

## Stop/move

A bracelet of light around Auckland  
tight speculation that the  
BUS STOP IS MOVING  
seemed slightly odd to the kid.

Moving where?  
He thought it'd stopped?

He told himself that if  
his name was as odd as this  
stage direction, bent from a  
sober skin and said over and  
over, it would sound like  
laughter.

Wrecked,  
a gasp for air.

Beautiful,

like the  
sound of  
y o u r  
mother.

Everything.

Vanished.

It would be a rhapsody of tired  
kisses, stitched together by a  
promise.

It would be a caress of the  
universe.

It would be a confession,  
pushed into a back pocket and  
left to the lint.

The passion of it had risen fast, a florid tail tacking a light of how it came,  
and how it left. A transit.

*Jamie Trower*

# KAHUWHAKAMARUMARUWAIKUA (chant)

(A cloak for travellers through blacklands in backcountry)

Beyond faces stitched  
Seam to seam in snow  
blacklands lash with tongues  
keen to violins on No 8 wires  
their somewhere and nowheres  
matagouri for shelter.  
Forced to journey  
without tracks  
in jandals and longjohns  
wayfarers needs weave from  
found and bequeath  
a kahuwhakamarumaruwairua  
or bleed into darkness

Aue Aue Aue

Wairua a tupuna  
breathe aroha  
impervious to blizzards  
weave a cloak with hood hand kissed  
throat clasp brushed with lips  
kihi to dispel shadow.

Line with white satin stars  
Compass for eyes without light.  
Turn back an edge  
Find firelight for reflection  
glowworms to illumine  
incandescent in blacklands  
through backcountry

*Kahuwhakamarumaruwairua*: cloak to protect /shelter the spirit

*Aue*: lament

*Kihi*: kiss

*Tupuna*: ancestor

*Wairua*: spirit

*Aroha*: love

*Robynanne Milford*

## I am the child

I am the child behind the curtain  
I smell the blood on the lino  
a taste of iron on my tongue

they moved in at first light  
men with cameras lights flashed  
black anoraks breath like smoke

my mother chafed too many  
questions she argued what  
business do they have here

the boats came into the harbour  
my father on the jetty to greet them  
he carried his rifle the dog growled

the sun rises on the hills lights  
the gullies emerging trees  
the frost melts slowly

*Jeni Curtis*

## we dreamed her

remember when I said  
if he asks——what's down there——maybe I'll let him——  
be——gratefully——devoured——beaks snapping between  
silicone legs——I——blue-mascaraed octopus——flash——in  
glee.  
she——peered over——mango bubble tea——&unhinged——  
four sets of jaws——clickclickpop——&smiled——gently——  
gently——at we gutter-children——girls &——the not-  
girls——scabbed palms lined with laughter——the kind——that  
haunts——as he——haunted us——fucked us——stuffed us——  
in car trunks——  
she——squelched over——to our side of the table——butterflied  
all 44 hands through our hair——&crooned

“what do you really want?”

tonight——our——slender pale suckers——tenderly——  
tenderly——unhinge occipital bone——he——sheds——  
like a Hatsune Miku wig——your thigh-socked——Pearls  
of the Orient——so——masturbatable——masticate——  
astrocytes——sweetly——sweetly——while she——smiles——

come, see——his punishment——open her rage-studded  
throat——& eat.

*Rosalie Liu*

While the rest of the world turned on its access and went to war and declared peace and went to war again and declared peace again and eventually engaged a new kind of war, a war that would last generations and be final proof that we'd all gone mad, while the socialists and communists and fascists and capitalists and anarchists and pacifists and economists and existentialists and astrologists and ufologists and scientists and homeopaths and nanotechnologists and nihilists and objectivists and evolutionists and creationists and occupy-ists advanced theories on progress and history and movement and change and a better life and a worse life and the end of the world and the new age, as well as the benefits of vitamin C and the dangers of gluten, the baker in Palmerston North, like his father and grandfather before him, pulled the shutters up on a new day and hung the wooden sign in the window: THE BREAD NEVER VARIES

*Michelle Elvy*

her lips a queasy oozy creosote gorge on my flathead forehead above the eyebrows of rustled cow blacks and shady creams, she removes more than I had, slips and eases into comfortably unaffordable rings and things and bares marble opaque whites of icebergs but they boil, crimson sunset eyes, bloodied from battling with bustling male appendage goodfathers in their soaked and sweated lives devoid, she pastes dilemma delirium on the wall to the writer's block of latrines sprinkled with Vietnam Vets parking choppers in sound hardened basements of bitter blue backsides beaming moons, the lines of armed holes in wrists cloying, clambering for juke joints that devour pity, cut teeth in fruit fuck alleys, god is silent, earthly rotting meatheads of stench, barrel-bombing snapshot candidates, the beggar me, the crunched peanuts hanging beside dictating angst med users, screened gems harassing the bullshit lying echoes of childhood wakings, scamper the medic, hollow the phone to the bone, catch me, jailed sexuals harking, cut cut cut me out but the boy stays in, strum and pellets ricochet into bass and liquorice legs, hair but not here, shoulders as racks of suicidal and varnished luckless, hook up lock down angled stars shooting back, savagely rant the perverse pulling tides aside whisper "not dead yet"

*Keith Nunes*

## The needlework, the polishing

I like an empty church, forgive me. I like  
a heavy door you have to push until it gives.  
I like the onrush of the smell of must,  
the sound of my sole self stepping up the aisle.  
I'll always like the way the door behind me  
closing echoes. Goes. I like the way  
the after-echo opens still. The needlework,  
the polishing. A rose window, sure, and if  
stained motes could circulate shaft-lit  
high up at Sunday pace, O please. Ever  
dust-dance lift mine eyes above the pulpit  
while I perch at pew. Flat cushions laid out  
dead on cold, hard seats with cold, hard backs.  
The kneeling rail. I kneel. I quietly rail.

Sue Wootton

## Queen Auckland

1.

this city is hard to cuddle  
*what do you expect with a character from the Rocky Horror Show* he said  
she stretches out her left arm & touches Glorit  
she stretches out her right arm beaching her thumb at Orewa  
the mayors from the West & the North sing a cacophony of resistance  
people south of Bombay chant *AucklandAucklandAuckland* all the time  
holding two fingers in the air yes the air shimmering off the glass off the  
glass into the harbour  
where American tourists think they're somewhere near San Francisco  
she lost her umbrella in that city in 1970 when the flowers had become a  
cloying memory  
on the mind she buys a new umbrella every year in this city pushing  
memories of lost  
umbrellas & broken spokes into a variety of rubbish bins today she waves  
a new black  
cheap kind at the America's Cup Village & in the direction of her memory  
of the Hydra sign  
she minces along Ponsonby Road whistling *Transylvania* through her  
teeth & *give me balloons to throw in the Avondale picture theatre* where  
the dear doctor struts his stuff & flings hands as big as Albert Park over  
craters waiting in the wings for their cue to take centre-stage

2.

he sang in K'Rd

*I'm a wild & untamed thing*  
*my body a temple & a leather glove*  
material legends are made of &

she is holding hibiscus fabric  
against her sunmarked skin

her Brad & Janet skin

her too pale skin her looking for the best bargain skin

3.

she wants to eat it all this market its colour she wants to swallow the music soft unknown words sliding down her throat she wants to swim into smiles as big as watermelons she hops from stall to stall jingling names in her mouth taro green bananas lava lava tapa cloth holding a long shell to her ear & the Pacific swishes in bluer than she could ever have imagined & brown children run in & out of the surf she feels droplets shaken from their skin soak into her laughter yes right through her laughter her laughter is drenched in the Pacific

4.

one boat, two boats, three boats, four, five boats, six boats, seven boats more

5.

he said this Hauraki Gulf & its blinding white sails  
she said let's give *the lie to the lie* even  
everyday names in our mouth I thought *Hauraki* a gold  
standard forgetting waves of chart makers in the beginning  
before these waters were muddied & washed by ferries  
people called this horizon this holder of islands  
*seas separated by a gulf Tikapa Moana large ocean*  
*Te Moananui a Toi*

Sue Fitchett

Three is a double date with one missing

1.

To ascend to the subject of desire one has placed out of reach:  
plant an acorn under each foot and wai/特級蜜桃 a hyperbole of  
a peach/y keen squeaky cl/櫻紅葉綠 不協調的色塊瘋在一起/  
ia seeds clog the sink. I think about eating. It is quiet. Chia seeds  
clog the sink; the old milk lets itself out any way. My onesie and  
I return to the business of wri/婷婷玉立 昏昏欲睡/a cat opens a  
bird and a cloud spills out. A nephrologist puts it back in the sky.  
It rains. This afternoon I want to read the essay *On the Virtues of*  
*Not Understanding*; I aspire to virtu/multuous falls from grace,  
from the great heights of oaks.

2.

To ascend to the subject of desire one has placed out of reach:  
choreograph dancers into a structure, climb/ every mountain,  
ford every stream, follow every rainb/OkCupid accounts, hacked  
and deleted and spawned again, maybe better luck this time/s  
herself towards collap/私房菜包養了某某的胃/eighty sleepiness  
roused by a not-poem. Who is C? Your text is not a poem in the  
same way I am not unhappy. Three books arrive in a b/occidental  
backpackers on the Taipei Metro; I identify. B says this is deeply  
interesting; I say no compass knows true north in our iron ci/提  
醒我因為少寫，已經生澀彆扭不知所言語無倫次錯別字多太  
多/ritos travel from hand to mouth, a ruminating morning. I write  
out all the remaining days of the year. This year ends on a Thurs/  
they say the dead visit their living on the seventh they/ say my  
grandmother made her loneliness from a terror of having no mon/  
擬人化的貓湊上來，然後不負責的跑了/urking between her  
shoulder blades, meaning plays hide and seek with B/業了你想  
做什麼呢?我啊，我想把我的連貫性一把抽了，散了，叮叮  
咚咚，字字珠璣，隻隻竹雞。咕，咕，咕/tenberg invented the  
printing press around 1440. I buy the three lead characters I need  
to print my name. Airport security pulls me over. The x-ray cannot  
see through my dense dense heart. M writes, after two years, just  
before going to Tokyo and says, send me careless, fast-churn

writing. I do not begin to explain how the music had stopped and I couldn't climb past the overhang of her spine.

3.

To ascend to the subject of desire one has placed out of reach:  
fold letters into escalators, stand within the yellow lines and hold  
the handrail tight/理工科的父親留下一櫃滿滿的科幻小說 我  
並不急著看完/dering feet take me to the park. The light loses  
its temperature at quarter-past-four and shadows escort me h/俺  
嘛呢叭咪吽南無/ mail ends up rained on. I must remember to  
post the forms tomorrow, and to hang the wash out to dr/挨著枕  
頭 半睡半醒 一行行的詩, 忽然而過/rangutangs laugh at the  
forty-two-year-old white rhino – ha, the world knows your low  
sperm Count/down will no longer deliver online purchases to  
homes with (stares)/ into an insincere smile, no, no, I do not want  
to be eat/謄寫著自己的名字, 一遍又一遍, 越寫越疏離, 自  
己的手認不太出自己的名字。還好, 我的聲帶記得/matitis  
runs up and down her legs; she leaves a trail of cellular clues.  
The escalator pushes at her heels to move along, move along.  
Everybody is a subject of desire for somebody.

Ya-Wen Ho

## Initiation

I replace my mother in the marital bed  
*she wriggles too much* my father says  
every bump & jostle agony he has orchitis  
a testicular abscess the left scrotal sac  
a fiery globe it's all right  
we all know I'll be a doctor  
one day & a doctor has duties

Mum takes to my bed my body rigid  
on the edge of her side of their mattress never  
have I lain so still a matter of honour  
no-man's-land between us he trusts me

to assist with the daily dressing holds  
his limp member aside while with gauze  
& tweezers I draw pus from the stoma  
his mouth twists head turns away he trusts me  
not to hurt him more than I must he wants  
me to save him foreshadows the day  
he'll ask me to end his life

Karen Zelas

## cartographies I

the line borders our minds and we are  
tucking long threads of thin streams behind our ears  
as we delve into rivers brandishing bridges  
and linger beside features of accumulated water  
the blue hues and gradients  
illuminate the path of our feet  
as our trail deepens dust between  
phalanges of kelp and tussock  
shall we map our footsteps?  
not the heel toe imprint  
but the rubble of our way.

Makyla Curtis

## Plunge tectonic

These millennia will be our answers waltzing through.  
Strange dancers. And who? Go to water and out again.  
How it cozens. One after another replaced. Dozens.  
Borders redrawn, broken. Retrace. Something large twists  
its mouth. Such distaste. Make a paste. Renews its vows to  
try harder. More land on my pillow. Whatever. I sweep the  
floor clear of debris. Maybe I'll catch the flu, as you watch  
me. Keep it together, in the end. Harry our father. Not our  
friend. The fatherland. Dawn chews the stern. Bother other  
lands instead. A kinder man's no Mister Room, sister womb  
to combat, future zoo. What a little husbandry can do for  
you. Tombs enough for plenty. I sweep it all clear of debris.  
Cross the stage, dyed like a peahen, I get to thinking now  
and then. Going into water and out again, maybe today  
I'll catch you watching me. Cracks tectonic as much for  
posterity. Humpty Dumpty can't touch me. Given time,  
things can start. Prime the engine. Reel apart. Arbitraries  
dissolve again, once more. Now time to give birth. Land on  
my pillow. It's so clear. We're here. Eyed by a peacock, I  
cross the stage. Carry a feather, down the storm.

*Ivy Alvarez*



Like a queen

I should be king  
I should be torn from your stuffy pages

I should be monster  
I should be undeterred by scars on shoulder blades

I should be tempted  
I should be blackened, cum-stained and bleeding from love

I should be everything  
I should be twenty-something with no heel

I should be wanton  
I should be leaning over ledges with my fortune

I should be happy  
I should be that bottle that never empties

I should be mirrored  
I should be blanketed in folds of rolling silk

I should be child  
I should be tender at their protests

I should be ready  
I should be volume up on open roads

I should be paper  
I should be leading you all into war

I should be visible  
I should be on every street corner as is

I should be bold  
I should be the reason you know my name

I should be spill  
I should be more than enough

I should be queen

I should be your closing credits

*Chris Tse*

## White pearls, hanging ears

o but that sounds like a Maori name!  
o but you don't look it!  
o and what about you?  
o You have a Maori name too!  
o is that because you are part-  
o or half- or did your parents  
o have a special association  
o with a particular native  
o tree?  
o Oh, they've both left the room! o  
o Oh well.  
o What about you?  
o You've got that exotic look — o  
o that skin, those cheekbones o  
o They were -lish and -tish o  
o And they were -rish and -tch o  
o Well, you know, if only  
those other people knew!  
If they would just take the time  
to get to know us they would o  
realise we didn't come here free no!  
we were oppressed in a system o  
and told what to do  
and we came over here and we  
were told what to do o  
it's the same! Same!  
Just different  
place you know  
and if they knew more about that  
maybe they maybe they  
wouldn't be so angry so o angry  
I mean  
they don't realise our history  
we carry hundreds no thousands  
of years of domination I mean  
your people were nearly murdered  
off the face of this Earth

my people were starved  
off the land and  
o we've all been dispossessed  
raped and conquered into the next  
generation of half-castes and humans  
have always travelled  
so we're the same! Same! o  
o Anyway, shall we sit down and continue?  
This is fantastic.  
I feel like I'm speaking with myself.

*Nicola Easthope*

## Token

The last time I visited you  
it was three in the afternoon.  
I drank a glass of water and chatted  
with your dad about the timing

of the Sunday market over the machete  
of your cough hacking a path  
into the room. When I saw you I saw  
the new tattoo on your forearm.

Now you're definitely a Kiwi,  
I said. You looked happy for a moment  
then frowned, ordering your dad around  
the room to find a silver bracelet

you wanted me to have but  
it needs a polish, get the polish  
you said. He couldn't find it, it wasn't  
where it should be in the hall cupboard,

in the end, we gave up. You looked  
worn out by the hunt but  
go into the bedroom you said,  
pointing with your arm. Choose

one of my scarves. Well,  
there must have been ten of them  
threaded through the rail of the bedstead.  
Unlacing the pink one with brown dots

from its mooring, I took it back to you  
and you smiled then, as if it was  
just the one you'd have chosen yourself.

*Claire Orchard*

## A letter to Shu Hoong

between the Huon river and the Bonorong Wildlife Park

between Hong Lim Park and En Tong Sen and South Bridge streets

between brown swamp water and plastic bags and other floating debris

between two different ways of speaking

between two big collisions at the height of the storm between lightning

between a drink of lemon and minuman barley in a can

between gula sugar and a little orange spider and then there's another one

between grass that looks like baby spinach and dried blood on my arm

how do I get to Shu Hoong the poet who works in a bank

*bernadette hall*

## The mothers of the mothers of the mothers

She tells the child that if all the great, great grandmothers were to climb out of the ground to drift through the cemetery, it wouldn't be long before they came across each other, laughing and slapping each other on the back and say they all held hands, the long line of them would reach the North Island but they wouldn't complain their feet were in the cold salty ocean, in fact the mothers of the mothers of the mothers were used to much worse, some having only a potato to eat at night and soldiers burning their houses down and having to wear corsets of whale bones that go all the way to their knees but the child says that's going too far and she likes the part best where the mothers of the mothers of the mothers wonder about the little girl who rides to school in a car that does not eat hay but only drinks lakes and lakes of petrol.

*Frankie McMillan*

## City Rise

lights go out when we least expect it  
it's your presence  
night, a body without words  
we clothe ourselves in it

it's your presence  
an intellect turning, breaking  
I clothe myself in it  
refuse of the world gathers in

an intellect turning, breaking  
kiss of small stars  
refuse of the world gathers in:  
four of hearts from the Dunedin Casino

kiss of small stars  
bloom pink and tumble  
four of hearts from the Dunedin Casino  
still you are closed like a secret

blooms pink and tumble  
night, a body without words  
here is my mouth like a secret  
lights go out when we least expect it

*Alison Wong*

## Fire!

*(Opoutere, New Zealand)*

Terrified by what we might see,  
we ran from our beds to the edge of the bank,  
scanning the black estuary.  
Here in the daytime, daffodils,  
leggy ballerinas,  
had shivered in the wind —  
how had we travelled so fast  
from innocent to ominous,  
deafened by this crackling?

Was it a fire without flames  
creeping through the toetoe?  
A fire that fed on darkness?  
The night was tight-lipped,  
the moon, Methuselah-hag, shuffled  
across the mudflats on her sticks  
of pohutukawa.

Crabs!  
It was crabs up from their caverns,  
clack-clacking their claws,  
snipping the air with bony scissors.  
Crabs,  
in their white evening jackets,  
courting the world  
with such loud kisses!

*Jan FitzGerald*

## Broken Song

Inside a tiger, inside a Rousseau painting;  
inside a house on fire  
they're on the edge of the world falling into myth,  
legend or infinite possibilities.

His pale blue fancy-wancy house  
with frilly edges in flames  
tumbling into a canyon of stars and planets.

She saw the place burning  
surrounded with dark blue space,  
except for where the conflagration dropped endlessly,  
a fiery streak of red and orange  
trailing smoke and charred debris.

Wrote it down like digging a way out  
and made black ladder lines;  
a sketch of important things left behind.  
Her determination to keep love anyway  
and their to-and-fro with its smeary remarks.  
In chimney make-up watching each other's backs,  
stains and smudges when they escaped.  
Laughs of good dark to go on in.

*Raewyn Alexander*

## TED TALK

Everyone wants a unique experience  
And everyone believes we are all equal  
And everyone believes we are all different  
And everyone believes that we share a common humanity  
And everyone believes there are evil people in the world  
And everyone believes that a better world is at least possible  
And everyone believes that you make your own meaning out of  
the meaninglessness  
And everyone believes that belief is simply a repetition of  
ritualised formulas of belonging  
And everyone believes that their beliefs have been forged  
in the cauldron of suffering and understanding, of trials and  
breakthroughs  
How we have suffered but not as much as some people have  
suffered but much more than some who have never suffered  
And everyone believes the ship is sinking  
And everyone believes we should stay on board and save it  
And everyone believes that kissing someone's arse is not a good  
thing to do  
And everyone believes there are some arses that are so admirable  
that kissing them is natural and good and right  
And everyone believes you shouldn't just make things up that they  
should be true  
And everyone believes that they have to make things up because  
that is their right and it is their life the only one  
And they believe that the things they make up are not like the  
things anyone else makes up  
They believe that their dreams are their dreams alone and nobody  
else's  
And they believe that the short tired late middle-aged man in the  
train coming home from work dull-eyed and bitter-faced  
They believe that he is not them  
They believe they are not him  
They believe he does not smile at them  
They believe he does not look at them the way they look at him

*Murray Edmond*

## Kiwiana

Cabbage Tree, L&P  
All Blacks, Footrot Flats  
No. 8 wire, Katchafire  
Too many sheep, Shortland Street  
Kowhai, tui, Hurunui  
Janet Frame, Billy T James  
Whale rider, Steinlager  
Cuzzie bro, whanau  
FRI\*, Kei te pai  
Bungee jump, huhu grub  
Anika Moa, Aotearoa  
Black sticks, Kumara chips  
Bell Tea, Hillary  
Plastic tiki, goodnight kiwi  
Tim Finn, Topp twins  
Yeah-No, Waikato  
Homebrew, BBQ  
Phar Lap, Black Caps  
V-dub Kombi, Richard Hadley  
your shout, Rainbow trout  
NZ lamb, Clyde dam  
Shit yeah, Four square  
Channel One, Telethon  
Black gumboot, kiwifruit  
Swandri, mince pie  
Pike River, rugby fever  
Kathmandu, pounamu  
Pohutukawa... kiwiana!

*F.R.I* = Forest Research Institute

*Julia Charity*

## An obsession with isolation

An imperceptible change, looking out at adulthood, Matiu felt the  
Need to swim up, denied all  
Ordinariness and the ease of it, this  
Bending, blowing in and out with currents, as if the exotic flowering  
Spectacle of seven-billion plankton couldn't move him.  
Excreta, as Matiu sees it, of Cetacea.  
Solo, he looks to the whale,  
Singular in its consuming, linear in its struggle for air/light/surface, forgetting  
Inertia, heavy as liquefaction to pull him down, ripple  
Over needy lungs, you will not be dux, you will not get scholarship, you will  
Not, the world cries, denies. He turns the estuary black with thrashing,  
Will not accept the tide, the dull spoon, only the white-blatant sky; he is the  
earthquake  
Icarus flapping in the space between. He googles giants, Dirac, Gödel, Turing,  
Trawls the silt, the whole is not greater than the sum.  
Heaviness of the particle is crushing. His mother turns him  
In her arms, back to the sea. Again he strains  
Shaking the jagged horizon. GPA of 9, I have to. His mother calls  
Old Maui, to help her sling hard ropes around her son's skin, Matiu's  
Life-long friends with ordinary names Amy, Wisteria, Grace calling him. Matiu  
Acts by thrashing their coo-ee coo-ees, sawing his skin with ruts.  
Tetherless, he slips. His mother stretches jelly-tired arms  
Into the abyss.  
O she knows  
No hole black enough you cannot go.

*Gail Ingram*

## Reputation

snobbery weren't the real reason she was sendin her  
daughter to grammar school in epsom there weren't one  
ounce of snobbery in her workin for the money a daily  
grind rising at dawn facing frosty drives from one end of  
the city to another she runs a tight ship returning as late as  
her eyes can stay open wit her hands clenched into coils  
so tight you'd think they wont never open again and you'd  
be right they might never but how they'd once spread  
apart explosive like stars wit the earth on her hips swaying  
through her santiago days settin off triggers of tremors so  
sudden on the street wit peaches rollin free as she walked  
in deadly decibels past the fruit vendor who was yellin at  
the frisky fruit for bein bruised and shrunken too shrunk  
in fact to sell to a gatherin group of men each still holding  
their terremoto and one of them a builder from pica saw her  
and followed her home all the ways across the pacific to a  
volcanic plateau where they got a room in a small house  
living together til he caught her cuttin herself and she saw  
ghosts and he didn't know what to do cept kiss her quick  
leavin her accusin her of bein bad n mad but he was so  
wrong she said so very very wrong cos she had a plan and  
it was a good one and it was for their daughter who along  
wit da pills in her purse kept her going all day and it werent  
that she was a snob she said but she werent gonna send her  
daughter to the wrong school wit the wrong bunch of kids  
dem ferals from da factories she'd say wit no shame cos  
it werent about scores nor it werent about deciles it was  
bout nuffin but minglin wit the right sorts of people like the  
daughters of da dentists and the daughters of the doctors in  
a school wit a good reputation cos reputation stuck like a  
speculum and opened doors no matter what the flaws and  
there was always flaws she knew but a good school hid em  
like how the scarf round her neck hid her cuts and this was  
better than forgiveness she thought

*Carin Smeaton*

## Credit Control

Walking to the bathroom—

icy stainless sun filtering breathing  
seat sharp frosted diffused water

standing up from my stupor, swaying in a swamp of  
a hundred invoices—  
hands hair bobby pins steel

The muscles of my arse are atrophying as I blink. I can feel them becoming amorphous and jelly. One day they will spill over the chair and flow all over the floor and I'll become a waste product of functionalist administration, an illegitimate proliferation.

Hello,  
Please find attached invoice #33532 for Waitemata District Health Board.  
Best regards,

You're really good at this, a colleague tells me. You could become manager of Accounts Receivable one day.

There are hundreds of messages on my phone. I dare not check them lest I have to make any payment plans.

Dear Randeep Kaur,

NOTICE avoid valid 2013

OVERDUE health quantity hospital  
ACTION comply IMPORTANT immediately

owe

disregard July cost  
SERVICES

13 Takapuna ACCOUNT health regards RECEIVABLE 93503  
Bag number ITEM subtotal #45535 payment collection  
ACTIVITY

Request request BALANCE detail total  
Date LEGAL overdue amount avoid 7 DAYS discuss  
recover

visit treatment District HEALTH calculated

immediately rectified ADMINISTERED MEDICAL  
board

unit cost PAYMENT office receivable  
7 DAYS possible receipt acknowledge 0740 Waitemata  
Sincerely,

Lining the corridor: fake leather, fake wood.

At lunchtime I walk up and down the six storey stairwell of the former National Women's Hospital. My beloved is writing a thesis on the mythology of Siva and talking about a course on Sanskrit literature at Oxford.

Brown

riverstone

tiles walking in step;

the walls,

the ceilings,

the floors,

60s babies born in sepia tone.

My bathroom breaks are becoming increasingly longer.

Dear Randeep Kaur,

I am sorry that you only just arrived here nine months ago to meet your new husband and that you are going to be raising a baby in a foreign country I feel uncomfortable about the fact that your husband works for Yogiberry because I wasn't aware that the frozen yoghurt industry would pay enough to cover living costs in Auckland let alone a \$20k debt I am also sorry for you that there were complications in your pregnancy as that would have doubled the price normal deliveries only cost \$10k but most of all I am sorry that our pricings are never advertised because we are not a private hospital so this bill must have come as a dreadful surprise if you and your new husband and baby will be spending the next seven nights awake, crying, I can only send my deepest regrets—

The land  
of the long white  
cloud of  
milk and



honey has dampened into  
mouldy ceilings and  
asthma lungs

and making ends meet is all we wish  
for our children.

All the best for your struggles and I hope you make it to Australia  
eventually

For the Auckland District Health Board,

*Erena Johnson*

## Being Born

There was black moss  
and a black doris  
plum (my head)

I slipped out  
on the carpet  
my skin was red

*She has a nice little  
penis  
my sister said*

*Umbilical cord  
said my mother  
through sweat*

Black mushrooms  
bloomed  
under the bed

*Rata Gordon*

## The Archives

by the end of the long  
summer holiday  
rats would have eaten  
every scrap of the boys'  
discarded lunch litter  
and moved on  
to the crayons in the art room  
leaving in exchange  
yellow blue red and green  
pellets of waxy shit

D J Graham had been  
installed for five years  
and some of the older staff  
were beginning  
to accept him  
though they still referred  
to the new Headmaster  
such was that cold fish  
Cooper's grasp  
on their loyalty

forced into retirement  
by his wife's dementia  
the man I replaced  
had come straight  
out of uniform  
at the end of the war  
in other words  
before I was born  
and seemed uncomfortable  
in civilian garb

grey strides the norm  
white shirts  
well fingered institutional ties  
tweed sports coats

some with leather elbows  
and some affected  
greenish academic gowns  
said to protect  
one's menswear from  
the ravages of chalk

last period  
more senior members  
could be found napping  
in leather armchairs  
in the staff library  
snores and fluttering  
white nasal hair  
among the bound  
and gilded  
works of Dickens

the punishment book  
a source  
of dark humour  
CANED IN ERROR  
3 strokes  
FOR CALLING ME A PRICK  
4 strokes  
(amended by a  
colleague to  
FOR TELLING THE TRUTH)

in the rocky basement  
of the building  
opened in 1916  
rat skeletons and  
a smallbore rifle range  
so every boy  
from Third  
to Seventh Form  
could be trained  
to repulse the Hun

*Tony Beyer*

in your eyes.

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## Interlude

On my first swim of the summer  
The tide is out  
The mud sticks to my feet  
I float in water as deep as my thighs  
As warm as the sun on the grass  
The sky above me an open book  
As wide as my arms  
gathering myself up in my towel  
Laughing at the mud in my hair,  
streaking my legs  
After my swim,  
I need to swim again.

*Kiri Piahana-Wong*

## Birdsongs

1.

### DAWN CHORUS

a brash band of static  
starting earlier each day  
between the last layers of sleep

2.

### STARLINGS

a wild bird sings  
within the vibrant hedge  
ecstatic in its mating call  
  
through all the summer days  
I wait for it to come  
and perch on me     immobile  
coloured like an oily rainbow

my hand closes  
to possess the song  
a supple cage of fingers

other birds sing—  
the dried out feathers  
in my hand      do not respond

3.

#### OFF LITTLE HUIA

the seabirds curve  
along the cliff top  
tail forks  
tuning the breeze

they dive  
eclipsing the high notes  
flurry the water  
and rise  
to dive again

4.

#### ON THE KIWIFRUIT VINE

these winter birds  
are methodical  
unlike the strutting  
blackbirds      dilettantes  
pecking over the grapes  
in the bright summer sun

now silvereye and sparrow  
nibble each particle of flesh away  
leaving the flayed skin  
pegged on the leafless vine

*Piers Davies*

## Requiem

I loved all of it:  
the feral hills & frosted forests,  
the swarming & flocking,  
the footprints of every tiny gnat,  
shark & spider,  
vulture & bear, equally.

I loved sinkholes and caverns,  
the way gannets fly,  
vast expanses of sand,  
how shadows fall on a stagnant pond.

I loved conifers pruned into cones,  
willows that couldn't stop,  
the dancing tails of tiddlers,  
every squid, every gecko, every bat,  
mould on the sourdough loaf,  
the moth that ate my best coat.

I loved ladybirds.  
I loved my lovers.  
I loved pampas & peonies  
& a black lab racing for a ball.

I loved the cat that bit me,  
couples kissing in the rain,  
children who were cruel.  
I loved ice floes & fields of daisies  
& the stillness you can find  
in the shade of an oak.

Every last atom, I loved.  
Let it be known  
that I, for one,  
hoped never to let it go.

*Janis Freegard*

## Closer now

A ghosting of trains pulls us from sleep  
our whole valley shuddering,  
dark dogs, wild behind  
gates, while street lamps stalk the verge  
unblinking.

Only the trees exhale,  
leaning aside from the bright lines,  
waiting for the signal change,  
the barrier arms, the good train.

*John Dennison*

[there is a house that we are in]

There is a house that we are in  
When you have your back turned  
I have my back turned  
Sometimes when you have your back turned I turn around  
And look at your back  
Sometimes when I turn around and look at your back  
You turn around  
And then we look at each other  
I want to go where you go  
And be loved by you there  
Where we are filthy and continuous like real things  
Where we fall to the bottom of our seventeenth century bodies  
And roll against each other like barrels of silk  
Where a lake dreams us up as its centre  
And we turn wide circles with our faces  
Where our eyes grow suicidally beautiful  
With imperfect and exquisite plans  
I know without needing a picture of it  
This place where we are safe enough to repeat ourselves  
I want to seem to you the very same thing that I seem to myself  
And I want to seem to myself the very same thing that I am  
No hunger to speak of  
But to speak with  
I tie a knot and for a while  
I will not let it breathe

*Gregory Kan*

## Claiming the land

you read the subtext of the city  
the mangroves below the reclamation

your inner eye sees the was and were of it  
you look beyond the concrete piles  
the metal chip rubble tarseal

there the snapper spawning ground  
the crab scuttle slow creek  
between green banks a heron watching

and if your ears are tuned  
to some supra-sonic frequency  
you may hear the stilts call

the volcano rumble  
the shouts of men setting nets  
small utility waka line the shore

all oblivious to the streets  
the cars rushing above  
you see this hear this

and are lost to the city of now  
the city as façade and a thousand year

depth to those first foot-prints  
lost in the mud of time  
signifies little compared

to that long still season of the birds  
the trees and the slow river  
transforming to harbour

now surveyors' pegs spike the heart  
and concrete alters geology  
new cliffs and chasms form and the past

is referenced with decoration  
patiki-patterned on-ramps  
motorways fringed with flax

sunlight moonlight neon  
traffic hum the long slow vibration  
of the tidal change suck and cover

unrooted rootless  
old pneumatophores hold

sacred spirit bones and sticks

*Alexandra Fraser*

## Mydriatic:

the galaxy moored in the pitch of her pupil  
swells and bucks. time dilates—a flower—  
origami that unfolds outwards like the dream  
she wouldn't tell me. sometimes I wake  
with my head in my hands, sometimes I find myself  
walking the farm at night, madcows on the pyre,  
embers flecking my coveralls. everything goes up  
like this. or outwards. her eyeball is a bullethole  
to a heart. I eavesdrop from the outside.  
I can hear beating. the machinery of a star.  
the motel refrigerator. I can hear loneliness  
and it reeks of bourbon and kettle chips.  
everything is egg-shelling at its edges.  
I hold my right and left ventricles in turns.  
but the eyeball is a black hole—origami  
that unfolds outwards like the dream  
she wouldn't tell me. everything goes up,  
like this. I catch the embers on my tongue.

*Elizabeth Morton*



## Contributors

**Raewyn Alexander** is the author of *Glam Rock Boyfriends*, and *Our Mother Flew Unassisted*, most recently. She lives in Tamaki Makau-rau Auckland, Aotearoa New Zealand. In 2012, she founded Blue Haven Writing Workshops, and also lectures on Narrative Writing and other subjects for tertiary and adult students.

**Jeffrey Alfier**'s latest works are *Anthem for Pacific Avenue: California Poems*, *Bleak Music*—a photograph and poetry collaboration with Larry D. Thomas, *Southbound Express to Bay Head: New Jersey Poems* and *The Red Stag at Carrbridge: Scotland Poems*. Recent credits include *Cold Mountain Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Hotel Amerika*. He is founder and co-editor of Blue Horse Press and *San Pedro River Review*.

**Ivy Alvarez** is the author of *The Everyday English Dictionary* (London: Paekakariki Press, 2016), *Hollywood Starlet* (Chicago: dancing girl press), *Disturbance* (Wales, Seren, 2013) and *Mortal*. Born in the Philippines and raised in Australia, she lived in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales before arriving in New Zealand in 2014. [ivyvalvarez.com](http://ivyvalvarez.com)

**Lea Aschkenas** teaches with the California Poets in the Schools program, and is the author of the memoir, *Es Cuba: Life and Love on an Illegal Island*. She has written for the *Los Angeles Review of Books*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Washington Post*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *salon.com*, and *The Writer* magazine.

**Serie Barford** was born in Aotearoa-New Zealand to a migrant German-Samoan mother and a European father. She is published in journals, anthologies and in four poetry collections. *Entangled Islands* (Anahera Press, 2015), her latest collection, combines poetry with prose. She performs poetry at public events.

**Frederick W. Bassett** is a retired academic who currently lives in Greenwood, SC. He is the author of four books of poetry, the latest being *The Old Stoic Faces the Mirror*. His poems have also been published widely in journals and anthologies. He has two published novels, *South Wind Rising*, and *Honey from a Lion*.

**Tony Beyer** is the author of *Dream Boat: selected poems* (2007) and *Great South Road and South Side*, two longer poems (2013). He lives and writes in Taranaki, NZ.

**Robert Brickhouse**'s poetry and fiction have appeared in many magazines, among them the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Texas Review*, *Louisiana Literature*, *Chattahoochee Review*, *Pleiades*, and *Light Quarterly*. He lives in Charlottesville, VA.

**Dr. Julia Charity** is a New Zealand-based entrepreneur, writer and performing poet. Julia's philosophy is simple: "I write for the people. To entertain, involve and engage with readers is all I hope for my words," she says. Originally from Christchurch, Julia is science-trained and spent nearly 20 years as a plant molecular biologist, mainly in Rotorua. Julia has recently relocated her tourism business Look After Me to Dunedin.

**Noel Conneely** has had work in *Yellow Medicine Review*, *Chelsea*, *Coe Review*, *Willow Review* and other publications in Ireland and the US. He is looking for a publisher for a first collection.

**Jane Craven** lives in Raleigh, North Carolina, graduated from UNC-Chapel Hill and has worked in corporate systems development and as the director of a contemporary art museum. She was recently accepted into the North Carolina State University MFA-Poetry program and her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Texas Review*, *Still Journal*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *After the Pause*, and *Ithaca Literary Review*.

**Jeni Curtis** is a teacher and writer from Christchurch, New Zealand. She has published in various publications, including the Christchurch-based *Press*, *Takahē*, *JAAM*, *New Zealand Poetry Society* annual anthologies 2014, 2015 (awarded highly commended) and 2016, *The London Grip*, *4<sup>th</sup> Floor*, and the 2015 *Poetry NZ Yearbook*. She is secretary of the Canterbury Poets Collective. This year, she holds a mentorship from the New Zealand Society of Authors, and is working on a manuscript of poetry for publication.

**Makyla Curtis** is Scottish Pākehā. She is studying an MA in English at the University of Auckland, alongside a Certificate of Languages in te reo Māori. She is a letterpress printer, poet, and printmaker with an interest in languages and dialects, creative cartography, and typography. [makyla.wordpress.com](http://makyla.wordpress.com)

**Piers Davies** is a maritime lawyer, long-time poet published in New Zealand and overseas, co-ordinator of Titirangi Poets, writer of feature films *Skin Deep* and *The Cars that Ate Paris*, and sometime poet laureate of Haringey, London.

**Noah Davis** has published work with *Poet Lore*, *Natural Bridge*, *The Hollins Critic*, *The Fourth River*, *Chariton Review*, *Permafrost*, *Appalachia*, and *Chiron Review* among others. In 2015 Davis received Pushcart Prize nominations for poetry from both *Poet Lore* and *Natural Bridge*. He has fiction and nonfiction published or forthcoming in *Gray's Sporting Journal*, *The Flyfish Journal*, *Kestrel*, and *Angler's Journal*.

**Todd Davis** is the author of five books of poetry, most recently *Winterkill* and *In the Kingdom of the Ditch*, both published by Michigan State University Press. New poems appear in *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Gettysburg Review*, *Notre Dame Review*, and *Sycamore Review*. He teaches environmental studies at Penn State University's Altoona College.

**Christine DeSimone** is a fifth-generation Californian. Her first full-length collection, *How Long the Night Is*, was published by Lummo Press in 2013. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Prairie Schooner*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Cream City Review*, *Cimarron Review*, *Zyzzyva*, and many other journals. She was also nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2014. She lives in San Francisco with her husband and cats.

**John Dennison** was born in Sydney in 1978. His first collection of poems, *Otherwise* (Carcanet/Auckland University Press) was published in 2015. He is also the author of *Seamus Heaney and the Adequacy of Poetry* (Oxford University Press, 2015). In 2016, he was awarded the Louis Johnson New Writer's Bursary by Creative New Zealand. He lives with his family in Wellington, where he is a university chaplain.

**Nicola Easthope** is a high school teacher of English, social studies and psychology and lives on the Kāpiti Coast of Aotearoa New Zealand. Her first collection of poetry, *leaving my arms free to fly around you* (Steele Roberts, 2011) explored themes of travel, politics, relationships and family. She was a guest poet at the much-celebrated Queensland Poetry Festival in 2012. Nicola is currently polishing her latest manuscript of poems, titled *Working the tang*.

**Murray Edmond** is the author of 13 poetry books. Recent publications include *Then It Was Now Again: Selected Critical Writing* (Atuanui Press, 2014); *Shaggy Magpie Songs*, poems, (Auckland University Press, 2015); *Strait Men and Other Tales*, fiction (Steele Roberts, 2015). Editor of *Ka Mate Ka Ora: A New Zealand Journal of Poetry and Poetics* ([nzepc.auckland.ac.nz/kmko](http://nzepc.auckland.ac.nz/kmko)). He serves as dramaturge for Indian Ink Theatre Company ([www.indianink.co.nz](http://www.indianink.co.nz)). He lives in Glen Eden, Auckland, Aotearoa/New Zealand.

**Michelle Elvy** edits *Flash Frontier: An Adventure in Short Fiction* (flash-frontier.com) and *Blue Five Notebook* (bluefifthreview.wordpress.com). She is Assistant Editor, International, for the *Best Small Fictions* (www.braddockavenuebooks.com/author/best-small-fictions-anthology-2017) series and is currently editing an anthology of New Zealand flash fiction / prose poetry with James Norcliffe and Frankie McMillan. More at michelleelvy.com.

**Jeff Ewing** is a writer from Northern California. His poems, stories, and essays have appeared in *ZYZZYVA*, *Willow Springs*, *Sugar House Review*, *Utne Reader*, *Crazyhorse*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Saint Ann's Review*, and *Southwest Review*, among others. You can find him online at jeffewing.com.

**Doris Ferleger** is the author of four volumes of poetry, *Big Silences in a Year of Rain*, *As the Moon Has Breath*, *When You Become Snow*, and *Leavened*. Her work has won of the *New Letters Poetry Prize* and the *A Room of her Own CNF Prize*, among others.

**Sue Fitchett** is the author of *Palaver lava queen* (Auckland University Press, 2004) and *On the Wing* (Steele Roberts, 2014), and co-author of *Charts & Soundings: some small navigation aids* with Jane Zusters (Spiral/Spinifex, 1999) and *Drawing Together* with Janet Charman and Marina Bachmann (Spiral/New Women's Press, 1985). She is the co-editor of two anthologies, and her work has appeared in various publications and art shows. She lives on Waiheke Island.

**Jan FitzGerald** (b.1950) is a long-established NZ poet and writer, with publication overseas including *The London Magazine*, *Orbis* (UK), *Acumen* (UK) and *Yellow Medicine Review* (USA). She has two poetry books published and works full-time as an artist in Napier, NZ.

**Laura Foley** is the author of six poetry collections, including *WTF* and *Night Ringing*. Her poem "Gratitude List" won the Common Good Books poetry contest judged by Garrison Keillor; "Nine Ways of Looking at Light" won the Joe Gouveia Outermost Poetry Contest, judged by Marge Piercy. Please visit her at laurafoley.net.

**Alexandra Fraser** is an Auckland (NZ) poet, who has been published in a range of magazines and anthologies. Her first collection, *Conversation by Owl-light*, was published by Steele Roberts Aotearoa. She is working on two further collections, one with twin themes of colonisation and ecology, the other about photography. She lives by the sea, and intersections of land and sea are strong presences in her work.

**Janis Freegard's** most recent publications are a novel, *The Year of Falling* (Mākarō Press, 2015) and a poetry collection, *The Glass Rooster* (Auckland University Press, 2015). Born in the United Kingdom, she grew up in South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. She lives in Wellington. janisfreegard.com

**Laurice Gilbert** is the Acting President of the New Zealand Poetry Society and has had poems published in many NZ journals and anthologies, as well as in Australia, USA, Canada, UK, and Israel. She published her first collection, *My Family & Other Strangers*, in 2012 and her second, *Aotearoa rocks!* jointly with Portuguese poet Hugo Kauri Justo, in 2015. Laurice lives in Wellington with her husband and two cats.

**Rata Gordon** was born in 1988. She lives on Waiheke Island and teaches community creative writing and dance classes. She also leads a youth programme promoting good mental health through creative practice. Rata's poems have found homes in many New Zealand literary journals and this is her first poem to be published internationally.

**Dorinda Hale's** poems have previously appeared in *Appalachia*, *Bellingham Review*, *Cream City Review*, and *Soundings East*. Born in Washington State, raised in Vermont, and now a resident of Somerville, Massachusetts, she claims a bicoastal heritage. She holds an M.A. in Creative Writing from Western Washington University.

**bernadette hall** is an award-winning writer, who lives at Amberley Beach in North Canterbury. She has published ten collections of poetry, the most recent being *Life & Customs* (Victoria University Press, 2013) and *Maukatere, floating mountain* (Seraph Press, 2016). She has held writing residencies in three New Zealand universities. Awards have also taken her to the International Writing Program in Iowa, to Antarctica, and to Ireland. In 2015, she received the Prime Minister's Award for Literary Achievement in Poetry. In 2017, she was honoured as a member of the New Zealand Order of Merit for services to literature.

**Gregory Hischak** is a poet, playwright, and the Curator of the Edward Gorey House in Yarmouth Port, MA. His collection *Parts & Labor* was published in 2013 by Pond Road Press and he is the recipient of a 2015 fellowship in dramatic writing from the Massachusetts Cultural Council.

**Ya-Wen Ho** is currently completing her Masters in Literary Translation on typographic translation between Chinese and English writing systems at Victoria University of Wellington. Her work has appeared in publications including *Caketrain*, *Capilano Review*, *Griffith Review*, *Minarets*, and *Poetry New Zealand*. She received a Horoeke/Lancewood Reading Grant in 2015.

**Gail Ingram's** poetry and short stories have appeared in *New Zealand Poetry*, *takahē*, *Blue Fifth Review*, *Cordite*, *Flash Frontier*, *Blackmail Press*, and others. She won the 2016 New Zealand Poetry Society International Competition, was shortlisted in 2016 Fish Short Story Prize, finalist for *Best Small Fictions 2016*, and in 2015 was nominated for the Pushcart Prize for flash fiction. She has a Masters of Creative Writing from Massey University.

**Anna Jackson** lectures in English at Victoria University, Wellington, and is the author of six collections of poetry, most recently *I, Clodia* (Auckland University Press, 2014). She held the Katherine Mansfield Menton Fellowship in 2016 and has been awarded a Michael King Residency for the summer of 2017.

**Erena Johnson** is a poet, essayist, and musician from Auckland, New Zealand. She is currently working towards an MA thesis on the poetry of fellow New Zealander Richard von Sturmer. Previously she has composed and performed music for the poetry of von Sturmer, Lyn Hejinian, Wallace Stevens, and others.

**Kathryn Jospé** completed her MFA in poetry at Pacific University in 2009, and has published four books, two of which were selected as a Finishing Line Press semi-finalist. She teaches at the literary center Writers and Books, and serves a docent at the local museum, the MAG, in Rochester, New York.

**Gregory Kan** is a writer living in Wellington, New Zealand. He is the recipient of the Grimshaw-Sargeson Fellowship in 2017. His first poetry book, *This Paper Boat*, was published by Auckland University Press in 2016. The book has been long-listed for the 2017 New Zealand Ockham Book Awards.

**Athena Kildegaard** is the author of four books of poetry, most recently *Ventriloquy*. Her poems have recently appeared in the *North American Review*, *Up the Staircase Quarterly*, *Valparaiso Review*, and elsewhere. She teaches at the University of Minnesota, Morris.

**Meredith Stewart Kirkwood** received an MFA in poetry from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas in 2007. Her poetry has appeared in *The Santa Clara Review*, *VoiceCatcher 6*, *Windfall*, and others. One of her poems was selected to be republished in the anthology, *She Holds the Face of the World*.

**Sharon Rose Kourous**, sporadic poet, is fiddling around with words again after a long hiatus. Years ago she published widely in print and on line, achieving various awards including Pushcart nominations. A Michigan resident, retired from teaching but returned to a classroom part-time recently, she loves high school kids, reading, travel, and grand-parenting.

**Rosalie Liu** is a Chinese-NZ undergrad student. They write poems about bodies, diaspora, and gender while finishing their BA/BSc.

**Nan Lundeen's** poems have appeared in *Connecticut River Review*, *Illuminations*, *The Yemassee Literary Journal*, *Petigru Review*, and others. Her books include *The Pantyhose Declarations*, *Black Dirt Days: Poems as Memoir*, *Moo of Writing: How to Milk Your Potential* and the forthcoming *Gaia Reborn*. Visit her at [www.nanlundeen.com](http://www.nanlundeen.com).

**Frankie McMillan** is a poet and short story writer. In 2005, she was awarded the Creative New Todd Bursary. In 2014, she held the Ursula Bethell writing residency at Canterbury University and in 2017, the Michael King/University of Auckland residency. Her latest book, *My Mother and the Hungarians and other small fictions*, was launched at the Christchurch WORD festival in 2016.

**Agnes Meadows** is a London-based poet/writer who has toured internationally, giving readings, workshops, and holding residencies. A guest poet at the *Austin International Poetry Festival* for 10 consecutive years, she twice won awards for *Outstanding Writing*. She has read three times at the *Babylon International Festival of Arts & Culture* in Iraq. She is author of five collections of poetry (*Flipped Eye/Waterways*), with a sixth forthcoming. Since 2004 she's run *Loose Muse Women's Writers Night* in London, and also advises Channel 4 TV on poetry.

**Matthew Mendoza's** work has appeared in *Apalachee Review*, *Big Muddy*, and *Comstock Review*. His play, *Legend of John Crow*, won First Prize in Drama from PEN's Prison Writers Contest. To read the first act or learn more about mentoring a prison writer, visit [PEN.org](http://PEN.org).

**Robynanne Milford's** published works are *Aspiring Light* (2014), *Grieve Hopefully* (2012), and *Songcatcher* (2009). Milford's poems are included in the anthologies *Leaving the Red Zone* (Clerestory Press), *Crest to Crest* (Wily Publications), and *Roses and Razor Blades* and *In This Bitter Season* (both Womenspirit). She has also been published in *Landfall*, *Takahē*, *Poetry NZ*, *The Press*, *Voice Print 3*, and *Catalyst*.

**Elizabeth Morton** is a New Zealand writer. She has been published in *Poetry NZ*, *PRISM international*, *Cordite*, *JAAM*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *Takahē Magazine*, *Blackmail Press*, *Meniscus*, *Landfall*, *Flash Frontier*, *SmokeLong Quarterly*, the *Sunday Star Times*, *Literary Orphans*, and in *Island Magazine* among others. Her debut poetry collection is to be published by Mākarō Press in 2017. In her free time, she collects obscure words in supermarket bags.

**Emma Neale** has received the NZSA/Janet Frame Memorial Award, the Kathleen Grattan Award, the University of Otago Burns Fellowship and the NZSA/Beatson Fellowship. Her poetry collection, *Tender Machines* (2015), and her recent novel, *Billy Bird* (2016), were both longlisted in the Ockham New Zealand Book Awards. Emma lives in Dunedin.

**Janet Newman** is from Koputaroa in the Horowhenua. Her poetry, reviews and academic essays have been published in journals and anthologies in New Zealand, Australia and the UK. In 2014, she completed a Master of Creative Writing at Massey University. She is currently a PhD candidate. Her thesis looks at ecopoetry in New Zealand.

**Piet Nieuwland** worked on conservation management strategies for Te Papa Atawhai after training as a forester. His poems appear in many places, including *Landfall*, *Brief*, *Catalyst*, *We Society* and *Plate in the Mirror* anthologies, *Mattoid*, *Pure Slush*, *Takahē*, *Snafu*, *Poetry NZ*, and *The Blue Note Review*. He is a visual artist, edits *Fast Fibres Poetry*, reviews poetry for *Landfall Online Review*, and lives near Whangarei.

**Keith Nunes** lives beside Lake Rotoma near Rotorua, New Zealand. A former newspaper subeditor, he has been published widely in New Zealand and also in bulkier nations. He has been anthologised and commended in competitions and is a Pushcart Prize nominee. His book of poetry/short fiction, *catching a ride on a paradox*, is sold by the lunatic fringe.

**John O'Dell's** poetry has appeared in *The Potomac Review*, *The Baltimore Review*, *The Birmingham Poetry review*, *The George Mason Review*, *The Atlanta Review*, and others. He is the author of two collections of poems, *Painting at Night*, (Little Cove Press, 1994) and *At Beauty's Pawnshop* (Ex-Libris Press 2013).

**Claire Orchard** is a poet from Wellington whose work has appeared in various print and online journals including *Best New Zealand Poems 2014*. Her first collection, *Cold Water Cure*, in part a poetic project related to the life and work of Charles Darwin, was published by Victoria University Press in 2016. She was also a 2016 Hawthornden Fellow.

**Kiri Piahana-Wong** is a New Zealander of Māori (Ngāti Ranginui), Chinese, and Pākehā (English) ancestry. She is a poet and editor, and is the publisher at Anahera Press ([www.anahera.co.nz](http://www.anahera.co.nz)). Her first poetry collection, *Night Swimming*, was published in 2013.

**Tamra Plotnick's** writing has been published in various journals and anthologies, including: *Serving House Journal*; *The Waiting Room Reader, Vol II: Words to Keep You Company*, edited by Rachel Hadas; and *Global City Review: International Edition*. She teaches high school in New York and lives in Brooklyn with her family.

**Tom Raithel** lives in Evansville, Indiana and has worked as a journalist at several newspapers in the Midwest. In addition to *Atlanta Review*, his poems have appeared in *The Southern Review*, *The Comstock Review*, and *The Midwest Quarterly*. Finishing Line Press published his chapbook, *Dark Leaves, Strange Light*, in 2015.

**Vaughan Rapatahana** is widely published internationally across several genre. His latest poetry collection *Atonement* (2016), was nominated for a National Book Award in the Philippines. He won the inaugural Proverse Poetry Prize (2016).

**kerrin p. sharpe** has had three collections of poetry published, all by Victoria University Press and is currently working on her fourth collection. She is from Christchurch.

**Rochelle Jewel Shapiro** is the author of *Miriam the Medium* (Simon & Schuster, 2004). Her essays, poetry, short stories have been published in such magazines as *The New York Times (Lives)*, *Moment*, *Iowa Review*, *Peregrine*, and more. She teaches writing at UCLA Extension. [rochellejewelshapiro.com](http://rochellejewelshapiro.com)

**Tori Sharpe** received her master's degree in Creative Writing from The University of Texas and her Ph.D. in Creative Writing from The University of North Texas. Her poetry has appeared in *Poetry Daily*, *The Hopkins Review*, *Blackbird*, *The Southwest Review*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Stand Magazine* and other journals. She is an Assistant Professor of English at Arkansas Tech University.

**Jane Simpson** has had poems published in multiple journals, including *The Chattahoochee Review*, *Poet Lore* (Honorable Mention, Ratner-Ferber-Poet Lore Prize), *Main Street Rag*, *POEM*, *Sojourner's Magazine*, and *Ariadne's Thread*. In addition, she has a poem that will appear in a forthcoming issue of *BorderSenses*. Finally, she was nominated for a 2015 Pushcart Prize.

**Carin Smeaton** lives with her 10-year-old twins, Yuga and Kazma, in Tāmaki Makaurau. Her writing's most recently been published online in *Turbine|Kapohau* 2016 and *Cordite* 57: Confession. Her first book, *Tales of the Waihorotiu*, is forthcoming from Titus.

**Rosanne Smith's** poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in journals including *The Hollins Critic*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Water-Stone Review*, and *Crazyhorse*. A graduate of the City University of New York, she lives in Park City, UT.

**Jamie Trower** is a 22-year-old poet, actor, and motivational speaker from Auckland. He studies English and Drama, and finds comfort in performing both on the page and the stage. Trower has published poems in *Craccum*, *Poetry NZ*, and launched his first full collection, *Anatomy*, last year under Mākarō Press.

**Chris Tse** is a writer based in Wellington, New Zealand. His book, *How to be Dead in a Year of Snakes*, won the Jessie Mackay Award for Best First Book of Poetry and was a finalist at the 2016 Ockham New Zealand Book Awards.

**Louise Wallace** is the author of two poetry collections both published by Victoria University Press: *Since June* and *Enough*, with a third to be published in 2017. She was the Writer in Residence for 2015 at the University of Otago, Dunedin, and last year represented New Zealand at the Mexico City Poetry Festival. Louise is the founder and editor of *Starling*—an online literary journal for New Zealand writers under 25 years old. [www.starlingmag.com](http://www.starlingmag.com)

**Richard Marx Weinraub** taught at the University of Puerto Rico and has published three collections of poetry: *Wonder Bread Hill*, *Heavenly Bodies*, and *Lapidary*. His work has appeared in many journals including *The Paris Review*, *Asheville Poetry Review*, *South Carolina Review*, *Green Mountains Review*, *North American Review*, *Slate*, *River Styx*, and *Ladowich*.

**John Sibley Williams** is the author of nine poetry collections, most recently *Disinheritance*. A seven-time Pushcart nominee and winner of various awards, John serves as editor of *The Inflectionist Review*. Publications include: *Yale Review*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Sycamore Review*, *Massachusetts Review*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Third Coast*, and *Poetry Northwest*.

**Marty Williams** lives in Oakland, California, and on Kenai Lake, Alaska, in a fifty-year old family cabin. Find her poems in *Inquiring Mind* and *Poetry East*, *Bearing Witness: Poetry By Teachers About Teaching*, and *Winged: New Writing About Bees*. Online publications include *Digital Paper*, *dcomP magazine* and *Rudolf's Diner*.

**Alison Wong's** novel, *As the Earth Turns Silver*, won the 2010 New Zealand Post Book Award for Fiction and her poetry collection, *Cup*, was shortlisted for Best First Book for Poetry at the 2007 Montana New Zealand Book Awards. Her fiction, poetry and creative non-fiction appear in the *Auckland University Press Anthology of NZ Literature*, *Best New Zealand Poems*, *150 Essential New Zealand Poems*, *99 Ways into NZ Poetry*, *World Literature Today* and *Griffith Review*.

**Sue Wootton** lives in Dunedin. A former physiotherapist, she is co-editor of the medical humanities blog "Corpus: Conversations about Medicine and Life." Sue's most recent publications are her first novel, *Strip* (Mākarō Press, 2016) and fourth poetry collection, *The Yield* (Otago University Press, 2017).

**Karen Zelas** is a Christchurch writer and retired psychiatrist. Her third book of poetry, *I am Minerva*, was published in 2016 (Wellington, Mākarō Press); her first, *Night's Glass Table*, was awarded 2012 IP Picks Best First Book (interactive Publications, Brisbane) and is available also as an ebook. Karen writes the occasional play and novel, and has been fiction editor of *takahē literary and art magazine* ([www.takahe.org.nz](http://www.takahe.org.nz)) for 10 years. [www.karenzelas.com](http://www.karenzelas.com)

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