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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

You hold in your hands the Fall 2014 edition of Pathos Literary Magazine, a publication dedicated to PSU’s student artists. We like to act as a bridge between our university and Portland’s greater creative community, offering a unique opportunity for students to showcase their work. Whether creating is your hobby or your career, we’re here for you.

Pathos has faced unique challenges this past year. We’ve confronted and overcome budget cuts, understaffing, and tumultuous transitions. The staff (including myself) is entirely new, and guiding our magazine through these hurdles has been a trying but enlightening experience. Please forgive the lateness of this issue, as certain internal conflicts and staff health concerns delayed production longer than intended. We’re all students too.

That being said, a lot of love went into this edition, and some truly talented artists are represented within its pages. We’re proud of what we’ve pulled together and humbled by the depth and diversity of the submissions we received. Thank you for your continued support – without you, this magazine would not be possible.

-BROOKE HORN
writing

2. "Five Words You Should Know" by Alex Skousen
4. "Chappattis and Change" by Sean Talbot
6. "Hands" by Jason Hash
7. "Seven Days" by Brandon Sanford
9. "Sonnet" by Michael McKee Green
9. "Phantom Limb" by Madison Hinze
10. "Farm Poems" by Dory Athey
12. "The Damsel's Knight" by Kellie Doherty
16. "Netarts Bay" by Ravleen Kaur
18. "Broken Bottle Beautiful" by Bethany Umbarger
20. "The Home of Being" by Cody Shotola-Schiewe

visual art

3. "Untitled" by K. Ryan Gregory
8. "Incompletions I" by Ryan Brewer
13. "Titania" by Brian Parker
19. "Light" by Kathy Krisinski

community spotlight

14. "An Interview with John Henley" by Corinne Gould

on the cover:

"John Henry vs. The Machine" by Brian Parker
Five Words You Should Know

Alex Skousen

Clean, like sorted out problems
Clean, forgiven, not broken, not a mother's demise.

Revelation, like "apocalypse", the Bible’s last breath
Or that we’re forgetting to come clean
Or that you usually don’t get up from cancer
Or like revolution; bombs, boycotts, or simply, rotations.

Ergo, like Virgil never slept, ergo poetry never died,
Ergo, Latin isn’t so much a dead language, as a lost cause,
Like all the clean revelations of revolutions, or tongues clean enough to speak,
And until then, closed ears.

Caress, like wind on cheeks or
Caress; touching palms, tongues behind closed lips and promises whispered in late summer, to come
   clean by winter, or die trying.
Caress my ears with your twitching tongue, my hands through your hair, lie back, and call it romance.
The tender lines God so masterfully carved into your face, like nature’s best gift was you.

Antidisestablishmentarianism would never get it,
The system is too clean for Virgil, the apocalypse, or hands through hair in summer.
Days float by in Udaipur like beggars, indifferent to distinction. Today, the warm January sun shimmers on Lake Pichola, reflects Rajasthan’s august history in its dirty water. There are three clouds in the sky, more than in the week since we arrived.

Across the street from Café Edelweiss, where I eat dessert before breakfast, a blind man stands upon a speed bump, white cane in hand. Dark skin and cataracts, thick mustache, carefully combed hair. A rusty sign hangs from his neck, half-Hindi, half-Hinglish, painted like a local traffic sign, blue text on white:

My Eyes Operation. Please Help Me.

The man holds a receipt book in his left hand, a written record of those who do not ignore him. It is open to the first page. He wears a five o’clock shadow and leather cross-trainers, dirt-ridden and worn, like the hands of the motorcycle mechanic who works down the block, by the Daiji footbridge.

Does the blind man know the yellow glow of the gold chain fitted to his neck? Can the man with the sign around his neck hear my steady eyes upon his, or the traces of my guilt for staring into a face of India which cannot, for once, stare back?

In my ears, these are raucous, electric thoughts; my heartbeat amplifies like the temple bells ringing in a nearby alley. We both turn our heads toward the clangor.

"The traveler sees what he sees; the tourist sees what he came to see."

A group of boys line up outside Café Edelweiss, on the street side of a chain link boundary; one, then three, then seven of them, holding iron bowls that look like topless kettles. Inside the bowls, small, sculpted men sit upon beasts, like Shiva Linga, soaked in black oil, and blessed with marigold petals.

For weeks, I’ve wondered what gulf exists that would keep the “open-hearted” traveler in me from connecting with, interacting with, or relating to the locals of India, my host country, a land which immediately defies any adjective one uses in an attempt to capture it.

"Kana;" a boy says, over and over again. "Pani;" He can’t be nine years old. Food, water. He looks me directly in the eye, points to his mouth, then to the chocolate on my plate, and back to his chapped lips.

Every guidebook, hotelier, rickshaw driver, and doctor I’ve experienced since arriving in India has said the same: do not give to the beggars; they come into the cities because there’s more money in tourists than in farming. Giving does them no good.

"Chapattis, sir, chapattis;" says an older boy, 12 or so, in soot-covered clothes, and barefoot. The boys stand one meter away from our table, behind a chain hung like a velvet rope in a cinema queue line. There are no chapattis on the silver screen of Café Edelweiss; only white people and dark chocolate. My table is on the front lines: fellow tourists talk and eat behind me, deeper in the cave of the yellow dining room.

In response to the boys, I want to show compassion. I want to let them know that I see and hear them, that change...
is possible. And I know that’s what they’re looking for. Twistedly, I think that’s the reason for the puppy eyes and the whimpery tones. I cannot use the Hindi phrase I learned in Varanasi for sending away touts—nahi chaiye, I do not want. These children offer me nothing, want only my food.

“Hello, sir, chapattis.” A hoarse, intimate whisper from the old beggar within a barefoot pre-teen in a mahogany button-up and oiled black hair: “Please.”

Two nights ago, I saw him squatting near a street fire of burning garbage to keep warm. His companions were huddled in tight circles: understanding, community, friendship. Things I cannot—and do not—offer him.

Instead, I ignore him, all of them, and their pleas for kana; hello, please, sir, chapatti. Sir, please. Hello? I cannot—will not—eat in front of them, nor can justify teasing them with the two sandwiches on my table, both heaping with eggs and bacon. I pretend the sandwiches are not there. I write instead, holding the tears back because maybe they’ll think I’ll break, and then they’ll have full stomachs for the day, and return tomorrow, psychologically and digestively reinforced, expecting.

My downward glare renders me into another deaf tourist. The tourists at the tables behind me talk louder as the boys hold up the bowls and ask, in the same melancholic whine, kana, pani, please sir, ma’am, chapatti.

Silence from the nosebleeds. Half the boys leave. I am an awful, selfish voyeur. Another white invader whose economic contributions profit hotels which shun locals as a cultural norm. A Bikaner hotelier said, any unmarried Indian couple cannot, by Indian law, stay in a tourist hotel.

If, by chance, a foreigner befriends a local, the latter is typically not allowed in the foreigner’s hotel. In the case of my friend Rita, a British woman who invited an Indian restauranteur to dinner at our hotel, the owners enthusiastically said the local, who worked at the hotel across the bridge, was “a good Indian man, and is welcome here!” For most of us tourists, they fear rape, or robbery, or some other sin for which we do not have a word.

After twenty minutes, the rest of the boy beggars move on, unfazed by rejection, determined as when they arrived. Will the customers at the next café feed them, or the one after that?

There are programs to help the poor, say the guidebooks; if you want to help them, donate to the following causes. They say nothing, however, of the heartache in seeing a man, like the one I saw in Pokhara, sitting under a tree, lifting his amputated, gangrene femur in the air with one hand, and a rusty can in the other, marked $.

That gulf between us seems wider than the Pacific Ocean. At the moment, for me, it is an uncrossable, unbearable feat. Airplanes and cargo ships could not bring me closer to the little boy three feet away, who has returned to the far side of the chain fence. He saw something in me and came back to retrieve it.

Who am I, exactly, that I would deny a child food at the word of a rich doctor, or a guidebook written by a western author, which both say it would do the child “no good”? How can one who has not known true hunger say such a thing? My friend, American activist Kokayi Nosakhere, if he saw me now, would dash our friendship to the dogs. His mission is to end child hunger in America. In the past, I have said, in word and action, that I support his cause.

Who am I to deny a request for a photo, as I have, from an Indian family on holiday, or a few rupees to a local woman in the park? Is it because I wish for a connection based less on transactionary experience, or that I would prefer the barter economy of buskers or street artists, a few rupees for a song? What if these children have not had the opportunity to learn an instrument, or how to use their voice, but to beg to survive the day, or a mother’s callused hand?

What inalienable right have I, as a human, as a traveler, to project expectation or want upon a culture that asks so little of me? To think, I want an experience to have a particular impact on me; I need to see this or that, or need to feel this frustration. I harbor hatred for the roles this little boy and I have been born into, for we are equally bound to our respective ranks in the caste system.

In many parts of India, tourists and travelers alike - particularly westerners - are automatically inserted into a predetermined slot of economic import. We are ushered to the front of lines at train stations, hospitals, treated kindly by hoteliers who routinely hit dog- and boy-beggars with sticks.

I want to wriggle out of this system, and run away. If only going back to my home culture, the U.S., would accomplish...
the task. I want these children to know...what? That the grass is greener? That the law of attraction applies here, now? What can I offer them? Freedom, opportunity, the strength to climb an impossible ladder?

Oh, that I could offer them anything!

Already I deny the boys that which means virtually nothing to me. I could afford to buy each one of them a sandwich of protein and fresh-baked bread. I could likely pay out-of-pocket for the eye operation for the blind man. Why don't I? Because I've been conditioned to think that it wouldn't change anything. Lonely Planet and Slumdog Millionaire declare that compassion and guilt are juicy prey for the Begging Industry. That, regardless of my intention, the money would end up in the hands of kidnappers, rapists, and sleazy “businessmen,” and that no amount of change would keep these boys from returning to Café Edelweiss tomorrow.

The impossible gulf between local and foreigner widens. If it is not, as they say, what happens to us that matters, but how we react to it that hones our character, I wonder if compassion, in this case, isn't quite enough.

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**Hands**

Jason Hash

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I had a dream you cut my hand
into tiny strips and pieces. You said
It was time for dinner, and I said “Ok”
as you peeled our main course away
from sinew, muscle, and bone.
It was business as usual, and when I woke up
I did not question you eating me. I did not feel disgust
Though my skin between your grin echoed behind my eyes.
Instead I thought, “oh this again”
I’m glad my skin regrows.

_Hands_. J.H.
In only—
Seven Days from now we'll leave this place For Good.
We'll lock the doors
and give away the key.
The windows are already blank, the
rooms are already empty.

Piles of skin flakes, hair and eyelashes
wishes and moments
mix in corners like dust.
I can see the furniture
in the spaces of their absence
where the kitchen table sat
we ate fresh baked
 cinnamon rolls, your hair
smelling of spices;
the couch where we watched
Casablanca, which I hated
and you loved.

Seven days—
Seems like no time
when you have it
and less time
when you don't, but
as every moment passes

my eyelids fill
with ghosts.
Seconds turn to years.

In
Sev-

en
days,

We'll turn off the lights—
throw the switch—
unplug the power—
and leave the House to the moths
the flowers to the worms—

But before we go
we'll say goodbye
and bring white lilies—
to lay on your doorstep.
And you leave first dear,
because you have to go,
but,
don't worry
I'll follow soon after.
SONNET

Michael Green

A ghost twig disappears
into uninteresting folklore.
Its once moth
is a dried carcass.
Its inedible red berries
are littered and unbloomed seeds.
Its surrounding grass
is dirt packed harder each summer.
The apparition of a twig
was shaped like a fatherly hand.
It appeared in campfire smoke
that expanded with the likeness of a tree.
The sound of a plane overhead
mixes with the hum of a storyteller.

OPPOSITE:

INCOMPLETIONS I

Ryan Brewer

PHANTOM LIMB

Madison Hinze

I started writing your eulogy before you died, afraid that after it happened you would take all of my inspiration along with you like a phantom limb attached to your limitless soul that now travels places they say the human mind can’t even reach.

I formed words about you I didn’t know yet how to say used verbs in the past tense with your hand still in my lap because I had already lost you months before the physicality of it all began.

You need not keep drawing in oxygen just for the sake of my sanity because soon inevitability will deal its hand. Still we watch your pulse just for the sake of doing something in this place that’s beginning to feel like the home away from home I never wanted.

We know we shouldn't laugh at ourselves in this empty of a place, but sometimes the honesty of everything here has to be forgotten long enough for us to tell ourselves we forget.
Like Eggs
And eventually,
this would be one of those things,
Those tears falling fat
like eggs, over ears and
into grass,
Spilling open, gaping,
hungry mouths.

Like those birds we found
that dry afternoon,
caught in the rocks under
the rose bushes and
we didn’t know
what to do with them,
scrawny and open mouthed.

They made the same noises
that bruises do,
gentle-frantic pulsing,
but only the ones you don't expect.

So stories about bruises can
just be half true, like
tiny bald birds,
caught by a neighbor cat’s
own mouth, half alive.

I am half.

Trying to tell sturdy truths that
won't break, but holding
those brittle-broken shells
yolk running down my wrist
pooling at my elbow.

Muses
I went on a road trip
on a road that paralleled
a set of train tracks.
It led me to a coffee shop,
where the familiar sounds
and smells inspired me to
write a poem.

But then I found my poem
on the table of a classroom,
and then in a lost journal,
and then graffitied on a
wall in a city.

I realized too late that
the caffeinated nostalgia
of lonely student poetry,
of dusty train tracks and
coffee rings on scribbled
pages and drummed
up vanilla inspiration
is not the same thing as
the skunky smell of a town
on a river with a paper mill
and the sight of your sister
scooping up a baby in
her arms.

It is not the same thing
as being ankle deep in
summer squash and being
terrified of a spiteful rooster
and full up of people who
make your hummingbird
heart beat with
flocks of real words
and real wings.

Cilantro
This is the way
we plant ourselves
and hope to grow.
Planting cilantro and
potatoes and the
quiet seeds of stale
heartache,
gone to seed and dried.
Ground to a spice we
sprinkle on our days.

And I think it tastes like
soap, but that's the
enzyme talking,
they tell me.

Fried Eggs Before Moving

And you're all ready to
walk out that door.
To tell stories that
ignite and soothe.
Stories that turn and
that change.

But the moment you open the door,
that first step you take,
the big egg yolk Idaho sun
scoops you up and
makes the sky purple and
churns you into butter
and spits you out,
sloppy with youth and
taut with the ache for
the latitude that will evade
you as you tell stories
that ignite and soothe,
but that you know
won't churn or change you
half as much as the
buttery yolk of that
blue gold Idaho sun.
No one understands what it's like to be a dragon. Knights come at me at all hours of the day, trying to prove their worth to some aged Lord or Lady by saving a damsel in distress. Annoying, is what it is. These warriors die with a flick of my tail for a damsel who was in no real harm in the first place. See, I don't like damsele, frail females in their flowing dresses, hair all done up in the latest elegant style, hands bound at their wrists, waiting for me to eat them or burn them alive. But I do neither. The women do not deserve this fate thrust upon them by men unwilling to show courage otherwise. So I provide a show, as is tradition. I cut their bonds and set them free with only a few scrapes on their bodies. They never go back home, though. And the ones who sent them believe I ate their loved ones, and it only fuels their beliefs that I'm dangerous, but I'm not. Females taste gamey, no sweetness to them, or bulk either, just a slender amount of meat and bones. Like this one, standing before me, screaming. A pretty little thing, this one, this female, black hair woven in braids atop her head, azure dress – always blue with these people, as if the hue of a fabric would keep the woman safe – ripped to the seams, showing the bosom underneath as she struggles to be free. She's been like that for hours. But no warrior comes for her. No knight in shining armor traverses the barren rock-strewn dirt that I call home. No horses whinny, no trumpet sounds, and still, this girl hopes, prays, dreams her lover is coming to save her. Perhaps there is no lover for this captive. No matter. I must finish this task or the townsfolk will deem me unworthy of such respect. “Slay the dragon!” they shout.

And still, no one comes for this one. She struggles, grey eyes widening with terror as I spread my wings, their length engulfing her in shadow, and bellow. I've always been fond of my roar, the mingling of a thunderclap and a metallic clang. I add some flames for good measure. She screams again, then faints. I tuck my wings back and my roar diminishes to a faint echo, as it always does. My flames lick the sky then disappear into gray smoke. The woman, fragile, slumps in her bonds. I claw the ropes free and the human drops to the ground, no sign of life about her. I assumed she fainted. So silly of me, her tiny heart must've given out instead. A puff of dirt briefly clouds around her. It settles. I dig a grave for her, moving the soil with one bloodless claw, and nudge her in. I tug gently on the hem of her skirt and a piece tears free, a small blue reminder of this young one and I push a brown blanket of dirt over the lost soul. The dust clings to my snout, but I don't care. I wait for others to collect what remains of her clothes – another ritual these humans take part in, the collection of fabric to hand out as memory to others. It's why I take great care in ripping shreds off the dress to leave for them. I wait for the warriors to come; if not to save her from my beastly manner, then at least try to avenge her death as they should. Yet no one seems to care.
about this one, no lordly fathers or heroic brothers. Days go by. Still no one comes. My heart aches for the damsel. A child, and yet wasted by a tradition so ancient even I don't know why it continues. Bravery, love, loyalty to their Lords, these traits can be proved by other means. Perhaps fighting a dragon on their own turf, instead of shooing some defenseless youth toward my domain. I circle her grave, the hard clumps of soil crumbling beneath my claws. Tendrils of fire curl from my nostrils. My tongue flicks past my fangs. This damsel's life reduced to nothing, voided by Lords and Ladies who assumed she would satiate me. I stretch my wings once more. My muscles ripple as I look toward their town, their castle, and their flimsy little lives. They were wrong.
Professor John Henley is a well-known bookseller in the Pacific Northwest. As one of the earliest managers at Powell’s Bookstore, he developed the new books department in the late 1970s and was also in charge of the rare books department. He taught bookselling from 2001 to 2010, and now teaches an intense survey course, The Popular Book in the United States. Professor Henley is an Accredited Senior Appraiser of Books and Manuscripts in the American Society of Appraisers.

Can you tell us about your relationship with Portland State University?

In the 1950s, my mother, Elizabeth Watts Henley, taught at Portland State College. I can still remember her dropping me off at daycare down at the Congregational Church on Madison and Park Avenue. She taught English literature, and she was a very well-known poet. Among her fans were Jackie Bouvier and Jackie Kennedy. She also helped a young poet find work when no one else would help a conscientious objector. That man was William Stafford. Later, I hung out at Portland State University and witnessed the anti-war protests and police riot in the Park Blocks. It was an exciting era with great poets and writers — PSU was a good place for a countercultural movement.

I remember a coffee house, the Agora, where respected musicians would play when they came through town. My first “real” bookstore job was at Portland State University bookstore. I started there in late 1973. Viki Gillespie, who still works there, taught me a great deal about the buying and marketing of new books. I made many lifelong professional friends while working there. My first work in bookselling was as a book scout, a sort of unofficial employee of used bookstores. I started teaching at Portland State in 2001—I was on the first team of professors for the publishing program. I taught the bookselling course, which was a hard course to teach. How do you teach everything about running a new bookstore in 10 weeks? I taught a four-hour class once a week. My poor students were thoroughly exhausted by the end of each session. I love teaching at Portland State because it is a chance to reflect on the world of bookselling, publishing, and editing—in short, all the things I’ve learned and done in my lifetime.

You are also an appraiser of rare books, autographed documents, maps, and photographs for personal and professional archives. How did you get into that line of work?

I got into the appraisal business because of the used book business. As a book scout, and later, the buyer of used books at Powell’s, I had to learn the going rates for all the books, which later included rare maps, letters, documents, photographs, and all things printed, and sometimes even painted or illustrated. In a sense, I have studied the markets for these ever since I got into the book scouting back in 1967—or was it 1968? I started informally appraising during the early 1970s then more formally in the 1990s. Up until the late 1980s, all anyone needed in order to appraise a book or collection was experience in the field, which I had, and the ability to write a basic letter saying what it was worth (then you’d have to sign a tax form if the item was
being donated). The major problems in all appraisals come from sloppy evaluation and not understanding the law, and thus not providing a compelling case as to why the value is the value. At the time, all you needed was to be someone the public accepted as a credible appraiser. An article about Powell's in the Los Angeles Times said: "Henley knows his stuff." So, I was accepted, I guess.

Then, after the Savings and Loan fiasco in the late 1980s, the House of Representatives set up a special subcommittee to oversee appraisals. The Uniform Standards were created and the Appraisal Foundation began to police unethical appraisers. The focus was largely on real estate, at first, but after about seven years, the eyes of the IRS and Appraisal Foundation began to watch over all kinds of appraisals. The rules are getting stricter every year about who can be an appraiser. So a young person wanting to go right into appraising books, say, should study the laws and rules of appraising, and then find a job or position with an established bookseller or book appraiser.

What drew you to literature originally? Are there any contemporary authors or poets that you think everyone should be reading? How about some old favorites?

My mother, aunts, and baby-sitters would read to me before bedtime when I was a small child. Books, there were always books. More plentiful than cookies! I loved the characters Pooh Bear, Mr. Toad, the Walkers (from Swallows and Amazons), Pippi, Mrs. Whatsit... and, also, the works of the D'Aulaires and McClosky. Singing songs while my mother played the piano taught me the joy of words both spoken and sung. Later, the great classics inspired me. Oh, how I loved Shakespeare in high school.

When I was little, I remember the excitement in the neighborhood when my father bought one of those newfangled devices: a television set! So, I was exposed to television from an early age, too, and in the old days, television often showed old movies, and old movies were usually made from old books. If I liked the stories in the show, I would find the book. Sometimes I could read it, sometimes I couldn't. I loved Little Caesar as a movie (although it seemed like Jimmy Cagney riddled with bullets took forever to die at the end), but the book kind of went over my head. But books, always books. You should see my office. I have books stacked on the floor, overflowing and double-shelved. Even when I sell or donate a box of books, three more boxes of books come into my life. I also love to write. I get high on the focus (note my rather lengthy responses).

As for what people should be reading, I think people should read whatever they want to read. What I think they should read isn't relevant. They should read what they want to read. I'm totally democratic on this. I wouldn't tell someone they should eat fried chicken livers and cheese grits any more than I would tell them they should raise their family this way or that. I guess I would tell people that they should observe the rules of a civil society, so that we can all get along without living in a world resembling that of A Game of Thrones. As for favorite books, I love them all. The world of books is a buffet, and you'd be a fool not to at least try a little of this or that. As a buyer and appraiser, I am trying to crack the code of what makes a book popular. If I can figure this out, I can predict what books will be bestsellers, or why a book might be more valuable than another. I think my students in the Popular Book course will be the ones to crack this code, but I haven't given up. We read what is newly published to be a part of our own times. We read the classics, or what has been published, to gain insight for our own times. I do grieve for all the readers who never got to read the novels of Gabriel García Márquez, or the readers who never savored the Psalms of David and Solomon, but perhaps I grieve most of all for the readers who refuse to sample the rich buffet all around them.
I.
Funny how infinity can feel a grasp away. The sea’s horizon looks so close, the ocean at dusk a china lace curtain you might draw open with a nimble wrist to let a little cosmic light into your teacup.

II.
(Infinity, interrupted by voices on the beach.)

III.
If you drew a straight line from my seaweed-laced feet to the first shores that interrupt the Pacific, you’d reach the upper northeast coast of Hokkaido, Japan, near the Sea of Okhotsk.

(hokkaido coast) x ~~~~ x (oregon coast)

I want something from that beach to wash up to my shadow, so I tell myself that a nectarine-colored tile I find in the water fell off a branch that extends around the circumference of the planet.

IV.
At low tide, my toes find sandy pools of desert spines and golden rivulets.

V.
In the distance, dozens of seagulls perch along the marshes of the Netarts sand spit, their bodies alit with silent expectation.

VI.
The late morning air is bright and buoyant and salty. We gulp down hot sambar and rice. (tamarind, crushed lentil, bay leaf)

VII.
The stars are blotted out by cellphone light, so I imagine a eulogy for those stars and their twice-dead light. & I puzzle over that wild blackberry bush sky, thorny and nectarous with stars.
VIII.
Stars who return gladly, forgivingly like the briny shore when waves recede from the coast of my mind at low tide. My mind, amphibious in this low-lying baywater. bay leaf in my teeth.

IX.
the bay is so quiet now, the sand spit made wide by this low tide that excavates, they say, agate, jade, but really mostly driftwood and crustaceans.

V.
I
Oscillate,
my mind is a cosmos my body a mote of dust on a mote of dust in a cosmos. (& a mote of dust is a cosmos, too)
ever towards the lowest tide.
Broken Bottle Beautiful

Bethany Umbarger

We collided like stags
with a shattering force
He was broken bottle beautiful
and I held him tight with train-tracked arms
because a little blood never scared me

I soon realized that
no one could ever mistake his smile for a
white picket fence
There was no future under his tongue
but I liked the taste

Emptiness was a color we wore well
so we wrapped ourselves up together every night
under sallow fluorescent city stars
and a Portland chill that crept into his gaze

His skin was half-burned matches
I would wake with charcoal under my nails
But when he wielded that broken bottle
I was still somehow
afraid
as if anything but ash would have fallen
from his wrist

But he was beautiful
the way only destruction can be

Opposite:

Light

Kathy Krisinski
The oceans are calling to corporeal Selfs
Hydrogen hierarchies from Starbellies to Riverhearts to Dreameyes
Skyscraper moneychangers bleed greed oil
When they stand against the love lugy of God

The oceans are rising
And the children are mixing water with dust
Making clots of mud
What are the borders of nations?

How to count droplets, faces, species?
All of the beings, meanings, dreamings
Dancing through myriad hand claps of the oceans

Waterflesh breathes Waterbreath
Sees Waterlight

The Oceans are rising
That the waves will rend the cities to sand

For when the water comes out flame
The farmers fall to their knees
Screaming through dry throats

Then they rise like the water
Standing in buzzing waves of bees
Surging like the hearts of horses
In the bodies of apes
SUBMIT TO PATHOS

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