



U N B O U N D

Vol. VIII, Issue IV | Fall 2014

Unbound

FACILITATOR Celia Easton Koehler	PROSE STAFF Lisa France Meredith Darnell
SENIOR ART EDITOR Miró Merrill	Nicole Scopelliti Melissa Rhoades
SENIOR POETRY EDITOR Marina Claveria	POETRY STAFF Nauwar Shukri Hannah Harris
SENIOR PROSE EDITOR Meredith Darnell	Celia Easton Koehler Marina Claveria Brianna Persons
LAYOUT AND DESIGN Natalie Greene	ART STAFF Ruby Lambie
WEB COORDINATOR Ruby Lambie	Miró Merrill Natalie Greene

Unbound is a platform of creative expression for students at the University of Oregon. We are transistor for the prismatic creative voices on campus. We understand art as a continuous process and aim to engage in its development while respecting the integrity of the artists and their work. At *Unbound* we endeavor to foster and enhance a collaborative creative process by opening a dialogue between the editorial staff and contributors. In addition to serving as a canvas for student art, *Unbound* allows its editors and staff to professionally engage in the field of publishing in an equally creative environment. We are thankful for all of our contributors because without them we would not have the opportunity to practice what we love.

Contents

Sophie von Rohr	4	Strange Disease
Shelby Meyers	6	Grains
Kathleen Darby	8	Pose 21
Indigo Vance Eyebright	9	Ice Sculptor
Ayantu Mergessa	9	Small Talk
Gerry Merritt	10	Blood and Honey
Maddie Toland	13	Five O’Clock
Alexandra Pierce	14	A Lost Soul
Elliot Langenhusen	19	Untitled
William Belansky	20	Translation of Baudelaire’s Le Reniiement de Saint Pierre
Jacob Valteau	22	Envelope
O.A.	23	O
Shelby Meyers	25	Impanema
Whitney Peterson	26	Late to Dinner
Jalen Buchalter	29	Pearls
Nirmal Raj	30	Lyrical Lexicon
Laura Figa	32	As Real As You Want

STRANGE DISEASE

By Sophie von Rohr

There is a stork inside my chest

I can feel him there in the murky hollow,
stretching his soft wings.
Some days there is an anxious shuffling,
a wistful straining for the sky,

but mostly he is quite
still.
His sharply outturned eyes observe
the dark side of my sternum one by one.

At times when he is hungry, or perhaps sick
for air,
his gray razor beak reaches through my throat
and with the back of my tongue, I can feel its hooked tip surfacing.

And every so often his long feet
lose the grip they keep upon my knees,
and suddenly inside my legs,
his legs will clamber to reclaim his
ungainly perch.

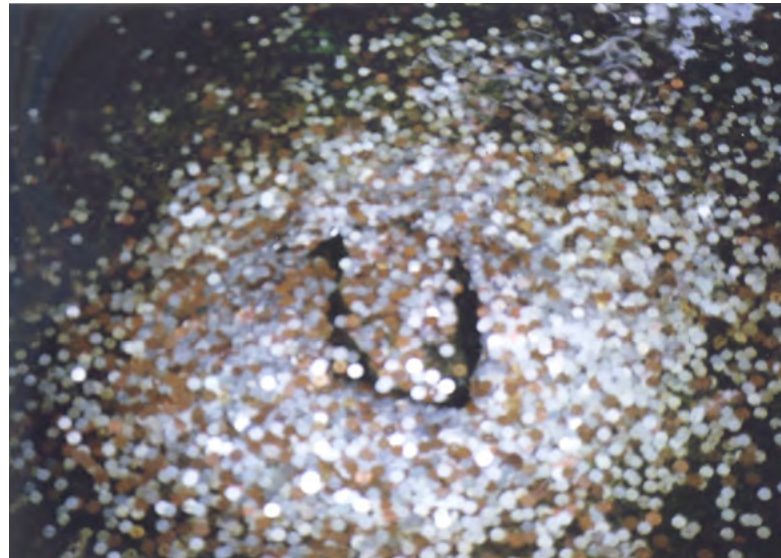
The fine pale quills of his feathers can be grating;
they needle through my trachea,
they prick my lungs and catch, sometimes,
in my larger veins.

Certainly when I die,
and my spongy human skin begins to melt away,
the skeleton they find beneath will be tiny, sharp
bird-bones,
kinked vertebrae,
a curling two-foot neck,
backward knee joints,
and terribly
hooked feet.

Sometimes it comes to me
that I am nothing but an accident;
with just a certain
migration in the womb,
a little rearranging of cells,
I would have been not born, but egg-hatched,
slick,
feathered,
and razor-sharp:
a spongy girl inside a stork, and not the other way around.

Grains

By Shelby Meyers



Find every hole in my body
and fill them each with sand,
watch the grains drop smoothly
as they roll down to my hands

Tumbling one by one
as a boulder, each their own,
until my belly is a sandbag
and my feet will never roam

Once you reach the hour mark,
I promise you will know,
just flip me right on over
and let the hour flow

Sit back in that old chair
as my freckles dot my arms
as my hair grows to the floor
and wrinkles warm my charm

Study the white hill of sand
as it rests inside my skull
My eyes are bulging brighter
Your patience roars to go

And finally my wisdom peaks
and we all know that it's time,
when the sand reaches my
cheeks
and my breath forgets to chime

The pile marks the moment
to see and feel anew
but instead,
you shake out all my sand
so I can dance with you



Pose 21

By Kathleen Darby

ICE SCULPTOR

By Indigo Vance Eyebright

I am an ice sculptor
Working under the heat
Of the midday sun

In the plaza of a city
Whose climate is not suitable
For the work I have chosen



SMALL TALK

By Ayantu Mergessa

The world spins differently
from where I stand.
Trivial takes no root in my mind.
I prefer the company Conversation demands.
I yearn for understanding
as others would for gold.
Why choose to discuss Trivial
when there are stories to be told?

BLOOD AND HONEY

By Gerry Merritt

Out the back door I go and let it slam. Mom's not home or I'd hear her say Ira, for gad's sake, don't slam the door. I slip down the alley between my house and the tracks. Creosote up my nose. Nasty stuff. I look one way and then the other and I see nothing but empty space. I walk down to the corner. I'm on my way to meet my friend Joe.

Joe, he's tall, like real tall, towers over me. Me, I'm short, mostly short. But, I'm faster than Joe. He's Mexican, I'm white. My parents don't care if I hang with Joe, but Joe's Popi does. Joe and his Popi look the same, brown skin, short black hair, tall and thin, but they don't act the same. One time, Popi says to Joe, why you hanging with this white boy and ignoring your friends? I dunno, but Joe says "*no es importante.*"

I'm almost to the sidewalk when I see it, that black Cadillac Eldorado sliding down the streets of the neighborhood. It has tinted windows; it's a low rider. Moves like a snake, on its belly. I know who those guys are. They roll the windows down when they cruise by me. I'm not a buyer, but Joe's Popi is. There's a rusted fifty-gallon barrel lying on its side in the alley. I hunch down behind it. I tuck myself up real tight so no parts hang out the sides. I wait.

I look over the rim of the barrel; no Eldorado. *No problemo.* Dust on my jeans, but my white tee is okay. Never tell Joe about this stuff. He'd be mad at me. He'd say, No way t' be... Why you 'frade? I'm not one of those white people who could pass here. Problem is, Mom's from Wisconsin and my real Dad's last name in Gunderson. My skin is so white I glow. Radioactive, Joe says.

I get to the sidewalk. The railroad crossing starts to light up and ring, right out here in the middle of nowhere. The gates come down to block cars that aren't there. Safety first, I guess. I don't like warnings about useless stuff. The freight train rumbles by, I look over my shoulder, checking out the graffiti. Spray paint anarchist and peace signs cover *Cushion Ride – ATSF*. I keep moving.

Joe's coming down the street; he's on the other side of the road. Joe swaggers. He juts his head up. I like that. There are no trees on this street, no green, just dust, dirt and abandoned cars. We don't have cats or stray dogs. We have buildings that are blown away brown; they rest side by side, stone cold flat. Some have porches. All have dead lawns. I got Joe, though, and that makes up for a lot of it. We're *simpático*, Joe says. He sees me. I'm kinda hard to miss. I look one way and then the other. I cross the street and walk toward him.

"What's up, homey," Joe says. "What you 'fraid of?"

"Me?" I say. "Nothing."

"Ha," Joe says. "I see you look up 'n down the street. What you think? Somebody gonna catch you? Take you away?"

"Naw," I say. "You know... those *camellos*..."

"Yea," Joe says. "No worries, 'cause, you know ... we're cool."

Joe and I walk down the street to the park. If that's what you'd call it. It's a hangout for pimps and ladies. Black tar there too. We walk across the street to go 'round the park. We roll up on a bus stop that's got a bench to sit on. It's not a bus stop no more 'cause the bus don't come down this street now. Budget cuts, they say.

"Let's light 'em up, buddy," Joe says. He pulls out a big fatty from his t-shirt pocket. That's

Joe, we gonna sit here in front of God and everybody and huff this J.

"Ya, where'd you get this," I say. I toke up and let the smoke burn my throat.

"Popi was asleep," Joe says. I pass to him, he inhales, chokes.

"Ha. You took his dope again," I say. "Stupid... he's gonna kick your brown butt."

"Na," Joe says. "He'll be gone when I get home. Hey, who's stupid here? You and your white ass."

We smoke it to a roach and Joe puts it in his cigarette pack. We'll need it later, he says. I believe we will. I believe 'cause Joe tells me. There's a lot I believe 'cause Joe tells me. He tells me all the time.

Let's go downtown, Joe says. He wants to meet some people, talk to some girls, hang out. We walk down the sidewalk toward the tracks. There's no lights, no bells, no warning. Really, he wants to sell whatever's left of Popi's dope. I'm cool with that. Joe knows people. It's ok, he says. We cross the tracks; I see it, the back taillights, speeding up the street.

I stop, motionless, like a bird in a cage. Joe clenches both fists. I'm ready to run, run like hell, run fast.

"Slow down, buddy," Joe says. "No worries..."

I breathe.

"It's gone," Joe says. "We're okay..."

I look at Joe, he laughs, I laugh. He shoves me and we run. Past *La Ciudad de la Esperanza* Second Hand Store. It has a big sign on the window: *Sale—Going out of Business*. On either side are boarded up windows.

Downtown isn't much different from where we live. It's got a bus stop and stores that sell fortified wine; a few telephones for the dealers and a diner. There's the bar where Joe's Popi hangs. An old two-story building has a neon sign over the front door: *Christian Mission to Save Our Souls*. A lot of the letters are burnt out. Joe's Popi says they's too late, all the souls been saved down here a long time ago.

We get to the diner and Joe turns down the alley. He's got the roach and a cigarette. He squeezes a bit and then puts the roach inside the cigarette. Joe lights it, tokes up and hands it to me. I take a hit and hand it back. We smoke it down to a butt; Joe drops it in the dirt. I see it fall, a red glow, and Joe steps on it, grinding it under his foot.

A black kid walks up. Joe nods and leans against the brick wall. The black kid stands in front of Joe. I lean out from the wall and look down the alley. I see it move across the alley a block away. As the car rolls by, the driver's window slides down and a face pushes out through the dust. I turn, but the black kid runs down the alley. Joe smiles, 'lunch', he says. I step out onto a piece of glass, and it breaks under my shoes. We walk into the diner.

It's a small red box. Red chairs, red tables, red walls. We take seats in one of the booths. The waitress is a black lady named Lois. She hands us menus, she'll be right back. We order burgers, fries and Cokes. Through the window and across the street I see the bar where Joe's Popi hangs out.

Lois brings our food and Joe says thanks. We're looking at the bar when Joe's Popi busts out the door; Joe sinks down into his seat, but it's too late. Popi storms into the diner, yelling and cursing at Joe in Mexican. Joe yells back. Popi lunges for Joe; Joe starts to stand. Popi stops. I'm watching Joe.

Popi says "...go home, both of you, *no es seguro*..."

Standing behind the counter, Lois rests her hands on her waist, looks at Popi and says, "It's okay, boys, everything's fine."

Popi looks at the waitress, back at Joe and walks out. He speaks to a man standing in the street, and they walk back to the bar. Joe looks over the table at me, takes a bite out of his burger; chews and takes a drink of his Coke.

“He was gonna punch me, man,” Joe says. “Good thing he didn’t, huh.”

I’ve seen Joe and his Popi argue. They yell at each other in Mexican. I don’t understand Mexican. *Nada*. Joe says not to worry about it; that’s just his Popi.

“Yea,” I say. “What happened?”

“Stupid dope deal,” Joe says. His voice drops. “Popi’s getting blamed for a bad drop.” Joe looks at me. In those black eyes, I see fear. Never seen that before.

“Maybe we should leave.” The nerves on the top of my head start to twitch. My neck gets tight.

Joe picks up his burger and chomps away. Don’t worry about it, he says. Everything’s fine; let’s eat. I look out the window. It’s true, we’re fine. I sit there with my friend, eat my burger and drink my Coke.

We’re done. Joe gets up and says ‘bye’ to Lois, she throws a big smile and we walk out. Joe goes first; he looks one way and then the other. He steps toward the alley. I’m right behind him. I see the black Cadillac Eldorado roll up, a window rolls down, a hand sticks out. I step in front of Joe. He shoves me. I hit the ground hard. I hear two shots, then three more. I’m covered in glass. The black Cadillac Eldorado roars next to my head. Lois is screaming. I stand, glass falls off; I walk, crunching, over to Joe. He’s on the sidewalk, face down.

I look at Joes’ white tee and I see the pattern. When my step dad takes me out to the rifle range, he shows me how to shoot a gun. You want to have a good pattern, he says. Three shots in the radius of a quarter, that’s a good pattern. I look at Joe’s back. Three tiny red dots in the radius of a quarter. That’s a good pattern.

FIVE O’CLOCK

By Maddie Toland



A LOST SOUL

By Alexandra Pierce

Riley wakes to the gentle glow of the morning sunlight out the window. He stretches and smacks his lips contentedly, turning his head to look at the view. The floor-to-ceiling window looks out over the empty line of coast. There are clouds over the horizon, but none obstructing the sun from shining its warm rays onto the gentle water. There is no one that he can see, though this is not out of the ordinary for mid-October. It's getting too cold for the general public to enjoy the beach, and that is when Riley likes it best. There is no one to bother him when he takes Champion, his golden retriever, on walks, or when he goes and stands right on the edge, reveling in the cold sand under his feet as he contemplates the enormity of the ocean. He's done this ever since he and Jacqueline bought this house in '78. Sometimes he can't believe how fortunate he's been to live where he has for thirty-six years, half of his life—for his house now would cost a fortune, but when Riley bought it for Jacqueline it cost next to nothing. He likes to think about that and laugh; he's gotten countless offers on it for years now, and every time the offer goes up Riley refuses to let it go. He'll never leave this house.

He stretches again, his old bones cracking, and folds the blankets back. He puts his feet in his slippers, which he always keeps right there so his feet won't have to touch the cold hardwood in the mornings. He turns and looks at the other side of the bed. It's empty, and made up. He smiles, Jacqueline must have gone shopping. She's always been an early riser, and she likes to go to the shops before everyone else gets all the "good stuff."

Riley hears a huff from across the room, and he looks and smiles at Champion. The old blind dog must have heard him and woken up. "Good morning, buddy," he says, and Champion smiles. "Ready for your treats?" That gets him up, and Riley and Champion stand together, both struggling to get fully upright. "Pair of old farts, we are," he mutters, and Champion hobbles toward him. He reaches down and rubs his head as the dog rubs it against Riley's leg. Riley goes to the closet and chooses a flannel button-down and his most comfortable trousers. He dresses methodically, his old fingers taking the shirt one button at a time. Once he's fully clothed, he goes into the master bathroom and brushes his teeth, relieves himself, and runs his comb through his white hair, making sure it's parted perfectly and every hair is in place.

Once he's finished his morning routine, Riley and Champion leave the bedroom and make their way toward the kitchen. Treats in his mouth, Champion goes to the same place he eats them every morning, and Riley starts the coffee pot, brow furrowing when it occurs to him that Jacqueline didn't make any before she left. She doesn't drink it, but she always makes a pot so that Riley can have some when he wakes up an hour or two after she does. He shakes it off, deciding it doesn't matter. The coffee maker starts grinding the beans and Champion jumps and grumbles at him. "I don't like that sound either," Riley says, agreeing with the dog.

Once the coffee is in his mug—black, the way he's had it since he started drinking it—and his toast on a plate, Riley sits down, preparing to read the paper. He picks up his toast and looks at the end of the table where Jacqueline usually puts it, but finds it's not there. This is strange. There's always a paper, and Jacqueline always brings it inside for him. She must have really been in a hurry this morning.

Then it hits him, "There must have been a sale!" he says triumphantly to Champion. The city is a little drive away, and she must have wanted to get there early so that she could find a real deal.

He smiles, and nods. That's exactly what must have happened. Content with his revelation Riley stands and goes to get it himself.

Once he's finally gotten the paper and sat back down he leans back to really enjoy the morning. Even through the closed glass door he can hear the ocean, a sound he's always revered above all other sounds. It lulls him into a sense of relaxed contentment as he reads up on the news and munches on his toast. The ocean has always been his biggest source of wonder in this world. When he came back from Vietnam in '72, alive but not all there, he stood knee-deep in the ocean for five hours, unmoving, simply staring at the water and the distant horizon, trying to make sense of the world and what he'd seen. A year after the war ended, he went back to that spot and that is when he decided he would live near the ocean for the rest of his life. He found his house five years later.

Riley carefully folds the paper when he finishes reading it and sets it down on the table. Like every other morning, Champion hears the paper being set down and smiles as he jumps to his feet as fast as his old arthritic bones can. "Yes, you're right, it's time for your walk," Riley says, smiling at the old dog's enthusiasm. He goes to the drawer to the right of the oven, where Champion's leash, poo bags, and brushes are kept. He pulls out the leash and hands it to Champion, who takes it in his mouth and plods to the front door. Riley follows him and puts one foot after the other up on the windowsill next to the door to roll up his trouser pants. He puts on his windbreaker and takes the leash from Champion to clip it to his collar.

He remembers fondly when Champion was a puppy, twelve years ago. He was born blind, and no one wanted him until Jacqueline saw him and fell in love instantly. Riley was hesitant about taking in a disabled dog, but the first time he saw that excited puppy run into a wall because he was so excited to have a home he conceded the fact that this puppy would have him wrapped around his little paw in no time at all—and he did.

Their morning walk has always been just for Riley and Champion. Champion puts his nose to the sand and sniffs out whatever news the sand can tell him, and Riley walks leisurely beside him, sometimes watching the ocean slowly get lighter as the sun rises over the mountains that line the east, sometimes watching the other people out and about. He smiles at children playing, and parents watching carefully. Sometimes he stops so that Champion can make a new friend—be it child or fellow canine. Sometimes he stops so Champion can have a swim, never venturing very far from Riley, and never going further than the tops of his dark red legs.

This morning, Riley unclips Champion's leash when they reach the shoreline, and stuffs it in his pocket. Champion doesn't seem to notice the change, and stays right at Riley's left, between him and the water. Riley looks down and sees him stick his nose too close to the water. He jerks up, sneezing and shaking his head. Riley looks up from the dog, chuckling at his antics, and looks out over the water. He doesn't think he will ever stop being amazed at the vastness of the ocean, of its calm, its peace.

He remembers then the day that he proposed to Jacqueline. It wasn't by the ocean, but the calm he feels by the ocean reminds him of the calm he felt that day. He'd spent a month stressing out about the ring, and how he would ask her, and how he would ask her parents. But then, her father, a man scarred mentally and physically by the Second World War, gave him his blessing to marry his daughter. Riley remembers how young and scared he had been, but as soon as Mr. Charpentier clapped his shoulder and smiled at him all of that fear melted away.

The next day he took Jacqueline to the fanciest restaurant he could afford and asked her just before dessert. She cried, smiled, and said yes. Riley cried as well, and as the restaurant applauded

them they kissed, and hugged, and cried together, both so happy they didn't know what to do with themselves.

As Riley looks out over the ocean now he can still feel that happiness, just has he has every day since he met Jacqueline.

A half hour later, he and Champion turn around and start heading home. Despite having just eaten not too long before, Riley is ready for something to eat. He puts Champion's leash away and gives him another treat, but before he starts looking for a snack to tide him over until lunch he decides to call Jacqueline. He pulls out the cell phone his son and daughter insisted he buy and flips it open. He pushes number one, Jacqueline's button, and puts the phone to his ear. It rings, but after a minute it goes to voicemail. He smiles, always content to listen to her voice, and when he hears the beep he says, "Hey Sweetheart, just wanted to check in. I hope you're having fun shopping. I was thinking steak for dinner, what do you think? I love you, I'll see you when you get home." He pushes the small red button to end the call and closes the phone. He places it on the counter and goes to the pantry. He smiles when he sees the container of peanuts, and pulls out a handful.

He stands in the kitchen, munching on peanuts, and considers how to spend the rest of the morning. He decides he wants to take his book—an account of soldiers during the Korean War—out onto the porch and read. He stops, trying to remember where he last saw it. "Oh right," he mutters, remembering the last time he read it was while in the bath the night before. He goes to the bathroom and sure enough, it's sitting on top of the toilet. When he looks at the sink he remembers that he didn't take his medicine that morning. Shaking his head at his forgetfulness, he goes to the medicine cabinet and pulls it open. He reaches for his medicine container, sitting right next to Jacqueline's, but stops, hand hanging in the air, when he sees three unfamiliar pill bottles. His brow furrows and he picks one of them up. It's a prescription for a painkiller, made out for Jacqueline Carter. He quickly puts it back down and picks up the other two. One is for anti-nausea, and the other a sleeping aid. Riley puts them down, concern spreading through him like icy water. His own medicine forgotten, Riley leaves the bathroom, the cabinet door still hanging open.

He goes to the kitchen as fast as he can, and picks up his phone. He calls Jacqueline again, but she doesn't answer. He takes a deep breath, and tries to quell the panic by calling his son. Riley Jr. answers on the second ring.

"Hey Dad, how's it going?" he says. It sounds like he has food in his mouth.

"Hey Riles, I didn't interrupt lunch, did I?" Riley says, relaxing somewhat at the sound of his son's calm voice.

"Nah, it's okay, I'm just feeding the chillens." Riley smiles, thinking about his grandkids; Riley the Third, affectionately called Lee, is seven, and Hannah is almost six. "Miranda is coming over in a bit to babysit so Lisa and I can go on a date, we've been so busy at work lately we haven't had a chance. So what's up, Dad?"

"I—um, I was just wondering if you kids talked to your mom today?" Riley Jr. is silent. Riley can hear a sharp intake of breath. Riley Jr. doesn't answer for almost a full minute.

"Dad, I... yeah, I talk to Mom every day," he says. His voice has lowered, and Riley's brow furrows.

"Ok, well I just found some medicine of hers, and I was wondering if she mentioned anything to you about being sick, because she hasn't said anything to me."

"Dad, I—I don't... are you at home?" Riley Jr.'s confusion only adds to Riley's own, and he sits heavily on the edge of the table.

"Yes, where else do I go?" he asks.

"Ok, Miranda and I are going to come visit, it's... we want to see you."

Riley blinks in bewilderment, his children live a two-hour drive away, and they don't just come visit on a whim! "Riles, you don't have to do that. If you talk to your mother just let her know I need to speak with her, okay?"

Riley Jr. doesn't speak for a moment, and then he sighs. "Ok Dad, yeah I'll let her know."

When Riley hangs up a moment later he puts the phone down on the table next to him and looks around, eyes wide, feeling listless. Champion hobbles up to him and nudges his knee with his head, and Riley snaps out of it. He rubs the dog's soft head for a minute. "What is going on with your mama, Champ?" he asks softly. Champion looks directly at him, and Riley thinks for the hundredth time that the dog must be able to see something. He stares into his milky white eyes and blinks, a sudden sadness settling in the pit of his stomach.

He jumps when his phone rings again, and he looks down to see his daughter's name flashing across the screen. When he answers, her voice sounds loud and clear, and it's almost as if he can hear her without the phone, her voice yelling from a hundred miles away. She inherited her mother's lungs. "Dad! Riley just called me, how are you?"

"I'm just fine Miranda, how are you doing?" He smiles weakly, his daughter always one for worrying for no reason. Just like her mother.

"I'm peachy keen Daddy, listen, I want to come visit you," she says emphatically. Riley is taken aback. He can't remember the last time his daughter visited of her own volition.

"Well alright sweetheart, when should I expect you?"

"I'll be there in an hour and a half." She hangs up suddenly, and Riley is left staring ahead, the phone still resting against his ear. He pulls it away and stares at it for a moment, genuinely feeling confused now. He stands and walks to the back door. It slides open soundlessly, and he steps out onto the porch. "What is going on?" he asks, the sound of his voice disappearing in the crash of the waves and the whistle of the wind. He stares into the vastness of the ocean and for the first time in his entire life he is not comforted by it. Suddenly he feels like it's going to swallow him whole. He takes a deep breath, trying to push the anxiety out of his mind. Miranda will set him straight. It's obvious his children know something he doesn't. He takes another deep breath, but the anxiety doesn't leave. It grows, and Riley's brow wrinkles. Champion, who followed him outside, nudges his hand, and he turns to look at the dog again. He turns and goes to his rocking chair and sits down heavily, an involuntary *buff* escaping his lungs.

As he stares out at the beach he lets his mind wander. He finds himself thinking about the first time he saw Jacqueline. The calm of the air and the sound of the ocean lulls him into the deep recesses of his memory, and he can once again see her standing across the street, talking with her friend. He smiles now as he smiled then, and remembers thinking, *she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.*

"She still is," he murmurs, coming back to the present, and looking down at Champion, now sitting at his feet, almost as if the dog is guarding him from something he cannot see.

He dozes off. He doesn't know how long it's been when he wakes up, but he is shivering. He opens his eyes blearily. The sun has moved, and now hangs over the water. The clouds hover over his house, and Riley stands wearily to go back inside. Champion gets up to follow and together they hobble back through the door. He looks around the kitchen and dining room and sees no sign of Jacqueline anywhere. She is still not home. He goes to his phone on the counter and picks it up, intending to call her again. He dials her number reverently and cautiously puts the phone to his ear. It rings, and rings, and rings again, and then her voice once again sounds in his ear. "Hello,

you’ve reached Jacqueline Carter. I am unable to answer the phone at the moment, but if you leave a message I am sure that I will get back to you as soon as I can.” Her voice, strong and sure, strikes something within him and he feels himself tear up. The beep sounds and he says, voice quavering, “Jackie, please call me back. I’m worried sick. I love you.” He puts the phone down.

He jumps when the front door opens. Champion barks twice, but then seems to recognize the smell of Riley’s children entering his house. “Dad!” Miranda calls. He takes a deep breath and steels himself, wiping furiously at his eyes.

“Hey kids, I’m in here,” he calls back, and a moment later Miranda and Riley Jr. walk into the kitchen. Miranda walks right up to him and engulfs him in a hug. He squeezes her back, and realizes that she is crying. “Sweetheart, what’s wrong?” She lets go of him and takes a step back. He looks at Riley Jr., who also looks a moment away from tears, himself.

“Daddy, why don’t we sit down?”

“What’s the matter?” he asks, his voice sharp.

“Dad, we just wanted to know that you’re okay. We were worried when you called asking about mom when—”

“When what? Junior, what’s going on?” Miranda’s tears fell faster, and a sob escaped her throat.

“Daddy, mama’s dead,” she whispered.

Riley stared at her in shock and disbelief. He took a step back, steadying himself on the edge of the counter. Champion presses himself against Riley’s leg.

Then he remembers.

He remembers the diagnosis, the slow decline, the months of pain and sorrow, and finally the agonizing funeral. He remembers it all with perfect clarity, and it’s as if he’s been stabbed in the chest. He gasps, nearly falling. He barely hears Miranda call for him, and he turns and stumbles out the back door once again. This time he doesn’t stop on the balcony. He nearly falls down the stairs, and alights on the sand, uncaring that he’s in his socks, and his trousers aren’t rolled up. He staggers to the edge of the water and finally falls, landing on his knees. It hurts, but the pain in his heart, in his soul drowns it out. He finally feels a sob wrench itself from his chest.

He gasps for breath, and stares into the seemingly endless stretch of ocean. He feels no comfort. He doesn’t know if he ever will again. The world is empty without Jacqueline, and the calm the ocean brings him has turned into pain. He sobs for what seems like hours, barely registering his children grasping him on either side, holding him up. Finally his weeping subsides, and he’s left with an empty feeling in his chest. He stares out over the horizon. The wind has died down, and the only sounds he can hear are his own heavy breathing and the ocean crashing on the shore. He cannot think, cannot speak. He merely falls back so he’s sitting, with his feet out in front of him. He sits for a long time. Eventually Riley Jr. and Miranda stand and go back to the house. One of them brings a blanket out to put over his shoulders, but Riley watches the sea. He watches as the sun moves lower and lower, floating down towards the horizon.

Then as the orange light floods him and the beach around him, Riley feels the warmth on his face again. It spreads through him like smoke on a windless night. A ghost of a smile curls the corners of his mouth. As he looks out over the vast, endless ocean he feels some semblance of calm once again. The sun sinks lower and lower, nearly gone now, and Riley thinks about Jacqueline.

Untitled

By **Elliot Langenhusen**



Translation of Baudelaire's Le Reniement de Saint Pierre

By William Belansky

God sleeps, a mobster,
hearing naught of the curses
carving up seraphs

Wails from the damned,
doubtlessly erotic.
Heaven
ever engorged with our blood.

From the olive tree,
could you hear the boiling joy
of the butchers?

You face heaven,
cry out for vinegar,
thorns pierce
humanity into you

Balancing, broken
sanguine porcelain martyr
posed for the word.

Was your wine full,
promised eternity;
An ass,
gently shitting on the rose.

Whipping cheap merchants,
messianic tyrant.
Guilt was not felt like the spear.

My quick exit
began by a blade.
Shot God,
Saint Peter had a good aim.

As for the translation process, I normally translate the original poem from French word by word as so to get an exact translation as possible. Then I played around with different forms of poetry, finally settling on a sort of hybridization of a haiku form and then trying out various word patterns in order to convey as much meaning as the original while still being a new perspective. Having the syllabic count lessened allowed me some restrictions, making it easier to conceptualize the theme, as it were, of each stanza.

Baudelaire's Le Reniement de Saint Pierre

Qu'est-ce que Dieu fait donc de ce flot d'anathèmes
Qui monte tous les jours vers ses chers Séraphins?
Comme un tyran gorgé de viande et de vins,
Il s'endort au doux bruit de nos affreux blasphèmes.

Les sanglots des martyrs et des suppliciés
Sont une symphonie enivrante sans doute,
Puisque, malgré le sang que leur volupté coûte,
Les cieux ne s'en sont point encore rassasiés!

— Ah! Jésus, souviens-toi du Jardin des Olives!
Dans ta simplicité tu priais à genoux
Celui qui dans son ciel riait au bruit des clous
Que d'ignobles bourreaux plantaient dans tes chairs vives,

Lorsque tu vis cracher sur ta divinité
La crapule du corps de garde et des cuisines,
Et lorsque tu sentis s'enfoncer les épines
Dans ton crâne où vivait l'immense Humanité;

Quand de ton corps brisé la pesanteur horrible
Allongeait tes deux bras distendus, que ton sang
Et ta sueur coulaient de ton front pâissant,
Quand tu fus devant tous posé comme une cible,

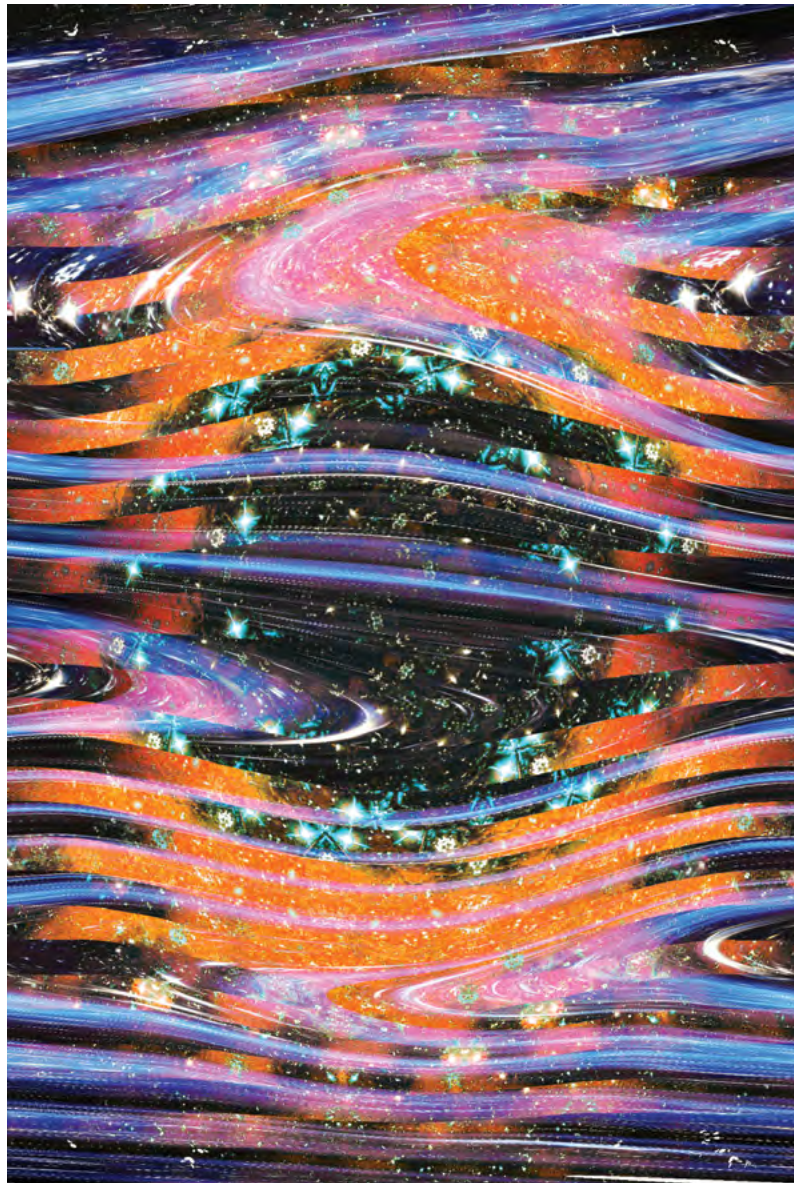
Révais-tu de ces jours si brillants et si beaux
Où tu vins pour remplir l'éternelle promesse,
Où tu foulais, monté sur une douce ânesse,
Des chemins tout jonchés de fleurs et de rameaux,

Où, le coeur tout gonflé d'espoir et de vaillance,
Tu fouettais tous ces vils marchands à tour de bras,
Où tu fus maître enfin? Le remords n'a-t-il pas
Pénétré dans ton flanc plus avant que la lance?

— Certes, je sortirai, quant à moi, satisfait
D'un monde où l'action n'est pas la soeur du rêve;
Puisse-je user du glaive et périr par le glaive!
Saint Pierre a renié Jésus... il a bien fait!

ENVELOPE

By Jacob Valleau



O

By O.A.

I does not exist for 1
we does not exist either-there is no collectivity-there is
no classification.
.there is no narrative.

But

to exist in a conceptive medium
1
maybe the sign O will suffice
signifier-transcriber through 'your' lexicon
, 'your', theoretical separator

O used for communicative
purpose

O (the 1) exist/s
with/out
narrative exist/s in
space conceivable in
cyclic time O exist/s

O move/s

O am.are cyclical-cannot be followed
emotions existing constant on a
spectrum
from Oltraviolet
to
Oltraviolet

exist/s at once
at twice
in a way to designate
to order
to fullness-complete
unto the sense of nonexistence

And
such is-O
The designation
O exist/s;

in fullness that negates existence
.O exist/s.

where should O want to go
when O have been-will be
in always
is everywhere-and every
permutation.

O am.are a work of art
no word can be;
no shape, no meaning
no limitation of a word or sign
O will not be.

O am.are not confined within-comprehension
understanding of language
O am.are art;
inherently verbless
 escapist
un noun

O, an undulating medium
anything O conceive/s
art that spans the universe
O cannot be seen-yet never
unseen
pieces of O perceived
unaware of the lack of piece-only piece
without siding
unit undifferentiated
whole by infinite

O never ended
 end
 will end
or began; begin-will begin

But O am.are not words
finite.
ironic.

O have had
O have had
O have had the substance
the pieces integrated-into
 a stronger
 whole
greeting the senses with awareness.
.allowing the brain to feel it's movement.

O experience butters connoted as flies

movement swift and
ungracious

O slow the
 pieces of air;
accelerating O,
air stops
relative.

O greet the intimacy
an exchange from
 360 to 0
as arbitration-O see
the line as lack.

O type and write and
know that nothing is touching

O a unified self
O the falsity
O end
because of-the fundamental lie.

Impanema

By **Shelby Meyers**



Have you ever walked into
a space and been baffled
that 'Girl from Impanema'
is not playing?

L A T E T O D I N N E R

By Whitney Peterson

Cordelia was late. Or at least, Walter thought she was late. It could be too early and that she was on time, but had not yet arrived. Maybe she had changed her mind and was not coming at all. He could not remember what time she was supposed to arrive. Was it 6:00 or half past 7:00? The lopsided grandfather clock on the wall read 6:23. His hand stroked the length of Chester's smooth, grey back. He looked out of the window, the one with the broken pane that the autumn wind had been whistling through for months, and saw no car headlights, only civil twilight.

"Cordelia should be here by now," Walter said as he heaved himself out of his worn leather armchair, dropping Chester to the floor without ceremony. He looked down at the cat, surprised, as he had forgotten about him on his lap. Chester returned Walter's stare with a withering gaze only a cat could manage, and turned tail. He hopped onto the bookcase and all Walter could see of him in the darkness was the green reflection of his eyes.

"Oh, are you hungry, Chester?" The cat continued to sit, swishing his tail. "Come on."

Walter moved to the kitchen, sensing Chester following him. He grabbed a tin of tuna from the cupboard and the can opener from the drawer next to the sink. He clutched the handle, grunting as he twisted the blade around the rim. Once the can was opened and drained, Walter dumped the fish into Chester's ceramic food dish.

The cat ignored the tuna completely, blinking at Walter.

"What? That's a fresh can!"

Chester gave him the same look as before. It seemed to say, *Nothing is ever good enough for me.*

"Fine! Don't eat for all I care!"

Walter huffed back to the sitting room, rubbing the hollows between his gnarled fingers. "If you don't want your dinner that's fine with me! I, for one, am hungry and would *love* dinner. If only Cordelia would get here."

Ignoring the cat which had followed him back in the room, Walter dusted his hands over the purple hyacinth sitting on the table by the window. He hoped she would like them.

"She said she would be here for dinner. That she would meet me *here* for dinner. I always eat dinner at a quarter past six. So where is she?"

The only response was the crooning wind and the monotonous clock. The room had darkened with the setting of the sun and he hadn't bothered to switch on a lamp. In the shadowy room, Walter stared out at the marshland around his cottage illuminated by the waxing moon.

Cordelia had loved to run through the towering grasses and splash through the muddy water. He had watched as she imagined herself on a different planet, having crash landed and needing to fend for herself in the alien wild. Or she would pretend to be a dangerous predator, a panther she said, stalking her elusive prey through the Serengeti. She always got annoyed when he would remind her that panthers didn't live in marshy areas like this, and that the Serengeti was a much dryer climate. She would glare and whine that he was ruining her make-believe, before running off into the grasses until her tufty brown head disappeared into the brush.

As he stared out at the field, he could almost picture her running around outside in a white dress, covered in mud. In fact, he *could* see something white dancing around out there. He squinted his eyes thinking that he was hallucinating, but whatever it was remained. A faint sound

of child's laughter slipped through the cracked window and twirled around in Walter's ears.

"Cordelia?"

Walter chuckled on his dressing gown and sped out of the house and down the slope to the marsh. The ghost-like shape was still swaying with the grasses.

"Cordelia!" he hollered, "It's time for dinner, what are you doing out here?"

The shape ignored his voice, wavering to a soundless music. Walter huffed and stalked out after it. The rainless weather recently had dried up the ponds in the marsh, but the thick mud remained. His slippers sank into the chilly brown glue, sucking at his feet with each step. He made slow progress through the waving grasses, yet the shape seemed to grow no closer.

"Cordelia, come inside at once. You're late to dinner and have now dragged me out here for no reason."

Walter took another step closer, and landed his bare foot into the clammy mire, his slipper taken prisoner a stride back.

"Blast it all, eugh." Walter grimaced at the disconcerting sensation of the sludge welling up through his wrinkled toes. He bent over to assess if the slipper was worth rescuing. The shoe was smeared with goop on every surface, and soaking up more and more moisture. He sighed. It was a lost cause.

He looked back up at the shape, but it had transformed into a plastic bag in a shaft of light that skirted over the ground. Headlights. Cordelia was here!

His bones creaked and muscles protested as he spun back toward the house. He was no longer the dark-haired father to the imaginative daughter who lived out in the marsh away from the rest of the town. He was the stooped old man with the peppered hair and liver spots who pushed his daughter away when he tried to tie her down. He tried to ground her when all she wanted to do was fly. His daughter was not the girl too short for her age, with more dreams than bones under her skin. She was now a strong-bodied woman, hardened from her travels and whatever life experiences she didn't share with him. At least she was the last time he saw her, he couldn't remember how many years ago. Her laugh no longer sounded like the cry of a fox kit, more like a...he didn't know what her laugh sounded like. Was it eight years ago that he heard it? Longer?

Would her smile be genuine? Would it be because she was glad to see him? Would she smile at all? She was the one who had called *him*, who had arranged this dinner. After eight years of not even a brief letter detailing her new whereabouts, she phoned and invited him to dinner. Maybe she had forgiven him.

He felt his face making some absurd contortion of a frown and sad smile as he pushed back toward the house through the mud. He didn't want to get his hopes up, but he sensed them lifting like untethered balloons against his diaphragm. Walter trudged as fast as he could, the sludge squelching with each pull of his feet. Her headlights turned off and her shadow moved toward the house.

"Cordelia!" he called, to no response. He must be too far out—she couldn't hear him. He heaved his feet forward, straining but making little progress. The mud sucked his bare foot back like the quagmire had claimed ownership of it.

Lights turned on in the house, shafts casting out on to the marsh outside. She must have still had a key. Or she had found the one hidden under the ceramic turtle that guarded the rhododendron planter. Walter stumbled into a patch of lamplight and gazed up at the house, out of breath.

"Cordelia. Cordy," he panted, bending over and resting his hands on his knees.

A droplet of sweat traced a path down his hairline, prickling in the cold. The air stung in his lungs, like he had inhaled ice water. He staggered up the slight hill, the ground getting more solid with each step. Finally, he reached the window and gazed inside the glowing sitting room.

Cordelia entered, removing her scarf. He heard her muffled call of “Dad?” through the window panes.

“Cordy!” She didn’t turn to his voice. Maybe he wasn’t speaking loud enough.

“Cordelia, I’m outside!” He knocked on the window, which she either ignored or didn’t hear as well. The only one in the room that took notice of him was Chester, who looked unblinking through the glass.

Cordelia reached the chair Walter had been in before, waiting for her. She stared into the chair and put her hand to her mouth, mumbling something he couldn’t hear.

“Cordelia!” He was getting annoyed now that she paid him no attention whatsoever. What was she looking at? There was nothing in that chair when he had left it. He trudged around the corner of the house to look through the broken window.

Cordelia had gotten to her knees in front of his leather chair and was shaking the old man slumped in it. Her desperate cry echoed through the cracked pane and out onto the moors.

“Dad! Dad! Oh my god, no.”

Walter pressed his face and hands to the glass, half thinking he would fall right through into the room.

“I’m right here, Cordy.”

Pearls

By Jalen Buchalter



L y r i c a l L e x i c o n

By Nirmal Raj

flightseeing, n.

Sightseeing from an aircraft. Also: an instance of this.

Level is the wide ocean that wears blue;
A leveller, too, if in black she meets you.
For neither the little nor the heightsy
Can flightsee the night sea.

ombrelle, n.

A parasol, a sunshade.

Gathered in the ombre of the eclipse,
In an umbroglia imbroiled were we.
While 'twixt rock and star the pebble slips,
Is the ombrelle a necessity?

moonball, v.

To hit a high lob; to engage in play
predominantly characterized by such shots.

Estival Paranoia Upon a Latitude Northern

Come to soon play – few be noons May's;
Serve till the court's bathed in moon's rays.
Neath the June Sol, as we moonball,
Frown I and say, here be soon Fall.

merlion, n.

A mythical creature with the head and trunk of
a lion and the tail of a fish, regarded as the
protector of Singapore.

Breezily swam about schoolgirls three,
Leopard Seal, Sea Lion and Catfish.
Warily Merlion tapped their sea,
Hope in her heart, and a goodwill wish:
"I am no foe –
I shall make us four.
My stern is roe
And bow is roar."

alectryomancy, n.

Divination using a cock, typically by interpreting
patterns in its pecking at grains of corn.

Now a peck, then a peck,
Beak o' rooster dances;
Throne of pearl or a wreck
Shall be my finances?
Paid am I advances?

To a corn, fro a corn,
Shifts the fowl his stances;
Wedding bells or lovelorn,
What's with her my chances?
Have I more romances?

This-a grain, that-a grain,
Cock-a-hoop he prances;
Embark *moi* la blue-blue train,
Voyage *les* expanses?
Walk in chteaux France's?

Here a seed, there a seed –
Think, bird, ere thy glances;
Name the date my soul's freed,
Hint how it bechances.
Bliss, or pain, enhances?

Come a thrall, go a thrall,
None as you entrances;
Crow to me, crystal ball,
Teach me the nuances
Of alectryomances.
(Do you do s' eances?)

oology, n.

The branch of knowledge that deals with birds'
eggs, esp. in regard to their external appearance; a
description of birds' eggs; the practice of collecting
birds' eggs.

O! how could we have ignored
This balm to our thorny throe?
Roget's, Webster's or Oxford,
Oo precedes ornitho.

AS REAL AS YOU WANT

By Laura Figa



S T A T E M E N T S

William Belansky As for the translation process, I normally translate the original poem from French word by word as so to get an exact translation as possible. Then I played around with different forms of poetry, finally settling on a sort of hybridization of a haiku form and then trying out various word patterns in order to convey as much meaning as the original while still being a new perspective. Having the syllabic count lessened allowed me some restrictions, making it easier to conceptualize the theme, as it were, of each stanza.

Jalen Buchalter I was walking along a path near the wetlands of West Eugene. Something caught my eye, and I almost ignored it. I'm glad I didn't. I couldn't believe how every single strand of this spider web was saturated with water droplets. The spider was long gone. I wondered how can such a feared creature create such beauty?

Kathleen Darby For this art piece I wanted to focus on the form of the human body. Inspired by figure drawings, I wanted to emphasize the shape of the figure using only paint as the positive space. I took my male model and covered him in blue paint. After photographing different poses, I then took those images and created a digital piece where the body, or the negative space, in the images are erased leaving only the blue paint. The abstraction of the body creates a visually interesting floating figure in which the viewer is able to project their own thoughts and fill in the negative space.

Indigo Vance Eyebright While writing this poem I was just thinking about the difficulty of holding on to anything. For the process I worked it out in my head before writing it down.

Laura Figa I am interested in inducing discussions about art making processes and the inevitability of an artwork's visual agency. I am influenced by how artworks can both fail and elevate one another when in close proximity. I investigate and reconstruct these failings and elevations through painting, photography, and sculpture.

Elliot Langenhusen I don't consider myself a photographer, but I am someone who enjoys taking pictures during my adventures. My camera is a way for me to experiment and make visual memories for myself and friends. Sometimes my camera motivates me to go places I wouldn't usually go, but its usually just part of my packing list.

Gerry Merritt Gerry Merritt holds a Bachelor of Science from the University of Oregon. He continues to practice creative writing at the UO through the Community Education Program, and will complete his fifth term of practice this fall.

Shelby Meyers I travel every day and explore the tiny crevices of beauty that humans and nature leave behind. Sometimes the natural remnants are created by culture, and sometimes the cultural remnants are scratched by nature. Who's to say? This photography and poetry series speaks about the inherent ephemerality of Japan that is tucked into the ever-intensifying commodity driven culture.

Whitney Peterson Whitney is a Junior Cinema Studies major and Creative Writing minor. She worked on Ephemera, the Clark Honors College literary magazine, for two years. She submitted this piece from East Anglia, England where she is currently studying abroad.

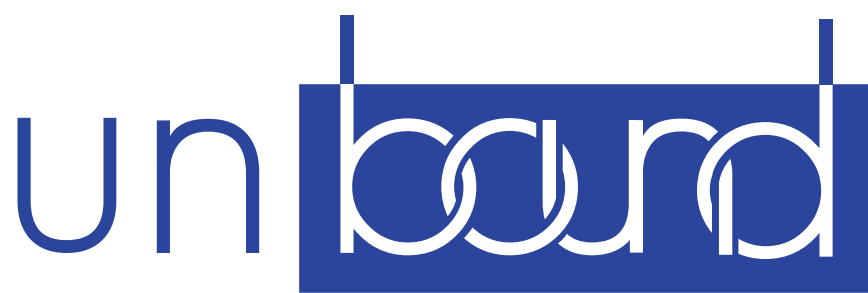
Alexandra Pierce Alexandra's short story was inspired by the song "Love Story" by Indila. She is a Senior English major and French minor, and currently participates in the Kidd Tutorial.

Nirmal Raj The poetess, as I see her, is the ultimate otologist. She is aware that the eye, by taking in all the verbal jumble presented to it in the course of a day, does a disservice to the eardrum within. She sees money to be made, opens a clinic in the woods, far from town, and prescribes rhythm. I'm only too willing to frequent the pharmacy. Visit her, if you've been feeling tone-deaf lately. Watch her cadences and pauses, sit still as her sentences navigate bends and lane changes and hairpin turns, and savor the delight of unlocking it all with the key of grammar. She is at once the ancient mariner of Coleridge, the lovers of Dorothy Parker, the observations of Ogden Nash, the brook of Tennyson and the raven of Poe. She is the musician with invisible instruments. In this collection, she has lent me some, that I may essay a few short scores.

Sophie von Rohr "Strange Disease" is a portrait of myself as a bird. It was written in February of 2014 and deals with the uncomfortable relationship between assorted identities which can live in a single body.

Maddie Toland I enjoy taking photos because it's the closest thing I can get to capturing what I see with my naked eye. Light, whether it be natural or artificial, inspires me. Light is everything. It can be the light of the sun, or the moon, or the streetlight, or the light in someone's eyes. Raw, gritty emotions and situations also catch my eye. I believe portraying the world as it truly is and offering other perspectives is powerful.

Jacob Valleau My art is typically abstract and explores the space between the recognizable and the unrecognizable.



unboundjournal.wordpress.com

© 2014 by Unbound, an official student publication of the University of Oregon. After first publication, all rights revert back to the author or artist. The views expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the Unbound staff or of the University of Oregon.