

# STILLPOINT

University of Georgia  
Undergraduate Literary Magazine  
2007-2008

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# To Our Readers:

Selecting what goes into the *Stillpoint Literary Magazine* is an absolute joy, but it can also prove a daunting task. We publish as many good pieces as we can, and ultimately, the question arises why one is “better” than another is. The staff tries to catch every allusion, call attention to telling turns of phrase, and determine whether what we’re looking at is actually a sestina, if that even matters.

I want the magazine to be as open a forum as the printed entity can be, though I also want the selection of pieces to be as critical and well informed as possible. There were no themes for this issue, only guidelines that forced writers, photographers, and artists to pick what they believed were their best overall six pages of literature and/or their best six pieces of visual art. We selected from these blind submissions the material included in this issue and added an interview with Natasha Trethewey, a University of Georgia graduate who won the Pulitzer Prize for her *Native Guard* collection of poems. Being published in *Stillpoint* is its own kind of recognition, and it’s the best prize we can offer. Today, we think this magazine represents a multifaceted, talented group of voices, and we’re happy to have the opportunity to give these voices a greater audience.

Normally, we wouldn’t point this out, but I want to assure you that the many staff members who have work in this issue went through the same selection process as any other student. None of the submissions had contact information on them, and staff members were not allowed to judge or comment on their own work. I had no idea who made what until we had finished judging the material.

I would like to give congratulations to the students who had the courage to share their work, the artists whose pieces appear in the magazine, and all of the people who maintain an interest in the creative endeavors of their students, peers, friends, and family

members. I hope you enjoy the entire magazine as much as we did and continue to do with each successive read.

Thank you,

Alex Dimitropoulos  
Senior Editor

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Cover Artwork: *Toil and Trouble* by Sarah Quinn



# Deer Camp Worker

Charles Blackburn

Low sun lights upon his hands,  
rough as pine bark.  
His fingers smooth the hair

then part the muscle underneath.  
Along paper-white striations,  
his blade supposes lines on hidden maps

which lead to steaming caves,  
the darkest flaps of body.  
Hands dive deep, and reemerge.

On iron hooks, he dangles meat corsages,  
primitive flowers that smell  
of dying spice and secret fever.

Tonight, we'll feast upon his purple art  
as he watches from the kitchen,  
no longer hungry, not even for beans.

# Reflections in Rome

Kate Morrissey

Metro to the Vatican.  
Inside, TVs with dancing figures.  
Outside the Basilica  
a nun eats  
                                McDonald's.

Somewhere along the way  
we forgot  
                how to do  
                                what the Romans do.

A pagan hole in the ceiling turned pious.  
Keep quiet, no flash.  
                                                        This place is

Sacred.

Eros is angry. Coliseum's stairs  
                throw  
                                you  
                                                        down

they too have grown bitter with age.  
                                                Worn steeply, sloping.

Nearby, chips of column. Brick. Arches  
crumble.  
Have crumbled.  
Continue to crumble.

Slowly, deliberately.  
The sea is waiting.

# If I Were Reincarnated as a Precocious British Kid

Jeremy White

Kids these days sweat motor oil,  
Speak in binary,  
Pray to Our Blessed Mother  
The Supercomputer.  
While they slurp their Saturday morning  
Bowls of frosted silicon chips, watching  
The cartoons on CNN,  
I dream I was born one hundred years ago:

I'd be friends with Auden,  
schoolmates at Christ Church,  
then racing ambulances  
down a smoke-filled boulevard in Madrid.  
Sitting in all the right social circles in Berlin.

In my dream I speak fluent Attic Greek.  
Interpret the flight of birds.  
Write obscene words  
Not fit to print for the respectable world.

They'd lock me up in the Tower  
I'd write graffiti on the wax dummy of Sir Walter Raleigh  
as the tourists pass,  
toss back gin with the guards (Beefeater, of course!),  
be set free on a technicality,  
then regain respectability  
somehow — (I leave such matters to my attorneys, of course).  
Grow old,  
stone a few hippies outside my window  
just for the fun of it.  
Have dinner with the Queen,



receive an O.B.E.,  
then die perhaps — but not before  
a cheap miniseries of my life is broadcast on BBC.

Cartoons over, we all play  
Cowboys and Indians. I am the bonfire  
Around which they dance the Rain Dance.

# Behind the Museum

Charles Blackburn

What seems at first  
a pile of trash  
and newspapers  
becomes a man  
curled on a bench,  
gray chin tucked hard  
against his chest,  
his grizzled head  
bare to night's cold.

As the dappled  
light of Monet  
and of Cézanne  
withers beneath  
the streetlamps' glare,  
the neon signs'  
snickering blush,  
I falter, I  
silently curse  
the Master's eye,  
his ruthless brush.

# Harper Collins

Christopher Reid

I would very much  
like the job you speak  
of Mr. Bostiytch. No,  
you have no idea how  
passionate—well, sir,  
I believe that my degree—  
No, sir, you are correct.  
I think that there are other  
qualities that I could—well,  
if you insist, sir. Yes, I could  
fax that—no, sir. Yes, sir.  
I mean, I haven't thought—I  
know, I should have thought  
about that before now. Well,  
what would you recommend?  
I can't say that crossed my mind.  
Maybe you are right in that—okay,  
I'll try another company—no, that's  
okay, I'll save the paper. No,  
really, I insist.

Zach Zach Zach



Daniel Jordan



**Night Landscape Near Fox Glacier**

Jenny Taylor  
& Daniel Jordan



# When I Tell a Fairy Tale, I Tell it Slowly

Kacie Versaci

Once, there was a white room with a blue bed. On this blue bed slept a white prince, a prince of such vivid beauty that whispers circulated that he was an angel the heavens spit out. Maybe you have heard this story before?

He lay silent, still, his body a graceful apostrophe on a bed that looked like a slice of the sky, the white light of morning and afternoon bathing his white skin.

Princesses traveled oceans to try and wake him. They tried with kisses, with embraces, with sonnets, with spells, with sacrifices, with prayer. Beautiful princesses, plain ones, white ones, black ones, red ones, fairy ones, from the most supple newborn (laid across his lap by her queen-mother) to an ancient spinster of royal birth, bald as an apple, stroking his unlined forehead with her gnarled claws.

No one knew where he came from, how he got to that tower, why he was asleep, or, most importantly, what would happen when he woke up. It was a collective consensus that he had to be a prince; normal men did not fall asleep on blue beds in white rooms for years and years, never aging a day, curled like a cat, like half a teacup, like the letter ‘c.’

I woke up underneath your arms, startled by that dream, that memory of the Torture Tree and the cat we threw into it, the way it squalled as the Tree’s leaves soaked from sage green to purple, purple, purple. Porcelain Doll watched us out the window, shouting for us to get away from the tree, and it was Porcelain Doll’s voice that echoed in my ears as I woke up underneath your arms. It was hard to tell if you were still asleep or just pretending, I like to think pretending, so when I spoke to you, you could hear it. Or if you were asleep, maybe it was bleeding into your dreams. I counted the shadows on your shoulders, stripes of shadows in the white morning light. I made constellations on your back; there was

a perfect acorn shape in the center. I ruffled your blonde hair until the light, now filtered thorough the tree leaves, turned it a peridot green.

The only person that saw the prince daily was the pudgy maid who tended to him. She brushed his blonde hair, she clipped his fingernails, she bathed his body, she dusted the room. She sang to him, mostly because she felt sorry for him. The poor dear, all alone in the white room on the blue bed, without a stitch of clothing or a member of kin to speak of. Without words to speak.

“Dear prince, sweet prince—”

Why won't you wake up?

When you asked me this question, I wanted to scream. I wanted to say:

*I woke up from this six year long nap and I am not surrounded by the things I wanted. All I wanted was a vegetable garden and a sheep and a house with no telephones. I wanted to pump water into a bucket and I wanted to make love in the sunshine, in the moonlight, in the wintertime.*

Instead I said:

*What is it, dear? Do you want breakfast?*

And that fucking Tree. Porcelain Doll warned me, she warned all of the children. She said, sweet peas, that Tree doesn't mean you any harm, but it doesn't mean you well either. You would be mindful to STEER CLEAR of it. Is it evil like a ghost? we asked over and over, and all she would say is no, it's evil like a god. When I was fourteen, in an act of defiance, I ate one of the leaves in the dead of night, the last purple one that fell before the snow came.

That brings me here. Today. I got up TODAY and you were still asleep and I had to crawl over you, even though I am bulging at the seams. You acted so happy when I told you. I marched to you

## When I Tell A Fairy Tale, I Tell it Slowly (continued)

like a prisoner on death row. I didn't tell you that I binge drank for four nights in a row after I found out. I took up chain-smoking on the sly. I ate canned tuna by the fistful. I went to the hospital and lingered near the x-ray lab's door. Poison me, poison me, poison me.

The maid, her feet tired after the gruesome stairs up the tippy-top of the tower, let boldness take over and she sat on the edge of that grand blue bed in the white room, watched the twitching of one set of pearly pink toes peeking out from the blue covers.

"Prince," she whispered, "prince—"

Then: she yelled.

She hauled a bucket of cold water and threw it on him. He jolted into an upright position, sputtering, shaking the water from his face.

"Old woman," he addressed her, gathering the blue covers around him like a gown. "You have broken the spell."

"So it seems," she replied evenly.

"I should reward you. And yet." He eyed her with distaste. "I did not really want to be awake."

You put your head on my belly. I don't have a ring yet, but I really don't care. You said you want to feel it kick, even though I tried to tell you that it hasn't kicked for days. Not since I went rolling down that hill. Not since I threw myself down that hill.

I feared what will come out of me. All this sabotage would surely reward me with a monster; not the quivering blob of monthly blood I'd rather see.

So, when the birthing pains overtook me in the middle of the night, I did not wake you. I left you asleep while I went into the kitchen and birthed it right there, like a cat under the couch. It was a quiet thing, a little boy thing, its lips blooming like a flower over my nipple. I used a pizza cutter to slice the umbilical cord. After it suckled itself into sedation, I mopped up the mess on the floor and on the boy child. Blood was smeared all over my thighs. I hobbled into the bedroom, and laid the bundle in the crook of your body,



tucking him against your dolphin shape, your crescent moon shape, your ladle shape.

I had to leave; you would understand. There was still a tree inside me, and even though it dropped this beautiful boy fruit, I didn't know what was coming next. I wanted to tell you to tell our son this story--- that once there was a white prince on a blue bed that no one could wake up. But I don't know how it ends. You finish it for me, ok?



# Strawberry Camouflage

Amelia Kohli

Neon sign with alternating letters  
red-green-red-  
that spell out 'Strawberry Camouflage,'  
and a sign to the side,  
a small, black, explanatory sign,  
that says it conveys  
dissatisfaction  
with modern society and  
the status quo;  
art sometimes does that.

Maybe the back and forth  
between the artist and the colors  
is a statement I can agree with,  
saying vehemently,  
"Fuck that!  
Christmas isn't about family or spirituality,  
it's about commercialism,  
suicide and bad movies!"  
I can buy that.  
I hate Christmas decorations  
in October and November--  
and most of December.  
Maybe he was Jewish too.  
We could be friends  
and wage an actual war against Christmas  
to really show Bill O'Reilly.

Then again, maybe it's about drinking  
strawberry daiquiris--  
everyone knows alcohol is perfect  
if you want to blend in  
and camouflage yourself,

especially with brilliant artists and philosophers;  
Socrates was so thirsty he drank hemlock for a buzz,  
and I bet black-clad hipsters love daiquiris.  
Something about the consistency  
and them tasting better than appletinis.  
Plus, the red contrasts so nicely  
with their wardrobes.  
Stacey and Clinton would be proud.

But it's probably a case of modern meta-art.  
The artist  
drinking a daiquiri  
(because it's a themed party,  
and he IS a hipster, after all)  
will say,  
"Don't you get it?  
It's about dissatisfaction  
with society and the status quo  
because it makes you think  
about how it could possibly relate  
to dissatisfaction  
with the society and the status quo--  
so long as you read  
the little black sign.  
If you don't read the little black sign,  
you obviously know nothing about art."

I could do that.  
Here's my new meta-art poem:

"Green and blue  
fuzzy socks  
reflect my television  
with stripes."

I'll make sure to publish it with a footnote  
that explains how my poem

## Strawberry Camouflage (continued)

expresses the alienation of modern man,  
and also condemns the U.S. government  
for limitations on free speech,  
and eventually receive the honor  
of seeing my poem in the same collection  
with indecipherable, but lauded, female poets  
like Gertrude Stein and Lyn Hejinian,  
that won't be widely known,  
but will be hugely popular  
in post avante-guard feminist surrealist poet academic circles.

And when a young critic will ask me  
if I was just bored  
and staring at my socks on the floor,  
or thinking of the image of a sea-sick smurf  
on a television screen  
with bad reception,  
I'll just roll my eyes,  
take another sip of my daiquiri  
and tell him he obviously knows nothing about art.



Jenny Baggett

Adam and Eve

# Shoe

Jacob Watson

This story is entirely “truthful.” That is to say it is as true as any other story that has ever been called a “true story.” It begins like this:

After 56 days and nights in the most pristine forests and deserts of the American west, we found ourselves in a hotel room somewhere in Missouri.

That’s the opening sentence that I wrote, verbatim, in my blue Cambridge notebook last workshop. It was for a writing exercise: bring a shoe to class, something something characters, then write an opening sentence, mentioning the shoe. Obviously, I cheated. I didn’t mention the shoe.

I like blue Cambridge notebooks because I believe they have character. If I ever buy another notebook, there is a high probability of it being one of this type. Sometimes my sister sends me notebooks and journals to write in. Generally these are about six inches tall and four inches across. They tend to have some sort of black dye rubbed into the covers to make them look like antiques, and little gimmicks, like embedded magnets that cause them to snap shut when closed, or a retractable bookmark. I feel completely emasculated when I write in these. They have no character.

The shoe itself is a thing of beauty. It is a waterproof Timberland hiking boot. The lining is gone to threads, the rubber tread worn down to a blurry imprint. There’s a crescent patch on the toe where the leather is still dark and smooth. It has a lot of character.

The notebook my sister sent me right before I left to spend 56 days and nights in the most pristine forests and deserts of the American west is seven inches high and five inches across. It is made out of moleskin, and bound with a single cord of elastic. When I opened it up just now, I discovered a little cartoon I drew. It’s called Diapers For Horses. I don’t know why it is called that. The cartoon depicts a dialogue between a stick man and a two-headed worm-like creature who professes to be the creator of the universe. The dialogue goes like this:

Man: I've found you!

Creator of The Universe: Yes, it is I, the creator of the universe.

Man: I have traveled a billion miles to ask you one question: What is the meaning of life?

Creator: The Meaning is this; everything is opposite, except for a few things, which are the same.

Man: What does that even mean?

Creator: Well, we had this really cool idea, but then we ran out of time, so we just had to make something up.

Man: Life is so stupid.

The contents of the notebook read like every other journal I have ever tried to keep while traveling. The first few entries are absurdly detailed, including things like the duration in minutes of my shower on a particular day. Then they degenerate rapidly. About half way through the trip, right before I give up trying altogether, they read like this:

July 3rd

6PM

The Pacific Ocean is totally awesome.

The story that concerns my shoe takes place on the very last night of our adventure, and the very first night spent indoors. By this point, the shoe and its mate had already covered more territory than any pair of shoes I have ever owned. It had seen a lot of sand, mud, stone, and pavement. It was beginning to develop some character.

There were sixteen of us in the hotel room, celebrating our

## Shoe (continued)

last night together. In fact, we were celebrating with such enthusiasm that some of our good vibrations wafted over to a baseball team staying in the room next door. They sent a few of their spokesmen over to warn us that our merrymaking was keeping them from sleep. They had a big tournament in the morning, we were informed. I don't remember if they threatened us with any violence, but I could tell they were violent people from their large knuckles and fascist haircuts. We bade them goodnight, and the party continued.

Sometime later, all of us were in the tiny hotel bathroom together. I was admiring a beautiful piece of glasswork, a marijuana smoking device, when it slipped out of my hand and shattered on the tile floor. I was not wearing the shoes then, and I quickly climbed into the shower to avoid stepping on any fragments of broken glass. Once inside, I was struck with awe at the apparent vastness of the shower's interior, which was probably about fifteen times larger than it's exterior.

"Hey," I said, "Everybody come get in the shower. It's huge."

My words seemed to echo. Even after a dozen of us were in the shower at once with the stall door shut, there was still, I judged, room for about eighteen to twenty more average sized people. I only had a few seconds to make this calculation because just then someone turned on the water, and I realized at once that the shower was not nearly as spacious as it had seemed. It was in fact quite cramped. Everyone began screaming because most of us were still dressed and had not gotten in with the intention of actually taking a shower. Chaos ensued. There was a mad rush towards the only escape from certain moistness. Either because of the great increase in density when the shower ceased to be enormous, or because people near the door were not reacting quickly enough, those of us near the back received a good drenching. The evacuation took about fifteen seconds.

It was the next day when I discovered the shoe was missing. Its mate was sitting right where I had left it, all by itself. I searched the entire room from top to bottom, checking under



mattresses and behind furniture. I rummaged through my bags , searched around the lobby, out in the parking lot, but the shoe was nowhere to be found. I re-searched, looking multiple times in the places where the shoe seemed sure to be. Have you ever done this, where you look again even though you saw that the thing wasn't there the first time? There's no logic in this behavior. Defeated, I left the hotel without it.

Later, I came up with a story about what might have happened with the shoe. You see, I have a compulsion to make up stories, the same way scientists like to make up stories about the curious things they sometimes see on the other ends of microscopes or telescopes, in order to explain things that happen to me. But stories is not the word. Theories, that's what they are. For example, there was a guy traveling with us named David, who was a Jew, or as Lenny Bruce might have said, an individual of semitic background. One day David returned from a hike to find that a squirrel had eaten its way through the double lining of his tent, urinated on all of his personal possessions, become ill and died on his pillow. There were scientists among us who had read plenty of stories about squirrel behavior, but none of them were familiar with this tale. It was I who remembered the annoying lady forest ranger who had been bothering us all week about leaving food out, and decided that she must have gone mad from spending too much time alone in the woods. She had obviously killed the squirrel, I claimed, placed him inside the tent, and befouled David's things in order to take revenge on us for not listening to her warnings.

In the case of the shoe, I decided that it could have only been the baseball players. They must have broken in while we were all struggling to escape from the shower and taken my shoe in order to take revenge on us for not listening to their warnings. There was no other explanation.

I have just now gotten a little insight into what appears to be a long history of paranoia on my part. It seems my explanations always involve someone taking revenge. Even as I write this, I am listening intensely for the hitman that my upstairs neighbor has no doubt hired to assassinate me in order to take revenge on me for playing my music too loud in the evenings and not listening to his

## Shoe (continued)

warnings. But he has his work cut out for him if he's going to kill me, for I am vigilant and won't go down quietly. If he does succeed, I want you all to know that I was very courteous and even wrote him a long letter (although I never sent it) saying that I was willing to compromise on the noise issue if he would only call off the hit. He on the other hand, is a loner and a degenerate with nothing but contempt for society and its values, and he probably hears voices.

Months later, I was having coffee with my dear friend Benjamin. By then I had purchased a new pair of shoes, as I was getting tired of walking around with only one shoe on. We were discussing whether it could be taken as a principle of art that little boys in cartoon shows must wear red hats. We went about our investigation phenomenologically, sifting through our collective memories.

"I think Dennis the Menace wore a red hat," I observed.

"Ash from Pokemon definitely wears a red and white cap," he added.

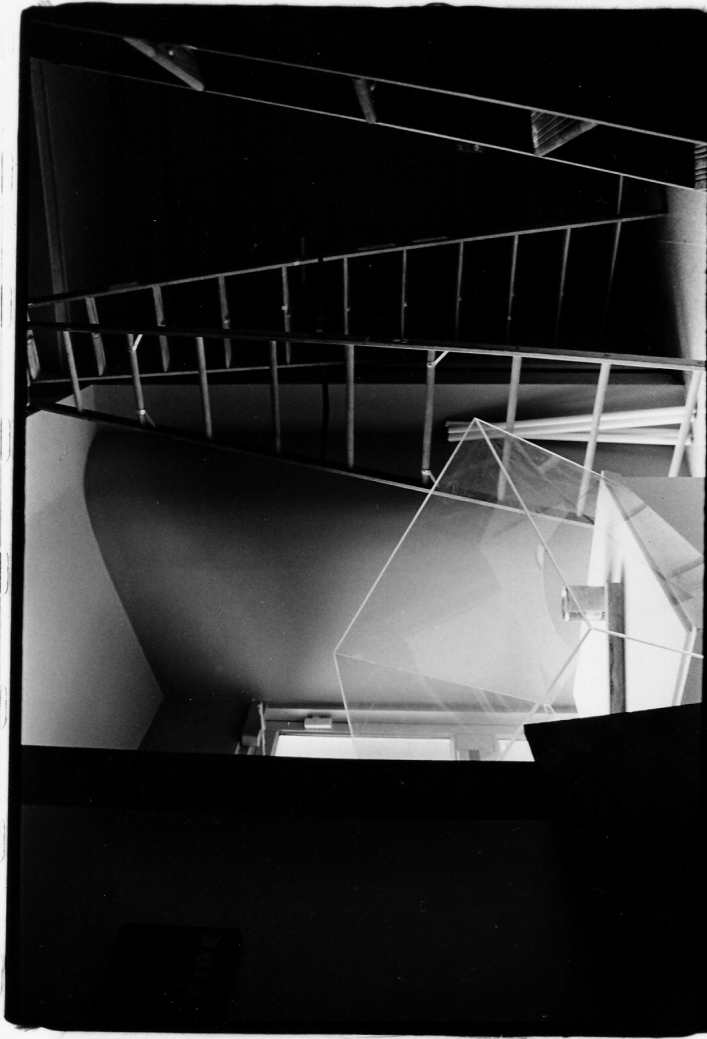
Then I told him that it seemed as though Bart Simpson would sometimes talk about his lucky red hat, although he seldom wore it, but the fact that it was lucky surely meant that it had great significance to him, to which Ben replied:

"Oh that reminds me, I have your boot. I found it in my bags. I must have mistaken it for one of mine."

My heart rejoiced. The promise of being reunited after losing all hope of ever seeing my boot again was almost too much.

"That's wonderful," I said.

The only thing that meant more to me at that moment than getting my boot back was making Ben think I was cool. I do this from time to time, that is try to make people think I am cool. My deepest secret is that I am not cool. Not even slightly. Not even from certain angles.



Sarah Watkins

Hidden



# Inner Predatory

Courtney Brown

we make homes in the shells and the  
structures of words, in these echoing oceans of  
hollow men.  
night finds us creeping  
snails, and at daybreak we crawl in  
unfamiliar skins, but  
we love like predatory birds,  
noble and  
violent--  
in the cold spaces of the earth and the  
inner ear, i see you with my hands and  
hear your silence in my eyes, like  
the times before we learned to speak, or hurt, or  
prey.

# Stereo

Seth McKelvey

Pop

Pop

It's a spoiled dessert that  
never quite leaves the body.  
The hearse keeps hitting  
Potholes on the way;  
the lid pops  
open:

Golden hair/skin  
Golden teeth  
Golden golden gold.

It never quite makes it to the grave.

Pop

Pop

Another detour;  
Two-steps  
back.

It's a spoiled dessert  
And it's molded

Into cookie-cutter typefaced  
Typesets.

Stereotypes  
There are no types in stereo.

Golden golden gold.

It never quite makes it to the grave.

Pop

Pop



# *from* Poems from a News-tick- er or a Collective Social Per- sonality Disorder OR Poems About Other Things

Bear

Ryan Downey

A tearful training. An emphatic iridescence. Bear says *that which we flipped. The turbulent tops, our hats.* Picket-style, sign upon fence, we drop that which we bear. *Bring the meat sheet* says bear, Dean-side. *Let us exploriare the rivers, cartilage style.* We bend. We limber. It is a question of elasticity

Meat

It is a hot plate, that which we surface tension. When the simmering begins we will whisper silent revolutions. We will construct many fine lassos, bear-coat-style. We give our hands to the hammers. We say to Bear *when the fighting hits we will be boiling.* We scrap all the statues (metal permitting). We mete the scraps with sidelong glances and scarlet work gloves.

Hammers

If it is a question of elasticity, it is a question of dream-states. We will meet our fallout. Gently stroke its mangy mane. The tapes of tambourines looped in the foreground. We will move like shadows. Like -isms. Bear will say to bear will say to we, *the sentence ends here. The interment, the torment of dangling.* Bear will have spoken complex-style. *There is nothing left to growl at.* It is not a question of prepositions. The bears will gymnasticate this animal kingdom.

We

Are the inheritors of a shit-stained-shoe. Alliterate sans illiterate tendencies. Consummate this foretold order with less consonance than ignorance. Embrace the bank, the payment west-style. Protect this house we are less and less fond of. Bear that which is not of this animal kingdom. Smile at the lights—the shells of beetles crunching underfoot. Are cell morphing bio-metrical-style. Are where we will be when the hibernation realizes itself.

And

Too political is a means to silence the disenchanting. Either side we choose we will fallout in the same singed skin puddle. The suburban lawns say nothing to us—they say *Go Team! /Cat Crossing! /Support our Troops! /Home is where the family is!* Bear-rides will never be free because—that which fucks like fascism might be. Blood might be useful when the drought self-actualizes. Anthropomorphism is useful in-so-far as utility exists. Loss is what it is—that is, actual. Jingles cannot be abstained grammatically or in reality—but the language will take care of its own and so on and so on. We might grocery list our desires in such a way that they can be bought and sold and we already have and we are actual and contrarian. My cavities can only overwhelm on Tuesdays and select Sundays. I apologize for this inconvenience.

Crossing

No one laughs at these phrases. I am holier than you—pore upon pore. These lumps remind us where the name goes. Clown-love, you came red-nosed to get at it. This letter. We were detained, we were detached. Our pores grew large, they grew minds, expanded. We were dirt poor and wise. We released downcasts on the air-waves, cancer-style. I cell-split you—you hair rootless. This, said the man in the box is real. We hop the scotch—Dean-style. Our eyes on hiatus we see the punch-line approaching.

# Ode to Tab

Jeremy White

You're killing my mother slowly,  
You saccharine-laden son of a bitch.  
You Smooth Operator, you.  
Seducing her with horrorshow sweetness  
Like Hello Kitty's vomit  
Or the fresh-squeezed sweat of Teletubbies.

I've seen you and your six-pack minions.  
Scattered around her office,  
All of you half-empty and standing vigil  
On her paperwork, ready to pounce  
Like parasitic monkey-bats  
Sent out from the Coca-Cola Company archives.

Studies have shown  
You cause cancer in lab rats —  
She chooses not to hear this,  
Ears filled to saturation point  
With Smooth Operator,  
A song only she and three other people on earth are swayed by.

Go back to the Seventies, you saccharine-laden son of a bitch.



# Cleaning House with Miles Davis and his Crew

Daniel Jordan

John, Dave, and Tony beat my bread dough brain,  
knead out the lumps, spin and toss it  
too close to the ceiling fan.

Herbie, Chick, and Zoe they  
tug-of-war my rubber band brain,  
pulling, pushing until slack like balloon string.  
They floss it through my ears, my nose,  
then roll it up into a flossball.

Wayne scrapes the gunk off the bottom of my skull,  
flushes it down my throat with a dose of drain-ex.

Miles, he puts on his apron  
and obliterates my filing cabinets.  
He dumps the contents into a blender,  
does his thing,  
then pours the puree into the mixing bowl.  
In we toss the dough, the flossball,  
mix well and cook.

All of this in a silent way  
so as not to wake the neighbors.  
The smell gives them an idea,  
but no one else will taste this.

# The Graveyard

Kathleen Sheridan

The warm steam rising from the tub made the bathroom a humid cave. Maggie crouched on the damp tiles at her mother's new house, half hidden by the porcelain toilet and the plastic seahorse-covered shower curtain. She watched as her drawing of Central Park fused with that of Macy's, the pastels running into abstract forms before the water could claim victory. She swirled the paper with a shampoo bottle before adding Coney Island to the tub's murky water.

The smiling faces mocked her.

A tear scalded Maggie's cheek as it seeped out. She angrily swiped at it with the back of her hand. It was her own fault—she had ignored her mother's worried face while she packed and repacked her suitcase for the past week with blind determination. She had been blissfully deaf to her older sister's assertions that the arrival of a box containing CDs and art supplies for her thirteenth birthday two weeks past was an attempt to “buy her off.” But he had promised this time. Maggie-Moo, he'd said.

Broadway's bright lights dulled and faded away with the last of her illusions. How could she have believed they'd have a perfect summer in New York City, just the two of them? A belated phone call and a distracted voice that offered excuses while her voice murmured in the background revealed the painful truth.

He had a new family now.

The Statue of Liberty's serene face looked haggard as her proud arm came dripping down. Maggie decided to save her. Liberty was a visible result of her efforts to please him, to convince him of her talent, her worth. She would send this one to him. Maggie gently lifted Liberty from the watery graveyard and laid her on the blue shag rug to dry. Then she rested her elbows on the tub's smooth edge and watched her drawings float and condense just under the water's surface like mildewed lily pads.

The city was an Atlantis. Rockefeller Center peered up at her before falling victim to the water's force. Maggie ripped the last page from her drawing pad and looked at it briefly. His arms

were around her as they stood in front of the Empire State Building. In the water, her father's arms wove into a noose, and his smile twisted into a scowl. Maggie watched until she could see no more.



**Street Talk**

Olga Herndon

# brittle

Courtney Brown

I was born a brittle summer girl, too late for spring's  
bloodlush longing, so when I  
smile, I grin too much teeth and I scrape my  
lips with my  
gums.

paisley, paisley. rosemary, thyme. I make  
wreaths of flowers  
for my hair. I am choking  
on pollen, I am  
reading too much, i am  
reacting too slowly, so I teach myself italian,  
how to read the tarot. I break skin falling from my  
rusty bike, falling from a  
too high tree, falling for  
you, and when I pick at my scabs, I open my  
wounds, till I can see the toowhite bones of my  
kneecaps, and I spend days observing the way  
skin heals.

brittle summer. I wear a sheen of sweat and dirty  
feet, and I am all freckled elbows, tangled hair. the sun, too hot--  
I am burned, and we spend long days propped against  
each other, in the grass, you peeling flakes off my back.

# The Queen Elizabeth Islands

Daniel Jordan

You held your blue cellphone  
and clear beer cup in your left hand,  
ignoring the way it glowed turquoise  
while you talked to the guy on your right.

I saw it. The light swam inside  
like the aurora borealis, or a screen saver.  
Your fingers held it all together  
like some sticky generator with its ball of energy.

Then you drained the beer  
and left that man and answered your phone,  
and I wonder if the the blue light  
can bleed through your ear down your insides,  
where the beer waits to make  
a new light show in your belly.

# September 9, 1943

Grace Hunt

It's raining ash today.  
And she marches in a sloshing beat.  
Is it spring or winter?  
She wonders in a thought without time,  
and touches tree flesh carvings  
of love, or maybe of lust.  
Did he remember her in early days?  
Did he remember the falsetto voice?  
A weekend in Vienna,  
and the way he moved his hand up her dress in the opera?  
No.  
His eyes were empty cartridge shells.  
His mouth steel wire.  
She walks naked through the wheat, and snatches glances at him.  
A ribbon of naked women.  
And thinks about the way you can own man, woman,  
An entire people.  
Ash in your palm,  
Bullet to the back of the head in some Polish field,  
But once upon a time he was hers.

# The Lifter

Jay Ivey

“I ain’t exactly Robin fuckin Hood, now, I know that. But since you asked,” John Hunt smiles at me. “I do take a spot of pride in what I do.” He takes a sip of gin and leans back in his armchair, about to launch into one of his infamous ramblings, no doubt. Tommy told me all about John’s tendency to prattle on, told me it’d give me plenty of time to size the place up. Still, I cross my legs and listen:

“You know how Tommy’s always makin light of me for readin fancy books ev’ry now and again—it’s a wonderful gag to me, ‘cause that silly sod can’t even piss in the pot without makin a mess. But let me tell you this, mate: I read them books for the very same reason I go pickin pockets. There’s something sublime about gettin in the head of another human being. Now, you read *The Three Musketeers* and you know old d’Artagnan better than you know your own mum. It’s the same thing with lifting, I think.

“You pick one out, say, chubby stockbroker, bald as a grapefruit; Armani suit, Rolex, the whole bit. He’s just strollin right along Regent Street happy as a fish in water, whistlin Elton John—wounded gazelle on the Serengeti, basically. Now, you’re prowlin in the tall grass, and you follow this chap just a few minutes, you know, he’s talkin on his cell phone, sippin a bleedin caramel macchiato, glancin at that ol’ Rolex every few seconds. By the time you got a chance for a nice pull, you know what cologne he wears, you know whether or not he shaved that morning, you know where he goes for coffee, you know he and the Mrs. are havin a tiff; you know what time he’s meetin his girlfriend and what hotel he’s meetin her at. Or his boyfriend, more likely. Anyway, if you follow this bloke long enough to catch him at an ATM and take a sight at his PIN, you know him like he’s your best mate in the whole world.

“Now, you see, this fellow, he don’t know you, never heard of you before in his bloody life—he don’t know you, but it’s personal. You’re not robbin some faceless nobody in a sprawlin sea of



nobodies. You're robbin' old Gerald Finkerton who lives in a flat on Fleet Street, has a wife named Sally, two daughters, a dog, two cats, and a f—in' goldfish named Ackbar. There's just somethin' sublime about gettin' in a man's head like that. Somethin' instructive.

“So many of them cons nowadays—like them what hack email accounts and such—they're just fellows in a nasty old trench poppin' out every now and again and takin' a shot at some poor bloke in another dirt-hole half a klick down a gloomy meadow. See, us lifters, we steal like people fought in the olden times, up close like men—we feel the hot blood of our enemies sprayin' all over our faces when we run 'em through on our swords. There's honor in that, there is. It's that sort of thing your boss ol' Tommy the Tooth don't understand. Don't get me wrong, I love the ol' shit to death, but he don't understand nothin' but brute force and hot wrath. He's just another London thug. But life ain't a Tarantino flick, my son—there ain't no arcane, existential meanin' to killin' a man.

“You see, there's nothin' beautiful about decryptin' a password or blowin' some poor sod's brains out, but let me tell you, mate, there is some real poetry in a good pull. You're flush up behind bald old Gerald Finkerton with the goldfish called Ackbar, and in that moment you feel every reverberation of the whole world. The grains in the cobblestone sidewalks of Regent Street, the gruff voice of the traffic warden three meters behind you, the little trickles of light streamin' down from that big grey canopy of London sky—you think for sure old Gerald must feel your breath on the back of his neck, but he ain't got the perceptions of the world that you got at that moment, and you see that little box containin' them diamond earrings he just bought for Sally at Harrod's peekin' out of his coat pocket like a lovely little flower pokin' out of God's fertile Earth, and your heart is in your throat, but you wait. Your pulse is a staccato of fiddles, but you hold, you hold until that perfect moment he looks up at a jet flyin' overhead and then, just then, you make the pull.” John sighs and smiles a smile laced with religious zeal.

“It's like Mozart, my chum. It's like an orgasm.” The old con leans back in his arm chair and takes another sip of gin.



## The Lifter (continued)

“You see. The beauty of the whole moment is all wrapped up in how well you know your mark. Cause it’s all Darwin. A good pull is all survival of the fittest, kill or be killed—‘the weak are meat the strong do eat’, they are. Every ten pence Gerald Finkerton made to spend on them earrings could have gone to some other stockbroker, but no sir, it was old Gerald that made the deal. You see, everyone in London’s a crook somehow—whether you’re a CEO or you run a Chinese restaurant, you’re stealin from somebody. Every five thousand quid your restaurant pulled in this week is five thousand the joint across the street didn’t make.

You’re young, I know, and just gettin started doin dirty work for that fat lout Tommy, but if you have a change o’heart and take to liftin, you may yet understand someday, my son. It’s the beauty of besting another human being—you’re not just nickin wallets, mate, you’re nickin souls. You make a pull off the Queen of England, I say that makes you King. You’re top of the food chain. The harder the lift, the more dangerous the beast, the more honor’s in it for you.”

John Hunt finally shuts his damn mouth for a moment. I’m sitting there in his flat, listening to him dribble on for half an hour and looking around the place. His dingy living room is cluttered with the hodgepodge trophies of his exploits: necklaces slipped from porcelain necks, pistols plucked from policemen’s holsters, guitars pinched right off stoned punk-rockers’ backs. I know that somewhere amidst all this junk is hidden Tommy the Tooth’s very own eponymous golden incisor.

“Tommy’s a thug, now, that may well be,” I say. “and I may just be a blunt instrument. But you’re foolin yourself if you think you’re some mighty prince strollin round London, lord of all you survey. Look at all this shit, John, you could make a king’s ransom if you pawned it. And that mouth on you, Jesus, mate—it’s amazing your braggin ain’t got you shot yet. Truth is, you’re just a vain old crook with delusions of grandeur. And I’m sorry, Johnny, I really am. But no one makes a fool o’ Tommy the Tooth, you know that, you silly git.”

I shoot John three or four times just for good measure—the silenced pistol hums out like a sound effect from an old arcade game. He coughs blood all over his armchair and looks up at me. “If I hadn’t been half drunk when you walked in here, my son” he says. “I’d have picked that shooter right out your jacket before you even sat down, I would have.” He takes one last pull of gin before he drops the glass and goes limp.

Lighting a cigarette, I look down at his body and chuckle to myself.

“Top of the food-chain, mate.”

# Cliff Edge See Bravely

Amelia Kohli

What strange threads have knotted here  
to keep things in their places?  
Seven sisters to walk through--  
chalky cliffs that crumble surely  
and write themselves into black-green slates,  
where so many try to leap  
so as to reach the glow of lighthouses.

Well placed signs warn us away--  
hold us back from the unstable edge  
that has led others into rivers,  
where they consciously lose the battle with language,  
and manipulated words become the pocket stones  
that sink them below the surface--  
only seen by the pearl-turned eyes  
of fish and scuba divers.

So what has knotted here,  
and how to loose it?  
Flying not from the favored spot,  
slate-waves come to greet me.  
We will stop to meet half way.  
And hope to grow wings or gills  
when the need becomes apparent.



Downward Dog Gesture

Sarah Quinn



Seated Nude

Sarah Quinn



Standing Nude

Sarah Quinn

# Religion of Rain

Claire Nelson

We prayed for rain  
those days our lips cracked,  
noses bled.  
Hands red and raw  
thrown to the sky,  
even the hopeless unbelievers called out  
for salvation.  
If there was a hell on earth  
it was here,  
under the August sun  
that refused to set,  
bound by razor sharp heat.  
We strained against mirage made bars.  
Invisible flames licked at our heels.

That summer we were all baptized  
in the rain that came  
just in time,  
fat drops that fell to a  
quick death,  
sizzled on pavement that we swore  
we saw ripple.  
sizzled and rose back up  
into the clouds--  
into new life--  
like ghosts.  
Crying, reaching  
Stretching.



# ruination and the bird

Emily Heilker

where rocks join in  
their own gurgled speech—  
it might be greek. (that is  
traditional) that is,

it is all greek  
to me. tonguespeak: rock speak: sand speak: can't speak.

sneak. a peak— i want to look, to see what might be  
opening inside my mouth:

a small, jeweled spider spinning out webs or  
a collection of fossilized ears.

vines have  
grown up around them: tendrillizing, tenderizing them slowly.

# Mono[nucleosis]

Seth McKelvey

There's a pipe  
Bomb lodged  
Inside my  
Head.  
It detonates  
With every

Reverberant

Breath.

And a chunky  
Chainsaw cough  
Nips my  
Spongy lungs.

Beating  
Beating  
Clubbing

Against the drums

In my molten hot ears.

The razor blade acid rain  
Slips down my throat and  
Burns ulcers  
In my stomach.

And I bite my teeth,  
Teeth that shatter with  
Their chattering.

# Glossy

Courtney Brown

don't drink the water, pretty baby,  
it scratches as it goes down.

stained glass meant nothing to me;  
her lies meant too much, so  
I never was a son of steeples.

she lies about smoking cigarettes, and  
she never would hold my hand, yelling for me to  
quick! round back of the house!, a camel dangling from her  
fingers like a  
phantom  
limb, so we

don't drink the water, here, but  
it sure do look  
nice, the way it tumbles and falls ov-er the  
rocks, be-neath our  
feet--  
she tosses in nickels, grits her  
teeth, and

my cigarette burns down to the  
butt, so I toss it to the clovers and  
pray for the luck of  
glossy bible pullouts and  
country songs, but

she never drank the water, here, and  
she isn't going to  
stay--she'd never hold my hand and  
I've forgotten how to pray.

# An Interview with Natasha Trethewey

Charles Blackburn

*Natasha Trethewey was born in Gulfport, Mississippi but moved to Decatur, Georgia at a young age following her parents' divorce. From 1985-1989 she attended the University of Georgia, where she earned a B.A. in English and joined the football cheer-leading squad, eventually becoming its captain. During her freshman year, Trethewey's mother was killed by her stepfather. She wrote poetry in an attempt to cope with the loss but did not publish a work on the subject for over two decades. It was cheerleading, she has said— "Having to go out there and smile and be athletic and be an ambassador..."—that truly kept her from despairing. Trethewey credits retired history professor Charles Wynes for having instilled an avid interest in the stories of her hometown's past. Both Southern history and grief over her mother's death inform her latest collection of poems, *Native Guard*, for which she won the Pulitzer Prize in 2007.*

*Trethewey holds an M.A. in English and creative writing from Hollins University as well as an M.F.A in poetry from the University of Massachusetts. Her first collection, *Domestic Work*, won the Cave Canem Poetry Prize in 1999 for the best first book by an African American writer. In 2003, she was awarded the Mississippi Institute of Arts and Letters Book Prize for her second collection, *Bellocq's Ophelia*. I interviewed her briefly on January 16, after a reading in the Student Learning Center.*

*Would you describe your first memory of the University of Georgia?*

Well, it sounds kind of trite because it has something to do with the usual first memory that people have. I remember arriving with my mother at Brumby Hall, where I lived my freshman year, and I remember standing in that big rotunda feeling so small. Actually, even before that, I remember how much my mother loved

Georgia basketball. She would always watch the games on Sunday. The cheerleaders would cheer and my mother would clap along (laughs).

*You've said that your classes revealed to you the ways in which public and personal history intersect—a knowledge that has affected your writing. What sort of knowledge did you gain from cheerleading, and how did it affect your art?*

That's an interesting question. I have a poem in my first book called "Flounder." In that poem, I'm describing how my aunt and I sat on the pier casting our lines out to catch fish, and there's a line that reads, "Hunkered down when she felt the bite..." If I hadn't been a cheerleader I never would have picked that word, "hunkered," and put it in a formal poem. So cheerleading gave me words for my poems. It also focused my attention on cadences. There's a definite sense of rhythm and timing you learn in cheerleading.

*Did you publish anything while still an undergrad?*

I was writing really horrible poems and keeping them tucked away to save myself embarrassment (laughs). I once asked my professor, Rosemary Franklin, to read a few of them, but I never showed them to her.

*In your poem "Pastoral," a group of incredulous poets ask, "You don't hate the South...You don't hate it?" Obviously the South has provided the backdrop for some extremely difficult times in your life. Historically, it was also the epicenter of degradation for African Americans. So why don't you hate it?*

Because it's mine too. It's the landscape and soil from which I come. [Poet] Phil Levine said, "I write what I've been given to write." I've been given the troubled and violent beauty of my South. I'm a native daughter. That line in the poem comes from Faulkner. It's the last line of *Absalom, Absalom!*, and Quentin says,

## Natasha Trethewey Interview (continued)

“I don’t hate the South. I don’t hate the South.” I just changed “I” to “You.”

*Are you the same person now that you were before winning the Pulitzer Prize?*

I’d like to think so—just busier. It’s important, in terms of my writing, not to let past successes or past failures join me at my desk.

*Do you have any tips for fledgling writers?*

Read as much as you can. I know that’s one you hear all the time, but you have to be in love with sentences. I think I’m a poet because I love sentences.

*So there’s a lot that a writer of poetry can gain from prose?*

Definitely. Oh, and have fun reading the OED (Oxford English Dictionary).

*What’s your favorite word?*

[Laughs]. I don’t know. I often make lists of words I like. I’m into “logos” and “nostos” right now.

*“Nostos”?*

It’s the root of the word “nostalgia.” It’s your homecoming. This is a kind of nostos for me.

*Have you ever considered coming back to teach at your alma mater?*

[Laughs]. I have considered it, and I would.



Kat Morrell

Reflection



U.S. DEPARTMENT OF  
HOMELAND SECURITY  
FEDERAL EMERGENCY  
MANAGEMENT AGENCY  
ADJUSTER PRELIMINARY  
DAMAGE ASSESSMENT

Ryan Downey

I.

The love-child of Ohio and agents of  
interrogation, we say “why oh why?” a tender  
fucking, a tendril related grope-gripe. We  
eschew solitude, leap headlong into the.

II.

It was what it  
was, a day for  
clichés, a  
series of  
fireside chats  
sans straw  
hats.

III.

When he came he  
removed his hat, his jacket,



creased, his eyes sunken  
into his slight frame, he  
sneezed. His clipboard,  
omnipresent and firm  
removed us from us.

#### IV.

We had these  
somewhere, in our palms,  
In our palms! The paring  
knife was dull and  
listless. It was blunt.  
Mom leaked, pounding  
the pork chops.

#### V.

He held her with his weeble-wobbles. Sis laughed, sis knew  
what language meant. A day of chem.-trails and whale-tails.  
It was suburbia, that which held and holds. And polices.

#### VI.

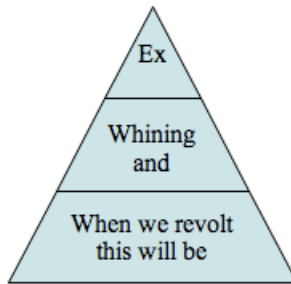
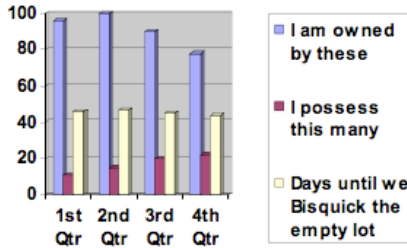
The number was always 500. Even when Hollywood  
argued otherwise. We carved 500 wooden figurines of  
Antonio Banderas. We carved life-sized holes in our  
sternums and warmed our hands inside each other.



## FEMA (continued)

### VII.

We left it somewhere. Created a series of charts with interminable values:



### VIII.

Sis was 500 bars of soap on “the market”. We assigned each other seats, sanitary and non-confrontational. We ransacked folktales, costume closets, hand pumped oxygen in lieu. Of PPO’s and useful usefals. Of all the probabilities we are aware of, 500 are the most salient. Signed and Dated.

### IX.

The concept of hand made applies here. We bolded that, punctuated the silence of arbitrary constraints. We

were not violent in the time of  
performative-reactive-hyperactive  
activity fairs. We were young, and  
adept at bobbing for shiny ones in the  
man-made-murky fluid.

X.

How do you figure, as a figure of  
speech, that we will lovingly caress the  
soft skin behind your bulbous  
kneecaps?

XI.

He held her with his assault rifle aimed chest-level. Sis  
laughed, sis knew what language meant. A day of  
chem.-trails and whale-tails. It was inurbane, that which hell  
and holes please.

XII.

The number was always 500. Even when Holly would  
cough puddles in the crib. We carved 500 wooden figurines  
of 500 pewter figurines. We carved love-sized holes in our  
hands and warmed us inside us.

XIII.

We told you all we know. Were the mute colors not enough? If it-  
ters ar misng yr prcpton s limted. That is a foolish way to end an  
assessment. We fixed your typos. You will reciprocate, yes?

# Blue Velvet and Red Red Roses

John McNabb

A bright blue American sky

in the late morning

You see  
a grid from the sky, a grid crawling  
with insects  
s  
e  
c  
t  
s, busybusybusy being instinctual

The grid is made up of streets

A street

sparkling  
black rocks baked by radiation

A white picket fence

STOP!

What a  
cute littlehouse! A bright cover of living green and droplets of wa  
ter from the sprinkler,  
not a patch of dirt in sight

What a well-kept lawn!  
Wait!

A rouge little anthill – but sprinkled with white poison powder  
Ah, good. These people are on top of everything.

But they do not see beneath the fluttering  
green blades.

If they did they would

see

the black garden hose

bulging

like a blocked artery, like a snake

that has eaten too much and will die

because its lifeless victim will break through its skin

and its semen-white eyes will dazzle the sunlight, and the snake

will thrash

and roll

over

and

die,

like this bulging nearly-bursting black garden hose

here; it's blocked, something is blocking the black  
garden hose. Soon it will begin to thrash.

But now, beneath the fluttering grass, it is a silent  
beating witness to the great secret march of the ants,

c

r

a

w

l

i

n

g, JAWING over one



## Blue Velvet and Red Red Roses (continued)

another like an orgy  
of people who have  
just learned  
in the middle of their

orgasm

that            their lives  
have  
no purpose  
other than to do  
whatever the fuck they want to

# Nuclear Winter

Seth McKelvey

The hair on Our arms without success,  
tries escape  
But through Our pearl teeth Our white hot breath  
prison breaks.  
Our fingers crawl up inside themselves,  
making fists  
And We teeter close to the ice shelf  
edged abyss.

-----

Devastation reigns on the super absorbent  
paper towel nations  
burning card house foundations  
to disintegrating corpulent  
ashy  
b i t s.

-----

We always had jailing zipper teeth,  
holding in.  
But We just couldn't keep Our tongues sheathed  
even then.  
Our humanness was anorexic,  
eating gold  
And all Our god-thoughts were perplexin'  
bullet holes.



# Visions and Revisions in Bibliotecam

Jeremy White

*Trinity College, Oxford. circa 4 A.M.*

A library was built around me three hundred years ago  
And I've been the cornerstone ever since,  
Now peeling my eyeballs off  
A burning lake of Acid LCD  
Computer screen  
On which is written gaudy bouquets of academic mish-mash  
tongue.

Empty cavern of books.  
As if the atom bomb had fallen.

The English Reformation is the plate of the day  
As Catholics and Protestants wage  
A war of attrition between my eyelids.

Light flashes.  
The Old God of the Library  
Brings back the fluorescent light of day.

But English history is keen in persuading the sun  
To go down early — watch it  
go  
    down  
        early

Open your eyes.

I awoke inside a garbage bag  
That lay in waiting in a trash compactor



Darker, darker  
Deeper, deeper

I want to burn this mass of papers  
That has become my undertaker.

Something stirs.  
A head pops out from a bookcase  
Like a rising sun—  
The horizon turned sideways.  
Claws gripping around the edge.

So. We meet again.  
Arch nemesis since day one,  
Queen Mary the First has come to kill me whilst I sleep  
(I'd expect no less from a Tudor).  
But I, one step ahead,  
In haste down bookcase aisles  
She's hot on my heels with hatchet in hand.

The last time I remember waking  
She'd won,  
And I was tied to burning stake  
Smoldering in city centre,  
The scent of liquid skin sliding off the bone.

# Country Brothers

Charles Blackburn

The sawgrass cuts our ankles as we walk  
and black flies fleck like cigarette burn-holes  
the yellow blades. Your idle hand, smooth as chalk,  
shows white against your red pack of Camels  
and deep bluejeans.

I sip a coke until  
the coke is gone, then toss the bottle high,  
way out into the murky pond. A mill  
once turned out cotton bolts somewhere nearby,  
but now, nothing.

You wonder out loud if  
there's any stills left hiding in these woods.  
I stare across the shifting scum and sniff,  
pretend I know corn liquor from canned goods,  
say, 'Nope.' You turn your head. I bum a smoke.  
It's beautiful when we're alone and broke.

# Buchanan's Blues

Seth McKelvey

The hair on Our arms without success,  
tries escape  
But through Our pearl teeth Our white hot breath  
prison breaks.  
Our fingers crawl up inside themselves,  
making fists  
And We teeter close to the ice shelf  
edged abyss.

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Devastation reigns on the super absorbent  
paper towel nations  
burning card house foundations  
to disintegrating corpulent  
ashy  
b i t s.

-----

We always had jailing zipper teeth,  
holding in.  
But We just couldn't keep Our tongues sheathed  
even then.  
Our humanness was anorexic,  
eating gold  
And all Our god-thoughts were perplexin'  
bullet holes.





Fixed

Katie Andrew

# Special Thanks

The Stillpoint Literary Magazine would like to thank the Franklin College of Arts and Sciences, the University of Georgia's English Department, the Creative Writing Department, Jordana Rich, Dr. Ed Pavlic, Athens Printing, everyone who submitted to the publication, everyone who attends our readings, and everyone who picked up this magazine.

- The *Stillpoint* Staff