

Calvin University

Calvin Digital Commons

Dialogue

University Publications

3-1-2017

Dialogue

Staff and writers of Dialogue

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.calvin.edu/dialogue>

Recommended Citation

Staff and writers of Dialogue, "Dialogue" (2017). *Dialogue*. 235.
<https://digitalcommons.calvin.edu/dialogue/235>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Calvin Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Dialogue by an authorized administrator of Calvin Digital Commons. For more information, please contact dbm9@calvin.edu.



dialogue

Volume 49 Issue 2
Calvin College's Creative Journal

Editors' Notes

I never expected to be the editor of *Dialogue*. I didn't really want to.

But that quickly became irrelevant as the fastest, busiest year of my life shot by and left my head doing that cartoon spin thing, and somehow these magazines got here. And I could not be more proud.

Now, I'm leaving this work in the hands of my two best friends in the world, and I do so with a lot of mixed feelings but mostly confidence in what comes next—confidence because I'm leaving it in your hands as well, you who are so thoughtful and who take such care in your work, this community of artists. I know that you'll take good care of this publication. Be good to each other, too, as you have been to me.

It has been a crazy, tempestuous honor to serve you.

I wait with bated breath for issue 50.1.

Jeffrey Peterson
Editor-in-Chief

Balancing the creative work of designing a beautiful journal with the practical work of maintaining the integrity of each submission is no walk in the park. My first issue was 48.2. Here we are at 49.2, and my time as layout editor has come to an end. I still haven't walked in a park.

When this issue makes it to the hands of the artists and those hoping to gain something from the art—be it insight, inspiration, or something pretty to look at—I hope you find what you're looking for.

It's all here. Take notice and take care.

Hailey Jansson
Layout Editor

Content

Visual Art

- 5 **Home is Here** Kayla McLean
- 6 **The Building Wall** Jaclyn Kuyers
- 8 **hypo-chon-dri-a** Daniel Howard Hickey
- 10 **Sunlight Is My Favorite Color** Mimi Mutesa
- 14 **Wander** Anna Nicole Asfour
- 17 **Isolation** J. Andrew Gilbert
- 18 **Cygnus** Carlie Bergsma
- 21 **Batik Cup** Rebekah Inman
- 22 **Horizante** Paige Van Drunen
- 26 **Layered 1 & 2** Jaclyn Kuyers
- 28 **Pouring Plate** June Tsujimoto
- 30 **Slow Locomotion** Madeline Smit
- 33 **Intrastructure** Emma Carpenter
- 34 **Flowers & You** Kendra Larsen
- 36 **Unraveling** June Tsujimoto
- 38 **Bold** Emily Annett
- 42 **Cage** Corrie VanderBrug
- 44 **Energy** Corrie VanderBrug
- 46 **Illusion** Jenna Atma
- 47 **Peaks & Basin** Jenna Atma
- 49 **Surface** Harrison Rice
- 50 **Roots** Timothy Dykhuis
- 52 **Bigbloc & Bigthrow** Isaiah LaGrand
- 56 **Ebb and Flow** Blake Staat
- 59 **Ice Cream** Isaiah LaGrand

Film

- Look What He Has Done** Sebastian Larsen
 - Remember Me** J. Andrew Gilbert
 - lured.** Elizabeth Catherine Sample
 - Conforming** Jaclyn Kuyers
- Watch online at calvin.edu/dialogue.

Writing

- 4 **To those of the past, who had meadows** Gregory Manni
- 9 **Agoraphobia** Jordan Petersen
- 12 **Cork Cells are Tiny Prisons** Rachel J. House
- 16 **Grasp** Juliana Ludema
- 20 **Legacy** Bastian Bouman
- 24 **Wilder Like You** Isaiah LaGrand
- 29 **Unisex** Jordan Petersen
- 32 **An Image of Lascaux** Adam Meyer
- 37 **Reminiscent Lies** Cotter Koopman
- 40 **First Grief** Michael Lentz
- 45 **Sated Pyre** Randy Foreman
- 48 **Letter to Sister Water** Stephanie Bradshaw
- 54 **A Resurrection** Josh Parks
- 58 **Three Western Mornings** Connor Bechler

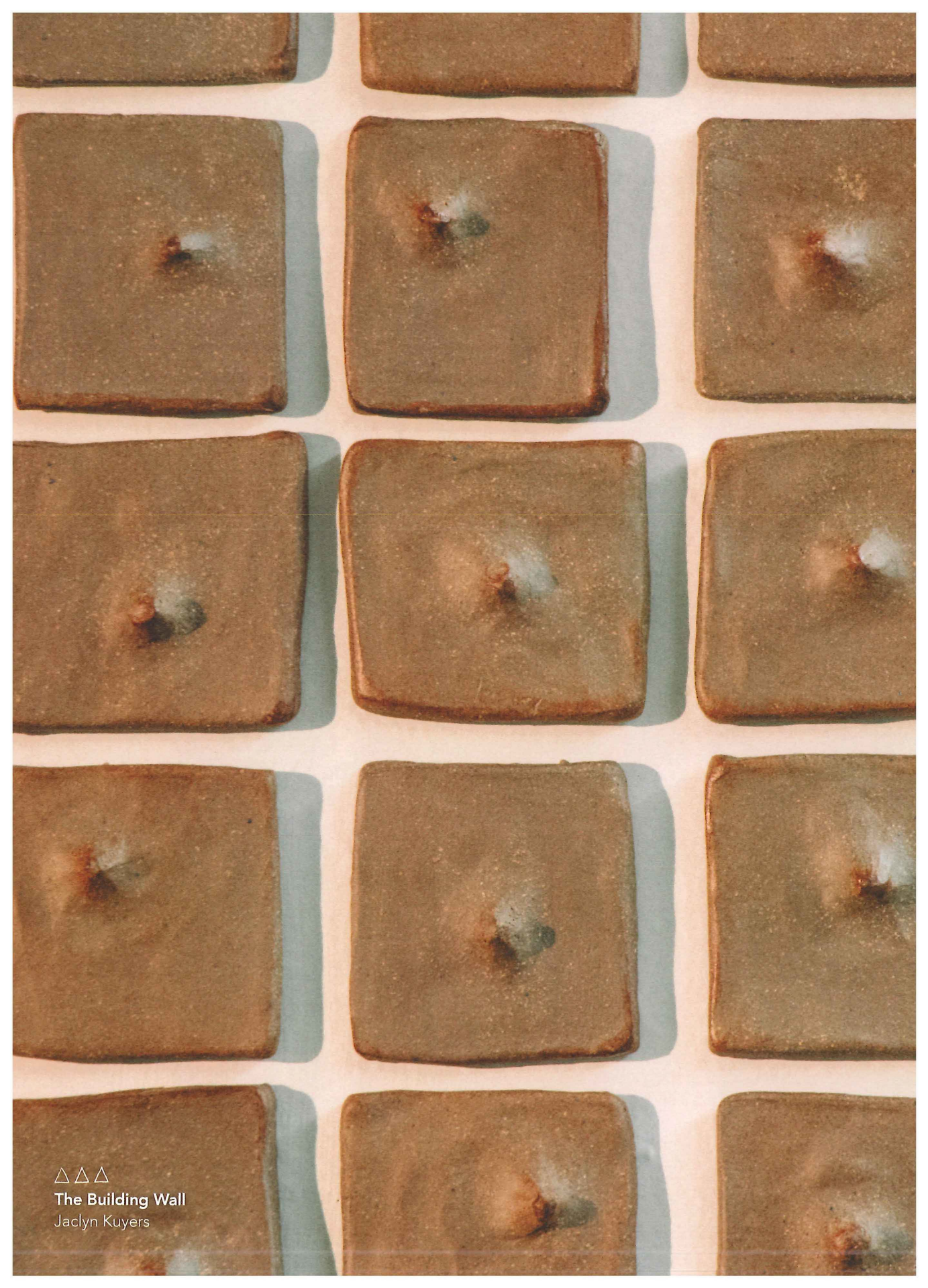
Music

- R U th Goddess?** Cotter Koopman
 - Entropy** Matt Sweda
 - 4 **Bathwater For Jessie**
 - Brother** Conner Luymes
 - Glyc** Tyler Luce
 - Christmas Won't Save You** Cotter Koopman
 - Take Only What You Need** Brendan Murphy
 - Weekends** Ben Cooper
 - Lamplight** L.A.M.P.
 - Departure** Brendan Murphy
- Download Mixtape 49.2 at calvin.edu/dialogue.

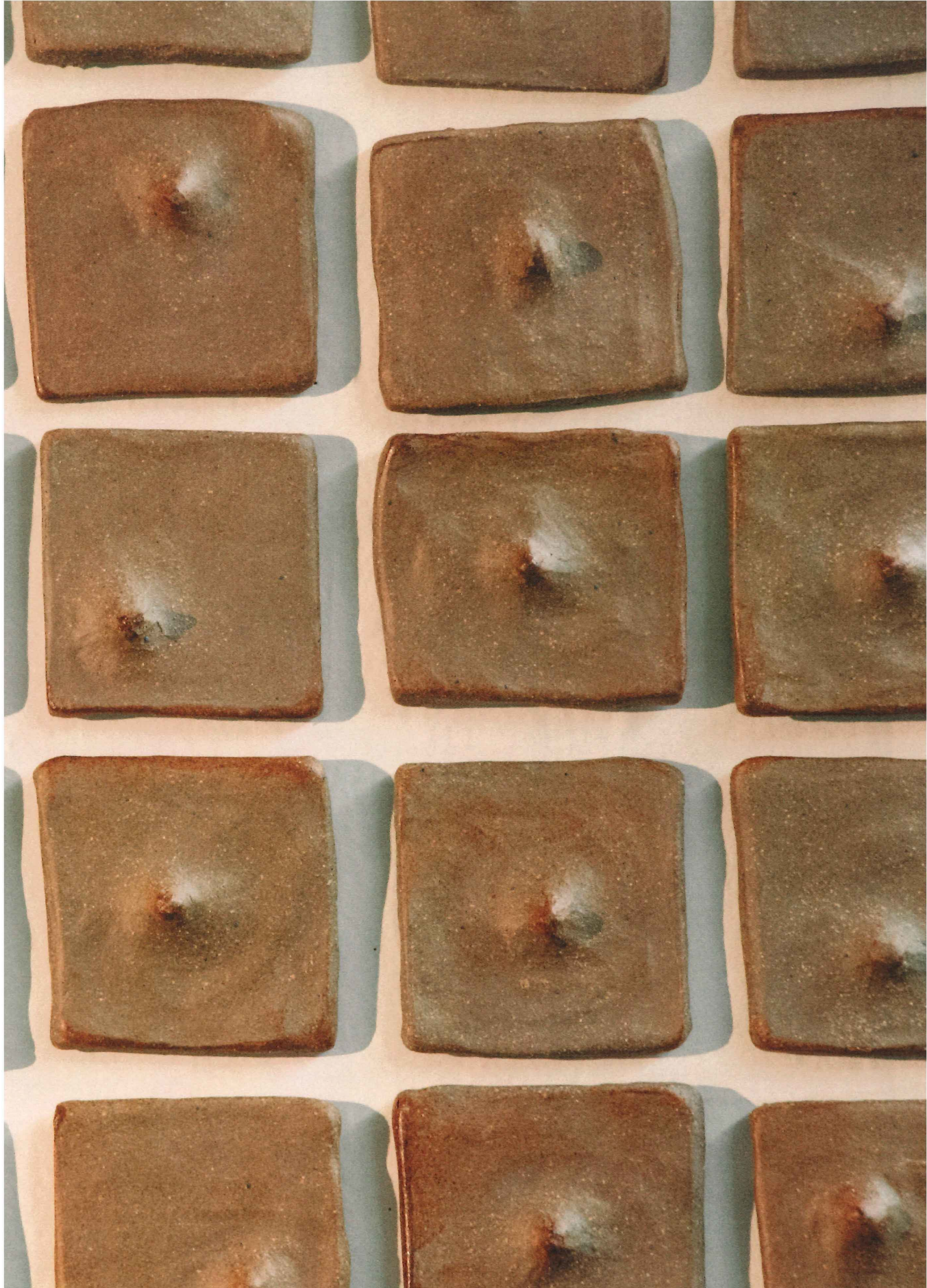


Home is Here Kayla McLean

. . .
. . .
. . .
. . .
V . . .
. . .
. . .
. . .
. . .
. . .
. . .
+ . . .
. . .
. . .



The Building Wall
Jaclyn Kuyers





Detach

Detach here

▷▷▷
hypo-chon-dri-a
Daniel Howard Hickey

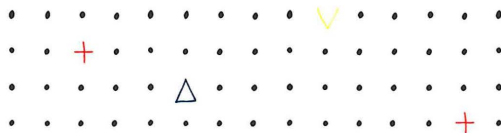
Agoraphobia

Jordan Petersen

I hate being this open. I hate her knowing absolutely everything about me: where I'm working, what I'm watching, who I'm seeing. I don't ask details about her life. I don't need to know every single thing about who she is. I'm sure she means well, but I'd rather she just stay out of it.

Why don't I want to share about my life? Is my identity—my job, my views, my religion—something that I'm ashamed of? My job is not particularly fulfilling, but it is just a stepping-stone. There's something better and more important down the road. Yeah, definitely more important. And politically, I feel vindicated by voting for the right policy makers—that way, I am able to be an activist for equality just through paying my taxes. And all this is also in line with my religious inclination towards a more equitable and harmonious society. Is that false satisfaction though? Is just doing my part as a voter enough to bring about real change, or is it complacency in a power structure that I'm on the winning side of? And why am I on the winning side of the power structure? Why is where I was born so determinate of my social and economic status? Who decided that?

Fuck it. I wish she would quit asking me about my life. Every time I come here, all I leave with is self-doubt, fear of complacency, and an existential pit. And a haircut.





Sunlight Is My Favorite Color + + + Mimi Mutesa



Cork Cells are Tiny Prisons: Meditations on Ecclesiastes

Rachel J. House

II. an exercise in personification, “the wind”

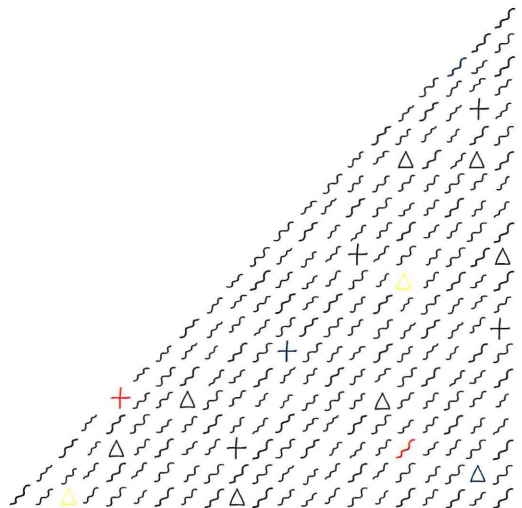
her atoms are mosaic,
a medley of gases,
pollen, dust, spores,
lifeless living,
an ageless marriage
of organic singularities,
endless entropic unraveling,
rustling molecules,
entrancing eyes

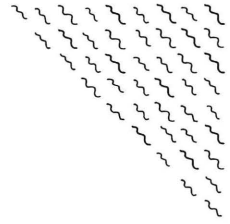
she catches frizzy fog—
nape-nestled haze of hair,
strands diverge,
ends split, disturbing nerves
with gentle sensation, brief encounters,
her face: subdued storm,
coming and going on whispered whim,
a nuanced wild

chase her, Chase Her, CHASE HER!
seek her synaptic signs,
feel your legs turn acid,
watch your will dilute,
warm with pleural burn,
work, Strive, ACHE, for all is meaningless

I have seen boughs break,
sap overflow,
smoked limbs, wood dissolve as smog—

we breathe the dead.





IV. hypoxia is a deprivation of oxygen

on the third thursday of november, i quickened my breaths to match his stunted intake. i sank my lips in thin salivary cement and inhaled quietly through one nostril. my diaphragm stuttered as it contracted while marrow-laced intercostals groaned in expansion, beating my chest against his to the sound of some forgotten dirge.

chanting, monks smashing their skulls with splintered boards, a line of habit-hounds following the scent of incense lingering in gilded papal piping. i'd bet good money that they beat the breath out of their battered brains with rhythms to rival orgasmic utters. "whack, exhale, gasp. whack, exhale, gasp. all together now!"

i wonder if the chesapeake natives could sense each pathogen sickening their skin as they shook hands with white viral vectors? would they have worshiped the murdering minutiae?

babies suckle best when mothers breathe big—presumably, depth inspires growth.

when he left, i sat back and breathed deeply: my ribs gently entangled in gold thread, expanding to envelope sac-cloth shrouds and tubercle terrors and shallow feeders in a glorious aerobic praise.

(give thanks to the LORD, for He heals hypoxic hearts)





Grasp

Juliana Ludema

[grasp]

embers

breathe

sparks

connect the dots
between light fragments
burnt in a cloth

ignite the sky with insecurities
(September's daydreams, knobbly knees)

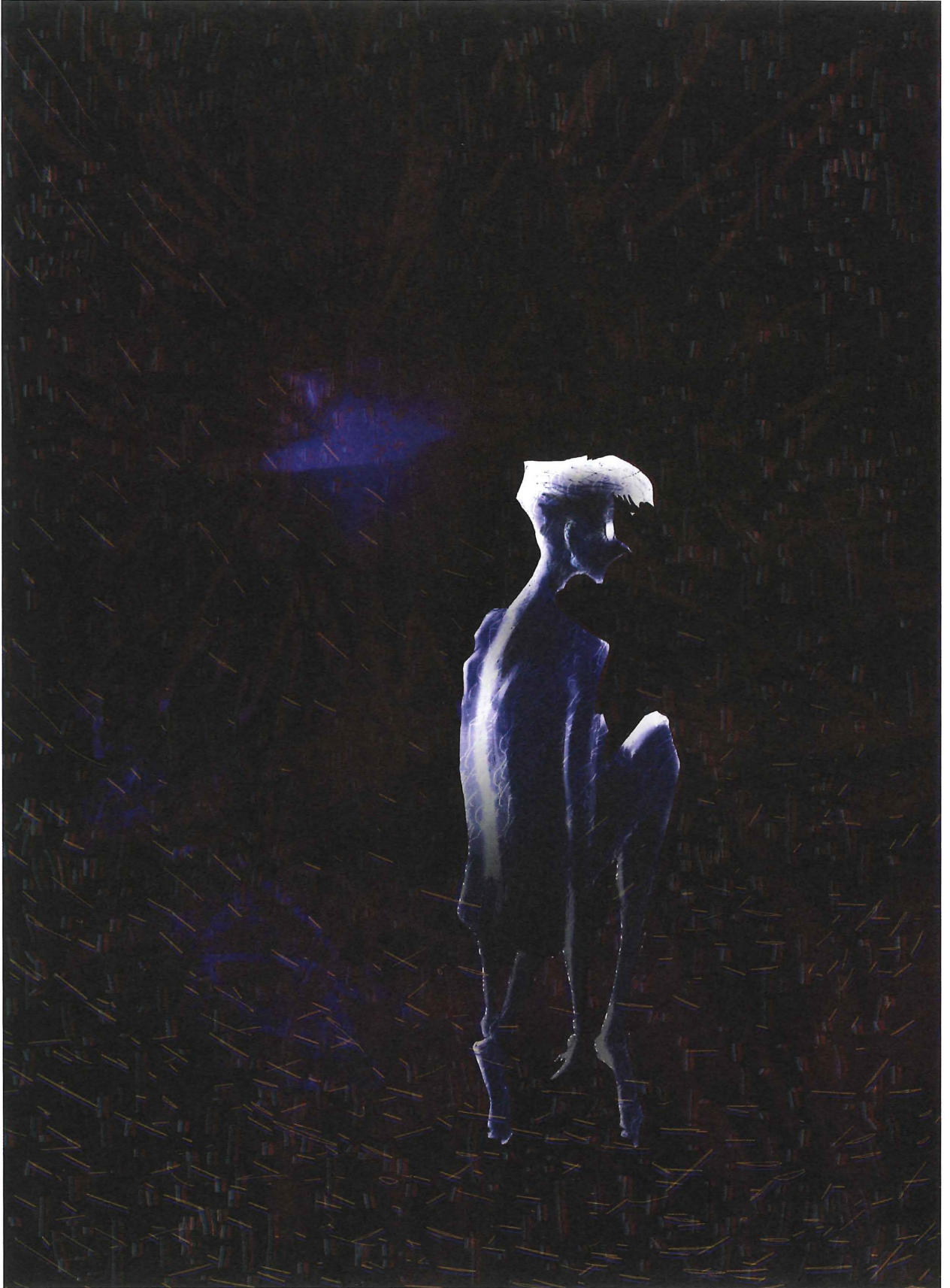
hope they'll shine
and share their luminosity

no one will know
I'm stone cold

every second must hold
a deeper meaning or
I'll flicker

out







+++

Cygnus

Carlie Bergsma



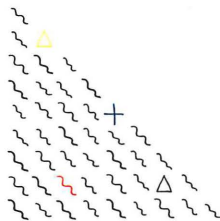
Legacy

Bastian Bouman

The swans have seized my grandfather's Imagination
Not so much the birds as the stories, the fantasies,
the swans of the mind, which true swans could never

realize. The story, which always shifts, swan slick
and swan silent, nested in his head; he couldn't seem
to shake it. Even myths die.

On the death of his wife, my grandfather seized
the shock too much. The angelic host
have white wings, are feared, violent.
Cygnus olor, too, escaped from Europe
White and dangerous, louder and lonelier.
White wings on songless skies.









Wilder Like You

Isaiah LaGrand

It was around the same time that Eric read a blurb in *PATTERNS OF INTERACTION: A WORLD HISTORY* about people who worshiped cats that he found out worshipping something just meant learning from it. So, in his fourteenth year of life, prompted partially by these coincidental discoveries and mainly by his longing for companionship, Eric Busta convinced Mom and Dad to buy a beautiful chocolate-brown cat and named her Hans Maya. Many adjectives, they found out while researching online, could be used to describe the personality of chocolate-colored cats like Hans. The ones that stuck out though—or at least the words Eric got stuck on—were beautiful and wild. Eric was always looking out for perfect words like these.

And after a few weeks of studying her unfathomable leaping skills, fascinating habit of random disappearing, and insanely cute paw use, it was totally evident to Eric that Hans Maya was, in fact, beautiful and wild. Everyone else agreed. Sometimes, Eric couldn't help but smile just thinking of the ways Hans Maya could use her elegant paws. He even made a Rasta-patterned shoelace into a leash, taking Hans for long walks with the string gently placed around her delicate neck.

While they were still in bed, Mom and Dad would hear him in the kitchen calling out softly, "Good morning, my beautiful Hans Maya! Good morning!" And when everyone was in the same room, he would gracefully pick up the cat and say so that everyone could hear, "I want to be like you Hans Maya. Mom

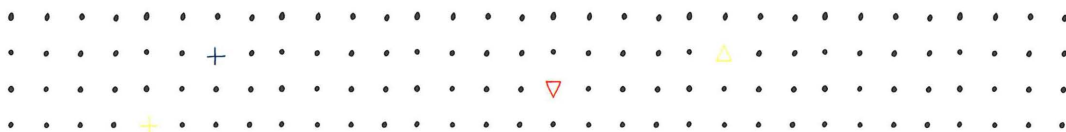
and Dad, too. We all want to be more beautiful and wilder like you."

• • •

The sun was using the few remaining leaves on the oak trees to cast magnificent shadows on the brightly painted wooden homes, making them pulse in the crisp, fall air. Squirrels were being unusually active and happy, playing tag with each other on the fence-tops and throwing acorns at passing cars near Riverferry Park. Moreover, probably due to it being the half-day that always came around this time in the semester, there was a buzzing sensation going around, and more than one of Eric's classmates had mentioned experiencing it. The feeling was that the day could be savored.

Eric was concentrating hard. The corner lot of Williams Avenue and Temple Street—its tired dirt, brown grass, and heavy spirit—had gone through many ownerships: it started with Mr. and Mrs. Allen, then went to the mysterious old man Uncle Aaron had told him about, and then kept going all the way back until eventually nobody owned it. And on this enchanted day, Eric would make it through all of them, to the end, even if it took till dark to get there.

Getting to the very beginning of time—that overwhelming greenness or whatever it was before we screwed it up—was the goal technically, but Eric knew that the important part was the process, the journey. "How easy to imagine it prematurely



and mess this one up,” Eric thought to himself. So he sat on the wooden bench in Temple Park, across Temple Street from that fateful corner lot, gently stroking Hans Maya’s beautiful fur, trying hard to focus on the journey, imagining the many different people who once called that land theirs, all of them becoming more and more unlike the Allens the further he got.

• • •

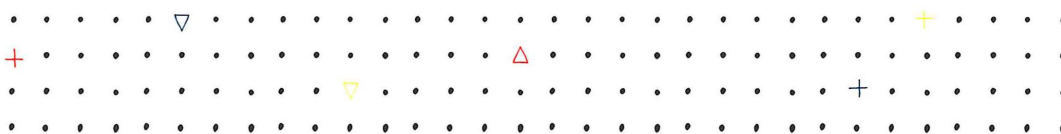
For fourteen, he was pretty into meditation. “Zen-Dude” is even what some of the seniors called him at school—an affectionate nickname, really; they had just started smoking weed and were getting more open minded each day, developing a deep desire to know the unknown Zen things Eric knew. One day, during lunch, a senior named Jameson—who was considered a more advanced member of the group in terms of Zen and weed smoking—even asked him about the meditations that they sometimes saw him doing.

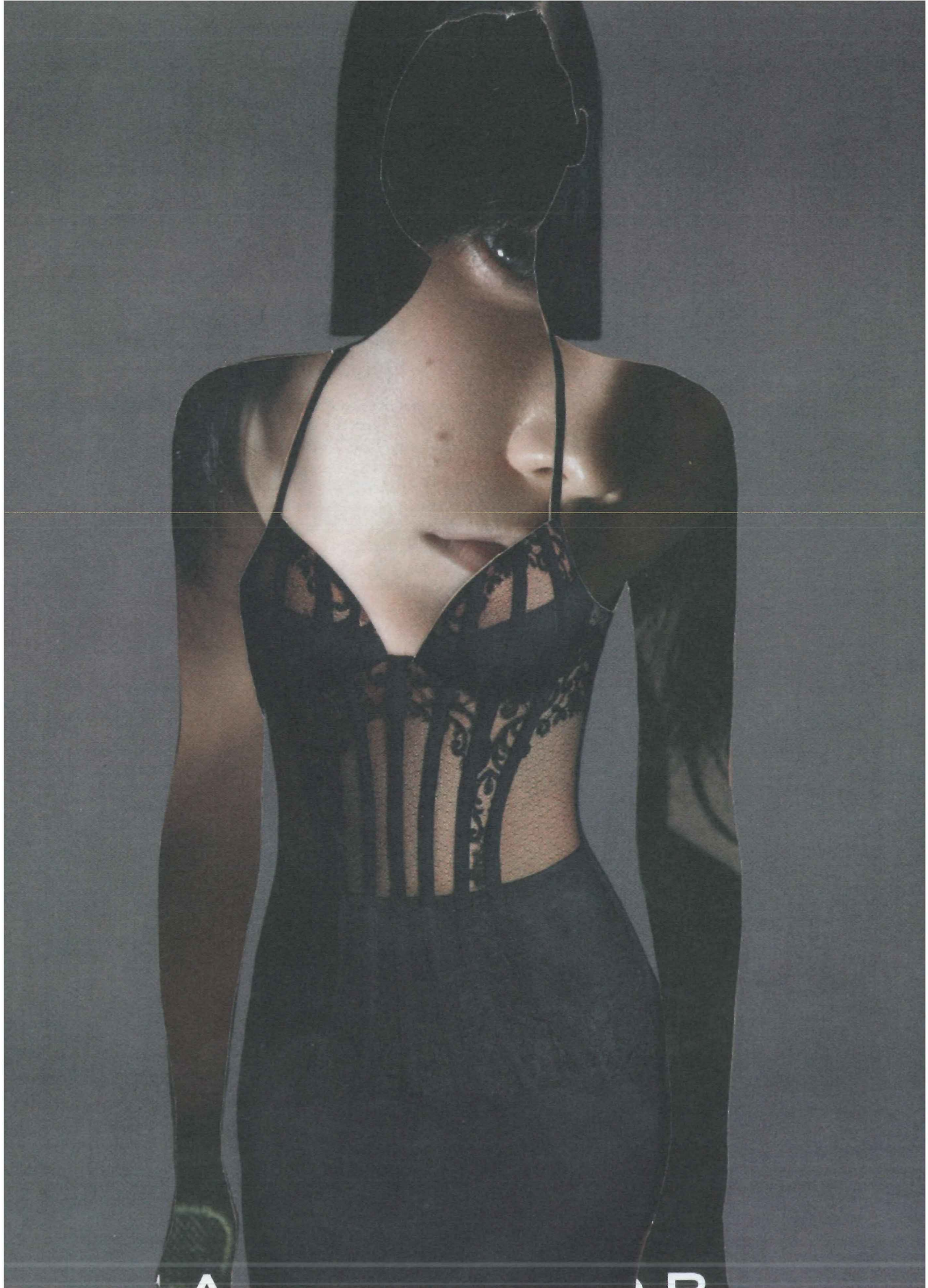
There were many. Eric had one for walking in the snow where you’d cup your ears in your hands so that all you could hear was your steps and heartbeat, and then after a minute of walking—just after getting used to it—you’d let go of your ears, and for a second all the sounds you usually just missed flooded in. He had another where you’d walk the same short loop through Riverferry park until you forgot how many times you had done it and possibly, if you were advanced enough, forgot that you were even

walking at all. The one he was trying recently, where you pick a piece of land and follow it all the way back to the beginning of time, was a new one.

It was Hans Maya who inspired the meditations. Her, and the fact that he had vices to overcome, like playing LineChaser on his iPod too much and not reading enough. He had begun his practice of meditation after brief online research with the goal of becoming more like his beautiful cat, and this goal was becoming a reality more and more each day. Eric could feel it; big progress was being made. For example, he had recently found out that at the beginning of time, the world was filled with cats like Hans Maya. He had seen it vividly: hundreds of chocolate-colored cats, all of them purring loudly and exuding an aura of pure wild beauty while wandering through endless fields of grass more intensely green than you could ever imagine.

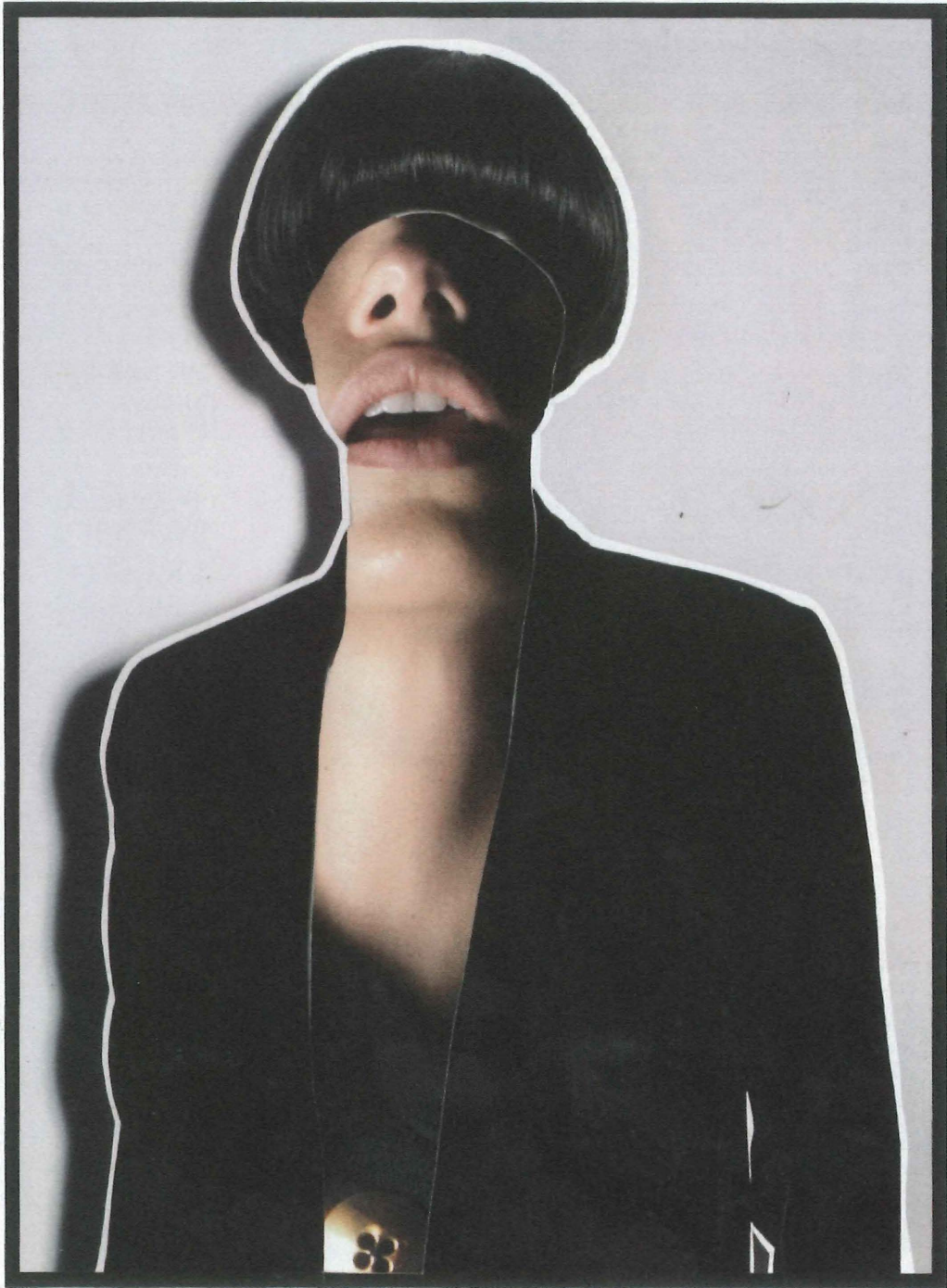
So when Hans Maya was gone—even after a sorrowful three days of being waited for, even after a poster was attached to every upright piece of wood in the neighborhood and an altar of favorite foods was faithfully kept on the front porch—Eric decided to go very far out. Something much wilder and more beautiful than ever before. An extreme walking-meditation of many miles, he decided. With the possibility of it becoming an infinite walking-meditation left open.





A

B



EQUIPMENT

WWW.EQUIPMENTFR.COM

Layered 1 & 2 △△△ Jaclyn Kuyers



Pouring Plate △△△ June Tsujimoto

Unisex

Jordan Petersen

“Let’s Play Ball!” the umpire yelled. “Let’s play on the playground,” I thought. I had little interest in my sister’s softball game. My world was so much bigger than the bleacher-dwelling spectators on these weeknights in May. My world was that of the swings and the slides and all the Airheads my \$1.00 allowance would buy me.

Several classmates had older siblings who were also enrolled in community sports programs, and none of us were content watching the games. We turned our restlessness into contest, playing girls-chase-boys or boys-chase-girls for the duration of a few innings before—whether out of boredom or necessity—we ended up outside the bathroom. But this bathroom was different from the ones in our consistent, safe elementary school: this one had both male and female silhouettes on the door.

Silent. Confused. Nervous.

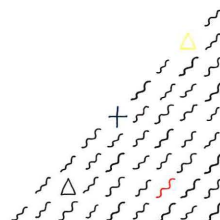
What could this mean? Clearly the figure with the triangular dress signified women, with her slender neighbor portraying men. But these figures were not supposed to exist on the same door, for one door leads to one place, and there cannot be one place that both girls and boys relieve themselves, can there? The unfamiliar word beneath the figures offered little help. I probably could have sounded it out, but I didn’t often read words starting with “U” or ending with “X,” so why bother?

About an inning’s worth of debate took place on whether it was appropriate for both girls and boys to

be in the room at the same time. Finally, one brave member of our party—a girl—broke the threshold. She looked back with smug confidence, her arrogance practically daring us. We all somewhat reluctantly filed in.

The door, which challenged one of the most fundamental truths we had ever been taught, led to a room that was so unsurprising it left us speechless. Sink and toilet. That was it. Our contexts for these appliances were usually separated by 8-inch brick, at least, but here we were. Together. My eyes darted from the toilet to the sink to the people around me, finally landing on the mirror. There, I saw myself in a place with people that my experience told me did not belong. I felt dirty.

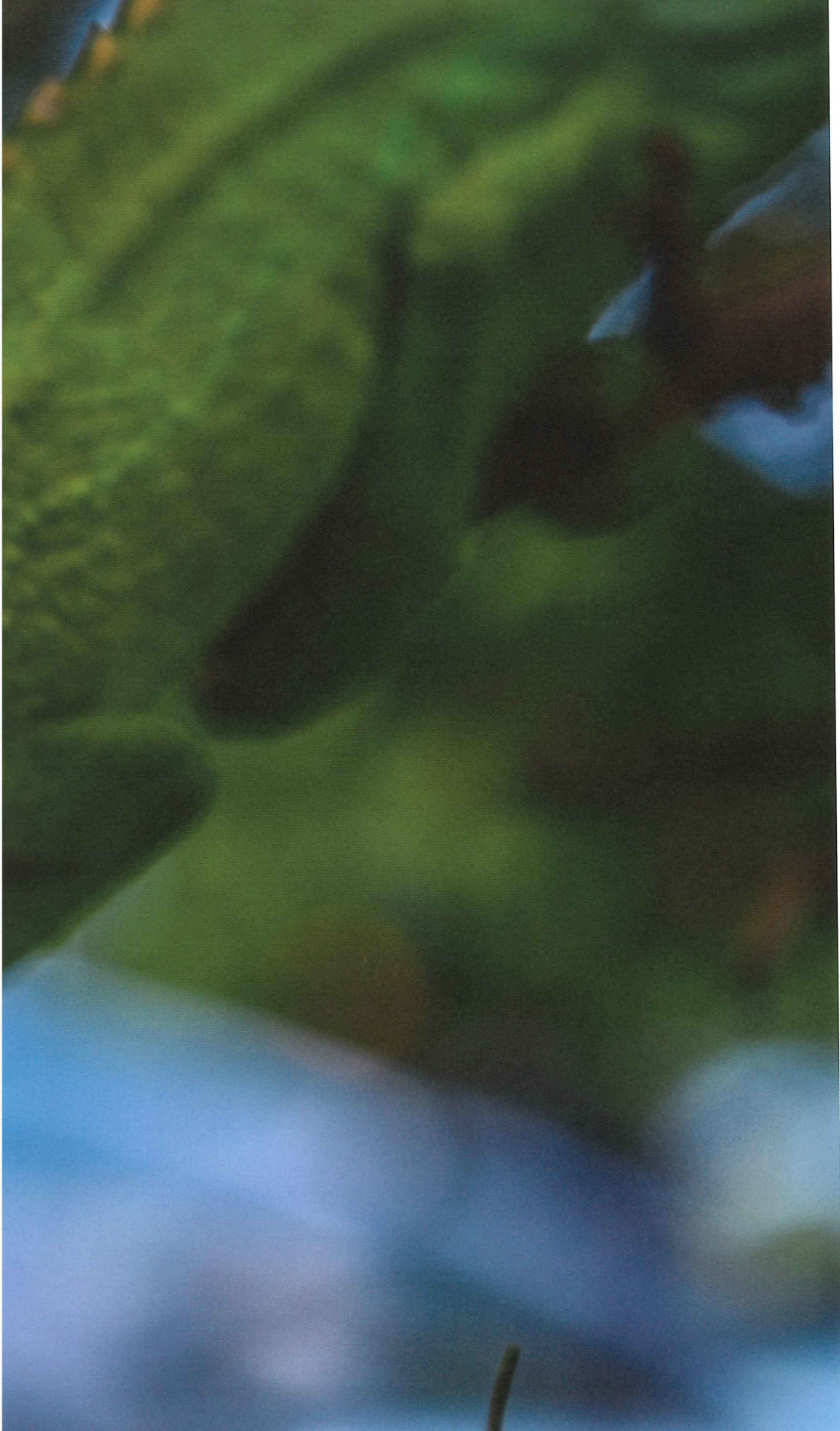
“I think my mom needs me,” I said, and I left.





Slow Locomotion Madeline Smit

.
.
.
v
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
+
.



An Image of Lascaux

Adam Meyer

The wall crouches
over her, as close to her
as she was to the bull
when it spat its blood
like paint
over grass,
over fingers.
Now the uncrafted bull
is reformed,
as she spits out its soul
onto stone
so it may run.



Infrastructure Emma Carpenter





+++
Flowers & You
Kendra Larsen



Reminiscent Lies

Cotter Koopman

Half my head never happened.
So just say Of Course I Remember
and plant the seed.

I'm built on convictions
of sausage legs dragged
across deep wood stain
into arms, in a kitchen
never ours.

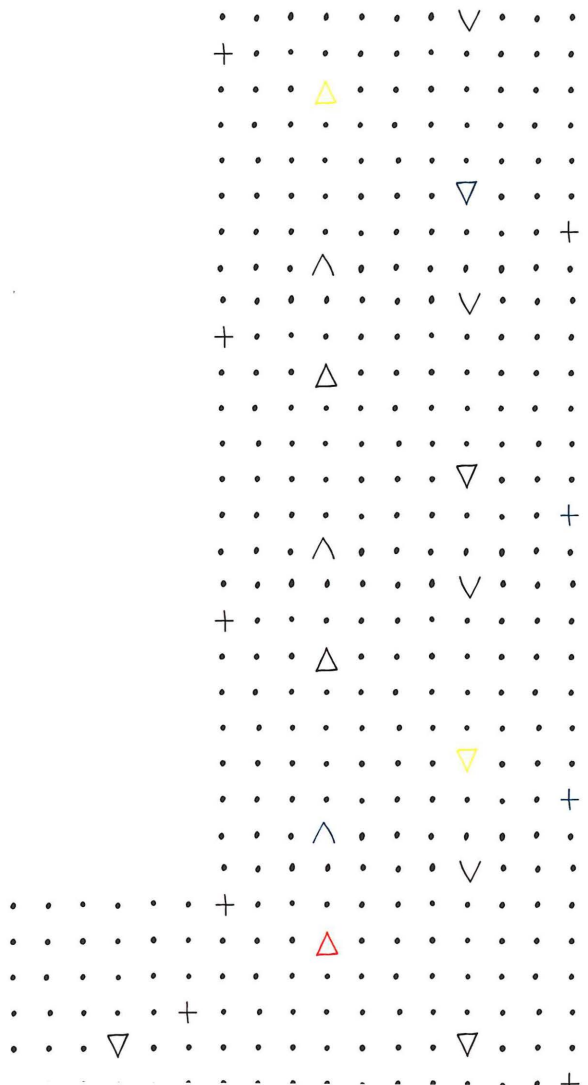
(Mom says
we can't form memories
at that age anyways.)

And all the careful rearing:
"Growing Kids God's Way,"
garden exhibits, such deliberate days
in vain, wash to a wake behind my eyes,
until I archived what I saw
for the first time.

But I force fondness,
so if you remember differently,
I can convince myself.

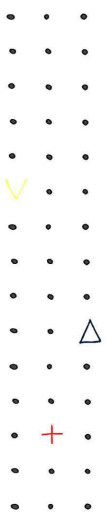
Just say Of Course,
and we can pull out any faint light
if we both agree to feel it.
Build up in the back of the brain
like those blocks
that I can't find in closets
and am not sure I ever held.

My early loves are all smiles
emerging in the vibrating dark:
no one's teeth. Fragments of dreams
caramelize to nostalgia behind me.
I am reminiscent lies, held dear.





Bold Emily Annett



First Grief

Michael Lentz

It was November sixteenth, but the tree, lights, and other decorations were already set up at the funeral home. My grandfather had died of lung cancer five days earlier. I was nine.

At the visitation, I stood in the corner facing the tree, my back to everything else. I was afraid to see the body in the casket. My mother, in the middle of the room, was speaking to friends and acquaintances. Together, they were mumbling memories and laughing when they could. My father, by her side, hardly said anything. My brothers and sister were playing in another room, separate from the weight and reality of this one.

I kept my distance from all of them. I felt safe in isolation. I walked over to the table against the window upon which lay a collection of old pictures that had been gathered and arranged by my mother's aunts and uncles. Because they were old and precious, I was instructed not to get too close to them or touch them with my bare hands, but I was allowed to look.

Behind the pictures, on the back half of the table, were scattered spruce needles and holly branches and clumps of cotton imitating snow. Among these wild things was a neighborhood of ceramic houses, the kind with little lights inside. Together they cast a reddish glow across the floor of the room. My memory of that night is dim and red and marred by shadow.

My mother touched my shoulder when it was time to leave. She asked if I wanted to see Pop-Pop. Without answering, I left through the door at the

back of the room. I started walking home before my parents had gathered the others. Running to catch up, my sister handed me the coat I had forgotten. I was just beginning to shiver.

• • •

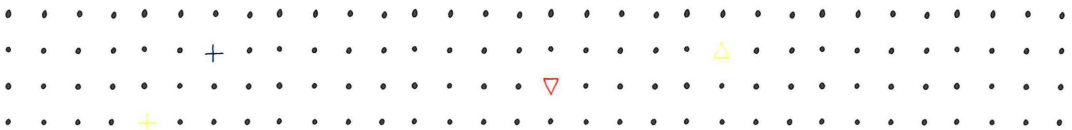
I tried to prepare a few words to say at the funeral. I didn't know my grandfather well. But I wanted to say something.

I began with what I thought I remembered from what I had been told: he had served in the army during the Korean war. He had enlisted. He must have been brave. That's how I told the story: I said that he had enlisted in the army and had gone to Korea and had fought through the rain and the snow and the gas and the blood. And that he had come back.

I did not know how many times he had fired his weapon, so I didn't say. I did not know how many people he had killed, so I left that out. I did not know how many time he woke up short of breath, but I imagine it happened most mornings.

Mine was a thin understanding. In his lifetime, I never grew taller than his elbow. I never spent time alone with him that I can remember. I did not visit him in the hospital. We never had a conversation.

After writing what I could, I got ready for the funeral. I only had two ties and both of them were striped patterns of primary colors. If I had been older or taller, like my brother, I could have borrowed one of Dad's serious ties.



I went downstairs holding the pages I had written.

My mother asked, "Did you write something for Pop-Pop? May I read it?"

"No." I firmly forced the pages into my pocket.

Dad said, "Time to go."

Back in the room with the casket, the yellow light diffused through the curtains and seemed to weigh heavy and thick on the rows and chairs of people.

I looked down at my shoes as strangers shared stories of my grandfather from a microphone at the front of the room. Most of them said the same or similar things. My aunt played two hymns from the organ in the back of the room: "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Nearer My God to Thee."

I didn't want to stand to read, but I had decided to do it. As I approached the microphone, I passed the casket and saw the body for the first time. At once, the muscles around my mouth tightened, and I could hardly open my jaw. I tried to say, "He was my grandfather," but no sound came.

Turning to face the room full of people, I began to cry. My vision was so blurry because of the tears that I couldn't read the pages. I kept blinking, trying to see clearly. From my right, my father came and took me in his arms. He was strong and warm. From my left, my mother came and took the pages from my hands. She began reading on my behalf.

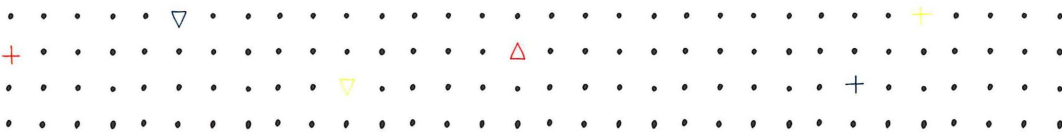
"It was the summer. While everyone else was signing up for jobs, my Pop-Pop was signing up for the army. He was more brave than all of them put together—" She struggled to read my handwriting. "Even then he wasn't afraid of death. He was ready to face it. He knew that we can only survive what we face..."

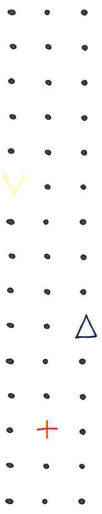
• • •

My mother let me sit in the front seat on the way home from the reception. When we were nearly there, she looked at me and said, "You taught me something about my Dad today. He was always a hard man—hard for me to understand. But I had never thought that he was a brave man, too. What you said about him—he was just like that. Brave like that. Just like that. And sometimes more. And sometimes less."

I leaned my head against the window. I held my ears, which were still ringing from the crowds at dinner and the gunshots of the honor guard at the cemetery.

It didn't rain like it sometimes does at funerals. It didn't snow either, even though it was cold enough. It just got dark earlier than it would have in the summer.





Cage Corrie VanderBrug







Sated Pyre

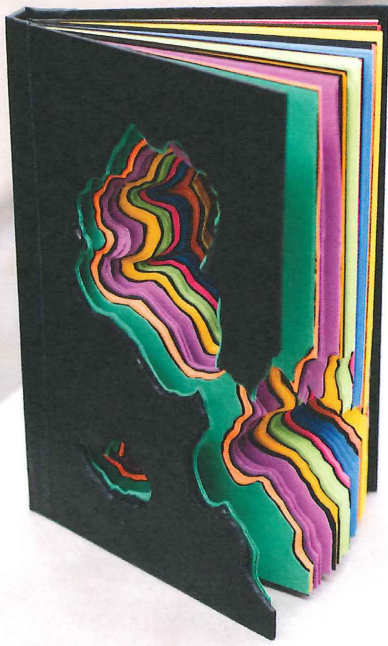
Randy Foreman

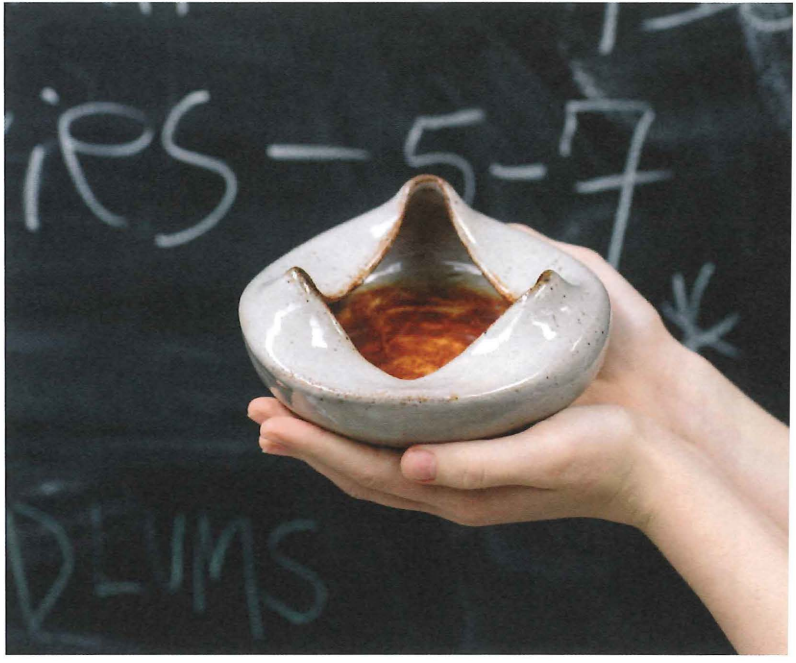
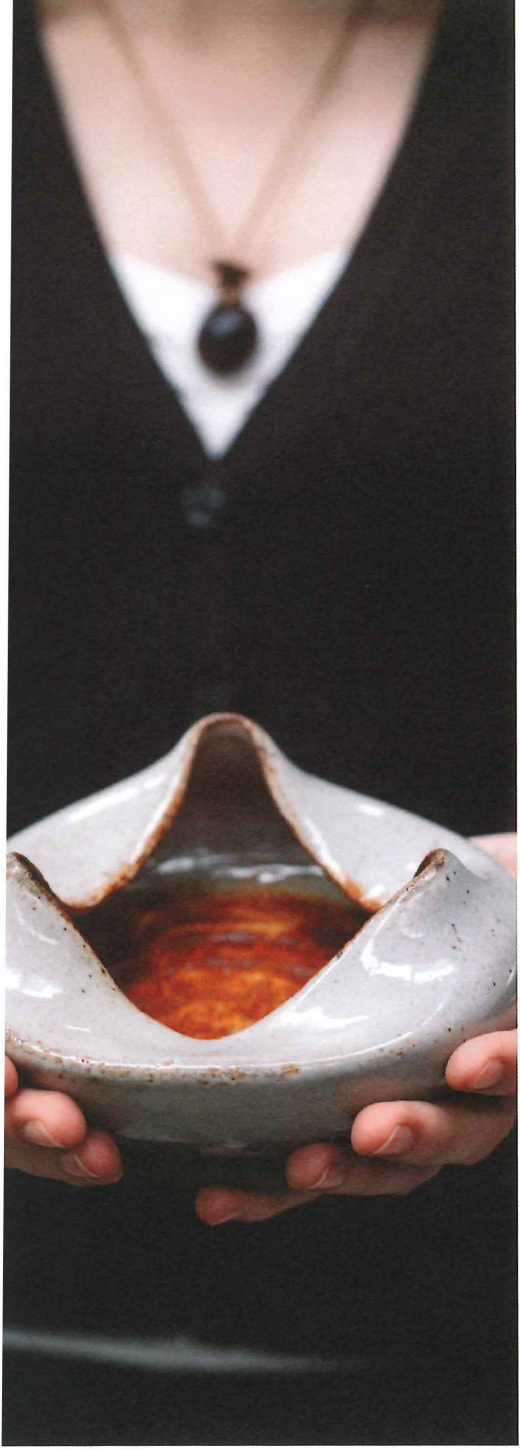
Flares licked a composition of albino flakes,
out of place and short-lived.

Embers ate memories and gagged on the sentiment,
chewed palatable nostalgia and coughed up obsidian haze.

The roofs fainted.
The composition quenched the blaze,
and all that was left was his love.







Letter to Sister Water

Stephanie Bradshaw

Sister,

I remember running by your side, nestling in your coves. I was soothed by your voice—the babbling of a brook. When I buried my feet in the sand, you would reach out to me and splash me in the face. And we would laugh. We would laugh without any worry or fear, innocent of the world's evils.

Sister, I have heard of your sorrows, your struggles. They have taken your body. This body, this temple of God, this sacred vessel. They raped you and mutilated you. They put you in chains and enslaved you. They painted you with poison and released wild beasts on you. When they tore through your womb, I wept. The sky wept.

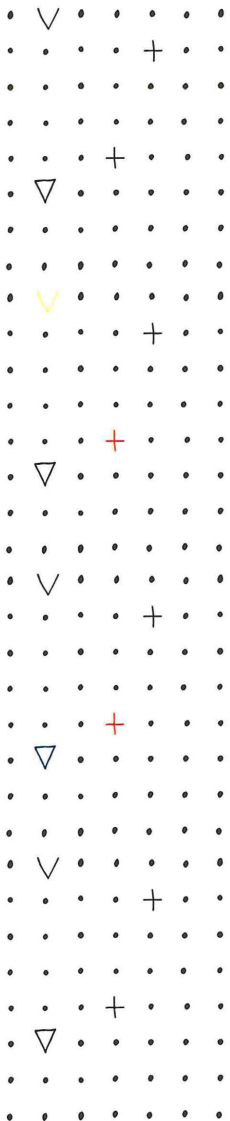
Though they have distorted your once beautiful body, you still resist. You break out of your chains and rush at them with all of your force and drag them down. But more rise up and strangle you with thicker chains.

They tell you lies. They say you are savage, wild, and dangerous. They see you as nothing more than a resource to be extracted and used, profited from and discarded. They say that they own you and demand that you do all that they say, no matter how much it hurts you. The government gives you no rights, no voice. They do not hear your wailing nor care that red and black waters drain from your wounds. Yet, you do not give up. Still, you fight to cleanse yourself, to wrestle out of their grasp, to rise up against them with threats. Your roar is the gale of a hurricane, the violent crashing of waves against immobile cliff faces.

Sister, I support you.

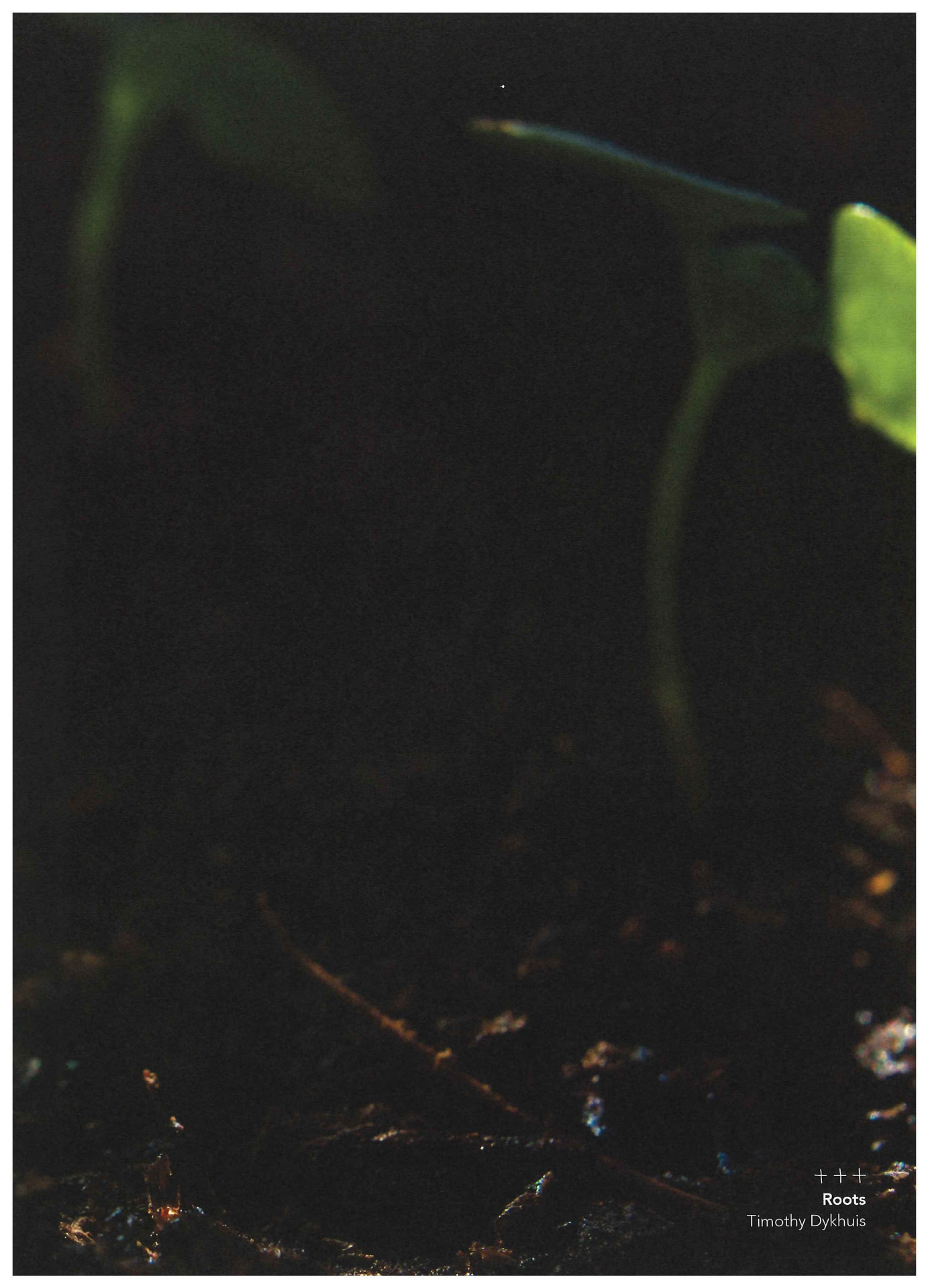
I will run by your side again and again and always. With my hands, I will hold you and try to put you back together. I will risk my body to save yours. And when all seems at a loss, I will fall to my knees and never leave you because you are my Sister, my family, my life. I will support you and fight for you and hold you close to my heart.

Sister, whom I will always love, know that I am at your side now.









+++

Roots

Timothy Dykhuis





A Resurrection

Josh Parks

The church lobby was warm—too warm. That small, carpeted space filled with smiles and wheelchairs and badly designed info cards almost turned me off to the whole prospect to begin with. But whatever kept me walking toward the sanctuary did its holy work, and I sat down at the end of an empty pew.

A pocket on the back of the pew in front of me held three books—one red, one blue, and one black. The black one, I guessed correctly, was a King James Bible. According to the gold inscription at the bottom, it was donated “with love” by a Rev. and Mrs. Walter Smith. I briefly looked behind me, wondering which of the old couples was the Smiths. Were they the type to sit out back for the whole service, afraid their coughs would quench the Holy Spirit, or did they sit in the sanctuary a good twenty minutes before the service, scrutinizing the bulletin for mistakes both grammatical and spiritual they’d never have made in their day?

I caught myself. It was too early for runaway cynicism; the pianist hadn’t even started the prelude yet. I was giving this whole church thing a real chance.

As the service began, I felt my old frustrations flooding back. The piano was out of tune (probably because they didn’t know how to run decent air conditioning). The deacon who led prayer said “Lord” every other word. The sermon began with a verse about the church being one body but managed to check every one of the boxes I remembered so well: soulwinning, tithing,

voting Republican, abstaining from all appearance of evil.

After the sermon, of course, was the invitation, and a half-dozen or so church members came forward and knelt on the steps leading up to the platform. Descending from pulpit to the bottom of those steps, the pastor gave that thirty-second summary of the gospel I earned two candy bars for memorizing in middle school. Strangely, I caught myself mouthing along. But I was perfectly happy to stay in my comfortably isolated seat when the pastor offered his crack team of soulwinners up front to everyone who didn’t know beyond a shadow of a doubt that Heaven was their home. That wasn’t what I was here for.

I received more warm smiles afterwards than I would’ve guessed, so I decided it was safe to stick around for a while. I didn’t even have to move from my spot in the auditorium; people came one after another with arms extended and blessings ready:

“Glad to have you back.”

“Been praying for you.”

“So sorry about your mother.”

Finally, as the sanctuary emptied and people in the lobby began forming their Sunday lunch plans in circles of various sizes, theological bents, and median ages, one old man approached me. He



confirmed my guess with his first words: "I'm the retired pastor. You can call me Walter. Folks are telling me you used to attend here? I was only here for ten years, see, before I called it quits six months ago. I'd love to still be up there, but my knees can't take it. Wonderful music today, wasn't it?"

and quick glances. Instead, there were words of welcome, intercession, and something I might even call compassion if I am ever granted the generosity.

There's a tall order.

Not particularly. "Yes, beautiful. Haven't heard that stuff in a long time."

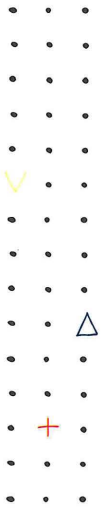
"Feeds the soul, doesn't it?"

Maybe yours. I wrapped up the conversation as quickly as I could, bearing some slightly false witness about the time of my afternoon engagements, smiled and waved at a few now-elderly Sunday School teachers, and stepped outside, letting the cool fall air of the real world purge my lungs of that warm church stuffiness.

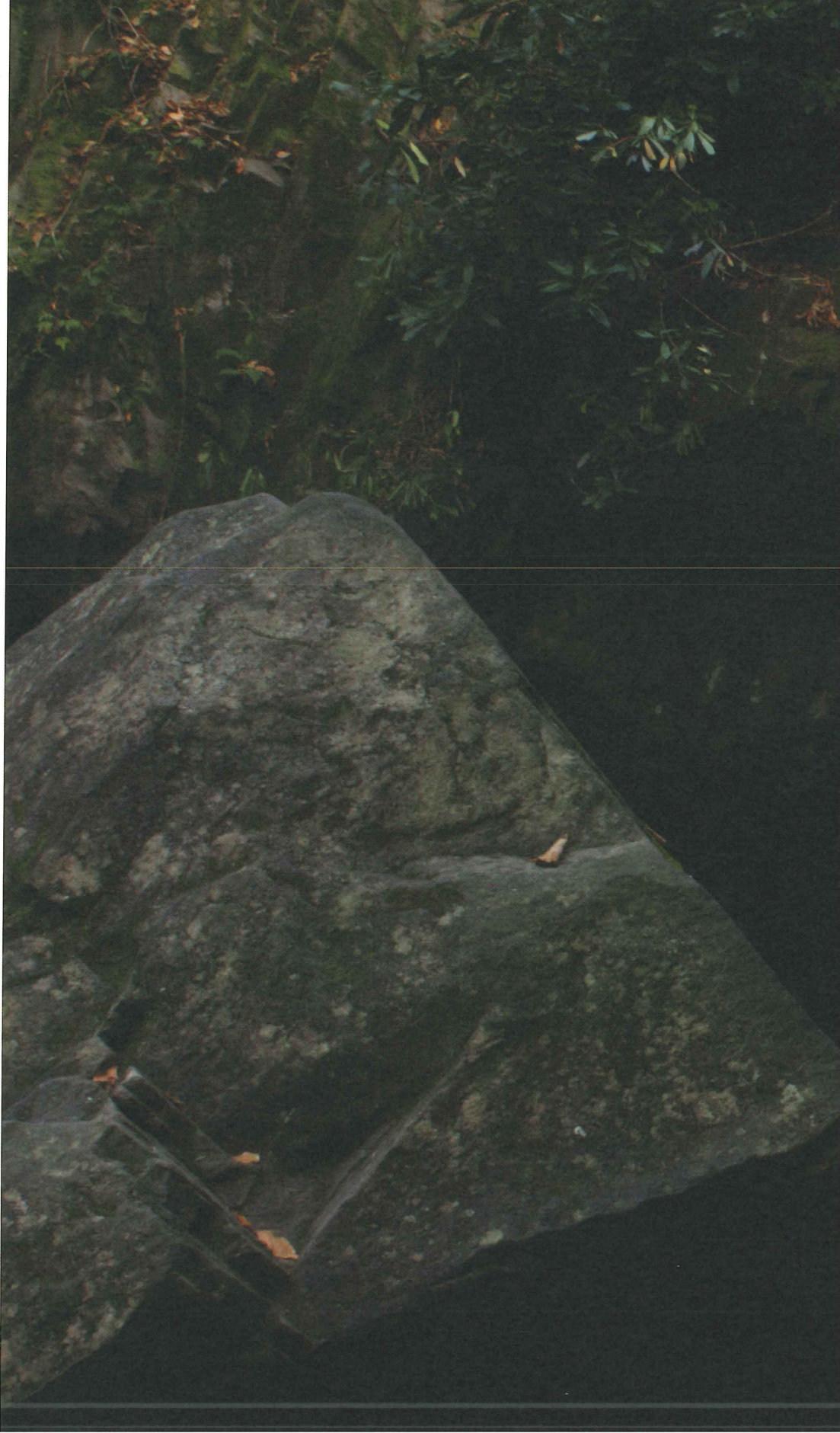
Relief filled me as I pulled out of the parking lot, but it wasn't alone. Other things came to mind—memories, nightmares, spiritual epiphanies. They were all so familiar because I had just lived them all again. Nothing had disappointed my expectations: I'd even called some of the hymn choices this morning while brushing my teeth.

But there was one thing missing, something I had supplied automatically in Saturday night's mental rehearsal of that visit to the place of my supposed second birth. I had expected silence. Silence from the ones I used to know and the ones who'd never seen me before, silence accompanied by dark glares





Ebb and Flow Blake Staat





Three Western Mornings

Connor Bechler

(one)

Morning twilight is strangely sterile
 (grayish blue, antiseptic) cotton-swab clouds
 bandage a brightening, bruised sky
 while dull lightning flashes distant.
 The sun, anesthetized, rises slowly,
 shaken, pale, afraid of relapse.

∨ • • •
 • • • +
 • • • •
 • • • •

(two)

Clouds burst red, virulent, bubonic;
 yellow puss streams across the sky.

• • + •
 ▽ • • •
 • • • •
 • • • •
 ∨ • • •
 • • • +
 • • • •
 • • • •

(three)

Shadows race through the arroyos
 as the blood of stars
 bathes cliff strata in red.
 The nacreous moon hangs above,
 preparing to plunge vengeful into
 the earth's now-waking face.

• • • • • • • • • • ∨ • • • • •
 • • • • • • • • • • • • • • + • •
 • • • • • • • • • • ^ • • • • • • • • • •
 ∨ • • • • • • • • • • ∨ • • • • • • • • • •
 • • • + • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
 • • • • • • • • • • Δ • • • • • • • • • • • •
 • + •
 • • + •
 ▽ •
 • + • •
 • • • • • • • • • • ^ • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
 ∨ •
 •



Ice Cream △△△ Isaiah LaGrand

Editor-in-Chief

Jeffrey Peterson

Layout Editor

Hailey Jansson

Managing Editor

Taylor Hartson

Editorial Staff

Cotter Koopman

Emma Carpenter

Isaiah LaGrand

J. Andrew Gilbert

Jordan Petersen

Madeleine Wiering

Matthew Schepers

Olivia Rozdolsky

Paola Koki

Rachel J. House

Jurors

Alexandra Johnson

Alexandra Kamphuis

Andrew Blunt

Connor Bechler

Cotter Koopman

Daniel Hickey

Emma Brown

Emma Carpenter

Hailey Jansson

Isaiah LaGrand

Ivana Felita Setiadi

J. Andrew Gilbert

Jackson Ross

Janell McDonald

Jenna Atma

Jonas Weaver

Jonathan Manni

Jordan Petersen

Kendra Larsen

Lauren Cole

Madeleine Wiering

Madison Smith

Marshall Morehead

Matthew Schepers

Michael Lentz

Miriam Kornelis

Morgan Anderson

Naomi Niewenhuis

Nathan Roels

Patrick Jonker

Pete Ford

Petra Lopes

Rachel J. House

Rebekah Inman

Stephanie Bradshaw

Ted Welsh

Tyler Luce

Victoria Richardson

Special Thanks

Debra Rienstra

Jack Van Allsburg

John Britton

Chimes

Visual Arts Guild

Brightformat

About dialogue

Founded in 1968, *Dialogue* is Calvin College's student-run creative journal, showcasing pieces submitted, edited, and curated by undergraduate students.

Dialogue publishes work in six categories: prose, poetry, visual art, photography, music, and film. Blind student juries for each genre evaluate all submissions and select the finest pieces for publication.

In addition to submissions, the Dialogue editorial staff is always looking for students interested in doing layout, helping with promotions, or serving as a juror.

Visit calvin.edu/dialogue to learn how to join the staff, join a jury, or submit your work.

