

# Gyroscope Review

*Fine poetry to turn your world around*



Issue 15-2 July 2015



## GYROSCOPE REVIEW

Issue 15-2

Summer 2015

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Constance Brewer & Kathleen Cassen Mickelson  
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## FROM THE EDITORS

Welcome to the second edition of *Gyroscope Review*, and welcome to summer. What struck me immediately when compiling the poems for this issue was how many of them were about place. A sense of place has a powerful pull on the psyche. It can take us back in time, it can ground us in the moment or give a glimpse of the future. Place poems can tell us about the land, its features, the inhabitants either separately or in a lovely intertwining. I was taken with poems that not only talked about a physical place, but also commented on the spirituality. Sometimes there is immensity of scale. Some poems look at the world with a cosmic eye, others give us the minutia of a microscopic view. Both visions grant us a glimpse into the intricacies of the poetic soul. I invite you to read and enjoy this month's issue in all its variety of scale - poems that sing from the mountaintops and poems that fit comfortably -like a butterfly- in the palm of your hand.

- Constance Brewer

As I was formatting the bios for our contributors' page for this issue, I noticed just how broad the bodies of work are for our authors. This delights me since *Gyroscope Review* is so new. Here we are at what is only our second issue and we've been lucky to include work from the former poet laureate of the State of Wyoming (Patricia Frolander), the co-founder of New York Writers Workshop (Tim Tomlinson), a firefighter who is a former Air Force National Guard member (Jonathan Travelstead), an English Language Fellow with the US State Department in Russia (John Michael Flynn), and a retired securities broker (Jane Roop). We have several MFA graduates and candidates, college professors, and writers who launched their careers in the school of life. We have Americans, Canadians, and British citizens. But the biggest thing about this group of contributors is the fine attention to what they each offered as a submission, how they got to us in some way. Summer is a time when I, for one, hate sitting on front of the computer; that these pieces kept me in my seat is an indication of their appeal. May they keep you in yours. Happy Summer.

- Kathleen Cassen Mickelson

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# POEMS

**Summer's**  
**by Marian Kaplun Shapiro**

sweet  
smell of star clang  
of sun-  
rise riddle of lily pads  
a yesness of raspberry pie. Topaz

moon rising. Inch  
by stellar inch we learn why  
we need horizon: To weigh

the whatness of lake  
the whoness of mountain

the whenness of  
sky.



**Apache Plume on the Trail to Tent Rocks**  
**New Mexico**  
**by Pippa Little**

Everything is dry,  
even shadows  
pink-eye along rocks  
a hundred centuries brown:  
the plumes draw their long inky lashes  
across us and we step through them, sleepers  
dreaming spiders' webs

One day before the sun falls  
you will hear the first horse  
singing  
further along the ridge  
where you saw him first  
big as a god and unshining,  
clay spirals in his mane,  
singing in the time before singing  
and all your bones answering

**Burnt by a Sun God**  
**by Jane Rosenberg LaForge**

There are many suns, but  
fewer gods: Apollo  
and his offspring,  
in magnetic disturbances that bring out  
the Northern Lights and the man  
who told me how unimportant I was  
at a friend's wedding.  
In those days, Apollo's children spun off  
his palms clockwise and counter,  
as if arranged for birth from the disc  
that bears seeds and feed  
for us mortals with our mere appetites  
and pitches to stand beside  
the indomitable  
just to be tinged  
by their lies and fire.  
I am a fish out of water, one of them said,  
as much a fish as a bird forced down  
from the sky as hills are consumed  
and branches are deprived  
of their layers and architecture.  
At the intersection overwhelmed  
with clinging bits of houses  
and sidewalks in the storm water,  
one led me on a slow reveal  
in my rear view mirror  
as if it was one of those mornings when I was naive  
about suntans and the baby  
on the Coppertone bottle.  
Look at me, he seemed to be saying,  
as he removed the helmet he wore on his motorcycle.  
But I had moved on to another god  
or perhaps just another demi-drama  
and I was element, no longer apostle,  
having been charred,  
and made hollow.

**Pipestone**  
**by Oonah Joslin**

Quarter mile distant  
crumpled edge  
rose quartzite quarry  
sacred red  
waters took them  
down Winnewissa falls.

Red burn the prairies where  
their blood seeped to the seam;  
close beneath the quarry path  
I see  
by rock am seen.

The Great Spirit illuminates  
bids me contemplate.

We share the rock face  
to face never again to be  
birdman and me  
as we are now  
unchanged.

Quartzite covered ancient bones became pipe stone,  
Oracle of many suns and sons' stories,  
sages, springs, red clays, sumac fires.  
iyansha K'api; that is to say,  
'the place where one digs the red rock'  
to carve the calumet  
make its stem of prairie wood

leather and feather  
make smoke rise to the skies  
with simple tools and sweat

honour all that grows  
honour all that lives  
honour the earth

let no weapon be brought upon it  
let no blood be shed.  
Take only what I teach you from this place  
of peace and shadows' change.

Shadows change.  
Birdman gone. The world awaits.  
Blood of nations, sacred seam within,  
I go.

Even rocks crumble so.

**Remembering Utah**  
**by S.D. Lishan**

The outsourced  
stories  
of your eyes:

Irradiating tears  
they travel  
with the weight

of winter  
on their headstones  
of years.

Fallow, they lie  
sweet as love,  
from Juab to

Grouse Creek,  
their sour  
stench candling

partitions  
of regret,  
their leaves still

succulent,  
their flowers  
yellow and green,

like the stonecrop  
beside the creek  
near Hiawatha,

beyond Mexican Hat,  
Big Water,  
Uveda,

and the Needle range.  
It all comes  
back if you wait

long enough,  
like the gash of  
snow left unmelted

perched on a pond's edge  
near Tabiont  
and Maseser,

near the Green River  
calling you  
past nostalgia,

whispering stealth-  
longings  
beyond Goshuts,

even Hovenweep,  
where the spruce,  
shaggy with snow,

bite the wind back  
shifting through them,  
the cold stones

of winter,  
turning, re-  
turning us back

to the mountains,  
and the water  
running away, down

from the department  
of ache, the agency  
of salve and memory,

the bureau of re-  
cognition glistening  
like the graffiti

of your lipstick,  
as you pause  
at the mirror

in the apartment  
on F Street, over-  
looking the city,

and I,  
I am there, too,  
both of us,

glassy eyed,  
like the fish  
in the pale streams

of the Uinta  
just above  
the border

from Freedonia,  
all the way here  
to now.

**Cold Harbor Light**  
**by Kevin Casey**

The lighthouse calls  
the darkness to itself,  
adds its single amber note  
to the voice of breakers  
sounding against the cliffs  
that guard the harbor.

Sea wrack pulsing  
through the fractured granite,  
driven by some distant,  
nameless storm -- your hair  
splayed, flowing  
across these pillows,  
and the taste of  
your sea salt skin.

And then the vagrant dawn,  
hauling its net of fog,  
braced by masts  
and the beams of trawlers --  
footfalls on the pebbled walk,  
and the lighthouse tucks  
itself among the pines,  
silenced by the waking gulls,  
and the lobster floats  
emerging like songbirds  
across this field of lavender glass.



**The Goldfish**  
**by Tim Tomlinson**

In a box pond alongside the *lanai*,  
the goldfish make orange angles in green  
water. The gardener feeds them each day  
at the same hour. When his shadow covers  
the pond, the goldfish kiss the surface.

He believes they recognize him. “If you  
feed them at a different hour,” I ask, “would  
they recognize you then?” The gardener  
appears bemused. “At a different hour,”  
he says, “I’m not the same person.”

**For Chris Lunn, Who Became a Paraplegic at the Age of Twenty,  
in an Automobile Accident Near Setauket, October 1974  
by Tim Tomlinson**

That night I was a thousand miles away,  
crossing the Gulf Stream from Miami to Morgan's Bluff.

The full moon laid a golden carpet over the lake-flat water.  
And the stars!—too many to cram into our cramped galaxy.

Didn't the horizon seem endless?  
We radioed ships half the way to Cuba.

By dawn, the foredeck was silver with flying fish,  
a few of them still struggling.

**Night Row**  
**by Daryl Muranaka**

Alone, in the dark,  
the baby sleeping in the tent—at last!—  
the canoe cuts through  
the blackness. Gurgling  
water beneath the skin  
of the canoe. Our feet  
absorb the vibrations.

The blade of the oar  
whispers along, feeling,  
always feeling for the rocks  
that lurk below.  
The moon's full light  
is swallowed  
into the night.  
The only sounds—  
the little creatures calling  
to us from shore.

**Waxing Bitter**  
**by Marie Lecrivain**

free hugs - i don't think so.  
no smile, no arch of eyebrow,  
and no open arms to accept you.

an act of kindness comes with a cost -  
as all things do. the universe wasn't modeled  
on the *something for nothing* rule  
in the absence of flow,  
diminished returns of sleep,  
and pithy solipsisms that crowd out  
the great truths we were raised to embrace.

this is the truth of life as we know it  
until we burrow into the subversive current,  
our backs bent and ears oriented  
to the side-winding secrets  
of how to stay one step ahead.

the universe will fuck with us  
until we die, and the last bits  
of meat and bone dissolve  
into the earth - this is our last laugh,  
and payment in full.

**Hallucinations, Seeking Trains**  
**by John Michael Flynn**

1.

I'm told a century since passenger rail blew through here.  
I walk a trestle bridge, rivet heads dulled, girders  
still aqua-green in places but paint mostly peeling.  
I can see to the north a shotgun shack and I swear it's sinking  
into the river below. In these parts they can't give homes away.  
Sign nailed to a tree reads Worms & Crabs 4 Sale.  
So how many Powhatan natives bled to death in these currents?  
How many guns are enough to kill off hallucinations?

2.

At the Victory Gospel Lighthouse Church  
I sit on a wooden station bench once a church pew.  
This is what they mean, I suppose, by recycling.  
Hablamos Español on the sign out front.  
I'm in Medina now on a Sunday, having left Yates  
and when I leave for another town  
I know I'll try to memorize all the ones I've seen  
and still wonder how they got their names.  
These simple queries are one lasting joy of travel.

3.

Of many perches for itinerants on this planet  
one favorite is an overcooked chair in a hotel lobby  
with a faux fireplace and nicotine-yellowed wallpaper.  
I'm baking here now in front of red train depots,  
each roof shaped like a pagoda. Hundreds  
of these tiny depots and I reckon someone died  
here in this chair just a little waiting for trains.  
The lobby door opens and I hear rap music drive by.  
Streets, manhole covers, windows. Find me a home.

**Chainsaw Music**  
**by Pippa Little**

And when you were small  
we stepped on shadows-only  
for three blocks,  
our crazy hopscotch  
in dusty afternoons  
that smudged our hems,  
made us smell of road -  
I was big enough to reach you  
plums snarled in a shark-tooth fence  
to jam their maroon glut later  
between each other's lips –

we listened for chainsaw music  
behind Lister's wood yard,  
ran away unscreaming  
from his watchdog's yawn  
your shoes shone  
and your mother loved you:

perhaps God won't mind  
if I pretend to be a church  
when you lie down  
in the imaginary of here,  
the two of us so tired  
and over the railway, always,  
the unavoidable house,  
all its windows open.

**my birth defect**  
**by Wayne-Daniel Berard**

a lidless  
third eye.  
    that's right  
all from day one  
nothing but  
everything  
sight upon  
sight depth  
over depth  
    constant  
    intolerable  
    awareness.  
Oh how I love  
the shema  
when we all  
cover that spot.  
yes yes  
The Lord is  
One but for  
a dozen  
precious  
chanted  
syllables  
I am not.

**The World's Ugliest Dog Has Died and We Don't Know How to Feel About That**  
**by Jeff Jeppesen**

None of my music files are controversial anymore  
and that pisses me off so much  
prickly revolutionary edges worn classic rock smooth

Bred to be hideous  
Existing only to elicit disgust or pity  
its owner, Clara Something, scattered the little beast's ashes in her backyard  
she is the only one who sobbed for the thing

Tonight the crickets sing an argument which sounds like:  
Is! Is! Is! Is!  
and means:  
Your mistake is that you think the world has a beginning  
this leads you to believe it will one day end

In the end, stars will loosen  
in their sockets  
like the teeth of old men  
clatter to earth  
cool grey pebbles

I make my daughters listen to my records  
tell them this Buddy Holly song is why  
you girls can say those words that make you giggle  
a three minute song as an agent of change

in the end  
when the wind stops blowing  
and no dogs are ugly anymore  
when signs  
and wonders are done

Crickets saw madly as  
ever in the new dark  
calling for lovers like it's not the end  
is is is is



**Letter to the Con Who Shot a Cow**  
**by Ace Boggess**

because you didn't think a .22 would kill  
because you were drunk staggering home to Jesus through a muddy field

because your eyes swore *I hated that fucking cow*  
even as they dazzled your ember-cheeks with tears

because there's nothing left I could say that would make this  
less a comedy where Falstaff waits in shadow just off-stage

because animal cruelty carries less time  
than most of the battles we wage from behind our broken lines

I wanted to tell you all of us lose perspective in the moonlight  
we opposites of Meursault waving his silly pistol on a sun-blind beach

I wanted to give you the silence of a priest's laughter at confession  
but my heart filled up suddenly with noise

because I envisioned the heifer's outline chalked on grass  
because you felt remorse for only this

**Your Uncle from Canarsie Explains the Rapture**  
**by Will Nixon**

Not a week after the Superbowl not an icon was left standing.  
Icarus hijacked the Japanese blimp to party in Cuba.  
Dylan sipped sake after chewing on salt water taffy.  
The queen kidnapped cheerleaders to entertain jaguars  
for the patriotic showing of colors no flag could contain,  
then filled her moat with burning champagne; in her pantry  
we stuffed silverware into our sleeves. You could smell  
the Jack of Hearts up to his schemes. Cash money like confetti.

Forget you ever had a venereal uncle in Brighton Beach,  
a Communist who did his pornographic dreaming in Russian.  
Buy a fistful of raffle tickets to treat your wife to the Cyclone.  
At the top of the ride, fill your pockets with tiny free planets.  
At least one is guaranteed to feel like Florida in February.  
Never wear teeth carved from the bones of the last giants.  
Never wear Speedos in public. Treat the queen to a mai tai.  
The rapture may come, but bartenders will be here forever.

**Epilogue**  
**by Matt Morris**

Next day,  
putting out in your little  
skiff with arrowy  
swiftness on the blue, you sailed  
'til you lost the sun among  
other things, like, I  
don't know, credibility?  
*Anything that big,*  
I yelled from shore, *is im-*  
*possible to ditch.* You cupped  
your hands & shouted  
back, but I didn't catch your  
rejoinder. When you  
didn't return, I shivered  
in the weird dark. Where  
were you? Stars riddled  
the sky, which, not legally  
required to answer,  
kept mum. An ocean between  
us, the bitter water,  
waves.

## **How to Mend a Broken Heart** **by JC Reilly**

First, collect all the synonyms you can think of for broken: busted, fissured, ruptured, smashed, crumbled, tattered, shredded, cracked. There are more. Find them. They may crouch under the couch, mildew in a pair of stinky All-Stars, cram a jar of crunchy peanut butter, crawl along the west wall in your garden where the night-blooming jasmine flourishes, sway in the branches of the oak tree where a pair of squirrels chase each other, creep like ants at the foot of Flournoy Hill, where the two of you lay in switchgrass and dandelions and watch the clouds shift into rabbits or sailboats, swirl like the onion domes of St. Basil's Cathedral, which reminds you of Dairy Queen, of the time you licked white, cold sweetness off each other's noses, that silly ice cream duel, and the downpour that started right as you left, and how, even soaked as a runaway river, you couldn't stop laughing, swept away in laughter, the wet no more a nuisance than an eyelash. Have you found them? Yes? Stuff them into the pocket of your jeans and throw them into a wash. What comes out of the dryer: a clean pair of jeans and a ball of frayed paper whose ink has disappeared with the Tide. Throw it out, or throw it to the cat to play with, but it's nothing. And your heart? Whole again, little melon in your chest, to keep or give as you will.

**The Intrusion**  
**by Ken Poyner**

I am no intruder.  
Drop your force shields,  
Meet me at air lock two.  
Our pressure suits can entwine  
In the reflected light of the nearest  
Moon, in the ship's flashing status signs.  
We can spin together without  
Gravity as the starcraft in blue  
And red scintillation tells us

Outer door open  
Inner door locked

In a rhythm we cannot  
In weightlessness match. Drop  
Your shields. Set your engines  
To autopilot. I am hooking  
To the gantry of air lock two.  
I have my external lights off  
So my face plate can be your window,  
A window,  
Through which you might confirm  
My pure, childlike intentions. I am  
No threat. I am your release  
From productive, endless tedium.  
Grapple with me.  
Twist: by moments the two of us mere space junk,  
By moments the two of us ragged angels, masters  
Of imaginative machinery more valuable  
Than either of us could ever be.  
Come.

Slip into the air lock.

Let our suits rub joint  
To joint constructively:  
The two of us unproductively tethered,  
The senseless tiring bulk of sexless  
Animals encasing an animal sex.

For you, for us, for me, guess  
Which element emits more beauty: the stars  
Or the status lights; the unruly  
Emptiness, or the machinery  
Of our environmental subsistence?

Put on your suit,  
Come into the air lock,  
Emerge onto the gantry.  
I promise you: for this small time  
You will not be missed, and  
I will not be missed;  
But we will for a while be a point of light  
Licked furiously into the dark:  
And then be, in one rotation,  
The lonely shadow of ourselves.

**God Particle**  
**by Jonathan Travelstead**

Oppenheimer tested fate and the first nuclear bomb at Trinity,  
chancing this pale blue dot's mushrooming into the black  
for only a glimpse at the smaller cogs. Sure, in a few short hours

we'll hitch a ride to Alpha Centauri on packets of light,  
but just now in Geneva physicists sling particles like stock cars  
in opposing directions around a track, then comb the smashup

for evidence of God lying, bleeding in the wreckage. Is found  
in the form of new physics for which we've neither invented nor  
tuned the proper instruments for recognizing. 'Forty two'

spelled out in quarks. A matrix of corkscrews believed to be  
the Rosetta Stone for translating gravity to magnetism. Glyphs  
you believe into a pocket watch the moment you need one most.

Times we must trade the old, broken Pontiac in on a new one,  
leave behind our notions of the combustion engine.  
Every good experiment risks cloud flutter, blue earth

tattered into confetti. Watch now as they toss photons  
and pray for snake eyes. Watch- blue sand bucket and trowel  
in hand, and rush out when the tide recedes. Help me

to fossick teeth and shells from the sky's helices,  
asters of light.

**After Re-Reading Corso's Bomb Outside Of Santa Fe  
by John Michael Flynn**

It begins making no sense, meaning all sense  
during a whimsical examination of a yucca  
plant in a motel courtyard.

I imagine atomic fears sounding off in 1959.

I hear inscribed across the desert's edges  
one more oily echo willing to sell as legacy  
the dust we've fractured in our wake.

I walk into my careless room seeking epiphanies.

Air through an open window instructs my skin.

I listen to more desert winds and passing trucks.

Stunted by perplexing needs

I consider evidence, the slaughter required  
for an empire to make its mark.

At Baneberry in 1970 the radioactive dust cloud  
rose three kilometers high.

This was the exclamation mark of a new insight  
siring wells, containment procedures,  
underground shelters, stand-offs  
in mercenary exchanges toward potential apocalypse.

I face my uncomfortable bed,  
hear a child wailing, scorched somewhere –  
always a war to think of  
as I move to the comfort of bottled water,  
drink, swallow, switch on my reading lamp,  
the ark that is light no real consolation.



**Fried Bread**  
**by Patricia Frolander**

Limp hand-me-down dresses hung on her depression-poor frame.  
On weekends she wore coveralls, the bottoms rolled up to  
accommodate her short legs. Her daddy walked away one day  
when she was eight so Mama married his brother. A year later  
Baby Sister became her charge.

While older siblings argued over who milked cows, separated milk,  
churned butter, fed chickens and pigs and hoed the garden.  
Mama's kitchen was her domain. At age twelve she assumed command  
of the wood stove, creating macaroni and tomatoes, venison stew,  
pork hocks and beans, but fried bread became the family favorite.

Eighteen, tall and blonde, she married her sweetheart—buried him  
twelve years and two children later. She cooked for a wealthy family,  
tended bar, met a man, and left her kids with her maiden sister-in-law.  
Bright lights, hard men and harder whiskey took their toll. At her funeral,  
all agreed, none could compete with her fried bread.

**Brushing The Old Yellow Lab**  
**by Pippa Little**

She is grainy cornfields I remember up beyond our house,  
glowing on the hillsides I never reached  
through late summer sunsets: long shadows in slow burn,  
that longing to be somewhere else  
where my life could begin. So much faster  
than I expected, here I am, mothering a dog in our middle-age  
who slips out of herself, supple as thistledown  
every season, almost-white chaff lifting in tufts,  
for whom love is this wordless touch, the weight  
of my hands. I plough shadows in and smooth them out,  
remembering light pollen-sticky on my skin,  
waiting for that sensed world to come.  
Not how I thought it would be  
or enough, yet warm, rough, loose,  
more than I needed.

*Editors' Note: Brushing the Old Yellow Lab was previously published in The Stockholm Review, Issue 1-2014-08-22. We are pleased to republish it here.*

**At Valley of the Gods, Utah**  
**by Bret Norwood**

Red dirt, high mesas,  
the moon above the wash's floor:  
Whoever doesn't believe in spirits  
has never spent much time outdoors.

## **Sacrifice**

**by Audrey T. Carroll**

Picture the stars sent through electric whispers in the air to He-Who-Navigates-By-Cygnus and pray that she does not see the forbidden power, pray that she does not feel the crackle of life loosening like arrow to rotted trees. Struggle free of your bonds only for her to remain chained, blade against flesh, searing of a far-off chant. Know before action, see those final moments play in the mind's eye, motions slow before the monsoon, reassurance of her life against yours. Snap fingers, quake the Earth, and then nothingness as you empty, essence spilling into night's air, taken into clouds of frozen breaths, remembered on her lips.

## **Shallow**

**by Kathy Steinemann**

First, a facial. Then, a pedicure. I'll be Sleeping Beauty: creamy complexion, hair fanned around my face like a halo of innocence. Or one of those women in the old masterpieces: reclining on my chaise, my flowing garment positioned in a perfect pattern of flattering folds. I don't care what Stewart says. He called me shallow, a coward. But he doesn't understand. It's not fair. He's trying to make me feel guilty. But there's no guilt. The hell with him. Tonight, I'll slip into my new lingerie and the long turquoise dress with the lace trim on the bodice and sleeves. A bottle of the finest wine will caress my tongue and numb my body. Twenty-nine scented candles, one for every year of my life, will flicker and create dancing patterns of light and shadow on the walls. Then I'll listen to classical music while I run my fingers through my hair: my long, silky hair with the soft curls. My destiny is clear. This will only happen once. Once. Maybe I *am* shallow because I want to be beautiful. But it's *my* life. I refuse to go bald. I refuse to feel pain. I'll swallow the entire bottle of sedatives, then lie back on the sofa for my final sleep. And I will not smudge my mascara with tears.

**Foxy Night**  
**by Jane Roop**

On a stubborn starless night  
in my headlights crossing the road  
a fox with shy funnel face,  
a strand of wire body  
bushy tail caboose  
rudder and warmth.  
Dot. Dash. Flash.

**Why I'm Not a Parent**  
**by Marie Lecrivain**

*No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings - William Blake*

This was the fundamental problem  
between Icarus and Daedalus, and although  
the former tried his best to walk the line,  
he knew enlightenment was not a heritage.

Can you imagine the words, *I told you so*,  
dying on Daedalus' lips as he watched Icarus  
plummet like a comet into the sea,  
broken wings askew and breath  
sucked away by the west wind? Do you see  
the clever life jacket Daedalus designed  
- specifically for this occasion -  
left behind in a corner of his workshop  
because time and tide wait for no man?  
Can you sense the momentary pride  
that swelled in his breast as he  
watched Icarus ascend to heights  
no one dared to go,  
his heart caught in his throat,  
and eyes wide open in wonder?

**Robes Gather in the Alley, Languedoc**  
**by Stephen Linstead**

Black clergy robes  
hanging on an outdoor clothesline  
dance staccato to the wind

as though hearing flamenco for the first time  
or perhaps they are finally free  
of their starch.

From my upstairs room  
I hear them laugh at each other's altar jokes  
and confessional stories

as they snack on bread crumbs  
from their pockets  
and drink from wine-soaked sleeves.



**To Reach for the Sky**  
**by Kevin Casey**

Bikes resting in the dust, pivoting  
on their pedals, but the baseballs are tucked

in their gloves today, bats are left  
to list against garage walls, waiting.

Someone has brought a bow to the field,  
and the new game has no rules, and it has

no name. And the arrow, shot steeple-straight,  
draws their small souls up to plumb

the endless blue; subsumed by the sky,  
hidden in the perfect bliss of recklessness,

its point still aimed toward heaven,  
above the sound of children laughing.

**beyond**  
**by S.D. Lishan**

beyond the moss and leaf rattle  
beyond the grit of finch

and the screech of hawk  
beyond the scumble of last year's deer bones

beyond the totems  
of dying ash and wild cherry

beyond the bindweed  
and the glowing violets

beyond the mute prayers  
directed beyond the bone-colored sky

a taste of water glint  
a sleepless sigh over smooth stones

**At The Evening Table**  
**by Pippa Little**

*For Jean and Jack Dagnall*  
*on their Diamond Anniversary*  
*April 11<sup>th</sup> 2015*

Come, this is your place, and yours.  
You have filled the jug with light, with blue hours.  
The cloth runs white as river-spate  
where you've tidied the half-read books away.

Here you can see for miles and years –  
clouds scud high over dimming cedars,  
rain's falling on gardens and spires. Plates shift,  
memories' tesserae, exposed, transfix.

April, you light the lamps later and later,  
dusk rustles, dances in taffeta.  
Come, the bread is warm, the moon is full,  
sons long grown hang up jackets in the hall.

I would bring bride-blossom, swallows' wings,  
salt-grain diamond, holy labyrinths.  
But this circle, this feast, is yours. Twofold  
you've filled the sixty years you chose.

Come, there is love enough, spilling over  
for slow endearments, for memories' soft blur  
just as the first drop of light, shared  
from wick to wick, multiplies like stars, like prayer.

**The Archaeology of Time**  
**by Oonah Joslin**

I'd stepped outside  
the day that time stood still.  
A bee in the garden was  
suspended mid-flight over  
a forget-me-not its blue face  
open to the deep sky.

I saw the moment freeze  
the breeze break  
the shudder of all things cease.

Time beneath our feet  
above our heads  
moves in us  
through us.

No shadow moved across the day  
and no leaf stirred.  
The blackbird's beak  
swallowed its sound  
and all around I saw  
the bones of time  
evidence its archaeology.

Time resides in mystery  
tesseract, fractal,  
twists like a Möbius strip  
where red ants crawl  
in lemniscate.

Sound's silenced  
light stretched  
the smell of death and taste  
of long deleted stars.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**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). He is an ex-con, ex-husband, ex-reporter, and completely exhausted by all the things he isn't anymore. 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, West Virginia.

Queens, NYC, native **Audrey T. Carroll** is an MFA candidate with the Arkansas Writer's Program and graduated with a BA in Creative Writing from Susquehanna University. Her work has been published or is forthcoming in *Fiction International*, *Hermeneutic Chaos*, *Foliate Oak*, *The A3 Review*, and others. She can be found at <http://audreytcarrollwrites.weebly.com> and @AudreyTCarroll on Twitter.

**Bret Norwood** lives in Sheridan, Wyoming. His stories and poetry have been published in the *Open Window Review*, *Owen Wister Review*, *Soundzine*, and other journals, and his poetry was recognized in the 2013 WyoPoets National and Members-Only contests. He is a staff blogger for the Sheridan Programmers Guild. Follow his work at [bretnorwood.com](http://bretnorwood.com).

**Daryl Muranaka** was raised in California and Hawaii. He received his MFA from Eastern Washington University and spent three years in Fukui, Japan, in the JET Program. He currently lives in the Boston area with his wife and two children. In his spare time, he enjoys aikido and taijiquan and exploring his children's dual heritages.

**Jane Roop** is a retired securities broker. She lives in Kennewick, WA, home of the Kennewick Man, at the confluence of three rivers, the Columbia, the Snake and the Yakima.

**Jane Rosenberg LaForge** is the author of an experimental memoir, *An Unsuitable Princess: A True Fantasy/A Fantastical Memoir* (Jaded Ibis Press, 2014), and four volumes of poetry. "Burnt by the Sun God" is from a series of poems on the Greek myth of Daphne.

**JC Reilly** is the author of *La Petite Mort* and 25% co-author of a book of occasional poetry, *On Occasion: Four Poets, One Year*. She has been published most recently in *The Citron Review*, *Compose Journal*, *Glassworks Magazine*, *Kentucky Review*, and *Dirty Chai*. She lives in Atlanta.

**Jeff Jeppesen** lives and writes in Warner Robins Georgia. His work can be found in *Every Day Poets*, *Strange Horizons*, *The Linnet's Wings* and *Every Day Fiction*. For several years, he was an associate editor at *Every Day Poets*.

**John Michael Flynn** is currently an English Language Fellow with the US State Department in Khabarovsk, Russia. His most recent poetry collection, *Keepers Meet Questing Eyes* (2014) is available from Leaf Garden Press ([www.leafgardenpress.com](http://www.leafgardenpress.com)). Find him on the web at [www.basilrosa.com](http://www.basilrosa.com).

**Jonathan Travelstead** served in the Air Force National Guard for six years as a firefighter and currently works as a full-time firefighter for the city of Murphysboro. Having finished his MFA at Southern Illinois University of Carbondale, he now works on an old dirt-bike he hopes will one day get him to the salt flats of Bolivia. He has published work in *The Iowa Review*, on *Poetrydaily.com*, and has work forthcoming in *The Crab Orchard Review*, among others. His first collection, *How We Bury Our Dead* (Cobalt/Thumbnail Press) was released in March, 2015.

**Kathy Steinemann** has loved writing for as long as she can remember. As a child, she scribbled poems and stories. During the progression of her love affair with words, she won multiple public-speaking and writing awards. Her career has taken varying directions, including positions as editor of a small-town paper, computer-network administrator, and webmaster. She's a self-published author who tries to write something every day. You can read more of Kathy's work at [KathySteinemann.com](http://KathySteinemann.com).

**Ken Poyner** often serves as unlikely eye-candy at his wife's powerlifting meets. His latest collection of brief fictions, *Constant Animals*, can be located through links on his website, [www.kpoyner.com](http://www.kpoyner.com), and at [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com). He has had recent work out in *Analog*, *Asimov's*, *Poet Lore*, *Sein Und Werden*, and several other places, both in print and on the web.

**Kevin Casey** has contributed poems to recent editions of *Green Hills Literary Lantern*, *Kentucky Review*, *Rust + Moth*, *decomp*, and other publications. His new chapbook, *The wind considers everything—*, was recently published by Flutter Press, and another from Red Dashboard is due out later this year. He is a graduate of UMass, Amherst and the University of Connecticut.

**Marian Kaplun Shapiro** is the author of a professional book, *Second Childhood* (Norton, 1988), a poetry book, *Players In The Dream, Dreamers In The Play* (Plain View Press, 2007), and two chapbooks: *Your Third Wish* (Finishing Line, 2007), and *The End Of The World, Announced On Wednesday* (Pudding House, 2007). A Quaker and a psychologist, her poetry often embeds the topics of peace and violence by addressing one within the context of the other. A resident of Lexington, she was five times named Senior Poet Laureate of Massachusetts. She was nominated for the Pushcart Prize in 2012.

**Marie Lecrivain** is the editor of *poeticdiversity: the litzine of los angeles*, a photographer, and writer-in-residence at her apartment. She's the author of *The Virtual Tablet of Irma Tre* (© 2014 Edgar & Lenore's Publishing House). Her avocations include alchemy, collecting Brontë novels, and crafting purty things to sell on Etsy.

**Matt Morris** has appeared in various magazines and anthologies, such as *ABZ Review*, *DMQ Review*, *88: A Journal of Contemporary Poetry*, *New York Quarterly*, *Runes* and *Utter*. He's received five Pushcart nominations as well as a recent Best of the Net nomination. His first book, *Nearing Narcoma*, won the 2003 Main Street Rag Poetry Award. Since then, Pudding House has published his chapbooks, *Here's How* and *Greatest Hits*. He currently lives on what remains of a farm in West Virginia with his pet wombat Sonny.

**Oonah Joslin** is 100 MicroHorrors old and she sometimes feels it, but that is only because her storytelling brain never shuts down. In addition to her work at [MicroHorror](#), you can read Oonah's poetry and flash at [Postcard Poems and Prose](#). She is also the poetry editor of [The Linnet's Wings](#). Visit Oonah on her blog, Parallel Oonahverse at <https://oovj.wordpress.com>.

**Patricia Frolander** actively ranches in the Wyoming Black Hills, although at this stage of her life, she prefers her writing desk. Frolander, a Wrangler and Willa Cather Award recipient, has been widely published for eighteen years and was appointed Wyoming Poet Laureate by Governor Matt Mead in 2011-13.

**Pippa Little** is Scots but lives in North East England. She is a poet, tutor, editor and reviewer. *Overwintering* came out in 2012 from OxfordPoets/Carcanet and was shortlisted for The Seamus Heaney Centre Award. She is working on her next collection and also a chapbook. This year she takes up a Royal Literary Fund Fellowship at Newcastle University.

**S.D. Lishan** is an associate professor of English at The Ohio State University. His book of poetry, *Body Tapestries* (Dream Horse Press), was awarded the Orphic Prize in Poetry and was published in 2006. His poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction have appeared in *Arts & Letters*, *Kenyon Review*, *Boulevard*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, *The American Poetry Journal*, *Bellingham Review*, *XConnect*, *Barrow Street*, *Your Impossible Voice*, *Creative Nonfiction*, and other fine magazines. He lives in Delaware, Ohio, with his wife, Lynda, and their dog, Kracker Jack.

**Stephen Linsteadt** is a painter, poet, and writer. He is the author of the forthcoming poetry collection, *The Beauty of Curved Space* (Glass Lyre Press), and the non-fiction book, *Scalar Heart Connection*, which is concerned with humanity's connection, or lack thereof, with Nature, the Earth, and the global community. His poetry has appeared in *Silver Birch Press*, *Synesthesia Literary Journal*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *San Diego Poetry Annual*, *Saint Julian Press*, *Poetry Box*, *Spirit First*, and others. He has published articles about heart-centered consciousness in *Whole Life Times*, *Awaken*, *Truth Theory*, *Elephant Journal*, and others.

**Tim Tomlinson** is a co-founder of New York Writers Workshop and co-author of its popular text, *The Portable MFA in Creative Writing*. His chapbook, *Yolanda: An Oral History in Verse* (Finishing Line Press) will appear in October 2015. His poems, stories, and essays have been published in China (*United Verses* and *Anthill*), the Philippines (*Esquire*, *Tomas*, *Silliman Journal*), and in the Anvil Press anthology *Fast Food Fiction*), and the U.S. in numerous venues, including *Blue Lyra Review*, *Caribbean Vistas*, *Soundings Review*, *Theory in Action*, and in the anthology *Long Island Noir* (Akashic Books).

**Wayne-Daniel Berard** teaches English and Humanities at Nichols College in Dudley, MA. An adoptee and former Franciscan seminarian, his birth-search led him to find and embrace his Jewishness. Wayne-Daniel is a Peace Chaplain, an interfaith clergy person, and a member of B'nai Or of Boston. He has published widely in both poetry and prose, and is the co-founding editor of *Soul-Lit*, an online journal of spiritual poetry. He lives in Mansfield, MA, with his wife, The Lovely Christine.

**Will Nixon** is the author of *My Late Mother as a Ruffed Grouse* and *Love in the City of Grudges*. He sometimes collaborates with his friend and fellow author Mike Jurkovic. Will lives in Kingston, NY.



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