

An abstract painting featuring several plates of food. The central focus is a dark brown, textured dish, possibly chocolate, topped with a vibrant red rose-shaped decoration and a yellow, textured element. To the right, a green plate with a dark, swirling pattern is visible. The background is a mix of warm and cool colors, including orange, pink, and blue, with thick, expressive brushstrokes. The overall style is expressive and textured, with a focus on color and form.

HAUTE DISH

The Arts and Literary Magazine of Metro State University

Fall 2023

Editor's Letter

*“Snow was falling,
so much like stars
filling the dark trees
that one could easily imagine
its reason for being was nothing more
than prettiness.”
- Mary Oliver*

This is the Fall 2023 issue of Haute Dish – The Arts and Literature Magazine of Metro State University. As we move into the Fall and Winter seasons, I would like to express my thankfulness for having been given the opportunity to be the Managing Editor of this wonderful magazine. It was a role I was hesitant to take as it put me in a position way outside of my comfort zone. Looking back now, I am so very glad I did. As I am looking toward what lies before me, I will continue to treasure all that this experience has given me. With the Spring semester will come my impending Graduation, which will be a bittersweet moment, for while I will be excited for what is next, there will be some sadness as to what I will be leaving behind. With that said I anticipate that this will be my last issue in this role for Haute Dish, though I will continue to support the magazine in whatever role I can. I want to give one last thanks to all those that continue to make Haute Dish possible. To all those who submit their work, the editors, and all the faculty members who make sure that this opportunity continues to be available: **Thank you!** Haute Dish remains and will continue to remain one of my favorite things about Metro State and I am honored to have been able to be a part of the production of this magazine.

With Thanks,
Josh Rieger
Managing Editor

Table of Contents

Editors Letter	2
Staff List	4
Start Your Journey to a Better You by Devyn Fussman	5
True Rain by Spencer Vik	7
Untitled 2023-64 by Heather Schillinger	8
Rabbit Hole by Robin Locke	9
Weeping Willow by Cristine Haider	10
Wish You Were Here by Erik Suchy	11
Sic Transit by Erik Suchy	12
University Ave by Constance Klippen	13
Big Sur by Constance Klippen	14
Cain and Abel by Andrew Kasmarek	15
Selections	16
Untitled 2023 by Andrew Kasmarek	18
Homesick in Heaven by Andrew Kasmarek	19
The Germs Between Us by Spencer Vik	21
This Is The Vibe (Parts II & IV) by Spencer Vik	22
What Every Rotten Dog Should Know by Gabriel Jutz	23
Picture of March by Erik Suchy	24
Slush by Carlyn Crouse	25

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COVER ART

Untitled 2023-64 – Heather Schillinger

About Us:

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Start Your Journey to a Better You!

by Devyn Fussman

“You can easily bust that belly fat by eating lots of veggies—”

“Oh no, honey, corn is a starch.”

“Canned has too many preservatives, fresh only.”

“No, no, you can’t cook it that way; that adds fat.”

“Those soups are loaded with sodium.”

“Eating healthy is simple when you have yummy fruit—”

“Sweetheart, do you have any idea how much sugar is in that?”

“Not too much, the acid will upset your stomach.”

“Citrus is terrible for your teeth.”

“Those things are loaded with carbs.”

“You can stave off those hunger pangs by opting for foods heavy in protein—”

“Baby, peanut butter has a lot of fat and sugar.”

“Adding chocolate protein powder defeats the purpose.”

“One of the fastest ways to lose weight is to stop eating meat.”

“Of course, no weight loss regimen would be complete without exercise—”

“Child, walking is not exercise.”

“Running is awfully hard on the body.”

“Lifting makes you gain weight.”

“That one only works the top part of your body.”

“That one only works the bottom part of your body.”

“How much have you done?”

“How many calories?”

“Is it working?”

“And finally, don’t forget to track your progress by weighing yourself regularly—”

“Ooh, you’re worse than me, girl.”

“That’s even more than last week!”

“Try this new diet.”

“Studies show that diets don’t work.”

“The best way is what works for you.”

“Well, whatever you’re doing clearly isn’t working!”

“This is not that hard.”

True Rain

by Spencer Vik

Moon age daydream
spoon made face cream
true rain make clean

Green sky tunnel of doors
Rude sleepwalkers countertop
Artifacts our eon here and waiting

Tobacco cereal & aged milk
inventory the time box
cycle counts: anthology of errors
we invented cancer
defibrillate landfills

echoes of the plastisphere
ourselves screaming at us
the sound lost on its way up from the depths of the ocean

new year, new me
now that I'm clean,
I won't ever forget my keys

just a common rain, the acid kind
common for a green sky

true rain comes from above the sky

true rain really cleans...
(a rumor amongst the ants,
a species ended by a lawnmower)



Untitled 2023-64

Heather Schillinger

Painting

Rabbit Hole

by Robyn Locke

Oh my god, have you heard about Alice?
She's been babbling about white rabbits
Poor poor girl, what'll she do for a man?
She'll never be married if she's mad.

They say she has been crawling down holes
Calling his name, desperate to see him again
What the rabbit?
Yes, utterly obsessed

It's always the pretty ones, isn't it?
Their minds are ever so delicate
I warned my son that god doesn't give gorgeous girls brains
He's better of settling for a wife who's plain

Don't know how such a respectable family
Produced such a tragedy
Not to judge, but it's always the mother
Some women just don't deserve to raise children

If you don't instill proper discipline in a girl
She'll simply go insane or worse
You see it's all a matter of manners

Poor Alice...

Poor Alice...

Weeping Willow

by Cristine Haider

She leans over the pond's edge
thin tendrils
reaching towards the translucent water
sadness in her form.

Maybe she sees her reflection
maybe she sees her soul
questioning
Her existence, her purpose.

Caught in the cycle of
death and rebirth
as the earth travels
around the sun.

Her roots
digging into the grass
the dirt
the clay
trapping her.

She yearns to be like the birds
that rest for a moment on her limbs
then fly away
onto the next journey.

They are free
unbound to one place.

She's enslaved by her existence
oblivious to her beauty
shelter and healing.
Oblivious to her purpose and necessity.

Spending her days
stuck
In a cycle of self-loathing.



Wish You Were Here

Erik Suchy
Photography

Sic Transit...

by Erik Suchy

I hold the edge of a knife
close to my chest.

The stink of delay is a separation
between my purpose and God's.

But I, child of sacrilege,
as blasphemous as they come.

"Don't wait," I whisper,
sweat birthing tension,
my offspring of pressure.

Sleek glint,
a shape of urging,
snaps away,
then is gone,
back to my side.

Just hesitation and delay,
bastard son and daughter
my offspring of frustration.

university ave

by Constance Klippen

it's not a silly moment.

it's standing on a street corner
in a leather jacket
with paint stains, after i promised i wouldn't ruin this
one.

it's being here with you,
after i said i wouldn't this time.

it's being more quiet than usual,
walking by a skeleton,
mistaking it for a mirror.

it's the thought in the back of my mind that maybe the
most
we have in common is being unsatisfied.

I don't like it when you say we're the same,
then act so alone.

still, book the hotel
i need a new notepad
to write something like,
"this feels like home"
and leave it on the mirror
in the lobby for the hotel staff to find later.

i hope when you think of me
you think of a dark night
with brick buildings
and city lights,

not a broken silhouette
over your shoulder
begging you to pull me closer.

it's really hard for me to need something from some-
one.

i like that the train is right here
and that i could leave if i wanted to.



Big Sur
Constance Klippen
Photography

Cain and Abel

by Andrew Kasmarek

God noticed the blood hadn't soaked through the cracks yet.

“Cain, why did you kill your brother? You know he had mental problems.”

“But if I didn't kill him, he was going to rape, and hate, and manipulate.”

“But now look at you, hating and teaching to hate and worst of all, trying to hide the evidence.”

“So, what was I supposed to do?”

“You were supposed to trust me”

When God said this to Cain, Cain reasoned that if Abel's blood could soak a field, then God's blood would flood the Earth.

He threw a rock at the sky.

It never landed.

Selections*

If we lived life as a dog
we would always forgive
If we lived life as a human
we'd never forget.

The thunder roar cancelling out
the pain. The rain comforted
her like a friend. Only the rain
knows the pain of the heartbroken.

You were a beautiful rose with sharp thorns
Beautiful life with beautiful lies
A nice heart with a painful life
Beautiful lies with a broken hurt

I remember all over again opening my mouth
asking those questions I dare not to
ask.
Those words that came from my dad.

I start my morning with a cup of hot water
my cats keeping eyes on me as I get ready
for school. Barely catch my bus as always
repeating my routine again and again.

Once my star
now a vacant sky and a vacancy
in your eyes leaves me to wonder
when astrology died.

Time is trying to catch me
and I keep fighting
although I am frightened
I cannot stop trying.

*These seven short poems on these two pages were submitted by street poets at our table at the Metro State Fall Fest 2023. Three cheers for the anonymous poets of Saint Paul.



Untitled, 2023
Andrew Kasmarek
Photography

Homesick in Heaven

by Andrew Kasmarek

It's not that
I was taking my time
in heaven for granted.
It's just that I felt like
I was resting my laurels.
And it made me miss my home,
where the water is dirty
and there's work to be done.

The Germs Between Us

by *Spencer Vik*

I found out later it was that I caught something
from the paper the books were printed on,
and that was where the boils all over my fingers
were coming from.

For years, no one dared to shake my hand
my attempts to scale the table for the salt
met always with the same private disgust from them

Because, for years,
My friends were my books
Because my world was a cup of baby's breath
I kept in the cupboard,
away from the shadow of the sky
Because I was a pinball trapped in a cramped
and dingy box of uptown,
bouncing from light to flashing light,
neglecting to read all the terms and conditions
of each trapdoor I slipped down

Buzzed on the breath of bronchitic vents
Moths leaping out of my pockets
Eating off dishes cracked and stained
by the dirt of age so unbecoming

I know I'm not to blame
for the germs I've welcomed into my home.
Sure, fill up our glasses once more,
But we know not what we drink.
What we are drinking, or guzzling down, in this mo-
ment, right now,
For all it's amusements;
each dubious answer it may hold in store;
is every paranormal tremor and its every bleary high...

for all but what is actually in our glass.

We are all ravenous drunkards,
but only some of us are considered diseased:
we who have been seen.

This is the Vibe (Part II & IV of V)

by Spencer Vik

Part II

This is the vibe
a laundromat

A dream of being trapped in a vending machine

The rattle & hum of many hundreds
Of washers and dryers

In my head as I wake up
In the middle of the night
To brush my teeth

No complaints
No hard feelings there
I just wish you would
Fall down the stairs or get stuck
In an elevator forever already
And this is the vibe.

Part IV

Vibe Transmitters
Vibe sprinklers
Vibe dispersal systems

The godawful noise of two separate bands playing next
to each other

This culture a dustpan soup

Forgot to take the fork out of the microwave,
it was more important to be original

I was pretty strung out by the time the insurance
finally got here

This is the vibe
a microwave fire

Now I'm standing under your window
holding a boombox as high above my head as it can go
Into the sky

You heard the song and shut your window
immediately.

What Every Rotten Dog Should Know

by Gabriel Jutz

1. Do well to not show your hands
as they are filthy.

Dusted with endless noise and burning lights,
palms burned from heated sidewalks
warmed by normality.
Strange dreams cauterized on your fingertips.

2. Reflections are untrustworthy.

All wretched mirrors with wretched ends;
Expressions odd, and foreign to all others.
Showing a dog nobody knows
but you.
And they will say,
the only good mirror
is them.

3. They do not know the threat they pose
with their eyes pointed directly at yours.

4. You will learn to keep your body still,
Teeth unbarred.

You will learn to kneel
on command.
You will never know why.
You'll do it anyways.

5. Stars on your skin
will be mistaken for wounds.
Ahead full of clouds –
A void.
Playful actions –
An intent to eat.
Your celestial body –
a rotten dog.

~ After Brian Turner.



Portrait of March

Erik Suchy
Photography

Slush

by Carlyn Crouse

Winter came early
And stayed late
It crept up while we slept
Gently cocooning us in a thick layer of
Crisp snow

We didn't notice
As soft flakes
Covered every imperfection
Each flaw
Until it coated everything in sight
A safe blanket
A clean slate

But towards the end of each winter
There is a dampness
A heaviness
When the pristine snow gives way
To water and dirt
When we remember what lies beneath
What we forgot in our cold comfort
What some could never forget

Spring waited patiently
But no longer
Her abrasive, sweet, earthy scent
Revitalizes the trees
Who dare to bud

Change is a whisper
An utterance of warmth on the wind

Contributor Bios

Devyn Fussman is a library technician at Metro State and has been writing since she was 12. Her poetry has been featured in the Watsonian. When she isn't writing or working, Devyn is usually reading, playing video games or coloring.

Spencer Vik is a creative writing student at Metro State and currently an editor for the Haute Dish. He writes poems, short stories and music reviews. His other hobbies include walking around, trying every brewery he comes across and excessive analysis of "the times".

Heather Schillinger graduated from Metro State in 2013. For her submission to the magazine she uses acrylic paint on canvas. She asks the viewer: "what do you think it is? What do you see? How do you feel about it?"

Robin Locke is a short story writer and a poet. Their work has been published in Bombfire, Ansible Short Story Collection, Across the Margin and elsewhere on the material plane. They currently serve as an Art and Poetry editor for Haute Dish.

Cristine Haider is a Saint Paul Native and both a Metro State Alumni and current student. She has worked in Veterinary Technology and psychology. She currently works as a licensed addiction counselor and advocates for mental health visibility, LGBTQIA+ rights, and Women's Rights.

Carlyn Crouse is a fantasy, horror, and science fiction writer. In her spare time, she is an avid gamer, and you can find her freelance writing on the topic on the website Wowheard and Pro Games Guide. She says she lives in fantasy, dreams in reality, and can never quite distinguish the two.

Erik Suchy graduated from Metro State in 2021. As an amateur photography he has been featured in exhibits from Portland, Oregon all the way to Budapest, Hungary and been published in Sheepshead Review, Cardinal Sins, Shift and others.

Constance Klippen is a multi-media artist and writer living in Minneapolis, Minnesota and a soon to be graduate of Metro State University. She will probably quit art someday, only to pick it back up again.

Andrew Kasmarek graduated from Metro State in the Spring of 2023. He currently serves as the layout designer for the Haute Dish. He enjoys ice cold 8 oz. cans of Cherry Pepsi. When he was camping this fall he saw bears in the wild. And he enjoyed that too.

Gabriel Jutz' home is in long fictional tales with monstrous women, glass eating men and caped crusaders. He wishes to create visceral and transgressive imagery in his arts while discussing topics from the personal to the political.

