

## A More Reasonable Death

*Newborn deer saved from the jaws of coyote, repairs needed.*  
—Antigo, Wisconsin *Journal Express*

### I.

The dappled fawn is laid out on the table  
in the middle of the night  
when hungers are fierce and traumas unfold into good stories.

*Snatched!* says the young man, the hero, for its time  
in the coyote's mouth, as if  
it were not meant to be like this,

as if the placenta and umbilicus  
(still attached)  
were not the sweetest parts.

### II.

You did not have the ears to hear the pups yowl in the throes  
of their hunger  
but you had them for the bawling deer and the dogs that barked

against their chains for those  
wooded secrets  
that coursed through the night. Young man,

listen close. Nature keeps her balance in a sad, strange way.  
It's more  
and less than a favor she needs of you.

### III.

The girlfriend casts a mother's dotting eyes upon him, lays  
a gentle hand  
against his neck. *I love him*, she cries. *He's mine.*

And if he can survive the saving, if the first milk  
they've sent for  
from the goat farmer a county away arrives in time,  
what a handsome buck he will grow to be! How safe  
from the deaths  
the wooded nights allow, how unaware of the hungers  
that lay in wait on the other side  
of his barbed life.

### IV.

Of the doe, what can be said but that her milk will swell and pain her.  
In time  
she will go dry and sleep away the grief we need to say is hers  
in a sad bed of leaves with caution and the heavy ache  
of her body.

But in November's skim of snow her wending tracks  
will worry the path on which the hunters  
find her  
with their guns. Her death, more bearable for its precision,  
her tender meat, more reasonable for the child's dinnerplate  
on which it is served.

*Elizabeth Levitski*

## Before the Fall

Cravell! the bike wheels slide out from under, asphalt rises to meet you and now you see it'll come—how futile your efforts to aim the day toward happiness—things go as they do and if their time isn't now it will be and—surprise—you forgive yourself for drifting to the shoulder and admire instead how weightless the clouds are—great sheaves of cumulus—how the season must have turned, here it is, early fall (fingers stiff with the cold), and admit you'll miss an appointment that's shrunk to a pebble in the presence of this vast earth looming to greet you, and now for the first time in weeks you let things go their way, now yours and, ah, the pavement finds you—white shock that lights up your forehead, shoulder, knee—a groan, not just for this brilliant pain, but for the duller ache you know will follow as you contract to a fist beating hard at the door about to slam on this gift—a consummate world.

*Charles Atkinson*

## Blood Moon

I carry the mark of a crescent  
on my knee from a fall  
years ago.  
Joint struck rock,  
and split my life in two.

I drifted,  
dazed,  
through the flawed  
scarlet jewel of my skin,  
as it took the shape  
of a waxing moon.  
From spark  
that was rasped off stone  
a radiance rose  
within me.

So lit, I hobbled  
into the streets to find  
them shining with people  
who had suffered and wept  
and healed.

I saw the timeless stone  
in the sky mirror back  
the strange  
amazed light  
that is born from wounds.

*Margaret J. Hoehn*

## Father in the Garden

From the foot bridge the tracks  
were a wild mass of angry wire—  
somehow those orange-sided trains trundled  
that electrified landscape and slid

under the canopy of glass and steel.  
Somehow the people we didn't know  
disembarked, the hydraulics moaned,  
the station-men glanced at their watches.

We examined the sinking cornices of buildings,  
stood face to face with Balzac  
whose oxidized likeness is condemned  
by art to regard the centuries,

passed the whores on St. Denis  
with their fur collars and dangerous nails  
and eyes that drew you into red rooms  
promising the artifice of pleasure.

"Life is beautiful—  
but given choice to be avoided."  
You drank the glass of wine and sang.  
And I believed in love's faithful industry.

Now I, who gazed knee-high  
as we strode through drizzily Paris,  
lead you toward the garden,  
poised to catch you if you fall.

The almond tree is filled with blossoms.  
For as long as I can remember  
the sick-sweet smell  
of its white and broken flowers  
were the sign of spring.

Now the blossoms fall  
into your whiter hair.

*Stephanos Papadopoulos*

## Paradise

Above the black beach  
in the Republic of Panama  
bougainvillea vines bloom  
on deserted bluffs, pacific waters  
lick the shore with white tongues of foam.  
This is the dry season  
when jungle fires ignite themselves,  
smoldering underground,  
burning the deep roots.  
No one can quench the flames.

Clouds of steam and gray smoke rise  
far to the east, choking the sky,  
suffocating gulls flying into the sun.  
A river cuts through the green growth  
like a surgeon's scalpel,  
digs a channel in the volcanic sand  
and empties into the sea.

Inside my brother's lungs  
pink buds are forming,  
they throw out tendrils of tissue,  
twisting around the inflamed tubes  
in each charcoal lobe.  
He calls and beckons to me  
as he wades upstream in the swift current.

The rustle and scream of tropical birds  
surround us. I hesitate, he takes my arm  
we are again sun-browned children  
playing on a northern shore  
where great pines point to a cloudless sky;  
we scoop minnows into tin pails,  
poke at a turtle crossing white sand  
and race each other to the cold water.

Now, my hand in his, we step  
from stone to stone.  
He offers me shells, bones,  
and a sun-bleached snake skin.  
Bougainvillea blossoms float down  
from the cliff, covering our bowed heads,  
bent shoulders and the water—  
a benediction of pink petals.

*Gloria Richardson*

## Savage

There in the pond  
among the dead trees standing alone  
winter after winter spring  
after spring  
holding in their stripped-down arms  
nothing but wind  
and on occasion  
the immense weight of stopped flight  
kingbird kingfisher redwing  
each a kind of leafing out a leaving

There not a tree  
not a snapped-off limb  
a bull moose up to his neck in water  
his rack a high drift of wood

*Look* says the world wood is not

wood it is bone velvet on bone  
and *look*  
says the water  
its mouth full of lilies and mire  
There where once was a gap  
the head of a beast  
ears peaked now that he's seen us  
and now that he's seen us  
turning his back  
slow loping away  
churning the water into rings  
that make their way to us here break  
against a shore we can't feel them  
breaking against  
and in the distance the sound of a door  
slamming shut.

*Patricia Crane*

## It Is Time: a New England Pastoral

It is time to gather sticks of wood  
so we can cook the sap that we have drawn from the earth.  
We will bore holes into the maple trees  
collect buckets, stir the froth as it boils.  
Then we'll finish it on the stove in the barn.  
We will do this together  
balancing the heavy iron vat  
pouring the hot syrup  
tasting the sweetness.  
We did it through the pregnancies, the births.  
Let's do it once again.  
And then we will cultivate the honey bees  
and tend to the alfalfa in the fields.  
It will be the best of times once more  
14 loads of fresh hay  
and my hair will be long and we will collect raspberries  
and make a pie.  
The garden will yield a bumper crop of beets and basil  
and we will split wood all fall  
and stack it  
and be ready for the winter  
when you will weave a blanket on your loom  
with dog hair and horse hair and my hair  
and some dyed wool too.  
And I will nurse the babies by the fire  
and neither of us will grow older  
and we will never forget  
and nothing will ever die.  
We need to gather sticks now  
and build a fire quickly  
before the season passes on  
before the field  
where you are sleeping  
blossoms.

*Laura Foley*

## POETRY 2005 CONTRIBUTORS

**Charles Atkinson** teaches writing at the University of California, Santa Cruz. His first collection, *The Only Cure I Know* (San Diego Poets Press) received the American Book Series award for poetry. His second, *The Best of Us on Fire*, won the Wayland Press chapbook competition. He has won many poetry prizes, including the Stanford Prize, the Paumanok Award, the Emily Dickenson Prize, and the *Sow's Ear* Chapbook Contest.

**Carolyn Boyd** now teaches in Texas after nine years living abroad. She appears in *Limestone Circle*, *Bellowing Ark*, *That Which Transpires* (Naropa University), and *Edgar Literary Magazine*.

**Jeannette Cabanis-Brewin** is a business writer and editor whose poetry appears in the anthologies *Immigration*, *Emigration*, *Diversity* (Chapel Hill Press 2005), *Tree Magic* (SunShine Press 2004), *The Gift of Experience* (Atlanta Review 2005), and many journals.

**Patricia Crane** won the 2004 *Two Rivers Review* Poetry Prize. She appears in *The Berkshire Review*, *West Branch*, and several anthologies, including *Crossing Paths: An Anthology of Poems by Women* (Mad River Press 2002).

**Ron De Maris** appears in *Poetry*, *The New Republic*, *The American Poetry Review*, *Sewanee Review*, *Ploughshares*, and many others.

**Kerry Dinneen** lives on a farm in Indiana with her husband and three children, and will spend the next two years in Brooklyn, NY. A new poem was selected as Editor's Choice by the *Paterson Literary Review*.

**Maureen Tolman Flannery's** books include *Secret of Rising Up: Poems of Mexico, Remembered Into Life*, and the anthology *Knowing Stones: Ancestors in the Landscape*.

**Laura Foley** lives and writes in Cornish, NH. Her work has appeared in *The Inquiring Mind* (Spring 2004), the anthology *In the Arms of Words: Poems for Tsunami Relief* (Foothills Pub. 2005), on Guidance for Mind and Spirit, Care2.com, and Gratefulness.org. She is completing her first book of poems, to be called *Mapping the Fourth Dimension*.

**Margaret J. Hoehn** lives with her husband and two children in Sacramento, California. She appears in *Bellingham Review*, *Margie*,

*North American Review*, and *The Madison Review*. She has four published chapbooks and a book, *The Trajectory of Sunflowers* (The Backwaters Press).

**Allison Joseph** teaches creative writing at Southern Illinois U. She serves as editor of *Crab Orchard Review* and director of the Young Writers Workshop, a summer program for high school students.

**Elizabeth Levitski** lives in the northwoods of Wisconsin where she raises sled dogs with her husband. She has appeared in *The Briar Cliff Review*, *Exit 13*, *BLUELINE*, *Avocet*, and previously in *Atlanta Review*. She recently completed her first collection of poems, *River of Gone*.

**Chris Longenecker** was raised by Mennonite parents (both pastors) and works as legal council and caseworker with refugees and immigrants. She lives in Lancaster, PA, with her husband Rick.

**Mark McKain** has worked as an animation and comic book writer, and now teaches writing at the U. of South Florida and The U. of Tampa. His poetry appears in *The New Republic*, *Blue Mesa Review*, *SAM*, and *Isotope*. His chapbook is *Ranging the Moon* (Pudding House 2003).

**Miho Nonaka** is a native of Tokyo. Her book of Japanese poems, *Garasu no tsuki*, was a finalist for Japan's national poetry prize. She appears in *Quarterly West*, *Drunken Boat*, and *Prairie Schooner*. She has taught at the University of Houston and served as a poetry editor of *Gulf Coast*.

**Stephanos Papadopoulos** was born in North Carolina and raised in Paris and Athens. His poetry appears in *The Yale Review*, *Poetry Review*, *Stand Magazine*, and *The New Republic*. *Lost Days*, his first collection, is published by Leviathan Press (UK) and Rattapallax Press (USA).

**Sherman Pearl** is co-editor of *CQ* (*California Quarterly*) and winner of the National Writers Union's 2002 competition. His fourth poetry collection is *The Poem in Time of War* (Conflu: X Press).

**Andrea Potos** has recent work in *Primavera*, *Women's Review of Books*, and *Rosebud*. Her first full-length collection will be published in 2006 by Iris Press.

**Jane Rawlings** is Archivist at a 19th-century house museum. Her work is anthologized in *The Gift of Experience*, *Breath II*, and *Under a Gull's Wing*. She reads widely from her novel-in-verse, *The Penelopeia* (David R. Godine), which tells Penelope's own epic story.

**Gloria Masterson Richardson** lives by the sea in Rockport, MA. She is anthologized in *The Anthology of New England Writers*, *The Many Faces of AIDS*, and *Women's Uncommon Prayers*.

**Prartho Sereno** is a Poet-in-the-Schools in Marin County, CA, and teaches with Poets & Writers' Senior Collaborative Project. She is author of *Everyday Miracles* (Kensington 1998) and a chapbook of poems, *Garden Sutra* (Finishing Line Press 2005).

**Anne Silver** is author of *Bare Root: A Poet's Journey Through Breast Cancer* (Terrapin Press, 2002). A poet and psychologist, her book *Instant People Reading* (Career Press) has been in print since 1984, and she has served for twenty years as an expert handwriting witness in court. She appears in *Nimrod*, *Daybreak*, *Spoon River*, *California Quarterly*, *Hurricane Alice*, and *Birmingham Review*.

**Eleanor Stanford** just received her MFA in Creative Writing from the U. of Virginia. She spent two years as a Peace Corps volunteer in the Cape Verde Islands. Her work appears in *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, *Callaloo*, and the *Indiana Review*.

**Hans Jorg Stahlschmidt** is a German writer living in Berkeley, where he works as a building contractor and a clinical psychologist. He appears in *Madison Review*, *Manoa*, *Texas Poetry Review*, and the *Anthology of Magazine Verse and Yearbook of American Poetry*.

**Carolyn L. Tipton** teaches at Berkeley. Her work appears in Norton's *World Poetry*, and her first book, *To Painting: Poems by Rafael Alberti*, won the American Literary Translators Association National Award.

**Marian Wilson** is a retired library clerk in Tucson, AZ. Her book *Why Pencils Are Yellow* won first prize in the poetry category of the *Writers Digest* self-published book contest in 2002.

## Bruja

La Paz is at its best on days like this.  
The haze comes and goes. I am always here,  
my stall open to the air that wafts  
down from cathedral spires.  
My incense smolders, cutting through  
the reek of market offal, and I wait  
for needy ones to wind through corridors  
of onions and rice to find me.

The part in my hair is perfect,  
straight east to west when I sit  
on this crate. Deliberately,  
the women come forward,  
shoulders wrapped in ruanas,  
on their heads black bowlers, tilted.  
One says her refrigerator needs blessing.  
Another is strapped for cash.  
A bachelor wants help finding a wife.  
This couple is infertile. Two brothers  
prepare for a journey to the ocean.  
None of them can do without me.

I tell them Christ is not the full answer.  
Consider Tío, who lives underground,  
guarding the riches beneath my display  
of herbs and amulets. For him, each morning  
I drench the earth in alcohol.  
Here is a chiseled stone from deep,  
deep in the Andes. Place it in your house  
if your marriage goes bad.

Stop at nothing. Ispalla, the potato spirit,  
deserves an offering. Burn and bury  
a llama fetus. Sprinkle shredded coca  
leaves on your floor. No matter  
that this cramped street  
is indistinguishable from all others.  
The power of the gods is available  
even in the dust of markets.

*Ken Aurrey*



# The Witch's Gift

Recollection of August 29, 1959

Witches come in all sizes, mostly men, though Annette Possesses the gift and it's better wrapped in her than in Earl. Some earth, some sorry depleted cotton-ruined land Secrets its water deep in granite beneath limestone domes Where it can't be gotten at, at least with an affordable well, And even if you do it's hardly five years before you're again sucking mud.

Daddy's land runs hillside—he couldn't afford even an acre of bottom On a willow-laced creek where water slides like cellophane Over bed stones and your hands too if you dip a drink in your palm. No lording hilltop either. Just a shelf blasted midway for a perch. He bragged about his whitewashed plank home, a lightening-rod Straddling the peak on one end and a battered weather cock on the other.

Nobody much mentioned the well, but it mentioned itself by gurgling In fits and starts that morning, coughing bullets of water mixed with tracers of air. The pump strained hard, gasping like a grandpa taking a dump. Daddy moaned and called Earl who reckoned he could get to it soon. Mamma, her face creased by water worry,

Said "soon" wasn't soon enough and daddy urged Earl, "Earlier's better."

I watched the Ford F100 round-fender box-backed truck that bore Earl Chariot up the hillside swinging low on the ruts of the washed out driveway. I watched the witch unfurl from the driver's side door. Daddy said, "Hey Earl." "Hey... you got a spot of trouble here? Cambo, you're a growing like a weed. Let me get my tools, boys, And we'll witch us up some water, dowse it out and spike y'all a well."

I'd chores. They'd wait. Earl ambled toward the bottom where the creek snaked

Through a tunnel of sumac ready to berry and turn fall red. He seized a willow's limping limb and carefully clipped it off Just where he needed to. That secret's known only to him. "How long?" I asked. "Blue-tick's tail, that's how long, or a little better Since this here is some patchy-looking ground, hard thirsting."

"Why willow?" "I know some uses welding rods these days, the young ones Like Annette. My thoughts is: ever see a river or a creek bank without willows? Nigh twenty-five years a dowser and I hardly ever come up dry. Proof, puddling." Book witches thin as pump handles wear pointed hats. Not Earl. Ball cap and hands like softball mitts, unlaced boots, a cracked alligator neck From bending in the sun over his delicate labor, seeking by feel water deep.

On the hillside where post oaks angle against the slope, Out of kilter, straining against my eye's idea of what's really straight (I never know what's straight, what's not) Earl shambled, his eyes closed tight In a dowser's prayer. He squeezed the willow at the ends of the Y (I never know the why) and tranced out. Divining, dowsing, witching Earl. I wondered at him and wondered too if with those ears he could fly.

I paced him. "Cambo, how old are you now son?" came his blind question. "Fourteen, Mr. Pugh. Faye's my age. How's she anyway?" Faye strolling in the Methodist cemetery woke up the dead so they could crane Their loose necks to see up the flounce of her homemade dress. She is black and white—hair, skin—and red at the lips that I'd never yet kissed But planned to, ached to, but I didn't know why, couldn't quite bring myself to try.

"She's fine. I'll tell her you asked after her." I wanted to scream, "NO," but I caught "Whoa!" and dowser's tool trembled like a calf's leg when it suckles on milk. "Whoa, it's a hit and a good'un I vow. They's water right here.

It's the place for a well!"

I leapt for water, for Faye to know that I'd asked after her when her daddy got home. "Run tell your daddy we got to start digging if he wants water by dark. He needs to call Bobby to get his ass and his rig over here... now!"

I did. Daddy did. Bobby did. Earl did. By the time they were at it, katydids Had begun their rendition in the late summer evening.

By moonlight and a searchlight

From the door of the truck, the whirling bit chewed at the earth coming up dry, Then coming up dry, spinning and whirring and grumbling shaking my soles. I sat on the steps longing for water eyeing the gun glint of moon

off of Sweetwater Creek.

Adding links, clearing the bit, cursing, the blue smoke

from the engine towered over us.

Water is nothing, nothing at all, colorless, tasteless unless metal adds bite. It's neither blood nor oil unless an innocent creek gets a dose of either.

Only by movement does water take shape. When still and clear  
it mirrors your face.  
Water itself can't be seen. It conveys its charge invisibly as silt  
Becoming downstream clear again as starlight,  
Cool as a dead woman's cheek, or hot as a tear back when she could still weep.

It's the thicker of wind and water. It's the heavier of light and water.  
It's the quicker of glass and water. It's the more precious of diamond and water.  
It can contain stars or the black bloated body of a drowned child....  
Isaac, my brother, lost off the boat at the dam's head, returned at the spillway  
A few days later having supped on all the water he could hold,  
A dumb timber lodged in the water's throat where it escapes to flood  
the hollow below.

I could beg all the witches to dowse for him in the earth of the Methodist graveyard,  
But they couldn't rely on willow. Blood might call for a chestnut branch  
or an apple bough.  
Better yet, imported wormwood, its thick absinthe sap would be drawn toward him.  
We would drill down six feet and loose his soul. I was eleven, he, five.  
Daddy was pickled in liquor. I'd hooked a bass and turned to show Ike.  
We searched all night wailing his name. Daddy blamed me. I laid it on him.

I am as formless as water, invisible, from the spring of mamma's womb.  
I reflect only her and those pictured dead in the leaves of the attic's album,  
But daddy?—we're not much the same. His was a chiseled shape,  
Mine is still forming. He worked hard and slept hard, mouth agape,  
A pillow between his legs where mamma should be. I'm shedding them all.  
I wander through the draws and cuts, first running then quiet, cool to touch.

Bobby gave a shout and Earl howled as their pump sucked red mud, but more water  
To spill on the ground like blood. Daddy's jig was graceless in the light of the moon.  
Slurry gushed from the hose and pried at the earth trying its best to return by grooving  
The hill with rivulets, seeking Sweetwater Creek down the hill. "Told ja! Water hides  
But witches find. Told ja!" Earl is personally responsible for stealing water. I smiled.  
"Tell Faye I said 'Hi.'" "I will... you've too the look of a witch, Cambo, you know."

*Eugene Stewart*

## Talent

As her talent portion of the 1962  
Miss America competition  
one young lady packed a suitcase.  
Perhaps she hadn't the gift  
to recite a sonnet  
execute a split.  
Lacked the heart to belt out  
*I'm Just a Girl! Who Can't Say No.*

How sweetly she folded  
each crisp blouse  
layered tissue paper  
nested lilac sachet.  
How clearly she understood  
the talent to leave with grace  
know your limits  
arrive intact  
counts for more than a pretty song.

And by now she's surely bested  
the flashier contestants  
leveled by disappointment  
working the dinner theaters  
year after year  
crumpled costumes—sequins dull—  
thrown in a worn valise.

*Jody Winer*

## Parade Day

In the small prairie town where I grew up before the war, parades were serious business; a display of mutual regard whose exuberant trumpets dispelled for a time

the featureless monotony of that circled eternity which only the wind could embrace.

On Memorial Day, the 4th, and Armistice Day, the whole town turned out either to march or watch, standing at curbside waving to friends, the children holding balloons and tiny American flags while we waited for the first glimpse of the marchers who on this special day were not familiar neighbors but acolytes of truths we could express only in clichés.

A color guard led the way, Legionnaires with medals, wearing the uniforms they had donned to fight the War-to-End-All-Wars.

The mayor always came next and maybe a congressman or senator if he was up for reelection riding in open cars with their wives, their names on posters hung over the side in case we didn't recognize them.

Then came the rest of the veterans in their American Legion caps, solemn and proud, waving to no one, trying to remember how to march. Followed by the high school marching band, led by a drum major, the tallest boy in school, and the majorettes; oh the majorettes —

twirling batons that sparkled like propeller blades in the sunlight, their chubby legs as perfect as cream.

The floats came next. Pride of place went to the Legion Auxiliary; the wife of the post president posed as Miss Liberty surrounded by a court of ladies in long taffeta gowns and corsages.

There were boy and girl scouts in uniform, the girls marching primly, the boys laughing and punching one another. Next came the Rotarians, the Elks, the Moose and Masons.

The town fire truck brought up the rear. And as we watched it glide by in an almost hush, the flags adorning it seemed to flutter defiance of that indifferent sky which had watched the dinosaurs perish.

*Ulys H. Yates*

## Visible V-8 Engine

"Build it yourself and discover the secrets of the internal combustion engine," the box said; a blond kid and his proud Dad looking down at the finished model, their eyes widened and faces illuminated by the dynamo glow of technology and intellectual clarity where all mysteries are solved.

Thirteen hundred hours later, dazed on glue and murky directions courtesy of the Enlightened Model Series, my reason for attempting the thing just another missing part, I get ready to hook up the battery pack for ignition—the fly wheel, crankshaft, camshafts, valves, pistons and spark (perfectly timed tiny red lights) all about to shake hands for the first glorious time under the clear light of observation, as I looked around for my father who was sleeping one off in the cellar.

"Whirrr," it moaned briefly, struggling against itself, not seizing because, technically, it needs to move before it seizes, nothing engaging but the first tumbler click of disappointment somewhere deep inside me; nothing working like it was supposed to.

However, still not yet not a child, I perused the catalog for more of their products: *The Transparent Heart*, *The Invisible Hand*, *See-Through Salesmen*, *Visible Value Systems*, but ordered the easier-to-put-together *Inner Workings of Government* which, eventually, never arrived.

Chris Kingsley

## AMICUS CURIAE BRIEF

### IN THE MATTER OF

#### THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF

#### INSECT ELECTROCUTOR MANUFACTURERS

Death, here is thy sting. Zing. Zap. Zoop. Blueflies, shooflies, black flies, horseflies, deerflies, beerflies, hogbacks and houseflies, skeeters, skidders, and fur-mouthed moths frazzled back to protozoic froth— just Creation in Reverse, may it please the Court: the small bang. Zip. Zap. Phoop. What are insects after all but shells of ions fluxing for science in easy trillions, *quad erat demonstrable* quadrilles of quintillions, exiguous, ambitious to die breeding in a bold little burst and crackle of light, NAIEM's pleasure, patents pending. The trick, your honors, is not Innocence but drama, that electric twist in a plot for which each green beetle, chigger, damselfly, roach, and gnat quivers and shimmers, desperate for shivers of climax in a shoal of copper cells with the voltage of a lecherous treacherous lover. In our age of unusualness, there is hardly any less cruel end than a well-meant festival welcome to a brief, brilliant, fused but unforced suicide. We stand, therefore, by NAIEM's side, invoking pink childhoods of calamine lotion, reminding this Court of the torture of swatters, the blood sport of thwackers and whackers,

the slow deaths on flypapers, the loco-commotion of DDT, which may kill us too. The thrill lies not with the executioner but with the prey who any other way would live a few short days then vanish without our noticing at all.

Hillel Schwartz

## Conceptual Lunch

While sitting in a Korean restaurant on a busy corner in Hamburg I glance up from my plate of fried noodles & I'm looking out the rain-spattered window at the bustling intersection & puddle-dodging pedestrians & cars hissing by in the rain & I see a Rasta-looking black guy & a yuppie-looking white guy striding across the street together shoulder to shoulder oblivious to the rain talking & nodding & emanating a cool forbearance & calm sense of purpose both with mellow yet knowing smiles & halfway across the street they're shaking hands on some kind of spontaneous agreement while still striding along & there's something I like about what I'm seeing & the message I think I'm receiving the one about fraternity & brotherhood & bridging cultural gaps & people coming together for the sake of coming together & I'm so caught up in thinking about what I'm seeing that I almost don't see the tiny packet of dope slipping through the fingers & the wadded up Euro notes slipping back in the other direction all so smooth & graceful & polished & practiced that it's actually a sort of art in itself & hey that's good that's fine I *like* art because art always makes you think so intensely about just what it is you're looking at whether you actually understand it or not.

*Mark Terrill*

## How the Union Came to Power at the Grief Factory

In the early days,  
Long before the incident with Alexandra,  
The factory made slipcovers, cheese,  
Cheesecake, and bug spray.

By the time I arrived, the business  
Had started a grief division,  
Which grew so profitable  
The company sold off the other product lines.

I still remember my first wondrous night on the job,  
Approaching the great, gated building: its girth;  
Its repetitive forms of brick and concrete part-  
Concealed by scarves and tissues of fog;

The chimneys breathing hoarfrost; the orange-lit  
Windows; and inside, a wide but enclosed plain;  
The smell of oil; the strange harmonies of people  
And machines. What happy staff, what free spirits

We were, until a former confectioner from the cake  
Group, our beloved Alexandra, a stunning Moroccan  
American, fell into the mixer once used for flour,  
Sugar, but by then for the dry ingredients of heartache.

Organizers from up North appeared almost  
At once. In our state, what could we do  
But sign the petitions, vote yes? Facing possible  
Bankruptcy, the astute executives, on retreat at the coast,

Reinvented us again to make and test handkerchiefs  
For the rich, an industry which fortuitously  
Requires a multitude of semi-skilled, Second World  
Workers who weep in regular shifts.

*Peter Upham*

## One Gag To Go

*In the end, everything is a gag.*  
—Charlie Chaplin

1. My grandpa, dying in the hospital, used his plastic fake puke daily on the floor, the table, a gag that never failed until his own heart did.
2. A woman walks into a pharmacy, asks for poison to kill her husband. The pharmacist says, "Ma'am, I'm sorry, but I can't give that to you." The woman hands over a photo of her husband in bed with the pharmacist's wife. "Oh, you didn't tell me you had a prescription."
3. I'm not afraid of death.  
I'm not afraid of death.  
I'm not afraid of death.  
As Woody Allen once said,  
"I'm not afraid to die.  
I just don't want to be there  
when it happens."

4. The little boy sat on his grandfather's lap. The boy said, "Grandpa, will you make the sound of a frog?" "No. That's silly." "Please," the boy said, "make a sound like a frog." "Now why do you want me to do that?" the grandpa asked. "Because Daddy said when you croak, we're going to Disneyworld."
5. I want to die laughing. In the middle of a belly laugh, crying from too much joy, bent over and exhausted, let the big one come and wrestle me to the ground: one final gag and I'm gone.

*David James*

## Cha-Cha to the Finish Line

I'm panting through the final rounds of that marathon my parents danced into their nineties, heads erect, hips obedient, so what if the music was indistinct, the other dancers a blur.

Of course, they lived in easier times. All they had was two world wars, a Great Depression, and Existentialism—which they never heard of. They had Frank Sinatra in boyhood mode. They had the Ed Sullivan Show. Oh, let's not go there.

They had it tough. Polio. No antibiotics until their thirties. Who knows why they lived so long, so zestfully, while I,

with all the benefits of higher education have been stumbling around in the bad dream of a dread disease I'm sure I caught from my innocuous upbringing.

How come they cha-cha-ed to the finish line, the same steady characters we always knew, while I've been stopping and re-starting myself with ever-waning expectations for the past decade?

Maybe they were inoculated by all the hard times against what was to come. Maybe they'd called each other "kiddo" so often in the thirties, that's who they stayed—wise guys, good sports, Dapper Dans and hard-edged heroines with hearts of gold.

Dying and limping and losing were not in the scenario, so they put off thinking about them until the last failed surgeries and ended, hoping.....

I always loved to dance with Daddy, though I could never do that little hop he and Mama slipped into the rhythm, that thrilling half-step, theirs alone, gesture to a private music.

*Sharon Leiter*



## Transfusion, 2 p.m.

My father is white paper  
despite the day's transfusion.  
Red bag fat as a tick  
mouth-deep in his pale arm.  
We have not escaped the need  
to heal by blood.

Father's Day cards, get well,  
thinking of you. I can't find  
in myself a single hard word  
against the sturdy weave of sentiment  
or any human grasping,  
the way my father struggles  
after the phone, fixed to the rails  
of the hospice bed, hand vibrato  
as a heart string.

He tells me again about the bike,  
repossessed when he was twelve,  
parents pocketing his pay.  
That hungry boy is still  
yelling for candy, for cake,  
made with butter, goddammit.

Heartless and fey at nineteen  
he piloted bombers over Cologne,  
flak blooming, black ink in water,  
taking off and landing in England's fog.  
Night missions, dead buddies,  
a gunner who flew drunk.

Once, stationed far north  
and fooled by the endless light  
he'd tried for breakfast at two a.m.  
Locked outside the mess hall, screaming,  
"You sons of bitches, I'm hungry!"

Until the cook came out and said,  
"You crazy bastard. Don't you know  
what time it is?"

He needs to rest now, the nurses say,  
but what is rest to a man who could not hold  
a child on his lap without teasing it,  
who into a family of cold anti-Semites  
introduced my dark mother as a Jew,  
who beat his children so passionately  
we had no choice but to love  
and fight him doggedly forever?

I hold his hand, adjust the bed,  
watch his eyes track the television  
broadcasting its strange seeds of desire  
on barren ground. He wants one more  
of what he knows—one more look  
at my daughter, one more visit,  
one more kiss. Butter, breakfast, bike.  
You crazy bastard, don't you know  
what time it is?

*Kim Garcia*

## Proximity Fuse

I'm reading old newspaper clippings, gathering fragments of my father's life for the obituary that will be needed soon, brief spot-lit moments from almost ninety years, this one, the general handing over a Presidential commendation for thinking up the radio proximity fuse: how Dad recruited his Little Rock brothers and buddies, out of work at the Depression's end, to invent a cure for the Army's bad aim, radar in the World War II artillery shells to detect the target and blow up near-enough, whether the target would have been hit or missed—another step in the path to smart missiles, Star Wars, and programmed drones, but I'm suddenly seeing the boys they were, building canoes for the Arkansas river, boys who loved rockets, explosions, the equations of physics, sitting around with their feet up, leaping up to chalk out ideas on a blackboard, inventing answers for the screw-up Army, improving kill rates by 500 percent, their explosive success a fuse still burning.

*Robin Chapman*

## The Windsor Knot

I shape it on the run,  
a habit, nothing more;  
automatic, at the throat,  
I tighten it by rote.

He taught us self control,  
a cool reserve, a distance;  
a certain formal look,  
expression by the book.

No doubt, and soon enough,  
in rooms too dark to know,  
all garments of the heart  
will ease themselves apart.

Undressed and quite relaxed,  
we'll laugh, we'll joke,  
two easy souls alone,  
with nothing on but bone.

*Stephen Bluestone*

## Shoes

The shoemaker stitched and sewed  
In the dark scent of his own world. Once a year  
I went in there, to the black adverts for boots and polish  
Rusty over the walls of his shop. I blinked

Like something that had tumbled down a hole  
Into the heart of the earth. Even the air was tanned,  
The chestnut of shoes burnished and perfect from hands  
That had poured in the pure oils of their love,

Their labour. He wiped those huge hands on his apron,  
Stood as I smoothed my feet into the mended shoes,  
Looking, his eyes like a calf's, brown  
In an air that was brown, a brown cave.

The scent of leather hung in the air  
In my shoes that were as good as new  
That fitted my feet like hooves—  
They shone so I saw my own smile.

I went out into the blue breeze of the springtime  
Watching my step, all the way home. Still,  
School scuffed them and skinned them,  
Reduced them at last to a shadow of all they had been.

*Kenneth Steven*

## Soldier

I see you now, eighteen,  
A blond curl of smile, bird's eggs eyes—  
No wrong in you except the one motorbike spin  
At midnight, when Peter and you came home next morning  
Feet awkward and too big, your hands confused.

Now you're going to war;  
You stand on the lawn in your uniform  
With the cherry trees laughing behind you,  
And you don't look a man at all  
But a boy in a beautiful play.

What will they do to you there?  
What things will you see done on wires  
That will haunt you for ever?  
What things will you do for your country  
You never knew were in your hands?

Breathe this blue wind a last time, boy,  
Before you leave, and put this spring day  
Deep in the safety of your heart  
Like a photograph, to fray and tatter, precious—  
For you will not come back this way again.

*Kenneth Steven*

## The Stone Wall

Dust smell and the whang of bullets  
resting behind a stone wall for the moment  
out of sight so why does your heart  
skitter a man dead a mule bawling  
belly opened like with a knife  
you drink hand your canteen over  
the background roar rises  
you judge they must be coming now  
you've heard such moments before  
no one should be this expert at  
knowing the situation just by  
the screams you're getting more tense  
we ain't winning yet someone says  
a body flings himself over the wall  
past you nearly gets shot others  
follow red streaming down their necks  
our troops in retreat a man wearing stars  
says we need a few minutes boys just  
fifteen minutes we got to hold them  
you touch the scrap of paper  
pinned to your chest explaining  
all of you they'll ever carve  
into wood you grasp your gun  
roll onto your belly to  
face the last momentary  
protection of the  
stone fence  
then rise

*P M F Johnson*

## For Whom, These Bells?

I opened the letter. *Yes*,  
the distinguished editor wrote, *You*  
*are just what we wanted*. I was,  
for that moment, a belfry novice  
upswept by her rope, every day's weight  
displaced by clangs of glory  
resounding all morning until  
my telephone rang  
with news of your convoy,  
that steeped street debris, then  
the bomb, its bloody music  
airborne, broadcast wide. All day  
I deafened myself to shrapnel's hiss  
under your helmet; I swung between  
stills with no sound: that winningly  
tilted eye when you smiled,  
my small byline you'd never read. Oh,  
I quelled every random chime  
today's letter set in motion as if  
any outbreak of happiness  
must be muted, as if  
waiving this world's occasional  
grace might bring you back,  
every iron mouth pealing.

*For Sgt. J.R.S., KIA, Baghdad, 2004*

*Laurie Klein*

## The American Military Cemetery Near Florence

Look to the right  
in the first valley  
on the Siena road  
and you will see the cemetery  
rising in seasonless quiet  
the graves crosses and stars  
arranged on the slope  
like seats in an amphitheater  
as if their patient occupants  
were there to listen  
to the day-time traffic  
and the night-time stars.

Across the road  
the vineyards rise in tiers  
row upon row  
of white-washed posts  
with wire between  
on which the vines  
throw wide their knobby arms  
a thousand crucifixions  
greening through leaves and tendrils  
to autumnal grapes  
which cluster  
like great drops of blood.

*Mary P. Chatfield*

## Third Month Abroad

This morning as the sun rips wide  
the mists in the valley and flings  
its heat across every building face,  
the pigeons in their pigeonholes  
are cooing and moaning  
in that loud, obscene way pigeons do.

I break open the bedroom window  
shocked by the blow of vivid Tuscan air,  
by the scent of newly budding leaves,  
dazzled by the finches' aerial interplay,  
the chitter and chirp of all the unseen  
peepers in the trees below.

All night long two cats howled.  
When I walk through the noon town  
and school has just let out, everywhere  
on the low edges of the city walls  
the fair-skinned couples sit, murmuring  
in the most obvious of frontal embrace.

All I want to do is press back  
the pouring sunlight  
firmly, with both hands.  
The bedroom fills with a confluence  
of pollen. The crocus, the violets, the wild  
iris in the fields all purple.

With a stick I knock at the terra-cotta sill  
violently, "Get out of here!" The pigeons  
scatter into the air, the amour  
replaced by a flustering confusion.  
I cannot endure their reckless, public  
passion. And you so far away.

*Jeff Crandall*

## Walking Horse

Tongue delicate with the care of the herbivorous,  
the roan walking horse gelding nuzzled  
rotten apples from my hand,  
washed my palm with sweet lather,  
heaved an enormous sigh  
of happiness, then, done with me,  
ambled back to the pasture, his rump  
sleek and dappled with the lush grass  
of early June. Satisfied  
like some painters by the materials of their craft—  
glossy birch brushes, steel palette knife, oil—so the lone stroke  
takes root in the canvas like a squash flower in plowed earth.  
Or like some poets satiated by the richness  
of a single syllable penned on a blank page,  
the massive horse contented by fruit wandered off  
to stand in a ribbon of creek, in the shadow of thin willows.

*Katherine Smith*

## The First Flute

*after a Lakota legend*

The flute sings only for love.  
Its power, the power of the elk.  
Its beauty, the wind in the cedars.  
Its mischief, the bold red-headed bird.

Once long ago, a hunter,  
lured by elk magic into a cedar forest,  
saw a bird pecking holes in a branch,  
heard the wind moaning through its hollow,  
a strange and beautiful sound.  
*Forgive me, the young man said to the tree,  
I will take this one branch,  
for you have many others.*

The hunter brought no elk meat to his village,  
only a useless branch.  
How long he studied its silence  
until he himself  
became the wind, became the song.

At night, the flute's song  
wails and weaves through the dark-fingered trees,  
draws the proud maiden from her buffalo robes,  
from her parents' tipi.  
Her feet dance away with a will of their own.  
The flute player opens his arms.  
They sleep under one blanket where stars look down.

The Lakota flute is always carved of cedar,  
long of neck, with a bird's open beak,  
for the song to fly forth,  
and a splash of red paint on its head

*Dolores Stewart*

## Poetry

Poetry, you are a dream of life.  
Perhaps a dream of death.

It might have seemed you did not exist,  
but there you are.  
Window in the cell.  
Light in the forest.

A house inhabited by murmurs  
of invisible fires  
and slamming doors.

You are from here  
and from somewhere else.

That bridge washed away knows it,  
the swallow and the pond,  
the bitten apple.

You have left your name  
in the rumpled sheets  
and in the grass of graveyards.

Once a boy brought you over for a visit  
and you stayed.

Some forgot you,  
others lost you  
and the wandering look for  
the lines of your hand.

But you patrol the house where you belong  
where you hide your lips under ash.

You are a dream of life.  
Perhaps a dream of death.

*Luis Andres Figueroa*  
*translated by Megan Merchant*

## A Poet in the Customs House

Pleased by my jottings, the President  
found me employment. Now  
I work in a civic temple on a tongue  
of land that speaks the Babel  
of ivory tusks, bolts of silk, cinnamon  
and jasmine tea, each item to be weighed,  
counted, and assessed in the definitive language  
of ledgers, my eye trained to detect,  
then reject, what's tainted,  
too dangerous to wave through.  
While merchants line up to pay,  
my mind wanders across its Bosporus  
of time. Today, a lambs wool shawl  
trussed me in childhood till the sweat  
began to pour; yesterday, a crystal vial released  
a musky night I thought I'd stoppered.  
On breaks, I need to gaze on the black,  
opaque sea, breathing deeply.  
But then another ship appears,  
bearing poems I can't appraise  
among its dense, resplendent cargo.

*Maria Terrone*

## Holy Hieronymous

The patron saint of writers is an old man,  
scrawny under his robe. His frizzled beard,  
anyway, hides his ribs. His back hunched  
from study, his fingers gnarled.  
What harm can this man do? We were right  
to smile at his scratching. A little grant  
will keep him busy in his study,  
and off the street. If that were all.  
  
But see? The old man's ink-stained hands  
stroke the muscular back of a full-grown lion.  
The paws, big as plates, and heavy,  
flex their claws. The jaws rumble.  
This is a package deal. Wherever the old man  
shuffles his wiry steps, the lion follows.  
They are inseparable, best of friends,  
this dry, cerebral scribe, and the hunter  
who will crack your biggest bones with a snap,  
whose favorite flavor is blood, who loves  
the raw, chewy muscle. His breath is hot  
with the odor of decay. The writer bends now  
over a text describing the mercy of God.  
The lion rubs against his leg.  
They will not leave each other. They are one.

*Cheryl Gatling*



## CONTRIBUTORS

**Priscilla Atkins** is the arts librarian at Hope College in Michigan. Her poems appear in *Poetry*, *Epoch*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *The Laurel Review*, and *Sycamore Review*.

**Ken Autrey** teaches English at Francis Marion University. He has work in *The Chattahoochee Review*, *Cimarron Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Hubbub*, *South Carolina Review*, and *Texas Review*.

**Richard Behm** is a professor of English at the U. of Wisconsin-Stevens Point who appears in *The Kenyon Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Poetry*, *Yankee*, and *The Southern Review*.

**Steven Bluestone**, winner of the 2004 Thomas Merton Prize and the Greensboro Review Poetry Prize, teaches at Mercer University. His book is *The Laughing Monkeys of Gravity* (Mercer U. Press, 1995). A new book, *The Flagrant Dead*, is forthcoming from Mercer.

**Marion Boyer's** chapbook *Green* was published by Finishing Line Press in 2003. He appears in *Spoon River Poetry Review* and *Crab Creek Review*.

**Rob Carney's** *Boasts, Toasts, and Ghosts*, winner of the Pinyon Press Poetry Book Prize, appeared in 2003. *New Fables*, *Old Songs* won the 2002 Dream Horse Press National Chapbook Award. His newest collection, *This Is One Sexy Planet*, won the 2005 Frank Cat Press Chapbook Competition.

**Robin Chapman's** latest poetry collection is *Images of a Complex World: The Art and Poetry of Chaos* (with J.C. Sprott, World Scientific, Singapore 2005). She has a poetry book, *The Way In* (Tebot Bach); a chapbook, *The Only Everglades in the World* (Parallel Press); and a new chapbook, *Once*, forthcoming from Juniper Press.

**Mary P. Chatfield** is a retired teacher of English and Latin. She has work in *Apalachee Review*, *Carquinez Poetry Review*, *Persephone*, *Literary Imagination*, and *Sulphur River Literary Review*.

**Jeff Crandall** is an editor at Floating Bridge Press in Seattle. His poetry book is *The Grief Pool* (Firestorm Press). He appears in *Amelia*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The Seattle Review*, and *Cutbank*.

**Philip Dacey's** eighth book is *The Mystery of Max Schmitt: Poems on the Life and Work of Thomas Eakins* (turningpointbooks.com 2004).

A chapbook, *Mister Five-by-Five*, is forthcoming from Pudding House. He recently moved from Minnesota to Manhattan's Upper West Side.

**Ron De Maris** appears in *Poetry*, *The New Republic*, *The American Poetry Review*, *Sewanee Review*, *Ploughshares*, and many others.

**Peggie Gallagher** is an Irish poet living in Sligo, Ireland. She has also lived and worked in America for many years. She won first prize in the Maria Edgeworth Competition in 2005.

**Kim Garcia** teaches creative writing at Boston College. Winner of the Ursula K. LeGuin Award, she appears in *Rosebud*, *Lullwater Review*, *Cimarron Review*, *Nimrod*, and *Negative Capability*. Her forthcoming book is *Madonna Magdalene* (Turning Leaf Press).

**Cheryl Gatling** is a registered nurse in Syracuse, New York. Her poetry is in *Rattle*, *Flyway*, *Comstock Review*, and online in *Born*.

**Meg Gold** is a "new" poet at the age of 74. Her poems appear in *Voices International*, *The Comstock Review*, and *Calliope*.

**David James** teaches at Oakland Community College in Michigan. His books include *A Heart Out of This World* (1984) and two chapbooks, *Do Not Give Dogs What is Holy* (1994) and *I Dance Back* (2002). His one-act plays have also been produced off-Broadway.

**P M F Johnson** has poems in *The ThreePenny Review*, *New York Quarterly*, *Modern Haiku*, and *Blue Unicorn*, and stories (in collaboration with his wife Sandra Rector) in *Amazing Stories* and the anthologies *Xanadu II* and *Whatdunits*.

**Holly Karapetkova** has poems and translations in *The Formalist*, *The Crab Orchard Review*, *Calyx*, and *The Marlboro Review*.

**Charles Kingsley** appears in *Snake Nation Review*, *Tampa Review*, *Cumberland Poetry Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, and *Wind*.

**Laurie Klein's** *Bodies of Water*, *Bodies of Flesh* (Predator Press) won the 2004 Owl Creek Chapbook Competition. She appears in *The Southern Review*, *New Letters*, *Mid-American Review*, and *Midwest Quarterly*. She is consulting editor at *Rock & Sling*.

**Sharon Leiter** is poetry editor of *Streetlight* and teaches at the Charlottesville Writing Center. Her work appears in *The Georgia Review*, *The Cimarron Review*, and *The Virginia Quarterly Review*. Her books are *The Lady and the Bailiff of Time* (Ardis) and *Akhmatova's Petersburg* (U. of Penn. Press).

**Megan Merchant** studied in Chile with Chilean poet Luis Andres Figueroa and recently completed translating his book *Los Secretos*.

**Carolyn Miller's** poetry collection *After Cocteau* was published by Sixteen Rivers Press in 2002. She also appears in *Shenandoah, The Georgia Review, The Gettysburg Review, and The Southern Review*.

**Charles W. Pratt**, a former English teacher, writes and grows apples in southeastern New Hampshire. His books are *In the Orchard and Fables in Two Languages and Similar Diversions*.

**Tania Runyan** appears in *Poetry, Poetry Northwest, Natural Bridge, Southern Poetry Review*, and the anthology *A Fine Frenzy: Contemporary Poets Respond to Shakespeare*.

**Hillel Schwartz** appears in *Beloit Poetry Journal, Fiddlehead*, and *Field*. Her translation from the Korean (with Sunny Jung) of Ko Un's *Abiding Places* is forthcoming from Tupelo Press.

**Judi A. Rypma** teaches at Western Michigan University. Her new chapbook *Mineral Treasures* is forthcoming from Finishing Line Press. Another chapbook, *Rapunzel's Hair*, is the 2005 winner of the All Nations Press competition. She has work in *Nimrod, Pearl, Mangrove*, and *Ellipsis*.

**Katherine Smith's** book *Argument by Design* won the Washington Writers Poetry Prize in 2003. She appears in *Poetry, Shenandoah, The Southern Review, Smartish Pace*, and *Many Mountains Moving*. She works at Montgomery College in Germantown, Maryland.

**Kenneth Steven** A Scottish poet and artist (and editor of *Atlanta Review's* forthcoming *Scotland Issue*), Kenneth is author of seven books of poetry, including the best-selling *IONA* (St. Andrews 2000). For more information, visit [www.books-of-imagination.com](http://www.books-of-imagination.com).

**Dolores Stewart** has two novels, *Circle of Five* and *Charmed Circle* (Kensington Books) and poetry in *The American Scholar, Chelsea, Calyx, Poetry, Yankee, Nimrod, Chicago Review, and Fiddlehead*.

**Eugene Stewart** lives in North Carolina. "The Witch's Gift" is the first poem in a cycle about the life of the character Cambo.

**Elizabeth Sullivan** is Director of an environmental organization in San Francisco. She appears in *Nimrod International Journal, Poems & Plays, Poem, Fourteen Hills, and Pennsylvania English*.

**Sam Taylor's** first book, *Body of the World*, is now available from

Ausable Press ([www.ausablepress.org](http://www.ausablepress.org)). He received the 2002 Editor's Poetry Prize from *The Florida Review* and appears in *Agni, New Orleans Review, and Midwest Quarterly*. He teaches at the U. of New Mexico, Taos.

**Ted Taylor's** poems appeared in the Premier Issue of *Atlanta Review*.

**Mark Terrill's** books include *The United Colors of Death* (Pathwise Press 2003), *Bread & Fish* (The Figures 2002), *Here to Learn* (Green Bean Press 2002), and *Like a Pilot* (Sulphur River 2001).

**Maria Terrone's** first book, *The Bodies We Were Loaned*, was published by The Word Works (2002). She appears in *The Hudson Review, Notre Dame Review, Poetry International*, and *Rhino*. She directs communications at Queens College, City U. of New York.

**David Tucker** won the 2005 Bakeless Prize; his book, *Late for Work*, will be published by Houghton Mifflin in 2006. His chapbook *Days When Nothing Happens* won the 2003 Slapering Hol Press competition. He is assistant managing editor at the *Star-Ledger* in New Jersey, and part of the news team that won a 2005 Pulitzer Prize.

**Peter Upham** is an administrator at Asheville School, NC. His work appears in *Noire Dame Review, Slant, and Borderlands*.

**Charles Harper Webb's** most recent collection of poems is *Tulip Farms and Leper Colonies* (BOA 2001). A book of prose poems, *Hot Popsicles*, will be published by the U. of Wisconsin Press in 2005. He teaches at California State University, Long Beach.

**Jody Winer** appears in *The Massachusetts Review, Open City, Poet Lore, The Spoon River Poetry Review, and The Harvard Crimson*.

**Ulys H. Yates** is resuming, at age 74, a poetry career begun in Paris in the 1950s. He appears in *Southern Poetry Review, Lullwater Review, California Quarterly, Wisconsin Review, and The Worcester Review*.

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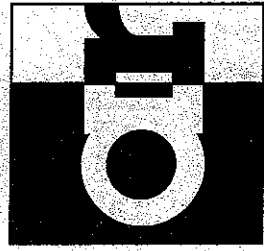
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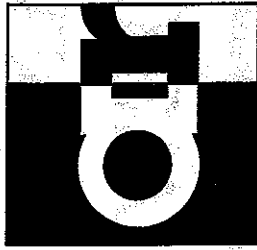
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