

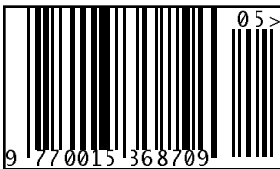
PoetryMidwest

an electronic journal of the literary arts

NUMBER 5
FALL 2002

FEATURING:

ADAMS • ALLEGREZZA • ANLOWE • BARRETT •
BURNS • FLOYD-MILLER • GARCIA • GREY •
HOENA • HORTON • JAGGERS • KELLEY •
KOEHLER • MANNO • MICUS • NEUMIRE • PERRY
• RENEE-RUIZ • ROACH • ROMMEL • RUBIN •
SORENSEN • WHITLEY • ZHENG



PoetryMidwest

NUMBER 5
FALL 2002

EDITOR
MATTHEW W. SCHMEER

POETRY INCORPORATED
FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA
2002

Masthead

EDITOR:

MATTHEW W. SCHMEER
<editors@poetrymidwest.org>

HONORARY EDITOR EMERITUS:

JOHN A. FREEMYER
<jafreemyer@mac.com>

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

KAREN SCHMEER

Fall 2002, Number 5 (Volume 2, Number 2)
ISSN 1536-870X

Copyright ©2002, Poetry Incorporated

Poetry Midwest is published electronically three times a year (Spring/Summer, Fall, Winter) by Poetry Incorporated. Office at Poetry Incorporated, 1885 Westmoreland Avenue, Florence, SC 29505, USA. The journal is freely distributable, provided it is not modified. Reproduction of this magazine is permitted as long as the magazine is not sold (either by itself or as part of a collection) and the entire text of the issue remains intact.

We continually read manuscripts sent via e-mail. Address submissions to <submit@poetrymidwest.org> or <poetrymidwest@att.net>. Send up to 3 poems or 1 micro-fiction under 300 words in the body of an e-mail message with the subject line "Poetry Midwest Submission: *your real name*" where *your real name* is your actual name and not the name of your e-mail account. Do not send e-mail attachments. E-mail attachments will be deleted upon receipt. Full guidelines available at our web site.

1995–1997 back issues available at:

<<http://www.etext.org/Poetry/PoetryInk/>>
<<ftp://ftp.etext.org/Poetry/PoetryInk/>>

COME VISIT US ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB

<<http://www.poetrymidwest.org>>

Post No Bills

Contents

Cathedrals.....	Marjorie Rommel.....	7
Salem.....	Suzanne Burns.....	14
Playing Solitaire.....	Jianqing Zheng.....	17
today it is snowing and the afternoon is a bruisy twilight.....	Paul Perry.....	18
rhythm method.....	Cherryl Floyd-Miller.....	19
Dr. Williams, Revisited.....	Mike Koehler.....	20
Through My Bathroom's Privacy Window.....	Justin Barrett.....	21
A Good Morning.....	Justin Barrett.....	22
Abstract Definitions: Loneliness.....	Blake A Hoena.....	23
Gravity.....	Stan Sanvel Rubin.....	24
Measuring Voice.....	William Neumire.....	25
There.....	Ward Kelley.....	26
Apprentice.....	Kimberly Anlowe.....	27
Clearing.....	Shelley Renee-Ruiz.....	28
To a Rabbit.....	Tim Roach.....	29
Altruism.....	Deanna D. Horton.....	33
Penknife.....	Trish Lindsey Jagers.....	34
Martha, Pregnant at Forty-two.....	John Grey.....	35
The Gift.....	Martha Manno.....	36
Moonless.....	Carolyn Adams.....	37
White Bells.....	Carolyn Adams.....	38
Dark Passages.....	Richard Garcia.....	39
Not His Room.....	Richard Garcia.....	40
Rumor.....	Edward Micus.....	41
Quarto, With Crows.....	Lita Sorensen.....	42
Imagoes.....	James R. Whitley.....	44
From Lake Michigan, Sailing.....	William Allegrezza.....	45
Contributor Notes.....		54
Links to Other Journals.....		58

PoetryMidwest

Marjorie Rommel
[<mrommel@qwest.net>](mailto:mrommel@qwest.net)

“Only an eye, but my God! What an eye!”
—Cezanne

Cathedrals

*(after the paintings by Claude Monet, with apologies
to art critics Gustave Geffroy and Robert Hughes)*

Ripeness is all,
is all

and cannot be seen
in a single glance.

We must look—
look again,

again,
see each moment

layered and separate,
yet linked to each other

and glowing,
threads of color

and sound and form
shimmering:

a translucent
curtain

between our selves
and what really is.

2. Grainstacks

Compost heaps
in the making,

they brood
over a landscape

where nothing moves
but temperature and light.

Silent, immovable
as cottages,

they are odd,
raw as any thatch,

no matter the weather.
The light excites

flurries of red, green, blue
in gritty shadows

seething
with the intense heat

of bread ovens
or heaps of gems spilled

between pewter sky
and white crust of snow.

We can almost
hear them sighing.

3. Poplars

In the stifling heat
they line up

against the horizon,
lean off

toward those vague
farmhouses,

distant mountains
just visible:

aftermath of the never
disordering storm.

In the wide fields
there is no husbandman.

The grainstacks are
themselves:

old women stooped
to glean, praising

La Belle France
for her great richness.

“Feed my family.
Feed my beasts.”

Then they rise,
those old women,

straighten
their crooked backs

to stand frivolous
as girls,

their sunlit clouds
of hair shining

along the Epte, the Seine,
all the roads between

Paris, Lombardy
and Rouen.

The sky is an azure scarf
tossed up,

settling
the watercolor air.

4. Cathedrals

Now they rise again
into their own beauty,

praising the triune God
in an image of what seems

like melting stone:
architecture

without a line anywhere,
only mass. Mass.

Mass and color rising,
the sun carving hosannas

among the spires
and the bosses,

among cliffs of blue
shadowed absurdity,

impossible reefs
of the reddest stone.

They are fashioned
in Earth's likeness,

each intricate cell filled
with light,

radiant pools of dream
held in the soil

stained palm of an old
peasant woman's hand.

They gather up
unto themselves;

they are the harvest
of men and of children's souls;

they work even
in their sleep,

make a temple of harvest,
the act of it:

men ploughing, men
sowing, men reaping,

men sweating, breaking
their backs in toil,

women stooped to glean,
their arms rising and falling

slow and ponderous
as prayer,

the organ notes
of the sun.

They are huge, oxen
lying out in the cornstubble

rough brown beasts
sleeping, their shapes various

as the breasts of women,
grainstacks, or trees,

spires rising toward
what passes for God.

Despite their power,
they plot no revolutions.

They are the priests
of the real world,

of those who long
for the simple life of fields:

men, women, beasts
and all nature moving

in unison, flash
of the scythe in sun.

They are torches
illuminating

the world's dark night,
doing beautiful

violence
to the way we see.

Salem

1.

Bread-baking women
Lit like cigarettes.
Town cherries sparking
More rage than ash
With bones that burn,
Curl like book pages
Disappearing
In the Fahrenheit
Of a struck match.

This subject is too easy.
Weathered documents
Reporting solid facts
As witch hunts bring
A need to recall black.
Bibles fanned
On righteous laps
As the women chose,
Instead,
To dance.

2.

At the trial scene guilt
Ensconced the convicts like skin.
They could not quote
Genesis, First Corinthians.
They stole the congregation's
Eyes and buried them
In pockets of gingham.

Forked tongue
Of apple snake ardent
In its charge to charm Eve
Slithered patterns
In their apron strings,
Even their embroidered
Sunday Best.

3.

The singeing pyres,
Whose hissing
Did not confess
How each beginning
Crackles closer to its end,
Were stoked by mortals,
Brothers of a holy trust.

And in the dust of chants,
Called prayers in towns
With bellies full
Of careful puddings,
The fire starters
Did not watch, but dug
Lint from pressed pockets,
Absentminded in their search
For a glimpse of stolen sight.

Playing Solitaire

On the roof
 a marching band of thunderstorm

Pigsy sweeps cards together
 to shuffle, one of his feet
 tapping impatiently
 a cigarette dangling
 at the corner of his mouth
 its smoke threading
 vertically &
 lengthening into a gray snake

 he casts cards forgetfully
 eyes half-closed
 & smoked to tears

When the storm slackens
 into rainwater
 dripping
 off the eaves
 & ticking
 the puddle by the wall
 Pigsy leaps to his feet
 to push the window open—
 the smoke drifts out
 into the evening haze

Paul Perry
<perrypaul@hotmail.com>

**today it is snowing
and the afternoon is a bruisy twilight**

I have decided the following:
Berlin is a good idea
1923 or no
life may be but a dream
 but love is a dream
 that silence and snow are one and the same
especially if you find yourself
lying in a field and someone
is calling out your name
and it's snowing
but it's not your name
and something in the wind
as it makes its way through the grass
you are lost in
finds you
so that when you stand with your head
finally empty of its carry-on
you'll recognise the clouds
and the landscape they shadow

rhythm method

i.

to blow,
inhale you in flashes,
tiptoe a landmine of grunts,
deaf, dumb breathing—

kisses
tell your new music,
traipse and moan
your catacomb's cavernous
changing patterns.

hips warble elegies
for the thousand
spasmodic strangers.
you were before now.

ii.

how did we move
the first time?

callow humping?
slow, restrained
spin-top swirls?

or open and go,
and gone?

Mike Koehler

[<MKoehler@Oklahoman.com>](mailto:MKoehler@Oklahoman.com)

Dr. Williams, Revisited

that red
wheel
barrow?
rusted
in the
yard.
the chickens?
long since
sent to
the colonel.

Justin Barrett

[<g8rfan@webpipe.net>](mailto:g8rfan@webpipe.net)

Through My Bathroom's Privacy Window

the illusion of a
red wheelbarrow
leans against
the liquid
mirage
of a fence.

A Good Morning

when i woke
up this morning
i saw
your head on my
chest

your leg draped
over mine

and three arms

of which
at least one
was mine

Blake A Hoena

[<wmbakester@hotmail.com>](mailto:wmbakester@hotmail.com)

Abstract Definitions: Loneliness

It's raining
 again—
a feeling that permeates
this hillside, soaks through
its foundation,
 and into my living room.

The carpet squishes
under bare feet
like mud.

I stare
out the living room window,
trace my reflection—its center
left hollow
 where light cannot reach.

It's two a.m.
and the downtown fires
 resist
the rain, wink at me
through gray patches of leaves,
clutched
by creaking fingers.
They remind me of age.

Gravity

Stars come out with flaming wings.
All this clear night, I watch, remembering
how stars keep coming.

Here on earth the duelists grieve
Because they've learned nothing
from momentum of falcon, ideology

of woodpecker, the stalled hummingbird's
elaborate argument with fox and bear.

Place names are what hold us.

Pinned to ground, stiff and mammalian,
we migrate with weapons,
with the old map of shadows.

In our hearts, a constant drone
like the green light between stars.

William Neumire

[<kujospalace@hotmail.com>](mailto:kujospalace@hotmail.com)

Measuring Voice

If it is a circle
Then its circumference is something
Like that of cupping your hands together:
The distance within
Made dense
By its surroundings.

If it is a straight line
Then of course it is infinite,
But it fades toward zero
With no hope
Of expiring.
An echo, perhaps, dissatisfied
With its response
Continuing to bang
Its signal against wet caverns,
Empty hills, the loneliest
Of places.

But if it is another shape
Then its perimeter must be limited
And endless at the same time: A body
Made of slants and curves, starts
And finishes, that ends itself
And begins again.

Ward Kelley
<Ward708@aol.com>

There

There, the explanation is never meant
to be conveyed. It can only be felt,

and comes from silent meditation.
Words have no place there, so what

must be said, if it really must, can
only be uttered by what the eyes

can emit, just as poetry is what is seen
between the lines of the poem. There,

those who conspire to a more succinct
form must suspend what can be proven,

then allow themselves to come forth.

Kimberly Anlowe

[<kimberlyanlowe@hotmail.com>](mailto:kimberlyanlowe@hotmail.com)

Apprentice

One January morning at two after smoking all night we decided to drive to LA even though we were punchy tired already and would have to ditch work the next day, because we wanted to surprise Mandy's new dark-haired boy, the one who projected energy through his body then asked if she felt it too and she did, so we headed off into the deep fog of I-5 in winter and passing through a dream of hours arrived around nine, just in time for morning traffic, and I remembered for a moment how glad I had been to leave there and then forgot again as we exited on Wilshire and headed east to stop at the pink-and-green fairy-tale Beverly Hilton, where we gave the valet the car (as if we had more than a twenty between us) and used the ladies' lounge to wash our faces and fix our hair and makeup and imagined we were involved in something clandestine, so that when a matronly woman with pearls and handbag and a grass green dress came in, Mandy flipped her red hair and giggled and said, "We just drove all night, we came from San Francisco," and the woman was charmed indeed and said something polite and decided (we imagined) not to call security after all, and when the woman left the room Mandy turned to me and said, "You see, sympathetic magic," and I began to understand what she meant.

Shelley Renee-Ruiz

[<shelley_renee_ruiz@hotmail.com>](mailto:shelley_renee_ruiz@hotmail.com)

Clearing

We watered down
living cedars straining
canopies of branches
spider webbing black
against a light blue sky,
blood sun suspended

there. In the center
of the clearing we piled
branches high from pines
we axed, flattened,
leafless, softened with decay,
needing no words to know
the other's desire.

One bolstered, another
sawed. One drew a thick rope
to crack the tree prone;
the other sharpened hand axes
for removing limbs. The fire
burned severely, whirling spark
and carbon skyward, orange embers
like small spines glowed
in ash and thin snapped twigs.

We had circled this fire
so many times we did not need
to speak, did not even look
at each other, only askance, past,
through, the way couples do,
having grown too used
to the other's presence. No words
even when the flames raged
for a moment of not knowing

if we had built it too high this time
and it would dart beyond
our control, licking
at the heavy overhanging
branches of trees laden
with coiled bird nests
and paper wasp combs,
whose roots braid into the earth
that holds our home.

Tim Roach

[<TRoach@stlcc.cc.mo.us>](mailto:TRoach@stlcc.cc.mo.us)

To a Rabbit

On a bitter February Wednesday afternoon,
When I felt sure the wind blowing over my ears
Must soon make my head whistle
Like an empty gallon jug,
I came upon a rabbit.

Crouched in the lee of my front porch,
He sat quite still, safe in his invisibility.
I could see clearly his bulging black eyes,
The brown stripe beneath them,
The quivering know-it-all nose.

Feeling that he would not move until I did,
I spoke softly to him.: If I go this way,
You might run toward the road.
I'll just stand a minute.
Don't make any quick decisions.

If we had met thirty years ago,
It might not have gone like this. We might have
met at the edge of a frozen field.
You would have seen me coming,
Walking between father and uncle.

You would have flashed toward the briars.
I would have raised my gun,
Cheek cold on smooth walnut,
Eyes open, guided by barrel,
Finger poised on spring-tense trigger.

At the shot tufts of fur
Would have flown from your body.
You would have rolled once, maybe twice
In the stubble of Fall-harvested corn.
I would have run to you.

Grateful for a clean kill,
Proud of a straight shot,
Sad for your small death,
I would have basked in the pride
Of admiring family men.

These were men who shaped me,
Whose blood is my blood,
Men who had gone to war, who had faced other men
Who wanted their bodies to fall and roll.
These men would have been proud of me.

I would have field-dressed you, rabbit,
Flicking out your entrails
With a flip my father taught me,
Checking your liver for spots of disease,
Feeling your weight in my game bag.

At home I would have peeled back your skin,
Exposing your lean pink sprinter's muscles.
I would have cut you up on the oak stump
In the back yard, behind the garage,
Washing your pieces in a bowl of salted water.

I would have carried you solemnly into the kitchen.
My mother would have marinated you for days
In vinegar, and pickling spice, and bay leaves.
She would have baked you in a thick sour gravy.
Slices of onion would have covered you like a quilt.

When we ate you, we would have
Chewed carefully, searching for shot,
Guarding against a broken tooth.
We would have smiled at our good luck,
Each shot clanking softly on the edge of a plate.

Those days are gone now.
Those men lie side-by-side now, under
Bronze government markers
On a quiet hillside that overlooks downtown.
The shots that recorded their passing are quiet now.

We remember them by the names of their battles,
Guam, Iwo Jima, Tarawa, Bougainville,
Carcinoma, Chemotherapy, Intensive Care.
Straight shooting only went so far.
In the end, a patient enemy prevailed.

My mother lives in a retirement apartment now.
She plays euchre and worries about cholesterol.
She says she never cared for rabbit.
She says it was dry; it was a lot of work.
She only fixed it because we brought it home.

So now, rabbit, it's just you and me,
And the time for talking has passed.
I spring suddenly to the left.
You bolt in desperation to the right,
As I hoped you would, away from the road.

Under the shrubbery, across the drive,
Into the brush pile in front of the fence,
Through the fence and into the woods,
I watch the white flash of your tail
Until you dash out of sight.

So, rabbit, if you can stay out of the road,
If the owl doesn't feed you to her chicks,
If the floods don't drown your burrow,
Please bring your family some warm night,
To eat the fresh clover in my front yard.

Deanna D. Horton

[<deannad@mindspring.com>](mailto:deannad@mindspring.com)

Altruism

Some people share
Without being asked.
Abraham offered up Isaac on request.
Mary carried a child she conceived
Without consent.
Jesus healed a blind man, turned water to wine,
Died—

I tip over fifteen percent.
I open doors.
I give change to the occasional
Street person.
Sometimes, caught at the right moment,
I will offer a bite of my burrito.

Trish Lindsey Jagers

[<TrishJaggr@aol.com>](mailto:TrishJaggr@aol.com)

Penknife

Inside the antique store,
within the locked glass
case, beside the reading
glasses that slip midway
down a white plastic nose,
behind the ivory-handle letter
opener--the one with the greened-out
brass knife, the kind that can't be sharpened—
that lies across a seal—
one of those with a monogram
writhing and twisting inside its circle
like red-worm wigglers
left to sun in the muddy bottom
of a rusted Eight-O-Clock can,
at three o'clock, Solar Noon,
when the fish stop biting at the foaming mouth
of Bear Creek—
the wax-slicked surface
that rises and falls like river trash
almost hid the old penknife—
nearly closed,
as the lips of a dying mussel—
a pencil shaving curled into the crevice
as though a tongue wanted to speak sharpened words
but decided against it.

John Grey

[<JGrey10233@aol.com>](mailto:JGrey10233@aol.com)

Martha, Pregnant At Forty Two

Vial after vial
is cranked out of your veins,
an assembly line
of crimson statistics,
more vials than times it took
to get this way.
If the blood drained from your arm
tells a different story
does that mean the eventual child
is a lie,
that you will have to give
a healthy baby back
so medical science can go free.
After evading x-rays and lead
and the diseases of
your sister's children
like a prisoner in a forest
of police dogs
you're with someone
who doesn't even ask you
if you drink or smoke,
who looks beyond that fetus
to your birth certificate,
white-aproned doctor
among the circus freaks,
filling in your file
with the grand, conceited strokes
of Ripley sketching this week's
Believe It Or Not cartoon.
He presses the doptone
deep into your stomach,
into your past,
and for a moment,
you can't tell if he's
listening for heartbeats
or counting tree-rings.

The Gift

You know it is silk just by the feel of it, like water slipping through your fingers. The fringe is almost two feet long, on all four sides, in the two colors turquoise and sand, the ocean embracing the shore. The pattern in the body of the shawl is roses, raised above the field in cut velvet, so soft against your bare shoulders you feel it like a breeze blowing through an open window.

Where could you go in such a shawl? What would you wear it with? It looks like nothing in your closet. It bears no resemblance to the person who dresses every day in navy or gray or brown.

If you had a grand piano in the parlor, you could drape it over the curve in its flank, rest on it a vase of opened roses. But you have no piano, grand or otherwise. You decide to spread it over your narrow bed, allowing the fringe to touch the floor. And in your sleep you finger the fringe and dream of an Italy you have never seen.

Carolyn Adams

[<carolynd@bcm.tmc.edu>](mailto:carolynd@bcm.tmc.edu)

Moonless

(Knowing)

It is
storm, snow,
childbirth,
thirst.

It is the worry
of a moonless night
when blackness
swallows the sky.

It is the leaning
of a shoulder
upon a shoulder.

It is a hunger
kept,
knowing
the void
of memory.

White Bells

Awash
in plush red,
she rises,
subsides,
folds,
then flowers.

Deep within,
voices like
thin white bells
echo
in a seashell curve
of a tiny ear.

She turns
to the knife.
Wavecrest.
Then,
shore-bitten,
a small swimmer
is lifted free.

Richard Garcia

[<ranchorico@hotmail.com>](mailto:ranchorico@hotmail.com)

Dark Passage

The lines of the poem I am trying to write get longer and longer, until they become a train and I am left alone on the platform, catching a glimpse of the lights on the caboose just as they disappear into a tunnel.

Seeming to feel sorry for me, my computer says, *Looks like you're writing a letter, would you like some help?* Now someone in the house next door is playing show tunes on the piano. I think it is a man. He is small, portly, harmless looking, but actually he is here in San Miguel de Allende hiding out from gangsters whose money he stole.

I Only Have Eyes for You . . . September Song . . . The Way You Look Tonight.

Someone has come to the piano player's door. He hands a servant a note. The servant carries it to the piano player and the music stops. The note says, *You have something that belongs to me.*

And now my computer is angry. It says I have performed an illegal operation. Like a drunken plastic surgeon in a back alley in Tijuana, I have altered the piano player's appearance. He's hiding out at Tia Lucha's . Pianoless. His face wrapped in bandages. He's sitting in the dark remembering my face blurring above his, my breath smelling of tequila, my shaking hands.

Not His Room

A man found a black lace evening gown in his car.
He pressed it to his face; it had the scent of orange blossoms.

That night he lay awake looking down at a marble statue
that lay next to him in bed. It was a statue of a woman,

a beautiful woman, small and thin, her small breasts
lay flat, one arm was crossed over her throat.

He noticed that it was not his room.
A red velvet dress was nailed to the wall.

He got up and looked around. On the dresser
there was a display of old combs and mirrors.

He returned to bed and lay next to the statue.
He wanted to touch it, to run his hand the length

of its side, to touch each rib. But he knew
how these things went, too much willfulness

and he would not be in the room anymore.
If he was afraid, he would wake up—

he might still have the black lace evening gown,
but he would never find his way back to the room again.

Edward Micus

[<edward.micus@Mankato.MSUS.EDU>](mailto:edward.micus@Mankato.MSUS.EDU)

Rumor

When Rickie Arnold came home from the war crazy things started rolling around in his head. Like those little bb's out of round, remember them, that would never fall into the eyes of the clown face. The dope over there is what did him in. He talked weird. He told us how things got stuck in the pan of his brain, how things smoked black there without curls, how on the back of his eyes, the dark side of the moon, a fire raged. Since we figured he was pretty much burnt out anyway, we called him Cinder Boy. Or Smokey. He started talking in goofy rhymes. He said he could see through the skin of any child painted yellow on, how her Lego bones were joined and once at the Superette he told Jennie Ferguson: "Don't hide in the village, little one, fire finds hair, jelly finds skin," and someone reported it but nothing was done so we all kept clear of him. Even Johnnie Levitt. In high school you couldn't separate the two of them but Johnnie said, forget it, fuck him, he's not right, he's smoked. Do you know Angie Snyder, the blonde with the dreadlocks? She was never quite right herself. Anyway, last summer at the drive-in movie? In the back of his '59 Chevy? When she unbuttoned her shirt and offered up her breasts they melted to him, I guess, to his hands.

Lita Sorensen

[<lita_sorensen@hotmail.com>](mailto:lita_sorensen@hotmail.com)

Quarto, with Crows

For four days now, crows have woken me

against slate gray snow burgeoning tree limbs
I hear cries
as they pick old grape
seeds from the neighbors' vines
and circle like ministers above tenements.

Today is bright with winter sun. The rest have kept
the sullenness of November blustering, weathered, tearful days.

Crows know how to bring on the morning

properly with chants and caws
but with laughter of hypocrites
behind earnest magisterial robes
and open eyes of gypsies.

Almost a week has passed in November,
great thief of time endgame of the year.

I have counted four crows ahead

In the tall elm tree
perched like dark sailors
up a ship's mast preachers on a pulpit
resemblance in their stark cries
exhorting god of sky,
endless blue-white oceans.

This too, will pass (like winter)
an old lover once told me
not yet waking on my pillow,
predicting the phantasm of our love.

I look for crows every day now

in dictionaries of black symbols in webs of branches
quotation marks against sky after endless skies
in days ahead and behind me
in sighs and with sharp intakes of air.

There is something so familiar about the sound of their voices
speaking so plainly before breakfast.

Imagoes

(a tanka series)

We mimicked crickets
first—up all night, every night,
upsetting neighbors,
rubbing our skins together,
making the jazz music fly.

Then: two fireflies
winging through the humid dusks—
some nights paired, some not—
the flames we carried, cooling
from grand blazes to mere sparks.

Now, we are mayflies,
doomed to a certain descent—
grim-faced moon rising,
resignation clouds the sky,
poor stubborn wings beating on.

William Allegrezza
<alegr5@attglobal.net>

From Lake Michigan, Sailing

1.

the lines of light gleam
on the backs of your towers
where the high jumps under clouds
shutter the individual in awe

2.

as the bow dances towards the deep water
the fog erases the city
we are captured in oblivion
four miles out

from nowhere another boat a bird comes into sight
and then the nothing sweeps in again
and we are primal figures lost

3.

the airplanes streak past windows
ominous in their power
during the airshow

the city is vulnerable
with its trading floors and banks
with its parks and nightclubs

4.

the lake lunges at rock
spraying the terraced beaches
while in the valley of waves
the hull shivers
and we cling to edges
forgetting the city
except for its calm harbors

5.

on calm days a gentle wind
leads us in lines along the shore

little action is needed

we watch as the city changes with light
and drink beer
tipping the first drops
to whatever gods need to be appeased

6.

crib darkness cold below
green hulls sheets to be had
seagulls rain suits
speed trim
cold buoy wall
seasons food
sunset electricity
light

7.

a facade
hancock sears
below the steel and concrete
tied by wire
the atlas cultures try
to raise first generation children
with rights and words

8.

like fireworks on water
the sails out from the city
shine in the sunny air
as they turn towards
the faces of land

9. (9/16/01)

grieving flags wave
under sails
on water silence

Contributors

Carolyn Adams' poetry, fiction, and illustrations have appeared or are forthcoming in *Maelstrom*, *RiverSedge*, *Main Street Rag*, *Poetry Motel*, *Recycled Quarterly*, *Pedestal Magazine*, *Out of Line*, *Red River Review*, and *White Pelican Review*, as well as others. She currently co-edits and co-publishes the monthly poetry magazine *Curbside Review*.

William Allegrezza teaches and writes from his base in Chicago. His poetry has been published in small magazines in several countries and is also available in, among other places, the e-zines *Aught*, *poethia*, *canwehaveourballback?*, *Milk Magazine*, and *Shampoo*. His chapbook, *Lingo*, was recently published by subontic press, and he is the editor of *moria* <<http://www.moriapoetry.com>>, an e-zine for experimental poetry and poetic theory.

Kimberly Anlowe holds a B.A. in English from Pomona College in Claremont, California. She lives in San Francisco.

Justin Barrett lives and writes in Utah.

Suzanne Burns' first poetry collection, *Blight*, debuted in 2001. *The Dream Tree*, her first short story collection, was recently released from Zumaya Publishing <<http://www.ZumayaPublishing.com>>. In March of 2003 her second poetry collection, *The Flesh Procession*, will come out from Diversity Incorporated <<http://www.diversityincorporated.com>>. She has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and recently won the Judson Jerome Fellowship.

Cherryl Floyd-Miller is a Cave Canem alumna fellow (1998-2000), Vermont Studio Center Resident Writer (1997) and Indiana Arts Commission Associate Fellow for Literature (1994-95). Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *The American Muse*, *Open City*, *The Flying Island*, *Essence*, *sidereality* and other literary journals and anthologies. Floyd-Miller's manuscript *Utterance: A Museology of Kin* was a semifinalist for the 2001 Kathryn A. Morton Prize in Poetry. She lives in Atlanta, Georgia.

Richard Garcia is the author of *The Flying Garcias* (University of Pittsburgh Press), and *Rancho Notorious* (BOA Editions). His poems have recently appeared in *Mid-American Review*, *The Colorado Review*, and the anthology *Urban Nature*, published by Milkweed Press. He is poet-in-residence at Children's Hospital in Los Angeles, assisted by a series of grants from the California Arts Council and the Johnny Mercer Foundation.

John Grey is an Australian-born poet, playwright, and musician whose work has appeared online in *Pedestal Magazine* and *jerseyworks*, and in print in *South Carolina Review* and *Abbey*, amongst others.

Blake A Hoena received his M.F.A. from Minnesota State University, Mankato and currently work as an editor/author for a children's book publisher. A selection of his writing won the 2000 Robert Wright Award and he has work published or forthcoming, in *Writer's Journal*, *North Coast Review*, and *Beacon Street Review*.

Deanna D. Horton is fifth generation northern Californian and 3/4 Southern. Horton attended University at California State University, Chico, where she received her B.A. in Political Science, then furthered her education in literature and writing at Georgia State University in Atlanta.

Ward Kelley has seen more than 1,200 of his poems appear in journals world wide. He is a two-time Pushcart Prize nominee whose publication credits include such journals as: *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Rattle*, *Zuzu's Petals*, *Pif*, *2River View*, and other journals. He was the recipient of the Nassau Review Poetry Award for 2001. Kelley is the author of two paperbacks: *histories of souls*, a poetry collection, and *Divine Murder*, a novel. He also has an epic poem, *comedy incarnate*, on CD and CD-ROM.

Mike Koehler is a sports journalist living in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Trish Lindsey Jagers writes from a hill overlooking a spring-fed pool on a farm in southern Kentucky.

Martha Manno's previous publications include Bennington College's literary magazine, *Silo*, three Plymouth College anthologies and *Crones Nest* magazine. She is currently at work on a memoir and a young adult novel. She lives just outside Providence in Massachusetts.

Edward Micus currently works as Assistant Director in the Learning Center at Minnesota State University. He has won a Loft-McKnight Award in poetry and recently a New Rivers Press Book Award for short fiction. His fiction has appeared in the *Laurel Review* and *North American Review*; and his poetry has appeared in *Poetry*, *New York Quarterly*, *Chelsea*, *Harvard Magazine*, *Verse*, *Seneca Review*, and elsewhere.

William Neumire is currently on staff at *The Cortland Review*. His poetry has previously appeared in *Blue Mesa Review*, *mélange*, and *Poetry Midwest*. His book reviews are forthcoming in *The Cortland Review*. He holds a B.S. in Creative Writing and lives with his fiancée in Brockport, New York.

Paul Perry won the Hennessy Prize for Irish Literature in 1998. He has been a James Michener Fellow of Creative Writing at The University of Miami, and a C. Glenn Cambor Fellow of Poetry at The University of Houston. His work has appeared in numerous publications, including *Poetry Ireland Review*, *The Hawai'i Review*, *The Drunken Boat*, and *The Best American Poetry 2000*, among others. He currently serves as Writer-in-Residence in County Longford, Ireland. He is the author of *The Drowning of the Saints*; co-author and editor of the collaborative novel, *Goldsmith's Ghost*; and editor of the book/CD-ROM *Heartland*. He also serves as Editor-in-Chief to *The VirtualWriter.net*.

Shelley Renee-Ruiz's poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Eclipse Literary Journal*, *The Coe Review*, and others. A native of California, she now lives outside of Austin in Smithville, Texas where she works for a nonprofit health organization.

Tim Roach teaches English at St. Louis Community College. This is his first electronic publication. He has previously published fiction and poetry in *The Louisville Review*.

Marjorie Rommel's poems, essays and short fiction have appeared in *Signal International*, *Mr. Cogito*, *Riverbabble* and other literary venues, and in several anthologies, including *Dark Orchid* (Inkpot Press), *Voices in the Trees* (Evergreen Press), *Ghost in the Garden* (GodZillah Gospel Press), *A Loving Voice* (The Charles Press), and *Labyrinth* (PWJ Publishing). She was awarded a Willard R. Espy Literary Foundation residency in Oysterville, Washington, in 2000, and received a White Bridge Traveling Fellowship and residency in Teton Valley, Idaho, from the Adam Family Foundation in 2001.

Stan Sanvel Rubin has poems currently appearing or forthcoming in *The Laurel Review*, *Free Lunch*, *Hubbub*, *The Seneca Review*, *Pearl*, and elsewhere. This fall, Pudding House Publications will release his chapbook *On the Coast*, a collection of meditations on the Maine seascape. He teaches at S.U.N.Y.–Brockport.

Lita Sorensen is freelance writer/designer who recently moved back to the Midwest (Iowa City) from New York City and is happy to be back. She holds an M.A. in Creative Writing from the University of Nebraska-Omaha and did post graduate studies in painting and drawing at the University of Iowa. She is currently working on a book, *Great Court Cases: The Scottsboro Boys*, for Rosen Books. Her poetry has been published in *The Midland*, *Riverstates Review*, *Bovine-Free Wyoming*, and *Bits of Flint*.

James R. Whitley's work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and published in several journals including *Coal City Review*, *HEArt*, *Icon*, *Peregrine* and *Xavier Review*. His poetry collection *Immersion* (Lotus Press, 2002) was selected by Lucille Clifton as the winner of the 2001 Naomi Long Madgett Poetry Award.

Jianqing Zheng is an Associate Professor of English at Mississippi Valley State University. His poems have appeared in *Mississippi Review*, *Flyway*, and *Cape Rock*, among others. He was the winner of Slapering Hol Press Poetry Competition in 2001 and is the author of *The Landscape of Mind*.

Links to Other Quality Online Journals

<i>42opus</i>	<http://www.42opus.com>
<i>The 2River View</i>	<http://www.2River.org>
<i>3rd Muse</i>	<http://www.3rdmuse.com/journal/>
<i>The Also Review</i>	<http://www.alsopreview.com>
<i>The Blue Moon Review</i>	<http://www.thebluemoon.com>
<i>Bovine Free Wyoming</i>	<http://www.bovinefreewyoming.com>
<i>The Cortland Review</i>	<http://www.cortlandreview.com>
<i>Melange</i>	<http://www.melange-journal.org>
<i>Optic Magazine</i>	<http://www.opticmagazine.com>
<i>Pif</i>	<http://pifmagazine.com>
<i>Poetry Daily</i>	<http://www.poems.com>
<i>Slope</i>	<http://www.slope.org>

PoetryMidwest

an electronic journal of the literary arts