

Revelation: Shatterings at Canterbury

If God is a light inaccessible,
a light beyond our comprehension, then
how shall mere eyes see? Pierce our walls
with windows, but shade them, shade them. At Chartres,
light seeps ruby, light pools sapphire. At Saint Chapelle,
it's dazzling as diamond, all *lux* and *lumen*,
splendor in the glass.

If Christ lights the world,
they argued at the time, then his mother
is a window bodying him through, flesh
a translucent shade making the light
bearable. Even so, cathedral on cathedral,
window to window, the sky still blisters
before the Magi, and incandescence
shocks the sleeping shepherds.

If God is love
as we've been told, consider well the love
that breaks that glass, window on bright window,
idolatry on idolatry: *Lord,*
what a work was here! What clattering
of glasses! Let the light stream through direct,
they might have said, so every eye can see
God for himself.

Thus at Canterbury's shrine
perspicacious rector Richard Culmer,
known to his friends—and this is gospel truth—
as "Blue Dick," climbed *the citie ladder, near*
sixty steps high, with a whole pike in his hand
rattling down proud Becket's glassy bones,
illumination blazing out his eyes.

Nathalie Anderson

Trees in Flame

After surgery, Autumn

A burning needle stitches me
along the incision,

bisects my breast with its quick piercing,
a fire insistent as the sight

of these trees. Against
November rain they assert

with fury their will, their right,
to dazzle

with this improbable light, even as
time and wind take without asking.

Maria Terrone

How to Write a Sad Poem

First, hang the moon.
Position that empty socket
at zenith. Make it a December
evening, long gray spirals of dusk
skirring in.

Give us the bare limbs
of a sycamore—that's a good touch
in the chill wind—though how much
better to leave one leaf twisting.

It hangs, we see now,
directly above two lovers whose breaths
rise with what must be icy words.
These two, in their ponderous coats
and loves, are beautiful
even at this distance, but they don't touch,
because this is the sad poem.

They part,
and take their last moments
away with them forever.

*(Last moments, forever—
choice ingredients in the sad poem recipe.)*
The lovers have promised the occasional
email, we suspect, but we've all inhabited
the sad poem enough to know
that sweet intention will fall
like this sycamore's last leaf.
When the sad poem gets weary
with the weight of its sadness,
it tries to conjure some Latin music
from a car radio, looks skyward
for a fat cardinal that will swoop
down and hop hopefully in the ice-
crusted grass.

What the sad poem gets,
instead, is one laden cloud after another
trudging in like a funeral procession.

Then a phone rings somewhere...

None of us move
toward the ringing: We know
the news it brings.

Jeff Worley

Equilibrium

There are times at night when the house locks
eyes with the moon and light soaks through
the transfixed windows and coats
the floor, the desk, half your sleeping
face, but not the other.

Does it stop there,
or do you dream, at these times,
that you stand in a doorway
or the mouth of a cave, half in shadow,
unsure whether to leave or enter?

The moon scans your bookshelves
while you sleep, explores beneath your bed,
slips its long finger into the curl of your one
exposed ear to disturb the small pool
that dwells there,

and this alone might be enough
to shift your balance in a certain
direction, to instruct both your body
and its dream of itself
which way to turn.

Brieghan Gardner

The Little Dog Upstairs That Never Quits Barking

has suddenly quit. And in the quiet
I wait for him to resume, imagining him
(for I have seen him—his tight white curls,
his anxious, mashed-in face)

staring into space, too sorrowful now
even to cry out, settling
with a sigh in the leopard armchair,
facing the wooden indifference of the door.

Poetry after all is a form of barking.
Yap, yap, yap,
someone please come back.
Take me outside to piddle

among the flower stalks. Cradle me
in the arms of your strange tall species,
grant me a biscuit shaped like a bone.
...And now I, too, fall silent. The clock

in the kitchen keeps clicking away
saying *Love me* to the skillet and saucepans,
the wire rack of dishes, cans of soup
and beans, O bowl of sugar, O dispenser of salt.

Kim Addonizio

Ode at Twenty-One Weeks

Praise the sonogram's glow: spine's colonnade
of bone from sacrum to skull—tiny cupula—
here soft, round. Praise columns of femur, tibia,
humerus, fingers and toes imagined; praise a hint
of ribs at the nave, black mass inside called "heart."

Praise this technological grisaille, the landscape
in process it renders, sketch called body.
Praise the expanse of skin suggested by shadow,
horizon of earth, sky. Praise the sealed sea
protecting the face: profile's slope, chin's curve, bud
of nose. Praise caves named "liver," "spleen."

Yes, praise this musical hazelnut, mini bass drum
at *prestissimo*, new symphony's first refrain.
Praise the spiraled blue cord, pulsing placenta
echoing the heart's beat. Praise this organ fixed
fast to the acoustical eaves of uterine wall.
Praise whispered swish, swish.

And praise, as if an epilogue or epic's choral
refrain, the spine. Praise its white stitches,
binding arc—cervical to pelvic—narrative
start to finish. Praise its interlocking words, chapters
of nerve. Praise it, praise it, this burgeoning book.

Christine Stewart-Nuñez

What the Traveler Knows

Every country is a cure for something;
every cobblestone a lozenge
for some scratchy, sore spot
in your pedestrian head; every skyline
a pointy heavenscape of exclamation marks,
cheering you on. If you are irksome and rude
in your own land, there is another
where you are witty and direct; your voice,
once a pastel whine, now an atonal woodwind
of desire. If you are hideous
in your hometown, there is a locale
where you can melt the locals
with your sunless eyes
and hold your wire-haired head high while
an effervescent flow of admirers
bubbles from the sacred streets,
winking and circling you on bikes.
You have only to find your stopping place,
find it and let it remake you from the *terra* up.
Why make amends when you can make haste?
Look there, that palace, this tower,
yonder mountain peak—it's the view
you were born to see, the perfect
finish to the shelf song of your life
so far. The end. Keep looking.
The end. Maybe tomorrow. The end.
Almost there. The end.

Kathleen Balma

Alleluia

1.

I saw You,
O God,
in the long brown legs
of my daughter
in her fingers that shape
prayers without words

I saw You when she cartwheeled
eight times
across the green field
and rose staggering, panting,
exulting

You shone and shone
like a cartwheel of light
from the body of my brown and joyful girl

2.

And, oh, my daughter's sweet bones
flashing beneath her skin

beneath that thin, taut glaze, that cherished
illusion,
the shape of You glowing, glowing

3.

At first I did not know You
in the lank black body
of the roadside tom, rank
with blood and fear.
Like the others, I passed
You by. But I turned back,
although I did not recognize You,

wrapped You in the worn pink blanket
from the back seat. Your blood-filled
eye blinked unsurprised at the blank
and voiceless sky, but I felt
Your heart tremble beneath my hand,
felt the heart's old persistent music,
beyond logic, beyond hope,
and so I heaved You into my car,
and I drove to the veterinarian,
murmuring, "All right, it's all right,
it's all right," though I never
believed it, while Your blood seeped
into the blanket, and Your stench
filled my nostrils, and I prayed

I would not have to touch You again.

Then Your scrabbling feet stilled
to the sound of my voice, and You pushed
Your dirty head against my thigh,
and a great purr rumbled
from Your broken chest,
and I knew You,
and You died.

4.

It was a day there was no pain,
though I knew pain would follow,
like an old dog that will not leave,
knew I'd pay for this hour
tramping the banks of the Oconee
with a cold skewer of pain
through my hip and my knee

But it didn't matter. That
was the day I decided
to be happy,
thinking that happiness may be
the only thing You want from us,
the only gift You can use

How else could You have seen
 the black dragonfly
 dancing over the dark water,
 the flash of iridescent blue
 beneath its wings, quick
 as a breath, how else
 could You see the dragonfly dart,
 then hesitate above the mossy green
 bank as if it gave pleasure
 deliberately? How could You perceive
 the green dimness falling
 between trees, that antique
 stillness, then the vermilion leaves,
 startling, unexpected, like an exclamation
 of delight, how could You receive
 that moment when one, then two,
 then three dragonflies skimmed
 over the Oconee River

except through me
 except through me
 except through me

Rebecca Baggett

Virginia Reel

When Mr. Vander Linden counted us off by fours
 to work on our social studies projects—
 deciding how to stock our Conestogas
 for the wagon train across the prairie,
 or churning butter from cream
 in baby food jars with no labels—
 then I wanted Josh in my group.
 And when we lined up in sets of six,
 to do the Virginia Reel in the cafeteria,
 the tables folded up and pushed out of the way,
 a portable record player in a tan suitcase
 plugged in over by the wall,
 then I wanted Josh across from me,
 so I could step around him, back-to-back,
 for the opening do-si-do,
 our sneakers squeaking on the wooden floor,
 holding out my hand for the right-hand round,
 the windows open above us
 to let in the spring air, the sun.
 When I was paired with Josh,
 and it was our turn as head couple,
 we'd get six chances to swing your partner,
 six times we could link together—
 the way his arm felt so soft and warm
 through the cotton sleeve of my purple dress,
 the fiddle keeping the beat—
 and then palm to palm we'd form an arch
 to let the others pass beneath us,
 and take our place at the foot of the line,
 pioneers in the territories of the heart.

Devon Brenner

Smelling Light

*Neurologists created mice that can smell light.
—from "Findings," Harper's Magazine*

Mornings when we open the blinds
we see the mice tilt their heads sideways,
like listeners,
tiny eyes bulging at the sudden flash
of an aroma
sharp as a fresh-sliced orange,

or so we imagine,
because we have no idea
what photons and wavelengths write
on the waiting cortical slates
of these poor mice
who have never known real wafts
of fennel or field grass,
the gospel of windfall plums.

But think of this,
even now just such fragrances
might be singing matins
on the early morning light,

though later a pong of acrid shadow
could slip through the bars
of their cage.

It's hard for us to remember
this isn't metaphor
but a new transliteration
of the light:
emanations particle-fine touch
their cells,
each paired receptor like a lover,
tongue and groove, call and response,
neurons firing
in whatever language
they speak.

Jeanne Wagner

The Woman Who Feels No Fear

*Doctors have reported that a brain anomaly
has left a woman without fear.*

She pets scorpions and snarling dogs. Lighting fails
to torch her nerves. Let the elevator plunge—
nothing makes her organs lurch.

She cooks with butter, dives into the deep end.
We envy her—no spear in the heart,
no hornets in the gut

when her little girl is hours late and sirens shriek.
She'll never turn a small dark mole
into a malignant mountain. Though,

if she lives long, it's because death is just another bully
who doesn't know what to do with her: a woman
immune to wolves outside the tent.

And how she struts onto any stage, life of the party,
always game, flips off the boss or flirts with him
in the presence of his wife.

If we met her, we'd gather round, as if she lived
in a land-locked country and we must tell her
how it feels to be at sea.

We'd clutch our cocktails and inspect her eyes for vacancy,
suspecting she's less like us than a dog is
who puddles every time there's thunder.

Does she look upon the rest of us with mercy
or do we baffle her—the way we knock on wood,
our sweaty bargains with gods we half believe in?

The army is interested in her brain. Although, as torturer she'd lack
imagination, not knowing what makes people shiver
besides the cold. Surely, she must feel the cold.

Susan Cohen

Cradle Moon

I will sing you to me.

I will sing you to me
with memories of caravans and cradle moons,
and all the colors of the desert.

I will send the notes on a midnight wind,
across the sands of this ancient seabed,
up the mountains that rise as Atlas into the clouds,
and over those peaks where snow never melts.

I will sing toward that one star
a melody of saffron and silk,
of mint tea and hammered silver.
I will weave in the voice of the snake charmer
and the weeping of the camel.

My song will have the strength to find its way
through the coiled strands of no man's land,
past wary eyes of boys in camouflage,
down mortar-holed boulevards
and twisting alleyways of salvation gone mad.

I will sing you home to me.

Mary Kipps

Riding the Waves

It's ten in the morning, the wind
in north Torrance is still a breeze,
the day beginning to warm and
above us, a canopy of Chinese elms.
Their great roots have pushed
the sidewalk down Atkinson Street
into concrete waves my mother rides
in her wheelchair. I glance at her
white cotton hat, MIYUKI printed
on the edge. The first time she saw
her name on her underwear she nearly
cried. *Thank you, thank you. No one
ever did this for me.* She's become
my grateful child, red sweater buttoned
to her neck, small hands like speckled
eggs nestle in her lap.

Purple and white geraniums stretch
through an old fence. She touches them.
You like flowers, don't you? Yes, oh yes,
she says. I call out their names as we pass:
bird-of-paradise, iris, daisies. I throw in
some Japanese if I can: *ayame, fuji.*

Turning the corner on 171st Street,
sunlight fills our faces, the day so generous,
blue sky a tsunami towering over us, some
love keeping us afloat. She turns and asks,
How's your mother? As she often does.
She's fine, I answer. Thank you, thank you.

Nancy Terasaki

when i was seven it was a very hot summer

so i went to visit the ingalls family in their little house in the big woods in my suitcase i carried my father who had died my mother who was sad my sister who was too little to understand pa ingalls said come right in i will be your father for a while ma ingalls gave me a hug and said you can stay with us until your mother feels better here let me take your suitcase which she put under the bed in the corner i lived with the ingalls family all winter long in their log cabin in wisconsin it was very cold so while i played with laura and mary in the snow i did not notice the hot summer at home when pa played his fiddle in the evenings i could not hear my mother cry i helped sweep the floor and wash the dishes saw panthers and bears took turns taking care of baby carrie when i got home my mother was feeling a little better so i read out loud to her about the ingalls family don't you almost feel like you were there she asked me yes i said my hands still tingled from the snow

Marcia Popp

Selling Sorrow
for D

If you were the mother in the old tale—
sheep, sheep, lend me wool; sheep, sheep, work your spell—
who came through burdock, mallow, weir, and vale
to the dear mound she left last April,
you would scrape up dirt with your fingernail,
wrap up the dirt in a scrap of wool,
cry out to the first peddler who passes,
cry up the dirt so sorrow releases:

*I sell it, you must sell it,
this black wool, seeds of this sorrow.*

But here in this new country where noise blares,
heart stays silent, grief finds no takers. There's
no market for it. Now more than two years
since that blind curve got him. Thrill-seeker, fierce
blaze of a man, he met your bravest fears,
would not compost gradually. The head clears
as you stop the first peddler who passes,
pass on the dirt so sorrow releases:

*I sell it, may you sell it,
this black wool, seeds of this sorrow.*

Once you carried him everywhere with you—
on your hip, on your back. Now into
public places you carry his death. No
remedy. Not to be borne. He won't grow
out of it. You dream of sand, sand swallow-
ing you. You try to walk in it, fall through.
Hand off to the first peddler who passes
a sack of sand so sorrow releases:

*I sell it, you must sell it,
this black wool, these grains of sorrow.*

Becky Gould Gibson

Critical Thinking

Today my Iranian student tells me about his sister, hanged in her office for her political writings, and he says he has no hope for the world regardless of what he's learned in my Critical Thinking class, though he enjoyed the books we read and the film about the life of Buddha.

My student from Afghanistan apologizes for the length of her six-page essay about her brother, beaten to death in Germany by neo-Nazis.

Then I drive and think about retiring. In the traffic before the tunnel, a low-rider car screeches past, zaps back in line, music booming out the window, and something is tied to the center of the bumper—a stuffed toy, donkey or dog? The soft thing scrapes along, smacking again and again against the concrete, and I think of my student's description of the knuckle impressions in her brother's *bluish-black* chest and of the Taliban cutting off the heads of disobedient women and leaving their bodies in the soccer stadium.

As I make the last turn toward home, past dark waves of mountain, the sky's silver beach, wild beauty not ruined yet, I think of my shy, nearly mute student from China who asked if I was enlightened, and I said, "Not even close." He seemed so disappointed that when we left the classroom and stood in the rain while sunlight moved from behind the clouds, I said, "Maybe now," and we walked to the parking lot, leaning close together, under his umbrella.

Susan Browne

Carnet de Bal

A Perfume by Revillion, Discontinued

In the old bottle the few drops I still have are carefully put away. I use a bit each anniversary in salutation; untattered item of my wedding dress. Signature quest of every trip to France where we search for dregs:
Est-ce que vous avez Carnet de Bal?

I hunt for something half as good;
"This scent might do." And never does.
Nothing wears like fog, like aura,
like air-lock, like a silk robe I never have on and never take off,
like a lover sleeping in my hair
the pull waking me when I turn in the night.

If you go I'll dab it once in passion's honor;
it's all I can afford.
The rest goes with my will.
When my ashes come, mix it in and scatter them
in Alhambra's gardens—my dust-dry minerals and a perfume
to awaken the slumbering princes and make memorial tributes bloom.

Ellen Peckham

The Nothing That Is

What is there to say about the ache
that greets me every morning when I wake?
Not just the injured knee, not just the joints,
but everything in life that disappoints.

I've never learned to love the thin gray light
of winter. I'm more inclined to cringe at the sight
of ice limning the skeletons of trees
that creak and crackle in the deepening freeze
that's glazing all the world within my gaze.

The weather's kept me housebound for three days—
enough time for a god to resurrect—
and not just from a bad night's sleep. I don't expect
to rise above much, myself—not anytime soon.
Not till the world erupts in thaw and bloom.

Grace Bauer

The Gorge

Grapes feed the gorge,
unforaged wine of of the sun's forge,
and wormy apples, dandelion and feed corn.
And all that grows near or in the gorge,
or pours down from overhead to deluge
the coal-mine Franz Klein darkness,
also feeds the shipwrecked Minotaur
that lies in wait there.
It eats nearly everything
that tumbles and tosses
into the main of its inarticulate throat.
This is what a gorge does best,
Turning all that's green and crimson
into powdery carapace
and the muddy mask of compost.
It will eat you, too, like the papier-mâché pâté
of imprisoned gutturals that spill from your pen.
You won't get away as the gorgeous, gray heron
I saw one day rising in a pterodactyl-deadly
Icarian arabesque
back into the breath of its own creation.
Disgorged and godlike, and glad to fall victim
to the ferocious rays of the sun.

Kerry Shawn Keys

It is day again

es nuevamente el día y su invariable voluntad
de encender las cosas que dormitan / esa forma intrusive
de intervenir torcer
el curso
del trabajo de ver
sin lentes
y sin luz.

It is day again and its invariable willingness
to light things that slumber / this intrusive way
of intervening twisting
the course
of the work of seeing
without glasses
and without light.

Tatiana Oroño
translated from the Spanish by
Jesse Lee Kercheval

Musical Soup

Spring just a week away, but this raw
rainy day cries out for a pot
of African peanut chicken soup
to warm us through winter's last gasp.
I turn on the classical music station,
gather the ingredients and spend
the afternoon in a symphony

of chopping, grinding, stirring
to Beethoven, Elgar, Brahms,
and I'm back in my mother's kitchen,
always full of musical accompaniment
to the clanging pots, running water,
simmering soups and sauces.
Sometimes she hummed along,
so happy to be rolling dough
for strudel, filling the cookie jar,
stuffing the freezer—always with
her hair just so, her lipstick on.

A woman of her generation,
she gloried in her dust-free house
with everything always in its place,
the savory meals her family relished
every night. Her grandchildren still
reminisce about her spaghetti sauce,
her chocolate cake. In her last years,
from her wheelchair, a repeated
refrain: *I've had everything*
I ever wanted. I'm a lucky woman.

And all I ever wanted was not to be
like her, to do more, be more, make
a difference, see the world. The adagio
begins, the violins sing an insistent
question: *What of me will my children*
remember? Probably not the photos

I took in India, the cases I won
in court, the poems I published.
I stand at my kitchen window
watching rain, inhale the fragrance
of browning onions, sway
to the rhythmic swirl of a wooden
spoon through thickening soup.

Joyce Meyers

Easter

The kindest person in Minneapolis tonight
might be Estelle, the late-shift nurse at Trinity,
who wears a nameplate so you won't have to ask,

and a tired, calm face, which is another kind of badge.
Making her rounds with the cart and medication tray,
the little paper cups of Percocet and Ambien.

She has a clipboard, with a list
of questions to check off, and she looks
into each face in its turn

with the patient, inquiring regard
of a St. Bernard, though prettier than that.
And to her lips she has applied
the faintest touch of pink, or peach, or rose—

not to flaunt the russet bloom of youth,
but to carry pinkness like a lamp
among the dying and the ill—

that they might see
and distantly recall
the crocus by the post office in spring,

the tough pink flowers thrusting from the dirt,
and say, inside themselves,
Oh yes, — Jesus Christ, — I remember

lips; I remember kisses.

Tony Hoagland

Transit

Someone is waiting for us,
Down through that grove of ferns
Growing low to the ground and dappled with rust.
Will we reach him before the season turns

Its back? Someone is waiting for us,
With his heart in his fist for warmth,
Down through that grove of trampled ferns.
I cannot say whether it is death,

With his heart in his fist for warmth
And eyes that blink back a simple love.
I cannot say for sure whether death
Is whom I see. It is so far from here, the grove.

The leaves glisten with a simple love
Of the season, which shifts now, slowly, to the east.
Who is it I see so far from here? The grove
Is but a speck, a tick on the back of a beast.

And the season shifts now slowly to the east
Where whatever must begin begins.
We wait like ticks on some beast
Not yet born, not yet risen on its limbs,

Though whatever must begin already begins.
Will we make it? Will we arrive and speak
To those many not yet risen to their limbs—
The cradled, the grief-bent, the meek?

Some will make it. Some will live to speak,
Will stand upon the ground, shirts weeping rust
Like birds some wicked boys have reached.
Someone, believe me, someone is waiting for us.

Tracy K. Smith

Red Never Lasts

There's no doubt it's the most glamorous,
the one you reach for first—its luscious gloss.
Russian Roulette, First Dance, Aperitif, Cherry Pop.
For three days, your nails are a ferris wheel,
a field of roses, a flashing neon Open sign.
Whatever you're wearing feels like a tight dress
and your hair tousles like Marilyn's one the beach.
But soon, after dishwashing, typing, bottle caps,
the chips begin, first at the very tips and edges
where you hardly notice, then whole shards.
Eventually, the fuss is too much to maintain.
Time to settle in to the neutral tones.
Baby's Breath, Curtain Call, Bone.

Anya Silver

Survivor's Guilt

You raise your hand, and the moon is
back. In the forest, a tree
falls, its roots
centuries old, my mouth
its own witness.

My silence lies black
upon the land,
but if I say the wrong words, darkness
will have its way too
soon.

You are not
in this scene. Imagining
is my way of
touch. You
are the tree.
The river and the sky speak
the same language.

the river.

Years don't change, but we
shrink.
I remember your glazed eyes,
bony hands,
smiles addressed not to me, but to something
bigger.

Darkness is warm in my mouth.

The tree
listens to my breath.

The moon drops
its anchor in

the river.

You raise your hand,
and the river stands still.
In the mirror
everything is
like yesterday.

Your wrinkles smooth.

If I said the right words,
I would know a way

out.

My mouth
is its own weapon.

If
I scream, the emptiness
is more
true.

You dropped anchors in my eyes
to pull on
me forever.

Serpentine thoughts climb,
the sky
blinks.

I remember your thin
arms,
bony
shoulders.

A universe dries in
me, a dead oasis of stars.

The mirror
sings,
its shards fall back into place
in my cheeks.

You

and I share the same body.

Trees linger
in growth,
as in fall.

Years shed like fluff.

And the mirror,
its weight
upon me: faces
waiting to become true,
faces
of the future dead,
my own.

Time is soft in my mouth.

If I stop
speaking to you,

faster. swallow you will darkness

A. Molotkov

From Warsaw, In Summer, To Whomever Is Listening

Thin moon over Warsaw tonight. A haggardly golden half-moon, in a milky veil, slipping behind a cloud. *This tree saw the last Polish king*, said my friend of the giant oak in Łazienki Park. It was still early evening, then: the deepening blue of summer dusk. We'd been walking toward the mirage of the palace shimmering over the lake, its bright double shimmering up from the water below. *Look how beautiful it is*, he said, and he walked right up to that tree, as if to kiss it, then closed his eyes. And so, as if to kiss him back, I went and stood next to him, face near the bark. Rough, but not too rough. *It doesn't speak Polish or English*, he said, *but listen* —. His breath or my breath through the wood. Later, by candlelight, on the terrace of a cafe between gleaming towers, we talked about war and despair, all the old robberies of power. I slipped off one silver shoe and sipped my wine and touched the air between us, cool, with the back of my hand. Once, this city was gray with ghosts; the dead lay unburied everywhere. Now little flowers bloom in their beds; the trees toss their leaf-shadows into my hair; the street where the trams run past I call *The Street of No Longer Slaves*. Still, it's best not to want too much, I said to my friend in the moonlit dark. And when we kissed goodnight, at last— the lightest of kisses on the mouth— my lips were sticky, as if with sap.

Cecilia Woloch

How to Wash a Body

Proceed to the room charged with merit,
into time exiled from time.
Enter the way you might lower yourself
into a warm estuary undisturbed
by ebb and rise of compliant tides.
Liminal space will assist.
Everything you do will be the right thing.

Clear away paraphernalia intended
to hold Death at bay—the pills,
unguents, tubes, machines.
Light six beeswax candles.
Bring in silks and weavings the color of spring,
flowers blossomed in unfiltered sunlight.
Advance the onslaught of splendor.

Close the eyes that no longer see,
the mouth that has spoken its last profundity
or a final curse of acid words
that spewed from the throat like purge.
They are even now dispersing into ether and light.
Pass a pastel scarf under the slack jaw;
tie it tight behind the crown to hold in the silence.

Cut away garments no one will wear again.
Discard them with the useless medicaments.
Pull a clean sheet up over the torso,
solicitous of final modesty.
Press downward toward the pelvic bone
to expel any lingering excretions.
Remove and discard the soiled towel.

You are ready for cleansing.
Scent warm, soapy water
with rose petals or lavender oil.
Wash gently as you would a newborn.

Warmth will tiptoe gingerly off the skin
out through the swirling air in the room.
Anoint with frankincense.

Sing. Sing beyond sound.
Let the washing hum
with all that is melodic in you.
Sing as water sings, as clean sings
as the silence tied into the silent mouth
sings to the stars.

Maureen Tolman Flannery

The Old Guitarist

(Picasso, 1903)

Confined by blindness, poverty and pain,
he sits downcast, caressing his guitar.
He fills a space he barely can contain
and plays a tune that touches every star.

His head is bent. His body, long and gaunt.
He's strangely bathed in luminous shades of blue.
Excluded and expelled, he's forced to haunt
the corners of a world he never knew.

His hands express an elegance and grace.
His countenance recalls a face of old.
He holds his very soul in his embrace.
An instrument of softly burnished gold.

Who hears the song of loneliness he shares?
Who knows the burdens of the world he bears?

Alan Sugar

Nasreen's Story

In the converted barn we gather to hear Nasreen
tell her version of what Iraqis call "the collapse."

Before, things were bad, very bad, but everyone knew
to keep quiet, be patient awaiting Saddam's collapse.

She struggles with words to express her shock and awe,
watching her city's buildings, bridges, lives, collapse.

But also jubilation, faith that the yoke of oppression
had lifted, Saddam's statue yanked down, its collapse

reverberating through the land. Though soon her brother
was taken, tortured, returned only to collapse

in a corner, refusing to leave the house again. How to keep
teaching her students English, after the collapse

of hope? As she waited at the bus stop, a car pulled up, a bullet
ripped into the man beside her, whose collapse

she knew to ignore, staring straight ahead, grateful she
was not the one whose life bled out on the pavement. Collapse

time to this room, where we are safe but shaken, where someone
asks, *What can we do?* And again, the collapse

of hope when Nasreen says, *You also are powerless in this collapse.*
Your government decides what stands, what will collapse.

Mary Makofske

My Mother Considers Her Death During Cocktail Hour

It will be a sleep without dreams, she thinks.
Or someone ushering her into a plush limo.

No other alternatives for her,
though she'd like the limo
to carry a full bar.

Nothing about becoming pure light
or hearing a birdsong at the edge of a field
and wanting to *be* the song.

"I'd rather hear something heftier," she says,
"a coffee grinder, a deep-muscle massager,
something to keep me rolling."

She's stopped waiting for her father
to unhook the swinging door.
The sound of wind in the chimney
has been nothing but wind.

"My turn," she says, "all the lights are green,
I'm almost at the exit ramp."

Outside, the cumulus clouds
are silently scudding away from all the ruckus,
geese are writing the sky with invisible quills.

Tomorrow, she might recite the poems
she's loved, haply remembering
the violins of autumn that wound the heart
and evening slowly latching the garden gates.

But now, she's after a dollop of Bourbon,
it's cocktail time, we're clinking to the great beyond—
stars, galaxies, rocketing our imagination
toward what may last or fall—

and here's to the sheer improbability
of being where we are, making
a small place in the world
where a history of our loves and losses
shapes us into who we are.

"Here's to forgetfulness, too," she says,
turning on the lights, "give me an absence
that stays absent without any trouble."

Sometimes, there's nothing the world can add
to make itself more than it is.

Outside, we hear the wind howling
in joy or anger, what a mystery
we make of it, and looking out
onto the steepest darkness,
our lit windows
are like large unblinking eyes.

Gregory Djanikian

Contributors

Shamshad Abdullaev is a Uzbekistani poet who won the Andrei Bely Prize for Poetry in 1994. Translations of his work have appeared in *Literary Imagination*, *The Manhattan Review*, and *TriQuarterly*.

Kim Addonizio has authored several books of poetry and prose. Her most recent are *Bukowski in a Sundress: Confessions from a Writing Life* and *Mortal Trash*.

Khalil Al-Asadi was an Iraqi poet who published multiple books over his lifetime.

Ivy Alvarez is the author of several books, including *Disturbance* and *Mortal. Diaspora: Vol. L* is forthcoming. ivyalvarez.com

Moniza Alvi is the author of several poetry collections, including *How the Stone Found Its Voice* (2005) and *Split World: Poems 1990-2005* (2008), both from Bloodaxe Books.

Nathalie Anderson teaches at Swarthmore College. Her books include *Following Fred Astaire*, *Crawlers*, *Quiver*, *Stain*, and the chapbook *Held and Firmly Bound*.

Antonella Anedda is an Italian writer and educator who has published several books, including *Salva con nome*, which won the Viareggio Prize for poetry in 2012.

Tanveer Anjum is an Urdu poet known for her prose poems. She has a number of poetry collections, including a bilingual book of selected poems, *Fireworks on a Windowpane* (2014).

Rebecca Baggett is the author of four chapbook collections and has recent work in *Miramar*, *New Ohio Review*, *River Styx*, and *Whiskey Island Review*.

Christopher Bakken is the author of three books of poetry, most recently *Eternity & Oranges* (Pitt Poetry Series, 2016). He is director of Writing Workshops in Greece.

Kathleen Balma is a librarian in New Orleans. Her awards include a Pushcart Prize, a Fulbright grant, and a fellowship from Rivendell Writers' Colony.

Grace Bauer's most recent of poems is *MEAN/TIME*. She also co-edited the anthology, *Nasty Women Poets: An Unapologetic Anthology of Subversive Verse*, a best-selling anthology from Lost Horse Press.

Simin Behbahani was a prominent Iranian contemporary poet, lyricist, and activist who was also an icon of modern Persian poetry.

Robert Berold is a poet, writing teacher, and editor of over 50 books by South African poets, many of them under his Deep South Press.

Margaret Blackwood is a Canadian poet, fiction writer, visual artist, and editor.

Mark Brazaitis is the author of eight books, including *The Rink Girl: Stories*, winner of the 2018 Prize Americana, and *The River of Lost Voices: Stories from Guatemala*, winner of the 1998 Iowa Short Fiction Award.

Devon Brenner transplanted from Michigan to Mississippi in 1999. She is a professor of literacy education at Mississippi State University where she works with rural schools to increase the time students spend reading and writing.

Harriet Brown is a professor of magazine journalism at the S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications in Syracuse, New York. Her most recent book is *Shadow Daughter: A Memoir of Estrangement*.

Susan Browne is the author of *Buddha's Dogs* (Four Way Books) and *Zephyr* (Steel Toe Books). www.susanbrownepoems.com

Shulamith Wechter Caine: Still the same address. Still reading/writing poems. Still wanting to change the world but growing older. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

Christian A. Campbell is a Trinidadian-Bahamian poet, essayist, and cultural critic. Over the course of his life, he has lived in the United States, the Caribbean, the United Kingdom, and Canada.

Turner Cassity was the author of plays and short stories, and fourteen books of poetry, including *Watchboy, What of the Night?* (1966) and *Devils and islands: poems* (2007). He died in 2009.

Inara Cedrins was a poet, painter, and translator of Latvian writers. She died in 2015.

Kelly Cherry is an award-winning poet, novelist, essayist, and a former Poet Laureate of Virginia.

Susan Cohen is the author of *Throat Singing and A Different Wakeful Animal*. "The Woman Who Feels No Fear" won the *Rita Dove Poetry Award*.

Rosita Copiola is the author of poetry, fiction, and nonfiction. Her most recent book of poems is *Le aque delle mente* (Montadori, 2016).

Wendy Cope is a contemporary English poet who read history at St. Hilda's College, Oxford. Now she resides in Ely, Cambridge.

Rafael Courtoisie is a Uruguayan writer who is the author of three novels, sixteen volumes of poetry, as well as many essays. In 2014, he won the Casa de las Américas prize for American poetry.

Jeff Crandall is the author of *The Grief Pool*, and his work has appeared in *Amelia, Beloit Poetry Journal, The Seattle Review*, and *Cutbank*.

Lorna Crozier is the author of fifteen books, and in 2011 she was named an Officer of the Order of Canada.

Vincent Czyz traveled the world and spent ten years living in Istanbul, Turkey. His poetry, short stories, and essays have appeared in a variety of publications.

Barbara Daniels is an English poet who studied at Oxford University. She has published six collections of poetry, and her work has also been published in various magazines.

Carol V. Davis is the author of *Because I Cannot Leave This Body, Between Storms*, and *Into the Arms of Pushkin: Poems of St. Petersburg*.

Kwame Dawes is the author of 21 books of poetry. He is a chancellor of the Academy of American Poets and a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

John F. Deane won the O'Shaughnessy Award for Irish Poetry. His most recent book is *Dear Pilgrims* (Carcenet, 2018).

Amy Dengler was the winner of the Robert Penn Warren Award for poetry. Her last book, *At the Corner of Lost and Found*, was published before she died of cancer in 2011.

Ron De Maris is a Miami poet whose work has appeared in magazines such as *Poetry, The New Republic, The Nation, APR*, and *The Sewanee Review*.

Andrew Dillon taught at Flagler College. His poetry appeared in a variety of journals, including *North Dakota Quarterly* and *Negative Capability*.

Gregory Djanikian's most recent book of poems is *Dear Gravity* (2014). His new collection, *Sojourners of the In-Between* will appear in 2020 from Carnegie Mellon.

Carol Ann Duffy's poetry has received many awards, including the Whitbread and Forward Prizes, as well as the Lannan Award and the E. M. Forster Prize in America. In 2009, she became Poet Laureate of the United Kingdom.

Derek Economy's poems have appeared in *Southern Poetry Review, Evansville Review, Rattle, JAMA*, and *Pilgrimage*. His chapbook, *In the Flood of '94*, was published by Finishing Line Press.

U.A. Fanthorpe was an English poet who was the first woman to be nominated for Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

Miguel Anxo Fernan-Vello is a Spanish poet, and recipient of the prestigious Martín Códax Prize.

Zack Finch is a poet, essayist, father and associate professor in the English Department at Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts in North Adams, MA.

Maureen Tolman Flannery is an author and editor who has twice been the grand prize winner of Sparrowgrass' Award of Poetic Excellence.

Laura Foley's the author of six collections. Her poem "Gratitude List" won the Common Good Books contest. "Nine Ways of Looking at Light" won the Outermost Contest. laurafoley.net

Kim Fortuny is a poet and nonfiction writer. She is Associate Professor of English at Boğaziçi University in Turkey.

Thomas French (Tomaso Frinseach) is a poet and public librarian in County Meath, Ireland.

Alice Friman is the author of five books of poetry. She has taught at many universities during her career, and she assisted in the foundation of the Indiana Writers' Center.

Brieghan Gardner is a poet and educator whose work has been published in journals including *Slipstream* and *Poetry East*. She is a three-time recipient of the Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Poetry Prize.

Becky Gould Gibson is an American poet who is the author of *Heading Home*, which won the Lena Shull Book Contest in 2013. She has written numerous other books that have also won awards.

Arthur Ginsberg is a Seattle poet and neurologist, widely published in both poetry and medical journals. His book *Walking the Panther* was published by Northwoods Press.

Lorna Goodison is the Poet Laureate of Jamaica. She is the recipient of numerous prizes for her work, including the 2018 Windham Campbell Prize for Poetry.

Albert Goldbarth's collections of poetry have twice received the National Book Critics Circle Award. His next is *The Now*, University of Pittsburgh Press (Fall 2019).

Ana Ilce Gomez was a poet recognized as Nicaragua's most lyrical poet of their contemporary times.

Roger Green is an English poet who currently lives in Greece. He wrote the poetry collection *With It Or On It*.

Rachel Hadas's new collection is *Poems for Camilla* (Measure Press 2018). She is Board of Governors professor of English at Rutgers-Newark.

Lola Haskins serves as Honorary Chancellor of the Florida State Poets Association. Her newest collection, *Asylum*, is forthcoming from Pitt in June, 2019.

Seamus Heaney was a Nobel Prize winning Irish poet. He authored more than twenty volumes of poetry and criticism, and also edited a variety of anthologies.

Dorothy Hewett was an Australian feminist poet, novelist, and playwright.

Nâzim Hikmet was a Turkish poet, playwright, novelist, screenwriter, director, and memoirist whose work was acclaimed for its lyrical flow.

Jane Hirshfield's most recent book is *The Beauty*, longlisted for the 2015 National Book Award. She is a chancellor emerita of the Academy of American Poets.

Tony Hoagland was a winner of grants from the National Endowment of the Arts and a Guggenheim prize for poetry in 2000. He was the author of seven books, including *Priest Turns Therapist Treats Fear of God* (2018).

Peter Horn: Professor and Lifetime Honorary Fellowship at the U. of Cape Town and Honorary Professorial Research Assoc. at the U. of the Witwatersrand. He is the recipient of many prizes for his poetry and short stories.

Andrew Hudgins is Humanities Distinguished Professor Emeritus at The Ohio State University. He lives in Sewanee, TN with his wife, the fiction writer Erin McGraw.

Albert Huffstickler was a Texas poet who authored sixteen poetry chapbooks and four full-length collections.

Ana Isartú is a Costa Rican poet, actress, and playwright. She is the author of seven volumes of poetry and a winner of the Primer Premio Certamen EDUCA award.

Ernst Jandl was an Austrian writer who was associated with the Wiener Gruppe, a significant avant-garde circle of European modernism.

Kathleen Jamie, prize-winning poet and essayist, was born in Scotland in 1962. Her work concerns nature, travel and culture. <http://www.kathleenjamie.com>

Mark Jarman is the author most recently of *The Heronry* (Sarabande Books). He teaches at Vanderbilt University.

Yang Jiang was a Chinese playwright, author, and translator. She was the first Chinese person to produce a complete Chinese version of Miguel de Cervantes' novel *Don Quixote*.

Wang Jiaxin is a Chinese poet, essayist, critic, and translator. He has written five collections of poetry, nine books of literary criticism, and two books of translation.

Siphokazi Jonas is a writer, performer, and poet who has written, produced, performed three one-woman productions. Her poems appear in the 2016 *Sol Plaatje European Union Anthology*.

Allison Joseph teaches at Southern Illinois University Carbondale. Her newest book of poems is *Confessions of a Barefaced Woman* (Red Hen Press, 2018).

Abdul Kareem Kasid is an Iraqi poet, essayist, and translator. He has published around forty books. His work is well-known in the Arab world.

Jackie Kay is a Scottish poet and novelist. She is the third modern Makar, the Scottish poet laureate, though now she resides in England.

Jesse Lee Kercheval is a poet, writer and translator. Her latest collection *America that island off the coast of France* is forthcoming from Tupelo Press.

Kerry Shawn Keys is a poet, playwright, wonderscript writer. Dozens of books, and Chevalier of the Order of the Silver Garlic Bullet of the Republic of Užupis.

Shameelah Khan is co-editor of *Odd* and a Production Course Administrator at Africa Film Drama Art, where she also works as a junior lecturer. Her work also appears in *Itch* and *Odd*.

John Kinsella's recent books include the poetry collection *Firebreaks* (WW Norton, 2016). He is a Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge University, and Professor of Literature and Environment at Curtin University.

Mary Kipps has been writing poetry since childhood. Her poems have appeared in *The Aureorean*, *Snowy Egret*, *Magnapoets*, *Pearl*, and others.

James Kirk is an American poet whose work has appeared in publications such as *Ploughshares*, *Tendrils*, *Poet Lore*, *The Mississippi Review*, and *Crazy Horse*.

Arun Kolatkar was an Indian poet who wrote in English and Marathi. In 1977, his first collection of English poetry, entitled *Jejuri*, won the Commonwealth Writers' Prize.

Ann B. Knox began her writing career in her 50s. She wrote several chapbooks, including *Reading the Tao at Eighty* (2006), and published two full collections of poetry: *Stonecrop* (1988) and *Staying is Nowhere* (1996).

Jason Koo is the author of three full-length collections of poetry and is the founder and executive director of Brooklyn Poets and creator of the Bridge (poetsbridge.org).

Steve Kowit was an American poet, essayist, educator, and human rights advocate who received multiple awards for his poetry.

Jiaqiao Liu is a Chinese nonbinary poet living in Auckland/Tāmaki-makaurau. Their work has been included in *brief*, *Atlanta Review*, and *Takahē*.

Busisiwe Veronica Mahlangu was the 2016/2017 Speak Out Loud slam poetry champion, winner of the 2017 Another Kind of Slam, and the 2017 National South African Library Slam.

Mary Makofske's latest book is *World Enough, and Time* (Kelsay, 2017). "Nasreen's Story" won the 2017 *Atlanta Review* International Poetry Prize. www.marymakofske.com

Mina Farid Malik is a writer and poet whose work has appeared in several national and international publications, including *Pakistani Literature*, *South Asian Review*, and *Vallum*.

Irina Mashinski has written nine books of Russian poetry and a book of English language poetry. She is an editor of *Cardinal Points Literary Journal*, and has co-edited the *Penguin Book of Russian Poetry* (2015) with Boris Dralyuk and Robert Chandler.

Jamie McKendrick is an English poet who studied at the University of Nottingham and has won the Oxford-Weidenfeld Translation Prize.

Sandra Meek is the author of six books of poems, including *Still* (Persea 2020), *An Ecology of Elsewhere*, *Road Scatter*, and the Dorset Prize-winning *Biogeography*.

Joyce Meyers' books include *The Way Back*, *Shapes of Love*, and *Wild Mushrooms*. In 2014 she won the *Atlanta Review* International Poetry Prize, and was nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

A. Molotkov's poetry collections are *The Catalog of Broken Things*, *Application of Shadows* and *Synonyms for Silence*. He is the winner an Oregon Literary Fellowship. AMolotkov.com.

Eugenio Montale was an Italian poet, prose, writer, editor, and translator. In 1975, he was awarded the Nobel Prize of Literature.

David Moolten's most recent book, *Primitive Mood* (2009), won the T. S. Eliot Award from the Truman State University Press. He lives & writes in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Martin Mooney is an Irish poet who has won awards including the Brendan Behan Memorial Award. He has published multiple poetry collections, including *Rasputin and his Children* and *Blue Lamp Disco*.

Sinéad Morrissey is the author of six collections, the most recent of which is *On Balance* (2017) and has won numerous awards, including the T S Eliot and Forward poetry prizes.

Partow Nooriala is an Iranian poet. Her first book of poetry was banned by the Iranian regime before the 1979 Iranian Revolution. Now living in the U.S., she has written many books of poetry.

Denis Novikov published four volumes of poetry in his lifetime, the second of which contained an enthusiastic afterword by Joseph Brodsky. Novikov's collected poems appear in *Viza* (2007).

Olga Novo is a Galician poet and essayist. She has taught Galician literature in high schools as well as at the University of Southern Brittany.

Naomi Shihab Nye's most recent book is *Voices in the Air - Poems for Listeners* (Greenwillow, 2018) and forthcoming is *The Tiny Journalist* (BOA, 2019).

Tatiana Oroño is a Uruguayan poet who is the author of seven books. Additionally, she has had her poetry published in numerous countries across North America, South America, and Europe.

Gregory Orr is a professor at the University of Virginia, where he founded the MFA Program in Writing. He has also served as the Poetry Editor for the *Virginia Quarterly Review*.

Alexandra Oliver is a Canadian poet. She won the Pat Lowther Award in 2014 for her book *Meeting the Tormentors in Safeway*.

Stephanos Papadopoulos is a Greek/American poet and translator. He was awarded the Haien-Ballard Writer's Prize by Mark Strand and has received fellowships from the Civitella Ranieri Foundation and The Lannan Foundation.

Ellen Peckham has read, published and exhibited in the U.S., Europe and Latin America. She frequently uses both art forms in a single work, the text decorating and explicating and the image illuminating.

Marcia Popp is the author of *Comfort in Small Rooms*, poems from which appeared in *Best New Poets* and won the Robert Cohn Poetry award.

Charles W. Pratt was an English teacher and apple farmer in New Hampshire. He published four books of poetry before he died in 2012.

Susan Blackwell Ramsey's book, *A Mind Like This*, won the Prairie Schooner Book Prize. She lives in Kalamazoo, which does exist.

Bhanuji Rao writes his literature in the Odia language, a language spoken in the Indian state of Odisha. In 1989, he was awarded the Sahitya Akademi Award.

red hawk is the author of six poetry books, including *Return to the Mother: Poems inspired by Lao Tzu's Tao Te Ching* (Hohm Press, 2017).

Fahmida Riaz was a Progressive Urdu writer, poet, human rights activist, and feminist in Pakistan.

Ana Rossetti is a well-known feminist writer in Spain who has published various books and poems. She has received the Gules prize for poetry and the International King Carlos Prize for Poetry.

Sankar Roy was a Bengali poet and essayist. Additionally, he wrote Odia poetry.

Arja Salafranca has published three collections of poetry, *A Life Stripped of Illusions* which won the Sanlam Award, *The Fire in Which We Burn*, and *Beyond Touch*.

Stan Sanvel Rubin is the author of several books, including *There. Here.* (Lost Horse Press, 2013). He currently directs the Rainier Writing Workshop low residence M.F.A. program.

Lawrence Russ is a writer, attorney, teacher, and photographer who has aided in significant changes and reforms in Connecticut's construction law, arts law, and historic preservation law.

Tadhg Russell is an Irish poet whose work has been published by *Southword*, *Cyphers*, *The Story Thursday Book*, and more.

Penelope Scambly Schott is a past recipient of the Oregon Book Award for Poetry. Recent books are *House of the Cardamom Seed* and *November Quilt*.

Anya Silver was the author of four books of poetry, and is a recipient of a Guggenheim fellowship and a Georgia Author of the Year Award.

Anita Skeen is Director of the Center for Poetry at Michigan State University, where she also serves as the Arts Coordinator. She is the author of six volumes of poetry.

Robin Skelton was a British academic, writer, poet, and anthologist.

Arthur Smith published five books including *The Late World*. His work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The Georgia Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *TriQuarterly Review*.

Charlie Smith has nine poetry books including *Jump Soul: New and Selected Poems*; eight novels and a book of novellas; new poetry book *Demo*, forthcoming 2019.

In 2018 **R. T. Smith** retired after 23 years as editor of *Shenandoah* and Writer-in-Residence at Washington and Lee University. Smith's 15th collection of poems, *Summoning Shades*, appeared in 2019.

Tracy K. Smith is the 22nd Poet Laureate of the United States. She has published four collections of poetry, winning the Pulitzer Prize for her volume *Life on Mars*.

Kelwyn Sole lives in Cape Town, and has published seven collections of poetry. His latest, *Walking, Falling*, recently won the 2018 South African Literary Award.

Christine Stewart-Nuñez, memoirist and author of four poetry collections, teaches creative writing at South Dakota State University. Find her work at christinestewartnunez.com.

Nicomedes Suárez-Araúz is a Bolivian poet, editor, and literary and art theorist. He has published four poetry volumes.

Alan Sugar's poems have appeared in *Atlanta Review*, *The Jewish Literary Journal*, *The Society of Classical Poets*, *The Lyric*, and *RFD*. He lives in Decatur, GA.

Nancy Terasaki lives in Allen, Texas with her husband, Stan, and her dog, Reggie. She's always thinking of her next poem which, she hopes, will make its appearance soon.

Maria Terrone's four poetry collections include *A Secret Room in Fall*, winner of the McGovern Prize from Ashland Poetry Press. Other credits: *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, *Poetry Daily* and more than 25 anthologies.

John Tranter is an Australian poet, editor, and publisher. Over the length of his career, he has published over twenty books of poetry.

Natasha Trethewey served two terms as the 19th Poet Laureate of the United States (2012-2014). She is the author of five collections of poetry, including *Native Guard*—for which she was awarded the 2007 Pulitzer Prize.

Derek Walcott was a Caribbean poet and winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature and MacArthur Genius Award.

Achim Wagner is a writer and translator in Berlin and Ankara. His most recent books are *between green and five thirty* and *light geography*.

Jan Wagner is a poet and translator. His books include *Self Portrait with Bee Swarm: Selected Poems 2001-2015* (2016), and *The Locked Room: Casual Prose* (2017).

Jeanne Wagner is the winner of several national awards. She has four chapbooks and two books: *The Zen Piano-mover*, winner of the Stevens Manuscript Prize, and *In the Body of Our Lives*.

Sun Wenbo is a Chinese poet who currently is the chief editor of *Contemporary Poetry*, a magazine that influences China's younger generation.

Claude Wilkinson's poetry collections include *Reading the Earth*, winner of the Naomi Long Madgett Poetry Award, *Joy in the Morning*, and most recently, *Marvelous Light*.

A fourth generation New Zealander, **Alison Wong** now moves between Geelong, Australia, and NZ. She writes fiction, poetry, and memoir/creative non-fiction.

Cecilia Woloch's most recent book is an updated and expanded edition of *Tsigan: The Gypsy Poem*, published by Two Sylvias Press in 2018.

Jeff Worley, winner of *Atlanta Review's* 2002 International Poetry Competition, has published six books and four chapbooks of poetry. He splits his time between Lexington, KY, and his cabin in the Daniel Boone National Forest.

Wang Xiaoni is a Chinese poet and literary editor. She has won several awards over the span of her career, during which she has also published over twenty five books of poetry.

Nima Yushij was a contemporary Persian and Tabarian poet who is considered to be the father of modern Persian poetry.



***Atlanta Review* is indebted to our
incredibly generous donors.**

**We also wish to thank these units from
the Georgia Institute of Technology
for their support:**

THE OFFICE OF DIVERSITY

THE IVAN ALLEN COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

THE SCHOOL OF LITERATURE, MEDIA, AND
COMMUNICATION

BENEFACTORS

WALT WHITMAN CIRCLE \$1,000

ANONYMOUS

KATHY BETTY

DONNA & LARRY BROWN

BOB & JOY DAWSON

ELIZABETH & REID DOWNEY

ELIZABETH S. VALENTINE & ROGER GRIGG

STEVE & PAM HALL

KAREN HEAD & COLIN POTTS

FRIEDA LEVINSKY

TOM & POLLY SAPITOWICZ

SUSAN SHIRLEY & CHRIS SHIRLEY

ALBERT THORNTON

DAN VEACH

ROBERT FROST CIRCLE \$500

JOE & LISA BANKOFF
HENRY & MARGARET BOURNE
PEGGY & ROBERT DENNIS
J. H. GRIMSON
LINDA HARRIS
GINGER MURCHISON
LAURA WIDEBURG

ELIZABETH BISHOP CIRCLE \$250

AREATHA ANTHONY • RUTH BLAKENEY
GAYLE CHRISTIAN • CAROLE P. FAUSSEMAGNE
MAGGIE HUNT-COHEN • STEPHEN MASSIMILLA
ALVIN PANG • HANS JORG STAHLSCHMIDT
SLOBODANKA STRAUSS • MARY STRIPLING
LISA SUMMERS • RENATA TREITEL

Patrons \$100

Nina Adlawan • Jacqueline Bardsley
David C. Benton • Steven Ford Brown
Emery L. Campbell • Robert Champ
Tom Chandler • Stephanie Kaplan Cohen
Catherine Colinvaux • Liz & Tom Cooksey
Barbara Clark • John Crawford
Terry Hensel • Ruth Kinsey
Joan Kunsch • Gloria Lewyn
Lee & Candace Passarella • Wanda Praisner
Ron Self • John Stephens
Jim Tilley • Stephen & Ruth Windham
Ellen & Dan Zegura

Donors \$50

Dorothy Brooks • John O. Connell
Barbara Lydecker Crane • Peter Fontaine
Rebecca Foust • Dr. Edda H. Hackl
David & Christy Hand
Sandra K. Kennedy • Jay Kidd
Ed & Sylvia Krebs • Marjorie Mir
Janet Murray • Dean Olson
Korkut Onaran • Sherman Pearl
Diane Powell • Carol Senf
Peter Serchuk • Leslie Sharp
Michael Spence • Alicia Stallings
Jennifer Wheelock • Tonia Williams
David Zoll • Wanita Zumbrunnen

Friends \$30

William I. Allgood • Diana Anhalt
Rebecca Baggett • Virginia Beards
Jesse Bodley • Ronald Boggs
Gaylord Brewer • Bette Callahan
Robin S. Chapman • Shannon Dobranski
Mary Dowd • Booky Ellis
Catlyn Fendler • Karie Friedman
Steven Girardot • Rachel Hadas
Amy Henry • Mary Anderson Hill
Sandra Larson • Donald Lashley
Charles Liverpool • Perie Longo
Kay O'Connell • Maribeth Price
Lee Rossi • Andrew Schillinger



ATLANTA REVIEW



POETRY 2019



International Poetry Competition

Grand Prize

\$1,000

25 International Publication Prizes

Publication in the Poetry 2018 Issue of Atlanta Review

30 International Merit Awards

List of honor in Atlanta Review, free contest issue

Easy Online Entry:

<https://atlantareview.submittable.com/>

Deadline: May 1, 2019

**For more information about supporting *Atlanta Review*,
visit www.atlantareview.com/donate/**

If you wish to make a donation to support the journal, please
mail a check payable to the **Georgia Tech Foundation**, with
Atlanta Review on the notes line.

Checks should be mailed to 686 Cherry Street, NW Suite 333
Atlanta, Georgia 30332-0161.

Contributions are tax deductible.