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FEW

dear reader,

Letters, characters, forms. We see them everywhere and nowhere: in books, on the street, on our bodies. Most of the time, the elements of typography are invisible to us. Kerning, tracking, leading. Descenders, ascenders, counters, x-height—parts of a letter, like parts of the body, that you'd never think would have a name. The anatomy of type is hidden by a fleshy layer of meaning.

Letters, characters, forms: all of these words can be read in many ways. How you read them is up to you. All I've done is lay it out.

This magazine would not exist at all without generous funding from the Student Senate and the Student Activities Office. The English Department, with its doubled contribution, is single-handedly responsible for the glittery cover. From the bottom of my heart, thank you, thank you, for allowing this edition of the Review to be a swan song unto Reed.

I am grateful, as ever, to Mara Thrush and the Bridgetown team for so patiently enduring four years of my harried correspondence. More thanks: to the students on the Review Board, who sacrificed their Sunday evenings to curating the magazine; to the editors, who spent many an evening shaping it for publication; and to you, dear reader, for picking up this book and reading it.

It's all for you.

STEPHANIE BASTEK '13

Since 2004, the Reed College Creative Review has supported the arts at Reed by providing a platform for student artists and writers to showcase their work. Our mission is to show that the Reed community values art and artists. Despite Reed's reputation as a center for intellectual pursuits, we believe that there is a place for creativity among academics. Whether it's through poetry or prose, photography or visual art, students here possess incredible talent. The work within these pages demonstrates that the arts at Reed are thriving.

To see more of this year's student artwork and listen to music by Reedies, check out our website at <http://www.rc-cr.org>.

ERIN KLEINFELD '13

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D



ANY POINT OF A CIRCLE IS ITS START

STEPHANIE BASTEK

I find Will's body in the bathtub, water from the still running shower sluicing off his blood-stained and unconscious face onto the bright blue tile. The little wisps of red writhing from a gash on his temple make the tiles look even brighter.

I turn off the water with shaking hands, and then I put down the lid of the toilet and sit on it. I look at Will's face and wonder whether it was deliberate or successful.

I came in when I heard the shower running an hour after Will had stepped into it. He'd stormed off to the bathroom—formerly, our shared bathroom—right after I told him I was leaving. I'd detached my car keys and thrown them at the door, but that didn't get a reaction, and neither did yelling. I'd had to come in. That's when I found the body.

I don't have the guts to check for a pulse. His skin looks like wet paper against the tile (which isn't the lurid blue of a swimming pool but somewhere between turquoise and the pale sky of a laundry softener commercial). The tile color isn't the kind of clean, bright blue that goes well with his deathly pale skin.

Then, he coughs, and I fall off the toilet.

"Sorry," he says and coughs up a lungful of water.

My hands have started shaking again, and I try to stop them before speaking. "I was afraid you were dead."

"I wish I were dead," he says, his voice raw from coughing. "This is humiliating."

"You tried to kill yourself and the first thing you can think of is how *embarrassed* you are?"

"I didn't try to kill myself," he says. "I slipped, and when I hit the tile, it fell on me."

Will's face looks white and wet and absolutely miserable, and I am furious I let myself worry about an idiot.

"I kept telling you to fix that fucking shower," I say

and stalk out of the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind me.

I look through several drawers in the kitchen for the first aid kit, which he was always moving in his infuriating quest to organize the apartment. I finally find a few Spiderman Band-Aids wedged between the plastic wrap and a box of matches and run back upstairs.

I find Will dripping on the landing, looking confused.

"There aren't any towels in the bathroom?" he says slowly, "Why aren't there towels in the bathroom?"

I look in, behind the door, but I don't see any towels. I don't see any fallen tiles either. All I see is a trail of water leading up to Will.

He leans his bloody temple on the wall. "I feel so tired," he says, as the watery blood from his cuts stains the wall pink.

"You're bleeding on everything," I say and take out a towel from the hall closet.

He takes it and numbly pats himself dry.

I clutch my wad of Band-Aids and feel stupid. I thought that once the blood and water were gone the gash on his head would stop looking so huge and bloody, but it doesn't. There are dozens of bloody hashmarks on his arms that I hadn't noticed before.

"Maybe I should take you to the hospital."

"Maybe," he says absently. "But wasn't the whole point of leaving me not having to care about me anymore?"

"You're unbelievable," I tell him and pull him down the stairs to the car.

The hospital is barren and smells like ammonia and new paint. The stench is almost strong enough to make me wish that I hadn't told Will I didn't love him anymore; he wouldn't have injured himself, and I wouldn't

have had to be there—at that moment, in that hospital—with a bloody man on my arm and acrid chemicals searing my nostrils.

The nurse collects him, and I go to sit on the crinkly plastic seats in the waiting room.

I pick at the Styrofoam bubbles in my used coffee cup to distract myself from staring at the caulk texture on the Pepto-Bismol colored walls. There are no magazines that I want to read.

After ten minutes, I wish that I were the one bleeding on a gurney. The agony of bleeding is more acute than waiting but with bleeding, at least there's an end to it. The waiting room, I decide, is like a coma of anxiety and boredom and self-hatred at feeling boredom in the presence of suffering.

I'm halfway through brutalizing my third cup of coffee. The remnants of my last two cups are strewn like threats on the sticky seat beside me when Will finally walks out of the double-doors of the emergency room. There is a square of gauze taped to his temple and matching bandages on his arms. The gauze winds up around his forearms, curling around his thumbs like tender snakes.

I don't get up. I don't even look up.

The battered plastic seat cushion crinkles in the chair across from me as he sits down.

"So," Will says. His fingers are steepled—elbows, on his knees, his arms, unnaturally straight. "Your place or mine?"

The cottonballs in my mouth won't let me speak. The joke flatlines.

I pull out my car keys and throw my coffee cup into a nearby trashcan, leaving Styrofoam flotsam stranded on the seat.

At every stoplight along the drive home, I have to fight the urge to stare at Will's bandages. The colors of the streetlamps and stoplights run along his arms like liquid, sinking into the gauzy canvases and tattooing his skin in a grid of light. I don't understand how that can be beautiful, but it is, and I'm going to cause an accident if I keep staring at him and not the road.

My hands are the same color against the steering wheel, but I don't recognize them, my night-hands; it's like they are attached to an alternate night-body—all dappled blues and starlit whites—whose actions I cannot control. I have the feeling that I'm rising in a body of water with air trapped in my lungs.

I park the car in a dream. We change color when we step out of the car in front of the house, suddenly doused in the oily amber of the lamp-lined sidewalk.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN TURQUOISE AND THE PALE SKY OF A LAUNDRY SOFTENER COMMERCIAL

Will speaks for the first time since leaving the hospital. "My keys are in my pocket," he says, raising his arms apologetically. "Could you—?"

I forgot that the keys to my former house are sitting in a pile against the floor. I return my car keys to my purse.

"Right." I fish into his jacket, fingers closing around the cold metal of the key in his pocket. The thing-ness of it is comforting. It is all solid and iron and predictable; it turns easily in the door. I hold the door open for Will, who sidles past me into the narrow entryway. Some metal part of his jacket—zipper, button, I don't know—makes contact with the small strip of naked flesh between my t-shirt and my jeans, and I freeze.

By the time I've taken enough deep breaths to be able to close the door and follow him up to the bedroom, his footsteps are already retreating up the stairs.

I help him take his jacket off and untie his shoelaces while he sits on the edge of the bed. I try to touch him as little as possible. I don't make eye contact.

My back is turned to him. "You can sleep here," he says. I turn around.

"If you want," he adds.

In the ocean of white linens, Will's body looks small and helpless.

I have to leave the room.

I go to the hall closet and get a blanket. There's a faded rose on the wall where Will was leaning his head, and one of the stained towels lies crumpled on the floor by the bathroom. I pick up the towel.

My keys are underneath it.

When I walk back, I can hear the sound of bedclothes rustling behind the closed bedroom door.

After a while, I hear nothing.

I unfold the blanket across the sofa in the living room. I try to sleep, but every time I close my eyes, the sound of running water sluices through my head. ♦



CUP OF SAN FRANCISCO // MARGARET MACLEAN // SILVER GELATIN PRINT

PARTICLE DUST STORM LIKE A WARNING BETWEEN US EVEN NOW



ASCENT // DOROTHY HOWARD // DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



DISORDER

You were a dust storm,
all Wind-and-
Particle, and
I slept with windows open
for eighteen years.

The Aftermath spoke a foreign language;
I was fluent in Chaos but
couldn't fathom the quiet
you left behind. Only

that thick layer of sand
coating the kitchen floor
made sense to me. Only that
uneven shard of glass jutting
upward made sense
to me. (Even now

it stands defiant: Monolith.
There is Proof of your Mania.)
Even now,

across the mosaic of States,
carved out of mountains and lakes
like a warning between us,
even now

my lungs are heavy,
my sky a mirage.

HANNAH FUNG-WIENER

MONOLITH
AFTTERMATH
DEFIANT
DUST STORM
THE QUIET

REMNANT OF BIRD IN FIELD

It was a worm eater; now the worms eat it.
Two white knives amid brown leaves, broken ends
dried together with matted muscle.
I flip it with my boot toe.
If I kneeled
in the frost
and pinched an end
and rose
and pulled back my arm
and threw,
it would fly.
I could turn away and leave it up there,
pinned against the blue like cutout felt on a board.
Birds always come down silent; the ground does not
recognize or else does not care to announce what it doesn't understand.
What do we do with the pieces of things that are not ours?
The colder hand still holding emptiness.
What is that shape that death reclaims?
I do not know my way around my own edges
much less the path through this field to the road again.
When I have wandered far enough to stop leaving crumbs behind me
When I have jumped too short and cracked my teeth against tougher stone than trust
When the fire is a thing I no longer run my fingers through
I will know how to bury the stranger remnants in the honest ground.

TARA BORGILT



ARANEA
STEPHANIE BASTEK
SOFT-GROUND ETCHING
WITH AQUATINT



BLOOMS // RACHEL FOX // PHOTOGRAPH



100

recollected from anecdotes and photos, the scene
of the one hundredth day of my life:
rice cakes in pastel towers
table crouching under the weight of watermelon
noodles curling coy at the bottom of deep bowls
slender strands plucked and draped into a swirl.

a small mound of polyester animals
playing bouncers next to the living room door
my body ensconced in white polka dots on red.

one grandmother worried that the party was too big
ghosts would know i was no ordinary child.
the other grandmother spoke: she is
my first grandchild. let the world know.

so i have heard.
this is the story i tell myself when
i know myself as a sliver of non-white non-man.
once a man on stage said to me and everyone in particular
somebody's gonna win, and it better be you;
to you and somebody i sing a song
from my grandmothers, whose hearts
have never lost.

HOYOUNG “JODIE” MOON

LINGUA GEOGRAPHICA

Jesus, bees are deceitful—
all humming and never a tune.
Who would stop, smell an orchid,
if they were never in bloom?

Admittedly, pointing is pointless:
My tongue is no means to an end.
Miss Mountweazel walking the mapped street—
mishap, though, or intent?

My voice might be stuck in the badlands
and never pass to grasp.
Craters and crusts are barren,
but pronouns, I offer en masse!

Cast like a bell, I'm still ringing.
Resounding the clapper obscure.
Repeat, like I am the chorus,
and a corpus sounds much like a corpse.

In fact, matching “wrong” with “woeful”—
how seductive those pitiful sounds!
I'm raising a storm in a teacup,
delight in the searchers, who've drowned.

No use in inspecting my forehead
or my fingers—they too will be mute.
While I might appear to be struggling,
I'm more likely brutish, astute.
Say tacit, say tasteless, say torn.

KATHARINA SCHWAIGER



OGLING
DOROTHY HOWARD
ACRYLIC & MARKER ON PAPER



UNTITLED // MARISSA KATZ // OIL ON CANVAS



C.C.

I have inherited Corday's¹ knife but neither her courage
Nor her rage.
The days are acute. The dawn bleeds out over the hills.
What is night, is it soft, does it hum discretely?
I cannot remember. I have neither rage nor courage.
I merely revolve suspiciously, restless.
There is not much left here; there are
Decisions to perpetuate existence,
To pour the tepid coffee,
To shrug my shoulders.
There are always my lips twisted by frostbite,
My spine bending like a column of impossible honey.
There is always my mind,
Weaving like a boxer, scolding like a carpenter's son.
Waste disgusts me. There is too much nothingness.
Want repels me. There is always too much and never enough.
*Aidez-moi, mon chère amie*²
In which direction lies eternity?

CAROLYN FOERSTER

¹ Charlotte Corday, the assassin of Jean-Paul Marat during the French Revolution.

² "Help me, my dear friend!"

REVEL IN MY BODY, REVEL IN MY MIND

I. I drip and ooze.

Every word that leaks
from the corner of my lips
reeks of a heart mangled
by the clench of its savior.
This dribble colors my clothes
with the dull yellow that
tints the eyes of the sleepless.
My bed is heavy and sinks
into the floorboards, for the fluids
that seep from a body dejected
are weighty.
Under the covers my body lies
longing to be worshiped
by the hands of the lover who thought
my nipples were temples
and my waist
his final resting place.

II. I sway and rock

in the wake of
uncertain matters,
unsettled feelings.

I am roaming, but I am not lost.
I drift, but I do not sink.

I have been unfastened
from my foundations, and
I have been shaken
from my illusions,
but perhaps it is best,
some say, to wade
in the wake—unsettled,
uncertain but also
unfettered.

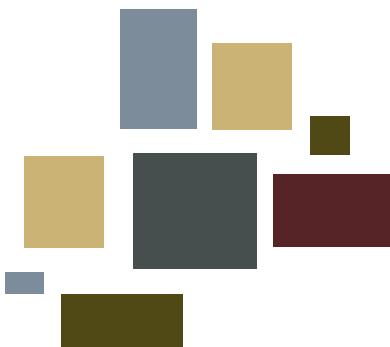
III. And now,

I sit and listen
to a new kind of quiet
that crept in and soothed
my spirits before I realized
I had been waiting.

And if a new kind of love
should come and bid me to leave
with a softened disposition and a quick
glance back, I think that

I will go.

JO STEWART





KLIMT REINTERPRETED // ROBYN POPP // BALLPOINT PEN, SHARPIE, COLORED PENCIL ON PAPER



TAXIDERMY // LYDIA FITZGERALD // OIL ON CANVAS

MEGALOMANIA

I write my name in the sand.

Moving
in the endless ocean
Charybdis refrains from me,
green under the eye of night.

Can you imagine the eye of night over the ocean?

I write my name in the sand and I wait.

*Oh sea give this little to me:
climb up the steep sands
and erase my name.*

My name in the sand fixes its eye on the coldly respirating sky.

*It's in your nature, after all,
erasure.*

Uncouth,
like a pair of Geryon wings my name opens itself – unfurling
northward
southward
opening over the sand
over the long western edge, the crest
of the lid
of the huge north American eye.

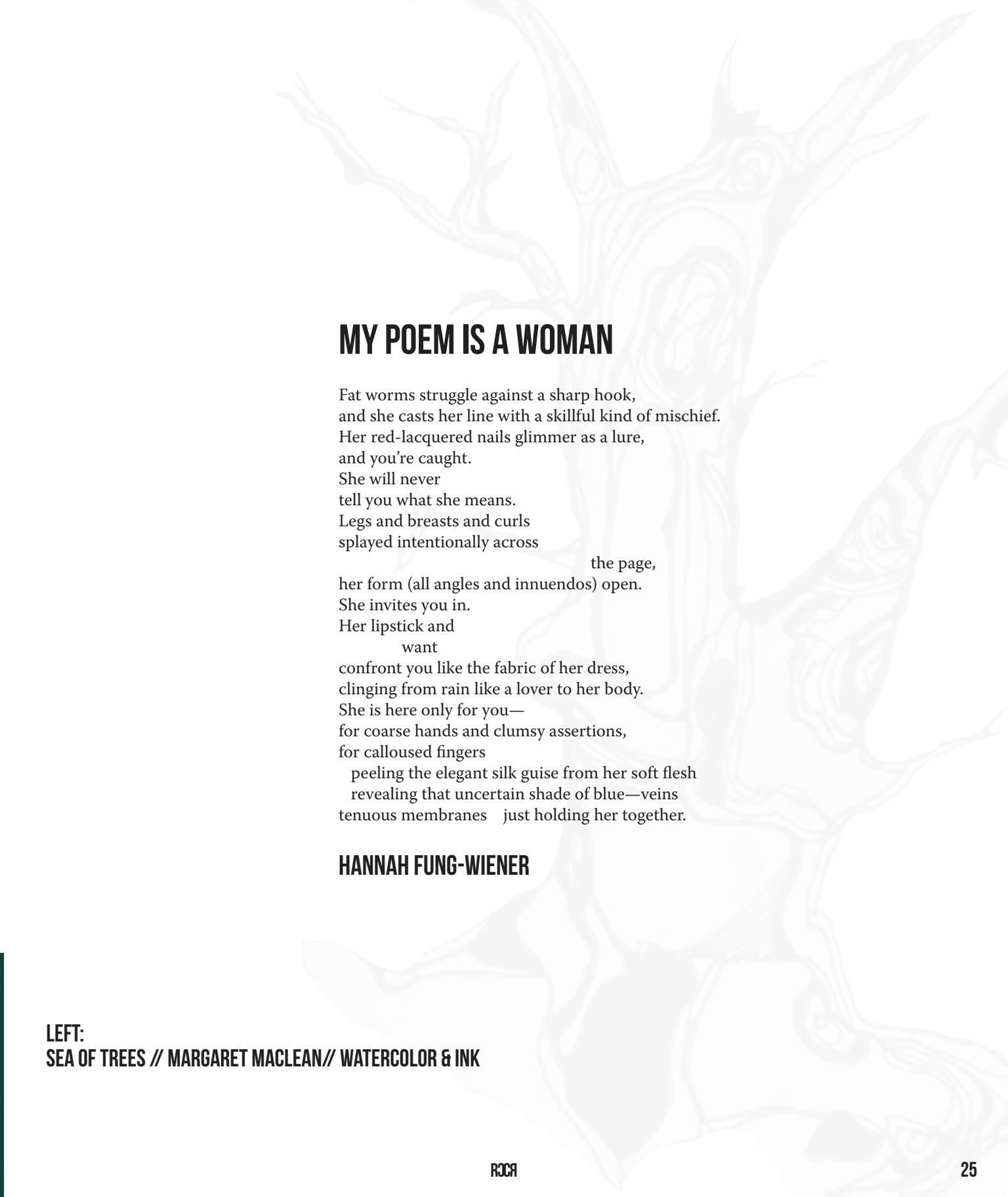
My name extends there and stares dryly
up
at the unimpressed sky
—that immovable eye we are
passing
under.
Oh grandfather clock, Charybdis,
at the center of the world
roaring and plummeting.

I wait for the sea to take my name but my name flushes topaz and downy.
I am watching it pealing, great tropical ferns.

And the sea only seems to roll back on itself – full of whales, full of the singing of whales.

JAC NELSON





MY POEM IS A WOMAN

Fat worms struggle against a sharp hook,
and she casts her line with a skillful kind of mischief.
Her red-lacquered nails glimmer as a lure,
and you're caught.
She will never
tell you what she means.
Legs and breasts and curls
splayed intentionally across
the page,
her form (all angles and innuendos) open.
She invites you in.
Her lipstick and
want
confront you like the fabric of her dress,
clinging from rain like a lover to her body.
She is here only for you—
for coarse hands and clumsy assertions,
for calloused fingers
peeling the elegant silk guise from her soft flesh
revealing that uncertain shade of blue—veins
tenuous membranes just holding her together.

HANNAH FUNG-WIENER

LEFT:
SEA OF TREES // MARGARET MACLEAN// WATERCOLOR & INK

THE NEW MOUNTAIN

the new mountain is part fire
as the old mountain was part tree

you see the new mountain leaping
over the corpse of the old mountain
you feel the hot wind blow down

the lawn is dry
the car is ready
your feet on the concrete step
do not move

you are not ready to welcome
the new mountain into your life

but accept it as the sun
accepts the earth day after day

KIERAN HANRAHAN





MOUNTAIN // ALEX KRAFCIK // DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



UNTITLED

What is death if not
the steaming and shrieking
of a kettle left unnoticed

What is death if not
the steady knocking of
a backboard, reminding the lovers
of the cadence of their love making.

What is death if not
a scab, a skinned knee,
another fall on a floor
freshly mopped.

What is death if not
the red remnants left in
the belly of a wine glass
once full.

What is death
if not life disrobed—
barefoot on bathroom tile
not yet warmed by day.

JO STEWART

LEFT:
LIKE CLOCKWORK // STEPHANIE BASTEK
ETCHING WITH AQUATINT, SPIT BITE,
SUGAR LIFT & DRYPOINT

DAGUERREOTYPE FOR ALEX

You walk through my door bleary-eyed, carrying
your soap and shampoo before you in a basket,
the lantern of a man seeking honest men.

The light of this sun is not enough to see by,
too often is it dimmed through the iron
slit windows of our room. You say you

came here for confirmation, but I catch you watching
water stains creep across the sky and know you came
only to try to see. Light filters through your camera and

glasses onto a stiff silver sheet. With these lenses
you receive the world: man in gas mask invites
apocalypse, jacketed girl stands at edge of cliff,

tree hanging from bridge burns like votive candle.
I'm afraid you don't know what you need to, that dreams,
like hopeless ducks, die before they hit the reeds,

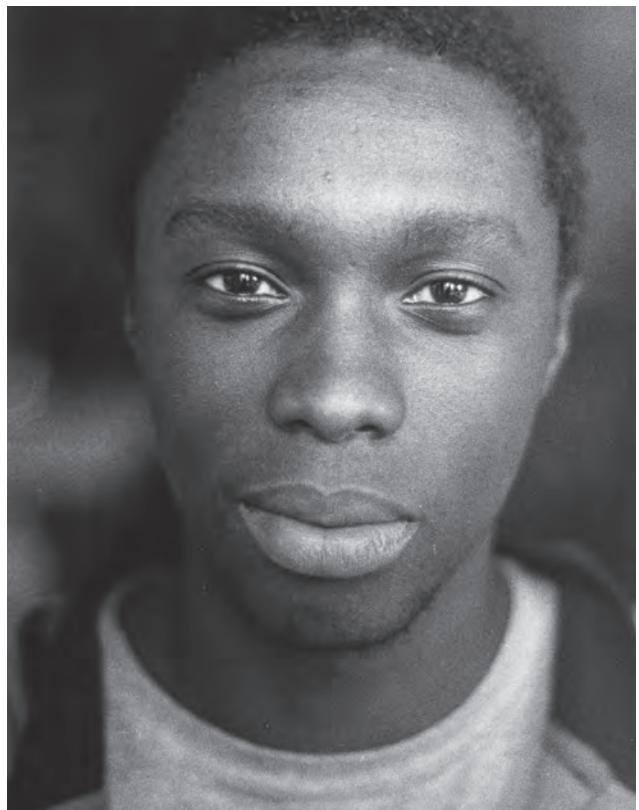
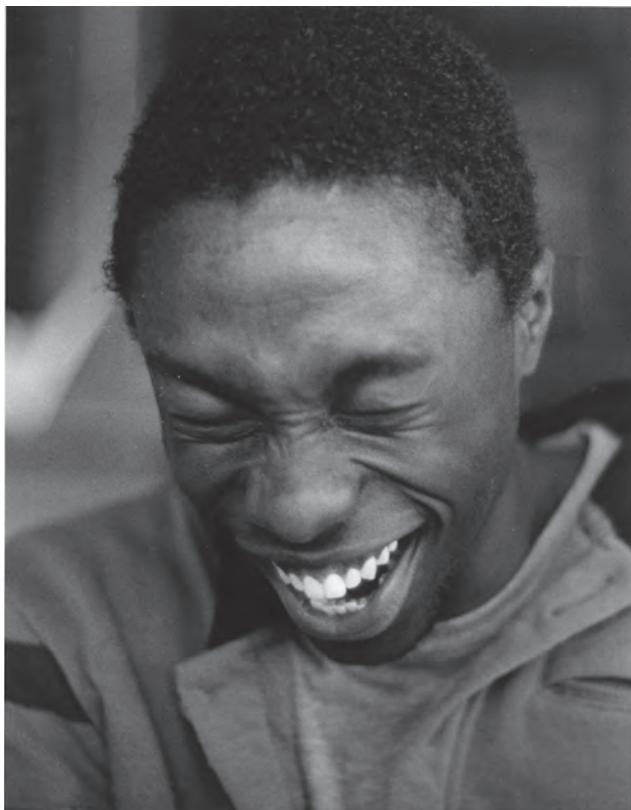
that yours already carries lead in its breast,
the arc of its fall predetermined, remaining only
to be captured in the photograph of a squinting boy.

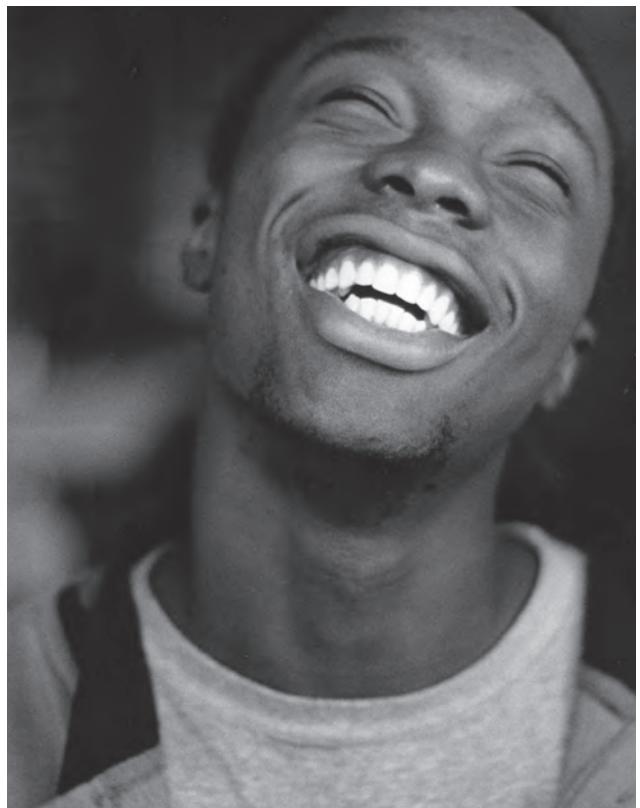
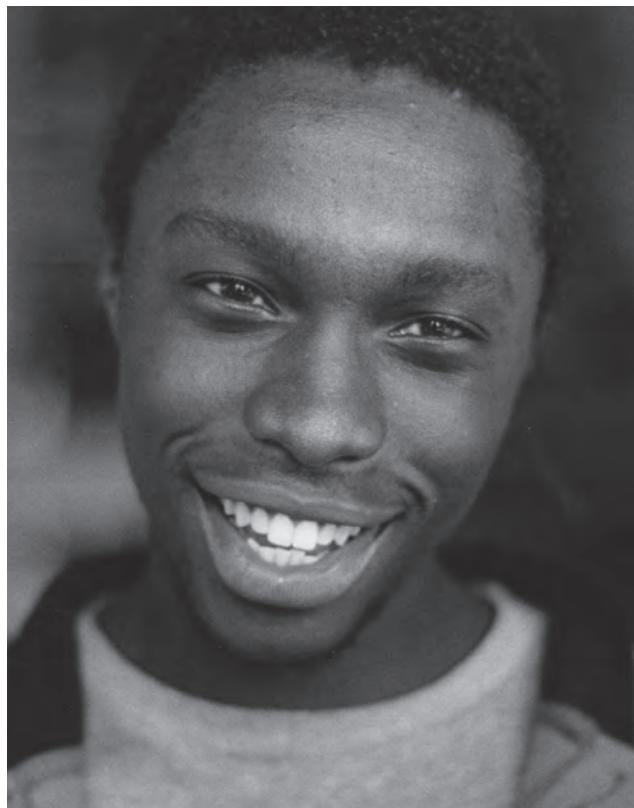
KIERAN HANRAHAN





BUSINESSMAN // ALEX KRAFCIK // DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH





FOUR // ERIN KLEINFELD // GELATIN SILVER PRINT



FALLING // MARGARET MACLEAN // DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH



DRAGONFLY WINGS

MAREN FICHTER

M elanie never trusted happy people. It was just one of those things with her. She grew up disparaging of clowns rather than scared of them: from the very beginning, she managed to look down on them, even when looking down required her to stand on her tip-toes (and even then “looking down” remained metaphorical rather than physical). Perhaps she was lucky to not have grown very tall, because it would have been overwhelming then, to be looked down upon so intensely.

Melanie had a mass of curly, reddish-brown hair, which she liked to wear in a fantastical mess to encourage bird nesting. People always asked to pet it, or to brush it, and then they would diminish in size when she stared at them; that was what you did when Mel stared at you.

She stared at me like that, too. I’d smile at her, and she’d stare, like, “What the fuck? Your smiles are stupid. You do them when you don’t know what else to do.”

“Yeah, I like them.”

“That’s so pointless. Facial expressions are supposed to mean shit, you know.”

“Yeah. Smiling means I’m happy.”

“Denise. You can’t always be happy. That’s just not even a thing.”

I lose track of how many times we have this conversation.



OUR FRIENDSHIP BLOSSOMED FROM THE GLITTER SHE STRUGGLED TO WASH OUT, FOR WEEKS, EVEN WHEN HER MOTHER TOLD HER THAT THERE WAS REALLY NO GLITTER THERE.

I met her when we were four. She was at some county fair, and there was a clown handing out balloon animals. I'd just gotten a dragonfly painted on my face and wanted a matching balloon. So I went up to the clown, and he braided pink and orange balloons for me, and I ran off to show someone, anyone, and there was Mel. She stared at my balloon, and she stared at me, and I couldn't stop grinning because it was the best balloon I'd ever, ever seen.

"God. Denise. You're such a sap. D'you have any idea how stupid you looked?" She asks this years later; I'm still laughing about the incident.

"Oh, I know. The face paint was sparkly. It didn't come off for ages, remember?"

She stares at me. "You got it in my hair."

She never forgave me for that. Our friendship blossomed from the glitter she struggled to wash out, for weeks, even when her mother told her that there was really no glitter there.

Magically, we managed to remain in the same school classes for years. We would sit together in the back, and Mel would accumulate dark, moody reputations. I imagined her going home and spearing them on a corkboard with black pins. Sometimes, we whispered, and when we were caught, it was always Mel who was reprimanded. I could smile. I could disappear that way.

Mel liked wearing black clothes. I told her black brought out her pale eyes. She started wearing black eyeliner.

I was taller than she was, and she never really forgave me for that, either. I developed a thing for too-short pants and began stealing her jeans.

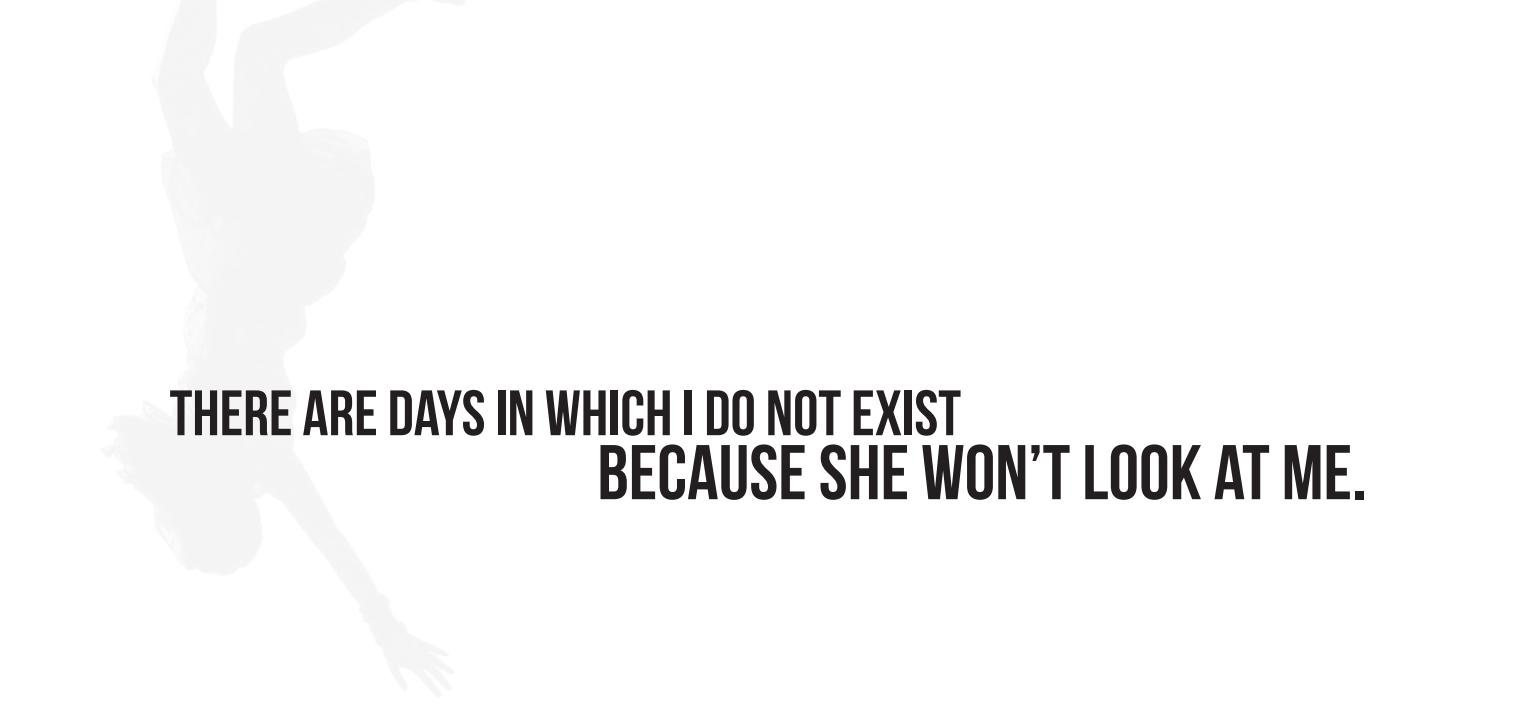
"Denise, my clothes. Where are they going?"

"I need new shit. Friends share clothes."

She stares at me, like sharing clothes would make sense only in a world where the birds really did nest in her hair. "Am I the only person you're stealing from?"

Sometimes I feel like my face will break with the intensity with which I smile, "yes," to make up for Mel's unwillingness to. But there's an implicit something in the corners of her eyes, and her mouth just doesn't quite know how to follow that lead. Only when she complains about her increasing lack of clothing and money and her mother's job do I stop, but from then on I wear her things nonstop.

One day, I asked Mel if I could kiss her, because I had decided that I was in love with her. She stared at me, and then I didn't exist for the week that she didn't



THERE ARE DAYS IN WHICH I DO NOT EXIST BECAUSE SHE WON'T LOOK AT ME.

speak to me. I never brought it up again, but I didn't change my mind about being in love with her. Not really.

"I've decided to take up face painting," Mel says to me one day, her stare rather defensive.

We go to buy brushes and paints. The store clerk ignores me, like people tend to do when Mel's around, and points her in the right direction. We make our selections, and Mel drives us to the fairground, deserted at this time of year. We set up underneath a small tree that's just beginning to recover from winter. Her teeth gnaw at her top lip as she sets to work on me.

At times it looks like a grimace, but then, sometimes, it looks like a smile, too.

She leads silver strands of paint up my arms. Glossy whites hover millimeters above my skin, suspended by tiny hairs. Veins, blue beneath my skin and silver above it, crawl upward onto my shoulders.

"What are you doing?"

"Shh. It'll be good." For a brief second, her eyes are on mine, and the corners are crinkled.

I think she may be happy today, and that scares me a bit.

She makes me take off my shirt so she can continue down my neck and along my shoulder blades, the soft brush trailing pink. At times she works behind me, her bird-hair tickling at my bare skin. When her swift fingers unclip my bra, she brushes down my goose bumps with golden glitter.

"Don't look now," she says. She moves back in front of me and begins on my chest and stomach, and I close

my eyes. Time paints itself into my body with her brush strokes, and I forget what it is like to be without her.

When she is finished, I am a shining dragonfly. I stand, golden and pink and glitter my only clothing, and swirl away across the fairground. Mel stares after me.

We never converge in the same way again.

There are days in which I do not exist because she won't look at me. I still whisper to her, but she doesn't whisper back, really. I follow her at lunch but leave a distance between us. Occasionally she talks to other people now; I see the stiffness of her neck. I know that I should not follow. I watch anyway, because that is all I really know how to do, with her. I smile on the nights I watch her fall asleep; being alone with her again makes me happy.

Now, I only wear the clothes that I collected from her. She won't grace me with herself in any other way.

“Hey—Mel!"

Her hair is shorter now; it looks more like a bird's nest than ever. I follow the bobbing red-brown through the crowd. People jostle her, but I have always had some ability to melt through the world like it isn't even there. In seconds, I am behind her again.

She sends me a short glare, as if she doesn't want to be caught looking back.

"Mel, could you just slow down for a moment?" I ask her. She shakes her head the barest fraction of an inch.

Her eyes are flat and closed off against me now, and when she actually does close them, I disappear again.

Sometimes, I can still catch her eye. I can still smile at her. She stares. Always, she just stares. I learn to diminish in size too, until I'm just like everyone else she has ever stared at—small enough to pack away in her pocket, except that she would never keep me there.

Maybe someday she'll diminish me until I am nothing at all. Then, maybe, I will really exist.

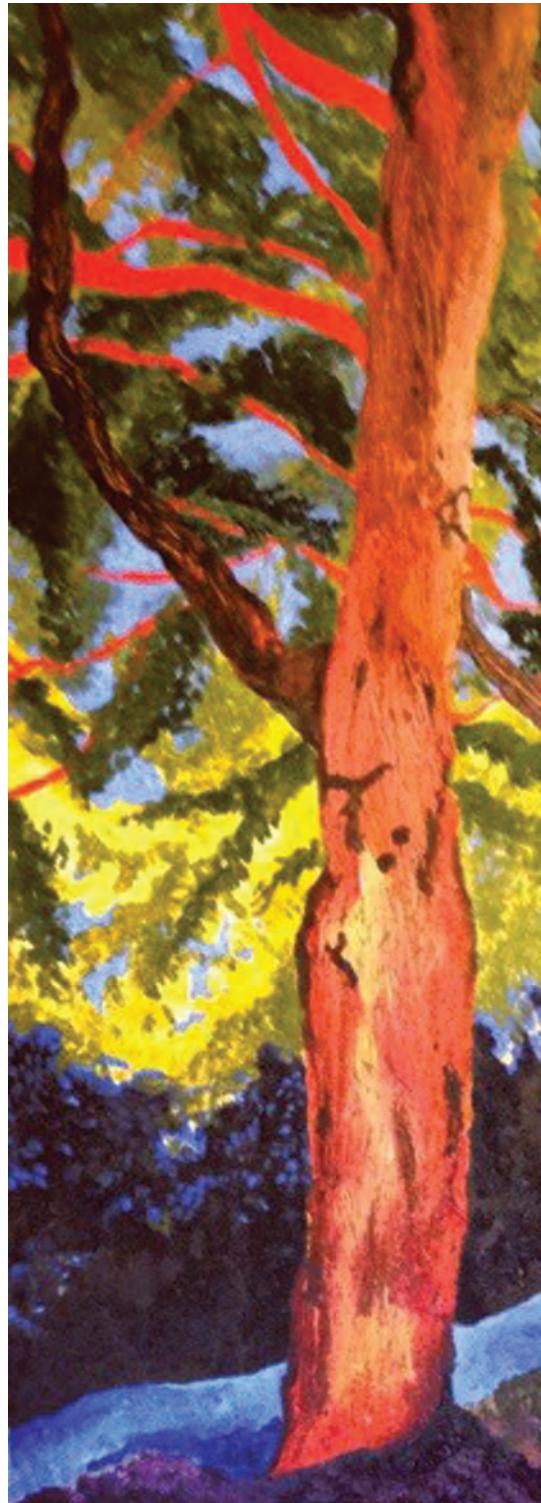
Isit at the foot of Mel's bed in her dorm room. She has a boy over. She is so guarded against me now that I do not even know his name. I'm wearing jeans I stole from her in the seventh grade. They are uncomfortably tight against my hips.

The boy wants to kiss her. His eyes keep flicking at her lips when she talks, and homework lies long forgotten across the floor. I don't know why I'm still here.

Her voice registers in my ears the way that it always has, as if it were the only voice in the world. I'm not even sure if I can hear him. For all I know or care, he does not speak.

I stand up. Her eyes flick to me. I take her favorite leather jacket from its hook by the door. As I leave, the boy leans in. I know she can see the kiss I blow her, from the corner of her eye. ♦

**MAYBE SOMEDAY
SHE'LL DIMINISH ME NOTHING
UNTIL I AM AT ALL.
THEN, MAYBE,
I WILL REALLY EXIST.**





REED COLLEGE WALKWAY // ANNA LAURA KASTAMA // ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

VICISSITUDE

SEOUL

Deep down I believed in the dyad—
The So-ness of all things, themselves—
Though now I find neither side
Rightly weighted against anything else.

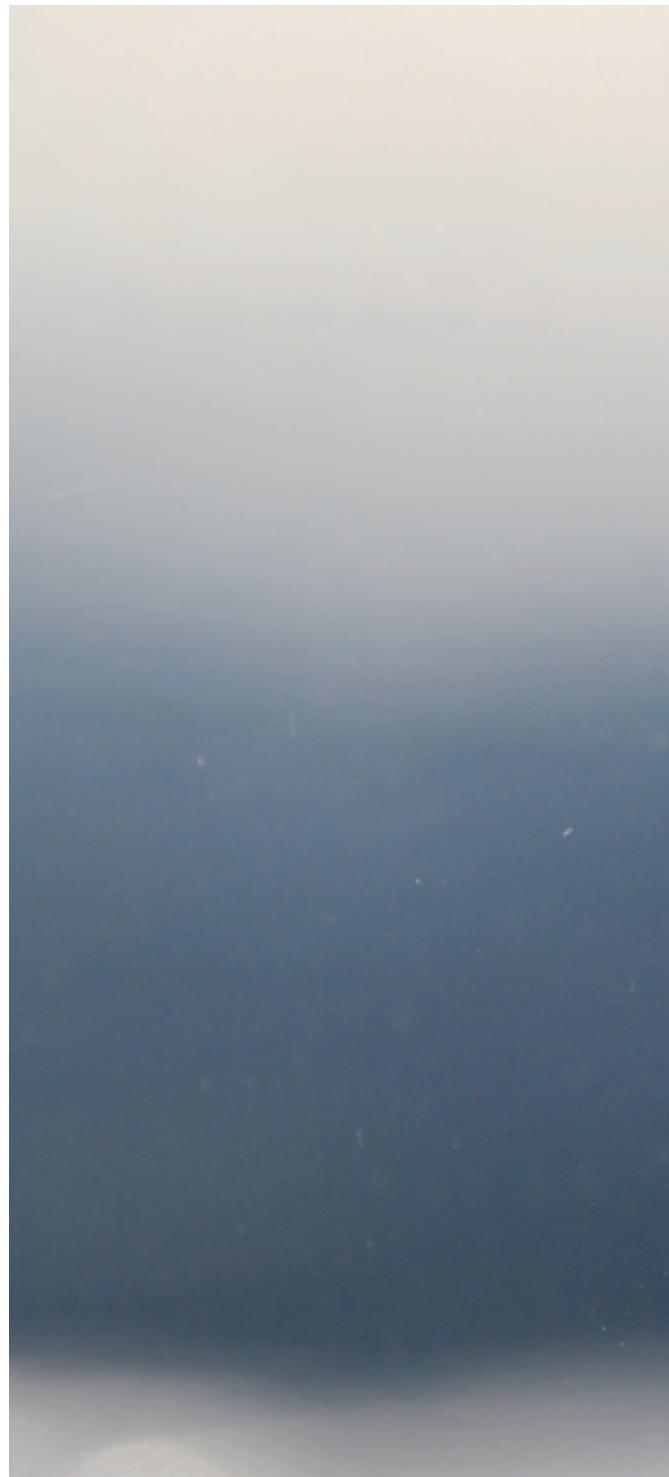
Sometimes one loses everything
At once—the listing folds
Adrift in balm of memory, unbind
And wrench themselves away

(Also at once). Yet traces remain
Of incineration, whether clearing
Or brushfire, a razing paid
For countless pitiless harvests taken.

Every city is nourished by the same
Sublimated earth, and every body—
Somehow I never escape this. That is, I am
The one I speak of. Uncertainty

Hangs, sickly, in the air above
The murky Han. This is smog.
I see it every morning. Now I remember
Nothing but having lost everything.

JEANNIE YOON





ICE // RACHEL FOX // DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

IN MEMORIAM: A SISTER

*Attend! To corncrake's call I lend
My own, a maddened cawing craze.
So essence from the teller's praise
I by this statement hope to fend.*

'O: blanched girl who lies in rose,
Who's oft committed me to knee,
Writ on your lids a glum decree:
That you would flutter to repose.

Her recent echoes fill this hall.
The silent pat of hawkish feet
Do trace the chilly boards to meet
The keeper of their infant's caul.

Her mind, a meted fabric, holds
A single chord on which to dwell.
A staid, enduring, faithful knell,
When outside stringed din unfold.

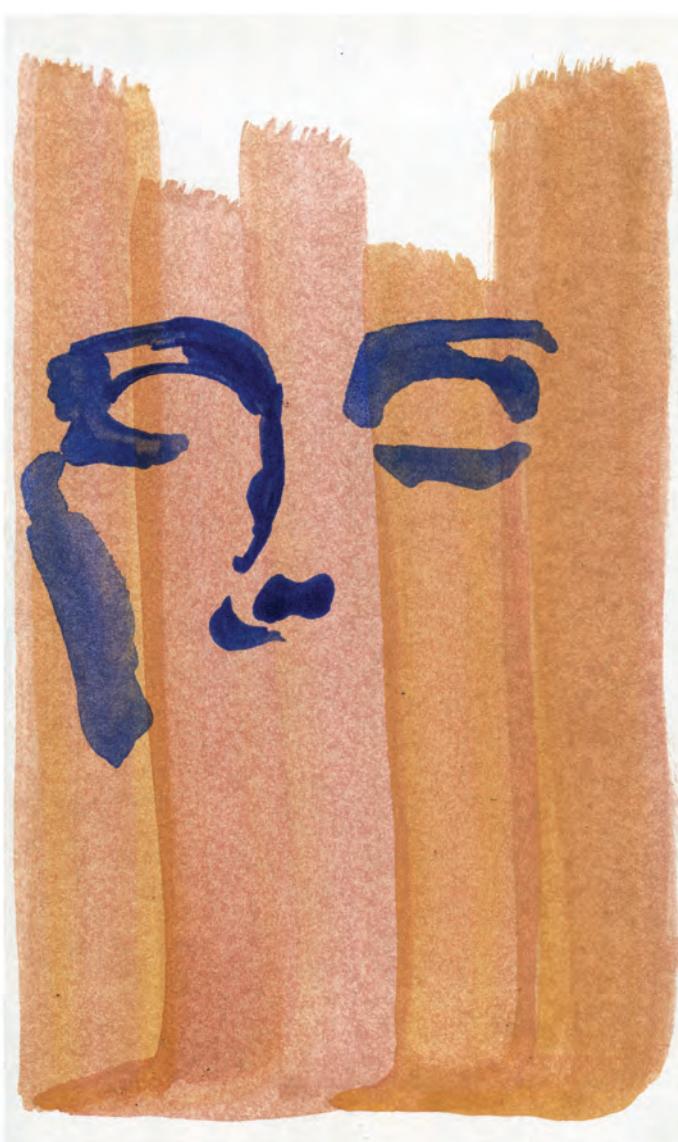
Embalmed across my membrane-mind,
Her limbèd fire's fading ash,
Which ancient sin does still abash
To flush from wanting caress kind.

Yet! As I spread my fingertips
Across the lady's features cold
This fire shall spread and now behold
A pulse will flit from eye to lip.

And from her grave my girl doth rise,
Now shaking down the poppy boughs
That by this rite our souls espouse—
So clear the ash between my eyes.

HALEY TILT





TRIPTYCH // AUBREY BAUER // WATERCOLOR



THIS FIRE
SHALL SPREAD
AND SOON BEHOLD



FUNERAL FOR HIS WIFE

It is so beautiful here
Like living inside a lily
Is what I imagine you will tell me
The next time you call at two in the afternoon
To remind me to pick up the kids
And that, on accident, you ate my last plum for lunch.
I imagine that you will also tell me
About the woman you sat next to,
How her curlers came loose
While she talked about her grandson's soccer game,
And she was so excited you couldn't bring yourself
to tell her.
And you will probably complain about my beard
in passing
And remind me to shave before you get home.
But I hope that you will tell me
What the inside of the snowflakes looked like
Because you must have seen them
And that is what I am most interested in.

I hope it wasn't too cold when you left:
The snow was already a couple inches thick
And I didn't see you take your coat
Or your favorite socks.

And maybe you could tell me
How to tell Sophia,
Because you always said the hard things.

I have to remind myself
Around two in the afternoon
Not to expect the ring,
Just because you always did.
So instead I take Sophia
And let her pick the lilies.

SAGE FREEBURG

WOLVES

they find the woman at the edge of the forest,
in the field where the grass grows dry and tall
in summer. her body is still warm, the child
still grips at her breast.

they lift him by the leg of his pajamas, away
from the blood, with their teeth, away from
the sound of grasshoppers in the wild wheat,
into the shadow of the trees.

the river. that's where they bathe him, bring him
berries and insects, lick his face clean.
on warmer days he splashes his fists in the shallows
and grabs at the pups who nip his hair.

in the winters, sunlight narrows, the forest sleeps.
he learns to stalk the footprints in the snow, to tear
mice from their tunnels as they pass. they live on
rodents and snowmelt until spring.

but the boy knows something is wrong with him.
he feels the wind and snow on his bare pelt,
sees his digging claws bleed into the earth.
on moonlit nights, the others watch him listen.

one day a sharp thing hidden in the tall grass
of the field cuts his foot. he takes it to the trees,
grabbing it in his claws, and attacks a young fir.
pitch streams from the scars.

they are sleeping when it happens. he leaves
their skins in a pile, their skinless corpses
in another, the forest full of bleeding trees
and headless animals.

KIERAN HANRAHAN

STILL-LIFE WITH BLOOD ORANGE
KIRA JACOBSON // OIL ON CANVAS





SAN JUAN // RACHEL FOX // DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

THE WAR OF THE MARIACHIS

ERIN KLEINFELD

(AN EXCERPT)

Many years ago, somewhere in the high desert of Mexico in my grandparents' pueblo San Miguel de Allende, I used to spend my evenings listening to the mariachis. In the center of town, there was an old stone plaza ringed with iron benches and dusty trees and desert flowers. This was El Jardín. People would gather there to sell hand-woven baskets and roasted corn sprinkled with lime and queso and spicy red salsa, spread news about marriages and new babies and deaths, and sit and walk and listen. The old people used to like to rest in El Jardín all afternoon. But at night, that is when the young people came out. Flocks of teenagers—the boys and girls in opposing herds, the girls holding hands with one another and the boys with hair slicked back. There was always an old fat man carrying a bouquet of balloons and there were always papas buying balloons for little girls. Young couples dancing to the night's music.

I liked to pick a bench and watch. I liked to be among the people but I knew that I was not one of them. If you are a gringo with gringo grandparents in San Miguel you cannot be one of them, but you are allowed to watch and buy chicle from the little kids with hungry faces.

The reason why I came every night was that I wanted to watch the War of the Mariachis.

There were two bands that reigned equally: Los Mariachis Sanmiguelenses and Los Mariachis del Santo Viciente. The former wore white and the latter wore navy blue and so we called them Los Blancos y Los Azules.

Los Blancos wore these spiffed-up suits, all tailored

THERE WERE NEVER ANY MUSICAL VICTORIES, SO THE MUSICIANS STARTED TO PLAY DIRTY

and glittering with silver detailing. Embroidered lapels and enormous belt buckles. Shoes shined and moustaches manicured. Los Azules had these luxurious silk ties, wide-brimmed hats and clean-shaven faces. Black cowboy boots and the bassist even had spurs. And on the backs of all of the jackets, the bands' names embroidered carefully by abuelas. They were gorgeous getups. But this was battle gear.

Los Blancos would start in the north corner of the square at quarter to nine as the spotlights turned on the great Parroquia, the orange church that reached up over El Jardín. Families would surround them, requesting songs, clapping to the beat. The trumpets were so proud, the guitars soft. And their voices, the hum of them, the repetition of the lyrics pulsed across time from their uncles and grandfathers. Los Blancos had a style. They were romantics.

And then at nine o'clock sharp, Los Azules would saunter up to the south corner, and wielding their instruments, would begin to play. They always seemed more aggressive than Los Blancos, with more machismo and brass. They appealed to pride in the people, their boldness and perseverance.

The people would gravitate to the two corners, listening, dancing. Each band more or less equal in popularity.

Aye yay yay aye, crooned Los Blancos.

Que te quiero verde, sang Los Azules.

Around quarter to 10, the two groups would begin to converge in the center of El Jardín. The dissonance between the lover's ballad and the cowboy's folk song, the wedding waltz and the birthday polka, would begin to reverberate across the adobe storefronts, echo from the walls of the great Parroquia. The sound was deafening and joyous and harmonious and discordant all at once. They mariachis began to play louder and louder, trying to outdo each other. The horns would squeak with effort. Strings were broken. Voices became raspy. The dancing, listening people would start to disappear into bars to dance salsa or went home to enjoy flan with their cousins, but the bands kept playing

into the night until the past-midnight drunks would stumble past, confused at the cacophony of it all. Sometime around two in the morning the mayor would come out and tell them all to go to bed, and they would respectfully pack up their instruments and go home. By this time, I would have wandered from El Jardín to the bars to my friend Jalal's apartment and back to El Jardín and then to another bar and on my way home to my grandparents' house I would pass El Jardín one last time and watch the mariachis agree to postpone the war until the next night.

There were never any musical victories, so the musicians started to play dirty.

One Sunday afternoon, the trumpeter of Los Azules, Luís, snuck into the laundry where a tía of Los Blancos washed and pressed their uniforms. Into the great wash-basin full of boiling hot water, Luís dropped a bright red hand-dyed handkerchief.

That night, at quarter to nine, Los Blancos arrived pink in El Jardín. Feeling emasculated, Ramón, the lead guitarist, almost refused to play, but his father Alberto, the singer, insisted that he must bring the family honor in any state of dress. So like any other night, Los Blancos began to play with a vulnerability that made the señoritas swoon. The pink brought out the young men's cheeks, and soon the young girls encircled them. When Los Azules arrived on the square, snickering at Luís's deed, and began to play in the opposite corner, they were surprised to find that only the young cowboys were listening, and not for long, because they went off to Los Blancos' corner to catch the swoons of the señoritas.

Los Blancos drew a crowd bigger than ever before. They played so beautifully—the songs seemed to come from the heart of a bride about to be married, they were so full of tenderness and excitement and lust. Los Azules got louder, trying to drown the bride song, but the people were deaf to the machos. Around eleven, Los Azules gave up and stomped off to a bar, drinking shots of mezcal until sunrise. The bachelor Blancos left early that night with señoritas

clinging to their rosy arms. All except Ramón, who disappeared into the cobblestone alleyways of the pueblo.

Alberto knew about Los Azules' prank, and though in the end it had backfired and worked in Los Blancos' favor, he knew he needed to meet the malevolence of the enemy band. This was, after all, a war.

During the day, Alberto worked at a panadería called La Colmena that made pan dulce and cookies and soft breads. High up on the roof, generations of Alberto's family had tended to a colony of bees there that gave the sweetest honey in Guanajuato, and for this reason La Colmena was one of the most respected and favored panaderías in the high desert. Alberto enlisted his son Ramón to prepare the special smoke for the bees. Regular smoke will put a bee to sleep for a little while, but not long enough for Alberto's purposes. This smoke pacified the bees until they heard a certain ultrasonic frequency that only the family knew how to whistle. As Ramón mixed the sage and cinnamon and secret powders, Alberto patched together old flour sacks. On Wednesday night, after Los Blancos—who had by then bleached their uniforms back to their original purity—returned from El Jardín, Alberto and Ramón enchanted their bees. As the buzzing hummed lower into a sleepy silence, the father and son gently packed the bees one-by-one into the sack, knowing that though the bees would be displaced, they would always know how to fly home to La Colmena. Licking their sticky fingers, father and son walked out into the night. They snuck away into Luis' basement, where Los Azules' kept their instruments. Into every guitarrón body, trumpet horn, and violin bow, the men hid the bees, adhering them in place with a hexagon of honeycomb. Assuring themselves that the insects were hidden, Alberto and Ramón returned to their casa and slept until late afternoon.

On Thursday night at the usual time, Los Azules emerged on the square and scoffed at their rivals, who always began to play a quarter of an hour before them. Luis put his trumpet to his lips, Filipe lifted his curvaceous guitarrón, and Javi placed the violin between the curve of his chin and

neck. Agreeing on their first song, a ballad recounting the triumphs of a soldier in La Revolución, the musicians began to play. The new singer in the group, Jorge, a niño of fourteen, carried the soprano part with a steady dignity. That is, until the pubescent voice squeaked. Suddenly, the bees awoke, hearing their ultrasonic alarm bell, and buzzed and swarmed. Frightened, Luis dropped his trumpet, which fell onto the cobblestones with a clang and a dent. But because Los Azules and their instruments smelled like honeycomb, the bees did not sting them. Instead, they flew to Los Blancos, the other source of noise in the square, and stung the pink cheeks of every musician, except for Alberto and Ramón, whose blood was mixed with honey. Los Blancos, shouting in pain and swatting away bees, spat at the bakers and ran into their violinist, Miguel's bar, where they drank shots of tequila until the stings were a dull throb. Humiliated, Ramón fled to his tía Teresa's house, where she fed him tortilla soup and told him to stop crying. ♦

INTO THE GREAT WASHBASIN FULL OF
BOILING HOT WATER,
LÚIS DROPPED A BRIGHT RED
HAND-DYED HANDKERCHIEF

ANDIA-TA-ROC-TE

I burrow my feet into the scorching earth.
Where is this place, which star illuminates these lands?

There are cities and there is a city.
The streets are strewn with eloquent bastards.

I do not know where the dead birds go.
Does the soul of the city have feathers?

Nostalgia tastes like blackberries.
It stains. It obfuscates. It meddles.

I remember rare sweetness.
I remember that there is always a darkness.

This foreign skin I wear,
Do not confuse me with it.

I cannot remember where I left myself.

Here are my hands, they are not mine.
What good is grief if I cannot enjoy it?

CAROLYN FOERSTER

¹ The Native American name for Lake George in the Adirondacks.



THE SHIP // STEPHANIE BASTEK // GELATIN SILVER PRINT



3 AM 52ND AVE

this is no doppler, no crash of speeding sonorous, no squeal of strident sirens in
the dark

this softened slush of rubber's not the sound of missing chances passing
by

it's placid, asphalt lullaby, the murmured hum of nighttime slipping past

so lull me with this tire's thrum and soothe me with this quiet
susurration

this rush of passing swift and hushed in the night

KAYLA SHERIDAN

LEFT:
ARIEL PINK
ALEX KRAFCIK // DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH

WITNESS

I need to borrow your oxidized faith.
I know that another may request passion,
Another may lay claim to bewilderment,
Pleased to devote her spine, her worn metatarsals to welcome mats,
To flower pots,
To cigarette holders.
I know I need a martyr's intensity.
I need obscene beauty, the penetrating hymns of the gulls.
I need you to be still as the swallow
Slaps his wings against the window,
As the water sluices our fates away,
As the houses of gods abandon their structural integrity
And surrender to gravity's seductive tug.
I do not think my petitions are unreasonable.
I think rationality is unreasonable,
And having clean sheets every day.
Do you remember the taste of silence?
I am not afraid of forgetting. I am afraid of being.
I am forever tumbling through my mind,
Misinformed, learning to pronounce profanities.
I need your brazen blasphemy.
I watched as you pried wide the gates,
And stitched up the heavens with fearless hands.
God couldn't save himself, so why should I trust him to save me?

CAROLYN FOERSTER

DO YOU REMEMBER
THE TASTE OF SILENCE?

RIGHT:
PEARL // STEPHANIE BASTEK
SILVER GELATIN PRINT



contributors

Stephanie Bastek wrote a thesis. It is called *Everything Will Be All Right, Nothing Will Get Better*.

Aubrey Bauer needs a job.

A freshman from Ashland, **Tara Borglit** loves scavenging apples, her typewriter, snails. She can caw like a crow and even lick her elbow!

Maren Fichter likes words, especially written ones. She is also partial to smelling books, green foods, and synaesthetic arguments.

Lydia Fitzgerald is a literature major writing a thesis on *Lolita* and Chaplin. She thinks she wants to study art history next.

Carolyn Foerster is a sophomore preoccupied with etymologies who takes things too seriously.

Rachel Fox is a biology major who spends most of her life doing layout for The Quest (and in spring, the Creative Review). She enjoys photography on the side.

A born and breed Oregonian, **Sage Freeburg** is often found among the trees deep in some forest, possibly beside a lake. She's been writing for as long as she can remember, constantly looking for places she has yet to discover.

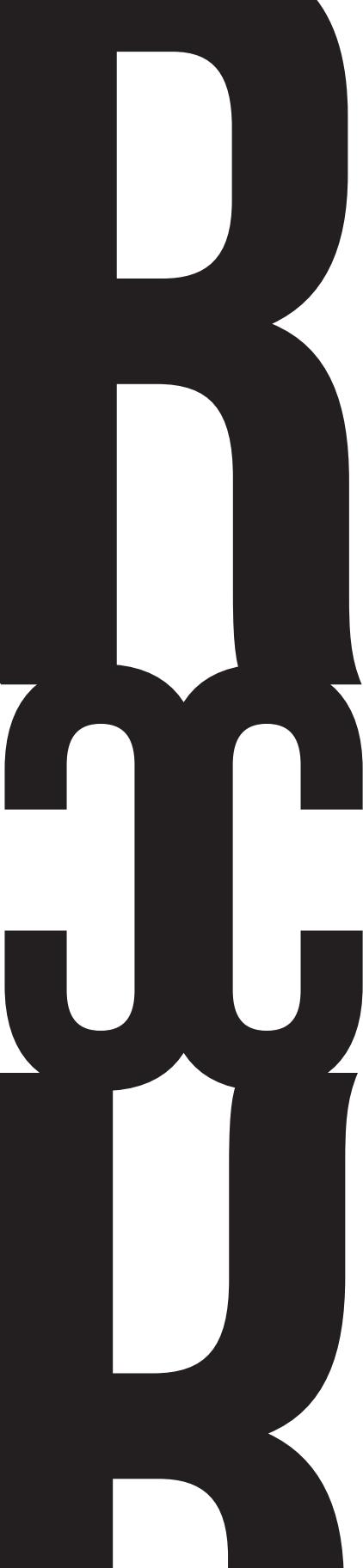
Hannah Fung-Wiener dances flamenco. She likes apple pie, adventures, and printed books with bound pages.

Kieran Hanrahan is a sophomore English major and Quest editor.

Dorothy Howard is a senior history major with a penchant for art. She is trying to grow her Twitter brand.

Kira Jacobson is a studio art major and visual artist. Her primary work is both sculptural and performative, revolving around the passage of time and the course of decay.





A sophomore, **Anna Laura Kastama** is thankful for being able to study what she loves while pursuing a degree. Challenged by the constant expectation of producing intriguing work, she rarely describes studying art and creating art as a chore.

Marissa Katz hails from the deserts of Las Vegas, Nevada, and is currently a sophomore art history major. She primarily creates 2-d works, mainly working with oil paint or mixed media.

Alex Krafcik studies history and works for The Quest. Photography fills the gaps between his school work, his social life, and his meals.

Hoyoung Moon is a Resident Alien studying anthropology. She goes by Jodie.

Jac Nelson was born and raised in the midwest. She's been in rock bands, violin repair shops, roller skates, and a war zone. She studies ancient Greek and Byzantine Christianity. Her grandmother is her hero.

Katharina Schwaiger would like to quote a childhood hero: *Was sich reimt, ist gut.*

Kayla Sheridan should know better by now.

Jo Stewart is a junior English major who enjoys making Puttanesca on Sunday nights and being read to. She also enjoys long walks on the beach.

Haley Tilt was born and raised in Portland. When she isn't at Reed she's gardening, running, or devising new ways to keep her goats in their pasture. She started working on her writing at the Iowa Young Writers' Studio in 2009.

Jeannie Yoon writes everything reclined in bed with pen and paper. It's important to write with your hands because otherwise your head might float away from your body.

colophon

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