[many languages]
one voice
the Canon
This year the editors focused on getting submissions from languages other than English. You'll see them mixed with the rest of the works in this edition of The Canon.

As we were reading all these entries, I thought about the blessing and the curse of languages. Each has their own music, their own rhythm. Each has strengths and weaknesses that form this incredible mosaic of meaning and sound.

Yet because of those shades of differences, even this college is divided by lines of language. Even when we speak the same tongue, we cannot communicate, and the resulting discord can be faulted for most of the conflicts that occur.

Our hope is that what we selected would be a celebration of the beauty of the languages presented, and not a source of division.

[the editors]
Nate Nykamp
Cheryl Hiemstra
Elaine Hannink
Sarah Groneck
Emily Sajdak

[graphic designers]
Caryn Nydam
Libby Dykstra
Brian Havinga
Amanda Locke

[staff advisor]
James Schaap
David Versluis
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Servetus</td>
<td>[4]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ezekiel 1:28b</td>
<td>[5]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who Are You Calling “Hispanic”?</td>
<td>[6]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Living Uprightly</td>
<td>[7]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Altered State</td>
<td>[8]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Touch</td>
<td>[9]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of Spaces</td>
<td>[10]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grasping For Life</td>
<td>[11]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Presence of Strangers</td>
<td>[12]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delights</td>
<td>[13]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Cheampa</td>
<td>[14]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delights</td>
<td>[16]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De vier jaargetijdens</td>
<td>[16]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>[18]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Con Lagrimas</td>
<td>[19]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enjoy Your Meal</td>
<td>[20]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Figure Study</td>
<td>[22]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Love Poem For My Mother</td>
<td>[23]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small Guestures</td>
<td>[24]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm Winter</td>
<td>[25]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inside Out</td>
<td>[26]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Response</td>
<td>[27]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balancing Act</td>
<td>[28]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Geneva's savior has kindled a spark.
I am the heretic
And the flames lick at my heels.

Zeal's smoke rises,
Incense of an offering to God.
I am the ram, the dove, the bull.
Tonight my blood will boil.

My lungs refuse to accept
its gracious offer
to lessen my pain.
I will feel it all.

Fire rises,
Consuming this traitor.
And as skin blackens and chars,
Comes a memory old.

Among the inferno, my God rescues.
He sends a single drop of water.
Accepts it my forehead,
this lone tear of Jehovah.

My baptism.
A sign, a seal. God's promise.
Though men wetted me thrice,
I accepted only one.

I cannot yet see heaven's gates pearly.
Or hell's pits dark.
Yet I will hope the promise still stands.
I will pray grace will still have me.

To the world an Englishmen will scream
It is the heretique which makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't.
We shall see.
Who Are You Calling “Hispanic”?

I do not understand the insistence of much of the media in constantly using the word Hispanic as a description of ethnicity. I’m sorry to burst people’s bubbles, but it’s not an ethnicity. Being Hispanic simply means a person is a native speaker of Spanish.

I find that many times Hispanic is used as a synonym for Latino or even just Mexican. Realization – people in Spain are white, but they are also Hispanic. Does that fit with most media coverage, or even the general public’s use of the word Hispanic? I would say it does not.

I saw an article in the Washington Post this week that made me once again question how the media is using the word. The headline for the article caught my eye right away: “More Hispanics Being Hired by Networks, Report Finds”

Upon reading the article I decided the Post seemed to fall into the trap of using the Hispanic synonymously with ethnicity:

The TV season that brought Emmy honors to “Ugly Betty” star America Ferrera also saw a rise in employment opportunities for Hispanics at major networks, according to a report released Tuesday.

The eighth annual survey by a coalition formed to push for minority hiring for on- and off-camera jobs in broadcasting found Latinos made encouraging if ‘incremental’ progress.

I’m not just picking on the Washington Post here either. I searched for the word Hispanic as used in recent media on the Internet and came up with a lot of hits. The Chicago Sun-Times was one perpetrator.

The achievement gap widened because scores for white and wealthier kids increased more than for blacks, Hispanics and poor students, especially on the PSAE. In reading, minority and poor student scores are lower than in 2003. Hispanics improved their math scores.

Notice “black,” “white,” and “Hispanic” are used as comparable races/ethnicities in this article.

My Spanish professor used to get so upset when he talked about the misuse of the word Hispanic. The word’s misuse is not limited to its presence in the media, though. The general public uses Hispanic to describe ethnicity, as well. Even government cites like the U.S. Census Bureau lump all Hispanics into one category as though Spanish-speaking people are one ethnicity.

The question of how the media classifies an ethnicity/race extends to other characterizations, as well. For instance, I am continually confused about what is accepted language for race: “black,” “African American,” “white,” “Caucasian.” I’m sure the Associate Press stylebook has specifications, but they must change every year because the acceptance of each characterization seems to fluctuate.

The Chicago Sun-Times made a huge blunder with this, as well. This clip comes from the same article as listed above:

At Hyde Park Academy, a neighborhood high school serving black, mostly low-income students, reading scores have dropped dramatically over the last five years.

At the same time, at Payton, a selective public high school that is 40 percent white and 30 percent poor, scores have gone through the roof.
Does it not sound like they are equivocating “black” in the first paragraph with “poor” in the second paragraph? I thought it did. Maybe the media needs to be a bit more careful.

I’m not quite sure which came first, the chicken or the egg. But the consensus seems to be, especially with the Hispanic classification, that both the media and the general public are ignorant or maybe just careless in characterizations of race.

Wikipedia helps proliferate the lack of knowledge: Latino can refer to:

- Hispanics in the United States, also known as Latinos

Whether the public or the media is to blame first – we need to fix these misnomers. Some ethnicities are indeed Hispanic, but Hispanic is not an ethnicity. We just need to get that straight.

---

**Living Uprightly**

I have a crooked spine
and an uneven back,
the slope of which only hinders me
when I sit in hard-backed chairs
and find I must sit
sideways
to avoid an ache between my shoulder blades.

The seats in my high school chapel
were hard and unyielding;
I sat in them slantways,
head tilted,
listening to talk about faith
and form
and upright living.

When I stood straight after,
I turned to face the speaker,
trying to unknot the tangled words
that slipped,
sideways,
through my left ear.

Sometimes I understood.
There lives a Muse behind the cafeteria. No one can summon her; she lives freely listening to confessions of love, vows of hate: unjudging, giving only an ear, until the time she thinks you might be ready and you've heard of her, vague whispers of this something lurking—no, thriving—off of them and theirs. The people who meet her come back with no voices—they don't speak for minutes, hours until some scrap of paper gives confession that their tongues folded back from speaking, as though the something could not suckle speech, but only—scattered ink and lead, bleeding, tripping—in a tangle on leaf-lined paper could they give her proper representation.

You think to yourself in the dark of your room, "what a strange something" and drift off to sleep, unknowing that your dreams will follow muses, who snatch at conversation, and watch friendships bloom and wither, like vultures to a dimming life. And you wake up and forget, but go on again into everyday and the blur makes you seasick when just one moment you grieve and suddenly there is something at your shoulder—vulture to your corpse, but resurrection comes after picking your bones—and you are struck dumb, the light through the trees making you dappled.

Your mouth is open and the body shakes, but the mind—not yours anymore—runs, spinning webs and weaving words in the air—pretty pictures of grief and wreck, beautiful—the air acts as a conduit between you and her, she feeds and you are supplicant to her experienced hands as clay to the fire and strokes of the maker; the air flows and the words are leaving. You think naming them will call them home. The Muse puts her finger—white like ivory, cold—to your lips. You cannot speak her name: Autolycus, a thief so masterful you cannot recognize your scavenged thoughts; hazy once they were, made a stranger in clarity—and you are sent away, a stamp incarnate on sealed lips.

The words are like some delicate foreign tongue—delightful and ringing with cosmic truth—but so unlike your clumsy fingers at the corset of language, inexperienced yet grasping, bruising in intimacy. Distant cousins, one transformed by the sight of an angels; the other, left alone, among the wolves.
Touch

[Libby Dykstra]
Far from the night-time revelries You
Fling across
The space.

Carver of mountains, you are,
Striding over continents
With wind and water and sand and lava
In your carpenter’s belt,
Nudging, colliding, and scraping the earth
As you wait for sprouts to emerge,
Coaxing up the cedars until they stand
Dappled across
The space.

Stirrer of sands, you are,
Bulldozing dunes with your breath
Feeding tenacious tumbleweeds with
Buried earth sponges
As critters peep out of their gritty corners,
Wary of the music of the spheres
That sidewinders hear and
tap-dance across
The space.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Redeemer of souls, You are,
Who takes away the sins of the world,
Spilling the blood that covers our debt
And blots out our iniquity.
Thy grace.
“How is your day going?” I asked.

I stepped onto the metro and was avoiding the seats with slumbering patrons. I shimmied into a seat next to a middle-aged man in a green sweatshirt and blue jeans who was wielding a small black umbrella.

Every time I slide into a seat on the metro, I feel plagued by my instinct telling me to greet the people around me. Finally, I had just blurted it out – it was inevitable for this Midwestern girl.

The guy told me he was doing just fine and he was on a vacation day. He had gone to the zoo and was heading home to make himself dinner and watch soap operas.

We talked about things to do in Washington and the surrounding area. He asked if Iowa was the potato farm state. I told him that was Idaho – a common mistake. As we rolled out of Federal Center, we exchanged names. We approached the Capitol South stop and my conversation with Leonne came to a close.

“It was nice meeting you,” I said.

“Have a good day, Bridget,” he said.

I stepped off the train and saw Leonne through the window and gave him a smile and a nod while I floated up the escalator.

I started to feel like I was in the presence of some sort of greatness – hard earned experience, brave commitment, boldness, conviction and tender yet determined caring.

A former soldier, whose legs had apparently been amputated, rolled into the room in his wheelchair. It was then that I realized what all these men had been through in the country’s service, the service of American people, in my service.

Then a young man of small stature walked in the room behind his wife. He was holding a bouquet of bright yellow sunflowers. He handed the bouquet to a family friend, smiled warmly and silently gave her a hug. As he sat down next to me, I saw what I hadn’t noticed at first – he had a prosthetic arm. He sat down stiffly and his arm lay by his side against the front of the chair.

I was humbled. Beyond words.

At the end of the meeting, the speaker particularly acknowledged the young couple. They rose to their feet – the wife gently providing assistance – and the whole assembly applauded loudly.

A man later walked up to the couple and told the young soldier he looked “a hell of a lot better since the last time.”

I walked out of the room realizing just how little I had appreciated our soldiers. I was overwhelmed with gratitude for their service.

My thoughts went back to Leonne, and I realized how much respect is absent in our entire culture. I was particularly convicted about my own lack of respect. So what if I didn’t know the people I see on my walks to work? My plight wasn’t simply a matter of being a homesick Midwestern girl anymore. I realized God had been shouting at
me. I had been struggling with the rush of D.C. life and getting sick of it – yet becoming part of it. What I hadn’t recognized was God’s presence in every face I saw.

A few days later, I saw a group of people leaving an army convention. I sat to the side of one man on the metro who was wearing a navy blue polo with an army insignia on it. The question once again nagged me.

I stood up as we neared my stop and asked, “Are you in the army?”

“Yes,” he said a little puzzled.

I extended my hand and said, “I just want to thank you. I don’t think you guys get very much appreciation these days.”

“Thanks! That really means a lot, seriously. Thank you so much.” He smiled and I stepped out of the metro.

You never know what impact your words and actions might have on people, but one thing you can know is that they do indeed have an impact. My communications professor once told the class that every communication – whether silent or spoken – serves to direct people’s lives.

Blue lines, green flecks, red numbers, black names. How I love pulling out my road atlas, poring over the places I’ve been and picking out new places to go—there’s something about a map that just blasts the universe wide open for me. The world is my playpen now. I can go to any place in this whole book.

“So, what next?” I say. “This summer, I’m going to Lynden,” I inform myself. Ok, Elaine, how do you I want to get there? Well, Elaine, maybe I’ll take the interstates most of the way. Real quick-like, you know. Or, maybe I’ll jaunt down through Yellowstone on a scenic detour. Backroads, then. This one. I betcha it winds through the most gorgeous mountains ever.

Or maybe I’ll ask Dad which route we took last time... All the memories flood back from other road-trips. All the nodding donkeys, the truckstops, the rest areas where we lost a baseball mitt, the infamous place where somebody soiled his onderbroekjes -- my road atlas impishly assures me that these places are still real, still there, still perhaps waiting for me to come back.

And probably I will. I know how to get there. Where there’s a will, there’s a map.
Mt. Cheampa
Delights

Dip the brush, smooth the paper, pick a letter, and go. I sit at my desk, painting words. I like to give each word a colorful, incisive meaning outside of its alphabet. The word is Gloria. I choose my hue with deep contemplation and pick out the Textura Quadrata script for this one, and off I go.

Calligraphy is more than just pretty letters. It’s living letters. Gloria is Gloria indeed in jubilant blue and orange, with hairlines sprouting joyously from the spine and tail of the G.

My Kyrié wrenches your soul with anguished browns, and Agnus Dei drips with the blood of the Lamb who takes away the sins of the world. The words mean more, when you give them the chance. And that’s the hard part.

It’s also the best part, when success yields the purest delight. If I can paint the soul of the words just like a real artist lays bare the essence of a tree in a drawing, or a musician releases the heart from the notes, then I have wrung out my energy satisfactorily. And if my success excites your delight, then I am pleased all the more.

De vier jaargetijdens

De Winter
Vandaag is het koud met sneeuw.
Hoe het met mij gaat?
Slecht. Vandaag gaat het slecht.
Morgen komt de zon, misschien?
Nee, de zon verbergt zich achter grijze wolken;
Hij is bang.
Ik ben ook bang—
Deze winter is veel te lang!

De Lente
Waarom springen op de bloemen?
Hoeveel vogels beginnen te zingen?
Nu dooit de winter weg;
Het druip van het dak af,
En maakt plassen.
Het gras wordt groen geschilderd.
Mijn witte huid wordt langzaam bruin.

De Zomer
Juni betekent warme weer:
Elke dag schijnt de zon

Met een glimlach of een grappig.
Het regent niet
Het sneeuwt niet
De bomen zwaaien in de wind,
En de wind draagt de vlinders,
Geen ijs.
Hoe gaat het met de juni schepsels?
—Goed.
Zij houden van de zomer;
Met hen gaat het uitstekend.
Met mij niet. Vandaag sneeuwt het nog.

De Herfst
Tijdens de warme, aardige zomerdagen
Zegt de herfst:
Sorry, maar ik moet je even onderbreken!
Ik ben aan de beurt.
Hij brengt meer wind die de zomer afschrikt.
Een beetje regen
Een grote storm
Er liggen bladeren op de grond.
Heel veel bladeren, maar geen ijs.
Hoe ik de herfst vind?
   Ik heb liever dat er bladeren op de grond liggen dan ijs—
De herfst? Met mij gaat het goed.
   Tenminste is het geen winter.

English Translation
The Four Seasons

Winter
Today is cold with snow.
   How am I?
   Horrid. Today, things are horrid.
Tomorrow the sun will come, perhaps?
No, the sun hides behind grey clouds;
   He's scared.
   So am I—
   This winter is far too long!

Spring
Why are the flowers popping up?
How many birds have started their singing?
Now the winter melts away.
   It drips off the roof
   And makes puddles.
The grass is painted green.
My pale skin slowly turns brown.

Summer
June means warm weather.
Every day the sun shines
   With a smile or a joke.
It doesn't rain.
It doesn't snow.
The trees sway in the wind,
And the wind wafts butterflies,
   Not ice.
How are the June critters doing?
Good.
They like the summer.
Things are wonderful with them.
Not with me. It still snows today.

Fall
Near the end of the warm, friendly summer days,
The autumn says,
Con lágrimas

me duele todo
los hombros por los estudios
la espalda por mirar a los libros
en mi escritorio
los ojos quedan
sin lágrimas

él mira a su lata vacía
saca la piedra de la
pie tan hinchado
sin zapatos
la tira en la lata para no aburrirse
no mandarse a dormir
otra vez sin cama
sin trabajo
sin comida
sin hogar
con lágrimas

Le llamé perezoso

Su meta no pudo
Lograr
Y duerme
siempre
I know one Polish word, and I learned it from a song from “Veggie Tales” called “I Love My Lips”—the one when eight-year-old Larry the Cucumber’s lips get stuck in a gate and he has to go to the hospital and he stays in the lip rehab center with a kid named Oskar who only speaks Polish and teaches Larry the word for lip: oosta!

So, armed with my knowledge of how to say “lip,” my friend Erin and I find ourselves on a train from Prague to Warsaw. It’s not a straight shot, of course, but we’ve already changed trains once successfully, and we survived the trip from Salzburg to Prague, so we’re crossing our fingers that this day will go okay.

It’s all sailing along smoothly in our nice six-person compartment, vacant except for the two of us, until five babbling middle-aged Germans enter the compartment and proceed to take over the entire space, flashing their tickets at us. (Incidentally, my knowledge of German is slightly more extensive: “Auf wiedersehen” and “Gesundheit.”) When we stand up, confused, they promptly sit down in our seats. Um. Okay.

So we hurriedly pick up our scattered belongings, trying not to hit anyone as we slide our duffel bags down from the racks above the seats. And we stand in the corridor, wondering what to do now. Erin gives me a look reminiscent of the one on a face of a child who’s just fallen off a bike for the first time, and I realize that I’m in charge here. Man, my parents usually take care of this stuff.

Finally, I realize why they took our seats—because they had the seats reserved, and it’s marked on the card right outside the compartment door. That would have been good information to know before we boarded the train—it’s like in those horror movies, when someone walks past a crucial signpost and you yell at the screen, “No! Stop! Look! READ IT! Gah!” Well, we definitely missed the signpost.

Our train tickets aren’t the traditional kind, from one place to another with assigned seats. Ours are passes good for five travel days in several Eastern European countries. It’s supposed to give us a bit of leeway in our travel plans, since we can theoretically hop on any train we want in Hungary, Poland, Romania, the Czech Republic, and Slovakia, as long as we don’t take the train on more than five days. But we’re not prepared for this whole reservation thing—it’s like people actually want to know they have guaranteed seats on the train or something.

I pace from one end of the train car to the other and determine that every compartment is full. Horror stories develop my head: being yelled at in Polish and thrown from the train, stranded in the snowy, drearily December-ish Polish countryside. We teeter along the narrow corridors, from one swaying train car to the next, until we find a more open area and some seats that don’t have names above them. Visions of getting heaved bodily from a moving train begin to vanish, albeit slowly.

After some fitful sleep and another train change, we reach Warsaw. But the train station is like an underground spider web, with clothing stores and restaurants lining all the tunnels and tunnels spewing from tunnels and stairs up to various streets all over the place and people, people everywhere. I don’t think there’s quite enough air down here for all the people that are trying to breathe it in.

Eight hours on a train is tedious and draining and crankiness-intensifying, so Erin and I aren’t in the best moods at the moment. I have directions to the hostel—I printed them from the website, and those directions claim that the walk from the train station should take twelve minutes; but the directions were obviously written by a non-native speaker, and we can’t quite get the hang of the twisted syntax.

We try a few different exits before finding the one we want, and we walk—and walk, and walk, lugging our bags, trying not to whine. If
anyone had tried to stop us, he would have been knocked over the head with a twenty-five-pound duffel bag.

After an eternity of walking that lasted much longer than the promised twelve minutes, we finally see “Prokuratorska” on the street sign—a residential street, not very well-lit, kind of creepy.

Sigh.

We hadn’t had a very enjoyable hostel experience in Prague; our noisy neighbors kept us awake (although they did disappear rather quickly when I threatened to yell at them for a second time), and the strange wallpaper, with its sponge-painted puke-green unidentifiable flying animals, gave us nightmares in which we were chased through the streets of Prague by half-dragon, half-sea lion creatures.

But the Jump Inn Hostel on Prokuratorska Street looks strangely welcoming.

We walk up the front steps of the house and press the buzzer; it’s a few minutes before someone answers the door—more visions of being stranded, this time in the middle of Warsaw. And then we go inside, and it’s that moment of “ahhhh” when the heavens open and the light shines down and the relief hits like the ping-ping-ping of an ice storm, pricking little points all over your body until you’re tingly all over. This is a house, a home—not dirty or overrun with people or covered with neon wallpaper, but peaceful and clean and new.

We check in and are escorted up two flights of stairs to our room; on the way we pass two computers—with free internet. A free connection to home? The tension oozes out of our bodies, collecting in a slimy little pile that we leave far, far behind, back on the train with the Germans. Our shared room is at the top of the house, and there are plenty of bunks to choose from. A couple of them are taken, but the occupants are gone, so we have the place to ourselves for a bit. The cleanness is what gets us, and the shiny newness of it all.

Our spirits, oddly enough, have lifted, and we’re just slightly giggly. We settle in and realize we haven’t eaten much today (we had bread and oranges on the train), and we think we can handle going out on the town now.

We’re in the newer, more industrial part of Warsaw, so except for the strange Polish words everywhere, we could be in an American city. We end up at an American-looking restaurant called the Sphinx, basing our culinary decision on the reasonable prices and presence of an English menu. The décor has a bit of a Hawaiian theme, with flowers and tiki torches everywhere. We notice that most of the servers are men—not that we mind.

Our waiter can tell we’re American (the vestiges of panicked “we’re lost” looks on our faces might give it away), and we order in English. He’s pretty cute, Erin decides, and when he brings our food, he looks tentatively at us and says, “Enjoy...your...meal?” I nod, smiling—yes, your English is correct. Thank you for trying to make us feel welcome; I only wish we could speak your language.

After we finish our kebabs and potatoes, we say goodbye to the cute waiter and find our way back to what we now call the Super Nice Hostel. And we sleep, full of memories of a day with chattering Germans, a train full of Poles, and our own little signs of grace: the extra seats on the train, the lovely Super Nice Hostel, the “Enjoy your meal?” waiter...

And that sensation of relief starts pinging my insides instead of my outsides, all the way through me, until I feel as if I have to start dancing to let it all out and into the world—to flood the world with warmth, light, the pleasure of unmatched grace.
A Love Poem For My Mother

I remember her arms, around me
when they told me no,
it wasn't cancerous,
but they needed to remove it
(as she rubbed her hand in small circles
across, around my uneven back).

I remember her hands, both on one of mine
while I fell asleep, content;
she held my hand again when I awoke
in pain
and held my hair back while I vomited
nothing; the morphine
induced nausea.

I remember her eyes darting up from her book
as she watched me
before I fell asleep;
her footsteps in the hall, leaving at night,
returning early the next day.

I want her to remember, in two days
when they put her to sleep
so she won't remember other things,
that I would hold her hands in mine,
and stroke her back
in small circles of comfort that told her
I wished I was there.

She will remember phantom hands and eyes,
caring for her,
and phantom lips on her forehead,
cool in a way so unlike
the metal of surgical blades.
The masses blur by in all directions. People trip and scurry around a little old woman with her green onions spilling out of the grocery bag she clutches. A young man tries to guide her off the escalator while assisting with her bags. The two of them make an odd pair. I soon realize this young man must have seen the woman struggling with her bags and decided to help her. The rarity of his kindness stands out amidst the bustling streets of Chinatown in Washington, D.C. Another young man nearly trips over the lady as he rudely scurries around the pair, and I am struck with the individualistic focus of society.

I walk up to the cashier in CVS and try to be friendly, but the clerk is all business. Her disinterested body language seems to say, "Pay for your stuff and move on with yourself, lady." Other customers in line don't talk to strangers—unless, of course, they are flirting.

Later that evening, people line the walls of the Chinatown metro rail. I squeeze into a small space to lean against the wall—no word from anyone around me. Gazes set forward, roving eyes, iPods blaring, cell phones firmly planted on ears—people, people everywhere but not a soul with whom to speak.

Saturday morning brings a little more friendliness. People are casually striding down the sidewalks and some hazard a muttered hello. I decide it's a good day to take some initiative and with the people I pass a good morning. I meet success more often than not—then BOOM shot down by a young woman in a white dress. A hello from me is received with a furtive glance away and not a word.

I don't want to stereotype DC and say people here are not friendly, but I think many residents have a shell of sorts. Maybe the shell is a defense mechanism. After all, people have to look tough here in order to survive. Perhaps what I sense as unfriendliness is simply a built-in safety mechanism. I have noticed that people in my age group—especially women—seem less likely to hazard a friendly smile or word to a passerby. I can't shake the feeling of being in a world of "to each his own," "every man for himself" and "survival of the fittest." Perhaps people are just worn out from the day-to-day drudgery of working, eating, sleeping—lather, rinse, repeat. Whatever the cause—I feel the impact. I took for granted what a friendly smile and a familiar face can do for my day. In that smile, in that good morning—I feel like other people are alive. I feel as though every day is more than "to each his own." What purpose is there in only looking out for self? I can't stand walking by homeless people every day and pretending they aren't there because I don't know what to do with them. I want to break through the tough exterior of the business suit walking by me. If I like a lady's dress—I want to tell her. If I think someone look sad—I want to smile at them and wish them a good day.

Today I tried those things. I told a woman I liked her dress, and she smiled broadly and said, "Thank you!" I talked to a man who said something out loud to himself—instead of assuming he was a "crazy." We had a great conversation. I talked to this man for ten minutes and we spoke of God's blessings and guidance. I could have sat and talked to him for hours—but ten minutes proved to be a blessing. I smiled at a lot of people on the rail, and I think they thought I was crazy.

The last few days I have realized I have had a message reinforced—God's ministry doesn't just happen when you have a Bible in hand and you set out to evangelize. His blessings show themselves in a smile, a compliment, a friendly and caring gesture, a ten-minute conversation, a daily walk.
Psalm Winter

For the Director of Outdoor Activities, to be accompanied by ice-cube maracas and a brass instrument that someone left in his trunk for the winter.

Oh bitter, woeful, frozen sky, why do you mock us with your chilly sneer?
You frigid, cutting winds, why do you slice through our frail defenses?

Day after day we trudge through your icy curtain,
Night after night we huddle under blankets.

Every morning the HPER majors trek only a short walk to the Rec Center,
But the devoted ones of the Humanities brave your polar breath and glacial sidewalks to the Classroom Building.

Frozen within us, our souls have not the vitality of our youthful, sunny past,
They no longer pulse with joy.

Go seek out some other playthings, winter!
Leave us, and take our misery with you.

How long have we born your frosty whimsies, and how long have we cried out against your icy pranks?

We know that your biting winds will turn to gentle breezes,
your hoary skies to a sapphire canopy.

Have not your wintry habits turned always to spring-like rebirth?
Indeed, verdant growth and balmy breezes have ever chased away your chill.

Be gone then, Cold, retreat to your northern playpen,
Take, oh take those freezing lips away.

Restore to us the joy of our spring vacation,
Hide not the pleasures of new-grown grass and balmy sunshine.

We will bask in the warmth of a new season,
We will frolic in the forgotten graveyard of snow angel hosts and snowmen.
Inside Out

[Libby Dykstra]
To My Friend Who Was Murdered

I took my black suit from the closet with black shirts and tie.

The heaven is so clear.

But why can't I see the cloud clearly.

The world is too dim through my tear.

At the forked road of life and death, I ask myself, "Have you lived your life with your all efforts?"

Allaying the trembling of my hands I ask myself, "At the very end of your life, how will people respond?"

망한 친구에게

옷장에 있던 검은 양복을 꺼내 입는다.
검은색 화이셔츠 그리고 검은색 넥타이.

하늘은 이렇게나 밝은데, 왜 나는 지 구름이 흐릿하게만 보이는 걸까.
내 눈물 속 세상은 너무나 흐리다.

삶과 죽음의 기로에서 나는 나에게 묻는다.
너는 과연 후회 없는 삶을 살았느냐고

떨리는 손을 진정시키며 나에게 묻는다
너의 마지막 순간에
사람들은 너를 무엇이라 기억할 것이냐고
Balancing Act

I wonder how many carbon atoms
Would make it through the circular flow diagram
Of economics, all the way through to households
That will spend or save—
And maybe if the wrong amount of G's or O2's
come around
Then I would have to diagram the sentence
So I could find where the object of the
preposition goes—
Where is that object? Who got all the money?
Is there value lost in liquidation?
There IS energy lost in liquidation and in vaporization, when you figure the matter’s change of state and all—
Or check the components of the predicate first
(before seeing if the noun phrase is complete and agrees with its verb)
Or maybe I missed an expenditure,
Or perhaps I forgot to count the measure in irregular 7/8 time and added a note by accident
Or possibly I forgot to convert tons to kilograms to U.S. dollars to proper Dutch syntax,

And I know that I am not the one taxed for my sins.

And then, if everything matches up, we would discover that
Fe2O3 + 3 CO = 2 Fe + 3 CO2,
Or we'll see that a Noun phrase in
English will have
±Article ± Modifiers + Noun,
and so will a Dutch noun phrase,
But in Spanish then we’ll generally generate the noun phrase like so:
Article + Noun ± Adjective.
And the pick-up measure at the beginning of the song will take away that many beats from the end
So we don’t skip a beat.
And G's that households do not spend will be saved or taxed;
If they save it, then later

In The Long Run
It will be invested and will return interest
(where interest ≠ curiosity, but interest = money, of a sort),
And my sin-tax is covered already,
Paid In Full,
My only debt being the debt of love.
And of course, everything that goes up must come down,
(Aside from young lovers who insist on permanent address: Cloud Nine),
So the rain that falls had to get up there and condense itself first, we know.

Generally, we balance.