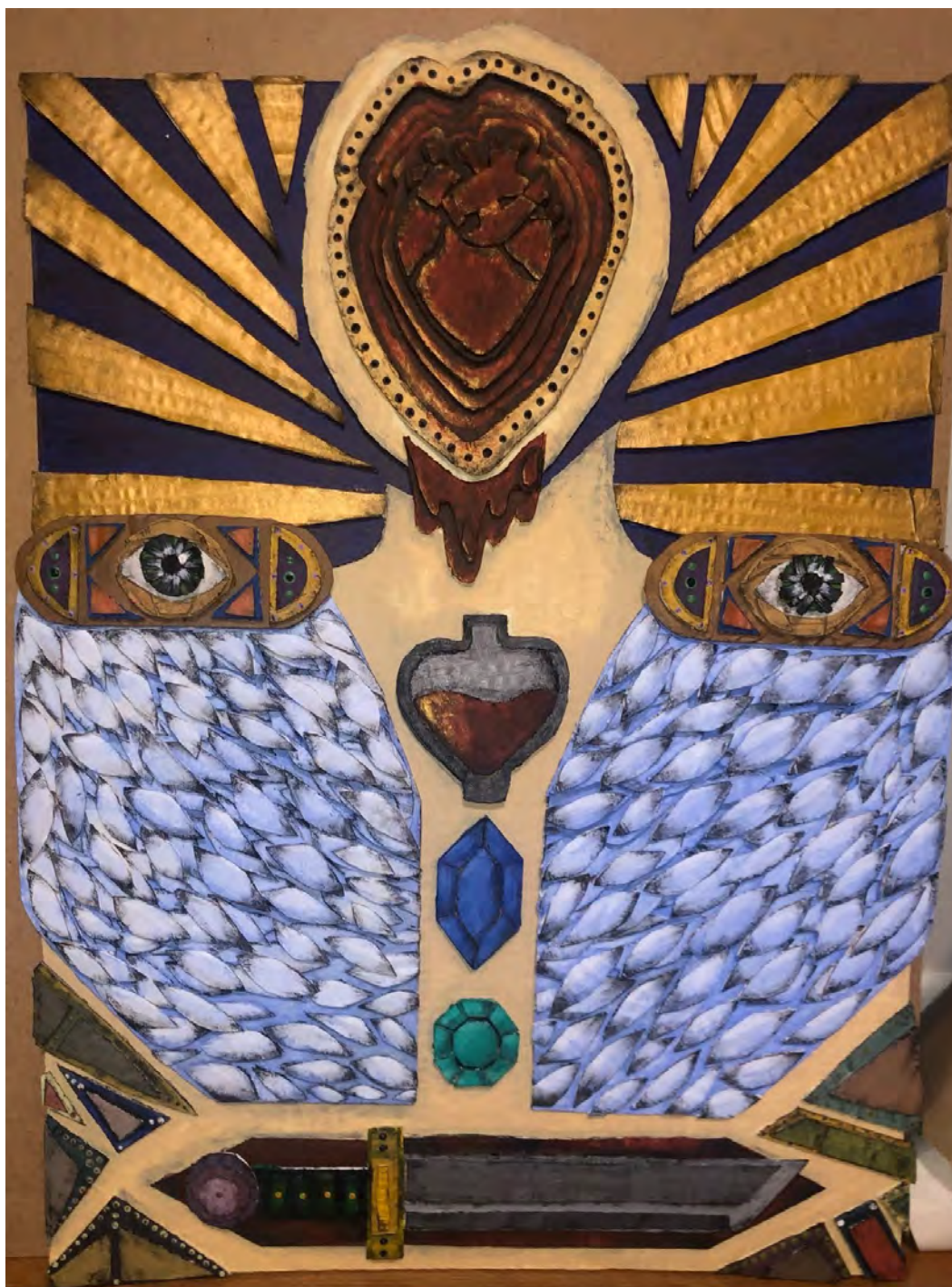


SAKATAH



SPRING 2022

South Central College



Love Is Me

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THE CAT HAIKU

Why are you purring?
You are in a cardboard box.
Your bed is right here.

TEDDY ALLEN

TO MY STUFFED BEAR

You are the one who is always there
The one that waits for me every night
Who doesn't talk back
But listens to everything I say
Who doesn't judge
But supports all of my decisions

HANNA CUNNIFF

FROG IN YOUR THROAT?

The string band playing jazz in the background of the Topsy Toad Bar and Grill did little to calm the tree frog's nerves. He tapped his webbed toes to the beat while he sat on a corner stool at the bar and ordered his drink. Dabbing the sweat from his forehead with a napkin, he pulled at the bow tie wrapped around his neck and tried to breathe properly. This was the first date the frog had been on since he'd divorced his ex-wife. After reliving his bachelor days for some time, the frog had created a profile on an online dating platform, frogsonly.com, and immediately matched with a beautiful tree frog. She should be at the bar any time since it was five minutes past six. Just then, his pondwater vodka arrived and so did his date. He turned to her and tried to think of a witty greeting. Instead, he turned green at the face and croaked out,

“Ribbit?”

MARA BAUER

FROG SONG

The frog was content

Every morning and evening it sang songs alone by the pond. He had a deep, resonating voice. His songs were pleasant to the ear.

One day, a man stopped by to listen. He was impressed by the singing frog so he told his friends in the village. The next day, two men stopped by to listen. Then three. Then five. Eight. Thirteen. Twenty-one. Over thirty. They cheered for the frog, day after day.

Week after week. The frog was happy.

Across the pond, a sparrow practiced the violin. She wasn't very good at first, so people paid her no mind. Soon she was better, and a few people stopped to listen. Then a few more. Then more. Eventually, the bird drew crowds as large as the frog's. Then larger. The sparrow mastered her instrument. The people who had listened to the frog sing for so long instead listened to the sparrow play. Soon, the frog was only singing for one man. Then none. Across the pond a huge crowd cheered, but the frog sang alone. As alone as it was before it had ever heard the voice of a crowd.

The frog was unhappy

JC GREER

WHILE DREAMING

Fly

Visit the places you've never been before
Span hours in a second, or a second in hours

Relive the memories you forgot, and the
people you can't

Experience your future as it will be, or how
it won't

Learn the things you always knew, but could
never see - meet yourself

Wake up

Forget

JC GREER

WHO AM I?

I am a shell in the ocean,

a minnow in a pond.

I am like a bird in the sky,

and sometimes a three-leafed clover in a field.

I am the tea cup and the sugar cube,

the teaspoon and the vanilla.

I for one am not the flames of the fire,

nor the sirens signaling danger.

I couldn't possibly be an onion,

nor a rhubarb stalk.

Rather I am a blueberry,

a raspberry, or maybe even a plum.

I am unlike a tortoise in every way,

but I am much like a river otter.

I'd hate to be a goldfish in a bowl,

or a bird in a cage.

I quite enjoy being a shell in the ocean,

a minnow in a pond,

and of course a bird in the sky,

and occasionally a three leafed clover in a field.

KEANNA KERRIGAN

ON A RED-EYE FLIGHT FROM LAS VEGAS TO MINNEAPOLIS AT THIRTEEN

Watch the flashing neon signs fade away as you lift into the air.

Search for an old movie on the screen in front of you.

Push yourself back into your seat as the person in front of you reclines her
seat back.

Set your glasses aside to watch your movie, as the screen moves closer and
closer.

Stand up to stretch your long legs.

Try and sleep, resting your head on the screen inches from your face.

Practice your patty-cake skills against the seat in front of you.

While fishing your candy out of your bag for a midnight snack,
punch the seat in front of you.

Strengthen your legs by pushing the reclined seat in front of you,
complete fifty reps.

As you exit the plane, push past the woman seated in front of you, who stares
at you
with an evil eye.

GRACE RECHTZIGEL

SWIRLING STARS

If the sky did swirl

I would escape,

and scale the slope

to lay my head aside

an obsidian spire

a tuft of grass

and stare past the tower

straight above.

If the sky did swirl,

The clarity of stars flowing

And fusing with hues of night

There I could lie amidst obsidian grass

In a starry night,

And learn to dream a dream my own.

SAMUEL GRUIS

THE TRAVELER

The dingy wooden door to my shop slammed open, with the cold air of a winter morning flooding in and sending a shiver through my body that cut through the rags I was wearing like a knife. The man that now stood inside with me was tall, about six foot, dark haired and clad in a brown tunic and trousers, and he was rapidly approaching me. I'm a cartographer by trade, one of the best in the known world, if some of my clients are to be believed. "Good evening sir, can I help you with something?" I asked, looking up at him inquisitively. He smiled at me, and responded "Evening chap, are you Mr. Torrent? I need a map of the roads for my voyage." "Yes sir, that's me. Where are you heading? I hope you don't expect to get very far, the snows should start any day now." He was unamused, saying "Braving the snows is easy, you get quite used to it. I'm heading to London." His request confused me, and I racked my brain trying to think of the place he was talking about. "London, you say? I can't say I've ever heard of it." The man scoffed at that, as if he was expecting me to break out into a deep belly laugh, confirming his suspicions at my response. Unfortunately for him, no such reaction would come, because I had truly never heard of the place he spoke of – something quite unusual for me. Realization hit him and he shouted at me, "What kind of a map maker are you? You've never heard of London? Are you mad?" I sat back down in my chair, "Sir, I've been a cartographer for forty years, I've been contracted by the Duke of Northwall himself on numerous occasions, I assure you I'm very experienced. I don't know what to tell you." The man still appeared to be in disbelief, as if the foundation of his world was being rocked. An idea came to me, "Why don't you come with me, come point to it on a map for me." I was determined to help him, partly out of a desire to see whether I had gone insane myself. I stood up, motioning for him to follow, and

I took him into the back room, where I kept all my maps and tomes. I retrieved a map of the known world from my shelf, and spread it out on the fir wood table where I did most of my mapping work. I looked at him, and spoke “Is your city on this map?” He glanced at it, and nodded in affirmation, pointing to the southeast corner of the island of Eokinora, part of the Kingdom of Velari. I’d been to Eokinora, and I knew there was nothing but wilderness in that corner of it. “I’m afraid you’re mistaken sir. Unless your city is secluded in the woods, that’s impossible.” The man’s look of disbelief returned. “The woods? That’s London! The Tower of London, London Bridge, the Thames, have you never heard of any of it?” I shook my head, “Are you perfectly certain? Have you been there before? Seen it with your own eyes?” He raised his voice again, “OF COURSE I HAVE! HAVE YOU?” I responded, speaking more assertively this time. “Yes. Around three or four years ago, the region was utterly devoid of towers, bridges, or even minor settlements. I think it’s most likely you have your geography mixed up – it’s a common mistake, although I still don’t know where you ought to look.” The man shook his head and spoke as the situation continued to get stranger. “That’s impossible. I was a member of King Henry’s personal guard, I’ve been inside Westminster palace, I’ve seen London marked on a map more times than I can count.” I attempted to rack my brain for any possible explanation, but strangely I found nothing. “I’m afraid we’re at an impasse, sir. I’ve never had anyone come into this shop and leave me at a loss for words in the manner that you have.” I stood upright, pulling myself away from the shelving unit that I had taken to leaning on in the course of our conversation. “How about you check around town, maybe someone else will be able to help. However, it seems to me you’re chasing a ghost. If you need help with anything else, come back to me.” The man nodded, and walked out of the room, with me behind him this time. He walked towards the door silently, I said a final “Best of luck to you” and the man from London disappeared out of the rickety wooden door where he first appeared.

BRIAN LEWIS

ME

I am the trunk of the tree
And the clown when everyone's down.
I am the spare tire in time of need
And the flower for the bee.
I am not the sloth on the branch
Nor the tv on the wall.
I am not the puppy when you are happy
But the puppy when you are sad.
I am the clock in the case
But not time itself.
I am the dirt where you can break me
But I will still remain.

DERRICK HOREJSI

TO THE LAKE

Going down that gravel road, doing double the speed limit with the fishing poles in the box of that old Chevy Pickup was the only thing that kept me going at the time. I was sixteen and the two things that were appealing to me were trucks and catching a walleye that was barely the legal size, or so I kept telling myself. The bait was held by my younger brother, who was in the bench seat next to me. On the way to the lake we saw a brand-new Chevy. Why would someone get a truck that had such a shiny, glossy paint job and came straight out of the factory? Our conversation the entire way there was about why we were roughing it so much compared to the rest of the world. I knew that I was going to have to tell my brother that times change, and he needs to realize we were just a few decades behind them, and there was nothing wrong with that. The last thing I told him was that he can choose who he wants to be. If he wants to get a new truck, then that's okay. I said this because we need to make do with what we have. And like that we pulled into the lake access, with the water stretching out in front of us like some shiny new thing.

DERRICK HOREJSI

FROM “WISHING HOME”

Looking down I see,
sand and stones between my toes.

Crunching underfoot

The water is clear,
the waves almost push me down,
as they roll to shore.

Cold water rocking,
cooling breeze blowing past me.
White caps hit the sand.

Eagles soaring high,
few clouds in sight with clear skies.
Only sounds of waves.

NYOMI STONE

WHEN TO LET THE MUSIC BE HEARD

When you're born, let the lullaby soothe you to sleep.

When you're on top of the world, make your favorite tune
your theme song.

When you're thinking of giving up, let the music notes
caress your mind.

When you're driving, make the car next to yours vibrate.

When you're getting made fun of, put your headphones on.

When you're on a date, pass the auxiliary cord.

When you're in the shower, sing acapella for the rubber
duck.

When you're with your friends, sing together.

When your loved ones die, have the melody soothe your
soul.

When you're dead, let the world sing a hymn.

BAILEY LAPATKA

SYMPHONY

Let my soul sing.

May the melodies of my heart be heard.

The rhythms of my being let them be felt.

I'm afraid I've gone deaf to them.

I'm afraid the notes have been soured.

I'm afraid I've lost my gentle harmony.

I'm a conductor of this symphony of self.

But, can I continue this performance?

Will this show be the performance of a lifetime or will this be the
end of my career?

I'm no Beethoven or Mozart but I say this

May my music be sweet

May my music be humble

May my music be honest

If to no one else but to me

So here I stand my podium high, my sheets crisp, and my
instruments ready

With a single note be it sharp or flat or sour or piano or forte; do
we play

We will play, and we will play and oh shall we play some more

Do as I must to keep the song moving

I shall gesture to each section to play their part

The percussion shall crash

The winds shall chirp

The brass shall march

The strings shall waltz

Finally, may the curtain finally drop with the roars of the crowds

May I stand at the end of my songs head bowed low towards those
who hear them

May I bask in that glory of self and hear the cry for an encore

EMMANUEL GRANADOS

WHEN YOU KNOW, YOU KNOW

There is a way of bending the air,
and breathing in the feeling that hangs above
our heads,

so thick we almost choke.

I don't know what's more dreadful
to bring it back in,
or to let it stay there

KARA DREES

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER

Don't let what's unclear get the best of you

The rushing inside of you,

Constant, like a powerful roaring river

Will it ever rest?

Only salmon could make a home inside

KARA DREES

TREE HAIKU

Wind blows through the trees.

A soft rustling orchestra.

Happy to perform.

Light filters through leaves.

Red, yellow and orange.

Soon painting the ground.

Bright green buds on branches.

Reaching for the calm blue sky.

Excited to bloom.

KARTER PREHN

STORM

Electric light strikes

Too hot, no time to expand

erupts a foul growl

HAYLEY QUALLEY

SWEET MEMORY

Whenever my parents informed my brothers and me that our paternal grandparents were visiting for the week, our mouths would instantly begin watering. My grandparents live four hundred miles away in Grand Rapids, Michigan, so enjoying their company was a rare treat. It's said that distance makes the heart grow fonder, but in my experience, the separation makes the stomach grow hungrier. Grandma and Grandpa Kenney were quite the cooking team, and we knew that the time they spent with us would be filled with delicious meals, followed by delectable desserts. Although the pot roasts, soups, and mashed potatoes with gravy were eagerly anticipated, nothing could top our excitement over a dish my grandma somehow made better than anyone else--cinnamon rolls.

Nearly every time my grandparents made the long journey to Minnesota, my grandma spent the last night of their trip making cinnamon rolls, and the rolls were always devoured within an hour of waking up the following morning. Grandma Kenney had made this delightful treat so many times that she had the recipe memorized, and they always turned out perfectly.

It was quite an honor, then, when she allowed me to assist her in the kitchen for the first time while she worked her magic.

My grandmother made everything from scratch, so the cinnamon roll process took copious amounts of patience, patience that was nearly impossible to maintain as the sweet aroma of the dough wafted through the room. After what felt like days in my eight-year-old mind, it was finally time for the filling. The ambrosial mixture consisted of butter, brown sugar, and of course, cinnamon. I rolled out the dough haphazardly, too desirous of the end result to care about perfection, and quickly plopped the gooey concoction on top, all while listening to my grandma chuckle as she fixed the mistakes I was making in my haste. In the end, the cinnamon rolls turned out just as good as ever, and I remember beaming with pride as my family exclaimed how delicious they were.

As my grandparents grew older and their health declined, visits became rarer, and batches of cinnamon rolls became even more so. Suddenly our thoughts turned from gooey breakfast pastries to my grandmother's strokes, and her subsequent memory loss that came far too abruptly.

Instead of baking cinnamon rolls from a recipe my grandma knew by heart, I was having to reintroduce myself to her, and rather than being her assistant in the kitchen, I now had to take over, as she had not only forgotten her old recipes, but could no longer read the recipe cards. My grandparents cooking team had become a solo act as all the household responsibilities shifted to my grandfather. During this time, my grandpa made the difficult decision to move my grandma and himself into an assisted living facility.

In early June, as we began the long process of packing and purging everything in my father's childhood home, I stumbled upon my grandma's old cookbooks. As I flipped through the pages, I just so happened to find a recipe I had only half-consciously been looking for--her cinnamon rolls. I felt a deep nostalgia tug at my heart as I immediately gathered the ingredients and began to make the dessert of my childhood. I was much more cautious, as my grandmother was no longer there to fix my mistakes. I deliberately rolled out the dough, carefully spread the filling, and artfully frosted each roll. When they were finally baked, I brought the biggest cinnamon roll to my grandma and felt a familiar pride as I watched her take the first bite, and smile, almost as though she was tasting the rolls she had perfected, for the first time.

MARISSA KENNEY

YOKO ONO

If I could go back in time, I would have sex with John Lennon and break up the
Beatles

That's the kind of attention I want

I will stand in the middle of a room while people cut off pieces of my dress

Until all the is left is a small piece of fabric between my legs

Men fear me

Call me a witch

Women are jealous

Call me a whore

I will walk down the street topless

Watch while people follow me with their eyes

Every glance mesmerized

I'll remove the piece of fabric between my legs

Run

Jump

Skip

Who the fuck is gonna stop me?

Men fear vaginas and women fear tits

I want to be remembered forever

The wind picks me up and I float away

FAITH JAMESON



Jacqueline Roxanne Flores

THINGS TO DO ALONE IN A ROOM

Shove over the pile of clothes to look in the mirror

Get dressed

Throw dirty clothes on the floor

Put makeup on

Cry it off

Practice a dance

Realize that nothing you do will be good enough

Decide to quit smoking

Smoke

Make plans with friends

Cancel plans because they don't like you anyway

Read a book

Start another book that won't get finished

Eat a snack

Add the plate to the pile of dishes

Sleep

Wake up

KAYLA SHULTZ

THINGS TO DO IN A ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE

Watch news networks as religiously as you watch Sunday morning cartoons.

Rejoice as school is canceled for weeks.

PLAGUE SPREADING.

If the adults begin to act odd, stay in your room.

Play with dolls and race cars until you have acted out every scenario possible.

LOCK ALL DOORS!

Hide behind your bedroom window until the knocking on the door becomes unbearable.

Government “safe spaces” reach their capacity quickly.

APOCALYPSE UNDERWAY!

Memorize symptoms and strategies.

Bloodshot eyes, fever, loss of skin pigmentation, and change in voice tone

all the more prevalent as the plague progressed.

RUN FAST, RUN FAR!

Find a place to go, abandoned farms do nicely.

Relax amongst the dust and mildew for a moment.

Ignore any noises in the darkness, curious children are the first to go.

IS THERE ANYONE LEFT?

Safety is an irrelevant concept.

Watch and wait as there are no other survivors in sight to see the world burn in hell.

INDIGO NOURIE

MY TEMPORARY HEAVEN

When I press play, I am transported to a whole other dimension, filled with pure bliss, free of worries. I can forget about anything that troubles me. You take me by the hand and lead me on an adventure through memories and unlikely situations, a daydream of sorts. Although you don't mean as much to other people, you mean the whole world to me. I would be lost without you, forgetting who I am, forgetting who I'm meant to be, but when I'm with you, I remember.

When I press pause, I have to say goodbye, I must come back down to earth and face reality. It's hard, but as my hand slides away from yours, I tearfully say, "Until next time."

AMBER CUMMINGS

THE LIFE-SAVING CACTUS

I once tripped off a rocky cliff
Rough and jagged points protruded from the side.
Sailing down the side I passed many ugly shrubs near death from lack of water.
I bumped into many tangled roots desperate to penetrate the hard surface
To obtain the necessary nutrients for the plant to grow tall and strong.
If I could put my downward trip into slow motion, I would take the time to watch the
sky. Observe the clouds move and shift shapes,
Marvel at the setting sun,
With its shades of orange, pink, and red painted, as if with a brush.
Revel in the freedom of flying.
Watch the cars on the road far below speed through the valley, On the way home from a
stressful workday.
Unfortunately for me and what became a stinging Gluteus Maximus,
My fall to almost certain death was cut short by a cactus.
My parents were beyond grateful for the pain invoking plant.
But as for me, the discomfort I endured from the needles,
First, being stabbed into me on my long descent from above,
And then second the plucking from my buttock,
Was almost not worth having my life saved.

ELIZABETH MILLER

TO THE FORGET-ME-NOT PASTURE

“Let’s go for a walk”

The words that started the visit.

Down our prairie edged driveway to the gravel road.

Past the hippie neighbors, the farmers and the cabins.

Up and down the hills full of daydreams.

To the forget-me-not gardens

The once flower gardens, now pasture.

Now home to the Holsteins, our dear friends.

Our dear friends who would come to us, as if to say hi.

Our dear friends who did not talk back, rather only a moo or two of conversation .

And though we did not know each other's names, we enjoyed each other's
company.

Or at least I hope they enjoyed mine, “I apologize for not bringing something to
eat.”

I thanked them for their kindness, for their presence alone was comforting.

We waved goodbye to our dear friends, promising to visit again soon.

ELIZABETH JACOBSON

MY FIRST LOVE

While my grandchildren came to see me in the nursing home they began to talk about boys and relationships. That is when the question came up, “Grandma, what was your first date with Grandpa like?” My husband, Don, who died two years ago from old age. He was my first love.

I first told my grandkids how Grandpa asked me out. He was an aspiring poet. He gave me a poem, in the school parking lot that said, “Her hair glistened in the rain like nose hair after a sneeze”. After he gave me the poem, he asked me on a date to the drive-in movie in Dell Rapids, South Dakota. I remember that night vividly. My girlfriends curled my hair and gave me the bold red lipstick. When Don came and picked me up from my house, he gave me my favorite flower, a tulip, one was red with pink tones, the bulbs still closed, I didn’t mind that. He then opened up the door to his 1964 Mustang, which was a light blue. We kept that car for at least twenty years until it was totaled in an accident.

On the way to the movies, Don played The Beatles’-“If I Fell”. When we arrived, Don bought red beer, which is tomato juice mixed with beer, and also some popcorn. The movie was Tony Rome, which is about a guy named Tony being hired by a millionaire to find jewelry that was stolen from his daughter. At the end of the movie, I knew Don was the one that I wanted to be with because on that date I learned how kind he was. He also thought about others instead of himself and had a lot of good jokes. Those three things were the most important things I was looking for in a man.

MALIA KIRCHER

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A COLLEGE STUDENT

Wake up.

Check your phone,

See that you have no notifications.

Get to school,

Go to your two-hour Chemistry class.

Take notes on atomic structure.

Start to doodle

Put dots on the paper blindly

Connect them randomly

Stare at them for a while,

Notice that it looks like a dog

Draw a dog over it.

Check the time

See that there's still an hour left.

Take more notes.

Play minesweeper or friv on your laptop

Because that's not suspicious.

Check the time
There are ten minutes left now.
Take more notes
Slowly.
Check the time again
It felt like an hour
It's only been three minutes.
Finally, get out of class.
Look at your phone
Notice you had do not disturb on
Get flooded with notifications.
Go home,
Turn do not disturb on again
Study on your bed,
Fall asleep with your hand in a bag of chips.
Wake up the next day and do it all over again.

MACKENZIE BAUER

THINGS TO DO WHEN BORED

Strike up conversation with the walls.

Reorganize the furniture

Dance with a broom while pretending to be at a fancy ball.

See how many saltine crackers fit in a human mouth

Spend some time looking back on life choices.

Pick up a book and read it.

Get into an argument for no apparent reason,
preferably win.

See how many times you can lift ten-pound weights in a
row.

Doodle random things even though you can't even draw a
stick person.

See how long you can bounce a tennis ball without being
yelled at,
and get yelled at.

Eat all the Ice Cream

Decide to google random facts on the Platypus.

Look at a mirror and decide to get into shape

Sit down and watch family feud.

Go outside and wonder why your neighbor is screaming in
the garage.

Shovel snow out of the middle of the yard

Wonder how many licks it would take to get to the center of
a tootsie pop

Get tired of counting.

Watch the hands on the clock move.

Crawl into bed and think,

What a productive day.

HUNTER SCHMIDTKE

THE BIG HILL DISASTER

Look at your friends waiting at the bottom.

Watch as they wave and cheer.

Get in the little red wagon with the wobbly wheel,
and grab onto the handle as you receive a violent
push.

See the drop ahead of you.

Realize that you have made a grave error.

Try to steer the wagon to the curb,
but feel the handle break from the axle.

Close your eyes and say a quick prayer.

Listen to the wheels scream.

Hear the wind get faster.

Open your eyes,
and see your friends getting closer.
Notice their terrified faces
as the wobbly wheel falls off.
Grab onto the sides.
Feel the jolt of the axle hitting the p-rock.
Realize that this is going to hurt.
Try to fly,
feeling all the regret hit you at once.
Close your eyes and brace for impact.

HUNTER SCHMIDTKE



Time Flies

Mara Bauer

