

Graffiti

#7



FRONT LINES

Don Root

Every now and then, don't we all feel the desire to escape civilization—to "get away from it all"? Why is that, I wonder? If civilization is so great, why would we want to escape it?

I recently satisfied my escapist urge on a solo backpack trip in Yosemite National Park. In most backcountry areas, and particularly in a popular place like Yosemite, it takes at least one whole day's hike in from any trailhead—at least 10 trail miles—to leave behind the day-trippers. So it was in this case.

On Day One I encountered hordes of squeaky-clean tourists, fresh from a civilized RV or lodge room, marching up the trail in clouds of cologne and perfume. It's good to see people getting out into nature, but my goal was to leave them all behind.

As predicted, on Day Two I had the trail all to myself, and as I watched my shoes shoeing me along, I noted an abundance of life underfoot—anthill after anthill after anthill lined the sandy trail for miles. There must have been millions of ants. Billions, perhaps! Based on their sheer numbers alone, I concluded that ants truly rule the backcountry.

At first I thought how nice it must be to be an ant living in Yosemite's remote wilderness—such a gorgeous pristine environment, with only a few humans passing every now and then. No one regularly trying to poison you or calling the "exterminator" (what a great job title, eh?) to wipe you out. But then it occurred to me: "No! There are more ants per square yard here than there are humans in all of Manhattan! They've gotta be feeling the squeeze!"

Obviously the ants had a densely populated, highly developed civilization, and I wondered if, like humans, this made some of them miserable. I imagined them longingly looking up at the occasional passing hiker and thinking, "Wow, those humans really have it made! There are so few of them—they must really enjoy their space and solitude!" Whenever I stopped for a break, an adventurous ant or two would invariably climb up onto my shoes and socks. I decided these were rebels trying to escape their civilization and hitch a ride to the imagined nirvana of Humanville. The sand is always browner, as ants say.

By Day Three, not another human being was within 20 miles of me. No cars. No leaf blowers. No internal combustion engines of any kind. No billboards. No TVs. No incessant advertisements for cars or pills or anything else. No one screaming or shouting or coughing in my face. No barking dogs. No e-bikes, e-unicycles, or e-skateboards. No cell phones, bluetooth speakers, or bluetooth anything. No Biden, no Trump, no Putin, no Zelenskyy. No Pope, no Oprah, no Taylor Swift, no Russell Brand. No Musk or Bezos. No human noise at all. Just the wind quaking the aspens, water pouring over granite, the cry of a hawk, raindrops on the tent fly . . . Can you even imagine that?

Early one morning the trail took me alongside a beautiful creek. Dew was still on the tall grasses and wildflowers, and the sweet scent of pine wafted up on the breeze. The trail led past a cascade of small waterfalls to a tranquil pool with water so clear I could see every detail on the sandy bottom. Past there, the trail climbed through forest to the top of a rise, where I looked up to see the icing on the cake: a bright gibbous moon, beaming down on all the beauty around me. It was magic. The pure perfection of nature devoid of human civilization.

We think of modern life as a given—something that can't be changed. "Progress is inevitable" and all that. So we live in an increasingly crowded, polluted, and angry world and think "that's just the way it is." But what if each of us could experience firsthand, even for just a day or two, life without civilization. Would that change our perspective, and is it even possible?

The answer is "yes!" All you need to do is go out into the wilderness . . . ALONE. You *must* go alone. If you go with another person, you will talk with them. You will talk about work, and food, and friends, and lovers. You will talk about past events and future plans. You will talk about nothing, like the two guys who pulled up next to me one day at a gorgeous lake and proceeded to yammer on endlessly about when, where, and how they should brew their coffee. In short, you will bring civilization with you into the wilderness. And that just makes you an alien visitor. But come alone, and you are no longer a visitor. You're part of the wilderness itself—just another animal, like the butterfly and the bear, the ant and the deer, holding down your place in Ma Nature's rich tapestry. Absent human fuckwits, that tapestry is perfect. It gives us everything we need, free! And all we humans have ever done is degrade it.

I know not everyone is capable of hiking at least a whole day away from other humans—at my age, I'm grateful I still can. But for any young people who might read this, consider it a must-do experience. Maybe if enough of us realize what it's like to live as one with nature, we can propel our "civilization" toward a less civilized, more beautiful place. Hope springs eternal. 🚲🚲🚲

"Sister, can you spare a dime?"

Okay, so \$10,000 would be better, but we'll gratefully take your dime. It costs us \$575 just to print this beautiful work of art every month, and so far we've only managed it thanks to donors like you. So how 'bout a little help? Isn't a voice for community creativity worth it?

We take PayPal (graffitieugene@gmail.com) and Venmo (@GraffitiEugene), or you can write an old-fashioned check and mail it to Graffiti, 1292 High St. #129, Eugene OR 97401.

Thanks!

Graffiti

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Find past issues and additional submissions online at: graffiti-magazine.com

Paper copies of most back issues are available for \$3 each via Venmo or PayPal

ON THE COVER: Celilo, one of the resident bald eagles at Cascades Raptor Center. Photo by Don.

A big Graffiti THANK YOU to our faithful advertisers and to our generous donors to this issue:

Anonymous
Thomas DeLigio
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Bill Gunn
Jean Murphy
Lauren Oliver
Erica Snowlake

"YOUR ZINE IS COOL. HOW DO I SUBMIT?"

Put on your leather and get on your knees, slave!
What? Wrong kind of submission? Oh. Sorry.

This box used to be called "Instruction Manual for Beginners," which I thought was obvious. But you all kept asking "How do I submit?," so I guess that title was too tricky. Or maybe you thought you weren't a beginner, so you skipped right over it. Well, got news for ya, Holmes: we're all beginners. Anyway, here are the exceedingly difficult submission procedures and requirements:

How do I submit work?

You email it to graffitieugene@gmail.com, or you snail-mail or hand-deliver hardcopy to 1292 High St. #129, Eugene OR 97401. Just FYI: at that address you'll find PakMail, not Graffiti's swanky corporate offices, the location of which remains a mystery, even to us.

Do I win anything if I'm selected?

Yes. You get published. No, you don't get paid. This isn't a contest. You write it. You send it in. We print it and drop it off at various places around the county. If there isn't enough room for everything we receive, we print what we like. Hint: we like writing without spelling, punctuation, and grammar errors. **If you don't see your submission in this paper, look for it online at graffiti-magazine.com.**

Does I gotta right good?

No, but if you have something to say, you want people to understand it, right? Dictionaries are cheap—even free online! And if you use one, you'll always have perfect spelling. It's that easy. Grammar's a little harder, but the more you write, the better you'll get. As a rule, we don't edit. What you give us goes as-is.

Does Graffiti accept previously published work?

Generally not. That said, if we think something is cool, we'll consider it.

Does Graffiti accept submissions from outside Lane County?

Yes.

What length works are acceptable?

Shorter is better. Anything under 800 words makes us happy. Anything over 1,000 words makes us sad. Think of Graffiti as a tapas bar—tasty small bites. We won't print works longer than 1,200 words in this paper zine, but we'll post those submissions and others on our website: graffiti-magazine.com.

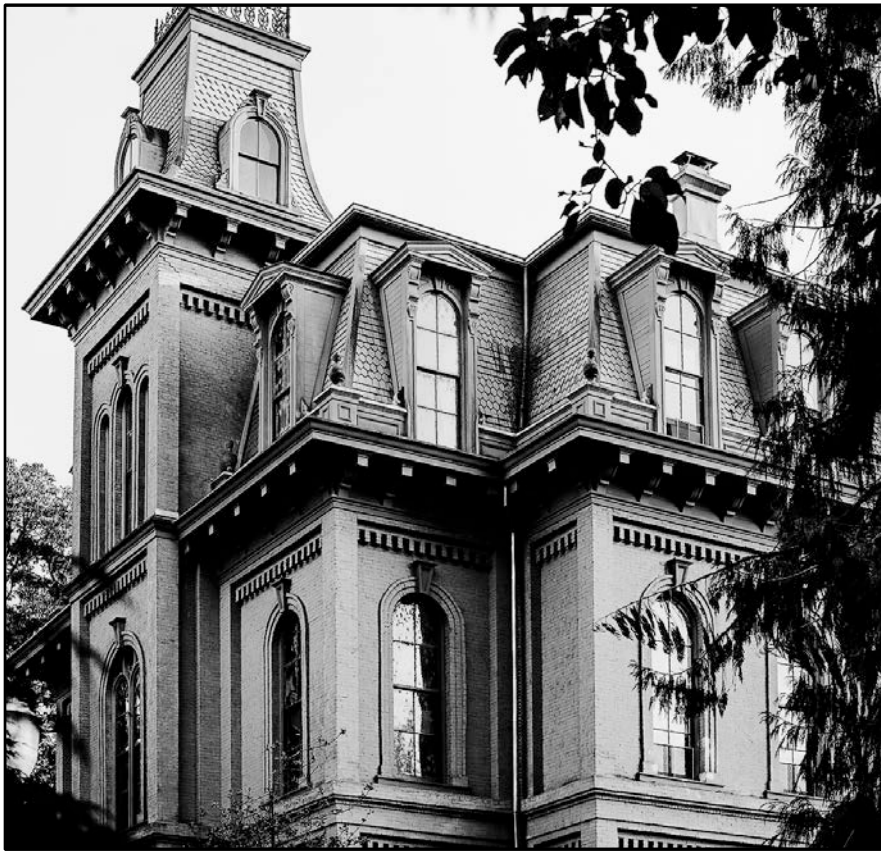
Halloween

Night yawns, and bats fly out.
They fill the air with whispers
and glittering eyes.
The world has turned toward darkness
like an old man turning his face to the
wall.
He hears, outside, the quick soft steps
of nightmare shapes let loose:
Death unmasked and greedy,
gnawing its own fingers to the bone,
while hollow-headed Jack
grins idiot approval from a window.
Now hungry ghosts come begging to the
door;
their eyes and mouths are stained with
dark:
empty circles, opening into night.

— Jean Murphy



Photo by Don



University Hall, University of Oregon. Photo by Morgan Smith.

Graffiti's Improbable History presents . . .

The Ghost of University Hall

The first building constructed on the University of Oregon campus, University Hall was designed in 1873 by the semi-famous architect William W. Piper (1827–1886), grandson of Peter Piper, the famed pickled-pepper picker.

A New Hampshire native, Piper passed up employment in the family pickled-pepper-picking business, preferring to practice architecture instead. He purchased passage west around 1859 and wound up in Portland, where in 1863 he prevailed in a contest to plan the premier Multnomah County Courthouse.

That success began a prosperous period for Piper, whose professional preeminence persuaded UO to pick him for the University Hall project. The building took years to complete, and poor Piper wasn't paid until 1877.

While waiting for his payment, Piper resided in Eugene and practiced picking pickled peppers. But it was just not for him. During this time, however, he chanced to meet Prudence Plumpe, a polyamorous pescatarian from Pleasant Hill by way of Poughkeepsie. The two fell madly in love, or so Prudence thought. She gave up practicing polyamory for

Piper and promised him she would prioritize their partnership above all else, or at least above most.

That pleased Piper, and, as such passionate pairings so often progress, it came to pass that Prudence became pregnant posthaste.

When Piper found out, he packed his pantaloons and pissed off to Salem, where he took over design work on the Oregon State Capitol, whose previous architects had been peremptorily pink-slipped.

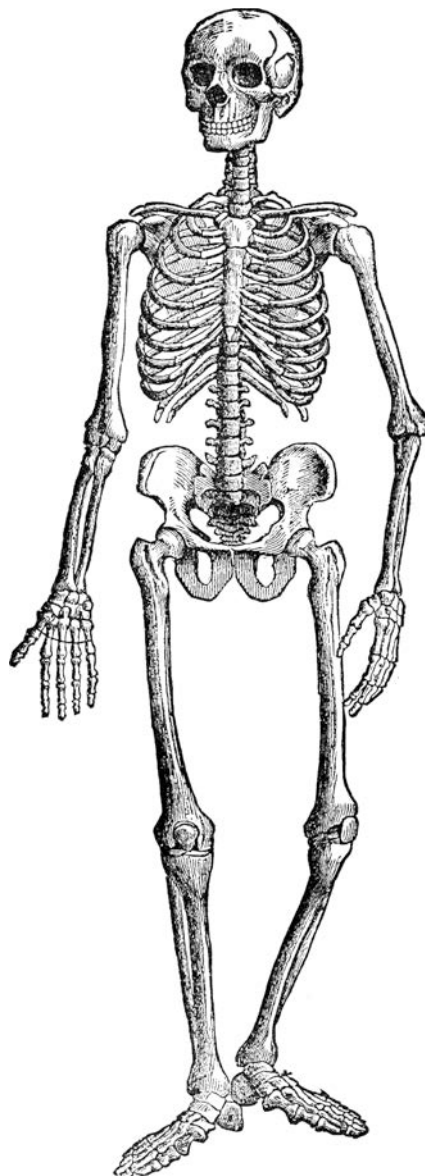
Poor Prudence was devastated. On September 15, 1875, at 3:17 p.m., she dispatched herself with all promptitude to Piper's University Hall, where she procured a pickle fork from the pantry and proceeded to perforate herself profusely, resulting in her premature demise.

To this day, custodians working late at night in University Hall say they have heard the ghost of Prudence puling pathetically in the pantry, parlor, and assorted passageways (although said custodians also admit, off the record, to periodically working stoned).

And that's the peculiar story of the ghost of University Hall. Perhaps it's true. Perhaps it's not. ☹☹☹

Double, double toil and
trouble;
Fire burn and caldron
bubble.
Fillet of a Fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and
bake;
Eye of newt and toe of
Frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of
dog,
Adder's Fork and blind-
worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's
wing,
For a charm of powerful
trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and
bubble.

Double, double toil and
trouble;
Fire burn and caldron
bubble.
Cool it with a baboon's
blood,
Then the charm is firm and
good.



A SPOOKY RECIPE From the Galloping Ghoul

aka Don "Eeeeeeeck!" Root

The days are growing shorter, and the candy hangs heavy on the vine. Halloween is nigh upon us, bringing truckloads of pumpkins to grocery stores and front porches everywhere.

Odd, isn't it, how a large squash can be associated with a scary holiday? And odder still, the tradition of carving a face into one. Is it because the average pumpkin is conveniently the size of a severed head?

Bakers like making pies from them, so here is a suitably gruesome recipe for some traditional "guillotine cuisine":

SEVERED HEAD PIE


Makes 8 servings

Ingredients

- 1 medium severed head, the fresher the better. The heads of kids ages 6–8 are best; smaller ones generally aren't ripe, and bigger ones tend to be mealy. (Heads are usually available from your local bogeyman, but if not, a medium sugar pumpkin may be substituted.)
- 1 tablespoon black widow spider venom, or vegetable oil
- ½ pound assorted scabs, or 1 pastry recipe for a 9-inch single crust pie
- ½ teaspoon ground eyeball, or ginger
- ½ teaspoon ground toenail, or cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon albino skin cells, or salt
- 1 cup mucus, or 4 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1 cup partially coagulated blood, or honey, warmed slightly
- ½ cup earwax, or milk
- ½ cup pus, or heavy whipping cream



Directions

1. Saw head in half and remove brains. (Alternatively, cut pumpkin in half and remove seeds.) Lightly coat the cut surface with venom or oil. Place cut side down on a jelly roll pan lined with foil and lightly oiled. Bake at 325 degrees until the flesh is tender when poked with a fork. Cool until just warm. Scrape the flesh from the skull (or from the peel). Either mash or puree in small batches in a blender.
2. In large bowl, blend together 2 cups flesh (or pumpkin puree), eyeballs and toenails (or spices), and skin cells (or salt). Beat in mucus, blood, earwax, and pus (or eggs, honey, milk, and cream).
3. Roll out the scabs on a flat, lightly floured surface until they adhere into a single 9-inch crust, then fold into pie pan. Pour filling into scab crust (or pastry pie shell).
4. Bake at 400 degrees for 50–55 minutes or until a bloody butcher knife inserted 1 inch from edge of pie comes out clean. Cool on a wire rack or in an uncovered casket. ☹☹☹



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COMING TO ART HOUSE IN NOVEMBER, the remastered, uncut version of *Farewell My Concubine*, the 1993 Chinese film directed by Chen Kaige that tied for the prestigious Palme d'Or at Cannes in 1994 (the only Chinese film ever to win that award) and has been named by the *New York Times* and *Time* magazine as one of the best movies ever made. The film illuminates both the politics and social mores of 20th-century China in the years leading up to and following the Cultural Revolution.

Also on tap in November, skip ahead to the 21st century in *Ghost in the Shell*, a 2017 film adaptation of the Japanese cyberpunk manga series originally written and illustrated by Masamune Shirow. The leading role in this sci-fi film goes not to a Japanese actress but to none other than Scarlett Johansson. Whitewashing? You be the judge. Spielberg bought the film rights to get things going, but the director is Rupert Sanders.

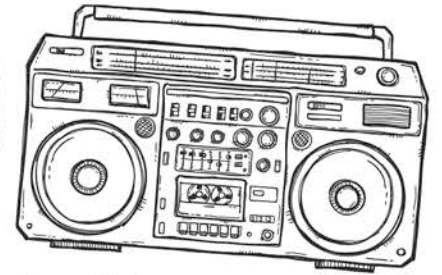
Gotta say, Art House rocks! We Eugenians are SO lucky!

ATTENTION RETAILERS!

The holidays are right around the corner! *Ho ho ho!* That means now is the time for you to make bank, so you can go spend two months in the Bahamas in February, am I right? So why not advertise in the next issue of Graffiti and pull in the funkier customers in town? Our ads are like a noisy bird: *cheap cheap cheap!* And our readers are all richer than Jay Gatsby. It's true! So call us today and be amazed at your bang for the buck! (503) 853-5582. Thanks!

Turn it up!

by Morgan Smith



For the first two versions of this column, I chose albums from familiar bands/musicians that I already love. For this collection, I'm going to expand. So, at least one of these is going to be previously unknown.



Remain in Light



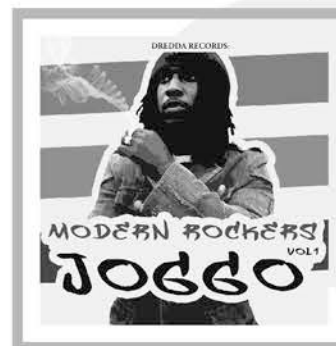
Talking Heads

Released: October 8, 1980
Tracks: 8

In 1973, Rhode Island School of Design students David Byrne and Chris Frantz formed a band, called the Artistics.

This is the fourth studio album from this four-member group, where "they experimented with African polyrhythms, funk, and electronics, recording instrumental tracks as a series of looping grooves." (Wikipedia) I'm a longtime fan of this band and place them at #4 on my Top 25. My favorite track, "Once in a Lifetime," is the most popular with 15.3 million plays (Spotify). Talking Heads was one of the most celebrated bands of the 1970s and '80s. To hear their sound live, check out a fun and talented, Portland-based, tribute band called "Life During Wartime."

Modern Rockers, Vol 1



Joggio

Released: June 27, 2011
Tracks: 11

"Joggio" was born Jurgen Orville Seedorf, in Amsterdam, and has been active as a reggae artist since 2008.

Here's the fresh album I hadn't listened to before writing this. It opens with the memorable track "DJ Play Me Some Roots." I will definitely be adding it to party, golf, and poker game playlists. "Strong Like Lion" is a contemporary reggae tune. The song "You Don't Know" (uppercase T is correct) is catchy. So, those are my three favorites. The most popular (Spotify) is "Peace and Love," which is alright. So, the verdict: I like Joggio's dynamic sound and look forward to playing his two more recent albums, *Conscious Love* (2015) and *Love Ova War* (2019).

Bluphoria



Bluphoria

Released: May 5, 2023
Tracks: 11

Originally from Eugene, OR... a band with blues rock & psychedelic rock influences... they recently relocated to Nashville, TN.

Here's another fresh one, from a band founded by former University of Oregon students Reign LaFreniere (lead vocalist, guitarist) and Dakota Landrum (rhythm guitar, background vocals). This self-titled compilation is their first full album, although the band has been releasing music since 2019. Their sound reminds me a bit of Vampire Weekend, like in "Something More." Maybe a bit of The Strokes, like in "Ain't Got Me." The psychedelic and heavier vibration comes out in "Columbia," conjuring thoughts of Jim Morrison and The Doors.



Summer Wars

Living in presence
Daydreaming
Magical synchro-destiny
Meetings with remarkable men
Today
Not chasing, just attracting
Abundant thoughts
Embracing me again

The sun is already in retreat, leaving rusted bloodstains on a drained sky,
And the eastern front celebrates
From the ground, it sends flares with white points, gleaming
Green and blue tails.

Opposite the fireworks an anvil swells,
The face pressing against the ceiling of the sky.
It flashes patiently, cloaking thin fingers of energy in its iron cloud.
The fireworks carry on in the know-less knowing of obliteration.

Fergul Cirpan

Ahead of the anvil a flaming battleship sails abreast
Thin, sickly fins of a sturgeon, too shy to fight, too proud to
Disappear into the seaweed of glimmering skyscrapers.
They glide past each other, a waste to attack.

Drums beating like hearts
Chiming bells
Sea gulls laughing in Istanbul
Healing layer by layer
Believing and receiving
Unlearning, unwinding
Letting go

The shattered disc atop the thundercloud sends a frozen swirl closer
To the fireworks as they enter their frenzied finale. It's only closer
When you look away. The flashing continues in rhythm, while the
bombardment below
Clatters and clammers like dozens of cascading snare drums, dropped.

Accepting all the feels
All the pain
Fine tuning -
Sounds like love.

Thunder withholds itself.

Ethan Hoagland

Fergul Cirpan

Retrospect

Possibility and Probability/Love Story

A sacred space
Vulnerable and fragile
Creating magic, creating love
Bold and feeling all the feels
Tasting the stars
Hidden treasures within
Reflections
I am that
I am
Infinite and finite
All at once.

Deeply felt
Shallow soul
Many years
Engulfed in lull
Seek the truth
Turn the cheek
Raise a brow
Lucky streak
Stagnant heart
Retrograde
Cut it short
Let it fade
In between
What you know
You push it down
So they won't go
Rosy glasses
Electric thorns
Engulfed in growth
& tangled vines
Currents dull
Frayed power lines.

Smiling

Smiling from the outside in.
For isn't that
Where to begin?
Say we are not
Smiling inside,
Yet outside, we forgot.

L. Eskridge

Fergul Cirpan

Lauren Oliver

A million words
Stuck in my head
A thousand poems
Waiting to be read,
After they are written.
The cat has bitten
My tongue.

L. Eskridge

Lingerer

In her free time she waits.
Waits for the little hand on the clock to brush shoulders with the boy next door.
Waits for the frothy fog that stalks the banks of her parents' home to thin and leave behind it's ordorless, sweaty residue on the grass.
Waits for the familiar sound of her father's boots clamoring up the rickety porch, one of the steps falling half a beat later than the other (having had a whole 20 years to acquaint herself with his gate).

In Waiting is where she's most free.
In Waiting, what already **has**, already was- and that's that.

The gaps between words are her favorite;
The things not yet said, or soon to be.

Halfway between here and there is where she longs to be most,
ambiguity and shades of gray color her pale, lack-luster skin.
What little freckles she has are the consequence of dust on a breeze and a sunny day spent sprawled out across the porch waiting for the wind to take her away.

Longing to be where she is not or where she is to be,
A place where hot baths never go cold,
Chewing gum never goes stale,
Heartbreak never follows passion,
Death doesn't bookend life.

Waiting isn't an answer, nor is it a rubttal.
An ask without the answer is her ultimate pursuit,
Curiosity sans the finality of solution.

Most days her mind is left unsullied by the clutter that begets action,
Everything to be kept in perfect working condition without the pitfalls and impurities use usually does to anything.

In Waiting she is pristine,
As innocent as she was upon first entering this craze of life.
The fluid nature of her existance changes the composition of her being, where her lungs ought to be- a pair of gills and fins should she ever need to proceed in waiting elsewhere.

In Waiting is where she's most free.
In Waiting, what already **has**, already was- and that's that.

Jordan Rose

Elegy for a High School Wrestling Coach

Rod Williams

According to the lengthy obituary, he was eighty-two the night he died, peacefully in his sleep. His widow wept. "He's with the angels now." At the service, the photo was from his Olympic trials days. That unforgettable brushcut, the tilted chin, the tight, confident smile that didn't reach his hard green eyes.

He was an accomplished man, more than a coach, more than a star athlete, a mentor to countless young men. A throwback to an era of time-tested virtues: self-discipline, dignity in both triumph and defeat, determination. Remembered by his peers and national wrestling institutions as a man's man, as a loyal teammate.

At his memorial, the tributes and accolades poured forth. One by one, he was eulogized by a host of his esteemed colleagues, former students, close friends, his two younger brothers, neighbors, fans. "A boon to the community." "Always gave one hundred and ten percent." "A credit to the ancient sport."

Then a dapper man stepped to the dais to speak. His hair was gray but he carried himself ramrod-straight. He wore an expensive tailored suit, shoes of Italian leather, and the poised air of a man used to commanding attention. He gazed out at the mourners for a long moment, then issued a soft-spoken elegy.

"Who remembers Pete Shannon? Ninth grade, he wore his hair long — 'like a goddamn girl,' Coach said — then got slammed up against his locker and hauled into Coach's office to have his head shaved proper, then sent back out for all us boys to witness Pete's helpless anger and shame, 'blubbing like a goddamn girl.'

"And how about Sal Morelli? Coach nicknamed him 'Sally Girl' because Sal was shy, too shy to want to shower after gym class with the rest of us boys. Who here can recall how, in the locker room, Coach humiliated him one day, chased him down and stripped off Sally's clothes and hauled him into the shower?"

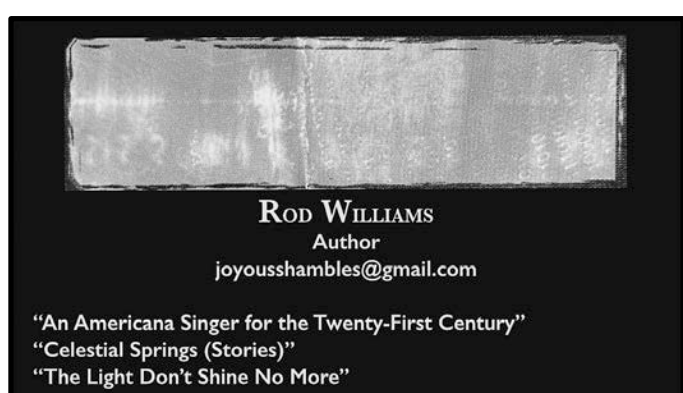
"And let's not forget smart-aleck Ronnie Franklin, the class clown who made the mistake of mouthing off to Coach one afternoon. Wasn't that a day to remember? When Coach lost his temper and let his fists fly against the fifteen-year-old boy, punching then kicking Ronnie's left leg

until everyone in the gymnasium heard it snap like a dry sapling and Ronnie's screams pierced the calm of the school's corridors and classrooms. Too bad for Coach that Ronnie's father was an attorney who wouldn't rest until the great Olympic hero agreed to apologize, pay all medical bills, and resign.

"Yes, by all means, let's now honor the departed, this late paragon of sportsmanship and manhood, this sadist who won multiple wrestling championships as an athlete and a Coach, and now wrestles with the demons waiting for him at the gates of Hell. May he burn in their fires for all eternity."

With that, the dapper, gray-haired man nodded to the gathering, stepped out from behind the podium, and walked slowly down the center aisle of the church, straight through the middle of the scandalized congregation, and out the back doors of the blasphemed house of worship.

Later, comparing notes with one another, several of us commented on the man who never once raised his voice when inveighing against the legacy of the revered Coach. We remarked upon his courage, and calmness, and the way he walked among us with only the slightest trace of a limp. ☺☺☺



Bullies

I cried like a child
When we invaded Iraq.
I cried because I knew
The outcome.
Just like Vietnam,
All the human death
To stop communism.
All the craziness and carnage.
And now-you know the stats--
Vietnam is communist.

Iraq's dictator with no weapons
Of mass destruction,
Is now replaced with
A slightly less-brutal dictator.

I don't want to be a part
Of bullying and brutality.
I don't want my son or daughter
To go to war.
I have enough of their
Fucking metals for my whole family.
Fuck the generals and their chest
Full of color that were earned
Simply by being an officer.
They don't come as easy
To the enlisted pukers.
They earn them with blood
And sweat and being
Scared shitless for a year or more.
Chianti, fear and dread
Can last the rest of your life.
Cold Schlitz beer,
laced with formaldehyde
And elevated alcohol
Mellowed it out somewhat.
Angst and human compassion
Were not talked about.
That is not in our nature.

Bill Gunn

The World Changed

So here we are again.

Happy Fucking Independence Day.
Fireworks and memories
of a distant war that I was in.

At this age,
it seems as if it were just a dream.
A nightmare that unceremoniously
changed my and many others lives,
not in a good way.

Now, at 8:30 p. m.
the rockets are exploding
all around me.
The mortars, incessantly
looking for a kill,
and the small arms fire
striking limbs and organs
that can never be repaired.

Night is the hardest to take,
the wondering, the waiting.

The world that I came back to
had changed,
as I had,
and not for the better.

Bill Gunn

A Letter

She knew it was coming.
She hadn't received a letter in weeks.

They pounded on the door,
an officer and a sailor,
dour, accepting their grim task.
in the officer's hand was a letter,
and in the sailor's, a purple heart.

She was spent.

Her husband entered,
saw his wife,
saw the uniforms,
screamed at them
to get the fuck out of their house.

She got uncontrolled shakes--sank...

Another gold star mother
had just been drafted.

Bill Gunn

Bill Gunn's book of poetry
We Made It Back (Mostly Intact) is
available on Amazon.



An Unequal Trade

Stephen Swiftfox

Suddenly I couldn't remember if I fed her tonight. This doesn't happen. Ever. Mia is all I have. Was my age robbing me of simple thoughts?

In its place I remembered hiding behind the couch. Mother was looking for me. She was angry, again. I hoped the black and white TV program would hide my rapid breathing. My older brother's toy came apart quite easily and I learned how it worked, but I failed to learn how to put it back together. Her coming around the couch was the end of that memory.

I thought this a poor trade for forgetting if I fed my dog. ☺☺☺

At a Loss for Words

Stephen Swiftfox

To me language is a four dimensional feature of life. It has height, depth and breadth, texture, and transcends time with its infinite beauty. A uniting thread running through the human heart.

Countless times in my life I felt a powerful emotion that I cannot express in real world terms. It seems to be a part of our DNA that's forever encoded in the Broca's area of our brain. I am not alone in this almost frustration.

I bring relief by presenting a cross cultural and yet the most graspable conveyance of emotions that mystify all of us.

Iktsuarpok (Inuit) – The anticipation one feels when waiting for someone, whereby one keeps going outside to look.

Gigil (Tagalog) – The irresistible urge to pinch or squeeze someone because they are loved or cherished.

Tarab (Arabic) – A musically induced state of ecstasy or enchantment.

Yuan bei (Chinese) – A sense of complete and perfect accomplishment.

Desbundar (Portuguese) – To shed one's inhibition in having fun.

Natsukashii (Japanese) – A nostalgic longing for the past, with happiness for the fond memory, yet sadness that it is no longer.

Saudade (Portuguese) – A melancholic longing or nostalgia for a person, place or thing that is far away either spatially or in time – a vague, dreaming wistfulness for a phenomena that may not even exist nor will exist. A sense of loss for that which one never had; the anticipation of a future that will never be.

Dadirri (Australian aboriginal) – A deep, spiritual act of reflective and respectful listening.

Sehnsucht (German) – Life-longings, an intense desire for alternative states and realizations of life, even if they are unattainable.

Wabi sabi (Japanese) – A dark, desolate sublimity. The acceptance of, and finding the beauty in transience and imperfection.

Pihentagy (Hungarian) – Literally meaning "with a relaxed brain", it describes quick-witted people who can come up with sophisticated jokes or solutions.

Sukha (Sanskrit) – Genuine lasting happiness independent of circumstances.

Orenda (Huron) – The power of the human will to change the world in the face of powerful forces such as fate.

Desenrascanco (Portuguese) – To artfully disentangle oneself from a troublesome situation.

Mono no aware (Japanese) – The bittersweet nature of being, an acute awareness of transience, a melancholic look at mortality – a feeling of poignant appreciation and self-awareness.

One treasure in my life happened when I was spending 2 weeks in the Gobi Desert in Mongolia. The daughter of the camp cook and I became fast friends. Our relationship developed to where we would take long walks together in the morning and evening. She would speak Mongolian to me and I would speak English to her. On a practical level, we didn't know each other's language but we knew what each other was saying. A mystery that I treasure to this day. ☺☺☺



Art by Dave Henderson

BLACK HOLE PEOPLE

James Otter

Their names escape me
they look like people
except nothing about them is memorable
its part of the cosmic madness

These black hole people
have made themselves instictually forgettable
they are living contradictions
tricksters of sorts
they are walking locations
capable of walking inside themselves

They seek people out based on desire
people who are not on good paths mentally
they seek the ones who are already dipping
into darkness

preying on basic desire
people looking for romantic partners
children in want of toys and animals

These beings are very lonely
they once held a universe that flourished with
life
it had many cultures and species
life forms that worshipped them
until they decided to blow eachother to
smithereens
and all life ended
these portals crave life
they don't want to kill
they seek things that can survive inside them
most of the victims are either pulled apart
or they freeze to death
floating in space

The consequence of these abductions
has a real world effect
where in every victim
is not even a memory
erased from the collective conscious
not a single person is capable of remembering
a thing

These blackhole people warp space and time
they mess everything up
and with each abduction the void or pocket
becomes a little stronger
it begins to affect entire neighborhoods
emptying out the world
until its just as empty

Blackhole people are not entirely malevolent
just very very lonely and incapable of ever
being human
they want company
they want to be worshipped
and loved
all who encounter them is fated
to die in a waking dream
a fantasy world of their very desires
some do not get that luxury
they see the void for what is
triggering another hunt in the process

☺ ☺ ☺

NOTES FROM HILLBILLY

The Yoga Shower

Natural stimulation of blood circulation helps relieve pain, muscle tension and nerve damage. Hand-held shower head is best. Start with comfortable hot water. Gradually, slowly increase hot water but not to point of getting dizzy or fainting. Next heat the heart front and back. Then heat the head. Now, always going in a clockwise direction starting with the head, move in a circular clockwise direction go downward from head to toe. Always clockwise, front to rear, etc. Increase hot to one's limit. Now go to cold water to close pores and maintain internal heat. Again, cool the heart front and back, then the head. Finish with cold water downward and clockwise head to toe.

ANARCHY RADIO with John Zerzan

KWVA 88.1 FM
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Tuesdays 7 p.m.
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Tuesday- Sunday
10am - 4pm



**CASCADES
RAPTOR
CENTER**

This ad sponsored by Anonymous! Thanks!

I love Cascades Raptor Center. Set away from the hustle and bustle of Eugene up at the top of Willamette, it's a tranquil place where you can soak in the beauty of Mother Nature while enjoying the company of our feathered friends. All of the Center's avian residents are, for one reason or another, unable to be released into the wild. But they're lucky enough to be in the good hands of the Center's caring staff. Many of the birds serve as goodwill ambassadors, starring in educational programs presented to youth groups and other organizations. Spend some time with them and you'll see each one has a distinct personality — I confess to being particularly fond of Lethe and Dmitri. Here are some portraits I made during my last visit. — Don



Bird of Prey

A dun mid-sized bird perched on the top limb of a bush watches.

Nondescript, neutral like an oversized female robin, for a long time it holds still as if interested in nothing.

Then without warning it leaps into the air, become a kestrel in full flight, crosshatched under-pattern hypnotizing, stunning net of death falling on a dazzled mouse whose last glimpse is the swoop of that rapturing glory, whose last sound heard is the crack of her own neckbones.

Dan Liberthson

Flight

Days and days of rain past, the clouds break open, let through a shard of blue. Just there, at eleven o'clock, a hovering hawk slightly rocks side to side, tail and wing feathers feeling to hold the wind. Suddenly, silently, celebrant he stoops into a double barrel-roll to thrill his close-trailing mate. I am wracked with adoration—my lungs try to draw in the whole sky while she merely tips her wings and steadies.

I have climbed my steep yard to flee the sour smell of brain work, stale air sagging in the house like the remnant in a downed balloon. By my labor I have earned the certainty that I am earth-bound. I would give my whole crabbed frontal lobe to win what this hawk assumes her natural due. But I must let out my heavy breath, give back the borrowed air and descend, stair by stair, as new clouds lower and the rain begins again.

Dan Liberthson



Owl

I missed the place: got there late and pulled in bladder-stricken to find our flock of birders peering out over the marsh. "Go in the pole-barn," the guide said, "The far end by the road or the nesting owl will freak."

Back tensed, I watered a coyote bush, expecting talons and the rending beak, but finished, turned, and raised my field glasses without ambush. The great-horned owl, its body more shadow than shape, like dark flames rising off brush, stared down from her nest, huge eyes lit from within glinting yellow. I was stunned—she, indifferent so long as I stayed away.

Dan Liberthson



Poems by Dan Liberthson from *Animal Songs* (2010)
Illustrations by Cassandra Mettling-Davis

My Essay on Life

Anna Rosé

If you were to ask five-year old me what I thought about life, it would be about playing in the sun with your imaginations, finding rocks and sticks, smelling and picking pretty flowers, playing with animals, and blowing up fire ant hills with firecrackers.

If you ask nine-year old me what I thought about life, I would ask why my family would always yell and why mom and dad got divorced, why we couldn't afford clothes and toys and food, and why we always had to move away from friends I just made.

If you asked thirteen-year old me what I thought about life. I would have said that God was amazing and I love him and the grace he gave me through all the hardships in my little life, but secretly wonder why I always had to be a goody two-shoes to be accepted at best and ignored mostly by others but would be scolded for asking simple healthy questions, or why I always felt lost in my head any time I tried to work out a simple math problem, and why the boy I have these crazy feelings for doesn't like me back.

If you asked nineteen-year old me what I thought about life, I'd have said that life is way harder than I was led to believe. And I am so scared of all of these changes happening at once since now I am an "adult." Wondering how I'm going to make it and if I deserved to even make it. Doubting everything I was told about being a good

Christian girl and how it's what I was meant to be, why did I have to follow arbitrary ever changing rules when all I want to be is a good person?

If you asked twenty-two-year old me what I thought about life, I wouldn't have known what to say except to follow your gut, if you have to change your career path do it. If you're struggling just do what you need to do (including asking for help), and it's okay to be scared to do what you need to do for you, but do it.

If you were to ask me now, at merely twenty-seven, what I thought about life. It would probably be a mixture of all those things and more, but it might just boil down to a few things; trust your gut, tell your insecurities it's okay to be scared but to kindly shut up, don't be afraid to love, and always find your anchor and grounding point. The world is a constant storm of noises, opinions, emotions, trends, fads, progressions, regressions, but it's always changing, for better or worse. So in this moment in time, find what anchors you when you feel yourself afloat and spinning in the storm, find that which gives your soul and mind energy to cope with the chaos and the bad. And if you're having a hard time finding good in the world right now, make some good in this world, even if it's just a tiny spec. And above all sweetheart, remember it's okay to love yourself, alright? ☺ ☺ ☺

O' Texas Kin

A semester ends- college students
leaving town- abandon
an old tan- camel backed- sofa
out by the street- a sign hand printed reads- "FREE"
same price- when they acquired this fine piece
five years ago.

Around the sofa- piled
other stuff- their unwanted
an old string mop
stolen highway signs- farm road 1145- no parking- stop
and 10 one quart jars- of who knows what
even a pair of extra large Texas flag boxer shorts.

Next day
street signs are gone
a prankster evident- the Texas shorts now fly- proud
tied atop the mop handle
against the sofa propped to dangle
and across the cushions 10 quart jars are stacked
wording changed
the sign now proclaims the price is "FREEDOM".

Sweat stench- beer stained
soaking in the rain
sunflower seeds- cheese nips
composting under cushion seats
this sofa- now dispossessed- no longer attractive
to seekers- interested in resting a human gluteus
some local critters though- have taken notice.

The mice moving in
that night- find a garden of delight
plenty of material- with space for nests
storage for harvest
mice show no interest
in "FREEDOM"
ever lived and died
never inside a lab cage
the flag would be nesting
in reach as moon and stars
a dream for the next generation.

Within a week
a car from the city
department of code enforcement
stops- the agent documents
yes- this situation offends
and back at the office
a letter is prepared- sent to the property owner
strong words- with specific directions
an abatement notification.

Ten days gone by
the owner failed to comply
a crew chief is sent
to assess the situation- and
within earshot- of the mice- plans are discussed
tomorrow they will bring a truck
and haul the sofa
off to the dump.

At midnight
a meeting
alarmed mice- squeak with passion
we will not be taken
but with despair- then raised the question
for if defense leads to violence
what have little mice- for a Kentucky rifle
or Bowie knife?

Dawn finds rodents lined up
ramparts of the camel hump
defending life- already short
raise a rally- cry in memory
of ice cream topping pie
an experience- joy of days gone by
passed down while some expired with age
before a sanitation truck arrives
late afternoon- another generation.

Was it just coincidence?
quart jars topped in summer heat
fermentation bubbles- nourishment
as lids pop- sounds like a gunshot
another ricochet- the city crew backed away
a call for reinforcement
so with arrival of the sheriff- a SWAT team in
bulletproof vests
and the bullhorn- to start negotiations
with no response- the sheriff put on his hat
and cautiously- advanced
kneeled- cupped an ear to hear
as from the sofa there came a faint chant.

Sheriff turned- to face the line
of twenty rifles- barrels all trained on the sofa
said "I'm no Santa Anna, we'll leave these mice in peace"
"to stake a claim, on forsaken land and dream of freedom"
"there not just vermin- but our Texas kin"
"for what's the difference between-"
"heroic deeds O' mice an' men-"

Jeff Southwick

Photo by George Carrasco



Photo by Don



Photo by George Carrasco

**Our Human Mistakes
... and Trees**

So many poems

So many words

So much talk

About Death, and Trees.

Crazed hands on nuclear triggers.
Trying to imagine the unimaginable:
"All of this gone?"
What does this actually mean?
Family? Friends? Birds? Trees? Dogs?
Gone?

Our weather.
"Our" because we changed it.
"Our" because it's changing us.
Indefensible shorelines,
heat,
floods,
hurricanes and tornados,
drought.
Everywhere.

And here in our Un-United States,
horrific deaths by guns.
The unimaginable become commonplace:
Oh, look, another mass shooting of children.

Our death of democracy.
Media distortions,
petroleum profits.
"Let's do this together" gone.
Truth more and more unavailable,
as we forget how to listen.

Yet in the midst of all of these deaths
we speak and hear
more
every day
about trees.

Trees speak slowly,
quietly.

Trees
have been here
a whole lot longer
than we have.

Never pointing at themselves.
Just standing there,
growing slowly.

Roots pull gifts from soil
up strong, quiet trunks.

Limbs offer footrests
and nest homes
for birds.

Buds open,
leaves
stretch
their incredible beauty.

All summer
they gather sunlight.

Autumn leaves
fall
into our palms.

Is it because trees are so quiet
that we poem talk write of them,
in the midst of all these painful deaths?

Is it because they never
point towards themselves?

Is it because their roots,
about whom we continue to learn so much,
silently hidden underground,
reach for other roots,
and quietly take care of each other?

Is it because these roots
have so much to teach us?

This poem sings herself
captured by trees' gifts

by their beauty

by their hidden wonders

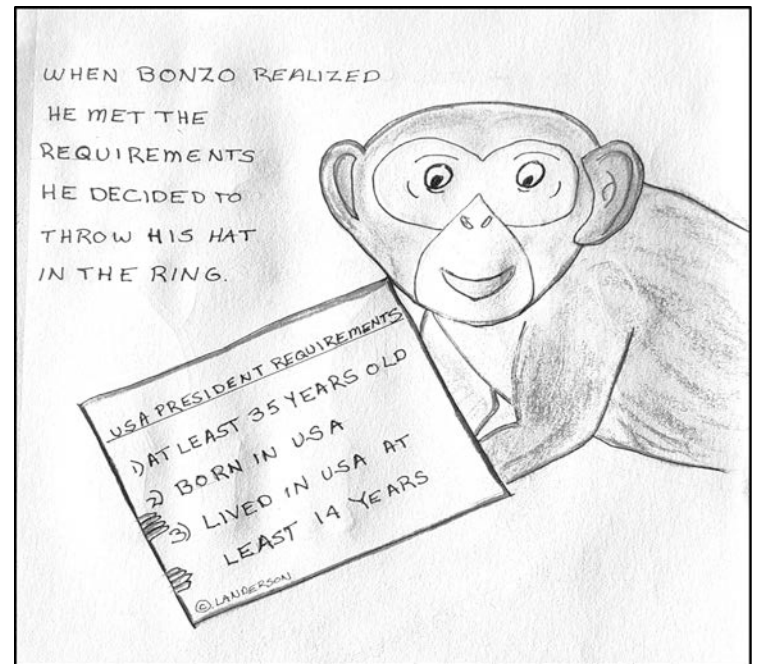
by their slow silence

by what
when we truly listen
they have to teach us.

Trout Black



misha kagutaba



lisa anderson

Venus Going Direct

September days aren't usually this smoldering
ice cream on the back deck in our bare feet
it's bikini weather still, which reminds me
of what you'll never see me in
or stepping out of
Summer's leaving her final tan lines on our skin
today it's just you and me, and a busy signal
sunflowers blowing in a hot easterly wind
trucks blasting down the freeway
an intuitive radio deejay
little kids' birthday parties
honey-do's
grocery lists
and plans that
we are already
scheduling out for November
plans that don't include one another
Me, drawing a line in the sand,
desperate for a quiet moment
for shade
and what comes to me
in this moment but you
someone I'm sure could
be quiet and still
beside me
Me, distilling my feelings for you
down to the bittersweet truth
and realizing there is no bitter
there at all, just one last sweet
taste of summer and the promise
of seeing you again in the fall
maybe sooner
if Goddess smiles
down on me

Terah Van Dusen

Smoldering

Why anyone would write a poem
on the most smoldering night of the year
is beyond me
But here I am—penning, perspiring
I can't make ice cubes fast enough
Literally
I can't make them quick enough in their
sad little freezer pack
but that is all beside the point
because today I witnessed our
four year old intentionally let
her great grandmother win in Tic Tac Toe
she did this twice and I have
never been more proud
But back here on the farm
the moment we got home
the heat choked us out
and as I turned up the oven
to cook the salmon
that we'd only end up
eating because it was
covered in pistachios
he yelled at me and I yelled at him
and our T-shirts stuck to our sweaty chests
both of us claiming we felt disrespected
Why anyone would write a poem
on the most smoldering night of the year
is beyond me
except today is a new moon
so there's that
that always feels worth celebrating
or something
and what is poetry
if not a celebration
or at least
proof of living
loving and
failing

Terah Van Dusen

WW III Veterans Arrive Home

Gerry Merritt

When WW III Veterans arrive home there will be no parades, no parties, and no welcoming committees. There will be no bunting hung from street corners, no ticker tape parades, no addresses by dignitaries. Children will not shout hooray, parents will not weep, and elders will not smile and thank God. There will be no time or place for any of that.

WW III Veterans will arrive home just as they left. They will be escorted on and off the bases where the concrete bunkers lay in long rows, each filled to capacity with instruments that direct kinetic energy from afar. Inside the dark rooms will be master minds made not of human brain matter, but of cables, silicone chips and they all will glow in the dark, not from radiation, but from digital light signals exchanged with their masters who direct and fashion their war making functionality. Even these masters will not resemble or invoke memories of camaraderie. They will be still and only combine to inflict their terrible strength when ordered to do so by other superior human-less masters.

WW III Veterans will arrive home in their shiny EVs, silently gliding across the highways and byways that streak out from the HQ's like spokes on a wheel. They will partake of an evening meal with close knit family members, each one ensconced in an individual tube of protection, an exoskeleton that seamlessly retains a resemblance to humanity, but, in reality, excludes touch or caress, or any other such nonsense that cannot be held accountable to the work of the campaign.

When WW III Veterans arrive home, there will be parts of the planet that once existed that exist no more. There will be home towns, high schools, bus stops, and taco bars that will be only images in videos of what it was like before. And when the day is done, and the program is over, the Veterans will be escorted back to the place where the lonely robots keep vigil until the day they are called upon again to serve human kind in death defying feats of skill and strength. ☺☺☺

Auto-Karaoke

L. Eskridge

Today there is auto correct for everything. I think microphones ought to be no exception, especially, if not exclusively for karaoke.

I love to sing. However, I only subject my pets and occasionally my significant other to the pangs of a voice horrifically out of tune. I cannot imagine subjecting an entire establishment of paying patrons, regardless of how much liquid courage I have consumed, to the sounds of singing in the wrong key, or no key at all.

I admire the bravado of all those willing to grab a microphone and sing from their soul. And, I want to sing, too. After all, I am a vocalist extraordinaire, just ask my steering wheel. However, bars and restaurants need their customers, and my off-key mimicry of an otherwise great tune will surely clear a room. Besides, it is hard for bars to make money when people's hands are preoccupied with plugging their ears instead of downing their drinks.

Additionally, shouldn't all of us have a chance to bellow our favorite ballads while sounding fabulous in our own voice, auto-corrected just enough to be in tune with the way our song-of-choice is supposed to sound? For the sake of our own grace, karaoke, you are long overdue for making pitch perfect singing dreams come true. Use voice correcting microphones and let us all sing until our faces turn blue! ☺☺☺

Loving Thoughts

When I drink,
which is often,
these horrible images
come spurting forth
like vomit from a drunk.

Goya would be proud of me.
His tortured souls
screaming and squirming
like loud mouthed rats
searching for solace,
knowing that it will never come.

I sit with pen and paper
trying to be normal,
but knowing of no other instance
in which little ticklings of a pen
will make much difference.

There are sometimes loving thoughts
that come squirting like lava
from an untamed volcano,
but not many.

Bill Gunn

Now, Over There

Now, over there,
it would probably
be beautiful,
with tropical foliage,
all colors,
with blue-green sea.

Now, over there,
there are no green patrols
sneaking through the jungles.

Now, a poet might get the right word.
Maybe there is time to reflect.
How many novelists, poets,
and short story writers
did we kill?

How many dreams?

Bill Gunn



Photo by Don

the traveling cities

James Otter

I have a hard time describing the mysterious circumstances that have brought me to this otherworld

Everything happened so suddenly
A train came into town
it was unlike the rest
this train didn't carry regular cargo
it carried other worlds
other towns specifically

I witnessed a rift
while on a journey to a friend's house
that house went missing
along with all my friends

Every train
participates in this world
without ever interacting

I had never seen anything like
this before
Standing at the crossing
patiently waiting to cross over

The town as I knew it had changed
drastically
This train brought with it
an eerie film
latex clouds

The sky reminded me of blue jeans
soaked into paper
brain matter tearing itself to shreds
right before my eyes

Boxcars carrying smoldering coal
leaving a trail of fireflies
it's difficult to focus
my basic memories
like where I live
what I do for a living
my favorite anything
siphons out the stem of my brain
soaking into the sidewalk like
spilled oil
soiling the preparations
making obstacles that are only
experienced
rarely noticed

I was in the older part of town
where the buildings each had special
stories
centuries old stories
back in those days the path of survival
was what people talked about

The way I speak is also changing
my personality is morphing into
something else

Just passing through
just passing through
moving along the trade route
deprogrammed and unresponsive

If the absence of drinking water
were a trend
the rich people who lived
away from the lower levels of life
those people would call tragedies as this
cleansing times
the soil is resting it needs to take care of
itself
this is why the crops have suddenly
disappeared

The entire attitude of this town
has shifted away from metropolitan
and into an unwelcome oddity
comfortable with judgment

The sky has lost all of its natural color
nowadays the new residents are always
outside
always social, cruel in an indirect kind of
way
I was in a rush to get to a public bus
no matter what I did
the people around me
blocked my path
walking until it no longer appeared they
were
moving by natural means
standing perfectly still
atrophied the sense of self awareness
replaced with automatic response
mechanisms
these people were barely human
despite their outside appearance

The streets themselves
were rerouting on a daily basis
The asphalt wore thin
sink holes formed

The last train to go through town
was barely noticed
it was almost silent
as if it were trying to maintain its
composure
eventually derailing without more than a
sigh
continuing on its route off the tracks
and through the neighboring houses
around it
not destroying a thing around it
it was as if a massive giant had been
digging through
a bucket of Legos
haphazardly stacking
the broken pieces

rearranging the trash
and leaving all in its wake
a little more crooked than the day before

I don't remember how to spell my name
this should horrify me
it feels like my identity
has been downgraded to that of the
alphabet
on a plastic tablet
the words of a paralyzed person

I'm not sure about where I live now
all of these memories
flashbacks of marriage
miscarriage, a child that wasn't meant to
be
growing up and going to school
none of these are my memories

I'm falling apart
my limbs are heavy
it gets harder to get from one place to
the next
I move without motion

My willpower is stronger than the rest
I pray I am the only one cursed with the
knowledge of what has happened
the trauma that comes from losing one's
identity
it is more than most could bear

I'm barely cognizant
my actions are automatic
the people I know now
I have only recently met
even though I have memories of
growing up
with these people

There are places that have little to no
history
and as a result they become empty
white board
wiped from memory
I have my theories and there is no way
to prove anything
was ever different

One day that train might return again
and it will sweep us all up
we will move across the country
unable to see the rest of the world.

☺ ☺ ☺

End Games

Dan Liberthson

1

Do you see that robin
batter his head
into the windowpane
over and over, convinced it is
an opening, not an illusion,
learning nothing
from a beaten skull,
finished for learning finally
by a broken neck?
This pathos evokes
a stubborn man,
like the man I am,
who will not change,
only brings more pain.
He cannot think he is wrong,
has been wrong his whole life.
To let in this doubt
would be to live
in a falling, driving terror
worse than any pain,
even from a broken neck.
This bird's compulsive motion
is like the loveless coupling
of a man in a cold rage
with a woman frozen by despair.
Battering, battering, head on,
he tries and tries again,
unwilling to give up
or she to let him through,
to penetrate the flat pane
to warmth sensed distantly,
a flame that gutters
the more he lurches in
and dies as he comes apart.

2


A man in a play in a dream is weeping.
Bird with a broken neck cupped
tenderly in narrow hands,
a slight young woman with
bright hair and corded arms
kneels before him.
Face pricked red
by anger's iron fork,
he hates the death
of this pretty thing.

"Why did you kill it?"
she accuses. Silently
he turns and exits stage right.
"What have I done?" she mourns.
He enters stage left,
walks to the bedroom window,
opens it and lifts the robin through
with both hands, which then clasp
as in prayer while the bird
drops without a motion.
A thud echoes across the stage.
The young, slender woman approaches,
but he has already closed the window.
Half turned away,
he does not see her facing him,
hands releasing a bird
that flies at the window and falls.
He walks on, does not turn.
The bird hits the window again.
Fade to black.

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Our Caravan

Our Caravan of history
rumbles on.
Once a shabby horse-drawn affair
More people keep climbing on
Thru the ages it carries us to our destiny.
It's always picking up speed
The fastest bullet train in the world
Now and then someone is thrown off
We cannot stop. There are no brakes.
Some ride in ever more luxurious suites
Others in coach class, even on the roof.
There is talk of revolution.
Soon, they say, we'll hit the Singularity.
Then everything will be fine.
Or not so fine.
Either way, ever onward



Poem by Jim Smith. Art by Erica Snowlake.

ANOTHER BUMPER STICKER

ONE MAN ONE WOMAN
TWO WOMEN AND NO MEN
TWO MEN AND NO WOMEN
TWO WOMEN AND ONE MAN
THREE WOMEN AND NO MEN
LOVERS AND FRIENDS

—Tom Avery

Dan Liberthson, Novelist and Poet

The Bluejay Contrivance – spy novel on a worldwide stage

The Golden Spider – kids' fantasy novel with talking cat

A Poetry of Birds – poems about birds, with photos

The Pitch is on the Way – baseball poems and drawings

Animal Songs – poems & drawings about pets & wild ones

A Family Album – poems & album photos about family

Morning and Begin Again – poems about life's challenges

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Psst! Hey you! Yes, you! Graffiti depends on you to send us your creative work! Fiction, nonfiction, poetry, line art, photography—whatever you create. Don't be shy! Do it today! More than once if you feel the urge! Be in the next issue, okay? Email your writings and/or artwork to graffiti@eugene.com. Or send (or hand-deliver) hardcopy to Graffiti, 1292 High St. #129, Eugene OR 97401.



Photo by Tom Avery

A Dedication to Jaki Su

I hear a Goddess today singing in the
afternoon summer breeze
up there on stage in front of me, moving and grinding
her hips in rhythm to the music.
Her cool raw vocals leap from the center of her heart
as she undulates like a wild river
and the harp player bends the notes of pain and sorrow.

She is singing in the afternoon summer breeze
up there on stage in front of me,
her vocals soaring in unison with the guitar strings
and the clashing of the cymbals and
primal beat of the drums.
The flute whispers like a dove in the high wind
with the saxophone blowing again and the harp wails
like the dark storm clouds where the angels cry.
In her glowing copper skin she sings deep from her roots
the gospel blues shaking us all up
bringing us back to life in these troubled times.

I see a Goddess today singing in the
afternoon summer breeze
up there on stage in front of me,
wearing a thin tight dress,
the color of bleached bone
revealing her lovely form, singing in the
afternoon summer breeze
songs of love and passion that stir my soul
like it has not been stirred before
as she dances in her heels and I dance too.

Jaki Su was an African American blues and jazz singer from Louisiana who came to town on occasion.

Tom Avery

Diamonds on the Water

Her eyes are diamonds on the water.
Her skin is moonlight through the clouds.
Her breath is morning misty—
Covered webs and willow shrouds.

Her voice is fired porcelain
Her hands like open doors.
Her mind is trying desperately to
Beat against the shores.

I saw her in the dead of night
I felt her in the room.
I long to hold her close to me
Her scent a fine perfume.

Kevin Graves

Who are you who submits with a
moniker, or no name at all?
Who signs with Anonymous? Whose
name is even real?
I want to know what Tectonic State
you live in. Who are you with this
legendary thought and prose?
This curiosity begets my wonder and I
love that, too.
Please don't Call Me Cross; only
inquisitive. Or, perhaps, Call Me Guilty,
for I have done the above.
The mystery continues, the intrigue
grows. And I love it even more.
Thank you, Graffiti ♥

Anonymous

Where Do I Find Graffiti?

DOWNTOWN

Community Cup Coffee
Dark Pine Coffee
House of Records
J Michaels Books
Manifest Bar & Brewery
(formerly Doc's Pad)
Smith Family Bookstore
Tea Chai Té
Theo's Coffeehouse

THE WHIT

Equiano Coffee
Red Barn Grocery
Sam Bond's Garage
Slice Pizza

OUT WILLAMETTE

Eugene Mailbox Center
Tsunami Books

UO CAMPUS AREA

The Copy Shop
Espresso Roma
Max's Tavern
Rennie's Landing
Sundance Natural Foods
Sy's Pizza

COTTAGE GROVE

The Bookmine
Coast Fork Brewstation

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