

# The New Formalist

ISSN 1532-558X

Volume VIII, Number 2



# The New Formalist

---

ISSN 1532-558X

Volume VIII, Number 2

**Editor:**  
Leo Yankevich

**Publication:**  
The New Formalist is published biannually  
in PDF format.

**Submissions:**  
[lyankevich@gmail.com](mailto:lyankevich@gmail.com)

© copyright 2009  
by respective authors.

<http://www.thenewformalist.com>

# Contents

## **Paul Christian Stevens**

Chasing the Chimaera 5

## **Jan Iwaszkiewicz**

Gold and Red 6

Bird on the Wing 7

## **Jared Carter**

Dark Journey 8

Sparks 9

Loom 10

## **Hassan Melehy**

Baltic Textile Mill 11

## **Don Thackrey**

The Colonel 12

## **Robert MacArthur**

Colony Collapse Disorder 13

## **Eliot Khalil Wilson**

Uncle Frank and Little Rock Joan 14

## **Joseph S. Salemi**

Aphrodisiac 16

## **Catharine Savage Brosman**

Translations from Pernette Du Guillet 19

## **Roy Scheele**

Wyeth's Spring Beauty 22

Sonnet Beginning with Two Lines by Thomas Gray 23

**Sally Cook**

Some of the Parts 24

**Karen Kelsay**

Anywhere 25

A Kissing Gate at Exmoor 26

**Peter Austin**

An Email 27

**Shanna Powlus Wheeler**

Cannonball 28

What the Widow Said to the Bride 29

**John Grey**

Stranger Dream 30

Anna of the Long Life 31

**Sarah Wells**

Singing Birds 32



## Paul Christian Stevens

---

### Chasing the Chimaera

I almost would prefer  
Your quiet lack of interest  
Which leaves me disconnected here, all over—

But then you turn and smile  
And draw me straight back in,  
Deeper and more deluded now than ever,

To chase this Chimaera  
Through ways and days, my eyes  
Red with the fervour of a true believer.

## Jan Iwaszkiewicz

---

### Gold and Red

A winter chill has woken in the breeze.  
O Lord a body grieves  
the passing splendour of the gold and red.

I sit beneath the trees  
where shadows of unfallen leaves  
are dancing with the dead.

## Jan Iwaszkiewicz

---

### **Bird on the Wing**

Bird keel, boat keel  
slice the wind and water.  
Listen lad, you'll curse the day  
you kissed Poseidon's daughter.

Leeward, leeward  
scud before we get you.  
Now we're in the cuddy, boy,  
there's no-one to protect you.

Dark hair, sweet lips,  
lookee lad what's grew.  
We'll take our turns at what we lost,  
we once was young as you.

## Jared Carter

---

### Dark Journey

Bandage my eyes, that I might find the way  
At one remove—the subtle twists and turns  
Unveiled within your body’s dark array,

Where fountains whisper, and a cooling spray  
Scatters over the pools, the mossy urns.  
Bandage my eyes, that I might find the way.

The memory of each cobbled street, each quay,  
Comes back, and by this tracing we return,  
Unveiled within. Your body’s dark array

Commands, a wilderness of choice conveys  
A sense of what awaits. Unyielding, stern,  
Bandage my eyes, that I might find the way,

And something other than the self obey  
Until we pause before a torch that burns  
Unveiled. Within your body’s dark array,

Extinguished by your unconditional gaze,  
Wholly surrendered, I begin to learn.  
Bandage my eyes, that I might find the way  
Unveiled, within your body’s dark array.

## Jared Carter

---

### Sparks

Twilight. Stillness. Random fireflies  
drift. Wait, not knowing why or how,  
in the garden. Put off your disguise,

expect nothing more. No one replies  
to your tears, all is forgotten now.

Twilight stillness. Random fireflies

cannot discover the way. Truth, lies,  
it is all the same. Some neglected vow  
in the garden. Put off your disguise,

find comfort in that which relies  
on silence alone. On what will endow  
twilight, stillness. Random fireflies

scatter in the dusk, their fall and rise  
no more than a dance, a stately bow,  
in the garden. Put off your disguise,

sit here on the bench. An owl cries,  
then lifts away from its black bough.  
Twilight. Stillness. Random fireflies  
in the garden. Put off your disguise.

## Jared Carter

---

### Loom

All brought together, in that vanished room,  
Those artifacts that seemed beyond forsaking –  
Unfinished patterns stretched upon the loom,

Dried flowers on the mantel, Shaker broom,  
Skeins of bright yarn, flints saved for flaking,  
All brought together. In that vanished room,

Transfixed by firelight, such things assume  
A meaning that outlasts their simple making.  
Unfinished patterns, stretched upon the loom,

Cast shadows on the floor. The acrid fume  
Of dyes, the whitened logs, the fire slaking,  
All brought together in that vanished room.

Their grace redeemed us from the wintry gloom,  
Yet left, in all that giving and that taking,  
Unfinished patterns. Stretched upon the loom

Of time, we could not linger nor resume,  
But only come to know, in that broad waking,  
Unfinished patterns, stretched upon the loom,  
All brought together in that vanished room.

## Hassan Melehy

---

### **Baltic Textile Mill**

Your ancient granite sits along the shore  
Of the Shetucket River, and your dam  
Constricts the water's flow, letting no more  
Vitality stir up the settled sand.  
For many years you hung your fabric out,  
A banner of the wealth arising here:  
It shaded earnest workers' daily doubt  
Concerning justice, stoked their daily fear.  
But now your walls are still: they echo nothing  
Except the rusting of old loom machines,  
And through the ceiling sounds of water dripping—  
There's no more fabric, no more wealth or grind.  
Your cold stone could be put to some new aims,  
But this old town just lets you fall in flames.

# Don Thackrey

---

## The Colonel

*after Carolyn Forché*

What you have heard about the man is true.  
I sat in his house. Yes, I heard him speak.  
At times, he would forget, let slip a clue  
About his moral slant (at best oblique).  
The interview at first was ordinary;  
His life at home, domestic as my own,  
But certain things I noticed seemed contrary  
To his off-hand, almost too gentle, tone.  
Our dinner conversation had been mild  
Until I asked about the revolution.  
The question made the Colonel's eyes grow wild.  
"There was," he growled, "a strong home-brewed solution:  
A mob is governed only by its fears."  
On the table he dumped a sack of ears.

## Robert MacArthur

---

### Colony Collapse Disorder

I hunted with the children of the sun  
Who hunt the liquid gold. I saw them turn,  
Like furnace sparks made flesh, to rise and run  
As swift as their sun's rays that ever burn,  
To take pursuit again. I saw their stores  
Stuffed but to bursting with the sweet of meads.  
I walked their amber palaces on floors  
Of quartzite, tessellated, topaz beads.  
I watched them rise in molten righteousness  
Against a sullen, dun, barbaric tide.  
I saw them crippled, crushed, and penniless.  
I was their only mourner when they died.  
For their memorial: this dross I write,  
And two most noble things; sweetness and light.

## Eliot Khalil Wilson

---

### Uncle Frank and Little Rock Joan

Uncle Frank, the low-miles Mark Anthony.

    Uncle Frank, king of bad credit car lots,  
kicking the retreads, pointing out the vanity

mirrors, selling you your own Fiat—  
    and over the phone.

The man could sell to the homeless, the blind, a job or not.

Watch him juggling parking cones,  
    motor honey still on his hands,  
and in his shoes, the sands of time lost in casinos

and all night laundromats and dog track weekends  
    but mostly lost on Little Rock Joan.

Little Rock Joan, pretty and tough as a vintage Benz.

Joan with a heart filled with dimes, her big eyes, antifreeze-green.

    Joan the hurtin' thing from every Motown ballad.  
Joan who is not going back to poker-faced Arkansas again.

Watch Frank selling his Chrysler, living on chicken salad,  
    switching to White Owls, and standing out there  
on the car lot every hour God made for no valid

reason but Joan, who shines for Frank like a star,  
    but for the rest of the world like a fan  
belt, like a black eye, like a salvage yard, like a scar.

Then Joan shackled up with some Manhattan man  
    said she liked his new car smell, the razors and powder.  
She left Frank like a wave through the Pensacola sand.

Watch Uncle Frank, hollowed out, fall down a well of liquor,  
    trade-in all dignity for a creek of scalding tears,  
his heart, the rest of his life, like a cracked platter.

Frank dreams himself shot with Dillinger  
    dying under the marquee lights, a butcher shop  
pieta outside that Chicago theater

with impuritan Joan in bed with every cop.  
    No kiss for last rights, no teary sidewalk display  
and Frank, the martyr, thinking the whole scene a prop

from some Selma church revival. But may.  
    God bless Uncle Frank and his diesel love;  
he loves that heartless, frozen thing to this day.

For that kind of cold there is no glove.  
    But for that cold, he'd go a long way.

## Joseph S. Salemi

---

### Aphrodisiac

#### I.

It was past midnight when we met and spoke  
One rainswept winter Friday. The wet street  
Stood empty save for us (that clinched the deal).  
God knows she was no beauty: unkempt, thin,  
A hard-luck face—but still with youthful bloom  
And amatory promise. Yes, of course  
I recognized a junkie. Every girl  
Who strolls the stretch from Saint Mark's to Fourteenth  
Is strung out by one habit or another.

She took me to a red-brick tenement.  
We climbed worn bare wood stairs into a loft  
Lit with guttering candles and a lamp  
That smelt of kerosene. There was no bed;  
A sheeted mattress lay upon the floor.  
I paid her—she disrobed and then picked up  
A crumpled paper bag from off a shelf  
And asked me in a supplicating tone:

*Do you mind? I really need a fix.  
It's always better when I'm on the juice.  
You can stay three hours if you like—  
That's about as long as my trip lasts.  
I won't be going anywhere, for sure.*

2.

I nodded my agreement. Why object?  
I hired girls for intercourse, not thought,  
And didn't care what stuff they might be on  
As long as they were pliable and warm.  
She emptied out the paper bag. It held  
Syringe, short candle, bottlecap, a length  
Of thin black rubber tubing, alcohol,  
Book matches and two glassine envelopes  
Of Loisaída street-grade heroin.

She mixed and cooked a dose, filled the syringe,  
Uncoiled the tube and tied it round her arm  
Near to the elbow, searched out a prime place,  
And deftly shot up, with the cool aplomb  
Of one who did it three times every day.  
These were things I had not seen before  
Except on *Kojak* episodes. My thoughts  
Focused in hard and sharp exactitude:

*Two hundred thousand addicts in New York—  
More than enough to man four full divisions  
With front-line troops, reserves, and echelons.  
And yet I only know this naked girl  
Twisting a tourniquet around one arm.*

### 3.

In half a minute one could note the change:  
Her voice grew hoarse and raspy. Words came out  
Strangely untuned, and seemed to work their way  
Through labyrinths of glaciated sand.  
In other circumstances I'd have run,  
But lust's unerring compass steadied me.  
Her breathing now was audibly profound,  
And my breath caught the rhythm that she kept—  
Her eyes fell shut, as if she were asleep.

Despite this trance-like state, the girl remained  
Accommodating, lucid, and most calm.  
She gestured toward the mattress—I lay down.  
She undressed me slowly, as one would  
A sleepy child. We then embraced and kissed.  
The trip was hers, but I hitchhiked along  
To regions so unearthly with wild heat  
That hell was just a suburb to their flames.

*I never saw her after that one night—  
The years have come and gone, as well as girls.  
But none had half the sizzle of her skin  
And my flesh tingles still when I recall  
Those three hours with that little junkie whore.*

## Catharine Savage Brosman

---

### Translations from Pernette Du Guillet

It was for me so very dark a night  
That it obscured both Heaven and Earth, a ban  
So great that even at noon I could not see  
A shape or likeness, sorely grieving me:  
But when at last I saw the dawn appear—  
A thousand colors, various and clear—  
I was so full of joy at seeing light  
Around me, everywhere, that I began  
To praise aloud the one whose love unfurled  
This sash of brilliant Daylight in the World.

\*\*\*

This great renown of your commanding art  
And learning shows you have a generous part  
Of each exquisite grace; yours is the true  
Enjoyment of the gifts of Heaven. Few  
Can know that nonetheless you bring great care  
Into my mind, which lacks the promptitude  
To thank the Heavens for the time I share  
With him, in whom the Graces, captured there,  
Are yet content with such a servitude  
Through all the good with which he is endued!

\*\*\*

Since it has pleased you that I should be known,  
And by your hand, this vice to be transformed,  
I shall attempt to make this goodness grow  
In me, which can alone change me to you:  
It is by knowing how much I shall strive  
That you will recognize that by the same  
Intent I flee the vice of ignorance,  
Since you desire to change me as from black  
To white, and by this service high arrange  
That in my error this vice you will change.

\*\*\*

By these ten lines I must myself accuse  
Of not quite knowing how to honor you,  
Except in wishing so, a weak excuse:  
But how can one adorn in writing one  
Who all alone can make himself adored?  
I do not say that if I had your skill  
I would not then acquit myself at will,  
At least of all the good that you assure  
In me. Then lend me eloquence, and see  
How I will praise you well, as you praise me!

\*\*\*

Alone, subjected to the stanza, R  
Has, rightly, put me in the greatest care  
Concerning harm that one may have, or good,  
by R. For R in error can be understood  
As meaning that the compliments that I  
Receive are false, or R is nothing, save  
Remainder. If one wishes a reply  
By R, I say, although I do not have  
The skill, nor virtues that your R declares,  
That I make err each man whose praise I bear.

\*\*\*

No longer need I care if day deceive  
Me, or there falls a moonless, wintry night;  
For all that can do nothing, I believe,  
To harm me, since my Day, with softened Light  
Illuminates me wholly, so much more  
That in my mind at midnight I perceive  
What with my eyes I never saw before.

## Roy Scheele

---

### Wyeth's Spring Beauty

(dry brush and ink, 1943)

Its shallow tubers hidden from the eye  
(and yet suggested by the several large  
protuberant gray roots above the ground  
at the bright beech tree's foot, where the debris  
is oak and beech leaves scattered all around  
on moss and such detritus as is found  
in late-unleafing woods), the blossom thrusts  
five petals up into the air and light,  
binding pale threads of pink into their white.  
Thus spring is heralded, as commonly,  
by the muted color of departing snow,  
and the leaves do their level best to show  
how everything contributes to the scene  
and, when its time's up, quietly must go.

## Roy Scheele

---

### Sonnet Beginning with Two Lines by Thomas Gray

*Two verses by Mr. Gray as we were walking  
in the spring in the neighborhood of Cambridge...*

—Norton Nicholls, *Reminiscences*

*There pipes the woodlark, and the song-thrush there  
Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air.*

Like drops of rain they fall back to the earth,  
compounded of like parts of light and mirth.  
And now the wren rehearses her bright note,  
a bubble bursting as it leaves her throat,  
and robin redbreast brings his whistled tune  
to the soft chorus of the afternoon.

It's thus the listener gets to know each song,  
picking it out there as he walks along  
while at the same time listening to his friend,  
until their walk and talk together end.

Meanwhile the cuckoo adds his mocking call  
from over-river to the madrigal.

# Sally Cook

---

## Some of the Parts

The psyche and the body have a pact  
To talk with one another. Though they could  
Allow the conscious mind to speak, in fact  
The conscious wouldn't do it, though it should.

Concerned with venal things and dreamy mush—  
A creamy snack, that thrill from deep within,  
The psyche and the physical won't rush  
To reason, for they both indulge in spin.

This makes no sense to consciousness, immersed  
In charting daily progress, so that when  
The body and the psyche learn the worst,  
The conscious wonders where the hell they've been.

Did body fail to feel a fractured heart?  
And could not psyche see that ills of love  
Might cause an ache in every body part,  
From toes up to the middle and above?

They won't explain to consciousness—they can't.  
The tongue they speak is foreign to the mind.  
So, fueled by feelings, on they rage and rant—  
Instinctive, savage, rambling, mad and blind.

## Karen Kelsay

---

### Anywhere

Perhaps it was the somber vines between  
those leaves, or how a moon spilled lavender  
through parted sheers, and blended shades of green  
against my wall, that made me think of her.

Or maybe, it was trusting mourning doves  
who left their eggs behind when dawn imbued  
a citrine sky. I know about her loves.  
They echo in the beauty she pursued

like scents of hyacinth in June, or song  
that fills a hillside church, and solemn prayer.  
Each day I think: it seems so very long  
since I have sensed her presence, anywhere.

## Karen Kelsay

---

### A Kissing Gate at Exmoor

A partial sun suffuses slender weeds  
in ocher light. Beside an echelon  
of gorse and heather, wispy Maiden Pink  
has nearly lost its bloom. The lapwing's gone

to glide across the mound and mind her young,  
as silently as August slips away.  
Long sedges with their tawny oval heads  
spring out from brambles, forming a bouquet

of summer's final hues. Beyond the gate  
low rolling hills have leveled out to bring  
a voiceless greeting to the lake. Here, dusk  
meets treeless moor, beneath a merlin's wing.

## Peter Austin

---

### An Email

Received, the final day of the semester:  
An email from a student (so he claimed,  
Though ‘who?’ said I, on reading ‘Ricky Lester’)  
Who felt it should be said that that he’d been framed

By friends of his (they weren’t so any longer)  
Who’d taken samples from a jewelry store  
And told the cops (which couldn’t have been wronger)  
That he it was who’d done it. There were four

Of them and one of him, and in his pocket  
(Where—guess what?—they were spotted by the slime)  
They’d planted several watches and a locket;  
So here he sat in prison, doing time

While reading (rendered humble by their greatness)  
The plays for my Absurdist Drama class.  
An essay was attached (excuse its lateness)  
And was there any way that he could pass?

## Shanna Powlus Wheeler

---

### Cannonball

*For Janet*

What you saw on your walk down Vesper Street,  
as you passed below a young maple tree:  
First the branches launched a blackbird skyward  
like a cannonball. Then a thump—a bird,  
a starling at your feet, dust like gun smoke  
rising, the poor bird dead and dusky black.  
I wonder: Was this mere coincidence  
or feathered carnage, a bird murder—hence,  
the blackbird's wild escape, stunt vertical  
in ice-dry air? No, back to *cannonball*,  
whose synonyms include *note*, *epistle*,  
*dispatch*. Then could it be: The starling's soul  
shot itself heavenward as a blackbird?  
Ah, cannonball—both blackbird and this dirge.

## Shanna Powlus Wheeler

---

### What the Widow Said to the Bride

Love won't always ring through your blood  
like wedding bells. You'll call it anger by mistake.  
You'll love him though it won't feel like love.

Be sure he'll disappoint you, the one  
whose vows said *treasure*. You'll feel misled,  
but love will purr warmly through your blood.

Your eye might then wander to the nub  
of another's Adam's apple. You'll guess the taste,  
but brief lust will feel nothing like love.

When another's voice consoles, rubs  
the muscles of your heart, sings your praises,  
love will yet drum steady through your blood.

Other lips may hover near like flame. A touch  
will linger, and through odd hours you'll adulterate.  
But passion burns redder, not brighter than love.

When you tell him what you've done, the one  
who loved you first—when he doesn't leave or hate  
you—shame will worm through your bones like blood.  
The ache will feel like guilt, but it will be love.

## John Grey

---

### Stranger Dream

Another dream, a person barely known  
In life, why her, why Joan, whose erstwhile life  
And mine hardly crossed, while my adored wife  
Whose presence is barely a snore, a groan  
Away, is lost to night, leaves me alone  
Beneath the sheets, my secret visions rife  
With strangers? Did I cause Joan ancient strife  
And is dreams the odd way that I atone?

But waking, Joan has vanished with the night.  
Her name may stay but all else disappears.  
What did I do, what do I need put right  
That's followed my subconscious down the years?  
But sun puts doubt and self reproach to flight,  
And what still lingers, yawn and coffee clears.

## John Grey

---

### **Anna of the Long Life**

She sees herself old in eyes, face, a kind  
Of ancient she-cat crowned by raucous light,  
Ignorant of surgeon, but to the right  
Of the heart, a mewling kitten half blind,  
A sorry feline but miracle find,  
A young cat in an old cat, appetite  
To live here long, survive for years despite  
The waning body and the feeble mind.

It wraps itself around the waning beat  
As nurses slop the fresh raw meat around  
To feed the tabby, yes they're indiscrete  
But she won't talk, no giveaway, no sound,  
In case she fails to hear the tap of feet,  
The feasting on the fish-heads underground.

## Sarah Wells

---

### Singing Birds

When pairs of chattering birds dart in and out  
of trees as if distance will calm the fight,  
I swear I hear the parting two prepare  
a song, some lonesome twittered sighs.  
So when they meet again, the voices rise—  
ring true the time they lost by sudden flight.  
Lost in bitter sentence fragments, we fall  
so far from seeing eye to eye, our words  
have silenced every sullen argument.  
But wandering eyes and anxious hands may break  
the wordless air, and hands composed to shake  
entwine in held duet: like singing birds.

## Notes

**Peter Austin** lives with his wife and three daughters in Toronto, where he teaches English at Seneca College. Over a hundred of his poems have been published, in magazines and anthologies in the USA (including *The New Formalist*, *Contemporary Sonnet*, *The Lyric*, *Iambs & Trochees*, *Chimaera*, *Lucid Rhythms* and *Road not Taken*), Canada, the UK, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Israel and Germany.

**Catharine Savage Brosman's** poems have appeared in the *Sewanee Review*, *the Southern Review*, *Critical Quarterly*, the *South Carolina Review*, the *Southwest Review*, *Louisiana Literature*, *New England Review*, and many other magazines. French translations of her poems have been published in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Europe, and other French magazines.

**Jared Carter's** most recent book is *Cross this Bridge at a Walk* from Wind Publications in Kentucky. His work has appeared in *Lucid Rhythms*, *The Formalist Portal*, *London Poetry Review*, and *The Pennsylvania Review*. Additional poems and stories may be found on his web site at [www.jaredcarter.com](http://www.jaredcarter.com)

**Sally Cook** is both painter and poet. Her essays and poetry have been published in journals such as *The Chimera*, *Chronicles*, *Contemporary Sonnet*, *Iambs & Trochees*, *Pivot*, and *The Formalist Portal*. Look for her in the next issue of *Light Quarterly*. Cook's review *Rhyming The Right*, of William Baer's anthology *The Conservative Poets*, may be seen both in the current issue of *The University Bookman* and on its website.

**John Grey** has been published recently in *Agni*, *Worcester Review*, *South Carolina Review* and *The Pedestal* with work upcoming in *Poetry East* and *REAL*.

**Jan Iwaszkiewicz** is an Australian of Anglo-Polish heritage. He writes both free and formal verse with a preference for the latter. Jan runs a horse stud in the Hunter Valley of New South Wales together with his wife Christine.

**Karen Kelsay** grew up in Southern California, and loves writing about nature and the sea. She takes an annual trip to England each year, visiting family, and finds inspiration for her poetry in the countryside. She is the author of a book, *Collected Poems*, and chapbook, *A Fist of Roots*, which was published by Puddinghouse Press.

**Rob MacArthur** is originally from Minnesota, and is currently a student at the Catholic University of America, working on his Masters in Philosophy. He considers G.K. Chesterton and J.R.R. Tolkien to be his greatest literary influences. The basis of this conviction has not been confirmed by outside studies.

**Hassan Melehy's** verse has appeared in *Blue Unicorn*, *Borderlands*, *The Hat*, *nthposition*, and *Red Rock Review*. He is the author of two books of literary criticism, *Writing Cogito* (1997) and the forthcoming *Words, Dreams, and Vanities* as well as essays on film and cultural criticism. He has also written scenarios for several short films.

**Joseph S. Salemi** teaches in the Department of Humanities at New York University, and in the Classics Department of both Hunter College and Brooklyn College, C.U.N.Y. His work has appeared in over one hundred journals and literary magazines in the United States and in Britain.

**Roy Scheele** is Poet in Residence at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska. He has published poems in *Lucid Rhythms*, *Measure*, *Naugatuck River Review*, and *Prairie Schooner*. A book-length collection of poems, *A Far Allegiance*, is due soon from Backwaters Press.

**Paul Christian Stevens** was born in Yorkshire, England but lives in Australia, where he teaches literature. He has published poems and prose in print and pixel, most recently in *Shakespeare's Monkey Revue*, *The Literary Bohemian*, *The HyperTexts*, *London Poetry Review*, *New Verse News*, and *Lucid Rhythms*. He edits *The Chimaera*.

**Don Thackrey** spent his formative years on farms and ranches in the Nebraska Sandhills, and most of his formal poems reflect that experience. He now lives in Dexter, Michigan, where he is retired from teaching and administering at the University of Michigan.

**Shanna Powlus Wheeler's** poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Mezzo Cammin*, *The Evansville Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *North American Review*, *Christianity and Literature*, and other journals. A graduate of the MFA program in creative writing at Penn State University, she directs the writing center and teaches composition at Lycoming College in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

**Sarah M. Wells** is the author of the chapbook, *Acquiesce*, winner of the Starting Gate Award from Finishing Line Press (March 2009). Her work has appeared in *Relief: A Quarterly Christian Expression*. She is the managing editor for the Ashland Poetry Press and *River Teeth: A Journal of Nonfiction Narrative* in Ashland, Ohio, where she lives with her husband, Brandon, and two young children, Lydia and Elvis.

**Eliot Khalil Wilson's** work has recently appeared in *Ploughshares*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The Southern Review*, *The Journal*, *APR*, and *The Carolina Quarterly* among others. He has been awarded a Pushcart Prize, a 2003 Poetry Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, and, most recently, an Archibald Bush Writing Fellowship. His first collection of poems, *The Saint of Letting Small Fish Go*, won the 2003 Cleveland State Poetry Prize.

In this Issue:

Paul Christian Stevens

Jan Iwaszkiewicz

Jared Carter

Hassan Melehy

Don Thackrey

Robert MacArthur

Eliot Khalil Wilson

Joseph S. Salemi

Catharine Savage Brosman

Roy Scheele

Sally Cook

Karen Kelsay

Peter Austin

Shanna Powlus Wheeler

John Grey

Sarah Wells