Editor's Note

I have been given an insight into this campus that I didn't have before. I have met people who care about poetry and about life. They contributed to Oakwood and proved that sharing their experience through writing and artwork is important.

We need more people to see the world, to love life, to drink it in through their senses, and to appreciate it enough to write about it. Becky Meyer did it; look for her first place poem. Laura Maig did it, rather wryly, so look for her first place narrative. And Jeff Cleason, who brings together two aspects of SDSU, with his poem, "A Religion Known as Waterfowling," did it. Everyone who contributed did it. We all try to capture a moment like catching a single snowflake, then reflect on it as profoundly as we can.

In other words, we need more recorders. Poets were the journalists of their time—and still are in many ways. Artists in general still carry that function as reporters. Form has changed to follow the function of a changing society, but the need for poets and artists continues.

So, as both a journalist and a poet I believe I have a responsibility.

I am also a historian.

This year's Oakwood, then, is as much a chronicle of life as it is a literary arts magazine. It is a time capsule, alive with the vitality of SDSU.

I strived for quality. We did it. Notice the word say I could not have done it by myself. Many, many, thank you to Jan Christiansen, English department secretary, for all her help, especially those days I needed a secretary.

Also, because Oakwood is produced by students for students, I need to thank Jenny M., Becky M., Annie M., Eric L., Laura M., and J.T. A big thank you to my roommate as a special consultant to the selection committee and Wade Marks and Bob Oehsner for working with me and not against me. And since I can, I would like to thank my keen parents, Gene and Susan, for their wonderful love support.

Patrick McGowan
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https://openprairie.sdstate.edu/oakwood/vol2/iss4/1
I Deserved a Break... After a Week of McDonald's

Laura Marx

first place short story/narrative

When I learned that the Catholic Church had named McDonald's as the best fast food restaurant for World Youth Day, I became excited and disillusioned. Excited because as a child I cherished every Happy Meal Tate, and disillusioned because of today's commercialism infusing into my religion.

As a child my favorite commercials consisted of the walking dust mops called Fry Guys and Barney's predecessor. I loved my schoolMillions of Cheseburger-brain washed, because I was a Cheseburger like most kids craved chocolate. I campaigned for soft and savory pinata filling of Cheese-burgher's archenemy. Ronald McDonald, for withholding such artery clogging delights. Fifteen years and two health classes later I still anticipated a week of polystyrene fats and cholesterols.

After two days of let-drive sister Martina, the middle murderer and who can identify the real-kill-games, I flipped out of my Gremlins bus to receive my meal tickets. Each small red piece of paper cost me five dollars and allowed me to exchange it for one McDonald's meal. Unfortunately, the meals would be along the dubious line of the COMBO MEALS, which usually cost between three and four dollars, but they flew in a free, staple, or paper cup.

I trudged two miles, up hill, down hill, to begin my day that smelt the warm, tailowy, hearty aroma from running Big Mac. A fullжене, I took it hill, I saw handfuls of McDonald's brochure set up around the block. I had reached Eden. I did not hear any buzzing burger noises, but the small hand forced me to wring the door out of my T-shirt twice before I reached the front of the line. I shoved my precious ticket toward the first server I spotted and grunted, "Big Mac!"

The server looked at me as I had transformed into a Cro-Magnon before his eyes. "We only have barbecues, pot roast, and garlic and leek," he spat out in his little pre-pot-luck time.

"No, thank you." I was in an meandering line and went off in search of a Big Mac. I later regretted my rudeness, but at the time I wished him a life of agonizing after-tasting not my burger.

After waiting in six lines on my quest for the Big Mac, I gave up on eating a Big Mac or anything McDonald's-like for that matter. I handed over my ticket, acquiescing to their limited selection, and gave them a tired, confused and toned apathetic look. They tossed me a authentic McDonald's bag at me which left me slightly hopefully. I opened it to discover an ice cold tube of greese and pepper on a year-old bun, half a small little leafy salad and a Coca-Cola. I took one bite of the bun and my mouth became coated with the layer of Crico. I forced myself not to vomit. Luckily, the white heads of the Coke cleared my mouth out. I tossed the bag and cup in a trash bin and sat down to cry over my five dollar Coke.

I cursed my church for betraying me. At this rate of decline McDonald's will soon be featuring the Pope, cardinals, and bishops on their 20-ounce Super Sized cups. I can see it now: "Bishop Paul Vincent Dudley of the Sioux Falls Diocese: Statistics: 3233 baptisms, 9746 confirmations, 2017 marriages, 355 funerals, and one bar mitzvah. Way to go Bishop Dudley."

They can also sell Saints Happy Meals, with Joan of Arc and St. Frances as an action figures. Parochial schools will love them. What a sell out!

The story does have a semi-happy ending. I did get to eat an authentic Big Mac. Unfortunately, by the time I did, I preferred anorexia to fast food.
Winter Rising

first place poetry

Silent
Silent it comes.
The endless prairie and
snow capped hills wait to bask
in the glorifying light.

Cottonwoods standing watch
beside ancient blue spruce
tremble as they lift their
winter itineries of frozen leaves,
anticipating the coming.

The spirits of Lakota Warriors
which cry in December’s wind
are content for a moment to view
the luxuriant surf rising to unload
their ancestral tomahawks.

As the Furnished Stilt rises,
the distant hills all of nature
turns to worship an awe-stirred
silence. God’s heralds of
winter’s crystal dawn.
Wind

Patrick McGowan

Where Darwin failed was in the quality of how the fit survive.

I hope to make it to California, but after breakfast I'll only have $50 cash plus $400 credit on my Visa and a full tank of gas. I've driven over 100 miles so I rest in this booth in a Country Kitchen in some remote town in Oklahoma. I smoke Camel Lights in chairs, shaking since I left. And because of my weakness I wear a hat I own. But like a saint, I plan to cling to my poverty: I'll marry myself in my thoughts and find a new niche, or maybe, I'll strip and run naked and start talking with the birds.

Darwin didn't fail entirely.

Time is not longer time when you wait for love. Time stops and you exist in the same moment until you get pulled out. Sure, life goes on. The day the night, the morning, dawn and night. The waking the sleeping, the dreaming and travelling. But time does not. Time hasn't ended, just paused. You have time for having you and exciting you. Typographically, you're closer to the sun, more intimate to his rays, because, after all, he's a spiritual endeavor, like attaining heaven, right? And love is not humble, but a gleam, trembling, like a day.

I gave this journal entry (*10/30/94*) to Trinity to read. Now while I eat my breakfast in Oklahoma, a young group in a hotel nearby finishes a retreat with its breakfast. No sounds ring, but voices ring, disturbing vacuums, distracting. They're all exercising with fake smiles, and fake laughs.

I know they'd all rather feel down or get stared at or get something.

I sat in a booth in Country Kitchen in Brookings, South Dakota, reading Voltaire by Ben Johnson for English Literature. Trinity walked in having put anger into her trademark. She looked at it, she'd been crying—but I was wrong. She didn't cry.

"What is this?" she asked, reading me a typed copy of my entry. She stood to the side of my booth, shaking, touching her face in nervousness.

"I thought you might like it," I said.

She had no reply so she sat down and grabbed one of my Camel Lights and lit up.

"I figured that out. What does it mean, though?"

I sat across from her looking away, smoking, focused on some vacant point in space, in my mind; a point so close to vision that it's always out of focus.

"You don't want it," I said, too scared to admit anything. If I did admit it, I would have started to cry. I'm a cries.

"Yes, I do."

"No—"

"Yes." She looked at me pleading, insane with nerves, shaking.

"If I told you, all is over."

"Giving me this," she said, handing up the paper, "changed everything already. When you gave me that letter, things changed."

"That first note made you happy."

Trinity poured some coffee from my pot into the extra mug on the table and added cream and sweetener. She handed it to me. She then did the same to my empty cup and kept it for herself. Again she grabbed my pack of smokes, but this time she lit two and offered me the second. I took it.
We both smoked to our butts and didn’t speak.

“Patrick—”

She wrestled her words, trying to pin them down. How often have I experienced that and never known what really looked like? Shaking, she took another hit. She covered her eyes and her shaking legs shook the booth.

I couldn’t tell her that she had given, the hope she had said. We’re perfect for each other. I couldn’t tell her that she had played my space, irritated my thinking, harvested my heart.

I wasn’t going to tell her what she didn’t want to hear.

She looked into my tired blue reading eyes.

I nodded.

I packed my backpack and paid my bill. I wrote the check out for 8.80 more with intentions.

“Follow me to my place,” I told her in the parking lot.

“I got dropped off.”

We got in my car and drove west on Sixth Street towards an apartment. I turned right into the Ecobrant parking lot and passed through the then-way to Eighth Street. I turned left again to Seventy-second, then to my apartment. I put my bike in the back, but didn’t turn off the engine.

I hoped to simply take her home.

“I’m doing this because—”

“Shh—” she said, “time is no longer time. Nothing can change that except this,” and kissed me on the cheek and got out of my car.

She meant my explanation. And, like her, I wasn’t afraid of the commitment to the whatever that might follow but the immortality of it. Shaking, I lit another Camel while Trinity stood waiting by the door, shivering.

We entered my apartment and I set my backpack on the floor by the fridge and we took off our coats. I wish we could have taken off more and just laid together— even in pajamas.

She sat down in my La-Z-Boy and I turned on my roommates’ JC-CD player. Journey sang from the two Technics speakers.

“Read me that paragraph.”

Trinity took from her back pocket the infamous copy. When she finished, I handed her a cigarette and threw her my lighter.

“You want to know what it means.”

She nodded.

“This is what you want,” I took her hand and led her into my bedroom. She stood in the doorway smoking as I opened the bottom drawer to the right filing cabinet of my desk. I took out my journals, five in total.

Staring at my notebooks I thought. I don’t give you flowers, can’t buy you chocolates, can’t spend any sort of money on you simply because that’s not your way. I can, however, give you, show you, express myself with words. I trust you to read who I am. “Now, you tell me,” I said. I handed her my journals.

She refused to take them. So, I threw each journal in her face, each hitting its mark. It was only pages. One word per page. I’m sure ink has more weight than the page itself— but that’s only the case if you read it.

She sat down the will outside my bedroom and next to the bathroom. I wanted to comfort her. I couldn’t comfort her. I know this.

She sat on the floor against the wall, in her hair in her arms, folded across her knees.

I decided to commence my plan. The one I left the restaurant with. I walked to the living room and where my backpack was. In it I found my most recent and unfinished notebook. Walking around her again I went into my room and took from the filing cabinet on the left a blank notebook, the one I’m using now, and a pen from my desk organizer.

On my way out I dropped this last journal at her feet.

I had dropped the bodies— all the journals—and everything did change. You can’t gather the parts after the whole has spilled everything in sight, exponentially ripping each other upon worse.

I sat in my car tumbling and tittering. However, was a lot further away, than I hoped. I smoked a cigarette and waited her from my mind with each exhalation. That unforeseeable pain disappeared. Everything seemed so clear. Where, what, when, how, why? Of course, who no longer mattered. Amazing that adrenaline so existed may expand even the lane to run.

She ran from my apartment as I drove out of the seat. I had my window rolled down to let free the smoke. I could hear her clearly on that windless night. I love you,” she screamed. I didn’t trust my senses— I couldn’t tell if it was true or my mind making another memory, or maybe it was the wind. I’ve always had a habit of believing in rented truths, so I kept on driving. And driving. And driving.
For Howlin' Wolf (The Backdoor Man)  

Steve Lovett

second place poetry

The man in the black hat,
his eyes, they burn,
they burn me.
It hurts me, hurts me to look at the man,
but I can't look away.

He holds me with a steady driving beat,
lets my ribs with a hill,
and slips out my heart with a bottle neck slide.
He draws my
breath through a harmonica and—

begins to sing.

My body begins to shake,
my feet slide round the ground and
make little leaps like the ground's on fire,
like the gates of hell are burning under the sky.
and I can hear Satan laughing and laughing out loud.

Mamma told me to stay away,
to stay away from the man who
play their guitars and sing about whiskey and woman.
She said their soul's sold—but I can't stay away.

They call out to each other at night and I hear:
I hear the wolves howling at night,
the howlin' wolves.
We used to sing without words;
we screamed and cried for our hunger:
for food
and women,
and fire.

What happened Mama?
Where then days gone Mama?
Why can't you hear me Mama?

WHY CAN'T YOU HEAR ME?

They sing and I dance,
I dance and howl and it hurts,
it hurts real bad like fire on skin.
The smell of burnin' flesh is a heater,
fire from out their whiskey torn throats,
cigar throats,
and my heart's on the floor
and I can't breathe.

My body ain't got nothin' in it and I'm
spinnin' and tumblin' through the
hot smoke of the pool hall and the
stink and the women
hangin' all out their dresses and
I love them and the men that sing and play their guitars,
the men who howl at shadows in the night.
Untitled

—Dedicated to the memory of Judith M. Hansen, my Great Aunt forever.

Although it's too late now,
I realize that Grandma was loved
it was hard for her to let it show.
I only hope she took down from above.

I was so used to her just "being there.
I wish I could give her just one more hug,
Or let her know that what I felt was love.

72 years ago God began to crochet
The Afghan that entwined a known
Into her heart He stamped with care
Loved ones handled so preciously told them.

A masterpiece pattern
Until now we never knew.
The pattern He created
Was a Grandmother's love.

“Her time has come again.
It was such a short time.
Though I'll miss her still,
I'll never forget my Grandma's smile.

Summer's Heat

Your old car's picked up
like an uncaged辩证.
Its dull green pain
doesn't bother to reflect the sun.
Sweat trickles down your neck
as you boil in your
this pile of junk to live.

I wait to hand you
when you need them,
scratching at old mosquito bums
made itchy by the heat.
The wind barely stir
the ragweeds and flies buzz
in a dull drone.

Then your hand slips,
crashing your knuckles
against unyielding steel.
The stillness is broken
by the wrench thrown
to clatter against its metal box,
like cymbals cut in turn.
Swear words you aren't to use anymore explode
from beneath the car
and so do you.

Blood drips from your hand
red but pale compared
to your face.
You glare at me as it's my fault.
You curse. I run.
Water

Eric Lochridge
third place poetry

We all drank
from the water fountain
perhaps in a bank
or a hospital or
when we were children
in school.
We all share
the same water,
recycled since the sun
split the first raincloud,
the water that
Jesus made wine,
that Hitler splashed across
his sadistic face,
that for which
his Jews
killed to get a drop
on the tongue.
We all will die
and the seas
of our shorn bodies
will ascend, purified,
to remain
roaming the earth
without us.
A Beginning Divided

Becky Meyer

There comes a time,
am moment—just before tomorrow
when today stops
long enough to dream of yesterday.

Within that brief instant
we can see the beginning,
before the encroaching end,
an era of innocence now extinct.

There exists in our separate histories
a common denominator,
a mutual understanding
of a time honored ancestor.

Before we became,
German, Irish, Spanish,
African, Indian, or American,
we are human.

We pause at the window
opened to us—for just a moment
reaching for an elusive dream;
unsuccessful we return to separateness.

A Sonnet Of All I Know

Patrick McGowan

I.
all i know of her Flesh:
the soft Circle of her face
and the Triangle—
where her chin begins and down to
where her shirt doesn't open any further
that's all I know.

II.
all i know of her Self;
her Beautiful Soul which she's exposed,
but not her Blatant Soul—
the one that can bleed,
the one she hasn't exposed to me
that's all I know.

III.
so, of her Whole—
{Knew} at not.
Way After Midnight
*honorable mention poetry*

I sit on the couch seeing
TV snow through moist and
weary eyes.

Feeling moonlight upon my
chest from the space between the
curtains, I have to smile.

Maybe she can’t sleep either.

---

A Religion Known as Waterfowling
*honorable mention poetry*

My church is the marsh, my pew the blind,
My congregation includes, the loon, the
heron, the wren, and the sparrow. My oratory
comes via a piece of wood and a metal tree.
I often recite passages from Alcock and Leopold,
at least in my mind... as I wait patiently for
my favorite family to arrive, the Ansteds.

---

Flight Lessons
*Pat Baker*

The smoke screens turn to reality... pioneering spirit all petrified.
Caged passion with bars of reason.
Succumb to the tornado and stay alive.
Keep one eye open and ride the wind.

Awareness has come, through observation, hibernation.
The mind is strength, seize the body and escape.
The wind that shackled becomes a guide.
Survival through sheer constitution.
Thrive on the embracing chaos.
Swallow its energy.
Be alive.
Be...
The Poem is My Bookshelf

By

Patrick McGowan

The Road from Certain
is a
Love Medicine
is
A Room of One's Own
The Poor Loves
reaffirm
The Solace Opens Space
and that
Small is Beautiful
and a part of
The Necessity of Empty Places:
Gau
is
A Small Place
a
ceremony
of
Being There
with
The Things They Carried
O, my
Beloved
Sula,
you and I believe
Life is Elsewhere
A Thousand Acres
of
Immortality
At Play in the Fields of the Lord
is
The Unbearable Lightness of Being
A Pilgrim at Tinker Creek
during
War and Peace
The Awakening
is
The Story of My Life
is
For Whom the Bell Tolls
Cry the Beloved Country
and sing
A Farewell to Anne
for
The Chosen
The Wizard of Loneliness
The Catcher in the Rye
The New Man
Candide
Our Town
our
One Hundred Years of Solitude
has
The General in his Labyrinth
and
The Old Man and the Sea
Possessing the Secrets of Joy
and the
Spirit of Place
Night
Braided Lives
Altars of Unknown Stone.
Foxtails and lamb's quarters have taken over the yard. They have choked out any remnants of the once prolific vegetable garden and have sabotaged attempts at growth in the flower beds. A hedge, once neatly trimmed, now has branches reaching out with viciousness. It is difficult to avoid the briar bushes on the walkway, as it is to avoid the garden spider webs guarding against entry to the house.

The wooden porch of the house is as memorable as the yard. A tree root has undermined one corner of the porch leaving a precarious tilt on the deck. An old bathtub sits awkwardly at the other end of the porch. The wood has partially given way under the tub and it now sits askew. Littered about are dry, crunchy leaves and fragmented shells and walnuts.

Complementing the angles of Steeplechase is a door to the house hanging by its lower hinge. Passage through the door proves challenging as it must be lifted to be opened. The heavy and ragged door without a knob to grip since the knob was probably removed. Our hands are coated with thick, hard paint chips when removed. They leave tiny impressions on our hands resembling fireworks.

The room behind the door is basically dark and it becomes apparent that the house has been gaited. A good portion of ceiling, separating the first floor from the second, sticks out; our feet bump from the floor we are standing on. The distinction between rooms that once made up the second floor are vivid in the darkness. The walls stand out against the weathered and sun-burned wallpaper at the very top of the house, where the attic used to be. Pages and spines now reside. A circular attic window provides the support for several nests. A gaping hole in the hardwood floor reveals the basement—a dark abyss of broken glass and bricks. A partially collapsed ridge, testimony to the fallen warrior slumped over and exhausted. On the floor of the room, sits the fireplace. A light flush of cool air prised from the chimney and entering the room adds a chill to the already inhabitable atmosphere of the house.

On the right, through a colt-hobbled doorway another room can be seen. This room is smaller by a smallness than the first one. Little sunlight penetrates the fabric of walls outside the window. A small beacon of light makes its way through, though, and lands on the lone fixture in the room: a black water pump. It stands alone, covered in dust and rust. It feels cold and rough. Time and neglect have left it. The handle and gears together. Grooves on the floor indicate where the stove once stood; now there are only traces of soot. A pattern of wall paper and wooden supports outline the space formerly occupied by cupboards on the wall.

A door at the other end of this would-be kitchen leads us back outside into the haphazard yard. As we make our way through the briars and weeds circumventing the house, feelings of melancholy settle over me. What a waste. These walls were once full of a family and the activities they created. Children played in the yard and ran up and down the stairs. A mother filled the kitchen with tasty smells and cared for the interior of the house. A father built many fires in the hearth and mended the tiny breaks that a house can get. This was the center of their lives and they made the frame and structure a house a home. But now it has been abandoned, forgotten. Somebody ripped out its insides and no one will mend it. Paint will chip from the walls and grass will continue to grow. The only smell now will be of rotting wood and dampness. The house will slowly start to crumble until, finally, it will fall and die.
The Blackhole  Gill Dias

What happens to the tears after
they drop from the face
after they gently trickle down the
tenderness of the warm skin?
They drop from the jaw
line as if they weighed a
ton, and they do,
just falling and falling,
like an object being
thrown off a load in
order to create more room,
but more room for what?
For more burdens, more
grief and more sorrow?
What is the purpose if it only deepens
for more pain?

Sparrows  Eric Lowthian

Those crazy sparrows
bark about my
head
and shoulders
 misguided
snowflakes
in March when spring
Whistling songs of doubt
ignore them as I
and sputters coldly,
ignoring them with cunning
seeking motherhood
I love her he claims
child
for a deeply swallowed
I trust you he stutters
the seeming
because he
doesn't
because he
doesn't
wet towels
to dispel
unconscious
head
and shoulders
spelling
the misguided
The child waits
about his
Departure

Eric Lobridge

I packed my suitcase,
stuffed-hulk-and-steam,
to latch it shut
before dawn today.
Had two speakers headed
into the backseat
and was carrying the turntable out
when kids got up.
Saturday morning.
I should have expected it.
They wanted me to play hide-and-seek
but it was getting light
and the Volkswagen was muttering.
Still excited to see me
up so early.
they wrestled my leg
never asking why
I had cramped
allrowned
into the shellaced VW.

A Kitchen Dream

Eric Johnson

She has unearthed a garlic bulb from our dowry field
Garden and she brings it into the kitchen. I help her and
Watch the vegetables, we settle in the earth as they
Have done in prairie gardens for generations. My mind
Reaches back through the stories of my family to other
Gardens in earlier times. We move to the past
Of my great-grandfather’s prairie home.

Our lives have followed the sun. We processed
To the earth and received it back after the days of summer.
Heat passed. In the light of kerosene and burning wood.
We prepare an evening meal of bread and vegetables.
Her hair is pulled up and tangled and delicate young.
Hands already scorched weave in
And out of shadows.
Working in the small kitchen I am happily
In her way and she in mine. Our movements around
The black stove make a slow dance. Holding her there.
I feel the toughness under soft skin and the room
Her body is making for our first child.
We make the earth and ourselves fruitful. We make
A life together.

Back in our modern kitchen we are doing that same
Slow dance. We are doing Italian and we crush and
Mix together—basil, garlic, olive oil.
Our eating seals our bodies to the earth and to the past
And to each other. We bring to the tables a celebration
Basil, garlic, and olive oil.
Adrenaline  
Kelly Bradbury

The dilated pupils,
The enlarged nostrils,
Veins pulsating double time,
Forehead a purple shade of blue,
I clench the one thing separating my body from the ditch.
My loss of breath helps steady the wheel.
The minutes go by slow,
The seconds even slower.
Will this torture ever end?
Forgetting for a moment where I’m headed,
I think only where I’ve been.

South Dakota in Autumn  
Heather Jordan

I travel the prairie highway by car,
obseerving the harvest through my windo,
a child presses against the glass,
yeartning to sample the streets.

With the heat of summer’s newest grace,
the mechanical hum of the muffin-baker’s oven,
The sun-ripened hay
reminds me of a called cinnamon roll yet rising.

This cooling landscape is a giant muffin,
filled with golden leaves of bread,
and oat muffins.

Watertown  
Steve Lovett

He just stood there, the sonofabitch,
a parasite feeding on the
liquid courage of the
small town fucks tangled behind him.

I stood—and waited, my
head hung cold and
cocked. Hair swung
over one eye.
Designer’s Note

Well, it’s been an experience. Two months of wrangling our gray matter have culminated in the book you’re holding now—a book we’re damn proud of.

It wasn’t easy. Designing Oakwood means dealing with tremendous responsibilities, from collecting and selecting artwork, to typesetting the literary selections and ordering the paper and the die for the cover. Then add in all the technical and aesthetic considerations (legibility, reproduction of artwork, etc.) as well as our own urge to create a book that had a unique look from previous editions, all of which adds up to lost sleep.

In the process we learned a lot (like the best way to cause headaches for the print lab crew). We argued a lot (both amongst ourselves and with others involved with the project), we drank a lot of soda (that is), and we got really weird (like the five minutes we spent wondering if we could print this baby on the side of fish—Kelli Ramey!). The little sleep we can have strange and unpredictable effects upon (like Red Kryptonite).

This job has its rewards, too. Not least of which is working with a highly diverse group of people. Everyone involved, from the English department to the print lab, had an effect on the final look of this year’s Oakwood.

We’ve learned that resistance in ideas, discussion and compromise can lead to stronger thinking and justification for any design.

Thanks are due to everyone who helped us. These people showed a lot of support and patience in the face of our sometimes painfully obvious incompetence. To Jennifer French and the Visual Arts faculty for their patience and guidance and for helping to promote this project among the students.

To Beth McLaughlin and Leanne Enlow for keeping laughs in our faces when we told them our plans. To Mary Burrow, Jennifer Cochran, and Kelli Ramey, who typed when our minds were cramped and our eyes were bloodshot. To Tracy Smalley for taking over where we left off. Our art selection went of Kelli Ramey, Josh Spees, and Mark Steenvedel.

Extra special thanks to Diane Vander Vel for putting up with all the questions we didn’t give her answers to and for keeping the art, submission in her office.

Wade Marks
Robert Oehser
(Somewhere in the Bowels of Oakeng)