

William Destler
Rebecca Johnson
Stan McKenzie
Kit Mayberry
Glenn Kist
T. Alan Hurwitz
Jorge Diaz-Herrera
Joan Stone
Ed Wolf
Sasha Malinchoc
Elizabeth Kovach
Chandra McKenzie
Anne Coon
John Capps
Stephen Aldersley
Frank Cost
Barbara Heifferon
Peter Ferran
Bonnie Meath-Lang
Marianne Buehler
Linda Reinfeld
Rebecca Housel
Gail Gilberg
Steve Huff

Mary Lynn Broe
Zerbe Sodervick
Patricia Sorce
Bruce Austin
Teri Trevino
Rebecca Charry
Susan Phillips
Djan Miller
Kim Stroman
Susan Gawlowicz
Carol Reed
Merry Schading
Pamela Waite
Kim Shearer
Linda Georgakis
Gail Battaglia
William Garno
Sue Roethel
David Pankow
Becky Simmons



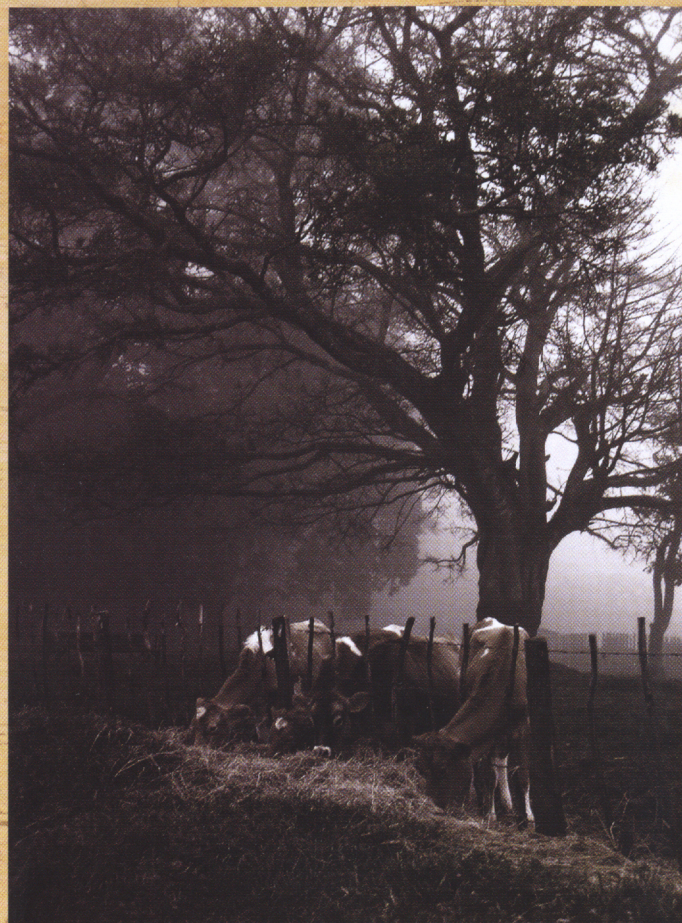
Contemplating Significance

Scott Rounds

When I was older
And summer winds pledged
A whisper-cool heat
Between the treetops of silos
On the old family farm
I would sit at attention
In the upstairs
Blue carpet bedroom
Until daybreak

Father would protect
The cows and sheep
From each other
On a giant rust coffin
With giant rust wheels
That assembled rigid stalks
Waving for escape
In shrunken tornadoes
Until dinnertime

And then mother
Could steal the cows
And cause a meal
Brown meat and bread
Sweet vegetables
With matching ale
The radio told us all
The dramas we needed
To make pleasant dreams



Ukungu
Adam Luptak

morning paper bounces against the storm door
ahead of the sun every day
news splatters flesh counts
how many dead
as the car bomb ignites
in some pitiful desperate situation
outdoor markets ... temples ... bus stops ... mosques
and my marrow hardens
to survive
fills me with the black
of shattered street lights

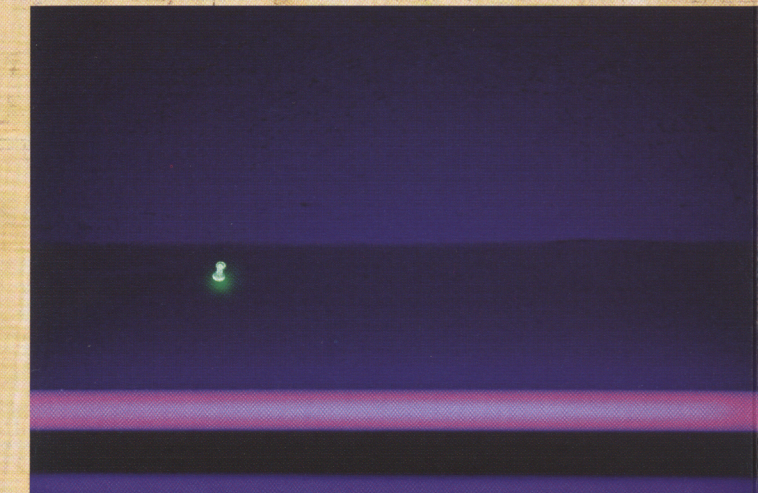
outside my sliding back porch glass
a cardinal hobbles desperate
one-winged circles
in light snow
surrenders wildness to my cupped hands

an old boot box with rags holds it
in warm porch quiet

he won't survive
even after fresh water and seed
but it's the only suffering
I can help end today

"Almost...there!"
She gasped,
And then she died—
Just like that—
In her all-imploded glory,
Covered in papercuts and cat hair
Clinging to articles
Too thick to staple,
Too many scraps

The autopsy would reveal
Those years had done her in,
So many of them
Spent
Smothered in chalk dust,
Star dust,
Eat-and-pay-the-rent dust.
Her heart had split open,
Kneeling at a neon altar.



I wonder if you are
a sidewalk chalk drawing,
if you are the neon
colors from the plastic
tub, if you were ground
into a fine powder, mixed
with water, pressed
by hands into the black
canvas—I wonder
if those fingers were rubbed
raw or if they trailed
so gently they never
touched anything
but you.

I wonder what your shape is,
if you are lines to jump
over, if you are colored
in drum beats or
hidden smiles, if you can only be
understood from one
perspective, but if I stand
just there, will I almost be able
to step into you?

I want to see you after the rain—
if you escape the worse
if you have bled
if you are stagnant
at the bottom
of a murky pool.

I want to know what you look like
on my fingers—
how the tones of my skin
look under yours.

Mystery 1 & 2
Abhinit Khanna



Xibalba
Elise Fousanon

As my head divides, each hemisphere separates impulses
Each idiosyncrasy and each pattern
Every taste and every pebble
It is split in two, too, to

As my head breaks down, my face travels with it
The weathered pores in symmetry
My lips rupture and bleed, draining every kiss
Like a popped balloon, it screams

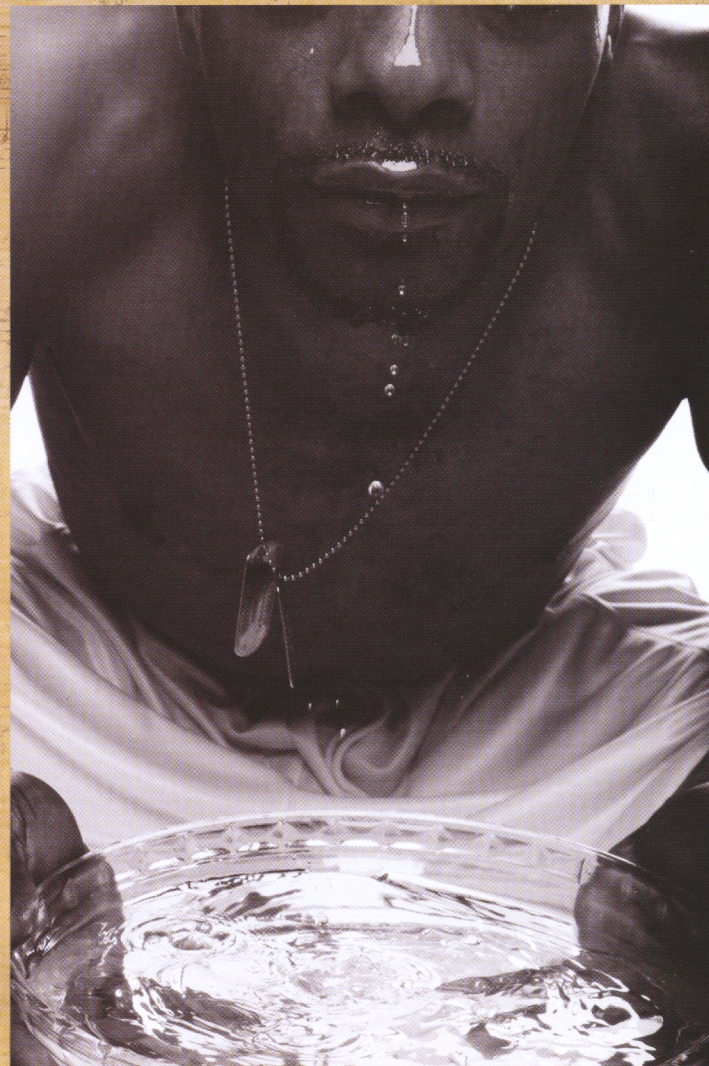
As my life divides, each feeling separates actions
Licking and screaming
Smiling and falling
A moment lasting for eternity falls into my lap
I am split in two, three, four

As my limbs break off, my nerves lose their memory
I forget what it's like to touch, to feel, to live
My toes in the grass disappear
Burning wounds in cold water, sliced splintered slivered
Now much more than distant—ceasing to exist

I am not my body, I am not this form
These weak muscles and useless bones
My consciousness yearns for its past
Missing each second, moment, vibrating string
It's gone

I'm gone

and I'm traveling without my captor



Water
Stephanie Haas

Ovum
Jennifer Seaman

Sometimes
The surface splits,
And sticky things
You forgot were there
Are binding your fingers together.

And there was always something
About a porcelain skin—
Wasn't there—
That maybe you've lacquered yourself in
Between the bookcases,
And maybe these peeling memories
Are the same shells of old
Losing old veneers?

Quickening fades like this
Under the bright porch lights.
Fragile skin dies,
Until only stillborn
Can be eaten.

I fought the Predator and the Predator won.
Arthur Wang



I fought the Predator and the Predator won
Xibalba, Mystery 1 & 2, Fluorescent, Mirror, Ukungu
Colored Dust

Water, Ovum, Farm, Almost There
Contemplating Significance, outside the back porch glass