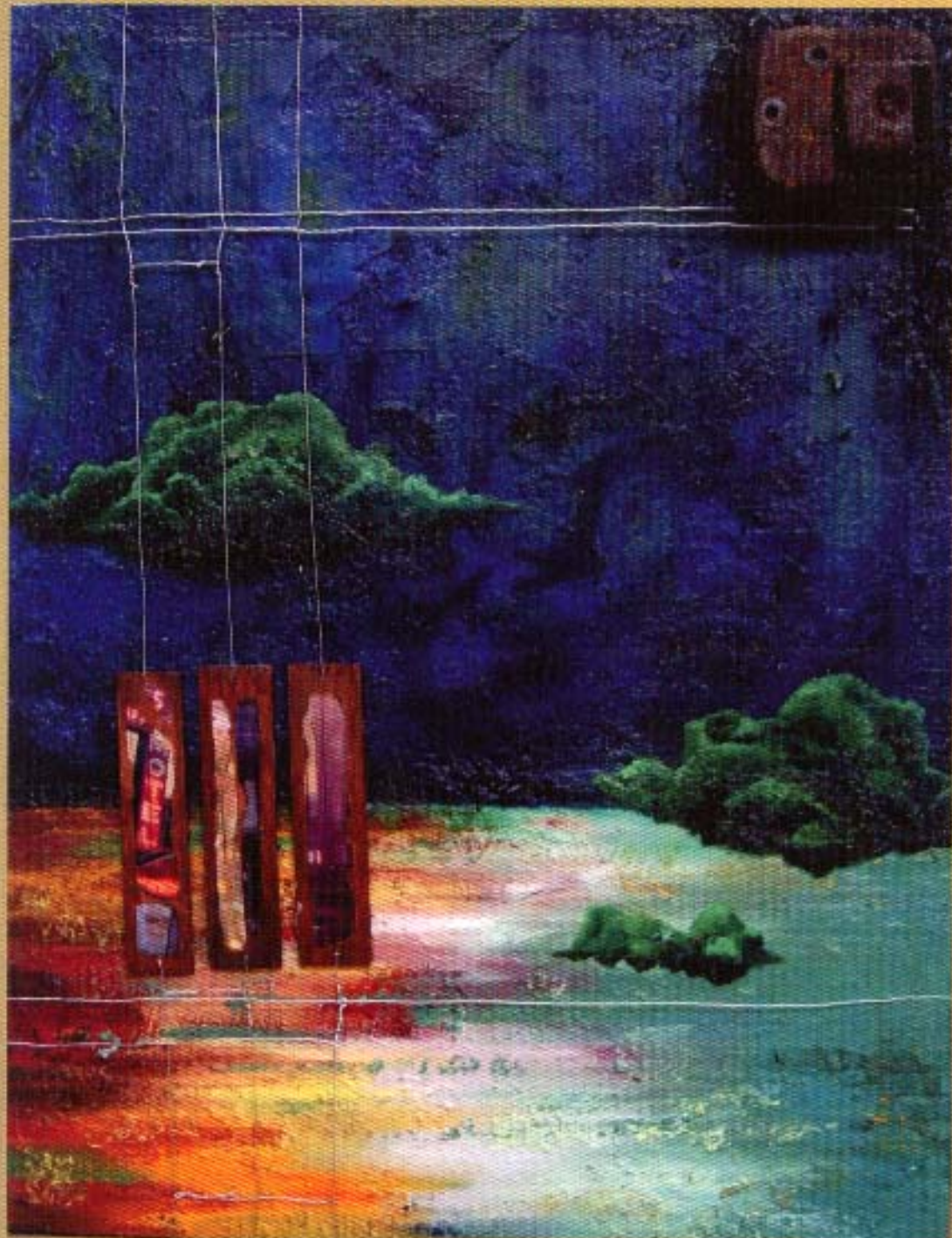


Coe Review

Volume 37, Number 1 - Poetry Issue - Fall 2008



Coe Review

Volume 37, Number 1

POETRY ISSUE

2006

Coe Review

COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR

Kelsey Lindaman

ASST. COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR

Kaitlin Emig

POETRY EDITOR

Jenna Shaw

MANAGING EDITOR

Tanner Curl

FICTION EDITOR

Eugenides Oroszváry

PRODUCTION EDITOR

Sara Voss

ASST. PRODUCTION EDITOR

Becca Pfenning

David Schroeder

MANUSCRIPT READERS

Katie Blanchard • Hannah Heselton

Renee Hoffman • Leta Keane

Meagan Porter • Dave Woehrle

FACULTY ADVISOR

Gordon Mennenga

Correspondence and subscriptions should be addressed to Coe Review; Coe College; 1220 First Ave. NE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52402. The editors invite submissions of poetry, which must be received between May 1 and September 15. No manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. All manuscripts become property of the Coe Review, unless otherwise indicated. Copyright © 2006 Coe Review. No part of this volume may be reproduced in any manner without written permission. The views expressed in this magazine are to be attributed to the writers, not the editors or sponsors.

Printed in the United States of America.

Table of Contents

Ezra Stewart-Silver

When I Think About It, I Like the Phrase “Losing Touch”	8
His Hands, Like Garden Cultivators	9

Aaron Anstett

Storefronts	10
-------------------	----

Steve Potter

Centos # I	11
------------------	----

Alan Britt

Alien Religion	12
----------------------	----

Barbara Daniels

Deep Sleep	13
------------------	----

J. P. Dancing Bear

Casida of Ryan Seacrest’s Shiny New Coat	14
--	----

Karen Neuberger

Ritual of Silence	15
Tip Boxes	16

Ann Struthers

German Jazz	17
-------------------	----

Kent Maynard

Hanged off a Short Stool	18
Village Morning	20

Brandi Homan

Why I Hate Ian Harris	21
-----------------------------	----

Gordon T. Osing

The Time Between	22
------------------------	----

Lowell Jaeger

This Sounds Crazy	24
-------------------------	----

Mary Hamrick

Pia	26
-----------	----

Paul Hostovsky

Braille In Public Places	27
Library Science	28

Devin Wayne Davis

Vasocongestion	29
----------------------	----

<i>Susan H. Case</i>	
Why the Dreamer Misjudges.....	30
<i>Robin Brown</i>	
Upon Observing My Grandmother Saving Her Teeth in a Black Film Container with A Grey Top.....	31
<i>Matthias Peterson-Brandt</i>	
Drip Start.....	32
<i>John McKernan</i>	
Green Moss Midnight Sky.....	33
<i>Ginger Mayerson</i>	
The Haunted Mini-Mall	34
<i>Helen Wickes</i>	
End of June	36
Spelling It Out.....	37
Loot.....	38
<i>William Jolliff</i>	
Prospect With Clouds.....	40
<i>Noel Conneely</i>	
Wedding.....	41
<i>Jeannie Galeazzi</i>	
Gift	42
<i>Max Gutmann</i>	
Tuesday Afternoons Are No String Bikini Either.....	43
<i>Nick Mason-Browne</i>	
Upper Reaches.....	44
<i>Erin Trahan</i>	
Please, Trees	45
<i>Eileen Malone</i>	
Your Poem Continues	46
<i>Luciana Lopez</i>	
So It's Agreed.....	47
<i>Kit Timmerman</i>	
I Have It Down	48
<i>Meredith Davies Hadaway</i>	
How Do You Keep a Dog?	49

<i>Ann Tobias Karson</i>	
Hearing You Sleep.....	50
<i>Lacie Clark</i>	
Trying to Be.....	52
Why Am I Writing This Poem?	54
<i>Marvin Bell</i>	
Weapons of Mass Destruction	55
<i>Travis Andersen</i>	
I Will Take You to Dangerous Places.....	56
Goddamn It Poem.....	57
<i>Lyn Lijfsbin</i>	
Boots Like Love.....	58
<i>Mary Hamrick</i>	
Cool.....	59
<i>Laci Mattison</i>	
Sestina for a Lost Ring	60
<i>Iris Garcia</i>	
Failures of Memory	62
The Auditory Sense After The Fall	64
<i>Janet McCann</i>	
Body Rhetoric	65

**The complete texts of all 37 volumes of
Coe Review are online at
<http://japicx.coe.edu/coereview/>**

**Submission guidelines may be found at
http://japicx.com/coereview/writing_guideline_page.htm**

Ezra Stewart-Silver

When I Think About It, I Like the Phrase “Losing Touch”

I cut her hair
In Grand Central
Station. The scissors
were tiny, folding out,
from an imitation
swiss army knife
(where the cross
should have been,
a five-pointed star).

I sliced her hair
ragged chunk
after ragged chunk.
I can't make it nice,
I said
with these scissors.
I know, she said,
smiling. If I wanted it
nice, do you think
I would have had you
cut it off
with a pocket knife
in a train station?

The ceiling is impossibly high
in train stations.
Using our hands,
We swept the hair
into a pile
on the marble floor.

Ezra Stewart-Silver

His Hands, Like Garden Cultivators

The man who bulldozed
the land behind my house
was normal, except
for having hooks.

They were not fancy.
They did not screw
like a lightbulb
into the stub of his arm,
as they do in Neverland.
He had no golden hook, stored
in a velvet-lined wooden case,
which, along with a pair
of matching cufflinks, he would
wear to first dates, or funerals,
or weddings.

Lost his hands
in a farming accident, he told me,
simply. My dad, with a fresh
and comforting lack of tact, asked
if it hurt. Not too much, he said,
it happened fast,
and both at once.

Aaron Anstett

Storefronts

1.

That daylight should be daylight so utterly
as, in the ten-million storefronts of my country,
clerks adjust the latest fashions on mannequins,
and here illegals wear boards on their knees
to level concrete outside an investment firm's offices,
volcanic, curdled earth, at the entrance
of the building from which I nightly am disgorged

2.

means the memoranda of America insist
chronic tardiness will jeopardize your position on the a.m. shift,

3.

but maybe we're living in a demonstration model home,
light through the skylight fetched in by light bulb.
Maybe every day's Saturday. Maybe it's Sunday.
A recording somewhere plays the cough
of a dog's bark and friends in the next room.
Maybe it's play food in the unplugged refrigerator

4.

in my country, where the water tastes like somebody's mouth,
where I can't keep count of what I'm angry at
and lie down like any animal, in some dark place to sleep.

Steve Potter

Cento # 1

I dance on all the mountains
and when in some light
where birds will not weave
our memories into morning
and I am waiting
for a rebirth of wonder
with paper bags of what
is made in the hot sky,
my eyes are clear
and my voice shakes from joy
leaving only the growing terror
of nothing to think about

Alan Britt

Alien Religion

So, that takes them back to the year 150,000 BC,
if you're using Jesus as a Fahrenheit thermometer.

They're able to store all information
about their culture, from pre-historic to present, on something
the size and shape of a cat's-eye marble.

And to think they have the most sensual
hand-blown cobalt blue glass containers
sitting around filled with these marbles,
each marble representing every discipline ever encountered
in their society,
and each one composed of highly complex
information threads, curving around and winding towards the middle
of each marble.

Of course, these aliens never used a Fahrenheit thermometer,
and they never heard of Jesus.

Barbara Daniels

Deep Sleep

People are sleeping in white houses
and under benches, sleeping on buses,
the chop of the ride not even jolting them.
They've gone over to deep sleep,
caves of mud, moving stairs,

sleep that makes their blind eyes see
faces at first, then bursts of gamma rays
as if they were astronauts, dreaming.
I rise before dawn, snap the bedclothes
tight as skin, then dream all day

of sleeping. I'm caught in a grommet,
a hook and eye, tocked by the hall clock,
ticked into daylight, its bitter coffee
and still air. I close my eyes at red lights,
letting my chin dip into my collar.

At my desk I rattle a keyboard
but what I'm breathing is sleep, sleep.
Sleep, you cut me. You slap my tongue
to the floor. I wish only for night again,
stars like salt in the blue-black sky.

J. P. Dancing Bear

Casida of Ryan Seacrest's Shiny New Coat

Because there must be a mic stand for every young Orpheus.

The demigod judges are looking for a foil.

A much needed sacrifice of wink-smiling
to the giant red cola can on high in the sky.

The audience is in need of pandering and glad
hands. All the while on our little man-made isle

(not unlike the kidney shaped sand barge of 3
hour tours), we are trained votes in the bank

of telephone polls, worried about our favorite
image of young america, while the metronome

of automatic gunfire, timpani car bombs and a chorus
of a Darfur horrors is the common soundtrack

sublime, rolling at the edges of our subconscious
commercial breaks—*news at 11*—when we're all ready

asleep.

Karen Neuberger

Ritual of Silence

Someone decreed me to silence.
She slipped a skein of knotted twine
into my cradle, proclaimed I could not
speak until the knots were out.

Double loops. Granny hitches. Inch
upon inch of tedious knots
fashioned by scouts and sailors,
fashioned by happenstance. I dangled
from fobs, was bound in girdles.

The skein was light as a fist. My
father never noticed. My mother
fashioned me a bag to carry it.

I tried to break my silence.
Even in my voice, the silence strummed.
It swallowed my words

so they hung on tassels or swung
like temple ornaments. I listed as
others asked my questions.

At night
I'd dream
my voice
was smooth
as a strand of pearls.

I spent my childhood til the twine
stretched behind me, a wedding train.
Children volunteered to tend it. I
wrapped it around my diploma, draped it
from my pots. I brushed it daily until
static clicked in the air.

Karen Neuberg

Tip Boxes

Betty taught me
to open one more button and bend
while serving men
hot turkey dinners and foamy coke floats.
She had beautiful, pale breasts
which she lifted and pressed
with her upper arms
as she leaned.

Elsie glided slowly in gum-soled shoes,
plates above her head.
She was a white-haired, red-lipped, powdered twig
who belonged in a room with doilies.
Annie, an apple-cheeked dumpling
had hands capable of serving
a scoop of ice cream so perfectly placed
it hid the moldy crust on the last piece of pie.

They instructed me to clean the grill
with seltzer and pumice stone;
to shine the counter and chrome
endlessly with a tired rag.
I opened my second button and let my pale hair fall
across my eye, Veronica Lake-ish.
I put all my tips into the grey metal box with my name
that took its place among the others under the counter.

That summer,
between the end of high school
and the beginning of college,
I read my Suggested Reading,
counted my change, and waited.

Ann Struthers

German Jazz

German jazz band plays in the ancient citadel,
the night fine and warm in Aleppo, Syria,
but Germans, you don't know jazz--
only its glittering wrapper. You play it well,
but you don't *feel* the gospel's sweet chariot, the blues lament.
Oh, you didn't know, nobody knows the trouble, come again
hard times, knocking. You didn't know
dancing in the jukes with Zora Neale Hurston,
the Harlem rent party rocking when Fats Waller
plays stride piano. You have to know Jimmy crack corn
and I don't care, I don't care. You blew the top of the note,
its shell, but you never opened the box
because I got shoes and you got shoes
and they're dancing shoes, gonna dance all night,
gonna dance all day, and "Red Hot Mamma" and Pappa's Got the Blues,"
Oh, A Train, you didn't stop at this ruined castle,
didn't slow down for the Crusaders, the Abbasids,
the Turks in their turbans. Oh, Germans,
it's longing for what is always lost
and moonshine liquor and a banjo picker.
You almost understood it, but you didn't ache for it,
believe in it as if your life depended on it, as if
the only bread you'd ever eat and the only liquor
you'd ever drink was in "Ain't Misbehavin"
and "Dippermouth Blues."

Kent Maynard

Hanged off a Short Stool

—Lancashire Prison, 1851

Ha' penny a pull, the going rate.
A boy, perhaps nine or ten holds the man
around his knees, hauls with all his weight.

We'll never know if the man's grateful
to be hurried into death by this child.
He sees nothing, a rough jute bag

hides his face, the bulged up eyes, burst
and bloody, the tongue black,
and too thick for the gasping mouth,

the violent grasp and heave for air.
Led in, his arms tied behind him,
he stumbles at the low stool.

Nothing but a short step, the hank of rope
pulled taught. A swift kick
sweeps the stool, the quick jerk

not enough to break a man's neck,
eight minutes of strangulation.
Two groups of urchins watch

the jerk and sweat of a man dying:
school boys here for admonition,
the other kids eager

at the feet of the man
hoping to hang onto the body,
the dumb mercy of more weight.

Family members pay for minutes of grace;
this boy pulling from the waist,
digging his hands into the man's pockets

for traction. Death swung
like a lantern at the end of a stick;
snuff the candle, put out the light.

Kent Maynard

Village Morning

—Finstock, 2005

Sod, and great heaps of it
carted in a skip. I see the farmer
lugging his load, his tractor

geared down to the growl
and diesel stink of a bulldozer
on this village street.

A bus boards for Witney,
one woman with her collapsible grocery cart.
A mailman, the plumber. No one else.

No one emerges from a cottage. The pub shut
until lunch. No pets. No, I'm wrong:
two dogs, beagles leashed

in waxed canvas jackets
against the frigid wind.
One bird flashes black and orange.

Watching at the window
I hear the magnified snick
of the thermostat, the whir

and whoosh of gas
exploding on the grate,
the minute movement

of oxygen floating,
like this morning, silently
toward the flame.

Brandi Homan

Why I Hate Ian Harris

“When I meet a poet who is jealous of the poems of others (reputation is another matter), I’m sure that poet has not yet written a poem as good as he knows he can.”

—Richard Hugo

He makes me think Hugo was right, every week pulling brilliant poems
from his ass

about art or love or banana boats
but never really doing the assignment.
I’ve heard he’s a doctor’s kid though,
which I think about when I burn my forehead
with the curling iron or pinch my fingers
in the door because I’m distracted
and tired, always tired, and thinking money
begets money and maybe his college
was paid for so maybe he spends days
on his poems. My Dad and I, however,
got three loans that can’t be combined,
so I have three payments
for a degree my Dad said would,
with a quarter, buy me a cup of coffee.
He meant it in a good way really,
trying to point out my general lack
of responsibility or rationality or anything
that might help me take care of myself.
Besides, I had a dream last night
that my Dad gave me poems.
I dreamt my class was camping somewhere
looking suspiciously like a trailer park
and on my bunk my Dad had left framed poems
hooked together with chicken wire
like Christmas lights or something from Ikea.
My Dad who wouldn’t read poetry if it killed him.
And he had known all my favorites,
had LaserJet printed them in color,
and I knew I’m really not that tired,
I love my father,
and Ian Harris is just fucking good.

Gordon T. Osing

The Time Between

1.

“A little lower than the angels,”
stuck within and without history,
I do and do not fear time.
Under the lamp, next to the blank page,
my hands are old as those I saw
a lifetime ago. Leathery fingers, veins
highways in a foreign land, beneath,
a machinery of all small bones.
I can all but see through them, like
the clock in the *Musee d’Orsay* tower,
in the distance the white basilica in *Montmartre*,
the city a map, like the one I saw in a leaf
decaying. “Learn the piano,” Mother
said, “and people will like you.”
I learned to type instead. So here
I am at 3:00 A.M. upstairs clicking
away, a mouth in my mind talking.

2.

An hour or two, no more, between
the insects’ persistent, collective dial tone
and all the alarms in the world going off
at once, the birds in Delta bluffs woods,
one feels the whole of life, from start
to finish, not the duration only, but
the limitless life of the senses, the presence
of the senses, *now* as well as always.
What has happened and will be
are seeded in a moment without time.
Connect the dots, as on the back page
of the funny papers. One chooses
most of all by saying. In this whole
moment before sunrise, one knows
the moments and I have happened to
each other. One always was at home,
as in the Daoist joke-painting. See--
no stream, no sky, no fishermen, no

flatboat, no poling along in the mist
but all of these in the loving eye,
and all in between-worlds calligraphy.
The present contains everything.
One was always at home in a circle
of what has happened. One chose.

Two mirrors, what was and will be
facing, zero sum and a sort of infinity
and only sentences between decide,
not just once but good as constantly.
I choose the adversarial to both ends,
sentences, a *tertium quid*, myself another,
an actor playing me. Three lives
in me live at 3:00 A.M.

Lowell Jaeger

This Sounds Crazy

but here it is:

the dictionary is down-right seductive. Not
something you want to say loud
in the locker room, or after
no-matter-how-many vodka tonics
with a babe you hope to woo. True,
some places words just get in the way.

But the dictionary has room
for them all, sort of a huge boarding house
for nouns, verbs, and their extended kin.
A very orderly establishment
where everyone lines up alphabetically
for meals, each has a place
at the table, a cup engraved
with his name.

Real democracy!

Penurious priests perchance perching
in the pantry with a profusion of perfumed
Persian prostitutes. How they all pack
in there is predictable, predestined, preordained.
Or just plucky?

Consider

Key, Francis Scott - American lawyer, author
of the "Star Spangled Banner" kvetching with
Khrushchev, Nikita - first secretary
of the Russian Communist Party, both (for once)
on the same page.

Kakapo, Kickapoo,
kibitz, kibbutz, kibosh, kazoo. Kinky, maybe.
But like the keister loves it
the kisser does too.

Mary Hamrick

Pia

Aunt Pia always lectured everyone
about the merits of ironing.

With every hair in place, her life
was lean and neat and orderly.

On summer days, she'd open the windows
willing-in warm breezes.

Shamelessly wearing a Jane Russell-like bra
and tight shorts, she would jokingly confide,

“I am the outlaw.”

Pia never grew independent from that iron.

In her world of hot metal
and long, feverish hours cleaning her house,

it seemed that the soleplate of the iron
rejuvenated her.

Never daring to dream,
beyond the ironing board's endless loop of lure,

she remained shirtless above the waist
spraying her life onto cloth.

The crisp garments
that hung around her

hung like rosary beads
around a young nun's waist:

elusive,
milky-white,

sacred mother,
just a girl.

Paul Hostovsky

Braille In Public Places

Touch me, I know you want to.
What would you say if I told you
I've never been touched in my life
by anyone who understood me?
And even if they were having
their convention in this building,
squeezing into this elevator, looking
around for this restroom, bumping
gently up against each other like
a queue of balloons at this
ATM--do you think they would
see me here, or even think to look?
I hate my life. I should have been a
haiku poem by Li Po with a pond
and a frog, a soft rain and a pebble
the size of a braille dot thrown in.
At least I'd have something to do
with myself for eternity. I have
nothing to do with anyone. I am
someone who is holding up a sign
in an airport terminal, waiting
for a look of recognition to come
from among the arrivals who never
arrive. And it never comes. What
would that look look like? Would I
even recognize it? Is it round like
a smile? Is it pointed like a greeting
or a touch? Would I mistake it for
love? All of my life I have waited
to be touched by someone who could
touch me like that, I have given myself
goose-bumps, look, just imagining it.

Paul Hostovsky

Library Science

So my friend Craig is telling me how
he's going back to school for another
masters degree and this one's in library
science so I ask him how long it takes
to learn all there is to know
about shushing people and ciphering
library fines because I like to yank
his chain because I have a bachelors degree
in creative writing myself
which is yanking your own chain for your own
pleasure and if you're good for the pleasure
of others and if you're really good
they put you in a library where people
like Craig sit around all day shushing
the library wankers in whispers and tones
as benign as a library fine and that's
what I tell him now and what can he do but
listen politely and sip the cup of coffee
I bought for him because he's always broke
because he's always in school and owes
me at least that much as I expound
the science or art of wanking in a library
deep in the stacks without making a peep
without disturbing anyone and he can tell
from my description of the sensuous round mouth
and graceful slender index of the beautiful
librarian that I am speaking from experience
or else I have a gift for verisimilitude
as I indulge myself from my bookish point of view
behind the backbones of books I'm parting
on the sagging shelf where no one can see
me but I can see straight through to a librarian
I've created for myself and no other
a kind of contrivance a kind of seduction
approaching a kind of climax now which I refuse
to allow my friend Craig or any other
library scientist anywhere ever to thwart

Devin Wayne Davis

vasocongestion

is it
the sniff
cotton panties
you're in at the end
of the month, when
this whole thing is made fresh

...the wolf patch of my wet beard;
that acid musk, softened by saliva...

what is this sexscent flower,
blooming now around my head
and stemming from a sneeze?

Susan H. Case

Why the Dreamer Misjudges

Because the pediatrician told my parents
that an oozy vagina
meant I was oversexed, advised

them to inspect
my underwear, drug me through my teens with
aqua-black tranquilizing pills

that didn't work.
At fifteen, my period wouldn't start
and then wouldn't stop

and the new gynecologist—I wouldn't
go back to the baby doctor—said
to keep me home from school with an icepack

between my bloody thighs,
during which time I read Freud's
The Interpretation Of Dreams. Each night's dream,

a huge rusting industrial beast
would penetrate me—the only human in that place,
but I was blind and in the middle of experiencing

one of the *three great humiliations in human history*,
the discovery that I wasn't in control
of my own body—or mind.

Robin Brown

*Upon Observing My Grandmother Saving Her Teeth in a
Black Film Container with A Grey Top*

I stayed in your house after you died,
for over a year
trying so hard to feel you there.
To rebuild you out of old clothes;
moth-eaten grief.

Before you died
you started saving your teeth
when they fell out.

I remember waking up to the sound of you crying
and the snap of a small plastic lid
that served
as your memory box.

You always said you'd die with all your teeth.
I guess you probably didn't mean it like that.

Matthias Peterson-Brandt

Drip Start

Rick's thoughts drift to coffee,
the black drug. Its aroma
wakes him every morning
from cherub-winged dreams
and draws him, pencils him into
the bathroom where it drips down,
brewing with a faint sound like
that hollow rattling his lungs
made, full of pneumonia.

Sarah hates, detests
coffee, makes her vomit; the
one tragic flaw of her gag-
reflex. So instead of a
mighty perch on their marble
kitchen counter, the coffee
sits strict on the pasty pink
sink top in the guest bathroom,
excreting Rick's favorite
blend. Six-oh-one a.m. and
Mister Coffee clicks alive.

Rick rolls onto the shag
carpet, plopping two feet down
from bed like spilt, cold milk off
the edge of a lop-sided
table. Then wheezing the trek
to coffee, inhaler and
toilet for the day's news, a
glad cup, a puff and sturdy
porcelain throne for him: king.

John McKernan

Green Moss

Midnight Sky

Thick
Cool Shaded

Soft
As a feather pillow
Or a sponge blanket

Professor Cremation
Gave us last night
His famous lecture
On Dust

Sorry I didn't take notes I didn't hear
A word Even though the reflection
Of lightning on ten trillion
Slow-falling raindrops through the sky
Should have been my hearing aid

Ginger Mayerson

The Haunted Mini-Mall

1

One day it just closed, quietly. The last lock on the last door of the last surviving store clicked home, quietly, so as not to disturb the silence inside and outside, and in the parking lot, too. Does sunshine make noise? Does the moon whine as it wanes? Not in these ruins.

2

The optometrist shop still insists “We’re Open!” to no one. Lens-less frames have grown dusty staring straight ahead at nothing, perched on shelves, abandoned in displays. Eyeglasses exiled from any grateful eyes they might have once graced, and now, never. A lack of vision, uncorrected by lenses, an unfocused view.

3

Bags of chips in the convenience store lay helpless beneath the last flickering fluorescent. One by one, the glowing ceiling tubes flashed out their unintelligible semaphore until the last one stuttered an incomprehensible SOS witnessed only by processed foods in various states of their own decay. A grim landscape of garish packaging bathed in fluorescent lightning.

4

Photos of cozy homes in the murky windows of the realty office. Desirable residences still beckon, their equity siren song now silent behind smeared sepia. They look ancient, cast away in suburban wastelands. Once designed for gracious living, dreamhomes entombed, haunted by proxy.

5

Not even the parking lot escaped. Brown leaves blew around in it until they turned to dust and attained the minimal freedom to blow onto empty windows and cling there forever. The outlines of parking spaces have grown faint and cracked. Mute markers for cars that will never park in them. Their fading geometry, their orderly decay. The curbs collapsed inward, sucked into the frozen asphalt maelstrom, uncrossed, unparked-in, uninhabitable, silent, at-rest parking lot.

Rain slides off slick stains, all that's left of cars long gone, dead cars towed away.

6

The shops closed and stayed closed, exuding silence. Dark display windows are an indifferent audience for the leaves disintegrating in the parking lot. Over time, their glass has become so grimy, it no longer reflects sunlight, moonlight, or the rare headlights of fewer and fewer cars scurrying past the commercial crypt.

One day it just closed, dust conquered the locks, and silence claimed the ruins.

Helen Wickes

End of June

All the heat and light and hours you could ask for
and there's never enough, is there. A yellow finch
picking at seeds on the yellow sunflower,

right next to the gold coreopsis,
covered with orange butterflies—no really—
just seething with them.

There ought to be a painter in the house.

The butterfly wings lift and fall in the breeze
sifting through the silk trees and the dogwood.

Funny how the Scotch pines can grab a simple breeze
and mess with it—offer it the heft and texture
it lacked. You can hear the difference, can't you.

Funny how for an instant, mid-summer can stand
your small life on its head, shake out the pockets.

Out drop the crumpled notes, spare change, old keys,
and the battered St. Christopher's,
which you'd better put to work so Protector, help us
cross the river and keep the bad dreams at bay.

Helen Wickes

Spelling It Out

The geese are doing weird things
across the January sky. After collapsing their V
into chaos, it looks as if they want to form
another letter, which they move toward, and failing
to configure, they settle back into V.
I'd guess it's a mid-air place to come home to.

But to hell with the geese—there's ice on the pond,
and mist from the mouths of dogs
barking as the East turns pink,
and the last stars retreat, and how, in the end,
he keeps himself alive for her. For her

the labored breathing, the mind prone to babble,
the body's husk hanging on. For her the yellow pill,
then the blue one. Some of us whisper
as we spoon him the orange Jello, *You can
go now, we'll take care of her. For you.*

But he's not believing a word we say.
We uncover his swollen feet and rub them.
We describe the fumbling aerial scribble of the geese,
how it looks like they're trying to spell out something
true. *If there is another world, you can go there, now*
we tell him, with hope and with

considerable self-loathing, and to forestall
how the world might still get back at us,
we correct ourselves, saying, *Don't go today, don't
leave us today.* The sun lights up the barn, the house,
the road, and lights up the broad backs
of four bay horses grazing, again.

Helen Wickes

Loot

So I stole it, oh yes I did, stole my father's address book.

And look—the girls—

A Doris, two Bettys, and a Hazel,

From '36, in a little brown leather thing,

Full of *Gladys* and *Louise*, *Edith* at *Tuxedo 2-080*,

From his dresser drawer—he in the next room sleeping and waking

And asking where he was. I'd gone riffling for a handkerchief

And found this piece of him, age 21, acquainted with *Ina*,

And (*Red-Haired*) *Sonya*, known to guys like

Billy, *Jack*, and *Eddie*, (*pal of Lamont*).

He had written with his fountain pen—*1 honey, 1 lemon juice,*

4 rum, and later—*Harlem: The Radium Club,*

Next door to Cotton Club, underlined and bold

In faded ink. How could I not steal this and wouldn't you

Have done the same, when the opening page read,

This is damned Private—and this means you.

Means me? Starved for the gleanings of history,

Even the names and numbers of, oh Lord, another *Gladys*,

A Babs, and that (*Beaut. Blond*) Doris. Where'd they end up,

Ladies known to a guy who sang, *Be a Rootie-tootie,*

Find yourself a cutie, what's the rest? He can't remember.

Have I lost my mind, he asked again today.

Only some of it, I answered, *Like me.*

Who was *Francis* or *Iris* at *Schuyler 5-138* to a guy

Who didn't seem to care that much for people, who liked

His good dog, his horse, or a fat bird he'd shot and gutted,

Roasted, and eaten. Who preferred thinking

About the light, how it alters—flattens and yellows—

Before a tornado strikes.

I can't make out this coded stuff—the squiggles beside
 Jack and *Fred*—his dope guys, I wonder,
Or maybe his bookies from Jersey—I knew about them.
But these bits I've scavenged from '36. His first wife,
A year down the road, my mother not even on the horizon,
This year when the doors of the world were flung wide

 For *Lilian* and *April*, *Callie* and *Lucile*, before
The men came home from Spain and fired him up
About *over there's* descent into hell, but all that
Was later. Now I remember the words—*Why should you*
 Be snootie, Just get your something—sweet patootie.

Mine to ponder, these hints and colors.
I'd like to sit down at the counter for lunch
 at *Adam's Chili House, 2 steps East of 7^b*. And what
I wouldn't give to hear anything about Loretta (*Big Blond*)
Or *Thelma* at *Plaza 8-534*.

William Jolliff

Prospect With Clouds

Why doubt the sky,
the reality of this light,
save this—it's just too blue?

Evening rises in the chill
above Canyonville
and carries the pompous

suggestion of clouds
just too white.
Still

such heavens should
hold the promise
of the garden,

but what we feel
here is more the fall,
this queasy presentiment

we've been defrauded
even by sky,
or wind, or some trick

of these mountains.
If this is the end,
it's not the prophet's end,

but something more
like a sad passing,
exit stage left,

as if we did not get the part,
but could always,
somehow, go back home.

Noel Conneely

Wedding

An ending and a beginning,
the double knot, belt and braces,
a love that looks right ahead,
blinker horses win races.

A fine celebration,
jokes and guff;
the mean would say
it was gallery stuff.

It's not the drummer's fault
if drunk priests dance;
smart boys who wink, I've had
more than the host in my hands.

Jeannie Galeazzi

Gift

Early this morning, the morning of my birthday,
I dreamt I was in the lobby of a dim-sum palace,
waiting to be seated,
And in through the front doors with a ruckus of cymbals
Came a Chinese dragon of the kind used in parades.

By unspoken welcome I took the pole supporting the head,
And I led the dragon at a brisk trot all through the restaurant,
Zigzagging between tables,
Looping back and around,
Regaining the lobby at a glide,
Where, on the run, I relinquished the pole,
And the dragon snaked on out into the sunlight.

You were in the lobby, now, too,
And I skipped up to you and nudged you and said:
“I’ve always wanted to do that.”

You nudged me back, waking me, just as you said:
“I know.”

Max Gutmann

Tuesday Afternoons Are No String Bikini Either

This town is really dead on Friday nights.
Nothing to do but maybe burn a corpse,
and that's no fun unless you knew the person.
The boredom, sullen, ignorant and mean,
grows fat on cherry pop and week-old doughnuts;
it sits in Grandpa's chair and kicks the mud
caked to its boots off on the carpet, belching.
The boredom really pisses Grandma off.

Nick Mason-Browne

Upper Reaches

The snowline's wherever she is or goes.

It's what

the ghosts in my femur want to say.

And he's his own ghost.

The snow's a wishbone, a subzero desire.

You sloughed your skin rapidly

and became the sky.

She's the dune's curved interior,

a hinterland of converging lines.

The dust was

deranged and thought itself snow.

The snowfall's lost

at the exact center of itself.

I can't see into myself where the precipitation

is falling.

The dwarf willows spring up

wherever you never were.

I saw the cut throats of the snowflakes

from a fraction of window

going through the Chilkeot Pass.

She hangs from the peg

of herself

a bent and tuneless hereafter.

Crystalline arête;

the blue tree;

and even the fattest hunger is skin and bones.

Erin Trahan

Please, Trees

Long and limbless. Laid-out,
Lying down. Stripped. Strapped.
Torso on torso. Off to the chipping
machine.

Ten feet up, they roll by my car
window. On city streets, they
stop at lights, like me.

Didn't we used to get seedlings in the mail?
Didn't we used to climb trees?

I follow them. Truck after truck.
I'm surrounded. What if a
rope loosens? What if one gets free?

Eileen Malone

Your Poem Continues

I am completely taken in
by your tiny gypsy caravan poem
drawn by two draft horses

I think your poem is complete
because of the way
I am brought a little closer
to the blueprint of who you are

then I turn the page at the sheepdog
running alongside
and see your poem continues
on over to the other side
lit to the point of painfulness
brighter than a landing mothership

I had it all wrong, suddenly
there are too many words, explanations
there is no space for contemplation

it offends me, your poem that runs
rugs, chickens and toilets on to another page

like a small over-priced object
given way more packaging than it needs
just to stop me from shoplifting.

Luciana Lopez

So It's Agreed

The city council has decided, voting unanimously, that they don't like you, your family, your dog. Your house, in fact, is painted an ugly shade of blue, reminiscent of fish and industrial waste, said the mayor, palms up in perplexity that such a color could exist. Your dress, as well, offends the eye: Your blacks don't match, and that sweater makes you look lumpy. The council, therefore, asks, that you, with all your belongings, leave town toot sweet. Boxes are available behind the liquor store. Thank you for your prompt affention.

Kit Timmerman

I Have It Down

What are you doing with your life?
Oh, let me check my calendar,
I've got it all penned in—
I'm in no way unsure.

Within a short five years
everyone will rave about my brilliant cures
for colds, cancer, and AIDS,

Add to that my master plan
to rid the world of poverty,
to find an oil substitute,
and replant all the trees...

Before another ten years pass
plaques will cover all my walls—
I'll have to get a bigger house
for all the problems I have solved.

Then, for my loving husband
I'll have a neurosurgeon,
and in our foreign villa
We'll have a hoard of children.

By 50 I'll have met
everyone worth knowing,
and my creativity
will show no signs of slowing.

I'll be so rich and famous
by the time I'm 80,
my influence will prove
that the world revolves around me.

Meredith Davies Hadaway

How Do You Keep a Dog?

WISDOM: “[*That which*] comes by suffering.”—Aeschylus
“*The soul’s natural food.*”—Jacob Anatoli

She treed raccoons and maybe killed
a neighbor’s goat. She was an outdoor dog

you said. Dangerous, I said. And yet I came
to love her. Long before your shadow

fell, Molly began to stumble. I put her
in my car and drove her through the marsh

with the window down so she could snap
at the rush of seasons.

Today, a friend asked about her neighbor’s lab:
How do you keep a dog from killing chickens?

I knew what you would say if you were here to say it:
Tie the corpse around its neck and let it rot.

Never mind that it didn’t work,
that you came home to find an empty twist of rope

around her throat: she’d eaten everything—
except two twigs, the chicken’s feet

still dangling.

Ann Tobias Karson

Hearing You Sleep

Some nights I lie awake
and hear you fall asleep.
At first, I hear you thinking:
slight tension in your breath.
Your movements, irregular,
punctuate thoughts left over from your day.
Slowly, your breath takes on
a metered rhythm, regular and heavy,
and soon you lie beside me
relaxed and still.

Sometimes, I train my breath
to echo yours. I
slide within my mind as if on sand,
slipping down dunes, my body weight
adding to my fall.

Later, you stir and mumble
as dreams take up your thoughts
and mingle them with feelings.
I hear you, feel you dreaming,
but I cannot hear or see your dream.
Even my own's elusive. Waking, I know
the night's adventures happened:
fragments remain which I may try
to capture for a curious daytime mind.
Infrequently, I recall
a dream which did not slip away
with the sand of sleep as others did.
Often, whatever meaning it holds
remains mysterious.

You remember dreams more readily,
and, in the light of day, I hear about
your night's events, often powerful.
Half envious, I listen, yet I feel
in part relieved that the strange wanderings
of my own sleeping self are left
among the sandy dunes
you led me down.

Lacie Clark

Trying to Be

I drive her
an hour to her mother's house,
three counties away
from where we were in love.
She sits in the passenger
seat of my brand-new, red, Nissan
pickup, missing the white
Mustang of high school.
Those days are gone, she told me so herself.
This is us learning to be friends again.

She left because she couldn't cry
when her father died,
that's what I yelled, as she flung
her bags into her mother's Honda,
the day she left for school again.
She pitched back that it was
because I wouldn't follow,
puppy at her heels, the sound of city lights,
the cry of night;
I didn't hear the sound of life in words
or techni-colored dreams or heart beats.
Because life is too complicated
for simplicity.
She doesn't lie, but hers was not the truth.

She talks about college, her mother,
Chillicothe, new friends,
drinking binges, lovers with no names.
I tell her about internships, the store, computers, cars.
She plays with the radio, nags me
for having a remote for it, but refuses to give it up.
She can't listen to just one song anymore; they all
remind her of her father. Her voice arches and breaks.
I hear the tears fall from her eyes.
I look over, her dark hair covers her face, reflecting
moonlight passing through Appalachian trees.
It took her two years to hold these tears in her

cupped palms, to let them slide through
her fingers, but I want to take them away,
to pull over, stop, hold her, push her hair aside,
bury her inside of me until it stops.
This doesn't mean she'll be mine again.

Lacie Clark

Why Am I Writing This Poem?

(because)

The rain is falling on my window like
pebbles from my lover.

(because)

I can't stop thinking about
Kenny, Ken-Dogg, Babe, the way he smiled
like a little boy who loves to put frogs
in other people's beds, the way he
called me baby and reminded me of my
Dad, the way his hair felt between my
drunken fingers, like holding a two
week persian kitten, the way his crystal
blue eyes danced when he apologized for
making me stay another night, the way he
bent to kiss me at the bus station, one
arm around my shoulder, the other reaching
for the door.

(because)

The tree outside my window is dancing
a midnight dance.

(because)

The refrigerator is buzzing like
he probably is, three hours away,
Lisa in his bed, fucking him
because I won't.

Marvin Bell

Weapons of Mass Destruction

to the memory of Asa Baber

Like all armies, we were sent to mop up
the political fallout, but found only dust, empty milk cans,
burlap bags of nuts, and pools of wax:
residue of the blind embargo that shut off the lights.
From our leader's angle, they were no more worthy
than the yellow bellies of Vietnam, for these warriors
swung the same sword that had been defeated
by that fly in the soup, Ho Chi Minh. Moss and lichen
cover the graves. The memorial in the capital
holds out an obsidian wall of casualties to their relatives,
and the relatives keep coming, wrenched with loss,
muffling their cries as they trace the names. Asa said
not all the names are etched there, having died
beyond the boundaries of the war. Today, I marry Vietnam
to Iraq, I see where they match, I see how hard it is
to quit now, for we are like a bird with one wing,
helpless on the flaming sand, should fish or star
explode, the comet come that we always knew was there.

Travis Andersen

I Will Take You to Dangerous Places

I will take you to Potter's Avenue,
On the west end of Providence,
To the twenty-four-hour Dunkin' Donuts,
'Cause the hope in the building is staggering,
And the love seeping out of the work is staggering,
And the dead kids outside sound just like old records,
And the church is on fire across the street,
And people walk in and walk out, and neither death nor memory nor
 prospects
Could ever keep them from waking up next to someone they recognize,
Which is a dangerous act,
Which is a willful act,
Which is like getting on the bus forever,
Which is stopping at every all-night diner,
Which is where Christ will be, more often than not, pinned on the wall,
Which is falling into you and away from you,
Much like the sweetest flesh of Now,
Then,
Dreams.

Travis Andersen

Goddamn It Poem

When I fall down I say Goddamn it.

When the lady with the veil and the duffel bag blows up the train

I say Goddamn it.

When I miss the train I say Goddamn it.

When I think of May and Hollywood and a town without trains

I say Goddamn it.

When I wake up on a Saturday morning and someone tells me to leave

I say Goddamn it.

When Mike Tyson loses I say Goddamn it.

When he kisses his baby in the dressing room I say Goddamn it.

When his entourage is so scared that it's beautiful I say Goddamn it.

When Don King takes his money I say Goddamn it.

When Don King still brightens like a father when he sees him

I say Goddamn it.

When William F. Buckley demonstrates superior knowledge

Of world affairs and the human heart I say Goddamn it.

When the garbage man shows up at my door on his day off

I say Goddamn it.

When I go another day without having a brood of children

And a decent coffee maker I say Goddamn it.

When they put me in the underground prisons

And I get fifteen minutes alone with a celebrity terrorist

And I'm too tongue-tied to ask a question I say Goddamn it.

When my mother picks up hitchhikers who clearly have the worst intentions

I say Goddamn it.

When the record stores dry up I say Goddamn it.

When February comes and there's still no snow I pray.

Lyn Lifshin

Boots Like Love

I remember those first ones,
tall and dark, you know the
kind. My o la la boots one
teacher said. One cat wanted
to make them his own. I've
had so many since then:
spike heel boots I could
never run from danger in,
platform boots that made my
legs seem twice as tall as they
are. One TV producer asked
me to pull them out from
under the bed since I talked
about boots in another
poem (and tho I've also
talked of men, that wasn't
possible naturally) Some
boots have snagged favorite
dresses, torn velvet like
men but in them, I feel I can
have any man, that they will
all imagine me with them
in only these boots

Mary Hamrick

Cool

I'm a little cool with my ways.

What ways?

Hmm ... I drink three Buds
and they think—*so charming*
Smitten by my act,
they take to the beer.

I'm a little cool with my looks.

What looks?

Mother says, "Look at yourself...
you're so b e a u t i f u l."
Tapping my foot to Prince,
I pinch my Revlon cheeks for color.

I'm a little cool with sex.

what sex?

Whispering, pink-nude,
tooth-edged wooing, he says,
"You're so sexy! In the morning heat,
I pose sweetly like a Calvin Klein peacock.

Dark-alley words

rock 'n' roll

this cool body,

and I never pay the price

for misbehaving so

hmm ... nasty-nice.

Laci Mattison

Sestina for a Lost Ring

I crawl off the sidewalk, fingers
searching dirt and St. Augustine grass
for a white-gold Venetian ring—
the one you placed in an Easter egg two
months ago, but it's dark tonight
and no moon's white glow acts as detector.

I hope you have no "true love" detector
pointed my way. Its gauge would point a finger
at me, label me "unfaithful" tonight,
here, on this patch of shadowed grass
where I kneel with another man to
find the lost token of your love: a ring.

Earlier when you called, I let my phone ring
because you use it as a little detector,
a tracking device beeping and clipped to
my hip. I shut it with my middle finger,
the tip painted glossy red. In the grass,
dirt crevices under my nails tonight.

The one who is not you spotlights the night
with a silver MagLight. "We'll find the ring,"
he says as we both sift through dead, brown grass.
He says he'll get a metal detector.
The black sky, blind eyes, and groping fingers
won't get us far—or they will take us too

far, and we can't ever return to
life without the lies, wet tongues searching for the night
sky's red dawn. He presses his fingers
to my pulsing neck and my cold ears ring.
He leaves, and I hope no one will detect
me while I wait on the hard earth, the thick grass—

between two trees whose roots pop through this grass.
At Wal-Mart, he pays one hundred and two
dollars, the price of a metal detector—
minus the cost of a meeting at midnight.
If you call now, I won't hear my phone ring.
We still search, tangle the roots and our fingers.

The metal detector beeps in the night.
I confess to you, I twisted that ring
into this grass with cold, unsteady fingers.

Iris Garcia

Failures of Memory

I guess I'm full of empty promises
—that scarf I said I would give you
was never finished by Christmas,
much less your birthday,
of course, it was green (my favorite color, not yours)
and I forgot to feed the cat on Thursday morning

I left the dishes in the sink last night
gravy cementing to the plain white plates
and I, laying languid in the dark,
forgetting—as well—to count sheep (and how to sleep)
forgetting—as well—to make love

and I lied again, after I had sworn that I wouldn't,
three days ago when I said you looked great in red
and you bought that cashmere sweater for fifty-eight dollars,
because red would go perfect with your new black pants
that don't make your ass look nice

and I don't want kids
and I wasn't at church last Sunday,
or any Sunday before that for the last five years

I didn't put those posters up in two of the three neighborhoods
you assigned to me when Chico ran away,
I did look at the picture of our little white dog
in the car, and I cried
because I had promised him
that we would sit when I got home from work,
he on my lap, I on my chair,
because we hadn't in so long,
me being busy with keeping track of the things
I had promised you but never happened

he was fed up with me before you even thought to be
and I couldn't stand it
so I threw the flyers away in a blue trashcan
on the corner of Central and Alvarado

Iris Garcia

The Auditory Sense After The Fall

When Eve, and Adam,
partook of the forbidden fruit
in the Garden,
and it clouded all their senses
so that they became
only dulled versions
of the super beings - images of perfection
that they once were,
and there was a moment
of silence
in which they,
for the first time,
did not hear
each blade of grass move,
or each insect step,
or the music of the planets
in their intricate revolutions,

was it a terrifying moment?
So full of nothingness
not even thoughts—
perhaps confused with death
not knowing what death was,
empty,
soundless.

Or was it, rather, a moment
of absolute peace
such as we have not had since,
an in-between moment
before full comprehension
of what knowledge really was
dawned on fallen parents
who have since passed on to their children
the genetics of incessant noise—

not the always present melody of harmony in nature,
but the selfish and eternal clamor of one's own thoughts,

—the sense of hearing no longer flawless.

Janet McCann

Body Rhetoric

Bad to be rhetorical, coy
raised eyebrows of the question,
bad to dance around
rather than stride right through
graveyard or woods.

Make it simple. But then
in my freshman class, Interpretative
Dance, we all took it because
it was easier than basketball,
the fat girl said, I am spring,

waving her arms to some light
classical strain, body lifted on
waves of sound, some strange grace
possessing her like wine, and damn,
she was spring.

Contributors' Notes

Travis Andersen's poems have appeared in *The American Drivel Review*, *Muscadine Lines* (Jan./Feb. '07), *The Lightning Bell* and *Ringer*. His play, *White Widow*, premiered at the Blue Sphere Alliance in March of 2004. He teaches first grade in Rhode Island.

Marvin Bell has been called "an insider who thinks like an outsider." He retired from the Iowa Writer's Workshop in 2005, and now serves on the faculty of the low-residency MFA program based at Pacific University in Oregon. *Mars Being Red*, his nineteenth book, will be published in 2007. He and his wife, Dorothy, live in Iowa City, Iowa, and Port Townsend, Washington. Mr. Bell served two terms as Iowa's first poet laureate.

Katie Blanchard loves all things theatre. She also firmly believes that love never smells bad. She is badass, because she is from Albuquerque, New Mexico. She's kind of short—but so is Gen. Also, she organ-donors the world. The whole world.

Alan Britt teaches English/Creative Writing at Towson University. His recent books are *Vermilion* (2006), *Infinite Days* (2003), *Amnesia Tango* (1998) and *Bodies of Lightning* (1995).

Robin Brown lives in San Antonio, Texas.

Susan H. Case has recent work in many journals, including *Gulf Stream Magazine*, *Saranac Review* and *Slant*. Recently nominated for a Pushcart Prize, she is the author of *The Scottish Café* (Slapering Hol Press, 2002), *Hiking The Desert In High Heels* (RightHandPointing, 2005), and *Anthropologist In Ohio* (Main Street Rag Publishing Company, 2005).

Lacie Clark is a graduate student at Cleveland State University pursuing an M.A. in Literature. She has been published in *Pacific Coast Journal*, *Phantasmagoria*, *MÖBIUS*, *Sliding Uteri*, and *Barrelhouse Magazine*. Together with fellow Ohio poet, Sue Savickas, she has co-self-published a chapbook entitled *Carving Spaces*.

Noel Conneely lives in Dublin. His poetry has been published in magazines and journals in the U.S., Ireland, and Britain; this is his second appearance in the Coe Review.

Tanner Curl turned 62 years old this past September. His blood pressure is 156/60, and he has a bad back. Tanner is 33.33% of the Esquire Club membership. In his work with this group, he has tirelessly promoted cigars, wine, imported beer, chess, and good conversation about fine literature, politics, and many other issues of gentlemanly importance.

J. P. Dancing's recent books are *Gacela of Narcissus City* and *Billy Last Crow*; and *Conflicted Light* will be out in 2007 by Salmon Poetry. He is host of "Out of Our Minds" a poetry show on public radio KKUP, the editor of *The American Poetry Journal* and *Dream Horse Press*. His poems have appeared widely in the US and internationally.

Barbara Daniels' book, *Rose Fever*, is forthcoming from WordTech Press. She received two Individual Artist Fellowships from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts, completed an MFA in poetry at Vermont College, and teaches at Camden County College in New Jersey. Her chapbook, *The Woman Who Tries to Believe*, won the Quentin R. Howard Prize. Her poems have appeared in *The Louisville Review*, *Natural Bridge*, *Blueline*, and many other journals.

Devin Wayne Davis, once called "ink (or inc.)" in a seaside vision, has written well-over 2, 000 poems; he likes concise verse. His work is printed in the *Sacramento Anthology: 100 poems*; *Sanskrit*; *Dawn*; *Poetry Depth Quarterly*; *Dandelion*, and 19 chapbooks. Selections can be found on-line, at these fine sites: howling dog press; del sol review; wordslingers; perihelion; pierian springs; locust magazine; kota press; octavo; lifix; jones av.; pig iron malt; great works; la petite 'zine; stirring; offcourse; rio arts; wandering dog; whimperbang; kookamonga square; eratio; split shot; poetry magazine; fullosia; new verse news; penhimalaya; aurora review, muscadine lines; toe tree journal; down in the dirt; soma, and zambomba. Both Barnes & Noble and Tower Books featured readings by Davis. He has addressed citizens and lawmakers on the northern steps of the California State Capitol, and has read for annual poetry events at the Crocker Art Museum. Davis reviewed movies for a best-selling paperback guide; he has written for *Sacramento, Ca. Arts & Entertainment Weeklies*, and worked for *Ups and the State*. Davis has three daughters, and is a testicular cancer survivor. He is a leo.

Meredith Davies Hadaway's poetry has appeared in *Poet Lore*, *Ellipsis*, *Spillway*, *CQ*, *Isotope*, *MARGIE*, and the *South Carolina Review*, as well as in

Here On The Chester, an anthology issued by Literary House Press. Her collection, *Fishing Secrets of the Dead*, was published by Word Press in 2005.

Brandi Homan lives in Chicago, Illinois.

Kaitlin Emig is a junior, English major and writing minor at Coe College. She hails from the rolling prairie state of Kansas, and because of the numerous opportunities of adventure that exist there, she decided to travel the world, beginning with the deadly exciting state of Iowa. Her future adventure plans will lead her to sheep herding in Ireland, wine tasting in Australia, and living in a ger in Mongolia while writing romantic folk songs.

Jeannie Galeazzi's work has appeared in *Fence*, *The Literary Review*, *Other Voices*, *Folio*, and *Confrontation*, among other magazines, and is forthcoming in *Southern Humanities Review*. "Gift" is for Helen Lee.

Iris G. Garcia seems to be an expert in demonic phrasing. She often forgets things, including what day it is and how to be nice. People still make fun of her for writing her "I"s as upside-down "T"s.

Max Gutmann is the author of *There Was a Young Girl from Verona: A Limerick Cycle Based on the Complete Dramatic Works of Shakespeare*. (No, really. Google it.) His poems have appeared in *Cricket*, *Light Quarterly*, and a lot of magazines with Review in their titles.

Mary Hamrick was born in New York and moved to Florida when she was a young girl. Mary's writing often reflects the contrast between her Northern and Southern upbringing. Current publications include *Ara-besques Press*, *Architecture Ink*, *Cezanne's Carrot*, *Howling Dog Press (OMEGA 6)*, *Ocean Magazine*, *On the Page Magazine*, *Pemmican*, *Poetry Repair Shop*, *Poems Niederngasse*, *Potomac Review*, *Scrivener's Pen*, *Tattoo Highway*, *The Binnacle*, *The New Verse News*, *The Subway Chronicles*, and others.

Hannah Heselton is a sophomore at Coe College. She hails from Faribault, Minnesota.

Renee Hoffman is a Wisconsin Hockey fan. She pretty much rocks.

Paul Hostovsky's poems appear in *The Carolina Quarterly*, *Shenandoah*, *New*

Delta Review, *Poetry East*, *Atlanta Review*, *Free Lunch*, and others. He has two poetry chapbooks, *Bird in the Hand* (Grayson Books), and *Dusk Outside the Braille Press* (Riverstone Press). He works in Boston at the Massachusetts Commission for the Deaf as a sign language interpreter.

Lowell Jaeger is author *War On War* and *Hope Against Hope* (both from Utah State University Press), and eight chapbooks. Currently he is editing *Poems Across the Big Sky*, an anthology of 100 Montana poets. He teaches at Flathead Valley Community College in Kalispell, Montana.

William Joliff lives in Newberg, Oregon.

Ann Tobias Karson grew up in South Africa, becoming an anti-apartheid activist in her twenties. This resulted in exile to England, where she lived and worked for many years. With a social science degree from Cape Town and a post-graduate (approximately a masters equivalent) diploma from London, she was a clinical social worker in psychiatry in South Africa, in England and—after marrying her American husband—in Minnesota and Connecticut. She lives now in North Carolina. She will be published in Spring, 2007, in *Phoebe*.

Leta Keane digs England. But not to the point of obsession or anything. I mean, it's not like she goes around wearing tweeds and wool, spouting Wordsworth with some beat-up Penguin Classic Austen novel in the back pocket of her trousers. No, she's mellow about her England-louvin'. Mellow in a high tea and slightly warmed bread for "elevenses" sense. Like that.

Lyn Lifshin has currently published *The Licorice Daughter*, *My Year with Ruffian*, *Texas Review Press*. Also just out: *Another Woman Who Looks Like Me from Black Sparrow at Godine*. She has published over 120 books & edited 4 anthologies. Her website is: www.lynlifshin.com. Her last two Black Sparrow books, *Cold Comfort* and *Before it's Light*, won Paterson Review Awards. New also: *In Mirrors*, *An Unfinished Story*, *The Daughter I Don't Have*, *She was Found Treading Water*. Coming soon: *Tsunami Poems* and *All the Poets (Mostly) Who Have Touched Me*, *Living and Dea: All True, Especially the Lies*.

Kelsey Lindaman is often mistaken for a Lindsay. Some claim it has everything to do with her last name, but most agree that it's the hair. She worked hard at communicating for this poetry issue, and the *Coe Review*

loves her. And promises to remember her name.

Luciana Lopez is currently the pop music critic for the *Oregonian* in Portland, Oregon; previously she covered several suburban governments, including their city councils. Her work has appeared in or is forthcoming from *Zyzyva*, *Lichen*, *Kiss Machine* and *McSweeney's* online.

John McKernan teaches at Marshall University in West Virginia. He edits the poetry magazine *ABZ*. A book of his selected poems, *Resurrection of the Dust*, has just been published by Backwaters Press.

Eileen Malone is a widely published poet who has been told that her poems are as different from each other as the various colors she dyes her hair. She lives in the San Francisco Bay Area and is currently seeking an agent for her contemporary, literary, novel manuscript.

Nick Mason-Browne is Pochobradsky Associate Professor of Spanish at Coe College. His poems have appeared in a number of American and Canadian periodicals.

Laci Mattison recently completed her BA in English at Flagler College in sunny St. Augustine, Florida, where she also worked on *The Flagler Review*. She is currently working on an MA in Postcolonial Literature at Florida State University.

Ginger Mayerson lives in Los Angeles, California. Her poetry has appeared in *Roux Magazine*, *Tapestries*, and *Blurring the Line*. She writes novels, makes collages, reviews comic books, and edits the *Journal of the Lincoln Heights Literary Society* in her spare time.

Kent Maynard is Director of the Honors Program at Denison University. Recent poems appear in *The MacGuffin*, *The Sow's Ear Poetry Review*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Borderlands*, and *Bellevue Literary Review*. A chapbook, *Sunk Like God Behind the House*, was published by the Wick Program at Kent State University, 2001. Maynard is also an anthropologist, working on indigenous medicine among the Kedjom people of Cameroon; recent prose work includes *Making Kedjom Medicine: A History of Public Health and Well-Being in Cameroon* (Praeger, 2004), and an edited book, *Medical Identities: Healing, Well Being and Personhood* (Berghahn, Forthcoming).

Janet McCann teaches at Texas A&M University.

Karen Neuberg received an MFA in Creative Writing from the New School in 2000. She recently left full-time work in order to have more time to pursue her writing. Her work has been published in literature journals such as *Barrow Street*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Comstock Review*, *Louisville Review*, *Phoebe*, and *Diner*, and on-line for *Shampoo*, *The Diagram*, *Can We Have Our Ball Back*, *Caffeine Destiny*, *Toasted-Cheese*, and others.

Eugenides Oroszváry has no gender. Gen does, though, have a smell... earthy and rugged. People love it.

Gordon Osing lives in Mernando Minnesota.

Matthias Peterson-Brandt is not a naked mannequin. He is however fond of fair trade coffee, "Free Fallin'" and Fransiscan monks. And al-literation also.

Becca Pfenning, whose name is Becca, not Rebecca, is beootiful. She is also a first-year/freshman at Coe College. Her skin was red a month ago from a harsh battle with mono. She likes it when people throw popcorn at her. She likes it a lot.

Meagan Porter is a junior English major at Coe College; she hails from the Great State of Wisconsin.

Steve Potter has appeared in print and online magazines such as: *Arson*, *Blue Collar Review*, *Marginalia*, *Midnight Mind*, *Pindeldyboz*, *Stringtown* and *3rd Bed*. He is the proprietor of an eBay store, T Shirts and More by Spotter, and his hand printed and/or dyed T shirts have appeared on the torsos of people all across the United States and Europe. He edits and publishes *The Wandering Hermit Review*, an annual journal of art and literature.

David Schroeder likes digital art. He is a firm believer in 42.

Jenna Shaw is poetry editor, but not in a Poetry Editor sort of way. She's not all uptight about versification and ottava rima, but she's pretty into sestinas. She knows her stuff – not that she's got a book of poetry analysis taped to her face or anything. But, you know.

Ezra Stewart-Silver once celebrated Halloween by splitting a case of Milwaukee Light with a man named Lone Wolf. These days he spends his time being a sophomore at Coe College. Some say he is dainty. Some would be right.

Kit Timmerman is a senior theatre major at Coe College from Madison, Wisconsin.

Erin Trahan lives in Boston. Her poems appear in *Redivider*, *Word Riot*, and the *TMP Irregular*. She likes planting trees, especially evergreens.

Sara Voss likes computer science and math. She also likes privacy. She's worked very hard for the *Coe Review*. Very hard.

Helen Wickes is a poet in Oakland, California. For many years she earned her living as a psychotherapist. Her first book of poems, *In Search of Landscape*, will be published in February of 2007 by Sixteen Rivers Press.

Dave Woehrle is a sophomore at Coe College. He has webbed toes, an overabundance of plaid clothing, and a keen sense of justice. He is also know as Ell En Minnow Pea—the rapper. He is gassy and sometimes he stinks, but we still love him. And his so-called sense of justice.



Coe College Cedar Rapids, Iowa

\$5.00