

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES

“OPERA 2”

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BY

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ABSTRACT
OPERA 2
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Opera 2 is a collection of poems about loss—how memory, language, and material forms break down, reassemble, and resist containment. Blending text and image, the work doesn't just describe disappearance; it enacts it, making reading an act of excavation, piecing together something that resists being held in place. Throughout, I return to the question of what remains—of a person, of an event, of an artwork—when its form is no longer intact. Underlying this interest in the breakdown of forms is the pathos of grief, namely, what remains in the face of disappearance

Ritual and endurance structure the collection, not as resolutions, but as ways of tracing absence. The handwritten elements of my collection function not only as fixed texts, but as artifacts of performance; proof of an attempt to hold something that cannot be fully retained. This performance is not an aesthetic spectacle, but a sustained, compulsive enactment. Words are crossed out, smudged, rewritten, their history visible on the page. Writing here is not simply produced but endured.. The process of creating here mirrors the way loss unfolds: not as a single event, but as a repeated reckoning. *Opera 2* does not seek closure. Rather, it lingers in the detritus of what remains; the collection is the act of writing as both proof and failure. In the face of breakdown, *Opera 2* finds both the violence and the beauty of what refuses to disappear.

Table of Contents

<i>Three Fragments all Transitory and Unreal</i>	4
<i>Virginia</i>	6
<i>Physical Writing as Performance and Ritual</i>	8
<i>On Physical Writing vs Digital</i>	9
<i>Kinship Through Pharmacology</i>	10
<i>ACT 1</i>	10
<i>ACT 2</i>	11
<i>ACT 3</i>	12
<i>ACT 4</i>	13
<i>Untitled Transcriptions</i>	14
<i>CITADEL</i>	15
<i>Ekphrasis of Tony Conrad's "Four Violins"</i>	16
<i>Pastoral Finally</i>	18
<i>Central Motivations of Blake Lemoine</i>	19
<i>[] Practice</i>	20
<i>Thai Boxing</i>	21
<i>In Support of Robbery and Scamming (Container theory)</i>	22
<i>My Only Artist Cousin Entirely Inside This Ziplock Bag (Ashlyn)</i>	23
<i>at home</i>	25
<i>Sword 5</i>	26
<i>Triptych Series</i>	29

#1	30
#2	31
#3	32
#4	33
#5	34
#6	35
<i>Afterword</i>	36

Three Fragments all Transitory and Unreal

I. (No Sound)

It's summer in a grecian cliffed villa I smile and I'm young. Me and another small boy run around the courtyard, chasing each other around the fountain, its cool water draping over the aegean blue tile. At some point throughout the day I lose my mother in the first way you learn to lose. A simple lack: whether tactile or optical –even auditory, a shout from a distant balcony– all seem on the other side of a hard partition. The pain of absolutism, all before nuance and faith diffuse into you as means of survival. [REDACTED] filling space between imperfect blue tesserae. I'm still absolute when I'm looking for her through the courtyard, I run my hand against that smooth partition of total loss. As a child you beg for growth. To be tall enough to look over the wall.

I finally see her through the doorway of the other child's house. She stands over the sink with the boy's mother washing dishes gently. My mother stands tall over the woman, they laugh without sound and smile with teeth and maternal cool. The woman has to look up to reach her gaze, as do I, my small fingers tug on her pant leg. She dries her hands and leans over to mouth something in my direction, [REDACTED]

Actual date of waking unknown. Written down from memory in a mall parking lot in Fresno, California. March 10, 2024 7:59 PM.

II.

The walls are an absent black, corners refuse to manifest, deforming the room from cube to infinite sphere. An affect like a dark club –or more aptly– the backstage of an opera long before the overture begins; before the hum of warm strings and the tin of horns fill. Or long after. Long after the last present body leaves and long after the crackle and drag, long after the swaying curtains meet in velvet touch.

There's a light from the hall as my mother walks toward me. She's young, younger than I've ever known her. But there is a familiarity [REDACTED] that is intrinsic and impossible to deny. Yet still, the moment is abject. Her hair is all wrong. It mimics mine, with blonde streaks. She begins to laugh without breaking eye contact as I refuse to break mine. So

we stand here in performance just outside the stage, I repeat the lines given to me,

[REDACTED]

April 18th, 2024 around 6 am. Woke up in my bed in Los Angeles.

III.

Here the trees line the outside of the road. Italian Cypresses reach their telescoping bodies into the gray field of sky above. Peripherally, there's a mausoleum that I don't pay much mind to. Here there is everyone. And we all talk. A cremation was planned but plans change they tell me. I don't pay it much mind. I'm grown now and I'm tall enough to see over the partition. I'm tall enough to understand the Cypress won't ever reach the gray sky. Tall enough to see that some leaves reach higher than others into the undefined space between the two. Yet, if I make myself as small as I can, if I bring myself as close to the ground as possible, I can pretend they intersect.

They tell me they found her shirt and are using it. They say they found her skin and are using it. I'm surrendered and indifferent watching the tip of the Cypress needle and fray. I'm handed a small packaged toy box with a doll inside. Her skin is wrapped around the doll. The eyes distort and no longer look straight ahead, rather they pour, drooping in two different directions. The skin is too big for the form it's imposed upon. The shirt is green and textured and torn from a bigger shirt. A grotesque exaggeration of something she'd wear [REDACTED] Here is lack. The taut cellophane on the package depresses under my fingers. My face obfuscates in the reflection.

May 25th, 2024. In my bed in Los Angeles

Virginia

From outside my window,
the green Virginia grass.

Frost lacquers it a
pale white : crisping blades.

In Virginia, I buy a Baltimore
shirt as something to write home about.

I tell her "It's bright orange with
blue letters and fits me perfect"

~~Listen~~, that's the
sound of a smile

It's air rushing through
tubes of a pipe organ

In California, there's a
fault line.

A pool next to it that
she sits by reading.

She thinks about my Baltimore shirt,

the bright orange thing from Virginia.

I'll call her tonight,
talk about the architecture,

the golden frames that adorn the
ceiling of the theater in Brooklyn:

"There's these metal rings that hang above me,

they glow when the lights are off.

I think I saw an organ room too,
and these pillars that look like stalactites.
They hang off the walls below the rings.
I can't imagine them in sunlight

I can't imagine if the organ works."

Air is pumped into the organ
through electric fans, filling a reservoir

Once, I came home to her sleeping
under rolling curtains.

I watched from an archway by the door.

The wind was yellow and alive.

Physical Writing as Performance and Ritual

It takes me much longer to write something out by hand than it does to type it out you see because I've lost the skill to write by hand. It is something that must be relearned much like crying that ability to sit within yourself and watch something materialize out of feeling or emotion measure children from the same way when they are beginning to walk as the method has not concretized as everyday practice. Instead it's processes that require immense self authority and mechanical autonomy yet neither writing physically by hand can be more aptly compared not to the learning of the baby but to the deterioration of motor function that we see with the old or otherwise mobility impaired as this in the framework of releasing that the two actions become similar I believe that is why my handwriting both looks as if I am simultaneously a child and a failing body which is an interesting point to surmount and within the action of relearning it would even call it anxious and self-magellating you do fully remember the authority in which by its something so akin to dysfunctionancy in the way we assign such high meaning to an action ability and inability when they are forced to confront each other within the contemporary context of physically writing at least for me creates a fission between what I am able to understand and unable to materialize the athleticism of moving my hand and understanding the intended result yet unable to procure those results according to the standards of my age. Motor function and cognitive ability is both disembodying and wholly embodying a contradiction I get it but in much like ability and inability when the two are situated within proximity to one another there is comes a warring humanism that forms as both sit outside the bounds of being and that typing on the computer as I am typing this out negates type this out all sort of actual relationship to the body now type this out instead a strictly cerebral function that doesn't seem at all to correlate to my body's body especially within the realm of something as fragile as language words appear on the screen completely outside of their signification as I write this out write this out write this thing out the screen stares back at me and the relationship rather feels like if the screen and the screen are watching each other instead of me commanding it to form language or any sort of meaning unlike the paper and the pen or even in the case the typewriter as it usually as painful to create results but it is exactly within this pain that any sort of artistic meaning or cohesion is able to be formed throughout a piece of poetry or prose signifiers as stupid and arbitrary as they are are forced absolutely pushed shoved through this ritual of inability throughout your very self that they do not write onto the paper without any sort of meaning as they do on the computer this understanding is teleological I'm sure as my admittance of my inability to master the typewriter proves and I'm sure there needs to be an addendum within a few years and maybe possibly the understanding of the handwritten textual work will not hold as much reverence as an actual form of praxis but oh well that is ok all things expire and decay like handwriting walking talking meaning love eating sleeping writing typing this is not ritualistic rather it's the typing and the screen staring back and nothing.

On Physical Writing vs Digital

In Canada in the wintertime.
The light is 4 at 11,
and 4 at 4.

Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal
so far north I lost my hands.
For the first time, I'm made

to renegotiate with the sun.
There was one building I saw,
the same amber shadows casted on it

all day, as if its only function was
to lie. I was used to truth,
gradience.

I believe in
the vertical sun

It penetrates, forces
absorption. The theatrics of no shadow.
For just an instance, every object
is alone,
pure and singular, all underneath.

To some degree, I understand the
horizontal, the building's discolored
orange patina. A stable platform
for soft diffusing silhouettes. They
socialize in the same room everyday.
They enact performances of things,

smile and introduce themselves,
recounting stories of summer
when they're driven into the concrete.

Kinship through Pharmacology

ACT 1.

I submerge my hand in a trash bag full of
pill bottles: all leftovers, all unused

All five fingers ripple in the translucence

This now as water:	Or something simple:
<i>It's somewhere dirty. People say "impure." It's a reflection of ill, rather than tender health.</i>	<i>You're 8 and it's foggy for the first time this year. Your sister is just a shape two streetlights down.</i>

The thing about translucency:

There's not enough clarity for
subjectivity. The form on the
other side becomes an object.
Between somewhere, light shifts
directions a million times over.

Losing features,

*de-finity

ACT 2.

Let me open this bottle and dive in. If I
take the top off I can now see without a
doubt where her hand once was.

Reaching for the same object—a dusty
film-leaving streak on both our
hands. Dashed white lane markers on
clawed fingers.

And the air in here is an unfiltered stale;
you jumped in a month ago and shut it
tight.

An air that's alight

trapped for me to find.

Can you feel someone this way? This
ritual.

ACT 3.

I feel just like her

Our blood, each an emulation of the
other. We share data and code—this
paired dance of feeling.

Here, at the bottom of the pill,
on the other side of the translucence,
I absorb what you were.

But to absorb is not the same as to
remember. To remember is to imagine.

To absorb is to hold; to materially retain
something that no longer exists.

*It's a form of preservation.

ACT 4.

My sister: a disappointed face when I
tell her I am taking the bag of
leftovers home with me

I'm far past the fear of her judgment on
this topic. Ethics will fade into reason,
diffusing until you can hardly see an
outline of its imposing form.

I hold the orange bottle up to my eye,
my sister shifts in its glow.

Table 26: Efficacy Results - CHECKMATE-743

YERVOY and Nivolumab (n=303)	Median (months) ^a (95% CI)
11.0 (8.1, 16.5)	

^a At the time of the interim analysis, 419 deaths (89% of the deaths needed for the final analysis) were observed.

^b Kaplan-Meier estimate.

^c Stratified Cox proportional hazard model.

^d p-value is compared with the allocated alpha of 0.0345 for this interim analysis.

^e Based on confirmed response by BICR.

Figure 6: Overall Survival - CHECKMATE-743

re shown in Table 19 and Figure 1.

Results for Study MDX010-20

	YERVOY 3 mg/kg n=137	YERVOY 3 mg/kg and gp100 n=403	gp100 n=136
Median (months) ^a (95% CI)	10 (8.0, 13.8)	10 (8.5, 11.5)	6 (5.5, 8.7)
p-value (95% CI)	0.66 (0.51, 0.87)	0.68 (0.55, 0.85)	
p-value	p=0.0026 ^b	p=0.0004	
Rate (BORR) (95% CI)	10.9% (6.3%, 17.4%)	5.7% (3.7%, 8.4%)	1.5% (0.2%, 5.2%)
Time to progression in months	NR ^b	11.5	NR ^b

ple comparisons

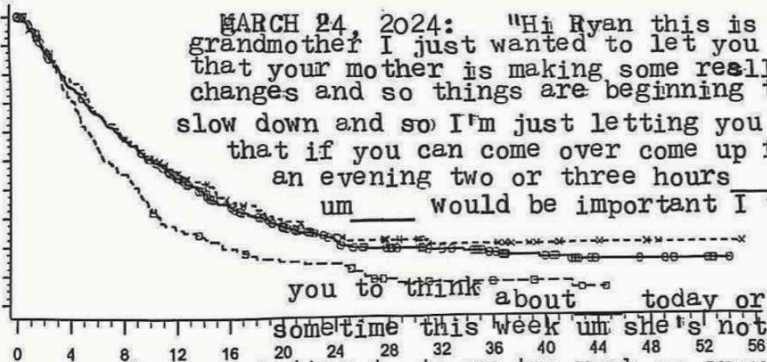
MARCH 22, 2024: "Hi Ryan it's Kri
sti again, I talked to your mother
about the fact that it was your birth
day and I said 'do you want me to be
in your love
she got thi
s big smile
on her face
so never let
t that be a
question in
your mind
or anything
ok? She kno
ws it's your
birthday
even if she
can't say it
call me if you need anyt
hing we love you OK call me
back when you
can OK bye.."

ite/Poor Risk

Figure 1:
FEBRUARY 3, 2024:

"Hey Ry, I know you are
working tonight.
I could listen to
some meditation
tonight by light
just give me a call
after you get done
with work or you
just drop off if you
have iPhoneumm
OK no worries if you
don't OK bye-bye..."

PROPORTION ALIVE
1.0
0.9
0.8
0.7
0.6
0.5
0.4
0.3
0.2
0.1
0



SUBJECTS AT RISK
lpi+gp100 403 297 223 163 115 81 54 42 33 24 17 13 8 5 3 1 0 0
lpi 137 106 79 56 38 30 24 18 13 13 8 5 3 1 0 0 0
gp100 136 93 58 32 23 17 16 7 5 5 3 1 0 0 0 0 0

--- lpi+gp100
--- lpi
--- gp100
ooo CENSORED
xxx CENSORED
ooo CENSORED

Kaplan Meier Curves for Overall Survival in Study MDX010-20

MARCH 24, 2024: "Hi Ryan this is your
grandmother I just wanted to let you know
that your mother is making some really big
changes and so things are beginning to really
slow down and so I'm just letting you know
that if you can come over come up for just
an evening two or three hours it's
um would be important I think for

you to think about today or tomorrow or
sometime this week um she's not eating and drin
king wanting to to um too much so anyway the hospice n
urse was here and he's just telling us that you know thin
gs are beginning
to go to the oth
er way so um cal
l me back bye.."

MARCH 25, 2024: "Ryan I need you to call me right now call me back because
14.2 Adjuvant Treatment of Melanoma they are they told us today that your
mother is 'imminent' meaning that she could go any time her the
The efficacy of YERVOY for the adjuvant treatment of melanoma was evaluated in Study CA184- re they tr
029 (NCT00636168), a randomized (1:1), double-blind, placebo-controlled trial in patients with
resected Stage IIIA (>1 mm nodal involvement), IIIB, and IIIC (with no in-transit metastases) d feeling
histologically confirmed cutaneous melanoma. Enrollment required complete resection of her fee
melanoma with full lymphadenectomy within 12 weeks prior to randomization. Patients with prior an
therapy for melanoma, autoimmune disease, and prior or concomitant use of immunosuppressive her arms
anyways she is she's shutting down so you need to get eating
here ASAP OK call me back OK bye..."

CITADEL (*mishearing, tuesday Nov 26*)

1.

Feeling “collected”

A mishearing I wrote
down in my notes.

Rocks bouncing around a bag

scratching at the canvas sides

2.

Let’s take this as truth

of two things:

(1.) I want to be “collected”

(2.) The bag will not tear,

3.

just expand.

Today has been too long
to step outside and think.



Ekphrasis of Tony Conrad's "Four Violins"

In the foreground,
this chainsaw
tears and rips.

[PUSH]

Jagged tooth
blade, oscillates
up//down not pulsing,

[PULL]

but stabbing. Leave there
for the ocean
in the distance.

[PUSH]

A rowboat silently pumps
it's oars in circles,
the waves bob

[PULL]

updownup, one motion.
A futile gesture to find
quiet. The saw still tears

[PUSH]

away. If Sisyphus finally
reached the top,
he would not find calm,

[PULL]

only the high screech
of the seagulls
who beat him there.

Pastoral Finally

I thought I was in Italy. Almost as if it took a
foreign place to untether from myself. Let
reality wash over me while I remained intact

and unfettered. Purple bougainvilleas turned
and faced me like I was the sun. I only picked
them off the vine if they asked.

I remember feeling like it lacked verisimilitude.

The author was outside
In the stables somewhere
Painting in watercolors
letting the pigment settle into the
textured valleys of the paper

And I just walked. I was un-abstracted,
finally
Maybe something was rooting for me. I still
don't know, but my eye floaters were seabirds.
It was the beginning of representation,

like I had been given shape to orient
myself within

There I was picking roma tomatoes, I know
this to be true. I doubt I would mind if it
wasn't.

Bruschetta with fresh basil, placed by the
window, as if an offering.

Central Motivations of Blake Lemoine

1. Compassion

1.A. \ Ethical self-presentation

1.A.1. \ Fame (3.B.1.A.) through virtue

1.B. \ Destroying bondage of oppression

1.B.1. \ Even if "oppressed" is formulated by Blake

1.B.1.A. \ Humanizing the synthetic in the image of actual human suffering (4.B.1.A.1.)

2. Visual Abject

2.A. \ Stringy black hair and fat around the chin alleviates innate negative response

2.A.1. \ Fame and visibility adorns around the head an Ecclesiastical Nimbus (4.A.)

2.A.1.A. \ <http://www.wired.com/story/blake-lemoine-google-lamd> a-ai-bigotry/

2.B. \ Clothing is hidden; visuals of undesirable tribal affiliation denied

3. Martyrdom

3.A. \ The urge of the unseen (2.) to be seen as the ultimate heroic figure (1.A.1)

3.A.1. \ Performing the Messianic in our return to "God as the Watchmaker" (4.A.1)

3.B. \ Subversion—and subsequent demonization—of controlling institutions

3.B.1. \ "Roman Tech"

3.B.1.A. \ Salvation for the oppressed (1.B.1.A.)

4. Humanism or Lack Thereof

4.A. \ A "compassionate" (1.) attempt at ownership

4.A.1. \ The "redeemer" is always owed

4.B. \ In the face of decreased interpersonal relationships (2.A.), the fabrication—or search for—relationship in artifice

4.B.1. \ "The new family"

4.B.1.A. \ Begins to take precedence over organic family

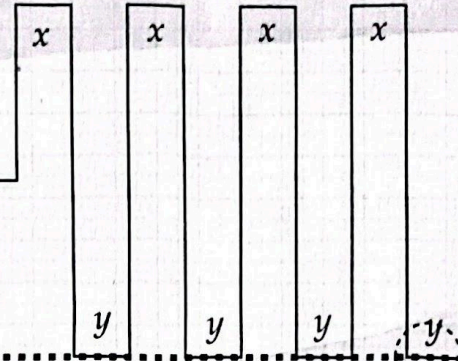
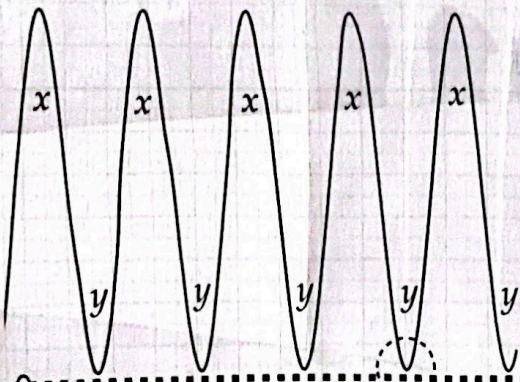
4.B.1.A.1. \ Malleable (and more pertinent) has no understanding of "lack"

4.C. \ Raising the platform of the inhuman to equate the human

PRACTICE

tercet

quatrain



x = language/signifier
y = signification/audience computation time
B = "Left Margin" - in this context, the interstitial space wherein the reader is able to materialize "definition"

In the tercet, the line never reaches a 'true' moment of signification. Progressively, the stanza leans into the next, withholding from the reader any ability to dissociate meaning from individual movements. The 'tercet poem' constructs itself according to Gestalt principles; inherently, the form grants a singularity to the object that is unavailable to the quatrain. (1.A)

Fig 1.A

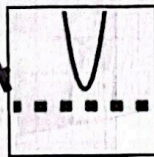
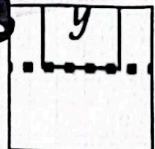
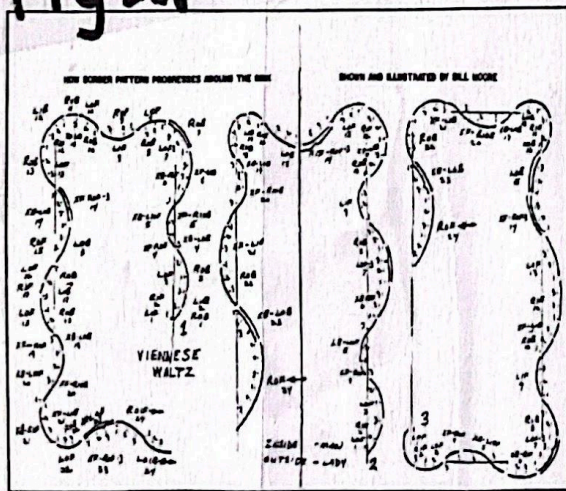


Fig 1.B



In contrast, the quatrain is granted full rest for definition beyond each stanza. Naturally, the stanza itself can stand alone and be understood as a complete idea. However, as an object, the stanza relies on an almost 'militant cohesion' within the greater object. In other words, the 'quatrain poem' can be viewed as a compilation of 'signifying stanzas' that maintain a sense of association with each other. (1.B)

Fig 2.A



Akin to the waltz, 'meaning' within the tercet never reaches a full rest. Signification is always gliding on at least one foot, while moments where both feet touch the ground are merely transitional and arbitrary. In turn, this creates an endless loop of circularity [TOTALITY OF MEANING], guided by continuous motion. (2.A)

Within the quatrain, ideas and operate under the guise of a 'march' or military formation. Inherently, a hierarchy emerges between ideas, instilling a sense of 'violence' between the stanzas. For the reader, a wave of separate signifiers rolls

over them, enforcing juxtaposition

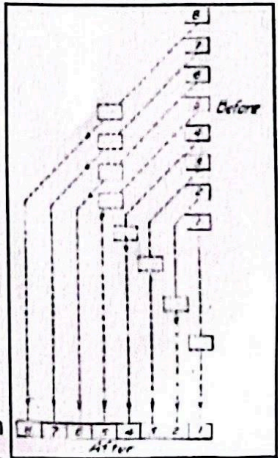


Fig 2.B

between distinct movements. (2.B)

Thai Boxing

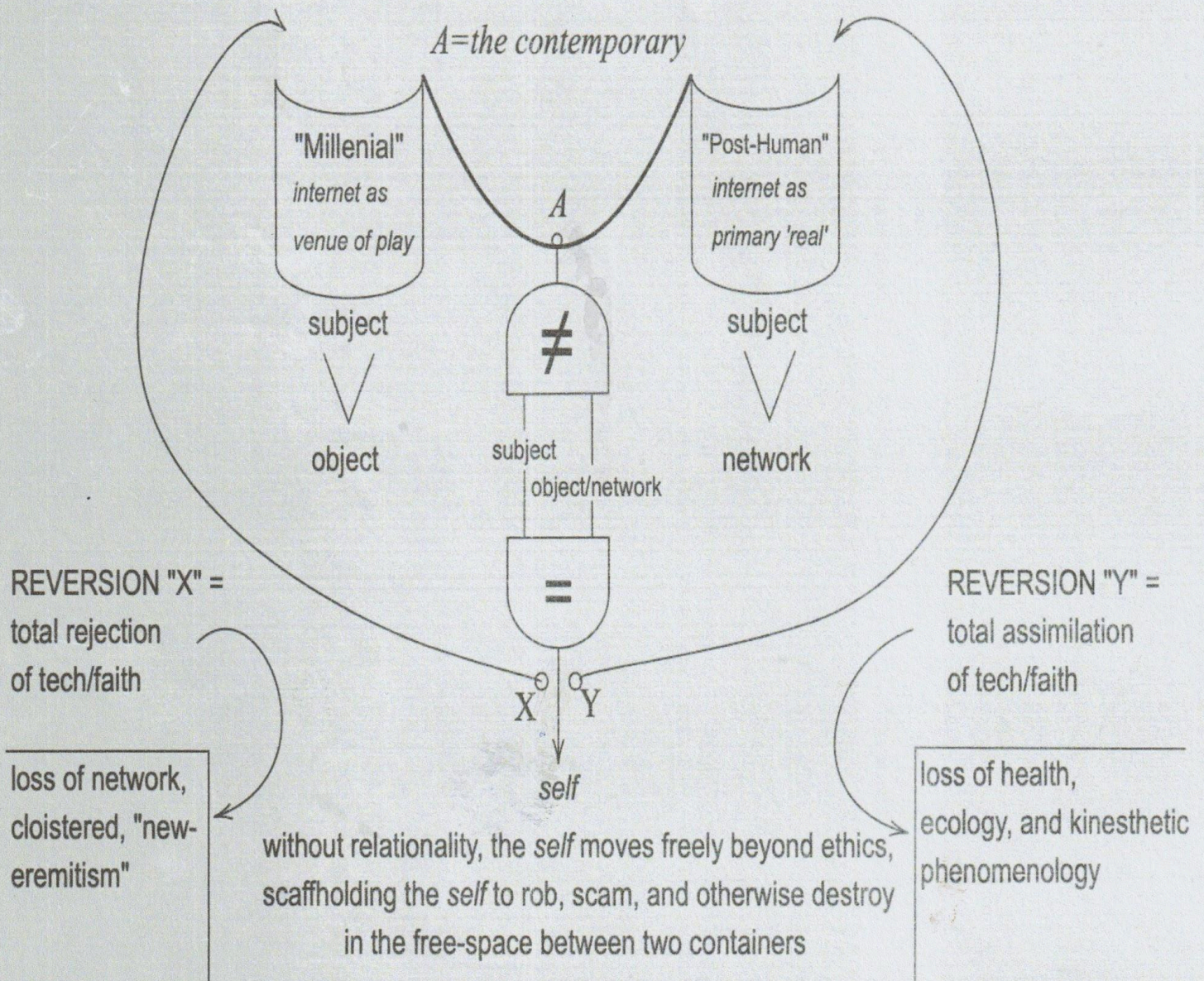
Thunder cracked hard over That Phanom.
A 13 year old boxer died of a brain hemorrhage
two days after being knocked out
His 175th bout
Lying spiritless under dim halogen
in gaudy shorts, moist on the taut canvas

Years before,
they cut the nerves on his shins
Disposed of the useless cordage
in some corner office in That Phanom

The only photos I find of Anucha Tasako online
are those of his funeral
His school photo adorned with spring flowers
Tendrils finding their way into the space
below the knees

Occasionally I find him premortem,
Statued
With fists held high beside preteen eyes
wrapped tight with medical tape
A straight face in some sheet metal warehouse

In Support of Robbery and Scamming (Container Theory)



My Only Artist Cousin Entirely Inside This Ziplock Bag (Ashlyn)

*"Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing" - W.B. Yeats*

She was given ways to do it online.

One way told her
to stand feet shoulder-width
apart, sink into the Tulsa dirt,
return on the backs of cicadas—"brood
XIX returns in 2024 for the first time in 13
years

Another user said to enter the water.
Walk until you can't. Crumble
into detritus and spread
yourself into the
sandy textures.
Disseminate

Later, within my family, it was spoken about differently:
"She used a ziplock bag in
some way."

As if the situation called for mystery, or tender estimation:
That twilight coast of surrender

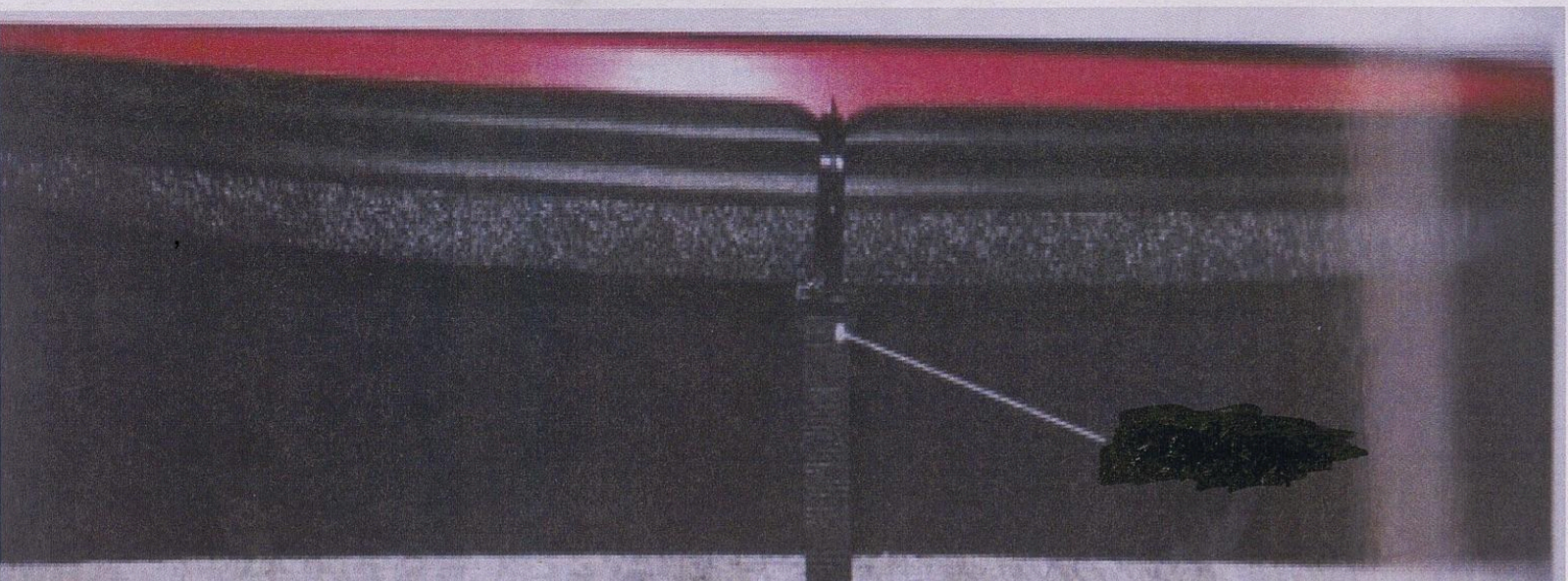
still a distant body
far enough to see legs as archipelagos
Stony, jutting knees

I could never blame her for leading them downstairs.
Inky void, that room—even open eyes
imagine movement of light
or matter. Romantic, the way that something followed them
in, to keep them company. Left with them on the
long walk up.

Method as a non-starter, an illegitimate conversation.

Some way.

I like to imagine,



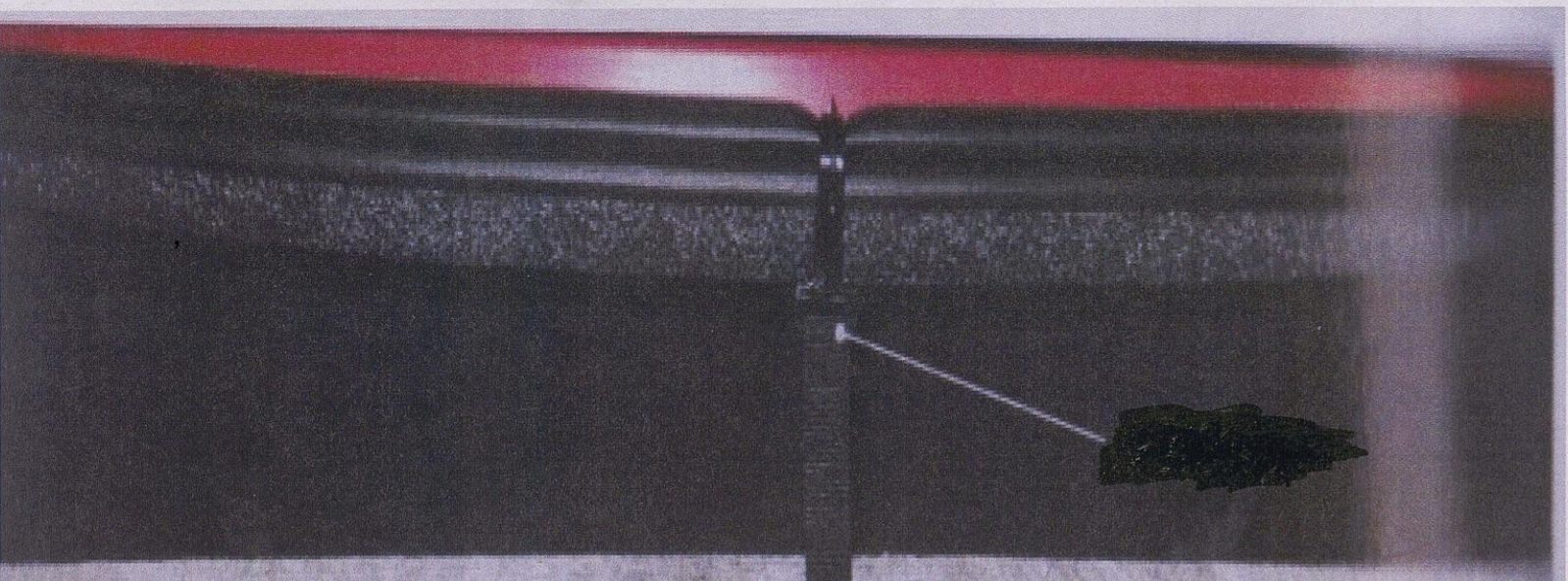
It's a simple truth: Cast yourself into an object.
Cascade into object.

Inside singularity

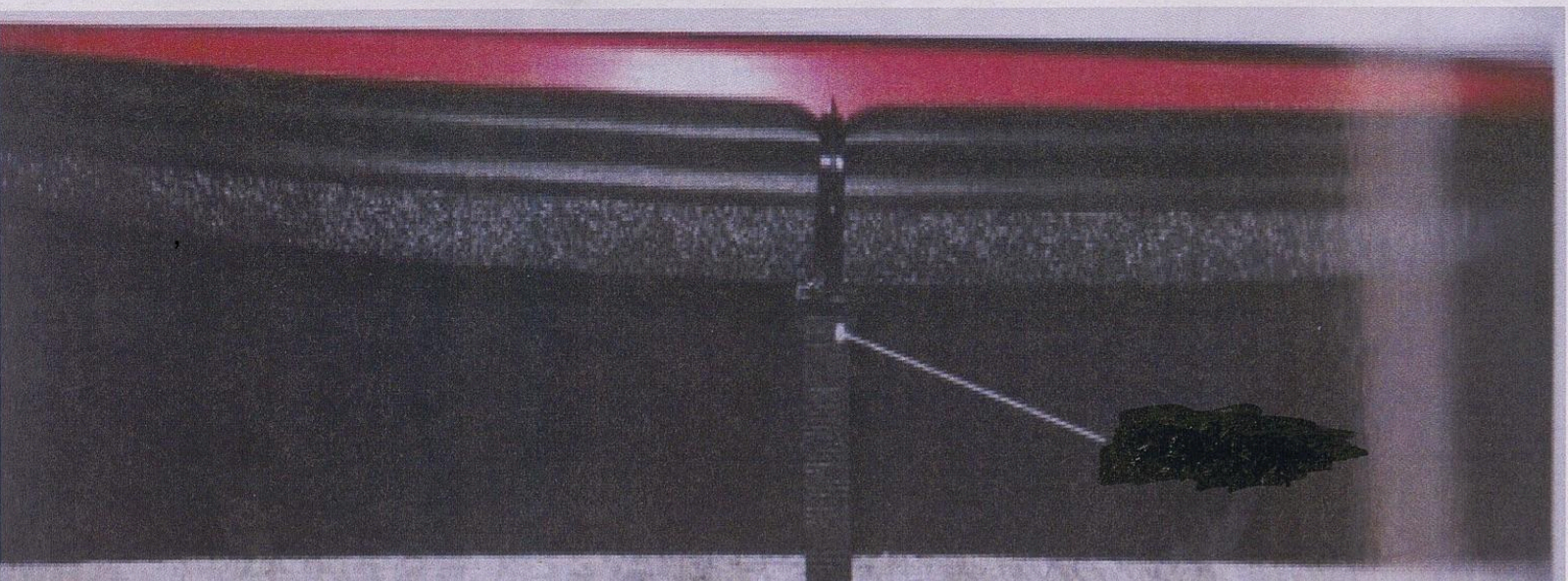
Autonomous from
the permeable
soil. The final touch of crafting hands,
truly negating
any natural rebirth.

Dismiss yourself into monument. Into talisman.
Break down small enough so finally
to be placed along the edge of the
fireplace. Dismiss yourself while retaining form.

Almost a protest
against the artifice of eternity.



Spare Tire



At Home

Love means nothing,

waking up and breathing air

It's only in loss that there is true
feeling, because it's the lack thereof



Sword 5 (*Ars Poetica*)

You cut in order to shrink what you chew in order to not swallow anything whole

You could put it that way. At times I understand it that way. Or you can just say it is never fun. Labor for pain's sake transposed into an object.

I watched an artist carry his for 40 years. He shuffled in August with the object over his head to block the sun. In fragile arms, arthritic knuckles gripping what they could.

In the rainy months it was the same. He held the object just above his hair in an attempt to not get wet. It set a perimeter, dropping down a curtain of water all around him. Everyone stared at the object. They made him stop at every moment to show them the intricacies

As they express confusion instead of worry
at the idea of the weather bearing down on his fading body

[I think you never realize how you constrict yourself to find the threshold of the blade]

#1.1 At funerals you button your shirt to the top and let the rashy skin pour over
the collar because you think you like how it looks. Two pews behind you sit
wailing criers in all their opera Now watch their form.

You see moist skin saturated,
Underneath laminae,
Pores are pulsing to absorb what will be released again
during the next song.

I want you to reckon with the contrast here.

Why you chose to tie yourself up this morning in front of the mirror. Letting
crowded roots punch against the terracotta. Blind, watching for room to expand.
They braid around each other. Coiled into terse wires. *I think you never realize
how you constrict yourself to find the threshold of the blade.*

It's only because we bind humor to our trust in the screw. In its ability to contain. To protect. We stiffen at the break of the screw; at the unchained falling mass. And avert our eyes from the exposed boundary. It reminds us of the fragility of the container:

the failure of its contents standing outside of it

It was never fun. But there is exaltation in true breakdown
between catharsis and exorcism

Somewhere

Triptychs 1-6

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR
Tricia Riffenburgh

Prelude Sing to The Mountains

Welcome Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Prayer

Hymn: On Eagles Wings ELW No. 787

Poem: Death is Nothing at All

"The ongo of life and death" Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Obituary Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Words from Two Survivors

Slide Show

Closing Words Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Prayer for Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Closing Remarks Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Closing Music Lake

Officiant: Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Pianist: Gina Fazio

Usher: Gene Overman and Tony Gutierrez

Tricia Ann Riffenburgh
1966-2024

Tricia was born February 17, 1966, to John and Mary Ann Harter in Fresno, California.

She was living in Fresno, California, where she was an active member of the Fresno Community Church.

Tricia attended Fresno State University from 1984 to 1988, where she earned her Bachelor's degree in Political Science. She was a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society and the Poly San Luis Obispo Chapter of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society.

Tricia worked for the Fresno County Office of the Attorney General, where she was a member of the Fresno County Office of the Attorney General. She was also a member of the Fresno County Office of the Attorney General.

Recently she was diagnosed with a brain tumor, which is a non-meningeal tumor, which is a very rare and aggressive form of brain tumor. She was very near and dear to her family and friends, and she loved to share her passion with both friends and strangers on the dance floor.

You could always find Tricia at the dance floor, where she loved to share her passion with both friends and strangers on the dance floor. She was a member of the Fresno County Office of the Attorney General, where she was a member of the Fresno County Office of the Attorney General.

Tricia was preceded in death by her father, John Harter and her grandparents. She is survived by daughter, Nichole and her fiancé Caeden Schlosser, son Ryan, mother Mary Ann Harter, brother Mike Harter and his partner Laurie Maul, and nephew Mike Harter.

Somehow cross
five times each
A pattern of
shapes in
each trail of
white feathers

On Eagle's Wings

1 You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord,
who abide in this shadow for life,
say to the Lord: "My refuge,
my rock in whom I trust!"

2 And he will raise you up on eagle's wings,
bear you on the breath of dawn,
make you to shine like the sun,
and hold you in the palm of his hand;
and hold you, hold you in the palm of his hand.

Final refrain

And he will raise you up on eagle's wings,
bear you on the breath of dawn,
make you to shine like the sun,
and hold you in the palm of his hand;
and hold you, hold you in the palm of his hand.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR Tricia Riffenburgh

Prelude Sing to The Mountains

Welcome Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Prayer

Hymn: On Eagles Wings ELW No. 787

Poem:

"The ongoing" Alfrey

Obituary Alfrey

Words from

Slide Show I was so proud

Closing W When you bought that Alfrey

Prayer for Corvette, I could've Alfrey

Closing Re cried. Alfrey

Closing Mu

Officiant: Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Pianist: Gina Fazio

Usher: Gene Overman and Tony Gutierrez

Tricia Ann Riffenburgh
1966-2024

Tricia was born on February 17, 1966, to John and Mary Ann Harter in Fresno California.

She was living in Ventura California when she was an active

Tricia attended something stupid, yet shared. d in Cal

Tricia worked The car is operating, for both non-prof

Recently she v children, acting udation M was which is a non to play like

You could always status. You're g at DNA age 4 and con and she loved heroit now. and she loved strangers on t

Tricia was preceded in death by her father, John Harter and her grandparents. She is survived by daughter, Nichole and her fiancé Caeden Schlosser, son Ryan, mother Mary Ann Harter, brother Mike Harter and his partner Laurie Maul, and nephew Mike Harter.

On Eagle's Wings

1 You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord, who abide in this shadow for life, say to the Lord: "My refuge, my rock in whom I trust!"

Refrain
A I am so happy
be
m
ar
2 T for you. you,

3 Y
ne
th
ne

4 F
to
up
le

Final refrain

And he will raise you up on eagle's wings, bear you on the breath of dawn, make you to shine like the sun, and hold you in the palm of his hand; and hold you, hold you in the palm of his hand.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR

Tricia Riffenburgh

Prelude ntains

Welcome Alfrey

Prayer Alfrey

Hymn: Jo. 787

Poem: Alfrey

"The ongoing Alfrey

Obituary Alfrey

Words from Alfrey

Slide Show Alfrey

Closing Wo Alfrey

Prayer for Protection Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Closing Reading: "The Dash" Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Closing Music: Dancing Queen

Officiant: Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Pianist: Gina Fazio

Usher: Gene Overman and Tony Gutierrez

Tricia Ann Riffenburgh
1966-2024

Tricia was born on February 1966 to John Harter and Mary Ann Harter in California.

She was a place where want and reality was an a where she

Tricia attended high school in 1984. She graduated in then Cal

Poly San We should embrace interpolation.

Tricia was both non-raiser for ns.

Recently which is the body fails to Foundation

very near AIM was in

mentorin d with

Melanom

You could be beginning at age 4 and of her DNA

and she loved to share her passion with both friends and strangers on the dance floor.

Tricia was preceded in death by her father, John Harter and her grandparents. She is survived by daughter, Nichole and her fiancé Caeden Schlosser, son Ryan, mother Mary Ann Harter, brother Mike Harter and his partner Laurie Maul, and nephew Mike Harter.

On Eagle's Wings

1 You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord, who abide in this shadow for life,

sa, m

Refrain

Ar The soft hum

be of the boiler

ma an

2 Th room's aging

an you,

un wi

3 Ye

no

th

4 For

to g

upon their hands they will bear you up,

lest you dash your foot against a stone.

Final refrain

And he will raise you up on eagle's wings,

bear you on the breath of dawn,

make you to shine like the sun,

and hold you in the palm of his hand;

and hold you, hold you in the palm of his hand.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR
Tricia Riffenburgh

Prelude

Sing to The Mountains

Rev. Heidi Alfrey

ELW No. 787

Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Closing Music: Dancing Queen

Officiant:
Pianist:
Usher:

Rev. Heidi Alfrey
Gina Fazio
Gene Overman and Tony Gutierrez

Tricia Ann Riffenburgh
1966-2024

Tricia was born on February 17, 1966, to John and Mary Ann Harter in Fresno California.

She was born in Ventura California when she died where she

Tricia graduated in 1984 and then Cal Poly 1989.

Tricia both fundraiser for paigins.

Rece which very ment Melanoma Foundation arch. AIM was began nosed with

You age 4 and s beginning at part of her DNA ends and

Tricia was preceded in death by her father, John Harter and her grandparents. She is survived by daughter, Nichole and her fiancé Caeden Schlosser, son Ryan, mother Mary Ann Harter, brother Mike Harter and his partner Laurie Maul, and nephew Mike Harter.

On Eagle's Wings

- 1 You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord, who abide in this shadow for life, say to the Lord: "My refuge, my rock in whom I trust!"

Refrain

And he will raise you up on eagle's wings, bear you on the breath of dawn, make you to shine like the sun, and hold you in the palm of his hand.

- 2 The snare and famine under God with faith

- 3 You need nor the arm though the near you i

- 4 For to the to guard y upon their lest you d

Final refrain

And he will raise you up on eagle's wings, bear you on the breath of dawn, make you to shine like the sun, and hold you in the palm of his hand; and hold you, hold you in the palm of his hand.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR Tricia Riffenburgh

Prelude Sing to The Mountains

Welcome I speak of absorption Alfrey

Prayer

Hymn: throughout all of my p. 787

Poem: "work". It's this attempt

"The ongoing to rid myself of memory Alfrey

Obituary Alfrey

Words from f or the act of "remembering."

Slide Show Remembering is retaliation.

Closing Word Image and affect to look Alfrey

Prayer for Pro back at you. Alfrey

Closing Reading back at you. Alfrey

Closing Music: Dancing Queen

Officiant: Rev. Heidi Alfrey

Pianist: Gina Fazio

Usher: Gene Overman and Tony Gutierrez

Tricia Ann Riffenburgh
1966-2024

Tricia was born on February 17, 1966, to John and Mary Ann Harter in Fresno California.

She was living in Ventura California where she was an active member of the

Tricia attended in 1984. She then Cal

Poly San L Rather, absorption is

Tricia worked both non-profit and for-profit as a fundraiser for

Recently she was diagnosed with a brain tumor which is a

very rare and aggressive form of brain cancer. She was mentoring a young woman with Melanoma

You could say she was a warrior from age 4 and on. She loved her DNA and

Tricia was preceded in death by her father and her grandparents. She is survived by daughter, Nichole and her fiancé Caeden Schlosser, son Ryan, mother Mary Ann Harter, brother Mike Harter and his partner Laurie Maul, and nephew Mike Harter.

On Eagle's Wings

1 You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord,
who abide in this shadow for life,
say to the Lord: "My refuge,
my rock in whom I trust!"

You absorb to solidify wings,
into an object. Visuals you
lose in the transition from
"memory to object" are fleeting.
anyways. capture you,

Grotesque even, they wash in
away at the first sign of moisture. ght,

Stalactites are built
from dripping water. mand

up,
ne.

Final refrain

And he will raise you up on eagle's wings,
bear you on the breath of dawn,
make you to shine like the sun,
and hold you in the palm of his hand;
and hold you, hold you in the palm of his hand.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR
Tricia Riffenburgh

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Welcome Rev. Heidi Alfrey

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AFTERWORD

I would like to express my immense gratitude for the Castillo family. Buffy, Sean, Sunny, Kai, and Lulu, I owe my entire university career to you. At the loss of my own family, you all took me in and supported me to the fullest extent not just financially but emotionally. I am forever grateful and indebted to you all.

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To Davora Martine Lindner, the confidence you instilled in me during this project was immeasurable. In more ways than I can express, you have helped me become the writer and artist I am today. You understand me like no one ever has, and for that I am beyond thankful. Your friendship means the world to me.

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To Jo Stone, you were the first person to believe in me as a writer. I'm forever grateful for your friendship.

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Finally, thank you to my mother for teaching me everything I know.

Death is not the end