales, the ones stacked around the commode, a young boy of three struggled to unbutton his trousers before wetting his pants.

"Join hands everyone," their chaperone had instructed.

"Kickers are to be brushed off so you look your best."

Land, barren of trees and grasses, stretched before them, its view littered with their meager possessions strewn or locked inside a cardboard suitcase.

Massacre is what some people called it, but it hadn't been.

No one had harmed them - at least not at first.

Opinions ranged from "they had good intentions" to "how could you do this to the children?"

People either paraded their chosen child or hid them for fear of exposing their own brand of slavery.

Quietly, the epic times moved forward.

Righteously, some picketed for the exodus to stop.

States changed laws to disallow the continuance of the children as indentured servants.

Teachers were told to scrub the history books, never divulging the basic facts.

Until its end, no one remembered the beginning.

Viable new solutions were chiseled in the law books of each state; laws for the children, the unwanted, the lost, the orphaned.

Why was this epic of transference ever initiated?

Xenophobic, the volumes of historical reference resound with dead reasoning.

Yesterday was far away and decisions brought the most vulnerable to bear the burden of change and growth in America.

Zephyr, the demon, had strewn their existence across the plains, uprooted them, and thought them valueless.

CONCESSION SPEECH

DEBBY DATHE

(This piece was inspired by the New York Times coverage of Mitt Romney's concession speech.)

The following is a full transcript of gubernatorial candidate Mark McFlabben's concession speech:

McFLABBEN: Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you, my friends. Thank you so very much. I am very sincere in my appreciation.

(APPLAUSE)

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Again, I am sincere in my thanks for you, my friends, who were in no way compensated for being here. You really like me.

(APPLAUSE)

I have just called Governor Boozemore to congratulate him on his victory. Even though it was a very close call and I could have won if more people had voted for me. His supporters and his campaign also deserve congratulations. I'm sure they worked very hard and his victory had nothing at all to do with his money, power or smear

campaigns run against me and my fellow candidates, whose names escape me...

I know there was someone from the Grassroots platform. Well, that doesn't matter; he never had a chance anyway.

(LAUGHTER)

McFLABBEN: His supporters and his campaign also deserve congratulations. Like I already said...I am repeating myself because I am sincere. I really do wish him, his supporters and his family well, but particularly the first lady and their daughters. The oldest daughter reminds me of a young Matthew Broderick, and she's almost legal...

(APPLAUSE)

This is a time of great challenges for America, and I pray that the Governor will be as successful as I would have been in guiding our nation. I mean state. State. God forbid he ever runs our nation. I, on the other hand would make a fabulous president.

(APPLAUSE)

McFLABBEN: I want to thank Dalton for all that he has done for our campaign. Besides my wife, Gertrude, Dalton is the best choice I've ever made. Which kind of makes me want to re-evaluate my life. I guess I will have time to do that now.

Speaking of my wife...I also want to thank Gertrude, the love of my life. She's not much to look at, but without her at my side, my sexuality would come into question.

(APPLAUSE AND NODS OF APPROVAL)

She would have been a wonderful first lady. She's -- she has been that and more to me and to our family; having her love and support has meant everything to me. She demonstrated so much courage during the dark days of this campaign; when I was photographed in compromising positions with a few of my interns...

I really thought Tony was just going to measure my inseam and... well, you saw the pictures. And the time in the shower when I tripped and kept falling on top of George; that was just an unfortunate combination of gravity and soap...

That was a very difficult time for my family, but Gertrude's trust in me never wavered.

(APPLAUSE)

This election is over, but our principles endure; important stuff like honesty, charity, integrity and family... notice I didn't mention anything about ethics or morality...

I believe that the principles upon which this nation was founded are the only sure guide to a resurgent economy and to renewed greatness. Good luck with that Governor.

I totally could've fixed the economy and I would've found lots of jobs for everyone too.

I ran for office because I'm concerned about America. The money and power were the furthest things from my mind.

(LAUGHTER)

I so wish -- I so wish that I had been able to fulfill your hopes to lead this state in a different direction (but not the one I campaigned on). Alas, the state chose another leader... And so, Gertrude and I join with you to earnestly pray for him and for this great state. I also pray he doesn't ever get assassinated. That would be too bad.

Thank you and God bless America. You guys are the best. Thank you so much. Thank you. Thanks, guys. Again, I am demonstrating my sincerity.

(APPLAUSE)

Too bad you blew it for me. It would've been awesome.

(SILENCE)

SILENCE

SHERRY LEE

Mother's words were sewn shut, stitched like the four identical dresses my sisters and I wore, hand crafted by Mother's intuition. Likeness creates invisibility; we looked like all the neighborhood girls though our hair was black our legs thin, our feet small; I even went to the Lutheran Church praying to God the Father because my Father disappeared so I couldn't claim him though I tried by playing mahjong on hot summer days teaching the neighborhood girls (it gets complicated who was fitting into whose life), and chicken subgum chow mein was just part of my diet like Campbell's Soup and Wonder Bread and turkeys from the Salvation Army at Christmas; at Christmas our dresses were red velvet and frilly and girly until they weren't and they were simple and seductive and maybe that's when the silence was broken, not with words but with images and the faith that stitches could be undone, but it would take work: the skill of a craftswoman, an artist, a magician, a hair stylist because one of us had thick curly hair like Mother's, one of us had silky straight hair like Father's and yes one was beauty and one shame hot combs and gas flames and it's complicated pretending to be someone in order to escape being who we are. I wonder if Mother desired the language and permission to say what it is like to be a Black woman passing for white and her right to be safe but neighbors had guns. Mother shut doors and closed windows locked in four daughters (but not the son). Father was on the run with his mistress. Father wanted to be white like my mother wanted to be white but neither of them speaking to the other of desire each reaching for the gold pot differently one by hiding one by buying things: a washer a dryer a mangle a steam bath a television an outdoor fireplace a flagstone patio and cigars. The children sitting on red stairs to their blue bedroom didn't know what to make of the bickering, but they felt safe; how could they fear what they didn't know? They ate the raspberry Jello with bananas and grapes.

Hiding the relatives helped too because in our neighborhood Blacks were boycotted from entering Church until the new minister and his wife arrived with three adopted Black children, but even then I had to be cautious and wore white to communion as if white could forgive sin still the minister walked by me with the wafers and the wine as if he didn't know I was a member of the congregation. Maybe wearing white was uppity of me although I had been wearing white since the day I was born; so I looked for other gods in other neighborhoods and at sometime understood why mother stitched her words and her desire inside her womb. How could I manage without men? Maybe the loneliness? Maybe the sex? Even alcoholics fix a toilet, paint a room, tile a floor. And even if it's about the money to fix their own house the body they live in there is love in the give and take the need to both help and to need help. Love gets lost in the silences because it was never not about love. Fear is not just any ol' emotion, it is history that one day captured this Black/Chinese girl passing for white; history that I am tired of telling because it takes too much oxygen and I want to breathe love to let love escape from the narrow crevice of my life because love had to be small, smaller than language.



RIVER STONES

BEN GUINDON

COURT OF COGNAC

BEN GUINDON

*Let's go for a night in the city, the streets are as black as our sins.
The flashing lights are ever so pretty, and the moons shine simply grins.
He approves of our debauchery, as if in his motley mockery.*

*Your eyes are as bloodshot as the sky, as my smoke fills up our lungs,
I'll wear your favorite black tie, as the scotch drips on our tongues.
Smear your crimson lipstick on my collar; you know how much I love that
color.*

*Slip slowly into your sanguine dress, we rule the town tonight.
Let me buy you another drink, poison in a bright shade of pink.
The ice spins with a gentle clink, as the room starts to sink.*

*Our vision is already milky; it makes the stars shine brighter.
Your satin red sheets are silky, as your body feels lighter.
The room is spinning 'round; heavy is the head that wears this crown.*

*Princess of the plastered, Dionysus would be proud.
Baron of the bastards, our revelry will be loud.*



ADORATION
DEBBY DATHE



DEVOTION
DEBBY DATHE

AN OLD COUPLE STROLLING BY A MARINA

SCOTT OLSON

*If our only skills were not our nodding tales
And if the water was just a bit uneasy*

*If the silent masts had brilliant sails
And if the trees could claim it's breezy*

*If the hem of your dress was a waving line
And if we walked a little more upright*

*I'd say let's leave this shore far behind
But such stillness becomes this night*



THREE STARS
LAURA BRODIE



BATTLE CREEK DOG PARK

LAURA BRODIE

GERMAN HERITAGE

BRANDT SCHUBBE

*Your black and blue eyes
They are so colorful
I know the trouble you caused
To gain the painting on your face*

*Was it worth it?
Did it accomplish what you desired?
Will you do it again?*

*Again you're not alone
Many have done the same
Clutch your teeth and
Walk down the street*

*As I watch you, I wonder dad
Dad will you come to me?
Dad can I have a drink with you?
Dad do you love me?*

*I can tell we will be with
Each other
One day*

*In that time you will laugh
I will laugh aloud with you*

*Until then, let's pretend we don't see
Let's continue to paint our face
Let's continue to clutch our teeth
Let's continue to walk down the street*

BEN GUINDON is a student and full time worker at odd jobs and paralegal projects. His after work activities range from going on runs, writing, listening to EDM music and spending too much time playing video games. He has done a lot of volunteer work for domestic abuse shelters to soup kitchens and even editing papers for the United Nations. Working towards a solid resume for the Peace Corp is what drives him to work on odd jobs with or without pay for the right kinds of experience for his dream job. Writing poetry helps keep him sane with his over-clocking workload.

BRANDT SCHUBBE is a Junior at Metropolitan State University. He is majoring in Professional Writing. His passion besides school is Poetry. He spent time in a poetry boot camp. One of the habits that he derived was to write three poems a day. Schubbe has done that and he intends on continuing as well while his past is revealed to him.

SCOTT OLSON is a spring graduate of the Technical Communications & Professional Writing program. He enjoys writing short stories and snapping pictures.

REBEKAH PAHR is a 2012 graduate of Metro State who majored in Technical Communication and Studio Arts. She is currently working as a technical writer for Westinghouse in Shoreview, MN. She enjoys writing poems inspired by nature and her childhood.

SHERRY QUAN LEE teaches creative writing at Metro State. Published poetry includes: CHINESE BLACKBIRD, and HOW TO WRITE A SUICIDE NOTE: serial essays that saved a woman's life. Her recent memoir: LOVE IMAGINED is a Minnesota Book Award finalist. Quan Lee is a 2015/2016 Loft Mentorship poetry mentor.

WENDY STOKES loves smooth jazz and poetry. She will graduate with degrees in Writing and Social Studies Teaching.

DEBBY DATHE is pursuing a degree in Gerontology with a minor in Creative Writing. Lately she has been trying to incorporate the two areas into her poetry and prose. In her free time, she loves traveling (road trips!), photography, cake decorating (formerly an instructor), and reading. She is currently working her way through the classics that she has somehow managed to miss over the years.

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

KEVIN MILLER is a Professional Writing student at Metro State. He enjoys writing of almost any kind. He also likes music and philosophy. His piece "Bread or Pancakes? (A Question of Theology)" is based on a true story.

LAURA BRODIE was born in Scotland, grew up in South Africa and has lived in St. Paul for the past 21 years. She is working on her double major in creative writing and gender studies. Laura writes poetry, memoirs and erotica and kicks ass in every way.

PATTI WALTON is a graduate student in Criminal Justice Studies. This is her last semester at Metro, she will be graduating in August. She hopes to work in court administration and policy making, and tour the country on her Harley in her spare time.

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Currently, we are accepting electronic submissions from enrolled Metropolitan State University students for the Fall 2015 issue. The deadline for submissions is midnight Wednesday, July 15th 2015.

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

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