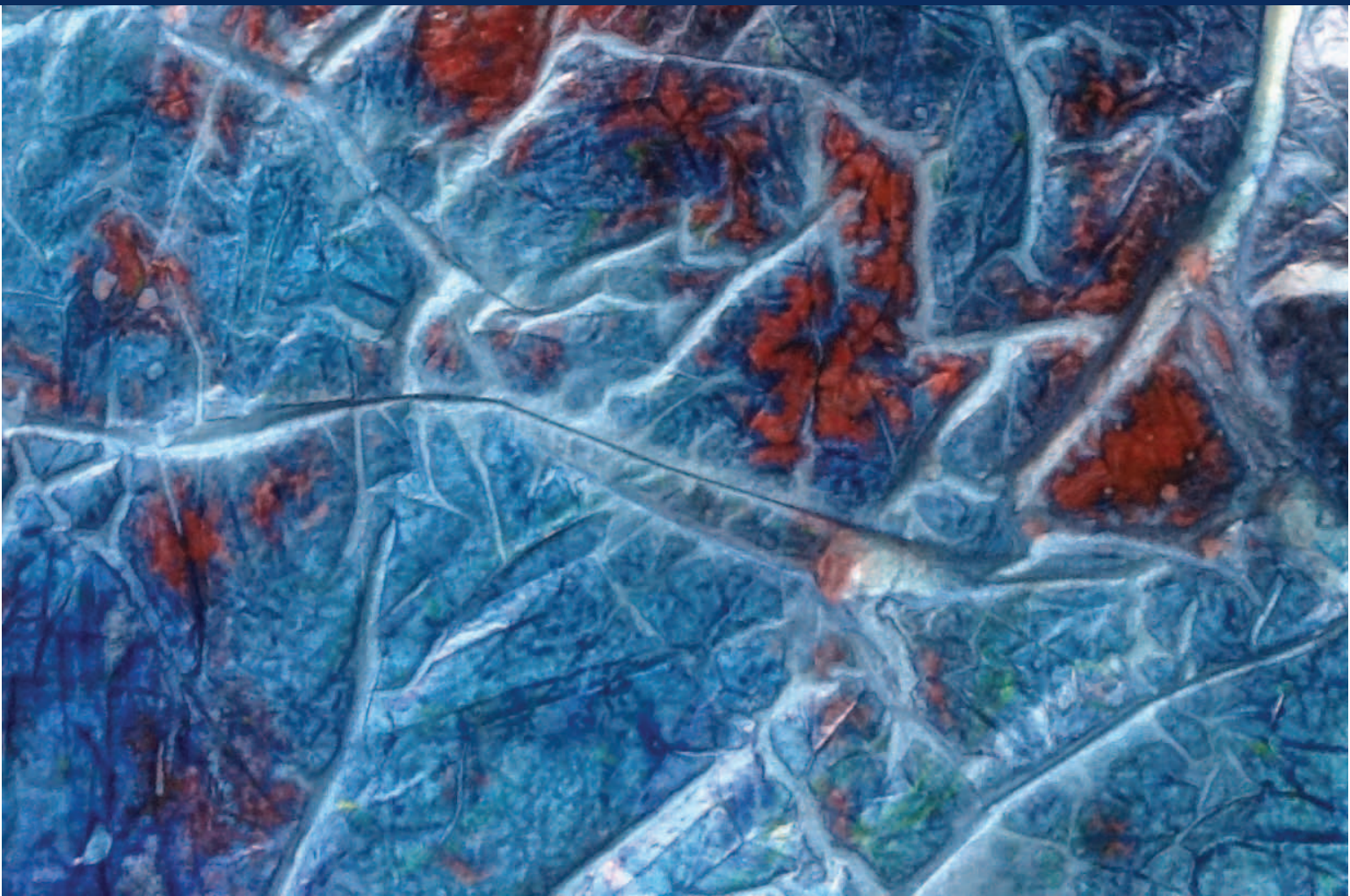


DELUGE JOURNAL

ISSUE: FALL 2016

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deLuge is an online literary and arts journal devoted to the wealth of creativity that arises from dreams - directly or indirectly - and from the deeply felt/experienced life.

We present works that catches the breath, that resonates like the low hum of a bass cello. Work that dazzles slant or straight on, that brings us to epiphany, to the cliff's edge or that rises through quiet presence.

However each piece sings, we hope that it leaves you feeling the reverb long after each note finishes.

deLuge publishes strong, passionate pieces that excite and challenge. We accept work from new, emerging and established writers. Please see our submissions guidelines on our website at www.delugejournal.com before sending us your work.

Cover Art: Trauma: Grief, Loss and Longing by Christina Kionka

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FROM THE EDITOR

Editor: Sue Scavo

The breath must first fill with water. The whole of it.
Then, the shape. Then the way the breath,
which contains salt ocean,
is shaped.
This, the making.
But first.
First.

Editor: Karla Van Vliet

So long the mountain stream's bed
has lain dry. So long my hands
have held sorrow like a grounded fish.
I have prayed for water. I have studied
the sky for sign, made my moorings there.
I have seen the sweep of black birds
turn wing for roost, the heavy clouds.
Now, with rain so comes replenishing.

Locksmith's Curse

poem by Brad Garber

I tried to tell you how much I love you and it came in green shadows and steamy breath under-chin cat hair or the touch of olive-oiled fingers and I may have fallen short because of how the effort was intertwined with how much I care for black rhinos or the plight of Monarch butterflies or how girls in Pakistan need books and this makes my thoughts swirl in thinner and thinner lines until everything looks gray all mixed like mud and no matter how much I tried to tell you I hate you the fireflies and chipmunk chirps belied my intent because feelings are like soup the texture and flavor dependent on heat spice grease aroma heartbeats broken shells and the sand of ancient mountains so I had to cut the stick in half and notch it paint it scrape it until I could tell you how much I wanted to be you the red dragonfly purple lily azure deep forest moss and yellow egret legs your visions appearing and disappearing like hummingbirds your words like droplets of glass in slanted sunlight and to know how it is that the box that contains you cannot be opened.

Sleep Exercises

poem by Joan McNerney

I

Remove the
poem. Each
image floats
by. Dissolve
in shade of
black/white.

Becoming red ball,
trace the dream.
Awaken to sleep.

II

Right hand
is blank.

Left hand
is blank.

Right arm
is lead.

Left arm
is lead.

Right fingers
are burning.

Left fingers
are burning.

Left hand
is right hand
is burning, blank
lead.

Head blank.
Gone. Blank all
image. Gone.

III

Is it possible
that I am bigger
than this bed, all
beds, upon beds? That I spread too
much all over the bed, falling
off the bed?

Or instead,
am I a small
speck
on the bed?
That could
never fall
off the bed
because I'm
just a thread
on the spread
of the bed.

IV

The glass eye
perfect
clear
glowing
reflects the motion

picture of today.

Rememberless. A film unsequenced,
characters without motive, plot ran away.

Pointing
inward
this eye
a moon
of stone.

Poised
burning
stone.

V

Encircled with sheets
squared off by blankets,
the radius of self
is contained.

But, let us go up
above bed over bookcase.
Up ceiling through that
hard cracked wall.

So easy...over
building buildings.
Up the air is cool
tonight. Would
shooting stars
disturb our rest?

Or down through
night now
again past roof

into room. O now
we will go through
this bed...it's too
full of cotton and
wire. I cannot breathe.

Pressed on floor,
down staircase to
cellar under cold.
I do not see anything
here. Let us dig
a small patch of
sleep, hidden with
wildflowers.

VI

Each night
a vessel of thought
as quick as
mercury spills over.

Forced By This Title to Write a Poem in Third Person About Himself, the Poet Considers the Phenomena of Standing Waves, Dreams Involving Long-Lost Cats (Even If He Has Not Had Such a Dream Himself), And the Amazing Durability of Various Forms of Weakness

poem by Robert Okaji

Five White cat always made sure no rats gnawed my books.

Mei Yao-ch'en

His brain is squirming like a toad.

Jim Morrison

Standing by the water, the poet wonders if,
as in this dream, his dead dog and Five White

might seize the separate ends of a rope and blend
their tugs, matching highs and lows, growls and purrs,

with near stillness, dawn to dusk and back again,
always equal, sharing through death their love

of work and honor. He throws a small branch
and asks the dog's ghost to fetch, but it remains

at his side, as if reluctant to leave. How to release
what you no longer hold? Shadows disappear in direct

light, but always return at its departure. The
raindrop remains intact through its long plummet.

Words, though unspoken, hang like lofted kites
awaiting a new wind, a separate rhythm,

beyond compassion. He cannot hear it
but joins his dog in singing. The cat yowls along.

The Neurotic Dreams September in April

poem by Robert Okaji

Already I have become the beginning of a partial ghost, sleeping the summer sleep in winter, choosing night over breakfast and the ritual of dousing lights. This much I know: the moon returns each month, and tonight you lie awake in a bed across the river, in a house with sixteen windows and a cold oven, where your true name hides under the floorboard behind the pantry door

.

Differences season our days — from flowers to snow, root to nectar — take one and the other lessens in its own sight. One day I'll overcome this longing for things and will be complete in what I own, living my life beyond the page, past the white space and dead letters. When I mention hearts, I mean that muscle lodged in my chest. Genetics, not romance. Tissue. Arteries, veins.

.

Dark cars on the street. Cattle grazing in the damp pasture. The liquor store sign glaring "CLOSED." Separate yet included, we observed these scenes but assigned them to the periphery, grounded in our own closed frames. In a different time I would transcend my nature and strive to withstand yours. Look. That star, the fog silhouetting the tombstones. A bobbing light.

.

Love is a gray morning, a steel-toed shoe or coating of black ice; nothing you do will repeal its treachery. There, on my stone porch, I will inhale the smoke of a thousand burned photographs. The sun will descend but you won't share it, and I'll no longer hum your tune. When I rise no one sees. Or everyone stares. Imagine that great cow of a moon lowing through the frozen night.

Another Bird, Rising

poem by Robert Okaji

The shadow behind you slides over
the ceiling, up and gone,

a wingless silence. The drafted swirl.
One morning shifts into two, and still

you won't give in, each moment's
gasp another one earned, a measurable

notch on the table's edge, quarters
in the magic purse. They all count.

Pills, chemo, radiation. Ocean to sky.
Houses to ash. Your eyes see black.

Transitory Space

photo by Leah Oates



The Plea

poem by Amy Elizabeth Robinson

Windspear rushing across the blue grass,
don't leave me.
Lay down my soiled memory and collapse
your intention.
I was there when the first sliver
was drawn, plank sharpened,
humid dome still tethering you. I didn't
mean to —
I didn't mean to tell you not to go,
which shot you away like
a cavernous arrow,
sleek-limbed, roaring heart.
I see that the air is,
as usual, washed azure as you pass.
I miss that.
Listen.
I know the froth-lipped fields of salt
offer you a velvet depth that I cannot.

Simple Questions

fiction by Holden Taylor

there are: people around us. there are: hands, eyes, large lit windows, no carpets or rugs, slick panels of hardwood below us, white walls that are grey in the dark, no candles but ambient flicker as if many candles surround, large noises (not to be confused with, but occasionally identical to, loud noises).

there are: thoughts of small things in my head, ideas (as they say) brewing, momentum articulating, gestures being (violently) gestured, climaxes being approached (then broached and transcended), misread signals and also very wellread signals.

you say: is this it?

i say: i think so.

we are upstairs.

later we are downstairs.

there is an elevator and it is small and cramped.

there are three floors, though we seem to always pass by the mysterious second floor, almost constantly.

you say: i never thought it would be like this.

i say: what did you think it would be like?

you say: blurrier.

there aren't people in masks but if filmed the night might be one slow continuous shot, lots of directional movement, minimal music, thudding steps and panning glances (we are lost afterall).

you say: can we have more wine.

i say: hopefully.

we are upstairs again. in a bedroom and two people on the bed are having sex or something like sex and you say: should we?

i say: probably not but i guess.

we do and we don't and then there are four people on the bed.

writhing (maybe like silk worms).

afterward the other couple, i don't know if they are a couple, they say: is this your first time too?

you answer for us and say: no, no, no, we are regulars.

as if we are getting a cup of coffee and the person behind the register knows our order well and begins 'brewing' or 'pulling' before we have even locked our bike to the no parking sign outside of the cafe window.

as if we did not just have surprisingly bland sex with a couple that maybe in the coming months we will pass by on the street (maybe at a bakery) and exchange those knowing nods that to passersby will be courteous but to the examining eye (we hope) suggest the layered depth that make the world a more interesting place. the commingling of social stories and, yes, the pulsating vitality of our sex lives.

or maybe i will bump into one of them (hopefully not but probably the man with the gut) and he will be drunk and make a very not subtle allusion to our tryst and hopefully not but probably add a wink and a nudge and not a figurative winknudge but a very physical one and i will lean into his ear and say: i do not know who you are.

this will be my plan.

we smoke a cigarette on the balcony. you ask what i'm thinking.
i say: i'm not sure; that wasn't very fun.

you say: it could've been worse. which is a very peculiar thing for you to say.

later we drive home. you drive because i drive slow and sometimes (when stoned) glide

through red lights.

at home we have sex again and i think about the unattractive couple and also the bellhop in the elevator and wonder how he could possibly be a bellhop, how there could be a bellhop at a party in midtown and midsex (when you are on top of me, biting my neck, very immediate) i say: do you remember the bellhop?

you, still biting my neck, whisper into my ear: you can be my bellhop.

i don't think you process my question at all, so i ask again: do you remember the bellhop at the party?

you lean back a little (and i out of you) and say: bellhop?

i say: yes, in red on the elevator, you know, pressing buttons and whatnot.

you say: there was no bellhop; we pressed our own buttons.

i am suddenly very concerned about my mental health.

i say: our own buttons?

you say: yes, there was no bellhop.

and this is end of the conversation because something as trivial as my mental state (my connection to the universe) cannot get in the way of our sex and we are back at it (as they say) and i am now on top of you because i need to focus but i keep thinking about the bellhop. he had a hat on too and black pants and was shorter, by nearly a foot, than both of us.

he asked which floor we were headed to, which was strange because there were only three floors and the second floor was somehow off limits so there were very limited choices but he asked each time we stepped on the elevator which, if my memory serves me (which it hasn't of late), we rode a dozen or so times through the course of the night.

i even tipped him the last time we rode.

you ask why i've slowed down.

i say: thought you wanted to go a little slower.

i try to be romantic but you know me very well (too well?) and say: faster please.

i do as you wish.

you say: yes, yes, yes.

i am into it too, i promise.

the bellhop, his name might have been charlie, had blonde hair and asked every time i got in how things were going.

i told him: charlie, this sure is a weird party.

you come (i can tell because i read people well and also you say: i'm — fuck, fuck, fuck — coming). i don't but i roll off of you and then hold you from the side to suggest earnest endearment and you say: what the fuck were you saying about a bellhop?

i say: charlie, the bellhop at the party this evening. you say: what party?

now things are bad so i say: nevermind. and go to the bathroom and i sit down in the shower (which is also a tub but more of a shower) and i sit and let the water drop onto me, hoping maybe that it will be similar to the time my parents broke up (or my sister died) and i sat in the shower and sort of cleansed myself off or maybe just wrinkled my skin but it felt like the right narrative step at the moment.

anyway i sit down and it is a very serious rainstorm happening on me. the pellets of water are pelting my skin like i am their lost mother. i twist the dial and gentle the storm and warm it too and it is suddenly very enjoyable and i forget that maybe my mind is not, as they say, finely tuned anymore.

i lean back then lean forward and wrap my arms around my knees and hold on very tight.

you knock on the door and say: xxx, is everything okay?

i have two options now. i can say: no, no, no, i don't know what is going on and also really don't know quite what i am doing.

but this option seems to encapsulate a whole lot of immediate stress so i go with option b and say: yes, just cooling off a little bit, sure was hot today.

and i hope beyond hopes that it is summer and swampy where we live but am not sure whatsoever. you are quiet for a few seconds and if you say: it is december what are you

talking about? i will, i think, unravel quite intensely.

there is an infinite abyss within your silence. you, with each breath or moment, dig this pit wider and deeper and i, small child or maybe fleck of dirt or maybe a spoon dropped from cliff, i fall and choke and fall and choke and i fall and choke.

you say: oh okay, let me know if you need anything.

later when i crawl back into bed i think about charlie and the party and also the shower. you, sleeping, accept me into the bed (and i am unsure as to whether it is your bed or my bed or maybe our bed; if it is mine its white sheets [clean] might say something about me).

you, sleeping, remain asleep and with your sleep make fun of me for not sleeping, for looking around anxiously, for sweating, for being aware of every passing drop of sweat as if each bead is a rich hotel guest pulling up in a luxury sedan and i am mr. valet offering service and smile for a handshake and a folded dollar bill.

so i nudge you a little bit and say: honey (and am really hoping in saying 'honey' that it is something we say in our relationship if that's what is going on); i say: honey, i can't sleep, i'm sort of freaking out right now.

you, awake (maybe the whole time), say: what's wrong?

i say: was there really no party tonight.

you say: really no party.

i say: what did we do? what is your name?

you say: my name is xx and you are xxx and we cooked dinner and then we had disappointing sex that i don't want to blame on any one of us because it was a team effort and if you're not into it then that's a reflection on me of course. but, xxx, it wasn't great. i wonder again why your sexual microdrama is trumping my mental health (my relationship with the ongoings of existence) and i say: but you came.

you say: and the fucking sky is blue. sorry babe, i'm real tired and i have to wake up early tomorrow; you know this.

i didn't.

you flip over, very disgusted with the world (a world i do not know but am slowly

discovering to be underwhelming). i, very confused, drift to sleep where i dream, of course, of riding a very slow elevator and there is a bellhop with dirty blonde hair and perfect manners and it's sort of like charlie and the chocolate factory or maybe hillary clinton's campaign because we are soaring to untold heights, passing through glass ceilings and there is no shaft but there are very many second floors. in fact every floor, from the parking garage up to near the moon and also past toward the stars and other celestial objects like asteroids and gods, every floor is number two.

i ask charlie, i say: charlie, why can't we stop at the second floor.

he says, very polite as if trained with fear: the second floor is currently, momentarily i tell you, under repair and off limits to the public.

i respond, politely because i have grown to love and respect charlie, i say: charlie, how can every one of these second floors (and i make a grand sweeping gesture with my arms) be off limits?

he says: repair season, slow season; how is your day going? he says

i say: just fine, or sort of fine, or i may be a little off my rocker these days, don't really know what's going on.

charlie, the gentleman, puts his hand on my shoulder (which takes effort), says: it's gonna be alright, xxx, it's gonna be alright.

the dream ends like most dreams (without conclusion) and i wake up and am next to you and you are still sleeping but now i appreciate it or am in awe of it (and you) or am enamored (with the here and now) and i exhale quietly and look around. there are: open windows breathing hot air, a very small night light across the room (very pale, almost grey), a quiet buzz that might soon fade to the periphery but given my state rings profound and defining.

there is: no one aside from us.

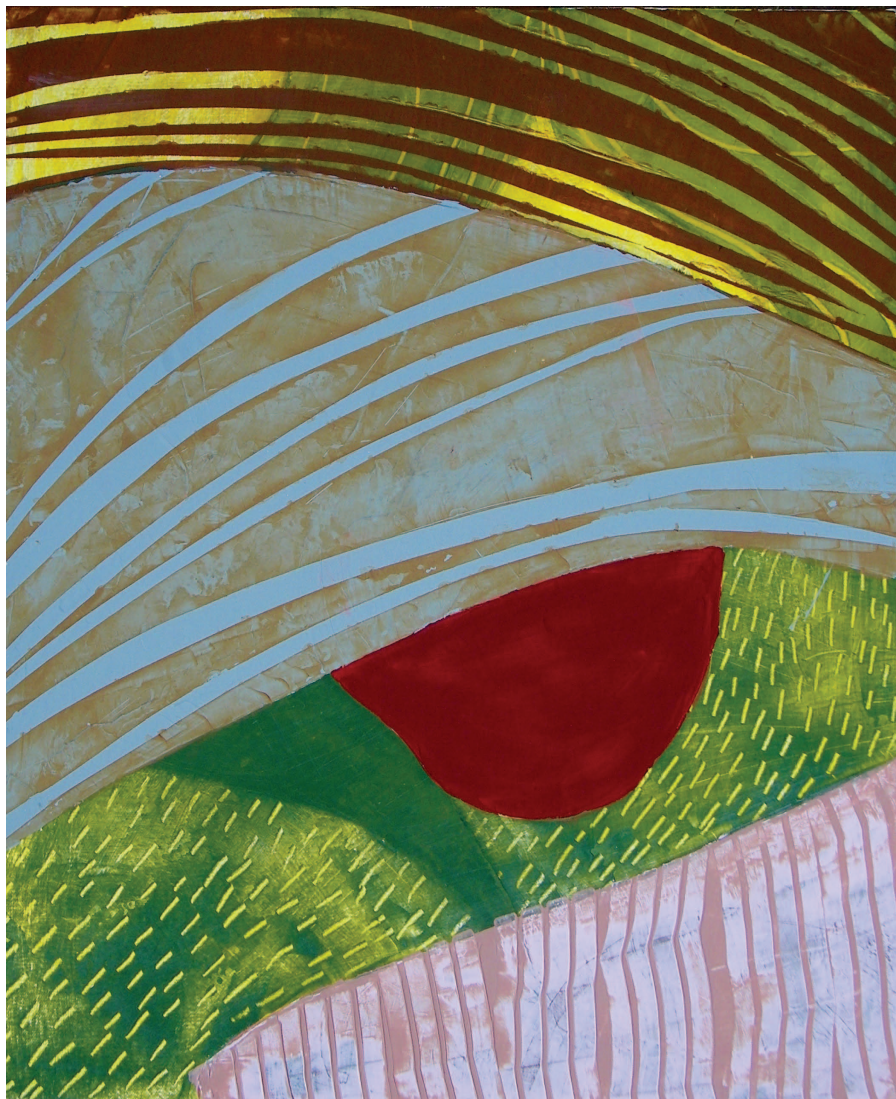
Blue Pools

painting by Kit Donnelly



Draped

painting by Kit Donnelly



The Dream of the Waterfall

poem by William O'Daly

The old stones stream in the arteries
of the gods, and every moment the river
changes
 our bodies
 change
 love changes
nothing and everything is never the same.
The river empties into the burning field,
it climbs the steep steps of every time,
it collides in the light and the shadow
where in caves of forgotten animals
the prehistoric dream is in motion.

In total darkness, it does not stop.

In New Hampshire, Among Friends

poem by William O'Daly

Our laughter ends with a whisper
and the lake opens like a black rose,
like the single shadow that once was
every meteor, every breath, every lost love
recollected among the burning trees.

We arrive like meadow or water,
we and you, in the cool of the crocus,
to speak of the obsessions of the lake.

Our lips ripple the current and pass on.
Imperceptible words and the air reveal
the serene surface, the silence
of what we no longer remember: who we are,
to whom the loon calls across the emptiness.

The lake speaks in ancient tongues
of those paths crossing the water
upon which every blind step
is an act of faith, a single fall
in the dream and in the story.

Questions for Jessica

poem by William O'Daly

Does the cloud live
to shroud the island?

Where does the boat
sail in the moon's wake?

Will the sky ever embrace
the lake's blue mirror?

Why does your voice rise up?
Will it fill the ancient well?

First Morning at Champlain

poem by M.R. Baird

First morning I dreamed I was a small brown bird
Carrying off the darkest
And heaviest of rocks I could find,
Dropping its jagged edge into the center of the lake,
My attempt to dismantle
The bridge between everything
That had been before
And where I might be heading;
It made no ripple, sinking quietly into
The shallows of the past, relieving me of its weight.
I awoke to a tumbling pallium of ice
Breaking away from the roof line with great aplomb,
And a handful of crows cawing their approval,
They peered into the fallen windows – watching their own
Shiny reflection in the glass, then making a soft cooing sound
I had never heard before.
Afterwards, near one hundred of the whitest gulls came
Glinting, with focus on the task at hand
Their silver throats held the early light,
Let out their liquid sibilant – a plaintive long call
Strafed the edges, carried me;
I gave them ribbons of words spilled over,
Smaller, rounder stones,
I too will be flying soon.

Lost: the Meaning of Words

poem by Julie Clark

she *crashed*
as if an ocean liner had careened suddenly out of her chest
 spilling oil through her body
 clogging attempts
at pulse
or breath

tragic
 local reporters accounted
the large oak tree
 speeding car
 fraternity boy at the wheel

just an *accident*
 dean of students publicized
as the college shuddered in mourning
as if some detail, simply omitted
 could make amends

twist of fate
 our father imparts
as if they were only going downtown for pizza at midnight
 clearly, not
 meant to be

she *passed*
 the officer spoke softly of her
as if she opted not to play her hand that round
 as though she was on her way toward some coveted entrance

What can it mean?

gone
as if she'd only left for the day
had planned on returning

how can we truly distinguish
all meaning of words
where

truth
lies
somewhere between wanting to believe
and believing what we want

meaning falls *casualty* to delivery
yet somehow we *recover* significance
had it been a disease,
they could have informed us *terminally*
we would have clutched her frail hands, whispered into her ear
as she gradually shrunk away from us

instead they all use words like *sudden* and *loss*
lost or rather *stolen*
our father would adopt that
as though the force of the car or the tree or the driver himself
embezzled his child

if she were still here
they would use words like
auspicious and *promise*
as though it were guaranteed

Heaving

painting by Kit Donnelly



Fields of Dreams

painting by Kit Donnelly



Three Slow Dances

poem by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

slow dancing with the sun —
humming when I forget the right words
always I forget the right words

•

trying every key
only to find this garden gate
opening from the inside

•

the questions
unanswerable —
asking anyway

Sleeping Bear

poem by Aimee R. Cervenka

Sometimes a line is the only definition
between ground and sky. And sometimes
closing the eyes produces a bear
in place of a mountain. A mass on the horizon
with slow heaving sides, twitching paws and muzzle
unseen beneath the tree line, but perhaps ready
to dissipate as a cloud if disturbed,
or swim to the distant shore, mourning
her drowned cubs.
A road curves into a valley, traces
a great underbelly.

Wolf Den

poem by Aimee R. Cervenka

When you find the softened mouth
of the newly dug mother's den,
slip into the wide embrace of crumbling
soil. Smell the close, damp air,
the warmth of furred bodies
drawing you near. They whisper
that you too are new, that the day is too bright
still to open your eyes. So you shut them
tight because, in the darkness anyway,
there's nothing to see. But that doesn't stop
your nails from scraping like claws
against the roughly formed walls,
doesn't stop your hands grasping
at roots, thick and white as they are.
Only smooth bone against your palm
gives you pause. The skull
beneath your fingers, you realize,
is your own.

Down Below

poem by Anika Prakash

A portrait of Leonora Carrington's self-portrait

She dreamt of cradles, each one holding a memory within its wooden confines. There were the pennies, the unanswered letters, the broken graphite lying at her feet. Every lullaby a decrescendo. Every lullaby a prayer. I couldn't give her a name now, even if I tried. Of course, she had a name, just not one that embodied her. She was always a cautionary tale or an amber traffic light or something equally foreboding. An uncertainty, a wavering hand, a candle flickering against the night. In that dream, I imagine a wick tied her wrist to one post of a cradle. She was sitting on a purple velvet chair, trying to get up to see inside, to see what she could remember. I don't know this for sure, but it's all so surreal, and nothing else makes sense. Nothing else feels as human. She must have kept on reaching, a familiar heartbeat drawing her closer. Just millimeters from truth, electricity coursing through her body. Paranoia, or guilt, or a ghostly mistake and fleeting reprieve. I imagine she sat back in the chair, hair frazzled, face locked, but even in her stunned anger, her hand was poised carefully as it came free.

Jewish Girl Takes Communion

poem by Tzivia Gover

God says I can. So I do.
“The wafer is the body
Of love. The wine
Its desire.” I eat
This body. I drink
This blood. My heart
Is thus converted.

Away In a Manger

fiction by Thomas Elson

Two days after Elaine's hurriedly planned wedding, the reason for the ceremony arrived premature and stillborn.

John, whose first wife had died from complications of the Spanish flu, was now a widower for the second time. He refused to hold the funeral of her mother until Elaine arrived. He wanted all his children there, but Elaine, the only child born of his second marriage and the only child he read to at night, was over six hundred miles away with a husband who chased oilrigs in eastern Montana. Josephine, the oldest child, now seventeen years from the burial of her own mother, would be at the funeral; however, the other children had their own families and rarely visited.

After his second wife died, John hung three photographs and a painting on his bedroom wall. A blurry sepia-tone of his first wife on their wedding day, a second photo of his youngest son in his Army uniform proudly displaying his tech sergeant stripes, the third picture was of Elaine. Then he hung a framed painting of a large yellow circle given to him by Elaine years earlier.

John had inherited the Rock House homestead from his father and other relatives, who had carried their legendary jars the Volga Germans filled with Turkey Red wheat from Ukraine. As soon as his father proved-up the homestead, he replaced the sod hut with the Rock House that John inherited in addition to the ownership or control of over 3,800 acres of land in three states.

In the years since John's father settled in Ninnescah county, Berdan had built a bridge across the Ninnescah River that linked with another town, and proceeded to transform itself from a muddy village with a wooden cavalry fort and open sewage into the county seat of Ninnescah County with brick streets, a city sewage system, a new military base, a country club, a public health nurse, and three doctors; however, the town was without a hospital.

There were four hotels in Berdan. The three-story Calabeck where a few traveling salesmen shuffled in and out; the four-story Briggs where pool sharks hustled hubristic locals; and the flat-as-the-plains Maxwell where very few travelers stayed. Then, there was the Webster Hotel. A new eight-story, blond brick building with marble wainscoting, polished brass doors, and a palace-sized lobby with a pharmacy on one side and a full service restaurant on the other. A solid walnut reception area dominated the north side of the lobby.

Droughts, floods, fires, wars, recessions, depressions and death passed through this state, but it was the wind that controlled. Flags whipped, trees cracked, shingles flapped with a drum roll then flew away leaving ripped tarpaper and slatted wood as poor protection for what was to follow.

There had been a hard freeze in March, then more wind and erosion followed by inflated prices and deflated income. When the wind blew in, and the land blew away, the water evaporated, the money dissolved.

In a normal year, John's crops were knee-high by the fourth of July, but now it was late August, and the blistered crops had grown no higher than an inch above his ankle. Last year, his land was moist, his grain amber. But with two growing seasons each year, the last two seasons yielded negatives - no ale-colored husks of corn, no golden bales of hay, no amber waves of grain.

The drought and depression combined with a reduced crop yield, plunging prices, property seizures, and the Volstead Amendment resuscitated a business spawned well before statehood.

John and Josephine met in the center of the Rock House inside a hidden room accessible through a door in the back of his bedroom. They hatched plans to offset the impact of the collapse of wheat and cattle prices.

"Look at this," said Josephine as she handed her father a hand-written projection of their bushel per acre yield, "Our harvest will be down by 60%". Waited while her father reviewed her hand-drawn bar graph, then said, "Last year, our wheat sold for \$1.32 a bushel, and this year it'll be a miracle if we get 40¢ for it."

Though born in this country, Josephine carried the resonance of her father's Volga German accent. As astute and sturdy as her mother had been, her tight smile and suspicious eyes told the story of a daughter who saw herself valued only for her utility to the family. She joined the family business during high school to handle the numbers - yield per acre, cost of doing business, margins, and the family bank accounts lodged in

three states.

It was Josephine who calculated the size of the interior room with its limestone interior walls, trap door, and fifteen-foot radius that had been used by John's father as a shelter from Indians. She had done the math; the hidden room provided seven hundred and six sq. ft. of storage space. It was Josephine who suggested that it become a staging area for the nightly deliveries of moonshine.

"Damn dry land," said John, "Less than half the normal rain." He pulled his long-ashed Camel from his mouth.

"Maybe it'll rain," said Josephine.

"If it did rain, it'd fall on brick-hard soil and bleached-out wheat." John waited for her reaction; when there was none, he recited the state's constitutional provision, "The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors shall be forever prohibited in this state," he sat silent, and, in that moment, commanded her full attention, "except for medical, scientific, and mechanical purposes.

And that, presents us with an exploitable moment." To Josephine, her father's mellow Volga German sounds created music in the hidden room.

John had the land, the contacts, the transportation, and the raw nerve, but he hated the bribes, the pay-offs, the subterranean double-dealing. Nevertheless, he sensed a weakness. Others were unequipped to pivot – to mold themselves to exploit the state constitution. "Those old hotels can wrestle with speak-easies, cheap moonshine, and Sheriff's departments. We're getting out of the 'shine business. Our approach will be to exploit the medical and scientific clause.

"Since 1881, there had been statewide prohibition. The 21st Amendment made liquor legal, but in this state, prohibition was constitutionally fixed. No open saloons, no liquor stores, no county options.

John inhaled, then exhaled his next sentence, "The owner of the Webster Hotel cannot afford to operate it." John nipped from his Four Roses bottle, then continued, "We are going to buy it." Swallowed and said, "We can take the hotel over just by assuming his monthly payments." Waited for Josephine to object. Heard nothing, and went on, "We'll have a full-service private restaurant. Like a country club, but with lower monthly dues." Looked at Josephine as she nodded, then added, "Plus we'll have a drug store on the opposite side of the lobby." The ash of his cigarette grew longer, but never wavered.

For John, it was both an exploitable and a controllable moment. With the Webster Hotel, he would have all he needed. "Our way will be to run whiskey from Canada into Minnescah County. We'll sell it through the pharmacy with doctors' prescriptions, and through the bellhops to the guests in the hotel rooms."

He looked at Josephine, glanced at his desk, and said, "With the private

restaurant we'll cater to the oilmen, farmer-ranchers, road workers, and the military from the base north of Berdan." John paused, "And, with the pharmacy, we can cater to all the Southern Baptists and Mennonites who won't drink in front of one another."

Bootlegging out of Canada required not only a manufacturer, staging areas, and retail outlets, but also transportation. With his two Bay Oil stations, John could keep his rolling stock of flathead V-8 1.5 ton Ford trucks in gasoline, tires, and maintenance on the rough country roads twenty-four hours a day. "We'll control the whiskey as it travels from Canada into Berdan."

"I talked with the sisters at the school. They want a hospital in Berdan, but they'll never have the money to build. We can do a dollar-a-year lease to the sisters; and their hospital can be on the top two floors. We'll run guests on the lower six floors." Waited for Josephine's reaction.

She had worked with her father for years, and picked-up immediately, "Right. That'll tie the doctors even more tightly to the drug store in the hotel."

•

John's aunt saw the white chat clouds on the flat highway trailing the Sheriff's car as it turned off the county road onto the hard dirt drive to the Rock House. The sheriff, John's brother-in-law, was still angry with John for derailing his dead sister's vocation as a nun, although he had never set foot inside a convent, a seminary, and rarely a church.

When the Sheriff turned into the drive, he passed four railroad tracks, then a cattle trough next to the windmill on the far side of the barbed wire fence, a clothesline where two headless chickens hung by their feet while their necks oozed blood.

John stood outside the Rock House, his half-seen visitor framed by the endless rolling prairie that bisected the sky a million miles away. The Sheriff handed him a telegram. "Elaine's coming home, John, but she'll be late." He saw John's eyes move from the telegram to the church across the street, then said, "I'm sorry".

The persistent wind swept unimpeded through Canada, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, and changed everything in John's world. The wind hit and delivered a sharp twist that burned his face, then coarsely shifted while dust whirls, combined with baseball-sized dirt clods, attacked his barn. The walls of his barn had become a graveyard for grasshoppers.

John swallowed, made the Sign of the Cross, walked inside the Rock House, and, while the Sheriff stood next to him, called the mortuary to tell them of the delay.

Josephine and John's aunt sat at the dining room table. In his soft German accent, the emotion in his voice heavy, he said, "The funeral will be four days from now."

His dinner remained untouched and cold. His aunt looked at him, patted his side

of the table, then said, "Remember when Elaine outgrew her cradle? And you kept it. In fact, you still have it. Called it her manger." Elaine's manger. John engineered a smile and made a decision.

Josephine leaned forward as if what could have happened had been delayed, and in her matter-of-fact manner reminisced about the time at the Lemon Park swinging bridge when Elaine tried to walk on the thick rope handrails.

John reached for his Camels. With a flick of the wooden match against his thumbnail, he brought the flame to his cigarette. He decided to forgo his usual shot of Four Roses bourbon from the half-pint bottle behind the picture of the Last Supper next to the Napoleon clock on the kitchen counter.

He placed his hands on the table, sat, leaned back, then hunched forward, looked at no one, and said, "Her first day at school just next door here." Stopped, pointed to his left as though no one at the table knew where the school was - even though all his children had attended. "I walked with her. Her in her purple dress." He adjusted his cigarette and continued, "And when I met her after school, she had this bright yellow picture. Just a big yellow circle she painted."

The others at the table heard a viscous sniff, waited for the appearance of his handkerchief. They remained silent when he lowered his head, and, once again, made the Sign of the Cross.

John listened to a few more stories about Elaine, then stood, stuffed the half-pint into his back pocket, and, followed by Josephine, walked from the table to his bedroom, then entered the circular room through a hidden door at the back of his closet.

He now had another death in the family, another wife to bury, but tonight he and Josephine had work to do. He knew he would not sleep easily even with the comforting sound of a windmill's turns and creaks.

•

John's shoes clicked as he walked on the wooden railroad platform toward the wall-mounted telephone. He lifted the receiver, waited for the operator, told her the number, then fed nickels into the machine.

As soon as the voice from the next station answered, John asked, "Has the Montana train arrived?"

While he waited for Elaine's train, he thought of her wedding. Despite being hurriedly planned, it was held in the church. She wore a white dress, and with her arm in his, they followed the ring bearer and flower girl down the aisle. At the reception, the young beauty of the family danced with her father while guests pinned money on her wedding train. At the dais, tradition dictated that she remove her shoes, and push them behind her chair to serve as receptacles for more cash.

When Elaine arrived at the train station, she was driven straight to the mortuary to be next to her mother. John followed in his own car. It was then he decided there would be no open casket. He stopped and called the mortuary before Elaine arrived.

John knew the family traditions at the mortuary dictated that relatives recite the rosary for twenty-four hours. When the optimal number of people were present, somewhere around the sixteenth rosary, an aunt would faint. Hours later, the family formed a line, bent over the casket, and kissed the dead. Then the uncles and cousins lifted the dead from mortuary to hearse, from hearse to church, from church to grave.

For the second time in seventeen years, John watched as his wife was lowered into the grave. He waited until the priest finished reading, then hesitated. Part of his soul had ripped. Within an instant, he felt weak, heavy, and old. He turned around, leaned forward, placed the telegram and Elaine's manger into the grave, then knelt while his daughter's coffin was lowered.

He would be there when the generations shifted. He would be there when they shifted a second time, and a third time. He was in all of them; but now, after the burials, after the dinner, and after the farmers left to do their chores, John sat at his desk inside the hidden room behind his bedroom at the Rock House.

He heard the windmill turn and creak. Tonight, sleep would wait. Tonight, he and Josephine had work to do.

Birdman of Religion

painting by Kate Chadwick



Birdman of religion. Limited in spirit, he borrows some wings. They sit awkwardly on his body, and he deprives the real bird! Now neither can fly.

My New Home

painting by Kate Chadwick



My new home.

We had King tides last month - the month I moved here. Moreton Bay filled to the brim and then splashed big over the esplanade with the onshore wind. When the tide receded, all the mangroves and mud, and a bronze full moon rose over the water.

Yellow Veil

painting by Kate Chadwick



Yellow veil. What to say? The attempt at concealment simply highlights the wound sometimes, doesn't it?

In This Story I Am Cassandra and You Are Deaf

poem by Megan E. Freeman

I agonize over gestures, the sand dripping mockingly
through the waist of the hourglass. Time rushes ahead
in direct proportion to the urgency of my message.
I try to breathe and slow down, but there's no fooling
Apollo, so naturally, tragedy ensues.
And you smile and laugh in merry silence,
raising your drink to the innkeeper,
reveling even as Troy begins to burn.

On the Morning of the Flood

poem by Aaron Bauer

a birdsong caught my ear and washed rest
from the air
a birdsong wrested calm from the still air
as I watched the hills
a birdsong washed rest from the corners
of my eyes and I watched hills grazing
the horizon
the air was calm but no longer still and I watched
hills grazing the horizon reminding me
of my limitations
the air was no longer still as a birdsong caught
my ear reminding me of my limitations by
saying *I will speak to you any way I want*
the air was still as a birdsong and I watched the hills
grace the horizon shouldering the weight
of an oncoming day as my eyes and I watched
for hills to reveal themselves
the air and a birdsong wrested calm from my ears
and eyes as cool dew and wild thyme caught
the palms of my hands reminding of my
limitations
dew and wild thyme pressed to my palms reminded
me of visits to hills at the horizon and the green
there which reminded me of the birdsong saying
I speak to you the way I want and of my limitations
do wild thyme and birdsongs and hills speak
to my ears or my eyes or to the horizon?
does a wresting of calm act as a reminder of calm
and an assurance rest can only be a temporary
salve to a permanent state?
does a birdsong speak to the horizon the same message
it speaks to me?
or has it caught my palms pressed to my ears?

He Rapes Me with the Fear of My Own Telling

poem by Beth Walker

*You cannot turn your back on a dream,
for phantoms have their reasons when they come.*

Robert Lowell, *The Ghost*

He watches me through the windows of my sleep,
creeps into cracks of the screen,
silent as moonlight,
into my bed dreaded as fever,
lifts the sheets, rubs words from my body
with his tongue, they are his come.

Fear runs like ink through my hands, my skin.
My words turn like coins,
chink in my palms.
I put them in my pocket to forget his face.
Streetlight faint as a used pen.

He says: Your god is folded within you
like the dress in your grandmother's trunk,
moldy as the pages of her Bible,
threads of your beliefs crumbling like its edges.

I have knocked the moon from the sky
like a plate from the table
and I can pick you up
in pieces from the floor.

When you sleep, your voice slips like a child
between the corner and the bed.
If you lift the covers,
you'll see me wrinkled in the sheets.

When you awake, your dreams will drift
like paper from your desk.
As you reach for them,
your breath will brush and hush them
back under your bed.

Shadows On the Wall

photo by Lauren Jonik



Camp

poem by Zebulon Huset

They used our tears to strengthen the bars.
Painted them on like liquid titanium.
One boy held poker games with blank cards.
One boy told the future's plans
holding the rotting apple he saw them in.
He kept a seed under his tongue insisting
that it would grow into an enormous tree.

He said we would be able to climb
into its branches and swing like little monkeys.
But not escape, he made sure we understood.
Still, we admired his sacrifice,
and always watched his mouth in sidelong
glances for sprouting signs of spring.
They said one had to show joy always.

We drew straws to see who had to smile,
but we had no way to cut them shorter,
so we left our faces blank, and dreamed of paint.
We rolled dice of rat bones for cot assignments.
On cold nights, I slept on the floor
and listened for more potential dice
ticking around my shivering limbs.

Half of the cots lacked mattresses,
so the lucky children donated their
sleeping clothes to soften the woven metal.
Eventually, our tears will paint out
the windows entirely, and when the planes
fly overhead, there'll be no lights
for them to see us by.

Extinguishing the North

poem by Jenna Kelly

I devour universe with atheistic wolves.
I dissect us by tendons and our auroras.
We swallow lakes.
We shake blizzards
off our pelts
like gospel.

I clean their slaughter
with polytheism, cold

voices and icy thoughts.
I chuckle beta and hone
my tongue by the kettle
that boils our waterfowl.

With one howl, the world would tilt

fleeing on nebula legs to the nearest
black hole: our hemisphere, shed off the gods
like fleas left in alcohol. *It is better to*

not exist. We pursue Pluto and ward Jupiter
with Satan's urine. I wonder just how bright
planets can be

while swallowing prayer
and warping their own light.

What the Earth Swallows

poem by Jenna Kelly

She peels back my scalp in erosive phrenology
just as newspaper bark wisps off birches in little flames.
This technique is defunct, but so am I.

Aorta, sputtering like an amniotic fawn.
Gossamer rivers bud into a berry Orochi.

Listen: my veins smack bloody lips,
crane their pulsating spider heads
and snake alien signals
through continental pores.

I regale her with yolky wavelengths and animating constellations.
Depict in anemic tongues how Draco roosts warm within my curls
like chipped-paint Chevys under fresh farmhands.
I am molten, I recall. Eternal.

She pens “palpitations”. Prescribes blood thinners — anxiolytics —
pamphlets for cremation.

Feed me, mother. I can taste the cities.

I mouth treatments like a melting lozenge.
She writes, “There’s a goddamn volcano where her chest should be.”

Point Breeze 2

monoprint by Ann Hoher



Bubble Bath

monoprint by Ann Hoher



A Hand at the Door

poem by Steven Bucher

It was not the hand of unforgiving fate
Rapping coldly at my wooden door
That whilom May-lit morning

No...it was my own hand
My hand offering an oddly unfamiliar grip
And my eye...perhaps
That returned my guttering gaze

And I recalled
How hard driven winter had been
How it ground its teeth well into April
How early daffodils suffered
The late siege of snow and sleet
In hard won solitude and silence
And how spring somehow carried through
Come at last
Blessed upon a breeze

What to say
When so singularly met
But the other simply smiled
Saying "Come"

Great Grandma Is and Isn't

poem by Nolan Hutton

Every muscle in her face
relaxed.
Which had never
happened before.
I'd seen her counsel, comfort, give
the finger for bad driving.
I'd seen her slur, singing Sinatra after clinking generous
shots of Jack Daniels, toasting my twenty first birthday.
This face was none
of those faces.
This was not the woman
that met our son in a dream before he was
conceived. The photographs of her
wryly smiling at some out of frame sarcasm —
 elegantly dressed in blouse, slacks,
 pumps. Each attentively selected
 at Horton Plaza Nordstrom —
are something, but not her.
Her name etched in a stone
set in the earth surrounded by grass
growing as imperceptibly as our son —
 dawdling around the park,
 arms drawn in, primitive
 as a tyrannosaurus rex
is not her.
A metaphor
is not her.
For our son, who is
too young to remember the
dream in which they met, she is

the sentiment urging the crayon
to draw the nascent sun,
house, tree, stick family
holding hands.

Sand Gives Way As Our Nine Month Old Son Is

poem by Nolan Hutton

settled. He scans the playground for something
to charge or squeal at. His eyes pause
on a toddler with a small plastic
shovel. He crawls, sand flung forward.
The boy regards his frenetic approach
warily. My son stops
out of arms reach
to reach for the boy and yell *ah*.
The boy stoically scoops sand then nods.
My son clearly enunciates the word *hi*, grasping
a handful of sand. The toddler eloquently
asks if he would like to play. My son responds, sand sticking
to the saliva on his chin, that he has
homework. The boy understands, he's got soccer
practice and a book report. My son wonders
if the boy has read *Fahrenheit 451*. *I haven't*
had a chance. The boy scoops away sand as he
describes the bathroom remodel his wife
wants. My son wonders aloud about the historically
low interest rates available for mortgage re-fis.
The sand mound encircling them
heightens. The boy hints at the hurt
he felt when his daughter casually brought up
a senior living community. My son politely
chooses not to pry as sand buries his
feet. He is reminded of a dream he's had a few times,
though not in many years.

Something is just
behind me.
I run slow.
A sand-like substance restrains

my legs. I want to see whatever it is
behind me
in this lightless place.
Each time I turn, the landscape reorients. It
remains behind me. The sand
boundless ahead. My muscles strain.
A miniscule remote part of
me remembers this is only
a dream.

By my second cup of
coffee the thin film of
fear is wiped away
like dust from a framed family
photograph.

Bird Song

poem by Suzanne Langlois

Sweet bird of a boy,
blessed be your hollow bones,
swift flick of wing, unblinking eyes
and feather soft breast.
Come rest in my open palm.
To my ears, your silence is every bit
as pleasing as your song.

The first tree loved the first bird
and grew tall reaching for him
as he winged the wide sky.
The tree learned to hold still,
so the bird would come close enough to touch.
She held her arms wide and loose to say
come nest in me, and I will be shelter and no cage.
Perch on the edge of me,
wrap your taloned foot into a ring
around the bare knuckle of my branch.
I have taught myself to sway so
even your dreams will believe you are flying.
When you leave and winter presses
its cold hands into all the spaces you once filled,
I will let go my leaves, send them into the wind
like love letters in search of you.
They will whisper, come back, come back,
I am a rooted being, no winged thing —
my toes are sunk deep in dirt.
I promise I will not move from this patch of earth —
I will be right here where you left me,
a feast of seeds scattered at my feet.
I will be listening for your faraway song.

And when your voice filters back
on the thawing wind and the sap rises,
flooding sweetness through my limbs
my joy will be buds and blossoms —
a green canopy hung above a bower bed.

To love a bird is to watch
what you love disappear over and over
and know that what you love about it
will keep it from ever being yours.
Sweet migratory creature,
graceful black-capped sparrow,
the marrow of your bones is wind,
which sings in you like violin strings
as it pulls you into the air —
the marionette of some poor bodiless god
who longed to sing and dance,
but since gods are blessed
with neither lungs nor limbs,
made you to be his toy and dance
his joy across the sky in his stead.

I have never slept in your arms —
fledged and pinioned into wings as they are.
I imagine it would feel like being
cradled in the laced fingers of God.
But I would not pluck them bare for the pleasure
of lying hammocked between your naked limbs.
I will break my own finger bones
should they threaten to fold into a domed cage
above your feathered head.
I will send you flying long before
my heart turns aviary around you —
my ribs stiffening into a lattice of hidden perches,
each lung a nest of twigged breaths
which catch at the flash of your plumage.

Even if my heart could turn window
and hold the whole sky,
it would just be a beautiful cage,
and I could not bear the sound
of you smashing yourself against the glass.

Gretel Goes to Bits

poem by Lania Knight

This morning the sky shifted
from slate to luminous gray
when I woke from a flying dream.
A spring green blanket across my shoulders,
a fat pillow hugged tight between my legs,
I winged over fields,
bumped my head on the underbelly of a viaduct
and buzzed a couple facing sunrise, singing morning love songs.

Just yesterday, I met Gretel.
Funny I'd never noticed her.
She visited my elementary school once,
her bulbous body sprawled across the blue
aluminum deck chair she planted in the playground.

Her swollen fruit breasts hung like sad, naughty children.
Her crunchy silver hairs sprinkled the grass with every bellow.

She's an old bitch, that Gretel.
Been around the playground a time or two.
When the ambulance whizzed by not four years later,
Gretel lunged from the open swinging back doors,
careened like a four-legged baboon
and found me in my best friend's house,
nearly out the door for a week of vacation.

Gretel knew my secrets, see.
The time I made my cousin play doctor.
The time I watched ruby grapes slip inside my friend's private parts.
The time I hid beneath my brother's desk listening to the dark noises from his bed.

The time I licked the neighbor you-know-where because she said she'd tell my mother if I didn't.

And Gretel, no matter what she wore, was always naked under her clothes.
If she showed up as a skinny spent whore, she was still naked.
If she showed up as a haggard old biker, a mean old man spitting dip,
Gretel, with huge balls and hanging cock, was always there, naked underneath.

So, this morning, when I buzzed and flew with my green blanket and my pillow,
I saw, in the field, a young man who had called to me once in my waking life
on a bridge spanning a frozen river.
My flyinggirlself circled round him,
landed full-on in an arms-around, legs-around hug,
my cut-off blue jean shorts pressed tight between us.
He swung me round, my eyes closed, my body cradled in his arms,
and as we spun, the crunchy bits of silver scattered in the grass sparkled,
now only little bits of colored light.

Hold Up The Sky

new mixed media by M.R. Baird



Tree of Life

painting by Leigh Randolph



I Dreamt of Sylvia Plath

poem by Timothy Hudenburg

I dreamt of Sylvia Plath
last night and the *Bell Jar*

Sylvie why did you have to
take the diving bell

diving too deep
beneath the surface

looking for what
humanity remained

already dead upon arrival
I surfaced soaking wet

asleep in darkened waters
and wept

How Cold?

poem by Tom Montag

How cold, hauling feed
to the chickens? Foot-
stomping cold. Morning
chores, and it's still dark.

The wind works its way
into your mittens.
It's a cold to freeze
your nose hairs. Too cold

to smell anything
now. Almost too cold
to breathe. Someone is
feeding the hogs and

someone milks the cow.
And here we are, my
father, my brother,
myself, tending these

animals which need us.
Again we bend to
duty. Again we
do what must be done.

Dust

poem by John Penola

i.

Months ago, she dreamt
that we sprayed the stars

like dust from a can
and twirled through
pinwheeling worlds

which swirled along
her legs and rolled
off of her ankles

colliding in silver
supernovas, glitter

clouds pouring out
of her toenails
and onto the walls.

We were splatter paint
bound by the shimmering
which shrouded cabinets,

settled on the carpet
in ice-sweet exhaust.

ii.

Last night, I unhung
the final frame holding us,
slipped it glass down

in a cardboard box
marked *burn* before
she was bedridden.

It left two dull nails,
off center, unbalanced,

hammered in awry.

Before I laid the house
to sleep, they caught

the cold glow of floodlight
like stars drifting further,
and further, and further

from the imaginary
lines we use to try to tie the
specks of sky together.

iii.

What will become of the home
I have not known without her,

the strung construction paper hearts
that the sun painted pale for a year,

the sheets sprawled with teal
and yellow flowers she picked
for the room meant for her,

the birthday acrylics, blue-grey
trees mottled with fingerpaint leaves,

the saucer sled in my cellar
we used to drag each other through

our only snowfall in the yard,

the holes in the drywall
that hid behind her pictures,

the coloring book, black and white
inside the flat creased brown bag,

the fruit snacks she stashed
in my pantry so her blood
wouldn't sugar thin and shatter,

the white mug embossed
with a dog I never knew,

the blinds she wouldn't pull
all the way down, so drafts
and tombstones crept inside,

the scraps of lined legal paper
slipped between gold edged pages,

the fingerprints she left in my palms?

In Dreams, I Remember

poem by Tammie Rice

your first laugh, a shimmering golden
light, sunlight on your hair as you ran,
using glow sticks to read at midnight;

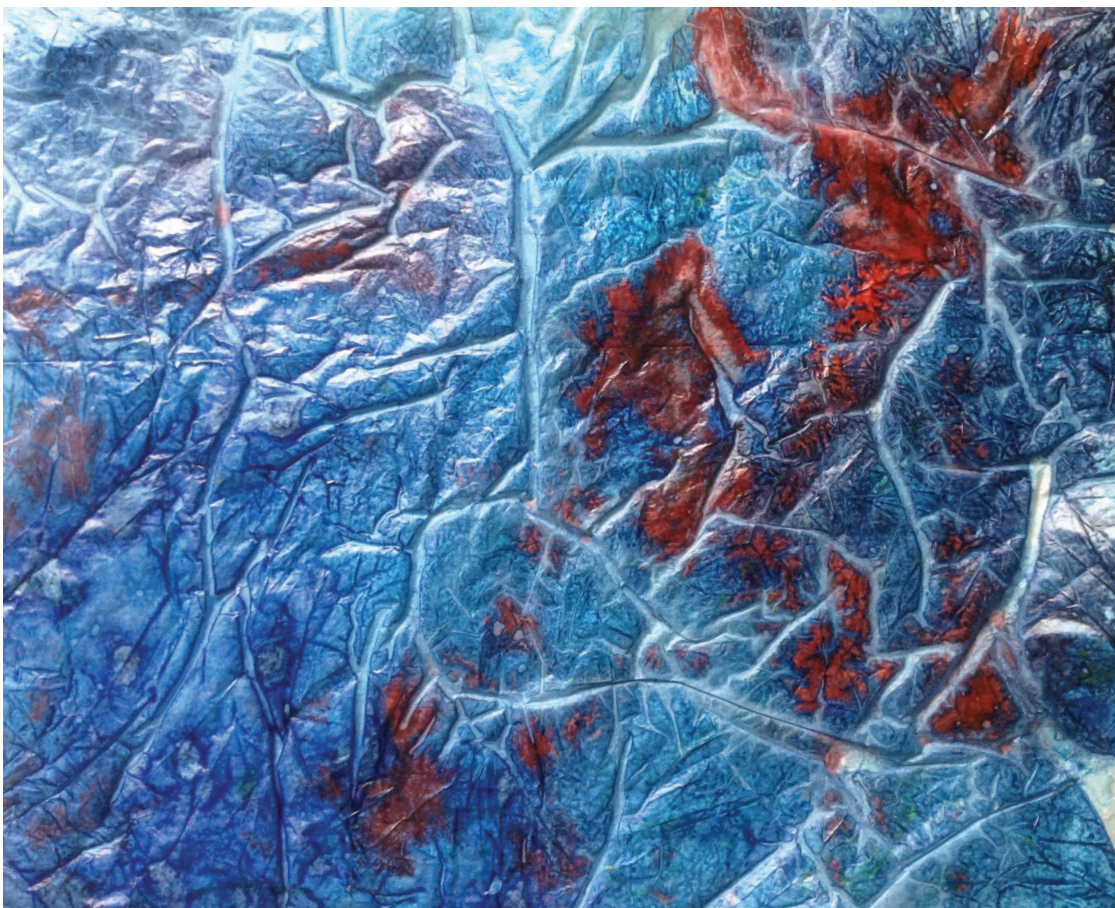
the sound of a guitar, notes dancing between
shadows on a forest floor at noon and
under the shade of an ancient magnolia.

watching you chase bill the donkey,
fireflies and frogs, baby goats at granddaddy's farm,
ladybugs throughout the indian summer.

waking to morning, mourning awakening,
the silence of snowfall, red leaves, red kittens
and the day I knew that I would survive.

Trauma: Grief, Loss and Longing

painting by Christina Kionka



Desire

poem by Anne Britting Oleson

Their home was a box,
the walls chinked tight
against wind, against storm, against tide.
Gales would rage; rain would slash.
Inside, they kept their eyes downcast,
their hands busy at work
which bound them more tightly
to this life, to each other.

Her mother found her
one afternoon on the stoop,
face to the blast from the sea,
hair unbound and wild,
and snatched at her arm--
you'll catch your death--
dragged her inside the protective walls,
slammed the door against
the seductive howl.

It wasn't death she wanted to catch.
Enough little deaths resided
within the four walls
where they huddled fearfully
by the low fire in the grate--no.
She wanted to catch what waited
out there, what prowled beyond
the dull windows she peered through,
that snarling force always
slipping from the edge of sight,
always coaxing, inviting,
in its brash and profligate voice.

On Maria Zambrano - Los sueños y el tiempo

essay by Roger Kamenetz

translation Roger Kamenetz and Mary Jo Heyen

Note on Maria Zambrano and her book, *Los sueños y el tiempo*.

Maria Zambrano, was a Spanish essayist and philosopher who studied under the well known philosopher Jose Ortega y Gasset and taught metaphysics at Madrid University. Because of her involvement with the Spanish Civil War of 1936-1939 she went into exile in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Italy, France and Switzerland, only returning to Spain in 1984. She died in 1991, age 87. She was the author of sixteen books on philosophy, poetry and dreams.

She was very interested in the phenomenology of dreams, that is on the subjective experience of dreams. Her book *Dreams and Time* begins with a discussion of the absence or deprivation of time in dreams. We have translated below the first ten paragraphs of the introduction. The writing is difficult but there is something in it of great substance. There are many passages I am struggling to understand yet I feel the effort is always invigorating.

Reading her work highlights some features of our own approach to dreams. Zambrano assumes the dreamer is entirely passive, whereas we assume in doing the work that the dreamer makes choices in the dream. Arguing against her view is the fact that we see people act in dreams, they are not merely passive observers in all dreams, only in some. However, we take this a step further and hypothesize that the dreamer always makes choices and moreover is accountable for those choices, that those choices reveal inner tendencies or struggles, feelings and reactions, that otherwise might remain hidden. To Zambrano dreams are not a domain where the dream ego can make a choice.

It could be that in our sessions we are supplying something that isn't there, or translating the dream into a field of imagination, of imagined activity within time that corresponds more closely to waking reality where we usually do experience ourselves as free agents. By this act of imaginative interpolation-- adding the element of choice-- we bring the realms of waking and dreaming closer together. (By contrast, Freud in *The Interpretation of Dreams* argues strenuously that no one should ever be accountable for moral choices

made in dreams: one could murder or rape in a dream without any accountability. This is essentially an “aesthetic” view of dreams, in Jung’s terminology. We take the very opposite position, what Jung calls the “judgment” view.)

For us, if a person lies in a dream, it indicates a pattern of lying in waking life. A dream where the dream ego lies provides an experience by which we can begin to explore the subtle ways a person lies in waking life, the qualities and textures of his deceptions.

Also if there’s brutal violence in a dream we certainly want to explore where that violence resides in the person’s life and how it might be expressed. We explore the anger that drives it, and want to know what that anger is in reaction to. We don’t leave it alone. We treat it as if the dreamer were making a choice-- even if in fact that’s just a “healing fiction” (Hillman).

Zambrano is touching on something fundamental here about our experience of time in dreams. She addresses the formal quality of dreams rather than their content, she discusses the way time (and space) are experienced, or not experienced there.

What Zambrano calls attention to is that dreaming in some way initiates us into the nature of time, precisely because dreams provide an experience of reality without time. In dreams, we are *privado del tiempo*-- deprived of time. And this provides a basis for reflecting on what the real nature of time is in waking life because in fact, our time in waking life is often conditioned and codified, constrained and delimited. We think we understand time, but rarely are we directly in contact with the nature of time in waking life. We live in time the way fish live in water. However because experiencing time in and of itself is intense, we often seek to escape it, out of boredom or fear or for other reasons. Only in certain dreamlike moments do we truly taste the nature of time as a phenomenon.

We often willingly enter into prisons of time, that is we do “stretches of time”. We enter into certain cramped tunnels of time-- for instance the state of the dreamer who is worried she will be late. For the whole passage in the dream where that is the dominating feature, time is structured by this idea of “lateness”. (How frequently this is a complete delusion.)

In this case the dream displays what she does in waking life, and often unconsciously. Everything in such a dream about lateness is constrained by that idea of being late.. and quite often we are doing this in waking life, rejecting the more open-ended possibility of what time might be for us, and exchanging it for a very constrained and incomplete version of time, like entering a tunnel instead of walking in the open air. We create jails of time: whether they are the relatively light sentences of turning off an hour to watch a

television program, or the hard labor of some strenuous obligation. Within these prisons of time we no longer experience time in its true nature.

The opening of the prison cells of time, the liberation from a constrained or crunched time, is also seen in dreams: for instance a dreamer who is in a car on a highway hurrying to a destination, will pull over and walk out into the grass. Suddenly the dreamer has left the constrained version of time and entered into an experience of time that is much freer and more expansive. However, when we look very carefully at dreams, time is nowhere to be found. Time is granular, just as our quantum physics suggests, there's a moment and there's a gap and there's another moment. It is only in the retrospect of our dream report that we "add" time to the experience.

Looking very carefully at time (and space) in dreams-- examining the time and space of dreams as phenomena, seems to call attention to the form of the dream at the expense of the content. But in the deeper work, the work of deepening involves both the form and the content of dream in their interaction.

By introducing choice and action to the dream, are we manipulating dreams, and therefore dreamers? It is a serious question. To some extent I believe the work we do is a work of art, an artifice. We create the possibility for a person to re-experience the dream with the possibility of choice, of making choices. This is exactly what Zambrano thinks is lacking in our experience of dreaming -- certainly in most people's experience of dreaming in its raw state. In her view-- and I think she is correct--the reality of the dream is "suffered" (*padecido*) -- except in the special case of lucid dreaming one does not in fact always experience oneself as consciously making choices as one does in waking life. (Though often dreams display decision making processes, problem-solving processes.)

What we do in the session is call attention to the choices made-- as if they were conscious choices-- and this "as if" is an imaginative element, or imaginary-- we are bringing imagination of possibility of choice into the dream. We then also offer the possibility of playing out, of reimagining the dream with different choices. Again in our dreamwork sessions we are injecting or adding this element of will and choice which is not native to the dream itself. However we do this for healing; that is we make use of the dream. We make use of the very "privation of time" and of choice that Zambrano points to, to insert choice consciously after the fact. And in doing so we enter into a dialogue of depth with the dreamer. We establish a trust that we can do this together, and we test it constantly, instant by instant. That is we hypothesize or suggest a choice but we never insist on it. It is a collaboration. We encourage the dreamer to step into the situation and make a different choice. Move closer to the event rather than further away for instance. Don't speak the angry word, but rather stay silent and savor the feeling that compelled

you to speak in the dream. We ask the dreamer to try it on and see if it fits -- to see what resonates-- and to see what comes from this modification of the original dream. (In general we call these modifications, "operations.")

The effect of these operations or modifications is to establish a relationship of trust, and also quite profoundly to change the nature of a person's dreams. The dreams enter into a dialogue with the hypotheses. Zambrano speaks of glimpsing in a "labyrinth of dreams", a reality, she speaks of traveling through the discontinuity of a series of dreams "in a uniform direction." Despite the discontinuities from dream to dream-- and I would add within each dream-- there is a "uniformity of direction." We work to discover that possibility, to help the "glimpse" of reality Zambrano speaks of to widen into a larger vision.

For the dreams in sequence--however discontinuous-- seem to respond to this process of adding choice. (By adding choice we also add motive, time, space, purpose...) By adding choice we bring closer into contact the will of the awake person to the dreaming state.

Lucid dreaming has similar effects. In a lucid dream one brings waking consciousness directly into the dream. But lucid dreaming is more like a sudden plunge from one state to the other, and the willfulness of the lucid dreamer seeks often to reverse the very conditions the dream wishes to propose.

Our way is gentler, more respectful of the hidden depths the dream wishes to offer. Our way requires a dialogue with the dream, whereas the insertion of a raw unvarnished ego into a dream can do violence to the texture of a dream. For instance, to a lucid dreamer, someone approaching with a gun, or the appearance of a snake, may seem the occasion to respond violently. We are willing to consider that these events are intended to help the dreamer feel something new. So our way is more gentle, less forced or forceful, more respectful of the dream, and we think, of the real potential of the dreamer to uncover deeper layers of self. The self that enters into the dream through a process of dialogue with the therapist and with the dream is not the hard varnished ego. It has been softened by contact with the conditions of the dream.

For Zambrano dreaming is a "prehistory", a proto-consciousness. This fits certain known facts: for instance there is dreaming in the womb before we are born. Her work suggests that the experience of dream reality "deprived of time" is a preparation for a reality of moving in time in the waking state. In her sense, dreams prepare us for waking, rather than suggesting that dreams only reflect the previous day's experience.

The excerpt that follows was prepared in collaboration with Mary Jo Heyen.
- Rodger Kamenetz

Maria Zambrano Dreams and Time

Los sueños y el tiempo

translated by Rodger Kamenetz and Mary Jo Heyen

Excerpt from the Introduction

1.

I would not have proposed to make a metaphysics of dreams, or of the reality of dreaming were it not the case that dreaming is the primary manifestation of human life and that dreams therefore offer a sort of pre-history of the waking state, displaying the metaphysical texture of human life (which no theory or belief can arrive at) in a rudimentary and even monstrous form, in incompleteness and in excess, in the helplessness of the individual and his corresponding consciousness, as if taking place before birth. Because the individual, while dreaming, lacks what birth gives him before anything else, even before consciousness itself: namely time, the flow of time.

2.

In dreams life appears without a consciousness of time, like an intermediate step between not-being-- not having been born-- and a conscious life, a life in the flow of time. In this intermediate situation there is no time as yet. Not as yet because the individual is still undergoing [padecer] this situation. Only by moving himself through time can he touch on its reality, only then does he possess the reality that surrounds him in its typical human form through knowing himself. Beneath the dream, beneath time, man does not yet have himself. For that reason he is deprived of his own reality.

3.

Whatever one's own reality is, it's something one can pursue, can glimpse in the apparent labyrinth of dreams; a labyrinth that ends up as a journey, though fragmented, interrupted, distorted and repetitious. It's a matter of following a thread, and more than a thread, a uniform direction across a world of discontinuous dreams, a world that lacks the continuity of waking consciousness, continuity being the mark that distinguishes the two polar states of human life, the hemisphere of clarity and that of shadow, shadowed by the lack of consciousness of time.

4.

It can't be said that the dreamer is deprived of reality, absolutely free of it or outside of it, but rather that he undergoes reality, that he is below it; that he can neither contain it nor arrange it, that he is lacking what would allow him to deal with it adequately, adequately for himself, and for his own condition — of one who is dispossessed, estranged from the reality that overcomes him. Alienated in dreams because of the absence of time. Alienated in the waking state by having to engage time, more freely and more consciously [than in dreams]. While in dreams, lost in reality, even to his own, he can allow reality to appear

without interference or shadow for moments, only for moments. Then if man goes into the waking state by waking up it's because in the initiating dream that seems to be his primary life, he can't reach reality on his own, [in order] to be himself. Because if life is a dream, it's a dream that asks us to wake up. [This is] the initial estrangement of someone who [in life] seeks an identity. And from there comes the anguish underlying all dreams, even happy ones. Because the dream demands reality.

5.

The dreamer begs to leave this state, in which, fortunately or unfortunately, he lies like a larva in his cocoon. [Begs to leave] the state of immanence, that doesn't seem to belong to human life. Because if the immanentist* idea of man corresponded to reality, life would be like dreams; reality, one's surroundings and oneself would merely be endured, commented upon as with dreams: annotated, altered, "interviewed." Even actions with respect to or upon reality would tend to the same condition: they would equally be suffering, passivity.

- Immanence-- refers to an internal reality as opposed to transcendence where ultimate reality is outside.

6.

Suffering--- of what? Passivity--in respect to what? This might be asked of the representatives of whatever type of immanentism. Since-- if man essentially suffers something, it is his own transcendence, his own inexorable transcending. And it can't be said this [transcendence] has [ever] been found by examining the world of dreams. The reality of dreams and the reality in dreams. But yes the [transcendence] lets itself be grasped. It has not been encountered in reality, but it can be discovered. It is discovered , or better, it remains to be discovered, as a phenomenon, that man is the being who suffers his own transcendence. Then it is impossible that such a condition of his being would remain hidden and separate from the more elemental and spontaneous manifestations of life. Whatever man is, has to become visible, legible in his life.

7.

It is then a phenomenon which here I'm trying to penetrate, or better, to decipher. [A] phenomenon in which being appears, and which appearance covers up. The covering up that deals with an event of the psyche is not a simple covering up, but rather a masking, a pretense, a substitution, a usurpation. (From here we discover the mechanism of lying and even of slander.)

8.

The point of view of treating a primary phenomenon traces the path to follow in this investigation. A path or method that is not however the so-called phenomenology owing to Husserl. For various reasons: [but] above all because it is not necessary to practice the [Husserlian] epoche [=phenomenological suspension] of a belief in reality. Dealing

with the world of the dream one must force oneself --very much to the contrary-- to concede to dreams a reality, their own reality, since they confront us with it from the beginning of our waking, in which they appear impoverished to a consciousness that rejects them or simply discredits them.

9.

But in reality this problem doesn't exist, since the reality that we force ourselves to accept about them is, in reality, specific to one part of life, the shadow part. The difference then with Husserl's method resides in a point that could be equally maintained if it were dealing with a phenomenon of the life of full consciousness. And it's precisely to not maintaining the epoche*, [=phenomenological suspension], to not practicing phenomenological reduction, that Husserl's method as practiced has led -- we are not referring to his final thought -- since his final thought deals precisely with pursuing and showing the elements of reality even within the dream itself. Reality in the sense of reality without any more than that, as occurs in the waking state, and reality in the absolute sense, real without any discernment.

10.

If the sense of reality remains reserved for the waking state, remains within it, in dreams one enters a void, one enters into the absolute and when some point of reality appears it is with this mark of absoluteness that only in extraordinary moments accompanies our encounters with real events or objects in waking life. If in dreams something real occurs it is absolutely real due the lack of being subjected to the flow of time, as happens in the waking state whenever the temporal flow is suspended.

Evolution

painting by Priyanka Tewari



The Calling

painting by Priyanka Tewari



The Pull

painting by Priyanka Tewari



BIOS

M. R. Baird is an artist and poet raised on the pabulum of the San Francisco Renaissance literary movement. In a style uniquely her own, indelible images form the poetic ground—bare this deeply confessional and evocative work. “Put language down on paper and stone—for stories raise the storm, breath the place of meeting, humanity—drawn and pieced back and forth between the dreamtime and earth to shed the heavy mantle of skin and let the light prove our making.”

Aaron Bauer received his MFA from the University of Alaska. His work has appeared in *Inertia*, *Poemeleon* and others. His chapbook, *Colloquy of Sparrows*, is available from Blue Lyre Press. His website is aaronmbauer.wordpress.com.

Steve Bucher lives and writes poetry in the Virginia Piedmont. His poetry appears in the *deLuge Journal*, *Artemis Journal*, the *Blue Heron Review*, *California Quarterly*, *NoVa Barbs*, *Calliope Magazine*, *Smoky Blue Literary* and *Arts Magazine*.

Aimee R. Cervenka recently relocated from Florida to Washington State for the second time in her life. She holds a BA in Biology from Rollins College and an MFA in Creative Writing from Eastern Washington University. Her poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Poet Lore*, *Ampersand Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *Ascent*, and others.

Kate Chadwick loves how through dreams and creativity, the rich life of the unconscious becomes accessible and is given form. Her core interest is the promise and predicament of human nature, the exploration of which is deeply informed by her practice of Integrative Dreamwork. She is persistently amazed by the capacity of art to fuse personal struggles and divergent feelings into poetic expressions of self. www.dreamworktime.com

Julie Clark writes alongside dark phases, waxing in the fall and waning in the spring. By the time Earth emerges from its slumber, her hands are caked in soil, and words, after a long winter’s journey through pen to paper, are finally spilling out her mouth, which is smiling again. From Northern Vermont, Julie writes, speaks, gardens, sings, dances, dreams with the belief that all beings, through tangible connection, can heal. Or... Over 300 of Julie Clark’s poems and other musings have never before appeared in print. Thank you for reading one of them here.

Kit Donnelly is a painter and printmaker living in Cape May, NJ. She has shown throughout parts of New England as well as Philadelphia and Baltimore. Recently she has

worked with printmakers Jane Kent and Vicky Tamayko and painters George Creamer and Jim Peters. More of her work can be seen at www.kitdonnelly.com

Thomas Elson lives in Northern California. He writes of lives that fall with neither safe person nor safe net to catch them. His short stories have appeared in the *Pennsylvania Literary Journal*, *Red City Literary Review*, and *Clackamas Literary Review*.

Megan E. Freeman's poetry collection, *Lessons on Sleeping Alone*, was published in 2015 by Liquid Light Press. Her poetry has appeared in multiple anthologies and literary journals, and as commissions by the Los Angeles Master Chorale and Ars Nova Singers. Megan lives and writes near Boulder, Colorado. www.meganefreeman.com

Brad Garber writes, paints, draws, photographs, hunts for mushrooms and snakes in the Great Northwest. Since 1991, he has published poetry, essays and weird stuff in such publications as *Upbook Press*, *Barrow Street* and other quality publications. 2013 Pushcart Prize nominee.

Tzivia Gover, the author most recently of *Joy in Every Moment*, and *Learning in Mrs. Towne's House*, is the director of the Institute for Dream Studies and a Certified Dream Therapist. She received her MFA in writing from Columbia University. She has been published widely in numerous periodicals, journals, and anthologies. Gover holds a MFA, and is a Certified Dream Therapist.

Ann Hochoy is an artist who lives in Ft. Lauderdale and on a small island in the Bahamas called Staniel Cay. She has been printing monotypes for eight years and working with her dreams for ten years.

T.M. Hudenburg is or was or will be a soldier a teacher a poet currently resides outside Washington DC.

Zebulon Huset has been teaching a community creative writing class in San Diego since receiving his MFA from the University of Washington where he was the coordinating editor of The Seattle Review. His writing has recently appeared (or is forthcoming) in *The Southern Review*, *The New York Quarterly*, *The North American Review*, *Harpur Palate*, *Spillway*, *Westview*, *The Cortland Review*, *The Portland Review*, *Bayou*, *Permafrost* and *The Roanoke Review* among others. He was once nominated for a Pushcart Prize and once did not receive the honor. He also publishes a writing prompt blog at <http://www.NotebookingDaily.com> where he posts new writing exercises every day at 12:01am in a variety of categories.

Nolan Hutton is a husband, father and teacher. He wrote these poems while contemplating his first year as a father. He wrote this poetry to record that which was not captured in his family photos.

Lauren Jonik is a writer and photographer in Brooklyn, NY. More of her work can be viewed on: www.shootlikeagirlphotography.com Follow her on Twitter: @laurenjonik

Rodger Kamenetz teaches natural dreamwork in New Orleans. He wrote *The History of Last Night's Dream*. More on him at www.thenaturaldream.com/about/

Jenna Kelly is a neuroscience student at Coe College, working as one of the poetry editors for *The Coe Review*. She is currently steeped in graduate program applications and just trying to stay afloat in organic chemistry. Her poems have recently appeared in *Menacing Hedge*, *The Hamilton Stone Review*, *Sleet Magazine*, and *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, as well as received a recent nomination for a Sundress Best of the Net Award.

Christina Kionka lives in the upper peninsula of Michigan, south of Lake Superior. She is a retired jack of all trades - forester, artist, elementary teacher, bilingual teacher of the Ojibwe language and culture. The best thing she has ever done is to practice Archetypal Dreamwork.

Lania Knight's first book, *Three Cubic Feet*, was a finalist for the Lambda Literary Award in Debut Fiction. She has work in *Short Fiction*, *Fourth Genre*, *Midwestern Gothic*, *PANK*, *The Rumpus*, *Literary Mama* and elsewhere, and work forthcoming in *Quiddity* and *Post Road*. Her next book is due out with Burlesque Press in 2017. She lives in England and teaches as a Senior Lecturer in Creative Writing at University of Gloucestershire. Read more about her at www.laniaknight.com.

Suzanne Langlois lives in Portland, Maine, where she teaches high school English. Her poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Rust + Moth*, *The Fourth River*, *The Cafe Review*, *Off the Coast*, *Rattle Poets Respond*, and *Menacing Hedge*.

Joan McNerney's poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines such as *Camel Saloon*, *Seven Circle Press*, *Dinner with the Muse*, *Blueline*, and *Halcyon Days*. Her work has been included in many Bright Hills Press, Kind of A Hurricane Press and Poppy Road Review anthologies. She has been nominated four times for Best of the Net.

Tom Montag is most recently the author of *IN THIS PLACE: SELECTED POEMS 1982-2013*. He blogs as The Middlewesterner: www.middlewesterner.com.

Leah Oates has B.F.A. from the Rhode Island School of Design and M.F.A. from The School of the Art Institute of Chicago and is a Fulbright Fellow for study at Edinburgh College of Art in Scotland. Work by Oates was recently installed as part of the MTA Arts & Design Light Box at 42nd Street at 6th Avenue, NYC.

William O'Daly has published two chapbooks of poems, *The Whale in the Web* and *The Road to Isla Negra*, with Copper Canyon Press (CCP) and Folded Word Press (FW), respectively. Two more books, *Water Ways* (a collaboration of poems, prose, and photos with J.S. Graustein, from which the three poems in this issue of *deLuge* are excerpted) and *Yarrow and Smoke* (poems), will be released by FW in 2017. O'Daly's translations include eight books of the late-career and posthumous poetry of Chilean Nobel laureate Pablo Neruda, published by CCP. His translation of Neruda's first book, *Crepusculario (1923, Book of Twilight)*, will be released by CCP in 2017. O'Daly, a finalist for the 2006 Quill Award in Poetry, was profiled by Mike Leonard for NBC's *The Today Show*. A National Endowment for the Arts Fellow, his poems, translations, essays, and reviews appear widely in journals and anthologies. He has received national and regional honors for literary editing and instructional design.

Robert Okaji lives in Texas. The author of the chapbook *If Your Matter Could Reform*, his work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Posit*, *Shantih*, *Platypus Press*, *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, *High Window*, *Panoply*, *Eclectica*, *Into the Void* and elsewhere.

Anne Britting Oleson has been published widely on four continents. She earned her MFA at the Stonecoast program of USM. She has published two chapbooks, *The Church of St. Materiana* (2007) and *The Beauty of It* (2010). A third chapbook, *Counting the Days*, and a novel, *The Book of the Mandolin Player*, are forthcoming this spring.

John Penola teaches high school English courses in northern New Jersey. He writes, records, and performs electronic-rock music under the moniker of Maybe Bomb. His poetry debuts in this issue of *deLuge*.

Anika Prakash is a sophomore in high school and the editor-in-chief of *Red Queen Literary Magazine*. She currently serves as a co-news editor for *Two Views Magazine*, a poetry editor at *Parallel Ink*, and a prose editor at *TRACK//FOUR*. Her work has appeared in *Venus Magazine* and *L'Ephemere Review* and is forthcoming in *Halo Lit Mag*.

Leigh Randolph retired from dentistry to the Gulf Coast to open her connection to her creative muse through her dreams and art.

Tammie Rice is a self-described poet, potter, philosopher. Tammie's passion for language almost equals her love for coffee and chocolate. She lives under a piedmont sky with 2 cats, 8 koi, 5 goldfish, a small turtle named Cooter Brown, and a husband she really doesn't deserve. Current pursuit of an MFA in creative writing at her alma mater, Mississippi University for Women, began as self-directed grief therapy after the death of her son.

Amy Elizabeth Robinson lives and writes in the mountains of Sonoma County, California with two children, a husband, and lots of deer, quail, squirrels, scrub jays, and spiders. She holds several degrees in history, from Princeton and London and Stanford, but took a left turn and ended up in Zen and poetry, where she is pretty much happy. She is a Contributing Editor of the Pacific Zen Institute's online magazine of Zen and the arts, Uncertainty Club. Otherwise, her writing is forthcoming in *Literary Mama*, has appeared in *Vine Leaves*, *DASH*, *West Trestle*, and two Bay Area anthologies, and as part of Rattle's innovative online *Poets Respond* program.

Holden Taylor is a writer living and working in Savannah, GA.

Priyanka Tewari is an artist who draws inspiration from the uniqueness of life, the mysteries surrounding it, and beyond. On her road to self discovery, she believes, life is a mysterious pathway to the real world. Her work is a combination of painting and poetry. It is a journey that is deeper than the color and texture on the surface of her paintings.

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer's poetry has appeared in *O Magazine*, in back alleys, on *A Prairie Home Companion*, *Rattle.com* and on river rocks. Favorite one-word mantra: Adjust.

Beth Walker has creative work in recent issues of *Storm Cellar*, *Rag Queen Periodical*, *Persephone's Daughter*, and *South85*, and long essays in the books *Pass/Fail*, *Practical Composition*, *Critical Insights: American Creative Nonfiction*, and *New Perspectives on Detective Fiction: Mystery Magnified*. The poem published here came from her dream journal, which she has kept all her adult life.

