



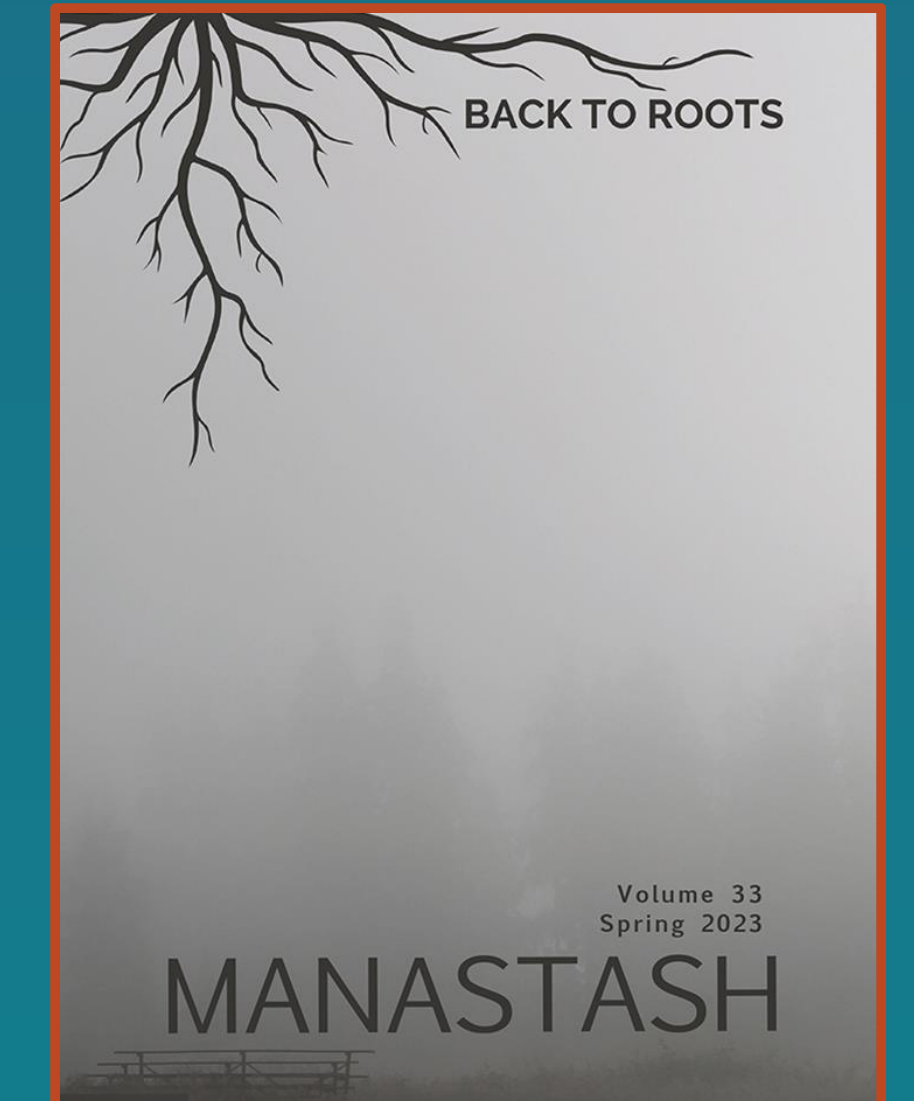
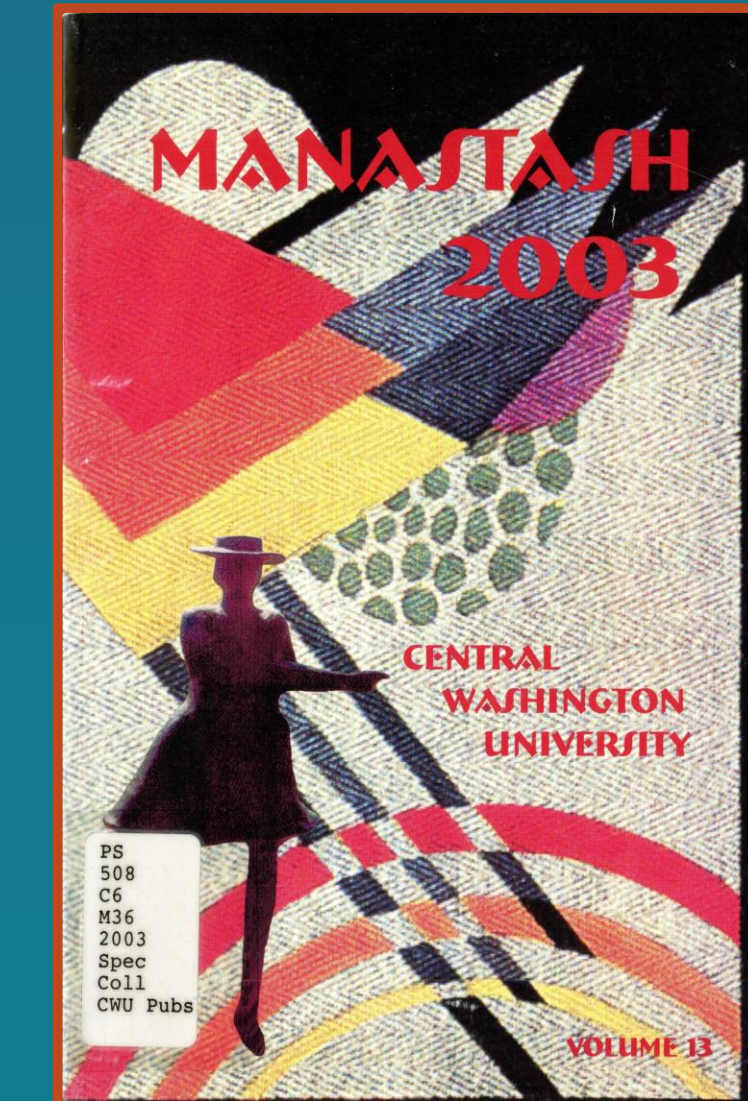
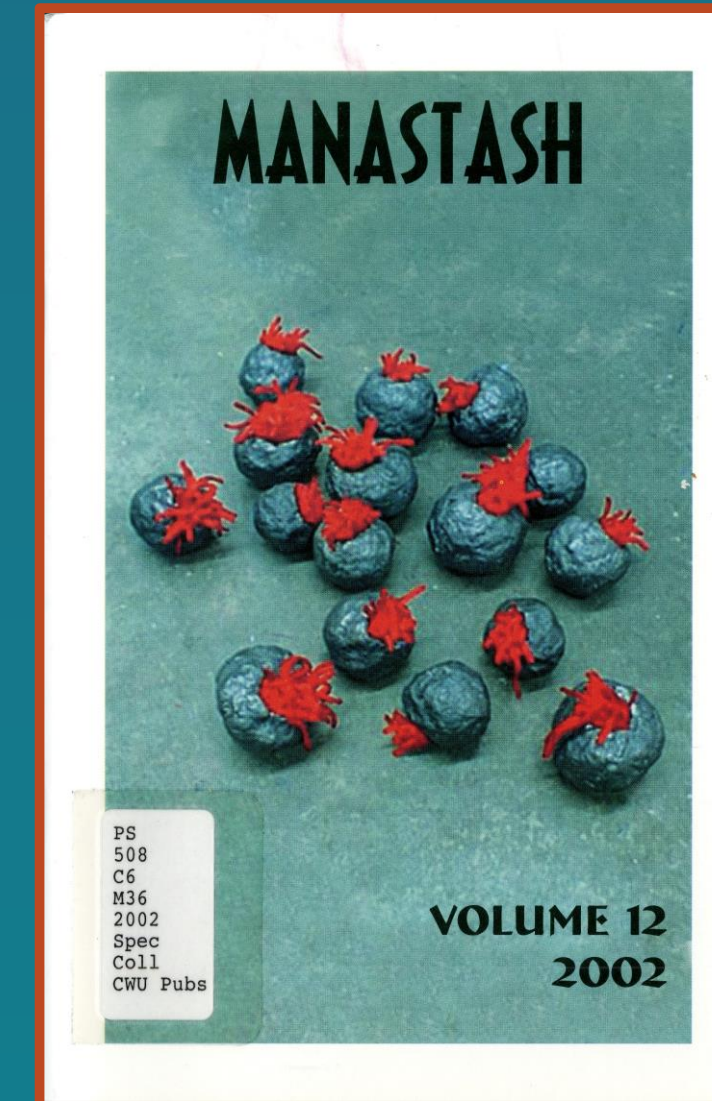
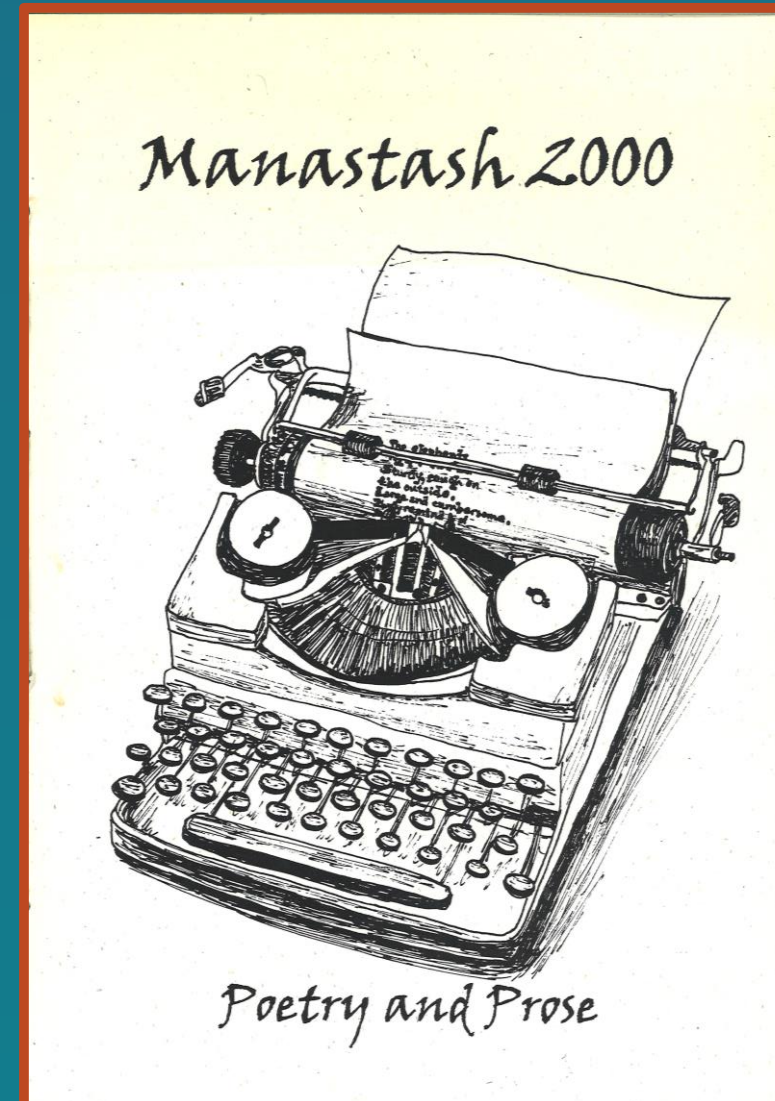
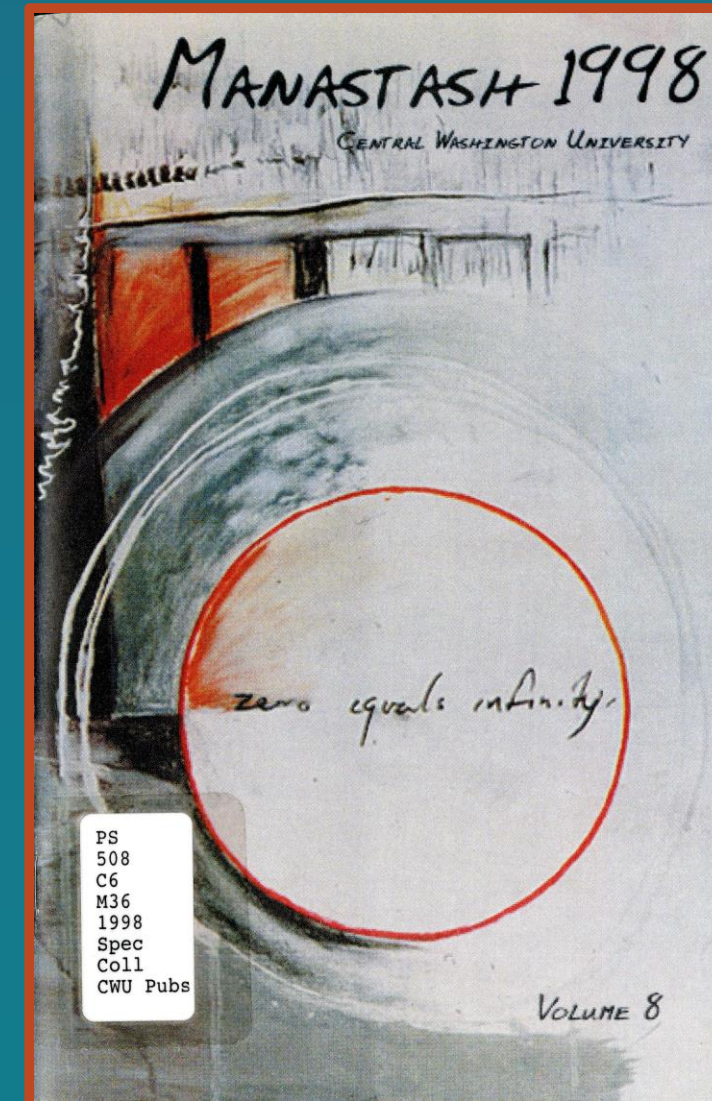
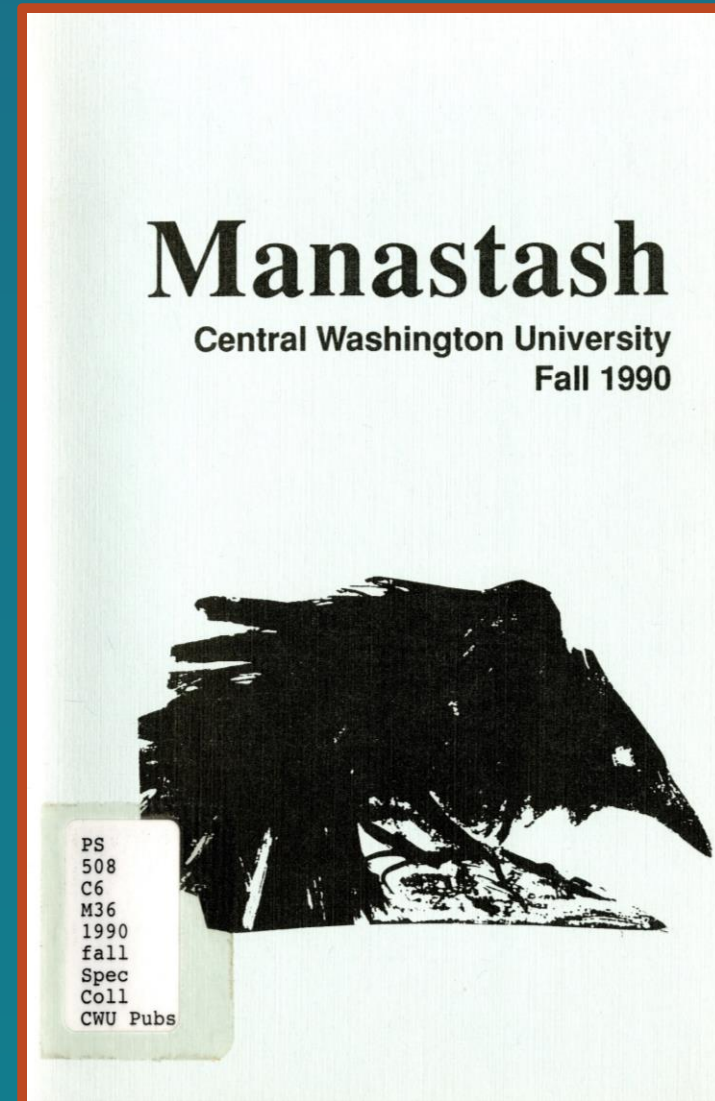
MANASTASH



ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

CWU's Student Literary Journal

First published in 1990, Manastash is CWU's longest-running student journal



THUNDERBIRD'S BLESSING BY MARELLE WESTCOTT

This traditional legend tells of a time when my people were starving, of storms and ice preventing fishing and hunting, the oceans too angry to venture. A break in the storms allowed the strongest and best hunters to gather into a big canoe in one last desperate attempt to bring home a whale. They sang hunting songs thanking the Creator for easing the weather so they could hunt and pray for a successful trip. The hunters found a whale large enough to feed the Quinault for months, they could not return without it. The hunters began the whale hunting song, powering themselves to overtake the whale and harpoon it.

JACARANDAS BY GABRIEL ELIZONDO

Me? I arrived before you found me,
here in the soil beneath your feet.
My roots grew sovereign before
the rest of your cultivations arrived.

Me? I denied you before you found me.
In the bottom of canyons,
at the tops of mountains, after
the rest of your cultivations denied

CAN I UNDERSTAND YOU, MOM? BY KHOA LE

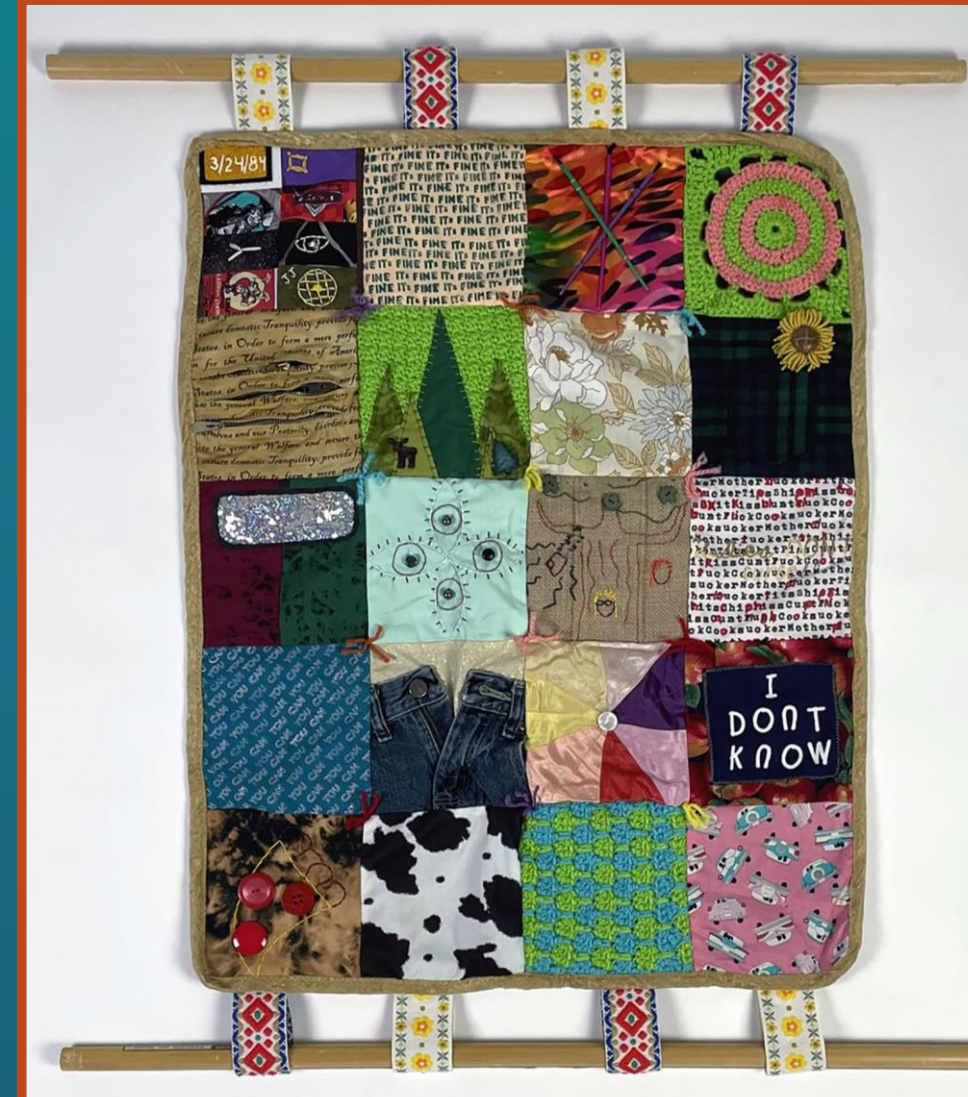
We moved to America a couple months after her marriage. We've been in this country for more than ten years. I became a translator for my family. We moved a lot in those ten years: Vietnam to Washington, to Louisiana, and back to Washington again, and now to California. Her nightstand always had a notebook that she translated from Vietnamese to English. Words related to her job and questions to ask at her nail shop. And the collection of Dr. Seuss that I bought for her. She kept a lot of pills that remind me of her makeup table. All the dishes poorly washed.

THE BARN OWL BY TIFFANY PATE

The end of the world gave her what she always wanted: the two of them together. He always claimed to want the same. She knew it wouldn't have happened any other way. He would never have gotten a divorce, and she finally gave up. If you could do it over again, would you change it?

She often wondered if he thought the same thing every time he looked at her and why his eyes would glisten every time he tried to smile at her. They used to talk about how they were always together in another life, a parallel universe.

QUILTED SELF-PORTRAIT BY VICTORIA PHILP



ARS POETICA AT UMTANUM FALLS BY ELLIOTT WHANGER

My palms explore a sheer escarpment wall,
an open-faced corridor to a bull's studio,
stream softly apposed. Rectangular juts, nooks
for my weary digits, resting not long enough. Moss hangs
like LEDs off apartment balconies

& fallen leaves bore me. In every mundane step
I want to ferry my senses downstream,
leave my husk as souvenir for the elk.

There's no boat but the one I am.

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