

Summer 2012

Wild Goose Poetry Review
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Poets sometimes get a bad rap for always being down on things. A great deal of poetry, after all, is about suffering, loss, grief, injustice, cruel irony . . . you get the idea. A non-poet friend recently commented to me that poets find weightiness in the smallest things. I think that's a fair statement about poets, but the weightiness poets find is not always negative. Sometimes we find uplifting significance in small things.

I'm not sure which makes me happier — having a poet whose work I have long admired find Wild Goose Poetry Review and send in some of their own good poems; having a poet who has unsuccessfully submitted to Wild Goose Poetry Review several times in the past finally get it just right; or having a poet who has worked with me in either a seated or online workshop send me a poem that gets in. All of these occurrences are small things that seem significant to me . . . and all of them make me happy.

This issue of Wild Goose Poetry Review marks the end of our sixth year of publication. And I am made happy by the fact that this issue contains poems from poets whose work I've long admired but who have never submitted to Wild Goose before; poems from poets who have submitted several times but have never had their work selected until now; and poems from poets whom I have had the joy of working with in developing their own poetic fluency. I am also made happy by the fact that so many of my favorite poets from previous issues continue to send me their wonderful poems.

As always, another source of joy for me in putting Wild Goose together is manipulating the juxtapositions of poems. Of course, the reader can read without instruction in whatever order they choose. Nevertheless, if you enjoy connections, then I encourage you to consider the poems by Lowery, Albrecht, Campbell, and Beadle as one sequence; those by Herman, Jenkins, King, and Losse as another; and all of the remaining poems (except Ortolani's, which stood out on their own in my mind) as a long sequence.

Also as always, it will make me quite happy to read your comments on these poems, share them with the authors, and then read their responses. I hope that process deepens the experience of the poems for all of our readers.

Finally, I extend my gratitude to Nancy Posey and Helen Losse for their reviews of wonderful new books of poems by Amy Tipton Cortner, Jessie Carty, and Nancy Pittman-Schulz.

Enjoy the issue. We will kick off our seventh year with our second annual "100 Thousand Poets for Change (NC)" issue in November.

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Joanne Lowery
GIVE, PRESENT TENSE

This is the mashed potatoes comfort food of books:
my red Latin I from high school
so familiar I know each picture
and remember the row by the windows
where I sat to cipher the mysteries of Rome.
Crisis time I need more than English
to bring serenity, priestess of white temples,
and there is no one to ask, no imperative.
Of course give would be an irregular verb,
of course I give is only two Roman letters.
Future is regular as a dreamer.
But to give to myself now—to meet
my own lack—to command the swirling
emotions to settle, I need only to state
what sitting on my porch in imitation
of caladium or cardinal I can do:
do, I give, and as if running to catch
the ball I've just thrown among green leaves
and clear birdsong, I offer up hands:
here it comes back to me from the ruins.

Author's Comment: It's human nature—and the nature of poetry—to dwell on the past, frequently lamenting loss. But when I came across my trusty old Latin book, I was surprised at how its familiarity and the crisp clean language of the Romans cheered me. I felt as if I were in the presence of an old friend. And since I am always charmed by puns, I enjoyed how the Latin *do* for "give" relates to our English "do." Giving is one of the best things we can do, both for ourselves and for others.

Bio: Joanne Lowery's poems have appeared in many literary magazines, including Birmingham Poetry Review, Rattle, Slant, Cottonwood, and Poetry East. Her most recent collection is the chapbook *Scything* published by FutureCycle Press. She lives in Michigan.

Malaika King Albrecht
HOW TO KISS FIRE

Dozens of flame skimmers
spark orange and red
at the edge of water and land.
The devil's knitting needles,
these dragonflies, stitch the pond to sky.

All magic transpires in this elemental mix.
When water or earth touches air or fire,
Intersections birth thunderstorms,
forest fires, water spouts.

Whoever makes a friend of fire
will not drown in the shallow end.
Wade out past the hips
where the flame skimmers weigh
a soul with simple calculations:

How heavy are your arms, your heart, your feet?
What have you held? What have you lost?

II.

The flicker of fire
stitches the distance between us.
The elemental mix of what is and isn't yet.

I wouldn't have known enough to ask for this.
I hold my breath, and your voice shifts
the weight of my hips in the wooden chair.

We are stormy-eyed in candlelight.
I lean in, wet my lips.

Malaika King Albrecht

THESE ARE MY TRANSGRESSIONS

I've eaten brunch with a lesser saint
wearing a horse shoe halo
and plucked the elderflower from his hand.
I've worn a shadow to a wedding
and sunlight to a wake. I've forgotten
that every blink's a funeral
and suffered the momentary loss of light
and the sight of you.

Born of salt, slanted light and wind
mixing stars into the lake,
I still see my face in water fountains.
I'm a clanging bell, the lost left shoe,
the dirt road through the middle of the woods
leading home. I've transfigured
a necklace of red flowers into bees.

Bio: Malaika King Albrecht is a frequent contributor to Wild Goose Poetry Review and Founding Editor of Redheaded Stepchild. Her third collection of poetry, "What the Trapeze Artist Trusts", was published by Press 53 earlier this year.

Pris Campbell
TITANIC

Layla, one legged hooker
watches Titanic again,
cuts to the scene
when Leo shows Kate
Layla's Paris twin.
She figures it's better
to be drawn by a gonna-die
guy in an iceberg-doomed ship
than live in Belle Glade,
dust-bowl of mid Florida.
Poverty Central. HIV rampant.
Pit stop for hundreds
of black-eyed migrant workers
backs bent like wishbones
hands rough as emery boards.

Smoke from burnt cane
drifts through her open window.
A truckload of migrants roars past.
She's lucky to get two tricks
a night, wishes she could marry,
a rich man, live near the sea.
but no man wants a 'death till
we part' one legged hooker
to ride into the sweaty night.

She hits the back button, sucks
on an ice cube, dreams she's floating
out over that Titanic ocean,
slippers tumbling from two perfect feet.

Author's Comment : To my best knowledge, Belle Glade remains the poorest town in Florida. During the early to mid-1980s, it had the highest rate of AIDS infection per capita in the United States. My husband and I drove through the town twice in the mid-eighties en route to the west coast of Florida. The town could've been abandoned it was so run-down and dirty. Despair radiated from the people we saw on the streets. Surrounded by sugar cane fields, the smoke from bi-annual burning permeates the town for weeks both times. Ash has even reached as far as our home in West Palm. Drug use/sales and hooking were high, both for income and escape. Layla became a symbol of that town for me.

Pris Campbell
STRUT

She checks that her pasties
are still stuck in place,
struts onto the dirty stage.
The guy with the pimples,
second table front,
looks as nervous as she feels
behind her revlon red pout,
but she's gotta make money—
the kid screams all day.

She has a nice ass,
legs like a willow,
uses her fan to hide
what she's lacking up top.

His friends push Mr. Pimples
up front with a fiver,
shuffle ,laughing, back
to their seats.

His eyes resemble the eyes
of a boy she once loved
before these long nights
at the bar.

Lost in her dream of better days
she leans over to kiss him,
show his friends he's no loser, but
turns abruptly when the dj
spins the next tune.

Author's Comment: When I was in my twenties and working as a Clinical Psychologist in Rhode Island, a couple of my male colleagues decided that I needed to 'experience' a strip joint. I was game, having never been in one of these places so popular with some men, judging by the number of cars parked outside. I was struck first by the stench of booze and the number of men sitting alone around the strip area. Next, I noticed the strippers' eyes. Lifeless. Remote. Wherever they were, it wasn't there. They could've been robots with breasts. their movements were so mechanical. That visit fermented inside me and helped birth this poem.

BIO: The poems of Pris Campbell have been published in numerous journals. The most recent include PoetsArtists, The Dead Mule, Outlaw Poetry Network, Rusty Truck and Wild Goose

Review. She has had six poetry collections published by the small press and a second collaboration with Scott Owens is due out from Emory University Press in the late fall. Nominated three times for a Pushcart Prize she also was recently contacted by Pearson Publishing for permission to include one of her poems in their next textbook alongside Margaret Atwood, a real honor. A former Clinical Psychologist, she has been sidelined by ME/CFS since 1990 and makes her home in the greater West Palm Beach, Florida.

Michael Beadle
FLESH AND BLOOD

Sprawled in midair,
a stick between its legs,
a deer hangs by a rope,
strung up
on a basketball goal.
Any minute now
as rain threatens,
men will emerge
from a doublewide,
the women a step behind.
A pit bull lurches
from its chain.
The neighbor's boy
will study the scene,
replay the hunt
with a BB pistol
and fallen bike.
That night
kin will split shanks
under a sheet-metal barn
that sizzles
when it rains.
Cousins spit and lie,
cuss about buck
and trout
too big to carry home.
One man among them
with rusty fingers
and butcher blade
will step forth,
eyes wide,
eager as Cain
to carve his kill.

Mimi Herman

THE VISUALIZING MIND HAS NO WORD FOR NO

Try not to think of a banana.

Whatever you do, do not imagine a banana
with its greeny-yellow peel
and firm flesh.

Or one that has succumbed
to brown spots and a certain laxness of texture.

Please, under no circumstances,
imagine a banana, a single banana
on your kitchen counter.

Where there is also, coincidentally, not
a piece of chocolate cake, thick with frosting,
the last piece of chocolate cake, as alluring
as a showgirl leaning against the backstage door
asking if you can give her a lift.

Say to yourself, I will not eat that piece of chocolate cake,
that last piece. I don't need it.

And as soon as you've opened your mouth, it's gone,
startling you with the swiftness
with which each bite leaps onto the fork and is conveyed
to your mouth, to descend down some long dark road
that leads directly to your hips,
where it will take up residence for a good long time

because morning after morning you will remind
yourself not to sleep in, and will miss the gym,
which is probably not a bad idea
since it gives you more time to tell your children
not to touch the stove and to get out the salve
that you'll surely need.

Author's Comment: A number of years ago, I taught at a girls' boarding school. One of our guest speakers was a visualization expert who worked with Olympic athletes. I have an uneasy relationship with anything that falls into the category I call "groovy," which includes crystals, visualization and some forms of yoga. I'm simultaneously drawn to them and profoundly cynical about them. But this made sense to me, and has become the basis of almost everything I do, particularly the way I teach children. You can't not think something. You can only think something else in its place. And so I do.

Mimi Herman
CASSANDRA

Cassandra was very popular at parties
for the first five minutes.
After that, guests tired of her tricks.
The teenagers peeled off for spin the bottle,
the grown-ups for poker.

Everyone prefers a game of chance
where you win or lose big.
Who wants to know the outcome in advance?

Which is why we forgot what she said
and what her voice sounded like, or even,
eventually, the color of her hair
and whether she was long-waisted with thin lips
or thick-waisted with a long nose.

Which is why, no matter how often she told us what would happen,
we bet over and over on the same bad hand
as if it were a foreign verb we forced ourselves to conjugate,
never getting the tenses right.

Which is why, after awhile,
no one invited her to parties
and we, playing long odds with a short deck,
lost to the house of history every time.

Author's Comment: I have a lot of empathy for people who don't get heard. Imagine a lifetime of saying profoundly important things that nobody remembers. I loved the idea of Cassandra at a party, and the opportunity to play with the language of gambling, not to mention the language of language. And I love the fact that even though nobody's listening, she's always right. A real huzzah for those of us who sometimes get accused of being know-it-alls. By the way, there's a slight tip of the hat to Dylan Thomas' "A Child's Christmas in Wales" in the third stanza.

Bio: Mimi Herman is the author of *The Art of Learning*. Her poetry and fiction have appeared in *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *Shenandoah*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *The Hollins Critic* and other journals. She holds a Bachelor of Arts from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and a Masters in Fine Arts in Creative Writing from Warren Wilson College. Mimi has worked as an arts and education consultant since 1990, engaging over 25,000 students and teachers with writing residencies, as well as providing extensive professional development for teachers and teaching artists. She has been a writer-in-residence at the Hermitage Artist Retreat and the Vermont Studio Center. Mimi does her own carpentry and plumbing, and can

milk a cow and a goat, though not at the same time. You can find her at <http://www.mimiherman.com>. Her chapbook, Logophilia, is available from Main Street Rag at <http://www.mainstreetrag.com/MHerman.html>.

Mark Allen Jenkins

THE TROUBLE WITH EXPLORERS

The trouble with explorers is they never stop exploring. At home, a more permanent base camp, memoirs complete, they gaze fondly at the horizon through a telescope.

When I take them to the mall, it takes days to prepare, outfit supplies, hire camels, handlers, plan the best route.

they trek
through the food court, stuff ketchup packets
and napkins into jackets. Insulted
by you-are-here maps, several inquire
at the Golden Wok for the location
of the nearest water source, quickly note in detail
the amount of chicken in Kung Pao Chicken.
All agree they've eaten worse
in the middle of nowhere
on the way to somewhere.

Beneath a skylight's sun, one sketches
the plastic palm tree, fingers his mustache
as he finishes, tries to decide
what family it belongs to.

Further along, they surround
the wireless kiosk, unable to listen
to a barrage of new words like wireless, texting,
and no-roaming fees. Some ponder journaling
with a plastic stylus, if readers could follow
their daily progress. The danger of getting lost fades,
like the tattered British Flags they plant
on store clothing racks.

Author's Comment: I wrote this poem after writing a sequence of poems about Australian explorers in the mid to late nineteenth century. Most of these explorers believed their European upbringing could help them overcome anything and were often hopelessly underprepared for the unforgiving Australian landscape. This poem mocks my project and was influenced by Mary Koncel's set of poems about babies doing bizarre things, such as working on a car engine, from her collection "You Can Tell the Horse Anything."

Bio: Originally from Zanesville, Ohio, Mark Allen Jenkins completed an MFA at Bowling Green State University and is currently a PhD student at the University of Texas at Dallas

where he serves as Poetry Editor for Reunion: The Dallas Review. His poetry has appeared in Memorious, minnesota review, Muse & Stone, South Dakota Review, and elsewhere.

Robert S. King

THE LANGUAGE OF TREES

If we had as many arms as trees have limbs,
as many hands as trees have leaves,
would we have then their language of touch,
their longer fingers branching out, a sense
of standing tall, a sense of falling, a sense of place
where we might grow down in roots,
grow up to mountaintops?

Do leaves feel the weeping of wind and sky,
the pincers of insects, the saws cutting
through the nerves down to the roots?

Do all trees pull together to reach the sun?
Do they shed their hopes in the cold mask
of darkness and snow? Do they wave
their limbs in sign language?
Do they lean on one another through the storm?

Only felling shows us the history of trees.
Their long lives grow in widening circles,
in seasons telling their stories in a tongue
we partly understand.

Some are lines they've crossed and grown beyond.
Rippling waves from the heart, a silent
ringing out may show us the way trees dream,
the way their souls connect on common ground.

From the mouth of a hollow ring,
does one cry to another as it falls?

Author's Comment: There are certain symbols in nature that invite the muse. To me, trees are among those symbols. I've always found them to be like people, albeit a little more physically rooted down. Even though trees stand independently of one another, I sense a community of spirit and a communion with the creatures and elements of nature that touch them.

Bio: Robert S. King lives in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Georgia. His poems have appeared in hundreds of magazines, including *California Quarterly*, *Chariton Review*, *Hollins Critic*, *Kenyon Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Negative Capability*, and *Southern Poetry Review*. He has published three chapbooks (*When Stars Fall Down as Snow*, Garland Press 1976; *Dream of the Electric Eel*, Wolfson Publications 1982; and *The Traveller's Tale*, Whistle Press 1998). His full-length collections are *The Hunted River* and *The Gravedigger's Roots*, both from Shared Roads Press, 2009. He recently stepped down as Director of

FutureCycle Press in order to devote more time to his own writing. He continues to serve the press as Poetry Co-Editor.

Helen Losse

Of course, the poet is parent to the verse:

maker, creator. Poetic embryos grow
inside me, waiting to be born, waiting for

surgery while still inside the womb,
waiting while I go rail fanning or watch

NASCAR: anything to make a memory.

A poet needs to make memories, to make

live, raw material, assembled & growing
a zygote toward revision.

A poet can add detail like a bird or a tree
to any memory. Yet we call that poet

a fool. A fool's what Kilmer called himself,
so why not me? Yet if you're bold enough

to say it, you can call me co-creator,
detail adjuster, bird watcher, tree hugger,

physician: prenatal surgeon of memories.

Anything other than fool. You can call me

God's beloved.

Author's Comment: This poem describes the formula for writing itself. I liked the image of poet as co-creator (with God), so I started with single words: maker, creator. I expanded with "surgery inside the womb," which is revision. Revision takes place over time (during which I did other things.) I "make[s] memories," which I embellish by adding details. After some word-play, I turn to Kilmer's poem, "Trees," in which he calls himself "a fool" and points out that "only God can make a tree." The latter is true, but is the former? Am I a "fool," or am I much, much more?

Bio: A former English teacher, Helen Losse is a Winston-Salem poet, the author of two full length books, *Seriously Dangerous* (Main Street Rag, 2011) and *Better With Friends* (Rank Stranger Press, 2009) and three chapbooks, *Gathering the Broken Pieces*, *Paper Snowflakes*, and *Mansion of Memory* (Rank Stranger Press, 2012). Helen's poems have been nominated twice for a Pushcart Prize and three times for a Best of the Net award, one of which was a finalist. Her book *Seriously Dangerous* was on the long list for a 2012 SIBA Book Award.

Jessie Carty

EVERYONE NAMED HER BRIGHT — A BOP POEM

-after Rachel Aviv's article "Like I was Jesus"

which she thought meant she glowed.
She did not connect her ability to read,
to writing her name, to a intellectual
brilliance. She wanted to actually see
herself shining like that moment before
the light went out in the refrigerator.

Everyone named her bright.

In those same early years,
before school, she pictured Jesus
as a flower, curling up from his
grave because he rose. She didn't
understand how he could be
so beautiful and also so constantly
cross until she thought

(everyone named her bright)

of how easily she could move
from playtime to anger by finding
yet another hole in the white dress
she favored for her favorite doll. The doll
which she often left naked on the edge
of the tub as she waited for it to be altered.

Everyone named her bright.

Author's Comment: I'm working on a poem project where I'm trying newer forms – thus the attempt at the Bop (<http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/5773>) with this piece that I originally wrote without any concentration on form. It is a response to a line from an essay I read in an anthology which is now available online.

<http://www.harpers.org/archive/2009/08/0082606> You never know what will inspire you.

Bio: Jessie Carty is the author of five poetry collections including the chapbook *An Amateur Marriage* (Finishing Line Press, 2012) which was a finalist for the 2011 Robert Watson Prize. She teaches at RCCC in Concord, NC. You can find her editing *Referential Magazine* or blogging at <http://jessiecarty.com>.

Lynn Ciesielski
OLD RIVERS

At fourteen, Jen stole sips of sangria from jugs
her father had in the basement.
She heard that children drink early in France.
Wine helped her jet around the globe,
grapes bursting fervid on her tongue.

Today she confiscates vodka from her teen daughter,
who says she just had a couple.
She cites tales of Jen's youth,
You did the same thing, didn't you, Mom?
Jen hides the words near her heart
alongside memories of hangover mornings,
slurred words, embarrassing outbursts.

I bet you want to restrain her, pull her to shore,
save her, Jen's mother says.
She hands her some wood, tells her,
You will carve oars together.
Every day I learn a new stroke.

Author's Comment: When I was a teenager getting into trouble, my mother often warned me that someday I'd have a daughter just like me. Of course, I just rolled me eyes as teenagers often do. When my own daughter got to that age and had some problems, I expected my mom to say, "I told you so". Instead, she always had some words of wisdom and compassion to offer. I hope that I can be so loving when my daughter has discipline problems with her children.

Bio: After teaching Special Ed in NY schools for over eighteen years, Lynn Ciesielski retired to spend her time writing, traveling with her husband and enjoying her grandchildren. Her first chapbook, *I Speak in Tongues* was released this year by Foothills Publishing. She has been in *Iodine Poetry Journal*, *Wild Goose Poetry Review*, and *Drown In My Own Fears*.

Corey Cook

ONE-YEAR-OLD-HANDS

"[She] cannot stop taking the hands from room to room, learning the names of everything [she] wants." – Wesley McNair

Hands that swipe day old spaghetti from the trashcan, pull fistfuls of fur from the cat's broad back. Hands that dump boxes of crackers on the kitchen floor, leave smear marks on doors and windows. Hands that take a carton of heavy cream from grocery bag to the "cupboard" under the living room chair, fiddle with the knobs on the stove. Hands that rip pages from the \$75.00 book of photographs on the coffee table, swat at siblings intent on taking toys away. Hands we coax away from wanting with sing song voices, guide away with curled fingers, distract from wanting with smiling faces and puckered lips.

Author's Comment: As I witnessed my youngest daughter's hands becoming busier and busier this past Spring I would often think of Wesley McNair's poem, "The Longing of the Feet." I revisited the poem and the passage that appears above became the springboard for this piece.

Bio: Corey Cook is the author of two chapbooks: *Rhododendron in a Time of War* (Scars Publications) and *What to Do with a Dying Parakeet* (Pudding House Publications). His poems has appeared in *Ballard Street Poetry Journal*, *Chiron Review*, *Entelechy International*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Loch Raven Review*, *Nerve Cowboy*, *Pearl*, *Plain Spoke*, *Willard & Maple* and elsewhere. New work is forthcoming in *The Aureorean* and *The Legendary*. Corey edits *The Orange Room Review* with his wife, Rachael. They live in Vermont with their two daughters.

Barbara Gabriel
COVENANT

Willie Delia married for love
and a gold ring that whispered her name
nights when the man beside her did not.
No prophet, she knows what comes, comes.
Still, she summons deserter spirits
as stars fade, demanding Why?

Eleven born of red clay
cotton and suffering sufficient
hands pricked bloody by a King.
A fair day: food for all, no rain
Not one lost to death, grim and tricky.
No single child gone mean as hailstones.

Prideful man rode rail, racing
into vast dust bowl. Behind dry eyes
Willie Delia conjures a voice
to breathe her name, hears nothing, signifying less.
Judgement delivered decades on:
pine box fetched him home, slow, unhurried.

What is a vow but words spoken?
Gold ring clenched by fist.
Jam jar keeps teeth preserved.
Boots made for walking on radio waves,
Willie Delia follows him down
carved stone shouting her name.

Author's Comment: "Covenant" came from my grandmother's oral history of a precarious childhood in dire poverty. It reflects measures her single mother took to raise eleven children, fighting to keep the family together and alive. Willie Delia was heroic to me as a child, then as I grew to adulthood, I saw that she bound herself to an idea—this covenant she made— that kept her waiting, growing old alone until she died listening to Nancy Sinatra on the radio, singing a young woman's power song about the man who did her wrong. That image has stayed with me for forty years.

Barbara Gabriel
MOTHBALLED

My throat constricts with thoughts of lies told
One. Word. At a time.
Chief among them: I love you.

Examining his face I hear
a single, crashing heartbeat.

Receiving no response,
shrug rounded shoulders
for having chosen unwisely, impatiently.

What follows?
Years of silent conversation,
planets out of alignment.

Pretending babies are an answer
to questions unasked.

Except in secret, whispered
between winter sweaters and ivory gown
mothballed in suffocating plastic.

Author's Comment: The ways that women navigate social and cultural conventions is an ongoing fascination for me as a writer. The lies we tell others, the lies we tell ourselves in order to fit within those confines can force us to choose a path which promises security but ultimately becomes punishment. We can be preserved and silenced by our choices.

Bio: Barbara Gabriel is a poet, writer and salvage artist who has been gathering writing material for fifty years while impersonating a chef, cruise director, ice cream scooper, sailor, child advocate, landscaper, package designer, dive master, log cabin builder, and a really bad waitress. She grew up in Minnesota along Highway 61 and has traveled, lived and eaten her way through the Americas, Turkey, North Africa, Europe, Southeast Asia and the Caribbean. She has been published in the online journal of topical poetry "Poetry24" and most recently in the "American Society: What Poets See" anthology (FutureCycle Press). She currently calls Portland, Oregon home.

Philip Dacey

TRIOLET: A JUILLIARD PIANIST

She sits as if before the stillest lake.
Such lack of motion is a form of love.
We know she's thinking hard of what's at stake
in casting notes like stones into the lake—
a silence to improve upon, not simply break.
It's moving, how she takes her time to move.
She sits as if before the stillest lake.
Such lack of motion is a form of love.

Author's Comment: Living on Manhattan's Upper West Side from 2004 to 2012, I became what I call a Juilliard junkie, attending student recitals several times a week. The commitment, hard work, and ability of the students never failed to impress me. This poem tries to capture some of what I found there, perhaps best summed up by the word "seriousness." The silences just before a performer begins and just after the music concludes are equivalent to a vestibule leading to and from a sacred space.

Bio: Philip Dacey, the author of eleven books, most recently *Mosquito Operas: New and Selected Short Poems* (Rain Mountain Press, 2010) and *Vertebrae Rosaries: 50 Sonnets* (Red Dragonfly Press, 2009), has won three Pushcart Prizes and written entire collections of poems about Gerard Manley Hopkins, Thomas Eakins, and New York City. His twelfth, *Gimme Five*, won the 2012 Blue Light Press Book Award and will appear in 2013.

Harry Youtt

TRUDGING UP THE BLACK STONE HILL

And moths have been at the wool of the watch cap.
His jacket's missing a button at the neck,
his muffler, left at home on the table behind the sofa.

Looking back at that
string of dark-windowed houses
that huddle as close to the tracks
as they can bear.
They've all been emptied by this time of day,
the children gone to their schools,
the men and women gone to the work
that pays for mortgages
and heating oil,
for the TV cable,
and the credit cards.

He reaches the crest, where the wind
makes him wish he'd brought the muffler,
and he wonders whether having a dog
might mean the day would be less lonely.

A train snakes away from the station,
past the silent houses,
winding the slow curve out of town
across the trestle, and over the river.

Comment: I actually imagined this poem from the inside of a train car, making its way on a cold day through a very dreary Connecticut. There was a guy, trudging up a small hill, looking chilled. He should have worn his muffler, I thought, and then I turned the tables and occupied his persona.

Bio: Harry Youtt writes poems and short stories that have garnered a couple of Pushcart nominations. For a long time, he's been teaching creative writing classes and workshops (fiction, non-fiction, poetry) in the U.C.L.A. Extension Writers' Program. He's on the Editorial Board of the international Journal of Consciousness, Literature and the Arts.

Barbara Presnell

MY SON COMES HOME

He brings with him the ripe scent of summer,
unwashed, and a white bag of peaches he bought
at a roadside stand east of Raleigh

when he knew he'd be late and remembered
how much we love them, fresh-picked from trees
and so sweet their tender flesh trembles.

It has been six weeks since he left,
car packed, map unfolded across the passenger seat,
headed alone to a job across state, 18, on his own

for the first time. Now when he steps from the car
I am startled by the deep cast of his face,
the three-day beard that shades his cheeks.

We have grilled burgers to celebrate his return.
We gather at the table, passing awkwardness
among us like mayonnaise and tomatoes.

As he and his father talk baseball, war,
the market's ups and downs, it is all I can do
not to leap from my seat and take him in my arms.

Instead I gather him up with my eyes—
his large hands, the dark hairs curling up from knuckles,
chest, neck, shoulders, chin. He sees me, pulls free,

pushes back from the table, says,
"How about dessert?" At the faucet he turns
three soft peaches in his palms, washing,

and with a sharp knife, begins to trim,
the blade slipped beneath skin,
loose peels falling to the sink.

Author's Comment: "My Son Comes Home" describes my son's return after his first summer on his own, working at a beach restaurant between college semesters, so aware, as were his parents, of the importance of this experience. Metaphor—the short and tender life of a peach, in this case—allows me, even still, to recall the incident with deep emotion and love without sinking into sentimentality. Most likely, my Southernness accounts for why the luscious summer peach often appears, complete with fuzz, bruise, and pit, in my writing.

Bio: Barbara Presnell's poetry collection, *Piece Work*, won Cleveland State University Poetry Center's First Book Prize, and was published by CSU in 2007. She's received the Brockman

and Oscar Arnold Young Awards, the Linda Flowers Prize, and two NC Arts Fellowships. Poems appear in The Southern Review, Cimarron Review, Malahat Review, Laurel Review, and many other journals and anthologies.

Larry Schug
YOU WISH

He pulls up to the pump in his tan mini-van,
three screaming kids buckled in,
fills its tank and his lawn mower's gas can,
sighs at the rumble as a Harley revs up
at the next pump over,
almost cries as a blond in black leather
wraps her hair in a red bandana,
swings her long leg over the saddle
hooks her fingers in some dude's belt loops,
looks right at him with eyes that say
ha, you wish!
roars out onto the highway.

Author's Comment: A fantasy materializes; reality intrudes immediately. We've all been there. Gas stations are places where poems appear if one pays attention.

Bio.: I'm retired after a working life of physical labor of various kinds. I was born for this gig! I live with my wife, dog and three cats (one too many!!!!) in St. Wendel, Twp., Minnesota I've published six books of poems, the latest "Nails" with North Star Press of St. Cloud.

Janice L. Sullivan

VISITING PINWOOD CEMETERY

After hurricane Floyd shook
North Carolina like a cougar
worried its prey, I drove east
fearing my mother's newly buried
casket was floating in the Tar River.
At the cemetery, I sloshed
through sand and murky water,
read family markers: Hardee, Tripp
Boyd, Wilkinson and Clark.

Nearby, a live oak housed
a colony of lampblack crows.
Their cawing scratched
the calm September morning.

A bronze marker, uprooted,
leaned against an oak, a stair step.
In the middle of the cemetery,
remnants of magnolia silk flowers
lay at the foot of my parents' grave.
I called their names louder and louder.
For a moment, I sensed their presence
as I stood there in the graveyard.

Author's Comments: I am always listening for a story that might become some part of my next poem. When Hurricane Floyd hit eastern North Carolina, a friend of mine told me that she was anxious to drive to her home town where her father had recently been buried. Her fear was that since his grave was freshly dug and then covered, that her father's casket might end up floating in the flooded area where he was buried, near the Tar River. I sensed that this story might evolve into a new story through the birth of a poem.

Janice L. Sullivan
GREAT BLUE HERON

stands dressed
in shaggy feathers
blends into
winter marsh grass.
He lingers
for hours
in the muddy
bog
before he snaps
shrimp,
small fish.

Author's Comments: There are many memories, life lessons, and experiences that I have had. This is a poem that I have written out of my experience and passion for the marsh, especially the marsh that my husband and I look out at from the deck of our condo at Litchfield by the Sea, Litchfield Beach, SC. Each morning, I open the white draperies that cover the glass across the entire back of our condominium. I cannot wait to see which of the marsh birds that I will see first. Throughout the day, I love to see which birds will come and go and which birds will stay in order to search for food.

Bio: Janice Sullivan lives in Greensboro, NC. She is past President of the NC Poetry Council and past President of the Writers' Group of the Triad. Janice has been published in A Turn in Time, International Icarus, Pembroke Magazine, Kakalak, Award Winning Poems, 2002 and Bay Leaves. Her latest poems are in Fire and Chocolate, Poems From The Writers' Group Of The Triad. She has been published in other anthologies.

Maril Crabtree

HIGH SCHOOL REUNION

Here we are, the remnant of curious voyagers
sailing into a room of near-familiar strangers
instead of staying home where daily life
is comfortably defined. We launch ourselves
into blind encounters with our unfinished
half-remembered lives. Former boyfriends
who groped my breasts, sucked my tongue in
the starlit seats of Thunderbirds or Impalas,
now fill lists of dead or missing. My girlfriends,
whose dreams and dresses for all-important dances
I so casually shared, have vanished, too.
I'm left with that well-known feeling of odd one,
different one, the one who left, traded Spanish moss
and magnolias for sunflowers and cottonwoods.
I sail through the tablecloth seas a dozen times,
seeking someone to swim these sorry waters with me
but they ask instead How many children do you have?
and Aren't grandchildren great? They fill the air with
You look the same, I'd recognize you anywhere –
as I squint into yearbook photos pinned to alien
chests, search my brain for memories to fix them to.
The evening floats on. I navigate the dance floor
with bloated husbands and drink more wine. It's easy
as long as I have no expectations, no regrets,
as long as I pretend we are castaways
on a reef-ridden island, trolling empty beaches,
looking for that last box of washed-up treasure.

Author's Comment: My goal with this poem was to portray the gamut of emotions within the universal experience of attending a high school reunion (decades after graduation) while honoring my unique journey of having left the South for the Midwest at the tender but somehow wise age of 17, a memory-voyage I continue to explore in all its complexity.

Bio: Maril Crabtree grew up in the South but now live in the Midwest. She has two chapbooks, *Dancing with Elvis* and *Moving On*. Her poems have been published in numerous journals, most recently in *Third Wednesday*, *I-70 Review* and *Imagination & Place*.

Ronald Moran

SLEEP

It's much easier now for me to get the fantods,
as in,
for example, when I hear my house cracking its
knuckles,
I hear it as someone trying to crack the lock
on my
back door, and, in a move of utter futility, I aim
my
pencil flashlight in that direction, then try to fall
asleep,
until I start a round of dreams in which the dead
of
my life return, and while I am trying to please
them,
which is impossible, as it was when they were
alive,
I wake up, my body tingling, my heart beat
elevated,
and so I drink two glasses of water, add a third
pillow
under my head, leave the light on for a couple
of minutes,
and wait for the miracle of water to cleanse
me.

Bio: Ronald Moran is the author of a dozen collections of poetry and several volumes of literary criticism. Professor Emeritus at Clemson University, he lives in Simpsonville, SC.

Maryfrances Wagner

AUNT MARY WANTS A CHEF AT THE NURSING HOME

I'm glad you're early. You won't believe this restaurant.
These people need help. We get white linen on Sunday,
and the wallpaper's nice enough, but the food? Terrible.
I think they toss meat in boiling water and throw in
canned vegetables. Dessert is pudding or stewed fruit.
Once in a while, bad pie—all crust and no cherries
or apples. I told Jimmy he needs to teach the cooks
a couple of sauces, something with wine or at least
a little oregano. I said, My son is a chef. He can help you.
We used to have a restaurant. They thought I was pazzo.
That's what they think we all are here. Besides, Jimmy
could use some part-time work. He quit his chef job
at the country club to come here every day. He could make
a nice roast or pastries. Remember how we used to sit
on the porch and put butter on Country Club crackers?
Gustoso. These people don't know what a Country Club cracker is.
Per favore. We used to make good biscotti too and ice them nice.
Sometimes Jimmy makes some and brings them warm. Maybe you
could take us out next Sunday to a different restaurant, bring
a bigger car so I can get my wheelchair in, maybe bring
a nice girl for Jimmy. He's never going to find someone here.
Good thing you're early. You can see for yourself.

Author's Comment: This poem is part of a collection of Aunt Mary poems that I began writing after my aunt spent seven years in a nursing home. At first, her mind was fine, but she could no longer walk. In time, she developed Sundowners and sometimes thought she was in a bad hotel or her living room. Sometimes she thought what was happening on television was real life with our family as opposed to strangers on television. She was unintentionally funny and had a great Italian personality, but the poems also try to capture the unfortunate parts of a nursing home.

Bio: Maryfrances Wagner's books include Salvatore's Daughter (BkMk) Red Silk (MidAm) and Light Subtracts Itself. (MidAm). Red Silk won the Thorpe Menn Book Award in 2000. Her poems have appeared in literary magazines including New Letters, Midwest Quarterly, Laurel Review, Beacon Review, anthologies and textbooks including Unsettling America: An Anthology of Contemporary Multicultural Poetry (Penguin Books) and The Dream Book, An Anthology of Writings by Italian American Women (winner of the American Book Award from the Before Columbus Foundation). She is co-editor of the I-70 Review and former president of The Writers Place in Kansas City.

Al Ortolani
SOARING FINS

We found Uncle Bobby
drunk again on 8th Street, curled
around the base of a tired forsythia
like a berm of topsoil.

Mother said load him
into the back of the station wagon
before the neighbors wake,
careful not to bang his head
on nothing sharp. Dad said
best leave him where he lay
he made good as compost.

Then he chewed his cigar
and studied the opposite curb
as my brothers folded
Bobby's legs through
the ultra-wide electric window,
which in the '59 Plymouth
looked out backwards
on the zinc smelters, Chubb's Bar,
the promise of soaring fins.

Author's Comment: The poem "Soaring Fins" is about a family which is living down hand to mouth. They are making do as best they can financially and emotionally. The main irony of the poem is of course the soaring fins on the back of the station wagon. They reach towards prosperity like wings. The family is taking care of one of their own who has had a few too many. As they fold him like baggage into the back of the car, the narrator can't help but notice the zinc smelters upon which the town depends for existence. I grew up in a coal mining town in southeast Kansas. The tailings of coal and remains of the old smelters are still evident today.

Al Ortolani

ANOTHER TORNADO WARNING

Grandpa puts grandma in the closet with a flashlight,
a bottle of water, and a video poker game.

By and by, he joins her
although he has to sit on a step ladder.

He closes his eyes and listens to Larry
the white cockapoo whimper
below grandma's chair.

As the storm builds, grandpa opens
the closet door. The television casts a pale blue
eye across the living room. Grandma sleeps
and Larry shivers with each roll of thunder.
The St. Louis Cardinals are up by two runs
and Albert Pujols is stepping to the plate.

Author's Comment: "Another Tornado Warning" is typical of some Kansas resident's attitudes towards storm warnings. This particular poem came about after listening to a relative explain how they rode out the last warning, even with sirens wailing, grandma dozed and grandpa cracked the closet door to watch the Cardinals. Luckily, the power didn't go out. I've tried to keep the details of the poem as real and exact as possible. Sometimes poems just lay down in front of us waiting to be picked up. The key for me to such short narrative is finding the voice that carries the detail.

Bio: Al Ortolani is a teacher from Kansas. His poetry has appeared in a number of periodicals, both print and online across the United States: The New York Quarterly, The English Journal, The Midwest Quarterly and others. He has two books of poetry, *The Last Hippie of Camp 50* and *Finding the Edge*, published by Woodley Press at Washburn University. His third book, *Wren's House*, is due to be released this winter from Coal City Review Press in Lawrence, Kansas. He is an editor with *The Little Balkans Review*.

Review

by Helen Losse

The Zen Baptist

Amy Tipton Cortner

Highland Creek Press, 2011

ISBN: 9780982085837

The Zen Baptist by Amy Tipton Cortner is a book of Appalachian writing divided into three parts. “The Zen Baptist” and “The Hillbilly Vampire,” the first and last sections, are poetry—mostly religious poems as diverse and unconventional as the title indicates—and the middle section, “Eminent Domain,” is an essay. My only negative comment about this book concerns this order. The poet placed her newer work at the beginning, but I would have liked the essay first, then her older work, and finally her newer poems. That way the book would begin as self-exploration and grow to become pure art. Why not present it in the way it happened, so the reader knows the background? The poems in the first section seem more universal—more mature—than those in the final one. That said, I give this book five stars.

“The Zen Baptist” is a group of 25 poems, most of which were previously unpublished before appearing in The Zen Baptist. In these poems, Cortner makes words (and often seemingly opposing concepts) dance and whirl across the page in ways that probe the Christian mind. The Baptist is both Christian and Buddhist; the Baptist is Zen—more enlightened than many Baptists I know. The Zen Baptist is fervent.

Every Wednesday during Lent
he drives through the ash black morning...

the eye of the great amen
fills the world....

(“Doughnuts and Devotions,” p. 6)

And on Easter morning, the Zen Baptist brings towels to dry the chairs, so no one will be upset.

...old bodies poured into new clothes
need to be kept dry,
lest their discomfort...

overwhelms
the aural mystery.

(“Sunrise Service,” p. 7)

Cortner also writes poems that question.

...did each of them have a moment
of provenance unrecorded...

when they, too
could have flowered
into Judas?

("The Provenance of Judas," pp. 8-9)

Other poems tell of life on Roan Mountain—poems of family life, of giving birth without a doctor or midwife, a new child—a boy who was "deaf in one ear."

The question at the heart remains
was he born with voices
or did they come
later
when he was still too young to know...
he heard what others did not.

("All Saints," p.10)

In one of her most beautiful and universal poems, Cortner speaks of a loss of intimacy and friendship that the speaker of the poem had denied.

In the silhouette of angels
I have come to stand....

...without you
yet always with you.

... the rose and the brier
will grow
on separate vines.

("A Ballad," p. 23)

"Eminent Domain" is a personal essay about self-discovery based on geographic location. It concerns living on Roan Mountain, a part of the southern Appalachian Mountains of Virginia. Like most young people, Cortner was not in love with her roots since childhood, but she grew to love her home.

When Cortner was young, she saw her life as typically American—"like the people she saw on t.v" (p. 27), and yet her mother taught her the concept of "around here," (p. 27) which, of course, meant Roan Mountain specifically, where she and her extended family lived. For a time, she hated "anything mountain" (p.32), but that was before she "got out of here" (p.32) to attend and graduate from college. A few years later at a fiddler's convention in Galax, VA, "it [resolution with who she was based on locale] sneaked up on [her]," (p.33) and she discovered she loved mountain music and then other things associated with being from "around here." Knowing she came from a place that was "two places at once"(p.34) freed Cortner to become the artist she is.

"The Hillbilly Vampire" is a group of poems that were first published as a 40 page chapbook (with the same title but by Amy Tipton Gray) in 1989 by Rowan Mountain Press in Roanoke, Virginia. The original chapbook, still in print, contains additional poems. For The Zen Baptist, Cortner changed some of the people's names from the aliases she used in the chapbook to the actual names of her mountain relatives, because the time was right for "this old wine to be decanted." (p.35)

The poem "The Hillbilly Vampire" begins with the declaration: "Many people / are confused about hillbilly vampires." It ends with an explanation: "this / ...outside industry / come[s] down to the hills in the dark / for raw material." ("The Hillbilly Vampire," p.37) That gleaning for "raw material" allowed Cortner use anything she observed as her poetic image and combine it with the vampires, who had immigrated to the mountains. The Hillbilly Vampire was not your usual vampire, and he—yes, he—"had many degrees / and many publications...." ("The Vampire Ethnographer. p. 38). Hillbilly vampires were known for their boldness.

[One might].. jump right off the pinnacle.

Pale of face but packed of pocket
they cry apostate to the cautious.

("Vampire Acolytes," p. 40-41)

Cortner's teachers and relatives appear in various poems, where they give specificity to aspects of mountain life. Cortner herself is pictured here:

in a cabin of sawn lumber
rustic...

There was plenty of room
they told her

if she wanted to stay.

("On Eminent Domain," pp. 52-53)

Appalachian art became richer when Amy Tipton Cortner wrote The Zen Baptist . Lyrical and altogether lovely, the language is so fresh and unique that it becomes universal; words mean more than they actually mean, due to the depth of Cortner's images. She has written poems other poets would die for; their simplicity so complex, her sense of play so amazing. In the free verse poems, she uses rhyme wherever she chooses and gets away with it in places where others could not. Cortner says that people from "around here" say "what they have a mind to" ("Eminent Domain," p.34). In the final analysis, The Zen Baptist is worth reading more than once.

Review

by Nancy Posey

AMATEUR MARRIAGE

Jessie Carty

Finishing Line (2012)

ISBN: 9781622290079

Carty's new chapbook recalls those early days of marriage, the starter home decorated in Early Married style, with both partners making a place for themselves simultaneously in the home and in the larger world beyond their threshold.

These poems convey an awareness of that cozy contradiction of marriage— becoming one while retaining individual identities, played out through sharing of time, or as described in "The Living Room," the sharing of household property— a television bought when the old one "flatlined" before the Superbowl, the "replacement" couch, a refinished coffee table—and sharing even debt, second mortgages and student loans.

In "Housewife in Training," the speaker is poised between a sense of accomplishment, noting, "My house looks very / polite today," and the recognition that the simple chore of baking a quiche would undo the housework, especially, she notes, "for a dish only I will eat."

Much of the speaker's time is spent at home alone not only tending to the house, but writing. Carty's diction evokes images like those found in e. e. cummings' poem "She being Brand," as the speaker in "The Homemaker" feels herself "downshift. . .try[ing] not / to strip the gears," beginning to learn to interpret the house's subtle noises signaling hunger and loneliness.

The tone of the poems shifts with the emotional roller coaster of early marriage, from the light humor of "Preferences," with the speaker making surreptitious changes in her shopping and cooking, despite her awareness of husband's preferences to the contrary, pleased that he rarely registers the switch, to the somber, even jaded tone of "7 Steps Towards a Trial Separation," from the husband's perspective of the most common day-to-day conflicts—"the ridiculously flowered plates she insisted on registering / for in a 12 place setting" or his "beer related T-shirts" she discards.

As a writer, the speaker views married life in varying contexts: In "Ars Poetica," as a sonnet, with its "practical abba pattern that repeats with a 'not now' 'a headache' 'not now' 'a back ache"; as a physics equation in "W=MG," as the couple "invent [their] own / inertia, not controlled / by the speed of light."

Dreaming of parenthood, the speaker in the poems seems most wistful, looking ahead in "If I Had a Son," and acknowledging that part of the dream not yet fulfilled in "Holiday Sweater," recalling her list of goals at seventeen: "college, a husband, three children, a / mini-van, volunteering at church / 2 out of 5 is this life."

Throughout Amateur Marriage, Carty maintains a consistency in her style and voice while playing with the many contradictions encountered in negotiating the shifting balances of

marriage, particularly in the early days or years. Her artful selection of details draw readers in for a closer examination of the subtle revelations.

Review

by Nancy Posey

MOSSLIGHT

Kimberly Pittman-Schulz

Future Cycle, 2012

ISBN: 9780982861295

Kimberly Pittman-Schulz, in her poetry collection *Mosslight*, the 2011 FutureCycle Book Prize Winner, has created a body of work that gives insight into her refreshing view of the world without intruding so completely that readers cannot place themselves into the poems.

Pittman-Schulz fully, artfully inhabits the natural world in her poetry, a world inhabited by shrews, mice, butterflies and an old calico cat, managing to move successfully beyond mere description—and her details are beautifully drawn, specific—to effortless metaphor, anchoring the images to her human world.

To describe the tone of a work, especially a collection, as “happy” seems far too simplistic, yet that gentlest of adjectives appears throughout her poems. Ironically, the poetry deals implicitly with loss of a mother to cancer. The speaker in the second poem “Magic” recalls a small moment with her mother, barely hinting at a subsequent event of inexplicable loss.

In the poem, “After Chemotherapy,” the speaker recalls bathing her ailing mother, whose identity is revealed initially in the speaker’s attention to “her long, perfect fingers that remember / doing all of this for me.” Pittman-Schulz unfolds this incident without giving in to the maudlin, but instead focusing on the “sky ripe with stars, spilling a path of light / over her bed, a brilliance fading,” then comes around in the final stanza to note, “My mother / is a star, cooling.”

In much of the collection, the speaker seems to face loss and the inevitability of death, even her own, with a clear-eyed acceptance, sometimes alone, but not necessarily lonely. She admits in “Tide,” a poem about a walk along the cold Pacific beach, “When someone / you love dies, for so long / you want to follow.” Searching the natural world for some evidence of her mother’s presence, she recalls her repeated admonition, “Don’t cry.”

Throughout the collection, the speaker indicates that she has the option to find contentment and meaning in the smallest details of the world around her. In “Morning Prayer, Late July,” as she brushes her arthritic cat, she ponders life and loss, noting that “Every day someone—a mother or father / some finch or fox, a stand of spruce—dies” but goes on to say, “I let myself be happy / over nothing in particular. . . .” That happiness—not the sense of loss—inhabits these poems most fully.

It also pervades “December, Something Lit,” a poem set at night but infused with points of tiny lights—“The beam of a flashlight. . . a glowworm.” She observes, “I’m at that time of life / where something is always flaring / or extinguishing.” This realization leads her to find happiness in smallest single deeds.

Her consolation and resignation comes through close observation of even the smallest details. In the poem "Lewis River, Breathing," she counters the claim of "how big and mean / the world is" by observing light, leaves, flowers, birds and mosses and declaring that "This morning the world is small / and kind enough."

That same attention she pays to the natural details in her world, most frequently her home near the Pacific in Northern California, and in one section of the book her travels to Peru and Alaska, she uses to craft her poems. Her use of imagery and figurative language are fresh and subtle, effective without drawing attention to their use. She personifies a single twig of forsythia, with "tangled limbs / full of knuckles" until they "finally open their fists into flowers [and] smear / the stick grains of longing onto / the chins of bees. . . ."

She sees tiny stitches in the footprints of birds as "juncos and grouse quilt the snow / with their walking" in "January." In "Oranges," she observes "A fox sparrow, turning over fallen leaves / as if reading the scattered pages / of a book." Even the "crust of sand / in the corners [of our eyes remind] us that every night / our bodies try to wander home / without us," she notes in "Every Morning."

Pittman-Schulz chooses her words with the same careful attention to detail, incorporating alliteration, consonance, and internal rhyme with a subtlety that often renders her lines as musical, inviting one to read them aloud, as in "Nurse Log," in which she observes, "There is a language larger / than words, the way breath rising / licks everything on its way up / and won't be contained."

In *Mosslight*, Kimberley Pittman-Schulz has found that language as she moves through the seasons, looking closely at beads of moisture on spider webs or at a family of opossums waddling across the yard, leading her to mutter "wonderful, wonderful" or taking stock in "Openings" of all she has been given and concluding, "This is enough, / and still there is more."