

Calamaro

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The word *calamaro* is Italian for squid, a source of ink used for writing in ancient times.

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Joseph David Young (1945-2014), In Memoriam

With the printing of our second issue we remember our generous benefactor Joseph David Young who died suddenly before seeing even the first issue.

He was born Jozo Hunjic in 1945 in Yugoslavia, on the Dalmatian Coast of the Adriatic Sea. He grew up in poverty during Soviet rule. After his education at a Jesuit high school, he earned a Bachelor of Science Degree in Mathematics at the University of Zagreb. He then came to the United States on a Fulbright scholarship. As a mathematics graduate student focusing on topology, he took courses at the University of Maryland, the University of California in Santa Barbara, and the University of Georgia.

For about 25 years he lived in Atlanta and worked for the Kroger supermarket chain, as well as teaching part time at the Job Corps, Atlanta Metropolitan College, Brandon Hall and elsewhere, until his retirement in 2014. In the mid-1990s he became a U.S. citizen and changed his name to Joseph David Young.

Joseph loved poetry. He could recite poems while spontaneously translating them in his head from Croatian or Russian into English. He was an avid and generous supporter of the poetry readings at the Callanwolde Fine Arts Center in Atlanta, including donating money for a portable sound system and supplementing the pay for featured poets visiting from out of town.

This issue of *Calamero* includes his translation of the poem "Notturmo" ("Nocturne") by the Croatian poet Antun Gustav Matoš.

Antun Gustav Matoš

Notturmo / Nocturne

translated from the Croatian by Joseph David Young

Warm night in the village.
Dogs barking late.
Night birds and butterflies. Love of flowers,
scent strong and clear, celebrating a secret wedding.

From the dark tower the clock
is counting the hours (sleeping clock).
Mild light arrives from the sky.

Through the emptiness and silence
the breath is even more silent.
A train is vanishing far away.

C. P. Cavafy

Kalamaro / To the Inkpot

translated from the Modern Greek by A. E. Stallings

True inkpot, sacred to the poet,
A world emerges from your well,
Each form that nears you, comes to dwell
In a new grace, and you bestow it.

Where did your ink find wealth past measure?
Each drop that falls upon the sheet
Is one more diamond to complete
The glittering of fancy's treasure.

Who taught you all these words you've hurled?
Our children's children yet will read them,
And the same warmth will fire and lead them—
Words you have launched among the world.

Where did you find these words, words rife
With newness, that we hear as change,
And yet not altogether strange;
We knew them in another life.

The pen you dampen in your bowl
Is the hand that sweeps the soul's clock
And tells our feelings, tick by tock,
And the changing hours of the soul.

C. P. Cavafy

Inkpot, to the poet true,
A world emerges from your ink,
But suddenly it makes us think,
What world, what words, would stay in you

Lost, if one night a deep and quiet
Sleep took the poet. What stranger's pen
Could fetch for us those words again?
True to the poet, you would deny it.

Lee Passarella

The one-half world

How it was then: Lying there in the early-morning
midnight of the day after the Fall, wrestling over
how to bridge a rift that had spread so wide it finally

split the earth into its two unequal halves—His
and Hers. Or failing that (since there was only failing now,
in this new world of Not-Ours), how to graciously toe

the fault line here, on the night-plunged half
of the globe where the remembered whole,
turned incubus instead of memory, is less

than the sum of its broken parts:
It has become my entire study,
my half-life's work.

The Cyclist

Along wet streets her cycle hisses,
Daffodils blow lavish kisses,
Their sweet breath upon her face
That cleaves through every embrace
Of breeze more blitheful than rapacious
As she pedals, grim, tenacious,
Purposeful in Fitness Hills,
Without a pause for daffodils.

Christine Swint

Anthony's Temptation Speaks

Without temptation, no one can be saved.

—Anthony of Egypt, c. 300, C.E.

I'm the plate of bread, the sliver of cheese
the dram of Sicilian wine in your glass
the latticework shadows beneath the trees
cool breezes riffling the riverbank grass
near the home you left for this darkened cell.
I'm a sheepskin blanket on a cold night
a seat by the fire, the enchanting spell
of stories, banter, songs in the moonlight.
I'm a gold band snaking a slender arm
chains and bangles riding the curve of hips
a sweet body to spoon, to make you warm,
the taste of orange and clove on my lips.
I'm the last candle, the crook of the cave
the bliss of sleep that washes like a wave.

Michael Walls

Pokeweed

Tired, I slow my run to a stop beside the lake
by a head-tall stand of them. New berries
hard and white, clumped in upward-pointing clusters.
Leaves wear the pale green of early summer,
like the tender young shoots my grandmother gathered
each spring before they turned toxic and fried up
to a grease-dripping mess of poke *sallit* to *purify*
the system. Vein-like streaks, the color of diluted blood,
run up stems carrying pigment to darken berries
that, in the fall will droop in poisonous plumpness
like the ones I swallowed as a child too young
to remember, when my parents took me to the hospital
in Gainesville to have my stomach pumped.

In my first memory, I am lying on my father's bare chest,
wanting my mother, crying. He wanted to comfort me,
may have told me what I now know: my mother
was away because my aunt had died and then
in the hospital where my sister was born. Was that when
I first heard of birth and death? What I remember
is this: My father told me my sister's name was Becky.
I asked him if his nipples were pokeberries.

T. S. Kerrigan

Matriarch

For Elizabeth Thompson on her 80th Birthday

You speak of them, your frieze of fallen men,
Your father, brothers, lovers, husbands, son,
So vividly, they seem alive again.
By twelve o'clock, the house is overrun
With guests. Connecting every face and name.
You smile at each of them and take their hands,
Then blow out all the eighty candle flames.
Your daughters whisper manifold commands.
The birthday gifts are opened, put away.
As neighbor children scuffle on the floor,
You contemplate the closing of the day.
The house grown still, describe for us once more,
Your father, brothers, lovers, husbands, son,
The strength it took to bury every one.

Karen Paul Holmes

How to Make Lemonade

Take your sour experience,
water it down with detached observation,
squeeze out bitterness with acceptance.
Add the sweetness of knowing it's only life unfolding.
Balance your glass on the window sill between past
and future, fill with sparrow song, gardenias,
stones from an icy stream.
Drink in all the wisdom you can.

Richard Meyer

Little Enough

Little enough
the common stuff
that makes us up.

The periodic chart
accounts for every part,
including head and heart.

Where in this elemental whole
resides the postulated soul?

Don Thackrey

Dismal Beach

A force almost like gravity has drawn
Me to this lonely Dismal Beach where I
Stand vigil while the sun has come and gone.
I watch the sea but am not certain why—
Except to say that slow swells pulse ashore
Whispering syllables across the sand
That hint at truths I once had sensed before
But never quite could fully understand.
Excuse me now while I prepare to pray
To our ancestor, womb of life, the sea,
Which God created on that grand first day
To be progenitor for you and me.
And if this ancient mother answers prayers,
I'll share her word with anyone who cares.

Megan Sexton

Elegy for Chinese Couple

Forgive me, I looked at the gruesome photo
of you entwined on the sidewalk under a sheet,
your bare legs carelessly left uncovered, a bloom
of blood on the pavement next to you.

Instead, let us remember you both at the hotel
holding each other in mid-air behind the glass,
your embrace floating above
the chaos of the city below.

I try to imagine there was a mercy
in your shattered falling
like the night swifts mating in flight,
urged on by the velocity of love.

Charlotte Innes

Lifting the Veil

This morning's rain slaps upward
from the sill, clings to dust
on window panes, where I watch air
sharing itself with rain. The acacia
is silver with it, and the fir.

The fig yellows. Banana leaves
bend their tongues toward tiny oranges
embedded in the richest green,
as I reap tare and poppy thoughts
from unsustaining darkness.

Brendan Beary

Hold/Please

To err is human; to forgive, divine.
Dissatisfaction comes by fits and starts.
Your call's important; please stay on the line.

We struggle with the instinct to decline
What can't be shown by measurements or charts.
To err is human; to forgive, divine.

What seems to some a flaw is by design;
How much depends on one's persuasive arts?
Your call's important; please stay on the line.

The alchemy when needs and wants combine:
A coupling's heat, that rapidly departs.
To err is human; to forgive, divine.

We scan the wreckage, late to see the sign
How shieldings crack as easily as hearts.
Your call's important; please stay on the line.

We shrug things off, pretending that it's fine,
And making do – familiar, well-worn parts.
To err is human; to forgive, divine.
Your call's important; please stay on the line.

T. L. Hensel

The Walk

Bare moon, gray sky blushes blue,
six dozen blackbirds crabbing in an oak tree,
icy creek, a brown thrasher veers,
robin plumped to sing, lone goose calls.
Breath rises, guilt exorcised,
add another mile.

Jessica Wiseman Lawrence

For One

Fragile winter sunbeams
warm his cheek
through the window.
The wintered trees don't want to,
but they obey the bitter wind.
Thin shadows twitch against
the table,
and his plate.
He picks up his fork.
She is not home yet.

David Landrum

Kingfishers

“kingfishers catch fire . . .”

—Gerard Manley Hopkins

It was not splendid, not magnificent—
only a muddy pond that caught the glint
of sunset falling on its darkening face,
lending a moment's beauty to that space
of reeds and willows, shallow, thicketed.
Low on the waters, flying out amid
long pools of dark that marked the end of day,
a kingfisher swooped past. Its struggling prey
(a gold fish) writhed and caught the evening light.
It looked like fire the bird bore past my sight.

Jan D. Hodge

Stained Glass and Sermon

for Kent and Minietta

They were married
to each other
which was good

She would craft
give light design
and beauty meaning

He would speak
make breath sense
and sound healing

She wrought color
shaped those things
his words evoked

He wrought names
spoke those visions
her glass imaged

Breath inspired word
light inspired glass
both inspired love

Light and breath
glass and word
this is marriage

Word shapes breath
glass shapes light
love shapes all

Warning Signs

It is nearly noon, but the rooster continues
to play reveille, each repeat more
hysterical than the last.

My knee twinges, a siren sure as cattle
heading upcountry.
My spine is a column of nails.

The trees outside the lanai are rushing
to catch a bullet train to nowhere.
The rustle of leaves is the frantic whisper
of deportees in a crowded train station.

Beyond the clump of coconut trees
a brown sea is clawing the shore
like a house cat with cabin fever,
while wind sings an aria
in a language no one knows.

Peshawar, 2014

Child's blood-soaked sneaker,
raised on a palm for the camera,
what controversy you incite!
Experts write notes about you:
"No, this photograph isn't from *here*,
It's from that *other* massacre,
or from a drone strike last year."
During all the talk, your tongue
has clotted and dried, rusty,
and can't muster a defense.
Lost forever, the nameless girl
who slipped you on in the morning
before running to school, not knowing
how closely the wings of the Angel
were dipping, or how methodically
men dropped bullets in their rifles.

Andrew Levi Wood

Speckled Hawk

Driving the propane truck up
the hill on Casner Road
I see a broken wind ornament
flapping in the breeze

on a fence. As I drive closer I notice
it is not a wind ornament
but a live hawk with its claw
stuck in the wrapped wire
of chain link.

I know I have to free the bird,
though with bare hands
the raptor will shred
the thin flesh of my fingers
my knuckles, my palms.

Retrieving a pair of pliers
from my plastic toolbox,
I carefully clamp the steel
teeth around the stuck claw.
It looks at me with yellow eyes,
its crooked beak a carpenter's knife.
Once the claw is unhooked
it pushes down with speckled wings
and drifts away, not even looking back.

Walter Griffin

A Scribbler's Ruin at 74

Whatever the losses were,
they are totaling up now
in the tide receding into
itself outlined by my own
shadow erasing me from

my memory. The yellow
lights of all the hallways are
collapsing into a heap of
notes and papers on the floor,
paths, traces of where I have

been. I am pathological
now, half-bent toward ruin,
the rest of me toward sleep.
Nowhere is there solace,
not even in my words, my

brief flares in the dark. I
shall make a bed with them
to lie in, their creased and
folded scribbling, things
I have only dreamed.

Kevin Heaton

Amish

Summer sets burnt beet sugar on sweet gum
in the low country. Honey bees craze candy apples

like flypaper roulette at the Lancaster County
Fair. I break funnel cake with a Pennsylvania

Dutchman and redeem my soul to the psalm
beneath your bonnet. But you'll return to the vale

of levitating hymns where you prophesy;
where pastoral brethren tend Granny Smith crisps

on old telephone farms, and passive shepherds
divine their flocks in spot or wrinkle baptism—

separated from the carnal by a hat brim.

Jean L. Kreiling

Standing for the “Hallelujah” Chorus

(from Handel's Messiah)

The scholars don't agree on why we stand.
Some say King George stood first, but they don't know
if that meant that he found the music grand,
or if he rose to stir a gout-plagued toe.
Or maybe, as he heard the chorus sing,
he felt compelled to show his reverence
for higher power, hailing heaven's King,
Who humbled George's earthbound eminence.
Whatever moved him, protocol dictated
that George's subjects, in routine submission,
rise with him, so they quickly imitated
his posture—as do we. The old tradition
has stuck: the royal precedent okays
the urge to stretch our legs or stand in praise.

POEMS IN SEPIA

Sepia is a brownish pigment derived from the ink-like secretion of the cuttlefish. Sepia was a popular additive to photographs during the 19th and early 20th centuries, resulting in their characteristic brown appearance.

In every issue *Calamaro* will bring attention to a poet not sufficiently known or honored, hoping that its readers will delve deeper into the work of that poet.

Edward Thomas (1878-1917)

Writing poetry is a lonely activity. Finding a fellow poet who encourages one's work can be an important part of a poet's life. Think of Wordsworth and Coleridge, Keats and Leigh Hunt, Hopkins and Robert Bridges. Even Emily Dickinson sought the opinion and advice of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, which of course she wisely ignored.

Edward Thomas was fortunate in meeting Robert Frost and becoming probably Frost's closest friend. The only elegy Frost ever wrote was, as its epigraph says, "For E.T." The best account of their brief time together is in the book *Into My Own*, subtitled "The English Years of Robert Frost" by John Evangelist Walsh.

Thomas, who married his pregnant bride while still an undergraduate at Oxford, embarked on a writing career that was successful in every way but financial. Living a kind of exurban bohemian life in a series of rented cottages in the English countryside a train ride away from London, he was constantly making the rounds of editors and publishers seeking assignments for which he was paid a flat fee piece by piece. Under the pressure of deadlines and the burden of supporting

his wife and three children, he suffered bouts of depression, even once contemplating suicide.

By the time he met Frost he had published twenty-four books—six short biographies, nine books of travel and nature writing, eight collections of essays and articles, and a novel, not to mention hundreds of reviews. He was considered to be the best reviewer of poetry books in England at that time. In fact, three different periodicals gave him the task of reviewing Frost's book *North of Boston*.

Thomas was already simmering with a desire to write poetry. All Frost had to do was encourage him, including pointing out passages in a prose work that could be put into verse while retaining the cadence and images found there.

The threat of war in 1914 created a crisis for Thomas. He discovered that his love of England made it imperative that he consider joining the military even though at 36 and as the father of three he was in no way required to do so. Frost urged him to move to New England. Thomas's agonizing over which course to follow led Frost to write "The Road Less Traveled" as a kind of joke. Eventually Thomas enlisted as a private. He was promoted to a lieutenantcy and went to France as an artillery officer. Thomas was killed on Easter Monday in 1917 by the concussion of a nearby shell.

Though commemorated as a War Poet in a plaque in Westminster Abbey, he did not write of actual battle as did Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon, but more of the effect of the war on England and its people. He did for England what Frost did for America: writing poems in everyday speech patterns, being attentive to nature, and freeing poetry of highfalutin rhetoric. The modes of poetry in which he and Frost wrote have influenced the art over the past hundred years and are likely to keep doing so.

Edward Thomas

Thaw

Over the land freckled with snow half-thawed
The speculating rooks at their nests cawed
And saw from elm-tops, delicate as flower of grass,
What we below could not see, Winter pass.

If I Should Ever by Chance

If I should ever by chance grow rich
I'll buy Codham, Cockriden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater,
And let them all to my elder daughter.
The rent I shall ask of her will be only
Each year's first violets, white and lonely,
The first primroses and orchises—
She must find them before I do, that is.
But if she finds a blossom on furze
Without rent they shall all forever be hers,
Whenever I am sufficiently rich:
Codham, Cockriden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater—
I shall give them all to my elder daughter.

Edward Thomas

As the Team's Head Brass

As the team's head-brass flashed out on the turn
The lovers disappeared into the wood.
I sat among the boughs of the fallen elm
That strewed the angle of the fallow, and
Watched the plough narrowing a yellow square
Of charlock. Every time the horses turned
Instead of treading me down, the ploughman leaned
Upon the handles to say or ask a word,
About the weather, next about the war.
Scraping the share he faced toward the wood,
And screwed along the furrow till the brass flashed
Once more.

The blizzard felled the elm whose crest
I sat in, by a woodpecker's round hole,
The ploughman said, 'When will they take it away?'
'When the war's over.' So the talk began—
One minute and an interval of ten,
A minute more and the same interval.
'Have you been out?' 'No.' 'And don't want to, perhaps?'
'If I could only come back again, I should.
I could spare an arm. I shouldn't want to lose
A leg. If I should lose my head, why, so,
I should want nothing more....Have many gone
From here?' 'Yes.' 'Many lost?' 'Yes, a good few.
Only two teams work on the farm this year.
One of my mates is dead. The second day
In France they killed him. It was back in March,
The very night of the blizzard, too. Now if

Edward Thomas

He had stayed here we should have moved the tree.'
'And I should not have sat here. Everything
Would have been different. For it would have been
Another world.' 'Ay, and a better, though
If we could see all might seem good.' Then
The lovers came out of the wood again:
The horses started and for the last time
I watched the clods crumble and topple over
After the ploughshare and the stumbling team.

In Memoriam (Easter, 1915)

The flowers left thick at nightfall in the wood
This Eastertide call into mind the men,
Now far from home, who, with their sweethearts, should
Have gathered them and will do never again.

The Cherry Trees

The cherry trees bend over and are shedding,
On the old road where all that passed are dead,
Their petals, strewing the grass as for a wedding
This early May morn when there is none to wed.

Edward Thomas

The Owl

Downhill I came, hungry, and yet not starved;
Cold, yet had heat within me that was proof
Against the North wind; tired, yet so that rest
Had seemed the sweetest thing under a roof.

Then at the inn I had food, fire, and rest,
Knowing how hungry, cold, and tired was I.
All of the night was quite barred out except
An owl's cry, a most melancholy cry

Shaken out long and clear upon the hill,
No merry note, nor cause of merriment,
But one telling me plain what I escaped
And others could not, that night, as in I went.

And salted was my food, and my repose,
Salted and sobered, too, by the bird's voice
Speaking for all who lay under the stars,
Soldiers and poor, unable to rejoice.

Edward Thomas

Out in the Dark

Out in the dark over the snow
The fallow fawns invisible go
With the fallow doe;
And the winds blow
Fast as the stars are slow.

Stealthily the dark haunts round
And, when the lamp goes, without sound
At a swifter bound
Than the swiftest hound,
Arrives, and all else is drowned;

And star and I and wind and deer,
Are in the dark together,—near,
Yet far,—and fear
Drums on my ear
In that sage company drear.

How weak and little is the light,
All the universe of sight,
Love and delight,
Before the might,
If you love it not, of night.

Note: *Fallow* here does not mean *barren*. It is a color, reddish yellow.

CONTRIBUTORS

BRENDAN BEARY lives and works in Maryland. His poetry has appeared in *Light*, *14x14*, *The Spectator*, *The Washington Post*, and *Lighten Up Online*.

C. P. CAVAFY (1863-1933) is the most famous of the Modern Greek poets. He was born in Alexandria, but spent part of his childhood in Liverpool (his first poems were in English), and he lived for a time in Constantinople. His subjects range from homosexual love affairs to arcane Hellenistic history, but his treatments of them share a remove in time, a distance or irony.

WALTER GRIFFIN's poems have appeared in *Harper's*, *The Paris Review*, *The Atlantic*, *The Oxford American*, *The London Review*, *The New York Times* and elsewhere. He is the author of eight volumes of poetry. His collection *Port Authority* was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize in 1976. He lives in Atlanta.

KEVIN HEATON lives and writes in South Carolina. His work has appeared in a number of publications including: *Guernica*, *Raleigh Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Vinyl Poetry*, *The Adroit Journal*, and *The Monarch Review*.

T. L. HENSEL was born and raised in Northern Illinois but has lived in the South most of his life. He has worked in construction for 40 years. He has two compilations of poetry, *The Finish Line* and *American Signature*, and serves on the board of the Georgia Poetry Society.

JAN D. HODGE lives in Sioux City, Iowa. His poetry volume *Taking Shape*, a collection of his *carmina figurata*, has just been published by Able Muse Press. His poems have appeared in *American Arts Quarterly*, *Iambs & Trochees*, *Umbrella*, and *Lavender Review* among other print and online journals.

KAREN PAUL HOLMES has had her poems published in *Poetry East*, *Atlanta Review*, *Sow's Ear Poetry Review*, *The Southern Poetry Anthology, Vol V: Georgia*, and elsewhere. Her first book of poetry, *Untying the Knot*, was published by Aldrich Press.

CHARLOTTE INNES is a British-born poet and writer now living in Los Angeles. Her poetry has appeared in *The Best American Spiritual Writing 2006* (Houghton Mifflin) as well as many journals, including *The Hudson Review*, *The Sewanee Review*, *The Raintown Review*, *Spillway*, and *Rattle*.

JILL JENNINGS is the author of two full-length poetry books, *The Poetry Alarm Clock* and *Dead Man's Flower*. Her poems have appeared in numerous publications and also have been featured on *Radio Kinver* in the United Kingdom. She lives in Woodstock, Georgia.

T. S. KERRIGAN lives in Burbank, California. His books of poetry include *My Dark People*, which was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, and *A Homecoming in the Next Parish Over*, both published by Central Avenue Press.

JEAN L. KREILING of Bridgewater, Massachusetts is the author of the poetry collection *The Truth in Dissonance*. Her work has appeared widely in print and online journals. Kreiling is a past winner of the *String Poet Prize* and the *Able Muse Write Prize*.

DAVID LANDRUM teaches Literature at Grand Valley State University in Allendale, Michigan. His poetry has appeared widely in literary journals. His chapbook *The Impossibility of Epithalamia* is available from White Violet Press.

JESSICA WISEMAN LAWRENCE lives in central Virginia where she has worked as a creative writing teacher. Her poems have appeared in *The Activity Report*, *Hermeneutic Chaos Literary Journal*, *Knot Magazine*, and elsewhere.

ANTUN GUSTAV MATOŠ (1873-1914), born in Tovarnik, Croatia, was instrumental in bringing modernism to Croatian literature. He is better known for his short stories, literary criticism and travel writing than his poetry, which he did not begin composing until late in life.

RICHARD MEYER is a former English and humanities teacher. His poetry awards include the 2012 Robert Frost Farm Prize and the 2014 String Poet Prize. *Orbital Paths*, a book of his collected poems, will be published in the fall of 2015. He currently lives in the home his father built in Mankato, Minnesota.

LEE PASSARELLA of Lawrenceville, Georgia serves as senior literary editor of *Atlanta Review*. His poetry volumes include *Redemption*, *The Geometry of Loneliness*, and *Swallowed Up in Victory: A Civil War Narrative, Petersburg, 1864-1865*.

MEGAN SEXTON lives in Decatur, Georgia and teaches at Georgia State University. She is co-editor of *Five Points: A Journal of Literature & Art*. Her collection of poems *Swift Hour* received the Adrienne Bond Award for Poetry, and her chapbook *Insects & Mystics* was awarded the Redbone Press Prize.

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"The Cyclist" by Jean Syed first appeared in the poetry journal *The Lyric*.

"Pokeweed" by Michael Walls was first published in his chapbook *The Blues Singer* (The Frank Cat Press, 2003).