

Jodi Drinkwater

Jodi Drinkwater received her MFA in Creative Writing—Poetry from Wichita State University as well as a Film Studies—Screenwriting degree from Santa Fe Community College. Her short plays have been performed in a variety of venues in Santa Fe, and her poetry is published in small presses, including South Dakota Review, and A Project for A New Mythology, among others.

Rains on the Vast, Lost Array

Written By Jodi Drinkwater

(CONTINUED FROM SEPTEMBER ISSUE)

NARRATOR

Sid checked Brisk's hooves and found soil embedded in the sole. The grass was churned up, and Brisk's legs bled.

Sid was pissed.

He cleaned up camp well-enough to leave for the day, and packed the minimum supplies on Brisk. The coyote had run south. Sid jammed his rifle into its scabbard.

Sid checks Brisk's hooves and finds soil embedded in the sole. The grass is churned up, and Brisk's legs bleed.

Sid is pissed.

He cleans up the camp well-enough to leave for the day, and packs the minimum supplies on Brisk. The coyote had run south.

He pours cold coffee into a thermos which he hangs from a bag on his saddlehorn.

Sid jams his rifle into its scabbard.

EXT. THE PLAINS OF SAN AUGUSTIN - DAY

Sid rides Brisk south over the plains in search of the coyote.

NARRATOR

Sid rode Brisk south over the plains in search of the coyote.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

No coyote was in sight.

At noon, the cowboy dismounted his horse, peed, and drank his coffee. He chewed on beef jerky.

SID

This is where I wished I still smoked.

NARRATOR

He fidgeted with his hands instead and checked the grass for tracks.

He found none.

Because there seemed to be nothing better to do, Sid mounted his horse and headed out to the Southeast, toward the building storm.

The wind picked up, and the sky turned dark.

The cowboy stopped again, dismounted again, peed again.

He returned to Brisk and took a swig of coffee and removed his yellow rain slicker from a roll.

He put on the yellow slicker and remounted his horse.

The rain pelted his hat.

The rain was hard, and now there was no hope of finding tracks.

The coyote was gone.

The rains poured over the hunkered cowboy, and Brisk's mane dripped and he hung his head low.

His legs hurt.

The blood, which had dried long ago, now washed away into the grass, and there was not a tree in sight.

The cowboy looked out over the plains as the rains fell. The grass bent low, and the sun was hidden behind great swatches of black clouds.

The line above the horizon was silver, and soon the darkness would come.

Sid turned his horse around and spurred him back north toward camp.

The rain pummeled horse and rider.

And from on high, the cowboy and Brisk melted into the grass and the soil, the sky and the rain, they melted into the nothingness and eternity of the Plains of San Augustin.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

They became the coyote, the soaked camp and the bowing pup tent, the beans and tortillas, the scientists in their building and the space-aged dishes that turned like praying palms to the sky--The Vast, Lost Array.

The horse and rider are enveloped by the storm.

FADE OUT.

The Caves of Lascaux

Written by Jodi Drinkwater

We hid there
in the caves of Lascaux
from tundra and wind
and wilds of beasts.

There was dampness and darkness and loneliness there, but we brought fire
and branches to burn.

Outside lurked tigers
with sabers for teeth
and mammoths woolly
and mammoth.

Stalagtites hung in crystal blue,

and pools of musty water pooled.

We hid here
in the caves of Lascaux
long before the time called now.

Here was tundra
and glacier here.
Here, the fire we burned,
burning still, and still
it burns.

Here in the now
of the caves of Lascaux.

We left our mark
thinking no one would find it.
Not for a thousand years.

We were hidden here.
We were hiding
here in the now
of the caves of Lascaux.

Coyote Heart

Written by Jodi Drinkwater

Coyote heart scuffles across
this forsaken, desert--
yips over the wayward distance,
cacti and sage,
wild horses,
waning moon,
dirt, wind, dirt and wind.
Something rustles
in the half-light--
nothing, nothing
and eternal nothing.
There is only the enigmatic moon
and perpetual quietude.
Endless silence rings and rings.
The rings of the moon echo through
the unraveling sky,
which flays itself open like a wounded heart.
There are stars, of course, and incessant wind.
I yowl and yowl.
Not a soul stirs--
not another alien,
no other coyote.

Hyacinthia and Sweet William

Written by Anonymous

While in California, Hyacinthia eats sushi with me and mentions the simple fact about putting conditioner throughout all of my hair, not just the ends. At this time she was dating Sweet William and I'm attracted to two-spirited/bisexual/lesbian women as well. We all go to the middle of Bryce Canyon where there's these skinny cows that leave cow plops all over the red reservation, and man how do they eat? Then there's no clapping after basket dance ceremonies. I lose my attraction to Sweet William by going to the Aspen's and hearing them whisper their secrets through the wind softly blowing. And then hearing the cicadas sing their songs yet remain unseen.

Ray Miller

Hi, I'm Ray Miller and I'm super excited to be a part of the zine!
When I'm not writing I love to hike, read and do zentangle. The Clubhouse and other Lifelink services have taken a major role in managing my PTSD

Altered States/Internet

Written by Ray Miller

If I hadn't gone into Google deep
I wouldn't have known
Nobody's life looks like Instagram
Nobody's life is better than mine

We're all looking to connect
Sitting alone in the blue light

2 am hoping

Trying to figure out panicky how to delete my “like”

Without turning it into an “unlike”

So they won’t know I was looking

At their family posts at 2 am

I still haven’t gotten an answer to my question

How did we all find each other before Facebook?

I wouldn’t have known

Santa Fe-mous and the shelter aren’t so different

I wouldn’t have known that

The flying women

And those underground

Can change places in a moment

That the dirt and the sky

Can flip upside down

Mystery

Written by Ray Miller

Jannah’s warm presence was a comforting stabilizing hand on the back of my neck

As I knelt in prayer pose

At her grave

The purple giraffe rode away across the sky

Faith said, “I love you, Joni,” her children in a row like ducklings behind her

An electric current ran through our circle,
Carrying my baby's health through
So he could run his first steps

Untitled

Written by Ray Miller

Power calls to me from the place where
The red horses
Touched the end of the street
And made the words stop

The words stop
With not jumping
Off the roof
With storytelling friends
Not saying goodbye
With a camper
Overloaded
That kept breaking down
Relying on strangers
For bread and sleep

Katelyn Feldman

I struggle with mental illness. At first it seemed to slow me down but later I realized I looked at life differently, as if it were a gift. Life is fragile and I have to make the most of it. As an illustrator and artist, I want to share my work with people that appreciate it. I wrote my story through a child's eyes. I was asked to see a doctor for my depression in highschool later, and I saw a psychiatrist and was diagnosed with bi polar, schizophrenia, and depression not all at the same time.

Isabel's Courage

Written by Katelyn Feldman

All babies are cute. When you were born you were special, you looked up, and my heart melted. Your chocolate eyes were so pretty. Your black hair was full and stood up. Your noise was so tiny. Your dad Poncho cried because you were so beautiful and they were happy.

They named Isabel because you were so pretty. Your grandparents came, aunts, uncles, cousins. In fact there were so many people that wanted to see you they put you in a bigger room in the hospital. Your grandmother cried when you were born along with your mom happy tears. Every month Patricia and George would come to see you. They made the best tamales in many towns for christmas time. Everyone lived so close to Samatha and Poncho that the parties did not end for five years.

One day Poncho moved out Isabel was sad. She cried and told her aunt and teacher what had happened. My dad doesn't live with us anymore. She told Meryl, the teacher in kindergarten class, that she was sad. Meryl tried to cheer her up. Isabel didn't know that other kids went through the same thing. After lunch Isabel felt alreate about things. There was even a smile on her face. Isabel knew her mom Samatha was picking her up and she was going to see her dad Poncho next week.

She told her mom that she loved kindergarten and some of the kids were nice. At first Isabel loved kindergarten. One day they learned about cutting paper with scissors. The class learned how to plant flowers and vegetables. Isabel asked her mom if they could

plant flowers. Samatha bought seeds and soil to start a garden. With plenty of water from a bucket. The flowers grew.

And they grew. Until they all blossomed until it snowed then Isabel cried when they froze. Then Isabel learned that they plant seeds and will grow them next year. Meryl's class learned about rainbows. After it rains really hard sometimes the rainbow will appear for a second. Then the rainbow will leave its magic behind. Addison and Isabel dreamed about rainbows at nap time.

Isabel loved class except it was a challenge to focus on her work book one day. The work books one for math, one for reading, writing and science. By reading class she was thinking about her dad. That day Isabel struggled. Although her dad was coming in an hour to see her. Show and tell was tomorrow and she wanted to show her dog Peanut. Peanut is an older dog that doesn't like to be outside around people.

Poncho was happy to see Isabel. They went out for ice cream. Then he took Isabel to her mom's house. Isabel was happy that her dad came and would be there for her next week. Samatha didn't like the idea of taking Peanut for show and tell instead she took a doll.

Today Meryl's class had a real puppet from a real puppeteer. He used his string and his hand to show us. Then he used a sock puppet, named Elemson. Meryl's class showed Isabel how to make sock puppets. She struggled then Addison helped. Addison showed Isabel where to glue the eyes, and where the hair went on the sock puppet. None of the kids' puppets looked like Elemson but they had so much fun.

For Halloween Meryl and the teacher's aid, showed the kids how to make halloween treats.

There were so many to choose from. The pumpkin, scary cat, ghost, spider, spidersweb, and a witch. Isabel wanted to decorate a pumpkin. The colors needed were the orange and black stim. Addison picked the scary cat which was black and green eyed. The teacher's aid helped a group of us. Then some parents also were there as volunteers. Isabel and her classmates loved the Halloween party. Meryl's class introduced Casper The Friendly Ghost movie and afternoon of party time. Isabel's mom took a picture of her and Addison as princes.

Movie friday was so popular so after work books were done. The class would be so Meryl was all done. Let's watch a movie. The movie Up was so funny all the kids laughed and so was the new film Annie. It takes two all kinds of movies and the class as a whole was asked to laugh a little quieter because there were other classes. When

Isabel came home she was so happy she asked her mom if I could take Meryl's class next year. Samatha enjoyed that comment and shared it with the teacher and told Isabel you're silly.

The end

Want to be featured in our next issue? Please send a bio and up to three short pieces of writing (approximately 2000 words or less) to rruff-wagner@thelifelink.org by October 25th.