

Poetry Midwest

a damn fine literary journal

21

END OF WINTER 2008

Poetry Midwest

<<http://www.poetrymidwest.org>>

**NUMBER 21
END OF WINTER 2008**

**EDITOR
MATTHEW W. SCHMEER**

**POETRY MIDWEST
OVERLAND PARK, KANSAS
2008**

MASTHEAD

EDITOR

MATTHEW W. SCHMEER

[<editors@poetrymidwest.org>](mailto:editors@poetrymidwest.org)

HONORARY EDITOR EMERITUS:

JOHN A. FREEMYER

End of Winter 2008, Number 21 (Volume 7, Number 3)
ISSN 1536-870X

Copyright ©1995–2008, Poetry Midwest. All rights reserved.

Poetry Midwest is published electronically three times a year (roughly Spring/Summer, Fall, Winter) by Poetry Midwest. Office at Poetry Midwest, 5915 West 100th Terrace, Overland Park, KS 66207, USA. This publication may be freely distributed in its entirety, provided it is not modified and no party receives compensation for the transfer. Excerpts from this publication, including images and/or code, may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the copyright owner(s).

We continually read manuscripts sent via e-mail to [<submit@poetrymidwest.org>](mailto:submit@poetrymidwest.org). E-mail attachments will be deleted upon receipt. Full guidelines available at our web site.

2001–Present back issues available at:

[<http://www.poetrymidwest.org>](http://www.poetrymidwest.org)

1995–1997 back issues available at:

[<http://staff.jccc.edu/schmeer/pi/>](http://staff.jccc.edu/schmeer/pi/)

[<http://www.etext.org/Poetry/PoetryInk/>](http://www.etext.org/Poetry/PoetryInk/)

[<ftp://ftp.etext.org/Poetry/PoetryInk/>](ftp://ftp.etext.org/Poetry/PoetryInk/)

No issues were published between 1997 and 2001.

The lock snapped and the detective had his toe in the crack as soon as the door opened. With his shoulder he pushed his weight against the unsuspecting Cardona and buried the end of his colt into the middle of the fleshy little thug.

—Ken Fitch, “Murder Rap,”
from *Top-Notch Comics* #1, December 1939

CONTENTS

Shana Ritter

New Year..... 8

Roger Pfingston

February..... 9

Tom O'Connor

Eye Well..... 10

Elizabeth Kerlikowske

Bad Hamburger..... 11

Amie Whitemore

First..... 12

Laura Miller

Wash King..... 13

Lisa Feinstein

The Truth About Sloth..... 14

Nicole Cartwright Denison

Comportment..... 16

Robert E. Wood

Film for the Women's Channel..... 18

M. E. Silverman

Why There Is No Fifth Season..... 19

Naomi Glassman

Butterfly.....21

Mike Mennard

St. Etienne, Bourges..... 22

Philip Dacey

The Hike.....23

Jack Stewart

First Day in Venice..... 25

Jefferson Holdridge

Ferragosto..... 26

Hugh Fox

The Main Thing.....27

Andy Wass

Scout Love Song..... 28

Oliver Rice

Three Cars Wait in Line for the Old Wharton Ferry..... 29

Tom O'Connor

Glaze.....30

Ron Klassnik

Remembering.....31

Michael Clyne

How Pictures Not Being Taken Shutter.....32

Shana Ritter

Holding Nothing.....33

Grace Andreacchi

For Basho.....34

Philip Dacey

Library.....35

Contributors.....36

NEW YEAR

The air is polished glass.
Each day furthers winter's deep.
This is no beginning we are moving towards.

I take stock of the woodpile, then count the candles left to burn.

FEBRUARY

1

That bitch the Ice Queen
is at it again: trees undone
by a slow lap dance.

2

Winter ugly, coyote,
that bed-headed bone bag,
slinks onto the road

as I brake, gently.
Pausing, he stares up,
grinning me to a full stop.

3

Two a.m., wind chill
nine below, night-
mare a quick frieze
on the brainpan:
moles sparking,
increasing themselves
for the spring offensive.

EYE WELL

Odin gave Suttung's mead to the Æsir and those people who are skilled at composing poetry. Thus we call poetry Odin's booty . . .
—Edda (Snorri Sturluson)

Odin plucks out his eye and drops it in the well
to hear Mimir's severed head speak. Secrets
to overturn death . . . I gulp from the spring's

outpour—spilling over the rock pool,
pipe-works of tree roots, outcrops of moss.
People gather here, told its waters

will mend failing eyesight. They drink from the skulls
of ancestors. Odin, too, drinks. After mead
mixed with any wise man's blood, he writes

tributes to even the smallest memory . . . Like
me following this spring to the creek, all the way
down the mountain. Ferns rustle beside darting trout:

chicory and aster buds wrenching from their
stems. Here, two young girls shore a rock dam
with pebbles, their plastic speedboats moored

on nylon lines. Ahead, diesel trucks are climbing
behind the Trans Am, where an eagle overhead
rides the thermals: drivers stare out.

BAD HAMBURGER

A man discovered a hamburger lodged in his navel.
It was hard to button his pants.
Dogs followed him to stores and waited while he shopped.
Still he was lonely.
And he was hungry, the kind of hunger that clings like a fart.
Even his cuffs were running away from his ankles.
One day he went swimming, and the hamburger escaped.
Imagine it, a bobber of happiness.
A woman in a fringed bathing cap caught the hamburger in her
throat.
Heimlich had not been born yet, so she died.
The man's remorse produced an epiphany (which he pronounced
epi-fanny).
He busied himself with public service.
He exercised by swimming in the dead woman's memory.
The hamburger of his every notion was nibbled on one edge.

FIRST

If I hadn't lost my mouth I'd tell you how you kiss. You give it to me first and I keep it. Like learning how to whistle. The dog unwraps candies at our feet. We look at each other and wait for the other to laugh. You hum your favorite song; I hear it when I'm sleeping. We take off our shoes and our feet match. The pond out back has made me naked. Sometimes when you put your hands on my skin they are cold. They feel like rodent feet. The sounds I make distract me from this. You have a car and I have no keys. We are on the bed as innocent as daylight when my mom comes home. She takes the lid off my heart and looks inside. It's a jar with a moth in it but I tell you it's a sloshing bucket. I tell you in the rain the same words you tell me. What I don't say is gravel pressed under the wheels of a truck. You ask me to drive but you are not my dad. You teach me safety is not a belt. You stick to me like a tattoo that comes off with soap. I form roses out of tissue paper, chapped hands, and green pipe cleaners. Always: the sound of a zipper. The wooden box you hand me keeps filling up with words. The words hover between our faces like flies. I stick to you like paper. You are covered in wings.

I stick to you like paper. The words hover between our faces like flies. The wooden box you hand me keeps filling up with words. Always: the sound of a zipper. I form roses out of tissue paper, chapped hands, and green pipe cleaners. You stick to me like a tattoo that comes off with soap. You teach me safety is not a belt. You ask me to drive but you are not my dad. What I don't say is gravel pressed under the wheels of a truck. I tell you in the rain the same words you tell me. It's a jar with a moth in it but I tell you it's a sloshing bucket. She takes the lid off my heart and looks inside. We are on the bed as innocent as daylight when my mom comes home. You have a car and I have no keys. The sounds I make distract me from this. They are like rodent feet. Sometimes when you put your hands on my skin they are cold. The pond out back has made me naked. We take off our shoes and our feet match. You hum your favorite song; I hear it when I'm sleeping. We look at each other and wait for the other to laugh. The dog unwraps candies at our feet. Like learning how to whistle. You give it to me first and I keep it. If I hadn't lost my mouth I'd tell you how you kiss.

WASH KING

We drive down US-12 to get there—past the Tasty Nut Shoppe and the home of my third grade art teacher. Behind are the fallow potato fields filled with automobiles put to pasture because tires were needed to make the rubber lumberjack for Awe-Tumn Fest. Suzy sits with her sister, and together they lick Cheez-Whiz fingers while palming tangerine formica. I turn from the smell of dime-machine Milk Duds when her child opens his mouth. My gum went bad two hours ago and still I chew. I watch my socks spelunk through the hot air cave and think they ought to give up and just admit Snuggle is a filthy liar. Suzy approaches, her smile like a piano, and says: “These aren’t my underwear.” Mine either—elastic band trailing from lycra crotch. No doubt their owner pulled them over cauliflower knees and smiled. Soon Father comes to collect us in his silver Cavalier. The afternoon is long and full of rain. Mud turns to yellow bile beneath our tires as we turn east and ride under the whistle of a train home.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SLOTH

or Scenes from a Toile Wallpaper as I Bathe

1.

Flutist, your art is no labor, bare-kneed
in knickers, leaning towards a breathless girl,
flowers in the crook of her arm.

My shoulders are squared against the porcelain curve
of a claw-foot tub, rocking my hips,
bare bottomed skin slightly shifting the water.

2.

To the girl on the swing, I know you will never bend
to pick up your hat, carelessly shed
near a rustic fence, sorely in need of mending.

The sheets should be changed, the towels
are piled on the floor, and I can hear the sparrows
settling into dusk through a barely open window.

3.

The children play at your feet, feeding a goat
from the flowers on your outspread lap.
The rake sits forever useless, just beyond your reach.

I could watch the mildew grow—seeping through the scenes.
I close my eyes, running
pruned fingers over my belly.

4.

Someone has gathered flowers in a basket, cast a statue
of a pensive cherub, watered the roosters that stare at the ground,
 but you,
you do little more than let the pheasant peck seed from your hand.

I turn the water knobs with my toes, first the hot,
then the cold. Hot then cold. The telephone rings, just out of reach,
heavy wet hair on my shoulders.

5.

Children stand frozen in dance, dogs about to,
but not yet barking, watch as a not-quite beautiful girl models
a pastoral smile. Someone has tied her hair with a bow.

I sink beneath the surface. I have lost words
in this water, my bent knees emerge as white islands. The paper
is peeling from the walls.

COMPORIMENT

(parts of the woman in vi)

i.

When behaving during drought
it's hard not to
throw arms outward
flicking cigarettes from windows—
harder not to sew them into pockets
frayed with longing and dust.
Fire burns away from cotton:
remember to check labels.

ii.

Finesse sits leaden in the chest.

iii.

Smiling and smiling
all the while a villain
pretend ardor cauterizes
need for conversation;
delicate tones
swell with every shucked husk,
every fallow cavity caressed.
Fire bays at catfish whiskers:
a hand on a thigh.

iv.

Courtesy demands a postured spine.

v.

Nimble hatchlings fleet on the tongue
flurry with candor, promiscuity--
this sly vernacular
productive of late.
Smokescreen reveals as it conceals.

vi.

Protocol thwarts fringe elements.

FILM FOR THE WOMEN'S CHANNEL

Of course the widow's husband had no past and she discovers she has been married for years to identical twins only one of whom spoke English, the other feigning laryngitis when it was his turn with the little woman. Wishing she were taller, the widow wonders whom she buried, the departed having signed off with a seemingly whimsical, "Hasta la vista." So it wasn't "Rosebud." What of it? The search that can't be avoided still involves a journey south of the border, a box of baseball cards, a fishing rod, and a small plane in questionable mechanical condition. In the end, she must live without love or become an amnesiac, recalling only some rudimentary table manners, the word "Caramba," and the comforting belief that Indians never attack at night.

iii.

Caught in a final photograph:
three plastic butterflies
whirlygiging in the alley between
a fence and a shed.

The overhead phone line blurs gray
with shrikes or maybe mockingbirds.
I don't remember this.

I'm the boy sitting cross-legged
on an unmowed lawn.

In my lap,
a small blanket, folded neat,

under a bag of travel toys
and a Shel Silverstein book. Everything

is centered

around two tickets for a one-way
viewliner roomette to St. Cloud,

already
within the taut grip

of Mother's left hand.

BUTTERFLY

in the soulshops of Neuengamme under
sloppy typhus pillows they built and rebuilt

babies with swastika brows undid their
hearts. the Goering god has undone their

spirits. affixed them newly to the clouds
pinned children wings through new to the

heavens there is a point we still feel grounded
until the first of the snowfalls until everything

is too cold too cold for life. dr haase with the
bitterest breath painted arsenic angels and

pinned them into the sky.

ST. ETIENNE, BOURGES

Medieval girl, illiterate
in words but not in symbols,
sees in the ceiling heaven's arcs,
saints a tad lower in the windows,
Christ tortured post to post at eye level
and eaten at the planet's crux;
and at her feet and lower
death. She lights a candle and moves
like God across the universe.

THE HIKE

Altea, Spain

The lighthouse seemed much nearer than it was,
and there were switchbacks unseen from the town.
An apple each was all I brought because
I figured we'd return home well before noon.

Emmett, five, and I had left his mother
and little brother back at the hotel.
This would be our own father-son adventure,
a hike to reach that clear, resplendent goal.

But long before we got there the apples were gone,
and noon as well, the clear goal out of sight
behind yet another kink in the road, the fun
draining away as would, soon enough, the light.

I'd given Emmett both apples, which he ate
down to the cores, which cores (minus the seeds)
I ate completely—the first time I'd ever done that—
the day a lesson about hunger, about need.

Call it off? We soldiered on. Emmett was game,
I stubborn, and quitting impossible—we'd come too far.
Imagine our hunger, our need, if, returned home,
we had to admit to the others, "We didn't get there."

But up close the beacon lost some of its allure,
looked a little shabby, or I was just worn out,
or concerned about Emmett—or all of those. What's more:
we now faced the retracing of our route.

Dusk saw us back in town. Emmett, my limping hero,
and I sank on sand after I'd ordered from
the beach cafe a pitcher of sangria
for me and fries and lemonade for him.

We lay there long without a lot of talk.
After a day in motion, it felt good to stop,
but we weren't sorry we had made the hike.
The stars appeared as we were looking up.

30 years later, the eye of that memory
still brightly rakes the sea I travel on,
silvers the waves, and keeps me company
when winds roil the waters in which men drown.

FIRST DAY IN VENICE

Jet lag insomnia, the hotel noises not yet familiar,
but who would want to miss this?
Across the Grand Canal, the sky
is lifting the dark over its head
like a dress, a lingering striptease
in which she will show herself last.

I stand shirtless at the open window,
in total longing, perfect waiting,
breathless and shining.

FERRAGOSTO

From hill to sea, they face
The twilight. The landscape pulls
Beyond, before the church.
Faith lasts in rituals
Sprung from sense of place,
Surviving every schism
Between the native song
And breast of what's alive.
Waves and hillsides glow.
Shadows grow long.
A dove on its hidden perch
Sings in sad rhythm,
And mystifies the drive—
A great stained-glass window.
Who cares if cultures die
Wane, change form?
The summer evening's warm.
Restless Madonnas waver.
Candles are raised high
Like crests upon the sea.
The voices have their savor.

THE MAIN THING

The main thing after *les villages* and the little wine, chops, creamed-potato treats, the Fall (before the slaughter) deer, flame-colored forests just before they go into hibernation, her sixty-nine going on ninety-four, the furnace almost on, going to see granddaughter #15, five Kansas City months old, the next novel coming out, son #5 making his first film, wife #3 off to the Andes, Dvorak and Lili Boulanger and a new tweed cap, perfect legs walking down the Boheme meadows and forest aisles, primitive maple syrup on primitive pancakes, the main thing sleep.

SCOUT LOVE SONG

Let's tie knots, let's
identify birds.

THREE CARS WAIT IN LINE FOR THE OLD WHARTON FERRY

A gravel road. A neglected landing.
Sparse wilderness on both sides.
Patches of cypress swamp, loblolly pines.

A primordial aura.

Mitchell, in the blue Volvo,
believes he is catching up to himself.

Clickings, chirpings.
A wood stork whirring down wind.

Emanations of natural selection.

Andrew, in a black Chrysler,
believes he is falling behind himself.

GLAZE

In my '76 Granada,
you cradle me with your mouth . . .
Beside us, oblivious, hordes
of cars vanish into the sun.
An elderly woman passes us
in an '87 Seville—a golden retriever
licking the inside windshield in the passenger
seat as they tailgate an 18-wheeler

through a thunderstorm.
I squint at wounds of sunlight.
Burrowing into my blind spot, breathing
to your rise and fall. I hold
the day close. You lift your head
as sun races off your lips
like a herd of horses
chased by lightning.

REMEMBERING

A girl absorbs a fistful of glass when she crashes through a windshield. She's fine now (you wouldn't know the difference), but bits of glass still bubble up through her skin from time to time. You still come back to me. For example, we're peeling litchis in the back of our combie—its windows rolled down to the sound of the warm Indian Ocean—and the flesh each time is so sticky and sweet. Crosses, painted white, seem always on the verge of flying up and away like kites, and they are filled with light. Stones don't budge.

HOW PICTURES NOT BEING TAKEN SHUTTER

The dusk glistens as cobalt as a raspberry candy.
The brake lights tease as claret as cartoon tongues.
The streetlamps dilate as ochre as unearned casino tokens.
The silver skimming her face is black-and-white.

The stoop teems as viridian as attic Christmas wreaths.
The dust's account secedes as iridescent as a thunderbolt.
The strips of windows proceed as auric as versed honey.
The glare in the new apartment is orange.

The sheets' brinks tow as turquoise as swimming pool water.
The walls' blanks long as ivory as false teeth.
The sweats' glow ascends as perse as bible camp Blood.
The rings in her eyes are red.

The tenderness clenches as indigo as our seeping silhouettes.
The backdrop gapes as florid as a drained wine glass.
The spectrum of our poses unwinds as spectral as an orbit.
The flash catching us in naked blight is forgetting every color.

HOLDING NOTHING

White porcelain bowl,
thin rim an evening blue

set on the shelf
empty as a dome of sky.

At its center a pale yellow outline
claims the eye, a single jonquil opening.

The bowl is just the size of two hands
cupped together, resting palms upturned.

Still, what is simple endures,
what remains might be enough.

FOR BASHO

What about that white
chrysanthemum?
Still not one speck
after all these years

LIBRARY

My childhood friend called it “library.”
Liberry? Libury?
The fruitful harvest? The dead poets?

The trees sprouted into books.
The row of burial vaults.

To write is to create
a voice from the dead.
Is to create
a perennial.

The evergreen word.
A transformation of dust.

To lie down in the berry.
To be eaten
over and over.
The most delicious
of fates.

CONTRIBUTORS

Grace Andreacchi is an American-born novelist, poet and playwright whose works include the novels *Give My Heart Ease* (New American Writing Award) and *Music for Glass Orchestra*. She holds a degree in philosophy, has lived in Paris and Berlin, and now lives in London. <<http://graceandreacchi.com/>>

Michael Clyne is a poet living and working on Long Island, New York. His poems have also been included in *The Smoking Poet*, *The Verse Marauder*, and in an anthology soon to be published by Word Metro. He won the Brookhaven Arts and Humanities Council Poetry Competition in November 2007.

Philip Dacey's latest of nine books is *The New York Postcard Sonnets: A Midwesterner Moves to Manhattan* (Rain Mountain Press, 2007). The winner of three Pushcart Prizes, he has written collections of poems about Gerard Manley Hopkins and Thomas Eakins. His tenth book is forthcoming: *Vertebrae Rosaries: 50 Sonnets* (Red Dragonfly Press, 2008). More of his work can be found at <<http://www.philipdacey.com>>.

Nicole Cartwright Denison lives on a trout farm in the mountains of western North Carolina, is the author of *Recovering the Body* (dancing girl press, 2007) and is a Best of the Net 2008 nominee. Her work is forthcoming in *Ectoplasmic Necropolis*, *Womb*, *Tattoo Highway* and *Blue Fifth Review* and has appeared in *Alba*, *octaves magazine*, *The Commonline Project*, *elimae*, *reimagining place: Ecotone's Blog*, *Siren*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, and others. Her photography has appeared in *Stirring*, *Digital Paper*, and *Lily*.

Lisa Feinstein is the Head of the English Department at Bishop Kearney High School in Rochester, New York. She is a graduate of SUNY-Brockport and her work has been published in *Hazmat Review*, *Poetry Motel*, *Vincent Brothers Review*, and *figsaw*. She was awarded first prize over-all in the Mississippi Valley Poetry Contest.

Naomi Glassman writes from New Jersey, usually in the company of her cat. Her work has just begun to appear to the public, and she sincerely hopes that such is due to more than a sudden shift in luck.

Jefferson Holdridge was born in White Plains, New York, raised in Connecticut and educated in California and Ireland. He lived in Ireland for over a decade and has spent many summers in Italy, native country of his wife Wanda Balzano. He has had poems published in various journals throughout the United States, England, and Ireland, among which number the *Irish Times*, *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Cuirt Journal*, *Paintbrush*, and *Irish Studies Review*. He is presently the Director at Wake Forest University Press and Professor of English at Wake Forest University.

Elizabeth Kerlikowske's new book, *Dominant Hand*, is just out from Mayapple Press. She teaches at Kellogg Community College in Battle Creek, Michigan, which smells really good in the morning. She is the mother of three Scrabble players.

Rauan (Ron) Klassnik grew up catching rats in India. In Bombay where vultures are disappearing. The sight of a long thin tail disappearing into tall waving grass still suffuses him with joy. His poems have appeared in numerous journals and his first book, *Holy Land*, will be released by Black Ocean Press in April, 2008.

Mike Mennard is a poet, a children's recording artist, an author, and a teacher. He is an associate professor of English at Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska. He has produced three CDs of children's music and published two books of humorous essays, *Can't Keep my Soul from Dancing* and *Shall We Gather at the Potluck*. Mennard lives in Lincoln with his wife and son.

Laura Miller lives in Michigan, very close to her own 'Wash King', and while the events haven't unfolded as they do in the poem *per se*, it has been pretty darn close. In real life she works in a special education

classroom and chases after her two year old daughter, Analiese, who likes to chase after her fourteen year old cat, Joe.

Tom O'Connor is an Irish and US citizen whose poems have been appeared in *Poetry Southeast*, *Pebble Lake Review*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Touchstone*, *Notre Dame Review*, *Flint Hills Review*, and *Cottonwood*, among other periodicals. His first scholarly book, *Poetic Acts & New Media*, was just released from The University Press of America.

Roger Pfingston's work has appeared recently in *Kaleidowhirl*, *Mannequin Envy*, *Tipton Poetry Journal*, the *Innisfree Poetry Journal* and two anthologies from Iowa Press: *Say This of Horses* and *75 Poems on Retirement*. He has new work scheduled to appear in *Sin Fronteras* and *U.S. 1 Worksheets*.

Oliver Rice has received the Theodore Roethke Prize and was twice featured on *Poetry Daily*. His poems have been published widely in the United States, as well as in Canada, England, Austria, Turkey, and India. His book *On Consenting to Be a Man* will be published in April, 2008, by Cyberwit, a diversified publishing house in the cultural capital Allahabad, India, and will be available shortly thereafter on Amazon.com.

Shana Ritter is a writer and educator. Originally from New York she has lived and travelled widely. She has made her home in Bloomington, Indiana where she lives with her family. Recently, her poetry has appeared *Crab Orchard Review* and *Georgetown Review*.

M. E. Silverman received his MFA from McNeese State University. Recently, he has moved from New Orleans to the middle of Georgia, where he is busy being Isabel's Dad, Karen's husband, a writer, and a reader. He is completing a poetry manuscript called *Mud Angels*, and his work can be found in *Pacific Review*, *Mississippi Crow*, *Neon*, *Grasslimbs*, and *Nexus*.

Jack Stewart was educated at the University of Alabama and Emory University. From 1992-95 he was a Brittain Fellow at The Georgia Institute of Technology. His work has appeared in *Poetry*, *The Gettysburg Review*, *The American Literary Review*, *The Dark Horse Review*, *The Southern Humanities Review*, and other journals and anthologies, most recently in *Nimrod*. He lives in Montgomery, Alabama, with his wife and two daughters and teaches at the Montgomery Academy.

A recent New York transplant, **Andy Wass** studied creative writing at the University of Maryland. She completed UM's Jimenez-Porter Writers' House living-learning program in 2005 and received honorable mentions in 2005 and 2006 for the University's Jimenez-Porter Literary Prize for Undergraduate Writers contest.

Amie Whittemore, of Herrin, Illinois, is currently an MFA student in poetry at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. She is the recipient of a Master's Fellowship from SIUC and some of her poems are awaiting publication in *The Packington Review*, *Quiddity*, and *Fifth Wednesday Journal*.

Robert E. Wood teaches at Georgia Tech. His film studies include essays on Fosse, DePalma, and Verhoeven, as well as *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. He has published poetry online in *flashquake*. His print publications include *The Chattahoochee Review*, *Wind*, *Southern Humanities Review*, and *South Carolina Review*.

Poetry Midwest

a damn fine literary journal

<<http://www.poetrymidwest.org>>