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In your hands you hold an object that was inspired by the current Lan Su Chinese Garden guidebook. A huge thank you goes out to Jane DeMarco and Scott Steele who generously provided us, the current staff of Pathos, with a skeleton copy of the guidebook files (which were originally designed by Sockeye Creative) in order to facilitate our unique learning experience in designing our own "version" of their stunning art-as-object publication. If you haven’t yet had a chance to visit the gardens, located at 239 NW Everett Street in Portland’s Old Town, I highly recommend that you do. For such a small urban venue, there is so much beauty to revel in that you will undoubtedly walk away impressed.

Which is what I hope you’ll do once you’ve looked through this issue of Pathos. It is not only a re-envisioned snapshot of what a magazine can be but also a showcase of what PSU students are capable of. I hope you, too, are inspired.

I also hope you walk away from this magazine with a desire for inclusion, because we want more submissions. In addition to poetry, fiction, and visual art, we want architectural renderings and screenplays and essays on the politics of personality, and original music scores. In short, we want to represent more of what the student body at PSU is doing.

So send us your best work. We want to share it. Don’t you?

Deena Anreise
Editor-in-Chief

On the cover:

Moment of Bliss

by Alejandra Zamudio
PATHOS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
DEENA ANREISE

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EMILY GRAVLIN
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WINTER 2013

FACULTY ADVISOR
JUDSON RANDALL
Body Heat Leak
Brittney Laneé

Pushing off pavement
with my left rubber sole,
the right at rest,
gliding ahead.
The semi didn’t see
my scooter and me.
We missed the glaring
headlights by an inch.
It shoved us low—
slamming skull,
the smell of tar-singed
threads
snagged by the white lines
of the roadside.
Struck to silence
I lay,
my throat open, seeping
fog
like a laundry chute,
couldn’t move my neck,
couldn’t look away
from the trees’ twig veins
skittering a snow cloud night...

Big Deer Says Goodbye to Little Deer
by Oran Stainbrook
It's Just Not Working
by Andréa Franke
Growth
by Ben Miller
Rain
John Ace Curtin

A pinprick missile falls
against the air:
Whistling bomb

Water becomes fused

static droplets sucked together

From atomic cluster
to the molecule
finally to a droplet

from a charged cloud it forms, and

Drip,
liquid collects upon itself, it

Drip,
no longer denies gravity,

Earth
tsits air
thin atmospheric
Liquid spheres:
mist floats
thunder rolls

An airborne ocean flows
down. Drawn
to earth
cascading.
Little drip,
fall.

Through the air in
quick fall
it hits a leaf
which drops.

Drop: sliding marble
squeezed between
sheets of sky.
One splash of dirt
round momentum
clears

the soil in round
circular
shapes.

Then, the stinging sun
inhalas vapors,
Separating the fusion
from earthen soil

Again.

This Is
Erika Lynn Mazza

This is not a confession of paint thinner or a bottle-dipping apology,
it is merely a sideways glance at the boy who calls you “Lady”
or the mailman who doesn’t ever look at you fully.
(Sometimes you pretend you are Medusa, to understand
that people don’t always speak in volumes).

This is not a remedied guitar string or instructional yoga video
but instead an explanation that this world is cryptic,
it is a foreign tongue shoved in your mouth.

You are attempting to understand it by the curvature of its spine
but there are no words to describe a lack of holiness in a place you called
God.

This is not the declaration of love to a call girl
but the story of the man speaking, the way he sprawls out like a starfish
when she’s bending over
or the first mention of his birthday his father ever gave,
thirty years too late.

This is not the things you choose to say when I ask, “How are you?”
No, it is the things you want to, like:
“Today the world sounds like hurricanes, like empty matchboxes.”
It is the way I would respond:
“Don’t be so glum, bubbly.”

This is not the calling out for an uprising, cutting-board splinters,
a seven-second prayer.
This is a frown in a reflection, the way your mother’s smiling mouth curves,
teeth stains.
On Vacation in Alabama
Jacob Collins-Wilson

I.
After the sun sets
storm clouds come in on warm waves
like large scoops of melting ice cream
and I count oil rigs that dot the dark horizon like descending UFOs.

I sit in a half-buried sandcastle
as if it were an Adirondack chair—
can smell the shore rusting
salt settling in to sleep in barbecues & cars.

I just want to sleep here
with the stars,
head lulled back like moon meandering its way around the Earth
dreaming of the surface of Jupiter's moons,
with the memory of fishing off a dock
feet & pole dipping in Mobile Bay
imprinted
like a quick napkin sketch
on my eyelids.

II.
What more can there be?
What comes next?
Dessert & second base
missed texts & long messages and another alarm clock
another degree.

Vacations dance
in our minds like children dancing on counters.
A growing savings account itches
to purchase another snow globe or postcard—
we need a break.

III.
Tuesday night
game night.
Remember
how much you used to love spaghetti, how much
you used to glow
at parent-teacher conferences
like a permanent tan?

So you make grocery lists of happiness
separating fruit from grains
physical from mental
dreams go with ice cream
but you always end up
on an Adirondack chair
on the fluid rocking chair of the swells
watching clouds shed their skin over tin rooftops.
Love is Like a Set of Gears
Jacob Collins-Wilson

At my brother’s Midwest wedding
I spent the first two nights enticing old people into playing pinochle for quarters
and the next week
staring
at the bridesmaid who wouldn’t catch fireflies.

She flirted with her eyes when she spoke
wore sundresses every day, the hems
slapped her shins when she danced.

When the wedding party picnicked beside a snaky river
she sat on the horizon
like the sun during the sunset
one bare brown foot bouncing on the breeze
looking out over the hills of Ohio
as if each lump of green were a familiar bump from her own backyard.

On beds, blankets, backseats, and rugs
we tried to fit our lips together like cogs
thinking love was merely the matter of matching gears
of syncing teeth together to set the heart turning.
But they just wouldn’t fit.
To My Roommates
Grant Howard

I live with an alcoholic and a drug addict.
I wake up and clean up.
I check to see if the rent money is there.
It never is.

They tell me they are going to be
great someday and
that I'm too dumb to understand right now
because I'm not an artist like them.
They tell me to keep the tab right
and that it will be okay.
Just keep the bar tab right.
Don't let the bar tab go unpaid.
Pay the bar tab and we wont have any problems.
You worked enough this week to pay the tab, right?
Pay the tab.
Pay the bar tab and we'll mention you in the books that we're going to write soon.

They don't work and they are not going to.
Working is for workers and they think too many great thoughts to be workers.
But I'm dumb enough to work.

I drive the car that they left on empty.
The passenger tire is going flat but
it's enough to get me here on time
to stand on my feet all day,
to have my life converted to currency.

I eat the other workers' leftovers after they leave the break room.
The cookies are sugar steaks and the carrots, if you dip them in ranch, don't taste like dirty fingers.

My roommates tell me this is smart and that it's good that I save money this way.
That this way we don't have to buy things.
Because things are frivolous and frivolous things are for nice people,
And we are not nice people.
So we share things, like shoes, between us.
Sometimes the shoes wait for hours under street lamps.
Sometimes the shoes are kicked off and lost under a stranger's bed at 2 am.
Sometimes the shoes are put in a plastic bag after getting booked.
Sometimes they step in dog shit.
Sometimes the souls slip out and I walk barefoot in these shoes,
sometimes I think I'm the only one that notices that we're walking barefoot.

They tell me to shut up and get back to eating crumbs
so I do.
The Way You Worry
Patrick Ahlers

Say yes to me now and the time we’ve lost ends here.
We’ll throw our bags in the trunk and let the moon guide us for as long as it’s willing.
See? I adore the way you worry.

Remember the time we packed the Skylark full of abandon, tossed the map in the back,
and followed the reflective arrows all the way to San Francisco?
Broke and running on fumes, we drove right through the fear
to start a new day, way better. Me,
I laughed at how your dad was wrong when he said I was sure to lose. You,
you smiled like I’d never seen as we held each other close and leaned out over the
bridge,
crying out for just a little more today.

See that boat out there?
I said,
Yell out far, they’ll hear us.

We walked along the wharf and threw away our money
on used books and balloons shaped like lovebirds that would eventually shrivel,
and find their way to the vortex under bench seats where unpaid parking tickets go,
and the crumpled remains of that story of us I was trying to write back then
and still am, I guess, because I still don’t have the ending quite right.
to five people
AO

1.

every party I go to back home.
I check room corners and back porches
hoping I’ll find myself lucky enough
to see you again.
I don’t know how two nights
both containing intercourse
left me with a perpetual fascination
for the angle of your curls
even if it was just a cigarette
shared on an icy front lawn
I would be a happy clam.

2.
you deserve a million thank yous
with exclamation points and smiley faces
I wish you didn’t know I smoke
but I never hide my leftovers
someday I will find the words
and the respect to buy you boats
and mountains and happiness
I feel a million miles
are between us even though
I moved back home.
It once felt like a choice
to be distant from you
but now it feels like
the only option.

3.
I forgot to cry about you
for five months
then I stepped back
into that stairway
and remembered cradling
your face under fluorescent
lights,
kissing your neck and
you pushing me against
the wall and lusty lines
and always a few
more kisses
I have a picture of
my hand holding your
stomach, and I forgot
how intimate
those moments are
before you left
you finally told me
the words I wanted to hear
‘I will see you in the fall’
giving some notion
of a future
but how can I be angry
when everyone hurts
and does not choose
who to love.

4.
I would trade
all my Christmases
for you back here.
I forgot the details of
your face
the pictures don’t look
familiar
growing up was
supposed to give me
everything I wanted
but your granite
absence
is a New Year’s
never for better.

5.
stare at me
from head to toe
take in every crevice
take in every hair

why was it
that last time
a boy traced his
fingers up my stomach
I thought it was too
cheesy to sit still?
kiss my stomach
and the back of my neck
and tell me
five reasons why
I should love myself

I can’t ask you this
but let me leave you
unscathed.
The road was becoming more dangerous with every passing minute. The only way in or out of town, it wound its way up the side of the mountain, passing through the evergreens and into the clouds themselves. Quinn chanced a look out his passenger-side window at the rail lining the road. If you drove through that guardrail drunk, or maybe were just the next unfortunate soul to run out of luck, it would be weeks before they found you. Thousands of feet down, a seemingly endless carpet of green stretched away in rolling mounds like ripples in a lake.

Quinn imagined the origin of those ripples; a blue Toyota slamming into the ground below with all the terminal force of the finger of God himself. Its driver entombed forever in the pickup truck that his wife had bought him for his birthday, or maybe the same car he drove to pick up his grandkids on the weekends. The vines would curl around the window frames, the forest would move in, and the ground itself would open up to swallow you. The green beast has a bellyfull of steel and he’s hungry for more.

It felt like he had been here for hours, making his way up the winter mountain, slowly, always one turn at a time. The snow was coming in waves, passing over his windshield as if he were looking through gauze. His stomach clenched with each, giving him the feeling that he was on some great creaking skiff adrift in the Arctic. He always did get seasick.

The telltale pinpoints of headlights came into view in the near distance. Quinn unconsciously began to drift to the outside of his lane, momentarily unaware that he was inching closer to the rail that divided road from abyss. As the car pushed through a final wave and into visibility, his stomach dropped with the nauseating sensation that he was moving faster than he thought, and that the car in the other lane was standing still. The wheels weren’t moving. They’re skidding, he realized.

Quinn’s throat burned with the taste of copper and the world around him seemed to slow. The leather of the steering wheel creaked warily as his grip tightened. The sound of the road was hushed and each snowflake danced its way with a fragile grace. The sliding car shuddered across the yellow line and into his lane. All at once, Quinn pressed the gas, yanked the emergency brake, and threw the steering wheel left, then right, his silver hatchback turning and skidding wildly. As the two cars passed within inches of each other like performers in a chaotic ballet, the drivers’ eyes met.

The other man, graying, wrinkled, and worn, looked strangely calm and resigned to his fate. He was no longer looking at the patches of ice on the frozen road, no longer attempting to steer the path of his life in a different direction. He simply sat, gazing out his window in wonder, as if in a daydream. He looked with young eyes, from before his first kiss, before the war that took him away from his home, before his first-born son died in his crib.

Quinn’s car lurched to a halt in a drift of snow by the road. The glow of the taillights was suddenly extinguished as the old man’s car broke through the guardrail and vanished. Quinn thought again of the green animal in the deep. Feeding time.

The air outside was a bitter, breathtaking cold. Quinn climbed out of his car, feeling his panicked sweat begin to freeze. He did not run, knowing that by now the old man was laying strapped into his steel coffin at the base of the mountain, the forest already beginning to wrap its fetid tendrils around his body and pry their way into his mouth. But as he came around the bend, Quinn saw the car. The back end stood up at a forty-five degree angle, the wheels still spinning. The old man continued to stare out, far away. Quinn had to wrap his hand in his T-shirt to touch the door handle.

“Are you alright?” he asked, his voice sounding weak and frail. He placed his hand on the man’s shoulder. Suddenly, the old man’s eyes were his own again. The haze of memory and age cleared, and the spark of wonder was gone. He slowly turned his head.

“You’re no devil,” he said.
Ben Miller grew up in Longview, Washington, and is currently studying art and philosophy.

Andréa Franke is a double major in English and Spanish and a member of the Honors Program, where she is an editor for the program’s literary journal, Anthōs. She is also an editorial intern for the Portland Book Review, where she reads and edits hundreds of reviews and even gets to write a few herself. She enjoys being a private Spanish tutor for elementary school children, drawing, and reading classic novels.

Oran Stainbrook is an aspiring permaculturist, village builder, and astronaut. This is his first time.

Alejandra Zamudio has lived in Portland since 1995 and is a second-year art major at PSU. She enjoys many things, like reading and being outdoors, but ultimately loves making, viewing, and simply enjoying art.

Jacob Collins-Wilson, a high school English teacher, has had a short essay published by 1 Booksbelf as well as a poem forthcoming from Burningword Literary Journal called “The World is a Potter.”

Grant Howard is a born-and-raised Portland poet and prose writer. He enjoys cigars, Jiu-Jitsu, bars, not being behind bars, and women and men of good conversation and honest character.

John Ace Curtin works for the grounds crew and teaches snowboarding on the weekends. He spends much of his time in the gardens (especially the PSU community garden) and in the woods.

Patrick Ahlers is a junior-year English major at PSU. He loves to read novels and short stories, especially John Steinbeck and Raymond Carver. After graduation he plans on attending PSU’s School of Education and then teaching high school English.

Erika Lynn Mazza is a sophomore at PSU, studying English and creative writing. She reads too much Hemingway and spends the rest of her time annoying her roommates with typewriter sounds.

Reid Tyler is a transplant from Arizona who moved to Portland for school around August of last year. He’s majoring in English with a minor in creative writing, and has plans to teach high school.

AO works as a forest technician and substitute firefighter during the summer and hopes to eventually work for the EPA as an environmental protection specialist. AO likes boats, hiking with her dog, and going on reddit.

Brittney Laneé is a Portland native who went to California and decided the NW’s rain is okay. She walks and takes TriMet everywhere (occasionally with a scooter). Her top activities include exploring, being outdoors, and taking photos in abandoned houses.
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This is your magazine.

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