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A songbird in flames

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A Songbird in Flames

A Thesis

Presented to

Eastern Washington University

Cheney, WA

In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirement

for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing

By

Taylor D. Waring

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Thesis of Taylor D. Waring approved by:

_____ Date: _____
Name of Chair, Graduate Study Committee

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Name of Member, Graduate Study Committee

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Name of Member, Graduate Study Committee

shades of blue

sometimes your *trés hombres* cassette starts squealing
over hot blue & righteous & you know billy is telling you
something through the screeching erasure so you drive
back home the long slow way through town
down streets named after trees you've never seen
in time for the sky's pink organ to rupture
into fleeing gold like the hopeful damned who conjured this burning land
from bones & blood & sorrow & isn't this your life this road
that goes off far past that strange gold out into the helpless ocean?
in this way the sound of water keeps you up at night
in this way you'll die praying for liquid light
to reach your broken crown swearing you'll kneel should the morning come
& when it does don't you wipe the dust from your eyes
& look out the window at the crack in the concrete
where you swore just yesterday a giant violet had burst through?

in this way i haze myself beyond infinite sorrow

i.

every morning i wake
& a new tooth
emerges

from my mouth
already
turning to coal

& every morning the toothfairy

leaves

another unapologetic
match beneath
my pillow

ii.

i roll over
& stare

at the match as the sun tries
on the day's hemorrhaging

array of shadows

wondering

if sight can set flame
&
if so why not mine?

iii.

when the match refuses
to answer
i cradle it

lull sulphur hymns
dazed

inside a beast in chains
igneous drool
cooling
on my lower lip

iv.

bereft
i strike it

on my tongue
it splits

a river

v.

it is true

since Apemother's firsttear
we have wandered
through uncertain aether

which will drown us
before the sun
splinters

god's third eye

vi.

how many mornings
will it take to remember

we are made

from the same
numb combustion

as rain?

if you want to keep
warm
you need to set your mouths aflame

the skinwalker phones home

this skin my mother gave me
 isn't mine
 though i wore it today
 out into the rain & when the sky
 shuddered the day's first thunder
 a woman
 on the street asked me

who is dying

i showed her

my wrists
 my ankles
 my elbows
 my ear lobes

showed her the faint
 red scent of nights
 spent carving
 out a window
 praying
 to find glass
 small enough

to snug gently
 into this brittle
 elastic

which shelters me
 from time's sly pin prick

i told the strange woman

in my last life i was a snake

*the phone rang
 it was my mother
 i could tell
 she was crying*

by the growing distance

between each ring

*difficult
 to answer with no arms
 you know?*

*so i knocked
 the receiver loose with my tail*

*& slithered my way
to the headset*

& then i remembered

snakes don't even have ears

& though they have vestiges

of the hearing apparatus

strung to their jaw bones

they cannot use sound to communicate

she replied with a gesture

of uncertain origin
& the ground trembled

like a child
hiding behind a curtain

a bustle grew in my jaw
slow in a way
i can't enunciate

without the sound of rust

as i watched

that strange woman turn to glass

& my hand

reaching

turn to sand

the glamorous reptiles begin their soft parade

an ocean of variable prayers
refutes all revolution

amidst our casual bedlam

in the televised reflection
we watch ourselves

hunting innocent mirrors with tire-irons

a terminal ritual
a maze of granite & rust

winding through the flat & hollow earth
like an atomic anaconda—

of course we no longer believe
in the cold-blooded

notion of artificial suns
our skin is molting

we've finally figured out
which came first

the lizard or the gun

a songbird in flames

i.

climbing spiral stairs i heard tapping through plastic on my winter window. i knew it was your cat: i'd just thought about sneezing.

ii.

i could interpret this only as a foreign but familiar smoke ghosting beneath my door—how could i not interrogate, in that breath, each of my open wounds, with eyes entwined like a rope and a hangman?

iii.

i want to believe there is neither too much nor too little fire in this world, but a sad song i cannot sing burns in my head: an injured bird, volcanic ash.

ferrotype of a drowning swan

in distant night a cold moan creaks
through leaves & the flutter & the trembling light
dancing in the orb shimmers like an old halo
dreaming of fog swelling in the lake's hollow gesture
o uncryptic ripple o sad song of sight why watch
the white bird from a bridge carved of wishbone
why kneel as its wings weep like angry wax into the lake
a half-hearted retablo a violent humming in the tongue
like 15 rusty guitar strings screeching a cruel though modest rendition
of amazing grace & why sing along & why light a candle in the choking
throat of dawn & why cast a stone out into the pale shiver
& why in this way with wings splayed must i learn to pray
with my pockets full of stolen pennies & crooked teeth
to any sprite who might dive out before me into this fragile water
& bring me the wet corpse of the swan so i can open at last
its terrible yellow mouth & climb in & sleep

the cosmopolitan guru is born again

i.

you look for a way into the eternal city:

the presiding heretical envoy suggests
an ardent manner
of disbelief

since, finally, there's no door.

ii.

*without a door, no door handle,
no lock, nothing to break into
or out of — they shrug —*

*just this uneven chandelier
shuttering nervously,*

our milkyconscience.

*it's true: we can write nothing about the sky
with our neon pinkink
without also noting the cars,
which rumble*

like moloch, balthazaar, leviathan.

iii.

ignoring all signs, you drive to the Grand
& take the elevator to the twenty first floor—

knock twice on the third shadow.

a crone in a bedazzled wedding gown answers,
if you have her teeth, place them one by one
into her wide & gasping gums.

she'll invite you in.

you won't be in a position to decline,
so she'll lead you by hand
to her bedroom & show you
the empty cradle.

it is yours, my rare and desperate flower.

the devout auto-mechanic writes off the youth choir's prayer mobile

i've been listening to gospel music with no intention of saving your engine from divine rust. you think this makes me a shade of green trees long to forget in autumn. it's true, used car sales are down, so what do i care if you forget to put the bus in park & roam senselessly through corn fields? i don't expect we can answer this question in the dry season, but, as the choir kids said "it's always raining in our heads...don't forget to wash our galoshes...can we walk on water now?" though they can no longer return in iron clouds as apologetic rain or an unpolished memory of glass & like that memory, i lack the necessary architecture to continue singing your praise, though the engine just turned over & my mouths are wide open.

we used to pray to the stars on the ceiling

one night straining in the half light
the boy thought he could see
the face of an angel lit up
in silver over his bed so close
the sun ballooned
a sick flower on his lip & when he reached
to pop it burst into a sea of soft
grey noise 7000 trumpets
blaring through a new hollow
severing the silver threads
which tied his dreams to rocks
that night we cut off his feet
 & swore off sleep
that night we threw him
 into the deep red sea
this story does not end with one of us
floating breathlessly to heaven
this is the story of the one who left earth
with a handful of blue feathers

3 failed attempts at sunflower meditation

i.

o wilting through stilted blinds

o afternoon piss & pedal-limp inertia

o slide in the world's saddest View Master™

ii.

can you pass

through glass

like light laughing

through a prism?

can you reach out

& lift

its sloppy yellow

head on high

& tell the sky

heaven might yet

be on its way up there

if you can find

a little luck

& the right wind

before november tucks you in

without a kiss?

iii.

bereft i turn refusing

to watch the wilting

light wandering

down my stalk

that rare honey sweltering

down into my left sock

krankentraum

i.

i walk
 the hospital
 when the sky
 resembles cheap
 marble & i
 marvel the sick
 ward is full
 of the sick

the children
 quiet reduced
 to a series
 of fuzzy
 green
 blips

it's disgusting

how tonight
 the elderly blend
 w/ the drapes
 & everyone
 is weeping
 w/ their terrible
 static lungs

it's disgusting

it's absolutely disgusting

to see so many humans
 being human stuck
 to their beds like dirt
 gummed dreams
 to low hanging
 cloud catchers

ii.

one calls me
 by my first
 & middle name
 i laugh
 i cough
 i stub my toe
 i cough again

*i have a headache
i feel like dying*

i lose my erection
& the nurses lust
w/ disapproval
fill me
w/ their bizarre tubes

it's absolutely disgusting

not my fetish
i say to lighten
the mood but they
are brooding

*you didn't wipe
your lungs when
you walked in*

i apologize
i tell them *the organ
itself is foreign
but familiar
like a german
accent or
ivory?*

iii.

eventually they thank me for my honesty

they tell me *the elephant
is the most majestic creature
to ever harbor the great sorrow*

i tell them *elephants are absolutely disgusting*

the mad scientist finally opens up

"I will not replace a candy heart with a frog's heart" – Bartholomew Simpson

i will fasten my own heart
to the furnace
watch it smolder

& leave

behind a thin veil
that long-lost emerald

vacant & reflecting

those flesh names which lived in my body
before the upgrades—

the spare alternator behind
the ribcage

two red balloons

splintered broomstick spine

eyes that stopped seeing aeons
before i replaced them
with golf balls stranded

on the Lake of Our Cosmic Destitution

lord, i abhor this blistered state
of unbecoming

this faithless ash
rising up

this flesh that sings as it burns

the deep-sea astrologer rejects theoretical photonomy

i.

you needn't wait long for the obstacles to arise:

insatiable octopus, jellyfish
lit up
like thunderous & jealous gods

regardless

you wade through water
avoiding the plausibility of first contact
with the deep & ferocious

creatures howling in your ocean

ii.

instead look out past betelgeuse
through your splintered
monocle

at that same deep & frightful blue
rioting among light's distant
graveyard

feel it prance in your frontal lobe
feel its ghostdance beyond your third globe

the volcanologist searches for meaning between eruptions

the cracked earth laughs like my mother when she sobs

near me a strange man appears to smolder

oddity billows from his solar plexus

i tap him on the shoulder & he turns

his teeth are coal & his tongue a sharp dry rock

for a moment i mistake him for a snowman

shocked we both point to the no smoking sign

he wants to apologize but instead ignites

we smoke until the world is flat again

in the distance burnt trees shiver

the uncertain pyromancer tries to lighten the mood

outside streetlamps resemble embers
dancing behind telekinetic curtains

like half-drawn doves.

a frail pane creeps between us
like mother's glass bell,
a telegraph a smile wide.

but you don't call on holidays,

though, you might for a minute, on a rainy day,
watch puddles fill themselves, as if making
a statement on happiness

when suddenly you find yourself
with a rusty pin
poking

holes in anything that might hold light.

everything in this room
burns
as it goes down.

rare honey in a lonely chimney.

surely, the smoke has charred your lungs, your heart.

nevertheless,
you should start a fire
if you're cold

you should light the whole world on fire
if it warms your bones.

wizard's rebuke

i.

he found me
by the blacklake
still high voiced
without beard
or balance
wielding
a great wooden staff

ii.

i'd run away from camp
& imagined i was an old
wizard who'd seen
the end of the world

& there was no more fear
& there was no more
& there

iii.

like an unholy black bear
red scar blazing
on his chest

he roared some ancient
hex for mutual disdain
& knocked the gnarled
stick
from my hands

iv.

i suppose
if i were a young wizard
when he knocked that stick
i'd have raised my right
index finger mumbled
some ancient word
& cracked

a giant fucking lightning bolt
right between his eyes

v.

i wonder

is this the human heart's frailty

or my own?

vi.

later i hear him
tell my mother

*he was holding it
like he was going
to fucking smack me
in the fucking head*

he cracked

a bud lite
& started a fire

vii.

all night i sat
in my tent
whittling
a black bone
until
my fingers
bled

viii.

woozy i slept
for seven years
with the bone
in my mouth

when i awoke i thought
it was a wisdom
tooth
swollen
with red ink

ix.

for seven red moons
i wandered until

i found a dead owl

white & bloody
& without feathers

x.

i cradled it

nothing like sabbath
nothing like sweet leaf

so i took off my clothes

& howled
& beat two great rocks

until spark
until flame
until i & the owl

burned
through the night

xi.

we rose
into violet morning air

torn in a gentle geometric light
dripping through our ash

like honey
from the sky's
cracked egg

in this way the rain was made

armus

i.

in the red desert
where glass turns to sand
& dances on lightning's breath

i saw the shadow of time
ooze from a crack like black honey

i leaned down searching
for a reflection or a shatter

& felt a tremulant in the organ of weeping

i closed my eyes
lay two fingers in the oil

brought them to my brow
making the sign of some dead god

eyes turn back

within me a shadow stirring

like a child named
memory of water

& when the water broke
& that red planet flooded
& the sky turned to marble

i held the umbral child skyward

drought mouthed
heaving sand
i brought the wailing
shade to my mouth
& drank like a quiet vampire

& when vesper pooled in throat

i turned my jaw to the sky
& swallowed

ii.

a tremulant in the temple of weeping
ugly organ

technicolor wail
hieroglyphic mouth

*armus stitching cancer into stellar fabric
armus opening his chest to find no heart*

there are no words for his longing

the hierophant has eaten them all

poisoned plums

a jackal god rises
engorged oil coats
atrocious fur
a memory
rotting in the mouth

dead water

i spit it out
i hear it split
my tongue

drink, child

i offer jackal my throat
& when tongue laps jugular
hunger turns to lust

jackal bites
& when full

slumbers

iii.

i awake & the sun is a new color

& for a moment i remember
the piece that was torn for me
though as it starts to rain

i am certain it will be washed away

memoirs of an interplanetary yeti

i fuzz between worlds, not quite an astronaut, but lonely as one who watches the earth from so far away the great pyramids seem molecular. this strange though primal longing to disappear, a ghost hiding under a bedsheet. its unkind to be here, with my polaroid memory, but in the future, nothing is disposable, hyper green like the little creatures who brought me to this planet in their papier-mâché space craft. their telepathic alphabet had no phonemes from which to shape me, no metaphor for abomination. naturally i wept emphatically when they threw me out the window.

a songbird in retrograde

when you were thunder
my mouth
watered an ocean of terrible violets

i spent the next millenia
reinventing astrology
in a cardboard box

one night you came to my window
tapping like
a bird with
too many wings

i opened
a gesture of polite lust
a rudiment of bodily longing

when we woke
the sun could not sing

domestic ectoplasm

the primordial house dripping green in the month of passion
you turned the light on the electricity went out we cackled on
about intimacy the weather feeling like sleet in houston
a melting fantasy love the crayons left in ma's toyota redorangeblue
in summer heat & why was the house yellow why did ma throw
baseball cards around the living room why didn't i see that thunder
bird in the drive way again again again i pull these memories from my ear
a boutique candle burning for you my light my nightlight o
trembling washing machine your fleece your fleas your
felicity that hole in me which eats & eats & eats & please
don't answer my phone calls if you're not ready to listen please leave
a message please leave a message on the answering machine & i'll get back
to you when phone wires quit buzzing in my head
& the ceiling quits oozing green on my bed

autoerotic asphyxiation

what are you
 when you sleep
 if not the sound
 of telephone wires
 waltzing drearily
 across the midwest
 skyward
 toward nowhere?
 tonight
 back home
 your mother is not sleeping

 next to her husband your father

 is not sleeping
 next to his wife
 & you wheeze

 until you remember

 all those midnight asthma attacks

 all that scrambled porn in the lungs

 that orange static cock roiding

 the uvula

 as you learned to love

the widower washes his hands

the stuttering savant at the wheel of the super charged
hearse says he played the church organ
before god cut his off fingers off
& turned them gold.

*the most money a musician can make, he says,
ever had your fortune read?*

you show him your burnt palms, your knock
off fingerprints. the name your tongue can't
shape, a seventh shade of sundown.

*i see a screw which will not turn, a nail
behind your eyelids. a ghost watching
you sleep wants you to know*

she's grown tired of your dreams.

you think back on the piles of laundry
the smell of other men around your bed
& ask him to pull over near a rusty bridge
overlooking spectacular water.

he knows just the place.

the lizardman cuts the cord

neural rain. a fragile octopus.
all ink & glass eyes. difficult to be
here. again. with you. in this room
we can't quite afford. among forbidden
lamps & difficult wax there is a neon blue
fog which phases through the door. weeps
like a thin green candle under a reptilian sun.

i just wanted to tell you there is a frantic
ghost that watches me sleep without you
also imagining me vulnerable to attack
in my autokamasutra of askew fetal positions.
in this way i am an open book. this is why i
curl around the subject of mutual arousal
like a dying viper. why i left my skin
on the floor. why i won't answer
your phone calls anymore.

the plastic surgeon courts a holy mannequin

i.

she fell on me in the k mart maternity ward
our immediate love was only skin deep

on the drive home
down streets laid out by the insane
i heard through the radio
a voice
like cindi lauper

maybe we' re going too fast

ii.

i checked the speedometer

the streetlights turned to smears
lost like the color of rain
in winter & i thought

i could hear the static weeping

iii.

when we got home
she slept
at the foot of my bed

for 1000 winters of no light
on an abacus i counted snowflakes

flittering through trees
until my fingers bled

& i could no longer distinguish
each fragile flake
from the frozen red pond

iv.

when she woke she told me
the great sorrow is about to swallow itself

half the moon crumbled
before us in that sleek
twilight

v.

that night i caught her nude
in the kitchen

spooning the other half

of the moon
out
of her plastic
eyes

vi.

she tied a noose around
her waist & wailed
like a nun blind
with ecstasy

plastified i hailed the nearest doctor

yes? an eyeless angel is twitching on my floor
yes? erotic and unerotic
yes? a sea of sand turning to latex between us

the remorseful used car salesmen files for divorce

she told you they all played in the same band

she told you she first heard their music loitering near a pay phone
waiting to call bb king collect

you loved that indirectness about her
the way she'd bend each note blue

on her transdimensional violin

you no longer recognize her now as she pronounces
her own brand of operatic truth
to the whole church

Our Very Catholic Mothers of Great Sorrow

after the sermon you start wondering
if it isn't working out

& yell *Dammit, Gillian, I know your pain*

but you don't

even know if that little girl

y'all left bundled in that texas gas station
will ever stop
screaming

in your rearview

the astronomer's husband finally coughs up

i wanted to tell you the moon has no color
made as it is of used light, but when i opened
my mouth you shined a yellow d-cell
into my left eye, told me to quit whining,
& returned to clipping your wings.

second guessing the weather, a bird
emerged like rain from my mouth.

i began to count backwards, tongue
asleep. each number tasted like a
dead star, an alphabet of lost light.
the next morning, after you brushed
your teeth, several blue feathers
blossomed in the porcelain sink.

the fisherman finds love in all the wrong places

the river was watching me
through an eye so deep
& so dark i could hear it

only as a song lost in the wind.

someone sang, it was the fish
near me on the shore, spilling
its bellyful of foreign currency

plastic worms & long forgotten
engagement rings.

whether out of a profound longing
for the cold comfort of another pulse
or a sick passing fancy, i fell

to my knee & proposed, holding out
one of the recently surfaced rings.

it was white & gold with rubies
in the center, sobright

the river colors seemed
to dim; the clouds flushed
their demure greyscale.

by the time the first drop of rain

kissed the back of my hand, my bride
had died, though, for a moment i'd thought
she was breathless, naturally, despite
the pole in my hand & the hook in her lip.

the paleontologist digs the apocalypse

you fear the violent humming in your tongue.
 nexus of bees. sound of spoiled milk spilling
 across the dirty floor like a tremulant
 in the organ of weeping. that old wind
 which calls us back home has died
 but we can still feel it dancing
 in the back of our itchy throat, so hold
 your breath. count until we see stars
 conflating in the rearview. hold
 my mirror

all our years of bad luck
 are still stowed in the trunk & we can hear them
 hurl slow witted insults through the engine's
 low idle at each blinking stop. sign. no. no turn
 on red. no turning back to the old brown house
 on the corner where we learned to tease
 the mouth's rare muscle, a fraudulent
 construction of memory

we are working
 our way down somewhere, but the street
 lamps won't stop blinking at us, sick slits
 of blue & red. dinosaurs in a 3D magazine.
 a reprieve

repression
 itself is a highly evolved method of survival:
 this is why we bury the dead, why we dig
 up dirt to find what we lost in the rain.

why, if i looked up at the sky & saw a comet
 slipping toward earth, i would call it
 a cosmonaut's fever, an angel's femur,
 a bastard's moon.

the oracle moonlights as a shopping mall optometrist

you're searching for something mystical
strewn on a desk with too many pencils,
but, alas, your gaudy thrift store ash
tray won't stop filling at its breathless
rate. it tells the truth: if you hold smoke
in your lungs long enough, it becomes
a palimpsest refusing to rest its head
for fear a very large, very pink

eraser might fall from the ceiling & rub
itself wild thinking of the possibilities
of life as a ghost.

we were right to fear the advent of typography:

now, all our words are known, see-through,
like your grandmother's raw peach negligee,
a negligence of character. longing to arrive you
tap your foot to a song you can't quite hear, but
to arrive you must not shiver when the wind creeks
through the window or at the possibility you haven't
obtained the necessary humility to see anything,, clearly.

the meteorologist prays in greyscale

all color is carried on a wind
which rises but does not
converge

out there somewhere
between the lead
& shimmer

in the shiver
of trees

water rises antithesis

of patience
that quiet grace

growing since the first canine
pierced flesh to quench

a drought we will never name

so i have come to ask for the birth
of a new word

something incandescent
& without sound

but i hear only a slow whisper
ripple across the cold
black lake

& turn to thunder

the hermit at snapping turtle bridge

i.

looking across the blacktop—

i saw a tree
with no leaves & no memory
of green or orange

ii.

a child walking down this same road
saw a snapping turtle
pissing
on the rusty railings
of the small iron bridge

his striped neck
proud & yellow
seemed to writhe
in summer heat

but the boy didn't know
not to touch him

like he knows now

iii.

he lifted the turtle
by his jagged shell

& set him softly on the rupturing road

hoping he might find someplace
at last, to surrender

to the slow song of sleep

iv.

the man watching from the tree had no teeth
though he lived beneath
the branches & sang
with the cicadas like rain
on a leaky roof

v.

& now, i too, am leaking—
out into the rusty world

my neck

too yellow & too proud to look
up

& see the headlights

the haruspex finds god but loses faith

i.

he dropped his prayer beads
when his knuckles
went numb

& he lost count
& lost count
& lost

every single bead
in a pile of dead
coconuts

ii.

frantic he split open
each coconut on a rock

& prayed

to find even a single bead nestled
in that strange & holy shell
instead of the unformed blue

eyes of an owl

iii.

this much is true:

the world is not a cracked egg

life did not stir
until lightning pranced
through primordial soup

& something writhed

iv.

this much is also true:

only a fool would hope
that owl might cry
might feather
might fly

the kryomancer searches for an antidote

the snow is erotic in its salt

a gold rose hidden
in its fragrance

thus the true barbarism
of febreze: it undoes odors

so that the body becomes
less and less

as if to say the soul
is shrinking

back into its tin foil

but can you doubt
the sound rust makes

weaving its way
through winter?

nothing like sabbath
nothing like sweet leaf

that nail weeping
behind my eyelids

that oxidized cancer
i can't enunciate

without growing cold

the young train hopper rejects the notion of eternal transience

i often imagined myself under the train
looking up—

mechanical bones
grumbling like an ancient sphinx
with osteoporosis—

i'd watched it screech away
as old questions
grew in me

so small i thought

i could sew them shut
like the holes in my only hoodie

already i knew it meant nothing
to have the entire universe
crammed inside

my skull

since there's nothing finally
burning
at the center of it all

still the screeching sphinx asked me

*what's the distance between rust
& nihilism?*

i answered

an iron angel's wingspan

& i suppose the answer mattered then
before that creature

flew off to some iridescent desert
where trains

finally empty themselves

but i have come here to lay
my head down to sleep

& dream of a quiet water
lapsing
down from the sky

to fill my mouth with rain

ferrotypes of drowning children

i.

one sleeps loose toothed in florence, wi at the foot of the dam the one that took
 great uncle fred trudell's twin brother's life as he built it legend
 has it he was very cold & now one can forget
 how the works of our hands will kill us
 that summer i took the cheap gold knife from lon finger
 i carved a totem
 from the august wake
 i the black moth

ii.

jordan left a dollar under a river rock & i pretended
 i couldn't possibly know everything it meant
 i laughed & left
 a chrysanthemum
 in a catfishes' mouth
 that night
 he bore a silver tooth
 to the fire
 never seen a catfish walk so fast
 didn't know how to thank him

iii.

elowah elowah god's greeneye summer before the red winter

mouthrotted & moaning sunflower drunk

more than wanting to die

i wanted to eradicate

water's righteous
claim

to baptism

but i had lost

too many names & can never hold
my breath again

iv.

uncle randy has followed me through the wiouwash

trail to the slit belly of butte des morts
he does not ask

why i cradle a baby's
first christmas ornament

why i watch it sink in the bleak lake

i do not tell him why i am cold
i do not tell
i do not

& we walk home

who am i to throw away my mother or anything she gave me?

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"A Songbird in Flames" & "Domestic Ectoplasm." *Mutiny!* Forthcoming.

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"The Lifespan of Black Ice" & "Host Story." *Pacific Review*. 2015.

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"Atomic Colossus: (Re)presenting the 1945 Atomic Bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki." *Ronald E. McNair Program Showcase*. 2013.

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