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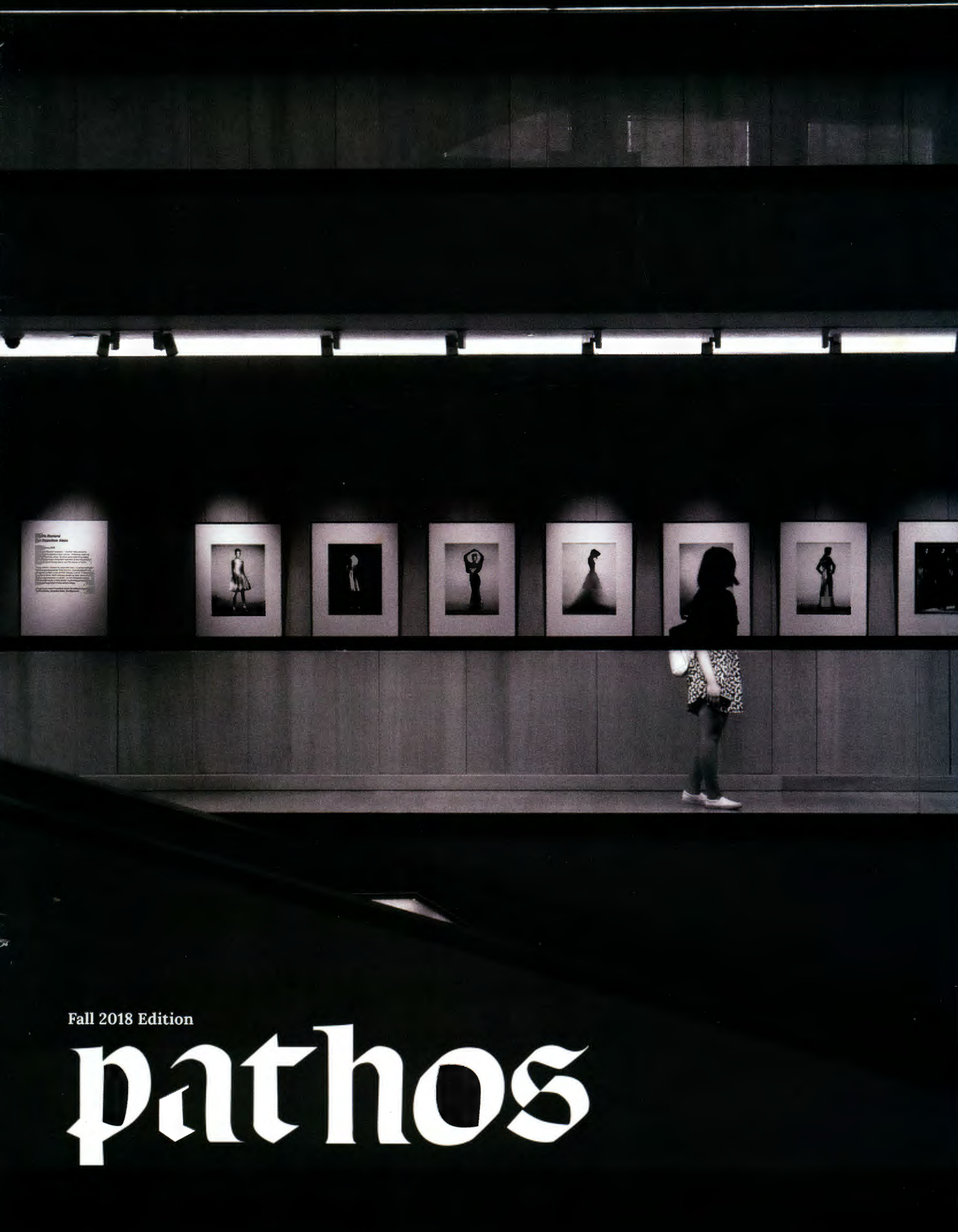
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John Deere
1910-1915
The first Deere tractor was built in 1910. It was a simple, sturdy machine that could be used for a variety of tasks. Deere's tractors became popular because they were easy to use and could be adapted for different types of work. By 1915, Deere was producing over 100 tractors per year. This was a significant achievement for a company that had only been founded a few years earlier.



Fall 2018 Edition

pathos

Editor's Note

With Winter fast approaching, I have been reflecting on this past fall quarter. This term has tested me both creatively and emotionally. While everyone has their days where their motivation falters, what really pushes me to be my most productive is spending time around other creatives—especially those whom I work with to create this publication. I encourage you all to find the people who push you to be and do your best.

This is the start of my second year as the Editor-in-Chief for what I believe, with just a hint of bias, to be one of the most inspiring literary magazines of its kind. I am eternally grateful to all of the creatives who have continued to submit to our magazine their best original work. The pieces that live among our pages are only a small number of the submissions we get every term. Please check out our website's blog to see additional poetry, prose, art, and photography that we couldn't fit into our print edition.



On the cover - Observe by Catie Cooper

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abstract spot – Greta Deboer

Jessamyn Duckwall

Oakie Hagwitch

Oakie madwoman, grandmother queen—
 she of the tobacco-painted lung,
 hickory-smoked, dried-leather,
 cackling hagwitch bellowing voice,
 gleaming bright amphibious eyes.
 Leprechaun green, but flecked with mud like
 her apron was, like her front porch and
 her gnarled hands.
 I can see her poised, bent on chestnut haunches
 with the praying mantis perched
 on a finger. They were kin.
 Could bite off a man's head in a glance.
 I can see her chasing bramble-hair and
 barefooted grandkids through the wild-weed
 yard; she brandished an old rake over
 her head, she howled like
 the bloodthirsty wolf woman she was.
 She was strong and mean,
 sturdy and rooted,
 She fed us apple pie and
 ham-hock butterbeans.
 And she haunts my dreams.
 Her off-key warbling, that song, Jolene...
 And she died in the room
 where I sleep—
 her weed-pipe's on the window sill;
 her breath's in all the little brown
 bottles, still...
 or did it twist and curl out the window
 when I cracked it on that sunny day
 she snake-rattled her last?
 And she was there in
 my guttural esoteric moaning
 on that morning when
 I worked (as hard as she always had)
 to bring a red-faced wild child
 shrieking brightly from my womb.
 And I can see her there in my son's
 blazing stare when he spits
 in defiance and rages like a lunatic,
 rages like she used to,
 that dead-but-never-defeated
 fierce and howling
 wolf-woman, wizard, grandmother, queen.

Meghan Bell

horror stories

I love horror stories
 my favorite horror stories
 are the ones that remind me
 of home
 like scream queens
 bad dreams are just
 par for the course
 so I don't dare fall asleep
 without my teacup of spiders
 I used to drift off to zombie movies
 night of the living dead
 played in my head on a loop
 my calm down playlist
 boasts horror movie soundtracks
 like lullabies
 hearing laura palmer's theme
 every time my cell phone would ring
 I hauled boxes of DVDs
 across an entire state
 like holographic medallions
 sydney prescott and eleanor vance
 ripley and nancy and jennifer
 accompanying me on my life's journey
 the bookstore clerk
 expressed his amazement
 at my purchase of mary oliver poems
 and shirley jackson stories
 but what is a poem
 but a horror story with a twist?
 leave out the jump scares
 and go straight for the jugular
 something about digging
 as deep in your chest
 for the darkest fear that manifests
 there and letting it out,
 telling it to go free,
 offering it a cup of spiders for tea
 sleeping with it in your head if you must
 but always, when the movie ends,
 when you reach the last line of the poem,
 letting it go

Leah Maldonado

The Saying: "Kindness of Strangers"

Inside a restaurant that also could be called a cafe—although what constitutes the distinction other than a subjective feeling of being more European while sitting at a possibly smaller table, Ellen awaits a frittata with a “wee” salad. Copy on menus is such a touchy thing to her. It pains her when food items are given insane names like “So Benny Choices” (eggs benedict with your choice of topping), “Go Home Thomas” (surprisingly, a simple english muffin egg sandwich) and even something like “The Simple” (a two egg breakfast) seems like too much. While this restaurant/cafe has no abominations like those, “wee” salad really pushes her and makes her feel idiotic for wanting what she would rather call a “small side salad” for breakfast.

As she waits for her food she looks at the seat across from her, which is empty. She strategically sat herself to face the wall which is a more comforting dining companion than a person who might try to talk to her with their mouth open (full of “wee” salad). Beside her is another companion, the window. Her view is nothing spectacular—just cars going by and an occasional person; boredom creeps up on her. She turns her attention to the music, which she likes. It's something french (cafe!), she wonders if the woman who took her order at the counter (cafe!) chose it. Thinking back to the woman's effortless and Parisian style (cafe!) she decides: yes, absolutely she chose it. As she listens she imagines her as her third dining companion, her presence—while not at the table, lingers around her. From the music choice she decides that if they met under different circumstances...like a party, they would become friends via small talk. As she thinks this the music changes to tweedling folk banjo music, aligning itself with the adjective “wee”, disgusting. No one is perfect, friends bend the rules for each other, she thinks.

A person walks past her window friend, just a regular person though; boredom creeps up again. The urge to check her phone dings in her brain. She forces the thought into her internal trash bin because she vowed she wouldn't check her phone on her lunch date with herself, her wall, her window, and the music taste of a girl who seems friendly. Without her phone Ellen felt she had no sense of time. Quickly, she looks at her bare wrist as if there was a watch there as a joke—but it's just a joke she makes to herself (her wall, her window, and the music taste of a girl who seems friendly) so maybe that isn't a joke at all. She tries to tell the time by looking at the position of the sun, no luck, she can't remember if the sun sets in the east or west... or north or south for that matter. But she has a primal sense (thankfully she still has that) that some time has passed, maybe twenty minutes. As she considers this passage of time being a bit too long to wait for food her friend with good (sorry, not great, who likes banjos?) taste in music comes up to her. She comes to her table with nothing, this kind of startles Ellen, did she maybe say her thoughts aloud? Is she here to tell her, haha sorry for that banjo song, don't know where that came from! She leans down to her seated level and starts with, “I'm sorry,” Ellen looks back at her blankly, trying to think nothing so she won't be heard, “I totally forgot to get your frittata started.” Ellen forgives her immediately, noting her new friend does not say “wee” salad out loud. She feels closer to her, she too is forgetful. As her new friend walks away the music changes again to something soft, it's the start of a song by The Mamas and The Papas, she feels like she's in a cafe again. Her friend returns with a muffin, a present for her, she apologizes again, Ellen admits that she's forgetful too (the small talk!), her friend smiles, probably out of the courtesy all waitresses must have. Ellen turns to her friend the wall and eats her muffin, chewing with her mouth closed. I love this cafe, Ellen thinks—loud enough for her musical friend to hear. Outside a cat runs by on the sidewalk. Very interesting, she thinks.



Kurtis Russell

Diary of a Freed Nipple

I can breathe!
Air... it's cool,
in ways I never knew possible.
All the years of suppression,
friction against fabric,
perhaps they can be only history now.
I hope, my god,
how I hope.
This freedom
was only a thought,
and that is nothing concrete.
I have withstood suffocation,
not to conquer the world,
or dominate your gaze,
only to be,
and to be with honesty.
Fervent, simple,
natural integrity.
The world is open to me,
and that means the cruelty is there,
but if we can both be present like this
then we can talk,
explore,
and know life,
with subtleties unbound,
and possibilities afoot.
I can breathe!
That was all I wanted.

Vinu Casper

Plastic Flowers

I paint pictures of plastic flowers.
For nobody to see.
I paint each plastic petal perfect
well, as perfect as can be.
Painting these plastic paintings,
maybe I try to say: I feel
but as far as painted plastic petals go
can I even call them real?
Perhaps the plastic pales in parallel,
perhaps my palette lacks the pomp
but if no one really sees them,
I shouldn't blame the prompt.

I paint pictures of plastic flowers
As a plastic poet would.
I tremble at every brush stroke
as only a liar could.
Am I deceiving,
do I cheat?
trying to paint these pliant peeps
Is this my treason on a sheet?
Is my soul too far gone to keep?
Is my mind too far gone to sleep?
If my mother knew about the plastic
would the plastic see her weep?

They say the devil is in the details,
and if one just lacks the depth,
perhaps that makes one pristine
and precious, and worth the breath.
Perhaps that's what the plastic is to me
a perfect, polished, portrait.
A safe, and shallow, and sad, and soft
a sickly sweet shortcut.
Pluck the petals. Peel the paint
scratch away at all that's fake.
I don't mean for you to think
plastic flowers are all I make.

Cordella Albertson

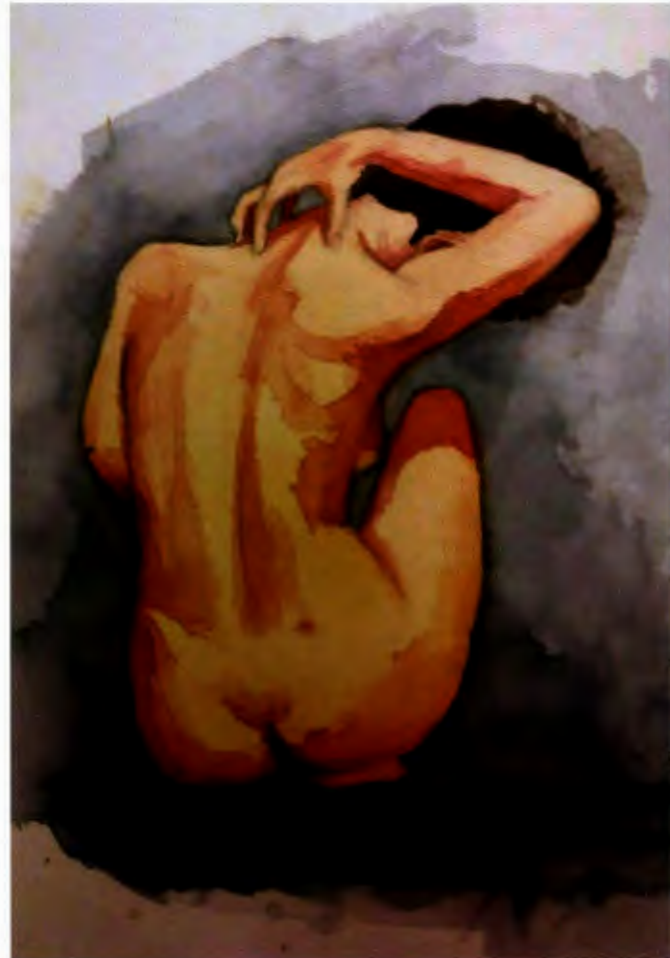
Morning Coffee and The Unknown

Morning Coffee's vanity proved too much
 For the little girl who didn't know herself,
 Who sat corner-side in painted blue rooms
 She lit with incense, smoking out
 This ethereal thing, unknown, impalpable,
 Unpalatable—Can you smoke out smoke
 Curling from quivering mouths and closed ears?
 Morning Coffee rings the doorbell and this unknown gets excited;
 A wispy puppy, whirling tail, rank canine breath,
 Mingling smoke and steam, jumps into my veins.
 Sweetness obliterated, floppy ears dissipated,
 It isn't excited, you see. It wasn't young or sweet
 Like Sugar—Morning Coffee's lover—no, this unknown
 Awoke, crawled inside my veins, and lit itself aflame.
 Asleep, the Unknown tethers panic and distress. My gut settles so
 Long as I sing enough sedative lullabies, its sleeping self
 I manage. But Morning Coffee before the unknown
 Grew monstrous, before the journey from hibernation to insomnia:
 I called Morning Coffee old family friend,
 Morning companion, fireside comfort, brother to my father,
 Sister to my grandmother, anchor to my sea of bloodless lineage;
 When the Unknown still slept, Morning Coffee held
 The flavor of memories, traditions, and old standbys;
 When the Unknown remained nameless, Morning Coffee
 Helped me limp through high school halls, shaking but sure.
 Too sure. Before the Unknown, I failed the Odyssey,
 The questioning journey; I lit candles like a zealot and blew them out
 Without wondering whether I had the right to turn flame into waxy smoke.
 I filled my gullet with honeyed words, like mead, and regurgitated;
 I shoved bubbling digestions and strained swallows
 From my work desk in favor of liquored ignorance
 And I grew drunk. Before the Unknown, Morning Coffee
 Went down smooth, and I ignored my stomach pains
 So well that I only remember them in dreams.
 Morning Coffee and I, estranged friends, toxic siblings
 Who can no longer share my body's cradling bed,
 Said goodbye. The Unknown taught me to notice
 Mingled smoke and steam; not to breath it, not to blame it,
 But to leave Morning Coffee at the door,
 An offering better left to gods, ghosts, and faded memories.



Untitled - Henry Apgar

Girl Watercolor - Joseph Eichenlaub



Claire Golden

But Why Would You Quit?

after Jamaica Kincaid

Shoulders down. Follow the music. Smile, the audience doesn't want to see you in pain. Point your feet. Pull in your stomach; I don't want to see what you ate for lunch. You really light up when you're dancing! Don't smile so much. You're not flexible enough. First pointe shoe fitting, right? Shoulders down. There aren't enough roles for everyone, so don't be disappointed if you aren't selected. You're in intermediate ballet and should have your splits by now. You can't wear glasses onstage; you're going to have to get contacts. Beautiful performance today. Your arches are just average, nothing exceptional. Just power through, only two weeks left in the summer intensive. You make basic pliés something beautiful to watch. Don't get frustrated; you're just not naturally flexible. Developpé front on 5, 6, 7, 8. Don't cry; you have to develop a thick skin to make it in the ballet world. You really can't touch your toes?

Auditions are next week for *The Nutcracker*. Stand up straight. Pointe shoes hurt; just deal with it. Sweetie, you can't dance 15 days in a row, you need to take a day off classes so you can recover. Wow, you bled through your toe pad? Tombe, pas de bourrée, glissade, grand jeté. Shoulders down! Who told you that your arches were average? You have beautiful feet! Today we're taking photographs for the academy brochure; please line up and do an arabesque. Congratulations on being cast in *Sleeping Beauty*. You have beautiful stage presence. Class, you all need to have your splits by now. You're the kind of dancer I'd want to watch. Don't lean on the barre. Your pointe shoe ribbons are coming loose. Nice over-split. Don't be sad, maybe next year you'll get the role. Jump higher! If your calves hurt that much, you should see someone; you can't dance through it this time. Leg higher; you are lucky to be naturally flexible, so you need to make the most of it. Wow, you're so lucky, I can't stretch my leg that high.

You have Achilles tendonitis; here is an extensive list of exercises to rehabilitate. Everyone reaches the end of their natural ability eventually; you've hit your plateau. You're too tall to audition for the role of Clara. Never wear flip-flops, they're bad for dancers' feet. Your shoulders are up again. Not everyone's body is cut out for ballet; some body types are better suited for other styles of dance. Don't slouch. Wait, you're not doing the summer intensive? Look how skinny that girl is! I've noticed you're struggling in class lately, so I'm paying more attention to the other students. Here is the regulation leotard; no exceptions. No cover-ups may be worn in class. Double pirouettes now, everyone. You cut your hair? You can't have short hair in the ballet world; it has to go in a bun. What do you mean, you're quitting ballet?

Yasmeen Ayoub
after

when you took from me
you took every word I would ever want to say
again
you pulled my voice out
your fingernails scratched each chord
split them apart
and burned them
you lit the match with your own breath

I can sit in a room
silent
regardless of the rage
as it erupts from my throat
boiling

I know I'm not crazy
you knew I wasn't,
too

Mike Roth
chasing dogs

when a dog dies,
a dog who'd been allowed
to run freely through the neighborhood
with the other dogs,
chasing cars,
chasing frogs,
chasing each other,
the other dogs come around
looking for him
just about every day.
they keep doing this for years,
wondering when
he'll come out,
waiting to tell him
about all the things
they've been chasing.

Claire Golden

Ruby

~~Ruby: Precious stone [noun]. Purplish-red color [adjective]. From Old French rubi.~~

This poem belongs not to a ruby but to Ruby.

RUBY: Black miniature poodle age thirteen years nine months twenty-nine days at the time of this writing. Ruby, silky ears tinged with strands of gray. Ruby, black button nose like a little candy balanced atop her muzzle, waiting for long pink tongue to snatch it off. Ruby, chocolate-brown eyes looking soulfully into mine. Ruby, black fur fading to gray like a well-loved toy. Ruby, curly black fur fluffy like a woolly sheep or even a woolly mammoth when you miss a grooming appointment. Ruby, toenails clicking on the wood floor as she limps along, arthritis punctuating her steps with *click-click-click-click* but unable to bend her determination. Ruby, running to my side when I sit down with a book or a computer or a crochet project or anything at all, just wanting to be next to me. Ruby, who insists on walking on the left side and laying down on the right. Ruby, who barks at anything that moves and even things that don't move. Ruby, monkey paws soft and velvety. Ruby, slender and delicate but with a chubby pink tummy that rolls when she lies down and begs to be pet. Ruby, whose pom-pom tail wags so fast when she's excited she looks like a helicopter about to take off. Ruby, who loves every person she meets. Ruby, who has "kisses" written in her veterinary chart. Ruby, weak and in pain and who I can't bear to let go. Ruby, thirteen years nine months twenty-nine days old and with eight days left on this earth. Ruby, snoring quietly next to me as I write this trying to capture her spirit in words knowing full well I will come up short. Ruby, who licks my face when I cry. Ruby, who cuddles with me when I'm sad. Ruby, who's always there for a hug. Ruby, who listens. Ruby, who carved a poodle-shaped place in my heart.



pdx interrupted - William Boechler

Colton Merris

After Chris Kalonji

The no shoe rule remains. The living is stacked with boxes, protest fliers, and a shrine. The shrine is cut triboard, pictured with hand drawn portraits, graduation photos, and baby pictures. His mother tells me to bring her any memories of us together. I keep his pick and knife at home. She tells me to sit while she serves cookies and tea. The cookies are Russian; they are soft and moist. The tea is filling and bitter, like a lost chess match. His father speaks Russian on the phone, occasionally stopping to answer a question asked by his wife. A question in Russian. The mother explains to me how the police destroyed their last home, turned all their furniture upside down, smashed their doors and china. As she places a box on the table, she tells me how the police blasted in their windows with tear gas canisters. She opens the box and tells me not to rub my eyes. She hands me a couple of spiral notebooks. They smell like ammonia and metal. There's supposed to be a third, but it was shredded. What remains are eye burning pages splattered with black blood. I translate his cursive to his parents. Early writings were neatly printed, but as the pages move, the letters morph into tall spirals that bleed into each other. I explain how the heavy pencil strokes signal confidence, or aggression. The right facing slant empathy, a love for people. The height of his letters signals the cerebral. The crowns of some letters shove their way into the bodies of those above. Fists raised against God. The tail ends of letters descend down into the faces below. Libido. His notes record the results of court cases pertaining to infringements against second amendment rights, and where state courts violate common law. His scrawl jitters and sways, his pencil shaking more and more as I turn pages. Letters blend into each other. The dots of i's orbit like satellites far above his beacons. The crosses of his t's streak all the way across the page, soaring up into the margins, slashing all other characters in their paths. Hieroglyphic. Elliptical. Every scared mark calculated to be unreadable by anyone save him. I scratch at stains. Blood and tear gas taint my hands. His mother plays a voice recording of him calling the police on the police. She asks me to translate his last written page. I rub my eyes. I turn furniture out from under me rushing to drown myself underneath the faucet and tell his mother to play it again. Play it again.

Sophia Valdez

She-Beast Stalks the Food Carts

She is sluggish with hunger.

Having obtained the warm bulk of meal she craved, her talons tear impatiently at the brown paper skin. She needs a place to consume this carcass. Bobbing and weaving between slow-walkers, only by pausing for a squealing MAX train does she notice the stream of purple fluid dripping from the flesh sack. Furious, she grasps the prey tighter and feels its life force dribbling steadily onto her bare legs.

Her gait breaks into a gallop as she ducks for shelter among the campus structures. Soaring towards a nest, she lands forcefully and claws at the damp, disintegrating skin. Black bean blood has poured everywhere and tainted the other intestines: soggy chips, wet quesadilla, spilling rice. She growls, dissatisfied.

But there is no time to clean up, for she is hungry and trembling with agitation. She has a time limit.

The scene is gruesome; cheese and salsa line her teeth as she hisses and grunts, shoving as much as she can fit into her dripping maw. The ridges of her buck teeth are horribly sharp, severing the over-seasoned chicken into chunks still too large to swallow. Warm bottled water spills over denim shorts and unshaven calves. Her eyes are wild, searching and paranoid. She sends a gaze so piercing and wrathful that those who meet it hear her seething whisper—

You next. This could be you.

Yet there is no time, for Poetry 313 starts in twelve minutes, and she has not yet finished *Olio* by Tyehimba Jess. In her gluttonous desperation she inhales the remaining cadaver, coughs spittle onto her smeared pdf, chokes on a tortilla chip and dies.

Kurtis Russell

The Coupon Hustler and The Grand Tomorrow

I stand
and admire the Coupon Hustler
in action,
saving her family copious amounts
of precious American dollars,
making each penny stretch
past its limits.
She's gone in a flash,
efficient to the bone.
I approach the checkout,
wishing I had her frugality,
and hoping for a quick death
beneath fluorescent light.
"I would like to redact
my former ignorance please."
I say to the cashier,
who informs me such things
are too abstract for Fred Meyer.
"Bring Fred here and I'll tell him myself."
So they do,
they bring out the Fred Meyer,
and he leans in towards me
and I smell his cologne
and I admire his thick hairline
and he says
he'll take it all back for me.
He will.
Every stupid mistake,
bad choice, pitiful filibuster,
and unnecessary complication.
They are now property
of the Kroger Company.
"Excellent." I say
and I leave Fred Meyer and the employees
to go about their grocery filled day,
thinking that was far too easy,
holding my lottery tickets,
and forever wondering what comes next.



celia gleaming - Greta Deboer

Moxy Rogers

vincent

i saw you for the first time in ten months
beneath a blinking street light
your lips wrapped around a cigarette
a cloud of your biggest fears breaking
the distance between your laughter
and the dead of the night

i used to think i could see you in every despondent boy who
l i n g e r e d
too close to the edges of building tops
inhaling the breath of every
reason they didnt deserve to be here anymore

it was never you and i was both relieved and

disappointed.

i saw you for the first time in ten months and
it was like seeing a ghost
sunken eyes, you've always been so skinny
clothes all black, the night engulfing you like a coffin
you looked like your father
he was handsome in the same way a glass of wine is
healthy for you

but too much of a good thing could kill you

your father killed himself when you were sixteen and what he left behind was the caved in carcass of a
teenage boy who kissed girls so hard that they fell out of love
with themselves

i saw you for the first time in ten months and
you didnt see me

you never saw me.

i saw you
for the first time in ten months
and im not so sure
i ever really knew what you looked like
without an american spirit
tucked in between your teeth
or your fingers picking at the loose strings of another off black sweater
or your mouth pressed to the back of my neck as you promise to stay
or

Brandon Romo

The City of Delores

The winds of change are here
Their names are Irma, Katia, Arlene, and Katrina
The fight of the unwanted rises as the heart palpitates
A unified soul grows, its beat irate

Attacked by this resident in office
I AM THEM
My ancestors: well, some are good people,
we can assume
The rest are less than, othered, not human

Chavez's fields are being stripped
Left arid and barren by neglect and contempt
but we're coming anyway.
"Preservation of one's own culture does not
require contempt or disrespect for other cultures"

So, we're coming anyway.

Infiltrating your systems
With dreamers and believers
Legal and not-so-much.
Fire in our eyes
and El Grito rumbling in our guts.
Doing what we want.
Not what we need to.
Not what we SHOULD do.

The first generation was here to survive,
we're here to thrive.
Abuelitos that played by your rules,
we're here to break them.

And with all due respect:
Fuck being equal.
We're getting even.



glance - Catie Cooper



forest of mothers – Margo Craig

Michelle Marie Belden
mother tongue

this is to my siblings. who never learned the language of their mothers. who tasted the dew
of home on their tongues but never filled the residency to pour out sentences. *ba-*
hay feeling like distance. *wika* so out of touch. to my siblings who felt ancestral
rhythm in their gut but didn't know what instruments to play. who relish in the
accents of our mothers and dream in unknown mothertongue. to my siblings who sing
the few familiar words in our love songs sent overseas. over borders. but get caught up
in the mouth. the palette. to my siblings who listen in mothertongue.
who bathe in mother's and auntie's conversations praying
to catch their words from the airwaves and brand them into our skulls.
who beg the gods that from our pores may seep the voices of our ancestors.
to those that curse this land for its robbery. who curse the boats that sent our language out to sea.
who want mothertongue but don't know *mother. inay.* to my siblings who beg for saturation in
home never been to. perhaps, only visited. who are saturated in *amerikkka.* who know only
hello. *mabuhay.* only i love you. *mahal kita.* only *hindi ko. hindi ko maintindihan.* who only know
translator. who know only *i don't know.* this is to my siblings who search for remnants of the
mother in libraries that never learned the word "language." only the word "other." only the word
"english." only "fear."

only "silence".

the rosetta stone has forgotten us.
magsalita. magsalita. kumanta. magsalita. magsalita. kumanta
this is to my siblings who lost language to the shadow of this country.

this is to my siblings
who find their heart
in a language they do not speak.

tuloy pa rin. i say.

umaasa ako isang araw, naiintindihan mo

may you speak. may you speak. may you speak.

Portland State Writers, Artists and Thinkers!

Don't forget to follow us on Facebook and Instagram. We'll be posting work from the most recent submission period, interesting literary events you can check out around Portland, and you can keep up to date with what Pathos is up to.

@PathosLitMag

Thanks again and we look forward to reading your submissions this winter!

Cheers,

pathos