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ANTHOLOGY

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Jeanpaul Ferro: Songs of Distant Earth

The papers were all in love with you,
printing your name on every blank page,

their red luminescence trailing your star
all through the nighttime streets,

a smile, a sway, a flash of those pretty blue eyes
could get you what money could never buy,

you simply *room* and *pillar* it all out of the darkest
exploration of your own soul,

use it, and they just spot it up on the screen,

cash it in to be a VIP everywhere you go except in
your own soul,

look up there! there is a giant white sign all in
50 foot tall block letters—

it calls out to you like a narcotic:

yes! oh, yes! yes! yes!

look at me! look at me! look at me!

JA Tyler: & (seventy-four)

This girl is a wind, a shift. This girl is a spoke in a wheel unturning. This girl is a feather, a rock, the air between them as one plummets and the other floats. She is between them. She is them.

&

Her mother a pick-axe, her father a stone. The clanking spark of hits, hits on hits. The fire lighting. Tinder going up, them, these two, their opposite directions, going back.

&

As a girl, imagined, she cannot go back, has no going back, no behind her. She is a front, a storm coming. This girl she is the never happening future. She is the decay of them going past, no looks back. She is their pillar of salt, stoning.

&

Her father a shaking last dead leaf, holding on to the trunk, the branches, the limb. Her mother the sink of winter, the snow, the grey and holding solid brown. She hums and he trembles, she thunders and he loses grip. She is his diving, he is her divining.

&

The girl, this girl, she is iris blue, the lack of a mother father, the world existing between them, inside of them but not coming out, never existing. She is the ceaseless onslaught of coming, of never-ending, of flying on, the sounds of wind in air.

Carolyn Srygley-Moore: Interiors

I tell you I am drawing crimson threadings of light
from the piano's sleeping hollow, you say *You are obsessed
with the interiors of music*. No, I am only
nearsighted as my father was, knotted to the silence of answers,
the violent silence of answers. Better the noise of God
washing the earth, his soft paws shaped like angels
as your hands are shaped like horses. Darkness. The mouth may be
lamed, yet the shipwrecked soul gleams in the face, shines
in ligaments of the shipwrecked body, its slender cane
of steel bent by wedges of light. A fist raps at the gate, Nazis arrive
to shoot the gods down
as white geese scroll against the blood orange of night: or
was that somebody else's childhood. The boundary clarifies.
Now, the smell of magma webs the sliding glass door, webs
the windows parted like mouths: you stand
on the volcano's lip, photographing the unholy intent, the interior
of something like music, ferrous heat heaving notes like pieces
of furniture. You know, you have never asked me
the secrets I have no intention of telling
anyone, neither bartender nor lover nor God, as I paw
through the warzone rubble, falling
through the lantern's mineshaft of dream.

Howie Good: FUGITIVE PIECES

Come morning, I'll renew my flight, a hat and scarf to hide my face and a pill sewn in the lining of my pocket in case of capture. I'll pass through small towns God has abandoned, where the stoplights work, but traffic is frozen. I'll hear guerilla fighters scurrying about the tunnels beneath the soybean fields. I'll think less and less about the future perfection of society and more and more about dying. I'll be hungry all the time. As in a legend, the ravens will feed me.

rob McLennan: a short history of the chinook

it is the mountain range
of unfurled combinations

a slow hybrid breeze
, to address you as such

careless is red
& apology, too

riding kitchen-care blue

when I said undress,
I did not mean to bone

but you are, there

warm wind, or
a passionate alter

where nothing remains here
Unchanged

rob McLennan: a short history of the carleton tavern

the implication of wainscoting, well into the century
, original wood

down to nineteen thirty-six

they cant imagine you tired
but you tired

planets wrestle their lone way into orbits
that never quite circle

like a catch-&-release

a street party that happens
once a year on the street

& at least one persons birthday,
whether or not they would know

the payphone has called long enough
that it knows you

well before it could ring

Carol Lynn Grellas: Mistaken Identity

You are a damselfly
wrongly trapped

in the belly
of a corn-snake

who only wanted
the rat. Your wings

twisted in numerous
folds, like the shape

of origami art-
pale and bitter

as chicory leaves.
Try as you might

you will never
be regurgitated

by the cracked jaw
that swallowed

you whole, save
the tine of an antler's

branch, piercing
him right between

the eyes.

Bio:

A 6-time Pushcart Prize nominee, **Jéanpaul Ferro**'s work has appeared in *Contemporary American Voices*, *Columbia Review*, *Connecticut Review*, *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Long Island Quarterly*, *Bryant Literary Review*, *Portland Monthly*, *The Providence Journal*, *Arts & Understanding Magazine*, *Barrelhouse Magazine*, *Oregon Literary Review*, *Cortland Review*, *Hawaii Review*, and others. His work has been featured on NPR's *This I Believe* series, WBAR radio in NYC, and *The Plaza's* Masterpiece series. He is the author of *All The Good Promises* (1994, Plowman Press), *The Driver* (1994, Thunder Mountain Press), and *Becoming X* (2008, BlazeVox Books). He is also a 2-time Best of the Net nominee. He currently lives in Providence, Rhode Island. E-mail at: jeanpaulferro@netzero.net

J. A. Tyler is the author of the forthcoming novella *SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE* (ghost road press) and the chapbooks *THE GIRL IN THE BLACK SWEATER* (Trainwreck Press) and *EVERYONE IN THIS IS EITHER DYING OR WILL DIE OR IS THINKING OF DEATH* (Achilles Chapbook Series). He is also founding editor of *mud luscious / ml press* and was recently nominated for a Pushcart. Find more info here: www.aboutjatyler.blogspot.com.

Carolyn Srygley-Moore is an award-winning graduate of the Johns Hopkins University's Writing Seminars & a Pushcart nominee; her chapbook *Enough Light on the Dogwood* was published by Mimesis. Her work appears or is forthcoming in *Antioch Review*, *The Pennsylvania Review*, *The 4 am Poetry Review*, the antiwar anthology *Cost of Freedom*, & elsewhere. She lives in Upstate New York.

Howie Good, a journalism professor at the State University of New York at New Paltz, is the author of six poetry chapbooks, most recently *Tomorrowland* (2008) from Achilles Chapbooks. He has been nominated three times for a Pushcart Prize and twice for the Best of the Net anthology.

Born in Ottawa, Canada's glorious capital city, **rob mcLennan** currently lives in Ottawa. The author of over a dozen trade books of poetry, fiction and non-fiction, his most recent titles are the poetry collections *a compact of words* (Salmon Publishing, 2009) and *Gifts* (Talonbooks, 2009). An editor and publisher, he runs *above/ground press*, *Chaudiere Books* (with Jennifer Mulligan), *Poetics.ca* (with Stephen Brockwell, *poetics.ca*) and the Ottawa poetry pdf annual *ottawater* (*ottawater.com*). He spent the 2007-8 academic year in Edmonton as writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta, and regularly posts reviews, essays, interviews and other notices at robmcLennan.blogspot.com

Carol Lynn Grellas is the author of two chapbooks: *Litany of Finger Prayers*, forthcoming from Pudding House Press and *Object of Desire* newly released from Finishing Line Press. She is a two-time Pushcart nominee and widely published in magazines and online journals, including most recently, *The Hiss Quarterly*, *Flutter*, *The Oak Bend Review* and an electronic chapbook, *Desired Things* from Gold Wake Press. She lives with her husband, five children and a blind dog named Ginger.