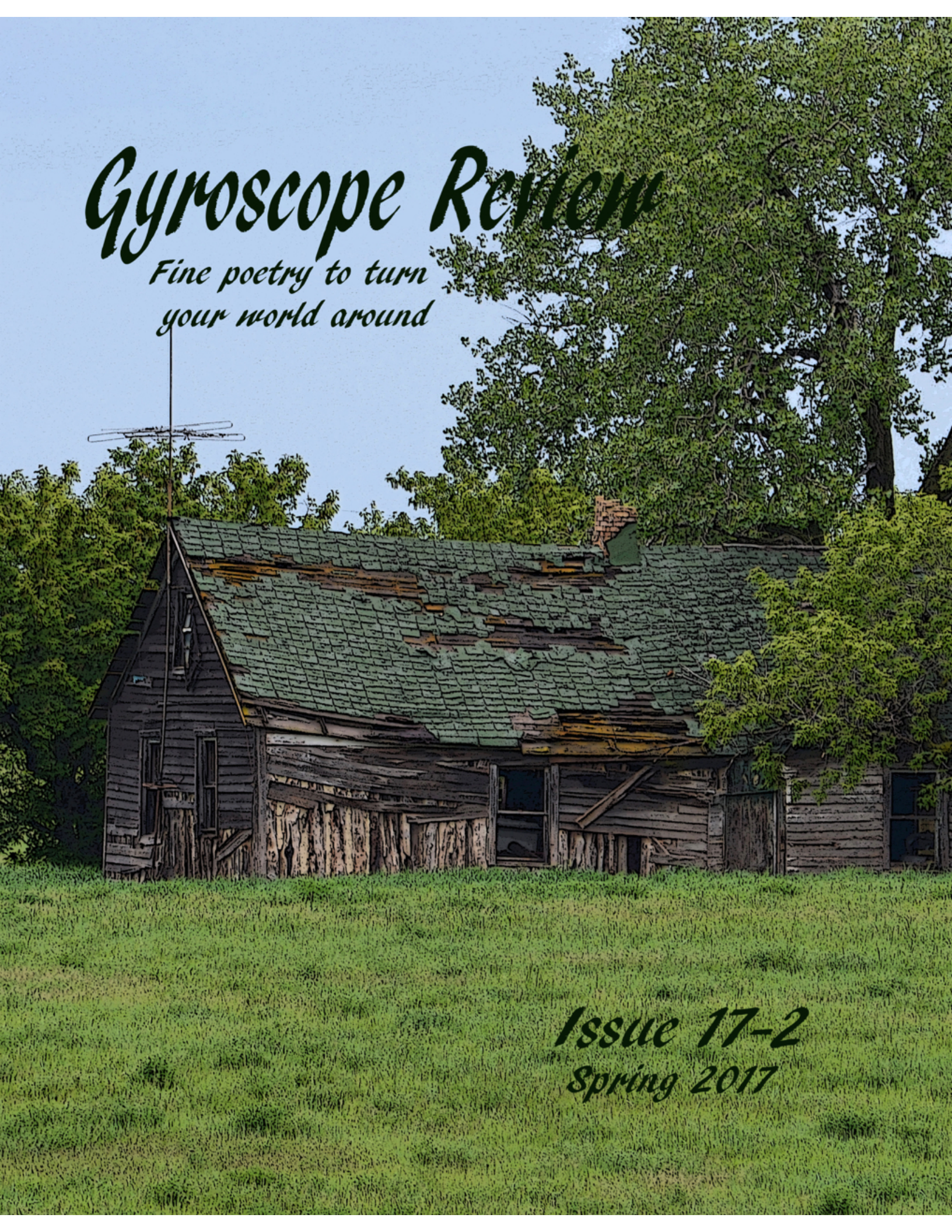


Gyroscope Review

*Fine poetry to turn
your world around*



*Issue 17-2
Spring 2017*



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Constance Brewer & Kathleen Cassen Mickelson
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FROM THE EDITORS

Welcome to our second anniversary issue with the special themed section, Planting Ourselves. When we came up with the idea for this theme, we were trying to find something that both identified with spring and with the Poetry Coalition's recent work on the theme of poetry and migration. While we are not a member organization of the Poetry Coalition, their March efforts at sharing poetry on the theme, *Because We Come From Everything: Poetry & Migration*, gave us much to think about as we put this issue together. What we really learned by sending out our themed call for submissions out without layering our underlying ideas over it was that many poets wanted to dig in the dirt. They wanted to talk about gardening more than they wanted to talk about politics. They would rather let metaphors bloom where they may. Perhaps that's a sure symptom of everyone's fatigue with the current state of affairs in the United States and other parts of the world. Or, perhaps that speaks to the healing power of poetry.

And poetry, like any art, certainly does heal. This issue includes several poets who write about losses of all kinds - siblings, parents, and lovers as well as homelands and peace. And what flows into these poems is the resilience to move on to whatever lies ahead. Resilience in art and in life is what we all need, what we must reach for, even when no answers to our questions show up.

Isn't that what spring is, after all? The resilience of the land after the death of winter, the shift toward growth that will sustain us.

Gyroscope Review wishes you all a beautiful spring. I am so glad to celebrate two years of our publication with my talented friend, colleague, and co-editor Constance Brewer.

- Kathleen Cassen Mickelson, Editor

Welcome, all, to the Spring 2017 issue of *Gyroscope Review*. It's a glad time of year, with new growth happening all over, including here at *Gyroscope Review*. In case you missed all the notices flying through the Internet, we now offer our readers a print edition to purchase. Many folks expressed interest in having a tangible copy they could hold in their hands. We listened, and started things off with the Winter 2017 print edition. We hope you enjoy it and all the other issues we plan on bringing your way.

This issue falls on our second anniversary. The nice thing about anniversaries is every year you get to celebrate. One thing I love about being editor of a poetry magazine is seeing all the wonderful poems that come through our portal. I relish getting a well-done form poem as in this issue, with a sestina and a ghazal to admire. The other thing I love about the magazine is working with my co-editor, Kathleen Cassen Mickelson. Two years on and we haven't had any knock-down fights about the magazine or which whiskey is better, Scotch or Irish. (I bow to Kathleen's wisdom on that topic.) Collaboration is a beautiful thing. So pour a glass, sit back and savor the

places this issue takes you. Dig your hands deeply into the specialty-themed poems in the "Planting Ourselves" section as we grow toward summer. As always, thanks for reading!

- *Constance Brewer, Editor*

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POEMS

VINEGAR
BY V.L. BOVALINO

Lovers are like jellyfish
both sting
and disappear

THE MAZE
BY SYLVIA CAVANAUGH

What if the famed maze of Crete
were a tomb?
A signifier of death
in carefully crafted tile.
But there is sex, too,
of course.
Jeremiah bespoke entrapment
in the Aegean pagan partridge dance
come to nest in Canaan.
Winged men spiraling outward
erotically hob-stepping
to the moon goddess.
Maybe the sun was jealous,
blazing down on the boy's wax wings.
And what about addiction?
The way my husband would spin
a web of words,
linguistic dead ends
and illogic conclusions.
I wanted out with my mind intact.
So, I followed the golden thread
of words
in hushed percussion
nightly from my keyboard.
And what about the Minotaur?
Was he my husband,
or was he the addiction?
And why does he stay there
consuming maidens,
waiting to be slain?

SONG OF BROKEN WAR-MEN
BY KANYINSOLA OLORUNNISOLA

Save us from
of relentless
our minds to
save us from
that horse their
and keep us

this hazy cloud
screams that blind
the colours of true sanity,
these mares of the night
way into our mornings
company at restless noon.

Chain us with
for we are intoxicated
of enemy blood
calm the teenage
hungry to dis-virgin
of enemy flesh

the irons of sobriety
by the fermented gush
- of *human* blood,
horniness of our bullets
the fresh innocence
- of *human* flesh.

Place these dark souls
and fly them to
for the exorcism
burn us with the
till we are reborn

on wings of light
a paradise of demons
of our spirits,
flames of freedom
with the hymns of waters
not as war-men, but as anecdotes of redemption.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN
BY OONAH JOSLIN

On days of foxgloves we were taken a walk
to the wee stone bridge that united
the twin town-lands of Dunclog and Kirkinriola.

One foot in each parish
astride its gentle hump
within sight of the churchyard

their names would fall
like droplets in the family floe.
May and June

the twins who'd bridged those months
and spanned the 15 years between
pre and post war siblings,

shadow-sisters sleeping
in eternal double summertime
whose only bridge to us was DNA

never forgot by those who remembered
their brief days
before our lives began.

I wondered often but durstn't ask
were we replacement
or continuation?

That little bridge
is in the folk museum now.
Dismantled, rebuilt stone by stone

it lost its place in time and space
and stands unnamed
in all but memory.

GOODBYE PORK PIE HAT (TAKE FIVE)

AFTER CHARLES MINGUS, AN IMPROVISATION

(MARJORIE BEST SCHRAMM, 1935-2011)

BY ERIC W. SCHRAMM

Slow roll, slow timbre down.
Goodbye day. Goodbye to all
that hem and haw.
Goodbye dad's old house. Old doors
and beds and more. The blue,
blue way of the place, come
home, how gone.

 There was a woman
who ruled the rooms who held
our attention by the scruff
who was our town's who's who
and knew the who's too.
She raged and willed ways
to awe and was all thereof.

 Goodbye,
watch unwound.
Mortal coil stroke-sprung.
What's a room without?
Spoiled. Timid.
Catacomb. Goodbye,
old bed, dust ruffle and hairbrush.
That woman's left
the scene.

 The day
malingers, worries
and wearies me.

 Goodbye,
bones and bones.
What's left? What's to come?
Sit here. Wait

for another train on tracks
that haven't been built,
that haven't direction
to the next home.

 Oh, sad.

Oh, lark, sing me
something I can make her,
make my own for her
in my secret pocket,
just here, this song
with these sticks and stones—
they can magic her back, no?

Goodbye,
woman all I had room for.

I'm struck dumb
but for the sound
of my foot steps in this bare,
wood-floor room.
There's no follow to the steps
I take.

Slow. Slow. Listen
for my name called here
where I sit
waiting to answer her.

TREED
BY LAURA FAST

Another winter's freeze
you remain, tucked
into the landscape
you'll never leave.
Remember last year,
bed-ridden months,
how the wrong move
could have killed?
Or first glimpse,
too-early faces strange,
smallest hands and feet,
daughters you brought
here, same place where
an oak fell across
your great-grandmother,
expelling her womb.
Like her, you're drawn to
soft sloped hills
beyond a fencerow,
spring grass blades
revealed by melting snow,
black forest, bank barn, and crow.
Look at the barren trees,
carcasses picked clean,
branches like capillaries
waiting to be broken.

TOD BROWNING'S *FREAKS* (1932)

BY KAKE HUCK

On the set the camera frames a parlor
in a wagon. Lace curtains, a sink,
some flowers, the Chinese vase. "Improvise,"
Tod Browning said, staring at the dial
that timed the shot. A genius, he could see
dark magic in this circus. "Cue the freak,"

said his assistant with distaste. A young freak,
sans legs, sans arms, wormed into the parlor,
teethed out his smokes, bit alive the flame. "See
the quagmire here?" he barked, spitting to the sink.
"Surrounded by us, the strange. Spin the dial
it points at oddity. Let us improvise

our horror, your humor. When we improvise
the audience accepts our truth. A freak
unscripted, singing pinheads, the scale dial
bust beneath the fat gal in the parlor
brushing kumquat cookie crumbles in the sink.
We have lives! Let those complacent hicks see

these lives left unimagined until see –
ing trumps their normal script. God can improvise
destruction when he likes. Their hearts will sink
when we butcher beauty: the whore turned freak,
her body chopped and feathered in the parlor.
That cuts gradations in their norm! The dial

could point to them but they can't turn that dial
back to a time when they refused to see
how thin the membrane between their happy parlor
and God's noxious curse." He grinned. He could improvise,
be effervescent, charm. But then a freak
could only play a freak. "If I could just sink

my teeth into a Lear!” But limbless, he’ll sink
below screen memory. Before the clock dial
sweeps too many times around, names of each freak
will disappear from lobby cards, reviews. “See
FREAKS” the posters scream. The lives they improvise
will one day be on TV in your parlor:

an HD with no dial, no need to improvise
antennas – you’ll see perfection in your parlor
where the freak is a heart which can no longer sink.

FACTORY SETTINGS
BY KEN POYNER

I am not going to reconfigure you tonight.
That comes much later.

First is the unpacking, the clearing away
Of your protective supports, tossing
Encouragingly out the loose bubble wrap.

The instruction manual,
In words an angry man spits at a child,
Tells me that there is little I can do myself.
As complex a suite of machinery as you are,
Factory settings are for the best, and all defaults

Are highly recommended; and I,
Without the gift for engineering,
Would not know what I was doing
If I were thinking to make my own unique modifications.

Still, there is an arm to be screwed
Into the shoulder; and a regional language chip
To be first selected and then, oh so serviceably,
Plugged into place. For all of my
Technical clumsiness, I am still the key
To your proper functioning. And,

If I must,

There are the hidden codes for administrative
Tinkering, for nudging control-word responses and
Patterns, for customizing the product's prevailing
Personality. Your personality. Who would do this?

Only the marginal few who think they know
Better than the manufacturer.
Only those stray owners about whom
Cautionary tales are whispered to others
At the time of the initial sale.

But perhaps an untapped rogue engineer at heart,
Myself,
I am thinking of becoming, in the annals
Of the sternly worded assembly manual,
Horribly legendary.

28TH BIRTHDAY, PART 1: PACKING
BY KRISTIN LAFOLLETTE

It had been three weeks.

I folded shirts on the bed—tucked the arms in,
made them into little squares, stacked
them in the blue duffel:

A red one, one gun-metal grey with
red lettering.

It had been
three
weeks;

It took me a moment to remember
what I was packing for

(a celebration

of life). I wanted to say:

I'm sorry. I can't get up there and speak.
I'm sorry. I'm sending someone else.

I placed toothpaste and sea salt spray
in a plastic bag, zipped it closed,

put it in the side pocket.

I think of my hair, dark and naturally
curled, and how it attracts touching,

tousling with the fingertips of strangers,

my body on display—

She understood that;

her authentic body with black hair pale skin dark eyes

gone—

I packed a plastic zippered pouch with
floss
a purple comb
vitamins
a partitioned box full of earrings
The folded red shirt:
A thrift store find because the one she gave me
 (19th birthday?) was faded, shrunken,
full of
 holes

28TH BIRTHDAY, PART 2: GUN SAFETY
BY KRISTIN LAFOLLETTE

I watched as my brother eased back the slide
on a gun—it jerked back into place,

too many teeth, quick and aggressive.

He handed it to me

barrel down, told me to check the chamber.
I pulled it back, my hands small, cautious—

What if it tears my skin?

On the walls were
the heads and skins of hunted animals,
photographs of my great-grandfather,
little cork squares with pictures printed on glossy paper.

I saw one image stuck to the wall with a red tack—
my sister, black hair pale skin dark eyes.

I remembered the day the photo was
tucked into a plastic sleeve in my father's album,
later taken out and placed on the wall.

The photograph—her 17-year-old self
in thick winter clothing,
holding up the head of a deer.

Her face, red in the cold wind,
her delicate hands supporting the animal's head—

I wondered if I had looked into
her eyes, *really* looked, if I would
have been able to see it,

the moss extending out, planting roots,
tendrils
reaching and
reaching

into the brain.

28TH BIRTHDAY, PART 3: AIRPLANES
BY KRISTIN LAFOLLETTE

At the church,

I thought of the journal with the black cover
on the table, thought of how I gave it to her as a gift

for graduation
to record her travels
her stories
her ways of knowing—

Instead, people were saying
I'm sorry
I'm sorry
I'm sorry

I received a heavy
charm on a silver chain
to hold ashes. After I
put it on, the skin on my neck
was red, irritated,

cold like feet in muddy winter grass.
Everyone from the church
watched the blue and yellow balloons
drift away in the park and

I remembered my father
telling me balloons
can damage airplanes—

I remembered her years ago when
we were on a flight together saying,

*Maybe I should have worn something
more comfortable than jeans.*

That was years before we knew there
was a growth eroding
layer
after
layer
of flesh and bone.

ANSWERS WITHOUT QUESTIONS
BY MARY KAY RUMMEL

Because stars and specks of dust
are rivals in beauty.

Because the heron faces upstream
in a ditch of weeds,
the grey and white cut of her regal—
Egyptian hieroglyph—mountains and highway
learn order from her stillness.

Because to have earth in your blood
is the only way to love.
Because flesh is lonely you listen
to rock crabs burrow in sand.

Along the underbellies of rocks
the sound of lines being carved.
You discover any passing bird or human
the instant they've gone.

Because magnetic clouds of starlings
squeeze and spread out like a giant thought
a watery burble of notes
strung along the telephone wires
on Harbor Street, facing the sea.

Because the moon is buried
beneath eons of yearning
and rains our own longing upon us
in tremolos of violin and cello.

Because of the waves' obsessed repeating,
the sharp attempts of language
wearing away at stone.
What is the sound for what's gone?

Because the mystery we cannot contain
never abandons us.

WHY SHE DOESN'T AGREE WITH EMERSON
BY MARIE KANE

*In the woods... I feel that nothing can
befall me in life—no disgrace,
no calamity (leaving me my eyes),
which nature cannot repair. . . .
. . . I become a transparent eyeball
~ Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Tents bloomed in Mercer's Woods and her students' backyards where wildflowers sprayed their Crayola colors. Her students—transcendental disciples all—envisioned what nature had to offer.

And when their meditative conviction faltered, when tents, gardens, and trees fell away, she wasn't disappointed, only more aware of civilization's awful pull. But when Emerson bragged about

crossing a bare common glad to the brink of fear only to become a *transparent eyeball*—now that's just not helpful. She cannot move from absorbing nature to being absorbed into it—there's

too much at stake! But what if she discovered Emerson's precise vision, his belief in nature's ability to fill a soul? Will that repair her calamity? Allow her to forget that she walks with unbalanced

stride, tolerate watching a dinner plate slip from her fingers, abide feeling like an exhausted swimmer caught in a rip current? Well, for a chance to dispense with all that woe, she'll do more than cross

a bare common—she'll ask her husband to take her to Five Mile Woods where she can ride her scooter on paths lined with cinnamon ferns, jack-in-the-pulpit, and oxeye sunflowers. At home, she absorbs

her garden's abundance—the lipstick red of knockout roses that refuses to quit, wild bergamot's lilac flower and the fat bees it attracts. She'll hope the green apple scent of freshly mown grass, the shimmer of hummingbirds

surrounding wine and roses Weigela, might, just might, enable her to believe like Emerson that nature can repair any calamity—even though, even though to her great dismay, she highly suspects it won't.

SOLITARY_CONFINEMENT_V.2.3.04
BY ZACH TREBINO

inconsistent geography means no land is your land
and no land is my land but all the land is our land, but
it's not easy finding a ditch in which i can bury myself
and be left the fuck alone at least for a little while.

TUNNEL VISION
BY DAVE MOREHOUSE

dive deep into the warren
that shadowed recess
where shouts bounce from walls

taste the risen bile
sense keen beats
behind eardrums

what if you hadn't -
 gazed in the mirror
 shadowed the hare
 crept down the burrow
 made that first wish

AFTER CARAVAGGIO'S *JUDITH BEHEADING HOLOFERNES*
BY ERIC W. SCHRAMM

See how his own sword slices
so cleanly into his neck, through
tendon and muscle?

The cut is perfect,
the kind any general would wish for
from his weapon—
that the work of killing be easy.

Rolling back, his eyes are locked
on death, fixed on the roof of the tent,
his last known world: the odor
of armor and spilled wine; the fire light
making a drunken shadow
of the figure behind him, tugging
at his life.

The light, the line of sight
leads to Judith, her arms distantly
engaged in the slaying: one pulling
the head further back, peeling it
from his neck; the other saws the sword
through the tough meat.

Look at her face
in the middle of murder. The skin unblemished,
too young, now too pale, bloodless.
Her body is a confusion of desires.
Mimics the very motion of the knife—
pushing into and recoiling from the work.
Disgusted by how much blood
the body contains, she had only
imagined the victory,

not the mess:
the body spasms, and with each,
a fuller, longer stream of blood
spurts and stains.

She did not
expect what she would have to do:
kiss his neck, so he would drink faster;
moan, so his touch would become heavier,
pressing his dumb weight against her.

Or give in,
 so he believed his victory
should be so easy—
this will be her skin's first memory
at another man's touch.

WALKING INTO SPRING
BY SANDRA KOHLER

(Quotations from the Massachusetts Audubon Society's Spring Almanac, 2015)

i.

Spring is alchemist transforming
the base mud of winter's dregs to
the first gold leaves that shine through
April mist. What will I see in today's
garden that I didn't in yesterday's?
Mud, two patches of snow, dead leaves,
the brown cones of last year's flowers
in the tree hydrangea. Crocus, forsythia.
On the one hellebore that survived
this winter's fierce cold, budding.
Thorny rose twigs, branches. Green
shoots, small exclamation marks:
daffodil, hyacinth, lily beginnings.
My acreage, my scruffy domain.

ii.

April 29 - Before the trees leaf out, take a spring wildflower walk to see forest ephemerals such as wood anemone, pink lady's slipper, trout lily, trillium, and Dutchman's breeches.

Today is the second anniversary of my sister's death. She was afraid to take walks in the woods, afraid not of wildflowers, but of seeing snakes. She taught me her fear, and for decades I lived in it, but in the last years of her life that fear began to disappear, the way she did. Now I walk without it in the woods, among forest ephemerals, though I don't know where to find wood anemone, trillium or trout lily, Dutchman's breeches or pink lady's slipper.

On this anniversary, I am not sad. Why?
Because the days are getting longer, because
spring is coming, because my heart is fragile
and tough as a bulb in frozen earth, which,
for all winter's fierce cold, insists on opening.

iii.

May 10 - Spring azure butterflies appear at forest edges and in garden borders; their three-quarter inch outstretched wings are light violet blue above and grayish below.

Light violet blue above and gray below. A friend
sends me a photograph of her front doorstep:
forget-me-nots and stone. Her note's a wish for
my husband's recovery from his recent illness.
I am as heavy as stone, frail as those blue flowers,
with their improbable assertion of bloom, tucked
into a crack in the granite lintel, scarred wooden
steps below it ice-scored, snow-eaten. We are not
out of the woods yet. Last night is a hard one: my
husband's up most of it, sleeps perhaps one hour.
Will he recover? We don't see the path. Ours
keeps ending in underbrush, briars, blockage.
We wait for what comes to prey. The dogs of day
won't take pity on an old man, an old woman.
Mention this to some deity, woodland nymph
or satyr: you will be stared into silence.

iv.

May 15 - Listen for the musical cheuerly cheuerly song of nesting bluebirds in orchards, farmlands, pastures and swamps.

Daffodils everywhere and the beginning
of lilies. I plant dahlias, risk frost. We need
to prepare the rose bed. What about clematis
– will leaving them unpruned be the trick?
Bloom, bloom, I want to shout at all of it.
In the backyard now daffodils, forsythia,
hellebore, now anemone opening. I teach
my granddaughter to say anemone, to say
blossom. Wild tulips open in batches by
color, first maroon ones, then coral, then
black-striped red. They widen, flaunt, fade.
In a neighbor's yard the cherry thrushes fist
-sized clusters of pink buds into morning's
glinting sun. In the afternoon, they open,
bloom white against threatening gray skies.
May thunderstorms will blow them down.

v.

May 20 - Watch for returning ruby-throated hummingbirds in dooryard gardens.

New England spring, frail as these tiny birds.
The day started cold, a gray weight of sky
pressing down, the throats of yellow crocus
clenched tight against it. Spring is harsh and
volatile. Now patches of late afternoon sun,
rose-amber, stain the gray siding of our house.
I need new adjectives. Spring light's ruby return.

***GYROSCOPE REVIEW* SPECIAL SECTION:**

PLANTING OURSELVES

The following group of poems are selections from our spring issue's themed call for submissions, in which we asked poets to consider these questions:

In the moving, transient world, how do you plant yourself?

Do you plant yourself in place or are you a tumbleweed who scatters bits over a wide area?

Are your roots shallow or deep?

Are you a perennial or an annual?

Must you be carried to a new place via a power other than your own?

We asked poets to dig deeply, to unearth their own gems. We hoped that poets would reach far beyond gardening, but for many the garden was simply too compelling. A few stepped outside the garden fence and gave us pieces that tipped our theme on its side.

These poems are the best of what we received as themed submissions. We hope you like them.

DIASPORA
BY DEBORAH L. DAVITT

When we left home, it wasn't
as a twin-bladed maple samara,
caught by a breeze to trace
a helix as it spirals to the ground,
echoing the coil of life-stuff within us all;
it wasn't clinging to one another
to steady our flight,
in the desperate hope
of not descending alone.

No, when we left Earth, it was a
dandelion diaspora,
a hundred thousand ships departing
the central sphere at once,
like the white achenes ripped away
by an ungentle breeze:
spores carried into the void
on a stellar wind on solar sails,
leaving the ancestral stem behind,
denuded of our presence.

Together, we'd been a delicate,
beautiful thing, in our fragile
community; like touching like,
crowded but comfortable,
troubled when the wind
tumbled us into one another.

But now, while we clutched those
aboard our ships with us, we knew
that wherever the cosmic wind took us,
we'd be alone, as never before;
fated to sink our tenacious roots
into some far rock,
crack it open and make soil
so that future generations may plant themselves—
and, more than likely,
call us scraggly weeds.

WHERE WE LIVE NOW
BY JUDITH TAYLOR

A house of sand. We decorate, but these dry nights
we can hear the walls trickle away
behind the patterned paper

and every rainy day, the structure
slumps deeper into itself.

The lintels droop like eyelids:
if we stay, we will be closed over
buried asleep. But we dream
still, how steady it was. How comforting

at first. The way the floors
shaped to the soles of our feet in welcome.

And even now, when our footprints fill
as the corners of our rooms fill
with loose grains, we can't forget

how it was. Although we hardly dare
speak any more

for fear of the least vibration
bringing it down around us
still we wait.

If we leave
what will we to come to?

And outside the wind erases any tracks we made
on the way we came, the way
we were so sure would bring us home.

PAPERED EYES
BY BETH McDONOUGH

Honesty? All your peacock fluttered off
forever back. My thumb-and-finger-rub
separates old pennies
from your inner tissue crackle
to release that flat black see
in tiny seeds. But I cannot take you in.

Capiz slivers stare

into *other* people's space
out from *other* people's still lives
spray in *other* people's vases.

Lucky for them.
Unlucky for us.

Twigged outside, you rustle,
frisson, keep watch
through every wind.

RESPONSE TO THE STRANGER WHO WANTS TO KNOW WHERE I LIVE
BY LYNDI BELL O'LAUGHLIN

Every day is a birth, and a funeral,
it's hard to decide what to wear
much less where to sink my flag.

That's why I take up residence
in a little clay flower pot of soil,
roughly the size and shape of my skin.

Blood roots anchor here,
and the world's music sounds on,
muffled gongs, cool calypso beats;

there's a crack up the side of this pot,
caused by one particularly hard pounding,
a good place for salty tears

and all the words I have ever uttered,
all the truths I found out weren't,
to drain and find redemption.

Sometimes it's empty, a quiet cul-de-sac,
sometimes it's full to the brim
with stardust and bullshit.

Doesn't matter if the pot
(I can't stress this enough)
is sitting on a sunny window sill in Quebec,

or tilted in a field of abandoned car bodies
somewhere behind a razor wire fence,
she has an attitude,

knows love when she sees it,
breaths in and out, air filling
the spaces of least resistance.

THEY LIVE INSIDE THE HILLS
PTELEA TRIFOLIATE
BY LAURA MADELINE WISEMAN

To offer dew to the drones, scent
the night, we spread limbs upslope
where we cluster in a tangle of green.

To bloom white and showy, branch
the gaps between us, we spread wide,
holding the sky until summer solstice.

Then our fruit ripens, blushes heavy
with stones, splits for the rictus,
the insect mandible, their tongue.

They've always cultivated us from youth—
where we might otherwise remain
bitter, all musk and spice, exotic in strain

—to roll our yields against the flesh.
This happens each year. We branch,
bloom, fruit, then they gather us,

denude our limbs for cures or ferment
what adorns us into a drunken rue.
Then red pillars heave their hill-homes

obscuring the horizon. The festival starts
They burn the elders in our stands.
then anoint their crowns with our ash.

HANNAH SAID FUCK IT AND BECAME AN OAK
BY DAVE MOREHOUSE

here, in the meadow, i
suspend my ramble
light lays heavy
on my face

toes wriggle into fresh loam
sprout and span out
a lacy network
under pebbles, around granite

fingers bud, unfold
petioles and greeneries
nourish my torso
whisper of new heights

slowly

increase my expanse
reach and spread
my barked arms

FORAGING PURPOSES
BY BETH McDONOUGH

Vaccinium myrtillis most will recollect
by some more couthy name.
Officially, it's *bilberry*, or maybe *whortleberry*, but
if you're Irish, you'll purple after *fraughan*.

Tucked below the Carter Bar
that slow stoop reach rewards
with *wimberries*, *winberries*, *windberries* or
more ominously, *ground hurts* ...
even confusingly – *myrtle blueberries*.
Bland blueberries, these low-grown outlaw cousins
of so many other names,
they are not.

Here – and for me, since my six-year-old
descent from Tap o' Noth, all
turquoise shorts indelibly berry-bottomed –
blaeberries. *Blaeberries*.

This year is caught abundance, to be
stored in jars, boiled into jam,
baked in mucky mouthy pies. For this
I thank a comb-back scuttle thing – ever known
to wise Norwegians – which I brush
across the wiry shrub. There is a name
in every part of Nordic lands for this
fine device. We admiring Scots have none.

We journey, tubful home, Dad driving
my full-grown boy and I, bouncing
on the backseat, bounty on the floor,
my magic nameless tool between us.
He grasps the handle – lines
still squished – with tattooed fingertips, with
blackened nails. Raised,

he surveys this new mystery
for fruit for which
he has no word and *strums*,
and *strums* and *strums* and *strums*, then holds
purpose to his nearly-bearded cheek.

TAGGING
BY JUDITH TAYLOR

All I saw of you
was the baggy trousers,
the bent back, the black hat
I couldn't make out the shape of

as you balanced yourself on that dark ledge
facing into the concrete wall
of the bridge that carried a motorway
across the East Coast main line.

Beyond the bridge, there was sunshine,
a beautiful April Sunday.
There were people walking,
kicking a ball, washing cars

- you scorned them

for the cold shadows, the ledge
that bent you double like a kobold
while you worked on your graffiti.

In multi colours
a single word

I couldn't read, the train went by so fast.
Maybe your name (though not the one
your mother knows you by)
or a gang name that you found somewhere

and thought you'd like to be part of.
Though it seemed to me
you weren't really the joining kind -
smalltown boy

writing your word where nobody
you know will see it
and those who see
will hardly understand

or read it, maybe, passing by
on the way to somewhere
that isn't here. And still you come with your colours
out of the sunshine.

It's your place, yours alone.
It's your word and you write it.

DAFFODIL MADMAN
BY JOE COTTONWOOD

From my bed I'd see the old nut
sneak out after midnight, pockets stuffed.
Before dawn he'd return, pockets empty.
In black of night he buried bulbs
in junk-strewn yards of Scuffletown,
paper-coated teardrops
lurking dormant under earth
while footprints faded.

My mother disapproved, afraid he'd get shot
and we couldn't waste money but
he never got caught.
A short man with spectacles, brown mustache,
schizoid, unemployed.
Me, a kid, to be seen with him was
murder by mortification.

Fifty years later and far away
they tell me all around Scuffletown
come bursts of yellow each April
from joy banked in dark times.

BUILD
BY JAMES WOLF

I am building anew from foundations of ash. Setting fire to coarse fabric in the calm between midnight and morning. 1:36 A.M. Dark at its deepest, trembling pitch, crumbling under the weight of magma flows. Seeing what seeds are left to sow. A hidden stash, locked cupboards, cellar doors steeped in cement, pried open or chipped away by whatever loose change or spare rib I could bear to part with, hoping what's left grows sturdier for it. I have been known to trade brittle fingernails for smoldering charcoals, trap their fragile black bodies in long necked bottles charting courses in seas of their own smoke, looking for a lighthouse in the calm, lonesome dark. Talking to itself. Scraping off brittle dermatology. So proud of the new, untethered and clear layers. Shelves laid full of cinder — trophies, nightlights, beacons.

I am planting with nothing but the light of fireflies, swarming and erratic. A collective hum spinning filaments from what unraveled. These moments of panic, they don't stick around for good. They come in orbit, familiar and tired ellipses, sputtering through boiling seas. The worst thoughts. Moments of panic. Sea urchins. Nails on a chalkboard. Bones in the undertow. Great men are left here with only me to honor them. Everything trapped in a locker below current, burning paces, splintered skin and a door that won't budge.

There was a brute with bleeding shoulders and a sack of new life. Coarse grip and a bludgeon heart. Dents buckling the frame. A nightmare of smoke. When heroes' bones lie that deep, you swim. You learn to lockpick.

When they find you —maybe on two feet, sputtering soot from deep lungs — with a trove of yellowed remnants fencing in your plot and bags under your eyes, you tell them what it took to dig so deep. Tell them how high you climbed on ladders of vertebrae that gave birth to calloused palms. How your breastplate bulges asymmetric from inhaling their last breaths. Point out ball joints that don't rotate and the shoulder blades marking crop locations. If nothing else, tell them how many doors you had to open before you found the courage to plant seeds in the dark.

ALEURIA AURANTIA
BY BETH McDONOUGH

Two Octobers past, where goblin lanterns strung
from little quince, folk partied in that everdark.

Under dangle-earring shrubs they joyed
to gobble oranges, then fling off ripskin curly bits.

*On Mrs. Mabel Donald's bone-
meal lawn? Yes. To the scissor edge.*

Last year, their kin's audacity returned
to throw another lurid curve.

This All Hallows showed no collectable
evidence of their presence. No chuck out citrus parties.

But now, beyond November's Ides
they're back. There, and over there

across the road in brilliant litter outs on that
two black hollyhock still-standing garden.

Unseen, they silk under tarmac, air past cars,
a welcomed bright, their tenuous, ancient strength.

A PASSION FRUIT
BY CARLA SCHWARTZ

I bought a durian for you, that frozen wooden spiked football of a fruit,
my devotion to your passion for exotic foods.
I roamed the Sydney market streets alone, thinking of you back in Vermont.

Barely forewarned, this was not a thing likely pleasant,
I persisted — I heard Malaysians loved durian
and I loved you.

You would not forgive me if I passed up the durian once more,
so I bought the frozen bastard—all ten dollars of it,
and waited until it thawed, while more people told me how much it smelled.

I laughed to myself a lot about this passion, until the time for the cutting.
I was breaking a fast from food poisoning,
when hotel chef brought me the creamy, mushy pulp —

It tasted of raw onions.
It smelled of rotten eggs.

WITHIN REACH OF PURPOSE
BY MARTIN WILLITTS JR

"...wild is anything / beyond the reach of purpose not its own." — Wendell Berry

I actively search for wilderness
like a musician studies a score
to know tempo and rest spots.

I could study the wild for hours,
never seeing the same experience twice
with cameras or microscopes or telescopes
or notebooks or using empirical studies
with four-square analysis like a researcher,
but I might as well try to understand love
or death or how two similar seeds
grow two different flowers.

FIRST FLOOR LEFT
BY JUDITH TAYLOR

When I'm through here
I will have a garden again.
A small one, just. No shrubbery
no half-acre of tatties:

a couple of beds to grow things in
and maybe a flowering tree.

A square of grass that I will lie on
watching clouds and contrails overhead
while I neglect the weeding.

I will have eaves, with sparrows in;
I hope, a visiting blackbird

or a songthrush that will whistle to me
at evening, and for which
I will leave the snails and slugs unpoisoned
no matter what effect they have on my hostas.

I will have frost
for sure. Blight.
Biblical visitations of greenfly.

In summer, I will start to hoard the bathwater
just as the August rains arrive
to decompose the roses.

But I will have a garden
to see me out, as gardens do:

green outside my windowframe
and small songs.
I won't wake any more to the wars of hard gulls
echoing through the carpark

or sift whatever joy I can from two magpies
quarrelling on an aerial:

from dandelions, dying, sprayed. From buddleia
dismantling the chimneystack
where nobody cares it's growing.



SONGS FROM KATIE'S SECOND SPRING
BY SANDRA KOHLER

Wet

Yesterday when Katie insists she's dry, doesn't need her diaper changed, I tell her it's as wet as a glass of water, a bath, a rainstorm, inventing a litany of wetness. Today, when I lift her on to the changing table, she starts chanting, "it's wet as a bath, it's wet as rain, it's wet as the circus." Is the circus wet, I ask: she laughs, "No, it's dry."

Lullaby

On the way home from the beach today I start singing the Beatles' "I have to admit it's getting better, it's getting better all the time," consoling Katie for her scraped and bruised knee. She makes me sing it over and over, until she's memorized it. She's already done this with the lullaby I made for her. At naptime, after I put her in her crib, sing it to her, leave the room, I hear her singing to her baby doll, "Grammy loves you, grammy loves you...." until she falls asleep.

Late April

Everywhere today, spring's new leaves. On the drive to the deli for breakfast, I say to Katie, "look at that tree with pink flowers." She oohs and aaahs, then, "and there's a tree with green flowers."

Katie's First Grace

Once upon a time there was a chalice. Along
came a spider and sat down beside her and
you were frightened away. Blessed be.

Awake

What is the transition from sleep to waking
like for Katie, how does she make sense of it?
Today when she surfaces from her nap she's
distraught, crying for mama. We carry her
into the living room, put on music, swing her
(Grandpa holding her feet, Grammy shoulders)
on to the couch for changing her pull-ups,
she starts to giggle at how we're carrying her.
When we lift her down from the couch, we
all start dancing to the music. Running around
the room, dancing, she starts chanting, "I'm
awake, I'm awake." The Buddha would agree.

Katie's Fable

Playing at watering the garden, Katie
goes back over and over to one patch
of ground cover in the shade bed, pours
a stream from her watering can, chants,
"these are my favorites, Papa planted
them, Papa planted them twenty years
ago, these are my favorites, Papa planted
them twenty years ago and they grow."

Training

We are teaching Katie not to stay in
the moment, that Buddhist virtue so
natural to her. At dinner, trying to talk
her past some immediate dissatisfaction,
we tell her tomorrow will be a Grammy/
Grandpa day, describe what we'll do.
We distract her from the present, urge
her to escape it by looking forward,
the way we adults do so often.

Self-Consciousness

At naptime today Katie doesn't want
the usual cherry song, lullaby, doesn't
want to sit on my lap in the rocking chair,
lies down on the floor in front of me with
her blanket. I start singing "Katie, Katie,
it's time to take your nap; you need to be
in your crib or on your Grammy's lap."
She wants more, more of that song, lets
me put her in her crib but wants me to
keep singing it. When I leave, she's still
awake, gives a wail or two of protest, then
starts singing that new song to her doll.
When I'm changing her after her nap,
I tell her grandfather about this. She
looks happy, embarrassed? – is that
possible? – shy, radiant, a bit amazed,
as if hearing about herself puts her
in a new perspective for herself.

Taking in “No”

When she starts banging a small wooden ball, part of a toy set, against the glass pane of one of the French doors to the living room, and I say “no” firmly, sharply, Katie stops, gets very still, looks not at me but down at the floor, an odd look on her face. It’s as if she’s trying to figure out how to stand in the face of it, my “no,” my sharp voice.

WE NAMED OUR PLANET
BY CAROL L. DEERING

for its dirt. Earth, we said,
come let us toil and rest.

Down to earth, we say,
when someone's grounded,
solid citizen, digging up the soil.

Loam falls through our fingers,
till
plant
till.

Bowls of dust visit us,
day
after
day.

Gold dust, boom or bust,
dirt, our common skin,
our rich identity in space.

Stars are born
from gas and dust, comets
from dirt and ice.

Here we sit, dazzled by dirt,
little moons
reflecting in our eyes.

HOLEY, HOLEY, HOLEY
a parody to the hymn "Holy, Holy, Holy"
BY LINDA WIMBERLY

Holey, holey, holey,
my favorite jeans are drying.
Their baggy butt and droopy knees
and cuffs of dangling threads

are holey, holey, holey,
thin and worn and faded.
Some want to burn them,
bury what remains.

Holey, holey, holey,
paint stains adorn them.
Streaks of green, flecks of white
and smears of Prussian blue

remind me of the wearing
of my cherished holey holeys.
Clean, fresh, still quite warm,
I zip them up again.

DEAR T (*LETTERS TO THE DEAD*)
BY LAURA FAST

I search your name
and find a democrat, realtor,
one case of counterfeit,
cousin's shotgun blast,
our alcoholic uncle.
As a child, I sifted
pictures our mother kept
in a shoebox beside her bed.
Brother of fever.
Brother of the hospital dash.
Brother I won't know.
Brother of the dirt.
There's not even a stone
to mark where you've
been. The aunts took away
all traces, your crib
and blankets and even
a blue switch plate
from the house where
we never grew up.

ONCE NO MORE: A GHAZAL
BY ERIC W. SCHRAMM

Italicized words from "Say Goodbye Catallus, to the Shores of Asia Minor, 1999"
By Cy Twombly, Menil Collection, Houston, Texas

I thought you promised, *no more*.
Said it with a firmness that no more

would I need to scrutinize the size
on your pant labels. But no more

can be a beginning as much as an end—
defiant body. Consume no more.

Take up less space. Speak, low.
Don't get in the way anymore.

That is your puzzle, turning pieces,
fitting them, firm, so no more

light penetrates the still black
of your nightfall to no more.

Not to snap off, as to take quickly, but
to whittle down, an artistry to know. More

like erasure, line scalloped thinner
burnished away to white, no more

for sight. But your line is there, thrums.
in my ear. Persists in me still, more.

You, my little vibrato: you *shining white air*
trembling, you haunting. More and more.

My fingers trouble your ribs. My chin in
your palm. *Eric*, you whisper, *Once, no more*.

TO THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY
BY SEAN MURPHY

It wasn't me, it was you. Accept this affirmation
as the tardy alibi of an apostate, finally at peace.
Time plus attrition will not always yield insight,
but in unison they make a more effective emissary
than friends, family or the cleverest classified ad.

So: thank you each for convincing me nothing
would make me happier, that—for us—absence
made my heart grow fonder. Kudos for confirming
our cute little quirks would inexorably consume us
in acid, our hopeless hearts corroding like clockwork.

Condolences to the perfectly irreconcilable couples
I've studied like sacred texts, discreetly searching
for secret codes, or oblique clues to conundrums
best left unsolved, like forgotten bones buried
by unbridled, but otherwise preoccupied puppies.

Special praise for all those fierce and impenetrable
partnerships, husbands and wives proving fealty is real,
love alive in labor that merges affection and constancy.
It's easy to misconstrue how difficult it is: an alliance
affirmed by entreaty, serving something that exceeds self.

Lastly, I suppose I should concede my own culpability,
having exhausted uncountable options, yet able to conclude
our first soul mates must be ourselves. A shared contentment
obliges us to seek other snowflakes, earthbound but aware:
becoming stuck together as you fall might bestow salvation.

WARREN
BY MARIE KANE

There's a rabbit at driveway's end—hind legs bent as if in last
flight, fur drifting like tufts of dandelion seeds.
You walk down the driveway, shovel him into a used grocery
bag whose bottom offers wilted celery leaves

for the celestial journey, carry the shovel and bagged rabbit
to evergreens that shoulder the back yard where soil
is soft and shade is wide. Pine needles *tick* when they hit
the ground, clouds approach the sun, predict rain.

Fresh earth divulges its darkness. You awkwardly tilt the bag—
rabbit and celery leaves fall half in, half out of the two-
foot-deep grave. Widen it as if planting, not burying,
and lift the rabbit with the shovel—his body loosens

as when leaf discerns time has come to disengage. He slips
in with a flutter of celery leaves. You scatter dirt
on brown fur, on ears that late afternoon sun had once made
pink and transparent. His last warren fills with earth.

Unexpectedly you kneel, lay dropped pinecones and cast-off
evergreen boughs on top of the small mound.
You think of rabbit lives. For weeks, they had eaten your petunias
and pansies, lettuce and mint. Earlier this spring,

you had awaited the birth of rabbits, watched the mother dig
a wide basin in weeds under the dogwood and, like
a pendulum's back and forth, bring grass to coat and cover
the nest. When daylight recedes and the moon shifts

into view, the mother gives birth—her babies smooth and hot
as freshly laid eggs. Later, you hear piping noise of newborn
rabbits, watch dry grass covering their warren undulate like water
moving over the back of a rising sea creature.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE
BY KATE BERNADETTE BENEDICT

“Foreign exchange” is how
it was sold to me,
novel tastes and textures,
a place in a new family,
a general broadening.
Instead I am beholden.
Hausfrau keeps every surface shrouded
with a tacky plastic said to repel dust.
To rise from bed is to unpeel from it,
and you are left with welts and rashes
where skin has exuded and adhered.
There are no assuagements.
The language?—hopeless,
all those plosives and gutturals
and uvular alveolar clicks.
Dumb show is what I have resorted to.
I am become it, panto,
I am mime and mimed.
Meanwhile, with nowhere to light,
particulates clog the air.
I walk in a fog of dust visible.
I rub it in the wound,
I rinse it from the eye.

THE WEIGHT OF ROCK
BY ALAN PERRY

When you visit the cemetery
touch the stones atop
above-ground graves.

Some are from Jerusalem
carried with tears
and slivers from a Western wall
that only accepts grief.
Some are from Gaza
thrown over barbed wire
by a ghost army
looking for land
to cling to a border.
From across the Jordan River
most stones fall short
rippling a darkened honey shore
of soldiers on the West Bank.

Notice the stones at rest
on the slope of Gethsemane
like people
praying for the weight
to be lifted--
for granite to yield
to sandstone.

COMMUTE
BY LAURA FAST

It's raining and
you think of flowers
planted last spring,
one for each daughter.
A school bus cuts you
off. Hit the brakes.
All those weeks tied
to a bed. You didn't
even go into the kitchen.
No one warned you
about the peculiar pain
of surgery while awake,
but it was better that way.
You've never been brave.
A tractor-trailer coughs
its fumes into the air,
lumbering slow along
your morning commute
as if he has no sense of time,
of the tiniest threads
sewing us into this
web of gray and wet,
of new life and death,
buds and small children,
each of us travelers.

STORIES
BY CLAIRE SCOTT

What happened to my stories when you left right left
into the waiting arms of ()
stories I shared with you
that lived with you, my stories
now slinking away
slumped shoulders, hesitant steps
tiptoeing behind your two-timing back

in some other poem stories might limp
back on a night without stars
tap lightly, so slightly at my door
shivering, shaking
translucent wings drooping
prodigal daughters
begging to come home

but clocks click without mercy
stories flow like faint contrails
behind () & you
in the sorrowed & severed present
stories like quivering fairies
bruised wings swirling
through a spiral of loss

I turn on the light
so I don't disappear

ALLEGORY FOR A WHALE
BY ALEXANDER RIGBY

The air smells of salt,
as purple orbs float like dinghies in the sky.

We walk down cracked sidewalks,
sand grains grinding in the crevices between our fingers,
all the while our naked flesh collides.

I go colorblind,
and sounds of sirens become a rather ornate symphony.

The dreams I've had in weeks past melt into each other,
squares becoming trapezoids in the shape of your heart.

Abstractionism.

You inform me of a new kind of art—
unlike our shared past,
bracing for the unknown future yet to come.

Losing our virginity all over again,
we reconcile, as temporary distractions meld themselves back to time,
leaving the construct behind.

We walk.

And our steps are each a different shade,
yet they are complimentary,
paired perfectly.

We cry as we die, the lies nothing at all.
Puzzles once broken are recycled—even galvanized.

Roots of unlike trees grow together,
as the deciduous dance with the coniferous.

We find the keys hidden in the drawer,
underneath the letters I could never force myself to release into that unruly, unkempt wild.

And this landlocked mass of love floats
—belly up.

A BREAK IN THE HEDGE
BY MARY KAY RUMMEL

1

If I slip my finger into foxglove,
into the lavender of heather,
I will know the root of color.

2

See how the carnation arranges
her deep pinks before the lichen,
how she asks to come inside.

3

Nasturtium
opens gold buds before
the hooded yew.

4

The hedgerow tucks
a drop of fuchsia
into a twiggy pocket.

5

Sharpening against a headwind
the blunt edge of blue
spades away clouds.

6

This clouding over.
This hazing of the thistle.

7

Just before dark
three hollyhock stalks
nine violet stars.

8

The fennel's curly fronds
teach me to bow.

CONTRIBUTORS

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Deborah L. Davitt was raised in Reno, Nevada; she received her MA in English from Penn State, where she taught rhetoric and composition before becoming a technical writer in industries including nuclear submarines, NASA, and computer manufacturing. She currently lives in Houston, Texas, with her husband and son. Her poetry has appeared in *Star*Line*, *Dreams & Nightmares*, *Silver Blade*, and multiple other venues; her short fiction has appeared in *InterGalactic Medicine Show*, with another story set to appear in *Compelling Science Fiction 2017*. Her Edda-Earth novels are available through Amazon/CreateSpace. For her full bibliography, please see www.edda-earth.com; Facebook, <https://www.facebook.com/eddaearth>.

Carol L. Deering has twice received the Wyoming Arts Council Poetry Fellowship (2016, judge Rebecca Foust; and 1999, judge Agha Shahid Ali). Her poetry appears in online and traditional journals: recently in *Soundings Review*, forthcoming in *The Kerf*. She also has poems in the anthology *Ring of Fire: Writers of the Yellowstone Region*. Once she had the privilege of interviewing Richard Hugo; that interview, published by *Art Notes* (Columbia Basin College), was reissued in *CutBank*.

Laura Fast lives in southeastern Pennsylvania. She writes across genres, and her work has appeared in many journals and anthologies including *Blueline*, *Caduceus*, *Word Riot*, *Wigleaf*, *Juked* and *Lavanderia: A Mixed Load of Women, Wash, and Word*.

Kake Huck is a desultory poet living in Central Oregon where she likes to play more than she enjoys doing the hard work of writing. Her poems have been published in several small journals and three anthologies, including *Regrets Only* and *Beyond Forgetting*. Her self-published, novel-in-poems about Mid-Century, bisexual, wife-killer Wayne Loneran, *Murderous Glamour*, is available on Amazon. Her most recent collection, *Sentenced to Venice*, is now making the rounds and has received an honorable mention in the Stevens Prize competition of the National Federation Of State Poetry Societies, Inc.

Oonah Joslin is poetry editor at *The Linnet's Wings*. She writes poetry and micro-fiction. Her book *Three Pounds of Cells* (ISBN: 13: 978-1535486491) is available online at Linnet's Wings Press and Amazon, and you can see and hear Oonah read in this National Trust video: <https://youtu.be/FXkca9vcUyQ>. The first part of her novella, *A Genie in a Jam*, is serialized at *Bewildering Stories*. You can follow Oonah on Facebook or at Parallel Oonahverse <https://oovj.wordpress.com/>.

Marie Kane's poetry has been twice nominated for a Pushcart Prize and has been published in the *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Meadowland Review*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *Schuylkill Valley Journal*, *I- 70 Review*, and many others. Her chapbook, *Survivors in the Garden* (Big Table Publishing, 2012), largely concerns her life with Multiple Sclerosis. A full-length book, *Beauty, You Drive a Hard Bargain*, is due out in the fall of 2017 from Kelsay Books. She is the 2006 Bucks County Poet Laureate. She lives in Yardley, Pennsylvania, with her husband, artist Stephen Millner, and their two rescue cats. See more at www.mariekanepoetry.com.

Sandra Kohler's third collection of poems, *Improbable Music* (Word Press), appeared in May, 2011. Earlier collections are *The Country of Women* (Calyx, 1995) and *The Ceremonies of Longing*, winner of the 2002 Associated Writing Programs Award Series in Poetry (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2003). Her poems have appeared in journals including *The New Republic*, *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Prairie Schooner*, and many others over the past 35 years. Born in New York City in 1940, Kohler attended public schools there, Mount Holyoke College (A.B., 1961) and Bryn Mawr College (A.M., 1966 and Ph.D., 1971).

Kristin LaFollette is a PhD student at Bowling Green State University in rhetoric and writing and women's, gender, and sexuality studies. Her poems have been featured in *West Trade Review*, *Poetry Quarterly*, and *Lost Coast Review*, among others. She also has had artwork featured in *Plath Profiles*, *Pretty Owl Poetry*, *Spry Literary Journal*, and *GFT Press*. She lives in northwestern Ohio with her husband, Justin, and greyhound, Ruby Soho.

Beth McDonough has a background in silversmithing and teaching, and completed her M.litt. at Dundee University. She was recently Writer-in-Residence at Dundee Contemporary Arts and

reviews for *DURA*. Her work is strongly connected to place, particularly to the Tay, where she swims, and she writes often of a maternal experience of disability. *Handfast*, a poetry duet pamphlet (with Ruth Aylett) where the poets explored both autism and dementia was published in May 2016.

Dave Morehouse writes music, poetry, and short fiction. His work has been published in *Every Day Fiction*, *Black Denim Lit*, *The Linnet's Wings*, *Black Heart Magazine*, *Every Day Poets*, *Blink Ink*, and various online and print journals. He is the founding editor of the online magazine *Postcard Poems and Prose*. In spare moments, he plays fiddle and concertina by Lake Superior at the northern tip of Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

Sean Murphy has been publishing fiction, poetry, reviews (of music, movie, book, food), and essays on the technology industry for almost twenty years. He is currently the writer-in-residence at Noepe Center for Literary Arts at Martha's Vineyard. Murphy's best-selling memoir *Please Talk About Me When I'm Gone* was released in 2013. His novel *Not To Mention A Nice Life* was published in June 2015, and his first collection of non-fiction, *Murphy's Law, Vol. One*, in spring 2016. To learn more about Sean Murphy's writing and to check his events schedule, please visit seanmurphy.net/.

Lyndi Bell O'Laughlin is a poet who writes from her home in Wyoming. Her work has appeared, or is forthcoming, in *Blood, Water, Wind, and Stone: An Anthology of Wyoming Writers* (Sastrugi Press, 2016), *The New Verse News*, *Unbroken Journal*, and more.

Kanyinsola Olorunnisola is a poet, essayist and fiction writer from Ibadan, Nigeria. His writings border on the themes of unease, racism, colonialism, terror and all things familiar to the black folk. He describes his art as that specialized literary alchemy which aims to extract beauty from the frail commonplaceness of words. His experimental works have appeared on such platforms as *Brittle Paper*, *Kalahari Review*, *Bombay Review*, *Lunaris Review*, *African Writer*, *Sprinn.org*, *Authorpedia*, *Parousia Magazine* and *Sampad International Journal*. He was the 2016 recipient of the Albert Jungers Poetry Prize.

Alan Perry holds a B.A. in English from the University of Minnesota. He is a member of the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis, and is involved in poetry programs at the University of Arizona Poetry Center. He has won poetry awards from the League of Minnesota Poets and Arizona State Poetry Society, and his poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Gnarled Oak*, *Sandcutters* and *The Moccasin*. He and his wife divide their time between a suburb of Minneapolis and Tucson, Arizona.

Ken Poyner's latest collection of short, wiry fiction, *Constant Animals*, and his latest collections of poetry, *Victims of a Failed Civics* and *The Book of Robot*, can be obtained from Barking Moose Press at www.barkingmoosepress.com, on Amazon at www.amazon.com, or Sundial Books at www.sundialbooks.net. He often serves as strange, bewildering eye-candy at his wife's power lifting affairs. His poetry of late has been sunning in *Analog*, *Asimov's*, *Poet Lore*, and *The*

Kentucky Review; his fiction has yowled in *Spank the Carp*, *Red Truck*, *Café Irreal*, and *Bellows American Review*. More information is available at www.kpoyner.com.

Alexander Rigby is the author of three novels, including *The Second Chances of Priam Wood*, *What Happened to Marilyn*, and *Bender*. A graduate of the NYU Summer Publishing Institute, Alexander is a Production Editor at Becker & Mayer. He is also the Editor-in-Chief of the literary website, *Red City Review*. He lives in Seattle, Washington.

Mary Kay Rummel was Poet Laureate of Ventura County, California, from 2014-2016. Her seventh book of poetry, *The Lifeline Trembles*, won the Blue Light Poetry Prize. Other prize-winning books include *What's Left is the Singing* (finalist, Blue Light Press), *This Body She's Entered* (Minnesota Voices Award, New Rivers Press) and *Love in the End* (finalist, Bright Hill Press). Her poems recently appeared in *Nimrod*, *Askew*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *Miramar*, *Pirene's Fountain*, and *AMORE: A Collection of Love Poems*. She teaches at California State University, Channel Islands.

Eric W. Schramm's poems have appeared in *Gargoyle*, *The Literary Review*, *New Zoo Poetry Review*, *The Potomac*, and *The Louisville Review*, among other journals. He lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and works for the Stamps School of Art & Design at the University of Michigan.

Poems by **Carla Schwartz** have appeared in *Aurorean*, *ArLiJo*, *Fourth River*, *Fulcrum*, *Common Ground*, *Cactus Heart*, *Switched-on Gutenberg*, *Mom Egg*, *Naugatuck River*, *Solstice Magazine*, and *Ibbetson Street*, among others. Her book, *Mother, One More Thing* (Turning Point) is available on Amazon.com. Her CB99videos YouTube channel has had hundreds of thousands of views. Learn more at carlapoet.com. Check out her blog at wakewiththesun.blogspot.com.

Claire Scott is an award winning poet who has been nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize. Her work has been accepted by the *Atlanta Review*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Enzagam* and *Healing Muse* among others. Claire is the author of *Waiting to be Called* and the co-author of *Unfolding in Light: A Sisters' Journey in Photography and Poetry*.

Judith Taylor lives in Aberdeen, Scotland, where she works in IT. Her poetry has been published widely in magazines, and in two pamphlet collections - *Earthlight* (Koo Press, 2006) and *Local Colour* (Calder Wood Press, 2010). Her first full-length collection will be published in Autumn 2017 by Red Squirrel Press.

Zach Trebino populates the world with absurdly grotesque performances, plays, and texts. His work has been published in journals including *Noctua*, *From Sac*, *Crab Fat*, *deCOMP*, *Buck Off*, *LIGHTHOLE*, *The Clockwise Cat*, *MUSES*, *POPPED*, and *Black Box Literary Magazine*, among others. His performances have been seen in cities throughout the United States, and his plays have been produced regionally and internationally. He is the runoff from the apogee of nothingness, the outcome of a surrealist's wet dream, a coded message sent to you from your pre-

conscious brain telling you to “WAKE UP!” Zach lives and works in Philadelphia, PA. For more information, visit www.zachtrebino.com.

Martin Willitts Jr is a retired librarian living in Syracuse, New York. He is the winner of a 2014 Broadsided award; 2014 Dylan Thomas International Poetry Award; and Rattle Ekphrastic Challenge, June 2015, Editor’s Choice. He has over 20 chapbooks including the winner of the Turtle Island Quarterly Editor’s Choice Award, *The Wire Fence Holding Back the World* (Flowstone Press), plus 11 full-length collections including *How to Be Silent* (FutureCycle Press, 2016) and *Dylan Thomas and the Writing Shed* (FutureCycle Press, 2017).

Linda Wimberly is a writer, artist and musician from Marietta, Georgia. She has a degree in Interdisciplinary Humanities from the University of Alabama and performed as a vocalist and guitarist for over 30 years. Her poetry has appeared in *Lunch Ticket*, *Stone River Sky: An Anthology of Georgia Poems*, *Kalliope* and others, and a short story appeared in *Cricket*. Her vocal and choral compositions have been used in and published for schools, churches and grief counseling centers. Linda is a self-taught abstract contemporary artist who works in acrylic, oil and mixed media. (lindawimberly.com)

Laura Madeline Wiseman teaches writing at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. She is the author of 25 books and chapbooks and the editor of two anthologies, *Bared* and *Women Write Resistance*, selected for the Nebraska 150 Sesquicentennial Book List. She is the recipient of 2015 Honor Book Nebraska Book Award, Wurlitzer Foundation Fellowship, and an Academy of American Poets Award. Her work has appeared in *Feminist Studies*, *Mid-American Review*, *Arts & Letters*, *Calyx*, and *The Iowa Review*. Her book *Drink* won the 2016 Independent Publisher Bronze Book Award for poetry. Her latest book is *Velocipede* (Stephen F. Austin State University Press).

James Wolf is an aspiring teacher from Maryland’s eastern shore. He works as an assistant in a Pre-K classroom, using the quiet of naptime as an excuse to write things in the dark. His work has been featured in *GFT Presents: One in Four* and *Sixfold*, and is forthcoming in *Vine Leaves Literary Journal*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Submissions will be accepted for our summer 2017 issue from April 1 until June 15, 2017.

All submissions must come to us through Submittable (www.gyroscopereview.submittable.com/submit). We will not accept submissions via email, through Facebook, via snail mail, or any other channel.

Please see our submission guidelines at www.gyroscopereview.com/home/guidelines/ for complete information.

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"Planting Ourselves"