

REFLECTION 59.1



REFLECTION

59.1 - FALL 2017

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Reflection submissions are evaluated and selected anonymously.

Reflection staff would like to thank everyone who participated in the literary and visual arts community on campus by submitting to the journal. Joanne Shiosaki, Kayla Cartelli, and Jeff Dodd deserve our praise for facilitating an instructive and positive experience.

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I wonder how many people I've looked at all my life
and never seen.

John Steinbeck, *The Winter of Our Discontent*

RE • FLECT

“to throw back light or sound...
...to make manifest or apparent...
...to have a bearing or influence”

What are we throwing back into the world through our art? Or, what are we making manifest or apparent? Or even, what art do we determine has a bearing or influence? When I think of this journal being titled *Reflection*, I don't immediately picture students lost in pensive contemplation or brooding introspection, which often gets associated moody poets and artistes (aptly so). I see students who have managed to hold a mirror up to some greater reality with a few lines, blocks, or chapters of their voice.

When art serves as a mirror, I imagine that we reflect the turbulence of our hearts. And every heart I've glimpsed through these pages is different. They're shaped by circumstances, celebrations, shortcomings, and situations. Heartbreaks, headaches, histories, and hypocracies that shouldn't happen to anyone else. But when they do, we can find purpose in something as unadorned as a book.

This mirror that was given to us feels broken, and jagged, and warped, and shattered. And fragile—please handle with care. Different stories with similar messages, or similar stories with different messages, or even when everything is different or everything is the same compounds until our “human condition” feels like some fractured gallery of refracting lenses. It hurts to make sense of, so sometimes we'd rather not try. But with each Fall and Spring, *Reflection* attempts to assemble this mosaic of shattered mirrors that it knows is incomplete. That it knows is incompletable.

For eight months out of the year, everyone at Gonzaga is consolidated into the same .237 square miles of Spokane—at least for the weekdays. And we're all carrying around our own piece of the mirror.

Thank you for picking up our journal.

Elise Kuterbach



A WOMAN'S PLACE

Bridget Foster

Screen print

BLESS THE FOOD

Jordan Cotton

In a corner is an oven.
On the table is a heart.

Tumbling dishes are where her head is –
loud gentle and blemished new.
She sets away past like glasses and
sweeps away mistakes.

And though flowers are dead on the table
and petals have crashed and dried
on the surface they stand.

And no one dares to interrupt the service,
seeks to fill the busy temple with a cry or
meddle around the open sanctuary.

What is there is hers.
This is why when we are called,
we bless the food.

PREDATOR

Regina Carrere

a woman in the night
daunts her humanity
shoulders poised and elbows raised
a lowered center of gravity

furrowed
 brows
bared
 teeth
sharpened
 claws

this is no time for pretty curves or delicate lines

fists coil
knuckles crack and ripple

defiant night

she glares through alleys
darting eyes pierce and paralyze
a ferocious gaze

still
always still
praying

DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

Christopher Barker

Old, black VHS tapes, with film wrung around
Their innards like a suffocating bowtie on the sweaty neck of a
handsome
Groom once told me love is telos.

I remember the street rat sexily swaggering through Agrabah's
streets, his
Bare arms and chest animating the opponent to my telos, but the
Sultan's daughter suggestively sauntered on screen to awaken
It too. Her hips adumbrated her own telos while I questioned my
own.

Mama's whole shelf of these treasure trove movies
Dizzily inscribed me into a grotesque palimpsest—original
footage
Recorded over till I was possessed with picture perfect quality.

But mama found out the hard way, that an overplayed VHS
unwinds.
Slowly at first, overlapping in strangling undulations,
It then implodes.



IN TEN MINUTES

Natalie Louie

Ink wash on paper

THE WRONG ROAD

Paige Wilson

I think I scream two times. The third is muffled by the quilt that my face collapses into as my legs let out from underneath me. The ground hits me hard, yet the pain in my heart numbs all other physical sensation. As I lie there, huddled in a mass on my dorm room floor, I squint an eye open. My hand still grasps the iPhone. My knuckles are white. The lock screen glares at me, Rachael's text staring me down. Her words ring in my head: "His little two-door car couldn't resist the impact of the full-size SUV." My friend Gabby shakes my shoulder, "Paige, can you respond? Paige? Paige, say something". I manage to utter "Please stay." We sit there, the silence broken by my ceaseless sobs. She holds my hand until help arrives.

First day of Human Phys, sophomore year of high school. My assigned seating was in front of the new kid. The freak kept staring at me. What was his problem? Glancing around my shoulder, I was prepared to stare him down. The sight of him conjured a raised eyebrow and a giggle: a gawky kid with tall, puffy hair, sitting almost uncomfortably straight in his seat. What a moron. After class, before I could escape, he approached me and initiated small talk. My rolling eyes obviously didn't have an effect on him, he kept on chattering excitedly anyways. Only two things stuck out from that conversation: his name, Keith, and that he lived in the same town as I did. That afternoon I had to face him on the bus and the walk home, and every day thereafter.

The resident director arrives first. I don't really hear what he's saying, I keep pressing the quilt harder into my face, my ears, my mouth, anything to stop time, to stop reality. He talks to me, but I don't listen. To hear him is to admit the truth of what's happened. He's pressing a phone against my ear, something about

an appointment at the counseling center. Yeah, right, like I'm going to drag myself over there to talk to some random person. Campus security arrives next and there are three strange men standing in my room. I glance up at the 3 by 5 Italian flag hanging over my bed, the only decoration on my side of the room. Keith's delicate handwriting stands out from all the others, and my eyes scan over his signature. My view is blurry from the tears in my eyes. I squeeze Gabby's hand harder. Everything feels distorted. Everything feels wrong.

The day Keith came out to me was also the day he told me he loved me. We were sitting on the wall that was exactly in between where we lived (we knew, because we had counted the steps to the wall from both our houses). A Tupperware of cake sat between us, two plastic forks jutting out of the loaf like antennas searching for signal. I had told my dad that I was going for a run, but three minutes into the jog, Keith had texted me to meet up, so there we were, nibbling away at cake, but at the same time trying to hide it because we were embarrassed about the disapproving looks we were getting from the local Italians passing by. "I'm gay," Keith said out of the blue. I didn't know how to respond so I just nodded and awkwardly looked down at my forkful of pink frosting for a while, avoiding eye contact. The truth was, I had been defending Keith from these rumors for the past couple months. He'd been the brunt of homosexual jokes since he'd arrived at our school months ago. Of course, I could never let him catch on that I cared about this, it would have ruined my reputation as a badass. Instead I just shrugged. Keith went on to apologize for not having told me, his best friend, earlier. Even his twin sister Rachael had known before me. My anger flared, but I hid it. After all, my emotions were shut off from others. I was proud of the fact that I was independent and that I could conceal my feelings perfectly after a lifetime of practice. Then Keith surprised me again: he told me he loved me. I was completely caught off guard. We had tossed around the words before, flinging them back and forth as we parted ways, jokingly,

like lazily-constructed knock-knock jokes that narrowly missed their target of humor. This time, however, the sentiment was genuine. Once again, I mumbled a quiet “thanks” and proceeded to gulp down chunks of dessert, pretending to ignore him.

That first night, I jolt awake as the car plows into my chest. As my eyes adjust to the darkness of the room, I realize it’s only a dream. I’m perspiring heavily. I plug in my earbuds and put on our song. Actually Keith always really hated the song, but I would put it on repeat and we’d end up dancing around until we’d fall into a pile of laughter. *I’m stuck on you, stuck like glue, you and me baby, we’re stuck like glue....* With a sudden panic I realize that I can’t remember the last thing I said to Keith. Maybe the last image he got of me was a Snapchat with the dog-face filter. Was that really the last picture he’d seen of me? Hell. Had I even called him recently? I’d been meaning to talk to him, but life had gotten so hectic and stressful.... Now I was out of excuses, and Keith was all out of time.

Keith and I had our routine whenever we went to Venice. We’d been doing it for three years, and we had it down pat. We’d catch the 7:52 am train. Once there, step one was to find the cheap grocery store out of the tourist area, a 17-minute walk from the train station. There we’d buy the miniature cartons of white wine, the family-size box of butter cookies, and the medium Nutella, the one that comes in a jar that you can use as a glass after you finish it. By 10:30 am we’d be getting tipsy on the steps of the canal, and we’d sit there for hours watching people go by and making up stories about their lives. During one of these visits, we caught a random boat taxi and came upon a beach. The sun burned us all day and we swam in our street clothes, taking pictures pretending to be swimsuit models, and swiping through Tinder, laughing at all the short, stubby Italian men. I almost told him how I felt then, but my pride got in the way.

I think back to the last time I saw him. Had he understood how meaningful our friendship had really been to me? I hate myself for never explicitly telling him. His sister had been updating me all evening. The coma had consumed him. I reach for my phone and scan over Rachael's words again. There is no hint of hope. "The internal bleeding won't stop. I'm so sorry, Paige. Keith is dying." My tears have run out, I cannot cry. Instead, I dial an Italian number. When my mom picks up, the first thing I say is "I love you."

The last time I saw Keith was on our wall. We were both abnormally quiet. The time had come to say goodbye and leave for college in a far-off foreign country. Keith threaded his arm through mine, like a needle pulling the fabric tighter to itself. He rested his head on my shoulder, and I, in turn, rested my face on his forehead. We probably looked liked a romantic couple to people going by, but I didn't really care. Keith told me he loved me then, and I gave my usual smartass answer of "Tell me something I don't know." The moment had come; we gave each other one last big embrace before turning towards our own separate ways. "See you, Kiki!" I said, calling back over my shoulder as I walked off, "I'll see you soon."



L'HIVER À PARIS

Madison Smith

Acrylic on canvas

JUST TO LET YOU KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU

Catalina Bala

Just to let you know that I love you,
I walk a little faster
so you don't have to look behind you
when you're telling me how great your day was
since your strides tend to match how excited you are.

Just to let you know that I love you,
I sneak a few tater tots from my plate
onto yours while you're getting some water,
since I know how much you love them,
and you already stole three from my plate
when we were talking about football and the next biology exam.

Just to let you know that I love you,
I print out an extra set of notes
because I know you studied for a test last night—
your mind too preoccupied with equations
and definitions
and connections
to remember a simple set of notes for your morning class.

Just to let you know that I love you,
I hold my tongue
when you're ranting about
that group project that you're completing by yourself and
how your roommates leave their clothes on the floor
because I know that you're struggling
and that you need someone who will listen to you.

Do I tell you that I love you?—no—
the words are my only limitation.
We've only known each other for a few months,
and you want to wait
for the right time,
the right moment,
till one day the words flow right off your tongue
like you're saying hello
or like you're saying my name.

But I know how you feel,
and I know those words are on your mind
because when I'm nervous about meeting new people
you squeeze my hand
to remind me you're here.

When I get anxious or sad,
you pull me from that dark place
and take me to eat frozen yogurt
where we sit on the barstools
and watch the people pass by the windows.

When it's my turn to decide
what we are doing on a Saturday night
and I choose to watch all of the Star Wars movies
instead of going out with our friends,
you smile the smile that I fell in love with—
the one where your eyes shine so bright
that not even Shakespeare could
write a sonnet about it—
and you grab some popcorn and Oreos
from the snack bin by the fridge.

Every day I will let you know that I love you
through my actions
and one day through my words.
If there comes a day
when you don't remember
how amazing you are or
how intelligent you are or
how kind you are or
how loved you are
remember this poem—my written confession—
just to let you know how much I love you.



RED MEKENNA

Chelsie Sunde

Nikon D7200; 35mm

IN AUSTRIA I SAT BESIDE A FRENCH WOMAN

Melissa McKay Frare

a French woman with nutrients beneath her skull,
power within her matter,
quenching her matted, mashed follicles,
which were intertwined with rainbow woven ends.
between these cascades lay her imperfectly chiseled features,
connected to lashes, beckoning each body with every flick.
her hands, outstretched through her favorite holy cotton,
perched, prepared to greet, but also to beat;
supplied by crimson, firey, spicy blood, which surged
from her unreigned chest, to her unapologetic tips.

but what makes her laugh,
the poetry which drips from her lips,
the ideas she breathes into the room,
is what the wind carries over imaginary borders.

VENICE

Sarah Kersey

On the canals of Venice,
a grumpy old man
performs an act of bravery:
he smiles,
despite the overwhelming
yet crushing
sensation
that all
will soon
cease
to exist.

ORION

Michele Pointel

Orion, stride across the night
and hunt down
any wandering stars
to bring them home

fasten them onto
your quiver of cosmos,
let them stream behind you,
galaxies formed in your wake

tuck them into your belt
and bring them out
when you need their song—
the voice of God

I stay awake to see you
in the eye of the turning sky
as it gazes at the earth

EL TANGO DEL MANGO

Art Por Diaz

when i was born
God put me in a mango
i imagine while in the womb
God would sing
this little light of mine

i was told that a psychic said i
was blessed to live
which was ironic since i was born dead

God put me in a mango
my skin peeled and punctured
it was so thin you could probably see my dreams within it
my innards succulent to death's lips
i wonder if my first heartbeat bloodied its lip
my mango seed was too strong to break
that's where my light stayed
where God's little light dwelled
wondering if the bells toll from heart monitors
was a call to go home
i wonder if i had any input on my outcome

the psychic said my spirit had known God
i would be rambunctious
God's trumpets caused a ruckus inside of me
and things thought didn't always align with what i was taught:

i believe God is a woman
who fathered children from fragments of planets
and heart burns are solar flares erupting from implanted stars we

have as hearts
i believe God is a man
who nurtured galaxies in our arteries
and placed heaven in our veins

my grandmother always told me
i am my father's prayer
which means my father prayed for a mango
who was too wise to believe the machismo
educado con ojos reconociendo
que el hombre fuerte no es violento
sus manos nunca serán armas contra la mujer
que estando "en el rincón de una cantina
oyendo una canción que yo pedí.
me están sirviendo ahorita mi tequila"
no es ser hombre ser borracho
mi padre me dijo que el hombre no tiene que ser mujeriego

God put me in a mango
who isn't afraid of gunshots
but of the darkness between streetlights
my city chiseled monsters there
like the intercostal muscles of our ribcage
it connects hope and despair
like dancers ensnared by tightrope

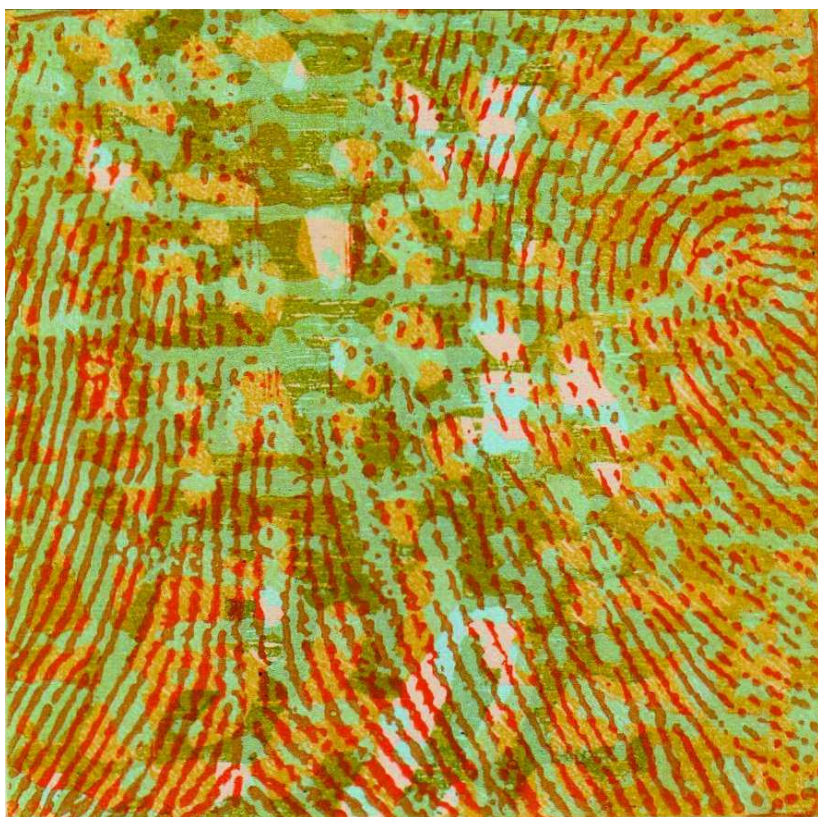
i never realized the tightrope i was on
until i was 10 years old
immigration and customs enforcement at the airport
prevented me from entering home

immigration asked me if my birth certificate was real
"i don't know. a doctor gave it to me i think.
but you know doctors are liars.

the doctor gave me shots and said it wouldn't hurt.
but it did"

immigration holds me in a room.
i grow worried.
immigration scolds me there.
i grow scared.
immigration asks me where i'm from
"my mother"
where is she from
"God"
where was she born
is she a US citizen
what's your address
what's her address
does your father live with you
"no"
where does he live
"he died"
oh
sorry
well
who can we call
are you a US citizen
are you a mexican citizen
tell us
you won't get in trouble
tell us
we just want to send you home
tell us
why won't you talk
tell us
is this paper real!

i was left alone in a room
wondering why i didn't tell them
when i was born
God put me in a mango



TRAVERSE 7

Mary Farrell

Woodcut and copper relief on Gampi chine colle.

WE WERE WOUNDED

Diana Nguyen

The sound of my people's screams
echoes through my mother's heartbeat
as she tells me she loves me.

Her hands bleed their tears
when she gathers me in her embrace.

I nod as if I understand
the weight of what we bear
how heavy it is to haul alone.

REFUGE

Melissa McKay Frare

we travel to free ourselves
from our self-made boxes
to find refuge
beyond our cardboard corners

we travel to engage our minds
with foreign fruits,
to indulge in the nectar
of an alien home.

others, travel, merely to escape
from bombs, and guns, and hate,
with panic in their checkered baskets,
and nothing to lose, but refuge.



CONTOURS

Elizabeth Brudevold

Charcoal on Canvas

ON DIRECTING

an interview with Annika Perez-Krikorian

In Fall 2017, senior Annika Perez-Krikorian directed *Constellations*, a play written by Nick Payne. Christopher Barker interviewed her on October 24th to get an inside look at what it's like to be a student director in Gonzaga University's Theatre program.

Can you explain a splash event and a little about the process of planning an event like that?

A splash event is a show with a different cast every night; the actors do not know who their partner is going to be in the play until they step on stage. The splash process elevated the themes of chance, the randomness of the universe, and the way that the decisions we do or don't make shape the way that we experience life.

What sort of challenges did directing this event pose in relation to directing events that you've done in the past?

With this, there was a lot more that I couldn't control. Usually with a play that has one cast, you really get to develop a certain character to the actor; that can lead your directing in a lot of ways. With *Constellations* I had to constantly adjust to the different actors' choices because they were all different. I couldn't just say, "Oh well, that's wrong" or "That's not the way that this character is" because the whole point was to see different interpretations of the characters. Also, I had to try to get everyone through the play and feel confident while not having them actually do a full run through.

How do you negotiate all of the different components—the director, the actors, the playwright—to work together well?

I think it's a lot of listening. Listening is an art form because you have to not only listen, but understand and absorb what the other

team members are saying. You have to constantly adjust so you can make it a collaborative process and not a dictatorship.

Before meeting with the group, I imagine you do some parsing out of the play yourself. What does your creative process look like?

My creative process depends on the show. This play has no structure and, paradoxically, the most complex structure I've ever seen. For me, usually the first part of the process is the least creative, because I just need to get it organized for myself to then move forward and start digging into character work, and relationship work, and anything else that the play might need. With *Constellations*, I had to navigate the multiple universes. Were any of them connected? Do I want them to be connected? The script really gave me nothing.

How do you think that directing differs from other art forms or how do you think it brings multiple art forms together?

I think directing is different because you have to be both selfish and selfless. For directing, you have a vision, an idea, and you coach the actors through it and bring it to fruition, but ultimately, it's up to them. Ultimately, you have to hand it off to someone else for the final product which is different than acting, or even writing because [in] writing you still have a measure of control when you hand it to the editor. The final act is to let it go and let the actors do what they do. In some ways, it's more nerve-wracking than acting. Being able to communicate and work together and create something is really valuable as an educational tool and as a tool for personal growth. I'm really blessed to be able to have the experience as a director, as an actor too.

ON COSTUME DESIGN

an interview with Regina Carrere

On October 22nd, Christopher Barker and Regina Carrere sat down to talk about costume designing. Regina is the costume designer for Gonzaga University's mainstage production of *Tick, Tick...Boom!* by Jonathan Larson.

How has designing costumes for this production been different from past experiences you've had?

I think the main difference is the feeling that the stakes are much higher because it's mainstage, it's open for multiple weekends, and you're sort of collaborating on a larger scale with faculty, staff, and students. I'm also working with a band, who I haven't had in for fittings or anything, so I kind of just have to leave them with a dress code. Costuming people only a couple of days before we open is going to be another exciting part of the process too.

What does that creative process look like for costuming?

I always start with reading the script. I look for cultural references, any color palettes that seem to emerge from the text itself. I try to be historically accurate, and in some plays, you want to be really accurate, but sometimes, you just want to go for the feel of it. You also have to consider that the actors are moving and dancing. Then from there, I'll do multiple sketches. Whichever idea feels right. I'll show them to Courtney Courtney [Smith, Gonzaga Faculty and Director of the production] and we'll decide if it's the one we both would want for the production. It's a very collaborative process the whole way through—arguing for why you want an idea and sort of going for it.

Do you have a favorite costume that you got to design and are excited to see appear in the show?

“Green Green Dress,” that has been my worst nightmare and my greatest dream come true. The song “Green Green Dress” describes the dress in great detail, but not a dress that would make sense. It’s a very green dress, twenty buttons, and a strap. I was going to build it from scratch, but I don’t have time for that and green velvet is very expensive. I ended up doing a lot of window shopping in local stores and online until I found a dress close to what I wanted. Then I ended up finding a cool collection of different gold buttons. I think that says more of a story, just having all these different buttons where each one could be from a different story or event or time in their life. It suddenly became my favorite piece because I honestly put the most meaning behind it.

Any last thoughts?

I think designing has just been a great experience because it combines so many of my passions like literature, art, and all of the research. Theatre in general requires a lot of teamwork—that always impresses me. It’s not just the actors on stage, it’s not just the director or the costume designer, it’s all of us together creating one piece from something somebody wrote however many years ago. We get to bring it to life over and over again. Even with the same text, theatre can happen in a whole new way with a new team.



GREEN GREEN DRESS

Regina Carrere
Digital Rendering

ON MUSIC

an interview with Rafael Castellanos-Welsh

Rafael Castellanos-Welsh, a member of the Jazz Combo program and the Bulldog Band at Gonzaga University sat down with Brahiam Villanueva to discuss his experience with music. Rafael has played the saxophone for ten years, and was first inspired to learn as a child in the vibrant streets of Coboda, Veracruz, where he witnessed vendors, buildings, and musicians contribute to a culture which filled his heart with joy. After he discovered jazz, Rafael endeavored to understand the experience of being American, while joining a legacy of artists who express struggle, liberation, joy, and solitude through music.

What does your creative process look like?

First, I listen to different genres of music, whatever comes to mind, while trying to see what motifs I can find. After finding snippets I like, I play it on the saxophone and see how I can bend a three-second piece into something different. Then I record and listen over everything I have done.

What do you get out of playing?

On the surface level, [I get] to de-stress and have that extra ability to convey a mood, an essence, an emotion. Things and concepts, which I cannot make reason of, just spew out. The saxophone allows me to run through notes really fast and add vibrato or any other sound technique, all of which emphasizing whatever I am feeling at the time.

What or who inspires you?

When I think of music, the biggest emotion which comes to mind is love, whether it be a lack of or excess of love. When I listen to a ballad, the canvas the soloist performs on creates that mood and

texture; the soloist has all of that canvas to paint over—with one note, or many. Even when I was young and couldn't really play much, a solo with two notes still expressed what I wanted to say.

What do you get out of music as a student collaborator?

Collaboration is an intimate and vulnerable process. You carve something out as a group, and anyone can critique anyone's contribution. But you also get a greater understanding of music and of songs because you know how much work goes into collaboration.

How do you think music affects the artistic community of GU?

Hard question because Gonzaga—the students—are not often going out there and performing outside of campus. Personally, I don't go out and read the journals or go to exhibits. I'm in my bubble of music and I don't even go to the symphonies or the wind ensembles. It's not like we are an art school. People in those communities are connected, but here music doesn't protrude to the general Gonzaga community.

What are your aspirations with this art?

I have been playing the saxophone for ten years. It's not like I'm doing this in hopes of someone listening to me and signing me to a record label or a sound cloud which will explode with followers. A part of me grows up as I perform. It's the only field of study where I truly work for the longest time. I've been blessed to be able to listen to different genres of music, whether it be trap, country, classical jazz, or hip hop, and I slowly get a more enriching understanding of the art. Maybe I don't fully understand the music at the time, but I could always research how the song is written or figure out its chords. All these things I've learned with time, and I don't think there's a stopping point for growth in the field of music.



GOLD

Chelsie Sunde

Nikon D7200; 35mm



EARRINGS

Sophia Maggio
Graphite on paper

THE DANCER

Colin Bonini

Like Chihuly-born glass,
the pointed toes of a dancer
warp and unfurl, warp and unfurl,
underneath her holy vessel,
so strong and so fragile,
bearing the weight of her soar.

As she soars
like an angel from stained glass
windows of some precious church, so fragile
and sacred, she is still only a dancer,
veiled in a sentient vessel,
too precious to unfurl.

The ribbons tied round her ankles unfurl
and people awe as she soars,
but they are anchors, tied to a vessel,
sinking beneath water clear as glass,
drowning the dancer
with applause that is hollow and fragile.

Her ribs show—fragile
and sharp through a leotard that won't unfurl
but clings skin-tight to the dancer,
along with swanlike shoes to hide her sores—
and like Chihuly-born glass
they chip away inside the vessel.

Blood streams through the vessels
that pump through her fragile
body, like wine filling a glass
that will be drunk as time unfurls,
and her muscles will be sore,
and she will remain a dancer.

Her soul is the dancer,
her body only a vessel,
and she will soar
long after her fragile
bones have cracked and life unfurled,
like the angel in stained glass.

So the dancer crouches, fragile,
then soars as her toes point the vessel forward, and meaning unfurls,
like breaking an hourglass.

GLAD IT IS

Art Por Diaz

bitten by the love bug
im smitten by her

she is a trip
a stumble
a fall
a winter
a spring to my step

she is
sun dyed,
shines bright
she is
sun shy,
means she
needs to
warm up
to you

hasta las flores se ponen celosas
hasta poemas dicen de cosas

su sonrisa es como yendo a misa
im like
God
she's beautiful

abro los ojos
ella es un sueño
aveces ni se si estoy durmiendo

pienso en ella
y le da miedo
a las mariposas que tengo en mi panza

como quisiera
llevarte
serenata
cantarte una poema

el amor roma
te quiero llevar a comer unas tortas

she is like a thunderstorm. striking.

she is words that unlock from my rib cage
the key that inspires me

those words escape me
like an exhale
so i could inhale
new ones filled with her

which made my left lung jealous of my right lung
cause it had an extra lobe to breathe in more of her

im glad it is that we came to meet

THAT I AM NOT PROUD OF

Natalie Louie

I try new things.

I crave success.

A friend said

I am fearless.

But I know

why

my curiosity

skips

like

rocks

on water.

COLD MORNINGS

Grace Nakahara

I'm 15 again—
driving to and from a small art show—
shoved into a white-walled complex next to a Trader Joe's
dark streets, dull
street lamps yellow
It's not all that warm in my gold Honda
but laughter's exhaust fogs up the windows
I take off my coat—
we're huddled around my small phone
There's a string of songs that makes me remember
that same dull and yellow—
the smell of 'summer' candles
tried and tiny
slipping away from the group to be downtown in the dark of 4 am
I'm falling out of love. Again,
it's killing me, and again
I can't leave.
It's my first time alone on a train
and the station is a passage ripped from some book from the 80's
that I read in the third grade
My playlist drains my battery
I took two pills I shouldn't have
no lamps pass by my window
my coat – damp on the outside but
wonderful on the inside.
8 hours until 10
I'm 17 again—
following the sun across the bridge
across town
I didn't know that these pockets existed, where the water runs still

mushrooms bloom by branches of living trees
I forgot that living trees could be so still
I don't have my wonderful coat yet, but how fitting it would've been
I don't know how to work a camera, but I have an idea
I'm stumbling and smiling and don't fit in and I don't mind
I'm not supposed to be up this late.
My mom says it's early.
I don't really remember birds or the same dull and yellow, now gray
but I feel that dull, yellow rug rub against my socks
and it's mint tea in the morning
it's someone's big ugly sweatshirt
it's that my brothers aren't taller than me yet
it's that it's snowing in Montana and we all look ridiculous stuffed
into several puffed jackets, but she wanted to go on a walk and we
wanted to make her happy
Or even Halloween on that same bridge
when it was disclosed to me that more than one person wanted to
kiss you or had already and I realized I didn't care.
Blue bottle light unto your drunken steps.
But to me it's dull and yellow



UNTITLED

Courtney Shih

Ink and white acrylic on toned paper

FAINT

Molly Wilson

It's foggier, it's all foggier—
whole lives turn over when the trees blur red;
my lips go numb in the dark, bruised blue
by your fingertips
—the mist lingers after downpour.

I wrap up in the cold, covered from the howling
wind and wearing your whispers
around my shaking shoulders.

The roses on my porch smell heavy with leftover
rain slipping off the edges of their petals;
wisps of untouched clouds shift from mute
grey to violent, blinding white.

--:-- , --/--/----

David Landoni

A few miles down the road I won't remember how the branches split
from the ashburned birches, or how the wind shakes each leaf
that's hanging off the gutters or trembling down the driveway.

I won't remember the greygreen sky or the blue houses, birthed by the city,
that creep so slowly and ever closer to the bare hills.

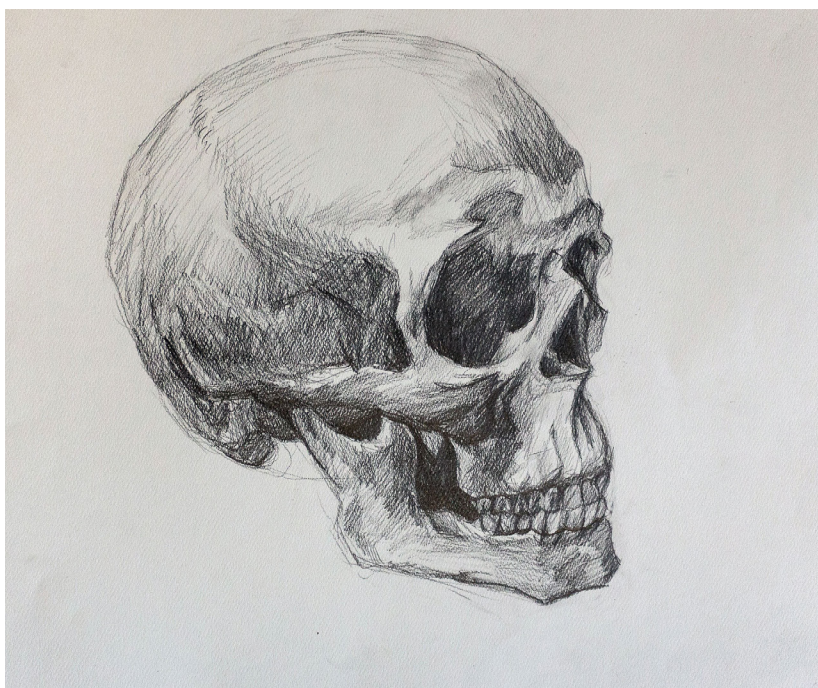
In the city towers lurch and creak
like stripped, hollow limbs
on a scale too grand to notice us.

Driving down the highway there's no difference in the little yellow lines
that split the road, and it's impossible to tell what time it is.

The clock on the dash is broken—
the clock on the dash is smashed.

Thus the car stumbles backwards and forwards through time; its contents
anticipating and forsaking everything they leave behind.

In a few miles I won't remember how to get to the apartment, where
I put the key or which exit to take to get to work,
which to take home. Certainly these things will not remember me.
And when I run out of gas or break down on the side of the road
I'll walk out into a field and lie there
until the weeds overgrow me
or shrivel up and die.



UNTITLED

Elizabeth Harrison

Graphite on paper

TRACES

Colin Bonini

I see the ghosts you left me with; inside
the mists of San Francisco hills on I-
280 North, and icing barren lakes
and reservoirs with haunting looks of Maine,
or fishing Bass at Halfmoon Bay—beneath
your quilt we hugged the shore like currents lap
the scales of fish who swim between the reeds.

The quilt, a weed, too thin to dull the pale
and violent glare of silver ocean sky,
was torn away to leave us bare and white,
just like the moon that pulled the tides too high
and made us gasp for breath among the waves.

Its patches swim, invisible and chill,
in mist and ice and barren lakes, where scales
fall off and settle down below the reeds.



LOOKING DOWN FROM HERE

Grace McDaniel

Canon Rebel T3i; EF-S 18-135mm

GRANDNESS

Marian Unn

Grandness is not always found in the grand, in fact I've found it more as a drape of a proud mind, than as the garment of a humble heart; for those of grand nature are more often draped in the rags of an outcast, than in the garments of a Lord. And so I ask you, dear friend, what is it that you clothe your heart in?

MOTHERBOARD

Elise Kuterbach

01011001 01001000 01010111 01001000

(YHWH)

GOODBYE

Katherine Tibbitts

you came into my life with
the explosion and fanfare of the sun
bursting out from behind a cloud,
emerging to blaze light across the whole horizon.
i couldn't even blink the sunspots clear—
everything i saw was you
but now you slip out of my life
with the whisper of a dropping rose-petal,
dusky and quiet and
barely enough to even notice.
i didn't even see you leave

PEDESTAL

Maddie Hueske

A lopsided sandstone pillar may not deserve its own quartet, but maybe that's the point. Those little things that mean so much to us, that connect us to a place and to the earth, that center our racing minds. The pillar was stable but fragile, a reminder that nature did not change, but that humans could force it to. That even something millions of years old could still cease to exist. My blip of a lifetime in comparison, spent worshipping the pillar, and all it took was six seconds to knock it down. Why must we destroy what binds us closer to life?

Her Last Stand



Every year she gets smaller. We scramble out onto the crumbly sandstone, across the sand flat and through the stand of coastal pines. The wind is brisk and the path is steeper, more rutted out, trickier to traverse when the clay is wet. She juts out of the cape like a mushroom, stubbornly defying the wind and the waves. And yet every year she gets smaller. My father tells me that it's a natural

process, at least partially, that a sandstone pillar has no business existing on the rugged edge of the Pacific Ocean. But I know it's not just the fault of the elements. There are people out here, millions every summer, that climb, hang, take selfies on her, each hand and foot scraping infinitesimal grains of sand off the structure. I have watched her erode, giving her a reverent nod as I pass but not approaching, for fear of scuffing some of the sand out from around her base. She has shrunk, yes, but the pillar remains, casting her irregular shadow over the orangey sandstone and onto the waves.

Until August. Another batch of rowdy beachgoers bypass the rope and the caution sign and clamber their way onto the cape. They approach her, gather around her, cautiously touch the top of her. She protests quietly, but is too beaten down to accomplish much. When I was young she was twice the height of my father; by now, she barely towers over him. Several of the people step back, but three remain, assessing sturdiness and texture. Briefly, it appears that they too will retreat respectfully, but instead they grab her from three equidistant angles and begin to shove. She is trapped. They are rough, their hands digging into the soft rock and breaking off great chunks. She begins to sway. She is being groped, assaulted. She is fighting back as best she can, but it is hard to fend off three drunken, determined men.

With one final, aggressive shove, she tumbles to the ground.

They gather around, assessing their deed. She has scattered into a cornucopia of pieces. Big slabs of streaky clay mixed in with crumbled terra-cotta sandstone; the pile of debris looks like a burial mound. They kick at her, watch her roll over, submissive. After a couple celebratory photos they move on, never bothering to look back at her. For the remainder of the day people pass and avert their eyes, uncomfortable to witness the aftermath of the deed, but hesitant to approach her and check for life. The wind picks up and scatters the smallest particles of sandstone, already beginning the removal process. She is gone, her defiant gaze erased from the jagged coastline, her soft curves no longer punctuating the moon-like landscape.

Brief Instructions on How to Behave in the Presence of the Dead

First, approach slowly, but with purpose. Too eager and you seem excited; too hesitant and you seem frightened.

Second, stand apart at an adequate distance. Maybe bow your head a little. Cross your arms in front of you, but do not look bored—that would be disrespectful.

Third, try to center your attention on the deceased. Recall memories and conversations. Don't let your mind wander, but if it does, focus on happy thoughts.

I have visited her grave twice now, and it hasn't changed much. I near the pile of stones and stop a few paces away. The edges of the headstone have softened in the weather, rounded out, but it still faces southeast. The area around the headstone is littered with needles from one of the nearby shorepines; I'm sure someone scattered them when they realized there were no flowers to pick. There are no footprints. I gently lace my fingers together behind my back and straighten, facing the sea breeze blowing in off the ocean.

Standing there, I take a deep breath and close my eyes. Picture her standing there. My friends are chattering behind me, their voices blending with the seabirds' cries, but I do not turn my head away. I try to recall childhood memories on the cape, but in my nostalgia, I begin thinking of other, pleasant things. Refocus. After a few moments, I allow my eyelids to drift open. I am gazing out at eye level, about the height she would have been standing at if she was still here. I lower my gaze.

I cannot look away.

The Bystander

There's a video of it, which makes me even madder.

Apparently, the kid that filmed the vandalism confronted the vandals after the pedestal was down and asked them why they knocked it over. Apparently, they responded that the rock was a safety hazard, that their friend had broken his leg jumping off and that they were doing everyone a favor by taking it down.

Why didn't the videographer stop them?

He filmed for several minutes.

Why didn't he walk down there, ask them **WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!?**

At the end of the video, he says, "Dude, what the fuck!" and the camera falters.

I'd like to think he dropped his phone to his side and covered the space between him and the vandals in just a few steps, his anger pumping adrenaline through his veins.

I know that's what would have happened if I had been there.

I would have dropped my phone, sprinted down there, screamed, cried, pleaded, ridiculed. Stood between them and the rock. Threatened to call the Coast Guard.

Please, arrest these people for their violation.

She was innocent.





You have no idea how much this rock means to me.

But of course none of that happened. The people shoved, the video was taken, the rock fell.

You see this often in the news. Hordes of people watch something pure defiled, and only get angry when the deed is done. They wonder, why didn't anyone stop this? Fingers pointed, no blame taken. Mob mentality. And it happened again here.

The Parks and Recreation district asked the vandals to step forward and identify themselves, "That would be refreshing and wonderful and make things much easier." I'm sure of it; this will never happen. Once something like that starts trending on Twitter, nobody wants to be associated with it.

The maximum fine is \$435.

How can you put a price on an 18-million-year-old rock formation?

The rock, Duckbill as it's called, existed for most of its lifespan before contacting humans. Back then, the rock was probably gigantic, towering over the tropical scrub brush that covered the sandy surface of the cape. This part of the country was much warmer back then, and the rock might have provided shade for small creatures seeking refuge on the exposed land. It was probably hit by falling trees and violent tropical storms, sanding it down into the shape I picture when I close my eyes.





The Nehalem tribe fished and lived on the rocky coastline long before the area was called Pacific City, Tillamook, Cape Kiwanda. They might have used the pillar as a landmark, perhaps as part of their tribal mythology. They believed the South Wind reconfigured the landscape to allow its people better access to the ocean. Maybe the wind created the pillar too.

Duckbill existed, through all those millions of years, until the Oregon coast became a popular tourist destination around 60 years ago.

The pillar became a landmark. People traveled from up and down the coast to visit the sleepy little surf town of Pacific City, and she became synonymous with the rugged, surf bum lifestyle there. Unfortunately, when something becomes the property of millions, it no longer holds value. We all turn a blind eye, hoping the next person who comes along will clean up the mess.

And they came along in masses. Wedding photos. College spring breakers. Proud new parents that put their giggling babies on top, the squishy infant in stark contrast with the unforgiving coastline. They all appreciate the rock, I am sure, but they are contributing to

the demise. My mother once asked me to stand on it with my sister so she could take our photo. The day was brilliant, and the pillar had eroded to a reasonable height where we could both climb up. My sister did as asked without question, but I refused, crossed my arms, scowled. My mother took the photo like that.

Why hadn't I asked my sister to get down?

Why did I keep roaming out to the cape, keep rutting out the trails with my footsteps?

Why did I dig my toes so deep into the sandstone?

Did I knock down the pillar too?

A Realization

"Hey, folks, can I snag just a minute of your time?"

I see a uniform. Park ranger. She's striding toward us, shielding her eyes from the sun as I dig my heels into the sand beneath me.

"I saw you sitting out on the edge of the cape. I want you to know there have been close to 60 deaths out there in the last few years.

Unfortunately, most of them have been college-aged folks like yourselves."

Fact. My father is always reminding me of it. People drink too much and slip off the unprotected cliffs. The Pacific, perpetually violent, slams them into the rocks below.

"That sandstone has been absorbing water all winter. It just slabs right off. I've seen chunks of it just disappear out from under people. I'm going to have to ask you to stay out of the roped off area from now on. I don't want our Coast Guard guys to keep risking their lives to rescue people from out there."

We nod vehemently and thank her.

She continues.

"I hate to scare you folks, but it's just getting too dangerous out there."

Nod again. Thank you for letting us know.

I want to explain to her that I've been going out there my whole

life, that I too have watched slabs of stone crumble into the water. I've felt a momentary pang of fear shoot through me when I lost my footing. The cape really is crumbling beneath the feet of the thousands of tourists that climb over it every year, but I have always overlooked the danger, the lure of the crashing waves and briny wind pulling me under the caution ropes and across the exposed face of the cape. I want to tell her all these things, that I am not just a dumb college student with a death wish. But it is futile to argue with her, because she is right.

We meander our way back toward the beach, sheepishly hanging our heads but grinning because we knew full well when we ducked the rope that we were breaking a rule. I hang back, first feeling embarrassed for getting called out—rookie mistake.

Then, a terrible feeling punches me right in the gut. I feel my tongue get heavy in my mouth and I stop abruptly. My fists turn slack by my sides.

That may have been my last time on the cape.

Perhaps the last time I get to look out over the waves and watch the strangely-still eddy form around Haystack Rock. I would've made it a little more ceremonial, given the spot the proper respect it deserves. Said, "Thank you."

But of course, I didn't. We never go into life assuming it'll be our last adventure. Which is why, when I was out on the cape, I felt the breeze flutter through my hair and I just was. And it's also why, when we left, I didn't turn around, didn't take one last look before disappearing into the woods.



NOT FOUND IN NATURE

Grace McDaniel

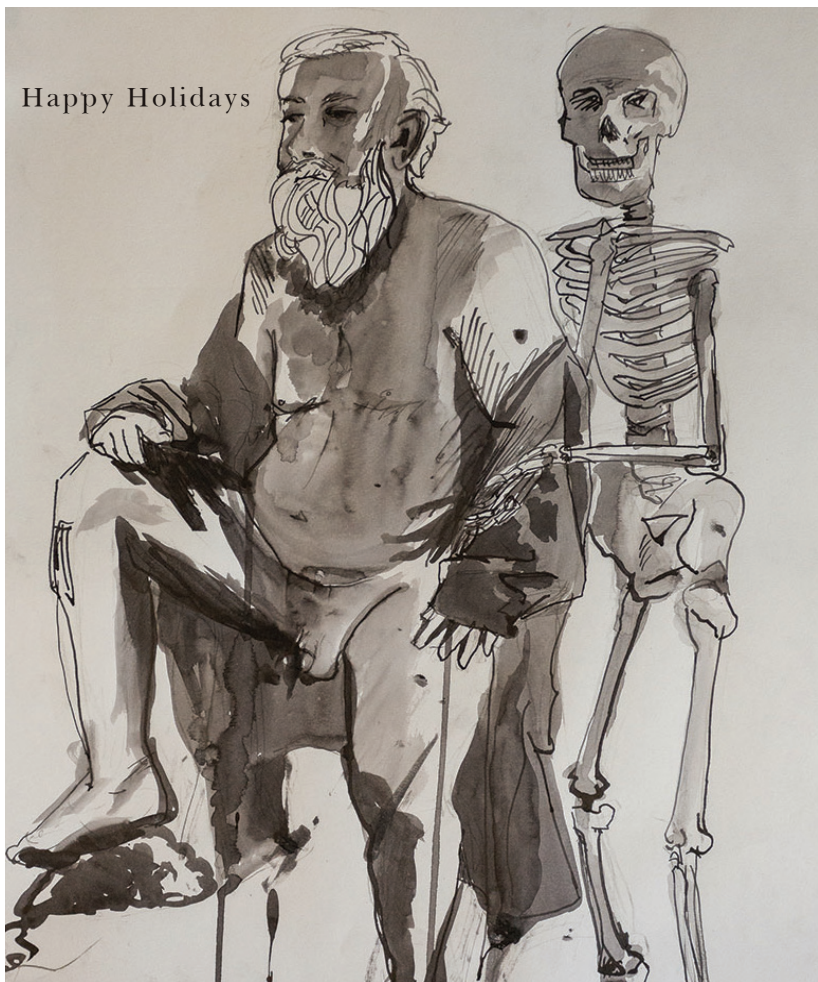
Canon Rebel T3i; EF-S 18-135mm

NO WATER IN UPTOWN

Jordan Cotton

these streets doo wop
with houses stained
rich by the rising sun
and you should see the
Corinthians, columns and
fences and blades of
grass; palm old money
shaded by forked
voodoo trees that
creep and hue the
streets cool,
trees with roots
and brown skin
that grooves and
deepens, hearer of
that Mississippi
hymn that spoke
of wading and water
but god there is
no water
in Uptown.

Happy Holidays



BAD SANTA

Ava Zebzda

Ink wash on paper

CONTRIBUTORS

Christopher Barker constantly attempts to dismantle heteronormative patriarchy one dance move (or poem) at a time.

Colin Bonini is a senior with a long list of accomplishments including turning twelve once, knowing how to make toast, being able to quote Disney movies at opportune moments, and breathing while he sleeps. After graduating, he hopes to move to Australia for grad school. His hobbies include wishing he knew how to surf or play the saxophone.

Elizabeth Brudevold is a junior English major from Wilbur, WA, with minors in General Business and Native American Studies. Her two loves are reading and rootbeer. The best Netflix show, in her opinion, will always be *Glee*. She plans to graduate in the Spring of 2019, but anything past graduation is completely unknown territory.

Catalina Bala is a freshman currently studying Psychology with hopes to double major in English. She has loved books and reading for as long as she can remember. Catalina believes that any book, no matter the genre, gives her an opportunity to enter into new worlds and ways of thinking. Poetry books though, are the ones she holds closest to her heart. Considering herself a romantic person, Catalina finds it easy to write about love. She is currently working on her own collection of poems even though she has been shy to share her work in the past.

Regina Carrere hails from Los Angeles and is currently a senior majoring in English Writing with minors in Criminal Justice and Theatre. Post grad plans for Regina include starring in a Lifetime Original movie as a spunky crime fighting novelist.

Jordan Cotton. Senior. Steward. Creative. (Dream)er. Poet. Reflective. River. Intro(verted). Son. Friend. Uncle. Author (not finisher). (Penman)ship. Vision. l(ight).

Art Por Diaz; “Not stopping until my dreams dream of me.”
Follow Art on: Facebook—playwrightartpordiaz; Instagram—artpordiaz; website— www.artpordiaz.com

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Elizabeth Harrison is a senior at Gonzaga, majoring in Art History and Philosophy. Favorite art medium is graphite. From Coeur d’Alene, Idaho. Does pole fitness as a form of exercise and does it competitively.

Maddie Hueske spent most of her childhood roaming the mountains and high desert around her hometown of Bend, Oregon. All this time with dirt on her knees gave her an environmental bent at a young age, which influenced her decision to attend Gonzaga and major in Environmental Studies. Her love of exploring and facing the unknown head-on has also influenced her decision to study Spanish.

Sarah Kersey is a sophomore English major with a writing concentration who changes her mind about minors at least once a month. She loves taking naps, spending way too much money at Target, and avoiding her homework until the last possible minute. She’s always either in the Student Media office or in her dorm room watching *Criminal Minds*.

Elise Kuterbach is a junior English and Sociology double major. She writes with her left hand but plays sports with her right hand.

David Landoni is beloved by the children.

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Grace McDaniel is a junior studying Marketing at Gonzaga. She is from San Antonio, TX, and her idol is Guy Fieri.

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Grace Nakahara is a junior Art and English double major from Seattle, WA. She loves piña coladas and getting lost in the rain. Grace is currently not into yoga but feels like one day, she could be.

Natalie Louie is lost in thought or indecision, perhaps both.

Diana Nguyen is a freshman who spent the first eighteen years of her life in Seattle, WA. She is majoring in Computer Science and is a sucker for romance everything. She likes to pretend she has her life together. Oh, and she likes chocolate milk.

Michele Pointel is a graduate student at Gonzaga University.

Courtney Shih is a junior double majoring in Art and Business. She has always loved art, so she's glad to be able to study something she's passionate about.

Madison Smith is a senior majoring in Business Administration concentrated in Management Information Systems and Entrepreneurship with a minor in French. She loves all sorts of art including painting, playing the guitar, mandolin, piano, writing songs with her sister Ava, and film-making. She is inspired by her 4 year-old brother Brady and her travels.

Chelsi Sunde was born and raised in Spokane, and has been writing, drawing, and photographing since she was five years old. She has a passion for bringing God into the arts and loves to journal in poetry. Her submissions are all personal thoughts and views inspired by her daily life and walks with Jesus.

Katherine Tibbitts is a freshman at Gonzaga. Most of her writing focuses on her faith and personal experiences; she hoped that her writing created community and reminds people what is important to them.

Marian Unn is a senior at Gonzaga University, double majoring in Asian studies and History. She enjoys writing and drawing, though finds writing the more enchanting of the two.

Paige Wilson has called ten houses home, visited 26 countries and 17 states, is learning her 5th language, and is very culturally confused.

Molly Wilson is a junior English major with a Secondary Education Certification. She enjoys copious amounts of caffeine while crying over inspirational education videos.

Ava Zebzda's mom is a painter who works predominantly with oil paints, and her dad is a sculptor who deals in modern interpretations of everyday structures. The daughter rebelled and chose engineering instead.

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