



LEMURIAN REVIVAL FALL 2019

MASTHEAD

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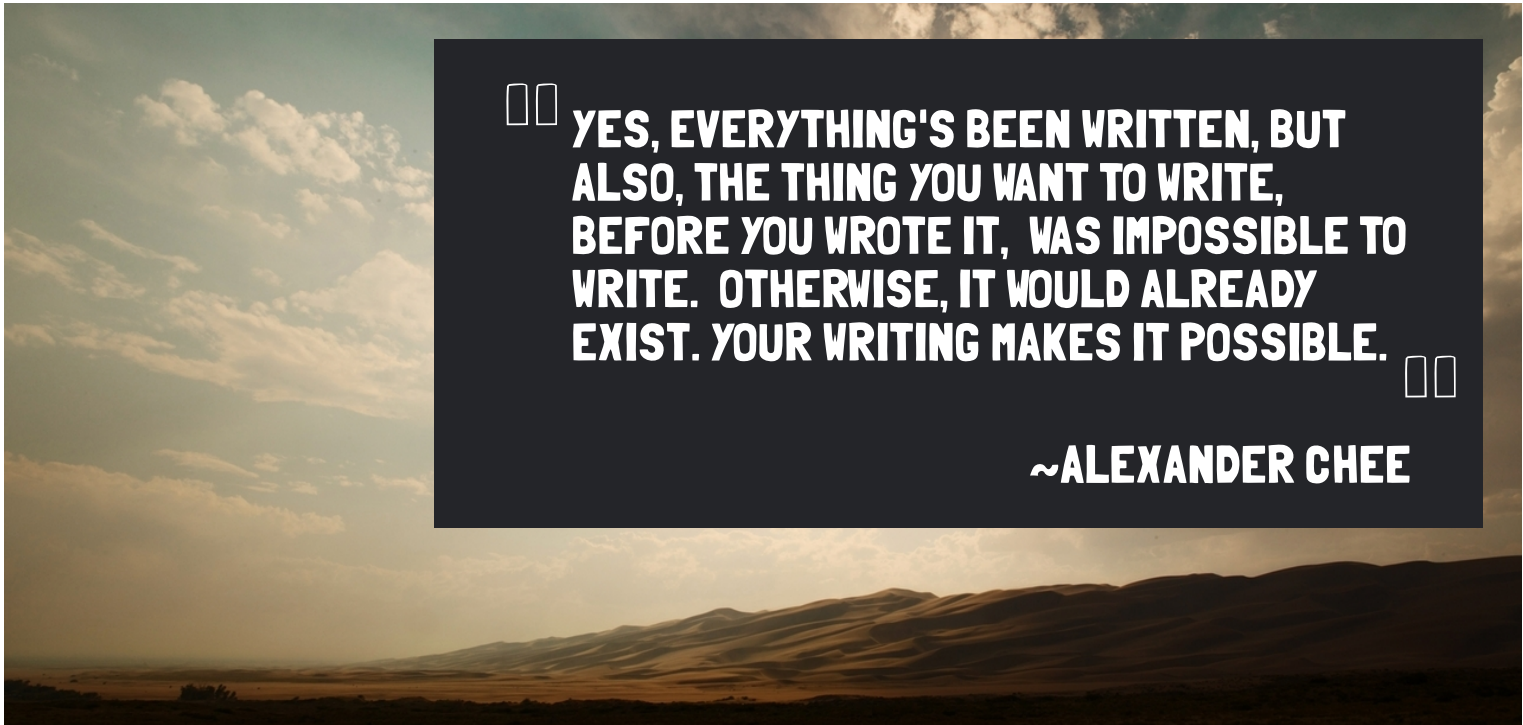
Editor-in-Chief:

Dori Mondon-Freeman

The College of the Siskiyous Writers Club mission is to unite writers throughout COS and provide a supportive and resourceful Writers Club that will encourage people's love of writing for hobby or career. The purpose of the COS Writers Club is to provide a positive, open and friendly environment for developing and sharing writing of all styles. The COS Writers Club is open to COS students, faculty, and staff.

contact COS Writers Club:

writers@siskiyous.edu



☐☐ **YES, EVERYTHING'S BEEN WRITTEN, BUT ALSO, THE THING YOU WANT TO WRITE, BEFORE YOU WROTE IT, WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO WRITE. OTHERWISE, IT WOULD ALREADY EXIST. YOUR WRITING MAKES IT POSSIBLE.** ☐☐

~ALEXANDER CHEE

WHY DO WE WRITE?

Why *do* we write? Through words we recount memories, paint pictures, and create worlds. By writing down our thoughts, we find clarity. By telling stories, we leave our mark. By bearing witness, we record history.

Writing takes courage - it's often a solo journey. A writer can walk miles and suddenly decide on an entirely different path, maybe even going all the way back to the beginning again. Our characters have minds of their own, and sometimes, they argue with us.

Writing takes vulnerability. Traveling alone can be both terrifying and empowering. We don't know what we're capable of until we put ourselves out there and each time we do, we're facing an audience.

The COS Writers Club offers a supportive space for students, staff and faculty to do that thing we love to do so much. We hold open mics and weekly meetings, workshop each others' pieces, and invite speakers to come and share their wisdom and techniques. Our club members represent all ages, all genders, all persuasions, all experience levels and all walks of life, and each have something beautiful and unique to offer.

Many years ago, some COS students decided to start a literary newsletter called The Lemurian. (Copies of that newsletter are still available in our library.) In 2018, we decided to bring this back to campus. We hope you enjoy this semester's issue of the Lemurian Revival. Write on!

Warmly,
Dori Mondon-Freeman
Fall 2019 Editor-in-Chief

STEP INTO THE LAIR OF LEMURIAN LORE



BECKIE HOBBS

Photo by Jamie Golly

During the fall season, some say the “Veil” becomes thin between seen and unseen, real and unearthly, between substance and spirit. As we enter this time of transformation between summer and winter, between light and darkness, there is a world of great mystery to be discovered. If you look through this veil just right, you will find a secret vault within our very own COS Library that you never noticed before: The Mount Shasta Collection. All you seek is available to you now, from accounts of UFO sightings to Telos, from local fly fishing and hiking, to Native American history and legends, and from gold mining to Lemurian lore. “If you think of it, we probably have it!” says Marcia Eblen, COS Library Technician.

But be advised you honorable seekers, for this room is a “closed collection” and can only be accessed by way of our friendly library staff. Luckily, all you must do is ask and they shall wield the sacred key to unlock a true goldmine of research. Each gold nugget of knowledge in this collection was carefully panned for and collected since the early 1980s, and continues to grow to this very day. The history of how this collection came to be is a rich story unto itself. Stay tuned for this compelling chronicle in our next issue of the Lemurian Revival. For now, I invite you on a journey into otherworldly delight to celebrate this time of changing seasons, a time to harvest the great mysteries that surround us. Enter this genuine vortex of knowledge, ancient and new, to reveal the enigma of our very own mystical and beloved Mount Shasta.

Beckie Hobbs is an Academic Advisor at COS and a staff co-advisor of the COS Writers Club. She holds a Bachelor's degree in English & Writing.

*Open House
To Celebrate the Completion
Of the*



*Saturday, April 10, 1999
2-5:00 p.m.*

College of the Siskiyou Library

2:00-5:00 p.m. Exhibits, Tours, and Refreshments in the Library

*2:15 p.m. Overview of the Collection and
Interesting Sidelights of Mount
Shasta's History by Dennis Freeman
and William C. Miesse
Life Science, room 3*

*3:30 p.m. Slide Program on Mount
Shasta's "History, Legends and Lore"
by author and guide Michael Zanger
Life Science, room 3*

Free / Public Invited

Courtesy of Marcia Eblen, COS Library Technician & Conservator of the Mount Shasta Collection

An aerial photograph of a tropical beach. The water is a vibrant turquoise color, transitioning to a deeper blue further out. White waves are breaking along the shore, creating a frothy white foam. The sand is a light, golden-brown color. The overall scene is serene and beautiful.

OCEAN

Angela Viramontes

She has exquisite shades of unsung turquoise hues,
and is bathwater warm with occasional cool patches.
Her vastness puts all in perspective when life takes over.
Gentle incoming and outgoing waves evoked liberated healing.
One day her spellbound ocean edge lapped over manicured feet.
Burning tears poured from weary eyes blending into the sea.
Time stood still from bridled heartache as past and present spilled out.
I perceived the boundless mana seize and heal,
and it strengthen my jaded spirit.

Mana through water never abandoned.
Unknowingly, I've searched her out for peace and comfort.
She's been relentlessly with me, just unacknowledged.
Away from the ocean, now she follows me in river form.
She holds my secrets and sometimes whispers to me.



Photo by [oleg Gospodarec](#) on [Unsplash](#)

SPACE BETWEEN *jazzi*

resilient through the dark,
strengthening with time,
frozen shards cling tight,
to an all familiar surface.

the air warms each day,
painted in brilliant hues,
on an endless canvas,
an awakening masterpiece.

the nightglass sparkles as
dawn breaks.
the artist longs to bond with
moonlit mysteries.

the icicle weeps at
her beauty.
the sky's eyes close for
her sparkle once more.

WHEN THE TEMPERATURE HANGS LOW *jazzi*

as that frigid chill sets in, so do i.

it's getting colder. one misstep and i'll shatter.
there's no such thing as a breeze.

bones creak and crackle threatening to crumble.
my thin skin lets it escape – let's everything escape.

no layer in the world could keep me warm.
i tuck my scarf near my face, but it does little for me.
the fire was lit, but it's me who's cold.

Jazzi, Vice President of the Writers Club, is studying to become a botanist. Her interests range from biology to visual and literary arts to psychology. She prizes innovation, creativity, and a hot cup of tea.



gaucamayo

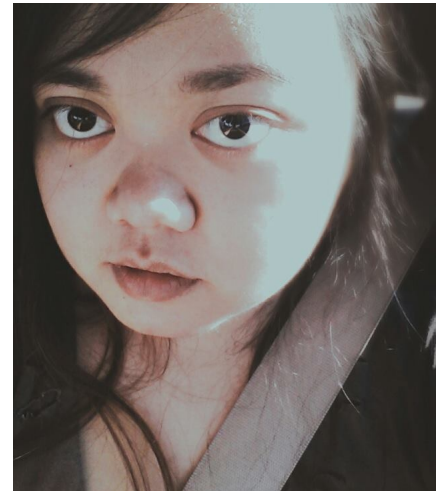


pavo real



leopardo

Ponepila Vorachith is an alumnus of College of the Siskiyous, having graduated in Spring 2019 with an AA in Theater Performance. She was also a member of the COS Writers Club. She is the first of her family to graduate high school and graduate college. When she's not holding a microphone to sing or practice lines, she can be seen holding a camera, capturing candid moments or admiring the beauty of nature and animals. Her most recent work includes animals she had the pleasure of meeting during her trip to Ensenada, Mexico, back in June 2019. Her work can be viewed on her instagram (@cdlm.lens) or her deviantArt (@mercoeur).



lobo



lemur



THE STORY OF ATLAS

DM FREEMAN

Photo by Gabriel Jimenez

An exercise, to narrate a tale from the point of view of an inanimate object, but what of those dead butterflies that flutter on the road, they still speak, or the tree stump that holds up a riverbank, the oldest witness to all those who have passed through seeking respite at these river shores, this snowmelt tumbling over rocks whose surfaces have relaxed after centuries of the water's hands? It still speaks, though it's gone, not for the glory of having lived until it nursed but watered by sweat, taken by old metal blades, its stories pulled out of the forest for books. forgive them, mother, for they know not what they did when they felled Atlas and the heavens began to fall, but He still speaks, and *everything is alive* vibrating with life force, particles and waves and ways we make sense of things, objects we create so we can move in this world, to narrate from the perspective of something other than us, and in this manner we try to tell stories not really our own, to justify how and why we kill.

dm freeman is a student of social sciences and philosophy at College of the Siskiyous. Coffee, people, environment, parenting, dogs, writing, yoga, plants, music.

MEET YOUR 2019–2020 COS MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM

James Hughes

After a frustrating campaign in the 2018-2019 basketball season, the COS men's basketball team in revamped and ready to go this season. With the return of Wayne McClendon, Jake Psalia, James Hughes, J'quail Hanks, Stephan Washington, Montell Willis, Bishop Thomas, Justin Kirk, and Christian Gillette we have a solid foundation. We've also added some local and international talent this year with the addition of Mt. Shasta High School's Kody Bauman and Jett Snure, Ousmani Williams from San Jose, and the addition of Roberto La Morticella from Melbourne, Australia.

The men's basketball team has shown strong improvement from training camp to the first day of practice. They are getting better every day. They had a successful pre-season tournament in Sacramento where they came away with two wins over Big 8 conference schools, Folsom Lake and Sac City.

"We are ready for this upcoming season and have really come together nicely this preseason. I'm excited to see what this season will bring and how far we as a team can go," said Wayne McClendon.

The COS men's basketball team starts their 2019-2020 season against Canada Community College on November 1st at Los Positas Community College.



Photo by Markus Spiske



Photo by israel palacio

SUMMERTIME ON THE BEACH

Henry Williams

She walked down the street. She was singing along down the beach. She saw a man. He came up to her and asked her if she was a singer.

She said, "Yes, but I want to sing professionally."

The man said, "Well, I am looking for someone to sing with me in my choir. Are you interested?"

She said, "Ok, but are you going to pay my way?"

He said, "Ok, I will pay your way and all the expenses that you need."

Then she said, "Will you be my agent?"

He said, "I am an agent."

Then, she became a famous singer. All the sudden she had her first hit record. Then she asked the man, "How did I do?"

The man said, "You just made the biggest hit of the songs that you wrote, and everyone likes it. You just made Americans happy again by singing their favorite song ever in their whole life."

The end.

Henry Williams is a student of English and Computer Science at College of the Siskiyous.

NINETEEN

Abby Lark

It is the beginning of August and I am nineteen.

I am in my front yard and I have noticed that,
Yes, my legs are brown
But not as brown as I would like them to be because
I am impatient with the sun and with my own skin.

I have planted myself between two of my mother's boxes.
They are filled with tomatoes and flowers and basil
And a squash plant that has left the bed entirely and
Seems to currently be reaching for my ankles.

In my head,
I note the comparison between an octopus and its tank.
I am uncomfortable with this and move my feet away,
Giving the innocent vine a sidelong glance.

The light hitting the plants turns their shadows gold,
Filtered strangely by the smoke,
A constant reminder of the chaos fifty miles south of us,
The texture of fear that we would otherwise ignore.
It is always golden hour when everything is on fire.

But I am young and full of *this too shall pass*,
And I shake away the thought of flame and humanity
With a simple toss of this light gold hair.
I breathe deeply
And I imagine sleeping.

Photo by [Markus Spiske](#) on [Unsplash](#)

THIRST

Abby Lark

I am tired.

I am not enough.

I never will be.

My hands are open,
Waiting for you to fill them.

But they remain empty.

Begging,
Fingers outstretched and
Grasping for the water that you hold

Just

Out

Of

My

Reach.

Despite my thirst,
Dust blowing from my tongue
Past your feet.

Put me out of your misery.



Photo by Marc-Olivier Jodoin

WHAT HAVE WE BECOME? *justsumguy*

An old man of ninety-two
a six-month-old babe

taken by those without virtue
locked in a cage

what was their crime
their skin wasn't White

now forced to do time
ICE flexing its might

how does this racism stand?
My God, can't you see

no freedom left in this land
what threat could they be

yet the masses remain unnerved
Oh God, when will justice be served?

"MUST A NAME MEAN SOMETHING?"
ALICE ASKED DOUBTFULLY.

"OF COURSE IT MUST," HUMPTY
DUMPTY SAID WITH A SHORT LAUGH;
"MY NAME MEANS THE SHAPE I AM –
AND A GOOD HANDSOME SHAPE IT IS,
TOO. WITH A NAME LIKE YOURS, YOU
MIGHT BE ANY SHAPE, ALMOST."

~LEWIS CARROLL

HELPER OF MAN

Al Tichy

A servant's heart thumps in his chest.

No desire to be Caesar.

No delusion to become a celebrity.

The worker ant slowly plods along toiling for the betterment of the crown.

So, he too works at societies menial chores,

content to be a simple gear in the great mankind contraption.

He is happy in his commission,

for he is blessed to find some joy in all he creates.

No matter how simple or physical the calling,

It is a job well concluded,

a task consummated,

and the continued providing for his clan

which offers him the only goals he craves.



Canoe on Atitlan, 2005. dm freeman

ATITLAN*

dm freeman

sitting on the dock waiting for the boat
across to san Pedro two women crocheted
tzotchkes for the tourist trade.

they chatted, gold teeth glinting in the sun
reflecting off the lake they called
the navel of the universe.

while they crocheted, hooks and thread flying
through their fingers they talked to each other
weaving webs with their hands.

* meaning "place of great water"

WHAT IS A FAMILY

jazzi

too much drama,
 not enough presentation,
too much gossip,
 not enough discussion,
too much,
 not enough.

is it like the ones on tv?

they *snoop,*
 and *scrutinize,*
 and *meddle,*
 then *forget*

the
little
things.

can you distinguish the ^{highs} from the _{lows} ?

the anger,
 the ridicule,
 the love,
 the support,
 the generosity,

which one is real for you?

lust, greed, envy, pride, sloth, wrath, gluttony.
chastity, charity, kindness, humility, diligence, patience, temperance.

pick any three and
 make yourself a family.



Black Butte Summer. dm freeman.

**"IF YOU CANNOT GET RID OF THE FAMILY SKELETON,
YOU MAY AS WELL MAKE IT DANCE. "**

~ GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

AN Q&A SESSION WITH DEAN PERETTI

Sarah Kirby

A writer and historian, Dr. Burton Peretti is the Dean of Liberal Arts and Sciences at College of the Siskiyous. A California native, Dr. Peretti's pursuit of knowledge and understanding led him to Pomona College and UC Berkley. According to a recent COS press release, Dr. Peretti holds both a Ph.D. and Master of Arts degree in History from the University of California, Berkeley as well as a Bachelor of Arts degree in American Studies from Pomona College. From 2013 to 2018, Dr. Peretti served as the Dean of Liberal Arts at the Annandale campus of Northern Virginia Community College (NOVA). At NOVA, he was responsible for the second-largest division at the largest campus of one of the largest community colleges in the nation. Dr. Peretti has written several books including *The Creation of Jazz, Nightclub City: Politics and Amusement in Manhattan*, and *Lift Every Voice: The History of African American Music*. Along with enjoying the amazing experience of watching his two daughters grow up, Dr. Peretti has also been married to his loving wife for 24 years. He sat down to answer some questions about his life, creative interests, and advice for students.



Q: Where did you grow up, and why did you like it?

A: I mostly grew up in the Bay Area in Walnut Creek, California, and the San Jose, California, area. I loved it. It was a time of great change. I remember headlines like the Zodiac Killer. Odd time to be a kid, but it was exciting in lots of ways. I feel privileged to have grown up there.

Q: What is your favorite food?

A: Pasta with pesto sauce, I like the garlic with the oil, and the salty with the basil is wonderful spice. A second favorite would be hummus and fresh pita.

Q: What is one of the most interesting places you have visited?

A: New York City, I have been to many places around the world. I lived in the NYC area. It was part of my work. I did research. It was interesting to research the city's history and impact. Every time I visited there, I was amazed by the complexity.

**"THE QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE IS TO HAVE AN EXISTENCE AND SPECULATE
WHAT WE DON'T KNOW YET BUT WANT TO. "**

Q: Who is someone you admire?

A: I admire a lot of people. I enjoy the *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass* by Fredrick Douglass. His life story is the most compelling autobiography. Douglass shows vulnerability in his narrative as a slave, which left a mark on him. He got some lucky breaks, and learning to read and write was crucial in his escape. He had a fascinating life and the book is a fascinating text.

Q: Why do you believe in the creative arts?

A: I like to think of myself as an artist. Writing as a historian is a part of my career. You're doing creative work in writing. As a musician, I've played violin all my life, and I played in an orchestra in Virginia. I am fascinated by creativity and artistry. The creative process takes off in inspiration plus lots of hard work. I'm interested in the rough draft or earlier versions of things. Along with intuition, a person creates their own luck. Somehow it gets better, and I'm fascinated by process.

Q: You wrote a book about Jazz. What do you like about jazz and music?

A: Certainly, from jazz history, I love John Coltrane and Duke Ellington. Art Ensemble of Chicago is great. Music is mysterious. We don't know quite what it means. Part of the appeal of music is to say what is unsayable, try to get beyond the literal meaning. Classical music I really enjoy too like Claude Debussy and Arnold Schonberg who does something off the wall. The great masterpieces are weird, strange, borderline psycho cases. Someone takes an existing form and they do something crazy with it to create a unique character.

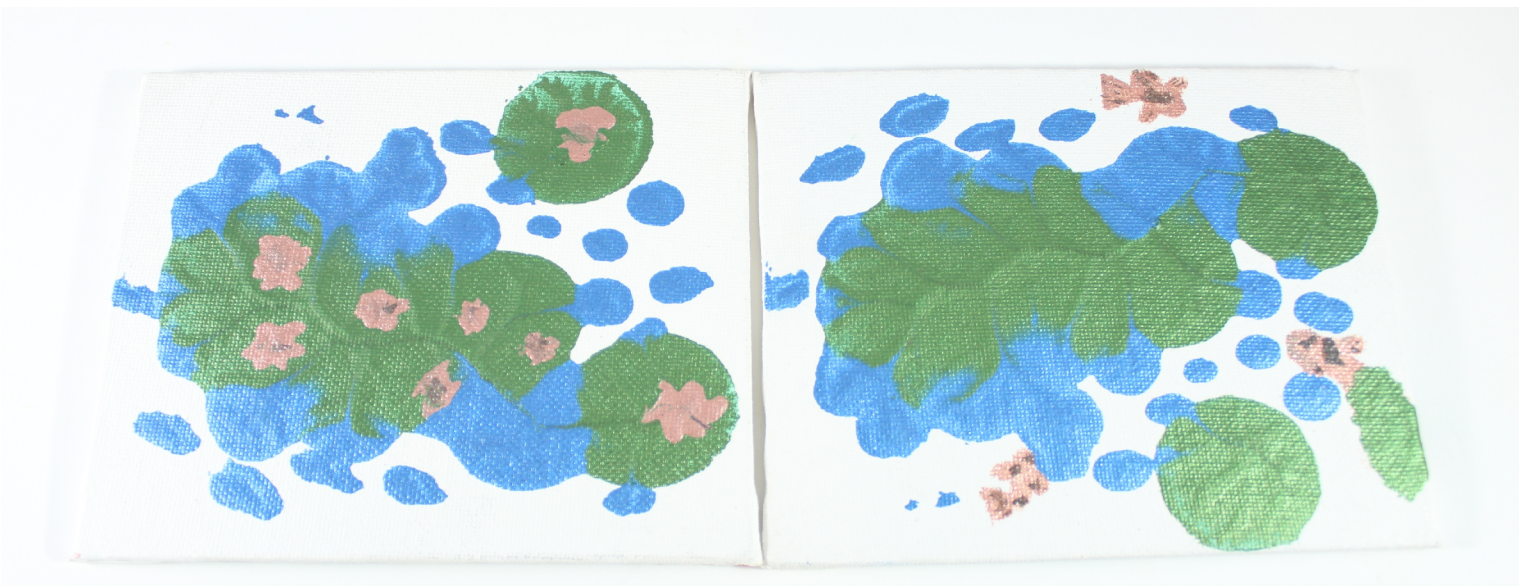
**"NEVER SELL YOURSELF SHORT.
ALWAYS ASSUME THAT YOU ARE
VALUABLE, IMPORTANT, AND YOU
MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN THE
WORLD. "**

Q: Why do you believe in education?

A: Education is essential for people to know what is going on in the world, and education explores the riches and the richness of experience. For example, astronomy and physics redefine what the universe is. The quest for knowledge is to have an existence and speculate what we don't know yet but want to. Carl Sagan said, "it is joyous to think." Education is learning and asking questions about what is going on and figuring out where to ask questions and get answers to questions. Teaching history and all, I am thrilled to see faculty teach what they are passionate about and convey that to students.

Q: What advice would you give to students to help them succeed?

A: Never sell yourself short. Always assume that you are valuable, important, and you make a difference in the world. Everyone wants you to succeed at COS, so use the resources available to help you succeed. Often times, students come to community colleges with a lack of self-confidence and a lack of success, but you must overcome both misconceptions. It is easy to do though. Take some advice and ask for help. You will see changes happening.



Still Waters. Acrylic gel on canvas. Meagan Cattanach

LALA THOUGHTS

Leiyana Song

everyone's up to something
it's rare when we share our true hopes
and aspirations with one another
we find that other minds may want what we claim
in the little heads we hold on top of our necks

perhaps i'm a hypocrite for acknowledging it
i often resist sharing, myself
in fear of revealing too much
or receiving only people's judgments in return

sharing is an activity gone far out of fashion
whether it was done away with for privacy,
growth or perhaps to prove a thing
something beautiful might happen
if we brought it back
sharing might be caring after all
in some shape or metaphorical form

although
i'd like to learn how to unapologetically be

"STAY WOKE-2TRU" ~ J'QUAIL HANKS

MORNING BREW *Brandon Parrish*

Slow steps
guided by clouded morning eyes.
The cold wood floor beneath my feet
exacerbating my morning apprehensions,
A daily caller.

Slushing of water fills the empty kettle,
Increasing in tone with every ounce fuller,
Anxious for its morning boil,
Its solitary chore.

Come forth
Traveler from unknown origins,
Dark and beautiful.
My muse!
Oh, bringer of daily contentment.
Leader into the wretched early morning light,
The sun's first blushing smile.

A rolling boil consumes the silence,
A lions roar across an open plain.
Singing with disregard
to others sleeping bliss.



Being Fruitful. Shelby Foster- La Fleur

MY LAST CONFESSION *Kathryn DuBois*

Contemplating when it went awry
Coaxed to speak, encouraged to cry
Assurance you would empathize
Instead, you chose to criticize
I shared my truth, bared my soul
Because you said "I want to know"
Naked with the roots exposed
Revealed the pain so hard to show
I abandoned my discretion and lifted the veil
Integrity in question, your altruism failed
Compassion insincere, curiosity masqueraded
Beckoned my deepest fear, faith betrayed, deflated
Love is not my sacrifice, nor is it my sin
Benevolence should have no price; I'll trust you, not again
You felt entitled to correct me, advise me and direct me
Apology never mentioned, regrets were never your intention
Your pride is too strong
To ever be wrong

SMITH ROCK

Sarah Kirby

**"TRAVEL
CHANGES YOU.
AS YOU MOVE
THROUGH THIS
LIFE AND THIS
WORLD YOU
CHANGE
THINGS
SLIGHTLY, YOU
LEAVE MARKS
BEHIND,
HOWEVER
SMALL. AND IN
RETURN LIFE –
AND TRAVEL –
LEAVE MARKS
ON YOU."**

**~ANTHONY
BOURDAIN**

Red earth switchbacks in
Eastern Oregon go
up Misery Hill

Pondering heights, people force themselves to
step
a lil
bit closer
to the edge

greeting irrigated emerald valleys,
scraggy mountain peaks all
swaddled by views made from eruption and erosion

Caldera's sheer red stone
nestles a river
held by banks of wildflowers.

Bolts glean.
Pupils ascend sheets of rock
sporting climbers
pink crop tops, yellow t-shirts, dots of color, stories away,
building routes,
human bugs on a multi-pitch wall.

tempting fate
one rock fall
one spinner bolt
one anchor gives---
SPLAT!



Photo by Dustin Steger

"ADOPT THE PACE OF NATURE:
HER SECRET IS PATIENCE."

~RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Yet, everyday more come
challenge fate by challenging themselves
on over 2,000 different paths

Warm afternoon rains
present water in carved rock bowls,
offerings to the Monkey Face.
This specific 350 foot spire caste a primate deity in stone.
Condors fly around the monkey's ears.

To climb the "just do it" route on the monkey face,
to reach the head or eyes,
to take reprieve in the mouth,
lips and palette sheltering from the sun.
Once the hardest route in the U.S.

This wonder is enormous.

Basalt and geologic structures
Crystallized aretes
overhanging tors,
jam cracks and stemming corner buttresses mix with
xenoliths floors in this towering cathedral of concretion.

These rocks extend as a launching pad to the cosmos.
Many trust their strong fingers to trad there.



Photo by Dustin Steger

LETTING GO *Kathryn DuBois*

Amber winds
Beckon change
Early dusk
Summer's sins
Now exchanged
For Autumn's trust
Release begins
Leaves estrange
Because they must
To the ground
Silent sound
Scarlet, Yellow, Rust
Fall display
Will soon decay
Earthy musk
Penetrating
Insulating
Fertile dust
Insuring Spring's
Return will bring
Abounding lush

PROMISE

Bonnie Lindgren

She sat shaking as the world she knew slowly began to fade. In her arms was the cooling body of her love. Blood caked silver locks and once amber eyes staring at nothingness.

She held him tight as her eyes filled with what were most likely her last tears to shed. Black crept at the edges of her vision and a metallic taste stranger. She began to think of the last conversation she had with him...

"What would you do if I died tomorrow?"

"What?"

She stared out the window. "What would you do if I died tomorrow?"

He hummed in thought. "I guess I would wait for my turn. And find you in our next life."

She looked to him. "Promise?"

He took her hand in his and ran a thumb across her knuckles. "Promise."

Her vision was now completely dark.

But slowly a spec of light was growing. "We promised... Right?"

Just as the light enveloped her, she could have sworn she heard his voice.

"Do I ever break my promises?"

Suddenly everything was just too much. Too loud, too bright. She screamed her displeasure.

The cry of an infant was heard and her mind raced.

Did she? Was she already in her next life?

"Congratulations ma'am, it's a girl."



Untitled. Bonnie Lindgren.

A PLANTIFUL LIFE

Asa Cannon

Dew drops glimmering on freshly watered leaves
Glimmering and glistening
Although who would be listening?
A quiet, peaceful space and a beautiful space
A place of relaxation and calm
Wide open window, parades of beautiful dancing
Waving back and forth with the sound of the wind
Continuously going from side to side
Colors of every spectrum stand out in stride
The shining, glimmering sunlight reflects every color of the rainbow
Leaves, big and small, that sing
Sing a tune to the beat of the moon
Standing tall above all
You can hear their one solitary call
The filtered air circles around and around
Making invisible carousels that dance
Dance night and day
This is where my troubles fade away
Listening to quiet rhythms that continue humming
The source of my creativity belongs to this dimension
A dimension of trust and hope
I trust you to give me strength, creativity and perhaps some fresh air
You trust me to give you water, love and care
I know to the naked eye you are only a plant
But to me you are the source of my sanity
Life is hectic, with no structure to keep someone sane
This is your responsibility and yours alone
So when I start to lose my grasp
I just look back
Look back at the beauty that surrounds me everyday
This feeling is like the sun
It's gone one day and back the next
Always reliable in every sense
The feeling is an everlasting reliving of that very same joy
The joy I felt when I first saw you
Strong and proud
You stand out in the crowd
This was no coincidence
You brought back that simple innocence
And I've been that way since

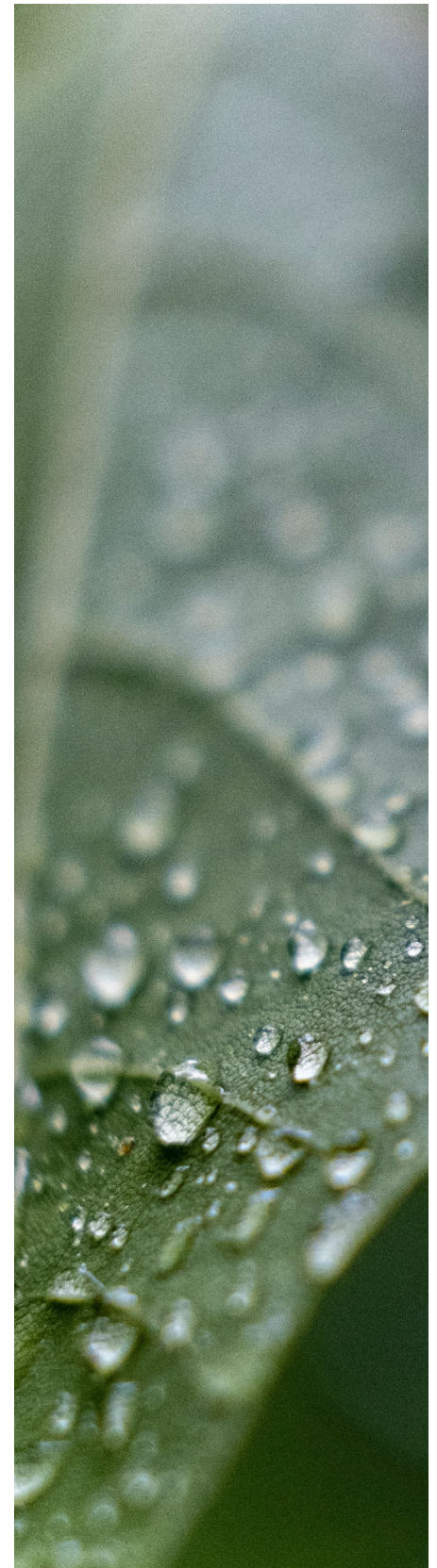


Photo by Matt Hoffman



Encinitas. Beckie Hobbs

**"MY LIFE AMOUNTS TO NO
MORE THAN ONE DROP IN A
LIMITLESS OCEAN. YET,
WHAT IS ANY OCEAN, BUT
A MULTITUDE OF DROPS?"**

~DAVID MITCHELL

HOW WE MAKE WAVES *dm freeman*

swathed in yellow

she's hard to miss
shouting warnings

screaming a rage
years in the making —

this is where her adventure lies:

can't shouldn't need don't
but we said i do.

i'm so reckless behind the wheel
headed for the edge of the map,

i go for places i don't hear voices

she sings at the top of her lungs
tells me to put my seatbelt on.

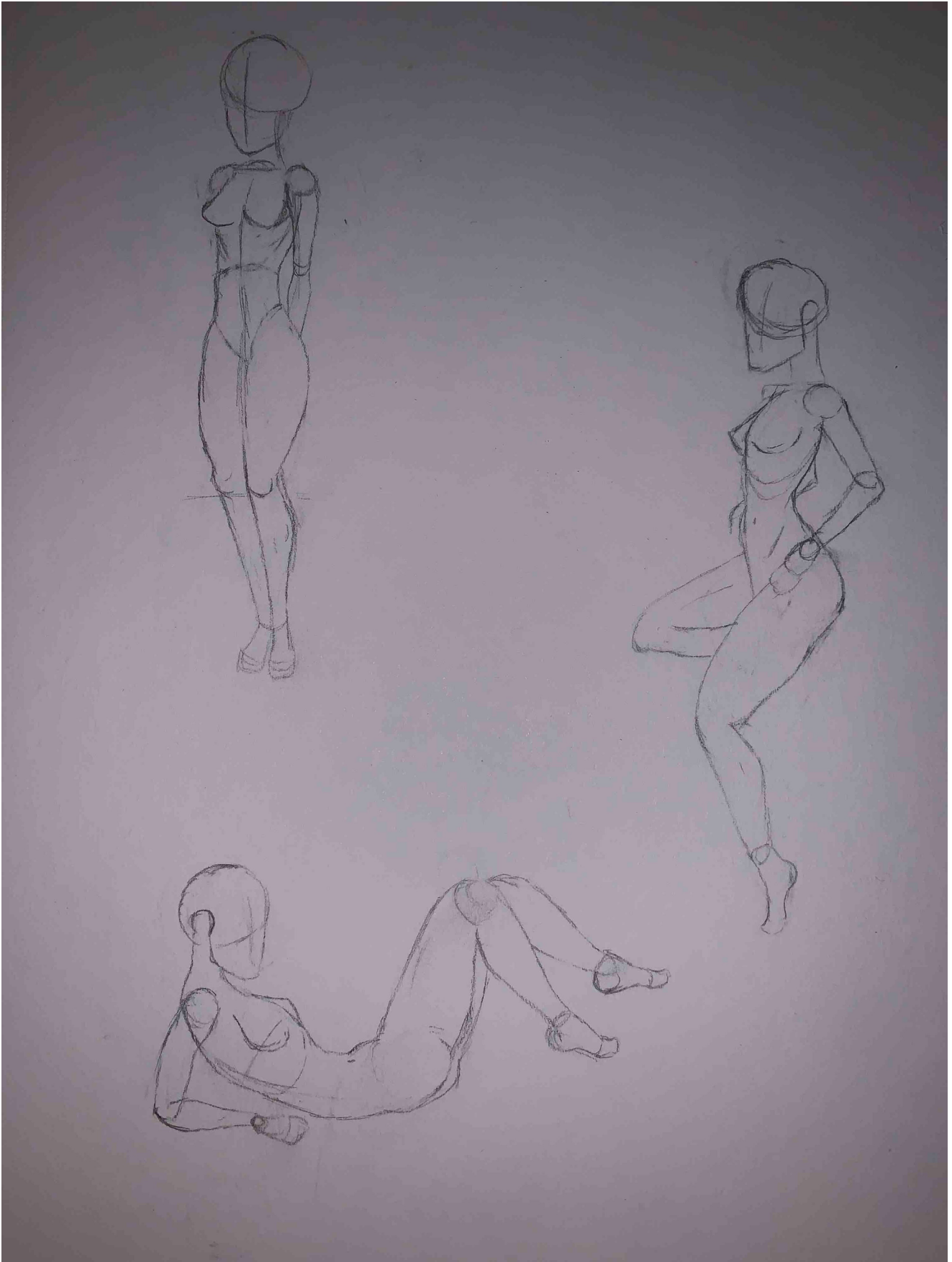
I am the Croatian coast,
fishing boats and stone houses —

she, Paris.

we are both centuries old
flavors of ancient

set in our foundations
until the earth moves
until walls crumble

underneath, these artifacts reveal.



Body. Harmony Perna.

CEMENT

Abby Lark

Put your hands into the wet cement next to mine
And my fingers will fit into the hollow that your thumb and forefinger create.
Interlocking, they will reach for the other's.

When our hands are stuck in that perfect print,
We will look into each other's eyes and smile,
Wide and happy beyond simple joy.
Our shoulders and arms will tense together as we pull
Our palms from their sticky molds.

And we will let them harden.
There, on the sidewalk.

Rising from our knees,
My hand will find yours and catch it.
As if to cement them together.
My cheeks, still pink from laughing with you,
Still smiling.

And looking down at our slab of pavement,
We will not think about what it means to have
Cemented ourselves next to one another.
To have given this moment up to a lifetime.

Do not regret this.

Even when we have torn ourselves from one another
And gone our separate ways.
When your chest tightens and
My hearts hurts
As we pass that stretch of sidewalk.

**"A MAN SHOULD HEAR A LITTLE
MUSIC, READ A LITTLE POETRY,
AND SEE A FINE PICTURE
EVERY DAY OF HIS LIFE, IN
ORDER THAT WORLDLY CARES
MAY NOT OBLITERATE THE
SENSE OF BEAUTIFUL WHICH
GOD HAS IMPLANTED IN THE
HUMAN SOUL."
~JOHANN WOLFGANG
VAN GOETHE**

Forgive yourself if you find your feet
Wanting to crush my fingers.
I have already forgiven you.
I will do my best to not find myself there
On the pavement some nights.
Tracing the lines in your hand as if they were a road
map
Back to us.

Forgive me for my weakness.
I have already forgiven myself.

Years from now,
When you can breathe easily on that street,
When my heart beats a normal rhythm,
When your feet no longer want to crush my fingers,
And I don't look for you in the dark.

Maybe then, we can remember.

Remember why we were there in the first place.
Why we put our hands into that wet cement.
Why it seemed so perfect to place
Ourselves there for a lifetime.

I will remember your eyes and your smile
As we pressed our palms into the sidewalk.
The way your face lit up as I looked at you
And how your other hand
Came up to brush the hair from my face,
Knowing it would fall again.

When I look at those old handprints,
Impressions of who we once were,
Years from now,
I promise I will remember.
The way we walked, hand in hand.
Laughing as we turned away from that street.
And how we said goodbye at the corner,
Wrapped in the other's arms,
As if we could cement ourselves together.



A Gangsta's Paradise. Photo by Andrew Enwiya

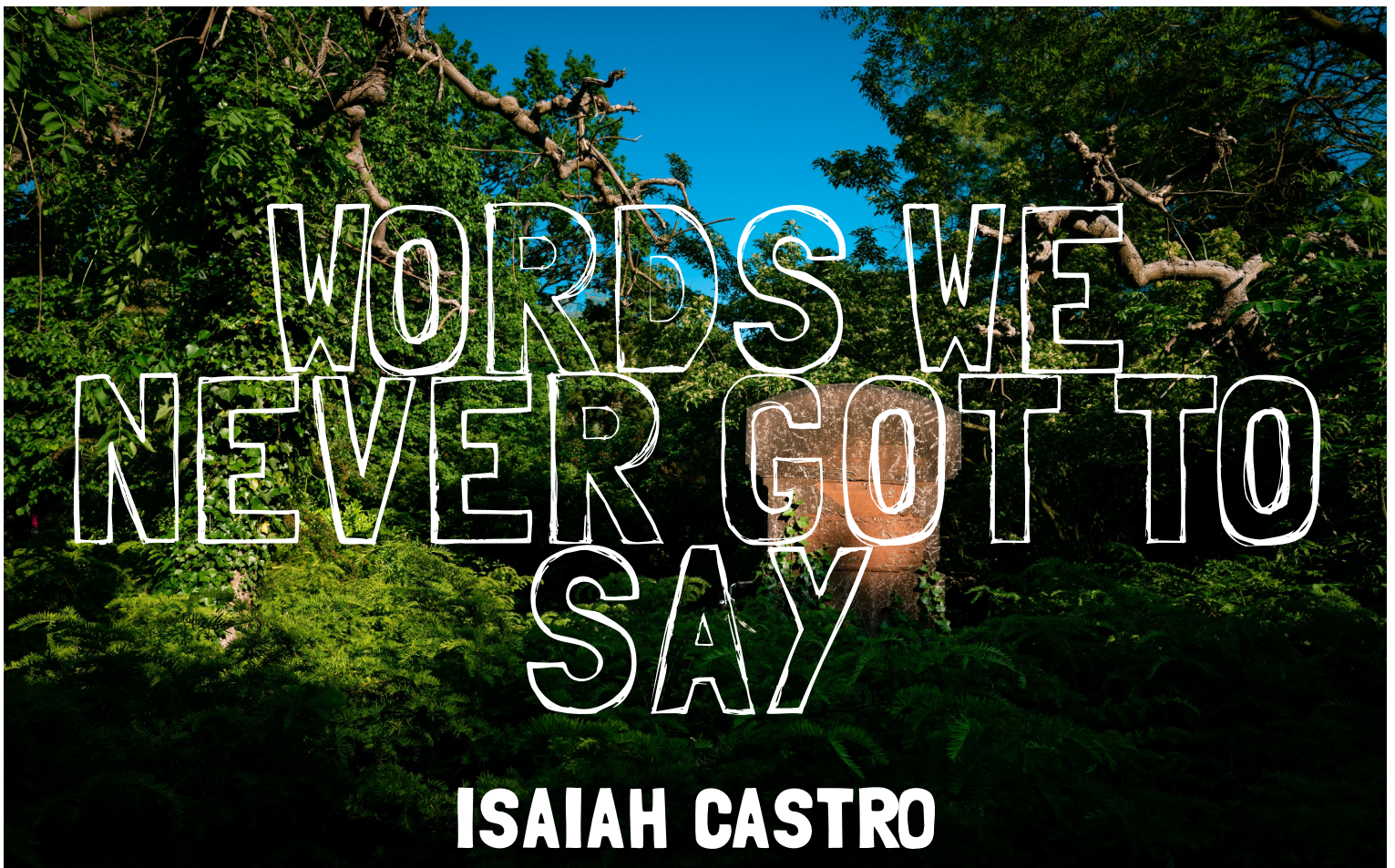


Photo by Jonas Smith

"It took me a minute to find you, it's so dark. They need more lights in this place. Do you remember me?" I took a deep breath in. The air was so cold tonight that my fingertips started to feel numb.

"I guess that's a pretty rhetorical question, all things considered. The first time we met, I didn't get to meet you, not really. I was too young to have considered much and you were too angry to consider me, but I've seen the pictures. Your orange jumpsuit looked pretty cool as a kid."

"The first time we really met, I had grown into boyhood. In my eight years all I ever knew of you were stories of a mad man in love, doing anything you could for a mother of four. I saw pictures, too, of a young strapping man with the same luscious locks as me. But when you stood there in front of me something had changed. Your dark hair had grown gray in some spots and your face was full of wrinkles. I was shocked and slightly scared, but you pulled me in and hugged me so tight I felt I could've popped, and all of the fear flew away. It was a big moment that made up for years of absence. We went out to the movies, had pizza and ice cream. You told me stories of your own childhood and I searched for you in those stories. Who were you? How had you become the way you were? You were funny, yes, and absolutely loving, but there was a distance in your eyes, something I couldn't place. Thinking back now, it was probably fear. You didn't want me to know you."

I choked out the last words. Even after all these years it still hurt to talk to you. I stopped and raised the bottle to my lips, and then poured one out for you.



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