



SPRING 2020

Cover Art
Twin Flower
Lauren MacDonald
-

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In Early May When the Flowering Cherries Bloom
Cathy Juntos-Putnam

-

In early May when the flowering cherries bloom.
narcissus flourish in the old rock garden
we still call the rock garden.
A hundred, the way they divide and conquer
space when we let the garden go.
It found how to live on its own terms—
The big rocks and boulders tracted out—
Grasses thrived in the forget-me-nots, daffodils—
The yellow pine we let grow
as if we owned it
now is towering needing
all available water.

Hours I spent on my knees praying
to crab grass, my knife in one hand
taking the white heart strings with another.
No flowers thrived in the grassless dirt
in what my neighbor called my friendship garden:
snow on the mountain from Evelyn;
deep purple iris from Mary;
bags of bulbs from Melanie;
and from Idella boxes of carefully
dug specimens from her lush front yard,
from her lush generosity.
From my husband Oregon grape, forsythia
to keep returning.

The crab grass thrived.

The husband sprayed.

Every living thing turned Round-up yellow,
Peonies never returned, lily of the valley,
Stream Violets, the tulips.

The rock garden I called my soul.

Hours spent. Tanned arms and legs
the dedication.

Each year more dryness.

Larger the pine, more it drank.

No amount of water helped any of us.

We chose the pine.

There is not a lesson to this story,

except when we let go

only then is there flourishing – As for my soul

it found me in

the blooming we live within:

the Mountain Ash, maples, apples, pear,

ornamental cherries,

these aisles of trees once our stick farm.

We have so little control

contrary to our wildest intentions.

Untitled
Luke Behnke

-

i am this way, here.

drove down before settled.

if i was someone else, i'd say something

then feel later.

but i don't work that way;

i work like this:

through my soft parts,

the war starts.

two dragons -- one pushing down, the other up.

it slides down, coating my inside skin, hot. fire-
spicy.

my belly swells.

if anyone sees me here: alone-and-eyes wide.

but selling calm.

where does the choked land?

picking myself up, mesh garters my insides.

falling out, down, and through to the ground

beneath me,

it lands.

acid tongue to melting snow.

liquid that hurts.

through the hull and into skin,

piercing another thing before it had the chance to
grow.

Untitled
Luke Behnke



Fish and Me
Kenneth Hunt

-

"Fish have one or two pairs of nostrils through which water flows into the nasal cavity. Inside the nasal cavity we find the olfactory epithelium with the sensory cells that detect molecules dissolving into the water."

very quietly there is pink sky and sheets of golden light.

There is more.

Whitebark Wind
Garik Asplund
-



Nightmare
6/8 118BPM
Philip Redding
-

Dmaj7 A Bmaj7 G Gm
Where do you keep your worry, Darling?
Dmaj7 A Bmaj7 G
Bbmaj9
Is it down in your belly, Some secret part?

Dmaj7 A Bmaj7 G Gm
Pull me close to your terror
Dmaj7 A Bmaj7
hang our feet off the edge.
G7 F#

Bm
There aint much difference, after all,
G7 F#
between a push and a fledge

A F#m
I just wanna be your nightmare
A Ab7 Gm7
F#m
come on come on come on fall into me
A F#m
I wanna be your nightmare, baby.
Bm A
Something there that you cannot see.

A Bm7 C#m Dmaj7

Linger
Emily Aumann
-



Spring of Beloved Routine
Moll McCarty

-

6am: Morning beeps me awake. I climb into flannel-lined jeans and arm myself with one coat instead of two. Patches of melting snow look blue in the not-quite light. My boots make sucking sounds. Spring is like winter but muddier.

I duck behind the grainery to smoke, even though I am trying to quit. Since quitting, I have felt the same kind of unendurable longing that I feel for my father when his temper sweeps him away. Inhaling, I tell myself I'm trying to locate exactly what it is that I miss. Then I am coughing and coughing and coughing. My mind organizes itself around the pain. Walking again, I realize that this is what I miss most: the moment of rapturous focus. A blossom of shame rises up my spine when I realize that I find the pain nourishing.

A tree has fallen in the path. I almost rush by, then pause. Trees experience time on a different scale than humans. I imagine myself from the perspective of the tree, scuttling past with my anthropocentric routine. I wonder why the tree has fallen and if its body hurts. Orange lichen climbs its trunk. A thousand years in the future, when humans have decrypted the language of trees, will we find the practice of using tree-bodies to build fences and homes barbaric? My home is made out of trees.

I try to locate when exactly I became a person with a home. There was a time when I did not have four walls within which to contain my beloved routines, nor did I possess the privilege of privacy. Homelessness is a mark that remains on the mind long after it has come to a close: a possibility always ready to bloom. Reliable housing feels as unearned as the spring.

Deer in the path ahead. They hear me before I see them. I freeze mid-step, aware of their tender reflexes. This forest is their home and I have entered it without knocking. Next to me, a stalk of dried mullein stands, grey and dignified. The deer take me in with their perpendicular senses and a feeling that is the opposite of aloneness buds between my ribs. When I resume my walking they trot gently into the still-standing trees. Their hooves make deep imprints

in the mud. Suddenly, I miss my father. I double over from the pain, then remember abruptly that we are in touch again. I check my watch: 6:33am, too early to call.

Horse in the field ahead. I make clicking sounds. This pasture is his home. The horse trots toward me and reaches for my gloved hand with his teeth. "I didn't bring you a treat today" I tell him, leaning my forehead into his. We stand there face to face, still as stalks of mullein, until he tosses his head and throws me off. Walking away, I feel a gust of loneliness. Is it mine or is it his? He stomps the mud with his hoof. "I am lonely too" I say, suspending my departure and turning around halfway. He is leaning into the wire fence with his body, expanding the edges of his confinement with his weight. The fence posts tilt from the tension of the wire. The fence posts are made of trees.

The sun heaves itself over the horizon, glaring bleakly at beige bunch grass. Birdsong twinkles in the crisp air, reminding me it is spring. Each day there are new green dots in the mud, if I look closely enough. The drainage ditch is trickling with runoff from melted snow. I rub my hands together to prevent my fingers going numb; tomorrow I will wear two coats.

An idea occurs to me. Could I find the sensation of cold nourishing? I try and fail at this until I am almost home. My beige apartment complex juts upward out of manicured beige grass. Behind it the mountains are blue and smooth. When my key turns in the lock I feel a thaw of relief. Somehow I've become a person with a home.

At 7am I pull two hard boiled eggs from the fridge and un-pause a lecture on the philosophy of perception. John Searle's voice juts out of my speakers. He is off-topic but I decide to wait it out. I slice a slab of brown bread and drop it in the toaster. Then I slather it with butter, slice the eggs, and place them at right angles on the toast. Searle is saying that he cannot bear live in an ugly place, that's why he lives in Berkley. When he gets bored of Berkley he goes to his other house. His other house is at the beach. My mind organizes itself around the edges of this statement. A sensation that is the opposite of wordlessness swells in the back of my throat.

At 7:30am I open my notebook. A page made out of trees stares brightly back at me. On it I create two columns. In the first column I write a list of privileges that having a home makes possible. In the second, I write a list of privileges that make it possible to have a home. I write some jagged sentences that turn into jagged paragraphs. I give up on paragraphs and make another list, trying to locate what exactly I want to say. "Home," I write, and underline it so fervently that I rip the page. Under it I write: "horse," "mud," "cold," "pain," "spring".

At 8:30 I call my father. I tell him about my morning but leave out the smoking part. "Are you still listening to Searle!?" He asks. "I'm trying to quit," I joke. It is unclear whether he is incredulous or impressed. "It's not that I disagree with his arguments", he explains "but that his tangents cause me pain". They cause me pain also and a blossom of shame rises up my spine when I realize it's the pain I find nourishing.

There is a premonition
Ezekiel Hale

-

There is a premonition,
Come with certain things,
When it shall rain like

Tell tale lusciousness.
There is a premonition,
Come with certain things.

How high is the high-high tide?
How strong is this night's moonlight?
Come with certain things,

Like tell tale lusciousness.
With fierce dogs loyal to doubt
Flowers rake over mountains.

Donning losses, you depart.
Come with certain things,
Like tell tale lusciousness,

Flowers rake over mountains,
Donning losses you depart,
There is a premonition.

Walking out into the storm I hear the gutters from
within the threshold.

Ezekiel Hale

-

Walking out into the storm I hear the gutters from within the threshold. It's orange and grey and the city again. The rain is letting up, but still repeating itself in this exact manner. I hurry past bodegas and empty storefronts. There is a war all around. A stagnant, sulfuric bank wants to settle onto the shoulders of everything, but a salted tide of air emanates from ceaseless horizon. It would be easy to forget here. Stepping over a puddle, I see my reflection. The rain has all but stopped. I cross the street. My thoughts are interrupted by hanging on every word, streets slope downward and water follows the path of least resistance. How far I have come to leave small things behind. I see cars and notice the denizens of the tall buildings stirring. In a sudden wash of sunrise I reach my destination and flee through the door.

2020 Big Read Reflection
A collaborative poem created by Baker City's
9-11th graders

-

Different is why they won't look me in the eye.

Frozen is my heart for those on the outside.

Hate is what took my lover.

Fear is cold.

Discrimination is being feared for something I never did.

Different is how we use emotions.

Horrible is the mindset they have permanently touched.

Dreams are for thoughts to come to life during nights or passing time.

Discrimination shreds the possibility of acceptance.

Sadness is being sad.

Hate is what tore me and my family apart.

Japanese is a different language.

'Merica, men who fight for this country.

Different is being locked away for being someone's son or daughter.

Dreams are made of visions of horses running free...
or is that me?

Carcass of A Cabinet, 1

Kelly Riggle

-

Evergreen boughs stir in the breeze beside their
shelter-

the basalt cliffs huddle close, standing tall.

Golden is still on the ledge but for her feathers.

Late sun sheers across them all.

"He who feels it knows it," the clouds murmur.

But I get in my truck and speed away.

My muscles made a shelf for a rifle slung across
them.

As I trudged through your home I thought.

When your velvet has slipped off, then horns eroded
into bleached branches, your mind long since gone
quiet,

when the osprey clasps the fish to makes it airborne
and,

impossible but true, it swims onward never to meet a
net,

always one part will have gone missing so the other
might unfold.

That's your world full of ghosts.

Spirit could be the fact of time and air.

Kiss the tomb and the stone springs back.

Inside spells of madness there's kernels of days old
snow

riddled with tracks. The Irish high king Conchobor
pled to Deirdre, "You'll not find with any other
the likes of what I'm bringing to you

in wildness and confusion in my own mind."

A bucket of mutton tallow, beeswax, neatsfoot oil,
and birch tar

are being prepared by a hulking monster in a warm,
close shop.

"I'm not a good man," says the monster, nursing an-
other beer.

His hair swings out over his sharpened adzes,
his hatchets, the travisher, the scorp, the bit for
carving clogs.

He made a watercolor story in pictures, each scene an
envelope

containing an expression of love- in order to read
it,

the paintings had to be torn apart giving up what ex-
actly

to urge the rest on?

I'll carve his belt buckle design from wax and have
it cast.

I'll peddle locust amongst the locals as an under-
utilized material.

They used to turn locust into balls for bearings or
hew it

into timber framing pegs. It's like glass wood! With
silica inside!

It'll dull your tools! But oh, to have a box of lo-
cust bearings

collecting dust in the event that some old machine
breaks.

In the shady, quiet woods, there's tusks and paws
rooting in the loam. There's feathered dinosaurs in
the trees.

There's volume upon volume containing the history of
chairs,

the history of scythes, the history of bogs, the his-
tory of skis.

In Spain they built traveling desks. Mules carried
them for the wealthy
through the 16th century, wagons bumping over dusty
ruts.

Under the ground of the meadows,
the bumblebee queens should be waking up soon.
Royalty will be toiling in the spring sunshine
over the construction of waxen honey pots.
Tractors will come and till up that same earth.

Buttercup
Leita Barlow

-

A small sun struggles,
pushing decay, and dark plants aside.
She, alive within each of us,
reminds and restores
our hope in change.
As the bitter season softens,
light arrives early, and stays later.
Soft petals unfold, rise,
seeking those that seek,
and find.

Spring Haiku
Leita Barlow

-

Love wanes, waxes
Dappled light divides the grove
Tender roots, rise

What Works
George Boesger

-

It's not the incense
that dispels evil spirits.
Rather, it's the dialogue
that sends them home.
It's not rebuking that gulping mouth
That sanctifies its dark soul.
It's realizing that it did its best.
Condemnation cannot scatter darkness.
Only consciousness and light can do that.

Dance of the Eternals

When you outstretch your gaseous hand
And invite me to dance one last time,
We streak light across the black cosmos,
An arcing dyad spinning as one,
An sonnet waltz outside of iambic pentameter:

Eight steps to ask the question,
"Are you there?"
Six to answer,
"I am here!"

The seminal tenor,
The resolute vehicle.

An Objective Correlative,
The completed mission:
A grease streak on the kitchen window.

Inheritance

You snuck away
Before I could say goodbye.

Some say I lost that privilege
When I fell.
Someone else put quarters
On your closed eyes for the Boatman
And said the prayers,
Sending you across the
Ancient River.

When my time comes,
I may need
To borrow your coins,
Like I borrowed your car keys
And your favorite
Flannel shirt, unaware of their significance.

From across the watery abyss, I hear
Your two-fingered whistle,
Calling me home for dinner,
Where everyone is waiting at the table.
All my life, I've been
Packing for that departure,
When you and I, in Perennial Present,
Fly fish for others.

Yes, I hear you.
I'm on the way.

You Know Who You Are
Your face is a crystalline
Open window,
Truth's transparency,
Smudge-free,
Not pleated by velvet curtains

That obstruct the view.
Simply, you tell the truth
As you see it in me,
Not hedging or cutting corners
Or skipping the ugly parts
That hide behind my guile.
My friend for life
And more,
Perennially present,
Like a foot soldier at guard,
Sword drawn to slash
My fabricated monsters.

Inheritance
Cole Gustafson

-



Re beginning

Robin Pace

-

Well-comes come	worms compost his
one by one	story like her story.
buds budding out	words,
reaching toward light	made up and fleeting-
warming hearts in	thoughts about nothing,
chests that beat	deemed important by
like drums	someone you never met;
humming	their thoughts
birds fly back	placed above
re minding minds	your thoughts
that what was	because
is	someone said so
and what is	
will be what was	once.
once	
	upon a time
upon a time	all men were created
right here, the world	equal.
turned	unless [you] didn't look
like it does	like [tHEm] ironic
spinning lives, now	because [tHEy]
memories kneaded in dirt	didn't look
toes bare and wiggling	like HIM but

the thing
about [boxes] is
[they] shrink the view.
but [that] was
long ago?
I digress but
might suggest (we)all
[] step out
let the flatline —
walls fall.
the shape
of mountains is
how hearts dance
after all
blood bleeds red
RE GARD-LESS
of the home
that held it.
color dependent
on water content
not continent.
oceans within skin
re member
beneath the surface
blood runs blue too

rivers cascade off
mountains heavy with
snow crystals born
of last winters storm
clouds parted like legs
showing off
a full moon
phases like clockwork
tides coming and going
building and falling
wet and salty
like my demeanor
when it's pissing
rain droplets
gliding down cheeks
MISSING
so many
ways re written
stories
to become
HIStory forgot
that wombs bore it
on backs that
broke hearts and

minds for the
WIN—
nemucca was named
for a woman
of a people
whose feet walked
this land
by the time
the first vedas
were memorized
that's 2020
times five
thousand years ago
is still twice
as long as
this year of our
Lord

re born the
son-like the-sun
in winter
three days risen
again,
Rome was not built
in a day

but on a way
of greater than >>> you
can [be right]
or write
or rite
to re member
the questions
singing choruses
to the sky: our father
art in heaven,
re turning
sun sent wisdom
star-ing comet dreams
wee sprouting seeds
rising light,
shining new
raise,
children to love

all men

created equal
in a womb, where
the pathway
through,

leads ([he]RE)
where you breathe.
HERE,
where you took
your first breath,
tied together.
one cord
billions of knots
chest's drum and
heart beats thrum
~one chord~
to~gather to~gether
let us pray,

may it be

an offering
heart to heart
~connection~

peace
be with you.

and you and
you and
you

and you...

Allmen

I See Blue
Cathy Jontos-Putnam

-

Blue boats on the purple lake
take me home.

The blue glass stone Mary Matthews
gave me I carried, right hip pocket.
Touching this make-believe stone
without odor of salt, algae,
brought me to kindness.
Luck of the Irish.
Queen of clichés; take me as I am.

The B.V.M. hears me,
answers. I build altars
in her month: lily of the valley,
stream violets, spring beauties.
Come August, she guides me to
the Segó Lily, close to extinct.
I pick. I pick. Take my due.
Father Toohey will never hear me confess.

Mary Matthews has gone somewhere.
I do not follow.

Once I told the Black Shroud,
the one that lives in my cedar closet,
not to follow.
And again, when a cougar tracked me.
And on the operating table.

The Blue Virgin keeps tabs on me.

I worship the Segoe Lily, its
purple heart, the blue in the black purple.

The eyes of *those* boys

rarely blue, but green like ponds, my lover's hazel.

Love in the West
a collaboration poem by
Ehlana, Emma, Lauren & Joseph
written at The Gold Room

-

Is...

Always for?

summertime saddle
born swamp ass slow
sundays shoes
with you

stuck in the snow
2 wheel drive
won't get us there
thank god for wool

pull away
stay close

hold me, wide open spaces
hold me, harvest moon
hold me, queen of my double wide

dandelions dotting the
acres of prairie

spring's a coming
with enough room to breathe

Dear zine "zeen" Reader!

We hope you've enjoyed this art project! Please consider reading with the intention of witnessing the creativity of your neighbors and friends.

This work was produced in collaboration with artists who want to contribute one time or ongoing, words and/or visual art, printed every season in Wallowa County, Oregon. All are welcome to submit!

We are looking for art inspired by, with essence of, created during and/or about each season: Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall.

Fishtrap, a local writing non-profit organization, has generously sponsored the production of this zine. With their help, our hope is to keep it free of cost and accessible throughout the county and beyond.

Please share when you are finished reading, with a friend, family or a new neighbor.

A great thanks to all the artists sharing their hearts and work with the world.

in art,
Circle of Seasons Collaborators

Upcoming Spring Zine
Submissions with Title
due by: June 12, 2020
wccircleofseasons@gmail.com
or dropped at Fishtrap

