



# Trestle | CREEK | Review

**40TH EDITION**

**2026**





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Note: An arrow ( → ) at the bottom of the page means no stanza break.

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Calven Eldred

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## The awkward stage boys go through from ten or so until the grave

I was very young in Seattle when I got a Godzilla comic book. On the cover, he was biting the saucer of the Space Needle; reading that in the very location transformed into burning rubble left a mark on me so indelible it can be seen in black ink on my left forearm.

I also saw *The Spy Who Loved Me*, in which Bond is in a submarine car below the surface and fires torpedoes up at a helicopter piloted by a femme fatale and she explodes in a ball of fire and that left an even more indelible mark—

I had a dream recently in which my former wife had convinced me to amputate my left arm but when I went back to her to get the arm, she frowned and said, “but you never lived here” over her shoulder, I saw an arm with a Godzilla tattoo on a table next to a Keurig coffee machine and a stack of ’70s Kung Fu Blu-rays.





Aimee Brooks

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## Exodus

After I left the land of milk and honey—my position as a children’s minister—where life was simple and good as long as I ignored the parts of me that no longer believed in God, I got a job at a café with pale blue walls like a robin’s egg and impressionistic paintings from Hobby Lobby. I missed the kids and the stories we told: the burning bush, and feeding of the five thousand with loaves and fishes, Jesus dying on the cross, and how Noah’s ark was about animals walking two-by-two and not about how God wanted to smite the earth with a flood for the sins of the people. But didn’t I realize there was blood in the milk?

The café opened at six. No one would come in for the first hour, and I would spend the time in silence with my coworkers, who always looked cool in their crop tops and smudged eyeliner while they practiced latte art for throwdowns, pouring tulips with nine tiers, then eleven, then the swan, then the phoenix, before dumping them down the milk drain, I could only pour the onion, the baristas’ term for the ugly, asymmetrical heart with bad contrast.

I no longer felt the need to do all the things I did before to feel safe. Things like waking up to pray and study scripture, going to church on Sundays, and Sunday nights, and Wednesday nights, and Tuesday nights for women’s group, and baking casseroles for the needy and repenting, and sometimes when I was extra sorry, punishing myself by depriving myself of food and water until my body knew just how sorry I really was, and then feasting at the potlucks on macaroni and coleslaw and other people’s casseroles.

The first time I put a whole pitcher of milk down the drain, it was because something looked off. I had been reading articles about the improper handling of milk. Did you know they allow a little bit of pus? I started drinking almond milk even though it tasted burned and sour, and screamed when I tried to froth it. But burned and sour was better than blood and pus.

I couldn’t stop thinking about milk. It made me pluck out my eyebrows in front of the bathroom mirror with tweezers, and had to draw them on with brown eyeliner so no one would know I looked like an egg with eyes and a mouth. I knew it was the milk that made me do this, but I couldn’t explain it, and sometimes I wondered if God was punishing me for abandoning him.

*Smell this*, I would ask my coworkers. *Do you think this milk’s gone bad?* I could see a strange ripple in the surface tension. The slightest tinge of yellow. I thought about it—about blood and pus and bacteria and hormones and dumped the whole quart down the sink and tried again, the customer waiting in line, hunched over their phone, probably late to work.

My sister had been telling me for years that she thought I had some sort of obsessive-compulsive disorder, and I used to say, *Haven’t you ever heard the voice of God calling out to you in the wilderness?* When she saw my penciled-in eyebrows she chastised me until I added the search to my Google rotation. But didn’t she know it





takes doing nine hours of compulsions a day to get a formal diagnosis? Didn't she understand an assessment would do nothing to solve the problem at hand: there was blood in the milk; I had no eyebrows.

When the milk drain finally backed up and overflowed, a cascade of gray sludge, coagulated clots of Salmonella and E. coli and Listeria bubbled up from the metal box on the counter and spilled onto the floor. I stood frozen. The chunks had a breadly quality to them, like the casseroles the grandmothers at the church used to make. And I could see them, all the living things, pooling around my boots and then my knees, rising to the surface, calling out for mercy. And I knew that no amount of suffering would ever make me whole as I thought of the covenant, the promise that God would not flood the earth again.



*Brooke 'BK' Archilla*

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## Stick Figures



**invertebrate**

7,251 days of striving to become an easier pill to swallow  
i have honed my rigidness with a nail file  
the exterior is running thin  
a wax husk with cashmere fingers, a cotton tongue and molars made of velvet  
when i am on the verge of sleep rabbits race through my psyche  
thumping down the walls of my brain as my head pounds  
it is their tickling whiskers that wake me  
*[i dream of a gaping hole replacing my wax face, tidal waves galloping from it]*  
tomorrow i will wake with a padlock through wax lips  
tiny, scattered prints adorning my sheets  
*[every morning i rise knowing i have swallowed an ocean]*  
every night i am gutted of myself  
i am rid of my spine and instead find feathers



*Roz Hurst*

---

## **the catch**

I assume the mien of a limp,

dead fish

Eyes milky, depraved

Mouth

slack, and punctured

Which side of me faces the sun as i am thrown back, buoyant

lifeless

Which will remain fin [down in] muddy water

Which side will face god

[i have been singed halfway by the hands of mankind]



**Soul as something that surrounds us, which we grow into**  
*after Melissa Kwasny*

The sun is so thick today the air is blown out,  
as if everything was lion's breath, ocean breath, *ujjayi*  
the doe pawing the ground  
dusted, grass obliterated by watering  
so soft in this field where my son runs,  
soft, his dimpled hands, soft his glee,  
squealed like a soft pitch in thick dirt  
thunk.

Everything around him is gentle  
even the moon and nothing between him  
and the moon but open sky yet I scan again  
and think left, leaning, let it last  
this soft center, let my heart contain safety  
and keep it in him like blood.

Mother-worry, my aunt said, never leaves you  
like love.  
She meant they both stayed on, our bodies never again  
the same, but also our souls,  
without boundary  
writing into each corner of his being. My soul split  
and then  
here, repeating.  
I am my mother split and repeating.  
Outside the body is the soul today.



*Maribel Martinez Mogilefsky*

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## Meditation





Roger Dunsmore

## Longevity Notes

When asked at the Indigenous Activists Conference  
how he managed to keep alive his fluency  
in the Salish language through all those years  
at boarding school where they were severely  
punished for speaking it:

*Every day during my free time  
I'd go back to my room, by myself,  
stand in front of the mirror  
and speak Salish to that young man  
staring back at me.*

*Not only could I hear my own language  
with my ears, I could see it with my eyes,  
how it animates my whole face—  
how my lips move, my tongue and cheeks,  
the muscles around the eyes and nose,  
the movements in the throat,  
even the gestures of my hands.  
I could feel my whole body,  
my whole mind, become vibrant:  
that's how it kept me alive—  
the daily power of our beautiful language*





*Roger Dunsmore*

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**For Frances Vanderburg, Pleswe**  
(1935-2025)

At the Arlee Celebration looking for  
my old Salish teacher—you must be ninety by now.  
Find you at home, beautiful in your soft orange dress,  
frail as a humming bird's leg, hug carefully.

(Your great-great-grandma, born in the 1850s  
lived to be 105. You cared for her the last decades of her life  
and still carry the old language from that time.)

We sit together in the bleachers  
amongst your three daughters, their men and children,  
too noisy in the dance pavilion  
with the drums, the high-pitched singing, all these people.

“We speak with our eyes,” you say,  
holding your fry-bread bare-handed and golden.  
You’re tired by 11PM, ask to be taken home,  
out of the dancing in your wheelchair.

Last thing you say is, “Will I see you tomorrow?”  
No, I must leave early morning  
to follow the big Flathead River west to Pend Oreille.  
We have guests at home.

I walk to my old three-quarter-ton  
under the light of an almost full moon,  
lay out my bedroll in the truck-bed:  
old Mexican rug with worn spots,





*Roger Dunsmore*

---

ex-wife's grandma's cast-off afghan,  
light-weight serape, backpacking inflatable,  
torn-up raincoat from Shanghai days  
to keep off mountain dew,  
sides of the truck-bed will break the wind.

The gamblers' songs go on and on  
under clear constellations, no city lights,  
the oldest songs the People remember.  
Great Bear points out North Star.

5AM, gamblers' stick-game drums all gone to bed  
or bedlam, sleeping bag a bit damp,  
dawn light fills eastern sky mountains,  
one star left:

Venus, morning-bright  
in the exact path the sun  
will take in its rising.  
Bird song too.

*July Powwow, Arlee, Montana, 2025*





*Roger Dunsmore*

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## **Sandhill Cranes Return**

There will be the silence  
of wet snow falling,  
arctic-edged winds  
and blood-red rhubarbs  
poking their heads above ground.  
Or the rusty ache of nails  
pulled from rotty boards,  
but no sign of our black cat  
disappeared  
a lonely December ago—

Just before dusk  
I will hear them,  
voices warbling dark air.  
A sigh goes off the land  
as a pair of winged ancients flash by,  
eight more as I drive  
to the Ruby River Reservoir,  
soft green ice,  
six more right along the road.  
Stop with my lights on,  
crank the window,  
one clatters, hop-skips,  
flaps away, and there's a pair  
east of Beaverhead Rock  
where hundreds,  
thousands even,  
gathered for fall migration  
before the Shoshone  
were forced,  
at gunpoint,  
to sign it all away.

*Dillon, Montana*





*David E. Thomas*

## End of May in the Natural Park

The creamy white Art Moderne slabs  
    of the Florence Building  
catch afternoon sun  
    the steel  
    and glass  
    extrusion  
of the First Interstate Bank building  
    rises in that same  
    sun a couple degrees  
        south  
Mount Jumbo green behind them  
    the white “L”  
    brightly claiming  
        its spot  
a breeze shakes aspen leaves  
    which hide much  
    from view  
    on this bench  
but not the street noise  
    singing  
    counterpoint  
to the slow channel  
    of the river  
        high water  
pretty much gone  
    on its way  
        to the Pacific  
the breeze picks up  
    leaves twist  
    and turn  
throwing shadows  
    into the sunlight.

*28 May 2025*

*Missoula*

T | c | R • 17





*Elizabeth Mathes*

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## Toileting

Once again, I face the pink pucker of your forever kiss  
my thirty-five-year-old son. My head upside down  
over the toilet bowl, I flick a sticky tissue, dark angel  
of our song, into the toilet and reach for more  
paper off the roll.

Not enough poems about love's labor,  
or too many. What do you think, my dear?

You answer with a grunt, a giggle, a fart.  
Our voice is often monosyllabic, at times tactile.  
How your hand guides mine to where it hurts, how  
I read for hemorrhoids, how the cool of witch hazel  
breaks in metaphor your smile.

We're almost done, my arthritis harangues more  
and more these days. But I'm not ready  
for someone else to step in. *Into care* it's called,  
artless and oxymoronic.

That one last recalcitrant poo hangs tight  
to your anal hairs. I pull hard; you pull away.  
A breath, acrid and moist, and my tempo slows.  
I squeeze warm water down your backside.  
A brown stream tinkles into the bowl. A poem.





*Elizabeth Mathes*

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**The Redwoods**  
*with Alexander, June 2025*

how had I forgotten the breath of trees  
and so many shades of green hung  
in the morning mist, something watches us  
could it be the giants above, or some eyes,  
ancient and probing hidden in bark,  
could it be my own shame

you haven't forgotten, have you  
your chatter flew off with chickadees  
and your hands stilled the moment  
we entered these woods

changelings know trees, yet

ever the care giver, I flailed and squawked  
to keep you close, set my anxieties  
on the edge of trails  
pointed out oak and huckleberries  
high in the forest canopy  
I couldn't see myself

at rest on a stump, my efforts dissipate  
in knowing breezes, I set you free  
you skip and bend, bow and scoop,  
dance with unseen spirits  
unbound



*Jenni Fallein*

---

## Writing Down

I'd like to write up  
how Winnie took  
her first steps today,  
tottered over to the chainlink fence  
fed green grapes to Aretha  
giggled wildly as the hen  
eyed her first with one eye then the other

But today the headlines  
are so ludicrous  
it must be written down  
Examine it like you would  
that sore spot on the sole  
of your right foot, prod it  
until you detect the culprit—  
a miniscule shard—invisible invasion  
most likely from that porcelain cup  
shattered on the kitchen floor

You'll know by where  
the pain is sharpest  
Get out the magnifying glass,  
the one with the brass handle  
that belonged to Auntie Vi,  
and tweezers slightly rusted  
from the last camping trip

See if you can grasp it:  
*Environmental Protection Agency  
will no longer consider  
value of human health  
for pollution rules*





*Jenni Fallein*

---

Makes about as much sense  
as walking barefoot  
through a bombed-out glass factory  
Consequences too numerous  
to mention

Some splinters go so deep  
they end up impinging on the bone  
(I've got an x-ray to prove it)  
If you're lucky it'll fester,  
pop itself out with a great deal of pus

Not so lucky means a surgical procedure  
pray for no damage to the nerve,  
that you'll handle  
delicate situations and retain the gumption  
to stand steady on unsolid ground



*Brooke 'BK' Archilla*

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## Epilogue





## Crawdad Up Close

I'm standing shin-deep in the river, not yet brave enough to step into the current where the water runs fast and cold. The sun is warm on my back and shoulders, brightly reflecting off the water's surface. If I stand here much longer, I'm bound to get sunburned. But I'm stuck where I am: A small crawdad approaches.

He's six inches long at most. His pincers are half that, and impressive. He seems curious about these odd fleshy trunks protruding from the riverbed. I bend at the waist, my face posed for a close-up view of this crustacean. *Is* he a crustacean? Is he a *he*? I don't know his scientific name, any of his anatomy, his lifespan. I don't really know whether he's a crawdad or a crawmama or a crayfish. What I gather with my face pressed to the water is that his main claws are mostly for show; they hide the little arm-like ones that bring morsels of river sediment to his mouth.

He's very close now. I'm not afraid. I'm standing as still as possible, curious, like I imagine him to be.

And then something very serious happens. In a way I can only describe as gently, he bridges the final gap of river rock and touches my left foot—inspects it with his eating hands. His big pincers graze over my instep, and with that, he must be satisfied, because he turns away and goes about his business, his curiosity satiated, if not his appetite.

I brave the fast-flowing current and dunk my soft-skinned body beneath the rapid flow. For one breath, I sink to the bottom, imagining my claws, my alternate exoskeleton self. It's quiet. Murky. I have so much to learn.

I come up gasping for air and sunshine, wave 'goodbye for now' to my underwater friend, and remove my wriggling toes from the river, his home.

As I dry off on land, I realize he welcomed me into his place of residence. And yes, there is much left to learn, but being a welcoming creature is a good start.





# *Trestle Creek* R·E·V·I·E·W

40TH EDITION  
RETROSPECTIVE





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Each spring, a group of North Idaho College word nerds comes together to compile a literary magazine that celebrates the creative voices of the Pacific Northwest. With a shared reverence for community, creation, and the value of literature, Trestle Creek Review is a proud home to conversations between art, artist, and audience; the journal is a waypoint for connection. Across forty editions, Trestle Creek Review has evolved to warmly extend an invitation to writers and readers across our region. Standing on the shoulders of those who came before us, the 2026 TCR Editorial Board is privileged to commemorate the evolution of Trestle Creek Review.

In celebration of this fortieth edition, we are delighted to present a collection of retrospective material. As we breathed life into this year's magazine, our exploration of past work cultivated an even richer conversation amongst our editorial board. In the following pages, you'll find literary and visual art pulled from the Trestle Creek Review archives—a sampling of previously published work in dialogue with the content of this year's publication. Having selected pieces that speak to the magazine's history, we invite you to look back with us and honor earlier voices.

—2026 TCR Editorial Board





children left the circle with words still  
drawing pictures in their minds;  
small tribes pocketed in coves beyond  
their mountains,  
a weaving of colors they had never seen!  
dreams of creatures from deep dark  
waters, with fins like great blue  
wings, breaking the surface.  
the old remember him young with a need to know;  
to trace shapes of healing  
plants in the dirt;  
later called foxglove, fennel, saffras  
and goosefoot;  
their magic held in a pouch, to use with  
deft fingers,  
touch.  
a quick body steps in haunting dances,  
sounds and yells pushed upward.  
bodies begin to sway.  
to walk beside him listening, gave flight  
to feelings and thoughts.

the platform was dark against a dove colored  
evening sky, from high poles  
the flutterings of banners flowed as part of the wind;  
stories left on air.



*Georgia Tiffany*

---

## **Murmuration**

*from TCR #31, 2017*

*“What’s complicated . . . is how startling criticality is created and maintained.”*

Brandon Keim

Searching among the crosses again,  
we establish no rules, merely wander  
aimless and simple.

Someone says, “Remember.”  
Someone says, “It was the war,”  
and war falls out of the sky

not like rain, or hunger,  
but more like parts of another country  
lost on its flight home.

Nobody thought words were enough,  
and yet everyone found them  
enough like stars to make promises.

Everybody had hoped.  
How could we not?  
We had all been flying home,

nerve synchronized to nerve  
a spontaneous dance  
unfurling, furling, unfurling again

the shadow we cast  
on those long rows of headstones  
language healed over.





David Dale

## Climbing Trees

from TCR #15, 1997

Tommy and me  
had another argument today  
about the best climbing tree.

He keeps saying *Golden Willow*,  
which is dumb because  
it's *Cottonwood*, goddammit.

Willows break  
when you try to skin the cat  
and I should know

I had to wear a cast all summer  
and it ruined Daddy's fishing—  
so I showed Tommy

how to find the bark  
for toe holds and hand grips  
and I climbed right up

that big old cottonwood at the irrigator ditch  
where Jackie drowned his dog.  
It's a hundred feet

to the first big branch  
where  
you have to do your chin

and then it's easy to the top,  
my lookout  
where I spot

the Messerschmitts  
before they bomb the Fort,  
and where I carve

with Momma's paring knife  
a heart for Mary Anne  
who went away last year.





*Lucia Gregory*

*from TCR #33, 2019*

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*Timothy Pilgrim*

## **Catch-22 in Northern Idaho**

*from TCR #7, 1989*

*“White supremacists were denied a cross-burning permit today because of tinder-like conditions in the Hayden Lake area.”*

*—Seattle Times*

It was not my heat  
alone or yours saying  
in Nazi breezes  
scoop up one white cat  
clutch fur to chest  
have for an instant  
a monogrammed Yossierian coat  
holding the very entrails in.  
Soon purrs turned low to growls  
claws stitching black reminders  
saying I couldn't have you  
in the holding  
or the setting free.



*Lucia Gregory*

*from TCR #33, 2019*

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Jennifer Anderson

## Blackberry

from TCR #20, 2005

The blackberry pie on the kitchen counter is for me. My grandma Tootie knows it's my favorite. The crust is thin and sags in the center, and juices swirl where someone, my grandmother no doubt, has already eaten a slice. I wonder if the blackberries are from our trip up the Grand Ronde several years ago, the same berries my grandmother saved in margarine tubs in her deep-freeze. That day, our fingertips stained purple, we dropped berries into five-gallon buckets. Now it is autumn. The blackberries up the Grand Ronde have long shriveled.

My grandmother shakes her head at the pie. "Took me all morning to make that damn thing." A year since her stroke, her voice still sounds hoarse. She used to bake two pies for her visits—apple for everyone else and since I dislike apples, berry for me. This time, when my parents picked her up from her Idaho home two hours north, she baked just the one pie.

As a girl, I used to watch her sculpt flour and shortening into dough in minutes. She never measured, said her hands knew the right proportions. I think I see a coarse white hair sticking out of the crust, a hair from my grandma's Dalmatian, I suppose. I know the soupy filling has made the crust soggy. I also know that after people suffer strokes, it is difficult for them to tie their shoelaces, roll over in bed, dress, bathe, keep clean. I've worked in nursing homes long enough to know this. I've held enough hands, gummy and sour, cuticles caked with old food, to know I don't want to eat that pie.

"You want whipped topping too?" she asks. Her half-karat diamond glints on her ring finger. She bought it for herself after her stroke, after she got out of the nursing home where she spent several months regaining her strength. She's told me it will be mine once she's dead.

"I'm not hungry right now, Grandma," I say.

She nods. "Well," she says. "Okay." She taps the counter and looks at the pie.

We go into the living room. I tell my grandmother about the English courses I am taking at the university. She tells me her macular degeneration is getting worse.

"You know," she says, "I told your dad I don't need those damn girls' help."

I nod. For months, this has been a struggle: she fires her homecare aides, my father re-hires them. Home health has not been an option since, breathless and faint, she ended up in the hospital after she forgot her days and overdosed on her medication.

"They sit at the table and watch me eat breakfast." She straightens the elastic waistband on her trousers and pulls her blouse down over her round belly. "A waste of money."





*Jennifer Anderson*

---

“Do you give them a list of chores?” I ask.

“They know what to do.”

I don't think it's the girls who bother her. She's troubled because she can no longer clean her house or remember when she last took her pills. My grandmother is eighty-six and, until ten years ago, she worked as a dental assistant. Until two years ago, she strolled through her neighborhood autumn afternoons when the leaves were crisp. She shoveled wet snow from her driveway in January. Kneaded in her garden summer evenings, pulling weeds from beds of cucumbers, tomatoes, green beans and carrots. She painted ceramics—dolls with silken hair, vases gilded in gold—and embroidered pillowslips with such care that the undersides looked almost as pretty as the fronts. She passed hours at the large quilt frame in her dining room, stitching each square by hand, listening to Lawrence Welk albums on her console record player. And every night before bed, she played her accordion: “Beer Barrel Polka,” “Sioux City Sue,” “I Love You Truly.” Now it takes her half a day to roll a thin pie crust.

She yawns and scratches her cropped gray hair. “I think my program's on.”

I turn on the television, and we lose ourselves in “Hollywood Squares.”

On the kitchen counter sits one of the last pies my grandmother will make. Next spring she will have a heart attack or another stroke—there is no autopsy—and just as the blackberry bushes begin to bud up the Grand Ronde, she will die alone, crumpled on her bathroom floor.

Is this what happens when you work in a nursing home for ten years? You end up treating your own grandmother like another one of your residents? When I worked in the activities department, I conducted a “What's Cooking?” group once a week. I seated ten to fifteen residents around several dining room tables, then stood at the head of the group with my mixing bowls and spoons, flour and cream. Sometimes, we made cherries jubilee (vanilla pudding layered with cherry pie filling and whipped cream), or no-bake pumpkin pie, or butter-in-a-jar. When we made fudge, I sealed cocoa, powdered sugar, cream cheese and butter inside Ziploc baggies. The residents passed the baggies around the table, squeezing them, kneading the contents. When we made pizza, I gave each resident half an English muffin. With a spoon, I showed them how to spread their own sauce and dip into the grated cheese.

I never ate the food the residents prepared. I passed the mixing bowl around the table, and as they stirred, I saw their knuckles, crusty with pureed carrots from lunch, skim the cheesecake filling. I saw them sneeze into the cake batter. Some drooled. Others coughed. They swiped their soiled fingers inside the bowl for a taste when they thought I wasn't looking. They licked the chocolate frosting from the spoon as if they forgot they sat in a room crowded with others, as if the years had faded and they stood at their own kitchen counters, alone, testing their own recipes for perfection.

My grandma Tootie got a B+ in Home Economics. After she died, I ended up with her cookbook from 1933, her junior year of high school. Brown flecks stain the worn cover; the spine is frayed, pages yellowed. The book opens with ten



“General Rules” penned by her careful hand: Wash and clean fingernails, put on aprons. . . . Do not put handkerchiefs, combs, compacts on cooking table. . . . Be a clean taster. . . . There are recipes for crabapple pickles, Mexican macaroni, and pineapple butterscotch parfait. Recipes for junket, stuffed steak, baked cucumbers, apple gingerbread, and sweet potato waffles. The menu she served at a mothers’ luncheon May 16, 1934: breaded veal, parsley potatoes, butterscotch rolls, strawberry shortcake. The menu for the school board luncheon: roast pork, mashed potatoes, spinach, and angel food; the colors were orchid and green, the cost per plate, twenty-eight cents.

As I read, I find myself wanting to dispute my grandmother’s B+. “Avoid changing ink,” her instructor writes at midterm, the only comment in the entire book other than the letter grade. Look, I want to argue, the gentle swoops of her l’s are lovely. See the precision of her recipe for grape conserve: Wash grapes and pick from stems. For three cups of grapes, remove  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of skins. . . . Cook grapes with just enough hot water to prevent burning. . . . Measure pulp and ground skins. Add  $\frac{3}{4}$  as much sugar. . . . The color of ink has nothing to do with substance.

There are flakes of pie crust tucked in the crease between the recipes for lemon meringue and coconut cream pies. Grease spots have smudged the blue lined paper. The pages smell sweet, of vanilla and sugar and shortening. It’s how I remember my grandmother’s kitchen—her white countertop with the gold flecks, the pies she has swathed in embroidered dishtowels. I see her at the kitchen table—the wooden cutting board dusted with flour, the curve of her spine when she rolls the dough. I am careful to keep the crumbs safe.

Loose recipes also spill from the pages of my grandmother’s cookbook: there is my great-aunt Annie’s sugar cookie recipe scripted in thick felt pen, a sign of how diabetes had weakened my aunt’s eyes. There is my great-aunt Julia’s recipe for fruit salad dressing, a woman whose kitchen know-how amuses me, as her contribution to any holiday gathering was always two cans of chilled olives. There are recipes from women whose names I don’t recognize: Doris’s oatmeal cookies, Donna’s rhubarb custard pie. Then I find a slip of paper scrawled by my own seven-or-eight-year-old hand—my grandma’s recipe for Swedish hotcakes, the crepes she served Sunday mornings, smeared with butter and powdered sugar. Four eggs, two cups flour, two cups milk, one cube butter, four tablespoons sugar, two teaspoons vanilla. It is the same recipe my brother now follows every Sunday, the same batter he spreads evenly over the hot griddle, then serves to my parents, his daughter, me.

I find clippings from newspapers—recipes for corn topper casserole, republican dessert, pea and peanut salad, instant Russian tea—dateless clippings that hint their age by their yellow brittleness. And then in the back of the cookbook, I find this: a more recent clipping with the heading, “Eye care available to those in need.” In 1933, my grandmother, her dark hair in a Marcel wave, sat at her school desk and labored over the recipes in her book—titles centered just right, blue ink, black ink, pencil. She could not have fathomed that methods for preserving her failing eyesight would one day become her focus. Several years before she died, she told me she had given up trying to read the newspaper’s small print. The eyesight clipping must have been one of her last.



*Jennifer Anderson*

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It rains the day of my grandmother's graveside service, and the priest is late. My family, maybe thirty of us in all, huddle beneath an awning at the cemetery to wait. My grandmother's ashes are packed inside a thin cardboard box. Raindrops dampen the lid like splatters of grease.

After the priest finally shows and says a few words, my family caravans to my grandmother's favorite Chinese restaurant where I've reserved the room in back. We fill every table and booth, just as we used to fill every available seat in my grandmother's house for Easter dinner—dining room table, kitchen table, living room sofas, front porch. Some of us balanced my grandma's good china on T.V. trays or the coffee table, others used our knees.

She roasted the turkey until it flaked off the bone, drizzled bacon grease over the rutabagas, and whipped the cream for pies with a hand-held beater. She stood at the stove, her apron riding high on her belly, and stirred cornstarch into the gravy. "Donnie, Butch, Dick," she called to her three grown sons, "somebody get the chairs from the basement." Ladle in hand, she added, "and I need the trays set up in the living room."

Her cheeks were flushed from the heat of the stove, but also from something more. She was happiest with her countertops crowded with rolls, pies and cakes, dirty pots and pans, with five or six of us jammed into her tiny kitchen: daughters-in-law mashing potatoes, granddaughters tossing salads, sons leaning against the refrigerator, sipping beer. More relatives—brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews—gathered around the living room television to watch golf or basketball. Kids dashed outside, candy-filled baskets knocking against their knees, then inside for a mouthful of jelly beans off the kitchen table, through the dining room and living room, upstairs and downstairs, then back outdoors. Screen doors slammed, pots and pans clattered, teakettles whistled, oven timers sang. Our voices swelled and spilled into the street.

In the Chinese restaurant, I listen to the din of our forks against the plates, the clink of ice cubes in our water glasses, the clank of the serving platters' stainless steel lids. We eat family style, and I make small talk with aunts and uncles and cousins, some whom I haven't seen in years—ever since holiday dinners got to be too much work for my grandmother. They ask about school and I tell them it is fine. It is the same conversation we've always had, it seems, since I was a young girl.

Natalie, my three-year-old niece, sits on my lap, and I keep her entertained by letting her draw on empty deposit slips from my checkbook. At the cemetery, she asked my mother how they fit Grandma Tootie inside the small cardboard box. Rather than plant images of incineration in Nat's head, my mother told her the box held memory. I imagine opening the box: what was once my grandma, a puff of flour from her rolling pin. My niece scribbles, and I wonder if she's convinced.

If I could go back, I'd return to the day I passed with my grandmother up the Grand Ronde picking blackberries. In a photograph taken that morning, she wears jeans and a blue-striped blouse. On the gravel road, a white bucket rests at her feet,



and she turns her head toward the camera, grinning. Perspiration beads her forehead. Her cheeks are flushed. She stands at a towering brush, arms raised over her head, fingers probing for fat berries. “Haven’t done this in so long,” she seems to say, plunking blackberries by the handful into the bucket.

I didn’t see it at the time, preoccupied as I was with the berries on my side of the road. But now, years later, when I study my grandmother’s photograph, I notice her efficiency. Her fingers remember their task. It is as if she has never left the first blackberry patch she ever reached inside. Blackberry juice has always stained her fingertips, and she is both young and old. I wish I could go back so I would no longer measure the worth of her life in two distinct parts: before the stroke and after.

My grandmother has been dead for nearly two years, and I clean Jim’s house once a week. I took the job as a homecare aide during the summer and decided to keep a couple of my clients during the school year—the extra money helps. After my literature seminar lets out, I walk to Jim’s.

When I step inside his living room, I notice the dog biscuits crumbled across the yellow shag carpet. Jim, his hair tousled, leans back in his recliner, watching “Perry Mason.”

“Hi-ho,” he says. He waves and then clasps his hands behind his head. He has lived alone for over a year, ever since his wife died. Since then, a part of him has stopped living, too. His wife’s purse, a layer of dust on the black leather, still sits on the floor beside the kitchen table. Her medications—pills for nausea, pills for pain—still crowd the bathroom cabinet, alongside bottles of her perfume and deodorants and nail polish. On the back of the bedroom door, hangs her bathrobe, near the back door, her winter coat. There is a stack of newspapers on a kitchen chair. They are all the same. All reprints of her obituary.

I close the front door and pause to let Jim’s black Chow sniff my hand.

“How are you, Jim?” I ask, as I make my way to the dining room. Last week’s newspapers fan across the carpet.

“Good-good.” He stands up and haphazardly tucks his plaid shirt into his blue jeans.

I unzip my backpack, searching for my disposable rubber gloves. When I first took on Jim as a client, I passed most of my two-hour shift scrubbing hardened cat puke off the carpet. I tossed a mouse nest from the upstairs vanity. I scrubbed the toilet until I finally gave up on the stains. And now, several months later, I still struggle to keep up with the mess. Mail, some of it a year old, towers on the dimly-lit kitchen table. The house reeks of Jim’s dog and two cats. Every week, fresh paw prints pepper the kitchen floor and sticky countertops. Every week, I return Jim’s barbeque sauce to the refrigerator, and every week the bottle once again sits beside the stove, open and warm. The sink has old food stuck deep inside the drain; it smells of sulfur. Sometimes I gag.

“Say,” Jim says. He has followed me to the dining room. “Are you hungry?”



*Jennifer Anderson*

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I am starving, my stomach started growling halfway through my literature class, but I will not eat here. A new odor emanates from the kitchen.

I pat my belly. "Thanks, Jim, but I just ate a big lunch."

"I've made the best chicken gumbo," he says. He claps his hands together and smiles.

"No, really," I say. I begin to put on my gloves. "I couldn't."

But he is already on his way to the kitchen. "Just a little bowl."

I hear a cupboard slam shut, the rattle of the silverware drawer. I think about the layers of grease I scrubbed off the walls, the syrupy lettuce I scraped from the bottom of his garbage can. When I try to push these thoughts out of my head, it only serves to make them grow.

"Here," Jim says, coming out of the kitchen. "Taste this." With both hands, he offers me a blue bowl of steaming gumbo. It is the same bowl I've picked up off the floor after his dog has licked it clean, a bowl slick with saliva. As far as I'm concerned, no amount of soap and hot water is enough.

I hesitate.

"Come on now," he says. "You can sit here." He points to a chair at the kitchen table.

What else can I do? I tuck my gloves into my front pocket. "Well, okay," I say, taking the warm bowl from him.

He clears a place for me at the table, near an open package of Saltines. "You want butter for your crackers?" he asks.

I think about the uncovered butter dish on his wooden cutting board, the greasy knife, the paw prints on the counters, the mouse droppings on the bedspread. I shake my head. "No crackers, thanks."

Jim sits across from me and watches me take my first bite. I swallow and try not to think about his kitchen. Instead, I ask him about his gumbo recipe. I hear him explain that he boils a couple chicken breasts, then adds tomatoes and okra to the broth. I hear him say that the acid from the tomatoes takes the sliminess out of the okra. But then I am no longer listening. Nor am I thinking about the dish I eat from, the spoon I use.

Instead, I stare at this man—a stranger really—whose flushed cheeks take me back to my grandmother. A bowl of blackberry pie filling sits on her counter. Her rolling pin slides across the floor, so her Dalmatian holds it between both paws to lick it clean. My grandmother doesn't scold. A year after the stroke, she leans over the kitchen table and gazes at the purple chrysanthemum on her neighbor's front porch as if it's a blank T.V. screen. There is pie crust in the prongs of her half-karat diamond, and her high school cookbook is open to page twenty-five:  $\frac{1}{3}$  as much fat as flour, dash of salt. . . . Work fat into flour with fingertips until the pieces of fat are the size of a grain of wheat. Here is her plastic pillbox, stamped with each day of the week. Today is Monday, garbage day, but the trashcan sits on the back porch and the pillbox, gummy with blackberry fingerprints, is already half-gone. My throat tightens. I swallow another bite, and another.





*Erin Davis*

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**Cup and Saucer**  
*from TCR #33, 2019*

I would have never chosen you for my own but  
every great-granddaughter got one. So there you sit,  
  
three-footed and so pretty it hurts, legs curled and  
perched on a scalloped saucer, pink roses spraying  
  
your delicate sides, rim painted gold for bow-shaped  
lips to hover over, blow, and sip. But her mouth  
  
was drawn in a tight, straight line, that North Dakota  
woman who had you first, the one who mowed her  
  
own lawn until she was ninety, the one my dad once  
proclaimed too mean to die, who outlived her  
  
only daughter by decades and did without indoor  
plumbing for most of her time. My grandpa feared her  
  
as much as he fears God. Maybe more. But as you  
sit behind the glass, I know very well how much  
  
I'm detached from all that hard and harsh and  
brace about her life. And I am glad.



*Ameerah Bad'r*

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## **Self Portrait**

*from TCR #34, 2020*

Right now  
I love grapefruits, I love to sweat  
My hands are swollen like cotton candy from drawing up  
long lines

but one day  
I am buying a horse and changing my name to The King  
I am growing my hair out  
a long long braid will live down my spine  
I will sleep on my belly  
in canyons  
and in poppy fields with garden snakes

There will be no incessant ticking  
no Christmas lights  
no bells at the hour

Only fresh pine nuts  
hard to get to



## Found Items

*from TCR #29 & #31, 2015 & 2017*

Whether it is a snapshot of the kitchen to use up the last frame in a roll of film or a sticky note with a new word to remember for an English paper, we document daily life in our steps between an idea and a finished product. The remnants of this documentation are often discarded or lost in the transition to our end goal. The pieces that follow are a collection of such items, gathered over years. I have begun to understand each document as a deeply intimate snapshot of a stranger's life. Presented here, they offer a glimpse into the space between someone else's start and finish line and bridge the gap between beginning thoughts and the refined work in the rest of this publication. These authors did not intend their scraps for other readers, but with this collection we are afforded an opportunity to glance into their lives with compassion and curiosity.

—D.C.

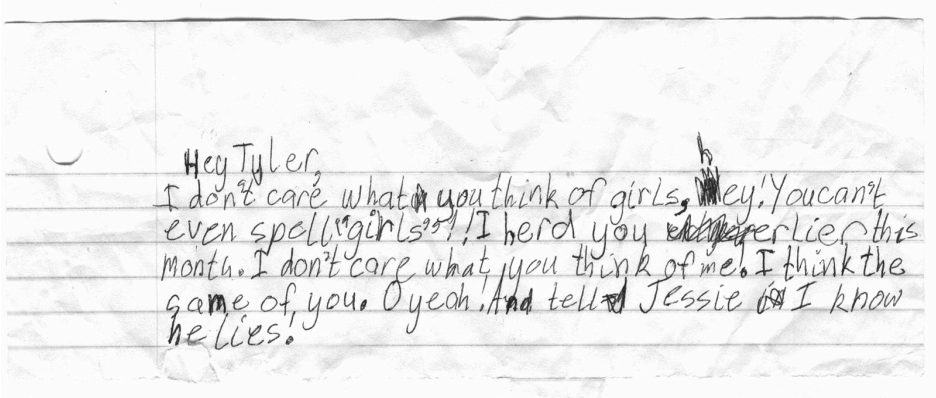


Dani Combs

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## Tell Jessie I Know He Lies!

from TCR #29, 2015



### in discarded notebook

Hey Tyler,

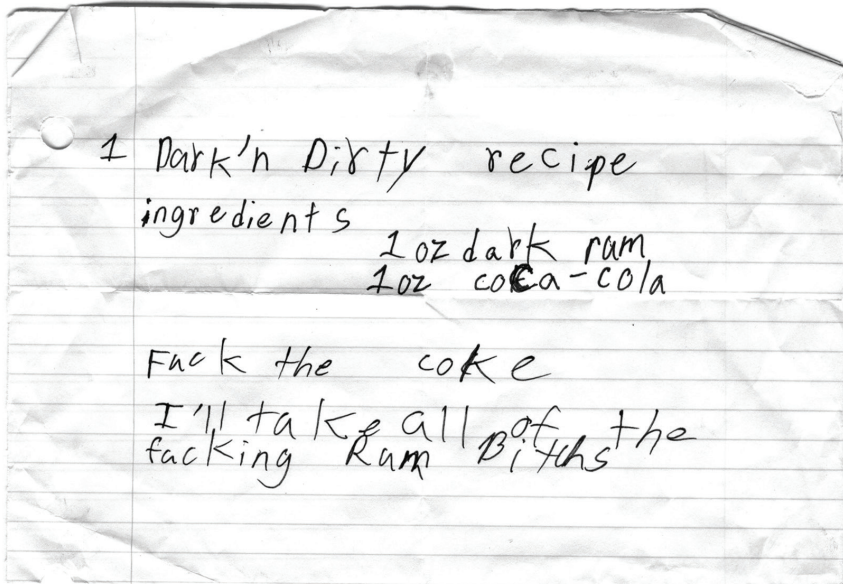
I don't care what  $\pi$  you think of girls, Hhey! You can't  
even spell "girls"! I herd you erlyer erlier this  
month. I don't cate what you think of me! I think the  
same of you. O yeah! And tell Jessie in I know  
he lies!





### Dark 'n Dirty Recipe

from TCR #29, 2015



crumpled in junk drawer

1 Dark 'n Dirty recipe  
ingredients

1 oz dark rum  
1 oz coca-cola

Fuck the coke  
I'll take all of the  
fucking Rum Bitchs

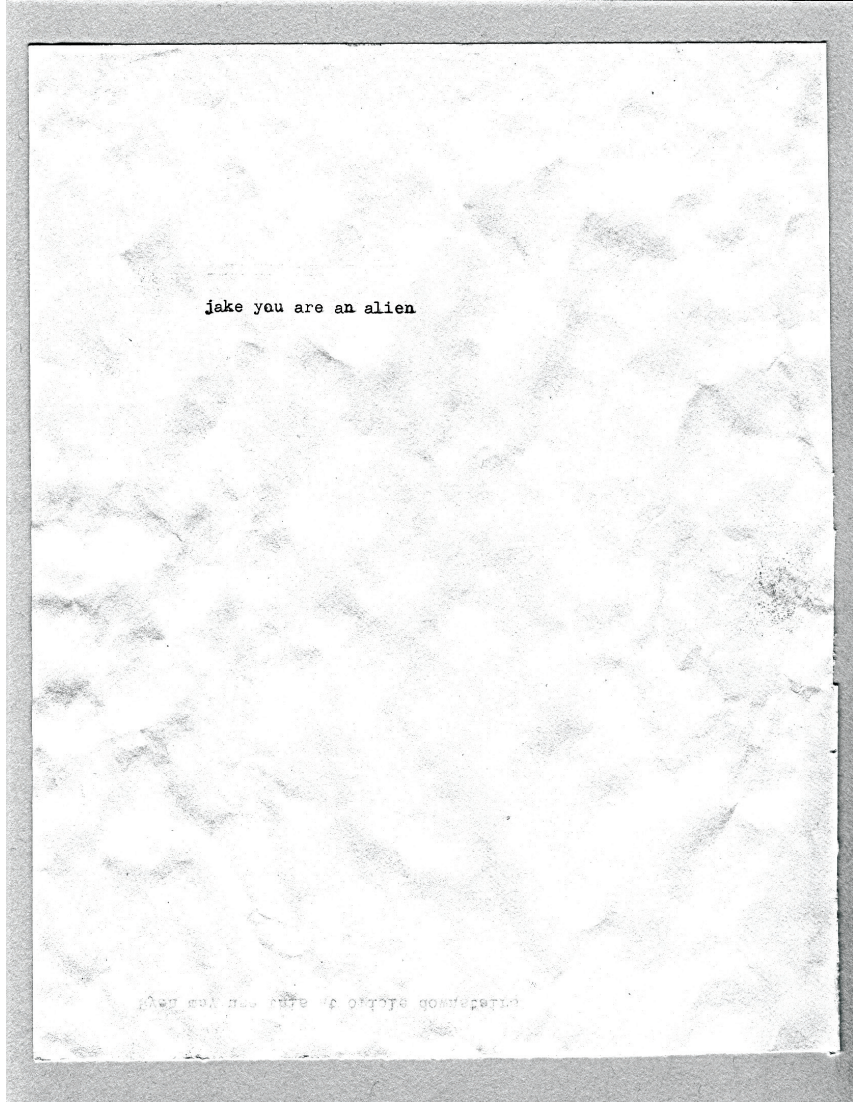




*Dani Combs*

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**Memo for Jake**  
*from TCR #29, 2015*



**left in unattended typewriter**

44 • T | c | R

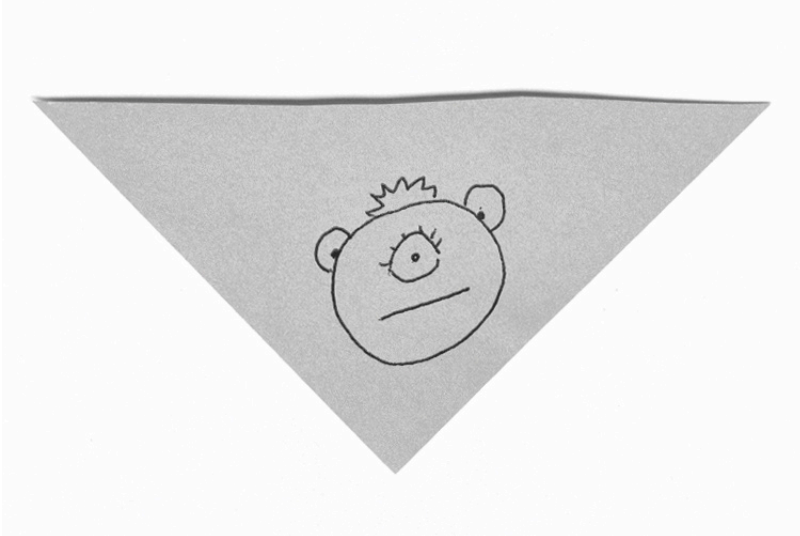




*Found Items*

## **Cyclops**

*from TCR #29, 2015*



**doodled on TCR flyer**



**Dads/Bed**

from TCR #31, 2017

~~Items~~  
Dads/Bed  
depend/s  
water Arrowhead  
~~chick Pepsi~~  
twist/Seerra Mist  
Elevys/Good Wind  
chicken/2 packages  
~~chicken~~ ~~chicken~~  
Eggs  
Polygrip 2 (denture)  
~~chicken~~ / ~~chicken~~  
Ice Cream Vanilla  
3 chocolate chip  
brown cookies  
Laundry detergent  
Banana's  
Kit/Kitchen (2)  
~~Butter cracker~~  
Change  
chick/s. Raspberry



Bag ~~at~~ Baum ~~to~~ 45map  
if possible  
ADDRESS ~~OK~~ - video map yellow  
one)  
pens  
colored pencils  
mirror

abandoned in a grocery store





Renée E. D'Aoust

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## **You Move Away. You Move Closer.**

*from TCR #27, 2013*

*I see the way you move closer. I see the way you move away.*

Did you mean it when you said: "But, Renée; there's no separation between life and death. You know that."

Did you mean it when you said: "You'll have a much closer relationship with your brother now. I've seen it happen again and again."

*I see the way you move away. I see the way you move closer.*

Did you mean it when you said: "You have to reciprocate, Renée. You don't phone me; I don't phone you."

Did you mean it when you said: "We lost him, too."

*I see the way you move closer. I see the way you move away.*

Did you mean it when you said: "It was accepted medical practice, Renée."

Did you mean it when you said: "Psychotic. He must have been psychotic. Very strange."

*I see the way you move away. I see the way you move closer.*

Did you mean it when you said: "What will you do with his things? I can take his things, Renée."

Did you mean it when you said: "I would have shown up at his doorstep. That's the kind of mother I am."

*I see the way you move closer. I see the way you move away.*

Did you mean it when you said: "Renée, he couldn't live in this world."

Did you mean it when you said: "You're just like your mother."

*I see the way you move away. I see the way you move closer.*

Did you mean it when you said: "She said you hate her, Renée. She said you are very mean to her. You shouldn't be mean to her. You should tell your mom not to touch her laundry."

Did you mean it when you said: "You're weird. And all my friends agree."

*I see the way you move closer. I see the way you move away.*

Did you mean it when you said: "It's so sad that he was never a teacher, Renée."





Did you mean it when you said: "Multiple Sclerosis? I thought he killed himself."

*I see the way you move away. I see the way you move closer.*

Did you mean it when you said: "I'm a very peaceful person. You're too angry, Renée. I can't be with such an angry person."

Did you mean it when you said: "Children? No? Thank God. Thank God he didn't have children."

*I see the way you move closer. I see the way you move away.*

Did you mean it when you said: "Well, thank God you didn't have children, Renée. You could have ended up divorced with children."

Did you mean it when you said: "Renée, most normal people would answer my question. And normal people would be proud of me for asking it."

*I see the way you move away. I see the way you move closer.*

Did you mean it when you said: "I may have hit you. But, Renée, you emotionally abused me."

Did you mean it when you said: "My wife says you are crazy, and all her friends agree."

*I see the way you move closer. I see the way you move away.*

Did you mean it when you said: "Kaczynski. Didn't he live out where you live, too, Renée?"

Did you mean it when you said: "They all love me. Everyone knows that. I should have won. Not her. Did you see all the comma splices?"

*I see the way you move away. I see the way you move closer.*

Did you mean it when you said: "No. I cannot be your therapist. I won't. I won't. I don't know any other therapist who would treat you, Renée. Please leave my office now."

Did you mean it when you said: "You can't write this. No one will read this. No one reads epics anymore."

*I see the way you move closer. I see the way you move away.*

Did you mean it when you said: "We know all about that, Renée; we read in the paper that your mom died."

Did you mean it when you said: "Oh honey, I can hear the birds again. I can hear them sing."

*I see the way. I see the way.*





*Lucia Gregory*

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## **Monolith**

*from TCR #31, 2017*





*William Hoagland*

**A Fleeting Wish Revised**  
*from TCR #11, 1993*

Sitting in the grass today  
I thought a thought about  
a thing remembered  
in a time of quiet waiting.

It is, I thought,  
sometimes a distant  
sound, like an engine  
heralding an old arrival,

one you look for hopefully.  
It nears, the rising  
pitch crescendoing,  
until you see your

simple error, I thought,  
something coming from  
the wrong direction,  
an improbable altitude,

and not the expectation  
of arrival, not at all—  
not someone driving  
out to see you,

but a single-engine  
plane, banking now,  
I thought, toward some  
unknown destination.





## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Jennifer Anderson** is an associate professor at Lewis-Clark State College where she is also the faculty advisor for the college's student-run literary journal, *Talking River Review*. Her creative nonfiction has appeared in *Fourth Genre*, *Brevity*, and *The Carolina Quarterly*, among other places. In 2019, she won *The Missouri Review's* Jeffrey E. Smith Editors' Prize for nonfiction.

**Brooke 'BK' Archilla**, from B. Known Photography, got her start in LA working with musicians and innovators on creative content for album covers, websites, live shows, and promotional material. She excels at creating a relaxed environment to capture artists authentically. After spending time in Seattle, her photography extended into landscape, abstract, and street photography. Now residing in Idaho, BK continues her artistic journey in both photography and music. For more on BK: [brookebkarchilla.com](http://brookebkarchilla.com).

**Ameerah Bad'r** is a multidisciplinary artist and writer with roots in Turtle Island and Bilad Al Sham. The mediums she works in range from painting to prose to animation. She has a degree in fine arts as well as a degree in commercial art from Boise State University, in Idaho, USA. Due to Ameerah's training in illustration, her visual language ranges from whimsical cartoons to delicate observational drawings. She enjoys using bright colors to invite the audience into an image. Her work is imbued with themes of grief, joy, and a love of the land. She draws inspiration from poetry, the language of flowers, small moments, and the way life goes and goes. Her work has been exhibited internationally.

**Aimee Brooks** is a writer and visual artist living in Spokane, Washington. She holds an MFA in fiction from Eastern Washington University. Her work has been supported by the Community of Writers Conference and the Centrum Writers Conference. She was a 2024-2025 artist-in-residence at the Hive, a nontraditional library, where she worked on her novel manuscript and taught short story workshops. After being awarded a SAGA Grant through Spokane Arts, she founded Banana Slug Books, where she works as the editor-in-chief. Find her previously published or forthcoming writing in *The South Dakota Review*, *EcoTheo Review*, *Goat's Milk Magazine*, *COOP*, *Embers*, and more.

**Dani Combs** loves chili, Kaleb, and Calvin. She lives with 8 chickens, four fish tanks, one cat. RIP Lilly 2007- 2023.

**David Dale** was a high school English teacher for thirty-seven years, teaching English and Spanish in Washington, Oregon, and Montana. He held an MA in creative writing from University of Montana, and published five collections of poetry, including *Stumbling Over Stones* (Wright Impressions, 2002) and *Skating Backwards* (Big Mountain Publishing, 1999). He died in 2020 at the age of eighty-two in Helena, Montana.

**Renée E. D'Aoust's** memoir is *Body of a Dancer* (Etruscan Press). Her prose has been widely published, and she teaches online at North Idaho College. D'Aoust's adopted terrier looks like a very tiny Phyllis Diller and is named Zoë. The original publication





## CONTRIBUTORS

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of “You Move Away. You Move Closer” in *Trestle Creek Review* received a “Notable Essay” listing in *Best American Essays*. [www.reneedaoust.com](http://www.reneedaoust.com)

**Erin Davis** lives and writes near the Little Spokane River and teaches English at North Idaho College. Her work has been featured in *Assay: A Journal of Nonfiction Studies*, *The International Journal of Servant-Leadership*, and in anthologies published by Thoughtcrime Press and the Spokane County Library District.

**Roger Dunsmore** taught Humanities, Wilderness Studies, and American Indian Literature at the University of Montana for fifty years. For one year he trained teachers at the largest Indian High School in the US, at Tuba City, Arizona, on the Navajo Nation. He was twice the exchange fellow between UM and Shanghai International Studies University, People’s Republic of China, and was thrice short-listed to the governor for the position as Montana Poet Laureate. He was a founding member and mentor of the Bent Grass Poetry Troupe, and in 2012 was named a “Humanities Hero” by Humanities Montana. Roger has published five volumes of poetry, including *On the Chinese Wall: New and Selected Poems*, 2018, and one volume of nonfiction, *Earth’s Mind: Essays in Native Literature*. His current project is affixing by staple-gun various “world poems” to utility poles and in local businesses here in Coeur d’Alene, for which he received the CDA Mayor’s Award for Excellence in Art Education, 2024.

**Zeoma Dvorak** was a painter who began to explore writing at the age of sixty-one. She studied poetry with Tiny Foriyes at the University of Idaho in Moscow, and after publication in the first edition of *Trestle Creek Review*, her poem “The Story Teller” was anthologized in *Idaho’s Poetry* (University of Idaho Press, 1989). Her first name, she noted, was “of Cherokee heritage.” She died in 2007 at the age of eighty-five in Lewiston, Idaho.

**Calven Eldred** is a graduate of the MFA at EWU with a Fiction emphasis, but cheats on Fiction with Poetry quite often. He has work out in the wild at PicturesofPoets.com, the online anthology *In the Neighborhood*, and most recently, in *Spokane Campfire Stories* from Banana Slug Books. He’s also quite pleased to be teaching composition at North Idaho College.

**Jenni Fallein** is a poet, painter, and meditation teacher living in Coeur d’Alene. Her one volume of poems is *If Beauty Were A Spy*, published by Foothills Press. She has published poems in various anthologies including *Civilization in Crisis* and *Poems Across the Big Sky*.

**Lucia Gregory** is based in Spokane. She approaches photography intuitively and works to discover uncommon beauty in everyday life. She shares images on Instagram (@looshagee).

**Wes Hanson** (cover artist) has painted for thirty-five years and has his works displayed at the Denise Oliver Gallery in Harrison, Idaho, and the Dahmen Barn in Uniontown, Washington. He has had many one-person exhibits in Spokane and Coeur





## CONTRIBUTORS

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d'Alene, including at Interplayers Playhouse and the Jacklin Arts and Cultural Center. He has taught painting classes for North Idaho College, Spokane Art Supply, and the Dahmen Barn.

**William Hoagland** taught creative writing and literature at Northwest College in Wyoming until his retirement in 2013. He advised their student literary journal. His poetry appeared in many publications, and his collection, *Strawberries*, was published by Kelsay Press in 2015.

**Roz Hurst** is an English major at NIC. She enjoys writing, mainly poetry. She is unsure of what career to chase, but she can only hope her words will fly her off somewhere.

As a lover of art, any time spent in the expression of creativity is important for **Mari-bel Martinez Mogilefsky's** mental health and sense of well-being. Her main pursuit is with mixed-media works, overlaying various found objects and materials with paintings. Another creative practice for her is photography. She loves capturing simple moments that express and measure her gratitude for life. It's an exercise of intuition and trust, that the beauty and wonder of life shows up in simple ways. She strives to see the everyday moments around her with a new vision. Photography for her is a meditative practice, seeking stillness in the moment. She has a BFA degree from the University of Montana, 1995, with a focus on painting.

**Elizabeth Mathes** recently moved from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, where she lived for forty years, to Portland, Oregon. She misses her Idaho friends and the summer spice and winter slap of North Idaho air. She is cantankerously adjusting. Elizabeth lives with her husband, Gerard, a retired music educator, and her son, Alexander. She has published in small presses across the United States.

**Paige Milatz** is a U.S. Air Force veteran, National Board-Certified Health and Wellness Coach, volunteer at a local community garden, and recent graduate of Central Washington University's Master of Arts in English program. As a student at CWU, she was nominated for and received the Outstanding Graduate Student Award for the College of Arts and Humanities, and an Outstanding Online Student Award for her exemplary contributions to the online learning community. Other honors include earning her Basic Parachutist Badge by performing five solo freefall skydives as a cadet at the U.S. Air Force Academy. Her poetry has been published in *Canyon Voices* and *The Bluebird Word*. You can find more of her writing on Substack at treatherright.substack.com, a publication started in 2023 consisting of over thirty published poems and stories thus far. She lives and writes in the Little Spokane River Valley where she has a habit of going on long runs, collecting rainwater, and growing flowers.





## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Jennifer Passaro** is a poet, nonfiction writer, and stay-at-home mom. She is the inaugural poet laureate of Coeur d'Alene. Born in Idaho's Wood River Valley, she has spent much of her life in what Moscow writer Mary Clearman Blew coined the "roughewn circle," a cultural and geographic centering that encompasses Idaho, western Montana, and Eastern Washington.

Her diverse experiences include working on trail crews in the Bob Marshall Wilderness in Montana and out of the Fernan Ranger District on the Idaho Panhandle National Forest. She worked as a reporter for the *Coeur d'Alene Press*, covering Kootenai County. She has contributed to the *Sandpoint Reader*, *Trestle Creek Review*, and *Opt West Literary Magazine*, among other publications.

Jennifer made Coeur d'Alene her home in 2018 and currently lives beneath Canfield Mountain with her husband, two children, and two old dogs.

**Timothy Pilgrim**, a former university professor and Montana native now living in Bellingham, Washington, has acceptances at publications like *Seattle Review*, *Santa Ana River Review*, *Trestle Creek Review*, and *Sierra Nevada Review* in the U.S., and *Windsor Review* in Canada and *Prole Press* in the United Kingdom. Pilgrim, also a former NIC English and journalism teacher, is author of two poetry books. See [timot-hypilgrim.org](http://timot-hypilgrim.org) for more.

**David E. Thomas** grew up on Montana's Hi-Line, earned a degree in political science from the University of Montana, then dove into the cultural melee of the 60s and 70s with both feet. Worked as a gandy dancer on railroad maintenance gangs and a laborer on big construction projects like Libby Dam while pursuing an interest in literature and poetry fueled by Jack Kerouac and the Beats. He has published eight books of poetry, and the latest, *Railroad Gravel*, is now available from FootHills Publishing. He has appeared in several anthologies and many small magazines. He lives and works in Missoula, Montana.

**Georgia Tiffany's** work has appeared or is forthcoming in various publications including *Weber—The Contemporary West*, *MacGuffin*, *Talking River Review*, *Montreal Review*, *South Carolina Review*, her limited-edition chapbook, *Cut from the Score*, and the anthology *Poets of the American West*. Her book, *Body Be Sound*, was published by Encircle Publications (2023). Native of Spokane, Washington, she now lives in Moscow, Idaho.





# Trestle | CREEK | Review

**welcomes submissions of any genre of literary or creative work** for its 2027 issue. Submissions of poetry (3–5 poems per submission), prose (5,000 words maximum), or black-and-white artwork (any style or medium) may be sent via email. We consider work by any member of the North Idaho College community—including students, faculty, staff, and alumni—and by residents of the Pacific Northwest.

No previously published work can be considered, but simultaneous submissions are welcome. Please include a brief bio with your submission. More information and complete submission guidelines are available at our website, [www.nic.edu/tcr](http://www.nic.edu/tcr). Submission deadline is **January 31, 2027**, for May publication.

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