



RED MESA REVIEW 2019

Red Mesa Review Collective

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Red Mesa Review - *Representing the varied voices of the West Central Plateau and the Four Corners Region.*

Justin House

'Knockoff Textile" (Cover Photo)

Photography

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Electric

You're so far away and I can tell you're at war
And I feel the same way
But I'm at peace when you write
Or when I'm your passenger
And you said you've felt similar things

You only call when the stars are out
And I gaze at them while you speak
I wonder what you look at
When I tell you what occupies my mind
I never tell that you're the biggest one

You tell me about the things you love
And I bite my tongue
Hiding that you're one of mine
I'm too afraid to tell you
Because I'm scared you'll stray farther

But I've told the Moon
And She understands

Kyler Edsitty



“Dream Catcher”
Photography
Corine Gonzales

Sun In Leo

I wanted to be your Sun
Like how you were mine
But like a distant star
You only glance at me
Never wish upon me

I wanted to be your Sun
And warm you through March
And make your flowers bloom
When all you felt was blue
I wanted to show you red

I wanted to be your Sun
And be proud to be yours
Because your attention
Your brown eyes
Your coolong voice
And heavenly words
Would keep my burning
Like July forever

Kyler Edsitty



“Sacred”
Ceramic Sculpture, Slab Construction, and Low Fire Glazes
Maya Ross

Blue

Do you like being an eclipse?
Only showing yourself to me rarely

But when you do
You're very bright

And I have to look
Although I shouldn't

To be in your light
Is pure warmth

And when you leave
The sky is dark

And even the stars look lonely
And I'm just as blue

Kyler Edsitty



“Untitled”

Photography

Jose Alfonso Dominguez Apura

Can you understand me?

People express themselves through their emotions,
But strangers find it hard to understand the joy and sadness.
Words may speak for themselves,
But what if you don't understand the words coming
From their mouth?
They scream for help
While they laugh for attention.

Mikayla Gamble

Life Rules

Be always in the fight with yourself... and win!

If you don't have enemies, you need to create some. Otherwise you become flat.

A theory considered true, although proven false, is either philosophy or religion.

How to get unlimited things from limited resources?

Business is a fraud by definition.

Publicity: Have the dexterity to sell the unsellable!

This is the difference

that makes no difference...

We have to stress our minds... Brain storm, brain hurricane!

I am who I am not!

In-Finite Infinite

Happily divorced!

Someone, coming from a different field, can discover things that people from that field didn't even think about!

Miracles can happen. I feel they are parts of unknown science...

The more known you get, the more enemies you get.

I'll continue my research even if the whole world opposes it!

The indeterminacy makes a difference.

If they fight to death, we'll fight to life!

Tomorrow started yesterday...

We should always hope, because if the hope dies, we die too.

It is true that some truth is not true.

We do a mathematical poetry and a poetical mathematics.

I need calm soul to do science, and restless soul for creating art and literature.

Pure theory without applications brings nothing!

Never stop fighting scientifically!

You're the best psychiatrist of yourself!

Florentin Smarandache



“The Four Elements”
Photography
Clyde Hillis II

Deconstruction in Action

A country road. A tree. Evening.

Over there?

Where?

Here?

Over there?

No, there

Tom McLaren



“Lupton”
Photography
Ashley Miller

Desert Life

“We’re in it now, boys! Welcome to the shitshow!”
Our captain shouts at the top of his lungs, but he’s drowned out by the helicopter
The blades spinning above us we fly to a unknown destination
We land, sand gets in my mouth
With the sun on my back, I move forward
Sweat pours down my sunburnt face and burns my eyes
I walk past the enormous sand dunes that threaten to swallow me whole
My boots heavier than anything as they carry me like loyal soldiers themselves
Many people would say that this desert is empty
But they have never spent time in this desert like I have
Because if they did they would know it is full of life and death
Bombs drop in the distance making the dirt fly up in the air
and cover up the blue sky like a blanket
The bombs interrupt the peaceful but ruthless cycle that this place has
The desert is not a place for human technology like this
We should know better by now
Yet here I am, meddling with nature again
My work will not be done until this place bends to my will

Marcella Garcia

Au Lectur, To The Reader b2b Bad Romance

For Brion Gysin

Folly, error, sin, avarice
Occupy our minds and labor our bodies,
And we feed our pleasant remorse
As beggars nourish their vermin.

On the pillow of evil Satan, Trismegist,
Incessantly lulls our enchanted minds,
And the noble metal of our will
Is wholly vaporized by this wise alchemist.

Serried, swarming, like a million maggots,
A legion of Demons carouses in our brains,
And when we breathe, Death, that unseen river,
Descends into our lungs with muffled wails.

If rape, poison, daggers, arson
Have not yet embroidered with their pleasing designs
The banal canvas of our pitiable lives,
It is because our souls have not enough boldness.

But among the jackals, the panthers, the bitch hounds,
The apes, the scorpions, the vultures, the serpents,
The yelping, howling, growling, crawling monsters,
In the filthy menagerie of our vices,

There is one more ugly, more wicked, more filthy!
Although he makes neither great gestures nor great
cries,
He would willingly make of the earth a shambles
And, in a yawn, swallow the world

I want your ugly
I want your disease
I want your everything
As long as it's free

I want your drama
The touch of your hand
I want your leather-studded kiss in
the sand

I want your love and
I want your revenge
You and me could write a bad
romance
I want your bad, your bad romance

I want your horror
I want your design
'Cause you're a criminal
As long as your mine
I want your bad, your bad romance

I want your psycho
Your vertigo stick
Want you in my rear window
Baby you're sick
I want your bad, your bad romance

Je veux ton amour
Et je veux ta revanche
Je veux ton amour
I don't wanna be friends
I want your bad, your bad romance



Tom McLaren



“Day Dreaming”
Photography
Clyde Hillis II

Sun

The bright morning sun
Is awake early and rains
His blessings on us.

Alexis Leekela



“Traditional Outfit”
Photography
Ashley Miller

You

The shine in your eye
Plus the amazing smile
Hard not to spellbind.

Alexis Leekela

Spring

Green trees and green leaves
Make me miss the lovely breeze
Flowing through my hair.

Alexis Leekela



“Skeleton”
Brooch
Copper, Steel, and Silver Fabrication Techniques
Maya Ross

I Am Yours When I Find You

I love the night, here you cannot see my scars....you don't see my tears
Feeling my scars in this dark seems to hurt you more and more as your tears roll across them
Feeling tears and seeing tears are quite different

In the night I am safe, numb in pain I understand, it understands me
I'll make the prettiest tombstone for my fear
A beautiful funeral for the self harming comfort
The perfect benediction to send the fake angle away

I'll bury you smiling suicide, I'll burn you then bury you 7 feet deep, one foot closer to hell and
one foot farther away from me

Faith, where are you?

I'm sorry I lost you, I forgot where I buried you

Will you forgive me for the things I said to you, the words that cut
The things I've done to you with fire and barbwire

I forgot where I buried you
Faith, do you love the night? Do you see how tears are different when you can only feel them?

There is nothing safe in that dark place, I'm sorry for the way I tortured you
I will find you, I only remember that I buried you alive, screaming, kicking, and 13 feet deep
As I dug your grave through shattered bloody glass with bare hands on my knees I hated you

The scars on my hands remind me of you
Now I need you, tell me what I never allowed you to tell me, show me things I did not know I
needed
I am yours when I find you

Cobin Bo Willie

I Sing the Body Electric

*I SING the Body electric;
The armies of those I love engirth me, and I engirth them;
They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them,
And discorrupt them, and charge them full with the charge of the Soul*
-Walt Whitman

I can't breathe
a succubus perched on my chest
hot lust enveloping but not my own
no beauty, like I prayed for as a child
just an outline of black ether
onyx eyes shooting energy, joined at the crotch, eyes, solar plexus
ether tendrils, emanating from a black bat
binding me to the bed
a tribe of black imps surround a ritual brazier of black flame
smoke from censers engulfing me in a translucent black mesh
like those of Strindberg's symbolist stage
Baudelaire's monsters in fixed positions
rear naked chokes and front bearhugs

I sing the body electric

Psytrance parties
Full Moon Black Moon
Anjuna Beach, Ko Phangan, Kun Lun Gardens
Baisa Kenting, Ju Dong Mountain, Suomisaundi Forest
bonfires & lightshows on *The Beach*
magic mushroom shakes while
real ravers drink water
women my own age grabbing my glowstix and trailing in my face
seeing auras red, yellow, green, blue, purple
like California Sunshine
a PLUR utopia?

I sing the body electric

Moon & XS, Surrender on the floor
pressure and Mesmerism
light, anti-gravity, golden;
yellow fog rubs, lingers long upon the pools that stand;
multiple, competing tedious arguments of insidious intent
my chemical romance
two Thai hired gun approach making my

chakra column boil over, exploding red mercury like a cartoon thermometer
and taking my breath away
a headrush

I sing the body electric

Tai Chi Bagua Zhang Xing Yi Quan

Walking the Circle Eight Diagrams the *I-Ching*

Patrick Martin twisting

cultivates a funnel cloud waist-down

Soft, White Russian

yielding, spiraling

Sambo Systema & Orthodox Mysticism

Brett Jacques' Mongolian throws high and hard

Vladimir Vasiliev and Mikhail Ryabko looks like someone from my hometown

Aleksey Alekseyevich Kadochnikov, the rocket science who transformed the system

parrying and circling and sweeping curved masturbation sabers and Kalashnikovs

all without messing up his suit

The white and bright gold dynamic spheres of the Eastern Nei Ja

like the Plateau of Læng 冷

I sing the body electric

Tom McLaren

Language In My Mouth

“I want to thank my parents for placing the Navajo language in my mouth.”
Evangeline Parsons Yazzie, at a reading in Gallup, NM

My parents with the rough smell of
grease or laundry detergent,
placed language in my mouth;
a twisted kind of language,
Napolitana with an immigrant New York attitude,
English from working-class neighborhoods in
Westchester County.
My father brought some dialect from his mother
who never learned English,
and my mother who struggled with her tongue for years,
learning English, forgetting Italian,
and what did it matter?
My language never fit.
Two children later and they don't understand me
most of the time,
don't know what I am talking about,
have no idea how my brain works or
what words float through my dreams.

It would be nice if my language was pure,
white as a young girl walking through an English garden,
easy straight lines from one generation to another,
like being George Eliot's grand-niece,
staring at portraits of a great-great-grandfather
who just stood there after a hunt.
But my language comes from tangled seaweed
wrapped around my ankles as I stand
in the used up water of the Long Island Sound,
now a survivor of the burning desert,
walking into the open mouth of the water
waiting for all the lines to simply disappear,
like the woman floating in the ocean only
desiring silence,
no one can speak to me anymore in my language,
not the way I remember it.

Once my language was shoved in my mouth,
that rough gift,
that mark on my forehead,
writing poetry was the wrong direction for me,
I should have known that years ago

before sitting in college classes, mute,
listening to the words fall out of
their mouths like music I could cry to,
but never create,
not with this rough tongue.

My parents used words for
what happened,
what was going to happen,
and what might happen.
Is that all of it?

Placing a language in someone's mouth
is quite a responsibility,
and no one wants to take ownership of that.
We drive by the cemetery and ignore the graves,
we do not want to see who is sitting beside us,
we do not want to hear any voices.
I take my daughter to the cemetery
and as we drive there the trees make me
feel I cannot breathe,
my daughter asks me why are we here
and why am I yelling at her
and why do I look like I can't breathe.
Seagulls eating through our trash,
the air is too wet and the woods
will not offer any bodies today,
as we sit in front of that almost dead ocean,
like a dream of blacks and blues
and the wave in front of us rises.

Carmela Delia Lanza

Living With Crows

“Reality is that which, when you stop believing in it,
Doesn't go away,” said Philip K. Dick,
And the world is full of reality.
Climate change. Garbage. Water pollution.
Fire and flood and drought and hurricane.
And crows.

Crows are the laughter of the broken universe
That whirls down in flakes of black snow
And clutters up the world
And eats our garbage
And torments our ears
And caws for sheer joy in existing.

We don't like beings that like being with us.
But crows are being with us.
To them, this apocalyptic world is good.
There has never been better.
The garbage is everywhere.
The cities are warm.
The chicks are fledging,
And the nests are bursting,
And humans cannot get rid of them.

Living with them is simple as being.
Breathing in the laughter, breathing their noise,
Watching them fly instead of shooting,
Treasuring the great flocks we can't kill.
They have replaced the passenger pigeon,
The nineteenth-century great herds of bison,
The swarms of blue whales that once filled the oceans.
We hunted them to death from desire.
What we do not desire,
What we wish to ignore,
Instead fills our cities and steals our food.

If the world is broken because of desire,
Crows are teaching us a lesson
In neglect of desire,
In acceptance of being.
We do not want what we have,
But what we have is right:
No destiny but consequence,
No reason but explanation.

Crows wheel above Gallup
In a chaos of wings,
In a clatter of voices,
In a roar of laughter,
Saying with their caws and chuckles
How infinitely superior
It is to be alive,
No matter the world.
We have broken whales and pigeons and bison,
But not them, not crows,
Not the black garbage-eaters,
Our carrion-eaters, our garbage birds,
Who we should honor as omens of life.
Still with us. Still here.
Being.
Alive.

Keri Stevenson



“Abstract Brooch”
Copper, Steel, and Silver Fabrication Techniques
Larson Barney

Love yourself

As human beings we have to grow into loving ourselves.

Our generation is based on what people think of us.

It conveys how we want to deceive ourselves in order to fit in.

We are our worst critic,

And as people we feel the need to change in order to please others.

I find it absurd how crazy people get in this world of free expression,

But it's common in many to find a default in themselves and others.

Well in the end,

I don't know.

I just love the idea of showing how hard we can be ourselves,

When in the end,

We shouldn't be.

Mikayla Gamble

“PLIGHT OF THE PUMMELED”
STRENGTH IN STRUGGLE

... And the Course the Struggle Runs:

Finally coming-to
Trying to climb
Back
From Disgrace
Fallen out of Grace
Concentrate
Though your arms
Can barely bear the Weight
Cause the Climb is Constant
When it appears
Becomes clear
Clear as Dirt
How that Low Place
Never washes off your face
Twist that Grimace to a Grin
Bite down hard onto that bullet
The world may grind down rough
Cut into your bones
Line your face
With Maps only you can Trace
And all these bitter broken souls
You meet
Wandering these Labyrinths of roads
Don't have to know you
To beat you
And the course the struggle runs:
Overcoming that Disgrace
When you realize
How that Low Place
Just Will Not wash off your Face
Don't you ever
Let anyone push you
Down into
A pit
They like to call “Your Place”
----Cause it AIN'T.

Just because they think they know
Who you are
Where you been
From the dirt and roadmaps
Cold refractions they catch

From off your face
They weren't there
When your heart beat thin
They won't get any glory from
Seeing you Win.

Play rough and rugged
Tunnel your muscle
Into just that Light
Shining above you
And no Matter
What battle wounds
Your face shows
The power
Of the *light you use*
Through your face
Will Glow.
Heaven knows.

Katie Schultz

Us

As the sky cried with rain
As to wash away the pain
The night cold and dark
For it is no walk in a park
Life is something we have to live
For this we hope and give
Give love and care
To encourage others to share
The world is an arduous place
Like a shoe without its lace
We believe things are bad
But when it stays we get mad
Our emotions control us over the line
Which we all know is fine
This is us in a nation
Full of manifestations
This is us full of lust
For lust we bust
This is us

Amber A. Martinez

So Be It

Humans, easily deluded creatures
For human reliance on preachers
Of an idea that cynosure a divinity
The distorted faith in a facade of complete concinnity
Deception takes hold of the brain
Subject to the claws of a beguile rein
Imperception reaps each mind merciless
Exorbitant mortal loss due to our carelessness

Amen

Amber A. Martinez

Childhood

Eyes full of wonder
Laugh loud as thunder
Mind full of dreams
Smile that beams
Hands that play
Words that pray
Light in open night
The fight to get bright
A child that cries
Is an adult that is wise

Amber A. Martinez



“Nature’s Reject”
Photography
Kayla Vigil

Nature’s Reject

Oh you should be like me

We trees are the best there can be

Look at me and how my branches swing Large and wide I am hard to avoid don’t you agree

Why be a stubby and lengthy thing

Oh you should be like me

Oh you should be like me

Oh no there you go

Ripping your chance of being like me

Why must you sow those seeds

Oh no there you go

No longer a chance at being like me

You’ve become a stubby lengthy bare nightmare

A sight like you is very rare

Kayla Vigil

The Never-ending Case

Are you real?
Feel me as I stand skeptical
Who are you?
Feel me as I might throw you out as a cliché
What are you?
Feel me as I might be uneducated, teach me about who you are
Where do you come from?
Feel me I just need to know you're real
How are you so good at hiding?
Feel me I just need to see your face to end the questions
Why do you care?
Feel me I just need to say you're a phantom hero to families who have gotten the chance to know you
Someone as special as you should be hidden
The world would rip you apart and turn you into another government sham
I will always question you
To have faith in you is all I can do
Oh Yet'so who are you?

Kayla Vigil

Word Masters

The rapier pen
Sliced through the language
With maneuvering retorts, mastering
Slicing his opponent
Tortless

In mesmerizing language
That held reason at bay,
He could weave a speculating spin
Out of Nothing,
His a-ber-a-ca-da-be-ra imagination
Intended to sway in
Willing aficionados
Of Hope and Magic

An easy flow
Of bloodless abstractions
Garnished the air
Bobbing 'round the speaker's head'
Glittering prismatically
With faceted promises -
An unembodied constellation
Of firefly winks
That disappeared in the light of day

The speech, though cleverly lanced
With splinters of truth
Was deliberately muffled with ambiguities.

C. R. Dyer

Churn

New Mexico opus
In Wagnerian season
Sweeping winds orchestrate the path
Of Nimbus clouds
To boil darkly, rapturously
At full script,
Tirelessly signaturing
The arching stretches of the sky
A constant churn of cast
Performs multitudinous variations
In easy virtuosity

Layers of stratus
Lined in languorous serenity
Calm a day at sunset
With a watercolor palette
Icy filaments of cirrus,
Enormous floats of cumulus –
A never ending repertoire
Plays all seasons.
Who knows what evolving chemistry?
What vaporous blooms,
Have shipped the Ocean-Skies
Through millions of years –

Below this brothy stream
Of perpetual motion
Lie the geological hulks
Of imperturbable mesas,
Old beyond imagining –
Liners built for crossing
The far-far seas
That once lapped their sides,
Scoring in colored bands
The waves of millennial time,
Now, dry docked in the expanse of desert,
Paced in a largo
Of imperceptible change,
Eons more to go.

We flash by in allegro
At 75 miles an hour
Merely a blip.

C. R. Dyer

Alien to Herself

Wrested from the familiarity of a shared home
By the death of her husband,
Dimmed eyesight forced abandonment
Of her beloved Mustang
She was overwhelmed with the displacement,
In the small, cramped apartment,
The accumulated props of a long marriage
Which once graced their days in lively use,
Un-niched from generous spaces,
Now swarmed like ants over all surfaces –
Hurriedly placed willy-nilly on windowsills,
Counters, table-tops, on shelves, in drawers -
A disoriented crowd awaiting re-assignment:
Small decorative boxes, empty vases,
Ceramic figures, baskets, tiered candy dishes,
Mixed with the daily traffic of tea cups,
Salt and pepper shakers, piles of papers, pens, utensils
Pots and pans in dis-array in dark cupboards.

Loosed of the purposes of former years,
Her identity as Mistress of the House
Collapsed.
She, too, had become a useless object
Amid the crowded press in the unaccustomed space,
All had taken on an air of Otherness.
She mused that her possessions were sentinels,
Watching and waiting for a movement,
As if they had an understanding with each other.
And with her,
Some expectation of attention,
And some unknown obedience.
She felt more and more a captive.
Claiming her Present, her Past breathed dustily
Through these once-familiar denizens.
Trapped in the altered circumstances
Of a tractionless existence,
The new aliens took on a sentience,
Asking, with her,
“What now?”

C. R. Dyer

Rise Down

I'm still in the dark, lost but no longer scared, crawling through knives searching for faith
Hating everything I am, hating everything I become
It still haunts me, still it hurts me, why do I need pain to love myself?
I still hate myself, please leave me, beat me, show me again how I let you down
You don't need me I never needed me, take it away and stay away

The sun rises brighter without me, I never wanted this but needed this
Leave me alone, it's too late to make me believe
I want to go then want to stay, I didn't know it would be so hard to change
My mind never got along with my heart, I no longer care, you can take them both
Still I cry, still I hide, I never could find a way out of this hell, fuck it I'm done

Why do I feel so dirty? Keep away from me I'll stain your love and murder your faith
I still look for new ways to fall, different ways to hurt myself
Then I begin to heal but I don't like the way it feels, help me to hold this hell
This is all I know, all I'll ever know
Why do I want pain to love myself? So I hurt myself

I wish you could wish it away yet I stay the same, broken always unchanged
I'll cry when you're not around, I'll try hard not to take myself away from you
No longer can I stay in this place, I want you to burn this face
My hope has died inside, how I don't know how to feel outside
Somewhere behind these eyes is every honest lie

It's so hard to talk about this, I don't deserve your kiss
I feel safe in my own hell, it keeps me numb to you and everyone else
I'll hurt it all, burn it all, never knew myself when I had it all
Letting go is what I know, turn around as I let go
Hurt me more than me, you don't stand a chance

I feel alone, always alone I suffer to survive, I'm revived
I hate it all, loose it all, another fist through the wall
No longer do I need the light, in me it was never alright
Some things were never meant to be, you never could make this go away
I hurt you by hurting myself, I always fuck it up

The fake me I can no longer be, I need my ways to always bleed
I'll be myself in this hell my own hell, where I know myself
Now bury that part of me that thinks it wants to believe
I tried to show you, now I'll have to show you, I'm hurting more than you can see
I take it in, hold it in, make it suffer, make it mine, I finally found me

Cobin Bo Willie



“Protective Test”
Photography
Justin House

Slips of the Ear

In the morning while eating my eggs over easy, I said,
Just go ahead and get your speech therapy degree
You said, *What? Fish sandwiches for free?*

The other day, I reminded you that *the stove is on with my soup!*
You responded, *the dog is out of the soup?*

These are slips of the ear, a phenomenon common in linguistics

Yi-Wen Huang

A Very Good Life, Based on the Feet

I said to my husband,

*You will have a good life because the shape of your feet
is slender and long and your toes are also slender and long*

I remembered the first time I met my mother's boyfriend at our home,
She asked him which of us, my sister or me, would have a better life.
He said my younger sister, because her feet were longer and more slender than mine

I guess this is called *foot reading*

Yi-Wen Huang

Winter of '98

It was the winter of 1998
The most dangerous year to live in Albuquerque, New Mexico
But we didn't have a care in the world
Our biggest goal was trying to figure out how to make snowmen with the small, dirty snow
patches that the winter left us
In the end, our snowmen came out small and disappointing
We are in a desert after all
A concrete cityscape in the middle of a barren wonderland
Once our snowmen were made we stared into their misshapen eyes
And we memorized their cold bodies
We thought our snowmen could conquer the world
Even though they would melt by the middle of the day, once the sun peeked through the clouds
The desert eventually takes everything back
We would breathe warm air into our gloved hands and sigh
Our breath floating above us like bright white summer clouds
We were just children during that harsh winter
The winter of '98
We were just lost children in the dirty snow

Marcella Garcia



“Good Luck Necklace”

Silver, Hollow Construction, and Fabrication Techniques

Monte Thompson

Don't Fear the Buckskin

The night was cool and full of excitement. I sat anxiously for the signal to ride at the rodeo. My left hand clenched the saddle bronc rein tight, and my right hand extended high above my black cowboy hat. My lanky legs extended to the side of the saddle and my black boots snugged in the stirrups of the saddle. In my mind I visualized how I would ride out of the bucking chute when the gate swung open.

I had driven seven hundred twenty-eight miles to get to Riverton, Wyoming. The ride took eleven hours in my old Chevy truck. It is amazing that this old blue truck got me there safely, in spite of two worn down tires and with the engine sputtering. Riverton is located in the middle of the state and located west of Casper, Wyoming. There are approximately ten thousand citizens living in this town. There are Natives living in the area and they are members of the Wind River or the Shoshone tribes. This is the site of the regional rodeo for the Indian National Finals.

There are various sports all across America in which people of all ages can get involved in a sport of their choice. For me, I chose the great American sport of rodeo. In the sport of rodeo there are events like tie-down roping, team roping, steer wrestling, breakaway roping, barrel racing, bull riding, bare-back riding and saddle-bronc riding. I participate in the saddle bronc-riding event.

I love to watch the horses when they are standing around in the holding pens just before a rodeo. I observe their body and muscle tone. I begin to wonder which horse I would draw to ride. There are times when a conflict occurs in having all of the cowboys draw a number from a hat to determine which horse each will ride. The numbers present a problem especially if there is an identical set of numbers. This causes problems for the stock contractor, the rodeo announcer and helpers. The problem is resolved when different numbers are written and finally drawn again by the cowboys.

I gave a slight nod to the gate holder and shouted, "Let's go boys!" With that signal the gate swung open wide, and I rode "Dirty Dean." He is considered a high rank buckskin bucking horse and many cowboys do not stay on. This horse has a reputation of jumping out of the chute kicking. I said to myself, "The goal is to ride "Dirty Dean" for eight seconds tonight". So, I rode "Dirty Dean" and stayed on with his every buck, turn and jump. It seemed like an eternity, but unfortunately, I didn't make it to the eight second ride.

I bucked off "Dirty Dean." As I was falling off, I got swung underneath the horse. Suddenly, "Dirty Dean" stepped on my left leg. It felt like a ton of bricks landing on my leg and then the Emergency Medical Technicians came to render medical assistance. Since I had no broken bones, I walked out of the rodeo arena on my own in spite of the pain in my left leg. I was determined to ride again for the finals, which was the following evening.

The next day, I tried soaking my leg and rubbing the injured area with liniment for some relief to my aching left leg. I stayed in the truck the rest of the day. All around me I could hear the beating of drums coming from the Indian Pow Wow dancing area. I heard men singing and keeping in tune with each beat of the drum. The sound made me drowsy and I dozed off to sleep after taking an aspirin. I woke up to the smell of burgers grilling and the sizzling of Indian fry bread. After eating a delicious meal, I decided to walk about the pow wow area and see if there was anyone I knew. After an hour of walking, I went back to my truck and got ready for the rodeo. I had to check out the bronc saddle and riding equipment. There is a routine that I go through to make sure everything is ready for my next ride.

It was time again to ride, and this time I drew another horse that I was not familiar with. It was the first round for regional finals, to earn a spot to Indian National Finals Rodeo in South Point Las Vegas, NV. I drew a horse by the name of "Jumping Jack." I knew these next two rounds I had to ride both horses to make it to the INFR. When the event started, I was first to ride. I called for the gate; the horse bailed out of the chute. The horse bucked hard, but I managed to stay on for the eight seconds! I felt relief, but I still had to watch eight other bronc riders.

The next day I still felt pain in my left leg. I had to prepare myself for my next ride. This next ride would be my ticket to the Big Rodeo in Las Vegas. I went to the draw sheet. I had seen

right across from my name, a horse call “Blue Moon.” I had drawn this horse from a previous rodeo. I knew I would win. When the time came to ride, I knew I had it. I called for the gate to swing open. The horse started to spin, lost his trip and fell to the ground. The horse fell to the left side and the swell of my saddle landed right onto my left leg. I felt the pain once again. The judges offered me a reride. Of course, I did take that reride. I asked the judge, “Who was my re-ride horse? He said, “Dirty Dean!” I thought of the pain in my leg. I knew I had to Cowboy Up!

When “Dirty Dean” came down the alleyway, I had a little fear in me. I saddled up “Dirty Dean” and measured my bronc reins. I climb into the chute, sat in my saddle, ready to call for the gate. As I called for the gate, the horse came out bucking hard, the first few jumps it was a blur. After those first few jumps, I had a clear vision. It felt like I was on slow motion. Every jump I spurred my horse to the neck of the horse and to the back of my cantle on my saddle. The eight seconds felt like forever. After I heard the eight-second buzz, I felt relief. After I dismounted, I felt joy because I knew all I had to do was ride “Dirty Dean” to make it to INFR. Through all the excitement from my qualified ride, I had forgotten about the pain in my knee.

When the rodeo in Riverton was over, I drove myself home to New Mexico. I didn’t mind the long drive because I got to do what I love.

Llewellyn Paul

Meddling in a Crossfire

In 2020 Nick Sandmann will donate \$250 million won in lawsuit against The Washington Post to Native American Movements.

Nick Sandmann, the young boy who went viral with me. His name was trashed, dragged through the dirt and his image destroyed beyond repair. *Where would he have been if I hadn't stepped in?* I see what happened that day as justice. People still argue about who was wrong, who was doing the most harm, but my prayer worked. He has a second chance because of me.

“The man at the center of all this... Native American activist and an elder from ... Nathan Phillips. And he's in our studios in... this morning. Mr. Phillips, thank you so much for coming in.”

The words flutter in and out of my ears. *How did I get here?* For the past four days I've been living in a spotlight. The light shines right into my eyes; but for now, this dimly-lit studio blocks out the shine. My eyes are about to fry right out of my skull like a pair of eggs on a Sunday morning. My face is painted across thousands of screens throughout the country. What people think of me doesn't faze me twice. I remember how I got here, not every little thing like the days leading up to this, but that day but the moment I saw *them*.

They stood gathered that evening. A chill touched the backs of their spines, as the two-day old snow lay upon the cold concrete. Patches left and right, it was a cool winter sunset, the sun was out all day trying to warm the gatherings, so it made sense as to why it was so eager to set. Light, dark and rose-pink mashed with light blue across the sky. I think of the beginning, how everything was so empty. Now museums, monuments, towers, buildings, concrete streets, and asphalt roads cover almost every inch.

I remember the start of the Lincoln Monument. That's where it all happened, on those big granite rocks meshed together, making the lower steps of Henry Bacon's vision. Bacon was sure creative when he put his vision into an 8-year process. Just like the lower steps, the terrace walls are made up of the granite stone from Massachusetts. The upper steps, outside façade, and pieces of the columns contain marble from Colorado. The interior walls and the rest of the column chunks are limestone from Indiana. The floor, pink marble from sweet Tennessee. Ah yes, and there is the southern Alabama marble which makes up the ceiling tiles. Henry Bacon made this monument from different bits of the country to show unification, to show what it means to be one.

That prayer is a prayer for strength and for life to be followed in the path of light. That day our feet smacked the pavement; with each step bolts full of prayer flew through the ground beneath us. They shook the earth, startling the great spirits who watch over us. It's the 21st century and

my people are still at a crossroad with being accepted for who they are. They gather yearly to march; the march represents them as a whole. Many diverse tribes gather, each have their own beliefs in their grand creation but today they become what we always wanted them to be; one. Just like Henry Bacon did to the Lincoln Memorial. All the different stones, no matter where they came from, became one.

They hear my prayers. I pray to honor those who have come and gone and for those who have yet to become part of our motherly earth. Proudly I bang my drum and voice my prayers. The holy people picked me. They wanted to test my faith; they heard me through-out the years claiming to be a follower. That day, that march, and all the people who were there, played roles in their grand plan.

The Plan: Test Nathan Phillip's Strength, Date of Plan: 1/18/2019

Not all prayers get answered. I remember the Ghost Dance; people prayed, danced, and banged as hard as they could on their drums. *The drums* are hollowed and carved out of a log, with thick animal hide, preferably buffalo, stretched out across its opened heart. It is tied together with sinew thongs right behind the exposed heart. Each drum has a heartbeat; the heartbeat of the native nation and of our mother earth. Each time a drum is used it calls together the spirits and the nations of all Native Americans together no matter how far apart we are. That bloody day, they danced, sang, cried, screamed for us for so long. They danced the Ghost Dance until their feet blistered. We watched our beautiful creations turn against one another to please the pale skinned roaches. That day they shut the Ghost Dance down, they marched our men, women, children and elders back into our arms. Their bodies may have covered Wounded Knee, but their souls danced right back into our light. They did nothing wrong; they were pushed and punished for who they were because the roaches couldn't find their own peace.

“... I want to make sure our listeners understand – I mean there was this group of high-school students, as I mentioned. And I gather that this other group you're talking about is the-some members of the Black Hebrew Israelites. I mean ... America's emancipated slaves are God's chosen people. Some of them are known to use offensive slurs against many different groups...”

David Greene sits across from me; his face wears a serious *get down to business* look. The number of interviews conducted the past few days have put a kink in my neck. In this modern world things happen in a blink of an eye. When we first started out with humans it was amazing at how patient everyone was. Stories would take months to travel by mouth. Now it's at the tap of a single finger. Everyone knows everything that's happening millions of miles away. These tiny once powerless beings, now hold so much power.

” BEFORE YOU WERE WORSHIPPING TOTEM POSTS YOU WERE WORSHIPPING THE TRUE LIVING GOD!”

The beginning of a world-wide misunderstanding. The angry man shouted across the crowds. We came in peace to march, freedom of speech, right? What a great rule that came out to be. Freedom to express yourself is an honor, but those who like to misuse the privilege bring so much shame. He calls us children of Israel. We came to march in peace, but this angry man isn't spreading peace. The angry man brings anger; he makes the open space feel so uncomfortable. The man is the elephant in the room. You try to shut him out and try to avoid seeing that he is there. No matter where you look he's right there in-front of you; making direct contact with each look you give.

Why is he so angry? He claims our land was taken due to our culture. Why is he so angry towards us?

The Black Hebrew Israelites that's who the angry man belonged to: godly men who claim to be descendants of the lost tribe of Israel. *God's chosen race*, the religion shows no signs of equality. He throws false accusations at the peaceful protestors. The mockery of our genocide comes flying from their leader's cold mouth. God took our land for not worshipping him. Shaken to their cores, people begin to approach and confront the angry man. No peace can be found; there it is again, "Freedom of Speech" thrown around like a punch in the throat through the years. *Why isn't peace taken into consideration when freedom is involved?* Nothing good can come out of looking for trouble, but this angry man came hungry for it. To be accepting of people would be the first step this man needs to take to understand *peace*. People are diverse and have multiple opinions of what is right. Be accepting and love thy neighbor but also show respect for thy neighbor's personal beliefs. Criticizing won't get you anywhere. To live a life of being a critic will only bring you pain. You'll spend days, months and years being so angry with how much you dislike a diverse world. Religion is supposed to bring self-peace. His religion was the bad apple of the bunch and spoiled an event of peace.

“You want angry! YOU WANT ANGRY?!” Raising his voice is his only weapon. He believes that if he raises his voice his twisted message will be imbedded in the minds of the people passing though. He believes that the work he is doing is going to lead the bystanders to a life changing experience. Little does he understand; his message won't bring peace. He's shaking the beehive and is expecting the bees to peacefully let him be. *Does he not understand the mess he's creating?* Instigating, his words continue to taunt by standers. Young white boys stand close by. Standing too close to the hungry predators, they soon become their next target.

“Well, see, that wasn't so much that I was protecting anybody. But I was coming between something that I had been witnessing, you know, on the news, - on the Facebook – racism –

because you got to understand, I came from an indigenous people gathering. And it was full of prayer, full of promise of a better tomorrow. You know, that's – that was the message we was putting out." My mouth becomes dry as if I swallowed a handful of sand. I've never been interviewed before; the last time I felt this nervous was when I first met the big creator. I mean I was just this orb of light, but still if I was able to speak I would have felt the same feeling.

Their main plan was for their people to be made up of a long line of peace walkers. The language had no room for foul words. The way the people treated one another reflects their harmony. They are only to fight if it is in the act of protection. They aren't made to go out and look to cause trouble. As generations came and went, the people lost touch with who we truly were. The modernized world has spoiled them rotten to the sacred cores located in each beating heart. Our young are deeply fascinated with the different cultures. Some would say that they believe our ways are boring, and old. But they're young; once they reach adulthood, their fully developed minds will crave the sense to be who they were meant to be.

"... you were under the impression or *making an assumption* that a large group of young, white men might threaten a minority, ... you saw this group of black Israel – Hebrew Israelites as potentially in danger by this ... based on what you had seen in the news in our country in the recent months and years?"

Death, he waits. He sits courtside next to rallies, celebrations, protests, just about every place you can think of. He waits. When he got the news of the presidential election. he did a back flip, thinking of the rise in numbers he would see. Death lingers. He munches on hot Cheetos and Nachos while watching innocent people being killed. Death hates when I step in and mess up his numbers. Why can't death just wait for the old to croak and the fatal accidents to come? Why does he try to gain *brownie points* when it comes down to my area of expertise?

"... Thank you for the clarity because that's what it was, in my mind and in my heart – because when I seen those – those young men, I was seeing their faces. And the thing is that those young men could have chosen to not feed into those guys, those Israelite fellers. They could have chose the – the students' teachers, the students' chaperones could have *instructed* those students to exit that area ..."

Social media, at the click of a button things fly through the air. Teeny tiny little pieces of energy carrying full ammo. *What would have happened if the full video was the only video released?* The anger would have no longer been focused on me and the young man who had the staring contest with me while we were surrounded shoulder to shoulder by anger, lies, and self-pity. They baited themselves, I'm not sure why they were so vocal. I know they wanted to share their beliefs, but they were standing on a landmine. Should I have walked away? What if I would've walked away and a vicious fight broke out? The questions fly through my mind like

lightning. Being in the moment of interfering, I didn't have a moment to doubt myself. My feet carried me out into the crowd. No question of "what if" came to me. My hand began to feel the beat, my soul woke my song and forced its way out, past my lungs, past my heart and out my mouth. I vomited hope upon the angry crowds. The vomit had chunks of love, healing, hope, and strength.

I am Nathan Phillips. I am the man who got between the young teen men and the men of the Black Hebrew Israelites. My drum was my weapon. I walked into that crowd ready to beat peace among every person in sight. With each pound, waves of love shook through the touching bodies. Clenched white knuckled fists were restrained. My fellow creators held the hands of each person around me that day. For years they all have been victims of great defeat and white lies, but that day, my prayer blanketed the heated area. Like a thick compression blanket, my words wrapped around the hearts of each person. No one will admit it, but each person was touched that day. I can no longer be found. I made myself known, and I had my face shown across the world, but I will never be seen again. People will look high and low, people will claim it was all for the fame, but no one knows my real name.

An old Cherokee man once told a great life battle story. Inside every man there are two wolves. One is a black wolf; it represents anger, sorrow, just about every ugly aspect of being human. The other is white; it represents good, happiness, empathy, all the positives of having a heart and soul. The wolf you feed is the wolf who will win. The prayer I voiced starved the black wolf out of the souls of those involved in my great test. I am only a spirit now; I wander from conflict to conflict vomiting enough food for the white wolf to grow on. No one sees my face or sees me coming but I am hope. In the darkest of nights, I breeze through, traveling alone, bringing faith to those in need. Anything to save a soul.

Kayla Vigil

Morning Lesson

It was a lovely, sunny morning in Jerusalem during spring time. I woke up at the piercing sound of the alarm clock, which brought me back from the dead of sleep. As my eyes flicked open, with my vision still blurry, I squinted my eyes so I could see my sister, already opening the window of our room. The objects that decorated our room such as our vanity, my sister's trophy from the marathon she finished, and random trinkets glistened in the first golden rays of the day. I blinked a few times in an attempt to help my eyes adjust to the illumination; still, sleep dragged me backwards until my sister pulled down my blanket. "Wake up!" she uttered, as I groggily slid out of my bed.

We called her "Morning Girl" since she always woke up early to do her meditation and some morning exercises. She used to urge me to join her, and although I was pretty obsessed with those kind of spiritual things, I still preferred to get more sleep. I stood at the window to smell the breeze rustling the leaves with dew upon them; soon the gentle heat of the morning would send these water droplets back to the clouds. It was a few minutes before we started to smell the fumes of the vehicles, hearing the whir of machines—the only moments where I could hear the heartbeats of the city. Suddenly, a rush of anxiety and agitation came over me as I pondered about my speech that I had to deliver in front of my school that morning.

It was the start of another routine morning. All I needed to do was nod to acknowledge my morning greetings to family, eat, pack my bag, grab lunch, and leave. So I took a shower and quarreled with my sister over which clothes we should wear for that day. Finally we finished getting ourselves ready. The taxi cab that used to drive us to school almost every day was waiting in the driveway of our house. Rushing down the stairs, I remembered the morning arguments and laughter I used to share with my dad in this very spot. "I can't wait to see him. Two months. That is all that is left for him to be back," I thought to myself.

My mom and my grandma would usually be on the balcony enjoying the fresh air filled with the fragrance of spring flowers, sipping their coffee and chatting about current issues or past stories. As our fluffy white cat purred contentedly on my grandma's lap, we kissed their hands saying, "*Salam Mama, salam Teta.*"¹ After which they wished us good luck, with my grandma murmuring my favorite morning prayers: "*Rabna yerda ankon we iwafekon,*"² we listened to her as we walked out towards the driveway.

My sister and I finally got into the taxi. "Good morning Sa'eed," my sister and I cried together. "Hey girls, good morning. How are you today?" He grinned broadly at us. His name, Sa'eed, means "happy", and from his big grin, you'll know immediately that he is always happy. "*Tres bien, merci Sa'eed*"³ we exclaimed. My sister and I liked to practice some French whenever we could. Luckily, Sa'eed knew a bit of French.

As Sa'eed pulled the car out of the driveway of our house, my sister and I quickly buckled our seatbelts. I noticed my mom was still there on the balcony, waving at us until we no longer could see her. I could never avert my eyes from my mother until her image disappeared from my view. We started our typical ride to school, the distance was about three

¹ Peace on both of you, Mama and Grandma

² May God guide you.

³ Very well, thank you

miles, and the streets jammed with vehicles. We got stuck in a gridlock every few meters as people bustled on the sidewalks, some of them crossing the street paying no heed to the traffic around them. “*Je deteste l’heure de pointe.*”⁴ whined my sister; on the other hand, I was sitting in my seat, checking my watch every now and then, and ripping a napkin into small pieces while I was rehearsing in my head part of the speech that I had to deliver within a few minutes.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, my sister yelled in terror, “Watch out, watch out!” I looked up with amazement. A tingle surged throughout my whole body when I saw a black semi van in front of us—without signaling—slow down abruptly and stop in the middle of the road, instead of pulling over to stop safely on the side. Then, Sa’eed immediately jammed on the brake and swerved the car out of the way to avoid a collision. Our taxi mounted a sidewalk, almost slamming into a lamppost; terrified bystanders started to run away. Fortunately we didn’t run over anybody, and nobody got hurt. “We had a near miss,” Sa’eed sighed with relief. His face was ashen, and he was still clinging onto the steering wheel tightly.

There in the back seat, my sister and I were frozen to the spot, ghastly whiteness spreading over our faces. My sister sat there, wordless. I still couldn’t open my eyes; maybe I was expecting to hear a rumbling of crashing metals, since a long line of cars were behind us that could make it a pile-up accident. Glancing around I saw a stout, short, middle-aged man with a flushed face, throbbing veins, and black, frowning brows. He slammed the door of his car with a bang that we could hear from where we were; I saw that he was treading toward us with exaggerated swagger. “Oh my God, he is coming,” my sister uttered with fear. “Just pull the car out of here, for God sake Sa’eed, what are you waiting for?” she begged.

My flesh still tingled from the shock. “Sa’eed, why don’t you teach him a lesson? Are you not angry?!” but the reckless driver had already approached our car. Sa’eed turned his head back toward us and whispered “Calm down, please girls.” My sister and I gaped at him in astonishment, when he quietly pressed a button to bring down the window. Then, he smiled at that man and asked, “Everything alright with you man?” Sa’eed asked the driver. “You were tailgating me, you were about to rear-end me man, what the hell were you thinking, man!” the driver roared.

“I don’t know, man. I was far from you, that’s why we never crashed,” Sa’eed replied. “I never expected you to stop without using your blinkers, you were accelerating and stopped all of a sudden!” Sa’eed argued, and shuffled uneasily in his chair. Obviously, Sa’eed was avoiding direct eye contact with him.

“But I wasn’t speeding, man. I am sure I wasn’t!” protested the driver still resting his elbow on the driver’s window. Sa’eed, on the other hand, just kept nodding and smiling, saying nothing but glancing at his watch.

“You are a good man, buddy. Be alert next time,” the man scolded. Sa’eed nodded and smiled again as if he acknowledged. But I could tell at that exact moment, Sa’eed was faking the smile on his face.

My sister and I breathed a sigh and then she snapped “Let’s go!” While the man was walking toward his car, he mumbled something we couldn’t catch. In fact, my feelings of relief

⁴ I hate the rush hour

were mixed with anger, which urged me at that moment to call back that man, who was probably the playground bully when he was young. I would tell him that he owed us an apology, and that it was all his fault. But I didn't allow myself to speak and be the bad guy. Or maybe I just was frightened. But definitely, I was disappointed. I had expected a different response from Sa'eed.

"Seriously, Sa'eed? Why did you smile for that jerk?" I questioned while looking at the man stepping into his car.

We drove off and went along our way; we were already running late. Sa'eed looked at me in his rearview mirror and said to me with a calm voice, "Why should I take it personally and escalate the argument, and spoil your day and mine as well? Listen Kawther, people are like a dump truck, deep inside they are filled with disappointment, frustration and anger. So don't let them pour their overload on you, okay?" Sa'eed continued to smile his kind smile as he said that.

"Ok, wise guy," I joked with a smile. Needless to say, Sa'eed's words thrilled me, and we were deeply grateful for being safe that day. The echoes of his wise words still resonate inside my head and suppress my impulses each time I feel outraged and mad with someone.

Kawther Soufan



“Tea Pot”
Photography
Ashley Miller

In a Narrow Canyon

It's spring time which is the most beautiful time. It's time of new life especially at my grandpa's ranch. His ranch is hidden within the canyon and I bet most people don't even know it's there. The drive from our home to the ranch is about forty minutes, but it's definitely worth it. We must drive through town and then finally get off the main road and that's where the beauty begins.

The road is bumpy and dusty which makes it hard to drive on but we don't rush because there is no need to. My father is in the driver's seat with one hand on the wheel and the other resting on the window that's rolled all the way down. He is prepared with his Ford Camouflage cap and camouflage bandana already tied around his neck to avoid getting sunburned. He's wearing an old green flannel that he isn't afraid to get dirty. My mother is in the passenger's seat looking out wearing her usual visor and pink flannel too. My sister and I are in the back looking out the rolled down windows. We are both dressed the same with our work jeans, old shirts, flannels, and caps because we know we're going to work today.

The dirt road finally becomes a newly paved road and the drive becomes smooth. There are houses on both sides of the road but they are spread out and there's lots of open space filled with vegetation. There are prairie dogs that are running around. As the road turns you begin to enter a little canyon. Each level of the canyon has trees and loose rocks. As we get closer to my grandpa's ranch the fewer houses there are. Many people have goats and sheep and there are the wild horses that roam in that area. We finally get to the turn off and my mom hands me the keys to unlock the gate. I jump out and immediately feel the warmth of the sun and hear birds and different bugs. I run to the gate and unlock it. Then I swing it open and wait for my dad to pull through. I run to close the gate and get back in.

To both sides of us are the canyon walls. There are about four levels on both sides. Big boulders sit along the edge precariously perched. There are a lot of trees that cover the majority of the canyon. It's a dirt road with big bumps that my dad made for irrigation purposes when the water runs. We turn and there's the herd of cattle basking in the sun. Shiny little calves are laying close to their mamas.

"Awwww, look at that little golden one!" my sister yells as we are driving by.

"That one must have been born recently" is all my dad says.

"I really hope it's a girl!" my mom says smiling.

We drive by slowly and keep going to make our way to the main area where the cabin, barn, and corrals are. The road is very narrow and right by the canyon wall. We know we're getting close when we can hear the sheep dogs barking and the sounds of the sheep and goats. We pull up close to the barn. My dad stops the truck and we all get out. It's really warm out but there are beautiful fluffy clouds in the sky that give some shade here and there.

"Let's check on the lambs first," my dad directs.

We walk to the small corral where the sheep and lambs are. The lambs are so tiny and clean. They are jumping all over and running too. Their moms are laying or standing up while they drink their milk. They need water so my sister and I grab the buckets and go to the water tank. We fill them up and walk back and pour just enough into their trough to clean it out and then dump more water in. We have to make about four trips until it's full and then we get their hay. The sheep get excited knowing they're about to get fed and all stand up and face us. The little lambs are close to their moms and get spooked when we get close to them. We give all of them about four flakes and then close the gate and let them eat. They aren't going to go out with the rest of the herd because the little lambs might get tired easily.

My dad is standing by the gate that leads into the main corral where the sheep and goats are. They know they're about to be let out and all approach him but the sheep dogs haven't eaten yet, so we run into the cabin and get their food. The sheep dogs don't approach us but circle around and wait for us to add water to their food and back away. We let them eat and walk over to our dad and mom who are looking at the herd.

"That one looks like it's going to give birth soon," my dad says as he's pointing at one goat.

"Do we separate it and leave it here then?" my mom asks.

"Yeah let's do that. Just to be safe" my dad responds.

My dad grabs a rope that's on the corral post and goes inside and we follow him. He begins to swing it slowly as the herd begins to move and disperse. He throws it and catches the goat, and we all try to gently grab it and walk it to where it will stay inside the barn. We find a small trough for water and another for hay and get the goat its food and water and leave it there hoping we'll come back to find a little goat.

By now the sheep dogs are fed and ready to go. There are three different ways the herd can go but two of them are up the canyon and we don't want them doing that because they're

all having their babies. The only option is to keep them where it's flat so we must stand on the side where the cabin is and make sure they go down the road where we drove in from and can graze there. My dad swings the gate open and the goats running. Luckily, they don't run towards us and know the right way they're going. They begin to slowly make their way down eating here and there.

We follow our dad to the barn where the hay is stacked but we aren't getting hay, we're getting the water trough that is also sitting there. We lift it up and carry it to the truck. We put it in and grab the hoses and all get in. I roll my window down because it's hot inside the truck and the breeze comes in while my dad drives down the dirt road. He doesn't speed down the road but goes really slow taking his time. I'm glad he's going slow; it allows me to look out the window and take in all the beauty that surrounds us and breathe in the fresh spring air.

Since I was a young girl, we would come up here and help my grandpa with the livestock. I've grown up here and seen the beauty that spring brings, and it became my favorite season. Almost every weekend was and is spent here but I don't mind; I've learned to love it. As I stare out the window, I begin to think what it would be like if we didn't have these opportunities, and I can't even imagine how my life would be. My dad continues to drive as we make our way to the windmill.

We arrive and we all know what to do. My sister gets into the back of the truck and opens the top of the water trough and I hand her the hose and my dad grabs the other side. We sit there for a couple minutes waiting for it to fill up. There is no one around so it's very quiet; only the sound of the water rushing through the hose is heard. My dad tells us a story of how my great grandfather had his sheep camp on top of the canyon right in front of us. He says they would travel all the way up to help him. My mom says she remembers having to haul the baby lambs and goats in one trailer because there was so many when he would come back down to relocate. While they're still reminiscing, we notice the water trough begin to overflow and I quickly run to turn off the water. My sister grabs the hose out and closes it tightly, and I loosen the hose and throw it in the truck. We're ready to head back up and fill up the water for the cows now.

As we come around the corner, we see a beautiful scene. The cows and sheep are both grazing in the same field. It's so green with the grass and plants that are growing. The background is off the opposite canyon wall with its beautiful trees. Even the clouds look perfect right above them. It truly takes my breath away to see something as amazing as that.

We get to the water troughs and my dad backs up to one. We lower the tailgate and hook up the hose and turn on the water. It's like the cows immediately know and start to make their way over to us. We have to rush a little to clean it out and then begin to fill it up. Even though they're big and tall, they aren't mean and stand around us waiting for the water to fill up. We stare at each other and they all begin to lower their heads to drink. Their little calves follow them and we all back up so we don't scare them. We try to tell which ones are boys and which are girls, already thinking about when we'll have to brand and ear tag them.

It's an endless cycle but an extraordinary one. It seems too perfect like it's not even real but it is and it's the life that many people in New Mexico live. So many people own livestock and farms and have their own beautiful reality. It's not just the landscape but the animals, plants, and people who make it what it is. It's a dream for some people but here it's reality and their

everyday lives. As I stand here with my family, I think about how blessed we are and the amazing lives we live. We get to come to this beautiful land every weekend and share in what nature has to offer.

We fill up all the troughs and head back up to the barn to unload the water trough. When we get done, we head back down to where the sheep are. My dad parks off the road and turns the engine off. We all roll our windows down and my mom is preparing sandwiches for us. I get out and grab water and Gatorade from the ice chest. We begin to eat our lunch while watching the sheep graze and keeping an eye out for any little lambs. We sit back, relax, and enjoy the view.

Paige Laughing



“Undeviating”
Photography
Justin House

Primal Scream

Urban culture is a total clash from basic instincts. Forcibly jammed in tight with total strangers like sardines, people defy and conquer the weather with constantly new inventions instead of working in harmony with it. Too many human animals go from their box of a home to their steel box of a car, or bus, or subway, into a box called an office divided into little cubicle-sized boxes to work at all day, and back again. Rinse and repeat. Commodification of people into pre-packaged routes and routines just like the merchandise they buy. This cycle can be repeated endlessly without anyone reaching out and breathing the fresh air for more than a few moments, and never really utilizing the tools of survival we as beings were designed to use. These drones live temperature-controlled lives all year round. They shop at grocery stores for food instead of savagely stabbing the heart and draining hot blood, and this is wrong.

I first noticed this at a very young age, and began to obsess more and more. I believed that many of the greater problems of modern society trickling down to individual personal struggles could almost all stem from this “domestication” by ignoring instincts. In conversation, it seemed I was sometimes tolerated but very alone in my opinions, so I took the matter into my own hands. I observed these city slickers, and tallied their crimes against instinct (which was continuous). I would heckle and jeer at anyone whose dress or behavior was misaligned with their inner animal (which was everyone). I studied every documented case of feral children, especially true tales of the ones raised by wolves (which are few). I damned and berated parents who put little shoes on their babies.

I was obviously a hypocrite, since I was raised in this same sickly misguided society. But I was convinced in the power of mind over matter. We all have an innate ability to physically readjust and revert back to a more natural evolutionary state. I was determined to prove this

“DeEvolution.” And I am very stubborn. When I was fourteen I started training my mind and body to endure extreme cold. When I was sixteen I could walk barefoot in the snow for over an hour. In event of an emergency, I was confident I would have a head start on everyone else who was wasting time lacing up, if they could even find their shoes at all.

As years wound forward, I put myself through some intense turmoil and plain dangerous situations for the sake of endurance. The line between getting stronger and damaging myself blurred. My quest to keep evolutionarily unnecessary things out of my life, especially money, was possible, but left me in constant exhausting hardship.

I once spent winter holidays in the glacial mountains of northern Montana. That year it did not get warmer than 20 degrees below zero for two weeks straight, and I lived in a tent a few miles outside of town. I could not get a fire lit, even when I tried once with a fifteen-minute railroad flare. For a year my big toe was a bright crystal-blue color, and I could feel the wind pierce through it like a hole in the wall. I have had less severe cases of frostbite many times, and am now sometimes more sensitive to that risk than before.

I have also run through broken glass countless times without injury. Melting hot asphalt barely leaves a blister on my thick calluses. I have had an inch-long curved thorn stabbed into my arch with almost no part sticking out, which I could only pull out with my teeth. I have probably destroyed my chances for long-term use of my back and shoulders by carrying 50-200 pounds almost continuously for years on a daily basis.

Strong bonds always grew between homeless veterans and me. As I understood things, “Once you go wild, you can never go back.” Meaning, when you’ve lived in the bush it is very hard to acclimate back into that crazy world of society. Much of my ferocious idealism has been softening; however, this mantra is still very true when I have to wear shoes for work (which is often) and notice how fast my body overheats. My feet can regulate my temperature much better without a dress code.

Plunging my toes into cold wet red mud is one of the most satisfying feelings in the world. On days when I need to look proper, my eyes will still scan the ground yearning to feel the earth under them. The whole personality of a place comes through in the pulse of the ground. Woods always seem to be soft and damp and cooling, whereas the desert floor has a rough and prickly hostile texture as hostile as the elements. Knowing my environment in this way keeps me personally grounded.

I met extraordinary criticism and resistance to my perspectives. In retrospect, I am sure I was extreme. But I seemed even more rebellious than I really was against the backdrop of urbanites around me. Attitudes were just superficial liberal cardboard cut-outs; when challenged, the most proudly open-minded would become rigid pillars contracting to form a wall protecting all the most meaningless capitalist values.

Even a group of philosophers called the Transcendentalists, who were revered and sanctified as the Boston-suburban gift to mankind, I could not glorify. This was, unintentionally, my greatest treachery. In school, as I dreamed (as I have for many years) of writing my book (contents unknown) called ‘I Hate Robert Frost,’ my English teacher had the poet’s words tattooed on his bicep (literally).

Transcendentalists were some rich white men in the 1800's who wrote about politics and nature enlightening their lives. Many well-meaning people tried to pawn off books by Emerson or Thoreau on me, thinking we were birds of a feather, or kindred spirits, or some corny nonsense like that. Now, the points these men make are the same concepts found in common folk knowledge around the world. Since the beginning of time folks have been able to both express and embody these ideas with more eloquence.

I did try to read their work on a few separate occasions, never getting very far. I am admittedly prejudiced. But anyone who gets a chance to go and visit, for instance, the site of Henry David Thoreau's cabin by Walden Pond will realize that he lived a half hour's walk from his Mom's house. His great wilderness experiment was like a ten-year-old making a fort in the backyard. Imagine he needed a cup of sugar, or was too tired to chop wood for his evening tea, or the rabbits ate all the peas in his pea patch. He could surely walk thirty minutes on flat road to have a feast waiting for him and be applauded for his bravery by his welcoming relatives. He never starved. These guys would have bucks to pay for horse and buggy rides to a secluded mountainside for inspiration. Then they would all sit on couches in parlors of their stuffy lavish mansions and jive talk about how great fresh air feels. Anyone who has seen these mansions, still preserved today as shrines, should not be fooled.

This is not unlike these reality TV stars of today. Those men they drop in the desert, or the tundra, or the jungle, who talk to a camera about how to avoid starvation and access water—the ones who get helicoptered out on command—they return to the studio and get banquets of food, pampering, and pedicures. Or the Dalai Lama living in Beverly Hills.

All of these people who are nearest to mass idolatry are probably the least entrenched in the real lifestyle they promote. This is partly common sense, when we consider refugees, rural farmers, indigenous families, and all people at the farthest reaches throughout time. Real people closest to our innate reality of existence often have their voices heard the least.

It has also been my experience. The more time I spend, especially the deeper into rural areas, the more I find people who think like I do. We can agree, and no contest they have a more profound understanding than I do.

My experience also reflects the hardship that comes with this real reality. But my stubbornness was where my perspective was skewed. Teachings from past generations *in tandem* with family and community lift many burdens. I always ignored or rejected the role of others, and so damaged myself. Community is where my focus has shifted now, but that inner conflict to go it alone still haunts.

In recent years, actually I have noticed more acceptance of a wilder life adapted to the wider American society. Barefoot running has become popularized. Many medical articles have been published, and I found an article on benefits of going barefoot in a hiking magazine. Toe-shoes have become a massive business (but the designer stole the patent I deserve). My brother even told me last year about a man named Wim Hof who is getting widespread recognition and interest for developing physical resilience to cold, and perfecting specific techniques. I was amazed and proud to hear about it.

Thinking of how many people wanted to institutionalize me for my beliefs, I am amazed again at the ignorance of people who think they know everything. I feel at home and at ease

among rural people. I don't have to fight constantly anymore. The Gallup area has countless people in every direction who share the belief in freedom of lifestyle with me. There are many ways to live I was told were ridiculous. There are many countless generations of people here proving every day that people can thrive doing things I was told were impossible.

No longer do I feel the need to prove what I believe to anybody, including myself. That is a beautiful freedom.

Katie Schultz

The Struggle of Being Fashionably Broke

I didn't know if it was the fanny pack or the fact that he spent \$140 on it that made him a little repulsive to me. We were parked in his driveway playing a little game of catch up. I grabbed the pouch that immediately reminded me of those Asian vendors that sell random stuff on the side of the street.

"Woah, Supreme? How much was this?"

"Guess."

"Oh no..." sixty."

"Nope, higher."

"seventy...?"

"Double that."

My face dropped. "You have got to be kidding me. 140 dollars on a fanny pack?!" I know I may sound a bit overdramatic but hear me out, \$140 on a fanny pack? And you know what was inside his fanny pack? Sure as hell not another \$140.

I visited one of my childhood best friends in Las Vegas, Nevada and as expected he's well camouflaged among the hypebeasts of Sin City. They're generally defined as those who follow a trend to be cool or wears clothes that are hyped up. These clothes are typically streetwear type but aren't limited to it and are generally worn by teenagers in urban cities like Las Vegas, Los Angeles, and Baltimore. In the past year or so the population of this subculture has skyrocketed among large cities and spread like a contagious disease. If there was a scale of how hypebeast someone is; with 1 being the most normally clothed person of society and 10 being the most ridiculously clothed hypebeast, Jethro would be a solid 5 and I'd be a whopping 2.5. He looks normal to those who don't know the brand and inferior to the superior beings that put their heart and soul into being a part of this subculture.

Contrary to popular belief, this subculture actually started a long time ago but has been under different names throughout the years. According to complex.com, it may have started in the dawn of time but who really knows. As the article says, "there's always that guy who takes a trend way too far" and I do say that is very true. In the Early 2000s, one may recognize this group as the "sneakerheads." Their go-to brands include Supreme (surprisingly enough I thought Supreme was fairly new to the game, I was wrong), Jordan, Recon, and Subware. The sneakerhead thing didn't really take off until the early 2000s when Stussy collaborated with Nike to make *Kicks*, which is also another term for shoes and a term still used by hypebeasts today.

2005 sprung the "Pharrell Stans" who wore brands like Billionaire Boys Club, Ice cream and Nike SB. During this time sneakerheads started looking for clothes to match their cool *Kicks* and this is where a guy named Kevin Ma comes in. He published his *Hypebeast* website as a form of documentation of the latest sneaker release. At this time, Pharrell Williams (the guy who sang that "happy" song) was the king of fashion and style. Streetwear brands like The Hundreds, 10 Deep, and Pharrell's Billionaire Boys club came into fame as more young people wanted to get on the bandwagon.

This subculture seemed to keep evolving. As the streetwear rose into fame, there came the “Zipped-up Hoodie Head” in 2006 that led hip-hop into the luxurious world of designer brands. The “Streetwear Survivor” in 2009 wore varsity jackets with T-shirts tucked, and waxed denim became a thing (denim coated in wax which made them look shiny over time). Then came the “Americana Addicts” in 2010, which set the trend for the “Urban Lumberjack” look in major cities. 2012 brought the “Designer-Dripped #Influencer” where designer and streetwear really got it going. This was also a time when social media played an important role in the influence of the style. Flash-forward to the hypebeast fashion of today--basically the more evolved version of all the street fashion groups of the past.

They don’t look much different from the style of yesterday with their shoes that were pre-ordered. This was to secure the product before the release date which cost at least \$300, pants that for sure didn’t come from Walmart, Hoodie from a clout store called *Supreme*, and who could forget the expensive fanny pack that holds the latest iPhone release. It’s what they call “drip too hard” which can be translated to “something they wear or do that they’re proud of,” according to Urban Dictionary. From the bottom, up they’re covered in clothes that would be the equivalent of my tuition for the next few semesters here in Gallup.

I wasn’t fully aware of how expensive this lifestyle was until Jethro took me to one of the clout stores called “Urban Necessities.” (Clout is defined as being famous or having influence according to Urban Dictionary). However, it can be used to describe a place or thing that is in correlation with being famous or having power like the store where hypebeasts are able to purchase items for the *Clout*.

Fashion Show mall, three stories full of stores like Abercrombie & Fitch, Kate Spade New York, Louis Vuitton, Michael Kors, and Urban Necessities. Stores that have products that are almost the same price as a brand new 2018 Toyota Corolla. Jethro and I walked into Urban Necessities to walk around and see how much I could cry with the knowledge that I’m too poor to buy even the smallest thing in the store.

“Wait, how do you know the price of these things?” I grabbed a shoe from the high towering shelves looking for a price tag.

“Do you see that QR code right there?”

“Yeah, what about it.”

“Go to your phone, point your camera at it and press your screen.”

“Umm alright.” I did exactly what he said and a link popped up on the top of my screen. I clicked on it and it led to a page that had the price of the product.

“Wow, I’m crying in poor.”

“Wait till you see the price of that hoodie over there.”

We walked over to the section of the store where the price range shoots from “affordable but out of my budget” to “maybe if I start selling drugs I’d be able to afford a portion of it.” The products ranged from a phone case to a tracksuit that literally just had the word *supreme* in the middle and the iconic Louis Vuitton design all over it. (Louis Vuitton partnered with Supreme to create a line of clothing that not only will blow your budget, but will also blow out your eyeballs at how much of an eyesore it is). We repeated the same steps to see the prices and let me tell you, I immediately felt the poverty line go back a few steps to swallow me whole.

“Yo what the ACTUAL FUCK. TEN THOUSAND MOTHERFUCKING DOLLARS FOR AN UGLY ASS HOODIE?!?!”

“I told you, now quit screaming it’s embarrassing.”

“Umm okay, this hoodie can pay for my degree hello!”

Do you know what happened next? I walked out of the store because it was too overwhelming.

It’s not that I hate the subculture; it’s actually quite the opposite. As weird as it may sound, I personally see this lifestyle as a symbol of financial stability. The ability to buy crazy expensive clothing or accessories without having to worry about where else this money can be useful is, in a way, a goal for many people. As materialistic as it may sound, and I know what you’re thinking, it’s very materialistic but the thought of not having to worry about financials would be great right about now. I’ll probably hate myself for saying it but I envy those who just get things handed to them because they don’t have to worry about where they’re getting the money.

Many of my friends enjoy this luxury and as much as I don't want to be that friend that is easily influenced by her friends, I am. The style and the lifestyle are like this thing I dream of having but something I can't get close to at the moment. It's like that one thing you keep obsessing over in hopes of obtaining something close to it one day. I've already dug a hole for myself by surrounding myself with anything that is relevant to this lifestyle. I can't help but feel that I'm not enough or do not have enough for something like that. This may or may not be causing the mixed emotions and reactions towards my friends and everyone else who lives this reality that I'm only able to achieve in my dreams.

Being a hypebeast isn’t just limited to the clothing but the collective action of chasing the latest trends of pop culture. Whether it be the music, the social media or even language, this group is very distinct especially through the eyes of the average “parent” that thinks it’s a silly phase. A true hypebeast goes above and beyond to live and breathe this lifestyle and to some, it is pretty ridiculous.

Music plays a role in this subculture, more specifically hip-hop, rap, and pop music. It's like 50% music and 50% artists that heavily influenced the style and the spread of it throughout the years. Rappers like Lil Pump, Lil Uzi, and Lil Yachty are some of the biggest promoters of this fashion and it's gotten to the point where social media accounts have been created in dedication to these rappers' style of clothing.

In recent years, social media has become another big promoter of the hypebeast culture. Twitter and Instagram are the top 2 social media platforms that heavily promote this, which would explain the skyrocketing numbers of those who engage in the luxury of this fashion. Many influencers are able to reach more people with the power of a button through these platforms. They are just one "tweet" or post away from reaching someone who knows nothing of this fashion world.

With the power of social media, I'm able to know which friend has caught this contagious teenage disease that's spreading quite fast. Stepping into any big city is like stepping into a whole different universe since big-city streetwear is way different from small-town

streetwear. A t-shirt under a brand less hoodie paired with inexpensive jeans rolled up to my ankles with socks that don't match doesn't seem to be very influential in the world of expensive brands of clothing that don't match whatsoever. Half the time the style isn't even about matching or the clothing material but about "flexing" (according to Urban Dictionary, showing off) the brand.

The ironic thing about this whole ordeal is that many of my friends who claim to be hypebeasts, often cry over student loans or being too broke to pay for tuition. They flaunt the style like they have money only to lack funding in what's really important. I just wonder where all their money comes from to afford such luxury when I can barely afford a granola bar to last me the day. Do they really live the lifestyle? Or only appear to? Is the subculture really what it is? Or are teenagers like myself, too blinded with the materialistic aspect this world, losing sight of more pressing things in life?

Gyla Tipgos

Time is an Illusion

Many of us have asked the rhetorical question, “Where does the time go?!” in a confused, exasperated manner. It is obvious that we cannot pinpoint exactly where the past settled down. But when we are dwelling on a negative event from our past, we are limiting our reality in this present moment. This is an entirely self-imposed limitation. You choose to dwell or not to dwell, whether that is consciously or unconsciously. Giving your attention to something that already happened is distracting you from this present moment. This beautiful and serene moment is always here for you to tune into; however, you may hold onto what has hurt you. Painful and haunting memories may leave a pained residue in your spine and muscles. You may be attached without even knowing it because your thought, emotional, and behavioral patterns are attached. You may be carrying the energy of trauma you have experienced. This is okay. This is what we do as humans. Life is not easy, as we can all agree on. This emotional baggage needs to be cleared if you wish to reach your highest potential. I believe you can reach your highest potential, no matter your age or stage in life. You must let go of the pain and hurt that still resides in your heart. Let go of the mistrust. The key root of clearing your dark energy is forgiveness. I’m not calling you out, and dark does not imply bad, or evil. It simply is lower vibrational energy. All of us humans go through trials and tribulations. It would be foolish to think that someone lives a perfect life because each one of us has our set of stresses. The real question is how are we dealing with our problems and how are we going to make our lives better? Happier. More fulfilling.

Forgive those that hurt you and forgive yourself for everything that you may have done in the past. Letting go of the past is so important so that you do not miss divine opportunities that arrive in your life. We tend to live in the past or at least get caught up in it from time to time simply because we allow our minds to roam undisciplined. We are unaware until connections are made, and awareness is addressed. Keeping our thought process positive influences the decisions we make. If you have a really active mind like myself, in a span of ten minutes thoughts can change rapidly from one direction to another.

We go through these difficult times to learn lessons. The Universe/God/Your Higher Self will keep sending the same situations into our lives until we retrieve the lesson. Some lessons may be to gain strength, some lessons may be to stand up for ourselves, or to look inward at the unhealed parts of our beings. A lot of lessons are trying to teach you how to love yourself. When we are unconscious, we are so quick to blame, and to the point the finger at what is wrong with our lives and with others. When we begin to become conscious, we look inward, within ourselves to heal, to experience heaven on Earth. If you are reading this, I believe you can heal yourself. You have to heal yourself. This is your sign. No one can heal you. No one can save you from yourself besides you. You have to do the inner work and put in the practice of living presently. The fact that we have all these organs that work together perfectly to keep our body alive and have a mind to think is just truly amazing. Time is a man-made illusion and when you understand this, it is realized that this moment and every one after are extremely significant because you are now aware that you create your reality. Your reality is a manifestation of your own thoughts and emotions right now. You co-create your life with the Universe/God/your

higher self. You are the artist and your reality is your canvas. Make a beautiful life and manifest all of your biggest dreams.

Peyton Alex



Photo Credit: Scott Gutierrez

“Bigfoot Makin’ that Noise!”

Cottonwood root, use of carving knives, wood burning tool, mahogany stain, acrylic polymer coating, and natural stone

Nick T. Brokeshoulder

“The Yet’so Fed Us”: Navajo Encounters with a Living Primate

Witch Wells is between the border with Arizona and New Mexico. Basically a spot on the map, it is a cluster of homes and small “rancheros” at the end of the back side road out of the Zuni Pueblo.

In the midst of the area is an arroyo with a natural spring, and an expansive rock face with hundreds of petroglyphs pecked into it. Amongst these petroglyphs are some that people say are of Yet ‘so - Navajo for Bigfoot, including multiple representations of large feet next to much smaller “human” feet, and a full body representation flattened against the rock to emphasize its enormous hands and feet. These petroglyphs could be several thousand years old. This speaks to a potential awareness of some kind of bipedal animal living alongside local indigenous peoples for hundreds of generations.

I learned about this site by accident from a student while teaching a class in human evolution at the Zuni Pueblo. Moreover, one of my students from this class approached me about a “problem” a relative was having. Something was killing her livestock down at Ramah Navajo, and leaving big bipedal footprints behind. Not being an expert in cryptid primates, having not more than a casual interest in the phenomena, I contacted Dr. Jeff Meldrum at Idaho State University – considered a world forensic expert on unusual bipedal trackways. After several conversations, including one critiquing a recreation of a *Gigantopithecus* (a presumed ancestral Bigfoot) skull, I decided to invite Jeff to give a lecture at UNM- Gallup on the phenomena, and maybe help us solve the local riddle of the dead, strangled, and disappeared livestock associated with giant barefoot prints.

In the fall of 2015, Jeff did indeed show up and lecture, although we were unprepared for the response. The lecture and topic were advertised through our UNM-Gallup media department, and we expected at the most to have maybe forty or fifty people show up. This was based on presumptions that Bigfoot sightings were rare in New Mexico. That few people knew about it or were locally interested, and that the center of the activity was the Northwest coast, where amongst 178 other indigenous, global and regional names, the reported animal is often called Sasquatch. All our presumptions were wrong.

The Yet'so presentations and lectures turned out to be the most highly attended academic event ever sponsored by the campus. Over two days, an estimated 411 people from five states showed up, and the enthusiasm and awareness of the phenomena exceeded all expectations. Day 1 included scientific presentations on hominid evolution, and the possibility that we as humans are not the "sole survivors" of the process. Also, a local naturalist, Rob Kryder, presented forensic evidence on the presence of Yet'so in New Mexico. Day 2 of the event, we provided the opportunity for participants to share their personal experiences. When asked if any of them had had any Yet'so encounters, over 40 people raised their hands, and thirteen volunteered on the spot to give testimony of their encounters that very day. Unfortunately, this was grossly misreported in the local newspaper as there being forty people who raised their hands because they "didn't believe in bigfoot." The whole point of the conference had nothing to do with "belief" but was a critical assessment of eyewitness accounts and the evolutionary possibility for the existence of Yet'so, including considerable forensic evidence from New Mexico and around the globe (video, audio, fossils, hair and footprint cast samples).

From the contacts, made at the conference, I was later invited to join an "expedition" to the Four Corners area to look into some local sightings and claimed forensic evidence. I spent several days with a team of interested folks, and we had experiences and collected evidence that, frankly, for such a short period of time, was a bit shocking.

Site 1: Rock throwing, Red Hair, and Zor the Yet'so dog

The first day of our expedition, we visited a family and their nearby neighbors in a site behind the Northern Edge Casino near Farmington. This Navajo family grouping of fifteen households (the Running Water and Mexico clan affiliations) claimed to have had multiple encounters over the years, and even generations. What they had to report and show, was amazing. A hair sample had been collected by one resident, found immediately behind their home and attached to the frayed edge of their wood shed, five feet off the ground. This large circular clump of hair, about three inches across, was reddish in color, and had been kept in a plastic baggy in a refrigerator. We later photographed the hair and sent it off to a forensic lab at NYU for DNA analysis (we are still waiting on the results).

While on site, I was able to extract a few remaining hairs from the same frayed edge, which we stored separately. The hair was noticed and collected the day after a night of rock pelting on the resident's roof. While pitching rocks, one of them must have leaned up against the wood shed, and thus left behind the hair ball calling card. These "furry boys" (the name the household owners gave them), had been sighted by virtually all of the home owners at different times, and seemed particularly attracted to the sight and sounds of children. The kids had a nickname for the female of the seen group of three - "Big Mama". They had witnessed her watching them playing outside, particularly at dusk. Other adults had seen this gang of three, but the most

amazing events were associated with a dog - Zor. Zor spent nights on a 60 foot chain behind his owner's house- the same one with the woodshed. During the day he would join his human pack and roam the back 1,000 plus acres toward the NAPI plateau that made up their homestead. He used to be a proficient barker- sending out an alarm at night when disturbed. But lately, his night barking had ceased altogether. Suspiciously, the chewed remains of Tomahawk Steak bones (T-bones from the Casino kitchens) were being regularly found nestled between his paws in the morning light. None of the neighbors claimed to have left bones for Zor, and in fact would be hard pressed to afford such a tourist-targeted treat as a Tomahawk Steak.

When questioned on his treat, Zor was mute. However, confirmation of the source came from one of the residents, who used to work security for the casino. He revealed that a security camera near the casino dumpster had picked up the "furry boys" dumpster diving for steak bones. Apparently, they had befriended Zor with a dog's best friend- chew food! Further – and most dramatic – confirmation came at a later date when the skeptic of the household – let's call her Samantha (Sam) – had taken her dogs out for a run on an overcast March afternoon while driving her mother's electric cart- a prize she had won in a raffle at the casino.

When they reached the back part of the property near deep arroyo cuts, her two female dogs stopped dead, began to whine, and suddenly took off running home. Zor did the opposite, surging forward and disappearing around the bend of the dirt road. Sam followed, and then came to a dead stop. Next to a clump of pinon trees, about ten feet away, was Zor lollygagging upside down and then right-side up, rubbing against the furry legs of a large eight-foot tall red hominid – with two darker-haired companions - an estimated ten and twelve feet tall - overseeing the show.

The red Yet'so was rubbing Zor's belly and fur. This went on for several minutes, until "red boy" stood up, grunted, and stepped towards Sam with his hand outreached. This was enough to snap her out of her shock of being ten feet away from three live Yet'so, and she turned the cart abruptly around and headed home at full speed, calling frantically for Zor in her retreat. When she got there, it took a whole five minutes for her to be understood as she babbled on about "the guys" she saw with Zor. Her mother said she was panicked and incoherent, but calmed down when her mom said: *You mean my "furry boys"??* "Yeah, the furry boys", she replied. No longer a skeptic, Sam agreed to a forensic interview ten days after the event, and she recalled the anatomy, appearance, and behavior of the three Yet'so in great detail. This interview has been visited on YouTube over 40,000 times, with the thumbs up affirmation given on over 90% of the views.

Site 2: A Tree Collision, Hair and Tweezers, and the Long Walk

The second day of our two- day expedition took us to the Chuska Mountains, where we interviewed a family group that had an encounter off the Narbona Pass road up from Sheep Springs. We arrived at a forest road in the afternoon, and met with "Fred", who recounted what he and his family had experienced. They were out the week before cutting yellow pine for firewood with a chainsaw. Fred's brother took the next road loop down from where they were cutting to mark a large yellow pine for cutting.

While downhill from his family's chain sawing, he heard a big crashing sound, and turned back to look uphill. Plummeting down the slope below where his family was working he saw a huge

pair of furry legs. He started to run towards the point where the “legs” would come out into the open on the road. Just as they did, he yelled “Hey” at what appeared – a large bipedal “furry” who, when he yelled, turned in his direction. At that moment, distracted, it ran straight into a small pine tree, and then just kept trucking downhill. When he arrived at the sight of the collision, he looked down slope and saw – nothing. It had “disappeared” from view. He couldn’t believe it could move so fast as to be out of sight.

When we arrived at the scene of the little tree, I pulled out my tweezers and extracted black, gray and white hairs that were literally embedded in the bark of the five foot high sapling from the collision – with something. Also, a small branch of the tree showed a recent break. When I questioned Fred about what he thought they saw, he replied it was a Yet’so.

“And how did it just ‘disappear’?” I asked.

“Well we think they live in multiple dimensions, and can leave and enter from ours to the next – and well - just disappear.”

Not satisfied with this explanation, our naturalist went down slope about 25 yards, and behind a large yellow pine declared: “We’ve got hair.”

We joined him, and indeed, wrapped around a pine stub behind the yellow pine was a large clump of black, white and gray hair that exactly matched the hair samples I had just extracted from the tree bark upslope. Apparently, the creature had ducked behind the tree, which was wide enough to hide it from the sight of Fred’s brother. So, in fact it had “disappeared” from view, much as some have described these creatures – like a “forest ninja.” We collected the hair, and I then asked Fred –

“Well, have you ever heard any stories from your relatives about Yet’so up here?”

Fred thought for long minute, and then started to slowly speak – and what he told us rivaled any of the events we had experienced over the last several days. To put it in context, this had to do with the “Long Walk (*Hweeldi*).” This deportation of the Navajo that occurred in 1864 was truly ethnic cleansing to remove Navajo from their lands between their four sacred mountains so any desirable natural resources could be exploited by the *bilagaanas* (white folks). This walk and relocation of the Navajo from Arizona to Bosque Redondo in eastern New Mexico was a disaster. Many died on the way, and many others died the following years from disease and starvation. Four years later (1868) they were allowed to return to their traditional lands.

When the soldiers initially arrived in 1864 at the Hogan in the Chuskas, some of Fred’s relatives told the children and elders to “go hide in the woods” so they couldn’t be found. The adults didn’t expect to be gone for years before returning:

“They thought that the kids and elders would be dead when they got back – it took a long time for them to return. This was something my grandmother told me, that her grandmother told her. When the Long Walk happened and she was left behind, she was only ten years old. When her parents got back, and saw her alive, but skinny and ragged, they asked her, “How did you survive?” What she told them was this: “The Yet’so Fed us.”

“They would find carcasses of deer and elk, gutted, on the doorstep of the hogans in the morning, with large barefoot prints everywhere. They would take the carcasses and clean and smoke the meat - it kept them alive for a long time. The Yet’so must have known somehow that the adults were gone, and perhaps they were trying to take care of the kids.”

The Past and the Present-Navajo and Yet’so

After examining the Witch Wells petroglyphs- obviously hundreds if not thousands of years old, the revelations that Fred imparted about Yet’so feeding humans made me think how little we know about this creature- and its existence – or as skeptics would say- non-existence. There is an indisputable caveat that the ”nonbelievers’ do not address, and that is they dismiss the potential of this creature’s existence without ever providing an alternate hypothesis to “explain away” the forensic evidence they disdain to even examine. It is not enough to simply say: that something is “not science.” That is like saying the moon doesn’t exist by someone who is afraid of the dark and thus has never gone outside to see if it is really there!! The fundamental basis of science is to explore the unknown, and follow the evidence wherever the rabbit hole leads.

The Navajo Nation and its people have demonstrated a great deal of open-mindedness, and have so much more to tell us about Yet’so and the natural world – they know many things that we as westerners have forgotten. Challenging the unknown can impact our present world as it has our past, and given the worldwide wealth of forensic evidence, including recent DNA evidence from the White Mountain Apache, there clearly seems to be a living primate that remains elusive but constantly present in the lives and stories of the Navajo and virtually every indigenous people of the Americas.

Christopher Dyer

A Bump in the Night

Have you ever had an event in your life which has left a scar on you? I have one, that has been acquired and is my favorite. I call it "Kirby's Scar." People will ask who is Kirby, was he your ex, a friend, who is that? Kirby is not a person but might be well known more as an object, so it is more of what it was.

Kirby and I have been friends since way back, probably since I was about 13 years old. Since then Kirby has stayed with me since I had purchased one of my very own many years ago. One night, I believe Kirby and I had a disagreement and I would say Kirby started it. Sometimes, I think technology has a mind of its own and also it has feelings just like the car Christine. Well One night I had the hardest time changing out the rubber belt in my Kirby and I got mad at him and told him I wish you did not have a rubber belt so I wouldn't have to change it every time it broke.

After several attempts that night to change the rubber belt, I said, "Oh well," and decided I was just going to bed. So I left Kirby in the hall way. Late that night I heard something in the other room down the hall thinking I was home alone. I decided to go down the hall to investigate in the dark. I continued to walk down the hall. I checked the other room and found nothing I started to walk back down the hall and forgot that Kirby was there. I believe Kirby stepped out in front of me on purpose and the scuffle began.

Kirby and I were entangled as I was losing my balance. My hands reached out to embrace my fall and my legs entangled with Kirby's handle, cords and base of the vacuum. It felt as if Kirby was fighting back with me and restraining me as I struggled to become free. Every time I moved to get free I felt pain to my hands and legs, as I believed Kirby was struggling to hold on to me. After several minutes of struggling to get free of Kirby's grip I was free and felt the relief of his grip. After being freed I lay on the floor next to Kirby thinking, "What just happened?" and feeling the pain to my hand and my left leg where I also felt something wet running down my leg. Still stunned I stayed motionless until I felt well enough to get up and turn on the lights.

After turning on the lights I checked my hand and noticed some bruising and scrapes. My left leg unfortunately took a brutal hit. I had an avulsion (tearing away of an attached tissue) about 3" inches in length and at the bottom of the avulsion was an abrasion about 1 inch and ½ wide and high. It was bleeding and very painful and made it hard for me to walk. I had no help except for my cat, Patches, who was sitting there watching.

I did not go in to get it checked due to the fear of being hospitalized and the question they ask of "are you safe at home?", besides being an EMT myself I felt there was no need to go to the hospital so I decided to let it heal on its own. The pain was excruciating and continued for the next couple of day. As they say in the medical field, medical professionals make the worst patients, that being said as a medical professional I felt I was treating my wound appropriately. Until four days later my leg wound was infected. I continued to be a stubborn medical professional that knows it all, until my mom had to step in and take me to the hospital. I had an infection to my wound on the leg a complication due to my diabetes. I was treated with antibiotics and sent home to rest.

For days after my injury Kirby stayed in his corner and I stayed away from him. But each time I look in his direction I would flash back to the event and would think to myself, how Kirby could have done this to me and would still have feelings of anger towards him. With that said I did not vacuum my house for months. It took several months for me and Kirby to mend our relationship after the situation. Just recently Kirby was traded in for a newer model vacuum cleaner. To this day, I still believe that technology does have a mind of its own so lesson learned. Now I treat my appliances with respect, kindness and tending to their needs.

Harrietta Begay



“Window Rock”
Photography
Corine Gonzales

A Tale of a Navajo Warrior

The sun is just about to come up from the east. It is still dark as he can see the orange sky on the horizon. He pulls out his small leather pouch of corn pollen. He turns in all four directions offering his prayers while sparkling corn and asking for a safe journey for today. When he is done with his prayers, he hears his mother calling him from the Hogan.

“Pahe, where are you?”

“Come get your lunch”

He runs inside the Hogan and his mother hands him a blue bird flour bag and a metal canteen.

“You better watch the sheep closely today and don’t be playing on the rocks” she said to him. “The last time you were on the rock you tore a hole in your pant. And don’t be out late. Be home before the sun goes down. You hear me, Pahe?”

He smiles at her and nods his head in agreement. He turns to start on his way to the corral. While walking away from the Hogan, Pahe turns around and waves to his little brothers and sister who are standing outside the doorway. He sees the smiles on their faces as they wave back him. He turns away and starts to run to the corral.

At the corral he started to take down the logs one by one to open the corral to let the sheep out. The sheep come out of the corral one by one to start their journey. Pahe directs the sheep into the canyons of Many Farms where he knows he will find grass and water for the sheep. The grass will grow at the base of the red rocks in the canyons. During the rain fall the water runs down the rocks and soaks in the ground for the grass. Pahe knows where to find these places. The sheep walk slowly by the rocks eating the green patches of grass while Pahe plays on the rocks despite what his mother had told him not to do.

Pahe is the oldest of his four siblings. His father passed away sometime after his little sister was born. He was never told how his father passed away or when he was not old enough to understand and his mother never wanted to talk to him about it. Which is

something Navajo people don't like to do, talk about death. He just assumed his father got sick and passed away. As the oldest, Pahe is responsible for taking care of the sheep everyday until it is time for him to go to school. There are no public schools where he lives so his mother has to put him in a boarding school about 65 miles away from his home. He doesn't like school very much. You see he only speaks Navajo and when he is at school and speaks Navajo to the other children, he is physically punished by the teachers. He runs away from the school a couple of times only to be brought back the school by the Navajo Police.

Pahe has a routine to his day as he watches the sheep. He starts off taking the sheep in the canyon to graze on the grass while he climbs the rocks and explores the caves. When he is done with exploring he slides down the rocks. He takes the sheep to the small water hole he found in the canyon, and while the sheep are drinking the water he gets out this lunch and eat. He was given a sandwich tortilla or fry bread with some mutton and a metal canteen for water. After drinking all the water, he refills it with the water running off the rock for the rest of his journey.

But, today is going to be different for him. About late afternoon, when Pahe starts to direct the sheep back toward home something happens to him. As the sheep start walking toward home Pahe notices the wind picking up and the sand starts to blow around. When he looks ahead he is not able to see very far ahead; there is a wall of sand in front of him. He looks around and finds the wall of sand is closing in on him. He takes his arm to shield himself from the sand as he feels the small particles of sand hitting him.

It is a while before he feels the calm of the wind and sand. He moves his arm from his face and looks around. He sees the wall of sand in front of him and all around him. He is standing in a section of the storm where there is no wind or blowing sand. He looks up to the sky and sees the blue clear sky from a small hole. He stands there looking around and doesn't understand what is going on.

He hears a squawking noise from above him. He looks up to the sky and sees an eagle circling above him in the small patch of sky he can see. He watches as the eagle continues to circle up above him. He can't understand what is happening. He yells out to the eagle, "What is it you are trying to tell me?"

As he continues to watch the eagle circle, he sees something falling from the sky. He watches as it floats down slowly to him. He reaches out his hand to catch the feather. The eagle feather lands slowly in his hand. He stands there gazing at the feather wondering what just happened. All of a sudden the wind stops and the sand disappears. The sky is clear and he sees the sheep ahead of him grazing on the grass. The sun approaches the horizon in the west. He knows it is time to head home.

On his way home he holds on to the feather gazing at it once and a while to keep checking to see if it is real. He makes his way home just before the sun reaches the western horizon. He chases the sheep in the corral and replaces the logs on the gate. When he is done he starts walking home with the feather in the hand. Pahe gets to the Hogan and goes to his bed and places the feather under his pillow.

"You are back. Go wash up for dinner," his mother says.

"You kids come inside for dinner!" she yells out the door.

When his brothers and sisters are done washing up, they all sit down on the floor and start eating their dinner.

"How was the sheep today?" his mother asks.

“They were okay,” he replies. “But something happened before we started coming home” He goes to his bed and pulls out the feather and hands it to his mother. He tells her what happened. She looks at it and smiles at him.

“The holy one has given you sign of the warriors,” she says. “You have been chosen to protect your people.”

Pahe places the feather back under his pillow and returns to finish dinner. Throughout dinner his mother smiles at him every time he looks her way. When Pahe returns to school he works hard at learning the English language and he starts to teach the other children English. Pahe did all he can to help the other children get over being homesick and learn what they can. When the time comes, Pahe enlists in the U.S. Marine to begin his journey as a Navajo Code Talker.

Colleen Yazzie

Contributors

Larson Barney created “Abstract Brooch” while completing the Small Scale Metals Construction course at the University of New Mexico in Gallup, (2017-2018). His inspiration derives from original sketches he transformed into three-dimensional jewelry forms. Techniques utilized to complete the work are piercing, soldering, patination, sand-blasting, riveting, and texturing.

Harrietta Begay was born in Ft Defiance, raised in Ganado, AZ, and now lives in Window Rock, AZ. She has been working with Navajo Nation EMS for 17 years and has been an EMT Intermediate for about 12 years. Health Professionals are often considered stubborn patients, and in this essay, Begay is the stubborn one.

Nick T. Brokeshoulder is a Hopi Katsina Doll carver. Recently, Prof. Christopher Dyer requested a *sculpture* of “Big Foot”. In 1983, Nick once visited the Yakima Reservation at Wapato, WA, and “Sasquatch” is a known presence in their region. Natives explained that the “Sasquatch” are called-the *People of the Forest!*

Dr. Christopher Dyer is a tenured professor of anthropology at UNM-Gallup. He has worked in 22 countries around the world, has over 75 publications, is a Fellow of the Society for Applied Anthropology, plays viola for the World Civic Orchestra, and is a Commissioner for the global University for Sustainability.

Described as a modern day Emily Dickenson, **Clara Rita Dyer** spent 45 years teaching high school humanities, and fifteen years past as an active poet. She has one published poetry book- *State of Being*, and another that links her poems with stunning photographic human and landscape portraits.

A Northern Arizona University student from Gallup, NM, **Kyler Edsitty** is majoring in Journalism and Women and Gender Studies. In his free time, he likes to do things with makeup and write poetry. His inspiration for both of these hobbies stem from his love of color and his queer identity.

Marcella Garcia is a student and writer from New Mexico. Reading and writing have always been her passions and she hopes to continue on her writing journey. Hobbies include daydreaming, playing with her dog, shopping, and finding new music. She plans to study biology at New Mexico Tech.

Corine Gonzales is a medical laboratory scientist and educator. She is married to a wonderful man and a mother to two amazing boys. While mentoring future laboratory professionals and working part-time in a hospital laboratory setting, she captures the beauty of the moment with her phone camera or her paintbrushes.

Clyde Hillis took his pictures as he hiked in Colorado enjoying the rugged terrain that transformed into a peaceful mountain sky. The other photo was taken at the end of a 7-mile hiking trip. This beautiful and quiet place in the mountain made him daydream about his future as a radiologist.

Justin House is currently working on his Liberal Arts Degree at the University of New Mexico in Gallup. He discovered an appreciation for Ansel Adams’ black and white landscape photography while a

student at Miyamura High School. Recently Justin has been experimenting with abstractions of representational subject matter pertaining to street photography.

Dr. Yi-Wen Huang is from Taiwan and an Associate Professor of English and Linguistics at UNM-Gallup. She lived in Long Island, NY and Pittsburgh, PA. Her research focuses on language and affect. Her hobbies include zumba, winter hiking, spinning, thrift shopping, edm, and traveling as a foodie and tea aficionado.

English faculty member at UNM-Gallup, **Carmela Delia Lanza**, has published in over forty journals and anthologies. Two chapbook collections of her poetry have been published—*Long Island Girl* (Malafemmina Press), and *So Rough A Messenger* (Finishing Line Press). Recently, her poems have appeared in the LSU academic journal, *Comparative Woman*.

Paige Laughing is a college student attending the University of New Mexico. She is a member of the Navajo Tribe from Rocksprings, New Mexico. She is currently working towards her degree in Elementary Education.

Alexis Leekela is from Zuni, New Mexico. She is nineteen years old and currently working her way to a BSN in Nursing.

Amber Angel Martinez is a seventeen-year-old girl who wants to be a chemical engineer, but has a soft spot for poetry. She has tried to express her views on various subjects in to the lines of these poems. She hopes everyone enjoys them as much as she enjoyed creating them.

Tom McLaren is originally from Pittsburgh. His work has appeared in such publications as *Word River Literary Review*, *Gallup Journey*, *Flipside*, and *Martial Arts Training*. His interests include Avant-Garde Art and Drama; Dance; Classical, Trance, and Space Music; and Danzan Ryu Jujutsu and Chowhoon Goshin Jitsu.

Llewellyn Paul is a full-time undergraduate student at UNM. On weekends he is an Indian Cowboy who loves to compete in Rodeo All of the U.S. He also competes in the Classic Saddle Bronc Riding event. He loves the thrill of the rodeo's 8-second. This essay is one of his favorite memories.

Maya Ross has currently been accepted to the Institute of American Indian Arts to pursue a degree in Indigenous Liberal Studies. While completing her Studio Arts Associates Degree at the University of New Mexico in Gallup she created "Sacred" and "Skeleton" (2017-2018). Her inspiration derives from Navajo storytelling and life cycles.

Florentin SMARANDACHE is a professor of mathematics at UNMG. Besides numerous scientific publications, he has also written poetry, dramas, children's stories, essays, translations, short stories, a novel, and oUTER-aRT albums. He is the founder of paradoxism movement, based on antinomies, contradictions, paradoxes in literature and art. See <http://fs.unm.edu/LiteratureLibrary.htm>.

Born in Jerusalem, **Kawther Azzam Soufan**, worked as a dentist in Palestine for eight years before deciding to come to USA to start her journey to study medicine or genetics. She started writing short essays in her English writing classes. She hopes to write her own book one day.

Keri Stevenson is an Assistant Professor of English at the University of New Mexico-Gallup. She teaches eco-focused composition classes and developmental English. Both her academic and creative writing are inspired by the birds she shares her life with.

Monte Thompson studies Fine Arts at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. “*Good Luck Necklace*” was constructed at UNM-Gallup (2017-2018). The pendant and beads are fabricated using hollow construction techniques made from silver. The geometric form is inspired by Montes’ experience in the Navy (2000-2008).

Gyla Tiggos is a 19-year-old trying to live life to its fullest. Despite her best efforts to stir away from the Filipino stereotype, she still finds herself pursuing a Bachelor’s Degree in Nursing.

Kayla Vigil’s four clans are Two Who Came to Water, Born for the Mexican, German, and Mexican. Writing has become her passion since starting at UNM-Gallup. She wants to thank all who have pushed and supported her.

Colleen Yazzie is originally from the small community of Tohatchi, New Mexico. As a child she tended her family’s sheep with her grandfather Pahe Yazzie. Her grandfather would tell her stories of his childhood, and his time as a Navajo Code Talker. Her grandfather is the inspiration for this short story.



“Untitled”
Photography
Jose Alfonso Dominguez Apura