

Floodwall

volume2, issue10

fall 2024



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Front and back covers: Details from "IC434 Total Sum," by Robert Moore, Jr.

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Masthead

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Floodwall is a production of students at the University of North Dakota. The magazine is produced by volunteers and students enrolled in the certificate program in Writing, Editing, & Publishing. Submissions to *Floodwall* are open only to students currently enrolled in an undergraduate, graduate, or certificate program at UND. Submission guidelines are posted on the *Floodwall* website: www.und.edu/floodwall.

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From the Editors

We're thrilled to reveal volume two, issue ten of *Floodwall*, the University of North Dakota's student-run literary magazine! Somehow December is upon us, though we're not quite sure where the time went. Despite the seemingly instantaneous jump to *Floodwall* 2.10's launch, we could not be more grateful for the incredible student, faculty, and staff support we've seen. *Floodwall's* reputation as a community-first magazine representative of the current UND student body is one that both precedes its name and embodies it; without the unwavering support of our contributors, volunteers, and readers, *Floodwall* would not be *Floodwall*. This issue continues to reveal its support beam by beam, brick by brick, the closer we look. At the center of it all is you, dear reader. Thank you for being here.

In something of a change from last semester's issue, we've had a cautiously precedented semester here at *Floodwall*. We've grown our team to include a second co-advisor, Dr. Courtney Kersten, and her dedication and respect for the home we have in *Floodwall* is inspiring. We've also watched our creative submissions explore different mediums, formats, and content. But perhaps most importantly, we've borne witness to our contributors' most vulnerable conversations, emotions, and ideas. With each intimate submission, our community—our flood wall—grows stronger and more resilient.

As we move toward a winter break projected to be ice-cold, we hope you'll spend a bit of time on our newest issue. On the cover, Robert Moore Jr.'s out-of-this-world image "IC434 Total Sum," from the *Nights Alone in the Cold and Dark* art and photography collection, portrays the inspiringly vast and ethereal colors and sounds of space. With each individual star, lightyears away, Moore's image replaces fear and unmask the comfort in insignificance and the unknown. As you turn the page, you'll explore it all—known and unknown, love and mystery, pain and beauty. The importance of found family, and the complicated agony of blood. Multiple autobiographies as they twist and dance with

one another. Love and loss and their permanent contract. Hand-crafted lineages and their magic, power, and life.

As always, it's a gift to hold these stories for our contributors in every format—fiction, creative nonfiction, poetry, and art and photography. We're honored to bear their trust, and for the dedication of our volunteer team members who worked tirelessly to develop this issue. And our deepest thanks to you, reader, for joining us in this ever-changing, unending, and unknown world to find comfort in the insignificance—to find comfort in each other, in the significance we've created. Thank you.

We hope you'll join us in celebrating the *Floodwall* team on the masthead for this issue. There, you'll find the names of our co-advisors, section editors, volunteer readers, chief copyeditors, copyeditors, layout and design workers, and proofreaders. We're so grateful to have found a family in our team. They deserve the world.

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fiction

Product Review: Self Reflection

Veronika Linstrom

Reviewed by user: *Existential_Overthinker87*

Rating: 0/5 stars

would not recommend. ever. i hated every minute of this. it is a scam.

"I myself am strange and unusual." is the life motto **Veronika Linstrom** swears by. As a current junior at UND, Vern is pursuing their bachelor's in English, as well as certificates in creative writing and writing, editing, and publishing. When they're not suffering for their art, Vern can be found curled up on their futon replaying the same three games, or hanging out with their fiancé, Alex, and their three pet rats.

Coffee Shop Masquerade

Nauman Farid

"Demons."

"Demons?"

"I don't believe in demons, okay? But . . ."

"Demons aren't visiting us any time soon, don't worry. It's too cold for most of them."

The woman shakes her head. "Bear with me, I'm about to tell you something strange. I called a cousin on Monday, right? She lives in Dublin. We talked for a few hours about life and stuff."

The man nods slowly.

"Somehow, I brought up the fact that I was super interested in occult magic back in high school."

"Weren't we all . . ."

"I told her how I had wanted to buy a fancy grimoire, but it was two hundred bucks, and I felt bad asking my mom."

"What kind of grimoire?"

"Some compendium written by a nineteenth-century cultist. It was an edition of *The Lesser Key of Solomon*."

"There's also a *Greater Key of Solomon*, isn't there?"

The woman nods. "I did some research, and apparently most of those grimoires were written a few hundred years ago. People just slapped Solomon's name on them."

"Did Solomon really have a ring he used to control demons, then?"
The man's gaze falls briefly on his fingers.

"I don't think so. But that doesn't really matter. My cousin told me that she bought a newly translated grimoire a while back. Was on the pre-order list for a whole year."

"Must have been quite special to take so long to be translated."

"It was in a mixture of Hebrew and Greek. A sort of derived language."

"Did she read it cover-to-cover? See anything interesting?"

"That's the thing! She's read bits and pieces. She was flipping through it during the call and then she told me about a ritual she thought I'd like. I'm even considering buying the book now."

"God have mercy on us all . . ."

"Basically, this ritual involves a lot of praying and good timing. You're supposed to start by fasting for ten days, bathing each day at sunup and sundown."

"Fast every day and break it, or fast for all ten days?"

"All ten days. You can drink holy water once a day. And then, when you finish fasting and have purified yourself, you need to start praying. There are *nine* different ways you have to invoke God."

The man grimaces. "Does God even approve of demon summoning?"

"I mean, we're asking Him to send one down – "pretty please" – and not just calling the demons ourselves, and we'll use them for things like the laundry, or sweeping the floor . . ."

". . ."

". . ."

". . ."

"Anyways! You pray for thirty days at sunset. And the last day has to fall on the night of a full moon. And in that last sunset, you must sit and wait in perfect stillness after you finish praying."

"Sounds like a horribly roundabout way of meditating."

"Let me finish! The grimoire said, 'And it will be as if fire is all that encompasses your sight, and thunder engulfs your very thought, and there will be a great flash of li—'"

"How do you ensure the water is holy? Is it Catholic-blessed or Eastern Orthodox-blessed?"

"Uh . . . the grimoire didn't say. But it was written in the 1200s, so

probably one of those?"

"On the night of stillness, can your chest move when you breathe? Can you blink your eyes? Can you scratch your tongue with your teeth if it gets itchy?"

"Erm . . . you have to breathe lightly, keep your eyes closed, and—"

"Must I recite all those prayers by memory, or can I write them on my palm?"

The woman coughs. "Don't worry about these trivial things. All you have to do is be really, *really* in the zone. God wants to know your intention."

"If you say so. What happens when this demon is summoned in a . . . bright thunderclap?"

"Well, you get two demons the first time you perform the ritual. You subjugate them with a hexagram 'two cubits tall and two cubits wide, drawn on milk-white paper.' Essentially the Seal."

"So, we don't need Solomon's ring to use his Seal? Does it have to be paper? Could we put the Seal on a pair of jeans?"

"The grimoire said that you can have it sewn on an item of clothing for general use. But, it's got to be paper for this ritual specifically."

"What if the demons aren't subjugated? What if you summon a particularly nasty pair of them, like Duke Gremory or Beelzebul, and they want to eat you?"

"Lady Fortune favors the brave. You should probably have some holy water and an ingot of silver beside you, as a last resort to send the demons back into Hell."

"Hmm . . . I'm allergic to pure silver. Gives me bad hives."

"Hives are nothing compared to having your soul dragged away!"

The man considers this as he takes a long draught from his thermos.

"See, this ritual doesn't require anything crazy. *And* the prayers match up almost exactly with some Latin ones I saw on the internet."

"Could you actually fast for ten days on nothing but holy water? Sounds wretched."

"I don't believe in demons! But imagine, just for a second, that this is the real deal. Wouldn't it all be worth it then?"

"You know I'm a doctor, right?"

"It's your second year of residency."

"As a licensed medical professional, and yes, residents are li-

censed . . . let me tell you that if you put all your energy and conviction into something as convoluted as this, you will definitely see fire and hear thunder. Why is that?"

"Because you're so tired, you're hallucinating. I know, but—"

"You want to be a journalist, right?"

"Investigative journalist. I got hired last week by the *Harbinger*. Biggest paper in town."

"Does your boss know about this ritual you're going to *personally* investigate? How it'll reduce you to little more than a husk for two weeks?"

"You don't have to be mean about it . . . and no, I haven't told her. Not yet anyway."

"Demons . . ." The man sighs. "Demons are among you. Around you. Most demons masquerade as people. Use your work to weed them out, exorcise them for an eager audience."

"But what makes someone a demon? Should I be suspicious if they have weird or unsettling habits? I doubt I've ever called you a demon."

"I didn't know I was weird."

"You're from Europe! You also drink cherry juice like I drink water, and you put garlic in everything."

"All exotic and dark and dangerous things began in the Old World. It just happened to be that I also like the movie *Fargo*."

"What about the garlic? Garlic in eggs is . . ." The woman gags.

"It's good to build up a tolerance to spicy things like garlic. Cherry juice is a very soothing drink that pairs with everything, even eggs."

"You put a bar of copper in your jug of juice at home. It's like that one fish some company made into iron, for iron deficiency. I've never even heard of people being copper deficient!"

"Most people are deficient; the impact is just minimal. Besides, the exchange of ions with the copper gives the juice a kick. I drink it when I have to work the day shift at the hospital."

"I know, I know. Some sort of 'exotic' coffee."

"Precisely. My point is . . . you can find demons. Start by looking where you least expect them. Philosophers, for example, are usually soft-spoken academics. Their writing is indicative of a fierce and fiery soul. Doctors are seen as paragons of humanity. Yet, some chase wealth, others prestige. Judges are supposed to be moral and just. What if a judge comes to power with ill-intent?"

"You're a doctor, you're supposed to be moral, and you just started waxing philosophical!"

The man laughs. "We've been friends for six years. If I'm a demon and you haven't noticed yet, I've already won. I don't need to be worried about you."

"I investigate very well, I'll have you know."

"And I manage very well with blood, and keep calm under pressure. You humans need doctors like us."

"You're such a practical guy. Too practical. *Unnaturally* practical, even."

The man looks at his watch. "Speaking of practicality . . ."

"I'll practice fasting for a few days before the ritual!"

"You should read an actual book. Get your mind off this nonsense."

The woman sighs slowly. "Any recommendations?"

The man pulls out a book from his bag, setting it on the table. "This is one of my favorites. There's a reporter in it. A journalist, really."

"Oooh. We should have sat near a window though. That title's black on black, I swear."

The man smiles. "It's called *Interview with the Vampire*."

Nauman Farid is a sophomore at UND, majoring in biology pre-med. He's always been a huge fan of books, and confesses that he sometimes reads until six in the morning. He wants to write a novel one day, and possibly build a castle (but not in Europe, it's too rainy). Most exciting of all, he wants to become a surgeon.

Mourning, as Expressed in Dancing

Maren Schettler

“The dance of life finds its beginnings in grief... Here a completely new way of living is revealed. It is the way in which pain can be embraced, not out of a desire to suffer, but in the knowledge that something new will be born in the pain.”

– Henri Nouwen

The twinkling bell rang one more time, and Clara repeated, *thank you, yes have a good night, yep you too, thank you*, to the final customers leaving the store. A breeze, colder than any she'd felt since last winter, flew into the shop as Clara shooed the customers out. Finally, a gentle click, lock the door, flip over the closing sign—*Thanks for stopping by, come back soon!*—written in her mother's cursive script, a delicate hand Clara has always envied. She sighed, a polite smile lingering on her mouth. She hoped the customers, still talking outside the shop's door, wouldn't see her lean her head against the wall. Her hair fell forward over her eyes, and she instinctively tucked it back behind her ear as she turned away from the door.

Every night after closing, Clara strolled through the shelves of the bookstore. This night, for no reason she was aware of, she felt she must tread lightly, quietly, without anyone to disturb but the ghosts of dust

and light. She reveled in the silence, the old cherry hardwood creaking in the places she expected. Clara had spent many evenings watching her parents dance together up and down the aisles of bookshelves after hours.

She knelt to rearrange books that had been pulled, glanced at, and discarded by customers' kids. Clara remembered glimpses from her childhood, back when she could hardly reach the third bookshelf high. She picked up a classic edition of one of her favorite children's books. On the cover, a little bear walked beside his even littler friend, his free arm cradling a pot of honey. She could hear him laugh and see his eyes shine as he looked back over his shoulder at her. Clara's father had been the one to read her to sleep each night, and at one point, Clara had plans to read this book to her own child. She slid it back into its place on the shelf.

Clara stood behind the counter, counting bills to balance the till, and pausing between small stacks to write down numbers and guess what minute of the hour she expected her husband to walk in. Usually, he came around a quarter past nine, but sometimes his shifts at the children's hospital kept him away longer than expected. Lately, it seemed he worked himself harder, pulling longer hours. Maybe to distract himself. But even after shifts, he would help Clara close things up, sometimes joining her for her evening walks through the winding bookshelves. Though often short and filled with sighs of long days, evenings were their time to talk. There had been more sighing than talking these days.

As Clara finished counting the till, soft snowfall accumulated on the shop's windowsills. She absentmindedly glanced outside, gasped, and closed the cash register. All thoughts of her closing responsibilities—and of her husband—left her mind as she began preparing to go out. She hadn't realized how much she had been aching for the sight of snow. It called to her with an irresistible gentleness, welcoming her home with open arms.

With steady urgency, Clara stepped out from behind the counter and pulled her peacoat and wool hat from the standing coat rack. She hardly heard the back door of the shop open or the call of her husband's hello! A draft of cool air accompanied his footsteps, and winter's first freeze clung to his jacket. Clara pulled on her mittens, adjusting the fabric around her thumbs as she walked to the front door.

"Hey hey hey—where's my hello, darling?" Silas breathed, wrap-

ping his arms around her from behind, pulling her away from the door. The familiar warmth of his cologne threatened to distract her from her purposes.

"It's snowing, Silas," Clara replied, trying to shrug him off. Hoping these words would be all she'd have to say, she felt him tense around her. Clara didn't want to have this conversation again, but goodness Silas, don't you understand by now?

His arms loosened, and Clara thought that might be the end of it. But then Silas slid his hands down to her hips and pulled her around to face him. There was no missing the sadness and frustration in his eyes; Clara could only hold her stubborn stare for a moment before looking away, toward the door.

"I have to go," Clara said, attempting once more to pull away.

"It's been two years, Clara. Please, if you don't go out just once, maybe you'll . . . I don't know—"

"I have this one thing to remember them by, and I can't have it?" Clara ripped herself from him, putting an arm's length of distance between them.

"One thing, Clara? Are you serious? You've taken on their bookstore, and every day you follow the paths they've walked countless times across these floors—I know you try to be them, and I can tell that you practically see them around every corner. Maybe it's too much," Silas said. He took a step forward, reaching for her hands. "Darling, we were doing so much better this summer."

Clara crossed her arms. She hated that he was sincere because she couldn't compromise on this. She met his eyes again, which were begging her to understand him. But her heart recoiled and snarled, and out of her mouth came, "Too much? Having them here would be enough. And if I can't have that, then dammit I will keep of them what I can," she spat. Clara hugged her arms around her stomach, feeling vulnerable. She regretted that the books had to hear this. "And what about *her*, Silas? Are you going to forget her too? Move past it like she never happened and try again?"

The empathy Silas desperately tried to maintain for Clara hung on by a thread. As moments passed, Clara saw silence fray the soft fabric of his eyes. He eased his hands in his jacket pockets, unsure of what to do with them.

"Is that really how you think I feel?" Silas sighed, broken.

Clara's throat tightened, and she knew it wasn't fair—not to her, and not to him. . But she meticulously guarded that deep ache in her heart and womb, a special kind of ache that only a mother knows. She wanted him to know exactly that: she had lost so much more than he had.

"I'll be back in a half hour or so," Clara said. She was going to see them tonight.

Silas stood, and Clara left him, wind-worn and tattered.

Stepping into the cold, Clara walked deliberately down the sidewalk as though nothing was wrong. She held herself upright for as long as Silas may have been able to see her from the store's windows. Then she staggered, a dry sob heaving from the depths of her, her legs going weak. Freezing air stuck in her throat like burrs and drove tiny hooks into her lungs as she gasped. *Just ride it out, Clara. It'll pass.* Bent over, hands on her knees, she focused. As soon as her chest stopped forcing out air, she stood up and walked on as steadily as she could.

Only three blocks from the store lay an empty intersection outside of one of the town's few neighborhoods. A few streetlights lit the corner, but no stop signs or traffic lights stood guard. A walking path lined the street, and along the path was a bench. This night was the year's first snowfall, but Clara had spent many evenings over the last two years sitting there, watching the snow fall and rest and fall and rest.

Clara walked briskly to keep warm, squinting against the breeze and snowfall. She thought back to the night she received the phone call from the police. Clara agreed to watch the store for her parents so they could have a night out together. They drove back late, in the snow, in the dark. Even in clear weather, cars with their headlights off are hard to see. Her Parents probably had only a moment to call out to God before they were hit—at least Clara preferred to believe so. There were no witnesses.

Clara reached the bench, grateful to finally sit. She slowed her breath, hearing only the shuffling of her coat and quiet creak of the bench as she eased back, waiting. The few flakes she had seen from inside her bookstore were now multiplying quickly. Clara had learned that the snow gave shape to things otherwise unseen. Tonight, she knew she'd see her parents dance.

Silence pushed against Clara's ears. Snowflakes floated in and out of the light of the streetlamps, invisible and then glittering like stars.

They fell to the ground intact, in cotton-ball clusters on the street. Soon enough, the snow accumulated into a light dusting, just enough that one could leave traces of footprints. Clara sat death still, her cheeks reddened and numbed in the cold. She stared hard, searching for any movement among the falling snow—the first sign of her parents.

Clara saw a sign after a few minutes. Under the streetlamp closest to her, the snow flurries appeared to be swept up from the ground, like dust flying lightly from the brush of a broom, or from the twirl of a long dress dancing by. Clara melted into her bench seat, a shaky whimper of relief releasing from her mouth. Breathing again, Clara sighed.

“Hi Mom, hi Dad.”

She followed the flurry of snowflakes, catching sight of shoeprints for just a moment before they were swept away by her mother’s dress as her father moved soundlessly with her. They had always had a beautiful rhythm together. Clara grew up watching them move together—in dance, in decisions, in their business, and in their marriage. Even during tough business days, when customers complained without reason or sneveled about the price of hardcovers, her father would catch a moment with her mother and give her a twirl behind one of the bookshelves. Occasionally, Clara’s mother would flip over the closed sign to end the day, and, exhausted, the two would hold each other, swaying gently, gathering strength for tomorrow. They’d dance through the days together.

Since the accident, Clara visited the corner each time it snowed to remember and to hold their memory close. Tonight, the snow was perfect. After long enough, she began to see more than just footprints. If she looked closely, she could trace where the snow fell on the invisible frames of her parents. Clara could nearly see her mother’s woolen skirt dusted with snow like lint. Her father’s broad shoulders, capped with snow, hid where her mother’s face pressed into his jacket. She couldn’t see most of her mother, huddled against her father’s chest. The glint of snow reminded Clara of their eyes, which always shined and never dulled, even now.

Clara’s eyes filled and overflowed. It was too soon—it was too soon. She should have had more time with them. She thought about her argument with Silas; he didn’t see what she saw. She was the one who lost them, so only she can see them now. He only thought the snow reminded Clara of the night of their accident, but she couldn’t explain how much more it was than that. It was too soon, so she held them close

now—perhaps closer than she did when they were *here* here, when she could feel the fabric of her father's coat wrapping her up in a hug, when she could hear the clicks and taps of her mother's heels as her father swung her around the bookstore and join in their giddiness. Now, she must hold what she has, clinging to the traces left of them in silent snow.

Clara could have stayed for hours, watching their ghostly steps being written and erased in the snow, especially because she was not particularly inclined to face Silas, whom she knew she had hurt. She didn't know if she cared that she had hurt him, which scared her. But he had to understand that this is what she needs.

Silas was leaning against the front counter when Clara returned. He didn't look up when she walked in, stamped her feet at the doormat, and pulled her hat and mittens off. She kept her eyes down too. *He's hurting*, her mind recalled. *But not as much as I am*, her heart replied, growing callous again. She took a deep breath and stepped up across the counter from him.

"I'm sorry, Silas," Clara said.

Silas didn't speak, but he searched her eyes for traces of ghosts, for dead apologies. Clara hoped she had said it convincingly.

"I just . . . I need this, okay?" Clara continued. "I know it's hard for you because this is a part of me that you can't have or understand, but please trust me. The snow keeps them here."

"The thing is, hon, I don't think it does," Silas said softly.

Silas watched Clara's face go blank. Feeling her slip, he amended, "Listen, I know you see something out there in the snow, and I don't get it, and I probably never will. Grief can mess with our minds a bit—"

"This isn't grief, Silas. I still have them. They're here," Clara said, her face and voice hardening. She watched pity fill Silas's deep brown eyes—oh those eyes you could just slip into and sink until you're gone, gone—and she turned away. She already knew what he would say.

"Clara, they're not—they're not here, and they're not out in the snow, and they're not in this store. They might be, I guess, I don't know, in your heart, maybe, but please look at me—and I know it's hard—but I need to hear you say that you know they're not here," Silas said. The pleading in his voice cut to her heart, but what could she say? They were here. "I want to help you, and I think the first step is showing you that... that, they're gone."

Clara kept still. She watched the snow melt from her boots, pooling at her feet.

"Clara, darling?"

They're here, he just doesn't understand. I'm alone but they're here.

"Darling, I think we should move away."

Clara flinched. Whipping around, she said, "What? *That's* your solution to fix me?"

"I'm not trying to fix you, I'm trying to *help* you, and I'm running out of ideas," Silas said. Exasperated, he set one hand on his hip and rubbed his forehead with the other. "I thought this last summer would give you enough space and time, but tonight I saw you put your coat and hat and mittens on like you always do on these nights, and I didn't want to believe you were going back out. And..." He paused. Clara watched as he let both his hands fall to his side. He shrugged, helpless. "And my heart shattered for you," Silas said, feeling the weight of Clara's stare upon him. He tried to make his words every bit as heavy. "I admit I've never lost my parents like you have so I'm not trying to minimize that or compare, but I did lose . . . I mean, we lost . . ."

Too heavy for his tongue, his voice broke, and his words pulled him down.

The store's clock ticked in the background, and neither mourner could carry the silence of the moment. It filled the pages of the books around them. They all told the same story.

Silas moved out from behind the counter and slowly pulled Clara to himself. He slid his fingers through her hair, her head against his chest. She held him, and he held her, and they sniffled from the cold and from a grief so unimaginable that they hoped it wasn't real.

Still pressed together, Silas eventually spoke first.

"Let's think about it, okay? Consider it," he said. "It could be difficult, but it's possible it could be a really good thing. For both of us."

"Sure," Clara said, tired of this friction between them. She looked out the store windows at the snow piling high. They'd work it out, she thought, and they'd stay right here.

Days passed without snowfall and thus without conflict for Clara and Silas.

Clara ran the day-to-day of the bookstore while Silas worked at

the hospital. He was often up and gone before Clara rose to awaken the store. She prepared coffee for both her and her customers. It wasn't anything fancy, but her parents always kept hot drip coffee prepared for those wanting to browse awhile. The earthy aroma filled the crevices of the shop where dust didn't.

Around midday, Clara, holding her second cup of the day, wandered around the store, asking customers if they needed help with anything. This was one of her favorite parts of her job. She used to watch her parents come alive as they recommended books to members of the community. Her mother was far more familiar with nonfiction genres—everything from travel books to memoirs to self-help guides. She could read people even better than she could read books. Clara knew her mom was excited when her voice rose over the bookshelves, and soon enough, she pulled the customer and the book toward the register, offering a discount. Clara was always amazed at the number of people who would return to the store a few weeks later, declaring that her mom's recommendation changed their lives. *It was exactly what I needed*, they would say, and then ask for a suggestion for their next book, or for their sister or father or teenage son who just didn't like to read.

Her father was a bit softer with people. He would ask questions until the customer suddenly knew exactly what they wanted. He listened intently and asked gently, guiding them in their thoughts until the customer would have a *eureka!* moment and march right up to the book they knew they wanted the whole time. These customers touched a tender spot in his heart; often, they were afraid to approach a genre that others had told them was silly or worthless, like fantasy or romance. He inspired them to the point of hearty conviction for their beloved genre in the face of opposition. He'd shake his head and chuckle as they'd leave the store, faces hard with determination.

Now Clara walked the line between the two of them in her own bookselling. She began with easy questions and helped the customer decipher from there, mixing in suggestions or favorites of her own. She felt she could only speak about her own experience.

Clara walked up to a young woman she hadn't seen in the store before, standing near the self-help shelf. The woman looked sheepish at having been found browsing here, but Clara set her mind at ease with a smile.

"Is there anything I can help you with?" Clara said, eyes glancing

down at the book already in the woman's hand.

"Well, um. I've just found out that I'm pregnant, and I'm a bit lost trying to figure out how to prepare or what to prepare for. My mom passed away when I was a teenager, so I never learned those things from her," the young woman said.

Clara, caught off-guard, said, "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that." She was unsure of how to continue. If she spoke from her own experience, she would have to tell the woman to hold off on buying any books until she knew her baby would survive the pregnancy. That wouldn't do.

"Well thank you, I appreciate you saying that," the woman replied, moving her hands to her stomach and looking back at the books on the shelf. "So, I think my best bet is to get some expert advice. Do you have any recommendations?" She glanced at Clara's wedding band. "Or, do you have any kids?"

The ache in Clara's stomach returned, deep and hollow. She remembered the ultrasound, the confident doctors, and Silas's sparkling eyes gazing at her with more love than they ever had.

"I don't. I'm sorry, I wish I could help," Clara responded. She gestured toward the top shelf and said, "This author has a few great options, depending on what particular stage of development you're looking to learn about."

Clara tried to focus on the woman, the customer, but she couldn't stop thinking about the fact that this woman lost her mother when she was so young. She said it in the same manner as someone offhandedly mentioning that they grew up without television.

"Oh, perfect," the woman said. She pulled a book from the shelf and skimmed the summary on the back cover, nodding to herself and to Clara.

Clara couldn't pull her feet up or resume the polite conversation she had tried to maintain. Her hands wrapped tightly around her mug of coffee, which had become lukewarm, the scent stale and acidic. The woman looked up and saw Clara staring at the book.

"Is everything okay?" the woman asked, confused. Clara tried to shake off whatever it was she was feeling.

"Uh, yes, I'm sorry . . . I, well. Would you mind if I asked you a question?" Clara said.

The woman responded, "Sure, yeah?"

"I was just wondering, and you don't have to answer if it's too per-

sonal, but how did you handle that?" Clara said. She knew she wasn't thinking straight, fighting to stay grounded.

"Handle what?" the woman said with a look of growing apprehension.

"Your mother's passing," Clara said, horrified at her own bluntness, unable to keep herself from asking.

"Oh," the woman said. The familiar look of pity crossed the woman's face. Clara could tell the woman was putting the pieces together and she hated the implications of asking the question.

"Well, it wasn't easy. Teenagers don't deal with things like that well, and there's no *one* way that people grieve. My dad was going through it too. But we had each other, and time helped heal us quite a bit," the woman said, reflecting as she spoke.

Clara deflated. She'd heard this before. Why had she thought this woman would have anything more to offer?

The woman continued. "People have always told me that death is a natural part of life, that it's just what happens. I don't know about that. I think it feels completely unnatural and...and wrong. And I think it's okay to feel that way. But, eventually, you learn that your feet keep taking steps, one after the other, and your breath keeps moving in and out of your lungs all day and night. You realize you're alive, and they're dead. And there should be a difference between what those two things look like."

The woman looked at Clara, wondering if she had shared too much or not enough. Clara nodded and smiled, thanking her for sharing. She thought of her parents dancing and wondered if *they* were actually the ones living. The woman thanked Clara for the book suggestion and asked if she could check it out at the register. *Yes, she could, she's glad she could help.*

The word *dead* continued to echo in Clara's ears like the thuds of heavy boots on hardwood floors. Dead? Oh, but she still had them here; they lived in the cave of her womb and in the dust floating off the bookshelves and in the warped, knotted wood and in the snow. Close, so close.

A few evenings later, it began to snow again, looking like it would be quite the snowfall. Clara had already made up her mind—no matter what Silas said, she would go out again.

She pulled on her boots, thinking this time she would make it out of the store before he returned from work. She was almost right. She was about ten steps out the door when his car pulled up the curb outside the store.

“Clara!” Silas called, stepping out of his car. There were already a couple inches of snow wetting his shoes and the bottom of his slacks.

Clara kept walking, refusing to give in.

“Clara, if you must, then I’ll come with you. Please let me come with you,” Silas said, catching up with her. Clara shook her head, angry that he was determined to ruin this for her. He didn’t understand, and it felt insensitive for him to encroach on this time she had with her parents when he knew as much. But she didn’t say anything as he followed half a step behind her.

As they approached the corner, Clara could see that her parents had already begun dancing. She glanced at Silas, who saw nothing but snow. She sat down on the bench, and after a moment, Silas gently sat down next to her.

“It’s beautiful to watch, yeah?” Silas said. Clara stayed silent. He was talking about the snow falling. Sure, it was beautiful, but her parents—oh, they were mesmerizing.

The longer it snowed, the more definition the snow brought to her parents’ frames. The same wool skirt floated and swept up flurries around the two of them. They danced, and Clara tried to block out Silas’s presence. She observed how they moved, catching occasional shoeprints in the snow before they were brushed away. She saw what she had the previous time, during the first snow of the winter: Her mother appeared huddled closely to her father. With heavier precipitation this evening, Clara could more clearly define their snowy outlines. They were holding each other close, looking down at what appeared to be a little bundle in their arms.

Clara’s mittened hand flew to grasp Silas’s arm as she stared into the snow. Silas, shocked, looked to Clara and back out to the snow-clothed street. He squinted, waiting to see something or for Clara to say something.

Wide-eyed, Clara watched them dance, the bundle held closely and cozied between them as they twirled and twinkled. Clara thought she had emptied herself of tears, but more welled in her eyes until she couldn’t see anything but starry white. She took a halted breath, unable

to keep herself from weeping. Releasing Silas, she buried her face in her shaking hands. They were all there, so close and together, while she was alone. Painfully alone.

Silas reached around her and pulled her in close. She let him gather her up, pressing her head against his chest.

“Our little girl, Silas,” Clara said between sobs. “Our little girl.”

“I know, darling, I know. I see her too. I see her everywhere,” Silas said, warm tears slipping from his eyes.

They sat so close, quietly weeping as their pain-filled tears mingled on their coats. Clara looked up to find her parents’ silhouettes of dancing snow gone—gone with their granddaughter. Flakes of snow continued to rain down, oblivious to the fact that the waltzing pair had disappeared. They were gone, and Clara held Silas close, so very close.

Maren Schettler is a senior studying English, music, and political science. She loves the outdoors and enjoys camping and hiking with friends and family. While in school, there is no end to her frustration with the lack of leisure reading time. Her boxer dog Pacha is her favorite reading buddy.

poetry

Where the wild things are

Abigail Petersen

It is late
and we are drunk on the stars,
hands held high to the painter in the wind,
colors flashing above us as if in answer.
My friends and I are beasts
of an unknown kingdom,
allowed out tonight
in celebration of
the Warmth's call.
Who are we to judge the impending doom?
Who are we to question the ways of something
so vast and strong?

In large metal vessels,
we rush to where no light
can find us
and lay on our backs,
all softness exposed,
to watch star after star fall.
I make tens of wishes
into the brisk prairie breeze

while we laugh,
falling over ourselves in the
boat on the grass.

A voice
shouts into the dark
and we join.
A chorus of howling
and screams
into the Nothing.
On a soft prairie's night
we hold hands
to keep warm.
Some choosing
instead to cup them,
bringing it to their mouth like water.

We stomp the ground,
a rhythm born from within,
and begin to move.
Two of us meet in the middle
and begin to wrestle,
something animalistic
taking hold.
Hands fly as feet
shuffle into new territory.
One holds the other
and for a second,
I think it's love.
And maybe it is,
but as their eyes meet
we begin to float,
swing dancing
with bugs who've drunk the sun.

Someone climbs
the metal vessel
and the other snaps a picture.

I wonder what the world would look like
upside down, so I bend,
hair sweeping the gravel,
and laughter bubbles down
into the liquid sky.

It's here
amongst the stars
where kingdoms collide.

It's here
I remember who I am
or maybe who I once was,
long ago,
in the tiny prairie home
where my only friends
had four legs.

It's here
I think I understand why
some people are inherently happy.
I think I'm one of them.

Abigail Petersen is a third-year law student. When she's not reading law books, she can be found hammocking, dancing to '90s music, or reading something for fun. Her favorite punctuation is a colon, and she recently got back into *Sims 2*.

Junkite Street

Chloe Piekkola

Down winding roads,
past the peeling birch
and aging pine,

through the mailboxes
that line the drive,
you will find the faded blue
house on the right,

where thick and sticky milkweed
grows along the fence line,
and raspberry bushes and crabapple trees
grow abundant in spite.

The sun shines through the dusty blinds
reflecting inside a rickety white toaster,
with breadcrumbs burnt to the bottom
scattered like freckles through tattered t-shirts.

Worn carpet, faded refrigerator magnets,
and yellowed wallpaper look for

laughter, or a smile, but settle for the silence.

You could tear down that drywall,
pry off the stained oak trim,
strip it down to its bare bones,
but you won't find me there.

Chloe Piekkola is a senior communications student, who finds joy in stringing moments together into poetic experiences. She has a passion for creating visual art, expressing herself through poetry, photography, and graphic design.

The Laws of Time Travel

Drake Carnes

I figured out time travel!
Completely by accident,
But I still got it to work.
And though we don't talk,
I still have to say thanks,
For you led me there.

The key is the pictures,
The keepsakes and memories.
I'm looking at them,
And suddenly, I'm back.
Back to those days,
But that's almost worse.

I'm sitting at the table,
And everyone is laughing.
We're all together
Again, like those days.
I turn, and you're next to me.
I need it to end different.

I need to shout!
Say what I never could,
"I always loved you!"
But no sound comes.
I push and I strain;
It stays as is.

I'm not there,
Not really anyway.
More like watching a movie.
The script's already made.
I can't change what was.
I must live it out.

So, I figured out time travel;
All it does is hurt.
Even with the pain
I still look back,
Unable to change,
But wish I could.

"Fantasy is escapist, and that is its glory . . . it's our plain duty to escape, and to take as many people with us as we can!" is a mentality that **Drake Carnes** takes with him through life, especially into his writing. He is currently a senior at UND working on his bachelor's in English with a minor in classical studies and certificates in creative writing and ancient languages. When he isn't creating escapist fantasy for others, he is usually playing video games or watching something from his movie collection or reading from his book collection.

Two Poems

James Stanton

Closer

Smoke curls between closely drawn lips—
Inhibitions carried away on a breeze.
Heated glances trailed by cold fingertips,
Haloed by the pinkwashed sky.
Hold me closer.

Icarus

Diverging waters through color blocked fields of green. Icy nights bleed into summer mornings, leaving only a trace of their dance across the northern plains. Clouds of wispy thread hover over the lands, stubborn, in their refusal to give way to clearer skies. Unaware or simply uncaring of their presence, I cut through pale strands with pale wings. Enthralled by the beauty of the scene below. Wind rushing past steel feathers as I dip and dive, climbing to heights unknown. Then freefalling as mother nature pulls me into her comforting grasp and pulling away at the last moment to fly back towards my perch, back to my reality. "Farewell," I think as I glide further and further away, "I'll see you again someday."

James Stanton is a sophomore aviation student at UND. Outside of flying, he spends his time on the ground writing and enjoying audiobooks. He's been known to draft pieces on the backs of receipt paper.

Two Poems

Brenden Kimpe

Working Man

My consciousness is a sniveling fool who doesn't know what's good for
himself,
Prostrating at the feet of those deemed superior to me.
Cheeks wet with spit spewn scornfully upon a quivering mass of flesh.
My throat is withheld from desires until it tastes the metallic fluid that
steadily drips over its ridges.
A disingenuous movement of lips summon cracks upon their surfaces.
The cool air is no longer soothing.
Heed directions from those upon whose feet you must lay kisses.
Ask not what shall happen otherwise.
Unceasing now, the motions of your limbs fulfill their terrestrial duties,
While the mind wanders the cosmos.

Words of Power

Once, a book of strange design found a home in the hands of a man.
The smooth leather edges whispered songs of which were like no other.
Bewitched, the man followed its cruel bidding.
Foamed mouth, bloodied fingernails, tear-leaden irises.
The book of strange design was of indeterminate origin—this much the
man knew.
It survived its owner, the previous ones too.
The man became too absorbed. Engrossed. Consumed. Eaten.
In its yellowed margins were the scrawls of madness.
Written ten times over, each exact cross of a “t” and hook of a “q”.
It is said that the man retreated from the civilized, off to live within his
own.
Each night he traverses dirt roads and grass covered paths,
Just to rid himself once more of the pages that, with lustful sighs,
Exhaust yet another with their words.

Brenden Kimpe is an English major with certificates in creative writing along with writing, editing, and publishing. He enjoys being frightened by words, drinking strong coffee, and discussing the meaning of life with his cat, Marceline.

The Jonah Complex

Jonah Stroup

The bird of Hermes is my name
eating my wings to make me tame.
– The Ripley Scroll

I drool
as my hungry eyes
find the slop,
that delicious goop
that flavorless gruel.
so easy to chew,
so easy, no teeth are needed.
I have no teeth.

They all fell out
in a dream.
a dream in a land of weird toothless imps.
They conjured candy,
sweets of all kinds.

An imp never absent,
offered sweet satisfaction

to my endless hunger.
I took sick joy in indulgence . . .
But the gnashing of hungry hyenas
in my stomach were a constant reminder
that the candy was never fulfilling
for long. I desperately longed
for the taste of true sustenance.

My blood pumped
a sugary river. I wanted no more
candy from the imps.
But it doesn't hurt to try
the new and improved flavors.
Sometimes the taste made my brain feel just right.
Sometimes it made it spin so fast I got dizzy and couldn't walk straight.
But I laughed and tumbled into the flour-soft ground in joy.
Right?

Sometimes the candy sickened
me, and I coughed and threw up
the especially potent sweets,
and I would want to eat no more of them. Ever.
Sometimes, I found a tooth in the discharge
Brown, thin, and fragile. Not my own, surely.
Those silly imps, hiding teeth in the candy.
Surely?

Eventually I smelled a freshness of milk and honey
with warm and buttery baked bread,
not infused with the empty promises of sweets,
wafting down a small mountain.
Something with meaningful vegetables,
fulfilling grains, and satisfying proteins.
My heart throbbed with sugary blood,
my mouth watered with sweet saliva.
This would finally sate my hunger.

I climbed to mountain's timberline and fell

to the sweet sickness that takes over
whenever I go without sweets for too long.
My limbs had grown dark, fleshy, and purple.
I could no longer walk, but crawled
with my elbows and knees.

Off the trail, an imp lounged on a lavish couch
stained with comfort. Gumming up chips,
and watching TV,
it looked down at me, past its potbelly.
“You look like you need a boost!”
“Stay a while, eat, and enjoy new pleasures.”
It used its sparkling and alluring magic to sit me next to it.
It put its hand in its bag of Doritos,
and brought out a bunch of sweetened chips
that changed flavors every second:
the taste of funnier videos,
the taste of a better high,
the taste of carnal desire.
Each flavor lasted hours.
I stayed for days.

Eventually, the chips ran dry,
chip bags piled into a mound
taller than myself aside the couch.
I could move again.
So, I thought,
about getting back on my way
to the top of the mountain.

But the imp tugged at my sweet-stained shirt.
“Say, I’ve got another bag.”
“Give me a moment to go get it.”
“Looks like you could use a nap anyway.”
And so, I rested.
The rest was never enough.
Each time I drowsily awoke to the imp
with its big gummy impish smile, and dangling

a new bag of chips under my nose.
I ate them all, demanded more,
then went back to sleep.

Each day, the imp grew weaker
and thinner. Until one day,
it returned with more chips
and died of exhaustion
before I could send it for more.
I crunched through most of the bag,
and began to panic.
I frantically searched all the empty
bags of chips for any remnants of sweets.

The smell of fresh bread and steak then hit me again.
I frantically climbed
to the mountain top.

Scrambling, I crested the summit
and saw a feast upon a thick and lavish oak table.
With the glimmering food on shimmering plates.
Salivating, I raced to it and
sunk my teeth into a juicy steak,
and shivered as a dull, uncomfortable snap
fractured through my gums
as my teeth shattered
into jagged pieces of dull, yellow-brown
shards of weak, bloody enamel.

In fear, I tried to scream,
but choked to death.

I awoke from the dream
and pried out all my teeth.
The enamel ripped from my gums,
and I threw the bloody nubs into a Doritos bag
I was eating from before I fell asleep.

I impishly smiled,
my gums bared in bloody relief.
That I would never hunger
again, for the temptations of real
food and incorruptible
from charming sweets.
My teeth weren't strong enough
to consume real food anyway.

Jonah Stroup is in his last year at UND and is majoring in computer science, minoring in English, and getting a certificate in creative writing. Jonah is passionate about expressing creativity through various mediums, but primarily those of writing and painting. He hopes that, with his art, he is able to inspire creativity in others.

Two Poems

J.G. Grev

Lovesick

I had grown cold, rotten, sickening. I worried so much about keeping you full that I couldn't keep myself from spoiling. I might have been good in another life where hunger was enough to make you stay. If I had given more of my skin and marrow, would you be satisfied? Was I easier to stomach before you cut me open? Before you discovered the rot inside? You cannot pick and choose which parts of me to love. If I am to be swallowed, swallow me whole.

Falling or Flying?

Some things are like trying to climb a rose bush. You wait for thorns to disappear, but new ones grow in the wasted time. The blooms at the top look beautiful, but that doesn't change what lies beneath. You tighten your hold, and blood seeps from your palms.

The roses weren't always red, were they?

Sometimes, it's better to let go.

J.G. Grev is a senior studying English. She enjoys writing poetry, but she eventually wants to write and publish fiction novels. In her free time, she can be found at her desk working on her various writing projects. If you find her, her black cat named Jinx is guaranteed to be close by.

Two Poems

Jameson Buckau

Crush

18 walls or two pairs of eyes? The way my socks slide on the hardwood or the way those voices put me at ease? Do I love the endless amount of books to examine, head tilted, reading spines, or the explanation they give when I ask my many questions?

Let me explain:

Ivy snaking across the walls, too high to reach, green and searching and finally having room to breathe.

3-5 bookcases, overflowing not only with books, but trinkets and photos in frames (gut punching, heart aching, this mature affection). The bookcases are tall, too. Barely reachable.

Their TV is small, not the center of their decor like so many other households. They center something else—each other, themselves?

There are so many photos. And the photos are of cats and staged plush-

ies in carefully planned outfits and one another, together and apart, and there's a pang in my chest recollecting.

2 cats, essential, obviously. A distinguished tuxedo and a ginger who has earned the title.

The hardwood floors creak with nearly every footstep. In their honey tones, shoulder tension melts away. Every step is met with soft reassurance from the building and the cats darting between ankles, desperate for dinner.

They cook in a way that I don't think my white family could fathom. Those queer, vegan dishes strong enough to smell at the creaky complex entrance, better than any meals I ate growing up.

How do you know if you want to kiss someone? Or kiss their doorstep?
Kiss their cheeks in that inviting, foreign way?

Paprika,
Onions,
Garlic,
Basil.

Do I have a crush on them or the spices?

Blocking, Enacted, to Avoid Burns of the Fourth Degree

Sometimes I need someone to be angry for me.
I'll text my closest friend about some religious rhetoric my parents are
 spewing,
how they're telling me I'm ruining my life and going to hell,
how I'll never be loved living *this* way.
And I can't be sad about it because I'm too angry,
for that little child I used to be,
who used to believe this.
I'm too angry for them.
So,
I call my friend and tell them,
I need you to be angry for me,
just for five minutes,
and then they rant about the injustices of the cruel hand a child is dealt,
dealing with parents who would watch me burn before forsaking their
 god.
And I cry and cry for the full five minutes,
handing the anger off to someone else,
taking a break.
I just need to know someone is angry,
for me,
with me.
I can't put it down,
someone has to hold the anger.
Anger doesn't make me cry like it used to.
I used to have white hot tears streaking my face as I was argued at,
scorching lines against my freckles,
but anger doesn't let you mourn or vent,
it just burns like a fire in a windstorm.
I blocked my dad.
There's not so much to hold now.

Jameson Kay Olson Buckau (2002) is a graduate teaching assistant and master's student in the English Department. They did their undergrad at Black Hills State University in South Dakota. They are queer and trans and come from a religious background, which influences much of his writing. He has a dog named Bailey, who enjoys long walks by the river, meeting new people, and cuddling after dinner. Jameson is specializing in creative writing as well as queer theory, with an interest in postcolonial studies. They believe in the unending fight for all people's liberation under the powers of colonialism and white supremacy.

Two Poems

Colin Borgen

If You Turn My Body to Stone

If you turn my body to stone, leave my pulverized teeth by the lake-shore. They will speak themselves the perfect skipping stone, and when I skim across the water, the bounce will sound like laughter, and the spray will look like a child inner-tubing on the last perfect day of summer. And when I settle into the silt I will look up to see sun-glimmer beneath the waves.

If you turn my body to stone, leave my blinded eyes on the playground. They will stare into the soul of a child and lay bare the most beautiful canvas, and I will be painted white and blue and red and gold. I might win the annual rock-painting competition, and I might lose. And after this endeavor is forgot, I might be left in the rafters of the picnic area, above the smell of the grill and below the battering of the roof.

If you turn my body to stone, leave my conflagrated lungs atop a knoll. They will breathe in the summer grasses and the spring petrichor and the autumn decay and the fresh bite of winter. And when I have had my fill I will save a stumbling hiker, and inertia will gift me one last moment to roll through the dandelions and blow their thousand wishes

across the open prairie.

If you turn my body to stone, leave my calcified heart for you. Drill a hole through my aorta and run a chain through the severance. Wear me at the birthdays and the barbeques and the job interviews and the first dates and the weddings. Pass me down as a story and a myth and surely it's not really—

When you are sad or scared or lonely, when you are quiet at home and when you sleep in that silence, drape me around your neck so I can feel your heartbeat. Let me live a thousand lives and know the one I loved most will always be the one with you.

Samsara



Colin Borgen is a senior majoring in fish and wildlife biology and a certificate in creative writing. He grew up with a love of both the natural world and writing. His stories largely focus on the relationships between people, existentialism, and naturalism.

The Weeping Willow

Korbyan Chavez

The willow weeps its fears away,
The fear of death and dying.
It must accept its act of decay.

A long life it lived basking in the sun's ray,
Within its warmth, the willow smiling.
Now the willow must weep its fears away.

For all its life, it wanted to delay
Stiff branches, dead leaves—still denying.
But today, it must accept its act of decay.

The day is glum, the skies gray,
The shriveled willow sighing.
It continues to weep its fears away.

The reaper appears, today's the day
The willow soul's resigning.
It must accept its act of decay.

“Make it quick” the willow strains.
The reaper’s scythe comes down, shining.
The willow no longer weeps its fears away,
For it has accepted its act of decay.



The Gray Tree, by Piet Mondrian. 1911. Oil on Canvas

Korbyan Chavez has earned her bachelor’s of accountancy at the University of North Dakota. However, this gal isn’t just all about numbers; letters can be cool too! Korbyan is now a non-degree student pursuing her creative writing wertificate, for she has always had a fascination with the art of writing. She will continue to pursue this, even as an accountant. She also would love to have a corgi named Ein in the near future.

You Know Where to Find Me, and I Know Where to Look

Veronika Linstrom

content warning: *self-harm*

i didn't think you'd ever be back again you sickly thing lying in wait sickle in hand wasting away at the bottom of this shitty tequila bottle here waiting and mocking me when i thought you couldn't ever be again which sounds naively hopeful in the same stupidly childish way i thought mothers always loved their kin simply because they were sculpted and reinvented from their own threads of dna and husks of bone but sweetness despised and detested her daughter for her dark skin even though her daughter couldn't help it couldn't control what she inherited in the same way i couldn't erase that i reasoned with life like my father and that made my mother refuse to touch me without a ragged cloth fearful my father's traits might spread where she couldn't contain them but you are you are coming back and suddenly it's the end of the world suddenly i am thirteen again and bright angry blood is flowing out of the haphazard cuts on my thighs staining my hands and the bandage-crisp white of the bathtub while the smears of crimson streak further against the acrylic as i try to wipe away what i've done with that same ragged cloth but i can't see i can't see anything but the blood and the cuts and the razor blade sinking as i'm praying to you through pathetic choked sobs the only time

i've ever genuinely prayed for anything clinging onto that naive hopefulness again that it's enough to do the job enough to afford me your sickle's swing the only salvation i can afford you didn't answer me then so why are you answering me now at the bottom of this shitty tequila bottle when i am supposed to be better but maybe you know me better than i do maybe you know i'm the sickly one now and that if i was better i wouldn't be seeing you in the bottom of this shitty tequila bottle.

"I myself am strange and unusual." is the life motto **Veronika Linstrom** swears by. As a current junior at UND, Vern is pursuing their bachelor's of English, as well as certificates in creative writing and writing, editing, and publishing. When they're not suffering for their art, Vern can be found curled up on their futon replaying the same three games, or hanging out with their fiancé, Alex, and their three pet rats.

Four Poems

Casey Fuller

On the Spread of the Elegy Through the 21st Century

Some see it now as a field of vision so wide it encompasses everything we see. A few argue it is a map that matches the exact size of the American landscape

and stretches out over the top of the Earth like a super sensitive skin. Some say they can feel it softly, a light weight in their arms, like the first time they held

a blue-eyed kitten when they were very young. Some sense its slight electric sting as a low-level static hovering in the charged particles of dust, like voltage;

others, in violins. Some choose to ignore it and are accordingly filled with a canyon-like lack. Some hear it as the quiet murmur of a crowd coalescing

into a singular chorus. Some say nothing and are filled with nothing and they sweat and toil under a big banner of paying something invisible back

to a presence they'll never fully know. One poet says it's in the wood whirl of the table she writes on and she's going down to the trees in the valley

to make them explain. One painter could create its audible hum but only by daubing lines of light color across a grid of light ephemeral pencil but she couldn't make the vibration stay. Some say it can best be seen in the kid on the corner dancing with an arrow pointing at a tremendous sale for furniture—in the circles he spins around his body, in the flips thrown then caught over his head. Others point to mother's hands: the patience there, the presence,

the silence around them as the world turns her sons into unworthy men.

Through Spare

parts through broke cars through the double scent
of cigarettes mixed with Hamm's beer through the gas

in cans and tanks and the pink shop rags soaked through
used to scrub what would never come clean through

the vice I'd crush pennies in attached to my dad's rickety
workbench through those crushed pennies buried in

the backyard through the wood poles for fishing
through the wood rackets for tennis through the wood

wicker basket for fish we'd never catch throughout all
the garage through the objects from a world before

I was born that he my dad could never get back to
through the exhaust the gray-blue bands disappearing

into what I always remember as rain through the garage
door with two rusty springs on the sides that sounded like

I now know Tibetan monks humming several notes
at once as the door slammed into that thudding echo our dog

returns to me in a dream chained to a tree
close to where I'd buried the real and bent pennies inside

the circle of dirt she wore into the ground through the dream
I come to her our dog my dad's dog so poorly named

I won't name her here and bring her bowls of food and water
and unlatch her collar because I love her and want her to run free

Fuller | *Floodwall*

before I wake
entirely present

so I see her
instantaneous

running in grass
trying to convince myself

still asleep

decades later

still dreaming

it is not a dream

Hologram Tupac 2012

Snoop Dogg must be careful
to walk around but not into
the invisible layer of light
Pac is being projected on

but Snoop must also walk
close enough to the layer
that the life-size image
backlit by blue light

seems like a miracle
to the hundreds of thousands
who like a last rite
have come to Coachella

to see a resurrection
beyond some small
mushroom-derived
hallucinations where

for one second
because of the buzz
belief is suspended
holy ghosts appear possible

and your dead dad
who recently passed
in a quick bout
of cancer in both lungs

can perhaps rejoin you
in your second of doubt
the rules appear rewritten
at this gateway

Pac seems some bright
new harbinger of.

This Pencil

sparked the industrial revolution. This pencil was chewed on by a stray cat that saved your super-lost life. This pencil can work as a slide bolt between all your doors. This pencil was retrieved by your snot-nosed cousin Doug inside the cage where they keep the brown bears. Karl Marx used this pencil to scratch an itch on his proletarian ass. This pencil once held a haphazard bun in Sylvia Plath's dark and golden hair. A handle of sock strips wrapped around the eraser end once helped you escape prison by using this pencil as a shiv. Behind Nixon's ear this pencil once sat smelling like bitter infections. Twirling in the back of class this pencil once flashed in the hand of some slack-ass kid, some student named, what was it, Bingo, Jhango, Rango? This pencil kept the box score for Nolan Ryan's sixth no-hitter that your grandpa won't stop talking about. The idea for bifocals came to Franklin with this lone pencil. Automatically, without thinking, as if it were just another task in his agrarian world, each year Jefferson casually inventoried all his property at Monticello with this pencil. Also, no lie, this pencil is made from the cherry tree Washington hatcheted down when he was six. Thousands of angels can fit on this pencil, thirty-one saints, all gods. Napalmed jungles couldn't burn this pencil down, nor Oppenheimer's bombs (although its penumbra is tattooed forever on a half-melted wall). The rumor of its greatness compared to the sword is exaggerated, however. It must be sharpened, wielded correctly, and found by the right hands. And those hands, those hands, those vulnerable hands—they must reach out into each variety of the fire, and pull it out again and again, again and again.

Casey Fuller is still a regular old PhD student at the University of North Dakota.

Watching the Whispers in the Grass

Cadence Gray

The grass where baby feet frolic
is the grass where you'll one day admit defeat.
Where the innocent ends, the wretched begins;
and to the naked eye,
there's no place for the two sides to meet.

There are whispers somewhere
between the flowerbeds and the soil,
whispers that melt under the sun
and prevail at the sight of the moon.

This is the land where we breathe in,
and then breathe out.
Then we cry, and sigh.
Then we break apart
for hours and hours . . .
until finally, we break down.

There are whispers somewhere between
the breaths of strife and tears,
whispers that evaporate when lilies wilt

and carnations bloom.

This is the land where carefree eyes,
glittered with bubbles and softened with life,
harden and burst.

Soon, they too can only watch.

As those little feet grow,
so will the torment of the real world.

As its gray sky looms over the blues
and its mulch encapsulates the gardens,
the sun will come out just long enough to seal it all in place.
This land is only a land of reminiscence,
for when adolescence is over—it no longer exists.

Cadence Gray is a writer from Mississippi who thrives on creativity and challenges. In her free time, she enjoys listening to music, curling up in bed with her cat, and sipping a warm mug of tea. Popcorn is her go-to writing snack. While drawn to novels, Cadence finds her strongest expression through short stories and poems. She relishes the challenge of pushing her boundaries and exploring new avenues in writing, always eager to tackle what she initially believed she couldn't achieve.

*art &
photography*

Two Photographs

Rachel Jones

Artist's Statement

I love capturing photos of moments that take our breath away. I enjoy nature and travel shots, but take pride in capturing real-time actions and showing the beauty of daily events.

My first piece, "Smoke on the Water," introduces Skamokawa, WA, whose name translates to the title of the piece. The giant tree on the left-hand side, cast mostly in shadow against the rising sun, helped frame the work, drawing the audience's eye down and inward. The weathered look of the houses and the pristine nature backdrop create harmony. I found that the lighting reflecting off the water balanced the piece. There is always more to see and more fantastic details as you look at the picture. The photograph introduces the mystery of the small water-side town tucked into the side of Washington State.

The second picture, "Morning Fast," was captured in Wilkerson's dining room. The most striking feature of this photograph is the stark contrast between the complicated, elongated shadows cast upon the floor and the students, who, in the midst of their bustling morning, seem to embody a serene moment of nature.

Smoke on the Water



Morning Fast



Rachel Jones is a PhD student in the aerospace sciences program. Rachel's primary research interests are in education, cybersecurity, and communications. Rachel supports an interdisciplinary background with four additional degrees from political science to space management from the International Space University. Rachel also enjoys art and photography. Rachel and her amazing Army husband, Chris, spend their free time swing dancing, hanging out with their fur babies, and supporting youth STEM outreach.

Two Photographs

Robert Moore, Jr.

Artist's Statement

These images are made by taking several photographs, often over several hours, and then adding them together to produce a final image. The first of these images shows star-forming regions, where new stars are coming together (Horsehead Eagle Nebulae). The last is a cluster of a few hundred thousand stars known as a globular cluster. All of these were taken on nights when the photographer could have been taking data for analysis and doing science. As I sometimes tell students, though, sometimes you just have to do something that reminds you why what you're doing is cool.

IC434 Total Sum



M31



Robert Moore, Jr. is the Lab Supervisor for the Department of Physics and Astrophysics at UND. He enjoys taking classes while working for the University to broaden his mind and experiences. He's also been known to turn a telescope to the night sky and take some pictures.

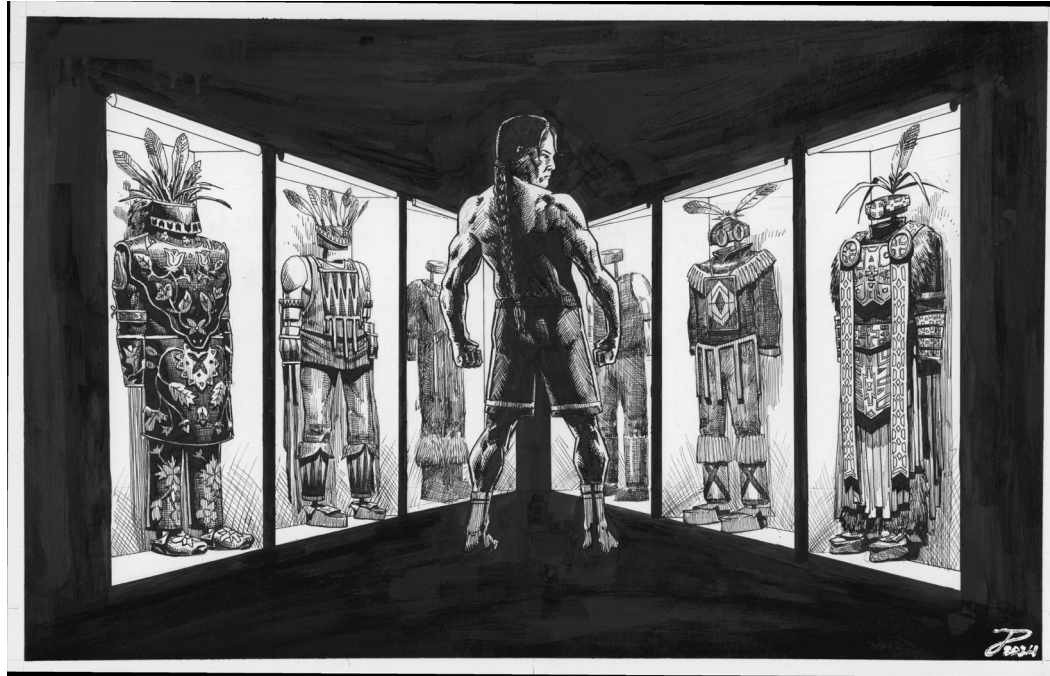
Three Illustrations

Jalen DeCoteau

Artist's Statement

My artwork primarily revolves around Native American or American Indian imagery representing cultural events, ideas, values, traditions, or historical events. My subject matter typically is a representation or reference to something that has influenced contemporary Native American life. My work relates to my Ojibwe heritage with the use of sequential illustration in my drawings. My use of ink is inspired by comic books, primarily making work with black ink on white paper. With the use of ink illustration, I strive to create clean and concise illustrations of contemporary life for American Indigenous peoples, and images of how we were or still are affected by historical events in the past and present.

Suit



Grass



Grand Entry



Jalen DeCoteau is from the Turtle Mountain Reservation and will be attaining a BFA in visual arts with an emphasis on drawing.

nonfiction

When I Was Five

Ceallan Hunter

Dog hair, wet feet, and hallway encounters made my knees burn from grass stains. Mud tracked into the back rooms, and the tiled floors had scuffs from chairs. There was a warmth in the air that mixed with the growing number of gnats around the fruit bowl. These days, I was later told, were the days when things became unfrozen, when lost things became found, and when floods swarmed basements and brought up forgotten memories. These days were the days when coats were wrapped around waists, and mud collected on shoes and rugs. When earthquakes shook the house, rattled windows, brought up dust, and made dogs bark. The earthquakes were never bad; they lasted long at times, but we got through them, stood outside within them, and watched them, looking at the sunrise and the distant trees.

“There wasn’t a fence,” my mom has told me. This wasn’t entirely true. We had one, we just never used it. Fences didn’t make sense for us; despite the large black dog and the medium-large dog, the fence gate stayed open, slowly sinking into the grassy hill while occupants spilled into the tall grass fields or walked towards the hilltop patch of edible purple flowers. This was where the sun never went away, not a single cloud appeared, and the grass was warm to the touch. The fence wasn’t imaginary. It wrapped around the deck and the freshly cut grass, but could never fit around the extent of the fields that stretched into the

far and old woods. I lived under a raspberry bush, my face shielded from the harsh sun in those southern summer days. I laid under the bush so only my feet could be seen sticking out from the greenery. I laid in sunlight and sometimes in moonlight, my face never surfacing, my arms and legs cut up from the thorny underbrush, and the curls set on top of my hair catching on the brambles, leaving strains. Crickets hummed, fireflies danced, and fingers were bloodied and bruised. Snails were sometimes smushed underfoot, splinters got stuck in arms, and clothes hung from lines, getting caught in the wind and blown off. They were blown to the parts of the yard where things lost their way and never came back, or got caught up in attractions and didn't release themselves. They were blown to the parts of the yard where I could find myself for hours without being found—not when I didn't want to be.

I have memories of the tarps. I was pulled on tarps with crunchy orange and red leaves letting me hide below them, with my stuffed triceratops under my arm soon to be lost, then found, while I could hear my sister breathing heavily. Hiding there had become somewhat of a tradition, after the raking had been done—not by me—and the sweaters had been zipped down. I kept my breath still and my eyes open, looking up at the large blue sky and bare tree branches. These days, the air was crisp and the nights were longer, and I would fall asleep on the hard floor. My large dog would sleep beside me, with large grunts I found comforting. These days were when my sister began to leave for hours out of the day, gone in the early mornings to return in the late afternoons with a large smile as she bounded from the yellow vehicle. I would run toward the fast yellow streak as it approached, my bare feet a blur. These days my mom would either type on the computer or also leave, and if she left she would come back tired, her back slumped over. These days I would watch my dad make food and sit on the kitchen floor with bare legs, or gather on the front lawn in my skeleton pants, waiting for my sister to return and get off that yellow thing. My dad would stand with me most times. Sometimes he would read to me, sharing both short and long stories from his own mind, until my sister came back with her own stories. She would talk about big fancy words, and big fancy ideas I had never heard of, though she said I was going to. She would write on paper with bright colors, in handwriting that started to look like my mom's.

Cold days never lasted too long, and snow never lasted long at

all. Thus, when we did have snow, we spent all our time out in it. We were wrapped in scarves and coats so thick that we could barely move when we finally stepped outside. On the days when we got too tired and weren't ready to return to the wood stove in the confines of the living room, we sat in the snow, and looked at the world suddenly and momentarily white. There were rock formations covered in ice, and trees' skeletal hands reaching out with white fingertips. Clouds passed overhead, and sometimes sunlight splayed out, making everything glitter and shine, and the snow didn't seem so cold. It was silent at times. We never got many visitors this time of year. We never got many visits from family I mean, or so my mom would say when she thought I wasn't listening. I know now why, and for a while I didn't recall this. Now, I can think of what was bare at this time, and I can barely sense the resentment shrouded in smiles and nods for me and my sister to open our presents.

It all became a part of everyone who ever lived here and anyone who ever spent a short amount of time here. The languid ties of each year melted and met the next, never abruptly or sharply. People came and went, and left parts of themselves here, or forgot to take all of themselves from here. Illusions and clouds now obscure most ideas and memories. Time now blankets old thoughts and rumors, and hides what happened, or what we thought happened. Now, the words on the tongue of a page are all that remains, where sometimes old photos are drudged up and compared and rummaged through. And when this happens, the cloud parts slightly, and something that was in the back of your head comes a little closer. But the cloud soon will cover itself back up and hide something that you thought would never leave, and then you are the stranger to the moment that was once so vital to you. Then, there's a part of you that you can't place, that you can't entirely picture, and is now suddenly far away, blurry to your eyes.

Ceallan Hunter is a junior at UND studying English and photography. She enjoys reading, writing, traveling, and backpacking. She has always had a love for writing and wants to continue a career in this field. She writes poetry, nonfiction, and fiction, and she tries to incorporate nature writing whenever she can.

The Alternate Bios

Casey Fuller

Alternate Bio 4

Casey Fuller once met a homeless boy in the forest. His name was Brandon, and he was from one trailer park over. Not a word about why he was there, no one thought about being all alone. He asked for one thing: could Casey Fuller get him a can of soup? Then another: could he stay in the fort Stacy Mullner made with Johnny Perez? It had a fake chimney. Casey Fuller said yes and yes and went to look through all the cupboards back home. All Casey Fuller remembers about Brandon is his face, his hair, the color of his eyes. (They appear now with secret depths, one surface sliding into the background as another becomes the focus.) It was summer. There were thousands of brown birds. The woods were a blaze of bright green. Casey Fuller has never asked this of anyone but pause here and picture his 11-year-old hands: carrying a can he found through the worn paths behind the trailers, flipping it in the air like it was a game, tucking it like a football, when, in truth, it was the earliest part of his work.

Alternate Bio 6

Casey Fuller once took two weeks off from school. He was a junior,

he'd just quit wrestling, and his Volkswagen Rabbit was being fixed out by Skateland toward the end of South Bay Road. The arrangement he worked out with his mom was this: he'd drive her early to work, drop her off at a building with underground parking, and come back at 4:30 to pick her up. He'd use her car, a coppery 4-door Toyota Corolla with a light brown interior. What Casey Fuller remembers about these two weeks is the time. How he went out to bodies of water to skip rocks. How he sat at a rest stop and thought about nothing. How one road kept turning into another, then another, and then another. When his car was ready, he went back to school. He forged a note saying his dad was sick in Idaho. His teachers, of course, dismissed him as lost. When he asked what he could do to pass, one repeated the word from the rest stop: nothing. He can't remember what happened to the Volkswagen. He still has dreams about his missed assignments. His mom went back to driving to her job and never noticed the miles on her car. His work has appeared in food people have eaten, clean hubcaps, stacks of blank paper, cardboard boxes raised 40 feet in the air.

Alternate Bio 7

Casey Fuller used to cut weight for wrestling. He'd put on thick clothes, dark blues made of cotton and sit by a fire. He'd buy tart pink and green candies that would bring up his spit. He'd go to Kmart, buy silver suits made of plastic, and run in places like he just landed on the moon. He'd deny himself food and walk out by the corn-colored portables while his friends received ice cream scoops of spiced meat for lunch. On match days he'd deny himself water and lay outside weight training class covered with a safety mat he would unbutton from the wall. *Piss*, he'd welcome; *shit*, he cherished; vomit came naturally, and he was happy to run less laps. Dark blues, tart pinks, yellows, greens—the time seems special now for Casey Fuller. What he remembers is a parade of bright colors and the eyes of his opponents. A week after state, on a whim, at the yearly banquet, he got on a scale to see how much he weighed. The coach was watching and decided to turn it into a game. Whoever gained the most from their wrestling weight got a free pizza and was declared the winner. Casey Fuller gained 23 pounds. He came in second to his practice partner, who won state, and went undefeated.

Alternate Bio 9

Out on Carpenter Road, toward the hills where it ends at Hawk's Prairie, where Casey Fuller once saw a cougar crouched low and disappear into a field owned by the Whitakers, where the speed limit was 50 but there was notoriously never a cop in sight, when the clouds were out and the night was either deep slate or double black, with someone in the passenger side who wasn't used to it, going 80, on the descent of the second hill (not the first where cows grazed and hang gliders practiced during summer), Casey Fuller liked to cut the lights, shift it into neutral, click off the ignition, and because he liked to hear the sound of knowing these roads like the back of his hands, roll down the window, feel his body rise up, and coast.

Alternate Bio 10

The Ford Pinto has a rear mounted gas tank. If the Pinto is hit from the rear at 30 miles per hour, the rear end of the car buckles into the back seat. In such a collision the gas tank bashes against the differential housing which, with four sharp protruding points, gashes the gas tank and spills out gas. With a spark from anything (including the buckled rear end), the gas bursts in flame. This is 30 miles per hour. If the car is hit at 40 miles per hour, there is a very good chance the doors will be jammed, and the passengers will burn to death inside. Manufactured between 1971 and 1984, the Pinto was thought of as "Lee's Car." Iacocca's specifications were clear: the car was not to weigh an ounce over 2,000 pounds or cost a cent over 2,000 dollars. It takes 43 months to put a car in production. Ford took 25 months to design the Pinto car. There were, of course, ways to modify the Pinto to avoid the collision problem. Ford knew they could provide a fire prevention device in the gas tank. It would have cost 11 dollars per car. But that threatened the goal of 2,000 pounds and 2,000 dollars. At least 500 burn deaths resulted from the Pinto's gas tank placement. In preproduction planning there was a different location for the gas tank. This is the same location as the Ford Capri. The Capri can withstand rear impacts of 60 miles an hour because the

tank was mounted above the differential. "You miss the point entirely," said an engineer testifying to the Senate, "safety is not the issue. Trunk space is. You have no idea how stiff the competition is over trunk space. You can only fit one set of golf clubs in the Capri." The expected recovery of installing the device was 49.5 million dollars. The cost of putting those devices in, spread over the whole run, came to 133 million dollars. Ford valued each human life at just over 200,000 dollars. So, the device was never installed. That was the reasoning involved. That was the world Casey Fuller was born into. And that is where his work first appeared in these words.

Alternate Bio 22

Casey Fuller was once walking in a field. This was his habit: he'd ride his mountain bike out past the lakes, off the worn paths where it was easy to ride, into a field of scotch broom and heather. The time was after the shooting and there were suddenly books and authors. He was out there trying to find a place to have some coffee and Faulkner. Then he heard a deep crack and some snapping. Casey Fuller looked around. He expected a big elk or a bear smashing a branch. What he felt was a wider rumble. He looked up. He expected another jet, or something attached to a giant motor. What he saw was waving toward him. From a far distance then rolling closer and closer. Casey Fuller looked around one last time. Nothing that could fall on him was close. His work was to stand there in that appearance, in the field past the lakes, and feel it completely: the entire earth moving under his feet.

Alternate Bio 24

Here is the last thing Casey Fuller will say about his life lived in these words. Remember how Casey Fuller used to drop his mom off and tell her he was going to school, then drive off into the world without a destination at all? One day he wanted to go to the ocean. In anticipation, as if by looking back it was all part of a plan, he saved his lunch money for three days, so he would have enough gas. It was still cold, and early spring, the camera zoomed out as wide as it would go to take in what he

was seeing. The horizon was silver tinged with wisps of blue behind light brown clouds. He was there. All the earth before him was sand. Then, without knowing why, without wondering who was there to see, without regard for what he was wearing, without a strategy, after looking at the waves rolling green on green on green, Casey Fuller did what you hoped he'd do and walked out into the entire ocean.

Casey Fuller has always felt a little shock of disappointment when asked to write a third-person bio.

contributor notes

Colin Borgen is a senior majoring in fish and wildlife biology and a certificate in creative writing. He grew up with a love of both the natural world and writing. His stories largely focus on the relationships between people, existentialism, and naturalism.

Jameson Kay Olson Buckau (2002) is a graduate teaching assistant and master's student in the English Department. They did their undergrad at Black Hills State University in South Dakota. They are queer and trans and come from a religious background, which influences much of his writing. He has a dog named Bailey, who enjoys long walks by the river, meeting new people, and cuddling after dinner. Jameson is specializing in creative writing as well as queer theory, with an interest in postcolonial studies. They believe in the unending fight for all people's liberation under the powers of colonialism and white supremacy.

"Fantasy is escapist, and that is its glory . . . it's our plain duty to escape, and to take as many people with us as we can!" is a mentality that **Drake Carnes** takes with him through life, especially into his writing. He is currently a senior at UND working on his bachelor's in English with a minor in classical studies and certificates in creative writing and ancient languages. When he isn't creating escapist fantasy for others, he is usually

playing video games or watching something from his movie collection or reading from his book collection.

Korbyan Chavez has earned her bachelor's of accountancy at the University of North Dakota. However, this gal isn't just all about numbers; letters can be cool too! Korbyan is now a non-degree student pursuing her creative writing wertificate, for she has always had a fascination with the art of writing. She will continue to pursue this, even as an accountant. She also would love to have a corgi named Ein in the near future.

Jalen DeCoteau is from the Turtle Mountain Reservation and will be attaining a BFA in visual arts with an emphasis on drawing.

Nauman Farid is a sophomore at UND, majoring in biology pre-med. He's always been a huge fan of books, and confesses that he sometimes reads until six in the morning. He wants to write a novel one day, and possibly build a castle (but not in Europe, it's too rainy). Most exciting of all, he wants to become a surgeon.

Casey Fuller is still a regular old PhD student at the University of North Dakota.

Cadence Gray is a writer from Mississippi who thrives on creativity and challenges. In her free time, she enjoys listening to music, curling up in bed with her cat, and sipping a warm mug of tea. Popcorn is her go-to writing snack. While drawn to novels, Cadence finds her strongest expression through short stories and poems. She relishes the challenge of pushing her boundaries and exploring new avenues in writing, always eager to tackle what she initially believed she couldn't achieve.

J.G. Grev is a senior studying English. She enjoys writing poetry, but she eventually wants to write and publish fiction novels. In her free time, she can be found at her desk working on her various writing projects. If you find her, her black cat named Jinx is guaranteed to be close by.

Ceallan Hunter is a junior at UND studying English and photography. She enjoys reading, writing, traveling, and backpacking. She has always had a love for writing and wants to continue a career in this field. She

writes poetry, nonfiction, and fiction, and she tries to incorporate nature writing whenever she can.

Rachel Jones is a PhD student in the aerospace sciences program. Rachel's primary research interests are in education, cybersecurity, and communications. Rachel supports an interdisciplinary background with four additional degrees from political science to space management from the International Space University. Rachel also enjoys art and photography. Rachel and her amazing Army husband, Chris, spend their free time swing dancing, hanging out with their fur babies, and supporting youth STEM outreach.

Brenden Kimpe is an English major with certificates in creative writing along with writing, editing, and publishing. He enjoys being frightened by words, drinking strong coffee, and discussing the meaning of life with his cat, Marceline.

"I myself am strange and unusual." is the life motto **Veronika Linstrom** swears by. As a current junior at UND, Vern is pursuing their bachelor's in English, as well as certificates in creative writing and writing, editing, and publishing. When they're not suffering for their art, Vern can be found curled up on their futon replaying the same three games, or hanging out with their fiancé, Alex, and their three pet rats.

Robert Moore, Jr. is the Lab Supervisor for the Department of Physics and Astrophysics at UND. He enjoys taking classes while working for the University to broaden his mind and experiences. He's also been known to turn a telescope to the night sky and take some pictures.

Abigail Petersen is a third-year law student. When she's not reading law books, she can be found hammocking, dancing to '90s music, or reading something for fun. Her favorite punctuation is a colon, and she recently got back into *Sims 2*.

Chloe Piekkola is a senior communications student, who finds joy in stringing moments together into poetic experiences. She has a passion for creating visual art, expressing herself through poetry, photography, and graphic design.

Maren Schettler is a senior studying English, music, and political science. She loves the outdoors and enjoys camping and hiking with friends and family. While in school, there is no end to her frustration with the lack of leisure reading time. Her boxer dog Pacha is her favorite reading buddy.

James Stanton is a sophomore aviation student at UND. Outside of flying, he spends his time on the ground writing and enjoying audiobooks. He's been known to draft pieces on the backs of receipt paper.

Jonah Stroup is in his last year at UND and is majoring in computer science, minoring in English, and getting a certificate in creative writing. Jonah is passionate about expressing creativity through various mediums, but primarily those of writing and painting. He hopes that, with his art, he is able to inspire creativity in others.

Floodwall

featuring work by . . .

Colin Borgen

Jameson Kay Olson Buckau

Drake Carnes

Korbyan Chavez

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