The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends upon

da red wheel barrow

glazed with rain water

beside the white chickens

William Carlos Williams
Poetry

Art by:
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Thanks to Delp, Therese and Ms. O
Thanks by Shea Davis

In the gray city street
I stand on the sidewalk
commuters hurrying
from one place to another
their stiff expressions stay the same
as they hammer the sidewalk deeper
into the earth
the sky so full of emotions
they shed like rain off umbrellas
the dull day pounds the life out of us
and we thank it, offering it more
waiting for the morning when
we will crawl out of bed
to turn off the alarm
and sit in the dark hours
missing the whole morning to savor nothing
as the world turns to red
I watch the gray fall from the sky
like ghosts
and I thank it.
There are logical leaps here—
I can’t begin to gather my weight.
All I had was the symmetry of you,
sharp geometric lines,
hands curled like proof on my shoulders,
and after that lecture at the college
where the professor said we could never
prove our theories, only scrawl more lines
of comparison and congruence with great expectations
but little progress, we shared a quiet cigarette
under the Davis E sign, the fish-white trains
speeding by like one-way rays, and you pressed
my keys into my hands. I can’t follow the line between us
the proof of accidental affairs
stringing us
together and along like the long screeching stop
of the train, the open grinning doors. And you, a quiet
line, no variations or frequency-small tremors, my own only proof
that nothing is the same on both sides.

said, but she didn’t make a move to relinquish the knife. She had pumpkin seeds
all over her lap now, staining the sequins dark.
“You could find someone else,” Eve said after more silence.
“You’re pretty.”
“That’s what everyone thinks, right? Just move on, you’ll be dying
in six months anyway.” The woman flung the knife onto the rug. The pump-
kin was a mess by now, caving in, strings of guts hanging through.
“I should go,” Eve said. “My mother wants me home by three.”
“You’re young and you’re pretty, but you don’t know anything,
girl. When you’re all out of questions you just leave.”

Outside, Eve was surprised to find the sky so bright, the trees still
red. Two kids were carving a pumpkin on their porch, with a hooked nose, miss-
ing teeth, eyes that curved like a sorcerer’s. Eve crossed the street and found her
mother in the living room with Carmen Booker, a woman who, at forty, still wore
spaghetti-strap tank tops and tight jeans. “Your daughter is beautiful,” Carmen
said. “I’d kill to have that look again.”
Eve rolled her eyes and was walking away when Carmen called
out, “You’ll understand when you’re forced to have Botox parties. You don’t
think so now, but everyone gets old.” They went back to their laughing and their
tea, chatting on about the clothes they used to wear, about their husbands growing
"Should we carve the pumpkin now?" Eve asked.

"You start," the woman said. "I'm going to put this dress on for my husband. The knives are in the top box in the kitchen." The woman buried her face in the dress and snuffled deeply. Eve went into the kitchen.

A packet of photographs lay on the counter, the only thing unpacked in the room. Eve slipped open the envelope and shuffled through the pictures. They were all of the woman, the kind of photos you would take of yourself, her nose large and out of proportion. She wore the red dress—lounging on the couch, cooking something at the stove, standing with an umbrella in the rain. On the back of every single photograph, written in looping green pen, were the words, For my husband.

Eve put the photographs back on the counter and ripped open the box labeled Silverware. She selected a large knife and walked back into the living room. The woman was standing in front of the window, naked except for her underwear, pulling the dress up from her ankles. Her skin hung on her thin body and Eve could see all of her bones: vertebrae, scapulas, knees.

"Carve the pumpkin," the woman said.

Eve spread out some balls of newspaper. The woman turned around. "I'm so ugly you can't even look at me?"

Eve didn't look up. "I'm just spreading out newspaper for the pumpkin guts."

"Well don't take them all for yourself." The woman zipped up the dress. It was too loose around the belly and too tight everywhere else.

"You look pretty," Eve said.

"Don't lie." The woman sat down and took the knife out of Eve's hands, then plunged it into the pumpkin around the stem. "Let's carve the ugliest pumpkin in the world," she said.

"You'll get pumpkin on your dress," Eve said.

"It doesn't matter anymore." The woman carved the top off of the pumpkin in jagged sweeps and plunged her hand into the guts. Eve sat on her ankles and watched.

"I'll help you unpack," Eve finally said. "If your husband doesn't make it home." The woman sliced into the pumpkin, slashing away at parts, scratching out patches with her fingernails.

"You won't get any credit for this if you don't help," the woman said, "I'm going to put this dress on for my husband."
I HATE WRITING POETRY.
I'm too self-conscious to rip the clothes off my sentences
and send them naked onto the page, baring their cellulitic metaphors
and flabby clauses, to stretch and gyrate for your enjoyment.
I think it's disgusting. You're asking me to wrap my fat words in a bikini
and dance the lumbada right here between the line? Well, forget it. I like prose.
I like baggy paragraph sweaters and the hefty of seventeen-page manuscripts.
I like writing you have to cut with a steak knife,
writing you pick up with your hands and bite into,
writing that leaves you with five dirty napkins
piled under your chair and punctuation stuck between you teeth.
I like writing that goes on the bottom of the food pyramid,
not cucumber sandwiches
or tiny cakes full of air.
Screw this, I can't cram everything —
my favorite shade of blue, the sound of pudding
spooned from a cup, the way it feels to bend over backwards
until your stomach falls into your throat —
into three lousy stanzas. Not a change.
It's like threading a needle with a banana.
It's hopeless. Look elsewhere for a poet.
I'm too fat for this genre.

"Mars."
The woman ripped the tape off of a cardboard box and balls of
newspaper overflowed onto the carpet. She pulled out a slinky red dress, all sequins and glitter.

"Was that yours?" Eve asked.
"My husband's."
"I bet it looked good on you."
"Still does. With my hair in a bun and some loose curls cascading around my cheeks—I look damn hot. I've had men offer me thousands of dollars."

Eve looked at the woman's flowered house dress, at the dead skin cracking on her heels. "You've taken age well," Eve said.
"Hell," the woman said, "I'm fucking beautiful."

In seventh grade, Eve won her first and last beauty pageant. She wore her hair back in curls and a slinky, low-cut black dress. She stood up on the stage in her three-inch heels and was the only girl in the "Little Miss" competition that didn't look like she'd been messing around in her mother's makeup.

Just before the awards ceremony, five older girls clustered around Eve and told her they were sure she would win. "Oh no," Eve said. "I doubt it. Everyone here is so pretty." Eve's father had yelled at her mother the night before, said she was just a bitter housewife trying to live out her dreams through her daughter. Her mother had asked Eve to back her up, but Eve just walked straight outside, slamming the back door behind her.

A woman came up to Eve and her mother afterward and said, "All I've ever wanted is for my daughter to win something like this, but God gave her my shitty metabolism."

"The worst thing," her mother said, gesturing toward the woman, "would be to wake up one day eighty years old and know that you had wasted your beauty. Promise me you won't waste what you have."
Eve was twelve years old, hungry, and uncomfortable in nylon stockings. "I promise," she said.
“I’m seventy-five.”
“Oh.”
“Eighty-four.”
“Got it.”
“You don’t,” the woman said. “Girl, I’ve lived in this world ninety-four years. You got any more questions?”

Eve used to be one of those kids who always needed answers. But how do you know if God exists, she’d shout at the reception after church. Who decided on the mortal sins? What do you do if God tries to send you to hell but he’s making a mistake and you were good? Her mother would whisk her away, cheeks hot, hands sweaty, full of apologies. In the car Eve would ask about the processes of making plastic, demand to know why there weren’t any palm trees in Pittsburgh. How old do you have to be to have sex? She’d asked a delivery guy once, standing on the porch between the man and her mother.

Eve’s father bought her a set of encyclopedias and told her not to ask about anything that could be answered in the books. Eve read the first two volumes, A and B, but she stopped because everything they said were about daily realities—what you could taste and touch and smell. She didn’t want to learn science. She wanted to learn divine purpose. Why does your body sag and grow wrinkles when you’re old?

What happens to your heart and your fingers when you die? That question she asked her mother once, standing next to her in front of the bathroom mirror and watching an application of hot pink lipstick.

“Don’t be morbid, Eve. You know what happens. Heaven or Hell.”

“I’ve got another question,” Eve said to the old woman. “Are you going to heaven or hell?”

“I’m going to the moon,” the woman said. “Here, let’s sit down.” The woman walked over to a pile of boxes and eased herself down onto the floor. Eve followed.

“The moon?”
“I’ve bought space on the next shuttle mission. I’m sending my ashes to the moon.”
“And your soul?” Eve asked.

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Midwinter Blizzard by Cory Ferrer

1.
The pines grow white with piles, snow heaped like moss and ash.

With each step my feet are buried, Midday, a soft glow settles into every snowflake and the words fall, heavy and damp over and over:

“In the days to come,
the brain grows two tusks,
like maple spiles of early spring:
now wedged into bone as if bark.
The split skull
seizes with the outflow,
the pour of pale mud.
Five gallon buckets swell
with iron gray froth,
sloshed thick with coral
and cave sugar,
it collects coarse and sweet
as the gravel fill
of folded eyelids.”

This part,
still untrue, but
perhaps, something, somewhere...
like a crab,
with black
eyes on pedestals.
Clam shell scissors
soaked in clay,
and legs,
always crawling
from the mud tunnel
to the notes of plucked piano strings.
As to announce
a day of doppelgangers
this time,
I too can see them, black
against the sky's white glare
their skin, quivering and dark
rivulet the figurine.
as a crab
shrinks
to its mere
marble of flesh
rolling from the rigid husk,
its legs hanging
from a copper wire,
the red drip drying.
The slow scratch of sand.
With each step,
the slick pull and crush of ice.
The air grows thick and white
as the wind fills my face and lungs.

The Fakhest Pumpkin in the World
by Sarah Resnick

Eve rocked back and forth on her porch swing for hours, watching the old woman direct movers across the street. It took them the better part of the morning to unpack one large yellow truck. When they left, the woman sat down on her new porch steps, her elbows resting on her knees, staring out at something far past the pile of red leaves across the street.
Eve heard a knock and looked up to find her mother at the window.
"Why don't you bring that woman a pumpkin?" she shouted. "Don't just sit there like a bump on a log staring."

So Eve found a pumpkin in the garden, still cold from the ground, and wrapped it up in the belly of her sweatshirt. She dashed across the street barefoot, a hippie skirt swirling at her ankles.
"I'm Eve," she said to the woman. "Everyone should have a pumpkin on Halloween." Up close, Eve saw that the woman's hair was falling out, and that skin had fallen in bunches at the base of her cheeks.
The woman struggled to her feet. "Would you like to see my new home?"

Inside, harsh light struck in through bare windows, and boxes were piled high on the filthy green carpet. "Is someone helping you unpack?" Eve asked.
"I'm not unpacking until my husband gets home. I don't know where to begin."

"It looks like a lot."
The woman nodded. "I keep things."
Eve bent down and put the pumpkin on the floor. "Where's your husband?"

"He's got an ice cream parlor downtown. Saturday mornings are especially busy, but he'll be home soon, I know."
They stood there in silence. "I'm fifteen," Eve said. "How old are you?"
"Twenty-five," the woman said. "Can't you tell?"
"Of course," Eve said, too quickly. "Exactly what I would have
It moved with the same disinterested gait up the driveway and down the road. Jameson watched it until it went around the corner and disappeared. He took a sip of his Coke and looked at the empty pen. He looked at the shed and smiled.

Inside the shed, Vince was shooting the birds down one by one. When all of them were dead and their tiny bodies were in piles on the ground, he opened the door to let in the dog.

What places are left?
My hand in my pockets,
my hand in my hands.

The pines creak
with the sway of the wind.

2.

My thoughts return to warmer places.

On my wall,
two Xerox photographs
from R.E. Meatyard:

The first:
A tall black doorway
cut into gray and splintered boards.
A small round bellied boy,
with a face that hangs down, white
and bloated, all over his neck.,
carving into his thin childish shoulders.
His eyes: hanging heavy
with contempt,
sunk deep
in black rings
of wrinkled skin.

In the second photo:
a damp wreath of torn wallpaper
like a scab over wood
hanging limp and curled.
Standing by it,
a loughaired little girl
with her face
in her hands.
Outside the window, the snow sinks in sheets from sky and branches.

The words fall heavy and damp, over and over.

"Midday, a soft glow settles into every snowflake.

The ground so stiff, so cold, the dead grow arrogant in their return, each ice swollen grin.

Vision burrows, grating inward, to open in a skull, a fresh painted telescope, a mind woven worm sleeve, like finger cuff, holding in the slippery pour and glide of shining oil. I see it black and draining down the gentle slopes of cement floors.

My neck crease back (as minds wrap delicately in the shading web of folded blankets,

and out through its back.

"I have to go to the bathroom," Jameson said. "Where is it?"
"It's just to the left of the kitchen."

Jameson opened the shed door open and slipped out. He walked up the driveway and into the house. He opened the refrigerator and took out a Coke. The wallpaper in the kitchen had two blue lines criss-crossing over each other and tiny ears of corn in between. It was ugly wallpaper, but Jameson liked it because it reminded him of a restaurant he had visited once in Oklahoma. He opened his Coke and put his feet up on the table; he pretended that the house was his. His head leaned against the wall, and he thought about falling asleep in his kitchen. Instead he got up and went back out the front door.

Outside, the sun was shining off of the roof of the shed and into his eyes. He held up his hand and looked at the prairie grass lawn. There was a dirt driveway leading up to the road away from the house, and little trails to the shed and the horse pen. He moved his feet in the dirt and listened to the sound they made. The horse was moving back and forth in its pen; it was brown with a black mane and tail. Jameson walked up to the pen and put his hand through the fence. The horse moved past his hand, and he stretched his fingers out to touch it. Its hair was coarse and rough, but it felt good against his hand. He put his feet on the lowest bar of the fence and pulled himself up to look over it.

Jameson wondered what a horse would do if he shot it with the pellet gun. It was big, he thought, and wouldn't get much more than annoyed. When the horse stopped running back and forth, he looked into its eye. There was a little brown around the edges, but mostly it was like a deep pool of black water. Jameson thought that if he shot a pellet into it the eye would only swallow it up like a pond swallowing up a rock. It was a massive animal, and there was no way anything as tiny as a silver pellet could do any harm to it. He wondered what Melissa would think about her horse being left to run back and forth in a pen. It wasn't hers anymore, though. It wasn't Vince's horse, or his father's either. Vince had said so himself.

Jameson looked at the shed before reaching over and pulling the pin out of the gate to the horse's pen. He thought for a bit about what Vince would do, but then he remembered that it wasn't his horse. He pushed the gate open and watched the horse run out. It didn't pause or look back, it only kept going as if moving out of the pen was just a part of moving back and forth inside of it.
looked like it was watching some invisible and uninteresting object just past Jameson. He closed the barrel of the pellet gun over the bird's eye and pulled the trigger. When he pulled the gun back, he realized that he was sweating. His armpits were damp and his entire body smelled like sweat. He leaned against the wall of the shed to keep from trembling.

"Is that your three shots?" Vince asked after a while. Jameson nodded.

"I know," Jameson said. "How are we going to clean up all of these dead birds anyway?"

Vince sat on the ground and picked up a box of BBs. He poured them into his hand; Jameson thought they looked like tiny silver eggs. "The dog usually hauls them off and buries them somewhere," he said. "She used to be dad's duck hunting dog."

"You have a dog?" Jameson had never seen any animals around Vince's house except for his horse. He looked out the window and wondered where they would keep a dog.

"Yea, she's around here somewhere. Maybe at the neighbors or chasing squirrels or something. She isn't good for much now that Dad doesn't go duck hunting, so we let her do pretty much anything she wants." He poured the BBs into the gun and pumped it several times. "Now let me show you how to kill these things right. You can't make a mess like that every time."

"How can you pick the right spot to hit them? They're so tiny it's hard enough to hit them at all."

Vince lifted the rifle to his shoulder. "That's why you pick the little ones," he said. "Because if you don't hit the big ones just perfect, they won't die. It takes a few shots to kill one of the big ones; it's really messy. With a little one you just need to hit it. See?" He shot one of the smallest birds through the breast. It slid off the rifle and onto the ground.

"How can you always hit them?" he asked. "I tried doing that thing you told me, and I only clipped it a little."

"Just practice I guess. This is what I've been doing all year." He shot another BB that went into a bird's stomach.

the erosive drip
of sodden fabrics.
slowly,
quietly,
I wander into
solid places.

Midwinter:
Icicles hung staggered like teeth knocked from a cloud's own gruesome mouth.

The very ground is buried under drifts of dust and frost.

Somewhere,
black waves tremble,
  hidden between cold mud and the dim glacial ceiling,
slowly, the lakes becoming sheets of ice.
The back of its head was missing and its beak was left open. The shot had been so clean and precise that Jameson wished he could imitate it exactly. He bent down and felt the bird's skull. The bone was soft and crumbled off in his hand.

"You want to try?" Vince asked. He poured in more pellets and waved the barrel towards Jameson.

"No thanks," Jameson said. "You have two more shots still." He didn't want to go until he was sure he understood what to do. He didn't like it when he scared the birds and he didn't want it to happen again. He grabbed a metal rod from the floor of the shed and rolled the dead bird over with it. Lying on its stomach, its wings went out to either side of it, and the hole in its skull looked like a giant red eye. Another bird fell in the corner of the shed; Jameson didn't pay any attention, he only rolled the dead one over again with the rod. He looked over at Vince and wished that he could learn to shoot like him. He wanted to be seen shooting as well as Vince. Another bird fell into the dirt. There were still plenty of them left in the rafters.

Vince pumped the gun and handed it to Jameson. He turned his shoulders towards the same mean-looking fat pigeon sitting in the middle of the rafters. He pulled his elbows up and positioned them just right. "Now move the barrel over him," Vince said. "Just pretend the barrel is long enough to reach his head."

The rat pigeon clicked its long beak and looked up at the ceiling.

Jameson pulled the trigger and a bit of the bird's wing flew off and away from it. It tumbled out of the rafters like a light gray cloud. When the bird hit the dirt it made a dull thick noise and was still for a while. When its good wing started to move it flapped over itself again and again in the dirt. Jameson crept forward, holding the gun as far out in front of him as he could.

He looked back at Vince and hoped that a bad hit wasn't worse than no hit at all. He gripped the air gun tight, pressed the barrel to the bird's breast and pulled the trigger. There was an almost inaudible sound, and the bird stopped moving. It only shivered back and forth a little and gazed out of glassy gray eyes.

"Kill it already," Vince said. "Jesus Christ."

Jameson watched the bird for a bit longer then looked at Vince. Vince looked disappointed and a little sick. "Sorry," Jameson said.

"Just kill it."

Jameson turned back to the bird and watched its empty eye. It

The smell of heavy Michigan air reminds me of nights in slow motion, loons stretching their necks to the moon crying out their sorrows to the sky.

A tea kettle screeching out its tune over the sound of the rain outside, hitting the trellis and shaking rose petals down to the wet dirt-smell of earthworms, and the quick motion of a child stooping to save a worm from the road—throw it into the grass

and then wipe her hands on her pants,

yellow wellies clomping in the muddy puddles — the first good deed of a long life.

I didn't grow up squeamish — worms and dirt I preferred to dolls, and climbing a tree was better than my little plastic house

and the dog as my pretend baby.

Red pines made the best climbing trees — whorls of branches evenly spaced for little fingers to reach, the pine-crushed needles smelling like Christmas — my willow the second best for her hair

I could swing on my own string Rapunzel.

In my imagination

acorns and teal robin’s eggs were currency for the trees to buy the sun's rays
All of the pigeons flew out from their places and shot around the shed. Jameson had to duck so they wouldn't hit him in the head. He sat in the corner next to a coil of barb wire and watched them fly and run into the windows. When they settled back down the ground was covered in feathers.

"Stupid things," Vince said. "Should have gotten out while the door was still open. You've got two more shots, get up and try again." He loaded the gun and handed it back to Jameson. He pointed to a bunch of small birds in the corner. "Take a shot at those ones over there. If you miss you'll just hit the wood, and they won't go crazy all over again."

Jameson looked down at the gun. "Isn't your dad going to get mad about us shooting up his shed?" he asked. He'd never met Vince's father, he was always working a French bistro that he owned called La Colombe. Still, he assumed that he wouldn't like them shooting guns off in his shed.

"He's not around," Vince said. "Besides, it's my gun. I can shoot it where I want. Now shoot.*

Jameson kept on looking at the gun. The barrel shined black and stretched out as long as his arm. He held it to his eye and tried to line the bird up with the barrel. The bird looked like it was tiny and standing on the end of the barrel. Jameson shot, and the pellet buried itself in the wood. The birds ruffled their feathers.

"I don't think this is such a good idea," Jameson said. "I don't think your dad's going to like us shooting in his shed."

"It's not his shed," Vince said. "It's his house isn't it?"

"His restaurant is his house," Vince said. "I'm the only one who lives here. And it's got to be my shed because I'm the only one who cleans out the pigeons." He stroked his chin and pretended he had a beard. "Now hand me that gun. I need to show you how to shoot before you waste any more of my pellets." He propped the butt of the pellet gun against his shoulder, pumped it, and aimed it at one of the birds standing on the rafters. "The sight doesn't work," he said. "It tilts way to the left. You've got to just line it up with the barrel. Try to pretend that the barrel is so long you can just stick it right up next to the thing's head. It's a little weird at first, but you get used to it." He squeezed the trigger and the pigeon dropped out of the rafters like a sack of meat and feathers.

Jameson walked over and looked at the dead bird.

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3. Stretching out beneath the leaves of my mother's garden-a riot of squash, tomatoes, and pepper I could imagine the lives of fairies and gnomes, snapdragons for hats and pea-flowers for skirts, fingers and toes smaller than carrot roots-their noses delicately sniffing the early morning air for signs of my mother's biscuits, for once she would leave out for them in the garden, and offering to something just beyond our reach.
It was summer, and Vince and Jameson were in Vince's shed with a pellet gun. The shed was hot and dusty and smelled like horse manure. Jameson looked out the window at Vince's horse. He had never ridden a horse and asked Vince if he could teach him.

"No," Vince said. "No one's ridden that horse since Melissa moved out. It was her horse." Melissa was his sister who had gone to college two years before.

"Whose horse is it now?" Jameson asked.

"No one's, I guess. Dad feeds it and cleans up its shit, but it's not really his." Vince opened the lid and put a dart shaped pellet into the barrel. He pumped it ten times and set it down. "Let's close this door so they can't get out," he said.

Jameson looked up into the rafters at the pigeons that were strutting around on them. There were about twenty, and every once in a while they would ruffle their feathers at once. Vince threw the shed door shut and put the pin in the lock. None of the birds worried about anything. "You want the first shot?" Vince asked. He handed the gun to Jameson, and Jameson stood with his hands in his pockets.

"I don't know how to shoot," he said. "Is it tough?" The only time Jameson had ever seen anyone shoot a gun was at camp when they'd shown him a black powder rifle. He remembered the sound that hurt his ears.

"It's not hard at all. You just point it at whatever you want to kill, and pull the trigger. Easy. It's not like shooting a bow and arrow or anything." Vince shoved the gun into Jameson's hands and pointed the barrel towards the rafters. "Now just pick one and shoot," he said. "We'll trade off every three shots."

"Is it loud?" Jameson asked. He tried to find a comfortable way to hold the gun.

"It's an air gun, moron. It doesn't make any noise at all. It sounds like this." Vince leaned over and blew in Jameson's ear. Jameson flinched. He looked into the rafters and tried to pick out one of the birds to kill. There was a big fat one that had a long beak and looked mean. He climbed up on a tackle box and aimed at it. The pellet clanged against the metal wall.

In history class, the boy remembers only the moment when the teacher's voice sounded like God's.

Like in the street, after dusk, the fleeting light of key in lock.

Like in the street, after dusk, the crying cat, howling at the moon.

Like in the street, after dusk, footsteps, heavy with the emptiness of bones.

V

In December, I light candles in the dark and pray. The smoke leaves visible imprints on my spine.

In history class, the boy remembers only the moment when the teacher's voice sounded like God's.

Since gaining religion, after she shoplifts she cannot eat bread or drink wine.

My guardian angel adopted me after her first charge jumped from a bridge and begged her to let him go.

He wants to be Icarus, wax wings and all. There is something noble about flying too high and being singed.
A little girl makes herself a crown of daffodil leaves, her hair is the flower, her eyes seeds.

Kissing her child once for good luck, she places him in a woven basket and sets him free on the river.

This morning, armed with spirit nets, we cast for the souls of fish and men and stillborn children.

The ghosts play chess in her room at night, white like the moon's underside.

Give me an old dry stone with the salt of the ocean and the breath of sylphs engrained like eternity.

I was born on the shortest day of the year, in a cold hollow of the night with blue stars.

Winter. Ice forms on her eyelashes and everything is prism-clear.

Guarding lifelines like rubies, the fortuneteller feels her own hands and the future lives with the friction.

Sunday night, late, we drank champagne and stared out the window until we were hollow.

She saved the last carrier pigeon in her basement until it had forgotten how to fly.
She heard his whistle and could not respond. Pulled her hat down over her face, continued the crowded avenues, block after block. Bumps an elder blind man into the road, her eyes cast sympathy pushed forward in the current of bodies, leaving behind a shaking fist, a scolding. "Louie! Yeah, that's right. Let's bump each other. Let's screw each other. Let's kill each other."

What we got now must not be cutting it. The hoodlum extremes to feel happy again. The white cane from his hand, rolls circling itself, settles in the gutter.

Passes the motors of the city, passes the Backdrop brickyard: the flashbulbs, a fully lit lot through perfect rows of planted trees. Passes the birds declaring territory on the power lines, The many-toned songs: call, response. Passes evangelists passing out pamphlets: CRY OUT! LET THE LORD SPEAK THROUGH YOU. The bibles perched one on one on one, two stacks, so he may stand above and preach.

Passes on to the city outskirts, sees the blind man from the gutter huddled under a light
She heard
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to the city outskirts, sees
the blind man from the gutter huddled under a light

rolling dice and repeating
one phrase up towards
the lights.
A hand hangs limp from a pile of blankets, rise-fall in heavy
breath.
Sloths through an aisle of snoring, homelessness.
The hinge on his fence snares with rust,
slams shut. Into his house, onto the coils of a recliner-
the seat back empty
then she leans back.
Out from these ordeals
came her last silence, her final interview.
A little girl makes herself a crown of daffodil leaves, her hair is the flower, her eyes seeds.

Kissing her child once for good luck, she places him in a woven basket and sets him free on the river.

This morning, armed with spirit nets, we cast for the souls of fish and men and stillborn children.

The ghosts play chess in her room at night, white like the moon’s underside.

Give me an old dry stone with the salt of the ocean and the breath of sylphs engrained like eternity.

I was born on the shortest day of the year,
in a cold hollow of the night with blue stars.

Winter. Ice forms on her eyelashes and everything is prism-clear.

Guarding lifelines like rubies, the fortuneteller feels her own hands till the future lives with the friction.

Sunday night, late, we drank champagne and stared out the window until we were hollow.

She saved the last carrier pigeon in her basement until it had forgotten how to fly.
It was summer, and Vince and Jameson were in Vince's shed with a pellet gun. The shed was hot and dusty and smelled like horse manure. Jameson looked out the window at Vince's horse. He had never ridden a horse and asked Vince if he could teach him.

"No," Vince said. "No one's ridden that horse since Melissa moved out. It was her horse." Melissa was his sister who had gone to college two years before.

"Whose horse is it now?" Jameson asked.

"No one's, I guess. Dad feeds it and cleans up its shit, but it's not really his." Vince opened the lid and put a dart shaped pellet into the barrel. He pumped it ten times and set it down. "Let's close this door so they can't get out," he said.

Jameson looked up into the rafters at the pigeons that were strutting around on them. There were about twenty, and every once in a while they would ruffle their feathers at once. Vince threw the shed door shut and put the pin in the lock. None of the birds worried about anything. "You want the first shot?" Vince asked. He handed the gun to Jameson, and Jameson stood with his hands in his pockets.

"I don't know how to shoot," he said. "Is it tough?" The only time Jameson had ever seen anyone shoot a gun was at camp when they'd shown him a black powder rifle. He remembered the sound that hurt his ears.

"It's not hard at all. You just point it at whatever you want to kill, and pull the trigger. Easy. It's not like shooting a bow and arrow or anything." Vince shoved the gun into Jameson's hands and pointed the barrel towards the rafters. "Now just pick one and shoot," he said. "We'll trade every three shots."

"Is it loud?" Jameson asked. He tried to find a comfortable way to hold the gun.

"It's an air gun, moron. It doesn't make any noise at all. It sounds like this." Vince shook the gun into Jameson's hands and pointed the barrel towards the rafters. "Now just pick one and shoot," he said. "We'll trade off every three shots."

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"It's an air gun, moron. It doesn't make any noise at all. It sounds like this." Vince leaned over and blew in Jameson's ear. Jameson flinched.

He looked into the rafters and tried to pick out one of the birds to kill. There was a big fat one that had a long beak and looked mean. He climbed up on a tackle box and aimed at it. The pellet clanged against the metal wall.

**hazals** by Amelia Klock

III
Her jacket, black as deep water, holds shells she bought for ten cents apiece in Idaho.

Memories slip, fish-like, through the nets of reason that should hold them.

Like in the street, after dusk, the fleeting light of key in lock.

Like in the street, after dusk, the crying cat, howling at the moon.

Like in the street, after dusk, footsteps, heavy with the emptiness of bones.

V
In December, I light candles in the dark and pray.
The smoke leaves visible imprints on my spine.

In history class, the boy remembers only the moment when the teacher's voice sounded like God's.

Since gaining religion, after she shoplifts she cannot eat bread or drink wine.

My guardian angel adopted me after her first charge jumped from a bridge and begged her to let him go.

He wants to be Icarus, wax wings and all. There is something noble about flying too high and being singed.

**Dirty Bodies** by Matt Minich

It was summer, and Vince and Jameson were in Vince’s shed with a pellet gun. The shed was hot and dusty and smelled like horse manure. Jameson looked out the window at Vince’s horse. He had never ridden a horse and asked Vince if he could teach him.

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He looked into the rafters and tried to pick out one of the birds to kill. There was a big fat one that had a long beak and looked mean. He climbed up on a tackle box and aimed at it. The pellet clanged against the metal wall.
All of the pigeons flew out from their places and shot around the shed. Jameson had to duck so they wouldn’t hit him in the head. He sat in the corner next to a coil of barb wire and watched them fly and run into the windows. When they settled back down the ground was covered in feathers.

“Stupid things,” Vince said. “Should have gotten out while the door was still open. You’ve got two more shots, get up and try again.” He loaded the gun and handed it back to Jameson. He pointed to a bunch of small birds in the corner. “Take a shot at those ones over there. If you miss you’ll just hit the wood, and they won’t go crazy all over again.”

Jameson looked down at the gun. “Isn’t your dad going to get mad about us shooting up his shed?” he asked. He’d never met Vince’s father, he was always working a French bistro that he owned called La Colombe. Still, he assumed that he wouldn’t like them shooting guns off in his shed.

“He’s not around,” Vince said. “Besides, it’s my gun. I can shoot it where I want. Now shoot.”

Jameson kept on looking at the gun. The barrel shined black and stretched out as long as his arm. He held it to his eye and tried to line the bird up with the barrel. The bird looked like it was tiny and standing on the end of the barrel. Jameson shot, and the pellet buried itself in the wood. The birds ruffled their feathers.

“I don’t think this is such a good idea,” Jameson said. “I don’t think your dad’s going to like us shooting in his shed.”

“It’s not his shed,” Vince said. “It’s his house isn’t it?”

“His restaurant is his house,” Vince said. “I’m the only one who lives here. And it’s got to be my shed because I’m the only one who cleans out the pigeons.” He stroked his chin and pretended he had a beard. “Now hand me that gun. I need to show you how to shoot before you waste any more of my pellets.” He propped the butt of the pellet gun against his shoulder, pumped it, and aimed it at one of the birds standing on the rafters. “The sight doesn’t work,” he said. “It tilts way to the left. You’ve got to just line it up with the barrel. Try to pretend that the barrel is so long you can just stick it right up next to the thing’s head. It’s a little weird at first, but you get used to it.” He squeezed the trigger and the pigeon dropped out of the rafters like a sack of meat and feathers.

Jameson walked over and looked at the dead bird.
The back of its head was missing and its beak was left open. The shot had been so clean and precise that Jameson wished he could imitate it exactly. He bent down and felt the bird's skull. The bone was soft and crumbled off in his hand.

"You want to try?" Vince asked. He poured in more pellets and waved the barrel towards Jameson.

"No thanks," Jameson said. "You have two more shots still." He didn't want to go until he was sure he understood what to do. He didn't like it when he scared the birds and he didn't want it to happen again. He grabbed a metal rod from the floor of the shed and rolled the dead bird over with it. Lying on its stomach, its wings went out to either side of it, and the hole in its skull looked like a giant red eye. Another bird fell in the corner of the shed; Jameson didn't pay any attention, he only rolled the dead one over again with the rod. He looked over at Vince and wished that he could learn to shoot like him. He wanted to be seen shooting as well as Vince. Another bird fell into the dirt. There were still plenty of them left in the rafters.

Vince pumped the gun and handed it to Jameson. He turned his shoulders towards the same mean-looking fat pigeon sitting in the middle of the rafters. He pulled his elbows up and positioned them just right. "Now move the barrel over him," Vince said. "Just pretend the barrel is long enough to reach his head."

The rat pigeon clicked its long beak and looked up at the ceiling. Jameson pulled the trigger and a bit of the bird's wing flew off and away from it. It tumbled out of the rafters like a lead-gray cloud.

When the bird hit the dirt it made a dull thick noise and was still for a while. When it was dead Jameson picked it up and held it in his hand. He watched it for a bit longer then looked at Vince. Vince looked disappointed and a little sick. "Sorry," Jameson said.

I. The smell of heavy Michigan air reminds me of nights in slow motion, loons stretching their necks to the moon crying out their sorrows to the sky. A tea kettle screeching out its tune over the sound of the rain outside, hitting the trellis and shaking rose petals down to the wet dirt-smell of earthworms and the quick motion of a child stooping to save a worm from the road — throw it into the grass and then wipe her hands on her pants, yellow wellies clomping in the muddy puddles — the first good deed of a long life.

2. I didn't grow up squeamish — worms and dirt I preferred to dolls, and climbing a tree was better then my little plastic house and the dog as my pretend baby. Red pines made the best climbing trees — whorls of branches evenly spaced for little fingers to reach, the pine-crushed needles smelling like Christmas — my willow the second best for her hair. I could swing on, my own gum Rapunzel. In my imagination acorns and teal robin's eggs were currency for the trees to buy the sun's rays.

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looked like it was watching some invisible and uninteresting object just past
Jameson. He closed the barrel of the pellet gun over the bird’s eye and pulled
the trigger. When he pulled the gun back, he realized that he was sweating. His
armpits were damp and his entire body smelled like sweat. He leaned against the
wall of the shed to keep from trembling.

“Is that your three shots?” Vince asked after a while. Jameson nodded.
Vince shook his head and chuckled a little. “You made a mess out of him,” he
said.

“I know,” Jameson said. “How are we going to clean up all of these dead
birds anyway?”

Vince sat on the ground and picked up a box of BBs. He poured them
into his hand; Jameson thought they looked like tiny silver eggs. “The dog usu-
ally hauls them off and buries them somewhere,” he said. “She used to be dad’s
duck hunting dog.”

“You have a dog?” Jameson had never seen any animals around Vince’s
house except for his horse. He looked out the window and wondered where they
would keep a dog.

“Yea, she’s around here somewhere. Maybe at the neighbors or chasing
squirrels or something. She isn’t good for much now that Dad doesn’t go duck
hunting, so we let her do pretty much anything she wants.” He poured the BBs
into the gun and pumped it several times. “Now let me show you how to kill
these things right. You can’t make a mess like that every time.”

“How can you pick the right spot to hit them? They’re so tiny it’s hard
even to hit them at all.”

Vince lifted the rifle to his shoulder. “That’s why you pick the little
ones,” he said. “Because if you don’t hit the big ones just perfect, they won’t die.
It takes a few shots to kill one of the big ones; it’s really messy. With a little one
you just need to hit it. See?” He shot one of the smallest birds through the
breast. It slid off the rafter and onto the ground.

Jameson watched the bird’s feathers follow it to the ground. He won-
dered what it would be like to die before you knew what was coming. He figured
that it would be something like a white flash before something else happened.
“How can you always hit them?” he asked. “I tried doing that thing you told me,
and I only clipped it a little.”

“Just practice I guess. This is what I’ve been doing all
year.” He shot another BB that

the erosive drip
doing soaked fabrics.

slowly, quietly,

I wander into
solid places.

Midwinter:

Icicles hung staggered like teeth knocked
from a cloud’s own gruesome mouth.

The very ground is buried
under drifts of dust and frost.

Somewhere,
black waves tremble,
hidden between cold mud
and the dim glacial ceiling,
slowly, the lakes becoming
sheets of ice.


Outside the window,
the snow sinks in sheets
from sky and branches.

The words
fall heavy and damp,
over and over.

"Midday, a soft glow settles
into every snowflake.

The ground
so stiff, so cold,
the dead grow
arrogant
in their return,
each ice swollen
grin.

Vision burrows, grating inward,
to open in a skull,
a fresh
painted telescope,
a mind woven worm sleeve,
like finger cuff,
holding in
the slippery pour
and glide
of shining oil.
I see it black and draining
down the gentle slopes
of cement floors.

My neck crease back
(as minds wrap delicately
in the shading web
of folded blankets,
and out through its back.

"I have to go to the bathroom," Jameson said. "Where is it?"
"It's just to the left of the kitchen."

Jameson opened the shed door open and slipped out. He walked up the
driveway and into the house. He opened the refrigerator and took out a Coke.
The wallpaper in the kitchen had two blue lines criss-crossing over each other
and tiny ears of corn in between. It was ugly wallpaper, but Jameson liked it be-
cause it reminded him of a restaurant he had visited once in Oklahoma. He
opened his Coke and put his feet up on the table; he pretended that the house
was his. His head leaned against the wall, and he thought about falling asleep in
his kitchen. Instead he got up and went back out the front door.

Outside, the sun was shining off of the roof of the shed and into his eyes.
He held up his hand and looked at the prairie grass lawn. There was a dirt drive-
way leading up to the road away from the house, and little trails to the shed and
the horse pen. He moved his feet in the dirt and listened to the sound they
made. The horse was moving back and forth in its pen; it was brown with a black
mane and tail. Jameson walked up to the pen and put his hand through the
fence. The horse moved past his hand, and he stretched his fingers out to touch
it. Its hair was coarse and rough, but it felt good against his hand. He put his feet
on the lowest bar of the fence and pulled himself up to look over it.

Jameson wondered what a horse would do if he shot it with the pellet
gun. It was big, he thought, and wouldn't get much more than annoyed. When
the horse stopped running back and forth, he looked into its eye. There was a
little brown around the edges, but mostly it was like a deep pool of black water.
Jameson thought that if he shot a pellet into it the eye would only swallow it up
like a pool swallowing a rock. It was a massive animal, and there was no way
anything as tiny as a silver pellet could do any harm to it. He wondered what
Melissa would think about her horse being left to run back and forth in a pen. It
wasn't hers anymore, though. It wasn't Vince's horse, or his father's either.
Vince had said so himself.

Jameson looked at the shed before reaching over and pulling the pin out
of the gate to the horse's pen. He thought for a bit about what Vince would do,
but then he remembered that it wasn't his horse. He pushed the gate open and
watched the horse run out. It didn't pause or look back, it only kept going as
if moving out of the pen was just a part of moving back and forth inside of it.
It moved with the same disinterested gait up the driveway and down the road. Jameson watched it until it went around the corner and disappeared. He took a sip of his Coke and looked at the empty pen. He looked at the shed and smiled.

Inside the shed, Vince was shooting the birds down one by one. When all of them were dead and their tiny bodies were in piles on the ground, he opened the door to let in the dog.

What places are left?
My hand in my pockets,
my hand in my hands.

The pines creak
with the sway of the wind.

My thoughts return to warmer places.

On my wall,
two Xerox photographs
from R.E. Meatyard:

The first:
A tall black doorway
cut into gray and splintered boards.
A small round bellied boy,
with a face that hangs down, white
and bloated, all over his neck,
carving into his thin childish shoulders.
His eyes: hanging heavy
with contempt,
  sunk deep
  in black rings
of wrinkled skin.

In the second photo:
a damp wreath of torn wallpaper
like a scab over wood
hanging limp and curled.
  Standing by it,
a loughaired little girl
  with her face
  in her hands.
like a crab, with black eyes on pedestals. Clam shell scissors soaked in clay, and legs, always crawling from the mud tunnel to the notes of plucked piano strings. As to announce a day of doppelgangers this time, I too can see them, black against the sky’s white glare their skin, quivering and dark rivulet the figurine.
as a crab
shrinks to its mere marble of flesh rolling from the rigid husk, its legs hanging from a copper wire, the red drip drying.
The slow scratch of sand.
With each step, the slick pull and crush of ice. The air grows thick and white as the wind fills my face and lungs.
guessed."

"I'm seventy-five."

"Oh."

"Eighty-four."

"Got it."

"You don't," the woman said. "Girl, I've lived in this world ninety-four years. You got any more questions?"

Eve used to be one of those kids who always needed answers. But how do you know if God exists, she'd shout at the reception after church. Who decided on the mortal sins? What do you do if God tries to send you to hell but he's making a mistake and you were good? Her mother would whisk her away, checks hot, hands sweaty, full of apologies. In the car Eve would ask about the processes of making plastic, demand to know why there weren't any palm trees in Pittsburgh. How old do you have to be to have sex? She'd asked a delivery guy once, standing on the porch between the man and her mother.

Eve's father had bought her a set of encyclopedias and told her not to ask about anything that could be answered in the books. Eve read the first two volumes, A and B, but she stopped because everything they said were about daily realities—what you could taste and touch and smell. She didn't want to learn science. She wanted to learn divine purpose. Why does your body sag and grow wrinkles when you're old?

What happens to your heart and your fingers when you die? That question she asked her mother once, standing next to her in front of the bathroom mirror and watching an application of hot pink lipstick.

"Don't be morbid, Eve. You know what happens. Heaven or Hell."

"I've got another question," Eve said to the old woman. "Are you going to heaven or hell?"

"I'm going to the moon," the woman said. "Here, let's sit down." The woman walked over to a pile of boxes and eased herself down onto the floor. Eve followed.

"The moon?"

"I've bought space on the next shuttle mission. I'm sending my ashes to the moon."

"And your soul?" Eve asked.
I HATE WRITING POETRY.
I'm too self-conscious to rip the clothes off my sentences
and send them naked onto the page, baring their cellullitic metaphors
and flabby clauses, to stretch and gyrate for your enjoyment.
I think it's disgusting. You're asking me to wrap my fat words in a bikini
and dance the lumbada right here between the line? Well, forget it. I like prose.
I like baggy paragraph sweaters and the heft of seventeen-page manuscripts.
I like writing you have to cut with a steak knife,
writing you pick up with your hands and bite into,
writing that leaves you with five dirty napkins
piled under your chair and punctuation stuck between your teeth.
I like writing that goes on the bottom of the food pyramid,
not cucumber sandwiches
or tiny cakes full of air.
Screw this, I can't cram everything —
my favorite shade of blue, the sound of pudding
spooned from a cup, the way it feels to bend over backwards
until your stomach falls into your throat —
into three lousy stanzas.
Not a change.
It's like threading a needle with a banana.
It's hopeless. Look elsewhere for a poet.
I'm too fat for this genre.

“Mars.”
The woman ripped the tape off of a cardboard box and balls of
newspaper overflowed onto the carpet. She pulled out a slinky red dress, all sequins and glitter.

“Was that yours?” Eve asked.
“My husband’s.”
“I bet it looked good on you.”

“Still does. With my hair in a bun and some loose curls cascading around my cheeks—I look damn hot. I've had men offer me thousands of dollars.”

Eve looked at the woman's flowered house dress, at the dead skin cracking on her heels. “You've taken age well,” Eve said.

“Hell,” the woman said, “I'm fucking beautiful.”

In seventh grade, Eve won her first and last beauty pageant. She wore her hair back in curls and a slinky, low-cut black dress. She stood up on the stage in her three-inch heels and was the only girl in the “Little Miss” competition that didn’t look like she’d been messing around in her mother’s makeup.

Just before the awards ceremony, five older girls clustered around Eve and told her they were sure she would win. “Oh no,” Eve said. “I doubt it. Everyone here is so pretty.” Eve’s father had yelled at her the night before, said she was just a bitter housewife trying to live out her dreams through her daughter. Her mother had asked Eve to back her up, but Eve just walked straight outside, slamming the back door behind her.

A woman came up to Eve and her mother afterward and said, “All I've ever wanted is for my daughter to win something like this, but God gave her my shitty metabolism.”

In the car Eve asked her mother why God gave some people shitty a metabolism. “There’s only room for so many beautiful people in the world,” her mother said. An old woman darted out into the street and her mother slammed on the brakes, barely missing her.

“The worst thing,” her mother said, gesturing toward the woman, “would be to wake up one day eighty years old and know that you had wasted your beauty. Promise me you won't waste what you have.”

Eve was twelve years old, hungry, and uncomfortable in nylon stockings. “I promise,” she said.
"Should we carve the pumpkin now?" Eve asked.

"You start," the woman said. "I'm going to put this dress on for my husband. The knives are in the top box in the kitchen." The woman buried her face in the dress and scrunched deeply. Eve went into the kitchen.

A packet of photographs lay on the counter, the only thing unpacked in the room. Eve slipped open the envelope and shuffled through the pictures. They were all of the woman, the kind of photos you would take of yourself, her nose large and out of proportion. She wore the red dress—lounging on the couch, cooking something at the stove, standing with an umbrella in the rain. On the back of every single photograph, written in looping green pen, were the words, For my husband.

Eve put the photographs back on the counter and ripped open the box labeled Silverware. She selected a large knife and walked back into the living room. The woman was standing in front of the window, naked except for her underwear, pulling the dress up from her ankles. Her skin hung on her thin body and Eve could see all of her bones: vertebrae, scapulas, knees.

"Carve the pumpkin," the woman said.

Eve spread out some balls of newspaper. The woman turned around. "I'm so ugly you can't even look at me?"

Eve didn't look up. "I'm just spreading out newspaper for the pumpkin guts."

"Well don't take them all for yourself." The woman zipped up the dress. It was too loose around the belly and too tight everywhere else. "You look pretty," Eve said.

"Don't lie." The woman sat down and took the knife out of Eve's hands, then plunged it into the pumpkin around the stem. "Let's carve the ugliest pumpkin in the world," she said.

"You'll get pumpkin on your dress," Eve said.

"It doesn't matter anymore." The woman carved the top off of the pumpkin in jagged sweeps and plunged her hand into the guts. Eve sat on her ankles and watched.

"I'll help you unpack," Eve finally said. "If your husband doesn't make it home."

Eve spread out some balls of newspaper. The woman turned around. "I'm so ugly you can't even look at me!"

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The woman sliced into the pumpkin, slashing away at parts, scratching out patches with her fingernails.

"You won't get any credit for this if you don't help," the woman
There are logical leaps here—
I can’t begin to gather my weight.
All I had was the symmetry of you,
sharp geometric lines,
hands curled like proof on my shoulders,

and after that lecture at the college
where the professor said we could never
prove our theories, only scrawl more lines
of comparison and congruence with great expectations

but little progress, we shared a quiet cigarette
under the Davis El sign, the fish-white trains
speeding by like one-way rays, and you pressed
my keys into my hands. I can’t follow the line between us
the proof of accidental affairs

stringing us
together and along like the long screeching stop
of the train, the open grinning doors. And you, a quiet
line, no variations or frequency-small tremors, my own only proof
that nothing is the same on both sides.

said, but she didn’t make a move to relinquish the knife. She had pumpkin seeds
all over her lap now, staining the sequins dark.

“You could find someone else,” Eve said after more silence.

“You’re pretty.”

“That’s what everyone thinks, right? Just move on, you’ll be dying in six months anyway.” The woman flung the knife onto the rug. The pumpkin was a mess by now, caving in, strings of guts hanging through.

“I should go,” Eve said. “My mother wants me home by three.”

“You’re young and you’re pretty, but you don’t know anything, girl. When you’re all out of questions you just leave.”

Outside, Eve was surprised to find the sky so bright, the trees still red. Two kids were carving a pumpkin on their porch, with a hooked nose, missing teeth, eyes that curved like a sorcerer’s. Eve crossed the street and found her mother in the living room with Carmen Booker, a woman who, at forty, still wore spaghetti-strap tank tops and tight jeans. “Your daughter is beautiful,” Carmen said. “I’d kill to have that look again.”

Eve rolled her eyes and was walking away when Carmen called out, “You’ll understand when you’re forced to have Botox parties. You don’t think so now, but everyone gets old.” They went back to their laughing and their tea, chatting on about the clothes they used to wear, about their husbands growing
In the gray city street
I stand on the sidewalk
commuters hurrying
from one place to another
their stiff expressions stay the same
as they hammer the sidewalk deeper
into the earth
the sky so full of emotions
they shed like rain off umbrellas
the dull day pounds the life out of us
and we thank it, offering it more
waiting for the morning when
we will crawl out of bed
to turn off the alarm
and sit in the dark hours
missing the whole morning to savor nothing
as the world turns to red
I watch the gray fall from the sky
like ghosts
and I thank it.
Poetry

Art by:

Rebecca Eagle
Andrew Vance

Thanks to Delp,
Therese and Ms. O
The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
beside the white
chickens

William Carlos Williams
Red Wheelbarrow

Late Winter 2004

EDITORS—JESSE LITTLEJOHN & MEGAN BAXTER