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# The Forum: Spring 2011

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# THE FORUM

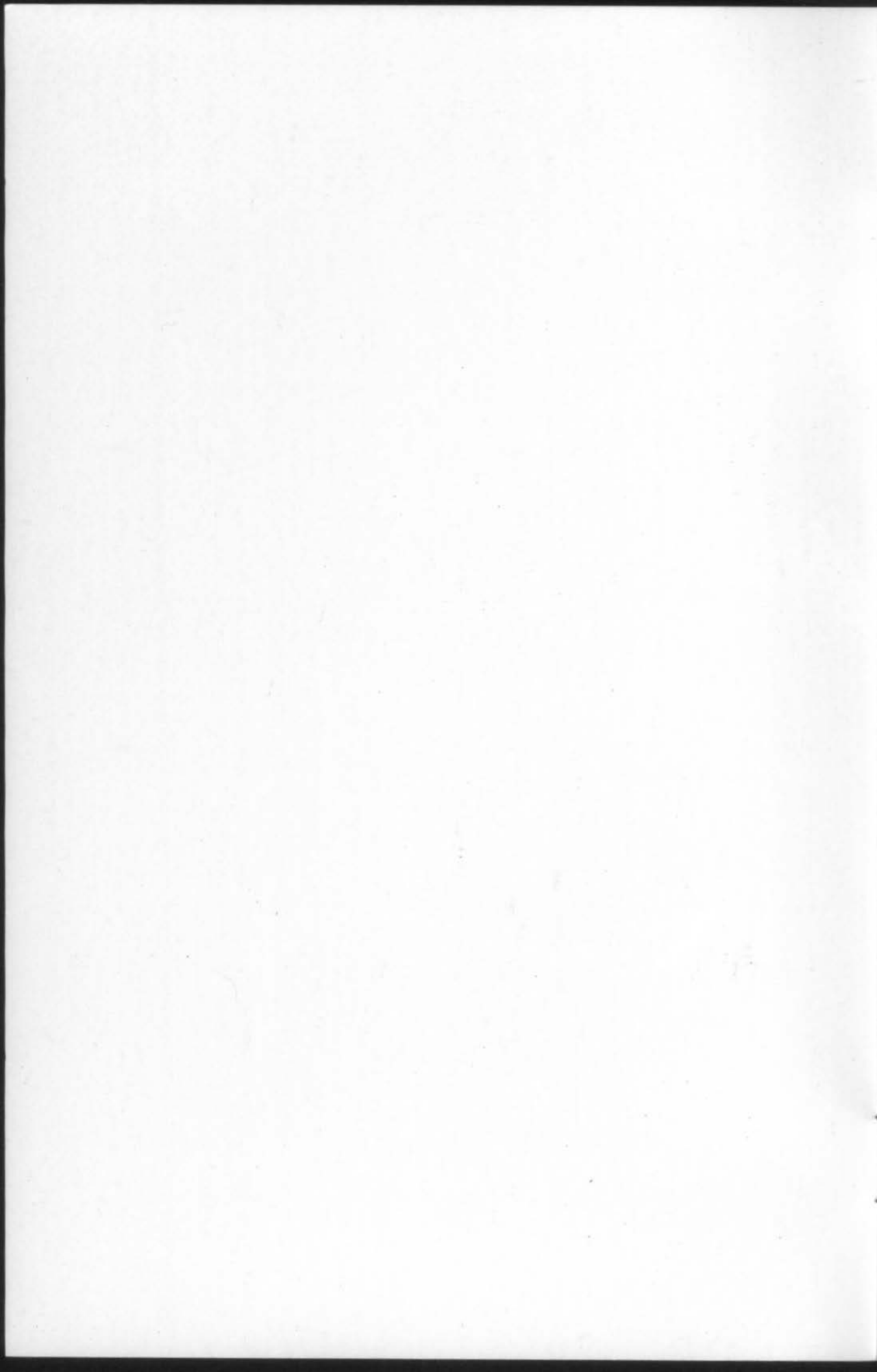
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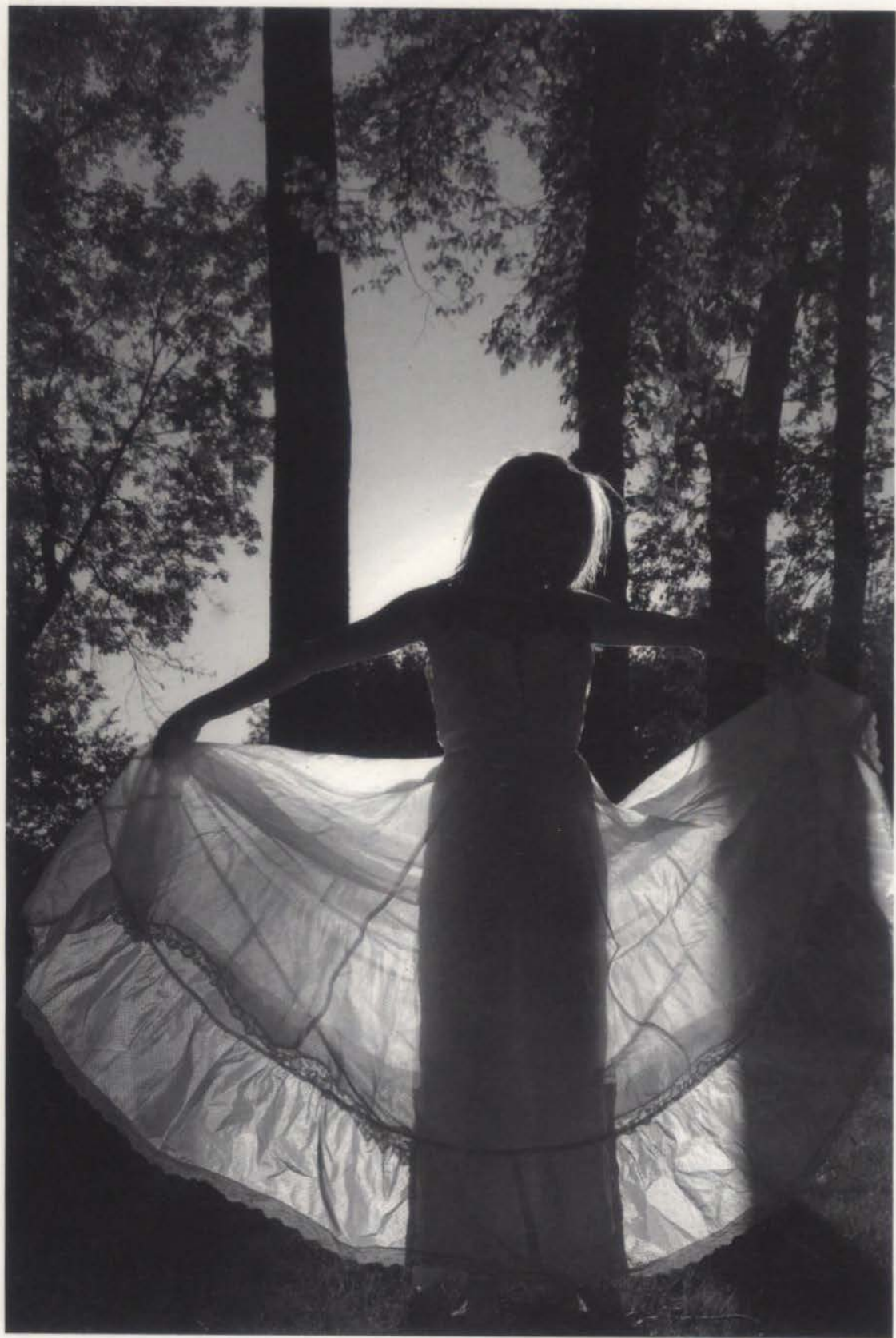
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*Hannah Halvorson*

Charles McCray

A Moon

With each word spoken, each breath

blowing on the

silence of the night



*Andrea Dickason*

## Charles McCrary

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### *A Poem*

With each word spoken, each character typed  
Mirrors are broken,  
Shattering persons carefully crafted--  
Craftsmanship worsens.

An idea that compels itself.  
A cycle that propels itself.

And the best blueprints become  
algae in a reflecting pool.

With each word spoken, each character typed  
Mirrors are broken,  
Shattering persons carefully crafted--  
Craftsmanship worsens.

An idea that compels itself.  
A cycle that propels itself.

And the best blueprints become  
algae in a reflecting pool.





*Hannah Halvorson*

Charles McCrary

A Poem



*Alex Oswald*

Devon Olson

*The Last Harvest Year*

Look into the forest's depths. There's a world of magic.

One day, the forest will be empty.

But for now, it's full of life.



*Devon Olson*



*Beatrice Hill*

## **Devon Olson**

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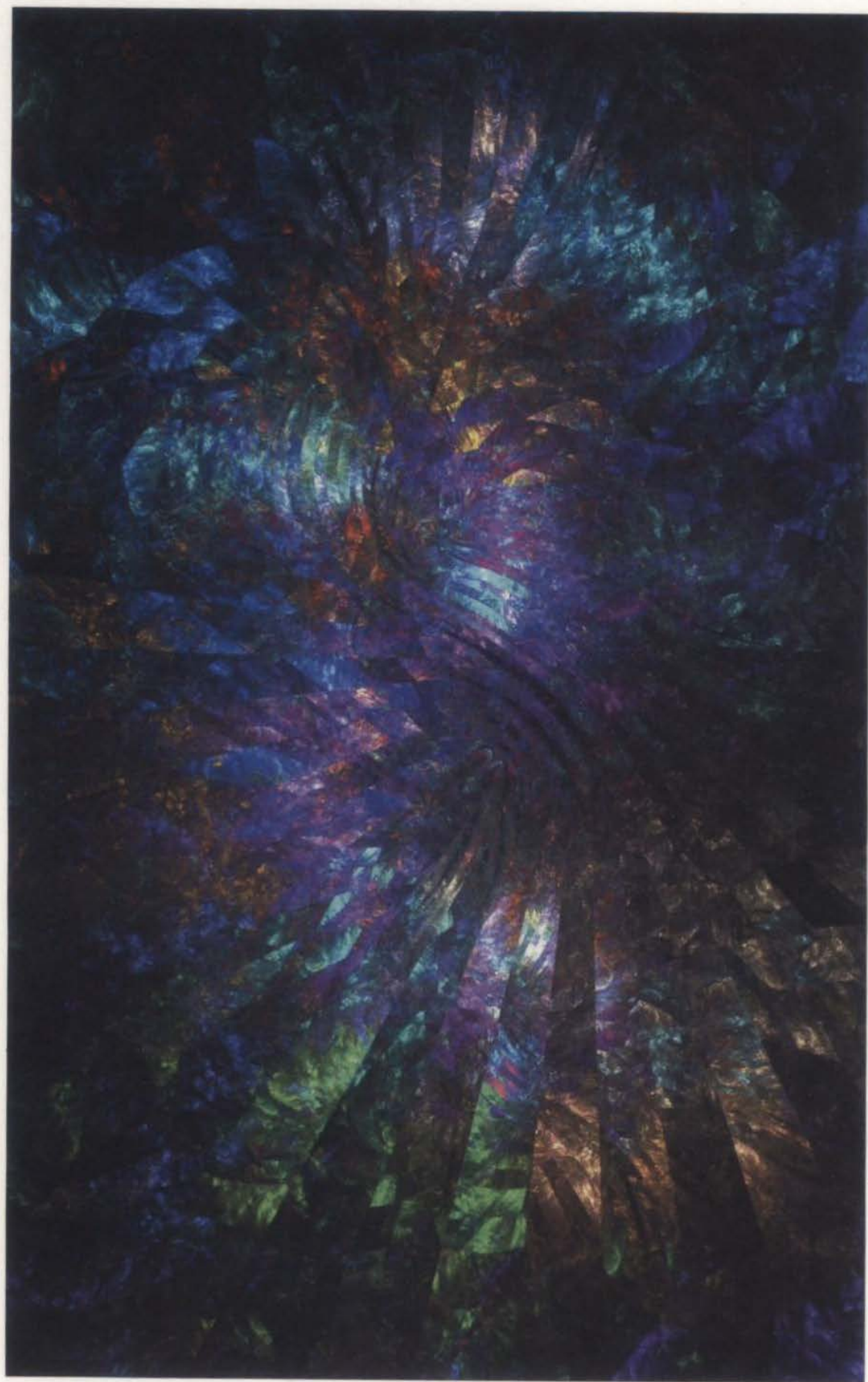
### *The Last Dinner You Gave*

Each June you bought tomatoes from Allard's,  
pert Early Girl, dear Super-Fantastic.  
Gladly, you tucked them between groceries,  
and drove slow. They'd make it, but  
you would not.

They nursed upon the kitchen table,  
on country sun and your used teabags.  
But then cruel pain struck your abdomen,  
You told us you'd return, but  
you would not.

The tomatoes were wilting when we came,  
fragrant green tatters all in a heap.  
You wouldn't stop asking till we went,  
and watered them for you since  
you could not.

A day later, they returned in our arms,  
orphans wearing pots much too small.  
Their green life's weight, not yours, in our arms,  
They bloomed, rounded, gave feasts, since  
you cannot.



*Andrew Owen*

Just Sevens

Lady Agony

To find Lady Agony, you find her in a garden, a castle, a  
To find Agony, you find her in a garden, a castle, a  
To find Agony, you find her in a garden, a castle, a  
To find Agony, you find her in a garden, a castle, a



Raeellen Crockett



*Amelia Klaus*



## Jose Saavedra

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### *Lady Agony*

To find ladies like Agony, you find them in a saloon or a catalog, but  
To find Agony, you will find her in the streets.  
To many, Agony is the devil incarnated in a woman's body,  
To the upper class, Agony is the horror of Society;  
To the middle class men, Agony provides the majority of her services;  
To the lower class, Agony is the Black ship of God's Kingdom.  
To find her, just walk through the low neighborhood of the city.  
To stare at her, she will notice and begin her seductive movements,  
To bring her near you, a glance and a smile will be enough.  
To men she sells sex, love, and services- per hour.  
But, why...  
She did it because she was a single mother,  
She did it when her child's father left her once she was pregnant,  
She did it across the city, where she was fresh meat for the Gluttons,  
She did it afraid of the many risks out in that World,  
She did it... she became a Prostitute because of need.  
She puts on her costume and enters her new world, but,  
She has under her body-mask, a wound in her soul and heart.  
She suffers her road of calamity. She will never forget.  
She walks through lightless Windy Avenue with a candle  
She lights up every night she sells passion.

Just Another

Just Another

Just Another

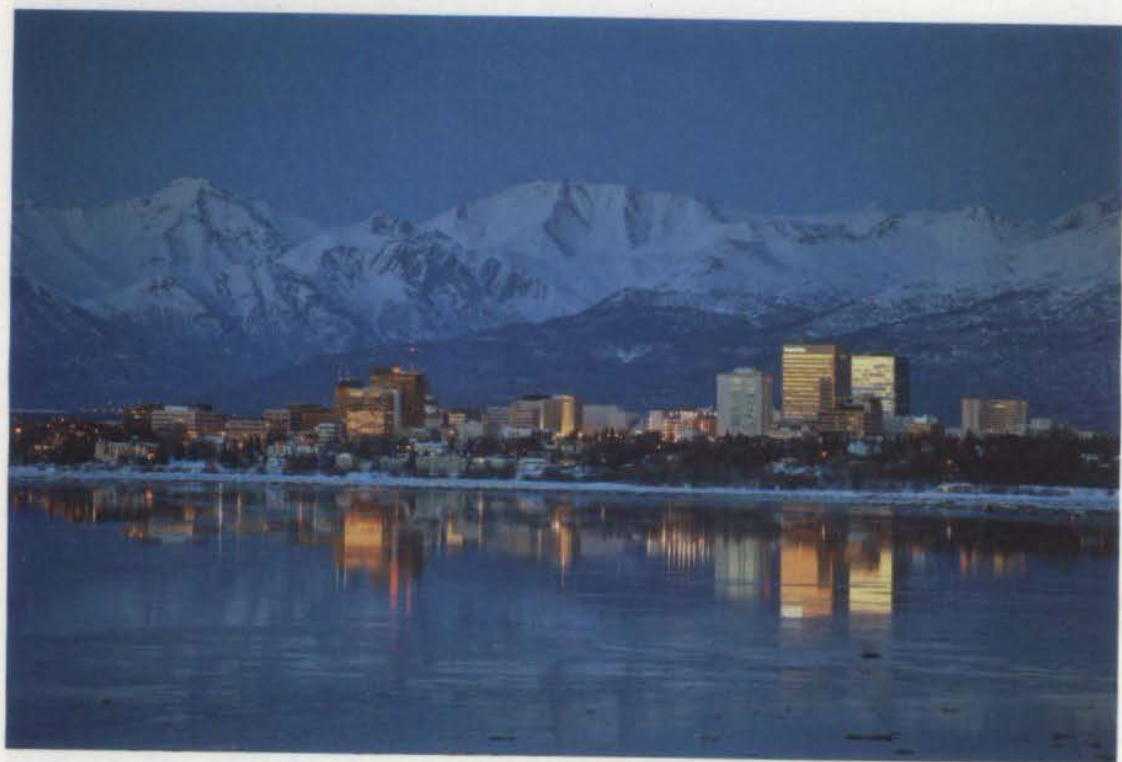


*Devon Olson*

Devon Olsua



*Samantha Praus*



*Andrea Dickason*

## Devon Olson

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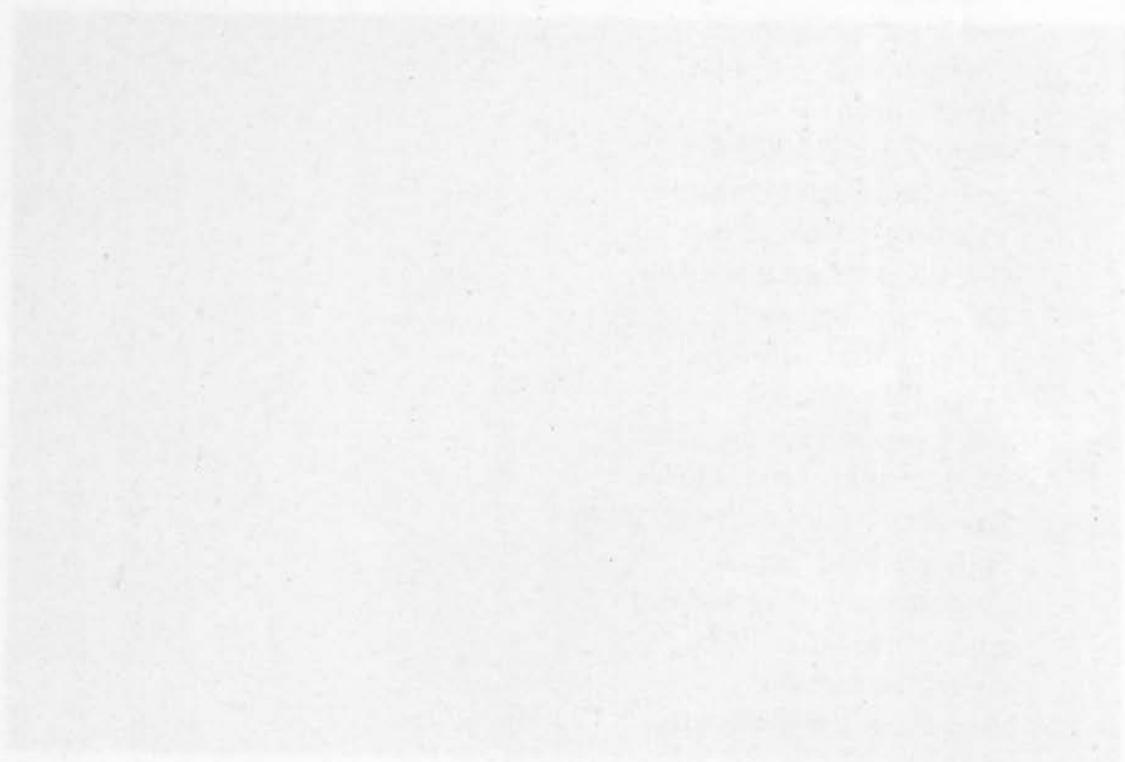
### *Humming*

It was windy all day  
and so when I awoke  
with night still floating about the house  
and heard a humming  
I thought at first it was  
April's lion.  
But it was too tuneful  
and I lay afraid to breathe,  
straining to hear, to see  
if it were the wind at all.  
Or perhaps my mother  
up for a drink of water.  
What I'd wanted was  
not mine own but the mother  
of all, singing to me alone.  
I lay in the dark with my whole  
self, every bit, hoping.  
And then a well-modulated  
male voice broke in  
to tell me the time.  
And I realized it was just  
the radio.  
And that someone had forgotten  
to turn it off.

# Devon Olson

## Summary

If you want to know  
what is really going on  
with the world, look at the  
people who are making it.



Devon Olson is a  
writer and editor who  
has worked for many  
years in the publishing  
industry.

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Thank you,  
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