RUSHLIGHT

Season of War and Safe Distance

Fall • 2007
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late autumn, before spring
Braden King

she opens the door
to a wall of rain.
or something like a wall
that we can pass through,
dance in,
be still,
together.

we pause long enough to
shiver
and leave our socks in piles
against the walls of the hallway.
old dust turns to mud-slicked earth
as we barefoot race outside.
the trickle down my back gives me
chills
and her hair makes pools in my
cold
shoulders.

we don’t speak,
only laugh long and hard
together

until the rain stops.

i think i need to change,
she says, goodbye.

maybe an echo,
or just the wind.
goodbye.
The Day the Lights Went Out
Matthew Lorello

We are apart, after that telephone call.
You said it would not last past May,
cold showers, red eyes, one stale coffee.
It ended when you said it all.

Are you someone within this dawn?
A large sphere in the sun, ochre,
calculating you on distant plains.
Look into my eyes, see the open door:

joy in June. Now the bleak October dawn
flies away like the many before, and
the blankets, old magazines grow heavier,
red and melancholy, at my door.

Relate, if you can, the temperature of love:
see the stars that shine before
with heat of volcanic summer,
or some myth or long forgotten lore.

As you do need love with love,
take two in your coffee, make it ochre.
Your body looks like a distant shore -
but shines red and angry, unlike before.
Roofing
Samuel Kestenbaum

Roofing kills my hands.
“Be careful with your beautiful hands,” my girlfriend tells me,
lying in bed the night before, loving arms wrapped around my back.
Too late!
These things are torn and bent up.
These shingles need to be shingled. In a straight line, mind you.
That roofing needs to come off. And Now. Now with the capital “n,”
imminently.
And “lugging.”
Where is a boy to find meaning in his life but through lugging?
I pause as we unload a truckful of lumber to tell them about my beautiful hands,
but it’s
too late, they’ve fallen off and been trampled underfoot.
Kissing a Linguist
Seth Cosimini

Like a phone call to a person’s psyche, a kiss
Is an embrace
Of the soul’s bliss.
But it can be like a clumsily dropped, broken, glass vase

Without flowers. Lips are pressing, changing, conforming
To new shapes.
Like a chainsaw roaring,
Wishes and dreams turn “O” shaped mouths into tapestries of fate.

Red tongues, like red threads, turn like the farmer’s spade.
Massaging and warm,
Literally tongue tied,
An undeniable closeness forms, like a scholar to an ancient book—old and worn

To illegibility. As lips push closer, press harder, saliva connects
Like welded metal,
Like wood to an axe.
And the tongue keeps digging for more and more, like a weasel.
Another Man Down
By: Roxy Azari

One bullet may only kill one life
But it affects 20
300 bullets, 6000 lives.

Are we piling souls
To build a mountain--
To climb up to God?
Mountains are not man-made.

Maybe a skyscraper?
Innocent lives killed
Stacked up
Attempting to reach
A closer glimpse of heaven.

These bodies are not steps,
Not buildings,
They are souls with names
meant to meet
Not meant to meet
With the souls of your shoes.
Burqa-Clad
Lucia Rodezno

Shadows casting the light
Of the moonlight that shines
And reflects the beauty of her face
Following men’s rigid pace

Hidden and overlooked
Eyes that speak of pride
Of loneliness, of shame, of darkness
Stumbling and stepping aside

Silk covering in command
The softness of a skin
Created by God
To be holy, yet not to be set apart

They suffer, fear and moan
In silence, they’re beaten some more
Their crime only being born
A gender, so imperfect not worth living for

Women who cover
Yet reflect so much more
Of passion, submission and love
Than anyone whose body has ever shown
My heart overflows with a good theme; my tongue is like the pen ready scribe.

You are the fairest of the sons of men; before God has been your lips.
Dreams
Samuel Kestenbaum

My futures get away from me.
Not existing,
Never having existed
They have the freedom to act silly and make fools of themselves (and me).
They began like pets, like salamanders found under damp rocks. I kept them in Tupperware under my bed giving them names and watching their movements wide-eyed.
Pretty soon they were as big as cats,
Then as big as children, then my size.
I bump into them going about my chores in my room.
“Oh, excuse me.”
I can hardly move in my room
Their elbows bouncing into my chest. Hands thrust into my eye sockets.
They take to wandering the country roads and backyards of the town I was raised in.
Peering out my window I see my dreams have become giants lumbering down the street,
getting caught in telephone wires, swinging gigantic limbs confusedly.
I want to put them on boats and set them out to sea, never to be seen again.
They don’t feel like my dreams they feel like someone else’s, I won’t admit ownership of these giant terrors destroying my town.
Early the next morning I awake before sunrise, putting on a jacket and warm hat.
I brew a strong cup of coffee and untangle my dreams.
The Introduction: a Short-Short
Katrina Hegeman

So, you come here often? Gee, I certainly hope not because that would be pretty sad, I mean, because your health would have to be terrible, but I guess you know that. Anyway, I noticed you’re reading LIFE. I like LIFE. I know, you’re probably thinking yeah, who doesn’t like life? But I mean LIFE as in that magazine you’re reading. Lots of people tell me I’m funny, like really, really funny, you know, like when you actually LOL instead of the virtual sense. So I mean the real kind of funny not the fake kind that is for middle-aged men who still live with their mothers and wear lipstick and bras and stuff while they are typing LOL into the chat rooms trying to abduct little children who don’t know any better because their parents leave them alone too much to go play KENO at the bar down the road. Pretty pathetic, actually.

So what are you in for? Like we’re all prisoners, right? That’s what I feel like sometimes waiting here, you know? And so you walk in, right, and everybody is being all quiet and whispery-like because they want to be discreet about checking out your shoe size because you know what that means. Oh man. But most of all they want to speculate about why you might be there, why a teenage boy would be there all by himself, you know, and they’re thinking about what boxes I’m going to check while I’m sitting in that little room with my socks and robe and stuff and my legs sticking to that tissue paper on the table, which reminds me that tomorrow is my mom’s birthday and she’s turning fifty and going to be thinking about how she’s one year closer to death. When’s your birthday? You look like a Cancer, you know, the crab? I’m not saying you have cancer or crabs or anything, though—just your sign is what I’m talking about, like in your horoscope. You sort of look like the kind of person who might be into horoscopes, that’s all I’m saying. Like maybe you want to know the future or something. I guess that’s why you’re here, why we’re all here looking at this cheesy pastel wallpaper and breathing this stale air waiting for our names to be called from behind that little plastic window. Speaking of which, I think I just heard mine. You know what happens now, right? More waiting, just in a different room. But I guess that’s one way to tell if a person’s healthy or not—how long they can wait, you know. Sometimes I wait so long that I forget what I’m waiting for in the first place, like I’m always on hold. Anyway, I hope I didn’t bore you to death—figuratively speaking of course. I mean, you’re not going to die and neither am I. No, I’m not. Well, it was real nice meeting you. Have a good one.
Peacebones
Annie Laurie Malarkey

You gave me a bag
filled with peacebones -
your eyes were honest
so I decided to stay.
The air was strong,
filled with rhododendrons
and newly cut grass.
You were everything
I wanted to be -
cedar sap and film canisters.
I streamed your consciousness
and painted it blue and green.
We wasted time together
flying between falls -
you exhaled with me,
carved us into bark
and stayed awhile.
The sun illuminates the yellowed leaves
and I begin to think about the dead.
There is nothing I can do to please
these rapidly aging trees but to dread
the time I must look and see them naked.
Rejecting the swelling piles, I pretend
I’m a burgundy leaf about to shake
itself from oppression of fall’s end.
Void of death, void of void itself, I soar
down to bring comfort to browns, yellows, golds.
If only it were easy to fill a cup, and pour
life back into their bent veins. And I told
myself I wouldn’t think of death today.
Yellowed leaves whisper, “you always say that.”
New York doesn’t smell like chestnuts so much in
fall apart like that last piece in Jenga, and
red like the dress you wanted to wear but instead sat on the couch eating
chocolates, bittersweet, make me long for
home, for stray dogs, mangled and mangy and in need of
food. Enough to eat, I guess, but it’s never
hot like your hand between my
thighs, swelling with each stride across the street.
Over the banister railing you looked down into the
cityscapes have a way of making me hopeful.
Dream of labyrinth hay fields and thick, hot
breeze, the whispering silence of a new year or old
cars: how humans ruin the earth one second at a
time, which has a funny way of biting people in the
ass, like a Rubeus’ nude or
alabaster columns border my world of rhythm.
Grandmother’s House
Meghan Smith

Smells of menthols so I almost say hello
to her ghost. On the kitchen shelf, a can
weighs down a clipping:
her shortbread recipe. It waits for me, but I’m yellow,
afraid even to remember the blanket
of heat that came from the stove. I need a glass of water.

Ceiling fans churned like water
wheels in this house, churned smoke. Hellos
were nicotine kisses. At nine, I thought my blank
lungs would turn black. I asked: “Can
I play outside?” The ceiling is still yellowed;
it is the color of wings clipped.

In her garden, I clip
a shirt to the line and water
the flowers she planted: Yellow
daffodils, the pineapple bush. Hell, I know,
is where nothing can
grow. Hell is perpetual tabula rasa.

I am hollow, echoing, blank,
like the inside of a watering can. Clip
on earrings, canned
laughter on talk shows, shallow water
in the birdbath, the first hello
of a phone call—empty things have halos, yellow,

because they were hers. I yellowed
that August. I aged because a blank
was filled. Hello.
Goodbye. I clipped
out the words between. Now, I wonder what her
heaven is like, if she has her candy
dishes of M&M’s. I can
hear her laugh on the screened porch, the yellow
notes like the rocking of a wicker chair. Water
filled her basement once, and she gave me a blanket
made of men’s ties. Her windmill, the plywood clipper,
still drifts in the breeze like her, like the woman in her favorite song about a
candle.

I can turn on the old radio to fill the blank
space, but this house is yellow news clippings,
is water washing clean, is a long hello.
On the Reluctant Revolution of a Marble
Sara Hollar

You took the marble from your pocket and
let it fall, humiliated, in front of you.
It pirouetted on the table between your arms.
I remember because it was silver and metallic,
much like the moon, or the universe,
or something else plump and distant,
and the table was yellow and
faded plastic. I didn't like the way
they looked together.

You were teasing it with your hands,
making it dance for you.
The reflective orb skipped and sputtered
over the obscene etchings that no one ever read,
and never would read. Except for
your fingerprints, the droplet was
without blemish so I couldn’t tell
if it was spinning sometimes. It raced, suspended
on its axis. Round and around, until it stumbled, drunk,
and dizzy, to one side.

Your spidery caresses
unceasingly hounded its spiral trajectory,
until you looked up
at some other distraction.
I caught it mid-leap and held it like moonlight
in my hands. It quavered as if in fear.
Why were you tormenting it like that?
Now it trembles when touched.
I want it to waltz on a statelier stage,
with the stars, maybe.
I told you to put it back in your pocket.
At least it would be dark there.
Conversating
Matthew Lorello

I see colors swirl—
red, blue, brunette—
doodle, dance, and draw,
among stars and shapes
and numbers,
far too many numbers—
10 plus 4 plus 7 plus 5—
my fingers and toes clamp.
I feel the colors—
the purple plum
the yellow yew
the gray yarn—
and register them in my bank.
I taste them
over and over
and over—
then blue becomes brown
becomes 30 becomes 30
plums, becomes 10
divided by 3 chickens
change into white snow,
white sheets,
unclean sheets and hands.

When I’m calm,
It’s sofa and chair,
but then I see dust
swirl in airy currents—
and it’s airplanes, birds,
trees and plums and apples
red, blue, brunette, all over.
I run, cannot escape the pink
of fingers and toes—
of numbers
of toes and fingers
upon the tree—
plums and
bird and number threes,
conversating about
the number three,
and why four and
five are the same.
4:27 a.m.
Caleb Goodhouse

The ticking of my watch
Keeps you from sleep at night
So I take it from my wrist
As if to keep time out of sight.

But time, like gravity, persists.
The earth’s orbit insists.
It reduces us to moments in space
Fragments that are erased.

In the avenue the jazz plays low
Outside the still river flows.
In a foreign country we once spoke of time
Of its silent and faded crimes.
Katrina
Michelle Riccio

If you saw:

bare cement steps,
side by side
steps
leading to no house

bare slabs
side by side
cement shadows of homes

soles of black shoes
laying in shells of windows

rusted refrigerators
resting on roofs

a mattress
squeezed
like a standing fortune cookie

a scrapbook, a graduation picture
wedged
under a foundation

a stuffed spongebob
like a small square
child
impaled on a street sign

If you saw:

houses
like piles of pick up
sticks
30 like piles of pick up

sticks
unpicked

clumped insulation
falling
double take
Screaming baby
double take
clumped insulation

bleeding spray paint X’s
X X X X X X X X X
across remains of houses
Four dead.

No dog found.

X X X X X X X X X X
across skeletons of homes
Six dead.

Two cats d.o.a

X X X X X X X X X X
FEMA Call Me

a broom handle,
wrapped in white cloth
waving
Screaming
Screaming
out of an attic window
X X X X X X X X X X
One dead.

Toxic Flood Water.

If you saw,
You would help, too.
Fables
Bryan Holmes

A broken cricket spoke beneath
The old faithful prairie -
Where frogs whistled and slithered
Up rainy, dank slopes. There were Gods

Dancing in the sun,
The sound of mist hitting
Their sweat and bones.
A man reached out to a farmer
And cried, ‘Hail the wind that blows.’

Heroes and myths gathered here years ago
To cradle the wreckage of a storm,
Like a mountain catching thunder.
They would follow each other
Through rivers, valleys, streams,
Until they could not breathe or speak
What their words sought to shame.

Sinning and cursing the underworld,
They were more than simple laymen:
They laughed a storm, wept a wreck,
And dreamed of sullen stars.
So they told fables to their lucky wives,
As if what they said would save their lives.
We all hover on the edges of Kilkee, 
an edge we view as a painting crafted 
with wind and waves licking Loophead’s bottoms. 
Nothing can stop the plummet, 
aside from the burning desire to watch the teal, 
azure and emerald painting forever.

Damp tufts of grass hug my boots, 
everyone else leans back fearing 
those few brave blades mocking gravity, 
over the ledge and down into the Atlantic. 
They crave the gust that could bring 
them a flight.

Stone and moss show wrinkles and age spots 
along Kilkee’s never ending faces. 
The one towards the sun smiles 
at my daring presence, with its pride in damages. 
My side closest to heaven 
snarls, hides, begs my daring to leave it in peace.

I could be, I long to be the elegant weeds clinging 
onto hope and the formidable soaring of hope’s heights. 
I could be, but everyone shouts stop daring, 
life’s too short to bargain with the frothy foam below.

Peeking, peering, laughing 
as my father tiptoes two feet too close. 
Stop daring, she shouts alone 
as the rest of our giggles throw themselves 
against the shadows of the rocky line, 
between daring and gone.
A violent blanket of chill air engulfs the last of our nerves, while cloud wisps survey how tight the grasses grab hold of our muddied boots one last time.

We try to recreate the masterpiece through snapshots, to steal away the souls of the ragged cliffs along with their granite and slate expressions.

Kilkee hovers on the edges of our minds as we reenter pretend security, away from teal, azure and emerald perfection.
I came to this place on a whim
I don’t care if you follow,
But I will be waiting with moldering whispers if you do.
Hush, at least when you enter here.
Sun smolders through sheer pollen curtains,
Stoking these glinting stalks, and you won’t hear the lullaby,
Or the orioles rustling faltering leaves.
Walk with me,
Among the swaying heather and fallen oaks.
Yellow-shafted flickers pulse on stoic ash.
Willows grow out of drowsy,
White wine streams.
The sky is flushed, luscious in the amber kiss of dusk.
Golden decay luxuriously cushions our slowing steps;
Wheaty dust, thrust into the luminous woodland,
Wheels in our wake.
Mushrooms nestle in musky shelves under muted trees,
Soothed by the antiquated voices that haunt our stroll.
If you would just be silent and still,
This lull could be for us
Lady Curzon
Emily Ayer

“The room was designed in 1760 for Kedleston’s owner, Sir Nathaniel Curzon, but owing no doubt to financial difficulties arising from the enormous cost of building the house, completion of the decoration was deferred until 1776-7.”

from Paint and Color in Decoration

It was I who plucked him out of the garden.

Picking through the rubble,
I found him cross-legged next to the boxwood,
sketch pad balanced on one knee, charcoal smudging his sleeve.

He was hired to design two garden temples
but had visions of the ruins of Rome,
Herculaneum, Rivini, Ravenna, and Split,
twenty fluted alabaster columns with Corinthian capitals,
a high-coved cornice,
intricate plasterwork icing the ceiling.
My eyes glazed with his dream.

But after five years,
my husband’s delight at my find has turned sour
by gambling and inconclusive wills,
and the rubble of our lives lies coldly clear.

We live among ruins now.
The white marble has been crated and shoved to the side, waiting. A hole has been cut for the prised skylight, but we have no glass. Rain spatters through the cloth at night, marbling the dirt below.

Every night I have the same dream:
the walls are pink,
the marble is inlaid,
and my arm is curled around the architect.

36 There is no more ruin.
Robert Adam, Architect
Emily Ayer

“Wherein it is shewn, that, in Consequence of these curious Appendages, Comets may be inhabited Worlds, and even comfortable Habitations; notwithstanding the vast Excentricities of their Orbits.”

From “An Essay on Comets” by Andrew Oliver, 1772

Two garden temples
was my original assignment.

Now, they want me to build a palace
worthy of 500 years of Curzons
but all I’ve seen is ruin
since I returned from Rome last summer,
a dizzying constellation of columns and cornices
orbiting inside my sketchbook

and the pink
of the inside of her wrist
which topples the remains of my life
with the ease of a comet.

Her pink is subdued, chalky.
It sounds like husky whispers
and smells like rosehip tea;
it is kométes, a star with braided hair.
One must tread carefully amongst this rubble:
a false step too near her sun could destroy me,
or worse, fling me from her orbit forever.
Pero lo que no le dije que le iba a decir, es que me regresé al lugar de los perfumes a pedir una muestra de su fragancia para recordar como él huele y que caminé por las calles oliéndolo y me sentía acompañada y me sentía abrazada y lo olía y sonreía y era feliz y lo guardé en mi libro para que acompañara mi lectura. Que lo olía y pensaba en sus brazos a mi alrededor y mi nariz en su cuello y lo olía y lo sentía y que olerlo sin realmente olerlo fue la mejor parte de mi día y que mientras lo olía el cielo ya estaba gris y se hacía de noche y que había claridad y yo buscaba las bancas y que marqué su teléfono sólo por si acaso tuviera que utilizar la banca y que aun así nada importaba porque lo olía y era como si lo tenía porque mis manos lo tocaban, y que no utilicé las bancas porque cuando lo llamé, él no contestó.

Y no le dije que nadie antes ha pensado así en él, que lo sé porque lo escribo y lo leo y lo vuelvo a leer y lo vuelvo a escribir y que sí las infinitas combinaciones y permutaciones de hacer eso alguien más ya las ha logrado, entonces tendré que escribir aun más y aun así no importaría porque de igual manera lo haría y nadie más lo ha escrito tanto.

Y no le dije que aunque hubiera podido no se lo hubiera dicho porque él estaba dormido y yo lo desperté y él sólo quería dormir y yo sólo quería decirle esto y después ya. No le dije nada.
After school we roll
our pleated skirts to our thighs,
walk the block to La Bodega.

A man driving by sneers *coscolinas*!
We laugh because we don’t find out
until much later it means loose women.

Inside, the woman behind the counter
watches a Spanish soap opera,
the television spitting angry words
we don’t understand.

Standing over the opened freezer,
Jenn selects two cherry-red popsicles.
The woman behind the counter
mutters the price and nothing else –

the emblems stitched to our blouses
are silver dollars confirming our status:
*chicas ricas de los suburbios,*
as if there were any doubt.

Walking back to Central Catholic,
Jenn shows me how to practice
our newfound religion. Get on your knees,
she says, and like this. Like this.

The golden bracelets on her wrist jangle
like the bells the altar boy shakes
as the priest raises the host.
And it never tastes nice, she warns.
But if you want him to keep you,
when he closes his eyes and breathes real hard, you close your eyes. She says, if you want him to keep you, just cry, God, you taste so good.
Nectarine
Annie Laurie Malarkey

A young girl wrote quietly
at an iron table,
her delicate hand
fervently unleashing
her deepest thoughts
in a bound journal.
She sat, unconsciously
exuding awkwardness
and newfound sexuality.
She stopped only to sip
her burgundy sangria
in the small town of Arles,
far from home.
It was temperate there.
The heat wave had not strangled
the oceanside town as it had Paris.
Her short jean skirt rode up
newly bronzed thighs,
as life waited to be devoured:
A succulent nectarine,
ripe and ready
to be picked from the branch.
Three A.M. — The aftermath of a humid rainfall had made the environment inside the tent quite unpleasant, and Doug Hodge lay wide awake. Condensation had built on the membranous walls, and the tarpaulin floor hosted a soggy mess of tracked-in bark and pine needles, which had the amazing propensity of infecting every sock, backpack and bare forearm within. Doug had been restless to begin with since this evening, but the situation was now overwhelming. He had to escape, his slumbering tent-mates be damned. He sat up and reached for his lantern sitting in the corner by his feet. Donning his shoes (also infected), he then unzipped his way out of the tent and into the heavy night.

Doug was pleased to find the moon made it bright enough to see without a light. The air was serenaded with the sound of peepers, occasionally punctuated by a bullfrog’s uncouth croak. No one lived on this island. It was in the middle of a river, abutted on either side by swift currents. Camping on the island had always been more of a symbolic getaway for Doug and his companions. But now the charm it held in past summers was waning. Doug let the lamp dangle from his hand as he decided to take a walk.

He paced around the woods until he found a flat boulder jutting out of the earth, as though it were a granite submarine frozen in surfacing. He climbed on top of it and stood, looking through the trees out to the water, to the sky. In his travels, Doug had never found an environment that could ever square up with what he had here: what he was raised on: this familiar wilderness.

So naturally, he found himself asking why he was so determined to leave it now.

“Hey Doug,” Jordan spoke, approaching. Must have been woken up.
“Hey,” Doug replied. “Can’t sleep either?”
“Yeah, not really.” Jordan stood silhouetted against the soft illumination from above and behind. His back was to the campsite, where a modicum of smoke from an aborted fire was still rising. The two contemplated the shadows for a few minutes.

“Can I ask why you’re leaving?” said Jordan.
“You knew?”
“More like I guessed.”
Doug sighed. His answer was guarded: “Because I think I need to broaden my search. That’s why.”

“Your search for what?”
Doug made his face cross; then, inspired, he flicked on the switch to his lantern, and held it out at level with his face.

“I’m trying to find an honest man,” he said. “Let’s hope I succeed.”
After Jazz
Meghan Smith

I. where I go

No one can harvest
this flood;
it’s just
breaking
in me, the troubadour
running on dolce.

I’m a ballerina
who knows better.

My 45’s have taught me this:
Mozart, Vivaldi, Rachmaninoff
can cradle glaciers, rivers,
and all God’s things
in their chords, but

jazz is the only music
that can mold my body
into the same shape
as His hands
when He clapped—
Creeeeeeeeation! —
on the seventh day.

II. and where they went

trumpets burn
white-hot, the essence of
color,
saxes buzz
bee’s purple
out of this spectrum.

up here,
Miles, John, Billie and Ella
are having
a tea party,
tossing chinaware
to punctuate
their mad hatter music.

They’re turning
backbeats into rain,
hand claps into thunder,
and improvising
sunbeams while
Satchmo blows
the clouds in the right direction.
Untitled
Anna Walsh

I still don’t understand it.

Somewhere impossible your waiting hours accumulate
Less than my moments by the edge before falling.

To say that distance is,
Just like my heart racing horses in my knees and neck.

One time, I am solitary for you.
But I am so soulsick for them.

Before I left last you touched my face.
And I can still hear how it felt.
So much like the Eucharist.

I imagine you would make this easier.
But you make it harder to.

It’s just that,
there is this image of relief,
of starting over at the rusted parts.

And it makes me love you like home oceans and stone.
We ought to be ashamed and aren’t

that his garments still occupy the closet,

as if we expect the dust

will rise from its box and dress in these robes

like a king returning from timeless battle,

immortal, forgiven.
your former lover’s hands
jm wilson

think of their
picked-at cuticles, bulging knuckles.
tight tendons, clenched fists.
specks of cracking enamel.

imagine how they -
smooth hair down in a hurry.
trace words when bored.
fumble with magazines in the supermarket.
flip over hot pillows on a sleepless night.
tremble with rage.

what will they touch today?
doorknobs and stair railings.
counters, faucet handles and light switches.
coins and dollar bills.
grocery bags, coffee cups and newspapers.
a new lover’s palm.
A rushlight, flickering and small, is better than no light at all.