



Trestle | CREEK | Review



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David E. Thomas

Afternoon Late in April

Dry and the brush
 along the river
barely begun leafing out
 wild grass
 shows green
by the dusty path
 my favorite perch
disassembled by storm
 or stupidity
but I've found another
 rotten log
 to hold my ass
while I catch my breath
 clouds dimming
 a sunny afternoon
the ubiquitous runner
 pounds past
a bicyclist a few minutes
 earlier
the breeze blows easy
and I let my old feet
 rest
 before trudging
 back toward town
the sibilant rush
 of I-90
almost quiet
 across the river
high and fast
 with runoff.

*28 April 2021
Missoula*





David E. Thomas

Early June Stroll

A flash of orange
 and wings
 maybe a tanager
as I look up the cliff
 toward the spring
running clear a silver
 ribbon
against the dark rock
 free of pavement
my feet find shape
 in the gravelly
 surface
of the old railbed
 now trail
and pull me along
 afternoon clouds
 hovering and cool
but only a spit of rain
 I barely notice
as I unwrap my mind
 and follow
 the wind
 along the river
running dark and high
 everything leafy
 green
under the gray sky.

9 June 2021
Missoula





David E. Thomas

Early October, Mile Marker Two

Wind strips leaves
 from their branches
 but autumn color still rides
 high
 in leafy crowns
 spreading
 across the valley
 higher up larch
 begin to turn
 and drop needles
 after a long hot smoky summer
 afternoon sun
 dimmed by streaks
 of cloud
 Jumbo's south flank bright
 nonetheless
 in town big machines
 reduce
 Caras Park to rubble
 a better version
 soon to come
 says City Hall
 a freight train whistle
 cuts across
 freeway roar
 echoing in Hellgate Canyon
 the university
 marching band
 practices its drumbeats
 the train whistle
 howls again
 a bicyclist grinds gravel
 a runner pads by
 the wind gusts.

6 October 2021

Missoula

T | c | R • 7





Keith Plass





Renée E. D'Aoust

About Ducks

Duck One

When our parents move us to a rundown farmhouse on Bainbridge Island, the duck, Ms. Waddle, comes with the barn. Though we live inland, away from the Salish Sea, I smell salt spray mixed with rain. Our oldest brother Ian has chickens and his guitar, I have our mutt-lab Sierus and ballet, and Tony has Ms. Waddle and his bike.

Ms. Waddle comes running when Tony opens the back door. When Tony works on the Schwinn bicycle he saved from the dump, Ms. Waddle sits next to him. When Tony picks rocks out of the potato patch, Ms. Waddle digs in the dirt next to him. Fup-fup-fup sounds her bill as she sifts through our mom's horse-maniure and compost-improved dirt. When Tony waits for the school bus, first during elementary and then middle school, Ms. Waddle waits, too. Ms. Waddle is very soft and downy, as ducks go. She keeps her white feathers fluffed and clean.

"She is a very clean, content duck," says Mom. "She's your duck, Tony."

Decades later, Tony and the love of his life marry on a fishing boat in southeast Alaska. His partner is a bird biologist, currently researching puffins, previously penguins. My big brother found happiness with a bird woman.

My brother and his love marry the same month that Daniele and I celebrate ten years of mawwiage, as we call it, in Arosa, Switzerland. Our senior dachshund Tootsie is with us, taking in the sweet mountain air.

Sometimes there's a joyful synchronicity to life, after all.

Duck Two

Writer Lance Olsen and artist Tim Guthrie create an art-duck manifesto: an art video, uploaded online, of a series of ducks waddling across a road. Yellow lines, an oncoming car, headlights. Vroom, vroom. Terrified ducks. Lance Olsen freaks out, hands waving. *Stop, stop, oh no, oh my god, don't hit the ducks.* Sometimes a car hits a duck, sometimes it doesn't. Ducks as metaphor: not art as a finished thingamajig, but creativity as a road you cross. When I'm stuck during the making of art and tired of quacking out claptrap, I watch Lance and Tim's art-duck video.

I never watch this video again after my husband and I drive past a mallard drake in despair on Via Cantonale near our home in southern Switzerland. The drake with his distinctive bright green head calls out, flaps wings, and frantically circles his mottled-brown hen. His love is there, on the centerline, unmoving. Cars keep driving by.

In the front seat, Daniele's sister seems utterly unmoved by the suffering; her blah expression same as ever. Or maybe this all hits her so hard she is barely holding herself together. While she rarely speaks to me, she always stops to talk to





About Ducks

stray cats. She scratches Tootsie's long snout. I feel nervous with my sister-in-law; I don't know what to say, so I say nothing. Humans aren't her deal.

Daniele double parks in the traffic circle and runs back while I twist around in the backseat, keeping my hand on Tootsie. I can see when Daniele gets to the scene that both ducks are gone.

Daniele returns to the car, flustered.

"Vanished?"

"They're gone." No blood, no feathers, just the damn cars, the damn road, and the damn centerline.

His sister stares straight ahead. Still says nothing. Maybe life comes at my sister-in-law so hard that stillness is all she can muster.

Duck Three

Summer—Arosa, Switzerland, our tenth anniversary, pre-pandemic: Orthodox Jewish tourists from Belgium wear heavy sweaters and footwear inappropriate for walking in the Alps; Swiss Germans from Zurich carry trekking poles and wear Marmot shirts and shorts; and Middle Eastern women wear tchador, niqab, or sometimes only hijab. Several conversations with people revolve around climate change, how grateful we are to have the means to escape the unbearable summer heat in the valleys below.

Arosa has two natural lakes, the Obersee and the Untersee. They were segregated by gender for swimming until the 1920s when the Untersee became the designated swimming hole for both men and women on account of its warmer water. The Untersee is just enough lower in elevation that it gets less wind, but the Obersee seems to attract more ducks.

Paddleboats are available to rent on the Obersee. One morning, after walkies around the lake, Tootsie naps on my lap while we enjoy the breeze. I watch as a man in a short-sleeved plaid shirt and two boys in matching shorts try to paddle over a common pochard. When I followed my husband to Switzerland, I started looking up birds, because there were so many I had never seen before, like this diving duck.

Is the human trio actually a father teaching his two sons to be jerks? The rented paddleboat is painted to look like a car with a front bumper in a baby-blue that belies the man's gleeful urge to scare this small duck with a gorgeous slate-gray body and a brown head. They laugh as the bird frantically paddles away.

Moments later, a different group, a man and a woman, has the same urge to threaten another of the species. That common pochard, too, dives under water. I choke back sudden tears, which causes hiccups. Tootsie wakes from her nap and starts whimpering.

Senior Tootsie often gets upset, particularly when she feels my upset. Our vet has put Tootsie on a daily dose of CBD oil, and I'm thinking that I should





Renée E. D'Aoust

probably take some of what she's taking. As I wipe my tears with my shirtsleeve, Tootsie whimpers and tries to climb up my body to my shoulders. She once slipped and fell into a lake while chasing a duck, and I fished her out with one hand. Like ducks, dachshunds have webbed feet, but Tootsie uses her paws for hiking and digging, never swimming.

I try to stroke the webbing between the digits on Tootsie's front paws, but Tootsie pulls her legs away while she simultaneously scoots closer to my heart. Before Tootsie, I thought I would never have a relationship with a pet as close as my brother had with Ms. Waddle. With the overwhelming experience of living in a new country, my constant dread about climate chaos, and the companionable but painful homesickness for my family of origin, I often worried that moving to Switzerland had, weirdly, taken away my sense of curiosity. Instead of becoming more compassionate, had I become more judgmental?

Two rowboats tie up in the center of the lake to play a concert of Swiss polka. Accordion music, Swiss-German verse, and tak-tak-tak sounds, fingers drumming on the rowboat gunnel. Several paddleboats of wannabe duck killers paddle over to form an audience around the musicians. The local ducks are on the outside of the boats, safe for now.

With so much pain in this world, why would you miss the opportunity to celebrate a blip of joy? A duck paddling alongside your boat. Fup-fup-fup. Music on a lake. Oompa-oompa-oompa. My dachshund on my lap. Her sighs as sweet as air.

Wonder, you return to me now.





Maribel Martinez Mogilefsky

Winter Leaves





Kassidy Wigen

Night Swimming

Drag me into the water
unable to see the waves
the moon pointed me to
the various shadows
cast across your face

toes dipped in the reservoir
it amplifies to my shoulders
we're trembling from the cold
or perhaps from the nerves of
touching someone you've
never touched before

my mind revisits you
I return to your chest
as my legs
fold around yours

I carry the remnants of the beach
back into your car
the water doesn't wash
the sand off our toes



Kassidy Wigen

Afterthought

desert days are making you
delirious, ambien and another
day of sleeping under the sun

i visit you in dreams
that's what you tell me, anyway
heat waves have trembled
your brain and mine

as your head hits
the pillow and you're left with
images of my wavering hands
and thoughts of you wanting
to be mine, maybe it's then
you can sense hesitation
in my voice and it's then you
can revisit the meaning
behind your words

two A.M. thoughts never
equate to motion
even when we want them to carry



Orange Blossom

a house that knew you,
but didn't know twenty-two-year-old me

at a young age we were taught the value of
Cleaning

Up

The

Mess

or more sensibly,
clean as you go to prevent the mess
i can still hear your muzzled words
“the aftermath will leave you overwhelmed”

we couldn't touch the walls because
“kids have messy hands”
something i was taught,
before i could speak coherently

you couldn't spot a fingerprint
upon our glass table
but at my fourth birthday party,
we had a piñata that scattered
candy all over the ground and
you didn't demand that every piece
needed to be picked up before it even fell

vibrant wrappers spread upon the carpet
you just vacuumed
something was allowed to exist
without being bothered



Maribel Martinez Mogilefsky

Fall Notes



Tuesday at the Corner Bar

I watch as she scratches her scalp, allowing her hair to fall where it pleases. I listen for the subtle sound of her foot tapping against the bar stool, waiting for her to turn her head so I can fully evaluate her state. There's something about her movements that are peculiar. The way she positioned herself is familiar, a captivating sight to watch. I continue to observe from a table behind the bar. She's knitting with thick, bright purple yarn, it's three in the afternoon on a Tuesday in January, sitting at the Corner Bar on Fourth Street, tapping, tap, tap, tap.

I'm curious, did she intentionally match red shoes with a red sweater? She puts the yarn down as she aggressively rubs her neck, tap, tap, tap.

I glance down at my tapping leg and use my hand to steady it, as I note that she appears to be sick. Is she at the beginning of a cold, or is it the lingering runny nose that has her using the sleeve of her red sweater as a tissue?

What's she knitting? My assumption: a scarf, a bright purple scarf. Thick yarn to keep her agitated neck warm. Or perhaps it's to keep someone else's neck warm. Is it for someone she feels the need to impress? Perhaps her distress is about work, and she's knitting to ease it. If that's the case, it isn't working. She frequently takes breaks to scratch deeply at her scalp.

Tap, tap, tap, my leg is tapping with the rhythm of hers, her fingers are moving fast, leg picking up momentum as her wrist quickens. All I hear is the sound of her foot against the stool and the clicking of metal needles racing.

I feel dampness as I'm picking at the bed of my nail. Blood surrounds the fingernail of my left thumb. I bring it to my lips and taste its warmth. Red slowly oozes from the side of my nail. The blood on my finger appears the same shade of red as the girl's sweater. She purposely matched her shoes with her sweater. The scarf is for her mother. She's getting over a cold. She's anxious, but what about?

I don't need to look to know there's an abundance of dead skin under my nails. I can feel the oils, the dirt, the dead skin I have scratched from my scalp. I'm in dire need of a shower, my hair is ratted, the pits of my arms are sticky, I've been wearing the same red sweater for three days now.

Both cuffs are crusted with snot, only becoming more matted as I wipe my nose again. Feeling the grime on my teeth with my tongue, I suddenly can't recall the last time I brushed them. It's a Tuesday, and it's the first time I've left my house in four days. I pick at the blemishes on my face as my mind frantically wonders where he is. It's Tuesday, he should be here, sitting on the opposite side of the bar, watching tennis, drinking his IPA.

I'm knitting a blanket, a blanket knitted with all my thoughts intertwined in the yarn. I've been here for hours now and still no sign of him, he's always here on Tuesday afternoons. Did something happen? The thought makes my stomach



Tuesday at the Corner Bar

uneasy and my scalp itch. There's no way for me to know if he's okay, and I've never seen any signs that he has anyone in his life. He wears no ring, he carries no cell phone, he talks to no one.

The only exchanges we have shared are those of half smiles. I'm here for that smile, for reasons I don't understand. It's an escape, and his smile is my passageway. Strange, I know. Crazy? Most likely. Watching him, it's familiar, observing the way he always places his beer perfectly back in the ringlet. I want to know him, but not actually. I just like creating and piecing together the life of another human.

A couple months back, when it was fall and the cold weather was just beginning, he had been walking out the door, a piece of paper slipped from among the many stuffed under his arm. I watched it happen of course, cautiously stood, eagerly picked up his fallen paper. I didn't run after him to return it. No, I folded it in half and placed it in my pocket. I rushed home, threw my shoes off and scrambled to the couch, where I consumed every word that filled the white page. I had never seen cursive executed so majestically. He wrote in small, deep handwriting. I wondered if I had watched him write this one. He spoke fluently about the stars and Abby lost in space. I've read the single page countless times. I've memorized every sentence.

In the night sky she multiplies. In the sky she shines. Abby, why'd you eat the star?

Tap, tap, tap, I switch to tapping my right leg, Abby is someone he loved. She died. They weren't married, she was married. It's Jim's life I'm the architect of and I'm getting lost in his creation. My neck is sore from keeping it turned toward the door, still no sign of him, it's half past five, he usually leaves the bar around six. Is he not coming? Did something happen to him?

He's older and smaller than he once was. I contemplate calling the police, but what good would that do? I don't know his real name, he's merely the guy I watch on Tuesdays at the bar. What if he died in his sleep? How long would his pale body lay there 'til someone found him? Days? Weeks? Months? My body would be months decaying before someone found it. I imagine my landlord knocking on the door, week after week, waiting for me to pay rent. Eventually to open the door and find my body lying limp as he gags from the smell. I swallow hard, taking down with it the consuming thought as my body gives a shiver.

I check my phone to be sure it's actually Tuesday, it is.

Tap, tap.

Scratch, scratch.

I'm ready to go home and shower the sickness off my body and perhaps pull out his lost paper and let that distract my mind once again. There's an opening of the door, my head quickly spins, only to be disappointed by nothing but a gust of January shivering down my spine, causing my body to shake out of my fixation on the man I call Jim.





Behind me, sits a man tapping his foot to the rhythm of mine. Only lasting seconds at a time, a few seconds of tapping, a few seconds of picking the bed of his nails. At first, I think he is mocking me, but now I think my anxiety is making him anxious. Happens to me all the time. I'll notice my leg tapping and it'll cause me to scratch my scalp. I see someone fidget with their hands, I fidget with my hair.

The obsession over where the old man is lingers in the back of my mind as I start to imagine who the man at the table is. He looks too young to even be allowed at the bar, his cologne strong enough to cover my stench. His thumb is bleeding, he gently places it in his mouth. He reminds me of someone I know, he feels familiar in the sense that we have something in common. I wonder who his mother is, as I shift my body to get a better view of him. His eyes are slumped, and the whites are red. He doesn't typically wear cologne. He's covering up the smell of weed. Walking through a Walmart, purchasing the cheapest cologne to keep in his car for these occasions. The girlfriend isn't texting him back, he checks his phone frequently. We make eye contact, and I know something now.

We are similar, we both are here to do the same thing. Both waiting for the same person? No, it can't be, most people wouldn't find Jim as fascinating as I do. He's an old man who comes to the Corner Bar on Tuesday afternoons to watch tennis. Bringing with him paper and pen.

Occasionally he will skim the newspaper, never appearing interested in the titles. This man can't be here to watch Jim, Jim is mine.

I try to recall if I've noticed the intoxicated man before, typically when I arrive Jim is already here. I simply sit and observe Jim, none of the people around me register. Perhaps there is someone else he is waiting for, but again who could he be wanting to watch.

Tap, tap, tap.

She checks her phone, leg begins tapping faster, left hand scratches scalp. Was she stood up? Highly doubt she was here to meet someone, we locked eyes for longer than a second. The rings of her nose are a brighter red than her sweater. Bright enough for me to notice from a distance. She keeps her eyes focused on the door, appearing disappointed each time it opens.

It's five forty-three in the evening, her back is sagging, shoulders pulled down, making her neck appear long, adding definition to her jaw. The scarf she's knitting looks completed, and she hasn't been knitting. Eyes traveling the room, she's taking note of her surroundings. She looks as though it's her first time here, but she was here last Tuesday and the Tuesday before that. She's always here on Tuesday afternoons.





Tuesday at the Corner Bar

Suddenly, it's as though she's aware, as though she's been pulled out of her mind. Living presently in her life? Her eyes squint at the pictures that are hanging slightly out of place on the wall. Eyes scanning each body in the room, up and down, keeping the same expression on her pale face. Suddenly the quietness registers, her leg is still. Her legs rest motionless on the bar stool. Her hands are folded in front of her. A sight that's new. What brought this stillness upon her?

Tap, tap, tap.

My leg is tapping as my mind becomes more puzzled by the girl in red. What brings such an anxious person, like her, to stillness. It's five fifty-five now, an additional person sits at the bar. The girl in red sits on one side of the bar and an older gentleman sits at the opposite end, wearing a ski coat and pants that are clearly a few sizes too big.

The door opens, and Jim shuffles in, he looks smaller than he had last week. My mind scrambles to conclude why he has arrived hours later than normal. Typically, he is leaving at this time, maybe he had a doctor's appointment, a mandatory one that he couldn't argue himself out of. I'm tempted to ask, to sit closer and make conversation. But I'm afraid, I've created Jim and if I talk to him there's a possibility I'll be disappointed. The thought roams my mind, because if one day something did happen to him, who would know? Jim is alone, like me. He wears pants that are too big because he doesn't have anyone to tell him they are too big. As I wear the same sweater for days, because there's no one to know the difference.

I should go talk to him, maybe we could be alone together. We could know each other, and if something happened to either of us, we would know. The thought of exchanging names makes my stomach turn. Jim, that's the name I've given him. Would he let me read his cursive written stories? The curiosity is almost enough. But when I ready myself for the mission, the anxiety clock begins ticking again.

Tap, tap, tap.

Scratch, scratch.

I can't go talk to him, so instead I occupy my mind with Abby in the stars, how he met her. How they fell in love, but had to keep it a secret. His childhood, his mother passed away when he was a boy and his father couldn't love the boy without his wife, leaving the boy to raise himself. Leaving him to end up here, no children, no spouse, watching tennis at the Corner Bar on Tuesdays, writing about Abby in the stars.

There's a burst of crisp wind, causing the hair on my arms to stand straight up. The man with the heavy eyes and strong fragrance left the bar, leaving behind a lingering smell of cheap cologne and weed. I briefly wonder if I'll see him again, I want to know who he was hoping to watch. It wasn't Jim—relief fills my body—as I continue to observe and construct Jim's existence.





E. Poteet

Dionysus



T|c|R • 21





Roger Dunsmore

A Fine Cigar

for Jack, forty-one years old

When Kurt Cobain kills himself, you, fourteen years old,
take to your bed. Late in the day, I try to help:
“You don’t have to just lie down in it, you know.
You aren’t helpless. Sometimes just to get up out of it
and do something—anything—will get you past it.
What sounds good to you? Whatever it is, let’s just go do it.”
You want to smoke a fine cigar. We buy a couple of good ones,
Cuban, at Garden City News, drive around the city smoking our
fine cigars, yahooing out the car windows at pretty girls,
then cruise up the Blackfoot River Canyon,
yahooing the mountains, yahooing the ravens.

Home, you wash the week’s worth of dirty dishes,
haven’t rolled up your sleeves.
“Here, let me roll those sleeves up.”
You jerk your arm away—“Leave me alone,
it doesn’t matter!” and there it is: COBAIN
needle-gouged deep into your forearm—
all your pain transmitted from that dark idol
into your fourteen-year-old spirit.
Later you tell me you and one of your buddies
have split a bottle of one hundred trucker-speed Mini-Thins
stolen from the Circle K every school lunch hour
since fourth grade.

At Thanksgiving when you are twenty
I try to count your drinks.
Of course you resent that, then pick up the shards of broken glass
and cigarette butts from the back porch. I am afraid for you
and feel a father’s sense of failure. You love tattoos—your arms covered
with lurid scenes inked right over the COBAIN scar, and have forgotten

→





Roger Dunsmore

our sweatlodge prayers asking the alcohol spirit, begging it, to leave
our loved ones alone. After one three A.M. call, you crazed on your way
to Spokane's highest bridge to jump onto your chef's knife,
I begin to turn off my phone before going to bed.

Now, twenty-five years later
you ski the Montana line with my wife Jenni,
are a married house-holder, working on a Master's degree
in counseling, play guitar in a band beyond hard rock,
your cast-off Nirvana T-shirt—"Fudge Packin', Crack Smokin',
Mother Fucker"—tucked away in some cluttered corner of our house.

This poem to honor your survival,
to honor your pure, young grief.



Roger Dunsmore

The Same Sky

The dog and I walk the creek:
half a moon, clouds ripple like sand
in the shallows of a vaster sky.
A tree cracks like lightning,
big cottonwood
slams into the ground.
No wind.

Afterwards, silence,
a train whistle
and the absurdity
of that old saw,
If a tree falls in the forest
and there is no one to hear it...
As if the human ear...
Never mind.

An old man sits by the coal stove
in the kiva, eyes closed,
smiles peacefully at the songs.
Each Kat'sina gives him
an ear of roasted corn
which he holds to his breast
a long time before eating





Roger Dunsmore

then blesses each dancer
with cornmeal
as they climb the ladder
back into the sky.
It spills onto his lap, his shoes,
onto the floor by his feet.
Sometimes
he calls out to them
in a child's voice.

He looks as if
he has been sitting
out all night
in a gentle snow.
Never mind.
It is the same
starry sky.



Roger Dunsmore

Our Faces

for Ed Lahey

Just back from a half-year in China
I find you in the psych ward of the local hospital,
shaking, frightened, pale.
An older woman, just out from her first shock treatment, asks,
“Do those things give you a headache?
Whew! Mine sure hurts.”

You offer me an apple from the bowl
by the nurses’ station and ask me
to give you some wisdom, anything
to help you want to live again:

*You’re a teacher.
You’ve read all the great books.
You’ve thought about life and death and meaning.
And you’re just back from the other side of the world.
Give me words of wisdom.
Help me!*

I don’t know what to say.
Your mad grief comes from a crevasse
deeper than all my knowing.
And part of me is still back in China.

*When they let me out of the State Mental Hospital
I went home to an empty house.
My wife had left me
and I sat in the kitchen two days.
Then took all the aspirin in the house.
And I waited a long time too,
before I called the hospital.
I was serious, by God.*





Roger Dunsmore

I ask, “How long did you wait?”

At least fifteen minutes.

“That’s not very long.”

It isn’t? Seemed like a long time to me.

“I thought you were going to say something like three or four hours. That would be a long time.”

Not very long, huh?

And we both start to laugh at once
and laugh and laugh until tears stream down our faces
and the head nurse glares at us
over her bowl of apples.



E. Poteet

Eros





Timothy Pilgrim

Final gathering, at six feet

Children have all arrived,
rushed in, lingered a distance

from the bed. Found places
to sleep, leafed the photo book,

gulped wine as they cooked.
Left the linguini half-eaten.

Her oxygen level has dipped.
Each besieged breath floats off,

follows housefly ragged buzz past
leaping cat. They unmask,

leave dishes in sink, play poker
at six feet, argue about who cheats.

Pretend not to see the fly
has landed, begun to feast.



Keith Plass





Jenni Fallein

[Drought is obsolete]

Drought is obsolete
now they call it scorched
and I remember ironing
my father's work clothes
how the brown stench
of roasted cotton stung the air,
the shirts that never recovered.

The wildfires are still rampant
but today a slight rain
sprinkles bewildered relief
while crimson zinnias
nod like Cinderella
when the prince asks her;

Is this your shoe?



Jenni Fallein

[It's not the bees' knees]

It's not the bees' knees
It could be their ankles
where those little pots
rival a leprechaun's
filled with calendula gold
after a rainbow swipe
through the garden

But really, it's the sound.
Oh, I know,
you think, *buzz buzz*
what's new, *busy busy*

Listen:
It's a pulse
with two sets of wings—
up down back and forth
at two hundred thirty flaps per second

and there's teeth involved
like how you play a comb.

You do play a comb don't you?

And those teeth
sing the song
of functionality
Big word, that one,
Don't diss it

They're built for hauling
heavy loads—
half their weight in...
Yes! Gold, you got it.

Beloved pollen movers
who make your world hum.





CONTRIBUTORS

Renée E. D'Aoust's memoir-in-essays is *Body of a Dancer* (Etruscan Press). She has taught at North Idaho College since 2007. Please visit www.reneedaoust.com.

Roger Dunsmore taught Humanities, Wilderness Studies, and American Indian Literature at the University of Montana (Missoula & Dillon) from 1963-2013. He is the author of numerous books, including *You're Just Dirt* (2010, FootHills Publishing) and *Earth's Mind: Essays in Native Literature* (1997, University of New Mexico Press). His fifth volume of poetry, *On the Chinese Wall: New & Selected Poems, 1966-2018* was published by Drumlummon Institute of Helena, Montana, in September 2019. He was a founding member and mentor of the Bent Grass Poetry Troupe, 2005-2013. Humanities Montana selected him as one of their Humanities Heroes in 2012. Dunsmore has been short-listed to the Governor for the position of Montana Poet Laureate three times. Currently, he is beginning his eighth year of staple-gunning the work of other poets monthly to utility poles and in small businesses in his Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, neighborhood.

Jenni Fallein lives in Coeur d'Alene. She has one volume of published poems: *If Beauty Were a Spy* (Foothills Press, 2010). She has had the pleasure of being in Trestle Creek Review several times. She has also published in *Gumball Poetry* (no longer in print or chew), and the anthology *Poems Across the Big Sky* (Many Voices Press, 2006), and this last year in *Civilization in Crisis* (Foothills Press, 2021). Off and on, she and Roger Dunsmore host poetry circles in their home depending on various circumstances like what state or country they inhabit (their first poetry circle was in China) and random pandemics and other natural disasters. Jenni is also a painter and an authorized teacher of Neelakantha Meditation as taught by Blue Throat Yoga.

Mary Farrell (cover artist) received her MFA in Printmaking from the University of Cincinnati in 1995 and is currently a Professor Emerita of Art at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington, where she teaches drawing and print making.

Many of her prints and drawings are, at heart, personal geographies that explore fragments from her world to better locate her in space. Topography, strata, terrain, and location are words that inform her work. She often blends many print techniques including woodcut, monotype, etching, drypoint, and mezzotint on a single piece.

Mary has exhibited extensively both nationally and internationally. Her work has been shown in the United States, China, India, Bulgaria, the UK, South Korea, New Zealand, Finland, Mexico, and Ukraine. Her work is collected in both private and public collections, including the Portland Art Museum, the City of Seattle Art Collection, the Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture in Spokane, the China National Academy of Fine Arts in Hangzhou, China, and many corporate collections. In 2000 Mary won a fellowship grant from Artist Trust of Washington State.





CONTRIBUTORS

Although **Maribel Martinez Mogilefsky** did not pursue a degree at North Idaho College, she has enjoyed attending classes over the years. Her main interest was the pottery class with Professor Larry Clark. In addition, she enjoyed the dance programs and the swim training class with Lynne Pulizzi. For several semesters, she returned to the pottery class because it fed her need for self-expression. It was a great joyous space of creativity and community. As a lover of art, any time spent in the expression of creativity is important for her mental health and sense of well-being.

Another creative practice for her is photography. She loves capturing simple moments that express and measure her gratitude for life. It's an exercise of intuition and trust that the beauty and wonder of life shows up in simple ways. She strives to see the everyday moments around her with a new vision. Photography for her is a meditative practice, looking for the stillness in the moment.

She has a BFA degree from the University of Montana, 1995, focusing on painting. Until recently, she worked for the Coeur d'Alene tribe at Marimn Health as a yoga and meditation instructor. At the moment, she has returned to an artistic life, mainly mixed-media painting.

Timothy Pilgrim, a U.S. Pacific Northwest poet and native of Montana, has a few hundred acceptances from U.S. journals such as *Seattle Review*, *Santa Ana River Review*, and *Trestle Creek Review*, and international journals such as *Windsor Review* and *Toasted Cheese* in Canada and *Otoliths* in Australia. He is the author of *Seduced by metaphor* (2021).

Keith Plass is a native of the Rathdrum prairie, who strives to find beauty in common-place scenes. He is currently studying journalism at North Idaho College.

E. Poteet is a nonbinary queer resident of North Idaho, intent on creating safe spaces and spreading laughter; they love to make pickles, play in the dirt, read, and participate in creative expression.

Georgie Simpson enjoys going for long walks and makes coffee for a living. She spends her free time painting, writing, or reading.

David E. Thomas grew up on the Hi-Line in North Central Montana. He graduated from the University of Montana then found himself on the streets of San Francisco where he began his literary education. Economic realities drove him to work on railroad gangs, big construction projects like Libby Dam, and other labor-intensive jobs. He has traveled in the United States, Mexico, and Central America. He has published seven books of poems, *Fossil Fuel*, *Buck's Last Wreck*, *The Hellgate Wind*, *Waterworks Hill*, *Old Power Company Road*, *The Gosling*, and *Afternoon Stroll*.





CONTRIBUTORS

He has poems in the anthologies *The Last Best Place*, *Poems across the Big Sky I* and *II*, and *New Poets of the American West*, and has published poems in Romania, *Blue Collar Review*, *Cedilla 6*, *7*, and *8*, and many other small magazines. His essay “Gothic Days” appears in *The Complete Montana Gothic* edited by Peter Koch, which also features Thomas’s earliest published work. He has published poems and an interview in *Talking River*, poems in *San Pedro River Review*, and appears in the anthology *Civilization in Crisis* just out from FootHills Publishing. He lives in Missoula, Montana.

Kassidy Wigen is an English literature undergraduate student at the University of Idaho. She enjoys writing poetry when she isn't writing literary analyses for classes.





Trestle | CREEK | Review

welcomes submissions of any genre of literary or creative work for its 2023 issue. Submissions of poetry (3-5 poems per submission), prose (5,000 words maximum) or black-and-white artwork (any style or medium) may be sent via email. We consider work by any member of the North Idaho College community—including students, faculty, staff, and alumni—and by residents of the Inland Northwest.

No previously published work can be considered, but simultaneous submissions are welcome. Please include a brief bio with your submission. More information and complete submission guidelines are available at our website, www.nic.edu/tcr. Submission deadline is **January 31, 2023**, for May publication.

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