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**FROM THE
TINY ACORN
SPRINGS THE
MIGHTY OAK**

OAKWOOD

**Volume 2
Number 2**

**Oakwood is a student publication
of South Dakota State University
featuring prose, poetry and artwork.**

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Saturn

Michael D. Jones

Red, red,
singing red from ragged throats,
the cradle rocking empty.

And sky, sky,
smell the rose before its close,
the cradle rocking empty.

Farm the body while you may
the harvest comes but once today,
Crimson—raven—curling fire,
quench the thirst (and desire),
the cradle rocking empty.

See the streams bait fishing men
and werewolf back to boy again,
Drink the sap of fallen stars,
twist the knife and lick the scars,
the cradle rocking empty.

Saturn's rings did slowly fade
like memories too quickly made,
Raining soft star-gazer's tears
the last of hopes, joys and fears,
the cradle rocking empty.

Give, oh give,
one bright chance with dark romance,
the cradle rocking empty.

And feast, feast,
the myth is born again today,
but the cradle rocks so empty.

Living, Dying, and Baking Bread

Cindy Cecil

She was a wisp of a woman with thin, silver, cropped hair. Occasionally Aunt Gladys would visit and give her a "home perm," after which I would remark on how pretty she looked. Receiving compliments seemed quite unsettling to Grandma, especially if they referred at all to her personal appearance. She would just scurry off mumbling something about how old she was. I thought she was pretty. She had these amazing arms that had huge flaps of skin in the back just above the elbow that waved methodically back and forth as she kneaded bread. I had always just assumed that the purpose of those flaps was for kneading bread because no one else had flaps just like hers, and no one else made bread quite as tasty as Grandma's—except, perhaps, Mrs. Linrud down the road.

I never questioned why I lived here with Grandma, Grandpa, and Uncle Olaf. I just did; but it was mostly Grandma and I who shared our lives. We also shared a bed. More nights than not I was jolted out of my sleep to a noise much like that of a disturbed dog—a guttural sound that seemed quite out of character for such a gentle woman. I found it comforting in an odd sort of way. Besides, if she carried on too much, I knew I could always "accidentally" nudge her and she would sigh deeply—and stop—for a while. Often I would just lie there and study her face intently—as if I needed to memorize it just in case I would never see her again. However, I preferred to study Grandma when she was awake,

with her wire spectacles hung on a nose that was not much larger than mine, and behind which were the palest blue eyes I had ever seen—eyes that did seem a bit brighter when I would enter the room—those "I love you" eyes (although I cannot recall ever hearing those words. I didn't have to).

Our days were quiet, incredibly simple, and mostly non-eventful. That was the way it was on the "home place," a farm consisting of a half-section of the best mud pie soil in the entire state of Minnesota. I had listened politely to Grandma time and time again how she had spent her whole life there and was quite proud of it. She had even been married right outside the dining room window where the weeping willow tree stands. I had imagined the whole affair to be fit for a princess, a festive, gala event where Grandma had single-handedly served one hundred white cakes (all made from "scratch") from under a magnificent striped tent. At four years old I found it somewhat difficult—if not impossible—to envision my Grandma as a young bride and moreover, to believe that Grandpa, a rather crotchety and cantankerous man, had participated in a "gala" event for any reason.

Grandma and I began every day at the dining room table which was draped in a faded red and white checkered oilcloth decorated with a huge mound of creamery butter, a jar of peach sauce, and a half-played game of solitaire. This was, in addition to where we ate, where the weather was discussed at

great lengths, and important family discussions were held. Both "regular talk" and Norwegian were spoken at this table, depending on the topic. Norwegian seemed to be used for conversations where laughter or tears were appropriate—nothing in between. I sensed they were keeping secrets, and this practice seemed quite rude to me. If I ventured too close all I could hear was, "ShShSh." Then Grandma would pat me on the head and simply say, "When you get a little older."

For breakfast Grandma sipped coffee from a china cup bordered with dainty pink roses. I had one as well, only a smaller version, and mine contained warm cocoa rather than coffee. The latter, I had been told more than once, would surely stunt my growth. I suspected that was what contributed to her slight stature. She would sit in her worn, wooden armchair in silence, as if it were her turn to study my face as I simply went about my business dunking my four—cut to precision—strips of buttery toast into my cocoa. From the corner of my eye I would often catch a glimpse of her trying to hide her tears, which made me wonder what it was about me that made people so sad. That happened regularly, especially around Grandma's lady friends. I decided that it had something to do with "the secret" and accepted the fact that I would figure it out when I got a "little older."

Grandma rarely ate anything herself; however, she "tasted"—repeatedly—to make sure it was good enough, I suppose. On the other hand she seemed obsessed with food, making a lot of it and coercing others to gorge themselves until they felt quite ill. This seemed to give her great satisfaction.

Seasons changed, but our lives remained constant at the "home place"

until one particular summer morning when an eerie silence awakened me. I climbed out of our bed and discovered that the great white house was empty. Fearing that surely something terrible had happened, I raced to the kitchen window that looked out over the yard where the sun was just beginning to peek over the granary. There, down by the crusty old burning barrel, was a thick, brown, foggy haze hovering as far as I could see. In the midst was Grandma grasping a giant stick, fiercely poking at a fire of such intensity I feared it would consume her at any moment. Over and over again, she reached down and piled on more and more of whatever it was she was burning.

I watched, frozen, as if I had caught her in some mystic and private ritual. To satisfy my curiosity, I stepped outside, but instinctively, I knew not to disturb her. As I drew closer, I fixed my eyes on what it was she was throwing into the fire. It was clothes! I searched her face for answers and saw only deep rivers of black soot. She quickly reached for another armful, and before me flew a white chenille robe, the bottom of which was adorned with the brightest flowers of springtime. I felt sickened by the stench in the air and by the realization that "the secret" was exposing itself to me. I remembered having wrapped my arms around those very flowers which had encircled the frail legs of a young woman—a woman I loved. I called her Momma. Now I understood the secret. I knew what death meant. I knew Momma was not coming back.

The fire burned, and coppery sparks seemed to wave a final farewell and danced away, disappearing in the haze above us. Mimicking the old woman at the burning barrel, I sucked the waves

of smoke deep inside my lungs as if a part of Momma might still exist in it.

I'm not sure how long we stood there at the burning barrel—long enough that there were only smoldering ashes remaining. Ashes to ashes. I had heard those same words once spoken by a rather scary man in a very black suit. It was the day all the people wept—the day I wore a lavender dress and my Sunday shoes.

One dress was saved from that inferno, a brown and gold checkered dress with a crisp, white Peter Pan collar. Grandma picked it up and cradled it in one arm and me in the other, and, when it was time, we turned and walked away. She spoke in a faltering voice, "When you get a little older, we'll talk about it." She didn't have to.

To this day I am convinced Grandma and Momma are sipping from pearly china cups at some grand dining room table as they look down on me as I burn my own fires—and, when it is time, walk away because life goes on.

Grandma taught me about facing the reality of living and accepting the finality of dying that summer's day by the burning barrel. I only wish she had taught me how to make bread. Perhaps I'll figure that out by myself—when I get a little older.

Balconies

Dave Jacoby

You will not find
balconies
in any of the big
Las Vegas hotels

A person could get on
a junket trip to Vegas
staying obscenely cheap
at world-class hotels
gamble away his life
savings and sell his
return plane ticket
deciding to kill himself
by jumping off the balcony
crashing into the crowded street below

but there are no balconies in Vegas

Sleeping pills are available, sure
razor blades
or a pistol to the head
if you didn't sell it off
or you could walk into alleys
made darker by the lights of the strip
leaving a suicide to be called a murder

But they will not let you
rival the spectacle of Sin City
by taking a flying leap

Masochist

Jo Edeburn

And I wake
to
smoky thoughts of you
from
dreams that burned me to consciousness.
My bedroom,
saturated with smoke,
is my haven.
Like a new sponge in old dishwater,
my body absorbs that smoke
—so very pleased with its collection.
And it dances with my hair, my skin
until it finally sinks
to within.

The Native

Jo Edeburn

The threat of the fluorescent lights
could not paint the garden of grass.
A field within a city's eye,
this meadow is my stage,
though my audience is one.
In the white fog
I light up—a spurt of sunlight,
swallowed in its moment.
The statue beside me whispers. . .
and I laugh at myself
when I offer her a drag.

FOX
Josh Spies
Pencil



Freeze Frame

Debra McClure

The bed feels hard and the room is cold. The moon washes silver light across the floor of my second story bedroom. The room is shrinking, the ceiling is pushing down at me, and it feels as if the walls will soon collapse inward. I wonder if I am about to die.

My sister lies still in the twin bed to my left, sleeping. I can see her bedding rise with each of her slow breaths. I lie in my own bed, staring into the darkness, heart pounding and breathing quickly. Moving now, unable to sleep, I dangle my legs over the side of my bed and look at my feet. I jiggle them. Soon all of me is jiggling—restless, restless. Something is wrong. I would pace but they might hear me downstairs. Slipping down off the bed, I go to check on my baby brother in his crib next to the moonlit window. He is only a year old and so innocent. He, too, sleeps peacefully, unstirring and breathing slowly. I turn and lean against the hard window sill, staring at my shadow on the floor, outlined by moonlight, feeling the walls moving in. For a long time, I watch him sleep and wonder about baby dreams.

Back near my bed is another door. This is my uncle's bedroom. He is my mother's youngest brother and less than twice my age of eight. He lives with us. I can see that he is moving about his room with a flashlight. I watch the crack at the bottom of his door, seeing the path of light sweep in and out of sight. He also is moving quietly. I wonder if he can feel it too. Something is wrong, dreadfully

wrong. Something is going to happen.

I step lightly across the silver floor. Stepping carefully around all of the creaks and groans of the floor, I move toward his door. I am sure the room is smaller now. Suddenly his light blinks off. I freeze. My foot is poised in mid-air. I become a statue. Goose flesh breaks out, and every hair on my body crawls as if they have lives of their own. I am very, very scared. An unknown fear has seized me and squeezes out every breath I struggle to take in. I begin to tremble.

I tap feather light on his door, and whisper, "Billy? Billy? Are you there?" I watch the doorknob turn silently and slowly. As soon as I see his eye in the door I tell him I am afraid. "Something bad is going to happen. I can feel it." I say this to him over and over, like a record caught in a one line skip. His look silences me. His eyes are like large, dark pools on a face as white as the moon, and he is trembling. He motions my continued silence with one finger pointing to the crushing ceiling and pressed hard to his tight lips. He jerks his head to his shoulder and tugs at the sleeve of my flannel night gown. Together we flow as light as ghosts across the cool wood to the floor vent. Here we hover above the small grate and listen. Time disappears.

The voices are rising, falling, and gaining speed; like a mad roller coaster car, on a track, out of control. My mother and father are arguing and she is crying. The walls are closing in, leaning, falling. Something is going to happen. I can feel it. Every fiber in my body is screaming for tension release, and I am trapped in

silence.

I flow softly back to my own room, leaving his door open. I go the top of the stairs and peer down into the well of darkness to a slash of light on the floor below, a hundred miles away. I can hear them here, too. The jerky cadence of their voices comes at me like the sound from an opera singer moving up and down a perverse musical scale—disharmony.

I am nudging my sister. "Wake up. Wake up. Something is going to happen." My look silences her dumb protests. Maybe I have the face of the moon. I point to the lowering ceiling with my finger snug against my lips. Bound by blood, we are now also bound by silence. My uncle moves like a shadow out of his room. In the moon wash I see that he has dressed in jeans and sneakers. We follow him to the top of the stairs. All three of us stare hard down the black well at the stab of light on the floor. We listen. I whisper, "Something is going to happen. I can feel it." We are now, all three, silent trembling statues.

Billy says he is going for help. Like quicksilver, he moves back to his room. I see him making for the window. We stay on the stairs. I can see my brother sleeping from where I stand. He is still and breathing slowly. Five small fingers reach out to cling to my hand, like a new leaf anchored to its tree, whirling in a silent hurricane. I pull my sister slowly down the stairs with me. Each step we descend takes no less than one minute and a forever. Time has slipped into slow motion, like a movie picture seen frame by frame by frame by frame.

Then, we hear it. A sound similar to the crack of a leather mallet striking bone, and then the scream. We are frozen forever in time. The door below us is

thrown open, and the harsh yellow light floods the lower half of the well. We are dazed by sudden bright light and the sight of our mother rushing by below us, blood streaming from between the fingers of a hand held to her nose and mouth. Our knees can no longer hold us. We sink on the stair.

Our father rushes past. I stand up as if jerked by invisible marionette strings. He is banging on the bathroom door with his fists. I am propelled two steps down. He begins to rush back to the living room, and catches sight of us standing there, half in the light and half in the dark. His eyes are on fire. He yells at us to go to our room. I scream back, "No!" He starts to come at us up the stairs. My sister shrinks. I yell at him again, "No!" He stops. He turns and walks out of the house, out of our lives, forever.

Looking Out Room 125

Amy Siebring-Jurrens

Shade half-drawn—
outside I see
half-trees
half-buildings—
They don't seem to mind
that their image isn't complete.
They are confident
that I know they are whole.

Half-clouds swirl
through
the half-sky
while silver-winged blackbirds
catch half-rays of sunlight
and send them—
whole—
to me.

A half-woman
passes by.
She seems to sense my eyes.
She looks around her—
like a girl—
and laughs to herself
and shakes her head.

I can't laugh—
soon I will go out
into
the half-world.

Figure Study

Kori Swanson

Acrylic on paper



Life's Journey

Deb Seivert

**With me, Age walks.
For years I journeyed, unaware of her presence,
Now, I sense her quiet travels.
With her, Age carries her gifts:
Wrinkles,
Gray hair,
Aches and pains,
Tiredness.
Through life's short journey,
As Age and I travel,
She, unselfishly,
Shares her gifts with me.**

oh, bless me

Dale Woitas

wipe these tears away
and i'll repent;
wipe my fears away
and i'll submit;
wipe these years away
and i'll confess;
oh lord, they're gonna glorify,
gonna glorify me;
and i'll confess
if you just bless
me;
just bless my soul;
just deliver me
from this dark hole

light the incense;
i'll kneel right down;
light this candle;
i'll kneel right now;
bow my head,
fall upon my knees,
fold my hands
to idolize;
oh lord, they're gonna purify,
gonna baptize me;
oh, bless me;
oh, bless my soul;
oh, deliver me
from this dark hole

time to ride
the crimson fire;
time to dive
straight into the flame;
time to fly
into my pyre;
time to die
tonight;

oh lord, they're gonna crucify,
gonna crucify me;
oh, bless me;
oh, bless my soul;
oh, deliver me
from this dark hole

At the Sink

Cory Allen Heidelberger

I turned on the faucet, and steaming water streamed down over my dirty dishes. I squirted the soap, and a few small bubbles blew out of the nozzle of the bottle. The bubbles, the largest about marble-sized, drifted down into the sink, where air currents too small for me to notice dragged them into the rushing, scalding torrent. The bubbles disappeared, pounded into a million minute soapy fragments that became part of the foam below.

I shut off the water, swished my stiff dishrag around in the froth, and picked up a dish. As I started to scrub, I happened to glance to my right. Above the stove, about level with my eye, a tiny, shining bubble floated gently upward. Barely half the size of a pea, the delicate ball captured the stark kitchen light and reflected it back with the soft, liquid, pink glimmer of a miniature glass ornament hung on a doll house Christmas tree. Round and perfect but terribly fragile, the bubble glided along surges and eddies created by my breath, my smallest movements, and even my body heat.

Such beauty caught me by surprise, and I couldn't help smiling. I forgot all about the plastic bowl and the sopping rag in my hands. I fixed my eyes on the bubble, following its slow, looping path through the air. I nearly reached out to touch its amazingly thin, wet, smooth surface to bring it closer so I could see its swirling colors.

In the same second that I considered drawing the bubble toward me, I

also remembered the ephemeral nature of bubbles. Any moment now, that lovely globe would die. Whether it bumped into a wall or the counter top or the cold burners of the stove, or whether fluctuations in the surrounding atmosphere disrupted the precarious balance between the air pressure and the surface tension, the bubble would soon burst into ragged, filmy shreds. If I moved toward it, the bubble would most likely evade my grasp, pressed away by the wind of my moving fingers. Even if I could touch it, the bubble would only disappear instantly. Why allow my pointless whimsy to hasten the bubble's demise?

Absently returning to scrubbing my dishes, I kept a morbid watch on the bubble, the little traveler who could reach no destination, who could only drift along the invisible currents until its inevitable ruin. The bubble drifted down, floated right, hovered over my elbow, and then struck my sleeve. I immediately looked away, watching the circles of my hands in the water for a few seconds. I did look back, though, and was surprised to find the bubble had not burst. It clung ever so tenuously to a fold of my sleeve, reflecting the reds and blues of the fabric.

Even while I marveled, I grieved. To be painfully honest, part of me was annoyed. Of all the places in the kitchen where the bubble might have gone, of all the blank walls and edges and corners where it might have quietly met its end, that tiny bubble had alighted upon my arm. The bubble had presented its flaw-

less, graceful form to me to be treasured, and I knew I could do nothing but wait for it to die. I could only watch.

I almost wished the bubble would hurry up and be gone so I could forget it and get on with my washing. I moved my arm a touch faster as I scrubbed, testing the bubble to see if it might break. The bubble held on, though. It moved slightly, following the movement of the fabric. After a minute the bubble had rolled just a few degrees around my arm, a little deeper into the fold of my sleeve. I moved my arm to fish a steak knife out of the water, and the fold closed over the bubble.

For a second, I froze. Then, holding my breath, I reached over with the soapy fingers of my left hand and pulled the fold open. The bubble had left no mark, no remains that I could see. It was simply, entirely gone.

At first I called myself a stupid shit. It was only a bubble, and bubbles burst. Such is the way of things. Yet I could still see the bubble's soft, clear surface with its glistening hints of pink. I could see the bubble coming to see me, trusting me, and then. . . meeting its end there on my arm. I could see that bubble overlapping my own bubble, my own self, for that single, too-short minute. Finally, I closed my eyes, sighed, and spent a few silent moments at the kitchen sink, considering the loss of a tiny glimpse of beauty.

Cave
Jeff Strobl
Computer



A Boy and His Car

Todd Craig

*The car is one of the few places where I can be undisturbed.
A place where I am somehow among people, but yet can be
alone. It's the place where I can think best; no one interrupts
me, no one calls me. —Boris Becker*

I get into my car
and begin to drive.
The soft hum of the engine
mingles with the music.
Steve Winwood, Paul Simon, Bob Seger,
they all want to know
just where in the hell I'm going.

A faint mist has formed on my windshield
and with one mechanical stroke from the wipers
my vision is cleared again.
Stoplight—Red—
The girl in the yellow Oldsmobile next to me takes a pull on
her cigarette.
Green—
and I'm off again.

I'm driving around in the cold darkness of Brookings.
Looking. Listening.
And, admittedly, doing a little soul searching.

It's cheating of course. Paul Simon sings "The Boy in the
Bubble" as I pull into 7-11 and buy my own pack of cigarettes
and a Diet Pepsi.

—they don't help—

I keep driving, heading for home.
In my headlights the squashed carcass of a squirrel
lies frozen and flat.

And I tell myself "What the hell."
And keep driving for another song. . .

Lonely As God Forbids

Derric Miller

He opened the door of his '80 Monte Carlo and got in. Peering back at the bar, O'Shelleys, he almost smiled. But Rick and his wife had left at least an hour ago, and Scott's wife "needed" him home by eleven. So his friends left, and for the last hour, he drank slowly and by himself.

He pulled out onto the interstate without looking for traffic. The radio, tuned to a country station, whispered meaningless phrases and insipid crying at him. He listened to country music, which he didn't really like, out of habit. Like his ten-year-old mustache. Habit.

Singing along without knowing, he was reminded of his more creative youth by the feeble poetry of the music. In his last year of high school, just for fun, he entered an all-school poetry contest. And somehow, he had won second place. He recited it:

The Unclothed Graveyard

dancing, twisting in lonely light
naked of our earthly blights
the spirits sang as one;
in blessed unison

alone among the rough and soil
hid I (with my leaking boil)
their death my lively grin,
as I witnessed their sin

behold! The sun will draw them down
tainted ghosts into the ground
while I may go my way,

watch as I dance so gay
(haha-haha-haha)

my friends, your dance must always end
alive, my day just began
hear me, hear me, lovers!
I dance like no others

I hear them whisper "oh, Pity!"
yearning to be free as me
but their love is sad done—
"Don't leave me here alone!"

He laughed as he ended it. The judge of the contest, a certain Miss Stover, had congratulated him on the poem, but said "it was just a bit too morbid to win." His answer was, "Morbid this!"

Driving numbly, he glanced at the grin in his rear-view mirror as his laughing increased. It reached a zenith, then a bright pain struck. He pulled over. His laughs turned to coughing, then for some reason, he started crying.

Tears rapidly escaped from his eyes, yet he didn't know why. Searching his soul, he felt no pain, yet his mouth sighed whimpers. He felt his face pinch up in that little crybaby visage of his youth. "Whoa, what the hell is going on?" His hands fisted so tightly they shook, then his left opened up. Naked, it glared at his face.

No rings adorned it, nor its other. Forcing his hands back together, he felt the slightest opening in his being. "Dammit, oh Jesus," but he couldn't finish, for he realized why he was crying.

All through his youth, he'd never loved a woman. His dates in high school were trivial attempts at conformity. "Uhhh, ahh oh God!" His wailing increased, but as his body surrendered to even greater convulsions, his mind searched.

Through college, he never got close to a woman. His acquaintances always had dates or girlfriends. But he made it through college without one date.

After graduation, he easily captured a comfortable job at Putnam Inc., a media buying firm, but he never got close to anyone. "No no no!" He screamed like a baby, and felt some blood vessels in his left eye pop.

Not that he didn't have sex. The damn bar scene almost forced him, but those banalities just deepened his loneliness. Finally, he said, "I am lonely, Lord." The tears stopped, but only for a moment. Just until he realized what was happening.

Blinking, he stared out the windshield. He didn't see any cars coming. Spinning backwards in his seat he saw that the road unveiled just a lonely and vacant path.

Not one person was within miles.

All those years he watched his friends find love. All those years he was the Best Man half-a-dozen times. His envy he buried. His negative feelings he denied. Now, for some reason, they surfaced tonight.

It wasn't the beer, he'd been drunker (How many times have I driven home alone?) before. "It was just time," a voice not his own said. The tears swarmed back now, but because he wanted them to. The whimpers started again, but he whimpered from the bottom of his soul.

He opened the car door. The night wrapped him in her womb, and he felt how alone she was. Falling to his knees, he raised his hands. "Lord, I need a woman. To love. You made Eve for a reason, didn't You? I'm begging you, man! It won't work anymore. I can't make it work. Lord!"

His fists exploded down on the pavement, and his knuckles scraped out a peccant tune. Blood darkened his hands, and he raised them again. "I can't live alone, I can't live alone, I can't live alone. . ." He screamed until his voice gave out, then fell forward, unconscious.

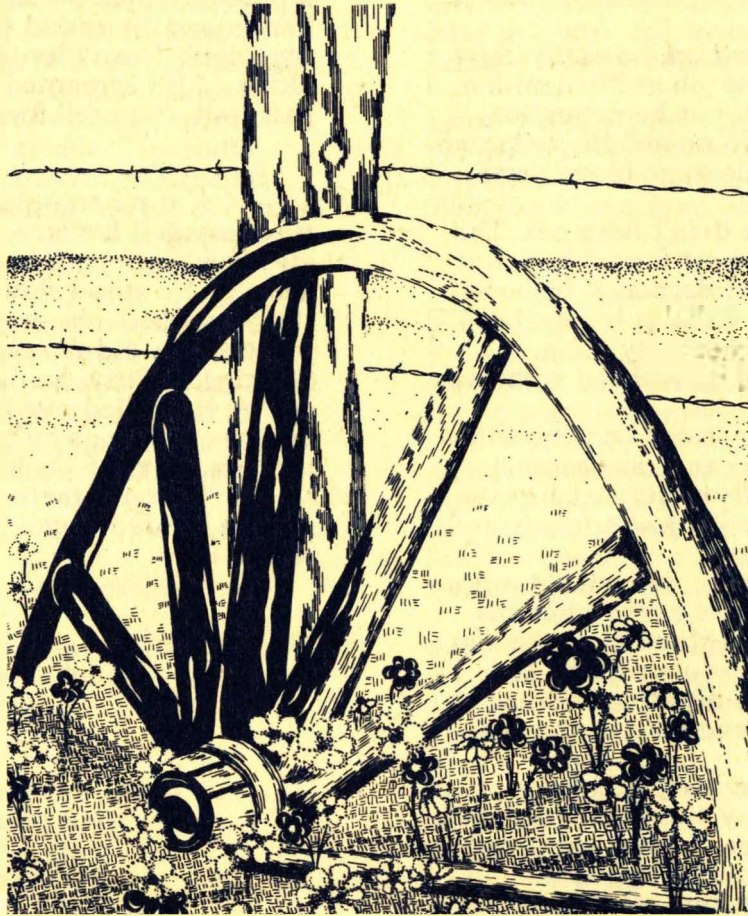
A wind tousled his hair, and gently massaged his face. He opened his eyes, sticky with drying tears, and looked into the sky. He stood slowly, his hands partially scabbed. His watch read 4:49 a.m., but the sun didn't tease the east yet. Shaking slightly, he opened the door and got in. He pulled out his electric razor, and as quickly as he could, removed the last ten years of his life.

The car started on its second try, and he headed home, hoping the sun would rise.

Untitled

Mary Bjerke

Ink on board



Best Friends

Taryn Reddog

High School, First Place—Prose

Yesterday I was walking in the hills down at my grandma's and all I could smell was sage. The breeze made the sage dance; its fragrance rose, and I remembered my sister's naming ceremony and her dorm room, the dances, pow wows, and the times we spent together fighting in our room.

Her bed she made every morning, and she hung her clothes in the closet or neatly folded them and put them away. I left my clean clothes in the laundry baskets and my dirty clothes scattered on the floor. This caused a lot of fights, but mostly all she ever said was, "Clean your part up."

Together we schemed to get to every pow wow within 100 miles. Once we got there, we were bored, walked around in circles, spent most of our money on junk food and socialized with friends we hadn't seen in a while. Often she would run out of money, and once in a great while, I'd lend her some.

Before white dances, she'd always have to shower. She would lay her best clothes on the bed. She'd curl her hair, spray it until it got stiff and sparkled under the lights. We dressed in the bedroom together.

When I saw her last, she was at college. I stood in her dorm room and noticed how neatly her posters were tacked up, how neatly her bed was made, how neatly her shirts were hung up. The hangers and shirt buttons all faced the same direction. She asked me how I liked it. I said, "It's clean." Twenty minutes

later, when we were ready to leave, I turned and saw the sage wreath, a soft gray, the color of the sky the afternoon she received her name.

She dressed like a cowgirl for her ceremony—black boots, black jeans, and my father's cowboy shirt, the one with all the neon colors. She stood between Carol and Steve, my parents' friends. Her Indian name was announced, and Carol tied the plume in her hair. It danced in the wind, and so did we. We danced an honor song for her. When the singing was over, my parents and I walked over to her and hugged her one at a time. I choked on her plume, at least that's what I told her. In my heart, I named her, too. I named her my best friend.

From *Kraft* to *Shurfine*

Tom Tidball

High School, Second Place—Prose

In the beginning, there were eight of us children, and, of course, our two parents. Things were wonderful! We were a family. . . we ate dinner together, at one table, at one time. We celebrated each other's birthdays, with a party or a dinner or at least a cake. Time moved on. . . six, the girls, who were all older than my brother and I, moved on to find a life for themselves, somewhere out there in that vague wasteland called "the real world." My little brother and I continued to live at "home," watching our parents' lives wither. No longer did they sleep in the same room—our mother now slept on the couch—and no longer did we eat as a family. In our brief years, my brother and I saw our family come full circle—in the beginning we were "Kraft," and now we are a group that might as well be labeled "Shurfine" with a black and white sticker that says **FAMILY** on it.

One-sided Conversation

Sara Van Norman

High School, First Place—Poetry

Talking to mirrors,

I survive.

Inside my protection

of shiny black boots and other clothes made
for combat, I am strong.

—or at least cocky—

Other people's songs crash out of my mouth
toneless, breaking on atmospherical contact.

—"...Pretty...pretty va-acant..."; Sex Pistols—

but I sort of like lilies and maroon satin ribbons
and rain and 'Scheherazede' and fluffy emerald towels

I give the mirror a consolatory pat along
with a smallish sigh
and slip my nose-ring in.

Dying Thoughts of Nam

Basil Loud Hawk

High School, Second Place—Poetry

Screams,
Death,
Guilt.

Men with dying hearts, waiting to be zipped in
darkness.

Beneath the muscle lie child-like boys

Determined, Scared, Dead, Warped

Struggling for another day

Wishing for home

Hoping for another chance at life

Dead.

Why me?

Will I ever get home?

*Dedicated to my father and to all vets
who served. Thanks for everything and
welcome home.*

et al.: Oakwood

Untitled

Cindy Cecil

Pencil



Unwanted Surprise

Carrie Whitepipe

There is the opening.
I pass through into the silence,
and darkness behind it.
I see four stars moving in rhythm.
There's a gasp of wind.
I hear leaves rustling and animals
scurrying for cover
A creature rises and passes beside me.
She leaves,
And later, so do I.



The Pursuit of Happiness

Shane Johnson

**We are born into this world
of little pink and blue flannel sheets
with all the toys and cars
and stock options we could ever need,
and all those little opinions about
what is mine and yours, rightfully,
of our time and space and money and love.
Yes, love is a commodity too—
to be given, taken back,
and again sold to our best option.
And as we desperately pool and budget
and portion our resources,
we realize that we are not,
quite understandably, happy.**

Help

Ali Simpson

It slowly crawls and clings to my hard whiteness—
like a selfish parasite refusing to leave, refusing to die.
No matter how much I force out or try to flush through—
part of it remains.
Selfishly clinging to me again and again.
Clogging me—filling me with the enemy.
The creature of my nightmares.
The ruler of my every move, every breath, every taste,
every. . .every taste. . .
oh the taste. . .
how I long for the taste—
and how I repulse at its moment of triumph over me.
The moment it begins to crawl and cling again.
Until I attempt to kill it with my bodily power
which I know will eventually destroy me.

The Ancient

Desiree Wheaton

The young doctor pushed his hair back from his eyes with a quick agitated movement as he labored to hold the thin, ancient arm still just long enough to plunge the needle in and empty the contents of the syringe. The old man continued to fight, twisting and convulsing in the bed. Sweat made his arm slippery and difficult to grasp. With some distaste the young doctor was reminded of a fishing trip long ago when he had held a small trout in his hands. It too had fought, suffocating with each gasp, trying desperately to escape. He closed his eyes trying to rid himself of the memory. He was working too hard. It was the old man's moan that brought them abruptly back to reality. He looked down and realized that he had been holding the old man's arm with too much force. He quickly administered the shot and released the old man. He could see the white marks he had left on the old man's arm; they were turning a blood red. He had learned to deal with such situations in medical school, but nothing had prepared him for the completely irrational anger he felt now. Once he may have felt some regret for the force he had used, but no longer.

The old man began to speak, his lips moving only slightly. It was the same old gibberish. The old man's toothless gums made the sounds mushy and indistinct, which only added to the young man's disdain. There were no recognizable words in the old man's discourse, only a variation of pitch or volume. This only supported the doctor's diagnosis of

senile dementia more strongly. The young doctor straightened his white coat and picked up the old man's chart from the bottom of the bed. It had been a week since he had been brought in suffering from severe dehydration and anemia. He had been difficult to deal with from the very beginning. He seemed to have no knowledge of English; or if he had, it was probably forgotten. The doctor stared at the old man from behind the clipboard, watching as the tranquilizer took effect. The old man's eyes began to droop, and the young doctor watched with fascination as the old man continued to struggle even as he was drawn into the deep recesses of sleep. As the young doctor watched the old man's weakening struggles, he for the first time truly looked at him.

The old man's face was the color of teak, weathered and faded. The pallor of sickness lay just beneath, robbing it of its warmth. The lines around his mouth were carved deeply, slashing upward, disappearing as the skin stretched tautly across high cheekbones. His nose jutted powerfully from his face, large and imposing. It was the face of an ancient. Hundreds of years could be traced in the network of lines. The young doctor felt an odd stirring, his fingers itched to touch it, to trace those lines and know the secrets hidden within. He shifted, uncomfortable with his strange thoughts. He lifted his gaze to the old man's hair. It was almost translucent, so pure was its whiteness. It was pulled back into a braid, loose and frayed. A strand had

escaped and lay with stark relief against the darkness of his skin. His forehead was sloped, strangely smooth, and his eyebrows slashed darkly across the wide expanse. The old man stirred in his sleep. His long, finely-shaped fingers fluttered against the sterile whiteness of the sheets like captured sparrows. This was not the image of an Indian the young doctor had formed in his mind long ago. He grudgingly admitted that this man was handsome, quite in contrast with the impressions he had formed since his arrival in South Dakota.

The young doctor had grown up in the east, and his whole experience with Indians had been the old westerns shown on late night television. Even then he knew that most of those "Indians" were actually white men Hollywood had painted. It was not until he decided to accept an internship in Rapid City Regional Hospital that he had come in contact with "real Indians". As a lark he had driven through the Pine Ridge reservation on his way to Rapid City. The movie "Dances with Wolves" had done nothing to prepare him for what he saw. The desolation and the poverty struck him with its supreme ugliness. He could not understand why anyone would want to live in such squalor. He was even more appalled when another intern told him that they received both money and even housing from the government. He became angry at their apparent laziness. The opinion was only strengthened when he drove downtown past the Prairie Market and looked at them sleeping among discarded bottles and refuse. When he and some of the younger interns gathered, their conversations often centered on this situation. For the young man both the bitterness and the anger grew.

"Did you hear about the little girl they brought in yesterday?" asked Paul, a tall, young man with sparse blonde hair. Paul had been in Rapid City for three years and his attitude on the Indians was often relayed with great sarcasm.

"No," the young man answered unwrapping his sandwich for lunch.

"Her parents tried to sell her at the pawn shop down on 6th street," Paul laughed. "The pawnbroker gave them some money just to get them out of the shop, and they left the kid there!"

"Jesus, you're kidding, right?" the young man put his sandwich down, no longer hungry.

"No, it's true," Paul insisted. "They left the kid and took the money across the street and bought some booze."

"Typical," the young doctor muttered as he repacked his uneaten lunch.

One such conversation was interrupted by an older doctor who was a favorite of the young men. He admonished them and reminded them of their oaths. He pulled the young man aside and asked him to read a book he had brought. It was on the history of the Sioux Nation. It now lay on his desk, forgotten.

The young doctor shook his head to clear it of those troubling thoughts. He looked again at the old man, who was now lost in deep slumber. The blankets had slipped down, and for the first time, the young doctor could see a small brown pouch that hung from a leather string around the old man's neck. He moved closer and picked it up. It too, was leather, worn smooth from years of handling. It was slightly oily to the touch and had the pungent, musty odor of decaying fall leaves. Between his fingers, the bag seemed to vibrate softly. He jerked his hand away from the strange

pouch, letting it fall back against the old man's bony chest. The young doctor called for the nurse and instructed her to remove the pouch because it was filthy and because the old man should never have been allowed to wear it. He watched from a distance as the nurse struggled to pull the thong over the old man's head. It was futile, and the nurse finally produced a pair of scissors from her jacket and cut the pouch free.

When the young doctor arrived home that night the strange incident was still strong in his mind. He found himself being drawn to the book on his desk. He absently thumbed through the pages without reason or intent until his eyes came to rest on a single photograph, and he felt a shudder of recognition.

There in the center of a pristine field of newly fallen snow, lay an old man. He was dressed in heavy woolen clothes. His trousers were ripped and tattered. His moccasins, worn through and bound in rags, were darkly stained with his own blood. His arms were outstretched, frozen, rigidly reaching upward as if waiting to be taken into the safety of the sky, or perhaps he was simply trying to protect himself from the enemy's bullet that had ended his life. It was a picture of chief Big Foot, the aged leader of the ill-fated band of Sioux who were massacred by Union soldiers on the hard, frozen land at Wounded Knee. His was the face of the old man at the hospital, only frozen and twisted in the agony of death. The young man gasped when he saw that around the Chief's neck hung a dark object barely visible in the folds of his clothing.

It was a medicine pouch, he learned after a long, frenzied search through the pages of the book. He read that it was a talisman designed to pro-

tect a brave from evil spirits. He also learned that it was an integral part of the Sioux religion and their spirituality. The young man felt again the odd vibration as his fingers lightly traced along the surface of the photograph, and he realized just what he had done. He had to get back. He had to get back to the hospital and replace the medicine bag before the old man woke.

His fingers shook as he struggled to join the two severed ends of the leather thong. He pulled the knot tight, and his breath froze as he lowered the old man's head to the pillow. The old man was staring up at him, his black eyes moved across the young man's face, probing and seeking the secrets held there. What he found there must have pleased him because he smiled, his lips pulled back to reveal toothless gums. The network of lines which had in the beginning appeared so harsh were now brought up so that his entire face was smiling. The old man lifted the pouch and extended his right hand toward the young doctor.

"Thank you," he said softly.

Untitled

Jeff Strobl

*the reality of our division
is shown in the
astonishment*

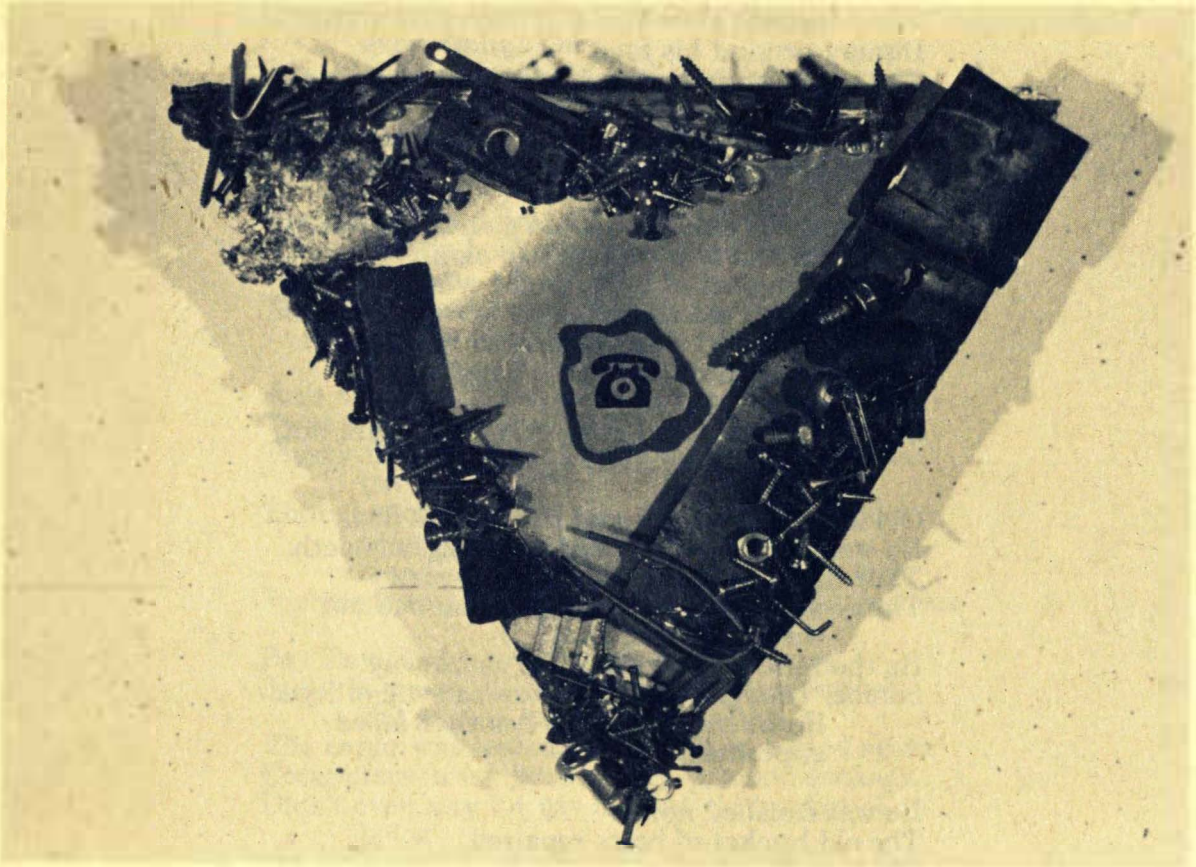
*of how much your plants have grown
since the last time
i see them.*

et al.: Oakwood

Trinity Nine #9

Edmund Bennett

Mixed media



Seventy-percent Dockage

Paul Hoffer

Joe Tibbetts wiped the sweat off his angled
brow.

Dismay crossed his face.

The cursed grasshoppers spit on his Achilles.

Flies gnawed his ears.

Saline trickled into his eyes and the sun beat,
beat his bronzed back.

Fifty-six. No wonder the old girl would not go.
Only him and her; so alone, so alone.

"This old bucket of bolts might win after all."

He cursed as he sat on her treaded foot.

He wrestled with this woman so he wouldn't
with another; both seemed to be
winning

Stones and time had stopped this old girl; but,
of the other, only God knew.

Old Man North blew and the insects fled.

He went back to her header, fixing her teeth.

They had gnawed a good many years.

Thirty and six to this day, but she had not
worked half of that.

He thought of his wife in the same way.

Somber thoughts while he took a swig of Rye.

Home brew. Malted. Another failed
experiment.

He was finished now.

The old bucket of bolts repaired.

Old Man North blew harder for a minute.

So alone, so alone.

Half an hour, at least; still admiring his work.

So alone, so alone.

Oh my God! Here comes an Unukok.
Old pick-up crawls by with eyes of vulture.
Though this vehicle only goes five, it is swerving
all over the road.

Joe knows who it is. It is one of the old ones
from the bar. Info gatherers.
This one is part Indian and Joe calls him
Snoops Too Much.

Snoops waves. Universal symbol for
everything's OK.

Joe is forced to respond and later Snoops fades
into the horizon.

Everything's not OK! Snoops saw Joe working
on the Day of Rest.

The network and mini Lady's Aid Conventions
will be held over cards and molasses
cookies.

The marquees of town will flare: Joe vs. Peg.
Spouse oppugn Spouse.

Joe's working flax up north, now.
Testing old bucket of bolts.

Thirty-five acres not worth much; used to bear
twenty.

Thoughts of this field all a bloom with royal
colors, of orange-red sunsets on a
cloudless day, of waves in a sea of gold.

Joe needed no radio to keep his mind off troubles.

Pay Day. Going to the twin black towers.
Joe's trailer empties its life into the mouth of
the gaping, ever hungry giant.

The cargo was tested, retested, and tested again.
Computers never lie. Seventy-percent dockage.
Didn't even pay for gas in that old bucket of
bolts.

Joe went home today.
He is now king for a while.
Time to make up. Kiss baby goodnight, first.
She first spoke, "Mommy."

Horse

Melinda Auer

Charcoal on paper



The Owl King

Michael D. Jones

Another blue sunset.
On the ramparts, the pale king
rests his hands on the cold
granite terrace.

(what does it profit a man)

Shadows gather
in the forest and on his brow
as the singing sun
fades to a murmuring moon.

(if he gains the whole world)

Scanning the horizon,
he sees the first owl of the evening
take wing.
The hunt has begun.

(but loses his own soul)

Frowning, aching,
he turns from viewing his domain
and slowly descends
the stone stairway to his court.

Untitled

Jeff Strobl

Photomontage

“While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the enter orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters. . .”

**from “The Fall of The House of Usher”
Edgar Allen Poe**



Dreams Are Enough

Shon Qualseth

The haze of smoke groped Steve as he entered Mike's Pub. It was not busy in the tavern yet, but a Friday night brings in the regular crowd (and some new ones) who are looking to wash out the previous week. A few open stools beckoned from the bar, so Steve picked one to hold him for the rest of the evening. "Tap of Coors," Steve said to the bartender, the first of a long line that would march its way to his liver. The barkeep filled a glass, and Steve sipped and waited for familiar faces to come in and occupy his time.

Two men were shooting pool in the back, with a smattering of spectators littered around the table. One of the shooters hunched his large frame down to the table to make the seven-ball in the corner pocket; he was losing. The tall man squinted a bit, then closed his left eye, but the rum and coke steered the ball a little to the right, sending the seven an inch to the left of the pocket. "Try using the other end of the stick," one of his pals joked. "Shit," the tall man breathed to nobody. Those around the table looked away, turning from a game they were pretending to be interested in.

"Another tap of Coors," Steve repeated to the bartender. It was his third, and still no sign of his friends. A few acquaintances of his dotted the bar, and Steve had obligingly gone and made meaningless small talk with them, but he was back on his stool, glancing at the basketball game on television, then at the rest of the bar.

Three women sat at a table to

Steve's right. His eyes passed them over quickly as he surveyed his surroundings, but one female was pretty, so he looked a bit harder her way. She caught his eye, and he casually turned back to staring at the TV and sipping. Her eyes and Steve's would meet again, but would never be introduced. That was all right. His eyes had a TV to be concerned with.

A middle-aged woman was playing a video lottery machine against the wall. Her green eyes with creases near the corners showed flashes of a beauty that had eroded with age. Now her eyes were slightly glazed—partly from the alcohol, partly from the video screen, and partly from the prospect of flushing away twenty dollars. It's lucky, this machine here. The woman had heard of a guy winning \$175 on this same machine the night before. She would not win this time, though. The woman checked her purse for another five dollars and a chance at the jackpot.

Steve took a long pull from his seventh beer, then used a handful of popcorn as a chaser. A couple buddies had shown up, and Steve was laughing with them about a drunk guy arguing with the bartender. Drunk man swore that he knew of a drink called the Pope-A-Dope, and that he ordered it in this same bar a few weeks ago. The bartender checked his drink book and couldn't find it, then suggested a different drink. Drunk Man knew that was the drink, and quickly everyone in the bar heard Drunk Man yell he consumed the drink a few weeks ago. Drunk Man gave it up as quickly as

he had started, swaying his way around tables, past the tall man playing pool, and into the restroom. Steve and his friends shook their heads at how stupid people could be.

Steve was half-finished with his tenth beer when his friends left. Steve heard them drone on about having to get up for something in the morning, but he wasn't exactly sure what. Ten beers—he could use a few more. Steve got talking to an old acquaintance of his. She was still attractive enough, Steve thought, as he acted like he was listening to how her life had been going. Steve mixed a "Great!" and a "That sucks" into the conversation at the appropriate times, but mostly he nodded his head and stared into those black eyes of hers. There was a penetration, a connection that only Steve could understand. He wanted to offer her a ride home like he had done several times before, but he didn't. In the morning he would kick himself for not trying to take her home with him, but at the moment Steve was content with draining his fourteenth beer and listening to her and the bar buzz on and on.

When closing time came, Steve said good-bye to her and added a simple "I'll talk to you later." He took in the cold night, saw his alcoholic breath, then slipped off a curb in the direction of the darkened rooms of his empty house.

The sidewalk slithered back and forth, but Steve made his way home as he always had and always would. His bed welcomed his heavy fall, and muddled dreams recounted the night's events in a slightly different, better way. Those dreams were what made Steve's nights worthwhile as he looked forward to the next evening when he could play the same scene out again.

Faucet

Josh Spies

Acrylic on masonite

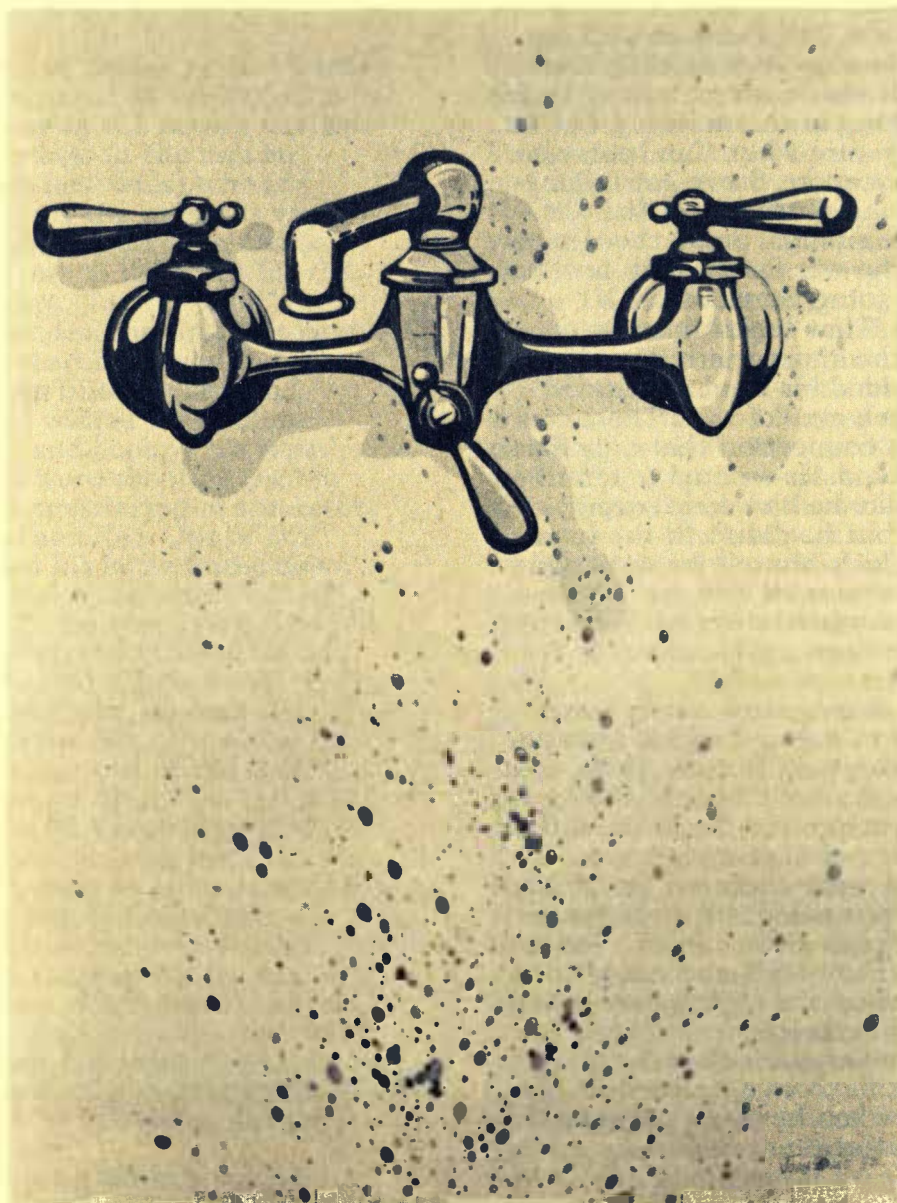


Figure Eight

Paula Paul

My breath frozen before me
I step onto the ice
Wobbling
Teetering
Fighting for some balance.
Rays of bright, cold sun
Flash in my eyes
And freeze time into silence.
Icy fingers of coldness
Creep up my spine
As I glide across
The frozen surface
Shattering the stillness
On sharpened silver blades.
Etching crystal patterns
In the mirrored sheet
of ice.

Grandpa Talked to Grandma Anna After She Died

Stacey Wiskur

Do you hear that, Anna?
It's my pocket watch—
Tick - tick. . .tick - tick. . .tick - tick. . .
Damn thing drives me crazy!

It's nighttime, 9:30—
Time to take my blood pressure pill—
But I'm not going to take it, not tonight—
I've got too many other things to do.

Spring is almost here—
I know because today I saw a robin—
It was sitting in your old rose garden—
It was beautiful, firey red—
The color of your hair when we first met—
It didn't fly away—
It just sat there and stared this peaceful stare. . .

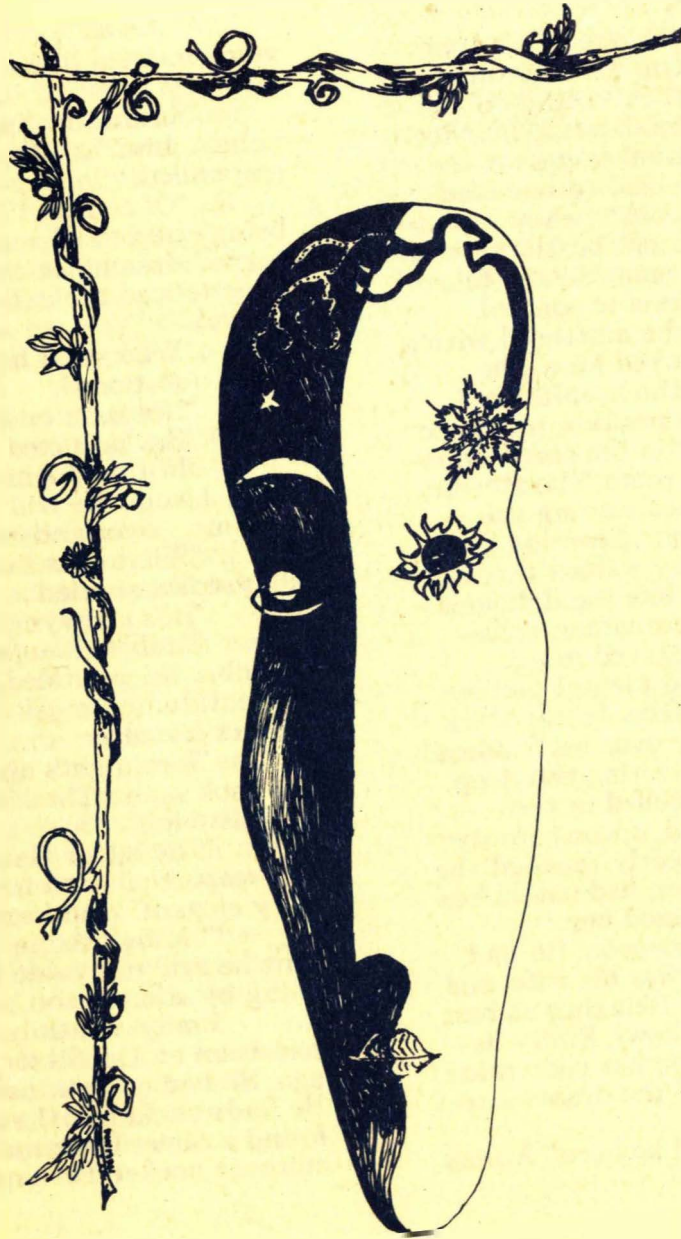
I'll be with you soon, Anna—
I just have a few things left to take care of—
I'm hurrying, but—
The ground is still so hard and. . .
Why won't that damn watch stop ticking?

et al.: Oakwood

Untitled

Melinda Auer

Ink on paper



As the Hospital Operates

Deb Seivert

The light of the operating room glinted off the sterile scalpel like sunlight reflecting off the smooth surface of a small pond. The doctor's hand poised motionlessly over the pale flesh. Slowly, the blade descended, then stopped. The television show's credits blazed across the scene on the screen.

Emily Masters snapped the television set off with the remote control.

"Soap operas," she muttered with a half-amused, half-annoyed tone. She shifted her weight in the hospital bed. Finding a comfortable position remained as easy as feeling cozy in the stark atmosphere of the hospital room. The sterility of the place had invaded leaving the walls blank and the floor gleaming clean.

A vague memory wafted through her mind enticing her like the delicious aroma of fresh-baked cinnamon rolls—one hint of it and she craved more. Focusing on the blurred mental picture, she saw her husband's face. John's black hair tumbled recklessly over his forehead and stopped short of covering the deep blue of his eyes. She revelled in the warmth of his smile and, unconsciously, smiled in return. She clearly recalled the last time he had held her, had called her his "darling," and had kissed her.

He would be there soon. He had promised. After all, she was his wife, and she was having surgery. Relaxing as best she could against the pillows, Emily listened to the conversation her roommate, Anna, conducted behind the drawn curtain.

"He said he would be here," Anna's

voice insisted like a child demanding a new toy.

"Anna, darling, do you really believe him?" a silky-smooth voice responded.

"Of course, I do. And he's going to bring roses. . . red roses." Anna's voice turned dreamy as though she suddenly experienced the actual moment of his arrival.

"When will he be here?" the silky voice questioned.

"Not soon enough," Anna replied.

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Not yet," Anna paused, "but he will. . . I know he will. He loves me. He told me. . . over and over."

"What does he do for a living?" the silky voice queried.

"He's a lawyer," Anna responded.

Emily's thought immediately flew to John. He practiced law too. She made a mental note to ask John if he knew Anna's friend.

"Two nights ago," Anna continued, "he took me to The Silver Gate for dinner and dancing."

"The Silver Gate?" Anna's companion responded with incredulity. "That's very elegant. . . and extremely expensive!"

"I know," Anna replied excitedly, "but he said my value far exceeded anything by comparison."

Emily mentally noted that John had been at The Silver Gate two nights ago. He had entertained a business client. He hadn't told her that, but she had found a Silver Gate matchbook in his suitcoat pocket. Perhaps he had seen

Anna and her friend. . . or had he. . . ?

"How sweet! He sounds absolutely incredible!" the silky-smooth voice pulled Emily's wandering attention back to the conversation.

"Oh, he is!" Anna exclaimed, "And he's all mine!"

The conversation between the two women behind the curtain suddenly ceased as a nurse entered the room. She came past the curtain to Emily's side of the room.

"Ready?" the nurse asked Emily.

"Yes, but my husband hasn't arrived yet," Emily replied.

"I'm sure he's on his way," the nurse reassured her. "I'll bring him to you as soon as he arrives."

Then, helping Emily into a wheelchair, the nurse smiled cheerily, "Don't worry. Everything is just fine. He'll be here."

The nurse pushed Emily's wheelchair out of the room and down the hall to the elevator that would take them to the operating room.

"Poor dear," the silky-smooth voice spoke sympathetically. "Going for surgery and her husband isn't here for her."

"How cruel!" Anna responded.

As one elevator door closed, concealing the nurse, patient, and wheelchair within its depths, the other elevator door opened. A tall, slender man stepped out. Within the confines of his arms were roses. . . red roses.

Anna's eyes lighted up like diamonds as she saw a hand appear in the doorway holding the dozen red roses. Then he stepped into the room and smiled at her. As he leaned over to kiss her, his black hair tumbled recklessly over his forehead and stopped short of covering the deep blue of his eyes.

"John."

"Anna."

The surgeon completed the final preparations for surgery quickly, and Emily felt the grip of the anesthetic as it took effect. The light of the operating room glinted off the sterile scalpel like sunlight reflecting off the smooth surface of a small pond. The doctor's hand poised motionlessly over the pale flesh. Slowly the blade descended, then stopped. The television show's credits blazed across the scene on the screen.

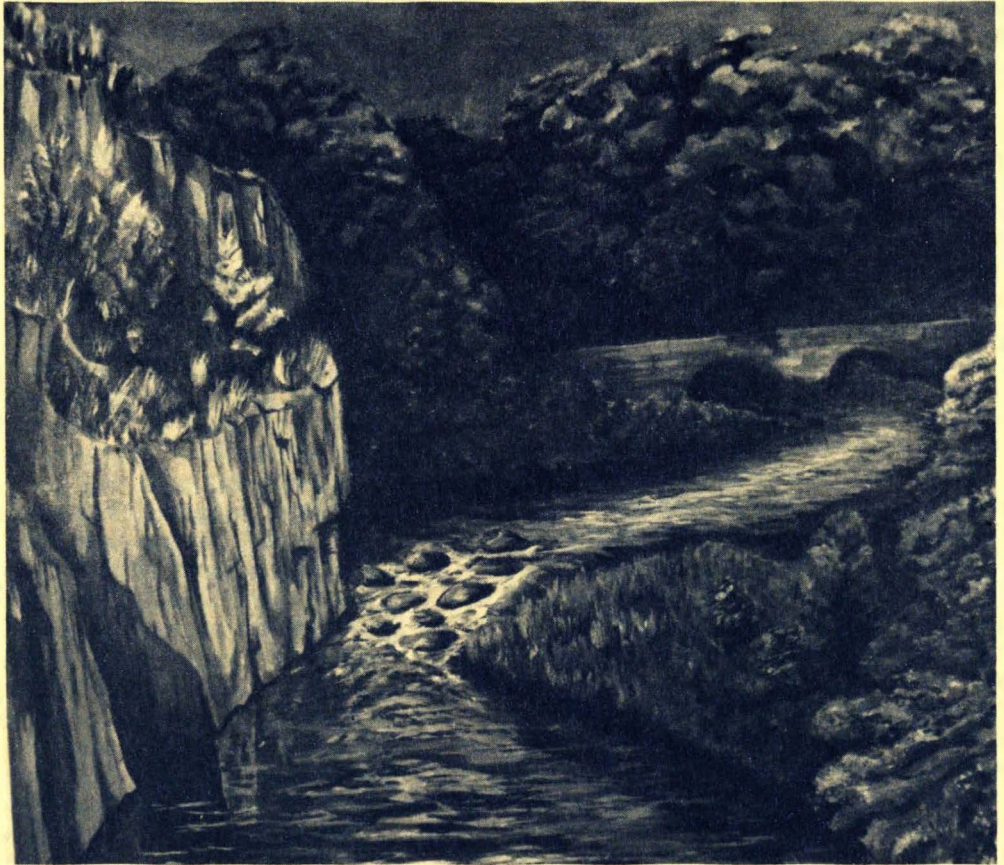
Karla Morgan snapped the television set off with the remote control.

"Soap operas," she muttered.

Palisades

Michael Parks

Acrylic on canvas

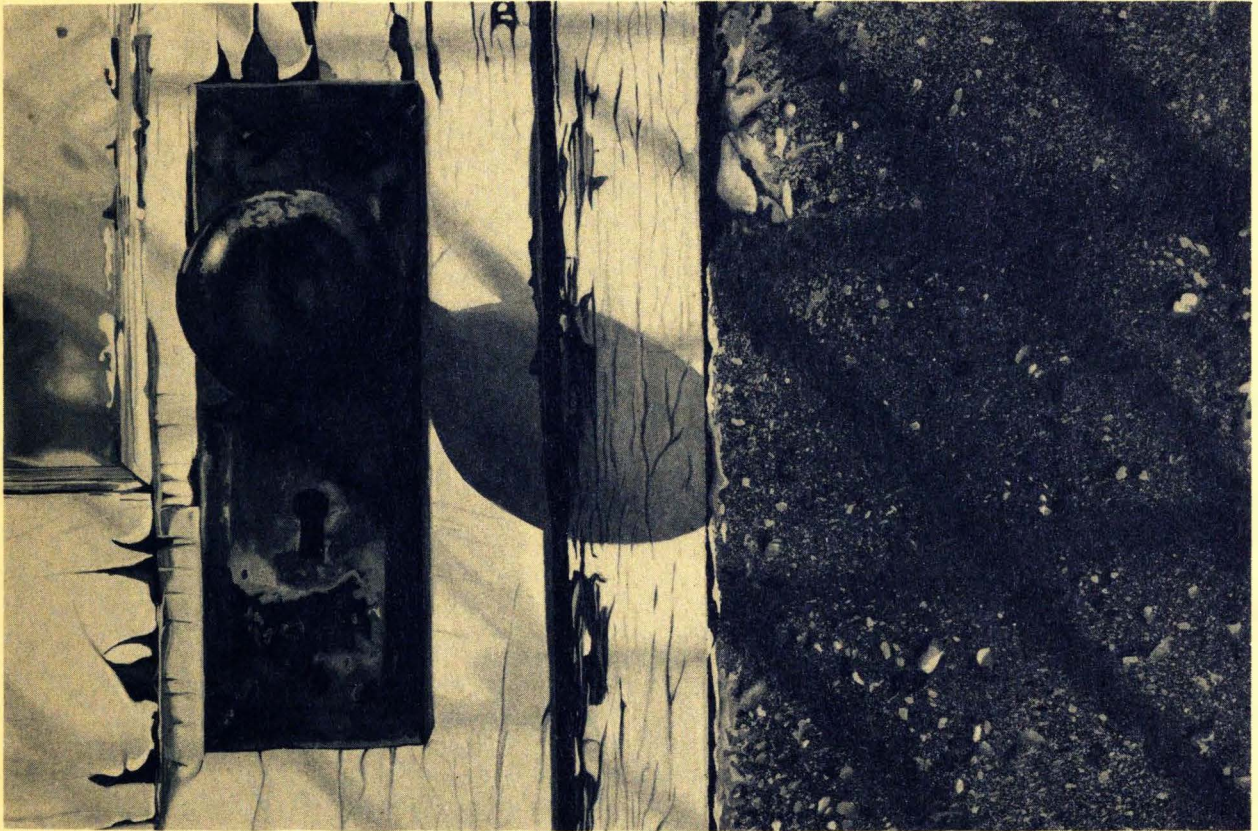


et al.: Oakwood

Untitled

Josh Spies

Gouche on paper



Editor's Note

The South Dakota State University literary publication started in 1968 under the name, Calliope. A few years later the name changed to Oakwood. The publication was printed annually until 1985 when a lack of funding forced it out of print. In the fall of 1991, Brian Winkel, a South Dakota State University student, approached the English Club about helping him revive the publication. I had not heard of Oakwood before then, but I was very interested in it. As a writer, I saw the need for a creative outlet on the SDSU campus. Brian went to the Student Association Senate and received the necessary funding, and in the spring of 1992, Oakwood was published after a seven year hiatus.

This year's staff has worked hard at raising campus awareness of the publication. Because Oakwood was out of publication for seven years, most SDSU students have not heard of it. The students showed encouraging response through the number of works they submitted and through volunteering to help with the publication. I can only hope that as awareness grows, so will student response.

So many people have helped to make this year's Oakwood a reality, not only the advisors and the student staff, but also the Student Association Senate, SDSU faculty, those who contributed their time and money, and those who have just gone out of their way to help out in whatever way they could. I thank all of these people. I would also like to give special thanks to Todd Craig and Desiree Wheaton for working so hard on the high school writing contest. I would also like to thank my husband, Jerry. His love and patience is what made my involvement with Oakwood possible.

Amy Siebring-Jurrens, Editor

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Biographies

Melinda Auer—Senior Art and Art Education major from Spearfish, South Dakota.

Edmund Bennett—Senior Graphic Design and Painting major from Marshall, Minnesota. Published in the 1992 Oakwood and had a one-person exhibit at Worthington Community College.

Mary Bjerke—Junior Graphic Design major from Bruce, South Dakota.

Cindy Cecil—Freshman Fine Arts major from Brookings, South Dakota.

Todd Craig—Graduate Student in English from Rapid City, South Dakota. Received his undergraduate degree in English at South Dakota State University.

Jo Edeburn—Freshman Journalism major from Brookings, South Dakota. Published in the Brookings High School literary magazine.

Cory Allen Heidelberger—Senior Math and Education major from Madison, South Dakota.

Paul Hoffer—Junior Botany and Biology major from Roscoe, South Dakota. Member of Farmhouse Fraternity. Had a paper published in the South Dakota Science Academy.

Dave Jacoby—Senior Journalism major from Practically, Everywhere. Proud owner of a Library of Congress copy card.

Shane Johnson—Senior English and History major from Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Likes to write, but doesn't like small, yippy dogs.

Michael D. Jones—English and Economics major, which he feels is a great combination for pre-law. But he'd give it all up if he could make money as a writer.

Debra McClure—Got her B.S. in Psychology and Philosophy from SDSU. From Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Now pursuing her M.A. in counseling from USD.

Derric Miller—Senior Advertising and English major. Says he is a laid-back, violently blunt guy who writes to stay out of the bar.

Michael Parks—Senior Psychology major from Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Paula Paul—Senior Political Science and Education major from Pierre, South Dakota. A Senator for the College of Arts and Science.

Shon Qualseth—Senior Political Science and History major. Hopes to go to law school. Is a sports writer for the Brookings Register.

Deb Seivert—Graduate Student in English from Brewster, Minnesota. Received her undergraduate degree at South Dakota University and now works as a teaching assistant in English.

Amy Siebring-Jurrens—Senior English major from George, Iowa. Published in the 1992 Oakwood.

Ali Simpson—Junior Radio, Television, and Film major from Casper, Wyoming. Secretary for the TV Club.

Josh Spies—Junior Fine Arts major from Watertown, South Dakota. Published in the 1992 Oakwood. Had work exhibited in the 24th Annual Art Competition at Bradley University.

Jeff Strobl—A December 1992 graduate in Communication Studies and Theatre with a Radio, Television, and Film option. Published a book of his own work entitled, Poem This.

Kori Swanson—Junior Visual Arts major from Brookings, South Dakota.

Desiree Wheaton—Senior English and Education major from Hill City, South Dakota.

Carrie Whitepipe—Senior English and Education major from Gregory, South Dakota. Published in Prairie Winds.

Stacey Wiskur—Junior Communication Studies and Theatre major with an Education option from Elkton, South Dakota.

Dale Woitas—Sophomore Environmental Management and Wildlife and Fisheries major from Spearfish, South Dakota.

We would like to thank the following for their contributions to Oakwood.
Their generosity will help to keep this publication alive.

**The SDSU Student Association Senate
George Alan Morgan
Nancy J. Veglahn
The SDSU Visual Arts Department
Sound Station 7**

Submissions

If you are currently a student at South Dakota State University (graduate or undergraduate), you are eligible to submit works for the 1994 edition of Oakwood.

When submitting please enclose a cover letter that includes the title of the work(s) you submitted, a current address and telephone number, your major(s), your year in school, and medium and measurement (for art-work). (Please do not place your name anywhere on your literary works. This will insure anonymity during the selection process.)

All types of creative work can be submitted to Oakwood. For written works, we will accept fiction, non-fiction, essays, and poetry. For artwork, we will accept drawings, prints, black and white photographs, cartoons, floor plans, and black and white photographs of paintings and sculptures.

Send your writings to: Oakwood
The English Department
NHE 251
South Dakota State University
Brookings, SD 57007

Send your artwork to: Oakwood
Visual Arts Department
SOH 102
South Dakota State University
Brookings, SD 57007

