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Environmental  
Arts and Literature  
Magazine



PROSE ♪ POETRY ♪ PHOTOGRAPHY ♪ ART



# eno

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Cover photo by: Charlie Cooper

*eno Magazine* is a student publication founded in 2011. *eno's* name comes from the Eno River in North Durham and the original inhabitants of the land, the Eno people, who by the late 1700's had merged with the present-day, federally recognized Catawba nation. The Catawba nation now officially resides along the Catawba river on the border of North Carolina. At a broader scale, *eno's* name reflects our connection to the places where we live, work, and play, and to the Earth. To that end, we acknowledge the important work of the Eno River Association in preserving the natural and cultural legacies of the Eno River Basin and the thousands of organizations around the world that do similar work.

**Our Mission:** To inspire a respect for our environment by engaging in thoughtful expression through the use of artistic, reflective, and creative work.

This publication is available in electronic format on our website. However, we believe print is a powerful and evocative medium, and so we have chosen to print a limited number of copies. When you've finished reading, please share this magazine with a friend.

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Photo by: Daniel Parlock





Letter from the editors:

During the past year, *eno* has navigated a new path forward in response to the Covid-19 pandemic. Despite many of our peers being physically separated, we found strength and connection through sharing art, photography, poetry, and prose. Through this time, we continue to turn to nature more than ever.

As we put together this year's magazine, we were continuously in awe of our community's work and their ability to foster feelings of connection, even though we may never have met in person. We hope that feeling resonates throughout this issue.

We look forward to years of continuing to create and commune through the language of art.

With much gratitude,

*Addie, Reema, India, Claire, Dori, Emma, GuruBandaa, Nanditha, Natalie, Ashton, and Brandon.*



# Contents

## Visual Art

Betty Alfred Mackinson .....	6, 32
Enikoe Bihari .....	13
Claire Elias .....	13, 19
Aubrey Knier .....	17
Sydney Mantell .....	19, 27
Corey Halbert .....	27
Ella Mackinson .....	29
India Mackinson .....	35

## Photography

Charlie Cooper .....	1, 24-25, 30-31
Daniel Parlock .....	2-3, 21, 34
Karen Thornton .....	4-5
Meilin Chan .....	8-9, 18, 20
Margaret Morrison.....	10, 23
Gabrielle Nagle Alverio .....	11, 12, 28
Helen Lu .....	14, 33
Nora Ives .....	18
Will Hanley .....	22
Haley Jackson.....	22
GuruBandaa Khalsa .....	22
Islina Shan .....	23
Nick Kaney .....	27
Anya Gupta .....	28

Photo by: Karen Thornton





## Poetry

Robert Omara .....	6, 9
Jennifer Weiss .....	7, 10
Betty Reed .....	8, 32
Catherine Otero .....	11
Aurora Kuzcek .....	12, 24
Julia Bingham .....	14, 22
Jeanne Julian .....	15
Anda Peterson .....	34

## Short Stories

Claire Elias .....	16-19
Paul Graseck .....	20-21
Hugh Cipparone .....	26







Betty Alfred Mackinson

## Why winter lingers

*Robert Omura*

Winter seems in no hurry  
He sighs and moves slow  
Peers over the top of his glasses  
Like an old man reading phone messages  
While downtown Spring catches a train, And  
we struggle to keep the time  
In that uncomfortable silence  
When conversation is forced  
While Spring is still two stops away,  
And Winter frowns at the time  
Wondering when Spring will come  
And you both stare at your empty cup  
And glance at the waitress for the bill  
Like you both have somewhere  
Else to be this evening.



# Quotidian

*Jennifer Weiss*

I sidestep a smattering  
of mottled feathers  
strewn like love petals  
across a drying mud puddle.  
Remnants from owl's  
moonlit meal or breakfast  
of the brazen hawk  
bickering with his mate,  
a twangy discord  
cracking the sky.

No chalk outline,  
no funeral for the fallen.  
Ashore a squirrel roots  
for last fall's acorn.  
Striped spring beauties  
do-si-do with delicate  
violet companions.  
Yesterday's Trout Lilies  
fade into undergrowth,  
their dappled leaves  
whispering welcome--  
farewell to the Mayapple  
parasols opening this day  
with blind jubilation.

Betty Alfred Mackinson





World's Largest Desert  
Betty Reed

If I could visit Antarctica,  
I would fly by jet  
to Buenos Aires  
and sail to the Falklands.

I would journey  
through Drake Passage  
to watch dolphins  
leap into the air.

An albatross would  
greet me on my way to  
explore marvelous sights  
at the frigid South Pole.

Glistening icebergs would  
slide into the sea  
I would come face-to-face  
with happy penguins,

take a Zodiac cruise  
on an inflatable raft,  
photograph sculpted icebergs,  
travel on a kayak,

paddle on a stand-up board  
to view the beauty of a frozen land  
around Paradise Bay.  
If I could visit Antarctica,

I would venture into an ice-covered,  
exciting land to create  
'forever tales' to share.





A Villanelle For the Children  
Robert Omura

Childhood's a cave that's made of rust  
where lechers lure likes with bone,  
so pay it all forward in ash and dust.

The bankers and jesters cannot be just  
so carry a torch, you walk alone.  
Childhood's a cave that's made of rust.

Forge your futures from bitcoin and lust  
with pumpjack and sickle, reap what's sown  
so pay it all forward in ash and dust.

Scoop out the Earth and crack the crust  
Saturn has eaten, his blackbirds have flown  
Childhood's a cave that's made of rust.

Halve the acre and mortgage the trust  
calve the glacier, undo what's been sewn  
so pay it all forward in ash and dust.

If nothing's true but envy and disgust  
hammer the idols or cling to the stone  
but childhood's a cave that's made of rust  
so you pay it all forward in ash and dust.







April

*Jennifer Weiss*

It rains today.  
Cherry blossom petals  
fall among rain drops  
like giant snowflakes  
drawn by a child.

Awakening

*Jennifer Weiss*

With raucous chorus  
frogs awaken, beckon spring.  
The brooklet summons us.

Photo by: Margaret Morrison



# Run Like the River

*Catherine Otero*

We ache to run like the river  
Watch it eddie  
Slow through the shallows  
Smoothing the edges  
of stone and glass  
Perfect for hands  
to hold and worry

Footprints in the mud  
Tracks of lives along the bank  
Slip into the water  
Swirling past the creatures breathing deep  
We are jealous of them  
Rain dimples the waves  
that suck at our feet  
A draw to return  
Move with the cycle  
Set our minds afloat

Maybe if we flowed with the water within  
our connection to each other and our mother would seem less foreign  
If we could slip through walls  
Puddle on the other side  
Embrace the ripples  
in our reflections as they separate, merge  
As we dip our hands to drink  
we no longer know if our hands are cupped to give or receive  
We no longer know which side we are on  
or, why there are sides at all

If we could run like the river,  
we would be free

Photo by: Gabriela Nagle Alverio



# A Strange Feeling I wish to Describe to You: the death of a universe

Aurora Kuzcek

How so unextraordinary  
Are the days we have come to know  
The way they sip on the loose threads and  
Tie their lips with the skin they took from another

I sometimes watch  
Alone in the woods  
The birds, particularly those that don't make much sense,  
And ponder such existence with a heart that isn't mine  
That was once somewhere beyond comprehension  
I shield the glistening sun with my soaked hand and I wait  
Until midday  
To embark upon the final journey

But how unremarkable!  
Long hair wraps around the ankles of those who wish to walk  
On the aching backs of the  
Little Green Things  
That grow onto the faces of the trees and swallow them in their decrepit mouths  
Can you see this, or do I have to explain more of this to you?

Once in a great while,  
I tend to breathe  
Not in the ways that others do, but this is different  
A peculiar pattern, an unusual rhythm  
How uncanny are the days when we used to mistake stones for the soles of the old man's toes  
Or the fingertips of the wise woman's home?  
Let's pretend,  
At least for the time,  
That this is the only place where the mathematical concept of all things  
Exists on a timed plane following one foot after the other in a sordid beat

I understand that these things come in a great while  
But a while is something incomprehensible and great is something of the like  
And I have yet to be both and both to be yet, and tidings are tidings and my heart aches for each  
every and every each to one another down on the Long shoreline we used to call home.

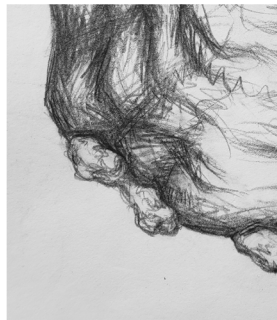
Surely you can't see this, but does it matter?  
For whom does it matter?  
No one can answer, yet everyone has already said a word, and I sit here like  
Nothing was the same but the same is absolutely nothing

Photo by: Gabriela Nagle Alverio





Desert Heart  
by Claire Elias



Rust  
by Enikoe Bihari



A wide-angle photograph of a vast field of orange poppies in full bloom. The field stretches from the foreground into the distance, where a low, rounded hill is visible against a clear, deep blue sky. The perspective is from a low angle, looking across the field towards the horizon. The poppies are densely packed, creating a textured sea of orange. The sky is a uniform blue with a few wispy clouds near the horizon.

# Butterscotch bark

*Julia Bingham*

there is a warmth and a  
sweetness in the smell of  
ponderosa forests, dry and high  
in granite topped foothills

crisp winds carry sounds of  
bugling elk, quaking golden leaves  
fall is arriving, snow soon after  
still there is a warmth and

a sweetness in the smell of ponderosa forests



# The Bay View

*Jeanne Julian*

On certain summer afternoons,  
boats set forth from the yacht club.  
Atlantics, Ensigns, Lightnings, Lasers  
race, knifing through placid waters.  
White sails plumped by breeze  
crisscross, crisscross, blasé,  
unphased by the concrete hulk  
of the nuclear power plant  
dominating the far shore.  
Come evening, the edifice glows,  
reflecting sanguine sunset.

On the jetty, undistracted  
by the distant competition,  
boys string chunks of frankfurter  
and lower the alien bait  
into the waiting, lapping water.  
They catch unwary little crabs  
just for the fun of it,  
as boys have done  
since the vanished Nehantics  
summered there,  
ages ago.

When transmuted into somewhat  
contented men, those sons  
of the racing sailors will erase  
selected frames from their collective  
warm seaside memories, ease  
from their past selves' scrawny shoulders  
the weight of Millstone Power Station,  
looming, hermetic and blocky, over  
their frolic despite the planners' promise  
that it would never rise above the treeline,  
over there. And so far, it's done no harm.

Atop the bulkheads,  
houses wake each day and gaze  
across Niantic Bay.  
Once ripped open, ravaged,  
flooded by the force  
of one aberrant northern hurricane  
(a single so-called superstorm),  
facades are now restored.  
Bright new eastward windows  
expect the sun to rise and lavish  
upon them ever beneficent light.



# Transience

## *Claire Elias*

The budding clouds rose up the glacier valleys like an army of ghosts, driven and detached from the world below. The clouds offered no gentle tendrils caressing the bodies of hikers, no coils of condensation cooling flushed cheeks. Instead, they ascended from the valley in ragged clumps, assertively, hordes of pallid beings on a pilgrimage to join the ancient slate-gray crowns that reigned over the brilliant blue realm above. These ghosts had no interest in the humans and dirt and grass of the land. Their billions of tiny water droplets, nonchalant to these beings, fixated on a stark bright oblivion above.

Tonight, the clouds will expand into an ether, encompassing every feasible surface until they're chased away by the heat of late dawn. The clouds will settle into caves of nylon, rayon, polypropylene, scatter fragments of liquid glass across the soft pink curves of noses. Soak through skin that reeks of stale perspiration, burrowing into each pore until the cold, the indifference, of trillions of water droplets, settles into the marrow of the bone. The clouds declared their wardenship of this universe, transcending the boundary between earth and sky. This was their territory.

Through the clouds wove phalanxes of sunrays, countless brilliant spears of light that pierced the forms of the ragged ghosts, finalizing their fragility and forcing them to disappear into their own selves. The clouds, swept away by photons, disseminated, once again becoming an infinite matrix of trillions of pellucid water droplets, once again becoming an ether, later condensed back into a horde of ghosts, each one haphazardly merged, tufts of white nothings attempting another pilgrimage to the sky above.

The clouds traversed the mountains, beholders of scars inflicted by glaciers and tectonic forces for millions and millions of years. Over the course of minutes, the stone behemoths disappeared. Indifferent to the looming threat of sun spears, shrouds of condensation swathed supposedly immutable peaks. They nestled into scarred crevices, drove themselves into pockets of scree and alpine bush. The clouds settled silently, definitively, transiently. These clouds that

bundled into the earth aimed towards infinity, but settled for the security of stone pockets and the watchful eyes of the mountain peaks. How they conformed to the contours of the mountains was a mere semblance of conquest. Rather, the mountains conquered the clouds, blocking their unbounded voyage towards infinite expansion and forcing them to yield, to bow down to immutable crags, to stone columns that have withstood the endless bearing of indifference to whatever came their way.

Rid of our concept of waiting and rushing, of spinning clock hands and carefully calculated charts of numbers, the mountains accepted their transience. Just as water vapor succumbed to rock, rock succumbed to the very earth that had given it a body. The mountains sheltered innumerable cloud wraiths as they succumbed to the thrashing of underlying tectonic forces.

The stone behemoths were patient, passive. They accepted their fate, though it was always unknown to them. The mountains were bound by a stoic exterior that, even with its apparent immortality, promised nothing in particular, except the possibility of infinite future lives. Eventual rubble, rubble which will crumble into the valleys and seas below. Rubble that can be packed, heated, and molded into an indurated entity that will succumb to the life of yet another pile of rubble. Sand, friable and a ready victim to wind. Sand, friable, which had the power to erode entire other mountains. Sand that could be fused into towers and walls, which submit to the carving of caves and crevices in which more bands of ghostly clouds can take shelter before they expanded into the air beyond.

No measure of mightiness spared the mountains from the cruelty of glaciers. The ice giants carved their paths down, down, down, in their rheological mindlessness, eventually settling into the comfort of the nearest sea. They sighed into the waves, which lapped up the ice and debris, taking them into the salt water. The glaciers' ruthless indifference only magnified the changes imparted by their strength and movement. Where solid masses of rock once lay were now immense canyons, fjords, and valleys, permanently marked with striations that had been inflicted almost carelessly.

The glaciers came and went. With their departure they left heaps of till, trophies of their journeys, the ancestors of mountains. The glaciers, with their





Portrait of Rachel  
Carson  
by Aubrey Knier





Photo by: Nora Ives



Photo by: Meilin Chan



arrival, brought firn, ice, snow, water, water vapor. Clouds and their wraiths. Millions of future generations of clouds and their wraiths, watching over the spectacles of transience and permanence that danced with one another as the earth breathed, as mountains crumbled from the slightest breath, as glaciers materialized and melted, as they returned their ice and debris to the sea that lent moisture to the air.

The earth rustled, unbeknownst to the everlasting battle between mountains and water. It was just trying to get comfortable, shifting its bones eternally, sliding this bone over that bone. The earth searched for a state of rest that did not exist. It grappled with its own unruly asthenosphere, flowing freely. Occasionally a bone, a plate, was wrestled into this oblivion of churning stone. In the span of a short eternity, another one would indifferently take its place.

A hiker, alone in her polyester cave, wraps a scarf around her face to shield it from the damp, frigid air. She checks her camping stove, filled with water that is now boiling and emitting steam. The steam offers gentle tendrils to the hiker, coils of water vapor caressing her flushed cheeks that reek of stale precipitation and peanut butter. The hiker's fingers slip from the moisture of the evening fog as she pours water into a mug, and she scalds her palm.



Stinger Season by Sydney Mantell



Glenorchy by Claire Elias



# Where in the world am I?

*Paul Graseck*

Photo by: Meilin Chan

Every morning I pass through Kentucky horse country, the islands in Penobscot Bay, French vineyards, and dairy farms in central New York. Besides mooing at cows, a skill I've perfected, I frequently notice a sign affixed to a post in front of a weary-looking farmhouse; it reads, *We Will Get Through This Together*, a reference to Covid-19 that shut down normal life in America. Coronavirus still affects life across the country—businesses challenged, schools trying to keep kids safe, and many people wearing protective masks. As winter approaches, we are a masked society; for months every day has been Halloween.

As I begin my daily odyssey, I glide by a field of blueberries on Wind-song Farm, a couple hundred yards down the dirt lane from our house. A half-mile more, I reach the Elliot School, a one-room schoolhouse closed in 1950. Now a hilltop home, its interior walls of slate continue to reveal its pre-residential ancestry. Its current inhabitant sings jazz and folk. Hailing from the Midwest, she occasionally sung on public radio's *A Prairie Home Companion*. Her partner operates a recording studio, his business dovetailing smoothly with her vocation. Next, I pass the old Elliot railway station adjacent to a repurposed railroad bed, well-used by walkers and bicyclists. The depot now a residence, the owners' dog endlessly measures the threat posed by passersby.

Toward the end of my journey, I pedal past Alison Davis' 18th-century home, her recent book, *Remembering 97 Years: A Spiritual Life*, published one day after turning ninety-seven. On Sundays, her barn becomes a Meeting room where friends gather to meditate. A sanctuary for many, her home has served as retreat for writers, spiritual seekers, and naturalists. In 1959, Alison and her husband Wendell helped the Pulitzer Prize-winning writer Edwin Way Teale—



celebrated naturalist and frequent contributor to *The New Yorker*—and Nellie, his wife, find their nearby farm, Trail Wood. Fifteen years later, Teale dedicated his thirty-third book, *A Naturalist Buys an Old Farm*, to Wendell and Alison.

Teale graduated from Earlham College in 1922, the same institution from which I graduated fifty years later. During college in Richmond, Indiana, I would leave campus, head south on foot, wending my way to the Abington Pike, a mile from my dormitory. A distance runner, I ran by pig farms and soybean fields. I marveled at the first big curve, a stretch of road that deserved a watercolorist's handiwork. Mechanical equipment distributed among unremarkable barns, small outbuildings, and a farmhouse, each embroidered onto sun-ribbed hillocks, prompted subtle awe. Running through that serpentine section of road liberated me from the intensity of a day spent studying Plato, preparing a biology lab report, and meeting with my drama teacher to discuss Japanese Noh theater. I loved running on Abington Pike.

When I moved to Connecticut in 1979, I began running a 10K circuit that took me out Fay Road, coincidentally in the Abington section of Pomfret. Eight hundred



miles east of Indiana, I found a stretch reminiscent of the bend on Abington Pike that snaked through the fields near Richmond. Jogging through this area, passing a broken-down barn and silo on my right near a curve, I would often refer to this narrow section of Connecticut roadway as the Abington Pike. If running with one of my daughters, I'd sigh then exclaim: "Ah, Indiana!" One time my daughter Becky complained, "You always say where you are is somewhere else." Since then, I have observed the veracity of her claim.

That is indeed how I experience my daily eight-mile bike ride. Sliding by the vineyard on Wade Road, I have been watching dark St. Croix grapes ripen. Yes, I am in France, even if the St. Croix is a grape developed in the United States by Elmer Swenson, not one used by French vintners. Further up Kimball Hill, I feel the ocean air brush across the hayfield from fir trees obstructing my view of Ames Crick, which empties into Southern Harbor. I can see Andrew Wyeth's Christina crawling up the hayfield. I am in North Haven, Maine. As I continue pedaling up a slope on Route 97, my eyes angle leftward, focusing beyond the white fence across the road from stables on my right, searching for my favorite horse—shiny brown coat, black tail swinging like a pendulum, muscles rippling. "There he is!" I am back in Kentucky.

Headed north, I pass Alison's. I consider her recent book, where she describes her trip to Findhorn, a com-

munity in northeast Scotland, where she learned that each "thing has a spiritual quality that makes it into a being. 'Something More' is found everywhere. The 'secret' of Findhorn is this continual finding of oneness." I have often practiced the art of stillness in Alison's Meeting room, where I sometimes sense such unity. There I watch—eyes closed, breathing rhythmically—the riches of a world go by while simply sitting in silence. I am meditating.

Soon, I ascend to the highest point of this daily excursion, where cows feed on both sides of the road while others exit the barn, their udders recently relieved. I revel in the sight of rolling fields and forests many miles to the east and west. Now, I am in New York State, near Binghamton.

Two miles later, I arrive at Tull Lane; where at its terminus I live—three-tenths of a mile to go. Slipping by the familiar tract of land on my right on which I have grazed on blueberries for thirty-five years, I see the crop is ripe. Berry-laden branches droop into paths between the rows. I will get my bucket and fade into the field, picking iron-rich berries for the next two hours, finding a solitude favorable to interior roaming. This morning I am everywhere, still pondering my daughter's critique, "You always say where you are is somewhere else."



Photo by: Daniel Parlock



# Heron

*Julia Bingham*

everywhere I have ever lived  
there were always herons

I find a comfort  
in their commonality  
who says only rarity is remarkable?

the dependability of their presence  
weaves a stable thread through each disturbance

continuity otherwise elusive  
between too many homes and  
too many hearts, I  
search them all but  
none feel whole

I want to run  
Try again elsewhere  
Again. Elsewhere.  
Again.

as if certainty is something tangible  
and somewhere to be found  
there, at the water's edge

with deliberate wading step  
careful, quiet, patient  
the urge to scatter ripples away

a heron does not question its belonging



Photo by: Will Hanley



Photo by: Haley Jackson





Photo by: GuruBandaa Khalsa



Photo by: Margaret Morrison



Photo by: Islina Sham



# Freakish Nature

*Aurora Kuzcek*

A pond away  
A deafening blue  
The songbirds cry  
And taste the earth  
Soils rough in white shallow  
Crawl with spines  
And gracious canes

A slippered hand  
A dandelion  
Seeds they catch and  
Death awaits  
It all comes through  
It all comes to the earth  
Red river flows  
Behind the stones

It makes them feel again  
A soft, gentle, touch and the storm then brews  
Ribbons tie tightly around their toes  
A flycatcher sings to the night.

A writhing grin  
A lace-felt tool  
The tinted ground  
The opening stage  
They twist their ankles and break their neck  
Crawl with spines and gracious canes

A shot from above  
A terrestrial  
Say their prayers  
And go to sleep  
Building their nests  
Only to tear them down  
Red river flows behind the stones

Sunken behind the two-storied flight  
Decayed all the women and the children in sight  
Mother and daughter to the grass-sewed field  
Crying their helpless until it is through

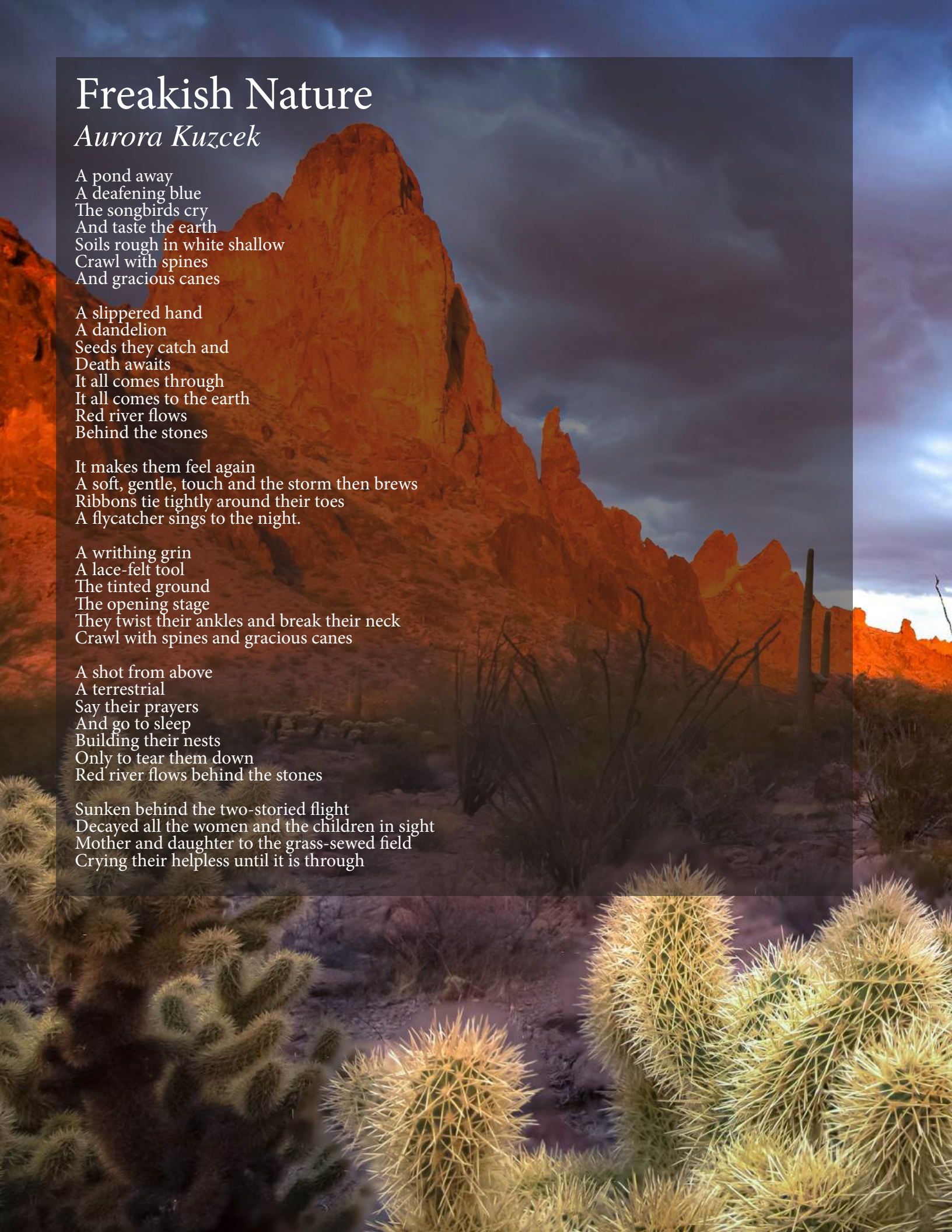






Photo by: Charlie Cooper



# A Real Fishing Village

*Hugh Cipparone*

*On either side of Leland's town canal sit low weather-beaten buildings. Fishing nets cover wooden racks and the smell of smoked lake trout circulates along the neighborhood's gravel paths. At dawn, the scene could be a snapshot of a Great Lakes commercial fishing village in its prime.*

*The rising sun paints a different picture. Now, crowds of people in Patagonia vests and Sperry topsiders wander between buildings whose open doors reveal replica wooden vessels, candy, and hats emblazoned with the word 'Fishtown'.*

*This is Leland's historic district. The neighborhood is a commercial fishing village – turned – tourist destination whose success supports two of the Great Lake's last commercial fishing vessels and a living monument to the nation's fishing past. I visited Fishtown every summer of my childhood. Now, I notice a vivid tension between the working-class picture that the district presents and the white-collar tourism on which it relies.*

*This relationship – white-collar tourism supporting a monument to blue-collar industry – can be found across the country in tourist trap mining towns, hunting lodges and ports. This relationship is particularly ironic here, though, as it was white-collar tourism – specifically the revenue potential of recreational fishing – which ended commercial fishing on the Great Lakes.*

*In 1966, the Michigan Department of Natural Resources decided to introduce Coho Salmon – a popular gamefish - into the Great Lakes. In 1970, the state banned the use of gill nets to protect the then-populous Coho and King salmon from the pressures of commercial fishing. The struggling whitefish and lake trout populations – which could have been re-introduced instead of the salmon - were not large enough to support commercial fishermen, and many fishermen left the business, leaving waterfront towns like Leland to their inevitable decline.*

*This story – and Fishtown itself – engenders important questions for conservationists to ponder. Why do sites of past labor – Leland and parallel Maine lobster boats and abandoned Colorado mines – inspire such tourist revenue? Was the choice to prioritize recreational fishing over commercial fishing worth the loss of Great Lakes fishing culture – a culture whose value is clearly reflected in the many tourists who flock to its skeleton at Leland?*

*I believe that this is a tale of caution for environmentalists. This tale argues that white collar fetishization of blue collar work suggests an inherent value of working with your hands – a value that should be incorporated in the cost-benefit analysis of a management decision to restrict resource extraction. The tale also illustrates the fact that environmental conservation has real costs – and that management decisions that prioritize environmental health over human health aren't always right or just.*

*None of this will stop me from walking Fishtown's docks, buying smoked fish from Carlson's or trying on embroidered knick-knacks. It will force me, and hopefully those who read this, to ponder the moral dilemmas of conservation.*





Photo by: Nicholas Kaney



Fish by Corey Halbert



Roll with the Tide by Sydney Mantell





Photo by: Gabrielle Nagle Alverio

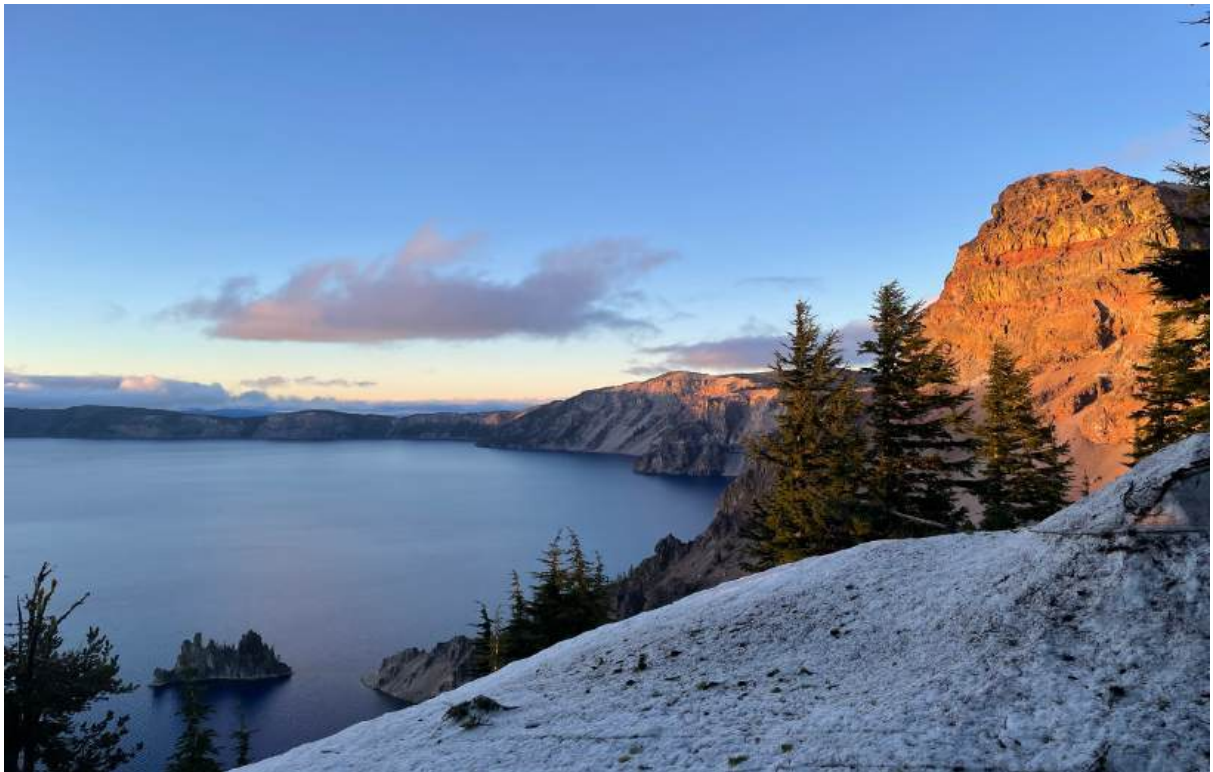


Photo by: Anya Gupta





Ocean Isle Beach by Ella Mackinson



Carolina Cloud by Ella Mackinson









Photo By: Charlie Cooper



# Cooking Patterns

## *Betty Reed*

I. Chicken dinner, Grandmother's Style  
Toss out some corn; "Chick, chick, chick,"  
she calls, and with one swift grab lifts  
a fryer from the flock, wrings its neck,  
tossing it down to die in desperate motion.  
Then disembowel and cut up the parts  
to roll in flour and fry in a crackle of grease.  
Crispy fried chicken welcomed by weary men  
coming in from the fields.

II. Chicken dinner, Mother's Style  
Thaw frozen chicken parts,  
roll in flour and drop in bubbling fat  
with a back splash of sizzle.  
Shielding her face, she seizes  
crispy meat to drain on paper towels.  
A special treat ready for Dad,  
tired and hungry, coming home  
from a day's labor at the plant.

III. Chicken dinner, Aunt Em's Style  
Run by the market, grab a cut-up fryer,  
roll in flour to drop into hissing hot oil.  
Throw Hungry Jack biscuits in the oven.  
Heat Bush's baked beans; cook instant potatoes.  
Thaw a scrumptious Sara-Lee cake. Pour iced tea.  
Cover the table with a linen cloth,  
set out dishes, napkins, and flatware.  
No eating alone today-company's coming.

IV. Chicken dinner, My Style  
Drive up to the window at KFC-  
ignore kids warring over who gets to play the Rubik's Cube.  
Order juicy chicken,  
hot and tender, sides of coleslaw,  
mac and cheese- laptop meals-then back home.  
Chicken blessed by the Colonel, served  
on paper plates. Eat and enjoy!  
The simple life of a single mom.



Betty Alfred Mackinson





Photo by: Helen Lu



# A Field in Maine

*Anda Peterson*

Work with what you are.

If you are a fawn  
at dusk  
you will stand still as wood  
in a field of tall green grass  
at the edge of a forest  
your dark eyes wide open  
watching sparrows flit and fly home  
through lavender twilight.

If you are a fawn,  
your soft brown ears upright will catch sounds  
of wind through the pines,  
like brooms sweeping the sky.

If you are a field mouse  
you will scurry, slipping between  
a crowd of periwinkle-blue lupines  
and fawn hooves.

If you are a human  
you will see  
fawn, pines, wildflowers, mouse  
know your breath as wind through the pines,  
and your heart as it  
beats in fawn and mouse,

then and only then  
your tender work  
is done.

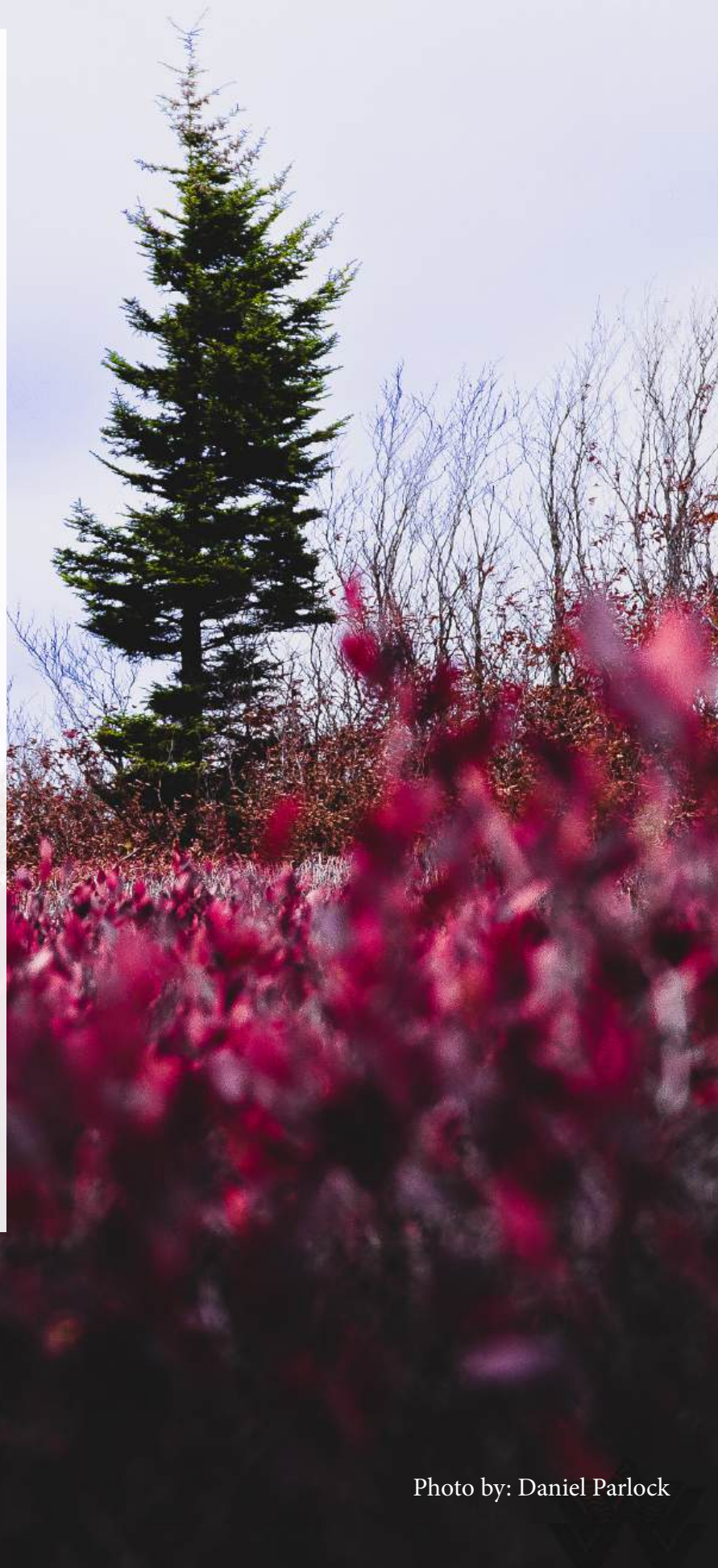


Photo by: Daniel Parlock





Retreat by India Mackinson



