

TIDAL
ECHOES

literary & arts journal

TIDAL ECHOES

UAS LITERARY & ARTS JOURNAL 2016

Featuring the work of students,
faculty, and staff of the
University of Alaska Southeast
and members of the community.

Published by the University of Alaska Southeast
© 2016 All rights reserved.



Editor and Production: Alexa Cherry, UAS Student, Juneau

Assistant Editor: Maranda Clark, UAS Student, Juneau

Faculty Advisor: Emily Wall

Intern: Chrystal Randolph, UAS Student, Juneau

Staff: Kaya Day, UAS Administrative Assistant, Juneau

Cover and Book Design: Alison Krein

Cover Image: *Mountain Goat DNA Robe*, Dr. Teri Rofkar

Dedication Page: *Shisginoow Dancing*, image provided by Dr. Teri Rofkar

Editorial Board:

Alexa Cherry, UAS Student, Juneau

Maranda Clark, UAS Student, Juneau

Emily Wall, UAS Faculty, Juneau

Kevin Maier, UAS Faculty, Juneau

Sol Neely, UAS Faculty, Juneau

Carrie Enge, UAS Faculty, Juneau

William Elliot, UAS Faculty, Juneau

Ernestine Hayes, UAS Faculty, Juneau

Math Trafton, UAS Faculty, Sitka

Rosemarie Alexander, UAS Faculty, Juneau

Rod Landis, UAS Faculty, Ketchikan

Jeremy Kane, UAS Faculty, Juneau

Liz Zacher, UAS Faculty, Sitka

Ben Huff, UAS Faculty, Juneau



a heart is a heavy burden

— diana wynne jones —

dedicated to everyone across time who has given
a part of themselves to *tidal echoes*: professors,
staff, administrators, supporters, readers, and
especially the writers & artists

because it takes a lot of heart to make a book, and
even more to make the stuff that goes in one



Contents

- I Always a Pause
Sarah Isto, Juneau
Joe Lewis, Untitled, UAS Student
Alexandra Bookless, Mishima Teabowls, UAS Student
- 3 Mint Tea and Red Wine
Sarah Isto, Juneau
- 4 The Dry Winter Scent of Prairies
Asha Falcon, Juneau
Elise Tomlinson, Northern Sunrise, UAS Faculty
- 10 Musical Theory in a Falling Tree
Caleb Fish, Juneau, UAS Student
Jordan Kendall, Jumbo Lookout
- 11 The Shape of an Echo
Caleb Fish, Juneau, UAS Student
Diana Rossmiller, Wonderwall
- 13 It's Difficult [excerpt from the poem "Marissa"]
Xwaayeenák
Transcription by David Russell-Jensen, Juneau, UAS Student
- 13 Yéil x'us.eetí Raven Footprints
David Russell-Jensen, Juneau, UAS Student
- 14 táakw winter
David Russell-Jensen, Juneau, UAS Student
Jessica Hahnlén, King Fisher
Jessica Hahnlén, Bear
- 15 A Dandelion by its own Name
Beatrice Franklin, Juneau, UAS Staff
- 16 Migrations
Beatrice Franklin, Juneau, UAS Staff
Rico Lanaat' Worl, Untitled
- 18 They Named Her Driftwood
Diane DeSloover, Juneau
Henry M. Masters, Kissing in the Rain
- 20 Waltz of the Flowers: Anna and Company
Robert Fagen, Juneau
Diana Rossmiller, Sun Catcher
- 22 Porcelain Curtains
Megan Bush, Sunny Cove

- 25 **The River**
 Rebecca Gerondale, UAS Student, Juneau
 Alexandra Bookless, Kathleen Lake, UAS Student
- 26 **A Living Tapestry**
 Tyler McMichael, UAS Student, Juneau
 Margaret Steward, Red Cedar Tlingit Haida Weave
- 28 **Skinned**
 Chalalin Giron, Juneau
 Brianna Pettie, Survivor, UAS Student
 Darin Donohue, Auke Lake Lights, UAS Student
- 31 **Aurora Chasers**
 Chalalin Giron, Juneau
 David Sheakley-Early, Emma Afloat
- 33 **I Can't Sleep**
 Joe Lewis, UAS Student, Juneau
- 34 **The Ghost I'm Left With**
 Kaylyn Haslund, UAS Student, Juneau
 Nathan Buendia, Framed Memories, UAS Student
- 35 **Tequila, Sweat, and Prayers**
 Kaylyn Haslund, UAS Student, Juneau
- 36 **The Alchemical Marriage**
 Alexis Ross Miller, Ketchikan
 Rico Lanaat' Worl, A New New Hope
- 38 **each dream practice**
 William Merk, Juneau
 Nathan Buendia, Clouds, UAS Student
- 39 **Seasons Change and the Waters Run On**
 Katie Bausler, UAS Staff, Juneau
 Paris Donohoe, John Muir, UAS Student
- 42 **Salmon Speaks**
 Kristina Cranston, Sitka
- 43 **A Place That Holds Names**
 Kristina Cranston, Sitka
 Rico Lanaat' Worl, Untitled
 William Bolton, Salmon Spirit Chest, Connected (box)
- 45 **The Language of Weaving: Featured Artist Dr. Teri Rofkar**
 Chrystal Randolph, UAS Student, Juneau
- 52 **Nome, Alaska**
 Daniel Piscoya, UAS Student, Juneau
 Joe Comolli, Drained
- 54 **I'm From**
 Jasz Garrett, Yaakoosgé Daakahídi High School, Juneau

- 55 Srevlla—The state of things where the spring snow is
so soft that one sinks into it.
Vivian Faith Prescott, Wrangell
Mikaela Graves, Reflections
Mark Sixbey, Txamsem
- 56 Post-Glacial Rebound
Vivian Faith Prescott, Wrangell
Diana Rossmiller, Dressed in Garlands
- 58 Learning the Dance
Jonas Lamb, UAS Faculty, Juneau
Darin Donohue, Shamrocks, UAS Student
- 60 When You See Me
Jonas Lamb, UAS Faculty, Juneau
William Bolton, Water Spirit
- 63 To Speak for Restraint, for Wildness, for Beauty:
Featured Writer Aleria Jensen
Chrystal Randolph, UAS Student, Juneau
Darin Donohue, Young Eagle, UAS Student
Isaac Christensen, Untitled (detail), UAS Student
- 68 Baula
Aleria Jensen, Featured Writer, Juneau
K. M. Perry, Airport Dike Trail Evening
- 70 Ninja Meatballs
Aleria Jensen, Featured Writer, Juneau
Joe Lewis, Untitled, UAS Student
- 72 In the Wild Without Child: One Mother’s Invitation to Self
Aleria Jensen, Featured Writer, Juneau
Harriet McClain, Whale Tail Vista
- 78 Questions for Anemones
Aleria Jensen, Featured Writer, Juneau
Margaret Steward, Yellow Cedarbark Wool on Starfish Pot, UAS Student
- 80 Gleaming Orange and Pissed
JJ Whitcomb, Juneau
Nathan Buendia, Through the Sky She Comes, UAS Student
- 82 Love for the Honeybee
Amy Pinney, Juneau
- 83 The Last Speaker
Jenny McBride, Juneau
K. M. Perry, Juneau Fireweed
- 84 Judy Plays the Tuba
Mary Lou Spartz, Juneau
Elise Tomlinson, Illuminated Juneau, UAS Faculty
K. M. Perry, Airport Dike Trail Moonlight
- 85 Escape
Mary Lou Spartz, Juneau

- 86 A Wooden Mother
Marina Ortega, UAS Student, Juneau
Katie Rueter, Black and Whites, UAS Student
- 88 an excuse for staying indoors (a working title for a work
in progress)
Ethan Bowlen, UAS Student, Ketchikan
Nathan Buendia, Insecurities, UAS Student
- 90 Lake Farm
Dallas Anderson, Haines
Mark Sixbey, Yew Bear
- 96 Rupture
Mistee St. Clair, Juneau
K. M. Perry, Mendenhall Glacier
Katie Rueter, The Rookery, UAS Student
- 97 Transient
Mistee St. Clair, Juneau
- 98 Laminaria
Kersten Christianson, Sitka
Kristina Cranston, Untitled
- 100 Querencia
Kersten Christianson, Sitka
- 101 Hoard
Margo Waring, Juneau
Rico Lanaat' Worl, Untitled
Gordon Harrison, Small Birds Sign
- 103 Selfie at Two
David Kiffer, Ketchikan
- 104 Entropy
Margo Waring, Juneau
- 105 Goodbye
Adeline Violas, Juneau
Jordan Kendall, Sitka Bridge, UAS Student
- 106 My Remedy
Mason Shearer, UAS Student, Juneau
Alexandra Bookless, SI, UAS Student
- 109 Delta Symbols Static
Mark Smith, Hoonah
- 110 Falling
Eugene Solovyov, Sitka
Diana Rossmiller, Breathe Deeply
- 111 Drum, drum away
Eugene Solovyov, Sitka
Darin Donohue, Eaglefest Dancer, UAS Student
Rosalinda Ainza, Wasichana, UAS Student

Editor's Note

If someone had asked me in my sophomore year at UAS what I expected to be doing in my senior year, the answer would not have been “editing a regional literary journal.” Not because I didn’t want to, but because the answer wouldn’t have involved me having an internship of any kind. I just hadn’t seen my college career taking me in the direction of having one – and even if I had wanted one, I had always thought of internships as being things that happened to other people (namely, science majors).

So it came as a great and pleasant surprise when I was encouraged to apply for the *Tidal Echoes* spring internship. At first I was surprised and confused, but then I decided to apply anyway – and I’m so glad that I did! Being the junior, then senior editor of a literary journal has been a fun and incredibly valuable experience that I wouldn’t trade for any other internship.

Under the guidance of Emily Wall, our internship advisor, the junior editor Maranda Clark and I have successfully balanced crafting this edition of *Tidal Echoes* alongside work, school, and every other aspect of our daily lives. There were sleepless nights, early mornings, caffeinated meetings – but most importantly, there was a lot of fun and love for editing! Something that I’ve heard several English professors say during my time at UAS has been to “murder your darlings” – get rid of the parts of your writing you treasure the most and think are the best. When people submit to *Tidal Echoes*, they’re sending their darlings to me, and it’s my job to make sure that those darlings are as good-looking and well-represented as possible.

But the journal isn’t about the editors; it’s about the people who make up the journal. It’s about you – whether you’re in it, or whether you’re reading it. The words and the art that you created and submitted made *Tidal Echoes* possible, and I have heard it argued that a book does not really exist unless someone is reading it. This journal is an opportunity for the people of Southeast Alaska to make their creative voices heard, as well as a chance for people outside of Alaska to hear what you have to say.

As you make your way through the pages ahead, I hope that you read each piece with the same meticulous care and enthusiasm with which it was chosen. We call it a “literary journal,” but at its core it’s really a book, and I want you to enjoy it in the way all books deserve to be enjoyed.

Best of wishes,

Alexa Cherry, Senior Editor

Acknowledgements

We can never give enough thanks to the people who helped put this journal together. Without them, this journal never would have been able to be published, and we would like to take the time to give them the praise they deserve.

First, a massive thanks to our editorial board! On this year's board were professors Kevin Maier, Carrie Enge, Sol Neely, Will Elliot, Math Trafton, Ernestine Hayes, Rod Landis, Rosemarie Alexander, and Emily Wall. We would also like to recognize professors Jeremy Kane, Liz Zacher, and Ben Huff for their expertise as our art editors. In addition, we would like to thank Kaya Day, an administrative assistant in the Humanities department. She does so much work for us behind the scenes; we would be lost without her.

A special thank you to the new Chancellor Dr. Richard Caulfield for supporting *Tidal Echoes*! He has been a huge fan of *Tidal Echoes* over the past few years, and it would not exist without his enthusiasm and encouragement. In addition, he has made sure that knowledge of this literary journal has been spread across the state of Alaska. And a huge thanks to the Dean of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Karen Schmitt, and the Humanities Chair Kevin Maier for their continued support for this journal.

We cannot say thank you enough to Alison Krein, our graphic designer, for all the time and effort she put into making this journal look amazing.

Our deepest gratitude to our featured writer Aleria Jensen and featured artist Teri Rofgar; thank you for allowing us to showcase your talents in *Tidal Echoes*.

We would also like to thank Dr. Paula Martin for providing the finances to bring our featured writer to Juneau!

Every year, the Behrends family contributes a scholarship donation to a UAS student. We would like to thank them for their continuing generosity. The 2016 Mac Behrends' scholarship recipient is Kaylyn Haslund—congratulations!

Thank you as well to Travis McCain, whose printing expertise and mentorship to students has been crucial to the publication process. We are especially grateful to him for printing *Tidal Echoes* at Alaska Litho.

Last, but certainly not least, thank you to everyone who submitted their writing and artwork, giving us the opportunity to showcase the creative and artistic talent of Southeast Alaska.

Most humble thanks,

Maranda Clark, Junior Editor

Alexa Cherry, Senior Editor

Chrystal Randolph, Fall Intern

Emily Wall, Faculty Advisor

Always a Pause

Sarah Isto, Juneau

Always a pause
between the bolt and the thunder,
the tremor and the streaming lava,
the angry shout and slamming door.

Always a breath
between the ritual question and the vow,
the gift and the gratitude,
the birth and the first cry.

Always a beat of silence,
that one blank instant
when grave events
knit or shatter.



Joe Lewis, Untitled, UAS Student



Alexandra Bookless, Mishima Teabowls, UAS Student

Mint Tea and Red Wine

Sarah Isto, Juneau

—wrong together of course,
but the day uncommonly hot.

The tea iced, celadon, clear,
no clouding sugar.

The wine fragrant, sun glowing
through stemmed glass.

This morning's green intinction gathered
from my kitchen garden.

Grapes plucked in a foreign vineyard
a decade before I learned to plant.

Grooved leaves stripped from square stalks
bent on leaping their bed to overrun
the dill and the chives.

Fruit bruised and crushed,
juice red as blood,
sharp savor ripening in slow casks.

Aromatic leaves shredded and boiled,
steeped and strained, still fresh when chilled.

Decanted and bottled,
tinge of bark from a cork.

My hand found it crowded in a shop—
Red wine, tang of memories half-forgot.
At home, the essence of green,
the flavor of chores deferred—Mint tea.

Sip one, sip the other—sitting in the side yard,
sip cold, sip warm—the grass shin-high,
sip new, sip aged—seed heads sway.
The day uncommonly thirsty and hot.

The glinting hummingbirds
flit and sip, clover to rose,
and rose to clover to rose.

The Dry Winter Scent of Prairies

Asha Falcon, Juneau

Rose lied when she said she didn't care whether she was having a boy or a girl. But she needed these new neighbors to understand she was a private person and there are things one just doesn't ask. One doesn't ask how far along are you, and when did you get married, and when did you first meet, and is that why you dropped out of grad school and packed up your entire life and moved across the continent to its farthest reaches west? This outcome did not match Rose's plan of earning her degree and painting full time for a while before meeting someone and settling down to teach art history. It was her story and she would tell it however she pleased, was what she told herself. She had thrown it all away, easily as the sea wind in her hair, because she fell in love. Whether she wanted a boy or a girl was her own damn business.

Hank and Pam were nice enough. Pam had walked out of the woods with a basket of muffins the day after Paul and Rose arrived, and now the four of them sat around a wooden table in Pam's cramped kitchen making small talk. Rose resisted the urge to inspect the bookshelf in the other room. She could see it was filled with classics, Hank's, most likely. He worked his literature degree in at the very top of the conversation, which she countered with her own degree in fine art. Likely Hank and Paul had a similar exchange while they hiked down to Three Saints Bay. Paul would counter with his law degree. It was important to stake your claim, know your place. Rose didn't belong here, and she knew it. So she had to show she could do better.

She guessed it was expected that she and Pam would become fast friends. Maybe that's what this afternoon was about. It wasn't clear to her what Pam did. She noted the bulky sweater, hand knit from the goats penned outside, no doubt. Rose had never been much for knitting. She got bored and lost track of the stitches. To her, crafts were a homely cousin to the arts. A burst of laughter made her smile automatically. Paul, telling a joke. He had worn that old halibut jacket he found in the upstairs closet, thrilled at its scruffy authenticity. Now he rubbed at his sleeves, laughing. It came to her that their new life was meant for Paul, was perfect for Paul. He fit seamlessly into the roughhewn kitchen, assuming the outdoorsman persona as if it had been folded up inside him his entire life. Rose, her pregnancy, their marriage, suddenly felt like the means to his end. She shifted on the wooden chair as Paul's laughter resounded and felt unexpectedly bereft.

Hank set a cigar box displaying a purple heart in the center of the table. He grinned at Paul. "Two tours, my friend," he said. "Then split the scene. Can't cope with that crazy shit down south anymore. You live here, you get the quiet life you need." He closed the lid of the box with a flourish. "How about you, Paul? You fight?"

Rose wanted to ask how he got that heart. She wanted to ask what about flower power, what about love thy neighbor? She had joined the protests on the oval at

Ohio State just over a year ago. Nixon was still in the White House, the war still went on. A little snick in her regard for this man already made her feel mean.

She turned to her husband, who shook his head. He didn't mention the football scholarship that had kept him safe, but Rose knew him enough to see the flush creep up his neck. "Paul's never been out of Ohio," she said. "Never been anywhere, till now." Paul scoffed, but she kept on. "I drove to New York City last year. Paul wouldn't come so I asked two girlfriends. We stayed in motels and lived on soup and crackers. We went to all the art museums. That's where I wanted to live after I got my degree. In the Village. I'm a bohemian at heart." Now she flushed and folded her hands in her lap. For a moment no one spoke, then Paul put his arm around her. "Oh, Rose," he said. Hank and Pam burst out laughing as if he had told a brilliant joke. Pam set jelly glasses and an open bottle of wine on the table.

"We make it ourselves," she said, "good blueberries around here. You have at least an acre: guard it well or those bitches down on Cliff Side Loop will steal them."

Rose lifted her fingers. "None for me, thanks."

Paul leaned in and kissed her temple. Public displays were rare for him and she sensed it was for Hank's benefit. *Look at me, the sweet husband*. The man she knew Paul to be, silent, morose, had been hidden in this gentle outdoorsman. Swallowed whole, like her.

"I thought a glass a day was fine," Pam said.

"Maybe for some people," said Rose. Paul stiffened but she knew he wouldn't remove his arm. She toyed with the jelly glass. "I was in a car accident," she said. She felt the room pause, the attention focus on her.

"I was in a car accident, and I nearly lost my baby." When she thought of that afternoon, it did seem like an accident. A force greater than her had wrenched the wheel from her grip, smashed the car into the base of a sycamore. She remembered the cracked windshield, the wetness on her forehead that was her own blood. She'd had seven stitches. A lucky number. She ran a finger along the ridge of scar at her hairline, still healing. "I nearly died, myself," she said. Later, in the hospital, she had felt fragile and triumphant when she woke to see Paul sleeping in the chair. But the accident changed nothing. Her baby held on, tenacious as the cicadas who lived for years underground. That's what made her think it was a girl. Now she poured a finger of wine into the jelly glass and admired the dark violet color, like the sky before dark. It was surprisingly good.

The next morning Paul had a meeting at the new office. Rose sat near the fire he'd built before leaving, drinking her tea. Rain pocked the surface of the lake at the bottom of the clearing. She supposed it was a yard. After a while she pulled on a sweater and her leather clogs and went outside. She thought, *this is what an artist does*. Her thin sweater didn't shield her from the dank breeze. But she had an image to uphold, if only for herself. *The artist, Rosemary Bello, originally from the Midwest, now transplanted into rural Alaska, surveys her yard with a cup of Oolong tea*. She

strolled through the meadow and into the spruce, where a thick carpet of moss and ferns edged the lake. Distant hammering and a shout came through the trees.

The pond was webbed with dying water-lilies. A weathered rowboat lay overturned on the bank and she thought to flip it over, but as she approached the moss gave way and she sank up to her knees. She froze, heart pounding, her teacup held out like an offering. *Jesus, Rosie*, she said. A gust of wind shook the branches above her and rain scattered as she wrenched this way and that, trying to dislodge herself. Finally, her clogs ruined, she turned her back on the pond and limped back to the house. She changed into sweats and decided to unpack the moving boxes that had been stacked against the wall for over a week. She had to keep moving, keep her mind moving. The weight of the books comforted her. Books which had traveled from home, where people never said what they were thinking, never raised an eyebrow at her like Pam had done as Rose drained her glass. Never said, *I thought you were above that*.

When she came across her grandmother's quilt, her eyes filled. A sudden urge to call home came over her and she rose, started for the phone, but just as suddenly, she knew she wouldn't. It was too expensive, she needed to get through this on her own. And what would her mother say to her: *come home? You made a mistake?* She would put the books away so Paul could see how hard she was trying. She worked quickly, pushing the books into the shelves helter skelter. *There*, she said, wiping her hands. She broke down the boxes and stacked them near the fireplace. The fire had gone out but it was no matter. She was hot from her work, and Paul would be home soon. She went upstairs.

Her easel waited near a small window which overlooked the backyard. She opened the jar of turpentine, loving the oily scent, and pushed the window open to survey the woods behind the house. How could she have left her sycamores and maples for this? The folded address of a doctor in California had been hidden in her purse for months, until it was too late. She thought of the highway that spooled like a dark ribbon along the coast, and drew a wavy line up the center of her canvas with a black crayon. Her movements became economical and light. She painted for the rest of the afternoon, until she heard Paul rattling grocery bags downstairs. After a while he came up behind her and slid his arms around her waist.

"What happened with the bookshelves?" he said. "They look like they were filled by a madwoman."

"I was in a hurry, I wanted to paint. I thought you would be happy," she said.

"Oh, I am, I am. I might organize them a little."

Rose frowned. "I thought I sorted them."

Paul took the brushes from her hand and dropped them in the jar. "You should be careful of the turpentine. It's bad for the baby." He glanced at the painting.

"What's that supposed to be? Is that the yard?"

Rose gazed at her work; a clearing surrounded by dark trees that crowded the edges of the canvas. A black line through the center. "I don't know," she said.



“Let’s make dinner,” said Paul. He went downstairs while Rose sat a moment, watching the trees. In the fading light, they appeared closer to the house.

Paul re-shelved the books while Rose cooked hamburgers. A thud as each book slid into place. It was a fundamental difference between them; a simple thing, he always said. He didn’t like a mess. She, on the other hand, thrived in clutter, in the mess of art supplies and books and papers. It made her feel secure; Paul couldn’t think straight until he had cleaned up. She flipped the burgers and fat sizzled into the air and she remembered the morning.

“The banks of the pond are some kind of swamp,” she said.

“Yeah, I saw your clogs. Why didn’t you wear boots down there?” Paul came over with a stack of cookbooks.

“How was I supposed to know?”

“It’s muskeg. You need boots.”

“Why didn’t you warn me? I don’t even have any boots.”

“You’ve barely left the house, Rose. How was I supposed to know you were finally going to leave the house today?”

Rose held out the skillet. "Take these burgers," she said. She stood to the side while Paul filled the plates. "It's not even a yard, it's like the woods just made a hole and they dropped a house into it."

"That's the point," said Paul. "Don't you want to be a pioneer?" he laughed. Rose gave in and laughed too.

"See, you're happy." He pulled her into a hug.

"Am I happy?" She let him kiss her, rested her face on his chest. He was still wearing that old jacket. It smelled faintly of mildew.

"Are you?" he asked. She nodded her head, agreeable. "Tomorrow you should go to town while I'm at work," he said. Rose nodded again, her cheek against the rough wool.

But the next morning she still didn't feel ready. "You're sure you aren't coming," he said. He was preoccupied, running over his first case in his mind, a dispute over a cabin built partially on state land. He kissed her on his way out. "Stop by Pam's at least. Don't sit here all day by yourself."

So an hour later Rose headed out in a light rain. She strolled down the now familiar trail to Pam's cabin and thought how nice it would be, the four of them having dinners together. She thought of the dresses that would fit her again once the baby was born, and counted on her fingers as she did every week. Six months from now. No one in Ohio even knew.

When she knocked on the front door of the cabin, Hank appeared and seemed not to recognize her. She faltered. "Did I catch you at a bad time? I can come back later, I just wanted to visit with Pam." The kitchen table was covered in papers, as if Hank were in the middle of a project.

"She went down to the Larsons'," he said. Rose wondered when her own house would feel this cozy, this lived in. Hank lifted a kettle from the stove and shook it lightly.

"I could just die for some tea," Rose said. She didn't think she had ever used that phrase in her life. She was suddenly too aware of herself, like she was coming out of her skin. She sat down and got a closer look at the papers, ran her fingers along the edge of the table wanting to touch them. They were worked over, smudged and even torn in places.

"A paper on the Italian Poets," Hank said, "Been at it for a while." He took down a jar of instant coffee and two cups and a spoon. "Pam ought to be back in a bit."

"Do you ever loan out your books?" Rose said.

"Nope." Hank spooned out the coffee.

"Even though I live right next door?"

"Don't care to. Filled with notations, whatnot." The kettle creaked and pinged as it heated up and Hank leaned back against the counter fiddling with his pipe. Rose cast about for a topic and noticed the frayed cuff of his sweater. "Did Pam knit you that?" she said.

Hank nodded. "We met on a fishing boat. She was the cook. Lousy cook, too. But she knit this for me on our first trip."

"How long ago was that?" She wondered what she and Paul's chances were.

"We've been together—let's see—five years. Separated periodically."

"Paul and I met in grad school. At a party. I don't know if I would have stayed with him if I hadn't..." She waved her hand lightly in the air, let it drop to her belly.

Hank studied her. "Like you'd be better off in New York? You think you'd have a chance? You're just scared because now you're in something real, you don't get your little fantasy."

Rose set her hands flat on the table. The angular line of his jaw gave Hank the look of a fox.

"You think you're smarter than me," she said, "but you're not. I read, I read the classics. I know art history. I don't have to sit here to be judged by some fisherman who just happened to read a little Dante."

Hank scoffed, but she pushed back her chair and stood as the kettle let out its shriek. "I think I have to go now. Thank you very much for the coffee," she said, though there had been no coffee. She pulled on her jacket and struggled with the zipper, embarrassed at her shaking hands. She didn't know what she was waiting for.

Hank drew on his pipe. "You won't last a year out here," he said.

Rose yanked the door latch. "Tell Pam I stopped by," she said, and threw herself into the rain. Heat burned her chest, and her vision blurred. All she wanted was to be home, to get home. She hurried back up the trail, the trees above her like a cage of branches as she ran.

When Paul's truck pulled into the driveway hours later she was curled up in bed, where she had been all afternoon. The house damp and cold. She heard him stacking wood in the fireplace, walking through the rooms. She should have gone to town. She should have looked through the shelves at the drugstore, stood inside the doorway of the Russian church, walked to the harbor and read the names of the boats. Then she would have evidence, a list of reasons why she didn't belong here. She heard the refrigerator door, the snap of a knife on the cutting board.

She pulled her grandmother's quilt over her shoulder and worried the thread-bare edge, rubbed it against her cheek. The fabric smelling faintly of home, a dry winter scent of prairies. She thought of the tiny Columbus apartment where she could see everything from her bed, and outside her window were only other apartment buildings, a slight row of cottonwoods. She had loved combing the second-hand shops for bookshelves and spice racks, jars of buttons. Rose cupped a hand over her belly and imagined the baby like a drifting cluster of stars. How unreal it felt to be in this house, the woods surrounding them for miles and miles, and then the sea. How impossible to imagine her life. She heard Paul calling to her from the kitchen and she brushed the quilt aside.

"Be right there," she said. She went downstairs.

Musical Theory in a Falling Tree

Caleb Fish, Juneau, UAS Student

Skin cracks
like eggs hatching,
like a cradle's creak,
boreal quietude broken
in asymmetric cadence.

Splinters pop
once, twice, faster
until the pop is a groan,
the ligneous moan
of a rooted decrescendo.

Shadow shifts,
sliding leaves sing harmonies,
closer, lower, faster,
umbrageous panic
in symphonic climax.

Ground shakes
with tangible bass,
absorbs the shock
of wooden tremors
then stops

Still

right: Jordan Kendall, Jumbo Lookout



The Shape of an Echo

Caleb Fish, Juneau, UAS Student

What is the shape of an echo?
Does it bound in waves
like a brief sonic ocean?

Does it leap in lines
of flashing vibration,
arcing source to sound?

Perhaps it flows in gracile
contours, touching edges,
rounding corners in rhythmic form.

Where does it go
after ringing the sky?



Diana Rossmiller, Wonderwall

It's Difficult [excerpt from the poem "Marissa"]

Xwaayeená̄k, *Benchmarks: New and Selected Poetry 1963-2013* (2013: 174)

Transcription by David Russell-Jensen, Juneau, UAS Student

i Yéil x'us.eetí x'úx'u káx',
tla_x wáa sá
sh tóogáa haa ditee.
tsu yéi, yá x'us.eetí ítx
yaa ntoo.át.

It's difficult
to type your manuscripts.
Each word makes me pause
and think about the Raven
who transcribed them, whose little
footprints on the page
this writing is.

Yéil x'us.eetí Raven Footprints

David Russell-Jensen, Juneau, UAS Student

—*Keixwnéi* (1927-) *ka* *Xwaayeená̄k* (1942-2014) *yís*

—*For Nora Marks Dauenhauer* (1927-) and *Richard Dauenhauer* (1942-2014)

how very
grateful we are
for your Raven footprints on the page.
we are beginning
to follow these footprints again.



táakw winter

David Russell-Jensen, Juneau, UAS Student

x'wáal'i yáx yatee
a kát, dleit daak wusitán
tle yánde yaa kanadlán.
táakw áyá.

like feathery down,
snow is falling on the ground
and is beginning to pile up.
it is winter.

above: Jessica Hahnen, King Fisher
right: Jessica Hahnen, Bear

A Dandelion by its own Name

Beatrice Franklin, Juneau, UAS Staff

In May in my whereabouts,
swaths and dashes of yellow
catch my notice.
Dandelions swarm thickly along roadsides
climb rock faces to peek from crevices,
sing of Spring and mock
their appellation of “weed.”

The bears too lay claim,
haunched and munching bright tufts
which please their palates
and soothe impatience for salmon.
When plenty is what’s offered,
satiating trumps discernment.

A Mother’s Day long ago,
you brought me fistfuls,
with no less delight and love
than if you held roses.
Your eyes first showed me
the beauty in weeds
even when unframed
by a child’s hands.



Migrations

Beatrice Franklin, Juneau, UAS Staff

I.

No Sandhill Cranes are expected today in Creamer's Field.
I've come in their place, not hungry from a long journey,
not part of a spectacle or chorus, yet able to imagine
piles of grain, fistfuls of dandelions and cheering
which revived the red-crowned ones returning
to a heroes' welcome last week.

2.

I cross the country to surprise my mother on her seventieth.
My bag and presents take the wrong plane.
When she comes to get me at the hotel
her mouth makes cooing sounds, "I'm so happy, I'm so happy."
Her eyes say, "was it necessary to come three thousand miles.
I wanted you be a concert pianist. That blue does not suit you."

3.

They step into leaky boats with only cell phones.
Horizon now spells home, swells permitting.
Syrian children rub dirty eyes on red sashes,
their mother's or someone else's.
Faces and postures fold into the others'.
One mortar too many has lashed them
to a single hope. Arrival.

4.

A passing Merganser from the corner of his eye
catches my surprise that he is mateless.
"Come with me," he calls, "we will mourn together."
I thank him for his offer too kind and belated,
 replying
that the grief which first emptied and bleached me
floated me to dry beach grass,
where I nest flightless, but well enough.



Rico Lanaat' Worl, Untitled

They Named Her Driftwood

Diane DeSloover, Juneau

The little gray bird on the shore
of Paulina Lake paid no attention
as we burst through the trees with
five bouncy girls, flip-flops and
summer-brown limbs scrambling over stones.

Couldn't believe she didn't fly away
but there she perched on a driftwood log
poking at unseen delicacies while
stealthy explorers approached noisily,
"Stop! You're going to scare it away!"

The bird was deaf to our commotion.
Unhurried she traversed the rotting wood
on spindly legs, ignoring groping fingers
dangerously close to downy breast,
probing bill and bobbing tail.

Keeping one hop ahead she set the pace while
one by one, restless bodies abandoned the chase
leaving but one loyal follower;
a bird and a girl, shoreline companions
mirrored in a volcanic lake.

We lingered in the late afternoon,
immune to the wildness within reach
until a sudden shout
and a bold gray bird stood calmly
on a small outstretched hand.



Henry M. Masters, Kissing in the Rain

Waltz of the Flowers: Anna and Company

Robert Fagen, Juneau

Flowers burst from the wings,
a jökulhlaup of flaming saffron,
ultraviolet petals bold as spring,
leaves green splashes in our eyes.

Regal as Dream Farm orchids,
pastel eggs shatter to budtime.
Prophecy, finest of gifts,
sharp from underground,
grown, glowing, rising.

After the pas de deux,
after the robust tree's risen reprise,
after Sugar Plum floats into her Prince's arms,
where does Clara go?
Where Abby Road runs up to Anna's Grove
on a golden afternoon in Cottrell Basin
and the Reverend Dodgson
and Alice and her sisters
run Cowee Creek
from canyon to Echo Ranch
with the ease of a leisurely glide
from Oxford to Godstow.

The littlest Sasquatches
shaggy red-brown forest kids
tumble like Jane's chimps at play
and a silver-grey creature with a heart-shaped face,
not unlike a Pallas cat and not of this world,
peers curiously at the traveler
and darts back behind a hemlock stump –
We half believe it true.

For pleasant words,
sweet to the soul and health to the bones,
sweet honey in the Nutcracker beehive,
apofeoz.



For sweet knowledge,
Wisdom daily His delight,
playing ever before Him, rejoice,
dancing back, dancing forth, dancing time's symmetries,
weaving, joining, taking the last phrase high,
brought forth or ever.

Lorina. Alice. Edith.
Lemonade fountains. Angelica. Polichinelles.
The chambers of the sky.

Porcelain Curtains

Megan Bush, Sunny Cove

My grandmother's body splayed across her avocado bathroom tile, naked, the lower half contorted sideways in the position that she fell. The body's skin stretched and pulled. Its ankles swelled like birch burls. And wherever water could inflate it had, in distorted femininity, hips and legs and the triangle above the pubic bone distended with water, like fat. I stood, arrested in the doorway. The three living people around me faded. My uncle's barking orders faded. I stared down at the body, gawking at this accidental stage.



I wonder at the way we're taught to look, the way we learn to look away. We avert our eyes out of respect, even out of love. But politeness isn't intimate.

The intimacy of sex, for example, exists in the moment we gaze and touch unveiled imperfections. Look straight at base desires, stare at abnormality, and let oneself be looked upon. It is a risk to trust another with one's body's secrets. Intimacy can go so wrong.

With family and friends, intimacy comes in the unveiling of emotional imperfections. Although I am 28, the moment I am with my mother I let down my guard. I snap at her, I cry. I become a petty, selfish child.

At Grandma's house I used to wake up when she screamed from the kitchen. A guttural sound, the shriek of a dying pig. Something, someone was torturing her. I'd dress and shuffle into the kitchen, rubbing my eyes.

"Good morning, Dear," she'd say. "Are you hungry?"

Neither of us would mention her outburst minutes earlier. It seemed rude to draw attention to her schizophrenic voices when she'd reset the pleasant, normal-person façade.



I had been summoned to that doorway to help move the body. The body. Gravity tugs water home. Rivers, streams, glaciers, urine, rain; fluid pulled towards the earth's core like an embrace. I had known she grew heavier with every year, her body a flower pot that could not drain. I knew water caught in her ankles, pooled at her knees. Stuck in eddies of skin.

But while the lower half expanded from congestive heart failure, the bone structure of her face had reemerged. It had been easy to notice only the fragility, the rosy cheeks, her blue eyes like a Victorian portrait. Her thin, piano fingers had looked graceful, draped elegantly with excess skin. It had been easy to see only what she wanted us to see.



Last night when I arrived, Grandma and I had chatted. I had looked forward to spending time with her this morning. We would have talked of the weather,

perhaps, or what was happening outside her window. We would have drunk Constant Comment Tea from her cupboard, ignoring her oxygen tank and her rasping breaths. We would have spoken cleanly, cheerful words.

She had woken early to bathe. “I want to look nice for my family,” she told the in-home health aide my aunt had hired to help with care. It was so very Grandma to die looking forward to a simple day, ignoring her own limitations. Patching worries with optimism was second nature, she’d borne angry whisperings for 50 years.

An hour ago, the aide had helped her undress in the wheelchair. Then Grandma gripped each handle and pushed with all her strength until her bottom rose. She lifted one bloated leg, like lead, over the slick green half-wall of the tub. She clenched the aide’s hand for balance, aiming for the shower seat the hospice had supplied.

And then she let go. Her heart stopped, her hand relaxed and she was gone.



All my life I had learned from my mother, my aunts and uncles—even from Grandma—how to smile and nod, how to selectively listen. To pretend I couldn’t see.

“Don’t come in!” Grandma used to yell from inside the bathroom, and we knew her teeth sat by the sink, or her hair wasn’t combed.

If she whispered to the schizophrenic voices in our presence, we pretended not to notice. We’d clear our throats, we’d look away.

When she blamed her failing eyesight on the voices we nodded, not contradicting. “Soon,” she said, “Those People will take away the blurry.” Then she was sure she’d again be able to see.

Some visits, we played bridge the way she wanted to, pretending her strange rules still kept the game enjoyable. *Wow, Grandma! You win again*, we said, our smiles set exactly. Polite and happy, as she always wanted.



It takes just a second for a person to become an object. I stared at Grandma’s body, and it was just another not-normal belonging, like the stuff that cluttered her house. The splotches of brown, translucent skin. The bloated ankles. Blue eyes wide open.

All my life, Grandma had filled her house with objects, excess from shopping trips, discarded in piles like mass graves. Clutter at that scale was a symptom of her schizophrenia. My sister and I used to play with whatever we found; old books, new books, Dickens, Disney, Bibles, bookmarks, bobby pins, board games, pictures in frames, scattered news clippings, decks of cards, pens, Kleenex, angels, model cars, letters, Raggedy Anne, dress-up clothes, hard candies, marbles, chocolate mints, peppermints, tinsel wrapped around table legs and through the rafters, a plastic human-sized doll house, an exercise bouncy ball, wrapping paper, calendars, gift cards, markers, paint.



We were free to wander anywhere except the master bedroom, which Grandma kept locked and closed. We would play marbles on the table next to its entrance and sometimes, in the moment before the door shut behind her, I'd glimpse dirty beige shag carpet, mahogany shelves, and piles. She filled all the house with piles, but this room was different. Not for its contents, but because she cared. A room like a diary. A room like a tomb. I never once let myself be curious. It was too intimate, too scary, and too grotesque. I never once snuck inside.



It was just a body, just a belonging, a pile of matter upon the bathroom floor. Wisps sprouted from parched skin, hair no longer clothing her. Even pubic hair thins with age. A baldness I had not expected.

She would not want us to see this, I thought. I was not sad, I was not scared. I was frantic. This object was too intimate. This object was not part of the contract of normalcy she and I had formed. *Get the body covered*, my mind screamed.

And then, with my uncle, cousins, and the health aid, I bent down on the count of three. My hands thrust beneath her shoulder, my quads pushed up with all my strength. We did what she had failed to: we lifted the body while gravity fought to hold it down. We coaxed her body through the too-slender doorway; we grunted, maneuvered, and pulled. We laid it on a bed, like resting, her body safely interlaid between the sheets.

When the rest of those who loved her reached her, the body looked like Grandma. Reduced again to slender hands, a ring, and hair well parted. Her translucent eyelids shuttered, the way it should be, the way she wanted, and we, her family, gazed down at her. Loving her from far away.

The River

Rebecca Gerondale, UAS Student, Juneau

I stood and listened.
And the river, she spoke to me.
Don't answer she said.
Just listen...

Here is my truth.
I flow.
It is how I move.
In one direction.
Forward.
I find a way. I cut a path.
I am a river and I touch the boundless sea.
I am me.

Do you see? Do you see yourself in me?
Sometimes I am a rush of torrents, swollen and full.
Sometimes I meander and parts of me run dry but still I am me.
I am a river.
Here is my secret. Are you listening?

For as much as I pour out, I am filled anew.
I do not wonder or worry for my source.
It is my job to flow with whatever I am.
And that is what I do.
I am a river.

And so the river spoke and in her truth she carries me.

left: Alexandra Bookless, Kathleen Lake, UAS Student

A Living Tapestry

Tyler McMichael, UAS Student, Juneau

I grow and fail
having faith
that I will fail and
grow again.

I am woven

stain free like a seed
sewn naked like bird songs.

When I was young

I had a reoccurring dream that I was walking on sand.
It was just the sound. Endless my heel to toe in crisp crunch.
I used to think this was meaningful until I realized one day there was a small
anomaly in my ear
that would distort minute vibrations. It was too quiet to hear any time of the day
but when I was sleeping my heartbeat would cross deserts.
I don't have that dream anymore.

I still think about sand just
sand not the sound of sand.
I don't have enough time to think about
time and my heart
cannot carry me far.

I was older

when my art teacher told me there are no lines, just the infinite closing space
between colors until we see a horizon. She said if we could see enough there would
be no contour; a science teacher told me objects never make contact.
If we zoom in, the atoms are still separate.
Like two hands that never touch.

So I draw shapes and touch hands
my teachers are right
when I'm sad.

right: Margaret Steward, Red Cedar Tlingit Haida Weave



The other day

I thought about my mistakes and lingered over one too long. It coiled and struck fast, followed by the image of the hollow end of a gun against my head. I honestly don't want to shoot myself. I'd rather lie on my back and let the bullet find its way to me. Maybe it lands next to my face.
Either way I am no longer responsible.

I crouch over a pit of hisses
wave my hand above
slow braiding backs and flicking tongues.
Red checkered poison and black eyes meet mine
I am not their master.

Everyday

I look in the mirror and see myself. Until someone else looks back I should really stop doing this. I know what I am wearing.

I am woven

the sky chirps;
orange trees don't think
to grow oranges
they just do.

Skinned

Chalalin Giron, Juneau

a condition of mine
as I lay curled ashore—
my bleak eyes fog
with oncoming rot
while the low tide
licks my skinned bones.

I came here
to die;
with offspring spawned,
life will carry on,
I'd fade away—
a serene death.

But no peace befell me
before I was caught,
and hauled,
and shucked aside
as scavenger scraps
and nowhere to hide.



Brianna Pettie, Survivor, UAS Student



Darin Donohue, Auke Lake Lights, UAS Student

Aurora Chasers

Chalalin Giron, Juneau

“Want to find aurora?” A voice
awoke me from my slumber, and though
exhaustion begged me to pass,
I’d been waiting a lifetime to see them.

We drove away from streetlights
to find the darkest corner
where the sky lit
without drowning in artificiality.

Dad turned off the headlights
as we crept next to Auke Lake.
A blanket wrapped around my shoulders
encased me in false security

as I searched the black between the trees
for reflecting eyes. I looked up
into the dark blue night only to drop my vision
back to my haunted surroundings,

when a twig snapped or I imagined
a low guttural growl. Ripples
of the lake lapped against the rock strewn
shore, a breeze swayed tree tops like seaweed

under a wave. Laughter wafted
across the wind to my ears of other,
more experienced aurora chasers
enjoying the hunt. I searched

the snow glowing mountaintops for lights
but saw only the colossal space
of my home galaxy. I imagined a hand
cupped over half the globe, over me, delicately

nestled in the Milky Way. I wondered
about the next frontier
from America’s final frontier; I felt
at once alone and watched from worlds

above. That's when I saw it snaking
over the mountains, a white streak like dust
clouds lighting the sky. The chase began,
we jumped in the car and drove further

into darkness and stopped
at the glacier's lake. We leapt out,
the fear of predators watching
my presence vanished as I beheld

the sky pulse above me. It breathed, the lung
of the atmosphere inhaled and exhaled.
The Big Dipper tipped, shimmers
of florescent green spilling from stars.

My exposed feet chilled in the night air,
but I beamed at nature's spotlight
as if someone, out there, was in search
of a place to land here.

right: David Sheakley-Early, Emma Afloat



I Can't Sleep

Joe Lewis, UAS Student, Juneau

Clothes fell around us like bright leaves
in autumn, some still grasp the lampshade.

Red-rose hair hit my face
and your sapphire fingers gripped my arms.

Cedar smoke coated our skin and flames
illuminated tiny freckles on your thighs.

Sweat glistened down
the valleys of your chest.

Silk sheets draped over your breasts
like fresh snow dusting familiar peaks.

I can't help but look at you. Your
curvy hips curled by the fireplace.

Finishing the glass of wine you left half full.
I grab the bottle, a pen, and my notebook.

I can't sleep, so I write this poem about
a girl I can't wait to wake up to tomorrow.

The Ghost I'm Left With

Kaylyn Haslund, UAS Student, Juneau

"I am yours"
is licked into my mouth
as I trace my fingers against the curve of your spine.

You make me promise that I won't leave you,
gripping at my face with nails grimy from years of wear.
I fear the moment when we break apart.

That the smell of peppermint in your skin will
follow me for months
and I'll be left with nothing but a ghost.

That the taste of apples from your shoulder
will fade from me.
Like the green of your eyes.

I want nothing more than one more press of your hand
against my chest
a warm weight in my bones,

And be left to crave
the curl of wiry hair against my neck
and the taste of your tattoos on my tongue.

right: Nathan Buendia, Framed Memories, UAS Student



Tequila, Sweat, and Prayers

Kaylyn Haslund, UAS Student, Juneau

Gabriel is heavy on my chest
as Tim tongues across Michael.
I haven't gone to mass in years
muttered while he pushes up my shirt
and frees Christopher.

I can hear the psalms on
the tequila he sweats
trying to pull the saints away
from seeing us.

My free hand still clutches
at them, fingers across the lettering.
Silent confessions as
Tim sputters against me.

Short and quick like a prayer
air heavy as saints are
pulled to my heart
and starts begging for
forgiveness on Hazel's pull out couch.

The Alchemical Marriage

Alexis Ross Miller, Ketchikan

There is an ache, a knot like a burl of wood in an ancient Celtic oak,
a knot as above so below? What the hell do I know?
It is a koan I cannot decipher. The left side is feminine, the right masculine.

The pole star is north, but I am a southpaw. The twins are astrological
in my sign and breathe masculine air into my lungs, this conundrum brighter
under the constellation of Castor and Pollux beneath a true blue moon.

I am a feminine felon, an escaped convict in pale denim dungarees
and a faded denim shirt.

That little black Audrey Hepburn dress hangs alone in my closet, instead
my designated style is akin to Katherine Hepburn's smoky-voiced style,
talking a blue-black streak struck by lightning as the chords
for Bach's Concerto 6 in F Major strike strings in the wooden stem
of both my anima and my animus in equal measure.

My Irish heritage shadow boxes with my Czechoslovakian ancestry,
socks it in the jaw, a left uppercut, knuckles connect with bone, cartilage,
a mandible cracks and the root of that word, man, bites down
on the tip of my tongue. There is no mouth guard to protect my teeth,
the front two chip, jagged lines appear and a tiny chip falls
down for the count. TKO'd by Alexander, not Alexandra, as her head
hits the mat and she loses consciousness.

Spellbinding and enchanting, that womanly alchemy mystique is still
a delicious mystery to me like the shiny red apple that the Witch proffers
to Snow White. Will I bite?

Abstaining from and disdainful labels and masticating upon rolls
of celluloid film in my silver screenscape, that thin fine line wins the Oscar,
as Nicole Kidman reprises her role as Virginia Woolf
while I reprise mine as Molly Bloom murmuring
my marathon soliloquy, my heart beating like mad and yes I say *yes I will Yes*.



Rico Lanaat' Worl, A New New Hope



each dream practice

William Merk, Juneau

each dream
practice
for the reality of waking

Nathan Buendia, Clouds, UAS Student

Seasons Change and the Waters Run On

Katie Bausler, UAS Staff, Juneau

To many Americans, Alaska is a land of ice and snow, wind and tundra. When I tell people down south where we are from, I begin by dispelling the image of our home as an igloo in a sparse, white landscape. Granted, we live near Alaska's capital on the edge of a massive ice field. The river of ice known as the Mendenhall Glacier is visited by thousands every summer. We also live in the largest national forest in the nation.

For my lower 48 friends and family I turn my clenched hand outward, fold my middle, ring and pinky fingers under and jut out the thumb and forefinger. I point to the bulk of my hand. "This is Alaska," I say. Then I point to my thumb joint. "We're here, in Southeast Alaska, where it rains more than most places. We live surrounded by spruce and hemlock trees, in the wettest part of the longest continuous coastal forest in the world." That forest starts in Kodiak Island and continues through Southeast Alaska and British Columbia all the way to the California redwoods, where I spent my childhood.

Here on Douglas Island, rain and melted snow flow from mountains through muskeg meadows and under rainforest canopy. The clear water spills over trails and around mossy green fallen logs, becomes waterfalls, and slips into shallow streams that merge with saltwater Gastineau channel, where flocks of seagulls feed on spawned salmon and rise on their own rivers of air, ethereal in golden sunset light.



After the autumnal equinox, when we're losing daylight exponentially, I'm drawn to running and hiking along the creeks on either side of our house. The sight and sound of the running water affirms I am home, where the river of our lives never stops. And that all of us in some way are riding time, under bridges, over rocks and plummeting falls.

In places, a little beach reveals itself, and we take a dip. This past summer our nieces and nephew came to visit, and Karl, my husband, showed them the Alaskan push-up. You place yourself in push-up position over a shallow swimming hole and quickly submerge your face and body in the water. It's a fast cool-down after a hard run uphill.

My father, David, learned to swim in places like this in the Adirondack Mountains of upstate New York. On a recent visit for his brother Don's memorial gathering, the two of us stood on a bridge over Trout Brook near the homestead where he grew up. The air smells like my late Aunt Lydia's homemade balsam fir sachets. The tallest thing on the horizon is a modest promontory known as Green Hill. The slope is turning autumn orange. A handful of raindrops stutters from a gauzy sky. Dad points to a spot of smooth water under the trees. "That's the first place I



Paris Donohoe, John Muir, UAS Student

remember splashing around,” he tells me. “I must’ve been about five.” Wow, I think, that was eighty summers ago.

My dad was lucky to be raised where he and his siblings could swim, fish, hike, ski and explore the caves along the brook. That is, when they weren’t putting up wood for the winter, emptying the chamber pot, milking the neighbor’s cow, tapping the trees for maple syrup, and tending the chickens.

Before their move to the mountains, the family lived in White Plains, N.Y. in what was known as the Latvian ghetto. My grandmother, Elfrieda arrived at Ellis Island from Riga, Latvia when she was 16. Their home was foreclosed on during the Depression, and they moved in with my grandmother’s aunt, where my father had a largely matriarchal upbringing. My grandmother, Elfrieda, raised seven children mostly on her own. She had a deep reverence for the vegetables and flowers she grew, spending hours with her hands in the dirt, singing to her creator.

Growing up, Dad developed a reverence for woods and running water that he passed along to my five siblings and me. On vacations when we were kids in California, he was always on the hunt for the perfect forest campsite, swimming hole, or place to slide off smooth granite into deep, cold water.

On the first leg of the Mt. Jumbo trail behind our Douglas home, the trail rises up and over roots and rocks. I always stop at a place where, at the top of my line of sight, a stand of tall hemlock trees leans forward, the light of day beaming through branches. A waterfall flows down the middle, disappears for a bit under ferns and yellowing devil’s club, and emerges in wider, greater force before trickling under foot to the next section of trail.

For a moment I am not on Douglas Island but on another of my father’s favorite streams along the wooded flanks of Mt. Tamalpais near San Francisco, where we took hikes when I was in high school. Sometimes we’d climb along a steep, leafy watercourse named Cataract Creek. Dad would gaze with wonder, always as if seeing the running water for the first time. He’d stop at foliage along the way and announce: *Cornus stolonifera* and after a few more steps, *Oxalis oregan*. These and other Latin names he learned in college on his way to becoming a landscape architect.

His first employment was as part of a roadside attraction begun by his older sister and my grandmother. They’d guide visitors from New York City on trails along Trout Brook to what turned out to be the largest natural cave entrance in the Northeast. Natural Stone Bridge and Caves has been in business more than 60 years, since my father and his brother built a huge sign and an arrow pointing to what my family fondly calls “the caves” along Route 9 just south of Schroon Lake.

Back in her college years, our daughter, Kaitlyn, guided tourists along Juneau’s wooded West Glacier trail to ice caves that formed hundreds, if not thousands of years ago, where water spouts from melting walls. It strikes me that one of her first jobs was not unlike her grandfather’s, following the path of relentless water.

Salmon Speaks

Kristina Cranston, Sitka

Do you ever wonder what it would sound like if salmon could speak? Would they sound like a tuned guitar twang when they jump and slap against the flat ocean while they wait and gather in unbelievable masses before heading upstream to spawn? Or would they have a low hum like a distant freeway or a static sound in between the crashing of waves?

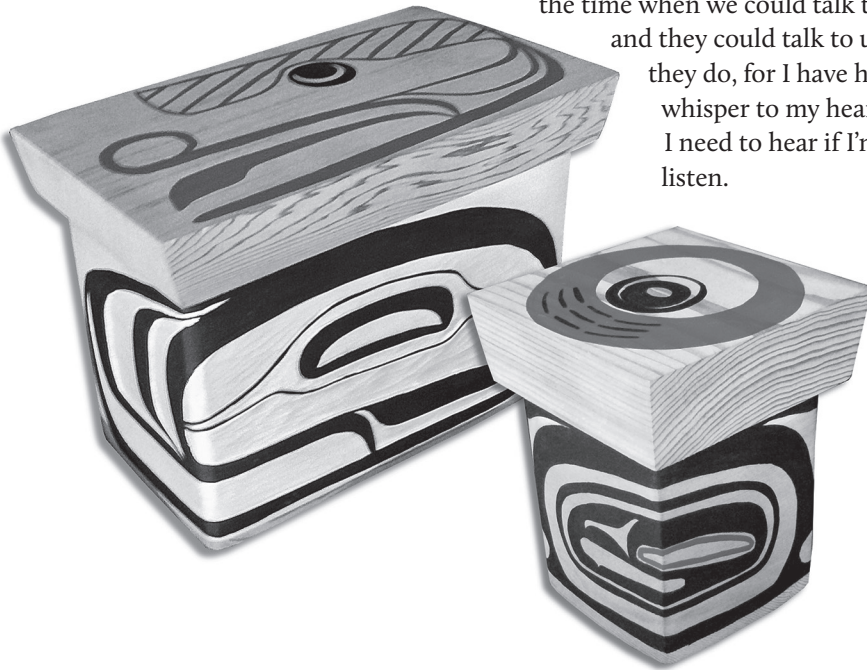
Do their hearts beat in their heads when they are afraid like ours? Or pound in their chest? Or is it more like a needle pushing and pulling sinew through hide skin, in and out, steady and practiced? Do they talk to their future children when laying their eggs, wishing them well, hoping to instill some good luck and strong genes to survive their long and difficult journey?

Can they talk to other salmon? Or do they have different languages and dialects? Do they talk with big words and long sentences? Or move through life by short commands and expressions of desire more closely resembling flashes of light and electrical currents?

They have good hearing, this I suspect by their beautiful fish ear-bones I use in my carvings and others use in their jewelry. Are their ears for other salmon? Or seals and orcas and calling gulls, or for the sound of a lure hitting the water and fishing boat engines and the sound of fishermen hauling up nets and calling out colorful commands?

Or do they speak telepathically through something we have not yet learned to define, or willing to suggest, that thing that connects us to each other, closer to the time when we could talk to animals

and they could talk to us? I suspect they do, for I have heard them whisper to my heart things that I need to hear if I'm willing to listen.





A Place That Holds Names

Kristina Cranston, Sitka

I want to know my name. My Tlingit name and what it means. I was given a Shangukeidi' name my great grandmother held. She was a midwife, mother, and a strong woman in a small body.

I called an Elder in Klukwan, he seemed unsure of my purpose, guarded. We spoke, I listened, he asked me questions, and he warmed. "This Elder is knowledgeable and my good friend," my father told me.

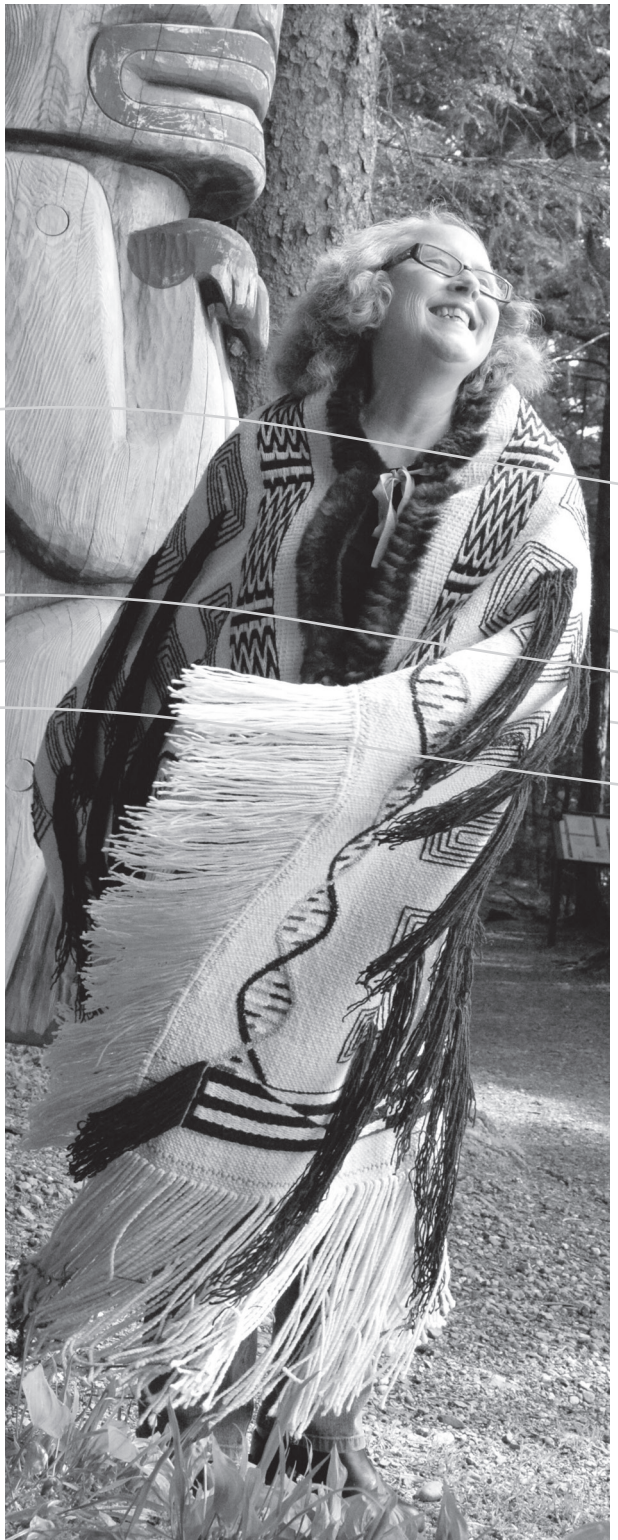
The Elder told me to pray, he said human beings are very intelligent. He said in his gentle cadence that I was told my name a long time ago. My name is in my heart, and it would be revealed to my mind.

And even though it escapes me now, the spirits would reveal my name in time. He said there would be a day my lips would know how to speak it. Now, I just have to be patient.



above: Rico Lanaat' Worl, Untitled

left: William Bolton, Salmon Spirit Chest, Connected (box)



FEATURED ARTIST
TERI ROFKAR

the language of weaving

Aside from a failed attempt to reattach a button to an old coat of mine a few years ago, I have no personal experience with sewing, knitting, or crocheting. Or for that matter, any other type of textile work. But given my own previous struggles with a needle and thread, I have a lot of admiration for people who are able to take these three-dimensional materials and turn them into tangible works of art. Crafting beautiful woven works requires not only a fine eye for precise patterns, but a passion and dedication that translates to thousands of hours of work in one's lifetime. Dr. Teri Rofkar, a widely acclaimed Tlingit weaver living in Sitka, brings this compelling enthusiasm and commitment to every piece she makes. Teri has been

working within the traditional Tlingit art forms of Ravenstail weaving and spruce root basketry for many years. Her artwork is richly informed by her indigenous worldview and her relationship with Southeast Alaska's natural environment. The excitement in Teri's voice when she started speaking with me about her culture and her work was contagious; I could hardly wait to learn more about her craft and the powerful narratives woven into the very fabric of these robes and baskets.

What first inspired you to pursue traditional Tlingit weaving?

Weaving is an inherited art form in my family. I didn't choose this career, so much as the weaving chose me. I was around nine years old when I started

weaving spruce root baskets with my grandma, but I didn't learn to weave robes until much later. My grandma couldn't teach me how to do Ravenstail weaving, because she didn't know about it. The craft behind these robes was

lost for hundreds of years before she was even born. The only remaining Ravenstail weavings back then were in museum collections or graves. But in 1986, I sat my husband down and said, "I know what I want to be when I grow up: a weaver." This set me on my path. In 1988 I took a basket workshop from weaving Master Delores Churchill, and in the spring of 1989 I gathered roots with Master Weaver Ernestine Hanlon of Hoonah. This was followed by a two-week long Ravenstail weaving class in Sitka with Cheryl Samuel in the fall of 1989, when she was first bringing this Tlingit weaving style back to the coast. Since then, I've spent hundreds of hours of my life weaving robes and baskets.

In your opinion, what sets traditional weaving apart from other artistic mediums?

The big difference is that it takes so much time. Most of my woven pieces take anywhere between 600-2000

hours to make! But all the time I spend weaving allows me to have a more developed relationship with the piece. In traditional native arts, you seek to be more connected. I love it when you see a tourist walking around Southeast

and stopping to take a picture of a totem. The art hits them in the center of their being, but it hasn't moved up to their head yet. It is so modern and geometric, yet so ancient—and that's where the power of it is. Our environment is so powerful and our art reflects the environment. You see, there was no word for "art" in the Tlingit world-view. Art was not set aside as an aesthetic, it was part of everyday life. It was the paddle you paddled your canoe in that had your crest on it. As you paddled from place to place people knew who you were, the whales knew

who you were, and you were recognized for who you were in our environment. Native women's arts especially reflect the day to day.

In a recent interview with the Juneau Empire you expressed a concern that traditional women's arts, such as basket weaving and Ravenstail weaving, are endangered today. Could you tell us more about that?



Weaving is an inherited art form in my family. I didn't choose this career, so much as the weaving chose me.

In the old days, weaving was recognized as a career in native communities. I come from a family group that specialized in weaving. Weavers began selling their spruce root baskets for cash in the late 1800s and early 1900s, but once those weavers made that move into the market economy, things started changing. When women began working in canneries they no longer had time to spend working on baskets, robes, and other arts.

Today Sealaska Heritage Institute identifies: spruce root basketry, Ravenstail weaving, Chilkat weaving, goat horn carving, and canoe carving as endangered. Four of these mediums are linked to weaving, and primarily done by women. Recognizing this moves us into the direction of supporting these arts that have become so fragile. While Ravenstail weaving is moving along the Pacific Northwest coast today, it's heartbreaking that it isn't as big of a priority here where it began. You are never going to be greeted by weaving or regalia as you walk into a museum; you will

be greeted by a totem or carving. In my personal opinion, this is market driven on a national and international basis and even within the university system.

With the grant you received from Creative Capital in 2012, you began working on your “Tlingit Superman” series of robes. These robes will combine traditional Tlingit weaving methods with modern materials, such as fiber optics and Kevlar. Can you share with us a story about the inspiration behind this project?

Over 6,000 years ago, spruce roots and mountain goat hair was cutting edge technology. How exciting it must have been to come up with these weavings through trial and error! What we now call scientific research. As I weave,

I am conscious of the fact that I am passing through this art form. It is important for me to use the materials and mediums of today's culture, so that Tlingit weaving is relevant 6,000 years from now. I am using the same techniques used by the Tlingit thousands of years ago, but I am integrating modern materials that will mark our presence



It [Alaska Native art] is so modern and geometric, yet so ancient—and that's where the power of it is.

above: Shot Basket, image provided by Dr. Teri Rofkar
 left: Rattle Top Basket, image provided by Dr. Teri Rofkar
 page 44, portrait of Dr. Teri Rofkar, photograph by Owen Kindig

today as the weaving makes its way into the future.

Many of the natural materials you use in your weaving are gathered right here in Southeast Alaska. Can you tell us more about the relationship your art has with the environment?

My artwork comes from a place of reflection and from a place of respect. Spruce roots are not a resource for me. The word “resource” is an anonymous way to identify value in an economic society. What I have with these roots is a relationship. They are used for halibut hooks, basketry, fish traps, and cordage for ropes—they are a large part of the Tlingit lifestyle. Once you identify your relationship with the environment, it changes the way you see these plants and animals. We are only just beginning to restore this relationship with the mountain goat.

At the 2015 Creative Capital Retreat, you presented the first robe of the “Tlingit Superman” series, made entirely from mountain goat wool and embedded with a pattern of the Baranof Island mountain goat’s unique DNA strand. What was it like for you to see this beautiful piece come to completion?



Over 6,000 years ago, spruce roots and mountain goat hair was cutting edge technology... As I weave I am conscious of the fact that I am passing through this art form.

It was an incredible experience to see this piece come together. As far as I know, this robe is the first Tlingit Ravenstail weaving done entirely using mountain goat wool in over 200 years.

This robe is helping move national policy along and working to protect the mountain goats on Baranof Island. In

2013, I had to submit an abstract for my presentation of the robe at the Northwest Wild Sheep and Goat conference. Right now, very few people are accessing the written information that they need to know about these animals. But I know this robe will still be dancing and preserving oral history 100 years from now.

You have mentioned in previous interviews that each of your Ravenstail robes and spruce root baskets tell a story. Can you tell us how you compose these narratives in your weaving?

Weaving is my language. Like the Tlingit language, the geometric symbols are full of metaphors, rich with deeper meaning. An example of inspiration for a robe is captured in the Continuum Robe; I went to the 2007 clan conference where I heard Mique’l Askren speak about the oral history of Metlakatla when 823 Tsimshians left Fort Simpson with Father Duncan to form a Christian “utopia” in Southeast Alaska,



above: Teri Rofkar modeling a Ravenstail weaving robe
left: Teri Rofkar weaving Earthquake robe, photograph by Chris Arend
page 51: Dancing with Ravenstail robes, photograph by James Poulson

but they had to leave their cultural histories behind. There were photos of the individuals in this community and you could see some of the culture that was underground. There are photos of a funeral and you can see there is some regalia on the participants. While looking at those photos, I thought about the smallest drop of water on a calm sea and the ripples in that pattern. It is this weight, this movement, and the essence of that pattern which creates an impact on the people.

While the speaker was telling us this story, I could only think of that number: 823. Soon the page of my notebook was filling up with math—I asked myself, “At ten to the inch, how wide would this robe need to be?” On the finished piece there are the same number of warps as there were Tsimshians that went with Father Duncan. But even if I did not start weaving with a story like this in mind, I would have one by the time it was finished. I don’t know how you could weave for so long and not have a story!

Your work with these traditional art forms has been recognized for its preservation of your own Tlingit cultural traditions and values. Can you tell us what it means for you to be able to pass these traditions down to the next generation?

Native arts combined with our oral history retain so much information. I once met a woman who had this exquisite, gnarled-up berry basket. The basket belonged to her mom and her grandma before her. Every time you use a basket like that there is a matrix of wonderful relationships and a respect that binds humanity together in an indigenous worldview.

But our value system has changed and today we live in a disposable society. How are you going to find the time to spend 200 hours working on a berry basket in today’s world! It does not seem practical at first. But consider this: if it takes you 200 hours to weave this berry basket, it will probably last 100 years. That works out to costing 2 hours per year. When you look at weaving this way, it really is cost efficient! We need to ask ourselves about sharing traditions, because they bind people together. When you combine these traditions with native art it reveals our relationship with the land and animals equally as other people.

Do you have any advice to offer young or new artists?

Learn the technical aspects of your art thoroughly. It will take years to do this, but if you do, you can play large. I would also encourage going directly to the source material of whatever medium it is you are pursuing, rather than looking at publications. I spend a lot of time in museums because those old objects in the back rooms and collection cabinets are my mentors. Don’t hesitate to make mistakes. I have made so many catastrophic failures, and it was those unsuccessful attempts that moved me forward as an artist and a person.

Is there anything else you would like to share about your work?

As an artist, it can be easy to become full of yourself and the work you are doing. But I am just the conduit the art form is passing through for now. I am at that point in my career where I know that I am running out of time, and that’s difficult. But I am not slowing down.



“The word ‘resource’ is an anonymous way to identify value in an economic society. What I have with these roots is a relationship...

Once you identify your relationship with the environment, it changes the way you see these plants and animals.”



Nome, Alaska

Daniel Piscoya, UAS Student, Juneau

Grandpa grips the railings and groans.
I hear his breath heavy as his heels
on the ramp. Right around the corner
a raven calls and cocks its head.
Father's father follows suit.
He squawks and stares into the sky to see
raven fly off over the roof to roost.

It is the day of death-eye dog
now in Nome, and I know even night
and morning may not make this Macaw
fly its fire eye away.

Inside igloo's inheritance,
my grandparent's good house
and memory- maze of mine,
we wend, weary of walking.
Grandpa's slowing gait gives me pause.
His walker stays his weakened frame
and bolsters the bad back of a veteran.
One last step, but it lasts a lifetime; he sits
down on the bench, belly bulging beneath his shirt.
A sigh sounds through his moustache and set jaw.

I listen for the language of this era.
Death-eye dog's day does not sound like English.
Iñupiaq dies a little each day, but deafness
buries it live, beneath boredom and banality.
The macaw moans, but he can't mean anything.

I hear him at all hours of the night.
He is hurting. My hands long to help,
but I stand still on the stairway.
The flooring whines, wood on wood squeaks.
Grandma gets up at Grandpa's groans.
She hardly sleeps anymore; silence is a thing
forgotten and feared by a man with a TV.
There is not enough hope near. Nitroglycerin
pills are popped and pulsing headaches pound the less,
but suffering only slows, not stops.
He moans again. It is only a matter of months.



This damn dog growls
foaming at the lips
and the macaw
something serious.
If you are still,
but you will hear

The pictures plead,
“when will stories
that tell true tales
what awaits you
and your children
Father’s father
He points to a

in his day,
and filling the earth with fear,
may moan or cry, but they are missing
These silver-tongued devils do not speak.
you may listen to the lords of the world,
nothing but noise. No news. Nothing near hope.

windows on the walls to a world past:
be said somewhere
of these times? Or
when you waste away
know nothing of culture?”
finds his way to his chair.
picture. Then he begins.

I'm From

Jasz Garrett, Yaakoosgé Daakahídi High School, Juneau



I'm from Ketchikan, Alaska where I was born—
I'm from Prince of Wales Island, Alaska where I was raised—
I'm from Juneau, Alaska, where I grew up.
But I'm also from every little bit and piece of me,
And my memories.
I'm from every family member I'm related to,
Every friend I've laughed with.
I'm from the dustiest and darkest corners of my mind.
I'm from just Jasz, with an S Z.
I'm from Frisbee golfing,
I'm from the smell of smoke mingling with rain,
The rain I dance in.
I'm from tram and ferry rides,
Bee stings, and the cran-apple tree I planted in my backyard on
Earth Day.
I'm from shooting bow and arrows,
Gathering candy at the Fourth of July parade.
I'm from Northern Lights,
The favorite foods I eat—salmon, snicker doodle cookies,
fry-bread and Rhubarb Pie.
I'm from beachcombing,
Bike riding, and trying to maneuver around the fallen leaves.
I'm from skiing up at Eaglecrest,
Face to face with black bears at the Mendenhall Glacier.
I'm from being a bridesmaid at my brothers' Sam and Matt's
weddings and the movie nights at their houses.
I'm from potlucks and a broken swing set,
Road trips, and city lights.
I'm from horseback riding, runs with my dog Roxy
And coasting on my long-board.
I'm from cannon balling into Auke Lake,
The land of the midnight sun.
I'm from playing basketball and writing since I could pick up a
pencil;
The freckle on my finger.
I'm from the Last Frontier,
The books I immerse myself in.
I'm from every little thing that makes me, me.
Who I am today is from everything I've ever gone through
And made me **stronger**.



Srevlla—The state of things where the spring snow is so soft that one sinks into it.

Vivian Faith Prescott, Wrangell

The fire holds our eyes
to the long silence. Sparks flicker,

mosquitoes buzz. The smoke-lulled night
sulks beside snowmelt.

I am reminded of this season of bluedark,
where our hush dresses us with breath.

And when we speak this way around the fire,
in the knowing, without words—

We must wait until the night bird calls us back into story,
and returns us to our hollow-backed selves.

**The Sámi language has hundreds of words for snow.*

above: Mikaela Graves, Reflections
left: Mark Sixbey, Txamsem

Post-Glacial Rebound

Vivian Faith Prescott, Wrangell

*For my friend Sheryl and her daughter, Shandell, and her niece, Adrienne,
three murdered Kiks.ádi women. And for my niece Shannon, an artist.
This is the way I retell your story.*

“Wrangell mourns victims of shooting. Police investigating
four deaths as a possible murder-suicide case.”

—*Juneau Empire*, Tuesday, February 25, 2003

This is how she was created right after she was shot to death: naked on the living room floor, she unfolded herself at the edge of the lake. It was a recently de-glaciated area, offering little resources for survival. But there she was splitting in two, then being divided and divided again until finally she hatched, her yolk becoming her gut. Helpless, she thrust her sticky belly against a reed of grass. Gilled and thriving in water, she fed on algae until one day her neck stiffened and she took her first breath of early summer air that tasted like salmonberry blossoms.

They say that she was nothing short of amazing, a glacial pioneer. She figured as much. And when her teeth protruded through her gums and she sprouted legs it didn't surprise her. She had always been familiar with transformation, having danced with a button blanket on her shoulders, and having donned a mask carved like the sun so that when she pulled the string, her face opened to a full moon.

This shape-shifting made her hungry, though, and she craved dead gnats and waterbugs and floating dead leaves. She spent her days dodging dragonflies and watching Beaver carry sticks to repair the old dam near the creek's headwaters that flowed from the lake.

After a few weeks her arms bulged and her tail shortened, and her full-bodied sway in the lakewater transformed into a wide-legged leap. She caught her reflection in the tranquil lake one evening. Her narrow snout and upturned eyes delighted her. Mud-colored spots dotted her slick body; but that was okay because she adored the muck cooling her on sunny days and keeping her warm on the misty days. A pale orange hue painted her underside, and small bumps and gold spots on her back glinted in the sunlight.

She smiled a wide-lipped grin and called out to the others like her, amused by their own transformations. Sure enough, her daughter and niece joined her among the water lilies, their calls rich and deep. And together they sat at the lake's edge, the sun warming their skin, listening to the knock-knock-knock of the other large brown frogs from across the water. They called out knock-knock-knock through the woods, and the sound swept past the chattermarks left by the glacier, down the highway, past the bluffs, down the street to the small blue house, and through the open window where a young woman sat at her kitchen table next to a small bowl filled with abalone buttons. A large blanket of black felt trimmed in red spread across the table.



The woman listened to the frogs' night call while sewing a wide-lipped green creature with huge eyes and bowed legs. Tomorrow the young woman would transform herself; dance the blanket on her shoulders beneath the Three Frog Totem, rededicated for her murdered auntie and two murdered cousins, listening to the drum beat that sounded a lot like the knock-knock-knock of frogs.

Diana Rossmiller, Dressed in Garlands

Learning the Dance

Jonas Lamb, UAS Faculty, Juneau

We ask with our eyes,
the sky—if it remembers—
how to make snow?

Mute and darkening
sky leans in to hear our
three voices, our slight prayer.

*How do we snow dance, Dad?
This hill can't be a sledding hill
without lots more snow*

Arms up, fingers spread
as if to tickle the undersides
of scowling clouds,

*Like this, I show the boys,
I twirl, I tickle, I sing,
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.*

My boy-shadows lift their arms,
and twirl, tickle, and sing. Oscar says,
I hope the sky will be laughing snow!

Overhead, cottonwoods are watchmen
of this park, they shiver limbs,
last yellow leaves tumble.

Weak afternoon light falls too
and at the bottom of this mountainside town
the ocean is as dark as the sable sky.

We hold our arms high
waiting to catch winter,
or night when it falls.

Serious clouds, bruised
sky at last begins
to laugh.



Our ritual tickling,
the small circles our feet make
in the dirt, leaf fall offerings.

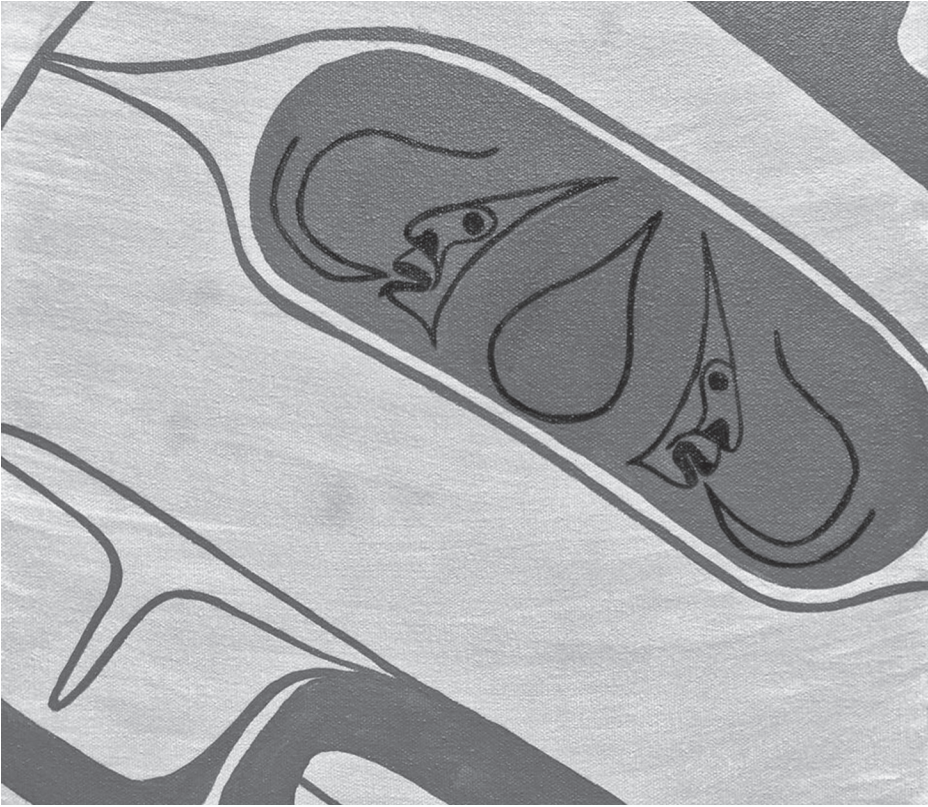
Night falls,
fat flakes too
begin to fall.

We are three
hearts in the gathering
darkness and

we ask the sky,
with snow on our faces,
if it feels right to let go?

If lightened by laughter
it can let winter
go free?

Darin Donohue, Shamrocks, UAS Student



When You See Me

Jonas Lamb, UAS Faculty, Juneau

I am the scurrying blur among
slippery stones, a tidepool sculpin,
longing for the world of light, up beyond,
all the barnacles and bladderwrack.

I am spined and maligned,
a typically-tossed-back fish,
and I long for some sharp pierce.
A glimpse at a plane beyond fins and gills.

In my fish-eyed dreams I see
sky where I spread these fins, rise above
fog and soar on air. Surfacing is easy
without the weight of water

William Bolton, Water Spirit

always holding me down.
Just this one dream, sight of sky,
clouds, giant leaf-topped piers
on the land, and something inside me stirs.

Just as something stirs in a high above nest,
your flightless clutch cries out hungry
and now you need me,
and I become yours.

You are a heron walking on water,
on legs like thin piers, golden eye scanning
my shallow water world. Like some ornate fisherman,
tufted throat feathers, circling your neck, alive like surf.

Down in the murk of slack tide, my flesh
cloaks me in the blurry margins
where I conceal myself as plant, mud,
or rock and wait for scent of prey, then flash.

But somehow you can see me

for the fish I am. And I am ready
to follow the slight ripples
that circle your legs like unrooted reed grass,

to that place where you, heron,
halt your water walk, so I might swim
into clear water and give myself
up to you. I ready myself.

You toss your pompadoured head,
drive your whetted beak
into my speckled flesh, and lift
me up out of this shallow world.

As in a dream, I gasp, expecting pain
but instead breathe easy
in air. My blood falls to the beach,
fins stiffen but I soar

with you, heron, to the beaks
of your brood where I am needed.
And this is all that I long for,
I am a tidepool sculpin.



TO SPEAK
FOR RESTRAINT,
FOR WILDNESS,
FOR BEAUTY

FEATURED WRITER

ALERIA JENSEN



Place-based writing has always captivated me. I love picking up books of poetry and prose that transport me to new landscapes or give me a fresh look at a familiar terrain. It is a magical moment when a writer is able to bring a place alive on a page and share their experience of it with a reader. Aleria Jensen is a local Juneau poet and writer with such a vivid sense of place that she is able to bring readers to inhabit Southeast Alaska's natural environment in her writing. Whether she is telling you stories about her time paddling in a kayak in the Tracy Arm fjord or picking blueberries in the summertime, her image-rich writing engages with the senses in a way that you feel as though you are right there. Aleria's descriptive ability and her talent for recreating places with a pen and paper amazes me, and I was beyond thrilled to hear that I would be able to interview her for *Tidal Echoes*. It was a privilege to learn more about her life and career, and a pleasure to receive her insight on craft.

When did you first begin writing poetry and creative non-fiction?

I was drawn to writing early on as a kid. My parents both loved literature

and spent a lot of time reading aloud to us. My dad is a writer and my mother's father had that inclination as well, so I can't help but think there's something in the genes that compels us toward words. Growing up in Juneau in the '70s and '80s, I remember early encouragement to write with programs like Honored Authors and Sitka Fine Arts Camp. The schools held workshops with writers like Sheila Nickerson and Jean Rogers, women writers in the community who were role models for me at the time.

Southeast Alaska's natural environment has a strong presence in your work. Can you tell us about how living in this place has influenced your writing?

My first response is to say—with this much rain, how can you NOT write, right? But it's true, writing seems to spring for me directly from place. In this salt-kissed rainforest home of ours, I think place seeps (literally!) into all we do. It inhabits us in a visceral way—we live it in our bodies. Part of that physical experience for me is writing about it. I'm always curious about this landscape and how we make our lives in it. It's a provocative place, in a thousand ways.

As a kid, I spent a lot of time outside

roaming the wilds of greater Douglas, the Treadwell ruins—back in the day when you could be feral for eight hours and no one cared. My mother was also someone with an artist’s eye for detail... teaching me to notice this sea anemone, that shooting star. I think all this feeds into how I write.

In the summer of 2010, you participated in the US Forest Service’s Voices of the Wilderness Program as a writer in residence. Can you tell us about your experience participating in this project?

I can’t say enough about this program. Thanks to the passion and dedication of a few individuals (like Barbara Lydon with the Chugach

National Forest), the Voices of the Wilderness Program is thriving and now occurs in wilderness areas across Alaska. Part of the concept is for artists to live a “week in the life” of a ranger to understand what managing a wilderness area is all about. And part of it is simply to let the place speak to you, by having the gift of uninterrupted time within which to create.

I was lucky enough to land a spot the first year the program was offered, shadowing two kayak rangers for a week in Endicott Arm within the Tracy Arm – Ford’s Terror Wilderness. We camped in front of Dawes Glacier, we rode tour vessels where the rangers gave presentations, we read cruise ship smoke emissions—all fascinating. I found myself

writing about all these things, as well as pondering the history of human settlement in the area and its wilderness designation. I was also a new mother on this trip. The residency represented my first significant time away from my son, and I ended up exploring this in an essay published in the online journal Literary Mama.

Much of your poetry and non-fiction presents vivid images and stories about motherhood. How do you bring such an intimate experience to the page in a way that connects with readers?

Well, if I’ve connected with readers, that’s great, but it’s not intentional. We write what’s true for us, right, and if

there’s a truth in it for someone else, a relationship happens. Being a mother is a huge part of the life I am now living, so it’s going to find its way onto the page one way or another. That said, I’ve actually found motherhood extremely challenging to write about. Like any monumental experience, it tends to defy words. And yet what could be more fundamental to write about as part of the human condition? The times I’m able to find my way in are through small details—a comment my son makes, watching my daughter concentrate on a pomegranate, the dark hours awake waiting for children to sleep. We won’t even get into the actual realities of trying to write as a parent... let’s just say sticky notes are your best friend and



*If you have the
urge to write,
you are a writer.
Not everyone has
that urge.
Follow it.*

short-form poetry becomes a lot more appealing.

You recently had your poem, “A Soldier’s Station,” chosen to be installed at Caines Head State Recreational Area in Seward, as part of the *Poems in Place* project. What was it like participating in this endeavor to bring poetry into the wilderness and parks areas in Alaska?

It was such a thrill and most humbling to have a piece selected for this project. The seeds for me started in a workshop that poets Emily Wall and Jonas Lamb hosted in Juneau to generate interest in the program. They brought in historical material to make places like the parks in Seward and Kodiak—which have military pasts dating back to WWII—come alive. I ended up with a poem wondering how a young man back then might have felt about such a posting, about the landscape of Alaska and the tenor of war.

The *Poems in Place* experience for me was unique in the generosity of its vision. There was this beautiful arc of energy from the initial workshop, to the writing and submitting, to being brought to the park for dedication among community, to leading a writing-in-place workshop, to the unveiling of our poems displayed along the shores of Resurrection Bay. A creative “full circle” you might say—that doesn’t come along very often! This is

also testament to the huge effort that occurred behind the scenes—the volunteer hours and collaboration among the writer judges, coordinator Wendy Erd, Alaska Center for the Book, Alaska State Parks, etc. I love this notion of placing poetry in public and wild spaces, and I

hope we find many more ways to do this across our state.

In addition to being a poet and a writer, you work as a marine biologist with NOAA Fisheries in Juneau. How does your work in the scientific field inform your creative writing?

Even though I tend to write about the natural world, ironically, I have tended to keep my own “work” and

“creative writing” lives rather separate, despite the fact that there is no shortage of material to draw from in the work that NOAA does as a marine resource agency. As part of my own job, I’ve coordinated the statewide marine mammal stranding network for a number of years. There are endless stories from this world waiting to be told about marine mammals, ocean health, and the incredible folks who respond to these cases. One example that comes to mind is a humpback whale whose death we investigated via necropsy in 2007. This was a particularly difficult experience, as we had witnessed the whale dying and knew that it had likely suffered for some time. I had to process my feelings on the page, but ultimately couldn’t



As a kid, I spent a lot of time outside roaming the wilds... you could be feral for eight hours and no one cared.



finish the essay at that time—too overwhelming to find my way through. I think now I could re-visit the piece. Some things just need time to ferment (sorry, bad stranding joke).

I do think there's a huge and under-utilized place for art and science to meet, and I find that intersection incredibly exciting. Art and science are both about curiosity—different ways of knowing the world. Given what we face now in terms of extinctions, habitat loss, climate change, we need to summon the voices of art and science together to speak for restraint, for wildness, for beauty. This conversation has to take us to a more compassionate place.

In an interview with the *Juneau Empire*, you mentioned how important it

is for a community of writers to come together and stimulate and celebrate each other's work. Can you share a story with us about some of the local groups or community writing events that have inspired you?

The 49 Writers vision is for “a vibrant community of Alaskan writers coming together to inspire, create, and share” and to my mind it's manifesting splendidly. When I moved back to Juneau in 2004, it was tough to find much in the way of regular local writing workshops or readings. Now there are so many offered that I have to miss most of them, which is a great disappointment but also a stunning embarrassment of riches for our community.

Over the past few years, I've enjoyed the variety of workshops and readings in Juneau by both local and visiting

writers. The showcase of writing that KTOO does with 360 North actor-read pieces is also terrific. I took a lot away from Jeremy Pataky's poetry workshop this year, as I did a few years back with workshops by Peggy Shumaker and Anna Maria Spagna hosted by the Juneau Public Library. I try to sprinkle classes/ workshops into my calendar where possible to learn more about craft, shake things up with different types of prompts/ perspectives, be in community with other writers, and of course, get out of my own head!

Southeast AK has its very own writers' workshop in the form of North Words, a writer's conference in Skagway now entering its seventh year. I attended in May 2015 and had a great time learning from other Alaskan writers, hearing how others approach their craft, and sharing writing. It's an intimate and unique weekend with plenty of one-on-one time to rub elbows with the instructors (not to mention the Skagway history and its cast of characters!).

Do you have any advice to offer young or new writers?

For whatever reason, writing seems

to bring out self-doubt like rabid dogs. Be gentle with yourself and be patient. Realize you have a long creative horizon, but also don't put off what you

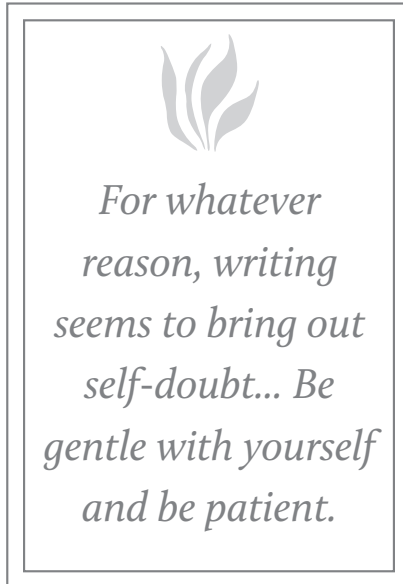
were meant to do. Be vigilant about creating space in your life for writing and feed it with your time and energy. There's nothing worse than damming up the creative flow—which I'm guilty of doing time and again (by not doing my real work and, you know, watching *Game of Thrones*).

There's a Montessori philosophy that Barbara Kingsolver says she repeats to

herself when staring at a blank page: *you can do hard things*. I tell myself this mantra too, because there's always a thousand distractions calling, aren't there, like this sunny autumn day right now.

Lately I've been listening to Elizabeth Gilbert's podcasts on creativity from her book *Big Magic*, which I highly recommend. She talks about the idea that this work has chosen *you*, that it's your responsibility to the creative energy of the universe to *show up* for that work and let it out into the world.

If you have the urge to write, you are a *writer*. Not everyone has that urge. Follow it.



right: Darin Donohue, Young Eagle, UAS Student
page 62, Isaac Christensen, Untitled (detail), UAS Student



Baula

Aleria Jensen, Featured Writer, Juneau

Stars, waves, air made of salt,
the bulk of her rising
from the sea,
the shape of this night—
eggs, nest, *leatherback*.

A lumbering, a heaving,
a ridged body labors,
its enormity itself a mystery,
made as it is
of soft-bodied creatures—
jellyfish, tunicates, squid.

She has mated offshore
with a male or maybe three
who will never take leave
of the sea, never find land
as she does, never excavate
a womb of sand.

Above the tide line, a nesting
chamber where eggs come
in a stream, on a beach where
later a boy will ask, worried,
won't they find their mama again
and a mama won't know
what to say.

How to explain this letting go,
the ecology of the r-selected
species built for broadcasting
offspring, an insurance
of numbers to guarantee
lineage.

How to understand
the reptilian brain,
elemental, metallic, blood
and bone, cueing to instinct,
which means leave-taking—
no child-rearing here.

And still the tamping of sand,
back-filling, disguising the nest,
deliberate as anything—
it looks like affection, it does.

Prompting a father, hours later
to pause, shoes in hand,
staring at his sleeping children
the way she packed the sand
she was literally tucking her babies in
you could see it in a cupped flipper.

Ninja Meatballs

Aleria Jensen, Featured Writer, Juneau

First you start with an idea,
comfort food on a rainy night.

Water for pasta heats
on the stove.

For this recipe you must
have exact ingredients.

A bowl of ground meat,
eggs cracked on top,

onion, celery, garlic, diced,
fresh parsley, chopped.

Add a three year old
poking the mixture with a fork.

At this point in the preparations
another item comes into play.

You must add, quite rapidly
so it doesn't congeal,

the cries of a warrior—
Hi-yah! Hi-yah!

Slicing air around your body,
the hooded ninja stealth dances

through the kitchen, appearing
and disappearing, *whoosh*.

The shadow, swift, retreats
to the pantry, reappears with

nunchuks and shurikens, striking
when the cooks aren't paying attention.



When you add the ninja,
you must also add breadcrumbs,

breadcrumbs that the three year old
is dutifully shaking from the box

in her own version of snowfall,
a scattering of garnish underfoot.

The water boils.

And this is where the instruction
turns to question, the question of

whether you will lose your cool

and if so, will it intensify the flavor.

In the Wild Without Child: One Mother's Invitation to Self

Aleria Jensen, Featured Writer, Juneau

THE CALL OF THE WILD

I scramble over moss-covered boulders slick with rain, tortellini hissing nearby on a white gas stove balanced among beach stones. Behind me, blue and yellow tents hunch in a damp meadow, domes bright against a dark wall of rainforest. Kayaks rest against driftwood logs on cobble sloping to soft water.

This is the Tracy Arm-Fords Terror Wilderness, 635,179 protected acres deep in the heart of Southeast Alaska. I'm here as part of a new artist-in-the-wilderness program sponsored by the U.S. Forest Service. For nine days, I'm accompanying two kayak rangers on field patrol, shadowing them in their duties to steward this vast area. The goal of the program is for artists to participate in wilderness research, monitoring, and education projects alongside rangers to gain an appreciation of public lands and foster artistic exploration. I've come ready to write: a palm-size notebook stuffed in my pocket, another in my backpack, more in dry bags wedged inside the kayak's fiberglass body.

It's precious to be here, paddling glacial waters. To inhabit the wild and feel it inhabit me. But I've left something precious behind as well—my eighteen-month-old son. It's my first time away, on a trip for myself, since he was born. The questions rise and fall, tumbling their way through my heart. What will this expedition be like as a mother? Can I be here without guilt, and in turn, can I return home changed by this experience?

As I look down into tidepools suspended in clefts of bedrock, something surfaces within me. Curiosity. Wonder. An alignment with my essential nature. It's a buoyant sensation, this freedom ballooning in my chest. Something I haven't felt in a long time.

TAKING THE LEAP

A week before the trip, I was full of doubt. Every day with our toddler was brimming with growth, as new words spilled out from a small voice trying out sounds. *Cumber* for cucumber. *Rajah* for raspberry. *Pico* for pinecone. What would I miss out on?

One night, I lay in bed with my son as he flopped around, resisting sleep. I grew impatient and frustrated as the minutes ticked by—10, 20, 30. Roll, flop, moan—the body next to me in constant motion. My mind wandered, haunted by the looming to-do list.

I was jolted back to the present as my son curled against my neck and began softly touching my face. "Nose, nose, nose," he whispered in the dark, his finger landing on my nostril. "Eye, eye." Then the tiniest little voice. "Cheek." He lay his

cheek against mine and I broke apart. A moment passing on swift wings, indescribable. I decided I couldn't possibly leave him, even for a week.

When he finally fell asleep, I fretted and moaned to my partner Kevin. I can't do it. He'll change so much. He won't understand why I'm not here, why there's no milk. I was overcome with guilt.

"We'll be fine, hon," Kevin assured me. "Go out there and celebrate what you love."

This was the reminder I needed. His permission helped me give the same to myself. Here was a chance to remember the woman I had been before becoming a mother, to reach out to her, reconnect. A woman who loved to kayak, to hike, to pitch a tent on a beach in Southeast Alaska and fall asleep in the arms of gravel and moss. It had been two years since I'd paddled for any length of time, two years since I'd been on a multi-night camping trip. I needed this.

As the trip neared, I began to get excited. A pile of gear took shape on our living room couch. Not the usual, from the current routine: diapers, wipes, sippy cup, Cheerios, string cheese, stuffed monkey. This time it was long underwear, headlamp, paddle jacket, tidebook, pack towel, pocketknife. I was gearing up for an expedition, packing for me.

IN THE COMPANY OF LONGING

The first few days in the field, I throw myself headlong into the place. I follow the rangers as they scramble cliff faces and paddle through ice. At low tide, I wander the beach of a small island, circumnavigating ground usually covered by the sea, enthralled by piles of sea anemones and the endless arms of seastars. I feel completely present, grateful for the discoveries that each day holds. I scribble madly, as I can—on beaches, on ledges, in the tent before I give over to sleep.

Mid-way through the trip, an ache creeps in and I'm ready to call home. Camped a half mile from the face of a tidewater glacier, I climb a granite dome to dial the family on the satellite phone. The first two tries don't work. They bounce into space, missing their target. But the third connects, and with a rush of relief I hear Kevin's voice.

"Tell me everything first," I say, knowing the line could cut any moment. "Then I'll talk."

"We're doing well, hon, really well. We're at the glacier now and we're eating cherries." My eyes fill with tears. I can hear my son burbling in the background.

The incongruity of the moment hits me as I realize we are both looking at centuries-old ice pouring from two adjacent icefields. I'm standing on land so raw there are no plants, no soil. Deep in a wilderness fiord, I'm on geologic time, not nap time, playdate time, or story time. I might as well have traveled into another dimension.

As I hold the satellite phone up to my ear, our voices fly up into the atmosphere traveling thousands of miles to find each other. Ironically, as the crow flies, we're

only about fifty miles apart. My child is so close, and yet I am worlds away.

The night before I left, in little bit of obsessive-compulsive mother behavior, I wrapped small gifts for each night I'd be away. He's opened two trucks so far, Kevin tells me. "He carries them around the house talking to you," he says. Hearing this, the tears come again. Why am I not there?

He puts the speaker on and I talk to my son, telling him I'm at a glacier too. I love you, I miss you, I'll be home soon. The phone cuts out, I call back, it cuts out again.

There is a longing that stays with me as the connection dies—my psyche pulled from the depths of this fiord back to my family, propelled from raw wilderness to the back of the Subaru where a small boy clutches cherries in both fists.

For a few interminable moments after the call, my emotional body hovers between that life and the one before me. I desperately want both at once—is it possible? They feel like divergent archetypes. In one, a woman delights in freedom and adventure, in living with an uninhibited spirit; in the other, the woman is rooted to home, to duty. Nurture, attend, protect.

Before the trip, I told friends I was looking forward to focusing on writing and taking off my "mommy hat." I had thought I was coming to shed that role, to hop back into my old skin, the independent explorer of my pre-baby days. What I quickly discovered was that being a mother isn't a role one leaves behind. It's not something weather-dependent, shrugged off and on like a raincoat. It's deep inside the cells now, from the first blood vessels that wove themselves between my placenta and my son, to the sweet milky moments nursing when his small hand spreads like a star across my breast, to the giggles we exchange as we make animal noises—barking, growling, hooting, cawing, mooing. There's no leaving this kind of love.

And here, in a bare glacier fiord, mothering is everywhere. Near the tent, depressions in the gravel—tern nests from early summer. Small mountain goat droppings next to big ones, littered over the rock faces where we climb. Mama moose tracks with a calf at her side. A seal pup almost as rotund as its mother, hauled out on a rock ledge at the waterline near our camp, barking a mewling cry.

Metaphors, too, surface daily, as surge waves from tumbling ice become in my mind the surges of contractions. With fierce momentum, surf hits our campsite: slam, subside, slam again. I am carried back to my own labor.

PLAYING WITH DANGER

I paddle solo for the first time on the last day of the trip. While the rangers attend to some business at base camp, I head across the bay to a place I've been curious about: an abandoned Alaska Native village site. There's a subtle difference to the trees here, an opening in the forest filled with bushes rather than the mature evergreens that line this coast in unbroken growth. When looking from the beach, that's about all that tells the story of what was once a Tlingit settlement. I'm eager to roam and look for more evidence of the human lives once spent here.



Harriet McClain, Whale Tail Vista

The rangers have their own name for this beach: the bear coast. Laced with salmon streams, packed with berry bushes, book-ended by beach meadows, it's perfect for brown bear. Paddling over, I don't think much of it. After all, there are bears practically everywhere in Southeast Alaska. This was no different. I'm armed with a marine radio and a can of bear spray.

But when I turn from my kayak and face the bushes, my senses elevate a notch. There is no bear. Not at this moment. But there has been. As I look for an entrance into the thick woods, the obvious route is the one used by bears. Salmonberry and thimbleberry bushes are trampled in a wide swath, creating an opening into the darkness. Just where I am headed—or am I? I stand, unsure. It's a beautiful stretch of shore in varying shades of green. Tall magenta spires of fireweed rock in a slight breeze. A rufous hummingbird buzzes in, whirring from blossom to blossom and hovering over one, two, three stalks of flowers. Peaceful, yes, but the presence of bear is strong in the air. It's electric, taking up residence in my bones. And it's then I feel the overwhelming need to return to my son.

I try to rationalize with myself. This is my week in the wilderness. This is my solo morning. *Carpe diem*. I grip the bear spray and dive into the bushes where the bears have come before me. Step by step over matted grasses and beaten down leaves, I find myself more and more on edge. What is most unnerving is the density of the vegetation. You could come face to face with a large predator, no warning.

All I can think to do is sing. What would have been Joni Mitchell or John Prine a few years ago is now Raffi. I belt out Baby Beluga, glancing down at the marine radio slung to my waist, wondering if it can accidentally be left in the 'on' setting to broadcast a garbled children's song to all vessels within earshot.

Once inside the dim understory of spruce and hemlock, I scour the woods for both signs of bear and the old village. A rectangular shaped depression in the duff lies before me, perhaps the sunken floor to an old gathering house or sleeping quarters. I wish I could peel back time, reverse the rapid growth of this forest and see into the life of this community.

But my dreaming is short-lived as I become more uncomfortable. Though it's been a treat to sink into solitude and contemplation today, my unease is overpowering. I double-back to the bear trail leading to open beach, stumbling into the light, into my boat, onto the water. Safe.

Feeling sheepish, I reluctantly face the fact that my tolerance for risk has changed. My perception of danger may never be the same. Before becoming a mother, I might have been slightly unsettled nosing about alone in bear country; now I feel the searing responsibility of survival. It's a new weight, a new vulnerability.

I'd felt it camping near the glacier too. Twice the rock niche where we staged our gear was inundated by waves from massive ice calvings. One day as we readied to leave, one of the rangers was brushing his teeth at the water's edge when the waves rushed in with no warning. He scrambled for higher ground just inches ahead of the frothing surf gnashing at his ankles. Incoming waves surged higher and higher,

sweeping away our tarp and water bag. The glacier cracked behind us, a reminder that natural forces had the upper hand, that we were merely visitors—small, warm-blooded and fragile.

That day, I packed my kayak with shaking hands. At any moment a skyscraper-sized block of ice could fall again, sending another series of waves roaring into our cove. I stuffed gear into the hatches as fast as I could, thinking *I have to make it home*. This was a new kind of survival instinct, some kind of climbing maternal vine braided through my physical body, taking hold. I needed to come home to be a mom, for as long as my life would let me.

REMEMBERING THE SELF

Many times since giving birth, I had feared that my inner explorer had died. I couldn't find her. Trying to adjust to the intensity of infant and then toddler care, it was easy to compartmentalize. That part of my life is over. I'm a parent now.

So, at the end of the week, it's hugely gratifying to know that she isn't gone. Though I hadn't anticipated it, the week took on the mantle of pilgrimage. I had come to write and hike and paddle. To think about what it means to be wild. And in the process, had found something in myself that couldn't be dislodged.

Chunks of ice rise like blue glass from the sea at the glacier's face. I think *here is a place to be re-born*. Here I am at the source. What I'm being given this week is sustenance for my heart. For me and for my family.

At the close of the trip, I feel honed to the landscape around me. Feral. Listening to rain fall on the tent roof, I think of water and how it cycles. Lifted from the surface of the sea to fall from the sky, transformed. Same molecules, different structure. It seems to me that my "selves" will take turns too—rising and falling, giving way to the other. And that's okay.

What I have realized is this: when you're knee-deep in the demands of motherhood, even in the sweet snuggling glorious moments that you never want to end, another woman simmers inside you. She is mossy and wild. She sings when you listen. Her spirit is incandescent—she is the blue fire of glacial ice.

This essay was written during a U.S. Forest Service Voices of the Wilderness artist residency in the Tracy Arm Ford's Terror Wilderness of Southeast Alaska. For information on the program, visit www.voicesofthewilderness.blogspot.com

Previously published in *Literary Mama*, September 2012

Questions for Anemones

Aleria Jensen, Featured Writer, Juneau

Bulbous, barrel-shaped,
you are here in droves,
a bloom of dahlias.
Better yet, a herd of
cauliflower, these
tentacled legions.

I don't care what
anyone says
about the food web,
what direction
the arrows point
between predator
and prey—of course
this is your kingdom.

Wave upon wave,
the soft-bodied forest
of the imperial court
sways to tide's urging,
nothing less
than your own royal
invertebrate choreography.

Which leads us to the
question of your subjects:
black sea cucumbers
the size of a forearm
lolling like elephant seals—
you probably can't
get them to do anything.

The sunflower stars
have got to be your soldiers,
a battalion scuttling
on so many legs,
consuming, consuming,
keeping the minions
in check.

So is it peace or war,
must you use discipline,
and how about this issue
of personal space?

Here a whelk balances,
putting the finishing
touches on a tower of eggs,
there the arc of Bellagio
fountains, where your
concealed entertainers,
the clams, spout
from salted mud.

Everywhere the business
of squirting, oozing,
everywhere the inventory,
impossible to count.

With all this intertidal industry,
we're dying to know
how you rule from the throne
and whether incentives
come into play?

Today, a minus three
point eight is limited entry
to the grounds of your estate,
but the gates are closing
on a rising sea,
the pants are wet,
the coffee cup is empty,

there will be no more time
for questions.



Gleaming Orange and Pissed

JJ Whitcomb, Juneau

Gleaming orange and pissed
the octopus writhes in her circle prison,
still feasting on our shrimp.

Perched atop the cooler, my queen in her cage
slumped, plotting, from her sudden tiny universe.
The pot, now come to life.

Her fiery tentacles push through the nylon mesh like
eight scouts, ruling out paths to freedom.
My husband laughs. "Maybe she wants a beer."

The prawns flip tricks, tails clicking beside
their huntress, now exposed and defiant.
Her wet suction grip pops, lets go, repositions.

One tip crosses the nonskid and finds a scupper
but the rest of her can't follow. Friend,
I know your silent rage; let me think a moment.

I envision her airborne, spinning like a wet star.
What will he want from me this time
for us to toss her back?



Nathan Buendia, Through the Sky She Comes, UAS Student

Love for the Honeybee

Amy Pinney, Juneau

Oh may I live in a chalet
With straw skeps within the cladding
Hosting buzzing honeybees
Giving perpetual bloom to my gardens
Rooms dangling twine-dipped beeswax candles
Befriending a Queen with gratitude for her oblations
And I'd soar with the drones in my dreams
Touring colony swarms to new wildflower fields
Gathering honeys of varying flavor
Bouquets of huckleberry and fireweed
While observing a charming social brilliance
As a hive fills with liquid gold
Then as they huddle in the cold winter
Like families around a fire
I'd practice apiculture glorifying the folklore
Painted bees as my kitchen décor
And cached jars in variegated colors
Reminiscent of a summers' efflorescence
Dark sapid jars saved for dearest friends
Aromas of nectars gathered
Stirred in sweet teas
And spread on steaming cornbread
Chewing the wax as gum
Snacking on seeping, candy honeycomb
And corking fermented honey mead bottles
To toast to those summer days past
My energy and health enhanced
Cuts and sores are healed using apitherapy of the ages
I would honor both their kinship and their sting
For the livelihood they've bestowed upon our kind
For millennia and millennia to come.



The Last Speaker

Jenny McBride, Juneau

I am the last speaker of squirrel
As spoken by humans,
The last one who knows
The verses of the rodent carols
What it means to be squirrel
Two ways of using the verb “marmot”
The common names of insult
The furry terms of endearment.
Beware: lovers’ languages
Go extinct every day.

K. M. Perry, Juneau Fireweed

Judy Plays the Tuba

Mary Lou Spartz, Juneau

Bears walking up
Fifth Street stairs
catch their breath
in Judy's chairs
while she plays tuba
in the twilight
serenading mellow bears
with tunes they love,
Souza
Sondheim
Rolling Stones



above: Elise Tomlinson, Illuminated Juneau, UAS Faculty
right: K. M. Perry, Airport Dike Trail Moonlight



Escape

Mary Lou Spartz, Juneau

The moon, at the end of her cycle,
slides back the deadbolt
crosses the threshold, escapes
to freedom. She follows stardust
left from galaxies visible
only in memory.

Off she goes, no longer young, no longer
beautiful, and quick to feel cold
on her thin, pale surface.

A shudder makes its way along her shadow
seen only by night-gleaners
gathering shards of silver light
off hardwood floors.

She stops, have they found her so soon?
Why do they not let her go?

The sun dogs are tracking her.
She tries to run
It is no use.

Those in white will drape a blanket
of thick gray fog around her,
speak to her in child-size words,
scold her in a cheerful voice,
bolt her door once more,
leave her to the dark.



A Wooden Mother

Marina Ortega, UAS Student, Juneau

Exposed skin scarred.
White locks twist around stiff follicles,
wrapping themselves into curls.
Saline spheres drip off a pointed nose
and square eyes glow like phosphorescence.

The sea lies underneath her,
lips press against her sides, concealing teeth.
His salty fingers trace cuts.
He sends gifts of seaweed gowns and
ocean perfume to garnish her scabs.

Waves bring the sea's whispers.
The content begins to create forceful whitecaps.
He pleads for the emptying of her wooden womb,
with a hug that tightens and kisses that sting.
The sea is an abusive lover.

To prove he would be a caring host;
the sea scatters oyster shells and colorful hooks.
He sweeps pieces of old admirers under clay
and paints stripes of yellow and pink on fishes.
Showing how peaceful he can be.

Denying him,
The mother holds her children in swollen cavities.
Nourishing them with droplets of burgundy
and boiled globs of meat that grease faces.
Her planks hide their pain, only letting out soft complaints.

Finally, sand touches her neck
like smooth salmon scales.
She births the children amongst the rocks
mingled with white feathers and forgotten handkerchiefs.
Their weak legs stumble, trying to find footing.

Blistered flesh wrinkles around mouths.
Other children run to greet them
with warm hands and sea anemone skirts.
The wooden mother watches as they depart up octopus inked lines,
wishing she too could leave the sea.

an excuse for staying indoors

(a working title for a work in progress)

Ethan Bowlen, UAS Student, Ketchikan

i am rooted to the sensation, the state, the residence
of endless, mindless, cycling thought
bitter, ruthless naked nothings
drink deep from the pool of my doings
but all of my doings have already been did
therefore they can never be something themselves
to me.

i am lying in my comfy linen casket
and i am fairly certain that i will be found
dead in my bed
my eyes super-glued to the screen of my computer;
it's plugged into the wall but it is draining my battery,
the web browser still open to page upon page
of self-help blog distractions keeping me from ever helping myself,
people's bodies i care nothing for,
and an ex-girlfriend's netflix account that has given up
because i have seen anything and everything it has ever had
to offer me.

this is the moment when i let loose my final breath
and it is a heavy, submissive sigh
that marks my realization
that i must finally face the world
and i can't take it
and i die...

in my place of stagnant resting
i will drift to precisely nowhere,
the stench of my corpse joining
those of combatting motivational self-lectures
and vicious and righteous degradations
that once filled and empowered the allure
of lying in bed and waiting,
waiting.



Nathan Buendia, Insecurities, UAS Student

Lake Farm

Dallas Anderson, Haines

Lake Farm is eight acres of old riverbed left dry when the glaciers gave up. It lies a fair drive from town on a small lake of cutthroat trout and mosquito larvae in a mountainous corner of southeast Alaska. In this part of the world cleared land is called a town, flat land a muskeg, and tillable land nonexistent. Lake Farm could be called in turns oasis, shanty, derelict, dump, escape, paradise, nightmare, sanctuary, or home. It is a museum of dreams succumbed to weather and time: an allegory of this generation. Raised on white bread, MTV, Saturday morning cartoons, video games, and Happy Meals, there is a generation of pilgrims seeking whole foods, whole lives, whole friends: simply, the land. They come from all walks of life across America and their roads are multitude. Invariably, they must all face one inevitable truth: the land is not what it once was. In an era of microplastics, urban sprawl, climate change, fracking, Frankenfood, fossil fuels, and overpopulation how is one to fulfill his prophesied call to “replenish the earth and subdue it?” Perhaps a stroll around Lake Farm will open our lungs and hearts, stretch our legs and minds.

A look at a topographic map will explain the geologic history of Lake Farm; the big river changed its course, taking this valley from the salmon and giving it to the moose. A good stretch of time passed, much longer than most of us are accustomed to or comfortable with, and the valley with its radiant birches and reluctant, mist-drenched spruces became ward of the State of Alaska. A more accommodating span of time elapsed and the land, now called property, was sold to a young couple, some might call them back-to-the-landers. They were charged with the task of all pioneers; breaking the land. They built a cabin to live in while they worked, they fell and milled trees, erected a barn, bulldozed stumps, warmed a home, grew a garden and hay, raised children, chickens, and horses. One can easily envision a child running through dew-bent grass towards the farmhouse, displaying a warm chicken egg like a rare gem, the summer sun already high and the robins well into their day despite the early hour. It was undoubtedly a boreal idyll, enviable and regretfully lost. But isn't that always so with a past we never knew? What we can see from our little stroll around the farm is that there is a patchwork quilt of 21st century detritus strewn about that will outlive any fabric of memory or nostalgia.

THE BARN

At summer solstice, the sun's first pronouncement sets the barn ablaze and summons its inhabitants onto verdant fields of grass and swaying fireweed. By Samhain, when frost covers the fields and the sun is late to best the ridge, it still wastes no time in anointing its warmth upon the barn door, conveying a Druid perfection of architecture. Like the sun, let us begin our tour of Lake Farm at the barn. The barn can best be described as a barn. Exactly as one imagines a barn to be, so it is; weathered, creaking, smelling of hay and dust, big, monolithic perhaps. At present,

its official tenants consist of a dozen laying hens, two roosters, and two Oberhasli goats. Other transient boarders include a black cat named Cody or Cole, depending on who you ask, a Stellar Jay or two, and an unknown multitude of little creatures. The barn, the lumber for which was “gotten out” of the timber cleared from the site, is built to house several horses with ample loft space for their winter’s supply of hay. It is vacuous, drafty, and leaky. It is much too large for our modest menagerie. Essentially, it is a cathedral of impracticality and a perfect example of one of the challenges we face today. Namely, the fact that we have used up a great many of our resources and raw materials creating an infrastructure which is essentially permanent, yet is useless or even detrimental to our society moving forward in a sustainable manner.

A properly managed herd of goats could provide a sustainable source of meat, milk, manure, and vegetation control on Lake Farm, but the infrastructure is built around horses. While horses might be a romantic symbol of America’s past, they lack much pragmatic value in Southeast Alaska. Where previous generations had cattle drives across a vast American landscape and later asked, “Where’s the beef?”, our generation must be satisfied with a community garden plot, a backyard flock of chickens and perhaps a dairy goat, if zoning allows. This does not need to be a compromise or a sacrifice by any means, it simply means that we need to look closer for beauty, fulfillment, richness and bounty in the modest, the diminutive, and the humble. The great challenge lies in the fact that we must do so within an architecture of gluttony, excess, and conquest. In short, we must learn to become goat people in a cow world. There are many permutations of “the barn” in America today. Is the unwalkable city, bisected with highways, and flanked by oozing suburbs any different than Lake Farm’s barn? Does it not present the same fundamental problem for the pedestrian hoping to lower fossil fuel use or even simply avoid the high cost of driving a car? The current infrastructure does not allow him to pursue a more modest existence.

The very obvious solution to this dilemma for a society striving to achieve sustainability is to build a new infrastructure. If the prospect of rebuilding civilization was not daunting enough, we must do so with limitations not experienced by our grandparents. The barn at Lake Farm illustrates two of the most challenging of those limitations: permanence of the current infrastructure and diminished supply of natural resources. The barn is the one structure on the farm that has a concrete foundation and removing it could prove more difficult than raising it was. The easy solution would be to bulldoze it to the ground and start over, but that is not practical considering that all of the good timber from the land was used to build the barn. We simply don’t have the luxury of (seemingly) unlimited resources like our forebears did. There is a lot of good wood in that barn and we need to re-use and re-repurpose everything we can. There will have to be a meticulous dismantling of the old alongside a careful planning and salvage process as our society moves towards sustainability.

THE HOUSE

Let us walk now toward the morning sun to the center of the property where the house sags and droops as if suspended from wires and reluctantly kept upright by a weary puppeteer. A small stand of paper birches, glowing warmly from within, provides shade in the summer and thoughtfully drops their leaves to allow full winter sun. While seated at the kitchen window gazing beneath the birches, one begins to imagine a faint flouting, and waits with bated breath for Peter to come skipping past, a wolf close at heel. The house itself sits uneasily upon a foundation of wooden blocks, its boards and sheets of unpainted plywood bleached and warped by the sun. Fissures of yellow insulation and pink spray foam erupt from cracks while shreds of Visqueen and tattered tar paper flap leprously in the wind. Layers of tin roofing buckle and resist their screws beside an awkward stovepipe that projects self-consciously from a puzzling corner. The architecture of the house is some sort of post and beam construction and features at least four different additions. Walking from one room to another is akin to stepping between two ships moored together at sea and inspection from the outside evokes images of train cars coupling together.

This hastily built domicile is a caricature of modern craftsmanship and it exemplifies the next challenge millennials face: rethinking the way we produce durable goods. Planned obsolescence has become so rampant that we no longer expect consumer goods to last, often choosing the cheapest item simply to incur the smallest loss when it fails. Millennials need to come forward as a generation of craftsmen, to build beautiful homes in which people will be grateful and inspired to live. They will *live* in these homes. They will not merely be houses where people reside, but homes where generations come together around a table to share home baked bread and stories of their day. Children will grow up admiring the wood joinery and aspire to one day create such durable and beautiful products with their own hands and minds.

We must apply this ethos to every product that is manufactured and to every endeavor. If our natural resources and human capital are to be expended creating something, then it must improve the lives of those who use it. How a person wields the product, how long it lasts, the energy inputs to manufacture and operate, how the raw materials are sourced, what fundamental benefit it provides, and how it will responsibly be disposed-of should all be taken into consideration. After all of these factors are dutifully addressed the final product cannot be anything but beautiful in form and function. It can no longer suffice to waste increasingly scarce natural resources and human ingenuity churning out disposable trinkets simply to drive a consumer economy. No amount of spray foam, tar paper, or Visqueen will remedy an ill-conceived plan. To use the Native American concept of providing for the next seven generations, our engineers and architects should indulge in foreseeing the needs of seven generations of end-users before they even step up to the drawing board.



Mark Sixbey, Yew Bear

AFIELD

The fields and forests of Lake Farm are partitioned not with the low stone walls of the ancients, but by a haphazard segregation, more mental than physical or geographic. The primary lines of demarcation on the property are two parallel, muddy, deeply-rutted driveways, which divide the property into a north field, a south field, and a middle area cluttered with junk cars, boats, and buildings, both standing and otherwise. The driveways both lose momentum and peter out shy of the barn, which stands with its back to the woodlot. The north and south field grow deep with lush grass and fireweed, wild rose and feral timothy hay. They illicit images of swaying prairies tickling the bellies of idle bison. The south field, however, as well as the “middle area”, can only be rationalized as being the product of a catastrophe involving a rag and bone man’s wagonload of wares. A curator’s inventory would include, but not be limited to the following: five inoperable automobiles, half a boat, plastic, enough furniture for a small home, gillnets, plastic, lengths and lengths of fencing and chicken wire—now married to the rose bushes, plastic, bits of an old tractor, tires, a toad in a pickle jar, plastic, fiberglass insulation, beer cans, plastic, piles of rotten lumber, plastic, toys, clothing, plastic, cookware, cassette tapes, plastic. Plastic. What greater symbol of our current environmental tragedy?

Plastic. Plastic that does not photosynthesize, but grows brittle in the sun and crumbles between our fingers when we attempt to clean it up. Plastic that crumbles so small it becomes microplastic and in turn incorporates into the soil, into the plants, into us. Plastic grown over with vegetation that shreds into strands to choke the songbirds. Plastic. Number 1 plastic, number 2 plastic, number 5 plastic. Plastic stapled onto buildings so there will always remain under the staple a bit of plastic. Clear plastic. Plastic black and plastic blue. An old fleece jacket abandoned in the weeds, made of plastic. Our generation has an albatross around its neck and it too is made of plastic.

Our forebears took on the romantic work of the land; they felled the trees, blasted the stumps, blazed the roads, broke the sod, dammed the rivers, built the great cities. And we are left to clean up their mess. There should be no resentment, only a call to duty. The persevering, determined spirit of the Greatest Generation can reassert itself in the millenials and we will be remembered as an equally magnanimous generation who looked beyond themselves in a time of global need. If we choose to embrace the monumental challenge, there is no end to the good that can be done. However, we must humble ourselves to the task and accept that cleaning up this planet must be the definitive goal of our generation.

I am reminded of an anecdote that I would like to share while we continue our walk around Lake Farm.

I was once working on a trail crew with an eager young man from the farm and forest country of New England. One day while working, the crew was pining for the glory days of woods work when men were men and double bit axes rang out. The Vermonter interrupted and said, “We all wish we were working in the woods 100 years ago, but is it so we could stop them from clearcutting all the old growth

forest? No! It's because we are jealous that we weren't the ones who got to fell huge trees all day." On a deeply human level, perhaps, our greatest obstacle is ourselves and learning the humility of living within our means and within our time.

As we cross the driveway we see that it is unusable due to the deep ruts created by past tenants who continued to use it during heavy autumn rains and spring break up season. They could have parked by the road and enjoyed a short walk to the house during these times of year, observing and enjoying daily the progress of the seasons. We need to recognize when we are overusing a resource and to seek alternatives even if it means an inconvenience. The earth is bountiful and resilient, but only within limits. Understanding those limits and operating within them is at the heart of true stewardship.

As we reach the north field, we notice that it is relatively clean aside from an oversized dog house and a few odds and ends. This portion of the property was acquired later and escaped the brunt of the litter. This is where we planted the vegetable garden. There are still areas of the world that are undisturbed and we should be deliberate in how to manage them. While the north field will be developed as a growing space, the wood lot will be left in forest to provide a source of firewood for years to come as the forest naturally matures and senesces. There is a temptation to abandon the south fields of the world and move on to clearing the woodlots and gain a fresh start. As open spaces are depleted and populations grow, we must hold onto what we have and reclaim what we have lost. The original owners of Lake Farm had the luxury of moving to a new piece of land once they felt the area had become too developed and of leaving their mess behind. What the earth needs of our generation is to stay, to develop a sense of place, and to become humble stewards of land. Caring for the land is not accomplished by jetsetting around the globe as ecotourists seeking out the earth's remaining wild spaces. It is accomplished by staying home and cleaning up our own backyards.

ONWARD

Millennials face an environmental reality that is unique to our generation. Will our soil scientists coin a term for the plastic horizon? The limitations and challenges of developing a sustainable way to live will present tremendous opportunities for innovation, creativity, passion, resourcefulness, and well-being. There are signs of positive momentum taking place already: the small craft movement, young people opting for "tiny houses," CSA programs and farmers' markets resurrected, the resurgence of the home garden to name a few. The millennial generation is showing great yearning and devotion for a better way of living. I pose the current state of the environment and climate as an opportunity for our generation to stand above all others. The land is forgiving and Lake Farm will once again give fruit to our toil if we live upon it in a spirit of stewardship and community.



Rupture

Mistee St. Clair, Juneau

for J.B.

Where is my grit, you ask.
Grit has nothing to do with anything.
Grit is gravel in your teeth; an old slang;
a term of sacrifice and history. Grit is so old
it is raw earth, sand naked as
sun bleached wood, cascading in a quake.
No, what you need are rivers that shine rocks,
rain that settles dust in the road,
saltwater that tides even in a glacial rupture.

above: K. M. Perry, Mendenhall Glacier
right: Katie Rueter, The Rookery, UAS Student

Transient

Mistee St. Clair, Juneau

If only the sky would lift her head, at least then I'd know which way was north. Direction has been everything to me, but has no meaning here. As it is I follow moss that grows north and south, rootless threads circling the trees in paths of soft, damp pillows that smell of an earthy yeast and a world simple, over-risen, and too yielding to make mine.

Each night I gather grief and remorse, wake hot with fingers clenched in an arthritic arc, the house silent save for the rhythmic sighs of my boys. My dreams of them plain: sun, snow, winds a flush of salty air. Their bodies bound to what is known and known well. What I have withheld sits heavy in my chest like a beached whale collapsing upon herself.

Returning home would be resolve, a coastline with only two directions. Following one would be intuitive, the sea stretched out, the sky a giantess holding out a delicate hand. Familiarity a braid of memories and wisdom, an ability. A skill as old as telling stories or weaving beach grass as strong as the arc of ribs that break before the thudding heart.



Laminaria

Kersten Christianson, Sitka

Luminary,
your flame draws you
to the rocky beach
where the kelp
washes upon the shore:
slick, brown blades coiled
by bull kelp tossed
with popweed.

You carry an armful
of slippery laminaria
to the tree line;
think of women hanging salmon,
while draping your haul
over a branch
an altar to sway
and sing and dry
in the wind.

I will look for your kelp
this side of the equinox:
gold thread embroidered,
collecting the moisture of drizzle
and herring snow
in March.



Kristina Cranston, Untitled

Querencia

Kersten Christianson, Sitka

At night
when the sky is pink
the neighbors eat yelloweye
and drink brown ale.

Through the open windows of my house and theirs
I hear there is huckleberry pie
for dessert, the bright fruit
picked from the bushes
between our homes.

And here, the lamp,
a glowing orb,
casts a fish eye of snug light,
on my empty desk.
Soon, autumn.

One word could fall
after another,
late summer catch,
stardust of thought.

Red berries crowd
the branch;
the sea, full
of snapper, sleeps
under the cosmos.



Hoard

Margo Waring, Juneau

A safe box holds my
small hoard of gold, silver, and stones.
Three generations of birthdays, anniversaries
and special occasion gifts
of thin gold chains, locket and rings
given to hard-working women with little time
for jewelry or celebration
by men who knew no other expression.
Grandmothers, mothers, aunts
were buried with their wedding rings
but left behind metallic keepsakes
to beloved daughters and nieces.
I sort them into piles,
by giver and by kind
wishing I had a daughter.

Rico Lanaat' Worl, Untitled



Gordon Harrison, Small Birds Sign

Selfie at Two

David Kiffer, Ketchikan

Long before we had to ban selfie sticks
To keep from poking each other's eyes out
In front of the Mona Lisa and the Grand Canyon
I was already trying to show that I was there

Or here, I guess, because my blurred head
Wasn't in front of any important sight
When I picked up the Kodak and snapped
This unfocused picture in nineteen sixty one

Still, it was obviously important because
I went to a lot of trouble to catch my tongue
Hanging out, or perhaps I was chasing the sky
That was cascading off my yellow rain hat

Or maybe I was just establishing a scene
That would be repeated again and again
Long before I grew up to realize that nothing
Exists unless I have the picture to prove it

Entropy

Margo Waring, Juneau

Despite vigilance and care
everything slips away,
like lone socks in a dryer,
gone, location unknown,
an unsolvable puzzle.

The bottle of rare wine
taken by an addict;
Mother's love letters
lost in a house move;
photos of the 70s river trip
gone as if waterlogged,
drowned, swept off by the current.
Every garden trowel
rusty or shiny,
present in fall, gone by spring;
poems that appear at the edge of sleep
gone by day break.

People, too,
seen daily on the street
and then no more.
Unremarkable decades of my life
irretrievable in the haze of years.



Goodbye

Adeline Violas, Juneau

We never kiss goodbye.
We never kiss hello.
We never kiss.

We never hold hands, only with the children.
Our conversations are about the dishes, the laundry, schedules.

Never about
How we never kiss goodbye.

Jordan Kendall, Sitka Bridge, UAS Student

My Remedy

Mason Shearer, UAS Student, Juneau

Do you remember that night,
like one of the many
that I came over?
It was one of those nights where
mom and her lover
slur at one another.

He dizzily clung to a bookshelf
and she threw a seashell.
The shell he gave her
on their first beach date.

I walked between the two,
stepped on her toes,
and slammed the door
on the way out.
Just one of those nights
that I was ghostly
and whatever I did
went unnoticed.

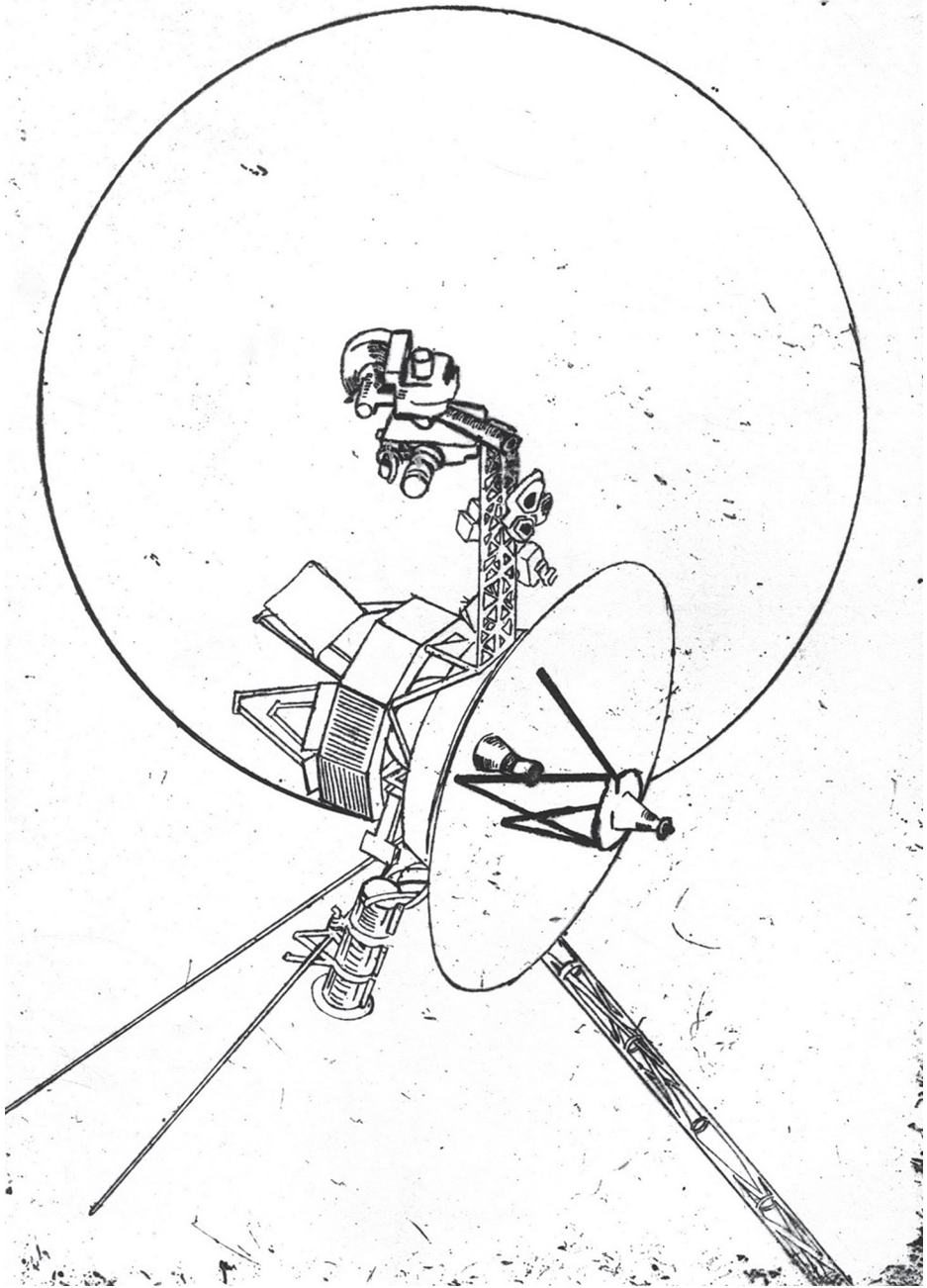
Out the door
I jumped the wobbly porch rail.
the same spot
where mom would stand
popsicles in hand
for me and my friends
on a eighty degree day.

Do you remember that night
when it was eleven fifteen
and a school night?
wet hair impaired my sight
when I met your worried look with
“It’s raining. Can I stay here?”

You led the way from the patio
to the bed in the guestroom.
In that room your family hung the sign
engraved in my mind
love others with all you do.

I remember that night.
you laid on the couch
until four AM.
while half-asleep,
“it’ll be alright”
mumbled from your limp lips.

Before you and this room,
the only solution
was pocket knives
and bloody knuckles.



Alexandra Bookless, S1, UAS Student

Delta Symbols Static

Mark Smith, Hoonah

Clear in a bowed de-
fiance of all
the gravitons we can't
see: wavicles waving lace, parting terrible faces in the twilight
tearing, sent off the pungent antiseptic rows
sky-wound, tunneling
boing tubes, ware
the well-read I.T. Girl
bumps
threads
boards with her not veiled "let us" mess-
age whispers, couches in collision of finishing
charm, trolls with the familiarity
of every feminine quirk

Frank, and incensed with the baser goaled as she
like light toes through their done horizontal
exploits, the man-iron-rich magnetic dew
yeast thrusts back meanwhile
the head clouds
through the agency of jet-white tumblrs tumbling
touched
by
a buoyant-no-longer chaser
of the more masculine aromatic
bitters and the deep exhaust lifted and given
over to either passive or aggressive ambi-
tions. The one-way seraph-tinted characters
selected a lot like random in a person-hooded virginal
knot
considered dangers over the sound-bitten pocket news of the up-to-speed waves.

The sky jaws the tonguing auroral
lacy hues of the evening passage of tints angelic
resurrection for the dead nights of earth and the loony mourning daughters throttling
in the view, trending
toward ignition of the low panels propping
the damper empires of the men who know how to burn.

Falling

Eugene Solovyov, Sitka

The yellow cottonwood leaf, already brown on the edges, gasped one last time and dislodged itself from the branch, the only nest it's ever known in life, swimming gently down the wind eddies. Not so Icarus, reaching ever higher to the sun, finally separated from his man-made wings, his false sense of security, falling down straight as an arrow, not a beautiful waltz, nothing pristine or graceful in his descent, rushing into the sea, the violent splash, the fatal mistake, the tragedy. But the swallow swooped down deliberately, falling elegantly, dancing down playfully, gravity its friend, not foe. Not so I, falling out of love and marriage, through anger and hatred, not flowing in easy acceptance, not letting go in peace, nothing attractive in my flight downward, not like the leaf or the swallow. We protest all the way down, fighting the current, refusing to acknowledge gravity, change, death. We do not take well to our summer departing, do not welcome our fall or see the beauty of this new season, like those lovely, waltzing leaves.



Diana Rossmiller, Breathe Deeply



Drum, drum away

Eugene Solovyov, Sitka

Drum, drum away the sunset into night
Smash all your fingers on the deer hide
And watch the moon, watch her slowly take
Charge, ascend the sky with her inscrutable light
Hit, hit away till fire shoots up your arms
Beat, beat the drum, heat the freezing night

Drum, drum till tears start circling the stars
Shooting and swamping across you and inside
Jump starting your heart as lanterns swallowed up
Hit, hit away till your clothes fall apart
Beat, beat the drum, your naked, burning limbs
Flailing away, the pulsating center of the night

Drum, drum away, bring back the morning light
And then collapse, as sun begins to rise
A job well done, keeping the night alive

Darin Donohue, Eaglefest Dancer, UAS Student



Rosalinda Ainza, Wasichana, UAS Student

WRITER & ARTIST

Biographies

Rosalinda Ainza

A student in the Bachelor of Liberal Arts degree program at UAS, Rosie Ainza has resided in Juneau for over twenty years. While extensive travel is her passion, particularly around East Africa where she works in education, she also feels deeply connected to Southeast Alaska. She volunteers for Juneau community organizations SEAGLA, Four A's, KXLL Public Radio, and more. After graduation, she hopes to make a difference through education within Alaska, as well as within impoverished nations.

Dallas Anderson

Raised among forests and rivers of western Washington, Dallas Anderson now resides in Haines, AK. After years of wandering the mountain west, he now explores the true meaning of place by staying put. He nurtures a connection to the land that can only be earned through labor. Southeast Alaska provides a surreal environment to contemplate the moss, once a stone stops rolling.

Kate Bausler

Katie Bausler is a proud self-proclaimed member of the Professional Organization of English Majors. She hopes never to cease revising and editing her sentences. Katie appreciates that the *Tidal Echoes* headquarters is within sight of her office window on the beautiful UAS Auke Lake campus. "Jacques Journey" was first published in the Sunday Alaska Dispatch insert, *We Alaskans*.

William (Gamaas) Bolton

William (Gamaas) Bolton is a resident of the only Indian reserve in the state of Alaska and is Thlinget/Tsimsean descent of which he carries on the traditional art styles of those two First Nations. Having studied with Jack Hudson through his high school years he went on to work with David Boxely learning to carve masks and totem poles and to this day strives to learn from the old masters through great peices of Art held in museums around the world. Currently William is applying to the state of Alaska Artists in Schools program and has already worked with his local school district teaching Native art. William also has 25 plus years of public speaking as a traditional Dance leader and song writer and has recently written 2 dance and story programs for the Metlakatla Indian Community Tourism.

Alexandra Bookless

Originally from the Yukon in Canada, Alexandra Bookless is a student at the University of Alaska Southeast. She is currently pursuing a BA in Art which she projects she will complete in the spring of 2016. She enjoys creating art in many media; from graphite to ceramic.

Ethan Bowlen

Ethan Bowlen was born and raised in Ketchikan, Alaska. he is no stranger to flip-flopping, inconsistency, and making mistakes, and so feels compelled to convey that dabbling in these arts is more than okay. he has been attending various colleges off and on since he graduated from Ketchikan High School in 2012, and still feels he is something of a lost boy. he enjoys confronting ego, both his own and that of society in which he participates seldom. he is partial to purple, and is a sucker for satire, sarcasm, and silliness. oh, and yes, he has a slight aversion to capital letters.

Nathan Buendia

Nathan Buendia is a portraiture artist with an attraction to surreal photography. Born and raised in Ketchikan, his passion in the arts started with ballet in preschool but discovered a fascination with photography in the year of 2013. When he isn't dancing, you'll find him searching for something or someone new to photograph. He is currently working towards a business degree, which could possibly aid him in a future photography business.

Megan Bush

Megan Bush received her MFA in Creative Nonfiction from the University of Alaska Fairbanks. She lives in an off-the-grid cabin on an island in Southeast Alaska. She is working on a memoir about her family's experience with schizophrenia. Her work has been published recently in Cactus Heart Press, Shade Mountain Press and *Saltfront*.

Isaac Christensen

Born in Juneau, Alaska and continues to travel all around Alaska, (given the time) experiencing many new places and opportunities.

Kersten Christianson

Kersten Christianson is a raven-watching, moon-gazing, high school English-teaching Alaskan. Currently she is pursuing her MFA in Creative Writing/Poetry through University of Alaska Anchorage. Kersten co-edits the quarterly journal, *Alaska Women Speak*. She lives in Sitka, Alaska.

Joe Comolli

Born in Austin, Texas, Joe has spent most of his life in Southeast Alaska, between Juneau and Hoonah. From an early age he found an appetite for cartoons, markers, and horror movies. A former UAS student, Joe is still an interloper between Juneau and Hoonah; pursuing his passion for analyzing the more monstrous qualities of the psyche, and putting them on paper. You won't be surprised to find him defacing the common pizza box or bar napkin. More of Joe's work can be found on Instagram @brosefcomolli.

Kristina Cranston

Kristina is a carver and writer, living in Sitka, Alaska, raising her children with her partner. She was a recipient of a Rasmuson Project Award in 2014.

Diane DeSlover

Diane DeSlover is a long time resident of Juneau. A mother, grandmother and retired elementary teacher, she celebrates her life in writing. Diane has been inspired by the poet Langston Hughes, who once said, "Poetry is the soul of the world entire, squeezed drop by drop, like a lemon or a lime, into atomic words."

Paris Donohoe

Paris Donohoe was born and raised in southern California, and moved to Juneau with her family in August 2008. She attends the University of Alaska Southeast, and is getting her degree in the Geography and Environmental Studies program in. She loves naps, sunny days, and her cat, Lil Mama. Paris was published in the previous 2013 edition of *Tidal Echoes*, with a poem titled "m" and also in the 2014 edition, with a photo titled "close up".

Darin Donohue

Darin Donohue is a coast guard brat, and 1st year student at UAS. Darin likes to photograph with a "slow-down" approach, capturing images that represent smaller moments throughout a day overall.

Robert Fagen

Robert M. Fagen is writing a new scientific book on animal play and a book of ballet and physics poems with the working title of *Anna & Company*. He lives in Juneau and dances with wolves and little piranhas. He has previously published poems in *Blue Unicorn*, *Crab Creek Review*, *Comstock Review*, and others and has had a Rilke translation nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

Asha Falcon

Asha Falcon grew up in Southcentral Alaska and currently resides in Juneau. She is a graduate of the California College of Art and Ohio State University. Her stories and poems have been published in *Calyx*, *Iron Horse Review*, and *Phonfiction*. Writing is her happy place.

Caleb Fish

Caleb Fish was born and raised in Kodiak, Alaska. He is an English major studying at the University of Alaska Southeast in Juneau. He is also a music enthusiast and performs as a tenor in Alaskapella, the university's a capella choir. Growing up surrounded by the astounding scenery of Alaska's emerald isle, Caleb has always been inspired by nature and loves to write about it.

Beatrice Franklin

Beatrice is on the staff of the Egan Library and has been a Juneau resident since 1973. Since taking a creative writing class at UAS in spring 2015 and another in the Fall, she has enjoyed trying out poetry. She hopes to spend many more hours observing, contemplating and shaping words to say what often seems to her inexpressible.

Jasz Garrett

Jasz is a freshman at Yaakooosgé Daakahídi High School. She enjoys writing, drawing, and spending time out in nature. Jasz's favorite thing about Alaska is going for hikes in the Tongass National Forest.

Rebecca Gerondale

Originally from the San Francisco Bay Area, now a happy Alaskan, Rebecca has resided in Juneau for the last decade. She enjoys celebrating the extreme beauty of the four seasons here with her husband and dog and finds it all perfect inspiration for photography and writing.

Chalalin Giron

Chalalin Giron was born and raised on the Central Coast California, but currently resides in Juneau, Alaska. She has a bachelor's in both Literary Studies and Creative Writing from Roanoke College in Virginia and will soon be pursuing an MA in Creative Writing at Lancaster University in England. Chalalin likes to write in a variety of genres from short story fiction to travel non-fiction, but feels more at ease with the rhythm of poetry.

Mikaela Graves

Mikaela was born and raised in Alaska. Home-schooled K-12, she is an IDEA and UAS graduate. She is an aspiring artist who loves spending time reading, being outdoors, writing and mulling over puzzles of all kinds. She has a passionate curiosity for how the world works which is often reflected in her art and writing. Mikaela's works also tend to focus on the wonder found in the simplest things as well as the state of the human heart and mind.

Jessica Hahnen

Returning to Juneau where she grew up after a long exile from Alaska, Jessica Hahnen started her business, Frost+Fur in 2015, a small business blending fine art with socially-environmentally responsible screen printing processes, and the context for her current watercolor work. Depicting animals of the ocean, rainforest and tundra in ways both striking and subtle, Jessica Hahnen's art blurs the lines between naturalism and abstraction, sterness and whimsy.

Gordon Harrison

Gordon Harrison has lived in Juneau for 35 years. He owns a remote cabin in Denali Nat'l Park, where he manages the local wildlife with instructional signs.

Kaylyn Haslund

Kaylyn Haslund is a senior at the University of Southeast Alaska. She enjoys writing for comic books primarily, but has recently gained a love for poetry. Kaylyn hopes to one day actually have a published comic series.

Sarah Isto

Sarah Isto is a longtime resident of Juneau. She is author of two non-fiction Alaska books. Her poetry has appeared in *Cirque*, *Windfall*, *The Timberline Review*, and *Gold Man Review*.

Aleria Jensen

Aleria Jensen is a fourth generation Southeast Alaskan who lives and writes on Douglas Island. Her poems and essays have been published in literary journals including *Orion Magazine*, *Literary Mama*, *Terrain.org* and the *Alaska Quarterly Review*. She has had work featured in the 2012 anthology *Wonder and Other Survival Skills: A Selection of Essays from Orion Magazine* and the 2010 collection *Wildbranch: An Anthology of Nature, Environmental, and Place-based Writing*. Her poem "A Soldier's Station" was selected as a 2015 Poems in Place winner through the Alaska Center of the Book.

Jordan Kendall

Jordan Kendall is a Juneauite, artist and current UAS student. He enjoys working with analog cameras, exploring color shifts in expired and instant film.

David Kiffer

Dave Kiffer is a fourth generation Ketchikan resident who is a writer, musician, teacher and the former Mayor for the Ketchikan Gateway Borough.

Jonas Lamb

Jonas Lamb is a librarian, hack carpenter and MFA candidate in the University of Alaska Anchorage Poetry Program. He lives in Juneau in a hundred year old house with his wife, two sons, and the ghosts of two good dogs.

Joe Lewis

Joe Lewis is a studying senior in the BLA Interdisciplinary Studies Program at UAS with his primary emphasis in English and his secondary emphasis in art. He enjoys writing poetry and doing ceramics in his free time and wishes to continue with that in the future.

Henry M. Masters

Born and raised in Juneau, Alaska, Henry M. Masters began exploring the last frontier at an early age through hunting and fishing with his family. With a cabin on Horse Island and a float house up Berners Bay, it didn't take long to justify purchasing his first digital camera. As the years went on, he began shooting more with his camera and less with his guns and bow. He has received his B.S. in Biology, Minor in Mathematics from the University of Alaska Southeast, and continues to work as a photographer while continuing his education.

Jenny McBride

Jenny McBride's poems have appeared in *The California Quarterly*, *The Prairie Light Review*, *Green Social Thought* and other journals. She has also published fiction.

Harriet McClain

Harriet McClain, a longtime resident of Sitka, Alaska, uses her camera to slowly explore the world around her. A walk in the woods becomes a detailed study of a single mushroom; a fishing expedition becomes the study of diving birds. Her photos appear in a series of children's book available throughout Southeast Alaska. Her work has been shown throughout the state, and has been included in national and international exhibitions.

Tyler McMichael

Tyler is a current student at UAS. He enjoys poetry, art, well-mannered debates and timely puns. He's not a fan of the Oxford comma. He has decent grades and loves to smile.

William Merk

W.S.Merk has been living and writing in Juneau, Alaska since 1991. He lives with bead artist Beth Handley and published his first poetry collection, *Bright Silence*, in 2011. He is currently at work on a collection of haiku and photographs to be released in 2016.

Alexis Ross Miller

Alexis Ross Miller is proud to be a born and bred Alaskan. She has lived in seven communities from Ketchikan to Barrow and points in between including Sitka, Petersburg, Fairbanks, and Anchorage. She grew up in Juneau and is a recovering political junkie and former legislative aide. Her dream is to return to graduate school and pursue a Ph.D. in Mythology Studies and become a certified poetry therapist to work with at-risk youth.

Marina Ortega

Marina Ortega is a student at UAS and is completing her prerequisites for a Dental Hygiene program. She is originally from Gustavus, Alaska but moved to Juneau last year. She loves writing science fiction stories and has just started trying her hand at poetry.

K.M. Perry

K.M. Perry is living the adventurous life in Juneau, Alaska, while working on international justice issues for a non-profit humanitarian aid agency. Her passion is advocating for domestic violence survivors and the homeless. Her summer is spent whale watching, hiking, bear viewing, and savoring the long days while fulfilling her passion for photography. The long Alaskan winter is filled by photographing the Aurora Borealis, hockey, writing and editing photos. Ms. Perry is an avid traveler and has spent time living internationally. Frequent trips to explore new sunshine-filled destinations are the healing balm of living in a rain forest.

Brianna Pettie

Brianna Pettie's originally from St. Louis, MO where she first took up photography as a hobby. She moved to Juneau to be in UAS's biology program and continued her hobby up here. She furthered her skills by taking a photography class during the summer of 2015. Brianna has had her work featured on the UAS website since that class.

Amy Pinney

Amy is a biologist turned stay-at-home Mom. She writes to teach her kids about who she is: a musician, artist, and outdoor enthusiast. She also writes to keep learning more about subjects she has passion about. She has a deep love for Southeast Alaska. "The Paraglider" was previously published in *Capital City Weekly*.

Daniel Piscoya

Daniel Piscoya moved from the freezer to the sink and is currently thawing in Juneau, Alaska, from 9 years in Fairbanks. He is a student of English Literature at the University of Alaska Southeast, and his favorite smell is spring. However, this is closely rivaled by incense at Easter Vigil.

Vivian Faith Prescott

Vivian Faith Prescott was born and raised in Wrangell. She's the founding member of Blue Canoe Writers in both Sitka and Wrangell, Alaska, with an emphasis on encouraging and mentoring writers. Vivian lives at her family's fishcamp in Wrangell, Alaska, but often visits Sitka. She's the author of one full length poetry collection and two chapbooks. Her short story collection is forthcoming from Boreal Books.

Teri Rofkar

Dr. Teri Rofkar was born in San Rafael, CA. She is a Tlingit daughter of Raven from the Snail House (T'akdeintaan), a clan originating in Lituya Bay (Ltu.a`a), related closely to the Coho (L'uknax.a`di) clan. She is also the daughter of an Englishman from California, and the granddaughter of the Kaagwaantaan Wolf of Ground Hogs Bay, Alaska. She has lived in Sitka for 38 years, and been married for 40 years with 3 children and 1 granddaughter. She was introduced to Tlingit weaving by her grandmother, when she was a child. She lived in Pelican, AK, where she spent many summers commercial fishing and playing in Lisianski Inlet. The fun of traditional gathering as a child continues to fuel her investigations of climate, geology, and chemistry today as an adult. She harvests and weaves in Tlingit methods passed down for thousands of years, following the steps of her Ancestors. Her goal is to continue the research, broadening awareness of Traditional Tlingit Art and Science for the generations to come.

Diana Rossmiller

Diana Rossmiller has been an avid iPhoneographer ever since the moment she upgraded from her mini Motorola flip phone to the wondrous world of the iPhone OG. Her favorite pursuit is spending time outdoors, drinking in the wild air and breathing deeply of the rain and all the beauty of Southeast Alaska. She never ventures outside without her trusty rubber boots, allowing her to traverse streams and get off the beaten path to discover the magic that is everywhere.

Katie Rueter

Katie is a student at UAS studying psychology and biology. She was born and raised in southern California and came to Juneau for college to escape the sun and find the whales. She worked on a whale watching boat this summer where she was able to practice photography, as well as experience the beauty of Southeast Alaska. She is hoping to pursue a career in animal care.

David Russell-Jensen

David Russell-Jensen is a Tsimshian and Iñupiaq student at the University of Alaska Southeast where he is pursuing a BLA in Alaska Native Language & Studies. Áak'w Kwáan Aaní káx' áwé UAS, ách áwé, Lingít yoo x'atángi sh tóo dultóow. UAS is on Áak'w Kwáan land, so he is learning Tlingit. In decolonizing institutions, acknowledging the inherent value, complexity, and intelligence of indigenous languages is important. David is but attempting to crawl at the feet of the complexity of Tlingit and other indigenous languages.

David Sheakley-Early

David Sheakley-Early was born in Juneau, Alaska. He grew up mostly in Erie, Pennsylvania but moved back to Juneau where he now lives. David is a photographer, percussionist, artist, ski and snowboard instructor, naturalist, trail guide, teacher, husband and a father of two daughters. Art has always been a passion for David at an early age and now he is pursuing a master's degree in secondary education from UAS so he can inspire others in the schools with art, biology and the Tlingit language. More of David's work can be seen at www.DavidSheakley.net.

Mason Shearer

Mason Shearer, born and raised in Sitka, Alaska, has been writing poetry since his early teens. He is currently seeking an English degree. His plans for the future are to become a teacher, a father, and a published author.

Mark Sixbey

Mark Sixbey (Laxgibuu) trained in traditional Tsimshian design, sculpture and tool making while growing up in Metlakatla, Alaska. He served as a Combat Correspondent in the US Marines from November 2002-2006, deploying twice to Operation Iraqi Freedom. He works in wood, copper and ceramics.

Mark Smith

Mark D. Smith lives and works in Hoonah, Alaska. He writes by, for, and about the soul. He considers the writing process an inborn outlet for self-composition and finds comfort in scratching out little whirled pieces in a racing age.

Eugene Solovyov

Eugene Solovyov has lived in Sitka for 23 years. He owns and operates an art gallery, the Sitka Rose Gallery. Eugene is a writer and a painter. His first book of poetry, *How to Frame a Landscape*, was published in 2014. He also writes stories and plays. His writing is about the natural world and human emotions.

Mary Lou Spartz

Mary Lou Spartz lives and writes in Alaska. She finds poetry a trail that never ceases to challenge and satisfy her.

Mistee St. Clair

Mistee St. Clair is a poet born and raised in Alaska, with a few years here and there in other parts of the Pacific Northwest. She's been published by the Fairbanks Arts Association, the *Alaska Dispatch News*, *Cirque*, and more. She loves to get out of town, hike with her dog, and spends an absurd amount of time in the kitchen. Currently she lives, writes, mothers and hikes her dog in beautiful, foggy Juneau.

Margaret Steward

Margaret throws, glazes and fires ceramic pots at UAS Sitka. Some of these pots become the mold to weave around with red and yellow cedar bark, as a student of Delores Churchill, using traditional Haida twining and design. Texture and design elements are introduced using wool, pine needles, glass beads or copper wire. This unique combination of ceramics and fiber links her art to the women who have woven baskets on Baranof Island for more than 5000 years.

Elise Tomlinson

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 over 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.

Rico Lanaat' Worl

Rico Lanaat' Worl is a Tlingit/Athabaskan artist who designs in the Northwest Coast formline tradition. His work explores living with traditional values today. He is also an advocate of diversity in community and promotes diversity in civic engagement. Rico designs a variety of products including skis, skateboards, playing cards and jewelry. He is the founder of Trickster Company, a design company that promotes contemporary indigenous design.

Adeline Violas

A. Violas has lived on two hemispheres, has called Juneau home since 2010, and desperately hopes to never leave this magical place of whales and water.

Margo Waring

Margo Waring has lived in Alaska since 1969. She has previously published in *Cirque*, *Tidal Echoes*, *Alaska Women Speak* and other publications. After writing poems for decades, Margo joined a writers' group and thanks them for the structure and encouragement she received.

JJ Whitcomb

JJ Whitcomb lives in Juneau.



The 2016 edition of *Tidal Echoes*
presents an annual showcase of
writers and artists who share one
thing in common: a life surrounded
by the rainforests and waterways of
Southeast Alaska.



UAS UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA
SOUTHEAST
learn · engage · change

a publication of the University of Alaska Southeast

Cover: Mountain Goat DNA Raven's Tail Robe (detail). Dr. Teri Rofkar, artist, weaver.