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

University of Alaska Southeast Literary and Arts Journal 2013
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**Writer and Artist Biographies**
Editor’s Note

In all honesty, I don’t even know where to begin! When I took on this project not only was I over-
whelmed, I was amazed. I, little old me, would be putting together a true piece of artwork, holding in
my hands a small slice of Southeast Alaska in the flesh! Now, two years, countless sleepless nights, endless
amounts of coffee, and hundreds of chocolate wrappers later my editorship has come to a bittersweet end
(much like dark chocolate). Growing up in Southeast Alaska, I knew that we were quite the artistic commu-
nity but I had no idea just how much talent was present until I took on this gigantic task of bringing all of that
artistic chutzpah into one book! So for that I would like to thank all of you who submitted this year for taking
the risk of putting your work out there. I know that it’s not easy to put your soul out there with a neon sign
pointing at it saying, “Yes, I can be vulnerable.” But coming from behind the scenes of this journal, I know that
it’s not only the beautiful cover or the layout of the book that makes it so great – it is the artistry and talent
that is present in every writer, poet, essayist, painter, ceramicist, photographer, sculptor, etc. who graces these
pages. Now for those of you reading this who have yet to submit (tisk, tisk) I dare you to put yourself out
there like the rest of these artists have! Don’t just dip your toes into the publishing world, take off all those
layers covering up your artistic body and jump in. I promise you, it may be frightening and sometimes a little
cold but it is completely worth it!

After everything I need to give a gigantic thank you to the amazingly talented, organized, working ma-
chine that is Emily Wall. Not only has she been an inspiration to me but I can honestly say that she has changed
my life! I also have to give a shout out to Meghan Stangeland, the current junior editor and future senior
editor: I was lucky to have someone as hard-working, over achieving, and on top of things as she is and I know
for a fact that this journal will be in even better hands next year! Hopefully she won’t get as bad a case of
senioritis as I did and if she does, hopefully she’ll have a junior editor who is as awesome as you are. I also have
to say thank you to Karissa Sleppy: she did a wonderful job of getting the word about Tidal Echoes out there as
well as making our lives as editors much easier; we honestly could not have done this without her!

I cannot stress just how amazing I think this journal is. Getting to work with such talented people while
at the same time providing them with a place to broadcast their voice has really become an integral part of
my life and I can promise you that this will not be the last that the publishing world will see from me. I can
also promise that next year my work will be a part of the hundreds of submissions sent into the editors. I will
consider myself quite lucky if I actually get to see my own writing decorating the pages of future editions of
Tidal Echoes. So, please, absorb the originality and imagination you are about to see gracing this year’s edition
of Tidal Echoes and I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed putting it all together!

Alexandra Brown
Senior Editor
Kristina Cranston

Sitka

“Just Throw Some Wood on me and Watch me Burn”

No fancy funeral for me thank you very much, I am an unconventional woman in life and will be in death. No glossy mahogany coffin full of smartly dressed dead weight with sallow skin, a face with unnatural pink and my already thin lips looking even thinner. I want my sisters to bathe my body with good smelling soap, while my children dress me and put flowers in my hair and stuff sweetly drawn notes and pictures in my pockets. Just find a nice spot near the ocean, cover my body with wood and sage, and light me up! No fuss. Just don’t leave me until the final ember has gone out, just don’t leave me while I’m still smoldering with smoke and fire.

Fast Ferry
Elise Tomlinson, UAS Faculty, Juneau
Photography
The first day she located the café on the Champs-Élysées whose likeness was in a painting in her parent’s kitchen. There was a red awning. There was glass, white tables, marble counters, and wicker chairs. She could not pronounce its name. Her parents never talked about that location, or even about the painting. They didn’t say where they wanted their remains to be spread, or if they were to be spread at all.

She looked at the café from the opposite side of the wide avenue. Her feet were stepped on. The people walked in relaxed fast-forward, walking dogs, holding shopping bags on their wrists, and spoke loudly.

There were distractions like museums, food, boats in the Seine, and parks, but every day she observed the café. A well-manicured bush was planted next to the café, and she considered leaving them on the soil. She had a bottle of water to pour over the roots and the ashes so they would be absorbed. She stood until her legs hurt.

She waited until the night she was to fly out. She was anxious about so many people with so many eyes. After hearing her own breathing and the blood in her heart she stepped to the other side of the avenue, to the plant with shiny leaves. She opened the bag and kneeled at the base of the plant and for a moment smelled green, dirt, smog, coffee and cream. That moment she knew she had been correct.

She emptied the zip lock, snapped it closed, and put it in her pocket. Feeling safe on the other side of the street again, she took a picture of the scene: the café, the people, the plant, and out of focus: her parents.
Fixer Upper
Bonnie Elsensohn, Sitka
Acrylic Painting

Ernest Gruening Cabin
Bonnie Elsensohn, Sitka
Acrylic Painting
Two Ravens
Bonnie Elsensohn, Sitka
Acrylic Painting

The Party
Adam Wood, UAS Student, Juneau
Photography
When an Old Woman Dies ...

White smoke rises from her body
her soul quickly gathers memories
shoves them into a beaded bag
and, without a backward glance,
follows the smoke.
Woman-with-Words

For Nora

Keixwnéi
I am telling your story now
because someday
you will have a thousand grandchildren.
Your books, your words
are our at.dıow.
And someday our grandchildren
will ask to hear your story,
about the Woman-with-Words
and we will speak
your poems in Lingít,
tell traditional stories in Lingít,
sing in Lingít,
and we will be
your grandchildren dancing—
dancing with your words.

*“Granddaughters Dancing” by Nora Dauenhauer in The Droning Shaman (Black Current Press, 1988)
My brother Sherman isn’t talking to me. He says it’s my fault he got thrown in the closet, but it’s not. He was the one being naughty.

It all started on my birthday when Dad got me a baby buggy. It was exactly like a real buggy except smaller. It had a top that went up and down, and rubber on the tires and everything. Sherman didn’t pay any attention to the buggy until my dad said, “Look, Dorothy, it has brakes.” That’s when Sherman got interested, but right then Mother brought out the cake – a great big three layer, white cake filled with lemon custard and covered with fluffy white frosting and coconut. That cake was so beautiful, everyone forgot about the buggy.

My birthday was on Saturday, and every Saturday night Mother washes my hair and rinses it in vinegar. Then she wraps it really tight around long pieces of blue and white stripped fabric. She ties each piece and then she wraps a big triangle of fabric over my whole head and it hurts all night long, but the funny thing is that I kind of like the way it hurts. I wake up in the middle of the night, and my head is tender where the curls are tied too tight – Mother always ties them too tight - but I don’t care because I know the next day I’ll look pretty. Sunday morning when Mother takes each strip out, my hair bounces like soft, shiny springs. I love the way my hair looks on Sundays. And Sunday morning my best dress is all starched and ironed, and I get to wear my prettiest socks with lace around the top. Edward is her favorite, but Mother spends all Saturday night and Sunday morning making sure I look perfect for church.

Sunday morning I get to the breakfast table right when my mother is bringing Dad his second bowl of eggs. He eats eleven poached eggs for breakfast every day. First Mother makes him a bowl of six eggs, and then, while he eats those, she makes him a bowl of five more. The bowls she serves them in are cream with orange and yellow flowers around the rim and a stripe of gold on the very edge. I think part of the reason my dad eats two bowls of eggs is because the eggs look so pretty in those bowls.

I’m extra excited at breakfast because for twenty-three days of every year – from October 11th to November 4th - Sherman and I are the same age. Sunday is my favorite day of the week, and today I have a brand new baby buggy, and Sherman and I are the same age, so I think today is going to be the best day ever.

“How old are you?” I ask Sherman, while Mother ties a napkin around my neck. I can see by his look that he’s not going to answer, so I answer for him, “You’re eight-years old, and so am I! You’re not older than me anymore.”

Sherman scowls and says, “Eight-year-olds know how to read. Does that mean you can read now?”

Dad says sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me. He doesn’t understand about Sherman, though. When Sherman says mean things, he does hurt me. I want to cry because I’ve been trying so hard to learn to read, but right away he says he’s sorry, and he promises he’ll make me a leaf house while I’m at church. We’ll play house and Sherman is going to be the father, and I’ll be the mother and our dog Rex will be the baby if we can make him stay in the buggy.

Before I leave for church, I go out to Dad’s shop behind our house. Edward and Sherman and Mother don’t go out to his shop unless they have to, but I like to go out there. It has a sign over the door that says, H-O-N-I   S-O-I-T  Q-U-I  M-A-L  Y  P-E-N-S-E. I don’t know what that says, but Sherman told me it’s a sign for people who hate Germans. My Dad is German, which means he’s from Germany, and some people don’t like him because he’s from Germany, and that’s why he put that sign up, but I don’t really understand because our dog Rex is German – he’s a German shepherd – and everybody likes Rex.
Jacqueline Boucher

Douglas

Questions

Excuse me, Mama. Today I’m this many, and I got a question. What’s embarrassed mean? / Last night I called you a witch in the supermarket and you smacked my butt so hard I saw colors. / So tell me what’s it mean when you and me stop being friends, / and we learn we know how to hurt each other?

Tell me what’s loneliness. / I’m six years old and there’s a softball game, and I can’t come this time. / I’m running up the stairs and there’s a wolf in the house / and I bang and I bang on the window but you can’t hear me, / Mama / as you’re driving away.

What about freedom? / I’m eight this time and a grownup now / and I’m so fly I got wings in my sneakers. / It’s a Mexico trip this time and I came home too early, / two spent cases of Coors falling all over one another in the recycle bin like dominos. / And the house is too quiet to be sober and I turn and I run, breathless and heady like only little fat girls can, / ‘Cause there’s a wolf in the kitchen and I’m too fly to be puppy chow, / so I camp out in the slides down the block until sundown. / Until safety. / Until you come home and put the wolf to bed.

Excuse me, Mama, but what’s dignity? / Where are the stutter-step starts and stops of hitting rock bottom, / and pulling ourselves up with shovels like crutches so we can keep on digging. / I’m nine-ten-twelve-thirteen, / and today at school they told me I don’t get my milk for free anymore. / We’ve stepped up the ranks from the starving to the simply-underfed and we can’t afford eighty-cent cheeseburgers that are cheaper than homemade lunches, / Mama. / They can go fuck themselves ‘cause we didn’t need their charity anyway.

I’ve got a question.

Tell me what’s heartbreak. / I’m seventeen and it’s the day after Valentine’s, / and you tell me over egg drop soup and crab rangoon that you’re leaving me / for a man who’s too tall and laughs too loud. / Who wears Air Jordans and a backpack and calls himself a ski bum. / We’ll be friends, you say, roommates, / with a future in your eyes that that’s too big for me to see, / but I imagine includes some kind of sexual liberation / existential frustration / drinking ‘til midnight and learning to love again. / But I’m too weak to tell you, too neurotic to let it go, / so I negotiate rent checks and child support and eat Taco Bell any night that I feel like it.

And everything’s okay until it isn’t and the wolf is gone but the snake has arrived, and suddenly I’m a full-blown headcase with nowhere to turn to know normal / Mama / where are you, / Mama / I’m frightened, / Mama I’m three thousand miles away trying to outrun the loneliness / but I had a nightmare last night and tore the wings from my shoes. / And I want to stop ripping at my own scars and singing the same sixteen bars again and again, / I wanna tell you I’ve got dreams, I’ve got plans / but I can’t be the voice of a generation, with eyes looking forward and songs trapped in the past. / So I’ll ask you one last time and I’ll pray that it lasts—
Timemachinist Mark IX
Cal C. Giordano, UAS Student, Juneau
Brass, Bronze, Copper, Steel

Bladeous Maximus
Cal C. Giordano, UAS Student, Juneau
Brass, Iron, Silver, Steel
Reflections

When I look back sometimes I can’t believe I’ve reached thirty, ’Cause I was out there getting high and always riding dirty.
Constantly ignoring the signs of the life that I was mixed up in, Filled with sex and drugs and constant pressures from my sins.
I wanted the life from the movies and the television,
But all I got was pain and strife that always left me wishin’
That I could fill the void that I thought was from having nothing.
But what I failed to realize was I already had something.
A family that’s loving, all they’d ever want was me,
And if I opened up my eyes I would have seen
That I was wrong to think I was living life at all
Chasing women, smoking ’dro and drinking alcohol.
My mother told me pride would go away before a fall.,
And that I need to change the things I do and not to stall.
So now I see what she was saying was for me to know
That being in the streets is not the way for me to go.
‘Cause in the end I’ll feel the guilt and then of course the shame
Of dereliction to my family and all that they need.
Fulfilling falsely painted pictures fueled by gluttonous greed
My mind had become clouded, lost deep in the mist,
Created by a schism hidden in the social rifts,
It binded me to baubles and the things that don’t mean sh*t.
Distracted so I’ll surely end up with my life like this,
Trapped behind some walls made of brick and pure rejection,
Then treated like I’m nothing but some gangrenous infection.
It’s evident I didn’t heed the warnings that were given.
Now what I face is pain that’s manifested from my livin’.
Tricking off my principles is what had got me slippin’
Like a vagabond whose life and soul has just been driven,
Deep into a spiral of a never ending battle
Feeling like a trophy sitting on the D. A.’s mantle
My ways were frivolous but in the end what really matters
Is family, loyalty and love, not making pockets fatter.
I’m smarter than a man who doesn’t know to change his way.
I’ve seen the game for what it is and I don’t want to play.
I’m going to get my head right and I will never forget
The road that led me here is filled with too many regrets.
I don’t want to be the man who ends up all alone,
I want to put all this behind me and take my ass home
To the ones who love me unconditionally to the death.
I’ll love them, and protect them, even give them my last breath.
To see their futures blossom into exorbitant bliss
And not become the products of environments like this.

*Field in Film*

Jordan Kendall, UAS Student, Juneau
35mm Black and White Photography
Leaving the outside

We live in a transient world where permanent duty equates to 36 months we transfer relocate we exchange Districts Regions States for the West Pacific Rim the South

We unlove those places we leave turn away from this town or that for wherever next is tell unflattering stories to each other rationalize the move as though serving our country is not enough

It is not enough

We hate New Orleans right leaving voodoo Civil War oaks the Quarter hot rain and thunder smell of old urine and parades Christmas bon fires on the levee should be easy

But we find signs that this city’s through with us: like a rain overtaking the pumps flooding the parish alligators nutria king snakes swimming our parking lot like they are taking back the bayou the swamp underneath the asphalt concrete pools

laissez les bon temp rouler, y’all

Our departure is scheduled for July 1 our car’s A/C breaks June 30 the air sweats with mildew crawfish boil and magnolia we cram a fraction of our lives into the Caravan for the trek strap down the kids, pop in the Lion King CD, and get outta here we displaced Angelenos retreating migrating sprinting north to Alaska
The North

Behold:
In a shelter of smoke and coals,
the lives of two humans alone,
woven together like spruce root bowls--
watertight.

Behold:
The lone wolf howl in the isostatic flats,
pure lust in tooth white and fur black--
hungry.

Behold:
The Aurora Borealis behind cumulocirrus:
The Northern Lights
in a nightdress--
sublime.

And here I am.

Street lights reflected off of clouds in rusty ambience.
Then off the snow, orange glow
thrown around so we can find our way without a GPS
or moonlight or stars.
A four hour day is only the lunchtime rest
and a 20 hour night is only one long moment
of coffee and Jim Morrison,
back where I’m from.

Where I’m from, the voices huddle under roofs,
hands cuddle under blankets and jackets,
ears congregate around the guitar and speaker cabinet--
and when they feel about it, they don’t ever hold it back,
where I’m from.
Lilac 1
Jessica Hambleton, UAS Student, Juneau
Photography
Changing Stations

I sat on my father’s lap and steered our rusting Ford Courier past Lake Superior sand dunes and whitecaps rolling in from a static horizon of water and sky. FM radio played John Denver and Dad drank a beer. His cheeks and chin scratched out a week of whiskers, and his forearm freckled in the sun on the window ledge, blonde arm hairs waving in the breeze.

Now, I’m as old as he was then. But where’s that red-headed boy to ruffle his hair and call, “Little Guy?” Or to rough house with on a carpeted square of sun? To teach how to multiply by nine, bending down the other number’s finger on one of his open palms as he sits on the toilet lid, both in our skivvies watching me shave to Van Morrison on XM (instead of my father’s AM news) before work? It’s just me—alone in Alaska now; shoveling snow into piles for the rain, I pause to catch my breath, smell the cedar and curls of wood smoke beneath the graying sky. The neighbor’s puppy wags up to me. So I crouch to scratch behind his ear, and like my old man might remind me right now, I say, “This is it, boy. This is it.”
The Mingling of Words:  
An Interview with Richard Dauenhauer

I have to confess: I didn’t pick the featured writer. I couldn’t really think of a good option. We decided to feature a poet but I wasn’t any help because most of the poets I have read are dead. When I discovered Richard Dauenhauer was the choice, I had to do some research. I was in for a surprise. This man speaks and translates more languages than Rosetta Stone, writes beautiful poetry that I can understand, and teaches others his love and appreciation for the written word. I visited Richard at his house and had the privilege of meeting two amazing poets: Richard and his lovely wife Nora. They made me feel right at home, like I was catching up on lost time with my grandparents instead of conducting a formal interview. I have a feeling his humble, welcoming spirit has been a big part of his success.

How did you discover your interest in poetry?

I’ve always been interested in it. When I was a kid I wrote a lot of stories because I was more interested in fiction. In high school I started writing; a lot of it was pretty bad. Then in college I started focusing on poetry, especially images. I have been pretty much exclusively on that ever since.

Do you go back to fiction?

I have a story I’ve been working on, my Alaska Hardy Boys, but I’ve got to do a rewrite on it. It was my attempt to get back to my energy in the 7th grade. It’s been fairly well reviewed by friends but it’s a hard market to get into – the whole adolescent fiction genre. It’s been sitting for a while. But that’s the only fiction thing I’ve done. I’ve never tried any serious novels or short stories.

Can you describe the process you take in creating a poem?

Not really. It starts with, I think, an image and then you work from there. A couple of old sayings ring true for me: “10 percent inspiration and 90 percent perspiration.” The other is “10 percent vision and 90 percent revision.” I think that’s true for most because usually it’s an act of discovery and you don’t know where you are going. If I think I know where I am going, the poem is a disaster. You kind of discover as you go and see how the patterns progress. The rhyme and sound also determine the shape for me. That comes out of the poem, whether it’s going to be more of a free verse or a measured verse. How the assonance and alliteration and those devices are going to work.

So you start with an image and let it take its course from there?

I try to. Some of my poetry is very non-conceptual; it just presents the images and lets the reader discover the common denominator. Others are more traditional where there is a philosophical connection that is very Robert Frost-y where you get the image and he gives you the punch line at the end. It just depends; I’ve been all over the spectrum on that too. Some poems are very conceptual and others are not at all.

Do you prefer free form or more form poetry?

It’s hard to tell. There is always some kind of form; even free verse is not totally free. You are playing with word sounds and where words fit better. I’d say, as I look at a lot of my stuff, it’s probably more form. Although, it’s not totally rhymed or stanza form, there is usually some sort of form there. I like to play with the number of syllables in a line but mess around with the rhythm, so it’s not “Mary had a little lamb.” You can manipulate the rhythm and the stresses and such.
Since we are in Alaska, I am wondering how Alaska has influenced your work.

Very much. I think just being where we are, you write about what is around you. One of my books is *Phenologies*, an observation of nature without any metaphor or commentary. Some of my writing has been very much connected to the land like my *Glacier Bay Concerto*, which is long out of print.

You were Poet Laureate of Alaska for seven years. Your wife, Nora, was just chosen as the current Poet Laureate. Can you describe your experience as Poet Laureate and what you are now experiencing as Nora holds the title?

(Laughing) I guess this is the first time this has happened. I was number six, after the early poets including John Haines and Sheila Nickerson. It’s kind of amusing because the position has evolved a lot. When I was Poet Laureate, it was sponsored by the Juneau Poetry Society. They went defunct during my tenure so I had the longest reign of any Poet Laureate in history. We were trying to find another sponsoring organization and finally the State Council on the Arts stepped up to the plate and said they would do it. We were surprised with Nora. We knew she was nominated because she had to give her permission to be nominated but we were surprised when she was selected. She is the first Alaska Native writer to be appointed. I don’t know if there are any others who were husband and wife.

When you write a poem, do you have a certain meaning or message that you want your audience to get? Or do you write for yourself, and whatever message your audience gets is up to them?

Well, I guess it is always going to be the latter. The thing is, theoretically, your readers will get out what’s there. What is interesting, as a writer, is that there may be more in a poem than you are aware of. I have had that experience teaching some of my own poetry. That’s always interesting. A friend of mine was teaching a poem of mine and people came up with things that I had absolutely no idea were in there. My feeling is, as long as you are reading out from it and going on the images that are there, if your interpretation is defensible in terms of the structure of the poem, then it’s an acceptable reading. Finding something in a poem is exciting, if it can be supported. You just have to be aware you aren’t just reading in some wishful desire.

You have several published books and another one soon to be released. Other than writing, what is your involvement in the process of publishing a book?

Well, it’s partly a marketing thing. This book is going to be new and selected poems. So we are dealing with 40 plus years of poetry, from 1963 to 2013. Part of it is excerpts from some of my stuff that’s out of print now or very hard to get. It’s just finding the right place. The University of Alaska Press was right for this book. Peggy Shumaker is editing a new series of Alaskan writers, so I’m very happy about that. I have other poems that they weren’t as excited about, so I need to find another home for those poems. Another bunch of my work that I’m having massive problems finding a publisher for are the translations because they don’t seem to sell, or publishers want a whole book of one guy. I have several hundred, but they range from ancient Greek to modern Scandinavian. So I have stuff from Finland and ancient Greece and Germany and Russia, especially. But it’s hard to find publishers for that kind of stuff. It’s always a question of matching your writing with the editorial needs and interests of a publisher at a given time.

Well, it’s almost like a full time job, just trying to get published.

Oh yes it is, and some don’t realize that. Publishing takes a whole different bundle of energy than writing does. And the only way you get published is by licking a lot of stamps and sending a lot of stuff out. You get rejections but you have to have faith and keep with it.
Richard Dauenhauer

Featured Writer, Juneau

Sugar Blues

(A Forefeast of St. Valentine’s Day)

Poetry is the underwear of the soul.
—Ferlinghetti

Beyond the custom lingerie I feast
my eyes—edible underwear; below
erotic
photographs, examine fine
print caution at the edge of boxes: “May
be hazardous to health. This product is
composed of saccharine, which causes cancer
in laboratory animals.” So I
commit instead the deadly sin of pride.
Sweetheart, Honey Pie, my fetishes
embrace no sugar substitutes.

—February 1988
Richard Dauenhauer

*Featured Writer, Juneau*

**Sparrow Hills**

*translated from the Russian of
Boris Pasternak (1917, 1922)*

Your breasts beneath my kisses, like water
from a tap! But not for all eternity; not
forever will summer bubble over, will we rise
night after night from dust to squeezebox wheeze, stamp our feet, and dance.

I’ve heard about old age. When not a single
whitecap reaches for a star. Dismal
prophecies. They tell you—don’t believe it—
meadows have no faces, ponds no heart,
and no gods live in the piney grove.

Break away your soul! Today’s the high
noon of all creation. Use your eyes!
Look, above us concepts being whipped
into a white-hot seething brew of woodpeckers, clouds and cones, needles and the heat.

This is where the public transit stops.
For points beyond, you transfer to the pines.
No street cars penetrate. From here on out
it’s Sunday, snapping branches, racing
through the clearings, rolling

through the grass. Pentecost, and sunlight
filtered on a walk. The forest leads you
to believe the world is permanent: inspired
openings and growth designed this way
and poured through clouds as patterns on your dress.

(Published in *Willow Springs* (Cheney, WA) Spring 1982)
Wednesday Night

Next to you
under a blue blanket.
Cold feet chasing your warmth.
Hushed voices give way to
silence.
Staring at the ceiling.

Dirt embedded in
calloused fingerprints
on your hard-working fingertips
that seek
my delicate, familiar
features.

Someone is kicking a can down the street.
“It sounds like fireworks,”
you say.

Breathe in.
Breathe
out.
Eyelids grow lazy.
It’s too late for anything more than
a goodnight kiss.
Stressed muscles reach for
each other,
melting into one person
on the mattress.
Your arm drapes over
my stomach.
My hair creeps onto
your pillow.

Someone is kicking a can down the street.
Sounds like fireworks.
Jeremy Kane
Featured Artist, UAS Faculty, Juneau

Bling Dynasty Detail

Hot Coffee Cups

Tip Jar
Jeremy Kane

Featured Artist, UAS Faculty, Juneau

American History

Country Style

I Love Juneau
Crow Jar
Doris Alcorn, Auke Bay
Ceramics

Chilkat Dancer and Button Blanket Dancer
Tamsen Cassidy, Haines
Photography

Remembrance
Jill Dumesnil, Juneau
Photography
Sockeye Supper
Kija Ann Elstad, Sitka
Acrylic Painting

Cliffs and Baby Crow
Brittany Buell, UAS Student, Douglas
Photography
Mendenhall Fireweed
Clare Brooks, Juneau
Quilt

Mother’s Warmth
Kija Ann Elstad, Sitka
Sculpture

A Pause Beneath the Devil’s Club
Elise Tomlinson, UAS Faculty, Juneau
Oil on Canvas
Christy NaMee Eriksen

Juneau

MY HEART, IN SUBWAY STATIONS

It’s easy to get lost, so pay attention.

Take IMPATIENCE from FIRST GLANCE to FIRST KISS, you’ll pass MIND TRICKS and LICKED LIPS. It will get crowded at DOUBLE GULP if you’re traveling at sunset, that’s when everyone stops breathing.

When you do get to FIRST KISS, transfer to WANNA SEE MY JUNK COLLECTION. You’ll need to take the SPARKS line headed to CLOUD GAZING, not the PING PONG line headed to SIDEWALK SHOUTING, though they look almost exactly alike.

Careful, don’t get stuck on I LOVE YOU. It’s safe but it’s a loop.

If you’re looking for SMILE ACROSS A ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE or TEMPLE TO TEMPLE COMMUNICATION or STEAMY SHOWER INVITATION, try the MID-NIGHT EMBRACE line. It’s small, but it will get you almost anywhere you want to be.

Passes are free. They expire after three lifetimes or if you have an excessive amount of station transfers.

Some days we are doing maintenance on my heart to make it more efficient, we apologize for the delays.
Lineage

Oh Tree,
Mystical Sage,
Sacred Tree,
You are known by many names:
Hungarian 
Vilagfa, Norse Yggdrasil, Hindu Ashvattha.

Timeless, you are ancient text without translation,
the tale told by the bard without written word,
by the storyteller to flame.

You are North, you are wild, you are the beat of raven’s wings.
As a little girl my daughter wrote mysterious runes on the
bark of the red maple in the front yard,
chattering as her sidewalk chalk unfolded one
colorfully
detailed
story
after
another.

To me you are the many Cedar, Spruce and Alder
that line the trail to Battery Point on Lynn Canal
and beg for tree hugging
and weave among totems in Sitka
whispering words to be shared;
these trails set ablaze by filtered sunlight.
and rainless joy.

In the wind your branches shake needles and leaves
to the hollow tune of a mournful buoy at sea.
Give the shaman her drum
Allow her safe passage between worlds
and home again.

Vilagfa, Yggdrasil, Ashvattha
Cedar, Spruce and Alder.
Kilns, America, and Clay:
An Interview with Jeremy Kane

Art has always fascinated me, although I have a better chance at communicating through writing than drawing or creating a coffee mug. My sister once made me a bowl in her high school art class: that is the closest I have come to creating ceramics. I was excited when Jeremy Kane, a very accomplished ceramicist, was chosen as the featured artist because I was able to pick his brain. From his artistic beginning in Ohio to a long tenure teaching at UAS, to the ample shows and exhibits he has staged, Jeremy has had his share of the ups and downs involved with being an artist. I discussed with Jeremy, known by many as Jr., his passion for ceramics and how he interprets art.

How did you become interested in art?
I first became interested in art through the Springfield Art Center. When I was about ten years old, I started making pottery and painting. I took a lot of classes there, and was admitted into adult classes from time to time.

Can you talk about your process of creating a piece, from inception to completion?
A lot of my work is intuitive but in the beginning stages I have to establish what form I’m going to work with. I try to reference Chinese and Japanese ceramics as much as possible. I like their surfaces as well as their forms. Once the form is established I decide what kiln it deserves. Most of my “Americana” work is fired in a gas reduction kiln. After that process I begin to work intuitively with decals and luster. Most of my forms are very iconic and common to the viewer. Larger vessels are mainly “ginger jars” and smaller pots are “diner mugs” and “rice bowls.” These forms act as a canvas to house my specifically American imagery.

Can you describe how Chinese and Japanese ceramic surfaces and forms differ from others?
Most of the references that I borrow from Chinese ceramics are from their beautiful porcelain forms with celadon glazes. The rich blue/green glaze looks like water on porcelain — it’s a great traditional surface for non-traditional images. The Japanese reference that I have utilized over the years is the special emphasis on function and celebratory acts that some Japanese cultures engage in every day. Although the tea ceremony is quite different than my coffee drinking, it offers many attributes to my ideas of celebrating and shares a high level of importance, as does coffee for American culture.

Your work contains pottery pieces (cups, bowls, etc.) that are useful in everyday life. Can you describe your attraction to functional ceramics?
Functional ceramics places more emphasis on daily activities and celebrations. What is better than that? Making an event such as eating or drinking a celebration allows us to enjoy the true fruits of life. Using handmade objects by all my artist friends gives me a chance to highlight our relationships and feel their presence.

What inspires your ceramics?
Growing up in Ohio inspires most of my ceramic surfaces. Old cars, bumper stickers, antiques and American history are my main sources of inspiration.

In 2009, you had a solo art exhibit at the Alaska State Museum. The pictures I’ve seen are amazing, with the truck mural and your artwork displayed as part of the grill. Can you describe what is involved with putting on an art exhibit like that?
First you must have enough high quality photos of your artwork to be chosen for the show. Once the jury selected me, I had to start a body of work that is conducive to that gallery. I usually start with “how the show should feel” when the viewer walks in. In 2009 I decided to black out the gallery and use one single “fat white glaze” for contrast. With all
Border Dance

And when we kiss it’s weirdly familiar, yet almost refreshing, close to perfect.

We move our bodies—tangle our limbs, and salsa the night away, stranger-love forms.

And when our hips want more, we lose ourselves in sound, discover cognates.

We forget words—naturally magnetic, our lips speak in tongues, uncontrollable stimulations, border-crossing brilliance.

And the music makes new cravings, your eyes whisper, I listen.

I listen.
My Hands

(for Dick)

These hands
are all that I have left
of them:
my father’s
my uncles’
and all their siblings,
my grandfathers’.
When I’m working
I see them
in my hands.
When I’m writing
I see them.
Everything I do
is by them,
even when I reach
for your face.
Clara Miller

_UAS Student, Juneau_

First Flight in 1903

Heights of sky might hypnotize
but cast in corners of the mind
are specters of Icarus’ demise.

Tissue paper easily torn,
or an ethereal butterfly wing
is the fragility of a dream.

Blueprints etched upon eyelids
from industrious nights are overlaid
on the unclaimed horizon.

December winds push against
an idea that brought the end
to the lives of many men.

This mechanical contraption
of meticulously designed imaginings.
has taken form into featherless wings.

Awakened engine spins clock hands round,
undecided if they’ll carry
this weighted reverie.

So two brothers flip a coin
to see who’ll be rooted,
who’ll lie down and take wing.

To tread on God’s domain,
to realize their dream
at Kitty Hawk.
Casey Newman

UAS Student, Juneau

Casey Newman was working on this essay for my nature writing class when he and his brother were tragically taken from us in a boating accident this fall. A double major in English and biology, Casey was excelling in the 300-level writing workshop. His peers knew they could count on him to offer both theoretically sophisticated and scientifically accurate feedback on their work. In this essay he not only captures the essence of a place that meant a lot to him, but he attends to the ethical implications of living in close proximity to wild animals, too. The UAS community and I will remember him for precisely this type of expansive but careful thinking. He was a positive presence in the classroom, and, simply, a great guy to have around. While I am sad that he wasn’t able to revise this essay further, I still cannot read it without imagining the smile and hearty laugh that emerged from behind his big red beard.

Kevin Maier
Assistant Professor of English

A Smell is Implied

This recollection should begin at a home. We gather our fishing gear, strewn about the cabin as well as a few beers, for traditions sake I suppose, and load the 4-wheeler. We travel on gravel roads through the Village, past homes that outwardly look identical to our own. We then pass the rectangular Lil’ Japan, and roar between Executive Row and a small meadow which is cut once or twice a year to reveal a mini-golf course. One spruce tree stands in this field but all others are repressed yearly by children. After this the road opens up, along with the canopy to reveal the local airfield, which cannot legally be called an airfield, but functions as one all the same.

I bring my left arm into my stomach and we turn up the dimpled road to Neva Lake. The canopy closes again and we are screened from the interior of the forest by alders, blueberry bushes, devils club, skunk cabbage and other edge plants well-adapted to human perturbances. One last crossroads in the trees before we can open up the 4-wheeler safely, or at least considerately. At the first corner we meet up with South Creek which borders the road on the southern edge for the majority of the ride. The merge of South Creek and the road breaks up the dense forest canopy and more light filtrates through while the noise of the creek rises to drown out our transgress. While the noise we make is muted thanks to the roar of the creek, everything but the creek is hidden from our ears.

We slow down when we come to a wooden bridge with a small faded sign that reads “CROSS AT YOUR OWN RISK” or some such thing. Twenty yards beyond this we turn right, then right once more off the road to the lake and came to a stop. Two pillars of stone and mortar stand about nine feet tall fifteen to twenty feet apart, recessed into the forest; from the road they were nearly invisible for the trunks of spruce trees. The first thing I do is to load my handgun and place it at my hip. My co-worker carries his handgun as well, though his is usually tucked in his bag.

My return to this place is marked by my armament, I don’t like walking with a loaded revolver (there is no safety on a revolver except perhaps half-cocked on some models), but a friend once asked what good is a gun in the forest if it isn’t loaded. I would gibe my co-worker about leaving his gun in his bag from time to time. I guess we expected different things.

Anyway I grab my nets, my co-worker his gaff and we start down the small, winding trail. The trail we walk is seldom used (as of 2003 only three families had registered subsistence catch here) but always muddy, still bearing the imprints of our xtra-tuffs from days before. Occasionally we notice a dog’s paw in the mud or
WATCHING THE DEER

My father was born
With the great patience
To slide into the background
Where even the wet leaves
Held their limped, camouflaged
Insolvent wisps of breath.

He could do that for hours
Or so it seemed to my ten
Year old self, as I shivered
In the deadly woods. Only
When the deer had picked
its cautious way into range
Would his index finger spring
Over the trigger like some
Great predator swallowing
The light, and the deer
Would drop as if suddenly
Subject to all the gravity
In the known world.

There would
Be a prayer, of course, silent
as the knife drew the blood
And the entrails were pulled
Out and flung into the snow
That grew deeper near
The trees where we had
Hunched.

I can still taste
The last of a sodden lunch
Where the glass shined air
Hung between my teeth
And possibility sang on
In the last twitch of a tail
Black, in the fading sun.
A Palette Made From Birch

I’d like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

“Birches” by Robert Frost

I watch the brushstrokes of my sister’s paintbrush as she turns a blank canvas into an acrylic photo of our backyard. It is fall, a short, hardly noticeable season in Southcentral Alaska that is only recognized through the brief colors that birch and other deciduous trees have to offer. My sister begins her painting with the dark browns of the forest floor that lurk beneath our small cedar home fifteen miles outside of town. It must be dusk in her imagination; the yellows and oranges of her painted background denote the glow of a September setting sun. The days are getting shorter and the leaves are beginning to fall. Bright, white light comes to the painting in the form of the bark of dozens of birch trees that stand around our home. These slender hardwoods seem to offer a natural barrier between the small dirt road and our front porch window. She paints them with certainty, never glancing outside to double check her memory. Details of the natural world outside our home are brought to focus with each new movement of the brush. I walk over to look out the window, skeptical of my own ability to remember what lies right outside my front door.

Green.

Summer is passing, although hardly noticeable due to the seemingly endless hours of Alaskan sunlight. Green continues to linger in the leaves of birch trees in Southcentral. The leaves have been preparing for the changes that accompany fall since they first sprouted. Their time is short. Unable to spend half a year on the branches before fall sweeps them to the forest floor, the leaves spend their time suspended above ground creating and storing the food that is necessary to keep the trees alive during the long winter. As they wait, the birches are boundless with bright green canopies. The sun attempts to shine through the spaces between the leaves as I stand beneath two trees and look up.

As children, my sister and I would run into the woods behind our home. We would follow a barely visible trail we had created back to a swing set my dad had built for us. Simple, it was just a two by four nailed between two trees with a single swing made with heavy rope and small board as a seat. From the swing our house was invisible, an escape from the rest of our family, the birches and black spruce that encompassed the woods behind our home became the protectors of our envisioned reality. Following her around as she looked for signs of animals or a good spot to build her newest fort I was mostly silent. Nervous, she would tell me to go away; I would simply watch as she showed me all of the new places I had not dared to explore on my own. Birch trees remind me of making new memories and growing with the trees during summer, forgetting that the green is only temporary and soon things will change. As fall gets near, the sun forces the leaves of the birch trees to pay tribute through color.

Yellow.

The sun serves as a natural timer for the birch trees. The birch’s preparations for winter appear when I reach up to the lowest branch of one right outside my front door and pull a leaf down. It is mostly green, however the serrated edges of the oval-shaped leaf have changed into a golden yellow. As the days fall quickly into night the trees no longer need their leaves to produce food. The trees will rely on what they have stored throughout the summer to keep them alive until spring. The leaves are no longer needed, a peripheral aes-
Moving Forward

There’s a war going on outside and we’re trying to fight it, even though our culture’s divided, we live to revive it
Still here today thanks to the work of my ancestors, they passed down the role of protector, now here’s a message to all you defectors
Whatever happened to Native Pride, or being a part of your tribe, instead you’re throwing salt in the wounds of those who died
The villages have no place for religion, people embarking on a holy mission is what started racism and our people’s division
Despite the years that have passed, this holy war still rages on
If there is a god he’s already moved on and gone
To a better place, where people of any race can feel safe with no shame or disgrace
It’s hard to imagine but still I try, I’d flap my wings and fly so I could get there before I die
Devoting your life seems like such a waste, all that’s up there is time and space
The paradise I seek cannot be found in any sky or clouds, I’m native and belong to the few and the proud

The key to freedom, these shackles are open at last
We work towards the future while we live with the past
There are those who choose to walk with the lord
While they stand still I keep moving forward

You speak your mind while I sit and listen
Go ahead and keep your religion, I’ll take my native tradition
Any day of the week, I overcome social obstacles every time that I speak
I was quiet until I learned I do have a voice, now I’m a grown man and I have a choice
Living a lie until I opened my eyes now I can perceive, all it takes is false hope for you to believe
Broken dreams and unanswered prayers, seems that all you care is to see the pearly gates and stairs
While you continue to pray and speak to yourself, I’ll be in search of our native and cultural wealth
It’s all so simple but none of us will ever know, so until my time comes I’ll continue to learn and grow
Sprout from the ground into a tree of knowledge, study their books and get a degree from college
Someday I’ll be up in the booth, speaking out to the youth and be living proof
Advice up for grabs to those willing to take it, they say life’s a bitch but it’s whatever you make it

The key to freedom, these shackles are open at last
We work towards the future while we live with the past
There are those who choose to walk with the lord
While they stand still I keep moving forward

They say Raven is creator, but one day we’ll all meet our maker
Gastineau Channel Sunrise
Richard Stokes, Juneau
Photography

Evergreen
Anna Cramer, Juneau
Photography
Communion

“Wohwewewowhawawewewewowo!” A didgeridoo pounds waves of unearthly noises against our tents. I roll to my side and try to open my eyes long enough to peek at my phone to see what time it is. 4 A.M. Already. Shit.

“Wohwahwe wohwahwe wawawa”

“Come on. Get up! Get up! We’ve got a dollar waiting on a dime!” yells Uncle Doug over the didgeridoo. Tents rustle as members of the One People Canoe Society, a canoe family made up of Southeast Alaskan Natives, struggle to get ready for another long day of paddling. We listlessly move in the moonlight. Silhouette zombies breaking down camp, hungry for more sleep. While the elders and leaders sit by the fire waiting for a nasty cup of camp coffee, they joke and laugh as if four hours of sleep was an acceptable number.

I’m still not sure how I ended up in this year’s Tribal Journey. My ancestry has never interested me much, neither my Alaskan Native side nor German side. My dad used to take my family to local Tlingit events and I hated going to them. We would sit on metal chairs, listening to stories and songs I didn’t like, watching dances that did not interest me and eating food I thought was gross. All I would want to do is leave so I could play my Nintendo 64 or go play in the woods behind my house. We stopped going when my dad moved out of the house.

I remember the trip like it was a dream. Emotionally I was sinking into a storm before the journey. I look at my wrist and see a wristband that says, “Paddle to Squaxin 2012” and think, “thank God for wristbands.” The One People Canoe Society began the Journey in Lummi Nation which is a few miles west of Bellingham, Washington. Lummi Nation to Squaxin Island is roughly 300 miles by water when we take into account all of the islands we have to go around.

Standing knee deep in the ocean, there is no time to be sleep drunk. Our arms ache from carrying a canoe to the water. The air, slightly warmer than the water, is cold but we have become used to the chill. The sand and the ocean look like the same thing in the dark, except one shimmers; each of us look like the same person in the dark, except some bodies are different sizes.

The anticipation of getting into the canoe and begin paddling is unbearable. It is strange to me how afraid I was of the ocean before the Tribal Journey. Salt water smell churns my stomach. We still have two more of our canoes to bring down the beach. When we are finished we will most likely help other canoe families bring their canoes down the beach as well. The lazy sun was rising when we finally got into our canoes.

The skipper surveyed the canoe then smiled with satisfaction.

“Paddles at the ready!”

We clutch our cedar paddles and aim them towards the water.

“Pull!”

The rhythm of paddling, the rhythm of the drum beat, the rhythm of the waves, I was caught in the rhythm of another culture. It was a disciplined, hardworking, way of life that was filled with respect for the natural world. The days I spent in a canoe listening to and watching the ocean were medicine.

When the whole canoe was paddling to the same cadence, I would stare at the ocean and try to find a way to accurately describe it to someone who has never seen large bodies of water. It is, to say the least, a difficult task. There is a beauty in water that cannot be described accurately with words. We describe it with clichés and phrases – symbols to activate the image of water in our brain which give each individual a different emotional response. Our words cannot describe in wholeness what water is: what it looks, feels, smells, tastes and sounds like and what water means to every individual. How can
Eugene Solovyov

Sitka

Becoming

The crocuses and the daffodils burst through the snow, although it was March, and the wind still felt arctic, but inside you something horrible stirred, and you did not notice the spring’s arrival.

While the sun crushed through the snowdrifts, and the returning hummingbirds searched for nectar, in our home, a war was raging, and you tried to rally against the invaders.

By the time the lilacs, the shameless hussies, troubled the air with fragrance and longing, you relied on chemotherapy and radiation and barely recognized your body.

I walked you outside to see the morning, where robins chirped and roses conspired to make you forget your room in the hospital, and the smell of drugs, disease, and sadness.

All the summer life, so busy and vibrant, I thought, it might invigorate and sustain you, strengthen your muscles, refresh your blood flow, give the appearance of health and happiness.

The dandelions’ riotous celebration hurt your senses, and the crows’ narcissistic self-indulgence, while you struggled with each laborious inhalation, hurting with every step, relief not coming.

You left me with the sunset one evening in July, slipping away into the late dusk of the northern forests. By that time, death was a release and a blessing, I said to myself in my newfound loneliness.

Now, perhaps you fly home with the hummingbirds, the lilacs no longer disturb your senses, the robins and the roses don’t bring sorrow, and you’re free of pain and memory.
Wild Cucumber

delicate, beautiful, soft light green
sprung from the dark under the spruce,
leaves like upturned hands
dark shining berries hang under the leaves
under but not hidden
have a taste, it won’t hurt me
I hold a secret
I’ll tell you today
or maybe tomorrow
listen.
Margo Waring

Juneau

Genesis

Was it like this
That seventh day?
Great flocks pointing north
Red and yellow twigs
Sprouting tiny leaves.
Mirrored hummingbirds
Facing blueberry flowers,
Eagles feeding chicks new salmon;
A scrubbed clean spring?

And what of other days?
Were they always spring
Until the gate closed
And we went stricken and dazed
Into the winter night.
In the time before words
he brought his hand, fingers extended but
coming together, touching tips to thumb
then to his lips,
again and again
I twisted the lid from a new jar
pop, it went,
the smell of pureed peas spreading
across small space between us
at the kitchen table
his face, covered in yams,
spread into a bright smile,
one tooth in there,
then the fingertips again.
this time, both hands,
first coming together
in front of his chest,
three times touching
and then parting,
one hand trying to find
his stomach beneath the bib,
so that he might rub
a small circle on it, grateful,
eager to eat summer spooned
from a can
the both of us
smiling,
our light
the brightest thing
that dark fall morning.
Bread Dough Memory

The feel, like flesh beneath my touch, is cool
to my digging, molding pressure, like skin,
almost like a person, stretched out thin
between the shoulder blades, my fingers, tools,
to push along the spine from neck to cruel,
perfect flare of hips lost and almost sin
to recall the feel, the sight, the smell when
lies lay traps, for such unsuspecting fools
like me that choose blindness and try to feel
not dough but warmth of lost love, smell perfume
not lover’s breath, garlic and pepper heat,
yeast rising up out from the truth of real
baked bread stuffed with desire and gloom
and made by me with lies, no hint of wheat.
Night Comes Early (Eaglescrest)
Elise Tomlinson, UAS Faculty, Juneau
Oil on Canvas

Douglas Harbour
Anna Hoffman, UAS Student, Juneau
Photography
I spent the majority of my childhood playing Barbies with my sister. This surprises a lot of my friends, since I was such a tomboy growing up. I looked like Scout from To Kill a Mockingbird. I think it had to do with the fact that my outfit of choice was a pair of overalls with no shirt on underneath. My mom allowed this until I was about ten. But, even though I preferred playing with boys over girls and playing catch with my dad to cooking with my mom, playing Barbies was my favorite way to pass the time. However, I don’t think this would have been the case if my sister and I played Barbies like normal children.

The girls playing with Barbies in the commercials would dress Barbie up and send her on a date with Ken. Maybe she would be older and have children with Ken, but she wouldn’t leave the Dream House. My sister and I had a more realistic approach to playing Barbies, if not a more demented approach.

Barbie never “dated” Ken in our games. She would usually get date raped. Ken had a domestic abuse pose that would strike fear into Barbie’s plastic bosom. My sister would scream for Barbie, while I would provide Ken’s threatening dialogue. If Ken was on his meds, Barbie would usually come down with some serious illness. They never got in the car without suffering a fatal accident. When we performed period pieces, Barbie was often accused of witchcraft and hanged from our shower rod with a shoelace. Then, every once in a while, we would stuff Barbie’s clothes with more clothes so she could play Roseanne Barr and we could reenact scenes from the 90’s sitcom.

These games were only for us. If our mom poked her head into our room, we would become statue children and stare at her until she eased her head back out. I always played the male characters, while my sister would play the female characters. We dealt with bullying and homosexuality before The Trevor Project was even in existence. Our games focused on murder, teen pregnancy, adoption, and anything else that Saved by the Bell was afraid to touch.

One afternoon when we were in our pre-teens, the game got dark. It was an ordinary format. Barbie was going to die of cancer and Ken had to go tell their daughter while she was at a sleepover. However, when I was delivering the heart-wrenching monologue to Skipper, my sister and I discovered we were sobbing. We had never been affected by our own stories like this before. I put Ken down. She dropped Skipper. We both got up and found our mom in the kitchen making cookies. We grabbed her around the waist and squeezed her as hard as we were crying.

“We love you so much!” we wailed.

She offered us cookies, which stopped our tears. It took us a few days to go back and clean up the Barbies. We stopped playing after that game. We just got too creative for our own mental health.
His Bunk

Mama got us bunk beds for our birthday. She said they are made of willow. For the first night, we decided I would sleep on the bottom—since I am technically younger. Mama came in to kiss sweet dreams to both of us. She counted 1… 2… 3… and the two of us would blow as hard as we could to get the lights out. Then she would smile, flip the switch, and close the door behind her. In the dark, I could hear him wriggling on the top bunk for the longest time before he sank into slumber. I remember stretching my arm beneath my chilled pillow and cradling my face on top of the freshly-washed blankets. Water trickled down over the bridge of my nose, as it sometimes did when I was the most tired. I could smell the saltiness as I slipped into sleep;

landed into morning. I got outta bed real quick. I popped on yesterday’s socks, ran downstairs, blueberry waffles for breakfast, and he slept in. Mama left for work at the same time Auntie came to watch us, and he still slept in. He slept through the TV blare and sun gleam, through Auntie finding him—and all the sirens. He sleeps through it all.

Mama still kisses me goodnight, but I don’t get to blow out the lights anymore. Where did the dimples in her cheeks go? She asks if we can replace the bunk bed; I tell her no. When the light is off, and the door is closed, I look up and feel the tremble of the bed as it moves under his squirming. I can hear his chest rising and falling, and I can still sense him dreaming on the willow.
She was a heroin addict.
Nothing mattered more than a quick fix.
She was constantly chasing instant gratification.
Her only desire was instant bliss.
Nothing mattered more than a quick fix.
She was a heroin addict.

She was a mother.
Nothing mattered more than her babies.
They were innocent, they were hers to care for, and she loved them with all her heart.
She loved to sing to them.
Nothing mattered more than her babies.
She was a mother

Nothing mattered more than a quick fix.
Nothing mattered more than her babies.
She was confused.
She was lost.
She did not know who she was anymore.
She was scared.
Running from something she hides well.
Something she is afraid will again find her.
Nothing mattered more than a quick fix.
Nothing mattered more than her babies.

She was a prostitute.
A lady of the night.
A corner stalker.
Dope dating.
Getting high for sex.
Having sex to get high.
Nothing mattered if the drugs and money were coming in.
Nothing mattered more than a quick fix.
Nothing mattered more than her babies.

She no longer remembers who she is.
She was confused.
Making love for drugs.
Making love for money.
Good drugs, easy drugs.
Good money, easy money.
Whatever she had to do for a quick fix.
Nothing mattered more than her babies.
They’re walking children through, as this light comes spillin through my window, in the room this boredom’s daily what I’m chillin’ through.

See what these villains do, robbers, thieves and killers too, the speech I hear the police give these kids as if it’s simply truth.

And it’s not empty to their ears, though no corroborations, evidence to prove the relevance of all his rotten statements.

So all we’ve got is the pavement there to talk to, must be patient, stones don’t speak in volumes, though at times my walls have dropped a statement.

Cold and dark, as if the spark of life has forgotten, taken. Even as the sun is rising, latex blocks my eyes from gazing.

Who’d’ve thought of painting paint upon a window pane, this ain’t the type of changes for change, they try to drive a guy insane.

It’s almost evident that rehab is not relevant, malevolently keepin’ us in chains of mental detriment.

And can the mind of humans overcome this settlement, and somehow relish in the fact that pain and joy are relative?

What they don’t tell the kids is, how when they wish upon a star, with every car of FPD, another will be brought and charged.

Cuz if it’s not a large quantity of charge to guard, then it’s cuts across the board; these prison guards could leave their jobs for Sarge at large.

It’s a cycle, hard and vicious, as the wheel’s progress yielding less fruit, but steady building buildings filled for checks.

So pay your ill respects, as through my window you can guess my attitudes, I flex my moral turpitude circumspect.

I’m just a jerk, I guess, so where’s the hesitation, sighs of resignation as they show this generation segregation.

As if a pledge was taken, I have earned my battle stripes. Inside my tats’ll wipe the pity from their eyes, as though I’m black inside.
Author and Artist Biographies

Doris Alcorn lives by the sea in Auke Bay, and learned ceramics from Jeremy Kane at UAS. As a former fish and wildlife biologist, she frequently incorporates animal elements into her art. She enjoys making both sculpture and functional pots.

Sammy Becker is a senior at UAS. She will be graduating in the spring of 2013 with a B.A. in Geography and Environmental Studies with an emphasis in Outdoor Studies. She loves to be outside and spend copious amounts of time with her awesome friends.

Nathan A. Block is a two-time Iraq war veteran currently incarcerated at the Lemon Creek Correctional Center in Juneau, Alaska. Born in Minnesota, Nathan spent the majority of his time living in foster homes due to his mother’s drug addiction. Despite his definitional childhood Nathan keeps his eye on his dream to become a writer.

Jacqueline Boucher is a spoken word poet and a graduate of UAS’s undergraduate Class of 2012. This is her first time submitting since serving as Tidal Echoes’ fall intern for the 2012 edition. Per tradition, she would like to thank her family, her friends, and the lovely man who has been a source of unwavering support since day one. Moreover, she sincerely thanks you for sharing in the power of the arts in this community, and for the honor of being allowed to share with you.

Andria Budbill is a senior at UAS in the creative writing program. She is involved in a lot of different activities around Juneau including Alaskapella, Opera to Go, and many other groups. Andria loves everything about bilingual editions of oral literature. He is a freelance writer and independent scholar.

Clare Brooks – Quilting has been Clare’s hobby of choice since 1994. She loves being outdoors in Southeast Alaska. A sea of fireweed, a warm August day, and a ride with friends inspired her quilted landscape.

Brittany Buell has been writing since early 2000. In 2002 she was selected to participate in the First Creative Writing course offered as a prototype class at Dzantik’i Heeni Middle school. In 2004 her first poem was published in The Silent Journey. She also began doing Photography as a hobby in 2006. Her photography is nature based and never posed; only what she stumbles upon during her hikes. After attending the University of South Dakota for four years, she transferred home to Juneau to finish her college degree at the University of Alaska Southeast, still majoring in Creative Writing.

Richard Carter is a full-time art student at UAS. He likes to dabble in all forms of art, so keeping at least a paintbrush or pencil in reach is always a good idea. His work sometimes takes a turn for the serious, but what he loves most is a good dark-comedy to make him laugh his socks off. In his spare time, he likes to improv with friends who refer to him as “Spud.”

Tamsen Cassidy (Tamsen’s Chilkat Valley Woolworks) finds inspiration for her needle felted wool sculptures deep within the Alaskan Native cultures and richly endowed environment. Needle felting is a relatively new art (circa 1970) which utilizes a barbed needle (like those used in actual felting machinery) to sculpt and mat together the fibers of sheep, alpaca and virtually any fiber that will respond to matting with the needle. She has made her home in Haines, Alaska where the lush and vivid landscapes drench her thirsty imagination.

Kersten Christianson is a raven-watching, moon-gazing Alaskan who teaches high school English and French, and composes rough draft poetry. An Alaskan, she has taught in various schools throughout the state including the Kenai Peninsula, St. Lawrence Island and the North Slope before returning home to Sitka by the sea to teach. There she lives with her partner Bruce, daughter Rie, and yellow lab, Odin. Kersten is also the co-editor of the quarterly journal, Alaska Women Speak, a journal with a statewide presence devoted to publishing the words of Alaskan Women.

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

Kristina Cranston resides in Sitka, Alaska. She is the mother of four and grandmother of two. She loves to explore new things and express herself creatively. She is a quarter Tlingit, and belongs to the Eagle Thunderbird Clan. Her goal in life is to “reach her full potential.”

Nora Marks Dauenhauer was born in Juneau, Alaska. Her first language is Tlingit, and she has worked extensively with Tlingit oral literature, doing fieldwork, transcription, translation and explication. Her own poetry, prose, and drama have been widely published and anthologized. She is a free-lance writer and independent scholar. In October 2012 she was named Alaskan State Writer Laureate 2012-14.

Richard Dauenhauer has lived in Alaska since 1969. He is a former poet laureate of Alaska, and his poetry, translations, and essays have been widely published. With Nora Dauenhauer he has co-authored and co-edited Tlingit grammars and bilingual editions of oral literature. He is a freelance writer and independent scholar.
Jill A. Dumesnil is a resident of Juneau, a fulltime UAS employee, and a part-time photographer. She has taught college mathematics for 20 years and currently serves Associate Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences. She took her first photography class in 2010 and continues to take courses and make photos.

Bonnie Elsensohn retired in 2007 from working as a graphic artist and media specialist for UAS Sitka Campus. She was actively painting in the ’70s, but put aside her brushes for about 20 years. Bonnie has now returned to painting, using acrylics and frequently taking her own photos for reference material. Her work has been featured at Sitka’s gallery walks and is also on display at Fisherman’s Eye and Sitka Rose Galleries.

Kija Elstad enjoys painting with acrylics and sculpting with both wood and stone. She is a self-taught artist who would like to expand her opportunities in the art trade by attending art classes. The art community and youth art programs are important to her and she looks forward to creating new and original works of art which may enhance and contribute to the Southeastern region of Alaska.

Carrie Enge is a writer from Juneau, Alaska.

Christy NaMee Eriksen is a Korean Adoptee spoken word artist, organizer, and educator. She’s performed at art centers, universities, and theatres, including The Roundhouse in London and Equilibrium’s award-winning spoken word series in Minneapolis. She is the co-founder of a monthly poetry slam, Woosh Kinaadeiyí, and a 2011 JAHC Individual Artist Grant recipient.

Cal C. Giordano is a craftsman who works in the medium of mixed metals and specializes in the creation of functional, kinetic and wearable art. He is a commercially successful product designer in the motorcycle industry and he is a patent holding inventor. Giordano has been recognized by Popular Mechanics Magazine as a “backyard genius” and was nominated by them as one of the top ten “world’s greatest unsung engineers”. Giordano was also recognized by the History Channel as the creator of the Archduke Grand Excelsior, a semi-submersible, semi-amphibious watercraft that was featured on the television program Modern Marvels. Giordano is presently attending the University of Alaska Southeast where he is earning a BA in art with an emphasis on sculpture.

Cory Grant is a published writer who was born and self-raised in Alaska. He is Tlingit, Southern Tutchone and Cherokee. He is also known as “that guy who always wears shorts.” Growing up with an abusive father and learning his native roots are the driving forces behind the content of his writing. He has dozens of written pieces and hopes to record his work one day.

Lauren Haight is a lifetime Juneau resident who recently graduated from UAS. She has been published in Tidal Echoes twice before and is very proud to be a part of such a wonderful publication. She enjoys hot tea, long books, bad TV, and cuddling with the love of her life – her dog, Max.

Jessica Hambleton is a poet/biologist/amateur photographer. She received her BA in English writing at Boise State in the spring of 2012, but decided to continue on her previous path towards marine biology, and is now a student at UAS. She received her first publication in Barefoot Review this summer, with “Dermatomyositis with a side of Asperser’s Syndrome.”

Madeline Handley is a ninth grader at Juneau Douglas High School. She was born in Juneau and the area’s natural environment is the subject of many of her poems. Madeline is a cross-country runner, a gymnast, and spends as much time as she can outdoors.

Anna Marie Hoffman, born and raised in Alaska, couldn’t imagine living in a place without trees and mountains. The beauty of her home state has captured much of her attention in her poetry as well as photography. Though she still longs for the woods and captures it in her lens, her poetry is beginning to take a step in a new social direction hoping to awake within hearts a concern for the invisible people of our nation.

Robyn Holloway lives in Juneau with her family. She graduated from UAS in 2003 with a BLA in Literature and Creative Writing. She was the inaugural co-editor of Tidal Echoes, and is currently developing two manuscripts of poetry, much of which has been published in this journal. Robyn is a member of the Alaska State Council for the Arts and a co-organizer of the 2013 Poetry OmniBus contest.

Colin Kalk was born in Juneau, Alaska and has lived his entire life there with his mother, three sisters, and three female pets, two cats and a dog. At age fourteen he began studying at the University of Alaska Southeast where he quickly and passionately decided to pursue a Bachelor’s Degree in Literature and the Environment, with Minors in Creative Writing, History, and Philosophy. His favorite pastimes include snowboarding, hiking, and going to the theater.

Jordan Kendall is a UAS student.

Dave Kiffer is a fourth generation Ketchikan resident who is a poet, musician, teacher and historian. He is also the Mayor of the Ketchikan Gateway Borough.
Jonas Lamb is a librarian, poet and super dad who believes that parenting is poetry and that in addition to super-quick reflexes, parenting leads to the appreciation and awareness of everyday magic. His work has appeared in The Kent Collector, Tidal Echoes, Juneau’s Poetry Omnibus and Raw Ether. B poetry, C poetry and read more at jonaslamb.wordpress.com.

Heather LaVerne is a creative writing major at University of Alaska Southeast. She is the president of the improv club, the Maven of Fellowship of the Gay-Straight Alliance, and the Vice President of Fellowship of Alpha Phi Omega. On top of all of her club activity, Heather also enjoys writing short stories about bizarre people, including herself. Her literary heroes include Roald Dahl and everyone who writes for the show Community.

Shaka Levshakoff -- the poem “Reflections” is an excerpt from an original song written by Shaka while he was serving time in the Lemon Creek Correctional Center in Juneau. This portion of the rap song is his favorite so far of all the songs that he has written because it was an opportunity to shed the lyrics of superficial living and express what is in his spirit that no one sees.

Jeremy Kane, originally from Springfield, Ohio, has been an Alaskan resident since he was 18 years old. He is currently an Associate Professor of Art at the University of Alaska Southeast. Jeremy received his BFA degree from Fairbanks, Alaska and continued to earn an MFA in Ceramics from Ohio University. In addition to receiving the Taunt Fellowship at The Archie Bray Foundation he received a mid-career artist grant from The Rasmuson Foundation and continues to exhibit work in many national ceramic exhibitions. When taking a break from making ceramic artwork, Jeremy plays Bluegrass banjo in his band throughout Alaska.

Clara Miller likes to escape outside to slip under the stars and streetlights, or wander along trails and amongst trees to seek solitude or inspiration. If you happen to come upon her by chance and she seems like she’s in another place, she probably is. She often is writing in her head, or disappearing to different dimensions created by other writers.

Vivian Faith Prescott was born and raised in Wrangell, Alaska and lives in Sitka Alaska. Her poetry has appeared in Yellow Medicine Review, Ithacalit, and Drunken Boat. She is the author of the poetry collection The Hide of My Tongue (Plain View Press, 2012) and two poetry chapbooks Sludge (Flutter Press) and Slick (online @ White Knuckle Press). Her website is http://www.vivianfaithprescott.com and she blogs at http://planetalaska.blogspot.com.

Seth Siegel is a fortunate resident of the Alexander Archipelago, one of the most mysterious and soulful places he’s seen. Seth writes from his outpost on Douglas Island, when his son Saul is asleep. His wife Alicia is the apple of his eye.

Eugene Solovyov has lived in Alaska since 1990, most of it in Sitka. He owns an art gallery, Sitka Rose Gallery. He writes poems and essays in his spare time.

Mary Spartz lives and writes in Juneau.

Richard Stokes, a 40-year Juneau resident, is a seasonal guide with Gastineau Guiding. His work has appeared in Tidal Echoes in 2007-12, in Poetry Omnibus 2006-12 and Ice Floes in 2006. His prose has appeared in Gray’s Sporting Journal, Alaska Magazine, and Juneau newspapers. He has self-published two chapbooks of poetry; “Notes Searching for a Tune” in 2010 and “Juneau Seasons” in 2011. His wife, Jane, is a Juneau artist.

Guy Unzicker is happy to be a resident of Juneau, surrounded by beautiful mountains and fantastic poets and artists. As a writer and a musician, he most often draws inspiration from Minnesotan and Alaskan landscapes, friends, and experiences. Guy is grateful for his life, family, friends, cat, guitar, and spinach crepes.

Justin Thomerson -- He made the mistake. He lived through the experience. He found his own Truth.

Elise Tomlinson received her BFA in 1994 from the University of Alaska Anchorage with a primary emphasis in printmaking and a secondary emphasis in oil painting. She has been exhibiting regularly for close to 20 years. In addition to being an artist, Elise is also the Regional Library Director for UAS. She paints colorful and stylized figurative paintings in local Southeast Alaskan settings.

Margo Waring has lived in Alaska since 1969 and has been an active member of the Juneau community since 1972.

Todd Wehnes is a student at UAS. His hobbies include knife fighting for the feathers of dead doves, and leading the suicidal on raids into heaven. When not at UAS, he responds to the name “Shark Fighter” in public and does all his talking in the sheets.

Teague Whalen 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.

Adam Wood is a student at University of Alaska Southeast, double majoring in Medicine and Liberal Arts. Photography is one of many passions Adam lives for. Others include cats, Mexican food, adventures and romantic conquests. Adam plans on working in the field after school and helping communities by addressing medical concerns as well as applying his photojournalism skills to tell their stories.