



Haute Dish

The Arts & Literature Magazine
of Metropolitan State University
Summer 2019 Volume _ Issue _

Editor's Letter

"I think... if it is true that
there are as many minds as there
are heads, then there are as many
kinds of love as there are hearts."

– Leo Tolstoy, Anna Karenina

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.

Haute Dish has been the arts and literature magazine of Metropolitan State University for over fifteen years. Throughout that time it has evolved from an eZine to a beautiful glossy printed publication with an online version as well. This summer we decided to embark on an experiment, an online only anthology issue that allows us to feature some amazing work across those fifteen years. Our editorial review board members spent the early part of the summer reading each prior issue of Haute Dish looking for pieces that celebrated the natural world—our theme for this issue. The selections were then whittled down to those pieces that spoke to the majority of the team. We hope they move you as well.

And finally, I want to thank you, the reader. Your voice raises ours, and our voices are nothing without this readership. We hope all members of the Metropolitan State see themselves within Haute Dish's pages. We welcome submissions that showcase the diverse community of Metropolitan State. If you feel your experience is not being reflected in these pages, we especially invite you to create something to share with us or to join the editorial review board so that your perspective can be shared. Haute Dish exists to provide a space for art and literature in all our lives.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Tessa Gedatus". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of each word being capitalized and prominent.

Tessa Gedatus
Managing Editor

Haute Dish

Managing Editor

Tessa Gedatus

Web Editor

Gina eInfante Torres

Business Manager

Mai Lee

Design/Layout

Maggie Dyslin

Faculty Advisor

Suzanne Nielsen

Editorial Review Board

Gina eInfante Torres

Andrew LaBarre

Mai Lee

Catherine Levine

Emilie Peck

Heather Sather

About the Cover

Healing Echinacea

by Lenore Vincent

Spring 2018

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Visit our website at hautedish.metrostate.edu

or email us at hautedish@metrostate.edu



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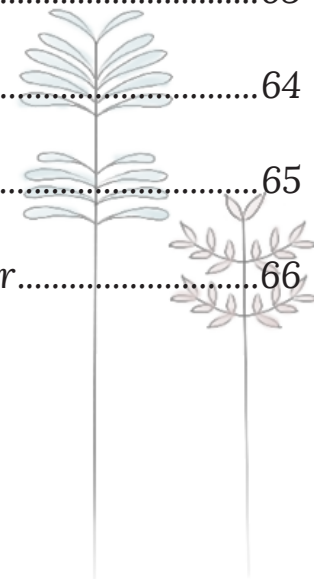
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Plant Life

Jenny Kirmis

Spring 2005

She stood in the windowsill, her back slightly hunched. Her shoulders drooped, leaving her long lean limbs looking lifeless as they hung by her side. Her wilted hands rested on the dry earth, which she wished were wet. Her parched throat grew hollow and she could no longer release the air of life. Her tiny frame became frail and less supple with each passing moment. By early afternoon, she was ready to bow down to death. On her hands and knees, she panted for breath, fighting against the whirling winds that wafted through the open window and threatened to whisk her away. She fell into a steady slumber, only to be awoken by cool drops of water falling from a plastic green sky. A post was driven into the soil next to her and a small soft ribbon was tied around her waist, attaching her body to the pole for support. By morning, she stood perfectly straight; her arms stretched towards the sun, her body soft and supple, her head tilted back in appreciation.



Metro Fern

Jackie Richards (Spring 2009)

Photography



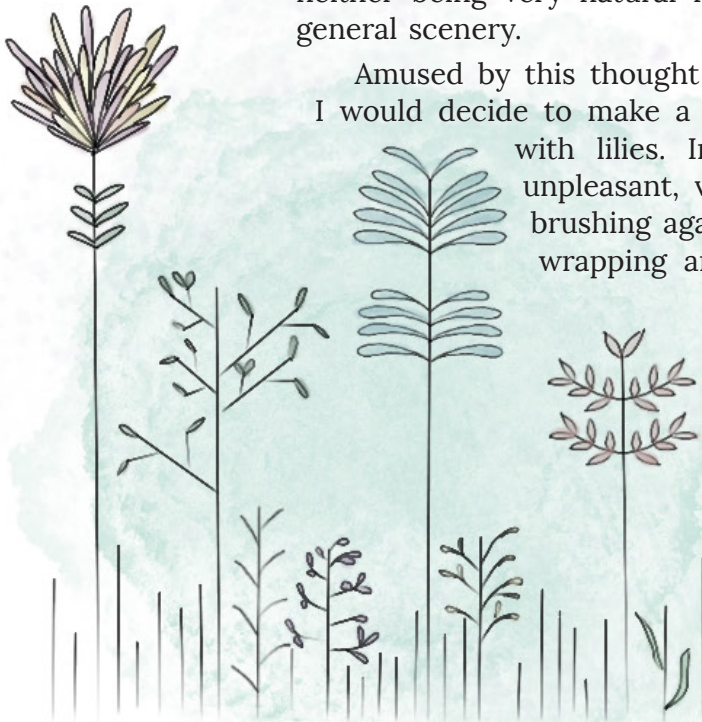
The Lilies And The Legends

Natallia Meleshkevich

Summer 2010

The forest surrounded Saint Lake like a fortress. The narrow white-sand road led me through the trees to the lake's only access. The tranquility it revealed was mesmerizing on the sunny days and perplexing on the stormy ones. The lipid mirror reflected only beautiful objects like the trees that brimmed the shores, the lazy clouds and the sun on its never ending trip to the horizon. When I would swim to the middle of the lake, turn on my back, spread my arms wide and cover my ears with water, I would immerse myself into the near existential experience of my body being dissolved. My pounding heartbeat would be the only sound in the universe. No longer would I hear birds or the wind caught up in the tops of the trees. Gradually, the voices in my head would vanish, leaving me alone in this perfectly liquid moment. So I would just float there, pretending to be one of those tree leafs that made it to the middle of the lake, rivetingly studying the sky, and meanwhile comparing myself to the plane trails in the blue sphere, neither being very natural in appearance though somehow not too disruptive to the general scenery.

Amused by this thought and starting to feel the chill of the perfectly clear water, I would decide to make a round. On the left side of this marvel was a little lagoon with lilies. In order to approach them, I had to tolerate the very unpleasant, very primary nature experience of water plants intrusively brushing against my skin and some substantive slimy snake-like objects wrapping around my legs. But I would swim there, shivering at the guards' encounter, partially because nobody else does that, and partially because I wanted to see the lilies in their most natural and untouched way. Their petals would be fresh and frosty, and some crazy bug would buzz around them, attracted by their fragrance. The waves I made approaching them would compel the lilies to move their flat round-shaped leaves, and the dazzling legion of the sun's shimmer would throng around, scattered on the surface that was dark just moments ago.



From time to time I would allow myself to wonder what lies underneath the lilies in the deep dark water. There was a legend about how Saint Lake appeared. Centuries ago, a church was there, hidden deep in the woods and natural springs were coming out of the earth all around it. Then there was war in the land, and one day, as invaders approached, the church descended and covered itself with the springs' waters so it could not be found and desecrated.

Our land has a long history with invaders. Belarussians were a great nation at one time, able to protect its land for centuries, until we were conquered by Russia, a neighboring empire hungry for new territories. The proud part of our nation's history, our freedom, as well as centuries of resistance and bloodshed, is little known now even to the Belarussians. Our whole history was re-written and a mantra of historical brotherly nations replaced it. In time, people believed the mantra and this is how our history, language and legends were buried under the murky waters of the communistic past.

I was never able to accept the loss. Having grown up as an atheist I had the hardest time believing any legends but I still searched for things to keep me afloat. And I kept going to the lake that bestowed such a gift to me. Looking back, I understand that knowing the legend made me more aware, made me more attentive, added something sanctifying about the whole experience.

The place felt completely different at night than during the day. On the sunny days the bright sun, lucid white sand and chirping birds would make the lake sing light-hearted songs about life, light and joy. At night, it was a hymn to solemnity. The place that was a playground for the children

of earth was now an untamed territory of plants and bushes revealing themselves in the bounty of wet smells, freshness, and crispness. The night would reinstate the lake's savage nature, sweeping off the memory of the day, like a woman taking makeup off in front of a candle-lit mirror, quiet and somber. Dark tree silhouettes would reach up to the distant sky that had lost its benevolence, and the stars would take their place in constellations that have meaning only to humans. The reflection of these stars in the water would be a precise print of a celestial body on earth. The darkness of the lake and night felt as a tangible whole; placed in it, I would become part of it as well. I would step into the velvety water, always warmer at night, and gradually find myself immersed into the silky darkness, sliding in this unwrinkled warmth, wrapping myself in it. The air would be filled with the fierce sense of space and suddenly I would feel more freedom than I knew what to do with.

Springtime

Nancy Eike

Summer 2009

A tulip pushed through -
The chilled ground acquiesced, moaned
While spring caught her breath.





Little

Amber Newman (Spring 2015)

Photography



Crimson and Malachite

Ben Guindon (Fall 2015)

Photography

Like a Gold-Topped Reed

Anna Middleton

Fall 2018

Bright shining ripples,
forming and passing,
repeatedly lapping,
edge under the boardwalk bridge.
The truth is, when somebody asks,
“What do you want to be?”
what they really mean is,
“What do you want to do?”
A lone brown muskrat,
the black prow of its nose
smoothly parting its road,
travels past on a distant errand.
I don’t want to do.
I just want to be.
Here by the marsh
I stand.
Geese fly overhead,
wedging their way through the sky,
bound for somewhere.
Tiny insects dart and buzz,
hard at work for winter.
Not even the sun will pause or stop
but tills on in her field of blue.
Only the reeds,
balanced in the water,
roots wound deep in the dark warm mud,
stand still.
They wait in crisp rustled whisperings,
merely bending in the breeze,
soaking up the beauty,
the living silence of the earth.
I just want to be.
Like a gold-topped reed.
Stand still.





It's The Leaves They Don't Eat Kevin O'Connor (Fall 2017)

Photography

Aspirations

Louis Murphy

Fall 2007

a leaf on a tree
pointed to the sky wanting
to fly merely falls





Emerald Ash Borer

Kelly Taylor (Summer 2010)

Studio Art

The Birds

Collette DeNet

Spring 2012

I'm tired of being a stranger
to the soil I tread upon.
I see you grounded
in the earth—
a mere extension
of itself.
I ache to know
it as you do—
to feel
the innermost pulse
of the forest floor;
to feel connected
to what will never leave.

Instead, I am like the birds,
always fleeing; distant,
like my affections
often are—
swimming above the clouds.
I wish you could
make me believe
the sky holds no escape,
that my feet
will be safe
when firmly
planted in the earth.



Hummingbird Heart

Claire Simonson

Fall 2009

Late afternoon sunlight raked across the lawn, long gold beams that pulled shadows with them. Squat shrubberies became giants and the spruce tree's shadow split the yard into two worlds, one brilliant day and the other dark and undoubtedly cold.

Maggie stared out at the yard, nearly motionless, as she had been all afternoon.

My baby. My baby is dying.

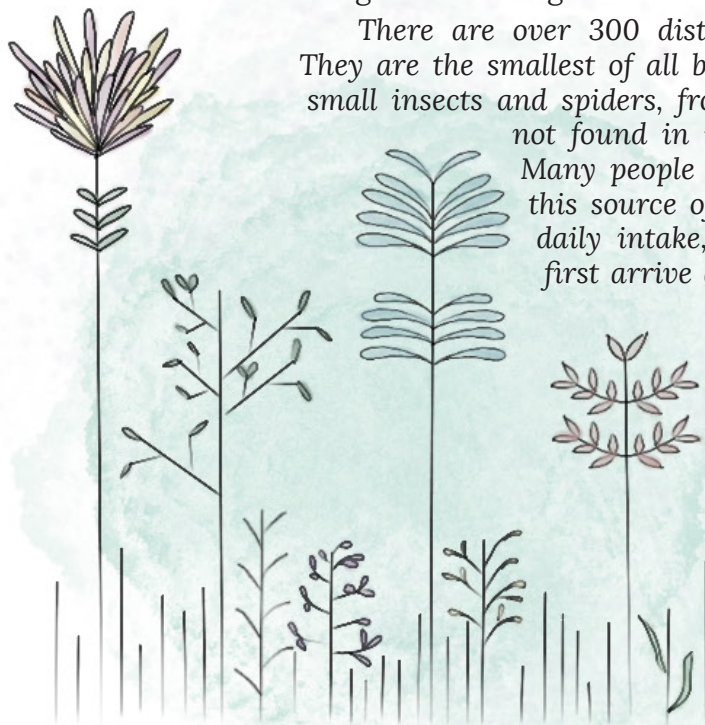
The words kept forming in her mind, and each time a heavy lead ball swelled up in her belly, indescribably heavy, and it swelled until she feared she would collapse under its dense weight. My baby. And so she would forcibly stir herself, blink hard, twitch her feet, something to stop the swelling. Yet she did these things gently, to not disturb the soft flannel bundle in her lap, not disturb the baby sleeping there.

The late afternoon sun picked out the post at the back corner of the yard and lit up the glass hummingbird feeder. The nectar glowed ruby-red.

There are over 300 distinct varieties of hummingbird, all native to the Americas. They are the smallest of all birds. Their diet consists of nectar from flowering plants and small insects and spiders, from which they derive protein and other necessary nutrients not found in nectar. Only a few range north as far as southern Canada.

Many people provide a sugar-water nectar to attract hummingbirds, and this source of calories can form a significant portion of a hummingbird's daily intake, particularly early in the spring when the migratory birds first arrive at their summer home, and flowers may be scarce.

The doctors don't know what to do. The thought that had racked Maggie's mind for weeks was now just a footnote, hardly worth mentioning. The diagnosis didn't matter any more; the fact remained that the baby is dying. They said "there's nothing to do" but of course what they meant was that there was nothing more that they, the trained professionals, could do. They spoke slowly, picked their words carefully, to explain once again the test results, the interventions they had tried. They had done



their best but sometimes—

Yes, yes, I get it. You can't do any more. Give me my baby.

Hummingbirds have the highest metabolism of all animals, aside from insects. They must consume at least their own weight in nectar each day in order to thrive and raise young. It is said that at any given time, a hummingbird is only hours away from starving to death, and they have evolved the ability to slow their metabolism and go into a hibernation-like torpor to survive each night, and those times when food sources are scarce.

Medical knowledge was useless at this point, Maggie was sure of that. She was also sure of the one thing that still needed to be done: hold the baby. I want to hold my baby. It was the only way to push away the collapsing feeling that had started two days ago, when the doctors' voices became suddenly quieter and more careful.

Surely they were trying to be gentle, to spare her the harshness of their usual clinical manner, but the effect was disorienting to Maggie. Collins, the primary physician, explained to her that while neonatal surgery was often "highly effective," the defects in her baby's heart were so extensive that the surgeons felt that the chance of a "good outcome" was remote. As he spoke, Maggie found herself waiting for the next phrase, the next word, as if he were deliberately holding back on the real message, inserting irrelevant words into each sentence in order to delay the bad news. She grew dizzy trying to reach into their brains to get to the important words. It took a full day for all the specialists to assemble their collective message: There's nothing more we can do.

Yes yes. Give me my baby. I want to take her home.

Hummingbirds are famously territorial, chasing other hummers away from nectar sources with flying assaults and a sharp "snip" vocalization.

Most species lay two small white eggs in a clutch. It has been observed that they wrap their nests with spiderweb silk; this is thought to allow the nest to expand as the chicks grow.

Again, the lead weight in her belly, pulling her down. Maggie shifted her legs, returned to the present, to the window.

The lawn was nearly consumed with shadows, although the sky was still bright and treetops were fully lit. Only the east corner of the yard still held sunlight: the post with the hummingbird feeder. The swooping motion of a ruby-throat caught her eye, oscillating back and forth, over and over. The audience for this show—aside from Maggie, behind the window—must be a female hummingbird, perched somewhere nearby. Back and forth, perfect curves with a sharp turn at each end.

The smoothness and precision of a hummingbird's flight are due to the speed of their wings. Hummingbirds are the only bird family that can hover in place and fly backward. During a courtship display, a hummingbird's wingbeats can reach 100 down/up strokes per second, and in order to fuel this exertion, their heartbeat can reach 1200 beats per minute.

The baby made a slight movement.

What—

Had she dozed off? Maggie felt the burst of adrenaline that sometimes comes with a sudden awakening. She stared at the tiny face, the jewel-like lips, the blue veins branching under translucent skin.

It wasn't even a squirm, just a shift of her right arm. Carefully, Maggie traced the length of

Hummingbird Heart (continued)

Claire Simonson

Fall 2009

the tiny arm from elbow to wrist, then each of the fingers, her own index finger big as a log compared to the delicate baby hand.

Like most organisms with high metabolisms, hummingbirds' typical life-span is short, averaging 3 to 4 years, although tagged individuals have been observed to reach ages of 8 and even 12 years. Probably due to the variables of weather and available food supply, many die during their first year.

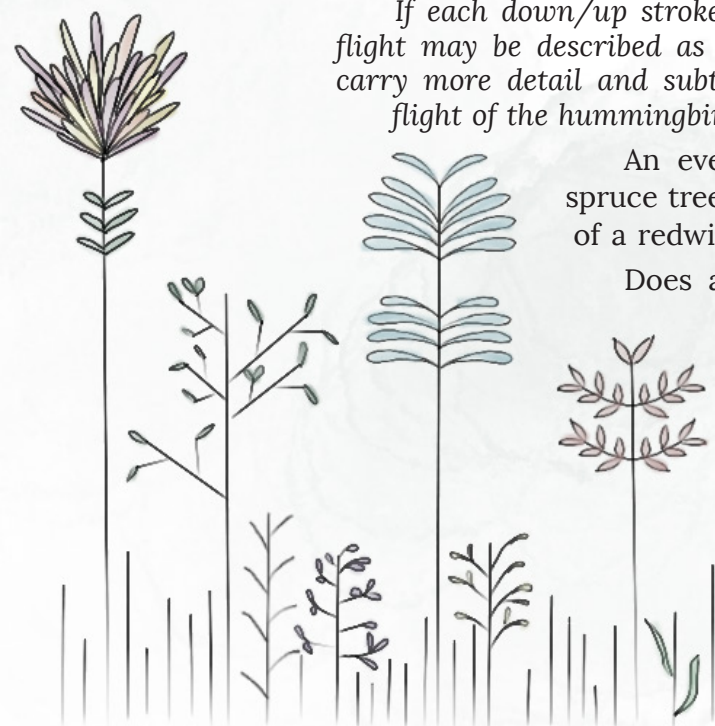
Slowly Maggie slid her finger inside the baby's undershirt, and felt for her ribs. The little heart was beating quickly. Was it skipping, then racing and irregular?

Maggie felt her own heart begin to pound. The collapsing feeling started again, and Maggie shook her head. The room was darkening; she reached out and switched on the table lamp, but it was much too bright, and she switched it off again. She closed her eyes, and felt again for the small racing heart.

If each down/up stroke can be considered one unit of flight, then the hummingbird's flight may be described as high-resolution. In the same way that high-resolution images carry more detail and subtlety than medium- or low-resolution images, so too does the flight of the hummingbird possess more nuance, more precision than that of other birds.

An evening breeze came from the west, circled around the dark spruce tree, and found its way into the room, carrying the far-off ringing of a redwing blackbird.

Does a high-resolution heart feel more intensely, more smoothly?
Or is there only room for feeling in the silence between heartbeats, the space between breaths?





Negotiatus

Kris Lowe (Summer 2005)

Mixed Media

His Beating Heart

Desiree Weins

Spring 2016

81 Beats

Many shades of grey hung low on that rainy melancholy day. It was urgent mom said; you were calling everybody in. You were preparing to cash in your coins; Lady Luck was ready to drop you for all the love and value you stole. You no longer wanted residence in tenure held hostage by your crippled body. You were ready to receive your promised slice of pie in the sky.

63 Beats

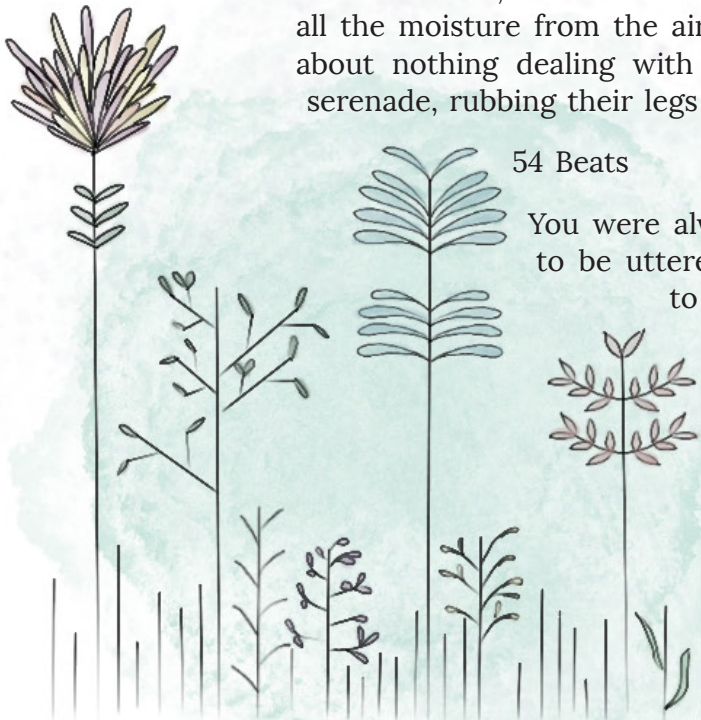
Peeling wallpaper, growing mold and pictures of vacations you never took with us surrounded you as you lay helpless on a hospital bed in the living room. The air mattress arithmetically released the pressure underneath you; sounding like a respirator. Your face was sunken in, hands and hairless arms looked like velvet from the dryness that sucked all the moisture from the air. In the other rooms were low tone random conversations about nothing dealing with you. Outside, I hear the neighbor's phone ring; crickets serenade, rubbing their legs together, preparing for your departure.

54 Beats

You were always a man of stoic presence with few words that needed to be uttered. But, today, you had no problem confessing your desire to transition with hopes that your Creator would re-invent you with legs, which come with convictions of the New Kingdom.

45 Beats

Somewhere in the fragments of your thoughts you were having figments of conversations inside your mind no one else could hear. Outside your mind you asked for my forgiveness for the second time. You pleaded with me to



change my ways for Jehovah's new system of things. I thanked you for your gift and reminded you: God is everywhere.

36 Beats

The corners of your mouth drooped, you starred off into space; constantly tonguing the inside of your lower front lip. Helpless on the bed, I saw a man who was coming to a prideful and stubborn end. Finally you were ready to surrender to the death that's been lurking in the dark dusty corners of the musty room you've been saturated in for the last decade. Outside, crows beckoned your soul.

9 Beats

At a 104 degrees, the pneumonia finally took hold and allowed other infections to proliferate. Your mouth was hanging open and your tongue was black and crusted. You couldn't look me in the eye, but I patted your head with a cold wet rag. I spread it out over your forehead so the cool could seep into your skin. I joked with you and told you that you looked like an Israelite – You briefly looked at me and in an almost undecipherable mumble, you told me I was beautiful. The ambulance was almost there; your olive tone skin was flushed out and transitioning into colorless shades of pale. I couldn't help but notice the lack of wrinkles on your smooth textured face. You out lived your siblings but were still only sixty-five. Before I left, I took your nose for safe keeping; hoping to steal a smile.

0 Beats per minute

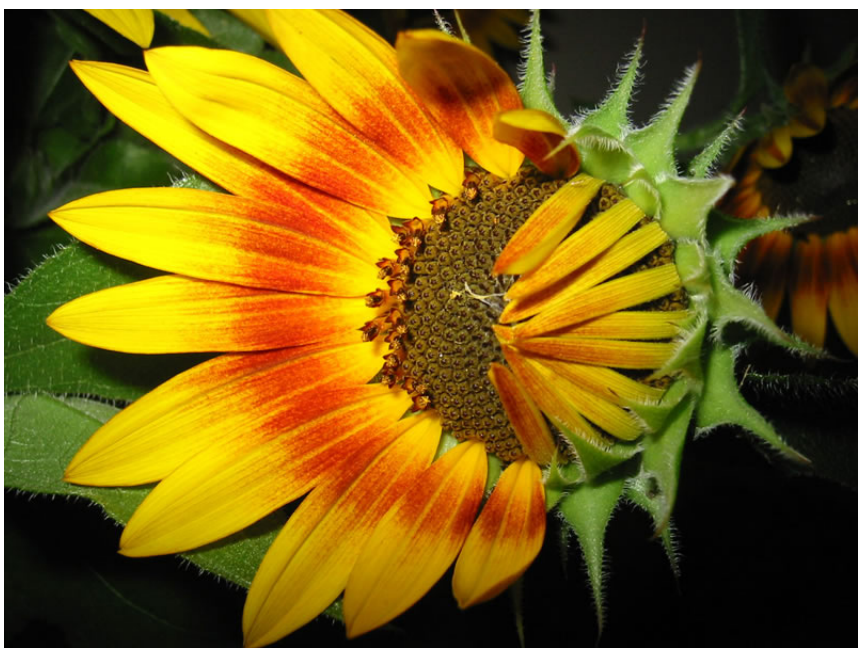
White penetrating neon lights reflect off the sterile marmoleum floor and make a path towards your room. But the Dr.'s face said it all before entering.

The red words on the monitor screamed: ALARM at 12:40pm; your heart went flat. At 12:45pm mother collapsed. We missed your departure by a mere five minutes. A shock wave of tremors rippled through my body; I fell to a seat the same time I tried to comfort mom.

And you never got your nose back.



Straight Path Didi Alamsaputra (Summer 2007) *Photography*



Sunflower

Misha Jameson (Summer 2007)

Photography



Northwoods Park

Dean Muldoon (Spring 2007)

Photography

Mid-day Excursion

Debby Dathe

Spring 2015

Backcountry
winding roads.
Golden autumn tones
lift up a melody.
Soulful hymns rise up
in the crisp air,
culminating in one last crescendo.
Hillsides explode in chorus.
Stained glass murals
resplendent in Autumn's palette.
Fingers of light reaching
through parting clouds,
stretching to shake hands with
a cathedral of quaking aspens.
Timber embracing the blue sky,
silent grace.
Harmony
in the falling foliage.
Maple canopied road
obscures what is drawing near.
Winter,
looming in the distance.



Discovering Equilibrium

Alice Lundy Blum

Summer 2009

I am 44 years old and I get giddy waltzing into the Minnesota Zoo on my way to Discovery Bay. Every time I come here a part of me turns eight. This must be the high that some women feel going into the mall. I am not like those women. And I am not like the women who flutter around me on Friday at noon at the zoo. Most of them are mothers. A few grandmothers, aunts, and teachers, too. Babies and toddlers and preschoolers everywhere. Diaper bags and strollers abound. So many children and no one is crying.

I head straight to the 500-gallon dolphin tank—their own private swimming pool. Except the dolphins are not there. Minnesota Zoo in Apple Valley, Minn. houses four Atlantic Bottlenose Dolphins. Semo, darker grey color than the others, is the oldest—my age. But, for a bottlenose dolphin, he's considered elderly. Semo is one of the oldest males in captivity, living at the Minnesota Zoo since 1991. He has sired two calves: Spree, also at the Minnesota Zoo, and Allie's soon-to-be-born baby.

Allie is 21 years old, in the prime of her life. She is eight feet long and weighs approximately 400 pounds. Although she's pregnant, she can still be found frolicking with the other dolphins and rocketing out of the water. She and her mother, April, are on loan from the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago. Although about the same size, the mother and daughter's coloration distinguishes them. April exhibits dark grey on her back and head, while Allie is set apart by lighter grey and a long, slender rostrum. The mother and daughter duo made the Minnesota scene in January of 2008. April is estimated to be 41. She has birthed three calves. Unlike humans, dolphins can produce offspring throughout their lives.

Spree, the energetic youngster of the group, is six years old. Born August 16, 2002, she's still growing and learning. Much of her schooling comes from rubbernecking and mimicking the other dolphins.

The sun is beaming and dozens of rays are dancing



through the underwater view of the dolphin pool. Gazing up, I catch only a ripple cover. I know it's only 14 degrees outside, but perched here, it looks deceptively summer-like above. From this vantage point, it's the sun that appears fierce.

The dolphins are hiding. They can cross the threshold of doors as they please. Not long ago Spree flew through the water, living up to her name. One of the zoo volunteers raced over, "Wow! She was moving fast!" he shouted. She was. And I got to see it. That was cool. A dolphin, this impressive, intelligent, sleekly designed paragon of nature swam within fifteen feet of me, just a piece of glass between us. I attempted eye contact, hoping to be recognized as a kindred soul. How I yearn to touch that rubbery skin!

But, now, this pool is mostly empty. A lady stands knocking on the window, as if one of the dolphins will swim out, "Yes, are you here to see me?" Without the distraction of the dolphins, I look too closely. Is that filth on the bottom? The mom next to me tells her son, "That bathtub needs a cleaning, doesn't it?" Yes, it does.

Ah, this is what I love about Discovery Bay. It's not just the dolphins, but the people swarming. A toddler wears a black t-shirt with white print that reads, "I'm definitely up to something," but the look on his face says he has no idea what.

People's reactions at the window of the dolphin tank are telling. Mothers impatiently blurt, "Come on. There's nothing in there." One says with authority, "This exhibit is closed." One boy asks, "Do you think if we fell in there the dolphins would save us?" "Yes," I say, "I think they would." A few kids stand mesmerized, awaiting something wonderful.

I sit, patient. Somehow, it feels more like

nature, the waiting. I appreciate being here, at the zoo, especially in winter, catching even one glimpse of the glorious dolphin. But, I am guilty, too. My greedy pleasure is enjoying an animal in captivity. The deceptive thing is the dolphins always look happy. Is there a more pure smile than that of a dolphin? Does anything more aptly describe glee than a dolphin's "Eek, eek"?

Are dolphins happier in the wild? Are they miserable in captivity? Do we know? How can we judge if they appear to be smiling? On the Minnesota Zoo's website, I find: "Dolphins are often perceived as leading a carefree existence; frolicking about the oceans with a perpetual smile. The dolphin's smile is simply the line of its jaw, and life in the ocean is not always worth smiling about. The ocean is a hostile environment and dolphins spend a majority of their time searching for food and avoiding predators. Good or bad, the ocean is definitely stimulating. Here at the Minnesota Zoo the dolphins have no predators and we feed each of the dolphins approximately 25 pounds of fish a day. One of the reasons we train the dolphins is to provide a stimulating environment for them mentally and physically." I've often wondered why we would be so arrogant as to train an animal to perform for us in captivity what it does in nature without reward or applause.

The children scream, "Dolphin! Dolphin!" They come running. "Where did it go? There it is! There it is! A dolphin! The dolphins are out!" I'm ecstatic, too. One little girl says, "That's the teenager." "Oh," her mother says, "How do you know?" I smile and think, "Yeah, a pregnant teenager." But, no, Allie is 21 and beautiful. Graceful. She dives and twists and turns a smooth moving stretch. Now the wall by the tank is full of squealing chattering children. "That's the pregnant one." And they said

Discovering Equilibrium (continued)

Alice Lundy Blum

Summer 2009

no dolphin show today.

The official line for no dolphin shows is that Allie is pregnant and the zoo staff doesn't want to jeopardize the healthy pregnancy. April and Semo are getting a little too old for some of the demanding high-energy behaviors the shows exact. And Spree is an easily-distracted adolescent. All may be true. But, apparently, it may also be true that the dolphins were putting on more of a frisky show than most parents wanted to explain to their toddlers. Funny how things that shock in human society are irrelevant to dolphins.

I take one last look at the now empty dolphin tank and silently thank them for their endless entertainment. I walk out of Discovery Bay remembering why I come here. In the middle of winter in Minnesota, I'm in a sort of captivity, too. Discovery Bay and the dolphins' ceaseless smiles bring me into equilibrium. I feel balanced again as I bound out of the zoo, somehow younger and more eager for life.





Wildlife Yusra Kazmi (Fall 2015) *Photography*



Eagles Catch

Benjamin Rimmer (Fall 2008)

Mixed Media

Northern Mockingbirds Sing After Midnight

Kathleen Donovan

Fall 2014

Northern mockingbirds sing after midnight
Refusing to let the street sleep
They serenade the sky
Through the cool darkness of night
To the lowly shadows
They sweetly speak

Cloaked in night-shine
Like pale jeweled adornment
They float and play
Beneath these cold and angry stars
And despite their peculiarity
They are always joyous about who they are

I do not mind their chipper chirping & composing
I find great comfort in their steadfast little songs
They are wholly unique and original
& they never perform anywhere that
The spotlight is too strong



Awash

Jorden Edel

Fall 2005

I see you peering over the edge, but don't lean out too far
Drop your coin into the pool, and wish upon a star

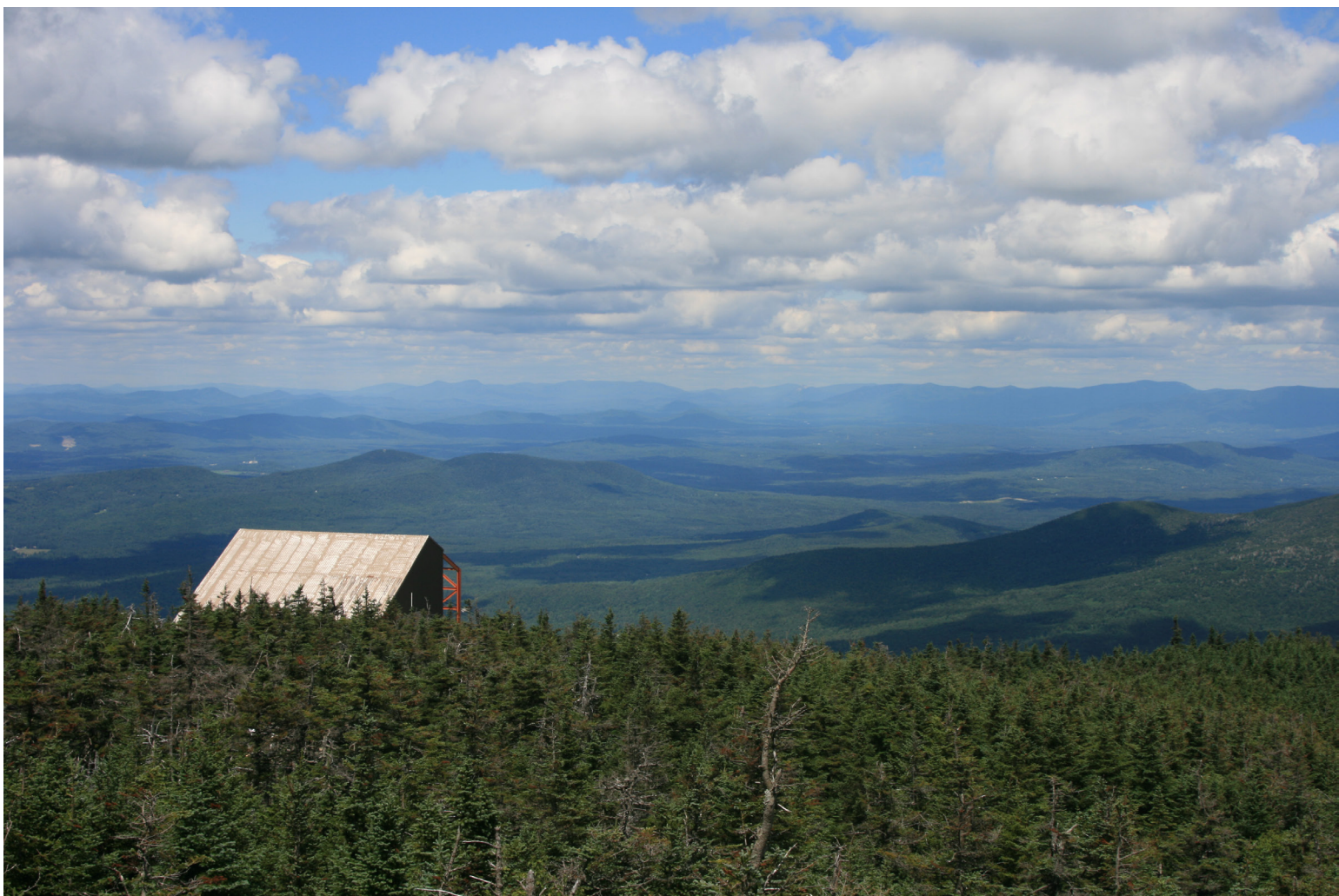
Seed spills slowly from our hands, another day to sow
And water washes rocks to sand for those who take things slow

Sweet water rushes from the Moon and from my belly flows
With stars about, the trees stand stout and in the breezes move

Me on my trip through Winderglit, Trees, Sky, Stars & Moon
And when I reach those sunlit fields and Winter has gone by

I'll sow my seed and sit and dream neath Evergreen so high
And pray for Rain, a cool reprise, sweet water from the sky...





Up In The Clouds

Betsy Salvatore (Spring 2016)

Photography

A Very Short Memoir of My Grandmother

Sonya Luhm

Spring 2009

And then there were the bumblebees. Grandma Mimi would press the brown sugar she'd been baking with to her lips. The morning would still be fresh with dewy droplets hanging on to every shady edge of her garden, and she would stand and wait for them to find her. I was always surprised that the bees were even out. Yet they bumbled, quiet as ants, before the rest of the noisy day-makers got to work on the world. The bees favored the long, sturdy stems of the chamomile plants, and would hang just below the flowering yellow buds for an eventual powdering of pollen. There were scores of them harvesting in this way, swaying not in the breeze but by their own weight. Fuzzy backs, delicate and soft looking—they were mere balls of yellow and black with their shiny, wet legs like licorice, just visible. Mimi would pucker her sticky lips and make a kissing sound to her bees. A moment would pass, and she'd do it again. Minutes would pass, and I would think she had lost her touch... until one bee, aiming to leave, would make a dizzy detour and circle her short hair. She stood patiently, unafraid, inviting. It would land—gently—like a guest visiting an old friend in the hospital bed. The bee would nimble a taste from her pursed lips, and be gone with the wind like the dandelion seeds in spring.





Three Stars

Laura Brodie (Summer 2015)

Photography

The Wedding Photo

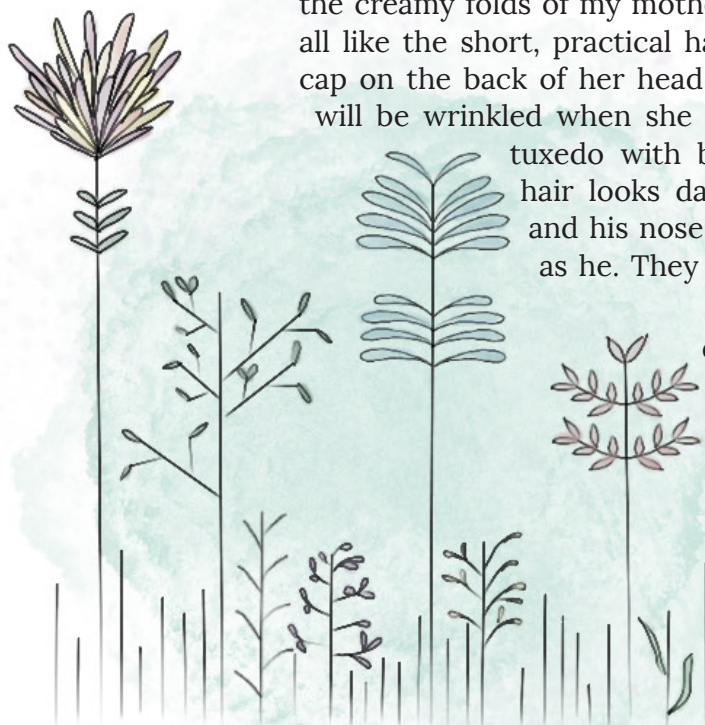
Tara Guy

Fall 2017

The old black and white photograph in the silver frame sits on my dressing table. I have been looking at it a lot in recent days. It is a picture of my mother and father on their wedding day some fifty years ago. The photo shows my parents in their white nuptial finery, seated in the backseat of an early model sedan, the kind with the high arched roof like the cars in old gangster movies. The photographer must have shot from the front door into the capacious back seat, perhaps perched on the running board as he captured them on film forever just prior to their departure from the church. I suppose that this angle must have been a stylistic affectation of the time, for I have several similar photos of aunts and uncles taken on their wedding day, and it seems to have been quite a popular shot in the 1940s. I have looked at this picture a lot the past two days, because I have just come to understand something terrible and profound. My father is dying.

My parents sit hand clasped in the photo, their entwined fingers almost hidden in the creamy folds of my mother's satin gown. Her hair is dark, worn long and wavy, not at all like the short, practical hairstyle she favored all the days of my life. There is a Juliet cap on the back of her head with a white tulle veil flowing out behind, and I imagine it will be wrinkled when she emerges at the hall for the dance. My father is in a white tuxedo with black tie and a red-rose boutonniere. His neatly barbered hair looks dark in the photo, although I know it to have been auburn, and his nose looks amazingly Roman for a flat out Connemara mick such as he. They are young and they are beautiful to behold.

Kidney failure, we have been told. A hateful, sneaky disease that, in an old man, masquerades as the normal aches and pains of encroaching age and produces occasional flu like symptoms. Fatigue and a sensitivity to cold, the constant companions of the aged and infirm, are also present, and, as with my father, may pass relatively unremarked for a long time. It is this ubiquitous panoply of symptoms that permits the disease to wreak havoc on the kidneys and advance the renal failure before any real



diagnosis is forthcoming. After that, the game is one of catch up, and attempting to slow down its progression for as long as one can, with the help of skilled nephrologists, which is the new and fancy name we have learned for kidney doctors. Organ failure is a long, slow descent into the final betrayal of self by the human body. One by one, those reliably loyal organs begin to refuse to perform their lifelong functions. They. . . mutiny. I have watched my father wrestle with this astonishing notion. He is an old Navy man, and I know that he feels like a ship's captain watching his sailors become derelict in their duty, that he senses a distinct sloppiness below deck. It is incomprehensible to him that his loyal crew is laying down on the job after so many years of devoted service.

In the silver frame, my mother and father smile joyously at one another. With the hand not entwined in my father's, my mother clutches a bouquet of what appears to be orchids, although I can't imagine white orchids could have been readily obtainable in the farming town of Redwood Falls. My mother beams beatifically at my father, her smile wide and radiant. My father grins happily into her eyes; a groom's grin, I think. It is a little foolish, displaying desire, I imagine; appetite for his new bride, anticipation of the wedding night, and most of all, the happy lifetime beyond. Their faces shine with high hope, the joy of the day, and their happiness in each other. There is not the faintest foreshadowing of the distant day when the aged bride will, without warning, drop silently to the kitchen floor, ever gone from her groom. There is no harbinger, no portent, no hint that one day the handsome young groom will be a shrunk, bent old man who sets an alarm clock to remind him four times a day to take his next

round of the dozens of medicines which keep him alive. . .for now.

My father and I have learned to speak a whole new language since his diagnosis. It is foreign and vaguely sinister, this new patois we have perforce become familiar with. Words like creatinine, toxemia, uremia, nephrology, hematocrit, and other, have crept into our vocabulary. We incorporate these words into our daily conversations now, like neophyte French students self consciously pronouncing "La plume de ma tante." We have learned that it is possible to become "intoxicated" by your own body, when waste is not cleansed from the blood. My father jokes with Dr. Zarama, his kidney man, that for an Irishman the notion of being intoxicated is not necessarily a bad thing. The doctor chuckles, but reminds my father that the root word is "toxic", and even with liquor, and its happy, bubbly connotation, it means poison. Our laughter fades as my dad and I are, quite literally, sobered by that observation.

I look at the photograph of the lovely, happy couple, full of life and hope, and I feel a rush of tenderness for them. Almost protectiveness, as though I could reach back, cup them in my hands, and try to protect them from the sure and certain sadness of life; from the caprice of fate as it deals out the hands, such as the unexpected loss of my mother, when my father had painstakingly planned to go first... not right away of course, only after insuring his life to a fare thee well, to allow her to live well. He still can't believe that his well crafted plan went awry, and that here he remains, without his bride, as he called her during their whole married life.

Still I look at the photo. Their joy is almost

The Wedding Photo (continued)

Tara Guy

Fall 2017

palpable in the picture, with no sign of the loss of innocence to come. As I stare at their glowing faces I realize that I am much older than they are in the photo, and not without some sad knowledge of life myself. I fully understand that the moment we are born, we begin to die, that it is the only certainty in life. But there is something so poignant in the photograph, in the contrast between the proud, handsome young groom, and the stooped old father I now ferry to and from the doctor, that I feel a fresh new sorrow in the ancient knowledge that we all have to die. I want to weep for our species.

I gently place the silver frame back on the dresser. I don't want my father to die, the hero of my youth. I would restore to him the beauty and youth I see in the old photo, protect him from the pain and difficult times ahead if only I could. Lost in a sort of reverie, I struggle to name my sorrow, to see its shadowy face. I recall that some sage once said, "Time is a river." Indeed. I feel a sense of incalculable loss; I can almost feel the swift flow of the current through my hands, as I try in vain to slow it down. The unstoppable movement...so like sand through the hour glass, where the sifting grains visibly mark the diminishing moments of a finite lifetime. I picture the history timelines we used to make in grade school; a long line, with haphazardly spaced markers, little colored circles signifying events in history. But these images are unsatisfying. None of these metaphors for the fleeting passage of time quite capture the flavor of my melancholy, my sorrow, as the daughter of this once-young man who is beginning to die. The river, the pouring sand, the timeline; somehow they are too. . .linear.

I go upstairs to help my father ready himself for our thrice-weekly visit to the dialysis center. He sits dozing in his favorite easy chair, waiting for me. As I kneel beside my dad to tie his shoelaces for him, a glimmer of understanding pierces my fog of gentle sadness and bittersweet regret, and in a moment of clarity I realize that life isn't really linear at all. The sages had it wrong, I think. Life is a cycle; it circles back and around upon itself endlessly, and we are all part



of the cycle.

Tying his laces, I have a sudden vivid memory of his big freckled hands teaching my own pudgy little ones to tie my own shoes. Unexpected tears mist my eyes, and a vast tenderness fills my heart; for him, for me, for all of us, and our finite circle of life. I gently wake him and help him up, buttoning his jacket against the winter chill outside. I take his hand to go, and feel the circle close gently around me.





Acrylic Buck

Julie Carlson (Spring 2008)

Mixed Media



Holly Lead

Jackie Richards (Spring 2009)

Photography

Sunrise—badlands (a tanka)

Louis Murphy

Spring 2007

The tangerine sun
Laps at rough fingers of stone.
Shadows slowly melt.
Sunrise deserves her own lie
But gives us bare truth instead.





Punto

Luke Gliddon (Summer 2012)

Photography

Slipshod

Roshelle Amundson

Summer 2010

Blindly shoving your hand into the smoking coffee-ash-can
to find which is,

and then extinguish,
the one which smolders,

the one that still burns—

deciding that bumble bees aren't
the ones who sting—

you think,
recalling third grade earth science,

you grab the fuschia promise of the peony just below
the bee's winged flapping, oddly stationary half-flight stance—

expand the scissors across the stem in a quick cut, while
the black and yellow buzzes in fury and rebellion.

You...

risk-taking green thumb, who smokes cigarettes.





Maple

Noel Opoti (Spring 2009)

Visual Arts

This River Still Remembers

Kathleen Donovan

Fall 2014

This river still remembers what was done to them
How the righteous stole their sunsets
Keeping them captured in stone cages
Within a quiet concentration camp
Where they were held prisoner on their own land

This sky still remembers what was stolen from them
The 38 Dakota lives dispatched in Mankato
Killed the day after Christmas
The largest legal mass execution in our national history

This ground still remembers all the dark details
Not captured in the popular version of the truth
Told by the pale victors

This land lived many lives and these skies loved many tribes
Long before they were hijacked
Their history rewritten
Into orderly black and white lines of lies
Where the scarlet stains of blood were scrubbed clean
Becoming immaculate again

This space should be remembered as sacred
Because it carries the spirits of all of our ancestors
Because it buried the bones of all of our dead

This place has been reincarnated, reinvented
But it is vital to remember the painful past lives it has lived
Ancient stories are still told in stone here
Incised into identity
These ancient skies still whisper
Of what was and what will be

This place is so much more than a set of coordinates
It is who we are, it is who we were
It is a hallowed home to all of us
The only fixed location that we have
Ensuring us that we are not lost





Gooseberry

Heather Leopold (Spring 2013)

Photography

Devil's Kettle

Rebekah Pahr

Summer 2015

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 nights 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.

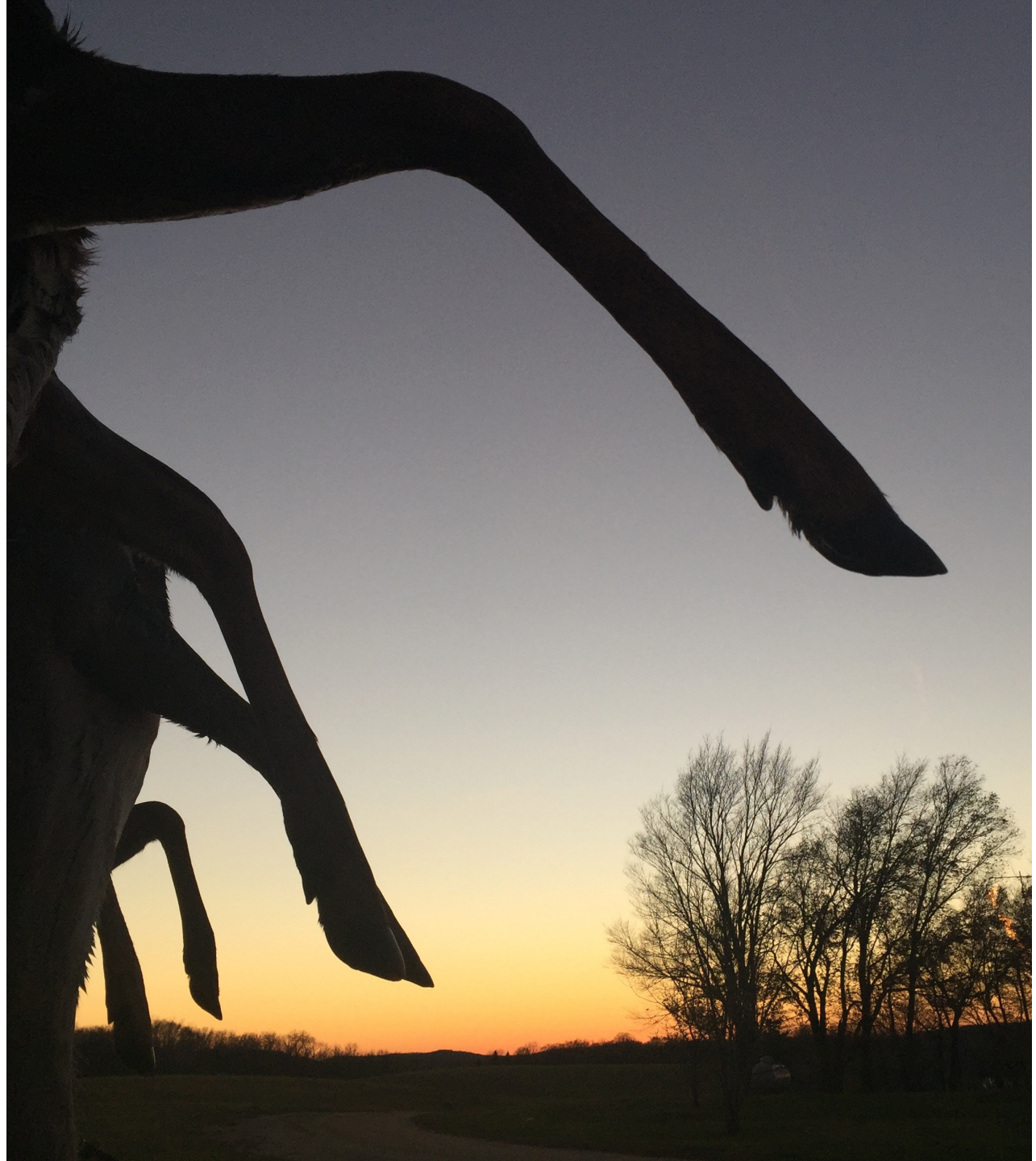




Thistle at Sunset

Rebekah Pahr (Summer 2012)

Mixed Media



Deerly Departed

Nicole LaPoint (Spring 2016)

Photography

Tornado

Geoff Jordan

Spring 2018

The wind whipped the mail up in the air,
like how leaves dance on the ground
out of their box at the end of the drive,
up and gone.
The sky was dark
and then it was more,
close.
As we stood at the screen door we
could hear it now, the rage,
Her rage.
The God of Earth and sky and rain and wind.
That's what she was to us.
She blew through town,
past the old mill, past the five and dime,
right to our drive.
Here she came to our door,
all fits and rage
but no mail.
When she blew in, the door off its hinge,
we all froze
and all six as one said,
"Hi, mom."



Hunters in the Snow

Jason Rustan

Spring 2014

Blood was easy to follow in the snow. The trail led down a gradual slope, past scattered sage and buckbrush, into a juneberry-choked draw.

"Look—he laid down here," Walter said, pointing to a depressed area in the snow with the barrel of his rifle. "I think he's pretty much done for."

"Could be," Tobias answered, "A gut-shot deer can run forever though."

"Well, this guy's been bleeding pretty good, I think he's about done."

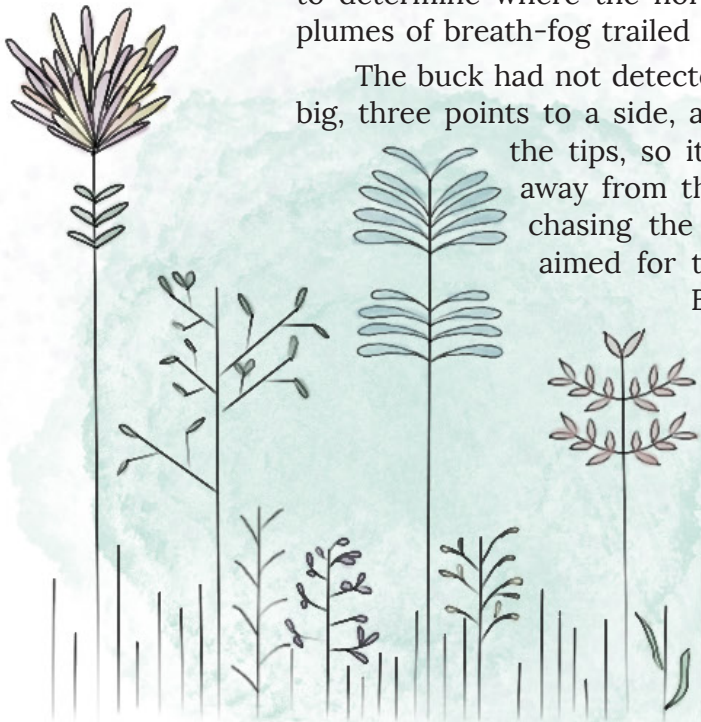
"Maybe. But you know if he goes to woods, we may never find him. I shot a doe like that once, and that thing went and bedded down in a thicket and we looked and looked, but didn't find her til the next weekend when we were working the same draw. I must've almost stepped on her a dozen times, and she never spooked. So, you never know."

A pervasive overcast pressed down on the Badlands and the greyness made it difficult to determine where the horizon ended and sky began. Snow crunched underfoot, and plumes of breath-fog trailed the men as they continued on in search of their quarry.

The buck had not detected them as they lay prone on the crest of a butte. He wasn't big, three points to a side, and the main beams of the antlers curled slightly inward at the tips, so it looked a little like a basket. He had been moving slightly away from them at about one-hundred and fifty yards, stupid with rut, chasing the scent of some unseen doe he would never find. Walter aimed for the heart, a baseball-sized target just behind the shoulder.

But an icy wind was watering his eyes - or maybe he was breathing too hard from negotiating the butte - or perhaps he had a touch buck fever, when the excitement of the imminent kill can cause one to jerk a little too hard on the trigger and send a shot wild. For whatever reason or for all of them, he had missed his mark, so they followed the tracks and the blood through the buttes, draws, gullies and canyons, on the final afternoon of deer season.

"I think he's slowing down." Walter said.



"Yeah, you might be right."

The trail led along a ridgeline on the south side of a high butte. A juniper thicket extended to the bottom of the slope and leveled from there into a valley of sorts, speckled with red scoria-topped knolls, and scattered pockets of trees and brush and rocks. The rugged land continued as far as they could see until it melted into the sky. Under the protection of the trees, the snow cover diminished, making the trail more elusive. There was less blood too as the wound in the deer's side had begun to clot. They slung their rifles and descended into the junipers.

There was a dry creek bed that ran along the bottom of the butte, and as they emerged from the trees they saw two men in blaze-orange about one hundred yards away on the other side of the wash, field-dressing a deer.

"Huh, how 'bout that." Walter said.

"Well, let's go see." Tobias replied.

As they approached, they could see that the buck had three points on each side. One man knelt in front and had opened the body cavity. He wore a blaze baseball cap, turned backward over short-cropped hair, and a weekend of stubble on his face. His sleeves were rolled up, and his right hand was up under the sternum of the deer, to cut the windpipe. The other man stood leaning over near the head, holding each leg just below the hooves. His hair spilled out wild under an orange stocking cap, and his full beard was coal-black. They were younger men, younger than Tobias and Walter.

"That's nice of you to gut my deer for me." Walter said.

"What do you mean?" said the standing one with the beard.

"We've been tracking that deer for a couple of hours," Walter said, "I shot him, that's my deer."

"No, we got this one not fifteen minutes ago." The one with the knife stopped cutting and sat back on his boots.

"No, no, fifteen minutes ago, we would've heard the shot, and we didn't hear anything."

"Listen, I can't help if you didn't hear it, but he popped out of the woods over there and we got him."

Walter pursed his lips and sucked on his teeth for several seconds, mind racing over the last fifteen minutes. "No, no, we would've heard the shot, wouldn't we Toby?"

Tobias didn't say anything.

"Well, sorry guys, but we got him, we're gutting him, and possession is like, nine-tenths of the law and all." Said the bearded one with one corner of his mouth turned in wry grin.

Walter looked at Tobias, and shaking his head, said, "Can you believe this bullshit Toby? These guys are trying to take the deer that I shot!"

Tobias looked at black-beard, then back at Walter.

The one that had been cutting stood up, and said, "Listen buddy, I don't really care what you think, but this is my fucking deer." He turned to his friend who was now standing upright, and said, "Get the tag on him."

Black-beard zipped open his fanny-pack and pulled out an envelope with a license, and began peeling the adhesive backing to place around the antler of the deer.

"Oh no you don't!" Walter said taking a step towards the bearded man.

Still holding the knife, the other pointed it at

Hunters in the Snow (continued)

Jason Rustan

Spring 2014

Walter, and said, “Back the fuck off old man!”

“Don’t you point that goddamn knife at me!”

“Tag that deer!” the man with the knife said to black-beard.

In a swift movement Walter unslung his rifle and pointed it at the bearded man with the tag.

“Don’t you do that—that’s my goddamn deer!”

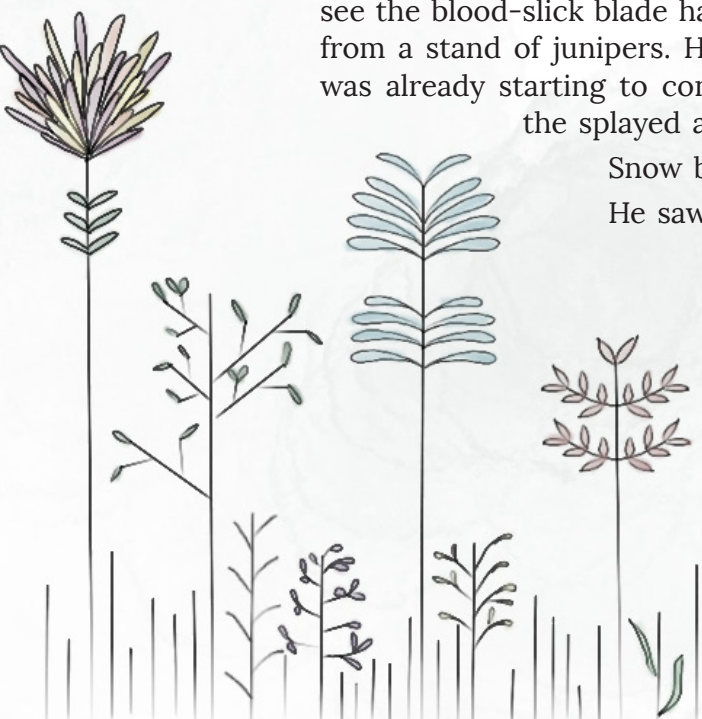
“Walter—”

“Shut up Toby!” Walter turned slightly and pointed the rifle towards the man with the knife, then back again.

Tobias’s heart was raced, he could feel blood coursing through him and he could hear a buzzing in his ears. The man with the baseball cap lowered the knife. Tobias could see the blood-slick blade hanging by his side. In the distance he saw a magpie take flight from a stand of junipers. He saw the bloody hand holding the knife, and how the blood was already starting to congeal, dark around the fingernails. He saw steam rising from the splayed abdomen of the mule deer.

Snow began to fall.

He saw Walters hand twitch.





Sawbill Pines

Bonnie Hugley (Summer 2007)

Photography



Alligator Snack

Janelle Danforth (Summer 2016)

Photography

Ebb and Flow

Jonah Volheim

Summer 2010

rock collide wave,
a turbid cacophony.
sun elopes with infinitesimal granules of sand
in sea spray mist.
wet the throat of santa lucia fir
to sing of the point piedras blanca lighthouse.
a pacific minaret,
spanish kissing french.
a passionate chaparral
yields to the responsive ocean.
thin fingers of sand caress
open legs of fog,
waiting for the responsive howl,
a lustful moan.
the fruit filled with juice
that waits to dribble
down the fingers and to the arms.
the oranges of hieronymus bosch.
cumulus rumbles mammatus cloud iridescence,
the breath of god in reams of scientific notation.



Safe Space

Naomi Jackson

Spring 2005

A flash of color bursts from the snow-laden sky. Bird murmurs and wing whispers mingle with the wind. Safe in the old box elder a chickadee grasps its prize with its toes and breaks it open, relishing the seed inside. Cardinals wait to be admired before converging on the feeder. A nuthatch backs down a tree, debating whether to grace us with its presence. The juncos do clean-up duty, clucking over the sloppy habits of their mess mates. A jay drops in uninvited, cries of "Thief!" alarming the others until they realize it is just a ploy. They hover, annoyed, in the shelter of the lilacs. The jay stuffs its cheeks, adjusts its blue uniform, and flies off to hide its booty. Soon the yard is busy again, a concerto of scratchings and peckings, finch squabbles and crackling seeds. Between courses, one or another of our guests will fly up to the second-floor balcony and march along the railing, peering at the strange creatures inside. We peer back, just as curious. The housebound cat stalks across the carpet and lurks beneath the window where the feeder hangs. A sudden lunge and a batting of paws against glass, and our guests flit off, startled. But soon they are back, laughing and chattering. The cat withdraws haughtily and lays down by the balcony door, where she tries to stare down a squirrel who is helping himself to leftovers. We linger in bed, safe and warm, and wonder what would happen if we called to say, "We can't come to work today. We have guests."





Northwood Park, New Hope

Dean Muldoon (Spring 2007)

Photography

Shelter

Michelle Leon

Summer 2009

The day I turned forty
I was sheltered by trees.
Blue swells, honey pleasure,
brined by the sea.

Sand in the bed sheets,
the most stars I've ever seen.
I was lost, I was found,
a wanderer, I believe.

Shoulders peel, linens heap
my scent, so sweet said he.
Like the sea? I asked.
Like girl, he told me.

Wet scanties in dirt shanties,
I want to believe,
the girl with the problems
belongs to the sea.

Hushed path, seasoned past,
mind on my fidelity.
Inside this shelter of ether,
warm pleasure, sweet ever.

I believe in the sea.





Medicine Lake, Plymouth Dean Muldoon (Spring 2007) *Photography*

Going Native

Rachel Adams

Summer 2010

I was getting ravaged in Savage
by some guy named "Deals With a Mighty Fist."
There was nothing tribal about that Mystic hotel.
Closed my eyes for a minute,
remembering the crush I had on
Kokuum, that stud from Pocahontas.
He calls me Pocahotass,
there is nothing native about this skin.
I am many things
but no one will ever call me more than
vanilla.
This is how I claim diversity.
Culture to culture,
place to place,
skin to skin,
always another swirl to add to my repertoire.
He says I'm okay.
I say he's a stupid fuck,
he says he's a good one.
...what an ass.
I roll my eyes,
just wondering what happened to that little kid
who used to want to be somebody,
not spend her time mixing flavors.





Renee Pears

Stephanie Kamerud (Fall 2009)

Mixed Media

Naturally

Sonya Luhm

Spring 2009

It is the heart of the matter at hand
to be found in Lettuce Shrub's leafy head
picked and tossed and taken from cold, old land.

How could Artichoke face the world once canned?
His tender center, pickling with damp dread—
It is the heart of the matter at hand.

Blistering ripe with her tender skin tanned,
swollen Strawberry, lies in tractor tread
picked and tossed and taken from cold, old land;

Young Turtle floats each tributary strand
stopping the beat to rest in muddy bed.
It is the heart of the matter at hand.

Or the chopped view of where a Palm did stand?
The protected meat found through wooden shred,
picked and tossed and taken from cold, old land.

Kindness sits: crucified, burdened, and banned
Now mere petrified skeletons long dead—
It is the heart of the matter at hand,
picked and tossed and taken from cold, old land.





Oak Tree at Wild River

Bonnie Hugley (Spring 2013)

Photography

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.

Categories:

Poetry, Fiction, Creative Nonfiction, Memoir/Personal Essay, Visual Art (Photography, Illustration, Focus on Metro), and Digital Storytelling.

Who May Submit?

Current students, staff, faculty and alumni of Metropolitan State University are all welcome to submit their work for both the Fall and Spring issues.

Haute Dish is supported exclusively by funds from Metroplitan State University student activity fees.

Deadlines:

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