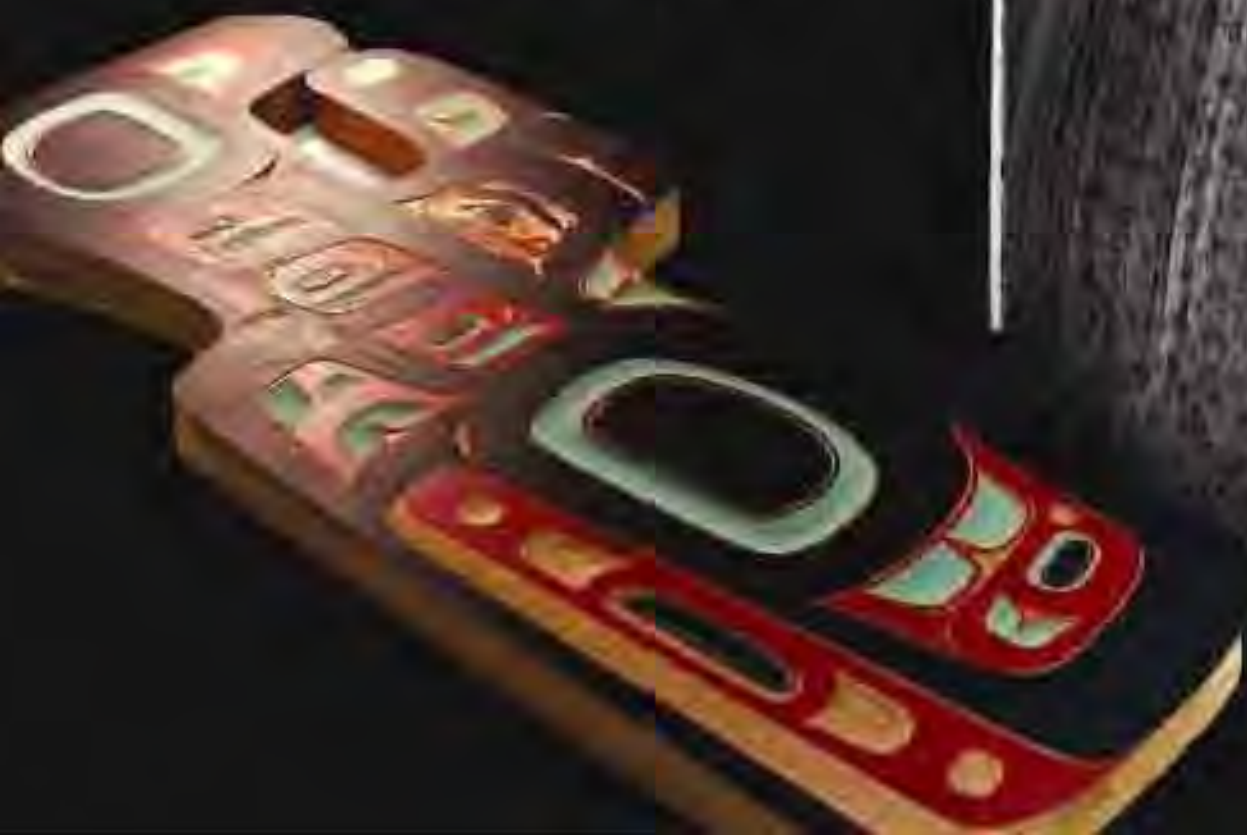


Tidal Echoes presents an annual showcase of writers and artists who share one thing in common: a life surrounded by the rainforests and waterways of Southeast Alaska

**UAS** UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA  
SOUTHEAST  
*learn · engage · change*

CAPITAL CITY  
**weekly**



TIDAL ECHOES | UAS LITERARY & ARTS JOURNAL 2011

# TIDAL ECHOES

UAS  
LITERARY & ARTS  
JOURNAL 2011

A publication of the University of Alaska Southeast  
and Capital City Weekly

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## A Note From Kaleigh Lambert

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*Tidal Echoes* 2011 is here! After some late nights, early mornings, excessive amounts of caffeine, and way too much chocolate, we are proud to present this beautiful journal to you all. Please let me take a moment to thank some of the wonderful people who helped make this possible.

I cannot say enough how much I appreciate Emily Wall and all she has done for me. Emily, you have mentored me through my writing, encouraged me beyond words, and given me a newer, stronger desire to pursue my passion. I am still inspired by your love for this project, and I thank you so much for allowing me to take part in it (and your chocolate stash).

I have the pleasure of leaving the post of senior editor in the capable hands of Thomas Bay. Thomas, I loved working with you this year! I was so impressed by your ability not only to stay organized and on top of everything, but to drive with a giant boot on that broken leg and somehow walk faster than me even though you're on crutches! I can't wait to see what you do with the journal next year ... I'll be watching, muhaha ... no pressure.

Andy Lounsbury (please don't tell him I said any of this) did an incredible job as the fall intern. Not only is he an exceptional writer, but his hard work and dedication to *Tidal Echoes* set the stage for the creation of this beautiful book you hold in your hands.

Thank you very much to Katie Spielberger and *Capital City Weekly*. Your continued support has helped this journal grow. The excitement and dedication Katie puts into *Tidal Echoes* is so valued by those of us who work on the project.

I extend my deepest thanks to this year's editorial board. Thank you so much for taking the time to work on this project with us. Your expertise was invaluable in putting this journal together.

Virginia Berg: simply put, you are incredible: the superwoman of the Humanities department. Without your knowledge and assistance we would be lost. I owe you my sanity!

Thank you very much Chancellor John Pugh and Vice-Chancellor Carol Griffin for your support. The opportunities and learning experiences I received through *Tidal Echoes* are some of the most valuable of my college career and I thank you for that. I know that all those involved in the project in the past and future share the same feelings.

I would also like to thank Dr. Dan Julius, the University of Alaska Vice-President of Academic Affairs. Thanks to Dr. Julius *Tidal Echoes* received a UA Foundation Grant. This grant represents one more step in the growth of this incredible journal.

A special thank you to our featured writer and artist Heather Lende and Nicholas Galanin. It was a pleasure to work with you both. Thank you for sharing your talent with us. I know the readers and those published alongside you appreciate it as much as we do.

Above all, I need to say thank you to the people of Southeast Alaska. You have allowed readers to view this region through your eyes. I have grown to love this place even more thanks to the beautiful people who love it so much. Thank you for opening my eyes and heart, and for helping me to fall in love with Southeast Alaska.

Kaleigh Lambert  
Senior Editor

## A Note From Thomas Bay

---

As a long-time resident of Juneau, Alaska, I am honored to be a part of the *Tidal Echoes* family. Working on this journal has introduced me to the writers and artists of Southeast Alaska. The communities found in this part of the state offer us so much more than people think. They present us with their views of the world, whether expressed in words or art. Those views enable us to gain access to the brilliant minds of our next door neighbors. I am talking about you, the kid down the street, and those from small villages such as Angoon or Hydaburg. You are what makes this journal possible. A special thanks to all of you.

Having the opportunity to put a literary journal together has been nothing short of amazing. Being a student, I have taken many writing classes. I have read literary journals and analyzed their poetry and short stories, but I have never been on the other side before. Putting this journal together has expanded my knowledge of literature and given me more respect for the industry as a whole. I have found that, as individuals in this community, Southeast Alaskans are incredibly diverse—and it definitely shows in *Tidal Echoes*. This journal has been an amazing learning experience, and I am very proud of what we accomplished in this year's edition.

The one person I owe my internship to is Professor Emily Wall. You opened me up to this opportunity, Emily, and without you I would not be here. Not only are you a remarkable woman, but an outstanding teacher, and individual, in general. I am proud to say that I am better off in life since I met you. You have taught me many things as a student of literature. And while those things are remarkable, you have taught me something else. You may not know it, but you have taught me a lot about respect. More than I thought I already knew. And it is because of you that I am a better person. Let us not forget that without you there would be no journal either. So, I say thank you very much Professor Wall for broadening my perspective on life and helping bring this journal to fruition.

It was a pleasure working alongside Kaleigh Lambert during this process. Kaleigh, I thought when I became accepted to this internship that I was going to be nervous because of your experience versus what little I knew about this publication. I do not see you as a boss. Instead, I see you as more of a friend, someone I worked with, but instead of it feeling like work it felt like I was hanging out with a friend, getting work done. I had a blast and am grateful for your guidance during these months. It would have been extremely difficult without you.

I would like to thank the editorial board for taking time out of your schedules to aid us on this project. Your professional demeanor and wisdom concerning the arts are invaluable. I would like to send a special thanks to Virginia Berg, who goes beyond everybody's expectations and always comes out with a solution for any question or problem that might occur. You are amazing.

Thank you *Capital City Weekly* and Katie Spielberger for helping us create this journal. Our partnership is priceless to us here at the university. You are an integral part of this process. I am looking forward to next year's edition.

A great thank you to Chancellor John Pugh. It is your annual dedication to *Tidal Echoes* that shows how much you really care about the University of Alaska Southeast, its students, and faculty.

I would like to end by thanking this year's featured writer, Heather Lende, and artist, Nicholas Galanin. You show us that people with special talents are all around us. You give people someone to learn from. They will think, "Hey, if they can do it, so can I." It is each of your individual efforts that truly makes this journal exceptional. Thank you to everybody who has been a part of this year's edition of *Tidal Echoes*. Without any of you we would not be where we are now.

Thomas Bay  
Junior Editor

## A Note From Andy Lounsbury

---

10010 Thanks. Seriously. 10010. Start counting.

I'll start by throwing my props in the general vicinity of everyone who submitted to *Tidal Echoes*, whether you made it into the journal or not. You're the bread and butter (even better: the cheese on the sandwich) of Southeast, and this bloody awesome publication would scarcely, nay—never reach the lower levels of “kinda nifty” without you. I sincerely hope you continue to send us your work—if you do, I confidently predict future editions of *Tidal Echoes* will surpass the awesomeness of beer.

Props should also be given to everyone who bought, read, stole from a friend, or casually flipped through any copy of *Tidal Echoes*. Writing is nothing without readers. Artwork is pointless without someone to appreciate it. You're the Joker to our Batman—only without the homicidal tendencies and seriously creepy smile, and we promise not to have any of you arrested.

Emily Wall and Virginia Berg deserve more thanks than I can articulate. The two of them can make even the most stressful and difficult jobs easier than finding rain in Juneau. If I had a nickel for every time they salvaged my sanity from the depths of the literary abyss, I'd be really rich, pay off my student loans, and be just as poor as I am now.

Ten thousand and one separate thanks to the wonderful people of Southeast, in particular to Katie Spielberger and Richard Radford of *Capital City Weekly*, Amy Fletcher of the *Juneau Empire*, Jeff Brown of KTOO radio, Jennifer Vernon, Grace Lumba and Kate Laster of the UAS Media Club, Christy Eriksen, and the amazing faculty of all the UAS campuses. Whether it be providing an interview, drafting an article, allowing me to visit classes, or helping me shamelessly promote our beloved collection of brilliance, they made my job a lot easier. And of course there are the countless community members who either allowed me to obnoxiously post flyers or agreed to do it themselves. I'm really rather scrawny, and your assistance saved me from riding my thirty dollar bike around until I collapsed. Many thanks to ye.

Our editorial board is pretty much what King Arthur had in mind when he came up with the Round Table, and you have done an amazing job yet again. Kaleigh Lambert (even though she's really short) and Tom Bay (even though he's kinda crippled) have done a great job as well, and if I could grade them I'd give them both a C, but only because it'd really annoy them.

Finally, I'd like to thank Nicholas Galanin and Heather Lende for agreeing to be our featured artist and writer. Their work, insight, and advice is greatly appreciated and gives hope to the struggling and aspiring students, artists, and writers of Southeast, as a shining example of how the real world isn't as scary as I think it is.

Andy Lounsbury

*Tidal Echoes* Fall Intern (see also: Emily's slave)

## A Note From Emily Wall

---

Welcome to the 2011 issue of *Tidal Echoes*! We are grateful and delighted to bring you the 9th edition of Southeast Alaska's literary and art journal. The book you hold in your hands is a remarkable account of lives lived in this archipelago of islands—of the writers and artists who live here, what they believe in, fear, hope for, imagine, and think about on a daily basis. It's such a joy to see these pages and to be part of this community.

This year's editors are Kaleigh Lambert, Tom Bay, and Andy Lounsbury. Their passion and commitment is evident in these pages. One of my favorite parts of this job is watching the creativity and personal stamp that each of the students brings to the journal. This journal is the product of their vision and hard work.

We'd like to thank Dr. Dan Julius, University of Alaska Vice-President of Academic Affairs, for his support. Through him, *Tidal Echoes* was awarded a UA Foundation Grant that has enabled us to strengthen the regionality and quality of this journal.

I would like to offer a special thanks to Chancellor John Pugh and Vice-Chancellor Carol Griffin for their support of the journal. Their financial support makes this journal possible. Provost Richard Caulfield has been a major supporter of the journal in the last year, and we are grateful for the help he's given us in making the journal better known.

UAS partners with *Capital City Weekly* to produce this journal. Katie Spielberger, the Managing Editor, puts an enormous amount of time and enthusiasm into this journal. The beautiful design work is thanks to her.

I'd like to offer thanks to my colleagues in the English and Art departments who volunteered their time and expertise on the editorial board: Professors Sol Neely, Ernestine Hayes, Sara Minton, Karen Mitchell, Claudia Wakefield, Nina Chordas, Pedar Dalthorp, Jeremy Kane, and Liz Dodd. Without your work, this journal could not exist.

I want to thank especially Heather Lende and Nicholas Galanin, this year's featured writer and artist. We have deeply enjoyed working with and learning from both of them. We hope you'll love their work as much as we do.

And last, but certainly not least, a thousand thanks and an enormous box of chocolate to Virginia Berg who truly holds this entire project (and all of us) together. We'd be lost without her.

We would like to invite all of you who are living in Southeast Alaska to submit next year. We look forward to seeing what you will be writing, painting, spinning, and sculpting in the coming year!

Emily Wall  
Faculty Advisor



Joel Mundy, *Sub 5*, Digital Photography

## Another Morning like This

Every morning before coffee before  
phone calls before names fill every line in the book  
I lean out the window and look across the water.  
The moon trails stars across the sound  
as morning climbs into the lap of day,  
watery and cool.  
Somewhere the sun hangs hotly  
in a blood orange sky, but not here.  
At the fishing supply store they know this  
without even glancing out the window  
and at the coffee shop  
people sit wrapped in scarves, holding  
their hats in their laps.

At the harbor boats weave on their ropes  
passing the tide back and forth like a shuttle.  
Last summer I went out on a boat like that one, there,  
the sails open like white scarves,  
the saltwater tossing out little white caps,  
the wind and the sun ricocheting off the waves,  
bouncing into my lap again and again.

That day, drenched in warmth and salt,  
I could not imagine there would ever  
be another morning like this  
when I would lean out the window, lean into  
the last tasseled light of the moon,  
all of the world around me silent  
while back in town people hunched over their coffee  
cupping heat like lightning in bare hands.

## This Year in Haiku (a poem for you)

Snowflakes become snow-  
men. You gotta bundle up,  
baby, don't get sick.

I've got the fever  
in my hips. Power from the  
flowers. I'm alive  
when you kiss me on  
the beach. Bright night for cruise ships.  
Share a summer ale.

We drink until we  
fall in love. Pour a little  
more for these dark winds.

## Clean Getaway

The uniformed staff nods to me in the elevators; they speak politely in the hallway. To them I am a regular businessman. I wear wool dress slacks and a camelhair blazer—a bit conspicuous perhaps, but one can only be so regular. I carry a thin black briefcase. No chain connects me to the briefcase, but I still carry it with three fingers, my forefinger free to hook around a chain if one was there.

The corridors of the building are long and cavernous and rooms off the corridors are designed for privacy. Even the uniformed workers seldom know exactly what takes place behind the closed doors. This has advantages for discreetness, perhaps for security.

The prizes that are the subject of this brief account are routinely stacked, bullion style, on stainless steel pushcarts. Each individual bar is enveloped in paper upon which the seal of the great house is embossed. The cart, accompanied by uniformed staff, transports the prizes from a central depository to the individual rooms.

I know the general schedule and course of the metal cart on the floor where I concentrate my attention, but the routes and the schedules vary slightly from day to day. Breaking the code is impossible because there is no code. The carts are almost always attended by uniformed staff. Almost is the key word. For my caper to work, the cart has to be unattended for an unguarded moment.

The day I get my chance is not unlike many others. With my briefcase in hand, I walk down the corridor toward the elevators. A silence pervades the hallway and an antiseptic smell hangs in the air. I round a corner and there it is, a cart stacked with booty partially blocking an open doorway. The attendant must have stepped inside.

I restrain myself from a quick move. First I punch the “down” button near the elevator. An illuminated circle reveals the elevator is five floors down and ascending. I move quickly along the wall toward the cart. The little prizes lie there, stacked neatly, the emblems obvious. I open my briefcase and shift it to my left hand. A chain would have prevented this. I grab one of the bars and slid it into the briefcase. No one is in sight. I am on the verge of grabbing a small plastic container of shampoo when the maid steps from the room. The logo of the hotel is emblazoned on her uniform on the slope of her left breast. She is somewhat startled to find me standing near the cart, but I am sure she can’t see the soap in my briefcase. The elevator doors open. I flash a smile and step in quickly. The doors slides shut and I am gone—cleanly.

## On Prince of Wales Island

There is snow up on those hills, resting like a lacy shawl  
Over the shoulders of the scrappy little evergreens,  
And filling the valleys between elderberry and devil's club.  
It seems like maybe I could go walking up there,  
If I had boots as big as the open sky. But right now  
I'm down here, driving in the rain. My little blue car  
Clings fiercely to the bare wet pavement, and the part of me  
That obeys traffic signs is glad the road is clear.

I pass my third log truck. The evergreens ride quietly in the back,  
Still in formation, with elbows, knees and shoulders neatly trimmed.  
Soon, the road will turn to gravel, and I will have to slow down.

## Researching in the Woods

How do the Tlingit people know when is the time to gather weaving material?

One weaver said,

*"When spring arrives."*

What if we harvest spruce roots at a different time?

*"The roots are no good in summer and winter."*

Can science support the spruce root condition by measuring soil temperature and moisture?

Beginning in March 2010, six measuring temperature devices set in the woods.

Every month, went to sites to make sure devices still there.

April... All of them still in place.

But grass grew very fast so devices were covered.

May... Two of the devices disappeared, possibly taken by ravens.

Spruce smelled fresh and sweet.

Picked spruce tip and made spruce tip syrup.

Devices quietly remained in place, glowing shyly.

June... Set two devices in different location.

Dug in thick green moss,

Looked for roots,

Put moss back on the ground.

*"Thank you for your roots.*

*Your roots will become a beautiful basket."*

Found full blossom of nagoon.

July... Nagoon berries not ready.

Devices quietly remained in place, glowing shyly.

August... Nagoons berries almost ready to pick.

Made nagoon pancakes for breakfast.

September... Rainy season arrived.

After rain and rain, many mushrooms grew under the spruce.

Moss began to grow on the ground.

Squirrels were busy collecting spruce cones.

Devices quietly remained in place, glowing shyly.



Linda Blefgen, *Blueberry*. Photography



Sara Boesser, *Nightfall*. Digital Photography



Patrice Helmar, *Ansser the Subway Minstrel*. Polaroid Photography



Patrice Helmar, *Clair on the Bus*. Polaroid Photography

## Reading the Waves

I only see the whitecaps  
The tide fighting the wind  
The chop and spray  
And the buck of the boat

But you see a place  
Where you caught  
Twenty soaker kings  
In nineteen fifty one

I would have bailed  
Two hours ago,  
Gone inside the point  
And put my feet up

You smile, lines flinch  
And the hydraulics hum  
And the blood and scales  
Paint the penboards

The waves are churning  
And the swell deepens  
But the storm holds off  
Just long enough

## An Interview with Nicholas Galanin



Nicholas Galanin, *I Killed an Indian Today*. Photography

How does a college intern prepare to interview an artist as talented as Nicholas Galanin? Stalking him on Facebook. There's probably a social commentary in there somewhere. After that, I had to find a way to do justice to an artist who has seen, studied, and experienced both sides of the international dateline, which is pretty much impossible for a kid who has never left the west coast. What's much easier is to relish the chance to gain insight from a creative mind the likes of which you don't come across too often.

**AL:** How did you first get interested in art? When did you decide you wanted to do it for a living?

**NG:** I became interested in art while watching my father and uncle work. I quit my job at 18 realizing I wanted my work to be my passion, creating.

## Indian River

Rain speckled water  
Mallards and mergansers sleep  
Heads beneath their wings



Amanda Trainor, *Underworld*. Charcoal



Linda Blefgen, *Winter Raven Totem*. Photography

## Tactical Warfare

About a week ago, my boyfriend expressed the first hints of an interest in getting to know my family. We drove together down a dark, sloppy stretch of the North Douglas highway one night after classes; he held my hand and dutifully pretended not to judge me when I took my eyes off the road to glance at a missed call with a 970 area code in the cell phone I keep nestled safely—and irresponsibly—between my knees. When I told him about the message my mother had left me earlier that afternoon about a job or a house or a business venture that had been the latest in a long series of “it fell through”s, he squeezed my fingers and grunted in a way that I can only assume was affirmative. If I’d been a lesser woman, I might’ve swerved off the road at so keen a display of interest, and would have, if not for the realization that I’d be far more likely to die alone before I found another athletic English major who liked most of my music and wouldn’t eventually cheat on me with another man. I settled for buying him a beer with the last two nickels we were saving to rub together.

Every lasting relationship has one final make-or-break moment that each respective partner forces themselves to keep on the shelf until the last possible moment, a sort of dysfunctional grand finale. Whether it’s a hidden personality flaw, a secret habit or a light dabbling into necrophilia, every person has that one quirk or imperfection that will send all but the most respectable partners running for the hills. There’s no greater anthem of personal faith and dedication than a partner who comes out the other side of that imperfection without trying to have their loved one arrested. My brother’s fiancé, for instance, is so fundamentally unable to express when something is upsetting her that she makes Vietnam veterans look like bearded crybabies. It took him years to come to terms with her emotional unavailability with regards to her own needs, but when he did, he knew there was nothing else about her that could possibly shake him.

For my brothers and me, that final gauntlet that will ultimately separate the weak from the strong is family. My older brother, Jeff, and I are reluctant to bring up the scars, skeletons and trashy embarrassments that helped to shape our younger selves, and Cooper, at eighteen, is already beginning to understand the herd of elephants living in our collective room. Between the three of us, we have sixty-six years of experience with the tiny, Hispanic typhoon that is my mother—a miracle of science, given that she’s only recently celebrated her forty-seventh birthday. In that time, we’ve experienced everything that comes with living in a storm region. We saw families ripped apart, dove from comfortable living to virtual impoverishment overnight and relocated-relocated-relocated in the sort of cooperative experience that I imagine would be tremendously uplifting if it wasn’t happening to me.

I’ve come to view a new man’s innocent first-date query about my family as some kind of tactical missile on par with how many people I’ve slept with or whether or not I’d ever vote for a third party candidate. In that paralyzing moment where I’m forced to make the harrowing decision of pelting him with croutons or diving under the table, a series of increasingly traumatic moments flash through my head in rapid-fire fast-forward. Now, I’m not talking about the physical and emotional abuse the three of us endured at hands of my mother’s alcoholic second husband, the constant moving and uprooting, the routine abjection or her all but abandoning me at seventeen so she could live with a boyfriend who was only fourteen months older than my brother. Even at my tender age I

## You Bring Out the Korean Adoptee in Me

after Sandra Cisneros's *You Bring Out the Mexican in Me*

You bring out the Korean Adoptee in me.  
The snowdrift eyelids.  
The unripe peach arms.  
The knee jerk kisses I take and save for rainy days.  
You know.

You bring out the red button heart in me.  
The flashcard Korean nouns in me.  
The message in a bottle but the bottle broke.  
The fancy chopsticks.

The five year old Asian bob with perfect curled bangs in me.  
All my pink dresses, every laced hem, every inch of frill  
every warm white tight in me. You bring out  
the tacky bling  
in my iris.

You bring out the frozen stir fry vegetables and soy sauce in me.  
The four inch, no,  
two inch heels so I still look good and you still look tall in me.  
The fourth Killian and sloppy secrets in me.  
The Dance Dance Revolution in me.

You,  
You bring out the airplane in me.  
The flame start turbine jet stream flight in me.  
The Pacific, in tablespoons, in me.  
The quake of migration,  
the tsunami of children.

Our mothers' treasure chest memories  
sunken to the bottom of their throats.  
The family tree with ghost branches.

The hum  
of trains pumping below the pavement skin,  
the hum  
of one woman singing *ariyang* into the dusk room of  
twenty one babies not her own,  
lives paused on lullabies.

## The Heritage of Adam

The school nurse slipped the white robe over Adam Wolczyk's head. From the other side of the heavy door, the tumbling roar of overlapping voices fell like waves before a storm. The rest of the Stokes Elementary Boys Choir jostled and poked at each other as they were all in turn robed. The nurse looked them over, vainly smoothing down an uncontrollable cowlick poking from the top of one boy's head, removing a baseball cap from another and tossing it onto the pile of winter coats in the corner. She sized them up again. They were ready. Without a word, the nurse slipped out the door and shut it behind her.

Some of them horsed around, but Adam kept his eyes fixed on the floor and shivered. He wasn't nervous about the performance. They had practiced the songs to the point where he couldn't get them out of his head. The audience was what scared him. As the school bus had pulled up to the Governor's Mansion, he had looked through the foggy window at the long line of people wrapped around the building, loosely corralled by a couple of dark figures with guns hanging off their hips, the air filled with frozen puffs. The glowing façade of the Mansion, every window burning, loomed above them. Somewhere in there the governor was getting ready too, and Adam knew that he would be watching them, would be getting ready to shake all of their hands. For a moment Adam wondered if the governor was worried about meeting them, the line of strangers. No, adults don't think about those things, the school counselor had once told him.

The nurse appeared again and ushered the boys out.

"Remember to *behave*," she said to them as they filed out. "Your families are all out there. Behave like *gentlemen*." Adam felt like the admonishment was directed at him. They were pushed into tiered rows on one side of the hall just like they had stood countless times in the small music room at school. The shimmering entry was filled with milling bodies, and Adam's eyes sailed along the expansive foyer. Men in black jackets and ties flitted around with trays of steaming paper cups and cookies, offering the hors d'oeuvres to the pink-faced visitors. Relatives waved from a semicircle of metal folding chairs, and a group of dads with video equipment stood stock still, peering at the choir through their impenetrable lenses.

Adam looked around the room for a familiar face. He finally spotted his grandmother, whose metronomic arm was oscillating at him from a corner. He waved back to her under his robe, and then continued to scan the crowd. He couldn't see the governor, but the place was packed with people, and the spaces between them were filled in with sparkling decorations. There was too much to see, too much repeated imagery, like one of those puzzle books where the goal is to find someone specific in an oppressive jumble of activity.

The nurse stepped before them, lifted her hands, and they began to sing. The cracked, high voices fell out into dissonance at first, but as they gained confidence and slid into the groove of repetition, it felt underwhelming to Adam, identical to all of the hours of practice. The audience moaned in appreciation occasionally, but many of the visitors streamed through quickly, nibbling at cookies and sipping cider as they rounded towards the exit. When the governor finally appeared at the head of the stairs, everyone craned their necks around, and many vacated their seats. The bank of lenses turned away. Adam's voice fell a bit, as did those of his peers, and the nurse waved her arms

## Search Engine

I found my mother online today,  
Age 58, white.  
Address, children, ex-husband(s).  
Woman defined in simple terms,  
by paper-trail connections.  
Yet she is complex, ornate, confusing.  
She is undefinable.

She is a BMW, a swimsuit with cut-out sides,  
a beach dancer with twisted feet.  
She is chanting in the middle of India.  
She is baby-voiced when wanting,  
bitch-fire when mad,  
she is a chain of disappointments,  
a nurse with cigarette hands.  
She is a psych ward, a raven-haired beauty,  
a ring-laden fist punching my eye.  
She is smoking Virginia Slims,  
she is dating rich men.  
She is golden bangles, Safari perfume,  
crimson lipstick slashed across tight lips,  
she is starving us,  
she is drinking black tea.

The Internet forgot, in its black Helvetica,  
to include these things,  
to encompass the full rainbow of woman,  
Age 58, white.  
Undefinable.  
Ornate.

## Color Guard

Their names were Raven clan, like mine. I knew them from growing up in Hoonah. It was during World War Two. The U. S. Coast Guard put all kinds of restrictions on all of us in Southeast Alaska who had a boat. We couldn't go on the outer coast. We couldn't go to our winter camp, which was on the outer coast, north of the lighthouse at Cape Spencer. Most of our king salmon trollers trolled outside on the coast on the way to Sitka, but we could no longer go there. None of us who earned our livelihood on the outer coast going north or south could do it any more.

So we found inland waterways to camp. Our Marks family went to Idaho Inlet, just on the inside of the outside water. We also went to Elfin Cove.

We were anchored at Elfin Cove. We had our American flag flying from our mast. This was a Coast Guard requirement. We all had flags.

The two Raven guys anchored nearby had their flag. Their boat was almost thirty feet long. Whatever they made from fishing wasn't enough to buy a flag, but they found one that belonged to the grandfather of one of the guys. It must have been eighteen or twenty feet long. They wanted to pay it respect. One of them was a genius with musical instruments. He would come out on the back deck and play his trumpet while the other raised the flag.

This was great, except the activity brought everyone who observed it to tears of laughter. When the flag reached the top of the mast, the end was sweeping the surface of the Pacific.

The Coast Guard got in on the act and stopped it.

## Red Dogs and Onions

*—for Tag Eckles (aka Prof. Phineas Poon,  
whom I preferred to call Euphonious,  
May 24, 1950 - July 26, 2009),  
for John Wilson, and for the  
Juneau Fencing Club in general*

I think of Liberace  
playing to casino  
crowds to make a living:

and our local cronies,  
competent musicians all,  
inspired composers

donning summer garters,  
masks of gold rush drama,  
playing on the sawdust floors

as general practitioners  
of song, dosing out scandal  
to waves of aging tourists

deposited to ply  
Alaskan streets by ship loads,  
as much as they can take,

or as their needs require,  
where sleaze becomes nostalgia  
for a reinvented past.

*—Read at Tag's memorial, Juneau September 19, 2009*

## Ravens Rue the Day

The ravens on Seward Street  
sit atop the buildings-  
with downcast eyes fixed,  
intently waiting for a passerby  
to toss out a crumb of breakfast.  
Silverbow, if they are fortunate.  
Simultaneously, the Viking barkeep emerges  
from the establishment's swinging doors,  
like the Ace in all the Westerns-  
Donning an apron and packing a pail of discarded peanut shells.  
Remnants from the night before.  
The acrid morsels scatter across the pavement.  
And the Front Street ravens indulge in a happy delirium.  
While their brothers on Seward Street rue the day.

## King

Line sings to the incoming deep while a chartreuse spoon spins  
behind a wobbling attractor. Your skiff follows the rip.  
Beyond the reef, a bait ball schools  
when the trolling rod jerks like a witching stick scenting water.  
You lunge for the pole. He's already hooked, moving in knots  
down deeper barely slowed by the hapless drag  
offering flight for the taking, but you're onto him  
from taking any compass direction for good, except up.  
When he scars the surface, then leaps above his only escape,  
you discover the fish not a Mormon jack,  
grateful this Chinook doesn't have wings.  
Another jarring run to the ocean floor, leaving barely enough line  
on the reel between bottom and a sky door,  
which he bolts for, bringing the best of the rest of what he's worth  
again airborne. He stays on top. Iridescent tail powers a drag stripping surface run  
off the bow. Then slack line and you're cranking in what heart he has left to live,  
hoping the barbed shank in his silver-blackened jaw  
remains planted long enough to lower the net,  
surround the fish and his shadow in web.



Anna Cramer, *Sitka Harbor at Sunset*. Photography



Wendy Girven, *Blue Glacier*. Photography



Courtney Wendel, *Sitka Blacktail in Fall Meadow*. Photography



Courtney Wendel, *Bull Orca*. Photography

# Nicholas Galanin

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*Tidal Echoes 2011 Featured Artist, Sitka*



Nicholas Galanin, *Strings*. Bronze, brass and guitar strings



Nicholas Galanin, *Killer Whale*. Sterling silver

## An Interview with Heather Lende

How does a lesser mortal go about interviewing Heather Lende? There's the traditional approach, where you do copious amounts of research, dutifully prepare an endless list of incredibly insightful questions, and sit down at a coffee shop to probe the mind of a genius. I've never been one for tradition, so I panicked a little, went through a short list of ridiculously shallow questions, panicked some more, and cried myself to sleep. Once I forced myself to remember that Heather's in the top 10 coolest people on the planet, things got a bit easier and, once my hands had stopped shaking, I had the privilege—nay—the pleasure—NAY—the honor of picking the brain of one of the finest writers around.

**AL:** Do you approach writing your books any differently than your blog or newspaper articles? Obviously the length and publishing process are different, but do you approach the writing any differently?

**HL:** I approach the books much differently. The work is much slower, for starters, and I have to see the bigger picture in a longer work. It takes more concentration, more notes, more revising. With the books, I work more closely with an editor, so there's more feedback as I revise, too. Book-length revising is a very different process from editing a short piece; it involves a different part of my brain, the hardboiled part. When I'm writing the stories down, I'm a softie; when I'm putting together a book, I'm not. The columns also go through a fairly thorough revision process, but the blog is much less formal—maybe just one or two passes, and that's it. At the same time, in all of my writing, I do my best to make it seem informal—to make it feel as if I hardly had to think about it. I believe that's why people like my writing—because it doesn't feel like it is coming from a writer, but just a regular person. You know?

**AL:** Living in a small town, do you ever actively choose not to write something?

**HL:** No, I don't. At the same time, I sometimes avoid issues that haven't been resolved. I wait until the dust has settled some—the old narrative distance idea. I wait until the time is right and my perspective adds to the understanding of it. At the same time, when I do write about that subject, I try to bring to it all the emotion of the initial event or moment or whatever. I find that writing about difficult things helps me (and thus others, I hope) sort out the reasons I feel the way I do, or even come up with a proper response.

**AL:** Have you ever decided to delay publishing something because of that small town dynamic?

**HL:** No. If I am not going to publish it, then I don't write it up as a story. I may save notes, though, and use something later. I wrote for the *Anchorage Daily News* for so many years, and so what is in newspapers has influenced my sense of propriety in terms of language, subject matter, and public exposure. People don't pick up a newspaper expecting the same kind of story they do in a literary journal. That history has made my writing perhaps more formal, and less confessional, than that of other writers.

**AL:** Obviously you have deadlines writing for a newspaper, but have you ever had a really intense

case of writer's block while working on your books or blog?

**HL:** I'll say no; but my family will say that's not true. I used to go half-crazy every week trying to come up with something to write. I should rephrase that. I never have trouble coming up with something to write; my trouble is finding a story from Haines, from the heart of the matter, that is somehow interesting or enlightening enough to be published in the newspaper—something more than a grocery list. Something that matters. That involves more than writing; it means paying attention, almost all the time, to both what is happening, and what it means. Also, I don't do this in a vacuum or alone, surfing the Internet. I do things; I'm involved with my community and family. I babysit my granddaughter, I'm a Hospice volunteer, a Big Sister, I sing in choir, go to church, serve on the library board, run and hike, visit my neighbors, and feed my chickens. The more you do, the more people you are around, the more there is to write about.

**AL:** How has working for a newspaper helped you deal with that?

**HL:** Working with deadlines is very good training for any writer, both with the time issue and with the space issue. Delivering what was asked for, say 800 words, on the day it is due, is huge. A regular column is pretty simple motivation. The other nice thing is that there was always a chance to redeem myself the next week if I fell flat.

**AL:** When you came to Juneau earlier this year, you mentioned you'd like to start writing fiction. Do you have any fictional pieces we should be looking forward to?

**HL:** Yes, I'm writing a novel. I am in the process of revising it a third time right now.

**AL:** Are there any writing techniques you use exclusively for fiction or nonfiction?

**HL:** Not really. I suppose in nonfiction I mostly use the first person point of view, and my narrator is my better self. You know, it's still me, but the thinking, writing me. My fiction, so far, is mostly third person. In nonfiction, I have to find meaning in the true story that really happens and tell it that way. In fiction, I have to make up a story that has something happen that has meaning and rings true. The main thing I do is read a lot, in both genres, and that helps me figure out how to write better.

**AL:** Are your approaches to writing the two genres different?

**HL:** No, not really. With the novel, I wrote 12 short stories set in the same place, with the same characters, and then strung them together, and cut and added scenes and characters to create an outline of a novel. Then I went to work and changed it all to make something new. With my nonfiction, I took essays and did roughly the same thing structure-wise. Whenever I write a column, the first draft is always a kind of conversation with a friend, and I write away for two or three times as long as I should until I figure out what the story is. Then I go back and edit and cut or add details to make it hold together as a much shorter, much more focused column. It grows from a letter to a "piece" in my mind, and so I switch hats and edit myself with that in mind. At least on good days that's what happens.

## Ruth's Last Ferry Ride

*This column originally appeared in the Alaska Dispatch in November 2009.*

One pumpkin has snow on it, and two more have been cooked and frozen for pies, but Halloween and the Sunday afterwards, which in our church we celebrate as All Saints Day, are still on my mind.

Our priest, Janice Hotze (an Episcopalian) says this is the time of the year when the souls of the dead and the spirits of the living are closest. In a way, I am in the business of bridging that connection, since I write the obituaries for Haines's weekly paper, *The Chilkat Valley News*.

I had heard my friend Deana's mother Ruth Fuller died, but didn't call since it happened just as the paper was going to press, which meant I had a whole week. It's nice to give the family time before running over to write the story. (Obituaries are news here, so there is an element of reporting.) I also coach the high school cross-country running team, and we were on our way to a meet in Ketchikan the next day, so I figured I'd call Deana when we returned on Monday.

The ferry left two hours late, because it was waiting for trucks from Anchorage with freight for towns along the route that had been slowed by fog in the Chilkat Pass.

It didn't matter to the team, since we were sleeping on the boat and wouldn't get to Ketchikan until the following night.

But it did matter to Deana, who I was surprised to see in the ferry cafeteria. I hugged her and said I was sorry. We were joined by two of Deana's girlfriends at the table, who announced they were here to support her, and handed her a gin and tonic in a travel coffee mug.

It had been a long couple of days. Deana's mother hadn't been expected to die. Ruth was old, 84, and frail, but she got around pretty well in a sporty red walker. She was tiny and perky. She had been a dancer in her youth, and performed with the San Francisco Ballet, which might as well have been in Paris to a girl from Casper, Wyoming. As an adult she taught dance, was active in the League of Women Voters and campaigned for women's rights.

The way Deana told it, her mother died gently in the night. When she found her in bed the next morning Deana called Fireman Al.

Al Badgley is the man you want when anyone is injured or dead. If Ruth had been alive, Al and the volunteer EMTs would have cared for her until they got her to the clinic. If it was a heart attack or something as serious, Al and the crew would have taken her to the airport to meet a medevac flight bound for a hospital in Juneau or Sitka, or if it was really bad, Seattle or Anchorage. (Haines doesn't have a hospital.)

But Ruth was, sadly, dead. Since Haines doesn't have funeral parlor either, Al took her to the morgue, a cool room in the fire hall, to wait until the burial.

Deana's mother did not want to be in the chilly morgue. She wanted to be cremated and said so, often. "She said she was like Sam McGee," Deana said "it will be the first time in her life that she's been warm."

The nearest crematorium is at the Alaska Mortuary in Juneau. The only way to get there is by

## Singing Together With One Voice

*(A December blog entry)*

Susie was on the radio yesterday afternoon, in full Texas twang. She's from Philadelphia but her heart is in Texas, or was, it is in Alaska now, where she noted as she read the weather forecast, that what we lack in length of daylight we make up for in quality. Yesterday being a bluebird snowy day that was a bit breezy, and very pleasant, "as long you bundled up real good." Susie only has a few more country shows left before she and her sidekick Peanut, head down to the "Juneau calving grounds." Susie and her husband are having a baby, and with no hospital in Haines, that means our young are birthed, mostly, in Juneau. Susie sat next to me in choir practice last night and I helpfully suggested names. Old fashioned country ones like Loretta, Dolly and Tammy. (It's a girl.) Susie kept me on track by grabbing my arm when I almost flipped the page when I should have returned to the beginning on "Let All Who Sing Be Merry." On the next song we joked about changing the lyrics in "How Far is it to Bethlehem?" to "How Far is it to Mexico?" On the way home I realized that my very first blog was a year ago almost to the day. (I still don't think I'm hip or acerbic enough to be a real blogger. I like to think I'm more of an on-line observer.) The subject was Susie's engagement, which also happened on the radio when her guy proposed on the air. It was a run-to-the-radio and listen moment, but it was more fun congratulating Susie in person at choir practice. I like the choir as much for the weekly gathering of diverse women as I do for the singing. Morning Muscles is like that, too. Both are good for the body and soul, but they also enforce something higher than that-community. This sense of belonging used to come to me automatically, from my children in school. Their activities dictated most of my community activities. Now I don't have nearly as many of what my mother called "command performances" on my calendar. I could sleep late and workout on my own, or take a bath and sing in the tub instead of attend choir practice. I could sing along to the songs Susie plays on the radio, and I often do, but it's nicer by far to stand in that circle of women and blend my voice with all of theirs until we are all singing the same song with one new voice.



Norman Campbell, *Running Beach*. Pen and ink on paper

## Brigid's Light: A Break from Rain

To remind us of her presence,  
the sun opens her blinds  
occasionally.  
She dusts the glass-beaded crystals  
waiting in windows  
and washes my space in gold.  
She travels across hushed waters  
slipping silently into the sea.

## 7 the First Time We Kissed

Brown and skinny. Stringy hair. Tui built fluttered rooms  
in faded white. Sheets hinged to fences, posts in the front yard.  
A castle billowing with crickets and June bugs. Just for us.

We could have been anywhere.

He kissed my palms. My neck. My cheek. My lashes.  
I kissed his mouth, his Fiji & L.A. face. Under closed eyes  
we swam the Pacific. 2 mermaids in search of an oasis.

## Amber, Lydia and John

I am having a “driveway moment.” I am sitting in my car listening intently to a discussion on the public radio show “Science Friday” about the gem amber. The color of red cedar wood, shiny and transparent, it is basically fossilized sap inhabited by ensnared insects, seeds, leaves and feathers that can be up to 90 million years old. It is from the land of my ancestors on the Baltic Coast across from Scandinavia. Our family tree on my father’s side goes back as far my great grandparents, less than 300 years, while the speck in my amber earrings could be a 90 million year old fruit fly.

I think of what a blip on the radar screen of life we are. We too can get trapped in the sap of death at any moment.

Then I think of our friend John who just passed on in the prime of his life.

\*\*\*\*\*

Amber is called Dzintars in Latvian, the language of my grandparents. When I was a child my Aunt Lydia gave me strings of amber beads from Latvia. Aunt Lydia had determined dark eyes, dimples and a head of curly salt and pepper hair. When she bustled into our house in California on her road trips from upstate New York, she always had something for us for which she expected our eternal gratitude. It could be a string of amber beads or it could be a plastic bracelet she’d found at a garage sale that she would bestow with a flourish. Conversations with Aunt Lydia were often about her, and seldom about you.

Before she died at the age of 85 she told my father (her brother) that she was ready and happy to move on to the afterlife. On her birthday the year prior to her death, she wrote a poem called *Divine Design*. “Every day is my time of birth!” she wrote:

Each day a chance to go within-  
Find God there, where He’s always been.  
And when I falter on my way  
I’m lifted upward as I pray.

\*\*\*\*\*

I am riding my bicycle on a slight downhill in the autumn Saturday sun. The light is the color of amber, warming my body and shining on the alleyway shortcut to my destination, the supermarket. On the horizon are a sisterhood of mountains dusted with the first snow of oncoming winter. I relish a deep breath of cool late October air. It fills up my lungs. As I exhale I am grateful for this body I inhabit right now. Later on today, my right hip and knee will remind me they have been around a long time and are getting sore and tired, but for now, this soft and warm amber light embraces me.

## My Core

I grow like a deciduous tree  
springs and winters  
the rings of my core  
show prosperity and hunger,  
times of imagination gone wild  
making dirt bombs with a friend  
Northwest Alaska tundra mining dredge hole,  
no gold left,  
just wind-blown dust, but dust mixed with  
water makes the imagination go wild.

Dust mixed with spit makes blind men see,  
see what their imagination made to be.  
My imagination now gives birth  
to dreams formed in my past  
when I was blind with prejudice.  
Canada reservation school, little brown faces staring from their mats  
I read another story, bodies squirming closer  
they are starved, not of food, but of love.  
They feast for this moment,  
imagination gone wild in the pages of a book  
and I am made to see.

But imagination is painful too,  
yet beautiful like leaves falling before winter  
like steep hill, little girl careening out of control  
gravel, elbows, screams,  
picked up by father hands,  
calmed by father voice and  
the rings of my core  
show comfort and loneliness,

yet I grow, propelled  
by the water my deep roots drink from,  
the heritage of parents  
two generations before me.  
I am born of dichotomy,  
wooden spoon morality and drive-thru life  
make the rings of my core  
proven and strong.

## Brown Fat Old

As soon as I get my bags in the hotel room I start down the hall to get some ice. I have the ice bucket in my hand and a white woman in a hotel robe, maybe my age or older, asks me for some more towels. She says I didn't give her enough towels and could I give her another pillow too since I short changed her on that as well. It's 10 p.m. and I just flew in from Juneau Alaska, which means I'm four hours off time-wise and now here's this rich white woman standing with her hands on her hips, scowling at me.

Maybe those big diamonds on her fingers aren't real, but you can usually tell by the hair cut, flawless makeup, tiny waist, smooth, tight skin. I'm thinking all of this in a spilt second and I think she must of tallied me up the same way. Brown, fat, old, bags under my eyes, no make up, hair sticking out from a frizzy bun, standing by a machine in the hallway. If I'm on the 44th floor in this fancy hotel, I must work here.

Before I can open my mouth to speak, her husband, Mr. Rich white guy, sticks his head out and says, "Ask about the mini bar." Then he sees me in my sweatpants and T-shirt with an ice bucket in one hand and my key card in the other and says, "Norma that woman doesn't work here." Norma looks me up and down again then strides back to her room.

Even as a young woman I got stopped by white folks who assumed I was the sales clerk, not a customer; the waitress, not a patron; the maid, not a guest. I know about how Brown makes you a servant, how Female makes you available, how Old and Fat makes you a pity. But I've never gotten use to it. When I look in the mirror I always see myself. A woman now invisible to the rest of the world. An intelligent, vibrant, desirable woman.

Not long ago I use to make folks turn their heads to look. I use to shake my hips and make church bells ring. Use to let down my thick black hair and make someone across the room wet their lips, slide a hand out of a pocket to open a door, work to catch my eye with a nod and glistening smile. I use to command attention—the good kind, the hot sweaty kind. I use to get those slide down your backside, up your thigh, cross your breasts, lingering kind of looks. Looking at me, folks could lose their train of thought mid sentence. I use to have a air around me that was a warning for those too meek and scared, a dinner bell for those who loved to taste what I walked in the room smelling of. That brown pink wet taste of sweet and salty that only real food can taste like. I was a luxurious cape of brown fur that brushed up against you. I could stop cars in the streets and strangers in mid stride. I was a force, a conjured up dream, a splendid twist of nasty and good.

Now this. Is there no one left who can look past this cloak of years and see this passionate woman who knows, finally and completely, how to be underneath someone and still be on top? Who knows, finally and completely, how to touch and open and not gobble it down, but handle with a fierce grip and tender touch of fingertips. A woman who knows how to stop a heart and start it up again. Now I know how to give and take and throw away and keep all at the same time. Now that I am at the pinnacle of my knowing how to love on all planes of existence, is there no one who can see and feel the spark of my hands, my mouth, my heart?

Years later, I still find myself saying to strangers, "No I am not who you think I am." Why

## Wait

My phone chimes “You are My Sunshine”  
and as I answer I understand  
you won’t be this year’s Lazarus.

*You should come; it doesn’t look good this time.*

I flash back to Saturday morning cartoons and eating  
breakfast off a turkey platter—I know you, you’re  
too stubborn to give up, I’m a little stiff-necked myself.

But, I pack my denial, clothes, and  
toothbrush into a suitcase while I  
remember how you died once before.

*He’s not gonna pull through, his kidneys are failing—he’s tired.*

You hold on, the damn plane holds me hostage  
with inevitable weather delays out of Seatac.  
So, where the hell’s my miracle now?

You said your God parted the sea, raised men from the dead,  
and revealed wisdom through the mouth of an ass.  
I’m just needing grace enough for goodbye.

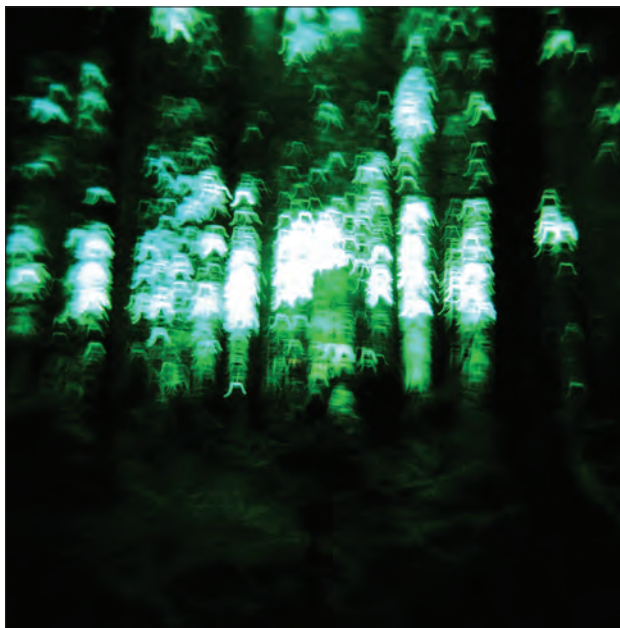
*He may not be able to hold on ‘til you get here.*

Wanting to stay alert and aware, you embrace the  
pain, refuse your morphine and you wait—for me,  
the last one there. The first one born.

I kiss your forehead and nod as you say “we had good times, huh?”  
Then you ask me how school is going as though  
we’re chatting over a lousy cup of Folgers.

*Grandpa waited to say goodbye, Bug, but it’s only temporary.*

I caress the gold band you refused to remove for fifty-six years  
and wonder how someone could die with such dignity.  
And I wait—for your God to stop the sun.



Richard Morrison, *The Shimmering Forest*. Photography



Richard Morrison, *Forgotten*. Photography



Kent Pillsbury, *Turn at Martin's*. Photography



Kent Pillsbury, *Smelting Rainbows*. Photography

## Paper Doll

Paper doll girl,  
she's got it, you know.  
That swagger, that danger, that  
resilience.

Fall down mountain  
no one's arms big enough to catch her.  
Flying, diving, collecting  
debris.  
No scrape, no scratch.  
Just itch. Itch to *go*.  
Dust herself off at the bottom  
like a dance.  
Shimmy, shimmy, shake.

Saving up for flying machine.  
Gonna take her up there where  
she can see.  
Where she can be taller than air,  
taller than God.  
Maybe touch stars,  
maybe not, too hot.  
Blow flirty kisses to the moon.  
Make him blush, cranberry crush.

Paper doll writes herself into stories.  
Makes the narrator sing her name.  
Proud momma of new, fresh phrases  
in blue ink scribbled margins.  
Folding herself up and falling asleep  
between wrinkled pages.  
Resting her head on pillows of  
adjectives and verbs.  
Dreaming of nouns and question marks.

She's not afraid,  
this paper doll girl.  
Her adventures are her own  
to create.

## For Poppy

Tonight I slid out of bed and fumbled through my dresser for pink pajama bottoms and that old bleach-stained hoodie. I went downstairs cold, hungry, unable to sleep; college had finally got the best of me. I made Cream of Wheat, but before it was finished, I was already full. Full on memories of you, making the hearty porridge in your galley of a kitchen for my first five years. So much milk, I could drink it, but never enough sugar because you always lifted the silver bowl in time. One time, the last time we were all together in Mammy's house, your hospital bed in place of the burlap and brown love seat, you cooked your last meal for us: Cream of Wheat, sausage, and home fries for the grandkids. All of the above and eggs to order for your kids. I sat on the counter, cross-legged in my Cabbage Patch nightgown watching you. The youngest, your favorite. I had to wait for mine, because you cooked for me all the time and my cousins were first today. In your weakened state, you poured orange juice instead of milk, in the first bowl. But Katelyn didn't want it, nor Checka, Frank, Tiffany or Sam. I squeaked up, not minding at all; soft sand swirling and sticking around my tender gums with a hint of sweet citrus—a five year old's delight! You yelled to my mother from your stove "Jenny, don't let that baby put any sugar in." And for the rest of my childhood, when my mother made me Cream of Wheat, I reminded her of "the time Poppy poured juice in the first bowl and no one but me would eat it." Tonight, as I drink my Cream of Wheat I put your hospital bed and oxygen tank out of my mind. I remember a grandfather's warming touch. I fill up with your food, I rest easy.

## The Catch

*For my father,  
who raised three girls,  
taught me to hunt and trap,  
and helped develop my love of the outdoors.*

I was in the 1st grade when my dad and I became famous. It wasn't through movie star talent; it wasn't through a game show win, or even the lottery. We caught fame in a foot hold trap early one October morning.

I ran downstairs from my room, jeans and wool socks on, and the new flannel dad bought me: maroon and black with beige buttons, and best of all it was warm. Dad was downstairs already. He gets up at like four in the morning or something. I swear, just so he can watch the news, drink coffee, and complain about me taking too long to get ready. He's on his way out the door to put the pack in the back of the truck. He's wearing his red flannel and wool pants, and his silly wool hat. I told him how funny it looked on him once and he said, "It's from the 70s, one of a kind, with ear flaps that come down from the inside and a pom on top." He told me that he has tried to look for a new one, "but all the ones they sell now'a days don't have the pom on the top."

He sure does like poms. And he ended by saying, "It's a damn good hat. Period." Every time Dad ends something with "period" I know not to ask him or talk about it anymore.

I hear Dad's last two clunky-boot steps, and then the door slam. I scoot on the floor to lace up my hiking boots. The lure from the trapping pack hangs in the air; it's a welcome smell to me in the mornings now. I'm rushing, and it's hard to get these things on because they're stiff and these laces are a mile long and have to crisscross in a million places and hook on all these little tabs. Finally I get them on, and run out the door, and hop into the passenger seat of the truck and slam the door. KQDS is on. I expect to hear AC/DC or Aerosmith soon, after Bill and Jason tell us some really funny stuff on their morning show, like they do every morn-ing. "I like these guys," I say. Of course, my dad already knows because I laugh whenever we listen to them. Most people my age don't even know who Bill and Jason are. My friends from school usually sleep in on the weekend, but I like to get up and go trapping with my dad, so I hear them all the time. Heck, I even like the music on the station, especially Aerosmith's "Walk This Way." I blame dad. Dad pulls out of the drive way, and we start driving up the hill past the church. I ask him where we're going and he says, "North of town, to that place with the poplar and pines with the trail." Gee, thanks dad. I can only think of a bajillion places where there are trees where we've been trapping. So I sit and wait and see.

When we get to the spot, we turn off the main road down a dirt road to our left. It doesn't even look like something that would be passable by a truck, but I know we'll make it, 'cause Dad always does this stuff. The dirt road starts out pretty normal, but then huge, jagged rocks start appearing in the dirt. Somehow we maintain the same speed. The tuck is rocking back and forth, jumping up and down, and branches are screeching across the windows and the sides

## Last Days of War

In the last days of the war—when war is old,  
a lone sign displays: No Iraq War

in the bookstore window. Lawn signs  
have toppled; no protestors at the 4-way-stop.

Our only reminder—page five of the local  
newspaper in small font: *Three Alaskans Die in Iraq.*

During these last days, when you and war  
are old, you're called up. No ticker tape

or weeping relatives. No pomp, only  
the circumstance—of knowing you're there

two weeks now and the phone rings—  
the caller ID glows Fort Bening; I can't

breathe, can't answer the telephone's  
green-lighted display, recalling the movies:

that black sedan's wheels crunching gravel,  
the chaplains knock. Or that scene—collapsing

wife hanging onto spiral cord, phone clanking  
the floor. I press your voice to my ear

and you tell me you're using a phone-card  
rerouted to the U.S. so it doesn't show Kuwait.

And I don't tell you, that in a wavering  
quarter-of-a-second, these last days of war

cracked into increments, breaking all known  
laws of time and generals—I've seen your body,

silent in a flag draped coffin, blue field of flag  
over your left shoulder, heard a fire of volleys,

felt your dog tags rolling between my fingers,  
caught the scent of a fresh dirt hole.

## Kotzebue Harvest

I remember the beach:  
Small bodies skinned of warmth,  
Those few old women  
Preparing a winter's meat,  
Vacant eyes staring back from the rocks.

I remember the sea:  
Slate gray, calm,  
Stretching to an emptiness of sky,  
Hunting boats pulled into the gravel,  
A whisper of dark season  
Mumbling against each scarred hull.

And I remember the men:  
Talk of tides and weather,  
Taking our drinks just across the road,  
Minds wide with interest  
At the newness of an ancient world,  
One Eskimo with a hole in his throat  
Asking what we thought of the north,  
His smile a weariness of broken teeth.

Such memories of place:  
These people,  
Their dogs staked to the ground  
In yards of rotten snow,  
A shoreline slick  
With the blood of gutted seals.

## Author & Artist Biographies

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**Armstrong, Bob (Juneau)** – Bob has authored or co-authored 14 books dealing with natural history subjects in Alaska. He is currently working on a book about Aquatic Insects in Alaska which spawned “Bonding with a Mosquito.”

**Bausler, Katie (Douglas)** – Katie is the Public Relations and Marketing Director for the University of Alaska Southeast. She holds a Masters of Arts Degree in English from Middlebury College (Breadloaf School of English). A perennial English major, Katie is grateful for the insightful faculty and firm deadlines provided by UAS writing courses.

**Bay, Thomas (Juneau)** – Tom has lived in Juneau almost his entire life. He attends the University of Alaska Southeast (Juneau). As a Bachelor of Liberal Arts student his emphasis areas are creative writing and psychology. He enjoys writing poetry and short stories. As a student of psychology he is fascinated by the human psyche and human behavior. His most proud achievement to date is his acceptance to be this year’s Junior Editor of *Tidal Echoes*.

**Bleffen, Linda (Juneau)** – Linda works on the UAS Juneau campus as the Administrative Assistant in the I.T. department. She enjoys spending time outdoors with her digital camera capturing inspirational moments. Previously published in *Tidal Echoes*; “Dragon Fly” 2008, “Guppy” 2009, “Autumn Reflection” and “Wash Day in Cobh Ireland” 2010.

**Boesser, Sara (Juneau)** – Sara grew up in Juneau, Alaska. In high school she was a freelance film photographer for the Territorial Sportman and for the Alaska State Museum. Today in her retirement, coming back full circle, she is often-volunteer and sometimes-paid digital photographer for the Alaska State Museum in Juneau

**Boucher, Jacqueline (Juneau)** – Jacqueline is a fourth-year English student at UAS with far-off fancies of graduating and becoming an adult one day. She likes long walks on the beach, making up words, and being called a “saucy pedantic wretch,” as well as other delightful archaic terms of endearment. Being the selfish narcissist that she is, she would like to thank absolutely no one...except her cat, John Donne, and possibly Peter Bark.

**Buffalo, T.M. (Juneau)** – T.M. Buffalo is a published author, poet, and visual artist. She has been the recipient of several writing awards. In 1998, she co-curated a program for Intermedia Arts called Red and Black: Sisters and Brothers to the Bones: A conference on Black Indians. In 2005 she received a writing grant from the Minnesota State Arts Board to create a storytelling workshop and performance for Native Adoptees. Ms. Buffalo has exhibited her visual arts at Intermedia Arts and Two Rivers Gallery in Minneapolis Minnesota. She is an enrolled member of the White Earth band of Minnesota Ojibwe, and a mother and grandmother. She currently lives in Juneau, Alaska, with her partner.



Bob Armstrong, *Marbled Murrelet Chick About 23 Days Old*. Photography



Edward Rivera, *Ice Ice Baby*. Photography

## Author & Artist Biographies

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**Campbell, Jack (Juneau)** – Jack’s poetry has appeared in *Main Channel Voices*, *Ice-Floe*, *Inside Passages*, *Explorations*, *Tidal Echoes*, and *Fish Alaska Magazine*. *Four Fevers Musings of an Alaskan Bush Poet: A Collection*, was published in 2008. He recently retired from the teaching profession after working primarily in rural villages for the past twenty-five years. He resides in Excursion Inlet.

**Campbell, Norman (Sitka)** – A resident of Southeast Alaska since 1982, Norman is a practicing artist and adjunct Drawing instructor at the UAS Sitka campus. His pen and ink drawings are an invention of his mind, but his hope is that they create a time and place that feels much like Southeast. He graduated from Southern Oregon University with a degree in Applied Design.

**Christianson, Kersten (Sitka)** – Kersten is a raven-watching, moon-gazing Alaskan who teaches high school English and French, and composes rough draft poetry. She lives with her partner Bruce, daughter Rie, and Newfoundland retriever, Uffda, in Sitka, Alaska. Kersten is also the co-editor of the quarterly journal *Alaska Women Speak*.

**Cramer, Anna (Juneau)** – Anna was born in Anchorage, but raised in Springfield, MO. After graduating from Missouri State University and honeymooning in Alaska, she packed what of her belongings she could fit in the car (including three cats), drove five days to Skagway, and on day six hopped on the ferry to Juneau with her husband. Some of her favorite things are: exploring, the smell of the ocean, sunshine, sweet red wine, photography, day dreaming, reading, writing, warm summer nights, the smell of a wood-burning fire, and being inspired.

**Dauenhauer, Richard (Juneau)** – Richard Dauenhauer was born in 1942 and has lived in Alaska since 1969. Since coming to Alaska, much of his professional work has focused on applied folklore and linguistics in the study, materials development, and teacher training of and for Alaska Native languages and oral literature. He is married to Nora Marks Dauenhauer.

**Dauenhauer, Nora Mark (Juneau)** – Nora Marks Dauenhauer writes in Juneau.

**Dornbirer, McKenzie (Juneau)** – McKenzie is a lifelong Alaskan and English major at the University of Alaska Southeast. She enjoys reading, writing, cooking, and generally enjoying life in Alaska. Her literary icon is David Sedaris.

**Elgie, Brooke (Tenakee Springs)** – Brooke Elgie writes in Tenakee Springs. He is a regular contributor to the *Capital City Weekly*.

## Author & Artist Biographies

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**Eriksen, Christy NaMee (Juneau)** – Christy NaMee Eriksen, a.k.a. 정나미 Jung Na Mee is a Korean Adoptee spoken word poet and proud mama. She has performed at Patrick’s Cabaret, Intermedia Arts, Hamline University, Pillsbury House Theatre, and Equilibrium’s spoken word series at The Loft Literary Center. She is a featured artist on the 2009 Minnesota Spoken Word Album of the Year, “¿Nation of Immigrants?” produced by The Loft Literary Center. She has been published in *Alaska Women Speak*, *The Fulcrum*, *Tidal Echoes*, *L’attitude*, and *Race-Talk.org*. Christy has shared the stage with Ishle Park, Mayda del Valle, Bao Phi, the Good Asian Drivers and other really cool people. She has a B.A. in Social Justice and a Certificate in Conflict Studies from Hamline University.

**Fisk, Chalise (Juneau)** – Chalise grew up in Montana, spent some time living in Eastern Oregon, and eventually found a home in Juneau, Alaska. She graduated from the University of Alaska Southeast in the winter term of 2010 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in English, emphasis in Creative Writing. She was the junior editor of *Tidal Echoes* in 2009 and the senior editor in 2010. She has enjoyed the privilege of being involved in this incredible publication over the last couple of years. She’s had the opportunity to be immersed in the work of an abundance of masterful Southeast Alaskan artists and writers and is now honored to be included alongside many published here.

**Girven, Wendy (Juneau)** – Wendy Girven was raised in the woods of Pennsylvania and now happily finds herself living in the woods of Juneau. She is a librarian at the University of Alaska Southeast.

**Haight, Lauren (Juneau)** – Lauren was born and raised in Juneau, Alaska, a downtown girl at heart. She has enjoyed making up stories since before she knew how to write, and now just enjoys writing anything creative. She spent her first two years of college at Washington State University, but transferred back to UAS to save some money and is so glad she did. Lauren and her boyfriend have three dogs whom they love more than anything (she even writes a blog about them). She loves carbohydrates and since she stopped drinking caffeine has never felt better.

**Helmar, Patrice (Juneau)** – Patrice is a fifth generation Alaskan, born and raised in Juneau. Her father, Paul Helmar, was a local photographer and fisherman who owned a camera store in the downtown area. Her photography is inspired, in part, by a desire to honor and continue the craft of her father. After graduating from high school, Patrice earned a B.A. at Southern Oregon University, where she studied creative writing and art. Patrice’s work is influenced by documentary and street photography, as well as by modern painting and literature.

## Author & Artist Biographies

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**Hoffman, Anna (Juneau)** – Anna was born and raised in Southcentral Alaska, then moved to Juneau when she was 16. She started writing poetry in early high school mostly as a way to deal with being a teenager, but never expected anyone to read her work other than family. After taking her first creative writing class in 2008 at the University of Alaska Southeast, she realized that there was “another world of writing out beyond me” and was encouraged to join it.

**Holloway, Robyn (Juneau)** – Robyn lives in Juneau with her family. She graduated from UAS in 2003 with a BLA in Literature and Creative Writing. She is currently working on a manuscript centered on her years growing up with hippie parents in Southern California, and many of those poems have been published in *Tidal Echoes*. Robyn also organizes the annual Juneau Poetry OmniBus contest.

**Ingallinera, Kathy (Sitka)** – Kathy writes when she’s not working as a nurse practitioner, taking care of her dogs, volunteering in the Alaska Raptor Center clinic taking care of raptors, cooking or cleaning at home, reading, or goofing off on Facebook. She finds that Facebook is a great venue for posting Haikus that paint a small portrait of life in Sitka. She has taken many creative writing classes at UAS-Sitka campus, and has several books stewing in her slow cooker brain.

**Johnson, Tina M. (Sitka)** – Tina has lived in Alaska for thirty years, residing in Sitka for the last 20 years. She writes mainly poetry and also some nonfiction prose. She considers spending time outdoors to be one of the great rewards of living in Sitka.

**Kiffer, Dave (Ketchikan)** – Dave is a fourth generation Ketchikan resident who is a teacher, musician, writer, and historian. He teaches at the UAS-Ketchikan campus. He is also the current Mayor of the Ketchikan Gateway Borough.

**Kugo, Yoko (Juneau)** – Yoko began learning basket weaving in the summer of 2007 and, after weaving for a while, started to wonder if the harvesting time has been changing in recent years because of the climate change. Since she received an EPSCoR undergraduate research award in the spring and summer semesters of 2010, Yoko has been monitoring soil temperature and moisture at spruce root gathering sites. The data she is collecting will show if or how seasonal and annual weather fluctuations impact harvest.

**Lane, Ashia (Sitka)** – Ashia lives in Sitka, Alaska, and is currently working on a Master’s in Creative Writing through the Northwest Institute of Literary Arts. She enjoys writing, photography, and pottery, using these outlets to explore the relationships between people and place. Her work can be found in *Tidal Echoes*, *Pank Magazine*, and Sitka art galleries.

**Laster, Kate (Juneau)** – Kate is an aspiring cosmonaut, UAS art student, and local radio DJ. She enjoys drawing comics, reading about art therapy, and burning down the house. She likes sketching strangers' faces and collecting ephemera in her many notebooks.

**Lambert, Kaleigh (Juneau)** – Kaleigh moved to Alaska four years ago from Maine and is constantly torn between the coastal life of each state. She will add California to her list of homes this spring. She loves to travel and explore new places. Her adventures provide most of the fuel for her writing. Writing, traveling, and her new love of cycling take up most of her time. She is at a new and exciting place in her life and has never been more thankful for her incredible family and friends.

**Lounsbury, Andrew (Douglas)** – Andrew grew up in San Jose and came to UAS to study marine biology in 2005. After two semesters of biology, he decided he didn't like biology anymore, and he switched his major to English in 2006.

**McCauley, Roberta (Auke Bay)** – Roberta was born and raised in Massachusetts and moved to Alaska, where she started attending UAS, in 2007, when she was 21. Her major is English and Creative Writing. One day she hopes to teach English in a foreign country and get an MFA in Boston or NYC. She is greatly inspired by all music, and writes the best poetry listening to Gospel or R&B.

**Merk, W.S. (Juneau)** – W.S. Merk has been living in Juneau since 1991. He works a day job in Human Resources and chooses to spend as much of his spare time as possible outdoors. His active pursuits include gardening, hiking, and biking. He lives with his wife Beth, an artist in her own right, and the younger of their two children, Aven. Their eldest daughter, Sierra, currently attends Portland State University.

**Morrison, Richard (Juneau)** – Richard Morrison was born and raised in Anchorage and currently lives and writes in Juneau. In October 2009 he participated in the Call and Response collaborative art exhibit with Donna Griffin, where he wrote in response to drawings by Donna, and Donna drew in response to writings by Richard. Richard and Donna are planning several more collaborations in the future, including a follow up to the original Call and Response exhibit.

**Mundy, Joel (Juneau)** – Joel is a digital artist who has lived in Alaska off and on since 1983. His current home is Auke Bay, and his most recent photographs focus on the harbors and landscapes that surround him there. Joel's images are a blend of HDR photographic techniques and work done in digital imaging software.

## Author & Artist Biographies

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**Pillsbury, Kent (Auke Bay)** – As a random student at UAS, Kent has dabbled in theater and creative writing there since moving to Juneau in 2007, not unlike his other abundant stops around the country. Assiduously pursuing the lowest profile he can invent, Kent has achieved near legendary status as that guy whose face looks familiar but you just can't remember why. He intends to keep writing, which he has done ever since first being allowed to handle sharp things. And that's the only warning you'll get.

**Prescott, Vivian Faith (Sitka)** – Vivian is a fifth-generation Alaskan. She was born and raised in Wrangell, Alaska, and lives in Sitka and in Puerto Rico (temporarily). She's married to poet Howie Martindale. Vivian facilitates three different writers' groups for adults, teenagers, and youth, at the U.S. Coast Guard Air Station Borinquen. Her first book of poetry *The Hide of My Tongue* will be published by Plain View Press in the spring of 2011. Her website is [www.vivianfaithprescott.com](http://www.vivianfaithprescott.com) and she blogs at [planetalaska.blogspot.com](http://planetalaska.blogspot.com).

**Radford, Richard (Juneau)** – Richard's fiction has appeared in *A Cappella Zoo*, *The Ampersand Review*, *Pear Noir!*, *Sex and Murder Magazine*, *Jersey Devil Press*, *Gloom Cupboard*, *Tidal Echoes* (2010) and other literary journals. A photograph of him was also once inadvertently included in an issue of *Pro Wrestling Illustrated*. He lives in Juneau, Alaska, and fills his days as the staff writer of the *Capital City Weekly*.

**Rivera, Edward J. (Juneau)** – Edward was born on a stormy night in the city of Inglewood, California. There he lived until graduating high school whence he decided it was time for an adventure. So he packed his bags and moved to the beautiful city of Juneau AK and enrolled at the University of Alaska Southeast. In the 5 years that followed his arrival in Juneau he steadily fell in love with what Southeast Alaska had to offer, from the beautiful forest to working on a whale watching boat in the summer and last but not least his girlfriend of 3 years and counting, Amy George.

**Stokes, Richard (Juneau)** – A 40-year resident of Juneau, Richard has published both prose and poetry. His poems appeared in 2003, 2006, 2008 and 2010 in *Golden Poetry: A Celebration of Southern Poets*, in *Ice Floes* in 2006 and in *Tidal Echoes* in 2007, 2008, 2009, and 2010. He had poems selected for Juneau's Poetry Omnibus in 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009 and 2010. His prose has appeared in *Gray's Sporting Journal*, *Alaska Magazine*, *Alaskan Southeaster*, *Juneau Life*, and in Juneau newspapers. In 2010, he self-published a chapbook of poetry titled *Notes Searching for a Tune*. His wife, Jane, is a Juneau artist.

**Trainor, Amanda (Sitka)** – Amanda lives in Sitka, Alaska. She has studied art at UAS and at College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine from which she received a B.A. in human ecology. Her works in charcoal, other drawing media, and oil paint are inspired by the rich and unique environment of Southeast Alaska.

**Vaida, Catelin (Juneau)** – Catelin Vaida is a recent transplant to Juneau, Alaska. Raised in Hoyt Lakes, Minnesota and an English student at the University of Minnesota Moorhead, she felt wanderlust and decided to spend her last year in college as an exchange student to the University of Alaska Southeast. Her piece “The Catch” represents a marriage of her own real-life experiences trapping with her father and fiction.

**Wendel, Courtney (Juneau)** – Courtney has lived in Juneau since she was one year old. She has worked in the tourism industry for the last six years and has had amazing opportunities to learn to photograph wildlife. When not working, Courtney’s purist pleasure is to seek out and photograph the amazing animals we share this state with. A slightly reckless adventurer, if Search and Rescue ever asks—yes, she probably had her camera.

**Willburn, Evelyn Jervey (Juneau)** – Evelyn is a native of Virginia who has made Alaska her home. For the past twenty-two years she has lived and taught school on Prince of Wales Island; her current job is teaching K-12 in Coffman Cove. She is married and has two grown sons.