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THE TIGERS THAT CORNER US

A Thesis

Presented to Eastern Washington University

Cheney, WA

In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements

for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing

By

Merideth L. Jeffries

Spring 2013

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The Tigers that Corner Us



Poems, Merideth Jeffries

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Section I

Duh Ceu

You barely made it through your education,
risking your life to sneak across the border
into India to study God's word. And like Paul,
you went to jail for preaching.

I remember all the stories you told me,
though sometimes I doubted they were true—
like the one about the tiger you fought,
and catching swallows in butterfly nets as a boy
to take to market.

But mostly, I remember
the day I tried to do the right thing
and it was misinterpreted,
received with anger.

All you said to comfort me was, "When Jesus walked the world, many were healed.
Demons fled from souls long suffering, sins were forgiven and still, they hung him
on a cross and put thorns around his head. "

And I remembered you said the tiger bared his teeth
as he tried to corner you,
that you were scared but lived.

Girl From Tediim Township, Chin State Myanmar

This afternoon, Za Lun Mang sits on my lap. We look at photos because we can't speak to each other in English.

At the picture of the peony, she shouts, "Pak!"
She smiles and looks up at me, "Fl-ow-er: Pak," she says,
not wanting to leave me out, teaching me.

And though I try to understand
what her mother means when she motions
to me or to something around the house,

or when Za Lun Mang laughs at my attempts at pronouncing
Lun Dam: Thank you,
I *am* left out,
and my country does the same to her.

The Tower of Babel has swayed
and fallen, the bricks scattered into nonsense,

but Lord, I think, it's not a tower to heaven that I want,

only to listen better to this girl.

Moth Orchid

Moth Orchid, Phalaenopsis, thrives in warm climates, it can be found growing wild in Parts of Burma, Malaysia and the Himalayas

I saw a moth orchid on the receptionist's desk at work,
its fleshy, wine and white blossoms open. The stem curved
like a woman's back, as it stretched toward the tinted window.

Last winter I ran into Van Nei Sung in Walmart buying groceries
with Zung Tin and saw a flake of snow still cold,
resting on the curve of her dark hair. She smiled warmly,
but I couldn't help thinking she felt cold and far away from home.

Girl at the Market

When I was her age, I wouldn't have been allowed
to leave the house like *that*. She was barely past the sixth grade,
but her olive skin, pure as a doll's, was rouged,
her lips smeared a dusty rose wine.

Designer skinny jeans clung
to her straight, thin frame, and an ebony wisp of curled
hair draped over her eyes.

I was surprised it was a comic book
and not a glossy magazine she pored over
with the fascination of a scientist
discovering new life.

My Hindu Friend Blesses Me

Gyanu tells me, his last name, Bahadur means brave,
his sister's name, love.

"And yours?" he asks.

"My parents didn't know when they named me,
but my name is Welsh for protector. I don't know how well I do that."

"No wait... it means protected" he says.
I smile, thinking, *how would he know?*

"Someone," he says, "Your husband, maybe someone from above protects you,
but also friend, it's your moral obligation to protect."

I know he is right.

But I measure the width of my hand
and see it's only as wide as the mouth of my coffee cup.

Section II

Questions for Tenzing Norgay

“I’ve climbed the mountain. You don’t have to climb it...” Tenzing Norgay to his son in an interview with *Nova*.

Tenzing, what is it that urges
us into cloud cover and ice

where it’s difficult to breathe
and nothing can live?

It’s a gene that makes us explore or not,
the instinct that helps us find water

is the same that brings
us to swim too far out.

Still, some of us reach the corners
of the earth and beyond,

pressed on by its glory, beautiful
as it is cruel.

How then are we to stop? And why
do we yearn to stop our children

from following?

Tenzing Dreams

Even years later,
Tenzing still dreams

he is swept up
in an avalanche

the ghastly WHUMPH
echoes on all sides

and he fights
to stay upright

in the flowing white river

knowing how long,
it could take

to be found.

Summit View in Winter

Standing above clouds,
the foothills, a blue river
in the distance. I will
never be on ground
again without wishing for this.

Snow Ghosts

Shaggy ice-covered tops of trees
frozen where the wind blew them
and blinded them with rime.

They lean unnaturally over
the slopes, frozen men, still and blue
in the right light,

hardened ghosts regretting
the impulse that called them
to this white world.

Mountain Cold

We ascend through night into dawn in early March.
Everything white, blue, black, like an old photograph.

The cold here is a throbbing ache in the ear, a slice
of the wind's knife on an uncovered hand or cheek.

Our breath rises from our open mouths like ghosts
and disappears into thin, clear air, like many before us.

Section III

How Oliver Got Me to Write a Poem

I arrive at a friend's house, and their son Oliver says,
"Here, eat this bowl of magic I made for you!"

I ask, "What will happen?
What will eating magic taste like?"

"Well, I don't know, just eat it."

I surrender; scoop the magic out
with a spoon, and gulp it down.

Meeting the Princess of Memory

Caitlyn tells me
she is a princess,
and when I ask of what,
she says, "Memory."

She explains she has a silver box,
and bends down to open it,
retrieving what, she doesn't
say. Instead, she hands me
a butterfly under glass
in a white wooden frame.

It's wings are delicate
like paper, and airy pink
like the first light that rests
on the skyline each morning.

I marvel at it, like nice grown ups do
and set it back down beside her.
She says no more
about it, or her silver box for keeping things,
but is distracted
in her three year old way
and begins and begins again
to tell many stories.

I am content to listen
to the possibilities of making
pretend things real: a bowl of pineapple pasta
from thin air, or her plan to become
small as a bug and crawl across
the kitchen floor to hear
the grownups talk.

She mentions now, there is a *Queen* of memory
too. And I want to know about this queen,
what she looks like, how I find her, make sense
of her. But the Princess of Memory is a child,
and hasn't been searching for her
like I have. She doesn't care to know
and begins to tell more stories
with the white butterfly still
by her hands.

Beginnings

Last night I woke from a dream
of scratching out lines and changing the order
of words and stanzas.

When I dreamt in Spanish
for the first time, I knew words in my dreams
I didn't know in waking and the wave
of them flowed with the ease of a boat
through water.

My teachers told me
it was the beginning
of fluency.

But no one says what *this* dream will mean.

The motion is not smooth
but ruthless as a sword slashing and cutting,
in a dangerous kind of grace,

or crushing whole plants
for a few drops of oil

Cat

The orange cat has fallen in love
with the Christmas tree. He hasn't left its side
for hours, and lies at its base in worship,
with paws out in front like a sphinx,
eyes closed in monk-like meditation,

but like so much we love, it neither notices
his dedication, nor reciprocates.

Anna With a Sigh

I'm still waiting for Anna. She didn't come at noon
like she said she would. She didn't come at one O'clock.

My guess is she'll come at half passed two, but I'll wait, with my coffee
because I know Anna's many obligations—

to mother and father, whom she's vowed
to honor, to the church and to Yuri, who tells her
in Russian, just as she gets up to leave,

“Anya our golden girl, surely you'll help
this poor man with his papers before you go.”

She's called Anna with the “A” long like a sigh, but lately
she can't decide, if she is Anna, with a sigh or bright, “Anna”
the way her American friends say it, with the “a” like in “apple,”
with a half smile at the corners of the mouth.

The Barn at Christmas

Thank God Jesus was born
in the desert. I walked into my own barn
this Christmas evening
through a shallow lake of snow,

and when I laid my hands
on the horse's neck
there were small, sharp icicles
like Roman spears
at the end of his mane

Selchie

They say, its like a dream or vision.

They come up from the waves

in the gray and blue of storms and fog
when you long for something beautiful

to swim out of your restlessness
and become real

or when you've walked yourself into the emptiness
of pounding waters, ducking in and out

of your own skin,

they come to you in secret, lovely and dark.

But who will believe what you've seen?

And what good will come from grasping to keep it?

Craiceann

When I was in love,
I let my skin be stolen.

I gave him all the fish I could catch,
flooded the rooms of his house
with their silver scales, pearls,
and sea water I brought to him
in cupped hands.

But he worried when the tide
went out, fearing I'd go too.

One night as he slept, I found a key
behind a mirror,
the *craiceann* locked-up beneath
gray dust in the chest.

Outside, the waves hushed and breathed,
and before the sun was up, I left

all the pearls and silver scales for him
and took back the water.

I Used to See the Devil

walking around down
town dressed as an old
man with thin white
hair under a cap. He'd leer
through the shop window
at me while I rang up customers,
and return when the owner
wasn't there, to smoke a cigarette
on the street corner.

He never came inside,
but passed through town
when my best friend fell
in love with a married man,
and again when I began to date that boy
she couldn't stand
because he screamed
at me most of the time. In those days
I never slept well. I was sure
it was him who gave me
those terrible dreams.

But I forgot about him until
last night I saw him
sitting at the bar alone.
His face had changed,
And he looked plumper and sadder, the bags
under his eyes sagging more than I remember.

And I want to remember that he didn't turn
to look at me this time, and I want to remember that
in case he shows up again.

New City

This is no one's café. The coffee, like the hotel,
is plain and without character, but for a faint taste of citrus that fades
to something like paper and cigarette smoke before you swallow it.

You look around the room and see, that in fact, the paper taste
is the business man's tablet at the next table,
and the cigarette smoke and citrus, the perfume of the woman at the bar.

You notice as you visit cathedrals, museums, tourist shops,

that although you sought advice from friends,
on how to mask your strangeness, you still feel out of place—

you kiss the wrong cheek, roll your sleeves up too high.

But when you come back to your room, the scent of lavender that grows
by the sidewalks is in your clothes, and a phrase you say back home is in your new
acquaintance's mouth, the soil from your shoes on her streets.

Traveling Alone

I still wear the silver ring
from my sister's shop,

inlaid with slices of lapis and opal
like a bright mosaic.

I wore it on my left hand
on my last trip across the border,

and it's striking blue fit right in
on the stone streets lined

with colorful fruit stands
pottery shops and musicians,

and it was suddenly clear to me
that I was not a vulnerable young-women

traveling alone, like my family
worried I'd be,

but, myself, alone, traveling, young, a woman.

Tanka late summer

The brown bumblebee,
wings veined like leaded glass,
lands on my rough draft
about spring flowers,
mistaking it for a rose.

Chandeliers

In the dark all day,
they hang like white
trumpet flowers, or beads of frozen
water, waiting like the gardener in early spring
for green shoots to appear,
waiting, for a hand to flick the switch
and light the tired wooden floor.

Decorative Bowl

The potter's hands shaped
a wide blue open flower
like an upside down
quinceañera dress the color
of the water in Cuba,

but I have never been there,
and have always been empty,

for fear my shallow walls would crack under weight,
or my glaze become scraped and imperfect.

What the Heron Said

Try hunting alone.
You find the world is not quiet
in solitude, but full
with humming, chirping, trickling, whirring
of bird, bug, water, wind. I am my own silence,
daily wading long step by long, extending step
and waiting, watching the reeds
and shallow pools for what will come to me.

Section IV

New Dog

The new dog is no good with horses. She runs
in their pens, crouches down and barks.

They toss their heads and stamp. I know
she's going to get kicked, so I chase her out
with my strongest bad-dog-voice.

Not so ferocious now,
she shudders, slinks out, then runs
off through the forest of monsoon sprung sunflowers,
that tower over the sage brush and pine saplings.

She doesn't come when she's called,
but she doesn't bite, growl or chew on shoes either.

I've forgotten teaching takes patience.
And now, that thought, and her presence
reminds me, the old dog is gone—

arthritis, blindness; the failing of the body against time.

The new dog trots to me, sits on my foot
bumps a hand for my attention,

and I feel my own stubbornness to move on,

but the summer rains give new flowers every day,
and the season continues on without consulting me.

January, Driving Home

The last year was not an easy year. News of family deaths and divorces piled up in stacks of phone bills, plane ticket receipts, and sympathy cards scattered on our kitchen table. But as I'm driving home today, I notice that the light didn't creep away in late afternoon like it has all winter. It hangs like a lilac scarf above the pines and tall cedars just long enough to get me home before disappearing.

The change in season has been gradual, like wisdom, or healing from a sickness, and I finally noticed it, and noticed the song on the radio, as if I hadn't heard music in ten years. It might've been a shitty pop song, but I heard joy in it even if I couldn't feel it, so I bellowed out the full deep notes and let it thunder through me, and the silence of what I didn't know how to say, as if it were a prayer, as if it were a psalm.

Great Uncle

For Duan

When we met the first time, we both knew
you were dying.

So, you told me stories, and showed me
stained glass crosses you made for the church
near the Snake River in Gooding, and walked me through
the woodshop you made from what once was
my great grandfather's house.

The wood in the shop
lay pale and smooth as bones, carved
into half finished chairs and table legs,
and you told me
that you'd started things someone else
would have to finish

When I got the call,
I imagined God had picked up a stone
from the river and kept it,
and I felt a piece
of your stained glass fall
from a mosaic and leave
an emptiness where there
had once been something.

Why I Still Have Questions About God

There are days when my insignificance to the world
is obvious to me.

I catch myself thinking back to when I was ten
and Cait and I lay on our backs in the grass
watching hummingbirds.

We watched as a hundred divine,
iridescent flashes whirred and swooped

around the dangling feeder and, as if she couldn't bear it any longer,
she told me she couldn't believe in heaven any more.

"It makes no sense" she said, "I think when you die, it just goes dark
and you can't feel anything. Why are religious people so scared of that?

In the end it's just nothingness—"

Before Your Parents Split Up

On the drive back from your parents' house at Christmas,
your silence echoed through the steep sides of the pass,
the memory of their shouting thrumming in my head,
and the snow slapped the car windshield so hard, I winced.

My father told me men in grief are more like dragons
in caves than men. It's best not to go after them, he said,
he won't take your kindness and he might breathe fire.
Better to let him come out on his own.

Still, I wish I could go back in time
and wrap my arms around the child you were,
and shield you, come fire and smoke or not,
from the things that were not yours to bear.

Planting

I loosen the hard ground for ages,
pulling weeds rooted deep, pitching rocks,
displacing earthworms, clumps of dirt,

and press the bulbs
of iris, tulip, and daffodil
into the black soil.

The fading light on the pear trees' red leaves
grows rosy, amber, then gray-blue until it's dark

and all I can see
is how dirty my hands are
in the porch light.

My knees are smudged
from kneeling so long, as if praying,

as if these bulbs are the fears I don't speak of
out loud, and I'm waiting

for something
good to be born from them

You asked me what we should do

I don't know
what we should do.

I listened to you
and know now

that life will not
go on as it has.

I go out to shovel snow
before the sun is up,

bending and lifting
the heavy loads

and tossing them
to the side of the house,

and when I come back in,
the world is still different.

A snowflake rests
on my black coat,

large enough I can
discern some of it's

pattern, but it melts
before I can see

the whole thing.

I Was Young When We Met

and was ready to throw my fists at anything
that hurt you.

In a poem addressed in bitterness I said:

“ Love, you take in life
with wide, open arms.

 Lover of it all, down to the last
 drifting petal,
the world you find such joy in
 served you with a bitter meal
of wild grass and locusts.”

How wrong of me
not to understand
how suffering marks the difference
 between copper and turquoise,
how heat refines silver until it's pure enough
to see yourself in it.

The Lost Bird

I dreamt of looking into the house
I lived in at sixteen, the year I was never home.
I stood outside and saw
through the window, my mother and father together
trying
to catch a lost
flustered bird who had flown terrified and squawking
into the white curtains.

On either side they stood,
arms and eyes upward as in prayer.

My father's handsome face held the heaviness of wanting
so badly to save it— my mother's face, patience and hope,
gently calling to it in the language of nurture.

It fluttered, exhausted,
but they stayed, coaxing it,
pleading with it to come down.

Section V

Fall Tanka

I.

Yesterday the sun
was strong and hot, but today,

wind exhales, dresses
the green leaves russet and gold.

Summer left the day we
parted, taking with it, such warmth.

II.

It's over cast and
the sun is a pale orb
in the water
as if it were the moon.

III.

The wind was relentless
last night. Red leaves flew

and hid on dark streets.

Tree swayed, bowed against fall's chiding
them for clinging to the past.

Bitterness before forgiving an old lover

All he taught me
was how to be strong
when the weight drifts in,
little by little like snow.

It starts out light in the evening
and by morning it's heavy with water,
and engulfs the flowers for miles
until all the color disappears.

Tulip

I placed it on the table
when it was tall and upright.

Last night, I saw the tight bloom
splayed open like a white star,

a sprawled sleeper—
pollen spilling

over the petals about to release
themselves from their rigid stem.

Its life was ending
but its lavish openness stayed

with me. All day I thought,

what is it to be hiding nothing?

To be unashamed

in such sheer immodesty?

Allegory of Spring

The snows have melted,
and this morning the air was so thick
with fragrance I grew dizzy

with the heavy-sweet taste
of lilac and cherry blossoms, the spiced cinnamon
and herb of early roses.

The breeze whirled their blossoms
into sheets of the neighbor's clothes line
and I thought of the three graces in La Primavera,
dancing blissfully disoriented.

One could lose track of time in such dance,
be overwhelmed by sensation,
spin into an arrow and when it's over
be just as lost.

But doubt has a way
of whispering small shadows
into our bliss. In the painting,

Zephyr is not far off,
Cupid draws his bow with eyes closed
and one of the graces
looks away from her circle,

watching the dance slow
and all of it dry up and blow away.

Fish Tank

He taps gently on the glass and bends
to watch each carefully etched fin and breath
pulse from their gills.

All day they pick up rocks in their mouths
and spit them out onto a glass floor they can't see
through, making land where there was not land,
placing blue rocks where there had been green.

He turns their light on each day and drops manna,
though he knows he could re-write the story, curse them
with famine, turn their water to brine. Or could,

in one instant of anger, send the glass crashing
to the floor and them to drown
in the air of the morning light.

Saving a Blister Beetle

The black beetle
lay on its back on my garden step, legs
flailing, the edges of them studded with little hooks.
The antennae was half an inch long, its face
a triangle, rounded slightly like a dark petal.

It squirmed to be upright, laboring, suffering.
I stood a moment watching, disgusted and fond,
before pulling a leaf from my pear tree
and bringing it to his kicking legs, coaxing him
to hold on, and placing him in the grass.

Post Card

Mornings, I watch the fat spider
who lives in the hole in the brick steps.

He glides like a black swan
across his gauzy lake,
evading drops from the sprinklers.

I used to think he was menacing,
invasive, his web nearly six inches in diameter,
the spindly legs and round body perched
promptly at 9:00 when I come out to water the flowers,
still there at 10:00 when the weeding is done.

I let him stay, frightening as he is. No one else knows we're here.

Come home soon, it's too quiet without you

First Cigarette

I broke it off with Will two days before Christmas. That night the snow whirled around his old pick up like ash, and the day after, the snow was so heavy on the pines they slumped as if drunk or tired. I called an old friend. He drove 30 minutes through the storm and we walked in the dark, close enough to touch. “I’ll shoot Will if I get a chance—” he said, “Or, at least drag him out in the desert with a bag over his head to make him think I will.” He handed me a cigarette, not thinking I’d take it. I breathed in the cheap, harsh smoke and smiled. I imagined the past burning and falling away with the ashes at my feet, mixing and disappearing with the white, white snow.

New Girlfriend

It was awkward enough that after our wedding your parents said they would divorce, but when they started dating other people, it's like the world turned upside down and backwards all at once. We met your dad's girlfriend for the first time in early summer, and the whole drive over, white flying seeds from the cottonwood trees drifted in and out of the car windows like snow. They clung to my hair and the dashboard, and I batted them away from your face like they were flies. We met them downtown for ice cream and your dad was more nervous than my high school prom date had been, (especially when they got flustered about details of where they were the night before). The sunset glowed a warm orange, as the wind smacked over chairs outside the shop, the white fuzz of seeds whirled in a blizzard, and all the teenage girls waiting in line in their short shorts and bright, small tank tops stood shivering with their dates, who didn't offer their coats, while your dad made fun of your mom's new boyfriend. I had no choice but to laugh. I kept thinking, *this is all ridiculous, it's all so ridiculous.*

When we peeled the wallpaper

it sloughed off the plaster
like layers of skin.

The floor was covered
in armloads of its past.

Breaking the Dishes

Every time I'm handed a glass I'm desperate to let it go. What I mean to say is, that I'm afraid I'll let go of it. I keep having dreams of dropping dishes, cracking mirrors, chipping teacups. And when I'm awake I dread touching anything fragile. Again, it's not that I *want* to smash anything. It's that I know I will. Whenever I'm handed something of value, I can feel my grip weakening and failing. I can hear the crash, see the pointed shards on the floor and all the people I love walking around the mess, trying not to step in it. When I scramble to clean it up, the shards crumble into smaller pieces and disappear. This knowing is a little like that feeling I had on our family trips to the lake when I was a girl. There was one steep bank I always liked to sit by, but it was a long way down if I fell. I would stand there looking down and leaning forward until I could feel my stomach plummet and my body begging me to step back; my mother's voice in my ear, saying, "dear, not so close to the edge, you'll drown before I can get to you." It's most distracting at cocktail parties. I dare not even walk across the room with a wine glass, it's only a matter of time until I send it splashing and slapping the cold tile floors, or it's thin stem snaps and shatters in my hands. Just think of all those beautifully dressed women and men hearing the clatter of crystal and stepping sideways to avoid the broken pieces.

I'm afraid I'm capable of breaking everything we have. Are you afraid too that one day you'll come home from work and all the fragile things we keep in our cupboards will be in a pile on the floor? Our kitchen cleared out of its heirlooms, the China from our wedding in pieces? What about the chandelier in the dining room? What about the vase from your mother? Promise me you'll help me clean these messes or I'll be buried in no time, it's too much to take care of alone.

Cleaning House

We'll always have to hide
some of the mess when guests come over.

I sweep dust under the furniture
and you run around the house shutting doors
so no one can see in.

Last week we spent
a whole afternoon
with mop and bucket,

and even after years
in the same house, we discovered
whole universes of dust we didn't know
existed under the bed
and in the kitchen corners.

At least it's not like your parents' house,
where the dust has been in layers for decades,
and is out for everyone to see.

They just walk around the dirty laundry
and piles of dishes like they aren't there.

At least we're still trying
to keep things presentable,

even if sometimes the broom
isn't clean and the bristles cling
to the gray clumps of dirt containing
our old skin and threads from our clothes,

even if it takes what seems like forever
to make things better again.

Section VI

Home

"It may be that the satisfaction I need depends on my going away, so that when I've gone and come back, I'll find it at home."

(Rumi)

I

My father traveled for work at least
once a month. He'd leave our desert town
and come back
with stories about the ocean.

But when his friends tried to tell him
how glamorous his life was,
he nodded and said,

"Yes, I have been to every famous museum
five minutes after it closed."

II

Just South of Home

When I left Arizona for Mexico,
I believed I was going a world away.
How disappointed I was when it looked
and felt the same as my own town,

the same desert quiet,
nopales dotting red clay hillsides,
dry air and flood of sun each morning.

I walked the stone
streets looking for anything to make
me feel far away,

and found Rivera's
white lilies, being sold on the roadside.

At first I thought I knew those lilies, from paintings
in every Mexican restaurant back home,
but I'd never seen them this close,

had never understood
how beautiful they were.

After weeks the Spanish became clearer
and for the first time, the Spanish named streets
at home had reference and place,

and in the same moment I was homesick and satisfied.

Guanajuato

This city asked me to find a new language.
I have no word to describe
the way the light falls on *los nopales*
above *el centro* in January.

Old structures like my thoughts
rise and fall like a voice
or an empire.

I dream with different colors
 myths, images, histories mixed:
desert and city, Spanish and English—

And I want a word that says
today I saw a poor woman outside the church in a blue rebozo,
her arms stretched, hands open,
and her legs tucked under her like a little bird.

Guanajuato

Esta ciudad me pidió que encontrara un idioma nuevo.
No tengo una palabra para describir
la manera la luz se cae en los nopales
encima de la ciudad en enero.

Estructuras veijas como mis pensamientos
suben y caen como una voz
o un imperio.

Sueño con colores diferentes
los mitos, imágenes, historias mezclados:
desierto y ciudad, español e inglés—

Y quiero una palabra que dice,
 hoy, vi una vieja afuera de la iglesia en un rebozo azul,
los abrazos extendidos, las manos abiertos
y las piernas se metieron como una pajarita.

Book List

BLY, Robert *The Man in the Black Coat Turns*

BORGES, Jorge, *Dream Tigers*

BURKARD, Michael *Entire Dilema*

GILBERT, Jack *Refusing Heaven*

HODGEN, John, *Bread Without Sorrow*

KUMIN, Maxine *Up Country*

LAUX, Dorianne *Awake*

LEVERTOV, Denise *The Sorrow Dance*

MINTON, Helena *The Canal Bed*

OLIVER, Mary *American Primitive*

PAOLA, Suzanne *The Lives of the Saints*

REXROTH, Kenneth *One Hundred Poems from the Chinese*

RILKE, Rainier Maria *Letters to a Young Poet*

RILKE, Rainier Maria *The Duino Elegies*

TATE, James *Shroud of the Gnome*

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Internship ,Willow Springs Editions 2011-current
Marketing Manager

Internship, WITC 2012-current
Outreach Teacher, North Central High School and World Relief

Internship, Willow Springs Magazine 2012-2013
Associate Editor, Poetry

World Relief

Refugee Resettlement and Placement Specialist 2010-2012

Job Placement Spanish Language Specialist 2009-2010

Internship, Winfield Trading Co.

Associate and Writing Assistant for Marketing Material, 2009-2010