



THE PHOENIX OF PHILLIPS

Literary works and photography from the Phillips neighborhood

Volume V: Resilience and Resistance

Free in Phillips, \$1 suggested donation



All photos credit: Youth Photography Project of the Semilla Center @ St. Paul's Lutheran



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Volume IV

Resilience and Resistance

The Phoenix of Phillips (El Fenix de Phillips)

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YOUTH POETRY

Editor's Note:

These two group poems were written by youth ages 8 and up during St. Paul's & Semilla's day camp, 2018. The theme of the camp was: "Plantando un Nuevo Mundo—Planting a New World."

A PSALM OF THANKSGIVING

Thank you for the bees
For the strawberries
For flies and spiders and moths
That pollinate the flowers.
For food and napkins,
Houses and clothes,

For the food
We can eat at our feet:
Lamb's quarters,
Wood sorrel,
Stinging nettles and dill,
Nasturtium flowers
And all your wonderful creations.

Thank you for a man
Fixing his car
So he can get to work.

Thank you, dear God,
For peaches and cherries
And mulberries

That fall on the sidewalk,
For rhubarb and horseradish
And for everything
Which is tasty,
Which is nutritious,
Which is fun.

And for cameras
And glasses, shoelaces
And shoes, zippers
And buttons, fire
And fire extinguishers,
And for light
And water
And hands
To give thanks.

Above all, dear Lord,
We thank you
For you,
For us,
For life.



EDITOR'S NOTE:

This year continues to be a challenge for our community, with attacks on immigrants, the growth of inequality, racism, and so much more. But it's also been a year of hope, as more and more people resist the policies of our government and organize for change. And it has been a year of supporting each other. Resistance and Resilience—two sacred, radical commitments.

In many ways, the young have led us, including those whose poems begin on page 4. Two 3rd grade teachers involved their whole class in writing on the theme "What I Want To Change". Talk about out of the mouths of babes! These 8 and 9-year-olds wrote from their family and community experiences in such a profound way. They reflect the struggles and hopes of many in our neighborhood. Let us follow their example: being truthful about the world as it is; living each day with the hope of a new world, beautiful and in peace, that we can create together.

The Phoenix of Phillips is the only literary magazine by and for our neighborhood. Please submit your work for the next issue on "Hope", and please choose to support our work financially. Thank you!

NOTA DEL EDITOR:

Este año ha sido un desafío para nuestra comunidad, con ataques a los inmigrantes, crecimiento del racismo y sexismo, desigualdad, y mucho más. Pero también ha sido un año de esperanza, ya que cada vez más personas resisten las políticas de nuestro gobierno y se organizan para hacer cambios. También, ha sido un año de apoyo mutuo. Resistencia y Estoicismo: dos compromisos sagrados y radicales.

De muchas maneras, los jóvenes han tomado el liderazgo, incluyendo sus poemas que empiezan en la página 4. Dos maestras de 3er grado involucraron a toda su clase para escribir sobre el tema "Lo que quiero cambiar". ¡De los labios de los pequeñitos! De manera muy honesta profunda, estos niños y niñas de 8 y 9 años escribieron de su experiencia familiar en su comunidad. Ellos reflejan las luchas y las esperanzas de muchos en el vecindario. Sigamos su ejemplo; digamos la realidad de nuestro mundo tal como es, y vivamos cada día con la esperanza de un nuevo mundo hermoso y en paz que podemos crear juntos.

El Fénix de Phillips es la única revista literaria de nuestro vecindario. Envíe sus obras para la próxima edición sobre "Esperanza", y elija apoyar financieramente nuestro trabajo. ¡Gracias!

A PSALM OF REPENTANCE FOR THE WORLD GOD CREATED

Forgive us
Our trash that piles up on the street

Forgive us
The drugs that are poured into our youth

Forgive us
All the killing
All the guns
All the wars
All the hate

Forgive us
For killing the bees
Oh, the dying bees!

Forgive us
For polluting the Mississippi
For not providing homes for everyone
For our love of plastic

Forgive us dear God
For the smoke that heats your planet
For the oil spilled on the street
That runs into your river

For trash
Trash
Trash
Trash
Trash
Trash

Help us to share our food
Help us to clean the earth
Help us to not bully or be bullied
Help us to ride our bikes instead of cars
Help us to not kill
Help us to live in peace
Help us to protect the bees,
and protect each other
Help us, O Creator,
to be who we were created to be

YOUTH POETRY CONTEST

These poems were written by students in Ms. Rachel Powers' and Jessica Krohn's 3rd grade classrooms at Hans Christian Andersen United Community School in Phillips. The Semilla Center sponsored a poetry contest (with cash prizes) on the theme: "What I Want to Change". These are just some of the excellent poems written by these eight and nine-year olds. They reflect the struggles and hopes of many in our neighborhood. The poems are written in "Diamante" or "Diamond" form, where the first three lines refer to the problem, the fourth line switches from problem to hope, and from then on it's all hope! Thanks so much to the teachers and students for their powerful work. (A translation of selected poems can be found following.)

Editor's Award—1st Place

Deportaciones
lamentable, solo
llorando, separando, extrañando
separaciones, países, padres, niños
ayudando, abrazando, jugando
felices, juntos
Familias Unidas

John Tiniganay

Editor's Award—1st Place

Slavery
hateful, tired
cleaning, forcing, hurting
chains, work, power, independence
loving, caring, determining
incredible, respectful
Freedom

Minka Mendez-Cruz

Editor's Award—1st Place

Deforestación
amenazada, decepcionado
cortando, ignorando, maltratando
máquinas, destrucción, limpieza, semillas
cuidando, sembrando, apreciando
caluroso, maravilloso
Crecimiento

Bryan Mena Anaya

Runner Up Award

Desigualdad
analfabetos, maleducados
maltratando, prohibiendo, previniendo
personas de color, no acceso, colegios, aprendizaje
escribiendo, leyendo, asistiendo
astutas, alfabetos
Justicia

Evelyn Ponce Vivar

Runner Up Award

Deportación
extrañado, amenazado
escondiendo, llorando, arrestando
migración, policías, familias, inmigrantes
cruzando, pasado, llegando
contentos, juntos
Papeles

Alan Sánchez Zamorano

Runner Up Award

Sin Hogar
desesperados, hambrientos,
dañando, falleciendo, sufriendo,
parques, coches, cambios, leyes
construyendo, dando, vendiendo
juntos, salvos
Hogares Para Todos

Yair Santana

Runner Up Award

Drogas
inseguro, caótico
disparando, vendiendo, lastimando
policía, cadáver, niños, salud
ayudando, viviendo, vigilando
calmado, sano
Medicina

Diego Anastacio

Runner Up Award

Muro
riesgoso, violento
arrestando, escapando, refortando
policía, helicópteros, ser humano, inmigrantes
escapando, pasando, entrando
contento, aliviado
Frontera libre

Cristian Hernández Hernández

Runner Up Award

Sin Seguro Medico
amenazado, maltratado
ignorando, prohibiendo, evitando
fiebre, enfermedad, clínica, medicinas
ayudando, permitiendo, ofreciendo
bien tratado, justo
Seguro Medico

Yahir Casiano

Runner Up Award

Pobreza
triste, enfermo
esperando, preocupando, trabajando
sin agua, sin mamá comiendo, gracias
comiendo, dando, jugando
saludable, satisfecho
Justicia

Angel Rivera



The following were Honorable Mentions

Fumar
 apestoso, infeliz
 respirando, muriendo, tosiendo
 cáncer, pulmones, ejercicios, aire fresco
 jugando, riendo, comiendo
 feliz, energético
 Salud

Daniel Ramírez

Hambre
 no comiendo, llorando, gritando
 sin comida, sin dinero, amor, trabajo
 jugando, teniendo, trabajando
 feliz, contento
 Comida Para Todos

Alberto Santana Díaz

Narcóticos
 inseguro, violento
 enfermado, lastimando, vendiendo
 calles, delincuentes, vecindario, escuela
 ayudando, comunicando, observando
 seguro, tranquilo
 Harmonía

Kimberly Barreto

Pobreza
 desesperados, hambrientos
 pidiendo dinero, ignorando, sufriendo
 injusticia, muchacho, amigos, leyes nuevas
 ayudando, cuidando, viviendo
 bien tratados, protegidos
 Igualdad

Ashanty López

Contaminación
 fea, triste
 echando, ensuciando, contaminando
 basura, agua sucia, animales, arboles
 limpiando, protegiendo, ayudando
 limpia, fresca
 Tierra Protegida

Miguel Martínez

Inseguridad
 apagada, enfadada
 robando, pegando, lastimando
 personas, pistolas, unidad, amigos
 conociendo, amando, cuidando
 alegre, amistosos
 Seguridad

Lupita Guadalupe Hernández Ocampo

Hunger
 down, irritated
 praying, starving, sobbing
 neighbor, empty, grub, home
 feeding, buying, caring
 glad, satisfied
 Fed

Angela Silvan

Extinción
 malo, triste
 matando, cortando, maltratando
 cazadores, personas, árboles, cuevas
 salvando, protegiendo, cuidando
 bueno, feliz
 Animales protegidas

Jonathan López Onofre

No Acceso
 analfabeto, injusto
 ignorando, maltratado, censurando
 Personas de color, los niños, educación, escuelas
 autorizando, aprendiendo, permitiendo
 alfabetos, educados
 Acceso

Nailette Campozano Luna

Extinción
 odio, tristeza
 doliendo, matando, enfermado
 cazadores, maltratación, mundo, amor
 protegiendo, cuidando, corriendo
 seguros, libres
 Animales Protegidos

Enerly Escarate Hernandez

Racismo
 avergonzado, molesto
 burlando, ofendiendo, humillando
 odio, color, equipo, comunidad
 uniendo, ayudando, respetando
 feliz, agradecido
 Igualdad

Jacqui Cardona Castillo

SELECTED TRANSLATIONS OF ANDERSEN YOUTH'S "DIAMOND" POEMS

Translations by Patrick Cabello Hansel

Deportations
lamentable, alone
crying, ripping apart, missing
separations, different countries, parents, children
helping, hugging, playing
happy, all together
Families United

John Tiniganay

Deforestation
threatened, deceived
cut down, ignored, mistreated
machines, destruction, cleaning up, seeds
caring, planting, appreciating
warm, marvelous
Growth

Brayan Mena Anaya

The Wall
risky, violent
arresting, escaping, comforting
police, helicopters, human beings, immigrants
escaping, crossing, entering
content, relieved
Open Border

Cristian Hernández Hernández

Racism
ashamed, molested
mocking, offending, humiliating
hatred, color, a team, community
coming together, helping, respecting
happy, thankful
Equality

Jacqui Cardona Castillo

Homeless
Desperate, hungry
Damaging, dying, suffering
In parks, in cars, then changes, laws
Building, giving, selling
Together, safe and sound
Homes For Everyone

Yair Santana

Drugs
insecure, chaotic
shooting, selling, wounding
police, cadaver, children, health
helping, living, keeping watch
calm, health
Medicine

Diego Anastacio



REFUGEE STORIES

These stories were written, or transcribed by a translator, by three men living at St. Paul's Home, a low-income senior apartment building built by St. Paul's Lutheran Church, and across the street from the Semilla Center. These stories were written during a writing workshop for seniors, taught by our Executive Director and Writer-in-Residence Patrick Cabello Hansel.

I left Somalia in 1984 and crossed the border to Ethiopia. After 18 years of staying in Ethiopia refugee camp called "Harshin" the biggest problem was water-food-medical and the biggest problem facing families was 'Rape'. My eldest daughter "Maryan" ran from Mogadishu crossed the border to Kenya. Maryan got a chance to come to America. Maryan didn't have any contact with us 7 year, she began to support us and sent for us \$300 every month. After we got money we moved from Harshin to Jigjiga where I stayed until the Somali government collapse in 1999. With my family we went back to Somalia and Mary sent a visa to come America. The visa was attached in Nairobi. With the family of seven we began to travel from Somalia to Kenya. Crossing the border of Ethiopia to Kenya. In 2006, 9 month in Kenya we got our visa to America 2007.

Hussein M. Hirsi

In 2006 I left Somalia due to wars. I came to Kenya at the time of elections that have caused much violence. So, I moved to Uganda. From 2006 up until 2013 I was in Uganda. In Uganda we placed at camp called Naka Valley. The life inside the camp was very hard. There was no adequate nutrition. The authorities in Uganda left us to fend for our self. They handed us a fork and an axe and told us to farm the land. Some of the people in the camp started farming. However, the locals released their cattle into their farms to graze. And the authorities let it happen. While were in that predicament and suffering, then in 2010 came an American office named Mr. Martin who was working for the United States Embassy. He has notified us that anyone with a refugee food distribution card will have a chance to go to United States. He warned not to hastily sell our properties, livestock, and farms. This process is long and no knows for sure on who will get through or not. In 2013 I succeeded to get through the interview process and handed documentation and a one way ticket to come to United States.

Ismail Aden

I left Somali in the year 2000, and moved to Kenya. In 2009 I was able to enter the United States. My wife who entered the States in the year 2000 had filed a visa for me. Between 2000-2009 I lived in Nairobi.'

Dayib Osman

EVERYTHING REAL

Once again, here is the vast expanse of lake
in shifting shades of blues and greens:
sparkling emerald and sapphire, flat gunnel grey,
cobalt and moss and pearl.

I'm standing on the dock telling myself: woman up.
Just dive in, and the shock will wear off
the water will become your
second skin.

No matter how many times I do it
my heart begins to drum a little faster while I consider
all that it is.
This sprawling basin with its long shallow shelves
wending inwards,
the vertiginous drops into darkness.

There's plenty to view on the surface,
some of it benign.
Alabaster water lilies with yolk-colored sex organs
open to the sky
the violet flames of purple loosestrife that ring
the distant shore.
Red-eyed loons bobbing along with their babies
trailing behind them.
A bald eagle circling above.

And underneath, oh, underneath.
Gladdening sunfish with their warm gold bellies
and flecked sides glinting
Parades of minnows switching this way and that,
navigating darts of light.
Plant life swaying like mermaids to invisible music:
curly leaf pondweed, with its oblong leaves,
starry stonewort, filmy to the touch,
brittle naiads, looser-looking than they sound.
And the prehistoric pike, with its flattened snout
and razor teeth
undulating leeches
whiskered bottom-feeders and painted turtles.

There are the things abandoned or lost
by their humans:
fish hooks, beer cans, a lone tennis shoe,
wedding rings and paddles, even whole boats.
All of it hidden, drifting imperceptibly
in the long timeline of water and wind
winter ice and spring turn-over.

I can't remember a time when I couldn't swim,
although I know I was taught
how to put your face in the water,
knowing that breath will come in a few strokes
scissoring under the surface for long distances
pushing your lungs a little harder every time
or, face up to the sun, surrendering your body
to the waves.

Sometimes I wear a suit
sometimes I'm naked
and I like naked best, the way the silky water
slips between my thighs and around my breasts,
nothing between us.

Most of us spend most of our time on land
high and dry.
We move about in the world of car keys
and doors that open and shut
of voices and articulated sound.

But my body never forgets that other silent world, the water.
It's always with me.

And this is my offering, my way of being
everything real in a world of make-believe:
every chance I get
every summer morning
when the sun and water
weave a lattice-work of light on the boat sides
I will stand there
clad only in my intentions
contemplating the lake
then launch myself off the dock
to meet it.

Anne Sawyer

WE SEE AGAIN

Author's Note:

- I've been moved by several experiences this week:
1. Loved ones who have passed and that thin space between Heaven and Earth.
 2. Art used as a response to Holy inspiration.
 3. Opening our eyes, ears and senses to the awesomeness of God.

With eyes open to the eternal
New visions of the endless communion of saints
We humbly ask for mercy
Accept Your holy Grace
And walk the road after Emmaus, Your way again

Jeanne Heer

GLINT

As long as the sun glints
Off the myriad shades of green
Grass, petals, leaves
Parked cars
Outside unlocked garage doors

As long as birds chirp
Airplanes are not too heavy for the sky
And wind rustles through trees

As long as my heart breathes
I will let its crust keep cracking
So I can release into unfolding
And never stop noticing the glinting.

Erica Seltzer-Schultz



IT WAS FLAME

Slavery
indentured servitude
migrant labor
genocide to clear for land theft
minimum wage so low
we can't see the ceiling:
America has been in business.

Shackle to sow.
Smallpox to blanket.
Guns bristle the border.
Lighter kisses hooch,
and how many times will you burn down Chinatown
or whatever enclave we have been forced
to manifest your destiny.

One Black life would be one too many
and yet the police
multiply the number of murders nightly
as they have for
hundreds of years.
Teach me the
English
meaning of these words:
fair,
justice,
equity
as our bodies
are demarcated
by the light of our own
burning history.

They sang that it was wind blowing majestic across
this nation when really it was flame.

Bao Phi

*Previously published in Thousand Star Hotel,
2017, Coffeehouse Press*

TO RESIST

To breathe is to resist
A protest against the waves
That crash against my spirit
My exhale stops a tsunami

To do nothing is to resist
To stand there and take it
I attempt to bend but not break
But the cost, it is vengeful

To love is to resist
When rage is the only reasonable response

Am I the only one offering grace?
It is lonely to love, sometimes

To speak is to resist
I clench my fists and scream my words
The truth feels inadequate
But so many have no voice

To fight is to resist
But where is the line?
I do not know when diplomacy loses its potential
To heal, to save, to transform

Tara Beard

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

(More than 20 veterans die by suicide daily.)

He was never the same again.
Something happened to him in that war.
The rage was so close to the surface
We could all feel it.

He was never at peace.
It was not "the enemy" he feared.
He feared the man he had become.

I hope he rests well now,
but we are left with anguish.
He'd been trained to create a world he couldn't
stand to live in.

Amy Blumenshine

INNER CITY SLEEPLESSNESS

Snowflakes are still six-sided
after how many
thousands of years?
Trees manufacture chlorophyll.
I will survive.
I will thrive.
Boxed in or not
Punch the walls down
Or quietly ask them to melt.
Don't perceive them as walls-
just large stepping stones
or places to flash dreams
and sleep
until sleep is not needed.

Pat Willis Vincent

EGGSHELL

Eggshell
split open.
Smiling sky-
We had a meal-
miniature brown rolls
and sweet potatoes,
strawberry rhubarb pie
and cider
and prayer.
Now I write
from the other side.
What are you doing
living here?
Fell through the cracks?
(That is the phrase)
We find our way.
It might be the beginning
or the end
going backwards.
We find our way.

Pat Willis Vincent

Jezebel or invisible. The categories must be explained in some social science text book about aging. I'd rather write about Babba Yagga – the story of a woman who answers the witch's questions wisely and walks away with fire burning in a skeleton head. Courage comes in many forms. It would be nice to walk into the back of a wardrobe and find something other than Narnia. Babba Yagga comes in many forms. Writing down my feelings helps me battle the contempt I experience as a woman. Talking to other women does too. Remembering that I am not alone is important. I am not alone.

Pat Willis Vincent

FATHER BOUGHT MANGOS

Away from his family, not knowing
his mother's recipes for empanadas or arepas,
and the markets only catering to Mexicans,
he would buy plump, red-green mangos,
not as sweet as the long chanquetas
he would find alongside the road as a child
but still juicy,
cut long, fat slices,
let me try the sweet golden meat,
its juice speaking from the corners of my mouth.

Marion Gomez

GRIEF-TENDING AND THE ECOLOGICAL IMAGINATION

My longing for cultural transformation and ecological healing has called me into an apprenticeship in the tending of collective grief. At the first grief ritual workshop I attended, psychologist and soul activist Francis Weller paraphrased Carl Jung, saying "where there is trauma, the imagination stops." For me, this statement defines the necessity for grief work. The unhealed trauma we are carrying is narrowing the capacity of our imaginations to imagine a transition into a more beautiful world. To reconnect to the vastness of our imaginations, we must journey through the initiatory threshold of grief.

This dominant culture has been steeped in trauma for so many generations that we accept it as normal. We have long ago passed through fight or flight and entered freeze, preceding as if the systems around us have not already begun to disintegrate. The devastating shocks of our time are not anomalies but the system functioning in exactly the way it was designed to: the isolated individual cut off from all sources of nourishment, in exclusionary competition with an alien other. But often people are too stuck in the cycle of trauma to be able to see this. It's as if our imaginations have themselves become immobilized—narrowed by our unprocessed trauma and a vast, undefinable grief for some deeper belonging we don't even remember we've lost.

I believe that the necessity of our time, the only possibility for (r)evolution, is to expand our imagination by fully grieving the depth of our culture's disconnection from authentic sources of nourishment. Our collective grief is a radical act, it brings us to the roots of the crisis—this crisis that stems from a wounding displacement from earth and community and violent perpetuation of the same wound on people with an intact connection to their indigeniety. This disconnection has spread across the world in the form of an ideological monoculture, which—through its refusal to witness its own mortality—deadens everything it touches.

We must witness the generations of unprocessed trauma each of us carries as we walk through this shame-bound, self-isolated "normal." We must feel the immeasurable absence of a larger body of community whose witnessing, love, and support was supposed to create the container in which we could fully experience our emotions. We must grieve our dis-memberment from our widest self of earth, the loss of our relationship with the ecological presences around us, and the absence of a cosmology stemming from the vital experience of the sacred infused in all life.

continued...

The full force of this witnessing calls for many rituals and sanctuaries to fully hold our grief. The dominant monoculture does not offer us safe spaces to tend our collective grief and so the grief often stays stuck inside our bodies, unwitnessed. As the grief builds up, the thought of releasing it can feel so dangerous that to protect ourselves, we choose to numb the pain instead, distracting ourselves with what Francis Weller calls the "secondary satisfactions" of our culture. This numbing is a completely appropriate response in a society without community or ritual support for the tending of grief. Solitary grief is traumatizing, especially when the grief is seen as something shameful that must be hidden from others.

Grief cannot fully be released from the body if it is experienced in isolation—we need to hold each other in community and mutual witnessing, drawing on the presences of an animate earth, offering our tears as food for the ancestors. When experienced on this deep level, our grief becomes initiatory, bringing us into the deeper witnessing of death-as-cycle that initiates the adolescent into adulthood. Grief brings us into full relationship with what we love, what we long for, what we will fiercely protect—it orients us towards a sense of self expanding out beyond the boundaries of our skin.

Through an embodied and expressive grieving process, we can begin the work of healing the ancestral trauma collected in our bodies over hundreds, if not thousands of years. By passing through the threshold of our collective grief, we will begin to re-member ourselves into an Ecological Imagination in which we are interwoven in relationship with the other beings around us, opening new possibilities for the transformation of culture and the living of our gifts.

My apprenticeship with grief-tending has helped me to re-member that a deep purpose of human existence is to listen to the imagination of the earth. This Ecological Imagination offers a different way of witnessing the crisis our disconnection has created. In this different way of listening, there comes a moment when we discover that in the absence of our tears, the waters that are rising can teach us how to flow. And as we freeze into immobility, the Earth is showing us how to melt. We are being invited back into a deeper relationship in which our collective grief is the gift we release to the Earth, the only gift that can witness the full vastness of our belonging.

Learn more about Shante' Zenith and the Earth Grief Project at www.earthgrief.com and www.pateron.com/earthgrief. This essay is abridged from a blog post published in on the Transition US website.

Shante' Sojourn Zenith

HAIKUS FROM POWDERHORN

(Spring 2018)

Above the frozen pond
perched upon broken branch
goose honks forlornly

Upon crusty ice
patiently waiting the melt
orange on white, duck feet

Sitting on snow banks
disappearing in warm sun,
eager mallards wait

Heads painted gaudy
nature's very own Gaudi,
wood duck perched in tree

Extended neck, long legs
still waters at icy edge
reflect heron great

Reflected on lake
in early morning sunlight
rests fading full moon

Long black neck in flight
slinky S-shape at tree top
Spring's first cormorants

Dark soft pungent ground,
worms merge, geese and ducks gorge,
following night rain

Mixed palette of reds,
coiffed by nature's hairdresser,
tree blossoms blooming

Like rose-hued snowflakes
falling on shimmering pond
flower petals swim

Mike Troutman

WHITE FEAR

I think about it everyday.

Once you steal someone's land and lives,
You become fearful

You fear them fighting back tomorrow.
You fear them coming while you are asleep, and do what you
did to them to you and your family.

You fear anyone that looks like your victims.
You create others, and fear them all.
You push them down. You intimidate them.
You poison their water. You execute their youth for broken
headlights and for jaywalking.
You take away their languages and step on their sacred belief.
You ban them. You separate them from their children and put
their babies in a cage.

Just like that,
Days turn years. Years become decades.

But your fear never goes away.
With all the land and gold you stole from them, your fear gets
passed down to your children.

And it becomes their curse.

Akiko

¡RESISTE!

Andando yo una vez
me metieron al hospital.
Alguien me llamo estando allí.
Pensé que era Dios
El me pregunto por mi nombre,
le dije, me llamo Manuel,
El me dijo,
"Te dio un infarto".

Antes,
yo era diferente,
no era esa persona que siente.
Recuerdo que alguien me llamó por mi nombre:
"¡Resiste!" me dijo.
"¡Piensa que tú puedes!"
Este poema es de amor
porque el amor nos lleva a lo que más queremos:
porque Dios se metió en mi
y allí está El ahora
en mi ser.

Manuel Herrera

RESISTANCE

"Don't be afraid," she said,
"You come from a family of revolutionaries"

You come from a long line of warriors.
Fighters who resisted the destruction of our civilization.
The destruction of cities, palaces and buildings,
our ancient culture, our music, our art.

Our ancestors, I tell you, they dared to build again.
Our ancestors stood up against the aggressors,
Adapting to new circumstances,
peacefully, but not quietly they fought.
They resisted.
They re-built our culture again and again
Always anew
Always changing it to create new art, music, architecture.
new, but ancient at the same time,
always remembering our ancient roots and true values.

You think this attack is new?
They call us names.
They attack us, dismiss us, humiliate us.
They steal our children away.

This is not new. I tell you.
Have you forgotten your own history?
Let me say it again:
We come from a family of warriors, fighters, survivors,
resisters.
These are our people. This is who we are. Don't you forget.
They killed us again and again,
But we did not die. We became light.

We were seeds that grew into flowers.
We bloomed. We grew. We became art and culture.
And music and food. Architecture.
Because we know how to work, to build, to create.
To care for each other. To love.

Don't be afraid, I tell you:
We are flashes of light that illuminate the darkness of the night.
We can resist!

Teresa Ortiz, July 2018

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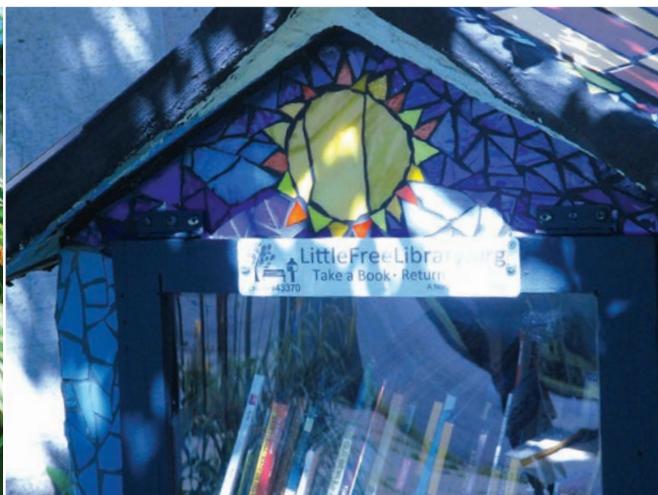
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"The Phoenix of Phillips" is a publication of the Semilla Center for Healing and the Arts at St. Paul's Lutheran Church. For the past twelve years, Semilla has taught mosaics, mural arts, photography, puppetry and creative writing to over 3,000 people and installed 28 murals and over 50 other artistic place holders in Phillips and beyond. Semilla means "seed" in Spanish, and it is our passion to plant seeds of hope, justice and beauty in our community. We do so, conscious of the challenges facing us, but more conscious of the great hope we have.

The Phillips area is comprised of four neighborhoods: Ventura Village, Phillips West, Midtown Phillips and East Phillips. The boundaries of the Phillips community are Interstate 94 to the north, Hiawatha Avenue to the east, Lake Street to the south, and Interstate 35W to the west.

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FOR MORE INFORMATION

on the Phillips Avenue of the Arts, Arts and Healing, and workshops in photography, creative writing, mosaics and murals:

St. Paul's Lutheran Church:
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2742 15th Ave S., Minneapolis, MN 55407

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Twitter and Instagram: @semillacenter

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH WELCOMES YOU!

¡La Iglesia Luterana San Pablo te invita!

- English worship 10am
 - Misa en español, 12pm
 - Last Sunday of the month, 11 am bilingual, with pot luck
- Activities for children, youth and adults.
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YOU CAN BE INVOLVED WITH SEMILLA!

- Teach a class: puppetry, creative writing, movement, visual arts, or other!
- Attend a class
- Volunteer at one of our events
- Host a visit from Young Leaders at your workplace
- Serve on our board
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THE PHOENIX OF PHILLIPS VOLUME VI

The next issue of The Phoenix will be out in 2019 with the theme of "Hope." Submit to semillacenter@gmail.com or by mail to: 2742 15th Ave S. Minneapolis, MN 55407

Help make The Phoenix Of Phillips a fire of literary beauty by supporting the next issue financially.

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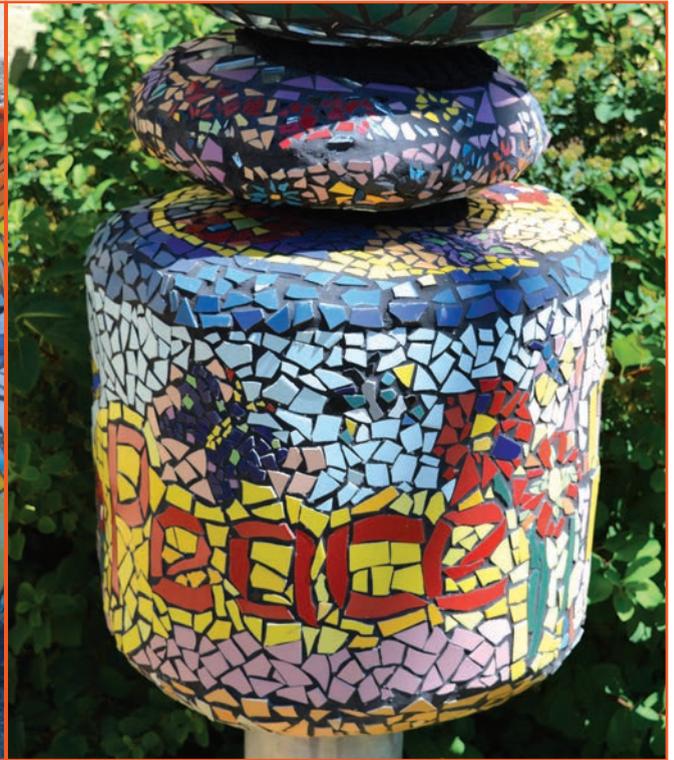
YOU CAN FIND THE PHOENIX OF PHILLIPS AT THESE MINNEAPOLIS LOCATIONS:

- St. Paul's Lutheran, 2742 15th Ave S.
- Heart of the Beast, 1500 East Lake
- Quatrefoil Library, 1220 East Lake
- The Loft, 1011 Washington Ave S.
- Midtown Global Market, Eliot and Lake
- Our Saviour's Lutheran, 24th & Chicago
- Franklin Library, 1314 E. Franklin
- Pow Wow Grounds, 1414 E. Franklin
- Messiah Lutheran, 2400 Park Avenue S.
- Mpls. Area Synod, 122 W. Franklin, Suite 600

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Handicapped Ramp at Roosevelt High School,
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1400 block of East 28th Street



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