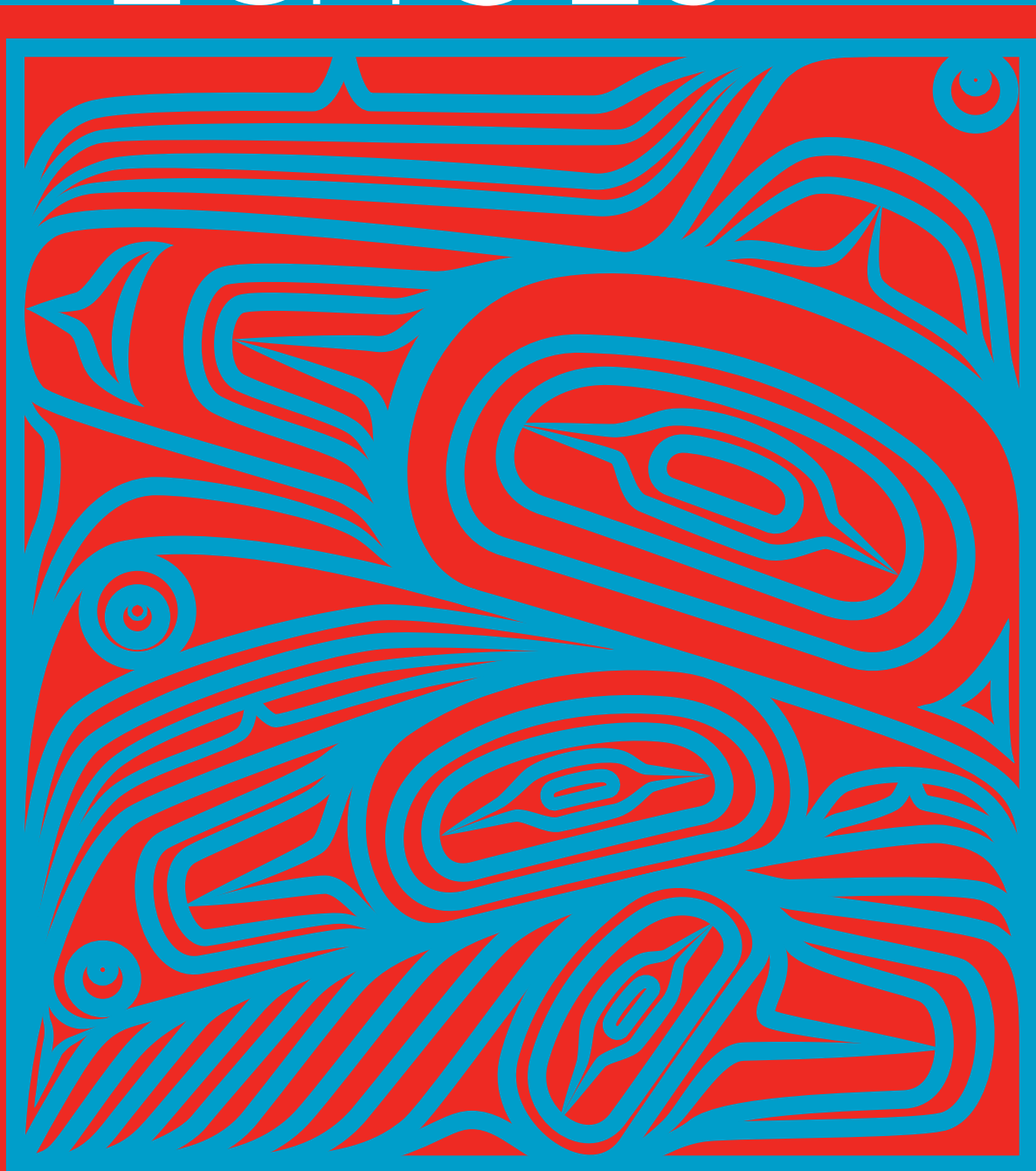


TIDAL ECHOES

literary & arts journal



TIDAL ECHOES

UAS LITERARY & ARTS JOURNAL 2017

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



**UNIVERSITY
of ALASKA
SOUTHEAST**

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REMEMBERING DR. TERI ROFKAR

(1956-2016)

I am following the steps of my Ancestors, striving to recapture the woven art of an indigenous people. The ancient ways of gathering spruce root, with respect for the tree's life and spirit, are a rich lesson in today's world. Traditional methods of gathering and weaving natural materials help me link past, present, and future.

Links with a time when things were slower paced, a time when even a child's berry basket was decorated with care. It is through sharing and exploring that this old art form shall take on new life.

— Dr. Teri Rofkar —

We dedicate the 2017 edition of *Tidal Echoes* to Dr. Rofkar. We thank her for her generosity in teaching and inspiring young artists, and for the remarkable body of work she leaves behind. Photograph by Owen Kindig.

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Editor's Note

Wow, here we are publishing the 15th anniversary of *Tidal Echoes*!

This is also Emily Wall's 10th year as faculty advisor for the journal. Professor Wall enjoys letting her students take all the credit, however I would like to give her credit here, because without her I wouldn't have found a passion and, in turn, would not have been an editor for *Tidal Echoes*. Thank you, Professor.

I found my fondness for editing after taking a few (many) creative writing workshops with Professor Wall. Taking the black pen and marking up the pages of my peer's work gave me more pleasure than a cat ruining their owner's day.

It was after taking the first workshop that I learned about *Tidal Echoes*, because Professor Wall's class was required to attend the launch. At that time, I was a sophomore so I didn't really care about something I was forced to go to. The following semester I found myself taking an advanced creative writing class with her. She and the senior editor, Alexa Cherry, let the class know that they were looking for the next junior editor. I thought nothing of the opportunity until I found out in order for me to graduate, I would have to do a thesis or an internship. I had no desire to do a thesis so I began to inquire about the internship. After learning about the benefits, I decided to apply even though I thought someone else would be chosen over me, because they would have better qualifications. I wouldn't change my decision to apply for three purebred cat breeds of my choice.

Tidal Echoes isn't about my journey as an editor though. It's about the people who made my journey possible. It's about the people who started this journal, it's about the people who have submitted, it's about the board members, it's about the graphic designer, it's about our featured writers and artists, and it's about the community that supports this journal.

From the senior editor to all of those who have submitted, worked on, and supported this journal, I want to give you my deepest gratitude for what you have given me.

With sincerity,
Maranda Clark, Senior Editor

Acknowledgements

It's important to us to take the time to thank all the talented and motivated individuals who helped this journal come together. We all know Southeast Alaskans are skilled in trekking across ice fields and exploring coastlines, but it's clear their talent does not end with the great outdoors.

We would like our first huge thanks to go to our dedicated editorial board. Nina Chordas, Will Elliott, Carrie Enge, Ernestine Hayes (congratulations on becoming the 17th Alaska State Writer Laureate!), Jonas Lamb, Mary Catherine Martin, Math Trafton, Emily Wall, and Karragh Young; thank you for your time, effort, and devotion to this journal. I would like to extend a special thank you to Emily Wall for encouraging me to pursue the opportunity of being junior editor, and for being an excellent guide for me and Maranda along this editing path, even when it got hilly or took a turn down Should-That-Comma-Be-There-or-Not lane.

To our wonderful art editors, Jeremy Kane and Liz Zacher, thank you for your continued commitment to *Tidal Echoes*! This journal could not have been a success without the support and encouragement of Chancellor Richard Caulfield, Provost Karen Carey, and Arts & Sciences Dean Karen Schmitt.

Thank you to Alison Krein, our graphic designer, who contributed her time and skillful eye to making sure the cover and other aspects of this journal were up to her standards, which we would not want to change one bit.

To Rico Lanaat' Worl, our featured artist, and Lynn Schooler, our featured writer: thank you both for sharing your talent with us! Having your work in our pages makes our journal more amazing than it ever could have been.

Finally, these acknowledgements would not be complete without an immense thank you to all the wonderful and talented Southeast Alaskans who submitted their work to *Tidal Echoes*. Thank you for sharing pieces of yourselves with us.

All the best,
Elizabeth Rumfelt, Junior Editor
Maranda Clark, Senior Editor



Gabriel Edwards, Untitled

Esther

Rosie Ainza, Juneau, UAS Student

Esther cooks at dawn. Her café, a wooden shack, its kitchen an alcove. She prepares in dim light, moving her body around blackened pots and a lone gas burner. Motes of flour mingle with the warm Nairobi air. She sharpens her knife—steady, with purpose. *One, two. One, two.*

This café belonged to her father, and his father before him. Esther's mother bore no sons, Esther bore three. After the election violence, with its displacement and ruin, there was only Ester.

She shakes the thorns of memory. Skates her plastic sandals over chipped concrete and prepares a workspace. She smooths and kneads sticky dough. Shapes and fries it into samosas and chapati.

She rinses red beans and places them in a pot with bay leaves. Squeezes lime over nyama choma. The flavors of Kenya hang in that alcove, like a harvest moon. When the Eastern sun rises above Kibera's rusted rooftops, it is time to open.

Esther removes the padlock from the plywood door and opens to a queue of regulars. They warmly exchange greetings—*Mambo. Poa. Sasa. Poa.* She serves them breakfast on plastic plates set on floral vinyl. Customers fill the café with banter and news, gossip and gospel.

Esther listens.



Kaylie Simpson, no mercy

How to Love Your Body

Rosie Ainza, Juneau, UAS Student

Begin at the furniture section of the nearest antique store. Do you see the chaise lounge? It has seen better days. It sits, wedged between a 70's Formica table and a writing desk whose age is uncertain. Its fabric is worn with splatters of red wine and cigarette burns. It smells like the morning after. One leg is battered, its cushion lumpy, and when tested it wobbles with unease. After a reupholster and a little wood glue, it will work well in the entryway.

Move on to the artwork, past the watercolor clown. Do you see the oil landscape in the gold frame? Even in its impressionist form, the colors have faded. Their vividness interrupted by dust and neglect. Is it a field of tulips or poppies? It really doesn't matter because their ginger tone, though muted, has potential. After a cleaning and a fresh coat of lacquer on the frame, it will look splendid above the mantle.

Next continue to the clothing. Skip the hats and shoes. Find the sequins, find the fur. Do you see the mink crammed next to the wool peacoat? It looks a bit large, but it's real. Its chocolate pelt feels like true affection. Do you see the beaded dress? The ruby one. It looks frayed, but the detail is impeccable. Someone loved that dress once. After a hem and stitch they will be brilliant for any special occasion.

Lastly, carry on to the jewelry. This section takes the most time. Each small trinket can tell a thousand stories. Do you see the sapphires—the earrings hidden behind the fake pearls? Take them in your hands and inspect them. Put them to the light and refer back, if you have to, to the pair your grandmother had when she was still alive. They're just like hers. Perfect, flawless.

Winter Sangria

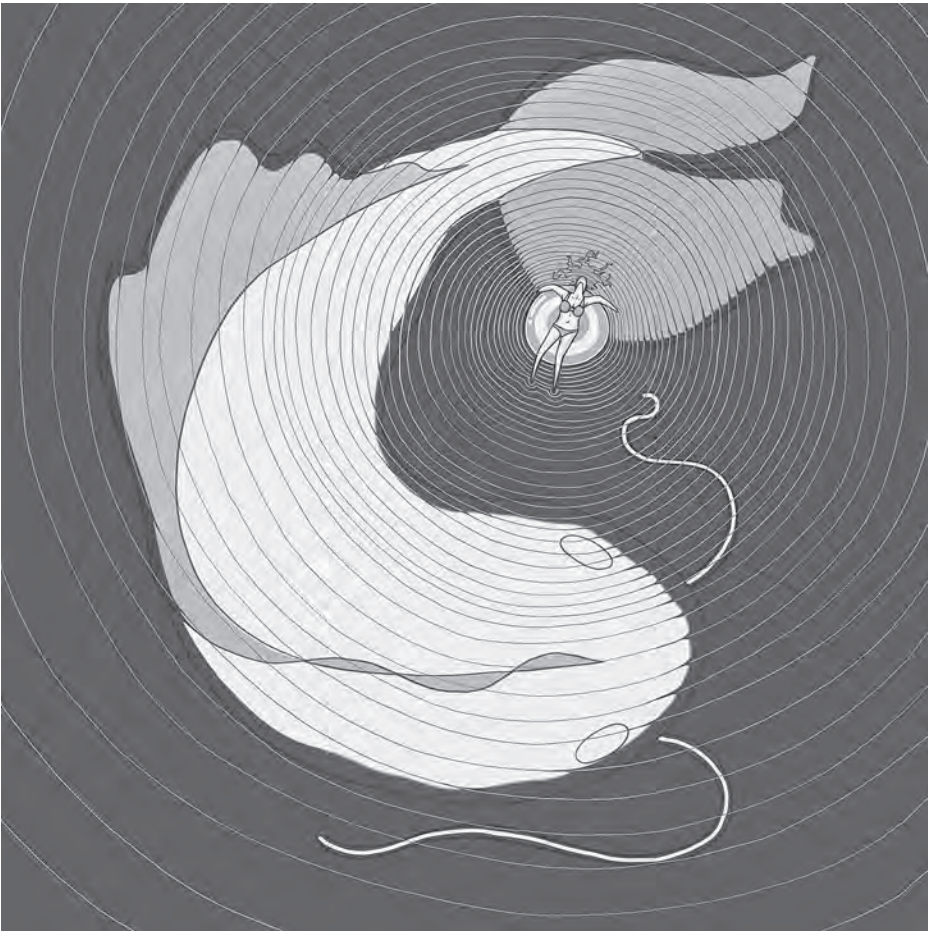
Rosie Ainza, Juneau, UAS Student

- ½ cup dried apples
- ½ cup dried cranberries
- 6 dried apricots, cut into slivers
- ¼ cup brandy
- 2 tablespoons honey
- ½ vanilla bean, slit lengthwise
- 1 cinnamon stick
- 1 bottle Malbec red wine

Though named “Winter Sangria,” this recipe can be made year round. Even in June on the day you divorce your husband. In a large saucepan, stir together apples, cranberries, apricots, brandy, honey, vanilla bean, and cinnamon. The saucepan does not have to be your own, nor does the stove or the house if you agree to let your husband keep it. They can belong to any one of your girlfriends who have gathered in support. Cook on medium and stir until the mixture comes to a gentle simmer. Blow your nose. Remove from heat, cool slightly. Pause to laugh. Open the spare bottle of Malbec, the first having been consumed immediately upon arrival. Stir in wine. Transfer mixture to a pitcher. Chill for 24 hours or pour over ice impatiently. With tears and laughter, raise your glass to your girlfriends who will remain permanent.



Elise Tomlinson, Morning Poppies



Richard Carter, Your Ripples and My Ripples

How Mom Hooked Dad

Diane DeSloover, Juneau

Our boys were home from the war
and she, fresh out of college.
Saturday nights she danced
to Big Band tunes, kept her eyes open.

Across the room she noted
his sharp argyle vest
pressed trousers and polished oxfords
the intelligent rise of his high forehead.

Wait, was he stealing glances at her?

She could hear his laughter
erupting from full lips
wished it was her stories
that amused him so.

He's definitely looking this way.

Awkward. Here she was, Ted's girl,
but wasn't he making eyes at Kitty?
A familiar streak of daring
edged out her weak restraint.

Bingo! That look? He's interested.

The handsome young man
saw her moving in his direction.
He would come to know
the meaning of that maneuver

weeks from now when he asked her
to go steady and she would say,
"We're too old to go steady.
Let's get married instead."

Making the Kids Clean Up

Diane DeSloover, Juneau

Remind them for the fifth time,
if they don't start cleaning up
they can forget going to the park.
Ignore the whiney voice
begging for one more minute,
the silence of the unresponsive one.
Resist the temptation to do it all yourself.

Don't be too hopeful as an armload of toys
heads down the stairs and a second body
finally shifts into gear. Remain calm
as the voice at the bottom of the stairs yells
"Throw it down here and I'll catch it!"
Watch helplessly as a steady stream of toys
becomes airborne amid gales of laughter.

Warn that someone could get hurt
as you witness the large
flexible play tunnel rolling
down the stairwell, pinning
one gleeful child to a carpeted step.
Now behold her cheshire grin,
trophy of 8 year old exuberance.

Conquering the Wild Skunk Cabbage

Diane DeSloover, Juneau

At a tender age he fought
the fearsome skunk cabbage
baseball bat slashing
four-foot leaves falling
in his rainforest backyard.

Now his knee-high daughter
spies a bright flame on the roadside.
“Touch it!” she begs.
He can’t wait to acquaint her
with the glorious herald of spring.

Glossy fans unfurl from black mud
frame the butter yellow spathe
and thick, pulpy spadix.
Pint-sized boots approach
the gaping mouth and bumpy tongue.

Eyes of wonder cloud with misgiving.
“Fraid,” she whimpers.
He kneels to comfort his child,
to confront the once-again monster.
No victory today or tomorrow.

He will wait, half-welcoming
half-dreading the day
she will raise her proud sword
the daunting skunk cabbage,
slain enemy in her wake.

What's Queer Got To Do With It?

Lin Davis, Juneau

He carries his leash always.
Insulted if I reach for it,
Mister Bird Dog show-off
at busy intersections.
Maybe you saw us walking around town
in love.

Not mine but daily mine for two years.
Each morning his young mom
races to class and three jobs.
Drops him off
in the name of love.
He charges up the drive
and slurps my face.

Or I bike to his small home,
unlock a damp door,
release his down-stay
on bathroom rug.
We fly through ferns,
feast on forest flavors,
weave ourselves up mountains.

But brown dog sick too many times.
Paper towels and vinegar
first aid for rugs.
Chocolate fur and mitten feet
first aid for hearts.
What's wrong, smiling eyes?

Then hiking Treadwell Ditch,
he vomits three inches of poop
and off we go to the vet
me in dog walk trail scrubs,
ball cap hiding hair too thin
to comb or show.

New locum vet looks me over.
Twice rides me with his eyes.
In his stare
a cordless drill
screws something down.

“What are you?” says his frown.
I flinch. Life of pinched looks.
Just last week walking past
guy group sidewalk huddle,
“Are you girl or man or
ha ha ha.”

Maybe vet eyes did no
dressing down.
Maybe his cowboy boots
did not tap a kicker beat.
Maybe he did not hear my fear.

My eyes watch vet fingers sort
clear plastic bag of upchuck
I collected for show and tell.
His voice drawls,
“No dog turd here. Just grapes.”

He opens door.
Dismisses us.

So, silly me, based on false worry,
that I saw a friend vomit poop
and feared his colon in open
communion with his mouth.
we enjoyed his royal self
two more weeks
and even that last day
he caught orange balls
midair.

Queer bought us two more weeks
of Gus, age 9.
Lucky us.



Mile Ten for Mary Oliver

Lin Davis, Juneau

Biking North Douglas
I ride by clumped black in road.
A dark wing waves.

I stop and peddle back.
Baby varied thrush hit run.
I kneel to hold
this piece of sky.

Kneeling
in each other's eyes
where do we not end?

Lungs on uphill trail
breathe berries and birdsong.
Where do we not end?

This Place (The Tongass)

Patty Ware, Juneau

No matter how many times I try I can't stop
my return
to this place.

Currently wet, always wet.
Brown, muddy ground of
sun-starved September.
This place

does not host trees
boasting bold vermilion, no
streams of ruby-tinged light
make my grey hair glow.

Smiles, light
cocktail party conversation,
walks in crisp, bold air
are easier elsewhere—
places whose fall guests
are leaves of sugar
and red maples.
Black tupelos. Southern sourwood.

We strut our stuff differently.
Towering spruce, hemlock, western red cedar.
And rain.
Smothering,
heart-filling rain.

Left: Katie Craney, Cache



The mighty wind heaves. And
the evergreen boughs'
sharp-needled twigs
waggle, tender fingers
beckoning.
This place

is not sunny. Or warm
in September.
Velvety lushness,
damp, shiny brown earth,
hinting of sweet cloves—
holding the secret of
what it's like to be sated.

No More Shoulds

Patty Ware, Juneau

Semi-retired, my youngest fledged,
his cluttered box of a room transformed
into a high thread count haven
bursting with fresh blooms
set just so,
I imagined I would become

a person
who took one Centrum Silver®
along with fish oil supplements
each morning. I would awake at dawn
while fellow creatures slumbered.
I would read Tolstoy, Camus, Kafka;
write lyrical, engaging verse;
frequent the gym weekly—at least—
practice planks and downward facing dog
at home
on my sky blue yoga mat.

Today,
I did not: do laundry, organize my desk, wash the car, call my mother.

The path strewn with pine needles crunched underfoot,
scattered shells lent their briny smell
to pale purple clover.
Ravens threw voices, upstaged
by twirling eagles plunging toward steel blue.
I relished sun's shy dance as she
tiptoed through grey mist,
and gazed, transfixed, at the dark-eyed junco
dropping a dangling moth
into the gaping gullet of her insistent hatchling.

Left: Rosie Ainza, Nagoon and Caterpillar

How to age gracefully

Beatrice Franklin, Juneau, UAS Staff

Change your trajectory
to that of the trapeze artist's.
Leave the ground to
boot stompers, cane walkers.
Don't worry the fit of your new leotard.
Talcum your sweaty palms,
bond with the bar's ease, let it
take you to heights unimaginable.
Let the air contour a younger self,
lift you weightless.
Listen to your charming trainer
urging your legs from the hip
not from the feet. (You would raise
greyhounds for him if he asked!)
Look down sparingly. Hold your nerve.
Know the netting will hold you
even though you haven't tested it.
Believe you'll master solo flying,
graduate to catching another bar,
other arms which will be
strong enough to hold you. More and more
possibilities if you love what you do.
Finally, water the pit of your fear so it blooms
like an Amaryllis. Though its stem will need staking
its color will glow your skin.



Axel Gillam, Yellow Legs

Feeding Her Inner Goose at the Boy Scout Camp

Beatrice Franklin, Juneau, UAS Staff

Crunching a dandelion flower,
sweet like a damp trisket,
she marvels to taste its
featheriness at 72,
for the first time

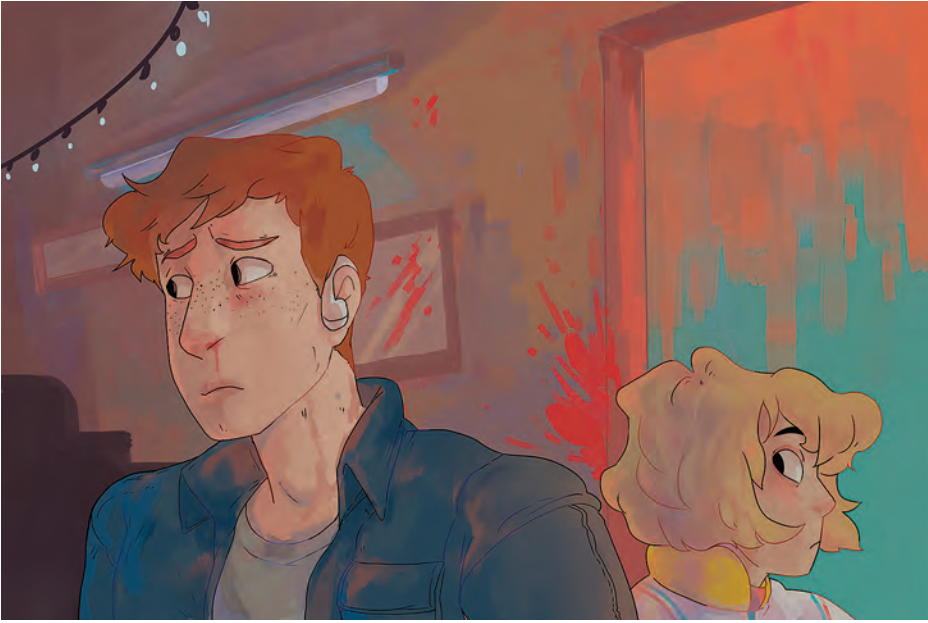
Like a child again, she craves
to bite yellow after yellow head.
When she was young,
no one told her not to.
She didn't think of doing it herself.

Mounds of buttery Beach Greens
offer sweet, peppery satisfaction.
She picks the upper third of leaves,
steps over geese droppings, draws the line
at asking if Shooting Stars are edible.

Snipping salty Beach Asparagus,
removing cyanidic Arrow Grass,
she observes the good and bad
plants side by side, drowned
and revived daily by the tide.

How reassuring this cupidity,
that old age still
lets her discover tidal,
if not erogenous zones.
She reaches for more surprises on her tongue,
delays the moment of tossing
her wild things with cherry tomatoes,
garden mint and lemons from Florida.

Right: Haley Shervey, On Guard



We Are Family

Chelsea Tremblay, Petersburg

Three of anything feels like a closed loop to me. Complete.

I've just finished my third full year back at home, and am now barreling into the fourth. You could almost take that as a sign I have made peace with my decision.

You would be wrong.



I wondered how long it would take for our new President's catchphrase to be lobbed in my direction.

Grab her by the —

It took three days.

Alaska has the highest rate of sexual violence in the country. I don't know why I was surprised when we gave our votes to a predator.



You're standing at the bar, enjoying the music.

He pulls up on a stool right next to you, a little too close, sitting to make himself comfortable.

“Ow.”

“What?”

“Your stool’s on my toe.”

He doesn’t look. “No, it’s not.”

The pain’s getting worse. “Hey, this is really hurting.”

“What’s your problem? Nothing’s wrong.”

You try to wiggle free. “Seriously, it’s on my foot. Can’t you just look and see?”

“You’re distracting me. We’re both here for the music, right?”

He scoots forward, scraping flesh from bone.

Your whole foot’s throbbing now. Even bleeding.

You’ve asked. Nicely, then not. He won’t look.

So you shove him off the stool.

Cursing, he picks himself up off the floor. “What’s your problem?”

You sit on the stool. You turn to the music.

Mangled toes dance to the beat.

He steps in blood on his way out.



It was my third time hiking the mountain. He pointed out the lemon in the hemlock, the spice in the spruce. It’s a shame we can’t find a way to get this flavor into food, he said, but the bitterness always comes through. It’s what they need to survive, but it doesn’t really transfer well.



When I have children, I want them to have at least five people they would call parents. I want their trans uncles and aunties and parents of any color to be as safe as I am wherever I live. When we have our first queer President I want to be in the crowd on inauguration day with my family. When we have our second non-white President I want her to scream - just once, unless she needs to do it again — at the top of her lungs into the nearest microphone for as long as she has breath. I want her heart to be an ocean and her spine to be granite. I want the accessibility ramps to be lined with tasteful flower garlands.

I tell people I give my heart to others without asking for automatic exclusivity, only a chance, and a piece of their heart in return.

I say this hoping for understanding, sometimes I even find some.

When tell you I love you I mean it.

When I told you goodbye I meant it.



Over 500 people in my hometown gave their vote to a man who has white nationalists celebrating and CNN hosting guests who ask, “Are Jews people?” with sincerity.

I don’t believe they all knew what they were doing, but I think now they’re afraid to make waves.

Which means they haven’t heard the storm forecast.



This is their town and they know it.

I grab the exposed roots and pull myself up, shaking legs finding strength against the rock.

This is my town too.

Lumbering to the top, the wisps of cloud shield us from the town. The mountains of the Coast Range declare themselves against the stark blue sky. The ledge behind us drops to a winterscape, a valley of ice where the sun doesn’t reach right now. Won’t until spring.

I watch the light bring the mountaintops to life.

The wind pushes Petersburg into view, declaring itself against the frozen muskeg and glimmering water.

I scream.

Once.

I love this town.

Twice.

And I don’t know how I can ever forgive it.



Rebekah Badilla, Mere Minerals

Grandma Zona

Sarah Roguska, Juneau, UAS Student

My memories of you are covered
in the smoke that blackened
all of our lungs.

Stories stuck on repeat
about the people you knew
as the years went by.

The whir and pump
of the oxygen concentrator
you refused to keep in your nose.

Flowery couches
too good for socked feet
sat unused in the living room.

The smell of chocolates
hidden away from greedy mouths
only to go stale.

Boney fingers fit
too small puzzle pieces
that inevitably fell on the floor.

My childhood bedroom holds
your last days
in its newly painted walls.

I wish I could hear something
other than stroke-slurred speech
that didn't know my name.

Feel your cooling skin
and nonexistent breath
under my shaking fingers.

See something besides
your gaping mouth
that never closed again.

Life Goes On

Richard Stokes, Juneau

Outside her window at the Alzheimer's home
waxwings devour red berries as they enliven an ash tree.
Inside, I hold her boney hand and whisper Hail Marys
as we await the end we have expected since the priest

gave last rites over a week ago. She lies on her back
like a fragile bird, her body dissolving into her bedclothes,
her breath coming in gentle puffs as if
she is blowing out the last of life's candles.

I tell her Dad and her siblings await her in heaven
and it's OK to say goodbye. As I tell her the angels
are coming to get her, I envision a chariot
on a cloud gliding silently, but what I hear is a clatter

of wheeled garbage containers being returned from
curbside to the alcove near Mom's window,
a commotion that startles the waxwings;
they flutter wildly. One crashes against

the window, falls lifeless. In the hallway
caregivers chat about who will bathe Bill and who
is to work on Thanksgiving Day. Outside the birds return
to the ash to attack the red berries as before.

Right: Diana Rossmiller, Untitled



Evergreen Cemetery

Jenny McBride, Juneau

Rainy day hemlocks weep
Their hushed tears falling on mountain ash
Where orange berries are growing.
Waiting for them to ripen
Robins dig worms; they wear the rain well.

Joseph Juneau and Richard Harris
Fossilized mining magnates buried here
Beneath plenty of tidy green grass.
No one can explain to the trees and robins
What's so great about lawn...or gold.

Today I heard that someone died
Under the Gold Creek Bridge last night.
She never saw the gold.
One man's fortune is another people's tragedy
And I trust she rests now
In a time when that creek
Was known by a different name.

What is the heart but a

Henry Melville, Juneau

Waking every morning with the sour aftertaste of the life I should be living in my
mouth

Where are you? What part of me
isn't good enough for it

I'm left lying with the glow of your recent presence in my dream
before the sun burns it away.

What is the heart but a wound? And if I sail out
to the middle of the sea will it still tune to you every night?
My body drawn up through the ceiling straight across the ocean at great speed
to you,
greeted every time with the warmth of
The only true thing in the world.

In the day I can almost forget that
the most inner part of me is made of yearning,
a hungry flying swallow turning
in the sky, its split tails casting an invisible wake I'm left following.
But at night I am a thing of flight, finding my brilliant way
through the keyholes in between us to a place
that I have known of for so long. I feel often that
it is the place where I lived when I slept in
the womb of my mother, waiting but in many ways
already there.

And not beginning to suspect that
I'd spend the rest of my waking life fighting my way back howling
for someone to hear and set things straight again, knowing both that no one will
understand and
that this is the only language for it.

Where are you?
The most tender thrumming piece of me walks the streets while I sleep, piecing
constellations
into stories night-traffic only a tear of light in the dark and I'm aloft, crossing
the great black wildernesses of this world,
if I could lay my head against your chest again
and sleep,
what dreams would there be left to dream?

Why I Feel Nostalgic for Hurricanes

Dylyn Peterson, Juneau, UAS Student

I hear the storm a long time before we do anything about it. My mom and stepfather (that's what he wants me to call him, at least) forbid me from helping put up the shutters, tell some lie about sharp edges. So I head inside to collect my things, put them in the living room. A sleeping bag. A couple books, with a flashlight. Packs upon packs of batteries. A wind-up radio/television/flashlight/teleportation-device-for-all-I-know. I think about building a fort, as is my second nature, but I think about it for too long. It's important that I get my hands on everything I need, because we can't go outside, and I can't go into any of the rooms. Too many windows.

Walking outside one last time before the neighborhood topography changes, I turn around, and the house looks like a do-it-yourself spaceship, which is the best kind of spaceship. My mom and stepfather are arguing, grimaces and hands thrown overhead, as was their second nature, but I can't hear it over the wind. The rain isn't falling yet, but the air is still with anticipation. It feels hard to breathe, as though a vacuum is sucking the air out of my lungs. But the wall of cloud, more stone than water vapor, creeping towards us from the south tells me it isn't here yet.

Eventually, the wind talks over us even when we stand together. My mom and I slip inside, while my stepfather stays out to tighten the bolts. He doesn't come inside until the raindrops fell on our house like aqueous meteorites. I'll want to remember him covered in bruises. My mom watches one of her favorite movies on the portable DVD player, but after the clouds get thicker and the wind screams through the walls and the lack of solar or artificial light steals our sense of time, the battery dies. I offer to recharge it but she says I'd break the crank on the radio/TV/generator. My mom is furious that I can't sleep. I read bad fantasy books whenever the lightning allows.

That night, with the eye of the storm over our heads, we check if anybody's roof has landed in our yard. No luck. My stepfather decides to bring out some lawn chairs. Once we've carried the last one into position, I ask him why he did that. He responds by pointing up, which I think is a little dramat--

I can see the entire fucking universe. I see colors I've never seen outside of old *Fantastic Four* comics, shapes I'll try and fail to doodle for years afterward, still trying, still failing. Before, when the streetlights drowned out the sky, all I could see at night was a handful of halfhearted stars, and then only when our precise 8 PM showers missed their appointments. I'm told that when people from the mountains go to a flat place, the sky makes them feel like they'll fall off the world, and that people from plains feel like the mountains will swallow them.

But seeing that...being *allowed* to see that...I've never felt so massive.

Stardust in Seattle: Motes of Human Activity

JoAnn Cunningham, Haines

We are at the Radio for the Blind and Physically Handicapped in Seattle, a state-subsidized building containing a universe humming with 80-some volunteers and several staff members. Reagan is President in these days; I am the lead broadcaster. I report for work five days a week at the time most people wake up. I make coffee for those who insist they like it and need it, then walk to the broadcasting booth. Sharply at seven a.m. until nine in the morning, two readers peruse the *Seattle Times*, sharing articles of their choice. For those who can't see it for themselves, we broadcast the morning paper to the state. Throughout the day, past the morning paper, other programs are aired: smatterings from the *New York Times Book Review*, a cooking program, a gardening program, half-hour readings from current magazines, interviews, and whole books over a period of days.

My Wednesday paper readers are bright-eyed and full of fun. Howard deftly finishes the daily crossword puzzle while his partner takes his turns reading. They are not Klick and Klack, but they are a good team, and one day, when I move on from this job, I will cry big tears when I say good-bye to them.

There are others who people this universe—all with their own activities, styles, and concerns: Heng Sure undergoes his training as a reader only in the presence of another monk; he will not submit to being alone in a recording booth with the female trainer. Eileen is going blind due to diabetes, but she continues to help run the place and is fueled by a passion for a blind man whose passion is Eileen and cross-country skiing. He visits occasionally from Indiana. They know each other's geography. John greets people who enter the building, answers the phone, is wildly literate and vastly educated—as well as blind. Within the universe of this building, he is a universe in himself. Then there's Grant, autistic, who has his routine of emptying waste baskets throughout the building. He's brilliant about dates. I say, "Grant, hello, how are you?" He doesn't respond. Doesn't even act as if he hears me. I say, "Grant, my birthday is next summer—July 22nd. What day of the week is that?" He responds in a high-pitched, monotone voice, "That is a Tuesday." We share no eye contact. He exits the room.

The place has a variety of employees. For a few days, I'm sent on a junket with a deaf man who insists on driving. He's a chatty fellow and for hundreds of miles, wants to maintain conversation. I contort myself in the front seat so he can read my lips and drive at the same time. We visit several libraries and potential user sites in the state, telling about state-sponsored services for the blind and handicapped. It turns out that we make it back to work safely.

At work, I'm told of Diana, a woman partially blind who would welcome someone to read for her at home. I oblige and find my way to her old Craftsman house

near Volunteer Park. Her blindness has come on suddenly—when she returned home from the corner store to find her husband missing. She learned that he'd called 911 in her absence, was taken away by ambulance, and didn't make it to the hospital alive. The stress of the moment stroked her out. Vision was impacted. I get to know this woman of Russian heritage whose father was a 1950's union organizer in New York. She followed in her father's footsteps, also alienated the McCarthy cronies, and had to reinvent her identity and teaching career in a small community in Kansas—abandoning her tenure, pension, true name--all that. Let's say she isn't, by nature, cheerful. Smart—yes. She tells me about teaching Russian as a college professor and how her daughter has little time for her. I read to Diana, open her mail, write checks she signs to pay her bills, feel compassion for her there alone in that simple, white, too empty house.

We decide on an outing. The gardening programmer at Radio for the Blind has invited three of us to her home for an evening soiree. This time I am driving. We pick up Lee (in her early 70's) from her apartment overlooking the grocery store parking lot on Capitol Hill. On the way, Diana and Lee strike up a conversation about quality of life and each explains to the other how she will do herself in when she's had enough. Diana has founded the Hemlock Society in Seattle. She has answers and means. I fix my gaze on the road and tighten my grip on the steering wheel. There is a deep ravine to one side of the road. I briefly think, "Well, I can take care of this, ladies. Don't trouble yourselves."

We drive on to our evening soiree where a bouquet and appetizers grace the room with the baby grand piano. Among these three aging women and one wide-eyed apprentice to life there is talk and laughter and commiseration and our host-ess playing the piano, then Lee singing in her husky, full voice, Summertime. For the moment, the livin' is easy.



Coyote

Katherine Hocker, Gustavus

Across the ditch, under a spruce,

it turned,
 sat down loose-boned,
looked at me

 yawned.

It was perfect

It was the color of
moon granite autumn sedge

It had black-rimmed eyes
like a painted god

An Affair with Andromeda

Katelynn Ross, Ketchikan, UAS Student

Your skin glimmers in moonlight
flesh covered in stars.
Palms upturned in a universe so fragile
that a flick of a fingertip could cause a supernova.
Where a galaxy could be crushed by a brush of your thumb.
The Tattoos etched in your back are constellations
guiding me, taking me to a place I call home.

For a moment, everything is asleep,
aside from your hands across an expanse of starry skin.
Scars like the Milky Way, brightest in the darkest nights.
Lightened with moonstruck touches.



Above and left: Kent Chastain, Untitled

How Night Comes in Winter

Sarah Isto, Juneau

Night weather descends before day weather fades—
a chill near the lungs, a dimming of the air,
tree shadows reaching across the river.

The soft day-crust of snow ices and tightens.
A ruffed grouse dives into a drift for warmth,
for shelter from the horror of owl.

At last, the blurry orb of daily sun slumps behind a hill.
Dusky shreds of day congeal and slide away.
First one star, then five bloom.

Then, in her own dark time, the brilliant, mottled moon will arise
wearing this night's guise—her circle or sickle or segment—
and the wild aurora will storm and seethe and burst its glow
against the transparent skin of earth's black atmosphere.



Above: Katie Rueter, Light Up the Sky

Right: Kirsa Hughes-Skandijs, See You In Spring



Courage

Sarah Isto, Juneau

Sometimes it is stepping out
lightly onto the earth,
leavened by confidence
in the bedrock beneath the mire.

Sometimes it is stroking
a canoe through blind fog,
sensing by touch the tangled lilies
that part before you.

Also it is this:
listening beyond the traffic,
the dinging phone, the prattle of desire
for words addressed to your inmost name.

Smoking Luckies

Sarah Isto, Juneau

Aunt Suzanne,
youngest of my father's sisters,
smiles and puffs her Lucky Strike
while the oxygen is off.

She ignores the home nurse,
disapproving in the other room,
and tries to appease my distress
by patting my hand and
explaining her satisfaction:

Only my grandmother complained
when I bought my first pack.
'Not ladylike,' she said.
Just what I wanted!

When I was young
I liked lighting up and feeling racy,
but what I really loved was the relaxation.

I always sat down to smoke, you know,
at the kitchen table or on the porch,
never in the car or in bed.
I sat down, took a break and relaxed
no matter how hectic the day.

But now Tom is gone,
and I'm a widow
old as my grandmother.
not enough money,
about to lose my home.
Too much alone

These last few years
I would wake in the night
with an ache of dread.

But now, just in time and just like Tom,
inside my chest the cancer spreads.



She exhales a perfect ring of smoke
and leans gently, light as a child,
against my shoulder.
Together we gaze at the smoldering tip
of the white gift that has rescued her
from hard old age, and I nod.

Rosie Ainza, Agape



Old Days in Douglas, Alaska

Margo Waring, Juneau

When the ice melted on the Douglas Reservoir,
the first sunny day, they packed a picnic,
left plaid woolens and knit hats;
mops, brooms and scrub brushes in hand,
took the kids up the hill,
past “No Swimming or Boating” signs,
skirted the tall concrete dam,
drained the water;
scrubbed mud and algae from the rocks;
lay back in the sun, drank beer,
laughed, pleased with their work.
Spring snow melt and rain filled it quickly
and little boys on warm summer days
skinny dipped in the cool water.

Monica Daugherty, Pink House

Tableside Conversation/Overheard in a Restaurant

Margo Waring, Juneau

Two couples at the next table.

“I was born before social media,” said one male voice,
explaining the gap between himself and the other three,
a generational divide imperceptible to me.

Although I was here, I did not notice social media’s birth
or understand its childhood, so recent ,
it jumbles with shopping lists, paid bills and yesterday’s newspaper.
I, who was also born before social media,
and born before jet planes and moon shots,
before television, internet, email,
big box stores, when Amazon was a female warrior,
before exurbs, AMTRAK, or the interstate highway system;
before Vietnam , rock and roll and the Aquarian age;
before Medicare, the Voting Rights Act or the State of Alaska
where I now live, having arrived by jet during the moon landing,
long before social media but now learning to Twitter.

The Kumquat Cure for Hypomanics

Amy Lortie, Juneau, UAS Student

Winner of the 2017 Mac Behrend's Award for Creative Writing

Consider the diminutive kumquat, *Fortunella japonica*, the smallest citrus fruit in the world. Besides being ridiculously fun names to say, more surprise and wisdom are packed into this tiny little bomb than food should be allowed. One bite is the equivalent of my tongue catapulting into the sweet stratosphere, and plunging into the sour Mariana Trench all at the same time. This oral conundrum is caused by the juxtaposition of the intensely sweet peel and the vitriol-bitter flesh. For the kumquat family, I'm sure, this internal duality has evolutionary advantages. For me, my family, and other humans, this bipolar paradox is a mixed blessing. Fortune, as the their implies, is a game of chance. It could be really good; it could be really bad. It could be both at once, or anywhere in between. I have a great deal of empathy for *Fortunella's* potential inner conflict, for which it neither apologizes nor advertises. I admire it's ability to remain whole and perfect, indifferent to the fact that it is the embodiment of oxymoron. *Fortunella* has become my map to wholeness. They are my bipolar oral pilgrimage to sanity, my cure for hypomania.

In the grove, kumquats are all alike. Their bipolar quality likely goes unnoticed amongst themselves. Perhaps it's just one of those intrinsic qualities that makes a species what it is. Unlike the citrus, most bipolars in the human grove don't go unnoticed. Most of us can't embody both the sweet and the bitter at the same time. We oscillate between the "up" sweet manic phase and the "down" bitter depression phase. Not all of us have the same range. It is a continuum of severity, not unlike the differences between varieties in the kumquat grove. The manic phase is characterized by bouts of intense creativity. Our brains see the world without filters; we see connections and nuances that are subtle enough to be filtered out by normal brains. As a result, we often miss the superficial obvious. This sometimes-overwhelming influx of input is often accompanied by an almost rabid drive for expression. Many of my kind have been celebrated throughout history as paradigm-shifters and as "the tortured genius" types. The higher we fly, the more famous we become. Hemingway, Beethoven, and O'Keefe all rode their manic highs to fame in the fine arts. Charles Darwin saw a pattern in nature that changed the world as we knew it by changing the way that reality was perceived. (I've often wondered if Darwin considered this mutation an adaptive advantage or a liability.)

As a genetic factor, bipolar disorder rarely pops up randomly; it manifests in a disorderly fashion in family trees. My family tree— or shrub, as is *Fortunella's* growth habit— is small and compact. Being a temperate, we are sensitive to the colder pole of depression. This sensitivity has resulted in some serious pruning, both on purpose and by unseasonal death. In the last three generations, over half

Right: Rebekah Badilla, Pleistocene

of us have been bonkers (this word has more latitude for fun than mentally ill). As with many bipolars, most of us have attempted to mitigate lows with drugs or alcohol. For some who suffer severely, this intolerable state is ended by suicide. Both addiction and suicide have pruned my family shrub. Although neither achieved genius status, both my Grams and my Uncle Ray were tortured artists. Their choices of coping strategies proved fatal. Consequently, I have this completely irrational belief that if I can avoid “indulging” my obsessive drive to create, I can avoid tragedy. More constructively, the previous branches on the family shrub showed me that my life likely depended on finding alternatives.

The current generational branch of my family is sparse. It holds just my sister and myself. She is bipolar and an artist like Grams and Ray. She has also struggled with drug and alcohol addiction. My sister and I are very close being that we are the last two of our line. She is also one of the few people in this galaxy that understands what comes out of my manic-phased brain. I feel very fortunate to have her, and doubly fortunate that I have her still. I am also grateful to have discovered the kumquat principle when I did. It’s likely that I would have been backed out onto the same limb of addiction if I hadn’t. My sister and I agreed that there would be no next generation of crazies. We have avoided branching. It just seemed selfish to risk seeding another generation with the genetic twins of addiction and the compelling incentive to self-medicate.



Alongside the compassion and understanding of my sister, I have been supported by a solid stem. This durable, seemingly indestructible umbilicus is my career. It provides the structure that I need in order to be functional. Much of my overabundant creativity gets funneled into my healing practice. It takes a tremendous amount of “presence” and being physically-grounded to pull off being a therapist. Unlikely as it might seem, I am adept at this, probably because I’ve been practicing for twenty-five years. Year after year, naked person after naked person, I must “show up”. Sometimes I think it is my clients who are healing me. My practice is also great exercise for my empathy muscles. It puts my issues into perspective. It’s not easy to feel sorry for myself when I am constantly cataloguing the suffering of others. So what if my brain is a little more entertaining than would be optimal? This sobering perspective reinforces my stem-tether to normal-brained reality.

Another of my stabilizers is the lovely, sweet, and tough rind of Fortunella— my community, my protective circle. Luckily, my nearest and dearest have found my pendulum-ride amusing, or at least entertaining. This amazingly-forgiving circle holds and hides my quirks. They look after me and remind me to look after myself. I often run ideas by my normal-brained friends to see how far out of the box they are. Some of my most “brilliant” revelations have been vetoed for public broadcast. I save those ones for my sister. Even with my informal sanity panel, sometimes I open my mouth and the crazies come out. I tease my normal-brained friends that they can’t see what I see because their filters need cleaning. I say this while I pretend to inspect their ears for dust bunnies. It’s not easy, I know, having a dear one who is bipolar. We can be embarrassing. I am unfiltered blurt. Luckily (for me), some members of my sweet rind-container are just as “creative” as me. We can laugh at our crazies together.

My “up” is the etheric sweetness of the intoxicating star-shaped Fortunella blossoms. This euphoric state of being is my creative place. It is the place where new things are invented, puzzles are solved, and optimism reigns supreme. The view from up among the star-blossoms is incredibly universal. I can see far, wide, and deep. My particular flavour of bi-polar is III. That is to say, I am hypomanic: I fly just under the cuckoo’s nest. The entire cosmos becomes transparent. Light and pattern infuse everything. The inter-connectedness of all things becomes clear, and I am holding it all. I can feel every individual atom. (I’ve often wondered if this is where impressionism and pointillism came from.) It is like being in love with all that is to the point of feeling like I am going to explode with the joy of it. It is like being a single note immersed inside a symphony. I’ve learned over the years to bring it all “home.” Insights gleaned usually stick. They are often the discordant notes— spots of decay on the star-blossom petals, mars on the cosmic perfection. They often turn out to be the intuitive key to the heart of a problem, accurate to the point of being perceived as psychic. Western medicine calls this “delusional”. Mystics call it “gifted”.

As Newton (ironically one of our own) would say, “what goes up, must come down”; the jolting sourness of Fortunella flesh meets this imperative. So sweet a journey, must have an antithesis. While the high is amazing in so many ways, it is

impractical. Time has no meaning. The physical realm— “real life”, gets neglected. The jolt of sour citrus flesh is the grounding force. Landing into my own flesh after a journey is a real chore. It feels much too crowded with silly things like vital organs. This is especially true when my kidneys are on fire; I had no idea that I needed to pee. Sour citrus shocks me into my body. It brings me down. Hypomanics don't necessarily go to the bottom of the Mariana Trench of depression like the more unfortunate classic Type Is (like my poor Grams), nor do they get stuck in the trench without the thrill of the stratospheric ride like the most unfortunate bipolar IIs. Hypomanics come down to “normal”, which feels like depression after the euphoria. I know, this sounds as though I'm lost in space, between absolutes of anything that could be an anchor.

As my touchstone, the kumquat seed serves as this anchor. Squirreled away inside the DNA of the seed is renewal, the map for navigating this kind of wild, creative space. At the center of the fruit, they are like the eye of the hurricane, the zero-point of the oxymoron. The seeds are the never-changing, enduring part of me. Always, no matter how cosmic I get, in the core of my being is the awareness and connection to my essential self. That is, that in the heart of the bipolar conundrum lies absolute trust in myself. Over time, I've learned to orient my ride to this awareness so that I remain anchored to this wellspring of truth at all times. This gives me more control and will on the ride, sort of like lucid dreaming. I can choose how far and how fast to go and what to focus on while I am there. The result is a more evenly creative state; it is meted out incrementally instead of being blown out in one ginormous fireworks show. Now, for example, I could journey to see the pattern and what might be out of place in order to solve a specific problem. My double-edged gift has morphed from being a liability into being an asset.

The intense bitterness of the seed is the tendency for us bipolars to self-destruct, in spite of our brilliance. It has not turned out so badly for me. By a lucky spin of the wheel of Fortunella, I am neither brilliant, nor overly self-destructive. Maybe the odds get better with each successive generation; I don't know. Bitter also, is my regret that my discovery of the secret of kumquat medicine came too late to share with my departed relatives, whose bodies and psyches were not strong enough to hold the oxymoron.

This tiny, orange, egg-shaped treasure has become the vessel in which I reflect myself and my circumstance. Its stable conundrum is my map to integrity. It is the balm with which I resurrect myself. Its ability, like all plants, to recreate itself over and over again from its own seed and the remnants of its own flesh inspires me. What could have been an unhappy existence accompanied by a tragic end, has been transformed into a rather magical life by the grace and wisdom of Fortunella. More often than not, I am grateful for my good fortune in having slightly-abnormal brain chemistry. It certainly keeps things interesting. Maybe someday, I'll muster the courage to become really interesting. Maybe I'll even overcome my irrational fear of being an artist.

A Taste of Punjab

Hannah Near, Juneau, UAS Student

Curry spice intermingles with turmeric.
My skin brushes between the bowls
of spices—my eyes dart among the colors
with relish. A strand of hair escapes its
braided prison, I corral it as a wave of nutmeg
swirls into pepper and creates flavor,
heat the color and constancy of mud.
Ginger root freshly peeled sticks to my fingers,
dry hands lick around the sharp sweetness.
As mustard seed contrasts with cloves, fabric
separates the scents from my nose—the saree
wrapped around my shoulders begs attention.
Sunshine colored cloth descends—stiff seeds ground
to powder invade fibers and embed under nails as
my arms embrace the softness of spices and silk.
My saree is streaked with darkness. Designs of anise
displaced amongst coriander, leave smug
marks of pride like a man who inhales
the most powdered doughnuts from a string.
Dinner will be delayed.



Kathleen McCrossin, Untitled

Feeding My Family

Holly Eyre, Juneau, UAS Student

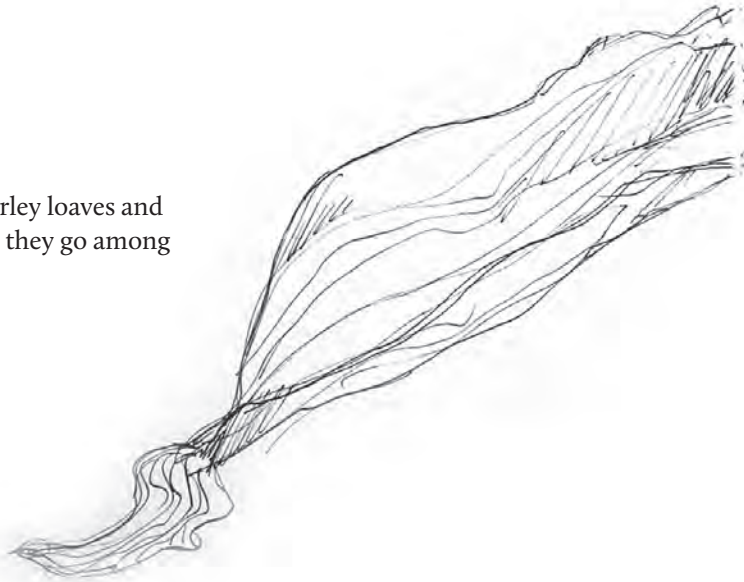
Less than a cup of flour,
a tablespoon of oil,
no salt, but a pinch of sugar.
Remnants of powdered milk
and an ungreased pan.
Small brick biscuits.

Freezer burned
chicken breast
diced and boiled.
No garlic, but wild onions
and borrowed corn.
Chicken scented broth.

Four bowls, one prayer.
My mother's biscuit
becomes our breakfast.

John 6:9

Here is a boy with five small barley loaves and
two small fish, but how far will they go among
so many?



Lucy Pizzuto-Phillips, Corn



When Nothing Else Works

Holly Eyre, Juneau, UAS Student

Blood letting,
vile tonics,
garish surgeries.

She's marked:
unclean.

Every physician,
every cure
weakened the woman.

Twelve years since she
kissed her husband.

Twelve years since she
hugged her child.

Twelve years since she
went outside.

A messenger brought word:
one more physician.
This man
heals lepers.

*If I touch him,
healing will come.*

The physician freezes.
"Who touched me?"

*Eyes downcast,
I did.*

Vivid green eyes
meet hers.
I'm very sorry.

A large hand
pats her shoulder.



“Daughter,
Don’t worry.”

Her constant companion,
Bleeding,
vanished
with her
into the crowd.

Luke 8:43-48

And a woman was there who had been subject to bleeding for twelve years, but no one could heal her. She came up behind him and touched the edge of his cloak, and immediately her bleeding stopped....Then he said to her, “Daughter, your faith has healed you. Go in peace.

Katie Craney, Feedback Loop



Trenton Yo, 451

Dancing With Dante

Greg Capito, Juneau

It may have been the summer after my freshman year in college, I'm not really sure. But I do recall that this period was the heyday of American manufacturing. And so when my dad said the local steel mill was hiring college students, I jumped at the chance to make some big bucks for a few months of summer work.

Steel-making was in my blood. My dad, cousins, neighbors and friends worked in the steel industry. So on a bright summer day in early June I was outfitted with a yellow hard hat, wire rimmed protective goggles, steel toed boots, heavy work gloves and told to report to the foreman in an area of the factory called the "hot-bed". This ominous term meant nothing to me or my college friends as one of the white hats led us through a mile-long metal-clad building that was open at both ends. Inside was a noisy, dark and dirty place.

Standing on a concrete platform with several other summer interns, I gazed into a large open pit called the hotbed. Alone in the pit was an older, grizzled guy dressed much the same as us. In his left hand was a six foot metal rod with a hook at the end. Directly in front of him was a heavy metal cradle loaded with a dozen 30 foot long steel ingots. What happened next made my heart stop. This man used the rod to loop heavy chains around the steel forming bundles that the crane operator could then lift out of the way. There was one minor problem with this operation – the eight hundred degree heat radiating from the hot ingots was so intense the grey metal crackled and popped. The scene reminded me of Dante's Inferno as the heat danced in shimmering waves towards the hunched over steel worker. I watched in disbelief as he calmly and deliberately chained the sizzling ingots into a bundle then waltzed out of the pit unscathed. His fluid movements reminded me of a ballet dancer en pointe rather than a tough mill worker.

The exhibition was as impressive as it was frightening and I was ready to continue our tour of the plant. Then suddenly, the foreman grabbed my shoulder and said, "Ok kid you're next." I responded with a grin that suggested he was either playing a cruel joke or was nuts. But the white hat did not back off as he ordered me to leave the safety of the platform and climb down into the pit. "Move it, we've got to make steel today," shouted the foreman. The grizzled veteran in the pit handed me the rod and told me to keep my head down and chin tight to my chest so that the heat waves would reflect off my hard hat. He then ordered me to button my long sleeve shirt and raise my collar to protect the chest, face, forearms and neck. "Give that devil heat any opening and you'll be grilled like a chicken on a spit," he snarled.

I stepped a few feet closer to the hot bed and jumped back in horror. "Listen kid, your old man works next door in the 21 inch mill doesn't he? How would it look if you turned tail?" Disappointing my dad is something I was not prepared to do so I moved back towards the hot metal but leaned a little too far forward causing my

hard hat to slide off my head and tumble under the shimmering steel. It instantly burst into flames and melted. As the heat wave found its way onto my exposed head and face, I shrieked and raced back up the stairway so fast I nearly knocked over the foreman and my shocked friends. "Anyone else want to try it?" bellowed the foreman. No one moved so the foreman again focused his attention on me. "If you can't do a man's job then get the hell out of the mill," he roared. So armed with a new hardhat, I inched back down the steps a second time feeling that I was going to meet ole Dante himself. After several awkward tries, I somehow managed to bundle the steel and motioned for the crane operator. But this five minute exercise was so exhausting, I could hardly stand. I was relieved when the foreman told us that in an eight hour shift I would only work an hour on and an hour off but still be paid for a full day! That's the part of working in the hotbed that immediately appealed to me.

In a few weeks I was chaining steel like a veteran and by the end of the summer, the work once thought so dangerous had become routine. Slowly, my friends began departing for college. Since I was attending a local school, my employment could stretch into the fall. Privately, the value of a college education was becoming a real question. With just a high school diploma, I could make more working four hours a day than a full time high school science teacher I wanted to be. And without worrying about tuition, I could easily afford a car. So why return to college?

Then one late afternoon I had a life altering experience. While waiting in the pit for the next load of steel, a mysterious man approached the concrete platform. He was massive, well over six feet tall with huge biceps that looked like two coils of steel wire. The sweat glistened off of his neck and forearms. Leaning over the railing he bellowed, "Hey kid you wanna die in the mill?" The question sent a shock wave through my system and I pretended not to hear him. So he challenged me again and this time his voice boomed over the din and clatter of the factory. "You want to die here?" he shouted. I shrugged then shook my head no. What on earth did he mean? I knew the place was dirty and dangerous, anyone could see that but did he have something else in mind? He took giant strides down the stairwell and was soon in my face. His slate grey eyes looked right through me. "If you don't want to die here, finish school and get your education, you got that?" I was stunned having never seen the man before and had no idea why he had picked me from the other summer interns. And how was he able to read my mind?

It was only after graduating college that I figured out what the mysterious steel worker really meant. Years later, returning to the steel valley, I drove by the once bustling factory, and noticed the buildings were strangely silent. The football field size parking lot was vacant and covered in ankle deep grass. The smoke stacks no longer belched red dust and the sounds of the cranes moving ingots of steel were absent. Stiff competition from Asia hit this plant like a time bomb. Steel workers, the very heart of blue collar America, were now rendered obsolete. In just a few short years, this vibrant, industry faced a swift, cruel and painful death and became part of the infamous Midwestern rust belt. Now the sons of once proud steel work-



ers hustled between two and three lower paying jobs while struggling to make ends meet. And if I had stayed in the mill, I would have been laid off like thousands of others, with no skills or prospects for the future.

I now believe that somehow, that mysterious steel worker had seen the future. Realizing it was too late for his generation, he decided to give me a swift kick in the pants and shock me into understanding the value of a college education. Thinking back to that fateful day, I shudder at what might have happened if I had ignored his sage advice, bought that car and settled into the comfortable rhythms of Dancing with Dante.





AN INTERVIEW WITH FEATURED ARTIST
RICO LANAAT' WORL

Lt has been a pleasure working with Rico Lanaat' Worl to make this interview happen and to have his work included in *Tidal Echoes* as the featured artist. It has also been an immense privilege to work with one of Southeast Alaska's most prominent artists and hearing what pushes him personally, culturally, and artistically. He is well known for his work with traditional formline style and applying it with less traditional objects. His store Trickster Company is working to bring innovative Indigenous design to Juneau. Working with him on this interview gave me a further appreciation for his artistry and how he uses it alongside community.

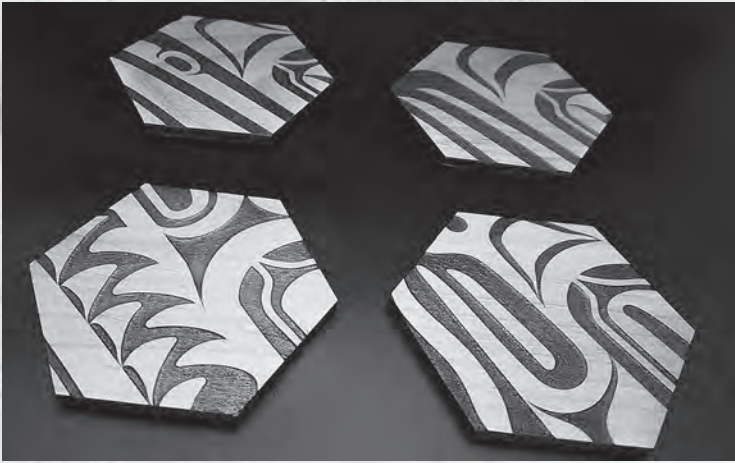
What first got you into formline design? How were you introduced to the artform?

Art is integral to Tlingit lifestyle. It surrounds us and holds us up from childhood, but it's like water to a fish. I have always been engaged with it, but I didn't really label it as anything. I didn't label myself as an artist until after I finished college in Pennsylvania. One basic tenant of doing Tlingit art, this is something that I learned from Nathan Jackson, is that you have to learn formline. To be able to draw before you can do anything else. So, when I got home in 2008 I started to study the design from the basics.

Could you explain the mixture of Tlingit and Athabaskan art styles in your work? How do the two Indigenous cultures differ in how your art is made?

Yes, there is a long history of trade between the Tlingit and Athabaskan people. If you look at Northern Tlingit

To create, I really believe you have to stay inspired and challenged. Find ways to be open to all forms of critique. Learn how to seek out and accept critique. Learn about the business of art, wholesale, retail, online sales, etc. Know that being an artist is also being an



To create, I really believe you have to stay inspired and challenged... Know that being an artist is also being an entrepreneur.

regalia, you will often see floral work integrated. My mother is Athabaskan and my father is Tlingit. Tlingit art uses a design system called formline, which has developed along the Northwest Coast over the last few thousand years. Athabaskan artwork is often based around the floral beadwork style. I often integrate the two to represent both sides of my family, you can see this in “Tribute” or “Floral Raven”.

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

Always study. There are so many artists available to study through, the old masters and online through Instagram.

entrepreneur. It’s hard work, long hours, and low pay but you also must learn about salesmanship and marketing.

You’re bringing traditional style to Juneau, through the Trickster Company, in new ways with playing cards, skateboards, and more. What does it mean for you to have this traditional style and to be giving it to a new generation in such a different way?

I think in a lot of my work, I really give an emphasis to the idea that traditional native art is and always has been integral for our day-to-day life. Our canoes had designs, our houses had

designs, our serving bowls had designs, and our spoons had designs. It allowed us to represent ourselves day to day; to remember the past and think of the future. My artwork operates in that very traditional manner.

Though these methods of design

Art has always been a means of representation within our communities, for respecting and honoring the relations within those communities. I design to continue that tradition.

2) I design to promote inter-community connection. The future is diverse.



I often integrate the two [Tlingit and Athabascan art traditions] to represent both sides of my family.

are fairly traditional, I think I create products with multiple purposes that are unique:

1) I design to promote arts as a tool for strengthening intra-community. It's about uplifting the cultural pride of our own. I grew up playing cards with my cousins; cards that honored roots of western colonialism. I want the next generation to have the opportunity to play with cards that represented their own people and their own land. To have small manageable things that can be integrated into one's lifestyle. The language edition of the playing cards, of course, brings that to the next level.

As we learn how to be diverse communities cross-culturally, understanding and empathy is going to be vital for us all. The art we create is designed to respect the Tlingit property law, while still giving non-native people a means to appreciate the artwork without appropriating. Designs that they may be able to feel comfortable wearing on their body. To represent a part of themselves as they relate to the various topics spoken about in the art form (from nature to Star Wars), but still acknowledging that it is an art form that came from a specific people.

3) I design as a cultural diplomat. So,

not only for locals, but as a representative to a world of travelers that visit our shores during the tourist season. So many people in the world think Native Americans are a thing of the past and that the ones who live today are not truly native people, unless they act like

What medium of art did you first start playing with?

Well, growing up there were all kinds of opportunities to access art supplies and play with them. But I think the first medium I really started using regularly was digital animation!



[Our designs] allowed us to represent ourselves day to day; to remember the past and think of the future.

they did 100 years ago. I am representing the idea that as Indigenous people we are modern people as well and they can relate to us. This way our visitors have a way to visit with us at an authentic level. So, we can show them, as a community, we are proud of all our diverse communities.

How do you intend to continue bringing tradition into a more “modern” form?

By continuing to design, in a way, allows my entire community (native and non-native) to gather around it. Creating things that we all find to be relevant or important.

In high school, my friends and I played with Macromedia Flash to animate stupid little inside jokes we had.

What’s your favorite and least favorite part of making art?

My favorite— there is a moment when you finish a piece that is very tedious or very easy to mess up. You breathe a sigh of relief and hopefully sit back while feeling done with the piece itself. I take a Snapchat of it to share with my closest friends and relax. A lot of art and creation has a certain amount of risk and failure, which adds some stress to the creation process sometimes.



The future is diverse. As we learn how to be diverse communities cross-culturally, understanding and empathy is going to be vital for us all.

My least favorite... there are many ways it can take a toll on your health, just like any other job; it's stressful trying to make a living off art. Some art supplies use unhealthy chemicals. You work long hours. It takes a lot of vigilance to keep up a balanced healthy lifestyle.

Are there any new projects you're working on?

I am hoping to have something big come out in fall or winter 2017. Like, big enough that I may do another Kickstarter to make it a reality. It's top secret for now. Stay tuned @trickstercompany on Instagram, Twitter, and Facebook!

Above: Wolverine Screen

Left: Raven Visits Alpha Centauri

Page 52: Portrait of Rico Lanaat' Worl with Transforming Raven

Page 53: Talon

Page 54: Thirsty

Page 55: Athabascan Raven

Check Out Time

Daniel Kantak, Douglas

1987 Ramada Inn Air Crash and Fire and a friend's survival
(Incidents and events contained in this poem were shared with me by a dear friend
who broke her routine for a fateful cup of coffee)

She smiled at the man
using the hotel lobby phone
as he raised his left index finger
in the air signing that he
would be done in a minute or two.
In exchange of glances
she indicated no hurry
for him to end his call
so she could make her
routine morning call-in
to the office and
exited the hotel thinking;
Coffee first; a café a block away;
then return to make the call
and checkout.
She gazed precipitately upward;
mundane scattered gray clouds
wore little chance of rain;
around her street traffic
was commonplace,
humdrum,
unpretentious,
bland; predictable
as an Indianapolis Tuesday.

Minutes later
a military plane
plummeted into the hotel;
cockpit and engine careening
into the lobby;
jet fuel igniting upon impact;
Eight people incinerated instantly;
And one more,
clothes burned off, holding
a melted phone in
his charred
right
hand.

Time as an indigo child
in dye cast scrapbook
of remembering haunts
like all Hallows Eve.

She is dreaming now;

A man politely yields
the phone to her
in a hotel lobby;
he goes off to a café.



Deer Waak upon owl mountains, and the quail
Whistle about us their spontaneous cries;
Sweet berries ripen in the wilderness;
And, in the isolation of the sky,
At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make
Ambiguous undulations as they sink,
Downward to darkness, on extended wings."

"In Thirteen Ways of Looking at
a Blackbird", "The Man With The
Blue Guitar" and other poems,
Stevens becomes a poetic practitioner
of cubism, which Picasso once
defined as "a dance around the
object..."
Jay Parini

Wallace Stevens
"Sunday Morning"
From
Harmonium

Lucy Pizzuto-Phillips, Chanterelle (detail)

Cabbage Canner Shoes

Daniel Kantak, Douglas

The one thing I remember most
about the day in the fourth grade
in late autumn 1961 when Mrs. Butler
took her 4th grade class (me included)
to the Silver Floss Cabbage Canning factory
in Phelps New York to show us what
a modern cabbage canning plant
looked like—and where we might work one day...

It wasn't the cabbage press machine
that 16 children could easily fit into.
It wasn't the steamer
spitting and spewing
like a "Yellowstone" geyser
above a cataclysmic magma chamber.
It wasn't the stainless steel guillotine
that ensured shredded cabbage heads fell
nicely into the basket below.
It was the juice—the stinking cabbage juice;
what it did to the leather of the shoes
of all the workers standing in it.
It was what the red-eyed lady
with blue bandanna covering her hair,
rubber gloves up to her elbows,
standing on a wooden board
said to me;

"You go through a lot of boots working here."

Visiting Hour

Blake Fletcher, Juneau, UAS Student

If I was that prison guard
I would dread the towheaded kid
that visits every Thursday
and doesn't quite understand
why he only gets to see his father
one hour a week separated by
a long table, and me.

Blonde hair would bounce with every
step his grandmother took;
the wrinkled woman held his hand.
His wide eyes would dart
from white wall to white wall
always careful to avoid the bars.
Waiting for his familiar face.

His restless leg jitters,
she comforts the boy,
He will be here soon—
I know he is excited to see you too.
A buzzer rings signaling movement
followed by the sound of heavy
metal doors dragging on concrete.

The bars click into place,
and the boy stops fidgeting.
Footsteps echo down the hallway
and are amplified by this big room.
As his dad walks in
I could see his eyes steady
on the face grinning back at him.

His dad sat down,
and towhead stood up.
His dad pulled a deck of cards
from his bright orange pocket
smiling at him and speaking so softly;
I could not hear.
He smiled and sat.



Flimsy from use, the cards
were dealt in two piles.
They played war one handed
because the other two were
wrapped tightly together.
A direct violation to protocol,
but this one can slide.

Visiting hour is over.
Towhead's eyes began to well up,
he jumps up on the table
into arms that know this is a violation.
He tries his best to let go
while I take his child away.
I held him as gently as I could.

A violation that can't be ignored.

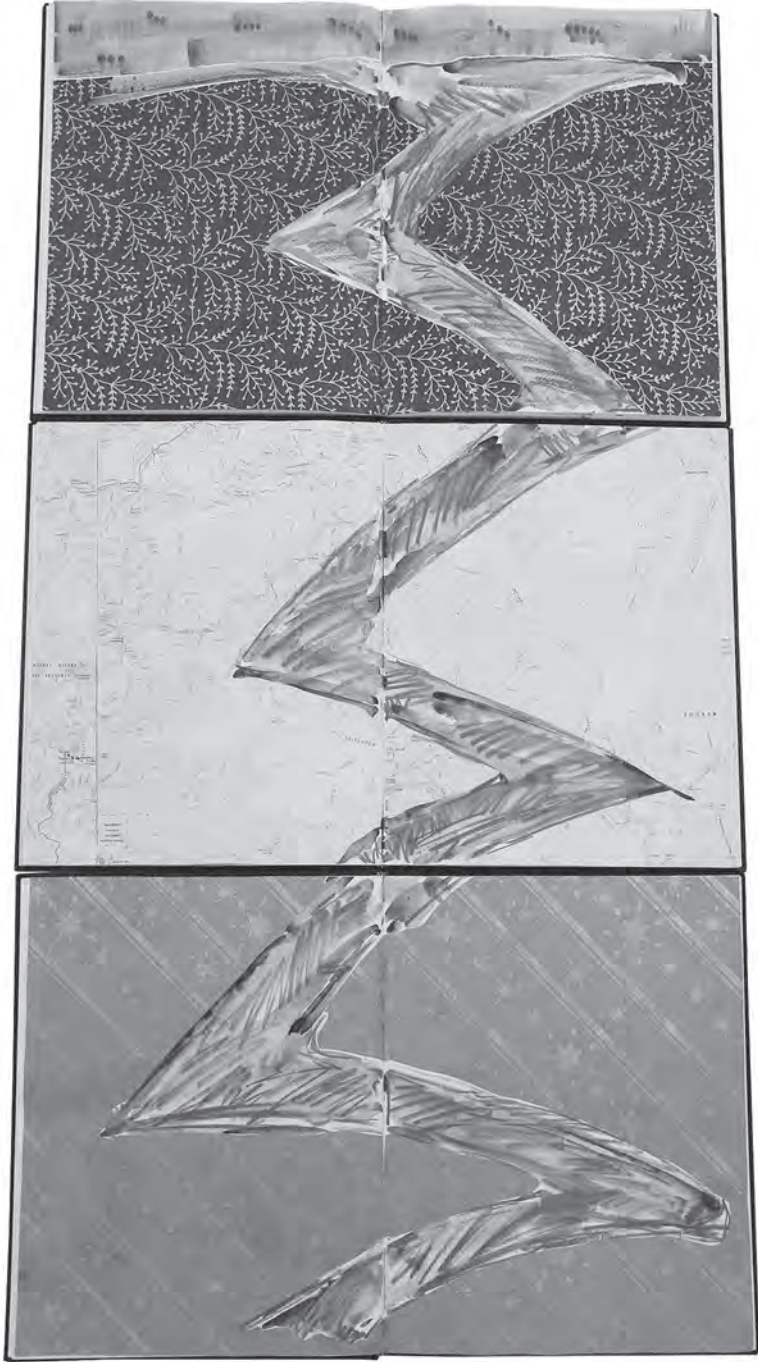
Welcome to the Jungle: Jonestown!!

Sherman Pitt, Juneau

As I get off the plane, I think it's all or nothing, us against the world
Not for fame or fortune, just our shared utopian ideal.
I can hear the song they're playin' through the heat, fast and loud
Welcome to the jungle! Welcome to the jungle!!!
Hope you get everything you need!!
I can see children and adults, hell even old folks dancing to the beat,
Everyone seemingly enjoying themselves, despite the heat.
Others are in the fields and they smile and wave as we pass by.
We are all here as equals, ageless, raceless, even classless,
What a utopian ideal indeed!
Jim is the man of the hour, charismatic as a fresh spring flower.
He has invited us one and all,
To give up the trappings of the satanic capitalist beast.
And get a fresh start in God's jungle garden.
We near a thousand strong, found as one, the message of peace love and joy,
As sweet as the cool aid brought to us in the jungle heat by a sweet little boy.
It's been a week and there is no relief from the heat
Day in and day out, we work and toil until we are all just beat
Sun on our heads until it feels like our brains begin to boil
Jim starts to tell us of the beast just a little ways out,
Who's jealous of our community of love and all our success...
He foretells of God's love and grace and his ultimate test
Then talks of all the rewards from our self-sacrifice.
We awaken at night to screams of terror, Jim broadcasting to one and all
"The beast approaches ever closer, we must prepare for his assault
Because if we are divided we *all* fail,"
But by God's grace and might, he'll give us the strength to resist
We must sip the juice of god's sweet nectar, and prepare ourselves young and old
Because god so rewards the meek, as well as the bold.
So we gather together under the banners and the music, to pray and seek God's
grace.
Jim leads us all in song and dance, while none of us see death amongst us begin to
Prance, then its Jim assurance "it's all just a test."
We hear the planes and awaken in fear; once again Jim says the end draws near
The beast has found us he says; we cannot flee its fetid breath
We must all be united in life as well as in death
For only in death can we truly escape from the evil capitalist society,
Back into Eden's utopian garden from here in God's jungle.
So we drink of the god's nectar and lie down as one,
And welcome the beast to the jungle



Mandy Ramsey, Green Unfurling



Lucy Pizzuto-Phillips, Pathway

Four O' Clock in the Morning

Sarah Novell-Lane, Juneau, UAS Student

A siren screamed in the night. In my sleep-filled mind, I envisioned red lights racing down a dark, empty street towards our house. As my arm thrashed out, shifting items on the nightstand, I tried to silence the source of the noise. Only when the siren stopped did I open my eyes.

Our room lay as dark and still as the inside of a coffin. My eyes probed the darkness, yet nothing materialized. I didn't dare flip on the light—Greg, my husband, would have killed me. As it was, he was groaning beside me, indicating his displeasure at being awake. "Emma, tell me you set the alarm for the wrong time," he muttered into his pillow. He then turned his head toward me. "What time do you work?"

"Four o'clock," I said.

"Gets earlier all the time." I heard him sigh in the dark. "And I suppose you want me to drive you?"

I threw the duvet back and frowned in his direction. "If you want the car the rest of the day, you'll have to." My feet shot out from under the covers, feeling for the slippers on the floor. "You can keep sleeping." I jammed my feet into the slippers. "I'll let you know when it's time to go."

Shuffling out of the bedroom, I shut the door behind me. I flipped on a light, cringing from its glare. Nothing felt natural at this hour—lights, sounds, motions—my mind remained in the cocoon of sleep. Not even a strong cup of coffee could sharpen my mind as I showered and dressed. With sleep still thick in my throat, I leaned into the bedroom and announced to Greg that it was time to go.

He didn't speak a word to me as he rose and got dressed. After he shoved his boots on and threw a hat over his brown curls, he grabbed the keys and yanked the front door open. He only threw a glance my way to make sure I was following as he walked out onto the porch.

My lungs inhaled the sharp, cold air. The temperature had dropped below freezing. Frost sparkled on the windshield of our car. It was the beginning of October, but this was Alaska, and it wouldn't be long before snow started to fall.

Greg started up the car while I fell into the passenger seat. With the defrost set to full blast, the thin layer of frost began to disappear. We sat there, sullen, watching the heat eat away at the ice particles.

"I don't know how much longer I can do this," he said.

I played with the vent, aiming a blast of warm air in my direction. "I don't want to fight with you again."

"I'm not fighting. I'm just telling you. This is killing me. You're the one who wanted to go back to school."

"And you're the one who wanted to buy a house. But I'm the one who has to

work this crappy job. All you have to do is drive me.”

“You could be working a full-time job if you weren’t in school. A real job, not serving truckers at some stupid diner.”

I looked out the window at our house, expressionless in the dark. “I said I didn’t want to fight. Just take me to work.”

He sighed and put the car in gear. Slowly we cruised through the neighborhood under the glare of the yellow streetlights. Nothing stirred in the frost-tinged air. The houses sat in rows, dark and squat, their blank windows staring outward.

As Greg turned on the divided highway, I felt my eyelids grow heavy. The rush of the heat, the hum of the road, the absence of conversation—before I knew it, I was drifting off to sleep.

A body spasm jolted me awake, one of those involuntary shudders that happens when sleep crawls in. When my eyes opened, I saw the long stretch of highway in front of us, and the yellow streetlights which lined the way. Up ahead was a curve where the road skirted the dark mass of a mountain. The mountain blended into the sky, but I knew it was there, towering over the valley, hemming us in.

Greg tapped the breaks in short succession, causing my seatbelt strap to tighten.

“What’re you doing?” I asked.

“The truck behind me.” His jaw clenched. “It won’t back off.”

Swiveling my head, all I could see were circles of bright headlights which flooded the backseat.

“Stupid truck,” Greg’s eyes locked to the rearview mirror as his hands gripped the wheel.

I pushed a hand against Greg’s leg. “Get into the other lane and let it pass.”

After a moment of hesitation, he swung into the passing lane. We watched as the pick-up truck inched past us, the driver’s face obscured by the reflection of lights. Greg reached across me, straining to deliver a clear message in the finger he stuck out.

“Greg,” I groaned.

The truck ran parallel to us on an otherwise empty road, determined to share the drive with us.

“Let it go ahead.” My voice was shaking. I scanned the road behind us for cars, but all I saw was the empty highway and the string of lights.

“I’m not the one who started it.”

It was just before four o’clock; the time flashed in red on the dashboard. “This is crazy. Don’t provoke it, ok?”

Greg kept his jaw clenched, but he took his foot off the gas.

We watched as the truck sped up again, racing towards that curve in the road. Just around that curve was the off ramp to the roadside diner where I worked. “Just get me to work. Please.”

Greg leaned forward. “What’s it doing now?”

I rose up in my seat, my heart pounding. Squinting against the glare of streetlights, I could see that the truck had come to a stop in the middle of the road. At first, it had been hard to see, as it had turned his lights off. But then I saw that dark patch in the road, and I knew it was waiting for us.

Desperately I turned around to search the highway behind us. No one was in sight. "Can't you turn around?"

Greg shook his head. "The median's too steep."

We couldn't go forward, and we couldn't go back, so we drove toward the stopped truck. As we got closer, we saw that it had parked in the middle of the lanes, blocking the way. The yellow streetlights gleamed off its dark paint.

"This isn't right," I said, my voice catching in my throat.

"I'm going to go around. I'll drive on the shoulder."

"Don't..." I told him, but he already had his foot on the gas. "Greg, don't!" I reached towards the steering wheel, but he pushed me back as he pulled onto the shoulder. In front of us, the truck sprung life, headlights blinding us as it turned to meet us head on.

Greg desperately turned the wheel while slamming on the brakes. It was a flash of light and shadow, and I screamed, bracing myself for impact.

We found ourselves facing the median, spots in front our eyes. But we hadn't crashed. We looked up to find the truck had slipped away unscathed. It raced around the curve, and then past the off ramp, its red taillights dissolving into the dark.

It was now four o'clock in the morning. Greg drove, his hands unsteady on the wheel. I cried beside him, my tears hot and furious.

"Why'd you do that?" I blurted out. "I didn't want you to."

He didn't answer as he pulled onto the off ramp. Up ahead we could see the diner with the line of trucks outside. Normally the lights provided a comforting glow in the darkness, but there was something about that yellow glare against paint glass, and the way it reflected in glass, cold and sinister.

"I don't want to go there," I heard myself saying. "I can't do this." My hands gripped the seatbelt strap.

"I can't either." Greg abruptly said, steering away from those lights.

My hands relaxed as we headed towards the darkness of the underpass. I looked at him, how his face had softened in the shadows.

"You don't belong out here in the middle of the night." He swung the car back on the highway, heading towards home. "Neither of us do."

"But my job..." I wiped at the tears on my face.

"It's my job to take care of you." He looked over at me, his eyes flashing with tears of his own. "And you haven't been happy for a while. Ever since you took this job."

The truth of his words hung heavy in the air.

"Ok," I told him, giving a gentle push on his leg. "Take us back home."



Jennifer Ward, Glacier Study 7 and Glacier Study 2

AN INTERVIEW WITH FEATURED WRITER

LYNN SCHOOLER

When I first heard that I'd be working with Lynn Schooler on this interview, I'll admit I was intimidated. Mostly because I wasn't sure I could ask him anything new or innovative. This interview gave me the opportunity to speak with one of Southeast Alaska's most prominent writers, and read his work. Lynn Schooler is well known for his novels, *The Blue Bear* and *Walking Home*, alongside his photography. I was delighted to get a further look into his process and way of thinking on writing and art.

How did you start writing professionally?

I never intended to be a writer and started writing quite by accident. One morning I woke up with an unidentifiable infection in one knee that caused it to swell up like a grapefruit and made walking nearly impossible. I was living on a boat with no television or video, the internet was in its infancy, and I had just gotten a Compaq laptop (remember those?). After two or three days of sitting and doing nothing, unable to go to the library or bookstore for more reading material, boredom drove me to open the word processing software and before I could walk again I had written a truly terrible 580-page novel that has

happily never seen its way to the published page. To my good fortune, a literary agent who claimed to have forged through the entire unwieldy mess had the honesty to tell me the novel was unsalvageable, but also convinced me I could write well if only I could figure out what I wanted to say. My next effort was *The Blue Bear*.

What was the most rewarding moment in writing your newest book *Walking Home*?

I can't claim any moment of writing any of the four books I've had published as "most rewarding" or even "more rewarding" than the general stream of tasks that constitutes writing, except perhaps the point where I finally get to type "the end." Each work has its own purpose, or tapestry of purposes, and the construction of the narrative arc that will take a reader to its discovery is not unlike building a house, i.e. a series of hundreds or even thousands of discrete, individual actions — think framing, roofing, wiring, words, phrases, and scenes — that when performed in workmanlike order provide a place for your story to live. The reward comes when I can finally stand back and know I have done the best I can.

What was the most challenging thing about writing *Walking Home*?

The challenge I find in all writing is presenting the tapestry of human and natural history, biology, geology, meteorology, etc. that flows through and forms all human experience, from the ancient, cultural, and social to the intimate and personal. *Walking Home* was, in its narrowest sense, a description of my trek up and down less than a hundred miles of generally easy beach walking (a paltry hike compared to some of Alaska's uber-adventurers who hike, or even run, much farther, over far more demanding terrain) but the challenge was to share with the reader the powerful, fascinating forces that dwell in the region, how those forces informed the experiences of those who once lived or worked there, and what I, as a solo traveler, had in common with Native Alaskans, explorers, miners, and others who had been there before me. The challenge was weaving it all together into a story of continuity and community, which was the overarching theme of the narrative, and to do it without wandering so far afield as to lose the interest of the reader.

When do you know you have a story

or a moment that you want to write down?

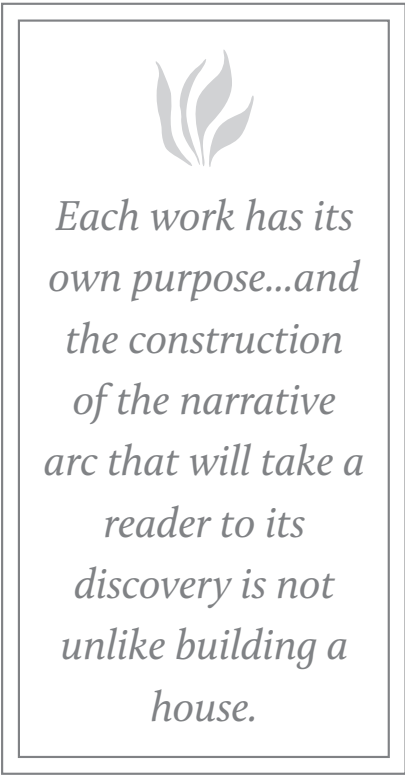
I start far more stories and ideas than I finish and the source of ideas is varied. I walk a lot — around 5 miles a day — and that's what I call my "real" writing

time. In the past I always carried a pocket notebook and pencil and jotted thoughts and ideas down as they trundled into my brain during the walks, but now a smart phone is my notebook. Sometimes I sit down with one of my jottings and just start writing to see if there is a story there. If there is, it will come out and keep coming. Otherwise it quickly peters out and I hit delete.

In 2002, *The Last Shot* came out; how was the process of writing personal history versus

American history different? How did writing it change how you currently write now?

Writing any historical account is definitive; specific things happened and the work is in researching the credible sources and assembling the facts into a story that compels and entertains. History writing is storytelling in the vein of the tribal bard, passing on the stories of how we as a people got from point A to point B, while autobiographical or personal writing is more an "interior"



exploration of emotional matters and a search for the experiences we all have in common. If writing *The Last Shot* changed how I write, it was probably by pushing me into exploring how the historical events recounted in that book affected the world we live in today, much as I explained in your question about writing *Walking Home*.

Could you say that the experience of publishing or the process of writing has changed for you over the years?

Definitely. It's not news that the publishing business and the ability of writers to make a decent living at their craft has been upended by the digital revolution, the internet, and the explosion of alternative systems for entertainment and information, not to mention the advent of self-publishing, etc. Publishers no longer offer writers any significant promotion, but leave that task up to the writers themselves, and some publishing houses now expect writers to take on distribution as well. There is opportunity in the new publishing environment for anyone who has a knack for self-promotion and the energy to address the myriad of other tasks involved in getting a work noticed by the public, but for those like myself who want only to write and have no bent for the business sides of the process, it can be a somewhat frustrating time.

How do you write? Is it a long process or one that just comes naturally?

Writing is bone-breaking work for me. I am lazy by nature and the only way to be a decent writer is to be very disciplined, put in long hours in a chair, and avoid all temptations to do anything else. When I write, I make it my full-time job by getting up very early, around 3 or 4 a.m., seven days a week, sitting down with a cup of coffee, and not getting up except perhaps to stretch until 9 or 10 a.m. Afternoons are dedicated to physical work like carpentry, firewood, housework, etc., and to hiking, which as I mentioned earlier is my "real" writing time, when whatever



I hammer at every sentence and paragraph until I feel it is correct, and only then am I able to move on to the next one.

scene or passage I am struggling with that day (and they are each and every one a struggle) sometimes clarifies and settles into something I can happily live with, allowing me to move on to the next paragraph or passage the next morning.

What is your editing process like?

I am the most peculiar writer I have ever known, in this respect. As I described, I hammer at every sentence and paragraph until I feel it is correct, and only then am I able to move on to the next one. A productive day for me is 500 words I am content with (although sometimes it is much less than that, and some days it may only be a sentence

or two) and if during my afternoon walking-and-writing time an improvement pops into my head, I'll make the change first thing the next morning, before I move on to that day's work. I truly wish I could write as some of my friends do, pouring out full drafts and then completely rewriting again and again, but I seem to be unable to leave a paragraph, page, passage, or chapter until it feels as polished as I can make it. The result is that generally my books have gone to the printer just as I wrote them, except for *The Last Shot*, which had around 40 pages of material excised at the suggestion of my editor, and *Heartbroke Bay*, which had a few character strokes shoehorned into the manuscript at the behest of my agent. *The Blue Bear* and *Walking Home* had no editing, and indeed, I never met the editor of *Walking Home*, and have never even spoken in person or by telephone with the editor of *Heartbroke Bay*. The downside of not having a knack for re-writing or a hands-on editor is the crate of messy, unfinished manuscripts that haunts my basement.

In 2014, Juneau saw *The Blue Bear* performed at Perseverance Theatre. What was it like seeing your work performed? Did you have a role in ensuring that it was put on?

I had almost nothing to do with the theater production of *The Blue Bear*. Full credit for that goes to Perseverance Theatre, the director Leon Ingulsrud and his assistant director Maja Wang, and my sister, Luan Schooler, who is a professional dramaturge and was retained by Perseverance Theatre to adapt the book to a stage play. When Perseverance first asked for permission

to adapt the book, I had great difficulty envisioning how a story that takes place almost entirely outdoors, in a variety of environments, could be turned into a play and retain any semblance of the original story. I was thrilled by the end results.

You work heavily with photography; how does it inform or affect your writing? Would you say that it changes how you may capture a moment versus how you would do it in your writing? How so?

At heart, photography and writing have the same purpose, which is to tell a story by capturing a specific space in time, and emphasizing the elements and actions that best represent the atmosphere and emotions the photographer or writer wishes to convey. I've learned to isolate the elements in a photograph that seem most likely to express whatever thoughts or feelings a scene engenders in me and to eliminate as much distracting "clutter" from the frame as possible. This isolating and emphasizing is a tactic I try to carry over into writing as well, by eliminating words or sentences that do not materially contribute to the moment. If I have a homily for anyone studying writing it might be "cutting is almost always good," which means if you don't need that extra adjective or sentence, no matter how beautifully constructed, get rid of it. Better yet, don't bother writing it in the first place.

You moved to Alaska at a young age, how would you say that affected your work, as well as how you interpret the world around you?

Alaska has fascinated me from the day I first crossed over the border from

the Yukon Territory in January of 1970 at the age of fourteen. Moving to Alaska ignited a life-long interest in wild places, wildlife, natural history, Alaska Native cultures, and a life outdoors, all of which combined to provide a wealth of material to draw on when I made the jump from construction work and commercial fishing to storytelling. If there is a drawback to my background here, it might be that I have found myself slotted into the category of “Alaskan Writer,” which has translated more than once into a publisher declining a book proposal on a subject not specifically “Outdoors” or “Alaskan.”

Do you have any advice to offer new writers?

I recommend that anyone who is serious about developing writing skills begin by practicing writing consciously. Write everything you write with the intention to do it as thoughtfully and clearly as you can. Even if it is only an e-mail or a text, write carefully, with attention to structure, grammar, and style, foregoing

all temptation to hurry into text-speak or sloppy work. Write letters, real letters, with a good pen, on quality paper, to friends, family, editors, people you

admire or someone you want to form a connection with. Write these letters with a beginning, middle, and end, as if each were a short story or the outline of a screen play you are authoring, and proceed carefully enough that you learn to do it without errors or scratch-throughs or slops or smears. Train yourself in the discipline of writing by hand a neat, interesting letter that conveys your thoughts clearly, and do it often, with such careful forethought that the words flow from your pen to the paper in a stream so smooth they need no correction or revision. Presume that any letter, email, article or book you write may someday be the sole remaining example of your work. So, do it well.



Train yourself in the discipline of writing by hand a neat, interesting letter that conveys your thoughts clearly... with such careful forethought that the words flow from your pen to the paper in a stream so smooth they need no correction or revision.

What are you working on currently?

A novel of love.



Storm

by Lynn Schooler

The Swift dropped off the first wave and plunged into the trough, then clawed its way back to the top. Waves charging madly in every direction slammed into each other, erupting into pointed peaks. Green water foamed over the rail.

Blowing scud quickly overpowered the windshield wiper and I was reduced to peering through the streaks. Somewhere ahead of us a steel buoy marking the end of a reef extending north from Yasha Island was bobbing and ducking in the boiling water, and if I missed it, the Swift could be swept into a patch of submerged boulders and torn to pieces.

A drawer leaped from its tracks and crashed to the floor. "Leave it," I barked when Michio made a move to pick it up. Water sloshing across the deck was seeping in around the door, making the cabin sole slippery. I didn't want him getting thrown and hurt.

"We'll be through this soon," I said. "The tide will flush us out the other side."

I risked taking one hand off the helm to adjust the radar screen and realized I was clenching my teeth. The chaotic wave train and blowing spray were overwhelming the radar's performance and it was difficult to discern water from land. All I could do was guess at a rough heading, try to hold it, and pray we could claw our way towards deeper water before we were pushed across the reef.

The noise was fearsome. Spray rattled off the windows like falling gravel and waves sledge-hammered the hull. The beating seemed to go on and on, banging and tumbling the Swift until it felt as if she was falling down a flight of stairs.

"There!" Michio shouted, pointing off to port.

I caught a brief glimpse of red as the missing buoy bobbed to the top of a wave. A few minutes later the spray eased for moment and the long green finger of Point Gardner appeared on the radar screen. We were less than two miles away, with the buoy passing astern, and as I watched the depth sounder flash from twenty fathoms to forty and on down to fifty, I knew we had been swept past the reef.

"We're almost out of it," I reassured Michio: "This'll get better as soon as we clear the point."

I couldn't have been more wrong. It had taken us nearly half an hour to work our way through the tide rips and in that time the wind had doubled. The waves were stacking up, beginning to climb one atop the other, and break for a hundred feet along their crests.

"Jesus," I muttered. My heart was racing. My breath was coming in pants. The Swift is a light, shallow-draft boat and the cabin creates a lot of windage. Warm

Left: Margaret Connolly-Masson, Loitering

Springs Bay lay west by north, on a magnetic bearing of 285 degrees, but to reach it without being blown past I estimated I would have to steer off by at least 40 degrees, which would mean "crabbing" across the wind, running broadside to the waves.

"We can't make it," I told Michio. He didn't say anything, just stared at me with his mouth open wide.

"We'll have to run north up Chatham Straits," I said, "try to find shelter on the Admiralty side." The Swift plummeted into the trough between two waves.

I pointed the bow downwind and gripped the throttle. One virtue of a gasoline engine over a diesel is the faster response to the throttle, which simplifies running in big seas. Faster acceleration gives the operator thrust on demand and with a bit of experience most small boat skippers develop a sense of timing that makes knowing when to power up the back of one wave and when to idle back to surf down the next an almost instinctive interaction with the rhythm of the moving water. After that, it becomes a matter of keeping a close eye on the pattern of the wave train to pick the safest course through the swells.

Conditions now were far beyond that and as if to accentuate the severity of our situation, the next wave to pass under the Swift's keel exploded in an avalanche of foam. We dropped like a falling elevator, smashed into the trough, and slewed sideways to the top of the next swell. I jammed the throttle forward, powering the bow around before the next breaker could roll us. We pitched, plunged and rolled; a heavy duffel bag thumped to the floor.

"Get everything down," I snapped. "Put it all on the floor."

I felt bad about barking orders, but moving the gear and heavy camera bags off the bunks and shelves to the floor was a measure of how desperate things were becoming; shifting two or three hundred pounds would have only a minimal effect on the Swift's over-all balance, but if we were broached and flung sideways by a large breaking sea, lowering the center of gravity by even a small amount might make the difference between being rolled over and staying upright.

A little more than a year before, a boat similar to the Wilderness Swift had flipped during a salmon opening near Haines. The skipper of the Tammy Kay managed to swim free and was rescued, but a deck hand was trapped inside the overturned hull, and after severe icing conditions forced a Coast Guard rescue helicopter to turn back and divers attempting to swim to the trapped man were stymied by a tangle of nets and lines, the crews of the half dozen boats that responded to the Tammy Kay's mayday call were forced to listen to the muffled thumps of the sixteen year old crewman trying to free himself until he drowned. The night the Tammy Kay flipped, she was in the middle of the fishing fleet and the wind was blowing thirty knots; now the weather was much worse and the Wilderness Swift was alone. There was not another vessel in sight.

I risked a quick glance at the chart. Eight miles to the north, Wilson Cove formed a shallow indentation in the coast, but it was studded with rocks and too

open to offer much shelter from the storm.

Seven miles farther, Whitewater Bay promised excellent shelter, but a reef that has been claiming boats since the Russian occupation blocked the southern half of its mouth. Clearing the reef would mean running past the bay, then doubling back in a risky maneuver that would put us broadside to the waves.

Another breaker hissed under our keel and dropped us into the void behind it. The best I could do was throttle up to gain speed in the trough, then idle back to avoid skidding out of control down the face. The waves had grown so large and steep I was worried we might drop off the face of one, burying the bow. If that happened, the next wave might throw us end over end.

Every fourth or fifth wave was a monster, a slick, gray animal that rose so high it seemed to block the wind. I was sure it was only a matter of time until one fell on top of us and drove us under.

“Sixteen miles,” I whispered: “Might as well be a hundred.”

I didn’t want to think about it. If we didn’t make Whitewater before dark, it was another four miles to the next harbor. Chaik Bay had no threatening reef, but I figured every additional mile we had to run in the dark doubled our odds against making it.

“Is it getting worse?” Michio asked. He was wedged into the corner of the galley table, bracing himself against the bulkhead with one hand.

Don’t let him see how scared you are. I swallowed and tried to lick my lips.

“Don’t worry, Michio. The Swift’s a good boat.”

He nodded, a little doubtfully, and stiffened as we hit the next wave.

When I glanced at him a few minutes later, his chin was tucked to his chest and his eyes were closed, his breathing regular and even.

Jesus, I thought: he’s fallen asleep.



Halfway between Wilson Cove and Whitewater Bay the tide turned and brought with it an incremental drop in the wind, but even though the change took the frenzied edge off the seas, I was still too disoriented by the darkness and pounding to chance rounding the Whitewater reef and it took another long hour of running at quarter speed before I put the helm over to enter Chaik Bay. It was past eight o’clock before we tucked the Swift into an eight fathom hole behind a small island, where the only sign of the storm was a gusty wind souging through the trees.

I was numb, trembling with fatigue, and my shoulders felt like I had been beaten with a plank. By the time I got the anchor set and gathered up the contents of a cooler that had tumbled across the deck, Michio was breading cutlets and had a pot of rice on the stove.

I tipped a kettle of water into a bowl and gathered up a wash cloth and soap. I was sticky, clammy with fear and sweat, and when I went out on deck and stripped

off my shirt the cool air felt good on my skin. Shivering more from the dissipation of adrenaline than the chill, I upended the bowl of warm water across my chest and let out a satisfied groan.

The smell of Michio's cooking mingled with the salty tang of seaweed and kelp. Blowing rain glistened in the light from the cabin. I felt safe, overwhelmed with sensations, and whistled as I towed myself dry, thinking how good it was to be alive.

"Dinner ready!" Michio leaned his head out the door.

I snagged a beer from the cooler, slipped on my shirt and went inside. Michio had performed his usual miracle, producing bowls of salad, rice, steamed beans, and a platter of pork cutlets fried to a crisp, golden brown.

I twisted the cap from the beer and the contents foamed over my hand. I'm not the only one that got shaken up, I thought and grabbed for a napkin.

"Weren't you scared, Michio? When it started getting rough?" I was still amazed by how he had fallen asleep.

"Yes," he answered nonchalantly, forking a cutlet onto his plate. "But you said everything would be okay. So I go to sleep."

When I reassured Michio that he didn't have to worry because "the Swift is a good boat" I was dissembling, but he had accepted my words at face value. He trusted me, it was as simple as that, and as we worked through the meal I wondered: how does a person come to trust like that?

In the past I had wondered at Michio's effect on other people, at how something about him seemed to inspire unexpected generosity and kindness, but now I began to understand that by simply believing in people, Michio's faith created its own guarantee.

You reap what you sow, I thought to myself. It's a common tenet of pop psychology that humans usually respond to the expectations of others by meeting them -- treat a man like a thief and he'll steal, put him in a strait jacket and sure enough, he'll go mad -- but the opposite is true as well, and I had only to consider the extraordinary heroism of the fireman or soldier compelled to act under life-threatening circumstances by (in addition to his training and own self-regard) the expectations of his leaders or society at large to understand it.

From there, it was a short leap to comparing Michio's outlook on life - that the world and its people were basically fair and good, and could be counted on to do their best -- to my own, which was more like that of someone crossing a powerful river on a skein of thin ice.

I ought to be more like that, I thought, and made a half-hearted resolve to emulate Michio's unspoken faith that everything we need is at hand.

"Besides," Michio said, stuffing a spoonful of rice into his mouth: "If I don't go to sleep? I was getting hakike - seasick!"

What I Call Home

Mason Shearer, Juneau, UAS Student

A “welcome” mat rests on the front porch.
More than that, there was an elf with a green hat.
Mr. Fear has lived here since mom passed away.

After unlocking the deadbolt
I walk towards the fishbowl
by the stove.
Alpha hides inside his pink pot.
I drop a few fish flakes into his tank.

Mom’s chalice and maroon vase
hold fake flowers I made
from pipe cleaners and tissue paper.
They were her favorite piece of décor
since third grade.

Since then, like a turtle,
my home is on my back,
in a backpack. Inside is
a picture of my mom when
she first got the porch elf,
mom’s favorite ring that has
mine and my brother’s birthstones—
aquamarine and diamond.

Outside, carved in stone,
are my and my family’s initials.
My mother’s initials engraved into my broken bone.

Beyond Heritage

MD Christenson, Juneau

We were young & envisioned
a realm Beyond Heritage,
Families miles or decades
distant as galaxies,
A new New World,
with tabula as smooth as our cheeks

We imagined infinite buffets
where you could pick
Rimbaud over Rambo,
Have some Poe, no King,
Hepburn *in addition* to Marilyn,
Bugs Bunny, not Mickey Mouse,
and leave the festering, crusted bowl
of congealed GWB completely alone –
as if a “Not My President” t-shirt
would stop the war from engulfing us.

We created films of stark blonde women
staring at starker glaciers, spouting
couplets of American verse;
we staged wakes for Democracy and the Dream,
paraded ballot-stuffed coffins through the streets,
lit bonfires on the beach and in our brains,
fueled by cheap whiskey and a junkie suspicion
that something was out there, lurking in the dark.
We were seventh generation video representations
of caricatures of our own idiosyncrasies!

We consumed dinners of darkness
and breakfasts of raw eggs and shame,
attended occult fetes and feasts of the absurd
and now we're fat.
We no longer fit in those thin leather pants
we once wore as a skin to sheath our shyness

I have paid my debt to the night

There is no longer any 'we' though. I am alone. Portray as a betrayal,
the eerie wail of the ice straining, shifting, melting, complaining
relayed by echoes off the valley's rock faces, singing to whales many miles away.



Naming the Sun

Jack Fagnoli, Juneau

Past the brightness,
to the light.

To place between
flame
and fire

a name,
without saying.

The way Romans built
their baths.

Not the stone,
but the space
contained.

What Bach heard.

Not the score,
but the music,
disappearing.

Axel Gillam, Auke Lake Mirror

To Be a Superhero

Laura Souders, Juneau, UAS Student

“Superheroes are everywhere, you just have to fight to find them when they are right in front of you.”

That was what my mother always told me. And if I told her I didn’t agree, she’d ask, “what makes a superhero, a superhero?” I never understood it until now.

When I look back, it was always on the bad days I’d have that she’d make sure to tell me that. It was like some sort of secret code. But my language was a secret code. To everyone.

But my mom. She was my superhero.



“Hi, my name Beth,” I say with my hands, and the kids watching just stare like my hands are the wide-open universe, like they’re just staring into voids of space. They watch intently because they don’t know what I’m saying. They stare at me because they notice I’m not like them. That my hands are my speech. My hands a secret code that only some get. My mouth, only smiling but wavering in nervousness.

I’m deaf.

I fingerspell my name for the teacher. My interpreter saying it out loud in silent words. Its always silent words. The letters making odd shapes in the mouth when they speak. I’m not in awe. More like desperation to learn the same thing they know. To know how they talk, to be able to listen.

To listen. One thing I can’t do.

Why? Why can’t I do that?

I know why, but my brain keeps asking, like it’s unsatisfied with the answer. Like the science doesn’t make sense. That it is optimistic, and wants to believe I’ll hear someday.

I know I won’t. But superheroes are not perfect. I’m my own superhero.

We wade through the shelves of books, looking and picking out ones I want to check out. My mom knows me too well.

I’m almost always alone. Reading, sitting. In my room, just reading and sitting. Or if I’m out of the house, I sit on the swing set in our backyard. Its hinges holding on like death. The swing brings me in and out, out and in.



I play out the tune I know so well in my mind. The music running freely there. Creating some electrical impulse that just lets me hear something. Just this once.

Vibrations send chills through my hands, and make me feel happy. It's the little things that make me, or break me.

My mind starts to waver at the scene playing out in front of me like a movie on the screen. I never really notice how fast life goes. Like a movie. Only you can't pause it, you can't change it. You can only anticipate and deal with things that come your way.

That's how I was when I learned I was going deaf.

Yes, I wasn't always like this.

I used to be a girl that could hear almost anything. The one that would pick as many beautiful dandelions in the tall grass as I could hold in my hands and smile a big, happy, smile. That was me, and somehow, it still is. You never really out-grow yourself, you just become older and with that age comes more knowledge of who you are. Whether you are the child that runs around chasing other kids on the playground, the one sitting quietly on the swing set, or the one playing in the bushes with friends, playing hide and seek.

You are you from the beginning. You just learn how to be an even better you. Shining like a star in the night. Shining. Like a superhero.

A superhero.

Somedays I miss hearing the things I used to hear. But some days I find it relaxing to take my hearing aids out. Even if it means I work extremely hard to know what someone is saying. I stare at people's mouths. I know it's probably weird if you didn't know me. I just do it out of habit.

When I say I'm deaf, it means I still have residual hearing left, but it doesn't mean I understand everything you say. Fans in rooms are too loud, the people around me talking are too loud. Anything a hearing person wouldn't think was loud is loud to me. Always a distraction to my ears, making me hear everything in the room around me. It makes it hard to hear a conversations between people. No one understands that part.

Because they don't experience the same thing as me. Because they can hear.



I laugh at the little things that I want in life. I want headphones that can cover my ears without making my hearing aids squeal at me. I want to look like just a normal college student when I walk to campus. With their cool headphones or earbuds in their ears. I'm jealous of them.

Because they can hear, they take it for granted without thinking about it.

They can just take out the earbuds and hear people around them. They can hear with them in.

But what I don't understand is that they play their music at the loudest volume. It destroys their hearing. Do they really want to end up like me? Do they really want to hear like me? No, the answer should be no.

You don't want to hear like me. You don't want to do it. Because the little things you do will become harder. Hearing your own voice, hearing simple conversations, hearing words that are coming out of people's mouths so you have to work hard and stare at them to figure out what they said. It's like a puzzle.

A hard puzzle.

But of course, maybe they think it's cool, or maybe they just like to drown out the world. I wish I could do that less.

When you freely want to drown out the world, it's the best feeling in the world. But when you must live drowning under the waves while others are above the waves, all their words muffled by water, it's not fun anymore.

I'm deaf.

You're hearing.



What I remember was the best day of my life was my first pair of hearing aids. They had the best flashy colors. My three favorite colors. Blue. Pink. Purple. Like a stereotypic girl. I was so excited. It's my favorite memory of my childhood.

The audiologist put weird gooey stuff in my ears to make an ear mold. Then I had to wait for two weeks for the real hearing aids to come in. It was the best day of my life.

She put them in my ears and I remember that at the age of five, I didn't know what I had been missing. I absolutely loved them. And the first time I went home, I remember telling my entire family, excitedly, that I could hear my sister crunching her cereal. I still laugh when I think about that.

Days. Then years passed me by. Then, in sixth grade, my audiologist noticed that my hearing was slowly decreasing by the month. No one knew why. At first I was crushed.

But now, I just live with it.

I don't look forward to it, but I also don't regret it. It's what life had in store for me.

I still have those funny, happy and sad memories that I enjoyed stored in my brain. It's what makes me, me.

It's what makes life real. Superheroes don't have to be perfect.

I'm my own superhero.

Keepsies

Kersten Christianson, Sitka

I am the girl
with the banana seat bike:
ombre lemon and lime
handlebar wind-
flapping streamers,
plastic spokey dokeys
spinning neon mandalas
at high speeds

to the playground. I sport
my shoulder-slipping zip
hoodie, the fit-just-right
bell-bottomed blue jeans,
strands of my hair jail-
break from two
plaited braids.

I scratch a circle
in the dust with the toe
of my threadbare sneaker,
poise above an arena
of scattered marbles: cats
eyes, boulders, steelies,
comets, aggies,
puries,

my sunburst
straight shooter
balanced along the ridge
of my crooked index
finger, and thumb.
Here I squint, take aim
at the world,
and pocket
my wins.



Alchemy

Kersten Christianson, Sitka

On the day of my birth,
my family gifts me:
a fine pen that flows ink
like a river, slick like a tide,

and earth-round earrings,
baubles flashing popweed,
morning blue sky,
hoarfrosted branch.

Their silvered joints
(hooks, jumps, clasps)
sing like tiny bells,

sing like my stretching
joints forging long strides
along this wintered walking
path.

To the estuary's snap of ice,
the hummed muttering
of huddled swans, to tiny bells,
to song, I conjure up the joy
of a 45th year.

Shaatk'ásk'u

Robert Fagen, Juneau

Chases ravens,
a Haida Gwaií goshawk
in a Haa Aani sunset.

Fire spared Lucia
and John of Patmos.
Not her.

Faces turn toward *Slavit'*
like cottonwood fluff on wind
now here, now there
grown transparent

Under December's silver *pyatak* Nutcracker moon
all are Claras
but some are more Clara than others

she has a new idea
she has a new story to tell
this skier poised atop Ptarmigan

shaatk'ásk'u: girl (Tlingit)

Slavit': Russian Orthodox Christmas season celebration with spinning star wheels
carried by village singers from house to house (Russian)

pyatak: five-kopek coin (Russian)

Left: Jennifer Ward, Gleeful Refuge



A Smooth Snowfall

Robert Fagen, Juneau

A chorus of tiny stars,
each face twinned in the invisible.
Fell winds will take them,
a breath scatter them.
After the thaw,
some will be reborn
as a skater dancing on ice,
as a wide view revealed over water,
as a small dog freed to chase sticks,
as the revenant sun.

Kelli Barkov, Back Country



A Good Morning

Alex Van Wyhe, Haines

Good morning, whoever you are.
Can you smell the coffee?
Taste the cake?
Hear the thud of the butcher's knife
devising hemispheres of the melon?

April Angelie "Apple" Margaja, Magical Sunset



A Simple Gesture

Alex Van Wyhe, Haines

A spider plant my mother gave me
pours out of its planter.
Cheap red plastic
binding roots
and holding back a flood
of manufactured earth.
A broken tip of a fishing pole
(a gift to myself,
mercifully snapped)
supports three braided children
arranged to grow towards the sun.

Mandy Ramsey, Columbine

This is the third iteration
of this plant in my care.
Transplanted once out of boredom
and once out of necessity.
It began as a baby
a housewarming gift for renters.
Something to make us feel grown up...
Before that it survived
power outages in Alaska's November
dogs' tails
toddlers' hands
drunks' clumsy fingers
feigning delicacy and sensitivity—
probably my own.

The children of my plant
are leading lives of their own.
Some have been guided towards
the parental pot.
One sits in my sister's
dorm room — loved but neglected.
Another waits for the birth
of a friend's child.
A small piece of green
waiting to train
young eyes and tongues.

And so a small gesture
has found its way into
a poem
that intended not to be didactic.
Which refused to say just how
things should go.

Biting tongue and choking throat,
my mother handed me
a small, potted house plant.

Notorious

Vivian Faith Prescott, Wrangell

(A Day 1 Post 2016 Election Poem & a Note to my female Trump-voter relatives)

“As your President, I will do everything in my power to protect our LGBTQ citizens from the violence and oppression of a hateful *foreign* ideology.”—Donald Trump

I should have known
my [grand]mother would want me jailed.
I should have known she'd want me on my knees,

my hand caressing the black leather book,
my face pressed into the hem of her dress,

fingering its silk edges. I should've known
she'd be willing, oh so willing, to wipe away

the blood from the split in my lip, clean
the stickiness from my upper thigh. She would

want to raise me up, and help steady me.
I should have known this.

I should have known the grocery store clerk
would slide her stares through the bars of my cell.

She'd come to pray for me, she'd said, as her hand
clenched my broken fingers, traced the scars

on my wrists. Long ago, I should've recognized
their homegrown smiles: the bus driver nodding

her head in the review mirror, the retired school teacher
stabbing her yard signs into the soft earth.

I should've heard my [sisters'] aunts' thin
tongues scraping over their teeth when they cried

hallelujah, and clasped their fretting hands together,
praying: wash me, oh wash me

in the blood. I should have known something
was amiss—their cars in the church parking lot, the hoods

gone cold, the streetlight illuminating their bumper
stickers: “Bitch” and “Imprison her.”

I should’ve recognized their choruses snaking
through the cracks in the sanctuary door, filled

with code-words: god and dead babies and jesus
and saved and love. Loooove. Loooove.

Oh, how I should have known from the outset,
by the shape of their shadows, by their fondling

hands on my shoulder, that the goosebumps
on my flesh were shouts in the street,

and that, all along, my lamp had been flickering
and the frayed rope-swing suspended from the old

cottonwood tree had been swinging back-and-forth
with the hollow weight of me.



Elise Tomlinson, Lupine Dreaming

There Are More Dead Veteran Poets Than Live Ones

Vivian Faith Prescott, Wrangell

My veteran husband shoots ghosts from the air above our bed. *Pow Pow!* Full combat dreaming. His fingers fold into guns and I don't nudge him, but tuck down into the covers behind the rolled up sleeping bag/comforter barrier that's been protecting me for several years now. The comforter doesn't comfort. Ha, ha. Laughing with each other is how we both survive. He mostly makes fun of himself. He writes poems that laugh and cry at the same time. It's how he gets through the night, how his heart soaks in the nitroglycerine and pretends it's healed.

Veterans seeking a VA benefit for the first time must submit themselves to poetical analysis.

What does the symbol for war mean? In your poems are you followed by wolves or bears? Can you fly in your poems? What does it mean when you can use your hands to simultaneously heal and kill?

My husband poet went to war as a healer and came back needing to be healed. Now he writes war poems and I write war poems, too, and we submit many to the same journals and mine are accepted and his poems are rejected and afterward we talk about my ability to get into his head space and describe blood. Blood and bullet war poems are accepted more often. However, he says it's E.coli that's the worst: troops shitting their brains out and the contractor who died in the portable toilet when it was 120 degrees out. No one wants poems about that kind of enemy.

1 in 10 Alaska residents is a veteran. 1 in 10 poems about war are acceptable.

And he says, oh well, there's that famous war poet who saw more than me and did more war shit than me and maybe his dreams are more vivid and maybe he can outkill his ghosts at night. *Bang, Bang!* My husband defuses the fuses with humor. But I don't say ha-ha when the person-on-the-other-end-of-the-phone is snarky about him bringing his service dog upstairs on the ferry boat, or when the person-on-the-other-end-of-the-phone explains the veteran discount policy their agency has implemented requires paperwork for the paperwork that will paper his papers with paperwork.

10 in 10 Veterans are made of paper.

Make sure the ink is dry, Sir. I know you served, Sir, but there's paperwork for the discount, for the paycheck, for the acknowledgement of the disability. We need your ability to put aside your disability to apply for the disability, Sir. And yes, calm down, Sir, I forgot another paper for you to fill out, Sir, so now you have to go to the bottom of the pile, Sir. That's how we do-it-to-you, Sir. These are our policies, Sir. And I thank you for servicing the paperwork heap, Sir. Sign your initials, Sir: PTSD. Make it legible.

22 veterans a day sign the bottom line with disappearing ink.

The papery lampshade on our nightstand is split from whacking and yanking the lamp onto the floor. I write a poem about my husband waking up from a nightmare holding the bedside lamp in the middle of the night. I imagined the lamp was the soldier he held as she went toward the light. I didn't ask. How do you unfold the arms of someone who is cradling the terrible?

I in 10 falling lights in our nightmares are not stars.

We don't toss the lamp out; the lampshade remains broken. From time to time, whenever we talk about poetry, we touch its wound.





Peaches

Maia Mares, Sitka

In heavy August,
I dreamt I let you go
like peaches dropping
from their season—
soft and softer
bruised and more bruised.

We carried them home in baskets,
delighted with our bounty,
and underneath:
the quiet anxiety of having
more fruit than you know
what to do with.

Above: Richard Stokes, Squirrel Sampling Sapsucker Holes
Left: Diana Rossmiller, Untitled



To Alight

Maia Mares, Sitka

I am alone who I am with you, a continuity that keeps my breath in my lungs. You ask: is there any home to build between us not vulnerable to exhalation?

I answer: I walked barefoot into the yard in front of the house we do not yet have with the dog who would answer to both our calls. Taking out the morning ghosts, bringing the night's dreams back inside.

Coffee in each hand, I pause by the window as a robin perches easily on a branch, deft hold. I know how it feels to alight with such sureness: this home, my body in yours.

Kent Pillsbury, Mattress

Curveball

Maureen Longworth, Juneau

He warned me of the curve when I met him.
The angle and the bank lifted his wheels right off the road.
Spun out. Not from ice. Just rain.
Hydroplaned heading to work.

I always slow down at the curve, and think of him.
He probably didn't slow either
when someone was in labor
and you're afraid.
You might be late to catch the baby. Miss the delivery.
The baby could have trouble
navigating the compass of mom's pelvis.
You might have to reach in or cut into,
turn or pull, even suction the baby around the bend.
An unspoken truth,
sometimes we take the curve full on.

The last time I drove him home from work,
it was on the curve he told me. He'd stop eating.
Why live when your legs don't work
and your brain settles into jelly?
Couldn't blame him, but I tried talking him out of it.

I reminded him of our ethics class.
How do we know a massive central brain stroke
doesn't push a person more proximal
to a bliss we don't understand?
What if we pull the plug on spiritual nirvana?
Just like in medical school, I was the only one
looking from that side of the trajectory.

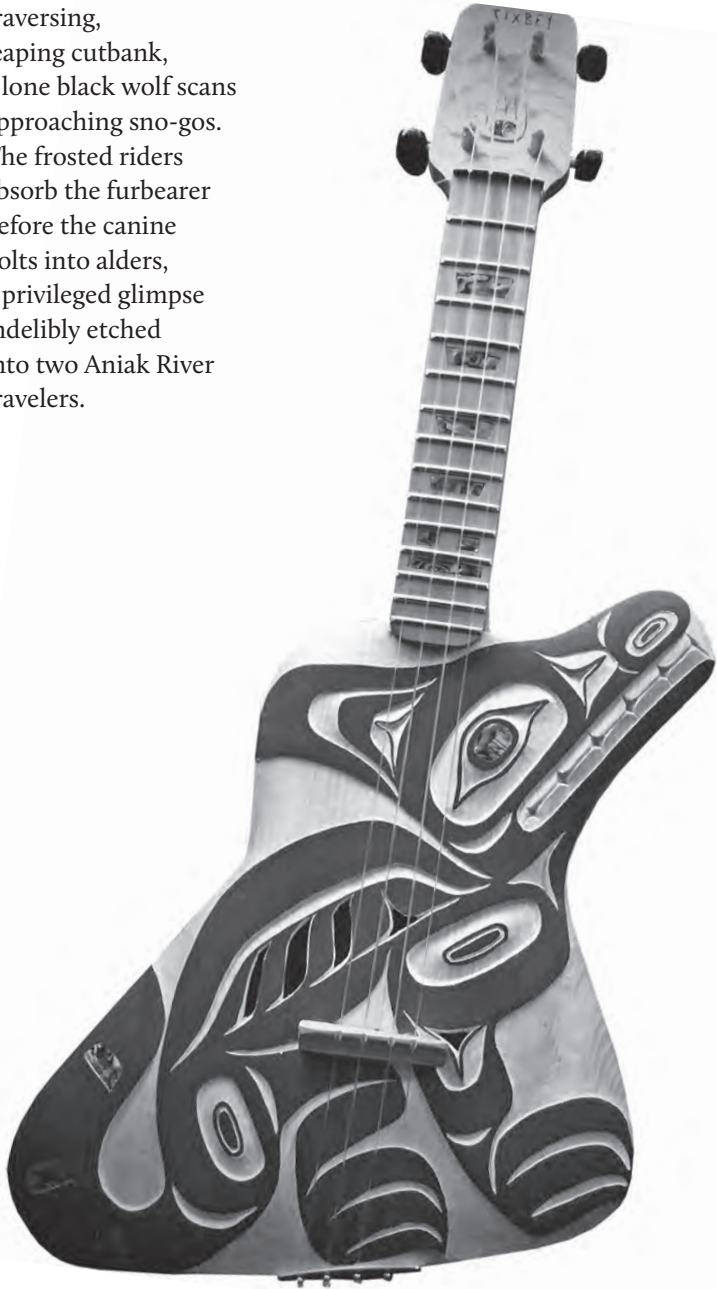
He never stopped eating.
Until the food,
around the wrong curve
of his failing windpipe,
landed in his squished lungs,
where foreign colonies poached
behind mucus plugs,
that pinched his last breaths.

Any way you take the curve
we all hydroplane in the end.

Crossing Chance

Jack Campbell, Excursion Inlet

Bounding downstream,
traversing,
leaping cutbank,
a lone black wolf scans
approaching sno-gos.
The frosted riders
absorb the furbearer
before the canine
bolts into alders,
a privileged glimpse
indelibly etched
into two Aniak River
travelers.



Ipswiche

Jennifer Ward, Douglas

Sentinel of the seaside cliff
wet wind whips
weeping branches of the willow.

While seven gray birds
flit and zip --
the witch

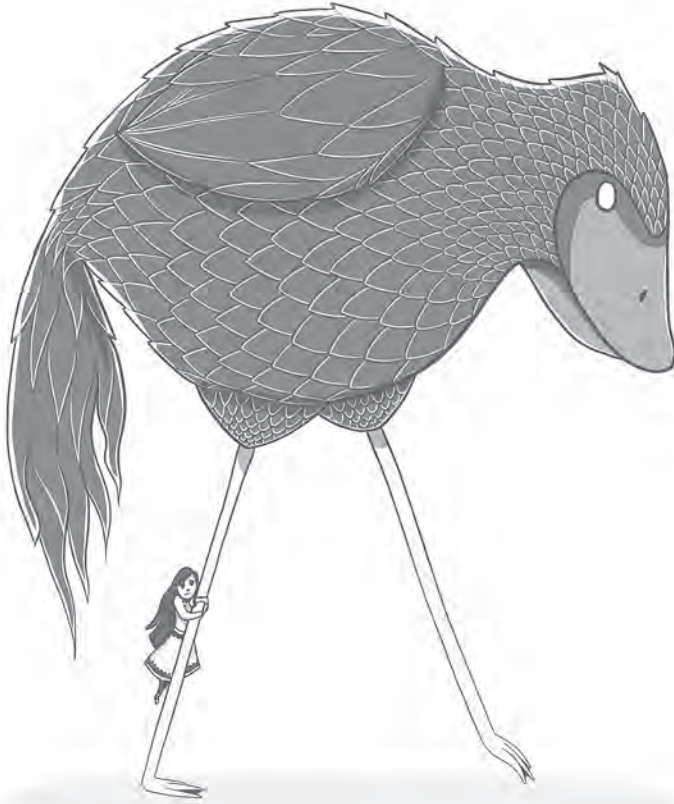
hazel scratches
the window pane.
This wooded berry broom

blooms winter beauty
viewed from a room inside.
Pained with love

for the busy little birds
a-wonder and a-live.



Above: Sherman Pitt, Hummingbird in Formline with Daisy
Left: Mark Sixbey, Gyibaw Ukulele



The Pigeons of Valparaiso, Chile

Phil Ganz, Juneau

Mornings in the apartment in Valparaiso have a startling regularity to them. I'm not talking about a routine. A routine is something you will into existence yourself. The regularity of Valparaiso mornings is imposed from on high, quite literally, as the pattern begins with the weather. When I wake up anywhere between 06:30 and 07:30—yes, there is some routine to this story as well—it is cool and cloudy. I go for a run. I run down to the pedestrian overpass which takes me over the highway and deposits me in front of the artisanal fisherman's marketplace. I turn from the marketplace and run along the boardwalk that follows the beach. It's early, so there

Richard Carter, Hold On Come Along

are few beachgoers, but there are some. I run down to the large, round, concrete building with a past unknown to me, but which has now become a fantastic display of graffiti. There's a caricature of who I can only imagine is a Chilean politician. There is a whale's tail holding a sign that says "salven los humanos".

Back at the apartment, dog tries to lick the salt from my legs. I shower, dress, and pack for work. Then I make an espresso and sit on the balcony. By now we are moving into the second phase of the morning, although it is kind of a between-space. In a few years' time, scientists will likely reclassify this period into something lesser, so I must enjoy it while I can. It is now that the heat begins to be felt, ever so slightly. I'm not sure it would even register on a thermometer, but something begins to change in the air. The symphony is warming up.

It is in this between-space that I sit with espresso in hand and watch the pigeons. Below my balcony, there is the corrugated metal roof of the family home next door. There is an exposed beam that divides the roof, with the metal to the left remaining flat and to the right, sloping downward toward the street below. The pigeons appear in their usual abundance. A male gives chase to a female, but it is the jerky, slow, awkward chase of a bird, that speed at which they can't decide whether to continue on foot or give a few wing flaps.

After this brief effort, there is the inspection. Sometimes the inspection appears to be just a formality, done out of tradition more than anything else. Occasionally there is rejection, quick and brutal in its finality. Much more rarely there is a long period of contemplation, a thorough assessment of the other, a real effort to ask the big questions such as, "does he preen his feathers the way I like?" or "has he any scars?"

If the male passes inspection, there is the "kiss". She sticks her beak in his and they bob their heads up and down at a rhythmic pace that is part make-out session and part dance. The truth of what is going on is much more interesting. She is regurgitating food into his mouth. Regurgitation is such an important word here. For us "humanos", it evokes a feeling of disgust, but experienced as a pigeon, it's an integral part of the courtship ritual. She is feeding her partner. One species' vomit is another species' foreplay. Remember that the next time you have a political disagreement with someone.

After regurgitation comes sex. And the pair almost always positions themselves on the most precarious part of the roof: the portion of the exposed beam that hangs out high over the ground. Of course, for all the build-up, the sex is the least interesting part. He steps up onto her back, ruffles a few feathers, and it's over. They go their separate ways after that. I go off to work.

Man In A Malt Shop

Nicholas Treutel-Jacobsen, Hoonah

I've seen many things in my days,
People come, then go on their ways,
They get some coffee—take a cup or two,
Then pay, and go on through.

I look with a wondrous smile,
And say, "Won't you stay a while?"
Then they look at me, with a off-put look,
And walk away, with what they took.



Above: Kathleen McCrossin, Untitled
Right: Kent Chastain, Untitled



Downpours

Eugene Solovyov, Sitka

the seagull roams westward into the missing sunset
I'm relearning happiness, one downpour at a time
good thing it rains buckets here, the sky eternally overcast
one endless patch of gray, the clouds like sheep
running into each other in the fenced field
whimpering, rubbing muddy wetness together

relearning happiness is hard work in this climate
I have to focus better, notice little things:
raindrop dripping off the huckleberry
cobweb embracing the Devil's Club branch
your fingers tiptoeing along the bridge railing
rare sun ray retrieving the rose petal from its shell

when we make love, I tune in the showers
turn them into something warm and friendly
moving along with the sound, its pitch, velocity
I try to satisfy two lovers: you and the rain
night after night and in the morning
I'm relearning happiness, one downpour at a time

The Truth

Jordan Oldham, Juneau

If it's not one thing, it's another,
They was supposed to be brother, but that vanished in the gutter.

•••

Trynna get ahold of myself— all these insecure thoughts,
I'm blinded about myself so I'm in the mirror lots.

•••

Telling myself I'm worth it; I'm at my lowest point,
Writing from the heart— always the poets point

•••

How I'm supposed to find love when the last one died,
For days I pressed my bunk with tears in my eyes,
In a room full of men I laid there and cried

•••

Before G-ma died they had me on the phone,
When she heard my voice she cried a painful tone.

•••

Auntie Erica passed; she was always my buddy,
There for me through all this time when nobody loved me.
Always answered the phone when I locked and feeling cruddy.

•••

I got trust issues, everybody done me dirty,
Maybe I ask too much for a love-birdy,
All this pain in my heart, no wonder I tried to go early.

•••

I got to stand strong, find a reason to carry on,
I got to recharge the batter to my heart,
'cause it's dying— it's barely on.

•••

I letter to the people, ballad of a pained soldier,
I'm who got buried in the snow,
I'm who it rained over,
I must find a reason to start believin' before it's
"Game over."



Swimming in Place

David Kiffer, Ketchikan

Every morning the creek beckons,
A path just begging for feet,
Or a horse in need of a ride,
A simple, inevitable act

And I step down to it, gingerly,
Toes scraping the icy moss,
And present myself, willing,
To its conveyoring current

I suppose I could turn away,
Let it drive me downstream,
Ahead of the swirling eddies
Faster than the world's debris

But I always face upstream
And press my stroke, a match,
Against the downward imperative,
Until it is time to end, where I began.

Katie Rueter, Matriline



Emma Luck, Wink

WRITER & ARTIST

Biographies

Rosie Ainza

University of Alaska Southeast School of Arts and Sciences student, Rosie Ainza, has resided in Juneau for over 20 years. While humanitarian work abroad is her passion, she also feels deeply connected to Southeast Alaska. Following the completion of her undergraduate degree, she hopes to attend graduate school and continue her life of bringing happiness to others.

Rebekah Badilla

Raised in Juneau, Alaska, Bekah Badilla's work draws upon her experience with geological forces, such as rock or glacial ice. The seemingly inanimate forces of nature harbor a vivacity that is rarely seen. Through her art and poetry, Badilla seeks to unearth the lost teachings of these great elders and rediscover the connection between humanity and our geology. Badilla's work has appeared in a solo show as well as several group exhibitions, and headlined the launch of Beez Art LA.

Kelli Barkov

Kelli Barkov is a business student at the University of Alaska Southeast. She is also a full-time mother, an artist, and an employee for the State of Alaska. She comes from a long-time Alaskan family, and was born and raised in the Matanuska Valley. Painting has always been a passion of hers, and she paints from what inspires her around Alaska.

Jack Campbell

Jack currently lives in Excursion Inlet, after having spent thirty years teaching primarily in Bush Alaska. His writing has appeared in *Tidal Echoes*, *Ice Floe*, and *Cirque*. Poetry collections include *Four Fevers* and *Outhouse Spider—New and Selected Poems*.

Greg Capito

40-year resident of Juneau, and University of Alaska Southeast 2002 MAT graduate.

Richard Carter

Richard is a University of Alaska Southeast alumni, and currently works for the Department of Law. He graduated with a Bachelor in Art. Since graduating, Richard has spent a lot of his free time drawing and acting with Perseverance Theatre. He's fascinated with the idea of coexisting with things larger than yourself.

Kent Chastain

Kent has been an art photographer for 25 years. He studied at Art Center College of Design and in Switzerland at L'Abri. He lived in Kauai for 10 years and has now been in Juneau for this last year.

MD Christenson

MD Christenson, whose writing style is characterized by a variety of quirks not catalogued in the DSM-5, and who is in bad need of a disambiguation page, first published a poem about sexual yearning and 19th century technology over 30 years ago. While not claiming to be the antenna of the race, he will cop to being the pedicellus.

Kersten Christianson

Kersten Christianson is a raven-watching, moon-gazing, high school English-teaching Alaskan. She earned her MFA in Creative Writing/Poetry through the Low-Residency Program at the University of Alaska Anchorage in 2016. Her recent work has appeared in *Cirque*, *Tidal Echoes*,

Fredericksburg Literary & Art Review, Inklette, We'Moon, Sheila-Na-Gig and Pure Slush. Kersten co-edits the quarterly journal, *Alaska Women Speak*. When not exploring the summer lands and dark winter of the Yukon Territory, she lives in Sitka, Alaska with her husband and photographer Bruce Christianson, and daughter Rie.

Margaret Connolly-Masson

Margo is originally from Massachusetts but has fallen in love with Alaska after having lived in Kodiak and Juneau. She creates portraits of objects that she discovers while exploring the communities and shorelines of Alaska. She uses oil paint to bring life to things that may otherwise be overlooked or under-appreciated.

Katie Craney

Inspired by the rugged coastal landscape, Katie focuses on the vulnerabilities of a changing climate and how it is affecting Southeast Alaska. Using small metal plates as her canvas, she adds line drawings, layers of wax, silver leaf and tissue paper to represent tangible layers of the human relationship with a changing world. These small vignettes are her way of interacting with complex sets of relationships in the physical environment, and a way for her to comprehend an uncertain future.

JoAnn Cunningham

JoAnn Ross Cunningham is a retired high school English teacher from Haines with roots on a wheat and cattle farm where she grew up in Eastern Washington. She taught in Quito at the Catholic University, lived in Paris, worked for the Radio for the Blind and Physically Handicapped in Seattle, and has a Masters in English from Portland State University and an M.Litt. in English and writing from Bread Loaf School of English. Haines is home.

Monica Daugherty

Monica Daugherty was born and raised in Juneau, Alaska. She attended both the University of Alaska Southeast and the University of Alaska Anchorage before transferring to Humboldt State University where she graduated in 2010 with a BFA in Oil Painting. Currently, Monica is a Lead Teacher at the Juneau Montessori School. In her spare time, she is found in her studio painting in downtown Juneau.

Lin Davis

Lin Davis, a rock hound who loves hounds, walks daily with two waterproof notebooks in her cargo pocket. In the 1950's her blue canvas Keds knew southeastern Washington desert, her 1960's center forward soccer shoes knew Ohio hardwoods and their playing fields, and her forever hiking boots knew California sidewalks and the John Muir Trail. Long ago and far away BA and MA, and now UAS craft class in poetry and story, a slow climb on Emily Wall's bravery ladder and syllabus. 40 years of LGBTQ activism. Her gay Elder stories play peek-a-boo and may come out.

Diane DeSloover

Diane DeSloover has lived in Juneau since 1977. Now a retired state office worker and elementary school teacher she writes poetry to keep her heart alive. Diane has had her work published in previous issues of *Tidal Echoes*, *Poetry Omnibus* and in the *Capital City Weekly*.

Gabriel Edwards

Gabe Edwards learned how to fold paper vases by a passerby in Anchorage jail. His original diamond designs he gleaned off his mother's grass baskets. He has been trying different types of art, but really likes folding paper. Most of his finished vases have gone to Special Olympics fundraisers and some to friends. He is still learning, and now uses diagonal grid paper to help with his design ideas.

Holly Eyre

Holly is spontaneous, fluent in movie quotes, an avid skirt-wearer, and rarely sarcastic. She is caring, determined, and generous. Her friends would label her as a merciless tickler, but otherwise kind. Holly graduates this spring from the University of Alaska Southeast with a Bachelor in Elementary Education with minors in Mathematics and Creative Writing.

Robert Fagen

Robert M. Fagen lives and writes in Juneau, Alaska. He is a retired college professor and zoological researcher specializing in animal play. His small press, Dream Farm Press, released *Convergence*, its first title, in December 2016 and plans additional titles in poetry, dance and zoology featuring Southeast Alaska authors of all ages.

Jack Fagnoli

Jack Fagnoli has lived in Juneau for 43 years, and is retired. To stay alert, he tries to answer his wife's computer questions and his son's questions about everything else. Being Italian, he also bakes his own bread.

Blake Fletcher

Blake Fletcher is a student seeking two degrees at the University of Alaska Southeast. He was born and raised in Vermont. He moved to Alaska to further his education. Primarily, Blake is passionate about the power of sharing stories.

Beatrice Franklin

Beatrice Franklin is a long-time Juneau resident and staff member of the Egan Library. She is relatively new to creative writing, and credits writing classes at the University of Alaska Southeast for guiding and supporting her in this endeavor. She enjoys finding surprises in every writing attempt and hopes to continue improving.

Phil Ganz

Phil Ganz is originally from Michigan and has been a resident of Juneau since the fall of 2014. He is currently a fisheries graduate student in the University of Alaska Fairbanks program at Lena Point, but likes to make time for creative writing in addition to science writing. The rest of his free time is spent running, reading, house sitting, and cooking.

Axel Gillam

Axel Gillam hails from the quiet hamlet by the sea of Homer, Alaska, where he spent his youth mesmerized by the creatures that live on Homer's sandy and rocky beaches. Axel followed his passion for the ocean to Juneau, Alaska, where he enrolled in the marine biology program at the University of Alaska Southeast. He is now in his second year of study.

Katherine Hocker

Katherine Hocker is a naturalist, illustrator, and educator living in Gustavus.

Kirsa Hughes-Skandijs

Aspiring Jill of all trades, frustrated writer, cubicle wage slave. Raised in New York City and West Virginia and migrated to the Great Land to get enough space to think.

Sarah Isto

Sarah Isto writes poetry in Juneau, where she and her husband own a house, and in the Kantishna Hills near Denali, where they own a cabin. Her poetry has appeared in *Cirque*, *Gold Man Review*, *The Timberline*, *Windfall*, and *Perfume River Review*.

Daniel Kantak

Daniel is a poet, photographer, lyricist, and spoken word artist. Daniel is living the dream of making his avocation his vocation before the fact of his recent retirement from his 8-5 job.

David Kiffer

Dave Kiffer is a fourth-generation Ketchikan resident who is a teacher, writer, politician and musician.

Maureen Longworth

Maureen Longworth grew up in Los Angeles, lived in the San Francisco Bay Area where she got her doctorate, and lives in Juneau, Alaska.

Amy Lortie

A Canadian Métis transplant, Lortie is currently enrolled in the BASS program at the University of Alaska Southeast in Juneau. Concurrently a professional practitioner of traditional healing arts, she has her optimistic eye on a PhD in medical anthropology. She has never been published, but won several junior literature competitions to gain entrance to the Canadian Young Authors Conference.

Emma Luck

Emma Luck is currently an undergraduate student at the University of Alaska Southeast studying marine biology. Originally from Homer, Alaska, she came to Juneau to pursue her dreams of studying marine mammals. She enjoys photographing marine life and working as a marine naturalist.

Maia Mares

Maia Mares grew up in upstate New York and now lives in Sitka, Alaska. Her poetry primarily explores themes of localness, home, landscape, and relationship.

April Angelie “Apple” Margaja

April Angelie Margaja, who goes by the name Apple, is currently a full-time student at the University of Alaska Southeast Ketchikan campus and works full time at PeaceHealth Ketchikan Medical Center. The sunset photo was taken at South Point Higgins beach last October 24th.

Jenny McBride

Jenny McBride’s writing has appeared in *Star 82 Review*, *The Rappahannock Review*, *Green Social Thought*, and other journals. Originally from the Chicago area, she is delighted to live on Douglas Island.

Kathleen McCrossin

Kathleen looks forward to going to the studio every day and hopes her enthusiasm and energy for making in clay transfers to the forms and surfaces. Working in both high fire stoneware and low fire earthenware, Kathleen finds experimentation—pushing clay and her skills to the limit—and the growth that results from that not only worthwhile but great fun. Her “mostly functional” work aims to bring a smile to the viewer.

Henry Melville

Henry Melville lives in Juneau, where he occupies his time by playing soccer and hockey, drinking coffee, and occasionally writing. His work has appeared in *Myth Zine* as well as *Tidal Echoes*, where he was previously published as a kindergartner in 1995. The tremendous variety of possible human experiences excites and terrifies him.

Hannah Near

Hannah Near has been writing poetry since she was 10 years old. She gathers inspiration from her experiences growing up as the oldest child in a family of eight in rural Alaskan communities. Some of her previous work has won awards in local poetry contests and a few of her poems have been published in small magazines.

Sarah Novell-Lane

Sarah grew up in the Chicago area but has always wanted to explore the world outside of the Midwest. Though she has traveled around the world and has lived in England, she has found Alaska to be greatest adventure so far.

Jordan Oldham

Jordan Oldham currently resides in Juneau.

Dylyn Peterson

Dylyn Peterson is an English major studying at the University of Alaska, Southeast. At the time of writing, he was nineteen years old. He has a variety of INTERESTS. He enjoys creative writing and was previously QUITE SECRETIVE ABOUT IT. He thinks you’re probably a pretty cool dude if you understood that Homestuck reference.

Brianna Pettie

Brianna Pettie is an Italian-born, St. Louis-raised Juneau resident. Each place she’s lived has had a rich art scene and unique natural characteristics which are reflected in her interests. Brianna is a third-year biology student with a minor in art at UAS. She was published in *Tidal Echoes* last year and is eager to share more of her work with the Southeast Alaska community.

Kent Pillsbury

A frequent contributor to *Tidal Echoes*, Kent has always been proud of that involvement.

Sherman Pitt

Sherman Pitt is a Buddhist artist, poet, and author currently incarcerated at the Lemon Creek Correctional Center in Juneau, Alaska. Sherman will be participating in submissions to Flying University’s projects and classes at the University of Alaska Southeast and the *Juneau Empire*’s weekly publication, as well as future editions of *Tidal Echoes*, as they are submitted and accepted of course, as he works to further sharpen his literary skills. He can be contacted at the local hoosegow in Juneau, Alaska!



Lucy Pizzuto-Phillips

Lucy Pizzuto-Phillips is a second-generation classically trained artist who lives, paints, and writes in the Sitka area. She has spent most of the past thirty years living and working at remote salmon hatcheries with her husband Ritch and daughter Megan (b. 1987) around Southeast Alaska and is celebrating a recent return to civilization. She specializes in watercolor and mixed media journals, paintings and abstractions. She is also an ardent birder.

Vivian Faith Prescott

Vivian Faith Prescott is a fifth-generation Alaskan, born and raised in Wrangell. She's the founding member of Blue Canoe Writers in Sitka and Flying Island Writers in Wrangell, Alaska with an emphasis on encouraging and mentoring writers. Vivian lives at Mickey's Fishcamp, her family's fish camp in Wrangell. She's the author of one full length poetry collection and two chapbooks. Her short story collection is forthcoming from Boreal Books in 2017.

Mandy Ramsey

Mandy is a mother, gardener, Yoga teacher, bodyworker, photographer, dancer, artist who has been living off the grid in Haines, Alaska for the last 17 years. Her passion for flowers and the natural world infuses her work, and she feels honored to spread love via her art. You can connect with her on her website. www.mandynamsey.com

Sarah Roguska

Sarah Lin Roguska is an English and art major at the University of Alaska Southeast. She was born and raised in Juneau, Alaska to a Ben and Lin Roguska and has four older siblings. Sarah spends her time outside of classes and work drawing, writing, playing video games, watching cartoons and sci-fi, and spending time with friends and family.

Katelynn Ross

Katelynn was born and raised in Ketchikan, Alaska. She enjoys fishing, stargazing, writing, drawing, and fish keeping. Currently her goals are to become a published author, and to own a Great Dane.

Diana Rossmiller

Next level iPhone photography, a student of nature.

Brianna Pettie, Motherhood

Katie Rueter

Katie graduated from the University of Alaska Southeast this past December with a degree in psychology and biology. She was born and raised in southern California and came to Juneau to escape the sun and find the whales. She is hoping to pursue a career in animal care or ocean conservation.

Lynn Schooler

Lynn Schooler is a fringe-dweller and part-time share cropper who occasionally writes a book, one of which, the autobiographical *The Blue Bear*, has been translated into more than a dozen languages, listed as a Notable Book for the Kiriya Prize for Cross-cultural Communication, and named the Editors at Amazon.com's Number One Choice for Nature Writing in 2002. It was also awarded the French literary prize *Pris de Trenty Million d'amis*—all of which shows that pure, blind luck can be a real thing in a writer's career. His second autobiography, *Walking Home*, was awarded Canada's Banff Mountain Book and Film prize for Best Mountain Literature. Lynn also wrote a non-fiction account of a Confederate raider that cruised the waters of Alaska during the American Civil War titled *The Last Shot*, which he wanted to subtitle "A war story where nobody gets hurt and they saved the whales," but publishers and marketing committees can be an unimaginative lot, so it was in the end subtitled "The Incredible Story of the C.S.S. Shenandoah and the True Conclusion of the American Civil War"—a read-line so completely forgettable that the book disappeared from bookstore shelves as rapidly as one of the raider's victims slipping beneath the waves of the Bering Sea. Used copies of *The Last Shot* can be found on-line for a penny. Lynn's only fiction to date, a novel set in Gold Rush Alaska titled *Heartbroke Bay* and published under the pen name Lynn D'Urso, suffered the same fate. When he is not writing—which is most of the time—he works as a filmmaker, photographer, farmer, carpenter, woodworker, and wilderness guide.

Mason Shearer

Mason is a graduate from the University of Alaska Southeast in 2016 with an English degree and an emphasis in creative writing. As of the summer of 2016, Mason has been earning a master's degree in education. He is pursuing his dreams of becoming a teacher and inspiring youth.

Haley Shervey

Haley Shervey is a 12th grader and artist from Craig, Alaska, currently attending Mt. Edgecumbe High School. She enjoys employing illustration and visual storytelling to share stories about both fiction and the unique rural Alaska she grew up in. She also loves cats, comic books, and taking selfies with nature.

Kaylie Simpson

Kaylie is a printmaker/multi-media artist who was born and raised in Juneau, Alaska. She is interested in the blues, banjo, mythology, silent & horror & foreign films, records, the right to bear arms, abortion, feminism, civil rights, etc.

Mark Sixbey

Mark Sixbey (Laxgibu) grew up in Metlakatla, AK, where he learned traditional Tsimshian art technique from master carver Jack Hudson. Mark served four years in the U.S. Marines, deploying twice as a Combat Correspondent for Operation Iraqi Freedom. He now lives in Sitka, where he teaches carving and formline design, and dabbles in crafting unique string instruments.

Eugene Solovyov

Eugene Solovyov, born in Russia, has lived in Sitka, Alaska for 24 years. He owns and operates an art gallery, Sitka Rose Gallery. His first book of poetry, *How to frame a landscape*, was published in 2014. He also writes short stories. His writing is often about the natural world surrounding him, and human emotions.

Laura Souders

Laura was born in Anchorage, Alaska. She is the third of four daughters and has two golden retrievers. She dreams of living in a little house in Juneau and writing books for young adults.

Richard Stokes

A 45-year Juneau resident, Richard retired after 23 years from the Alaska Department of Environmental Conservation. He now works seasonally as a naturalist guide for Gastineau Guiding in Juneau. His wife, Jane, is a Juneau artist.

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 the University of Alaska Southeast. She paints colorful and stylized figurative and landscape paintings using local Southeast Alaska settings.

Chelsea Tremblay

Chelsea Tremblay lives, writes, and sells books in Petersburg, Alaska. She returned home after receiving a BA in Political Science and Women's Studies from Washington State University and an MA in Cultural Studies from Dartmouth College. When she isn't lost in the mountains she might be in the woods. Chelsea writes sporadically at ofpeopleandplaces.net.

Nicholas Treutel-Jacobsen

Nicholas is someone who loves music, writing, cooking, and eating doughnuts. He grew up in Hoonah, Alaska and hopes to grow up to be a music/poet/doughnut-eater. He would like to thank Ms. Melinda Hamerly.

Alex Van Wyhe

Alex Van Wyhe is a high school language arts teacher in Haines, AK, and a lifelong Alaskan. Having grown up in Kenny Lake, a small town in south central Alaska, he has an affinity for the cold and is grateful for a different set of challenges posed by Southeast Alaska. While teaching demands the majority of his time, he is ever on the lookout for an opportunity to escape out of doors to get some writing done.

Jennifer Ward

Jennifer thrives on being around books, and around people who like to learn and grow. She manifests ideas in between the covers of a German-made journal with a stylograph from her growing collection. At home, you may find her making delicious organic soup from scratch, or hiking on Douglas with her endearing family, including Linus, the black lab.

Patty Ware

Patty Ware lives in Juneau with her husband George. She's learning how to live more mindfully within a space of gratitude. She loves coffee, salty snacks and her incredible children Lauren and Luke!

Margo Waring

Margo Waring has lived in Alaska for more than 45 years. Her poetry has appeared in several publications, including *Cirque*, *Tidal Echoes*, and *Alaska Women Speak*. She always thanks her writers group for the discipline and support she receives.

Rico Lanaat' Worl

Trickster Company promotes innovative, indigenous design. Trickster was founded by Rico Lanaat' Worl, Tlingit/Athabaskan. His art is a focused study in learning Formline design, the traditional design style of the Tlingit. His work explores themes and issues in Native culture. He strives to represent a prestigious lineage of art in fresh and energetic ways as a celebration of Northwest Coast culture as it lives today.

Rico started designing skateboards for friends and family in his spare time. His skateboards started getting the attention of people who wanted to see more of his designs. He saw a way to bring Formline to youth and others through accessible mediums like skateboards and playing cards. He wanted the culture to be every day and affordable. His skateboards are featured in museum collections, such as the Anchorage Museum, the Museum of the North, and the Burke Museum in Seattle.

Rico earned a bachelor's degree in anthropology from the University of Pennsylvania. He is an active advocate of diversity in community and works to promote diversity in civic engagement. He currently serves on the board of directors for the Juneau Arts and Humanities Council.

He is a member of the Sockeye Salmon clan of the Raven House.

Trenton Yo

Trenton Yo is a Ketchikan native, amateur photographer, and hobbyist programmer. His photography is found in use by the Chancellor's office at the University of Alaska Southeast Juneau campus, but his personal works are less public. This is his first published work of photography, but won't be the last.



Inspired by the creativity in *Tidal Echoes*?

The University of Alaska Southeast offers bachelor's degrees in English and in the liberal arts and interdisciplinary studies with emphases in these primary fields:

Alaska Native Languages and Studies

Anthropology

Art

English

Government & Political Science

History

Humanities

Social Sciences

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The 2017 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.

