

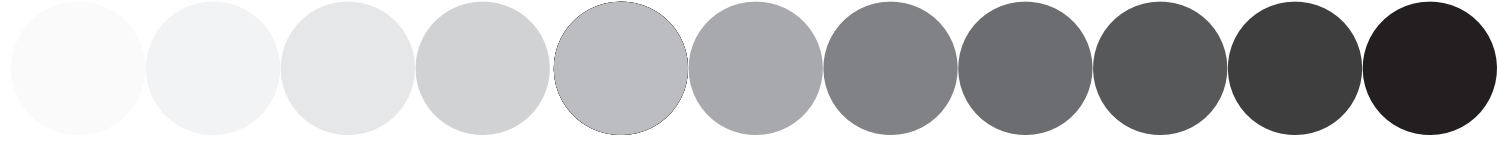
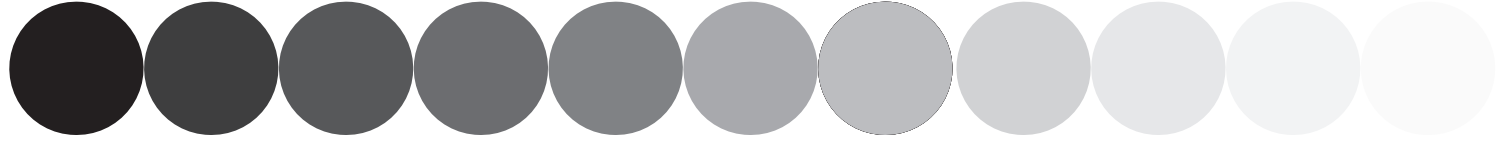
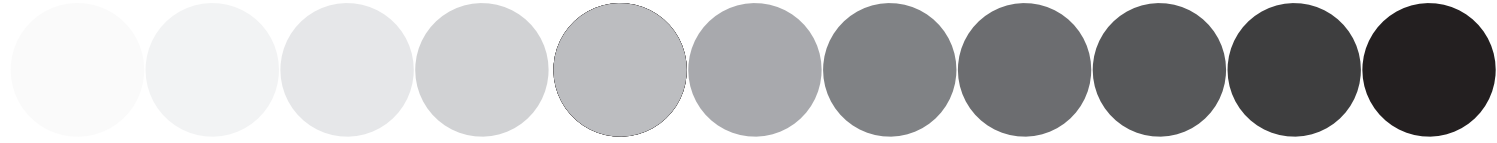
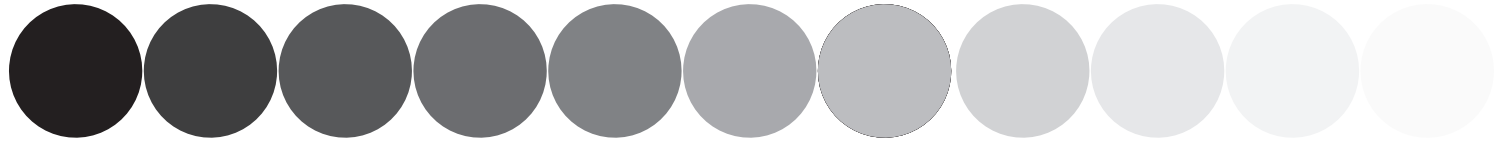
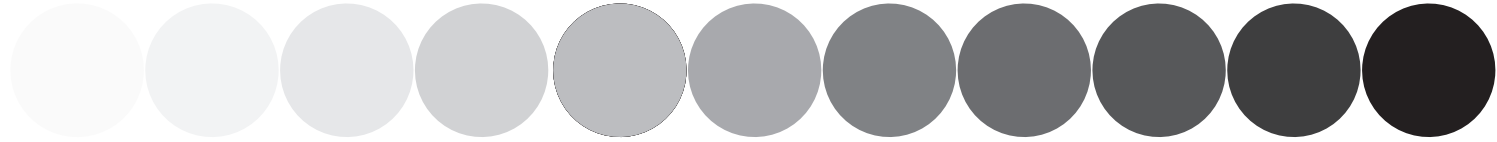
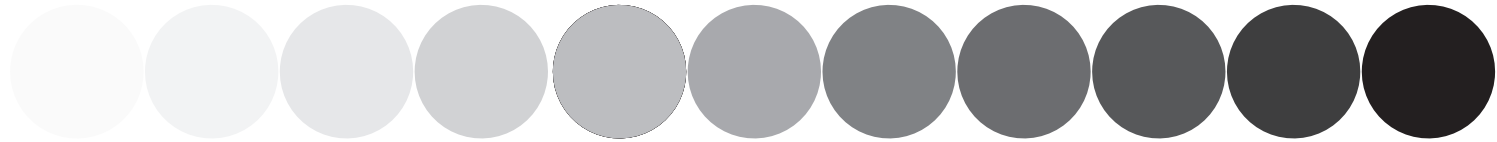
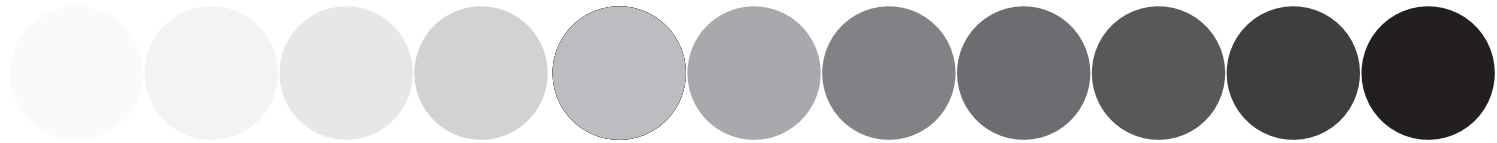
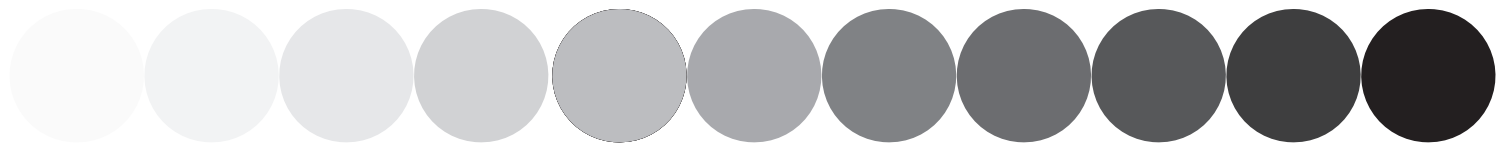
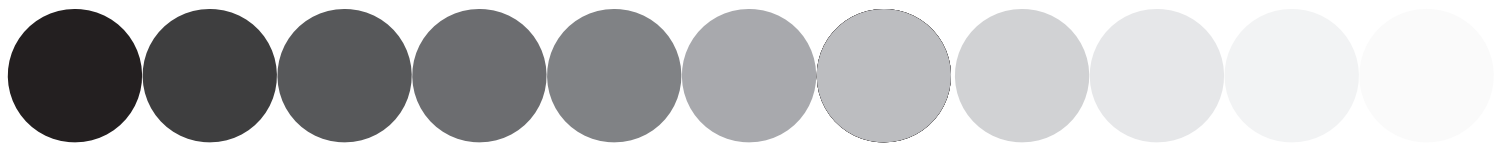
# HAUTE DISH

The arts and literature magazine  
of Metropolitan State University

.....

Summer/Fall 2014 • Volume 10, Issue 2





# Contents

Snowy Sunday ..... 5 <b>Paula Nicholson</b>	You Are She ..... 21 <b>laura brodie</b>	The Bridge ..... 33 <b>Andrea Paiz</b>
Gamma (Wine Galaxy Series) ..... 6 <b>Andrea Paiz</b>	The Sum of Our Decisions .. 22 <b>Lauren Silha</b>	Princess Mermaid Trail ..... 34 <b>Kathleen Buxton</b>
Northern Mockingbirds Sing After Midnight ..... 7 <b>Kathleen Donovan</b>	Duluth Harbor Lighthouse ... 23 <b>David Mulford</b>	Gloomy Sunday ..... 35 <b>Alyssa Kuglin</b>
Black and White ..... 8 <b>Cynthia Wold</b>	30 Seconds ..... 24 <b>Nicholas Rivers</b>	A Minnesota Snowy Night .. 37 <b>Heather Leopold</b>
The Request ..... 10 <b>Nicholas Rivers</b>	Riddle: CLXXXVI ..... 25 <b>Kyle Cold</b>	Beaches of Molokai ..... 38 <b>Kathleen Buxton</b>
Midnight ..... 11 <b>Andrea Paiz</b>	Push for Help ..... 26 <b>Angela Hager</b>	This River Still Remembers .. 39 <b>Kathleen Donovan</b>
Mesa Verde ..... 12 <b>Debbie Dathe</b>	Gooseberry ..... 27 <b>Heather Leopold</b>	Dreams ..... 40 <b>Alyssa Kuglin</b>
Studies in Sabotage ..... 13 <b>Joshua Chase</b>	Trois Gnossiennes ..... 28 <b>Jeff Arcand</b>	Grace and the Gull ..... 41 <b>laura brodie</b>
Moving the Bar Low and the Liquor High ..... 14 <b>Jessica Perrault</b>	Face of the Unknown ..... 31 <b>Stephanie Grill</b>	The Contributors ..... 42
Gliese (Wine Galaxy Series) ..... 19 <b>Andrea Paiz</b>	In Your Moon ..... 32 <b>Nicholas Rivers</b>	
Transcendence ..... 20 <b>David Mulford</b>		

Cover photo:  
Waterfalls,  
Heather Leopold



**My time with *Haute Dish*** having had run its course, the now usual feelings of having said “hello” to another issue are mixed with the very unusual feelings of having to have had said “goodbye” for good. I’d like to have left having had thanked all of our contributors for this special black and white issue. Of course, I could not have possibly signed off without having have had thanked our incoming Managing Editor, Nick Vittum, for taking over, over the course of producing this issue. Nor, indeed, could this issue, or any issue, have had come to be had it not have had been for the rest of the Haute Dish staff. It really is all thanks to them, our having an issue at all. (Without having have had had to have halved that that we had had into two, too.)

Well,  
Jeff Arcand  
Managing Editor, Summer/Fall 2014

## Readers!

It is an honor to take over as managing editor of *Haute Dish*, Metro’s fine specimen of a lit/art mag. I would like to thank Jeff Arcand for turning the reins over to me; I just hope he is not regretting the decision already. Also, thanks to Mary Ringstad, who keeps the Haute ship sailing, Amber Newman, who’s done an excellent job of patching up its leaky parts, to the rest of our awesome staff, and to our readers.

Please enjoy the black’n’white issue of *Haute Dish*. As always, we look forward to your submissions for the next one!

Nicholas Vittum  
Managing Editor, 2015



Haute Dish Staff

Call for Entries - Spring 2015

Now accepting submissions from students of Metropolitan State University for our Spring 2015 issue. Submit your prose, poetry, B/W or color photography and B/W or color illustration.

For submission instructions and details about our selection process, visit [hautedish.metrostate.edu](http://hautedish.metrostate.edu)

Questions? Email us at [hautedish@metrostate.edu](mailto:hautedish@metrostate.edu)

**Submissions deadline for the Spring 2015 issue is November 1, 2014.**

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.

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

All copyrights are retained by individual artists and authors. Any unauthorized reprint or use of the material is strictly prohibited. *Haute Dish* is a publication of Metropolitan State University and is made possible in part by student activity fees.

**MANAGING EDITOR**  
Jeff Arcand, Summer/Fall 2014  
Nick Vittum, Spring & Summer 2015

**BUSINESS MANAGER**  
Amber Newman

**WEB EDITOR**  
Levi King

**PRODUCTION MANAGER**  
Paula Nicholson

**FACULTY ADVISOR**  
Mary Ringstad

**POETRY EDITORS:**  
laura brodie  
Nick Vittum  
Joshua Chase  
Scott Olson

**PROSE EDITORS:**  
Alyssa Kuglin  
Stephanie Smith  
Paula Nicholson  
Mary Mackey

**ART EDITORS:**  
Deborah Dathe  
Stephanie Grill  
Jeff Arcand  
Carol Shikany



Snowy Sunday

Paula Nicholson



## Northern Mockingbirds Sing After Midnight

**Kathleen Donovan**

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



# Black and White

Cynthia Wold

**“What’s black and white** and ‘red’ all over?” my little brother asks.

I know the answer. “A newspaper!”

“What’s black and white and black and white and black and white?” I counter.

He thinks. “A striped ball!”

“No.”

“A gorilla on a white merry-go-round!”

“No.”

“I give up. What?”

“A nun rolling down a hill!” We laugh.

Whenever I tell that riddle I think of Sister Bernadine. Fearsome and ample, she ruled our 5th grade class, the wooden twelve inches in her hand, poised... poised.

Bobby McCarthy didn’t do his homework for the third time. WHACK! I saw his knuckles redden, face turn beetlike, no tears. I stared guilty glad it wasn’t me. I would have cried.

Three days later I had forgotten to do my homework. In the stink of fear I lied – in direct conflict with God’s command – to this agent of the angels in her black and white uniform, rosaried and crossed and spotless. I looked her in the eye and told her I had done it the night before.

“Oh no! I left it in my other folder,” I said, my latent acting ability kick-started by terror.

She stared at me, scrutinized, lowered the ruler, “bring it tomorrow,” and we moved on.

She seemed unreal to me, like a robed fire extinguisher, set in action by the spot flares of disobedience and sin. She must have had a mouth for talking, but when she spoke I saw the stiff white headpiece that supported a black veil, or looked at her shiny black shoes. Like prey in the woods, I strove for invisible in her presence.

Then there was the Como Zoo, the day of our school picnic. She had reminded us multiple times, but I had still not remembered to bring a lunch and no pocket money had been asked for or given. Family finances at the time didn’t indulge pocket money for fun.

While the other girls compared brown bag treats and chatted about rides, I sat on the edge, watched the Ferris wheel and spurned pity. A black and white amalgamation of nuns had accrued under an oak tree. I saw Sister B detach from the cluster and tread across the grass toward me. My eyes escaped to treetops, and I thought hard for an excuse for not being prepared. I shuddered as she came closer and said my name.

She was smiling. “I can’t eat all this,” handing me half of her tuna salad sandwich, she slipped two concealed dollar bills into my hand and pressed my protesting fingers over them. I looked below the starched white headpiece and spotted a wink behind heavy glasses and a finger in front of her lips. Then she walked back to the society of veils.

“Thank you, Sister.”

I rode the Ferris wheel with my friends that day and I ate that half sandwich with great savor and something more. Sister Bernadine never mentioned it afterward and I never repaid her, or felt I needed to.

Black and white and black and white and black and white.



# The Request

Nicholas Rivers

it is the night which comes ... regardless  
but you do not come  
you go so i go

having yielded before to the cold  
and the darkness  
the night does not wish to come  
so i will go while you too will go

a placard on my heart  
a little waif and a serpent  
it is a magnetism  
turned about its poles

it is the night which comes  
yet you do not come  
so i do not come  
even though you are here  
in this darkness  
inside me  
where no one's light  
can be revealed

-NR - (thanks Federico García Lorca)

# Midnight

Andrea Paiz



# Mesa Verde

Debby Dathe



# Studies in Sabotage

Joshua Chase

What you don't know won't hurt you  
but statistically speaking  
you're most likely to die  
by something you never saw coming—  
the tired truck driver approaching  
your four way, the stubborn cell  
growing behind your ear.  
Even our genes work against us,  
committing small acts of self-immolation  
every time they're born  
again. Young says our bodies  
are borrowed from dust,  
but even dust is borrowed  
from the sun, the one we protect  
ourselves from with shadows  
and lemonade stands. And you  
more than anyone, should know  
that too much of a good thing  
isn't a bad thing, but a confession  
of your own culpability—  
an admission that you  
are what you never saw coming.



# Moving the Bar Low and the Liquor High

Jessica Perrault

**My anxiety** builds as I enter the local bar parking lot. I cautiously analyze each space, creating a pro/con list for each spot. I pick one in the back, in between two newer model cars, in hopes that this will be the safest spot.

The air smells like exhaust, it's 9 degrees, and a light in the parking lot is flickering. Seeing my own breath reminds me of the cold, and makes me hastily rush to the door, shuffling my feet in fear of slipping on black ice.

I enter the building and notice that there is a doorman checking ID's. As I wait in line, I look down each side of the long hallway on both sides of me. It's empty, but the tables are filled with half-full beers and empty cigarette packs. The numbing cold air is preventing my hands from having any of the fine motor skills that I need to grab my ID.

I fumble with the zipper on my wallet. My hands are still shaking as I hand my ID to the doorman; the shaking must misconstrue my age, for the doorman looks skeptically at my picture and birthdate. I smile nervously at him, not knowing whether I should look at him, look away, or falsely search for my friends behind him. He hands me my ID, and tells me to hold out my wrist. I graciously accept the neon yellow wristband and bustle into the establishment.

It's warm and the air is slightly humid from all of the bodies. My shoes are sticking with each step as I make my way through the tables. I walk blindly through the bar, careful to not make eye contact with anyone, and

making a genuine effort to ignore the greedy eyes that are laid upon me. I make it to my friends unscathed. I am the only one sitting down at the table, while the rest of the group is chattily surrounding the table. Our table is littered with empty drink glasses and half-eaten nachos. My friends already seem a little drunk, and the birthday girl is swinging her body to the music and the liquid in her glass is doing the same, a little falling out with every movement. I match their nonverbal communication; I laugh on cue, do little dance moves on cue, and cheer on cue. I've become a master of deception.

Beyond the plethora of drunks, I see the listless server make her way to our table. She tells me that it is 2 for 1's and I tell her I want a Cherry Coke. As a server, I feel her pain, and I know she has five more excruciating hours until the passel of inebriates stumble out of here.

I finally have the attention of the birthday girl. I enthusiastically give her a hug and exchange greetings, wishing her a happy birthday. She grabs my elbow and pulls me closer so I can hear her, and she starts talking in to my ear about her ex-boyfriend, occasionally pushing me back so we can exchange facial expressions and shaking of heads. I try to give her ear some advice, but her favorite song interrupts me. Squeals can be heard simultaneously around the room for the first 3 seconds of the song; groups of girls have noticed "their song" has started playing.

I check the time on my phone; I've only been here for one hour. Everyone is still happy, still drinking, and still full of energy. I decide to go out

to the smoking area to have a cigarette and pass some time. A man in a tight green polo, who is, "opening the door for the pretty lady," greets me at the door. I thank him, not expecting to be followed. I walk confidently to an open spot under the roof heater. I face the door, in case one of my friends has decided to fall off the wagon and have a cigarette. The tight shirt guy appears next to me, conveniently asking me for a lighter. He lights his cigarette and I take the lighter back without making eye contact. I swiftly pull out my phone, making sure I do not drop any clues that I want him around. He tries to start a conversation with me, quickly asking me if I want to take a shot.

I am short with him and finish my cigarette before it is halfway done.

The table that my friends have picked out is the best one in this place for people watching. I am at the corner of the room, and I search the crowd like I am looking for a server or a friend. There are cute girls sipping their drinks and exaggerating their movements to attract a mate, and vascular guys exercising their manhood on Big Buck Hunter. I'm constantly interrupted by my friends who are trying to talk with me. It's too loud in here to carry on an intelligent conversation, or is everyone too gone to carry on an intelligent conversation?

I used to think this was fun, but now I'm searching for excuses to leave sooner than expected. I don't feel safe here, or anywhere there are large masses of severely drunk slobs.

I'm starting to think that people never got the memo: social drinking is acceptable. Drinking to the point of blacking out in a social situation is not how the memo should be interpreted. I am bored, so I take out my phone and

start scrolling through my Facebook newsfeed. I'm disgusted by the posts that I see, "I got so drunk last night, if anyone knows where my phone, shoes, or camera is - let me know," or "Good nights are those you don't remember. Sorry, Liver." The pictures of a girl's bruise on her face and knee that she doesn't remember getting last night disgusts me. Un-friend, un-friend, and un-friend.

I notice my friends swaying; they've obviously taken full advantage of the 2 for 1 special. The server has cleared most of the empty glasses and I'm afraid that the table will fill up again. I notice the eyes of our group have glazed over. They are talking too loudly in my ear, pulling me around and trying to get me to dance. Alcohol is strong on their breath, and one by one, my rosy-cheeked friends become closer to being out-of-control drunk. I'm dragged to the bathroom by two of my friends; I'm sure it's because they need to tell me something important.

There is a line out of the door, and I'm glad I'm not in there, based on the vomit-covered girl being escorted out by a bouncer. Why would she get so dressed up just to become a mess by the end of the night? I'm reminded of popular TV shows promoting this unhealthy behavior, but it can't just be the media... Still in line, I hear shouting from across the room,

"Shots, shots, shots!" On cue, groups of people rush to the bar. Another shot down. Another bad decision.

The bathroom is crowded with girls. I expected it to smell from the recent sickness, but stomach acid and alcohol isn't going to overpower the already strong smell of six different freshly sprayed perfumes and of the deep fryer that seems to be on the other side of the wall. By the time we get into



the bathroom, they have forgotten about the important thing they wanted to tell me, and they both make me promise that I will wait for them until they are done going to the bathroom.

They tell me I'm the best friend in the world. I wonder how much they would love me if I videotaped the entire night to show them how ridiculous they look? I wonder how good of a friend I would be if I told them that alcohol doesn't help them when they are already convinced they are overweight, how it makes them lose their posture and gain a bloated stomach? Are they not aware of the damage they are causing their bodies and bank accounts? Do they dismiss the fact that our good friend just received his first DWI? Were they sick the day that the MADD panel came into our high school? Maybe I just think differently than them, maybe I have matured faster, or maybe this is the part of our lives where we go our separate ways; only time will tell, because they are great when they aren't drinking excessively. I make my rounds and leave, letting them know to call me instead of drive.

I make my way to the car, the temperature change from inside to outside marks the change of my attitude. I feel relieved to be out of there, relieved to know that I don't find it fun to get wasted, and relieved to know that I won't be hung over tomorrow. The light in the parking lot is no longer flickering. I am careful with each step, as to avoid slipping on black ice.



# Gliese (Wine Galaxy Series)

Andrea Paiz





# Transcendence

David Mulford



## You Are She **laura brodie**

you are she who struts and sorts and sequentially  
separates the light from the dark,  
yet the one that embraces grey with intention  
and marvels at the multitude of shades.

you are the one that everyone wants a piece of  
with barely enough to go around.  
yet the one to break off chunks for complete strangers  
that spread the rest of you thin.

you are she that is paid to be crazy  
who lashes her lash and stashes her cash,  
the one that clamps and stamps and  
removes ball-gags in time.

you are the one who cracks the dark,  
the one that cuts to let the light in,  
the one that snips snips snips with little sharp things  
that catch in flickering glimpses on the scalpel edge.

you are she whose heart is heavy  
with hackedy-hack and misrepresentation,  
she who is unwilling or unable to  
melt the bleak spots of ice under her skin.

you are the one that doesn't come back,  
whose heavy heart houses choked arteries  
that gasp in her wake. whose sad tales  
resonate still in her staggered breath.

# The Sum of Our Decisions



Lauren Silha

IV. Odometer,  
242,945 miles  
Dinosaur-  
Toyota Corolla,  
blue Honda Civic.

I participated.  
Ritual  
celebration.  
Being witness,  
100,000 mile mark.

Hilly  
rural highway.  
Sky became flat.  
Matched its  
seam, with the smooth  
topography.

My dad pulls over.  
We leap out-  
slam the doors  
behind us.

Hands raised  
above our heads.  
We jogged around the  
car.

Picture of us.  
Life span  
hidden deep within the dark  
unknown.  
An aging roll of  
black and white  
film.

## Duluth Harbor Lighthouse

David Mulford





# 30 Seconds

Nicholas Rivers

to my old friend,  
30 seconds is on its way  
i recall vividly sitting in the franklin and chicago avenue home  
bullet holes in the stucco  
and a few stragglers hiding in the walls

you  
were high as fuck!  
ha!

sorry,  
so was I  
we had that going for us...  
... for a time... didn't we?

those were good times  
those were dreams within dreams

and as we glimpsed and gestured...  
our eyes pulling innuendo from the ceilings of other hearts  
and other lives, i remember our improv sessions  
and the wife of another who let us share her bed

and then one night  
she walked through the room  
several times in succession

# Riddle: CLXXXVI

Kyle Cold

CLXXXVI.

A larger lie to save a life,  
From choice a hardened dare,  
No arrow points to compass north,  
Only you to judge and care.

we the mimes  
with one act shows

do you remember?  
it doesn't matter anymore if you do  
you, ... my shade and metaphor

she flustered her lips  
as we withheld our play  
we the actors,  
always the actors  
heard her poem  
then everything changed

I reinvent myself every 30 seconds...



# Push For Help

---

Angela Hager

The man takes a deep breath and presses the white button to the right. A hum and rumble grow before stopping with a soft sigh. The elevator doors open, spitting out a woman talking to her phone.

Inside, a bottle of water and small paper bag wait in the corner. A speckled floor studies the man's polished, black shoes while fluorescent light peers over him, studying his baldness. He wipes his brow and loosens his collar before selecting the top floor.

He glances at his watch and sets a leather briefcase down before leaning back and closing his eyes. Sweat beads at the hinge of his neck. He counts out loud, backwards from one hundred. One hundred, ninety-nine, ninety-eight... He enunciates the words, stretching them out.

The gray walls step forward. The man's eyes open, and as they do the elevator halts with a whine.

The lights flicker to catch his eyes. He swears, hitting the panel of buttons but they stand strong against his desperate jabs. He hits the Push For Help button next to a speaker but it just laughs. Nobody does that, it says. It chuckles again.

The man gropes at his trousers and coat pockets that appear to be empty. He rips off his coat and throws it to the floor where he kneels to his briefcase. His briefcase opens its mouth and apologizes. I can't help you.

The man claws at the floor, gasping for air. Perspiration soaks through his shirt clinging to his back.

Look at you scaredy-cat look at you, the floor taunts. The man heaves and vomits. Now look what you've done. Now you're in trouble.

The walls take another step in, ready to squeeze him shut.

He stands and pounds his fists at the paneling, kicking the water bottle. It cracks, spilling its contents. He shouts for someone to help him. There is a loud slurp before his fists disappear, sinking into the wall.

I told you, says the floor. The man's head snaps back as his arms are sucked into the wall's grip. His head lurches forward, chasing his screams. His lower torso turns while his legs twitch. The floor giggles until the lights go out, allowing darkness to finish in silence.

The elevator nestles into floor one. An old woman enters, hugging her purse. A leather briefcase stands in the corner.



Gooseberry

Heather Leopold



# Trois GnoSSIennes

Jeff Arcand

**I found myself** in a room drenched with darkness. I felt as if I were suddenly awoken by an unseen click. Disoriented from the complete absence of light, it was nearly impossible to tell if my eyes were open or closed as I searched for any way to anchor myself. The jarring sound was familiar, but I couldn't quite place it. It was quiet, but sturdy; subtle, yet final. My equilibrium was quickly waning when another, more gradual sound came from the opposite direction. I stood there waiting to hear if it would happen again, so I could gain my bearings before deciding what to do. Or whether to do anything. I was filling with fear, helplessness, confusion, dread. Suddenly, another sound came from the same area and it became clear to me what was happening. I was in the middle of a fairly large room with doors opening and closing around me, seemingly at random. One clicking shut as the next gently opened. The relief of this moment of clarity was immediately drowned by innumerable new questions. How long had I been in this room? Had I just appeared there, or merely become aware of this strange situation? What was controlling the doors, and where did they lead? As I sank deeper into these questions, and my need to escape this dark lifeless room grew stronger, I sensed a door open directly in front of me. I felt a weight lift from my shoulders and a force pulling me as I made my way toward the opening.

The first glimpse of this new room was burned into my psyche. After what seemed like an eternity in utter darkness, it was inconceivably bright. Floor, walls, and ceiling all unsoiled by the outside world. The light was emitting from nowhere in particular but seemingly from every direction. There was no dark corner, no area even slightly dimmer than the rest.

The doors had guided me into this room to see and further understand this place as well as myself. The wrinkles in my hands. The follicles of hair so thin, they would undoubtedly go unnoticed were it not so novel, so incredibly pronounced in this new light. A startling whirlwind of colors flowed freely through me contrasted and highlighted by the still mesmerizing illumination of the room. Red and pink hues faded in and out of my flesh. Hints of green and blue veins wrapped around my arms. My eyes were open and I could finally be sure of it. The perimeter was lined with identical doors - white with a silver knob reflecting a distorted image of the others. They had no revealing marks, none had precedence over the rest. They were randomly opening and closing just as they had in the dark room, but by now they were expected. Seeing the doors soothed my apprehension, but did not make it any more clear how to proceed.

Although I couldn't describe the feeling if I tried, I was drawn to the door that was open at the moment. I made my approach, but just as easily as it captivated me, it abruptly closed with that now familiar click of unpredictable finality as another, three doors away, cracked open. As I turned to see the newly revealed opening, it was obvious to me that it held my true path. In fact, I was brought closer to it by mistakenly moving toward the false door. I was churning with relief, hope, comfort, determination as I watched the door slowly open. I couldn't see the space beyond the frame, but it was framed so perfectly. I stepped through.

I realized that the intensity of the room I'd just left was merely a buffer for the swirling bright reds and elaborate architecture I'd just entered. There was a barrier behind which I saw a figure. Before I realized what I was doing, without thought, fear, or effort, I made my way toward him.

"Welcome to Arby's," he greeted me.

"What is this place?" I implored, hoping to finally discover my fate.

"Arby's. Are you ready to order?" he asked. I suddenly found myself in a position of power. "Um, I might need a minute," I replied trying to take it all in. I felt so unsure of myself. So alone. I had so many questions.

"How did I get here?" I asked. He seemed utterly confused.





"I don't know, sir. I..."

"How did you get here? Where did all of this come from?"

"Well. You mean this building? I just started here, like, a month ago." He was clearly growing impatient with me. "Are you going to order something, sir?" he asked, gesturing to a wall of images above him. They were separated into rigid, yet seemingly arbitrary categories and sub-categories. Each option had an identification number and several more sub-options of such unimaginable specificity it would take an eternity to consider all the possibilities. He must have sensed my profound doubt. "Well, you can try our new Smokehouse Brisket, available for a limited time, or you can mix and match to create your own unique value meal." I was paralyzed by freedom. The grid of choices folded in on itself in my mind as I scrambled to evaluate everything at once. My guide let out a mighty exhale and called out behind him, "Steve!"

"What's up, Calvin? Oh, how can I help you, sir?" asked The Elder as he eventually emerged. I locked eyes with him. Mine, searching for guidance, his, at first confused, then, he seemed to understand. "Did you just come from - there were some rooms, and you 'found your way' here, right?" he said with a certain incredulity.

"Yes, I think I'm supposed to -"

"We get that a lot," he interrupted.

"Well, no, I think I'm..." I trailed off. My head was spinning. I yearned for the simplicity of the dark room, but even if I knew the way back, it would never be the same. I'd seen too much. "This isn't how I saw my life going either," said The Elder reassuringly, "but here we are. You probably didn't really know where you were going, so, if you don't know what you want, I'm going to ask you to step aside until you make a decision so the people behind you can order."

As the steam of another batch of Steakhouse Onion Rings swirled aimlessly, yet majestically from the deep fryer, I realized that my journey had only just begun. My path from The Darkness into The Light led me here, to Arby's, so I could finally take my first steps in my quest for self-knowledge.

So, to answer your question, that's how I started working here. ● ● ● ● ●

## Face of the Unknown    Stephanie Grill





# In Your Moon

Nicholas Rivers

I fell into you like a fever  
The moon fell on my shoulders  
There was a tertiary stone buried in our stomachs  
-a synchronous vibrancy in waves  
My heart sweats  
My palms are pulsing from your blood  
You hid me inside of you  
There I was  
beside you  
You were beside me...  
Your thighs tucked closely to mine.  
I was beside you  
You were beside me  
I fell into you  
You were beside me like verses  
of Shakespeare mirroring a dance  
I fell into you like a fever  
As the salt earth waned between  
The oceans of your elegies  
I love the costumes you wear  
And I can taste them on your lips;  
The ones who die beside you  
While your lapel keeps these records of love  
I turn beside you  
You turn beside me  
I turn to share the night  
And your voice runs through my throat

# The Bridge

Andrea Paiz





## Princess Mermaid Trail

Kathleen Buxton



## Gloomy Sunday

Alyssa Kuglin

**I awaken** realizing you are no longer there. The complete despair leaching into my soul leaves me hollow. How can I go on without you? Life isn't worth living in a world where you no longer exist. The angels have taken you, never giving me a chance to tell you one last time how much I loved you. That is what kills me, knowing our last words weren't confessions of love. Oh, how I long to hold you one last time, smell your uniqueness, caress your cheek as I gaze longingly into your blue eyes, smiling ever so slightly. We'd sit on our couch while you tell me about your day and I'd listen intently, hanging on your every word because that is what you did to me. I was so in love with you. I am so in love with you. I became a new person the day we met and I've never regretted the change. You made me a better person, someone not so closed off and resistant to the idea of love.

I throw my legs out of the bed, dropping my head into my hands, knowing how hard it was going to be to function without you by my side. How can I go on without the person who gave me everything and more? How can I ever say goodbye as they lower you into the ground, throwing flowers, like our dreams, into a pit six feet deep? The angels are never going to give you back, no matter how much pleading and begging I do in the minutes before I fall into a restless slumber.

I place my bare feet on the cold wood floor and shuffle to the wardrobe that holds the black outfit your mother picked out for me to wear as I say my final goodbyes. The dress





# Beaches of Molokai

Kathleen Buxton



# This River Still Remembers

Kathleen Donovan

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



# Dreams

.....

Alyssa Kuglin

**She finds herself** reaching for him in her sleep, her arms outstretched above her, her fingers trying to draw him closer. She startles awake when in dreams they touch. She stares at her hands, the electric shock she felt when they met still tingling her nerves, and she wiggles her fingers wondering

if it really happened. She knows he's gone, yet every night she is hopeful that it isn't true. He left, taking his last breath as she held his hand, knowing his pain was gone, but hers was just beginning. The ache she feels now that her love is gone consumes her most days. She barely acknowledges the outside world anymore. Why bother when the physical remains of her reason for breathing were taken by the northwestern wind on an October Sunday?

She still has her dreams, the dreams where they meet under the canopy of the weeping willow they planted on their wedding day. He visits nightly, his younger self smiling peacefully as they take a seat in the grass. She can feel the green shoots tickling her legs, the overwhelming smell of lilacs invading her senses. She wears a party dress made of blue toile, the skirt fanning out around her, her petticoat peeking out. He leans against the tree, his gray pinstripe suit fitting like a glove as he crosses his legs at the ankles. She smiles lovingly at him, knowing this moment is ephemeral for whenever they reach for each other he disappears, and they always reach for each other.

Things are different this time. Tonight, they touch. Her fingers grazed his shoulder when they attempted to hug and a jolt of electricity shot through his body, startling her awake. Now she lies in bed, hoping she can will herself back to the dream, back into his arms. She begs God to send him back to her, telling Him she needs to feel him again as he caresses her cheek and they stare into each other's eyes, communicating what needs to be said through their gaze. She pleads for mercy, to end the suffering of the last five months without him. Tears slip down her face as she pinches her eyes shut. She feels her fingers buzzing with energy as she opens her eyes and finds him gripping her hand between his. He smiles down at her and she knows why he came back. Her breathing is short and rapid before she sucks in her last breath and her heart stops. Together again, hand in hand, they drift away. ● ● ● ● ●

# Grace and the Gull

laura brodie



# The Contributors

**laura brodie** is the mother of two amazing daughters. Laura was born in Scotland and lived in South Africa during the Apartheid era from the age of 7 until she turned 18. She moved to Paris, then Italy, and then Minnesota. Laura worked in “corporate America” for years and happily gave this up in 2012 to go back to school and study her passion, which is writing. Currently, she is working on a BA in Creative Writing, with a minor in Gender Studies. Laura writes poetry, memoirs and occasional stand-up comedy. Someday, Laura hopes to write a book about her experiences growing up in South Africa.

**Kathleen Buxton** is a Biology major who enjoys the outdoors.

**Joshua Chase** lives in St. Cloud with his wife and two children. He is a 2014 graduate. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Haute Dish*, *Sleet* and *Revolver*.

**Kyle Cold** says: Here is a riddle, written by a young man who has experienced the very challenges that inspired its creation; it has an answer but the goal is to find your own through whatever lens you have, black, white, or maybe something in the middle. Good luck and may you long walk whatever road.

**Debby Dathe** is pursuing a degree in Gerontology with a minor in Creative Writing. She is a secretary, a Home Health Aide and a Wilton cake decorating instructor. She also loves photography and road trips.

**Kathleen Donovan** is a Minnesota native currently pursuing a BA in English. A passionate life-long learner, her intellectual interests span a wide range of subjects. Her academic passions include the fields of linguistics, anthropology and literature. She is a current contender for the 2014-2015 Madeline P. Plonsker Poetry Award.

**Stephanie Grill** says: To give a brief insight on this photo, I traveled to Augusta, Maine to visit a very good friend of mine. We both share a passion for adventures that end with beautiful rundown and abandoned buildings and capture what is left of a place that was once alive.

**Angela Hager** is a Creative Writing major finishing up her BA. She enjoys writing surrealism and crafting fun, twisted pieces of fiction.

**Alyssa Kuglin** is in her final year pursuing a degree in Technical Communication and Professional Writing. In her free time, she enjoys reading and watching as much *Castle* as humanly possible. The story she submitted is inspired by Billie Holiday’s song “Gloomy Sunday.”

**Heather Leopold** is a Business Administration major.

**David Mulford** says: For “Duluth Harbor Lighthouse” I used natural elements like mist from the water to create special effects. “Transcendence” was taken during the winter months at Lake Calhoun. I always believed that Lake Calhoun has magical powers. Here is my evidence.

**Paula Nicholson** is majoring in Sales and Marketing. She is set to graduate in 2016 and enjoys both professional and creative writing. Photography is a newly acquired interest. When she isn’t trying to finish her school work or working as an independent insurance broker, Paula is involved in Big Brothers Big Sisters of the Twin Cities, and tries to spend as much time outdoors as the Minnesota weather allows.

**Andrea Paiz** says: “The Bridge” is inspired by the Longfellow poem called “The Bridge.”

**Jessica Perrault** is majoring in Human Services. Her story was created from a number of journal entries she has written in the past which she decided to piece together.

**Nicholas Rivers** says: “In Your Moon” is a poem of first love. “The Request” borrows the tonal rhythm and style of a Federico Garcia Lorca poem. The full title is “A Man’s Request for Her Desire.” “30 Seconds” recalls a memory between two platonic male lovers in their 20s and a married woman in her 30s.

**Lauren Silha** is part-time student. Her interest is in creative writing and art. While primarily a painter, she has recently experimented with pencil and charcoal drawings. Her professional goal is art therapy.

**Cynthia Wold** is a graduate student in Liberal Studies. She has an undergraduate degree in psychology and is an avid writer. She considers writing a powerful medium for self-discovery and active learning. Before coming to Metropolitan State she co-authored the 2011 business book, *The Art of Convening*. Cynthia is intrigued by the assertion by Niels Bohr that a profound truth can be recognized by the phenomenon that its opposite is also a profound truth. Therefore she considers the following two opposites profound truths: All stories are true - and - all stories are fiction. Cynthia lives in South Minneapolis with her husband, Tom; dog, Polo; and cat, Sandy Kisses.



