



# The Edelbrock Diaries



RT. REV. ALEXIUS EDELBROCK, O. S. B.

This collection is aiming to memorialize a place.

# Edelbrock.

A house, built in 1940, moved in 1981.

As an intentional living community, the house provided more than a living space. It served as a gathering space, a refuge, creative inspiration, and the centerpiece of a community.

After we learned it would be decommissioned in 2014, we decided it would be appropriate to honor the house by sharing what it had helped us to create.

This brief journal is composed of art that was created by members of the Edelbrock community, both residents and friends, that was inspired by the spirit of the house.

# Cornfield Dowry

By Cody Lynch

Bends of crop  
Visible from your window frame  
That severs the image,  
Containing a flat universe,  
With the dragging weight  
Of a family crest you couldn't even draw  
From a cornfield dowry.





Kellen Witschen



Alex Chocholousek

# Escribo Para

By Nate Engel

Me siento a escribir pocas veces.  
No es que no me gusta escribir  
Ni que no tengo ninguna cosa de decir.  
Es más que no tengo el tiempo o la energía  
O porque requiere demasiado esfuerzo.  
Esas son las razones  
Que impidieron mi escritura.  
Sin embargo,  
Cuando escribo,  
Me siento libre.

Puedo expresar mis ideas  
Con la verdad que las merecen.  
Puedo decir lo que quiero  
Y no necesito preocuparme  
Con las reacciones de otras.  
Es ese sentimiento  
Que me maneja a escribir.  
Yo escribo cuando quiero sentir libre.

# With Her

By Molly Horton

He parts the tall grasses,  
Inhaling the citrus air  
That dwells deep in the roots  
Of the prairie's vast growth.

The Earth groans at  
His fumbling presence, calling his  
Fingers deeper into the rich, dark loam—  
From which the harvest feeds.

He rocks in the majesty  
Of the hymn licked breeze  
That combs through the field and strips the grasses  
Of her seeds—sowing wide for next year.

Inadequate to all he once called a monstrosity.  
At the mercy of her twisting  
Spirals of Golden Rod and Thistle.  
A pleading—small—to her waving lips of grain





Ben Carlson



Noah Jeffrey

# Hare

By Luke Muyskens

The hare looks calm to me  
Before I recall his eyes  
Point to his two sides.  
They do not see together  
But two whole pictures,  
Neither of which contain me.  
The hare steps to a bush,  
Lifts his paws,  
Holds the leaves and chews  
With paws that are not hands  
But do all the hare needs.  
I step to the hare  
And he does not run or leap  
As I stretch my hand  
To feel his mossy fur.  
Unlike my coarser hair,  
His is dense and warm and clean.  
The moon rises blue and small  
To cast a shadow from the hare  
And his twitching ears.  
The hare does not know  
What occurs behind his back—  
But catches the silver light.  
And turns his head, pointing  
His small wet nose  
To the dim night at my left.  
The hare looks calm to me.

# A Space Within

By Alex Forster

In the white house at the edge  
Of Fruit Farm Road,  
A body-worn armchair waits  
Near a corner window.  
It stands as if it has stood for ages –  
A monument to the changing seasons,  
A witness to the sad morality  
Outside this sunlit space.

The fire will come soon –  
Next fall I Imagine. It will  
Tear violently through each room,  
Leaping the stairs as we have  
Every night before bed.  
And when it wraps its claws  
Around the cloth-bellied chair,  
Will anyone stand against the sin?





Kellen Witschen

# Thoughts as we paint the kitchen red

By Matt Palmquist

There is something primitive about the color red.

It is wine, it is blood, it is America.

It is the murderer's hand, the scented soap,  
the queen's rose, the persian rug,  
the mechanic's rag, the writer's remorse.

It is the morning, and the sunset,  
birth and death, love and hate,  
the Bic lighter in my pocket,  
and the ripe tomatoes on the vine.

Someday soon, likely after the maple trees  
lose their leaves,  
they will walk through here and see,  
our glyphs, like cave paintings.

# Eternity

By Connor Klausing

The horizon beautifully silenced—  
Fading into empty perimeters  
As though the scene—the remnants of a dream  
In the mind of some God—  
Were interrupted mid-thought.  
Each branch, each twig on barren tree  
Obscured, invites listening  
To its slow accumulation.  
A brush dipped in  
A ying-yang pool.  
Contour of darkness leading  
Shadow of light following  
Draws onlookers out of themselves—  
Pacing the endless permutations  
Calmly tracing infinity—  
To sleepwalk eternally.

These hills first greeted your young soul  
In rather recent times,  
Much sooner they've met me, their role  
In life chiefly defines.  
Stay awhile, please, let me tell you...

Untamed forest; trees of such height  
Contains bridges and streams  
By which I'll stroll with you, as light  
Gilt by moon on dew gleams.  
Stay awhile, please, let me tell you...

Farmer's house, a home 'mongst the trees  
Golden refuge from time  
All are welcome, no need for keys  
Windows' glow in cold rime.  
Stay awhile, please, let me tell you...

Homestead in vale, 'midst Watab's hills  
Provides nourishment for  
Mouth and soul, a garden that fills  
Both our minds and cellar.  
Stay awhile, please, let me tell you

From atop these mapled moraines  
We shall make our ascent.  
All you see to your life pertains,  
Maintains your firmament.  
Stay awhile, please, let me tell you...

Don't be surprised by the montage  
Of life before your eyes.  
What you see is not a mirage  
Or scenes sent from the skies.

What did you expect? Long ago  
I told you the secret:  
Heaven surrounds us, you should know,  
Here on Earth we make it.

# These Hills

By Ben Carlson





Luke Muyskens



Dan Wattenhofer

# Whiskey and Cigarettes

By Alex Forster

The boy with thick glasses smokes on the roof,  
Curling his free fingers around a glass of whiskey.  
Ice clinks in as he offers it to his lips –  
Bells to mark the lightness of vice.  
With a long breath, he rests the cup back,  
Looks at the light on the oak trees outside,  
Feels the relief warming him  
And says, “I must stop this.”

# My Three Bodies

By Luke Muyskens

A body wrapped in a rug on the floor like  
My body, hovering over a chair looking out the window to  
A body sleeping dead in the leaves.  
Like

Mine, is a pile of washers stacked onto strings in the shape of my skeleton,  
Only the strings were pulled out.  
With a neck coiled so tight  
A rattlesnake would hiss favorably at the winding springs,  
And every inch as unwashed as a newly dead Lazarus  
Before the mourners collect their wits.

On the floor he  
Is an overstuffed sack of laundry with socks shoved into his fingers and  
Dumped in the rest with warm applesauce,  
Where he writhes eviscerated like a bean pod  
Trapped between two thumbs in summer,  
And panting as heavily as the first or second birth of a dog.

In the leaves they  
Look cold and empty like the bottom of a white plate  
After breakfast, before dinner,  
And the leaves walk evenly single file across their backs  
To lie and cover flesh in sacred rite.  
But through the window I cannot feel the skin, or the hair,  
And through the trees I can't discern the motions.





Kellen Witschen



Dan Wattenhofer

# Across Shore

By Molly Horton

While she wandered the mountain stream  
She mused the drift of passing of things.  
Amid submerged rocks that resist the coast  
But cement as they lament pull by pull  
In the untamable drift-bed of waves.

Stones that pulse under sun lock and star drops  
And wade in the days' current place for drifters.  
Its travelers sweep with a willow like crawl,  
Pulling forward in rhythm,  
Drawing calm curves.

The drop-dense sheet whispers her secrets downstream,  
To the prairie lined banks and the wet water seams,  
Void of voices, in the nest of the clearing  
That is Still's settled home.  
Where she stands a welcome guest—alone.

And as she dances among the smooth pebbles  
She feels their embrace on each naked toe.  
The clear air kisses her bare skin—clothes on shore—  
A white surrender on the sand bank  
As the sun licks a pleasant gold at her hip.

Me, across the rolling stream, boyishly weak  
In the strong impels of these waters  
In low light unseen, watching the spotlighted form.  
Her, teasing near like a song, a sparrow, and wheat  
Swaying; the original waters.

# Untitled

By Cody Lynch

Wrapping the earth in copper wire  
In sound waves  
And switch boards  
Which sail  
Toward a distant flare

Broadcasting an empty space

Infrared blankets  
Become libraries and churches  
Some future scape  
In our ears  
And saying prayers in hopes of hearing a familiar voice

Would you recognize me?  
What's to confess?



Luke Muyskens



Dan Wattenhofer



# To A White Wall

By Matt Palmquist

There is a floorboard upstairs  
that always creaks with the passing of bodies  
stepping on its hunched back.

It announces, better than a clock  
the arrival of morning,  
its familiar smell of bodies,

hot coffee, and cold january air.  
It is fifty eight degrees in the house, but you stand  
shirtless, watching water boil,

Framed by the white walls of the kitchen,  
sourdough starter bubbling in the cupboard,  
my economics book holding up the table.

