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Thomas Bay
Tidal Echoes Staff

PROSE & POETRY

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TIDAL ECHOES 2012
Editor’s Note

It’s that time of year again when we come together as a community and share the artistic work we have to offer. And this year is a little more remarkable, as we are celebrating our 10th year anniversary. That’s right, it’s been a decade since the birth of Tidal Echoes, and we couldn’t have done it without you, the writers and artists that live in our community. This journal is regional to Southeast Alaska, and without the help of local creativity we wouldn’t be able to have this special opportunity. So we thank everyone who has submitted for the past 10 years. This journal would not exist if it wasn’t for your courage to step into the spotlight and share a part of yourselves with us.

We had the honor of receiving 300 submissions this year, up from 210 last year. This shows us that more and more people are getting involved with the journal. Congratulations to everybody who made it into this year’s edition of Tidal Echoes.

For those of you who haven’t yet submitted think about someone who’s already been published. Odds are that whomever you’re thinking about has one thing in common with other artists. They all took the time to put themselves out into the public spotlight. And that’s what Tidal Echoes helps people accomplish. That’s what this journal does every year. It gives people the opportunity to share their insight as Southeast Alaskans and show what it is that this community has to offer. Now consider our featured writer, Kim Heacox, and our featured artist, Patrice Helmar. At some point in their lives they put themselves out for others to see, to let strangers look at what they had to offer. That’s why they are where they are today. And just like them, there are many others who have recently taken that giant leap. And some of those people are now gracing the pages of this year’s journal. I urge you to be like these people. Put yourself on that pedestal. Put yourself up for review. Give yourself the chance to become recognized as an artist.

Please enjoy yourself as you flip through the pages in this journal. It’s been my honor to work with Tidal Echoes over the past few years. I’ve seen it grow immensely with each year and I know that it will only continue to get better. I plan to be an avid reader and supporter of, and submitter to this journal in the future so I hope that you find it as rewarding as I do. We are looking forward to many more years as a regional publication, as well as seeing your submissions in next year’s edition of Tidal Echoes.

Thomas Bay
Senior Editor
Acknowledgments

First of all we would like to thank this year’s editorial board for all the time and expertise they offered us; if it weren’t for Sol Neely, Sarah Minton, Karen Mitchell, Jenifer Vernon, Jeremy Kane, Annie Wedler, Kevin Maier, Ashia Lane, and Chalise Fisk this journal could not exist.

We would like to offer a special thanks to Dr. Dan Julius, University of Alaska Vice-President of Academic Affairs. Thanks to Dr. Julius Tidal Echoes received a UA Foundation Grant which really helped in strengthening the quality of this journal.

We would also like to thank Chancellor John Pugh and former Vice-Chancellor Carol Griffin as well as Provost Richard Caulfield. Without their support Tidal Echoes wouldn’t be half the journal that it is today.

Katie Spielberger is also a huge contributor to this journal; her continued support has really helped Tidal Echoes grow and we appreciate the enormous amount of time and skill that she has put forth. Without her help we would be lost.

A special thanks to Virginia Berg who made the production of this journal much less stressful. No matter what she always seems to be on top of everything and without her there is no way that we would ever have made our deadline.

We also would like to thank Kim Heacox and Patrice Helmar for agreeing to be our featured writer and artist this year. Their work and talent is greatly appreciated and truly makes Tidal Echoes extraordinary.

Thank you to Christy Namee Eriksen and The Canvas for collaborating with REACH and working with individuals with special needs. They provided them with the opportunity to write creatively as well as showing them how to submit their work to Tidal Echoes. We are truly delighted to showcase the diverse work of Southeast Alaska.

Above all, we need to say thank you to the artists and writers of Southeast Alaska who submitted their work to Tidal Echoes. Their exceptional work is what fuels this journal and we hope to see even more submissions from the residents of Southeast Alaska next year!

Alexandra Brown, Junior Editor
Thomas Bay, Senior Editor
Jacqueline Boucher, Fall Intern
Emily Wall, Faculty Advisor
To live here means a bad job somewhere,
Or no job at all –
The boatyards, perhaps,
Scraping barnacles from a rich man’s boat,
Or working freight on the midnight shift,
Boxcars booming,
One blinking light your guide to safety.

Brick breaks from the windowsill in pieces,
Like slow hours peeled
From the lives of those who live here:
Nothing happens all at once –
Earthquakes,
Sudden gustings of hurricane wind,
These filter themselves to unpronounceable islands;
Here, there is a simple breeze,
This weather flaking dust from the ledge,
Alley voices, like water,
Picking at weaknesses in yellow stone.

This third story walk-up,
Hallway paper peeling
With the weight of so many meals
Juggled over slow-burning coils
While beer cools on an outside shelf;
That same voice of a downstairs tenant returning,
Early hours,
His key fumbling your lock with raw frustration
Until he sobers enough to realize his recent failing.

Downtown trains muscle the night,
This building shoulders its way into a growing fog –
Sirens birth and die in shadow;
The Chinese restaurant across an alley
Pulls its doors shut,
Lights staying on over the stove
As the usual message sings of occupancy and concern.
Living by a Tank Farm Cradle Song

The fuel man’s yelling again, 3:00 a.m., a January night at 10 below, Put out your goddamn woodstove, it’s sparking the sky. You’ll blow up the town like the 4th of July. Our backyard: the black sludge dump where dead cats seep in soppy mud holes. And every night so far, I sing to the marrow of our tomorrows, to my drowsy children—Don’t let your tiny red chambers weep into your colorless stem-celled dreams. Spin-dizzy in the sweet threshold of this benzene lullaby—Go to sleep, little children, go to sleep.

Originally Published in Slick, White Knuckle Press, 2010
Shellscapes, Sarah Cohen, Haines
Ceramic and Wood
She Would Never Understand His Hipster Ways, Hollis Kitchin, UAS Student, Juneau
Ink & Watercolor on Paper

Eagle, Jill Dumesnil, UAS Faculty, Juneau
Photography
Facing the Wind

Pre-schoolers can squeal in the face of a wind
that delivers a fierce rain to fog my glasses
strips coloring leaves from trees
and cleanses away summer’s buildup of decay.
Gone soon the rotting salmon
washed away with the tasty trout
now forced by flood water to retreat from the spawning grounds
to deep water lakes surviving on little
but the promise of a rich spring.
Our fall table will groan with plenty
so will the one set in winter when snow and ice
open up ground for those willing to lean
into a stiff northern wind.
Dark Smoke of Goodbye

After tucking the tour bus in for the night
I drive my truck through town toward home.
Rain deepens the darkness and gutters flicker
red as if blinking beer signs bleed bright blood.
Shoppers hurry to board the only cruise ship
still tied to the dock, its stacks belching
the dark smoke of goodbye.

Do these stragglers hurry to dine with friends
in the brightly lit floating hotel or to show off
their baubles to an appreciative spouse or friend
or do they, like me, face an empty room?

I brake sharply as a woman, shopping bags
in both hands, darts suddenly
into the cross-walk ahead.
Facing my headlights she gives me
an embarrassed smile, then disappears
into an alley, leaving her smile hanging
in the headlights and me feeling more alone.
1969 Anti-War Rally

We skirt the 405 lock the doors through downtown zigzag to Pershing Square, historic park of intellectuals who soap boxed their opinions to each other and passersby amid elephant plants and concrete benches populated by secretaries on lunch, councilmen checking out their secretaries, and cops protecting both from long-haired proselytizers. Like us. We grab the signs we made in summer art class with mother on the porch of the Foursquare Church, block traffic, and lift our mantras to Mayor Yorty and City Hall:
1, 2, 3, 4 … we don’t want your fucking war! Make love not war War is not healthy for children & other living things (okay, so we bought that last poster). We chant with our parents and the throng: Hell no we won’t go We sing Lennon and Ono: All we are saying is give peace a chance And we flip off the man through the KTLA cameras.
Elegy

I once wrote a sonnet
to a woman I did not know.
The words would drip from my mouth,
bleed through the paper like ink on skin.

Words become change,
clingy bits of lint stuck to your collar
where that warm-tan foundation powder stains;
straining to form a complete circle surrounded by white linen.

Left behind on a cracked, yellow parchment
are some spare moments
(tangled, woven coal wrapped around my fingers).
It looks to me to be an elegy now.

I find solace in a kayak
on a lake of crushed ice
where the blue flame of experience turns solid
into glacial dreams.

It seems I’m sitting on a spider’s web
of ripples barely holding me afloat.
Baby arctic terns, peppered with the brown of youth,
climb upon a rocky hillside, the pebbles slipping out from underneath their feet.

Watching them, the gravel in my stomach becomes finer still.
Lifeline

Lifeline.

Strung heavy by our disappearing distance.
Pretending then knowing.
I hear the ocean waves knocking under this stage.
And we all stall for that curtain call.
Conduct your life tightfisted by the third act.

Drink up dreamers:
tea over trauma / coffee over calamity.

There’s an onset after the upset.
All ends end unnaturally,
and fall back into the beginning.
It was not a normal morning;
he left like woodsmoke, still clinging to my person -
like cream, stirred in home-brew,
like dawn, pushing the curtains of night away from the city’s sleepy eyes anew.
Always greater was his return later -
 freshly inked.
Attached to me by invisible tattoo.
And every time his sojourn beckons him back into view -
deep sea flowers unfurl - doubts unravel.
If I could give him something grander than a ring - a locket - a loose verse sonnet,
I would steal not stars, but heaven’s Milky Way, and leave the sky scarred.
How does a man, humble, make love into the tangible?
As poets, we stretch our voices to echo love,
and we know we’ll never be articulate enough -
to convince this world
(of badlands and blues singers)
of providence.
Still we linger.
I admit to never waiting to let my suave flow.
Even as a kid I knew every word that I learned was meant to be thrown.
And each time a word gave me the downright spooks and scrumptious need to scribble,
I’d shout its name!
Rejoice in all my trouble!
In tribulation we glimmer so!
I don’t sleep, but I dream for sure,
knowing what I live for.
Badlands, Kent Pillsbury, UAS Student, Juneau
Photography

Dryas from Ground Level, Richard Stokes, Juneau
Photography
Learning the Ropes, Ryan Cortés Pérez, UAS Student, Juneau
Photography

Lucid Memory, Ryan Cortés Pérez, UAS Student, Juneau
Photography
Dirt

Dirt. The Guinness that I-don’t-know-who spilled has seeped and dried into the carpet. I noticed it last night soon after it dropped—a wet, brown mess I didn’t want to deal with. My carpet, but not my beer. I turned away from the filth and headed to bed; I shut my bedroom door on the remnants of my housemates’ Après-ski dance party. I relished the safety of my clean room and I snuggled in with my already sleeping mate, Lee, while in the living room the bodies of friends sagged and faded uncomfortably into our furniture; the sweat from their dancing stuck to their faces and beer seeping through their pores.

There’s a bottle of soy sauce and an empty bowl and spoon in the corner next to a lime green tutu and a map of the T etons. A Crazy Creek Chair, two empty PBR cans (one crunched down flat, as if the drinker had a passing thought to help recycle) and a shot-ski rests by the window . Set down, then forgotten. I wish the mess were something unusual—the dregs and dirt of this party, the evidence abandoned for just one hung-over day of work. I wish I trusted my housemates to clean when they get home tonight.

They might.

But they might not even notice. This state of dirt: a normal amount of clutter and mess. The kitchen looks average. Crumbs scatter the counter and litter the floor. A cheese-stained knife rests on our only cutting board, next to a carrot peel, an onion head, and stale white snowflakes of sourdough bread. All left as housemates hurried to make breakfast and coffee, pack lunches and rush to the slopes this morning. Last night, Lee and I had made sure the kitchen was spotless before we left for bed: I swept, wiped counters and scrubbed the stove. Lee washed dishes and we both smiled as we watched dancers whirl and meld together. Colorful entities of happiness spilling Guinness on my floor.

Dirt. Piles accumulate. Dirt comes of its own accord.

A deserted house builds castles of dust, a fireplace spits ash as it burns. Right now, ash litters the ground around our own woodstove, leftovers from the gluttony of last night’s firewood meal. I’m reminded of a highchair and a toddler’s first cake; wood devoured so heartily that half ends up on the floor.

Boots transport mud when you thought all you’d stepped on was the pure white of winter. We stomp into this house, wipe our feet and remove snow boots and backpacks from a day on the slopes, tired and hungry and cold. We grab a meal (forget to put the milk and salsa away) make a fire (don’t bother to clean the ash from the night before) and relax. Dirt is so thoughtless. I don’t realize I’ve made it until it’s there.

In her drunken state last night, my best friend Emily called Spencer, another friend far away in New York City. Emily, Lee and I sat on my bed as Emily slurred and giggled. When she was done, Emily passed the phone to me. I sat, snuggled close to Lee, holding hands with Emily: a circle, pure and clean and loving. On a bed well made, in a room well kept. The only clean space in this dirty house. I listened to the voice far away, on a dirty street in a dirty city.

“I’m only telling you this because I’m drunk,” Spencer said.

Emily began relaying a funny story about her day in the snow to Lee. I let her voice become far away and focused on Spencer’s voice in the phone.

“I know it was a long time ago, but I thought you should know: a woman I slept with before I slept with you had HPV. You should get yourself checked. Men can’t get tested, so…”

Dirty.

I am suddenly repulsed by the secrets that could linger in the corners, could crawl beneath my skin.

Dirty.

I itch to be away. I itch to be clean and outside, in nature that does not betray me or the ones I love. I look into Lee’s beautiful face, at freckles, at plum-colored lips and deep brown eyes. The smooth, strong lines
In my arms I carry Jon, age one, part Tlingit, as we search the grass for grave markers of departed Tlingit students, relatives or in-laws, when we find the 1918 graves of Aleuts whose names survive: Merculieff, Ermanoff, Rukovichnikoff. I softly sing them “Memory Eternal” in Slavonic.

A sunny day in spring, the last of April, a muggy afternoon of nettles, bees.

Amtrak clacks the rails that separate the cemetery from the old, brick school building, now abandoned, passing through to Portland; sounds its horn. Again I heft the baby, changing arms, keeping up the search for Tlingit names like Zuboff, Dick, and Jackson, my shoetip clearing, polishing the name-plates on graves of those who never made it home.

—Chemawa/Portland, April 30, 1991
Morning Miracle

“Just another morning here. It’s a miracle and it comes around every single day of the year.” \- Nanci Griffiths

In October, after a storm, it is good to take an inventory, upon waking, of the miracles in your own home.

An electric light that brightens the kitchen with the flick of a switch,

cool water from the tap,

banked coals in the woodstove,

coffee breeding,

and best of all, a gentle old retriever who has not died in the night and is willing to be coaxed into standing up and staggering outside.

It is just you two in companionable silence out there in the windy rain of pre-dawn.

The raincoat over your pajamas just another miracle.

The hens murmur in the coop. The tide ebbs. The wind blows through the spruce trees. The school bus labors up the hill.

Just another morning here.

Later, in the kitchen, while you sip that coffee and read the news, the good old dog will groan in his sleep and you will look out the window just in time to see one apple on a bare tree, hanging on for dear life.

Just another morning.

Just another miracle.
Untitled

The morning sky: red
like the salmon strips hanging
in the smoke house.

Reflectflec, Joel Mundy, Juneau
Photography
My Uncle Jim Marks and his wife Jennie never had any children, but they adopted two of my brothers, Leo Marks and John Marks, whose Tlingit names were Aak’éiÉesh and K’óox. K’óox was Jennie’s brother’s name. Leo only lived to be ten years old, but John lived into his sixties.

Jim and Jennie adopted a dog—the kind that looks like a wiener. The dog’s Tlingit name was ShaagiTláa. One summer the entire family went to Port Althorp, a salmon cannery on the outer coast. The superintendent had a German shepherd dog, a huge dog. My aunty and uncle’s wiener dog went into heat about the time when the German shepherd was around, and she mated with it. ShaagiTláa produced two huge dogs. One was a German shepherd, the other had a black coat with orange markings on its face. They were both male. They were both huge, as you would expect puppies from a German shepherd to be, but the mama was so small. Can you imagine any of this?

Uncle Jim gave the dogs to my brothers Alex, Raymond, Leo, and Peter. Uncle Jim gave the dogs Tlingit names. The German shepherd was given the name KaachKudak’aa, a Shangukeidí clan name, but Lukaax.ádiyádi, a child of our clan, the Lukaax.ádi. In English, the human with this name was Tom Jimmie. The other dog’s name was also for a child of Lukaax.ádi. Its name was Kax’weisÉesh, one of Uncle Jim’s Tlingit names.

Tom and Jimmie were happy dogs. They traveled with us when the family was camping from our boat, the New Anny. When we were able to go ashore we’d take them to the beach with us and they’d play on the beach.

Then my Uncle Jim bought a parrot. He always did the unusual. After they bought the parrot, I’m not sure which member of Jim’s family taught the bird to speak Tlingit. But it spoke in Tlingit. When a woman was coming down to the house at Marks Trail, it would say “Shaawátkadaanwéixy-aanagút!” (A good-looking woman is coming down the trail!)

So, hey! You guys and girls out there—if you think you can’t learn Tlingit, just remember that the parrot, Kax’weis, learned it! If a bird can learn it, you folks can learn it, too!
Summer Bears

In August red berries cluster
and salmon slap the water
like a timeless, offbeat drum
beckoning brown bears –
    sow, two cubs, and lone, young male –
and thrill-seeking humans
angling for the perfect photographic shot.
Regardless of hour, day or season,
with a lens on fall
and an eye on summer,
I’m hard pressed to think of change ahead –
    quiet days and storm and rain.
And on the bookshelf
propped behind votive candle and beach glass
is the photo of the summer bear.

Originally Published in Alaska Women Speak
“Arctic Terns”

They appear in April
Light-struck and shimmering

As the lake opens,
As the snow contracts,
As the willow tips swell and gleam,
The terns drift down to the shore.

Furled, they rest,
Sharp and small,
Balancing into the wind
For a few trembling moments—
Then open their wings again,
Welcome the wind,
Rise

Their lilting flight has carried them
Across ten thousand miles of sky:
Hungry for light,
Rising north along the slope of the tilting Earth—
Small, small weights of warmth, suspended
From reed-stalk bones and feathers;
Eyes filled with sky.

Immersed in air, in light,
Cirrus flags, they leap on the wind
Like light leaping on ice, on waves.

Each one glimmers with such bright grace
That for all its lightness, it becomes
A pivot for the day—

And sky, and ice,
And stone, and sedge
All swing around it;

And I too, am swinging:
Rapt, breathless,
Hearing from within
The faint cheeping
Of my own feeble, hatchling grace.

Previously Published in L’attitude, June 2011
Women huddled around massive pots of broiling, steeping tea. The basement of the modest village townhouse ruminated with the medieval smell of Bozkov – the tea mixing with this pungent rum – a relic of heritage. We were waiting for the town butcher, our second guest of honor. I stood, braced against the wall, ignored, left to my observations while the women finicked, playing catch up. I’d spent enough time in this country to be acclimated, yet there was a perpetual sense of a membrane separating the Czechs from the rest of the world. The lethargic, sleepy feel of their old world traditions bleeding with the Euro-grunge culture of the country’s youth was disjointed, but cohesive. It always surprised me how the younger generations of purple haired, tattooed, students of technology were spawned from the survivors of the cataclysmic tumult of near Eastern European politics, Hitler and the Sudetenland, and the Velvet Revolution.

I watched these lovely plump mothers cluck with one another as they did what made themselves happiest, and at this early hour that seemed to be basking in the hollow glow of light emanating from the cellar’s tiny ceiling window, reminiscing, and drinking Boskov laced čaj.

The stagnant gaggle of women was bustled into action with the oncoming sound of men’s laughter. The guest had arrived.

“She’s here,” a bright-eyed, fat woman thrusts me a fresh cup of čaj, and I can smell the Boskov wafting up.

“Thanks,” I mumble in my Yankee slur. And we were swept up the stairs into the frigid March air.

The village house gave way to a Norman Rockwell backyard – picturesque. Soft cotton mounds of snow creating the virginal, unscathed backdrop for the foreboding execution. I peak around and through the wall of women to see four lithe men carrying our guest in on a rust encrusted throne. She lounged awkwardly, gauging the situation with long lashed beads of eyes, her unrest apparent. Watching the men set her down, I marveled at the bovine, fleshy pig.

When I had first received the invitation to attend the Zabyačka – In Czech zabit means to kill – I was elated. To me it had been a symbol of my acceptance in this new culture. The realization that I didn’t get to wear the cultural merit badge until after the event was lost in my enthusiasm over the mere invitation. I had heard about Zabyačkas in the hushed murmurs of my new classmates. (Querying whether I’d been – or would go – and if so, the poise with which I view the event). However, the prospect seemed slim seeing as how the “killing” season was nearing its close and I still hadn’t been asked. I felt, as I’d assumed, some of my female classmates back in America had felt about not being asked to prom. Only my giddiness held thick and tangible over my head, incessant.

It is a cultural tradition stemming from the days of pre-refrigeration. Families would raise a pig from infancy with the sole purpose of making it fat enough, so that they could publicly kill, eviscerate, and eat the creature – all in the same sitting. So when I finally received my invitation, I was not only asked to the ball, I was Cinderella in all her crystal pumpkin glory.

Shivering in anticipation, and partly with nausea, I craned over the women to watch the men set the hefty lass on the crystalline snow. The bundle of women exploded in flurries of heckling, fondling men’s coffee cups until they produced more hot, brackish booze. The men shuffled about, like a stage crew setting the scene for an upcoming performance. While standing in the midst of this small innocuous backyard, I was taken into my history books, to the European country sides with their ripples of pastures bleeding into smudgy grey skies; I realize that I was the only member of this audience preparing for a tragedy. As the women continued clucking and the men laid out wooden pallets in the center of the small circular cobblestone drive, they carried about in laughter and jest; the picket-fenced yard pulsating with tremors of excitement.

A sense of foreboding writhed down my vertebrae and settled behind my navel, I swept the yard and came to a halting stop upon the discovery of the long lashed eyes watching me from inside her royal chamber.

I’d forever been told that pigs were intelligent creatures, and I will not soon forget lest I find myself without the searing image of that poor queen’s eye. The deepest wells of abandonment fathomable; however, what unsettled me

Meghan Stangeland
UAS Student, Juneau
that’s what I want to do

forget this minuet around
  over  through
situations/words/
phantom
blink of tears

just 2 foot lengths
spreading wide
for a 12 pound maul/
random tangle trap of hair
for beads of honest sweat

excluding our palms,
our skins
are too tough.
The answer—
The balm?

Split wood:
ash, maple, pine, cedar,
elm, hickory, apple

heave  grunt  slam  crack  silence

Work with me/
  with me/
aim for the perimeter
and the heart will break open
  smooth  clean
still full of life
and ready to burn
Capturing a Moment:
An Interview with Patrice Helmar

I’m reeling the afternoon I’m scheduled to interview featured artist Patrice Helmar. It’s five minutes to one, and I’m frantically recounting all the things that could go wrong with this interview. What if I misquote her? What if there are awkward silences? What if I’m intensely inarticulate? It’s only then that I realize that such dreads are superseded by my one looming failure: we’re supposed to meet at Spike’s Café in minutes, and I haven’t the faintest clue what she looks like. After a frantic—and ultimately fruitless—internet search, I sit back in my chair, heart sinking at the realization that I’ve lost my subject.

Thankfully, I needn’t have worried. A figure approaches and politely calls my name. She introduces herself as Patrice, and apologizes for being late (she wasn’t). She counters my offer to buy her a coffee by buying us both a cup of tea, and we find an empty classroom to talk. Minutes later, after expertly helping me resolve an issue with my recording software, she opens up to me about artistic parents, documentary photography, and how aspiring artists should persevere to find their voices.

JB: All right, so we’re just going to get started with our questions here. How did you first become interested in art?

PH: Let’s see. Well, both my parents are photographers. My mom studied at a two-year program in Seattle for commercial photography. My dad had a camera store, so I’ve been surrounded by cameras and photography my whole life. I’ve also been really interested in visual art. We constantly did a lot of art-oriented stuff at my house.

JB: So creativity was definitely encouraged in your house.

PH: Definitely. It was just sort of a natural thing. I love drawing; I was always drawing as a kid. So it was sort of a natural progression. I remember in kindergarten I was obsessed with wanting to draw a picture of everyone in my class. It was really important for me to remember those people and go through that process. So that’s my earliest memory of being interested in art. I think you get bonded with certain people and you want to remember them or capture that moment. I would say my dad was a key figure in modeling what it means to capture important moments with a camera. He emphasized by his actions the importance of always having a camera and taking pictures.

JB: Did you study photography formally at a university, or did you get most of your education from your family?

PH: I studied it a bit in my university experience, but I apprenticed with my dad at his photo shop in downtown Juneau for probably ten years or so. Most of the time I was just hanging out with my dad and probably getting in the way. I would just go in after school and “work,” and probably the most valuable experience was just being with him and seeing what his business and work was like. The practical study really started with people bringing in their cameras. A lot of time, the problem with film cameras would be that they were dirty. My dad would feel bad about charging people a lot of money to fix their cameras if it was just something like
“clean the camera, run a roll of film through it, and send them on their way.” So he would put me in charge. One of my first jobs was to take the camera out with a roll of film and then get the pictures I took developed and see how they turned out. That exercise was really fundamental in teaching me so much about composition and formal aspects of photography in terms of how to do things correctly. We would come back and I would have the prints, and he would say “Which ones do you really like?” In those days, you would have a red pen and put a square around the ones you really liked. He would leave me alone, or be back in his dark room, and give me five or ten minutes to pick out which ones I really liked. He would come back and say “Well, I like this one,” or “This one, your exposure’s too dark or too light,” and we would really talk about what made a good photo and the importance of capturing the moment, or what the moment was, or the right light. We would talk about other photographers, especially street photographers. He would say “this photographer would always be taking the bus or subway and shooting photos of people, just capturing their everyday lives.” Or he would talk about Ansel Adams and how he would set up somewhere for hours waiting for the perfect light, capturing exposures over a long period of time. We had these discussions based on my practice, shooting these cameras that people thought were broken. So that was a really big part of my formal education as a photographer. Now, as I’m going through the teaching program, I see that my dad probably didn’t know that he was being a good teacher, but that’s how I’m learning how to be a teacher now. You need to model what good photography is, have examples of good photographs around the room, and tell someone how to use a camera: what this lens does, what this film does, what this shutter speed does, and then give them the opportunity to go out and practice that in the field. The more you do that, the more comfortable you become with a camera, and it becomes second nature. They say in teaching that there’s a point where the student is able to apply their
understanding time and time again. The students are able to be fluent after watching, practicing, and looking critically at other people’s work. The student masters the skill, and they take it with them and use it wherever. I think the time I spent in my dad’s old camera store was really fundamental.

JB: Some of the photography you sent me, your abstract work, seems to deal a lot with the play of color and texture. How do you decide on your subject matter for your abstract photos?

PH: Well, that particular collection is from the exhibit that was at the Juneau city museum this summer. Those were all photographs of older boats around Southeast Alaska. I guess it’s hard to say how you make a decision to take a photograph of something. I guess something sticks out to you, but boats have always been important to me because I grew up commercial fishing with my family. My parents owned a small hand trawler and so we’d go out hand trolling in Icy Strait, Elfin Cove and Hoonah, and one thing my dad really loved to do on weekends was take walks around the docks and look at boats. This was after we sold our boat, when the price of salmon went down. We’d spend hours walking around, talking to people and looking at boats, and when I was a kid, I was bored stiff having to do that. It was cool being with my dad and being at the harbor, but I didn’t understand why he always wanted to be there. My dad just loved boats. And in this past year or two, I started noticing these boats that were in dry dock, like the layers of paint that were on them, how cool they were, and just being really drawn to that. So I started taking pictures of boats in Sitka—there’s a dry dock there near the ferry terminal—and thinking that they looked like paintings. They looked like abstract impressionism, or Rothko, like the color field paintings where there are lines and different textures, and just layers and layers of paint. But I didn’t really know where I was going with it. I just had hundreds and hundreds of pictures of boats. I guess it was an unconscious thing that just sort of happened. It probably had a lot to do with childhood memories of being on boats. I just thought they were really beautiful.

JB: So, as an artist, what catches your eye in other people’s work?

PH: I think I love things that are real, but also can be surreal at the same time. I love photographs that don’t look like they’re posed, or like they’re on purpose, or they’re too convoluted. I like seeing sort of just when you capture a moment of something, that’s something that really attracts me. Especially in documentary work. Everyone in the world has moments of grace where they’re beautiful, in all of their imperfections. I’m drawn to imperfect beauty. I like realism that isn’t contrived.

JB: Do you have any preference toward film or digital photography?

PH: I love both; I’m happy with digital photography. It’s quick, easy, and awesome, and so forgiving. It took me a long time to get to that place. I’m really sentimental when it comes to film photography. Film photography started dying off as an art form right around the same time that my dad passed away and so it’s kind of symbolic to me in a way. It’s just the way that things happen, but my dad passed away in 2002, and that’s probably when the first round of semi-decent digital cameras started coming out. They really weren’t that great, but people were amazed that they could take as many pictures as they wanted. It was a revelation in the photography world, and it was gonna make film cameras obsolete. My dad was really old school about photography, really so caught up in the process of developing, so that was a really important part of my education, and it was tough to switch from film to digital. There’s kind of a gap in my work from that period of time. I kept taking photographs, but when my dad’s dark room closed and I had graduated from university, I didn’t have a dark room anymore. Sort of like a painter not having a studio. So I continued taking pictures, but I didn’t have that place to really work on my work, and I’d say that now there’s kind of a happy medium
Self Portrait, New England, Patrice Helmar, Featured Artist, Juneau
Photography

Roald’s Hair, Patrice Helmar, Featured Artist, Juneau
Photography
**Harem Wall**, Patrice Helmar, Featured Artist, Juneau
Photography

**Roma**, Patrice Helmar, Featured Artist, Juneau
Photography
*Domestic Items*, Pedar Dalthorp, UAS Faculty, Juneau
Stoneware, Cotton, Found Objects
Steel Ka, Calcedonio Charles Giordano, Juneau
Steel and Aluminum

Cast Iron Clay, Chelsie Harris, UAS Student, Juneau
Ceramics: Stoneware
Oil and Vinegar Set, Bonilyn Parker, UAS Student, Juneau
Ceramics

Coffee Set, Bonilyn Parker, UAS Student, Juneau
Ceramics
Queen of Wastelandia, Kate Laster, UAS Student, Juneau
Mixed Media with Cigarette Filters

Shinto Tea Set, Chelsie Harris, UAS Student, Juneau
Ceramics: Stoneware
Cleanse

His first bath was a big moment
and his mother took pictures.
His father stood at the sink,
afraid he’d do it wrong.
The boy let the water warm him.
He was content.

His brother took up most of the tub
and his mother got mad when he splashed.
His father stayed late at work,
afraid he’d fall behind.
The boy let the water warm him.
His brother peed.

His clothes were covered in dirt
and his mother told him he smelled.
His father hadn’t called,
afraid they’d find where he was.
The boy let the water warm him.
He touched himself.

His girlfriend broke his heart
and his mother said he’d be fine.
His father wrote him a letter,
afraid they’d call if he didn’t.
The boy let the water warm him.
He cut his wrist.

His brother found him
and his mother stopped speaking.
His father came to the funeral,
afraid people would talk.
The boy let the water warm him.
His ashes at sea.
Aunt Jen

Beneath a red and white apron rests well digger’s wrists. 
Her meaty hands quartered legions of chickens, 
washed a million plates, mopped the kitchen floor 
across the Atlantic and back. Makes coffee strong 
as sin. Her memory, a cabbage layered collection 
of recipes, can concoct any dish of beast or plant 
residing on this side of the equator - Cajun, curried, 
with cilantro, without rosemary. On a given day 
sweet potato pie, pumpernickel bread, crab cakes, 
peasant under glass may rise from the oven. 
While basting, mincing, sautéing 
she conjures up stories. Some way back when. 
A spring flood Cousin Jane swam the Chena, 
Uncle Earl’s jumping jasmine tea bag, 
somebody’s goat licking frosting off Miles’ birthday cake, 
that stormy aught eight November night Pa’s teeth froze in a cup. 
Her kitchen, a kingdom’s skillet where many were fueled 
from hunger, where some got chastised about eating pancakes with a bad attitude, where freezer 
meat never has a chance to burn.
The Spoken Forest

Xootz

Brown bear dances in the dark in the dark forest in the night to the remembered melody of a happy song his mother once heard her grandmother hum—the nearly lost memory of a song meant for this time of the night, to take away our grief, to help us laugh again, to set the bear surely to spin beneath the darkly spinning stars

He knows winter when he sees it when he smells snow making the air fat with promises of sleep he knows he can eat fat that will burn his fires in the night in the dark night and warm his cave of dreams where his breath steams the air that carries our unforgotten songs our unremembered dances our unsaved prayers

Yeil

You carried me into summer with your sideways glance and your raucous crooning calling to your relatives there she is there she is stale crumbs boiled bones cold fat pilfered bacon dropped from my practiced hand onto the ice-covered ground when you supposed I’d looked away you dared a crumb and I returned your sideways glances into the spring

Gootch

The wolves are singing like old women keeping ancient songs until the young the careless the inattentive come back to their senses and begin again to remember who they are and begin again to sing

Ch’aak’

Were I an eagle I would toss her onto her side bury my talons into her one exposed wing pierce her one good eye with my stare this stare that contemplates morsels hidden in the beach grass three islands away that watches hatchlings fighting and eating one another in the nest this gaze that reaches into her heart with only one blink that sees the long-from-now time when she regrets each lost chance to thank her own grandmother for sparing her one exposed wing her one good eye

(Hemlock Trees)

Spruce and hemlock whisper one to another. Our history our histories our story our stories our memory our memories our life our lives who we are what we are how we are where we are are spruce and hemlock watch as we hurry to places with no sun no rain no humans they tenderly fold us into their whispers knowing that in the next days in the next generations in the next worlds our stories will be the at.oow they bring out to display to us their opposites when they host memorials for our
Love

Love is green
A dark green
Like my favorite sweater
it’s really nice
  it looks good
  and it’s soft
  and it’s warm
  and it’s fuzzy

Love smells like hugging
  It smells like a good smell
  Their hair smells like soft
  Their clothes smell like clean
  The environment smells like refreshing
  It smells like everything

Love tastes like soup
  Like garlic soup
Love tastes like ice cream
  Chocolate ice cream.
  It tastes good.

Love feels like something fuzzy
  Like my cat
  My cat is very loving to me.
  I feel my cat twice a day
  It feels soft

Love sounds like the phone when it’s ringing.
Love sounds like people talking.
  They’re just saying, “Good Morning.”
  “What’s going on?”
Love sounds like busy typing.
  Busy working
  Sounds really busy.
Love sounds like going out.
  And having fun.
  And enjoy yourself.
Mike Godkin

Juneau

Things I Remember About My Dad

Hello my name is Mike Godkin. My dad passed away this past Monday. Here’s a happy poem about my dad.

My first thing about my dad
He used to work on a gas station
The one on Seward street
Now it’s on Sealaska
He used to help pump gas
We went and visited him a few times
We just talked to him for awhile and that’s how I knew him

Then he used to be a fireman
You know
He’d go out on a fire calls
You know if there was a big fire at the Baranof
Or wherever there was a big fire
He would help go on fire calls

He used to help work on cars, trucks
He used to help me fix breakfast on Sundays
He used to help me get on Skype, get on the computer a lot
He liked the TV, watched baseball and he liked wheel and jeopardy
And other shows like CSI and other stuff

My dad every year after thanksgiving
Him and my brother and everybody all the men
They used to go out to Tenakee
And they used to go hunting for deer
And they would always bring me deer
And we would eat deer for dinner,
Sometimes spaghetti.

He used to help my brother do stuff
Work on motorcycles

He used to help work on the washing machine and the dryer
Sometimes if it leaks he would try to fix it
But if he can’t, he would get new ones for us.
Right now we got a new Kenmore, boy it’s a good one,
September on the Cruise Ship Dock

It’s days like these

(pouring, no, monsooning rain. freezing rain.
wet socks, wet underwear, jeans wet in places where it looks like it could be pee.
hair pasted to cheeks
and I’m not sure if what’s running from my nose is rain or snot.
stiff, cold, red fingers clenching expired handwarmers.
occasional bursts of wind.
sharp prongs of umbrellas snatching at hair, assaulting.
hands on the clock moving slower
every
hour.
soggy, torn paper.
five minute breaks in the doorways of tour busses.
hot, then cold tea in my travel mug.
giving bad directions.
pointing out the tram.
seeing who can find the worst dressed tourist
like the guy with the fur shorts.
huddling with seasonal friends.)

that I love telling tourists, “Well that’s Alaska.”
Potatoes

Answering phones at work, trying
to be nice as pie
I am thinking about the recipe for roasted
tatoes I read last night. It called for
purple potatoes and fingerlings, exotic,
and I wonder if I can even find them here.

After lunch, sorting the mail, I think about
tatoes the size of a big toe, the color
of a bruise after the blossom of blood cools
beneath the skin, tuber-like, and fingerlings
ivory skinned and knobby, lovely and cold.

At work sometimes impatience shows;
my voice like fingernails on slate
smile so tight
it’s not really a smile, irritation
buried just beneath the surface,
thin-skinned and raw.

But today, right now,
I think about potatoes, small and new,
blue as the moonlit sky,
cut in half
tossed in olive oil and garlic, tiny leaves of rosemary
flicked along their unpeeled skin
cut-side down in the oven, 350, for half an hour

And my desk silent after hours,
silent as a patch of dirt.
Pick Up Lines For Poets

So…. do you scribble here often?

Allow me to alliterate how achingly amazing you are in the anachronistic afternoon.

I never believed in love at first draft, but - reviewing you - I can’t picture a single revision.

I enjoy banned books and I like long walks at the library.

Is that a sonnet in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?
Is that a verb on your body? Cause I really wanna do it.

There is not a form that can contain you,
not a rhyme scheme that I want you to end on,
If you were acrostic,
I would fall into your letters,
get lost in your center,
your name would be my backbone.

I am 16 syllables and you are the one.

Baby, there ain’t no stem high enough,
ain’t no root low enough,
to keep me from
prefixing you.

My love,
I heard you order dinner in iambic pentameter.
I appreciate your personifications of the weather.
I’m tired of all these young similes, I want a real metaphor, someone who is.
You make the line breaks in my heart feel like a stanza.

Sit here:
next to my raven,
be a man of your word,
let me read between your lines
and highlight passages of your breath, my favorite sections.
The Catch

Celebrities, I found out, still have to do homework. I’m in the 3rd grade and my dad and I are already famous. I figured that was a good enough reason to end my school career. I told Dad all about my ideas to drop out of school and travel around the world and train seals at a zoo and work as a librarian or a veterinarian, and to scuba dive in the ocean. He said that I was to remain in school until I graduate and then go to college, and that I couldn’t be a veterinarian or librarian without a college degree. I told him that was bogus and that it didn’t seem fair that I wasn’t allowed to have fun till I was old like him. He laughed at this and said, “That’s how it is in the real world, kiddo.” He always says that about things I don’t want to do. Anyway, I suppose you’re wondering how we became famous. Well I’ll tell you. It wasn’t through movie star talent, or through a game show win, or even the lottery. We caught fame in a foot hold trap early one October morning.

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I run downstairs from my room, jeans and wool socks on, and the new flannel Dad bought me-- maroon and black with beige buttons. Best of all it’s warm. Dad is downstairs already. I swear he gets up at like four in the morning or something just so he can watch the news and drink coffee and complain about me taking too long to get ready. As I cross the living room I see him on the recliner holding his giant, blue, coffee mug. He looks sort of like a slouchy king on his throne, lazily holding a big goblet. As I pass in front of the T.V. I shuffle quickly so as not to bother his royal majesty’s news program. Dad always gets mad if me or my sisters walk in front of the T.V. too much. I pass through the doorway into the kitchen I hear the T.V. yell “Riiide Theee BUS!” and then some shuffling. Dad appears in the kitchen. He’s on his way out the door 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 seventies, 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.” I remember thinking that he sure does like poms. 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 sharp smell of the lure from the trapping pack hangs in the air; it has become a welcomed scent to me in the mornings. 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 just so. Finally, I get them laced up and run outside; I see Dad sitting in the driver’s seat, his silly red hat matching the outside of the truck. The air feels cool on my face and hands, and as I stop at the truck I look down at my feet and see that the toes of my hiking boots are darker on the tip of the toes. I tug at the dewy handle of the truck door, hop into the passenger seat, and then slam the door shut. I hear two familiar low, grumbling voices talking to one another. KQDS is on. I expected 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 morning. “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. They’re really funny. One time they told a story about how a kid my age was pointing a chicken nugget all around a cafeteria at a school, yelling “Bang!” and he got suspended. Boy, did my dad and I laugh at that. Heck, I even like the music they play on this station, especially Aerosmith’s “Walk This Way.” It’s music for old people, but I can’t help it – it’s catchy and stuff. (I blame Dad.) Dad backs the truck out of the driveway, and we start driving up the hill toward the church. It seems like everyone else in town is still sleeping because there are no other cars driving on the road. As we stop at the four-way I see that the steeple of the church looks more yellow than usual because of how bright the sun is this morning. As we continue forward, out my window I see colorful slides, a seesaw, and a plastic, purple dinosaur on a big, wire spring pass behind my shoulder. I bounce my foot to the familiar beginning of a song.

Catelin Vaida

UAS Student, Juneau
Low Fidelity

Michelle.
She was a one life stand.
The kind of girl
I could sleep next to forever.
With too tense two am talks,
twist ties were severed
and I was left with a pocket
full of tangled wires
and rotten wood knots.
My bee nest heart,
swarmed with red hornets
pricking holes til blood
swamped my lungs
and every swollen apology.

I
never thanked Michelle for being apart
of my forget-me-nots
and marigolds.
All the things that I thought
would not get old
withered in syllables,
I thought we built
a resistance to.
Convicted of crimes
I didn’t intend,
conniptions clutched every footstep
away from her door
into insomnia.

Lucy.
I found her in the laundry room,
sitting cross legged and smirking,
her body vibrating on a dryer.
She wrapped me in her
unfamiliar, soothing legs.
A vacation from an arsoned home
to a writhing, humid south.
Under teal Christmas lights,
she studied my skin,
Icky Little Miracles

I have been present at approximately three human births. The first birth, obviously, was my own and I can’t remember it at all, but I think it is safe to say that I was at least a little bit present at the time. The second and third births were for my brothers, Alex and Dylan. My mother doesn’t have any children besides my two brothers and me, so I guess you could say that every single time she’s squeezed a baby out of her vagina – I’ve been there.

I was four-years old when Alex was born and twelve for the birth of Dylan. Both boys were born at home with a midwife because my birth at Bartlett Hospital left our mother with quite a bit of disdain toward hospital-births. She didn’t like the nurses coming in and out of the cold, impersonal room, offering her drugs that she didn’t even believe in, and asking her to keep her voice down all the damn time. The stirrups really freaked her out, too. So when my mother’s second and third pregnancies rolled around, home births with a midwife were really the only option. Alex was born on an old black futon in the living room, and Dylan in a tub of water in mom’s bedroom. I remember both births quite well, although I’m not so sure that’s a good thing. The thing about birth is it’s quite grotesque – disgusting, even. If you’ve ever seen the birth of any mammal, or given birth yourself, you know what I’m talking about. Mystery fluids mix together, there’s a ton of sweating, panting, some poop, and quite a bit of grunting. And the stretching! Oh, the stretching. No wonder mothers always make such a huge deal about childbirth: shit looks fuckin’ painful. And I was four-years old the first time I saw this! Imagine that, for a second: being a confused four-year-old watching something as gross and graphic as childbirth. It was quite nasty, but my mother, who has always claimed that birth is natural, shameless part of life, insisted that I be present for the births of both of my brothers.

Young children are far more intuitive than one may expect. They are able to pick up on small social cues and are surprisingly aware of their surroundings. When two parents fight, their child knows what’s going on. When my mother was pregnant with Alex, I knew a baby was on the way. What I did not know, however, was how the baby would arrive. So when mom began groaning, breathing heavily, and yes, stretching, I was terrified. I was certain that my dear mommy, my shining light, was dying a very painful death on our crappy living room futon. Worse, my entire family was watching her die. I was overwhelmed with fear and began to cry deep, sorrowful sobs while I sat helplessly on my grandmother’s lap. Mommy was in agony. Her face was a deep shade of crimson, tears fell from her eyes, she groaned with animal pain-and no one did a thing. Dad’s eyes were wide as a fly’s, but grandma and the midwife seemed calm and even happy. After several hours, I couldn’t take it anymore. I ran into my room and buried myself under my Little Mermaid sheets and comforter. Mortified, I thought mommy was a goner. I moped and sobbed in my blanket cocoon for only a few moments before grandma Caroline came in. She entered my room quickly and with purpose, snapped her fingers and told me to hurry up and follow her into the living room. I shouldn’t miss what was about to happen. She held my hand and walked briskly down the hallway while my teeny little legs ran to keep up with her. Grandma plopped me down on the brown shag carpet and we sat together in our front row seats, only a few feet away from all of the bloody, disgusting action. As I watched Alex crown and emerge from our mother, my fear was replaced with incredible fascination. A human head was literally appearing, as if by magic, from between her legs! Before too long, our small living room, which hadn’t heard the sound of a crying infant in a few years, was full of healthy, guttural baby wails. Alex looked cute, in a slimy alien sort of way. Covered in wet goo. When I saw tears of joy in my mother’s eyes and a big, beaming smile on my father’s face, the whole childbirth thing began to make some sense. I mean, yeah, it was pretty disgusting, but it was over, and a real human who wasn’t there before was suddenly with us. In retrospect, I cannot believe that I spent my last moments as an only child crying like a clueless moron – but you know what? Disgusting as it was, I’m glad I was there for the birth of my first brother. Witnessing Alex’s birth prepared me for what was to come in the same house, with the same midwife, eight years later.

When I was twelve and my mother was pregnant with Dylan, I was no longer oblivious to what the end result would be. Although I was only in preschool when Alex joined our family, I remembered his birth well and was fairly
The Geometry of Words:
An Interview With Kim Heacox

I used to wonder whether it was possible to be star struck by a person you’ve never met. When I first picked up a copy of Kim Heacox’s The Only Kayak at a Hearthside Books in Juneau, I began to suspect it might be. Within those pages of lyric, poignant prose is a chronicle about life in a changing landscape that grips a reader from the first page. How could I not be impressed? Then, after crossed wires and a few emails that traveled to portions of the world I can only dream of— I realized that I am, in fact, star struck by this Gustavus writer with a passion for wordplay, the world as it once was, and the world as it could be. Read on as Heacox corresponds from “The Island at the End of the World,” and I try my best to keep from asking for an autograph.

JB: How did you come to find that writing was a passion of yours?

KH: I had a great English teacher in my senior year of high school who taught me the beauty and power of words by turning me on to song lyrics by the Beatles, Paul Simon, Bob Dylan, and others. Then, as a young man in my Huckleberry Finn years, I traveled around the world and often had nobody to talk to since I often traveled alone. So I spoke to my journal. I wrote. I became my own personal scribe and soon I fell in love with writing— what I call “the geometry of words”— and learned to approach it as a craft.

JB: Since Iditarod Spirit was first published in 1991, you’ve experimented with several different forms—from memoir, photography books, and fiction, to name a few. How did this come about?

KH: Life is a buffet. I like to try it all. I started out as a writer and used photography to help sell my early magazine articles, but over the years I also ended up writing to help market my photographs; words and pictures go together. Overall, though, I like the specificity of writing; how words can target a subject— and change the world— in ways photography cannot. Look at Arab Spring, the U.S. military isn’t spearheading that deep change. It’s the written word, the Internet, millions of emails and thousands of blogs, and to a lesser degree: photography.

JB: Do you feel like your style has evolved since you first began writing?

KH: Yes. I write more humor, sarcasm, and self-deprecation that I used to. They give me greater license to be a critic (after all I’m critical of myself). I’m also more playful with my writing; I break grammatical rules in a way I didn’t used to.

JB: Similarly, do you approach writing memoir or fiction differently than other work that is more informational, such as your photo books?

KH: Yes. A writer has to balance “scene” and “summary” in his writing. In a memoir, I can’t always be summarizing (and passing judgment) without first taking the reader on a journey to discover how I arrived at such a point of view, and how I learned my own lessons along the way, some of them were hard lessons.

JB: Many of your books are accompanied by your own photography. Can you describe the process of pairing writing and images?
KH: I never work alone in the critical steps of making a book, unless I was going to become the publisher which doesn’t interest me. Once the writer or photographer becomes a businessman/publisher, he risks his relationship with objectivity and the truth, like an actor who directs himself in a movie...how honest can he be with himself? Or can he take constructive criticism from others around him? Typically, I work with a designer/editor/publisher to pair images with words, and most often it’s great fun to see the whole thing come together. Sometimes the pairings are overt; sometimes they’re subtle. Sometimes I fight hard to get my way; sometimes I let a collaborator prevail. It’s like having a child, creating something that will hopefully outlive me and carry my values into the future to positively affect people. I’ll never know.

JB: Your upcoming novel, Jimmy Bluefeather, has you returning to fiction for the first time since Caribou Crossing in 2001. Is it difficult for you to return to a particular genre after spending time away from it?

KH: Not really. In a way I’ve never been away from fiction. The novel is always in my head as an alternate universe, my own little make-believe world where I breathe life into special, magical, beautifully-flawed people. That’s why writing fiction is like taking a drug, you feel god-like in your powers of creation and perhaps you awaken the next day to find it still needs a lot of work, that the apple isn’t as shiny as you remembered it from the night before when you drank too much red wine and wrote three pages using sentences that were 80 words long because you thought you were Cormac McCarthy, when in fact only Cormac McCarthy is Cormac McCarthy. I will say this, though. Caribou Crossing is a plot-driven novel about politics, intrigue, big oil and the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Jimmy Bluefeather is a character-driven story – a very different critter – about a grandfather and his grandson and a journey they take deep into the human heart.

JB: Has living in a small community shaped the way you view the world, and your own writing?

KH: Yes, greatly. The memoir I just finished (and emailed to my literary agent), Fixing a Hole in the Ocean, is about the essence of true community (Gustavus, my home) that I discovered through the transformational power of music, water, and wildness. I worked on it for five years.

JB: How about your travels, particularly to the Arctic and Antarctica?

KH: Also a great influence on me. I started out as a travel writer with the National Geographic Society in the 1980s (and ended up writing books for the NGS in the 1990s). I’m in southern waters now (as I answer these questions) sailing on the expedition ship, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC EXPLORER, from Ushuaia, Argentina to the Falkland Islands, then to South Georgia (which I call “The Island at the End of the World”), then to the Antarctic Peninsula, and finally back to Ushuaia, a trip of 20 days. I’ve been coming down here since 1993 as a naturalist and historian. In Alaska, mountains dominate the landscape, and glaciers fit in where they can. In Antarctica, home to 90 percent of the world’s ice, ice dominates the landscape and mountains appear where they can. Imagine Lynn Canal and Chatham Strait filled with ice. That’s Antarctica. It’s Alaska 20,000 years ago. It’s the Ice Age. Antarctica is what the world was.

JB: As an Alaskan author, do you feel pressure to write about a certain subject matter?

KH: Pressure, no. License, yes. I feel I have the right and responsibility to write about Alaska in ways that somebody from Outside does not. As an independent author, I feel somewhat duty-bound to write about truths that are not self-evident. For example: how Ted Stevens always spoke about “extreme environmentalists,” but never once mentioned “extreme capitalists.” Apparently there’s no such thing. It’s essential, I believe,
EVERY KID SHOULD HAVE A WONDER DOG that runs like the wind. A short little mutt blasting forth with his tongue out and ears back, his stubby legs moving so fast they’re a blur.

I did. It goes like this:

I’m riding my Schwinn Red Racer with everything I’ve got. Hot on my heels is Max, the family pooch, a terrier of some kind running with all his might. We’re not fooling ourselves, Max and me. He’s no pedigree. He’s a mutt of some kind, a distant wolf. And I’m little more than a mutt myself, a regular kid from middle-class America, free-ranging, mutt-loving, bike-zooming, as unmindful of my limitations as Max is of his.

Weaving past cars, we head up Bernard Street to the end of Spokane’s South Hill, where we cross High Drive and stop atop the Bluff. I lift my bike over the guardrail, then little Max, and turn my back to the traffic. Before me, the world falls away in a breathtaking slope of dry summer grasses and ponderosa pines that ends far below at a cliff. Below the cliff, another couple hundred feet down, a long sandy slope runs into Hangman Creek. I study the clean, free-flowing waters that sparkle in the sun. They beckon me. I look at Max. He looks at me, vaguely aware that I’ve volunteered him for this dangerous, top-secret mission. What a team we make: two buddies who would never do alone what we’re about to do together. We’ll be heroes if we survive, dead if we die.

It’s the summer of 1963. The season of Bob Dylan and Joan Baez, the Beach Boys and muscle cars, Martin Luther King Jr. and “I have a dream.” The summer before John Kennedy visits Dallas, and death has a face. It’s the summer after the Cuban Missile Crisis, the great Soviet threat and the much-talked-about eyeball-to-eyeball standoff that put Khrushchev in retreat and everybody on edge.

The summer before the Beatles arrive.

I straddle my bike and face down the hill. Behind me, clawing the pavement is a river of Detroit metal and glass – mainstream America – going places that don’t interest me. Fear makes a small fist in my throat as I fight it back and focus on the task at hand, something I’ve thought about for months, years. How would it feel to fly off the Sand Cliffs of Hangman Creek?

I feel the bike pulling, impatient, ready to go.

“Come home in one piece,” Mom said that morning. It’s what she said every morning before she headed off to work. She knew me better than I knew myself.

I push off. In seconds I’m going faster than I can pedal. My bike is a rocket. I try both brakes. Nothing. It’s all gravity and acceleration. Holy shit. Pines whip past me. Grasses rake my ankles. A fleeting image of my own sensational death flashes before me, how my story will read. KID RIDES BIKE OFF CLIFF. In a split-second I see my funeral, everybody in black, Foxy Felicity from down the street, daughter of the retired Navy commander in tears, her face wet with regret for having never kissed me. A red rose in her hand. It’s a perfect fantasy for a self-absorbed kid who like every other self-absorbed kid occupies the center of his own universe.

Whoosh… I sail off the cliff and feel the earth fall away, my bike too, flying, falling, my heart in my throat, my skinny body twisting in the air. Am I weightless? Everything is happening quickly yet slowly. Beside me I see little Max, his legs pin-wheeling against the blue sky, his tongue out, ears and tail high. He did it, the crazy mutt. He ran down the slope and launched himself off the cliff with me. He’s the coolest, stupidest dog in the world. Falling now with his cool, stupid master, twisting, spiraling, falling fast. We hit the sand and tumble down, down, down, coughing, spitting. I stand up, laughing, a jester, a fool, a king. Max jumps into my arms and licks my face and we tumble more. My bike is half buried in sand. The sun rides high, shining magnificently on our great accomplishment. I run across the railroad tracks, strip naked and jump into the creek. Max joins me, splashing, frolicking. We dry ourselves on a big rock in the middle of the gentle current. I scratch his belly and he pulls back his lips in a cartoonish dog-grin. I laugh at him and he laughs at me and we laugh at ourselves. Damn, we’re funny. We’re hilarious. Look at us. We’re rascals in paradise, ramblers and gamblers on the best day of summer, the best day ever. Had a freight train
come by with Woody Guthrie in an open boxcar we’d have jumped aboard and gone wherever it is hoboes go. Had Huck Finn and Jim floated by on their raft, looking for America while hiding from the law, we’d have given them our last Snickers bar. Had Katharine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart chugged by on the African Queen, the old riverboat belching black smoke, we’d have cheered them on. Had a Soviet sub slipped by, its sinister scope spying on Spokane, a city of strategic Cold War importance, we’d have stoned it and saved America and gotten medals for our bravery.

Had you asked me that day, sun-struck in the middle of Hangman Creek, what is the greatest source of my joy, I’d have said Super Max the Wonder Dog. I didn’t know then — it would take me years to understand — that it’s something much bigger, much deeper.

And fears? What are my fears back in the summer of ’63? Aside from global thermonuclear war and the annihilation of all life on earth — watching Mom, Dad, Max, my brothers and me turn to toast, watching Foxy Felicity melt before my eyes — I have none. I am fearless. I am happy.

UNLIKE MANY memoirists these days, I cannot claim grave mistreatment by my parents. Raised in rural North Dakota with no obvious scars or resentments of their own, they impart none on me. Dad loves his Monday night Montgomery Ward Bowling League, his Saturday afternoon major league baseball and beer, and his daily Jim Beam on ice after six. As alcoholics go he’s a gentle man, always good to Mom and my brothers and me. He sits at the dining room table and smokes his pipe and devours Louis L’Amour novels like candy. Mom favors the James Michener 1,000-page epics about faraway places. She reads in the bathtub, tired after a long day of work, and comes out with the book soaking wet and twice its normal size, having fallen asleep and dropped it in the water. Dad says, “Reading is supposed to expand your mind, Virgie, not the book.” She takes the novel down to the furnace room to dry it out, tediously separating the wet pages one by one so they don’t stick or tear. Never will she buy the same paperback twice, or a new hardcover. We don’t have the money.

Mom and Dad grew up in the Great Depression and attended no college. More than anything they want their three sons to get university degrees and have better lives than they had. My brothers, Mick and Bill, fourteen and ten years older than me, are like uncles, each mythical in his own way. At eighteen, Mick joins the U.S. Coast Guard and sails the world and sends me post cards from Hong Kong and Hawaii. Bill wins the Washington State high school chess championship and gets a scholarship to Whitman College. To help pay for his tuition, Mom marches down to a pawnshop and sells the coin collection she’s been working on for thirty years. It has a 1909 Denver Mint Lincoln Penny worth thousands. I stand beside her as she harters for every dollar.

With my brothers gone, I’m left alone with Mom, Dad and Max. On Friday nights, after a long week of work, Mom gives me enough money to ride my bike down to the local A&W to buy three root beer floats and bring them back. We eat in blissful silence, grinning at each other, rich as the Rockefellers.

Max licks the cups.

Our first television is a magic box that costs exactly what we have and tells us when to laugh and worry, what to think, what to buy and why. We love it. “Stay right where you are,” it says. “We’ll be right back.” We stay right where we are and it comes right back, faithful as a friend. It gives us our favorite movies, Ben Hur, High Noon, Moby Dick, Bridge Over the River Kwai, The African Queen, and regularly scheduled programming: Sunday night Bonanza and The Walt Disney Hour, Rawhide and ABC’s Wide World of Sports, and the trusted newsmen Walter Cronkite, Chet Huntley, David Brinkley and Jim McKay. It melodically tells us to see the USA in our Chevrolet. We have an old Buick with whitewall tires and a dinosaur engine that drinks gas like water. About the best we can do to see the USA is a trip west to Seattle every other summer. For me, a bumpkin kid from Spokane, Seattle is Paris on the Pacific. It has the ocean and Pike Place and the Public Market where fishmongers throw salmon across selling stalls and banter with buyers. Best of all, Seattle has the Space Needle, Washington State’s Eiffel Tower with a restaurant on top. I can see everything from up there — Mount Rainier, Mount Olympus, the entire Emerald City spread out below, perfect in its proportions, humming, thrumming and growing, always growing.

En route back home, Dad sometimes gets off the interstate to drive the backroads, as he puts it, “to see what
Sprout, Sarah Cohen, Haines
Glass, Wood

Catch, Sarah Cohen, Haines
Glass, Metal, Gold Chain
My Eyes Have Seen You, Rebecca Shockley, UAS Student, Juneau
Charcoal

Minuet, Bonnie Elsensohn, Sitka
Acrylic
Prince Rupert

That morning I awoke with
the screams of women in the forest.
Cries in their own language
as they hung by their long black hair
from the trees.
My hurting head lay against
the window of the car,
condensation wet on my cheek.
These screams, these hundreds of screams.
Me waiting for a ship to take me
to my new home.
I still hear these screams
thirty years later —
the ravens in the woods.
around a white man’s fire

There are some ingredients that the white man’s fire have in common with the ceremonial fire I attend on a weekly basis.
- seasoned wood
- lighter
- people

around the weekly white man’s fire you can expect just about anything.
around the weekly indian man’s fire you can expect just about anything.

for the white man the fire is nothing sacred.

it is to be spit on and kicked.
the words exchanged around the weekly white man’s fire are to discuss where they fit into this world and how to justify or unjustify their connection to their forefather’s actions.
they may speak about white guilt as if it were a borderhopper that somehow illegally made its way to the high castle of their minds, and quickly weave words in and out, over and around to construct some sort of intellectual acceptance for themselves.

the white man’s fire becomes a place for empty energy drink cans, candy wrappers, and thought, natural elements they have turned into something called garbage that burns a bright green and black smoke when fed to the fire.

the white man’s fire is nothing sacred.

the white man’s fire is welcome to all sarcasm and heavily stereotypically genderfied remarks denouncing all others who are not white men.

---it is difficult to tell who is racist from who is just ignorant, difficult to tell how much of what has been taught by white men from how much is around this fire.

they have made white masks for me to wear.
Once So Close

He always
sleeps so sound
   hair stuck up
      squishyface
   shoulder bare
      then a slight
twitchy dream

His eyes closed
hidden dreams
   stubble-jaw
hand in mine
   bare feet hang
      body draped
to one side

His leg wrapped
with my own
   blanket-twist
      eyelash dance
   ex-boyfriend
      almost wakes
just not quite

He used to
share the bed
   now who knows
      what he dreams
   now that he’s
      away from
me
Stasis

Steering my car to a waterfront space
so close to the ocean I can trace the waves
meeting the breakwater;
hear, but not see,
because it’s heartbreakingly dark.
Provoked by a 2:30 afternoon sunset I park
and draw inward,
wanting the upholstery to fold round and hold me.
Then I see seven dull lights mark a barge heading south
plowing dark into dark, steady prow
parting waves back into that briny mouth
a deeper black than imaginable
rising like ink on black paper
the barge disappears.
Haul Out

1:30am August 29
High tide 18.7

I rise from sleep and slip into xtra tuffs
like a fireman on a late night call

Liquid laps the Lund as I take the bowline
heave ho and gain another ten feet up the beach

It’s time to winterize the outboard,
lean the skiff against the cabin

scrape the barnacles off her sides

Under a full moon I wade into water
and phosphorescence
Aquatic fireflies brighten around my boots

A flock of wild geese gargles
into the gathering clouds

I begin to sing

A whale breathes and I feel my heart
beat strong against my ribs and into my throat

The song struggles for air
rides on the outbreath

whispers into the night
Funny, if you think about it, adoption is all around, all the time. I remember a girl named Heidi Halvorson I knew in high school who got pregnant our junior year. She was the talk of the after church luncheon crowd. Folks pointed at Heidi’s mother who always sat against the wall next to the emergency exit. Took me awhile to figure out that was the warmest spot in the church basement, right next to a heating vent that blasted hot air on your legs.

Heidi disappeared from school midway through the year and then appeared the next year like nothing happened. Word was she’d left the state, had her baby and gave it up for adoption and everyone knew about it so all the subterfuge was for nothing except it meant we had to pretend we didn’t know. But a year later Heidi was still the talk of the church basement. We all stood over the jello salads and the three kinds of hamburger hot dish and whispered about Heidi poor girl, poor Mildred, Heidi’s mother. Poor, poor girl.

I myself had no pity for Heidi. She was the same popular cheerleader type. She looked the same, still stuck up as far as I could tell. Still doing gymnastics, ballet, dating Jocks. I watched her closely when we had gym class together. Her body looked the same, her whole life seemed the same. Except for the occasional whispers but in school that died down. It lasted longer in the church basement.

I didn’t know much about Heidi or her younger sister Janet who was a year behind us. They rarely went to the church functions but then her family weren’t regular church goers as far as I could tell. The Halvorson girls never even got confirmed according to my sisters. Neither were in my confirmation classes I know and said so when asked.

“Well that tells you something right there doesn’t it,” my sister Candace said. I wanted to say I knew two girl in my confirmation class that had also got knocked up and most of the girls I knew had lost their cherries by age fifteen and confirmation class, as far as I could tell, had nothing to do with it.

My sister Annette said “They let those girls run wild. Out at all hours of the night. Spoiled rotten. So what do you expect?”

I ditched Candace and Annette and wandered around the basement. The chairs along the wall were filling up and if I wanted one I had to make a dash for one. Even if I got one it was temporary since old folks got first dibs and I’d most likely get ejected if someone thought a old lady needed my seat. Little did they know how tight and painful my new shoes were. I could feel the blisters pulsate with every step. I made it to a seat and slid my heels of my shoes.

Mom was giving me a dirty looks but I was busy holding a cupcake in one hand and a styrofoam cup of coffee in the other while trying to keep my shoes half on and answer the seventy thousand questions my old sunday school teacher, was asking me. I summarized the last seven years of my life for her and updated her on both sisters, their husband and kids, my father, my mother and several of my cousins when I was recused by someone pulling a tottering old dear in my direction.

I slid my feet back into my shoes, swallowed the cupcake in three bites, slurped down my still hot coffee, relinquished my chair to the old lady and made for the exit. Two steps out the door, Heidi Halvorson and her mother stepped right in front of me.

Heidi said Hi and then introduced me to her mother, whom I’d spoken to more then Heidi herself. I smiled and waited for one of them to get to the point. I already knew what they wanted.

Mildred, Heidi’s mother, grabbed my arm and said in almost in a whisper. “I’m sure you know about our situation last year don’t you?” I kept my eyes on Mildred and ignored Heidi who was pleading with her Mom to please just forget it.

“We just wanted to know if, if you think, if you’re all right about being, if you think it’s..”

“We just wanted to know if, if you think, if you’re all right about being, if you think it’s..”

“‘I’m sure the baby is doing great,” I said. I glanced at Heidi whose face was bright red. Mildred had tears
Pearls of Wisdom

Strung along a strand of string
my rebel, hockey player, cigarette-stealing, sister
pushes my stroller, “Don’t drop the baby on her head, Maureen!”

The eldest, type-A, beauty queen with a routine,
she kills ugly men with roundhouse kicks, and looks of steam
“The corporate villain in romantic comedies is always hot. And rich.
Filthy Rich. Why can’t I find a guy like that?”

My mother, a 60-year-old tropical firecracker,
“We’re not selling this house! I don’t care! It’s nobody’s business!
Don’t tell me what to do! I’m older than you!”

My head spins,
“Your ideas are stupid. You can’t believe that crap on the TV.”
“Nako. Jesus. When are you going to get married?”
“Too many verbs. Not enough adjectives.”
“Needs a new title.”

My ears burn,
“You think you’re some kind of radical anarchist, huh? Christ, you’re just a girl. A nobody from nowhere, Alaska. Do the world a favor and go home.”

“Capitalists!”

“You want to change the world? Good luck with that. One person can’t change the world. It’ll take more than one person to make any difference.”

My favorite,
“Think for yourself.”
Only Once

Like lightning striking a ponderosa tree, bark exploding off the trunk as the enraged bolt of natural fury ran down the ever skyward stretching pine; as if he’d been swimming- no drowning, in a murky, lukewarm pond, thrashing for a way out only to be ripped up onto shore, and through painful gasps of oxygen turning back to find the pond was only knee deep; like seeing a fire born for the very first time only to realize that it was his own flesh that served as the kindling, that it was a spark he’d been clinging to since he sprung into this world, that he’d carried with him in a tiny vessel, shielding it, protecting it from the plaguing winds that threatened to extinguish this minuscule hint of comfort, and now it was a raging flame, consuming and remolding blood and bone- making him both fire and wood, an ever flowing cycle of ends and beginnings that once ablaze could never be fully quenched, and while the moon did not cease to wane into slivers and burst into a pregnant orb again, and while the stars still hung firmly mounted somewhere above the clouds that cloaked them, and while the rain did not cease to fall down like diamond curtains separating him from diamond eyes- time did stop, and he imagined the moment would continue onward for as many years as the earth was wide, and that he could step forward and part the shimmering sheets to take up his destined place on the other side; like walking into an old friend in a dark ally, like crawling into a warm bed in December; the moment he saw her, it was like coming home.
Utopia

Utopia is the first, last and fleeting, infinite
That glance from you I stole
The laugh, I watched, illuminates your face
Leaves your lips only once
In five years I will not remember
the way your hair fell across your face just now, but
It happened, was a moment of my life
Counting the freckles on your body
Creating constellations of them
Making love a universe, this one stops
Lets another spin till sunrise
Utopia is the longing, the solitary walk to work:
All these people have also just left their beds
Their universe, now back together in ours
Utopia is giving you me
There are no guarantees
Do not go looking for them
Take this, do what you want with it
Utopia is the heart that slips closest to the edge-
but does not go over
or going over, laughs
Stares down into the void
flirts with it
steals its secrets
And crawls back from the depths
humble, knowing
Utopia is the heart that does not make laws of loss
Does not sell its wisdom for a day’s love, losing both
Utopia knows love, knows love knows:
No reason.
No rational.

Utopia is counting streetlights,
-this is how I toss away laws that would otherwise become prisons
Checking them for different hues, I have a favorite
Having nowhere to go I will circle the town all night
Love sad music, dance in my mind
Alone, yes
Utopia does not make lists of its scars
Does not make amusement parks of them,
show them off as a matter of worth
**Shooting Stars**, Richard Stokes, Juneau
Photography

**Escape Artist**, Anna Cramer, Juneau
Photography
Fall Leaf, Anna Cramer, Juneau
Photography

First Cast, Anna Cramer, Juneau
Photography
Autumn’s Turning Colors

Dreams of summer, yellowed and brown edged, are whisked away by the brisk wind of a new season. I wonder if they will return in the same fashion or if they will merely leave a dying imprint on the dry sidewalk I tread. Downtown, I walk past covered windows, locked doors, bare-cement pathways no longer crowded by curious travelers -- in the emptiness there is solitude. There is hopeful expectation -- Rest, darkness, serenity. A season of old friends, cozy in afghans, drinking beer, market spice tea, and black wolf coffee, watching movies, recounting the day’s escapades of hunting, jobs, and the nasty costumer who wouldn’t take no for an answer.

My pace quickens at the foreboding heavy rain, the puddles already smiling, their dimples rippling, bumping into each other. My eye is drawn to a yellowed maple tree just ahead. I am that tree, roots solid and unwavering, but my edges dying every fall. New friends come for a season, then, scatter in far corners having taken a piece of me away in their fiery burst. I must not fear letting go, spring will come again bringing new dreams. Time has a way of healing the old yellows that fall.
Eight-Bar Screen-Door Blues

broken glass on an oak floor skipping record at its end
broken glass on an oak floor skips the record to its end
                   sweep up the pieces and start again

outside, his car door gravel tires spit road
outside his car door, gravel tires spit road
                   windup reverse; can’t unload

flies stuck on tape bang damp over eyes
flies stuck on tape bang damp over eyes
                   refrigerator pictures laughing; can’t get high

the kid won’t stop crying ceiling fan whirs on low
the kid won’t stop crying, a ceiling fan whirring on low
                   comes around to praying, this light don’t work no more
well with her. She crossed the lawn to the truck; the western afterglow triggered more whiskey. Knew she shouldn’t have waited on a man, his promises expired like worn-out boots. Behind the wheel, she spat out, “That fucking dog,” and the radio aired a country song with pedal guitar.

She ground the truck out of first and turned up the guitar. Her panting dog by her side, she was all out of whiskey, and that man could kiss her boots.

*Caribou*, Joel Mundy, Juneau
Photography
Author and Artist Biographies

Aya, Nahaan (Juneau Student) - is of the Dakhl’aweidi clan. His father is Paiute. He is a grandchild of the Inupiaq people. His precious outer shell is the Lukaaxhadi. Nahaan was born and raised in Seattle, and has returned to Tlingit land to immerse himself in Tlingit language and culture. Nahaan is also a spoken word poet who strives to be poetry in the same way his ancestors have been in the past.

Branch, Dan (Juneau) - has spent his adult life in Alaska (10 years in Bethel, 2 and some change in Aniak, 6 in Ketchikan and 16 in Juneau). The state makes him want to write. Sometimes someone will publish a piece of his work. He’s been in writers groups in Ketchikan and Juneau and took writing classes from UAS.

Buckley, Linda (Juneau) - has lived in Southeast Alaska for over four decades. Her writing is inspired by the landscape, the wildlife and by the complexities and challenges of family. Buckley has been published in *Tidal Echoes, Latitude, Alaska Women Speak, Tenakee Historical Journal, Capital City Weekly* and the *Juneau Empire*. She is currently working on a memoir and a collection of poetry.

Budbill, Andria (Juneau Student) - is a born and raised Juneauite, but doesn’t own Xtratufs. She likes to travel, sing, read, and you could say writing poetry is also something she enjoys. Andria wants to travel the world teaching English, and maybe learn guitar one day. Yes.

Buffalo, T.M. (Juneau) - is a published author, poet, and visual artist and has been the recipient of several writing awards. Several of her short stories have been previously published in *Tidal Echoes*. She is an enrolled member of the White Earth band of Minnesota Ojibwe, and she’s currently living in Juneau, Alaska with her partner, three dogs, and a cranky gray cat.

Burge, Heather (Juneau Student) - is an undergraduate student in her second year at the University of Alaska Southeast. She has hopes of eventually pushing for an Alaskan Native studies major, while continuing to minor in creative writing and the Tlingit language. While she grew up in the Sonoran Desert, it wasn’t until she found her way to Juneau that she truly found home. She hopes that regardless of where school takes her, she always finds her way back.

Bush, Megan (Juneau Student) - lives in Juneau. She graduated with a Classical Studies degree from Whitman College, and is currently taking creative writing courses at UAS. She works at a residential treatment facility, ski instructs, and romps around the mountains in her free moments.

Campbell, Jack (Juneau) - has recently retired from the teaching profession after working primarily in rural villages for the past twenty-five years. Most recently, he worked for UAF as a Content Specialist, assisting first year teachers in rural sites. He resides in Excursion Inlet.

Chadsey, Brad (Juneau Student) - was born in New York City and grew up in Western New York. After graduating high school, he began traveling and volunteering around the country. He worked for Habitat for Humanity in New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina, and again in Brooklyn, where he became passionately involved with writing. He left the city, purchased an old 42-passenger bus, and traveled around the country for a year and a half writing, and playing music. He eventually came to Juneau, where he took a position with SAGA and eventually returned to school.

Christianson, Kersten (Sitka) - 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 labs, Steve and Odin, in Sitka, Alaska. Kersten is also the co-editor of the quarterly journal, *Alaska Women Speak*.

Cohen, Sarah (Haines) - lives and works in her hometown of Haines. Inspired by the diverse artist community of her childhood she went on to study art in the lower forty-eight and abroad. Sarah now works primarily with glass, often combining it with clay, metal, fiber, and found objects, to create sculptures that are whimsical, delicate, and ephemeral. Her work plays on the juxtaposition of seemingly disparate materials, marrying them together to create intrigue and beauty.

Cortés Pérez, Ryan (Juneau Student) - is passionate about capturing the life around him through various mediums in a way that can retell stories to his audience. Right now, he is working towards creating a
seemingly blasé aesthetic that can be distinguishable as his alone.

**Cramer, Anna (Juneau)** - lives in Juneau with her husband, T.J., and their three cats, Vinny, Cairo and Machete. She likes to think of herself as a woodsman who just happens to enjoy indoor plumbing, electricity, central heat, and her Oprah magazine subscription. A few of her favorite things are exploring Juneau’s trails with her husband, the smell of the ocean, sunshine, fall leaves, photography, day dreaming, reading, writing, warm summer nights, the smell of a wood-burning fire, and being inspired.

**Dalthorp, Pedar (Juneau Faculty)** - was born at the Anchorage Community Hospital. He began his career in art at the University of Alaska Anchorage where he studied psychology and fine arts and received his B.A. in psychology. He finished his formal art education by receiving a M.F.A. from Ohio University in Athens, Ohio. Pedar is pleased to be continuing his career as an associate professor of art at the University of Alaska Southeast.

**Dornbirer, McKenzie (Juneau Student)** - is a writer, a student, and most importantly, she is an Alaskan. She enjoys being active outside during the summer months, and pensively looking out her window during the stormy Juneau winters. She hopes to graduate from UAS with a Bachelor’s in English with an emphasis in creative writing in the fall of 2012.

**Elsensohn, Bonnie (Sitka)** - retired in 2007 from working as a graphic artist and specialist for Sitka campus. She now paints a variety of subjects using acrylics, and often taking her own photos for reference work. Her work has been featured at Sitka’s Gallery Walks, and is also on display at Fishermen’s Eye and Sitka Rose galleries.

**Eichorst, Annie (Juneau)** - is from Juneau. She does art at The Canvas Community Art Studio. She likes working, shredding papers and getting paid. She loves visiting friends - eating with them, talking with them, and hugging.

**Eriksen, Christy NaMee (Juneau)** - a.k.a. Jung Na Mee, is a Korean Adoptee spoken word poet from Alaska. She has performed at art centers, universities, and theatres, including The Roundhouse in London and Equilibrium’s spoken word series at The Loft Literary Center. She has been published in *Alaska Women Speak*, *The Fulcrum*, *Tidal Echoes*, Race-Talk.org, and is a featured artist on the 2009 Minnesota Spoken Word Album of the Year, *¿Nation of Immigrants?* produced by The Loft Literary Center. Christy has shared the stage with Def Poets like Ishle Park, Mayda del Valle, Bao Phi, and other really cool people. She co-founded and co-hosts a monthly poetry slam.

**Giordano, Calcedonio Charles (Juneau Student)** - is a 46-year-old marine mechanic. He is attending UAS with the objective of transforming his craft as a tradesman into a career as an artist. He has focused his studies on sculpture and considers himself a true industrial artist. He is the Timemachinist.

**Godkin, Mike (Juneau)** - was born blind in Juneau, Alaska in 1960. He went to Vancouver Washington State School for the Blind for ten years. He now lives in Juneau, works every day at REACH, and likes to help his mom. He began writing poetry this year, because everyone else was writing and reading at the Poetry Slams and he thought, “Why not me doing it, too?” He likes to help judge at the Slams, and remind people to clap when others go up to the mic. He is a good listener.

**Haight, Lauren (Juneau)** - lives in Juneau with her boyfriend, Gary, and their three dogs: Crimson, Max, and JD. She’s a recent graduate of UAS with a Bachelor’s in English, emphasis in Creative Writing. She was published in *Tidal Echoes* last year, and hopes to be published many more times in the coming years.

**Harris, Chelsie (Juneau Student)** – her medium is ceramics, focusing on the design and production of functional pieces. Her work is made to enhance intimate social situations, such as dining together or sharing a cup of tea, in order to prolong these dying traditions. Her aesthetic is greatly affected by her off-the-grid lifestyle of living in a cabin with no running water or electricity. She gleans inspiration for her work from the day-to-day activities and chores of cabin life.

**Hayes, Ernestine (Juneau Faculty)** - was born in Juneau. When she was 15, her mother and she moved to California, where she lived for 25 years. After she came back home, she pursued her education at
UIAS and at UAA. She is now an assistant professor of English at the University of Alaska Southeast.

Heacox, Kim (Gustavus) - a writer, photographer, musician and conservationist, has authored eight books, four of them for National Geographic. His most recent title, The Only Kayak, a memoir about finding home in Alaska, was a PEN USA Literary Award finalist in creative non-fiction. He has twice won the Lowell Thomas Award for excellence in travel writing, and his book In Denali won the Benjamin Franklin Nature Book Award. He lives in Gustavus, near Glacier Bay, with Melanie, his wife of 26 years, and his two guitars, one piano and a winter wren on the woodpile. Learn more about him at www.kimheacox.com.

Helmar, Patrice (Juneau) - is a fifth generation Alaskan, born and raised in Juneau. Helmar earned a B.A. at Southern Oregon University, where she studied creative writing and visual art. Helmar’s work is influenced by documentary and street photography, as well as by modern painting and literature. Helmar’s series, “Honeymoon Tonight” was a featured solo exhibition at the Juneau Douglas City Museum for the summer of 2011. Patrice is currently enrolled in the teaching program at UAS, and hopes to find a job in Juneau teaching language arts to middle or high school students this coming fall 2012.

Hocker, Kathy (Juneau Faculty) - is a naturalist, writer, illustrator, and teacher. She’s written and/or illustrated several books and articles about birds, plants, glaciers, plankton, bears, bugs, streams, and more. She enjoys exploring Juneau’s wild places, but can’t seem to stay on the trails.

Hoffman, Anna Marie (Juneau Student) - was born and raised in South Central Alaska and moved to Juneau when she was sixteen. Her growing up years were filled with imagination, wilderness, and adventures. She started writing life and her faith in middle school and has continued to do so throughout her college years. She sees life around her as art and enjoys expressing her observations through creative writing.

Holloway, Robyn (Juneau) - is a graduate of UAS with a BLA in English Literature and a minor in Creative Writing. She is a displaced Californian who loves living in Juneau with her husband and children. She is a member of the Alaska State Council for the Arts. She assists with the organization of the Poetry Out Loud competition, and supports various local arts activities.

Kelleher, James (Juneau Student) – his heart is a nest swarming with honeybees and red hornets. If he could smoke a pack of pens instead of cigarettes, it’d better illustrate how addicted he is to writing. He believes that words are empty glasses that contain liquid meaning. Buy him a drink and he’ll give you a hug. Give him a smile and he’ll return the favor.

Kitchin, Hollis (Juneau Student) - is a senior at UAS working on her Bachelors of Art in Art. The emphasis of her degree is in drawing and ceramics. This is her first time submitting to Tidal Echoes. She worked as a Tidal Echoes Intern in 2009 for the 2010 edition.

Landis, Rod (Ketchikan Faculty) - is a full-time Professor of English at University of Alaska Southeast - Ketchikan and a part-time poet. He takes a break from being on the editorial board of Tidal Echoes every once in awhile so he can submit something himself.

Laster, Kate (Juneau Student) - remembers when another person with her writing style said of her, “Kate Laster, a bumbling art major by day, a mixed-media cartoonist by night.” She thinks herself rather lucky to have such imaginary lifelong friends, and some real kindred spirits to boot.

LaVerne, Heather (Juneau Student) - grew up in Seward, AK, and was very active in the theater arts there. After graduating high school she did a year of college in Chicago studying theater, and then transferred to UAS to study creative writing. She enjoys writing short, comedic stories that have a bit of a morbid nature. Besides writing, she enjoys doing improv, drawing, and collecting DVDs.

Lende, Heather (Haines) - is the author of two books of prose, a contributing editor of Woman’s Day, and the obituary writer for the Chilkat Valley News in Haines, Alaska, where she lives with her family.

Lumba, Grace (Juneau) - is an Alaskan-Filipina with roots in Juneau, and also a UAS graduate with a degree in Creative Writing. Some of her hobbies include red wine and dark chocolate. She wants to thank her closest friends, most supportive family members, & the inspirational professors who encourage her to pursue poetry + literature.

Merk, W. S. (Juneau) - has been living and writing in Juneau, Alaska since 1991; he lives with his wife, bead artist Beth Handley. His first book of poems, Bright Silence, was published in March, 2011.

Mundy, Joel (Juneau) - is a photographer living and working in Southeast Alaska. His current home is Juneau, where he lived as a child and returned in 2006 at the age of 27. The focus of his most recent work is the harbors that serve as a backdrop to life in Juneau.

Parker, Bonilyn (Juneau Student) - was born and raised in Alaska. Currently residing in Juneau, she is finishing up her senior year at UIAS with a BA in ceramics and sculpture. She plans to further her education in the ceramic field by pursuing an MFA, and hopes to go on teach ceramics at the university level.

Peterson, Daniel (Juneau Student) - was born and raised in Juneau, Alaska. He only recently identified this place as being one of the most unique spots in the world, especially to have been raised in. He has developed a deep love and appreciation for the mystical quality of the rain forest which surrounds him. He found writing to be a way to channel the difficulties that everyone must face as they grow older. He once sought counseling to deal with life’s challenges. After his counselor gave him a notebook to fill his thoughts with, he has been using that as a means of expression.

Prescott, Vivian Faith (Sitka) - is a fifth generation Alaskan. She was born and raised in Wrangell, Alaska and is a resident of Sitka. She and her husband are temporality stationed with the U.S. Coast Guard in Kodiak, Alaska. Vivian is a Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee and she was recently awarded the Jason Wenger Award for Literary Excellence. Her poetry has appeared in Catapult to Mars, Cirque, Dead Snakes, and Turtle Quarterly. Her first collection of poetry, The Hide of My Tongue, is available through Plain View Press.

Pillsbury, Kent (Juneau Student) - Is it poetry? Is it theater? Is it insurrection or just garden variety crankiness? Inspiration or idiocy? Though his hands are idled—and the Devil and he are at gaming-buddy status—he’s still able to incite. Right? Don’t believe what you’re told to/be careful about believing in general/choose curiosity, skepticism, and wonder over certitude—three faces of the four-sided die he likes to roll in, well, most situations. Fourth side, of course, is randomness—greatest force in the universe. Whatever of his fiddlings you see here will have endured this process, and as always, thanks for your support.

Shockley, Rebecca (Juneau Student) - was born and raised in Juneau, Alaska. A sophomore in college, she’s striving for a Bachelor’s Degree in Fine Arts. Alfred Hitchcock films and the horror genre itself, play a heavy influence on Rebecca’s style and technique. She prefers to work in charcoal, but is trying to broaden her abilities and work with other mediums. Her ultimate goal is to become an illustrator one day.


Stangeland, Meghan (Juneau Student) - was born and raised in Juneau, Alaska and has loved every epic moment. She began writing travel pieces while studying abroad, but her interest and love of writing requires the challenge of constantly attempting new styles and exploring new subjects. She is currently a student at UAS studying creative writing.

Swift, Lauren (Juneau) - has lived in Alaska for 31 years, the past 28 in Juneau, where she’s worked for Alaska Public Health and Alaska State Fisheries. She attended the University of California at Davis for three years before transferring to the University of California at Chico where she graduated with a B.S. degree.

Whalen, Teague (Ketchikan Faculty) - is an Assistant Professor of Humanities for UAS, Ketchikan. He received his M.F.A. in creative writing from Northern Michigan University. Besides a writer of fiction, poetry, and nonfiction, he is also a performing singer/songwriter and guitarist.