

Table of Contents

THREEFANGEDSNAKE : 6

SHADOWBOXING : 7

[3 POEMS WITH FINGERS FOR STRETCHING THE COB-
WEBS IN MY NECK] : 8

ESME 18 : 9

ESME 78 : 10

ODE TO EVERYTHING I KEEP FROM MY MOTHER : 11

RED RIBBONS ARE HEARTBREAKING, ON STAYING COM-
PLICIT WHICH I NEVER KNEW : 12 - 13

AMERICAN GIRL DOLL : 13

BREAKUP HYSTERIA : 14 - 15

INTERLUDE : 16

BORDERLESS : 17

PART OF THE LANDSCAPE : 18

THE LILLITH : 19

THE PROJECT / THE PROSPECT : 20

GROWING PAINS : 21

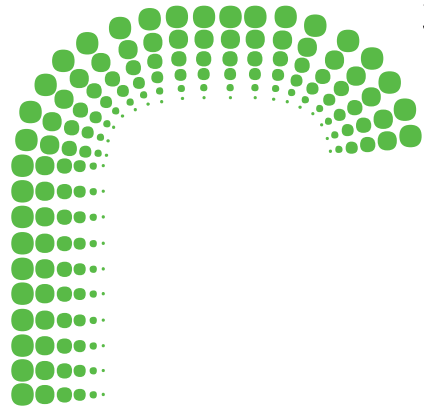
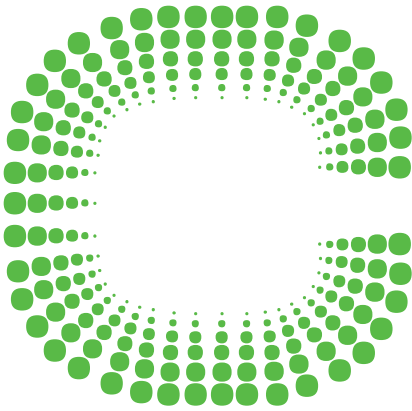
WEeping WILLOW : 22

THIRSTY LIKE A CHILD IS : 23

PARANOIA : 24

ALWAYS GROWING OLDER : 25

WHAT I MEAN WHEN I SAY BASKETBALL : 26



LANDSCAPE 4 : 27

A POEM WITH ITS CENTER REMOVED; A WINTER WITH
ITS SUMMER REMOVED : 28 - 29

EVEN IN YOUR SLEEPING : 30

UNTITLED 2 : 31

DAYS GREY, SUNGOLD : 32

HONEY CREEK : 33

THE SONG : 34 - 36

LABADNANIAC ALBUM COVER : 37

GHOSTS ON THE HORIZON : 38

I THINK I'LL DIE IN MY SLEEP : 39

GIVE ME ARMS TO PRAY WITH : 40

CROSSED KNEES : 41

FLOORBOARDS : 42

THE SIGN : 43

WHAT I REMEMBER MOST IS THE RAIN IN THE MOVES
YOU MADE DURING CHESS ON SATURDAYS SOMETIMES
THURSDAYS SOMETIMES DESTINY'S CHILD PLAYS LIKE
JUNKYARDS : 44 - 45

GIRLS FROM THE MOVIES : 45

I AM FORCED TO SAY GOODBYE : 46

FREESTYLE INTO A SUMMER POOL AND BE WITH YOU
ALWAYS. : 46 - 47

Dear Reader,

For most of you this is our first meeting. Welcome to the 2021 Reed College Creative Review- the first book we've published since 2019. We're Reed's longest running literary magazine and carefully publish some of the best work our student body creates.

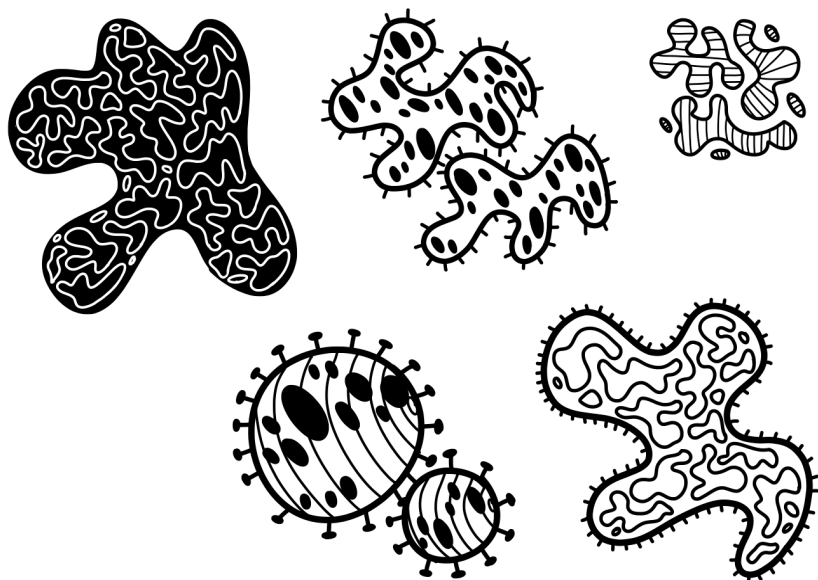
We believe in artistic community and in critical engagement with our peers' work. RCCR celebrates you, and your roommate, and all the people who wave to you on campus.

Thank you to everyone who participated in our work in the past. Thank you to the 2020 team and the seniors who left us. Thank you to our contributors and the beautiful people who make up this year's staff. Thank you to the Art and English Departments, the President's office, the Cooley Gallery, and the Office of Student Life for funding our publication in its sixteenth year. Thank you to the Student Body for reading, submitting, funding and returning to us each year.

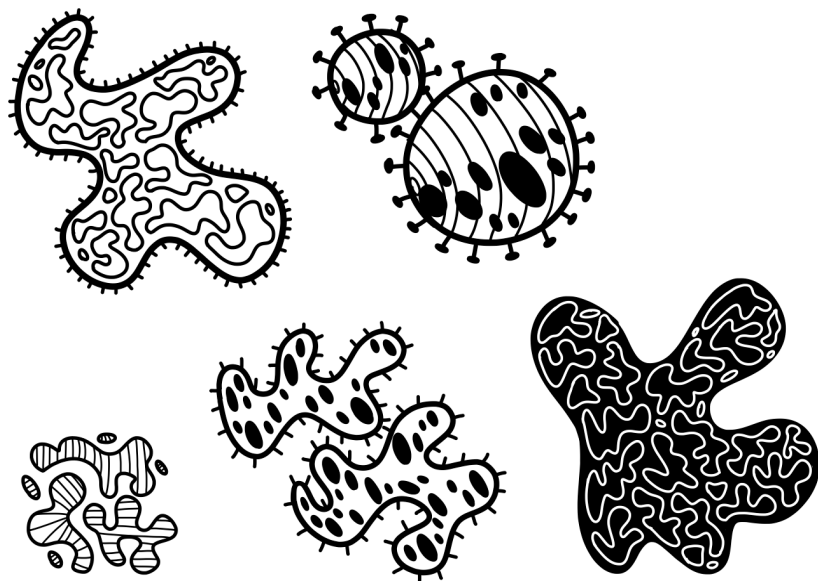
Molly Linden drew our cover. Austen Rogers and Lizzie Prestegaard created our illustrations.

Let us know what you find.
--- Ellie S

Content Warnings: body horror, alcohol, nudity, smoking, references to sexual assault, drug use, and death.



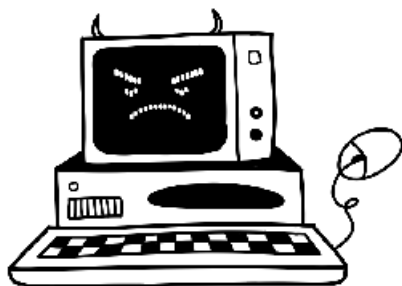
Let's begin.

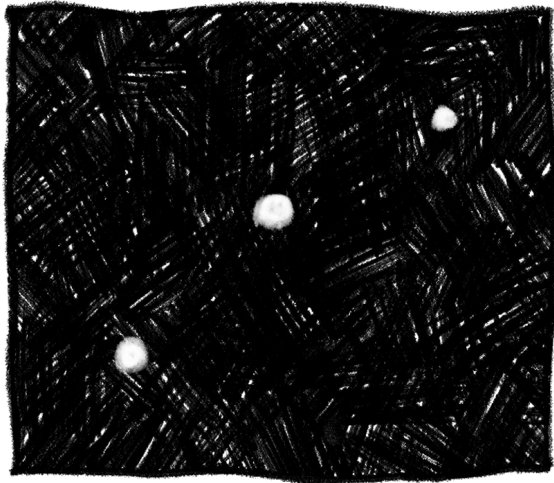
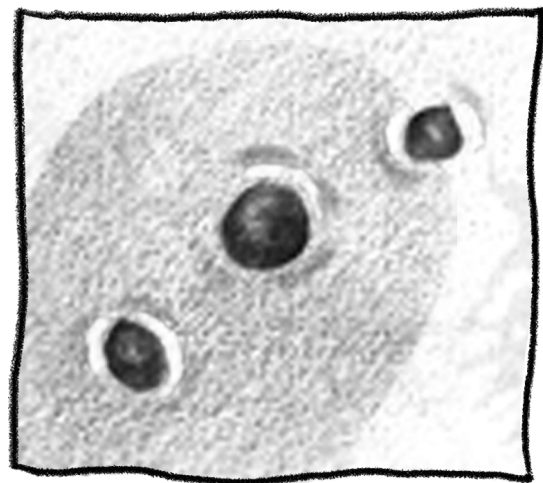


6

THREEFANGEDSNAKE

iki edreva





SHADOW BOXING

TANIA JARAMILLO

heavy comfort:
close a door
to wrap yourself

holding on to
warm light falls
in yourself

self soothe lullaby
reminiscing embrace
(strange artifice)

the sky was singing
of open wounds
in the water

down your back
transmuted into
the testimony of

you tear it out
striking not self
a grasping joy

fluttering paper wings
if i could taste
feathered solace

somewhere now
the living air
torn open

gather fallen leaves
and bring it to you
i am holding on.

8

[3 POEMS WITH FINGERS FOR STRETCHING THE COB-WEBS IN MY NECK]

TANIA JARAMILLO

How to make what you lost

I throw open the windows with no patience this time light, more light, I fix ribbons in my hair to remember child's joy soon severed, where stems of something or other grow un-even, and this is how we get even, in a whisper or a ghost, forgetting is the nearest name for what you did for your survival.

*What did you lose
and where did you lose it?*

My mother taught me how to swim to where the tide meets forever, where the mirror world washes over me with silver pale regretting in undertow I kick to no use, I take it on the chin where there are stitches now, my mother was a star swimmer before she was cursed by a witch and her knees gave out, out, and my feeble legs are so good at kicking shadows I do it in my sleep.

*How do you honor the past
without letting it consume you?*

In a bed filled with electricity I feel blood on my tongue so strange at so young and I feel around what-for and find the tooth that I lost and the taste of something to lose, and when we talk I wonder how old you were when you tasted nothing's presence, how we said goodbye on the phone.

ESME 18

KATHRYN XIZ





ESME 78

KATHRYN XIZ

ODE TO EVERYTHING I KEEP FROM MY MOTHER

ESME KAPLAN-KINSEY

11

we remember: it was hot last night.

to list our crimes would be redundant.

it's not the law that makes it wrong. sure,

i watched you slip

snake-quiet the tequila into the dark of your coat

as we drove like a hailstorm, 95 up the freeway ramp

like

it's your feet carrying the weight of wrongdoing.

this morning, we find spray paint

caged like tropical birds in the art store,

look at each other like, where was this last night?

when we were running

running

like They were coming for us,

as if the laughter we coughed out in the back alley

could peel itself from bricks and lunge for our throats.

if not the law, what makes it wrong?

we sure enjoyed ourselves.

so we revel in the fuzziness of it all now,

the possibilities in not-quite-remembering

and we drive home in the morning like we didn't

fog the windows of my mom's Subaru last night.

she'll ask where we were. did we have fun. we will tell her

all we can without it hurting.

usually, this is nothing.

this, here, is what makes it

wrong: the expectation of something more beautiful.

we tell her the only clean thing

we remember: it was hot

last night.

RED RIBBONS ARE HEARTBREAKING, ON STAYING COMPLICIT WHICH I NEVER KNEW

SHERRY CHIANG

remember talking the way you changed
your voice it's softer around piano keys and clean dishes you cook for us
when you can
and dirty clothes you sew for us when you want to but this part you never
taught us and 外婆 grandma says we're spoiled and who knew heaven is a
place where the line goes on credit cards on repeat saying words like
your vision blurs because your contact lenses have been staring at the re-
flection of why you can't make the first move like chess all over again why
you slammed into that fist when you would sneak into the bathroom and
try
on drugstore lipstick, cover girl coral, and liked that they weren't yours and
that-
what does that even mean anymore

i'm still scared, remembering the look on your face when you're explaining
3 am like clockwork how to break into that one cemetery with a mountain
view withhile your ex boyfriend sprawled out on ecstasy grins, incoherent i
can't understand you either
unfazed by harder sidewalks and softer staircases that scared me worse
than any movie i ever snuck into before seventeen including lightbulb
shards piercing lips, penetrating tongue (forgot to hide the tattoos and
dollar store ramen when you came home, soy sauce flavor) i have to go to
work

lying awake with a sore throat i have tried to say a hundred times but i
don't know how else to say you should leave even though you held my
hand at the bart station even though you caught the richmond bound even
though the train zipped past before i could check if you were glancing back
you were gone but why are you still asking for more time
sour candy is made to be consumed

i will never go back to you i will never be able to but
sometimes i have to check my email for old receipts and another santana
song i forgot to listen to which asks for forgiveness but haven't i contribut-
ed enough to your addiction of complete and i was holding onto you when
you said never again but when i wasn't holding

on you signed my pencil into your skin, thank you but accidents
happen

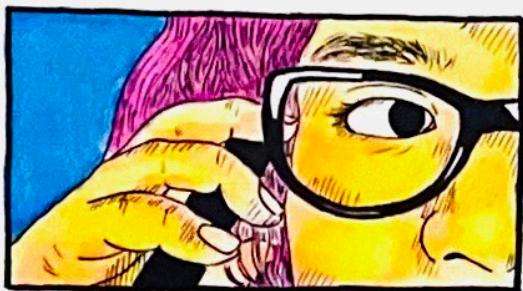
one last thing i wish i had mentioned to you,
when gina stretches her shoulder blades out pale hairs gleaming right
before lunges and
push ups
it's nothing like the
way i loved
watching teletubbies
hidden by straw covers
先天堂 like heaven,
鄉下 countryside
colored vividly by
humid
smells of everybody
under the same roof
and reminders to keep
smoking if you want
to live to see a
hundred
i don't bite my nails
anymore they grow up
unchained
unbothered
the way doors crash
into frames when the
wind is around



AMERICAN GIRL DOLL
SHERRY CHANG

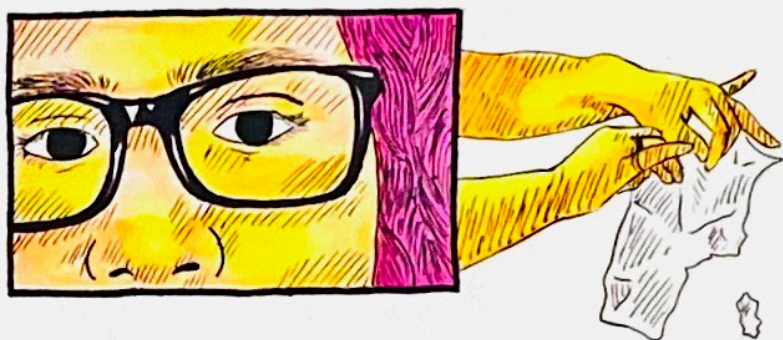
BREAKUP HYSTERIA

MJ QUINTANA-RODRÍGUEZ

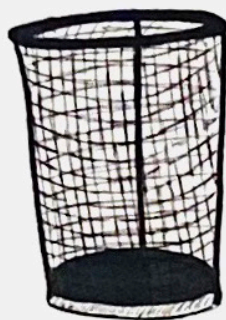


**"What cannot be said will be wept."
- Sappho**





"You may forget but
let me tell you
this: someone in
some future time
will think of us."
- Sappho



It snowed in January while
 you counted hours
 in the hospital. A week later
 I answered
 the phone to unseasonable
 warmth and
 the word *stroke*. Stroke
 is something
 you can do to another or
 in water or
 it can happen to you.
 You came home

INTERLUDE

EMMA MCNEEL

from the hospital with so much
 left to do. Days
 knit together as the year
 slips by.
 I walk every evening to the top
 of a hill
 and gaze west. Now and then
 I get afraid
 that next time I see you
 you'll look
 older, aged. I am afraid
 of that shock.
 Or maybe I'm not —
 that day
 we'll be back. There is room
 in tomorrow

BORDERLESS

SOEUN KIM



2020.10.22
Soeun



PART OF THE LANDSCAPE

GRETA FIEWEGER



THE LILLITH

MOLLY LINDEN

THE PROJECT / THE PROSPECT

EDI KIM

In a garden expect to find words like propagate, germinate, wide brim, thin skin grazed by keratin

an eager finger, a peckish beak, wrists bent like the sun gold and creeping.

Imagine renewal; dust to smoke. Newborns cradled in fence,

wrapped in corners, swaddled in ivy plucked of poison.

Listen for where lost rain has collected into still congregation,

for the dissonance of churning swamp into nourishment out of nuisance.

Under your heel is where inhibition falls to rise. Thrust in the neck of another

bloated mud upturned to gaze sky high, licking your fingers to taste sunrise.

In the shed we store the iron, in the bricks we lay a building.

In fertile rot we smother thick over the face of

life impending.

Growing Pains

if flowers had faces
to express their emotions
everytime the sun shined
meadows would scream with agony



Amrita K. Sawhney

WEeping WILLOW

BAHAR TARIGHI



THIRSTY LIKE A CHILD IS

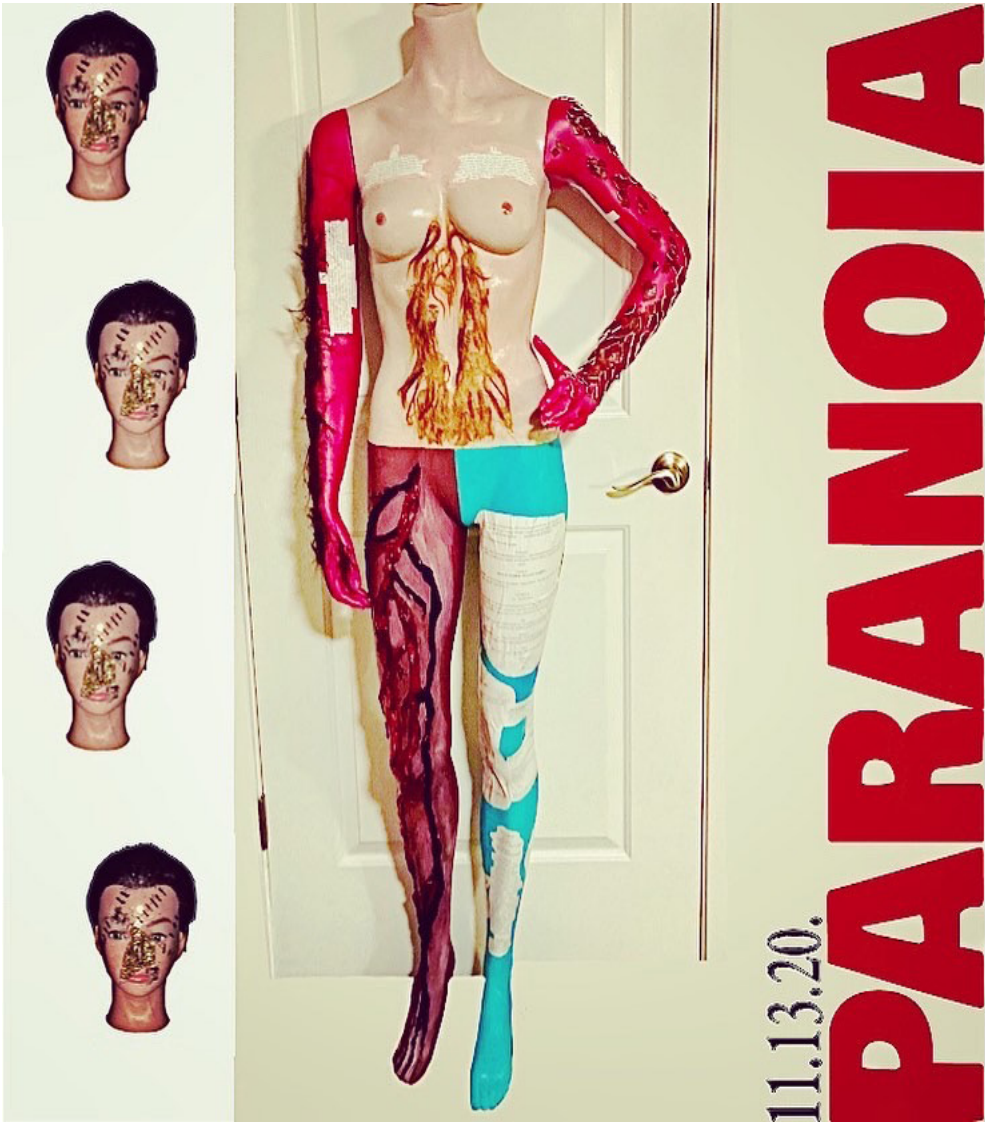
AL DENNIS

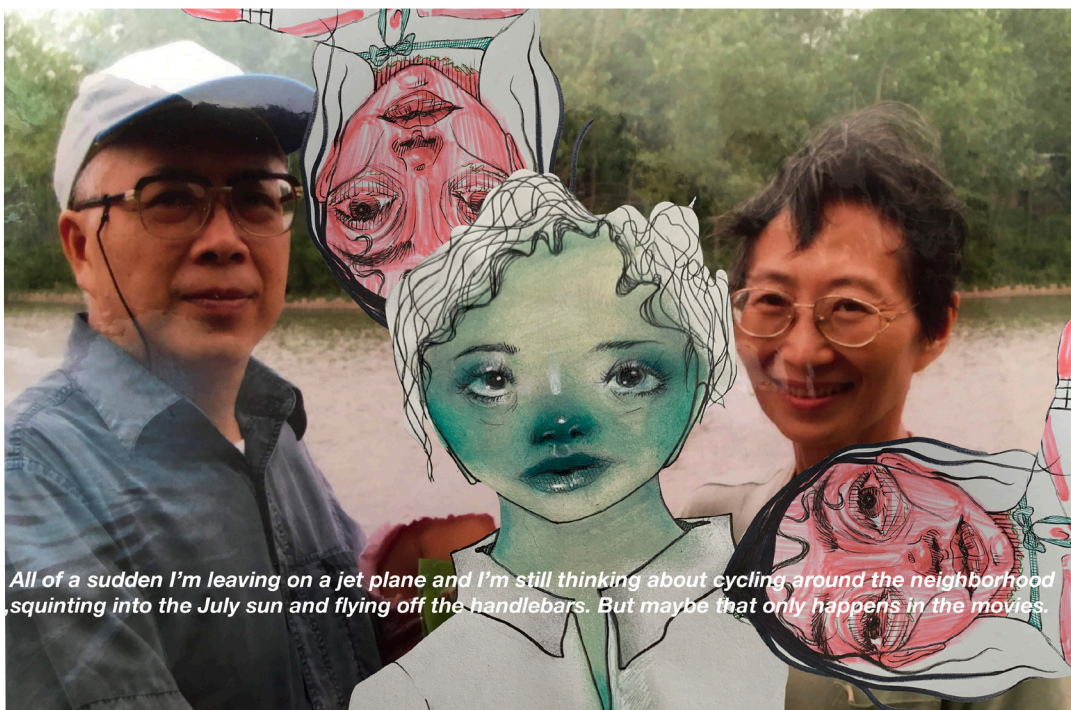
In between the tennis court and the small beds
of perennials the children build God as they dig.
Limbs both swift and graceless move and I am angry
at the dirt. I am chewing sticks
that taste like arsenic, like eating the world
until it is all sinew and spit. Birth
marks are how you died in your past life,
a bullet to the side
or maybe liver failure. I am always afraid
because I am not baptized. I am a cow
eating grass with four stomachs
and big hips. I am a child
breaking rocks open with other rocks.
I am digging for an endless burial.
Splitting my palms so I can hold them
to the sky, moving
the wind in confirmation.



PARANOIA

ARLANA FLEET, WILL STEVENS, RUTH SPERA





All of a sudden I'm leaving on a jet plane and I'm still thinking about cycling around the neighborhood squinting into the July sun and flying off the handlebars. But maybe that only happens in the movies.

ALWAYS GROWING OLDER
SHERY CHANG

WHAT I MEAN WHEN I SAY BASKETBALL

*BEN READ**after Geffrey Davis*

Not the purple and gold of the showtime Lakers, not
the way Dr. J rocked a baby

to sleep, not the wrinkled hands of Bill Russell weighed down
by silver, not the musculature of LeBron's shoulders

or the way Kobe's jersey sagged off
his lithe body, not even that, when I wanted to write an essay

about grief, I wrote about how Westbrook missed
all three free throws, even though his name contains

running water. Not even when LeBron yelled Cleveland! and I knew
what it was like to not only be from somewhere

but to want that somewhere to be also from you, not peach baskets
or gym shorts, or the way Steve Nash pulled his hair back

behind his ears so he could listen to the echo of each dribble, how it
sounds

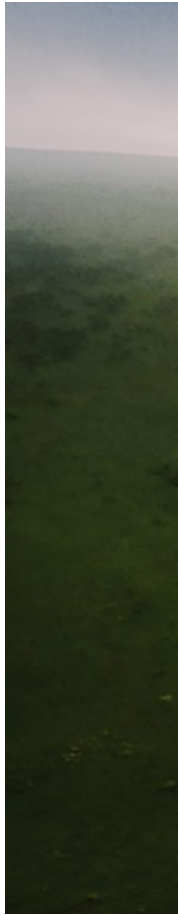
like the middle of the word basket, not my brother's closet

filled with Celtics green and lists of numbers and last names on jerseys
like years of his life, not my father's knees that won't bend

when he shoots anymore, not the anger at Kevin Durant when he left
that felt as real as the betrayal of Terry's death, or Terry's baby hook

shot, no. The court, a word for ritual love, its lines like maps
I was forced to touch to prove I could run, the bones in my wrist,

the doing something over and over again to try to get it right.





LANDSCAPE 4

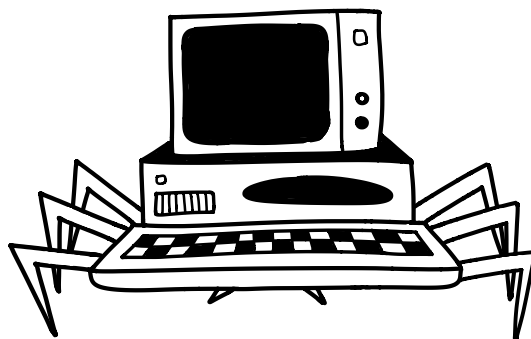
ZIQING (MONA) PAN

A POEM WITH ITS CENTER REMOVED; A WINTER WITH ITS SUMMER REMOVED

NATALYA HILL

a fervor in our retreat the fever in our sharp alternation from heavy snow
 breathtaking cold and mud smudged trek to too-small rooms loud voices
 slapping against concrete floors group bonding exercises obediently gathered
 pressed warm huddled together for the newest game the icebreakers pursu-
 ant of our conversations about the empty universe on the frozen swingset
 forward backward swings ill-timed talk about not belonging in those rooms
 the frugality of these survival tactics finding company warmth to pull you
 through the winter but
 still alone. confessions
 to the cold bared
 between confessions
 in cir- cled groups,
 reading questions. we
 lust for the old days,
 the days of pain which
 evinc- es faith. our
 world one of comfort.
 how then to understand
 the mag- nitude of sin?
 trudging from building
 to build- ing, shared
 grimaces over camp food, scheduled breaks and gatherings. carry this rock.
 it represents your sin. burden. here write on it your sin. the thing you will not
 give up. the last night crescendo in the cabin with just a candle and your tears
 slip the paper into the box noone will read it. set the stone down. isn't this re-
 lief? catharsis for the middle school children gathered up in these mountains.
 what will you not give to god? i walk out, the forest dark and muffled by snow.
 numbed by coldness, by universe. contained within me: a stone. blunt and heavy.

the field the blue-sky summer mornings, the bian-
nual renewal of faith held around flagpole hoisting
something at the edge of our yawns as the prelude
to our prayers to our oatmeal made sticky and
with brown sugar listening for the second clanging
second coming seconds coming. her name bibli-
cal across from me crosslegged in the cool grass
listening for the bell which tells us it is time to be
together, which tells us it is time to be alone ex-
cept with god. palm against palm, prayer. we share
a birthday. we share laughter. shared divulged
some things left assumed. safer unsaid. how many
loyalties? i had already known. i held it within.



EVEN IN YOUR SLEEPING

TESS BUCHANNAN





UNTITLED 2

SOFIE LARSEN-TESKEY

days gray , sungold , will run
 their cassette tape course in untouch-
 able time.
 reel spinning black and plastic--- of
 years hot
 and pressed , extinct
 now dark and warpable
 echoes of a time before crash

past underhead
 like roars of dinosaurs
 beneath the pillowcase
 echoes that you mistake
 for the garbage disposal
 run by roommate

life remade in
 three stories of house, then home,
 painted over and over,
 remade
 furnished with scraps
 remnants , our neighbors' unwanted
 pasts

pasts melt together in syrupy now---
 they're turning sweeter in the sun.
 this morning i walk to the front porch
 find two friends seeking peace
 reaching something different but good
 too
 looking all ways ,

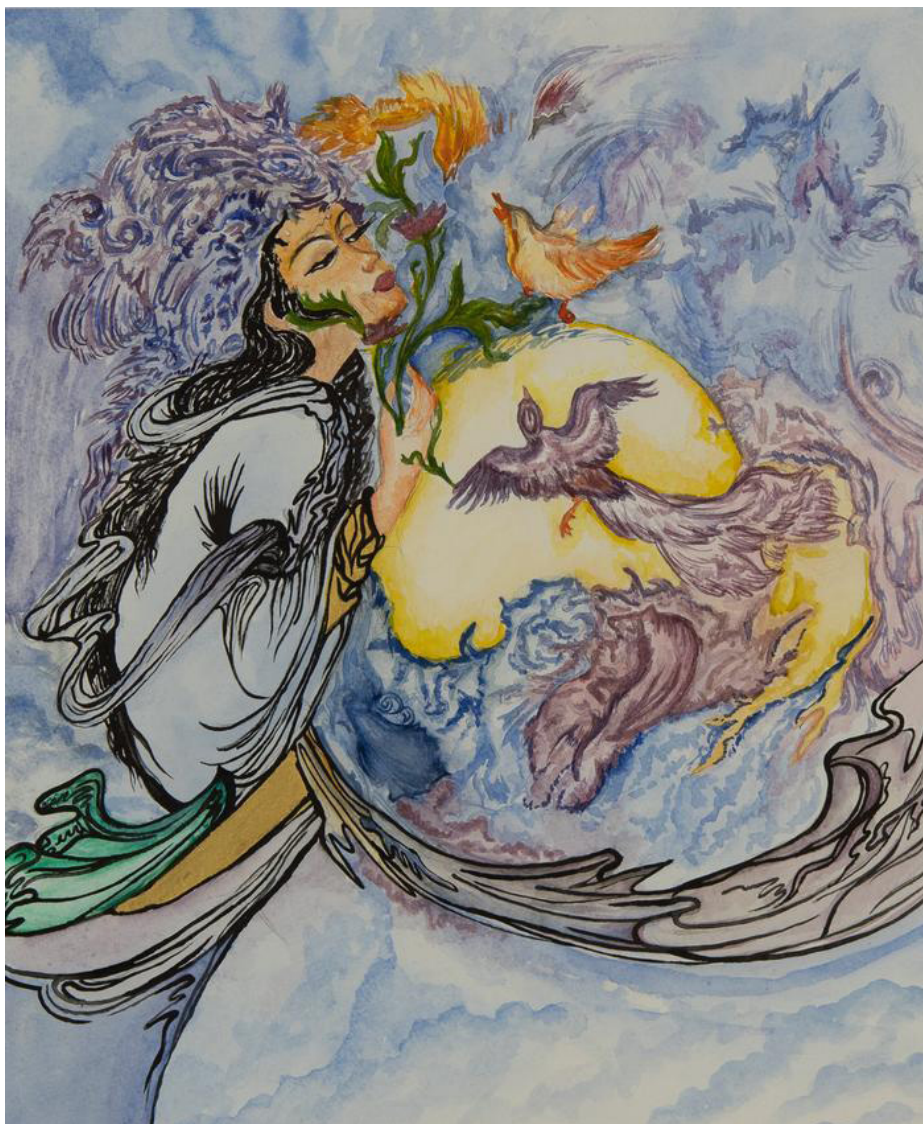
searching
 with our hands
 in the tape box on kate's mom's floor
 on our way to the island
 where the horses stand
 gray and semi- godlike in green
 grass

big fields and a mountain, finally the
 west.
 ruffling through the sounds

i imagine she hears still
 playing in the background of
 dad's pickup
 back when voices sounded differ-
 ent
 time looked so big,
 i see it like that and
 am back to knees
 deep in the hudson drowning in
 my teacher's boots
 now my feet burn
 at the edge of the sand cliff
 world melts in my eyes / needle in
 a frying pan
 shadows of voices swirl
 below me blue river belting
 whirs in place--- still water
 licks the cloudless sky, horizon
 edge
 blackberry bush crown me, fore-
 head bleed holy
 the sand's hot here, sudden
 crawl under sharp canopy stumble
 down
 the hottest day of the summer

i come home
 seeking grace
 find hot sand
 everywhere

HONEY CREEK

BAHAR TARIGHI

THE SONG

BENJAMIN COLLINS

The old man packed his pipe slowly and deliberately, every movement carefully rehearsed through a lifetime of practice. While he worked, he said nothing, telling me with his shining, cloudy eyes that any job worth doing was worth doing with the entirety of one's soul. I could see his soul at work in his hands, animating the clay flesh of his fingers. Every twitch was conscious, and he dropped not a single flake of the shredded tobacco. His leathered, aged fingers dipped again and again into the cloth pouch which contained fuel for his pipe, drawing the dried, cut leaves out in hefty pinches. He was telling me of his youth, of his love, of his tremendous loss, of his deep and unconquerable happiness. Every breath he took, every labored, shaky breath was a paragraph, and every knowing glance he sent me as I sat transfixed before him was a word of his life story. He was beyond animated with every subtle and determined action. He was a goliath, unstoppable with each gentle movement. The match was lit on the first strike, and his eyes took in the pinprick of lonely starlight which reflected from his searching orbs into mine. Carefully, so as not to snuff out the sapling flame, he brought the match to the bowl of his pipe, and breathing deeply set the tobacco alight.

He terrified me, this ancient relic, this living, breathing omen of all biology. The smoke changed from blue wisps to thick, billowing clouds of white, and in these clouds there danced the shapes of his past, of human history. Of all of creation, past and future. The smell reminded me of some childhood memory of a deceased aunt or grandfather and I was gripped by seething nausea. Through the smoke, the old man watched me. Was he smiling? I couldn't tell. Perhaps he was talking to me, but the swirling smoke was too loud and his voice was swept up into the writhing, boiling cloud, where it mixed with ghostly figures of the past.

The old man was beautiful then, washed in early morning sea mist, the smell of campfire cooking taking the place of the thick incense of tobacco. I saw it, even if he didn't; I saw him as a boy, laughing as his mother chased him in circles in the living room, as his father bathed him for the very first time, as he yawned in a dingy classroom somewhere washed in the fragrance of summertime. I wanted to retch. It was too much, it was all far too much. Here before me was a lifetime, and I recoiled from it, as from a snake. Or a corpse. His eyes shone through the billowing clouds like headlights in fog. I felt the approaching vehicle bearing down on me, closer, closer, closer. In his smoke, there hung the stench of death, sweet

and sickly. Earthy and organic. Still the car approached with headlights beaming into my soul. They were the eyes of Medusa. I was not stone, and I knew I could get up and leave if I wanted to. If I had to. I did want to leave. I wanted him to stop speaking the truth which danced suspended in the rolling smoke.

Out of his mouth curled the tendrils of white mist. They were reaching out to me from across a gulf of years that I could not even begin to comprehend. I swatted them away and the sudden rush of air from my hand pushed away the distance that had settled between us. There he was again, the old man, now chuckling to himself at my desperate waving. He had been speaking, for now he stopped. It's funny how visible absence is. Absence of words, suddenly the loudest thing in the room. Absence of love, too much to ever consider. Absence of life...

He had life, but how much left now? From where he sat across from me, it seemed infinite. How could anything, even death, shift this monolith? It was surely too great a task, even for that unstoppable force. The old man was too conscious, too considered. Besides, who but him could pack and clean his pipe with such consistent gentle care?

His shining eyes dimmed as smoke once more piled in between me and him. That's how it would happen, then. I saw it now, those beacons fading, fading, fading into fog. Into blackness. Into light. Into nothing at all. In the smoke, his story resumed. His words again picked up, but again I was deaf to them. He was looking at me with his eyes turned up at the corners, with his lips parting, stretching, then relaxing, punctuated only by the stem of his pipe and an occasional chuckle. I tried to listen to him, I wanted to hear what he said. He was offering me something, and I wanted dearly to take it, but the smoke had already filled my ears. He was offering me something, I could tell. It was at once rough and polished. Of course it was valuable. Why could I not take it? Possess it? Make some sort of use out of it? He knew. He knew I wanted it, he knew I could not reach for it, could not ask. It didn't matter to him whether I could or couldn't, he would offer it just the same. After all, it wasn't about me.

It stung, the smoke. Stung my eyes, stung my heart, stung my skin so that I reached for my coat and rose to leave. His eyebrows rose with me. and he paused mid sentence. In his eyes I read a plea, and just as quickly as it had come, my resolve ebbed, leaving me feeling foolish with my coat half on and tears in my eyes. I crumpled back into my chair. My selfishness was clear now. It pulsed radiantly from within so that I was sure the old man could see it. Shame took its place, and I felt more trapped than I had before.

36 Everything was spinning now. He circled me like a buzzard wheeling high in the cloudless sky. I, on my back upon the ground, watched as he arced lazily back and forth, round and round. Perhaps it was I who was circling? I was the buzzard. I had come seeking something from him, after all. I had hoped to pick something from his corpse, extract some meaning from his marrow. I thought, no doubt, that it would be easy, and yet now it was I who was defenceless, back against the icy ground. Still the man talked on, shaking his head in sorrow, chortling, smoking. Time became tangible. It, too, now joined the man's words to mix with the smoke in the air. I breathed it in and breathed it out and was enfolded within it. It sank into my lungs and stayed there, hardening like cement, metastasizing within me. I swam through it, chasing the man along the snaking paths of his life. I collected his bread crumb trail, feeding hungrily on his every word, but they offered me no sustenance. By the time I gathered them, they were stale. He was too far ahead of me now. I could see him in the doorway, backlit by the dawn beyond. I raced toward him, but the door had shut. Reaching for the handle, I found it was only smoke, and I plunged forward into the darkness of morning.

He had stopped smoking now, and was sitting with his eyes half closed, humming contentedly to himself. The melody was strange and familiar, but I didn't think to ask him what it was. It wouldn't have mattered, and I probably wouldn't have known it anyway.

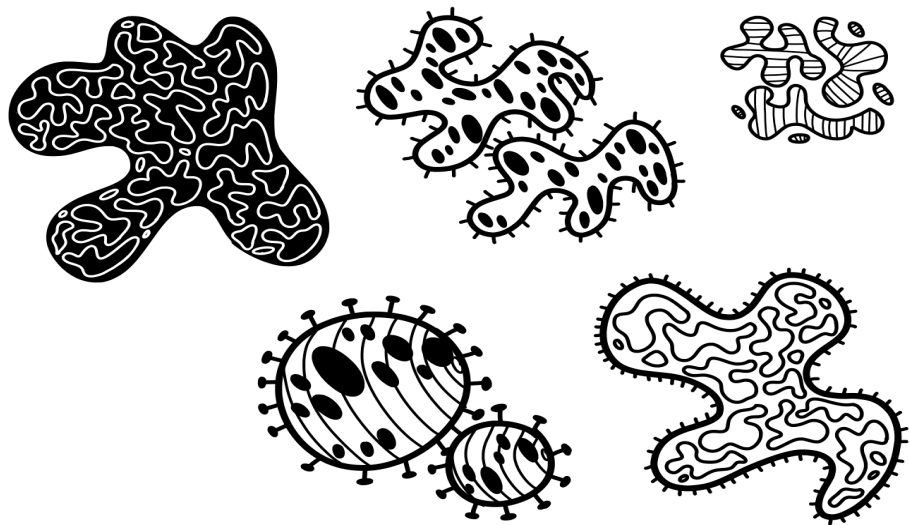


LEBADNANIAC ALBUM COVER

GRETA FIEWEGER



GHOSTS ON THE HORIZON
GRETA FIEWEGER

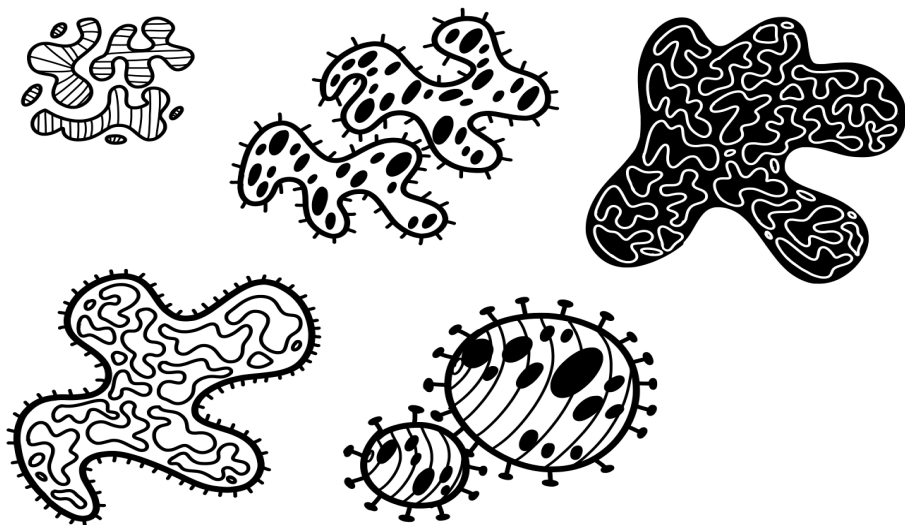


I THINK I'LL DIE IN MY SLEEP

AL DENNIS

Apocalypses are realizations of Forever. Forever in which
I am wrapped in limbs, the space called anatomy becoming shared. Forever
like the body of a mother
unearthed from Pompeii,
frozen, a crescent moon around her infant.

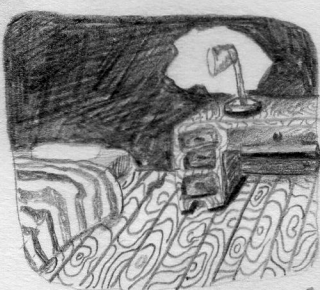
I've stayed alive long enough
to notice things.
Like how sex is warmest in the morning.
How the bowl of oranges at breakfast
was previously the sunrise.
Like the coat I'll put my baby in
when I've stayed alive long enough
and it is too cold for oranges
so I'll feed her apples instead.
And how I believe, both,
that I'll wake up the next day
and we'll all be encased in pumice and ash.



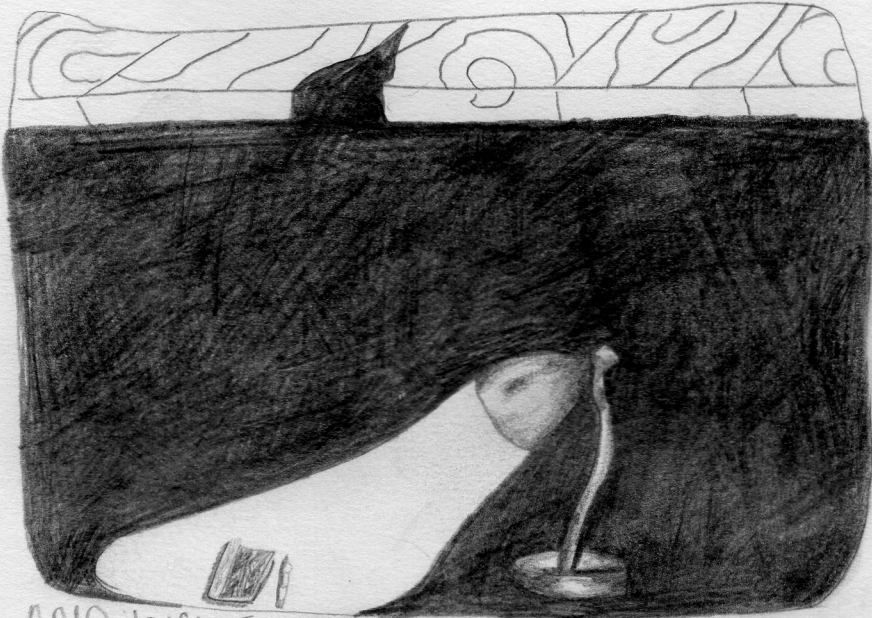


GIVE ME ARMS TO PRAY WITH
TESS BUCHANNAN

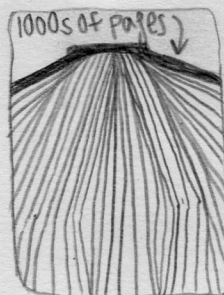
i want to touch knees with you. so i keep inventing reasons to drink wine on the floor of your apartment next to the rug. i think about your mug with the chickens that you bought from the goodwill, i was there, your secondhand. i think about the magazine clippings of those old greek arts painstakingly pasted to the walls, the pale yellow formica countertops, the half-height bookcase crowned with the threatening bulk of a boombox, the oldest thing in the whole apartment. it lords over the cd case of sad men singing. it's like a spoiled housecat, an overfed fuck that only purrs to life once we kneel to attention, and that's how we end up on the floor next to the rug. i've never been in your bedroom, and you've never met me on the internet, and we talk around spaces that we let each other in, around spaces that we haven't been. we keep our feet between us and i step on my hands. sometimes you ask me what i mean and i give in, i topspin. i don't like to answer with dart-eyes but i can't help it. when i say i can't help it i mean it's my best choice, and you know that. we talk about choices and being more than what's happened to us. i want to know what's happened to you. i'm ashamed that i want to know. i'm ashamed of what's happened to me. i don't want to ask. i don't want to be something that happens to you. i want to touch knees with you. i want to be exactly five feet from you at all times. it's important to me that you like the scones that we made.



THERE'S A CRACK IN THE FLOORBOARDS.



AND INSIDE, I KEEP A VERY SPECIAL BOOK.



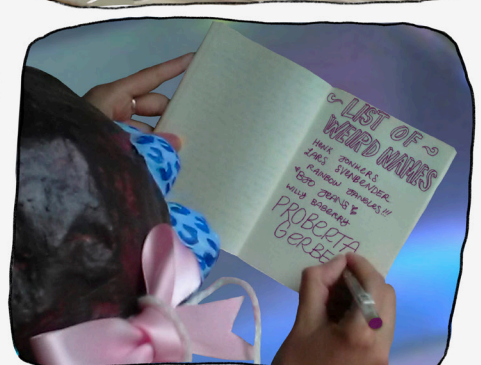
EVERY SECRETIVE EVER HAD

IS IN THERE.

FLOORBOARDS

iki edreva

THE SIGN



**WHAT I REMEMBER MOST IS THE RAIN IN THE MOVES
YOU MADE DURING CHESS ON SATURDAYS SOMETIMES
THURSDAYS SOMETIMES DESTINY'S CHILD PLAYS LIKE
JUNKYARDS**

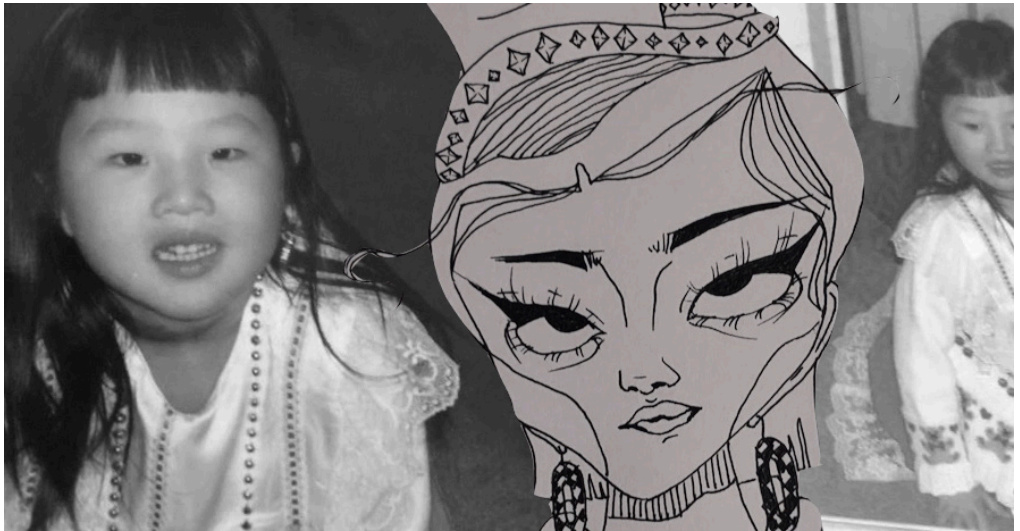
SHERRY CHIANG

destiny's child fabric looks so tight so stretchy and my jeans they look kind of similar when i am young maybe ten maybe younger i never recorded the way i used to look at myself like an entry like a way to shout at myself through the door frame to forget about the way you used to smile on the way to math class in the mornings because we carpooled and remember how the tear in your shirt is my first memory and that means the first thing i thought of for a long time when i saw your face so it should be no mystery when i say i'm busy or call you when my car breaks down and no surprise when you arrive, foul scalp oil and microwaved eggs. for those fallen into a pattern like sewing like equations like i turn the other way when you're quiet please get out you don't belong here. whether there is a staff shortage or not i am not coming because i said that i would and that's why i'm not coming because i can i am able to distinguish sleeping bags from the drawer under your bed that opened into a mattress. it's hard because when you've known about home addresses and hot soup and cold air filtering through the car door as you step into the hotel it's harder to pretend that you don't care you never cared for cat stickers and the one corner in the cold beach.

land's end because that's what happens geographically, and all the terms you never learned about because that's who your college friends are. it's easy to let go of the hand that carefully picked apart chicken strips and pushed on water dispensers and yanked tender hair and messages young girls on your computer offering them your worldly possessions but it's easier to use scissors like paper slowly and then suddenly you're filling out another application for another promised life that leaves you feeling the same inside, empty and everything restarts for a reason so maybe i should be looking for a reason not to call you after another fight instead of burning my hands on ramen. this is my voice, evolved hand in hand with tangerine peels and the sensation of sore ankles from too many footsteps and the smack of glass against palm, concentrated. jumping on the trampoline,

her house, but i'm wishing i was running, to anywhere but here where **45**
i have to face forced smiles and disappointment as in why can't i love you
when jenga castles are torn down and chalky scraped knees are healed with
chalk and pencils on tests. crushing walnuts in the kitchen the way i used
to feel about falling down the stairs carrying soup leaving burns on your
arms as a kid that grow into saturated meat fat since we rode in the toyota
together, gold and engine scraping at every turn, nothing feels the same.

the sun rises often, and i lie in bed rarely wondering when you will be
home.



GIRLS FROM THE MOVIES

SHERRY CHIANG

46 I AM FORCED TO SAY GOODBYE

ABHI RAJSHEKAR

This piece was originally written in response to the resignation of Tara Miller from SEEDS and Ruby Joy White from the MRC. I was frustrated with the way White Institutions like Reed continue to push out staff and faculty of color by not paying them the wages they deserve for all the work they do for our community.

My survival found its path through a community
that welcomed me.

My weary heart weeps for that nest of solace.

I dream of a place where the weight of the world
finds no shelter in my shoulders. A place that uplifts my people,
celebrates my mentors, and the absence of
my deafening silence.

I dream of a place where I feel no fury
The seeds of resistance unburied.

There, my dismay finds home, but not with frustration.
The fire within me
ignited by love and not necessity.

My mind wanders in
self-consuming hypotheticals
yearning for a place that could have been.

My community was taken away from me.

**FREESTYLE INTO A SUMMER POOL AND BE WITH YOU
ALWAYS.**

TANIA JARAMILLO

on the grass with a sliver of sun left in sky,
i can almost take this day off, pink wine spill
i am tearing the grass in my hands
to make a wreath that falls into nothing each time
tear the grass again, fall apart again

my friend picks something nettled out of my shoulders
tear the grass again, fall apart again.

touch and sun and forwardness and with-you and
that something propelling me the communion with you
the sun that passes between our lips like syrup
it tears me apart, not holding it with you
trust flowing freely in our sunny afternoons.

my feet that could run,
I let you take me blind
anywhere, you can choose
take me with you

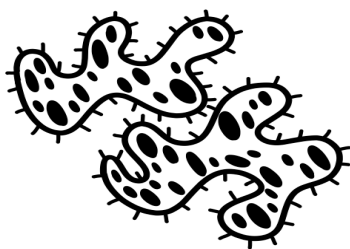
gold sun pooling,
the sticky tomorrows how they gather
the sun on my scared sacred ankles
over and over unto itself
unto, unto, unto

and you are far from me, the wind a gentle suggestion
something firm about the way I sit here
that I hold onto somewhere behind my palms

your door was open whichever way the wind swept
unassuming, in gentle light

and i don't know how to show you,
how to show you how
i know the wheel keeps on and on
i don't know what light this screen gives
i know the dust gathering

what it wants retreats always into sun-specked mist



contributors

SOFIE LARSEN-TESKEY misses the days of her childhood spent frog hunting in the woods of the pacific northwest. either the frogs are more elusive now or she's forgotten how to see them. other than frogs, she loves black licorice, the smell of the forest, and tiny spoons.

ABHI RAJSHEKAR (he/him) is a traveler who dreams of growing old and living his best life somewhere in the mountains of India.

Above all else, AL DENNIS (they/them) is sturdy.

MJ QUINTANA-RODRIGUEZ (they/them/she/her) is originally from the Bronx, NY. They are a first-year history major on the Pre-Med/Pre-Law tracks.

AMRITA K. SAWHNEY is a semi-self-taught-not-too-serious artist.

"I've been drawing, painting, and creating since the beginning of time as I know it. I spent a total of one month at the Maryland Institute College of Arts before coming to Reed for a degree in Environmental Studies and Economics. While I believe that art is an intense discipline, I prefer to treat my personal art-making process as an outlet - a way to express myself when simple words cannot communicate what I want. I love creating" warped faces and figures often interacting with nature. I would describe my art as a good mix of uncomfortable and magical."

EMMA MCNEEL is a *glamorous* and grimy senior who loves summer tomatoes, Mississippi, and the worst music you've ever heard.

TANIA JARAMILLO (they/them) incandescent snail

ESMÉ KAPLAN-KINSEY (she/they) is from California, but not the famous part. They are good at thinking and wish they were better at doing.

NATALYA LAWREN HILL reads and writes poetry when she's not reading and writing for classes; she is creative in the spaces between the ordinary.

SOEUN KIM (she/her) is a first-year poli-sci major, widely interested in everything from art, mountaineering, buddhism, filmmaking, and coffee. "I was born in Seoul, South Korea and lived there until I was 15, and during my high school years, I've traveled around 12 countries, doing various projects. Many of my arts are based on my impressions of landscapes and patterns in nature, imbued with my emotions, usually with some abstract elements. I feel most free when I'm creating, and it's even more of an ecstatic experience when it accompanies good music and some Nikos Kazantzakis books. Constantly entertaining the idea of running off to the wild, while maintaining life at Reed, is the biggest daily struggle for me, and some of that translates to my art as well."

BEN READ is Ben Read.

TESS BUCHANNAN (she/they) is a senior anthro student making art about long distance relationships to stay sane. They dabble in photography, digital art, pyrography, and embroidery - anything to keep their hands busy. These pieces are a tribute to their partner.

SHERRY CHIANG is a studio art major and really likes ceramics and poetry.. and cats :)

EDI KIM. the snack that smiles back



AMELIA MORIARTY

AMRITA SWAHNEY

AUSTEN ROGERS

BEN READ

CAROLYN CHEN

EDI KIM

ELLIE POBIS

ELLIE SHARP

ETHAN BRISLEY

GLO HERMAN

GRETA FIEWEGER

IKI EDREVA

ISABELLE MERCADO

LIZZIE PRESTEGAARD

MOLLY LINDEN

NICOLE RADLAUER

OCEAN CHAMBERLAIN

ROSS AVERY

STELLA TROUT

TANIA JARAMILLO

THEO SNYDER

ZACK SIY

ZIQI XIE





The Reed College Creative Review is published annually and distributed for free to the student body and Reed community. Our magazine is accessible online at rc-cr.org.

All spreads were designed in Adobe Indesign CS6. Copy, bylines, and captions are set in Adobe Caslon Pro. We used Ronan Le Guevellous's Soda for the table of contents and Zane Townsend's 13 Misa for our introductions. Molly Linden designed our cover (thank you). Lizzie Prestegaard and Austen Rogers designed the illustrations of the pipe, the organic shapes and computer-monsters respectively.

This book was printed by Brown Printing in Portland, Oregon.

3203 SE Woodstock Blvd,
Portland, OR 97202