

Summer 20

Cover Art
-
Untitled
Luke Behnke

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Wallowa Backstroke

Suzanne Olson

-

reclining on the lake
tops of my hands buoyed
I tip my chin to feel
surface tension break

clouds collide
with the mountains
kiss them
climb the peak like wildfire
then dissipate

there is no deep
no dark, no distance
only the cold cradle of
clear water
cupping my shoulders

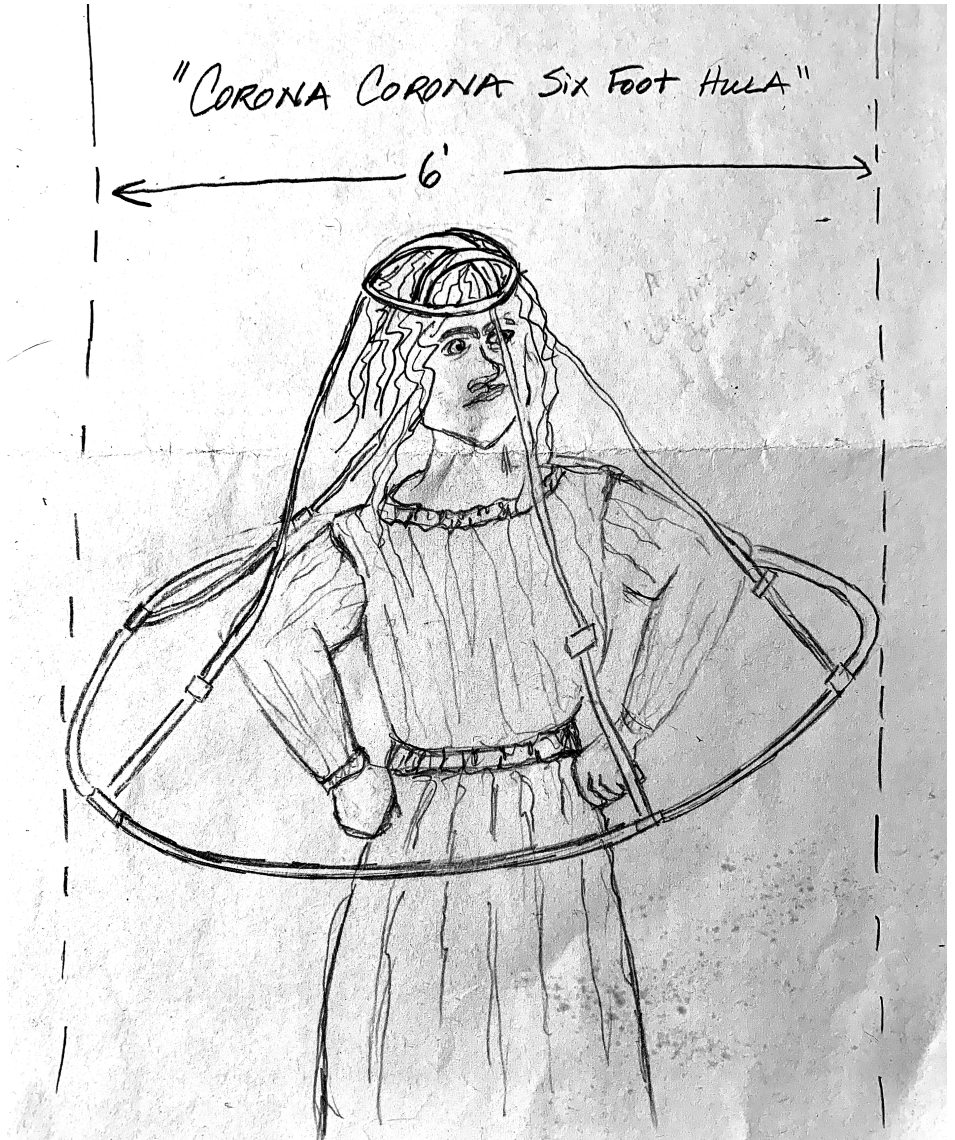
scoop and roll
kick
breathe

Four Times
George Boesger

-

I have tucked satin sachets
Into black soil
Waiting for new life to eventually sprout:
Bamboo shoots,
Teeming with lady bugs,
Flashing red wings
Against the translucent green.
Yes, you have reappeared
In new forms
But your spirits dance to ancient songs.

Corona Corona Six-foot Hula Hoop
Debbie Carson



July, Or June
Forrest VanTuyl

-

July, Or June

It rained for the first time since July,
or June,

On the orchard grown wild & in the windows
left open

since July,

or June

Rainwater, wine, and ponderosa pine

Sheep's ear, Rainier, and hailstone lines

Thunderheads hangin' over Ruby,

And an easy time to smile

"Tho the jaws of the world wish only
to grab hold of yr sweet ass"

- Enterprise, 8 Sep. XVII

#427 (WSP)
Whitney Chandler

-

#427 (WSP)

like the ancient ponderosas

I am Rooted to this landscape

magpie, primrose, osprey, kokanee

huckleberry and Mountain Elk

my toes are tickled

by the fine blades of grass

I explore Twiggy habitat

with my piggy digits

many of my adult days

I blame on my Wanderer's heart

listlessly moving, slowly adventuring, never connect-
ing

Chatham.

my eyes feel Sandwashed

by my love of the desert

I've never known what I needed

until I found my bed upon Cottonseed

--

Wallowa Lake State Park 7/8/19

427G
Like the ancient
Ponderosas I am
Rooted
Arraigado to this landscape.

427F
Magpie, prairie,
Osprey, Kokanee,
huckleberry and
Mountain Elk
Alce de Montaña

427E
My toes are tickled
by the fine blades
of grass, I explore
Twiggy
Pequeña Rama habitat with

427D
my piggy digits.
Many of my adolt^s
days I blame on
Wanderer's
Vagabundo my heart.

427C
Listlessly moving
Slowly ~~except~~ adventuring
never connecting.
Chatham
Chatham

427B
my eyes feel
Sandwashed
Arenas Bañadas by my lone
for the desert.

427A
I've never known
what I needed until
I found my bed upon
Cottonseed
Semillas de Algodón

427 ♡ Wallowa
Lake 7/8/11

Lucky One
Emily Aumann

-

If you find yourself smelling like turnip
greens,
then you must be doing something right.
If you find your ears ringing with Pondie
breeze
from being in the woods all night,

(Chorus)

Let me remind you
that you are a lucky one
to do as you choose
with each rising of the sun.

If you find yourself stooped at a fire ring
with friends when the day is done,
if you find yourself pickin' your guitar
strings
long after night has come,

Chorus

If you find yourself cooking a tasty roux,
then you must be doing something right.
If you find yourself sleeping under the
moon,
bathed in her shining light,

Chorus

Empty nest syndrome
Kathy Bowman

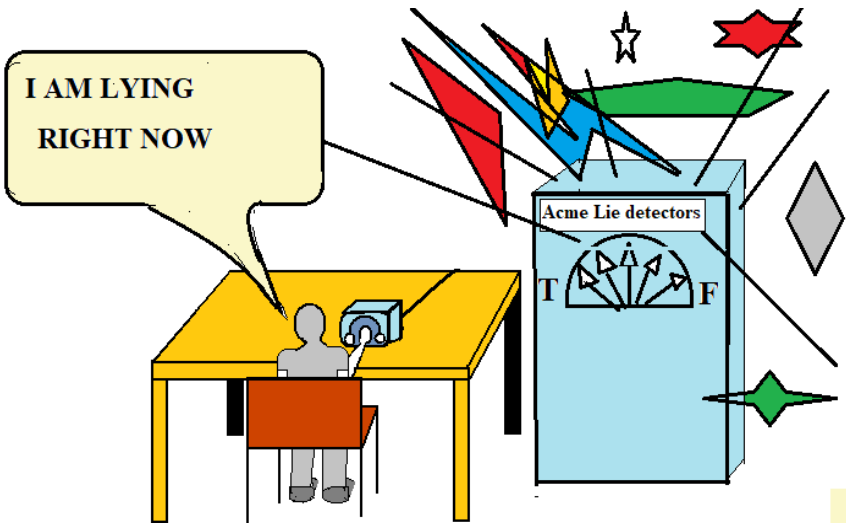
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It feels like a campaign
well-strategized, carefully
conducted from frosty beginning
to balmy solstice.
And now after weeks,
just hanging out up there,
clutching cottonwood limbs
with all their might --
the eaglets have departed.
Nest sticks crackle and shrink
in the sun, and one down feather
furls jauntily in the breeze
til snowfall or the next hatch.

evening on Russel Ln
Emily Aumann
-



What would happen to a so-called lie detector if you said "I am lying." If it thinks this is false, then you are lying therefore telling the truth. If it thinks you are telling the truth then you are lying. You discombobulate it.



loads his mind with memories

Luke Behnke

-


skeleton bone to python skin, mileposts and
jugulars. fully extended arm veins hair /
teeth gnash, sweat there, there, and there.
muscles tighten. air presses to shirt,
shirt to air hot to feel in my lungs. and
sun, warm and un ending.

from where i stand to the dock is a parade
of all my neighbors. a stride, shoulders,
hips, and the whip of flip flops. i have
played it over and over. windows up tight
air inside. put it in neutral, steer, roll,
engine off, down the ramp and in to water.
submerged and final gasps they look too
late, eyes wide hands and fingers flailing
above anchored limbs.

water to lungs, hydration where air belongs.
a pressure to match. home.

Early Bird
Janis Carper

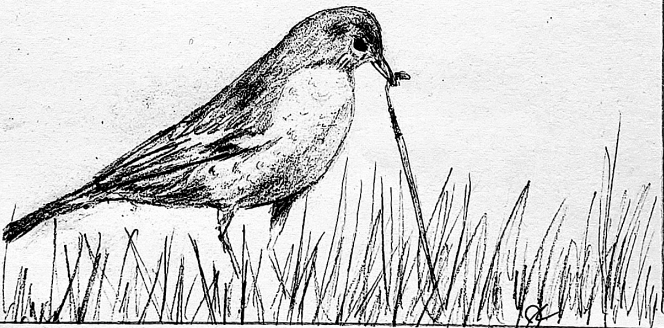
Early Bird



Through my
open window
a chorus of robin song
greet the dawn.

Showers arrive on cue
burst of applause, pause
a moment of silence
chirp and chatter resume.

These worms aren't going to
catch themselves.



Summer
Nigel Makela

-

Depth perception, expanded dimension
Clouds can veil, also cover and cushion.
Leaves dancing too hard can fall from trees
 But only if the wind chooses.
Warm fires burn and melt
 Heat excites, energy felt.
Skies shine but also swallow
 One is whole but also hollow.

the things we miss

A. M. Moon roma

-

It's odd, the things that you miss when the whole world seems to have been torn out from beneath your feet. I miss the school bus of all things. I used sit there staring out the window, begging for the moment that I would be able to go home. I would often get car sick and my friend would sit too close to me (the seats were too small), and the little kids would be way too loud, and I would be hungry and I would just want to be home. I guess it's not the bus itself I miss, but the familiarity of the bus; the fact that it was going to be there every day, no matter what. In a time like this, sometimes the most comforting things can be the things from the old normal.

We Broke Up During a Pandemic
Katie Marrone

-

It's June and 84 degrees where you are, as it snows
here,
329 miles east,
flakes kissing
the lips of calves.

I don't like thinking of the way
you are probably wiping sweat right now
as you work with wood outside of our house —your
house— in the city.
I don't like thinking of the way
the sun makes fire
on red-brown beard—
of the way you smell of
sawdust and Old Spice.

Cause our breaking was a blinding rush of Wallowa wa-
ter on naked skin in May, a scrabble game left half-
finished on the kitchen table,
*a would you like to keep the gallon of maple syrup we
had bought for
the end of the world, or should I?*

We had covered
our smiles with masks, wondered if we should stay or
go live in the woods
as the country lost count
of bodies
under dirt.

You wanted to go
go
go,
get the hell out of there.

And I wanted to stay,
hold each other's pieces
without gluing—
let them create mosaics of slow mornings
while NPR voices list endings in the background.

I wanted us to teach each other how to wash our hands
of the germs
everywhere,
how to
create a safety of trees

in a backyard, how to
escape

without leaving.

But heartbreak doesn't stop
when a pandemic hits.
Car accidents still happen.

Squirmy babies slip into gloved hands. Black men are
murdered for jogging. A young woman gets cancer.

And I'm still that girl who fell in love
with the birds at Wallowa Lake
when she was seven, the only one of my siblings who
would wake that early to see them
with our Papà.

I'm still the girl who felt so adult, then, so wor-
thy,
finally,
of love,

his love

*—she got up at 5 a.m. to see the red-winged black-
birds! my father had told everyone— that I forgot,
for a swift moment,
how quickly a father's yelling
can make a blackbird take flight.*

And you're still the seven-year-old boy
who fled from his father's fists
to the base of a tree where you sat,
swore you would create a home right then and there,
under the green,

cursing that you would never ever
let anyone
touch

you again.

Did you let me?

Did I let you?

Were we ever anything more than those children
yearning?

Will we ever be anything
less?

I don't know I know
I don't know.

So,

I let gravel fill my boots, I let clouds move on with
wind,

I let a languid moon grin.

I let my aunt's laughter fill
her house— our house— during slow mornings.

Sunsets make fire on
red-brown trees in the evenings,

and NPR voices lose count of bodies
under dirt

as well

as those fighting to stay
above it.

A man points out to me
a red-winged blackbird resting on a telephone wire.

I'll kiss that man later,
let him make me pancakes in the morning,
and he drinks maple syrup out of a glass like he did
when he was
a boy.

I think of you,
and then I don't.

I l e t .

I let.

I let.

It snow here
in June.

Passionate Hurt
Raymond Allston

-

Passion dragged us to a dark continent.
But our senses found us not quite content
With the awkward groping,
that quiet, suppressed hoping.
But we played on.

We scraped bits of energy to power a dream,
And wove the fabric of our souls with a seam
That lay hidden on a pale underbelly
While a whispered voice was telling
me to move on.

I found two kinds of hurt can make you cry,
The first a gash, the second a lie.
A tripwire set before my steps,
A crack where my beautiful things are kept.
And I turned off from on.

The Traveler
Mattie Eckland

-



The Traveler

River of whiteness, 01

Moll McCarty

-

The mushrooms under the river are abuzz with the news of another lynching.

I am floating in my hot pink inner tube, my white legs cooling in the river. Black Lives Matter hashtags wave up at me like water-ferns.

A man whizzes past me in an electric blue inner tube wearing his bright black skin. Will he become a hashtag? I try not to think about this.

The first rule of the river of whiteness is that we do not refer to it as the river of whiteness.

All this death makes my wings heavy.

I change the channel to mushroom songs.

On the next curve, I tilt my antennae back and drink in the juniper wind. The current whisks me around the bend. It is fun to speed on this part of the river. Mullein plants blur into bloom.

Green lights flash behind me.

Aren't I too old for this shit? I haven't had a speeding ticket in years.

I slow my inner tube. Officer Waterbug pulls up next to me and I smile whitely. "How is the river today?" He examines my pupils while I respond.

No I have not consumed any bangle-berry tea. Yes, I have insurance. He compliments my inner tube and I blush.

The officer's inner tube is greenish brown like the river. On his holster hangs a coil of rope. He sees me looking at it and says "I don't have to use it much".

He writes me a small ticket and pins it on my left wing. It stings a little, then itches. The next stretch of river moves slow.

In the reeds at the rivers' edge, a crowd is fashioning a straw man.

They dress the straw man slowly, as if this is a ritual. They pull wool trousers over his straw legs, fit his straw arms into flannel sleeves, cut holes for his straw wings. In the closing light of the evening, he looks like one of us. River-passers wave and nod.

"All Lives Matter" the straw man says. His voice is damp and soft.

The underground mushrooms read bedtime stories over the mycelial network until the sun falls asleep.

A woman dreams past me, her wings tucked tenderly around her black skin.

The moon touches her inner tube gently.

Officer Waterbug touches his rope.

Lingering
Ezekial Hale

-

Lingering now, the morning
Trying to describe
How clouds remember,
Distant stars keep time.

It could never be itself,
And so it wasn't.

Paper feathered birds,
In an era of trinkets

We were ghostly, and cowards.

Flags
Ezekial Hale

-

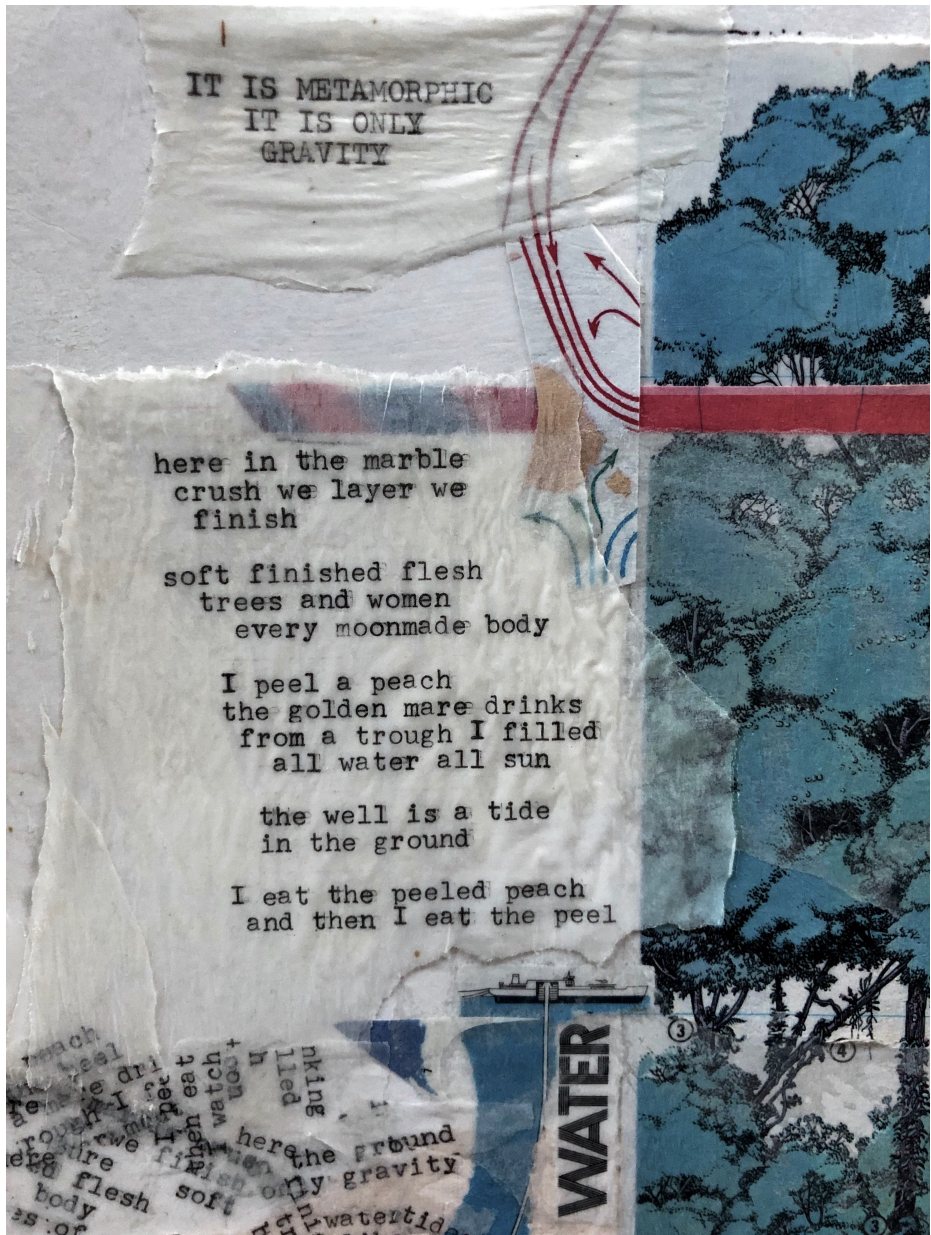
At the edge of pride
The tears are slowly

Cresting, as sure
These flags are falling

Dust and bones will be
Pouring over our records
In a long affair with time.

IT IS METAMORPHIC
IT IS ONLY
GRAVITY
Christina deVillier

-



Rise
Kate Forster

-

Wake before the sun
Let my sweet old dog sleep
Coffee in hand
Race to watch the sun hit the Wallowa's
At the lake, the airport
or Valley Heights

Unmotivated on a Monday
When I should have been motivated
Stuck in my apartment
Open my windows for sometimes fresh
Or smokey air
Breathe

Silver linings in this historic time
A time we might want to forget
But never will
Finding ways to connect with clients
Deeper conversations over the phone
Time to organize your home

My heart breaks
For those who have lost loved ones
Thank you to all essential workers
Patience to the parents who are teaching
Teachers who are parenting and teaching
You are all amazing

Missing my community
Connecting in coffee shops
Music at The Range
Laughter and high fives
Virtual meetings
Zoom just isn't the same

Look on the bright side
We have jobs, or unemployment
Community
People that care
Friends and family
Hope on the horizon

Pelican
Lauren MacDonald

—

alive!

in the middle of the ocean
smells of
salt

who bears witness to every porous part of
me,
pulls my water

yet i am fed the sun
so i do not mind

Untitled
Luke Behnke



Dear zine "zeen" Reader!

We hope you've enjoyed this art project! Please consider reading with the intention to witness 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 Fall Zine
submissions with title
due by:
September 13, 2020
wccircleofseasons@gmail.com

