

BLUE & YELLOW DOG

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By Individual authors

Anton Frost

thrower

everything just goes.
wind / blue-thru-white
(save stone)
reveals almost anything:

void pillowed,
thrown
&
squad
of pears
drum the earth

you sit at the piano
you work the silence a bit

meanwhile the curtain
moves

in & out
of the hour

&
as the flag spins & burns
as the stem tilts away from the water
as the day like a root spreads
as the hands fling themselves thru light
as the cardinal moves in
as the door sways

you hammer something,
anything
out of the keys
but very little changes
besides the wind
&
everything just goes.

horoscope

*

the stars tremble
in
a vague recognition
of water.

you go through
your entire body in a dream,

your realization
will be one
of the difficulty
of ease.

your body, your sign,
is your one gesture.

*

pisces
you swim
well
and will dream
fluently
once you realize
this. do not regret
when work or love
or tragedy
moves like spillage
over the next week;
you will not drown.

taurus
you will continue
to pass through
these collapsed lungs
of days
with sheer nerve,
sheer soul.
you will tumble
through partitions
of time. today
will feel like
the one day
of your life.
you are being born.

cancer
from the shore
you will blow kisses
to the moon, lovely and ridiculous.
you will watch the waves
without thirsting.
you already know
they
t h e y
h e y

t the y t h
hey the
y
are on their way.
be patient.

virgo
you will watch for roots
next time you're
in the woods,
jutting curbs
in the city. notice the frail
feet, the momentum of your body.
enjoy it, at all times.
you will peel a lemon
tomorrow afternoon
without flinching.
your laughter
will remind you
of the sound of your name
from the voice of a lover.

scorpio
pay more attention to the tides
and try to forget it is the moon
causing them. fold the calendar
and put it away. unrecord time,
it takes care of itself.
and skip lunch;
by dinner
you will begin to understand
which direction
you need to go.

capricorn
you need to travel--
a long walk, a road-trip, a bus ride,
expedition by train, anything.
it has rained recently
and you already miss the sound.
watch for birds.
let yourself bump
into strangers. it is nearly
spring, after all.

aries
you will be aware
of the landscape
as you wake up tomorrow;
you will remember the longing
of the past months and years.

eat plenty of fruit
and walk slowly through crowds.
if you begin to weep,
find a bench.
if weeping will not come,
keep walking until
it does. you need to know
beauty again.

gemini

avoid spending money; go
to the library and
feel the weight of an old book,
smell its pages. if someone is
nearby, sniff loudly and laugh;
you will be surprised.
later you will be tempted
to get new glasses; the sun
is out more often,
you will feel inadequate.
shop around but resist.
that will be enough.
you will see
twice as well.

leo

you had a good dream
this morning. your luck,
it seems, is finally changing.
do not be fooled.
do not turn on the television.
do not distract yourself.
listen to as much good music as you can.
you need to prepare yourself.
look around.
light, like fire, changes everything.

libra

the world feels both small
and vast. old acquaintances
appear everywhere, it seems.
day aligns with day,
you feel it happening,
you feel you have arrived.
this is punishable
by realization. but do not worry;
no one ever really arrives,
they just rest for a while
before continuing on.

sagittarius

once depended on and admired,
you no longer feel necessary.
stop looking at old photos,
stop trying to solve life,
stop patrolling the beat
of the heart. nothing comes easily,
and when it does,
it costs just as much
as difficulty.
you have yet to fail
yourself.

aquarius

loss is as common as gain,
you just haven't been through it all.
all your hard work is good,
but laughter will do more, presently.
relax, enjoy.
day is an exercise,
night is a long walk.
do not worry.
if life is a suicide,
you just aren't killing it yet.
you'll get there.
as will we all.

Ben Nardolilli

Prix Fixe

For lunch I stayed in to finish up
The last of the log of Brie,
No bread, only crackers,
And no wine to go with it,
But the sacrifice let me drive
In the afternoon to take in a tart
Down at the Café Parisienne,
Reading Ulysses, originally published
For the first time in Paris,
And promptly banned right here,
I marked my progress
With a slim portrait of Napoleon,
Though I did not eat his pastry,
It was not until I was done,
Checking my phone for messages,
That I realized it was July 14th,
A wonderful anniversary
Was pulling strings all along,
Enough to make me believe
In the migration of souls,
Perhaps I am part of the lost generation.

Iced

Cold is only what the skin feels,
Cold is not in the bones,
Never in the blood, except
When we're dead and the ground
Happens to be cold around us.

Cold is only a fear the living feel,
The temperature never falls
Inside a breathing body,
Circulation pumps the veins,
Keeps blood from turning to rubies.

We eat for warmth, bundle ourselves
With civilization for heat,
Make friction with each other
Or over the earth when the cold
Closes in all over the walls.

Common Objects

We ate with them,

Permanent guests of the house,
We did not speak,
We let them do the speaking for us,
All we made were scratching
And scooting sounds,
It was all that could be heard
Over the yelling.

A Camouflaged World

The months are hot,
The night brings no relief,
 Only the sensation of being swallowed.
There is green everywhere
In the daytime,
 A camouflaged world,
No delight for anyone,
As it sticks its way to our bodies,
 And we cannot bear one another
No handshake,
 No skin on skin,
The bed clings to us, and the furniture.

Over My Body

Along the path
 Where my hands grasp
At the air for a prophet,
Or another to walk beside me,
 There are carnations now,
They grow and sprout
When the drops fall
 And the canopy gives way.

Carl Grindley

BROKEN

I cannot number the years that have passed
Since someone said: I love you, and in the saying
Mean that my horizons were the very outlines
Of some great map of the heart. Sure,
Some have mouthed the words, let them tumble
Out in a drunken moment or echoed them back
When prompted by an embarrassing veneer
Of pathos and insistent despair, but heard them,
Felt them as surely as I feel their absence,
No. But I have seen within the human heart,
Have held a plastic model of one in my hands,
Have studied all of its secret chambers and pipes,
Have colored in the diagrams, have listened
To the amplified squeal and hiss of my own
Blood as it passes through, and in no way
Is the heart anything but a grim little organ,
Seemingly designed to fail, singular in the face
Of the clever foresight of two eyes, two lungs,
Two kidneys, ten whole fingers and ten
Whole toes, countless teeth, and each one willing
To fall out to fight the good fight. That the
Heart is born full is no mistake, before
We take our first real breath the thing is already
Warm, blindly pumping in our shallow
Chests, and it is a disgrace that we spend
The rest of our lives trying as hard as we can
To break what should not be broken, to freeze
Out the honest warmth of our blood, and to
Redraw our maps progressively smaller
Until our kingdoms constrict a few inches of worn
Muscle that would just as soon stop.

STOP

It's just an encryption high, effervescent and vague,
All positive thoughts and no real job, and it's clapping
You on the back in double time but before you realize
Anything is wrong it has pissed on your leg
And stolen your wallet: the joke's on it because you've been
Broke for almost as long as you've been broken,
And everything is repossessed except the memories
You're trying to suppress. You've got to stop thinking
This way—a lunge in the sun into the vexing heart
Of things that know as much about fencing
As you don't know about chess—you've got to stop
Thinking that everything is going to be okay because

Nothing is ever going to be okay, not if you keep
Thinking like this, like there are things in life
That want to buy you drinks, buy you dinner, take
Your beautifully dressed and perfect ass to the Lincoln Center
And then all you'll want to do is hop behind the coat check counter
And fuck like skunks in a pile of expensive coats.
No one will ever want to wear those things again.
Not that it'll matter to you. You don't have a coat
And you're going to freeze to death next winter.
That's why you've got to stop thinking this way.
It's doesn't do you any good at all.

Corey Mesler

Black River

Through my backyard
flows a river, black like love.
Its banks are heaped
with ice; its mouth speaks to
me in the tongue of mansnakes.
I call this river Canticle.
It lets me sleep sometimes
in its flow. It lets me fish
in it for fortune, for moonlight.

Part

I need a simile
like I need
a hole in my poem.
There should
be more to this
but there are too many
distractions. The
metaphorical kettle
is whistling, calling
me away, calling me
by my other names,
Nightwalker, Fabulist.

Family

I have a brother.
He is part dervish.
I have a sister.
She is affected
too deeply by
the moon.
I have other family
but they are
scattered like seed.
Sometimes it
seems I have no
family at all,
those days when I
look around and
everyone looks like me.
I look around
and I find that everyone
is without a family.

It's that kind of holiday.
It's that kind of reunion.
It's that kind of din.

Burning Patti Smith's Horses

Burning Patti Smith's
Horses
for my daughter
is crossing
some kind of Rubicon,
isn't it?
The cover photo, so
stark, so
lasting,
is wrap for a gift
that speaks
of austerity, and art and
something else,
an annunciation:
the achromatic background
to the
magic noise, a human voice.

Poem for Amanda after Reading Hers

*"How do you have those kinds of thoughts a poet has where a
stone becomes a song..."*
--Amanda Bausch

I have known stones that sing.
Jesus is my goad.
I have known songs that last so
long they break the air
into disjecta membra.
I have sung and in singing for-
gotten the promises
I made to my godling.
In the sunlight these songs know
the shadows poems know.
Amanda, I can only use words
as the roughest of tools, to
hone the stone toward singing. I
can only count the songs
that have died from lack of the
very thing I thought I
had cleared from my claptrap life.

Cortney Bledsoe

All Evil

white middle-aged men in suits are the source of all evil in the w(o)r(ld)
ideas must die like everything el(se)

cret machinations determine the fates of nations. Also, new flavors of Pep(si)
lence encourages malfeasance: roaches love the d(ar)k.

t only influences those who can feel. Still, it passes the ti(me).
n in serious suits will come to speak with you if you show the s(ign)s

ore as much as possible. Just be glad you're a white m(al)e
l you really need to know is:

Potatoes

I've been getting fan-mail from Ida(ho) potatoes
melessness tends to help with the morbid obes(it)y

isn't so much the diet as the lard infuse(on)s
tologists will tell you flavor is (the) illusion: the tongue tastes only sepia-tone

movie adaptation of me will be filmed by Andy Warhol.

It will be called, "Sitt(in)g."
jesting large amounts of starch leads to lethargy. Also, a happy b(el)ly

derly folks will tell you: die young and happy. Eat lots of c(hips)
should shake, not jiggle. Though I do like a little meat and potatoes
on their bones...

David Woodruff

A Very Brief Personal Essay Concerning One of My Lives with Kat, a Girl from My Street

1.

How can space contract to the dimensions of a shoe box yet expand to a void? Cracks within, I can only recount separate islands. Here's an expandable fact: Three solid weeks before the shootings, Kat said I Do. She said I'll live with you forever as long as we don't eat spinach or chop down birch trees. She was so heavy into ecology and mushrooms. Her eyes were distracted.

2.

As post-children with subversive hypotheses. Naked in mirrors, we make faces to mimic our parents' sad ones. She climbs trees to survey the curvature of sunken modular families. Her father keeps secrets at the table, never speaks about defense contracts, or what some liberal on goofballs was trying to sneak into LBJ's cheeseburgers, 99% beef. My father, a sheriff of untamed suburbs, flogs "chickens of dissent," even tells the mayor to get a haircut. My mother's favorite pastime is pulling up weeds.

Fact: We were born in different houses but the white birch trees in our backyards never swayed like they did in Frost's poem.

3.

We're in love. And everyone of mellow-yellow sleep is too. We make sloppy love in plastic raincoats or under street clouds that resemble a misbegotten face. At sit-ins, Kat stands with arms outstretched and proclaims that everything must stay green.

Under the unpredicted rain, she tells me her brother is getting electric shock therapy for one thumbnail of acid. I hold her against tight corners. She shivers and mumbles something about Pigs and M.I.G.s. It's all a lie, she says.

As a naïve civilization of two, we imitate birch trees without leaves.

4.

On college breaks, we talk about the cracks. We laugh like outlaws from Italian spaghetti Westerns. She believes in the S.D.S and says one of her profs was an original Freedom Rider. At rallies, she chants *No*

More Slavery or Ah! Sun-flower. Her father, she says, lectures her on Lang Vei and Khe Sanh. She says if she had her way, she would uproot a birch tree, carve it into a missile, and aim it at the planet of White Corporate Women Beaters. I tell her that it's getting harder for me while she is away. I tell her she is my heroin addiction. I suspect her love has expanded elsewhere.

5.

The day it happened, I convinced myself that Kat was never here nor there, even if we were hornbeam to hazel. I tried not to think about her, sly-eyed or open-thigh, the body as drug.

Reverberation: the first shots at Kent State ringing.

I imagine that the one that killed her was from an M-16 fired at a civilian from somewhere around the world. They always need a body count.

For years, I couldn't scream in front of mirrors.

6.

My fashionable wife and I live in comfortable but separate spaces. No ants encroach upon us. We've learned to sway like downgraded lovers. She claims my eyes sometimes haunt her, like the image of Japanese tea cups. I never ask for an explanation.

During sex, her blue-by-day eyes turn ultraviolet. She can see through me when we're up close and uncomfortably intimate. She says There's blood stains over my flesh. I tell her they're not mine. I tell her it's the moon that's red.

I rise, amble naked to the window. I want to shout at the girl passing below. Hey! Do you know what time it is? And you're walking home alone in the dark?

But the night is as hard and as mute as birch.

Evan Carr

Qoheleth

(book of the teacher)

Society seduces our eyes
Until the pupils are eclipsed
Fully dilated
Until our happiness is a drug

we were landlocked in planes
of strawberry wish fields-
(we were dazing into the camp fire
Flame that waltzed on an autumn
Night. Don't we all pray
For roses&chocolate before
We burn bright?,

chasing wind&memory)

Happiness
is a drug: mixed butterfly tears
fusing the split sky- treading above
hope-her lake
swarming with schools of glass
hearted fish
seeking heaven

Sadness
Is a drug: only in small doses.
you left me, my heart
Counted the minutes, undone,
your escape sells time
"All is vanity", levitate
Inside...falling for the same kiss.

Happiness
Is a drug
"All is vanity"
"Under the sun"-

(gold cross bones & screaming saxophones to repel ghosts)

Static transposes the runaway reverb
acoustic

That breaths in chromatic circles
blurred chords to please clouds
tunneling vortex

thoughts... sitting... breathing... living on the other side of life, storms of ethereal
music; your mental guns and guitars.

Those jandek car rides -take me from place to place pass

By like 10 min dreams from the passengers seat

Imagination must find form: a slave, who had "sat silent in jazz roar", steps to freedom from rhythm

From dream nascitur, born, not made...

Radio-heads smoking cigarettes on the front porch of Brown Ave. Wind in&out of lungs Time before,
time after. out of the empty

Space rises the sprawl to white-noise battle the challengers: (Punishment) of the ear

Referee flips a coin blows his whistle in ten minute alternates the stage is swapped-

harry k stammer

tumble down

(down) wallet

two bounces “the rest,

just go

around back”

point (ing) leather

stitched corner

(corner) step

(step) one parallel

grate

cover (recess)

up (pick)

“stop one”

fell “take it”

(down) down

(nothing)

covered (top)

cover

“leave it, alone”

taller tall

(er)

“it’s buried”

discrepancy (fail)

not open

(to't) pick'up walking

“another number,

cents kept by”

alone over

(cover) sewer

line “leave it”

tumble'd over't

“look up”

coverd'd

over

two dollar

bills “just was,

choose view, was”

stuck under

(situation)

“it goes without”

table

top

(instance) partial

“A, B, or C or”

struck't between

(which) digging

now shovel't less

(pile of dirt)

one hand bone

curly (fingers)

“D, E, or F”

flung dirt’d

over’t backed (in)

“saying you’ll lose it”

another roll back

“it’s lost,

whether you see

it”

held up

(cover) hand

cover head

down up

“hey!”

here “it’s just

it’s how

we look” at

standing (urged)

body

there eighteen for

(still) word(s)

printed hand

stopped “one angel and,”

above ledge normal set

beef ham greens

(rest) smoking

“I saw

how the hand”

earlier lift’d

(expect)

incapacity “study”

sock one toe

big bloody heel

“that’s a paper

towel she’s watching”

wind

(y) wipe up’d

excite (d)

“and how we

cook it”

sitting wiping away

(it) no

bandage bag

(destroy’t) behind

mile half

less

“one more ingredient”

think (ing)

disappears (again)

bury'd hand (the)

or (the) person ahead

“angels with bags”

move line'd (up) blood no

bag'd buried rub'd

(again)

“just don't study't”

rubbing move (rains)

vein (s) sandy

blow (ing) pull'd

one skin red

“present'd it”

oxygen ('genated)

layer'd back

searing't masked up

wiping rapidly (window)

back 'n dry “another leg

bone”

spread'd happen

set (to)

“the other

one” over

(hand)

smoke (up) pan

“to begin with”

curled up wrap

around shoulders

wool blanket (soak)

rain (dimension)

dropping’t “as

with it”

push toes shoe

ends up rub’t

sleeve less

shirt

“100 degrees,

today, yes”

no rain

inside corner stucco

(with)

window (protection)

pull’d shade (s)

finger print’d “who

assured you of this?"

corner right center

top (smudge)

"don't know"

now (,) rug hands

around slap down/up

(phone book) floor on

the "you"

door swing

(just) inches

head down (twist'd)

eye left

(lashes) up brow

"thing this,"

corner desk

scraped (against) "no,

not one"

wound'd (quiet)

over arm

chest "this

isn't" leave (go)

sleep (ing) trash

around

can (s) drops

water (occasion'd)

“will

you describe” (‘t)

sill window

dust gray (hair)

cat (dust'd)

(a hole) “means nothing”

affect'd

(maybe) inch

above once

(invasion) less

a balance'd

“except a poison”

concept

“ok, one bullet”

trade'd wool

trade blanket'd

“to his”

Howie Good

TWO RED WINGS

for Gabriel

All that's left

to betray
the cardinal

my neighbor's
cat stalked

down a dimly
lit corridor

lined with faceless
mannequins

WE ALL FALL DOWN

You're the person who only resembles the person who committed the crime. I'm the officers opening their pistol holsters. You're a novel that people start reading but can't finish. I'm the sound of falling asleep on a flat rock sheltered by an apple tree. You're little Jennie Wade in the kitchen, humming as you mix biscuits for breakfast. I'm the bullet traveling from somewhere to somewhere that punches through the wall and a door and your heart.

THE DEATH OF FASHION

I can tell from your face
just what you want me to say.

You want me to say
you look good in the dress.

OK. You look good in the dress.

But you look better, I almost add,
with no clothes on at all.

QUOTE UNQUOTE

1

The muse is in the woods.
I have only one confidant,
the silence of the night;
and why is it my confidant?
Because it is silent.

2

I should like to have been born a pig.

Man alone can be ridiculous.

If we wrote our own lives,
they would be more interesting.

I really only love strangeness.

When I look up into the sky,
there are always so many more stars
than I remember there were.

John McKernan

LONG WALK IN JANUARY

Nebraska's iced blue pizzicato
Is a philosophy textbook in Braille

When I look at a wheelbarrow in a snow drift
My fingers and toes begin to freeze more

Somewhere a door opens for a moment
A dog begins to growl low then bark high

A thin slice of Beethoven's *Ode to Joy*
Seeps through that open door

To salute the frozen wind chime
And the lightning rods on the water tower

I need to walk faster across this cracking lake
My father's favorite stories

Always involved death by water
Drowning in the Missouri River in the summer

Or sinking beneath the ice of Lake Mahawha
In late February or early March

I like music that tells me to dance & walk faster
I am glad my brain is not a burglar alarm

John Pursch

Spun Nectar

Spent mucilage,
folded into origami pipes
far beneath the quizzical quotient,
slides merrily down the gullet
of yet another flattering, laminar float,
snickering at situational demography
and sartorial benders on parade.

What can we say,
when the slash outlasts
the garrulous, swollen chimpanzee,
hovering under the inner city's
spinal neon frontier?

You may hear the music and
feel the wheat grow overnight,
but amniotic anthropoids
will calmly plant anterior armor
in every schoolboy's facile, lakeside motel,
jumping for a fleeting chance at spun nectar.

Half a Spiral

Up the quince and tailing two
slattern plights of enamel pelicans,
slipstreams enter quiescent lungs,
cry for nether screenings of cavers,
lead spools into udderless windings,
and smell a ranking dialectician,
happy to staple ferocious bivalves
onto blue, Nubian colanders.

Portals, whimsically tussling
for furtive diphthongs,
fulminate in lunar blister packs,
echo their resplendent prying,
and cease to scramble,
knowing half a spiral is clever
when pencils strafed an oxcart.

Faulty contusions dressed in stained pipes
sing about needles and thinkers,
dreading the dilation of chalked spaghetti.

An Oblong Cartoon

Hammers filch a mud hack,
stoves maneuver dinner chimes,
and fingernails of limestone
regret thematic slurs.

Leveling out at dark brands,
stallions evade our breakfast,
mollify official lanterns,
and crush the nimble cloud tops
with vertical gumption.

Canoes gun down empirical knaves,
sputter at defrocked bastions near riveted cabanas,
smolder a pimento, and gentrify a swollen platelet,
releasing untold specters of louvered limbs.

Dimming to the touch,
doormats while away pocketed knights,
wax up a steel herbivore collection,
and mill an oblong cartoon,
hiding their sapiential ribaldry.

Spaniards drag rivulets of well-dressed torsion,
flap griddled portholes, and shuck leading bigamists;
amphibious pines refracting down sane, vestibular nooks.

Roadside Pawn Mops

Residential chalices fortify our mooing complex
with stiffened grails and teleported opinions.
Trembling slobber, stalagmites in the attic
force taken snapshots on a bowl of gravel.

Feeder chutes constrain,
adorn a local steamer,
lech at slanted lipstick,
and overwhelm a bathtub.

Blood fuels a pip to vegetative mores,
arrives at cute rankings,
mystifies the pollen jackets,
and marbles a lamp's siren.

Withered chokos explore a tinsel hound,
unearthing beveled tricks and mountains of guests.

Dripping spam trucks
admire roadside pawn mops,
factor in fee hankering,

arrive at tons of prophetic limbs,
and package brows for more cloudbursts.

The Basset Hound Rulings

Airborne, timorous tumors spread
mayonnaise on manacled fixtures,
fluorescing in a late afternoon stable.
Food by ladle denotes a candle's best friend,
hankering for fibrillations and vibratory chants.

Heels settle onto moaning tables,
printing all but the unexposed scaffolds,
sparing our hero undue tapestry.

"Upholster me!" cries a tattoo vendor
from inside a parked muse,
lending his novel to the dashboard.

Now, round error, you may flay
palatial inhabitants with binding fluids,
modeling empty, philanthropic jalopies from clues alone.

Whiskey buffs enchant the glacier, retaining undertows.
Ashtrays convolve in attics cleft by lathered misnomers,
glare for ages, polygamize a cute porpoise,
and smear caustic longings beneath the eyepiece.

Feet slough off, bearings trust no one,
and stellar solitaire backfires on quibbling forecasters.
Sniveling derbies move to outlaw bed hands,
claiming exemption from the basset hound rulings.

Verdigris on Bronze

Curvaceous calenders gush daisies
for glib gardening spewers,
subliminal in our etched, impending lives.

Thank your gliding, aerial pillar
for raingear and teething feints,
without which the empathy
of a truculent wind wouldn't
imbibe a quivering granule.

Contemplate the desktop cinders,
compel a whittled spanner's dusty crown,
and imbue a torrential bluefin
with verdigris on bronze.

Larry O. Dean

Barbara, Supposedly A Sweet Kindergarten School Teacher

Barbara, supposedly a sweet kindergarten school teacher, is actually a mob-connected con artist looking to dupe a dim-witted and lonely car mechanic.

She has psychic control over a swarm of killer bees that reside in her vineyard.

Nathan Wants Nothing

Nathan wants nothing than wants nothing but to purchase a pair of red shoes for his ailing mother to wear when she goes to heaven.

They must hurry, for time is short and the President is getting impatient.

Rebecca Mistakenly Thinks Steven Is Gay

Rebecca mistakenly thinks Steven is gay, and the struggling writer plays along in order to gather research for his novel.

They unintentionally begin dating the same man, who believes they are one and the same person.

When Jamie Receives The Wrong Photos

When Jamie receives the wrong photos after getting her film developed, only one detective believes her (and wants to sleep with her, of course).

Abroad, she lives out her career dreams and finds a little romance too.

Lee Marc Stein

Superwoman

See our existential heroine as she crawls,
polio-atrophied legs peeking out from her
tobacco-road pink dress, torso twisted ever so
strangely, loose wisps of hair floating gently.

Muted colors dupe us into serenity, but
Christina braves the barren Mainescape
to complete her mission or exercise
freedom from her wheelchair.

Is she dazzled by flinty white light
or merely dreaming that she has rolled
through the rough onto fairway and green,
making par with no handicap?

There's no mystery about the mood
though we cannot see her face
to read her emotions; fierce resolve
and sadness emanate from the land.

No birds sing, no insects sway grass.
The scene is silent as snow falling,
but we can hear the machinations
of Wyeth's mind, plow clearing road:

Christina's my avatar of anguish,
of how we feel chained to a cadaver,
of courage to crawl forever
toward ends beyond our means.

We frame the painting as archetype
of American realism until we strip veneer
to learn the artist's wife posed for him
-- only arms and hands Christina herself.

On his make believe farm, Wyeth erased
unnneeded buildings, altered space
between house and barn, gave earth its
Viagra rise. Only Christina's spirit is true.

After Andrew Wyeth, *Christina's World*

Verses out of Rhythm, Couplets out of Rhyme

It's painful to see how they glare at each other--
the artist and Amelie, his wife of 12 years.
If only it were thick-bodied Tom Buchanan
glowering at Daisy for latching onto Gatsby.

Matisse made their mouths so tiny,
it's no wonder they can't talk.
He laid down so much blue...
cool color, but their words are deep frozen.
If only they could thaw to Paul Simon's
dangling conversation and superficial sighs.

The chair's arms hem her in, but blue swallows chair,
rendering her prisoner of the room, her husband, herself.
Open window and garden below whisper escape,
but the black iron railing roars "Non."

He towers above her, trying to prick her passivity,
every stripe of his multitask pajamas straight,
neck thickened with resolution.
His own painting cannot contain him,
head rising through art into ether.

Nor can he contain his resentment:
Amelie failed to recall his pre-marital
that as much as he loved her,
painting would always be his consuming passion.

After Matisse, *The Conversation*

Les Wicks

Fluster

You turned me upside down

your lips were hands

there was this moment

perhaps I succeeded

this is your colour

the opposite of blue.

Geraniums aren't uranium.

Parrots can count

but they do so in French.

My lips are a monument

to you.

Gauge

Beneath this sun

eucalypts inflamed, mangy.

The bottlebrush is a drained-dry itch. Life on a freckle.

THIS is hot. Any breathless wisdom by us like the promise of a leaf.

All the birds were up early

not a noise
goddy giddiness

we are under glass.

Well-wishers knock on elderly doors

while a baby's complaint is smothered down to whines.

Bent, contrite clouds misstep
the unseemly collapse of linen.
We are eye shadow for inferno.

Come a pitiless 7 p.m.
& the news is full of fire. Some have lost everything,
there is no small wonder to those voices.
The death toll is a burn.

Hot. Here in this city water flows & nearby homes
roar like crazed things as the aircon locks their owners
in a frangible damp. We suck up every thing our wires can promise,
close
windows to the smoke which yet
powders the lungs
with the cracked souls of trees.

Night is no different, vehement behemoth
we rotisserie naked above
the troubled pastry of our sheets. What dreams we birth
in a moan's worth of slumber
careen out of memory...
even minds sweat & long for nothing
but dowsed void.

Weather

In February, the grey-tinged cuprous-green distinctive black scaled
juvenile Dugite Snake seeks out new territory on the dunes west off

new money.

One looks for the linear.

Container ships shuffle,

Rottnest Island stakes the horizon. Abandoned leash,

a clipped Husky understands that

Obedience is just

a tufted philosophic conceit. Our owners call.

This contended lasagne

sees the colour of tomatoes, or rust

in paving & bricks.

We refuse the hazard

of lemon light, cornflower

laps along the lapis

our venomous build beside all careful repair.

To remove one's clothes, we

accept the sun like leaves.

Sand beds, sand castles,

the invert birth each immersion.

The dunes seethe with otherness –

take my photo, take your time –

these minor plunders

are the least we can do perhaps

an aspiration

in our complex little tides.

Melon Hill stands above
our wriggling constructs. Like
the dugite territorial,
we are the seams of cloud that ride
a thigh, radiatus 360°
the tablets of life not
mostly us. Straight can't
be busy, can't be still.

These are the lines we own, we
are inked. To understand
sometimes burns, scarification
that passes for writing.

Sunset queues into the Indian Ocean, to
cave-art Bobtail Skinks on the sand
their indigent homage to the tones around -
gamboge faces above a pale blue belly.

We map the streams of grace,
our hunger paints in the names
that fail to actually affix
(they call this river Swan).

I wait for the colours
we bathe in everything.

Matthew Dexter

Campaign Advisor

Her nipples shining golden
demonic pubescent carnival
holding the Koran and Bible
burning bras but wearing Burkas
triumphant trumpeter
puppet masturbating in the dark
beholden to Allah and America
Beelzebub is an undecided voter
in a purple state.

Forgive me America

While I stare into the ocean,
yellow waves of butterflies bidding farewell
upon dancing wings
while holy clouds sing *Kumbaya*
my lord broken blue by the sea
cumulonimbus cruise ship watcher is all I've become,
and all I ever wish to be.

Letter to the Unborn Baby

The pool stuttered blue against the footsteps of vanilla butterflies
dancing familiar sacred karma beside the currents
lost or found eternity between four-second fish memories
witnesses: babies
passing unnamable glances between inflatable rafts
with elongated necks in the shape of giraffes and dragons
the sand is embedded in the tar of our image, crack lungs,
abandoned hammocks hung from deserted terraces with care
and purpose,
newlyweds washing away from shore,
swimming beneath the fury of the setting sun
we pray for a daughter, happiness, a healthy November
something more than a box of baking soda in a dirty refrigerator
five months and two-hundred-fifty pesos
to my name
we ride butterflies vicariously
pay homage to dead bees and caterpillars from the future
beneath broken azure bubbles we merge fragile waves with our feeble minds
pour acid over a cluster of crippled ants
chase a fluorescent lizard out of the house
watch the rich drink themselves to death, so full of pleasure,
afternoon ballooning, evening on a distant star that died sixteen million years ago
we still see its afternoon light, that's how vast the explosion was,

a collision of cultures
as days grow longer, the hourglass is having a c-section
and the caesarean will come from the ocean
as it has before
and so it shall again;
be not surprised by the vitality of the sperm
and the shaking of the earth,
befuddle the serpent and make love with the restless mermaid
while you still have the chance,
breathless, let her take you under, embrace the spell, close your eyes,
dive head first
into purple burning soil
searching for her soul,
bathe in her cauldron,
deeper,
dance with the ruptured cocoon of madness once more
swallow confused fetus that feeds us ice cream in winter
and take us to watch Pirates of the Caribbean,
wallow in emerald lagoon of quick sand with peacocks and alligators
till the silent inevitable call of labor and war arrives to throw a penny into the
already forgotten fountain.

Michael Lee Johnson

Willow Tree Night and Snowy Visitors

Winter tapping

hollow willow tree trunk-

a four month visitor about to move in

unload his messy clothing

be windy about it-

bark is grayish white as coming night with snow

fragments the seasons.

The chill of frost lays a deceitful blanket

over the courtyard greens and coats a

ghostly white mist over yellowed willow

leaves widely spaced teeth-

you can hear them clicking

like false teeth

or chattering like chipmunks

threatened in a distant burrow.

The willow tree knows the old man

approaching has showed up again,

in early November with

ice packed cheeks and brutal

puffy wind whistling with a sting.

I Brew in Broth

When the silence of my
life tickles in darkness
delves into my daily routine
caught in my melancholy music
at times, not exact;
then exuberant auto racing playing
at times, not exact-
a new poem published or a kick in the ass-
kick smacks like tornado alley
in the tomato can
left over paste
of my emotions
at times, not exact;
I realize the split of legacy,
of loyalty on its knees fractured
like a comma or sentence fragment,
naked like a broken egg
between friendship and hatred,
I stew like beef broth
simmering
sort of liked, sort of hated,
not exact.

Michael O'Brien

You are everything that looks and smells like broccoli, said Peter rabbit to the crack den.

Echo.

Echo.

Shouting down mouldy tree hollows.

As children we hid cigarettes in them.

The scrapyard is guarded by geese.

WOOOOOHHHHH!!!!!!

went the oaks of the melanin night.

-

eur khen far yhu
iv neh neh khen
es khen yuh khen
es khen es khen
ohn es ohn eur
ah ah ah ah ur eur
iv ah uh eur ur
un un un uhn
eur khen far yhu
yhu khen yhu es

-

the strange sculptors
of the cove
removed
her soft jaw bone
and sited
stone towers
beneath her ears

-

iur ther idir mir the atir
iur ther edar mer id etar

-

farmers are tying
rubik's cubes
onto the cypresses

-

After that Angus and his vision told her name-land that Bob went with the grandfather. 'It's a pity we can't sail boats through a young man. What you should do is go to the girl's form and appear in her territory', said Bob. People returned to their own and those of her father visited the dead to get her. The dead told her news of Ashley and Michelle. For the girl is just as Angus had.

Neil Ellman

Inconsequentiality

the inconsequential are genuinely
inconsequential
no reason to hide behind
stone statuettes
in this blue necropolis
we aim
for consequentiality
which is what it is
we aim: miss
die: Now that's something!

Astronomological

I know how sun shines
gasping for air
wake me when it's over
they say the meek shall inherit
the earth
or
something or other
i know better
picture this: a man raises
his hand and the sun
blinks once or twice,
discards its clothes and
and dives into the sea.

Nationability

nations
Of the world unite
there is a song for us to sing
even dragons know it
Whatever
However
Who(m)ever
I am slightly out of tune, out
did you know that the
duck-billed platypus
has its own flag
and it changes color when it rains?

Concluservation

flash: the end of a process
Is a process
kaboom: also
little did the framers know
the inventors
all roads lead to cul-de-sacs
 no u-turn
 blind child ahead
 r.i.p.
 no salida
sometimes it doesn't pay to drive.

Certainty

for god's sake say it
i can take it
you give it, i take it
bluejays aren't blue anymore
 the way light bends
 or does
 something
 or:
 maybe the way feathers
 choke the quill
 or:
 the reason reason
 has no shape.

Peter Ganick

listening captured.

listening to bob dylan on the

internet washes hands

with water and wine—

of the parachutes

on modes of prescience—

which contain

evaluations of apology

summoning tones iterating

seldom numerous chances?

where sullen a respite

is vanishing—framed in a

incalculably thought aspect

sweeping reacts to curatorial muscle.

surmounting laughs—

where haptic evaluations remove

the publican mirage—

just who is there

to be thereforing the summershine?

where the overheard night

indexed formats liberally seeking
otherwise a no wooden conduit—
fragrances in permutation
however costly
the burnt bridges—
mercies are not replicated
so that evidence
meant for anomalous tasks
becomes cases offered
where sitting and standing
remasks surety.

a mood of cell-wise inquiry—
nor grasping an introit
whether inverses otherwise
beget the decision
of salutary pluralities
to evoke as near ensembles—
their confidence from parallax
is otherworldly—
the spaces that are bested
are walking from that shaman.
precisely one sediment over another—
an anthem wakes itself

once to those carriers—
trust of personist evaluations—
of mottos whose centrisms
in periodic nuances
festoon lesser camelots.

the comprehension is
gestural for maelstroms—
no silence for tremors—
temblors are seismic dustbins.

two orchestral syrinxes

1.

prerogative with affect—
motion serves displacement whose foil
terms *ossia* that scrutiny
zoned and syllogistic.

another silence issued and tabled
while adored skeletons
brush the painterly code—
an indication where suitable
resists not clouds—
nor a toehold on

devolution's moves.

an offering so nattered

in sequence

as proliferation enrolls

touch-points

not redundant therefore also

not equisite-blinded.

offerings of earliest gratefulness

once othered

curates and divines

some remainder to frames

as surplus exploits

a thoughtfulness in momentum—

so accrual pretends waiting for replicators—

vanishing points—emotional cranberries—

suddenly an onrush threads

wide and cursorily a tread

impounded to

resilient notions marooning

voices whose

holidays fell thensome

as replacement
until vulnerability
recuses voices in its scouting.

multiples proliferate—
an inquiry threads a theory
for palms' wizardry—
flocks of returnees determine
trends where bullet-proof
illusions—trinkets—loquets—
are summary dislocations.
plugged—stopped—graced
with broken openings—
fluster in no attitude
an orgeuil threads waiting rooms
from the sky
courting its priorities so well.

empty accouterments wait on
evening samples—
descriptions wash away on seashores'
lines for demarcation
of pre or post what-have-you
collating without wasted motions—

no palatial three and fours—

no longer—

intent reflective

of premises' greeting.

2.

a swamp trills in thrall to

steering waters overboard—

the incurable keystone becomes

tolerable for togetherness—

wakes to surmount inventions

suppressive or academic.

when situated

in nomine patris—

where sorties

variegate from amazement

not happenstance—

they recumbent wash

oversight of promontories vagaries—

preludes to a notocord—

each specimen deaf to greeting—

skills of shards parallel other

axles—their gradients

flail echo-free.

these issues cause no

intransigence—witlessly parochial

correction widely summarizes

from mottos—

a glitter of reflection on pretense

aside a river becalmed

a sprocket 's returnable contention—

sooth variegated amulets

witnesses either silica or

surplus exegetes—

'motions, all motions!' stammered the flock

from a pro tem ivory of choice—

networking treads deftly on curtailment

befriending notions recasted so narrow—

switching to changeless possibilities.

amplified causes.

what caused what?—

when caution causes

creator-funnels and

channels cause repetitions
clefs of thousands re
sentenced to strut and
scuff the entente.

creators perceive
graffiti on walls interpreting
entertainments as intent
of waitings—
as an evacuated locus
of formats
none are so tempestuous
as calming without
villanelle properties.

aspirations light and poof
a double-take
swarming prescient to
a magus in troth—
they vanish through its literal quotas
for inquiries of terrain
lead with voices
the rhythm through surfaces.

a horlogerie's eeriest gaffes
either witness avalanches or
reify solidarity with those who
bluster in a dormant vellum—
enforcing studies
whose enormities perambulate
aegises thought to be without
destination though cinctures
threaten acceleration—
pranams and bidding wars
networked without awareness
to somebody waking
on a wide of promontory.

the notion as to
whether invented or formal
yields are
a connotation of details
if it can mend assurances
thought to evade the repartee
of invitations serving clemency
partaken and cited
as multiple denotations.

everywhere an incurable terrain
thrusts to evacuees milling about.

face and nowhere else—
samples deign surfaces
denoting rhythmic wraiths.

a token festoons gables with
the structures of fashioned vacuums
pretending to seize courage
when stapled to rent amidst pennants
we are winsome from tariff
the vocality in one step a watershed.

Randy Brooks

BIRTHDAY

I push the age rotted door and smile silver pearls as I enter my favorite bar on a Tuesday night with my shadow—frat brother slinking behind me— ready to prey on porcelain girls that only see themselves cracked in mirrors. At the counter I try and trade fuzzy navels for a flower. She is intrigued by my back alley smell and I'm favored in the second half by one. I'm aware of old tumbleweeds rolling by in judgment, but me and next are lost in talk of satin, dreams and boasts. The wooden stools begin to stick and the tab is getting high. I offer a leather chariot and a flat with shag carpet. She heads for the coatrack, and aloud I pray my hairline holds tight one more year. My shadow laughs while a severed moon gawks at us through fingerprinted glass.

NOW, NOT IN AWHILE

i collapse on a checkered floor
in the kitchen &
celebrate my swan song,
composed by 151
and regret. too frail
to write ending credits
i wait for my sentence.
Then—
a white robed cherub,
(chiseled jaw, creased brow)
lifts me toward light.
his halo is neon white
and it's flickering.
he says i can't go yet
i still have sharp tooth evergreens
to climb before Good Friday
and though I love the smell
of pine and blood,
i'd rather soak up black.

Tyson Bley

IN WHICH A GORILLA COMPLAINS ABOUT ITS BAD POSTURE

The kitchen sink arcade used up all the breath
of an altar's aluminous siren. Above it
hovered a blimp uncomfortable with its own, flammable sideburns.
Anorexia seepage, not my sunscreen shriveling light.

I'm a pale guinea pig
slowly acclimating to the warmth of a group of American tourists.
Corkscrew disfigured, you
be, for a few minutes, the strangest shape turned

in the mind of a cross-eyed
Borzoi.

A membrane of garish spectators balmed
in something bleary and indifferent
in case the gorilla gets insecure
and thinks it's Donald Trump led to the slaughterhouse – I thought
I told you not to stare.

Mourning the dependence
of an insatiable floppy disk
truffled between its maternal spheres, the sandwich steadily began
to eat the genetic information contained in its
own seeds. Birdseeds.

Out of a tube of toothpaste crawls an abortion.
Its aesthetic isn't everybody's cup of tea. But I heard it's getting quite
proficient with its unicycle and the need it feels
to flaunt this on MySpace
has earned it just a few less hits than the skeleton's pose
reconfigured every few minutes on that site with a cattle prod.

The resurrection of Lazarus took place in a chemical lab,
for he was a sticker peeled off a sheet of wax.
A Soviet Mickey Mouse
whisked up in a medical experiment,
connected to a clunky apparatus via a tentacular weave of instant noodles
and three USBs.

HIS COLESLAW, HER BEER CAN

No one had told her that the inspiration behind the design of
the loveseat she was sitting on with her husband was the stalking,
determined attitude of a geriatric frogman climbing walls.
Disillusionment: marmalade cratered by a beige, knurled

palate cleanser. Sharted shotgun silly putty - how its gait quickly evolved into a humanoid nunchaku. The actress slobbering on candlelight marked the genesis of the first cheekbone. Nearby, a wedding DJ not widely known, his resonance a jeweled smolder. His thoughts of brain-damaged coleslaw. Her beer can unencumbered by wild hair. But sporting a demonic cell phone holster. Flea semen bathing in candlelight was the body of an ill-fated vibe. Hey, was that one of the Goonies over there – absently patting the butt of his embryo keychain? Said of the cubed restaurant's infamous fondues: said of the detritus remembered and sort of jammed in gastronomic lore. Only with the cool type of autism could one fiddle a Swiss Army knife's fish bones into position and, with stunning grace, aid in the corpse of a smelly, sun-bleached puppet's re-animation.

BRAINSCAN KICKING UP MIST

I knew from personal experience that the kamikaze sexual position was basically a death wish's crunchy protein, on Broadway. On a board game, the splash of a hotel when you leave all the doors open. I thought I loved you taped, weasel – and stuffed, I dialed aquatic and now can't sleep. T-Rex Transformer cranking personal goods from kiosk to talent show, to the janitor in the audience its voyeuristic quality seeming multilayered. Graveyard mothballs strung on high-school poetry. A calculating food truck with a cadaver at the interface controller, like ET's phone booth a gauzy brain scan pressing buttons in order to talk to yourself.

TOILETTEN BRILLE

periodontal pudendum
transgenic spatula's
horticulture

Freddy Krueger
scrotal-voiced

expressing concern
in long strides
on biomechanical
roller-skates

over Marge Simpson's
coiffure

not so ill-suited
to the neutron maggot
at a bowling alley
in warty

tennis shoes

at a psychiatric
facility juggling the
pigments of
alienation and togetherness

dropping one
of each

the pearlescent gullet's
chief factor
the tea leafs
a gifted surgeon
tosses up into the
air like autumn happily
burping up at
the moon's frayed foreskin

the Crypt Keeper
naively gentrifying
a rainbow whilst scaring
it back into its own
ass

as
the metropolis's dandruff
bounces on
your eyelashes

at a mall viciously and relentlessly
humiliating
an orphan

with insectoid
retches dehydrating
his
little feathers

subsisting on
torturing your outside
with your
inside

Valentina Cano

Ice Age

He promised to smile his tourniquet smile.

She nodded,

hair tugging at hair,

trying to twist itself into a bell,

to drag her out of her tobacco dreams.

He looked and paused.

Words drooping like spittle,

thoughts a washing machine of doubts.

Nothing was right between them.

No words fell out without

dragging skin cells with them.

He smiled and she nodded,

sucking memories from the air,

chilling petrifications of moments

lost in curling sap.

A Wrong Choice

A moonlit finger points forward,

past the road the color of dry oatmeal,

past the door of crumbling cedar.

The path twines in arches of asphalt,

a crooning, purring path

that yearns to be stroked.

Moon glow bears down on it,

a mantle of fish scales

that covers it all,

glinting, sharpening in the air.

The path is long

and teeming with swollen thoughts

that wield razor-blades,

things sharp enough to maim, to kill.

The path beckons,

the moonlight a ragged stage curtain

parting in two.

Traitorous Parts

My heel steps out of line.

Above fragment with a will,

a perverse notion about you.

It calls your attention to

a slight twist of skin,

a bubble of dark blood growing,

gurgling like fountain water.

My heel is not one to cower,

it taunts your eyes
with a soft pad of salty skin,
a curtain of rough cells
moving to tangle around your waist.
To jingle, a belt made of scraped bones.
You will look.
You will want to reach out,
to peel back the sand paper layers
to hold the bursting redness
in your palm.

The Stashing of Nightmares

He wants to neutralize this day.
Tear away the spikes and horns,
rob it of its sticky taste,
and pour flour all over it.
Flour like snow
 like cleaning powder
to whiten and freeze it all
So it can't lift off.

He wants to pour the dregs of this day
down the toilet
Let it mix and clasp the waste and cigarette butts

flush it away.

And yet

nothing's that easy

Finding the right balance

of acid and base

of blue and red

of right and wrong

of salt and water

takes time and a good ear

like cracking open a safe

or piecing a scattered cup back to health

He wishes this would sink down,

deep into the mattress

with its many stains and dips.

There he'd leave it,

like a creature from the deep,

rising only when the moon is high

and the waters calm like glass.

Walter Ruhlman

Theology

1

A pink piece of paper
is folded in the red basket
a moon fish is gazing at the sky
its shadow brushes my feet
while the moon takes her nicest dress out
to date the sun
in the huge zodiac of corrupted love.

2

To colour the shadow of the fish
in red
and to spread oneself once more
in the falsified
spells of an ill ogre
still a child.

3

Will he come home late today?
He had set his cold feet on the sun
and today
will he come home late?
Let's hope the snow can purify this stained heart again.

4

Humble landmark of silk
damned gold rush
to gulp other pieces of cake
and not to be born evermore.
Self humility
back to the previous life
the space fogs swallow the shadows
and the silk.

5

Lost in the half-shadows
in a bedroom
where the amazing ghosts
spill out from the walls
the child recognizes the faces
of his ancestors
broken in the immortal
spheres.

6

They emptied tea bags
in the sink full of
dirty crockery
and on the trollops
their stinky
faeces
rich in hairy
and purulent
arachnids.

7

Three pencils behead themselves
in the bewildered eyes of the vicious ones
the shadow is soft
and in the potato fields
the bombastic
hope
of the next millennium's
puppets
wrecks again.

8

« Error! undefined bookmark »
here is what is written
between the white rules
of this undefined
page.
All its borders shorten the unease
and in a last fit of debased
romanticism
he shoots
a bullet in his head.

9

He would surf the virtual pages
artificial lives of the damned inhabitants
Manitou
you may do whatever you want
but you still can sin.
Outside,
snow will surely fall
before springtime
and the children
will roll in the fields.

10

Open skies
the birds fly
the moon fish
swim
in the petrol
of our thoughts...
He stays alone
on the edge of the pool
eaten by chloride
and dark thoughts.

11

Twelfth page without a roof
the sprites climb up the trousers
hang on to the sleeves
of the round neck jumpers
all these black things
that reflected your despair.

12

He had written a book
telling his life in verses.
He sat down
noiselessly,
not saying a word more
and as he was dreaming
the ants were gnawing him –
he will never come back...

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Ben Nardolilli is a twenty five year old writer currently living in Arlington, Virginia. His work has appeared in Perigee Magazine, Red Fez, One Ghana One Voice, Caper Literary Journal, Quail Bell Magazine, Elimae, Super Arrow, Grey Sparrow Journal, A Hudson View, The Toucan, Contemporary American Voices, the Eudaimonia Poetry Review, Rabbit Catastrophe Review, Gloom Cupboard, and Beltway Poetry Quarterly. In addition he maintains a blog at mirrorsponge.blogspot.com and is looking to publish his first novel.

Carl James Grindley grew up on an island off the West Coast of Canada, and studied in the US and Europe. He has taught creative writing at Yale University, and works at The City University of New York. His book *Icon* was published in 2008 by No Record Press. He has recent work in *Apocrypha & Apostrophe*, *Anemone Sidecar*, *A Bad Penny Review*, *Eunoia Review*, *Anastomoo* and *Atticus Review*. Grindley is a founding editor of *The South Bronx Review*.

Corey Mesler has published in numerous journals and anthologies. He has published four novels, *Talk: A Novel in Dialogue* (2002), *We Are Billion-Year-Old Carbon* (2006), *The Ballad of the Two Tom Mores* (2010) and *Following Richard Brautigan* (2010), 2 full length poetry collections, *Some Identity Problems* (2008) and *Before the Great Troubling* (2010), and 2 books of short stories, *Listen: 29 Short Conversations* (2009) and *Notes toward the Story and Other Stories* (2010). He has also published a dozen chapbooks of both poetry and prose. He has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize numerous times, and two of his poems have been chosen for Garrison Keillor's Writer's Almanac. He also claims to have written, "Mrs. Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter." With his wife, he runs Burke's Book Store, one of the country's oldest (1875) and best independent bookstores. He can be found at www.coreymesler.com.

CL Bledsoe is the author of the young adult novel, *Sunlight*, two poetry collections, *_____ (Want/Need)*, and *Anthem*, and a short story collection called *Naming the Animals*. A poetry chapbook, *Goodbye to Noise*, is available online at www.righthandpointing.com/bledsoe. A minichap, *Texas*, was published by Mud Luscious Press. His story, "Leaving the Garden," was selected as a Notable Story of 2008 for *Story South's* Million Writer's Award. He's been nominated for the Pushcart Prize 3 times. He blogs at *Murder Your Darlings*, <http://clbledsoe.blogspot.com> Bledsoe has written reviews for *The Hollins Critic*, *The Arkansas Review*, *American Book Review*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, and elsewhere.

David Woodruff

Evan Carr's poem "Father" has appeared in the Punkin House Digest Vol. 1 Ed. 2. and on spokenwar.com. My work is published in the June 2011 journal of the the walleyedpress. My poems were published in VOCAL magazine, which I helped in the editing process.

harry k stammer

Howie Good, a journalism professor at SUNY New Paltz, is the author of the full-length poetry collections *Lovesick* (Press Americana, 2009), *Heart With a Dirty Windshield* (BeWrite Books, 2010), and *Everything Reminds Me of Me* (Desperanto, 2011), as well as numerous print and digital poetry chapbooks, including most recently *Love Dagger* from Right Hand Pointing, *To Shadowy Blue* from Gold Wake Press, and *Love in a Time of Paranoia* from Diamond Point Press.

John McKernan

John Pursch lives in Tucson, Arizona. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Breadcrumb Scabs*, *Calliope Nerve*, *Camel Saloon*, *Carcinogenic Poetry*, *Clockwise Cat*, *Counterexample Poetics*,

*experiential-experimental-literature, Four and Twenty, Indigo Rising Magazine, ken*again, Orion headless, Poetry Sz, Puffin Circus, The Rainbow Rose, and vox poetica.* You can follow his work at <http://twitter.com/johnpursch>

Larry O. Dean is the author of nine books of poetry, including *About the Author, abbrev, and I Am Spam*. He is a three-time Hopwood Award winner, and received the Gwendolyn Brooks Award in 2004. Dean is a poet-in-residence in the public schools through the Poetry Center of Chicago's Hands on Stanzas program, and also teaches at McHenry County College and Northeastern Illinois University.

Lee Marc Stein is a retired marketing consultant living in East Setauket, Long Island. His poems have appeared in Miller's Pond Poetry Magazine, Still Crazy, Slow Trains Literary Journal, Message in a Bottle, The Write Room and Blue Lake Review. He is working on a chap book of ekphrastic poetry. Lee leads workshops at Stony Brook University's Lifelong Learning program on Modern Masters of the American Novel and on Bob Dylan's life and music.

Les Wicks' books are "The Vanguard Sleeps In" (Glandular, 1981), "Cannibals" (Rochford St, 1985), "Tickle" (Island, 1993), "Nitty Gritty" (Five Islands, 1997), "The Ways of Waves" (Sidewalk, 2000), "Appetites of Light" (Presspress, 2002), "Stories of the Feet" (Five Islands, 2004) & "The Ambrosiacs" (Island, 2009). He's performed at festivals, schools, prison etc. Runs workshops across Australia & is editor of Meuse Press which focuses on poetry outreach projects like poetry on buses & poetry published on the surface of a river.

Matthew B. Dexter lives in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. Like the nomadic Pericú natives before him, he survives on a hunter-gatherer subsistence diet of shrimp tacos, smoked marlin, cold beer, and warm sunshine.

Michael Lee Johnson is a poet, freelance writer and small business owner of custom imprinted promotional products and apparel: www.promoman.us, from Itasca, Illinois. He is heavily influenced by: Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, Irving Layton, Leonard Cohen, and Allen Ginsberg. His new poetry chapbook with pictures, titled *From Which Place the Morning Rises*, and his new photo version of *The Lost American: from Exile to Freedom* are available at: <http://stores.lulu.com/promomanusa>. The original version of *The Lost American: from Exile to Freedom*, can be found at: http://www.iuniverse.com/bookstore/book_detail.asp?isbn=0-595-46091-7. New Chapbook: *Challenge of Night and Day, and Chicago Poems*, by Michael Lee Johnson: http://www.lulu.com/product/paperback/challenge-of-night-and-day-and-chicago-poems-%28night%29/12443733?productTrackingContext=search_results/search_shelf/center/2. He also has 2 previous chapbooks available at: <http://stores.lulu.com/poetryboy>. Michael has been published in over 24 countries. He is also editor/publisher of five poetry sites, all open for submission, which can be found at his Web site: <http://poetryman.mysite.com>. All of his books are now available on Amazon.com: http://www.amazon.com/s/ref=nb_ss_b?url=search-alias%3Dstripbooks&field-keywords=michael+lee+johnson. Borders: <http://www.borders.com.au/book/lost-american-from-exile-to-freedom/1566571/>.

Now on You-Tube:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ih5WJrjqQ18>,

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kMmyjFKJ5fQ>.

E-mail: promomanusa@gmail.com. Audio Mp3 poems available; open to interviews.

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Michael O'Brien: (b.1982) Manchester, England. Student of Celtic Civilisation and Philosophy at National University of Ireland Galway. Various poems published in small press and ezines since 2006. Is a member of the band, The Importance of Birds: http://www.jamendo.com/en/artist/The_Importance_Of_Birds.

Born and raised in Brooklyn, living and writing in New Jersey (both of which explain a good deal about him), **Neil Ellman** has published numerous poems in print and online journals in eight nations. His credits include *Anastamoo*, *Bolts of Silk*, *Calliope Nerve*, *Carcinogenic Poetry*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *Otoliths*, *Phantom Kangaroo* and *Symmetry Pebbles*, among others. He has also authored five chapbooks based on surreal works of art.

Peter Ganick: these poems are forthcoming in a book [hardcopy] by luna bisonte prods. the collection serves as a 'return to the traditional' for him.

Randy Brooks

Tyson Bley walks dogs for a living. He was born in South Africa, but can now be found at <http://soapstain.blogspot.com/>

Valentina Cano is a student of classical singing who spends whatever free time either writing or reading. Her works have appeared in Exercise Bowler, Blinking Cursor, Theory Train, Magnolia's Press, Cartier Street Press, Berg Gasse 19, Precious Metals and will appear in the upcoming editions A Handful of Dust, The Scarlet Sound, The Adroit Journal, Perceptions Literary Magazine, Welcome to Wherever, The Corner Club Press, Death Rattle, Danse Macabre, Subliminal Interiors, Generations Literary Journal, Super Poetry Highway, Stream Press and Perhaps I'm Wrong About the World. You can find her here: <http://coldbloodedlives.blogspot.com>

Walter Ruhlmann was born in 1974 in France. He currently lives in Mamoudzou, Mayotte where he works as an English teacher. He has been publishing *mgversion2>datura* (ex-Mauvaise graine) for fifteen years. Walter is the author of several poetry chapbooks and e-books in French and English and has published poems in various printed and electronic publications world wide. He co-edited and translated poems for the bilingual free verse and form section for the anniversary issue of Magnapoets in January 2011. His blog <http://lorchideenocambique.hautetfort.com/>