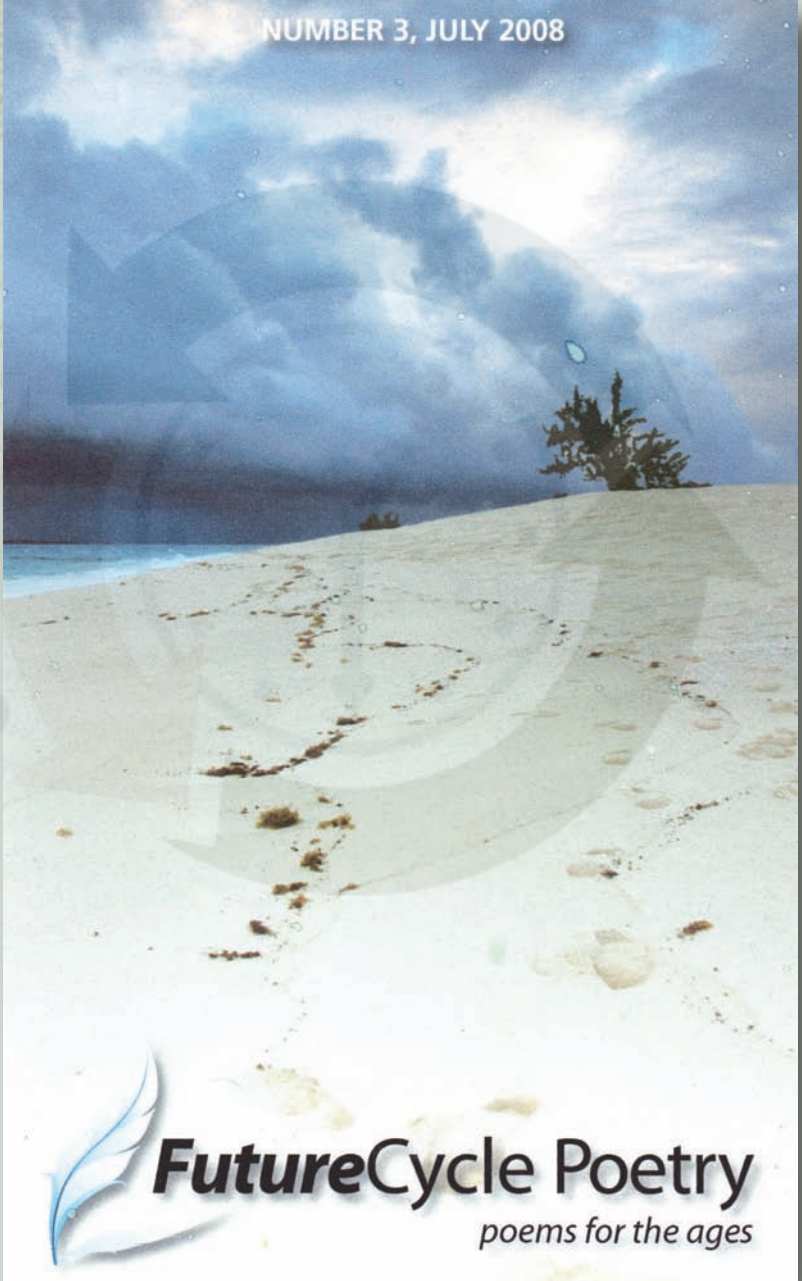


FutureCycle Poetry
poems for the ages

NUMBER 3, JULY 2008



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poems for the ages

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Foreword

In April 2007, *FutureCycle Poetry*, Volume 1 Number 1, was published like many small presses have done it since personal computers arrived on the scene in the early 1980s: we printed it out on a laser printer; folded, collated, and saddle-stapled it by hand; then lugged it all down to Kinko's to have it trimmed. Because saddle-stapling is not practical for thick magazines, we had to break the work into two different magazines, with Volume 1 Number 2 following in September. That's how long it took us to physically handle getting the first print run done!

Before gleefully, even deliriously, embracing print-on-demand and digital ebook technologies in 2009, we tried other ways to publish the work that would not kill us. Again, like many small presses do, we tried an online magazine with all kinds of complicated search and data aggregation features. It didn't handle like people were used to, and it, too, almost killed us. But we'd promised the poets and writers we'd published that we would maintain their work online for as long as we as press survived, so we have (as we joke) "rethink it."

The third magazine, this one, Number 3, was the only one we published in the tumultuous year of 2008, so we consider it an annual. Subsequently, all editions of the magazine were annuals. As we put the now six-year-old *FutureCycle* to bed for good, we are archiving them all in a simple PDF format and making them available free.



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Magazine Credits

Number 3, July 2008

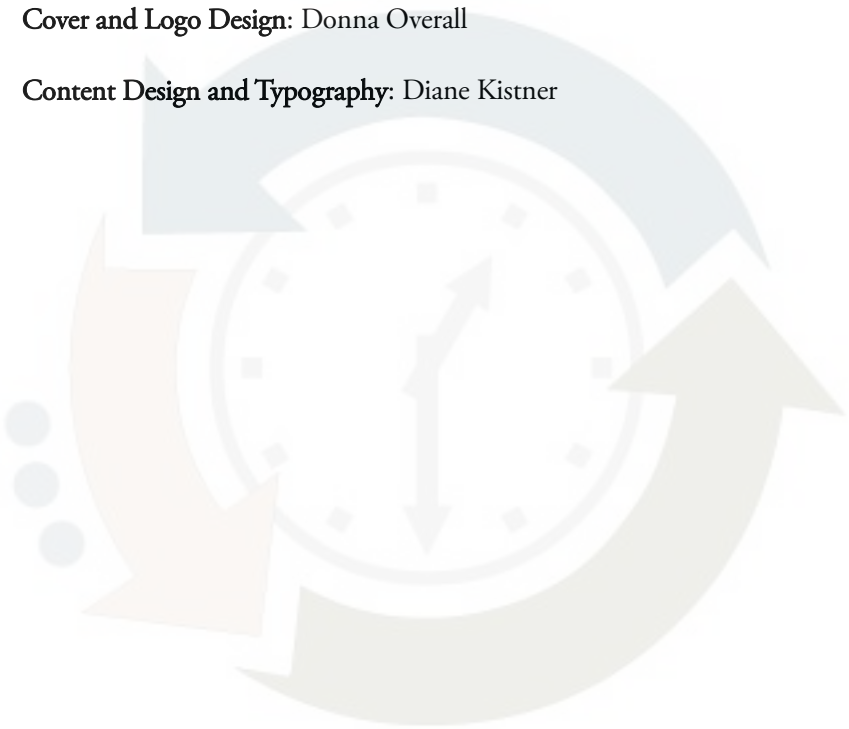
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Claire Bateman

Phyla

What do indoor bees know
of the scrape & drag of leaf shadows,
or of the passiflora's ascent,
incendiary iridescences
uncoiling along the vine?
What do outdoor bees know
of the exhaustion of lace antimacassars,
or of pyroplastic cumuli
blossoming from the tea kettle's spout?

The bees of winter
are crystalline, imperturbable,
tenacious as the hardy Finns.
The bees of summer
are far too easily spooked:
Even the miniature maelstrom
of their own wing beats
can make them startle,
sad little diamonds, forever
uncooked at the center.

Luminal

1.

But isn't light as mysterious as darkness;
isn't what lifts & reveals
as profound as that which descends & covers?
There is a glory of the night,
but there is a glory of the day as well,
which possesses its own cascades & fathoms,
though the brighter the light,
the farther it seems to recede,
as if saying, *Pay no attention to me,*
I'm just background music,
all the while shaking
every isthmus of blue between clouds.

It's true that white dogwood blossoms smolder
more searingly at night,
pure & upfloating,
but not only does the day possess
more shadows than the night,
the shadows of the light are more finely spun
than the shadows of the darkness,
& offer a sheerer mercy.

2.

Darkness covers the flaws of the world;
light gives them a flush, gloss, a torque, a spin
until the flaws sense themselves
lifting off together,
a glowing, wheeling flock
ready to burst into flame.

3.

When you fold a map, you fold the map's light.
The map finds this unnerving, & responds
by distorting its surface, multiplying its creases,
& swelling to half again its bulk,
though never in a uniform manner.

4.

A light can be microscopic
& still *be* a light,
though visible
only in the company of its kin,
as with certain fungi,
millions of tiny cells
collectively laboring
to luminesce.

However, a light
can be only so large
before it ceases to be
light at all, & becomes
just weather.

Catherine Chandler

Irène: A Portrait

(Mademoiselle Irène Caben D'Anvers, by Pierre-Auguste Renoir, 1880)

She looks complaisant, with her dainty hands
demurely on her lap. Red hair cascades
below her waist. Her countenance demands
one disregard the backdrop's somber shades

to focus on the eyes, the steady gaze,
the incandescent skin, the perfect nose,
the brow she has a tendency to raise,
perhaps in mild impatience with the pose.

And then, there is the smile. The winsome curve
of artless, childish lips that will belie,
in hindsight, what the future would reserve:
two wars in which her children both will die,

one in the downing of his fighter plane,
one in the holocaust at Auschwitz.
Not yet sophisticated, cool, urbane,
in flawless innocence the young girl sits.

Renoir declared that art must aim to trace
the pleasant, pretty side of life; and with
a stroke of genius, made Irène's sweet face
an icon in the artful realm of myth.
No results found.

Kelly Clayton

Aleutian Island Recipe

Remove her organs
replace with dried grass wrap
her body in the skin of a
black-legged Kittiwake then
in sea otter fur secure
her bind her on woven
rye matting strap her to your
back under the umbrella
of your unbound hair

Sing the minutes sing
the hours of her short stay
Scream blame at anyone who
crosses your path
Tell her kitchen table
stories hum the weekly
grocery list
Put your hands behind your
back as if waiting for
manacles of fireweed and
touch her feet
Dance her to the tune of
Aurora Borealis wear
her for days lose six
minutes of light every
twenty-four hours until

You hear the echo of
her goodbye then walk her
to the edge of the black

circles under
your eyes and
place her
on polar waters



Richard Fein

Corvne Metaphor

A scarecrow is mounted in a backyard acre,
arms extended like crucified Jesus,
with a murder of cacophonous crows as a halo around it.
Tomatoes have a reprieve, for the crows are preoccupied.
A parody played behind rusting fences,
for not one crow fears scarecrow.
But they hunger for it.
It's sacrificed,
pecked by a dozen beaks, straw by straw, a communal feast.
With crows seduced by straw, the tomatoes remain.
The tomatoes remain, that is the ultimate purpose of scarecrow.
But is there more to a strawman than straw,
as it's pierced by a dozen beaks
and shred by shred ascends on black wings skyward?

Rupert Fike

Why Reading Anna Karenina Takes a Long Time

... The discussion concerned the fashionable question of whether there was a dividing line between the mental and physiological phenomena in human activity, and if so, where?

—page 51, Signet, Magarshack translation

What first stops us is the word, *fashionable*,
how laughable it sounds in this parlor
Tolstoy imagines—of the landed gentry,
those who continue to work peasants while
tossing French idioms, affecting Parisian airs
when all of France thought Russia feudal, brutal.

But the question, let's not duck the question
because it's still a bit of an intrigue, no?
And since brain capillaries would be the place
to start, we borrow that microscopic submarine
from *Fantastic Voyage*, complete with Raquel Welch.
But into whose head? Anna's? A peasant's? The Count's?

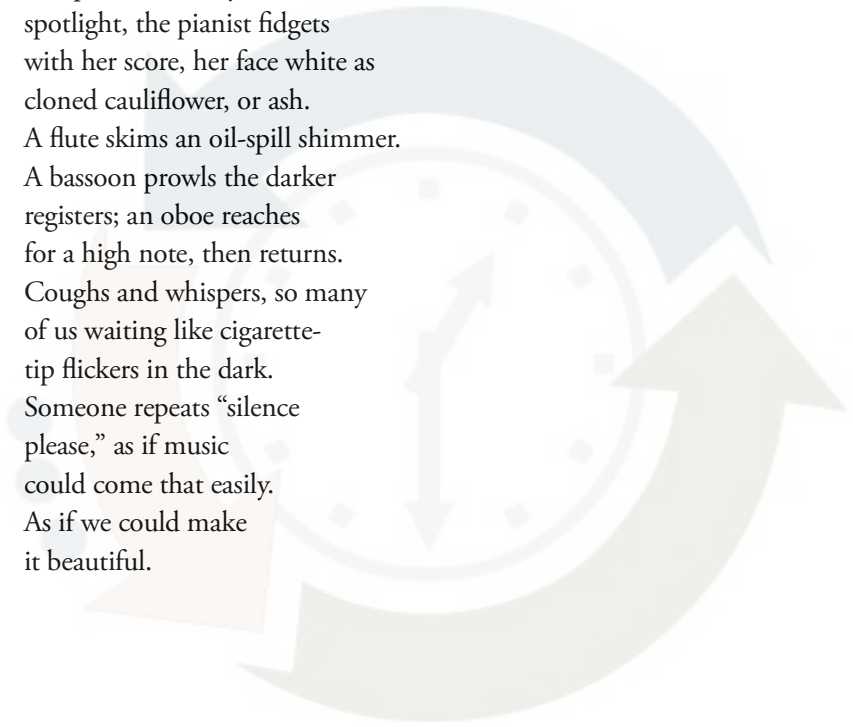
No, we want to find Freud's source of thought,
our craft forging upstream, to the end of all blood,
and there, aground in Synaptic Swamp,
coughing, fanning pipe smoke residue
we abandon ship and press on to Nameless Mesa
where we're dazzled by ozone vistas, ions,

free electrons streaking through on missions,
And vus zat leetle boy yew? drifts by,
fueled by strudel, cocaine, Viennese cognac.
Raquel runs after *What do Women Want?*
and becomes lost beneath boiling skies.
We don't like it here. We missed a turn.

Taylor Graham

Urban Rhapsody

In the dark, a rustle
of programs, nervous fingers
with their cell-phones off.
The pit's flooded by a blue-moon
spotlight, the pianist fidgets
with her score, her face white as
cloned cauliflower, or ash.
A flute skims an oil-spill shimmer.
A bassoon prowls the darker
registers; an oboe reaches
for a high note, then returns.
Coughs and whispers, so many
of us waiting like cigarette-
tip flickers in the dark.
Someone repeats "silence
please," as if music
could come that easily.
As if we could make
it beautiful.



Seeing Her Off

Like a colonist to some new world,
she's soon out of sight
around the corner, taillights
one last abbreviated Morse.

In the Honda's trunk, her Elvis tapes,
a box of index cards
on which you've written birthdays
and addresses;
a few fortune cookie fortunes—
the really good ones
that seemed to read her
to the heart; the Farmer's Almanac
you pressed on her
like an heirloom, its sun-risings
and sets over the homeland,
its dark and full moons.

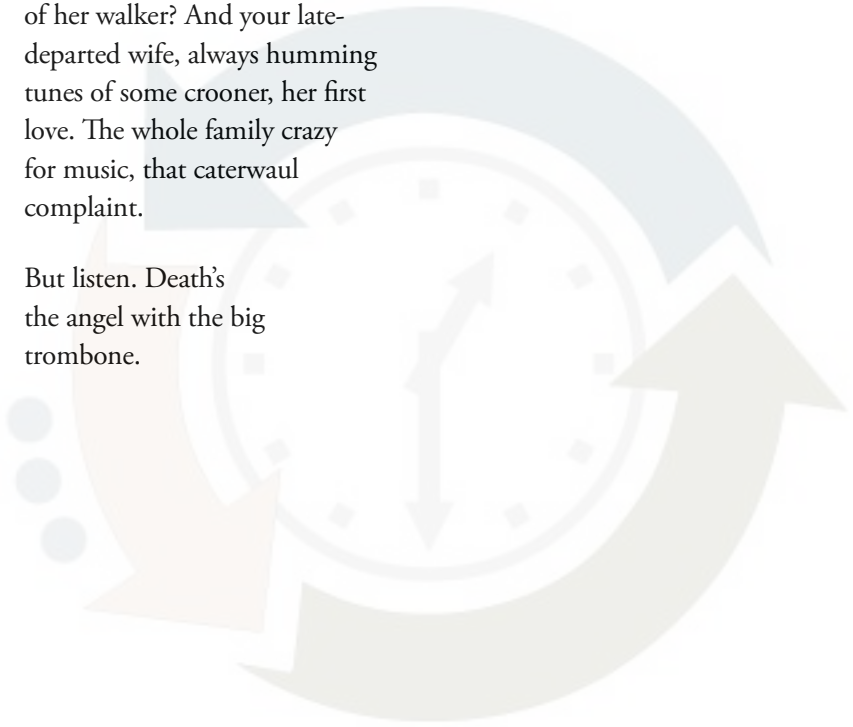
Tonight, it's the Harvest
Moon that hangs gold-silver as a lure
in rippling water, as she fades
now into distance—universe
or university—will she send back
news, or will the homey words
forget their fluency
on her immigrant tongue.

Dear H,

Can you hear the saxophone,
all those woe-tones you never
could make sense of? Your mother
called you tone-deaf.

Can you still hear her
singing along to the wobble
of her walker? And your late-
departed wife, always humming
tunes of some crooner, her first
love. The whole family crazy
for music, that caterwaul
complaint.

But listen. Death's
the angel with the big
trombone.



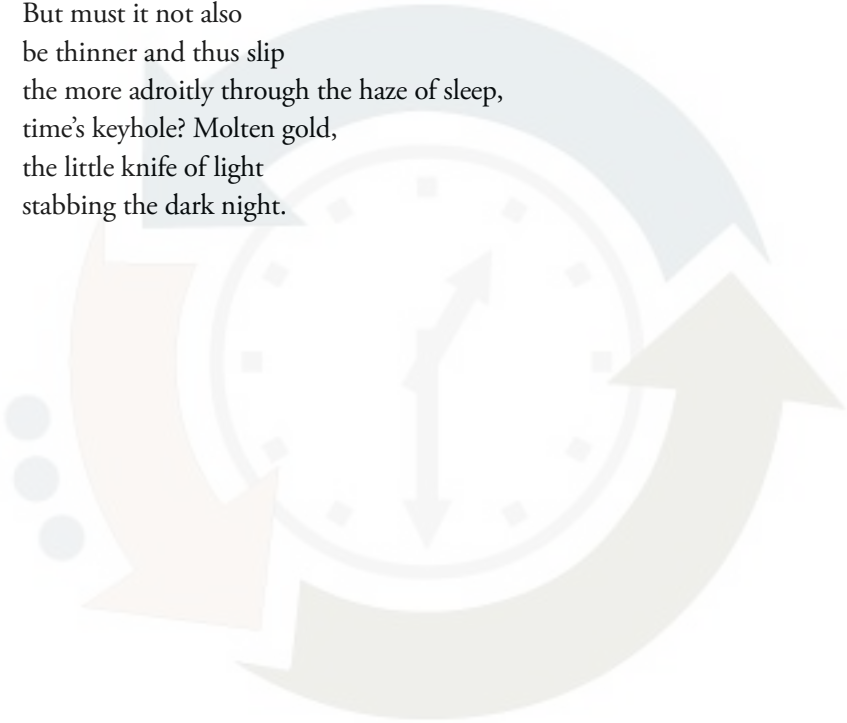
Rachel Hadas

White and Black

In pre-dawn light I climb back into bed
and wake up with a hill inside my head,
that ridge past Badgers' where a yellow house
perches unfinished. Thigh-deep in bright snow,
dead-ripe blackberries furtively peek through.
It takes awhile to realize I'm awake
and see afresh the whiteness of that drift,
the glossy blackness of these berries in
all their unseasonable lusciousness.
Yet soon enough both shed their oddity,
fit meekly into my unfolding day.
Only when darkness is returning do
I ask: what did those berries signify,
or the harsh hill I struggled up through snow?

A Crack of Light

Lyric maneuvers through a narrow space,
a blade of light squeezed under a dark door,
hence more condensed
(less being more):
a distillation of the day's events,
white underbelly weirdly gemmed with dream.
But must it not also
be thinner and thus slip
the more adroitly through the haze of sleep,
time's keyhole? Molten gold,
the little knife of light
stabbing the dark night.



Bench, Broadway, April Afternoon

The sun is sinking. Is that why
we turn our faces all one way?
Cycle, replacement, separation;
puberty's swell and shift of shape
cresting to mini-revolution;
the stubborn slippage of occasion
from mourning into celebration
and back. I love you. It is late.

Violent ups and downs of spring,
nurtured and held, who gradually
grew and began to pull away;
and the bond, stretching, strained, then snapped.
And mended? Look, the setting sun.
The habit hope, so hard to break.

The Watcher

One trick for mothers is to concentrate
without intruding. No one is exposed
or spied on, while you watch him read or eat
a bowl of soup or see and hear her play
the piano: luminous gravity
as one condition pours into another,
the flux of love, elusive certainty
captured in the silence of attention.

Jouncing up and down, I bother them:
“You have to read this!” When I show my husband
whatever it is, he brushes it away:
“Later, not now.” My sister reads, but frowning,
chewing as if she’s tasting something dubious.
My son, alert and grave, accepts the text
and drinks it in at one unspeaking gulp
of clarity. The trick: to concentrate.

Drift

I love to spy what people
curled beside the river
are reading: Epictetus,
“Fermat’s last Theorem,” “Madame Bovary,”

until the afternoon
sun has its way with them.
Broad and glaucous river;
weeds and glittering rocks;

a navy T-shirt someone
shat on; a broken bottle.
One reader on the bank
from sqinting in the glare

has yielded to the hour
and drifted off downstream,
still there in basking body,
but dreaming, absent, gone.

You are like that:
your mind a mote shining across the water,
your person, handsome, lean,
comfortably angled to the sun.

Penny Harter

Walking on Water

We know it is possible—
one manifestation of God
has done it.

We think there is a recipe for this,
a formula to follow as we sink
into the stone of our selves,

hoping to learn buoyancy,
hoping to alter our molecules,
to recalibrate the atoms that blew
into our cells from the stars,

and then to surface,
our vibrating flesh so light
our weight dissolves in our wake
as we test the water's skin.

Burt Kimmelman

Blackeyed Susan

Blackeyed Susan, bright flower
in the sun, yellow petals
of late summer and your dark
heart of winter to come, you
bow ever so gracefully

over the edge of the trim,
newly cut grass, and let go,
in the breeze, your wild seed so
that, next year, there will be more
of you, and yet when you first

blossom we come to know the
dusk, how it settles in a
bit sooner each day, and how
you glow in the light you seem
to have stolen from the moon.

Duane Locke

Yang Chu's Poems 503

Spoken words, friendly spoken, wasted words
Now wait
In airport waiting rooms.

Drink white port from brown bags.

These words from quotidian conversations
Wait on bench in airports.

At five o'clock in the afternoon
There are now

Six words

Waiting,
Six words

In search of a speaker
So the words
Will be spoken again.

Diana Pinckney

Butterflies

First the yellow ones slam
one after the other against

our windshield as we traveled
south in September. Pale

butter down the glass, sulfurs
migrating north. Coming back, we met

the monarch winging to Mexico. Thumping
the hood, in the wipers, scales

of orange and black spin off as a girl
riding the back of a motorcycle slid

past, her breasts
pressed into the hunched

driver's back, hands flat
against his chest, the chrome

wheels rose and swung
over the curve, branches

slapping her arms
that twisted through ripped

ground, a tattooed shoulder, yellow
hair and oil across the grass.

Creek House

A boy watches his father reel
fish from a creek behind the house,
the tide swaying

with bass. Flounder
fill the creek. Inside the house
a pan waits

for bass and flounder,
oil ready to spit and hiss
while the boy waits.

The tide sinks. Oysters
spit and hiss. Inside
the house the father shakes

martinis while the sun sinks
beyond the kitchen where a boy watches
a hand shake

as it pours the drink, the man's back
to the kitchen. The boy watches
then walks to the door, away

from the man who pours, drinks, his back
to the burning fish, his son
in the doorway.

The man turns, sways
toward the ruined fish. The boy
watches his father reel.

Solstice

Tired, needing rest, trees know it's all right
to drop their leaves, and we don't wish them back
here at the end of day because the wick

that catches across a scratch of branches,
like memory, deepens in December. Closer,
the moon settles, a marble on cracked
limbs, rolling in from frozen

sky-scape. And these early stars, children
of the sun, each one hot and certain
that they have all eternity to burn, heedless

as we were one afternoon light
years ago, young and fractious as two
hell-bent ponies at the gate, rushing
down church steps into June's falling heat.

What News Swallows the January Sky

A plague of red breasts, fury
of squalling, gray-winged robins
blow into the yard,
stripping berries from branches
like the ones that only weeks ago lay
under the skirts of angels
on my mantle. Drunk

in the hedges, churning
from nandina to pyracantha to hollies
taller than the house and soon fruit-bare,
they crash into each other,
reel off tree trunks, thump against the bay,
the window smeared
with downy puffs. Blessed,
I guess, by the raw wine

of winterberries, they survive
their own wreckage. A few bodies
on the grass twitch
below the pane, rimmed
black eyes glittering. Is a morning
splattering purple droppings
over driveway, walks, benches and deck

not enough? Will they dive
for apples in the kitchen
bowl, pluck blood from the corner
of my eye? Is this crazed
holiday a harbinger
of the coming year—greed
on the wing, lusting

for more than snagged
worms, a rage for red, wilder
than bird.



Roy Scheele

On Hemingway's Famous River

My son and I climb down beneath a bridge,
the path so steep we slide on scrambling stones,
and stand beside the water's gliding edge.
It is reflected in small, waving panes
of light against the bridge's underside.
I join my rod, tie on a favorite nymph,
begin to work a pool above a log.
The swirling current sings the gradient's song.

After a bit, my son wades off upstream;
in a half hour or so, I rest the rod
against a concrete sill between two piers.
It's then I see it, feel the hairs rise up
along my neck as I take in the hum:
the paper lantern where the hornets come.

Iris N. Schwartz

Presbyterian Hospital Emergency Room, October 30, 2006

(Poem I in the Hospital Series)

I.

Nebulizers, cannulas, trach masks, hermetically wrapped in clear plastic bags, sit in open cheery blue bins next to my chair in Emergency Room Area A. If I list, categorize, spell impeccably, will I, editor bruja, free myself from this pain?

II.

I am not one of these people, sad, inarticulate, faces blurred with ache. I am too smart, too alert: I joke with the triage nurse, would fit in with the white-coated doctors, the navy scrubs RN, if only I were not in this chair—and, later, on that gurney—wrist tagged with bracelet ID.

III.

I am not yet in institution-issued gray, no, I wield my identity, wear my black dress, and now own time to decipher the pecking order of the health professional: navy...white...burgundy...baby blue. Color coding may bring forth manageable truth.

IV.

In hospitals we grade ourselves on the Wong-Baker Scale of Pain. Face Number One: stupidly happy, devoid of problems and thoughts. Ten: a mad, round countenance bleeding tears. Anyone can read a face in agony. Mine? Eight-point-five. A great democratizer, pain!

V.

ER Area A is cream, pumpkin, with pale steel-blue refrains. I'd prefer a lurid red—like the pinky blood dripping onto my insurance form. Why should an ER appear divorced from suffering?

VI.

I have been on a gurney for hours. The padding is thin even for my big behind. On gurneys, old bony people lie on their sides because it hurts too much on their backs.

VII.

I want to be touched with the magic of medicine. I am worn out and want to go home, but, like the grizzled man to my right with a hand to his chest and that teenaged girl who hasn't kept food down for days, I have to wait.

VIII.

Let me leave my banal, boring, continuous-stab-in-the-pelvis pain in a blue plastic bin. Let me drop it off, label it, cover the bin, and Wong-Baker Face Number One all my beloved Washington Heights way home. I'll make room in the gypsy cab for the bony-assed man and the sick-to-her-stomach teenager, too.

Tovli Simiryan

An Old Man's Kiss

Sometimes our light goes out, but is blown into flame by another human being. Each of us owes deepest thanks to those who have rekindled this light.

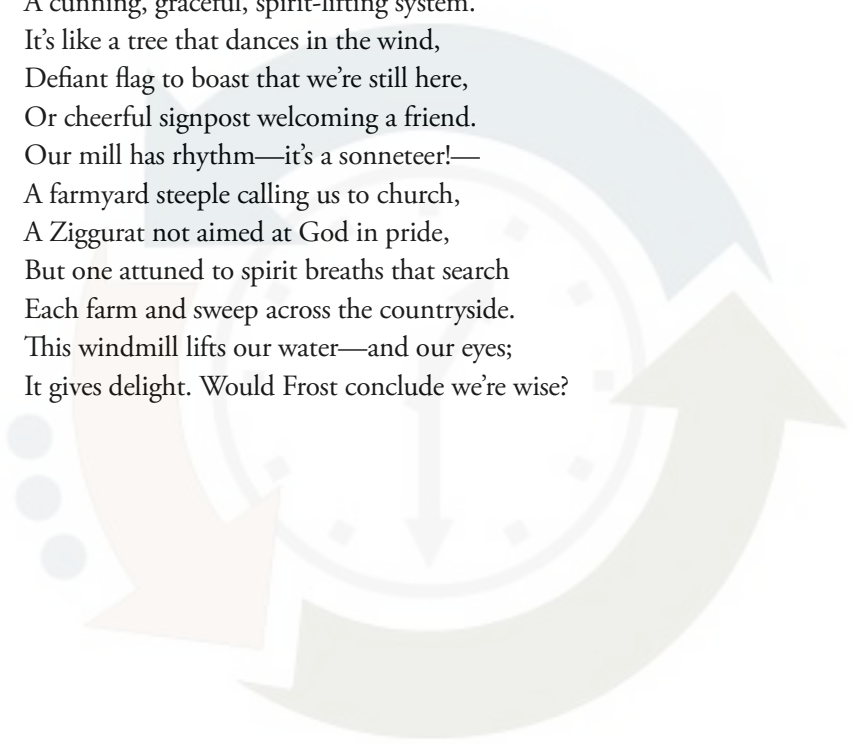
—Albert Schweitzer

He pauses at the window.
The neighbor's lawn has turned to honey.
Dry, fragile sticks pierce boards and sidewalk,
blossoming smoother than anything else
he's thought about recently.
What is there left to appreciate?
His wife joins him like a quick storm,
her words reinventing efficiency once again...
*Oh. It's fall, it will look
cute, lavish in spring.*
Oatmeal boils from the pan to the stove.
It's song sticks forever,
the way his wife departs,
tenacious, determined to return.
How is it women make weeds green
when they should be brown scars,
or think a moon, the size of a fingernail,
floating at dusk begets abundance?
He waits for little sounds:
eggshells falling on tile,
something to start; something to finish,
inseparable—barley worth hearing
like happiness, and all
the other shadows
he's sewn into old seeds.

Don Thackrey

Windmill

Our windmill is a poem, rural art
That gives, as Frost said, first delight, then wisdom.
Beams angling up toward sky, joined part on part,
A cunning, graceful, spirit-lifting system.
It's like a tree that dances in the wind,
Defiant flag to boast that we're still here,
Or cheerful signpost welcoming a friend.
Our mill has rhythm—it's a sonneteer!—
A farmyard steeple calling us to church,
A Ziggurat not aimed at God in pride,
But one attuned to spirit breaths that search
Each farm and sweep across the countryside.
This windmill lifts our water—and our eyes;
It gives delight. Would Frost conclude we're wise?



Sholeh Wolpé

Confined

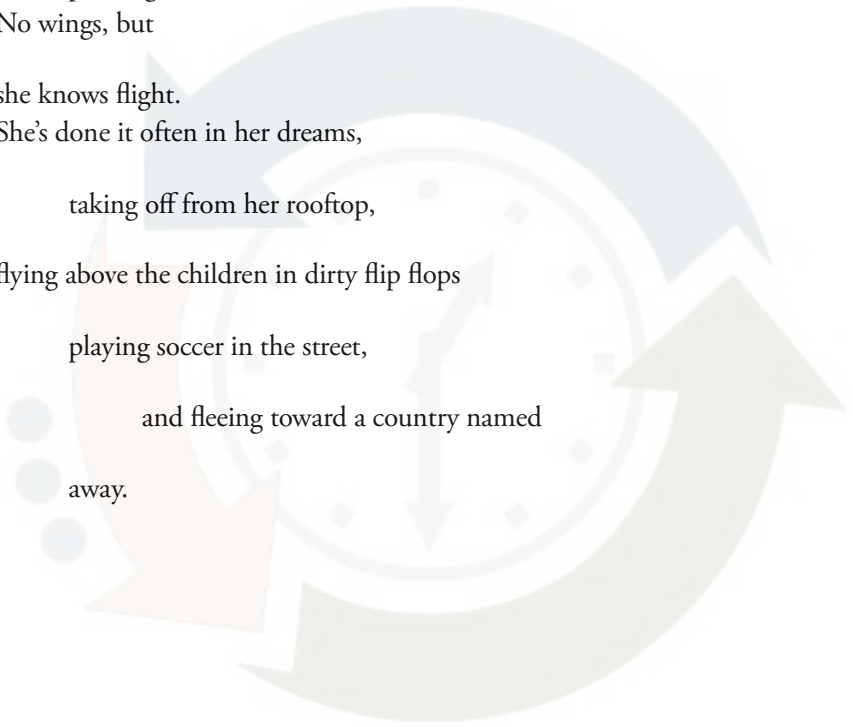
Sometimes,
 though she says this to no one,
she feels the sky pushing
 pushing down.
No wings, but

she knows flight.
She's done it often in her dreams,

 taking off from her rooftop,
flying above the children in dirty flip flops

 playing soccer in the street,

 and fleeing toward a country named
away.

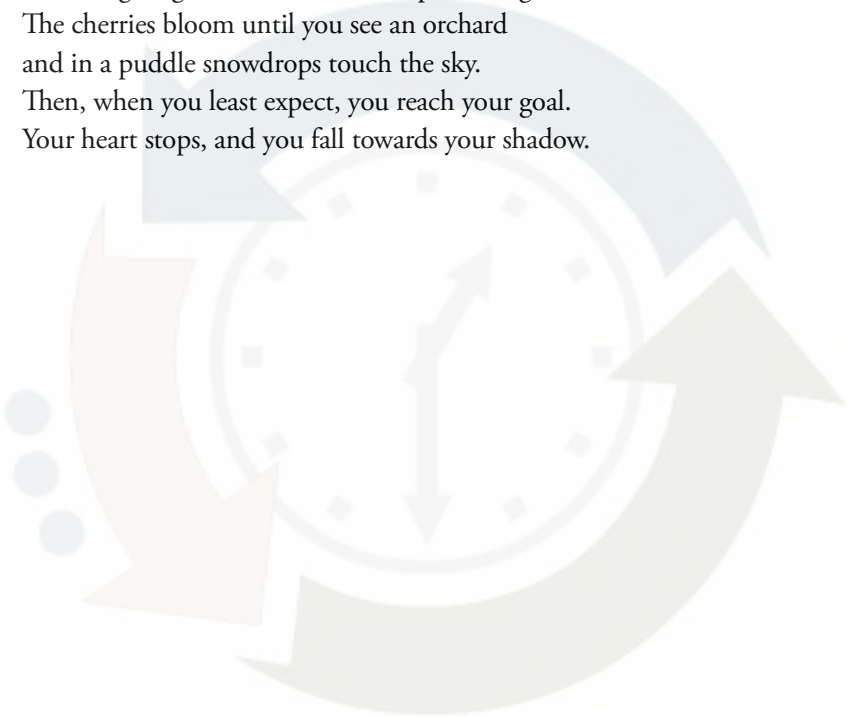


Leo Yankevich

Ultima Thule

for Cornel Adam Lengyel (1915-2003)

It is a day like any other day.
Bullfinches bathe in dust along the path.
Two hedgehogs mate. A crow attempts to sing.
The cherries bloom until you see an orchard
and in a puddle snowdrops touch the sky.
Then, when you least expect, you reach your goal.
Your heart stops, and you fall towards your shadow.





Acknowledgments

Carol Carpenter's "Diary of the Night Watchman" and "Midnight Shift at the GM Body and Assembly Plant" were first published in *Quarterly West* and *New York Trend*, respectively.

Susanna Rich's "Interview" first appeared in *If I Had a Hammer: Women at Work* (Papier Maché Press).





Contributors

Claire Bateman's books are *The Bicycle Slow Race Friction* (Eighth Mountain, 1998), *At the Funeral of the Ether Clumsy* (New Issues Poetry & Prose, 2003), and *Leap* (New Issues, 2005). She has been awarded Individual Artist Fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Tennessee Arts Commission, as well as a Surdna Fellowship.

Catherine Chandler, author of *For No Good Reason* (The Olive Press, 2008), is a Pushcart Prize nominee and finalist for Best of the Net. Her poems and Spanish and French translations have appeared in numerous publications internationally, including *Raintown Review*, *The Barefoot Muse*, *Mezzo Cammin*, *Blue Unicorn*, *The Lyric*, *The Book of Hopes and Dreams*, *The HyperTexts*, *Candelabrum*, *Umbrella*, *Chimaera*, *14 by 14*, *The Centrifugal Eye*, *Lucid Rhythms*, *Möbius*, *Modern Haiku*, *First Things*, *Iambs and Trochees*, *Texas Poetry Journal*, and others.

While writing poetry full time, **Kelly Clayton** has earned a living as a cook, waiter, companion for the elderly, publisher's assistant, and housekeeper. She currently lives in Brooklyn with her husband and youngest of four sons, and teaches creative writing in the New York City public schools.

Richard Fein was a finalist in the 2004 Center for Book Arts Chapbook Competition. He has been published in many web and print journals, such as *Southern Review*, *Morpo Review*, *Skyline*, *Oregon East*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *Touchstone*, *Windsor Review*, *Maverick*, *Parnassus Literary Review*, *Small Pond*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Blue Unicorn*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Terrain* and many others.

Rupert Fike's poems and short fiction have appeared in *Rosebud* (Pushcart nominee), *The Georgetown Review*, *Snake Nation Review* (2006 single poem competition winner), *Atlanta Review*, *Natural Bridge*, *Borderlands*, *storySouth*, *The Cumberland Poetry Review*, and others. A poem of his has been inscribed in a downtown Atlanta plaza, and his non-fiction work, *Voices From The Farm*, recounts life in a spiritual community in the 1970s.

Taylor Graham is a volunteer search-and-rescue dog handler in the Sierra Nevada. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *American Literary Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Poetry International*, *Southern Humanities Review*, and elsewhere, and she's included in the anthology *California Poetry: From the Gold Rush to the Present* (Santa Clara University, 2004). Her book *The Downstairs Dance Floor*, (Texas Review Press, 2006) was awarded the Robert Phillips Poetry Chapbook Prize.

Rachel Hadas is a poet, professor, essayist, and translator. Author of numerous books of poetry, essays, and translations, her most recent poetry includes *The River of Forgetfulness* (Wordtech Communications, 2006), *Laws* (2004), *Indelible* (2001), *Halfway Down the Hall: New & Selected Poems* (1998, a finalist for the 1999 Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize), *The Empty Bed* (1995), *The Double Legacy* (1995), *Mirrors of Astonishment* (1992), and *Living in Time* (1990). Among her

honors are a Guggenheim Fellowship, an Ingram Merrill Foundation grant, and an award in literature from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

Penny Harter's poems have appeared in *Contemporary American Voices*, *Lips*, *Tiferet*, *Sea Stories*, *U.S. 1 Worksheets*, *The Valparaiso Review*, and *Umbrella*. Recent books include *Along River Road*, *Lizard Light: Poems From the Earth*, *Buried in the Sky*, and *The Night Marsh*. She has won three poetry fellowships from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts, as well as awards from the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation, the Mary Carolyn Davies Memorial Award from the Poetry Society of America, and the first William O. Douglas Nature Writing Award for her work in the anthology *American Nature Writing 2002*.

Burt Kimmelman has published five collections of poetry: *Musaics* (1992), *First Life* (2000), *The Pond at Cape May Point* (2002), a collaboration with the painter Fred Caruso, *Somehow* (2005), and *There Are Words* (2007). For more than a decade he was Senior Editor of *Poetry New York: A Journal of Poetry and Translation*. He also edited *The Facts on File Companion to 20th-Century American Poetry* (2005).

Duane Locke lives in rural Lakeland, Florida, by an ancient oak, an underground stream, and two ospreys. He has published 5,994 poems; soon over 6,000. He also has published 319 art photos. Scheduled for release on April 15, 2009, is his 400-page book of poems entitled *Yang Chu's Poems*.

Diana Pinckney has published poetry and prose in such journals as *Cream City Review*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Iodine*, *Creative Loafing*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *Sow's Ear Poetry Review*, *The Comstock Review*, *Calyx* and other magazines and anthologies. She has three collections of poetry: *Fishing With Tall Women* (Winner of South Carolina's Kinloch Rivers Chapbook Contest and North Carolina's Persephone Book Award, Persephone Press, 1996), *White Linen* (Nightshade Press, 1998), and *Alchemy* (Main Street Rag, 2004).

Roy Scheele, Poet in Residence at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska, has had poems in *Lucid Rhythms*, *Measure*, *Prairie Schooner*, and elsewhere. "On Hemingway's Famous River" recalls an afternoon spent fishing with his son Christof on the Two-Hearted River in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. The poem is included in a collection of sonnets entitled *The Sledders*.

Iris N. Schwartz's book of poetry with Madeline Artenberg, *Awakened*, was published in 2006 by Rogue Scholars Press. Other poetry has been anthologized in *An Eye for an Eye Makes the Whole World Blind: Poets on 9/11* and in the U.K.-based *Listening to the Birth of Crystals*. Her writing has also appeared in journals such as *Ducts Magazine*, *Ludlow Press*, *Pikeville Review*, and *Vernacular*. Her fiction has been anthologized in *Stirring Up a Storm: Tales of the Sensual, the Sexual, and the Erotic* (Thunder's Mouth Press, 2005).

Tovli Simiryan is an award-winning writer living in West Virginia with her husband, Yosif. The family came to America as refugees from the former Soviet Union (Moldova) in 1992. Tovli's poems and short stories have appeared in a variety of literary magazines, including *Raving Dove* (Pushcart nominee), *Ariga*,

Chabad Magazine, *Jewish Magazine*, *Six Sentences* and *The Writ*. She has published two volumes of poetry, *The Breaking of the Glass* and *Fixing the Broken Glass*.

Don Thackrey spent his formative years on farms and ranches in the Sandhills of the Nebraska plains. In his formal verse, he tries to draw universal significance from a rural past that has almost entirely disappeared. He now lives in Dexter, Michigan, where he is retired from teaching and administering at the University of Michigan. He published prose in his university career, including a book on Emily Dickinson, but only started submitting verse for publication last year.

Sholeh Wolpé is a poet, literary translator, and playwright with numerous publications and awards to her credit. She was born in Iran but spent most of her teen years in the Caribbean and Europe, finally ending up in the U.S. She is the author of *Sin—Selected Poems of Forugh Farrokhzad* (University of Arkansas Press), *The Scar Saloon* and *Rooftops of Tebran* (Red Hen Press), and *Shame* (a play in three acts). She also has a CD featuring poems read by the author to traditional Persian music (Refuge Studios). She is the associate editor of *The Norton Anthology of Modern Literature from the Muslim World* (Norton, 2010).

Leo Yankevich lives with his wife and three sons in Gliwice, Poland. His poems have appeared in scores of literary journals of both sides of the Atlantic, most recently in *Blue Unicorn*, *Chronicles*, *Envoi*, *Iambs & Trochees*, *Staple*, and *Windsor Review*. He is poetry editor of *The New Formalist*.



FEATURED POETS

**Claire Bateman
Catherine Chandler
Kelly Clayton
Richard Fein
Rupert Fike
Taylor Graham
Rachel Hadas
Penny Harter
Burt Kimmelman
Duane Locke
Diana Pinckney
Roy Scheele
Iris N. Schwartz
Tovli Simiryan
Don Thackrey
Sholeh Wolpé
Leo Yankevich**



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