

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA CROOKSTON

INSPIRED

ART JOURNAL

ISSUE 10

INSPIRED

ART JOURNAL

**Creative works by UMN
Crookston students,
staff, faculty, and alumni**

ISSUE 10
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The University of Minnesota is an equal opportunity educator and employer.

PREFACE

Dear Reader,

Thank you for picking up *Inspired*. The UMN Crookston Writing Center is pleased to introduce the 10th installment celebrating creative writing and art on our campus. In this issue, you will find original works of poetry, prose, photography and art – all created by students, staff, faculty, and alumni at the University of Minnesota Crookston.

This year, I have been thrilled to include students in the publication of this issue. A special thank you goes out to Kate Bunner and Caleb Mendez, both of whom are students who are also part of the Writing Center. These two have collaborated wonderfully to design the layout of this edition. I also want to thank all the contributors to this issue. Artwork is personal and sharing it with others requires vulnerability. I appreciate that each of our contributors is willing to share their works with our campus community to show us the product of their inspiration.

I hope you enjoy the following pages and find inspiration from each of our contributors. I hope that you are inspired to find beauty in the world. I hope that you are inspired to learn from others' point of view. I hope that you are inspired in your own journey, no matter where your destination stops next.

Josh Parrill

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EARTH DAY HAIKU CONTEST WINNER

JAYLA WILLIAMS

Springtime flowers bloom,
And rid the earth of all gloom.
So, winter, make room!

OVERTAKEN

KARI SUNDBERG

I'm consumed by his love, but it makes sense,
this I now see.

He's the things I hear,
the things I smell,
the things I taste,
the things I simply touch.

Especially the things I touch.
I feel him in everything, awakening every sense.
He's like a certain taste
in my mouth, see,
and all things remind me of him, especially a spicy, woody smell.
Even listening to a song, every lyric is him. Yes, I can easily hear.

I love him and I want you to hear
me say it. I long for the touch
of his fingers sliding down my back. He breathes in my smell
and no longer am I a woman of sense.
I can simply see
the shape of his body, the sight of his lips and I'd do anything for a
taste.

A bottle of red wine gets passed back and forth, each getting a taste,
while we stand outside in complete silence, nothing to hear.
The sky is clear, the stars are bright. I can see
his eyes looking into mine; my hand goes to his cheek for a touch.
Like we always say, the two of us just make sense.
I lean in for a hug, God, it drives me mad, his smell.

He leaves me with his t-shirt, so I can go to bed and smell
him and his day still on it. I kiss it for one last taste
as I lay in bed alone, trying to make sense
of it all for the hundredth time. I hear
it when he says he loves me, but I'm a bit out of touch
with emotions like this, though he's made me now see.

In fact, I can easily see.

Everything is so new and clear, like that fresh rain smell,
its shower drops I just want to touch.

The organic taste,

it's him, it's us, the easy sound of it all, I want to hear
it for the rest of my life. He is my sixth sense.

Yes, he and I were destined in every sense. It's him I see
when I look to the future, hear me when I say this. To smell,
to feel, to taste, to feel alive again, it's worth it. He's my everything
with just one touch.

LIGHT

KARI SUNDBERG

I felt lighter the day I said I was leaving,
I couldn't face it before, but this time, leaving.

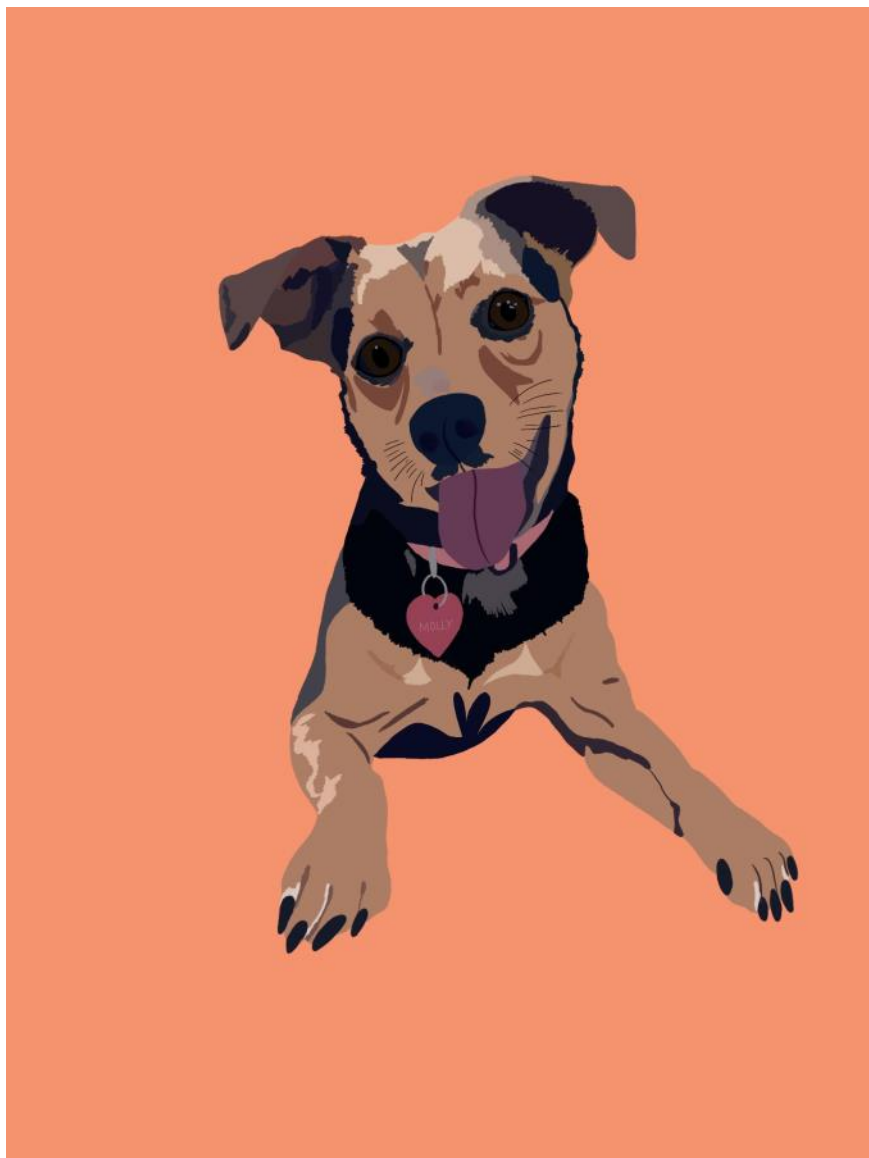
Morning came fast. The clock was loud.
Its signal told me, that final chime, leaving.

My work here is done, I can feel it now.
I look towards the sun, though it feels like a crime. Leaving.

I should be sadder, but no one knows this feeling.
I want to be on my own, ready to soar and shine, leaving.

18 years brought good times, but heavy ones too.
They all thought we were perfect, but now, paradigm leaving.

I know the lows will hit me, yet I look towards the light.
Some days I'll bloom, some days I'll wilt, like Wild Thyme leaving.



Molly by Erin Turman



Golden by Caitlin Kalita

THE BIRD WHO SANG ALONE

MATTHEW LOESLIE

On my traditional morning walk, the bitter cold seemed to pierce through my winter protection.

It wasn't lost on me that today was historically the coldest month and the coldest day of the year.

As I passed by the large evergreen along the way, I became keenly aware of a bird singing from somewhere within the tree covering.

It was hidden in that great tree which always stayed green and full whatever the season.

The bird's song rang out so loud, pure, and true in the crisp winter air that it shocked me.

The song was beautiful in its simplicity and yet, I picked up on a hint of sadness in the song.

As I listened to the bird's song it contrasted against the frigid morning. It seemed so remarkable; I was surprised when I welled with emotion.

I wondered if others walking heard the bird's song or realized the beauty of the moment?

I suspected they didn't notice, and they didn't hear.

Why did this songbird sing alone?

Where were all the other songbirds?

I wondered why the bird chose to sing on this morning?

Did the bird know what happened on this day all those years ago?

I realized this songbird wasn't singing for me or even for those walking on their way.

The bird resolutely held its post in the evergreen dutifully singing its part.

As the bird sang out it seemed to lessen the harshness of the winter and gave me peace.

But why did it sing?

Then somehow, I just knew.

This bird sang thanks to its Creator in the cold because that was its purpose... and it was beautiful to behold.

The poem is dedicated to those who must walk out the hard winter season.



Staring Contest by Colson Barnett



Thinking Bird by Zahra Pagirighalehnoei



Sir Smacks-A-Lot by Caitlin Kalita

DEAR SPRING
JAYLA WILLIAMS

Dear Spring,

So this is how it is. You come a few months late, and we are expected to truly enjoy your beauty for all of one week?! You were supposed to be here exactly on March 20th! I guess it doesn't matter now. What's come has come, and what's gone, has gone out the window. All my spring plans, goodbye! It's such a shame. I suggest coming early next year, Spring. That way, we can enjoy you early, in case something bad happens. Knowing Bemidji, something bad *will* happen. Like you coming late *again*. Spring, it's become a habit of you, coming late and letting Winter stay for a few months more. I guess I can't complain now. It's not your fault Winter likes to overstay her visit. Although, it would be really nice if you could spare us a few flowers. Every morning I look out my window expecting to find something beautiful, and I see dirty snow, with tufts of clumpy yellow grass randomly poking through. Not the most beautiful thing to wake up to. It would be nice to see some purple, and maybe a little blue, and maybe even a little bit of pink. Please, Spring? Just a little would be enough. Will you at least think about it? Write back soon.

Sincerely, Jamie.

Dear Jamie,

I got your letter, and I thought real long and hard about it. I sincerely apologize for my past behavior. See, I was never sure when I was supposed to arrive. Now that I know that I'm booked to come visit on March 20th, I've been wondering... can I change that date? March is a bit early for me, yes? I was thinking, maybe around May 15th? Or better yet, May 20? I know that Summer is due for June 21st, and he isn't always on time. I'd really hate to stay too long. That would be very rude of me, would it not? Besides, I bring a lot of rain and gloom with me. You don't want that, do you? That would be so selfish of me, to bring such rainy days, muddy trails, and whatnot. I mean, think about it. Think about it real hard. On another note, Winter is a fun gal. She brings a lot of music, food, togetherness, and even the birth of the prince of peace. People don't usually get together for *me*. But people travel from all around to meet with friends and family for Winter, because, after all, she brings Christmas and New Years Eve. And New Years Day, for goodness sakes! And about the flowers. I'll see what I can do. You do deserve at least that much. See you in a few weeks! I'm thinking I'll arrive... say, how does June 1st sound?

Sincerely, Spring.

THE END



Summer Meadow by Mackenzie Ondrush



The Flower That Blooms in Adversity by Caitlin Kalita

POEMS BY ADRIA PETERS

ANXIETY

My thoughts pacing
on the slippery floor
of my brain.
Recklessly marching,
they tumble.
Resulting in
uninvited trepidation.

DEPRESSION

The smallest tasks,
I have made a challenge.
Brushing your teeth,
combing your hair,
showering off the sorrow—
daunting & difficult.
I control you,
you obey me.
- Depression

INHALE EXHALE

As I close my eyes,
I breathe in deep.
My heart sighs,
and I begin to weep.
Longing for love,
searching for life.
I feel empty,
like a cruel shove
into a sharp knife.

I CANNOT

COMPLETE YOU

I feel you pick me apart.
Each and every flaw
being dissected
like a dead frog.
Perhaps you tear me apart
in search of the pieces
that you are missing.
I cannot complete you.



Turkish Horse By Isabella Anderson



Hesitation by Jenna Pedrow



Red Furry by Jenna Pedrow



Watercolor by Jenna Pedrow



Colorful Bubbles by Jenna Pedrow

THE ABANDONED HUNT

KENNEDY STANEK

A twisting of a knife is
When she friend requested me.
That surprised me.
A sickly smile fixed on me hard
And I nearly cried out in class when I saw it.
How would she see me, know me

Unless I had talked to her, revealed myself?
(I'd been still, inactive for so long.
I thought I could disappear in the forest.)
Unless you told her about me
Perhaps to make sure I couldn't hate her.
(Pursuer, do you think so low of me?
Would you be right to? But I swear
I hadn't yet, I was gonna do better,
I know better than that, don't I?)

Unless, and even worse,
You wanted us to be friends.
(I'm drip drip dripping red and shivering)
Unless, poisoned blade, you told her we existed.
(I would rather you think the worst of me
Never tell anyone about me,
No matter what things drove us to the chase,
Then ever involve me with
The people you care about.)

Keep me away,
Keep me separated,
Keep me isolated,
So when I pass it'll be easy.
Maybe you can forget me
So quickly that I won't have to run anymore.

Forget me, forget me, please.
I don't care about the chronic ache I'll get,
But forget me in all capacity,
Leave me to bleed out.
Please please,
Just forget.

DO YOU PROMISE

KENNEDY STANEK

To me, what feels like prayer, perhaps like happiness, is running my fingers over the smooth, almost untextured pages of a textbook page, feeling the knowledge under my fingertips but unweighted and earned but unearned. The flow of a fountain pen is similar. Sinfully good in it, but I am all the work, the pen just makes a herculean task feel a little friendlier.

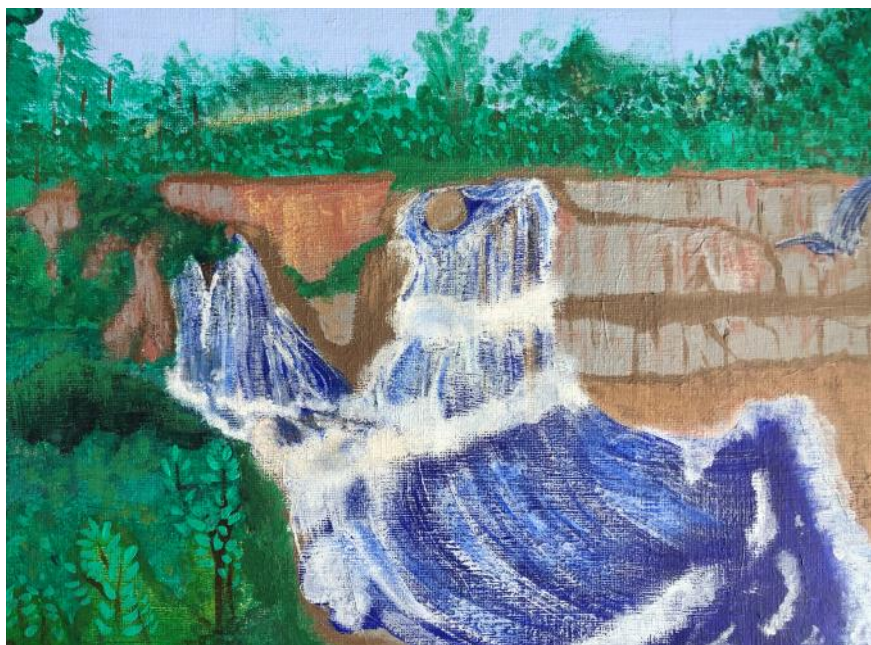
Another friendly feeling is that of cold air jutting against the warmth of a building. The first steps outside, my breath billows like a bull in the throws of a fight. It dissipates and I watch it, enraptured. I walk further, my arms bare but my skin does not rise, the sun brushes across my face and pets me with comfort. I turn, I spin. I know the treachery of the ice smiling beneath my feet, and yet I am steady and it only pushes me onwards. I fall into the snow and let myself become part of it, the cold melding with my marrow, collecting in my eyes and fingertips but it does not hurt. When I finally give in and return to warmth, the cold lingers upon me. Its lips traverse my arms, up to my shoulder and along my neck. It kisses my fingertips and nose, runs hands along my jaw and cheekbones while the heater tries to wash it away like the ocean, promising a gentler passion. And the cold does draw away, with a grin, even, a promise. We have a history, and I have always come back to them in the night, in the falling of snowflakes or the rush of the wind, I choose to face it. I will surrender, always, to the warmth. But with the lightest of wind-whispers, with the taste of snow on my tongue and perichor rising in me, does it assure that my end will be within their arms. One day I will not return to the warm and will accept them in their entirety. I do not fear that end, but look upon it with eyes of blue and fingers stiff with the promise.



HedgeHog by Kate Bunner



Minnesota Loon By Cat Adkins



Grand Portage Waterfalls by Cat Adkins



My Cat Cow by Mackenzie Ondrush



Seeing Double by Alex Carlton

POEMS BY JANIE TORMANEN

MASKS

I'm good at distractions
That create
A false sense of normalcy
But distractions
Are not all-consuming
I laugh with my head
But my soul stays heavy
I can't remember
Why I wear
The mask

PETALS AND THORNS

Flowers are made
Of petals and thorns
I was forged
Through blades and flames

DAMAGED

My puzzle
Has pieces missing
Maybe you can gaze fondly
At the picture it makes
Despite
The damage

A MISERABLE
WELCOME

I stumble through the door
I thought was sealed
And see Misery inside
Hopelessly, shaking his head
In recognition and heartbreak
But no surprise
The rusty key
I had trusted to lock this door
Was only temporary
And it broke with me
Misery
Guides me into his arms
And once again
Welcomes me back

PICKING

I hate picking apples
Because the few I've tasted
Were bitter and sour
Devious instead of delicious
The shiny red should've warned
me
Of the danger within
So why am I tempted
To bite into this fresh apple
As green as a clover
That fell into my lap

*-When all I've learned is apples
disappoint me*



Knock Knock by Caitlin Kalita



Houdini by Caitlin Kalita



Pure Joy by Eric Castle



Best View by Eric Castle

COVID

JAYLA WILLIAMS

Alex shielded her eyes from the smoke of the fire, feeling the heat from the flames eat away at her. She felt as if she was in the fire, not watching it burn from a safe distance. Then reality began to dawn on her. She was the one that set the store on fire. She had lit the first match. In fact, she was the leader of this protest. Her sister called it a violent protest, but Alex preferred to call it a gentle kick. No one ever got hurt. The sound of broken glass interrupted Alex's thoughts. Jack was shouting and throwing rocks through the store window. Alex squatted down and picked up the rock closest to her, closed her eyes, and threw.

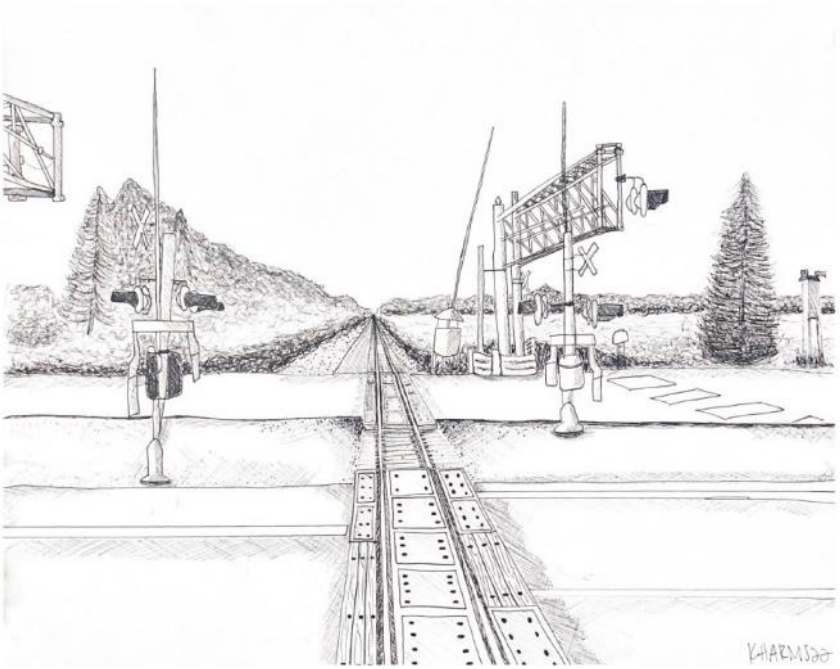
Jessica turned on the TV. The first thing she saw was the burning store. Then she saw Alex, her best friend's little sister. Immediately, Jessica knew there would be trouble. She heard the sirens coming from her TV, but she felt as if they were surrounding her, swallowing her. She watched as the police started throwing tear gas into the crowd of teens. She watched as several teens were handcuffed and roughly thrown into the backs of police cars. Alex was one of them. Yet somehow Alex was running. Then there was a bang, and Alex wasn't running anymore. Jessica turned off the television and picked up her phone. With a knot in her stomach and her heart in her throat, she called Maria to tell her that her little sister wasn't coming home tonight.

Maria was folding her laundry when Jessica called. She picked up on the first ring. These were hard times; every phone call counted. She pressed her phone to her ear and listened intently as Jessica frantically told her to come over immediately. That something had happened to Alex. Maria started crying as she ran to her car. Not Alex. Anyone but Alex. Maria rushed to Jessica's house, barely able to drive straight, and fell to the floor as she rushed inside. Jessica held her and told her what she'd seen on the television, but Maria didn't want to believe it. Somehow, somehow, her best friend was lying. Alex wasn't dead. She couldn't be dead... she couldn't be...

THE END



Callan by Erin Turman



Railroad by Kelsey Harms

ANTAGONIST

KATE BUNNER

The world shadowed in shades of black and grief
Now the hour comes at last. Fatality.
Can you deliver justice? Become life's great thief?
Can you contend with this reality?
Engulfed within this battle for the age.
To the victor goes the fame. Goes the glory.
What do they say about the loser except rage?
Alas, rage, anger, darkness, and death are their story.
Is there a motive? Is there a reason?
It is often left blank never explored.
Who can justify death? Vengeance? Treason?
So bare witness Hero, You are adored.
Take heed as you have the leisure of choice.
I made a choice, now make yours. Use your voice.

HERO OF LEGEND

KATE BUNNER

Virtue stands tall.

Through epic battles warriors are forged and fired.

Does the sword protect, or does it kill?

Destiny looms overall.

Wading through the mists of legend true and tired.

When all is through, what will be recorded with the quill?

Virtue stands tall.

Protecting those who cannot protect themselves. Leading others to
be inspired.

The call of battle is sounded loud and shrill.

Destiny looms overall.

Actions of nobler virtue are required.

But, what of the man that lies beneath the armor? What of his own
ill-will?

Virtue stands tall.

Will a call to adventure be answered? Will it be heard?

Is a hero tethered to his fate? Does he have free will?

Destiny looms overall.

Virtue stands tall.

CHARACTER DEATH

KATE BUNNER

In the end. Hardly the start.
For those with a change of heart.
Both for lion and lamb
Though sometimes a sham.
I am the death within art.



Fire Lights by Caitlin Kalita



The Scarlet Eye of Envy by Trinity Fredericks



Dragon From Ninja by Zachary Weston

DEPORTATION FROM ODELIA BLUM

JAYLA WILLIAMS

Three years after Invasion Day

Odelia glanced out of the tiny, solitary, train car window. She was lonely, homesick, train sick, and German-sick; sick of all the German soldiers. Mama and Papa always told her to be strong, and to stop worrying so much, but she couldn't help it. She was a worrier and nothing could change that. Well, not now, at least. Not after the Germans took over. Her little brother, Evan, was curled up in a little ball on her lap, sound asleep. Odelia smiled down at him, jealous of his ability to fall asleep on a train. Glancing at her little sister, Ebba, curled up next to Big Andy, she just had to laugh. Ebba looked so small compared to their eldest brother, Anders.

"What's so funny, Odelia?" Anders says.

"Oh, nothing. Just looking at Ebba's size compared to yours." she answered. "Why do you ask, Big Andy?"

"Oh come on, Odelia! Give me a break! You know I don't like that nickname!" he laughed, his eyes twinkling happily, despite our tragedies.

"*Ruhig!*" a German says, before Odelia could answer. She looked desperately at Anders, hoping he'd translate for her.

"It means 'quiet'." He whispered.

"Great! First they take away our house and our dignity, and now our right to talk?!?" she whispers, furious with Hitler. She and Anders were both so furious with the German soldiers that they started referring to them as the Germans.

"I'm sorry, Odelia." Anders replies, trying to give her a hug. Odelia accepted the hug before glancing at the other passengers. Mr. Lubin was trying to nudge his way to the tiny opening on the car floor in the corner. It seemed to Odelia as if everyone wanted to be there all the time; especially Mr. Lubin, who spent hours hunched over there. Odelia turned her attention to Ms. Mazo, who was busy trying to calm down four wailing toddlers. Gesturing to Anders to get Evan off her lap, she starts to stand up so she can go help Ms. Mazo calm down the children. Just as she had gotten to her feet, the

train lurched to a screeching halt. She fell into a heap on Anders, knocking him into Ebba, waking her with a start.

“Is that what they mean by the domino effect?” Odelia says laughing.

“*Jeder raus!*” a German shouts, swinging the car door open. “*Eile!*”

“Just follow me. He said ‘everybody out! Hurry!’; please do, Odelia. I don’t want to lose you. Now go!” Anders says, giving Ebba to her then grabbing Evan’s hand. He led her out of the car.

Odelia tried not to cry as her eldest brother led her to where everyone else was standing. She tried not to think about her parents, lying on the cold, hard ground, pleading with a German; pleading for their lives. How Hitler had stepped through their front door and insisted he do it himself. How he’d taken a pistol and murdered their father on the spot. How he’d taken their mother and...

“*Aus! Schnell, jetzt!*” a German screams, spitting in Anders’s face. “*Frauen und Kinder in einer Linie, Männer und Jungen in einer anderen! Älteste und kränzlich in der letzten Zeile. Eile!*”

Odelia looked desperately at Anders, waiting for him to translate. He looked at his feet before looking at her. He opened his mouth to answer her when a German translator started ordering people to go to their assigned places.

“Women and children in one line, men and boys in another! Elders and sickly in the last line. Hurry!”

Odelia looked at Anders one last time before taking Ebba by the hand and leading her over to where the other women and children were gathered. A German inspector was inspecting all the women and children, a translator following close behind. He took one look at Ebba and shook his head.

“*Nein! Sie wird es nicht schneiden! Schick sie zu den Duschen!*”

“Please!” Odelia pleaded. She didn’t need the translator to tell her what he’d said. “She’s a good worker! Really strong and healthy for her age. Just give her a chance! Please!”

He considered this for a little bit. “*Fein! Aber jeder Ärger ...*”

The translator explained what he said in Odelia’s ear before hurrying to catch up with the soldier. Ebba looked up at Odelia, a confused look in her eyes.

“He said that you didn’t cut and ordered one of his men to take you to the showers, but I asked him not to, and he said yes but if you caused any trouble...” Odelia trailed off.

Ebba seemed to understand. She glanced around the camp, her eyes stopping on Mr. Lubin's group. Odelia was also watching his group. They were both watching when a German took Mr. Lubin by the arm and led him to the showers. They both looked away after that, unable to watch as the Germans threw him in and turned the gas pipes on.

"It's okay, Ebba. Things can't get any worse than this. We've already lost everything to them; what else have we got that they want?" Odelia says, hugging her sister. She had no clue what the Germans were capable of, or how wrong she was. The bad things have just begun; the worst was yet to come.

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Thank you...
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...for reading



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