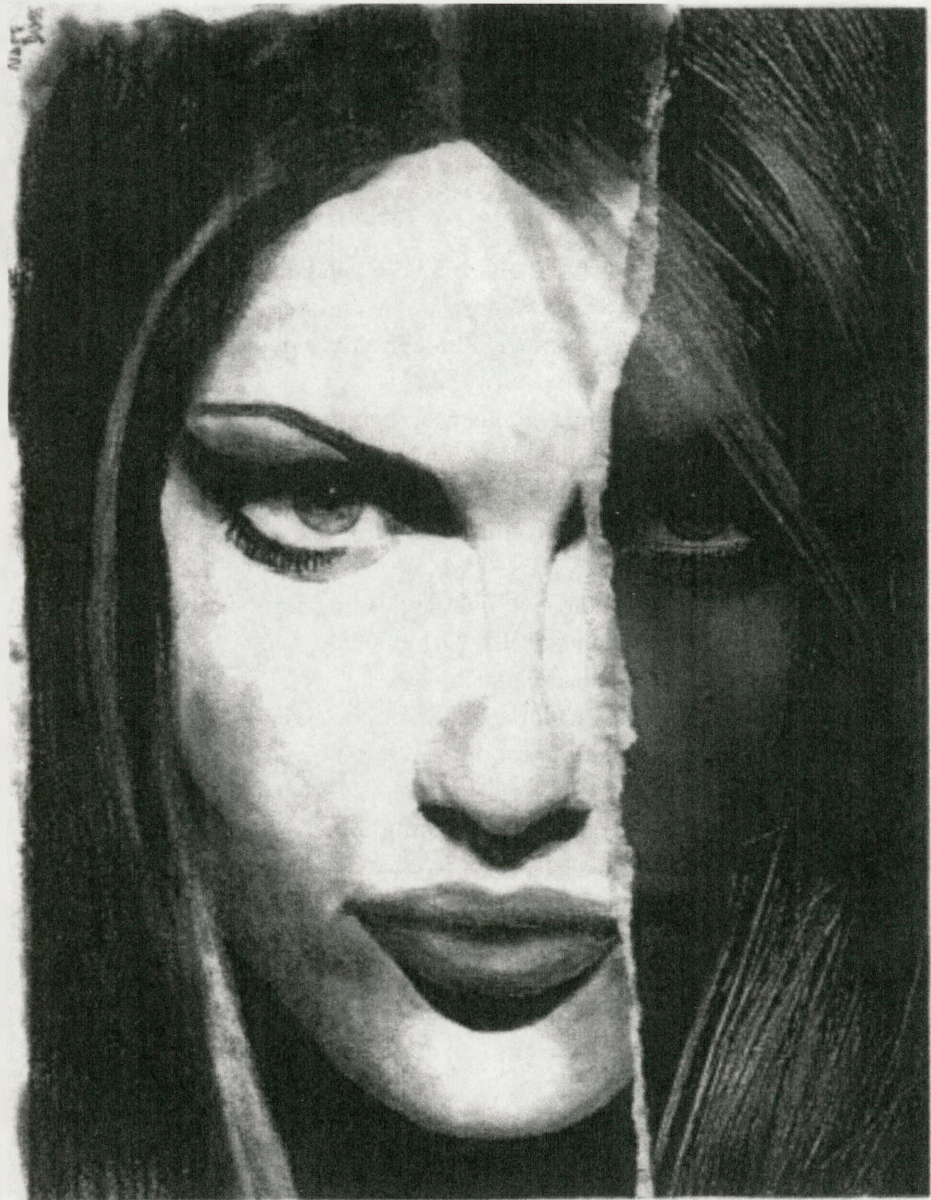


The Best of the Literary Journals

from Adventist Colleges and Universities



Untitled
NATE DUBS
Legacy – Southern Adventist University

Before I Left for College

ELISABETH JANE CATALANO

Gadfly - Walla Walla College

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My grandfather flickers now, the man called husband, father,
the brother that sat in a pew each week, the grandfather
who prayed behind his filled plate. He hunches by the door,

hand outstretched, fingers cupped, his head rotating sideways.
"Someone, go get the door for Bapa," Mom says. I twist the knob,
the hinges rattle, as I let him in.
I notice his awkward stance, he's confused.

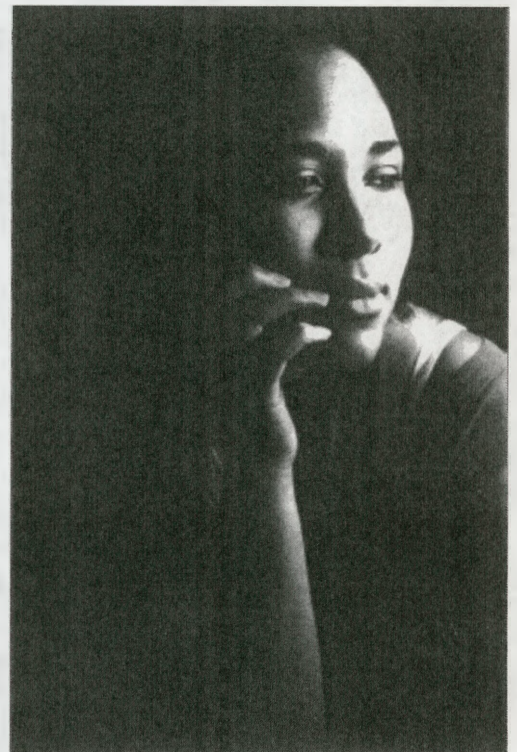
Usually, he doesn't understand the TV, the flashing lights and recorded sound.
Two days before, he had watched TV with his wife,
the two sat together on the floral couch,
the dog he still remembers as Chloe nestled in between.
3ABN was on, with a documentary about the Rapture.

Remember, he did not believe that sort of thing.

Mom drops the wooden spoon spinning in the vegetable broth.
She grabs Bapa's bony shoulders in her moist fingers,
encouraging words flow down through his crusty ears.
The dam finally breaks, and through the noise of a
rushing kind, she hears what he really wants to say.

"Gone, all gone," he finishes.

"Do you think that Jesus came, and you were left here?" Mom says,
as my crumpled grandpa begins to shake.



Untitled

ERIKA JENKINS
Legacy - Southern
Adventist University

Call Me Ishmael (and other excuses)

MINDY MILLS

Parnassus - Andrews University

I have spent the entire day drifting
Like an un-manned ship
From room to room. I sat
On the kitchen counter, tapping the knives against the stove.
I read poetry aloud from a book

As if to a crowd, although alone.
I stared out of the
Window at the rain. Then
The snow. And I hummed to myself while I washed dishes,
Throwing leftovers into the trash bin.

But my sailing is distracted by
The tug of something.
The rope that has me moored?
Or from the scrape of my hull on the rocks of a shallow reef?
Or maybe the tide has gone out and I'm

Only circling the tide pool. Maybe
I'm not even the
Captain and that stutter
Has nothing to do with a boat, with ropes, or even stones.
Maybe it's Morse code, and maybe I'm the

One that's doing all of the tapping.
Maybe I'm it: the
Only living crew of
A freak naval disaster, and that feeling is just my
Life jacket, riding up against my chin.



Walker

JASON

HAINAULT

Quicksilver -

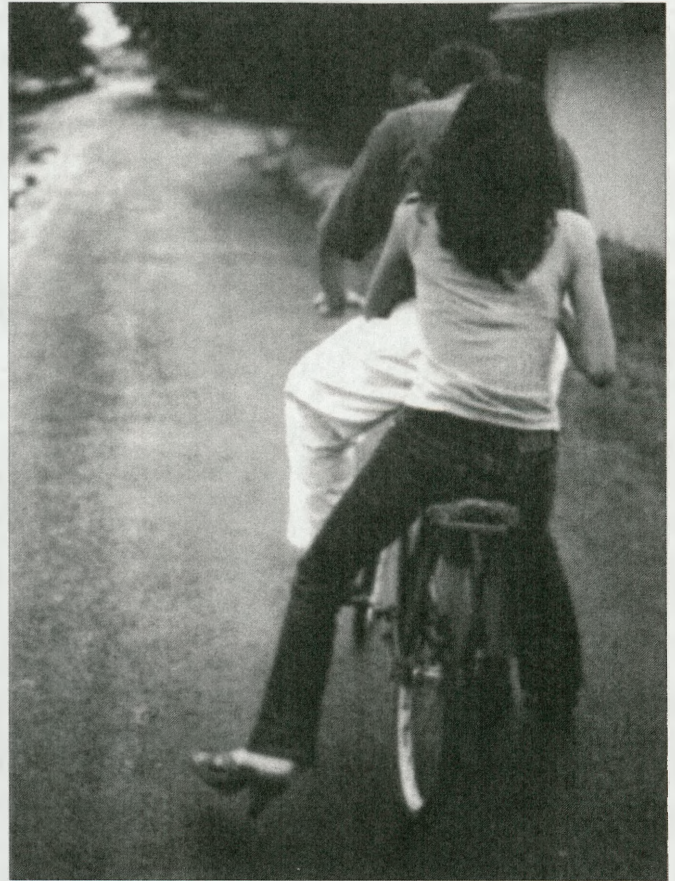
Pacific Union
College

Rain

JENNY STEWART

Gadfly - Walla Walla College

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Lonely

LARRY TATIANA BAXTER

Legacy - Southern Adventist University

My hands grip tight the oar that lies before
My seat as icy waves soak through the thin
Wool garment that I wear. I search for shore
In vain. I shrink away from men packed in
With me to bursting on this tiny boat.
My vision blurs when blistered hands release
The oar and clutch the rocking craft afloat
In thunder, rain, and biting wind increased
By darkness penetrating deep. For where
Is that eternal God who promises
To keep us safe? I seek and see out there
A ghost. And now all my faith vanishes.
But specter turns to solid man who boards
My craft; the storm destroyed with just His words.



Graphite Drawing
TAM WAI
Musings – La Sierra University

Guardian

CAROL JUNE HOOKER

The Montage - Columbia Union College

Five feet tall,
Ambrosia artemisiifolia—
Food of the holy
Leaves protecting young children—
Guards the playground fence corner.

Five feet tall,
Ambrosia artemisiifolia
Spews yellow-green pollen.
Pollen sticks to school windows.
Young children wheeze.

“Cut it down,” I say.
“It is only common ragweed.”
“Later,” says the janitor.
“It is five feet tall.
There is too much else to do.”

Five feet tall,
Ambrosia artemisiifolia
Pulls lead from the air,
Sucks lead from the playground soil
Into its leaves.

Five feet tall
Ambrosia artemisiifolia
Food of the holy,
Leaves protecting young children,
Poisons itself, so children can learn.

“Discrimaniggawhitegurl”

KATIE J. RODDY

Gumbo – Oakwood College

Like Ashley “the pieces of me” are scattered throughout these trees, these acorns, and these Oaks
Been here for twenty years, see this here is all I know
Grew up not showing what shade I was knowing
Guess I didn’t see the difference between me and the next shade of brown girl
Maybe I was ignorant or just livin’ in King’s Dream world
Took fifteen years for me to understand the problem
Been five more and still I haven’t solved it
It’s been real and it gets tough
And these two together make me real tough enough
Almost called it quits in high school, me and Kim said this is enough
So I left the place that I grew up in
Still calling it home ‘cause it was where I was raised and born
And all they would say was Katie come back you know you’re black . . .
In other words you’re too cool to be the race you are so we gladly accept you into ours
But I took it as an insult almost causing me to revolt
But I sat back and realized that I know and they don’t
What if I called ya’ll white
Would you still have black pride or would it make you angry inside
My father came here in the sixties back when Oakwood didn’t take kindly to those white hippies
So any story I could ever bring to my mom and him
They’d say Katie we’ve been there done that came back and took a nap
And you see we’re still standing outlasting many of the “Reverse Racists”
Two wrongs don’t make a right
And these two wrongs don’t make me white
They make me fight for what is right
Why reject someone for being born who’s different from your norm
Why get mad at me for falling in love with someone who’s “too black for me?”
That’s ignorant Open your mind ‘cause we’re running out of time
The Lord is coming soon and in heaven there’s no room for Racism

Rattlesnakes Fear the Rabbits

KYLE LEMMON

Quicksilver - Pacific Union College

paint's still dripping from grandpa's cherry barn
the grass stays tall every summer
his old herds purge their appetite in another yarn
but Rebekah's mud-caked toes still lightly circle
counting the rings around the old oak
that briny soil still supple and strangely fertile

I dither to grapple what kept me here all these summers
the water from the spigot outside tastes like copper
and the tattered swing out back fails to seduce anymore lovers

everything sags in all the wrong places
probing for shade is a chore in itself
that indolent yellow eye burns on countless faces

a string-less banjo with a peregrine falcon and a humpback whale
remind me of daddy's breath at the ocean
and a mother's caress, her skeletal son sips tea so frail

canonizing the land with a tumbled brow and a taut chin
my wife cots my young son in a scratchy wool sheet
our reflection in his watery eyes, hope for my kith and kin

accident brought me here I suppose, other mechanisms
keep me still
not unlike how craggy hands taught me to helm the land
and how small children best not steal sweets from the sill

I've realized that art is in early spring's dormant bonfire
and the love of tracing a fallen hero through roundabout orchards
another young man may sketch the same conclusions
lighting their own pyre

two hungry black birds escort his habits
the strong scent of eucalyptus fill his house
a place where rattlesnakes fear rabbits



Head Sculpture
RUSTY OFT
Quicksilver -
Pacific Union College

the opiate

ISHMAEL FACUNDO

Musings - La Sierra University

I believe in god, but I believe the Beatles.

I believe in love, like camels going through needles.

I am a saint, now I really am complete.

I forgot to mention, my clay are made of feet.

Sanctity, the choice of many free;

Validity, a.k.a. complacency;

She wrote the gospels, with severity.

I am a prophet, but it's spelled with F-I-T.

I believe in afterlife. Yes I am king.

I do believe in miracles, and I am a sexy thing.