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VIEW

2016

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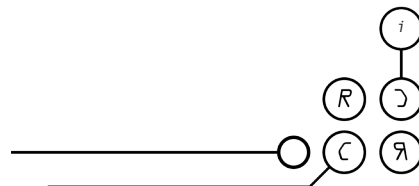
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Editor's Note

When I was a kid, I spent some summers helping my dad build computers inside a two-room office with perpetual sepia lighting. I would run my fingers along used circuit boards, finger football players overtaking a green and gold field. Some days they were football fields, others, tiny verdant cities with oddly shaped buildings—water towers, factories—always little roads running everywhere in between. I'd use my small hands to hold those thin green boards in place as my dad connected wide rainbow cables to shiny copper pins, eventually creating a thrumming, living machine.

This year's *Review* is one of those cables, tapping into Reed's vast creative energy, and, hopefully, connecting you to some of the talent at our school. Inside this year's magazine, you'll find selections of visual 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.

I would like to thank the members of the Review board for their time spent, well...reviewing, the editors for their endless efforts to realize our vision for the magazine, and contributors for submitting their work—this year had one of the highest number of submissions. I'd also like to thank the Reed College Student Body, the Student Activities Office, and the English department for funding the publication in its 12th year.

Please enjoy.
Priscilla

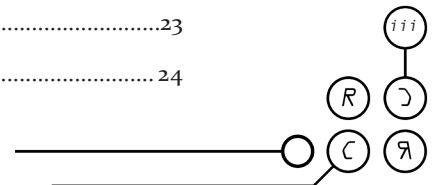
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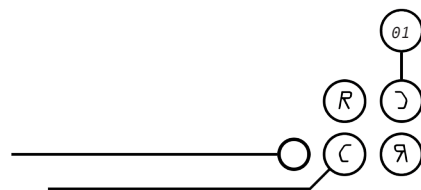


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poetry



ode to my dear pantun

Ying Ying Ng

one head swings like a banana tree,
in a windstorm, the mangoes drop heavy, sweetly,
dunes dip, the valley sinks between shoulders,
under age-spotted skin lies: one heart, murmurs quietly,

in a windstorm, the mangoes drop heavy, sweetly,
Marie dances on a tin of Biscuits,
under age-spotted skin lies: one heart, murmuring quietly,
bent stem, finger's crease, crinkled banana leaf over dried fishes,

Marie dances on a tin of Biscuits,
Negara-ku, i am so sorry to you,
bent stem, finger's crease, crinkled banana leaf over dried fishes,
orang-utan, two sugars and a cream, one marred pantun.

one head swings like a *sarung* cradle,
one head swings like a banana tree,
justify your axe with your lipton and hegel,
under age-spotted skin lies: one heart, murmurs quietly.

Phosphenes

Sage Freeburg

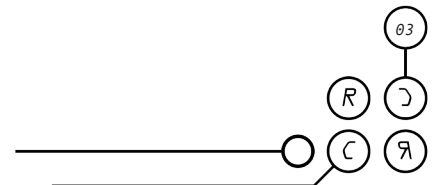
Always, it is in the moment
right before night's gradual death, the hour
where stars' deep light
touches us through
space and skin, that the abandoned are
found blue
buttons, strawberry caps, the nervous tip
of a fingernail.

And strange
how my passing sole retracts
at contact; that the forgotten are
remembered most clearly in darkness.

L'ombre

Toujours, c'est au moment
avant la mort douce de la nuit, l'heure
où les lumières profondes des étoiles
nous touchent à travers
l'espace et la peau, que les abandonnés se
manifestent les boutons bleu,
les dessus des fraises, la pointe nerveuse
d'un ongle.

Et bizarre
comme la plante de mon pied qui passe se rétracte
au contact que les oubliés nous
reviennent plus clair dans l'obscurité.



p is for pointillism*S. Bee*

summer, and the sky is bursting with colors.
every bold thing in me swims bravely to the surface,
morning noon and night, i blush persimmon to paprika
and i swallow each under.

today, we eat cantaloupe on the sweltering curb outside your house,
all 95 degrees of me melting into the pavement.
we are giddy melon hands and melon teeth as i lick each sticky finger
clean, salty, sweet and sad.

tonight, we bare small truths in cupped palms,
full of beer and bravado, your head heavy in my lap.
i let moonlight and long silences wash over what inescapable things we hold
and take them home with me in my pockets. i don't know where else to put them.

now, each wednesday is spattered with clues
should i erase them for you? peel every spot from the wall?
i fear you will find sagging paper and ancient paint—
maybe at the end of the summer.

instead, i desperately rearrange the lovelorn dots
i am the polka-dot painter of ignorance, avoidance exhibitionist,
a tired 20-year-old Yayoi Kusama
of hearts unwilling to be broken.

Coconino County, 1991

Sofía Valencia

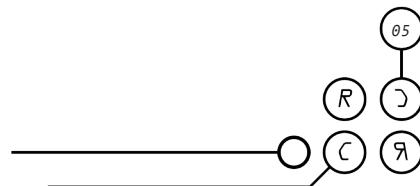
Wanting to be more
than a cross of red limbs casting shadows
as the day folds into itself,
we stretch form,
uncoil parallel to the arms of a creosote
who salutes the blood clot mountains
with unrecognizable grace.

In response, heat rises—
a bow lifting off the belly of a violin—
and we are muted and stilled.

Cocooned in soft moonmilk
we dream of divinity,
of pulling the sky to the ground
and inverting space,
my body a lightcut in the topography of color.

The nosebleed sky is washing itself,
unabashed as a child.
I collect rainwater in my pockets and
I feel as if I am fostering the daughter of oceans.

You drink from my chaliced hands.
We rise open-chested,
our breath liquid and running.
What thirst,
what yearning to leak.



El Mono Bichi*Michelle Ceballos*

I doubled over
by the saguaro cactus,
I ripped into its body
with the dagger of
my letter.

She who would not
descend from the mountain
but to pretend she was searching
for knowledge and humility,

I mushed her and molded her,
drank from the cactus reserves
and packaged her in its trunk.

I rolled her away
against the rock and clay and yellow weeds;
she hit the arid river bed
awaiting the purification of monsoons.

I watched from above
as my body and the cactus
coagulated into one
and the rains cleaned us away.

Drifting us down the washes of Sonora,
past the maquilas and the railroad tracks,
and the strip clubs just beyond them,
past the periférico and
my abuelito's home,
and the jewelry store,
and the curios,
and El Mono Bichi.

She saw this from atop the mountain
and behind the wall-
la linea adapting to the movements
of the rains
bending and admitting me,
killing some, and taking others.

Uykusuzum

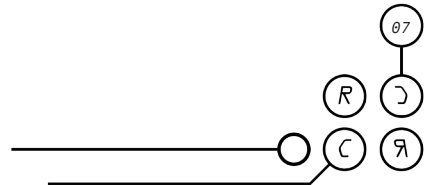
Andrea Deniz Herrera Güriş

Trapped between heat from the black radiator
And folds of her bed,

Sleep sounds speaking thick Turkish.
She sleeps, seeping soft olive sweat
Through the throbbing throes of her heart.
Speaking thick Turkish.

She turns fire between the folds of her bed.
Fire dancing from dried branches centuries tall
Hanging with black olives
Slowly sleeps over the sunken sun.

Digging deeper into the earth
As the alarm drills
Down into her century branches,
Sleep sounds speaking thick Turkish.



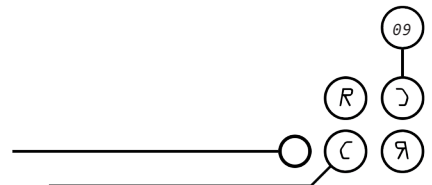
God's Opera

Anthony Bencivengo

Jesus was a tenor and a man of words
Papa always made enough to live, but not what he deserved
He grew up 'midst opera houses and symphony halls filled with crowds
But He was told that it was not for Him, this world that He'd endowed
His headphones'd blast Pavarotti, locked in His room late at night
To drown out the mean street symphony of junkies and gang fights
In the Ninth Ward of New Orleans where the ragged people go
Where cops would search Him randomly, for what He didn't know
Where the schools taught Him nothing, barely even how to read
Still He'd sing arias for the homeless, driven on by some great need
He could not explain the visions, the ones for which they gave Him pills
He pined for greater things while one by one His dreams and friends got killed
An exile in His own country, His skin color a crime
Jesus, some cruel joke has birthed You far outside Your rightful time

Jesus was a simple man, He lived a simple life
Just a coat on His back and sleeping bag, no home or bed or wife
He'd sing on His cold street corner the operas inside His head
While saxophones leaked from nearby bars till late at night when the streets went dead
And most people'd walk right by Him, their eyes fixed upon the ground
But some would stop and listen, and some days a crowd would grow 'round
Petah was a girl of about the age of 12
Every day she'd come to hear Him, usually by herself
When her mother'd bring home another man who'd hit her yet again
Or when her mother'd go missing for days strung out on heroin
She would ask Him for a story, and He'd sing to her for hours
Of growing seeds and prodigal sons and Jerusalem's towers
And when she cried, He'd dry her tears and say, "Someday things will change, my child"
Then He'd multiply one stick of gum to 10 to make her smile

When the levees started breaking and the sea started to rise
And the whole city flooded on a dark and stormy night
They climbed up on a rooftop and rode out the storm
And shivering Jesus gave Petah His sleeping bag to keep her warm
When the morning sun had risen and the hurricane died down
They looked out over New Orleans, a city that had drowned
Stranded there on their island in a sea of sunken lives
Breathing in the heavy silence on the day the Ninth Ward died
“The government don’t care about us,” to the heavens Jesus cried
“May those hungering for righteousness someday be satisfied!”
Pavarotti sang for wealthy men, Jesus sang for the rest
Bodies face-down in the storm surge were His only audience
That day He sang of blessed poor, inheritances of the meek
And His songs boomed and echoed through the crowded, empty streets



airplane song

Tiffany Thio

i am 30,000 feet above the ocean
trying to hold the cast-iron stars. tonight
i am a tired thing. tonight,
the sky is a fistfight of color
for an audience of one. around me
the flight sleeps cradled in the palms of clouds,
holding the earth at arm's length

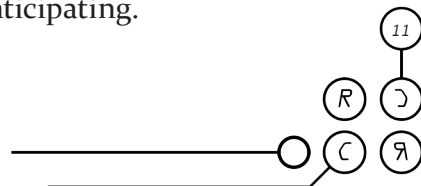
save me from myself—
i've forgotten how to return home
i board westbound trains for faraway cities,
call the wrong numbers, watch the roads
for green lights, stop signs, excuses. tell me
to slow down. show me what i have lost by leaving
over and over again. teach me to love
still water.

they say all roads lead to the same place, but i, for one
am not so sure. meanwhile, the flight sleeps on. meanwhile
this metal bird burns its way through the cold, clear air
to its next destination

Our Yard

Kasie Henderson

The sounds of melting ice were in my ears—hissing screaming in a hushed way. I hate cold but the noise of thaw doesn't feel cold—it was summer. Summer and the light melted like butter into skin and muttered crunching. Lulled my head from the blanket to the sky. Amber glass sun shot through my irises the same color as the tone in my ears. Stretched on the sea blanket over the backyard grass head tilted—I could see the blackberry crown wreathing chain-link fence. The shed like a barn in a poem but too small. Twin evergreens in the distance too tall and peaked mountainous, framing the space as if the yard hung between them. Almost touching my face crossing my eyes to see chicory creepers tickling everywhere and you were stretched beside me. Eight nights ago we slipped into the night, a different tone. Perseus above us and we plucked berries from her thorny crown dropped like tears in crystal buckets. By flashlight we dip dyed fingers tasted to check for fermentation—we baked a cobbler. Days later we are full of a light different from sugar. The same might have happened three months prior when the vibrations of thaw really were in the leaves. We stretched under a sun shone from lower latitude and cooler. We sat with different books and the blueprint of a feeling. There is an instant we are at sea drifting towards the pines they bow and anticipate. As a kid I would lie on the grass of my dad's house through the steeped sun and feel almost the same—I am anticipating.



the twelve uncommonplaces of
under-observed seattle

Kerry Jones

I.

The premeditated and lethal
subtraction
of black steps from the fire escape
so that the raindrops will not be hindered,
in case of fire,
in their slippery descent.

II.

Twin fetishized hyperboles
in protest handouts
and sex shop merchandise estimates

III.

A long and exhaustive
scrapbook of ripped postcards
listing places with greetings from them,
none of which are addressed to Garreth.
He has blond hair
and recommends Vonnegut.

IV.

The long line of globes in the map store,
and how many worlds can there be?
How many maps can there be?
Our penchant for charting where we've been like
dogs chasing their tails.
How many streets can there be?

V.

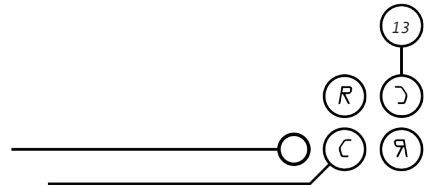
My black hat.
The curling brim with the wind it takes
when running across the street;
the old man says he likes it.
Old men like black hats. And coffee.

VI.

The thought of a baby—not a dog—
that the Space Needle Lady—also not a dog—
wants, but her stupid husband—maybe a dog—
isn't ready for,
she tells her friend.

VII.

The limitations of the phrase “flying saucer”
according to the scientist in the yellow book
that deserves to replace bibles
at the front of the store.



VIII.

A lost dress in Goodwill.

And the list of things that aren't lost in Goodwill,

And the list of things that should be.

IX.

Thick, steady ink

in the hands of the man in the coffee shop's Amsterdam corner.

X.

Whatever must the girlfriend have said

while standing up and putting her second arm in the coat?

The boyfriend approached her face with a rich adoration

that looked like the feeling of the air in the chocolate factory

XI.

The thinning adipose in the face

of the homeless old lady,

the wet crescents beneath her blue eyes

and all they've seen.

XII.

A ring. Possibly old or gold.

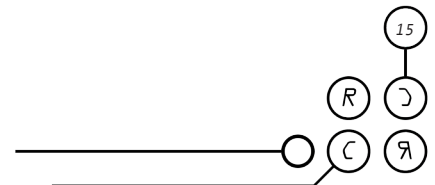
The vintage things will not miss it.

Seattle misses a lot.

Thoughts from a Walk in Portland

Alexa Harris

he says that it reminds him of some
'60s German folk song
about a girl
sad and annoyed because
her boyfriend didn't bring the
colored film on
this day they went to the beach.
and I wonder why we have this insatiable desire
to feel connected with this
romanticized past.
listening to their music
wearing their clothes,
using their old grainy film because
we like the aesthetic of it.
but the thing is
that was just how film was back then.
it's not art if there's nothing else.
and yet we immerse ourselves into this
mod sea, color-blocked and lined
thick with black charcoal
but really,
it's the ashes of
Vietnamese women and children
spelling out
"give peace a chance"
on your tie-dyed t-shirt
made in China.



The world wasn't black and white
before 1935 but
it's easier for us to call it 'simpler times'
or classic
and yet here I am,
wearing a coat my grandmother bought
in 1954
calling it 'vintage'
grinning as if I represent
some mystery
of a bygone era.

art



Frames
Tara Borgilt
photograph

(opposite)
Untitled Black Study
Charlie Perez
9 × 12 inches
paper and acrylic collage

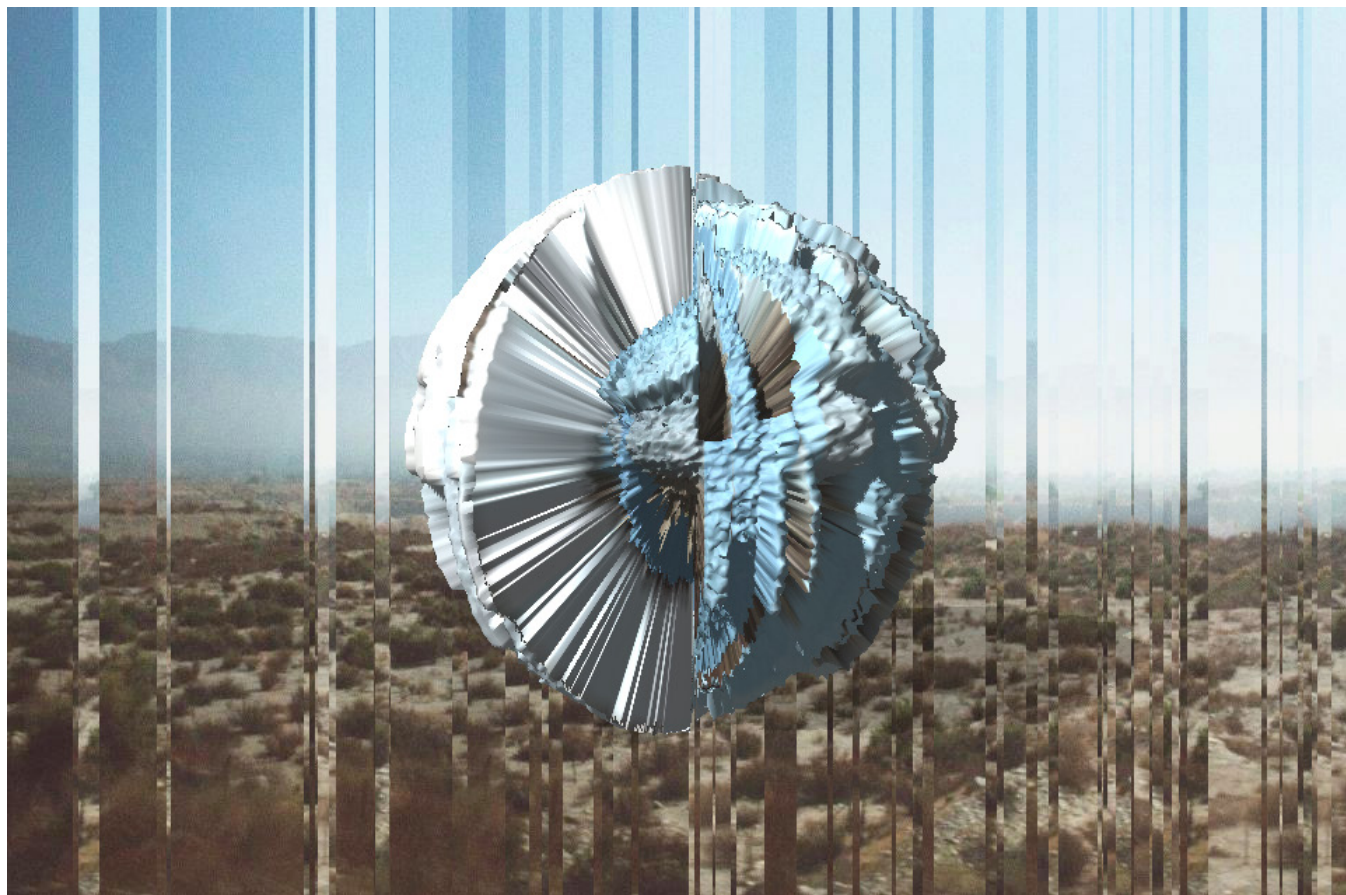


3 Sisters Burn Zone
Garrett Linck
35 mm photograph





Stitches
 Caroline McCulloch
 16 x 12 inches
 mixed media



peach pit at the dawn of time

Sara Cordoba

3D rendering



Impressions
Leila Pyle
digital photograph

(opposite)
Cherry Blossoms
Kats Tamanaha
9 × 11 inches
ink and watercolor on
paper



Rollercoaster
Bri Dobson
digital photograph





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Trust to continue

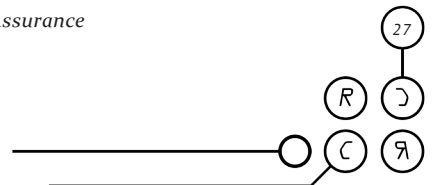
Trust

Emotional Fluctuation +0.0563
Scale: -1/+1 Today

9.01



Quality / Quantity Assurance
Connor Stockton
photograph





Timberline
Leila Pyle
digital photograph



Hood
Anton Zaytsev
photograph



A New Road
Isabelle Berman
digital photograph

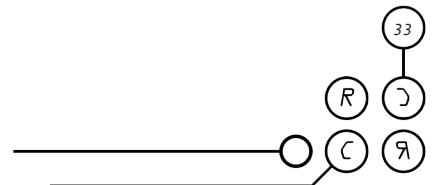
Shades of the Haze
Isabelle Berman
digital photograph



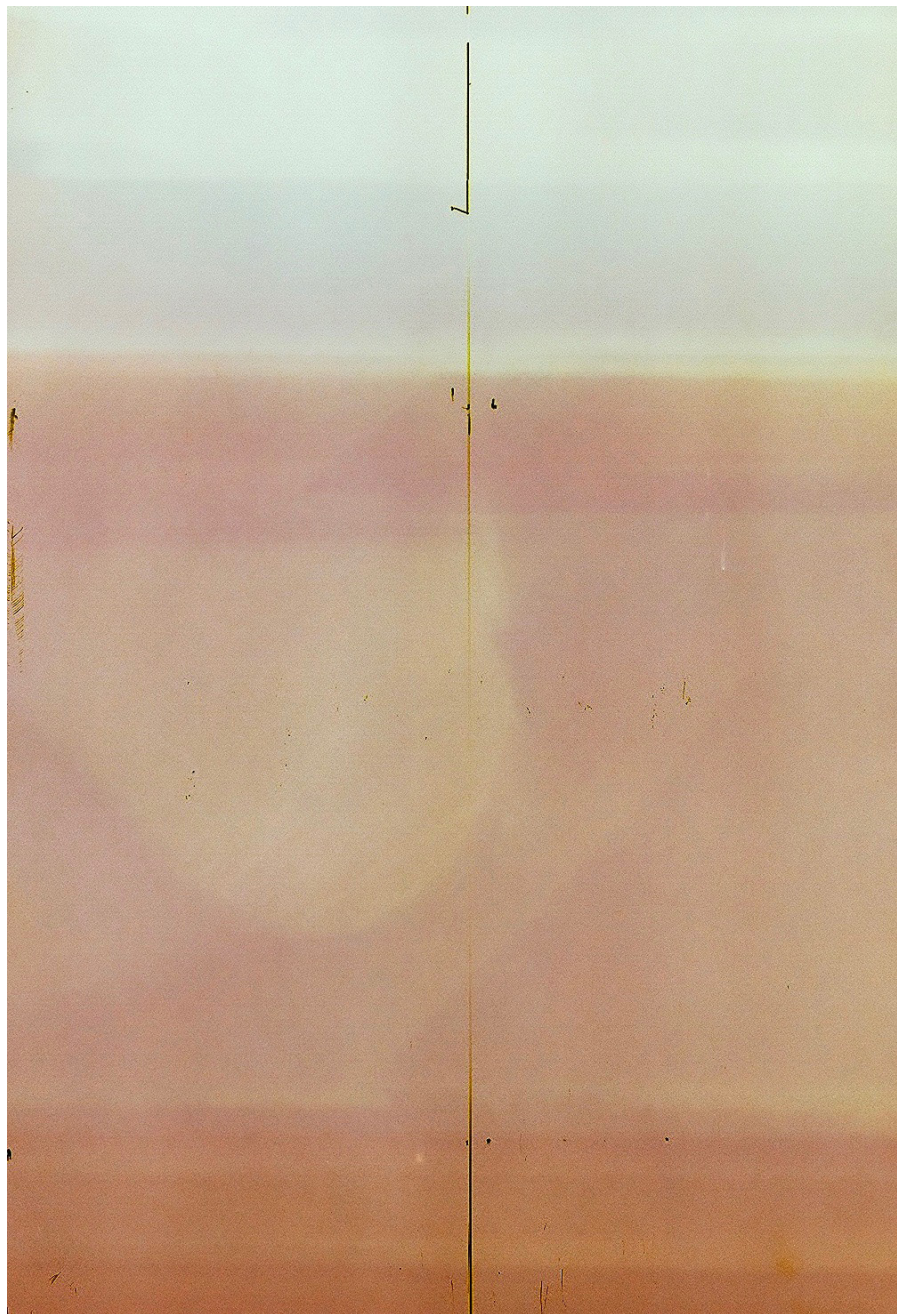


Yo Soy Joaquin
Charlie Perez
oil on stretched flag

Bajo El Morro
Guananí Gomez-Van Cortright
digital photograph



Thank you, Rossmann
Rika Yotsumoto
35 mm photograph



You Gave Me Pink Toilet Paper
Rika Yotsumoto
35mm photograph

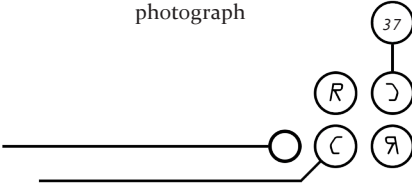




(opposite)
Whimsy
Caroline McCulloch
digital media



Thaw
Tara Borgilt
photograph





Bakery
Anton Zaytsev
photograph

Sailboats
Tiffany Thio
mixed media





The Eye of the Mind: a phantasmagoria
 Alexa Harris
 collage

prose

The Many Doors

Annie Osenbaugh

I mean your washing machine, with a little white door between you and a pillow of steamy, lavender laundry. You can open it, you can shovel things in or out, but don't try going inside. Imagine your roommate finding you crouched in the dryer, one leg still sprawled out on the tiled kitchen floor. You're shuffling, squeezing yourself inside, un-birthing yourself back into a warm, dark room. Don't shut the door, it has no handle on the inside.

You couldn't open a refrigerator from the inside either, until 1956, when the Refrigerator Safety Act was passed. Before that, homeless children would take shelter inside the bellies of abandoned refrigerators and never come out. Imagine falling asleep inside a great white box, only to wake up in total darkness. You'd think, "I've been buried alive, and they didn't even dress me up nice." And when somebody finally comes along and pops the refrigerator open, they'd find your nails and teeth sunk into the back of the door.

The tab you pull on cereal boxes, that's a kind of door. Your roommate would really start to wonder if, the moment she frees you from the dryer, you try to stuff yourself into her box of Frosted Flakes. The cabinet door above the stovetop, coveting a space so tiny that only a doll or fifteen cans of split pea soup could sit inside. Or a little oval locket, glimmering gold in the heart of your palm: you unhinge the latch and, no matter how hard you try, you can never slither inside and join your far away sweetheart, who's probably having a great time in Paris without you.

Then there are doors with secrets. Doors that are tricky to open. Safes, but also those pill bottles that need a push and twist. Safety locks that keep babies from swallowing detergent, diaries that spring open

when you push their hidden buttons. Bookshelves that fall away when you tug out a bright blue copy of *The Secret Garden* from their stacks.

Some spaces don't need doors to keep you out. Maybe they're too small for you, like the quarter-sized drain in your shower. Maybe they're too big for you, like the bottom of the ocean and the endless plains of outer space. Sometimes they don't exist, like the replica inside your mirror. But mirrors, especially the full length ones, sure look like doors to me.

You open jars, and mail, and boxes and doors. You open up books, shop, your mouth. We both pull, and I'm crossing the wooden threshold of my mother's bedroom, and you're closing the book's cover behind you. Say "ahh," and I'll wrestle down your tongue with a nail file. I'll penetrate the depths of your throat with a flashlight, I'll reveal the black pit and drop pennies down it like a wishing well.

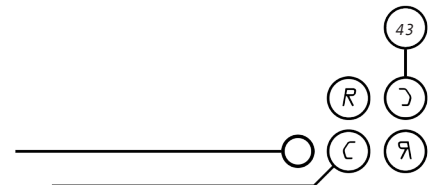
I'm a dog person, but cats have the right idea when it comes to doors. Boxes reel cats in, like people do fish, like flames do moths. Cats are trusting of boxes, they dive inside shoeboxes no deeper than a frying pan as though a great lake were waiting inside. Their furry folds tumble out of the shoebox walls, back paws tucked up and sideways behind them, like broken twigs. As you approach, they dare you to unpack them with a disdainful quiver of whiskers.

"This space may be forbidden to you, human, but not to me," they tell you. "But cat," you say, "You don't fit, you look ridiculous. I bought you a nice big box, go sit in there." But they refuse, so maybe you sit in the nice big box, and you don't fit either.

And maybe that nice big box is the dryer again, and you're back inside, and now your roommate is pretty sure you have a problem. "Come out!" she cries, her

fingers flailing, catching lint and socks, but never your wrists. But you're deep inside now, you're crawling down a plushy tunnel of flannels and knee-highs. The laundry envelops you as thoroughly as air or quicksand. You can feel shirtsleeves wriggling up your nose, cardigans tucking themselves into the empty space behind your eyes. Bleach, lilacs, fabric softener, scrubbing all the grime from between your ears and beneath your fingernails. You bloom in a wave of soapsuds. Everything is pink, all the light is gone. Finally, you are open.

"I'm fine, I'm fine! Go away!" And she does, and she'll never use that machine again, because you're still in there, tumbling dry. 📺



Fruit Preserves

Julie Gourinchas

I.

Claire comes back in March, head hung low.

In the early mornings she runs her hands over the varnished banisters, taps her fingers against the grained wood, and tries to count the seconds out before Mother rises. The last winds creak past the house's windows, slipping in through the cracks to chill Claire's ankles. She would turn on the heat, but Mother would scream and Claire hasn't got the money to pay her back.

Nearly thirty and broke as shit.

Instead Claire lights a fire in the old chimney.

Father has left the house by now. She thinks of his worn hands and thinning hair, the deep-set wrinkles in his face. His harsh laugh, sometimes cruel. Of the mistress, Noelle, fifteen years his junior, the one who he'd been fucking behind Mother's back for seven years.

She thinks of how old-people-sex seems like the worst of sins.

Claire's brother François has forgiven Father, and Claire cannot forgive François.

She thinks of how Mother does not speak of this, of her broad-brimmed straw hats, of her badly translated Spanish poetry.

By May the bumblebees have spilled forth, whirring about Mother's lavender, stinging her head and hands. Claire finds her on all fours in the earth, hands full of

soil and plant-flesh, rough dandelion stalks ripped from the ground. Mother brushes them against Claire's face down the side of her jaw.

"Look," Mother says. She splays the dead dandelions on the ground with swollen, bandaged fingers. Claire can spot the earth dug beneath Mother's nails. "Weeds. No good here. Get down and help me pull them out."

Claire twists away. Mother's cats have all scratched their ways up the fig and persimmon trees, claws gouging deep into the bark, tails hanging down. Yellow slit-eyes stare at Claire as she kneels in the wet dirt. Nandaï, the worst of them, red and old and vile, arches his spine and rubs his mangy head against the tree trunk. He's purring. The bastard.

They dig for hours, crawling across the ground on all fours. Thistles and weeds have wound their way across the garden. Claire ducks her head beneath the berry bushes, bats twigs and branches away from her cheeks, sifts through rock and earth to pull-pull-pull the roots free. Mother comes close, a handful of small wild strawberries cupped in her palm.

"Would you like some?"

Claire looks closer. They're covered in earth, a few ants struggle between the ridges of Mother's worn skin.

"No," she answers.

Mother frowns. "More for me."

In the kitchen Mother slices the rest of the

strawberries and tosses them into a pot. Claire sits and looks at the wall. Mother has hung new photographs in the time Claire has been gone, all pulled from old copies of *Le Monde* or *Le Figaro*, black and white and gruesome. Pulitzer prize pictures.

“Where’d you get this one?”

“Hmm?” Mother does not turn her head. “Oh. There was a feature article on Vietnam.”

Claire stares into the screaming girl’s face.

“That’s awful.”

“You get jam, not napalm. Count yourself lucky.”

She knows Mother sits here late at night with charcoal and paper, glasses slipping down her nose, aging eyes fixed upon the shadows and curves she keeps on her walls. Years ago it was plants she drew: handfuls of lavender or rosemary, dried pressed roses, persimmons cut in halves and quarters. Pale alumroot aquarelles. Pale alumroot aquarelles. Mother Mother used to steal seeds from her neighbors’ gardens, pick wildflowers on her walks, stuff flowers and leaves and stones in her pockets.

Claire looks away.

The kitchen fills up with steam. Mother bends over her pot, stirring the thick jam, dips a finger in to taste, grimaces, adds more lemon, more sugar, more honey.

Claire discovers that Nandaï has taken a shit on her bed.

It lies smudged and brown between her sheets, streaked with black.

She carries them to the washing machine and tries not to vomit.

Claire does her best not to stare at the black and white girl when Mother sits her down in the kitchen and works a comb through her thick nest of curls. Mother’s dark frizz sprouts kinked and wild from Claire’s skull. The comb’s teeth catch and snag, Mother frowns, Claire grits her teeth and refuses to whine. Nandaï and Moméa, the fat calico, wind their way between the table’s legs, yowling for food.

“Don’t move,” Mother says.

“It hurts.”

“It wouldn’t hurt if you took care of it once in awhile. Hmm? Twenty-seven, still can’t condition her hair.”

A beat and Claire knows exactly what’s coming.

“Just look at your brother, hmm? America, success, two kids—you’ve got tangles, no kid, no job.”

Claire hisses, bats Mother’s hands away, and goes off to sleep on her sheetless bed.

There are gnats in the jam.

Mother forgot to cover the pot last night. Claire leans over the stove, pokes at the red and glutinous jelly with a long wooden spoon. She manages to fish two of the gnats out, guts scraped on the side of the pewter pot.

The morning sun squeezes its way through the thin, warped glass of the windows. Filmy and swimming with dust. It lands on Claire’s forearms, prickly and warm. Outside, the cicadas have begun their summertime roar, an endless creaking din that will last well into September. As a girl she’d sometimes find their chrysalises clinging to the tall garden grass, pluck them, and hold them up against the blaring summer sun. She’d watch the light

filter through the thin, dead skin, then crush it between thumb and forefinger. The crackle, the pop of it used to make her smile.

Like bubble wrap, except better.

Claire hates summer, and summer in the south is worst of all. Skin rough, sticky to the touch, as if she were rubbed down with raw clover honey. She can taste it—the scrape of it against her flesh, the brush of heat, the thickening closeness pressing down on her lungs. The sour-sweetness sticking to the corners of her mouth like stolen after-school sweets.

Mother's creams and lipstick, cloying when Claire goes to kiss her good morning.

In the car, Claire presses a hand to her shoulder, grimaces at the sweat in her palm,

small glistening beads of salt and warm coconut oil, and quickly lifts it. She rakes her hands backwards through her tangle of brown curls. Her brow smooths at the sudden coolness of quick fingers brushing across the nape of her neck. She ties her hair back. She purses her lips, hearing her mother's voice echo in her head. *Drive carefully, darling. Don't forget the butter. Non-salted. Did you hear me? Did you hear me? Did you hear me?*

She shakes the thoughts out. Or tries.

But her hands still tremble and the backs of her thighs are still stuck to the searing black leather of her car seats and her shoulders are still whistle-thin and the job title on her small white business cards is outdated and false.

It reads CLAIRE BERNIER, AVOCAT and she has got too many to spare.

II.

The figs start to go sour in late August.

They swell beneath the boughs of the tree, plump and fat, gently ballooned until one by one, with a soft squelch, they drop to the dry ground. Leaves of grass close over them. Sometimes the figs split open, seed-belly spilling forth, little yellow-white grains in red rubescent flesh. A trail of ants form, soldier-straight, until they arrive and surge upon the fig until it is sucked dry and swarm until another fig plops down under the hot Montpellier sun.

Everyone on the little street knows you've got the sweetest figs.

You will go down alone to the fig tree with your basket hooked into the crook of your arm, old knees buckling, sun-hat wide. You will put one sandaled foot before the other, lazily swat at the gnats and flies, listen to the roar of cicadas hidden in the trees. The path is steep, brushed on all sides with rosethorns and sticks and sage. They don't stab, not quite, but you'll leave the path with chalky skin and angry scratches, a pearl of blood or two, enough to make the mosquitoes grin. Your gauzy white dress will snag on a twig, you'll tug, it'll rip, and you'll spit out *madre de Dios!* and throw your arms up.

It takes you all morning to go down. Your knees are bad again; under the white cloth, the skin swells, distends, goes red. Varicose veins run fat. On hot days your heartbeat throbs through them: *thadumpthadumpthadump*.

Once at the tree you pause, breathing hard. Montpellier sun beats down hard and you're sweating,

you forgot your water, you smell like cream.

You pluck as many figs as will fit in your basket. They pile up, violet and green.

Home again, you set your basket on the kitchen table and begin your cleaning. You run each fig under cold water, rubbing the dirt out, brushing away any last crawling ants. The last of your cats, Rawa, sleeps coiled on the kitchen chair, fat with food. Out the window you can see the graves of the others: the olive tree for Moméa, Wairu's rockrose, Nandaï's azaleas, all buried deep in the garrigue soil.

You had found Nandaï still and cold beneath the porch in January.

Digging was hard, your old knees weak after long years in the garden, your hands wrinkled, bones frail. Back curved, palms cracked with cold, you split the ashen earth on the blunt edge of an iron spade. You remember how the last of the hoarfrost had bitten at your skin. You grit your teeth, the sweat dampening your green cotton pullover. Claire and François would have both said *don't be stupid, call Father*, but for once you thought *fuck him* and bent down once more.

Six feet deep, you dug.

And now August, lazy and slick, leaves you alone and sweating. Long shadows cast across this house, bottles and bottles of pills to make you better, and one last cat meowing to remind you: *I'm hungry*.

Later, over the stove, you take a single fig and dig your nail into the leathery skin. Slice it open. Thumb at the fresh seed-guts, you bite down. You place the rest in a pan, drizzle spoonfuls of honey on top, squeeze

a lemon out. Sugar. Children like it sweet, and you must've plucked them a day or two late, they're so dark. You wait, stir, wait, stir, let the hot air rise and steam your windows.

So you make jam, six jars worth, and stuff them deep into the pantry where your granddaughters might have, one day, tasted it out of curiosity and grimaced. 📖

Gravedigger

Liv Veazey

Of the 3,141 cemeteries in the United States, Joey Strazinsky had visited only two and a half. One was near his house and the other behind his school. Technically he had driven by a third on a trip to the water park one day, but as he hadn't gotten to see it up close, he didn't fully count that one. At seven years old, he felt cheated. Having been cursed with two sets of healthy grandparents, Joey had to remain content with the small, tin box containing the ashes of his father's grandfather, Gerald Strazinsky, as his only form of post-mortem contact.

Joey wasn't interested in ashes above ground, though. When he was five, he had decided on a natural burial: no cremation, no casket, simply the earth upon his bare skin. He imagined that by the time he died he would have a long, coarse beard and against the dirt his skin would become swollen and soggy, his lips sagging over his teeth like misshapen tic-tacs.

One day, finally, his Mother agreed to drive him to Evergreen Cemetery, at the edge of town, which Joey knew was the largest in the tri-state area. When they arrived, Joey's Mother, who was squeamish around the dead, told Joey that she would meet him in one hour at the entrance. She promised him ice cream to ensure that he would return, and settled down on the bench outside with a thick romance novel.

As Joey entered the cemetery, the burial of a large, mahogany coffin immediately left him feeling disillusioned. He watched with disgust a circle of friends and family crying around the container as it was lowered into the neat rectangle carved out of the Earth. Joey ignored the scene and sulked around the edges of the clearing. A wrought-iron gate separated the trimmed grass of the cemetery from the adjacent brambles and the headstones were all granite, cut in clean, geometric shapes. So far, Joey thought, the trip was a bust. But as he surveyed the area one last time,

his eyes landed on a small cairn of four rocks, piled haphazardly just inside the fence. As he walked closer, he realized they were clustered at the head of a small corpse.

Nested in the dewy grass was the gently decaying body of a squirrel; matted, black blood congealed in a ring around its neck. Joey, in his shin-high white socks and Reeboks, knelt down at the foot of the squirrel, a thin, gray-brown thing, splayed out in one quiet sigh. Maggots and small flies covered the body, and as it decomposed the furry skin deflated around its fragile bones. Joey wiped the condensation from his round glasses and shooed the bugs away. With his small, sweaty hands he started to tear up the ground next to the squirrel, ripping out clumps of grass and throwing them down the hill. He picked up a stick to stab at the crust of soil, becoming frantic as it yielded slowly under his weight until he had hollowed out a shallow bowl. Carefully, he scooped up the squirrel, setting it at the bottom of the hovel and sprinkling fistfuls of dirt back over it. He admired the coarse fur quietly disappearing under the ground. When it was filled, he tamped down the pillowy earth with his fists and smiled behind watery eyes before placing a small clover atop the mound and returning to his Mother, thinking already of a cool, vanilla cone. 🍦

Catnap

Jordan Jozwick

You're still sleeping.

The man who lives in 22B and always forgets his keys is outside, waiting for you to get home from work. He's been waiting since September. Other residents come in and out, but he's waiting for you. His lack of coat is becoming impractical against the weather.

You're still sleeping.

Your mom is baking cookies. You promised to come by before the birthday party to help her ice and decorate them after they cool. The icing is in the fridge. She keeps pulling cookies out of the oven. They're piling up on the countertops, spilling over onto the floor.

You're still sleeping.

No one at the diner ever does their fills because you pick up the slack, top them all before close. Customers are shaking empty saltshakers over their eggs, shaking and shaking and shaking until their food goes cold. Their eggs don't get any less bland. Everyone is hungry.

You're still sleeping.

The cat wants attention. He wandered in when you fell asleep, and he's rubbing himself against your arms, sides, legs. There's a full coat of fur on your mattress now, on your clothes, on your skin. He's going bald above the feet.

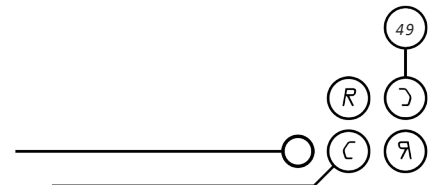
You're still sleeping.

You put that Swim Deep album on repeat, and it's

still playing. She won't stop changing the weather. The birds outside have memorized the words and they start singing along. Soon your speakers won't remember how to play anything else.

You're still sleeping.

Wake up. 📺



A Fictional Piece About A Crazy Person (The Timing is Off) Barrette Cline

Ask anyone who knew me when I was growing up and they'll agree: I was an exceptionally happy child. I think it's because I had no concept of the future. Thinking about the future was not something I did, and I most certainly did not spend any time thinking about the past. I'm not trying to be trite, but I lived in the present. Because of this, I was immune to the many emotions that are symptomatic of consciousness.

Then a few things changed. For starters, I lost my pinkie. It was bitten off, and the whole thing could be another story entirely except for the fact that it's really not. I think that ever since my pinkie was bitten like a carrot by a horse, I've been just a touch off balance. Pinkies are fairly useless as far as fingers go. You don't type with them, don't need them to write, etc. Ten pinkies equal one thumb, as far as I'm concerned. But I won't lie—the loss affected me. For the rest of my life I'd be walking around not fully intact. I kept imagining my pinkie floating through the horse's digestive tract, even though I don't think the horse actually swallowed it. They aren't carnivores, after all.

It took me a while to get over the initial loss. I'm still not over it completely, but the passing of time made things a lot better. Sure, my pinkie was still floating around in the ether, far away from my hand. But life has a wonderful way of surprising you, and it surprised me. I got involved in it quite by accident. I became the head of a volunteer organization that unites abandoned puppies with infertile families for free. Nothing would ever be good, but the pain of my missing appendage was dulled. To put it simply, I got distracted.

PMF (Puppies Make Families) was a necessary distraction for me because from the death of my pinkie were born thoughts of temporality. I had started to

remember with no little amount of nostalgia the time before the loss of my pinkie, and I had started to become thoroughly depressed at my current state. Pinkies. Essentially worthless, right? But reason played no role in my sadness. The loss had started to consume me, and if it wasn't for PMF I might just have gone under.

Sometimes when something big happens something else big happens. Mercifully that was not the way with my pinkie. But it did happen after I had received a place at PMF. Miraculously, despite my missing pinkie, a man fell in love with me. That's what I'm going to call it, ok? I think it was love. He took me and my phantom pinkie and for a while things were quite beautiful. We rode off into all sorts of sunsets together. Forever was implied, but the present was enough. Then he left me. I got over it, of course, although the feeling of losing him was remarkably similar to the feeling of losing my pinkie. I don't know why I liked him so much. It's obvious why I liked my pinkie—I mean, it had been a part of me since birth. But I had just let this man become a part of me.

Adding to my heartbreak was the fact that it was easy to equate him and my pinkie. I had not been prepared for that. In my mind losing my pinkie was tangled up in losing him. I saw that he had never loved me, for who could love someone with a missing appendage? He was a stand-in for my pinkie, but he could never be a good one, because he had a mind of his own, and it was a mind preoccupied with the reality of loving an incomplete.

All I'd really wanted with him was connection. It strikes me that there are two levels: the human level and the cosmic. To connect at a human level is nearly

impossible for me. It seems more possible to connect at a cosmic level, because that sort of connection assumes that individual connection is too full of the impossible reasoning that prevents it. Cosmic connection, I'd like to believe, can ignore the knots of human emotion and *touch*. And when it touches, it touches skin. We touched skin, yeah, but not enough. We just couldn't touch enough—I didn't have all my skin.

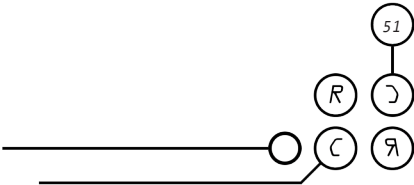
When it was over, I realized that the forever I'd been living had been a very short forever indeed. And just the way that a pinkie can be snapped off its poor hand, so, too, can memories be snapped off the trajectory of time. The memory of the man and the pinkie floated on, always close enough to feel, never close enough to have again.

Then something really terrible happened. It came to my attention that it was no horse who had bitten my pinkie off—it was me! It happened just recently, apparently. I was lying in bed, quite comfortable, relatively numb, when they came in and told me that I had bitten my own pinkie off! Now what sort of sicko would do that, I asked and continue to ask. They were delicate with their response, but the news was so baffling that I became quite exercised and demanded

release from their tyranny. They looked too amused for professionals who were supposed to be handling someone who had *bitten their own pinkie off*.

I was curious. If I had bitten my own pinkie off, then what in the hell had happened to my man? I queried gently and they feigned ignorance. A couple of days later an older woman came in and I took the opportunity to ask her as she sidled with nervous gestures around the bed. She was in plainclothes, so I felt as though I had a chance at an honest answer. Your man? She looked troubled. My man! I echoed. The bed had become very hot and uncomfortable because I sensed that she had, too. Dear, he left when you bit... lost...your pinkie.

Later I learned the “full story.” Was it actually the full story? How am I supposed to know? I don't remember being present for it, but it's all so oddly fitting that I took their word. It seems that I told him that if he couldn't love an incomplete, how was he supposed to love me? Then I bit my pinkie off, wound up in that crazy bed for a while, lost my job handling puppies, and now I'm here. 🐾



Contributors

Andrea Deniz Herrera Güriş estudia primer año y tiene un amor profundo por la eterna primavera.

Anthony Bencivengo used to be in Reed's Spoken Word Club back when that was a thing, but is now focusing on overcoming his fear of hurricanes before an upcoming semester abroad in Cuba.

Barrette Cline is the pseudonym of a junior English major who used to pronounce pseudonym as swaydonim.

Bri Dobson is a trombone player and chemistry enthusiast who loves rain and chocolate.

Caroline McCulloch is a sophomore English major, who is involved with the SAPR program and a tutor at the DoJo. She matches her nail polish to her mood and has an extensive knowledge of '80s romantic comedies. By night, she pursues an ongoing quest to create the perfect grilled cheese.

Charlie Perez is a Chicano artist operating out of NYC/PDX. He he runs with a work ethic inherited to him by his immigrant upbringing and releases work through his label Pastel Voids [pastelvoids.net].

Connor Stockton is a new media artist and viral content engineer who would like to add you to the professional network on LinkedIn.

Garrett Linck plays guitar and sings in Dog Thieves, bass in Boreen, and has a great deal of respect for Los Gorditos Food Cart as well as his father's '80s Olympus OM-1 Camera.

Guananí Gomez-Van Cortright wrote a short story once involving a hitchhiker named Whoa, likes studying blood, and is ready for adventure.

Isabelle Berman is still trying to figure it out. Meanwhile, she can be found off adventuring with a pep in her step and a camera around her neck.

Jordan Jozwik takes a lot of naps.

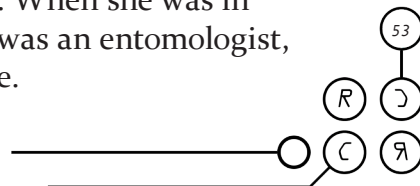
Julie Gourinchas is a beleaguered English major with an affinity for wolves, classic rock, and billiards. She enjoys tweeting about Kanye West.

Kasie Henderson writes poetry and about poetry. Originally from the desert, she's spending next summer designing books near the sea.

Kats Tamanaha is an art student who has a little black cat, loves flowers and music and dumb BuzzFeed quizzes, and lives in a beautiful fairy palace with her friends.

Kerry Jones is a firm proponent of Beyoncé's lyrical approach to the notions of Red Lobster and coitus.

Leila Pyle is a studio art major who likes to climb mountains. Weird things she's licked include a slug, a jellyfish, and the gum wall in Seattle. When she was in kindergarten her Halloween costume and career aspiration was an entomologist, and she currently dreams of becoming a real life Mrs. Frizzle.



Liv Veazy is a sophomore from Fairbanks, AK.

Michelle Ceballos is an old form who, by night light, walks in bug steps and talks in shapes.

S.Bee is a junior English major who enjoys Big Feelings, dog naps, green olives, pop punk bands, and the smell of PDX in bloom.

Sage Freeburg is a poet and yogi and often disappears mysteriously into forests.

Sara Cordoba is a layout editor for the creative review. how taurus is that? they think yugi is a jesus figure and play juanes if they've got aux. typical earth sign.

Sofia Valencia is a poetperson known for spilling drinks all over herself & stuffing her pockets with clementines.

Tara Borgilt loves her three imaginary friend bears and being chased up trees.

Tiffany Thio loves mountains, rides a lime green sticker-covered bike named Trevor, and thinks raisins are nasty. She has a ridiculous case of artist's block and hasn't written or drawn anything in over a year.

Ying Ying Ng is also Amelea, although Amelea is not her birth name. She identifies as a Southeast Asian woman who has a deep appreciation of good mozzarella.

Colophon

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