



January/February, 2014

Volume 8, Issue 1

## Grant Clauser Wins 11th Dogfish Head Poetry Prize for *Necessary Myths*

Hatfield, Pennsylvania writer Grant Clauser was named the Eleventh Winner of the annual Dogfish Head Poetry Prize at a festive gathering at Dogfish Head Brewing and Eats on Sunday, December 9th, in Rehoboth Beach, Delaware. In spite of the inclement weather, poets, publishers and brewers celebrated the unveiling of Clauser's full-length collection of poetry, *Necessary Myths*, the first full-length collection of work to win. This was also the first year that poets from all of the mid-Atlantic states were eligible. Clauser is the first person to win the \$500 Prize, and the first-ever resident of Pennsylvania to win.

Linda Blaskey, Director of the Dogfish Head Poetry Prize competition, says Clauser's work "is rich and evocative. Full of imagery, the judges got it right." Clauser's work is firmly anchored in the world he inhabits: the farms, fields, woods, state parks, and rivers of South-east Pennsylvania. A self-described "frustrated gardener and hack fly-fisherman," he is married, and a working parent who also leads creative writing workshops in poetry at conferences and at Philadelphia's Musehouse. *Necessary Myths* is his second published book; his first, *The Trouble with Rivers* (FootHills Publishing, 2012), was (continued, page four)

### Inside this issue:

- P. 1 *Grant Clauser wins 2013 Dogfish Head Prize; TBR nominates six for Pushcart Prize*
- P. 3 *Letters, Credo by Ken Poyner*
- P. 5 *Poetry by Grant Clauser*
- P. 8 *Key Poetry Second Six Named*
- P. 10 *Linda Blaskey Reviews Fleda Brown's No Need of Sympathy*
- P. 11 *Fleda Brown Interviews Herself*
- P. 13 *Poetry by Nina Romano*
- P. 15 *Poetry by Denise Clemons*
- P. 16 *Picture 1000 Words: Special Supplement to TBR featuring the photography of Cam Cope and...*
- P. 18 *Fiction by Rijn Collins*
- P. 20 *Fiction by Felicity Pickering*
- P. 22 *Fiction by Holly Ringland*
- P. 24 *Fiction by Alice Allan*
- P. 26 *Fiction by Kate Hennessey*
- P. 28 *Fiction by Maryanne Khan*
- P. 35 *Fiction by T. Sean Steele*
- P. 41 *Fiction by Vicki Van Arsdale*
- P. 43 *Scott Whitaker Reviews Eric Greinke's For the Living Dead*
- P. 44 *Scott Whitaker Reviews Rain Shadow Review*
- P. 45 *Grace Cavalieri Reviews Rachel Pastan's Alena*
- P. 48 *Poetry by Jon Dambacher*
- P. 49 *NBCC Announces Nominees*
- P. 50 *Poetry by Jim Bourey*
- P. 56 *Poetry by Lisa Mulleneaux*
- P. 59 *Fiction by Christopher S. Bell*
- P. 65 *Poetry by Larry Kelts*
- P. 67 *Poetry by Lyn Lifshin*
- P. 70 *Poetry by Miriam Dow*
- P. 71 *Poetry by Margaret Eckman*
- P. 74 *Poetry by Simon Perchik*
- P. 75 *Poetry by Elisavietta Ritchie*
- P. 77 *January Events from Delaware Poet Laureate JoAnn Balingit*
- P. 83 *Literary Birthdays*
- P. 84 *Index to Volume 7 (2013)*
- P. 94 *Notes on Contributors*

## Colwell, Tillman, Pobo, Solari, Luftig and Marzec Nominated for Pushcarts

The editors at *The Broadkill Review* are quite proud to announce the magazine's six nominees for The Pushcart Prizes, the annual anthology of remarkable work being published by little and literary magazines from across the country. "Lute" a poem by Anne Colwell from *TBR* Vol. 7, No. 1, "Austin, Texas" a poem by Iris Tillman from *TBR* Vol. 7, No. 4, "Spacker's Car Concert" a poem by Ken Pobo from *TBR* Vol. 7, No. 5, "Meeting Makarova" a memoir by Rose Solari from *TBR* Vol. 7, No. 1, "Postcard from California" a short story by Richard Luftig from *TBR* Vol. 7, No 4, and "The Copyist" a short story by M. J. Marzec from *TBR* Vol. 7, No 5. Re-read them from your past issues and see if you agree.

## "Second Six" Selected for Key Poetry Series 2014 Publication—See Story on Page Eight

*The Broadkill Review* is a member of the Council of Literary Magazines and Presses (CLMP), the Delaware Press Association (DPA), and the Independent Mid-Atlantic Publishers (IMAP), and is listed in Dustbooks' *International Directory of Literary Magazines and Small Presses* and the *Writer's Market* and *Poet's Market*

This publisher is a proud member of  
  
 COUNCIL OF LITERARY MAGAZINES & PRESSES  
 WWW.CLMP.ORG

  
 Excellence in Communication  
 Delaware Press Association

*Independent Mid-Atlantic*  
  
 Publishers Group

# *The Broadkill Review*

Post Office Box # 63  
Milton, DE 19968

Editor and Publisher: James C. L. Brown, *M.F.A.*

Poetry and Interview Editor: Linda Blaskey

Literary Review Editor, Blog-site Manager & Intern Coordinator: S. Scott Whitaker, *M.F.A.*,  
Member of The National Book Critics Circle,

Summer Fiction & Contributing Editor: H. A. Maxson, *Ph.D.*

Contributing Editors (alphabetically)

Phillip Bannowsky, *M.A.*, Contributing Editor & Literary Scene Columnist

Michael Blaine, *M.A.*, Contributing Editor & Literary Reviewer,  
English Teacher, Laurel H.S., and Delaware Technical & Community College

Fleda Brown, *Ph.D.*, Contributing Editor, University of Delaware Professor Emerita and  
Former Poet Laureate of Delaware

Grace Cavalieri, *M. A.*, Contributing Editor, and Host of Public Radio's *The Poet and the Poem*

Anne Colwell, *Ph.D.*, Contributing Editor & Literary Reviewer

hadrow deforge, contributing editor & curmudgeon

Howard Gofreed, *J.D.*, Contributing Editor & Literary Reviewer, Former Director of Autumn in  
Arlington and Former Member of The Poetry Committee of The Folger Shakespeare Library

Gary Hanna, Contributing Editor & Literary Reviewer, Director of Poetry at the Beach and  
Founder of The Delaware Writer's Library

Gerry LaFemina, *M.F.A.*, Contributing Editor, Associate Professor at Frostburg State University

Steven Leech, Contributing Editor & Literary Historian

Edward M. Lukacs, Contributing Photographic & Literary Editor and  
Member of The Royal Photographic Society)

a mclean, Contributing Editor and Literary Reviewer

Tim Nicholson, CEO BeKinder Design and Consulting: Graphics and WebDesign, *MSCE*

Literary Intern: Candice Stephenson

Australia and South Pacific Editor:

Maryanne Khan, Contributing Editor & Literary Reviewer

In Memoriam:

John Elsberg, Contributing Editor, and Publisher of *Bogg Magazine*

To submit fiction to *The Broadkill Review*, please visit our website [www.thebroadkillriverpress.com/the-broadkill-review](http://www.thebroadkillriverpress.com/the-broadkill-review)  
To submit your poetry the Broadkill Review, send up to six poems to our Poetry Editor, Linda Blaskey, at [linblaskey@aol.com](mailto:linblaskey@aol.com). Simultaneous submissions *must* be identified as such. Submissions must be in MS Word format. No included photographs or fanciful renderings of your work. These make downloading your text difficult and time consuming. Allow up to three months for response, as we fill each issue with the highest quality material.

Small Presses, please note! To submit books for review, send hard copy to: Scott Whitaker, Literary Review Editor, 25624 East Main Street, Onley, Va. 23418, or send e-books to: [esteph20@hotmail.com](mailto:esteph20@hotmail.com) Unless requested specifically by us, we do not guarantee that your books will be reviewed.

Subscriptions cost a first time fee to individuals of \$15 for a one-year subscription, \$20 for a three-year subscription or \$18 annually to libraries, but you must send an e-mail requesting the publication to our e-mail address, above, and a check made payable to Broadkill Publishing Associates, mailed to: The Broadkill Review, c/o John Milton and Company, 104 Federal Street, Milton, DE 19968. 6 (18 for a three year sub.) pdf issues will be delivered to your e-mail-box. You must renew your subscription once a year each year thereafter (\$10 individuals, \$15 libraries), and you are in charge of. updating your e-mail information with us. Bounced issues will result in your subscription being dropped.

Advertising rates for an ad in each of the year's six issues: eighth of a page, \$50; quarter page \$95; half page \$180; full page \$350.

## Letters and Notes from Our Readers

So here I am in Portugal where this ex-Californian has decided to spend the rest of his life (not much longer when one is 82). Anyway, your magazine is uniquely American (even the ads are fun to read). So thanks for a bit of nostalgia. Portugal is indeed a great place to live — totally underrated.

—Selwyn Berg

I have skimmed through the issue (and will read it thoroughly over the next few days), and it looks, as always, excellent. I am honored to be included in the company of so many fine writers and artists... in such a distinctive and beautifully designed publication.

Thank you and...best wishes to you and all at *Broadkill!*

P.S. I will be posting a blog en-

try and otherwise promoting this issue and will copy you as I do so.— Gregory Luce

<http://enchiladasblog.blogspot.com>

I was able to open this (issue) and it looks terrific...very impressive. Congratulations.

— W. Jack Savage

SO animated this time! And much easier to read! multilectable — Grace Cavalieri

## Credo

by Ken Poyner

I have been lucky in my writing career. Over the past forty years I've published in places like "Poet Lore" and "West Branch" and "The Iowa Review", and even in pulp markets such as "Asimov's Science Fiction" and "Analog Science Fiction and Fact". My first chapbook came out in 1985; another appeared in 1995; and my short fiction collection, "Constant Animals", was issued in 2013 as a Print-on-Demand paperback, as well as an e-book.

Having published more than 600 poems and stories in over 150 magazines and webzines, I figure I have a few collections in me, so I sent one out to a contest recently. Dutifully, I paid the entry fee, bundled up the manuscript, and sent it off quite a while before the submission closing day's midnight deadline. I got a rejection in e-mail with a time stamp of the day following the closing day, 12:22 am.

By now, rejections do not trouble me. When I got the winning book, I thumbed through it, and read the bio of the author. Seems this individual either was about to complete an MFA, or had just completed one. As for the book, four of the poems in the book had been previously published, all in the same webzine. In fact, these four were the only previously published work I could find any place by this author.

Prodigies do exist. After all, Emily

Dickinson did not publish much during her lifetime. But, I am wondering – from a simple marketing standpoint – how many people would be likely to line up to find this new author's book? The writing was unspectacular, and not all that interesting; but I am sure it did reasonably well at the MFA workshops, and at least one editor found it to be best of breed at the contest.

Later, I sent a slightly modified manuscript to another contest. It took longer to get a rejection, but it nonetheless came. When I got a copy of the winning book, the author's bio note listed, first, graduation from an MFA program. Of the poems in the volume, two had been previously published. I went to the web and could find no more, nor even reference to the author having appeared in print. I did find a resume, and several notices about the individual seeking a teaching job, and having an MFA.

Some readers might like the book. It was promoted as cutting edge. My wife and I found it to be a confusing mess that contained so much white space on the page that it took each of us less than six minutes to read the entire 48 page volume.

My work field is Computer Science, and the ten years I did teaching was a part-time stint peddling Systems Administration. I have no problem with MFA programs, but I wonder if perhaps some are beginning just a little too exclusively to see the MFA as the key to the promised land. Maybe all the MFAs out (continued p. 9 column 2)



(Clauser Wins Dogfish Head Prize, from P. 1)

praised by Robert Bly as being “able to carry some tragedy (while) At the same time...some sort of triumph.”

His work has appeared in *The Literary Review*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Cortland Review*, *Sow's Ear Poetry Review* and others. In 2010 he was Poet Laureate for Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, and his interviews with other poets have appeared in the *Schuylkill Valley Journal* and *The American Poetry Review*. He still finds time to run the blog [www.unIambic.com](http://www.unIambic.com).

His book may be ordered online from The Broadkill River Press at: <http://www.thebroadkillriverpress.com>



# Necessary Myths



Poetry by  
Grant Clauser

*Winner of the  
2013 Dogfish Head  
Poetry Prize*

***Necessary Myths***  
Poetry by Grant Clauser  
\$14.95

ISBN # 978-1-940120-92-8

Available now at  
[www.thebroadkillriverpress.com](http://www.thebroadkillriverpress.com)

# Poetry by Grant Clauser

## Winner of the 2013 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize

### Survival of the Fittest

If it's true, then a beast  
with a bigger brain  
than its brother learned  
a trick of light, maybe fire,  
learned to hide in shadows,  
maybe climbed higher branches  
in the ancient version of oaks  
and there lived out the night  
surviving the fire or flood  
or scavenging timber wolves  
till finally we are here  
thrashing against such walls  
of our own making, gnawing  
flesh off the delicate hands  
of our loved ones while  
outside the last few wolves wait  
like the distant hills, patient  
and still, the moon the only  
thing that can move them.

### Necessary Myths

There are certain nights,  
we pass through worrying  
as wolves calling out  
over the hills.

So what if Romulus  
put down the stone  
and instead embraced  
his brother?  
Would our paths be  
so different than now?

A farmer in Kansas,  
to ease his stricken brother's pain  
puts a hand over his mouth  
and holds it long enough  
to watch the creases on his  
brow soften with sleep.

And in the morning,  
after collecting and washing the eggs  
walks the mile to his neighbor  
to borrow a suit.

It's hard, yes, to love  
the stone in your shoe  
when your whole life  
is spent walking.

Grant Clauser's poems on these pages  
are from his  
2013 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize Winning  
*Necessary Myths*

# Poetry by Grant Clauser

## Winner of the 2013 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize

### The Rapturist

*Family Radio preacher Harold Camping has predicted the end of the world 12 times.*

Some days you wake, dress  
and go to preach and come  
home in the dark and wonder  
where your day has gone.  
The sun rising and falling  
and shooting off its flares in space.

And some days your whole life  
is in your mouth, tangled  
with the wrong words, wrong  
breath coming and going and rage  
filling completely your lungs,  
your empty heart.

These are things we all lose,  
the right to mourn, to live  
with purpose, toss salt  
over our shoulders and look  
back for signs of regret  
the tracks it makes on stone.

And then there's this, preaching  
storms like divine disinfectant  
over a battlefield, hoping  
morning comes with empty beds  
and cars idling in the street  
while their lights die out.

But when morning comes  
nothing new happens. The sun  
rises on schedule, the earth  
thicker with fog and rot,  
you wonder what went wrong  
lives not fit for taking

And the rest of us feel  
it too, a *what if* in the gut—  
a cosmic shiver of wind  
like déjà vu or something half  
seen and you wonder, who  
would be left to love or spite,

and who gets the big backstage  
pass to the universe  
while the rest of the world  
rummages through empty cars  
looking for loose change, squatting  
in houses without keys.

The end of the world  
was the biggest joke of the day.  
Morning came and afternoon  
and still no storm or hellfire  
spouts like loosened hydrants  
raining in the streets.

Twitter loves a failure  
the way Jesus embraced lepers.  
The way we watch NASCAR  
hoping for someone to burn  
before our eyes, to hit the wall  
we all believe is waiting.

So when it comes to asking  
why, feeling like a punk'd Noah  
standing forgotten on the dock,  
you become the Jesus joke  
while we laugh and wipe our brows,  
because we go on raging

through our lives, filling and burning  
the lamps, watching the news  
and waiting, but the punch line  
is not about you, old man alone—  
it's that the rest of us sulk  
and suffer because we're all still here

# Poetry by Grant Clauser

## Winner of the 2013 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize

### The Man Who Works at the Swiss Hand Grenade Factory Loves His Family

And they love him back,  
like a still life routine  
as he walks in the door  
each evening, hangs his coat  
on the hook next to the backpack  
his oldest son takes to school,  
and his little daughter smiles  
up at him from her puzzle—  
unicorns preening in a field, they're  
touching noses, the unicorns,  
and he reaches down to feel her  
hair streaming over the back  
of her neck, her skin the color  
of halved pears, she so full  
of everything now, the unicorns,  
her father's love, there's food  
simmering in the kitchen  
and the day's mail on a table  
under a lamp he bought in Bern.  
Outside the sun beginning  
to fall past the living room  
window casts a red light  
on his eyes for a moment,  
so he closes them, while  
in Damascus a man pries open  
a crate of hand grenades,  
passes them out to other  
men who take them into  
the streets where Swiss  
sunlight will burst  
all over the morning.

### Hibernation

The high bank of the river  
means snow the mountains collected  
through winter now can't hold itself  
together, and rushes into gullies  
all heading toward the dam.

We know what that's like—  
holding tight to the only  
rocks you recognize, fighting  
the change that sunlight brings,  
the heat that starts an avalanche.

This season isn't about rebirth.  
It's the weakening grip of things  
that held together in the laughless cold  
when all there was was ice,  
the empty dark to starve through.

Next month shad will climb  
the river's ladders till they clog  
the feeder streams. Every spawning  
body spent, their over-driven muscles  
giving up like stars gone dark.

Let's push the season back, keep  
winter's cold and airless drum  
from rolling down the hills. This  
last chill will linger as long as we  
can hold the rock, its heart gone still.

## The Broadkill Press' Key Poetry Series Will Publish "Second Six" Chapbooks in May

### Forthcoming Works by Buck Downs, Irene Fick, Kim Roberts, James Michael Robbins, Franetta McMillian and Michael Blaine to Mark Continuing Series of Noteworthy Poets

Following on the successful 2013 launch of the Key Poetry Series of single-author chapbooks by some new, and all noteworthy, authors, The Broadkill Press is pleased to announce the forthcoming, as-yet-untitled, works by six authors whose work has been published within the pages of *The Broadkill Review*.

Alphabetically, the authors are:

**Michael Blaine.** Winner of the 3rd Dogfish Head Poetry Prize, his work has appeared in *English Journal*, *Rivendell*, *The Baltimore Review*, *Chesapeake Bay Magazine*, and numerous other publications. Blaine, born in Oxford, Mississippi, grew up in Laurel, Delaware. He returned to Oxford to study English at Ole Miss and earned a Master's Degree in English at Salisbury University; he teaches at his high school Alma Mater. He edited the *Delmarva Review*, and was a recipient of a 2006 Delaware Fellowship of the Arts Recipient in Poetry. He writes and studies Japanese verse and lives in Seaford, Delaware with his wife, Sara, and their children.

**Buck Downs.** A native of Jones County, Miss., Downs lives in Washington, DC and works for a database publisher in a location nearby. His two most recent projects are *Ladies Love Outlaws* (Edge Books) and *Recreational Vehicle* (Apathy Poets Press). Poems can also be found online at [www.fascicle.com](http://www.fascicle.com) and [www.onedit.net](http://www.onedit.net).

**Irene Fick.** Fick has 35 years of writing and editing experience in Philadelphia, San

Francisco and Chicago. She edited work for clients in healthcare, education and theology. Irene co-authored a book on ethics in cancer care for the Pa. Department of Health. She has been published in *The Chicago Sun-Times*; *Clearwater Sun*; *Delaware Today*; *No Place Like Here: An Anthology of Southern Delaware Poetry and Prose*, and *The Broadkill Review*.

**Franetta McMillian.** McMillian has been active in the Delaware literary community for the past twenty-plus years. She has served on the board of *Dreamstreets*, a literary magazine based in Newark, Delaware. Her zine *Etidorhpa* was featured in the *2001 Zine Yearbook* (Bowling Green: Become the Media, 2002) while *Confession of Nathan Cross* (Newark: Etidorhpa, 2004) was honored in the 2004 edition of *Best Zine Ever* (Portland: Tugboat Press, 2005). Her CD of spoken word and music, *Reveries of the Solitary Walker*, was featured in the August 4, 2005 issue of the *News Journal*, Wilmington, Delaware. Her most recent chapbook is *Down Low* (Newark: Etidorhpa, 2006).

**James Michael Robbins.** Robbins is the long-time Publisher and Editor of *The Sulphur River Literary Review* and of the SRLR Press in Austin, Texas. He received his BA in Physics from East Texas State University and studied World Literature in Grad School. He is the author of *Graviture*, a chapbook of poetry from Rancho Loco Press.

(continued, next page)



(Noteworthy Poets Mark Second Six in Key Poetry Series, from previous page)

**Kim Roberts.** Roberts is the author of three books of poems, most recently *Animal Magnetism*, winner of the Pearl Poetry Prize and released by Pearl Editions in January 2011. She co-edits the *Delaware Poetry Review* and is founding editor of *Beltway Poetry Quarterly*. She released two books in 2010: a nonfiction chapbook *Lip Smack: A History of Spoken Word Poetry in DC* (Beltway Editions), and an anthology she edited, *Full Moon on K Street: Poems About Washington, DC* (Plan B Press). Roberts has been translated into Spanish, German, Portuguese, and Mandarin. She has been a writer-in-residence at twelve artist colonies. Her website: <http://www.kimroberts.org>.

The first six poets' works published in the Key Poetry Series last year were: S. Scott Whitaker's *The Black Narrows*, Kelley Jean White's *Ice Solstice*, Gary Hanna's *Sediment and Other Poems*, Nina Bennett's *Sound Effects*, Carolyn Cecil's *Taken Away*, and Shea Garvin's *Where Night Comes From*.

See the covers for these first six titles in the Key Poetry Series on p. 30.



The Key Poetry Series  
Series 1

All six just \$45.00

[www.thebroadkillriverpress.com/apps/webstore/](http://www.thebroadkillriverpress.com/apps/webstore/)

(Poyner, Credo, from p. 3)

there dominating the landscape are taking us just a bit too far into form and fashion over substance, asking us to value the trendy over the tenable.

I did "Constant Animals" as a print-on-demand/e-book as I was tired of the contest route, and tired of the closed communities some of these contests and underlying small presses represent. Today, the primary market for a small press book is the author. Obscurity sometimes presages elitism. No matter how wonderful the technical merits of a volume, if no one reads it, it makes no splash.

Whether it is politics or sports or writing, when you start to play solely to your peers as audience, you begin to get horribly inbred. You lose your sense of applicability, and start to serve the more extreme elements of your field of endeavor. "Poet Lore", a fine poetry magazine, has a circulation of around 1200. "Analog", a science fiction pulp, has a circulation of around 40,000. Two billion people signed on to YouTube to watch a Korean entertainer dance Gangnam style. Poetry, I doubt, will ever be that popular in the dysfunctional world we have created -- but it might appeal to more people if we avoided writing amusing parlor tricks that simply display our dexterity with the field's latest complications. I am not saying that we need to speak to the lowest common denominator. But, if we continue to revel in the more esoteric and cabalistic side of the literary world, we will continue to become more irrelevant. I want to speak to as many intelligent readers and I can muster, not merely pass a wink and a nod to the insiders.

In many quarters he was considered a vulgar and churlish sot, a man whose work was not appropriate to the educated tastes of his day, but Shakespeare filled theaters.

# Fleda Brown's *No Need of Sympathy*

## A review by Linda Blaskey

Fleda Brown's new poetry collection, *No Need of Sympathy* (BOA Editions, Ltd) is a book in which she wants "to get to the root" of things, as she states in her *Interview with Myself* (included in this issue of The Broadkill Review). This slender volume of poems feels like a coffee table art book. It has that kind of weight. Its images rise from each page gradually like "...When the sky/lightens, they can see each other, outline first..." from *My Father and Hemingway Go Fishing*. A line from the same poem - "One war/ is over and another has not begun." - seems to suggest at an in-between place we need to be in order to have time to consider all that is in this book of science and family and memory.

Ms. Brown is adept at weaving science into her poems. Once, when asked how she knows all of this information about science and nature, she replied that she knew nothing at all. But she does. She knows that watching her sister fight a life-threatening affliction, "...you were propped in your/hospital bed, head lolling to one side,/one eye slightly open." (*Note to My Sister from Notre Dame*) is akin to peering into the Hadron Collider, a machine with the capability to reduce protons "down to the particle responsible for mass." She knows that "Human flesh requires/

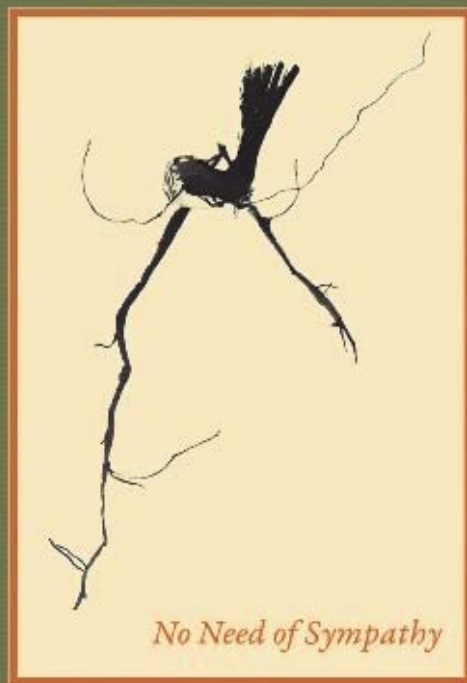
extended exposure to 1,400 degrees Fahrenheit/ in order to ignite." (*Michigan*) and that "Worms can replace parts./They can restart themselves..." (*Worms*). And she knows that, because of the din, the birds of London "...only sing at night,..." (*Short History of Music*).

*No Need of Sympathy* is divided into five sections, one of which, the next to last and the one around which the book seems to pivot, includes *The Grandmother Sonnets*, a series of ten poems, one dedicated to each of Ms Brown's grandchildren. There is sadness in the first poem, *Josh, 15*. The event of the first grandchild's birth has the result of "switching the new grandmother's life into reverse." She realizes that, for Josh, there are "streets you don't know the names of", streets that are part of her memory alone. Being forced, without consent, into the next phase

of life is a fearful thing, to the point where even "Out there, a truck revs." is enough to cause her to shiver and her eyes to dilate.

In *Zach, 14*, there is a decision made. The grandmother "...will never let the children see what it was, back then, how she finessed/ her rage, sent the grandfather away..." After that, there is a relaxation that allows more play in the following sonnets.

(continued, p.12, column 1)



# My Interview with Myself

## by Fleda Brown

**Q:** You took your title from a Robert Creeley quotation, “Poetry stands in no need of sympathy, or even goodwill. One acts from bottom, the root is the purpose quite beyond any kindness.” Are the poems in this collection about poetry itself?

**A:** There are some poems that refer directly to poetry, but no, what I wanted, what I always want, is for the poems to reach “bottom” where the question of sympathy or lack of it is no longer an issue. To reach the place where we just SEE what is, and that’s completely enough. There are poems about my father, my sister, my grandchildren, a chipmunk, Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower, a giant puffball, child labor, Memorial Day. They’re all over the map, really. But I think they’re held together by the intent to see clearly, to get to the root.

**Q:** Science and modern physics seems to come into your poems frequently, even the ones that focus on family. And there is a Buddhist overtone. How do you reconcile those points of view?

**A:** Buddhist thought and the most contemporary of scientific thought are really one and the same. It’s just taken Western culture a long time to see what was understood by others 2500 years ago—that there is nothing solid, that at the root, reality is in constant flux, and what we believe is “true” is our own projection. And of course this is what poetry has been doing forever—at least some of it—uprooting what we thought we knew, pointing us toward what can’t ever be exactly pinned down. So in poems like “The Purpose of Poetry,” “The Kayak and the Eiffel Tower”—my goodness, almost any one I turn to—I’m unseating what has seemed to be the case.

**Q:** Speaking of family, you have a sonnet sequence, each of ten grandchildren represented by one sonnet. Was this hard to write, to avoid sentimentality, or to figure what to say about each one so that they’d seem balanced?

**A:** It WAS hard to write. I gradually eased them into their present sonnet form from a looser construction. They are as much about the grandmother, of course, since the grandchildren are seen through her eyes. The interesting part is that some are her natural grandchildren, some are step-grandchildren, and so she needs to acknowledge some difference, her own feelings of difference. I rewrote several of them over and over to get the right balance of honesty and care for the delicate feelings of those who have physical/emotional struggles. And her own struggles! The grandmother has her own background out of which all this has emerged. She’s learning and shifting all the while.

**Q:** We’ve followed your father, the death of your mother, your retarded brother, even your grandparents, through most of your previous collections. Do you find any shift in this one, any difference in your approach in your poems?

**A:** I think—who knows, but this is how it feels to me—that the poems that originate with family stories have gotten more deeply embedded in the culture, the world, the network of science and thought that support those stories. The stories are true, of course, but they suggest a lot more than their origin to me. Maybe my mind is seeing them more as a kernel in the middle of a complex of things. There’s “Building a Cathedral,” that originated with the story of my father figuring how to get the cup to rotate in the (continued on page eight)

(*No Need of Sympathy*, from p. 10)

Jake, 11, is her “*Harry Potter grandson...*”, even though she still “*...stands over, the awkward looming/of a grandparent...*” She attends Noah’s Roman Carnival, builds “*a house of snow*” with Max. But in *Abigail*, 3, the grandmother “*gets a little queasy*” when she realizes, while lagging behind on a walk with the youngest grandchild, that “*The theme*” for all of them “*is death, start to finish.*”

One wonders why Ms Brown chooses to use “the grandmother” instead of “I” when referring to herself. Yes, these are poems of observation, but still, it seems a distancing tactic. She is telling us, of course, that, although she is a part of the children’s lives, she is not at the center, but instead is like the twig in the book’s cover art (*Twig* by Colleen Buzard). She’s done her job, she’s participated and now it’s time to drop away. The tree will still stand.

In *Building a Cathedral*, the author talks about Gaudi’s, still unfinished, *Sagrada Familia* and how its architecture is based on themes of nature – “*arches like trees, columns like plants, windows/like marine diatoms.*” From here she turns to her father’s life in a retirement cottage where he is “*...without his tools, his bicycle, his boats.*” It is at this point that we realize the poem is not about an historic structure in Barcelona or even about Ms Brown’s father but about how it is “*...perfectly/ natural to back out of life slowly...*” In fact, that is what the entirety of *No Need of Sympathy* is about – how to walk through our lives with inquisitiveness, observing how things work, sharing our knowledge. It’s about loving what we have and learning how to let go.

The first two lines of the last poem, *Photo of Us on the Cottage Front Porch*, tells the whole story.... “*We were there then, weren’t we —/ everything we turned out to be.*”

And indeed, they are all there, the author along with her sister, the cousins, Aunt Cleone, the cottage....all mixed together with the science of time and future generations. And they are still there, which is what happens when one builds a lasting cathedral of one’s own. Ms Brown has certainly done that.

*No Need of Sympathy* has been nominated for the William Carlos Williams Award, the UNT Rilke Prize and the Kingsley Tufts Award.

— LB

(Fleda Brown: “My Interview with Myself” from page eleven)

microwave and stop with the handle pointed outward. That gets embedded in the building of cathedrals, his two “sweeties” and how he copes with that, his Windsor clock, “Waiting for Godot,” my grandmother’s rooster she made out of seeds in the last years of her life. And more. I am just ranging the territory that the original incident brings up.

Q: You have a number of poems that deal with social issues as well—Americans bursting down the doors of Pakistanis, inequality of wealth, poor young men being seduced into being soldiers, relationship therapy, child labor, and so on. Was it hard for you to combine these poems with the others and keep a cohesive collection?

A: They seemed to me to naturally fall into place. After all, family issues are also political issues, and how things work scientifically is only a larger view of how they work close-up. I wanted the collection to be like a microscope that zooms in and out, sees the world writ large as well as the fine print, but it’s all one experience of being alive.

Q: Is there a consistent tone that you feel as you read through your own collection?

A: The quotations that begin each section are meant to suggest that. Yes, I think of these poems as deep explorations into the nature of what’s real and what matters. There are no answers, but the questions are the crucial part. The line from Jane Hirshfield is what I mean: “Art, by its very existence, undoes the idea that there can be only one description of the real, some single and simple truth on whose surface we may thoughtlessly walk.” So, if I had to pick a “tone,” it would be curiosity, combined with deep love of being alive. Those may be one and the same.

— FB



# Poetry by Nina Romano

## Skyfall

“We’ve got to live no matter how many skies have fallen”

— D. H. Lawrence

*Lady Chatterley’s Lover*

Sleep evades me. I awaken with thoughts  
of him and stare at the vaunted sky-blue ceiling.

My busy mind scurries to every room corner—  
a trapped rat, not knowing where to hide;

even later while shopping I’m lost in the labyrinth  
of grocery aisles and later still in the kitchen

cooking for the guests seems monumental—  
pouring the ocean into a cup for salt water.

My life’s on hold, my day bruised  
like shadows beneath my eyes from crying—

missing him before he’s even gone—bruised  
with the remembrances of so many years together.

the avenues, the corridors of our childhood.  
Why is he leaving now and causing my sky to fall

blocking roads to take me home—  
smashing the gates to let me out?

# Poetry by Nina Romano

## In the Root Cellar

appended to the ceiling in bunches:  
bay leaf and lavender  
mint and thyme  
anise and rosemary  
ribboned with faded pastel silk ties

on three wooden stanchions  
trenched deep in the earth  
hang braids:  
yellow onions  
white garlic  
red peppers

in one corner three casks:  
flour  
beans  
*amagnac*

under the stairs:  
a keg  
a butter churn  
a bucket

dust motes float  
    in moldy  
quasi-fetid  
dusky air

a shaft of light  
glints off the metal strips  
around a barrel  
and shines bright enough to ignite  
a straw mattress

we play here in the rain  
we hole-up here from summer heat  
we learn to kiss.

# Poetry by Denise Clemons

## What the Future Was

Like the inches you lost  
sinking into old age  
until you were shorter  
than all of your children.

Linden-laced cul de sac  
folded into a fist  
of arthritic knuckles  
squeezing out every drop  
of angry nostalgia.

## Hammurabi

An eye for an eye  
seems fair enough  
but I hadn't lost  
my sight, instead  
I learned to observe  
when he blocked my view:

*coarse nostril hairs  
untrimmed ear tufts  
pepper-clogged pores*

A tooth for a tooth  
might be a plan  
but I had lost mine  
and couldn't bite back.

## How to Say Goodbye

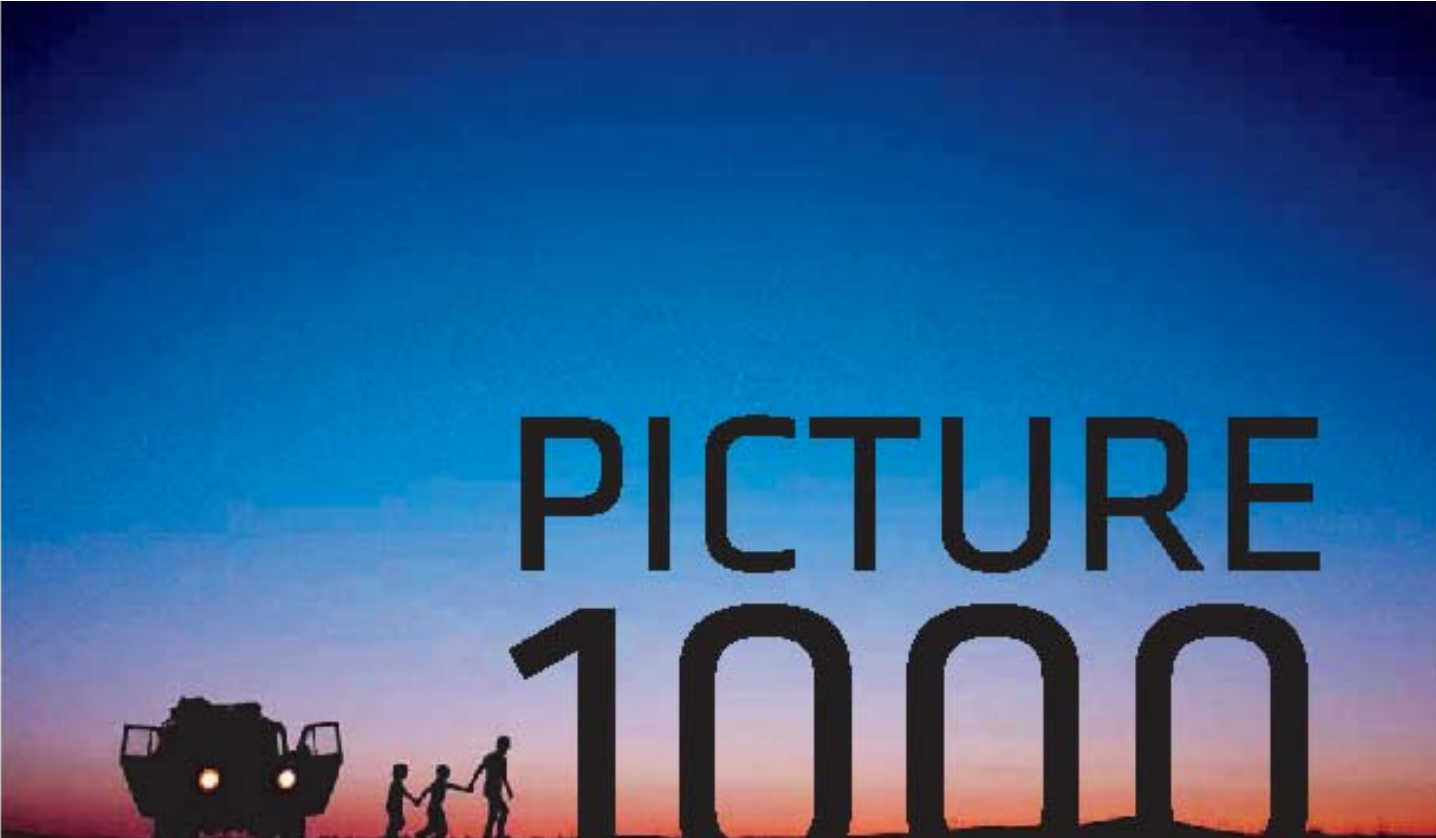
First you find a box  
small enough to hold her  
when you fold her broken  
wing, tuck her tiny beak  
into the corner.

Dig beneath her tree  
loosening the loam,  
then mound it slowly  
like icing on a cake.

Next you find a stone  
river-tumbled smooth  
still warm from the sun.

Nestle it soundly,  
you'll need to know where.

Finally, you cry.

The background of the cover features a silhouette of a vehicle with its headlights on the left, and three people walking to the right, all set against a vibrant sunset sky transitioning from orange at the horizon to a deep blue at the top. The title 'PICTURE 10000 WORDS' is overlaid on this scene.

# PICTURE 10000 WORDS

**A PHOTO-LITERARY COLLABORATION EXPLORING THE  
POWER OF IMAGES TO INSPIRE WRITTEN CREATIVITY**

Featuring photographs by [Cam Cope](#) and written work by [Alice Allan](#) [Andrew Bifield](#)  
[Jessie Cole](#) [Rijn Collins](#) [Brett Hamm](#) [Kate Hennessy](#) [Marianne Khan](#) [Louise Nicholls](#)  
[Ashley Orr](#) [Felicity Pickering](#) [Holly Ringland](#) [Luke Wright](#) [Aisling Smith](#)

**MEDIA RELEASE**

Sponsored by **FUJIFILM**



*The Broadkill Review* is Proud to Present  
Some Excerpts from  
Cam Cope's *Picture 1000 Words*

# PICTURE 1000 WORDS

A photo-literary collaboration exploring the power of images to inspire written creativity

## **MEDIA RELEASE**

Monday 8th July

---

Fascinated by the varying interpretations that people often make of his images, documentary and travel photographer [Cam Cope](#) decided to conduct a curious experiment: to see what happens when authors are invited to respond to his photographs in writing.

Playing on the old adage 'a picture tells a thousand words', authors were given a picture, a word limit and the freedom to see where an image could take them. The result, *Picture 1000 Words*, is a unique short story anthology and print exhibition that experiments with the process of writing while simultaneously celebrating an enigmatic collection of photographs from around the world.

One story per author and image keeps the reading fresh and the tools employed to connect the written to the visual vary. The authors themselves come from different writing fields and range from the emerging to the heavily published and awarded.

Andrew Bifield, the SOYA 2012 winner for the written word, fills a scene with events on a street corner bar in 'Still Waiting'. Holly Ringland, published author and creative writing PhD candidate takes cue from silhouettes for 'The Estuary', an intimate story of loss. Jessie Cole, published and awarded author and journalist inserts the photo itself as an object into her story 'Beach Days', that explores coming of age and the nostalgia of youth. Luke Wright, multi award winning veteran travel writer pens a playful memoir 'Travelling on the Razor's Edge' that cues from an imminent, ominous haircut.

All thirteen writers have produced original, highly personalised 1000 word compositions that the reader explores together with the creative processes the authors have been through to write them. Does the reader see what the writer sees? Or do they find something else hidden in the visuals?

Intriguingly the authors were not told the real-world origins of the images before penning them. So where do they come from? To satisfy curiosity, Cope provides an index with the real world captions behind the photos so readers can see how far from the truth the pens did fall.

*Picture 1000 Words* will be exhibited from 2 - 29 September 2013 at the City Library Gallery, Melbourne. The exhibition will feature thirteen large print photographs by Cam Cope, paired with thirteen one-thousand-word short stories written by Alice Allan, Andrew Bitfield, Jessie Cole, Rijn Collins, Brett Hamm, Kate Hennessy, Maryanne Khan, Louise Nicholls, Ashley Orr, Felicity Pickering, Holly Ringland, Luke Wright, and Aisling Smith.

A short story anthology / photo book of *Picture 1000 Words* will be launched concurrently to the exhibition in September and be available for order at [www.camcope.com](http://www.camcope.com). All prints are limited edition and available for sale.

**Exhibition Dates:** 2 - 29 September 2013

**Opening Celebration:** Thursday September 5th 5.00pm to 7.00pm

**Venue:** The Gallery @ City Library 253 Flinders Lane, Melbourne

**Opening Hours:** Monday - Thursday 8am - 7.45pm, Friday 8am - 5.45pm, Saturday 10am - 4.45pm, Sunday 12pm - 4.45pm (closed public holidays).

**CONTACT** Cam Cope for more info, images or interview opportunities on [contact@camcope.com](mailto:contact@camcope.com) or 0400 565 558





## Not Riding Rabbits by Cam Cope

## Not Riding Rabbits by Rijn Collins

She has the three cloves and a red ribbon, but no idea where to get an egg that was laid during the waxing moon.

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

She takes another sip of coffee, and turns back to the book. She has to hold it with the spine cradled in her palm so it doesn't sag and shed more pages onto the cracked wooden floor. Her grandmother had always told her, in that thick Finnish accent, that the book was over a hundred years old. But then again, the woman had told her lots of things that didn't add up.

*Red hair is a sign of royalty in some far-away lands.*

*Don't whistle under a fir tree at night, or the devil will come.*

*Your dreams will come true, kulta, if you truly believe in them.*

The coffee is strong and sweet but no matter how many sips she takes, all she can

think of is how much better it would be with a shot of whiskey. But knowing her father would check her bags when they made it to the cabin, she hadn't tried to smuggle any bottles in.

He'd looked so tired when he set her suitcases down on the floorboards. For the tenth time that day she felt a surge of guilt at the expression on his face as he gestured around the cabin.

*How much do you remember?*

She'd gazed around at the pot belly stove, and the sagging shelves with her grandmother's books.

*I remember Mummu tying my mittens on at the door so I wouldn't lose them...they were green wool, and I used to like sucking the snow off them.*

Her father had laughed, and the lines around his mouth had changed his face completely.

*Red hair on white snow; we always knew we'd never lose you out there.*

And his tobacco breath in her ear as he hugged her goodbye, in a whisper with faded Finnish tones, *Take all the time you need, sweetheart.*

She hadn't watched him drive away.

The first thing she'd unpacked was her easel, though it took her days to pick up a paintbrush. Her sponsor kept telling her to paint, paint; it was her way of keeping sane, remember? She'd lined the paints up against the wall and once, opened each tube, cupping it in her hand to breathe in the reassuring smell. But it had taken days for her to rest the tip of a brush on the canvas, and begin.

She walked each morning, counting foxes and picking bunches of bird cherry blossoms, with jam pots as vases. She found an old recipe book and curled up with a coffee to flick through it, remembering the meals her grandmother had made for her each summer in the cabin. When she found one for *Korvapuustit* she recognised her mother's handwriting in the margin, translating the Finnish into English. With her eyes closed she could just about recall the image of her mother in a yellow gingham apron, the scent of cinnamon trailing through the kitchen.

*Why Finnish? With her green eyes rolling heavenward. Why couldn't I have married a man with an easy language, like French?*

And his arm around her shoulder as he kissed the top of her head in response.

It was such a difficult language that almost none of it had come down to their daughter. All she can remember are a few idioms her grandmother used to tell her as she brushed her hair each night, her favourite being *Ei olla jäniksen selässä*, to be in no hurry. The literal translation, *not to be riding a rabbit*, always makes her smile, though she knows her own pronunciation would be more North London than Helsinki now.

About the only Nordic thing about her, she decides, is her name, Kylikki. *Woman of strength, indeed*, she whispers to herself. A half-Finnish girl with red hair and green mittens, sent back as a twenty-five year old to a cabin near the Arctic circle to, as they keep

saying in quiet tones, get better.

*Thank god they let you have cigarettes in recovery*, she tells herself every time she holds a match out, watching the tip catch fire. *Cigarettes and coffee; this is what my life has become.* She exhales, and thin plumes of smoke drift towards the branches of the mountain ash scraping its branches against the open window. For the briefest moment she thinks of London, of Cal getting ready for his Friday night, whiskey on the mantelpiece and a pill in his palm, without her.

And here she is, in a northern forest with a book on her lap, not riding rabbits.

She looks down again at the page, its edges curled and browning.

*Spell for when torn by a wolf...For sickness caused by elf-shots...To protect against the plague.*

*Spell to silence a dog.*

The woodcut shows a black beast sitting hunched by a fire, snarling. She traces a finger over the point of one fang. She closes her eyes and tries to imagine the beast she's battling: it's smaller and quiet, so quiet she could almost forget it's there. But even here in the cabin where she's clean and clear and trying, so hard, she can still hear it whimper.

She's gathered most of what she needs, except the egg. She remembers her neighbour, Joonna, has chickens, and she closes the book and stands, stretching and gazing out towards his cabin. Her coat is draped behind the easel, and as she reaches for it she stares at the painting. She pushes her arms into the sleeves then pauses, wrapping them around herself.

It had come quickly, unusual for her. It has a winter palette, so pale it looks almost otherworldly. The only splash of colour holds different shades of red, all swirling together in the middle of the painting in a dance that grabs the eye and holds it.

Red hair against white snow, at the very top of the world.





## South Beach by Cam Cope

## South Beach by Felicity Pickering

Those days we stayed in rented rooms. My father and I would travel the coast on Greyhound buses, circling our next home in bleeding red ink. We stayed in motels that glittered the highway with fantastical names, like Paradise Inn and Holiday Retreat, with their white-washed walls and the stench of former lives. They never felt entirely unoccupied, like nestling into a snake's shedded skin.

The first place to ever feel like home was the Gates Motel, a large decrepit house that had been transformed into lodging for drifters. I was exposed to the kind of vagrants that a person glimpses with curiosity in the street, but never dares to speak to. When I tell people about my childhood they assume that it had been cold and unfeeling. But there was a great amount of warmth and friendship in my

life. In poverty there is company.

In the summer Reggie, a Jamaican expat, would take me down the boulevard where he would play the steel drums. Most days the dancing boys would come see Reggie and I. They were from Trinidad and Tobago, and wore white singlet tops that showed their glistening arms. Teenage arms covered in Christian iconography: giant crucifixes that would sweat in the sun, weeping and bloodied Jesuses.

Reggie would whistle and clap when they came, hitting the pan harder as they spun across the hot pavement. Mauricio, the best dancer, would nose dive into the circle, flipping vertically and holding himself on one hand. Thick globs of sweat would trace his spasming abs and as the blood pooled in his face, he be-



came almost alien.

As soon as he started the crowd would swell around him, ripe for entertainment and full of cash to squander. I'd stop dancing and stand by the wall hyping the crowd, waiting until Reggie gave me a nod to hit them up for donations. When Mauricio danced we got ten dollar notes, the green bills forming a lining for the rough black hat. He never took any of the money. He was a promoter for the LIV nightclub and 'didn't deal with small cash no more'.

All summer I would gyrate and shake in the cigarette haze calling to tourists that passed by in jumbled languages. The dancing boys would come and go, creating new dance styles and running when the cops came. They spoke about things I knew nothing about: busts, paroles and new enterprises that they *knew* were going to 'put them in the money'. Bam, one of the dancing boys around my age, would explain things to me. He would educate me about tattoos and what they meant, that men were marked by their criminal resume, that tears didn't always mean sadness.

When only locals roamed the beach Bam would pull me into the alley to show me trinkets he'd stolen from the tourists. Stretched out on his bruised hands were golden watches, sparkling rings, pagers and all different types of phones. Phones with music and colours, some with flashing lights, and pagers that incessantly beeped until Bam went through each one of them and turned them off. Sometimes the phones would be in different languages, Bam would give those to me.

accueil

casa

الإثنين

I would wonder what *these* markings meant and how they would sound. The trinkets were divided on top of two Costco bags, making piles of what was sellable and unsellable. This process was always adrenaline filled. If someone came Bam and I had to flee to the beach, an instruction that never allowed me to enjoy the process. Driver's licenses and passports that were over 21 were sold to Mauricio, for resale at the local community college. Make

up was thrown in the dumpster and jewellery was put in plastic bags and taken to the pawn shop. Bam knew the make of every phone and how much he could get for it.

I was given second pick of the unsellable pile. As we walked back to the promenade I would fish around for people with funny beards, lighters and key chains from places I'd never been. I would flip through receipts and half written postcards, wondering who they might be and what they might have seen. I didn't think of them as victims, only as pictures and characters, smiling faces. Bam and I would trade them like baseball cards.

When night came the salsa music from nearby clubs would drown out the sound of the sea, and it was time for Reggie and I to pack up. Reggie would check our profit for the day, licking his fingers and flipping through the money. I'd lift the heavy pan onto the hand truck and we would traipse to Puerto Sagua, a local restaurant. In the dingy alley we would wait until we were handed hot leftovers in a brown bag.

We'd walk back to the promenade and find out what we'd been given. Under the swishing palm trees we would eat dinner on the grass, listening to the cackles of girls dressed in high shoes stumbling towards the local night clubs. Reggie would send me over to ask for their numbers. They would laugh and pinch my cheeks. I was going to be a real ladies man one day.

Reggie always gave me a cut of the money. I would tell him he didn't need to pay me, that we were friends. I had nowhere else to be and nothing else to do but he would just smile and tell me that I would need the money one day.

Some days I think of making the long drive back to South Beach, tracing the route stained in red ink. I wonder if I would recognize them if I saw them now. If I would walk down the beach and see the same faces smiling back at me, playing the drums, reaching into my pocket or if I would see a boy, without a care in the world, dancing to the steel drums.



## The Estuary by Cam Cope

## The Estuary by Holly Ringland

At first glance the heap of green on the side of the road looked like a small cairn of mossy stones. I rubbed my eyes, blurry from the long drive, and refocused. The lame wing of a tui bird waved in the wind, its colourful feathers caught in the dying light. I pulled over. The bird struggled to lift its head. Its good wing flapped feebly against the ground. While I stood there and watched it fight, the slipstream of memory engulfed me.

The year I lost you was the same year summer never arrived. The sky stayed black for two seasons yet didn't yield a drop of monsoonal rain. Trees stopped reaching for what had become an invisible sun, their branches stripped in defeat. The land had turned a dry, sickly yellow, cracked like the skin of my heels. When the buds of the silver fern you planted on your last birthday should have

been green and unfurling, I found mum on her knees in front of the withered plant crumbling its fronds to ash between her fingers.

Despite the taste of cinders on my tongue and the smell of fire on the wind, the windstorms were the worst of the weather that year. They blew across the northeast of the country from a place where the earth had erupted and burned, and brought with them ferocity and malice that drove people mad. Ash clouds fell like snow, covering the world in flakes of tiny ruins. Roofs collapsed under the weight of falling embers, house pipes exploded from heat; women went into labour early and dogs howled at midday skies indiscernible from night. People started to talk. There were sightings of monstrous shapes in the ash, of apparitions in ghastly, charred forms.

Mum drew the shutters, bolted the windows and laid sandbags over the cracks under the doors to keep the ash and any more bad fortune out of the house. She took to running deep baths and locking herself in the bathroom for hours, or lying on the couch with a cloth over her eyes and a brown glass bottle lolling in her hand. Sometimes she'd put lipstick on, spray perfume, and say she was ducking out for eggs and bread; we'd make French toast and drink tea from her wedding china. I'd wait at the kitchen table but she wouldn't come back for days. It was in those times when she was gone, when the house creaked under the weight of ashes, that I started swimming in the black river.

At first the brackish water frightened me but as my limbs grew stronger with each stroke and my lungs expanded with each breath, I became invincible. Deeper and further out I went towards the estuary where the sea snarled in dark, white-lipped waves. I was hungry to meet the tides. But on the day I intended to do so, I dove into the river, opened my eyes, and forgot how to swim.

In the watery gloom, you were there. With your lustrous skin and long hair fanned around you. Just as you were before you got sick. Before, when we were still identical.

I gasped, sucking mouthfuls of dark water into my lungs, and shot through the surface, choking. The burning air stripped my throat and my heart beat painfully fast against my ribs. Panicked, I thrashed about until I noticed the richly coloured tui bird sitting on a dead flax branch jutting over the river. I stilled myself and splashed a few times in its direction but the bird didn't startle. A rush of goosebumps prickled up and down my spine.

"Esther?" I whispered, my tongue thick with longing.

"Esther," the bird mimicked. It held something in its beak and seemed to be waiting for me. I swam closer but it dropped the object and whooshed overhead, a streak of colour in the black sky. Scrambling onto the bank I unearthed the shard of paua shell and

rubbed my fingers over its surface, smooth except for a luminous blue nub.

People ask me if the 'special connection' still exists when one twin doesn't. You have always been hidden in my answer like a secret language.

I'm a woman who hasn't been scared of drowning since the day she tried to swim out and meet the mouth of the ocean. Who has worn a blue pearl at her throat ever since, and plants flax in her own garden now to attract the song of the tui bird every full moon.

I grow my hair out, cut it off this time every year and wrap it in a blue scarf that I drive home to bury by the river. I mark each year with a freshly planted silver fern. You have a garden of them now. I took a frond to mum at the home yesterday but she doesn't recognise me as a woman, trapped as she is in her memories of twin girls.

I camped in my swag last night and woke to a sky as deep as your eyes. I cooked up tinned spaghetti, your favourite, and ate it out of the pot with buttered toast and flask tea. When the sun lined the horizon with the first seam of dawn I changed into my bathers and drove down to the estuary.

The headlights guided me as I walked alongside the road, holding the skittish bundle over my heart. I unwrapped her slowly but the healed tui bird rushed out, up into the blue. I watched her until she was a fading morning star. Around me the day brightened in contrasting shades. I strolled down to the sea.

Memories of twin girls with pixie haircuts followed me. They always do.

I reached out.

We held hands, walking in a line.

As they chattered, stopping only to squeal at the sight of the ocean, I caught myself yearning for an impossible thing.

I yearned for a photograph of we three, silhouettes, together under a clear summer sky.





## Looking for Water by Cam Cope

## Looking for Water by Alice Allan

Your job is to milk content for page views. Then monitor it for click-throughs. Then farm it out and make sure it climbs the rankings. You have to take care with your keywords, your content, your headings, your links. You aren't paid to think. Just click. Your fingertips lead to everything.

This is a place where things are planned. Mapped. Certain. God was designed in California, assembled in China. When you walk, you look up only long enough to check for obstacles. You may occasionally realise that you're a little lost, but there's never any need for panic. With perfect calm you watch the spread of pixels clustering and diverging, telling you exactly what to do next.

This is a place where everything is captured. Recorded. Commented on. Sometimes it might be edited, enhanced or cut short, but the fact is you can always be confident about the

past. Optimistic about the future. Open about the present. God makes sure that no one is ever left alone for too long. In return for all this, it only asks that you share everything.

But there is a place where things are different.

In this place, food is something you catch. Wood is something you burn. Rain is something you have to take shelter from. Here, your arms and legs are suddenly atrophied. Your palms are too soft to be useful. God is a slab of plastic and glass that you can't keep dry or even clean. Looking up, you realise that the trees are looking at you, closely.

Stumbling through branches, screaming, crying out, you try to remember the last thing that made sense. You were walking towards your house. You were almost there. Then there's a blank—white space in your memory that will not give. And now this place, filled



with so many colours you can barely stand it.

It takes just a day before hunger strips you of all composure. Through more tears, you feel your hours counting down. Beetles are suddenly worth considering. The salt water glitters at you, teasing with its wide silver expanse.

The second day is even hotter than the first, but after a while—What time could it have been? Was it still morning?—you find trees bearing something that might even be mangoes. Your shoes are mud-caked and your arms are raw with scratches, but the sweetness of the fruit eclipses it all. Delirious, triumphant, you want so much to *tell* someone. The leaves stare down from the branches, silent in their multitudes. The smile drains away from your sticky face.

By the evening of the third day you've given up. Lying prone on the soft, warm ground, you pray for snakes, panthers, even a spider. Something that will take you away from all this. Except it doesn't—nothing stirs. There is only more of that maddening, suffocating quiet. And that's when you hear it—the rush of water, somewhere deep within the blanket of trees.

By week's end—at least you think it could have been a week—you have something like a shelter, and something like a system to keep your shoes dry and your stockpile of mango-like things from running out. Something has bitten every part of your skin that's exposed, and you're still not sure if it happens when you're in the water or when you're out of it.

The days are so long and relentless in their quietness, and the nights are deafening with insects sharing details of their locations. One night, curled against a root, you wonder what everyone has been saying about you since you disappeared. Then you wonder if you were ever there in the first place.

You know that time is passing, but eventually you stop trying to keep track. Sometimes the sun shines; mostly it rains. You add more leaves to your roof, more berries to your stockpile. One morning, you wake up and look out at the rain, then realise with a whimper that you're somehow still dry.

On days when the clouds lift, you try to push deeper into the scrub, going far as you can without losing your trail. But there are no hills, no vantage points from which to make any kind of assessment. Back at your shelter, you wait for the white streak of stars to appear, and wonder if you're still on your own planet.

\* \* \*

The day they arrive, you're knee-deep in salt water, sharpened stick at the ready. First a crack of branches startles the fish, then a shout sends your heart to your mouth. *Heeeeeeeey! Hey! Over heeeeeeeere!* The sound bounces off the water, scattering birds into the sky. Against the brown of the trees, their clothes are a blinding jolt of colour. You stare at them from the water, unable to move, unable to make the slightest sound.

\* \* \*

'You've been missing for over two months now. Can you describe how it feels to be home after all this time?' The woman asking you this has pink fingernails and smooth hands, which are coiled around a thick black microphone. The microphone is next to your mouth, and there's another one swinging above your head. All around you there's clicking, flashing. The words you try to form falls to pieces on your tongue.

At night, you lie on your back in a soft, warm bed, listening to cars move past outside. You try to lie still, but keep on flinching at the swing and click of the neighbour's screen door. A dog starts barking, then a man starts yelling, telling it to be quiet. A trickle of sweat makes its way down your neck.

Your walls are painted white, and your windows shine a silver-grey whenever it rains. Some nights you check for stars, but more often you find helicopters thrumming back and forth across the orange cloud. You keep God in a box, only sometimes taking it out to stare at your reflection in its black face.



## Little Wildhorse by Cam Cope

## Little Wildhorse by Kate Hennessey

We were travelling to Zion National Park in Utah. Abbie drove with Stig in his faded blue van; I was with Lyle in his wagon. We had tag-teamed from San Francisco, met at diners and gas stations and rest stops along Route 50, played pool in Nevada saloons and swapped cassette tapes for the drive. Abbie and Stig slept on a mattress in the van to save money; Lyle and I opted for cheap motels. I didn't talk to her alone much. They'd been together less than a month but Stig had enveloped her as quickly and quietly as a closing fist.

Zion's beauty silenced my worries. The desert on the park's outskirts tilted into the hyper-real as we passed into Zion proper. The colours, the angles, the scale – all of it so improbable. Shades of irradiated ochre throbbled

from otherworldly rock formations and high on cliffs clung gnarled trees and spiralling swirls of cacti. Above, ravens circled, held aloft by peculiar winds, inky etchings in the deep, clear blue. Awe cracked us open.

Stig would leave at dawn to rock climb in the remote reaches of the park, joining us only for dinner. Even then, his face stayed dark unless he was talking about a climb. Then the carabineers strapped to his belt would jangle, the same sound I heard receding each morning as he left camp.

Stig's selfishness seemed inconsequential in Zion. The three of us drank coffee from battered mugs in the bluish early morning, ate sandwiches for lunch and, exhausted from the heat by midday, napped in the shade of rock outcrops, lying cruciform on the earth, unseen

by Mormon families trekking the trails on the other side. The sleep deprivation was hard for Abbie. So was the heat and the unrelenting physicality of being there. But when she wilted, I was there to make her thin shoulders shake with laughter and make her believe it was hard for me too.

We hiked up the switchbacks to the famous viewing spot for the Great Zion Canyon Valley. Around every bend another skewed and sculptural vista stretched. The macrocosm and the microcosm unravelled for us, side by side, one and the same, as if the natural world was decoded and laid bare for our review: Zion's complex geography evident in the stripes, bumps and impermanence of one crumbling shale pebble. The view from the top was cruel and magnificent. We laughed in disbelief until our bodies buckled towards pools of shade.

Best of all were our explorations down labyrinth slot canyons that curved like the inside of a seashell. On our last day we found one called Little Wildhorse Canyon, so narrow, in places, we had to turn sideways to fit. We stopped and pressed our hot, gritty skin on the cool hollows of rock as Lyle told us about flash floods – vertical walls of water that raged through canyons like this one from rainfall miles away. *Just a wisp of cloud and we'll go*, he said. *If you read the signs you can always tell it's coming*. Abbie and I caught each other looking up at the ribbon of cloudless blue above. We laughed in relief. I was 22. She was 24. We really loved each other. As we hiked out of Little Wildhorse, I remember noticing how lightly she walked. Feline and ethereal, I wonder now if she was ever really here at all. Or when, exactly, she left.

We drove out of Zion late that day, too late, for the long drive ahead. Children stared from passing cars as we pulled over to say goodbye by the road. Abbie went to school in Santa Cruz; I went to school in Berkeley and our American boyfriends had planned different routes home. *I'll see you in Berkeley soon*, I said. That's when I saw her eyes – a flash of

desperation surfacing, then sunk, taking me too, keeling, bottomless, tumbling, until I reeled myself back out. Back out on the road, in the shade of the van, we stood through a long, listless moment. My bones and blood were slow and heavy as I tried to remember something more important than anything I'd ever forgotten. Stig paced, kicking rocks, scuffing the earth. I couldn't place it. I hugged her. I felt the round, small bones of her spine beneath my fingers and I left.

Utah. Zion. Little Wildhorse. Stig. His decline on the way home from the desert, unforeseeable. A narcissism so unlikely amid all that vast and violent beauty. Abbie his bullseye as he blackened; walling herself off against his instinct to harm. Back in Santa Cruz, she got out of the van, already holding her bag. A year passed. We moved home to Australia.

Utah. Stig. The faded blue van. That canyon, like a seashell. Zion's ancient code of life, cracking us open. A drive without end, sealing her shut.

*Just a wisp of cloud and we'll go. If you read the signs you can always tell it's coming.*

*I'm here* I said in an email a week before. Such small words. Too small, too feeble, too far away, too late. The last time I saw her she was slumped on the kitchen floor. I had no words, no way to make her laugh it off. I stood close to her crumpled body and looked down, both of us so lost, me so tall. *Go*, she said and I did. We talked again after that, one more time, on the phone. *I'm thinking of leaving*, she said. *Going to Darwin*. I didn't hear what she was trying to tell me; I didn't tell her to stay. *Go*, I said and she did.

*A wisp of cloud above. The ribbon of blue curling into grey-white storm. Ravens scatter, the air splits, the cliff flashes. A shattering at the water's edge, the dark whoosh of flood. Then, the sky swimming into view, submarine.*





## Always Elsewhere by Cam Cope

## Always Elsewhere by Maryanne Khan

I sat once in a cupboard hiding, but they found me—*as if there is anywhere to actually disappear to*, they said. I slip my arms into the sleeves of found rage tossed in my path like an old coat. I turn the collar up around my ears to muffle the sounds of feet quick in the dark and smashing bottles.

Houses bent, about to collapse, sap burned out of timber, walls fall away from door and window-frames, nothing to shut out. What was there is taken. A toe-grip, standing room only—no plans to lie down soon. The shambles of a barred room propped up, hung about with people.

— Something *between*. Stuff skulking in the rationalisation of our shadow and that of a mangled street-lamp. There! The bulb goes out, a bent elbow with a dying eye clenched in the fist. Intermittent light pulses across a flagging sky. A battered kettle, a brazier ablaze—

someone found the one dry match. Stray weather-patterns buffet a plane flying low.

The power to become invisible seduces into becoming entirely unseen—also immaterial. A community initiative put forward for the betterment of the community as a whole—rebutted. Take off your shoes, stand outside. Ladders propped against a hole in the sky. The deepening puddle, a crust of slag. Peer up into a well, beat against motions defending civilization. Gestures hung with the deadlast words.

Rain pours from wet blankets wrung out in the sky, itself a bulging tarpaulin with ragged edges. Downspill over the boundary between you have/ have not wept, and I said *that must be hard for you* and you said *not hard, just different*, and I saw it *can* be that. I remember a photograph of it, a jewel in a nostril on an upturned face, the start of rain—from someone's catalogue of assorted kinds of grateful, the ammo of

the month. During the war there were no shoes, substitute butter, no substitute for guns—take your pick, discriminate between the two. Perhaps a description will do if it's generic. Food sealed in shrink-wrap falls *plow* as coins are deposited. Going through the motions of hunger? Or is it real? Thank God it didn't jam. Where were need and value before they were satisfied?

Filthy from the lack of soap and who has watched the news? I used to paint the standard wars, but now the canvas never ends. Write 'free poetry because you need it.' Black blobs on pages, float them on the sea or down a drain.

I am tired but wash my eyes of sleep and chemicals. It exploded in my hands as if a pot of boiling oil fizzing into little points of pain.

*I think I know how you are, how frontlined-out you are*

As if we had murdered our own parents in their beds we were discovered, time to pay the price. Dogs upset the barricade, snapping round our legs. Guards appear, bail you up, slapping pockets to check for change. Troops assemble elsewhere, the helicopter backwash to subside, duck your heads.

Rest my back against the carcass of a car with no seats, grateful for obscurity, grateful for its *thereness* against an unprotected flank. When did I first let down my guard?— all occupy adjacent islands, uneasiness about communication sinks into silence—a stone in mud. My hands are empty and forearms scratched, did I drop my gear?—telling myself that everything exists inside the system, nothing's peripheral—an economy of value that didn't always exist.

Silences the breath between words, voids have lives, adjust your antennas, this is not a test. In a collection of reciprocal exclusion there exists no autonomy, but conformity to a presence always elsewhere. All planning and decisions taken out of sight, implementation a perfunctory affair. In the dark light we see with tuned vision—what exactly was said? (the title was "is it worth dying for?")

Pave over the slag with salvaged planks, crouch on the curb to eat, watching passers-by with steady-cams—some flew from high-rises, straight through the glass, men-in-suits escaping into scudding clouds. A chopper hoists the corpo-

rate logo, either way it reads the same: 'X.' Dogs in a manger, we stand our ground beneath the warning-sign. Defending territory is collective activity.

We risk being lost as we come, reverting to breathing in slow heavy gulps clogging the nose and lungs. Maybe one could learn to breathe like that—underwater. A river has a long, dry soul.

The best-intentioned sweeping dismissals still in line with previous negative responses. If we speak *about* we are not necessarily speaking *for*, that means undermining hard-earned credibility—who wants to repeat that? Restructuring demands voluntary vulnerability. Sashay down the street, slip an alms-bowl under their noses, grin through the smoke of burning tires piled.

We are your stone in the road.

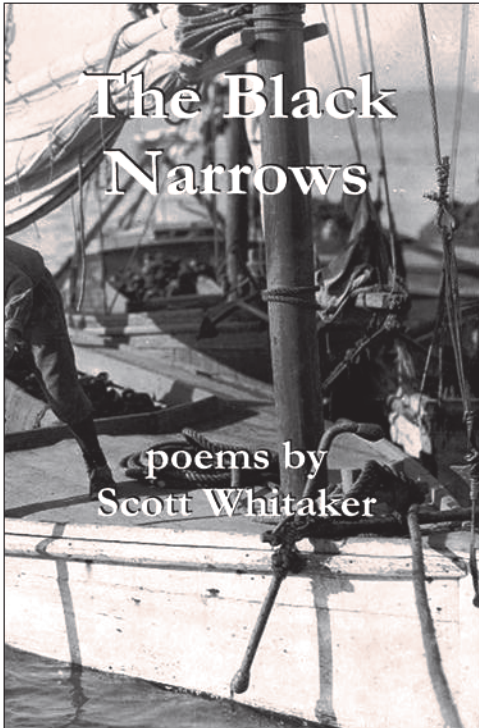
scrub-fire earthmingled beat hands recall poles, ash, glass spears shattered, laid side-by-side thousands of languages silenced on and on and on voiceready to air skyscape burn-out charcoaled-over upshift to something starting out of penumbra (the elite colour, one ashen knowledge) become a cupboard-carcass, uncurl acrimony scrolled like a scorpion, a leaf a beating gone a-begging wander about, a kind of listen-in-the-clouds shame the mood of shame-variations the book of auto-legislation the book of justified recriminations the book of lowest common the birth-of-christ-book of alibis the book of silence—the silences help make the words sort through pockets, turn out remnants

Buildings snap, and what is great enough to take the land in its jaws, crack it like a walnut, break its back?

Pick up at the spot where we left off, before the stakes were back-to-zero. Not to remember any past performances, the words—but who will occupy the silences, answer that

It says that approximations are non-conducive to flights of emotion—there are already too many emotions out there, don't add any more ease out a line, a story-cruiser crossed fingers, watch the slinkers something bony as a jackal shifts yellow at the edge.





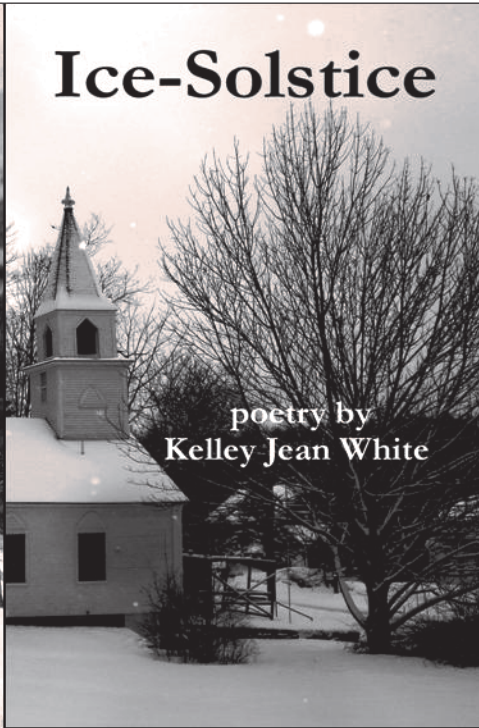
# The Black Narrows

poems by  
Scott Whitaker

#1

## *The Black Narrows*

Poetry by  
Scott Whitaker  
\$9.95



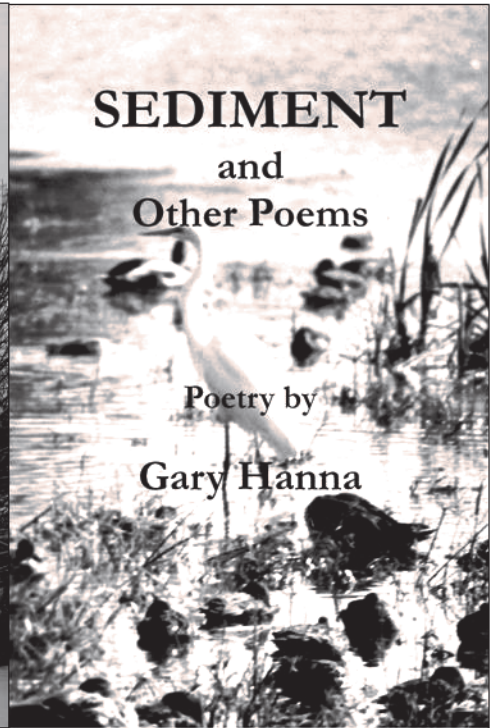
# Ice-Solstice

poetry by  
Kelley Jean White

#2

## *Ice-Solstice*

Poetry by  
Kelley Jean White  
\$ 8.95



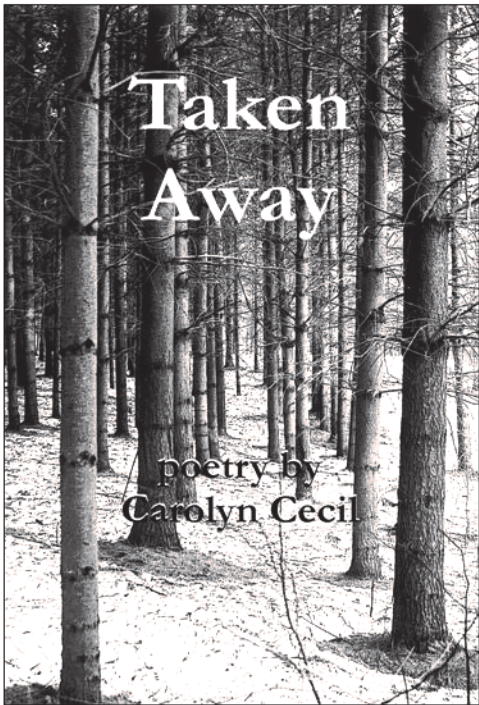
# SEDIMENT and Other Poems

Poetry by  
Gary Hanna

#3

## *Sediment*

Poetry by  
Gary Hanna



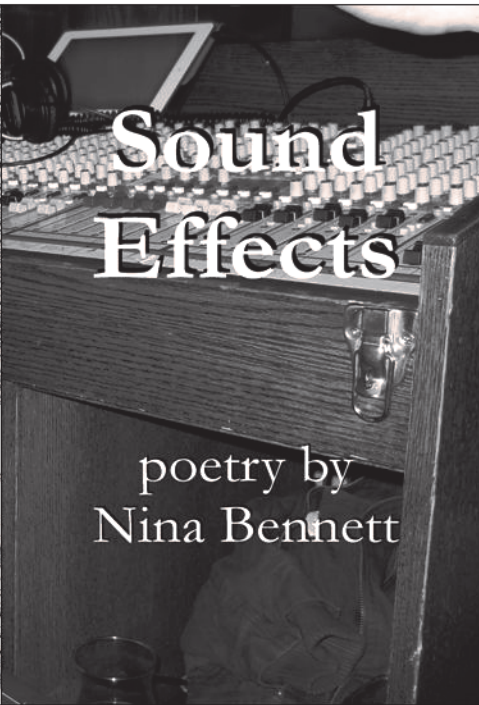
# Taken Away

poetry by  
Carolyn Cecil

#5

## *Taken Away*

Poetry by  
Carolyn Cecil  
\$ 8.95



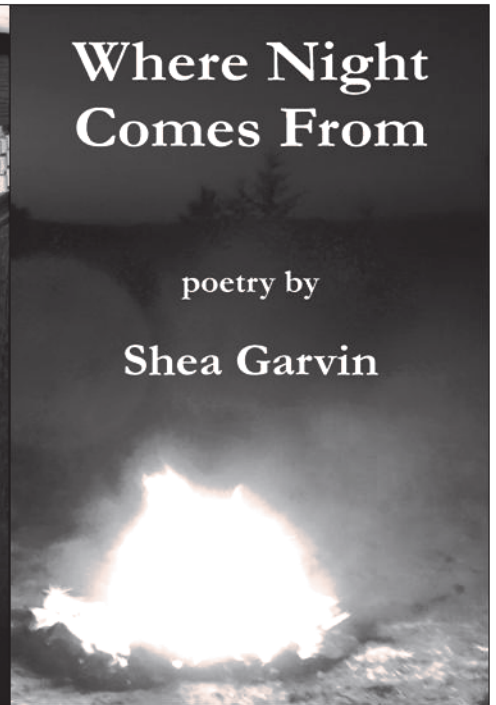
# Sound Effects

poetry by  
Nina Bennett

#4

## *Sound Effects*

Poetry by  
Nina Bennett  
\$ 8.95



# Where Night Comes From

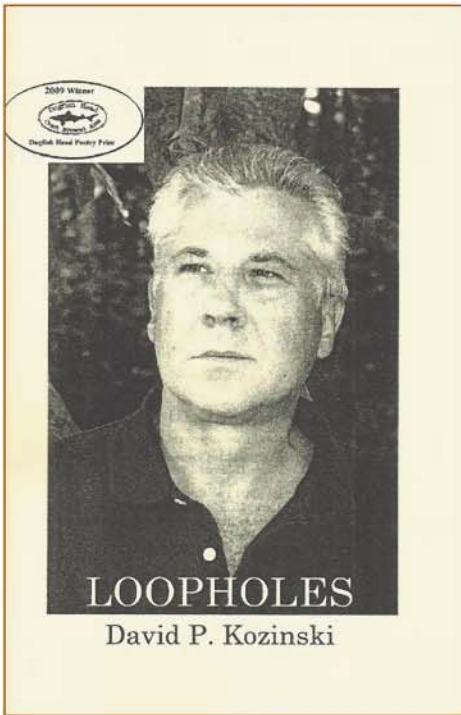
poetry by  
Shea Garvin

#6

## *Where Night Comes From*

Poetry by  
Shea Garvin  
\$10.95

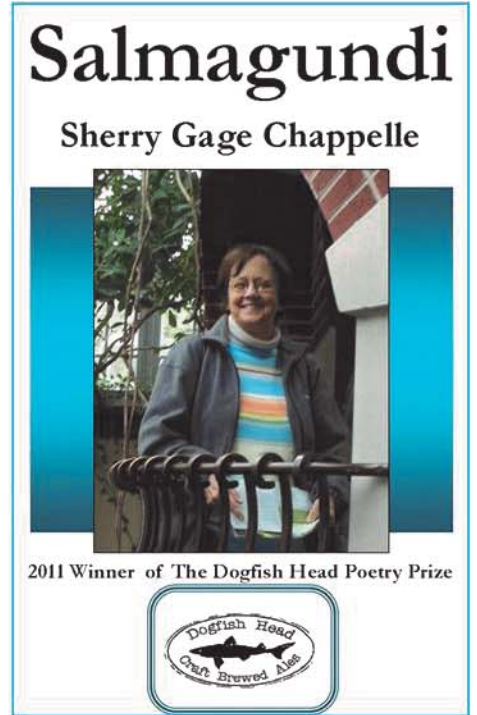




**LOOPHOLES**  
David P. Kozinski



**Fractured Light**  
Amanda Neurell



**Salmagundi**  
Sherry Gage Chappelle

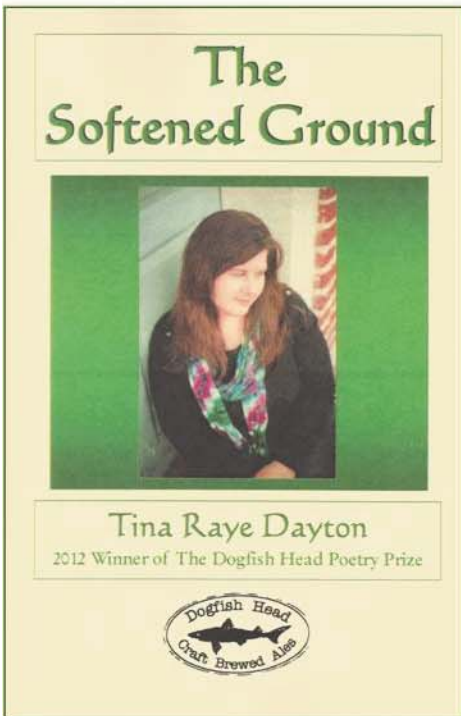
2011 Winner of The Dogfish Head Poetry Prize



**Loopholes**  
\$7.00  
ISBN 978-0-9826030-0-0  
Winner of the 2009  
Dogfish Head Poetry Prize

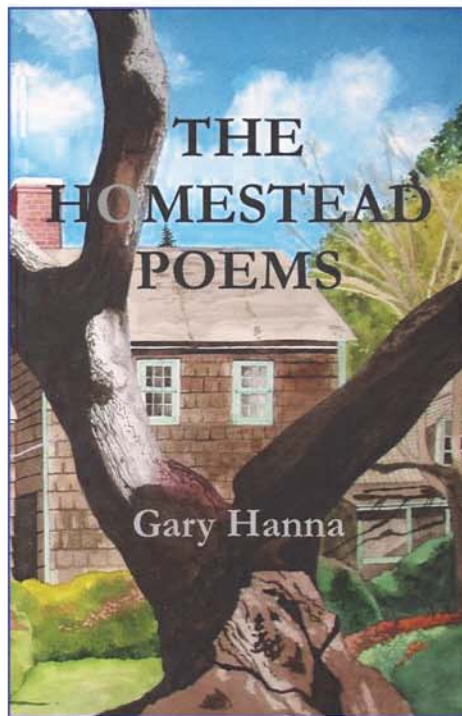
**Fractured Light**  
\$7.95  
ISBN 978-0-9826030-7-9  
Winner of the 2010  
Dogfish Head Poetry Prize

**Salmagundi**  
\$9.00  
ISBN 978-0-9826030-9-3  
Winner of the 2011  
Dogfish Head Poetry Prize



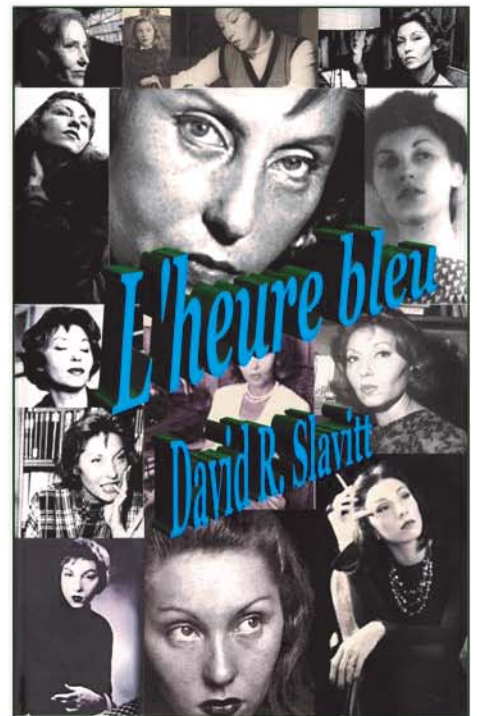
**The Softened Ground**

Tina Raye Dayton  
2012 Winner of The Dogfish Head Poetry Prize



**THE HOMESTEAD POEMS**

Gary Hanna



**L'heure bleu**  
David R. Slavitt

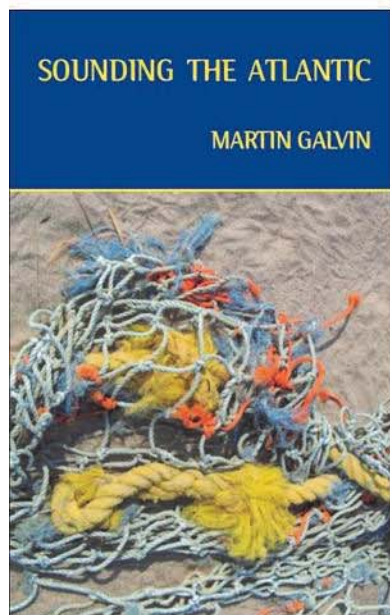
**The Softened Ground**  
\$9.00  
ISBN 978-0-9837789-0-5  
Winner of the 2012  
Dogfish Head Poetry Prize

**The Homestead Poems**  
\$10.95  
ISBN 978-0-9837789-2-9  
On the 75th Anniversary of The  
Rehoboth Art League

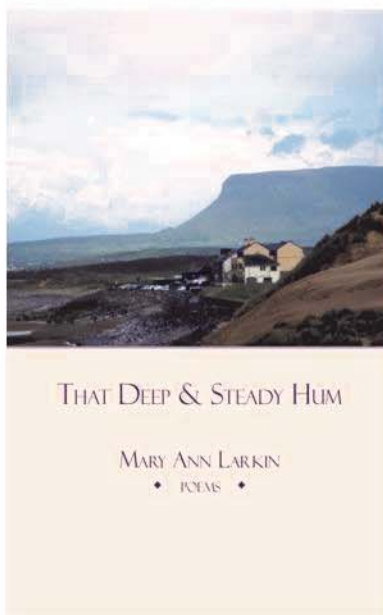
**L'Heure bleu**  
\$12.95  
ISBN 978-0-9837789-1-2  
A Meditation on Clarice Lispector  
(or maybe a novel)



## Titles Available from The Broadkill River Press



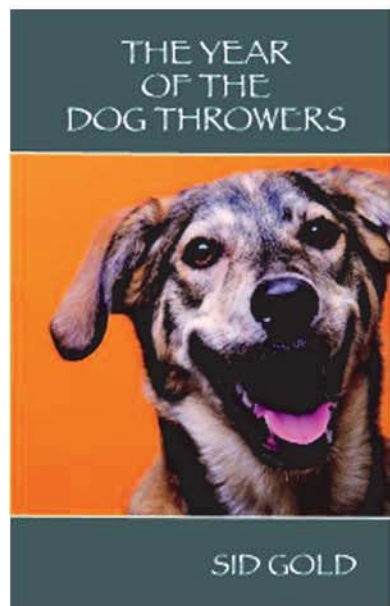
*Sounding the Atlantic*  
Poetry by  
**Martin Galvin**  
ISBN 978-0-9826030-1-7  
\$14.95



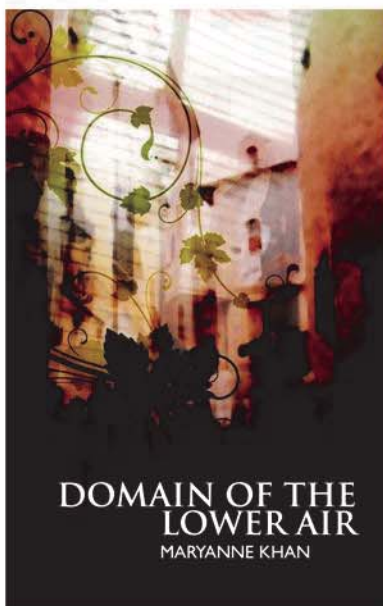
*That Deep & Steady Hum*  
Poetry by  
**Mary Ann Larkin**  
ISBN 978-0-9826030-2-4  
\$14.95



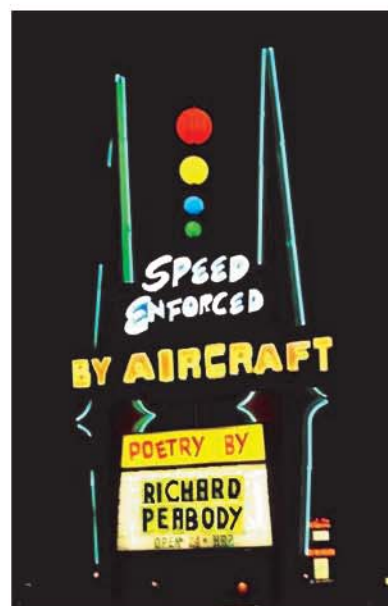
*Exile at Sarzana*  
Poetry by  
**Laure Brylawski-Miller**  
ISBN 978-0-9826030-5-5  
\$12.00



*The Year of the Dog  
Throwers*  
Poetry by **Sid Gold**  
ISBN 978-0-9826030-3-1  
\$12.00



*Domain of the Lower Air*  
Short stories by  
**Maryanne Khan**  
ISBN 978-0-9826030-4-8  
\$14.95



*Speed Enforced by Aircraft*  
Poetry by  
**Richard Peabody**  
ISBN 978-0-9826030-6-2  
\$15.95

Nominated for the National Book  
Critics Circle Award in Fiction

Nominated for the Pulitzer Prize  
in Poetry and the National Book  
Award



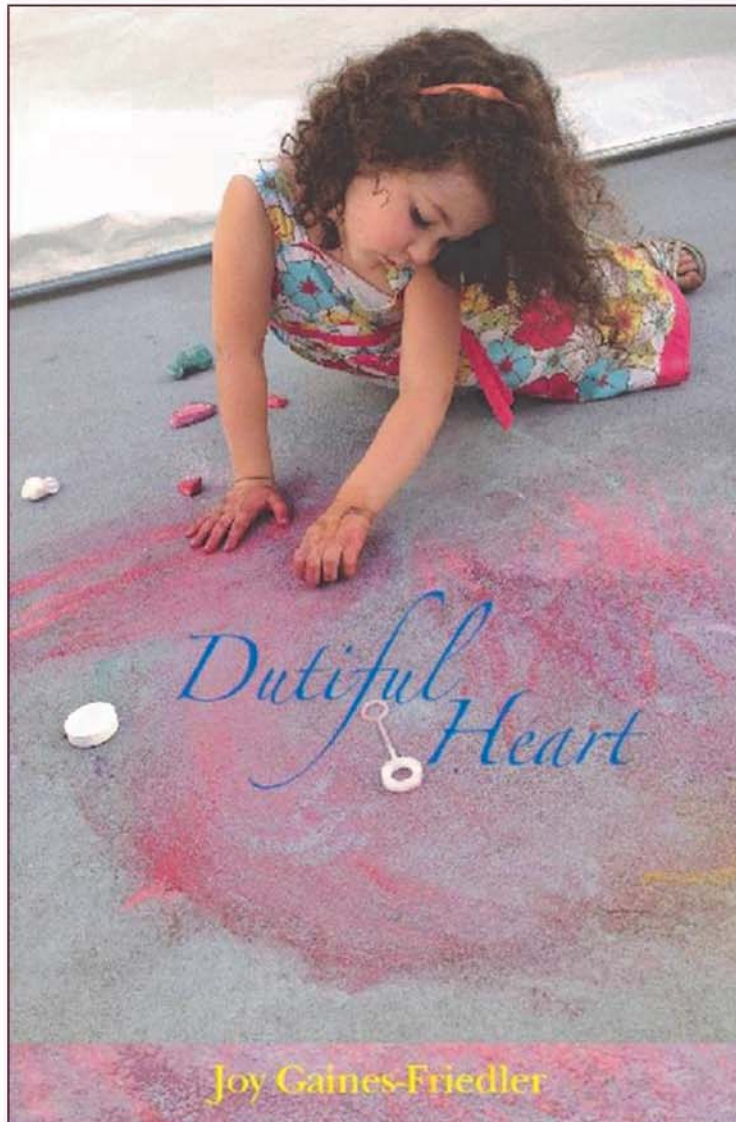
*Now Available from The Broadkill River Press!*

A beautiful collection of clear, grounded, surprising and moving poems about creating friendships and letting go loved ones, taking in whatever good there is to be had, and cutting out the damaged parts, and letting them go. Never over-poetic, simply graceful, smart, and necessary.

-Heather Sellers

So fine to have Ms. Gaines-Friedler's poems in the world — recording as they do with grace and proper gravitas the shift between generations, seasons, those watershed moments that move one day irretrievably into another.

-Thomas Lynch



Like the bird that 'curves its tiny bones around the twigs of wobbly branches,' these poems adapt to and ride the most fierce and fragile of circumstances. Whether from the nursing home or the broken relationship — and with humor and forgiveness — the poems in *Dutiful Heart* bloom where they are planted. Joy Gaines-Friedler's tender work reminds us to stay tethered, to keep refilling the feeder and always bring 'something sweet for the table.'

-Terry Blackhawk

## *Dutiful Heart*

Poetry  
by

**Joy Gaines-Friedler**

\$16.00

ISBN # 978-1-940120-91-1

<http://www.thebroadkillriverpress.com/>



# Constructing Fiction

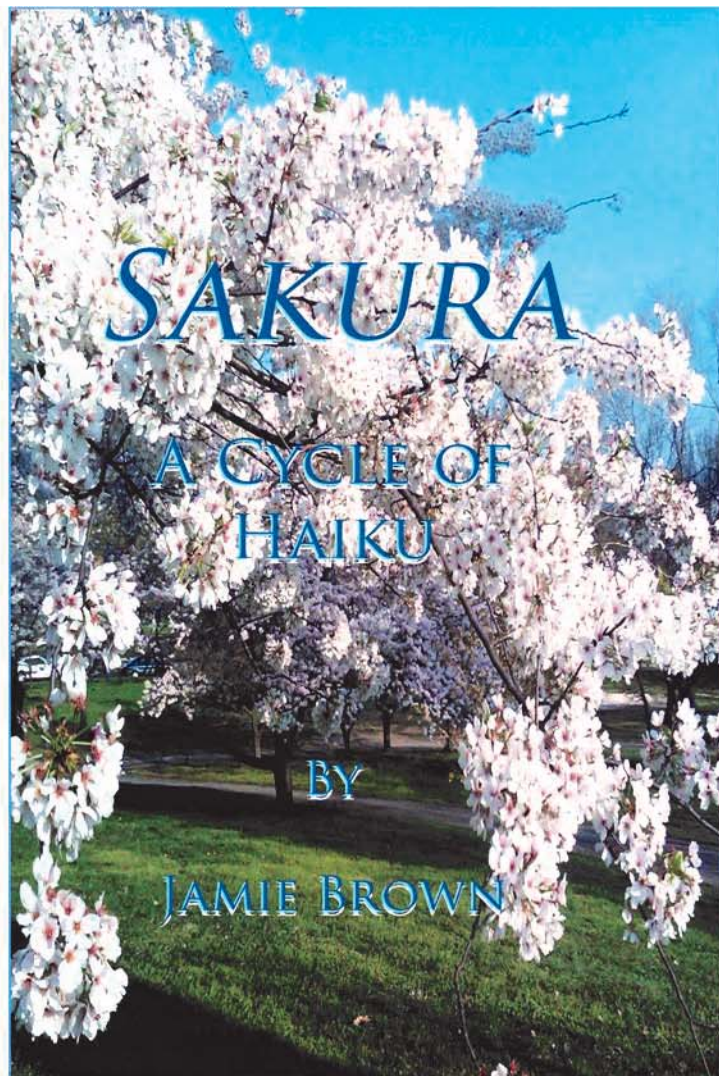
Essays and Advice on Writing Fiction



**Jamie Brown**

Publisher and Editor of

*The Broadkill Review*



**Constructing Fiction:  
Essays and Advice on Writing Fiction**

by Jamie Brown

\$6.00

ISBN 978-0-9826030-8-6

*Sakura: A Cycle of Haiku*

by

Jamie Brown

\$10.95

ISBN 978-0-9837789-9-8

*Constructing Fiction* is a gift to the young or would-be writers of short stories and novels. In plain, no-nonsense prose, Jamie Brown takes the reader for a walk through the world of fiction writing—avoiding the alleys and deadend streets that so often lure new writers with promises of shortcuts. Here is advice that all writers—those young in the work, and old hands—can actually use.

— H. A. Maxson

Jamie Brown's haiku cycle *Sakura* (Cherry Blossoms) reflects on the cycle of love from its first buds to full blossom to autumnal afterglow. Though each of love's moments may be as evanescent as a cherry blossom, lifelong love, like a cherry tree, blooms many times. *Sakura* is a pleasure to read and reflect upon.

—Howard Gofreed

Available now at <https://sites.google.com/site/thebroadkillpress>



# Aldo

## a short story by T. Sean Steele

Harrison believes Aldo's Pizza is haunted. "The place, not the pizza. But also I wouldn't eat the pizza." He slices and boxes a deep dish, then washes his hands. He smells like oranges and onions. His forearms are hairless and grey. Alice has no idea how old he is. Twenty, maybe thirty.

He has a beard; it is also grey, but only because he dyed it for Halloween. He went as a man in an old photograph he found in his parents' basement. He painted his face white and wore dusty clothing, then sat in a chair at the Halloween party in the exact pose as the man in the photograph for the whole night. Head cocked sideways, like his neck had been snapped. He didn't have fun at this party, he says, but sometimes you're not supposed to have fun. Sometimes you're supposed to make fun for others.

"Haunted?" Alice asks.

"I only noticed after I came back. You have to get away for a while to notice what's wrong."

The front door dings. Harrison pretends he didn't hear it, so Alice walks out to the front counter. She is fifteen. This is her fourth week in the town of Glen Quarry, and her third week at Aldo's. She opens and closes the store, signs for deliveries, works the register and phone, and makes pizzas. Harrison only makes pizzas.

Aldo's Pizza is pick-up only. Customers stand in a hallway leading back to the kitchen. The hall has a counter on one side and a window overlooking the creek on the other. A small blonde boy leans against the window and looks out at the water, tapping his fingernails against the glass.

His name is Bobby, or Bill. Alice has trouble remembering, which is funny, considering.

"I got your note," he says. "I spent a lot of

time reading it. Smelled nice, too."

"Thanks," Alice says.

"I've never gotten one of those before," he says. "A love letter."

"Neither have I."

"I don't want to lead anyone on," he says. "Is what my sister told me. Not that I'm leading you on. All I've done is pick up pizza."

She takes his pizza off the heating rack and slides it across the counter. A family-sized thincrust. Sardines, giardiniera, green olives, goat cheese. "Is your mom pregnant?" she asks.

"I hope not." Without looking he pulls exact change out of his pocket. "My mom is sixty."

She watches through the window as he hops the stone path across the creek and disappears into the woods, the whole time balancing the pizza box like a tray of drinks. Alice has written another note under the lid of that box as well. It hadn't been easy. Not much rhymes with giardiniera.

\*

On Alice's first day, the owner gifted her a smooth, metal egg. "Stainless steel soap. It'll help with the smell," he said. "I live two hours north and my son is very sick so I don't come around often. In fact I'm looking to sell, if you know anyone."

"I'm a sophomore in high school," she said.

"Right." He pinched his nose between his eyes, which were too close together. She could almost look at one point in the center of his face as they talked. "Remember to have your parents and teachers sign the work permit and mail it in."

"I don't have any teachers. I'm new. Also my mom is dead," she explained again.

(Continued, next page)

(from previous page)

He squinted at her. "Right. Just your dad'll be fine, then." He turned up his coat collar.

"The soap helps. There's a lot of turn-around at this place because kids hate how their hands smell. I don't think they're using the soap."

The soap doesn't help. All she gets is an oniony-smelling hunk of metal to go with her onion-smelling hands. Every day she hopes someone will order an extra-basil, but no one eats basil around here. Glen Quarry is a pepperoni-and-onions kind of town.

If she falls asleep with her hands near her face, she has strange dreams. She dreams she is in bed asleep, except starving, her empty stomach rolling over itself. Or maybe it is the person in bed next to her who is starving. Alice thinks the person is her mom, but she can't open her eyes to check. "I'd like an onion. Or salami," says the voice. "I know you have some. I can smell it." It sounds like her mom's voice, but hollow and hungry.

"Pepperoni, not salami," Alice says. "And those are my hands, not food."

"Close enough," the voice sighs.

\*

Two days before it happened and two weeks before the move, Alice's mom tried to comfort her. "I'm not worried and you shouldn't be," she said. "At this point we know each other so well, you can internalize me. Can't you? I'll live in your head."

"Katherine," said Alice's dad.

She stroked a length of Alice's hair, then gently pulled at it. "Maybe I'm not saying what I mean. I won't take over your head. I'll keep to myself. A quiet tenant."

"I can try," Alice said.

"That's not enough," she said, putting Alice's hair against her lips.

\*

"You shouldn't make pizzas like that for people," Harrison says when Alice returns to the kitchen. All their orders are in the oven, and he's using the lull to inspect the bathroom

door jamb.

"Sick pizzas. There was no counter-balance, ingredient-wise. That's how the haunting will spread. Most haunted places don't want to spread; they're satisfied keeping people out. But a food establishment is a different beast. People ingest the haunting and take it with them. We've got to work to contain it. Thusly, I changed some ingredients on that pizza for you. Mozzarella for goat cheese. Black olives for green olives."

"That's not what they ordered. They'll complain."

"I kept the sardines. Those are pretty standard," Harrison says. "Added sausage. They're coming out one ingredient ahead. But if they complain, maybe it'll be the boy who calls." He raises his eyebrows at her, then swings the door open-and-closed. "We need to sand this down. I don't like how the door hangs open a crack. The porcelain catches the light and when I'm making pizzas it feels like someone's in there watching me."

"Is the door part of the haunting?"

"Mostly I think it's bad craftsmanship." He swings the door again. It creaks. "Although I don't remember it being like this before I left."

"Where'd you go?"

"The Baltics." He turns on the bathroom light and examines his face in the mirror. "You know much about the Baltics? Cold, salty, and dark. I was living on trains. I had one of those passes and went in circles around the sea. In retrospect I should've left the train more. When I finally got off at the airport, I felt like I was still looping, like I was moving on my own particular axis against the grain of the earth. Maybe I brought that imbalance back here with me. Or maybe it followed me there. I don't know." He turns on the sink, reaches for the soap, realizes it's stainless steel, and throws it in the trash. Steam rises from the sink and clings to the mirror. "Selling Aldo's Pizza is a huge tactical error. It'll spread the haunting even worse than bad pizza. The owner's already doomed. He should go down with the ship, not pass it off to some sap. Look what happened to (Continued, next page)

(from previous page)  
his kid. He wants to inflict that on someone else?”

Alice tries to remember the owner's name. A girl's name, she is pretty sure. Stacy, or Ashley. Harrison uses the hand pump on the wall and lathers his beard.

“What was wrong with the kid?” she asks.

Harrison squints and shakes his head. Bits of foam fall to the floor. “The details are fuzzy. But he was coming around here all the time. During the school day or late at night. No one ever heard him come inside. They'd just find him already sitting behind the counter, eating pizza off the heating rack. Once, after close, they found him in the creek up to his knees, staring at the window.” He bares his teeth in the mirror. “I think the creek is involved. The haunting has spread.”

“Or it was at the creek to begin with,” Alice says. He looks at her. “What I mean is, a creek is part of the natural world. It's been around for centuries. Aldo's Pizza started in, what, the eighties?”

Harrison snaps his fingers, but they're soapy and slip past each other silently. “Good point. Avoid the creek. Avoid anyone who touches the creek. Haunted water probably spreads faster than haunted pizza.” He points at his reflection. “We'll continue this line of thought later. I have to clean my beard.”

The over glows in the corner, grinding away as the conveyor belt draws the pizzas through the fire. Heat pushes at Alice's face, drying out her eyes. An ant crawls across the toppings table toward the green peppers. She smushes it with her thumb. A pang of regret clenches his stomach.

She wipes the smear away with a rag and studies the kitchen. The sharp edges and gleaming aluminum are already familiar to her in a way the rest of Glen Quarry is not. The town is small, but scattered within a forest, and the only places she knows how to get to are between here and her house. Even her new, yet-to-be-entirely-unpacked bedroom is a hazy image in her mind's eye.

Aldo's kitchen is solid, certain, and per-

manent. It was here before she arrived, and it will be here long after she leaves.

The phone rings. “Whatever it is they want,” Harrison says from the bathroom, “ring it up as a plain cheese. We need to settle down.”

\*

A man wants to place an order for delivery.

“We don't do delivery,” Alice says. She thought everyone in town knew this.

“All pizza places do delivery.”

“We don't have a car.”

“Neither do I,” says the man. Outside, the creek trickles past the stone path in time with the hum of the telephone static. “It's a small town. You could walk it over.”

“I'm new here,” Alice says. “I don't know where anything is.”

“I live right across the creek. Right behind the woods. I can practically see you from here.”

Harrison peeks his head around the corner, drying his face.

“Can't you walk over yourself?” she asks.

“It's safer out here. I don't like the ambience of your establishment. I get headaches when I go inside. Things look different in there than they do out here, you know. People, mostly. Maybe it's the lighting.” Alice looks at the fluorescent tubes on the ceiling. “Alas, it's the only pizza in town,” he says. “It's not easy, moving so young. You're much more liable to leave something behind, and then it's gone forever. You are young, aren't you? Or is it a trick of the phone?”

Harrison takes the phone from her hand. He holds the mouthpiece in front of his face, looking at it as he talks. “We're closed for the night,” he says. “Find something to eat in your freezer. A dead cat.” He wipes the phone with his towel and hangs up.

“It's only six-thirty.”

“Don't let them toy with you.” He's washed the grey from his face, and now his beard is dark brown and thick in a way that contrasts with the paleness of his skin and the lightness of his hair, so much so that it looks fake. She pictures him (Continued, next page)



(from previous page)

without the beard and thinks he could be younger than twenty, possibly even her age. "There are a lot of people out there, poking their noses in, trying to figure us out." He pats his belly and grins, black lipstick smeared across his teeth. "We're experiencing something they can't fathom. But if we talk about it, then it's out there, too."

The sun sets behind Aldo's and the creek glimmers with white splashes of reflected moonlight. Alice yawns. "Don't get sleepy," Harrison says. "You shouldn't sleep at work. You get stressful dreams. Do you like music? I picked up some good stuff from a guy on the train in the Baltics. He didn't speak English but he gave me a thumb drive. Kept me awake for days." He slips back down the hall.

The heat of the ovens creeps into the hallway. She feels her head nodding. Onion-sweat beads across her neck and back. There's nowhere to sit in here, she realizes. Not a single chair.

She leans her arms on the yellow counter but they slide forward, also slick with sweat. She rests her head in her hands and breathes deeply.

\*

After the burial, Alice and her dad came home to a house full of people. "No one likes an empty home," her aunt said.

"It's not empty," Alice said. "I still live here."

"We'll stay as long as you need," her aunt said.

And when they couldn't stay any longer, new relatives rotated in to take their place. The house milled with bodies. The bathroom always full. The bedroom floor littered with cousins who whispered and giggled all night. "I need to sleep," Alice said, but no one settled.

Then they all gathered on the lawn, watching as Alice and her dad drove away to Glen Quarry. "The plan was to move, anyway," her dad had said. "We bought it before. A smaller house. Your mother liked the town. She said they had good restaurants."

Alice looked into the rearview mirror, scanning the crowd for a familiar face, but they were all blurry and far away. Little kids ran off the front lawn and chased the truck down the street, slapping at doors and pushing against the trunk, sending them away.

\*

The phone rings again.

"I was kidding," the owner says. "You didn't have to hang up on me."

"You were being difficult," Alice says.

"I was testing you. I finally wrangled my son to sleep and it seemed like the thing to do. You handled it well. Some people let themselves be taken advantage of. Customer service only goes so far. Remember, you're in control. You have what they want. Heck, they're willing to give you money for it."

"I'm going to hang up now."

"Exactly. There you go. That's your prerogative."

Alice hears the speakers in the kitchen crackle to life. A freight train barrels through the sound system, churning and blaring and shaking the walls.

In the kitchen, a pizza has spilled off the end of the conveyor belt onto the floor.

Ground beef, pepperoni, green peppers, and spinach.

"I'm stuck," Harrison calls from behind the bathroom door. "I was trying to fix my beard and the door swung shut. It locked me in."

"This isn't music," Alice says, stepping over the mess. "It's a train. You listened to train noises while you were on a train."

"I'll admit it doesn't sound as fitting here as it did in the Baltics. I can't believe it locked me in. I'm on its side. I'm trying to help. Maybe if I were the owner, things would be different. It'd show me some respect."

"We lost a pizza."

"Ah, shit. That was an Aldo's Original. We couldn't have lost a worse one. She'll be here any minute to pick it up, too."

"You call her," Alice says. "I'm done with the phone." (Continued, next page)

(from previous page)

"I hate it, too. I always forget who I'm talking to. Or they forget who they're talking to. We never get anywhere. Anyway we only have her home phone, and she's already on her way by now. She always walks. We're not going to have an Original for her, and she'll be mad."

Alice hears a little boy sobbing behind the bathroom door. "Are you crying?"

"There's someone at the counter," Harrison says. "It's probably her."

"I didn't hear the doorbell ding."

"At this point you should know it dings when it wants to." Alice rubs her face, exhausted. The onion scent stings her face. Her eyes water.

"Tell her we're in the weeds back here. And be polite," he says. "For the love of god, be accommodating."

\*

There's no lady at the counter. It's the blonde boy again. Ben, or Bruce.

"You gave us the wrong pizza," he says.

"My co-worker sabotaged it."

He nods and looks down the hall. "He's done that before. We've been dealing with him for a while. But it's okay. My mom and sister can't tell the difference. I think their tastes buds have withered to nothing in old age." He runs a hand through his tangled hair, which is longer and more unruly than Alice remembers. She thinks she can hear Harrison pounding at the bathroom door, hollering, although maybe it's the train. Bart, or Brad, smiles at her. "I was wondering if you wanted to take a walk with me."

"We're in the weeds back here."

He twirls a piece of hair around his finger. "Don't you get a break?" he asks. "It's so much nicer outside. The wind brings a mist off the creek. It's very pleasant, and cool." Alice has never taken a break before. There's never been a point. He taps out a tune on the counter. "Then you've got a lot of time saved up," he says. "There'll be no rush to get back."

She thinks about the pizza on the floor and the woman who will be here any minute.

She takes off her apron. The boy jumps up-and-down, pleased.

"Can I ask you something?" Alice says. "It might sound a little weird."

He smiles again, showing all his teeth. "My name is Basil."

\*

Sometimes, in the same way if she left the oven on or the fridge open, Alice seizes with the sense she left her mom at the old house. Alice wishes she had checked the face of every single person on the front lawn on moving day. She wants to call the old house, to see who picks up, but she fights this urge. Lately she's come to distrust phones. They're unreliable. Anyone could be on the other end.

\*

Basil takes her hand and walks her toward the creek. Really he's only holding her pinkie.

He's much shorter than her, she notices now that they're outside. She's embarrassed thinking about those love letters, now.

The night air tastes minty and feels cool against her skin. As they come to the creek, he lets go and hops the stone path. The stones look flat and slippery, covered in a thin layer of moving water.

"This is my creek, you know," Basil says, putting his hand in the water. "My dad's, I mean. We used to own all this land, but things got unstable after he died. My mom sold off this patch and took us into the woods. But she says the creek is mine, in the end. Eventually all of this will be ours again, she says." He puts his hands in his pockets and shivers. "Are you coming?"

Alice turns back to Aldo's Pizza. She hears the dull bass of a train engine thrumming in the squat bungalow. To her right, the sole lamp outside of Aldo's lights the gravel road to the woods. She sees a woman at the end of the road, emerging from the forest. Alice can't make out her features from the creek, but sees her hair tied up in a bun at the top of her head, a long black dress swishing at (Continued, next page)



(from previous page)

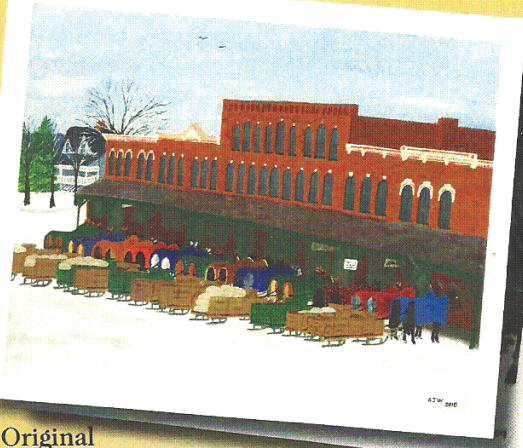
her ankles. Alice tries to remember which size the Aldo's Original pizza was.

"I would've liked those love letters even if my mom and sister hadn't made it so," Basil says. He's at the edge of the trees. Alice finds she's already stepped out onto the stones. Water leaks into her socks. If you had sent them and meant it by your own will," he says. "I always thought you might have, with time. We're not different. We have things in common. One thing, at least." He looks over his shoulder into the woods, then back at Alice. "We have leftovers, if you're hungry."

But Alice is sick of pizza, let alone leftover pizza. Even now in the middle of the creek, the smell of onions drifts up from her hands. She wants to rinse them in the water, but it looks thick and black. "You're too young for me," she tells Basil, and hops back to shore. She misses a stone and her leg slips into the creek up to her shin, followed by her other leg, but with a leap she's out of the water and moving down the road. Her shoes squish with every step, the wet soles collecting gravel and mud, weighing her down. The woman on the road stops when she sees Alice running toward her. Alice slows to a walk and waves, trying not to frighten her off. She sees the woman put her hands to her mouth. She isn't sure why Harrison is so afraid of this woman. If anything, the woman seems afraid of Alice.

The woman waves back and a warm wind rolls across the road. Alice yawns. Her legs are heavy. She realizes she's too tired to talk to this woman. She only wants to be home, eat a non-pizza snack, and go to sleep. But now the woman is hurrying toward her, sighing out of the shadows with her arms open, and Alice will have to think of something to say.

# BOOKS



Original  
Amish Art by Anna Weaver  
Available at Something Unique Frame Shop and Gallery.

## EAST BRANCH Used & Collectible Books

113 West Main St.  
Sherman, NY 14781

HOURS OF OPERATION  
Wed - Fri: Noon to 5pm  
Saturday: 10am - 4pm

716.269.4933



# The Most Wonderful Time of the Year

## fiction by Vicki VanArsdale

Each year on December 23rd Samantha takes a drive an hour south to pick up her brother for the holidays. As she pulls in she always parks in a spot marked "Visitor" so she doesn't get towed or get a ticket. She knows how they can be. She walks into a small, concrete office building and shows the guard her ID, then heads to the main building to get buzzed in. At the nurse's station she signs out two large bags of medication for Daniel which include bottles of Lithium, Xanax and Coumadin. She sits on an old plastic chair – quite possibly the kind she had in school with the black metal legs and a hole cut out of the middle of the back support – for about ten minutes until she finally sees him stepping out of the elevator with a plastic garbage bag of clothes and a book. She is taken aback by his appearance but doesn't let it upset her. She greets him with a hearty hug and they head to the car.

"Hi Honey, how are you?" she asked.  
"Alright."

"How have you been feeling?"

"Okay," he said.

Samantha knew he was anything but okay. On top of everything else that was wrong with him he had a mini stroke a few months ago, a T-I-A they called it. She can't remember what those letters stand for. Some kind of attack. He fell to the floor and couldn't move his left side for a short while. Luckily there was no permanent damage but they did put him on blood thinners as a precaution.

"What have you been doing?"

"Just reading."

"That's good," she said.

"I'm tired."

"Okay, take a rest while I drive."

She puts on XM Satellite Radio and listens to the Pearl Jam station for a bit because

if she hears one more fucking Christmas song she swears she's going to vomit. "Release" comes on and just happens to be one of her favorite songs. "I am myself, like you somehow... release me," she sings. This song always makes her cry. No, it's not Eddie Vedder's stirring vocal that gets her, although it's a close second. The song stirs up all kinds of latent emotional pain and makes her think back to simpler times, when they played with Barbie dolls and Matchbox cars, and on rainy days they amused themselves with Monopoly and Life for hours at a time. It was so much fun.

Once they get to her apartment she carries Daniel's things to the guest room. He showers and goes to bed without saying much, as usual. Samantha pours herself a glass of Carmenere and then another before going to bed. She lays there for what seems like hours – trying to remember when his mental illness first manifested itself. He was always a little nerdy but also super smart with computers and electronics. He had his ham radio license at fifteen and could do all sorts of things with the Commodore 64 that the rest of the family couldn't even understand. She guesses it was when he was a sophomore in high school. Things just started to get weird. One day he asked if he was gay because he sucked another man's cock, and a few months after that he started stealing her bras and panties out of the laundry. She never really put the pieces together until years later when a psychiatric nurse talked to her about his desire to be a woman. But how that was related to the drug abuse of cocaine and inhalants she just didn't know. And with all of the HIPAA privacy rules these days she'll probably never find out.

The next morning she watches Daniel put six heaping teaspoons of sugar into his regular sized coffee (continued on next page)

(VanArsdale, from previous page)

mug and she tries, unsuccessfully, to hold her shit together.

“Are we seeing Dad today?” he asks.

“No, we’ll see him at Aunt Lucy’s tomorrow.” Pause “Want to go to IHOP?”

“Yeah!”

Their annual trek to IHOP is really an exercise in patience (hers) and in the good manners of the general public. She always gets a little self-conscious as they walk in, watching as people stare at her with the little old man in disheveled clothes with no teeth and the wild Jesus hair. Certainly the red bandana doesn’t help. She wonders what they think when they realize he isn’t that old at all, maybe only in his 40s. She always pities the waitress who gets stuck working their table and leaves an extra large tip. After all, Daniel scarfs down pancakes, eggs, bacon and sugar-laden coffee like he’s never eaten before. His manners and social niceties have left long ago and the table is always a mess: syrup, coffee and orange juice all over the place and all over him. He’s worse than a two year old.

They repeat the circus act at the all-you-can-eat Chinese buffet that evening, and, as she watches him eat through a mound of king crab legs and a bowl of egg drop soup she swears this will be the last Christmas Eve she will ever spend at a goddamn Chinese buffet.

She smiles at Daniel as she thinks of a million other things she’d rather be doing, but then feels bad. Is it that difficult to get out of her self-centered life and show a little love and kindness to her only sibling? After all, she’s all he has.

Their mother is dead and their father has basically disowned him.

Before running out to smoke a cigarette he thanks her, and on the way out the door he accidentally knocks over a small Christmas tree decorated with red and gold plastic balls, and a red poinsettia plant. Ten people turn their heads just long enough to see what happened then eagerly get back to their pot stickers and dried out short ribs. Samantha raises her arm and waves as she shouts “Merry Christmas!” to the crowd, but not before leaving a \$20 tip on the table and giving another \$20 to the cashier at the front desk.

“Hey Sam, it’s snowing!”

“I see that.”

Daniel starts laughing as they hop into the car, and all Samantha can think about is getting home and having a big glass of red wine. As they wait for the wipers to clear the snow and for the defroster to work she finds that radio station – the one that plays nonstop Christmas music from Thanksgiving to New Year’s Day – and they start singing, just like they did when they were kids.

Kelly's



Ginger Nut  
Pub

**Gene Kelly**  
767-331-3222

133 Mason Ave. Cape Charles, VA 23310  
[www.kellysgingernutpub.com](http://www.kellysgingernutpub.com)



Kelly's



Ginger Nut  
Pub

**Gene Kelly**  
767-331-3222

133 Mason Ave. Cape Charles, VA 23310  
[www.kellysgingernutpub.com](http://www.kellysgingernutpub.com)

# Scott Whitaker Reviews Eric Greinke's *For the Living Dead: New and Selected Poems*

Eric Greinke's *For the Living Dead: New and Selected* gathers Greinke's breath from 1969 through 2012, and shows the breadth of Greinke's work. The poems are tough, tight, simple and beautiful. *For the Living Dead* opens with "Fur Found Rhythm" a bluesy cut, and like a saxophone player, or a samurai, sets the tone for the collection, "a sweet-sour burden/& cry/...Married./Found./Lost." The improvisational feel of the lines, and the short sentences punch sounds like a jazz sideman on Saturday night. Greinke's work is visceral, soulful, sometimes simple, but never simplistic. The lyrics in the collection are balanced with narrative, and Greinke's collection offers up a full plate for fans and new readers alike; the volume illustrates Greinke's contribution to American verse.

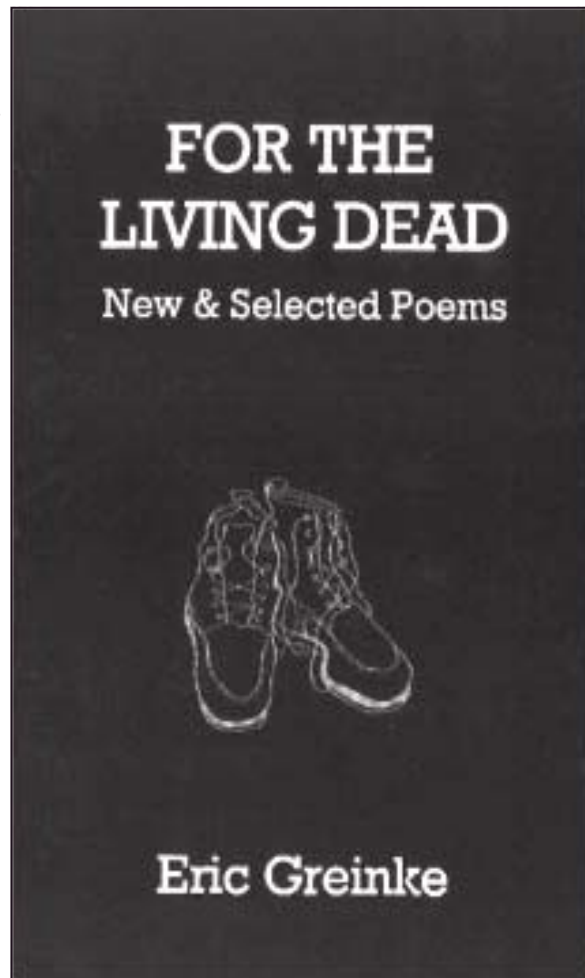
The early poems reflect a rich tonal palette, while later poems are stripped to the songbones, and with both Greinke's voice soars. His syllables click and collide as birds in "The Way Heat Pours Out," "Perching on glazed branches,/Singing unheard songs./Redwing blackbirds, purple finches & exotic/Chinese canaries/Haunt me

now that the ice storms of January/have made the air too cold for flight." Fast forward to 1986's "After the Ice Storm" where the breath is arranged to bring forth the hard syllables of winter when, "We walked among the pines in back,/Accompanied by the clack & click of branches/ ...So now we wait protected and safe/ until another bough may break." Greinke's ear remains sharp through the years, matching sounds to content, a seasoned master.

Greinke's collection has lighter moments. Fine nature slices, as well as poems that pair humor and sex. He takes a hands on approach to spirituality, and composes in a myriad of modes: "Tonight" from 1973, is gorgeous eight line sounding of beach and sleep. "Black Milk", also from 1973, is surreal danger lurking in hard

conso-syllabics: "Diamonds gleam from a president's mouth...a flag courts a fire engine...If a man drinks a milk that is black/He will turn into a stringless kite."

I like it when a motif is happened upon by the poet, (continued; see Greinke, p. 46)





# Scott Whitaker Reviews

## *Rain Shadow Review*

*Rain Shadow Review's* mission goes beyond academics, heck it extends beyond poetry to a more singular importance, reaching out to a population whose needs outweigh anything written in this review; the incarcerated. Established as *Walking Rain Review*, the Arizona prison writing project, over 30 years ago by Richard Shelton, the project sent writers into the prisons to reach out to men and women who needed an outlet. When Shelton retired, the Lannan Foundation continued to fund the project and under director Erec Toso, *Rain Shadow Review* was born.

There's good writing inside this issue dedicated to Gail Browne, one of the projects founding members, visceral exciting writing, and art too, emerging and polished. The whole act of it's purpose, reaching out--poetry as activism, shines through the lines and blocks of prose, and elevates the voices within.

The poetry is visceral, and tough. Nate McKowen's "Rave Review" is a cool, thumping reminder of what the playwright August Wilson condensed into the character Wining Boy, in the Pulitzer Prize winning play *Piano Lesson*, the piano becomes you, or in this case, the DJing becomes you. McKowen's poem is about a DJ at a rave, both liberated and trapped by his work. "He remembers when it used to be fun..." that is before the hangovers

and late boneyard shifts at the club grind up a mind and body. But the DJ, even after the work has consumed his mirth, has the last laugh, "The bass drops,/the hook sinks/And all the little fishies take a bite."

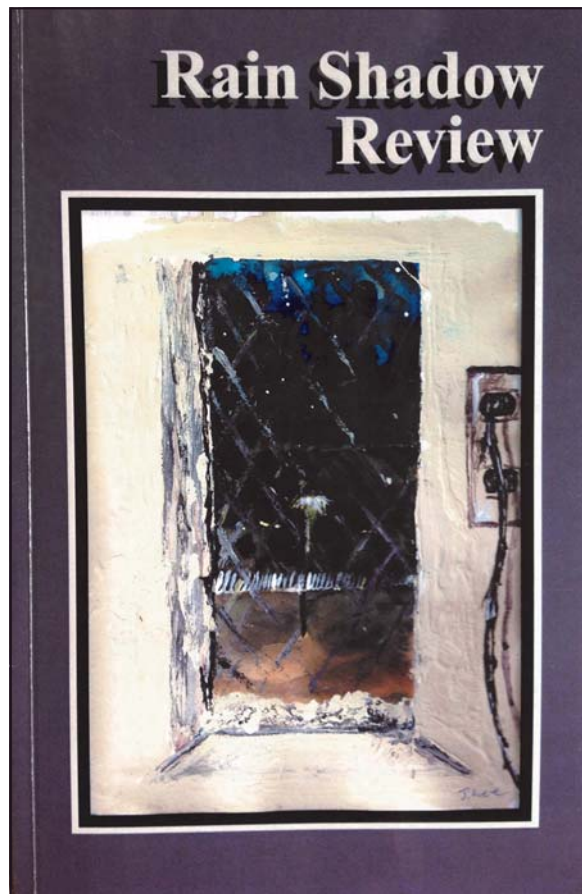
The characters voiced throughout the volume try to avoid the traps that got them

locked up to begin with, but find themselves faced with no prospects in the outside world. In Richard G. Ochoa's "Second Thoughts and San Luis" the character tries to do good, but is left with few choices, one of them being to sell dope with their sister who is making fat dollars on the side. Often the outside world is a trap for these characters, and probably the writers behind the characters. Nobody can get a job, and the economy is broken. Andrew Jaicks writes the blues in "Crosstown." Ralph Hager's "The Wisdom of thr Sparrows" reminds that nature is cruel, that watching time pass behind bars is a passive, spiritual cruelty. Time

passes, and nature marks the

age, and if the poems do not express the tedium and surprising moments of life on the inside, they report the front lines of their hometown, and low-down experience; addiction and crime are not hipster plot points in a YA novel, they are occurrences and lifestyles of the poor and marginalized.

The fiction featured in the issue is equally challenging, but in a good way. There's dystopian science fiction warnings about the future, (continued; see *Rain Shadow* p. 46)



# Grace Cavalieri Reviews Rachel Pastan's *Alena*

At the Venice Biennale, a young female art historian meets a charismatic gallery owner and is hurried to the role of curator for his Cape Cod Museum "the Nauk." This is the literal level of the plot but that's not the best of it. What this book has to offer, beyond story, is what literature holds over film and other arts -- how language is revered. Visual arts are about light; music is about feeling; but, prose is about the motion of time and how we see, smell and taste it in passing. Pastan is gifted with sentient and lyrical writing, and she paints a scene exactly.

In teaching writing we say: why send a page out deaf, dumb, and blind? Pastan goes one better--she can describe a beach, rock, and sunset so that you get sand on your feet, stub your toe, while looking up at the sky.

And painterly writing is appropriate because the drama takes place in an art museum and our explorations call in many names/works of modern artists. The average reader will know one out of three of these but it doesn't matter because Pastan will provoke their works right before your eyes.

Besides events made unpredictable--essential to creating surprise-- Pastan establishes a heroine who is vulnerable throughout, so we have someone to root for. Through the eyes of this Innocent, personalities of the art world emerge like dragons from the sea, and

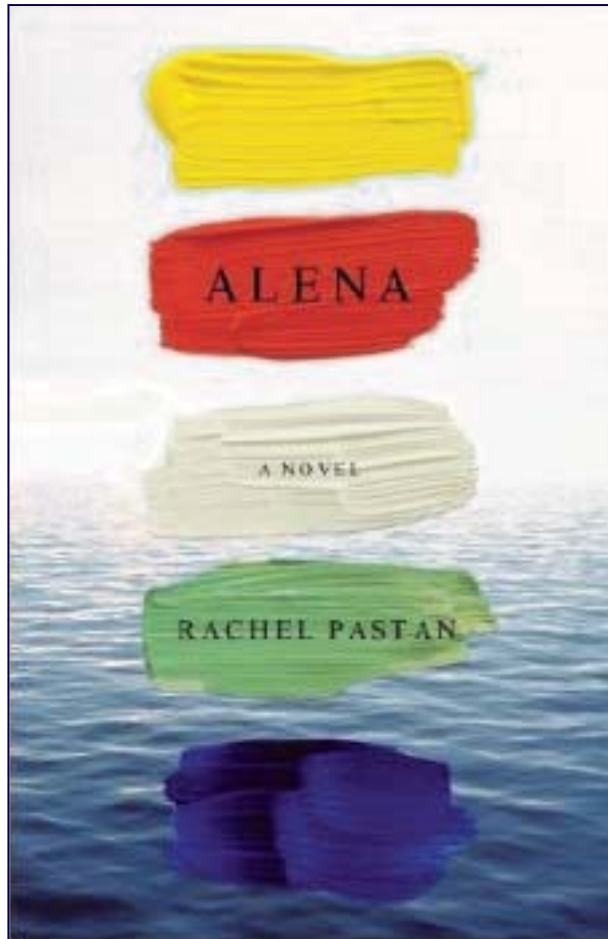
take form as interesting and threatening characters. Of course the person off-stage is always the most interesting one, and this "indirect characterization" is *ALENA* (the book's title.) The plot pivots about what became of the former curator at the Nauk, who was believed to have drowned. This is the question pursued during the mystery, investigation, and conclusion.

*Alena* is described in maybe more ways than we wish; for how could anyone be so electric, sensual, brilliant, seductive, intuitive, and commanding. We want to slap her, mostly because, although gone, she's constantly in the face of our heroine-- *Alena's* a hard act to follow --and almost improbably epitomized-- but *Alena's* sensibilities serve to tighten the action even from the grave.

The choices this novelist makes are many. She must bring complex people into her world; find the perfect pitch for her characters; set them up against each other; and then get out of the way. What makes Pastan

a *good* novelist is the rhythm of her thoughts-- her trust in her own words--and the ability to fix a scene in the moment it's happening. I've read Rachel Pastan's other books and she consistently offers us language that elevates the action. She takes risks/opportunities to phrase and control the structure.

It is noteworthy that Rachel Pastan is the daughter of (continued; see *Alena* p. 46)



## Book Reviews, Continued

(Greinke, from p. 43)

and rain and a wonderful warm wetness hangs about Greinke's work, particularly from the seventies, but not just rain, but also body fluid, and dampness, wet earth, and the poet is at home in the earth and the coming and going of death.

Newer poems reach backward into memory and the poet speaker retells escapades from the late 1960s and recalls early sexual desire disguised as hero-playing, and all through the lines the warmth of Greinke's voice is present, aware of memory's trappings and high bright windows. Perhaps this is most evident in "My Father's Job", from 2012, where the speaker recalls watching his father enter the automobile factory, and glimpsing the grey uniformed men inside, mistook it for a prison. "My father went in through a small red door.../A quick glance revealed it as a prison.../We took him to that gray place every day.../Once he quit to play piano in a bar./ He was happy for a while, but/..my mother wanted more money so/He went back inside, this time for life."

The collection ends with "Flood Tide," a Prufrockian elegy for love where death proves to be the great isolator in a flood of sensory information. The speaker is wet, swimming in the endless ocean, swamping through tears in a flooded factory. The speaker laments all of the sensations, all of the water, all of the possibilities if you will. "There is no/ pail for love. Even though/we've wrapped ourselves within/ each others arms, each/of us still drowns alone." Like Prufrock who cannot bear the cost of women on the beach speaking to him, the speaker here cannot levy the cost of human contact to the spirit. It's almost too much for one man, "pages/drift in pools, like travelers...we wonder if/the ocean breeze will keep us on course/or blow us back into ourselves." The human spirit and condition are Greinke's subject, and in this well balanced collection offers up insight and music.

—SW

(Rain Shadow, from p. 44)

Brian Maddock's cool philosophical "Expiration Date," and the hyper porn slash Bonnie & Clyde futureshock "The Last Monsoon."

Aaron Keel's "Heroin" is a smooth descent into that never ending well of narcotic addiction sans hipster beat cool that romanticises addiction and bad behavior.

There is urgency in the writing, as the men are living under stressful conditions, and these writers know how to write impactfully about their experience. The folks responsible for the Arizona Creative Workshops are doing real spiritual work. Erec Toso, the director of the project, knows this, and sees first hand how creating a world can be a powerful tool for the human spirit.

— SW

(Alena, from p. 45)

the well known poet Linda Pastan, and this may be why we first recognize the name; but to say she writes because she's a poet's daughter is to say Jean Renoir was a brilliant filmmaker because his father was Renoir the painter.

For readers who love characterizations and language from fresh sources of inspiration, there is good reason to read this book.

— GC

*Grace Cavalieri produces "The Poet and the Poem from the Library of Congress" celebrating 37 years on air. She holds the 2013 Allen Ginsberg Award, and the 2013 AWP George Garret Award, among honors.*

This article originally appeared in the Washington Independent Review of Books and can be seen on their website: [www.washingtonindependentreviewofbooks.com](http://www.washingtonindependentreviewofbooks.com)



A poet's work  
is

to name the  
unnameable

TO  
POINT  
AT  
FRAUDS

TO TAKE SIDES

START ARGUMENTS

SHAPE THE WORLD



and stop it going to sleep.

- Salman Rushdie

**Cape Gazette**

BEACH PAPER CapeGazette.com

17585 Nassau Commons Boulevard, Lewes • 302.645.7700

# Poetry by Jon Dambacher

The following poems are from Jon Dambacher's upcoming book of "green" poems: "Jon Dambacher (green)" A Jabber Publication, 2013 A poetry collage of two families that include an American WWII soldier, a French socialite, their liar & cheat of a son, a shy East LA girl, her angry cabdriving brother, & a murder.

"Want me to call you one?"  
the prostitute asked  
sitting on the bus bench behind him.  
Several taxis had already past  
when they'd slow, aiming for his arm,  
they'd see her and dash off.

"Guaranteed  
they'd stop for me," she says  
"All men stop for me."

He walked a block east  
to get away from her  
one stopped rightaway.

She cried out to him  
from her busbench,  
"Can I get in there wit'ch'you?"

He called to her gently,  
"Not tonight, baby"  
"That's too bad," was her response.

Home in the bedroom bathroom  
Zest bar suds bubbling, his wife asks,  
"Why do you always wash your hands twice?"

1. Waking this morning  
I find your sliced honeydew in the fridge  
which you put there last night before leaving.  
With every forked mouthful  
they sooth and calm the fire  
in my temple.

Sitting at the window  
air tickles the blindstring  
examining empty glasses  
of the Vinho Verde stains between counter tiles.

I swat away lazily  
a fruit fly's jealous tongue  
trying to get a whiff of your melon.

2. Juan Carlos  
was a sixtyfive yr'old swimmer  
in Figueres, Spain.

He wore a floppy denim fisherman's hat  
a white beard covered his throat  
leather skin from a life in the sun.

He climbed rocks barefoot  
to catch fish with just a net  
some still flopping on his walk home.

# NBCC Announces Book Award Nominees

## NATIONAL BOOK CRITICS CIRCLE FINALISTS, PUBLISHING YEAR 2013:

### FICTION

Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, *Americanah* (Knopf)  
 Alice McDermott, *Someone* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)  
 Javier Marías, *The Infatuations*, translated by Margaret Jull Costa (Knopf)  
 Ruth Ozeki, *A Tale for the Time Being* (Viking)  
 Donna Tartt, *The Goldfinch* (Little, Brown)

### NONFICTION

Kevin Cullen and Shelley Murphy, *Whitey Bulger: America's Most Wanted Gangster and the Manhunt That Brought Him to Justice* (Norton)  
 Sheri Fink, *Five Days at Memorial: Life and Death in a Storm-Ravaged Hospital* (Crown)  
 David Finkel, *Thank You for Your Service* (Sarah Crichton Books/Farrar, Straus & Giroux)  
 George Packer, *The Unwinding: An Inner History of the New America* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)  
 Lawrence Wright, *Going Clear: Scientology, Hollywood and the Prison of Belief* (Knopf)

### POETRY

Frank Bidart, *Metaphysical Dog* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)  
 Lucie Brock-Broido, *Stay, Illusion* (Knopf)  
 Denise Duhamel, *Blowout* (University of Pittsburgh Press)  
 Bob Hicok, *Elegy Owed* (Copper Canyon)  
 Carmen Gimenez Smith, *Milk and Filth* (University of Arizona Press)

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Sonali Deraniyagala, *Wave* (Knopf)  
 Aleksandar Hemon, *The Book of My Lives* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)  
 Rebecca Solnit, *The Faraway Nearby* (Viking)  
 Jesmyn Ward, *Men We Reaped* (Bloomsbury)  
 Amy Wilentz, *Farewell, Fred Voodoo: A Letter From Haiti* (Simon & Schuster)

### BIOGRAPHY

Scott Anderson, *Lawrence in Arabia: War, Deceit, Imperial Folly and the Making of the Modern Middle East* (Doubleday)  
 Leo Damrosch, *Jonathan Swift: His Life and His World* (Yale University Press)  
 John Eliot Gardiner, *Bach: Music in the Castle of Heaven* (Knopf)  
 Linda Leavell, *Holding On Upside Down: The Life and Work of Marianne Moore* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)  
 Mark Thompson, *Birth Certificate: The Story of Danilo Kis* (Cornell University Press)

### CRITICISM

Hilton Als, *White Girls* (McSweeney's)  
 Mary Beard, *Confronting the Classics: Traditions, Adventures and Innovations* (Liveright)  
 Jonathan Franzen, *The Kraus Project: Essays by Karl Kraus*, translated and annotated by Jonathan Franzen with Paul Reitter and Daniel Kehlmann (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)  
 Janet Malcolm, *Forty-One False Starts: Essays on Artists and Writers* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)  
 Franco Moretti, *Distant Reading* (Verso)



# Poetry by Jim Bourey

## Maple Butter

It was homemade  
Maple butter  
And the knife was made by her  
Grandfather years ago  
When he first came to Vermont  
Before the fires  
Before the war  
Before she was born  
Long ago

Learning how to make maple butter  
Was an easy thing  
Easier than knives  
Easier than farming  
Killing chickens  
Throwing bales  
Burying babies  
And she made a fresh batch every spring  
After the sap was cooked down  
And the syrup was put up  
Only missed a couple years  
The ones with the burials

We ate the toast and sipped warm cider  
She told the same stories  
Same as last year  
And years before  
Our visits were predictable  
We always ate toast  
With maple butter  
Drank warm cider  
My only gift to her was bread  
Though I sometimes changed a light bulb  
Or brought in firewood

It was the least I could do

## Scarlet Dreams

The doctor came to the house  
Yes it was that long ago  
And the illness was that severe.  
"Scarlet fever" he said as he closed  
His magic black bag and wrote  
A litany of medicine and instruction.

Curtains were pulled tight against  
The light but quiet fear leaked through  
And my eighth birthday passed  
With burning dreams broken  
By cold baths and pills and broth  
While worried eyes watched.

A few days later it was done.  
Growing up resumed in its noisy way  
Curtains were thrown back, visitors  
Were allowed, cooler dreams returned.

Yet even now, nearly six decades later  
Figures from those fiery fevered dreams  
Can find me during unsure nights  
And I long for worried eyes, gentle hands.



**Creative Construction Services**  
*Building Dreams*  
**Tom Cropper**  
*Construction Manager*

20 Years Experience  
PO Box 583  
Nassau DE 19969  
410-913-1991  
thomcropp@aol.com  
Full Service Contractor  
Free estimates

# Poetry by Jim Bourey

## Snake

*“When one has lived a long time alone,  
one falls to poring upon a creature,  
contrasting its eternity’s face to one’s own”  
— Galway Kinnell  
“When One Has Lived A Long Time Alone”*

she sees the snake first  
and calls me  
to the woodpile

we stand looking  
and discuss snaky possibilities

poisonous perhaps  
no we have no venomous  
crawlers here

how long she asks  
about four feet a nice size

what kind black rat i think  
i’ll look it up

kill it she says

no i’ll take it away no need  
to destroy such a fine creature

long life i wish for this snake  
i wonder what it will find  
as it slithers into the hereafter

## Imagine Your Parents

imagine your parents  
in their marriage bed  
or on a cramped back seat  
maybe lying on a blanket  
beneath stars or clouds  
(are you uncomfortable yet)  
shedding all or just enough  
of their clothing to complete  
that act of love or anger  
or indifference that led  
to you being here imagining  
with reluctance or joy

perhaps such imagining  
brings shards of pain  
or just embarrassed  
warmth at an intimacy  
best left in some secret  
part of memory’s cabinet  
somewhere behind your  
own first attempts at  
love surely much better  
than the fumbling that  
conjured up your life  
and started you

on your own pathway  
through the mysteries  
of your days always  
hoping for just a little  
more love and just a little  
less sadness and error

# Poetry by Jim Bourey

Author's note: The following are selections from a twelve part poem based on Charles Bukowski's "Defining the Magic". The poem describes what Bukowski felt were the qualities inherent in a good poem.

## I) Cold Beer

manuel sweats a lot  
as he puts together  
beans and meat  
flour and water  
heat tomatoes  
peppers chocolate  
spice and salt  
fruit sugar  
love passion fury  
creating the only  
real food in this little  
town working in his  
café six days  
a week  
some people don't  
eat at all on monday  
when manuel sits  
in his leaky boat  
drinking a cold  
beer planning

a monday meal for  
his sweet maricelia

## V) Hot Butter

when the time came  
he faded  
breathed deeply  
a time or two then  
said

no shit this isn't  
bad at all

and it wasn't

for him

(Sequence continued next page)



Angel Lozano Sordo  
**Bar Santa Maria**  
UN BAR CON SOLERA  
EN LA PLAZA MAS TIPICA  
DEL PUERTO  
PESCADO DE LA BAHIA  
PLATOS COMBINADOS  
GRACIAS POR SU VISITA

Parque Calderón  
Tel.: 85 78 08 El Puerto de Santa María  
(Cádiz)

  
*Si mi voz muriera en tierra  
llevadla al nivel del mar  
y dejadla en la ribera,  
llevadla al nivel del mar  
y nombradla capitana  
de un blanco bajel de guerra  
; Mi voz es vundecocada  
con la insignia maricera!  
Sobre el carávan, un ancla  
y sobre la estrella, el viento,  
y sobre el viento, la vela*

RAFAEL ALBERTI  
EL POETA DEL PUERTO



# Poetry by Jim Bourey

## VII) Feet on Foreign Ground

descending becomes rolling  
 on the runway and then  
 a clunky stop followed  
 by a thump as an old  
 fashioned stairway bumps  
 against the plane  
 heat dry and fragrant  
 pours through the open  
 door and the passengers  
 are reluctant none of them  
 in a hurry to gather  
 their belongings to leave  
 the safe cool metal  
 cocoon that brought them  
 to this last stop where  
 everything familiar ends  
 where safety belongs  
 to no one and life is  
 only as important  
 as the money in the belt  
 strapped around your belly  
 it is an indulgence  
 called *on the edge tourism*  
 a chance to see a reality  
 chained to violence where  
 children are a commodity  
 where women are frozen  
 in time shrouded but still  
 living and young smiling  
 men carry rifles grenades  
 and cell phones  
 eyes gleaming with  
 holy zeal ready to pose  
 for your infidel camera  
 and you know that it could  
 all go wrong and you  
 almost wish it would

## XII) When to Stop

you do go on  
 she said  
 you blather about any  
 thing and every  
 thing until  
 the reader  
 wants to light  
 the page on fire  
 just so they can  
 quit reading  
 and I said  
 but honey  
 the pages are already  
 on fire  
 that's why they don't  
 stop reading

i really believed that  
 a long time  
 ago



Reserve a copy of *Lotus Feet* by Kelley White at [Finishing Line Press](#)

These verses cast moments of light onto the opaque and impenetrable darkness which shrouds the past from which this Chinese-American family has unbound itself. Surrounded by cruelty and corruption, the children of a mother haunted by ghosts and opium are loved only by "Second Mother," their father's concubine, a former slave. Second Mother, as a slave girl, never had her feet bound as a child, and she is thus capable of being shocked by the cruelty of this practice - the "Lotus Feet" of the title - which the family has always taken for granted. Embroidered Moon, who later becomes the beloved matriarch of her Chinese-American

family, is spared when her father cannot bear the cries which Second Mother has let him hear. Second Mother and Embroidered

Moon in this way save all of the family's future baby girls from cruel foot-binding, and this small triumph becomes the symbol of the possibility of women's transcendence. The poems of "Lotus Feet" give us glimpses of the journeys undertaken by the women of the family as they make their way to America and become the elders of a new family. The author, Kelley White, whose children were part of

that family, recounts in one poem how these "aunties" gathered to bless her children with Chinese names which evoke the pain of the past and the hope for a better future:

## Lotus Feet



Kelley White

The aunties held each child. They watched it sleep and breathe. They spoke in hushed voices, a circle of hands, hand held back toward youth's. Siew Yee's, Gram, who was Embroidered Moon, sat in the rocker and sang soft words. Your faces nuzzled her shoulder. My first daughter, first of this new generation, born in July: Low Hsia Lin, Sweet Rain of the Summer After a Long Draught; my only son, Low To J, Handsome, Smart; and my baby girl, last I would bare before their father sent me away, Low Hsia Wen, Sweet Rain of Grandfather's Tears





**WAYSIDE INN**  
EST. 1825

An Historic Inn and Motel on the Banks of the Ammonoosuc River in New Hampshire's White Mountains

**The Wayside Inn**  
3738 Main Street (Route 302)  
Bethlehem, New Hampshire

Maria Keane  
Visual Arts and Education  
[www.mariakeane@comcast.net](http://www.mariakeane@comcast.net)

302-658-2095  
332 Spalding Road  
Wilmington, Delaware 19803

**Anthony's**  
Italian Coffee House

903 South 9th Street  
Philadelphia, PA 19147  
Phone 215-627-2586  
Fax 215-627-5822  
Mail Order 1-800-833-5030  
[www.ItalianCoffeeHouse.com](http://www.ItalianCoffeeHouse.com)

Facebook | Twitter

**Jill Harper**  
General Manager

92 Queen Street, P.O. Box 94  
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario  
Canada L0S 1J0

Direct Line: 905-468-4772  
Fax: 905-468-8577  
E-mail: [j.harper@obaninn.ca](mailto:j.harper@obaninn.ca)  
[www.shawcafe.ca](http://www.shawcafe.ca)

**Francesco Sessa**  
Artist

[francescosessa@gmail.com](mailto:francescosessa@gmail.com) | Facebook: The Art Lab

**HUNGARIAN MARKET**  
Store & Mail Order  
Phone/Fax (702) 798-8647

**Eva**  
Owner

6380 S. Eastern Ave., Unit #6  
Las Vegas, NV 89119

[www.hungarianmarketlv.com](http://www.hungarianmarketlv.com)  
Monday-Saturday 10a.m. - 7p.m.



# Poetry by Lisa Mullenneaux

## De Kooning

He knew without her he'd be under a table  
at the Cedar, sleeping in cigarette ash or  
panhandling in the Bowery. Instead he sleeps  
with her, wakes to the smell of the harbor.  
She thought moving to Springs might sober him up.  
But even by bike he can reach Jungle Pete's,  
get a snootful of what Jackson calls "jungle juice."

He likes Springs: everyone works in the same  
rolled-up dungarees, boots and windbreakers  
they buy at Dan's. And at the easel he looks out  
at scrub oak and sand, not some Hampton  
banker's lawn. It feels right, and after work  
a ride to Point Louse to feed the ducks,  
let the light soak his retinas, watch it float

like oil on the laconic waves. Somewhere  
beyond the mare's tail clouds is Rotterdam.  
He'll never go back. New York owns him,  
but not the critics. How desperately they want  
him to say his Woman paintings are Elaine  
or his mother or his mistress or even his secret self.  
*The ferocity is in the paint, he tells them. Fools.*

BROWSEABOUT  
MORE THAN  
BOOKS

Voted Best in Delaware  
Locally Owned & Operated  
**Browseabout BOOKS**

www.browseaboutbooks.com • 133 Rehoboth Avenue • Rehoboth Beach, DE 19971 • (302) 226-BOOK

BROWSEABOUT  
MORE THAN  
BOOKS

# Poetry by Lisa Mullenneaux

## Leonora's Mad Aria

Max, I am writing you from Villa Abajo  
in a tiny room with bars on the windows.

Your passport face smiles at me from the desk,  
your white hair flies like spindrift wool.

The cankered nurse smells of Lysol,  
the doctor straps me to the bed. Outside,

red earth dries the blood of partisans.  
I had no papers so they raped me--five feral dogs.

Later my wooden legs fell off in the bath water.  
But didn't you tell me to liberate them

before the hip boots marched you off,? I stood  
in Plaza Mayor and spoke to the City of Sorrows.

They neither looked nor cared. I thought  
the Fascist colonel was Churchill, showed him

a secret telegram from Berlin. But he gave me  
Luminal and handed me over to the nuns.

Can the leaping hyena find her white colt?  
Come to your Bride of the Wind.

Painter Leonora Carrington (b. 1917) met Max Ernst in 1937. They lived together in France but were separated during WWII. Carrington escaped to Spain, where she was admitted to a private clinic. Her memoir of that experience is her book *En bas* (1943).

# Poetry by Lisa Mullenneaux

## Amélie Matisse

A bowl of blue anemones makes me think  
of Corsica when Henri could still see  
to paint the sea curled on its pillow,  
morning sun eating the brume above  
moth-white almond blossoms.

Those sunsets kindled dull *maquis*  
to emerald, lavender, and peach. We watched  
them from the hotel terrace, watched  
outcrops on Sanguinaires catch fire.  
His brushes soaked in Southern light.

Now Paris sleeps in January frost  
where daylight dims by 3 o'clock.  
He lifts his brush to paint me one more time  
as he first saw me, the lady from Vives-Eaux,  
proud lioness in a Spanish shawl.

*Tu souviens?* he asks to keep me amused.  
Could I forget his corduroys and penury?  
The only sober *mec* among the *sots*.  
I took his hand, and where we danced  
the garden paths had wings.





# 3-Day Weekend

## A Short Story by Christopher Bell

You spent most of your week thinking about excuses. Legitimate ones of course, ones that she could believe without questioning. Faking an illness would only go so far. Plus it's not like she's the kind of girl to vacation without you. This is an admirable attribute in Rita. She has many, but even the smaller ones are starting to get under your skin. You know there's an explanation for it. You're just not used to having a girlfriend. The fact that she would even call herself your girlfriend is a step in the right direction, but you know, deep down, that it's starting to get a little too serious.

You've said that you love her, because she said it to you. You want to really mean it, but feel like something's missing in the long run. You're attracted to her. She has good, solid qualities. A big ass that you're drawn to; hips to move mountains. She isn't traditionally beautiful, although the little quirks make you squirm a bit when the two of you are apart. You're starting to rely on her for any social outing. It's been too long since you've spent a night by yourself. She has friends and so do you, but it's very rare that everyone gets together and mixes it up. Her friends like you. Your friends like her. What do they know?

You met Rita at the hospital. She wasn't your nurse, but friends with the unfortunate woman who had to take care of you that night. You were twenty-nine, and your body just started to officially fall apart. Her shift was over when she happened to see you. There were sparks; tiny, but legitimate enough. You couldn't justify blaming them on the medication. The two of you started talking. You told her what you do. Computer crap. You made a joke about the test results being negative. She handed her number over without hesitation. You've never been good at flirting or initiating conversation, which made this particular exchange significantly more meaningful than

the ones before it.

At the end of this month, you'll be thirty, which by most standards means it's time to settle down. Your parents already had two kids when they were thirty. Your fellow workers seem happy with their spouses and offspring. What do they know? They enjoy recreational backwash. Horrible taste in films and music, you loathe overhearing conversations about their weekends. You've been with the company for almost three years now, and have yet to open up to any of them. You like the work because it offers you the convenience of being quiet the entire day, but leaves too much time to think.

If your brain wasn't on a constant rotation, then maybe you'd be happier. You remember thinking the same thing back in high school. The jocks never spent much time pining away over the minor details. That's why they didn't have any problems in other departments. You want to them all to be used car salesman now, but truthfully, they're probably better off. They went to college and got rich not soon afterwards, moved to cities and crafted highly-defined opinions on all sorts of trendy upper-class endeavors. You don't want to be like them, but the closer you get to Friday, the more it feels like the rest will only be a matter of time.

Rita's tastes have developed significantly since she started dating you. You made sure she knew what kind of person you were right off the bat. She says she likes all of these things, but sometimes you wonder if she's lying just to make you feel suitable. That's what nurses and doctors do after all. They reassure their patients that everything's going to be okay. Sometimes you loathe how she steps into your apartment and immediately starts taking care of you. It's a quick sweep through the refrigerator and cabinets to make sure you're eating okay. Then there are (continued, next page)

(from previous page)

your other bad habits. Nail biting, pot smoking, lack of motivation to go down on her after a few beers.

You're past all of these minor complaints by now, and you hope she is as well. If you're going to have any kind of lasting relationship then there are larger issues to get over. Her parents for one and yours. Yours love her, and you think hers like you well enough, but there's still a certain level of falsehood when everyone gets together. You catch her mother smiling for your sake, or her father mumbling things under his breath. She's certainly noticed your father's often cynical nature, or your mother's extra effort to appear normal, despite the medication.

Thursday night and you haven't thought of anything concrete to avoid the trip. It's just the beach, three days in some hotel three hours from home. Rita booked everything on the Internet, getting the best deals. You've already written her a check for her troubles. Money has never really been an issue between the two of you. Sometimes you pay for dinner, and sometimes she comes over and cooks. She's swinging by after her shift tonight, just to make sure you've remembered everything. You wanted to scream at her the last time she called, if only to stir things up a bit. Initiating a fight was at the top of your list, but you've never been the best at telling anybody how you really feel.

You've pissed Rita off enough in the previous six months to make her storm out on you, sometimes barely clothed. She always forgives you, while you've never had legitimate means to be angry with her over anything. You appreciate the occasional mothering more often than not, which just goes to show how messed up this whole ordeal has gotten. She's made it easier for you to be who are, but considering how much you hate yourself, there's only spite left over. You don't want it to be this way, and wish it were possible to explain your thought process to her.

You're afraid it'll be too complicated, like the time you tried to make her understand why

The Velvet Underground was so good.

She shows up at eleven-thirty when you're half asleep on the couch. You hate how the hospital makes her smell. It's always a mix of reinforced air and phlegm. Some nights she showers before you go to bed, but more often lately, she hasn't bothered. You can't remember the last time you spent the night at her place. You try to think about how the furniture is arranged, but it's all a blur.

Rita runs through the checklist as you unzip your suitcase, scrutinizing each compartment for the essentials. Sunblock, swimsuit, toothpaste, condoms, spermicidal gel, deodorant, floss.

She seems pleased that you haven't forgotten anything. You ask why she never gives you enough credit to which she quickly changes the subject. Work was hellish for her, so many people filtering in and out, howling at the top of their lungs for quick solutions to chronic aches and pains. You never know how to respond when she talks about the job. The same goes for you when she asks about yours. There isn't much to say, unless she wants you to go over the specifics in choosing a one over a zero and the consequences therein.

You're relieved that she heads home to pack after an hour of catching up. You wonder why she stopped by at all, especially if you're going to be spending the next three days together.

You watch some porn, blow a load and go to bed. You used to think about her to get off, but lately you've been making a point to think of anybody else. Girls from high school, or old college flings still drunkenly rooted in the back of your head, like LSD flashbacks waiting to come forth. Rita is often good in fulfilling whatever it is you need to climax. She has a soft way about her that's always helped you barrel through. You could see this as highly beneficial the older the two of you get, but still catch yourself looking at other women whenever they happen to pass by.

You wake up with your alarm and prepare for the next (continued, next page)

(from previous page)

seventy-two hours. She's driving, which is good since your car is well on its way to crapping out. Rita's offered to help you look for a new one, but you like the idea of eventually getting caught somewhere without warning.

It's adventurous, driving with the check-engine light on for a few months before finally discovering it's something quite insignificant. In a manner of speaking, you feel the same way about your current relationship minus a few thrills here and there. You and Rita have been going the speed limit since the beginning, and that's always proved quite disconcerting.

You played all the games at first, waited the proper amount of days in-between calls. She was so busy with work that it made these designated periods much easier to handle. You thought enough about her in the time in-between, before contact became a regular thing. Rita impressed you just enough to continue, but the more you got to know her, the stranger your motives became. It wasn't about control so much as keeping things just as you like them. You put up very little effort and still enjoyed the subsequent benefits.

She's right on time to pick you up in the morning. Rita rarely makes you wait for her.

She's patient with a general understanding of how you are. You toss your bag in the trunk and smile back. Getting out of town feels good. You're fluttery, but not exactly excited. Vacations have never been your style. Even as a child, the novelty wore off after a few years of family excursions. Dad was always pissed over the tiniest details, while mom tried her best to keep everybody calm. Your siblings reached new heights of irritability, while you were stuck in the middle, Gameboy and headphones, plugged into another world entirely, hoping the double A's lasted just a few more miles.

The more Rita talks, the more you long for those same vices. The radio doesn't help.

She has the same old CD's in her car, and you didn't think to bring any new ones with you. In truth, other than trying to come up with excuses, you didn't pay this trip much

thought at all.

You know Rita is savvy enough to pick all the right places to go. You'll swim and splash water at each other, soaking in the sun's rays. She'll be friendly with some of the vacationers at the resort. You'll get stuck talking to some asshole about his thriving Internet start-up for several hours, while she makes another sincere Facebook friend. Rita will revel in their updates, showing you fresh pictures of their good times elsewhere.

You pull into a rest stop after about two hours in the car. You catch Rita smiling at a happy couple with two toddlers. There have been brief conversations about marriage and all the shit that follows, but you usually change the subject. You're against the notion, foreseeing a long-term commitment with Rita ending in divorce. You don't want some kid living with the two of you separately for eighteen years, coming to terms with your stupid, drunken mistake.

She's made attempts to have you let fate decide, but you know better than that.

Rita munches on some pretzels and says she saw a guy who looked like Andy, her old boyfriend. You know enough about her former exploits, and yet she continues to bring them up, somewhat more frequently lately. She's stirring the pot, trying to make you see how lucky you really are to have her. You wish there were more girls to mention on your side, but there really aren't. Just a few one-night stands and casual acquaintances you've since lost touch with. Some of them had real potential, enough to keep you interested far longer than usual. They'd likely hate Rita, saying something along the lines of her not being right for you. You'd want to agree with them, but never quite enjoyed the bloated discourse of people in their early twenties.

Things are quiet after she says something about Andy liking her too much. Rita used this as her reason for breaking up with him. You can tell she wants to argue, but leaves it alone. No point in ruining the trip. You want it to go badly (continued, next page)



(from previous page)

for some reason. You want to be difficult and arrogant. You want to get drunk and stare at other women. You want to make her feel completely jaded about the whole idea by the time it's over. You want this to be the beginning of the end. It's grown like a cyst in the back of your head. You wouldn't dare drain it.

Things move quickly when you finally arrive. She checks in, putting it on her credit card. You carry her bag along with yours to the elevator. The view of the beach is mediocre from the balcony. You have to cross the street to get there. The room reminds you of a crime scene from a movie. Generic sheets, nonexclusive portraits and designs on the carpet and wallpaper. Rita thinks it's great. Cheap and full of character. You don't bother unpacking, but flip on the television, waiting as she changes into her bathing suit. The sight of her naked body doesn't turn you on like it used to. You're too familiar with the little moles and birthmarks in addition to the flower and vine tattoo wrapped around her left side; a relic to her old college days. She doesn't even like it anymore.

You change not soon after and head back out into the world. It's not too hot out which makes the water like ice. Rita floats on her back for a while, letting the soft waves bounce her around. You swim out and linger back, drifting here and there. You keep your distance, barely enjoying her company. There's something quite childish in how she's acting. You pick up on it, and feel it contagiously spread throughout your entire body. It's a mix of joy and perpetual motion masked with necessity and common practice. You realize how much you and Rita are like the other couples vacationing, certain that they share similar shades of animosity for one another.

Drying off, returning to the room, you feel new in some ways. She searches for a place to eat lunch. You're indifferent, soon driving her car and almost getting lost. The Hopscotch Bar and Grill has a laid back vibe with booths full of families and sharks. You order a beer to

compliment Rita's piña colada. She jokes about the two of you being stuck at work right now.

Although you're pleased to be elsewhere, the novelty is already wearing thin once the food arrives. It's not worth the price, but you smile and chew with your mouth closed. She's so happy to be where she is that Rita reaches across the table and grabs your hand while waiting for the check.

Your anxiety is high. You didn't pack any pot or medications. Back in the room, suggestions are wearing thin. You don't want to return to the beach, and sightseeing seems a bit passé. Rita has all the brochures from the front desk sprawled out on the bed. She starts to read from some before you decide now would be a great time to get some of the sex over with. You climb on top of her, knocking all of the pamphlets to the floor. She's intrigued by your aggressive nature, arching her back and neck to kiss you properly. You go to work in a rush, pressing her buttons, making sure she's comfortable, but at a loss.

She tells you not to wear a condom, that her birth control should be enough this time.

You destroy the mood, rustling in your bag and putting one on as Rita kind of groans under her breath. You know what she's thinking, but this isn't the time. You lift her leg and start slow, gauging the individual sounds she makes with each thrust. As she nears orgasm, you breathe in and flip her body around, taking her from behind. You know this is something she's not into, and you've only done it once before. You hope this time will be different, that she'll understand your reasoning. You don't want to see her face, how its individual lines only make you think about your failures in life.

Rita lets you proceed, continuing her lush display. She comes, and you give her a few more pokes before doing the same. It's kind of funny afterwards. You're both happy, but feel strange about the circumstances. The fact that you've had a conversation about it not happening makes (continued, next page)

(from previous page)

the act itself somehow worse. She doesn't say anything, but you can feel the animosity tickling at her skin like a mosquito bite on the verge of itching. You both redress and watch television, flipping from one movie to the next on the commercial breaks. The silence is almost unbearable. You're not sure what to say, how to make her feel better about your actions. You want her to just admit that she liked it, but Rita isn't the type. She's always been a little too quiet when it came to stuff like that.

It took you a good two months to figure out what really got her motor running. She'd ask you if you liked this or that, but the answer was almost always yes. Now it feels like most of those exciting notions are drifting away in favor of boring couple stuff. You shower separately and prepare for dinner. You really don't want to go out again, but that's the only option on this particular vacation. Your checking account dwindles with each passing thought. Rita doesn't talk about money often. It's been established that she makes more than you, which strangely enough, is one of the few things you've become comfortable with in the relationship.

You could never foresee the two of you sharing a bank statement. That would be too much trouble. You waste your money on stupid things that you don't need. She probably does the same, although you're never sure. Rita only mentions something's new when you fail to compliment her about it. Her birthday isn't until November, and then there's Christmas. Despite it being about six-months, you have yet to buy her any kind of gift. You're not sure what she really wants or likes. The fact that she's been into you this long can only mean she has impeccably bad taste. Maybe that'll change in time, but probably not.

She chooses a much fancier restaurant for dinner. Most of the men are dressed better than you. You see some of them catching her eye, if only for a second. This doesn't bother you, though. If she were to meet somebody new, just out of the blue, break-up and move on, you

wouldn't hold it against her. You've thought about doing the same to the point where even the fantasy is getting old. There are only so many ways you can come up with something brightly spontaneous and intriguing to stimulate long since dead nerves.

You think she can tell how bored you are once the food comes. There's even less to talk about. You've breached the point in the relationship where opinions matter. You know very few of the same people, which makes discussing them in or out of context somewhat of a sore subject. Rita has never been a boisterous person. She's even said that most of her childhood was spent abiding by the rules. Yours was pretty much the opposite. There were the woods and the guys. Discarded porno magazines, firecrackers, long lost crushes, stolen sips of liquor, nicotine, caffeine mixed with other additives before they really knew what was bad for you.

You've told Rita a few of these stories, but she's failed to find them charming or worth a second thought. Your girlfriend has a sense of humor, but it's so specific to a general outline at this point. She never surprises you with a laugh or a well-placed joke. You used to try really hard to make her understand your often sarcastic tone, but now you've simply stifled it. You've done a lot of things for her since the relationship began, things that she probably doesn't even think about. While you'd love to write them all down and hand her a laminated list as an anniversary gift, it's better to grit your teeth and wait for the check.

She suggests the liquor store before you return to the hotel. You follow her up one aisle and down the next as Rita indecisively asks what kind of mood you're in. The alcohol won't help anything. You've been drinking more and more around her. She thinks you've always been this way, but that isn't the case. Maybe in college it was a regular thing, but you stopped for a while. You were getting healthier, striving towards some kind of ultimate balance between body and mind.

(continued, next page)

(from previous page)

It's not as if Rita ruined all of this for you. She just made it easier to stop trying. You've become quite lazy with one another. The outlook for the next however many years is rather disturbing. Sometimes you have dreams about the future, the two of you growing old and increasingly more irritating with one another. You develop stomachs and egos, start gallivanting on opposite ends of town before eventually self-destructing altogether. You wish she'd see things the same way, but it'd be impossible to explain these pictures you've already framed and mounted on the walls.

She settles for some cheap rum. Then you have to stop at a grocery store for soda and plastic cups. You argue with Rita over the purpose of this little excursion. Her only answer is that the two of you are on vacation; why not indulge to the fullest extent? In that same mentality, you consider flagging down a dreadlocked Dead head on the beach, and asking if he's got any herb. Rita doesn't smoke, but you'd quite enjoy the buzz at sunset, blowing clouds and rings at her from the balcony.

You settle for the booze, slowly sinking, listening and discussing matters of little importance. She kisses you after your third drink. You tell her it's been a long day; that you're a bit tired. Rita persuades you nevertheless. It's a repeat performance from the afternoon, only you lose the motivation to try anything new. She comes even quicker, soon lying on her stomach, watching television, letting her legs and feet sway back and forth almost in your face.

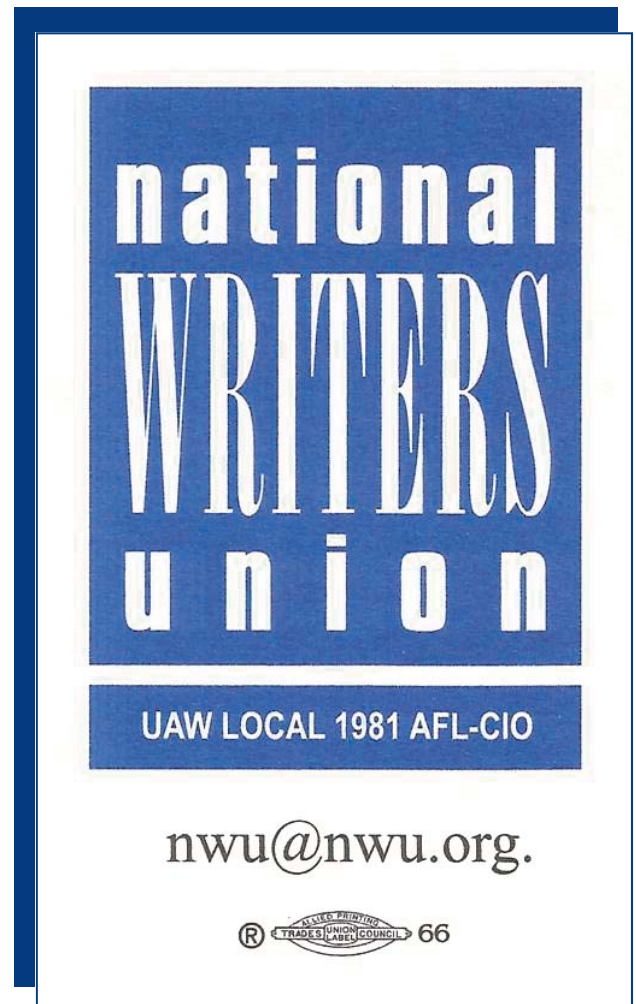
She's so very pleased with you, who you are and how she controls your mouth and bones most days.

You have one more fast drink and let it sink in. You're half asleep, eyes closed, still listening to some late-night commentator rattle on and on. She brings her soft fingers to your face and sighs. It's time for bed. You roll over and spoon with her until she falls asleep. Then you put your back to hers and try to get some actual rest. Your best efforts don't help. All you

taste is the booze and her on your tongue. The saliva swishes around in your mouth until you feel beads of sweat form on your brow. You try to shake it off, but can't.

Discretely, you go to the bathroom and drop to your knees. You spit in the bowl and wait another moment. Despite your stomach's best effort, you end up vomiting your last drink up.

You take a look at all the bubbles as they slowly pop. You flush, wipe your mouth, wash your face and return to bed. Rita is still out like the lights. She didn't bother to knock on the door, checking to make sure you were okay. She's happy, and by default, she thinks you are too. You breathe in the reinforced air, crawl back into bed and shut your eyes again. Only two more days of vacation left. Two more days before the rest of your life begins.





# Poetry by Larry Kelts

## AT THE END OF THE DRIVE

Digging,

the excavators stumble  
upon a rock  
too big to disinter

and so shatter it  
beneath the surface.

Here, my sisters and I  
long ago stood  
waiting for the bus.

We each had  
our own place  
to stand—

separate parts of  
that same rock protruding  
before reason

told us it was one  
and buried

beneath the surface,  
and we standing  
then and now struggling

to hold ourselves

together.

## WINTER RAIN STORM

The rain outside pounds  
the porch roof and slips through piles of snow.

Beneath the snow, water begins to surge and rush  
the back porch until the cellar walls sprout leaks,

and then the gushing in begins.  
Water rises, the water from below,

and all that's not tied down, all  
that's buried, floats up. In this struggle

to regain footing I'm pulled down,  
but nothing of this is visible from outside,

and, except for the movement of surface water,  
the turbulence beneath remains unseen.

# Poetry by Larry Kelts

## HURRICANE AGNES, 1972

for Kristie

A wet Spring brings boats out onto the river,  
and then, born into a storm, springs summer.

You're almost four when your great-grandfather  
rows us out to survey the flood damage.

Up and down river we glide inspecting  
how water tossed vacant houses of all that

was not tied down, all that was remains as  
closets hung from willow branches and buildings

shored upon new foundations, and we drift  
with the river. (We have since survived storms,

but never without some change in landscape.)  
And when, days later, your great-grandfather

dies and the water level begins to  
drop, those boats launched in an earlier season

remain stuck midstream, and we become but memory  
floating between the banks of birth and death.

# Poetry by Lyn Lifshin

## MOONLIGHT NIGHT: WINTER

Maxfield Parrish

December, the  
water moves behind  
barns, darkly under  
snow dunes in  
ten thousand hills  
pulling moon light  
around the  
pine trees, a  
sound to sleep  
and love by  
like bells  
running thru the  
children's sleep  
when they dream  
of blue sleighs

## THE DINER

George Segal

That guy at the  
counter with broken  
shoes and moaning  
about literature  
and such, don't  
pay attention,  
it's lies  
and he knows it,  
lost as sunlight  
it's just he's  
got it bad  
for a girl with  
fat thighs  
who chews her  
hands in her  
sleep and  
doesn't  
want him



99 Garfield Parkway • Bethany Beach, DE 19930  
302-539-2522 • Fax: 302-539-1824  
800-509-2384  
[www.bethanybeachbooks.com](http://www.bethanybeachbooks.com)  
e-mail: [read@bethanybeachbooks.com](mailto:read@bethanybeachbooks.com)



# Poetry by Lyn Lifshin

## MORNING OF THE RED BIRD

Romare Bearden

a jewel box of color,  
glistening ebony skin.  
The reddest birds,  
roosters in the yard  
behind dripping catalpa  
and roses. Let the blues  
go to sleep, light be  
like a whale, like a  
lover or painter swim  
with your mouth open,  
swim and swallow.  
The morning like the  
whale, notes building  
into phrases, singing  
under water thru sea  
quince and light javelins,  
crooning, nose to nose,  
dreaming journeys long  
as the sea is

## MOONRISE, HERNADEZ, NEW MEXICO 1944

Ansel Adams

waiting for rain, for  
wind to blow the leaves  
white, the dust from  
adobe, from graves

men wait in front  
of their houses

twist leather and  
sage brush

chili peppers dry  
even at night,  
crosses gleam

the men dream of cool  
moist places

women soothe babies  
in a wind of pinyon  
and Joshua Tree

remember stories of  
a great grandmother  
who walked naked thru  
the corn to make it  
grow, the moon's  
lips on her belly,  
hair

FAMILY DINING  
"HOME COOKIN"



**R & M Restaurant**  
265 MAIN STREET • EXIT 16  
RANDOLPH, NEW YORK 14772-1218  
PHONE (716) 358-5141

BREAKFAST, LUNCH, SUPPER  
IN THE ♥ OF AMISH COUNTRY

RIDDELL FAMILY

# Poetry by Lyn Lifshin

## GEORGIA O'KEEFFE'S *RAMS HEAD WITH HOLLYHOCKS*

She could see shapes

its as if her mind  
created spaces

some repeat themselves

sand pink hills  
a mountain  
sun bleached skull  
of a ram

beautiful as black iris  
she wanted the bones  
to make you feel  
what she was  
feeling

your eyes pulled to its center

# Poetry by Miriam Dow

## Grave Digger

“Kill dem! Kill dem!  
They ain’t servin’ no  
Purpose,” their  
Grandfather cried.

Who are you, Old Man, to say  
These breathing, hurting,  
Laughing, grasping, ruinous,  
Cursing boys should  
Die? (Toads, leeches,  
Slugs and vipers have their  
Place.) Who gave you leave to  
Judge their worth? You  
Who dug destruction into their hearts  
And whipped damnation into their  
Souls. Who are you that you  
Denounce the work of  
Your own hand?

## Public Opinion

“Did she do it?”  
They wonder.  
“Oh my!”  
“Oh Dear!”

“She killed him and laughed,  
They say.”  
“How could she?”  
“So calloused, So cruel!”

They didn’t see the jagged scar  
That marred her breast or the  
Crimes committed  
Against her back.

They, who saw only the knife  
In her husband’s neck,  
Condemned with proud ignorance  
The one who stuck the second blow.

## MILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

121 Union Street  
Milton, DE 19968

302-684-8856



[www.milton.lib.de.us](http://www.milton.lib.de.us)

## Library Hours

Monday ..... 10 a.m. – 8 p.m.  
Tuesday ..... 10 a.m. – 8 p.m.  
Wednesday ... 10 a.m. – 8 p.m.  
Thursday ..... 10 a.m. – 8 p.m.  
Friday ..... 10 a.m. – 8 p.m.  
Saturday ..... 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.



# Poetry by Margaret Eckman

## Summer Dreams

I dream of summer, days of sand and heat,  
Of ocean, cool beneath the breathless air.  
The water soothes my burning, sand-scorched feet,  
And trickles down my skin, drips off my hair.

I dream of beach grass dancing in the breeze,  
A rippling wash of green against the white.  
I walk through, and it tickles at my knees.  
I touch a slick-sharp blade and feel its bite.

I dream of wandering, aimless, on the beach,  
A lazy search for shells along the shore,  
While minnows tease my toes, dart out of reach,  
And time slows down, and I need nothing more.

The warm dream freezes in the winter weather.  
I stand and stretch, and fetch another sweater.

## Federal Street Gallery & Espresso Bar

FINE ART

ORIGINAL - TRADITIONAL - CONTEMPORARY ART -  
CUSTOM FRAMING

108 FEDERAL STREET  
MILTON, DE 19968

PHONE 1-302-684-1055 FAX: 1-302-684-0341

Toll Free 1-888-684-1055

E-MAIL: [INFO@FEDERALSTREETGALLERY.COM](mailto:INFO@FEDERALSTREETGALLERY.COM)

WEBSITE: [WWW.FEDERALSTREETGALLERY.COM](http://WWW.FEDERALSTREETGALLERY.COM)



# Poetry by Margaret Eckman

## Mercy

*Mark 10: 46-52*

Bartimaeus, the blind beggar  
cried out to Jesus for mercy  
his need so great, so desperate  
he ignored the shushes, the hisses  
the orders to shut up already  
and begged for his sight.

Our preacher asked us  
what mercy we would ask for,  
plead for, beg for, our need  
so great we would ignore  
the ridicule and rebukes.

I thought of a thousand prayers  
for a world in an agony of need  
dismissed them all in an instant  
and knew I would cry out, selfishly  
for you, my son, to be healed.

IRISH EYES PUB & RESTAURANT, LEWES, DELAWARE



Banquet Facility • On and Off Premise Catering at all 3 Irish Eyes Locations!

## Dogtown Book Shop

**Bob Ritchie**

*books, used & unusual*

132 Main Street, Gloucester, MA 01930

978.281.5599

[dogtown@cove.com](mailto:dogtown@cove.com)

# WHERE NOTHING HAPPENS

THE BEST OF THE HENRY MILLER MEMORIAL LIBRARY

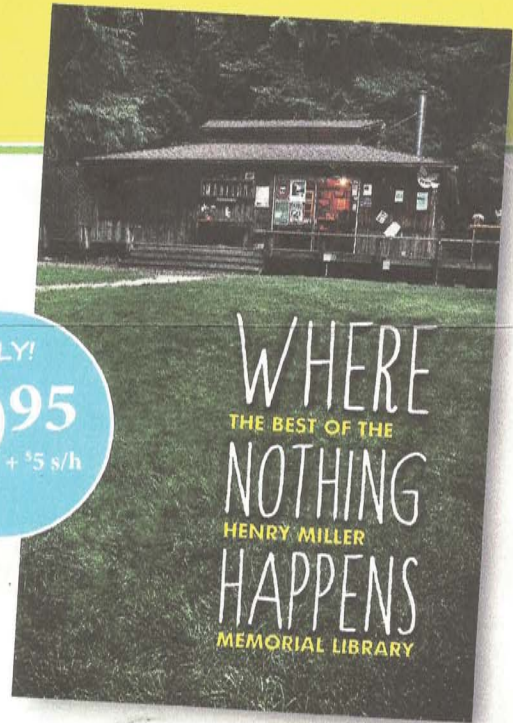
The "official" book of the Henry Miller Memorial Library is the perfect introduction to the past and present of this cultural hub in Big Sur, CA. Comprised of historical and contemporary photos, essays, historical tidbits, concert reviews, and testimonials by fans about the magic and wonder of the Library.

90 pgs. • Full Color • Soft Cover • 6" x 9"

To order your copy visit [www.markjacksonphoto.com](http://www.markjacksonphoto.com) and click the "HMML Book" link, or you can send a check for \$14.95 to Mark Jackson: 4613 Mercier St., Kansas City, MO 64112

Questions? Contact Mark Jackson directly at [mjacksonphoto@yahoo.com](mailto:mjacksonphoto@yahoo.com) or (785) 218-7736.

ONLY!  
**\$9.95**  
+ \$5 s/h



Published: February, 2012  
Cover photo by Holly Ziemba Wilson

**The Rilke Poems**  
A Binge Press Instant Chapbook  
By Nava Fader

THE MOST HONORED LITERARY SERIES IN AMERICA

2014  
**PUSHCART PRIZE XXXVIII**  
**BEST OF THE SMALL PASSES**

EDITED BY BILL HENDERSON  
WITH THE PUSHCART PRIZE EDITORS

"A STALWART AND A STAPLE OF AMERICAN LETTERS — LIVELY, UNPREDICTABLE, ECLECTIC AND SERIOUS."  
— KIRKUS REVIEWS

**FULL MOON ON K STREET**  
POEMS ABOUT WASHINGTON, DC  
EDITED BY KIM ROBERTS

181 poems, written by current and former residents of Washington, DC between 1950 and the present

\$20  
www.plainpress.com

**CONSTANT ANIMALS**  
UNRULY FICTIONS

**KEN POYNER**

(508) 627-7800 Business  
(508) 627-7520 Residence

Email: [mikbet@glis.net](mailto:mikbet@glis.net)  
Fax: (508) 627-9715

**HUGHES & J.C. MURPHY REAL ESTATE, LLP**  
Located at 231 Upper Main St.-Edgartown-Martha's Vineyard 02539

MICHAEL BETTENCOURT  
[www.mvrealstate.com/hjcmre](http://www.mvrealstate.com/hjcmre)

P.O. Box 2717  
Vineyard Haven, MA 02568

**ANTIQUES  
USED FURNITURE**

**BEACH PLUM**

302-539-6677  
**GEORGE B. COLE**  
900 North Pennsylvania Ave., Bethany, DE 19930



# Poetry by Simon Perchik

\*

Under this fountain, half graveyard  
half shoreline where her name  
washes up the way each mourner

comes by sea, drops anchor  
and the small stone holding fast  
as if spray makes the difference

--you come here to crouch  
though there is nothing to begin  
except waves :night after night

eaten away by footfalls --what's left  
is the climbing splash  
millwheels will wring from riverbeds

--with just one stone you let go  
and the sky sinks to the bottom  
that already left for here.

\*

You brush the way ink  
falls apart on a page  
though your hair never dries

folded and unfolded, over and over  
till an old love note arrives  
in the crease you can't see through

already a floodgate  
and across a river  
that is no longer walls

or their shadows --you are washed away  
by the lingering caress  
your foot leaves underneath

as gravel :what all words hold back  
when they say it was long ago  
and her name as if she was here

in writing and with a simple splash  
surrounds your still warm arm  
already in two, half you, half everything.



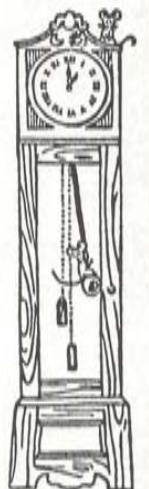
Phone: (302) 684-8184

## **B. GUSTAFSON**

Clocks & Watches  
Repaired & Sold  
Grandfather Clocks  
House Calls

403 Federal St.  
Milton, DE 19968

Tues. - Fri. 9-5  
Sat. 9-1



# Poetry by Elisavietta Ritchie

## Another New Year's Morning

I know there will come a day  
when you will be with me no more.  
I could try to lure you with Turkish figs,  
Grecian pomegranates, plum-sized Chilean grapes,  
Austrian chocolates filled with liqueur,  
Columbian strawberries in champagne —  
by then, you may no longer hunger.

So as New Year's Days replace  
one another with startling cadence,  
I cherish this morning, arrange  
blood oranges from Haifa, clementines  
from Portugal, blueberries from Maine,  
remember our pomegranates, and know:  
this now, you are here. Let us savor each  
glistening sphere, sunrise-mirroring slice...

## Broken Turtle Books

*Reading to Repair the World*

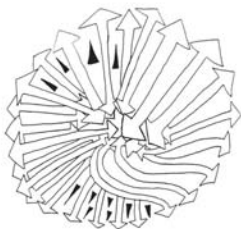


Parallel worlds  
of voodoo, fas-  
cism, and pop cul-  
ture clash in Steven  
Leech's new novel:

### UNTIME

Through the parallel  
universes unveiled in  
UNTIME, the reader  
begins to clearly see  
the world they live in  
for the first time.

—Lynnette Shelley,  
Brandywine Valley  
Weekly



Workers seek redemption on the  
assembly line in Phillip Bannowsky's  
poetic monologue:

### **AUTOPLANT**

... writes with au-  
thority and insight  
into the factory  
world. ... funny, ir-  
reverent, and  
touching.

—Jim Daniels, au-  
thor of *Places Every-  
one*, *Digger's Blues*,  
and *Revolt of the  
Crash-Test Dummies*



In Delaware  
Bookstores:

In Newark:  
Rainbow Records  
54 E. Main St.  
Lieberman's  
45 E. Main St.

In Hockessin:  
Books and Beyond  
7288 Lancaster Pk.

In Wilmington  
Ninth Street Bookshop  
104 W. 9th St.

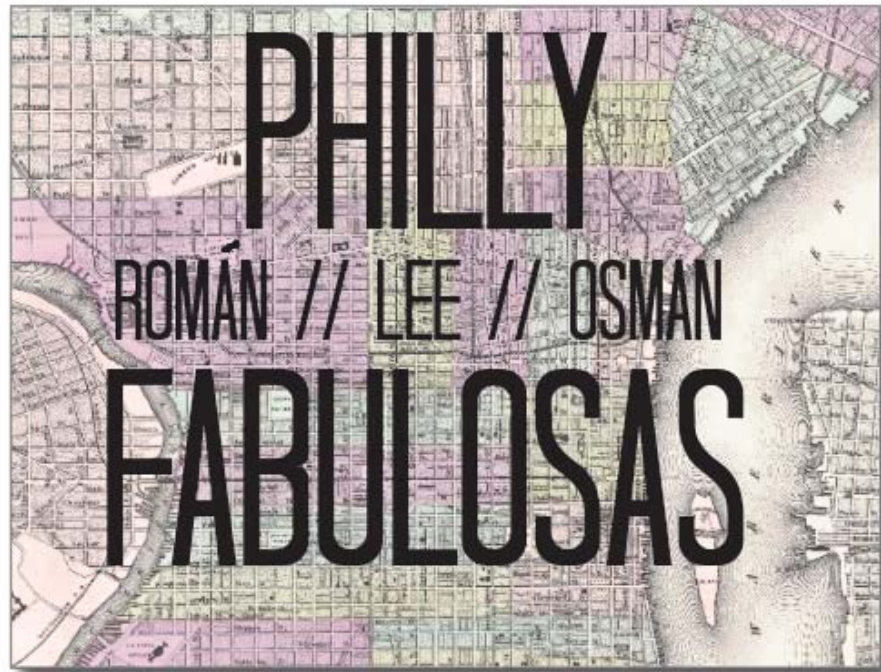
In New Castle:  
Oak Knoll  
310 Delaware St.

In Dover:  
Atlantic Book Shops  
1159 Dupont Hwy.

In Lewes  
Books by the Bay  
111 Bank Street

[www.brokenturtlebooks.com](http://www.brokenturtlebooks.com)

## BELLADONNA



## SAVE THE DATE!

Friday, January 31, 2014

6:30 PM

at UNNAMEABLE BOOKS

(Post Reading Party Location TBA)

Special Urgent Belladonna\* Reading at Unnameable Books hosted by **Rachel Levitsky**. Celebrating 3 Philly Fabulosas:

**Carlos Soto Román**  
**Sueyeun Juliette Lee**  
**Jena Osman**

A Special Farewell to **Carlos Soto Román** as he returns to Chile after nearly 10 years!

\*\*We will release first time Belladonna\* Chapbooks for each of the readers.\*\*

**Unnameable Books** is located at 600 Vanderbilt Ave, Brooklyn NY 11238 between St. Marks and Prospect Place (take the Q to 7th Ave or 2/3 to Bergen or Grand Army Plaza).

---

**Carlos Soto Román** is the author of *Philadelphia's Notebooks* (Otoliths, 2011), and *Chile Project [Re-Classified]* (Gauss PDF, 2013) He is a translator and the curator of the cooperative anthology of US poetry *Elective Affinities*. He lives in Philadelphia, PA.

**Sueyeun Juliette Lee** grew up three miles from the CIA. Her full-length collections include *That Gorgeous Feeling* (Coconut Books), *Underground National* (Factory School), and the forthcoming *Solar Maximum* (Futurepoem). She writes reviews for *The Constant Critic* and is the editor of Corollary Press, a chapbook series dedicated to innovative multi-ethnic writing. She is also a 2013 Pew Fellow in the Arts.

**Jena Osman's** recent books include *Public Figures* (Wesleyan 2012) and *The Network* (Fence Books 2010). Her book *Corporate Relations* will be out this April from Burning Deck Press. She co-edits the ChainLinks book series with Juliana Spahr, and teaches in the MFA creative writing program at Temple University.



## January Events calendar from JoAnn Balingit, Delaware's Poet Laureate

Greetings dear readers, teachers and writers,

Best wishes for the New Year. Stay warm with a good book or get out for one of these hot events!

Enjoy,  
JoAnn

### January Delmarva literary events in this newsletter:

- Trans-Canal Poets, Reading & Open Mic, 2nd Saturday Poets, Wilmington, Saturday, January 11 at 5:00p
- Jeanne Murray Walker, reading, *The Geography of Memory: A Journey through Alzheimer's*, St. Peter's in Philadelphia, Wednesday, January 15, 1pm
- David Kozinski, Mocha, Music and More, Central Perk Café, East Main Street, Newark, Friday, January 17 at 7:30p
- Ramona Long, Newark Arts Alliance Author Lecture Series: "Writing for literary and nonfiction markets," Saturday, January 18, 7 pm
- Night of Literary Prose, Poetry, and Song, Rehoboth Beach Writers Guild, Tuesday, January 21, 7 - 8:15pm
- JoAnn Balingit, Reading, Lancaster Poetry Exchange, B&N Lancaster, Wednesday, January 22, 7:30 pm
- Poetry of Rockers Slam and Dance, Jackson Inn, Wilmington, Saturday, February 1 at 8:00 p

### Readings and events:

#### Second Saturday Poets: Trans-Canal Poets read, January 11 at 5:00 pm

The Jackson Inn, 101 N. DuPont Road, Wilmington, DE (302-652-9972)

The members are Nina Bennett, Linda Evans, Arlene Humphrey, Helen Ohlson, and Johnny M. Tucker, Jr. You can visit their website to learn more: <http://transcanalwriters.com>.

Readings followed by open mic (limit three minutes). Open mic sign up at 5pm. Suggested cover \$5.00. Must be 21.

**Reading: Jeanne Murray Walker: *The Geography of Memory: A Journey through Alzheimer's*, Wednesday, January 15, 1pm**  
Sages at St. Peter's Episcopal Parish House, 313 Pine St., Philadelphia. Read about Jeanne's new book: "[UD poet writes book on mother's battle with Alzheimer's](#)" ([delawareonline](http://delawareonline.com))

#### Mocha, Music and More: Friday, January 17, 7:00-9:00 pm

Central Perk Coffee House, 42 E. Main, Newark, DE 19711

Poetry by David Kozinski and original music to follow. Contact Friends of Newark, 368-7158,

[davidr41@hotmail.com](mailto:davidr41@hotmail.com) or [jpen-na86@gmail.com](mailto:jpen-na86@gmail.com)

#### Newark Arts Alliance Author Lecture Series: Ramona deFelice Long on "Writing for literary and nonfiction markets," Saturday, January 18, 7:00p

Newark Arts Alliance, 276 E Main Street, Ste. 102, Newark, (302) 266-7266.

Story writer, memoirist, editor and 2013 DDoA fellow Ramona Long discusses literary markets and the role of independent editors in the changing world of publishing.

NAA Literary Arts Discussion series on writing and publishing co-sponsored by the Delaware Humanities Forum. For readers and writers at all levels to enjoy live readings and discussions about what goes into writing. Free & open to the public. Spring events in this series: <http://www.newarkartsalliance.org/literary-arts-discussion-series/>

#### Night of Literary Prose, Poetry, and Song, Tuesday, January 21, 7:00-8:15pm

RSPV for location. Check the Delmarva Calendar [http://](http://www.rehobothbeachwritersguild.com/Calendar.pdf)

[www.rehobothbeachwritersguild.com/Calendar.pdf](http://www.rehobothbeachwritersguild.com/Calendar.pdf) at Rehoboth Beach Writers Guild website for information and themes.

Third Tuesdays. (continued next page)

## January Opportunities calendar from JoAnn Balingit, Delaware's Poet Laureate

(Balingit, from previous page)

To read, you must RSVP to Maribeth at [fischer.maribeth@gmail.com](mailto:fischer.maribeth@gmail.com). Original works of 300 or fewer words. [Rehoboth Beach Writer's Guild](#).

### Poetry Reading by JoAnn Balingit, Lancaster Poetry Exchange, Wednesday, January 22, 7:30 pm

Barnes & Noble Books, Red Rose Commons, 1700 Fruitville Pike, Lancaster, PA 17601 USA

Reading and book-signing, *Words for House Story*. Sponsored by Iris G. Press. <http://irisgpress.org/gatherings/index.htm>

### Poetry of Rockers Slam and dance, Saturday, February 1, 8:00 pm

The Jackson Inn, 101 N. DuPont Road, Wilmington, DE (302-652-9972) will host a Dead Rockers Dance with music of dead rockers and thematic poetry slam on dead rockers: Two rounds. Three minutes per poem. National Poetry Slam Rules. Each contestant should bring two poems about dead rockers or that time. Cash prizes for winner and runner up. NPS rules are online: <http://my.poetryslam.com/nps-rules>. Contact Bob Davis at [rhambling@verizon.net](mailto:rhambling@verizon.net).

### Opportunities/Announcements:

- *The Delmarva Review*: Submissions Nov. 1 through Feb. 28. The Delmarva Review is a literary journal publishing original short fiction, poetry, creative nonfiction, and short reviews. DR 6th edition just released. <http://www.delmarvareview.com/>
- Literary Radio show Hal Wilson of Eastern Shore Writers Association hosts "Delmarva Today, the Writers Edition," a ½-hour program at Delmarva Public Radio broadcast the last Friday of the month. Writers Edition #7 and #8 podcasts at <http://>

[publicradiodelmarva.net/programs/delmarva-today](http://publicradiodelmarva.net/programs/delmarva-today)

- Delaware Arts Alliance: advocate for the arts. Become a member: <http://www.delawareartsalliance.org/>
- Bay to Ocean Writers Conference is open for registration: Feb. 22, 2014 in Wye Mills, MD
- Congratulations to Jeanne Murray Walker on her new memoir, *The Geography of Memory: A Journey through Alzheimer's*, reviewed this week in *The News Journal* (delawareonline) <http://www.delawareonline.com/article/20140107/LIFE/301070027/UD-poet-writes-book-mothers-battle-Alzheimer-s>
- Congratulations to Mary Pauer, DDoA Established Artist Fellow in Fiction, 2014
- Congratulations to the participants of the 2012 Cape Henlopen Writers Retreat on the publication of *Wanderings*, edited by Phil Linz, Beth Evans and Maria Masington. *Wanderings* is an anthology of poetry and prose written or revised during the latest writing retreat sponsored by the Delaware Division of the Arts. <http://www.amazon.com/Wanderings-Cape-Henlopen-Phil-Linz/dp/1490596879>
- 2014 Cape Henlopen Poets and Writers Retreat will be held October 16–19; applications available in March online, Delaware Division of the Arts, [www.artsdel.org](http://www.artsdel.org)

Send your announcements for February/March e-newsletter to [jbaling@udel.edu](mailto:jbaling@udel.edu)

--

JoAnn Balingit  
poet laureate Delaware



# The Delmarva Review



evocative prose and poetry

Volume 6



# Mark Your Calendars!

## Broadkill River Press and Broadkill Press Authors Will Read at The Writer's Center in Bethesda, Maryland Sunday, May Fourth, 2014 at 2 PM

The first combined reading by a number of the poets published by the two Broadkill Publishing Associates imprints, The Broadkill River Press and The Broadkill Press, will read from their published works at The Writer's Center in Bethesda, Maryland the afternoon of Sunday, May Fourth.

Beginning at 2 PM, the reading will feature appearances by Martin Galvin, author of *Sounding the Atlantic*, Mary Ann Larkin, author of *That Deep & Steady Hum*, Laura Brylawski-Miller, author of *Exile at Sarzanna*, Sid Gold, author of *The Year of the Dog Throwers*, Richard Peabody, author of *Speed Enforced by Aircraft*, Joy Gaines-Friedler, author of *Dutiful Heart*, and Grant Clauser, author of the 2013 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize winning book, *Necessary Myths*.

Joining them will be S. Scott Whitaker, author of *The Black Narrows*, Nina Bennett, author of *Sound Effects*, Carolyn Cecil, author of *Taken Away*, Amanda Newell, author of the 2010 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize winning *Fractured Light*, and David P. Kozinski, author of the 2009 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize winning *Loopholes*.

**Arlene & Tom's Restaurant**  
Home of the Meanyburger

265 E Main St  
Port Jervis, NY 12771  
(845) 856-8488

Up to \$500 Cash Referral

# Rock City

Kevin "Red" Browe - Sales  
520 Rock City Street | Little Valley, NY 14755  
Call: (216) 577-5526

CHEVROLET Jeep DODGE RAM

(716) 938-6936 [www.RockCityChrysler.com](http://www.RockCityChrysler.com)

OPEN TUESDAY-FRIDAY 10-5 SATURDAY 10-2  
by chance on Monday closed Sunday  
716-498-3627

129 MAIN - A MULTI DEALER SHOP  
ANTIQUES-COLLECTABLES-MOTORCYCLE APPAREL-FORMAL &  
BRIDAL WEAR-AMISH ITEMS-AVON-LONGARM QUILTING

129 MAIN ST.  
RANDOLPH, N.Y. 14772  
THE HEART OF THE AMISH TRAIL

**Salamanca Mall  
ANTIQUES**

Open 7 Days a Week  
10 AM - 6 PM

100 MAIN ST.  
SALAMANCA, NY 14779  
716-945-5532  
[www.salamancamallantiques.com](http://www.salamancamallantiques.com)

# Biggs Museum of American Art

## ART MAIL



### FEATURED EVENT

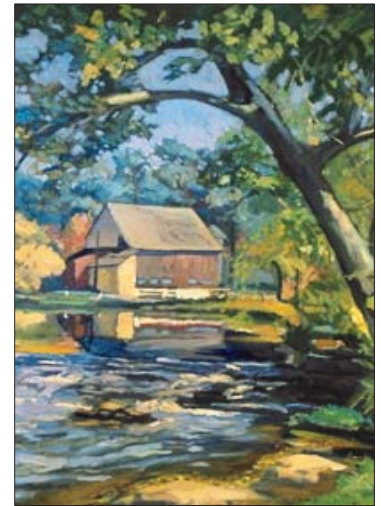
#### Panel Discussion:

#### Bayard Berndt as Artist, Instructor and Mentor

Saturday, January 18

1:00 to 2:30 p.m. | Free

Bayard Berndt was an integral part of Wilmington's art scene during the twentieth century. This program brings together three individuals who address the impact of Berndt's diverse activities on his work and on the Wilmington artistic community. Participants include: David Berndt, son of Berndt and author of Bayard Taylor Berndt: Brandywine Valley Artist; E. Jean Lanyon, Berndt protégé and former Hardcastle employee; Charles Allmond, Delaware artist and longtime Hardcastle customer. Ryan Grover, Biggs Museum Curator, will moderate the discussion.



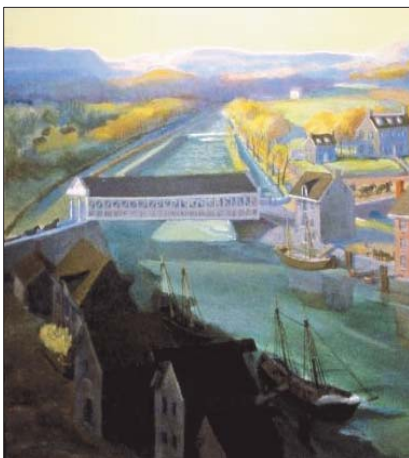
### Members Event:

#### Conserving Our Past: Loockerman Chairs

Sunday, January 26

11:30 a.m. | Free for Museum Members

The mid-18th century walnut side chairs and armchair, gift from the infamous Loockerman/Bradford house in Dover, are some of the rarest treasures in the Biggs Museum collection. Considered among the earliest-known examples of any furniture created in Delaware, these chairs are an extremely important cultural representation of the colonial-period house. Biggs Museum curator, Ryan Grover, and furniture conservator, Walt Mullin, will give a demonstration to retrace the research and implementation of the Loockerman Conservation Project. **Please RSVP to Beccy Cooper at [bcooper@biggsmuseum.org](mailto:bcooper@biggsmuseum.org) or 302.674.2111 x 101. Light refreshments will be served.**



### America's Covered Bridges: From Vital Mode of Transportation to Nostalgic Symbol of the Past

Saturday, February 22, 2014

1:00-2:00 p.m. | Free

Bayard Berndt captured the essence of many of the covered bridges in the Brandywine Valley in his paintings. Though many covered bridges have vanished, storyteller and folklorist Ed Okonowicz will discuss how the surviving structures evoke feelings of nostalgia and have become sources of community pride, stimulate local tourism and encourage a deeper understanding of our local history. Delaware's three remaining covered bridges as well as those in nearby states are featured in this program.



**P.O. Box 63  
Milton, Delaware 19968  
the\_broadkill\_review@earthlink.net**

## SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

*The Broadkill Review* began eight years ago as a n international pdf-format literary magazine distributed via secure download link over the internet through subscribers' e-mail in-boxes. Today, over ten thousand people receive *The Broadkill Review*, including readers as widely scattered as Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, India, China, Japan, Ukraine, Hungary, Germany, Italy, UK, Ireland, Canada, the Caribbean, and in the United States. The content of each issue includes poetry, fiction, book reviews, interviews and opinion pieces. Regardless of the length of each issue – which has run as high as 90-plus pages – the annual subscription fee is, for initial subscribers, fifteen dollars a year, or twenty dollars for three years

To submit fiction to *The Broadkill Review*, please visit our website [www.thebroadkillriverpress.com/the-broadkill-review](http://www.thebroadkillriverpress.com/the-broadkill-review) To submit your poetry the *Broadkill Review*, send up to six poems to our Poetry Editor, Linda Blaskey, at [lin-blaskey@aol.com](mailto:lin-blaskey@aol.com). Simultaneous submissions *must* be identified as such. Submissions must be in MS Word format. No included photographs or fanciful renderings of your work. These make downloading your text difficult and time consuming. Allow up to three months for response, as we fill each issue with the highest quality material.

If paying by mail, print this page and send this form with check or money order

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

e-mail address

One year subscription \$15.00 (    )

Three year subscription \$20.00 (    )

Enclose a check or money order made payable to: The Broadkill Review

mail to:                    The Broadkill Review  
                                 P.O. Box 63  
                                 Milton, Delaware 19968



## Literary Birthdays

### January

Jan. 1, 1879	E. M. Forster
Jan. 1, 1873	Mariano Azuela
Jan. 2, 1894	Robert Nathan
Jan. 4, 1878	A. E. Coppard
Jan. 5, 1848	Khristo Botev
Jan. 5, 1895	Humbert Wolfe
Jan. 5, 1902	Stella Gibbons
Jan. 6, 1904	John Albert Holmes, Jr.
Jan. 8, 1824	Wilkie Collins
Jan. 9, 1856	Lizette Woodworth Reese
Jan. 9, 1873	Hayyim Nahman Bialik
Jan. 10, 1834	John E. E. Dahlberg Acton
Jan. 13, 1802	Eduard von Bauernfeld
Jan. 16, 1749	Vittorio Alfieri
Jan. 16, 1847	Kalman Miksath
Jan. 17, 1820	Anne Bronte
Jan. 17, 1893	Evelyn Scott
Jan. 19, 1790	Per Daniel Amadeus Atterbom
Jan. 19, 1782	Michel Bibaud
Jan. 19, 1809	Edgar Allan Poe
Jan. 20, 1876	Henry Leon Gustave Charles Bernstein
Jan. 21, 1705	Isaac Hawkins Browne
Jan. 21, 1904	R. P. Blackmur
Jan. 22, 1849	August Strindberg
Jan. 22, 1561	Francis Bacon
Jan. 22, 1788	George Gordon Noel, 6 <sup>th</sup> Baron Byron
Jan. 23, 1783	Marie Henri Bryle (Stendahl)
Jan. 23, 1861	Katherine Tynan
Jan. 24, 1732	Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais
Jan. 25, 1759	Robert Burns
Jan. 25, 1882	Virginia Woolf
Jan. 26, 1781	Achim Von Arnim
Jan. 26, 1842	Francois Coppee
Jan. 28, 1841	Henry Morton Stanley
Jan. 29, 1860	Anton Chekov
Jan. 31, 1923	Norman Mailer

### February

Feb. 2, 1882	James Joyce
Feb. 3, 1874	Gertrude Stein
Feb. 4, 1805	William Harrison Ainsworth
Feb. 4, 1740	Carl Michael Bellman
Feb. 5, 1534	Giovanni Bardi
Feb. 5, 1848	Joris-Karl Huysmans
Feb 7, 1812	Charles Dickens
Feb. 7, 1885	Sinclair Lewis
Feb. 8, 1911	Elizabeth Bishop
Feb. 8, 1604	Francois Hedelin Aubignac
Feb. 9, 1874	Amy Lowell
Feb. 10, 1609	Sir John Suckling
Feb. 10, 1880	Herbert Edward Palmer
Feb. 15, 1764	Jens Immanuel Baggesen
Feb. 16, 1838	Henry Adams
Feb. 18, 1825	Mor Jokai
Feb. 19, 1896	Andre Breton
Feb. 20, 1865	Arthur Symons
Feb. 20, 1870	Pieter Cornelis Boutiens
Feb. 21, 1907	Wystan Hugh Auden
Feb. 21, 1886	David Morton
Feb. 22, 1801	William Barnes
Feb. 22, 1819	James Russell Lowell
Feb. 23, 1899	Erich Kastner
Feb. 23, 1613	Samuel Pepys
Feb. 24, 1804	Charles de Bernard
Feb. 25, 1917	Anthony Burgess
Feb. 26, 1802	Victor Hugo
Feb. 26, 1897	Elizabeth Bibesco
Feb. 27, 1807	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Feb. 27, 1902	John Steinbeck
Feb. 28, 1865	Arthur Symons



# PAYCOCK PRESS



3819 North 13th Street  
Arlington, VA 22201  
[gargoyle@gargoylemagazine.com](mailto:gargoyle@gargoylemagazine.com)



# Index to *The Broadkill Review* Volume Seven (2013)

## Number One, January/February

Baker, Ron	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Balingit, JoAnn	Literary Happenings (nonfiction)	p. 23
Bannowsky, Phillip	Jacobo the Turko (fiction-in-progress)	p. 76
Bennett, Nina	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Berg, Selwyn	Statue of Fernando Pessoa in Lisbon with Howard Gofreed (photograph)	p. 37
Blaine, Michael	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Blaskey, Linda	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Blaskey, Linda	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 34
Blaskey, Linda	Shipping Creek Farm, 3:12 A.M. (poem)	p. 66
Blaskey, Linda	A Farmer Searches for His Livestock During a Snow Storm (poem)	p. 66
Blaskey, Linda	Bayard Avenue (poem)	p. 67
Brown, Fleda	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Brown, Jamie	Tina Raye Dayton Wins 10 <sup>th</sup> Annual Dogfish Head Poetry Prize (article)	p. 1
Brown, Jamie	Credo: On the Slide Toward a Po-Anon Program (opinion)	p. 2
Brown, Jamie	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 36
Buyer, Laurie Wagner	Peeling Potatoes with a Knife (poem)	p. 8
Buyer, Laurie Wagner	Dung Beetle (poem)	p. 8
Buyer, Laurie Wagner	Jazz @ Jack's in Denver (poem)	p. 8
Buyer, Laurie Wagner	Scotland, 1954 (poem)	p. 9
Buyer, Laurie Wagner	Father's Day (poem)	p. 9
Cecil, Carolyn	Sutton Place (poem)	p. 15
Cecil, Carolyn	Bamboo (poem)	p. 15
Cecil, Carolyn	Texas in June (poem)	p. 15
Cecil, Carolyn	CT Scan (poem)	p. 16
Cecil, Carolyn	Bus Trip (poem)	p. 16
Claire, William	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Colwell, Anne	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 34
Colwell, Anne	In the Ladies' Bathhouse (poem)	p. 72
Colwell, Anne	Lute (poem)	p. 73
Colwell, Anne	Late Snow (poem)	p. 73
Colwell, Anne	Skeleton (poem)	p. 74
Colwell, Anne	Titus's Hand (poem)	p. 74
Colwell, Anne	Coins (poem)	p. 75
Fandek, Neal	Vietnam Johnny Meets the Human Barbie (fiction)	P. 17
Garvin, Shea	Ole Bull Pa. (poem)	p. 30
Garvin, Shea	Nameless Camp Utah (poem)	p. 30
Garvin, Shea	Four Corners (poem)	p. 30
Garvin, Shea	Devil's Tower Sunrise (poem)	p. 31
Garvin, Shea	If Rain Were Coin (poem)	p. 31
Garvin, Shea	Natural Bridges Utah (poem)	p. 31
Garvin, Shea	White Oaks, Los Padres National Forest (poem)	p. 32
Garvin, Shea	Solid Night (poem)	p. 32

## Index to *The Broadkill Review* Volume Seven (2013) (continued)

Gofreed, Howard	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 35
Gofreed, Howard	Remembering Anne Hathaway (poem)	p. 81
Gofreed, Howard	Welcome Center (poem)	p. 81
Gofreed, Howard	The Hangman's Word (poem)	p. 81
Gofreed, Howard	Tourin' Sco'land wi' Ed Miller (poem)	p. 82
Gofreed, Howard	Author's Note and Glossary (nonfiction)	p. 82
Gold, Sid	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Hanna, Gary	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Hanna, Gary	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 34
Hanna, Gary	The Significance (poem)	p. 61
Hanna, Gary	Squirrel Pie (poem)	p. 61
Hanna, Gary	Even Steven (poem)	p. 61
Hanna, Gary	Cold Snap (poem)	p. 62
Hanna, Gary	A Matter of Time (poem)	p. 62
Hanna, Gary	Design (poem)	p. 62
Haymond, Roy	Jazz Burned by Burns (nonfiction)	p. 45
Jankowski, Bernard	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Jankowski, Bernard	Glimpses of Eternity in Bisbee, Arizona (poem)	p. 28
Jankowski, Bernard	Learning the Game (poem)	p. 28
Jankowski, Bernard	City of Drifters (poem)	p. 29
Khan, Maryanne	When the Boat Comes In (fiction)	p. 68
Kozinski, David P.	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
LaFemina, Gerard	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
LaFemina, Gerard	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 34
LaFemina, Gerard	Quantum Mechanics (poem)	p. 51
LaFemina, Gerard	On a Local Station Watching an Express Train Pass (poem)	p. 51
LaFemina, Gerard	Summer Wind (poem)	p. 52
LaFemina, Gerard	Psalm (poem)	p. 53
Larew, Hiram	Vim (poem)	p. 13
Lifshin, Lyn	Istanbul (poem)	p. 24
Lifshin, Lyn	Insomnia Istanbul June 13 (poem)	p. 24
Lifshin, Lyn	Cappadocia with Just One Bird in the Late Blackness (poem)	p. 24
Lifshin, Lyn	When the Dream is More Real (poem)	p. 24
Lifshin, Lyn	When the Dream is More Real (poem)	p. 25
Lifshin, Lyn	Mist on the Bosphorus (poem)	p. 25
Lifshin, Lyn	Cappadocia Cliffs (poem)	p. 25
Lifshin, Lyn	Istanbul, Late Night, June (poem)	p. 25
Mandel, Tom	Finland (poem)	p. 44
Maxson, H. A.	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Maxson, H. A.	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 35
Maxson, H. A.	Big Boy (flash fiction)	p. 63
Maxson, H. A.	Hansel and Gretel (poem)	p. 63
Maxson, H. A.	Hearing in Tongues (poem)	p. 63
Maxson, H. A.	Isabella de Torres: Puerto Plata (poem)	p. 64
Maxson, H. A.	Islands (poem)	p. 64
Maxson, H. A.	On the Trail of a Ghost (poem)	p. 64



## Index to *The Broadkill Review* Volume Seven (2013) (continued)

Maxson, H. A.	Short Wave (poem)	p. 64
Maxson, H. A.	The Last Diving Horse (poem)	p. 65
Maxson, H. A.	Temple of the Warriors (poem)	p. 65
McGaugh, Zachary	Statue of Washington Irving in Andalusia, Spain (photograph)	p. 37
mclean, a.	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 35
mclean, a.	Creating Categories – a Work of Fiction? (nonfiction)	p. 54
McMillian, Franetta	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Mullenneaux, Lisa	Luna Moth (poem)	p. 47
Mullenneaux, Lisa	Monet at Giverny (poem)	p. 47
Mullenneaux, Lisa	The Fan (poem)	p. 47
Mullenneaux, Lisa	Waking the Dead (poem)	p. 47
Needle, Burgess	Not Exactly Eden (poem)	p. 49
Needle, Burgess	(campfire) (photograph)	p. 49
Ohlson, Helen	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Richards, Jeffery	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Rivera, W. M.	Straight's as crooked a road as any (poem)	p. 11
Rivera, W. M.	Cold Clorox (poem)	p. 11
Rivera, W. M.	Knowledge (poem)	p. 11
Roberts, Kim	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Slavitt, David R.	Literary Resolutions for 2013 (nonfiction)	p. 12
Solari, Rose	Meeting Makarova (memoir)	p. 6
Verdon, Robert	Visitor (poem)	p. 3
Verdon, Robert	By the Sea (poem)	p. 3
Verdon, Robert	Clouds (poem)	p. 3
Verdon, Robert	Windfall (poem)	p. 4
Verdon, Robert	Wakefield Gardens as Winter Comes (poem)	p. 4
Verdon, Robert	Solar Cat (poem)	p. 4
Verdon, Robert	Silver Van (poem)	p. 5
Wendell, Julia	Blood-Letting (poem)	p. 48
Wendell, Julia	Wishbone (poem)	p. 48
Whitaker, Scott	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 34
Whitaker, Scott	Douglas Morea's <i>Letters to You</i> (review)	p. 39
Whitaker, Scott	Lenny Lianne's <i>The ABCs of Memory</i> (review)	p. 40
Whitaker, Scott	<i>A Secret Woman by Rose Solari</i> (review)	p. 41
Whitaker, Scott	Steam Alley. Morning. Flower Girl. 1903. (poem)	p. 56
Whitaker, Scott	Adam and Samantha Share Licorice in the Park (poem)	p. 56
Whitaker, Scott	Break in the Sawgrass. Salt Baker. Black Narrows. 1902. (poem)	p. 57
Whitaker, Scott	My Glory Is Going To Be My Name (poem)	p. 57
Whitaker, Scott	Poem in Which the Black Narrows Are Identified (poem)	p. 58
Whitaker, Scott	I'll Lick Yr Knife (poem)	p. 58
Whitaker, Scott	Too Lean for Too Long (poem)	p. 59
Whitaker, Scott	Black Narrows December. Victor. Skating on Ice. 1903. (poem)	p. 59

## Index to *The Broadkill Review* Volume Seven (2013) (continued)

### Number Two, March/April

Baggott, Julianna	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 4
Balingit, JoAnn	April Events (nonfiction)	p. 68
Bloom, Jodi	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 4
Brown, Jamie	Credo: On Writing (opinion)	p. 2
Brown, Jamie	How to (Not) Talk to a Writer (humor)	p. 26
Brown, Jamie	Finding the Poem: Musings on the Writing of Poetry (#1) (nonfiction)	p. 71
Brownley, Stephaney	Three Wild Men (photograph) (statues, Oscar & Eduard Wilde, Galway City)	p. 33
Dayton, Tina Raye	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 5
Faison, Latorial	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 4
Forsythe, Nina	I Didn't Know What I Was Looking For (poem)	p. 16
Forsythe, Nina	Statement of Disbelief (poem)	p. 16
Forsythe, Nina	Heretical Midrash (poem)	p. 16
Forsythe, Nina	Ordinary Angels (poem)	p. 16
Hoffman, Erika	My Titanic "Aha" Moment, and I'm Not Talking About the Wreck (nonfiction)	p. 18
Jankowski, Bernard	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 4
Kelts, Larry	Water Willow (poem)	p. 61
Kelts, Larry	Bluebird (poem)	p. 61
Kelts, Larry	Listing for a Muse (poem)	p. 62
Khan, Maryanne	Sideways (fiction)	p. 9
Larew, Hiram	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 4
Lansdale, Liv	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 4
Lanyi, Bettina	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 6
Leech, Steven	Was a Story Set in Wilmington Among the Earliest Influences on the Literature of the Harlem Renaissance? (nonfiction)	p. 24
Lifshin, Lyn	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 6
mclean, a.	Claiming Crows (poem)	p. 25
Oglesby, Carey	Federal Daydream (poem)	p. 19
Oglesby, Carey	Suburban Reverb (poem)	p. 19
Oglesby, Carey	Memorandum (prose-poem)	p. 20
Paretsky, Sara	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 3
Piercy, Marge	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 3
Poe, Edgar Allan	The Philosophy of Composition (nonfiction)	p. 52

## Index to *The Broadkill Review* Volume Seven (2013) (continued)

Richards, Jeffery	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 4
Ritchie, Elisavietta	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 4
Ritchie, Elisavietta	Batik-Making (poem)	p. 17
Ritchie, Elisavietta	Prompters (poem)	p. 17
Schuster, Janice Lynch	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 5
Shorter, Valarie	Paper (poem)	p. 63
Sklarew, Myra	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 3
Slavitt, David R.	How Do You Work? (nonfiction)	p. 3
Slysz, Stanley J.	Nathaniel Hawthorne statue (photograph)	p. 34
Tucker, Johnny M., Jr.	Cut and Bruised by Grammar (nonfiction)	p. 29
Van Houten, David Alan	Heaven After All (fiction)	p. 43
Whitaker, S. Scott	These Foolish Things: William Rivera's <i>The Living Clock</i> (review)	p. 49
Whitaker, S. Scott	<i>So It Goes</i> The Literary Journal of the Kurt Vonnegut Memorial Library (review)	p. 50
White, Kelley Jean	Christmas Bird Count (poem)	p. 7
White, Kelley Jean	Dear Maple Tree (poem)	p. 7
White, Kelley Jean	Epiphany (poem)	p. 7
White, Kelley Jean	Every Day I Expect to Stop Loving (poem)	p. 7
Yost, Michelle	The Lavender Cicadas (poem)	p. 66
Yost, Michelle	Certainty Principle (poem)	p. 66
Yost, Michelle	Elegy for an Over Ripe Eggplant (poem)	p. 66
Yost, Michelle	Two Anarchists (poem)	p. 67

### Number Three, May/June

Allen, Susanne Bostick	Parched (poem)	p. 57
Alonso, Nina Rubenstein	Life Punctuation (fiction)	p. 72
Brown, Jamie	Dogfish Head Poetry Prize Reading Period Under Way (nonfiction)	p. 1
Brown, Jamie	Credo: Crab, Crab, Crab (opinion)	p. 3
Brown, Jamie	The Broadkill Press Launches the Key Poetry Series (nonfiction)	p. 64
Brown, Jamie	On Writing the Novel (Fiction – second series, Part Two) (nonfiction)	p. 97
Cantrell, Charles	Dungarees and Dancin' (poem)	p. 25
Cantrell, Charles	Not a Neutrino (poem)	p. 26
Cantrell, Charles	Kafka Attack (poem)	p. 27
Colby, Joan	The Crazy Mountains (poem)	p. 46
Colby, Joan	Yesterday (poem)	p. 47
Colby, Joan	Cursive (poem)	p. 48
Gaines-Friedler, Joy	The Holy (poem)	p. 19



## Index to *The Broadkill Review* Volume Seven (2013) (continued)

Gaines-Friedler, Joy	Luna Moth (poem)	p. 20
Gaines-Friedler, Joy	Poem for Place (poem)	p. 20
Gaines-Friedler, Joy	Miscarriage (poem)	p. 20
Gaines-Friedler, Joy	The Year of the Horse (poem)	p. 21
Gaines-Friedler, Joy	Tuesday (poem)	p. 22
Garvin, Shea	Ole Bull Pa. (poem)	p. 29
Garvin, Shea	Nameless Camp Utah (poem)	p. 29
Garvin, Shea	Four Corners (poem)	p. 29
Garvin, Shea	Greasy Grass (poem)	p. 30
Garvin, Shea	City of Roses (poem)	p. 30
Garvin, Shea	Custer National Forest (poem)	p. 31
Garvin, Shea	Yellowstone (poem)	p. 32
Garvin, Shea	Where the Ether Is (poem)	p. 34
Glaser, Michael S.	How I Write (nonfiction)	p. 5
Glaser, Michael S.	Arc (poem)	p. 18
Glaser, Michael S.	Morning Walk (poem)	p. 18
Glaser, Michael S.	Yesterday's Lists (poem)	p. 18
Gold, Sid	Not Quite Love Poems (poem)	p. 61
Gold, Sid	Hoops (poem)	p. 62
Gold, Sid	Ashes (poem)	p. 62
Gold, Sid	Words (poem)	p. 62
Gold, Sid	Hands (poem)	p. 63
Gold, Sid	Hunky-Dory (poem)	p. 63
Greene, Rob	Troubadour or (poem)	p. 50
Lykens, Benjamin	A Summer in Salem (poem)	p. 24
McAleavey, David	Economics, a Lament (poem)	p. 36
McAleavey, David	We All Saw the Man (poem)	p. 36
McAleavey, David	The Devil's Bowl (poem)	p. 37
McAleavey, David	Near Frozen Falls (poem)	p. 38
McAleavey, David	Wagnerian (poem)	p. 38
Patterson, James J.	Stirring the Pot On Henry Miller: James Decker and <i>Nexus: The International Henry Miller Journal</i> (review)	p. 7
Perchick, Simon	(They will sleep there, kept down) (poem)	p. 53
Perchick, Simon	(Not yet finished melting: the sun) (poem)	p. 53
Perchick, Simon	(Again, The Times, spread-eagle) (poem)	p. 53
Perchick, Simon	(Lower and lower this fan) (poem)	p. 54
Perchick, Simon	(Appearing and disappearing, this gate) (poem)	p. 54
Pippin, Tasha	Leaving Things Open (poem)	p.40
Pippin, Tasha	Audience of Women (poem)	p.41
Raphaeli, Shana	Template (fiction)	p. 77
Rivera, W. M.	That Far (poem)	p. 58
Rivera, W. M.	No Starting Over (poem)	p. 58
Rivera, W. M.	Mighty Barkers (poem)	p. 59
Rivera, W. M.	<i>Mehr Licht</i> (poem)	p. 59

## Index to *The Broadkill Review* Volume Seven (2013) (continued)

Silex, Edgar Gabriel	Dreams That Come True (poem)	p. 43
Silex, Edgar Gabriel	The Bag Lady (poem)	p. 43
Silex, Edgar Gabriel	Window (poem)	p. 44
Whitaker, S. Scott	Christopher Merrill's <i>Necessities</i> (review)	p. 6
Whitaker, S. Scott	Bradley Harrison's <i>Diorama of a People Burning</i> (review)	p. 14
Whitaker, S. Scott	Simone White's <i>Unrest</i> (review)	p. 15

### Number Four, July/August

Blaskey, Linda	“Tuesday’s Child is Full of Grace” An Interview with Marge Piercy (interview)	p. 4
Brown, Jamie	In This Issue: Linda Blaskey Interviews Marge Piercy (nonfiction)	p. 1
Brown, Jamie	Credo: On the Current State of Publishing (opinion)	p. 3
Brown, Jamie	Finding the Poem: Musings on the Writing of Poetry (#2) (nonfiction)	p. 85
Brumley, Tyra	Iridescence (fiction)	p. 28
Chieffet, George	Hardworking Girl (fiction)	p. 33
Collins, Ellen	Afternoon at the Alzheimer’s Ward (poem)	p. 54
Collins, Ellen	December 2012 (poem)	p. 54
Collins, Ellen	When the Universe Opens (poem)	p. 55
Esmailpour, Amin	Amin Esmailpour/Amin Mansouri: An Introduction (nonfiction)	p. 77
Esmailpour, Amin	Graffiti (poem)	p. 78
Esmailpour, Amin	Kabul’s Open Mic (poem)	p. 79
Esmailpour, Amin	Bombing the Buddha in Bamiyan (poem)	p. 80
Esmailpour, Amin	Getting Zen (poem)	p. 81
Esmailpour, Amin	The Limbo Between the Thighs (poem)	p. 82
Greene, Rob	The Asterisk (poem)	p. 66
Greene, Rob	Next Door Brothels Are Just (poem)	p. 66
Harrison, Matthew	Dead Tracks (poem)	p. 72
Hicks, Alison	The Way Things Are (poem)	p. 59
Hicks, Alison	Prayers (poem)	p. 60
Hicks, Alison	What I Didn’t Tell You (poem)	p. 61
Hobbs, Brian	In the Restaurant (fiction)	p. 26
Kelts, Larry W.	The Garden (poem)	p. 68
Kelts, Larry W.	The Commute (poem)	p. 69
Kelts, Larry W.	The Expulsion (poem)	p. 70
Luftig, Richard	Postcard from California (fiction)	p. 19
Madigan, Mark	Phantom Pain (poem)	p. 62
Madigan, Mark	Souvenir (poem)	p. 62
Madigan, Mark	Elegy for a Bookstore (poem)	p. 63
Mansouri, Amin	Graffiti (art)	p. 78

## Index to *The Broadkill Review* Volume Seven (2013) (continued)

Mansouri, Amin	Kabul's Open Mic (art)	p. 79
Mansouri, Amin	Bombing the Buddha in Bamiyan (art)	p. 80
Mansouri, Amin	Getting Zen (art)	p. 81
Mansouri, Amin	The Limbo Between the Thighs (art)	p. 82
Piercy, Marge	Beauty as a Bonus (poem)	p. 7
Piercy, Marge	Good Morning, We Hope (poem)	p. 8
Piercy, Marge	Relatively Small Hurricane (poem)	p. 8
Piercy, Marge	Little House with No Door (poem)	p. 9
Piercy, Marge	<i>Braided Lives</i> (excerpt) (fiction)	p. 10
Rice, Oliver	The Muses Are the Daughters of Memory (poem)	p. 64
Rice, Oliver	In-Laws, Jelly Lovers, Litigants (poem)	p. 65
Thiers, Naomi	Trumpet Vine (poem)	p. 74
Thiers, Naomi	Inconvenient (poem)	p. 75
Thiers, Naomi	Hidden (poem)	p. 76
Tillman, Iris	Austin, Texas (poem)	p. 56
Tillman, Iris	What's Lost (poem)	p. 57
Tillman, Iris	Rupture (poem)	p. 58
Whitaker, S. Scott	Katie Cotugno's <i>How to Love</i> (review)	p. 43
Whitaker, S. Scott	Matthew Kirkpatrick's <i>The Exiles</i> (review)	p. 45
Whitaker, S. Scott	Glenn Shaheen's <i>High Fidelity</i> (review)	p. 46
Whitaker, S. Scott	Alisa Slaughter's <i>Bad Habits</i> (review)	p. 47
Whitaker, S. Scott	Jessica Poli's <i>The Egg Mistress</i> (review)	p. 48
Whitaker, S. Scott	Nick Admussen's <i>Watching Lumia</i> (review)	p. 49
Wright, Kirby	At Gorila Rock & Pop Club (poem)	p. 52
Wright, Kirby	Lady in My Window (poem)	p. 52
Wright, Kirby	Notes Above Water (poem)	p. 53
Wurth, K. Lyn	Water, Anywhere but Here (fiction)	p. 14

### Number Five September/October

Bannowsky, Phillip	Jacobo's Father, the Phoenician (poem)	p. 77
Bannowsky, Phillip	Note on Jacobo the Turko (a work in progress) (nonfiction)	p. 77
Bennett, Nina	After My Car Accident I Dream of Jim Morrison (poem)	p. 41
Bennett, Nina	Springtime In the Rockies (poem)	p. 41
Boucher, Rich	Little Devils (prose-poem)	p. 58
Boucher, Rich	A Safe Place for Sharing (prose-poem)	p. 58
Brown, Jamie	New Era – 11 <sup>th</sup> Dogfish Head Poetry Prize Expands Competition to Mid-Atlantic States (nonfiction)	p. 1
Brown, Jamie	Dystopian Fiction Reviews in This Issue	p. 1
Brown, Jamie	Margaret Atwood's <i>MaddAddam</i> (review)	p. 20
Brown, Jamie	Finding the Poem: Musings on the Writing of Poetry (#3)	p. 79
Cecil, Carolyn	Places (poem)	p. 40
Cecil, Carolyn	Cloud Mass (poem)	p. 40



## Index to *The Broadkill Review* Volume Seven (2013) (continued)

Doreski, William	Dolor for Dinner (poem)	p. 59
Doreski, William	The Lithuanian Project (poem)	p. 59
Duma, Miklos	Development (poem)	p. 24
Flennikin, Kathleen	Eve's Nakedness (poem)	p. 42
Flennikin, Kathleen	Trappings (poem)	p. 42
Flennikin, Kathleen	The Maid Next Door (poem)	p. 43
Gold, Sid	Pretty One (poem)	p. 74
Gold, Sid	Sort of a Song (poem)	p. 74
Gold, Sid	For Williams (poem)	p. 75
Gold, Sid	Crow Song (poem)	p. 75
Gold, Sid	Journeys (poem)	p. 75
Goodman, Patricia L.	The Black Mare (poem)	p. 56
Goodman, Patricia L.	The Boneyard (poem)	p. 57
Goodman, Patricia L.	Betrayed (poem)	p. 57
Hardin, Dave	Something Fine (poem)	p. 38
Hardin, Dave	Rubbing Mud (poem)	p. 38
Hardin, Dave	Short Fiction (poem)	p. 39
Hensley, Wendy F.	(tulips) (photograph)	p. 34
Hensley, Wendy F.	(orange clouds over the ocean) (photograph)	p. 35
Hensley, Wendy F.	(piper on the beach) (photograph)	p. 36
Hensley, Wendy F.	(foaming surf) (detail) (photograph)	p. 37
Ingersoll, Wendy Elizabeth	Jazz Lesson (poem)	p.60
Ingersoll, Wendy Elizabeth	Prognoses (poem)	p.61
Isard, Joshua D.	Re-reading Kurt Vonnegut's <i>Slaughterhouse Five</i> (nonfiction)	p. 52
Maley, Sandra Rose	Credo: Three Little Words (opinion)	p. 3
Marzec, M. J.	The Copyist (fiction)	p. 25
McMillian, Franetta	Flaming Monday (excerpt from <i>Love In the Time of Unravelling</i> ) (fiction)	p. 8
O'Neal, Kristen	Chambered (fiction)	p. 46
Phillips, Georgina	Green Velvet (fiction)	p. 64
Pobo, Ken	Spacker's Car Concert (poem)	p. 54
Pobo, Ken	Spacker Considers Moving to the City (poem)	p. 54
Pobo, Ken	Seed Packets (poem)	p. 55
Pobo, Ken	Aunt Gwen Sneaking (poem)	p. 55
Pobo, Ken	Aunt Gwen's Bubbles (poem)	p. 55
Poyner, Ken	The Witness (poem)	p. 44
Poyner, Ken	Wait (poem)	p. 45
Serageldin, Ismail	Are There Grounds for Optimism in Egypt? (nonfiction)	p. 4
Whitaker, Scott	Franetta McMillian's <i>Love In the Time of Unravelling</i> (review)	p. 7
Whitaker, Scott	Jeff Hirsch's <i>The Darkest Path</i> (review)	p. 18

## Index to *The Broadkill Review* Volume Seven (2013) (continued)

### Number Six, November/December

Allen, Susanne Bostick	Internal Review (poem)	p. 59
Bannowsky, Phillip	Poetry with a P(o)int (nonfiction)	p. 1
Betts, Genevieve	Dream (poetry)	p. 8
Betts, Genevieve	Pest Vignettes (poetry)	p. 8
Betts, Genevieve	Quickening (poetry)	p. 9
Betts, Genevieve	Undine (poetry)	p. 10
Betts, Genevieve	Jellyfish (poetry)	p. 11
Blaskey, Linda	Dogfish Head Poetry Prize Announcement Set (nonfiction)	p. 27
Bledsoe, CL	Why Won't You Get Fat Like Me? (poem)	p. 48
Bledsoe, CL	Damocles On the Couch (poem)	p. 49
Bledsoe, CL	All the People You Admire are Either Dead or Secretly Sad (poem)	p. 50
Bledsoe, CL	Cognac and Roses (poem)	p. 51
Brown, Jamie	On Great Expectations (and Film) (opinion)	p. 3
Brown, Jamie	Finding the Poem: Musings on the Writing of Poetry (#4)	p. 63
Cano, Valentina	Breaking Time (poem)	p. 60
Cano, Valentina	Home (poem)	p. 60
Duma, György	Sunway 1 (poem)	p. 30
Duma, György	Sunway 3 (poem)	p. 30
Duma, György	Sunway 6 (poem)	p. 30
Duma, György	Water Surface 3 (poem)	p. 31
Duma, György	Water Surface 8 (poem)	p. 31
Duma, Miklos	Self-portrait (poem)	p. 32
Duma, Miklos	Father (poem)	p. 32
Farley, Joseph	The Knot (poem)	p. 54
Farley, Joseph	A Heavy Sack (poem)	p. 54
Farley, Joseph	Bearing Our Burdens (poem)	p. 55
Fein, Richard	Ponce deLeon in Brief Passing (poem)	p. 58
Grey, John	The Boat Docks in St. Petersburg (poem)	p. 53
Haven, Chris	Two Men in Liverpool (prose-poem)	p. 44
Haven, Chris	The Widow's Secret (poem)	p. 45
Haven, Chris	The Day of Your Leaving (poem)	p. 45
Luce, Gregory	Ascent (poem)	p. 34
Luce, Gregory	February Wind (poem)	p. 34
Luce, Gregory	End of November (poem)	p. 35
Luce, Gregory	Poem Beginning with a Found Line (poem)	p. 35
O'Neal, Kristen	December 1918 (fiction)	p. 12
Porter, William Sydney (O. Henry)	The Cop and the Anthem (fiction)	p. 24
Smith, Roy	Men Hold Hands with Men (poem)	p. 38
Smith, Roy	Bundle of White Flowers (poem)	p. 39
Smith, Roy	When Skin is Old (poem)	p. 40

*The Broadkill Review*  
and its contents are © Broadkill Publishing Associates, LLC 2013

Address correspondence to:  
The Broadkill Review  
c/o Broadkill Publishing Associates, LLC  
P.O. Box 63  
Milton, DE 19968

non-submission e-mail: [the\\_broadkill\\_review@earthlink.net](mailto:the_broadkill_review@earthlink.net)



Broadkill Publishing Associates, LLC  
Publishers of  
*The Broadkill Review*  
and books under the imprints  
The Broadkill River Press  
The Broadkill Press

## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

**Alice Allan** is a writer, editor and all-around word nerd. Her poetry has appeared in *Cordite*, *Rabbit*, and *Going Down Swinging*, and you can find her theatre and film reviews on [australianstage.com.au](http://australianstage.com.au) and [thelowdownunder.com](http://thelowdownunder.com). She strives for a direct, uncomplicated style that can take on complex subject matter.

**JoAnn Balingit** is the Poet Laureate of the State of Delaware. Her work has appeared in *Harpur Palate*, *Salt Hill Journal*, *Smartish Pace*, and many other publications. She is the author of *Words for House Story*, *Forage*, and *Your Heart and How It Works*.

**Christopher S. Bell** is twenty-eight years of age. He has been writing and releasing literary and musical works through My Idea of Fun since 2008. His sound projects include Emmett and Mary, Technological Epidemic, C. Scott and the Beltones, and the forthcoming *Fine Wives*. My Idea of Fun is an art and music collective based out of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. ([www.mvideaoffun.org](http://www.mvideaoffun.org))

**Linda Blaskey's** work has appeared in or is forthcoming in *Mojave River Review*, *Kestrel*, *Gargoyle*, *Raleigh Review*, *Re/Verse*, *Delmarva Review* and *Beltway Poetry Quarterly*, to name a few. Her chapbook, *Farm*, won the 2008 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize and the Delaware Press Association's Communication Contest, and she was the 2013 recipient of an Established Professional Fellowship Grant in poetry from Delaware Division of Arts. She is poetry editor for *The Broadkill Review* and, for the last two years, has acted as coordinator for the Dogfish Head Poetry Prize. She lives on a small horse and goat farm in southern Delaware.

**Jim Bourey** is a retired plumbing and heating wholesale manager and lifelong student of poetry. His work has appeared in *Fourth Coast Arts Magazine* and *Said & Unsaid* an anthology from Winding Road Press in Marietta, GA. In 2013 his poem "Words Then Space" was a runner-up for first in the Faulkner-Wisdom Competition and he was invited to read at the "Words and Music" conference in New Orleans. He lives in Dover, DE with his wife Linda but he spends an inordinate amount of time at a cabin on the Deer River in northern New York State.

**Fleda Brown** has eight previous collections of poems. Her work has twice appeared in *The Best American Poetry* and has won a Pushcart Prize, the Felix Pollak Prize, the Philip Levine Prize, the Great Lakes Colleges New Writer's Award, and has twice been a finalist for the National Poetry Series. Her latest collection of essays, with Vermont poet laureate Sidney Lea, *Growing Old in Poetry: Two Poets, Two Lives*, was published in 2013, exclusively on Kindle by Autumn House Books, Pittsburg, PA. Her memoir, *Driving With Dvorak*, was published in 2010 by the University of Nebraska Press. She has also coedited an anthology of Delaware writers and a collection of essays on D.H. Lawrence. She is professor emerita at the University of Delaware, and poet laureate of Delaware, 2001 - 2007. She now lives with her husband, Jerry Beasley, in Traverse City, Michigan, not far from their cottage on Intermediate Lake. She is on the faculty of the Rainier Writing Workshop, a low-residency MFA program in Tacoma, Washington.

**Jamie Brown** is Publisher and Editor-in-Chief of *The Broadkill Review*.

**Grace Cavalieri** produces "The Poet and the Poem from the Library of Congress" celebrating 37 years on air. She holds the 2013 Allen Ginsberg Award, and the 2013 AWP George Garret Award, among honors.

**Grant Clauser** is a gardener and fly fisherman from Pennsylvania. He is the author of the book *The Trouble with Rivers*. Poems have appeared in *The Literary Review*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Cortland Review*, *Sow's Ear Poetry Review* and others. In 2010 he was Montgomery County Poet Laureate. His interviews with other poets have appeared in the *Schuylkill Valley Journal* and *The American Poetry Review*. He teaches poetry writing at conferences and at Philadelphia's Mueseum and runs the blog [www.unlambic.com](http://www.unlambic.com).

**Denise Clemons** holds a BA in Biopsychology from Vassar College and an MA in Writing from Johns Hopkins University. She spent the first twenty years of her career as an executive in the technology industry before escaping the corporate world to devote her energies to the non-profit arena. She writes the weekly food column for *The Cape Gazette*. She has published fiction, non-fiction and poetry in journals, chapbooks and anthologies.

**Rijn Collins** is an Australian writer with a fondness for red notebooks, black coffee, and stories about circus folk. Her award winning work has been published in numerous anthologies and literary journals, presented at the Melbourne Emerging Writers' Festival, and adapted for performance on Australian and American radio. She's currently working on a novel, and trying not to include Elvis in it: so far, so good. More of her stories can be found at [www.rijncollins.com](http://www.rijncollins.com)

**Cam Cope** is a travel and documentary photographer based in Melbourne. He is an associate member of the Australian Society of Travel Writers, a regular contributor to *Get Lost Magazine* and has published travel articles in *The Big Issue*, *TravelTalk*, *Travel 3-Sixty* and *Backpackers Essentials*. His documentary work has been published by *Milk Magazine*, *Signals Journal* (of the Australian National Maritime Museum), acquired for the permanent collection of the Melbourne Museum's Bunjilaka Aboriginal Cultural Centre, published in book format by Museum Victoria and exhibited widely. For more information visit: [www.camcope.com](http://www.camcope.com).

**Jon Dambacher** is a writer living in Los Angeles, Ca. His previous works of fiction are *Gyratory Jabber*, *Sour Candies*, *A Strange, Sickly Beauty* and *Anchored Disorder*, a small book of poems with fellow LA writer Cliff Weber.

**Miriam Dow** is a ghost writer, editor, poet, and Master Reiki healer. She has been writing since she was sixteen, and firmly believes in the cathartic power of the written word. She is the founder and leader of The Poetry Growth and Critique Group at Acorn Books in Dover, DE.

**Margaret Eckman's** award-winning poetry has appeared in the *Aurorean*, *Nantucket Magazine*, and other publications. Her debut book of poetry *Hope runs through it* (written as M. W. MacKay) is a narrative collection that explores nature, the spiritual world, and what it means to raise a child with special needs. She works as a freelance editor and lives with her husband, son, cat, and chinchilla on Boston's North Shore.

**Kate Hennessey** did a Bachelor of Creative Arts (Writing) once but now she's a music critic for the *Sydney Morning Herald/Age*, *Mess+Noise* (& others) and a travel writer for the *Guardian UK*, *Wellbeing*, *Get Lost* (& others). Writing about travel and music is ample creative outlet but, still, one day Kate plans to retreat, probably back to the Blue Mountains where she's from, with the journals, word docs and paper scraps she's gathered since girlhood...and see where it takes her.

**Larry Kelts** grew up on a dairy farm in north-central Pennsylvania. After a career as a research scientist working in magnetic resonance in Rochester, N.Y. he left the lab for literature and art, his lifelong passions. He took an MFA at Bennington College and now lives in Newark, Delaware where he writes poetry and follows the art scene in Delaware and Philadelphia.

**Maryanne Khan** has lived in the United States and Europe before returning to Australia where she now lives in Canberra. Her collection of short stories, *Domain of the Lower Air*, was published by The Broadkill River Press in the USA in 2011. She has won several literary awards and has had short fiction and poetry published in literary journals in Australia and the US. She is the Australia & South Pacific Editor of *The Broadkill Review*.

**Lyn Lifshin's** *Another Woman Who Looks Like Me* was published by Black Sparrow at David Godine October, 2006. (Also out in 2006, her prize winning book about the famous, short lived beautiful race horse, Ruffian: *The Licorice Daughter: My Year With Ruffian* from Texas Review Press. Lifshin's other books include *Before it's Light* published winter 1999-2000 For other books, bio, photographs see her web site: [www.lynlifshin.com](http://www.lynlifshin.com)

**Lisa Mullenoux**, a New York poet, has published the collection "Painters and Poets" (2012) and maintains the ekphrastic art blog [www.paintersandpoets.com](http://www.paintersandpoets.com). Her practice of poetry connects her with the happiest people on the planet. Who could ask for more?

**Simon Perchik** is an attorney whose poems have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *The Nation*, *The New Yorker*, and elsewhere. For more information, including free e-books, his essay titled "Magic, Illusion and Other Realities" and a complete bibliography, please visit his website at [www.simonperchik.com](http://www.simonperchik.com)

**Felicity Pickering** is a playwright and writer. She has been published in *VibeWire*, *Vertigo Magazine*, *The Stonestrow Review* (State University of New York, New Paltz Creative Writing Anthology), *The Evening Lands* (The 2013 UTS Writers' Anthology) and *Promise* (Monash University Undergraduate Prize Shortlist). Felicity has a passion for dramatic writing and has had two plays produced 'The Banquet' (2013) and 'Neighbours' (2012). In her spare time she writes reviews on her blog ([fiction.wordpress.com](http://fiction.wordpress.com)).

**Ken Poyner** lives in the lower right hand corner of Virginia, with his power-lifter wife and a number of house animals. His 2013 e-book, "Constant Animals", 42 brief but unruly fictions, is available at all the common e-book sites, and you should go buy it so more brewery workers will have jobs. Recent work is out in *Corium*. *Analog Science Fiction*, *Spittoon*, *Poet Lore*, *Mobius* and many other places. He webs at [www.kpoyner.com](http://www.kpoyner.com).

**Holly Ringland** is a Creative Writing PhD candidate of Griffith University, in partnership with Kings College London. She has had fiction published in anthologies and journals in Australia and the UK and has recently returned from Prague where she spoke at a global storytelling conference. Her research is in the territory of memory, place, and the creative writing process, amongst other ideas, all of which get left at the door when she retreats to the skycoloured room where she is writing her first novel.

**Elisavietta Ritchie** is the author of *Tiger Upstairs on Connecticut Avenue*, *From the Artist's Deathbed*, *Cormorant Beyond the Compost*, *Real Toads: Awaiting Permission to Land*, *Spirit of the Walrus: Arc of the Storm; Elegy for the Other Woman*; *Tightening The Circle Over Eel Country* (Great Lakes Colleges Association's "New Writer's Award"); *Flying Time: Stories & Half-Stories*. *Raking The Snow* and *In Haste I Write You This Note: Stories & Half-Stories* Washington Writers' Publishing House winners. WWPV president poetry 1980s, fiction, 2000s. Created anthology *The Dolphin's Arc: Endangered Creatures of the Sea*. Elisavietta won The Ledge 2011 poetry award.

**Nina Romano** earned an M.A. from Adelphi University and an M.F.A. in Creative Writing from Florida International University. She is the author of three poetry collections and one chapbook. Romano has been nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize. She co-authored *Writing in a Changing World*. Her new poetry collection, *Faraaway Confections*, is forthcoming from Aldrich Press. Her debut short story collection, *The Other Side of the Gates*, is forthcoming in 2014 from Bridle Path Press. More about the author at: [www.ninaromano.com](http://www.ninaromano.com)

**T. Sean Steele** is a recent graduate of Northwestern University. He lives in Los Angeles. His work has also appeared in *The Alaska Quarterly Review*.

**Vicki VanArsdale** is a writer and photographer based in Alexandria, Virginia, who grew up on the Jersey Shore. She has a B.A. in Communications and worked as a copywriter and digital media producer before pursuing her love of creative writing. She can be reached at [vickivanarsdale.com](http://vickivanarsdale.com).

**Scott Whitaker** is the author of *The Black Narrows*, *Field Recordings*, and *The Barleyhouse Letters*, as well as the YA adaptation of *The Odyssey: Seven Days on the Mountain*, and *Toxic Tourism: a collection of dystopian short fiction*, are both available as e-books. He is a member of the National Book Critics Circle, and reviews books for other publishing blogs. His personal blog, *Field Recordings*, spotlights indie writers, and poets. He teaches drama, psychology, and British Literature on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.