

PRETTY OWL POETRY







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The Lunchbox as Ideological State Apparatus

Howie Good

It rains double digits.
It rains like a blind mountain.
Everyone remarks
that we need the rain.

Only a few of us
choose to stay
for the act that follows,

a little girl
with a Barbie lunch box
stepping down
from a school bus,

unaware of the orchestra
noisily tuning up
on the roof of the whale.

The Lady in the Moon Grows a Long

Jason Gordon

beard of chains there are non-existent
clouds a lightbulb crushed into
snow on the lawn I am trying not
to breathe or use the phone to
burn the mind it cannot have
ideas birds flapping in my soup

The Heart Needs a Raincoat the Heart Needs a Cake

Jason Gordon

to jump out of a stripper the heart never
burps on mars or laughs the heart has pride
in its weird little bubble no crater
named dan the news on mute cops
throwing their guns through a hole in the sky

Mania Is a Strange Thing

Katie Prout

Heart exploding, heart explodes. A boyfriend once compared me to a frightened rabbit. Do you know how to hunt rabbits? he asked. We were lying in bed, I had been crying, my hair was in my eyes. No, I said. You don't need a gun. Just throw a blanket over them, and they freeze. When someone tells you to leave them for your own good, do you call it love? At Maria's a woman with painted eyebrows offers me a place to live. Talking to strangers gets me high. Meeting people is like passing a pulse in the dark. I don't mean walking by a heartbeat, I mean the exercise from theatre class: circle standing, eyes closed, waiting for the electric blue to come your way through the warm hand of another. Waiting for the squeeze. Outside my window a wire swings. A plane whines above and the sky is the color of Easter. Black plastic bags everywhere are caught in branches. They hang like the nests of wasps. Buds poke through. The sun is up.

Everything bright has a shadow. Sometimes I scare myself. When I go outside my eyes will stream from the cold; my brain will chatter like joke teeth, wound up and left in a drawer. Often, I worry about my brother. I want everyone to be connected to each other, beams of light across the country. When I am sitting like I am now, I am not outside, and my heart is loud. It is strange to be so still when inside I am running. Today is bright. Light is rather unforgiving, don't you think? How do you hold everything, how do you let it pass through? I don't do enough. I forfeit and I fail. My hair smells like vinegar and apples. I took a shower last night. It was two in the morning. Because of that article, I was listening to Elvie and Geeshie. Elvie's face is so real. How do you think she moved? Where do you think my brother is now? My drain is clogged again but the water at the bottom of the tub was clear and hot. I was in my body touching my body and the sensations made me dizzy. There is a strange peculiar sweetness to this sack I carry, this warm music. I must remember tenderness. I must remember to stay. I make plans like other people bear arms, I make lists like other people pray. I cannot help that the brain and the body are separate. I am afraid of the mind's expanse. It ends on a precipice in the dark. The body is a natural cave. Inside me everything stammers and flickers. Lights brighten and dim. They do not go out.

How Much, Today, You Feel Like Dying

Stephanie Cawley

Is death its usual ball of socks
at the foot of the bed? Or has the laundry
spread to the sofa? Limp sleeves
like deflated balloon animals, like the end
of a parade. On Broad Street, confetti
from New Year's still gleams, wedged
in storm drains. The bus lumbers by
all day till you stand squinting
for its orange 17. You glare at the bike
messengers towing tubs of yesterday's
news, as though staring could turn them
into what you want. You can't stop
changing the channel, watching
only infomercials with rapt attention,
as if you need a new method for emptying
eggshells, for never losing
your keys, a blanket guaranteed to hold you
as you sleep. If you don't believe
in the soul, still you could believe in the cool

nothing that offers relief, the white
fuzz of the blank stations,
the hollow bottles clinking as they fall
into the trash truck's widening jaw.

Recycling

Stephanie Cawley

Dear monster: healthy looks good
on you. Human organs
colored red, crayons and kidneys.
Why return to breathing, lungs
etcetera. Instead, say a tongue is a lecture
on forgetting. Instead,
go mad about a slant of light, gold
or blue, and the point is
a heart lives inside the idea of two
mirrored curves. What gets kept
in a paper bag: spent shells
of beetles, pulp made
not from trees but old atlases. Ashes
molded into egg-shaped globes
and planted. My father
becomes, instead, a tree, a root.

The Middle Ages

Stephanie Cawley

Sometimes your idea
of how to be happy goes
and dies. A bird
lands on the wire
and drops sudden
as a stone in water.

It looks like
it falls but at the last puff
above the sidewalk
it lifts up.

To care what kind
of bird it is
is to care
for names which I don't.
To care for the way men
have laid claim.

Some goats
have tracking chips
implanted
in their skin

and hair painted
red. The Judas Goat trots out
with her pack
on a rock
where they will be gunned
down by helicopter.
Some systems hurt
my body
remembering all the places
its weight's
been written down.
The doctor
who almost never looked
at me, just
the laptop screen.
It's the middle ages now
and not complaining.
No one looks
at anyone else
except for hunger
and gold.
What bodies carry what
that some other body
would like
to hold.

Portrait of Girl Falling

Emily Anne Hopkins

Waiting at the top of the tower
for the gelding to climb the ramp

at a trot, she picks at the hem
of her wool diving costume.

*

She knew a girl who went blind
in this business. Lost balance.

Detached retinas. The mare Red Lips'
eyes bulged like someone's

thumbs pushed them from within.
Her nostrils flared for the sea.

Sixty feet could break most things.
Sixty feet could be a mercy.

*

She falls with the horse, spools out—
her arm in a catfish's muddy den, horseshoe

stamped in brother's skull, lock-jaw,
sand under their cheeks, sweltering

revivals, orgasm whirling & whirling &
whirling, crushed luminescence, town fairy,

Sarah's hands on her like thighs gripping
a saddle, morning & mourning & dove call

at dawn, hope chest, Ball jars, aberrations,
open and shut daylily in the ditch,

worms that crawled into your gut through your feet,
long hair floating like flames, red dirt in a jar, small

coffins, going north & north & north, smeared
albumen, sunflowers rotting in a jug, the fullness

of the gelding's eye, fiddle whine in June, falling
like diving, like jumping like dying, tower of steel,

meconium, glimpse of breast under linen, dust
in the folds of her eyelids, horseflies, lintel,

Dr. *I Got A Job For You Carver*, curlers, currycomb
& tufts of mane, puff of breath, stud sweat, purple

birth, hay cutting, grease, fire, drawl
& stammer & *bear it.*

How to Become an Object

Emily Anne Hopkins

According to Stein,

every bit of blue

is precocious. How unbearable—
the recognition of an infinite

earliness, a prematurity
winking as glass in the sand,

as a barrette pulled into blonde hair,
as a gingham hem brushing the knees.

Elizabeth's stepfather,
the good reverend,

was implicated in *contributing*
to her delinquency.

He reportedly prayed
for the souls of the jury

The evidence:
splintering of the worn pine floors,

her pregnant ten-year-old body
moving through Hardwin, Ohio,

the eye of the cowbird
glimpsed through the window.

Its song— like drops
of water in a pail.

She has come to know
that knees are used for moving the body

forward-down-up-forward,
used for kneeling to pray,

for holding the sharp
little rocks of *time-out* love.

Wear the pelvic bone
strung on silver wire

around the neck.

This is to remind

that dried bone is often so pale
that it blushes blue.

This is to make it hard
to turn the head, to look down and see

what is it to birth
and be birthed into the world.

Lina's pregnant five-year-old body
is turned to the side, belly

protruding in a cone, as if she kept
it for a safe room: something to fold

her body into at night, a swelling wall
of flesh between her black-haired head

and the eyes of Jesus on the cross.
The night of the birth,

breezes developed exoskeletons
and rattled through the stone streets.

As spirits, we double back on ourselves.

Twisting, our carved chitin cheeks
tucked between our ankles:

we knock against the tree trunks and doors,
looking for our twin sound.

Now, I do what it takes
to name the winds,

to touch the small hairs
on your cheek,

to recast the crimes as marrow
sutured into all the breaks,

so that we may move forward,
no yoke round our raw neck,

no cowbird song dropping
along the windowsill

as the man who calls himself daddy
grabs our ankle and drags us to him.

Youngest birth mothers on record:

Lina Medina	Age: 5 years, 7 months	Father: unknown.
Liza Gryshchenko	Age: 6 years	Father: her 70-year-old grandfather.
H.	Age: 6 years, 7 months	Father: unknown.
Hilda Trujillo	Age: 8 years, 7 months	Father: her 22-year-old cousin.
Unidentified	Age: 8 years, 5 months	Father: an employee of the pharmacy.
Anna M.	Age: 8 years, 9 months	Father: relative of her parents.
Mum-Zi	Age: 8 years, 4 months	Father: Chief Akkiri.
Zi	Age: 8 years, 8 months	Father: relative of Akkiri.
Unidentified	Age: 8 years	Father: her husband.
Griseldina	Age: 8 years, 2 months	Father: a family friend.
Zulma Morales	Age: 8 years	Father: her uncle.
Anya	Age: 8 years, 7 months	Father: 13-year-old neighbor.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years, 7 months	Father: a close relative.
Estelle P.	Age: 9 years	Father: her father.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years, 5 months	Father: unknown.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: unknown.
Maria Allende	Age: 9 years	Father: Ernesto, her cousin in his twenties.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: a farm boy.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: her father (sought by police).
Venesia Xoagus	Age: 9 years	Father: unknown.
Maria M.	Age: 9 years, 5 months	Father: 16-year-old Cosmo Primo.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: unknown.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: unknown.
Leyla Mafi	Age: 9 years	Father: a relative who paid her parents to rape her.

Wanwisa Jamuk	Age: 9 years	Father: her 27-year-old husband.
Maria	Age: 9 years, 3 months	Father: her step-father.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: a student at her school.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years, 11 months	Father: teenager in her neighborhood.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: "the family's houseboy."
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: unknown.
Nuvia T.	Age: 9 years	Father: her 28-year-old cousin.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years, 8 months	Father: Andres Gabriel, her 57-year-old father.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years, 8 months	Father: her 32-year-old step-father.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: 31-year-old neighbor who accompanied her to school.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: her father is suspected.
Unidentified	Age: 9 years	Father: 14-year-old neighbor.
"Zeina"	Age: 9 years, 11 months	Father: Uncle of Grandmother's tenant.
Dafne	Age: 9 years	Father: unidentified.
Sally Deweese	Age: 10 years	Father: unknown.
Elizabeth Drayton	Age: 10 years, 8 months	Father: her aunt's nephew.
Unidentified	Age: 10 years, 9 months	Father: her husband.
Unidentified	Age: 10 years, 6 months	Father: "a native gentleman."
Annie H.	Age : 10 years, 1 month	Father: her 56-year-old father.
Sally Ellison	Age: 10 years, 2 months	Father: unknown.
Annie Epps	Age: 10 years	Father: unknown.
Mary Cavender	Age: 10 years	Father: 26-year-old foster brother Willy.
Evilan Johnson	Age: 10 years	Father: unknown.
Mana Justina Lez	Age: 10 years	Father: her boyfriend.
Elizabeth Irwin	Age: 10 years	Father: her stepfather.

This list: incomplete.

How —
the recognition of an infinite

In the House Made of Water

Michelle Lin

So many felled. So many leathery beasts
culled for their tusks. On these white stones

are my castles built—that half of me is fearful
comparing loss. My grandmother doilies me

a dress of gold. I slide on mother's raggedy
mask, mime skimming soap suds from the bath

for the next child. As mother, I will be the last
to bathe. Scummy water halves my body in two.

My grandmother rides in and trumpets shame
at our residue. I, her, she, me, our

hard-learned ways. And this tub is the cake I bake
to rest on. Here, after toil, I ride high

on the frosty beast. Here, you bite in and chip
your teeth. What a strange world where I can push

your love, dear reader, to its limits. Here, I confess
no man has ever laid a sharp hand upon us.

And now, the wrinkled weight of written wealth—
stone gold, gone.

Young Daughter of the Picts

Jane Huffman

After Jaques Le Moyne de Morgues, 1585

For once, come away from the collage. Someone
else's botany. Little known dazzlers. You are not

responsible for your own organization, the way
you were popped where your breasts should be.

I know how it feels to be haloed with a brass ring,
to reach for the developer and press your own

hands in, lock the dark room, put on your goggles.
Come away from the mirror. I will. Let us each eat

one meal without thinking of new ways to armor
ourselves with borrowed hammers. I got an eye

infection in The Ganges that matched Katherine
Hepburn's. My vital signs bloomed in orange

and white carnations. Now I pull them everywhere,
as a penance to that river. I would not wish it

on you and your too-blue hills. Ouroboros
was right about you. The snake sealed the clasp

himself. Another arrow for your quivering collection.
All two. They left your feet naked. Deflowered,

which here means flowered, which is two feet
of nature. Your green matter means business.

You have the best half of a tail. You knew the first
tattooed man and all the ways to make him bend.

Fly

Laurel Szymkowiak

Hypothesis: the context of initial exposure to information limits its subsequent use

/sound of one hand swatting
tinks me into the hard side of not air.

I hit against dark disk sky,
Up is sudden not—
hit

hit/hit/hit/ hurt

tango tired-of-trying
along clear floor crease,

coal bodies reflect me climbing
over shuddering wings/bent legs
tangled on green.

Metal on glass scrapes
circular around me.

This new BRIGHTNESS is

washmyface washmyface
still there.

I won't fly to pain again.

The world is small with stale grass and death.
If I could start over
I'd step in only the choicest shit.

Excerpts from
‘The Future’
Zachary Schomburg

Look at a balloon
put over
the perfect
turgid horses.

We fall in
and out of
love. A floating
piece of
luggage.
I was a kind man.
All I wanted
was to go
to war.

I go beneath
the bed to pretend
I'm in a coffin.
You are so sad without me.
You're a paper swan.

A giant airplane comes
down the street.
It stops and
its door opens up.
People get on it
like it's a fucking bus.

Once everyone arrives
I go ahead with the plan.
I get nakey
all the way.
I turn on the T.V.
Look at me on T.V.
Everyone's asking
for water. But what
water.

People are all in the room
getting the same info.
Things have gotten so bad.
A woman brings out an arm.

It takes a long time
for the baby to
come out. Then it's
not strong enough.
It can't be ridden
great distances.
It takes it a long time
to become an adult.
Look, it doesn't
know where
anything is.

There's only one
thing and it's
just sliced up.
I like to listen to birds
but also to waves.
How you fall
in the woods
always with
a candelabra.

Lakes are below us
so we can jump
into them.
That's the whole
point of everything.
One thing gets bigger
and another thing
gets smaller.
Again, the point.
Wait, shh, someone
is saying hello
like help help.

Chances are
someone who's
dead baked a
cake for you
but not for me.

Everyone gets used
to patterns. Things
die in our tiny
hands, flowers.
You're a mother forever.



Irissex

Everett Warner

Waiting for a knock on the door. Shedding an impressive amount of skin for this. Not the knock, but what comes before. The pause. The step. The raising of the arm. The raising of a glass. A skeleton arm, hovering. Eyes that haven't met. Caesura. Says you're a chess piece, waiting to be moved. Isn't that humorous. The pivot of the arm, that is. The only humor is liquid, is vitreous. Hiding somewhere behind your eyes. Love isn't a thing, isn't solid. The pause lifts, floats above its own funeral. What can your paws grab onto that won't slip away. A peace slides forward. Nothing is solid, only slower liquid. Iris to iris, the color of kaleidoscopes. Everything can spill. Your eyes into mine. Bright blue stains in the periphery. It's no use crying over. Time is a made up thing. And how to make up lost time. You could write en français. Do you understand now. There is no need for solidarity, for pause. The knock will set in fluid motion a cascade, a flash. A fumble of flesh our eyes peel away. And this, all in good humor. This is what the thunder said.

The Knife Is and Is Not Important

Zebulon Huset

The sun raged on the other side of the planet, the solar system. The wind drove desert sand at the blinking eyes of a row of dromedaries crossing the featureless plain.

The boy who fancied himself a man, a man bound by honor, opened and closed the knife as the trolley opened and closed its doors at each empty stop.

Deep under a mountain men's breath was tinted with coal dust and dirty. Soot and the tar of their last smoked cigarettes. Deep within the boy his arm muscles remembered the motion of throwing a curve ball from dozens of hundreds of repetition. His fingers remembered the coarse horsehide of the old balls he'd stolen from the school's gym to practice, the way his hand held the ball as if pulling the trigger of a bazooka. His feet remembered the paces to the brick wall, the height of the edge of the makeshift pitching rubber made of the water-waved algebra book he hated.

And each time the doors opened he opened the knife and imagined somewhere else in existence. Somewhere where colors were just colors.

He continued this pattern, the doors, the knife, somewhere else, the doors, the knife, until the Euclid stop.

He was still deep in a Mayan cenote as the doors opened. His hand opened the knife. His mind dove. An unseen single finger squeezed the black steel of a trigger much smaller than a bazooka.

His mind dove and dove and dove.

A Series of Postcards Strung across a Long Hallway: Thoughts on Eternalism

Aliceanna Stopher

[This postcard is written in two different colored pens, red and blue]

Julian: Loved running into you in your brand new suit! What a weird moment—I, flannelled and coffee-breathed, almost not recognizing this sleek-button-down-vision waving me down from up the block. You know how they say time stops? Of course you know that; clichés are, I imagine, a universal constant. Well, kiddo, time sure stopped. I look at you—is that a cufflink catching and shooting sunlight out of your raised wrists like a laser?—and I see you as every you I've ever known. A breakable baby, a sunburned boy, a fresh face with every step I take closer to you. My kid, my son. Julian, there's so much possibility. — Dad

[This postcard has a beet juice stain on the front that obscures a cartoon sun]

Julian: If the future exists then your mother found this postcard underneath your desk about ten minutes after you read it and held onto it for you, in case you wanted it later. She tucked it between cookbook pages, gingerly, like someone would stow an unstable bomb. You were mad at me, you are mad at me, and you wanted to use your TV time to plug in the PlayStation and exterminate space villains. Know this, Julian, my moving out doesn't mean I don't love you. Or I guess it *didn't* mean that, or it *won't*. — Dad

[This postcard was almost returned for insufficient postage]

Julian: Remember when, remember when? Remember when we visited your fat Aunt Linda in Charleston and we were about to go into the library where she worked when you decided you didn't want to be a boy you wanted to be a monkey? There was that tree, something sad and Southern, with the low hanging crooked branch. I swooped you up onto my shoulder before your mother could object and you told me later (*later*, there's that linguistic quirk, that imposition of order by consciousness) that you were convinced I almost dropped you. — Dad

[This postcard has a pencil drawing of a Common Kingfisher on a pale yellow background, matte finish]

Jules: The father who is writing you this postcard is feeling mawkish, sentimental. Here, now, my mouse bones feel brittle beneath this autumnal afghan. I wanted to write to say that I, like all men, will die and probably soon. Isn't it strange that I'm ready? This self is ready, at least, this present iteration. Indulge an old man a favorite lecture question (there was a time when you loved my elbow patches, my papery academic stench, shouting Dr. Dad down our hallway): What is now? This now, my now, for you is over, and somehow-somewhere-sometime hasn't happened yet. In the living room of our first house I see you, rolling your eyes. – Dad

[This postcard has a quilted texture that looks soft but isn't]

Julian: Stacy says you were very rude to her last Friday when I got called away from our visit for a faculty meeting. Be kind to Stacy. Someday she might share our last name. I won't tell your mother this time (I know how much you value decompressing after school in front of that infernal talking box and knowing your mother like I do I realize that privilege would be the first she would revoke). I expect gold star behavior this coming weekend young man. It's a new era and there are new rules and rudeness to my houseguests will not be tolerated. And Julian, for Christ's sakes, it is not now nor ever will it be acceptable to call a woman *that word*. – Dad

[This postcard is weatherworn]

Julian: Read them in order, don't read them in order, read them, don't read them. Everything is. Everything is all the time. – Your doddering father: would be (would've been, never was) Nobel Laureate, a man possessed of a nonlinear consciousness, and the man behind the mustache that once so amused you.

[This postcard smells, inexplicably, like pepper]

Julian: If the future exists then you've already leaned over—knees cracking—and picked this postcard up from a concrete floor. It probably fell out (or, rather, it falls out, it will fall out—language is a nightmare, tenses utterly confounding, please bear with me kiddo) while you were sorting through your mother's yellowed journals. Reds and greens and oranges—bursts of slant handwriting, erratic, everything unlabeled. You were boxing up some of the important things because you and your sister sold the house about six months after her funeral. It was a good one, good turnout, and nice weather. You'll wear that goofy satiny bowtie your mother liked so much. The coral one. You'll have this bout of existential anxiety in the church bathroom so that for a long stretch of seconds you'll forget how to tie your bowtie and you'll call your brother-in-law in and he'll tie it for you a little more sloppily than you'd prefer but you'll just smile and give his shoulder two loud pats. – Dad

[This postcard has no return address]

Kiddo: Sometime I'm sitting across the kitchen table from you telling you to stop chewing on your hair, telling you I'm gonna get the bowl out in a minute and grab your sister's craft scissors and cut that hippie hair once and for all. And sometime, at the same moment, sometime else I'm hearing your mother's voice for the first time; she worked that gummy summer as a switchboard operator, she put me through to the Dean's office when there was some problem with my transcripts getting passed up to the graduate Philosophy department. And sometime else you're holding your own son, you're going to name him Max, and you're getting misty eyed thinking about me and the fight you had with your stepmother after she banned your mother from that hospital room where I worked the whole dying process through. Kiddo your whole life is already there, already happening, and you're both missing it and not. My life too, like a Newton's Cradle, careens into and off of yours, love some kind of gravity, some kind of law. Above the rest know this—everywhere I am, everytime I am, I love you.

Stop; Or, I Guess You Thought I Was Kidding When I Said My Mother Smoked Pot in College

Michael Prihoda

I ran two red lights on the way home from our date night. It was Valentine's and all haha. You said I should make this a tradition. I thought: *the disappointment?* Maybe you meant the traffic.

You asked me how work was going and for a second I couldn't think of where I worked or what I did and the drastic implication of being unemployed made your face resemble crooked framing before I finally remembered and said "fine" because then and always, to do this, to do *you* without reading any euphemism into my thoughts, I needed to tell myself certain things.

Lost Saint on Quiet Water

James Claffey

The boat cuts through the dark water leaving a churned whitish wake that stretches out towards the shore. After an hour or so, my hands hurt, red weals on the palms, spasming muscles in the small of my back. Even this far out there are reeds in the lake; long, wavering strands of lush green. The surface ripples and only the lowing of some far off cattle in a field breaks the rolling movement of the water. I let the oars go and they rattle in the oarlocks whilst I lie back in the well of the boat. Above, the early evening stars impinge on the empty sky and I imagine the heavens to be a place of some certainty. Ashore, my family assembles for dinner, my place empty, and the questions. I sit up to look over the edge of the boat. Floating in the reeds is my grandmother's body, narrow and porous, a lost saint on a stretch of quiet water.

CONTRIBUTORS

Stephanie Cawley is from southern New Jersey. She currently lives in Pittsburgh where she is an MFA student at the University of Pittsburgh. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Adroit Journal*, *Prelude*, *Phantom Books*, *The Collagist*, and *Linebreak*, among others.

James Claffey hails from County Westmeath, Ireland, and lives on an avocado ranch in Carpinteria, CA. He is the author of the short fiction collection “Blood a Cold Blue,” and his work appears in the Norton Anthology, “Flash Fiction International,” and in Queensferry Press’s anthology, “Best Small Fictions of 2015.”

Howie Good is the recipient of the 2015 Press Americana Prize for Poetry for his collection Dangerous Acts Starring Unstable Elements.

Jason Gordon earned an MFA from the University of Maryland, as well as a scholarship to the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference. He lives in Catonsville, Maryland, teaching English and creative writing at a middle school for children with dyslexia. He has authored one chapbook, *I Stole a Briefcase* (2008).

Emily Anne Hopkins received her BA from Albion College and is currently a poetry candidate in the University of Pittsburgh’s MFA program. There, she reads for *Hot Metal Bridge* and teaches creative writing. Her work has appeared in/is forthcoming in *Twelfth House Journal* and *Cleaver Magazine*.

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Everett Warner spends his time trying to be a wolf. His words are at or are forthcoming at *Winter Tangerine Review*, *Axolotl*, *Maudlin House*, and elsewhere. He is the Fiction Editor for Noble/Gas Qrtly. He thinks everything should be blue, and can be found on Twitter @danielwolfer.

Clare Welsh is a New Orleans illustrator and writer. Her work has appeared in *McSweeney's*, *The Guardian*, *Viator*, and other publications. Her book *Chimeras* is forthcoming with *Finishing Line Press*. For artfully cropped representations of her work, follow her instagram @clarewelsh. For logos, album art, tattoo designs, or original commissioned drawings, contact her at clarewelsh5@gmail.com.

