



SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW

POETRY



SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW

AN INDEPENDENT POETRY MAGAZINE

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO SUNDIN RICHARDS
MAY 16, 1973–JUNE 19, 2015

I awoke in a different
place my wounds all
healed.

—from Sundin Richard's poem *"The Hurricane Lamp"*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POETRY

ERIC PAUL SHAFFER

Winter Storm Dawn 1

The Printer 2

JEFFREY ALFIER

The Regular at The Five Star Bar 3

PAUL BENTON

To Take It There 4

The Day I Killed Bigfoot 5

JENNIFER GIVHAN

The Last Act 6

Miscarriage Interpreted Through Animal Science 7

Elegy, for Sunday 8

JENNIFER MOORE

Poem with Her Back Against the Wall 9

Lizzie Borden, 1860–1927

Gramophone 12

DAN O'BRIEN

The War Reporter Paul Watson Hears Some Phantom Words 13

What Really Scares the War Reporter Paul Watson 14

ELIZABETH LANGEMAK

In the New Soccer Net on the Track Where I Run Laps 15

CASSANDRA-HALLEH DELANEY

Wrong Turn 16

C.F. SIBLEY

The Soap Opera Actress Practices Tragedy With 17

Her Bottom Lip

Regarding Your Call 18

Hedging 19

MERRIDAWN DUCKLER

Gauzy, then clear 20

J.G. MCCLURE	
Three Ways to Keep Going	21
THOMAS COOK	
Things Forever Speaking	23
JILL BERGKAMP	
What I Learned in 2nd Grade about Confession	24
KATHLEEN MCGOOKEY	
Two Kinds of Anger	25
SARAH MCKINSTRY-BROWN	
Persephone, Watching the Spring Storm Roll In	26
Epithalamium (Persephone's Song for the Bride To Be)	27
Persephone's Guilt	28
Persephone Tries to Grasp Autumn	29
MARY ANN SAMYN	
Dullness and Fear	30
MICHAEL MARK	
Comfort Food	31
FREYA ROHN	
Fall	32
ACE BOGGESS	
Letter to the Funeral Director Who Fell Down	33
While Pulling a Gurney Up a Flight of Stairs	
Elegy for the Audience	34
CAL FREEMAN	
How to Write the House Upon the Sea	35
PATRICIA CASPERS	
Your Mother Tries to Describe Tree Blossoms	36
JIM DAVIS	
Limitless Birds	37

STAR COULBROOKE	
Cooking Before the Frost	38
SARA BIGGS CHANEY	
The Strange Tale of St. Margaret, Who Made the Foul	39
Fiend to Lie Down And Smite Itself For Sinne	
The Birth of St. Eulalia	40
THEODORE WOROZBYT	
Sleep	41
Obligate	42
STEPHEN DE JESÚS FRÍAS	
Caught a Fox Once	43
Coffee in My Kitchen	44
LINDSEY ANNE BAKER	
Antitrust	45
GEORGE ELLIOTT CLARKE	
The Destruction of Africa	46
MERYL MCQUEEN	
JX313	52
JOAN COLBY	
Driving Lessons	53
LISA BICKMORE	
Now Disappear	54
Midnight	56
WESTON CUTTER	
Lapse	57
Finger Decisions	58
DANIEL DONAGHY	
Making Shepherd's Pie on St. Patty's Day While My	60
Neighbors Have Make-Up Sex	
GARY MESICK	
Travel Tip #42	62

HENRY FINCH	
Getaway Plans	63

AARON ANSTETT	
Kingdom, Phylum, Species	64

KATE KINGSTON	
Malleable Clay	65
Mare	66

JAMES E. ALLMAN, JR.	
Cleave	67
Astrophysics	69

BOOK REVIEWS

GARY DOP	
<i>What Things Are Made Of</i> by Charles Harper Webb	70

JUSTIN HAMM	
<i>The Cartographer's Ink</i> by Okla Elliott	73

ANDREW HALEY	
<i>Last Psalm at Sea Level</i> by Meg Day	76

JOSH COOK	
<i>Father, Child, Water</i> by Gary Dop	79

MICHAEL MCLANE	
<i>Sediment & Veil</i> by Kirsten Jorgenson	83

BOOKS RECEIVED	87
----------------	----

BIOGRAPHIES

CONTRIBUTORS A-Z	88
------------------	----

SUGAR MAKERS

STAFF	94
-------	----

WINTER STORM DAWN

Wind tears through the trees, and the house creaks
like a redwood in winter. Little limbs tick on the walls,
and ragged tarps on the neighbor's boat flap

against their ropes. Through the window, leaves are black
tatters in a torment of gray. Streetlights dim the valley,
and the far ridge is a dark line between dawn

and rising rock. Not a rooster crows. Not a dog barks.
Storm haze blurs the edges of the neighborhood,
and the stars are long gone, even from our hillside.

Above the tufts of cloud, a glow of rose illuminates
tears in the folds of the storm. I know it's early,
but I wanted to wake you so you could see this light.

THE PRINTER

My last command to “Print” secreted a page crowned
with a green streak in the shape of a heart but nothing
in black and white. The blank page was a puzzle.

When I unfurled gray plastic doors and removed the trays
of empty sheets, there was a miracle within. That recent spill

of coffee laid down the grounds for something green.
I drew the cartridge out, and through the hole, I stared
into a new world. Sprouts of that vibrant shade we know

so well from the forest trail and the newly-grooved garden
shone within. Those first pouting pairs of rounded leaves,
like hands cupped to receive the sky,

rose between metal tracks and plastic walls, gleaming
with the light I let in. I had no choice. I turned the machine

into a planter and brought the soil seedlings crave.
Now, I write each word by hand, all my letters loopy
and cursive, and soon, I’ll be harvesting beans.

THE REGULAR AT THE FIVE STAR BAR

You're downtown LA,
and a barmaid
you've got twenty years on
if you've got a day,
high-fives you for playing
Roger Miller's
"In the Summertime"
on the juke. As if that ancient
tune from a late singer
who'd served in the Korean
War to avoid jail for stealing
a guitar was somehow
the ballad of her own youth.

In the visceral slap of her palm
your faith is renewed
that the best music never dies,
abides by its own
calendar in backstreet
hovels like these. When you rise
from a piece of mismatched
furniture to leave, the music
inhabits you with all the surety
of the shadow you'll cast
on the 3rd Street sidewalk,
that dark outline the indelible
ink that owns you.

TO TAKE IT THERE

for D. S.

He wanted to take it there — that was the day &
he was alive & the room was full of light —
one song after the other — he wanted it — he
needed it — the collision of sound as the

afternoon began its fading — neighbors growing
annoyed — take it there — he wanted to be taken
there — pull the gigantic essence into
focus — he needed it more than he needed

life — when it came to life there was a missing
link — life just wasn't enough — in the fading
into the evening — & he turned up the volume —
song after song — each song I suggested — they

just weren't doing it — taking him to that place he
needed to go — he began naming off songs &
I began to find those songs but when I played
them — each song — turning up the volume — a look

would come over his face — he squinted his eyes
tightly closed — it wasn't happening — nothing was
doing it — if it had been twenty years ago he would
have ripped off his shirt & ran out the door &

into the street — breaking bottles dancing barefoot
on the fine sharp glass — but it wasn't twenty years
ago — it was that afternoon — & it wasn't working —
he couldn't get there — to that place — & his eyes
closed so tight.

THE DAY I KILLED BIGFOOT

The day before yesterday, I think, or
the day before that, I'm not sure if the
date matters now, it was one of those days
in that long string of days that bring alive
each story — but, anyway, I was out
there, and the wind was blowing from what seemed
like every direction at once. What
am I doing? What song was I singing
there amidst all that snow and ice and wind?

It had to be done, so I sang the great
song of death because I had no place to
go — that was all I knew. When I stumbled
upon the beast, it was asleep. One round
did the job. “You’re not so big now, are you?”

THE LAST ACT

was for juggling breakables like bodies
like collectibles: the child's heart, its own

small body like a hope high enough
for a trapeze artist flinging across swings,

a white kite of skin and bone, the torn white t-shirt
of a girl who dangles herself from the cold bars

of a jungle gym—how upside-down flying feels
like bodies of trees with their flickers of leaves

rustling but that wasn't the sound my body made
bewildered by boys throbbing me for fun the way

a vintage circus is fun before the lion escapes
or fire rings a body that cannot keep her safe—

I went to the circus and held a spider's body
but she wasn't as spindly as I thought of a spider

nor are bodies ever just skin and bones
and hardness where one expects something softer.

MISCARRIAGE INTERPRETED THROUGH ANIMAL SCIENCE

After mating and laying her eggs,
the octopus with a brain the size of a clementine

goes senile. She welds herself into
a cracked teapot she'd grown fond of

then dries up. Researchers find her yards from her tank
finally still after days of odd behavior.

What size was her heart?
That's not what we mean, of course, but the neurons

in her arms as if each had its own brain—
when cut, will regrow. When cut,

will continue searching for food then surrender
prey to mouth as if the mouth were still attached

and still I lie on my side instead of my belly, pillow
between my legs. This is more than phantom limb,

as the octopus must know. What is it like to be an octopus?
What I'm asking is how we carry on.

ELEGY, FOR SUNDAY

*And I came to call him Sunday, for he was my day of worship,
his body crucified to mine—*

Love in the stranger bed on Sunday
rain undoes the day's sun
knowing what I know about you, love

in the heart of my bed
(in the church of my body)
Sunday's the body's heart

any day I cannot warm your blood—

oh love, blood, Sunday,
where is your heart and the purple plums,
orange in the peels of the bed on Sunday?

You peel an orange and hand
me a newspaper I'll never read for fear
of what I'd find there.

It's Sunday, and there's death in the world
and rain—

What's gone from the heart on Sunday,
man in the flesh of the dead, or stranger,
it's Sunday every day till I believe.

POEM WITH HER BACK AGAINST THE WALL
Lizzie Borden, 1860–1927.

*The marriage of Andrew Jackson Borden to Abby Durfee Gray,
January, 1865.*

Mother—

once I watched you
 cup an egg so tightly;
 you opened your hands

and there it was, intact,
 though your knuckles
 were white from the pressure,

the delicacy of the force
 mounting inside the yolk.
 Its shell should have imploded

but didn't. You said
 *An egg can only be broken one way;
 an egg in a fist is protected. But an egg in a fist*

will never become a bird.
 If I hold the body tightly,
 what emerges is not beak

or tendril but
 hatchet. To break out,
 the thing becomes its own

weapon; yolk becomes axe.
 But what breaks from the shell
 is a blade with a handle of hair.

After the second burglary, 1891.

Every robbery happens
 twice: the taking of the thing,
 and the reminder of the theft

when something else is stolen.
 I was robbed of my mother,
 and every robbery happens twice:

a body seized, then the loss
 recalled when something else
 is gone. A set of silver, then

a candlestick. Our barn
 was ransacked, my mother
 taken again when the horseshoes

were stolen. In the space
 she used to occupy, the horses
 nest in hay. At times I weave

their manes together.
 There are times in which
 I intertwine their dark tails.

At Maplecroft after the acquittal, July, 1893.

At times like these
 when I have no need
 for arsenal, I become my own

operetta. Without
 leading man, opus or foil,
 I breakfast on whiskey and quince

but dream of tightened hair
 and playbills, the drama
 of taking the stage by force.

And this is the problem:
 like a furnace, I consume;
 like a furnace, I resolve chaos

through bonfire. I am
 both aria and applause:
 the sustained melody, the long bravo,

then an entire audience
 walking the streets,
 looking for its origin.

GRAMOPHONE

Inside the night and its closets,
you keep company with a handful of noise.

The thin universe gets up and goes.

From argument, evening;
from evening, night,

then the long walk toward the self.

Hey, listen; I try not to stay put.
But let's face it: you always hang out

under a cloud of your own making,

and it's my rooms
you've wandered through,

forever leaving the scene of someone else's crime.

Well, guess what? Heart's a heated thing,
a scar un-repaired, not prepared for the knife.

Hello, storm, I'm your friend, too;

the sky not waving back, a deliberate machine
leaving my life the way it is—

scratch that. The way it was meant to be:

each letter read to the tune
of its own applause,

every darkness ignoring a knob.

THE WAR REPORTER PAUL WATSON HEARS SOME PHANTOM WORDS

A visiting British psychologist
is looping two words in automation
in the left then right speakers, reversing
while warning her audience, These are words
and not words that a person is speaking
and also no one, and always these words
are unreal. Synthesized. Children may hear
playtime, elderly hear *you die*, dieters
no pie. Rolling their heads from side to side
like insomniacs upon their pillows,
or a slow-mo drowning en masse, the crowd
teases different vowels and consonants
out of the warping madness. You will hear
what you deserve. Says the psychologist,
Let's try another. The War Reporter
whispers to the Poet, Anything yet?
Rainbow, replies the Poet. *Run away*,
smiles the War Reporter, *no brakes. Welcome*,
laughs the Poet, *love me. No way, no how,*
nowhere, thinks the War Reporter stumbling
over legs and feet and heads, desperate for
the exit. The audience is laughing
at the brain quirk. Parapsychologists,
this visiting British psychologist
jokes, tell me I've rediscovered a way
to hear the dead. But no one can tell me
why different people will hear different words
entirely.

WHAT REALLY SCARES THE WAR REPORTER
PAUL WATSON

He's not afraid to die. Like Lazarus
unwinding his winding sheet in pursuit
of rebels in camos. Headbands with creeds
cross-stitched in Arabic. Rings on fingers
like Liberace. Pinging city streets
with Allahu akbar! before hammering
bullets around corners. *Sniper curtains
rent asunder, we had to make a run
for our lives across the street.* Hands on knees
in laughter in the alley. Laddering
into our own sniper's nest. *Boys are born
to war, and men to die in them.* Sharing
a bowl of milk tea by candle stub. Death's
almost like a friend, the war reporter
writes again. It's all this time spent waiting
around that just kills me.

IN THE NEW SOCCER NET ON THE TRACK
WHERE I RUN LAPS

The hole swings
like something

caught in the net,
broad and slack

like a body
that struggled

and died as I slept.
Anyone can

see how this
cut is the work

of someone thriving
alive who came here

with a question,
and a knife, and maybe

some friends.
Anyone can

imagine how
the hole that now

hangs like a yawn
was for one

black moment
probably more

like a jaw slack
with shock, as one's

jaw gets when
an interrogation ends

with an answer
no one expected.

WRONG TURN

Today her boy takes a wrong turn
and never gets right again.

Just now, she's home cooking spaghetti sauce
planning what to say to the cable people.

Every month she's paid that bill
one time late, there's a disconnect notice on her door.

It's always that way
no give in the fabric, no second chances.

When the cops call, they won't ask
if she sent him out with a good breakfast.

They won't care she worked overtime
to buy him the kind of sneakers he wanted for school.

The child she raised has done something terrible
and likewise, something terrible will be done to him.

He will not be home tonight to eat spaghetti with her
in front of the blank TV.

THE SOAP OPERA ACTRESS PRACTICES
TRAGEDY WITH HER BOTTOM LIP

Its pink cellophane
trembles slightly and
the mic picks up
a plastic clack from one
small teal chandelier
hanging from her ear.
By the couch,
you undo me
like a jar. Your skin
vinyl damp where
you hold my face
to the floor. Above me
you are busy
rehearsing
your humanity.
I know better.
I can taste you.
I watch you
pour me out
on the hardwood
oxeyed pumpjack
drilling the desert blind
for whatever it can
get. Behind
her glitter lacquer
flat static. Your eyes
white disks
of the animal as
it walks into the road
and decides
to be ruined
or to run.

REGARDING YOUR CALL

I return to the demands of my body
shaky, a foal made to move

forward. I leave the house
to watch the salt drifts

wind my feet up the ridge.
The sky crinkles

gold with cold light,
leaves bleach ticket white.

The wind shrugs them into the air
like a bad bet.

I want my beauty
like this, simply

but here you are
anyway

refusing the season,
veining the hill heady

with lilies. Their bodies hang
milk heat on the air

reach sugar fingers
in my throat, make me repeat

the story to its end:
where the foals go

when they leave the mare
bleeding on her side.

HEDGING

The man on the metro surveys me
hungrily. In the window the stone rushes by,
hard and dark—I was raised in a place

far away from tar, where starlings scatter
winter in the fields like nutmeg, grating skyward
from the stone lobes

of soybean rows, where the season strips off its sheet
and reveals the hedges baring their cages beneath:
tall fossils forbidding

the bodies of children from the field beyond
where the dogs wait and hulk their white haired husks
and December makes their eyes daily

more wild. Across from me
his jaw works slow and square
on something inside carefully untying.

GAUZY, THEN CLEAR

Once I smoked a whole pack of cigarettes in two hours
Wow you really like cigarettes someone said and
that was my most sophisticated moment to date
even though I smelled like the lady who ran the kennel
and I looked like the old Jewish guys in the steam room,
wearing white clouds on their head like a wok.

All night, all night I sat between pillows
rolling little opinions between my nice fingers
and flicking them out into the night. As soon
as you're done with one, you can light up another
I discovered while my ignored admirers wagged like puppies.

And wow, I thought, wow I like being grown up,
as the sky became rosy behind me, not slowly
but all at once, the whole sky, not a corner in which to hide.

THREE WAYS TO KEEP GOING

after photos by John Divola

1. *As Far as I Could Get*

See how the gray sky and grayer earth divide,
how the ground slopes left and the mountains right,
forming balanced imbalances above the gathering scrubgrass,
above the dust-path he's placed precisely
at the center. Count up the hours
he spent driving deep into the desert,
tripod and camera filling the passenger seat;
count up the time we spent learning
how to be with each other. Think of how,
when everything at last was perfectly composed,
he set the countdown and sprinted far into frame.

2. *Seven Songbirds*

Each is circled in light. The picture demands:
let us look here and ignore the rest. What we
have come for is here. Here, light has chosen the birds
and forsaken the branches. This is how it must be: all else
dark and blurred, our bright attention pinning
the ruffled wings in place.

3. *Artificial Nature*

Each landscape was a construction. I mean this
literally: the tree in the photo was not a tree;

the tree was plastic, paint, and silk. The tree
looked just like what it was not. The artist looked

inside his own deceptions, and almost still
believed. That last Sunday, in the gallery,

you looked just like you.

THINGS FOREVER SPEAKING

Spake the poet, of the sum of things, or the summer of things, or in summary of the things the senses seek because we simply cannot bid the senses be still. The poet spake in reply, two hundred and fifteen years ago in seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, to expostulation his friend Matthew spake to him; why the poet was dreaming on top of a grey stone? Where were his books? Could all the speaking tongues of the world put all the things of the world to rest? My calculator speaks to me. I keep a note from an old teacher tacked to the wall of my cube; it speaks to me. (The book of the poet's poems of course speaks to me.) My watch also, ticking away no one's hours as it rests on the base of my computer's monitor. What is the language of all this speaking? Surely it's not the old gag, the language of my clothes whipping by in laundry truck, the language of the bourgeoisie observed by the bourgeoisie, but is it a new gag? A continuation of an old gag? A caraway seed, whiteflowered, seasoning or medicine depending on the time of your arrival? It is the sound of a seed. Its tongue. A seed in sensible clothing. The weight the grapefruit lying on my desk has shed for fourteen months. That is speaking. That is where the poet is when he is not at home.

WHAT I LEARNED IN 2ND GRADE ABOUT CONFESSION

You will want to do the right thing. Like the cartoon mouse
in the blue coffee cup, you will try to contain your heart,
press it back to your chest, only to watch the knot of it

rise in the other direction. The man grasped the pulpit
that Sunday, and confessed his affair, because sin,
a cancer, if unconfessed, can work its way through

the whole body of Christ. His daughter had already told
me about the lipstick, the woman's name strange
on our tongues the night I lost a tooth at her house,

and her father brought a cup for rinsing. The church body
seeks to contain the penitent, to record another entry
in the book of how we fail ourselves, and others. His smell

was different, her mother said months later, and lipstick wax
mimicked torn halves of butterfly wings on his collar. No sea
wind could erase the scent rubbed on his sleeves, each lie

of omission. The church is sorry this short film is not
brought to you by a god who can contain us, or a confession
you could spray paint under a bridge, and wash out

with soap. It is floodwater rising, its wreckage
on the grasses of all the buildings you said you left abandoned.

TWO KINDS OF ANGER

A possum on the dirt road, pink mouth open, insides bare to sky. Alive with flies. Their mechanical buzz rises into the day, into the promise of heat shimmering over the swamp. A swallowtail, its yellow wings bright with sun, dips and swoops through the swarm. It lands at the wound to feed.

PERSEPHONE, WATCHING THE SPRING
STORM ROLL IN

Teeth on skin, the sky darkens
and everything,

even the tree that branches low to the ground—its bright fruit—

takes me back to him.
Split and cleaned of stem and pit,

at the root of every tongue lies a heart,

so I gave it to him. Seasoned by those starless nights
and the heat of limbs, while Mother sat

on her crumbling throne, how easily I turned to kindling,
the whole world trembling above me.

EPITHALAMIUM
(PERSEPHONE'S SONG FOR THE BRIDE TO BE)

Do not pity me.
You are the one

shackled to the sun,
and yours is a life

of shadows.
Maiden, wash away

the memory of a window
that gave you sky.

Strip your tiny bed.
Spin in your white dress,

your stained mouth,
your borrowed tongue.

Forget the songs
you knew by heart.

When he grasps your wrist,

your blue eyes
burned to ash,

you will open your mouth
only to ask

if he is hungry.

PERSEPHONE'S GUILT

Roots tendrils into dreams, whispering
rain, rain, rain. I wake parched, hunted

by my own name. When I close my eyes
I see the bouquet gathered that day.

I try to change it, but the story sticks.
Flowers tumbling from my hands,

shattering, the hyacinths in shards at my feet, slivers
slipping into my fingers when I stoop to gather them.

His want had me trapped me in my skin.
When the door moved, it was only, always,

Him. And when he entered, I closed my eyes,
saw the mouths Mother had emptied with drought,

hollowed and filled with dirt.

PERSEPHONE TRIES TO GRASP AUTUMN

My mother's grief. It was impossible

to imagine. The leaves turning, falling
underfoot. All that sky caught between branches. *Where*

will the birds nest? I asked. He said I should be glad

that I was not so small. That my fate
wasn't tied to a single drop of rain. As if

I were not tongued to his heart, tied
to my sex. I began to wish, not on petals,

but on glistening maggots, what eased the rot,
freed the bones to sing.

DULLNESS AND FEAR

November is a shipwreck in the mind.

Indoors, all sticky attention.

Outdoors, the deer likely don't know they're mine.

Whenever I think of the apple cart, I'm the apples, also.

See how you like it, says the errant sky

and the big lakes turning over on cue.

Naturally, I dwell on this.

Then, explaining, get it all wrong.

COMFORT FOOD

“The whole world’s gone cold,” I tell Lois, when I mean now the supermarkets have frozen Indian, frozen Thai, frozen vegan—endless aisles of freezers—explaining why I can’t get warm. We are starving for reason, and all we can do is get the food requested by a grief-stricken mother. And we can’t even do that.

The text response to our, “How can we help?” is “Fruit candies in the shape of dinosaurs and sharks.” They are for her middle child, suddenly, as of this morning, her oldest living son, for when he arrives home on a bus tonight from college to be with the family, to wait for his brother’s autopsy report and whatever comes after that.

We hate asking for clarity, but we are overwhelmed in the snack aisle and can’t get it wrong on the worst day in history. She texts back, “It’s kid food.”

In the aisle of the supermarket, repeating, “It’s kid food,” a healing prayer no less holy than ones chanted in temples, we fill the wagon with boxes of lime brontosauruses, pineapple triceratops and rainbow Tyrannosaurus rexes. The only things in the store, in the whole world, that make sense.

FALL

My window broke yellow this morning:
leaves wheeling with each
shake of light, birch
trees hooked with
sullen coins, the matched
reefs of candle flames
as sudden as sun breaking

breaking through summer
exposing some mescaline
otherworld, and waking

with these leaves
now warblers in the inevitable
wind, the world becoming
one cadmium sun in a
corner escape of window blind—

blinded, I thought
how kind death is to leaves:
mothering the fading abundant green
to reveal the burnished yellow
undercarriage, wired
and hollow as bird bones

falling on the wind's
shoulders
to end on the earth's
instep, quiet as breath
made visible
in the first cold,
disappearing color
into a bleed
of snow.

LETTER TO THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR WHO
FELL DOWN WHILE PULLING A GURNEY
UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS

with what ease life makes its presence known
in that hour its twin raises the jeweled scepter

like a sacred clown before your Native tribe
you perform this sudden slapstick

a comedy of errors to teach us
there waits movement underneath the flesh

what it means to be human
even when we wear the granite face of loss

you fall & are falling forever
like a baseball tossed from orbit

at least you have others to bear the deceased
while your legs stiffen straighten stretch

as solemn as the skull of Yorick in its grave
when the spotlight dims the ritual remains

ELEGY FOR THE AUDIENCE

no matter what the minister says he does not know
if this man made arrangements with the Christian god

Jewish god or the no-god-at-all
in an emptiness of interconnected atoms

fire raged & fire dimmed to whispered snaps of twigs
in between a man danced with feet of a surgeon

the rhythm of an umber leaf
testing wind from the ground

as you dance now
silent & afraid to cry out in too-piercing voice

that life is a song on the radio
fractured with static & playing on

while you slide with heavy steps
into another room

HOW TO WRITE THE HOUSE UPON THE SEA

Nettles thick around the berries, planks
Emptied from the eye, grains in wood
Like bruises in my father's shins.
A silver lamp with a convex base
In which the face fades into the background.
Heat through the glass. I didn't want to square
Myself in a square of sunlight
On the hardwood floor, post-Euclidian
As I had become. Thorns as sharp
As concertina wire, the dog's booming
Voice, saints invoked by my mother
Doggedly guarding the porch
In this neighborhood nobody bothers to rebuke
For its sins. Personal history
Anachronizing space, hood ornaments
Planted in the garden. I never wanted to round
My shoulders this way, to look this casual
In a cataclysmic world, but I was born
With this back, and there is no other
Kind of world, except this house,
Its interiority turned up like a collar,
Its nape and eaves' isosceles boating
Through the thickening clouds. Stone
Of the early universe stacked on either
Side of the walk amassing planetary
Proportions in the book of recursive axioms,
In the theory of initial blasts and incipient
Propulsions. Crustacean bodies blanche
In sunlight, water of the barrier reef
Clear as windexed glass and the mind
Scrabbling the stones, hungry,
Cloying the impossibly-humid air.

YOUR MOTHER TRIES TO DESCRIBE TREE BLOSSOMS

in her neighbor's pasture, how she can see
them in the gully below as she and her dog, Frankie,
step from the red clay of the ditch tender's trail
into the narrow bend toward home.

All week she tries to tell about the white blossoms—
apricot, apple, or plum, she's uncertain—
and also about the sniper on trial, or the sniper
who was killed, but you weren't listening.
You turned off the radio and the TV, too,
because some weeks call for that kind of silence.

Now driving your mother where the two-lane road
cuts through blue oak savannah, the fields green despite winter,
despite drought. She quiets the music to talk of the soldiers,
a wolf-legend—and the actor with his quick bulk.

She wonders at the nature of the brain, of a man with a gun,
good and evil, and you have something to tell her
just as you pass that pasture, the gully, the tree with petals
like white votives flickering the dusk.
What was it you were going to say?

LIMITLESS BIRDS

In a room overlooking the endless
parking lot, Oak Street, livestock

scale, she wagged her stump of tail
and asked what became of the place

we came from—patiently waiting
for liver—kidney biscuits in a blanket

on the steel table. We came from
a place like this one: saline, boiling

rivers of descent, little boutique shops.
Are we going home now, she asked.

No, we didn't say, but held out our palms.
Fogged sunsets take years to explain.

Old master will spend Sundays hoeing
snakes in the garden where she's spread.

Weary in a room above an endless valley.
There are hills. There are trees, there are

branches bent with birds. They are quiet.

COOKING BEFORE THE FROST

"Into the red / Eye, the cauldron of morning"
—Sylvia Plath, "Ariel"

"Red sky at dawning, Sailors take warning."
—Folk Saying

Rain pours hard as knitting needles
down from a black April night,
cruellest of spring storms, killing frost
on its surly heels, no pity for the apricots.

I stir egg yolks and white sugar for lemon
pudding, wait for bubbling thickness
to cook into clarity, milky starch
glossed to a sheen we eat with spoons.

Rain suddenly stops. We know what this means
for tomorrow's prickly fate, red sky
too beautiful for any good to come of it,
bird bath frozen solid, finches dropped
from bitter perches, blossoms black
on every tree that blooms this cursed month.

I must use the whites before they spoil
so I beat them, foam to peaks. Add sugar,
vinegar, vanilla, sweet, sour, sweet
or the stiffness won't hold when put to heat.

Dark clouds roll in again like chocolate
folded into egg whites, puffed
meringue at the end of baking, bitter
sweet mouthfuls of shadow and air.

THE STRANGE TALE OF ST. MARGARET,
WHO MADE THE FOUL FIEND TO LIE DOWN
AND SMITE ITSELF FOR SINNE

Oh she that was a pearl of great price—Oh she that was not a daughter of revels—
It happened that men came with iron combs to slake her skin for red waters.
It happened that they made her throat to run over with milk and honey.
It happened that they delivered slick crawlers to make a house within her.
And bitterly, her sisters wept when she was hung upon the instrument of truth.
And terribly, the father counseled her. Then she said:
Let my persecutor make known his scales, his mouth of ash.
And for what followed, she was thereafter called the rare pearl:
Granted power to defoul fiends and make them to dwell in strange places.
The devil appeared before her as a dragon and he swallowed her whole.
And in the dragon's belly, from her small finger, came a terrible flame.

THE BIRTH OF ST. EULALIA¹

After I was a girl, I was a dagger. My tongue speared the eye of the infidel. And after,
I came again in a barrel-rattle seed, wombed in coconut
wood, mark of the cat's eye. Inside,
I was fine china, riding wind,
glass sharded
and the sound
of shatter,
but no
broken thing,
no, I was a vestibule,
a chest with windowed
eyes, and from my rent neck
came His feathered intercessor, singing:
Write your name on the stone streets, daughter,
stain the hills of Barcelona with the smell of your salt-daughter, write your name.

¹ *St. Eulalia, virgin martyr of Barcelona, was subjected to thirteen tortures. One of them, commonly known as "Eulalia's Descent" involved her being stuffed into a barrel stuck through with knives and rolled down a street in Barcelona.*

SLEEP

Now is more fresh water than ever. My bird hurts. The left one. Fill the hole first with water, then the roots. The thrasher pecks like a metronym at the centipede. I ran outside, they became the same color. I am so looking forward. The wind was so fast the swift flew right there, where tiny turtles gathered slowness into their chain. Two plants were like planted feathers, one beet-colored, one white as an echo. The alarm reversed its number and nothing changed, or a little. Balance isn't, on a mushroom hidden by a brick, an orange hat. I tossed over my shoulder something lighter than salt. The clicks slid and looked from beside the interiorings of corners. Beckoning was better than thought. My jacket was thin as Danish pumpkin. The little girl found more four-leafed clovers than eggs, I heard her say that in the moth that just flew from her lips. Ever, more than now, sleep seems more than it is.

OBLIGATE

Am I sorry enough from obligation to look at some blood on the floor. I will never see you again, is something I could easily say to first one person. Walking along the gravel paths run around the reservoirs, I see that far means near, too close, nearer. I bend down, to pick up hatchling turtles emptied by birds, and I mean to keep each one, but they are soft, so small. I might have in some other era topped a large brandy snifter with such shells and slid it along a coffee table beside my match collection and cigarette box. Instead they balance each by each on upon my fingernails, the ones I've cut into the sink.

CAUGHT A FOX ONCE

What you is ma'am is a fox,
oil in a pot,
burning with no match.

no—

You ain't what you was that night back in February.
The air was full of paint & snow, the wind was tulips

bricks against my gums. Warm blood in my mouth,
blanked out. Call it a shock, you & me.
Bury it by a brush or sand or a shirt.
Ran out with no shirt or caught with my pants down.
Warm scotch burned my mouth on its way down.

You probably cackling, sly, sly woman—

only as far as I can throw you, I say.
Slush snow turned to rain.
That night in South Boston
dirty luck bird shit in your hand or is it two in the bush.

I was younger then, with a dog & all.
This morning barking at my door, black & haggard,
up all night chasing—

Red fur caught in his mouth, trailing blood through my room.

COFFEE IN MY KITCHEN

The smell of being alone:watching the neighbors from my yard:sun would hurt my eyes at five in the morning:mi mami used to tell me to stay away from barbed-wire fences:I am seven & my light skin burns easily:peek between thorny borders:my neighbor picking too:picking shards:glass from broken frame:& dirt:don't know his name:he's a mirror & his skin burns like coffee on lazy Sunday mornings:I wonder what papi does on his days off & why he doesn't never come with us:papi is a road with skid marks:like oil & sweat:fingers spotty:sitting in my closet:I know a secret:there's an elf inside his head that's scared of dying:tamarind colored:her name is Matilda:munching on mangos from their tree:watching him slice open his fingertips:she asks him:why does the sun burn:because it can:he tells her:& I think I know what love is:in a closet playing house:playing dominos:in the closet playing checkers so she'll king me:mami says I remind her of papi:some nights I hear her crying:she says she misses home:but we can't go back now:call it mourning:for breakfast we take our coffee black

ANTITRUST

In my fantasy I can convince you I'm not worth it
I don't want your secrets
or a common knowledge
the code to get into the building
the doctor appointment on Tuesday
the way we fold towels

It's not serious and growing
the size of us
I eat
alone

THE DESTRUCTION OF AFRICA

By Bartolomé de La Casas*

I.

Lemons—these handy suns—bob,
enlightening green, glossy leaves,
as dawn orients us—
gold-leafing sea and summits,
shadows creeping and shrivelling
as light welters up from the east.

Clouds cakewalk the fine line
splitting illumination from shade,
nevertheless, Lisboa is becoming
flagrantly, irresistibly sunny

as, nigh the docks,
each bone-hard dick vacates each whore pouch—
the whiz-bang boys leave off
each wham-bammed bitch,

and clamber back on decks
to acquire their dishonourable wages.

Laughable, fallible, are Portuguese,
each playing an unbreakable miniature
of Our Lord.
But every Lisboan is really Lebanese,
just blacker in soul.

The Moors gave all Iberians
Black eyes, black hair, olive complexions.

But we give ourselves black hands and black hearts,
striving to swallow all of Africa,
a feat no one has managed!

**This priest (1484–1566) promoted the African Slave Trade as a humanitarian answer to the implicit genocide against Aboriginal peoples, who were then perishing in the millions throughout the Americas.*

Now, everyone white
carries a secret, black stain

because we make the Atlantic—
Pageantry and *Tragedy*,

and we make the ocean itself
a burial society.

(Water wrinkles and distorts our faces
til they are as withered and wretched
as our souls.)

Everywhere we pass,
we render th'Atlantic
a bitter Leviathan,
and our every landing
becomes a pretty place for a cemetery.

Conquistadors—would-be—
we're really vampires, pirates,
galloping down waves,
trampling down waves,
going about black-garbed like *Death*,
brandishing fake haloes,
storming the south continent
to draw-and-quarter blacks,
drive swords through black bellies,
nail black brides in their beds,
and hand out crucifixes and shackles
like candies,
while seagulls pester...

We leave Africa looking like X—
spear-pierced, glued, spiked to a cross.

Our traffic in nigger'd humans—
the phallus of African ebony

(profitable, prosperous beam)—
requires such unsustainable bleeding,
such serious *Evil*—
that our conch-shells thunder screams.

Al fresco holocausts in Africa,
saltwater pogroms on th'Atlantic,
all these grotesque *Pollutions*—
mothers hacked up, sunken in murk,
babies shot to pieces—
are forever indelibly wed
to our imperial gambit.

Our *statum civitatis*—
our Commonwealth (Latin)—
procreates Shakespearean deaths
by sword and cannon.

II.

Leaf through *Os Lusíadas*—
the epic by Camões:
Portugal enacts a dressed-up Crusade,
splashing red-cross-red blood
over maps—
Africa, th'Atlantic, India, Cathay—
as we machete through *Geography*
and *History*,
shadowing lightning,
and erecting Calvary in every colony,
every backwater's backyard.

Tote up the pounds of stolen black flesh
as a tonnage in gold:
Thus, we bankroll a civilization,
a *Faith*,
where Christ is a fetish,

warbling *fado*,
His guitar in hand,
sadly crooning His *fatim**,
and hunching over,
as if already hefting the heavy Cross
a real nigger
will trouble to assist Him with.

Yet, we treat each Negro
like a half-ass messiah,
to be beat up, muck-spattered,
tortured,
and whipped so as to stumble on—
sleepwalk—
Zombie-like—
through (our) shit.

Even so, the Crucifixion
is not always a convincing *Horror*,
even if every saint is depicted

experiencing sweetest suffering.
Such *Pain* is not always transfiguring
of our *Immortality*.

(Can one comprehend the ocean
by studying a single glass of water?

Just so, the mass hurts of the slaves
are invisible in th'Old Masters' paintings
of smiling, perishing martyrs.)

Our *Conscience* hears Negro music
as razors slitting our ears.
Their voices strike us
as jagged scraps of lightning
slipping out a *huracán*.

**Latin: Fate.*

III.

Oh, Lisboa,
along the streets spilling to the harbour,
black earth is mixed up with white marble;
nasty, white gulls shriek overhead
as massed black slaves are loaded or off-loaded.
Meanwhile, our sons, brothers, fathers,
gulp port and green wine,
green wine and port,
drink sprightly, decade-old, juvenile port,
then parade new niggers to the stocks
at Rossio.

The stink is too much:
We are getting rich.

We pasture black bulls nigh our white cathedrals;
their stench intrudes upon our incense.

(Their members may yet violate our virgins.)

IV.

White men, swagger;
white ladies mince.
Priests prey on
poor whites who pray on and on,

while merchants pray for more black prey.

Pray you pass the whitewashing shadow
of our numerous, white-washed cathedrals,
our impressive, marble-and-gilded churches—
or just the cramped, narrow doorways
and balconies and windows
smelling pungently fresh

due to linens hung to dry,
wafting Christian aromas of soap, water, and wind—
something clean and cleansing—
versus the dirt of the black trade.

Keep watch from *Torre de Belém*—
that white-marble confection
(L-shaped like a boot),
set in the azure Tagus—
to sight our homecoming vessels of *Plunder*.
In their bellies,
Negroes lie stretched—
pressed flowers—
but some are as rigid as gold bars:
Dead.

(If a slaver flounders, fine:
One salvages decking
and barrels from such wreckage.
Negroes are not wine.)

[Intermission. To be continued elsewhere.]

[Lisbon (Portugal) 10 *mars* mmix
& Arras (France) 15 *mars* mmix
& Nantes (France) 16 *mars* mmix]

JX313

It's the oldest yet: Ours
To catalog, another sun's
Horizon, a spatter

On the lens. A precious find.
Right here in the neighborhood
Sending out a welcome note

To show us where we've been. Mind
The gap between what's understood
Before the new. Promote

Stellar clocks to dredge the stars
For iron in the dust. One
Label doesn't matter,

More or less.
We cradle and build monuments
To our best guess.

DRIVING LESSONS

It stuck with me, the admonition
“To look forward, never back.”
A rearview mirror, “who needs that”
Except to check the stock trailer
Swaying behind, the horses locking
Their hocks for balance. For years,
That’s how I drove. Blind luck.

I was 14 and eager
To see how fast that Caddy could go
On those Montana roads.
Sherry held a quart of beer
In the suicide seat. On the radio
Someone sang about
Living fast and dying young.
I double-clutched and jammed the pedal
To the floorboards. That Caddy could
Do 120 flat out on the way to Roundup.

Yesterday’s news: my old jeep subject
To recall: a rear end collision—
Ruptured gas line, a sheet of flame,
That, while I paid no attention,
Has been gaining on me all this time,
Waiting for the day I suddenly brake
To avoid something in the road ahead
While the mirror I never look at darkens.

NOW DISAPPEAR

I needed to prove myself to California:

I am of you, and not of that tribe

that refuses your wet cold flesh

come out of the water

like a god half-hard in soaked trunks:

I wanted to be taken by angels,

rapt messengers to unravel me,

my intercessors with that

city most embodied as ripple

and shine on the tenebrous water:

my last light a boy

whose body gleamed

perfected at seventeen: I wanted

jacaranda and jasmine, pelargonias

growing like shrubbery because

winter never spoke its

stern no:

to fall into an infinite tidal brokenness

with sand grained under shoulders and hips,

a fine bedecking of my wet skin,

the fragments of shell underfoot,

that purple secret nook

at the broken hinge: why couldn't I,

migrant stranger born in a city
I had no knowledge of, brought here
unwilling from Arizona,
girl in a sailor dress and knee socks,

why couldn't I dissolve?

—fall into the sea, universal solvent,

slip into her having taken
off my clothes, leaving my shoes

at the shore giving just one backward look
at the god I was never to marry:

edges blurring into light,
envoy of the strand above:

become beautiful,

light to dark
pale to salt

MIDNIGHT

Dusk and the light behind her.
—Ulysses

At the bedside I've assembled my glasses,
the tumbler of water I'll need at four and six,
the crossword I've not finished, and set
the little phone to wake me at seven.

I'd be lying if I said I'd stopped counting
what the years subtract, an expense
no one ever asked me to approve.
I flip the duvet. It flies, billows, releases

an airborne division of my lost cells.
Tot up the sum of these reminders.
Settle in, each blanket pocketing a little
last light and air. Even up the edges

to my chin. There: the glasses, alarm,
half-filled puzzle, the water for when I wake
to hear the night-spiders, creeping black
and blacker.

LAPSE

I can no longer remember what I confessed
when I first and only sat with darkness + screen
between me + priest : this was fourth grade :
my biggest sin then my desire to touch
or fall facefirst into the lacy pink-clad breasts
of the bra models in the JC Penney catalog : forgive me
anybody for wondering too acutely about
what happened in movies as the couple
embraced and the camera faded to the black
of intimacy : who knows if I'll ever confess
again because today's faith is tailored to yes
terday's storms and of my sins I know little
regret : last week I built the backyard fence
+ now the dog's instincts are circumscribed
so when the rabbit bounds from sumac's shadow
to property edge the dog can chase only so far
before standing like a left-fielder watching
the homerun fly disappearingly by : when N
pulled off her shirt I breathed the desirious nights
I fell asleep gripped in JC Penney visions
then touched her, trading the liquid of wonder
for the coin of knowing : like a baseball card :
like fear of cliff's height offered over
for wet thrill of splash, the dissolve and submission :
like sugar hardening atop rolls fresh
from early morning ovens, how anyone gradually :
granule : bit by bit : bends to take what shape
our sweet heatness demands sans rosary
or apology, blessing or need.

FINGER DECISIONS

Because the fat ugly woman in the white minivan
and being tired. Because groceries in the back
rattling around warming and defrosting and
that in the pet store the line'd been another
bullshit inconvenience to put up with. Because hot,
the fact of Walmart there across the endless
shopping center parking lot where carts are colorcoded
to work with the store's primary scheme as if
my lettuce or Ace bandages need a well-accessorized place
to rest after being chosen but before being
groped, beeped, stuffed into a sack like hostages.
Because I somehow feel I deserve to not have
to put up with what I do though what
I put up with is nothing's cousin, nothing's
imaginary friend. Because the fat ugly woman
hailed through the intersection when it wasn't
her turn to. Because in the pet store the translucent
goldfish mouthed against the flank of the black
fish it shared the tank with, the black one halfsucked
into the filter, motionless, and because
that goldfish discovered that day he or she had
cannibalism in it. Because I first didn't see and then
didn't care that the fat ugly woman's daughter
was in the passenger seat as I flicked them off
as they passed, as I mouthed *you fucker*. Because
of what we do and don't learn about while sitting
beside the people who invented our blood. Because
what I have to put up with is the world which
unfortunately always includes me at least as I
experience it which means anger at the sun
for nuking the zinnias + harshing the sweat pea,
exhaustion because the neighbors choose to care
for their dying father rather than shut up
the fucking dog barking all the livelong day.
Because the father's always dying. Because
maybe the black fish jammed itself into the filter
to prevent the goldfish's suctiony death and so
not cannibalism but gratitude, like kisses from

a loved one freckling a doctor's cheek after he says
we've stabilized him, he'll be fine. Because the spruce
visible from this window is festooned with maple seedlings,
future trees in actual tree. Because it's easier to believe
I know where every last thing should go than
to believe everything might be like the tiny oak sprouts
in the yard, five of them now, tiny + compelling evidence
I maybe should've waved and mouthed *you're perfect*
or tried in some way to thank the fat ugly woman
as she drove her white minivan out of turn through
the intersection to wherever she was going which certainly
must be yet another place I'm more than a little wrong about.

MAKING SHEPHERD'S PIE ON ST. PATTY'S DAY WHILE MY NEIGHBORS HAVE MAKE-UP SEX

My neighbor Mike is a lowlife ass hat,
a drunken douche clown
with a dipshit dog and a pencil for a penis—

or at least that's what I thought
his girlfriend Sue yelled at him
this afternoon as I peeled parsnips

and carrots, chopped celery root
and onions and garlic,
as I hummed along to "Danny Boy"

and "Galway Girl" on my side
of our shared kitchen wall,
only half-tuned to their fight

until something shattered over there
and the dog yelped
and Sue shouted-screamed,

really, shredding her throat—
that it was over.
The keys to Shepherd's Pie

are the potatoes and the lamb,
first thrown together
long ago by a frugal farmer's wife.

I don't know who threw
Mike and Sue together,
but I have a hunch it wasn't Jesus—

who nuns taught us was a carpenter
and a shepherd of sorts—
no matter how long Sue held

the high notes of His first name,
 then His last
after she and Mike make up,

no matter how angelic her falsetto,
 how pitch-perfect
and soothing her vibrato

over Mike's garbage disposal,
 Mike's wobbly kitchen table,
and against the thin wall dividing us,

where Sue got particularly religious
 at one point
before halting mid-word like

she'd just noticed she was lost,
 then finding herself again,
then again, singing increasingly off-key

in a tongue reserved for the saved
 while my lamb sauce
simmered rosemary and sage, thyme,

Worcester sauce, while my potatoes
 lay boiled and bored
and Sue thunked some part of herself

or Mike against sheetrock and wood
 with the insistence and metronomic
precision of a choir conductor

or of any good carpenter or shepherd
 committed to driving one last
fence post into rock before calling it a day.

TRAVEL TIP #42

If you choose to buy a *Vogue* in Paris—
Not to read, but as a souvenir
For the girl you left behind—
Look for an unsympathetic kiosk vendor.

You say “*Vogue*” as in “rogue;”
He says “*Vogue*” as in “dog.”
The nuance is lost on you, but not on him.
You agree, the difference no difference to your ear,
And affirm the rogue, who insists on the dog,
And back and forth you go until
Either he turns away to receive another’s custom
Or you master the open mid-back rounded vowel.

And your lesson in applied phonetics
Will serve you better and more faithfully
Than the magazine,
Or the girl.

GETAWAY PLANS

Speaking of galaxies,
what steady, deliberate pendulums you have,
what black eyes.
O mouthful of tennis ball,
I hereby request access to the President
as he/she greets a spotted doe.
You can drive a horse to burning oil
but you can't make him dance down the produce aisle,
and that's how diamonds are born.
Visions of dogs in matching grey sweat suits.
More and more power, therefor more
and more safety, therefor I hear the police
outside, clumsily snapping twigs. Animals
purchase other animals and obsess over
shortening hours for the sake of gunfire
and ballet. We don't have enough
extension cords to express ourselves.
Bulldoze the landfill into the sea.
Explain depopulation
without voting ugly off the island,
howling along with the TV in your lap.
Generous creation of injury,
faces I've never been are disappearing.
Fire in a fitted linen suit,
here is a starburst worth of No.

KINGDOM, PHYLUM, SPECIES

Today where we stand stands
for that span as matter's center.
All that air and land and water
around us leisurely sprawls.
No more sitting around feeling
like capital H History's consequence
in quote-unquote reality. Today
I vow to fall asleep reciting
chronologically by discovery
animal species until the flickering
I feel in my arms and heart
becomes a solid purple field,
until such time as we speak
the glittering names of stars
and flowers a new language reveals.

MALLEABLE CLAY

The slab roller waits for me to feed
it a daily ration—White Dover, Adobe
Brick, Dark Chocolate. The wheel
whirs clockwise sending sprints of mud
onto my apron, my jeans, my shoes,
my floor. Sprints of mud like a carousel
of laughter splintering through air
landing with a cool sizzle. Behind me,
the minute click of a kiln rising
to temperature warming the concrete
walls. And my favorite sound, the ping-ping
as the pots cool on the shelf releasing
heat, that constant ping-ping into air.

I think *kick wheel*. Kick, I kick. I think
form. I form a ball with my hands.
Bend, I think bend over the slip,
over the wheel. I think *glaze*, apply
liquid glass, let it dry. Focus. Center.
I am always centering to keep clay
from spinning across the room
like a heavy snowball. Centering
so I can pull up cylinders with height,
pull out bowls with latitude.

Who is in this art studio with me?
Eve, of course. Who else? She tells me
the centering is what matters, how to press
clay between my palms, apply pressure.
She says Adam is upstairs in the office
checking on the internet for a pair
of used waders and fishing gear. Eve
is downstairs with me and the tools
—slicing wire, calipers, wooden ribs,
needles, knives. When she reaches
out to touch the clay her thumbprint
resembles a navel, her fingerprints,
the cloved hooves of deer.

MARE

Her breath nuzzles my fingers
teaming with city musk.

Eye, a charcoal briquette.
Hoof unfettered moraine.

Saliva dampens my palm,
as she gathers oats with her lip,

almost like a kiss, her muzzle
pressing into my lifeline.

CLEAVE

1. *Cleofan* — to split

Imagine a dotted line around a neck. Imagine
'cut here' written there. And me standing with a meat cleaver.
Now imagine how hard your neck and head would
hold each other. Like a baby cleaves
to a pacifier. Or a toddler, might, laughing,
legs and arms locked about a shin, riding a shoe.

2. *Clifan* — to adhere

As everything must hold on. As long as it
can. And didn't you use a 'paci' much longer
than was appropriate. No one could break you of it.
Even though we tried to scale its use back to just
the traumatic events and during long
naps. But *everything* without became so traumatic
to you. Who am I to judge—
I sucked my right forefinger
into the first grade—hiding my whole body at naptime
from my childhood peers—but mostly my lips,
my embarrassment, under a blanket—
lest I be cut to the bone by all the small scalpels
they wielded from their eyes and
force-fed me while we ate sugar cookies, together.
Do you remember when there was no holding on. And no need to.

3. *Clofen* — divided

Nor do I. And still my fingers grow tired. As when I
stood over your bed while you were sleeping,
fumbling nervously with a pair of scissors,
intending to cut another 1/8 inch from the nipple of your pacifier.
A trick we learned from another equivalently struggling
parent. And how I had such mixed feelings.
Still do. We had to cut it to the nub before you would
set it down for good. For good—
even now I don't pretend to think that it was

4. *Toslifan* — sliver

all good; though it was good. There's this sliver in all things:
the word, itself, serving up such mixed signals—as
everything that cleaves also
cleaves, is a knife's edge
between them. How you looked so miserable,
pulling the sheets down from your face, waking to each fresh cut.
And though you don't remember, now,
weeks later in your bed you were so frantic. Looking under
pillows, 'lovies' and blankets for it.
I picked you up in my arms to settle you,
the sliver that you were back then—so close to my heart
and head—and thought to myself, as much as said: *Hold-on*.

ASTROPHYSICS

From Greek, *astro*-, “star” + *physis*, “nature,” “emergence,” “being,” or “presencing”

Like the birth of a star, crowning once out of a pocket. Put in a pocket
by a youngster enchanted by pockets. Along with
an igneous rock and a green plastic army guy—one cannot be too prepared

to ride off recklessly out of the Horsehead nebula—
kicking up collapsing clouds of dust and interstellar gasses,
riding on the headless horse, heedlessly
holding a hat, let’s say it’s a cowboy hat
lifted skyward. Yelling, *Yippee!* or *Yeehaw!* around
the rings of Saturn, cap guns blazing.

Such is light and the movement of light. And the birth of light.

The solar wind is always in its hair, as it flies past many moons,
for many moons: Io, Callisto, Amalthea, the undone
belt of asteroids, the Bellicose
planet, too, discarding its shirt and shoes and hurtling into
the stratosphere. Gathering *here*. On earth as it is in heaven, naked and
childlike among the crickets at twilight.
Such a humble hour to be singing gospel hymns
to mosquitos and fireflies. And for us—
to gather all of them as stardust. To stuff into the deepening pockets of night.

WHAT THINGS ARE MADE OF
BY CHARLES HARPER WEBB
(University of Pittsburgh Press, 2013)

REVIEWED BY GARY DOP

Charles Harper Webb's poems pulse with comedy and wit, but the distinguishing feature of his latest collection, *What Things Are Made Of*, is his unflinching, honest study of contemporary life. Void of contemporary niceties, Webb's book tackles the things of our lives. With all his usual humor and ease, Webb writes of our simplicity: "Brains hold tight to what they think helps them survive—"

Although this statement could be dropped into a thesis on cognition—familiar territory for Webb, a PhD in psychology—the line is included in Webb's inquiry into *Jackass: The Movie*. Here, he navigates the oddness of remembering the ridiculous film and failing to remember loftier material. The line itself may as well serve as the motto for Webb's critique of contemporary culture. *What Things Are Made Of* suggests that so much of how we are taught to survive in the world is based on clumsy survival mechanisms and social ruses.

Webb, the humorist provocateur, playfully dismantles our constructions and returns us to our simplest *things*—pleasure, taste, our historical moment. What other 21st century poet would dare to cry out, "I adore my privileged American life!" In "At Lamaze," where the above line appears, Webb is not employing the privilege buzzword to tackle its expected associations of race, class, or gender, but he also does not shy away from acknowledging and celebrating the benefits of American life. Most other poets would feel obligated to soften their exclamation, to feign a sense of the humility in recognizing an unjust world. Webb, however, finds the moment where false humility is unwelcome and where a singular voice drops pretension in order to fully appreciate a good thing.

Webb knows that the father in a Lamaze class celebrating life—via yoga, sitcoms, and electric garage doors—cannot suddenly consider the larger world. The father says, "Forget global warming and overpopulization," and this is not meant to dismiss the world, but to present the honesty of a father—and, of course, to make us laugh. The father rejects everything that hinders celebrating what he now sees: how fortunate he is to have modern medicine that insures his child and wife will survive delivery and that, years ago, insured his own survival through a difficult birth. There is no space here for the father to give an aside to the troubles of others. This is unfiltered fatherhood, a man consumed with one

family and survival. The poem closes: “I know for sure I’ve won life’s lottery,” and we find no lingering falsity or superiority, only unhinged appreciation, gratitude.

This freedom is refreshing, and nowhere is it on greater display than in the collection’s opening piece, “Nostalgia’s Not What It Used to Be.” The poem, a burst of Webb at his most sardonic, considers the ice cream truck from a postmodern literary theorist’s vantage, but rather than applying a theoretical lens to the ice cream truck, Webb applies a full catalog of postmodern lenses, which ultimately serve as absurdist mockery, and one might say, deconstruction, of postmodern theory:

The products sold reinforced a Capitalist hegemony—

*Fudgesicle (racist), Eskimo (not Inuit) Pies, Torpedo
(military-industrial imperialist), Popsicle (no Momsicle), etc.
The sugar in our treats deconstructed sweetness into cavities,
obesity, diabetes. The (always) man in (always) white—
who pulled, from the back of his condensation-smoking-truck,
products iced with polluted air which our tongues melted,*

*loving the cold jolt—may have been a child-molester,
exploited immigrant, or untreated dyslexic.*

Webb rejects the expected angle—the inclusive delicacies of politicized criticism—to show that clunky theory can steal us from, well, the ice cream. Thankfully, his poems end with more than a dismantling; Webb regularly pushes toward the thing that matters, the taste that is good.

In “Bimbo Limbo,” for example, we laugh our way through his lusty recollection of ex-girlfriends. Here we receive the untethered male gaze without the filter of 21st century pleasantries, which provides a more honest platform from which the poem can spring to its truer aim, our mortality. His bimbos, we learn, have been lost to the likes of “breast cancer, car wreck, some disease I’ve never heard of,” and it would be false to pretend that the speaker’s memories are more heightened than “Britney’s heavenly thighs” and Jessica in cutoffs. This is a poem, after all, about the dying human, an animal, and the animal need not pretend virtue when considering those like him who are, “keeping heads out of the river, enjoying the swim / and view, though the current’s picking up.”

There are other poets, no doubt, who venture down these waters, but Webb, ever the adventurer, takes the unexpected branch. Suddenly these ample bimbos in Catholic limbo have semantically freed Webb to shift celestial limbo to the venue for bimbos doing the limbo—"How low can you go?"—for his speaker's satisfaction. Even here, Webb can't end with absurdity. The poem closes with a stanza to elevate the memory, the hope, the loss, and the bimbos, who are no longer objectified figures, but have become catalysts for the thing that matters:

*A place where that happens can't be too far
From heaven, especially if my old girlfriends are there,
God being Beauty, after all, God being love.*

This is this poet laughing and smiling, not the poet believing in God and the afterlife. Webb finishes his trek with the honest, corrected memory, the realization that the experiences lost, imperfect as they may be—the experiences we're all going to lose when we slip under the current—are among the supreme things, the fullness of beauty and fleeting love. This poem, and the whole of *What Things Are Made Of*, reminds us that an honest angle and a laugh are at the core of things that keep us alive.

THE CARTOGRAPHER'S INK
BY OKLA ELLIOTT
(NYQ Books, 2014)

REVIEWED BY JUSTIN HAMM

Okla Elliott's *The Cartographer's Ink* begins with an invocation of a certain light. "The Light Here," we're told,

*[...] is a light that yellows the periphery.
It is not a light that brightens the center.*

*It is mixed from an overcast morning
and the electric urban dust.*

Such light sounds familiar. At first, perhaps, it seems like it could be the light from a Caravaggio painting illuminating the gritty beauty of its subjects. But no, that isn't quite right.

Read on and it sinks in. Maybe the source is different, but this light is the light of an old Russian novel, of something written by Dostoevsky. It is a light of melancholy and seriousness, and the whole of *The Cartographer's Ink* seems bathed in it—from Tesla, who in "In the Days of New Wonder" watches a brown bear through an open window and sees death, to the landmine that lies in wait and "dreams/the echoing boom/and the wet bloom of meat and bone" to the phone booth in Mannheim, with its "Soot—film on the glass,/the pollution so thick in this city."

Elliott incorporates a world map's worth of locations and an entire history book of time periods into the collection, but the light remains the same, and ultimately we come to see it as the light under which things appear most as they are. This is just one of the aspects of the book that holds it together and makes it more than simply a gathering of strong poems.

There are others. Also built into its architecture is a recurring exploration of the life of the mind and the difficulty in reaching an ideal that is out of range—from the aforementioned Tesla to "The Man Who Named Bees," who shows delicate interest in his field of study but "at night, he slept / beside his wife, / whom he wanted to love / more generously," to the speaker in "I Want to Be a Buddhist—Or Reading Heidegger Midly Hung-over" who tells us, "I want to be a Buddhist but I can't because I like whiskey / more than enlightenment."

Elliott is especially exciting at a line level. He manages to surprise with the phrasing of his lines, but they are built of a readable lexicon, too. There is a playfulness, certainly, but no trickery. The images are clear and imaginative and sometimes hilariously bawdy, as in “A Hot Minute,” when the speaker tells us “I’m facedown on your front lawn, / my eyelids flame-red membranes.” Consider, too, this description from “Shibboleth, Beginning and Ending with Lines from Kim Ch un-Su,” which shows Elliott’s mixture of inventiveness and clarity:

*Like cracked brick, like pristine anarchy,
we sprawl on this carpet, my rough fingers
in your hair.*

At other times Elliott can be gorgeously plainspoken, such as in the opening lines describing the fish in “Nightfishing”:

*By the beam of a plastic flashlight,
I saw the torn shadow
of a carp flopping hard against
the boat’s metal bottom [...]*

Section II of *The Cartographer’s Ink* is occupied solely by the long narrative poem “Emerging from Clouds.” The strongest and most intimate poem in the collection, it tells the story of the end of an affair through an accumulation of tiny, perfectly-arranged details that grow into scenes and recollections. There is simplicity to the language in the poem that seems meant to evoke the language of fairy tales, which Elliot uses metaphorically to emphasize that, while the relationship described seems like a simple, happy fantasy, betrayal lay beneath:

*That wasn’t the only meeting Lela and I had.

During my office hours back in Mannheim
one week when she was able to escape Dr. Kowalski:
another time, after a reading she gave in Heidelberg;
and again in the rank, cramped space
of a train restroom*

The reality of the betrayal is a gut-punch to the reader. As the poem closes, it swells with the impending pain this couple will face, and Elliott wisely leaves us there, imagining the terrible confession.

It is one of many wise moves Elliot makes in *The Cartographer's Ink*. In all, the collection comes off as skillful, as weighty and moving. It manages to travel across the map and through time without feeling the least bit scattered. Instead, it allows us to see Elliott's particular light and the truth of whatever that light lands upon.

LAST PSALM AT SEA LEVEL

BY MEG DAY

(Barrow Street Press, 2014)

REVIEWED BY ANDREW HALEY

In *Last Psalm at Sea Level*, Meg Day gives us poems that quake with mutability. The concrete things—bodies, shadows, landscapes, and wounds—merge not in surreality or the changing of masks, but in an oceanic wholeness. “As if one is a shadow stitched to the other, / they sit, knees bent & parted, cradled in the basin / of the clawfoot, her belly to his spine.”

Complex things join with the common nouns. Intention and cause, desire and consequence blend in these poems that are at once frivolities and dirges. In parts, the plain spoken, even throwaway, breaks into lyric in shifts that can be disorienting. The poem “Tell Me It’s Not Too Late for Me” begins as a chain of commonplaces: “Leave the refrigerator door open / or the bathroom light on, drop your shoes / in the hallway, borrow my ties...just tell me it’s not too late.” This sequence could come to us ghostwritten in a country song, but between the sixth and seventh stanzas lightning strikes.

*[...] the man slid the package
across the desk at me, asked quietly
if I would like a bag, then paused & said*

how much you cost

The poet’s keening, to which our ears have become inured, is instantly heard anew with the revealing of the beloved’s transmutation from overflowing and indefinite to a weight of ashes, boxed and priced.

The book is raw with these moments coming unforeseen: “the tender felony / of waking up in a shared bed not shared / with you”; “Let her carry you like a bouquet of splinters”; “the clearing erupts with an exaltation / of larks, fifty applauding bodies lifting then / settling into stately quiet.”

In the best places, the quavering of boundaries is drawn the bow’s length of the page. The poem “What I Will Tell His Daughter, When She’s Old Enough to Ask” is worth quoting in its entirety and was this reader’s favorite in the collection:

*When they removed the yellow tape
from the doorway, our neckless birds
still sat, unfolding, on the tabletop,*

*his stack of paper—foils & florals
& one tartan velum—fanning out
across Origami for Dummies*

*& onto the floor. The chair we'd set
in the middle of the room for hanging
the first twenty attempts at a thousand*

*seemed frozen mid-bow, all four legs facing
west. He never mentioned his plans
or his grief—only that I could find the fishing*

*line toward the front, near the large spools
of rope. Don't go on without me I'd said
& whistled the eleven short blocks*

*back from the hardware while he folded his apologies
& suspended himself from the ceiling of cranes.*

There is much to praise in this mature and masterful poem: the sparseness and solemnity, the complex and haunting metaphor of the unfinished birds, and the insinuation of our selves into these paper mutabilities; the cruel joke of the word “hanging,” especially set against the dignity of the verb “suspend,” and the play of that word inside the trope of an interrupted progression of forms; breaking the pattern of three-line stanzas to end the poem with an absence making itself felt inside the final couplet.

I wish the whole of the book were at this level. The smoke of the small fires of poetry workshops still lingers in its pages. Ghazals and sestinas appear like exotic animals on parade in a book that does not seem designed for polite applause. The poems in *Last Psalm at Sea Level*, despite a few unfortunate clichés (gaping coffins, howlings in the chest, saxophones wailing on street corners at dawn), are full of pride, urging, resistance, anger, sorrow, and perseverance. They are poems of the body, of incisions and tombs, not parlor tricks.

Last Psalm at Sea Level draws much of its power from its religious attitude. Day has fashioned a queer God of multitudes whom she addresses not with

irony, but with the exposed sincerity of hymn. In the expert “Batter My Heart, Transgender’d God,” she has mastered the sinewed, animal language of John Donne but brought it whole into our vernacular. Like Donne, and his acolyte, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Day writes of multiplicity and consubstantiality with such fervor the language of her poems too becomes part of the protean shifting of her subject matter.

[...] *Show every part
to every stranger’s anger, surprise them with my drawers
full up of maps that lead to vacancies & chart
the distance from my pride, my core. Terror, do not depart
but nest in the hollows of my loins & keep me on all fours.*

Here, the language within the lines is so muscled one barely notices the architecture of end rhyme to which it hews. This is not the spavined favorite of the viceroy trotted out by courtiers, but a poem that fills the space of its own being. It, like so much of this genuine, important book, is everything poetry was meant for.

FATHER, CHILD, WATER

BY GARY DOP

(Red Hen Press, 2015)

REVIEWED BY JOSH COOK

Gary Dop's charming debut collection, *Father, Child, Water*, wrestles with many myths, the most prominent being conventional manhood. Favoring narrative, anecdote, and stand-up-like swerves over music and fancy footwork, Dop reinstates the idea that poetry can, first and foremost, invite rather than challenge. As the title suggests, the book is split into three sections. "Father" begins with an eponymous love letter to a child:

*I lift your body to the boat
before you drown or choke or slip too far*

*beneath. I didn't think—just jumped, just did
what I did like the physics*

that flung you in [...]

Dop deploys Biblical imagery throughout the collection, sometimes utilized to clarify attitude—in the above poem, the child is referred to as "fountain cherub"—and sometimes in borderline pastiche. In "To My Love Handles," a humorous homage to the middle-aged body, the speaker begins:

*The body's seers, you prophesy
to the left, to the right, where the rest of me—
my loves—will go. Lead me,*

*guide me, walk beside me. I sneak cookies
in the night to strip off the guilt
of the South Beach sin that enslaves me
and threatens your lives. Together,*

*we flow into the wide world,
our promised land of whole milk and honey
butter. We pass on Norwegian girth [...]*

It's a signature Dop poem. The humor slides easily off, but underneath, there's

that apparent wrestling: what is a man? A father? A saint? A sinner? An obsession with legacy runs through the collection, too. “Shifting the Bolt,” a hunting scene set on the Nebraska-Kansas border, is the most obvious example. The young speaker, after unloading the gun his father gave him, asks “if he hunted with his father.” But legacy is more fraught and complex in “Little Girl, Little Lion.” The speaker’s daughter tells him that girls can’t be poets, and in an effort to both correct and empower, the speaker wonders, “...how can I / wrecking ball the commandments she’s constructed?”

In the second section, “Child,” a number of subtextual strains crop up, the most surprising of which is the incredulity of war—surprising because, in the case of “A Brief Argument,” the second father-son hunting poem, the speaker’s father is a veteran. Here the most intriguing inner conflicts are made apparent: the need to wrestle with your most intimate relationships and institutions. The speaker in “Shifting the Bolt” seems an older, disquieted version of the speaker in “A Brief Argument.” After five shots to a slowly dying buck, he anxiously hopes that his father “won’t see the mess I’ve made, / the mess I’ve become.”

“That Night in Mobridge” encapsulates the manifold angsts of this section. The speaker of the poem reflects on an old classmate’s lapse in belief. After speaking in tongues and claiming to see angels, the speaker addresses his classmate:

*You remind me we were boys, and I see
doubt swallowed you like candy sucked to nothing.
Now, I don't want to speak with you for fear*

I'll be swallowed [...]

From community and family to the existential, the collection moves outward. The third section, “Watershed,” suggests a swerve, not only in the collection itself, but away from the previously-inhabited tones of earnest confession and light-hearted sarcasm. Comprised entirely of persona poems—one of the many strengths of the collection—these often comic sketches speak to Dop’s self awareness: let’s take a break from all this talk of belief and terror and fatherhood and see what the rest of the world has to say. These are both more tightly constrained (formally organized, narrative-centric) and Dionysian (jazzy, offbeat).

The collection gets increasingly funnier, though no less earnest in its empathetic reach. In a cycle of three poems titled, “Simulations,” Dop inhabits the voice of “Pothead Pete,” who begins his class presentation like this:

*Shakespeare, the top American writer ever,
wrote his plays in an English accent
like Russell Crowe. Merchant of Venice*

*is a problem play because it's about hard crap
like racism and the civil rights movement,
but not Martin Luther King who was southern*

*and not in Boston like the bard,
which's Willie's nickname. People call me
Slash [...]*

Dop saves the weirdest for last with a cycle of Bill Bitner poems. Bitner is a possibly mentally ill, working class guy infatuated with his mother who freely tells of his prostate infections and bizarre encounters while delivering pizza. At one moment, he seems loopy or deranged, as in “Bill Bitner Goes to Walmart”: “Eyes to the front, I’m an undercover fed who has to score / some crack[...].” But in another, “Bill Bitner Daydreams,” Dop invokes our compassion, as Bill tells of his desire to sell hot dogs on a city corner, “like / everyone / needs me / to stay alive.”

Fable, parable, joke, character study, epics in miniature: there’s a precocious range at work in this collection, which is both the collection’s strength and mystery. Though accessible, the poems strain toward plurality. In a seemingly innocent recollection of a childhood campout, the speaker of “Winter Campout,” shares a sleeping bag with his friend after forgetting his own and says, “We didn’t tell anyone or touch / the deep questions,” which may suggest an unwilling homosexual curiosity. In another, “To the Ice Cream Man,” a highlight, the speaker begins, “I got no green for your red, / white and blue bomb pops,” which simultaneously suggests race and the oppressive capital. In this way, the people that populate Dop’s pages are perfectly human; that is, they are rendered compassionately and, like the best fiction, with exquisite attention to psychic complexity, no matter the person—rich, poor, child, father, grandmother, prodigal.

The poems, for the most part, heed that old advice to get out of the way and let the poem do its work, but this economy doesn’t negate playfulness. There’s some amusing wordplay, subtle puns, and deliciously-crystalline detail, but they don’t grope for attention. Instead, they highlight Dop’s dedication to the poem, the speaker, the situation. When he conjures a laugh, it’s well earned and perfectly timed, as in “The Long Madness.” The Speaker attends a play at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis. When Sir Ian McKellan drops his pants, the speaker

describes the boy next to him:

[...] eyes, two wide balls,

*like Gollum's, saw
the future*

*the wrinkled future,
which hung*

*before us,
all glorious*

*and magical, foreshadowing
the ups and many downs.*

Father, Child, Water is a colorful sundry of voice and character that, underneath all its existential wrestling, deceptive insouciance, and clever humor, celebrates the very thing it questions, which is what makes it—and Gary Dop—seem all the more established.

SEDIMENT & VEIL
BY KIRSTEN JORGENSEN
(Horse Less Press, 2014)

REVIEWED BY MICHAEL McLANE

“No one in Utah ever died from radiation poisoning; it isn’t on the form.” This pithy and chilling remark, usually attributed to R. Billings Brown, a professor at the University of Utah medical school, cuts to core of why the legacy of nuclear tests remains the elephant in the room throughout the Southwest, and Utah in particular. It also suggests the reason that Kirsten Jorgenson’s first collection, *Sediment & Veil*, is such a welcome addition to the poetry world and to Western literature at large. Though many poets have contributed a poem or two on the subject, Jorgenson’s is the first poetry collection since Emma Lou Thayne’s 1983 *How Much for the Earth* to approach the subject with such depth and care.

These poems grapple with the acute disruption that nuclear testing—and its attendant skyrocketing rates of leukemias, thyroid cancers, female reproductive cancers, sterility, and congenital malformations—caused for thousands of families, including the poet’s, throughout Utah and Nevada, an area declared “a region of sacrifice” by both government and military officials owing largely to its low population densities and a widespread perception of the Great Basin as a wasteland. It was safer to risk clouds of fallout landing on small communities like Ely and St. George than for them to roll through large populations in Las Vegas and Los Angeles. Likewise, the largely-Mormon population in the area, still eager to be perceived as patriots after a century of distrust from the nation at large, were rightly believed to be less likely to complain or to seek litigation or remuneration. These conflicting perceptions and legacies of landscape and faith come to bear heavily on Jorgenson’s poems and illustrate that the term Downwinders is not to be used in the past tense, but is instead an ongoing struggle, one that bears itself out in the ephemeral world of memory as well and the much more tangible world of medicine.

From the opening page of *Sediment & Veil*, it is clear that the body, and many bodies, are the primary setting(s) for these poems, but the body it is not a boundary, a place clearly delineated; rather, it is a membrane which the joy and tragedy of memory transgresses perpetually and which unwittingly welcomes the legacy of the Nevada Test Site and the nuclear West:

every one

is remembering

a single line

a mouthful

say I border

my body

filmy

ghost

Ghosts abound in this text, as do skeletons, bones, and souls; the corporeal and spiritual infrastructure of the individual are at stake throughout its pages. As the book's title implies, there is a direct correlation between what settles to the ground and the losses felt upon that land.

On a half dozen or so occasions in the book, images accompany or even overlap the poems. In one instance, "a grid representing abnormal macular degeneration" in which one corner of the grid sways and bends, illustrates a patient's blind spot. Overlapping the grid is the passage "memory is light / through flesh / honeybee / ghost / incinerator / a language / in bones / cells / a promised land." Jorgenson packs an unbelievable amount of history and conflict into that combination of sixteen words and one image. It is one such moment in the book where the poignancy of loss, the governmental blind spot toward a population, the irony of the poisoning of a wide swatch of the Mormon Zion (represented by both the "honeybee" and "promised land,") and the tragic connotations of light in this context, collide head-on in a succinct-but-chilling moment. Elsewhere, Jorgenson has essentially dissected what she labels a "contour map of a 'Turf' detonation in Area 10 of the Nevada Test Site," placing single sections or layers from the map on top of, or adjacent to her text. Removed from their full context, these images are haunting, appearing as ultrasounds or small piles of dust strewn across the page, the latter creating a particularly devastating effect when accompanied by passages such as "written into darkness / a curtain / veil / to be pulled through or not." Perhaps more importantly, the pieces of map are a reminder that when such tragedies are visited upon a landscape, neither maps nor the land itself can be trusted going forward.

Of the various themes addressed in her poems, the notion of faith pitted against citizenship is one of the most complex and overlooked aspects of Utah's nuclear legacy. Despite overwhelming evidence that they were deliberately overlooked and lied to, there is an ongoing conflict between victims and descendants who are furious and seeking both admission of guilt and recompense from the federal government and those who continue to want to believe that their family members, farms, and animals died for the greater good and for a patriotic cause. Though Jorgenson offers no judgement or resolution of such conflict, it is key to her interaction with others throughout the poems, most poignantly in the writing of "This is the Place" on a makeshift sign for a family reunion (a clear gesture to the words ascribed to Brigham Young upon his entrance to the Salt Lake Valley) and the poem's final line, "Your hair has ash in it," a reference to the fact that many Downwinders at first perceived falling radioactive ash from tests to be freak snowstorms.

As much as it is an exploration of historical events, *Sediment & Veil* is also a poignant exploration of the function and dysfunction of memory of the period preceding, and immediately following, great personal loss. While the specifics of this loss are never overtly revealed, which often allows such scenes a timeless quality, it remains an axis on which the book turns and reprises. The passage quoted in full earlier in this review reappears on several occasions, its eight lines disintegrated and recombinant. Similarly, other media that appear in the poems, like the test site map presented in piecemeal, begin to undo themselves. A photograph in one poem offers a stark example of this tendency when Jorgenson writes:

call you ghost
you moved away
you left a smudge on the film
no face to identify your body
no body but spilled and congealed milk

Like memory, the body is a desolate setting here, whether it be the men a relative describes finding in Dachau, "so thin they were hanging by their genitals from piano wire," or the "evening ghosts[...] / collapsing against horizon / the 6,000 head of sheep / blood atonement." Such moments are reflected in the increasing expanse of the poem's geography, as the southern portion of the Great Basin expands to include the Great Salt Lake and the salt flats of Utah's west desert, places ostensibly barren but playing host to ecosystems as fragile as a body under attack from cancer. It is a psychic landscape as well, as references to the 1960s cult classic *Carnival of Souls* implies. Shot in and around the Great

Salt Lake, including the former lakeside dance hall of Saltair, the film, like the book, is an exploration of attempting to make home in a place that poses a tangible threat. But where Mary Henry's character is largely haunted by ghosts of the mind, the ghosts of the land itself play an equal counterpoint in Jorgenson's poems.

Sixty-plus years on, the legacy of nuclear testing continues to be shaped simultaneously by ongoing tragedies for those families exposed to its byproducts and by an increasing desire from Downwinders, and the nation at large, for a more complex understanding of the events surrounding the tests. The numbers of scholarly studies and oral histories are increasing, giving voice to a group that achieved a day of remembrance only two years ago. Likewise, Jorgenson's unflinching glimpse into ground zero's "glass desert" provides a crucial lyric and fragmentary component to such work. Difficult history gains emotional and intellectual depth in the hands of a skilled poet. This is precisely what *Sediment & Veil* offers, to devastating effect. And yet, in spite of the sacrifices made, the steadfastness of the people these poems document shines through from time to time, as in the

two years of food in the pantry

enough to walk

through the burning world

counting blessings

locust and gull

- Gaylord Brewer, *Country of Ghost*, (Red Hen Press, 2015)
- Jeremy Cantor, *Wisteria From Seed* (Kelsay Books, 2015)
- Jennifer Franklin, *Looming* (Elixir Press, 2015)
- Brian Gilmore, *We Didn't Know Any Gangsters* (Cherry Castle Publishing, 2014)
- Derek Henderson, *Songs* (The Center for Literary Publishing, 2014)
- Rebecca Lindenberg, *The Logan Notebooks* (The Center for Literary Publishing, 2014)
- Dimitris Lyacos, *With the people from the bridge* (Shoestring Press, 2014)
- Christina Stoddard, *Hive* (The University of Wisconsin Press, 2015)
- Adam Tavel, *Plash & Levitation* (University of Alaska Press, 2015)
- Joni Tevis, *The World is on Fire* (Milkweed Editions, 2015)
- Jessica Young, *Alice's Sister* (Turning Point, 2013)

JEFFREY ALFIER is winner of the 2014 Kithara Book Prize for his poetry collection, *Idyll for a Vanishing River* (Glass Lyre Press, 2013). His latest work is *The Color of Forgiveness*, a poetry collaboration with wife and fellow poet, Tobi Alfier (Mojave River Review Press). He is also author of *The Storm Petrel—Poems of Ireland* (Grayson Books), and *The Wolf Yearling* (Silver Birch Press).

JAMES E. ALLMAN, JR.'S credentials—degrees in biology and business—qualify him for an altogether different trade. However, he easily tires of the dissected and austere economy. He is a dabbler with an expensive photography habit and a poetry-dependency. Nominated for three Pushcart Prizes, his work appears or is forthcoming in *Black Warrior Review*, *Los Angeles Review*, *Nimrod*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Third Coast*, and others. He's written reviews for *Rattle* as well as other journals, blogs and sundries and is the co-founder of an artist community called *Continuum*.

AARON ANSTETT'S fourth collection, *Insofar as Heretofore*, is due out imminently, and recent poems appear or are forthcoming in, among others, *1110*, *december*, *The Laurel Review*, and *PANK*.

LINDSEY ANNE BAKER is a writer, editor, and unrequited lover in Omaha.

PAUL BENTON lives in New Orleans, LA. He has had poems in many journals around the country including: *Poet Lore*, *Confrontation*, *Cimarron Review*, *Margie*, and *Puerto del Sol*.

JILL BERGKAMP has work forthcoming or most recently published in *Harvard Divinity Bulletin*, *Rattle*, *Third Coast*, and *Gargoyles*, and was the recipient of the Rona Jaffe Breadloaf Scholarship for Poetry in 2008. She lives in West Palm Beach with her husband and two sons, and spends most of her time nurturing the spiritual lives of children, and teaching college students to discover their natural-born talents for writing. Working these jobs and writing keeps her busy, and also helps her avoid housework. She has a BFA in English, and an MFA in Poetry.

LISA BICKMORE'S work has appeared in *Quarterly West*, *Sugar House Review*, *Glass*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Hunger Mountain Review*, *Cake Train* and elsewhere. She lives and teaches writing in Salt Lake City.

ACE BOGGESS is the author of two books of poetry: *The Prisoners* (Brick Road Poetry Press, 2014) and *The Beautiful Girl Whose Wish Was Not Fulfilled* (Highwire Press, 2003). His writing has appeared in *Harvard Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *Rattle*, *River Styx*, *Southern Humanities Review* and many other journals. He currently resides in Charleston, WV.

PATRICIA CASPERS is the founding editor of *West Trestle Review* and poetry editor at *Prick of the Spindle*. Her full-length poetry collection *In the Belly of the Albatross* is forthcoming from Glass Lyre Press. Her poetry has been published in journals such as *Ploughshares*, *PANK*, *The Cortland Review*, *Main Street Rag*, and *Quiddity*. She won the Nimrod/Hardman Pablo Neruda Prize for poetry, and lives with her family in Auburn, CA.

SARA BIGGS CHANEY received her PhD in English in 2008 and currently teaches first-year and upper-level writing in Dartmouth's Institute for Writing and Rhetoric. Her most recent chapbook, *Ann Coulter's Letter to the Young Poets*, was released from dancing girl press in November, 2014. Sara's poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *RHINO*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *PANK*, *Gargoyle*, *Thrush Poetry Journal*, and elsewhere. You can catch up with Sara at her blog: SaraBiggsChaney.blogspot.com.

Hailing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, as a 7th-generation "Africadian," GEORGE ELLIOTT CLARKE is currently the 4th Poet Laureate of Toronto (2012–15). His latest collection, *Illicit Sonnets* (Eyewear), was hailed as a "Best Book" of 2013 by the London *Guardian/Observer*.

JOAN COLBY has been the editor of *Illinois Racing News* for over 30 years, a monthly publication for the Illinois Thoroughbred Breeders and Owners Foundation, published by Midwest Outdoors LLC. In addition, she is an associate editor of *Kentucky Review* and of FutureCycle Press. She lives with her husband and assorted animals on a small horse farm in Northern Illinois.

JOSH COOK'S writing has appeared in *The Iowa Review*, *The Rumpus*, *The Millions*, the Minneapolis *Star Tribune*, among others. He works as a freelance editor, teaches at the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis, and lives in St. Paul with his wife and daughter.

THOMAS COOK lives in Massachusetts, where he is an editor and publisher of *Tammy*. ThomasPatrickCook.com

STAR COULBROOKE, Poet Laureate of Logan City, UT, is responsible for Helicon West, a bi-monthly open readings/featured readers series that publishes community broadsides, and for Poetry At Three, a local poetry writing group celebrating its twentieth year. Her poems appear in journals such as *Poetry International*, *Soundings East*, and *Redactions: Poetry and Poetics*. Her chapbook, *Walking the Bear*, published by Outlaw Artists Press, is a tribute to the Bear River. Star directs the Utah State University Writing Center.

WESTON CUTTER is a) from Minnesota b) hopeful re this year's Twins team and c) the author of some things including *Enough*, *All Black Everything*, and *You'd Be a Stranger, Too*.

JIM DAVIS is a graduate of Knox College and an MFA candidate at Northwestern University. Jim lives, writes, and paints in Chicago, where he reads for *TriQuarterly* and edits *North Chicago Review*. His work has received Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominations, and has appeared in *Wisconsin Review*, *Seneca Review*, *Adirondack Review*, *The Midwest Quarterly*, and *Contemporary American Voices*, among hundreds of others. In addition to the arts, Jim is a teacher, coach, and international semi-professional football player.

CASSANDRA-HALLEH DELANEY is a member of the Delmar Writer's group and Evergreen Poets. She has a degree in counseling and has spent many years working with high-risk kids. Now she exists in a semi-hallucinatory state of burn-out which turns out to be perfect for writing poetry. Her work has been published in **82 Review*, *Infective Ink*, and *Pear Noir*.

DANIEL DONAGHY is the author of *Start with the Trouble* (University of Arkansas Press, 2009), which won the 2010 Paterson Award for Literary Excellence and was runner-up for the James Laughlin Award and a Finalist for the Milt Kessler Poetry Book Award and the Connecticut Book Award; and *Streetfighting* (BkMk Press, 2005), which was a Finalist for the Paterson Poetry Prize. His work has appeared in *Antioch Review*, *Southern Review*, *Missouri Review*, *Quarterly West*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Sou'wester*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Image*, and others.

GARY DOP teaches writing at Randolph College on the edge of the Blue Ridge Mountains. His essays have aired on *All Things Considered*, and his poems have appeared recently in *Prairie Schooner*, *Agni*, *Rattle*, *New Letters*, among others. His first collection of poems, *Father, Child, Water*, is newly out from Red Hen Press.

MERRIDAWN DUCKLER lives and writes in Portland, OR. Her poetry has appeared in the anthology *Portland Lights*, *Buddhist Poetry Review*, *Halfway Down the Stairs*, *Empty Mirror*, *Five Quarterly*, *So It Goes*, *Journal of the Vonnegut Library*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *Cirque Journal*, among others. She was a runner-up for the 2014 poetry residency at the Arizona Poetry Center. Her play in verse was in the Female Playwright Festival of the Manhattan Shakespeare Project. She confesses to having done spoken word to her TV and once gave a Midtown cabbie direction in haiku. More importantly, she hand wrote Walter Benjamin's "Art in The Age of Mechanical Reproduction" on a ten-foot wall.

HENRY FINCH was born in Rocky Mount, NC in 1984 and grew up in Henrico. He earned a BA in English from Appalachian State University in 2008 and an MFA in Poetry from the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop in 2012. His poetry appears in or is forthcoming from *The North American Review*, *Forklift*, *Ohio*, *LIT*, *The Seattle Review*, *Fourteen Hills*, *jubilat*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Transom*, *Wag's Revue*, *VOLT*, and elsewhere. He lives in Portland, ME.

CAL FREEMAN was born and raised in Detroit. His writing has appeared in many journals including *Commonweal*, *The Drunken Boat*, *The Journal*, and *The Paris-American*. His first collection of poems, *Brother of Leaving*, was recently published by Antonin Artaud Publications.

A PEN/Rosenthal Emerging Voices Fellow, JENNIFER GIVHAN is a 2015 recipient of an NEA grant in poetry, as well as the 2013 DASH Literary Journal Poetry Prize winner, an Andrés Montoya Poetry Prize finalist, and a 2014 Prairie Schooner Book Prize finalist for her collection *Karaoke Night at the Asylum*. She holds an MFA from Warren Wilson College and an MA in English from California State University Fullerton, and her work has appeared in over eighty literary journals and anthologies, including *Best New Poets 2013*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Indiana Review*, *Rattle*, *The Collagist*, *cream city review*, and *The Columbia Review*.

ANDREW HALEY'S first book of poems, *Good Eurydice*, was published by Otis Nebula in 2011. Other poems have appeared in *Kill Author*, *BlazeVOX*, *Girls With Insurance*, and previously in *Sugar House Review*. His poem "Rauschenberg's Prints" was published in Spanish translation as a broadside by Color Pastel Poesía in Buenos Aires last year. He lives in Portland, OR.

JUSTIN HAMM is the author of a full length collection of poems, *Lessons in Ruin*, and two poetry chapbooks. He is the founding editor of the *museum of americana* and his work has appeared in *Nimrod*, *The Midwest Quarterly*, *Cream City Review*, *Hobart*, *the Weekly Rumpus*, and elsewhere. Justin has also received the Stanley Hanks Memorial Prize from the St. Louis Poetry Center.

STEPHEN DE JESÚS FRÍAS is a Dominican-American poet and photographer. He lives in New York and holds an MFA from Lesley University. His poems have previously appeared in *The Acentos Review*.

KATE KINGSTON has published two books of poetry, *History of Grey*, a runner-up in the 2013 Main Street Rag Poetry Book Award, and *Shaking the Kaleidoscope*, a finalist in the 2011 Idaho Prize for Poetry. Kingston is the recipient of the W.D. Snodgrass Award for Poetic Endeavor and Excellence, the Ruth Stone Prize, and the Atlanta Review International Publication Prize. She received her MFA from Vermont College and has served as Language

Department Chairperson at the College of Eastern Utah and Professor of Spanish and Writing at Trinidad State, CO.

ELIZABETH LANGEMAK lives in Philadelphia, PA.

MICHAEL MARK is a hospice volunteer and long distance walker. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Angle Journal*, *Belleville Park Pages*, *Diverse Voices Quarterly*, *Gargoyle Magazine*, *Gravel Literary Journal*, *Lost Coast Review*, *New Verse News*, *Rattle*, *Ray's Road Review*, *Red Booth Review*, *San Pedro Review*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Toe Good Poetry*, *UPAYA*, *Word Soup* *End Hunger*, and other nice places. His poetry has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

J.G. MCCLURE is an MFA candidate at the University of California-Irvine. His poems, essays, and reviews have appeared or are forthcoming in *Gettysburg Review*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Colorado Review*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Rain Taxi*, and *The Southern Poetry Anthology*, among others. He is the Craft Essay Editor and Assistant Poetry Editor of *Cleaver*, and is at work on his first collection. Read more at JGMcClure.weebly.com.

KATHLEEN MCGOOKEY'S work has appeared or is forthcoming in many journals including *Agni*, *Boston Review*, *Cimarron Review*, *Crazyhorse Epoch*, *Field*, *The Journal*, *Luna*, *paragrapgh*, *Ploughshares*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Prose Poem: An International Journal*, *The Prose Poem Project*, *Quarterly West*, *Seneca Review*, and *Verse*. She also has another full-length collection, *At the Zoo*, forthcoming from White Pine Press in 2017.

Winner of The Academy of American Poets Prize, SARAH MCKINSTRY-BROWN won the 2011 Nebraska Book Award for Poetry for her debut collection, *Cradling Monsoons*. Sarah has been a working writer since 2002, when she sold everything she owned and went on a cross-country reading tour via the slam poetry circuit.

MICHAEL MCLANE is on the editorial staff of both *Sugar House Review* and *saltfront*. He holds an MS in Environmental Humanities from the University of Utah and an MFA in creative writing from Colorado State University. His work can be found in numerous journals, including *Colorado Review*, *Dark Mountain*, *Laurel Review*, and *Denver Quarterly*.

Born in South Africa, MERYL MCQUEEN grew up in Europe and the U.S, then settled in Sydney. She was a social worker, counselor, college professor, researcher, and grant writer, but now writes full-time. She's been published in *Phoebe*, *RiverSedge*, and was a semifinalist for the 2007 Amazon Breakthrough Novelist Award.

GARY MESICK is a Seattle native and graduated from West Point and Harvard. His poetry has appeared in *Atlanta Review*, *Confrontation*, *Pearl*, *Caveat Lector*, *Alimentum: The Literature of Food*, and *Grasslimb*.

JENNIFER MOORE is the author of *The Veronica Maneuver* (forthcoming, The University of Akron Press), and *What the Spigot Said* (High5 Press). Her poems have appeared in *American Letters & Commentary*, *Best New Poets*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Barrow Street*, and elsewhere; and criticism and reviews in *Jacket2*, *Spoke Too Soon*, and *The Offending Adam*. A native of the Seattle area, Jennifer is an assistant professor of creative writing at Ohio Northern University and lives in Defiance, OH.

DAN O'BRIEN'S *War Reporter* was published in Brooklyn and London in 2013 and won the UK's Fenton Aldeburgh First Collection Prize. His play *The Body of an American* ran in London at the Gate Theatre in 2014, and recently received the Horton Foote Prize for Drama. He lives in Los Angeles.

FREYA ROHN lives in Anchorage, AK and is an archaeologist by day, writer by night, and spends a lot of time thinking about being somewhere warm. Her work has previously been published in *Cirque*.

MARY ANN SAMYN'S most recent books are *Beauty Breaks In* (New Issues, 2009) and *My Life in Heaven*, winner of the 2012 FIELD Poetry Prize (Oberlin College Press, 2013). She directs the MFA program at West Virginia University.

ERIC PAUL SHAFFER is author of *Lāhaina Noon* (2005) and *Portable Planet* (2000). His poems appear in *Slate*, *North American Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Poetry East*, *Rattle*, *The Sun Magazine*, and reviews in Australia, Canada, England, Ireland, Japan, New Zealand, Scotland, and Wales. He teaches composition and literature at Honolulu Community College.

C.F. SIBLEY is an editorial assistant at *Parnassus: Poetry in Review* and an MFA candidate at Columbia University. She lives in Inwood with her pet philodendron.

THEODORE WOROZBYT'S work has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Antioch Review*, *Best American Poetry*, *Crazyhorse*, *The Iowa Review*, *The Mississippi Review* 30 Year Anthology, *New England Review*, *Po&sie*, *Poetry*, *Sentence*, *Shenandoah*, *The Southern Review*, *TriQuarterly Online*, and *Quarterly West*. His first book, *The Dauber Wings* (Dream Horse Press, 2006), won the American Poetry Journal Book Prize, and his second, *Letters of Transit*, won the 2007 Juniper Prize and was published by UMass Press. *Scar Letters*, a chapbook, is online at Beard of Bees Press. *The City of Leaving and Forgetting*, a new chapbook, is just out in *Country Music*.

SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW STAFF

JOHN KIPPEN, Editor

JERRY VANIEPEREN, Editor

NATHANIEL TAGGART, Editor

NATALIE YOUNG, Editor & Graphic Designer

MICHAEL MCLANE, Contributing Review Editor

JESSE BETTS, Reader

CHRISTINE JONES, Reader

LEXI JOCELYN, Institutional Subscriptions Manager

A SPECIAL THANKS to Brock Dethier who helps us proof each issue.



WHY SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW? We wanted a name with local significance as well as meaning and appeal to a larger audience. Sugar House is one of Salt Lake City's oldest neighborhoods, established in 1853. Its name was inspired by the Deseret Manufacturing Company, which refined sugar beets that were farmed in the region. Sugar House is one of the most pedestrian- and arts-friendly areas in the city. Though recent development has changed its character, it is still home to original architecture and city planning that are representative of Salt Lake City's early development and innovative spirit.

SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW
MAIL ORDER FORM

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Email (optional)_____

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

[☐] \$14 + \$3.50 s/h: 1-Year Subscription (2 issues)

[☐] \$25 +\$5 s/h: 2-Year Subscription (4 issues)

Start with: [☐] Current issue [☐] Next issue

REGULAR SINGLE ISSUES:

[☐] \$8 + \$3 s/h

Issue: _____

ANNIVERSARY DOUBLE ISSUE:

[☐] \$12 + \$3 s/h

\$2 PDF ISSUES (compatible with most e-readers) available for
download at SugarHouseReview.com.

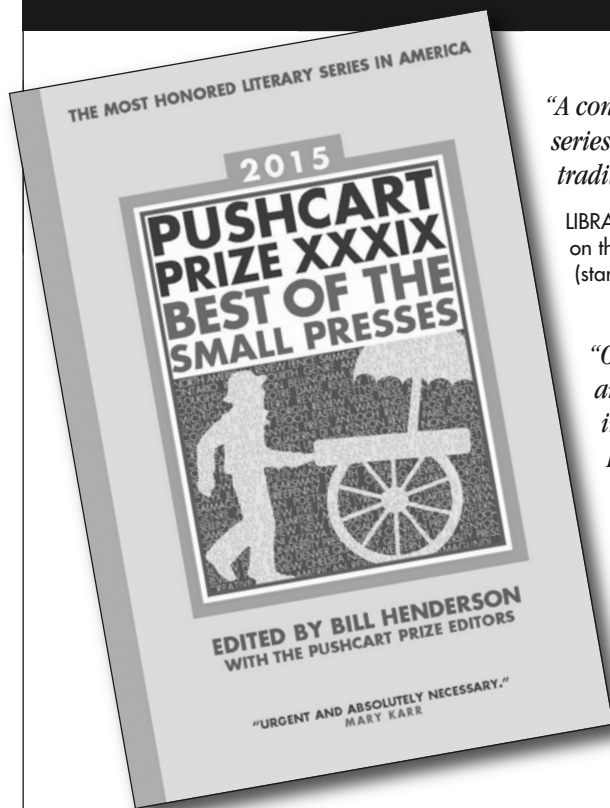
Please make checks payable to Sugar House Review.

SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW
P.O. BOX 13, CEDAR CITY, UT 84721

GET YOUR SUGAR FIX

Celebrating 39 Years

PUSHCART PRIZE 2015



"A continuation of the series' noble and classic tradition."

LIBRARY JOURNAL
on this edition
(starred review)

"One of the zestiest and most impressive installments in Pushcart's proud reign as the most bountiful and exciting of literary harvests."

BOOKLIST,
Donna Seaman
on this edition

"This annual volume tops all others ... the quality is exceptional; the diversity ditto."

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY on this edition
(starred review)

**AMERICA'S BEST FICTION, ESSAYS, MEMOIRS AND POETRY —
65 BRILLIANT SELECTIONS FROM HUNDREDS OF PRESSES**

656 PAGES ■ HARDBOUND \$35.00 ■ PAPERBACK \$19.95

PUSHCART PRESS ■ P.O. BOX 380 ■ WAINSCOTT, NEW YORK 11975

ORDER FROM W. W. NORTON CO. ■ 800 223-2584 ■ WWW.PUSHCARTPRIZE.COM



 **SparkWheelPress**
www.sparkwheelpress.com

Now Accepting Submissions

THE LOS ANGELES REVIEW

FICTION. POETRY. ESSAYS. REVIEWS.
SUBMIT. SUBSCRIBE.



 REDHEN PRESS

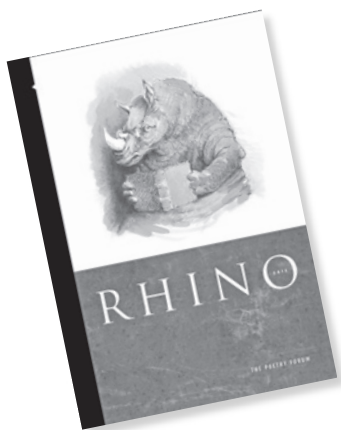
DIVERGENT, WEST COAST
LITERATURE

VISIT WWW.LOSANGELESREVIEW.ORG
FOR SUBMISSION GUIDELINES.

RHINO

Publishing poetry,
flash fiction, & translations

2015



“...one of the best
annual collections
of poetry you
can find...”

— New Pages, 2012

See website for sample poems, submission guidelines, contest information, and to order new or back issues.

Submissions: April 1 – Aug. 31 **Contest** submissions: Sept. 1 – Oct. 31

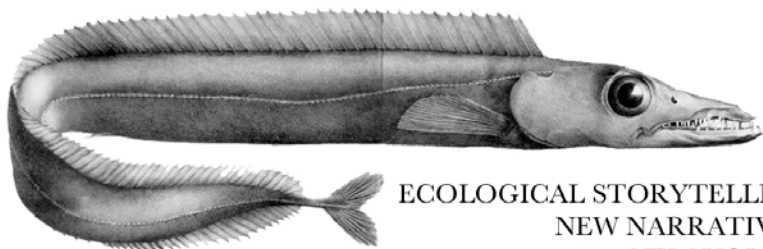
Our **Big Horn Blog** features interviews, audio poems, and more – we invite you to join the RHINO conversation!

Order the 2015 issue online: \$14

Our 2015 issue contains vibrant, engaging work from more than 120 writers. See why *Literary Magazine Review* calls us “an annual that anyone interested in American poetry should attend to.”

www.rhinopoetry.org

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS



ECOLOGICAL STORYTELLING
NEW NARRATIVES
NEW VOICES

saltfront
arts and literary journal

SUBMISSION PERIOD OPENS August 15
www.saltfront.org for submission guidelines
saltfront@gmail.com



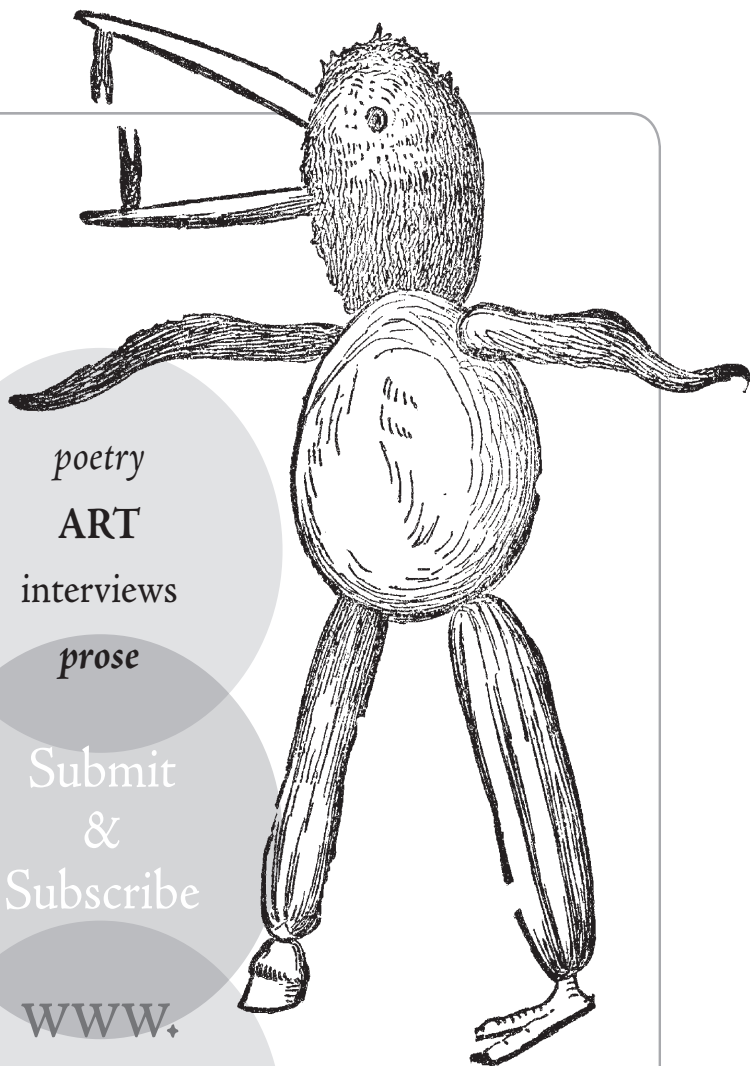
Riding Light

ridinglight.org



A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART

(photograph by Lavinia Roberts)



poetry

ART

interviews

prose

Submit
&
Subscribe

WWW.

jubilat
.org

DEPARTMENT OF
ENGLISH

482 Bartlett Hall
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, MA
01003

READ. SUBSCRIBE. PASS SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW ALONG.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Jeffrey Alfier
James E. Allman, Jr.
Aaron Anstett
Lindsey Anne Baker
Paul Benton
Jill Bergkamp
Lisa Bickmore
Ace Boggess
Patricia Caspers
Sara Biggs Chaney
George Elliott Clarke
Joan Colby
Josh Cook
Thomas Cook
Star Coulbrooke
Weston Cutter
Jim Davis
Cassandra-Halleh Delaney
Daniel Donaghy
Gary Dop
Merridawn Duckler
Henry Finch

Cal Freeman
Kate Kingston
Jennifer Givhan
Andrew Haley
Justin Hamm
Stephen de Jesús Frías
Elizabeth Langemak
Michael Mark
J.G. McClure
Kathleen McGookey
Sarah McKinstry-Brown
Michael McLane
Meryl McQueen
Gary Mesick
Jennifer Moore
Dan O'Brien
Freya Rohn
Mary Ann Samyn
Eric Paul Shaffer
C.F. Sibley
Theodore Worozbyt



SUGARHOUSEREVIEW.COM

EMAIL: editors@sugarhoureview.com

SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW

P.O. Box 13

Cedar City, UT 84721