

HAUTE DISH

The Arts and Literary Magazine of Metro State University

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Editor's Letter

*There are two ways of seeing: with the body and with the soul.
The body's sight can sometimes forget, but the soul remembers forever.*

– Alexander Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*

Welcome to the Spring 2024 issue of *Haute Dish – The Arts and Literary Magazine of Metro State University*. The *Haute Dish* staff can tell you that there is a great joy we all get when we see what everyone has worked hard to present to their fellow readers, alumni, and students. It is our hope that the works presented in this issue will inspire others to follow suit and continue the tradition of writing for this wonderful magazine.

This magazine has been an outlet for our writing, and it has also been a way for us to learn and hear from other aspiring writers. We were cautious about taking up this role as Managing Editors, because we did not believe we were up to the task that others had taken before us. But we did it anyway. We are so grateful for this experience and to everyone that has helped us along the way. This magazine would not be possible without the *Haute Dish* staff, writers, and the people that have inspired us. Keep writing and never give up on your stories.

With Thanks,
Dina Inderlee and Bryant Rooney
Managing Editors



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Reaching for Infinity | Erik Suchy

About Us

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Spring

by Weerakwong Xiong

Cold \ ≈ \ **n.** **1.** The hot water shivers my skin, I've forgotten sorrow, / Tears of warmth in the void of night, / Reminisced memory of frozen green leaf, yet to leave their roots. **2.** Amazed by the oak tree, we pretend to smoke, the mist of mischievous, / Cheeks burn red, in effect of soaked nose, / Seeking shelter to smooth our rigid body, / Vigor unchanged from dawn to dusk, awaiting the surprise under the sapling. **3.** The glimmer through the curtains, to fulfill the day, / Frozen tears appear on the mirror, / Silence of the house, / Blue shadow decorates the floors, walls, and my core, / The outline of your trace on the snow, and the cherry blossom in my eyes.

Woeful the Lifiedog

by Ron Miller

Violetta named me Woeful the Lifiedog. The name was thoughtfully chosen. She knows me well enough: loss, yearning, transcendence; these are things I think about.

She keeps the comedy channel on all day, hoping to cheer me up. My favorite comedian? Bob Newhart. Never in a hurry, he lets his humor develop organically, planting jokes like spring bulbs.

Violetta downloads bowWOW!, a phone application that translates dog talk into human language. English, Spanish, German, French, Somali, Dutch, are just a few of the options. English also has accents that can be selected: Southern, New Yorker, Midwest, Valley Girl...

Violetta and I can now discuss my likes and interests, especially my fondness for Bob Newhart. We brainstorm possibilities for my future, with stand-up comedy being an idea that is circled back.

My mind spins, constantly creating fresh material. Sometimes a comedy sketch can be sparked by dialogue overheard in the dog park, the ringing of a bicycle bell, wind blowing through the trees, a glint of light through the fog, a slamming door, a raspy cough, anything I can string together to hear life in a new way.

I once thought, if this is everything that will ever be, it's an odd way to live.

It is difficult to square my youthful years of transgressions with the dog I am today.

Yes, watching Bob Newhart changed my life.

Three questions:

Can a dog do stand-up, should a dog do stand-up, and have we really thought this through?

Marked for Life

by Tara Flaherty Guy

It was sweet and simple and complicated and confounding. His name was Mark Balderson, and in the summer of 1960, our families moved into two brand-new homes on Maple Lane. It was a new subdivision, the mid-20th century kind, where they cut down all the trees then named the streets after them. We were six years old when we first fell in love. As my mother told the story for years afterward, she answered a knock at the door on a hot July afternoon and found a tall thin woman with a bouffant hairdo and a face like a tomahawk standing there. She offered my mom a tinkling glass of iced tea and a sweet smile.

“I’m Nettie Balderson from two doors down,” she said. “I thought we should get acquainted since we’re going to be in-laws.”

It turned out that Mark had announced to his mom at breakfast that morning that he was going to marry me. It was true, I *had* agreed to marry him, but I’d forgotten to tell my mom that I’d made a new friend, never mind that I’d gotten betrothed. At first nonplussed, my mom soon laughed at the absurd declaration, then warmed to her new friend, Nettie. As for me, even at six, it was Mark that I warmed to, with his sky-blue eyes, brown hair and snub nose. When in second grade he slipped me a valentine with a penciled heart shot through with a crooked arrow, I was permanently smitten.

Mark befriended my little brother Joey, too, and the three of us formed a little sub-trio that played with the larger crew of kids on our street. Long before the time when play-dates would be arranged with parents hovering nearby, our days were unencumbered by watchful custodians—we were free as the wind. In the summertime we roamed far and wide, coming to know every sidewalk, storm sewer, and streetlight in our neighborhood. We played baseball and *Red Rover* on sunny days, and checkers and *Royal Rummy* on rainy ones. Ours was a big and happy neighborhood gang, the last gasp of the post-war baby boom; we attended the same schools and churches and were inseparable, all summer, moving in a herd. But in the middle of the crowd, when no one was looking, it was always Mark my eyes sought, like a sunflower turns to the sun crossing her sky.

Tumbling out of the house in the mornings, we’d come home at noon for a sandwich, and go right back out. Later, after supper, with the summer shadows long and slant, we’d end our long days around somebody’s picnic table telling ghost stories, to the soft music of crickets. When the curfew finally blew at 9:00 p.m. we’d all scatter for home at last, calling raucous goodnights. But my last shy glance and whispered *goodnight* was always for Mark, and his for me. I would trail home in the moonlight, lagging behind Joey, alone with my nameless longing.

One cold autumn night, the year we started junior high, Mark and Joey and I piled onto the daybed out on our back porch where we usually watched old black and white movies or *The Three Stooges*, if the boys overruled me. But no TV on this night— Mark, a trombone player, had gone mad for a new band called *The Chicago Transit Authority* that he wanted us to hear. We slipped the LP onto our cheap, crappy turntable and pulled a musty old quilt up over us, listening to the big brassy horns pour out of the tinny speakers. Joey, bored without the dubious

hilarity of the Stooges, fell asleep immediately, snoring lightly. Mark and I listened, side by side, until the horn cacophony gradually slowed, then stilled. A slow, sweet piano arpeggio began to ripple up and down then, and the low voice of Terry Kath slipped from the speakers, intimate and tender in its confession of love newly recognized.

*As time goes on...I realize...just what you mean to me...*The words were piercingly sweet and my heart began to pound. I held my breath, waiting for—what? Something I didn't dare even hope for, couldn't even name...*colour my world with hope of loving you...*

At last Mark reached over and took my cold hand in his big warm one, sure and strong. At his touch, I shivered, then exhaled, finally understanding what it was I'd been longing for.

Learning to Let Go

by *Dina Inderlee*

Anxious mind vs exhausted body
brawling over sleep. No rules except those scrawled on a
candy wrapper lying with the dust bunnies,
destined for the garbage of worthless readings
each promising a stream of thoughts
flooding between my ears, left in, right out
guts losing as my dinner fights me for freedom
hanging over the railing to release the bile
into the ocean of lost opportunities
jostling my memory for the last ten years
knitting a fever song “is there anything beyond this”
leaving me lying in a dark room of noisy silence
making me wonder if I’mwhelmed;
not underwhelmed – guilting over a missed “I love you”
or overwhelmed by life’s cruelty, an arbitrary border where
people wail for common sense as bombs drop, then
quiet, a sound my mind lacks, failing to save innocence as
rampaging madmen lead the blind to fight like
sleepless ants crawling, itching, covering my head as
they cling to me with sticky fingers,
unclean as childish owners refuse to wash them
violently shaking my head, crying out for relief as
wars rage for control, shallow minds take,
x marks the abandoned future of the dead
yet again failing to rest peacefully, until
Zany thoughts gone; sleep finally wins.



Stalking

Peng Moua
photography

The Paper

by Tom Folske

Kyle O'Neill was an adamantly determined freshman at Millennia Community College and wanted more than anything to make a name for himself as a professional journalist. On the first day of class, he went so far as to tell Professor Howard LeGrasse, staff editor of the school's newspaper: *The Millennia Times*, that he would give his life for the paper if it ever came down to it. Kyle was doing everything possible to make his dreams a reality, including taking as many of the required courses in the field as he could, and writing an article for the paper every chance he was given.

Things weren't happening fast enough for Kyle though. He had written a very interesting expose on the school's lacking recycling policies, which received some pretty good reviews from the students, but he wasn't quite getting the credit and recognition he wanted. Kyle longed for a story that absolutely everybody would read and would know him for, not just a few people here and there, as was the case with *The Millennia Times*. It was because of this that Kyle began his quest for a scandal.

Kyle's new goal frequently found him standing awkwardly outside the teacher's lounge or near-blatantly stalking faculty down hallways and out to their cars. On the last occasion, he had been talked to by campus security. Kyle soon came to realize that he wasn't a very good sleuth and began to feel like giving up on journalism all together, when the story he had been looking for hit him smack dab in the middle of the face.

Kyle had been moping outside next to where the security guards parked their carts, when he saw Wendy Smear, the prettiest girl in his biology class, walk out to her car with an older gentleman whom he could have sworn was a professor.

The odd pair got into Wendy's car and started to pull out of the parking lot. Kyle quickly rose to his feet and jumped to his own car, starting it up and peeling out after them as fast as he figured he could without drawing attention to himself. This time Kyle stayed a long way back and almost lost them a few times, before seeing their vehicle pull off into a driveway on the right side of the road. Kyle passed them and pulled his own car over a few houses down.

"Yes!" he said ecstatically. "I am going to be so famous for this."

A moment later, he was rummaging through his bag until he found his digital camera. Kyle waited in the car for a few extra minutes, letting them get settled in, before getting out of his vehicle and running eagerly up to the front yard of the house they had entered. From there, he quickly darted to the side of the house and began to inspect the windows, seeing if he could detect any movement or shadows. His search proved fruitless however, as Kyle had walked completely across the back of the building and started to come up along the other side. That was when he heard a noise in the garage.

The intrepid journalist went still as gnome and listened. He heard the sound again. There was definitely someone in there. Kyle crossed the backyard and began creeping as quietly as he could around the garage, until he came to the wooden door on the side. He kicked the door open and began taking pictures of what he thought was going to be a lewd and lascivious affair. He was dead wrong.

Wendy and the older gentlemen were in the room all right, and they were definitely doing something

unorthodox, but it was very, very far from what Kyle had expected. The girl who had been pretty and the man who may or may not have been a professor, were missing their faces. Instead of having human heads at all, they had blue skin, and glossy, round, black eyes that protruded in thin blue stalks from all sides of their heads, like too many roots growing from one potato. At the top of each of their heads, like an island amongst the stalks, was a large gluttonous mouth, containing multiple rows of teeth eagerly waiting to continue feeding. On the table between the two creatures lay the half-eaten remains of one of the school's gym teachers.

Kyle ran from the house, flailing his arms and screaming as loud as he could. He bolted to his car, started it up, locked all the doors and continued screaming all the way back home. It took almost two hours for Kyle to calm down, and when he did, he decided to call Professor LeGrasse, the only one who might actually know what to do with material like this. He called the professor's personal line, which he had to hunt down online.

"Hello?" Professor LeGrasse answered his cell phone questioningly.

"Hello. Professor? This is Kyle O'Neill. You need to meet me in your office right away," Kyle told him excitedly.

"Kyle my office hours are posted outside my door, please meet with me during..."

"I have something that could change the world," Kyle said, cutting his professor off. "Just be there."

"Hello," Professor LeGrasse said into the receiver, only to be answered by a dial tone.

The school was practically empty at this hour. Kyle sat outside Professor LeGrasse's office for twenty minutes without seeing a single person before the teacher finally showed up, mildly disheveled, and obviously upset.

"What is the meaning of this?" LeGrasse asked irritably.

"Take a look at this," Kyle said, showing the professor one of the pictures he had taken of the horrible monstrosities in the garage. LeGrasse's eyes widened to unbelievable proportions as he quickly fumbled in his pocket for the keys to his office.

"Come inside. Come inside," The professor said as he and Kyle stepped into the room and locked the door behind them.

"Can you imagine what this means?" LeGrasse exclaimed as soon as they were alone, "We aren't alone on this planet... Where did you get these?"

"A girl named Wendy Smear. I followed her and a professor to a house. They were eating a gym teacher."

"Oh, that must have been Hank. He and Wendy are always eating together. They like greasy food. I, however, am more into lean meat. By the way, Mr. O'Neill, you are looking very fit today."

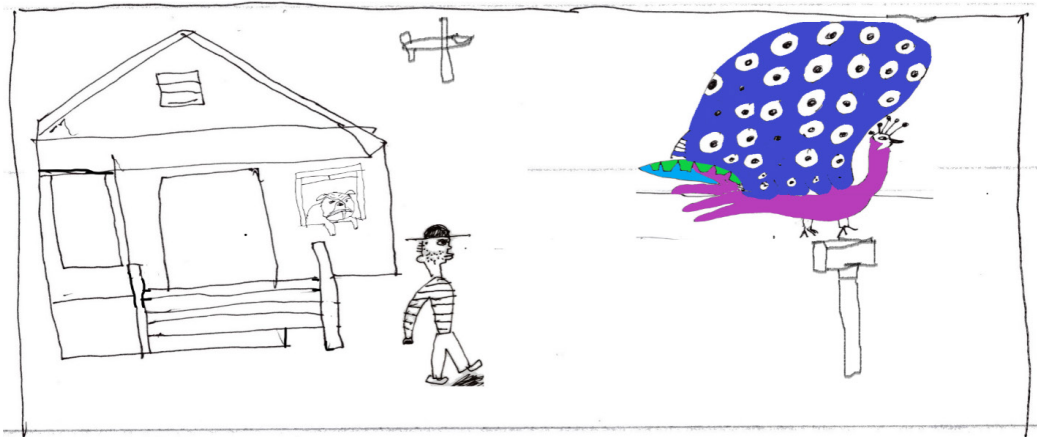
"What? What are you talking about?" Kyle stammered, leaping up from his chair and running for the door. "Help! Let me out of here! Help!"

"Quiet now Kyle, there are students trying to study," Legrassse replied with a chuckle, knowing no one would hear his pleas.

Kyle looked back at Professor LeGrasse, staff editor of the *Millennia Times*, and saw that his head had become just like Wendy's and the other man's had. The young journalism student screamed louder, but it was no use. As the monster closed in on him, Kyle realized that he really was going to give his life for the paper.

I, Poindexter

by Ron Miller



Don't sing my praises in your soggy alto-tenors. Get off my property. Poindexter don't suffer fools. My philosophy is that I don't have a philosophy. For a man carrying my kind of rage I think I do pretty good. I try to water down the sauce, lower the flame.

This is about the peacock on Clement Street, right? First off, I want it gone. But straight away some clarity: I would never harm a living thing. Poindexter is a Buddhist. Rumors of the harm I intend are fictional, intended to sully my reputation. So remove your sorry asses which you've parked on my porch. Poindexter is unwavering about that.

Before you depart let me tell you your humor did not circumvent me. I started a petition to have the peacock re-located, then you started a petition to have me re-located. That's funny. But Poindexter ain't going nowhere.

You folks need to realize that that glossy shiny bird evolved on this planet to survive, and the surest way is to get saps like you fighting its battles. It just sits on a branch looking pretty.

I have a typewriter in the house, and it's red hot. The keys are on fire. Know why? Because I am on fire. I'm banging out my memoir, mostly about my years playing small forward for the Celtics. I retired the year before Larry Bird's rookie season. Hey, we're talking bird again. That almost went by me. But my book is on a slow road to nowhere with Casanova cooing through the night.

Shoot some hoops behind the house? We can play three-on-three.

Me and the two ladies against you three guys. Come on. It'll loosen everybody up.

No one wants to play. Fine.

Let's take this palaver inside. I'm starting to warm up to you guys. The living room is down the steps to your right.

These beers are cold. Anybody need a glass? Normally I have tortilla chips but I have been binging. And this is Roscoe. He don't bite until he does, then you've lost a body part. Damn nice dog when he isn't gnawing off a chunk. I like to say he's half Rottweiler, half mako shark. Mind petting him while I go take my medication?

Wow! Those pills give me gas. Jeez.

Sorry, ma'am, Roscoe is a humper.

Anybody know shorthand? Anybody have paper? Write this down:

The tiff between Poindexter and the peacock is in no way personal.

One night I saw him sitting on a low branch, singing out his blue heart like Roy Orbison in his early years, and I squint-eyed him, that icy killer look. Like this. Kind of makes you nervous, don't it? Anyway, the peacock is right there with the moon behind its head. Yep, Casanova has fanned out a blazing arc of feathers, all purple, green, and blue, indeed majestic like, but my focus is on the feathers with the circles, because they are like eyes, reminding me of the look I got from Bob Cousy in the pre-season exhibition game against The Lakers, when he led me with a sweet pass, but I fumbled it, almost caught it, then fumbled it again; a look that conveyed that, even in a multi-verse, an expanding universe, there should be no place for someone like me.

Then Roscoe comes bounding up, wide-eyed at the peacock, not wielding a bark like Thunder Mountain, but dropping down, his chest on wet grass, his dog ass high in the air, taking in the wonder.

Autism

by Jonathan Hiatt

Because I have autism
And some people think I'm a little "weird"
I struggle to make eye contact, can't read your body language
Making friends is challenging
People might not "get" me or who I am
Simply because
I am too different to be accepted
And nothing you say will make me believe
I still deserve love
I am not capable
And I don't believe it's possible anymore to believe that
God has a purpose for my life
Even when I go down the rabbit hole and wonder if
I can accept living with autism

(Now read the same words but bottom up.)

Daughter

by Elizabeth Wadsworth Ellis

I wish you wouldn't.

"I wish you wouldn't," I said and flopped down exhausted on the hotel bed.

Like any mother I wanted to give my baby girl what she wanted without handing it to her.

We learned to juggle her luggage wheels across jagged pavement. Barely minutes before picking her up at the airport I found out visas were required. My car was parked back where thieves and addicts, vagrancy and prostitutes with leaky ceilings hang out. We were sprayed for Mad Cow disease and roused by uniformed men in the middle of the night demanding our tickets and passports time and time again. The surly station clerk spoke no English.

That night the train station was swarming, cacophonous, unnerving and dimly lit. The board announcing departure and arrival times were in a language Carrie did not understand and in an alphabet she had never seen.

We would have gotten outta' there if it weren't for you, she said.

NATO bombing wasn't all that long ago. Land travel isn't forbidden, but these people might not be too crazy about Americans. There are more of them than there are of us. We wouldn't stand a chance in this crowd are if they turned ugly.

Reaching our destination, Trieste, was a huge relief. Carrie was pumped. I collapsed on the bed of our hotel room. Carrie, fresh out of the shower, hair coifed, dressed in a pretty powder blue sweater wanted to go out. Alone.

I had tried to book us at into a convent in Vicenza. Venice was proximal, but Trieste was beautiful. We stayed 4 days, the last night at a hostel for ten bucks, a villa, really, our beds next to the open door of a veranda looking out onto the Adriatic Sea. We were happy. *Carrie, take a picture. Mom, no camera can capture this.*

What Trieste wasn't was overrun by street dogs and hands-out beggars and cars that run you down. Trieste was not dirty. There were wolf whistles and appreciative stares, but none of the smut we got from men who weren't Italian. Leaving was wretched now that we knew what we were in for, what we were up against but the train tickets had been bought and paid for in advance to be sure we didn't get stranded. In the camera in my mind I can see her craning her blonde head out the open window of the train, blues eyes looking into the distance, arms braced along the ledge. I brought a copy of what to do if you lost your purse, but never had to use it.

We just needed to be careful, Carrie said. We were taken care of but not taken for a ride.

The Ancestral Seeds I Inherited...

by *Kenchi Lo*

The seeds to the beginning of my story were not mine to plant but for my ancestors to carry in lying potential. From fleeing five thousand years of war and genocide in China to the hills and mountains of Laos, to present day America. My ancestors did their best to preserve the seed that one day may be free to be expressed without the fear of persecution and slavery.

Shamanism and spirituality have been the foundation of my family's roots and has held the biggest value in my life. Inserting meaning into the strife we have experienced for millennia. From being the original cultivator of rice in the fields of China to running from soldiers with a few grains of rice as rations during the Secret War. My seeds were lying in dormant waiting to be planted.

I would not be here to plant my seeds if not for the countless sacrifices my ancestors endured. Unable to plant their seeds and pursue their passions as they struggled against constant war and strife. As a child, I was different from most and tried my best to fit in. Unknowingly deceiving myself in the process that I was being "real". Believing that I could plant and cultivate seeds of prosperity and happiness without being authentic. Various childhood traumas, injuries and near-death experiences have changed my perspective on life and what seeds I do choose to plant. Having allergic reactions to modern medicines as a child and later fasting to cleanse my body as a teenager from my childhood of junk food habits.

I realized the seeds I wish to plant are found within my soul and spirit. To develop the self with passion, love, and determination. I was introduced and became dedicated to meditation around the age of four, taught by my mother, passed down from her mother and so on. I learned to clear and process trauma from an early age, and it significantly helped in improving my overall health. As well as shamanism being the main factor for my wellbeing and assisting my family during the secret war.

In realizing that my family has preserved the seeds of spirituality, it has made me more passionate about life and where it can lead. I wish to plant my seeds alongside my ancestors and preserve what we have left of our ways for the future generations. Though it would be selfish to plant all of them now and not let the children of the future decide if they wish to follow or find other places to cultivate their dreams...

A Tapestry of Resilience

by Izzy Wagner

In shadows cast by sorrow's silent wail,
Grief weaves a tapestry, a haunting tale.
A somber dance, the steps unknown,
Through echoes of a love forever flown.

Beneath the weight of tears unshed,
A soul's lament, a heart that bled.
In the quiet corners of the night,
Grief whispers softly, a ghostly light.

Each teardrop falls like autumn rain,
A symphony of loss, a mournful refrain.
Yet within the depths, resilience dwells,
A phoenix rising from despondent shells.

Memories, like petals, fragile and fair,
Blossom in the garden of despair.
Yet in the soil of sorrow, seeds of hope,
A balm for wounds, a way to cope.

Through the darkness, resilience blooms,
A testament to strength that grief consumes.
For in the heartache, a sacred art,
A healing rhythm, a brand-new start.

In the hush of grief, where silence weeps,
Love's legacy, in memory, forever keeps.
A tribute to the ache, the vacant space,
Grief's poetry, etched with grace.



At Rest
Erik Suchy
photography

Verdant Dreams

by Sarah Thompson

Falling, falling into the warm and comforting embrace of dreamland, Rose drifted off to sleep. In fact, she didn't just drift into sleep, she eagerly encouraged it so she could begin her night's work. Rose didn't just 'sleep', no, she was a vivid dreamer who used every minute of every day to make her dreams come true. Eyes open or eyes closed, it didn't matter, Rose made every second count; planting and nurturing her writing seeds.

Embracing the magic of the night, her imagination took flight; dreaming of lands far away, not yet discovered, of fantastical adventures, and of new friends not yet found. Soaring on wings made of air, swooping, and diving she sought the perfect spot. Stars sparkled, shimmering so close she could touch them; so, she did, scooping them into her bag of seeds.

Land passed below in a shimmering blur of colors. Flying over turbulent seas filled with monsters, Rose's eyes roamed, searching, searching for the perfect spot. Soon, emerald lands appeared where silvery unicorns danced in the moonlight. Their coats shone, sparkling like starlight as they stomped the rich earth with their cloven hooves made of precious metals.

That's the perfect spot! her heart thumped with excitement as the butterflies in her stomach swirled. Swooping down, she sped towards the herd and to her delight a fiery phoenix joined her, soaring by her side in blazing flames like the fire of the sun; its heat warming her skin, giving her strength.

Thump! Rose landed lightly, startling the herd and sending them running, hooves chiming like bells as they struck the verdant turf. Glancing around, she saw the soil was rich and loosened by the unicorns' hooves. Pleased, she knelt with her bag of seeds, and starlight, beginning her work.

Digging her fingers through the rich soil, she soaked up the magic the unicorns left behind. Carefully, she dug hole after hole, planting a writing seed in each one as well as a star to give it light. Singing, singing, she toiled away infusing the seeds with her hopes and dreams.

Not long after, consciousness began to tug her away, calling her to wake for the dawn of a new day. *Almost done, just one more!* Plop! Rose dropped in her final seed, sprinkling the remaining stardust, before allowing herself to wake.

"Rose! It's time to get ready for school!" her mother called, cracking open her bedroom door.

"Okayyyy," Rose groaned, rolling over and sitting up. *But first... I have to write down my ideas, I don't want to lose them!* Suddenly wide awake, she scrambled around searching for her favorite notebook. "There you are!" she crowed in triumph, lunging for her blue notebook covered in silver stars. The day had only just begun, but her work wasn't done. Awake or asleep, it didn't matter— she had seeds to nurture. Beginning to sketch, Rose noted down her ideas... *it was a dark, stormy night...* her pen danced across the paper letting her seeds flourish.

Harvesting Eggplant

by Claire Stone

You thought you were immune. Yes, you, dear writer, thought that writer's block was something only other people got. Certainly not you. Then one day it happens. You sit down at your desk, notebook open, pen poised, and nothing. Not one single good idea. You tap the pen on the desk and think to yourself how ridiculous this is. You know from the stacks upon stacks of notebooks full of freewriting that this is always an option. Just write whatever comes to mind. You know it doesn't matter what it is, just get it on the page. Writer's block is just an illusion. But you freeze up anyway. You read through a whole list of prompts, but nothing seems exciting.

The thought of all those notebooks does inspire you to retrieve one. There's a bunch of laundry in the way causing this activity to take much longer than it should. When you finally excavate your way to the notebooks you pick one at random, hoping for one of the pretty journals you rarely buy, but it's the dollar store variety. Closing your eyes, you shuffle through the pages, picking one at random. Now you have the challenging task of translating your own cursive. Several of the words are so hard to decipher that you just skip them. This entry is long and winding and rambling and rather disorderly, lacking any clear plot. Enthusiasm waning, you move on to the next page, and the next, and the next, until you've had enough of the eye strain. Then you wonder how this is really changing anything at all about the writer's block. This entry clearly came from a rough time and mostly you don't even want to read it, let alone have anyone else do so. It served its cathartic function long ago. You think of using it for kindling.

You pick another random page, maybe it will be more inspiring. Except the next one you pick is even more sloppy and cynical and this isn't helping your writer's block any. If anything, it seems to be worsening. You try a third time. This time you pick a page that is neat, tidy, and almost entirely legible. Definitely an anomaly. But your excitement is short lived. This particular entry is incredibly boring. In fact, it seems more like a to-do list written in bad prose, then a journal entry. Feeling desperate you randomly pick a sentence from this entry. The sentence is: Today I need to harvest eggplant.

Well now this gets the creative juices flowing. You spend quite a number of sentences describing a single eggplant, and honestly, it's over the top. Too much detail. Describing every aspect of the way light hits the surface of an eggplant might be poetic, but you're looking for a plot. You think of making up a story about a family of eggplants. Then you realize that you don't actually want to write that story. Frustrated, you pick another sentence from the same page and this time it says: I need to make a dentist appointment. Talk about an interesting topic.

At this point you sit at your desk, stare out the window, and fidget with a rubber band. You notice a racoon digging in the dumpster and wonder if there is some way you could link eggplants, racoons, and dental appointments together. Maybe even write one of those quirky extra short-short stories. You brainstorm all kinds of ideas but none of them seem to be going where you want them to. You start to wonder if this is just a bad time to write and decide to brew some coffee, even though it's late in the afternoon, and you know it will keep you up way too late. You sit at your desk and stare blankly at the page, the sound of the coffee brewing is soothing, even

though the coffee probably won't be. You realize how sleepy you are and wonder if it has anything to do with the writer's block, as your head drops towards the desk.

You stare at your notebook with a puzzled look. The notebook is yellow even though you could swear it was actually orange. You brush it off thinking it must be the lighting. You decide to step outside while the coffee finishes and are surprised to find that it's snowing. It seems way too early to be getting snow as the leaves haven't even changed yet, but climate change is doing some strange things. You think this might make an interesting story. As you look around for more ideas, you notice flowers you don't recall planting and wonder if the racoon had anything to do with this.

Then you notice the butterflies, unbothered by the snow. They are big and blue like rainforest butterflies, which is rather strange. This gives you even more ideas. The moment of epiphany finally arrives. Now you've got it! But when you go to open the door, you realize you've locked yourself out. At this point you're overcome with dread. What if you lose the idea before getting to your desk? You debate whether you should try to break in or go to the store for a notebook. You go to the store. It's only a few blocks away, but somehow you get lost. You are now beginning to panic because you know where the store is, and you keep not getting there. Just as you are about to start sobbing, the sound of the beeping coffee maker jolts you awake.

The writer's block has vanished. You decide to write a surrealist piece and manage to combine butterflies in the snow, eggplants that talk, and racoons that do dental work. You use the butterflies to symbolize metamorphosis and the snow to symbolize purifying the mind and it seems to be going in this mystical-philosophical direction. But this is done in a subtle manner and it seems like it could be a kid's story. But it's not. The eggplants tell inappropriate jokes.

Apartment #2

by Dina Inderlee

I'm fearless as I ride my yellow and pink big wheel with glittery silver streamers in the handles. Speeding faster than my mom's Chevrolet hatchback, I whip around the corners like a train on a track. School's out now so I can play without all the stress of learning. Second grade was hard, but I need to have fun now because next year is going to be harder says my third grade friends.

My big wheel is loud like a motorbike as I wheel around my apartment building. My mom says it's because the cheapskate slumlord won't pave the driveway and the gravel gets everywhere. Peddling my wheels over the gravel hurts my ears, but it won't stop me from constantly driving around the fourplex, especially since summer school starts up next week. Why summer school? School is in the winter, but I had a stupid arm cast most of the school year so I have to go to summer school for gym. It's not my fault my fingers were grown together and they need to be fixed.

The mean teacher said I can't just take one class in the summer, so I have to take gym and art. I guess it could be worse, like having to take math and writing. Ew.

I'm not going to think about that now. Nope. I'm going to feel the bugs in my teeth and the breeze everywhere as I once again turn to the back of the building. The door to apartment #2 is blocked by concrete stairs leading to the second-floor apartments, so I slow down to make sure I don't run over the old guy who lives there.

The guy who lives in apartment #2 keeps to himself and never says hi. Mom said something once about him being in Viet Nam and coming back sad. But still, he can say hi. Mom says people should always say hi to each other. Maybe he's not from Minnesota. Mom says there are people from other states who aren't as nice as people from Minnesota. I think she means Iowa.

The upstairs apartments have moms and kids like my family. The old, grizzly man in downstairs apartment #2 has no kids or wife. He has a guy friend who comes over and when they're together there's a strange smelling smoke that comes from the apartment. Like a skunk smell, but not a skunk. Or maybe it's a strange new cigarette where the smoke smells different than my mom's cigarettes. Mom always sends me to the store with a note and 89 cents to get her cigarettes, but they smell like Marlboro's. He doesn't have any kids to send to the store. Maybe that's what his friend is for, to bring him cigarettes and things from the store.

I round back to the front of the building and see my friend Katie. I wave to her as she gets into the back of her parents' car. She lives on the other side of the street where the big houses and big cars are. I like playing Barbie with her because she has tons them and all the clothes. Her parents' car is really fancy, not like my mom's little hatchback, but she doesn't let that get in the way of us being friends, like some of the other kids in school. Yuck, school.

I hit a loud patch of gravel as I make another round to the back of the building, but this time is different. The old guy is standing outside his door like a dirty skeleton dressed in fatigues and he's pointing his rifle at me. I stop peddling. I'm not sure what to do. All I can see is two hollow black holes staring at me. I've never seen

a gun in real life, only on television. I wonder if it sounds like it does on television when it's shot? Why am I thinking this?

Is he going to kill me? I'm sure he is. Should I be more afraid? Where's Mom? I want to go back to happily riding my bright yellow and pink big wheel with glittery silver streamers hanging off the handlebars.

I stop looking at the gun and I see a man who looks like my mom after a double shift. He's tired, and I'm being noisy and bothersome like my grandpa tells me every time I go to visit him. I wonder if this guy only wants some peace and quiet from noisy kids, like grandpa does. I wonder what this guy's name is. I wonder a lot of things, but most of all, I wonder if he is really going to shoot a kid because she rides a noisy big wheel.

What do I do? My body refuses to move as I'm sure it will make him madder and he will shoot me. We're staring at each other in silence, me out of fright, and I think he is angry. I'm not sure this will ever stop, but then he slightly flicks the gun to the side and I hope he's telling me to go.

I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. I'm not going to say no to his unspoken order, so I start peddling harder than I have the whole day and finally make it around the corner to safety.

I don't tell my mom. I was scared back there, but I'm more scared of what Mom will do if she finds out. She is so nice to everyone, but she can get a little protective of me. No one wants to see that.

Not wanting to ride my big wheel anymore, I put it away in the storage room and run into my apartment. I go to my room and shut the door to keep everyone out. Laying on the bed, I wrap myself in a comfy green blanket, even though it's hot outside and there is no air conditioner. I lay there for a while, long enough to forget about what just happened and then I remember that summer school starts next week. Arg.

A few weeks later, I'm getting off the bus from another fun day of summer school and I see a lot of police cars, fire trucks, and ambulances. I rush over to where my mom and our neighbors are standing across the street. Mom opens her arms and give me a big hug. I want to ask what's happening, but everyone seems a little on edge. Finally, my friend from apartment #3 pulls me to the side and says the old guy in apartment #2 shot himself to death. I look to my mom and she looks at me but she doesn't say anything.

Mariana's Headstone

by Zach Keali'i Murphy

The trees are bare enough to see the squirrels' nests. Frederick scratches his gray mustache and squints his weathered eyes, wondering how a creature could rest on such a fragile bed, at such great heights, amidst winds that could carry away a thin branch.

During the spring and summer months, Frederick had spent every morning taking care of his beloved Mariana's gravesite. He'd bring a pair of scissors in his back pocket, get down on his hands and knees, and make sure there wasn't a single blade of grass out of place. A fresh set of daisies, strategically placed in a vase next to the headstone, would add a hint of delicate sun to the roughness of the stormcloud-colored granite.

With winter on the way, Frederick knows it's going to be a lot harder to keep Mariana's headstone clear. The snow doesn't care about the names it covers, and wool gloves just aren't enough to warm up hands that have been cracked for forty years. The daisies will shrivel up quicker, if they don't disappear first.

Frederick stands in front of Mariana's headstone. He envisions himself lying peacefully in the plot next to her. When Frederick and Mariana got married, they'd always hoped that they wouldn't ever be without each other for long. But when each minute feels like an empty lifetime, a day feels like another death.

On the way home, Frederick's walking stick taps against the sidewalk like a ticking clock. His walking stick has seen better days, but so has anything that has traversed the grounds of time. His back seems to hunch more with each step, his frown burrows deeper, and every breath becomes a bigger job when the cold air enters his lungs. The new neighbors whisper to each other from their porch, and Frederick turns away. It's hard to face the world when you're mourning your own.

As Frederick approaches the walkway of his deteriorating Victorian house, he looks up and witnesses a squirrel falling from the birch tree in his front yard. The squirrel lands on the firm soil, pauses for a moment, frozen, then springs up and darts across the street as if nothing happened.

Frederick steps into his home which doesn't feel like home anymore. He hangs up his scarf, caresses the sleeve of Mariana's old coat, and sighs. After making his way up the creaking staircase to his bedroom, Frederick lies down in his bed and stares at the ceiling. A gust of wind rattles the shaky windows. The height of his loneliness makes him feel dizzy. He contemplates whether he'll ever be able to get back up again or not. He closes his eyes and wishes he could be like the squirrels.



No Class Today

Erik Suchy
photography

The Things We Carry

by Tara Flaherty Guy

Here's the deal—I adore Tim O'Brien. Not just for his incomparable writing, though that would be reason enough for my reverence. It goes beyond that. Allow me to elucidate.

I went with my husband not long ago to hear O'Brien read at his old alma mater - Macalester College (class of 1968.) The author was clearly right at home back at Mac, and happy to talk about his new book entitled *America Fantastica* which he was promoting on a nationwide tour. He spoke fondly of the lovely Macalester campus which had seemed so glamorously urban to him after growing up in the small town of Worthington, Minnesota—a town where the biggest annual event was “Turkey Day.” And that didn't mean Thanksgiving, either, he hastened to assure us.

“Worthington was the turkey capital of the world,” he said with a chuckle, and “Turkey Day” was the highlight of the town's community calendar. “All of the turkey farmers drove in from out in the country, dropped off hundreds of birds downtown, herded them down Main Street, where the whole town gathered to watch this weird turkey parade. Then the farmers herded them back into the trucks and we all went home.”

Balder and leaner than when last I saw him, O'Brien was at his best— self-deprecatingly funny and wry, and astonishingly energetic after reportedly spending the entire day with the folks in Macalester's English Department and meeting the current creative writing cohort for a long, extended visit over coffee in the student union. After reading a couple of hilarious pages from his book, he paused to take questions from the audience. There were a lot of them.

When asked if he could name a pivotal book he read as a youth that made him believe he could be a writer, he affirmed that he certainly could. The audience, undoubtedly expecting a reference to *Catcher in the Rye*, or *To Kill a Mockingbird*, laughed loud and long when O'Brien declared that the watershed literary oeuvre was *Larry of Little League*, which he read at the age of eight. Immediately thereafter, he penned his own first “novel” by substituting his own name, “Timmy” for the name “Larry” everywhere it occurred in the story, rendering himself the hero, batting 1000, and clobbering Edina, as they so richly deserved.

O'Brien waxed serious, however, when asked how he writes his own essential truth while keeping in mind the target audience whom he must also bring along to —hopefully— buy his books. He replied that the “truth” is a funny thing, not immutable, but shifting and elusive.

“A thing that was “true” last Thursday, may not still be “true” by the time Monday rolls around...but that doesn't mean that it was any less true last Thursday,” he said. “When I went to college here, I thought of myself as a nice, decent, polite guy, honest, hardworking, all that stuff. Then I graduated and got drafted and sent off to Vietnam, because I wasn't brave enough to say no - I was afraid of humiliating myself and worse, my family. While I was over there— this nice polite college kid— I killed other human beings. Then I just... went home. Did that mean I had never been nice? Did it mean I'd never be nice again? No, because more than one thing can be true, which makes “the truth” a shapeshifting thing.”

That core honesty in O'Brien's storytelling is why I went to go hear him speak again with my own Vietnam vet— my husband, Joe—for the third time in our 25 years together. Tim O'Brien's writing was absolutely critical in helping Joe understand his own personal tragedy in that war, how he himself came to kill innocents, and finally, how absurd it was that he was sent home to resume a “normal” life as though it had never happened.

In the same way that Steven Spielberg's *Saving Private Ryan* opened floodgates of emotion for many old World War II vets who had never spoken of their time in the war, O'Brien's writing, with its subtle but deep empathy has provided comfort for a new generation of aging soldiers. It resonates in true pitch, like a turning fork, in the horrific soldiers' stories he tells so unflinchingly. It has given Vietnam veterans—many suffering from deep moral injury—a way to remember what they did in the war, to hold space for it, to *hate* it, even, while at the same time helping them to remember their own humanity. That's an astonishing balancing act for one human being to teach so many others. Tim O'Brien helped my husband find that balance, and in so doing may have saved his life. Hence my reverence.

For those of us who write, it is a marvelous thing to imagine that our own act of writing could help bring comfort, redemption, and healing to our fellow human beings. But, in truth, we have always understood that fact on some deep, subterranean level— it's why we write. It's one of a handful of rare, authentic truths remaining in this post-truth era, in these days so loudly and luridly embroidered with cheap “alternative facts.” Writing from a place of truth can change minds and hearts. Writing the truth can change the world.

Shifting Shadows

by Izzy Wagner

In a city that breathed with the pulse of a thousand lives, a woman walked the crowded streets, each step a note in the symphony of existence. She was an enigma, hidden behind layers of masks, her identity a puzzle constructed from fragments of borrowed lives. In this metropolis of shifting shadows, where the boundaries between reality and illusion blurred, she navigated the labyrinth of identity.

Her name was Iris, a name she had plucked from a faded memory, a memory that might have belonged to someone else. She existed on the fringes of the city, threading through the crowds like a whisper, unnoticed and yet, somehow, ever-present. Iris wore faces like costumes, slipping them on and off as easily as one might change clothes. She had mastered the art of blending, of becoming a reflection in the myriad mirrors of other people's lives.

It was said that the city itself had an identity crisis, a kaleidoscope of cultures, each vying for dominance. Neon lights painted the streets with vibrant hues, casting long, distorted shadows that danced in rhythm with the city's heartbeat. Every alley, every corner, held a story waiting to be told, and Iris, the collector of stories, moved through the urban tapestry like a ghost.

One evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting the city into a twilight dreamscape, Iris found herself in a dimly lit bar, a haven for those seeking refuge from the cacophony outside. The air was thick with the scent of aged whiskey and the murmur of hushed conversations. Iris slid onto a stool at the bar, ordering a drink with a casual ease that suggested familiarity.

The bartender, a grizzled man with lines etched deep into his face, studied her for a moment before pouring a glass of amber liquid. "Haven't seen you around here before," he remarked, wiping a glass with a rag that had seen better days.

Iris smiled a practiced expression that revealed nothing. "I'm new in town," she replied, her voice a melody that floated above the ambient noise.

The bartender raised an eyebrow, a silent question lingering in the air. Iris leaned in as if sharing a secret. "I'm here to find something, or perhaps someone," she whispered, her eyes reflecting the dim light like polished obsidian.

The bartender chuckled, a low rumble that seemed to vibrate through the wooden counter. "Well, good luck with that. This city's a maze, and not everyone who enters finds what they're looking for." As Iris sipped her drink, she watched the patrons around her, each nursing their desires and secrets. In this sea of faces, she felt a strange connection, as if she could unravel the threads of their lives with a single glance. It was a gift, or perhaps a curse, that she had carried with her for as long as she could remember.

As the night wore on, Iris learned of lost loves, stolen dreams, broken promises, and hidden ambitions. Each tale was a brushstroke in the mural of the city's collective identity, and she absorbed them all like a sponge, her own identity shifting and evolving with each narrative she encountered.

One man, a musician with calloused fingertips and a heart heavy with the weight of unfulfilled dreams, shared his story with Iris. His name was Alex, and his gaze held a longing that transcended the boundaries of the bar. "I came here chasing a melody," he confessed his words a haunting melody in themselves. "But the city swallowed it whole, and now I'm just a ghost of the musician I used to be."

Iris listened, her empathy a silent force that connected her to the man's pain. In that moment, she became a vessel for his sorrow, a receptacle for the fragments of his shattered identity. And as he spoke, she felt a peculiar sensation—a merging of souls, a dance of shared essence that left both irrevocably changed.

The night deepened, and the bar emptied, leaving only Iris and Alex in the dimly lit space. The bartender, having closed up shop, nodded at them as he left, leaving the two solitary figures alone in the fading glow of the neon sign outside.

“I should go,” Alex said, his eyes reflecting the vulnerability he had bared to this mysterious stranger. “But thank you for listening. It’s rare to find someone who truly hears.”

Iris nodded, a silent acknowledgment of the unspoken bond they had forged in the span of a conversation. As Alex disappeared into the night, Iris remained her mind a swirling tempest of emotions and memories not entirely her own.

In the days that followed, Iris continued her journey through the city, her encounters with its inhabitants becoming a kaleidoscope of identities. She wore the face of a street artist, painting murals on forgotten walls; the guise of a librarian lost in the labyrinth of ancient texts; the mask of a dancer, moving in rhythm with the city’s heartbeat.

With each persona, Iris delved deeper into the city’s soul, uncovering its secrets and hidden truths. Yet, as she immersed herself in the lives of others, she felt a growing disquiet—a nagging question that lingered at the edge of her consciousness.

Who was she, beyond the masks she wore?

In a moment of introspection, Iris found herself standing on the rooftop of a forgotten building, the city spread out below like a tapestry of lights. The distant hum of traffic and the soft murmur of voices reached her ears, but she felt strangely detached as if she were an observer peering through a veil of borrowed identities.

The city, with its shifting shadows and elusive identities, mirrored her internal struggle. Iris longed for a clarity that seemed forever out of reach, a singular thread in the tangled tapestry of her existence. She couldn’t escape the feeling that she was chasing a phantom, a reflection that slipped through her fingers like water.

As the days turned into weeks, Iris found herself drawn to the outskirts of the city, where the neon lights dimmed, and the echoes of urban life faded into the stillness of forgotten alleyways. Here, in the quiet corners, she encountered a different facet of the city—an identity hidden from the bustling streets and crowded bars.

In a small café tucked away from the prying eyes of the metropolis, Iris met an old woman with silver hair that cascaded like a waterfall down her shoulders. The woman’s eyes held a wisdom born of countless seasons, and her voice carried the weight of stories untold. She introduced herself as Clara, a keeper of forgotten tales.

“You seek answers, child,” Clara said, her gaze piercing through the layers of Iris’s borrowed personas. “But the answers you seek are not in the stories of others. They lie within the silent spaces of your own heart.”

Iris listened, her curiosity piqued by the enigmatic words of the old woman. Clara spoke of the city as a living entity, a reflection of the collective soul of its inhabitants. “To know the city, you must first know yourself,” she whispered, her words like a gentle breeze that rustled the leaves of an ancient tree.

In the following days, Iris became a regular visitor to Clara’s café, drawn by the magnetic pull of the old woman’s presence. With each conversation, Clara unraveled the layers of Iris’s identity, peeling back the masks to reveal the vulnerable core beneath.

“You are a seeker.”

The Joy of Childhood

by *Dina Inderlee*

Outside dirt mounds, a second childhood home
Tonka trucks full of mud used for ammunition
Triumphantly named King of the Hill
A crown of twigs to adorn my matted blond hair

Victory on the battlefield comes with a cost
A bath in cheap, lemony joy soap
My childish innocence ignorant of shampoo
Leaves a Gordian Knot of unconditioned hair

Walking the pictureless hall to the bedroom
A death row inmate to the grooming chair
Every yank of the torturous brush causing pain
My vocabulary grew as Mom curses

Our angry dance tries her saintly patience
One night snaps like twigs under heavy feet,
her war prize: my crown of golden blond hair
With sharpen blade tumbles helplessly to the floor

Immediate guilt descends for her to exorcise
She parades me around the neighborhood ladies
Pushing their long hair back to get a better look
A silent adult agreement—short hair is adorable

“See,” she smirks, “you look adorable”
I look at a face mixed in sadness and triumph
Our painful routine is over
As is my unfailing trust of those I love

Contributor Bios

Elizabeth Wadsworth Ellis' work is currently published in *Literary Reviews*. Elizabeth twirls her pencil like the orchestra conductor's baton.

Tom Folske is finishing his bachelor's degree in creative writing from Metro this spring, with no certainty on when he will start to pursue his master's. He is married, with four children, and three black cats. "The Paper" will be Tom's seventeenth published, or currently being published short story. Throughout 2024, Tom Folske's work is scheduled to appear in anthologies from Jersey Pines Ink, Theaker Quarterly Fiction, Gaping Maw Publications, Celtic Frog Publishing, House of Loki Publications, and Critical Blast Publishing.

Tara Flaherty Guy is a free-lance writer living in Saint Paul. Her work has been published in *Saint Paul Almanac*, *Talking Stick Journal*, *Exposed Brick Literary Journal*, *Emerge Literary Magazine*, and *Longridge Review* among others. Guy has a BA in Creative Writing from Metro State in Saint Paul, where she lives with her husband and four deeply entitled cats.

Jonathan Hiatt has been involved with and published in several issues of *Haute Dish* since 2017. Jonathan completed his Bachelor of Arts in English from Metro State in December 2020. His favorite author is John Steinbeck.

Dina Inderlee is an employee at Metro State and a lifelong learner. She decided on a Creative Writing degree after she discovered her love of writing while remote working during COVID by starting a blog for coworkers to keep them connected and entertained with crazy stories about life working at home and insane thoughts of the day.

Kenchi Lo is a junior at Metro State Anticipated graduation date of 2025 Kenchi has a deep interest in the spiritual aspects of life. He has had near death experiences and transformed his life through fasting and meditation. Coming to terms with the trauma and challenges he has faced. Clearing a path to his passions of fitness, spirituality and health.

Ron Miller works in the Metro State University mailroom, Saint Paul campus. In his free time he likes reading, writing, drawing, and jogging. Favorite authors are Borges, Calvino, Barthelme, Woolf, and Gertrude Stein.

Peng Moua has been creating art for over 6 years now; dabbling and experiencing many different art mediums. Inspiration of the piece "Stalking" comes from the fact that, as civilization is getting closer to environments inhabited by wildlife, it's

inevitable that conflicts between man and wildlife will happened. The piece is a combination of photography and digital spacing, and presents a dangerous situation without adding gruesome details.

Zach Keali'i Murphy is a 2012 graduate of Metro State's Screenwriting program. He lives with his wonderful wife, Kelly, in Saint Paul, Minnesota.

Claire Stone will be graduating from Metro State University in spring of 2024 with a degree in individualized studies, a focus on art, writing, and holistic health, and minors in both philosophy and religious studies. She received a certificate in creative writing from Anoka Ramsey Community College in spring of 2021. In her spare time, she enjoys gardening, playing music, and spending time in nature with her family.

Erik Suchy is an aspiring writer hailing from the deep, shrouded Midwest suburban netherworlds of North St. Paul, Minnesota. A 2021 graduate of Metro State University's Liberal Arts program, he holds a B.A. in Creative Writing and a list of rejection letters that continuously inspire him to keep his fingers tapping away at the keyboard, hour in, and hour out.

Sarah A. Thompson (pen name: Sarah Adina) is currently a student in the college of business, majoring in Operations and Supply Chain Management, so that one day she can manage her own creative business. Sarah has always been a passionate storyteller and will be publishing her first fantasy novel this year, 2024, "Elemental Origins: Water's Gambit (book 1 of 4)". Sarah also has a Patreon account where she shares her art and writing.

Izzy Wagner is a dedicated future leader in advocating for positive changes in the lives of foster youth. She is pursuing a Human Services degree focusing on Political Advocacy which will help her advocate for policy reforms and manage organizations serving foster youth while actively engaging with advocacy groups in Minnesota and beyond.

Weerakwong Xiong, at the moment, is majoring in Individualized Studies and has been taking classes to meet the required 10 goals. He plans on changing his major Spring semester 2024. He is Hmong-American, 20 years old, and has four brothers and two sisters. This semester, he is taking four courses, three of them being writing classes. He likes writing what he is feeling and to recount memories to shape into poems.

Haute Dish publishes two issues per year (Spring and Fall), and is dedicated to showcasing the literary and artistic talents of students, faculty, and alumni of Metro State University.

Categories for publication include: poetry, short fiction, creative non-fiction, memoir, personal essay, and visual arts (photography, drawing/painting, mixed media, and so on).

Who may submit? Current students, staff, faculty, and alumni are all welcome to submit their work for both Spring and Fall issues.

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