

# Sakatah



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**South Central College**



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# Morgan Maglothin

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## The Rooster

When the sun rises, the rooster crows  
    His voice ringing out across the countryside.  
He struts across the yard, tail feathers held high.  
    The hens follow to the woods  
Where they find delicious bugs to eat  
    And take dust baths in dirt warmed by the sun.  
The rooster watches over them  
    Sounds an alarm when he sees a hawk.  
They all scramble for cover under bushes  
    Where they flatten themselves, still as possible  
Until the danger is gone.  
    Then they continue as if nothing ever happened.  
Before dusk falls they all go in the coop  
    To snuggle close on the roost, where it is safe.  
Until the rooster crows again.

# Serene Johnson

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## Consumption

A dead ladybug was floating in the light blue water. The man stared at it as he stood near the edge of the pool, trying to gather up some inkling of confidence to get in. There was none. He had never felt like swimming since witnessing his dad's accident nearly two decades ago, and he didn't think that would ever change. He felt foolish for letting it consume his life.

The man sighed and looked up. His kids and wife were happily going on waterslides together. He felt guilty for missing out on so many of their experiences, especially since his children were now teenagers. Despite being glad that they were having fun, if he had it his way, they would have gone to Rapid City where the only pools around were in hotels. Instead, they went to the Dells. The man got up to walk around the amusement park. He didn't want to continue standing around thinking about his problems. As he walked, he looked at the grass dotted with daisies and listened to the park's speakers playing The Beach Boys. Soon, the summer's heat started to get to him and he felt a pool of sweat slowly grow on his forehead.

The man backtracked to a nearby concession stand to get Mountain Dew and continued on his walk. As he drank his soda, his mind began to wander to his car's trunk where a cooler full of Bud Lights waited. They were for his wife who could drink casually. He wished he could have them, but he forced himself to stick with the Mountain Dew instead. He knew his wife would be pissed if he got wasted on family vacation, especially after the three years of recovery and "proud of you"s. Once he circled around the park, the man decided to sit in a spot where his family could see him after they were done swimming. Trying his best to ignore the temptation of alcohol and his fear of the water, he looked up at the sky and drank.

# Haylie Vezzoli

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## Sylvan Lake



# Tasloch Anter

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## Self-Portrait

Around one of the hardwood art-studio tables sat three kids who looked nothing alike.

David was the blue-eyed, heavy-weight blonde (he made the rest of the 6th grade boys look like shrimps in comparison). He wore gray on gray (headband to sneakers). One recalls having heard him say he had to dress all in one color—otherwise he'd lose it.

David knew he wanted to be a professional wrestler; he tackled the biggest boy on the playground to demonstrate.

In his illustration (using graphite pencil), he drew himself shouting, mouth wide-open, raising the WWE title belt over muscles on muscles; in addition, his hair drifted like the smoke of a lit candle.

Candace had a round face; she often wore silver loop earrings and had short wavy hair dyed in the color of rose-pink petunias.

She drew her picture in oil pastels to capture the uncontrollable patterns of the blue waves she and her parents surfed on a beach somewhere in Hawaii where she'd spent her summer vacation.

Whether found detailing the wings of a manta ray or flesh of a green sea turtle, she's going into marine biology; ask her to draw you a great white shark and she'd draft that sucker as fast as her round earrings jingle.

# Tasloch Anter

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Finally, Tucker was the short, red-faced, kind-of-chubby one with straight brown hair. Many would say that he looks like a wart about ready to pop whenever someone picks on him for his crooked baby tooth—seen on the left side of his two front teeth.

Call him “squirt” and he’d be all over you like a circular saw on a scrap table.

His picture was done in combined mediums. In marker, he drew himself larger than life, almost taking up the entire space in the photo.

Using colored construction paper, he’d cut it up into shapes of the camouflage he wore, complete with mud-marks over his face and uniform.

He wanted to join the military in an act to serve the greater good of his country and to flip off everyone who’d annoyed him a LOT.

If you were to ask any of these kids what a self-portrait is, you’d bet they would provide you richer, more accurate descriptions than usual.

# Lavora Galbert

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## Ervin

My mama saw a knight in shining armor

This was a disguise

Ervin

With the glass of Seagram's Seven

He called from downstairs

I was a tiny ten-year-old

Protector of my siblings

Ervin

I knew what he wanted

No one protected me

Ervin a sheep in wolves clothing

# Emma Mentz

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## The Painter

it's all swirled together  
the memories that is  
striving to make something better  
this life was just unfit  
now it all makes sense  
why Van Gogh would eat yellow paint

# Haylie Vezzoli

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## Moments of Rest



# Tori Frank

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## Rain

The air is filled with an earthy smell  
Dark clouds create a blanket over the town  
Making the sun say farewell  
When the rain comes trickling down

The sky starts to rumble  
Birds and squirrels flee to take cover  
Leaves begin to tremble  
They wait until the rain blows over

Looking out the window, I smile  
I get comfortable and grab a book  
Listening to the wind wail  
Something so wonderful, yet often overlooked

Rain is a beautiful thing  
It has its own song it wants to sing

# Tyler Zimmerman

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## A Midnight Run

Grab the shoes that come off easiest, just in case you're attacked.

Put them on, then take them off. When you remember that running barefoot is better, because broken glass makes your feet stronger.

Put in your headphones and play that song from the Karate Kid (any of them).

Feel good about yourself for deciding to do something healthy.

Stretch out your legs by doing the splits. Then your shoulders for some reason.

Start off your run down the same street you always use.

Get bored of that street after about thirty seconds.

Take a different route just to switch things up.

Step wrong off the only curb with a single stair for no reason.

Eat the pavement.

Lie on the ground trying to groan since you can't move.

# Tyler Zimmerman

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Notice the half dozen people staring, not that you care.

Look up at the headlights of a huge blue truck with two hicks in it.

Slowly claw your way back to the grass by grabbing the stair that fucked you.

Wave off the hicks before taking stock of your injuries:

- Two scraped hands
- One scraped knee
- One scraped forearm
- Five or so bruises you can't hide
- Two messed-up feet (since you dropped a cinder block on the other one when you were with that girl a few nights ago)

Wonder

how you're going to get home since you can barely walk.

See that you fell right outside of Grandpa Al's (the best dive bar in town).

Limp your way inside and order a rum and coke, double, with ice.

# Tyler Zimmerman

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Get another drink, but without the coke.  
Repeat until your foot feels better.

Go home feeling good.

# Haylie Vezzoli

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## Solitude



# Maria Kangas

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## Sunshine in a Field

Three seeds are needed to fill the hopes of expectations.  
Water is needed for the thirst  
Of what has yet to come.  
Dig up dirt for a new layer,  
Take time to visit,  
Stay awhile.  
It's so important to be patient,  
And to give care when assisting them,  
As problems aren't always rest assured.  
There will be damp nights and humid days.  
When matured flowers turn towards the sun,  
They will resemble a growth that can only be compared to  
The distance between what shines.

# Haylie Vezzoli

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## The Loss of Humanity

Years ago, I had a remarkable opportunity. My mother's friend and constant supporter, Shiri, expressed her desire to share an incredible tale about her heritage with me and my younger brother. Shiri had always been very forward about sharing her culture with us, educating us about Judaism and the history therein while allowing us to share with her the details of our faith, so it came as no surprise to us that she would make the long journey down to our house to experience this tale again and discuss it with us. "It's harsh," she warned us, but her words could never fully prepare us for what would unfold before our eyes: a masterfully crafted film that explores the plight of the Jewish people during the Holocaust. Her hands shook as she slipped *Schindler's List* into the DVD player, a hefty sigh escaping her lips as she sat next to me. While we watched, we cried in each other's arms as my mind swam with empathy and the weight of such incomprehensible suffering and I cried again as I heard her recite prayers in unison with the film.

The energy I experienced with her will never fade from my memory. I feel it as I walk through nature, as I travel, as I defend those who are oppressed now and as I write these feeble words that could never convey the severity and complexity of my emotions. Watching the film again, it was as if Shiri was sitting next to me, urging me never to let its power fade. "Never forget this, for it is my people's history. Should it ever fade from living memory, humanity will doom itself. Such a tragedy should forever stand as a reminder that we need to stand and fight for what we believe in. Miraculously generous acts such as Oskar Schindler's should never be forgotten. He was sent by God to save the Jewish people, and he did just that."

# Haylie Vezzoli

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I imagined these words in her voice, flowing in tandem with the depictions in the film. It served to strengthen my resolve while heightening the experience this time around. As the Jewish people wept, I wept with them. As they watched their lives crumble down around them, I felt their agony. When their last bit of color and faith faded, so did mine and I asked myself, “What kind of God could allow such suffering of his people? How could he abandon them so?” Then as their hope returned and they found faith in Schindler’s actions, I claimed to understand how the depravity of man could triumph over God in such a fashion and bring so much suffering to good people. But did it indeed triumph? Some would say yes, that the actions of Oskar Schindler did not make a dent in the catastrophe that God allowed, but I would argue that it was Schindler’s actions that proved God was still with them. Sometimes, all it takes is one soul acting in the best interests of humanity to rekindle the flame of faith.

With Shiri forever in my mind, I think of the girl in the little red coat—the last symbol of hope—going up in flames in that grotesque excuse for a funeral pyre. I think of the pallid complexion of the dead as they were denied the most basic of burials, their ashes falling like a blanket of snow over the nearby towns, claiming them as their own and expressing the cries that nobody heard. I think of the resilience of the Jewish people despite forcibly losing their humanity, and as I look in Shiri’s eyes, I see the small flame of a candle that shines a brilliant orange in an otherwise monotone world. That small flicker of faith quickly grows into a raging fire, never to harm others, but always holding resentment for the evil that was allowed to take root.

# Lisa Starkweather

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## Concrete Noun Poem

The wise guru suddenly appeared at my house  
with a brittle old man wearing cowboy boots.

They were a hoot!

They told me they rode a red train  
to town in the rain.

I wondered had I gone insane?

They had never been to the United States,  
two men in search of their perfect mates.

The wise guru was sitting on a black BMX bike  
holding a black rose,  
while the brittle old man held a red marker.

I looked up at the white clouds;  
suddenly they appeared darker.

Halloween was creeping near...the wise guru  
asked for an orange pumpkin,  
while the brittle old man already looked  
like a country bumpkin.

# Lisa Starkweather

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I strapped on my sparkly red slippers,  
we all headed out...we ran and ran  
until we came upon a shiny can.

The wise guru stated there was a polar bear  
near, while the brittle old man shed a tear.

I told him have no fear, as the end of  
Halloween was near.

The wise guru, brittle old man and I...  
sat down said CHEERS and drank a beer!

# Rebecca Schafer

## American Collage



# Tasloch Anter

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## Potter's Wheel

"I hate how messy this shit can be sometimes."

In Ceramics class, you've heard something from your classmate that could frighten/excite you at the same time.

You were more of the "drawing" kind of artist, but would like to add a new dimension to your pieces.

Set on working on the potter's wheel after finalizing your concept for a clay bank, you felt more than ready to take on the thick-gooey substance.

Find the driest beach towel you can to cover your legs from the shots of clay the art teacher warned about.

Complete protection wearing an apron, working in clay is as messy as thinking in clay!

Once slapping your discarded pieces of clay into a ball, you've turned on the machine.

You've watered your clay with the empty ice-cream bucket next to the machine.

Nearly filled up the top, you were worried something might tip over the bucket and cause something more hazardous than being surrounded by more than one potter's wheel in your station.

# Tasloch Anter

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Once centering, you could now shape the hill of the hat you planned to create.

“Hey!” you cried out, some stupid bug flew in your right eye.

Angrily swiping at it, you felt your piece zip off the wheel and go splat on the concrete floor.

Horrified to see what’s become of your creation, you stopped the machine to pick it up.

It looked lopsided, not much of a hill, more like a sloppy disk on a flattened, thick toilet paper dispenser.

Before discarding your “sewer disk,” one of your classmates observed it and was intrigued to find out its potential.

You gave out a sigh and replied, “It’s a hat.” “A hat?” she exclaimed happily. “I love it!”

You wanted to ace the grade.

Angrily throwing away your misshapen project isn’t going to do it for you.

You’ve spent a long surprising and frustrating semester on the potter’s wheel.

# Rebecca Schafer

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## Beater Car

You died on my way to the local adult boutique

And you were right

I probably didn't need to be going there.

When I met you, you were covered in rust spots

But it was love at first sight

When I test drove you, you shook

And I thought it meant you liked me too.

You came with a pink flip flop

Just the left one

Your rear-view mirror uneven

Your fabric seats stained

Some belonged to your previous owner, some became mine

Most of them were hot sauce from Taco Bell

We always drove from point A to point B

Nothing aimless

The hour long drive to see my boyfriend,

Moving boxes and boxes into my new house

Trips to Walmart at 2 a.m. for Ice Cream

But if I had known what would come of you

I would have gone nowhere more often

On the day that I had to say goodbye

My dad and I cleaned out of all my belongings

There wasn't much

A pair of socks in the trunk

Some winter gloves in the glove box

And a used condom under the front seat

# Rebecca Schafer

---

Sometimes I see cars that look like you  
All ghosts  
Sometimes I walk up to them in a parking lot  
Just to get a peek inside  
And see if they are treating you any better  
Than I did

# Haylie Vezzoli

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## Those Green Things on the Plate

Some kids grow up hating things like broccoli or mushrooms. Even if you don't tell them it's there, they instinctively know and adamantly refuse the dish. I grew up as the more tolerant child in my family, eating most of my father's cooking, but there were always some foods I hated, like peas, and seldom did I escape them. However, peas weren't the bane of my existence. That title was reserved for celery. Not only did the texture feel like tiny strings wadding together in my mouth, but it also had an awful taste that was too overpowering for my liking.

Celery, the abhorrent disaster that hides in dishes much better than peas do, has ruined many dinners and caused numerous misunderstandings between me and family friends. Explaining how much I loathe celery after spitting out a mouthful of food when the astringent taste comes upon me unexpectedly was always so fun. Pair that with the looks of horror I'd receive in response to what I assume was an expression of complete revulsion on my face, and you can imagine how awkward that situation would have been. Too many times have I apologized for my reactions and had to soothe my hosts' inevitable mortification at the thought that their cooking was so nauseating that I couldn't manage to swallow it. My only objection was to the celery itself – the bitter taste, and those horrible, fibrous strings that get caught in between my teeth.

It's almost amusing (and definitely infuriating) to hear various rebuttals to my objections. Whenever I asked if celery was in the dish I was consuming, Grandma would always say, "Oh good heavens! Just eat your food, you can barely even taste it!" However, this is coming from the woman who thinks fried SPAM is acceptable to serve as a main dish. To this day I am convinced that she has never encountered a food that she legitimately hates. Otherwise, I feel like she would be more accepting of my aversion.

# Haylie Vezzoli

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But it's not just my family I've received flak from. I've heard every argument in favor of celery, from people vouching for its taste by assuring me that only poor-quality celery is bitter and that I need to try high quality, locally grown celery, to being told that I shouldn't omit it from my cooking because it adds depth and variance of flavor and texture. Some have even used nutrition to try to sway my tastes, but all end in failure. It's almost like people assume their words will change my taste buds, or make me more tolerant and accepting of celery's existence. It's times like these when I wish they could step into my shoes, or rather my tongue, and experience it the way I do.

Many friends and family members have tried to find different ways of preparing celery that I might be more tolerant to, but most of the common methods—like covering it in peanut butter or sautéing it to make the taste less bitter—have all backfired. When sautéed, celery becomes what the culinary world would call “fragrant” but it is far from that. Cooked celery is a brown, mushy, flaccid disgrace whose taste can adulterate and ruin any dish it's put into, even if a piece doesn't make it into my mouth. I'm always disappointed when I dig into homemade potato salad – or a bowl of chicken wild rice soup – only to discover those little fibrous chunks of celery lurking beneath the surface.

There's one person who has always been truly understanding and accepting of my tastes, as strange and inconvenient as they may be. My mother has never tried to belittle me or trick me into eating the celery that I consider to be my vegetable nemesis. Instead she has been considerate, omitting it when she can or warning me that it's there and letting me decide if I would like to try it or not. Even in the times she forgets, she has never once been offended when I spit out my food with a sour expression on my face. Instead, she laughs about that silly daughter of hers who has declared war on one of the most versatile vegetables in the modern world.

# Emma Mentz

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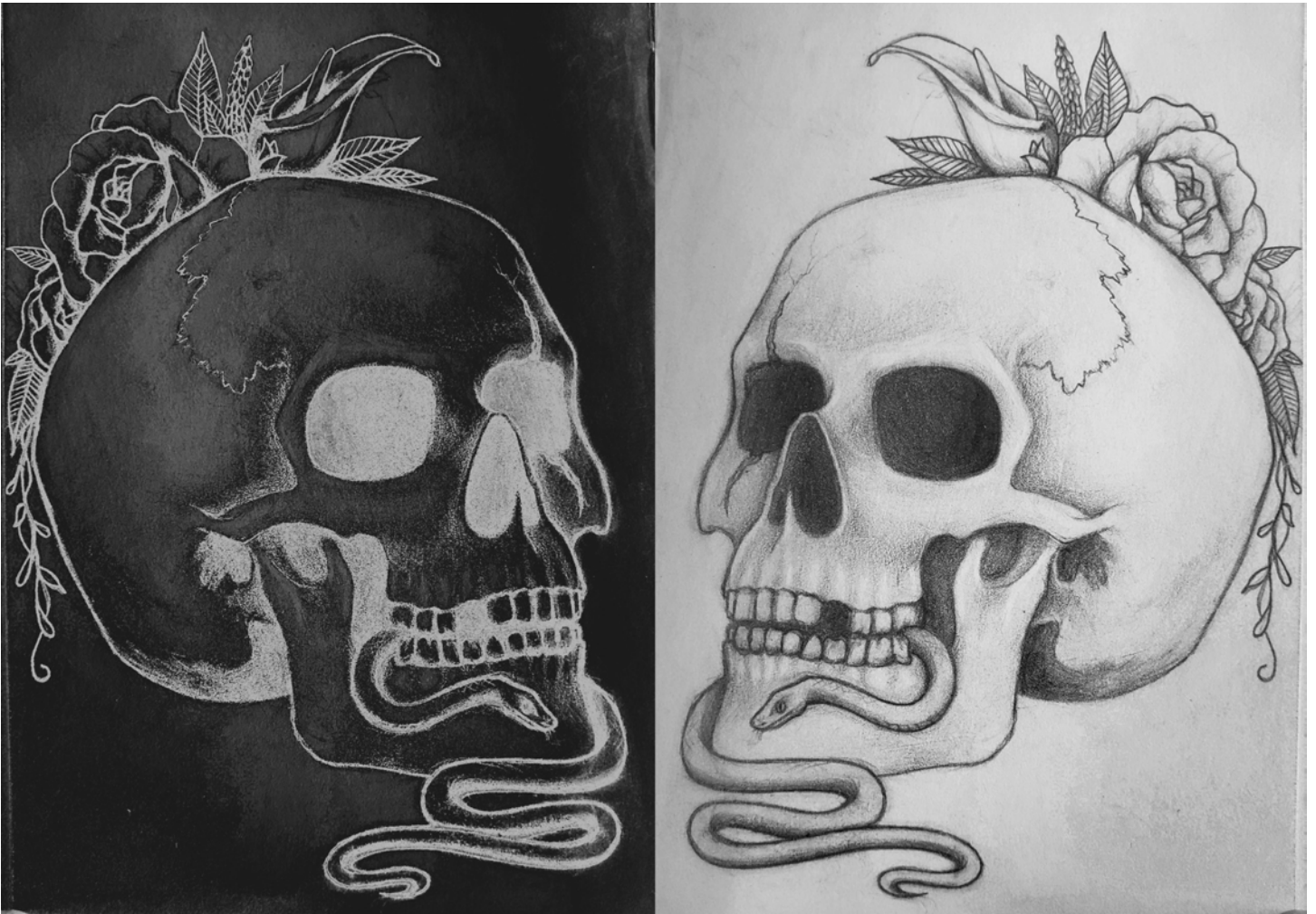
## Seasons and Him

he was the warm sun hitting your face on a summer sunday morning  
he was the way the leaves changed colors in autumn  
he was how the snow balanced on each branch of a naked tree in winter  
but then spring came  
and he wasn't the way the rain sounded  
when it hit the car door  
he was the way the tears ran down my face when he said it was a wasted  
year  
he was the type of person that when he held you in his arms  
you felt like you were lying in a hammock  
hung securely between two trees  
as the sun beat down on your face gently  
staring off at the lake

# Haylie Vezzoli

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## Duality



# Haylie Vezzoli

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## Writing in a Blank Space

There's an old path in my tiny town, one where the railroad used to run. Old and overgrown, only a few remnants of equipment show that this was once a well-traveled place where machinery was the dominant, driving force. The trees and bushes have long since swallowed the old tracks, the wood disintegrating into dust while the metal sits in a pile, rusting slowly. Farther down the path, there's a meadow that used to be a farmstead. Surrounded by pine, maple, and oak trees, it was private and perfect. This place became my second home. I spent hours lost in its wilderness daydreaming about elves and hobbits, Rohirrim and orcs. I'd play my violin for invisible audiences and dance without a care in the world. It was here that I could re-write my story—that I could re-invent myself—and that's precisely what I did.

It wasn't just myself that was a blank slate here. The meadow itself and every plant therein was empty, ready to be filled with meaning and personality. The first time I set foot there, it was an abandoned lot with worn buildings and rusted tools, devoid of life and yet full of it. It was lonely. Slowly, I walked through the trees, wondering about all the trials they've been through, thinking of the children who have climbed their boughs and the families that once lived among them. I found myself sitting on the branch of a pine, staring out at the field before me. There I sat for hours, singing and wondering to myself about the universe and my place within it. I decided that this meadow, so devoid of meaning and merely witnessing the passage of time, was where I was supposed to be. This was my place, one I could craft into whatever I needed it to be, and craft it I did. Countless hours spent there seemed to breathe new life into the land. It became a spiritual place for me, one where I could indeed be myself.

# Haylie Vezzoli

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Alas, when the words and actions are written in sand, they are easily erased. The land has changed hands now, and their interference has disrupted the atmosphere I created there, destroyed the images I held so dear and altered the landscape I knew so well. The trees still stand, the land still bears life, but it is no longer what it was for me. Its story has changed because of what someone else needed it to be, presenting itself to them as the same blank space I saw all those years ago – lonely and full of potential. It is now that I realize, I am not so different from my beloved meadow, shaped and changed to accommodate what people need. So, I sit now amongst the trees at my childhood home, wondering what will be written in the pages to come in my story and that of the meadow I love so dearly.

# Rebecca Schafer

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## Sirens in the Lake

It wasn't like she'd never seen

naked women before, no,  
that's not what bothered her.

She had seen breasts,

lower parts and the hair that lives there,  
those things grew from her own body.

It was the women,

swimming, free and smiling,  
playing with one another.

That is what gnawed at the girl,

digging deep into fantasies she believed  
would remain in her head.

The curve of the women's hips

and the plump thighs that grew from them.

The flower between those legs

and how close she was to it.

She couldn't look but couldn't look away.

One temptress emerged from the water,

motioned for the girl to become bare.

Stuck in a body that wouldn't move, her soul left

and floated into the sky.

# Rebecca Schafer

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Familiar fingertips

tugged down her skirt, exposing flesh.

She felt dizzy, vision blurred, intoxicated from the wine

or maybe by the sirens in the lake that called to her.

Shirt pulled over head and bra unclasped.

Embarrassed, she hid her breasts,

woos and screams erupted from the audience.

Dipping feet into moon colored water would not be enough,

for she feared toes would freeze and she'd retract herself.

Removing hands from chest,

she pulled her panties down and kicked them away.

The girls went wild,

yelled for her to jump in, threw their hands to the stars.

Legs moved on their own, soul in the sky watched her

leap off the edge of the dock.

Every inch of body highlighted,

eaten up in the eyes of the bystanders.

She hit the lake with a splash,

soaked the hair and faces of the giggling women.

The cold water pulled from her lungs

all the air she'd ever inhaled,

and on that night she breathed in

something new.

# Emma Mentz

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## Radiation

it's june third  
the sun bounces of your cheek  
and onto the singing morning bird  
each day blends together into a filled week  
spilling out excitement like pouring a glass of lemonade  
your skin becomes more bronzed than ever  
as your towels begin to fade  
the way the sunlight radiates  
warms not only your skin but everything underneath it  
not excluding your bait  
as at the end of the wooden dock you sit  
waiting for a bite  
but not upset if you don't get a catch  
tomorrow you might

# Skylah Drache

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## The Switch

“If you think about it, it’s totally humane,” Xena responded with a bat of her eyelashes. “It’s painless. Would you rather people see it coming and having a mass genocide? I mean, if it wasn’t for these sacrifices I wouldn’t have my beautiful Rose, and children would be starving everywhere. There’s only so many resources.” A butterfly flies past my face as we almost reach the end of our walk. “I would just flip the switch, it would be better for everyone. You get your deepest desire along with giving back to our society. Population control is very important.” We finally reach the facility where Xena lets me in with a scan of her badge. “Congrats on being chosen.”

I am led to the almost empty room where I see the lone switch sitting in the center. “Would you like to listen to some tunes while you make your decision? The 2060’s is a popular choice. Maybe the Ladybugs?” I decline the offer as I sip on some whiskey out of the flask I hid in my inside coat pocket. I have the choice to end a random someone’s life for the exchange of whatever my heart wants. This choice has been rolling around in my head ever since the official visited my house a few weeks ago with the great news that my name was selected.

*What if its someone's daughter...what if it's a pilot driving an airplane full of people? What if, what if, what if...* I think back to Xena reminding me that I probably won't even know the person. It just happens. Flashbacks of news stories, headlines, and reporters all talking about the lack of drinkable water, the mass extinction of species and the crowds and crowds of malnourished people slowly dying from starvation go through my mind. *I can't do this*, I think as I stare at the switch feeling as if its nonexistent eyes are staring me down menacingly. *It's necessary though...if I don't do it, someone else will.* I can’t concentrate. These crowded thoughts overwhelm me and I slam my hand hard against the switch. I look at it shocked for a moment with a weird feeling going through me.

# Skylah Drache

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I eventually sit back with a sigh of relief. No more contemplating; the deed is done. Then I wonder *what even is my deepest desire?* I look around the lifeless room and say out loud, "What...." My voice is cut short.

# John Sanders

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## Time Gone Bye

Go on a date some place not so nice. Don't try too hard.

Look at her hair. It's curly and blonde. I stare too much.

Learn that she's a little different.

Don't see her for a while.

Make a picnic, it's nice. I forgot the salad.

Have our first kiss. She's too nervous.

Meet her family. They aren't sure about me. I'm a little quiet.

Wear a shirt that's totally hilarious that she doesn't appreciate.

Carve pumpkins together, talk about Halloween next year.

# John Sanders

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Watch her get ready for a movie. She's wearing  
that thing I like.

Sip the broth of our chicken noodle soup because  
we gave each other a cold.

Make a snowman, start a snowball fight accidentally  
on purpose. I won.

Fall for her eyes. They switch from blue to green  
whenever they feel like it.

Do my best, it's not good enough.

Argue over something that seems trivial now.

Don't see her for a while.

Meet just after the snow melts. She's like spring  
on her own.

Go bowling. It is like nothing has changed.

See the family again. It's almost like I'm one  
of them.

# John Sanders

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Late night, another long drive. Stay up until  
four in the morning just talking.

Go to a wedding.

Roll

my eyes when she irons my shirt, but secretly like that she cares.

Start

an argument with that cousin I don't like.

Have

a beer that I shouldn't have with her brother.

Don't see her for a while.

Go to her place, spend a long time there. It feels  
like forever in the best way.

Kiss her goodbye, take a long look at her eyes.

She loves me.

Look at her in the rearview mirror for a lot longer  
than I should.

Never see her again.

# Tyler Zimmerman

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## Princess of the Plain

"In Ora the Green, our fires burned bright.  
Long did we dance beneath silver starlight.  
But where are the fires of Ora tonight?  
Are they ashen grey, do they lie cold?  
Why are they hidden from my sight?

Why do I hear not the songs of old?  
The stories that our fathers have told.  
Oh clan, is this how our fates unfold?  
Why is the chieftain's daughter alone?  
You are my treasure, beyond all gold.

Away to the four winds you have flown.  
My heart lies heavy, and is cold as stone.  
When you hear the winds begin to moan,  
Hear the song of the chieftain's daughter.  
She waits for you still, though she has no throne.

Have you, oh have you ever sought her?  
Do you look where the sun grows hotter?  
From mountains across ocean's water?

Have you forgotten, the chieftain's daughter?"

