

She can't harm you any more. But nobody bothered to listen.

Ship of fools.

In the end, it wasn't quite the burning of Atlanta, but Manderley put on
Quite a show, brutal against the dark skies, a false dawn and Mrs Danvers
Dancing dementedly like Rebecca's puppet for the last time, running
From window to window. And you, walking placidly with Rebecca's dog
Over the lawn in front of a burning skeleton. In the end,
fragile girl with no name
Whose father painted the same tree for eternity, you survived them all.

Tracey Herd

What I Wanted

Was such a plump, bountiful
Landscape of snow, more
Than I'd ever dared wish for.
That was back when we had
Proper winters, long ago,
When lawns and driveways
Vanished: there were
No boundaries. Fences, walls,
Gardens and homes dropped off
The edge of the world.
There was a muffled
Silence each night when
Darkness married with snow
To waken me from my dreams
Which began and ended
With the snow. I was hidden
From view behind a tree
Whose branches were
Perilously bent and laden
With snow, watching
A dark figure disappear,
Then I would slip out fearlessly,
Sure-footed and fleet,
With my magnifying glass
And pocket torch to follow
The tracks that led off as far
As a child's eye could see
And then a little further.

Tracey Herd

The Hinds

Walking in a waking dream
I watched nineteen deer
Pour from ridge to glen-floor,
Then each in turn leap,
Leap the new-raised
Peat-dark burn. This
Was the distaff side;
Hinds at their ease, alive
To lands held on long lease
In their animal minds,
And filing through a breached
Never-mended dyke,
The herd flowed up over
Heather-slopes to scree
Where they stopped, and turned to stare,
The foremost with a queenly air
As though to say: *Aren't we
The bonniest companie?
Come to me,
You'll be happy, but never go home.*

Kathleen Jamie

The Berries

When she came for me
through the ford, came for me
through running water
I was oxters-deep in a bramble-grove
glutting on wild fruit. Soon
we were climbing the same
sour gorge the river fled, fall
by noiseless fall. I mind a wizened oak
cleaving the rock it grew from,
and raptors' mewls. Days passed
—or what passed for days,
and just as I'd put the whole misadventure
down to something I ate,
she leapt—twice, thrice, my sick
head spun, and here we were:
a vast glen ringed by snow-peaks,
sashaying grass, a scented breeze,
and winding its way toward us
that same world-river—
its lush banks grazed by horses, horses
I knew she'd leave me for,
right there, her own kin—
no use my pleas, no use
my stumbling back down
to where the berries grew,
because this is what I wanted;
so all I could do was brace myself
and loosen my grip from her mane.

Kathleen Jamie

Rannoch River

My father wanted me to tell him about the Rannoch river
How much it was rushing, how high its waters this winter
and whether it still had that urgency it had last year,
as if missing the river's long conversation.

My father down the crackling line from Glasgow
to the one space where there's reception
was keen to know if that tea-brown color was the same
and if there were still gatherings of currents

Like comrades meeting, talking, never stopping;
the river up here, miles away from my father
still held its own old allure; to picture it running
eloquent, articulate, certain, clear

Would add summers, winters past the age of eighty seven:
the river—in his mind's eye mirror—as old friend
still jiving, heading for the sea loch action
the jitterbug, the slow waltz with Lochaline.

And further down catch the younger Dad on holiday
on the Ferry from Craignure to Tobermory.
Just to hear of it, still rushing, still running its glory
made it wide open, unending, our story.

Jackie Kay

Dog Otter

When the light was starting to leave a last trail
I was looking for the dog otter Jean told me about,
a big beauty she said, you'll see it at Ardtornish
and sometimes it comes down here to Lochaline

I found myself trailing the sea loch
imagining its sleek head rising forth, its eyes dark
and soulful, its leap from the water a kind of a wave
and yet I never saw it and the light left the sky

but not before I saw the bright flash of a kingfisher
on the river Rannoch and thought that life tosses you
its own philosophy; if you hunt for a dog otter
you will get a kingfisher and perhaps vice versa

Tomorrow I'll go looking for the bright blue flash by the river then
and perhaps instead of a poem, the story
will come, a big beauty, sleek-headed
finally, with the pink light in the sky still, the leaves turning.

Jackie Kay

Ancestral Pastries

My mind was on ancestral pastries when I thought:
"The sunshine dropping on my head once
dropped upon Lord Byron's"; I'd stopped
outside Lawrence's in Sintra where Byron
lodged and this halt put paid to those visions
of angelica, the armature of ancient cakes.
"I am a person too," I thought. "I have no epic poetry
to my credit, abandoned no children,
have no brilliant friends. And yet the sunshine
does not choose between us. It lays
its glossy warmth on my sugared hips;
it laid where he lay after tethering the mules
and donkeys. Then the recipes returned:
fine flour, good damask water, a little saffron,
mace, cloves, a little God's good,
a little... God—either in name or spirit
apparently—can occur anywhere,
even in the middle of this steep, hot hill.
He did not occur to Byron though, who
—according to my Baedekker—mocked
the nuns at Monsraate just one league
away for building mole-shaped cells
that forced them all to crawl.
But what is the shape, the touch
you need for holiness? Take meringues
for instance: some swear by copper bowls,
old eggs, new eggs beaten to satin-like
consistency, a tepid, ambient humidity.
I, Helga Hoekstern, won the Great Dutch
bake-off of 1864, with my Lenten Fritter
and two dainty French meringues.
The judges invoked divinity chomping
on the brittle and here, on this irritating
incline, I say to George, Lord Byron:
God can be counter intuitive!
I placed a pin-sized spot of yolk
on the foamy surface of my whites.

It was enough to shrink and dry them
so the receiving tongue sensed
the core of chewy sweetness
beneath the wave of froth. God
sat like a Buddha in my cell
of sugar and coaxed a smile
from all who tasted Him.

David Kinloch

planting the tree

planting the tree i'll never see
bear fruit does not persuade
my crowded mind, that can't
imagine gods exist, this act is
vanity, when i have memories
of father sowing what he hoped
would be a harvest ripe enough
to store till hunger pressed its
argument for eat, although he
was consumed himself by that
avaricious pathogen which, as
nature ordered, grew, to claw
his breath and close his vital
eyes—then, while the heads of
oat and barley he had planted
shook and seemed to die, we
knew that, stored beyond his
absent hand, their dormancy
was there to stir again to live
the same ascent from sleeping
dark through green to mellow
ripeness and again that sleep
of seasons—

then each grain not
taken engineered rebirth—the
trouble with the human is how
every single *then* we scatter
reminds us we must support
all breaths until we've counted
every dark until, between first
waking and the moment when
all folds away behind the cold
reflection of unseeing eyes

beyond our past, the tree still
finds a voice to tell the earth
life has its ways to sing, sing
through leaf, bloom, harvest,
through rain, snow, sunshine,
its own narrative includes all
those shifts in weather, mood,
and argument i take as record
in my thumb-bruised calendar

Aonghas MacNeacail

Burning the Stump

He made a symbol out of the tree stump.

Hacked through its roots
(the stringy neck of the woman he hated),
dug a mud ditch around it—black moat
of earth writhing with worms and beetles.

Poured petrol and coal
into the axe-smashed heart of it,
set it on fire.

The air smoldered and sparked,
flames rising like a spray of daffodils;
the changing sprawl of smoke—
waves of starlings.

He sat beside it, hair
the colour of scorched wood—
smoke and salt on his skin.

The stump burned inside him
as it burned in our garden
for two days and two nights
like a mini volcano—
embers eating into the centre
until it cracked and dissolved;
until the red and black
charred and charcoaled.

All that is left is dead wood
chopped to pieces
like broken sculptures.
They lie in a heap by our front door—
if I stare at them long enough
I can make out an arm,
a head, a foot.

Though the stump is gone
the burning clings to him.
He brings it into our house,
turning our bed
into a kind of pyre
on which we die
all night.

Marion McCready

Alive

When my mother was alive
I used to go for a walk in the park.
When my mother was dying
I used to go out for a walk in the park.

Now I meet her walking in the park.
She floats above graffiti, dogs and addicts,
heading for the bright side as usual.
Just look at what she's wearing!

Did you not see her there by the fence
reaching over to sample wild raspberries
for breakfast? Or out on the island
where spring growth hid the swan's nest?

This year eight cygnets have survived,
all now at the ugly duckling stage.
They are crouched low and eagerly grazing,
as if swimming for dear life across the grass.

James McGonigal

Speaking Cloud

I'm losing birdsong. Something has built its nest
in the branches of my inner ear and flown.
Now every crevice in the foam... What's that?
I said, Every *grey voice* on the *phone*
mutters at me through whiskers.

I'm losing birdsong, my delight in it,
each morning's quirky wakeup call, the spark
and crackle heard through blazing noon
or when the gloaming's almost black.
One ear is stuffed with ash.

These days I'm learning Cloud.
It started years ago. At four I turned their pages
like a picture book, tracing blue margins
with one finger. Dazzled I worked out
hundreds of words for weather.

Later scribbling nimbus was an antidote
to algebra and solid geometry (not angles
but angels, as Pope Gregory said, calling for
an ancient Waterman's flexible nib).
Often the whole sky blotted black and blue.

Listening to stratus came next: it's a complex
of minus-whispers and nearly silent whoops,
an almost all intensely labial language.
Softly softly is the sound of the sky's plate
being licked with quiet gusto.

Now that I'm losing birdsong, what fills most days
is learning to speak Cloud. The lessons take as long
as Latin, but sometimes cirrus streams
straight off my tongue to heaven like a prayer.
Other times I'm staggered by the depth

of silence cumulating, a whiteness into which
all the dear flocks of birds have gone.

James McGonigal

Blessins

Blessins

oan the faimilies waitin,
breid, watter and mair oan the table,
bed made, hoose trig,
bit naebodie comes hame.

Blessins

oan the folk wi nae hames tae gan tae,
cooried, at the hin en o a dreich nicht,
intae cairdboard boxes or
warmin hauns roon a brazier unner a bypass
win flappin roon faces shilpit an wan.

Blessins

oan the sodger hunkert doon
in a bluid-soakt sheuch,
or the refugee staunin
at the black-brunt shell o hoose.

Blessins oan

thaim whae come hame,
thaim whae dinnae,
thaim wi nae hame tae gan tae.

Liz Niven

Mercies

She might have had months left of her dog-years,
but to be who? She'd grown light as a nest
and spent the whole day under her long ears
listening to the bad radio in her breast.
On the steel bench, knowing what was taking shape
she tried and tried to stand, as if to sign
that she was still of use, and should escape
our selection. So I turned her face to mine,
and seeing only love there—which, for all
the wolf in her, she knew as well as we did—
she lay back down and let the needle enter.
And love was surely what her eyes conceded
as her stare turned hard, and one bright aerial
quit making its report back to the center.

Don Paterson

Tanner

With the night's ceiling freshly artexted
after hours of wind fit to flense the mirk from midnight,
MacAdam emerged to find the night's skin slung
limp across a snapped oak.
Deposition called for the lightest touch

so not to knock the last glister to the soil
and, with no one around to dice against
for this rawest of robes, he oxtered it to his kitchen
where, by instinct and deft Googling,
he arrived at the proper process:

how and where to scrape off scraps
of fat and flesh; what household chemicals
to use and to avoid. Daily, the mirkpelt
grew more supple. Pegged up, it looked to him
almost like the shape of a man.

Who wants a trussed stranger staring
at their toast and morning coffee? It had to go
but the urge took MacAdam to cloak himself just once.
As he shouldered the cured hide, the room blazed
with a darkness deeper than any he'd known.
When he moved, he left
a garbled Morse of starlight shivering his wake.

Andrew Philip

Ghazal 1

The beauty and the threat of two red kites
threading circles of air
above fresh-cut corn.

The whole afternoon, my hand silent
on your shoulder; tears like seeds falling
on the sunlit table.

Milk drills into a pail. I shall smell of it
always, as I smelled earth from the brush
passing through my hair.

There are certain bends in a road—sails
of sunlight and shadow—that have no interest
in being remembered.

A flower from waste ground, pink and floppy
as a handkerchief: I present it
at each border I cross.

Tom Pow

Every shadow has a shadow

Every shadow has a shadow.
In the dapple a dark speckle, the meadow's thirst.

Every sorrow has a sorrow,
a lessening lesson, a congealing ghost.

Density of loss: a "once was" (once was: brute finesse).

Grief, not grudge. Extinction's edge. Last on the late last list.

*There is a pang the weight of the sun's fist. There is a pang
the weight of the sun's fist.*

Richard Price

Beside Loch Iffrin

for Catherine Lockerbie

Late January, and the oak still green, the year
already wrong. The season miscarried
—the lambs in the field, and the blossom blown—
the whole year broken before it began, and me
standing where winter should have been:
a reived man, a man forspoken.

A woman's kiss will lift you all morning.
A woman's curse will grave you to hell.

By the well-spring on the high moor I saw the day
change color:
watched lightning root in the far woods;
the sky blink.

Fire-shocks, then a scour of rain, a skail-wind
nagging in through the mirk, scuddering,
dishing it down, rain
turning to sleet, to hail, to snow.
And then

the cold
—which had been waiting—
dropped.

The green heath silvered:
every leaf
singled out like rosemary.
The well went milky as a dead eye,
smoked with ice,
though I caught sight of something
as the surface froze—
a clay doll, a *corp criadh*, busied with pins—
and I started down for home.
Where far below I saw the loch-water
going from grey to white: its long fetch

shaved by draw-knife, scythe and sickle,
into ice, with the whipped spray turning hard in the air
and splintering on the shore.

The next day, the ice so thick
we cut holes in it so the fish could breathe,
and we gathered round to watch them—
the trout rising—crowding tight
up into a gasp of mouths, silver and pink,
these bright sheaves, alive there in the ice.

Then the cold went down too deep,
and the fish were locked, like till, in the glass.
Birds fell stiff from the sky; every lamb died.
The cows that were left gave more blood than milk.

They found young Neil MacLean, the stammerer,
roped to a tree, libbed, with his tongue
shelled out of his head, dressed in red icicles;
Betty Campbell frozen solid in her bath,
forehead scored with the cross. I saw
Macaulay's mare with the bleed on the brain
going round her field faster and faster till she bolted
straight into the stable wall.

I saw a fox
with a firebrand tied to its tail
going over the high cliff, bundled in flames.
And off to the west, a funeral procession
on the side of a hill where no road lay.

Three months under winter; until winter broke.
They tested the loch with their toes:
the blister of air squeezed
white under the ice, wobbling back
like a spirit leveling.
It took their weight for a while,
till the loch creaked and a mile-long crack appeared
and they couldn't tell what was ice and what was shore:
watching their footprints soften, sink, dissolve,
their hard and perfect world falling to thaw.

A woman's kiss will lift you all morning.
A woman's curse will grave you to hell.

The thing in the well-spring is gone: the clay
worn away to a bed of pins.
I am taken. I am not right; only barely
in the likeness of a man, walking from Loch Iffrin
in a pang of birdsong,
carrying myself
on a hill where no road lies.

Robin Robertson

Consider

(a tanka / haiku sequence)

Consider the lilies
dumped
on the rubbish-tip
outside
the crematorium.

abandoned car
propped up on bricks
carcass picked clean

The end of this
late autumn day—
three hoodie crows
reminding me,
reminding me.

the sound of the wind
in the trees, the sound
of the sea

That tiny figure
walking
up the mountain,
disappearing
into the mist.

Alan Spence

Late Night Christmas Shopping

"Anything last minute you still need?"
I ask my mother, well aware that need
can't be in it; and, to avoid the crowds,
delay till the eleventh hour, then drive
through sleet beneath a racing moon—
swoop of owl past my windscreen—
five miles to the nearest town,
where Tesco stamps itself red on the night.

"What time do you close?"
I ask a lonely shelf-stacker
down a deserted aisle. "We don't,"
he laments, "God knows why—
hardly anyone's buying, and I'm on till 7."
But he musters a smile in fluorescent glare,
directing me to pickled walnuts and marzipan.

I'm relieved to find such things are there,
in spite of hunger and carnage
under the same moon, and my place
in their terrible chain;
glad that my mother's hands,
after long years of sustaining us all,
will place on her table, once again,
her annual offerings at tomorrow's feast.

Gerda Stevenson

At a Grave That Is Not There

*Már egy hete csak a mamára
gondolok mindig, meg-megállva.*

—Attila József

If you had a grave, then I could go there.
But when they carried what was left of you
home, after the speeches, after all
the awkwardness and the fire, a pitiful
cluster of dust, feeling uncertain

as to what he should do, my father
simply returned it to the undertakers,
without a word to anybody, and
nothing more was said about the matter.
That's why it isn't possible for me

to pay a visit to your grave, seeing
there isn't any garden, any hillside,
no carefully carved stone, no slab exists,
no place at all in which I could set down
this load of words and thoughts, of feelings, too,

perhaps, to act as manure for the stretch
of earth you lie beneath. People expect
to hear words not quite similar to these
when a son, even if he's the youngest
of the three that she bore, is speaking to

his mother. Now that you are dead, it would
be wrong were my tongue's fluency to be
restrained in any way, since whoever
addresses the dead has to tell the whole
truth, nothing but the truth. I am afraid.

The secret that belonged to us, the two
of us, and to my father, could not be
expressed in words. I possessed it the way
children possess things, not even aware
that something similar exists. It was

one of the world's foundations, like a pillar
keeping the whole breadth of the firmament
in place. If it had disappeared, then all
the elements would have begun to struggle
with one another through eternity, there would

have been no way they could be set at peace,
or made to resume their appointed task.
The secret was located at the very
core of reality, and it was evil.
Children do not conceive a different world

from the one they were born in. Therefore I
could say the first lesson I learned from you
was evil. From the two of you. And it
was wretched. Evil is not glorious,
not awesome or imposing. If it does

appear with those trappings, that's because further
elements have been mixed into it,
for what evil aspires to, more than any
other quality it could possess,
is not being named, not being recognized.

If I were to be asked what sort of face
evil has, I wouldn't say, the face
of a head of state, some general
who has a whole army at his command,
nobody famous, not the murderer

featured in the newspapers, so no one
has room to doubt the crimes that he committed,
but rather a face that's banal, everyday,
such as the man selling the morning papers,
or else the one remarking to his neighbor,

while they are standing in a bus stop queue,
how unpredictable the weather is.
Or your own face, maybe. My mother's face.
If you should get the power of speaking back,
after the inevitable dumbness

afflicting you, you couldn't deny this,
or raise objections to what I am saying,
given that evil is a sort of knowledge,
an understanding you can't put aside
as simply as you might a piece of clothing.

That knowledge will adhere as tightly to
the individuals who were its victims
as it does to those who acted as
the instruments of evil. Who would have
believed unlearning what has once been learned,

forgetting is tantamount to a cure?
In that case, does it mean I ought to try
forgetting you? Evil's daily practice
was one component of the bond we shared,
the powerful bond there always is between

a mother and her son. If that routine,
that constant habit resembled a piece
of clothing, it was one which you had chosen.
A child, I found it wrapped around myself
almost as closely as my fragrant skin.

Who bore the greatest blame? Was it the man
who, neglecting you, corrupted me?
You could say there was no kind of bond
between us. He was so unreachable
all through my childhood, with his scornful words,

his frigid manners, the repulsiveness,
the horror still clinging to him, the way
children who've seen a pantomime remember,
once it is over, the black cloak the villain
wore, or else his twisted features (though

what happened between him and me was far
from being theatre). Somewhere at the heart
of that knot, deep in the tangle of threads
encountering each other, intertwining,
love also got imprisoned. Children cannot

gaze upon the world in any other
fashion than a loving one. The mortar
holding together the bricks of the house
a child must build, which is reality's,
is love, no matter what material

the bricks turn out to have been made of. If
I had not felt love for the two of you,
my parents, everything could have been different.
The compassion I experienced for my mother
had the dimensions of a continent,

but every time I caught a glimpse of you,
you were beside the quay, on board a ship,
getting ready to leave, unreachable.
A child cannot be blamed for the abuse
he suffers, or else for the love he feels

towards the people who soil and exploit him.
 If I were standing at his grave, that child's,
 rather than at a grave that is not there
 and never will be, the grave of a woman who's
 been dead for over six years, I cannot

say what words might rise towards my lips.
 But he is still alive, the child you didn't
 ever manage to stifle entirely,
 living on in some part of my body,
 and the love he conceived for his parents

is still alive too, for the pair a judgment
 allotted him, as it did him to them,
 a judgment that's indifferent to the questions
 we never can persuade to give us peace.
 If you had a ditch all of your own,

maybe I could place the black jewels there,
 confusion, guilt and disgust with yourself,
 the whole inheritance you left to us,
 so they accompanied you on your journey.
 Since going to your grave's impossible,

since I don't have sufficient strength or hatred
 to forget about you totally,
 there's nothing I can do except express
 the hope if not my gratitude, my blessing¹
 can reach you in a place where you are not.

Christopher Whyte

¹ The Gaelic word also means "farewell."

Scotland Contributors

John Burnside's first two collections, *The Hoop* and *Common Knowledge*, won Scottish Arts Council Book Awards. In 2000 *The Asylum Dance* won the Whitbread Poetry Award. In 2008 he won a Cholmondley Award. In 2012, his collection *Black Cat Bone* won both the T. S. Eliot Prize and the Forward Prize.

Ron Butlin is a poet, novelist, short-story writer, librettist, playwright, and journalist. His seven collections of poetry include *Without a Backward Glance: new and selected poems* (2005). He has written three novels: *The Sound of My Voice* (1987), *Night Visits* (1997), and *Belonging* (2006). He has been translated into more than ten languages.

Aonghas Phàdraig Caimbeul (Angus Peter Campbell) has published four collections of poetry and six Gaelic novels. He was awarded the Bardic Crown for Gaelic Poetry in 2001. His novel *An Oidhche Mus do Sheòl Sinn* was published in 2003. His latest collection of poetry is *Aibisidh* (Polygon, 2011). He starred in the Gaelic feature film *Seachd: The Inaccessible Pinnacle*. He lives in the Highlands with his family.

Stewart Conn lives in Edinburgh, whose inaugural Makar he was from 2002 to 2005. His publications include *The Loving-Cup* and *Estuary* (Mariscat), and from Bloodaxe *Ghosts at Cockcrow* and *The Breakfast Room*, which won the Scottish Mortgage Investment Trust Book of the Year award for poetry in 2011. *The Touch of Time: New & Selected Poems* was published in 2014.

Christine De Luca writes in English and Shetlandic, her mother tongue. She was appointed Edinburgh's poet laureate (Makar) for 2014-2017. Her five collections of poetry include *Voes & Sounds* (1994), *Wast Wi Da Valkyries* (1997), and *Plain Song* (2002). The first two won the Shetland Literary Prize. Luath Press published *Parallel Worlds* in 2005 and *North End of Eden* in 2010. A bilingual *Selected, Mondes Parallèles*, (éditions fédérop, 2007) won the poetry Prix du Livre Insulaire.

Carol Ann Duffy was appointed Britain's Poet Laureate in 2009. She is the first woman, and the first Scot, ever to hold this position. Her collections include *Standing Female Nude* (1985), winner of a Scottish Arts Council Award; *Selling Manhattan* (1987), which won a Somerset Maugham Award; *Mean Time* (1993), which won the Whitbread Poetry Award; and *Rapture* (2005), winner of the T. S. Eliot Prize.

Alison Fell has published seven novels, including *Mer de Glace*, which won the Boardman Tasker Memorial Award. Her books of poetry are *Kisses for Mayakovsky* (Virago, 1984), which won the Alice Hunt Bartlett Award; *The Crystal Owl* (Methuen, 1988); *Dreams, Like Heretics: new and selected poems* (Serpent's Tail, 1997); and *Lightyear* (Smokestack Books, 2005).

Gillian K. Ferguson's first book of poems was *Air for Sleeping Fish* (Bloodaxe, 1997). *Baby* was published by Canongate in 2001. Ferguson received a Creative Scotland Award in 2002 to work on *The Human Genome: Poems on the Book of Life*, now available on the web.

Valerie Gillies was the Edinburgh Makar, poet laureate to the city, in 2005-2008. Her poetry collections include *Tweed Journey* (1989), *Each Bright Eye* (1977), *The Ringing Rock* (1995), and *The Lightning Tree* (2002). *Men and Beasts: Wild Men and Tame Animals of Scotland* (2000), is a collaboration with photographer Rebecca Marr. She received a Creative Scotland Award in 2005 to write *The Spring Teller*, a book of poems inspired by Scotland's wells and springs (Luath, 2008).

John Glenday's first collection, *The Apple Ghost* (1989), won a Scottish Arts Council Book Award. *Undark* (1995) and *Grain* (Picador, 2009) were both Poetry Book Society Recommendations.

Rody Gorman lives on the Isle of Skye and writes in English, Irish, and Scots Gaelic. His books include *Fax and Other Poems* (Polygon, 1996), *Air a' Charbad fo Thalamh/On the Underground* (Polygon, 2000), and *Flora from Lusitania* (Lapwing, 2005). His selected poems in Irish and Scottish Gaelic, *Chernilo*, was published by Coiscéim in 2006.

Andrew Greig is a poet and mountain climber whose books include *Men On Ice* (Canongate 1977), *Western Swing* (Bloodaxe 1993), *This Life, This Life: new and selected poems* (Bloodaxe 2006) and *Getting Higher: The Complete Mountain Poems* (Birlinn 2011).

W.N. Herbert is Professor of Poetry and Creative Writing at Newcastle University. His collections include *The Testament of the Reverend Thomas Dick* (Arc, 1994) and five books published by Bloodaxe: *Forked Tongue* (1994), *Cabaret McGonagall* (1996), *The Laurelude* (1998), *The Big Bumper Book of Troy* (2002), and *Bad Shaman Blues* (2006).

Tracey Herd has published three collections with Bloodaxe: *No Hiding Place* (1996); *Dead Redhead* (2001), a Poetry Book Society Recommendation; and *Not in This World* (2015), a Poetry Book Society Choice. She was a Royal Literary Fund Fellow at Dundee University in 2009-11.

Kathleen Jamie's poetry books include *The Queen of Sheba* (1995). *The Tree House* (2004) won the Forward Poetry Prize and the Scottish Book of the Year Award. *The Overhaul* (2012) won the Costa Poetry Award. Her latest is *The Bonniest Companie* (2015). Jamie is Professor of Poetry at Stirling University. One of her poems is inscribed on the national monument at Bannockburn.

Jackie Kay's poetry collections include *The Adoption Papers* (Bloodaxe, 1991), winner of the Saltire Society Award for best first book, and *Other Lovers* (1993). *Off Colour* (1998) was the basis of a stage show performed in Glasgow in 2009. Recent poetry collections include *Life Mask* (2005) and *Darling: New and Selected Poems* (2007). She is currently Professor of Creative Writing at the University of Newcastle.

David Kinloch teaches Creative Writing and Scottish literature at the University of Strathclyde. A winner of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial Award, he is the author of five collections of poetry including *Un Tour d'Ecosse* (2001), *In My Father's House* (2005), and *Finger of a Frenchman* (2011), all published by Carcanet. In the 1980s he co-founded and co-edited the poetry magazine *Verse*.

Ilyse Kusnetz is the author of *Small Hours*, winner of the 2014 T.S. Eliot Prize from Truman State University Press, and *The Gravity of Falling* (2006). She earned her M.A. in Creative Writing from Syracuse University and her Ph.D. in Feminist and Postcolonial British Literature from the University of Edinburgh. Her poetry has appeared in *Crab Orchard Review*, *the Cincinnati Review*, *Crazyhorse*, *Stone Canoe*, *Rattle*, and other journals and anthologies. She has published numerous reviews and essays about contemporary American and Scottish poetry, both in the United States and abroad. She teaches at Valencia College and lives in Orlando with her husband, the poet and memoirist Brian Turner.

Aonghas MacNeacail is a major figure in Gaelic poetry. His books include *imaginary wounds* (1980), *Sireadh Bradain Sicir / Seeking Wise Salmon* (1983), *Rock and Water: poems in English* (1990), *Oideachadh Ceart agus dàin eile / A Proper Schooling and other poems* (1996), *laoidh an donais òig / hymn to a young demon* (2007), and *dèanamh gaire ris a' chloc : dàin ùra agus thaghte / laughing at the clock: new and selected poems* (Edinburgh: Polygon, 2012).

Marion McCready lives in Argyll, Scotland. Her poetry collections include *Vintage Sea* (Calder Wood Press, 2011) and *Tree Language* (Eyewear Publishing, 2014).

James McGonigal co-edited several volumes in the *New Writing Scotland* series in the 1990s. His poetry books include *Driven Home* (Mariscat, 1998) and a long poem in English, Scots and Irish Gaelic, *Passage/An Pasaiste* (Mariscat, 2004). *Cloud Pibroch* (Mariscat Press, 2010) won the Michael Marks Poetry Award.

Liz Niven's poetry has been published in most major Scottish magazines, as well as along the River Cree in Galloway, in a commissioned collaboration with sculptors and wood-carvers. Her poetry collections include *Cree Lines* (2000), *Stravaigin* (2001), *Burning Whins and Other Poems* (2004), and *The Shard Box* (2010).

Don Paterson won the 1993 Forward Best First Collection Prize for *Nil Nil*, the 1993 Arvon Prize for "A Private Bottling," the T. S. Eliot and Faber Prizes for *God's Gift to Women*, the T. S. Eliot Prize and the Whitbread Poetry Award for *Landing Light*, and the Forward Poetry Prize for Best Poetry Collection of the Year for *Rain*.

Andrew Philip has two poetry pamphlets with HappenStance Press: *Tonguefire* (2005) and *Andrew Philip: A Sampler* (2008). His first full collection, *The Ambulance Box*, was published by Salt in 2009. *The North End of the Possible* was published in 2012 by Salt Publishing. He lives in Linlithgow.

Tom Pow is the author of six collections of poetry, including *In the Becoming: New and Selected Poems* (2009). Four of his previous collections—*Rough Seas*, *The Moth Trap*, *Landscapes and Legacies*, and *Dear Alice: Narratives of Madness*—won Scottish Arts Council Book Awards. *Sparks!* (2005) is the record of a correspondence with Diana Hendry, each setting the other poetic challenges.

Richard Price has published many books of poetry, his longer collections including *Greenfields* (Carcenet, 2007) and *Lucky Day* (Carcenet, 2004). He has also written a short story collection, *A Boy in Summer* (11:9 / Neil Wilson, 2002); a novel, *The Island* (Two Ravens, 2010); and is a vocalist and lyricist for the musical project Mirabeau. He is Head of Content and Research Strategy at the British Library.

Robin Robertson is the author of five collections of poetry: *A Painted Field* (1997), *Slow Air* (2002), *Swithering* (2006), *The Wrecking Light* (2010), and *Hill of Doors* (2013) as well as translations of Euripides. He edited *Mortification: Writers' Stories of Their Public Shame* (2004), inspired by his experiences as a publisher attending book events. He has received Forward Prizes for Best First Collection, Best Collection,

and Best Poem, as well as the E. M. Forster Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 2004 and the Cholmondeley Award in 2012. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

Alan Spence is a poet, playwright, and novelist. He is based in Edinburgh, where he runs the Sri Chinmoy Meditation Centre with his wife, Janani. He has held a chair in Creative Writing at the University of Aberdeen since 2001. He writes in a variety of poetic forms borrowed from Eastern tradition, including haiku and tanka. Spence's collections include *ah!* (1975), *Glasgow Zen*, *Seasons of the Heart*, and *Clear Light*, as well as various collaborative works including *Morning Glory*, with illustrations by Elizabeth Blackadder, and *Still* with Alison Watt.

Gerda Stevenson is an award-winning poet, playwright, prose writer, dramatist, actor, director, and singer/song-writer. She writes in Scots and English. Widely anthologised, her poetry collection *If This Were Real* was published by Smokestack Books in 2013. She has read her poetry at many festivals abroad, including Ireland, the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Poland, and Trinidad. She is a visiting lecturer at Glasgow University, where her poetry and drama are part of the Contemporary Scottish Literature course. She is a Scots Language Ambassador for Education Scotland.

Christopher Whyte (Crisdean MhicilleBhàin) is a Scottish poet, novelist, translator, and critic. He is a novelist in English, a poet in Scottish Gaelic. He has two collections of poetry in Gaelic, *Uirsgeul (Myth)* (1991) and *An Tràth Duilich (The Difficult Time)* (2002). His novels in English include *Euphemia MacFarrigle and the Laughing Virgin* (1995), *The Warlock of Strathearn* (1997), *The Gay Decameron* (1998), and *The Cloud Machinery* (2000).

Heart's Needle

*excerpt from the spoken-word poem,
in honor of the victims of the Paris attack*

I am the cavity of Paris
that lovers once poured into—
my heart a weeping sieve
Deep inside myself
inside the shadows I cannot contain—
statues and monuments to the dead—
a whole city of shimmering possibility
rises as smoke above a skyline of ancient syllables
quivering on the tip of my tongue

The pallbearer of my own dead poems
bereft of words, divine direction or
a satin box to lay my aching compass
I drift

alone in the dark
alone with you and the breath of Winter
erased by a night that forgives

Antonia Alexandra Klimenko

Unnamed

Post-war Pittsburgh

As if they had never been,
we didn't speak of the forced marches
or the murder of millions,
though the war had recently ended,

and my family lived in Squirrel Hill,
a neighborhood of synagogues and delis,
where loss stalked the streets
and no one had been spared.

At our table sat our own sorrows, whispering
and unseen: my mother's first love,
killed in battle, the boys my father flew with,
the ones who didn't come home.

Back then, we offered our trust to TV.
Robert Young assured us that fathers
could set the world straight, Donna Reed
soothed with her gingham, her satisfied smiles.

That's how it was: pastel
appliances to wash away our stains,
shiny new cars that drove us through a darkness
that hovered and was never named.

Kathryn Ridall

Admiral Nimitz

Every day in summer I'd cross the border;
he'd nod, pick up the horseshoes,
hand me one, triple the size
of my palm, and say, You first. We'd play
away the afternoon. Few words
punctuated the clank of horseshoe
against stake, until the fog rolled in
and I'd retrace my steps home.
I was five or six; he, white-haired,
however old that meant.

One evening my father sat me down,
spoke in the exaggerated tone
adults adapt for children, asked
if I knew who he was.
Admiral Nimitz, of course, though
I knew nothing of his command
of the Pacific Fleet and was less impressed
than if he'd landed a horseshoe.

He was a calm man, a useful attribute
for sending young men to their deaths.
The only time I saw him upset,
raccoons had invaded from their hideouts
in the hills, attacked the goldfish in his pond,
leaving muddy footprints as they escaped.
As far as I knew, this was his only defeat.

Carol V. Davis

At the End of the Sofa

I remember my mother, every afternoon
would either be reading or cooking.
She would pick up a book quickly,
like a snack,
and sit at the end of the sofa.

Honeyed sunlight flows in
over her right shoulder.
A subtle smile simmers.

Then in the kitchen
she hums to herself
and feels the knotty, pitted skin
of a potato,
tenderly pats
a lettuce leaf dry
with a faraway look.
She chops onions
and their stories
bring tears to her eyes.

Betsy Martin

Rising Sun Nursing Home

Mornings, when her bare feet touch
the carpet, she's back in Okeechobee,
where she belongs. This jail she's in

is run by flunkies. She talks
to the crone in the mirror, foolish
for sweets, ice cream. Careful—

the chocolates could be poisoned!
And who's this fox taking her hand
like a nurse with a watch, calling her

Mama? Her real daughters,
itty bitty things with curls,
are squealing outdoors, racing

their tricycles. *Girls, look both ways!*
Where is her money, her rings?
She is losing this game.

Too hard. She pulls the sheet up
over her head. She may die here
on purpose. She misses the trailer,

the yearling messing up the garden,
the rain on tin drowning their voices
husky with love and complaints.

Elisabeth Murawski

Thirty-Five Years

Thirty-five years at Bowman's Timber Mill
stretched thin between the rumored thrills
of maybe making foreman, or when his knees ached
and he hobbled like a gnome—maybe he'd take
the pen-and-clipboard job when the tallyman quit.
But the tallyman stayed on and nothing came of it.
Or maybe he'd work a whole new place, pick up and move
toward barroom promises of better pay, which never seemed to prove

true. *What are you gonna do, Freddie, what now?*
Buddies at his retirement picnic wanted to glimpse how
a man's life might slip into the dreams he'd wished.
Relax in the sun and fish, he said, but I don't believe he fished
even once after that. He'd rise like clockwork at dawn,
dress in the work jeans and flannel shirts he'd worn
thousands of mornings before. Sip coffee, cock a lonesome ear
for the shift whistle and rhythms now his bones could hear—

logs rumbling, the saw's wail, lumber tumbling
toward the bundle carts. He'd sink into silent grumbling;
what good is fetching home a stringer of bluegills
when his kids are grown and gone and the empty house fills
with the ghost of possibilities long past? He'd wander back
to the log yard, perch in an open car along the track,
glad to talk with his buddies, laugh and drink, a man who knew
at last what's true. Besides, he'd say, fish don't bite like they used to.

Lowell Jaeger

Ghosting Home

In his final years, my father's frame
shrank, while his wardrobe stayed the same.
Where once his belly might have overlapped
beleaguered belt loops of his stain-dappled
pants, now he'd contracted inches enough
the waistband gapped. Shoulders of his rough
denim work shirts outsized him day-by-day,
his shoes so loose they threatened to walk away

without him. I could hardly stomach the pace
of his diminishing size; but, in truth, his face...
well, I couldn't face him. That spooked look
magnified behind thick-rimmed lenses. The hook
of his nose chiseled narrow as a blade.
His mouth gaped open, quivering and afraid,
the jaw slackened till the lips rounded
the relentless oh-oh-oh of a soul astounded

by his own decline. My siblings lived nearby
and tenderly, bravely nursed him. And I
lived an insulated two days' drive apart from the past,
I thought, but duty or guilt brought me back.
Or was it love? I wanted to ask him but lost
the chance, though I said it anyway as I tossed
a handful of dust on his coffin. And turned to go.
And drove home slowly, knowing what I know.

Lowell Jaeger

Eyes

The photo of Nonna in the hall
shows full-face her hawkish visage,
the wrinkled tissue-skin, kinky hair
braided around her shrunken head,
mouth folded inward where
teeth used to be, and, dominating all,

riveting bird-eyes sunk in a pale skull
over a thin, beaky nose and the high
cheekbones I'd love to have inherited.
But somewhere behind the cataracts
that veil her vision with a milky caul,
there had to be the blue of sky and sea,

as all my other elders clearly
rode through life and photographs
with dark, piercing Italian
black-olive eyes, or the French-
Spanish orbs polished amber
or steeped in espresso.
Nonna, it had to be you
who gave me the cornflower blue.

Donna Pucciani

Supermanland

No Supermanlander is ever condemned to K-Mart jeans.
None flabs before a mirror, thighs quivering, and cries.

Everyone flies, so there is no acid rain, greenhouse
effect, or global warming—nothing to cause asthma,

emphysema, lung cancer. Super-vision's standard,
so there are no mid-air crashes; and no one would be hurt

if there were. No sickness or death means no lost
insurance, no hospitals, no graves to "maintain,"

no antidepressants, or grief to dull with them.
Sexless, the genders love each other's company.

There are no kids to need braces or Ritalin,
to get leukemia or eye cancer, to be crushed by trucks

or stung by bees so they go into shock and die.
Sin is meaningless; eating, optional. Fighting's useless;

no one can lose or win. There's music, dance, paintings
no human could describe, but everyone in Supermanland can.

Art is their joy, mastered by everyone. Human platitudes—
Perfection palls. No beauty without ugliness. No pleasure

without pain: pure non-super-person sour grapes!
The vanity and violence of life on earth only deepens

Supermanlanders' delight when, red capes flapping in the sky,
they embrace, and—free of irony—say, "Have a super day."

Charles Harper Webb

The Weaning

He doesn't think I notice him pulling back,
the *I love yous* that once poured from his tongue
now rationed like sugar in wartime.

He doesn't think I hear his sigh when I call,
doesn't think I know he's not at work,
won't be home for dinner.

The pulling back is subtle, intentional,
like when a mother slips her nipple
from the mouth of her nursing babe,

and slides her pinky in its place.
If she's careful, the baby doesn't notice,
goes on sucking long after the milk is gone.

Anna DiMartino

Winter Leaves

Winter air is thin
and sharp, ground hard
as cement. Sky
clarifies, domain
of crystalline blue
swallowing sphere
of Earth. Clouds
appear as wispy
versions of
their summer selves,
clinging to ceiling
like cobwebs. Trees
turn ears to legends
echoing in rings.
Blood conserved
for warm arms of spring,
coats change from
green to gold to
desiccated brown.
Thoughts grow clear
as the sharp, thin air.
Breathing is pain,
needled lungs yowling
that there is a time
to flourish, a time
to leave.
Leave: it's what
we all must do.

Bill Glose

The Cracked Bell

How bittersweet it is, through winter's numbing nights,
to listen as the dancing, smoky fire evokes
a vision from the distant past whose muted flights
ascend through swirling fog on tolling vesper's strokes.

Contented are the chimes with energetic throats,
their voice robust in spite of age, alert and hard,
that still pour forth unswerving, conscientious notes,
evoking grizzled sentries at their posts on guard.

But as for me, my soul is flawed. When, sick with care,
it strives to fill with mournful complaints the cold night air,
too often nothing but a weakened throat is there,

much like the futile gasps of wounded in despair
left piled one on the other by a lake of gore
who lie in wretched torment till they strain no more.

Charles Baudelaire
translated by Emery L. Campbell

Lament for Juan Gelman's Moustache

All at once that stubborn dog of a heart
stopped barking at the Lady Poetry, jumped
over the wall where the sacred crows of
Kashmir dwelt and said: I've come into
this world to stay. It can't be, protested
the daffy nurses of Pickapoon Hospital.
It can't be, the guardians of the public
order responded in chorus. All at once
that heart stopped leaping, not in his be-
loved Buenos Aires where he'd misplaced
his violin for good or in the Ukraine
where José sawed timber and memorized
train schedules. That stubborn dog of a
heart kept singing in the face of turbulence,
never knowing whether the Lady would
arrive. He put bars on his verses because
of issues with his lungs and thanked the
little birds that ate from his hand. He fed
the crows as well—breadcrumbing, he'd
call it—ringing a bell while quoting
mystics in their native tongues. This is
why I've come, he'd say, but all at once
that stubborn dog of a heart stopped
speaking and drew a giant moustache
high up in the spheres. You can see it
if you dare listen to their music.

Eduardo Chirinos
translated by G. J. Racz

Porch Swing, Cave Run Lake, 2:30 A.M.

This must be the quiet the dead hear,
though just yesterday I read that
Weeping Pines Mortuary in Los Angeles
will rig up a stereo system
in their poshest, lacquered coffin—
for a stiff price. The music is piped in
via two-way front speakers, four
mid-bass drivers, “divine” tweeters,
and a custom 8-inch subwoofer.
Which is what Mrs. Harriet Kolosov did
for her husband, who, all his life
couldn’t get enough of Mozart’s
Canzonetta Sull’aria, the lilting sway
of soprano. Now it’s on a loud
continuous loop in Frederick’s final resting place.
I should be happy for him, his music
to die for, the notes cascading around him
like fat droplets from a magic waterfall.
But instead, I think of his neighbor
one plot over, a man named Paddy Grier,
victim of a random drive-by.
Turn it down! he says. *Turn it down,*
goddammit! I’m trying to sleep.

Jeff Worley

Break On Through—Ray Manzarek Speaks

So I’m walking down this street
in heaven, and there’s this kid,
maybe fifteen, who’s wearing my face
on his T-shirt, and it’s not like California,
where a guy that age would never believe
an old dude like me could’ve ever
been the Doors’ rock-star keyboard whiz
whose riffs helped spark a revolution.
Nah, it’s nothing like that, up here
they all nod, even the young ones say
Hey man, can’t wait for the show,
like they’ve been standing for hours
outside a locked coliseum door, been jostled
and shoved through ticket lines, sprinted
to the front to press against barricades,
eye-to-bicep with some bruiser security guard—

So anyway, I’m walking and this angel
comes up—wings, white robe,
the whole bit, and he leads me to a door
that opens on a dark corridor
but ends in bright light. I hear the screams,
the cheers, thousands out there waiting,
and then this guy in black leather appears
in the light, says *C’m on, man, it’s time.* He’s smiling—
it’s Jim,

and I think hell yeah, they were right
to call this heaven.

Pam Baggett

The Beginning

it all began with spring when
the covers came off the beds
when green overtook the gray
and white turned into blue lakes
when children raced kites to heaven
and young thoughts
entered old minds
when the world once again
passed its yearly inspection

Dennis Herrell

We Were Dying For Spring

And pictured its arrival askew: a stranger
who steps off a train with a valise unhinged,
jam-packed with forsythia, offering visions
of gold beyond mounds of urine-streaked snow.
We were willing to suffer
for the changes ahead, to endure
a new season's green fuse, to be
nettle-stung, eyes scratched and blood-shot
by pollen-powdered air. In the long wait,
we lamented, "We're dying for spring!"

while somewhere in palace squares,
people were massing in spring protest,
sprung from the underground,
pressing hard against icy resistance,
pushing to live, willing to suffer
for change that might come, to endure
well-aimed explosions, willing to feed
the earth with their blood,
thick and sticky as pollen,
red as May azaleas.

Maria Terrone

Letter of Last

i.

I'm searching for the bloodlovely
inside the shadowmap of my life.

ii.

I want a burial so brilliant it blinds
but not so it leaves only ash.

My death should be muskheavy and gold.
My death should have a party

where everyone falls sweetdrunk
one into another. My death should not

be afraid of beautiful messes.
Bands of cirrostratus and crows

everywhere.

iii.

if I undo at the thought of
nevermore and if I ravel for you

call it what it is an exquisite ruse
soulful insouciance when body uncoils

its spool of flesh I sometimes see hope
stitching its red thread over

and under whalebone laced
to bridewhite lining

Ronda Broatch

Koi Tangled in Leaves

You tug the winter cover off the pond.
Fish dart to the tree tops and cluster—
vivid as canna blossoms

or the trumpet vine's orange-red flowers—
nibble the branches' tips,
the tentative fresh greenness

of emerging leaves. Their scales flash
like sparks against the branches.
You cannot imagine how they flew there

when the sun woke them from winter's daze,
or what will become of them,
tangled like the April air in leaves.

Nothing could hold them in their proper
element once spring touched them
with her soft fingers, her sweet madness.

You stare into the pond, sure you'll find it empty,
spy clouds and stars and the puzzled moon
wandering through the dark water.

Rebecca Baggett

Learning To Read

One day—she cannot remember
the *when* or the *how* or whether she lay
curled on the bed or sprawled in a square

of sunlight on the porch floor—something
fell into place behind her startled eyes,
the sticks and curves lined up

beneath the garish illustrations rearranged
themselves into a pattern she could recognize,
became language, became *hers*.

It was as if she wandered lost in an unfamiliar
wood, then suddenly discovered a path
she knew, the path that led *home*.

It was as if she found herself in a new country,
gazed about bewildered and afraid,
then recognized all her cousins,

classmates, friends from Sunday school
waving wildly, gathered to welcome her
to a land she would love more

than she could possibly imagine,
a land where she would live,
happily, ever after.

Rebecca Baggett

When the Children Were Young

We often lived in the land
of Silly. We picked grapefruit
from the backyard tree and

lobbed them over home plate
in place of the Whiffle Ball.
Two or three swings and

someone would connect, whacking
the fruit across the lawn.
Often it broke open, little

yellow piñata, sending showers
of pulp and juice pinwheeling
across the sparse July grass.

The children were young and
we were young. Bath time
scrubbed away the day's debris.

Even then we thought, Oh,
let these days go on and on,
let summer stretch and yawn

and nap open-mouthed in
the big chaise longue, a careless
snore in its freckled nose.

David Denny

At the Solstice

Blanketed in breath and air,
the children sleep, still points
in their stirring room.

Fans click and hum, and papers,
pages, scotch-taped paintings
rise and fall, waving
a languid good night
and good night and good night.

Curtains swell,
the mobile spins, the bright fish
swims around his wire.

Soft air, soft breath, soft sheets,
soft skin—in this summer
of all things soft, we love softly,
softly not to wake them, the children
called forth from our bodies.

The long evening's light flows in
like water. The mirror receives it,
glass brimful, and pours
it out again, lavish, clear, and sweet.

Emily Tuszynska

CONTRIBUTORS

Pam Baggett is a freelance writer and author/photographer of the garden book *Tropicalismo!* Her work appears in *The Southern Poetry Anthology Vol. VII: North Carolina*, and *Kentucky Review*.

Rebecca Baggett's most recent collections are *God Puts on the Body of a Deer* and *Thalassa*. Her work has received three Pushcart nominations and appears in numerous journals and anthologies.

Mark Belair's most recent collection is *Breathing Room*. His work has been nominated twice for a Pushcart prize and has appeared in numerous journals such as *Poetry East*, *Harvard Review*, and *Michigan Quarterly Review*.

Joachim du Bellay (1522-1560) is the author of *Les antiquités de Rome*, first translated by Edmund Spenser.

Ace Boggess is author of *The Prisoners* and *The Beautiful Girl Whose Wish Was Not Fulfilled*. His poetry has appeared in *Harvard Review*, *RATTLE*, and *Southern Humanities Review*.

Gaylord Brewer's most recent collections are *Country of Ghost* and the cookbook-memoir *The Poet's Guide to Food, Drink and Desire*. He teaches at Middle Tennessee State University and edits *Poems & Plays*.

Ronda Broatch's latest collection is *Lake of Fallen Constellations*. She is editor of *Crab Creek Review*, has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and was finalist for a May Swenson Poetry Award.

Dorothy Brooks is author of *A Fine Dusting of Brightness* and has appeared in numerous literary journals including *Poet Lore* and *River Oak Review*.

Emory Campbell was nominated for the Georgia Author of the Year Award for *This Gardener's Impossible Dream: A Not So Green Thumb (or Why I Took Up Poetry Instead)*. His second book, *Selected Fables and Poems in Translation*, consists of French text and English translations.

John Randolph Carter is a poet and artist who has work in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Smithsonian American Art Museum, and the Library of Congress. His poetry has appeared in the *Connecticut Review*, *Mudfish*, *Poet Lore*, *Sycamore Review*, *Notre Dame Review*, and *LIT*.

Eduardo Chirinos is professor of Modern and Classical Languages and Literatures at the University of Montana-Missoula and author of twenty books of poetry including *Reasons for Writing Poetry*.

Carol V. Davis is the author of *Between Storms* (Truman State U. Press, 2012) and winner of the 2007 T. S. Eliot Prize for *Into the Arms of Pushkin: Poems of St. Petersburg*. Her poems have been read on NPR and Radio Russia. Winner of a 2015 Barbara Deming Memorial grant, she taught at Buryatia State University, Siberia, in the winter of 2015.

David Denny's collections include *Fool in the Attic* and *Man Overboard*. His poems have appeared in *Parabola* and *Chiron Review*.

Mark DeFoe was winner of 2005 *Chautauqua Literary Journal's* national competition, and his work has been nominated three times for Pushcart prizes. His poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *Yale Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *Paris Review*, and *Sewanee Review*.

Anna DiMartino's work has appeared in *The Cancer Poetry Project* 2, among others. She is director of a non-profit preschool in San Diego.

Bill Glose is author of *Personal Geography*, *Half a Man*, and *The Human Touch*. His poems have appeared in *Poet Lore* and *Southern California Review*.

Dennis Herrell's work has appeared in many literary publications including *Poet Lore*, *Salzburg Review*, and *Pearl*.

Jackleen Holton Hookway's poems have been published in various journals including *RATTLE*, *North American Review*, and *Permafrost*. Her poem "Goldfish" won *Bellingham Review's* 49th Parallel Poetry Award.

Scott Hutchison's work has appeared in *The Georgia Review*, *The Southern Review*, *Poet Lore*, and *Southern Poetry Review*.

Lowell Jaeger is author of six collections of poems, including the recent *How Quickly What's Passing Goes Past* and *Driving the Back Road Home*. He is the recipient of fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Montana Arts Council, and winner of the Grolier Poetry Peace Prize.

William Joliff's poems, articles, and reviews have appeared in *Southern Poetry Review* and *Midwest Quarterly*. His new collection is *Twisted Shapes of Light*.

Jeff Kahrs co-edited *Atlanta Review's* Turkish poetry issue (*Istanbul and Beyond*), and his work has been published in *Subtropics*.

Carol Kanter's latest books are *No Secret Where Elephants Walk* and *Where the Sacred Dwells*, which include her husband's photography from Africa, India, Nepal, and Bhutan.

Antonia Alexandra Klimenko was first introduced on the BBC by the legendary Tambimuttu of *Poetry London*. A former San Francisco Poetry Slam Champion, her work is published in the *Occupy Wall Street Anthology* and *Maintenant: Journal of Contemporary Dada Writing and Art*. She lives in the City of Light, where she is Writer/Poet in Residence at SpokenWord Paris.

Betsy Martin's poetry has appeared in *The Louisville Review*, *Green Hills Literary Lantern*, and *Cloudbank*.

Elizabeth Murawski is author of *Zorba's Daughter*, which won the 2010 May Swenson Poetry Award, and *Moon and Mercury*. Her work has appeared in the *Yale Review*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, and *Tar River Poetry*, among others.

Donna Pucciani has won awards from the National Federation of State Poetry Societies, Poetry on the Lake, and the Illinois Arts Council. Her poems have been nominated five times for the Pushcart Prize. Her latest collection is *A Light Dusting of Breath*.

G.J. Racz is professor of Foreign Languages and Literature at LIU Brooklyn and review editor for *Translation Review*. His translation of Eduardo Chirino's *The Smoke of Distant Fires* was short-listed for the 2013 PEN Award for Poetry in Translation.

Kathryn Ridell is author of *Keeping Faith* and three chapbooks. She lives in Ventura, California, where she works as a psychotherapist.

Maria Terrone is the author of *Eye to Eye*, *A Secret Room in Fall*, and *The Bodies We Were Loaned*. Her work has been nominated four times for a Pushcart Prize, and her work has appeared in *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, *Hudson Review*, and *Poetry International*.

Emily Tuszynska's poems have appeared in *Arc*, *Crab Orchard Review*, and *Mantis*, among others.

Charles Harper Webb's latest books are *What Things Are Made Of* and *Brain Camp* (U. of Pittsburgh Press). He teaches creative writing at California State University, Long Beach.

Darlene Young has won the Academy of American Poets Prize and the Hart-Larson Poetry Prize. Her work appears in various journals, including the *North Dakota Quarterly* and *Ellipses*.

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