



A L I T E R A R Y M A G A Z I N E

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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.

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ON THE SEVENTH MORNING

b. mason judy

I dreamt fire for seven days.
Striking match off the bone of my arm, lighting wadded up paper, soaked
with ink.
I nursed it, kept it fed.
Every night it grew, across the carpet, wooden beams, tough fabric of the
chairs.
For seven nights I heard flame cadence
drown out the bells,
each three hour toll.

When Freud said dreams are the guardians of sleep,
he meant: dreams hide a truth too terrible for the sleeper to know.
On the seventh morning, I woke at the appointed hour,
bargained each red brick for a cairn of ash,
crocuses spilled from my mouth, seventeen years of flowers,
tumbling on the ruined altar,
a testament to seek what may never be found.

THE WAY TIME BLEEDS

jonathan went

I sit and watch
While nature reveals
Its precarious divide
That distinguishes our confusion about time,
An eviscerating knife;
What bleeds in the flow?

A newborn's lips latch,
a first step,
A last breath before the string is cut;
Will we always remember the timbre
Of our lover's goodbye
The way bodies pour into one another
A languishing wave caressing,
As it pools back into its wet drum of tide?

I wish I knew you,
More than a filament,
But your words cleaving the soft folds
Of our delicacy into something beautiful;
That is the way time blends,
The giver and the given
If we watch
As two lovers creep towards the
rocky shoreline at dusk barefoot,
Socks and shoes removed upwards the easy slope
To let the day amble about the drifting tide;
Listening to each other to ameliorate
The day's troubles with the sea
That seems immoveable,
So that griefs are not.

Maybe it's in those moments of yield
That hope, solace, and consolation
Too can take off their shoes, and inch
To rest?
Just don't be weary of your instep

Submerged as you come close to the edge, and gingerly
Avoid me water along the rocks at sunset,
In love, an eternal song washing over your feet.

SAND AND DUST AND OTHER GHOSTS

sonja lund

How old are the stones on which I stand?
The wave-beaten firmaments
on which burnt ochre seaweed grows
to which small barnacles cling for their lives
from which the sea takes its tribute,
grain by grain
moment by moment

The unknown stories of brick and rock
wedged deep in these sands, making home
and being home for tiny lives
Generation after generation
Cycle after cycle
These stones remain, transforming with each tide

I can see where the sky meets the sea
Blue on blue
Here, all is well
A child skips toward the waves
A ferry prepares for its journey
I clutch a pebble in my hand,
white quartz lightning cutting through dark jet,
a thunderstorm in miniature
While all around me is blue

I think of the world of flame growing to the east,
an island of history turning to ash
A Lady being ruined by a project to heal her
Modern work bringing death through that most ancient of killers,
A fire

How do we judge the age of a stone-
When the bricks of the cathedral walls were hewn from the ground?
When long-dormant volcanoes stirred up a mineral mass and baked it into
the earth?
When something is destroyed, where does it go?
How many Parisian lungs are now filled with the grains of Notre Dame?
Will the sighs and cries of the citizens share the ashes of her forever? Will she
join the dust on their countertops and forgotten things?

How will we grieve a building?
How will we mourn glass and wood and rock?

The world does not want to stay as it is;
its own will and desire is Change

We celebrate those things that resist,
that hold out,
that endure
We help repair and rebuild
And yet Change comes to claim the debt all the same

This sand, these waves, this earth
is full of the fragments of the dead
Shells and bones, wood and rock,
now they are silent about what they used to be
All they care about is what they Are
All we care about is what they Are
Out here, in the blue on blue,
That change is slow, the transition
glides along, grain by grain
Moment by moment

Is each wave its own fire?

Where did the sea find these stones?
Where will the wind take the ashes of Notre Dame?
Will they one day be, as the sand and salt,
beneath my feet and within my breath?

BLISS BEFORE END

tara hubbard

I finally arrived at the heaven I have longed for
Cool crisp bright empty and you, silhouetted
at the door, smiling, beautiful, real
no hesitation in you, held in your arms
captivated by your presence, your face
so much joy, as we delighted in others
delighting in us, laughing through the
yellow dirt square flatlands of Iowa
in the back of James' minivan losing him
and loving it, rolling through near misses,
and contamination, shopping for everything food,
driving big red trucks on Midwest roads listening
to the music of that country, with the wind in my hair
to cool me and the heat blowing to warm you
holding your hand, letting me speak to your fear
holding you tightly and telling you that you are okay,
because I am here with you.

And you fall asleep on my shoulder until I can't
Sit there any more, stiff with pleasure and then we
Sit some more and you hold me when I cry, snotty
And I do the same for you. And you say you need to go
But you don't, your body stays and receives.

And we laugh, and laugh tears rolling to stiff spaghetti
And knobs of corona, and big bertha

Memories of your face, even now I can't find words
Secrets of contours, texture, delicacy
Forever etched on my brain pathways

You pull my arm around you as I lay next to you
Pressed up against the pressure and solidness of your body
Feeling golden strands whisper on my face
I never want the moment to end
Even though my arm is pins and needles

You turn into me one night as you fall asleep and
I don't move a muscle just in case you stir
and realize what you are saying to me, about trust
and healing and surrender and hope.

And then, on Tuesday morning at 7am,

you walk out of my room. I remember
the back of you as you left, somehow, even though
I couldn't know then that was the last time
You would lean into me. I knew something had changed
when I hit a wall where the softest of places had been.

You find yourself split, a dreadful bind,
that tares you from within, unbearable to contain,
You retreat, the only truly safe choice

now this blissful encounter is buried
deep in my heart, a secret I hold
precious to me alone,
made a mockery by you in your disdain
for oh-so-beautiful parts of you
now forever off limits to me
and you

UNFOLDING

heather mickelson-findley

I remember five years ago,
driving closer to the mountains.
I watch (now, in memory of)
the red claps of cliffs.
I had thought of them
as naked bodies stretching.
I sigh and lift my hand
to touch the side of her.
I had gasped then,
wishing she was clothed.
I had dreamed of my blood
in the crevasse of her pillars.
And my bones there,
bare ribs clasped
at the tips of rocks.
I thought that had felt
like home calling out to me.
The mother that I cried for -
I sensed her holding
would be found in
the rocking off into her structure.

Like the little girl in my stories, I do not yet know she is in the veins of me
already. And I, breathing, realize that nothing is stamped into one place - not
even forgotten child memories nor stone

What would it be like to know nothing is solidified
to feel it - even the rock in me
to open the door to the past
to walk down the basement stairs
to walk the hallways of the future
to rest there, on the cement floor
to put my hand out to the little girl in the corner here
to see her and me, the same
to tug at the strains of memory like rippling strings –
my lord, what would it be like
for the caverns of my heart to be on fire
to tear apart the fabric of prison walls around her
to unfold the spirit of myself?

I could spark this. Set it to flames and watch myself flicker orange, red, blue.
To not solidify is to feel my ashes spring up and turn to snow.

I am another form. I AM.

1. Were my mind always about me,
my heart always in love,
my body, more than a body,
My Soul, a painting of.
2. Do not be concerned.
No one wonders.
No one thinks
you are per-
fect.
We wouldn't know what we were looking at.
We hope,
that you are kind
in your imperfectness.
AND I GET SO TIRED
of hearing you talk about
G-d.
As if you don't know
how to hold Glory,
with pain.
3. You taught me well
and young
not to show too much
of my skin.
That dangerous light(ning)
within.
But I've put on more clothes than I can wear
and in summer I can't help but sweat
with wonder how freely the naked move around
as if wars aren't going on
or of others who sell them something they only desire
and aren't forced to survive in
.
4. Our fears
reveal
our beliefs.
Take the covers off
quickly.
We rush back into our own bodies.
Is there anywhere else for them to go?
Circles, Know.

5. *I knew what I thought I knew
 I thought I knew what I thought
 I thought I knew
 I thought
 I knew
 I
 I knew
 I thought
 I thought I knew
 I thought I knew what I thought
 I knew what I thought I knew*

*knew I thought I what knew I
 thought I what I knew thought I
 knew I thought I
 thought I
 knew I
 I
 knew I
 thought I
 knew I thought I
 thought I what knew I thought I
 knew I thought I what knew I*

-“the eye can see everything, but itself”

6. What we don't speak,
 stays.
 tightly knit into
 fabrics.
 roll call:
 the stranger in the corner.

7. Pt 1.
 Sometimes
 I cry on the bus.
 The perfect song comes on.
 It's quiet,
 soft-like-me.
 Meets me where/who I am.
 Sneaks up when least suspected.
 Crammed salty fishes. All mixed together.
 I pay my fare.
 Take me where I've always been.
 Pt. 2
 Before that
 I saw a homeless man at the bus stop.
 Both of us, sitting. I, from inside the glass house on wheels.
 He, ripping up mail (not his).
 throwing into the air
 not giving a shit who was by.
 His eyes were blinding.
 When he ran out of parchment,
 he took a key & started tapping,
 scanning the crowd.
 Scraping the metal that held. He was impossible to miss.
 And we couldn't look at him.

HOME

hannah martin

I didn't know that the way home
Would be a waiting room in Virginia Mason Hospital
Several stories up, watching over the city waking up

I didn't know those hours, made up of moments,
Made up of a sunrise
Made up of hospital coffee

Made up of un-played board games
Made up of worried pilgrimages to surgery update boards
Made up of elevator rides to nowhere in particular but just to move

Up and down, like angels

Feeling that every moment could be his last
Trusting the machines that took over his breath and his blood
And the surgeon who cut up his life in order to give it back to us

I don't know what miracles are anymore

It is a severe mercy to see the thread
between this life and the next
severed by scalpels

The scar will always be with us

What we lose doesn't always come back,
But today it did.
How, then, shall we live?

Lay down our weapons: our hurts, our silence, our pride, our lies
Go home
Or to love, wherever that is for you

Accept all that is, even with the hurts, and silence, and pride, and lies
That home
or love, whatever that is for you

Will give you a ride
To the airport

Before sunrise

And will pray for you
Even when you don't
Believe in prayer

Or forgot how

EYES

jonathan went

Look(1)

We look into eyes
Calling back from the void
What belongs to us.

Humiliation(2)

Avoidant you looked
Away when I needed you
To return me home.

Time (3)

Longing for a time
That would withstand fire
You looked in me.

Fire (4)

Not all things burn
In a fire between us
For you carry me.

HOW I KNOW

tara hubbard

While browsing through china
I find myself imagining what
We would choose,
What it would be like to share
Food and love and life
At our table
I catch myself breathless
In desire and surprised
By the unbidden fantasy.
After lying with him
having given my body in sacrifice
a shock of remorse
That I gave a piece of my soul
That was meant for you
And then the guilt washes over
That this sense of belonging to you
Violates my vows to him.
Images of me living in your life
Every day, being beside you
Facing the direction you want to go
Doing all I can to get you there
Knowing I am the place you come home to
Curled on the couch with tea and love
Content because I have your heart
And mine forever belongs to you

I am not ready to tell my body
that it will never have
that which it deeply desires,
maybe somewhere I need this
dream of you to live on in me
like a blanket that wraps around
the embers of hope for fear it will die
or worse, I will die if this love isn't in me

somewhere a sliver of hope whispers to me
perhaps this is the love I was made for

POMEGRANATES

(Based on the Greek myth of Persephone and Hades)

kate creech

Dragged down into hell by the shadow hounds,
chained to the gaping maw of death.
It is as if the gods knew my deepest fears
and placed me in this prison.
Now eternally bound to the invisible terror that winds its fingers around my
throat.

I was a child bride wedded to death,
before I even knew what sacred vows were.
Out of place in this shadowland,
my silvery hands full of starlight and pomegranates
burning bright against the dark matter.
Dreaming of the day when I will once again feel warmth on my face.

I cannot live and I cannot die,
my soul caught in the middle of being torn in two,
feet sinking lower into the course earth.
Every breath and every beat,
rattles through me
until I am like the scattered bones that have become my companions.

I clutch the narcissus
each petal a reminder that there are such things as

sun

water

and air—

Somewhere above me
far above me
I know the birds are singing
and people are still calling my name.

IN PRAISE OF THE GREY

jonathan went

In the milky light
After a Seattle rain,
Color beseeches the eye
To look,
Like a child pulling the arm
Of a careless father lapsed.

The grey skies appear bleak
But to me the intensity of color
Spoons with water the way lovers bodies fold around, familiar;

Maybe if the landscape wasn't brimming with longing,
The way a woman knows a man looks upon her,
I might be ok;
But the wet, the water has a way, and beauty is the only
Nature I can afford;
But as I traipse down the sidewalk to catch my bus,
It is like an angel has wrung its dew from their wing,
Life verdant in all its abundance.

RESURRECTION SUNDAY

andrew collins

The house is still and quiet
No bells or flowers adorn the doors
No voice takes up the cry, "He is risen"
Granola patters in a plastic bowl
Boiled water trickles through coffee grounds
Cracked fingertips turn wispy pages
Foggy eyes make out the words:
"But in fact Christ has been raised"
A weary mind ponders the great question:
"O death, where is your sting?"

The stinger is still lodged inside
Piercing every untracked hour and day
Toxins flow through the veins
Of a civilization in cardiac arrest
A swell of hearts gasping for air
Behind barred bedroom walls
Where aimless fingers tap in place
Behind masks that leave faces bruised
Obscuring all but the weary tears
Tears that know death's sting

But there is yet breath, a beating pulse
A song that refuses to die
Outside the air smells like a flower in bloom
Birdsong skips above the quiet interstate
Cherry blossoms burst forth in constellations
Across gnarled, mossy limbs
The tulips bear witness
Crying with shouts of red! yellow! magenta!

Frost recedes across the hoods
Of still cars parked along still streets
It cannot hold out under the rising sun
It cannot hold out under the clear spring sky
It cannot hold out

BIOGRAPHIES

ANDREW COLLINS is a journalist and critic by education, but it turns out that wasn't healthy for him so now he works at a lumber yard and writes poetry in his free time. His interests range from theological essaying and existential musing to surfing and disc golf. He lives in Seattle, WA.

KATE CREECH is an artist and poet as well as a recent graduate from the MACP program.

B. MASON JUDY is a Seattle School alumnus and psychotherapist practicing at a community mental health agency.

TARA HUBBARD is a second year student who writes her passionate feelings in poetry, as many have before her. Poetry is how I know myself and share myself.

HANNAH MARTIN graduated from The Seattle School in 2020 and now has a private practice. Hannah is reading lots of fiction and doing a lot of dog-watching at parks this summer.

HEATHER MICKELSON-FINDLEY likes to dance in her room and make funny faces in the mirror. She enjoys singing along to music and exploring nature with a friend or two.

SONJA LUND is an M. Div student who has just completed her first year, working toward becoming a chaplain. She is also a certified death companioning initiate and a very bad anarchist. She writes about embodied existence, faith, and justice on her blog *Mortal & Mystical*. She loves to bake, play tabletop role-playing games, and contemplate the sea.

BROOKS PAGE is a 2020 MACP graduate, long distance cyclist, & half-book reader. He is drawn to the impact of language & how tiny inflections change the meanings of seemingly insignificant vehicles. Brooks' work focuses on burnout & the meaning we put into our everyday lives, & how it in turn shapes us.

JONATHAN WENT is a first year MACP student with a trauma and abuse concentration. He calls the grey days and wet of Seattle home.

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