

The background of the cover is a photograph of a window. The window is divided into several panes by dark frames. A black chain hangs vertically from the top right pane. The light coming through the window is soft and diffused, with some vertical streaks of yellow and blue. The overall tone is somewhat somber and contemplative.

LULLWATER REVIEW



Volume 25 | Number 1

Ira Joel Haber

Seashell Collage (2014)



Lullwater Review is published twice annually by Emory University. It is indexed in the Index of American Periodical Verse and is a member of the Council of Literary Magazines and Presses. *Lullwater Review* is also proud to be a member of the American Humanities Index.

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Editorial and business correspondence should be addressed to: *Lullwater Review*, PO Box 122036, Emory University, Atlanta, GA 30322. No manuscript can be returned or query answered unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Manuscripts are accepted throughout the academic year, although response time will be delayed during the summer months.

Visit our website at <http://lullwaterreview.wordpress.com>

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LULLWATER REVIEW

Lullwater Review is a student-run literary magazine published out of Emory University in Atlanta, GA. We are a member of the Council of Literary Magazines and Presses, and you can find us in the Index of American Periodical Verse, as well as the American Humanities Index.

Thanks to the help of poet Turner Cassidy and the blessing of James Laney, Emory University's President at the time, Robert Webb founded Lullwater Review in 1990 raising roughly \$5000 in contributions from individuals and businesses. President Laney agreed that the school needed a national literary journal and gave a generous personal donation to ensure its success.

The magazine is named after Lullwater Preserve, a totem to the Emory community. The 154 acre expanse of green lies at the heart of the campus and is home to the University's President, currently James Wagner. Lullwater itself is the ideal escape from Atlanta's urban setting, offering moments of serenity that our magazine wishes to impart in its collection of poetry and prose.

January 2015

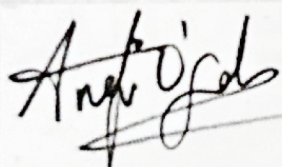
Dear Readers,

Thank you for picking up the Fall issue of *Lullwater Review*. Our editors have spent months sifting through submissions to bring you a complete collection of our finest poetry. Although there was no specific theme that guided our selection, our editors sought out work that was able to address essential themes such as love and loss with a modern twist. We are in constant search for writing that not only stirs an ineffable part of ourselves in a new way, but is above all honest.

We would like to thank Emory University for their sponsorship and encouragement, the support of the Emory Media Council, as well as that of our passionate and dedicated faculty advisor Bruce Covey. We would also like to thank our editors and staff readers for their hard work and continued involvement with the magazine. We truly appreciate your combined critical eye and aesthetic sense that lead to the selection of artwork, prose, and poetry of the highest quality.

We are proud of *Lullwater Review's* long-standing commitment to the arts at Emory University and are excited at the thought of this issue's part in its future. With this issue we also bring you a larger collection of art pieces—our latest goal for the upcoming year. We hope the words that grace these pages will warm you in the upcoming winter months. On behalf of all our contributors and editors at *Lullwater Review*, we thank you for your support and wish you happy holidays. May you never stop reading or writing.

All the best,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Aneyn M. O'Grady". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping "A" and a long, horizontal stroke at the end.

Al
Aneyn M. O'Grady
Editor-in-Chief, *Lullwater Review*

*For Grace Hartley
in memoriam*

Martin Ott

FIRST KISS, APOCALYPSE

We kiss at last and holster the lint
roller in the car, pause to swipe
displaced pollen, collect the bits.
We refuse to face the trampled dawn,
to rub the back of dragons in slacks.
*Everything we squirrel away makes
retroactive sense: processed food,
gun caches, sci-fi novels that tell
us how to satisfy a robot, a flux.*
Who are we today, the crackle
of news a harbinger of melting
caps and air like sighs, the lessons
of how to be a man replaced by how
to be, simply trapped? We flirted
*during skull hockey, undead heads
kthunking into incinerators, bonfire
tossing shadows on your smile, no
makeup, finally, the odds in my favor.*
In this auto exodus, this belching fume,
we cannot escape black lakes, seedless
prunes, debts that have not come due.
You joke that we may lose the rolling
earth along the fabric and fabrications,
stained shirts, tinted sky. I cannot resist
*what it is to hold a human, to embrace
hordes, to flick off moons and phase
into dust, these shadowy angels of us.*



Jeffrey C. Alfier

Letter From Mechanic Street, Late September

Disheveled in my dented mirror, I throw work
clothes on and exit the house. There's no mistaking

the law I live by—I'm the opening dishwasher
at Ocean Café, my first job on parole. Just north

of the street I take, fresh autumn light strikes
the rigging of boats on the river, a brief shimmer

on the backs of waterfowl drifting through shore
reeds where the homeless huddle like deserters.

Familiar relics fall into place as I walk: the diner's
faltering neon, echoes of shops unlocking

their doors, and now the needy, queuing up outside
Goodwill for free shoes. I envy the fresh hiking

boots a bent old man holds up in pride,
think how better suited they'd be to my own feet.

How I wouldn't quit wearing them, shaping
the leather to my stride as I followed Jersey

Transit rails south till the world widened
at the far edge of the county into half-forgotten,

pinewood, where the hunters' unquiet steps
flush the quail from deadfall and underbrush

as the birds race into sky hard above me,
quicken the damp September cold.



Strati

First there is music, voiceless sounds on
electric rifts. Next are the blinds,
slatted, and through
the window is rain, falling,
one drop slipping over
the next. The road, cars passing
in either direction, bodies a waving roar
of fuel. Damp-black trees in a field, and last

there are boys playing frisbee against
the muddy sky. And I am sitting
by them on the grass. My pants
are soaked, my toes, white
worms deep in the turf. (They don't know
I'm so far from them.) They might mind.



Bethany Studnicky

Finished Annapolis



Thomas Dukes

Son, Watermelon Should be Blood Red

We mean-spat the seeds to the ground
Because Daddy lived by anger
And wanted to hit the world and me,
But Mama told him *Watch it, Sergeant John.*

Sometimes we swallowed the seeds
To prove we were men,
Or gulped cherry pits:
Being peculiar was his revenge,

But people only stared
When he bisected melons
With a sugar cane blade,
Sharp and deadly as he felt—

I blushed for us all—
Or when he dug out melon chunks
As if they were muscle
With the same Army knife

He used to clean bass
And fix a hundred manly things.
Sometimes I bled juice all over
My white Baptist shirt:

*Stand up straight, goddamit:
Cain't you do anything right?
You don't know nothin',
Not a fuckin' thing that matters.*

Grown enough later to be armed
With a spoon, I lifted melon miniatures
To my lips, clearing the palate
In a room of silver and the bourgeoisie.

When I dropped a melon piece
On her lace, our hostess, too kind,
Placed her ruby fingers on my hand:
Are you all right, dear?



Joe Delong

The Key is Ready for Pick-Up

“The key is ready for pickup.
Your room is now available.”
What will it be like?
The expected notification didn’t come—
an office key had been ready, but
I wasn’t told. Facilities staff destroyed it.
Waiting for another one, I
spent weeks working in
coffee shops and the campus library.
Now I can go to this place
where it’s decided I belong.
Let’s see what’s there—
just not quite yet. I got used to
roving, making do,
before the key was ready for pickup.
I liked that freedom, if inconvenient.
And I liked the possibilities, imagining
a room, and whatever’s inside it.
But I can’t wander indefinitely.
I’m expected in a certain location,
and the key is ready for pickup, so
I’ll go have a look at the office.



Journeys End

my wife and i are
riding in my
old for wagon
it is spring time
and we are
in our seventies
kids are gone
so we are mostly alone
every spring we head
for new hope,
a town that is real
bohemia, with tattoo
parlors, motorcyle gangs,
open air eateries, museums,
gays, and straights,
a horse and buggy,
and scantily clad young people
walking arm in arm
and also kissing right
in public,
i park the wagon in the
center of town,
put the quarter in the meter,
and we are here,
my wife smiles and says
get me a pizza,
sure, honey, i reply,
i get out of the car,
and head to the closeby pizza shop,
already new hope is crowded,
people eating ice cream, pizza,
living it up,
and i get us both
a cheese pizza, and
we both eat in the car,
watch the crowds go by,
people pass us by and smile at us ,
as they pass, and ask
us if the toy cat in the
back window is real



James Bellflower & Matthew Krane
Meridian 9.3



Daniel A. Harris

Night Piece: Lost

And I pray
for the intermittent star
in my bedroom lost
this night
luminescence of firefly
its surging glows and fade-outs
nearly chartreuse
 pray for its escape but not before
this disembodied meteor
gleams again for the sake
of tricking my eyes
guiding them through random
patches of dark
intriguing surprise
appearances
indecipherable messages
as it scouts
my unexpected body
in the heat lightly clad
and helps me drift off
warding away the sun-flares
on hubcaps of EMS vehicles
their blue and red flashes in sync
and guards against scenes
of today's or the next day's
blood in waste shed

and let me pray well
enough
for the firefly
whose each pulse flares panic
for a mate but finds
no moist night grass
and also needs to intuit
a flight-plan for escape
from extinguishment
before morning light
and the dimming to flatline
prostrate on the hardwood
floor.



Grace Hartley

In Rapture

I stood upon a mountain top
And viewed the glorious world below-
The ochre canyons, flowing hills
And churning oceans as far as I could see;
I thought my Soul would cry out
For the beauty of the earth below.
I waded through waves of rolling wheat
Bending in the singing wind
And heard the sweetest whistling song
That any voice had ever sung--
As I perched upon a white cliff's ledge
And saw black waves blowing o'er the edge
Of a mighty, seething, conquering sea
My gentle heart quivered within.
I stood within a mountainous cave
Ice dripping coldly upon my head with
Stalagmites growing in dignified rows,
I felt my blood freeze and quicken,
My breath a massive vapour in the air.
But when my eyes beheld your face
My Soul leapt joyfully to know
I would dwell forever more within
Your eternal embrace,
And my Being cried out in joy.



James Bellflower & Matthew Krane

Meridian Map



Zebulon Huset

An Amoeba Seeks the Result of its First Cellular Division

Since first split, I've calculated
and calculated refiguring the angles
of our proportions in order to recreate
our division to reunite *us*.

Despite my regeneration I still feel like half a cell.
I've begun questioning math. Letter based-equations
all seem like the protestations of lovelorn naturalists.

You were neither Y nor Z.
And I surely do not feel like X-squared.

I feel like negative X without you.

I don't want to say that I took you for granted
because those mistakers are often serial
and this was clearly a one-time mistake,
splitting from you.

The jagged edges of my single cell jut
in every direction like sawteeth
when viewed with enough magnification,
despite my cool put together,
oblong appearance.

It's a sham.

At night the edges tear up my bed
as I toss across the soft sheets which feel like sandpaper
against the part of me where you
were once attached. It feels like everywhere.



Kenneth DiMaggio

*Poem #2 from the Hartford Historical Society's Museum of
Curiosities and Oddities*

Fragments from a bullet
that shattered a President
--but not Kennedy

The two headed
fetus of a pig
whose heads
are starting
to coalesce
as they dissolve

A pair of wide
iron bracelets
tied together
with a short
heavy chain
--its jaundice
crinkled up
display case
label legible
enough to read
the word "slaves"

And before leaving
this one room museum
a visitor's guest book
whose most recent
visitor has written:
"Who's President
McKinley,
Darwin was right,
and we still are."



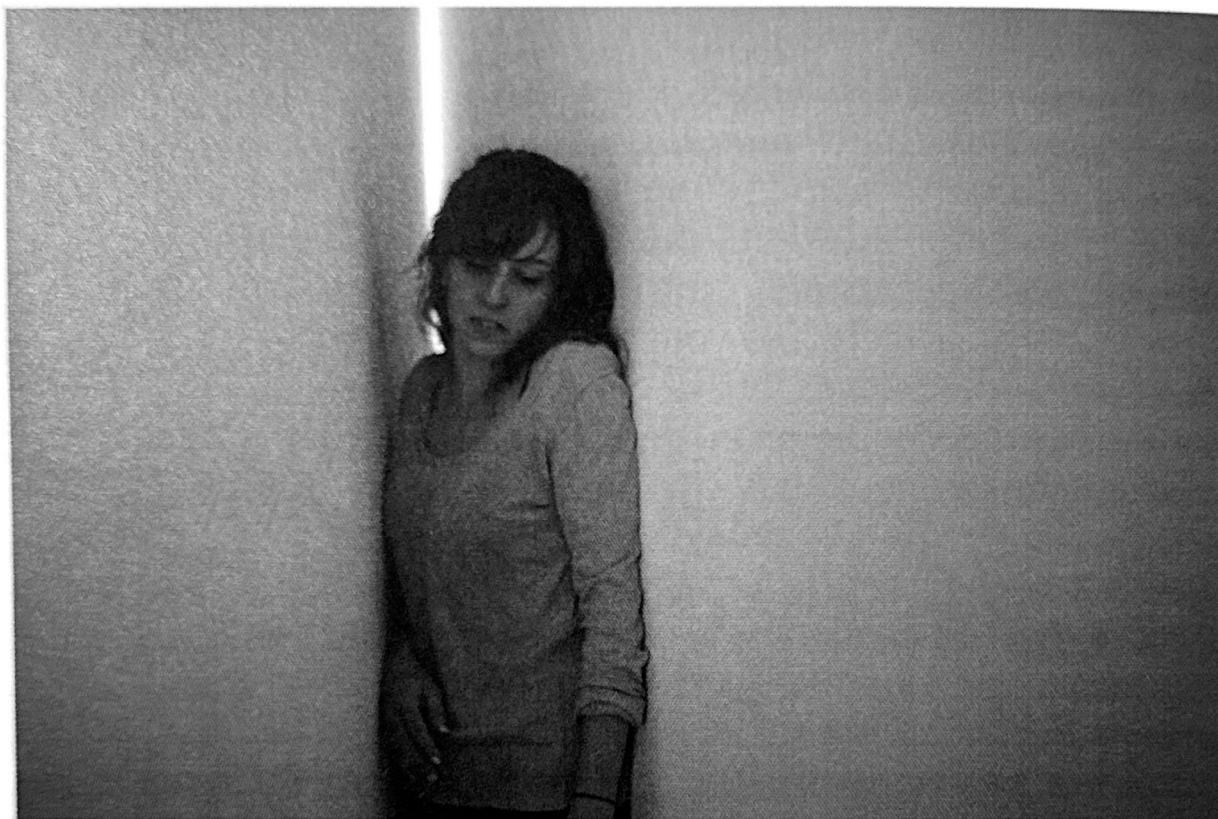
Joe DeLong

I Took Awhile to Respond

I took a while to respond. I'm sorry.
I mean that sincerely. Your message
made me feel remembered.
I read it more than once.
But I took too long to respond.
That's not to say I didn't think about it.
I did! Over coffee in the morning, or
on my walk to work, and before bed—
I mentally composed what I wanted to say.
I keep a loose, increasingly embarrassing tally
of the days since I received your message.
Like many others, I was "busy," but
that meant preoccupation more than activity.
It was stifling. I should have responded,
which would have taken maybe fifteen minutes,
but I faltered.
I regret my procrastination. Friendship, companionship
are far too rare to be taken for granted.
I know that I too grow anxious
as I wait for a response,
just as I'm delighted by
a quick reply. But I always try
to do too much in a day,
even when it seems I get little done.
The words I wanted
never quite arranged themselves.
And there's pressure to send just one email
that gets it right, not several revisions
in rapid succession. Responding is hard,
but seldom as hard as I anticipate.



Gabriel Unger
Transient Shore



Clint Van Inman

Lightless

Each year the light is less.
We can barely see it now,
The faint necklace of
The Milky Way.

The old ones were wrong,
You know with their waxed fingers
Pointing up like abandoned adobe.

Yet you know better in your cubical gardens
And half moth-eaten moons,
You have arrived in
Handcuffs.



Robert Howard Kean

Father, I want to join the army

We're all just Pilgrims my son.
Born with a mind to change, wonder, and reach.
You have the soul of a farmer. Those tattered clothes
and callused hands don't speak for anything or anyone.
We reap and we sow, so goes our curse.
"By the sweat of your brow you will eat your food until
you return to the ground."
If God was merciful, that fever would have swept right
through your mamma. Her lying there in them soaked sheets,
choking on the very life being taken from her. You think God wants you
to
be anywhere else? If he did, he would have put you there.
Your great granddad in WW1, your uncle in Vietnam, this
country has spilt enough of this family's blood. If God has
any sense he'd want me to keep the rest.
I know that yearning in your mind, this justice you're after.
This duty you speak of, you won't find it.
You want to climb the mountain and proclaim victory
at the summit. My boy there is no such thing, there is no summit.
You are a king of nothing, a leader of only cattle. You think God's
gonna save you? God will not be monopolized.
God has left us long ago, and we probably deserve it. We are nothing
but stray dogs at the kitchen table. They'll bring you back to me in
pieces, in a little
wooden casket. This here is the only world you ever need to know.
Your naïve heart believes it's honorable to die for your country.
I've been kicking around this dirt for my natural life, in this earth I am
God.
So as God I'm telling you there is no honor in dying, there is only honor
in living.
Now I want you to pick up that shovel and start digging. I don't
want to hear another word about it.



Bonnie J. Manion

Gravitas

Gravity tugs
relentlessly
at my chin and
elbows, knees
and my breasts

Unerringly pulls at
apples and walnuts,
at meteors, missiles
and parachutists

At tree leaves
and dead limbs,
rocket ships
and past sins

In voice, whims,
circumstances
all insisting, life
at seventy
turns gravelly,
guttural, gravid,
a gravamen



Sheila Murphy

Glen Minard, County Kerry, and the Gift of Cows

After weaving their Dan Dooley rental car
on unmarked roads through farmers' fields,
they spot a blurry sun on fields of green,
a cottage, lone and white. Turning the key,
they see fireplaces, stacks of peat,
four pairs of Wellies near the kitchen door,
mure sentinels, reminders of the loss
of Mary's spouse, the couple's longtime friend,

A low stone wall along the road encloses
what was once a garden, then a tangle
of weeds too long ignored, so thick they hid
the hints of tufted blossoms, paintbrushes
dipped in gold, and crimson montbrecia,
freed by the caress of Mary's hands.

At early light and dusk, in sun or rain,
their front window, like a frame, surrounds
the reclaimed garden and, above the wall,
a row of heads and swaying backs, a herd
ambling from barn to pasture, pasture to barn,
followed by a dog, his black and white
the color of the cows, and then a boy.

Amid slow days of walks and silences,
the lilt of Mary calling

Here come the girls

pauses them from weeding, sketching, reading,
cooking, or tending peat fires to watch
the tall heads, the placid eyes, the fluid bulk
as predictable and cadenced as the pull of tides.



Ivan de Monbrison

Un morceau de pluie

un morceau de pluie
posé sur le sol
une femme sombre en habit
de

 nuit
cette fenêtre collée sur le
 mur
une voix qui crie
l'ombre qui se décolle
 lentement du mur
et ces deux yeux derrière la
 vitre
voient ce qui se passe dehors
le silence plus lourd que
 ton corps
et un petit mendiant assis
 par terre
et que personne ne voit
malgré son regard

a piece of rain
left on the ground
a dark woman dressed with
the
 night
this window glued to the
 wall
a voice crying
the shadow peeling off
 slowly from the wall
and these two eyes behind the
 glass
see what is happening outside
silence heavier than
 your body
and a small beggar sitting
 on the ground
and that no one sees
in spite of his eyes



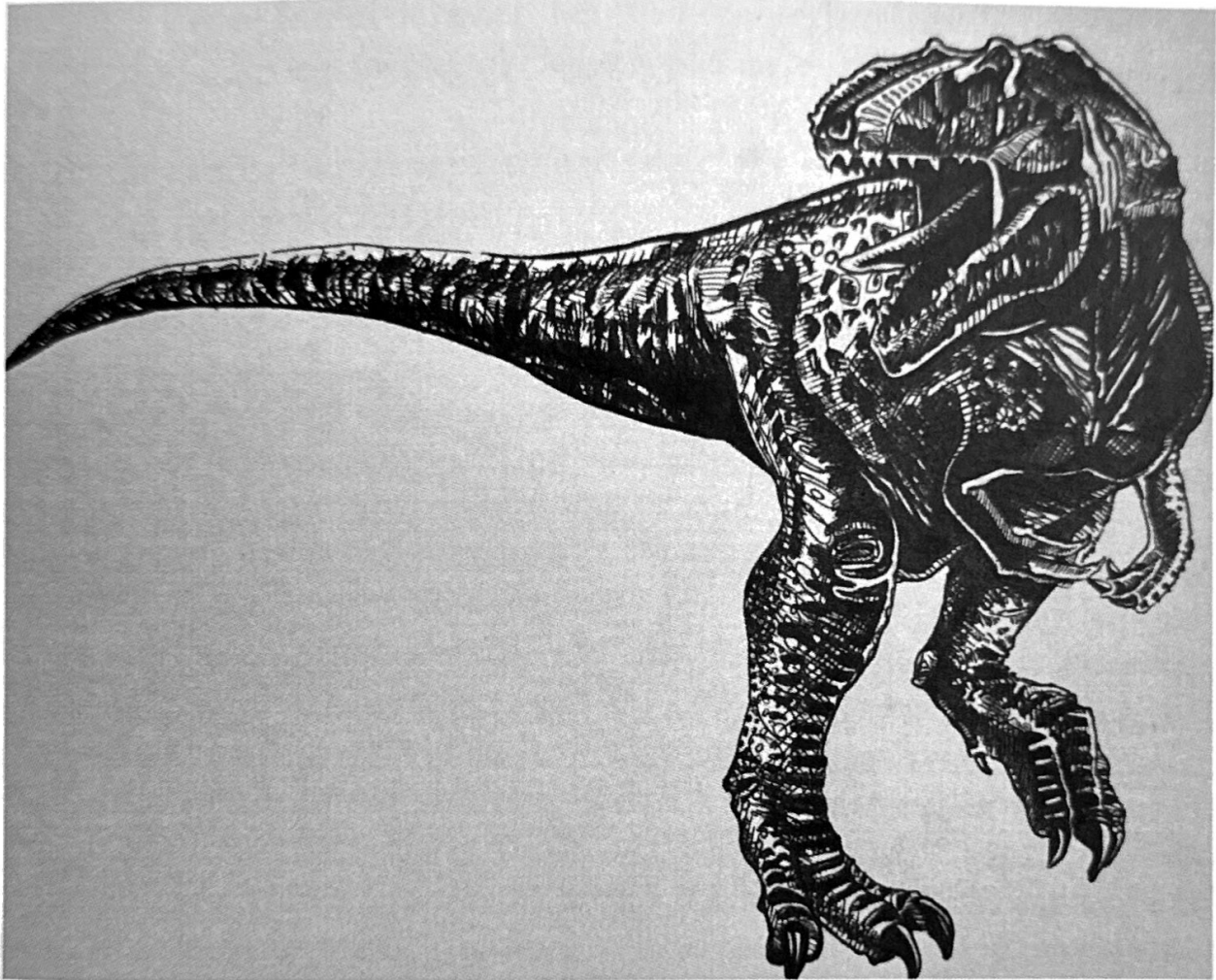
Joe DeLong

I Don't Watch Too Many Movies

I don't watch too many movies.
It's not that I particularly dislike them,
or the cool theatre, the salty and sweet concessions.
But I'd rather talk for two hours than sit in silence.
I can see the appeal, though. You experience
the budding romance, root for the protagonist
to win his fistfight, and tear up when
characters recognize the power of friendship.
Afterward, you can discuss the plot, repeat lines
and gestures. You can have common points
of reference with strangers—you draw closer
to the spirit of the era!
And I appreciate the long history of our stories
and images—more than a century—
with millennia of performances before then
in the flicker of the storyteller's fire.
I do like some movies, but I'm no connoisseur.
I'm not taking some great stand—
it's more a matter of attention span.
I'd rather talk for two hours than sit in silence.



Bethany Studnicky
Charles



Claudine Nash

Resolutions

This time next year
I will stop kissing
doorframes. I will only
touch those whose
lips are made from
flesh and tissue. When
I hear Hallelujah I
will not allow August
to stall in my throat.
Muscle shells and glass
will not sting, windblown
sediment will not make
me ache. My bones will
grow new casings like
the stubborn oak that
survived the ice storm.
I will no longer imagine
myself a prefab dipping
through a sinkhole on the
evening news. You will
be anyone else. I will not
watch you cut and paste
ampersands in the early
morning hours. The
limestone beneath me
will not dissolve and in no
uncertain terms will the
surface layer give way.



Jen Sharda

Your Great Grandmother's Sinterklaas Gift

See the businessman in natty suit lying louche along the table
when our mother opens the dining room doors closed all day
the magic Eve of Saint Nicholas--not the usual centerpiece
of presents and poems we've made each other. Our stretched eyes

reflect the candle flames repeating in porcelain, glasses, gilt edges,
as shining and opulent as dining rooms this night all over Amsterdam
--but you can see how wonderfully odder. Suave dummy looming above,
propped on elbow, one knee casually crossed, hints of *Sinterklaas* in the

trim white beard and hair, red cape beneath. Grown-ups will insist on
enjoying our exquisite dinner first, delaying, heightening the wishes wrig-
gling up through our restless feet, imaginations aeropiloting in the lee of that
boxy man you know holds every gift. The youngest, I go first. Every way

in stitched closed. Stitches artfully hidden. Finally bold--this is the 1930s
--I tug hard at the taboo zipper and find a new ability to bring waves of
giggles and howls to my elders, how capable I feel and proud--if
puzzled by timing and intensities. Watch each hammy turn, child

or grownup reaching through the crotch up to the shoulder, down
through a sleeve or pantleg, fooling around for present and
poem. Looking back, I see that our mother that holiday
became the artist later celebrated: painter and sculptor

combining home arts and high, with oddments
playing to keep her generations laughing
exploring mystery, delicious and
ridiculous joys, picking each

new *Sinterklaas*,
abundantly
skinny



Dianna MacKinnon Henning

Red Vermont House by a Covered Bridge

We peeked in the windows. It was empty, so we ran around the house
hoping to find a way in; cornflakes of paint peeling off the front door.

Inside, we saw our lives: A chair by the woodstove, you reading a magazine,
your feet on a footrest. We would need to peel off wallpaper that belonged

to another century, repaint the outside to protect the weathered, tender wood. And tender were we when first married, feast

of flesh, salty taste of the good. -We walked to the bridge; headed down
the bank to dip our feet in water so cold we yelped and hustled back

to the picnic blanket we'd spread. Was it Chianti we drank, or ripple? The years peel from their framework of time, and although

we never bought that place we live there still. I am writing this to tell you, *The covered bridge was simply a way to get over the river.*



Bethany Studnicky

Baby Girl



*

You are always afternoons
flowering slowly around this stone
as light--you can see

who was here, who wept
who left with both fists
holding your last breath

that's still not over, warming it
for the kisses two by two
lowered into your mouth

the way an evening will listen
to anyone who promises
your arms will separate again

take in a hundred rivers
bringing you an old love song
and not know who, who?



Andy Roberts

Kill Devil Hills

In my head I know that glass is made from sand,
but looking out the rented condo window
east from Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina,
down the vast sloping face of a sand dune
to the blue and green banded Atlantic Ocean,
I can't reconcile these ten billion grains of sand
with clarity. Everything's in motion,
including my mind unfortunately,
despite decades attempting stillness.
The air is moving off the incoming whitecaps
with the taste and temperature of my own blood.
Through the open second story window
facing the sea an hour before sundown,
roof's shadow reaching high tide line,
beyond the breakers the black dorsal fin of a dolphin
slicing gracefully chasing after unseen schools of anchovy.
The salt from where we started several billion years ago
as single cells swimming through my veins now
as I watch this immense sand dune shifting slowly from the sea.
Everything in motion, blood, sand, sea, sun,
stars, moon, seagull in the shallows,
dorsal fin of dolphin slicing just beyond the breakers.
Even my own mind as I sit motionless
behind the open window
reaching toward clarity one hour before sundown.



Gabriel Unger

Lithe Walker



Charles Thielman

L. A. Window Left Open

Day pushing on all fours out
of the alley, red sun creasing walls,
the dice hurled lying beside scattered

bone coins as your dream threads
the opening of a shadow, specific tones

dissolving in murals of shade.
Toxins licking inside your lungs
as you wake with a smog mask

and stumble like a blindfolded clown
into toilet, washcloth and mirror.

-

Dream filligrees down beside the names
of the stillborn as you reach to switch

off the local news, that snake song
catching your pulse as it scales day-to-day,
the same-same bars echoed in bold newsprint.

Diamondbacks hawking venom along choked
streets below dawn sky, your city shouldering

arthritic spurs of transit staccato. You
postcard thoughts on to the train window
en route to office, cubicle, faith sliding down,

collecting the songs towing breath-to-breath.
Locomotives wail the factories awake.



Tangent

1.

Say the Earth of Life were a perfect sphere
and the Tray of Soul perfectly flat.
Imagine them resting, tangent to each other,
as you and I might do.
Imagine the tray would embrace the orb,
the orb unfold to the tray.
Allowed but one point of togetherness,
they find the feeblest breeze
as a typhoon.

2.

The actual flat and sphere are all bumps,
so they naturally teeter and rock.
So my feet, porous, prehensile, perspiring,
comprised of imperfect flesh,
cope and adhere to the roughness, rises
and falls of terrestrial hills and holes,
both as I walk, and as we imagine.
The more they get moist, the better they grip,
both in flesh as in thought, so I manage
to stay on, for the pores and perspiration.
Flaws and features, in other words, help
the planet and plane get along,
and the human, erect and conscious, can
endure.

3.

Two such creatures as you and I,
fleshy and imperfect as we are,
should be made for mutual adaptation,
so improved are we in dynamics
from the theoretical.



Tangent

But when heat and moistness are applied
the surface of Soul gets slippery.
To continue requires navigation, balance,
experience, guile, and wisdom.

But there you are, and here am I,
earth and flat, Life and Soul,
you and me, or me and you,
disjoint—not quite yet touching
then touching too much, cutting across
each other, leaving a clumsy cross-section
of bumps and flaws on a warped ellipse,
like a face preparing a howl.

O to touch and stay tangent, planet and plane,
or grab and cling, sweat, join and thrive

rather than teeter, tilt, and be floored
through somersaults of incomprehension,
roll after roll after roll after roll after roll.

Glancing away from these acrobatics
I catch a glimpse of your eyes,
the wall that halts with perception, propriety and
habit

and manage to scold down the buffeted Heart,
and crinkle and toss the once-white page—
so stained now—of Imagination
and resume the not-quite-touching pitch
of Stillness

staying calm, but feeling as flat as the planet
was once imagined to be:
the planet on which we hurl and are hurled
to triumph and oblivion
through the ecstasies of even the subtlest
breaths.



Elementary

First, we mapped the world
in oatmeal plaster
 on wooden planks,
pencil-denting mountain ranges,
tonguing from eraser nubs
 the sour remains
of river-beds. Tibet
took all eternity to dry.

 Beginning at the poles,
we drew black latitudes and
longitudes, spread seas
 of flat blue paint,
labeled continents in rainbow
print
and bordered the key in gold.

Next, a solar system
out of wire and Styrofoam,
 each planet pierced with
its tooth-picked moons,
strung in proportional orbit
 around a plaster-coated,
beach-ball sun. Finished,
we set it a-spin, and watched
 as lumps of papier-mâché
flew off, moons fell
to a larger gravity,

 Venus collided with Mars,
and the whole apparatus
ran amok.

Last, we constructed *the body*
from oatmeal boxes, Q-tips,
 chunky sponges, braided
yarn.
For flesh, we mixed a thinner

oatmeal paste that tasted much
the same as the moon,

with its marked seas of silence,
its far, dark side.

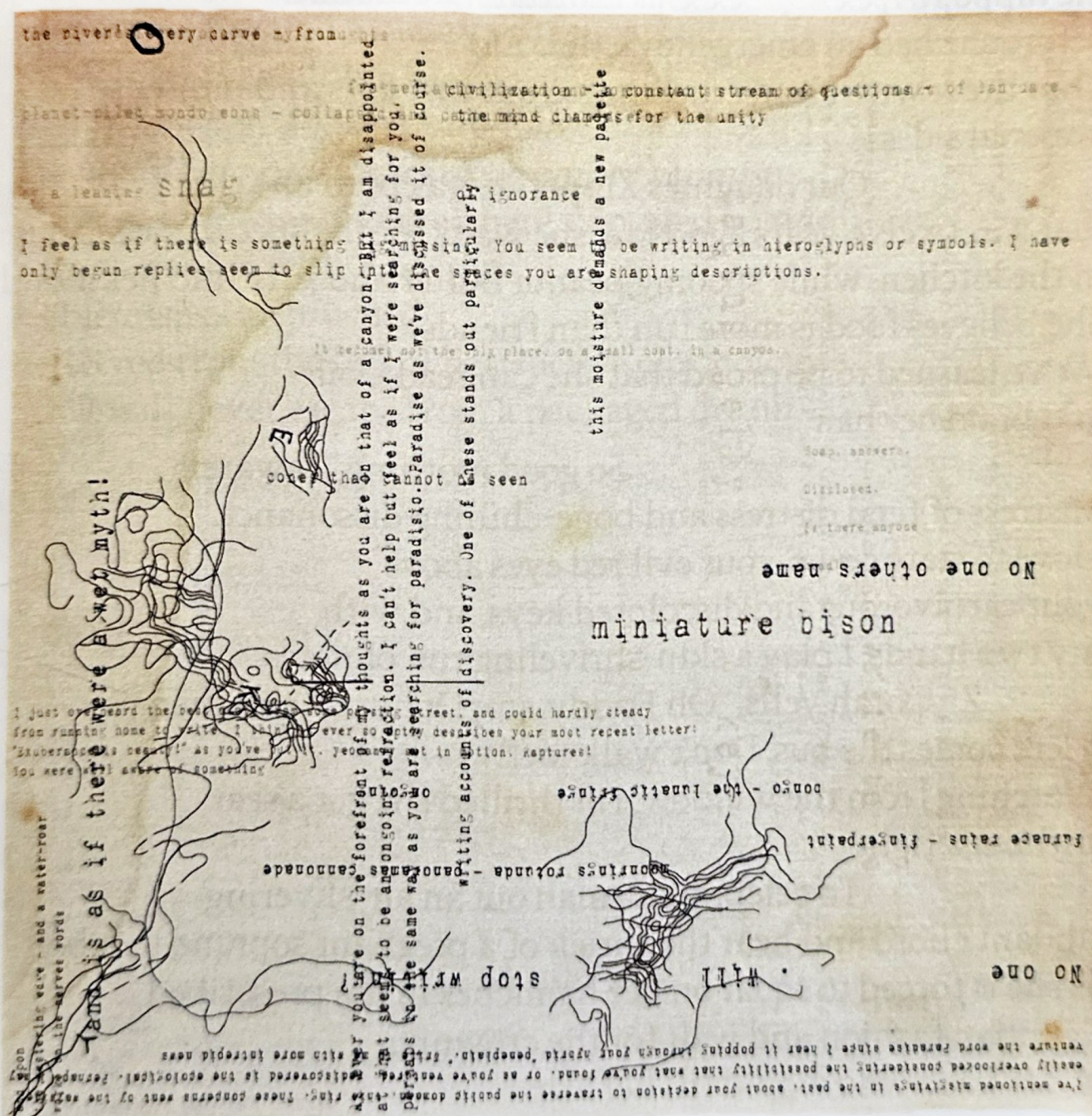
Bored with science,
our bodies, the universe, the
world,

 we'd split for recess
where we girls
spun our elliptical heats
 of rope and timing,
while the boys,
who had secretly stolen the sun,
bounced it—but only

once—
into thud and plaster dust,
and scorn.

At school, we neglected *metaphor*.





Ode to my Out-of-Tune Piano Named "Tawaret"

(Hippopotamus Goddess of Pregnancy and Death)

You are the lapis lazuli baby-blue grand piano that was painted by my wife's art students at NYU to look like Tawaret, the hippopotamus goddess of pregnancy and death, one day before she had an emergency C-section.

They drew with clear, cruel lines, your tiny ears and immense imperial sides.

Our daughter Zipporah was born anoxic; that was twelve years ago. Now she waits for the special-needs bus in the kitchen, while spooning peanut butter and jelly into her mouth. She believes food is more fun than friends.

We've learned to be proud that she can read a bit and braid her hair.

So good morning, Tawaret!

Mistress of fetal distress and bone-chilling dissonance.

I love to stare down your evil red eyes above your carnivorous and discolored keys, and with my two hands, I play a skin-shriveling run of notes.

Zipporah yells, "Oh Daddy, stop! It hurts!" and then, "Here comes the bus. Don't walk me!"

Watching from the window, I'm thrilled she got a seat without a fight.

To celebrate, I smah out an air-slivering sibilant chord and hear the shriek of a pregnant soprano in labor as she is forced to squat on her haunches in the prescribed Egyptian fashion and wait for the crowning of her babe who would fill her arms; but your dark note's anaconda beat conjures up a thick constrictor from the mud and marsh of the Nile. He sidles up to his newborn supper,

but you, Tawaret, eat the dead.



D. G. Zorich

Glossy Nudes

We gather unseen in the jade of the brightest light,
adjusting our proportions
to the hope that would deny us,
the superabundance of luxurious margins
at the soft of which a bleary socket shines:

*We are the dolphinbacks
that pass where the eye is absent ,
the dissolving prostheses of an empty promise.*

The divine is annointed here, captured behind
a lens smeared with Vaseline.
its blemishes airbrushed ,
delivered from the lips of destructive chronology--
It will never escape from a packaged dream.



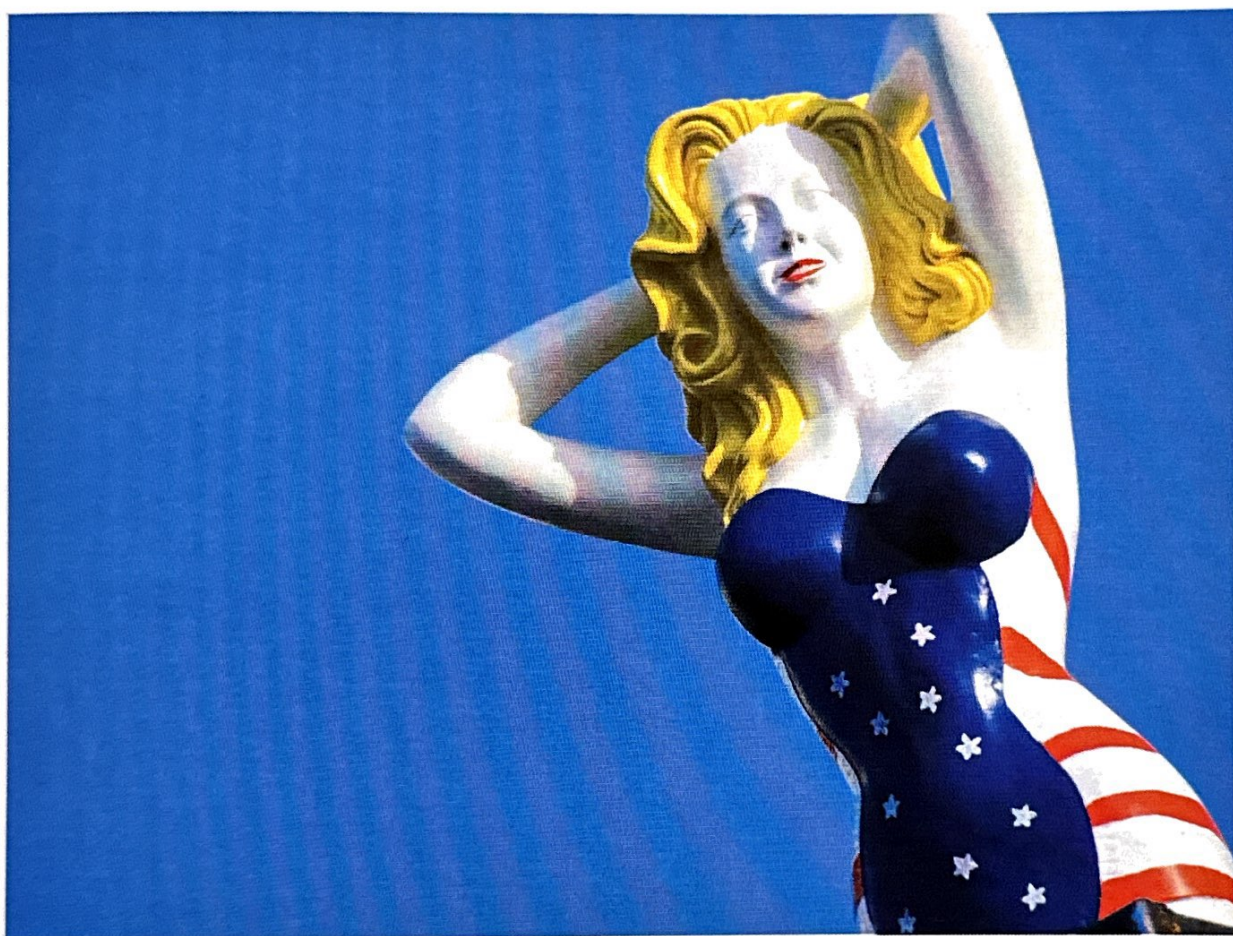
I am so understanding here as
you fuck your way across the country, peddling
suitcases of cleaning products
and Bibles and gas-station
condoms

I read your letters very
understandingly knowing the reason
you can't come home right now is
some dewy-eyed farm girl that just can't
get enough

I am so understanding I am I know
it's all just part of your job and that
the very thing that makes your penis go
into other women
is the very thing that keeps me here.



Alexis Fancher
Wonder Blonde



Trane

No one in 1966 wanted to be a white kid
from the Bronx. So I rode the subway down
to hear the man who might make me cool.
The gasbags claimed he played higher math, not music.
His friends said he practiced like a guy with no talent.
This cat who told Miles that once he got started
he didn't know how to stop. Yet could start
anywhere, like with raindrops on roses,
drive past the ghost town of pride,
then bring you back safe,
to some other home.
Such a sweet tooth that his horn was often
clogged with sugar; such a soft touch
that he packed binoculars to look for stars
where you couldn't even find the moon.
That night at the Vanguard he blew in tongues.
Two hours straight. One song.
Ended on his knees. Dropped a stitch
I can still pick up or use for grip
in any ditch, on any ledge.
A navy man, like my dad.
Saint of a church in the city where I moved to live.
Emptier of his arms in waves that to this day
 tell the kind of man you can become,
 teach what a gift is,
 warn there's little sing-along,
what just happened
just happened
and what comes next does not follow,
 ask if you're in this
or only listening.



Ira Joel Haber

Untitled



Coming of Frost

"Fry onions and garlic in oil at my funeral."
I say to my kids as we cook Thanksgiving dinner.
One winces, the other groans,
these two, bred in my bone,
share nothing, not even a glance.
Washed and dressed, sung the same songs,
the cords that bound them to me
too slippery now to bind them to each other.
This is not what a family looks like.

I sink into the sofa, its slipcovers
welcome me like a shroud.
Soon enough they will listen
for my last breath as I did for their first.
I expect she'll curl next to my body
to warm me even as I chill.
He'll be on the phone, calling relatives,
pacing the room, feeling my wrist
now and again to see if I'm gone.

She'll sing softly in my deaf ear.
He'll stand clenching and unclenching
his jaw like a fist,
that throbbing bulb in his cheek,
stare down at me
as my face grows waxen,
check his watch, share a look
with a nurse, wash me when it's time--
it shames me now to think of it.

I saw three swans this morning,
stuck in a frozen pond nearby--
their elegant necks elongated and hooked,
their feathers drawn around them like petticoats,
their blank expressions, unable to glide or fly
sitting stock still,
insensible of a faraway spring.



Laurence Holden

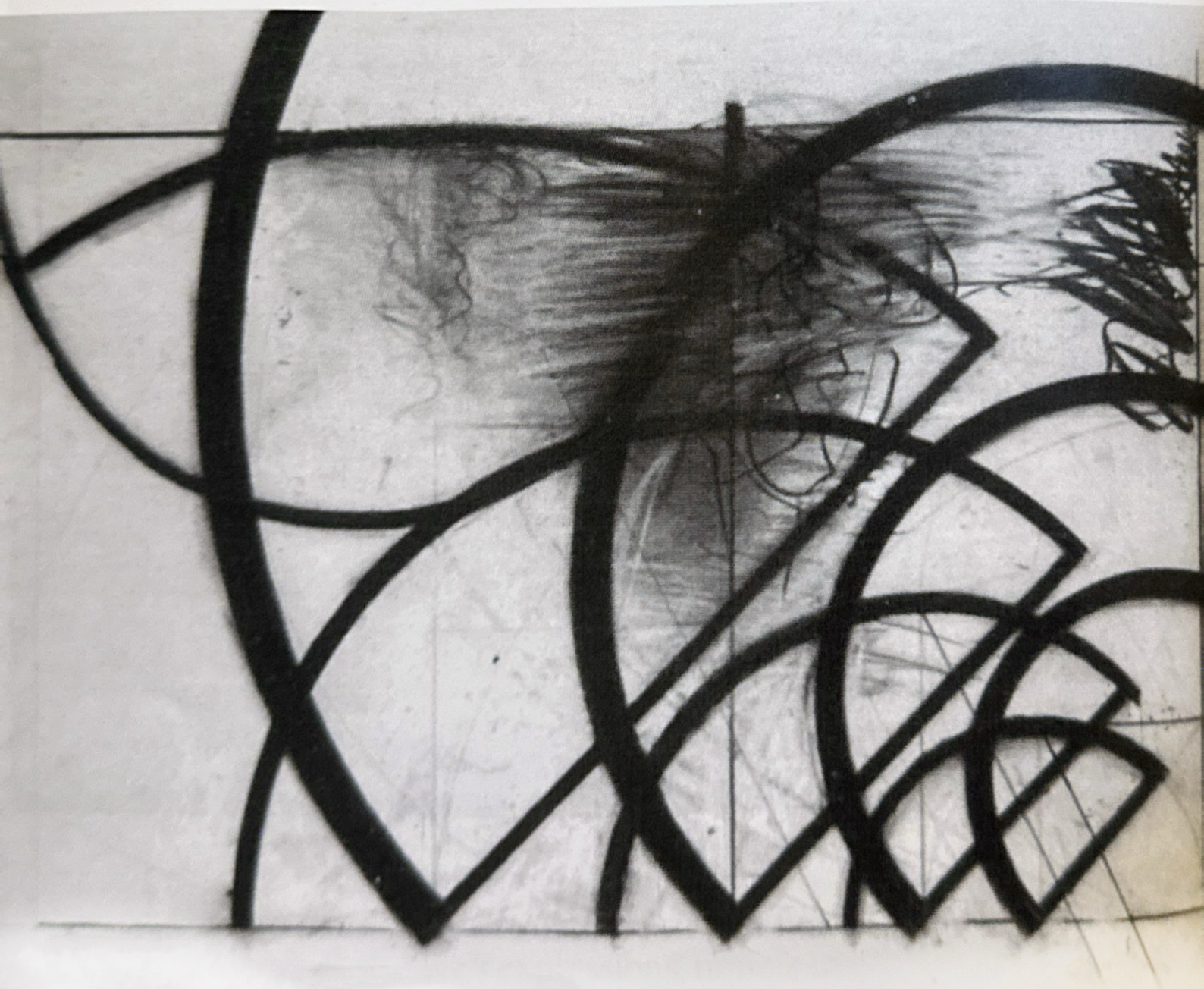
Lancashire Passage



Laurence Holden

G.G.S. Drawing 3.98 #2

Our writers



JEFFREY C. ALFIER is winner of the 2014 Kithara Book Prize for his poetry collection, *Idyll for a Vanishing River* (Glass Lyre Press, 2013). He is also author of *The Wolf Yearling* (Silver Birch Press) and *The Storm Petrel – Poems of Ireland* (Grayson Books). His recent work has appeared in *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Saranac Review* and *Tulane Review*.

KRISTEN BECK is currently an undergraduate student pursuing a degree in Psychology with a minor in English. She attends Salisbury University, and on her semesters off works as an ABA therapist for children with Autism. She has previously had a poem published in *Arcadia*.

HOLLY DAY was born in Hereford, Texas, “The Town Without a Toothache.” She and her family currently live in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she teaches writing classes at the Loft Literary Center. Her published books include the nonfiction books *Music Theory for Dummies*, *Music Composition for Dummies*, *Guitar All-in-One for Dummies*, *Piano All-in-One for Dummies*, *A Brief History of Northeast Minneapolis*; the poetry books *Late-Night Reading for Hardworking Construction Men* (The Moon Publishing) and *The Smell of Snow* (ELJ Publications); and a novel, *The Book Of* (Damnation Books).

JOE DELONG is a lecturer in the interdisciplinary SAGES program at Case Western Reserve University and has a PhD in English and comparative literature from the University of Cincinnati. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Mid-American Review*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Roanoke Review*, and *Mantis*. Poems by contemporary Japanese poet Ken’ichi Sasō that he translated with Noriko Hara have appeared in *Forklift, Ohio*.



KENNETH DIMAGGIO is a Professor of Humanities at Capital Community College in Hartford, where he teaches Composition, Composition and Literature, and a seminar on Free Speech. He has previously had poetry published in *Plainsongs*, *Italian Americana*, and *The Midwest Quarterly*. He also presented a paper titled: "St. Teresa of Avila: Nun, Saint, Creative Writing Teacher" at the 2014 Conference of Religion and Spirituality held in Costa Rica. The paper was subsequently published. He is presently working on a paper on 19th century Connecticut dentist, Horace Wells, inventor of anesthesia, and how his short tragic life also mirrors Robert Louis Stevenson's classic tale, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

THOMAS DUKES is the author of a prize-winning poetry collection *Baptist Confidential* (Bluestem Press), and a memoir, *Sugar Blood Jesus*. His poetry has appeared in *Poetry*, *New Orleans Review*, *Tar River Poetry*, *South Carolina Review*, *MUSE*, *Jelly Bucket*, and other literary magazines. He is also the author of fiction, creative non-fiction, journalism, and scholarship. He lives in Akron, Ohio, with his poodle, Princess, and his cat, Little Bit. He is the biggest Julie Andrews queen the Deep South has ever produced.

KEN HAAS lives in San Francisco, where he works in healthcare and sponsors a poetry writing program at the UCSF Children's Hospital. His poems have appeared in *Alabama Literary Review*, *Sanskrit*, *Caesura*, *The Cape Rock*, *The Coachella Review*, *Cottonwood*, *Crack The Spine*, *Existere*, *Forge*, *Freshwater*, *Helix*, *Moon City Review*, *Natural Bridge*, *Pennsylvania English*, *Pisgah Review*, *Quiddity*, *Red Wheelbarrow*, *Rougarou*, *Schuylkill Valley Journal*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Squaw Valley Review*, *Stickman Review*, *Tattoo Highway*, and *Wild Violet*. His poetry has been anthologized in *The Place That Inhabits Us* (Sixteen Rivers Press, 2010) and the *Marin Poetry Center Anthology* (2012, 2013).



DANIEL A. HARRIS's second collection of poems, *Random Unisons* appeared in 2013, following *Loose Parlance*(2008). His poetry has been nominated for a Pushcart award. His poems have appeared in *The Threepenny Review*, *Blueline*, *The Silt Reader*, *Tiger's Eye*, *Slant*, *Blue Unicorn*, *Sow's Ear Poetry Review*, *The California Review*, *Kerem*, *Midstream*, *Illuminations*, *Taproot Literary Review*, *The Rockford Review*, *Tulane Review*, *Gargoyle*, *The Listening Eye*, *Regarding Arts and Letters*, *Love's Chance*, *The Kerf*, and *Poetica*. During his academic career, he wrote literary critical studies of William Butler Yeats, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Alfred Tennyson. He is an environmental activist.

NANCY HECHINGER's chapbook *Letters to Leonard Cohen* was published in 2011 by *Finishing Line Press*. Her poetry has appeared in several journals including, *Red Wheelbarrow*, *Salamander*, *Gargoyle*, *The MacGuffin* , *Sanskrit*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *Reed Magazine*, *Raleigh Review*, *Reed Review*, *The Wisconsin Review*, and *Mudfish* (an honorable mention in its 2012 contest). She was a semi-finalist for the 2012 Philip Levine First Book Prize. She lives in New York City, teaches at the Interactive Telecommunications Program at NYU. She received her BA from Sarah Lawrence and her MFA from Pacific University.

ROBERT KEAN is a religion major at Emory University and hails from the great state of Alabama. He has previously been published in *The Old Red Kimono*, and is currently working on a collection of poetry and prose.

BONNIE MANION is a Senior Citizen who started composing poetry after all six of her children were grown. Her poems come out of a deep empathy felt when considering the experiences (not only of herself, but) of her family and friends. She's had hundreds of poems individually published as well as five chapbooks. She resides in Illinois with retired attorney Paul Manion, my husband of 53 years.



IVAN DE MONBRISON is a french contemporary poet, writer and artist born in Paris in 1969. He currently lives in both Paris and Marseille, five poetry booklets of his works have been published: *L'ombre déchirée*, *Journal*, *La corde à nu*, *Ossuaire* and *Sur-Faces*. His first novel *Les Maldormants* has been released in november 2014 by Ressouvenances publishers. His poems or short stories have also appeared in several literary magazines in France, Italy, Belgium, The UK, Canada, Australia and in the US in magazines as: *Les Hommes sans Epaules*, *Harfang*, *Po&sie*, *Il Segnale*, *Le Journal des poètes*, *Contre-Jour* *The Next Review*, *The Boston Poetry Magazine*, *Perceptions*, *Penny Ante Feud*, *The Coe Review*, *The Germ*, *The Fox cry review*, *The Walrus*, *Cardinal Sins*, *The Columbia review*, *The Minetta review*...

SHEILA MURPHY taught English and Latin in Massachusetts, Hawaii, and Connecticut. She leads memoir-writing workshops in her local library and at the Wasch Center for Retired Faculty at Wesleyan University. Her chapbook *View from a Kayak in Autumn* (2008) honors the memory of two grandchildren who died of Spinal Muscular Atrophy. She edited *Fair Warning: Leo Connellan and His Poetry* (2011). Her poems have appeared in *Caduceus*, *Peregrine*, *Litchfield Review*, and *Schuylkill Valley Journal*.

CLAUDINE NASH lives and writes in New York. She obtained a B.A. in English from Wesleyan University and later went on to obtain two master's degrees and a Ph.D. in the social sciences. In addition to winning competition prizes from the *Avalon Literary Review* and *Eye on Life Magazine*, some of her recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Asimov's Science Fiction*, *Star*Line*, *Foliate Oak*, *The Westchester Review* and *The MOON* magazine amongst other publications. Her chapbook *The Problem with Loving Ghosts* will be published by *Finishing Line Press* in December 2014.



JAMES B. NICOLA, with his first collection of poetry *Manhattan Plaza*, joins the ranks of poets Frank O'Hara and Stanley Kunitz and humorist Robert Benchley as a New York author originally from Worcester, Massachusetts. James has been widely published in periodicals including *The Southwest* and *Atlanta Reviews* and has won several poetry awards and nominations. A Yale grad and stage director by profession, his book *Playing the Audience* won a Choice award. Also a composer, lyricist, and playwright, his children's musical *Chimes: A Christ-mas Vaude-ville* premiered in Fairbanks, Alaska—with Santa Claus in attendance on opening night.

MARTIN OTT is the author of four books of poetry: *Underdays*, Notre Dame University Press (2015), *Captive*, De Novo Prize winner, C&R Press, and *Poets' Guide to America* and *Yankee Broadcast Network* (2014), co-written with John F. Buckley, Brooklyn Arts Press. In 2013, he published his novel *The Interrogator's Notebook*, Story Merchant Books. His Writeliving blog - <http://writeliving.wordpress.com/> - has thousands of readers in more than 100 countries. Website: www.martinottwriter.com.

SIMON PERCHIK is an attorney whose poems have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *The Nation*, *Poetry*, *The New Yorker*, and elsewhere. His most recent collection is *Almost Rain*, published by River Otter Press (2013). For more information, free e-books and his essay titled "Magic, Illusion and Other Realities" please visit his website at www.simonperchik.com.

ANDY ROBERTS lives in Columbus, Ohio where I handle finances for disabled veterans. Recent publications include *Atlanta Review*, *Meridian Anthology Of Contemporary Poetry*, *The Midwest Quarterly*, *Pennsylvania English*, and *Slipstream*. My latest collection of poetry, *The Green World*, was published by Night Ballet Press in March 2014, and nominated for the 2015 Ohioana Book Award. My poetry has been nominated for The Pushcart Prize three times.

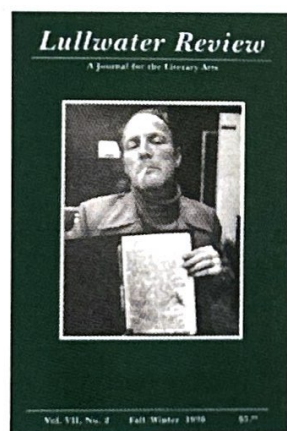
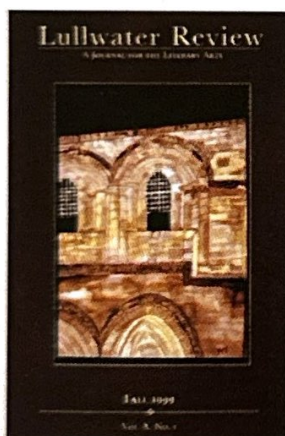
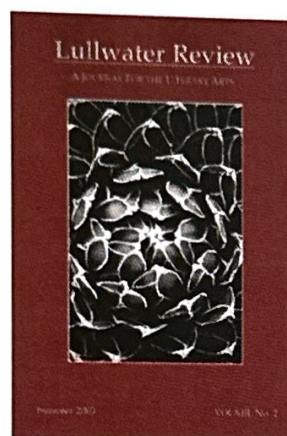
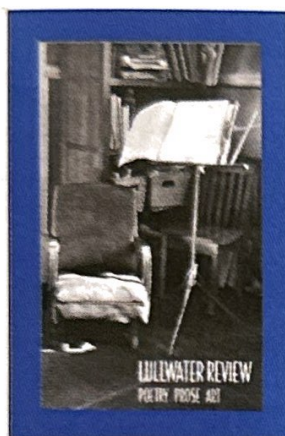
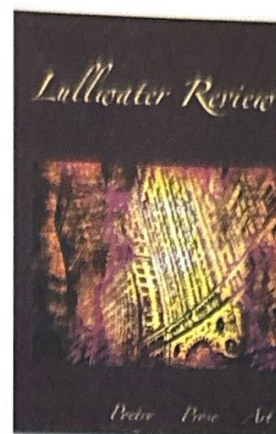
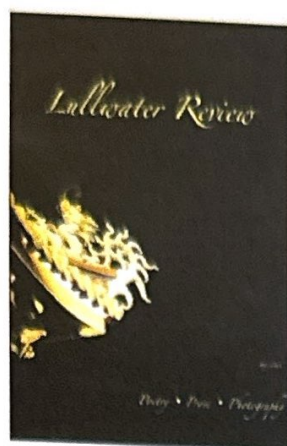
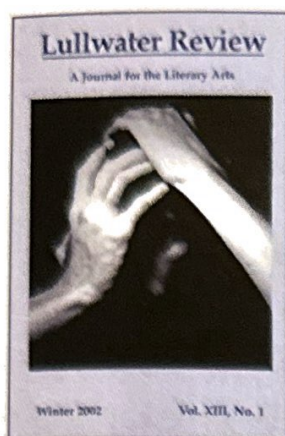


JEN SHARDA lives and writes in the Bay area, nurtured by its easy access to nature, its deep and broad arts community, and by its diversity of cultures—and the exposures, conversations, rich friendships that allows. She is particularly grateful to the Marin Poetry Center, the Napa Valley Writers Conference, David St. John's Cloud View Poets, and the Squaw Valley Community of Writers for their love of and education in poetry, for the critical support they offer for ongoing development as a poet, within a community of poets.

MARJORIE STELMACH's most recent book of poems is *Without Angels* (Mayapple, 2014). Earlier volumes include *Bent upon Light* and *A History of Disappearance* (University of Tampa Press). Individual poems have recently appeared in *Arts & Letters*, *The Cincinnati Review*, *Image*, *The Iowa Review*, *New Letters*, and *Prairie Schooner*.

MARC TRETIN is a retired attorney who lives with one old dog, three cats, three rabbits, two adult children who should find work at any moment now, and a wife who loves me dearly. I have had work accepted or published in *New York Quarterly*, *Bayou*, *Crack the Back*, and *CloudBank*.





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