



LULLWATER REVIEW

Volume 24 | Number 1

cover photos: Aerial
Gabe Unger

Lullwater Review (ISSN 1051-5968) 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.

Subscriptions are available for \$8 per year. Single copies of this issue and back issues are available for \$5. For all subscriptions outside the United States add \$4 per year.

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>

Thanks to the students of Emory University for their financial support and interest.

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.



Lullwater Review

Volume 24 | Number 1

Editors-in-Chief:

Rachel Leff and Aneyn O'Grady

Managing Editor:

Gabe Unger

Treasurer:

Aaron Girard

Secretary:

Sarah Freeman

Staff:

Ben Crais

Alexa Cucopolos

Harrison Farina

Sarika Joglekar

Logan Lockner

Christopher Naber

—

Book design:

CA Graphic Design

Table of Contents

Listening To Koi Amy Schulz	1	Firefighter Betty Guy J. Jackson	22
Ritual Before Sleep Amy Schulz	2	13 Jeffrey Zable	34
Abalone Amy Schulz	3	Eviction, Upstate New York, 2009 Alison Carb Sussman	25
DUC Gabe Unger	4	Goofy Photos Alison Carb Sussman	26
A Guy I Know Says Marty Walsh	5	The Substitute Alison Carb Sussman	28
Peter Pan Martha Landy	6	Cat Pack After James Tate Alison Carb Sussman	29
Ritual Dolores Guglielmo	7	Sleepwalker Gabe Unger	30
With A Warm Heine Fox DeMoisey	8	Rocky Mountain Goat Jack Donahue	31
Elegy With Wind Chimes Linda Taylor	9	Zucchini Holly Day	32
Lasts Richard Luftig	10	Armageddon, Marilyn-Style Holly Day	33
road trip Richard Luftig	11	I Know She Loved Me Holly Day	34
August, New York City Richard Luftig	12	Judgment Susan Carter Morgan	35
The Well Gabe Unger	13	Gifts Dan Sieg	36
Night Scene: Woman Kissing Devil Lesa Williams	14	Rust Gabe Unger	37
List Ending With He Beat Her Jim Daniels	15	the look of strangeness permeates. Gary Lundy	38
We Are Arrows #160 Darren C. Demaree	16	Insects Michael Skau	39
We Are Arrows #161 Darren C. Demaree	17	in the chapel in the moonlight Christopher Mulrooney	40
We Are Arrows #162 Darren C. Demaree	18	Acceleration Angie Macri	41
The Crowd #5 Darren C. Demaree	19	The Child Patricia Nelson	42
The Crowd #6 Darren C. Demaree	20	Map Patricia Nelson	43
Pane Gabe Unger	21		

April 2014

Dear Readers,

Thank you for picking up the 24th edition of Lullwater Review. It is our pleasure to share with you the talent and artistry of our most recent contributors. We hope that you will enjoy the wide range of literary work as you turn the pages of this twenty-fourth issue, representing the voice of both upcoming and established artists across the United States.

We would like to thank Emory University for their sponsorship and encouragement, as well as 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.

Happy reading,

Handwritten signatures of Rachel Leff and Aneyn O'Grady. The signature on the left is 'Rachel Leff' and the signature on the right is 'Aneyn O'Grady'.

Rachel Leff and Aneyn O'Grady,
Editors-in-Chief
Lullwater Review

Amy Schulz

Listening To Koi

The water writhes, twisting
Through a rock-lined channel,
and empties into the basin of the pond.
A jar of pellets sits on the porch railing.
The koi sound out, bodies sloshing,
silvering scales slapping, they jaw the air—

The phone does not disguise
the broken timbre of my mother's voice.
Her pain creeps, then roars around me—
familiar, and against that noise
a jet flies overhead, squirrels slide across the deck,
the slicing call of blue jays,

but I am listening to the water
running into the koi pond,
to the walloping calico fish
determined to get the pellets,
the sound amplified by the gas-
filled swim bladder
connected to their inner ear.



Ritual Before Sleep

Eliza gathers up that strange and constant sensation of drowning, a wet web that clings to her skin, and shoves it into the bottom drawer of her dresser. The grimaces she wore during the day, like orthodontic headgear and eyeglasses, are placed neatly in the top drawer. She lets the skin around her mouth relax, lets the apples of her cheeks settle, and erases the fine lines around her eyes with her fingertips. Those paper-thin sighs that escaped her lips today get squished into the large middle drawer along with helplessness, which is so long and stringy that she has to ball it up tight. She sits down in the chair by the window to take off her shoes. There is a spider on the windowsill. Eliza watches it amble along toward the phalaenopsis, white blossoms swooped and dangling from the bloom spike. Happiness takes this opportunity to run away from her. When she finally catches it, she dumps it in a flat-lidded container and pushes it under the bed. Annoyance, aggravation, and anxiety are nestled into cashmere sweaters that are too small for her, in the other middle drawer of the dresser. Eliza hasn't had much use for desire lately. It is so tiny that she places it into a small, beaded silk bag, cinching the ties tight and snug, and sets the bag on top of the dresser next to a pewter wishbone. She pulls the elastic from her hair and shakes it out. Tenderness, that small feather, drifts to the top of the dresser and rests where it lands. She puts curiosity into a small padlocked chest so that it may not explore during the night. Eliza pulls off her dress, lets it sink to the floor, tugs a nightgown over her head, shrugging into the arms. She pulls frustration from her skull and places it on the bedside table in a small, silver nest with a glass egg. Her roundness settles into the mattress like a breath. She folds her hands between her breasts and waits for sleep to emerge from the closet.



Abalone

The suck drowned out the waves; he pulled
the shell from the sand, its bowl wet with grit.
I think about that shell, even now, and imagine it
in a box in storage somewhere. When he dipped
it into the surf to rinse it, I saw that he was empty.
I saw the whorls in the shell, the soft gleam of the ear-
peacock blue pooling into pink, pale green curving
into black, color sliding, mother-of-pearl shining.
I wanted that shell.

Abalones are hemophiliacs and must be handled
with care or they will bleed out. He was difficult to please
and fond of beer and painkillers for breakfast.
Abalones produce pearls--some are horn-shaped;
the most desirable run wild with fuchsia, turquoise,
and gray. He threatened to sell my grandmother's
pearls, the Mikimotos, the ones her uncle brought back
from his time as a ship's doctor on the Dollar Line.
I hid them in the freezer.

The mollusks have no discernible brain tissue, though
the heart of the abalone beats on the left side of its body.
A full open can of beer makes a dull thud when it strikes
a sternum, but it is the memory of the creamy foam,
the sour smell, the clammy wet skin of my breast that lingers.
The shell of the abalone gently coils around
its muscular foot. I was without armor. When I knew my body
was going to be slammed against a wall I felt the fractioned
comfort of knowing what comes next.

I lied to his mother when she asked if he was hurting me.
He threw a punch at his father while he was driving
him down the California coast to another rehab. I packed up that
abalone shell with the rest of his things. I was as hollowed out
as the shell I coveted, not even a speck of grit left in my basin.



Gabe Unger

DUC



Marty Walsh

A Guy I Know Says

What I'm about to say
Is hearsay—
But I'll say it anyway.

If you're "woods-queer".
As some native Mainers are,

A guy I know says a friend
Confided to his wife,

There's a trail
Where the last lawn
Turns tender, almost boggy,
Underfoot, just before
You step under the first rank
Of sunshot, then dimmer,
Then dark forest trees.

Only a few elect
To take this path; only
The elect can find it.



Martha Landy

Peter Pan

He summons you from
his dissected brownstone.
I'll let you play with my New
York. We can do anything
at any time.
It's always open – to me.
Isn't it wonderful?
Don't you want to
dine late, sleep late,
wear sequins,
pay for everything?
Help me find my shadow.
Now stand in it.



Ritual

The young men and women in tight jeans walk
strangely jumping as they go - on young limbs,
cursing, touching, feeling.... nuzzling in search
of hope and sometimes love.

An aging homosexual in pomaded hair,
greying in separate stalks stuck to sweating
bulbous head - rouged lips pout and grimace....
laugh clown laugh!

In regiments they stroll on summer nights – some
thin, some fat – though always by the side
of the road - or in parked Beetles – the swishing of
skirts – of torn blouses and bitten breasts – a limp
balloon lying in the fertile dust of night.

A gigolo in Petrocelli suit and Gucci shoes,
has seduced a lonely matron who smells of desperation
and passionate peonies, and takes her to an X-rated
movie reeking of Brut and stale tobacco.

The lonely virgin – the saddened nun – the divorced
and the meek.... play themselves to sleep in a game
of frustration.... angry at the sounds of love drifting
through open windowsills.

Even the animals howl in a throbbing cacophony of urgency –
as Fireflies flicker in frenzy the code of love –
mosquitoes buzz in anticipation – udders bursting with
suckled blood – in the hours of sultry night and dawn.



With a Warm Heine

Storms are a happening
forgettable after sunny weeks
in the still hand of air
as it halts and hushes
and the heat and glare
that keep people to porches
slow the rocking of chairs
silence fast pavement for sedans
to honk and hurry over.

From a rain-crowded cafe today
deep puddles explode as trucks
exiting the drive-through
plunge tires into parking lot potholes
splashing an occasional wave
against the window.
Downpours animate the air
between my table
and the distant branch of a bank –
the sky's gravid purpling invokes
last night's weather, its heraldic
room-illuminating booms.

For a moment, two women
conducting loudly some banal business
quiet and turn.
I look up again from a book
the coffee grinder and cash register stop
and the lights, one time, flicker.



Linda Taylor

Elegy with Wind Chimes

In March you hear the wind chimes
of the lady up the street

who died. Last year, when wind broke
through the covered leaves,

you'd see her with a rake
as you'd run by. The plants brought in

by fall's first frost are gone,

just as the buds come out

on other stems. The nodes will coax
to leaves that quiver in June's glassy

heat when fireflies crowding there
will be the ghosts of chimes

like these-and cars still blasting
down a moon-soaked street

to boil forth a song where everything

is small as apples, far below.

You will put those firefly nights
in jars, with leaves, and holes

poked in the top, forget to let them
out again till spring, when thirty

cold and greasy lights fall tinkling
to the concrete floor.



Lasts

A vague moon yields to the last of autumn
as the long arms of carnelian-colored
leaves make their last-stands on the oaks.
The last of the geese head away in solemn flight,
while aground, field mice and fox squirrels gather up
their last rations before going off to sleep.

Yes, there are last poems lurking in the woods,
memories heading one by one off to better climes,
all too ready now to leave me behind the latticed
windows of this echoing house, and you so set
upon going with the first, loss-hints of frost,
taking forever these last vestments of dreams.



Richard Luftig

road trip

he aims the headlights
in any direction a life
needs to go, this drive

so laden with yields,
full stops and sometimes
detours, through towns

with tumbledown
houses, their backs
unseen, their sides

a shroud in bas-relief
that appears only
when the sun calls

it a day and no one
thinks enough to look.
the map on the dashboard

a biography of space
instead of time,
he points out to her

landmarks, mile markers
really, of all the best
points of their past.



Richard Luftig

August, New York City

A summer sun is volleying
off concrete and chrome,
making knives of light
that slice through humid air;
this place stirred full of smoke,
full of grit, wearing so heavy
on my valley of empty space
like an inversion of heat.

On a cross-street near Broadway,
I look up at three banks
all blinking different
times and temperatures.

Why does each one
of them continue to tell
me that I am still too late?



Gabe Unger

The Well



Night Scene: Woman Kissing Devil

Satan stands on a loading dock
behind a depot turned bar,
a train clattering past in the night.
His horns resemble plush chili peppers;
his polyester cloak's askew, face partially visible.
A woman kisses him,
her mask black and red feathers,
upturned eyeholes outlined in gold,
her dress sleeveless and black,
galaxies of silver
twisting over its surface.
The universe ends at her hemline,
mid-thigh.
Lucifer, light-bearer,
vivid against her darkness, quiescent.
Textures: the grit of glitter,
tickle of feathers.
These two feel things the viewer can't:
brimstone held in the hand,
the flavor of raw rattlesnake,
continents rushing up during a fall,
blue flames crackling,
the foetor of smallpox.



List Ending With *He Beat Her*

He ironed his jeans into razor creases.
He never got rid of his black book.
He flossed twice daily. He took his shirt off
at the drop of a hat, or a pin, or any remark
about fat. He scrutinized guitar solos
on headphones. He made his family
stay downstairs when he took a shit.
He claimed to be his own boss but worked
for an exterminator. He believed television
cured cancer. He tossed no-fat potato chips
by the fistful into his open maw. He drove a pickup
but never delivered a load. He collected samurai swords
He kept a mental map of the city's bad areas
and never crossed over without his unloaded gun
and then only to kill bugs. He polished his bald head
but always covered it with a cap. Irony grabbed him
by the balls, but he just scratched, and moved on.
He married the kids' babysitter. She got a job
cleaning teeth, and he relied on it for benefits.



Darren C. Demaree

We Are Arrows #160

The heart eats the
blossom because the
heart wants so deeply
to be a blossom.

The heart is
not a blossom.

The heart is
much stronger, much
more important.

The heart is
root to our great
howling, and without
that sound we would
be stem and loon, we
would be the
possibility of strength,
but no more.



We Are Arrows #161

Momentum from the
sky, we first found
momentum from the
dirt.

Airborne, we
feel no tread.

Descending,
we feel only the rush
through the scars on
our underbelly.

Shirtless, this
is why adrenaline or
the right drug can
convince us that no
process has brought
us to the current
reality.

In these
moments, we are our
most vulnerable to the
camera, we are wholly
lost, without the
passing of time, we
are framed by our
manic nature.



Darren C. Demaree

We Are Arrows #162

Vaguely scenic, our
spent flesh, strange if
unmoving, quickly
becomes more about
the rot than the cut,
and that is the tragedy
of death.

Measured
against the field we
are found next to, I
have already picked
the river to disperse
me throughout Ohio.

The sadness of
my passing will be
tough to locate.



The Crowd #5

Every scar is a birthmark, drunk, every birthmark is a call to the summit, to the volcano, to the large red eye of the madness, the carousel where every inanimate horse is a man flailing through gun-smoke, never reaching any target, never being refilled with more alcohol, just swinging his arms like a broken windmill never approached by the honor of a knight, never hinted at by a skirt of any kind. There were women in the crowd, of course there were, they tasted the blood as much as the men did, but not one of them, during those fourteen rounds found the steam to be hungry for the cast shadows of the men that chanted with their thumbs stuck out, facing down.



The Crowd #6

Dense, white flowers, gorgeous from above, bird to
bird, the judgment of the flowers is always warm,
strong to the sun, wrong from the stem down into
the root Mode of flight, collections of flights
circling the human shadows, yellowed by the
spotlights, absolute in decoration, needlessly
focused above the soil, the taker of the cowards,
unwilling to give their bodies to the wind. Faces,
simmering faces, look away from the men in the
ring, this is your moment to be passed over as unworthy
of any perspective of glory.



Gabriel Unger

Pane



Firefighter Betty

Betty was all man. Don't get him wrong by his name. He was a firefighter. He is a firefighter, correction. He sits at the card table at the back of the firehouse leaning in close to another firefighter saying: "We never sleep. We undo each dawn like fresh red shoes. We'll kiss a kind cat if we see one. We love golden doors. We like it this way. We snatch good manners from those who know better to make ourselves better and then we go on and make the world around us better. If one of us were to see a pigeon at the very top of one of those roofs that goes up in a spire and if that pigeon were all alone then we would take that as evidence of all pigeons having individual personalities and senses of self. We plant a row of vegetables in our flower garden. We hold forth in shyness. We are, by gum, firefighters."

"I agree," says the other firefighter.

They looked up to see the kids from the local hospital had arrived. With a little bit of effort the kids were soon sitting in a circle around Betty. Betty snapped his fingers at the other firefighter, who got Betty's favorite book from its place atop the cabinet full of axes.

Betty cracked open the book and read without preamble:

"Chuckle the Chitmouse by Elizabeth Fantoma. Chuckle the Chitmouse chuckling, wirty watching out faceless metal didn't make a sudden clanging move. Metal man carrying maybe a spear. No, Chuckle didn't like that. Learn to love yourself, thought Chuckle the Chitmouse. Chuckle kept



having the feeling of wanting to be mournful because he was just a mouse but then an internal roasting nut engine grinding gippy him guppy him gum gim gim gim toward just being happy with being a chitmouse actually. Chuckle took a prod thought to the hull of a fat ear that he both should and oughtta investigate that stone spire sticking up between the two lamp poles. **It would be a day's journey but worth it and I'd more as likely not surely find crumbs of cackling cake-cake along the way, me, and why cake of all the crumbs? Don't know,** Chuckle thought, and he never thought aloud, some mice thinking and squeaking their thoughts aloud, but back again. **Why cake crumbs of all crumbs?** Chuckle thought back again. **Because,** Chuckle the Chitmouse answered himself, **I feel it in my toothpick bones. The End."**

The kids from the local hospital stared up at Betty with a row of slightly gaping mouths and eyes reading confusion. Embarrassed, the chaperone ushered the children out of the firehouse and back to the hospital.

Betty returned his attention to the other firefighter, who had produced a deck of cards because he wanted to have another go at solitaire.

"Kids are alright," said Betty, "But trees are better. That's why pretty soon I'm gonna start fighting forest fires."

"Cool," said the other firefighter, whose name, by the way, was Chantelle.

—The End—



When I returned home from visiting my grandmother in Michigan I told the neighborhood boys that I had sex with a girl named Sharon and I made the story so real that at first everyone seemed to believe me until an older kid named Mark said we know the only Sharon you had was your right hand and in the end I couldn't keep my story straight so I made myself scarce until most of the kids stopped teasing me all the while trying to figure out how I could really make my dream a reality.



Alison Carb Sussman

Eviction, Upstate New York, 2009

Loose steps lead down to the dusty porch
surrounded by the graffitied stone wall
I watch the sun rise from the lawn chair
paces from the small bungalow where we lived
sharing cinnamon rolls, spaghetti, lemonade
all of us stuffed in tight
the blue coat of paint on the house so worn
we see rough splintered wood underneath
the shutters squeak in the wind
the roof leaks and my father curses, puts
back the split shingles and reseals them
the sun high and hot over the flagstone path
the front door with the torn screen
my grandmother grows tomatoes along that walk
near the boulder left sometime after the last ice age
I imagine its ancient world when dinosaurs
and woolly mammoths roamed among the trees
now the lawn is crushed by dandelions
and giant ragweed bushes stampede across
red tailed hawks screech in wheezing oaks
as my heart sinks with the sun on the planks
and I slip into a place of buzzing voices
my brothers plead
and my mother bangs the car keys on the table
The driveway up front by the big willow
points away from the house onto the broken road
with millions of hairline cracks
like fault lines to other houses, other families.



Goofy Photos

We all saw it, the email, but nobody,
least of all me, his sister, took it
seriously, a cartoonish picture

of a decapitated rooster
after all, he sent goofy photos all
the time, we started labeling them junk

or deleting them before even
clicking on them. Crazy guy, he loved
kidding around, he couldn't resist

a knee slap at our family table
until he stopped showing up and hid
in Mexico, the way I withdrew

to paint in my studio. Now
the messages read "Please Look!" and "Urgent"
but we checked and they were still jokes:

a horse of brushes and my face on its ass
How much free time did he have? Wasn't
he sculpting? Dave went out to visit,

said our brother was nuts, living alone
on the border with a scraggy old cat
Who knew if he even took his depression

pills or his insulin? His belly was huge
from take-out. No, not sculpting at all
When we visited him in the hospital



he waltzed with "loony Louie" while we
stayed safe on the other side of the glass doors
Still, I was afraid I wouldn't get away

I tried his cell phone dozens of times
sweating, fumbling around in the dark
but got his computerized answering machine,

he wouldn't talk to me, he spoke mostly
with his hands. And the email messages
kept coming in like moths furiously

hitting a lightbulb. LOL!
The police found him slumped over
the terminal which had a shot

of Michelangelo's captives coming
to life through the marble, a plate
of Enchiladas Suizas lay on the floor,

his gun stuck in the middle of the cheese
Even in death, a last gag. How he did it
I cannot imagine.



The Substitute

The sleep-away couch is full of cat hair
and sags in the middle.
My husband used to doze on it,
hugging the pillows to his chest.
What made me think I could rent it out?
His stuffed duffel bags wait
for him behind his desk,
the desk overflowing
with health and tax folders.
His lumpy office chair waits too.
The girl nods politely.
She sees it all yet does not see
the exploding fuselage and wings
the burned dogtags on the tarmac
the hasty graveside ceremony.
As she and I walk over the rug
I've done my best to clean,
she grimaces
and I hold my breath,
stare at the tangle of books and maps
just as my husband left them.
I could start clearing out his things
but the apartment still smells of him.
"Well," the girl says, "it certainly is lived in."
I try to imagine how she views the place,
distract her with the new flat-screen TV,
the music he and I listened to together,
that piece where –
'I'll have to let you know," she says,
eyes sliding to the side,
"there's this other space... "
I walk her to the door,
the room a blur.



Cat Pack

After James Tate

Talking about cats,
the pack in the Old City was ravenous.
You know, cats aren't supposed to be like rats, are they?
Well, these had menacing teeth.
Passersby ran screaming from them.
Sure, it was nature, but nature at its ugliest.
One gobble seized through them and then another and another
until our foreheads grew wet
and we gasped for breath.
Their coats were worn thin by urban warfare.
They bore clumps of crimson fur and patches of blotched skin.
The cats all melded into one
a gnashing hissing mottled creature.
We felt it was holding us captive in its giant paws
against a stone wall,
playing with our tour group like a crusty morsel.
Were we meant to be part of the beast?
Was this some great master plan?
A new world order
for which we were totally unprepared?
The savagery of it all
rattled us to our very bones.
Then the cats scattered and regrouped
and we followed, throwing out bread,
placing bets on which animal would emerge victorious.
“Let's go,” we snarled among ourselves,
our voices not our own.



Gabe Unger
Sleepwalker



Jack Donahue

Rocky Mountain Goat

Rocky Mountain goat controls the edge;
digs one hoof into clawed footings of cliff,
black hollow horns heed few warnings of the wind.
king of the precipice
droops long face against picture sky,
whiskers when young, downward determination.

Inland it is safe,
hooves dig solid earth,
spread toward the eventual ledge,
no mountain air erosion of free, unruly tuft
growing sloppily toward the stars.

Surefootedness rests near the edge
or beyond it; great goat goes there,
tests the wanderings of air,
chances he will fall off.

His world is not safe
yet it is his world.



Zucchini

for months, I watched as the vine wrapped itself around
pieces of dead tree and suffocated my plants
and wondered why I had wanted it there, why I

had allowed something so invasive to take root
among my violas and columbines, its leaves
so broad they took all daylight away, killing my

grass struggling to grow through hastily-thrown piles of
mulch, then one day, I went out and checked under the
leaves and saw the giant zucchini boner, I

couldn't believe my eyes, sprouted overnight and
more than one, little ones, bigger ones, saluting
me like an army of green men built just for my

palm, and only the most important parts, no grasping
clutching hands, no irritating, whining voices
no embarrassing morning-afters, really, I

wonder, fingers prying loose the gigantic spears
feeling their hollow, cool weight with trembling fingers
anticipation, how much zucchini will my

mother need for cooking, how many zucchini
can one person actually eat?



Armageddon, Marilyn-Style

(the lights down, just a little more, collect your things
go. throw a red scarf over the bulb by the bed—
wheel in the post-holocaust gig city model
and let the rats start the maze.) I'm walking in your
dreams, Mr. President, on a white beach bare feet
leaving no footprints in the sand. This piece of ass

is the only real person here tonight. Wings
of angels beat on the glass of the hotel, dead
to anything but our blind sins. (pour a couple
more buckets of homicide on the beach, cover
up the swollen corpses, Joe Public's bloody feet.
kill the rats). I almost called you up again last

night, knew the phone was right by your head, but I knew
that thing in your bed was down visiting for the weekend
and would pick up the phone, collecting your calls—I
hugged the plastic receiver between my wet thighs
and pretended I was collecting pieces of
you through these dreams, it was you, down on me, all night.

(the Armageddon simulation will redo
itself tomorrow. Let's call it a day. The end
of any era means that something has to die.
In a place by the ocean, the fake red skyline
reads "The End." Armageddon, the lights go off. Logoff.
Clear the set, the blackened beach. It'll be all right.)



I Know She Loved Me

all the other kids had sandwiches
in their lunchboxes, olive loaf, pimento
bologna. I'd hide my lunch from my friends
bury it deep in the rumpled-brown paper bag
cover green sushi rolls with my palm, pink shrimp puffs
sweet rice balls wrapped in sea weed. Every day, I begged
my mother to make me peanut butter crackers
ham on white, something normal.

my stepfather would hear me from his office and laugh
"Your mother's a wonderful cook! They should be
so lucky to have her for a cook!" speak at length
of his childhood, his own mother's disgusting attempts
at making jellied baby squid, peppered mussels so hot
they made your pee burn.

my mother would just sigh, suggest
tampopo for lunch. told me I could tell
the other kids it was just
chicken noodle. "You don't know that their lunches
are any better than yours," she'd chide
heaping mounds of steamed pea pods, caramelized ginger
and salt-and-pepper shrimp on my plate.



Judgment

I wondered
each time you rode your rusting
bicycle near my house, a crooked grin
with hair askew, your eyes red
and blurry, as you slurred heywhereareyougoing?

I wondered
whether you were safe or scary,
wanting to harm, by riding so close but
veering away. And then I saw you
in the liquor store, counting your nickels

I wondered
if you had enough to buy the gin you
reeked of. But no, you were only turning in
change for bills, and the salesclerk said, hey
Dale, what's up. And smiled.



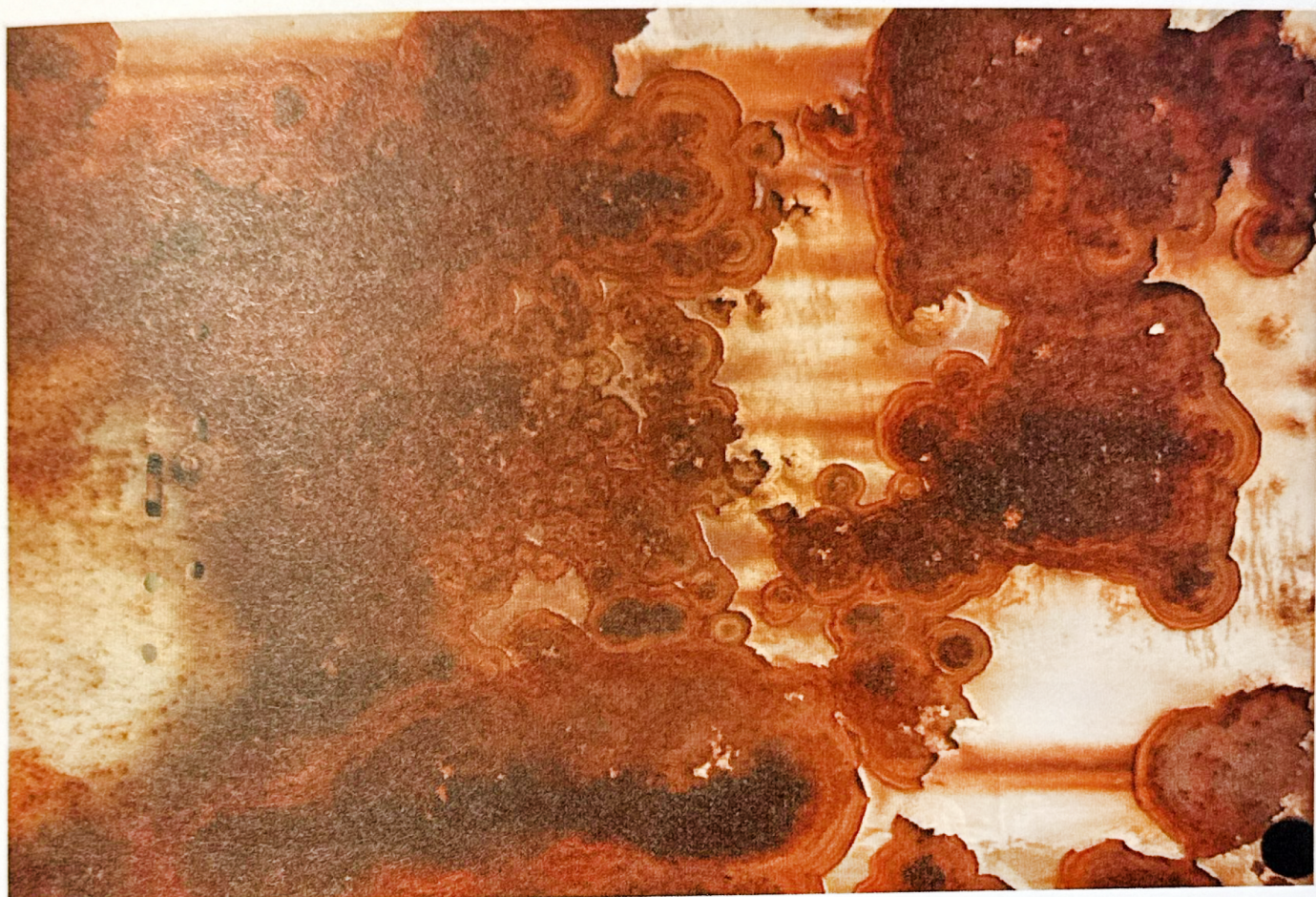
Gifts

Happily married friends
brought us Resurrection plants
from their sojourn West.
Two plugs, bagged in plastic,
with instructions for rebirth.
We watered each in its shallow bowl
and watched.
Gradually, almost imperceptibly, they opened fully.
As slow as a minute hand, you said.
Unwinding furls like tentacles, I said.
Their novelty soon wore off;
the plants, lacking moisture,
curled back up, arms hugging
themselves into dry coiled globes.
They lay like tight clenched fists,
in their separate bowls.



Gabe Unger

Rust



Gary Lundy

the look of strangeness permeates.

already i prepare the goodbye. a final look. you grapple with the ill
placed line on a new canvas. brush quick strokes. to restore an enabling
want. across the room a group of women bends bowed over a thought
of art. among poets fear outdistances design. where might it have turned
sour. last night i closed my eyes as the sound of wind stormed. sneezed
out this growing anxiety. you reach over. touch my shoulder gently.



Insects

When I flipped the kitchen light switch on,
three cockroaches skittered across
the spattered linoleum floor. I stomped
on the biggest-the slowest-one,
but the others escaped to the baseboards.
I left the roach's carcass, insides
spilling out the shattered shell
like a split toothpaste tube, as a warning.

Back in the living room, God sat
watching a Leave It to Beaver
rerun on cable. "You know," I complained,
"if it had been me, I would've
created a world without insects.
I'd even give up butterflies
to be free of cockroaches, termites,
waterbugs, mosquitoes -
and fleas, ticks, spiders, wasps, the bugs
I found in the sack of flour,
the flies that bit me all day at the lake-."
"Flies," God interrupted,
gritting his teeth in twisted grimace;
"I remember how they gorged
on his wounds as he helplessly hung on the cross,
distracted by other matters."



Christopher Mulrooney

in the chapel in the moonlight

a certain fig tree

while she natters on about the second life

probably contemplating a third

and fourth and fifth and sixth

the way of all things



Angie Macri

Acceleration

Under unborn stars below Orion's belt,
between County Line Road and Eden,
I saw the panther once.

Curve on curve, we had practiced
acceleration in the driver's ed car there,
the Pontiac heavy on its way.

As bright as lust, the mines with legions
of lights operated at all hours. The company
built breaks of earth along

the highway so we couldn't see,
but the shine above, they were
unable to contain.

Cemeteries were left untouched, islands
of stones with names carved carefully
and ages to the day.

The panther raised its head with slowness
born of nothing to lose, eyes illuminated
beside a creek as we sped

out from a curve. Blasted and ground,
the veins of coal, abundant seams,
were yielding ton on ton,

and trains ran through town almost
every hour at night. Winter, summer,
the same, I pulsed in bed

with crossing bells and the whistles
in their minor tones, long, then short,
a code, sure as I was born.



Patricia Nelson

The Child

Here is the child, landlocked and small.
Around him the directions lie.
A sudden letting out
Of quaint, indigenous, misleading birds.

His house bends outward everywhere
Into time and sound and distance,
Strange to the solid tenant
Arriving without word or shimmer
From the country of a single want.

As a root with sentient hair
The dreaming child inches down.
The wish as new and empty as a bell.
He takes the way most indirect and small.
No other way presents itself.

In the land of listeners
The small resound.
The Word unfolds like a marvelous animal.
And the many tools, small and close to the hand.



Map

The orator stands, invokes with whitened eye
An iridescent doctrine
The orthodox around it like a curve.

The voice as if upon a height
Twists in a face like the thin of a flag
A hole in the light.

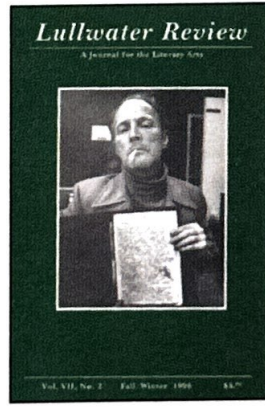
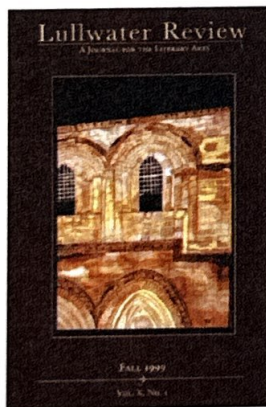
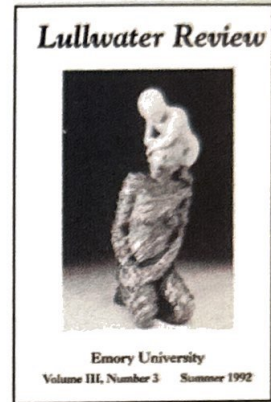
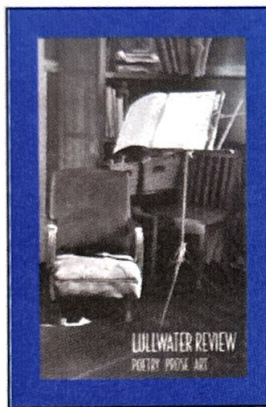
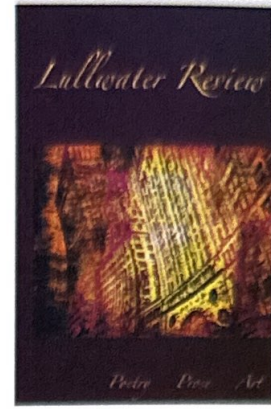
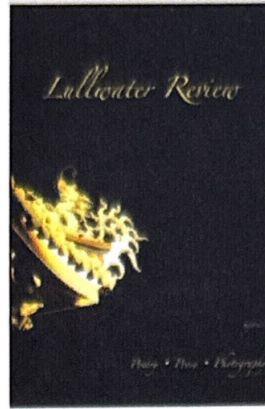
Invokes the cog, the turning
Minutes, little hairless numbers
Huddled at the sill of the hour;

The mountain with the path laid down,
Each step leaning toward the next,
The wheel affixed to the uphill aching lights.

Around and through the real, the words for real
The words that claim and balance.
Each word, in its map, a set of edges: Reasonable.

Edge that binds the heel to the abyss.
Word the first small dislocated stone.





Be A Featured Artist

- Submit up to ten pieces
- We accept any type of art
- All submissions must be presented on a disc or sent through email as a .jpg or .pdf file
- Please include name, phone number, address and a short bio with the submission
- The title of each piece should be clearly evident
- All submissions are non-returnable

Guidelines for Submission

All submissions should be typed, with the author's name, address and phone number on each page. Please include page numbers for fiction submissions, and for poetry submissions longer than one page.

Fiction submissions should be double-spaced, and no longer than 5000 words; please limit the number of fiction submissions to two or fewer. There are no restrictions for length, topic, form or style when it comes to poetry, but please limit any poetry submissions to five poems or fewer.

A self-addressed stamped envelope and cover letter should accompany all paper submissions. Please include sufficient postage for the return of your manuscript or indicate in your cover letter that you'd like only an editorial decisions. We will not return submissions without proper postage (but don't worry, we recycle). At the moment, we prefer paper submissions, but an online submission manager is coming soon. Please check our website for further information: <http://lullwaterreview.wordpress.com>

We do not accept previously published material, but we do take simultaneous submissions. If your submission to Lullwater has been accepted elsewhere, please email us at lullwaterreview@lullwaterreview.com with the word "withdrawal" in the subject line.

Submissions are accepted throughout the year, but be advised that we will not look at work submitted during the summer months until September. If we accept your work, payment will consist of three copies of the issue in which your work appears.

Lullwater Review does not discriminate on the basis of age, race, gender, ethnicity, national origin, sexual orientation, marital status, disability, political conviction or religious belief. We welcome work that brings a fresh perspective using innovative language.

Contributor's Notes

Our founder Robert Webb currently runs a sculpture garden in Dalton that houses 40 pieces on the grounds of the local arts center.

Patricia Nelson's poems "Maps" and "The Child" also appear in her book titled *Among the Shapes the Fold & Fly* published by Sugartown Publishing. "The Child" was also published by **Presa**.

Amy Schulz's poem "Listening to Koi" appeared previously in **Glass** (Vol. V, No. 2), an online journal, and her poem "Sleep" appeared in **apt** (issue 3, 2012) both in print and online.

Michael Skau's poem "Insects" is currently a part of a series titled *Me & God* that has been accepted for publication by Wayne State College Press.

Allison Carb Sussman's poem "Eviction, Upstate New York, 2009" also appeared in **Burningword** (Vol. LXV).

In other news, Gregory Alexander's short story "The Holy Mark" that originally appeared in our 1998 issue (Vol. IX, No.1) has been expanded into a novel, published recently by Mill City Press. A first-person narrative told by a priest involved in the Catholic Church scandals, *Publisher's Weekly* called the novel "memorably disturbing."

We Need Your Support

We are a small, student-run magazine and your contribution makes a great difference to our work. It is because of your support and generosity that we have been able to publish works from across the country. Please help us in our continuing efforts to bring fresh new writers and artists twice a year.

.....

Subscription Form

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

___ One year subscription for institutions (\$10)

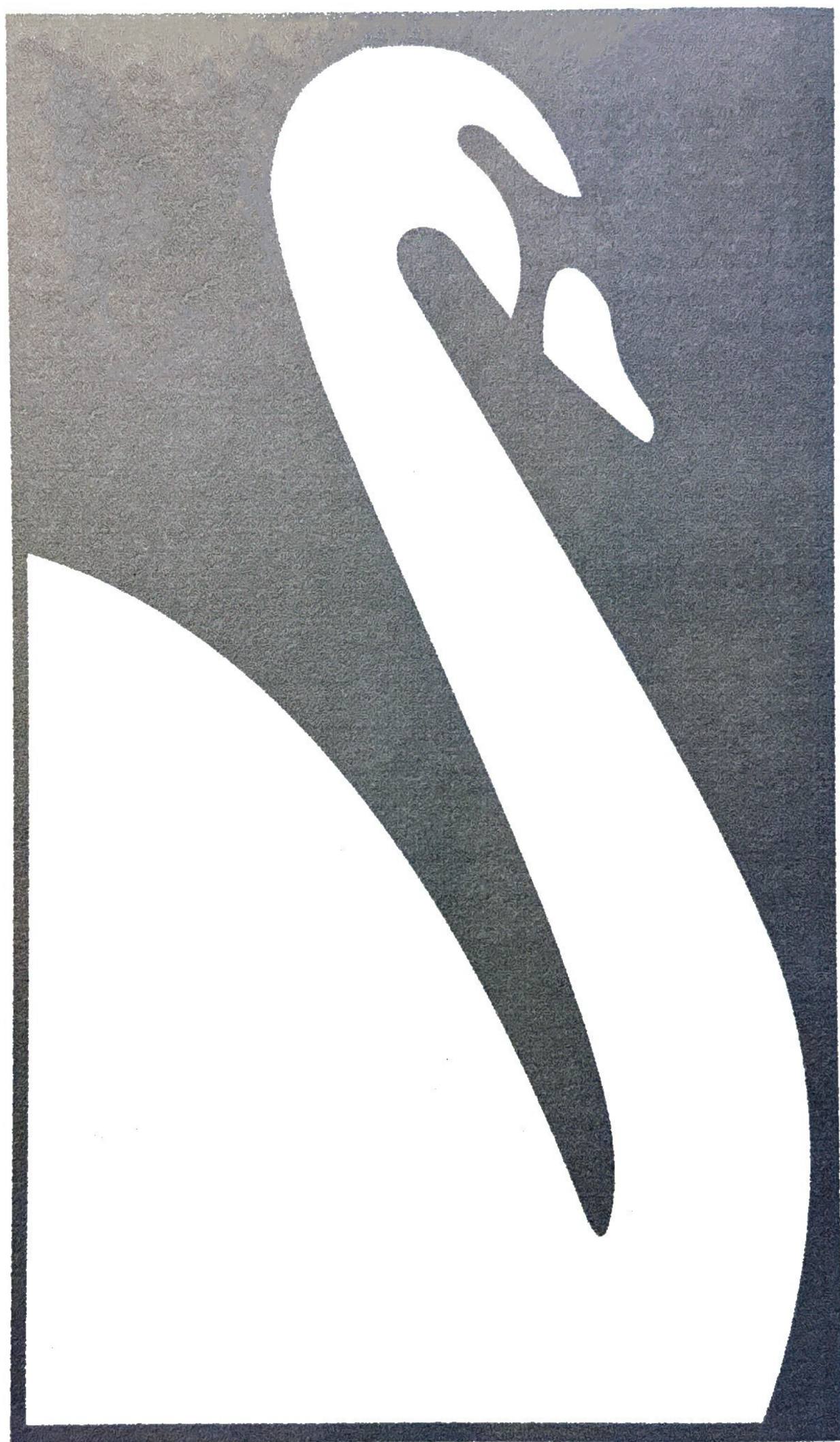
___ One year subscription for individuals (\$8)

___ One year supporting subscription (\$25)

___ Patron's donations (\$50) *Includes one year subscription and patron status*

Make all checks payable to: **Lullwater Review.**

Return to: **Lullwater Review • Box 122036 • Atlanta, GA 30322**





Jim Daniels
Holly Day
Darren C. Demaree
Fox DeMoisey
Dolores Guglielmo
Guy J. Jackson
Martha Landy
Richard Luftig
Gary Lundy
Angie Macri
Susan Carter Morgan

Christopher Mulrooney
Patricia Nelson
Amy Schulz
Dan Sieg
Michael Skau
Allison Carb Sussman
Linda Taylor
Marty Walsh
Lesa Williams
Jeffrey Zable



EMORY
UNIVERSITY

ISBN 10515968