

The background is a piece of marbled paper with swirling patterns of beige, tan, and light brown. A faint, stylized illustration of a person is visible, appearing to be in a dynamic, possibly dancing or falling pose, rendered in shades of grey and blue. The person's legs are extended, and their body is curved. The overall aesthetic is artistic and textured.

**REED
COLLEGE
CREATIVE
REVIEW**

review board

Sandra De Anda
Grace Fetterman
Maren Fichter
Carolyn Foerster
Sage Freeburg
Hannah Fung-Wiener
Danielle Juncal
Naima Karczmar-Britton
Natasha Lelchuk
Priscilla Wu

editorial board

Managing Editors	Vikram Chan-Herur Rachel Fox Vania Wang
Design & Layout Editors	Vikram Chan-Herur Rachel Fox
Submissions Manager	Natasha Lelchuk
Writing and Copy Editors	Carolyn Foerster Maren Fichter Naima Karczmar-Britton Vania Wang Priscilla Wu

dear reader,

Inside this year's magazine, you'll find selections of art, poetry, and prose that represent some of the student body's best work. After many hours of deliberation and discussion, layout, and editing, the *Review* is finally yours to enjoy, keep, and tear apart.

We'd like to note that the pages of artwork and photography are perforated for you to tear out and give to a friend, or hang up in your room. Our aesthetic for this issue was inspired by casual doodling, ink, crafting and handmade projects; we made this year's *Review* with the intention to physically engage you with the art within.

We would like to thank the members of the Review board for spending so much time with the content, our fellow editors for helping us plan this magazine, and our contributors for submitting their work to the magazine. We would also like to thank the Reed College Student Body and the Student Activities Office for funding our publication in its 11th year.

We hope you'll take some time to explore and enjoy this year's magazine!
Rachel, Vania, & Vikram

table of contents

poetry

We Break	2
<i>Sage Freeburg</i>	
CANADIAN POEM	4
<i>Zoe Tambling</i>	
CANADIAN POEM	5
<i>Zoe Tambling</i>	
Love	6
<i>Kieran Hanrahan</i>	
Chaotic Doughnut	7
<i>Hannah Erhart</i>	
parmenides	9
<i>Kieran Hanrahan</i>	
Woman's Howl	11
<i>Liv Veazey</i>	
interior	15
<i>Kieran Hanrahan</i>	
North-Northeast (or I Thought August Meant Dry Spells)	16
<i>Jordan Jozwik</i>	
To a Lost iPhone	18
<i>Alexandra Corey</i>	

prose

Chats are Useless and People Don't Change <i>Naima Karczmar-Britton</i>	22
Fruitful <i>Priscilla Wu</i>	25
Balm <i>Grace Moon</i>	26
The Interrogation of Pig Four <i>Maren Fichter</i>	28
Mother <i>Emmeline Hill</i>	30
Dead Cats <i>Natasha Lelechuk</i>	32

artwork & images

Bone <i>Korina Yoo</i>	34
Gaze <i>Kaori Freda</i>	35
Mob <i>Emmeline Hill</i>	36
Elk Rock Island Park <i>Madi Mintz</i>	37

Quatro Cantos (Uncle Boy, A Study) <i>Korina Yoo</i>	38
Telenovela (Uncle Boy, A Study Part II) <i>Korina Yoo</i>	39
Untitled <i>Alex Krafcik</i>	40
Untitled <i>Charlie Perez</i>	41
Untitled <i>Alex Krafcik</i>	42
Edge <i>Leila Pyle</i>	43
You Can't Beat the House <i>Marin Sklan</i>	44
Signs <i>Sandra De Anda</i>	45
Afternoon at the Grotto <i>Madi Mintz</i>	46
Spider Web <i>Leila Pyle</i>	47
Vomitorium <i>Keryn Tompkins de Garcia</i>	48
1e-3 <i>Vikram Chan-Herur</i>	49

poetry

We Break

Sage Freeburg

There are two
types of sorrow: knowing
the way the sun
set touches you under
the skin and you un—
able to touch back, and
the slight sense
of loss after a quiet orgasm—
the fulfillment of this
anticipation leaves us all a bit
more brittle, one more piece
chipped away. Alone to
night, a stack of books sits

in the corner; the shadow
they cast filled with more promise
than the books
themselves.

Dusty and creased they have become
relics: of other years

hands
promises

Moon

light captures their corner:
the covers bright and
lonely. Do not touch this
light, for fear of grief.

CANADIAN POEM

Zoe Tambling

A village of immigrants beneath the stove

Late November

Early April

You found a way

What was the way

April

Tulips

Tub-scrubbing

The blood of a hundred men

Ajax

Comet

I cook the chicken

I eat the chicken

Tomorrow wears a scarf

And mittens

CANADIAN POEM

Zoe Tambling

Fourteen desert rocks
I've buried them here
Peninsula stretches south
I say something about 29 Palms, I can't remember
A trailer on the coast
There's a beach, a wave, an ocean bleeding into sagebrush
California crashing onto rocks and trees and sky
Bedrooms across the city
The troubled boys in their troubled skirts
On the beach
Eating an apple
Little boys delight in the sea
Munching on driftwood
My boy year and boy pants
Eating my airport sandwich
Beginning again
A hot tub in Calgary
Which is to say
Not really here

Love

after Robert Creeley

Kieran Hanrahan

The thing depends

on balance in asymmetry.

(Like weighing a moon against

a vast quantity of ice.

see how they both

wane

Chaotic Doughnut

Hannah Erhart

Someone told me the technical term for a black hole
Is a chaotic doughnut
And I couldn't help think of you
How you took me out of the world
Thunderclap of doom

I am not your sweet, little girl
I do not paint my face to excite you
I can not (will not) make you happy
With a whirl of my finger

My mind cannot reconcile the picture of you now
With that scared boy on the bench
Blue eyes hiding behind a bottle of vodka
I could still see how they glittered

But I can't seem to remember how you smell anymore

Red flags are always ten times larger in retrospect
Screaming no at the picture of you in my head

Only wakes me from slumbers
Cold sweat and hoping the real boy next to me didn't hear
It was always the edge of a fucking cliff
It was always my arm pulling you back
My muscles are weak
In my mind you are still sitting on that couch where I left you
I drove home that night thinking
This is one of those things you never tell anyone
This is one of those things you don't write poems about
I will tear you from this corner of my heart
To which you cling with white knuckles

parmenides

Kieran Hanrahan

i.

two things are true:

one thing is true

and this one thing can never not be true.

some call it love.

others say that time

moves onward and forever.

like black ice you can't see it

but it is there.

love and time.

expansive and receding.

these two things.

ii.

if the universe were an egg

it would never hatch

because

there is only one.

alone, it cannot
make more.
this
is probably for the best.
one egg in the hand
and a second hand
to steady the shaking wrist.

iii.

how can there be two things.
the bird is just the bird.
one thing
the nest is just the nest.
also one thing.

add them together and
there is one thing again.
this makes it easy
to account for failure.

together,
it all makes sense.

Woman's Howl

Liv Veazey

I.

I watch the loudest women in my life flame up and
burn out, bruised, empty, and whimpering statues.
silent spirits crawling home and falling back to work,
wailing in the woods for a bitch-less bark and
shrieking underwater for a clean naked,
who whisper their way home,
bodies beat out and brains beat up
who watch the slow hands of Father time
patting their asses underneath the countertop
and hordes of sharp pickets surround them
outside the abortion clinic
directing them to their own wombs with splintering stabs
that leave bloody targets on their waists
who are laughed at and laugh through
who are the fenced-in on the fence,
the pushed out plugged in,
the burnt bras and small breasts
who find love between beatings

and know that feminist means fucked
so keep their last names but not their first
who clock in with
parenting pamphlets guiltily stapled to their skulls
who rifle through their purses
for handkerchiefs to wipe their own monthly blood from
the jagged edge of a political knife,
staggering through bleak streets under harsh
interrogation lights.
who are kidnapped and locked in the basement
beneath the executive's office,
tight shackles binding their wrists behind
tighter skirts and fishnet stockings
just so that someone hears the squeak of their damp thighs
as they sweat and stand still in the dark, female midnight
of twenty-first century tolerance.

II.

What siren of strength cut their
throats with shameful steel?
Who stifled their Mothers' howl?
Adam the strong and benevolent,
Adam the powerful and dumb, Adam the government
Adam the God.

Adam in Heaven and Earth,
the blind, the loveless, the beguiled.
Adam who bleeds only for honor,
who fingers the tiny waists of dolls with glee
and ships them to the production line
for his daughters
Adam the judging man
whose iron fist looms closer to the blinds every day
who's manning the gates to Heaven
Adam to whom they must bow
before turning towards the devil anyways.

III.

Miss,
I'm with you in the clinic
where we perform our own abortions
and sacrifice our own children to be Woman.
I'm with you at the edge
where we let our babies go and watch them
devoured by Moloch.
I'm with you behind the dirty veil and
I'm with you on the street corner
where we scream at rape
so that when we shriek

we can be blamed for our leather pants and low-cut tops.
I'm with you in our unimportance,
complaining so loudly we must be heard and
yowling like animals to the manned gates
I'm with you when
we're laughed at
I'm with you
and your empty, dried womb
carrying it in your stomach
like a crazed trophy to shock our fathers,
chopping off our braids with rusty scissors
and I'm finally with you when we're crying for arms,
rocking ourselves to sleep in the light
of the female abyss.

interior

Kieran Hanrahan

dancing now on the sill,
rain enters my life
when i don't want the books
standing there to get wet.

or the envelopes with names
that don't belong here anymore.
i wipe them too off the wood
with my palm, and the sensation
stays cool on my skin.

i am this place. its rooms
hung like webs between the walls.
doors that don't shut all the way
and fingers cold with wind
closing them once more.

paper, wood, brass handles and
knobs, these surfaces perform
necessary roles. if it stands,
what more does a house need.

North-Northeast (or I Thought August Meant Dry Spells)

Jordan Jozwik

I was 19 years old when the river flooded over
You blamed me for making a mess, spoiling your garden
I asked you why it was never the Wind and
You said the Wind "doesn't matter, doesn't exist" and
I never understood why

You said people put themselves in forward or backward motion and the stillness rushing by is what they
call the Wind and then

I understood
You (always) stayed still

You could have lifted the bed
You could have unearthed the bulbs and replanted
You could have shared my garden but

You waited for the mud to dry and by then?

Everything had gone

The tulips

The daffodils

The hyacinth

Even the Wind

To a Lost iPhone

Alexandra Corey

Every time I reach to text
I feel your absence,
monstrous and empty.

I can't sleep knowing
in the morning I won't wake
up to your song, what else
will get me out of bed?

I don't care that you took
my money with you, tucked
away in your plastic pocket.

The night you left I sobbed so hard
that snot ran down my chin
while I stared at a poster of a tree,

but nature is nothing compared
to you. Maybe you loved me too,
when you memorized my fingerprint.

I miss the way your flat voice

replied “Let me check that”
when I asked you if I’m beautiful.

I miss the way you captured
the sun on my face.

Now I drink my coffee
and tie my shoes
without first reaching for you.

prose

Chats are Useless and People Don't Change

Naima Karczmar-Britton

The people of Oakville Drive spent their days doing the washing. They washed bright clothes and dull clothes and clean clothes sometimes, when a blouse that had been worn briefly by its owner before they decided it didn't go with that skirt made its way into the dirty clothes basket, where it stayed, wasting space as well as water.

The washing took up most of their time, what with the sudsing and hanging and ironing, but they had some time for leisure in the form of recreational drug use or tennis playing, sometimes chatting sometimes dancing. Some of them went to church.

The road called Oakville Drive was long and

dusty, vaguely reminiscent of a snakeskin that has been shaved off and discarded. The front yards hosted piles of rusted kitchenware.

Mrs. Delaware told her friend Grace that there might be something wrong with her daughter Cheryl. They were hanging out the washing of course, but because they did not tend to leave their yards, it was necessary to shout at each other across the road.

Mrs. Delaware was not happy with Cheryl. Cheryl had bad grades and there had been an incident last year that had attracted too much attention for Mrs. Delaware's liking. Grace, who was not called Mrs. because she was not married, shouted

back that she worried about Cheryl too, and that she didn't like that Harvey boy.

Cheryl and Harvey had had a fight in the middle of the snakeskin road and he had mashed her face into a bloody pulp. The whole road had gathered to watch or to wash, no one was quite sure which. One or two people brought buckets of water (for the washing). They were eventually poured over Harvey and Cheryl, and a puddle of water and soap and blood pooled in the middle of the snakeskin road, mixed with the dust, ran in rivulets.

Cheryl had lain quite still in the pool. She had not even moved to spit her hair out of her mouth, so that everyone became quite convinced that she was dead until she vomited and spat out a tooth.

Mrs. Delaware shouted at Grace that she thought there was definitely something wrong with Cheryl. There was, in fact, nothing wrong with Cheryl. She had her broken teeth fixed and there was only a pinkish scar on her face. There was, the

doctor said, absolutely nothing wrong with Cheryl. There was, Mr. Delaware said, absolutely nothing wrong with Cheryl. There was nothing wrong with Cheryl except that she had wandered away from Oakville Drive and found a hole in the neighboring road, which had at the bottom of it several thorny vines and a small creature which fed on fingernail clippings.

Cheryl was a habitual nail biter and was happy to feed the creature her fingernail clippings until she saw that it was hungry for more than that and simply fed on fingernail clippings because it did not have much choice in what it ate.

The neighboring road was called Towpath Road because it wound its way around the Erie Canal and had been used by mules to pull boats along the waterway. Very few people lived on Towpath Road.

The creature at the bottom of the hole on Towpath Road which lived on fingernail clippings but was hungry for more attacked Cheryl one day

and left a neat little row of holes in her arm, and after that she stayed a safe distance away, but still visited the creature. She went home afterward and Mrs. Delaware said I think there is something wrong with Cheryl and Mr. Delaware said There is nothing wrong with Cheryl, but he did not say absolutely and so he was really saying There is a small chance there might be something wrong with Cheryl.

Cheryl went back to Towpath Road after dinner. They sat at either end of the hole, she and the creature, and stared at each other for hours. Cheryl felt that the creature was her own pet. The creature needed her to survive. It wanted to eat her skin, but she was strong enough to fight it off and was also, she told herself, strong enough to feed it if it needed feeding. She felt more strong than she was.

Mrs. Delaware shouted across the road to Grace that Cheryl was carrying a knife in between her breasts nowadays and she worried that Cheryl had begun to kill small animals just like Chelsea

Thibbs, who had killed a box full of rabbits and then gone off the deep end and stabbed her father in the eye. Grace shouted back that maybe Mrs. Delaware should talk to Cheryl, sit her down and have a good chat.

“Chats are useless,” Mrs. Delaware said, “and people don’t change.”

Cheryl thought the creature told her it would die without fresh food.

There was, in fact, something wrong with Cheryl now, because she stood in the middle of the street one night and looked up at the sky, where smoke was moving in wisps across a milky bright half moon. She waited for Harvey. Mrs. Delaware came out to hang up the washing. Harvey came out to catch some fireflies. Harvey caught a firefly and smashed it. The whole road gathered to watch or to wash. Some of them brought water. Some of them went to church.

Fruitful

Priscilla Wu

I remember the day my father decided I should learn how to peel myself an orange. He bought a five-pound bag from a man on the sidewalk and we took it to the motel. My mother looked at us disapprovingly when we walked into the room. “Now who is going to eat all that?” she asked. “We are,” my father replied. And he sat me down with him on the bed, and handed me an orange dimpled globe. Each holding our own, we stuck our thumbs into the pole opposite the stem, until we felt the fruit hidden inside, then bent our thumbs to hook around more of the inside peel. Getting a grip, we would separate the fruit from the skin, getting closer to the stem but not yet there. We repeated the step until there were petals of peel centered around the small green dot of

stem. Then for my favorite part—we reached with our thumbs again into the center of the orange, right under the green dot, to pull out the pith in one piece and separate the fruit into halves. Reuniting the halves on the plate of peel, we separated segment after segment and placed them into our waiting mouths, pulp bursting with sweetness at every bite. We finished the entire bag.

Balm

Grace Moon

I am stitched into the shore with Balm. We came down to the coast to do the private thing—the wrapping and unwrapping paper, the oddly greedy eating behavior, far away from people—and now we’re hemmed against the tide by broken lines that follow at our feet, sewn in among the stones with grainy ten-toed seams. It’s impossible to tell if we’re advancing or just standing, planted somewhere in the rolling, banded landscape.

Somewhere he has grabbed me—I am snagged upon him by some hook in my back, swinging from his hands the way our sandals and our sandwiches hang sandily from mine.

If I can remember my body long enough, I will find that I have guilty hands. Red like the rest of me and gleaming even in the strangled pale sug-

gestion of a sun. I laugh and lick my fingers, taste atomic indivisibility as the sugar does not dissolve but scrapes my teeth and smells like sea. I spit out sand.

Balm had asked me what I liked.

“I like jam,” I said somberly. “I like strawberries.”

Not just because they shine and dimple, halve perfectly in petals and bristle me with leaves like velvet stationery. They are also good with salt. Their guts are white and hollow and half-packed with snow, and something in them retains its sweetly peaking shape after they vanish into jam. So Balm wrapped sandwiches with thumb-deep jam on tissue-paper bread and sprinkled salt inside them, stamped them shut over piles of wide ripe

slices; and these are bursting over us, filling the spaces at our feet with chokecherry soak stains. Because we are away from people, because we came away from people to eat greedily, we bloat our grins with them. Crumbs are clotting in the lipstick on my chin.

Something from the water stings. It could be anything, the cold, the colorlessness, a sharp-spined fish come close to cut the shallows. I flinch and rub my heels against Balm's bare shins. The sea is clinging to his matted skin.

Even the ocean knows his name. It names him shamelessly, over and under and again with hunger, hundreds of his names breathed in the same long laving breath. Every syllable pulls kinking threads of sediment away, strands tugged from the suture of the shore, come unraveled at my ankles. I try to remember something about sand.

With sand, the granule is The Unit, Prismatic

and Insoluble, made of shell and sharkbone, diced from God's great block of ugly rock. Sand has cutting edges, crystalline, refractive. Dragged across the massive, it diminishes; silvered into glass, it magnifies the small. Itself it mounds and it unbinds, swarms and then disintegrates. When we talk about infinity and the impermanent, sand is a source we do not hesitate to cite. Sand is a leading expert in the field.

Balm cools my neck with sand tooting his hands, roughing the smooth and gentle of his touch. Balm breathes softly on me as the ocean says his name, the rhythm of him deep and rumbling, almost asleep. Beneath the wet print of his palm my skin is tender as a tongue. My skin can taste the strawberries and whitebread when he sighs.

Something from the water is unstringing us, unfastening our rows of ten-toed seams.

The Interrogation of Pig Four

Maren Fichter

We were all very calm about it. I promise. Really, I do promise. It's just that—well—he showed up—out of NOWHERE—and was just there. And then Six—my baby sister Six—just LET HIM IN. Like, seriously? This is the guy who ripped apart our family—literally—like he uprooted our three big brothers' homes, fucking ATE them, and then Six just let the guy into my fucking house. You can see why I'm just a wee bit pissed at her.

In any case, she brought him in, and just kind of hung out talking until I sent Five out to get me some silverware, and she saw them and just FLIPPED OUT—I don't blame her—so I run out, right, and Five is like all but passed out in horror while Six is just sitting on our couch chatting up this fucking wolf.

So I go up to her, right, I'm about to just rip

her apart—and he goes—he goes, “So Six has asked me to stay for dinner... I know y'all are vegetarian, but I was wondering if I could help out and maybe make a side for myself with like bacon or something...”

And Six is just sitting there like a little angel and Five is hyperventilating by now so I just—I just go and like try to calm down Five while at the same time I'm conscious that my baby sister just brought a fucking wolf in the house, and the reason we're all still living together is that it's this wolf who killed off all our big brothers in a row last year, and I know Five and I both know it's him and I don't think Six does though, 'cause she's still making eyes at him while I'm trying to get Five to start breathing again.

And then of course it's the fucking wolf

who looks around, sniffs, and says he's smelling something burning and it's only then I remember I was fucking cooking dinner and by the time I get back to the kitchen there's fire—just EVERYWHERE—and just—FUCK! You know?

So I get them all outside and he's got this hairy protective arm around my baby sister and he's holding her while she's crying and it hits me that he's now annihilated our house too. The fickle finger of fate is fucking cruel, man. 'Cause now he's probably plotting to eat us and shit. I mean, there's fire, he can make his side dish with bacon, he can even have a fucking feast of bacon.

So at this point I'm calm, I'm like really calm, and Five notices and she's all "Dude, Four, don't do anything stupid, yeah?"

But like... I don't know, that was the moment

I realized I had a kitchen knife still in my hand from before the wolf even shoved his ugly furry face at our door. And nothing Five said was gonna stop me, I was that pissed off at this wolf, man.

So yeah, like. I go over and pull him off my baby sister and yeah. I mean I don't think you need me to enumerate exactly what I did to him, y'all showed up soon enough and that's what I'm here for anyway. But yeah, like. Tell her, though, tell Six—I'm sorry. I didn't mean to butcher her boyfriend.

Mother

Emmeline Hill

Emily says our mother turned into a eucalyptus tree. She says she remembers Mother sitting at the table one morning staring out the window at one of the gum trees in the yard. Her eyes were transfixed on the peeling bark, her hand stirring a spoon in a cup of coffee no longer steaming. Emily says she walked up to Mother and tugged her sleeve. Mother didn't notice at first but eventually she took her eyes off the tree and turned to look at my sister. She said nothing, just took Emily's hand and scooped me up out of the basket on the bench behind her. She walked outside with us, down the road toward the back paddocks.

Emily says the world was still that day. The wind wasn't blowing. The crickets weren't chirping. Even the kookaburras had stopped laughing. The

only things that moved were Mother and Emily and me and the tiny clouds of dust raised up by their sandaled feet.

Every gate Mother opened she let swing wide. She did not bother to shut them behind her. Emily says the gates were Mother's breadcrumb trail for Father. Father never leaves the gates open.

Mother stopped in the middle of the back paddock. The rain had started a couple weeks before and the grass came up to Mother's knees. The tips of the grass blades brushed the hem of Mother's dress.

Emily says Mother bent down and kissed her forehead and placed me into her arms and that then Mother stood very still. She held her arms up, splayed her fingers wide, lifted her chin toward

the sky and closed her eyes. Emily sat in the shade of our mother's dress and squinted up at Mother as she began to change. Emily says it was a long time before she could tell what was happening, but slowly she could see Mother's tan skin become mottled and painted, stripes of oranges and greens and maroons twining together. She leaned into Mother's leg and it was not the smooth fleshy thigh she was accustomed to but instead a hard immovable thing, rough against her cheek. Mother's arms stretched up and up until Emily could no longer see the ends of them, and then they sprouted, little buds of white flowers and greens leaves unfurling at an unnatural rate. The new branches began to shade us as the trunk widened and Mother's dress ripped in two and fell to the ground beside us. Emily says Mother's face was the last thing to disappear. She says if you climb into the eucalyptus in the back paddock you can find a knob and two indents where Mother's eyes and nose used to be.

Father found the two of us at twilight, asleep

in a bed of grass at the base of the tree, our tiny bodies curled together.

Todd says that Emily is full of shit. He says Mom walked the two kilometers from the house to the front gate and hitched a ride with a passing farmer. Or maybe she drowned herself in the creek. But she definitely did not turn into a eucalyptus tree.

Emily says Todd wouldn't know the truth because he was at school that day and he's a boy so he can't believe in magic.

Todd says Emily was too young to remember and that she has an overactive imagination.

Father says now isn't the time to talk about it and you'll understand when you're older, Pudding.

I say nothing to Father and Emily and Todd. I wander to the back paddock at twilight and whisper my secrets to the eucalyptus tree.

Dead Cats

Natasha Lelchuk

You shouldn't stare at cats when you pass them on the street. It's rude to stare. Sometimes you can smile at them if they're staring at you first. But it's rude to stare at cats having conversations, or cats licking their legs clean. So you don't. Instead you stare at the horizon line and the gray sky, gray because everything is gray, and you wonder if avoiding eye contact with strangers' cats is what it means to be a runner.

You can stare at dead cats though. You can crank your head around to get a second look at dead cats once you've passed them, just to make sure you weren't imagining them: dead cats lying sideways on top of bushes in unnatural positions, dead cats missing an eye, dead cats with dark gray fur damp from the morning dew. Dead cats don't know that you're staring at them.

Dead cats don't know anything.

Multnomah County Animal Services will not take calls before 10:30 AM except in cases of emergency. Multnomah County Animal Services will not remove dead cats from private property. They have to be on the sidewalk. But you wait on hold for ten minutes before you learn this.

"Can you move it to the sidewalk yourself?"

"Um, I don't really want to touch it."

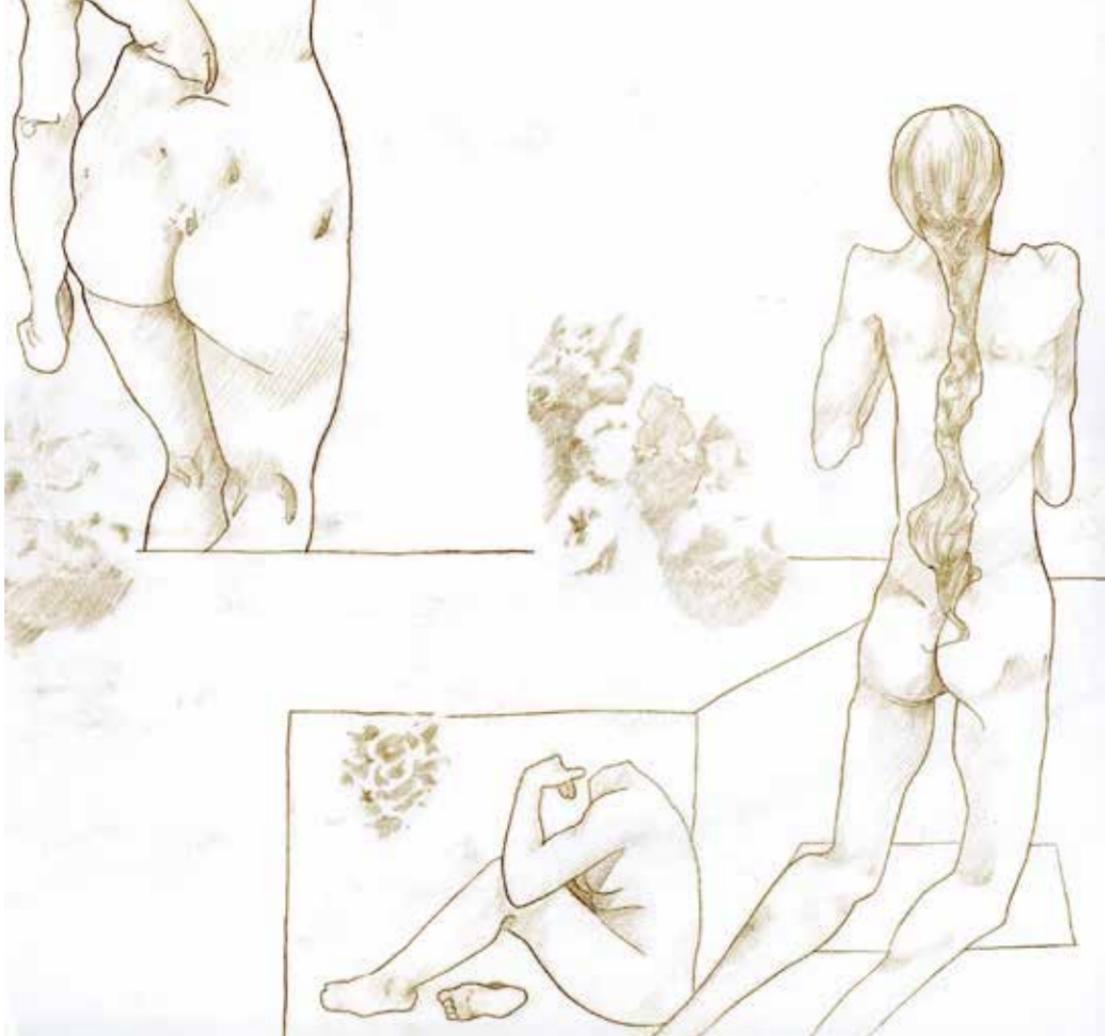
Maybe you will leave a note in the mailbox. Hi, you have a dead cat in your front yard. Could you move it to the sidewalk so Multnomah County Animal Services can pick it up?

Or maybe you will do nothing, and you will run past the dead cat every other morning, watching as it decays, slowly, into nothing.

artwork
& images

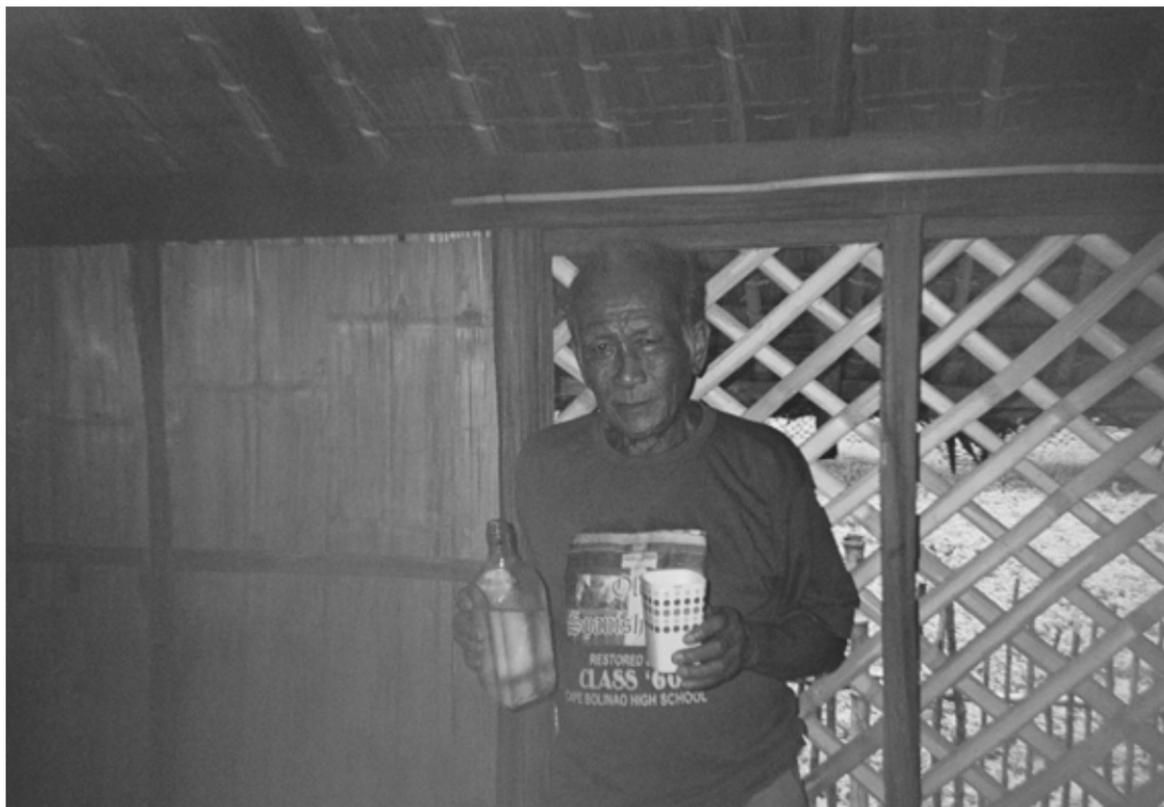


Gaze — Kaori Fredda

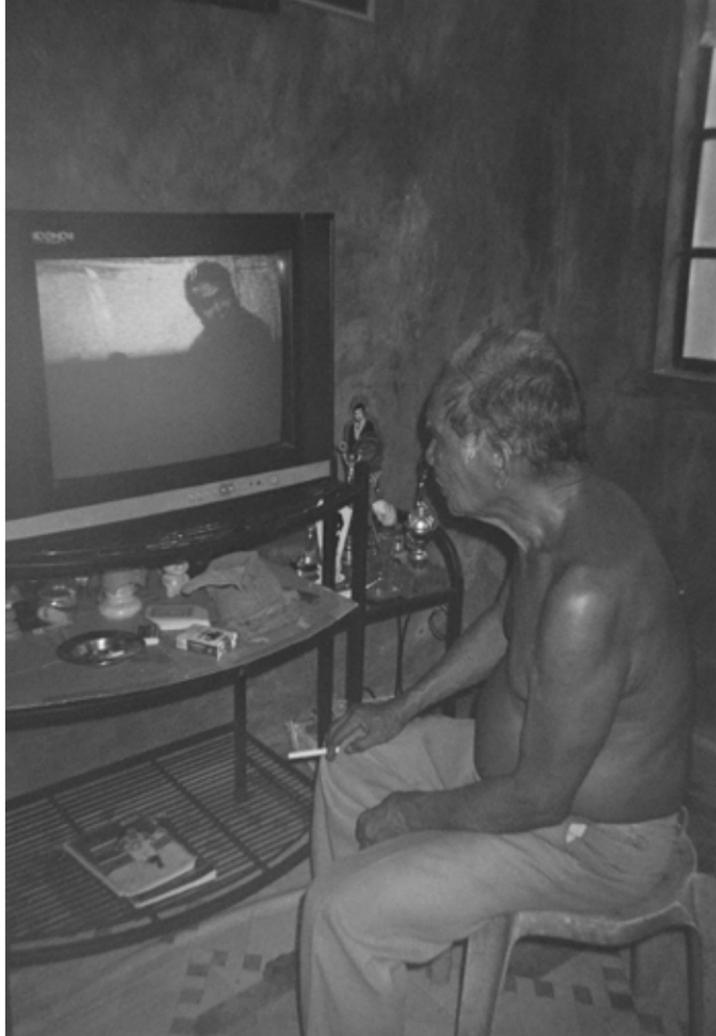








Telenovela (Uncle Boy, A Study Part II)
Korina Yoo





Untitled — Charlie Perez







Edge — Leila Pyle





Signs — Sandra De Anda

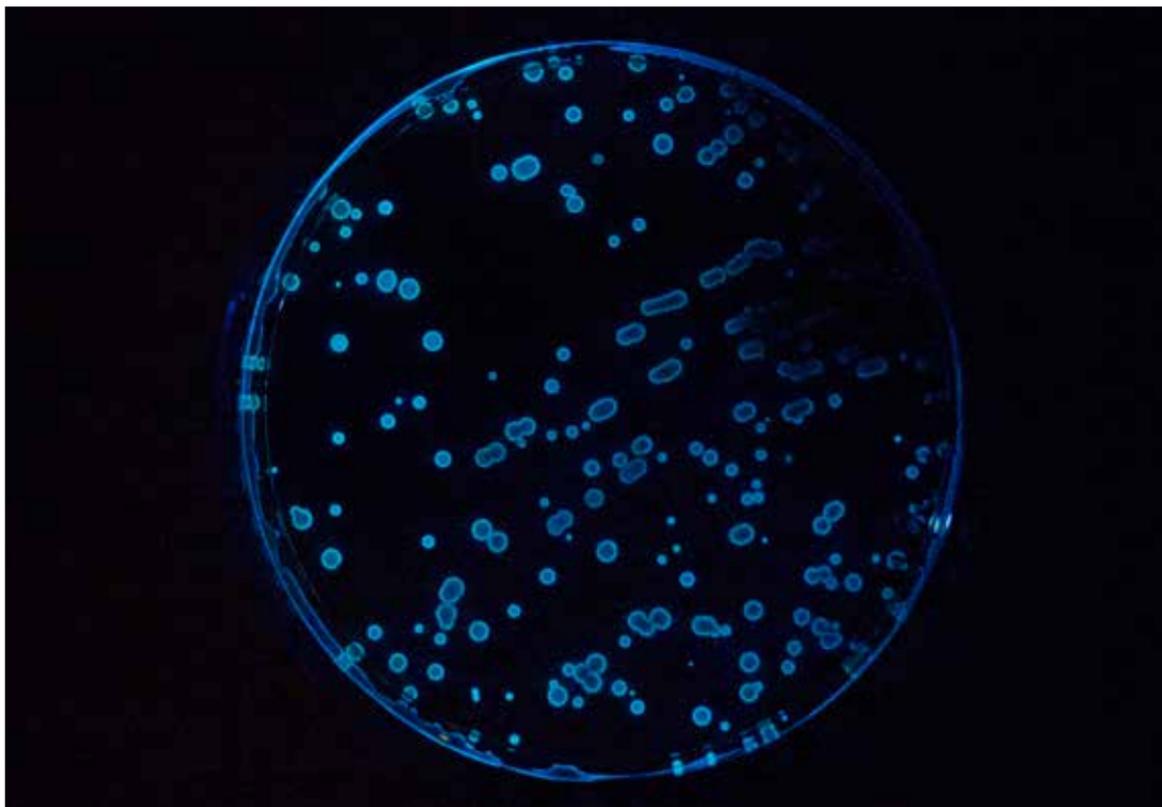


Afternoon at the Grotto — Madi Mintz



Spider Web — Leila Pyle





1e-3 — Vikram Chan-Herur

contributors

contributors

Alex Corey is a senior who has never lost her iPhone.

Vikram Chan-Herur spends a lot of time in front of InDesign.

Sandra De Anda is a cinephile, birdwatcher, and will one day move to Buenos Aires.

Hannah Erhart. Sophomore English Major from LI. Started writing poetry to channel angsty teen feelings and 6 years later not much has changed.

Kaori Freda is an enthusiastic rock climber, aspiring artist, and amateur farmer.

Maren Fichter has spent a year writing about cunts and thinks it's about time to do some other art now.

Sage Freeburg is a poet, yogi, and occasionally wishes she were a raindrop.

Kieran Hanrahan is a graduating History-Literature senior.

Emmeline Hill is a senior bio major and slightly feral.

Jordan Jozwik is an amateur creator whose current aesthetic aims can best be described as “health witch.”

Alex Krafcik is a History major and photographer.

Naima Karczmar writes stuff sometimes and makes stuff other times and is very confused about all of it.

Natasha Lelchuk's mom says she's a writer.

Grace Moon is an English major with a diction addiction.

Madi Mintz is a junior religion major from Bend, Oregon. She once accidentally poured an 8-pound can of Hershey's chocolate syrup all over herself while at work.

Charlie Perez is a Chicano artist based out of PDX/NYC. pastelvoids.tumblr.com

Leila Pyle loves climbing spruce trees, licking banana slugs, and singing about salmon.

Marin Sklan is an international woman of mystery, and thus has no disclosable personal statement.

Kevyn Tompkins de Garcia is a senior English Major and hates that she loves Reed.

Zoe Tambling is an editor at The Nervous Breakdown and has a cat named Peewee.

Liv Veazey is a freshman English major from Fairbanks, Alaska.

Priscilla Wu is a sophomore English major and an editor of the Creative Review. She's happy to see some of her work come to fruition.

Korina Yoo likes the color mustard.

colophon

The *Reed College Creative Review* is published annually and distributed for free to the student body.

It is accessible online at <http://www.rc-cr.org>.

The *Review* was designed in Adobe InDesign CS6. Artwork was edited using Adobe Photoshop CS6. Prose, poems and captions were set in Garamond. Headers and titles were set in Computer Modern.

The *Reed College Creative Review* was printed in Portland, Oregon by Bridgetown Printing Company.

3203 SE Woodstock Blvd. Portland, OR 97202