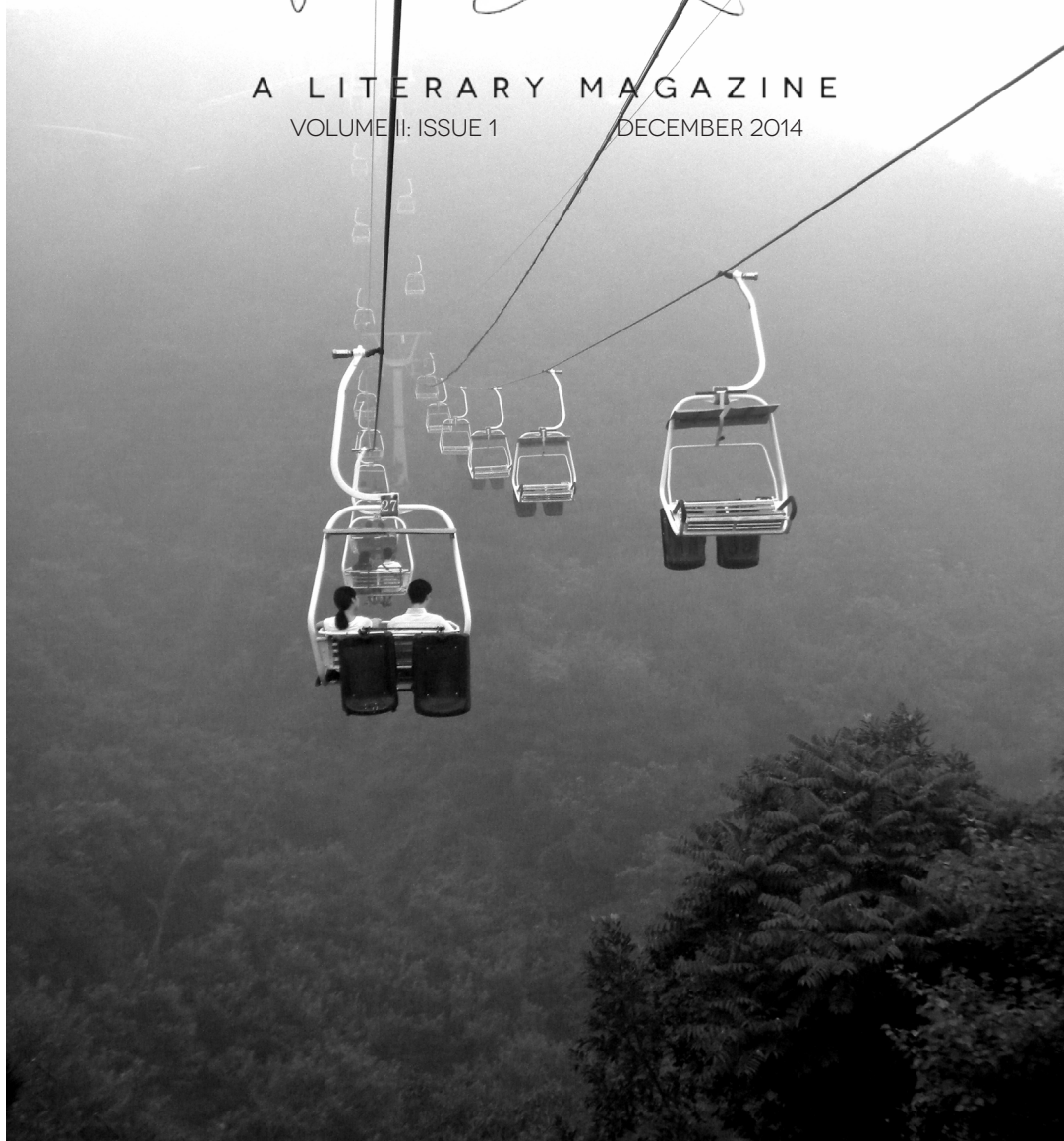




A LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOLUME II: ISSUE 1

DECEMBER 2014



---

## *Lit* STAFF

### **EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**

ANNIE MESAROS

### **ASSISTANT EDITOR**

ANNA BENEDICT

### **ARTS CURATOR**

CECELIA ROMERO-LIKES

### **ASSISTANT ARTS CURATOR**

JESSICA HOEKSTRA

### **LAYOUT EDITOR**

LAURA STEMBRIDGE

### **EDITOR EMERITA**

LAUREN SAWYER

### **READERS**

SARAH BAILEY

BETHANY BERENS

ERIN CURLETT

DEAN WITT

TYLER ZIEBARTH

---

This is a publication by and for The Seattle School community. It is supported and funded by the Office of Students and Alumni.

The following submissions are not officially sponsored or endorsed by The Seattle School; they are included here with permission from the authors.

### **THE SEATTLE SCHOOL MISSION STATEMENT:**

The mission of The Seattle School of Theology & Psychology is to train people to be competent in the study of text, soul, and culture in order to serve God and neighbor through transforming relationships.

---

### **COVER PIECE:**

Further Up and Further In / Katelyn Folmar

---

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

Somewhere Over the Rainbow . . . . . 4 Katelyn Folmar	Homo in Curvatus in Se . . . . . 12 Lauren Sawyer
Held . . . . . 5 Katelyn Folmar	“She needs grass on her to feel better”: Tatum Louise . . . . . 13 Kristen Riordan
For Matthew Dickman & My Almost Dead Brother, from the Elliott Bay Book Café . . . . . 6 Tyler Ziebarth	Shudder Poems . . . . . 14 Dori Elliott
Embrace . . . . . 8 Samantha Davis	Looking Down . . . . . 15 Kelly Pastori
Indianapolis, IN <i>from</i> Seattle, WA. . . . . 9 Dori Elliott	Supplication . . . . . 16 Katelyn Folmar
Santa Cruz, Bolivia <i>from</i> Palm Springs, CA. . . . 10 Dori Elliott	Mirroring . . . . . 17 Christine Canty
The Mystery of the Soul . . . . . 11 Caleb Dodson	

---

## BIOGRAPHIES

Contributors . . . . . 20
Staff . . . . . 21

# SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW

---

KATELYN FOLMAR

In a lonely airport somewhere—Charlotte, I believe,  
There is a restroom.  
In this restroom is a black attendant;  
Inside this black attendant lives a voice that sounds like coffee  
And feels like velvet.

She only sings when no one sees.  
Those in the stalls listen, captivated,  
Too embarrassed to flush.  
I was powdering my nose when I first heard her;  
I paused out of respect, then wonder.

The bathroom had grown holy  
A place where tired angels sing  
And white people sit.  
Tears formed as she finished and  
“Why, oh why, can’t I?” floated through the air, unanswered.

I stood to leave  
Washed my thankful hands,  
Gathered my cornucopia purse, full of blessings.  
I walked past the tip jar, paused, then left—  
Empty and ashamed.

# HELD

KATELYN FOLMAR



# FOR MATTHEW DICKMAN & MY ALMOST-DEAD BROTHER, FROM THE ELLIOTT BAY BOOK CAFÉ

TYLER ZIEBARTH

So then I sulked around  
Capitol Hill  
with all the other hip cats trying  
to look indifferent like  
I was no longer impressed  
with the world  
either &  
found a book of poems  
by Matthew Dickman.  
Man, that guy really has it!  
Talking all about his dead brother &  
how he wished  
he wasn't dead anymore  
I really felt for the guy

Wept like a baby  
in the bookstore café &  
refused  
to cover my face  
because I've always preferred  
to cry in public places  
it makes me feel less alone.

I wanted to meet this guy & tell him  
that my brother has also  
vacationed in hospitals  
trying to learn not to hurt himself  
Funny  
how this is a skill some people  
just never learn like  
whistling  
or which primary colors mix  
to make orange

Some things are not innate!

Oh! Matthew Dickman  
our brothers are crazy!  
As tragic as they are hilarious  
showing up to family gatherings  
all manic & cock sure  
that fox news is wrong  
just really wrong &  
who the fuck is that guy Paul  
anyways &  
why did the Bible give him so much  
goddamn airtime &  
of course Jesus smoked grass!

But our brothers also hit the ground hard  
like Mayakovski's revolver  
after it finished him off for good &  
the only note left was an  
unfinished poem  
that started and ended the same way:

*They were wrong! / Life is very long!*  
& also: *I don't want to die!*

So then I thought about driving  
to Portland for the night &  
asking if anyone knew that cat  
with the dead brother who writes words  
that make people cry in public but

I was afraid I would find him  
silly & drunk, falling  
off an curb no one was looking at  
Screaming things about dead brothers,  
dead friends & dead parents & no one  
would be listening  
but I would understand  
everything.

Maybe he would buy me a drink &  
I would tell him  
about my almost dead brother &  
We would cry together or laugh together &  
tell ourselves that it doesn't matter  
how much we love  
someone because  
we both don't believe in saving people  
anymore

& also: hospitals don't work.

So it's closing time here at the Elliott Bay Bookstore &  
I don't buy the book of poems &  
I won't drive to Portland  
tonight because  
suddenly  
I remembered that  
I don't want a dead brother  
yet.

# EMBRACE

---

SAMANTHA DAVIS





# INDIANAPOLIS, IN FROM SEATTLE, WA

---

DORI ELLIOTT

Arms tighten around shaking arms—  
I shiver alone on this Bainbridge ferry.  
Space Needle and waterfront  
fade into lights  
against lights  
against the skyline:  
inside their melding reflections  
transfigured by ecstatic drizzle  
I remember how  
to become home—  
like that time you stood  
solitary on the Monon  
breathing it in:  
*I am a woman of the White River—*  
As now I am a woman of Puget Sound,  
of the Milky Way,  
of the *Rhododendron macrophyllum*,  
of the cardinal fledgling;  
we join this Luminous Incarnation  
when we are where we are.

# SANTA CRUZ, BOLIVIA FROM PALM SPRINGS, CA

---

DORI ELLIOTT

The last time I saw you  
was out a rounded rectangle window  
obscured by scratches and a steely wing.  
I don't remember grief, only that  
I wanted to escape your Carnival colors,  
your concentric circle mazes,  
your dust and trash and sadness.

Sadness I do remember—  
in moments of awkward conversation  
when I at last mumble to the questioner  
*Minneapolis, Oregon, Lafayette.*  
All these I claim as mine,  
forgetting I was the solitary child of missionaries  
in a superstitious and mesmerizing land.

And now for a moment just for a moment  
a stranger in this strange state  
I inhale deeply and gape into sadness:  
snapdragon bushes in a spare courtyard;  
cockroach corpse in the corner;  
sprawling bright of unbridled sun:  
Desert visions of Cruceña landscapes.

Touching down in California—  
terra cotta roofs and dusty streets  
seen out a rounded rectangle window:  
The last time I saw you.

# THE MYSTERY OF THE SOUL

---

CALEB DODSON



# HOMO IN CURVATUS IN SE

---

LAUREN SAWYER

*And the eye that eyes itself is your eye  
And the ear that hears itself is too near...  
You're getting too close to your source  
—Andrew Bird, “Eyeoneye”*

It starts with your nose: nose to knee.  
See your toes? Count them, just in case.  
Remember how Mom promised they were candies,  
tootsie rolls and strawberry frooties.  
If your stomach growls, lop one off.

What you can't do is think about what got you here,  
head buried into your body. You  
cannot see how a hand could grip a tuft of hair so tight. You  
cannot see how a word could be so hard to pronounce. Forget  
etymologies, phonetics.

What you can do is roll your whole body into itself,  
curve, till your ponytail tucks between your ankles. (You're not so  
symmetric after all.) You have no opening, a Mobius strip.

Flashes of your violence—your throat, impossibly hoarse.  
“Visualize a better tomorrow”: what a joke. All you need to know  
is the underbelly of your belly, the sweat under your kneecaps,  
the inside of your throbbing head.

You are a rock,  
and you are Sisyphus.

# “SHE NEEDS GRASS ON HER TO FEEL BETTER”: TATUM LOUISE

---

KRISTEN RIORDAN



I.

I was strewn across your legs  
fingers intently in my mouth  
eyes intently on the pages  
that you read with your consuming  
voice. *The Little Mouse, the Red Ripe  
Strawberry and the Big Hungry Bear.*  
Your consuming hand enveloped  
my tiny thigh and we both awaited  
the story's climax.

II.

Did you choose me because  
I had light-filled faun eyes  
or because I was exuberant  
and danced barefoot on the stove  
or because I was bright  
and could recite the 23rd Psalm?  
Or was it that I crawled barefoot  
onto your lap, my bright faun eyes  
dancing with exuberant tears  
hungry for a father's caress?

III.

Powder blue stationary scraps  
of crumpled locker notes postcards  
from Iowa construction  
paper cards: my bedroom  
carpeted with them. Littered  
with dried tree pulp and blue  
red black ink testament  
to my haste in checking each seeing  
it was that note you'd  
sent me after your Fiji missions  
trip. I ransacked something  
else too tonight when I should  
be asleep, tearing uncharacteristically

careless through scene after  
scene trying to remember sure  
I'd forgotten and could find the  
first day I shuddered and  
hid from your greeting or  
maybe uncover, undo the  
way I moved when your  
fingers molded my  
landscape. I never found it.

IV.

I stood in her room  
tired after hours of cleaning it  
inhaled the scent of scorched dust—  
insulation in my old room. My old closet  
in the corner. I'd  
hide in it, buried in  
forest green carpet and darkness  
to cower, to pick my face,  
to escape ghouls in my room.  
His words would play back:  
Beautiful. Special. Girl.  
My heart would shudder like  
his hands made my body shudder  
with fear and something else.  
But all the shudders I buried  
under the forest scorched dust.  
I breathed just now and found them.



Editors' Choice  
Award\*

\*Dori's poem received this award for having the  
top scores given by the six *Lit* readers.

# LOOKING DOWN

KELLY PASTORI







“What’s one of the most impactful things your therapist has ever said to you?” I asked my friend Maggie across the dinner table.

I met Maggie a year ago when I ordered a coffee from her. She used to work at the café by my house. She was also an early-career psychotherapist, so we bonded quickly. This particular evening, I had invited her over for dinner and cooked a gloopy pasta dish. We had just opened a second bottle of wine to compensate for the meal.

Maggie and I often ask each other about our respective therapists. Therapy rooms are like marriage bedrooms—only two people ever really know what happens in them, but everyone is curious about everyone else’s. Or at least I am. What happens when Maggie and her therapist sit face to face, across from each other? Is it the same or different as when I face my own therapist?

“I don’t know about a single impactful thing,” Maggie answered. “But she just... gives me permission, you know? She told me once, ‘You are allowed a full range of emotions.’ No one had ever said that to me. She gives me permission to be human.”

Maggie’s voice cracked on the last sentence, and when I looked up, she had tears in her eyes. This is the first thing I learned about Maggie: She cries. A lot. She feels everything. Growing up, she was the conduit for all her family’s scary and difficult emotions. She felt all the feelings, while her parents and siblings coolly wondered why she was “so emotional.”

Like so many clinicians, Maggie’s greatest therapeutic gifts came out of her oldest pain. She can pick up on others’ unconscious feelings and show them on her own face. Maggie mirrors well. When I don’t

know what I feel, often I can look into Maggie’s face for a clue. So, you know, free therapy for me.

We never stop craving to be mirrored, to see ourselves reflected in another’s face. Donald Winnicott wrote, “The precursor to the mirror is the mother’s face.” In interaction with babies, who are wordless, we reflect back to them what we see in them: joy at their joy, exaggerated surprise at their wonder when a balloon floats up or a cat slinks by, concern and fear when they get hurt. This, in Winnicott’s language, is us “giving back to the baby the baby’s own self.”

It doesn’t stop there. We seek “the mother’s face” throughout our lives, in friends and lovers and therapists. Psychotherapy, according to Winnicott, is not a process of “making clever and apt interpretations; by and large it is a long-term giving back to the patient what the patient brings.” In other words, therapy is mirroring.

“How about yours?” Maggie asked, still sniffing. “What’s the most impactful thing your therapist has ever said?”

I thought of my current therapist, a 40-something fat, gay man who sits comfortably in his chair, wearing khaki pants and a button-down shirt every day. I showed his website picture to a friend once, and she said, “Awww, he’s snuggly.” That embarrassed me, because I’ve thought it myself many times. My favorite thing is making him chuckle, because he never fakes his laugh.

What is the most impactful thing he’s said? He is often not that great with words. He stumbles around them—we both do—like awkward middle schoolers trying to dance. But his face, in the brief snatches that I have the courage to look at it, holds a lot.

If only I could look at him more often. Instead of looking at my therapist, I mentally trace the patterns of the rug at my feet. “Is that... are there baby forest animals in this rug?” I asked him once, “Jesus, this thing is hideous. Did you pick it out yourself?”

He chuckled, which turned into a real laugh. In the half-second I glanced up, I tried to memorize the image. *This, yes, this is the response I want. I want you to enjoy me.*

I looked away too quickly.

A few months ago, I brought in a childhood photo of myself. It sat in my bag for 45 minutes before I worked up the courage to pull it out and hand it to my therapist. He took it and studied the image, holding it with both hands as his elbows rested on his knees. He happened to be dressed like Mr. Rogers that day, cardigan and all, and as he looked at my photo his face grew sad. I watched him watching the 5-year-old me and thought, “what an odd three-way mirror this is.”

After a long minute, he said, “Her mouth has a smile, but her eyes are watchful and unsmiling. She looks frozen and unsure.”

“Oh my god,” I said. I’d had that photo for twenty-seven years and was never able to articulate why it made me sad. The fear and the frozenness had never been mirrored by another, so I couldn’t see it myself.

Therapy is an act of constant mirroring, but most especially, of mirroring what is unconscious, unnamed, and unknown. Since we can’t speak of what we don’t yet know, the information lies in our faces and bodies. My face holds clues into what I can’t yet articulate. My therapist, and sometimes Maggie, respond via their own faces, with expressions of kindness and curiosity and sometimes confusion.

Eventually this mirroring loosens the dangerous unknown places enough for us to start talking about them.

“But it’s a picture of a cute kid, too,” my therapist continued. “And I imagine that’s what people saw and responded to.”

In graduate school I had a colleague who would ask therapy clients to describe God. People would respond with the usual Judeo-Christian answers: God is Just, Kind, Strong, Tender, Loving. Then he’d ask them, “What does God’s face look like when God looks at you?” The disparity would be huge—people envisioned God’s disapproving face, judgmental face, God’s barely-concealed irritation underneath a phony smile.

Words lie, faces do not. Our words—for God, and for our selves—cover our true, moment-to-moment, face-to-face experience. We can so easily bury our actual experience of God underneath many words—words of scripture, prayer, liturgy. Sometimes our language makes it impossible to know our real experience. Sometimes we have to picture a face.

What if Jesus is not a rescuer or savior but only a compassionate witness? Is it enough to have God’s sad face, kind face, open and responsive face? If God only mirrors our helplessness, taking note of the rage that had no place to go, the sadness that went underground, and the fear underneath all our harsh judgments of ourselves and others, would we really need anything else?

Trauma researcher Peter Levine writes, “Trauma is not what happens to us, but what we hold inside of us in the absence of an empathic witness.” The moment of seeing my own confusion and helplessness register

on my therapist's face somehow dissolved some amount of the internal horror I'd been unconsciously carrying for decades. Does God also see and mirror? Could that be enough?

Unable to describe the kind sadness in his eyes, I ended up repeating my therapist's words about my old photo to Maggie. "Wow, Christine. Wow," she said. And, having just gotten a hold of herself two minutes before, she welled up again with tears.

After she left, I sat alone on the edge of my bed with my old photo, remembering my therapist's sad expression, and Maggie's tears. And for the first time in months, I found my own sadness and tears too.

---

# BIOGRAPHIES

---

## CONTRIBUTORS

---

### CHRISTINE CANTY

Christine is a graduate of The Seattle School, currently living and working as a psychotherapist in San Francisco, CA. She longs desperately for clouds and rain and winter darkness, but eating a whole avocado every day soothes the ache.

### SAMANTHA DAVIS

Samantha is a potter and sculptor trained in the South and transplanted to the Pacific Northwest. Samantha is a first-year MATC and is currently exploring the use of sculpture as a tool for social justice.

### CALEB DODSON

Caleb is a second-year MATC student who came to the Seattle School to finish his counseling degree from Liberty University and rekindle a lost imagination and self. He focuses his studies around aesthetics, the mystics, existential psychology, and neurobiology. He is absolutely in love with Rollo May and John O'Donohue. He works in construction and spends his free time walking on the beach at sunset, meals with his community, a nap when he can, and going to therapy.

### DORI ELLIOTT

Dori is a first-year MATC student who might be from Oregon, Bolivia or Indiana depending on the day. She hopes to explore the intersections between theatre and healing in her future work. In between Moltmann readings, Dori can be found listening to Poem Talk podcasts, wrangling other people's children and crafting licentious baked goods.

### KATELYN JANE FOLMAR

Katelyn is a first-year MATC student with a restless heart and tiny, grounded feet. She takes pictures and writes poems to clear the sleep from her eyes.

### KELLY PASTORI

Kelly is a barista, photographer, and student, pursuing her master's degree in Counseling Psychology at The Seattle School. She believes that the mind and body are deeply connected and is passionate about empowering people to move from a life bound by fear and bondage into a life of freedom and authenticity. She enjoys Ethiopian food, yoga, and playing in the mountains. Check out her photographic journey and musings at [www.kellypastori.com](http://www.kellypastori.com).

### KRISTEN RIORDAN

Kristen is in her third year of the master's of counseling psychology program. Between counseling adolescents and nannying three little ones, much of her thoughts on psychology are understood through the lens of children. It seems that children teach more about counseling than any class could.

## STAFF

---

### SARAH BAILEY

Sarah is a third-year MDiv student who daydreams about being a spiritual director, gardener, meditator, and writer. In real life she can be found talking vaguely about spiritual things, watering houseplants, taking deep breaths every so often, and very occasionally blogging at [sebailey.wordpress.com](http://sebailey.wordpress.com).

### ANNA BENEDICT

Anna is a third-year counseling student. Spending her first college years dabbling in journalism, English literature, and philosophy, she is now exploring the human psychology of all life's characters. She is a learner at heart and constantly marvels at the beauty of knowledge.

### BETHANY BERENS

Bethany is a third-year MACP student who loves cooking, Christmas, sitting by her fireplace, and reading anything by Annie Dillard. She quotes Frederick Buechner: "Here is the world. Beautiful and terrible things will happen. Don't be afraid."

### ERIN CURLETT

Erin grew up in three different countries, leading her to embrace her role as a third culture kid: she loves airports, hates small talk, and feels more at home in a book than in any specific place. Lover of peppermint tea, alpine slides, Stephen King novels, hot yoga, Cadbury chocolate, and karaoke; devoted yet sometimes reluctant follower of Jesus; she lives with her husband Tim, her newborn son Jake, and their crazy ragamuffin cat Opal, in a charming blue house in Tacoma, WA. Follow her sporadic musings on [erincurlett.com](http://erincurlett.com).

### JESSICA HOEKSTRA

Jessica is a first-year student in the Master of Arts in Theology & Culture program and a native to the Windy City. She loves art, literature, travel, and baking bread.

### ANNIE MESAROS

Annie is a first-year MDiv student who loves words and everything relating to words. She studies, works, sometimes writes, and spends a lot of time captioning her dog's thoughts and actions—even when he is the only one around to hear her witticisms.

### CECELIA ROMERO-LIKES

Cecelia is a third-year MATC. She enjoys creating everything from good meals to graphic novels and loves her job and school (sometimes), people (most of the time), and her husband (all of the time).

## LAUREN SAWYER

Lauren is a graduate of The Seattle School who loves contemporary literature and poets who don't rhyme. She often sympathizes with Dorothy Parker's saying, "I hate writing; I love to have written." Read more of Lauren's work at [laurendeirdra.com](http://laurendeirdra.com).

## LAURA STEMBRIDGE

Laura is a first-year recently declared MDiv student after entering as MATC. She loves listening to jazz on vinyl, reading, writing, intellectualizing, spending time with the one and only Winston Churchill Davis, and escaping into nature.

## DEAN WITT

Dean is a Grand Rapidian from the great state of Michigan who enjoys mountains and dirt and water and writing and of course, being a first-year MDiv student at The Seattle School.

## TYLER ZIEBARTH

Tyler is a second-year MACP student who loves film, walking on treadmills, & talking about Kurt Vonnegut. Sometimes, he wishes he could speak French.



Visit us at **SEATTLESCHOOLLIT.COM**

Find us on  
**Facebook**



Next Publication: April 2015

**CREATIVE NON-FICTION / FICTION / POETRY / ART**

The entire Seattle School community is welcome to submit.

Literary & Art Submissions Contact:  
[lit@theseattleschool.edu](mailto:lit@theseattleschool.edu)