

# ROCKY MOUNTAIN REFLECTIONS



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Colorado Mountain College

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**/ Ari Barger /**

***Cross-Country Masterpiece***

Crunch

Crunch

Crunch

A melodic tune escapes from the soles of my feet

Music to my ears

Movement to the beat

The smell of fresh pine surrounding me on every side

At every turn

At every stride

Hues and shades of colors dancing in front of my eyes

Composing a beautiful mural

Awarding a spectacular prize

Drip

Drip

Drip

The snow performing in harmony with the day

Humming itself into runoff

Melting itself far away

Turbid dirt peeking its way out of the sparkly snow

Smelling like worms

Illuminating a glow

Sun shining brightly, bringing light and warmth to everything in its way

The keeper of life

The starter of day

Enjoy the masterpiece...

Enjoy this life...

Enjoy all that is given...

**/ Elliott Hill /**  
***Coyote Shits***

What does a coyote shit when it shits its coyote shits?  
 If my mind can remember right, it might be quite like this:  
 Little puffy rabbit tails, feathers from a bird,  
 And let's not forget about other coyote turds  
 Twigs and rocks and baby socks and sometimes baby feet.  
 Who knows of all the wondrous things that a coyote could eat?  
 Though what will last until it's passed through the coyote's unknown,  
 I'm sure a thing you'll find a lot is little bunny bones.  
 That's why at night you'll always hear the coyote's wild cry;  
 Bunny bones through the ass hurt worse than burning sticks in the eye.

**/ Creative Writing Students /**  
***The Realization***

This poem was written by six people in a class. Each person who wrote could only see what the person behind them wrote, nothing else.

Gleaming blue, wet and true, raw  
 And ruthless like a river  
 Cutting through.  
 But today it was alright,  
 For every dog must die.  
 Die the dog must  
 But why?  
 His golden fur glowing in the sun  
 Where he lies like a parallelogram of window  
 Light, letting go his warm exhalations.  
 The warmth finally consumes  
 Him, he looks around and  
 Admires the dancing river.  
 Looking into his reflection in the  
 River's bank, he sees himself as  
 If he was not his own.  
 His mind was blown, too much coke  
 To realize  
 That he was on the wrong end of the dog leash.

*Creative Writing I*  
*Summit Campus*  
*Spring 2010*

/ **Jessica Moorman** /

Can't cope  
 This Pain  
 All my hope  
 Has been slain  
 Bloody tears  
 Happy mask  
 I'm juggling fears  
 And secret tasks  
 Few friends  
 Secret scars  
 Many ends  
 At the bar  
 Into lust  
 With no love  
 End of trusts  
 Kill the dove  
 Can't feel  
 All numb  
 Nothing's real  
 Grab a gun  
 Safety off  
 Point and aim  
 Pull the trigger  
 End the pain

/ **Basil Cahoon** /***One Random Day***

A gal in a gown  
 With gorgeous proportions  
 Wandered about, in a very small town  
 Wouldn't you know it,  
 she knew how to show it.  
 Those curves, those thighs,  
 What lows and highs!  
 She came upon me  
 with the spirit of a child  
 yet not quite so mild  
 As she spoke, I saw a spark,  
 right from the go!  
 Good taste, she had it.  
 How bout that: what a nice smile,  
 Even eyes that glisten like the Nile  
 Can I act?  
 Is it time?  
 Can she see that I have tact?  
 Should that spark start a fire  
 she'll see a flare up, in desire.

/ **Andrew Kuszniir** /

## *Rum on the Rocks*

Francis George was born on July 6, 1988 and is genuinely the best human being you'll ever meet.

His first name is Alex, his middle name is Francis, and his confirmation name is George. But he goes by Francis George.

He was over it. All he wanted was a pool hall, his friends and girls, but not the random college girls he hooked up with at school. He no longer wanted the cliché college life of drinking until you can't feel your face, or not being able remember your own name. He was done and ready for something new. Something more.

His first thought was to join the Navy. His second was to move back home, but not to his parents' house. They'd kill him. Francis George moved back to Chicago.

He lived above Junior's at 2833 N. Sheffield Avenue, a sports bar with a pool hall in back and a bowling alley in the basement. Francis did his fair share of drinking his first two years of college, and was over getting shit canned every night, though he still enjoyed getting hammered with his friends on the weekends. After work as a messenger for a Chicago law firm, he'd stop in at Junior's where he was a regular. Tom, the old man at the end of the bar who drank whiskey with a splash of water, warm, would always give Francis his drunken outlook on life, and Johnny the bartender had Francis's drink awaiting him. A seven and seven, a little heavy on the Seagram's. Francis would usually ask Johnny if it looked like any good players had walked in, but today he didn't.

Francis made his casual walk through the place, saying hello to everyone, especially the old men who knew Francis's father, and to all the women in the place, ugly, fat, cute, whorish, he didn't care. Francis was a gentleman and made sure everyone was greeted. As he walked past the last table before the pool hall door, there sat a girl that he hadn't ever seen. He said hello like usual and kept walking. As he opened the door to the pool hall he looked back at her just as she was turning to look at him. It was one of those awkward moments; both realizing what they had just done, they quickly looked opposite ways.

The room was lit by billiard lamps and held five regulation-size pool tables. The felt that stretched across the marble was new, but broken in. Johnny, the bartender who was also the son of the owner, took care of the billiards. He would replace the felt and level the tables twice a year. The hall was small, definitely not the biggest pool hall in the city, but it was one of the more popular.

Smoke poured out of the billiard room as Francis opened the back door. Francis George, as his father, mother, and friends called him, never really smoked cigarettes. His old man used to smoke cigars and swishers, and he'd always steal a few and smoke 'em in the forest across the street from where he grew up, the same forest where he once found a dead body. He was never a fan of smoking. Francis would take a few puffs, cough, and give up.

It was a Tuesday night; the Hawks were away and The Back Room, as the regulars called it, didn't have any televisions to watch the game. The radio was just loud enough so that John Wideman's voice could be heard as he gave a play-by-play of the hockey game.

Francis picked a table. It didn't much matter to him which one it was, he'd played all of them and had probably won on all of them too. On a Friday night, when the place was jammed, and the Hawks playing at home, Francis would play around two dozen games and win most of them. He was a pool hall junky that didn't play for shits and giggles. One Friday night he walked out of Junior's with four hundred and forty-three dollars. He won five hundred, but bought the regulars and Johnny a round and left a tip. He didn't play for much usually, but that night there was some jerk running his mouth, who thought he was a straight shooting son of a gun. I was there, and watched Francis single handedly take this guy's cash, his girlfriend's and her friends'.

Francis didn't think that this Tuesday night was anything special. He started to rack the billiard balls and before he could finish some guy was standing at one end of the table with a twenty in one hand and a beer in the other. Francis looked up, kindly smiled, said hello like usual, and asked this man if he wanted to shoot some stick. He guy laughed and said, "I'm gunna teach you a thing or two about stick." Francis smirked; he didn't talk much while he shot and when he did it was modest. Since Francis racked and the gentleman placed the bet, it was the gentleman's obligation to break. He broke, made the number nine stripe in. His second shot didn't make anything. Francis started, sunk the red number three into the right corner pocket, banked the green six into the left side pocket, then longjohned the yellow number one in, too: one, two, three and the game was over. Francis looked

up from the last pocket that held the game-winning shot to find the girl from the bar standing there. With a bitter but sweet attitude she asked if she could have next game. Francis didn't hear anything she had said, he was lost. This wasn't your typical college sorority girl, oh buddy, no, this girl was trouble.

She was wearing a black coat, dark jeans, and black leather boots. She was sipping on a rum on the rocks through a straw that she had been chewing on. She had dark skin, dark brown eyes that were hard to look away from, and dark kinda long hair. She was stunning; it put Francis on his heels. He had no idea what she had said to him. He couldn't talk and if he did, he'd probably stutter something stupid out to her. He asked her if she wanted to play. She laughed and said that she had just asked him the same question. Francis felt like an idiot, but went along. She pulled out a ten-dollar bill and asked if he was ready.

She broke, sinkin' the purple number four ball in, then the one, then the five, and finally scratching on the two. She smiled as she handed the cue over to Francis. He sunk the red stripe fifteen, and that was it. Game over. He shanked on the orange thirteen. This chick came in hot, she came into The Back room to kick Francis's ass. She took the cue from Francis and went to town, number three ball down, same with six and seven. The table was still heavy with six of Francis's balls plus the eight ball. She stood and looked and then turned to Francis and said, "I'm putting another bet on the table; if I sink this eight ball, you gotta buy me a drink." Francis looked into those dark brown eyes and said, "You're on." They stood there staring into one another's eyes. As he stared, she shot the ball.

/ *Rachel Meisler* /

## *Muffling*

muffling  
 snow-bulging cloud banks  
 sink into our space  
 gray, raw loneliness  
 and white peace  
 joy shifts quiet movements  
 dancing practice  
 skiing alone into a fog of snowflakes  
 twilight sacrifices for the darkness  
 feeling turns too dim to see  
 tight and fast  
 touching the delicate edge of fear  
 clicking poles into the silence  
 into a clearing  
 emerging

learning  
 calm  
 changes repeated  
 cycles bleeding  
 keeping track  
 looking down  
 footprints  
 lines  
 and lists and time  
 a scrim of cloud descends  
 to bear the light  
 the comfort of companionship  
 my friend,  
 the moon,

three short barks and a squealing coyote calling  
out to me  
and her face shines into my face  
even as I look down and the white light strikes  
from a snowy carpet shining up  
filling in the dark places across the woods and hills

### *High Springtime*

snowflakes  
sucking moon's shine  
blissing glissing  
glow rebounding off  
new water-laden lines  
bright beaming peak-light penetrates  
the dark interiors of clouds  
bleeding into white against  
a soft, absorbing sky

spring flips on  
as aspens leaf  
wind and wetness rush  
and rivers gush  
all over  
in the gleam  
of Mars  
and powdered stars  
and this  
full moon  
of ours

### *Justin Pollack / Like a River*



*/ Melinda Bezdek /  
Italian Skyline*



*/ Marie Orlin /  
Bird Reflection*



*/ Pat Quaid /*  
*Tuscan Window*



*/ Ann Brewster /*  
*Pink Rose*



*Julie Lyne /  
Skyscape*



*Kevin Reynolds /  
Fall Cabin*



*/ Colin Carman /*  
*American Salvation*



*/ Daniel Mcvey /*  
*Perseids Meteor Shower Over the Ten Mile Range*



/ **Erica Marciniac** /

***Ode to Chasing Rainbows, Poems, and  
other Fanciful Inventions***

Between the rows of prose I wrote I pause, and think,  
and take a drink, and wonder if this lispng tongue  
has grasped a hint of meaning. I dig with a pick, at a  
slender prick—a tickle, pink, inside my head—a  
subject for my rhapsody.

It is my conviction—or perhaps it is simply my  
addiction—that fixes me to my seat, albeit beat, to  
string words like beads around my feet. My special  
treat—a sculpture of my own invention. Was it, in  
fact, the artist's intention to communicate some grand  
reflection?

Alas, my words are free as the sea in this merry  
morning jubilee. My fanciful introspection—a poem  
to add to my collection—yields no tangible perception,  
no enlightened morsel of divine intervention.

And yet somehow the excavating is exhilarating; I'm  
anticipating the pleasure thousand-fold, in pursuit of  
this most personal persuasion. Convinced that amidst  
the poetic musings of this fanatic lady lounges a  
misshapen lump of erudition.

The chase is lace, an exuberant race. I'm running and  
skipping to catch my own drift...for it has always been  
my tender suspicion that the pithy core is something  
more than nonsense cloaked in eloquent composition.

/ **Paul MacFarlane** /

***Bird at the Window***

Just sleep now  
listen to the rain  
Just sleep now  
forget the day's pain  
there's a bird outside your window  
who knows

/ **Marianna King** /

***On Driving East From the Rockies***

Driving east from the Rockies  
Caught in my rearview mirror  
I am captivated by their pull

At the Pacific, Kerouac felt "land's end sadness"  
Here it is land's end gladness  
Rejoicing settlers saw them heralding  
A new life

I am engulfed in a pale sea of land  
A sudden dip into land wave and they are gone.

***Valley of San Antonio  
Where I Live***

I see the tall pine trees from where I live  
Old, vibrant lilac tree at the kitchen window  
Abuela, weeping willow, huge in her beauty  
Abundant blossoms, yellow and white  
Fragrance soon.

/ **J.D. Miller** /  
*July*

Running as rivers and dripping as ice  
 In mercury flux to current of pitch  
 Through limpid pools to clots of paradise;  
 And fluid silver, to puddle as rich:

Charged in a feather to discolor page  
 Or written in reed or pen is as rife;  
 Only its flow will the writer assuage,  
 To each his own style as blood is to life.

Like Martin Luther on foolscap do mark,  
 Slash on through India, gently on crepe;  
 Set it on litmus; the color thou hark  
 And the craft thou see'st thy soul it doth shape.

Control all such and prove master of art;  
 To make vellum drunk is skill of the heart.

/ **Peggy Curry** /  
*Over 200 Channels with Nothing On*

If I didn't write the important stuff down,  
 It would float down the river without me.  
 It would go right past me,  
 sitting on the river bank.  
 And I still wouldn't know  
 what it was....  
 or why it was....  
*important.*

*Keeping Up*

She's way ahead of me—  
 "Wait up!" I shout.  
 I can't catch up.  
 When I do, it's because her  
 big wheel went out of control  
 and she's fallen off—  
 skinned an elbow.  
 She says:  
 "Why are you mad at me?"  
 I say:  
 "Because I am afraid."

## *Seasonal Migration*

My arms are sore.  
 The migration not yet complete.  
 I eat moths inside my house.  
 Tired, I join the flock,  
 screeching loudly to find their way.

How mighty the wind above the mountains  
 in October.  
 How delicious and unnerving this pond.

The noble decoy fat with uneaten water weeds  
 Is the sign I need  
 to keep flying.

/ *Suzanne Thompson* /

## *My Cat Plays God*

My cat plays God.  
 Whatever he discovers under the dirt or dislodges from a nest is his own creation.  
 He is the original solipsist, and commands that his creatures play his game.  
 I gave you life--now humor me.  
 He brings them into the house world through his swinging cat door.

My cat plays God, then tires of the game.  
 I come home to find  
 a mockingbird flying around in the house,  
 smashing itself into the windows and mirrors,  
 leaving its mark of terror in white-and-black-streaked excrement.  
 My cat rubs his head against my leg, inquiring about my day.

My cat plays God, and is surprised by grief  
 when his creatures grow weary of the game.  
 He brings them to me in the night,  
 crying with his creation still in his mouth.  
 I know that muffled plea and turn on the light.  
 He drops a dead baby mole at my feet.  
 Reanimate it. I don't understand.

My cat plays God, and wants to take it back.  
 But he can't find it. I have wrapped it in a paper towel and put it in the trash and  
 the garbage men picked it up this morning.  
 He searches the house until he finds its likeness  
 and takes it out the cat door, back into the universe.  
 He breathes life into it, tosses it up into the air, and commands it to live once more.  
 He is pleased with his work and takes a nap in the sun.  
 I find his catnip mouse outside in the garden again.

/ **Louis O. Beatty** /

***The Gift***

If I had but one gift to give,  
A smile is what it would be,  
To enrich and brighten your day,  
A gift to you from me.

***Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow***

Today I eat, and breathe, and live,  
For what I do not know,  
Tomorrow is not a yesterday,  
A time which should not show.

For what is a life you'd rather not live,  
One spent in solitude,  
One passed with dreams of yesterday,  
Which still can't change your mood.

Life is a daily struggle  
When you are all alone,  
When life has no more meaning  
And your sanity has left home.

Death is a rich man's funeral,  
Death is a poor man's dream,  
Death is a lonely man's future,  
Or so it sometimes seems.

/ **LLSkall** /

***In the Autumn of Their Lives***

Our Lodge Pole Pines are in the Autumn of their lives  
Unnaturally changing colors...

Prematurely -

Progressively -

Permanently.

After a century of year-long Summer seasons

...and persistent, consistent, glorious greens...

They are transitioning to ominous shades of

dried Georgia clay ~ burnt sienna ~ and aged, unpolished bronze.

They are becoming dormant – in their Autumn –

Like our Aspens. And Cottonwoods.

But, not just for this winter...

For all Winters.

For good.

Soon...

Floods of rusty hued needles

will prick like sleet, and rain down.

They'll pool beneath newly naked branches

and bare, barren boughs.

Winds and wicked weather

will strip them to the bone...

Leaving driftwood-grey skeletons of petrified ash.

A lasting stand. Of their last stand.

Our Evergreens ~ are ever gone ~

It's the Autumn of their lives.

Falling out of grace with Nature.

Falling out of the race with time.

...transforming, transpiring, transcending...

In their Winter...

Snowflakes will fall like confetti

celebrating the promise of Spring!

...the potential, and the possibilities that the new Seasons bring

Our Evergreens: are they ever gone?

They may need another millennium of Spring Seasons

To dissolve.

To disintegrate.

To Regenerate.

To Repopulate...

And. They. Will. In the new dawn of their lives.

# ***Authors***

## ***Literary Works***

Ari Barger  
Louis O. Beatty  
Basil Cahoon  
Creative Writing Students  
Peggy Curry  
Elliott Hill  
Marianna King  
Andrew Kuszniir  
Paul MacFarlane  
Erica Marciniac  
Rachel Meisler  
J.D. Miller  
Jessica Moorman  
LLSkall  
Suzanne Thompson

## ***Artworks***

Melinda Bezdek  
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Colin Carman  
Marketa Jonas-Hagy  
Julie Lyne  
Daniel McVey  
Marie Orlin  
Justin Pollack  
Pat Quaid  
Kevin Reynolds