

## A Husband's Refuge

You stroll into the garage like an angel diving into sudden grace; all the gears and gaskets in the place shine brighter now, engines hum their low, loving hymns to vroom and go, beauty of brawn directed forward into flight. Whistling lightly, you caress your tools, measure copper tubing, cut it down to size, shoot thin flames to rearrange it, slowly shape and change it, all according to some fine plan you have devised. You study stacks of diagrams, handle metal by the sheet, weld solutions thoughtfully. You are careful, useful, neat.

Sometimes the snow demands to be shoveled; it piles up, and bills drift into mountains that fall apart, that swirl around your knees. When we turn up the heat, Lord, how the pipes sigh and wheeze, but we must try a little longer living with a furnace that's antique. And now your father needs to tell you something urgent, but since the stroke, he can barely speak. What emerges when he tries could break your heart. The strongest man in the world has turned feeble, peevish, weak. And your son, who's far away, forgets to call, forgets to call, forget

all that. Something crystal clear and perfect is taking shape right here. The answers seek and find you in this austere garage retreat, temple of True Value tools, where you, my laboring lover, are lost in pure, creative heat.

*Ginny Lowe Connors*



Cecilia Soprano, Artist

©2001 by Cecilia Soprano

## POETRY 2001 CONTRIBUTORS

**Bruce Bennett's** latest book is *Navigating the Distances* (Orchises Press). Co-founder of *Field* and *Ploughshares*, he is Associate Editor at State Street Press and Director of Creative Writing at Wells College.

**Philip E. Burnham, Jr.** is a former diplomat and history teacher who has work in *Descant*, *Midwest Quarterly* and *Arizona Quarterly*.

**Ginny Lowe Connors** teaches English in West Hartford, CT. Recipient of several poetry awards, she is also editor of a poetry collection about parents and children, *Essential Love* (Grayson Books, 2000).

**Mark DeFoe** teaches writing at West Virginia Wesleyan College. His three poetry books are *Bringing Home Breakfast* (Black Willow Press), *Palmate* (Pringle Tree Press), and *AIR* (Green Tower Press).

**Herb Kitson** teaches at the University of Pittsburgh, Titusville. Widely published, he has two books, *Les Soliloques du Pauvre* and *Lettres a Annie* (University Press of America), and two poetry chapbooks.

**Joy Maulitz**, a poet and "recovering attorney" in San Francisco, hosts a poetry radio show and has a poem forthcoming in *Squaw Review*.

**John Minczeski's** book *Circle Routes* was chosen by Mary Oliver for the 2000 Akron Poetry Prize. He has recent work in *Agni*, *Marlboro Review*, and *Quarterly West*. He lives in St. Paul, Minnesota.

**MaryLee McNeal's** novel *Home Again*, *Home Again* won the Walter Van Tilberg Clark Award. She has been anthologized in *Essential Love*, *Finding What You Didn't Lose*, and *Mother of the Groom*.

**Laurie Robertson-Lorant** is the author of *Melville: A Biography* (UMass, 1998). She teaches creative writing at St. Mark's School and has poems in *Radcliffe Quarterly*, *The American Voice*, and *Igitur*.

**Roger Sedarat** is an Iranian-American poet pursuing a Ph.D. at Tufts University. He has recent work in *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Green Mountains Review*, and *The Ledge*.

**Ann Silsbee** is a composer whose music has been performed and recorded internationally. She has is widely published and has a chapbook *Naming the Disappeared* forthcoming (Threshold Press).

**R. T. Smith's** books include *Trespasser* (1996), *Messenger* (2001), and the forthcoming *Brightwood*, all from LSU Press. He was awarded the Richard Hugo Prize from *Poetry Northwest* in 2001.

**Eleanor Stanford**, a graduate of New College, spent two years in the Peace Corps in the Cape Verde Islands. Currently a freelance writer, she will begin graduate study at the U. of Wisconsin this fall.

**Albert W. Starkey** recently spent two years in western Ireland with his wife Susan. He now lives in Denver, where he is an executive/consultant and is pursuing a degree as Diplomat Jungian Analyst.

**Walt Stromer** grew up on a farm in Nebraska, served in the infantry in World War II, and taught public speaking and related courses at Cornell College, Iowa. He is now retired.

**Helen Sweeney** lives in Westfield, NJ, where she can be seen each morning between the hours of 7 and 9 a.m. writing in the local coffee house. Her poems appear in the *South Coast Poetry Review*.

**Mark Terrill** is a former merchant seaman now living in Germany. His work appears in *Chelsea*, *City Lights Review*, and *Seattle Review*. He has a new poetry chapbook from Red Dancefloor Press.

**Beth Copeland Vargo** is employed as a museum curator and freelance writer. Her book *Traveling Through Glass* received the 1999 Bright Hill Press Poetry Book Award.

**Dianalee Velie** has taught creative writing at Manhattanville College and runs a popular summer island poetry workshop, Belden Island Magic. Her new play is *Mama Says*.

**Deborah Warren** received the Robert Penn Warren Poetry Prize last year, and was runner-up for the T. S. Eliot Prize. She has poetry in *The Paris Review*, *Commonweal*, and *Cumberland Poetry Review*.

**Leah Weed** studied archaeology and history at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. She has worked at excavating sites, harvesting dates and olives, and teaching writing. She now lives in Long Beach, California.

**Louise Whitney** has poetry in *Sojourner*, *Black River Review*, *Poets On*, *Habersham Review*, *Bellowing Ark*, *Common Lives/Lesbian Lives*, is anthologized in *The Best of Sojourner*.

## Linda's Home Improvement Loan

Linda went to the bank  
borrowed \$2,000

and gave it all  
to her unemployed

uninspired boyfriend  
Darnell. "Here," she said.

"Get out of my house."

*Michael G. Hickey*

## Don't Read This Poem

unless your glass is half-full  
or you'll never be able to believe  
that for every tornado like the one in *The Wizard of Oz*  
tossing houses like tennis balls  
dealing death, destruction & bad dreams

there is a sweet sister-twister  
like the whirlwind in St. Mary's, Kansas, 1993.  
Granny asleep for hours  
I hit the rack around midnight.  
Gramps stumbles home late & drunk  
fumbles to find his key  
but there is no keyhole  
because there is no house.  
The old, white A-frame is now perched a hundred feet away

with uncanny symmetry on top of the old barn,  
as Granny & I snooze dreamily inside  
heirloom china neither chipped nor cracked  
antique crystal in mint condition  
no farm girls struck on the head  
no animals killed or unaccounted for  
just a friendly pick-me-up from a roaming cyclone  
breezing through Tornado Alley on Saturday night  
with God's fingerprint swirls all over it.

Four miles down the road the glorious torrent  
spins a visit to O'Malley's greenhouse  
plucks a sizable garden of pink gardenias  
& twirls its way through the state of Kansas  
a resplendent vacuum of positive energy  
a tap-dancing pink tornado of love.

*Michael G. Hickey*

## Captain America at Home

After a long day of cracking Red Skull's skull, he is sofa-bound, polishing the star-spangled shield that protects him from the transforming powers of the Cosmic Cube, the swarming gadgetry of Baron Zemo, the deadly karate chops of the Super-Adaptoids. For now, he is happy. The TV is on, background noise he needs to drown his fears and concentrate; the gauntlets, literally, are off. Tonight he will shine his shield, stitch his winged mask, and catch a few sound bites on Headline News. That's the plan.

But then the unthinkable occurs: he sees that the white star of his jersey contains a bloodstain in the shape of his country's mainland, forty-eight states, all of which he's saved more than once from mind control, mass murder, General Mayhem. He ponders the magnitude of his job, the awesome responsibility of defending not only the land of freedom but also the free world. It seems too much, really, for one man alone. Which is how he feels most of the time, isolated from the citizenry he has sworn to protect. For a moment,

he ponders life without a country, a nomadic existence, a self-imposed exile, allowing his lungs to swell proudly, like birthday balloons. To inhale *clean* air, air minus the taint of patriotism, Puritanism, "mobocracy." To talk with people as if

they were real, not just some glorified abstraction. *But enough!* He shakes himself like a wet dog, gets up to toss the soiled jersey into the washer. Meanwhile, the bald eagle statuette that squats atop his mantelpiece squints fiercely and prepares for flight.

*Jarret Keene*

## Barbie and Mr. Potatohead at the Smithsonian

Look, Barbie, you're never  
gonna see Ken again,  
he of the tennis shorts  
and pastel whatever sweater  
tied around his neck,  
so how about getting real with me?  
Let's explore, as they say,  
each other, parts and all.

Take this hula hoop here:  
lay it flat and it'll be our home,  
very mod, very circular.  
When we lie within it,  
our bodies will be  
on the face of a compass,  
I tilting you toward true north.

And this Slinky will be  
our mortal coil,  
or preferred contraceptive device  
should we choose  
to delay the little ones  
that will no doubt  
look more like me.  
Come, Barbie, come to Spud.  
It is I,  
Mr. Potatohead.  
Make a life with me.

Lynn Wallace

## The Bibliothèque Nationale

At the entrance to the BN sits a French *femme fatale*—  
a *fonctionnaire* with bad hair and a scowl,  
a lion tamer of the lowest sorts,  
chewing her gum with vengeance.  
She does not answer my repeated knocks  
as I wave her way from behind Plexiglas.  
Her eyes growl, shushing me  
as she mouths through tight lips,  
*Non* now shaking her shaggy head  
in the direction of *jamais* and nevermore.

Just beyond in the Reading Room, all is hushed,  
only beasts of books rage untamed.  
The readers and researchers  
under the limpid light of banker's lamps  
are colored absinthe green.  
Their backs are shadowed black over dark pages.  
In their hands are little blocks of god: books.

I want to read in their shade in that *salle obscure*,  
in the shade of shades and in the shade of books,  
to float into that room  
towards worn spines bent over desks  
and slim spines in leather covers,  
towards marbled end papers,  
to that chapter, the final one,  
to *tout Paris* under my thumb.

Heather Hartley

## Women's Work

Sisyphus had a sister,  
Judith, like Shakespeare's.  
She followed him to Hades  
so she could meet him  
at the foot of the mountain  
each time the damned boulder  
rolled down once again.

She'd bring him a sandwich,  
coffee, change of clothes,  
a kind word before  
the long, long push.

"You're getting used to this,"  
she said, when she noticed  
his expression was less anguished,  
more resigned really,  
and he acknowledged  
the worst part was over.

"Fact is," he said,  
"you do get used to anything,  
and the pain,  
once agonizing,  
lessens  
as time goes on.  
Now, it's no more than  
the itching of a gnat bite."  
He was so irritatingly macho.

"So now you enjoy  
pushing the boulder,"  
said Judith to Sisyphus.  
"Well, look," said he,

"how buffed I am!  
Have you ever seen such abs,  
such glutes?"

"All I do is carry plates  
and pitchers," thought Judith  
"while he builds body  
and character."

Judith wanted  
her own boulder and mountain.  
She wanted  
something to make her famous  
and petitioned the dark Gods  
long and loudly  
with much complaining  
about unfairness.

Her prayers were answered;  
she got her boulder.  
It arrived one morning  
at the foot of the mountain.

She braced herself, a pretty picture,  
in spandex suit and brand new sneakers,  
was about to push it up the mountain,  
when a thunderclap  
rent the glassy sky,  
and the Gods announced  
in awful chorus:

"See this boulder set before you.  
Your eternal task is:  
dust and wash it!"

*Jacqueline Bardsley*

## An Inch a Year

*He's either 27" tall and 28 years old or  
28" tall and 27 years old. I just remember  
his height was close to his age in inches.*

*—Overheard conversation*

Perhaps it was evolution. Whatever  
has changed us in this way,  
we are grateful to be always growing, to gain  
each year a new prospect  
and perspective. The new mothers

are especially happy,  
except that they themselves  
are only 20 to 22 inches tall on average.  
Even though newborns are only  
a quarter inch long,  
it would be better,  
they fancy, to be fifty or sixty.

War is no longer a concern. Why bother  
to mobilize an army of 17 to 20 inch men?  
Gangs still form but get no respect.  
And young love is infinitesimally small love.

The 18 to 22 inches a parent always has on a child  
makes a difference. How can the terrible twos  
be so terrible?

Of course, the elderly stand out.  
Great-grandparents rule.  
Seven, sometimes eight feet tall,  
their arms whip the wind like willows  
as they walk, their long strides  
taking them too far away,

and likely as not  
they forget where they come from  
and must be led back like dazed giraffes,  
their lilliputian children and grandchildren  
scattering before them.

To see us gathered in crowds on holidays  
or during parades, one appreciates  
this new diversity, the old holding the young  
in their palms, the young floating up  
with their balloons, most of them caught  
before they rise too high,  
but some of them not.

*Michael C. Smith*

## Constellations

At what point  
did consensus evolve  
as to the pictures  
in the stars?  
Did someone dressed  
in sandals and robe  
lobby those who lie  
on their backs at night  
saying, *There is the archer  
and that is the ladle,*  
explaining in a  
matter-of-fact tone  
how a bear  
was pulled by its tail  
and dragged into the sky  
as heads that rest  
against the ground  
nod in agreement?

Did this same man  
walk the earth by day  
telling people  
the real meaning  
of cloud shapes?  
*That is not  
a frowning clown,  
it is a mule  
carrying Satan  
in his decent from heaven.  
And that was never  
a bowl of cereal.  
It is Hephaestus  
forging the armor  
of the gods.*

At what point  
did people determine  
that fortunes can be  
foretold by stars?  
Isn't it infinitely more accurate  
to interpret these things  
by the constant change  
of cloud forms  
rather than the unchanging  
reappearance of constellations?

You were born under  
the giant bunny  
with a single floppy ear.  
No powerful bull.  
No magical scales  
balancing good and evil.  
You are a cloud.  
You forge the rain  
and obscure the pinholes  
in the night sky  
with your tremendous  
cotton tail.

*Michael J. Zweigbaum*



## Looking for Orion

My father built a telescope from scratched  
lenses, odds and ends, a shaky tripod.  
He finished it near winter and we brought it out  
to trawl for constellations caught among the branches  
of a chestnut in our yard. We lived a mile  
from Queens; the sky was plum along the horizon.  
Orange lamps protected the corners  
from muggers and darkness,  
but if we kept our eyes trained up  
we could find the tiny prick of moons  
beside the steady lamp of Jupiter  
and the geometric glitter of the Hunter's belt.  
Time was crisp and silent  
as I waited my turn, bending sideways  
to see the cold sky, the whole sky  
through the cloud of my breath.

That was thirty years ago.  
This autumn, ice came early, a thin skin  
above the fluid muscles of the world.  
My father, dead these many years,  
has given me his lack of grace,  
his social clumsiness, his constant  
and joyful amazement. He peers  
over lenses and points out Orion, repeating  
his stock advice—"what the hell."  
Out of the sky's random dazzle  
the stars begin to cluster  
into stories. One by one  
I name them.

*Priscilla Frake*

## Dovetail

My daughters hate to iron, but I love  
the vaporous glide to soothe a seam,  
denim puckers dissolving as I drape  
the balance over the edge of the board,  
a pant leg swaying as I press its partner.

Lifting its waist into the air, I check  
for errant creases, the ones I missed  
as I meditated on the sear of the iron  
gulping steamed stitches in its mouth  
pressed flat as a fish's.

Lulled, I remember gliding above  
coral, limbs splayed as I drifted,  
eyes wide. Angelfish, darting  
from porous ledges, disappeared  
then shot out of crevices,

their silky fins creased as if ironed  
by a mermaid:  
a girl, young as I once was,  
eager to pleat each narrow wing  
into an epiphany of mind and task.

*Wendy Herbert*



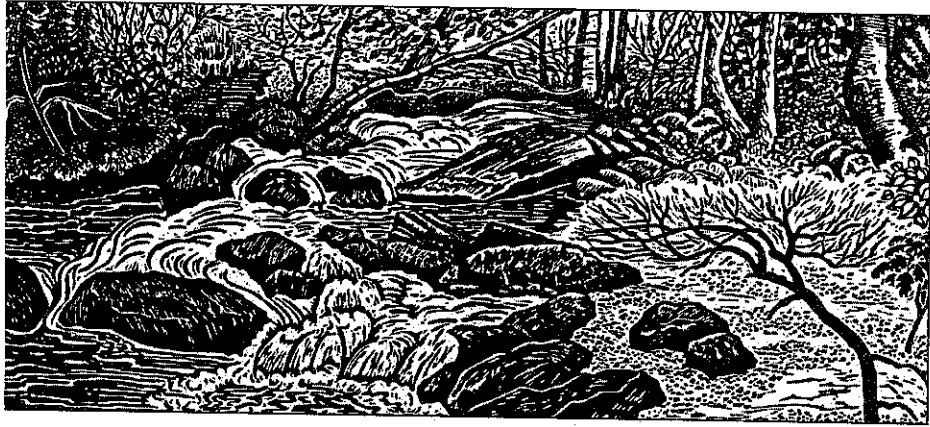
Heading East  
*Woodcut*  
Mollie Doctrow

©2001 by Mollie Doctrow



Blue Mountain  
*Woodcut*  
Mollie Doctrow

©2001 by Mollie Doctrow



Avery Creek

*Woodcut*

Mollie Doctrow

©2001 by Mollie Doctrow



Autumn—Late Afternoon

*Woodcut*

Mollie Doctrow

©2001 by Mollie Doctrow

## Words for You, Mother

So now you have lost all of your nouns,  
Not just the names of what, and where, and who you love.  
You wander in thickets of verbs, adjectives, adverbs—  
Of connectors that connect no thing, no one.

Your strong verbs—hope, love, dream, caress, pray  
Worship, remember, sleep, eat, drink—  
Lack the anchor of subject and object.  
They want the people, places, and things you cannot name.

All right, then. I will follow you to the end  
Carrying a heavy basket so full of nouns  
It curves my back. I will hand you *rose, wine,*  
*God, book, poem, lily, sweet corn, child, lover, husband.*

I will give you *Dorothy Elizabeth, Edward David, Alice Frances,*  
*Priscilla Marie, Charlotte Anne, James Francis* and *Mary Margaret.*  
I give you also your beloved *Edward* drinking now from the cup of joy.  
All sleep safely dreaming of sheets you have ironed smooth.

*Alice Barton*

## Red Tulip

No flame this hue: no *rouge* or *ruby* to beam  
a name spelled from pistil and stamen, the stream

of pixels stemming, *scarlet*, to a hammered bell—  
the corolla struck and humming in the pell-mell

pollen-light. The April morning pixilates,  
platelets bearing their gathering freight

bloomward. May as well try to catch a nimbus  
in a thimble—that cymbal-clang—as to fumble

with *crimson, vermilion*. Why marvel  
at form? The roots of this pigment, garbled

beneath the dirt, warble: petals thin as wafers rake  
the inside of the orb, a vessel bred to break

from body into body. What bursts  
from this wineskin is not *color* but the thirst

for it which will not valve and cup into a word  
to shade the lips. An Antwerp merchant, spurred

by appetite, had it right: he put the pods to boil,  
then tossed that unearthed flesh with vinegar, oil;

he girt his girth with blossoms, feasted past  
his fill, bolting bulbs until his heart trespassed

its very ventricles, the organ pumping, wrung  
and ringing like a flower lifting up its tongues,

as hemoglobin and plasma peeling in a florid choir.  
And why *not* drink, eat, be utterly changed into fire?

*Melissa Range*

## Work

I have seen my father sitting at night  
in the mouth of an old Chevy truck,  
his feet resting on the engine block,  
his body wedged between the wheel well  
and the hood, coaxing apart the carburetor,  
looking like one of those bright fearless birds  
that makes its living in the fleshy crevices  
between an alligator's teeth.

One night when I was young in the back seat,  
a screw sank into the tread of the left front tire,  
and the family car lurched and hobbled to a stop  
on the side of the road. I watched his hands  
by the light of an emergency flare  
collect the grease and roadside grit  
as he turned each lug nut and dropped it  
with a clang into the hubcap by his knee.

I knew then that the world was created  
not by some billowing spirit  
with souls in his breath, but by a man  
with clay on his hands:  
crouched on one knee, tools steady in his palms,  
slowly and carefully piecing together the universe.

What we do makes us.  
I have been up all night in the garage  
at this labor, my back steady  
in the chair. Some words are cool and smooth  
as a socket wrench. Some are cross-threaded.  
Some need grease. I bang them with a hammer. I spin  
each nut onto each bolt. I file. I curse.

Then, bone-tired, a streak of grease beneath  
one eye, I turn in the way my dad would do  
when each spark plug was gapped and set:  
as though resting were a job  
and work the only rest.

*Shane Seely*

## A Field Guide to Prayer

### 1

Under siege, pray for possibilities;  
a good guess, a near miss, a clear head  
to rethink your enemies. Before you  
pray to be bulletproof, pray to be lucky;  
that the mud stays out of your gun,  
that your conscience is easy to carry.  
Pray that winter holds its breath  
until your feet dry out, until the last  
trigger finger comes to its senses.  
Pray that others pray for you,  
that their chorus flies under the radar.  
Pray for a town on nobody's map that  
warms to strangers. Their kindness  
is the code you'll need to separate  
news from truth. It's the only  
victory you'll want to remember.

### 2

At peace, pray for others;  
for your father's good lung and your  
mother's arthritis. Pray for your  
sister's blue heart and the husband  
who can't think how to please her.  
Better still, pray for the faces  
you've never met; the nurse who's  
seen enough, every school kid  
missing in action. Pray for the  
stench on the streets of Calcutta,  
the black cape over Mexico City.  
Imagine your voice, uncovered at last,  
is the one God's waiting to hear.

Now's the time to ask for the world  
while the guns are cocked in silence.  
Faith is the first wound a bullet makes  
And the bleeding never stops.

*Peter Serchuk*

## Anniversary

It's a strange place, that city  
Of the people who have forgotten me.  
It is not the land of the dead, but  
Of the living, which is more terrible.  
Boys and girls from old playgrounds  
Are growing old there. My best friends  
And girl friends, my fellow drones  
At the restaurant, the clothing stores,  
In Boy Scouts, on the track team,  
At the language school in Japan,  
The cast of thousands who knew me  
And laughed with me and had a beer  
Or two with me after work, and confessed  
To me their perfectly valid realities  
As I confessed mine in turn, whose stories  
I shared and became a part of,  
Are mowing the lawn now, or sitting  
At a desk, or just walking idly along  
In that small city of those who have forgotten me,  
Or nearly have, my name sometimes  
Gusting across the wide yard of memory  
Like a dead leaf, raising a smile,  
Or a twinge of regret, or anger,  
Or nothing much at all, as their lives  
Go on with less of me  
By the minute, in that bustling town  
I cannot find, somewhere on the plains  
Where she is traveling now,  
Drawing closer to it every day.

*George Bilgere*

## The Chosen

Yelaed Azalp was a small country consisting of exactly one street with a motorcade and just enough people to line both sides of it. There were many theories about it and it always ended in a brilliant and blinding light just after the constant hum began to put everyone to sleep. It went forwards and backwards and backwards and forwards, and thus, never got anywhere.

The backwards country was one of nostalgia reaching for its innocent past. There, a Lincoln backed up the street followed by police on motorcycles in reverse. The people in the car decided to sit up all at once and a rather pretty woman, who had been looking into her hands like Lady Macbeth, now smiled. The other woman screamed, "oN, oN," and then stretched her face into a wide grin. The two men beamed. Earlier the crowd wavered in the heat with anticipation, a second before the birth of a backwards nation.

In one theory based on analogous logic the world begins when God sucks in his breath and everything is darkness.

The forward country, which, as has already been explained, is the same place, hurls itself towards the uncertain future. There is blood everywhere and men in suits run down the street as if they are chasing the car.

Then it ends.

*Albert Sgambati*

## Henry Louis Gates Jr. in Dahomey

Kings—who needs 'em? The king of Dahomey  
Sold his own people across the ocean  
And wore this nose piece in silver to make him  
Look more like a leopard. So picture this;  
A big fat fella sat under a tree  
With this silver thing like a bottle cap  
On the end of his snitch. And he's scary, scary,  
Scary. Down on the beach they're loading  
The people on boats. Or were. The beach  
Is lovely and white—and the big green waves  
Turn the sand over and turn the sand over  
And bring up stems of tobacco pipes  
And shards of bottle glass. As for the people  
They went away and were flogged and raped  
And then they became Americans.  
And if the king ain't scared of their chillun  
He damn well should be. They're coming back  
In piety and angry grief,  
With camera crews. And they're gonna put him  
On TV—him and his silver nose.

*Tony Grist*

## Robert Johnson and the Devil

Robert Johnson learned  
the blues in a west country  
graveyard, a potter's field  
filled with forgotten black men.

He drank jars of corn whiskey  
fumbled with the sharp,  
steel strings and prayed the devil  
would teach him to sing.

One moonless night, the devil  
answered his prayer:  
sang dark songs in Robert's ear,  
strummed the bittersweet chords.

And then the devil was gone,  
though Robert could see he was  
a black man like himself,  
barefoot and wearing overalls.

Kicked out of white man's heaven,  
he walked the back roads  
night after night, full of pride  
and pain, singing the blues.

*William Miller*



## Old Hustlers

A couple of them, maybe once a week,  
might get up to play a game of  
one-pocket, for a buck or two,  
but mostly they sit in an  
elevated row of antique shoe-shine chairs,  
these old black men waiting out their final days,  
against the front window of Cue Ball's pool hall  
near downtown Oakland.

They drink coffee from styrofoam cups,  
smoke cigars and cigarettes,  
sit there from the morning  
into the night  
watching the young ones  
learn the game.

When an outsider walks in,  
cue in hand, looking for action,  
they turn their heads slowly  
and look at each other.

There is no type of player  
they haven't seen  
or played against  
and they know right away  
by the way he walks  
or stands and scans the room  
if he has what it takes to play pool for money  
at Cue Ball's.

By the way he goes about finding a game,  
by the way he screws the two ends of his cue together,  
by the time he chalks his tip and draws aim,  
they know if he will take  
or be taken  
or if it's too close to call.  
And when the last ball

falls in the pocket  
and the dollars change hands  
they look at each other again  
but do not speak.

They do not nod their heads  
or make any expression at all.  
They look to make sure  
that the others have seen  
what they've seen.

And on the rare occasion that they all smile  
it means they've been surprised.

*Johnny Cordova*

## Folk Song

*for Robert*

Someone asks me to sing a song;  
I caress the guitar, take my time,

Then bring on the first chordings,  
Fingers climbing the short ladder

Of strings. This is the beginning,  
And where the song goes or where

It is heard, who knows? At the other  
Side of this drunken wrecked table, or

The other side of history, this  
Is a song of a young woman weeping

For a lover whose ring she wears  
And whose name is always ordinary,

Jamie or Willy, names from wet small  
Churches and bronchial cabins; while Mary

Wrings her hands over the shambly  
Table of the world, unheard, always heard.

*Fred Johnston*

## To a Goldfinch

Tree by tree, you approach, flit  
from the neighbor's weeping birch

to an oak, to the tip of a linden sapling  
that bends under the bright ounce of you.

You flutter and dip, flutter and rise, light  
on a silver maple branch just above

my eyes where, little leaf of burning bush,  
like a disciple full of new wine or touched

by a tongue of fire, you give utterance  
to the Spirit with a conflagration of song.

I, fallen away for so long, hear you  
in my native language and believe.

*Lorri Lambert-Smith*

## Airborne

### I

How would it be, we wondered,  
boys reliving the war stories  
brought home by uncles, fathers,  
neighbors, to see at 12 o'clock high,  
a Zero on your tail and time  
now with black smoke billowing  
to bail out, trust that ripcord,  
faith in a silky bloom to float  
you down into enemy territory?  
And so we jumped, tiny cargo  
parachute in hand, from the twelve-  
foot drop of Chester Smith's front porch,  
feet stinging like a thousand needles,  
tumbling in clouds of dust, sky  
ablaze with July, P-40 Flying Tiger  
lost in the mirage of time.

### II

My father's idea—"I'm taking the boy up,"  
he winked at my frowning mother,  
"Duke Mayes will fly us over the neighborhood—  
maybe he'll buzz the house and tip his wing  
so you'll know it's us." We all knew  
of Daredevil Duke and his Piper Cub:  
the day he soared under Austin Mill  
bridge, strafing the fishing boats,  
Popeye Leonard swearing that damned old Duke  
had given him a flattop and the first  
clean shave he'd had all week, then  
scaled and fileted a three-pound  
largemouth as his prop skimmed  
the surface of the Holston.

Duke gave one backward flip  
of the propeller and the engine fired,  
fescue bowing in the Choptack pasture.  
We bumped over clods,  
earth giving way toward the welcoming  
horizon, hills and knobs  
unfurling like a green flag before  
the world went sigoglin in a steep  
bank left and we looked down on  
the dots of neighborhood,  
felt the hard tug of gravity,  
the claim of ground begging us back.

### III

Sixty Octobers now and still  
I startle at the sight: the blaze  
and ruin of fall, milkweed pods empty,  
abandoned fuselages of the field,  
their silky seeds given up to float  
like parachutes on the wind  
past the graves of them all: father,  
uncles, neighbors grounded here,  
their stories airborne on  
a single breath into the blue distance.

*Jeff Daniel Marion*

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Yehuda Amichai**, considered by many the poet laureate of Israel, was born in Germany in 1924 and died last September. He emigrated to Palestine in the 1930s, fought in the British Army in World War II and in Israel's War of Independence in 1948. Afterwards, he changed his family name to a Hebrew one meaning "My people lives."

**Michael Arvey** is a creative writing instructor for U. of Colorado-Boulder, a massage therapist and healer. His poetry appears in *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *Seattle Review*, *Prism International*, and *Blue Mesa Review*. He has five young adult books (Greenhaven Press).

**Jacqueline Bardsley** is an immigrant to the U.S. from England. Her poems have appeared in *Green Fuse* and *Blue Unicorn*.

**Alice Barton** has retired from teaching writing at the University of Massachusetts Boston and now lives on Cape Cod. She takes part in a Boston writers group and has a number of awards and publications.

**Ciaran Berry** was born in Dublin, Ireland, grew up in Connemara and Donegal, and now resides in New York. His poems appear in *Poetry Ireland Review*, *The Honest Ulsterman*, and *The Crab Creek Review*.

**George Bilgere's** work appears in *Poetry*, *The Kenyon Review*, *Shenandoah*, *Prairie Schooner* and many others. His two books are *The Going* (Devins Award winner, U. of Missouri Press 1995), and *Big Bang* (Copper Beech Press 1999). He is anthologized in *Best American Poetry* and *American Prose and Poetry in the 20th Century* (Cambridge University Press). He teaches at John Carroll University.

**F. M. Black** is a poet, translator and writer who worked for three years in the Jerusalem bureau of *The New York Times*. He is currently at work on a memoir of his time in Israel.

**José Hernando Chaves** has published poems and short-stories in *Rattle*, *Cross-Connect*, and *Exquisite Corpse*. He is author of a bilingual book of Latin American short-stories entitled *The Book of Brevity*.

**Johnny Cordova** grew up in the San Francisco Bay Area and now lives in Prescott, Arizona. A Pushcart Prize nominee, his work appears in *New Orleans Review*, *Portland Review*, *New York Quarterly*, *Tawagoto*, *Beloit Fiction Journal*, *Chiron Review*, and *Sho*.

**Phillip Corwin** worked with the United Nations and the OSCE in the former Yugoslavia. His latest book is *Dubious Mandate: A Memoir of the UN in Bosnia* (Duke U. Press 1999). He appears in *Commonweal*, *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *Roanoke Review*, and *Rattapallax*.

**Elizabeth Crowell** has poems in *Nimrod*, *Sojourner* and *Mystic River Review*, and stories in *Christopher Street* and *Hers2* (Faber and Faber). She teaches high school English outside Boston.

**Mollie Doctrow** is an art professor at Brevard College and a nationally recognized printmaker. She recently received a Visual Arts Fellowship from the North Carolina Arts Council. Her work is on display at the Blue Spiral Gallery, Asheville, and the Folk Art Center, Blue Ridge Parkway.

**Priscilla Frake** has worked as a petroleum geologist in Texas, lived in Scotland four years, and now resides in Beijing, China. She has poems in *The Sun*, *Visions International*, *Confrontation*, and British and Irish journals *Orbis*, *Cyphers*, *Inter Alia*, *Iota* and *Deliberately Thirsty*.

**Tony Grist** was born in London in 1951. He resigned from the ministry of the Church of England in 1986. Published widely in the UK, he lives in Oldham, near Manchester.

**Heather Hartley** has recent or forthcoming work in *Antietam Review*, *Paris/Atlantic*, *Yankee Magazine* and *96 Inc*.

**Wendy Herbert** is a recipient of the Anna Davidson Rosenberg Prize whose work appears or is forthcoming in *The Connecticut Review*, *Crazyhorse*, *Ascent*, *Nightsun*, *The Madison Review*, and others.

**Michael G. Hickey** has an MFA from the University of Washington. He teaches creative writing at South Seattle Community College and has work forthcoming in *Permafrost*.

**Fred Johnston**, born in Belfast in 1951, founded Galway's annual festival of literature in 1986 and is now inaugurating its first Writers' Centre. He has seven books of poetry (with another due this year), one of stories, two novels, and has had three plays produced. His work appears in the U.S. in *The Southern Review*, *The Literary Review*, *New Letters*, *Southern Humanities Review*, and *Atlanta Review*.

**Mohja Kahf** recently published *Western Representations of the Muslim Woman: From Termagant to Odalisque* (U. of Texas Press, 1999). Her poems appear in *Visions International*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Grand Street*, *Middle East*, *Banipal* (London), and Naomi Shihab Nye's anthology *The Space Between Our Footsteps* (Simon & Schuster 1998).

**J. R. Kangas** works as a librarian and as a musician, and has poems in *New Letters*, *New York Quarterly*, *Poet & Critic*, and *Tampa Review*.

**Jarret Keene** teaches at Florida State University, where he serves as editor of *Sundog: The Southeast Review*. His poems have appeared in recent issues of *ACM*, *River City*, and *The South Carolina Review*.

**Jessie Lee Kercheval** is the author of five books, including the poetry collection *World as Dictionary* (Carnegie Mellon U. Press) and the memoir *Space* (Algonquin Books/Penguin). Director of the Wisconsin Institute for Creative Writing (U. of Wisconsin), she has poems in *Ploughshares*, *Southern Review*, *Georgia Review*, and *Prairie Schooner*.

**James Kirk** has recent work in *Ploughshares*, *Crazyhorse*, and *New American Writing*, and is the author of a forthcoming book of 19<sup>th</sup>-century studies, *So Ends This Day*.

**Ann B. Knox**, editor of *Antietam Review* since 1983, has two prize-winning poetry books, *Staying is Nowhere* and *Stonecrop*, and a book of short stories, *Late Summer Break* (Papier Mache Press 1995). She is published in *Poetry*, *Alaska Review* and *Cumberland Review*.

**Lorri Lambert-Smith's** poetry and haiku have appeared most recently in *Literature and Belief*, *Midwest Poetry Review*, and the online magazine *Moondance*. She does homecare for the ill and elderly.

**Robert Arthur Lewis**, winner of *Poetry 1999*, is a house painter and poet living in Bellingham, Washington. His poetry begins with the belief that poets have a unique ability and responsibility to sing for the earth.

**Jeff Daniel Marion** is poet-in-residence and Director of the Appalachian Center at Carson-Newman College. Founder of *The Small Farm* poetry journal, he now directs Mill Springs Press. His five poetry books include *Out in the Country*, *Back Home*; *Tight Lines*; *Vigils: Selected Poems*; *Lost & Found*; and *The Chinese Poet Awakens* (Wind Publications 1999). His children's book *Hello, Crow* was published by Orchard Books in 1992.

**Bill Meissner's** three poetry books are *Learning to Breathe Underwater*, *The Sleepwalker's Son* (both Ohio U. Press), and, with Jack Driscoll, *Twin Sons of Different Mirrors* (Milkweed Editions). His book of short stories is *Hitting into the Wind* (Random House 1994, SMU Press 1997). He is Director of Creative Writing at St. Cloud State University.

**William Miller** teaches at York College of Pennsylvania. His poetry books are *The Trees Are Mended* (Northwoods), *Old Faith* (Mellen), and *Breathed on Glass* (Druid). His eleven children's books include

*Zora Hurston and the Chinaberry Tree*, *The Conjure Woman* (Atheneum), and *Tituba* (Harcourt Brace).

**David Moolten's** first book, *Plums & Ashes*, won the 1994 Samuel French Morse Poetry Prize. His poems appear in *New England Review*, *The Sewanee Review*, and *Crazyhorse*. He works at the American Red Cross in Philadelphia, where he lives with his wife and daughter.

**Kevin Murray** is a Melbourne poet and reviewer whose collection *Jaywalking Blues* was runner-up for two major Australian awards.

**John O'Dell's** poetry appears in *The Potomac Review*, *The George Mason Review*, and *The Birmingham Poetry Review*. His book of poems is *Painting at Night* (Little Cove Press 1994).

**Robert Parham** is Head of the Dept. of Languages, Literature, and Philosophy at Armstrong Atlantic State University in Savannah, GA. His poems appear in *Georgia Review*, *Chattahoochee Review*, *The Southern Poetry Review*, *Connecticut Review*, and *Seattle Review*. His chapbook *What Part Motion Plays in the Equation of Love* was published by Palanquin Press in 1999.

**Geoff Page** has lived and taught in Canberra, Australia, for many years. He is the author of thirteen collections, including *The Secret*, *Collateral Damage*, *Winter Vision* (University of Queensland Press 1989), *Selected Poems* (1991), and *Gravel Corners* (Angus and Robertson 1992). Apart from poetry, his main interest is jazz.

**Louis Phillips** has published over thirty books for children and adults, and has appeared in *The Smithsonian*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *New York Times*, *Family Circle*, and frequently in these pages.

**John Poch** is currently the Colgate Creative Writing Fellow. He has poems in *Colorado Review*, *Yale Review*, *New England Review*, and *The Nation*.

**Melissa Range** teaches at Georgia Perimeter College and is actively involved with Atlanta's immigrant communities. She has been a fellow at Yaddo, and her poems have appeared in *The Paris Review*, *American Literary Review*, and *Southern Poetry Review*.

**Ian Revie** lives in Edinburgh, where he teaches French and Film Studies at the University. His early schooling took place in sight of the tomb of Robert Burns, but his inspirations (Wallace Stevens and Derek Walcott) are international as well. His poetry appears in *Chrysalis*, *Gambit*, *Scottish International*, and *The Red Wheelbarrow*.

ane Sasser teaches English and creative writing at Oak Ridge High school, Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Awarded first prize the past two years at the Tennessee Mountain Writers Conference, her poems appear in *Snowy Egret*, *Small Pond*, *The Synergist*, *RE:AL*, and *Chance*.

hane Seely is a University Fellow in Creative Writing at Syracuse University, and helps edit *Salt Hill*. He has poems in *The Nebraska Review*, *Santa Clara Review*, *Fox Cry Review*, and *The Distillery*.

eter Serchuk's poems have appeared recently in *Poetry*, *POEM*, and *Mississippi Review*, as well as at *poems.com*.

Albert Sgambati, before returning to the U.S. in 1998, worked as a reporter for Latin America's largest English-language daily, *The News*, and as a columnist for *El Universal* (Mexico City). His work includes stories in *Fjord* and *Catastasis*, and an essay for the catalog of Italian artist Daniele Crepaldi (*Cronomaterias*, 1999).

Michael C. Smith is the author of *Writing Dangerous Poetry* (1998) and *Everyday Creative Writing: Panning for Gold in the Kitchen Sink* (2<sup>nd</sup> edition 1999), both from NTC/Contemporary. His poetry appears in *Northwest Review*, *Seneca Review*, and *Iowa Review*.

Cecilia Soprano is a published illustrator and writer who lives in South-eastern Connecticut with her old cat, Houston. She gardens for a living; Houston sleeps. They both dream in color.

Lynn Wallace is an Assistant Professor of English at Gulf Coast Community College. A Fulbright Fellow and contributing editor of *Postcards from Pottersville*, he lives in Marianna, Florida, with his wife Jill and daughters Joy, 8, and Gracie, 3.

Charles H. Webb's books have won the 1997 S.F. Morse Poetry Prize, the 1998 Kate Tufts Discovery Award, and his latest, *Liver*, won the 1999 Felix Pollak Prize (U. of Wisconsin Press). His poetry has appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *Paris Review*, and in *The Best American Poetry*. A new book, *Tulip Farms and Liver Colonies*, will be published by BOA Editions.

Michael Zweigbaum resides in Rockland County, New York, and teaches at the Ferncliff School. His poems appear in *Agnieszka's Dowry* (A Small Garlic Press) and *Ink Blotter*.

## Patrons

Areatha Anthony • Trent Busch • Gayle Christian  
Linda Harris • Ruth Kinsey • David McCowen  
Charles P. McGreevy, in memory of Rebecca Cheney McGreevy  
Judith & Richard Moore • Walter J. Reum • Judith Swahnberg  
Georgia Syribeys • Michael Walls • Laura Wideburg

## Donors

Michael Alexander • Dr. Lex Buchanan • Emery L. Campbell  
Sharon Lee Cann • Jimmy Deeney • Melanie Drane  
Joan Burke Durdin • Jack Greenfield • Dr. Edda H. Hackl  
Jack Hayes • Frances Downing Hunter • June W. King  
Maxine Kumin • Freida L. Levinsky • David Lieberman  
Diane Lockward • Marjorie Mir • Susan Moon  
Augustus Napier • Chuck Oliveros • Rob & Alex Oliver-Tomic  
Sherman Pearl • Art Rich • Larry Rubin  
Stan Sanvel Rubin • Dorothy Ryan • Mort Shahmir  
Zenaida H. Smith • Hans Jorg Stahlschmidt • Thom Stuart  
Malone Tumlin • Elizabeth Vantine & Roger Allen Grigg  
Kevin Volpe • David Zoll

## Friends

Daniel Bachhuber • Elizabeth A. Bernstein • John Biondi  
Mary Caskey • Carolyn L. Clark • Stephanie Kaplan Cohen  
Mary Ann Coleman • James Conner • T. Wylie Davis  
Craig Duff • Derek Economy • Jessica Freeman  
Claire Ford Fullerton • Rachel Hadas • Maxine Hamm  
Tony Harrington • Lyn Hopper • Allison Joseph  
Adrienne Kalfopoulou • Anthony Kellman  
Roddenbery Memorial Library • Smyrna Public Library  
LIZA: Nepal Bhasa Poetry Forum • Bette A. Powell  
Don Russ • Lawrence Russ • Jeremy Schomer  
Beatrice W. Sims • Tom Skove • Frances D. Smith  
Sue Stock • Barbara Taylor • Maria Terrone  
Elisa Narin Van Court • Tonia Williams



Announcing the Founding  
of the  
ATLANTA REVIEW  
ENDOWMENT FUND

This fund is being established to insure the financial future of ATLANTA REVIEW as one of the world's leading *independent* poetry magazines. Your contribution of \$250, \$500, \$1,000 or more will help us reach our initial goal of \$100,000. All donations will be acknowledged in the magazine. Donors of \$1,000 or more will also appear on the *title page* of ATLANTA REVIEW.

*Contributions are tax deductible. Please send to:*  
Atlanta Review Endowment, P.O. Box 8248, Atlanta GA 31106.  
For more information, please contact editor *Dan Veach* at  
404-636-0052 or [dan@atlantareview.com](mailto:dan@atlantareview.com).

*Funding is provided in part by:*



The Fulton County Commission  
under the guidance of the Fulton County Arts Council.



The Georgia Council for the Arts  
through appropriations from the Georgia General Assembly.  
A Partner Agency of the National Endowment for the Arts.



 **POETRY 2002**   
*International Poetry Competition*

GRAND PRIZES

Gold  
\$2,002

Silver  
\$500

Bronze  
\$250

Plus 50 International Merit Awards

*All entries considered for worldwide publication in  
ATLANTA REVIEW*

Entry fee: \$5 for the first poem, \$2 for each additional poem.  
Entries must be postmarked by May 5, 2002

For more information, visit: [www.atlantareview.com](http://www.atlantareview.com)

Please send your contest entries to:

Poetry 2002  
Atlanta Review  
PO Box 8248  
Atlanta GA 31106

# *Enjoy the Gift*

*of experience and human understanding  
with people in over 120 countries around the world*



## **ATLANTA REVIEW**

*gives you the whole world of poetry, delivered to your door!*  
Plus entertaining fiction, creative nonfiction  
and in-depth interviews with the world's leading writers.

**All for only \$10 a year !**

*Introductory price. Free postage anywhere in the world.*

### ***Gain International Recognition***

**Become a Friend (\$25), Donor (\$50), or  
Patron (\$100) of Atlanta Review.**

**Your name will appear on our Patron Page,  
and your generosity will be admired world-  
wide, from Casablanca to Katmandu!**

***Please send your subscription or contribution to:***

**Atlanta Review  
PO Box 8248  
Atlanta GA 31106, USA**