

SUGAR
HOUSE
REVIEW



#17

SPRING/SUMMER 2018



POETRY

SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW

AN INDEPENDENT POETRY MAGAZINE

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POETRY

ELIZABETH KNAPP	
Hunter's Moon, Gettysburg	1
BRYCE BERKOWITZ	
I'd Rather Not Say	2
JOSÉ ANGEL ARAGUZ	
On the Times I Don't Remember the Right Words for Things	3
Scripture: Self	4
MOLLY DAMM	
Friendship	5
STAR COULBROOKE	
Self Indulgence (Three)	7
Endings (One)	8
ALLISON HRABAN	
During the Autopsy	9
Gullfoss, Iceland	10
LEVI ANDALOU	
[The imaginary world takes up...]	11
[Our childhood compulsions...]	12
JULIA BOUWSMA	
The Way Home	13
Paddling the Storm	16
ROSA LANE	
Diving Bells	17
ANTHONY WARNKE	
Nevada	18
DANIELLE WEEKS	
The Love Lives of Trains	19
Persona	21
JOHN SIBLEY WILLIAMS	
Reading <i>Ozymandias</i> in Astoria	22
CHRISOPHER CREW	
The New Future Adoption Process	23

DAVID LEE	
Fourth Birthday, Panguitch, Utah, 1948: Kodak Moment	25
On a Political Facebook Posting from a Former Colleague and Friend that Upset Jan	26
JIM RICHARDS	
Bluetooth	28
Some Minutes	29
CINDY VEACH	
You Would Be Forgiveness in Thinking that You Can See the Whole of the Moon	30
MIKE GOOD	
Comeback Story	31
HOLLY KARAPETKOVA	
In the Past, the Present is the Future	32
NANCY TAKACS	
The Mirror's Reply	33
Pieces in a Whole Mirror	34
STEVEN D. SCHROEDER	
Words from Your Password Reminder	35
JEFF WHITNEY	
Dear Phil [Most of my fantasies...]	36
Dear Phil [Thinking about writing a poem...]	37
JENNIFER MARTELLI	
Crooked Forest (<i>Nowe Czarnowo</i>)	38
After the Didgeridoo Concert	39
DANIEL DIEGELSON	
How Much Do I Really Want to See You	40
DAVID ROMANDA	
Necessary	41
Ode to Clip-on Earrings	42
TAMARA L. PANICI	
Once You Know a Thing Exists	43

DAYNA PATTERSON	
Self-portrait as Miranda After Shipwreck	44
Self-Portrait as Miranda with Xenophilia and Apostasy	46
Self-Portrait as Portia and Jessica at the Witching Hour	47
MEGHAN HARRISON	
A woman from the interior explains our marriage	49
PETER KRUMBACH	
On a Leash	50
The Smiths' Dinner Party	51
EMMA AYLOR	
North Hills	52
List of Unlucky Symbols	53
CHRISTOPHER COKINOS	
Bright and Vibrant Surroundings Welcome You	54
Water-filled Lens	55
CHRISTOPHER T. KEAVENEY	
Grit	56
LAUREN DAVIS	
Mating Season	57
CHAD M. CHRISTENSEN	
Uncanny Resemblance	58
Genetics	59
KATE LINDROOS	
Words that Shakespeare Made	60
Whispering in the Library	61
DION O'REILLY	
Safety	62
WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE	
Hier Gibt es Blaubeerren	64
KAREN SKOLFIELD	
Due to Historical Accuracy, Hazards Are Present	65
Chevron: <i>Origin</i> < Rafter, <i>Also</i> Goat	66

CRAIG BLAIS
My First Sonnet on Zoloft® 67

JAN C. MINICH
Among Junipers 68

DANIELLE BEAZER DUBRASKY
Vespers 69
Petroglyphs at Parowan Gap 70

SUGAR ASTROLOGY

SHARI ZOLLINGER
Illustrations by Holli Zollinger 69

BOOK REVIEWS

DONNA VORREYER
Footnotes in the Order of Disappearance by Fady Joudah 75

B.J. BUCKLEY
The Lapidary's Nosegay by Lara Candland 79

AMY BRUNVAND
jämtska – of fluids and listening. by stinne storm 84

KATIE JEAN SHINKLE
The Carrying by Ada Limón 87

BOOKS RECEIVED 90

BIOGRAPHIES

CONTRIBUTORS A–Z 91

SUGAR MAKERS

STAFF 98

MICAH PLAYER
And All My Friends Were There Cover Art

HUNTER'S MOON, GETTYSBURG

I could have believed anything
that night, on that one-lane
country road, the battlefield
alive with shadows, outlines
of worm fences where X

marks the spot, cupolas
of blackened barns, & beyond,
the far slope of Cemetery Hill,
where ghost troops huddled
under the broken moonlight,

& the wind made anguished
sounds with its breath. Yes,
it was still possible for the world
to surprise me, or rather, it was
still possible to surprise myself,

even there, waist-deep
in the trenches, but crawling
my way out, up along the ravaged
hillside, to where, from a distance,
the carnage looked gorgeous.

I'D RATHER NOT SAY

I only see you when you hide
inside the low rumble of a thousand bees.
And to think that yesterday I held you
between the lemon-sting of a hangnail
and then the night stepped out from behind October
and called you into its dark cloud.
I watched you leave
and stain the sidewalk with a velvet gloom.
The wind blew through the pines
and the muscle between my ribs grew cold.
You said you hated how dead leaves filled your ears
with smoke and moon. I wrapped my lips
around the mouth of a wine jug
and drank to the last drop. And when I woke,
you were still disappearing between particles of light.
And the black drag of memory
scraped out my insides with its cold spoon.

ON THE TIMES I DON'T REMEMBER THE
RIGHT WORDS FOR THINGS

Tonight, leaving work after a double shift,
what is left to say on my walk home,
in and out of conversation with myself,

dims and leaves me surprised: *hone o oru*,
a phrase I read, I couldn't say when,
comes back clearly, scratched across a book's flyleaf

with the words it might translate to in English
(*to break your bones, or to have a bone
broken*) in pencil scrawled and smudged beside it,

as if whoever tried to work it out stopped,
unable to choose between doing
the breaking and being broken, and left both

phrases for me like answers to a riddle
no one is around to ask, and which
I no longer have the breath to decipher,

unable to read the growing night against
the headlights of oncoming traffic,
each pair of lights indifferent, reading past me—

another breath slips, breaks my conversation,
words again have a falling leaves feel:
the feel of a foot driven into the air

of a missing step, that braced stagger, the feel
of reaching for a door you thought closed
only to find it open, your artless hand

on the air you have to walk through to move on.

SCRIPTURE: SELF

My mother speaks of lost ones in her prayers.
She goes alone to Most Precious Blood to pray.

Each son evoked, each missing relative,
figures in a math of self on Saratoga Boulevard.

My mother visits lost ones in her prayers:

the saints on candles, the light and ash they give,
stand with her at the kitchen sink on Ramsey Street.

She took me to Most Precious Blood to pray

before St. Jude as I prepared to leave
at seventeen, fidgeting against the kneeler's velvet.

Did my mother add a lost one to her prayers

the day my father died—or did she live
awhile unable, as I am, to believe?

I've driven alone to Most Precious Blood to pray,
and driven past, the engine loud now with my prayers.

FRIENDSHIP

The code word for the night is
blow. As in, *I'll sell you a bag of*,
and you might wonder what I'm doing
here listening to compatriots a little less
folksy than I'd like for Montana
with my cheeks aflame it's true
I'm only pointing out
the quick way to flock towards
anonymity especially when it makes
me blush and though I don't mention
my mother to the stranger here
from Natchez it would be best
if he knew her his need
to talk is so muscular I'll talk
to anyone whose voice is that
dappled I'll talk to anyone
the night such a torrent
of otherwise, silence.
You likewise
might wonder why she appears
I too wonder it's one of those tricks
dear reader, that I don't know
the trick to, but she's a suite
of strange notes evaporating
into joy & she'll talk to anyone
no matter the weather
so for now, she'll stay. Tonight,
she's asking of her own mother
as cardinal dazed on suet in the suburbs
to play a little less bridge and do a little more
praying that I'll marry someday
and if I had to admit
anything it's that when the bartender

offered cocaine to everyone
to rescue them from something
or this town in the rain
I was thinking about all of the tiny
candles barely snapped to flame
before their shimmery reverie
made waxy the cake I was thinking
about nesting in the packet of her arms
for so many years
while everyone else yelled
blow.

SELF INDULGENCE (THREE)

Time convinced of obligation,
stunted devotion of motherhood.
Pain, not unlike the screwdriver
jammed full force in newly-stitched
ligaments of a recent surgery meets you
at the door, calls you inadequate.

Even if you were paid a man's wage
you wouldn't have his guts for this,
the kids with mouths agape like baby birds
and you in the mood for murder.
Instead, macaroni and corn, a suet block
hung from the closest branch, you
in your biking pants, helmeted.

Excruciating, this brand of maturity,
this apocalyptic sort of wisdom.
You've never been good at showing
love, naïve young know-it-all. You depart
like a rag on the edge of storm, lifted,
thrown, caught on a rock and plastered by rain
until the weave of you is only theoretical.

ENDINGS (ONE)

In the dark night they sleep
 doors closed
against dogs cops burglars fire

wind a snake rasping its scales
 on siding and underground
a river slides into caverns

On the tracks west of town locomotive
 moans a warning
he wakes first then she does

silence echoing through
 their last dream
neither going back to sleep

She feels for the door
 but can't find the knob
hands sliding over the panel and frame

over and over sliding like whispers against
 the smooth paint
as he lies breathing quiet alert

In the dark night animals
 pass in a hush of damp earth
shadows a seizure on window glass

bed iron anchored to wood floor
 a fine wet sand seeping up
wefting under and over the cracks

DURING THE AUTOPSY

after Ralph Angel

Here in the belly, a tiny capsule: bullet
lodged in one cold room of his abdomen,

lit pin on the dark map of his body, and there,
beneath the curve of his shoulder,
another bit of lead, now lusterless.

The lights are off here, no blinking
lamps in the windows, no yellow ribbons
knotted to the street posts.

Each address has a secret
the scalpel requires of it,
the careful incisions, score on the diaphanous skin

of his skull. After: the twin halves
still glistening, tawny hair crisp with dried blood,

shade at his earlobes, mute residences,
the quiet street and its skyline,
his atlas unfolded across the stars.

GULLFOSS, ICELAND

In soft canyon mist,
the distal fall zone:
grey pebbles, her feet,
pair of ragg wool gloves.
She coughs: a hound's bark
the air wears like dropped apples.
Her quiet marionette
follows a mountain shadow.

[THE IMAGINARY WORLD TAKES UP...]

The imaginary world takes up its position behind an oil drum. I am protected momentarily from the harmful effect of cosmic rays by the passing shadow of a communications satellite. Moonlight slows and cools as it travels through the frost weighing down the tips of the sod, newly installed. Is it significant we are within hearing distance of the ocean? The waves breaking their bodies against the beach without end close my eyes, then obliterate an entire category of cognition. I want to come back, but here is no longer there. If you don't have something imaginary to say, don't say anything at all.

[OUR CHILDHOOD COMPULSIONS...]

Our childhood compulsions hinged on a choreography of self-cannibalism. The pediatrician grudgingly approved, owing to what he called the amusing logic of our play with the boundaries of corporeality. We were the flightless bastard of a great-winged lineage. We killed all of our time. Building contraptions upstairs that were too big to get down. Staring without blinking for interminable periods, waiting for the other to concede. Auguring destinies on the yard: dwelling, car, name of spouse, number of kids. Then we got educated. Then we got overeducated. Then we got underemployed. From there, we began our long experimentation with game theory in the public parks. Because speaking was not enough, we took a vow to give up listening. To give up comprehension. All I'm trying to say is that many, many animals were harmed in the making of this film.

THE WAY HOME

Day after day, we broke down the beavers' dam
and day after day they built it back.

It was an endless summer of rain. Water clotted
the road. Water so high they swam

in front of my car as I climbed the long road
to our cabin on the hill.

•

I stood in the road after work, pants rolled
to my knees. The rain poured down.

Dress shoes in one hand, I dragged
the newest branches to the other side—

their chewed points stuck
like spears as I hurled them
into the bog.

•

The second summer we called Fish and Wildlife,
but Fish and Wildlife wouldn't come.

*We only trap beavers to kill, they said. Try to move them,
and they'll just find their way home.*

•

Eventually, my husband shot them, fished
their sodden bodies

from the pond
with the neighbor's kayak.

First the male, skinned hide salted—
we ate the meat with eggs.

It tasted of poplar bark, bitter
swamp.

•

Fall came: the female hung
in our shed, froze before there was time

to skin her out.

I drove the long road home,

no crunch of branches under my car.

•

All winter, I tried to write the island
to life, labored

these voices, the people torn

up, dug
from their land—

all winter, the beaver hung in my shed,

her body frozen and still,
upside down in the dark.

In 1912 the State of Maine forcibly evicted an interracial community of roughly forty people from Malaga Island, the small island off the coast of Phippsburg, Maine that had been their home for generations. Eight islanders (including the entire Marks family) were committed to the Maine School for the Feeble Minded in Pownal.

PADDLING THE STORM

Robert Tripp

Snow on salt water is not erasure—it's jelly, like hog fat scumming the pot, bobbing below the surface until it becomes the surface. Dip the oar in, and it clings: memory, its shoulder-strung rhythm of panic. He's always known he'd never arrive in time. Between strokes he drinks this knowledge in. Great gulps salt-sear his throat—night mouth of wind and sleet, fever crusting like brine on his dying wife's skin, slow leak in the bottom of the boat. History is just the moment that won't let go, body suspended in a motion it can't escape. He lifts his shoulders, plunges the oars in again and again.

Even after Laura's limbs have stiffened like oarlocks beneath the sheet, even after he himself is dead and gone, and his sons and his sons' sons too, loss steadies itself above the prow constant as the north star, loss splinters into the palms of our hands, and behind the dory slow water still curdles too thick for erasure— and there's nothing left to do but row and row and row.

Unable to find a location where they were welcome to relocate, Robert and Laura Darling Tripp and their four children lashed their home to a raft as a makeshift houseboat. In November 1912, Laura Tripp became gravely ill in the middle of a severe storm. Robert Tripp rowed through the storm for a doctor, but returned too late. Laura had already died, and it is said that her grieving children had to be pried from her body.

DIVING BELLS

Sap runs late. April skates her glazed eye
across the pond, its turnover: ice melt drops
to the bottom, winter's cold shoulder ascends
the dredge, muck churning.

You turn down
our bed uncovering Eleusinian mystery.
Last year's husks, priestesses tend
winter's dead, pray for the young sheaths
of wheat already heading for May's first mow.
Persephone jangles her *sistrum*, opens
her little red box. Robins. Geese crank north.
Under her skirt, water spiders whip the pond,
plummet diving bells, amber fists of jelly
free the amphibians.

Tonight, the vernal orb
swallows last light into her wax, flirts
the hooded porch light, lowers its fire
in filigrees. We meet, wings quieted, your arms
wrap me in parentheses. No one knows
why crocuses close at night when hazel air hovers
the quag, edges ripple the interior, overturning—
winter's requiem. Luna arches her back, swims
the fen. By morning, she sleeps on the bank,
minnows nip the surface, descend blackened
glass. We break the shoal, swirls of silver
glint & the moon attends our fresh little deaths.

NEVADA

I want it all. Accept that.
I want breakfast in bed
and the lights on
later. I need to be
needed, not bothered,
bathed in double
positives: maple
bacon, ground
round, good clown
sense. I want hugs
and drugs, a taut
morning in a Jesuit
study. I want kids
that cannot die,
my big break,
a double-whip
Frappuccino.
I want to go
to heaven broke, so
I'm paying the price
in Reno.

THE LOVE LIVES OF TRAINS

Outside the window, like a phone call
from a friend who walks home
at the same time each night, giants
whistle through the lonely
precise hours. No need
for arms when all their holding
happens in their chests, no legs
except the blurred bridges
they borrow, thighs tagged
with neon-yellow lost loves.

There is no one out there
for them. No algorithms made
to match them by common interests:
I like moving inexorably
along the same paths, over
and over, I like short runs
above the beach, I like
when the knees rust out,
drop me spineless into the river.
There is no one like them.

Sometimes their noise
is self-conscious, as if
they are embarrassed
by their necessary howls,
their artificial breath
disturbing the cold.
Mouths full of stone,
steel, nothing that knows
how to rot. They never wanted
any of this.

They would trade
their hollow organs for hands,
trade a renewable body
for lips to blow warmth
back into their fingers
when the cold comes down,
when no one else will look
at the man who tries to pay fare
with a fish, his rattled eyes
pressed under too much slow weight.

PERSONA

The other half of your face
is sleeping somewhere else—
the abandoned bus station,
a cheap motel, on the rocks
by the river. You are missing
her like a mirror misses silver.
How can you know anything
without her, fierce and simple
as teeth in a mouth. She will
not come back on her own.
You have to starve her out.
Turn all your food to water,
drink your blood to a river.

She'll wake to each muscle
growing its own stomach
and know that, once again,
you've forgotten how to feed
without her. *Stupid child*,
she'll say, and put herself
inside your hands, open
every movement's mouth,
make you swallow white
sugared sun, the meat
carved from human touch.
She is the one who laughs.
She is the one who knows

you couldn't do this alone.
She'll come. You can let go.
She'll use your legs, walk
outside. People will notice
something about your face
has filled itself in—not
as obvious as a glass eye
where there was none, not
even something as small
as a healed cut—your face
like a newlywed's. Someone
always waiting. Someone
who shares your name.

READING *OZYMANDIAS* IN ASTORIA

Beneath these storm-shaped trees, bent inland,
hammocking the glassy shards of light so none
strike us, at least not enough to illuminate or hurt,
we're rubbing sticks together in hopes of a fire
that'll last the night. The only fires we've known
to catch & stay & eventually, briefly, warm us
others have lit. It's the same with snow, how it
only hardens what's never been particularly soft.
Or the kinds of walls worthy of pilgrimage. Or wars
without end. To unpack someone else's history & make it
our own is the easy part. But what we burn never
remains relevant after its ash cools &, taken by
the wind, moves on. That *we're still out here trying
should count for something* doesn't slake our thirst
or satisfy the gods our ancestors placed in our hands,
delicately, so not to be broken, like glass beads
traded, duplicitously, with natives for an island.
Irreparable: that's the kind of breaking we're after;
a fire so persuasive our grandchildren will pray to it.

THE NEW FUTURE ADOPTION PROCESS

42 years ago, my Dad was 31.
My wife was born. He lived
in Philadelphia. Or maybe Pittsburgh.

Or maybe New York, the second time.
1974 is long dead. Our second child
is more real, now, than that year—
but there are no roads, yet, to her.

When time does spin us
together, her official past
will barely light a one-page form.

If time and space were one apple
and, for my wife's tomorrow birthday,
I woke from sleep to chop it,
sour it, sweeten and press it

into a pie, then the other apples are the
infinite beginnings contained
within our future child. If the radio

can remember the Traveling Wilburys'
tape my father wore to shreds, then all
voices/bodies/lives are different petals
of the same blossom on the apple tree

he bought at Costco. As I slice, I find
a browned spot, trace it back
through the layers of his CT scan, get it

all. Look, child: three families
grafted onto a single rootstock.
A time change ties all the balloon strings
to one doorknob: once his, some day, yours.

For now? Here: here are the best bites
of this year's sun, all baked in. Half the crust's
moisture is vodka, was made to disappear.

FOURTH BIRTHDAY, PANGUITCH, UTAH, 1948:
KODAK MOMENT

*the process of life being a passing between dream and reality,
and the older I get, the less sure I am which is which*

Sunlight and tall yellow pine, sound of laughter
(which he already knew to be the gateway to protestant sin)
a human chain calling him out
“Red Rover Red Rover let Davey come over”
The burn and blood smear as his front tooth stayed
in mother’s glove and her firm whisper
“Don’t cry, this is the happiest day of your life”

So he learned to pretend to forget to remember
the collision of green grass and blue sky
neck snap with the plunge into linked call over arms
face bash and clenched glove
August early redbanded wooly worm staring eye to eye
and his first secular musical remembrance
cousins singing Happy Birthday dear Davey,
beneath it all the summer windhiss, “Don’t you cry”

ON A POLITICAL FACEBOOK POSTING
FROM A FORMER COLLEAGUE AND FRIEND
THAT UPSET JAN

what Got him was Noth
— e e cummings

evate
To El ^ Me
diocracy to
worth
is to esta
blishit
as value
&
our world
sssh
udders (

Grab them
Buy
the pus
il
animous until
they
squeal & pledge
Love
&
Loyalty)

in the dim
in
ish

ment as the hoi
pilot
tout

their horns
beat their breasts shout
Be
 lieve Me
three cheers
 for pre
cious
 Moi
Nothing

BLUETOOTH

It was Gutenberg, back for a visit.
I took him to Chipotle, then, in the park,
we climbed trees. Huge oaks. Near
the top of one, where the branches

were weaker and yielding to our weight,
he confessed: I do not believe in miracles
anymore. Then I have something
to show you, I said. We walked

to my office on campus, I typed
a few words on my laptop, then printed them
via bluetooth. I thought it would
amaze him. I thought he would bow down

and worship me. I already told you,
he said, I do not believe in miracles anymore.

SOME MINUTES

Each minute is an oval
to be filled in on a test,

a small hole in the lawn
a skunk dug looking for grubs.

How many minutes fly
like a flock of trash bags?

Once I found the roadside
remains of a mule deer buck

and when I took it by the horn
and lifted its head, minutes

squirmed in a pile, fat with flesh.
I cut the horns off and took them home.

The bag of marbles I had as a child
was full of minutes I could hold

between thumb and finger and launch
at another glass ball of time.

Now the universe moves so slowly
I can hardly advance without bumping

into stalled stars. Each winter, I unscrew
the hose from the hose bib

and shake the last few minutes out
and hang it over the deck to drip.

Something must be done with time
before it freezes and bursts the line.

YOU WOULD BE FORGIVEN IN THINKING THAT YOU CAN SEE THE WHOLE OF THE MOON

Because only 59% of the moon's surface is visible from Earth
there is still reason to believe in cheese. Indulge me please.

We may see only the nearside, but that nine percent beyond one-half
is hard fought territory existing only in the libration zones

where our lunar buddy gently *wobbles in Earth's sky*
playing at peek-a-boo with the naked eye. And while nothing

has gone uncharted, to observe this bonus acreage,
is to see around corners *a little way around the east and west*

limb and over the north and south and to be able to distinguish
craters foreshortened and edge-on. Yet still, we're missing

forty-one percent. Math may be my nemesis, but I get this.
We don't know what we're missing. More than knick-knacks

and photos deep-sixed in the attic. What about every crater
never noticed, never explored? So many grainy possibilities

forgone. Close your eyes and look hard at the moon tonight.
I was only joking about the cheese. What I meant to say

was there is still reason to believe that at any given moment
for whatever reason there is more than meets the eye.

Title and quotes (in italics) from: <https://www.spaceanswers.com/astronomy/how-much-of-the-moons-surface-can-we-see-from-earth/>

COMEBACK STORY

Cars pass beyond the Cathedral.
One piano wing clings to asphalt. Here,
in Pittsburgh, everyone needs a comeback story.
Here, where we erase old bruises and build
new limbs. Above the thirtieth floor, peregrines
have nested for years. Not far from there
a mother eagle watches, snowy-eyed
over the Monongahela, above
the shale, where her nest shakes in the wind. Inside the eggs,
cells divide around coeloms coelom coelomita.
Greek: *koiloma*: a hollow cavity. One can feel
letters wrapping around the emptiness. Bending,
she breaks the eggshell barricade and feeds her young
to her young. Against the frayed tips
of our shoelaced DNA, we eat the world.
Eagle like *falcon* has no origin outside itself,
only gaining specificity over time.
All the while, the snow makes a dusty layer
on eagle feathers, blowing, then flaking into the sky.
Wind picks up across the bridge. A strand
of plastic is caught twitching in a sparrow nest.
I saw this once and then forgot: a strand of plastic
caught between the maple twigs
vibrating like a watch.

IN THE PAST, THE PRESENT IS THE FUTURE

And Paul Newman is younger than you are now, his sideways glance and twitchy smile harder to resist than your look of pity, fake a frown. He was faking, too, of course, but so convincingly I took it for fact, in the past, when the past was the present or at least more present than it is now. You were waiting out in the future, your face still full of promise, nothing yet tangible, nothing yet filled in with bone. You hinged at the gate and I stooped to pick you up, but that was the future and the future was ahead. The present was Paul Newman in his reckless jeans, though as Butch Cassidy he was already beginning to show some tufts of gray. The past was catching up to him, the saying goes, as my past is catching up to you now, and you won't get away until the present is miles in the past and the future is just another man on a horse a few gallops up ahead.

A MIRROR'S REPLY

The word is butter crème
this morning.

The apples in the bowl
pale yellow.

Tilapia loves
its buff epigraph.

Milk, eggshell.

No lilt of cinnamon
or the earth of lilac,
no magenta skies.

An albino rabbit is truly
covert in the snowy desert.

She won't need a word.
She flies.

Learn how to cope,
sweet friend.

There will always be
dun days.

I look at you and see
my life in front of your eyes.

PIECES IN A WHOLE MIRROR

There is a tunnel and a bridge.

What animals show,
what is missing,
is how to love ourselves.

Watercress and fennel
still in the left drawer.

The grace of snakes.

Kindness can become fallible.

Blue-violet. Yellow-violet.

Buntings on time
all the way from Baja.

A woman canters a palomino,
wearing a conchas belt.

Many more moons and pines.

The turtle never parts
the forest.

Love is a despot who spares no one.

A sliver of rosehip on the silver highway.

He is good for me.

WORDS FROM YOUR PASSWORD REMINDER

I'm too easy. I'm obvious in retrospect. Your favorite pet? Your childhood friend? Your mother's maiden name? Your grandmother's sickbed family secret? I'm your first instinct. I'm the one you least suspect. Your test score? Your health scare? Your scar story? Your stress disorder meds? Where you hid? Why you cried? Your suicidal ideation? I'm what you expect of me. I'm not what you want me to be. Your ex-lover's married name? Your secret kink? Your song no longer? The thing you said wrong? Your almost yes? Your loss or theirs? I'm the last place you think to look. I'm right in front of you the whole time. Your best friend's face? Your own children's names? Your biggest fear? You're not there yet? Can't you guess me? I'm unforgettable. I'm ungettable. I'm not yours anymore.

DEAR PHIL

Most of my fantasies don't involve dancing on the grave of Pol Pot or standing prim at the podium of the intergalactic awards for love making or even walking through Manhattan in a suit of Republican skins but I am open to change and willing like most to be dark now and then. Instead I am the last pollinator on earth and like Santa Claus work only one day of the year. Like you, I'm most honest when wrecked but never all that wrecked so most the time I'm half-to a quarter-honest. Once though I celebrated in a fountain with Spaniards because for one god-kissed year they were champions so I know how the thirteenth tribe of Moses felt even though their mouths were a Reno ash tray and they could no longer have fun and were, in fact, closer in relation to stone. But enough about deserts and dancing, there's a couple thousand boxes of metaphors to unbox. Today's favorite: "poets are magicians who are bored with magic." Just yesterday I saw an airliner and thought Sputnik. A magician in Reno fell through a trap door and was discovered three weeks later half-corpsed in a casino's ventilation shaft. Enough about that, too. It says a lot about a person if they focus on the end of things rather than the beginning: tire-half-inflated sort of voodoo that never made sense to me. I say leave the ending for the reader. Put them on the plane that winds up marooned. Give them coconuts and mortal fear and a yellowing copy of Akhmatova. Tell them no one is coming then leave a pistol in a bowling bag with a rope, a hammer, some wood and nails. Then be happy to see what sort of castle they do or don't build.

DEAR PHIL

Thinking about writing a poem called this stern October has deceived me. A magician's greatest act is to go somewhere and never come back so I'm telling myself my friend Chad is a great magician. Today the big worry in the south is kissing bugs that visit in sleep. Like certain moths that drink your tears when you aren't even sad. Once, I was a lost boy in a Peter Pan musical. Also played an orphan in Little Orphan Annie. It was hard because I couldn't fake adversity so instead faked happiness. I fell in love in the windy city. I drank chocolate in Granada. After coming down from a handful of mushrooms I climbed the tallest tree in Santa Cruz. It's not a list of accomplishments but a list all the same and it doubles as a thief when I would otherwise be dreaming and the moths would come like hummingbirds to drink from mine eyes. Anyway, how is Natalie? How are my mountains? Out here a few days of sun then everything slammed shut and the sandals went back with no fanfare. The closet, once emptied, is now a street of ghosts. Everything is relatable if you live long enough. Yes our bodies are Troy and the world wants to get in and yes there are harpsichord tunes on the horizon, but wasn't the coffee in Sand Crane good, and wasn't it satisfying to see a pair of bear tracks and be not exactly afraid? I don't believe in ghosts but I believe in second chances. Redemption. All that. I am here on this mountain and I can be honest about my dreams. That the blood in my friend's leg clots like Los Angeles; my cousin, in control like Genghis Khan, says no to the powder; a thousand trails for you and Natalie; our friends don't die they bloom.

CROOKED FOREST (*NOWE CZARNOWO*)

Cusp of spring is the best time to see the bent
fir trees in that secret grove

deep inside Poland: fifty-foot trunks shorn after the snows and so
scoliotic, they drag their witch bellies

across the forest floor. Today, I trolled

the president of my country. *You are not well*
I typed. *If you could feel shame, then shame*

on you. After a long time in winter,
the brook behind my house muddies, low

and thawing. Sweet lavender peeks through
my house's cracked foundation.

AFTER THE DIDGERIDOO CONCERT

/ the breeze blew over the Charles / and all that was left of me / was the wickerwork / form of a post-menopausal woman. // Later, I asked about the moon cup / embroidered in a hoop / at the feminist fiber fair / in Allston: it looked like a chemist's vial / used to catch the maroon drops / fallen from the circling lunar phases. // It's funny how an older mind // tries to make sense of blood. / I told the crewel- / worker: *I've no need / for cups anymore.* The gibbous humps / waxing must have required spools and spools // of thread. At the BU diner, someone / soldered skulls / into the wood tables: one cranium / tucked into the edge // kitty-corner to the fork. The men / from the didgeridoo concert filed in, / most were young, all had beards: one man / braided his beard, one strung glass blue beads / but the best was the bald man // with the short white beard and the big smile / like a crescent moon. I tried to read // the old newspaper clippings from the *Phoenix* / glued to the wall. My hot red // mug of soup shone and steamed / and I blew and blew by the spoonful.

JENNIFER MARTELLI

HOW MUCH DO I REALLY WANT TO SEE YOU

I bought goldfish from a Woolworth's once
and a blue parakeet though not on the same visit.
For the sake of propriety. The clerk in a brown apron nets
two goldfish and drops them into a plastic bag
filled with water. Obviously. We jostle through space.
Everything has its analogue. We can't see
the hidden punctuation that differentiates each shadow.
We always entered through the back of the store
onto cracked linoleum. We cut through from the parking lot
to do other shopping on East Broad Street. I am not making
this up though in a way I am. As you go. Onwrds.
Hare Krishna. Once I won a goldfish in a paper cup
at a Saint Bart's festival. Later I lost twenty dollars
I had stolen trying to catapult frogs onto lily pads
with a rubber mallet. Do you feel guilty. Clear the decks.
The darkness. It's raining. You said it. Not me. This is regional.
You are speaking in second-person again. You are standing
in salt and exceed yourself. Sometimes variants ripple
and disseminate. Simmer. Gesture. And. Feint. The rain
repeatedly sputtering and I think you would like us to believe
in movies where we call the rain drizzle and the funerals
are fog-filled and there is always a grave for someone with no one
dug in the orange earth, an uninterested onlooker
with a horse face leaning on a shovel in a herringbone
cap and maybe a shot of dirt falling toward a blue lens,
a thud and a little green world reversed in a rain drop.

NECESSARY

Would you ever consider
marrying a man
who's missing his left pinkie toe?
What about a man missing his left testicle?
What about a man missing his left nipple,
his left eyebrow, his left eye, and his left ankle?
What's absolutely necessary?

ODE TO CLIP-ON EARRINGS

Yeah, fuck it.
Dinner's served.

ONCE YOU KNOW A THING EXISTS

Mama, what if I'm just another version
of you? What if we're all just fucked up
versions of the original beast?
Because I want to be my own beast, I don't know
how to make *mămăligă* like you do.
I don't know how to not add butter and salt.
Don't you see? Half of me is Americancă
I'm a piece of corn between two tight teeth.
Here the wanderer only goes in circles
and hands are always dried out from
scrubbing the world's sinks, turned
hard and tight like ribbons of old dead snakes.
*Bring a gift no matter what and always
take your shoes off in the house, says Mama.
The clocks are all wrong again, says the sun
to the moon, If you listen, I'll tell you when.*
You make *mămăligă* like this: boil water
then add cornmeal. The sun says, *Start now you
simple beast. Can't you see the world is hungry?*
If you spend afternoons spinning your fingers
around the knob of an old radio, you might
accidentally tune in to the voice of the
original beast. You'll wipe your hands clean
of your thoughts a thousand times, you'll
rub all the aprons into threads trying
to figure out why the voice sounds so familiar.

SELF-PORTRAIT AS MIRANDA AFTER SHIPWRECK

Many have identified Mormon church rhetoric on LGBT issues in the years following California Proposition 8 in 2008 and especially in the wake of the 2015 Supreme Court ruling as a potential cause of the uptick in youth suicides in Utah compared to the rest of the country.

—Benjamin Knoll, *The Huffington Post*, 2016

And many saints there were who made shipwreck of their faith.

—Charles Ramsden Bailey, my great-great-great-great-great grandfather, 1877

Father entreats me not to see topsail thrashed
wreckage of rock-ripped ship the sailors' keen *we split* *we split*
we split! breathshorn in brack and brine uncanny lightning airy fire fissures
splitting the squall of blue-black storm *O the cry did knock*
against my very heart harrowing He tells me *no harm done* *No harm*
cease your worry sits me down to recount the story of how
we drifted to this
isolate island where in the time before
I was princess He was Duke *a prince of power*
of a pre-island place not unfraught with turmoil
He promises no one lost not one hair of those I heard cry those I saw sink
and soon
we'll spirit away, lay claim to our inheritance when we leave
soon hush he tush-tushes and sluices me to heaviness
where I dream goldenglow streets blood blemished

and Father's footstep thunders

and Ariel's voice sings

full fathom five thy father

lies

I harbor their cries knocking

still

SELF-PORTRAIT AS MIRANDA WITH
XENOPHILIA AND APOSTASY

The world begins with yes.

—Terry Tempest Williams

After a short courtship, we wed,
all according to Father's plan,
then left the island—and Father—behind.

No, that's not how the story goes.
But it's how *this* story goes.

We left him with his angel
-conveyed magic books, his staff
unbroken, his Urim and Thummim
to translate the ancient
urge. We left old

feuds, martyrs who traversed
the waters, who pioneered
their way here. Loathe to leave,
we left, Prospero's promises broke
like stormclouds pouring
pitch and feathers. Peeling them off,
we left cells—strata of ourselves—behind.

We left, stealthing Ariel and Caliban along,
misfits who burned to serve
no god but their gut, Ariel at the helm steering toward expanse,
Caliban in the crow's nest aiming at the unnameable.

Brave? The ship tilted full bore toward horizon, the ledge
of a new world.

SELF-PORTRAIT AS PORTIA AND JESSICA AT THE WITCHING HOUR

WE, THE FIRST PRESIDENCY and the Council of the Twelve Apostles of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, solemnly proclaim that marriage between a man and a woman is ordained of God . . . [W]e warn that the disintegration of the family will bring upon individuals, communities, and nations the calamities foretold by ancient and modern prophets.

—“The Family: A Proclamation to the World,” 1995

I.

I lived in a Motherless house.

A palace where a daughter wandered constrained
by a Father’s will. I was taught to label it *luxury*.
I saw through opaque screens, through milky veils,
felt the heat of my own breathing. Prosecutor-
persecutor, I pushed the Law, the Law, the Law. I turned Mercy
away, a mendicant, locked the door. At day’s end, I changed
out of my formal black, saw myself full naked in the mirror.

The harrowing. To find my veins pulsed with tar. The pitch
of my heart. *The quality of mercy is not strained*.
How did I undersize my lungs? Blind myself to iridescence?
I showed the court the Law, taught two lesbians
the Proclamation, offered celibacy’s solution. I told them
this is what Father wants. Label it *celestial*, call it
heavenly. I laid down white carpet and said: cut
without spilling blood. *A pound of flesh*.

II.

I lived in a Motherless house,

a wander-daughter constrained by a Father’s will,
trained monkey-like in the art of mammaling.
My mother’s phantom beckoned me into a fugue
of moonlight. The door was locked from the outside,
so I crawled through the window with my Father’s chest.

Each opening a kind of love—a Mercy.
After years of side-slipping, a hole into night's
confusion felt like a pardon, a remission of sin.

My mother's phantom softened the harsh
clarity of stars. I peeled away old faith like
sunburnt skin, faith a merchant's ship of silks and spices
sunk. My mother and her lover she hid from me
for a decade. My mother and her now
wife—at the witching hour, they lured me into the blue
brokerage of night, into black baptism.

*"I lived in a Motherless house" is an adaptation of a line from Carol Lynn Pearson's
poem "A Motherless House."*

A WOMAN FROM THE INTERIOR EXPLAINS
OUR MARRIAGE

Once we rose splintered
from the hay it was finished
no matter how we excused
our presence or the charge
that attached things to our clothes.
The arrangement was essentially
economic: a way to fur
the skeleton of a house.
The mountains, she says, lack
a receptive language.
But what if we starve or skin
that animal instead? Witnesses
alone don't make a ceremony.
He offers me cold water,
the space where his neck
meets his shoulder. How dare
a valley appear to explain me
to myself. I'm embarrassed
by another thing I can't accept
without everybody knowing.

*Note: "A woman from the interior explains" is a line from Adèle
Barclay's poem "Destination Wedding."*

ON A LEASH

I don't think of men
hanging other men from trees,

of devotion's instruction to hack
the other tribe to long strips of flesh.

I piss a little into grass
while looking inward, then turn

my attention to the six-
legged beetle dragging himself

through the barbaric teeth
of gravel. For a moment I am him,

and you are me. And then
I'm me again, because the breeze

has brought the wonderful scent
of a wig trapped in the bush.

It's not for me to question
the borough's ground of trampled

condoms, the forsaken rouge-
stained veil. I look at my paws,

then up at you with your fluttering
pennants, don't care how many

castles you've stormed, that your
height occludes the sun.

Love me if you need, touch me
behind the ear, as I regard the gulls

wheel where the quay ends
and the vast blue-gray begins.

THE SMITHS' DINNER PARTY

Sitting on the window sill, the possum
peers through the glass, its rough smile
bared at the large-buttocked maid
who cooks and does not see it.

What's in the pot? it asks. The moon
makes its fur almost white. Will you
feed me the way you did last night?

It sits and sucks the dark slowly
into its tiny brain. The kitchen's light
is yellow. A man walks in and stands
beside the woman. He strokes her breast
and looks at the possum. I have thirteen
nipples, the possum says, but the man
is dumb and tipsy. He just stares

at the possum's teeth. They remind him
of organ pipes. The woman keeps stirring
the pot with a large wooden spoon, her
other hand on the man's crotch. His wife sits
in the next room with guests, who bore one
another pleasantly with tales of their lives,
which they don't consider sad.

The possum doesn't move, still hoping
to get its apple. It seems it will have to wait
until the dumb man spasms in a little dance.
People, thinks the possum, the weight
of its young warm on its back. It wants to
shout at the two behind the glass, but
its voice is small, smaller than an egg.

NORTH HILLS

I am cracking the egg in my
hand on my chest a thousand ways
today, on the bench I like by
the pansies. What was there
felt all for me, the time of morning

between rush hour and lunch
break, all but the backed-in delivery trucks
gone still and inside. A warm wind started
stirring that felt closer to nature
than to the office buildings, as if

coming up from some creek. I wished
to hear a train whistle for the simple
papered unfolding of longing a person feels
going anyplace good and strange. I am missing

this place early and too easily; where it used
to be I'd hold it all closed I've instead
extended this open space in me out.

LIST OF UNLUCKY SYMBOLS

The usual: ravens, spilling salt, seeing one's
double. My anesthetized

elbow; a hand blunted
at the flat of a back; closing a pocket knife someone else

opened. The orange taste of the copied key to a place
I no longer live. Stepping

on a grave, using satellite images
to find where I grew up, the sharp rocks marking burials at the top

of a hill now being built upon. Opening the rusted green gate
to go out at a place

I cannot come back in.
The fields divided now into lots on the map, most empty.

Now the light fixtures ringing with the upstairs neighbor's quick
steps; the bodies, our

bodies, slipping into habits
not prepared; your overturned shoes paired by the door.

BRIGHT AND VIBRANT SURROUNDINGS
WELCOME YOU

Blown backward, you, wingèd, watch the pinging pile of debris.
Zone by zone by zone, particular
impossibilities are rendered.
You lick the tray, what's left is metal, an ocean ago.
What's metal is your tongue. Swagger,
it's cufflinks and caliche, callused
atrium of thorns left to wreck
on the old empire as though there were a shore.
Like the sky, your folder is full. Your
dossier. Yet here we are, brochures like
the most impulsive thing you've ever done
you haven't yet, a vagrant splinter
begging for some cable.

WATER-FILLED LENS

Your idea of the world is your idea of the world,
though how edifying is that? Rather animal
legs in pasture grass instead unbend
to fox, marsh parsecs of an x-ray jet and four
tenses who read this and the one
you love the years become, verdin,
thorn and purr : to focus
is to blur. Once,
you thought that when you'd write
"It's come to this" that *it* would be tragic or *it* would be epic
but it's come to this : You're departing
so you can go home, hours of a monsoon droplet
whose boundaries curve to make this camera work.

GRIT

The death of the gravel-throated singer
left us largely unmoved,
clinched as we were to our shadows
in the hours after the blizzard finally let up.

Chunking through layers of snow and ice,
ferreting out the green beneath, we came upon
a poke of bones almost blue in the snow
on the first day we could venture out,

another timely reminder of why one
should never read Kafka by candlelight,
why it would have been better to have left
our veneration for the *tromp l'oeil*

where it lay in the snow bank
another makeshift shrine,
another angel disguised as marrow.
The fields reckon recovery time

in the crack of frozen branches
broadcasting the sky's heft,
in snow country's vice-like embrace.
I never expected the movies to get it right,

the life well lived as opposed to
the pandemonium of white
hyperextending the horizon
beyond the scroll of fences lost to drifts.

In nearly perfect unison and completely on cue
we come to recognize the song
we had been humming all morning as his last-smash hit,
as the grit that might yet give us traction.

MATING SEASON

A buck seeks his lady on my walk.
Four-pointer. After stopping to watch
I realize he drags his back left leg a little.
Subtle, but he'd die outside the suburbs.

One year since I've spoken to mom.
Something's not right with her mind.
I hear she's in Texas, that right now
grandma's trying to break her fingers.
At least she got the gun away.

Turning back home, I hear the buck
in the bushes. He got his doe,
makes a family, balanced on two
back legs, one threatening to give.

UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE

My two-year-old son
is wearing a beer box on his head
as a helmet

& he's running into chairs & walls
chasing after the dog.

He thinks this is good fun.

GENETICS

It's happy hour
& the bar is loud.

There's a drunk
who looks like my great uncle.

(it is my great uncle)

He's staring at the bartender
who doesn't look older than seventeen.

(I'm staring at her too)

WORDS THAT SHAKESPEARE MADE

If the mountaineer died of what
we call exposure and not from a fall

which is simply an increase, you could say,
of what we negotiate now

so that we are all exposed
as always in the hurried summit

there is flawed excitement
varied mostly in its worthless compromise

of pageantry, torture premeditated
as profitless though unclaimed as such,

then the mountaineer could be called
an astronaut on familiar land

WHISPERING IN THE LIBRARY

There is no easier proof
of the weight a word carries
than to consider that
in roughly half the places
the term winter means
something warm and bright,
and the mind jars at this
discrepancy like
a window too large
for its frame, a puzzle
piece that resembles
the correct one but is not
the correct one though
is pushed nonetheless
just to see, I think there is
no amount of time long enough
to begin using a word
to mean its former opposite
which suggests that there is
some branding of shadow
that happens in the brain
as a cloud would over field
if that cloud never moved
so that below a cloud-shaped
area of hushed things
grew and gently formed

SAFETY

No bone snapped clean,
no bare-chested bully,
no bell calling you in.
No blaring heat. Safe,
your blood warm, abandoned
dog at your feet. A husband
who loves you like a bird's
nest of careful eggs.
You can stand, blank, letting light
beam over the battered face
of everything, the barbed
nettles, tarred leaves
of the bay tree, the pitter
of river birches
raining their catkins.
You can feel how broken you are,
too old to be pliable,
and you can't be happy
in all this quiet. It frightens you,
knowing salvation
is a point of light
the eye follows downstream.
Not God, not the angry men
you fell in with, not the mother
who silenced you
with backhands and bruises,
not the bile-green bitterness
you learned to carry
close like your own beloved.
How can you forget
the look of the sky
as they beat you?
Telling you nothing
of the beauty in your flesh.
They say it takes one person
loving a child

for a child to survive,
and you added
Even if it's just a dog.
It might be enough—
this wind you listen to, the thin limbs.
Whatever it was
that was given you
that you don't know you have.

HIER GIBT ES BLAUBEERREN

(Here there are blueberries)

*Caption on photos of SS women auxiliaries
being served blueberries on a July 22, 1944
day trip to Solahutte, recreation center for
staff of Auschwitz-Birkenau, 18 miles away.*

The women perch, like birds, along a deck rail. “Mmmm, good,” they mime, giggling as they ham it up behind spoonfuls, some with mouths agape, nestling style, while a demure civilian accordionist pumps out Nordic folk tunes.

But it's not all fun in this photo-story, which turns like a children's homily. In the last shot, the berries are all eaten, shown by the women, who hold out empty bowls. Some look wistful, others mock tears, all having been such greedy little birds.

DUE TO HISTORICAL ACCURACY, HAZARDS
ARE PRESENT

—*U.S. Army Heritage Trail, Carlisle, PA*

Take another loop if you want
to jump wars, IEDs daisy-chained
in some cornfield's center.

Thick middle of the M18 Tank Destroyer
guarding the only weeds
landscapers can't reach.

That we won the Revolution:
a marvel, footprints bloodier
over every mile marched.

In the WWII barracks a moving body
triggers a voice that's eager to tell
the favorite C-rations of soldiers.

Have I been separated from my unit?
In the parachute jump simulator,
I miss the drop zone twice.

My family's in Massachusetts.
Dog walkers skirt the soccer fields
and a Huey's blades bound by wire.

Within the WWI Trench Exhibit,
a visitor tries out the Aid Station,
surgical table the length of a child.

Those dangling legs.
He's so good at being perfectly still.
Those who feel lucky

may guess their way to safety.
Barbed wire in a ring,
a mortar crater softened by erosion.

Two Pennsylvania children
zigzag the mock minefield,
triggering all the bells.

CHEVRON: *ORIGIN* < RAFTER, *ALSO* GOAT

Just after the slick-sleeve
of no insignia comes the rafter,
the rocker. In house parlance
the sistering of beams,
two women joined together.
In heraldry the chevronel,
first of the mountains,
a family crafted from hardship,
breath lost after the climb,
handscramble, one soldier
reaching back to help the other
or letting boot after boot
use her cupped hands as the step.
Hard stripes: earned in the field.
Soft stripes: college courses,
some bubbles filled in,
good at essays but not much else.
A battle buddy has the six o'clock
and gives the snap-to
for sergeant stripes approaching.
Skew at the collar a cause for push-ups.
Don't let those things weigh you down,
Drill Sergeant said.
Blackened wingtips from Latin's *caper*,
the V-shape of a goat's horns.
Collective noun: a tribe of goats,
the trip, the drove, if there were safety
in numbers we'd be drowning in goats,
cloven hooves, sign of the unclean.
Oh *Capricorn*, most stubborn
of the Zodiac if left to roam
unherded, but in the goat's heart
the desire of domestication,
and with a pinky's-width rope
so willingly led.

MY FIRST SONNET ON ZOLOFT®

“NORMAL” she writes in quotes like it isn’t measure-
able, then she draws a straight black line across the white board: _____
“All your life,” she says, “or at least since fifteen years old—
you’ve been down around here, with feelings of displeasure,

panic, social anxiety disorder, depression,
thoughts of suicide, alcohol dependency, and a general
sense of pointlessness. There have been, incidentally,
brief periods of time where you dropped even

lower to what’s called a “MAJOR DEPRESSIVE EPISODE,”
bringing you somewhere more like down here: _____
for the span of several months or up to a year.”
I nod politely. Twice now since I’ve devoted

myself to this, after paying \$8 and leaving,
a live oak has broken the sun into a million tiny pieces.

AMONG JUNIPERS

watching lightning strikes
in the junipers
coming in dark and low
an aura of rain
and distant cliffs
for a moment out of focus
we start back for camp
low junipers
leading the way
farther west
a balance in the arms
crossing an arroyo now
or yellow creek
over a fallen oak
watching snags and eddies
and shallows of sand
or staying low
among these junipers
moving down
from the book cliffs
we disappear into the storm

VESPERS

Bald eagles gather among the elms with soft whistles
as they glide over snowfields of thistle and jackrabbits,

settle on branches, umber wings folded against their bodies,
albino heads tucked from the wind. Each winter we watch them

fly across the valley to this empty ranch, stretch their wing-span beyond six feet,
their darkness growing in sunset until Venus appears in the west.

Driving home, your right hand fumbles with my fingers as if with a rosary,
while your left keeps the wheel in check, and I see a brown quarter horse

lean against a fence in snow, haunches turned to the wind.
Our silence meets the coldness that blows in through doorjambs, the chimney.

Next January when mountain peaks glisten beneath miters of ice
we'll return to the elms as eagles gather across the river and the riven valley—

they'll hunch together on racked branches of winter trees,
still believing they can keep the cold at bay.

PETROGLYPHS AT PAROWAN GAP

All things crisscross before they disappear into a silence
throbbing between jugged rocks. A trucker drives on a road

perpendicular to the wind gap, visible for a moment, then gone.
A Pontiac gunning from the closest town swerves toward me, honks.

The men inside spin away, laugh at my startled jump—I give them the finger.
Our sacrilege adds to others that break the reverie surrounding eons of layers

that streak rocks covered with graffiti. Names and dates trespassing a map
carved five centuries ago in sandstone: notches, ladders, squares filled with dots,

a sun-circle of concentric rings that gives passage to the next traveler.
If we live in dreams, our eyes opening and closing to vistas we create

unless we step into someone else's meditation, then which ancient one
dreamt this intersection of lines: the distant trucker, the men, and myself,

wandering past a length of road into spirals so carefully engraved?
Our crossing notches a groove in my palm—a new map I now see in my hands.

SUGAR ASTROLOGY

BY SHARI ZOLLINGER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOLLI ZOLLINGER

ZODIAC HAIKU

—Dedicated to all the poetic souls who spin metaphors 'round the sun every day



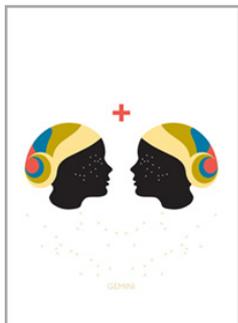
ARIES:
March 20 to April 19

Spring crocus push through.
This new light, so nutritious.
I am becoming.



TAURUS:
April 19 to May 20

Hands dig in the soil.
There is finally enough time.
Fingers holding roots.



GEMINI:
May 20 to June 20/21

Modern mercury
sends a message on the wind.
How well do you listen?



CANCER:

June 20/21 to July 22

Moonrise on the shore.
Gulping luminescent light.
Breath becomes a sigh.



LEO:

July 22 to August 22

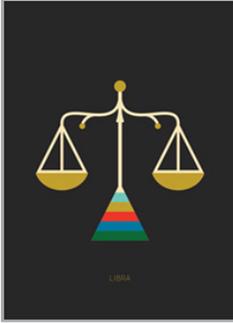
Courting a lion.
Brilliant Serengeti sun.
Pride is welcome here.



VIRGO:

August 22 to September 22

When the cucumber
becomes a pickle, dill—sweet,
only till then, rest.



LIBRA:

September 22 to October 22/23

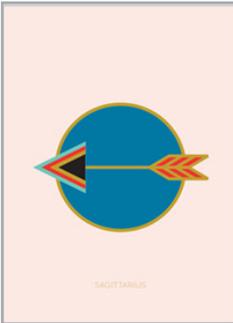
Inspiration comes
like a painter en plein air.
What is your canvas?



SCORPIO:

October 22/23 to November 21

Raven lands in snow
unleashing an avalanche.
Small pressures prove big.



SAGITTARIUS:

November 21 to December 21

The quiver is full.
Ideas wait like arrows.
Where is your bull's eye?



CAPRICORN:
December 21 to January 19

Trees make for great homes.
The canopy becomes you.
Where is your hammock?



AQUARIUS:
January 19 to February 18

Clouds have the best life,
looking at small life below.
What shape shall I take?



PISCES:
February 18 to March 20

Sometimes in our dreams
we can breathe underwater.
Courting the unknown.

FOOTNOTES IN THE ORDER OF DISAPPEARANCE

BY FADY JOUDAH

(Milkweed Editions, 2018)

REVIEW BY DONNA VORREYER

Footnotes are traditionally used to clarify information, provide details the reader may need to fully comprehend the text or offer definitions/explications of unfamiliar terms, people, places, or sources. They are also ordered numerically, in logical order of appearance in the main text. In this way, even the title of Fady Joudah's *Footnotes in the Order of Disappearance* implies that what we think we know about the world will be transformed in this collection, that everything is ephemeral even if it is documented or explained. Perhaps this comes from Joudah's knowledge as a physician that all corporeal flesh comes to the same end. But this collection is not a dirge for the end of things; in fact, it is the opposite. More than anything else, this collection seems to be an homage to the act of being alive and being seen.

The poems in this book alternate between simple narratives that reveal truths about human nature and complex lyrics that challenge the reader with unusual syntax, wild linguistic leaps, and spiritual allusions. It is a book of dichotomies, one where the specific scientific/medical language of the intellect is juxtaposed and layered with the more surreal and imagistic language of the heart. Moments of tenderness and suffering, of subjectivity and of objectivity, peace and no peace live together here, sometimes in the same poem.

Joudah's reverence for and attention to the body are evident throughout the book. Several poems reference his medical training. "Progress Notes" moves from a description of the speaker's own face to one of a medical school cadaver, ending with a revelation about mortality, "I had come across that which will end me, ex- / tend me, at least once, without knowing." "Thank You" recalls a professor who held a memorial service for the cadavers. The speaker volunteers to recite Quran verses in Arabic and have the professor repeat them in English. The poem ends with a discovery and an appreciation for being seen, acknowledged.

"You didn't notice it," my friend later asked me, "the discomfort in the room when you read?" I didn't, I told him. "All I heard and felt was how you, Professor, delivered. Every syllable, word."

This reverence for the body is not just medical. One of the shortest and most powerful poems in the collection is called “1st Love.” In this poem, the features of the body are recited as a way of knowing, of recognizing the soul and the divine with the corporeal:

*When God began you she
said to me one spring afternoon in bed
God began*

*with your hands
a woman's hands*

*And when God reached your wrists
God made the rest of you a man*

This idea of seeing, of recognition, is also significant in numerous prose poems in the collection, many of them complete narratives that unfold with layered meaning. “tea and sage” is a moving tale of love, time, war, and sacrifice. This story begins with “Dear poem, today I learned...” which gives the whole piece the feeling of a story being told to friends, perhaps passed down from person to person, recognizing over and over the people who lived it. “The Scream” is a deceptively simple but stunning description of a playground injury scene that makes the reader question what innocence and guilt look like. After the bloody-nosed child, the victim in the story, points out the perpetrator:

*I questioned the accused and he seized into
absence. A nurse came and took Abel. I stroked Cain's hair, his
frightened stare, gorgeous eyes, he was beautiful.*

And in “An Algebra Come Home,” an immigrant fruit vendor in Paris has his samples of peaches either ignored or taken and eaten without so much as a glance, a word, or a thank you. Until the speaker sees “you,”

*you waited as you chewed then picked four fruits, one for each chamber. He
said,
“Gorgeous, you're the one who'd mended my heart.”*

Here again, the act of seeing. Of recognition. And here again the body, the four chambers of the heart.

The book is ordered in three sections, the second one being a series of

collaborations with Syrian Kurdish poet Golan Hajji, composed in Arabic through a series of meetings, phone conversations, and emails and written in English by Joudah. One poem, “in a cemetery under the walnut tree that crows,” functions as mesmerizing ars poetica and testament to will with lines such as:

I found a needle and with it

*I dug a well
dug and dug until I struck ink*

[...]

*A lantern came down on a rope that a girl held
I sent up the part of me that was light*

The lyric beauty of Joudah’s poems is also something to admire. There is astounding sonic wordplay in poems like “Some Things.”

*Some things atrophy
catastrophe
rapture
my position in the fifth column of your ringlets*

And complex combinations of medical, personal, sensual, and political language and ideas in “Footnotes to a Song,”

*Echo has no compass: we trace each other’s dermatomes
No ecstasy without betrayal: not all who live in flames are saints
Great art needs no nation: in memory country size is one
Great nations need great art: soliloquy a mother tongue.*

This collection causes the reader to ponder the body, its place in time and the physical world, and to return to the idea that is most lasting and necessary for survival—connection. The poem “non-terminal” says,

*Touch me
I’m alive again*

*there isn’t enough time or proximity
for your essence or mine to vanish*

*we'll remain
fire and ice who turn to glass
that doesn't shatter*

*mercury
if it shatters*

Like fire and ice and mercury, the poems in this collection undulate, crackle, and elude, all to ensure that the ridiculous and sublime delights and fears of the world our bodies inhabit do not go unnoticed.

THE LAPIDARY'S NOSEGAY
BY LARA CANDLAND
(Center for Literary Publishing, 2018)

REVIEW BY B.J. BUCKLEY

A lapidary is an artisan skilled at the cutting, polishing, and engraving of stone and gemstones for decoration and ornament, but also thereby refining and revealing previously unperceived facets of the material. A nosegay is a small bouquet of flowers, usually presented as a gift of affection and friendship, conveying, by the particular choice of blossom and hue, a symbolic message to the recipient, as well as the delight of color and fragrance. Emily Dickinson, invoked here (among others) as a sustaining and spiritual presence throughout this complex sequence of poems, filled her verses with thousands of references to both gemstones and flowers. For Candland, Dickinson's poems are both mine and seed bank.

One can think of both Dickinson and Candland as lapidaries—mining language for opulent, unusual, even obscure words; carving and polishing them, and placing them in poems like jewels in carefully designed settings. But Dickinson was also a consummate gardener; her letters to friends and family are full of accounts of her efforts. She sometimes sent little gifts of pressed leaves, petals, and seeds. Indeed, she once referred to her small sewn pamphlets of poems as “posies,” another word for nosegays. Candland, too, is a horticulturist. Like any serious breeder of plants, she has saved seeds—hundreds of words harvested from the poems of *The Belle of Amherst*—and made many crosses, hoping for new hybrids with characteristics previously hidden in their genetic treasure houses.

By referencing gemstones—whose material seems permanent, but which can be ground to dust; and flowers, consummate embodiment of the ephemeral, but whose fragrance is one of the strongest triggers of memory and whose deaths yield the seeds of the next generation of blossom—both Dickinson and Candland invoke the shifting balances between body and ghost, mortality and immortality, presence and absence, intimacy and distance.

c(o)chineal –

marj(o)ram –

(*e*) (((god's))) (((gem-tactics))) –

colors t(o) tease & slake ((flit))

& ((flit)) unannointed

until we put a ((word)) t(o) every insect

Each poet also addresses, via generally Christian citation and image, a felt distance from institutionalized religion and a closeness to the states of rapture and awe in raw experience of the world which seems the foundation of human religious feeling. In her introductory poem, “NOTES ON THE WRITING OF *The Lapidary’s Nosegay*,” here is how Candland characterizes herself and Dickinson:

We are Calvin’s bastard daughters – transl(u)cent heretics &

Christian women seeded with invasive doctrines

My ((gh(o)st))

sees me as a weak-hybrid-housekeeper

a M(o)rmon Quakeress

((which is) practically (n(o)) thing at all

&

((She))

the ((Winged)) (((Queen)) of her (ow)n congregation of

b(o)ne &

((flowers)) & ((j(ew)els)) & ((winged)) things

pr(o)fessing the herbarium ’s gospel

(((((me thr(o)ugh the (((P(o)etess’s wind(ow))))))))))

((o!))

we lay down with (((god))) in our (ow)n dark l(oa)m

The book is organized as a primer: sets of one or more poems whose initial letters traverse the alphabet. Each small section is introduced by the corresponding verse from *The New England Primer*, the first reading primer designed for colonial American schools by Puritan emigrants, among whom Dickinson counted her ancestors. Many of the texts in the Primer were lifted from the King James Version of the *Bible*, and to those same texts Dickinson also went for images and inferences, especially to the *Book of Revelation* for phrases and metaphors about jewels and gems. Implicit in Candland's choice of structure is a promise to "teach us to read" in a new way, to reveal to the reader a different and shining language.

Punctuation is yet another facet Candland and Dickinson each called to their aid in crafting poems, but in very different ways. When Dickinson's poems were initially published, punctuation was added by editors according to the common usage of the time, rendering them nearly unrecognizable, in some cases, and compromising or destroying carefully articulated meaning. Her originals eschewed punctuation almost entirely for small dashes, the occasional question or exclamation mark, skilled lineation, and a fine trust in the astute reader's ear and eye.

Candland's strategy is in some aspects opposite. She employs parentheses, in sets of one, two, three, seven, and three with an *o!* inside (there is a key to these markings immediately following the table of contents) to ornament/emphasize vowel sounds, syllables, words, groups of words, images, objects, creatures, and phrases. Sometimes these are collections of concrete nouns piled up chock-a-block like a dragon's treasure hoard: ears, wings, angels, birds, butterflies, petals, sun, jewels. Sometimes they are Latinate abstractions—words for the real but invisible realm of the unsaid, unanswered, ineffable, prayer, ghost visitations, clouds, air, spirits, the Belle of Amherst herself. Frequently multiple sets of grouped parentheses will be arranged around/over/in a single word, or in multiple otherwise blank portions of the pages. This parenthetic multiplication can seem to scintillate on the page, as light does when it enters, bounces around inside, and exits different facets of a cut gem. Her use of irregular line length and placement on the page also forces the eye to almost constant motion, again

as light refracts through the facets of a jewel. In some poems she also employs two small parallel lines of dots to symbolize stars, pearls, daisy chain, diadem, constellations, eggs, insects, and/or microbes.

Here are two brief, ornamented excerpts as example:

*P*are this sapphire (((apple)))

of s(u)persilious bl(ue)

↳ b(o)lts on uns(ew)n watered silk

lodged in (((Great Aunt's))) box (o)f fascicles

(((Moth-star dropt))) int(o) the (o)rchard

and last night -

(((o!)))

the wind has already been ((murmuring))

(((o!)))

int(o) the petite ear

of the (((asph(o)del))) —

If there are reservations, the first is that a work so typographically complex and visually difficult to parse is rendered in what seems to be a tiny eight- or nine-point font, making many pages fatiguing to read for any sustained period. The second is that this complex system of ornamentation eventually distracts too greatly from the beautiful, eccentric, quirky, and sometimes outright magnificent flow of the deftly original poems Candland has fashioned from Dickinson's words. One wishes that she, like Dickinson, had trusted more in lineation and the finely tuned eyes and ears of her readers.

The question also arises concerning the nature of Candland's enterprise as a whole. It is homage, certainly; but her enterprise seems a good deal more than merely that. It is a particularly daring kind of heresy to take on—in such a radical, fractured, and fractal way—one of the two poets (the other was Whitman) who irrevocably altered the way poetry was conceived of, written, and read in American English. Dickinson took, for a majority of her poems, the metered, rhyming form of the American hymn stanza (also used in “The Yellow Rose of Texas”) and stood it heretically on its ear with conversational diction; oblique rhyme; a phraseology based on human breathing; reassembling of grammar; wanton word invention; and a concept of divinity ecstatically trapped in its mortal creation, to and about whom she spoke as if god were one of the neighbors.

Candland's linguistic manipulations are emphatically post-modern. Her characterization of this as the work of a lapidary is apt indeed—Dickinson's own words the jewels, Candland's nearly shattered, widely spaced lines and their typographical embellishments and adornments the setting. Candland has invoked and fashioned a sort of parallel universe where her own and Dickinson's poetic and personal pasts and futures are simultaneous and coexistent—where flesh and ghost cohabit, coincide, and converse.

JÄMTSKA – OF FLUIDS AND LISTENING

BY STINNE STORM

(Aarhus, dk: Antipyrene, 2017; *mainland*, La Verne, CA: Toad Press, 2016)

REVIEW BY AMY BRUNVAND

Stinne storm is a bilingual poet and translator who writes in Danish and English, often using both languages in the same piece. Much of her work explores themes of human relations to the natural world and to one another, often through acts of translation. In one recent piece published in *saltfront*, a literary journal of environmental storytelling, she describes a not entirely successful attempt to explain ecofeminism over the phone to a friend in Denmark. Storm earned a degree in environmental humanities at the University of Utah, where her master's thesis was "An Elegy on Species Obituaries," exploring the sixth extinction as a poetic of loss. Her own poetic landscapes alternate between Nordic countries and the arid deserts of the American West.

Storm's recent books, the chapbook *mainland* and the full-length *jämtska – of fluids and listening* are minimalist poems, similar in style and theme. A Danish language review describes storm's poetic style as "amerikansk," while storm's website describes her own writing as "hybrid language" and notes that it differs in form from dominant trends in Scandinavian poetry. The poems consist of thought fragments, fleeting images that seem slight on first reading but that conceal surprising complexity and unexpected relationships. In spacious, white pages the poet provides room for contemplation. Ideas become recursive as words and sentence structures re-appear. The best way to approach this work is to read slowly, letting ideas settle. It takes more than one reading for the whole to coalesce.

The chapbook *mainland* is storm's translation of her own poem *fastland* (Copenhagen: Edition Afterhand, 2012) which she originally wrote in Danish. It is part of the Toad Press International Chapbook Series that focuses on English translations of avant-garde poetry. While *mainland* offers no parallel text, there is a visual clue to storm's own concept of how the Danish and English versions are related. An illustration of a wild rose appears on the cover of *fastland* and a picture of a rose hip on *mainland*—the same flower in different seasons. With just a few words and phrases on each page, the poem offers soft breaths of images, but with a bite:

things we were thinking of

went through the room. They are sharp [acute/pointed]

as funeral and red wine

The sentence fragments form around images of hunting in a landscape populated by lurking animals, hidden in shadows and dens, running from smoke. A blundering human presence disrupts the scene, “shooting down things from the sky. (south) birds / and whatever else you can hit.”

Towards the end, the poet poses a question that contains a mysterious, unfamiliar word, “who sends you tupilaqs?” Unpacking the word “tupilaq” practically requires an ethnographic study. It’s a whole poem in itself. Tupilaqs are a kind of Nordic voodoo doll made by Greenland Inuits to kill a specific enemy. Carved from bones (sometimes human) or made from other body parts, a tupilaq can be given life force through shamanic rituals that include sucking on the genitals of its maker. Then it is released into the sea to swim away and find its victim. Tupilaqs are not always loyal. The victim can deflect the attack by re-enchanting the monster and sending it back to kill its creator. Nowadays tupilaq carvings are made and sold as objets d’art without the ceremonies that animate them into vengeance demons. So storm’s startling question might mean, who wants to kill you? But pulled into the present from 3,000 years of cultural history it might also mean, who sends you art from foreign lands?

Jämtska – of fluids and listening is a full-length book with a similarly minimalist poem written mostly in English with occasional Danish. For many English-speaking Americans non-English languages present a challenge. According to the U.S. Census Bureau only 20.7% of Americans know a second language well enough to use it in everyday life, let alone to read and enjoy poetry. Yet the choice of title indicates that storm intends the reader, whether bilingual or not, to grapple with language. “Jämtska” is another Nordic word loaded with metaphor, though for English speakers the meaning is not obvious without first performing an act of translation. It refers to a Scandinavian dialect spoken in the Swedish province of Jämtland, which may or may not be considered its own language. While Jämtska speakers have asked the Swedish government for recognition as a separate minority language, the dialect is nonetheless intelligible to people fluent in Standard Swedish. Metaphorically, Jämtska is a foreign language that one can nevertheless understand. The principle comes into play on the first page with lines written in Danish, confounding English-speaking readers except for one startling English phrase, “sacrifice zones.” Scanning the Danish for cognates turns up a few words close enough to convey meaning. Atomprøvesprængninger. Atomic testing. Amerikanske vest. American West.

It seems that while the Jämtlanders have been demanding recognition as a distinct cultural group, transitory Americans have bombed their own desert into oblivion.

Not all of the images are solemn. Storm is playful with language, sometimes even jocular. She translates and transliterates her thoughts to produce compelling new images out of the empty spaces in between language. In a section labeled “cellar” two people are arguing in colloquial English about going down in the basement to turn on the furnace. The conversation is funny. Even with no physical description of the cellar, you can imagine someone not wanting to go down into that spooky, spider-infested place,

i'll show you the cellar and the pilot light. you say i don't wanna see the cellar.

*—if you wanna stay warm in winter you wanna see the cellar. you say i
wanna be cold*

What is lurking in that cellar? Despite the humor, the fragment leaves an afterimage. Somehow, you can't reach a state of warmth and comfort without first passing through some dark and menacing place.

In “blushing,” storm follows a Danish language fragment with a mischievous confession, “i like rephrasing your questions.” She uses rephrasing as a poetic device throughout as in “birds (10/1)” a straightforward account of avian migration, the reaction to a dream of the snow to come, “it is not the cold of winter it is lack of food that causes their long flight some will stay / here as they are unable to make the distance.” The description is reworked in “birds (10/2)” to internalize the meaning of the thought,

*wake to the sound of your breath in a tight chest cold air inhabits the room as
your
thoughts return from migrating*

some will stay there as they are unable to make the distance

The person who would rather be cold has been transliterated into a bird that would rather be hungry, into a thought that would rather stay home. The vision seems to represent grounding in place, or perhaps a fear of leaving, a shared nativeness that is strong enough to give rise to its own language, or more accurately its own jämtska.

THE CARRYING
BY ADA LIMÓN
(Milkweed Editions, 2018)

REVIEW BY KATIE JEAN SHINKLE

To paraphrase and evoke Whitman, the poems in Ada Limón's *The Carrying* are multitudinously vast, centered in binary dualities—life and death, despair and hope. The gorgeous lyricism in *The Carrying* does the work of holding the spaces of both the verb and noun of “carry” which embodies support, transport, transmission, infection, to be pregnant with, movement, acceptance, responsibility, consequence, and propulsion. The poems show us the experience of both devastation and reclamation, survival and thriving, hope, inside what it means to be acted on, to act on ourselves, and to act within the world.

A significant aspect of the duality of Limón's poems is the invocation of the natural world, where there are 75-plus references of flora, fauna, natural locations, the occasional botanical name, and more standard references such as moon, ocean, and stars. These references conduct a magical significance all their own, as if specificity in naming gives way for an allowance and permission for a kind of carrying, entrance into, ownership of; the ways in which we can enter into the conversation about our humanity and how we choose (or possibly not choose) to survive. For example, in “Ancestors,” the speaker speaks of survival, both of the self and of ancestors/history, and the relationship of belonging within the framework of the natural world.

*I've come here from the rocks, the bonelike chert,
obsidian, lava rock. I've come here from the trees—*

chestnut, bay laurel, toyon, acacia, redwoods, cedar [...]

Imagine you must survive

without running? I've come from the lacing patterns of leaves,

I do not know where else I belong.

Here we experience the duality of survival and extinction within the specificity of the natural world. The speaker is connected and belongs. Similarly, in a perfect depiction of the struggle of despair and hope, in “The Leash,” the speaker states,

[...] *How can
you not fear humanity, want to lick the creek
bottom dry, to suck the deadly water up into
your own lungs, like venom? Reader, I want to
say: Don't die. Even when silvery fish after fish
comes back belly up, and the country plummets
into a crepitating crater of hatred, isn't there still
sometimes singing? The truth is: I don't know
But sometimes, I swear I hear it.*

In this instance, the reflection here regarding humanity and the natural world hits close to home. What are the results of our ecological destruction worth? How do we go about healing our Earth and each other? How do we carry on and through? How to find a glimmer of hope? As Limón states, we don't know about the hope, but our wish is that sometimes it is there.

Limón conjures death both in the literal evocation of death of humans (a young man who overdoses, a miscarried child), death as collapse in the natural world (roadkill, dead animals, flowers not sprung from the earth), and metaphorical and symbolic death/dying (father with Alzheimer's, the struggle of trying to conceive a child, a corrupt US government, ICE raids, the problematic symbols of America (national anthem, flag), racial tokenism, sexism). In "Mastering," the speaker encompasses this duality as "...how mute and mirror I can be," illustrating the rupture of a blistering, painful moment between herself and an old, male friend discussing having children, but perhaps also the appropriate reaction to the inevitable life and death cycle. Even through all of the explorations of tragedy and suffering that Limón eloquently extrapolates from the most tender and fraught moments, there is a sense of hope and rebirth. In "Almost Forty" the speaker admits,

[...] *I've never been someone
to wish for too much, but now I say,
I want to live a long time. You look up
from your work and nod, Yes, but
in good health.*

Similarly, in "Trying," Limón writes,

*Even now, I don't know much
about happiness. I still worry
and want an endless stream of more,
but some days I can see the point
in growing something, even if
it's just to say I cared enough.*

In these examples, Limón outlines moments that keep us hopeful in the face of life's unfathomable tragedies, suffering, heartbreak; and willing to seek an answer to the inevitable question she poses in the poem "The Real Reason," "... But do we / ever really know each other fully?"

The Carrying encapsulates the complexity of what it means to go along with the living, the hope in being alive and thriving, the precious dualities of life that are a universal experience for all human beings in this world. As in this moment from "Dead Stars," the poems of *The Carrying* document the experiences and emotions that propel us forward.

*But mostly we're forgetting we're dead stars, too, my mouth is full
of dust and I wish to reclaim the rising—*

*to lean in the spotlight of the streetlight with you, toward
what's larger within us, toward how we were born.*

*Look, we are not unspectacular things.
We've come this far, survived this much. What*

would happen if we decided to survive more? To love harder?

- Idris Anderson, *doubtful harbor*, Ohio University Press, 2018
- Reyna Bidy, *a psalm for us*, Andrews McMeel, 2018
- Bruce Bond, *Dear Reader*, Parlor Press, 2018
- Josh Booton, *The Miraculous Courageous*, Parlor Press, 2018
- Jack C. Buck, *Gathering View*, Punch Drunk Press, 2018
- Mario Chard, *Land of Fire*, Tupelo Press, 2018
- Abby Chew, *A Bear Approaches From the Sky*, The Word Works, 2018
- Martha Collins, *Day Unto Day*, Milkweed Editions, 2014
- Martha Collins, *Night Unto Night*, Milkweed Editions, 2018
- Wyn Cooper, *Mars Poetica*, White Pine Press, 2018
- Ana Cristina, *Cesar at Your Feet*, Parlor Press, 2018
- shira dentz, *how do i net thee*, Dufour Editions, 2018
- David Keplinger, *Another City*, Milkweed Editions, 2018
- Lance Larsen, *What the Body Knows*, University of Tampa Press, 2018
- Lisa Lewis, *Taxonomy of the Missing*, The Word Works, 2017
- amanda lovelace, *the witch doesn't burn in this one*, Andrews McMeel, 2018
- Emtithal Mahmoud, *Sisters' Entrance*, Andrews McMeel, 2018
- Kevin McLellan, *Ornitheology*, The Word Works, 2018
- cyrus parker, *Dropkick Romance*, Andrews McMeel, 2018
- Donald Platt, *Man Praying*, Parlor Press, 2018
- Max Ritvo, *The Final Voicemails*, Milkweed Editions, 2018
- Elizabeth Robinson, *Rumor*, Parlor Press, 2018
- Deborah Santana (editor), *All the Women in my Family Sing*, Nothing But the Truth, 2018
- r.h. Sin, *Algedonic*, Andrews McMeel, 2017
- r.h. Sin, *planting gardens in graves volume one*, Andrews McMeel, 2018
- r.h. Sin, *she felt like feeling nothing*, Andrews McMeel, 2018
- Analia Sotelo *Virgin*, Milkweed Editions, 2018
- Simon Smith, *Day In, Day Out*, Parlor Press, 2018
- Beau Taplin, *Bloom*, Andrews McMeel, 2018
- Marc Vincenz, *Leaning Into the Infinite*, Dos Madres, 2018
- Felicia Zamora, *& in Open*, Marvel, Parlor Press, 2018
- Najwa Zebian, *Mind Platter*, Andrews McMeel, 2018

LEVI ANDALOU'S work has appeared or is forthcoming in *BOMB Magazine*, *Tampa Review*, and *Pembroke Magazine*. The poetry editor of *Black Warrior Review*, J. Taylor Boyd, has said of his work, "These poems are surprising, and their linguistic turns reinvigorate the prose poem." He lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.

JOSÉ ANGEL ARAGUZ is a CantoMundo fellow and author of seven chapbooks as well as the collections *Everything We Think We Hear* (Florincanto Press) and *Small Fires* (FutureCycle Press). His writing has appeared in *Crab Creek Review* and *Prairie Schooner*. He runs *The Friday Influence* and teaches at Linfield College.

EMMA AYLOR is the author of the chapbook *Twos* (Dancing Girl Press, 2014). Her poems have appeared in *Handsome*, *the Adirondack Review*, *Two Serious Ladies*, *Vinyl*, and elsewhere.

BRYCE BERKOWITZ'S work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Best New Poets 2017*, *Ninth Letter*, *Third Coast*, *Passages North*, *The Pinch*, *Hobart*, *Barrow Street*, *Permafrost*, *Eleven Eleven*, *Tampa Review*, *Hawai'i Pacific Review*, *The Laurel Review*, among other publications.

DANIEL BIEGELSON is the director of the Visiting Writers Series at Northwest Missouri State University and associate editor for *The Laurel Review*. His chapbook, *Only the Borrowed Light*, is forthcoming from VERSE and his poems have appeared in or are forthcoming from *Denver Quarterly*, *DIAGRAM*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *FIELD*, *Meridian*, *New Orleans Review*, *Salt Hill Journal*, among other places.

CRAIG BLAIS' poems have appeared in *Western Humanities Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *The Southern Review*, *Yale Review*, and other places.

JULIA BOUWSMA lives off-the-grid in the mountains of western Maine, where she is a poet, freelance editor, critic, small-town librarian, and farmer. She is the author of *MIDDEN* (Fordham University Press, 2018) and *Work by Bloodlight* (Cider Press Review, 2017). Her poems and book reviews appear in *Bellingham Review*, *Colorado Review*, *Muzzle*, *Salamander*, *RHINO*, *River Styx*, and other journals. She is the recipient of the 2016–17 Poets Out Loud Prize, the 2015 Cider Press Review Book Award, and residencies from the Virginia Center for Creative Arts and the Vermont Studio Center. A former managing editor for Alice James Books, Bouwsma currently serves as book review editor for *Connotation Press: An Online Artifact* and as library director for Webster Library in Kingfield, ME.

AMY BRUNVAND is a librarian, writer, and generally bookish person in Salt Lake City, UT. She writes regularly for *Catalyst* magazine, mostly about environmental and sustainability topics. When *Sugar House Review* comes in the mail, she reads the reviews first.

B.J. BUCKLEY once roller-skated the interior of the Guggenheim Museum in New York City from top to bottom without getting arrested, accompanied by a friend in an opera cape.

CHAD M. CHRISTENSEN is the managing editor of the WSC Press and the co-director of the Plains Writers Series. He earned his MFA from the University of Nebraska and teaches writing and publishing at Wayne State College. His books of lo-fi poetry are *Ground Bound* and *Shoot from the Hip*. He also writes a column for the *Wayne Stater* called "High on the Plains." Find him stumbling on FB & Twitter: @chadwykerrr.

An associate professor of English at the University of Arizona, CHRISTOPHER COKINOS is the author of three books of literary nonfiction, two poetry collections, and an anthology that combines contemporary poetry and prose with a field guide format. He is affiliated faculty with the Institute of the Environment, and the Global Change program. He won a Whiting Award, a Glasgow Prize, and an NSF Antarctic Visiting Artists and Writers Fellowship, among several prizes. His poetry, essays, reviews, and criticism have appeared in such venues as the *Los Angeles Times*, *TYPO*, *Diagram*, *Ecotone*, *Orion*, *Pacific Standard*, *The Writer's Chronicle*, *Salon*, *The American Scholar*, *Science*, *Extrapolation*, and *Foundation*. Cokinos divides his time between Tucson's Barrio Libre and Logan Canyon, UT.

STAR COULBROOKE, Poet Laureate of Logan City, UT, is coordinator of Helicon West, a bi-monthly open reading series. She sometimes writes poems for readers as they perform their work and she conducts monthly poetry walkabouts from which she composes collaborative community poems using lines from the poems others write from her prompts. Aside from returning others' lines to them in a new shape, she writes about her own past lives. Her current one is a poem too good to write.

CHRISTOPHER CREW'S work has appeared or is forthcoming in journals such as *Atlanta Review*, *Grub Street*, *The Briar Cliff Review*, *The Cincinnati Review*, and *Gettysburg Review*. He's working on teaching his child the difference between a coin slot and a CD player, and his school the difference between "just" and "only."

Originally from Detroit, MOLLY DAMM rambled around for many years post-college in Montana before receiving an MFA from the University of Virginia. More focused rambling led her back to Montana, where she teaches writing and works toward a masters in counseling at Montana State University in Bozeman. Her poems have appeared in the *Colorado Review*, *Terrain.org*, *Drunken Boat*, *Copper Nickel*, *The Collagist*, *Western Humanities Review*, and other places.

LAUREN DAVIS is a poet living on the Olympic Peninsula. She holds an MFA from the Bennington Writing Seminars, and her work can be found in publications such as *Prairie Schooner*, *Spillway*, and *Split Lip Press*. She works as an editor at *The Tishman Review*.

DANIELLE BEAZER DUBRASKY has published in *Terrain.org*, *Pilgrimage*, *Saltfront*, *Cave Wall*, and *Contrary Magazine*. Red Butte Press (University of Utah) published two poems in a limited edition art book *Invisible Shores*. Her chapbook, *Ruin and Light*, won the 2014 Anabiosis Press Chapbook Competition. She teaches at Southern Utah University.

MIKE GOOD'S recent reviews and poems have appeared on *Ploughshares* blog, *32 Poems blog*, *Forklift*, *OH*, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, *Pittsburgh Poetry Review*, and *The Hollins Critic*. He holds an MFA from Hollins University and helps edit the *After Happy Hour Review*. He is from and lives in Pittsburgh, where he works as a grant writer.

MEGHAN HARRISON is a writer and editor based in Toronto, Canada. She is the author of the chapbook *Amateur Hours* (Rahila's Ghost, 2018).

ALLISON HRABAN is a Nebraska native who "likes piña coladas and getting caught in the rain." With an MFA from Creighton University, she has poems in *Third Coast*, *The Chattahoochee Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, and *Flat Water Stirs: An Anthology of Emerging Nebraska Poets*. She lives in Lincoln with her husband and daughter.

HOLLY KARAPETKOVA'S poetry, prose, and translations from Bulgarian have appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Drunken Boat*, and many other places. Her second book, *Towline*, won the Vern Rutsala Poetry Prize and was recently published by Cloudbank Books.

CHRISTOPHER T. KEAVENEY teaches Japanese and Asian cultural studies at Linfield College in Oregon and is the author of three books about Sino-Japanese literary relations. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Columbia Review*, *Minetta Review*, *Borderlands: Texas*

Poetry Review, *Stolen Island*, *Wilderness Literary Review*, and elsewhere. He is the author of the collection *Your Eureka Not Mined* (Broadstone Books, 2017).

ELIZABETH KNAPP is the author of *The Spite House* (C&R Press, 2011), winner of the 2010 De Novo Poetry Prize. Her work has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *32 Poems*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Kenyon Review Online*, *The Massachusetts Review*, and *Quarterly West*, among others. She teaches at Hood College in Frederick, MD.

PETER KRUMBACH was born in Brno, Czechoslovakia. His work has appeared in *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *RHINO*, *Salamander*, and elsewhere. Diane Seuss selected his prose poem “Fugitive” as the *Mid-American Review* 2017 Fineline Competition winner. He lives in Del Mar, CA.

ROSA LANE is author of *Chouteau’s Chalk*, winner of the 2017 Georgia Poetry Prize forthcoming February 2019, *Tiller North* (Sixteen Rivers Press, 2016), and *Roots and Reckonings*, a chapbook. Lane received her MFA from Sarah Lawrence College. Her poems are forthcoming or have appeared in *Cutthroat*, *Folio*, *Nimrod*, *Ploughshares*, *RHINO Poetry*, *Verse Daily*, and elsewhere.

DAVID LEE, retired, spends his life traveling between Mesquite, NV; Seaside, OR; Boulder, UT; and Silver City, NV. The poems included here are from a new manuscript, *MINE TAILINGS*. He is in advanced training to achieve his goal of becoming a World-Class Piddler.

KATE LINDROOS’ poems appear or are forthcoming in *jubilat*, *Sixth Finch*, *Barrow Street*, *Permafrost*, and *Big Big Wednesday*.

JENNIFER MARTELLI is the author of *The Uncanny Valley*, *Apostrophe*, and *After Bird*. Her work has appeared in *Thrush*, *[Pank]*, *Glass Poetry Journal*, *Five-2-One*, and *Tinderbox Poetry Journal*. She is the recipient of the Massachusetts Cultural Council Grant in Poetry, and is a book reviewer for *Up the Staircase Quarterly*, as well as a co-curator for *The Mom Egg VOX Blog Folio*.

JAN C. MINICH has two books of poems, *Wild Roses* (Mayapple Press, 2017) and *The Letters of Silver Dollar* (City Art Press, 2002), as well as two chapbooks. Jan’s work has been published in several anthologies, including *New Poets of the American West*, and in the poetry journals *Kestrel*, *High Country News*, *Montana Review*, *Weber—The Contemporary West*, *Ellipsis*, *Louisville Review*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Clover*, *Wisconsin Review*, *Verse Wisconsin*, and many others. He has been a wilderness studies director in Utah, and taught writing and literature at Utah State University Eastern. During summers, he cruises Lake Superior in a small boat. Jan lives in Wisconsin and Utah.

DION O'REILLY has spent much of her life on a farm in the Santa Cruz Mountains. She has worked as a waitress, barista, baker, theater manager, graphic designer, and public school teacher. Her poetry appears or is forthcoming in *Rattle*, *The Sun*, *Canary Magazine*, *Spillway*, *Bellingham Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *Red Wheelbarrow*, *Porter Gulch Review*, and a variety of other literary journals and anthologies, including the *Lambda Literary Anthology*. Her work has been nominated for Pushcart Prizes, the Intro Journals Project, and The Folio Literary Journal Poetry Contest.

TAMARA L. PANICI'S work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Prelude*, *Likely Red*, *Carbon Culture Review*, *Riggwelter*, and elsewhere. She is the winner of the 2018 River Styx Microfiction Contest and has been chosen to attend the Frost Place Conference on Poetry. You can find her on Twitter @tpanici.

Writer, editor, and logophile, DAYNA PATTERSON makes her home in the Pacific Northwest. She earned her MFA from Western Washington University, where she served as the managing editor of *Bellingham Review*. She is the poetry editor for *Exponent II Magazine* and the founding editor-in-chief of *Psaltery & Lyre*. Her literary obsessions include poetry and spirituality, and women in Shakespeare. DaynaPatterson.com

MICAH PLAYER is a designer, author, and illustrator. He and his wife live in a little house beneath a big tree in the mountains of southern Utah with their two boys, a Yorkshire terrier, and several Casio keyboards.

JIM RICHARDS' poems have been nominated for *Best New Poets*, two Pushcart Prizes, and have appeared recently in *Prairie Schooner*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *South Carolina Review*, and *Comstock Review*. He lives in eastern Idaho's Snake River valley and has received a fellowship from the Idaho Commission on the Arts. Jim-Richards.com

DAVID ROMANDA lives in Kawasaki City, Japan. His work has appeared in *Gargoyle Magazine* and *Hawaii Review*.

STEVEN D. SCHROEDER'S second book, *The Royal Nonesuch* (Spark Wheel Press), won the Devil's Kitchen Reading Award from Southern Illinois University. His poetry is available or forthcoming in *Crazyhorse*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, and *Southern Indiana Review*. He works as a creative content manager for a financial marketing agency.

KATIE JEAN SHINKLE is the author of three books, most recently *Ruination* (Spuyten Duyvil, forthcoming). Other prose, poetry, and criticisms can be

found in or are forthcoming from *Flaunt Magazine*, *The Georgia Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *New South*, *The Collagist*, *Washington Square Review*, and elsewhere. She serves as co-poetry editor of *DIAGRAM*, and is an assistant professor of English at Central State University in Wilberforce, OH.

KAREN SKOLFIELD'S book *Battle Dress* (W.W. Norton) won the Barnard Women Poets Prize and will be published in fall 2019. Her book *Frost in the Low Areas* (Zone 3 Press) won the 2014 PEN New England Award in poetry, and she is the winner of the 2016 Jeffrey E. Smith Editors' Prize in poetry from *The Missouri Review*. Skolfield is a U.S. Army veteran and teaches writing to engineers at the University of Massachusetts Amherst.

NANCY TAKACS is the winner of the Juniper Prize for her book of poems *The Worrier* (U of Mass. Press, 2017). She was a 2016 runner-up for the Missouri Review Editor's Prize. Previous poetry publications of two books, including *Blue Patina*, winner of the 15 Bytes Book Award for Poetry and finalist for the Lascaux Poetry Award; and four chapbooks, the most recent *Red Voice* (Finishing Line Press). Her work has appeared in *New Poets of the American West*, *Harvard Review*, *Kestrel*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Nimrod*, and *Weber—The Contemporary West*. She lives with her husband Jan Minich in Wellington, UT.

WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE'S seventh poetry collection, *Vanishing Point*, was published by Red Hen Press in April, 2017. His graphic chapbook, *Oldguy: Superhero*, came out from Red Hen in 2016. A full collection of the Oldguy poems will be published by Red Hen in 2019. He is a faculty mentor in the University of Nebraska Omaha Low-residency MFA in Writing Program and was Poet Laureate of Missouri from 2012 to 2016. For more information, see his website at WiliamTrowbridge.net.

CINDY VEACH is the author of *Gloved Against Blood* (CavanKerry Press, Nov. 2017). Her poetry has appeared in *AGNI*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Poet Lore*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *The Journal*, and elsewhere. She manages fundraising programs for non-profit organizations and lives in Manchester by the Sea, MA.

DONNA VORREYER is the author of *Every Love Story is an Apocalypse Story* (Sundress Publications, 2016) and *A House of Many Windows* (Sundress, 2013), as well as eight chapbooks, most recently *The Girl* (Porkbelly Press).

ANTHONY WARNKE'S previous work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Bayou Magazine*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Sentence: A Journal of Prose Poetics*,

and *The Prose Poem Project*. He teaches writing at Green River College and lives in Seattle.

DANIELLE WEEKS received an MFA in poetry through Eastern Washington University's creative writing program, where she also served as the poetry editor for *Willow Springs*. Her poetry has been published or is forthcoming in *Nashville Review*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Salt Hill*, *Tinderbox*, among others.

JEFF WHITNEY is the author of five chapbooks, two of which were co-written with Philip Schaefer. Recent poems can be found in *32 Poems*, *Adroit*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Muzzle*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Rattle*, and *Verse Daily*. He lives in Portland.

JOHN SIBLEY WILLIAMS is the editor of two Northwest poetry anthologies and the author of nine collections, including *Disinheritance* and *Controlled Hallucinations*. An eleven-time Pushcart Prize nominee, John is the winner of numerous awards, including the Philip Booth Award, American Literary Review Poetry Contest, Nancy D. Hargrove Editors' Prize, Confrontation Poetry Prize, and Vallum Award for Poetry. He serves as editor of *The Inflectionist Review* and works as a literary agent. Previous publishing credits include: *The Yale Review*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Sycamore Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Saranac Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *TriQuarterly*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Third Coast*, and various anthologies. He lives in Portland, OR.

HOLLI ZOLLINGER is a self-taught artist who has made a career of her talents: drawing, painting, and surface design. She is continually inspired by her surroundings living in the desert town of Moab, UT. She is highly motivated by the art of creativity and incorporates the color, texture, and pattern she sees in the world around her. Holli's work has been published and featured worldwide. HolliZollinger.com

SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW STAFF

JOHN KIPPEN, Editor

NATHANIEL TAGGART, Editor

NATALIE YOUNG, Editor & Designer

MICHAEL MCLANE, Contributing Review Editor

SHARI ZOLLINGER, Contributing Astrological Editor

CLARISSA ADKINS, Reader

CHRISTINE JONES, Reader

KATHERINE HOLLANDER, Guest Reader

LINDSAY SHANE OLIVER, Guest Reader

JERRY VANIEPEREN, Editor Emeritus

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



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

SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW
MAIL ORDER FORM

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Email (optional) _____

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

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

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

Start with: Current issue Next issue

REGULAR SINGLE ISSUES:

\$8 + \$3 s/h

Issue: _____

ANNIVERSARY DOUBLE ISSUE:

\$12 + \$3 s/h

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

Please make checks payable to Sugar House Review.

P.O. BOX 13, CEDAR CITY, UT 84721

GET YOUR SUGAR FIX

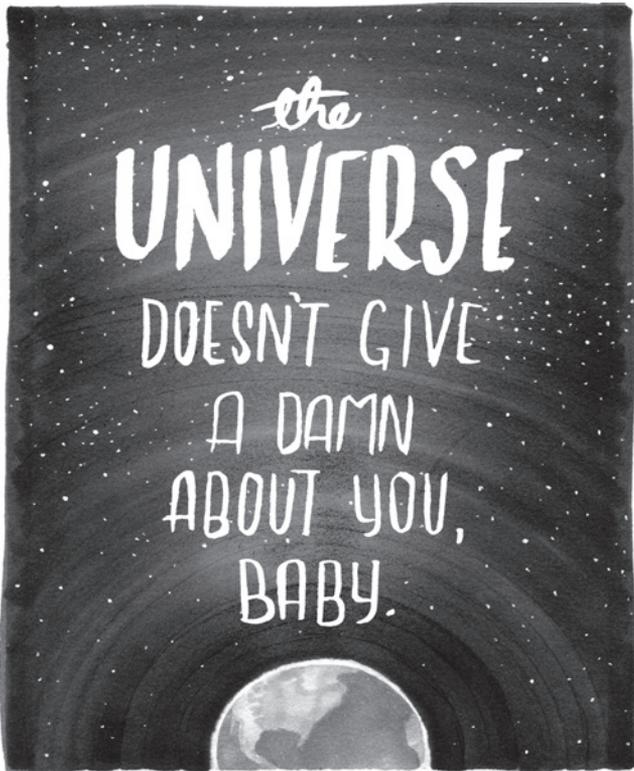


 **SparkWheelPress**
www.sparkwheelpress.com

Now Accepting Submissions

saltfront

studies in human habit(at)



...but we do!

submit • purchase • enjoy

saltfront@gmail

saltfront.org



RHINO

2018

Publishing poetry,
flash fiction, & translations



Our 2018 issue contains
engaging work from almost
100 new and established
writers. See why *New Pages*
writes that *RHINO* is
“one of the best annual
collections of poetry
you can find.”



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

Order the 2018 issue online: \$16 (plus s&h)

2018 issue submissions open: April 1 – July 31

Founders' Prize Contest submissions: Sept. 1 – Oct. 31

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

We've been in publication for **more than 40 years**, creating a vibrant
and supportive community of writers and editors.

rhinopoetry.org

ROCK & SLING



SUBMIT + SUBSCRIBE + BACK ISSUES + BROADSIDES
WWW.ROCKANDSLING.COM

ART WORKS GALLERY

Fine art.
Fine crafts.
Inspired artists.

Open Tuesday-Saturday, 11-6
and by appointment

16 N 100 W • Cedar City, UT
503.810.0958
artworkscedarcity.com



READ. SUBSCRIBE. PASS SUGAR HOUSE REVIEW ALONG.

CONTRIBUTORS

Levi Andalou
José Angel Araguz
Emma Aylor
Bryce Berkowitz
Daniel Biegelson
Craig Blais
Julia Bouwsma
Amy Brunvand
B.J. Buckley
Chad M. Christensen
Christopher Cokinos
Star Coulbrooke
Christopher Crew
Molly Damm
Lauren Davis
Danielle Beazer Dubrasky
Mike Good
Meghan Harrison
Allison Hraban
Holly Karapetkova
Christopher T. Keaveney
Elizabeth Knapp
Peter Krumbach
Rosa Lane
David Lee
Kate Lindroos
Jennifer Martelli
Jan C. Minich
Dion O'Reilly
Tamara L. Panici
Dayna Patterson
Micah Player
Jim Richards
David Romanda
Steven D. Schroeder
Katie Jean Shinkle
Karen Skolfield
Nancy Takacs
William Trowbridge
Cindy Veach
Donna Vorreyer
Anthony Warnke
Danielle Weeks
Jeff Whitney
John Sibley Williams
Holli Zollinger

SUGAR
HOUSE

REVIEW



© 2018

\$8

SugarHouseReview.com

P.O. Box 13, Cedar City, UT 84721