

PoetryMidwest

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FEATURING:

ANG • COKINOS • BLACK • BLEDSOE • BOURGEOIS •
DACEY • DICKEY • DIGENNARO • EDWARDS •
KOEHN • PFINGSTON • POBO • RUBIN • SGAMBATI •
SOULES • WITHAM • WIGGERMAN • ZHENG



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No issues were published between 1997 and 2001.

thud. thud. thump. wtf?

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Fran Witham

(Three Tanka)

Dead leaves still cling
to oak trees in March.
The memory
of your sad eyes
won't let go.

smoke
from the campfire
that rose as high
as those old pines
clings to your shirt

where a building
and sidewalk meet,
a maple sapling
sprouts with all
its might

autumn morning

thick with mist,
sunlight rolls like smoke
through pine boughs;
dew on fallen needles
warms to steam

surprised
by a hidden walkingstick
surprised by me:
watering the yellow
chrysanthemums

autumn

petals fall
in fading gardens
evening sunlight
breathes a chill
then flees

frost that has gathered
on the green needles
of towering pines
thaws like falling jewels
in morning sun

October

Above dark pines the sky
is peachblossom pink.
Maples blaze
in the last light of day.

Kenneth Pobo

Bergman's *Trilogy*

1.

A short summer. The sea
puts blue place cards
at her table. The guest of honor,
silence.

2.

The church is near where
a man killed himself. Snow
starts to cover his body.
Words run off.

3.

Tanks and touch. Few stay
in the baroque hotel. A kid
walks halls alone, his steps
loud. No one hears.

Louis E. Bourgeois

A Voice from the City

And why, Nephew, does this engine make you sad?

The night before the Communists invaded the city my uncle sat at the stone table and was transfixed by a dozen ripe bananas lying there. “Aren’t they wonderful, Nephew? Isn’t it wonderful that we should have such fruit in our house? We are luckier than all the kings who ruled over Cambodia—they could have all the bananas they wanted but as sated as they were, they could never eat them.” My uncle was not an optimist; he had simply grown unclear in the head. He didn’t sleep, he sat up all night at the stone table staring at the bananas—two days later they dragged him to the outskirts of town and shot him in the face for wearing eyeglasses.

Philip Dacey

Vocabulary

for Bruce Boerner

In front of the electrician,
I casually use the word “ambience,”
and he comes back later to ask me
about it, its spelling, meaning,
exactly how to say it.

He better than anyone
knows the charge of the right word
in the right place, the shock
of the new crackling
through the air.

The next time I see him he stops
to say he likes the ambience
in my office, and we both smile,
knowing it isn't that ambience he likes
but the ambience of his current word.

I take comfort in knowing
there's a poet making the connections
where I work. He must love to say
“wattage” and “volt,” as palpably beautiful
in his mouth as the tools slung

at his waist. Now I choose carefully
what I say in front of him, words like
“louche,” “chiasmus,” “sprezzatura,”
whatever will create sparks,
start a fire.

Adriana DiGennaro

Superstition

It's true
I wish on eyelashes

loosened from their
feathery row
during an absentminded
pick at my mascara.

Long,
black,
curved over the fingertip
like a question mark,
a dark arc

I exhale a hope
for him,
mumble "so mote it be."

I cast spells.

No mugwort, sage smudge,
just a face and its burn
to be kissed

and the silent incantations
that line each weary eyelid.

Scott Wiggerman

Seven Reasons to Go to Bed with You

to hear your tongue's waves
push into my shore

to ride the steady echo
of your heart's insistent calls

to sail your cloud of skin
as it seeps into my pores

to mingle with your current
as you smooth over my edges

to feed a small volcano
with the rumble of your tremors

to curl like a cave
swallowed in your arms

to drift into dreams
on the words of your hands

Christopher Cokinos

Your Skin No Longer Covert to Me, I Remember

—after Rexroth

Out of doors, I remember. In rooms, I remember—
how you looked that night
in a dark dress slipping off, catching
light, your skin no longer covert to me.

*

Stars before dawn,
saying your name,
my voice cannot reach so far.

*

Once we met alone,
your face white as
aster petals beneath
the white arm of the galaxy.

Geona Edwards

Mrs. Stone

I am your wife, Robert Stone, I sit
before you in the hub of our town,
this pub of stale behavior and mirror
images flopping around as neighbors,
stealing glances and withholding laughter—
we've nothing else to trade with.
Twenty-three hard years I've stood
as your staring wall, borne your head's
sick graffiti and suffered you kicking
bricks away at the crumbling corners,
and here I address you as I swoon to fall.
Ears will hear and tongues will talk,
but I'm prepared now to walk free
being openly hated, no more cemented
down and despised from afar secretly
by vile women and smallish men.
Carlsberg is your only word
and I'm so thirsty I could drink
whole streams of speech, regardless
of their rapids, currents and high falls.
Twenty-three years ago I was a woman
waiting for life's train as women do,
not on the platform, mate, but on the tracks,
and what a million-ton heaving steamer
you turned out to be, Robert Stone,
what a punch your cowcatcher carried,
plowing me down the rails at full throttle
until wind had shaped my face into something
old and worn, a dried fish or a fished boot.
Nor did my meddling mother escape
your afternoon boxing demonstrations,
those rare bursts of pre-pub energy
falling heavy on even your offspring,
Robert Stone, and no fishwife am I
but I'm drowning, flooded by the weight
of your fisheye, locked in kitchen chores,
nailed down by my broom to the dining-room
floor, kept rotting behind curtains under
layers of rags because you suspect
even Father Jed of feverishly sniffing
my imaginary woman smells, witch
aromas meant to grow you horns.

Twenty-three years of lying cold
in a dark winter bed because you refused
to cover me with even one layer
of knowing me, all I wanted was to get
in there, lodged in that head of yours,
my face real to you, seen by you, known.
I tell you I am not my cunt—much sooner
I'm a fragment of my laughter, which I hope,
Robert Stone, haunts you when I'm gone.

Roger Pfingston

The Man Who Writes Books

The man who writes books
designed not to sell
could very well imagine his wife
the mistress of some Mafioso,

or concur with a backwoods farmer
that a six-foot thighbone
is only one of many to be found
at the site of fallen angels,

even tell of such a bone
as some men tell of riches laced
with sex: a lucky find enhanced
by the vagueness of place.

Sheila Black

The Human Family

I think of the rage of God before the flood
today when my husband grabs my son by the ear
and this gesture no longer seems personal
but something like the thunder heads which gather,
freighted, black, outside our bedroom window.
It is as if the record skipped and we will later say
I cannot believe what I almost did. And this is our job,
to stop one another. To be the voice that calls back
the voice of God when he proclaims the lands
desolated, the waters rising, the end of the flesh.
And there is no escaping it, the way life keeps exceeding
the will. After all, it is a world we are weaving,
each one our small part. Which is why I sweep
when my husband lets go and his shoulders fall
like collapsed hills and the rage that made him large
is now the pain that will make him small and
the boy dubs him King of the Bad People.
And we sit down at the table to eat the beans
which have cooked almost to burning in the pot,
what was broken, if not mended, forgotten.
And we sit like that and the light of storms passes
high over our heads, nicotine yellow, and behind it,
the same stars that witnessed the birth of the world,
and the waters, which rose and rose until they
covered everything.

Who Died and Who Was Changed

I keep thinking about what Nietzsche could have meant by his eternal return, the necessity of affirming even the blackest moment, maybe the intuition we have that all time is now, which is not how we consciously think of it, except that the pain of now never quite unmakes our past, the way my friend, watching her husband die of a swift and painful death, grow bitter and strange to her, holds clear in her mind the months and years when they were glad together, traveling through Kashmir where they drank tea out of molded clay cups which the passengers then flung down to break on the tracks or years later sitting on a hill in Roswell, New Mexico watching their daughter pump her legs in a municipal park. She would give up, she says, none of it, and her voice is weak and amazed, as if even now she cannot believe how it has turned out. The amazement we feel in the middle of life at our own brevity, and deeper at the power of our own disbelief that we will die, that time will flow on. She can remember so much. The kathunk of that train and how chagrined they were at the wastefulness of the disposable clay mugs, yet how they enjoyed drinking the scalding tea out of them, the tendrilling mountain mists, the green-leaved plantations and jeweled palaces, rose-colored, saffron, rising in the hills above them. Where else would I have been, she says, recalling perhaps what Nietzsche meant. What else can I be?

Paul Dickey

They Say This is How Death Came Into the World

I saw Grace and her twin sister Mercy at the coffee and juice shop this morning. Mercy says that with their cousin Shirley Goodness they are to follow me all the days of my life (Psalms 23:6), but I hadn't seen either one of them since high school & Sunday youth group when we had to hear the preacher spew forth his expertise on sin and hell fire.

I heard years later Preach had lust with one of them who was then church organist, thirty years his younger. The wife cried at the divorce just when the television audience was about to bolt. He married one of them. It was Grace, I think, but maybe it was Mercy. Now he has peace in his soul. Everyone has their own salvation.

I gulp my own coffee into my own body. I have no job, no prospects. I shall dwell in the house of my father forever. I follow them to the waiting stretch limo. Shirley G is not about to show with the cash for the Lord and I to make a down payment. Should I plead my cause to their driver St. Augustine? But with only my puny original sin caught in my throat, for goodness sakes would it do any good?

David Koehn

The Attempted Assassination of Jules Verne

Coit Tower looms large over Broadway's genteel
Red light district. Sean Penn has parked in front of City
Lights to buy a book for his son waiting in the front
Seat of the Land Rover. Garlic infuses The Stinking
Rose, leaks down the street where a seven-year-old
Chinese girl skips across the crosswalk inhaling
The 40-clove-of-garlic-chicken. Down the street in
Chinatown my wife asks a woman in Cantonese
If they kill and clean the pigeon and the guineas
For you. When she was a child her mother would
Bring home scorpion fish from the Hong Kong
Street market and thump the bag on the floor
Until the fish was dead. Is this how we will kill
The live fowl? She tells me her elementary school
Was built on a street next to the main television
Station, her friends lining up to beg for autographs
Which she thought stupid, as it is the audience
That makes the image. "Who buys the tickets?" she asks,
As if this fully explains her position.
Then adds, "Why didn't they ask me for my
Autograph?" I pull a biography of Jules
Verne off the shelf, dive into a passage about
His favorite nephew's attempt to kill him.
The mad child wanted to make Jules famous,
And assassination was his plan. Borges and Verne
Were almost contemporaries and yet I can barely
Imagine them in the same room at the same time.
Borges thumping the floor with his Scorpion fish
In a bag. And Verne, bullet lodged in his calf,
Limping towards a war for peace. Last summer
In the place where Starbucks meets Wang Wei on acid
In the Heavenly Garden, I explained to C.D. Wright
That I work on poems for years on end. Time, a filter.
How else do I know if I really care
About the piece unless it manages
To persist? She thought that rather extreme
And suggested a dose of Frank O'Hara.
At dinner, the guinea fowl stinks of garlic paste.

CL Bledsoe

Joshua

The first day it was nothing a base with trunks twining out like branches
curling confused like days when time's had too much to drink
Leaves the color of old girlfriends' names forgotten so long the mind sees them
as nothing but a dull shade of regret and mauve, the kind of thing
witnesses to violent crimes never remember but which writers of bad fiction
always purport great significance to in the minds of the victims.

The second it was snakes swaying in the breeze of enthusiasm riding the drab
lawn like a comb over the earth's bald spot.
After the tour of the kitchen (All this will be new we're redoing everything don't
even look at what's here now because it will all be different.) the living room
replete with fireplace (Gas so all you have to do is flip a switch none of that messy
lighting the fire business) we finally noticed the tree outside the back
bedroom window (We're landscaping all this all new grass.) (I like the tree.)
I commented for no real reason at all other than that I did.

We'd seen other places one house by a very nice park we often drove to and
walked around once or twice to burn off a couple inches of guilt.
Pricy was the problem quiet neighborhood. (Are we quiet people?) She asked.
One place out in the country had well water cows. (Were those gunshots?)
I asked. Then the owner showed up. (You'll have to get used to me taking pot shots
at skunks first thing in the mornings.) (What exactly do you mean by morning?) (Oh,
4:30, 5.) He said with a muddled look in his eyes like I'd said something suggestive
about either his daughter or his truck but neither had trees.

Somewhere in there it became a joshua tree though I'd never seen one
only read the liner notes of the U2 album of the same name, and vaguely
remembered something about Canaan from the bible. It seemed like what a
joshua tree should be; wild vaguely reminiscent of an archetypal scene in a
film I'd dreamed about for years. I drove over after work snuck around back
thinking about the life we'd have here joshua tree in the back raised bed flower
garden in the front smores over the fire porch sitting Canaan the sort of
place you bore your children talking about when they go off to college.

The fourth we brought a friend to see left him standing after awhile near
the front while we laid our plans out on the air like blueprints. Came back to
see him talking to a neighbor about a case of domestic violence

across the street; a car stolen a few days before. I could tell he was mocking
us about our choice. (It's cheap.) She said (You get what you pay for)

He said. Back in the car on the way home I mentioned (Did you see
that tree in the back?) (Yeah nice little red bud.) He said I didn't speak again
for some time. (The one by the park was nice.) She said

Jianqing Zheng

Yin Yang

1.
through blinds
sunlight kissing
the girl's face

moonlit ripples
feelings of first kiss
by the lake

2.
morning sunshine
your smile behind plum flowers
by the white wall

Chang E appears
among cassia—a new moon
from behind clouds

3.
lotus pond
rippling in light breeze—
squiggle of sunlight

on shimmering lake
a new moon floating
beside a sampan

4.
a sunny-side up
on the kitchen table—
sunlight through blinds

mid-autumn moon—
a moon cake
for family reunion

Notes: Chang E is the moon goddess in Chinese mythology.

Impressions of the Geese

1.
cold evening
Canada geese cawing
across the sky

2.
wailing geese
flying southward
song of passage

3.
geese strut around
the edge of a fish pond
arrogantly

4.
across sunset
on the horizon
a line of wild geese

5.
wild geese wedge
across the blue sky
a sojourner watches

6.
after stopover
snow geese rise from
a prairie lake

7.
quiet morning
snow geese paddle through mist
rising from the marsh

Bird-Hearing

1.
evening walk
a wingflap overhead—
a new moon

2.
autumn wind—
a night owl woo-woeing
in the tree

3.
one courting
the other in grass—
two albatrosses

4.
an oriole's song
leaps here and there
in weeping willows

5.
winter night
geese caw through rain
bone-chilling

6.
sundering waves
a flock of seagulls
beating wings

Aline Soules

Far and Near

A woman gazes out a plane window at fields quilting the landscape thirty-five thousand feet below. The roads make squares and rectangles around the fields. Lakes are thumbprints pressed into the land. Rivers squiggle and canals angle in thin blue lines. Tree patches are dark and fuzzy. Little towns clump together; house roofs glint in the sun.

This is how she likes to see the world. If she were driving on the highway, it would take minutes to drive along one side of an acre of field and she wouldn't know if it was square or rectangular or maybe even triangular, cut off by the irregular ripple of a creek.

* * *

At the same time, another woman stares into the underbrush as she hikes a woodland trail, because she hears a quick rustle in the dead leaves. The noise is too small and quick for a deer, but it might be a vole or a ground squirrel. Her eyes are not fast enough to tell, but as she peers into the shadow of a rock, she sees a rare trillium, its petals streaked with green as if the leaves had bled into the bloom. As she walks, she sees more of them, along with Jack-in-the-pulpit, trout lilies, and Dutchman's breeches, all held fast to the ground by their undulating stems.

She passes yarrow, chicory, and Queen Anne's lace. She picks one to take home. It's umbel is so perfect, the white lace fans out in a curve that fits in her cupped hand, and the tiny black floret draws the gaze of her eye to the center of its lacy snow, like a single jet against a sky full of clouds.

Arlene Ang

By the popcorn stand

there's a crowd rarely seen in film.
Last year you swore the zoo was only

for caged animals. The benches
were sprayed with wild graffiti,

like the typed report in your hands.
Black spots on a screen shed dim light.

It's hard to read the writing
when your back is against the wall.

Wet paint smears easily. No one needs
to cry on tissue to understand that.

Sunlight has healing properties,
like cold sandwiches shared with

storks, ball play with children,
conversing with vaginal blood.

The aroma of butter is a fishnet
cast in deep waters. In the end,

doctors had to admit choriocarcinoma
is a long word that comes and goes.

You share cotton candy with a war
veteran, exchange frontline tales of hope.

Swept north by bad weather

the news still wakes you with dreams.
In the house, there is a phantom

phone ringing, mirrors have milky
reflections. For years you have gutted

salmon over the sink. Did you think
that chopping off their heads

would make space in the pan?
Notice the cuckoo clock by the door:

your son died in Heidelberg;
all this time you are pretending

the bird is real. Where you come from,
coffins are still considered wood,

the way you measured his height
by notches on the wall.

In churches someone always lights
a candle for the living.

You have seen the wax trickle
like hot tears. Outside the orange tree

struggles against the storm.
Unripe fruits thud on grass like fists.

With the rain, you unpack and repack
his clothes in a battered luggage.

Stan Sanvel Rubin

Application Guidelines

Brevity is a requirement.
We understand
that all the preparation
you endured
was aimed at more,
that your accomplishments
can't be summed up by name.
Nevertheless, you must control
the urge to embellish
what must have been simple,
after all, a matter
of wants and calculations,
a neat thermometer
of pleasure and pain
and persistence in
what yielded nothing.
So keep it brief.
Remember, it's not
the stories you tell
that define you, it's
what you want.

Albert Sgambati

My Kind of Town

A home run cleared the fence the day Chicago burned. They blamed it on a cow, which would have been a grave offense in India and is recalled by the Yankee announcer screaming “Holy Cow!” every time the ball sails over the fielder’s head at the warning track. The city bursts into flames giving it credibility. The ball is crushed to half its size as it hits the bat. There is an instant in which it seems to stop completely but doesn’t. At moments like these it is possible to question the existence of Chicago at all. Maybe if they chopped it up and served it on a bun. Gave everyone a piece of something totally unnecessary in the middle of nowhere with its blazing lake and made them pay. A city of steam and A.M. radio, its closets filled with seersucker suits and pork pie hats. A place of such little hope you had always hoped a place like this could never exist the first time you see it. Then you make peace. Come to love it. Call everyone Jake and Babe and celebrate their funerals with kegs of beer and think what it all means. Put the kids to bed. Get real.

Contributors

Arlene Ang lives in Venice, Italy where she edits the Italian edition of *Niederngasse* <<http://www.niederngasse.com>>. Her poetry has been published in *Literary Potpourri*, *Smiths Knoll* (UK), *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Tattoo Highway* and *2River View*. An e-chapbook of her poetry, *Dirt Therapy*, is being hosted by *Slow Trains* <<http://www.slowtrains.com>>.

Christopher Cokinos is the author of a poetry collection, *Killing Seasons* (Woodley, 1993), and a nonfiction book, *Hope Is the Thing with Feathers: A Personal Chronicle of Vanished Birds* (Tarcher/Putnam, 2000; Warner Books, 2001). He is the winner of a Whiting Writer's Award and the Glasgow Prize for an Emerging Writer of Creative Nonfiction. At Utah State University, edits of *Isotope: A Journal of Literary Nature and Science Writing*.

Sheila Black received her MFA in 1998 from the University of Montana. Her poems have appeared in many print and on-line journals including *Willow Springs*, *Poet Lore*, *Blackbird*, *Ellipsis*, *Redneck Review*, *The Pedestal Magazine* and *Stirring*. She lives in Las Cruces, New Mexico.

CL Bledsoe grew up on a catfish farm in eastern Arkansas. He has work in *Margie*, *Nimrod*, *Story South*, *2River View*, *Natural Bridge*, *Appalachee Review*, *Hobart Pulp*, *Eyeshot*, *Euphony*, and *Snow Monkey*, among other places. He currently attends the MFA program at Hollins University in Roanoke, VA.

Louis E. Bourgeois was the first graduate of the University of Mississippi's new MFA program in Creative wWriting in 2002. He is currently an instructor of English at the University of Mississippi in Oxford and is the poetry editor of the university's literary journal, *Yalobusha Review*. His work has appeared most recently in *The Southern Review*, *Parnassus*, *The Oxford American*, *Poem*, and *Tundra*. His first book of poetry, *Olga*, is forthcoming in 2005 by Word Press.

Philip Dacey's eighth and most recent book is *The Mystery of Max Schmitt: Poems on the Life and Work of Thomas Eakins* (Turning Point Books, 2004).

Paul Dickey lives in Omaha, NE. His poems are in the current issues of or forthcoming in *Sentence: A Journal of Prose Poetics*; *The Cider Press Review*, and *Cue: A Journal of Prose Poetry*. He previously has published in *Rattle*, *Concho River Review*, *Kansas Quarterly*; *Nimrod*; *Quartet*; *Poet Lore*; and *Karamu*. Poems and micro fiction also are online at many e-zines. For more biographical information and credits, see <<http://mockingbird.creighton.edu/NCW/dickey.htm>>.

Adriana DiGennaro studies literature and creative writing at Bennington College in Vermont. Her first book of poetry, *Peripheral Vision*, was published in June 2001 by Writers Ink Press. Her poetry has been featured in *Red River Review*, *BigCityLit.Com*, *Eclectica*, *City Writers Review*, *Triplopia*, *Clean Sheets*, *Sidereality*, *Southern Ocean Review*, *Waterways*, *Long Island Quarterly*, and *The Improper Hamptonian*. She was on *Red River Review's* list of nominees for a Pushcart Prize in 2001. Her second book, *Acts of Contrition*, will be published this fall by Writers Ink Press.

Geona Edwards writes short fiction and poetry in southern Spain. He placed second in the 2003 Fish Short Story Prize and first in the 2004 specificworld.com story contest. His work appears online in *Electric Acorn*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Shore*, and is upcoming in *Rogue Worlds* and *Prairiedog 13*.

David Koehn holds an MFA from the University of Florida and a M.Ed from the University of Alaska, and was a Breadloaf Rural Teacher Fellow. His poetry has been published in a wide range of journals including *Artful Dodge*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, and *Alaska Quarterly*. Currently he is the CEO of a small software company, TailWind <<http://tailwindinc.com/>>.

Roger Pfingston's recent poems were collected in two chapbooks in 2003: *Singing to the Garden*, from Parallel Press, and *Earthbound*, from Pudding House Publications. He has a poem in the current issues of *The Pedestal Magazine*, with other work scheduled to appear in *Blue Earth* and *Baltimore Review*.

Kenneth Pobo's most recent poetry collection, *Introductions*, came out from Pearl's Book'Em Press in 2003. His work has appeared in *Forpoetry.com*, *Three Candles*, *Plum Ruby Review*, *The Poetry Kit*, and elsewhere. He gardens and collects psychedelia and bubblegum records of the 60s.

Stan Sanvel Rubin has work recent or forthcoming in *32*, *The Iowa Review*, *The Laurel Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *Great River Review* and *Harpur Palate*. His most recent collection, *Five Colors*, was published in August by CustomWords. He is founding director of the Rainier Writing Workshop low-residency MFA program at Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma WA. He lives on the Olympic Peninsula.

Albert Sgambati is a New York City native. His most current literary work appears online at *Ligature* <<http://www.ligaturemag.com>> and *Facets* <<http://www.facets-magazine.com>>, along with a selection of art and literary reviews. In print he has most recently contributed to *Atlanta Review*, and *The Bryant Literary Review*. At present he resides in Mexico City, where he freelances for a number of US and Latin American publications.

Aline Soules' work has appeared in journals, e-zines, and anthologies such as *The MacGuffin*, *100 Words*, *Literature of the Expanding Frontier*, and *The Size of the World/The Shape of the Heart*. Prose poems from her manuscript have appeared or will appear in *Tattoo Highway*, *Edifice Wrecked*, and *The Kenyon Review*. She completed her MFA in Creative Writing at Antioch University Los Angeles.

Fran Witham lives in Wrentham, Massachusetts. She has worked as both an editor and clinical social worker, and is currently a domestic engineer and mother. She is a member of Fine Line Poets, a local group of women poets who meet regularly to read and critique each other's work. She has attended several poetry workshops at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, MA. Her poems have appeared in *The Journal of New Jersey Poets*, *The Pegasus Review*, *Sacred Bearings*, *Presence*, *Frogpond*, *Paper Wasp*, *White Heron* and *Pine Island Journal of New England Poetry*.

Scott Wiggerman is the author of *Vegetables and Other Relationships* (2002) and the co-editor of Dos Gatos Press, publisher of *The Texas Poetry Calendar*. Winner of the D.H. Lawrence Scholarship in Poetry in 2003 at the Taos Writers' Conference, he has most recently been published in *modern words*, *Pebble Lake Review*, *Homestead Review*, and *Windhover*.

Jianqing Zheng received the Literary Arts Fellowship from the Mississippi Arts Commission and the Mississippi Humanities Teacher Award in 2004. His haiku sequences have appeared in magazines including *Hurricane Review*, *The Kerf*, and *Red River Review*. He chairs the Department of English and Foreign Languages at Mississippi Valley State University.

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