



SAKATAH

Spring 2023



South Central
COLLEGE



Outside the Bubble

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We would like to thank South Central College, especially Scott Rahe and other friends at our production center, and Cristen Cox, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. We also wish to thank students for their submissions and are sorry we weren't able to publish more of their good works.

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Bike

I used to ride my bike with
Training wheels. I'd stare at the
World around me with my camera lens eyes.
Documenting everything until my storage was full.

Then I woke up one morning to find that my training
Wheels were taken off, nowhere to be seen.
So, when I hopped on the bike again, I fell.
I had liquid ruby dripping down my arms
And sapphire tears stained on the pavement
I thought of everything my mind could find

I tried and tried
And when I could finally balance on the 2 wheels below me
I wasn't looking at the world around me
My eyes lost focus and were staring down, instead of at the
world.

Hilda Nunez

Santa

A man,
A chubby man who is not tan,
A man with white skin,
As white as the place he lives in,
Flying his carriage and spreading joy
To little girls and little boys.

An obese man who “fits” down your chimney,
And then takes the time to feast on your milk and cookies.
He leaves you presents if you had been a good child,
But you won’t get any if you were naughty or wild.
But it’s not as simple as that,
Understanding the man wearing the red hat.
He is a man who discriminates.
He doesn’t visit poor countries and states.
There seems to be a hidden truth
That is, he likes to visit only wealthy neighborhoods.
He doesn’t visit Mutombo; he visits Erica.
He is a man that has never set foot in Africa.
Why that is so is peculiar to me;
Maybe that’s because Africans can’t afford a Chimney.

Tibeb Jotie

Hadramout

Have you ever been to a restaurant with food so good that it's on your mind 24/7? Well that was, and still is me when I went to a certain restaurant in Istanbul, Turkey. I was vacationing there for a week or so and wanted to explore as much of the place as I could before I had to go back to the capital, Ankara. It was a particularly hot day, with the sun beating down on me and my sister as we were walking, scanning the area for places to eat. Wanting to escape the heat, we decided to go to a well-shaded restaurant that caught our eye, Hadramout.

The interior was like a palace. Beautiful red and brown-colored patterns lined the walls, giving the place a warm kind of feeling, huge chandeliers decorated the ceiling, and the smell of cumin, paprika, and a variety of other spices I couldn't identify hung in the air. The cool air inside made me immediately forget the heat and fatigue I had been feeling. As the restaurant was a Yemeni one, I could overhear other people speaking Arabic with a mix of their own dialects.

We were welcomed and given a nice table in the corner, which brightened my mood. We were handed a menu and as my sister chose what she wanted to eat, I was struggling. For some reason, deciding from the menu was the most challenging part when going to a new restaurant because you don't know if the food's going to be a hit or miss. I ended up trusting my gut, growling as it was, and chose the one that looked the most promising, which was lamb stew with Yemeni flatbread on the side. Never was I more grateful for trusting myself in my life because the food was unreal. The lamb fell right off the bone and was incredibly tender, the lamb broth was flavorful and hit the right spots, the flatbread being a pleasant addition to dip into the broth once I finished with the lamb. The mango drink was the icing on the cake. Unexpectedly, we happened to run into some of our friends and chatted away while enjoying the meal.

It was starting to get late so we said our thanks to the waiter, paid, and walked out and as much as I would've loved to stay there longer, my stomach was the only thing that held me back from ordering again because I was full. My trip to Turkey had many moments where I experienced things I would've never imagined, but as basic as "going to a restaurant" is, it somehow left a lasting impression on me. I guess many factors played into making this specific trip a ten out of ten, like the gorgeous restaurant interior, the food, and the overall welcoming and uplifting atmosphere. As the sun began to set, we could hear the call to prayer in the distance. We headed off in the direction of the mosque, leaving behind the well-shaded restaurant named Hadramout.

Samsam Dahir

Things to Do as a Wizard in Autumn

Read a good ancient tome.

Cast fireball.

Dust the dirty Library Tower.

Feed the dragon in the Other Tower.

Remind yourself to put signs on the tower doors later.

Stare coldly at the darkening clouds.

Crunch leaves with your wizard staff.

Fire the apprentice (he attempted great evil).

Set fire to the apprentice (by lightning strike).

Trim the grey beard.

Go shopping for a new scratchy cloak.

Drink some potion.

Harvest newts from under cold boulders.

Go "amuse" the local villagers.

Find a new village.

Check the sword in the stone (it's still there).

Host the Brotherhood of Sorcerers.

Ensure events are not as foretold in prophecy.

Turn water into gold, instead of wine (you wanted the 1096 vintage).

Start some lads on quests.

Greet fewer lads returning from other quests (lads just aren't what they used to be).

Ponder your orb.

Save guests who misidentified the Other Tower.

Try the season's mead.

Counsel the king.

Counsel the prince.

Flee the castle after the prince kills his father and usurps the throne.

Check the sword again (it's gone).

Go into hiding for 20 years in a secluded cottage.

Enjoy the Fall of Man.

Garrett Fitzgerald

King Crow Was Peckish.

I saw him on the curb
as he ate upon a stale pale pizza crust,
a marinara sauce of stagnant rainwater on the side.
What luxury will that greedy bastard feast upon to-morrow
I wonder.

He wondered too.
For while he dined at the street corner,
Queen Crow was ravenous and red-faced.
I'd seen her, four blocks ago,
guarding the realm and ensuring
the bloated fox in the ditch would carry on
and leave the Princes plenty to eat.

Garrett Fitzgerald

My Mother Raised Sheep Too.

Her babes came in the late of the year
and her lambs in the new spring.

I finished chores most days only to walk our five-acre pasture
stretching from horizon to horizon before my short eyes.
One grove of scrawny maples and elms gave shade to the flock.

My sister and I were just heavy enough together
to bend a branch down to the woolly bushes
of brown, grey, moorit, and milky white
in our little forest.

The tree jittered beneath us where we had it in the crooks of my armpits,
as Scarlet and Lindi tugged sprigs and twigs and
I watched the elder ewes laze:

Greta, Stella, Sylvia, and Merrylegs,
Sateen, Secret, Syringa,
Shauna, Leela, Magic, and Ma
working their jaw to chew their cud,
passing the latest gossip.

A brutish clunk interrupted from time to time
Like the sound of one 4-by-4 post dropping onto another.
I could see Tumnus, gracefully accepting a challenger.
His freshly shorn grey-brown coat made him smaller than usual.
Sister and I shifted our weight to bring the branch lower.
I knew I could find Tumnus later
and he would let me run my fingers over his horns,
their bumps cresting into smooth perfect whorls
curving round toward his cheeks.

The leaves ran out and Abby and I let go.
We would have to come back tomorrow
when we were bigger and could outweigh another branch.
The long summer sun lowed.

And for a time
there was nothing but lamb's-ear among the grasses.

Garrett Fitzgerald

The Butterfly

Casey and his dark chocolate brown dog, Sprig, who's overly hyper, lived by a lake in Brentford, South Dakota. Casey and Sprig spent lots of time fishing; on a particular trip, they went out right as the sun started to set. The weather was perfect– a slight breeze present, but the air still warm. Casey ensured his cooler was filled with Busch Light and called Sprig to get into the old small fishing boat. Sprig ran towards the boat, jumped in, and went over the other side. Casey looked at him and said, "Really, dude? This is how the night is going to go?" Then grabbed him by the collar to help him get back into the boat. Sprig shook off and sat in his designated spot, getting Casey wet in the process.

Casey started the boat, turned on his favorite playlist, cracked open two beers, sipped one, and poured the other into Sprig's dog bowl. Casey often joked around with his dog and called him a "dog-alcoholic." Casey didn't used to open a Busch Light for his dog, but Sprig would always knock over Casey's and lick it off the ground. After it kept happening, he decided to give Sprig his own.

They got to Casey's favorite fishing spot by all the purple pickerelweed. He cast out and waited for the fish to bite. A few minutes passed, and then he saw a butterfly land on Sprig's nose and fly away. Of course, Sprig then wanted the butterfly and jumped after it, tipping both of them out of the boat. Upset, Casey started yelling at Sprig, who just swam over and kissed him. Casey started to laugh and play in the water with his dog, taking in the moment.

Once they got back into the boat, soaked and cold. Casey cracked open another beer for them to share while listening to their country music on their journey home.

Grace Loffler

What I Enjoy about My Cabin

Standing on the beach and being as still as I can so minnows
tickle my toes.

Going for a jet ski ride on hot, sunny days

Jumping into the refreshing waters of Pickerel Lake

Taking an inner tube and floating on the water while the sun shines on you
like a heated blanket. Evenings where we go for a cocktail cruise.

Having peanuts and beer with our neighbors whenever we feel like it.

Sitting by the campfire while we have cocktails and eat smores.

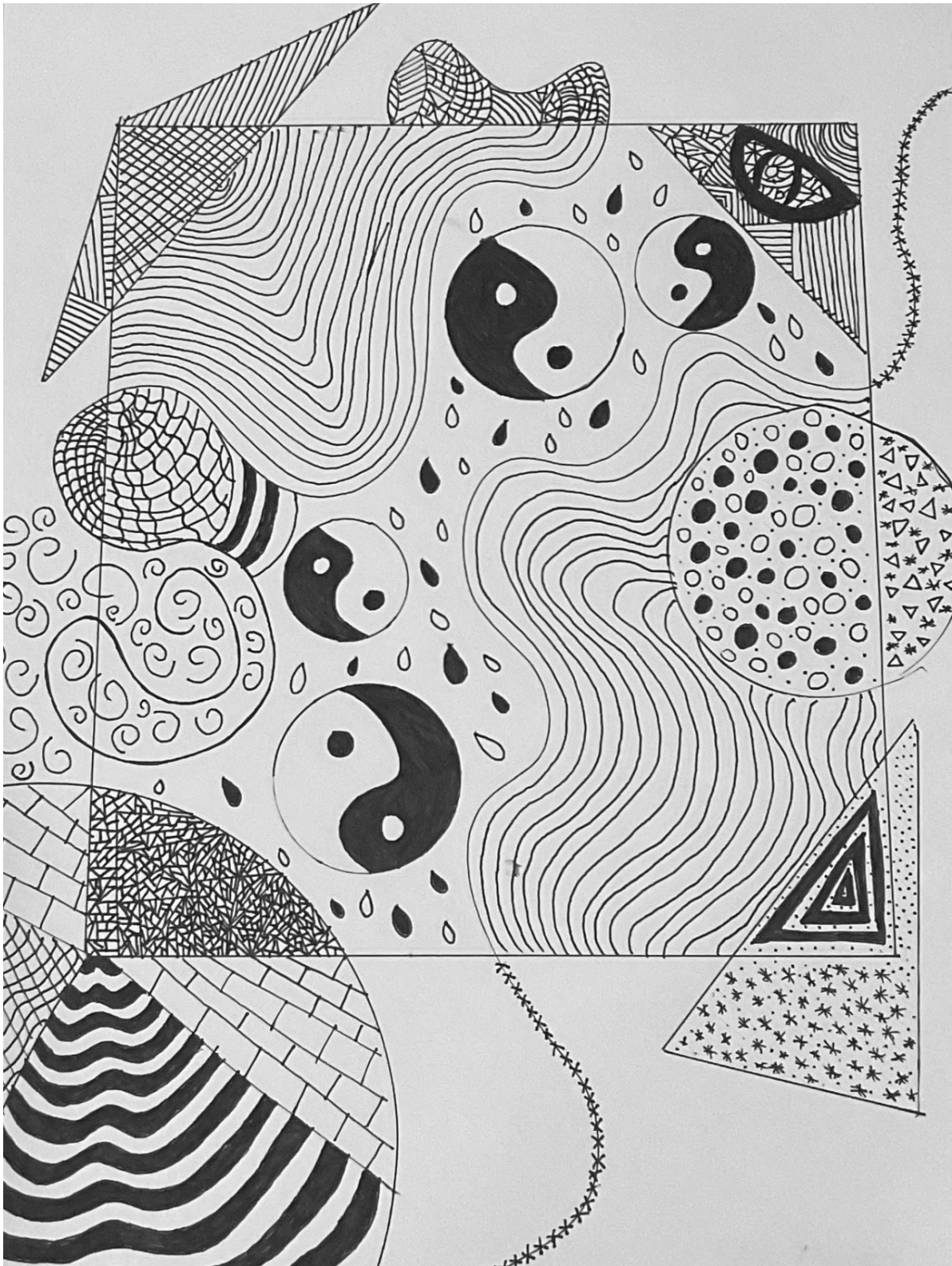
Playing Left-right-center and trying to jinx other players.

Going to Maple Beach Resort for juicy burgers with lots of pickles after hik-
ing in Maplewood State Park.

Going for kayak rides with my mom and enjoying the sounds of the birds
and the ripples in the lake, and a nice, companionable silence as me and
Mom paddle the lake.

Tubing down Otter Tail River and forgetting the rest of the world for a
couple hours.

Megan Copeland



Drawing

Courtney Lewis

I Spy

As I am walking on the trails at River Bend Nature Center, I think about autumn, how the leaves on the trees change from green to red, orange, yellow, and lastly brown before they fall. In the distance I see four deer walking in a straight line. The sun behind them is fierce. Behind the four deer is a large cottonwood with orange and yellow mixed leaves. From the corner of my eye, I spotted a salamander, black with bold yellow spots going down its back. As I moved closer, he disappeared into the leaves as if we were playing a game of hide and seek. A smile flickered across my face. I looked up to hear a violin, an older gentleman playing “Over the Rainbow” to a group of goats enjoying life, munching on buckthorn.

Courtney Lewis

Road Trip

Taking a road trip,
Taking stock,
of the many shrubs there are.

A standing ovation,
a walkway for royalty.

They seem to,
welcome me well.

They bow their heads,
toward the direction I'm headed.

They are showing me the way,
Trying to tell me something.

How they lost their brothers,
just few miles ahead.

How the once lush fields,
became sick with emptiness.

How they have the constant fear,
that they will die soon.

Cut and cut and cut,
Never did we ever renew.

Nnedimma Chibuzor

Road Trip

Tea, South Dakota was always Ryan's favorite place to drive through on his family's annual trip out west. It always reminded him of summertime and made him wish he was sitting back sipping a Long Island iced tea. Ryan took his headphones off just as they drove passed the welcome sign and was greeted by the sound of cicadas in the distance. They seemed to be singing along to The Rolling Stones blaring over the car speakers. The town looked just like every other little town had for the past hour, with nothing but a lake, some houses, and a gas station. But something about the town made Ryan think of home. He was sure the locals all knew each other, and that if anyone ever needed anything, the whole town was sure to help.

Ryan looked out the window and caught a glimpse of an older couple working on their rose garden. They were looking at each other, smiling as if they were living out the dream they had the night before. His sight was soon blocked by his sister sitting across from him, staring intently at her phone. Ryan couldn't help but think about all of the people who drove through the town without even knowing it, or if they even bothered to look out past the sunflower fields to see the water tower, which had a lightning bolt splitting through the big blue T; Ryan always found that rather interesting. He wondered how many people thought South Dakota was just a bunch of corn fields and twisty roads, with some old guys' faces engraved on the side of a hill. Ryan could always feel that this place had something more to offer, but that it kept to itself as if to stay humble and kind. Ryan put his headphones back on his head as they reached the outskirts of the town, and he waved goodbye to the last building before lying back and closing his eyes.

Jordan Nawrocki

A Date Night Walk

The puddle ruffles with the air breeze,
Moonbeam silver waves reflect from your eyes,
Tree branches sway to nights howl and blur my
thoughts like an infinite sidewalk,
Light dew is in the air, with cloud mist showing
in streetlamps' yellow rings.

Isaac Soria

Ode to Early Mornings

Abruptly, you are forced into action

The absence of light to guide you

Birds too tired sing

Yet you push yourself onward until the daze is gone

And with a flick of a switch, it all makes sense

The clock reading 4am, and you are there to witness it

The pride of accomplishment creeps in

And fuels you to take advantage of the moment

You eat and exercise before the first light

Feed the dog and bathe with minutes to spare

The music begins as birds wake

Sipping your coffee as you bask in the victory of beating the sun

Ian Ehlers

Taking for Granted

I was driving down I-90 South for what I hoped was the last time. While I was eating my one dollar gas station burrito and sipping on my Big Gulp filled with cherry Coke, I also managed to skip through the different radio stations. I was looking for a good song to get lost in, to make the drive seem a little less insufferable. Then came the song ‘Sherry’ by Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, and suddenly I wasn't a lonely trucker anymore. I was a young boy back in my hometown of Custer, South Dakota, in the year 1962.

My family and I had just eaten the chicken and dumplings my mom had cooked for supper, me leaving behind the little peas in the bowl because I didn't care for them. I joined my grandpa and dad for their after dinner cocktails and small talk on the front porch, something I that happened every Sunday afternoon. Through the open window, I could hear the clanging of dishes together, signaling that my Mom was cleaning up the remains of the meal she had worked so hard to prepare. And her weathered voice sang along to a new tune called “Sherry” on the transistor radio.

The smell of the fresh garden lilies my mom had picked earlier in the morning was wafting into my nose, and the faint buzzing of cicadas in the distant woods made me feel at home. My Grandpa, a retired carpenter, sat in his rocking chair smiling and talking along with my Dad. His strong, stubby, callus-covered, hands that showed he had worked his entire life, were holding onto his Windsor Seven cocktail. All he would talk about was how great his friends and loved ones were but how stupid he was, as if he was less than. Because for some reason, he was always self-deprecating. And my Dad, an engineer that would come home stressed every day but would rarely let it show, sat sipping on his vodka martini, toking on his Cuban cigar. I just sat there looking up at them in envy, mistakenly wishing time would go by faster, so I could be big like them.

Alex Tuma

Saying Goodbye

I remember soaking up the last moments,
But never truly believing it they were the last.
I thought about
Going fishing with dad and snowmobiling.
Going on road trips from out west, to Arizona, to Florida.
Walking in the woods looking for morel mushrooms,
But watching out for the poisonous ones.
Shooting my first deer with him in the big field by our cabin in northern Minnesota.
Dancing to Def Leppard and Journey in the shop.
Riding with him on the four-wheeler down the gravel road to visit neighbors.
The list goes on.
I carry with me the wisdom that came with his years,
And stories he shared.
The importance of hard work,
And how there is always a way around the tree that may fall in your way during life.
I keep close his laugh and smile that came with those stories.
When that moment came and passed, I no longer could feel his hug or hear his voice,
Or see his John Deere sweatshirt with his jeans and boots.
Instead, I was left with memories and pictures.
Taking in and using what he taught me as I go through life as if he is still by my side.
Knowing that whenever I see those signs, he told me he would send;
A rainbow, a hot air balloon, or a big buck,
That he is never far.

Monica Albers

From “The Loss”

The date was September 11, 2019. I woke up to the sound of my alarm at 6:45 in the morning so that I could get ready for another day of my freshman year of high school. However, as I groggily rolled out of bed, I noticed that the lights for the hallway outside my bedroom were on, and I could hear my dad's voice. It sounded like he was talking to someone on the phone, but I didn't think that was possible because he wasn't supposed to be home. He should have been at Mayo Clinic in Rochester, spending the night with my mom in her hospital room as she continued her battle with stage four breast cancer. I thought that she might have been discharged early, so when I opened my bedroom door, I expected to see both of my parents, but what happened next shattered my world in a million pieces. My dad was standing directly outside my bedroom, and as soon as he saw me, he set the phone down and took a deep breath. I noticed that his face was drenched in tears, so I asked him what had happened, and that's when he told me the news. My beloved mom had passed away early that morning. He broke down in tears, and I immediately followed suit. The person I loved the most was gone. The pain hurt, and even three years later, it still does, but it helped me think about the value of life and the importance of family and friends.

My mom had always been a core part of our family. She knew her rights from her wrongs and had a warm and welcoming personality that would light up the entire room. Everyone called her a role model and an excellent person to look up to. This was especially true when she began the process of raising me and my older brother, Kevin Dong, who was also deeply affected by what had happened. He recently told me, “She taught me how to go the extra mile with my efforts and to not falter when I encountered an obstacle.” Even though my brother and I were very different personality wise growing up, we had one similarity: the love for our mother. We put our faith and trust in her, and took the lessons she taught us to heart. She would always encourage us to conquer tough situations, and that is exactly what we tried to do in the months following her passing. Her lessons still made an impact, even when she is not physically here to teach us.

Tears would roll down my cheek every day, and I had no motivation to do anything. However, as much as I wanted to, I was not able to put my entire life on pause just to mourn. I still needed to perform the daily tasks of going to school, completing my homework, and studying for exams. My biggest desire was to stop everything that I was doing in order to mentally recover, but the demands of life would not allow that, so I had to keep pushing forward. It was incredibly difficult to do anything in the months following the tragedy because I could not concentrate; I could only reflect on what had happened and kept blaming myself for it, even though it was not my fault. My grades began to slip because my mind would always wander off in class, and it was hard for me to make new friends because I refused to talk to anyone. Even though I eventually got back on track after a few months, I learned about the great impact a tragedy can have on your daily life firsthand.

On some days, it was hard for me to accept the fact that the person I loved the most was gone. Whenever I did feel some excitement, my natural instinct was to tell my mother everything that led up to that excitement, but the reality would send me into a downward spiral of sadness. I felt like I wasn't allowed to feel any sense of happiness due to the amount of pain my mother endured in the weeks prior to her passing. The fact that she had to endure such misery while I was living my best life with my friends just did not seem fair to me. I wanted to do whatever it took to take her pain away, but my fourteen-year-old self had limited options. It was difficult to realize at first, but I needed to stop blaming myself for what had happened.

With my mother gone, the only person in the house with me was my dad. My other brother lived an hour away from us in his college campus, so my dad was really the only person I could talk to on a daily basis. However, he began to experience the negative effects of bereavement as well. My parents were nearing their twenty-fifth anniversary, so losing such a close person in a dedicated relationship took a toll on his mental health. Not only did he lack the strength to return to work, he did not have the time for it either. He needed to provide for me and take care of the financial responsibilities from my mom's funeral and burial. However, that meant we were losing out on an income, and money started to get tight. It saddened me to see my dad crippled with stress, and I wanted to assist him, but I was limited on what I could do. I was not very knowledgeable about mental health and I was too young to get a job to help support us financially. The only thing I could do was hope for our situation to improve.

Henry Lu

Ode to an Ode

Fast sprinter, a blur to the eye,
You high jumper, winner of prizes,
Strong man, crafted by gods and honed with persistence.

I tell stories of you behind strings of song.
Tell feet to tap and spin, bodies to whirl,
Give the ladies a twirl, would you?
Let it be heard across the crowd, hummed years later.
There is no shame in your victory.

Now, I tell the same songs for lovers or things,
Never again for you, fast sprinter, shining in daylight,
But do not think I have forgotten.

Danielle Abbe

Out of the Cave

In the scratch and bite of winter's breath,
long before dawn,
we met and traded hands.
After the first green sprung from the ground and
the Grackle discovered its wings,
you and I sowed for autumn's sweet reaping.
We turned dark hours into brilliant portraits,
coaxed the Maiden's Pink to croon open.
All the while we said graceless goodbyes.
Now, as the Grackle surely flies and the Maiden
hides, I think about you.
Where did you go?
Do you still roam the winds?
Did you settle for some patch of prairie grass along the
streams? Did you leave and find yourself left wanting?
I harvest our cut now. I wait in wonder.
Were you finally able to see the sun after your days
locked away?

Danielle Abbe

Childhood

I live in a home filled with love and laughter and a loving dog named Charline who is my best friend.

I wake up with comfort and angelic smells enveloping me.

The smell of fresh-cut grass and crispy dewy leaves fill the fog.

The morning birds outside my window create a sense of safety before the sun even rises.

Walking across the creaky wooden floorboards while giggling.

Toys across the entire house like a tornado spread them around.

Days spent in the backyard playing tag around the big Oak tree.

Sleepovers with many friends, waiting for the evening to come and catching frogs in the backyard.

Going to my violin lessons after school every day, hoping they were no longer hard.

Years later I no longer play violin or play tag, toys are no longer across the entire house and Charlie no longer runs throughout the house, except in memory.

And violin lessons never got easier.

Hilda Nunez



This Guy

Miles Miller

Learning to Draw Doors

Man, what size is this door?

Taller than your average man,

But not very much more

Miles Miller

The Visitor

My parents would awake each morning bothered.
Being a small child, not yet able to walk or talk.
There was no explanation for my open window
Or toys all over my room.

They made sure to buy more locks.
The following day when they came in,
My window was open.

Disturbed by what they kept finding,
They placed a camera at my window.
Yet it was open in the morning.
They checked the camera
But nothing was there but a black screen.
This continued for another week.

Uneasy, they tried to ask me a question
Not expecting an answer.

LuLu

I said.

Shock rolled their faces.

They put me to bed one night,
Still in disbelief,
But relieved nothing bad happened.

One day a few weeks later
They awoke, came in
And found my window closed.

LuLu had to go.

I see her again later.

I said my first sentence.

It all remains one big mystery.

LuLu didn't reappear.

And the window never opened again.

Grace Loffler



Ship

Miles Miller

