



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA CROOKSTON

Inspired

ART JOURNAL

ISSUE 6

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2018

PREFACE

Dear Reader,

Thank you for picking up *Inspired!* We are pleased to present to you, once again, this collection of creative efforts from the UMC community. Watching this journal come together is one of the highlights of my year, and I am thrilled and honored to introduce this, the 6th issue.

This issue opens with the four winners of the Earth Week Haiku Contest. The haiku is a deceptively simple Japanese poetic form traditionally associated with nature poetry. The issue closes with the three winners of the 2018 UMC Essay Contest. This year each essay writer set out to answer the challenging question: “How do we resist hate?” Perhaps the most exciting thing about both these contests is that the winning entries seem to “speak” to one another; I highly recommend reading them in order and considering how they form a conversation with all the other pieces included in this journal.

Unfortunately, we must also begin this issue by acknowledging a devastating loss. Haitham Al-Twajiri was a brilliant young artist and friend to many in the UMC community. He was a frequent contributor to this journal and an active member of the UMC Writers’ Group. In honor of Haitham, we have included some of his previously unpublished poems in this issue along with a tribute by Jed Shanley (co-editor of this journal), who knew and worked closely with him. Haitham had a keen mind and an enormous amount of talent; he will be dearly missed.

Loss is often a painful reminder of the intricate web of lives that makes up a community – whether physical or artistic. The writers and artists who contributed to this journal come from all stages and walks of life. These pages are filled by small moments of feeling, insight, pain, and beauty that offer us a rare glimpse into other minds and possibilities. I encourage you to take advantage of this opportunity and dive in.

by: *Allison Haas*

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TRIBUTE TO HAITHAM AL-TWAIJRI

“Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence.” —Max Ehrmann

Making this journal is the greatest joy of my position at UMC. Each spring, I wait in excitement to receive the work of artists in our small community and helping to share that art enriches the meaning in my life. This year, our small community has lost a truly brilliant young artist.

Haitham’s work first appeared in this journal three years ago, and his piece *The Telos of the Ideal* remains the most eloquent prose I’ve encountered in Crookston. When we finally met in person, I told him that. Appreciative, but looking down, he interjected, “What did you think of the poetry?”

In the following semesters, I came to know Haitham through the stories, poetry, and music he shared in the small weekly writers’ groups held at a colleague’s dinner table. We discussed, linguistics, mathematics, politics, technology, religion, mythology, drugs, racism... He could discuss anything because he had read everything, and I came to know him as a friend.

I write about his intelligence because that’s what I valued most about my conversations with him, but if he were here today, the question would remain: “What do you think of the poetry?”

It’s brilliant, Haitham. Your poetry is as brilliant as you were, and wish I had told you that. I wish I had reflected more on our friendship and shared that with you. I thought that you’d always be there, and now that you’re gone, I’m left with this brilliant poetry, which isn’t enough. I miss you.

by: *Jed Shanley*

ORIGIN

If we could trace Him all the way,
When would God begin?
When the noble birth of virtue
And when the sense of sin?
And could we fathom Destiny?
Did fearfulness instill,
In sight of sad uncertainty,
The need for higher will?
If we deduced reversely,
From youngest theorems back,
Working backward, would we find
The foundation that we lack?
Could it be that certainty
Is simply what you find
Whenever you direct your gaze
Not forward, but behind?
Perhaps the truth of God and life
Is finished at its start:
A moment whole, a moment after
Infinitely torn apart.

by: *Haitham Al-Twaijri*

THE WEATHER OF EMOTION

If love, like rain, can heal the fields
Where desperate hate had blocked the yields,
Then granting love while making pain
Cannot but bring the end of rain.

If care, like snow, may mask the hate
That feigning love will soon create,
Then care's an act, the pain is felt,
And as the snow, the love shall melt.

If life – the sun – shall see the day
When even hope is chased away,
Then, as the pain of love is met,
Our life, our sun, our soul shall set.

by: *Haitham Al-Twaijri*

HAIKU CONTEST
Faculty/Staff Winner

Purple coneflowers—
domed florets thick with bees,
buzzing with beauty.

by: *Dani Johannesen*

HAIKU CONTEST
First Place

What is that large mound?
Old shoes, plastic bags, diapers
A landfill playground

by: *Tori Hill*

HAIKU CONTEST

Second Place

Turning, turning, round,
earth and life changing again,
our lone graying sphere.

by: *Bailey Bradford*

HAIKU CONTEST

Third Place

I shook my hand
with green leaves of a tree,
and then I lived

by: *Abiha Qureshi*

THE WITCH'S GARDEN

The woods weren't dangerous for children.

That's why me and Belle were allowed to go in them without Mama, even though the rebels were fighting not far off. Soldiers avoided the woods, or that's what we thought.

We didn't hear them until they were right in front of us: three grown men, all on foot. Two of them supported a third, who wore no mail and walked with a limp.

The youngest of them saw us first.

"Tam's breath," he said. "Where did you come from?"

Belle screwed up her face to scream, but I elbowed her in the ribs. The soldiers smelled of leather, sweat, and the tang of violence, but I didn't sense danger.

"We live here," I said.

"Live here?" The soldier frowned. He had fair hair that hung unevenly around his face.

"Never mind that." The one behind him – older and with a dark beard – spoke up. "Where is the nearest inn?"

Belle and I exchanged looks.

"Not for miles," she said.

The old soldier scowled. The limping one leaned heavily on him; I could smell his weakness.

"Sometimes Mama lets travelers sleep in our barn," I said.

It was Belle's turn to elbow me. The two soldiers glanced at each other.

"How far?" asked the older one.

It took nearly an hour to go the half-mile home. The injured man needed frequent stops, and Belle and me kept our distance. By the time we reached Mama it was near fully dark.

She was standing in the door of the cottage. When she saw us, she rushed forward, gathered us to her, and kissed our heads.

"Girls," she said. "Who have you brought?"

The young soldier glanced at me, as if asking for permission.

"We were told you sometimes offer shelter to weary travelers, m'am," he said, and gestured to a purse at his waist. "We can pay." Mama looked down at me, and I nodded, confirming his honesty. "Of course," she said, "Girls, go fetch some blankets."

When we returned with the blankets, the injured one was lying on a pile of straw, his shirt pulled up to reveal bloodstained bandages. His eyes were closed, and his face was paler than before.

"Shall I send for a doctor?" Mama asked.

"No," said the fair one, too quickly. "He needs rest is all."

Lies always made my head hurt. I bit my lip to fend off the pain.

"Come in for dinner, then," Mama said. "I'll bring some broth for your friend."

"We'd be grateful, m'am." The young soldier caught my eye and winked.

They ate Mama's stewed rabbit, new potatoes and bitter greens as if they hadn't seen food in days. I picked at my plate and bit back the urge to ask questions. There was gingerbread for dessert, but Belle didn't even finish hers before her head was drooping towards the table.

Even then, I knew something was wrong, but Mama sent us upstairs without comment.

When I woke a few hours later, the wrongness was nearly unbearable. I followed it down the loft ladder and out across the dew-soaked grass.

Mama was standing in the entrance to the barn.

"I thought you might come," she said, and beckoned me inside.

The older soldier was already dead. A smear of blood showed where his body had been pushed to the side. The younger soldier was still alive, bound hand and foot in the middle of the floor. When he saw me, he cursed.

The injured one was still on his straw, his eyes still closed. Mama crouched down beside him.

"This man is Lord Nestor Thorn," she looked up at me. "Do you know what that means?"

"He's the high king," I said. My voice cracked.

"Lies," the young soldier grunted through gritted teeth. "We're nothing but soldiers."

Mama looked at me. I could sense the bond of loyalty that stretched between the soldier and his weakened king, but even without my powers, I'd have known from the desperation in his voice.

"He's lying," I said.

Mama nodded and drew a knife from her belt.

"Stop," the soldier gasped. "He's done nothing to you!"

Mama paused. "I suppose you believe that," she said.

CULTURALLY TODAY

He didn't reply, just continued to struggle. Mama watched him impassively.

"My girls never knew their father," she said, after a moment. "I had not even reached my quickening when I watched him be hanged, drawn and quartered, on your king's orders."

The soldier cursed again, still trying to free himself.

"He knew" Mama continued, "that the rebel he killed was married to a forest witch. That's why he's avoided the woods all these years." She smiled. "You must have been very desperate to come this way."

The soldier sagged against his bonds, exhausted. I could taste his despair.

"They'll raze your damned forest," he spat. "They'll burn it to ash and you and your spawn along with it."

Mama smiled as she leaned over the pale, unconscious man.

"Let them try," she said, and slit the king's throat.

The soldier gave a strangled cry as blood gushed over the straw and pooled on the floor. Mama straightened and looked at me

"You can go outside now, my love," she said, but I shook my head.

The soldier made a final, clumsy attempt at escape, lunging towards me. Mama fell on in him an instant. The knife flashed, and a fresh rivulet of blood trickled into the pool on the floor.

I heard tell later that we had roasted and eaten them, but that was just rumor. Mama chopped the bodies to pieces with the wood-cutting axe, and Belle and me helped her bury them in a corner of the garden. Next spring, she planted her tomatoes there, and they grew enormous, ruby-red and juicy. Though none of us could stomach them, they fetched a high price at market. And I overheard Mama confirm to more than one customer that they were, indeed, fit for a king.

by: *Allison Haas*

If you could predict each and everything, that was ever going to happen to you, would you want to know? Could prelusive insight into a situation result in arrogance- how useful are you to me?

Assume the power of predictability makes you a better person. More compassionate and kind. More likely to understand and forgive. Sunday morning, you awaken to the customary beliefs, social forms, and material traits of a racial, religious, social group. A culture of which you have never belonged. On the assumption that, these are the people you were meant to meet. Uncertain of how exactly these people will treat you. Your lack of knowledge frightens you.

As individuals in America, we are given the option to choose. Allowed to choose our religions, the neighborhoods we live in, our vegan diets, our love interests, etcetera. Free choice requires extreme responsibility, along with the obligation to respect the differences we all bring to the culture.

Permitting ourselves the freedom to be transparent with each other, we do not have to assume. If we form our opinions on the basis of actual encounters, the interactions we have or have had with others, we are less likely to hate. Although we cannot overlook, rewrite, or deny the past, we can change how we progress into the future. We are the culture of change.

by: *Gwendolyn Robinson*

CHAMPIONS OF ROT

Bloated fungal stumps
The champions of rot swell
With each, fresher death
Their reign over the forest
Floor, ground, dirt continues

by: *Peter Van Batavia*

JEALOUS OF THE BIRDS

Jealous of the Birds
Wondering how to:
Fly away into the blue
Befriend the clouds, too

by: *Elsa Whitney*

Y2020

What if the Y2K theories
Were not actually jokes
But took more than twenty years
For society to get broke
And instead of really destroying tech
It made it work lots harder
To accelerate the fall of man
Not leaving a single martyr
So splitting us up using mobiles
Might be their master plan
Turning us into endorphin drones
To serve the Electric Man

by: *Peter Van Batavia*

ARRAY OF COLOR



painting by: *Vanessa Robbins*

BREAK TIME



photograph by: *Ashley Helgeson*

BROKEN KING



painting by: *Ariel LaPlante*

WHISPER



photograph by: *Tori Hill*

SUMMER SOCCER



photograph by: *Tori Hill*

DAY AT THE LAKE



painting by: *Ariel LaPlante*

NEW BEGINNINGS



photograph by: *Ashley Helgeson*

SINGLE BLOSSOM



photograph by: *Shelly J Till*

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME



photograph by: *Abigail Ritman*

THE CASTLE



photograph by: *Madison Olson*

WINTER MOON



photograph by: *Ariel LaPlante*

ANSWERING THE MOUNTAIN'S CALL



photograph by: *Rhiannon Nicoll*

LONG WAY DOWN



photograph by: *Tori Hill*

SPLISH SPLASH



photograph by: *Abigail Ritman*

UNLESS



photograph by: *Abigail Ritman*

PILLARS LANDSCAPE



photograph by: *Shelly J Till*

FLAWLESS FINALE



photograph by: *Reanne Erickson*

A GLOOMY DAY
KEEPS THE SAILORS AWAY



photograph by: *Abigail Ritman*

FALLING WITH WATER
KAWISHIWI FALLS



photograph by: *Abigail Ritman*

CREEP (MENTAL ILLNESS)



painting by: *Elsa Whitney*

ISOLATED

He hates it – that look he gives them all. It's faker than the plastic coins in a child's playset and even more worthless. If they'd take the time to look in his eyes, duller and dimmer by the second, they'd be experts in identifying the forged emotions that seep through the mask.

But, it brings him a modicum of joy to revel in the fact they don't know. It's not wise to be different. It could even be the demise of a loose-lipped man in a position such as his. Weakness is forbidden in a world where you simultaneously have everything and nothing at all. The material never soothed his soul; It was the abstract, the unseen, the untouchable that quenched his thirst.

The moon on its brightest nights, glimmering through the wispy, leftover clouds of the daytime's performance, was the only one to know the depths of his soul. It was a grand listener and never looked down on his wild tales that'd been fabricated as an escape of the mind. Over time his audience member would move, but it was always visible from that spot on the cliffside, where the scent of pine was particularly strong and the lights of the town were but specks on the horizon. The patchy grass was softer to lounge on than the finest pieces of furniture he knew.

Sleep mattered not to him when the sense of isolation crept into his mind, consuming his soul. The moon was the only being bright enough to illuminate the dark corners of his deepest depressions. The taste of expensive wine and being surrounded by the chatter of party guests had nothing on the fresh air and rustling leaves.

He danced, sang, and made merry in ways that'd make others believe him mad. These conditions he reveled and flourished in would seem like torture to some, but, to him, it was a gleaming paradise in a dark sea of the mundane. Only the moon understood; No one was ever awake enough to watch it glow.

by: *Elsa Whitney*

ADVENTURE

A quest for self,
Begins with you.
Caves and mountains,
Dungeons and doors,
Everything's part of the chase.
Forgotten dream,
Golden routine,
Heaven's only a breath away.
Inner peace,
Just wants to be free,
Knocking on your door.
Left alone,
Muddy and poor,
Napping the days away.
Overcome your obstacles,
Perform in ways you crave.
Quell the voices saying nay,
Rise above the screeching fray.
Slay the dragon standing guard,
The treasure's yours to take.
Unbelievers boo and hiss,
Valor is their true weakness.
Walk tall and bow to none,
You are stronger than you seem.
Zip off into the night,
...And let your heart roam free.

by: *Elsa Whitney*

TWO LITTLE BUNNIES

I have two, little bunnies, with funny, little names.
One's name is will and one is not the same.

One bunny will, the other one won't,
so, one bunny will and one bunny won't.

I asked the little bunnies if they'll go up the hill.
One bunny won't, but one bunny will.

I asked the little bunnies if a song they wrote.
One bunny will. One bunny won't.

I asked, "Then will you write a song, write every note?"
Will said he would, but then I talked to won't.

Again, I asked the other bunny, if he will or if he won't.
Will said he will, so the other surely won't.

What to do with little bunnies, when one will and one won't?
Don't ask will and don't ask won't.

One will tell the truth and one bunny won't.
Is that bunny will or is that bunny won't?

I have two, little bunnies, with funny, little names.
Definitely two bunnies. Definitely not the same.

by: *Shelly J Till*

THE DYING SIDE OF LIFE

When I was young I took delight
in everything within my sight.
I didn't even realize there was
a dying side of life.

Those tender years of hopes and dreams,
when your fancies took full flight
never prepared me for the truth about
the dying side of life.

You'll laugh, but once I did believe
that school was really tight,
and nowhere in my thoughts was
the dying side of life.

There was a time when all my worries
hinged on boys and staying out all night.
I ignored the fact that far ahead was
a dying side of life.

Before I knew it, I had my own place,
kissing my man goodnight
and having kids of my very own.
Forget the dying side of life.

It's not like it would never come.
Then seeing friends die in mid-life
brought to mind the certainty of
the dying side of life.

It was now in the back of my frightened mind.
Suddenly morbid jokes didn't seem so trite.
Every day now is another step closer to
the dying side of life.

In my later years I nipped and tucked...
really tried with all my might
to stop the hands of time and avoid
the dying side of life.

Then with just a blink of an eye
I changed to widow from wife
and, for a second, I wished I were closer to
the dying side of life.

Now call it fear
or fatigue, or pain,
or just call it old age,
but the end has never
been more my friend,
and for the lonely, it's all the rage.

by: *Shelly J Till*

KEEPIN' IT FANTASY

A man stands defiantly across from a small group in the town square. He swipes some loose hair out of his face and begins to speak in a distraught voice.

“Guys, we can’t just fight our problems away this time! We’re supposed to be the heroes of this world - saviors - not mercenaries!” A yellow-tinted elf and a heavyset dwarf stop their conversation and turn toward him. “Just because we get more gold for killing the accusers of the blacksmiths, doesn’t mean we should! We still have a chance to prove their innocence instead!” he says frantically.

“I think it’s past that, Bo,” an eye-patched gnome with graying hair and skin says gently from the group.

“Yeah, pretty sure we’re just supposed to fight them,” a pony-tailed, white metal armored half-orc says matter-of-factly.

“No!” Bo pauses and considers his next words. “Then we should just leave this town! Anything we do will just make it worse. I know that it’ll be a waste of time to have come here for nothing, but our morals would still be intact!”

“You’re the only one with morals left, Bo,” speaks the elf in a nasally voice.

“Then, I’ll leave! If you guys do this, I’m leaving the group!” Bo says in a last ditch attempt.

The group is silent for an uncomfortable amount of time.

* * *

“Pete, you can’t be serious?” asks Hoyer with an annoyed look as he snaps out of character.

I come out of imagination-mode and rescan the faces in the room. I skim the discount dinner table the five of us are sitting around. It’s coated in scattered papers, dice, and half-finished Wal-Mart subs. In the center there’s a large, laminated grid-map covered in tactical scribbles. I lean back and lock eyes with our game manager, McKeever, across the table.

“Is there any way to prove the blacksmiths’ innocence at this point?” I ask.

We’d stumbled upon a situation in a large village where a union of blacksmiths was framed for stealing goods from two other unions. We either had to prove their innocence or pick a union to fight with

against the others, as the animosity between the groups was about to spill over.

“Sorry, Pete, but I mostly just made this a go-fight-kill mission.” McKeever says with some sympathy. “I didn’t think about how your character would react, but I’ll take a good ol’ character clash any day.” He always reveled in personality conflict between our characters and made jokes about when we couldn’t get along. He could tell that this one was a bit more serious.

“Come on, Pete. Just do it ‘reluctantly.’ We’ll go slay a dragon or something heroic after this,” pleads Kaeden. We’d already spent an hour trying my route and it’d gotten us nowhere but frustrated.

“I wish I could guys, but this directly violates Bo’s moral code.” I take a sip of Pepsi. It’s become my game-night tic whenever something stressful happens. “It’d be like betraying him; forcing him to do something he doesn’t want to do. I have to stay true to his values.”

I’d been playing Bo for two years; he was a part of me.

“Pete, I know that this matters to you, but this is what all our characters would do. We’re just not heroes anymore,” says Bobby. He was right. After two years, it can get boring always being the good guy, which is why the rest of the characters had turned more morally grey. I swallow a swig of Pepsi I had been anxiously storing in my cheeks, stinging my mouth and gums.

“This has got to be the last straw for him,” I say anxiously. “I’ve been keeping tabs on all the stuff the group has done against his morals, and his patience would be wearing thin. This would definitely push him over the edge.” I release my grip on the weak metal of my Pepsi, realizing it’s almost gone as the crater my hand has made on the can refuses to pop back out.

“We’ve already reached a consensus and we could really use that gold, Pete,” Kaeden says.

That was true. The blacksmiths had offered us a lot of gold in order to help them fight the other unions. The only one not on board is me.

Another silence drowns the shack while the sad realization gradually creeps into the room. At this moment, everyone seems somber, rather than nervous. The hush is broken by the sound of Cas cracking open a can of Pepsi. The snap pops us back into the reality we all created together. I know what I have to do.

* * *

OBSERVERS.EXE

“Heroes. That’s what they called us.” Bo says with forced cynicism. He slowly rips off the badge associating him with the group. The gang gathers around him with uncharacteristically sympathetic faces.

“It was an honor fighting with you,” the half-orc says with his hand on Bo’s shoulder.

“We didn’t always see eye to eye, but you did this thief some favors. I don’t usually say this...but thanks.” the elf says with more emotion than he ever seemed to have.

“Go get that ship you always wanted,” the gnome says before hurriedly dropping a gold purse at Bo’s feet.

* * *

After all the goodbyes, we sit and stew on what’s just happened. We all know how much of ourselves we put in a character, let alone one that’s been two years in the making.

“Are you sure about this?” McKeeper asks.

He knows the answer.

The rest of the night is spent around the fire, telling our favorite stories about Bo and the game in general. I was nowhere near done with my heartache, I’d just given up a piece of me. I found myself performing little ceremonies each time I gave up something that was related to Bo. It took me awhile to find how to best cope, but for the rest of the night, my real friends would have to do.

by: *Peter Van Batavia*

Whether we know it

<Or_u_d0n’t>

We teach a new generation

<1>

That learns from our actions

<But_more_from_/what/_you_\say\>

And will make the same mistakes

<Error: Incapable_of_mistakes>

So we must start practicing self control

<Inhibitors: Off>

Or do we want them to follow our example?

<Waiting for response...>

by: *Peter Van Batavia*

ODE TO A TOMBSTONE

Live it up, you the defiant of death
Rebelliously standing erect with your brethren
Amongst the fallen you shout grim reminders of
You shade the withered and rotting flora left at your feet
And command those under you to have a peaceful rest
It's you, the stone barricade
That prevents the elusive "moving on"
But without you how do we remember them?
Of course not with our memories or actions!
A tablet is best for these sorts of things

by: *Peter Van Batavia*

FROSTBITE

They danced upon a winter's morn
To numb the pain of days long past
The cold is sharper than a thorn
They danced upon a winter's morn
Look at those days with nil but scorn
Don't say a word; Nobody asked
They danced upon a winter's morn
To numb the pain of days long past

by: *Elsa Whitney*

I LIVE

I believe hate is an attitude and an action. I also believe that the solution to hate is an attitude and an action. Being gay, I see the underpinnings of hate. I see it in people that pass me by, in the media, and through older generations. When I came out, there was hate. Not directly to my face but behind closed doors. I heard rumors of that hate and was hurt by the fact that they didn't approach me first. That's what hate is in our society: A hidden presence that often shows itself only when provoked.

I believe provoking hate is the worst thing that someone, who is hated, can do. I strongly believe that efforts to un-stereotype and retrain hatred thinking is the best solution. Many people think gays, especially gay men, are infested with AIDS, flamboyant, filth of the devil, and products of negligent personal choice. I am proud to say that I fit none of those descriptions and have been spending my life to prove people that I am above negative stereotypes. I want to prove to people that I work hard, I am just like everyone else, I can succeed even when I'm put down, and that I don't fit the general expectations of a gay male in our society. I think that every person who is the subject of hatred should prove the haters wrong. There's no way around it. We all have to work diligently to prove that we are as worthy as we view ourselves.

I truly believe that God made every creature and speck of dust on Earth. Each has their purpose, their place in the creation of a better world. Many deem gays as the doings of the devil or the product of a sinful life. Let's be honest, each person sins, so whose hands are really clean? I hear a lot of this type of hate from older generations. Unfortunately, many of these individuals keep a blind eye to personal growing and are products of their upbringing. They say, "You should go to church. Clean yourself from your sinful ways." Truth is, my relationship with the Lord is strong. They may not see it but I do pray, I do think about what God's plan is. I believe that God put me on Earth to do good and prove that I am more than a simple stereotype.

Exuding positivity has gotten me thus far. When I was a sophomore in high school, I pondered suicide. I held negativity inside and allowed it to take over my life. I revealed that secret to two of my friends and it released tension and emotion that I had carried for so long. They showed me what love was and that living life is more

important than the negativity. Now, I live positively to affect the people around me. I live to prove hatred wrong. I live to do what I was meant to do.

by: *Shane Boehne*

HOW DO WE RESIST HATE?

Define it. Identify it. Challenge it, don't back down. HATE
BACK.
It's in the local paper. Hell, in the local mindset. COLORED
pictures.
DON'T LIE. Lie still. Still lying.
National Trumpism, permission to hate. ORANGE.
Interviews. TV shows. Oscars. Hashtag THIS!
Give ME the award. GOLDEN lives matter.
We are the best actors on your stage. We have to be, or we die.
What's hate? The color of my skin. Y'all a shade of brown
anyway. BROWN!
CHILD from Africa, no water, no food, scars. What's a life worth?
Handful of bullets for a meal.
What's your life worth? What's your kind of life worth?
Suburban, safe, warm, lack of concerns. WHITE picket fences!
Black IMMIGRANT! Not your color. Not your country. Define
THAT!
National HATE. I pledge allegiance to the red, BLACK, and blue.
Black and blue, inside and out. Scars.
Concerns, walking down the street, a mall, shopping. My hate?
My hate is you. STOP FOLLOWING ME!
The way you look at me. ME! I am here, I am value, I am more
than you see.
I am more than you are, you're using the wrong scale. COLORED
scale.
You ask about MY experience, what experience? You live here
too.
You should know the hate you spread, not by your actions, LIE in
it.
HELL YES by your actions! Involuntary, whatever.
VOLUNTARY HATE!
You see what you want. Black and WHITE.
Define hate? Define ME!
I am only what you see because of your eyes, your experience.
WHITES of your eyes!
Should we ask why you're you, IMMIGRANT, pale skin, straight
hair.
Can I touch it?

Difference is the beginning of hate, but never forget that I am
DIFFERENT.

Better, waiting, biding my time. You built this bed. LIE in it!
You create me in your COLORED vision, and I play the part.
You take away my humanity, HUMAN! Define that.
What are you, something special?
You built this hate, and you own it – don't DENY it. Don't
DENY me!
Don't even open your mouth, you don't get it. You don't GET TO
say anything.
You don't let me HATE back. You take away my RIGHT to hate,
to feel, to LIE.
No voice, COLORFUL voice. Put me in an essay, on stage, let me
act, give me a black Oscar.
You don't know ME, how could you. Stand by me? Hold my
hand.
Patronizing BASTARD!
How do we RESIST hate? RESIST.
Open your eyes to the COLOR around you.
Gouge out the WHITE. See ME!

I am the black rainbow that you never will notice, standing right
before your eyes.

by: *Jeff Franck*

*Author's note: As a white male, I recognize that I do not have the
right to claim this perspective. I attempted to capture the vision of
hate from a position lacking privilege. I hope I have respected that
in my essay.*

HATE ON THE WAY OUT

“How do you resist hate?” My grandfather, Francis, had a farm in St. Paul, MN in the late 30’s. While the area was largely populated by Eastern European immigrants, one neighbor was an African-American, WWI vet named James. James lived on a little farm with his wife and one daughter. They were trying to make a living, like everyone else in the years after the Crash of 1929. James would occasionally hire one of my uncles to clean his pigpen. My uncle wrote in his book, *Don’t Tell The Children*, “...someone in the neighborhood started a petition to try to make him get rid of the pigs.(Sinn, 2014)” My grandfather, asked to sign the petition, promptly ran the petitioner off his place. Everyone has a right to make a living.

Jump to 1975 and school desegregation. Inner-city hate and violence is high. Caucasian girls are pinning their hair tightly to their heads to avoid having it chopped off. 1976 brought the summer of, “white flight,” ... the exodus of wealthy, mostly Caucasian, families to the suburbs. My dad refuses to move because, “Everyone is entitled to a good education.” Shortly after, my brother is nearly beaten to death. We move. Life is deceptively quiet until 2005.

I’m at an indoor playground, populated with mostly Caucasian children, with my four-year old grandson. Tensions begin to grow when one small, white child, begins to aggress upon my grandson, Tasai, for no apparent reason. I’m on pins and needles. Do I let him handle it? Do I take him home? Tasai has now been scratched. He approaches me and simply shows me his wounds with a look of “Why?” upon his face. The little boy approaches us saying, “My mom said I can’t play with him cause he’s black.” I turned to Tasai, searching for something to say. He looked at me and asked, “Am I black?” He was never shown color, so he didn’t see color. I felt hate, but hatred is learned, and I would not be its’ teacher. I reached down, rubbed my grandson’s poor scratched arm and said, “Um, I think you’re the color of peanut butter. I LOVE PB. Go find other kids that like PB, too.” He ran back to play. Other children joined him.

Ninety years .. hate... 1975 hate ... 2005 ... still hatred? Do you want to know how I think hatred ends? The boy approached

Tasai again, this time pulling him to the ground. Tasai, being much bigger, gently rolled him on his back and held his wrists to avoid more scratches. The boys’ mother aggressively ran towards them...I rose to my feet, poised to defend. Suddenly, ALL the other adults descended on this woman, preaching, chastising, and promoting love. She took her child and quickly left. I was surprised twice that day. How do you end hatred? One moment at a time. One child at a time.

by: *Shelly J. Till*

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Sinn, H. (2014). *Don’t Tell the Children*. Lexington, KY.



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