

# JANUARY REVIEW

Issue 02



## Poems

Jonel Abellanos ● Tobi Alfier ● Cynthia Anderson ● Diane Averill ●  
Joshua Baker ● Kim Jacobs-Beck ● Darren Demaree ● John Dorsey ●  
Lara Gularte ● Ceinwen Haydon ● Richard Houff ● Tim Kahl ● Peter J. King  
Laurie Kolp ● Franca Mancinelli ● John C. Mannone ● Alicia Mathias  
Barry Peters ● Jacob Rivers ● Maureen Sherbondy ● John Taylor ●  
Robert Schultz ● Peter J. King





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*Information about the cover*

*The cover is one of the two chlorophyll prints of Walt Whitman  
by Robert Schultz, included in this issue.*

*Full information about these chlorophyll print images can be found in the book,  
War Memoranda: Photography, Walt Whitman, and Memorials by Binh Danh and Robert Schultz.*

*You may also follow this link:* <https://robertschultz.com/art/war-memoranda-the-book/>

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## The Strangers

Five minutes are all I need to  
weigh words. I don't ask  
questions, but if I hear  
answers, we're halfway.

If side by side with you for  
the first time I know I've  
known you, that's my cue  
for the last minute.

Roads remain the same  
but not the views. I'm always  
a new country. I have cities  
expansive as you want them

to be. My trees have outgrown  
roots. You might see the ground  
as sunlight, hear the wind  
leave birdsong as refrain.





*Jonel Abellanos*

## The Bees

Concern is like a treeless hive.  
Colonies collapse my  
mind. I picture hexagons for  
thoughts, see larvae, pupae.

Time is the only honeycomb  
left. I measure myself  
against water, sun the pollen  
way, dark apiary.

When they mature I show the sky.  
Whisper, *follow the light*.  
*From my burning sanctuary*  
*go, seek silence in hearts*.

*Let ash cross foreheads, love broken*  
*as your homes. Be the words*  
*of their wholehearted prayer, as*  
*ruins bring eyes lower*.



## Excursion to the Palos Verdes Cliffs

We climbed down to the tidepools.  
Sand and spider webs undisturbed  
on splintered, hand-hewn steps,  
the bannister not much better.  
An unwelcoming journey steep  
and uneven, down to the gift  
of light and life below.

You had the backpack across  
your shoulders, one hand in mine.  
I couldn't look up to the island  
across the bay, or the gliding clouds,  
or reach the cliff-side flowers  
gathered by those with better  
balance than I.

A kayak canted across the breach  
from tidepool to open water  
gently rocking. Clearly  
unused for countable time,  
waiting for its owners to claim it.  
The boat held no interest for us.  
It was the starfish, anemones,

every color magnified a thousand-fold.  
Silent and smooth water. The polished  
dark of rounded stones, glimmer  
of tiny fish in the pond shared by just us two.  
Far up the hill an occasional rumble  
of trucks. And in the mellowing light  
of dusk, a single, forever, kiss.



## Loving Emily

I went to her house.  
You were lounged on her couch  
in a jacket I didn't know you owned,  
feet up on her shabby table,  
reading in silence.

I said *let's call Emily,*  
*swing by her man's house*  
*and all meet for dinner.*  
You said something  
I don't recall, and I went  
for the phone. On the floor,  
four perfect stapled pages,  
lined like your beloved  
yellow pads. The heading said:  
"The Week of Loving Emily"

Four pages of poems I didn't know,  
sent off to journals obscure to me,  
the last two to the army. I knew  
Emily's man, a caber tossing  
roughneck of a bloke, did not  
write these. I knew they were yours.

Emily answered quite chirpy,  
got less and less so as she explained  
that *no, it would not be a good*  
*idea, her man was playing music*  
*with friends, did not want company—*

I was sad, got more and more down  
as she spoke. I knew you were  
not coming home with me.  
Emily had a Scottish accent,  
you did as well. I just left,  
I don't know how I sounded,  
just broken hearted.





## A Slice of Whisperwinter

I watch the low clouds as they smolder  
a sky the color of opaled satin.  
Bare limbs, branches gnarled  
like ancient almswomen saying  
rosaries, etch my frosted window.  
Somewhere the sun casts a weak afternoon  
light on quiet snow, the flakes gentle  
and silent as they anoint the shoulders  
of men rushing home, black jackets  
and black gloves, each with a briefcase  
they'll profess to open later, once  
warmth and whisky has made  
them human. They have kissed wives  
who followed the same route earlier  
from shops— for chickens and turnips,  
a spot of cake. They have wrestled  
their sons, hugged their daughters,  
eyed the clock to call out evening duties  
as a conductor calls the arrival of trains.

And still I am alone. Five months  
given to drought. A woman rare,  
scented of roses and spice, a laugh  
tender as the early wash of daylight.  
She would have loved this snow,  
and loved me in it. She wore mittens,  
not gloves, one hand to wrap around  
an ancient city streetlamp, the other  
to reach for me. Now I'm just a vague  
remembrance to her, like the stranger  
she passed this morning in a half-open  
doorway, measuring the weather with  
open palms and steaming tea. Chimney  
smoke inscribes the air, stains the needles  
and bullets of each different snowflake  
a rotten mahogany. Strange how something  
so lovely can be called so violent. Thus  
is the story of my salvation—outside,  
the gaining snow takes everything it wants.



## Pilgrimage

At the beach house, a weathered pillar of wind and salt,  
I'm the woman across the table from an empty chair,  
the only one there, an acolyte of the bloody new moon,

tracking its lack of light across broad swaths of sand.  
Each day I walk the labyrinth of the dunes, losing  
then finding my way, epiphanies of rapture and grief.

The one shell I find, broken, seems to hold the echo  
of a scream—at least, that's what I hear when I press it  
to my ear. I quickly throw it back, watch the flood tide

tumble it away like it never existed. That's when  
I know my exile is over—time to return to the land  
of my birth, that inland empire of rustling leaves.



*Cynthia Anderson*

## What Will It Take

Awake again—  
these long night hours  
crawl on their knees  
towards an unseen oasis

under a full moon  
bright as crystal.  
That savage light  
casts shadows

sharp enough to tear,  
to sever—there's  
no place for soft flesh  
in this landscape.

Thrashing the bed,  
thirsting for calm,  
I find, instead,  
the rack—a mass

of high, thick,  
fast-moving clouds.  
I need voices  
other than my own

to tell me—  
*what will it take*  
*to find a way out*  
*of this desert?*





*Cynthia Anderson*

## A Long Goodbye

Winter came more suddenly  
than earth.

You were accustomed  
to the ground beneath

your feet—so familiar,  
as though it would last

forever, with you ranging  
upon it—

then this hard freeze,  
this bleak cold

that shut your eyes  
and stopped you

in mid-stride. Shorn of hope,  
you mourn the frailty

of your own form passing  
into the dark

to be remade. A rarefied  
air surrounds you,

prelude to decay—  
enough to nurture

the hurt of not existing.  
Unmoving, you wait

for the thaw—in your own  
time, on your own

terms, you dissolve  
and fall as snow.



*Diane Averill*

## In Bloom

spring rolls in  
after a winter too full of greys

people pause  
in this old new light

and look up to the soft  
opening beaks  
of magnolia blooms  
then beyond into blue

a boy's arms turn  
forsythia

and a woman reclines in a wheelchair  
completely covered in clothes  
the colors of forest duff~  
except for her smile-bright flowerface



*Diane Averill*

On Seeing Bonnard's *Nude in the Bathtub*  
After Hearing About a Rape in the Wildlife Refuge

The Painter hovers above her.  
He's a black-backed gull  
or silver-eyed party goer searching for  
hor d'oeuvres. Shell-shaped  
porcelain curves around her  
oyster-blue body.  
One anemone palm opens over her  
legs thin as driftwood.

Colored tiles shine on the water,  
turn her skin violet,  
transparent,  
starfish-red.  
Like the woman raped  
she has a dog that looks up  
with too-gentle eyes  
from its nest-like mat.  
This dog will lick  
droplets from the woman's ankles  
as if she were one of the puppies,  
as if no one had  
broken her.





## Bird Lessons in Triplicate

### *1. Crow Wings*

The sidewalk curves along, above Johnson Creek  
Reflects a gray view universe  
I walk slowly, camera skull slung  
In search of light, a shot, a flash of magic  
Anything to elevate perspective  
At the skyline, a visual tickle  
A dozen black specks in retreat  
crows heading north by northwest  
Pulling clouds, cultivating mystery  
no wheeling about, no walnut drops from power lines  
no staring, no hop-walking towards trash  
Instead, a focused exodus  
I wonder what they know, what they left behind  
The corpse of a fallen sister in the sidewalk median  
A game that took a wrong turn.  
Water tainted by oily runoff  
I hear sirens in the wind  
Imagined dirge for the dark departed

### *2. Heron Tail*

I tilt towards the day's work while rolling  
Clouds gloom-stack the horizon  
Even as musculoskeletal aches  
become an invasive species

Distraction descends in the flap and swoop of massive wings  
A dinosaur from the left corner of sky world  
Aberration above tire stores, pawn shops, coffee kiosks  
As it shifts course, the bird's tail in profile becomes a handle  
Naming the great blue heron, ancient water sage

Even as my course veers along a tree-lined boulevard  
The creature glides behind Douglas fir crests  
slow motion flaps a lesson in persistence



*I am older than your gods, concern myself  
Not with clouds or hunger, only my ability  
to fly from danger, fly towards food*

In a small forested canyon with sharp curves,  
I brake, lose sight of the bird at last  
Absorb its real and imagined lessons  
Continual motion towards the ineffable  
as sunbeams glint golden through cedar boughs

### *3. Goose Energy*

Filter out the squawk tones  
what we perceive as voices  
the unified fluttering wingtips  
of a minor flock of Canada Geese  
The nuisance species landing in a field  
Wings sing-speaking power with grace  
The sounds of avian physics sizzle and hum  
The way high voltage transmission lines buzz  
How have I never noticed this music before?  
I talk to the geese because I have lost faith in God  
Imagine goose energy recharging a polarized world



*Kim Jacobs-Beck*

## Jeremiah Morrow Bridge

The highest in Ohio.

I tighten every time

I drive across,

I feel the poor ghosts  
haunting the girders

People say “I can’t imagine”

but I can: step off and nothing holds

acceleration through the green blur

slam into the muddy Little Miami

water breaks you

stones and mud imprint in





EMILY AS SHE MAKES THE CLAIM THAT ALL FLESH IS GOLD

Really, all she  
was saying  
is that she is

willing to drag  
her teeth  
against

anything  
I consider  
to be valuable.

It was a joke  
I think. Anyway,  
she was laughing

when she said it.  
Emily might be  
hilarious.



*Darren Demaree*

## EMILY AS WE GUESS THE COUNT

It's all passage,  
but we have a lot of fun keeping  
our own memories.

.



*Darren Demaree*

## EMILY AS SYNCOPE

I prefer  
the tumbledown  
of a woman

who never asks  
me to catch her.  
I still do,

but she objects  
consciously  
to my willing

arms being used  
to hold her up  
when they could

be carrying  
our children.  
It's difficult.

She's difficult.  
I am alive  
in her difficulty.

.



*Darren Demaree*

## EMILY AS THE BOAT IS ON FIRE

I knew there was an ocean  
beneath us. I just wanted  
to show off

for Emily.

It was a temporary desire  
with permanent consequences.

I had no idea  
she could breathe for both us.  
I should have guessed

that my performance  
required her actual context  
to exist fully in this reality.

.



*Darren Demaree*

## EMILY AS EACH SOUND IS A PRAYER

Whatever gave  
Emily a voice  
is a god to me.

.





*Darren Demaree*

## EMILY AS I REJECT THE SMELL OF LICORICE

I'm not going back to Duluth.  
I'd happily live in Superior  
for the rest of time. Senses

are complicated. I lost Emily,  
the taste of her, the memory  
of the taste of her, in Duluth.

All the poets there drank  
a cider that smelled like licorice  
to me. Fuck the smell of licorice.

.



*John Dorsey*

## Disability in the Age of Disco: The New Hope

in 1977 they kept me in a heated machine  
meant for a creature the size of a baby bird  
i weighed just over three pounds  
& cried through the night

a few weeks out of the hospital  
my parents took me  
to the drive in  
to see star wars  
as palm trees swayed  
above my head

they were young  
& just happy  
that i was alive  
& everything else  
seemed liked a galaxy  
far far away.

.



## WHERE THE DOVES GO

I see them fly en masse—  
soar, dip, whirl.  
On mission, they send messages,  
and the sky goes to coo.

These peaceniks have known another world,  
pulsate between stars,  
gleam in the freezing night.

They slip into downy warmth,  
face forces of wind and ice.  
Wings cover the sky.

In their descent,  
darkness falls on their flight of faith,  
and they find hail on the dove cote roof.  
White birds on frayed phone wire hang on hope.

With the smell of burning feathers—  
no peaceful ascent.  
All eternity earthbound.

These days I'm a wingless bird  
struggling to take flight,  
condor on my shoulder.

.



## THE YEAR SHE LOST HER WHEREABOUTS

She travels the path of the glacier  
carrying the world with her.

A blizzard claws her,  
and she turns her knife to a mountain cat's throat.

To repent for the kill, she prays, asks for favors,  
hears angels howl like wolves.

Seen from a distance a field of them,  
wings folded into fur.

The seraphs drool of moon  
stroke her with their paws.

Snow covers her, and she sleeps,  
waits for the season of warming.

Time passes till she steps out of snow melt,  
staggers among carrion and crags, downed limbs,

comes upon birds not heard from for years  
who cross clouds like borders.

Something final has begun  
with nothing she can do to stop it.



## FOURTH WORLD WOMAN

A fugitive of the modern world, she's tired of deep lies,  
and anthems, the marble limbs of statues on the ground.  
When smoky skies erase mountains and eagles,  
shroud angry riots in town,  
she craves the peace of forest creatures.  
Imagining a fourth world the rustle of wild grass beguiles her.  
The animal inside teaches her to have visions, to watch for signs.  
Night moves through her, breathes and stretches,  
a cold nose touching her.  
She snatches the mouse from the cat's mouth, sets it free.  
Suddenly antlers shadow the sky and she hurts a beautiful pain.  
She molts off her former selves for a furred face, nostrils slanting.  
At the crest she stands doe-like, hooves in place,  
waits for a deluge to cleanse the ailing earth.

.





*Ceinwen E C Haydon*

## Losing Traction

Fatigued and slow,  
we cross a muddy field  
pressed by thick, arrowed tracks of tractor tyres.

A buzzard mewls its cries,  
I look up

and see earth's heavy-wheeled marks  
echoed true in soft-curled darts  
unfurled over early-evening's mackerel skies.

I tug your hand,  
point out  
repeated patterns.  
You shrug.

Beyond earshot, your silence whistles.  
your mind curtains off  
to avoid making connections.

.



*Richard Houff*

## The Death of a Neighbor

I will remember you  
by the gifts of books and conversation:

When the clock chimed  
on the other side of midday

And the shrubs released  
their leftover dead to greet the new

When the book you were reading  
fell gently to rest in your lap

And I whispered your name  
as friend



## The Water Pageant

The negroes of Angola were capturing mermaids  
and eating them. We saw their bones dumped  
in the shallows, and because we believed  
every person who had a title on land  
also had a counterpart in the sea, we looked  
for the plastic cross of the fish-bishop  
floating on the waves. But it was never  
found among the graves of kelp on  
the surface where we netted minnows.  
The iridescent film of the gas spill  
dazzled our eyes as we strengthened  
the breakers for the water pageant.  
This year it was rumored the commission  
was coming. They came. They saw.  
They condescended to our backwater charms.  
Afterwards it was illegal to speak of  
mermaids when the commission  
announced they were only fables.  
On the maps we couldn't find any  
place called Angola either. Our ears  
rang with their most popular edict:  
conform, conform to more profitable ways.



## A Family of Conifers

I was born into a family of conifers,  
into a species that confounded the taxonomists.  
They were not very good at recognizing our kind.  
The cones we dropped were merely hints  
for the picnickers in the grove to see  
we were not the stuff of lumber.  
We were not suited for fire either.  
*Bad wood don't burn* we'd say until  
the novice campers would believe it  
or one of them would once again  
mistake my uncle for a Sitka spruce.  
They'd curse his useless corpse,  
mutter that his trunk wasn't good enough  
to grow fungus. Then they'd come  
for my sister, insisting she was cedar.  
My redwood father and Bishop pine mother  
could not move, froze as I recall it,  
and I grew up between the seedlings and  
the tall mature trees, a bit too  
philosophical and dreamy, I guess.  
I thought about my life as human,  
how I'd used my forest family  
to project my hurt for all those years.  
I should have thought of them as  
beautiful or useful instead.  
It's their hidden lives I attend to now  
as I gaze at their blankness from the trail.  
I want to intrude upon their quiet middle,  
pass through into the years circling  
their core and emerge on the other side  
of the divide into unseen history.  
There I can escape my fatigue with  
the visible. Or is my reason to find  
the handle of the divine, even if  
it's a god whose pinched life and  
monstrous manner force me to  
dance with him all night long.



## Reformation Dance

The peasants danced at the carnival.  
The giant strode across the river  
with the Christ child on his back.  
The mercenary rode off to war,  
dagger dangling between his legs.  
I stood by the cuckold who roamed  
the village looking for the joker  
who had put a cock's comb in his sack.

The bearded man rehearsed the vows  
learned from the missing monk.  
No one had seen him since  
we got news of the revolution  
in heaven. When we saw the fifers  
had been cast out and fallen back  
to earth, our hopes were dashed.  
There would be no music in  
the moonlight, no mournful ballad  
to recount our tragic ways.  
Our steps would need to be light  
for the rest of our merciful days.

Then the church forbade our twirling  
during the allemande because the women  
wore no underpants. So we took to  
the ländler, the hopser, leaping around  
like idiots after butter. Some day we  
would make it to our solemn heaven  
and plead for darkness to descend upon  
our ears. A weight upon our countenance!  
A blight upon our souls!  
These are the credentials that led us  
to be more dubious of happy fools.





Aviary II

i.

from the ground  
the starlings seem  
in mourning —  
wheeling in the evening sky  
funereally fine and  
inappropriately joyful

look closer, though,  
and see the iridescent  
emerald and sapphire  
mingled with the jet —  
the way the sun sparks colours  
from the intricacy  
of their plumage  
and the beads  
that are their eyes

ii.

orange-red breast glows  
puffed against the cold  
head cocked  
one eye on the feeder  
in my hand  
to be replenished  
one eye on the swirling field  
that links Earth's molten core  
with solar winds  
that sweep out from the Sun's  
corona

iii.

all we see  
a streak of neon  
turquoise down the stream  
or  
a shiver on the wind a splash  
and frantic silver flapping  
drowning in mid air  
gulped down  
whole  
convulsively



## Temporal Crimes

Arrested  
read my rights  
my bio-facts recorded  
they scraped the time from  
underneath my fingernails,  
and matched it to the fortnight  
that I'd killed.

The judges threw the book at me,  
but I'd erased its pages —  
introduced its quondam author  
to the secret joys of poetry;  
she switched from law to literature  
and died in poverty, the book  
unwritten.

They jailed me anyway,  
but hadn't seen my name  
on the construction contracts for the prison;  
so much sea-sand shouldn't  
be allowed in concrete  
(yet it took me seven days  
to loosen all the bars enough  
to let me fly the coop).

When I do time  
I do it my way.



Ecomoney

1

in yawning;  
or some scandalized  
    intake of breath  
        breathe,  
and in breathing  
suck in pestilence.

2

    a precise leniency, a  
    brief performance of  
    judgement,  
        skimming  
the white, frothy scum off  
the cuff.

3

unlettered  
        salivating at a  
        whistle  
    afraid of symbolism;  
straining, gasping,  
sobbing for a hold on the thin air  
    irritants unheeded and still

4

and still      spraying  
    verbal over insect bombs  
        and  
        scenery  
remembering grey  
    remembering neutrality  
        skies' full  
up there — look  
    a sort of sanctity  
    a mirroring  
    unsilvered,  
        sinking



5

some future anvil  
cloud  
hammer-head  
flasked and brought back  
dissolving  
peeling the outer layers  
exposed guts and conjoined  
alloyed:

6

lean forward  
into  
the vane  
whirling  
invisible  
in  
indecision  
But *you* know which way the wind's  
blowing strong  
dry and thinning

7

if words could help —  
a patting of stomachs and  
lungs  
stillness  
windless bright  
greyly  
sad



## Running Shoes

On early summer mornings,  
the struggle becomes  
a subtle nudge.  
To stretch, you reach  
down and touch me  
briefly—what a tease.  
If you let me, I can run  
like Usain Bolt, run  
like Forrest Gump, run  
across America without  
falling apart. Run  
as if my life depended on it,  
which it does.  
No cracks or potholes  
trip me when you let me run  
with you. I would not want  
to rub a blister on your heel  
or stink your duffel bag  
just because you splash  
sludge all over me. I would  
lose my sole, and you would  
have to start all over  
with someone else.  
Someone who does not  
know you like I do, has not  
molded you a runner from life.





*Laurie Kolp*

## Alien Experience

When the satellite lands, a moon shadow  
    looms from under my low sagging breasts.  
I offer up my arms to hairy pits, show  
    the satellite as it lands. A moon shadow  
spills on reptilian-like skin, an alien  
    inks Mars over blue varicose veins.  
When the satellite lands, a moon shadow  
    looms underneath a low shaggy beast.

.



*Franca Mancinelli*

Translated from the Italian by John Taylor

\*

and another day shatters, crashing  
back against the sea rock without weeping.

All things unborn of me,  
time thrust in like a broken seed.

Now I curl up, a clump of brown seaweed,  
the salt sparkling, far from the shoreline.

.



*Franca Mancinelli*

Translated from the Italian by John Taylor

\*

before words become hot wax  
hands beckon to each other:  
a prehistoric language  
deaf like a stone, a downpour.  
I ask and something else you answer,  
so close is your steady palm  
to the cliff

then my chin on your shoulder, my ear  
against yours, our noses pointing away.

.



*Franca Mancinelli*

Translated from the Italian by John Taylor

\*

at night an estuary your arms  
are oak branches  
a bottomless sieve  
bright plummeting pebble  
clump of dissolving dirt

I've always been here  
at life's onset  
looking at these things  
moving in your eyes.

.



*Franca Mancinelli*  
(Original Italian Poems)

\*

e un altro giorno si frantuma, torna  
lo schianto sullo scoglio senza pianto.

Tutte cose che non nascono da me,  
tempo conficcato come un seme rotto.

Ora rannicchio, sono un'alga bruna  
il brillare di sale, distante dalla linea.

\*

prima che parole siano cera calda  
sono le mani a chiamarsi:  
una lingua preistorica  
come la pietra sorda come lo scroscio.  
Domando e un'altra cosa rispondi  
tanto è vicino il palmo  
saldo, sul precipizio

poi il mento sulla tua spalla, le orecchie  
una sull'altra, i nasi opposti.

\*

nella notte un estuario le tue braccia  
sono rami di quercia  
setaccio senza fondo  
sasso chiaro che precipita  
un granulo di terra che si scioglie

sono sempre stata qui  
all'inizio della vita  
guardando queste cose  
muoversi nei tuoi occhi.

-The original Italian poems were first published in Franca Mancinelli's *Mala kruna* (2007) and then reprinted in her book *A un'ora di sonno da qui* (italic Pequod, 2018)



## Broken Stones

Wide-eyed, I remember reaching for rocks:  
ruddy ones like wet rust, and dark olivine  
chips wedged between sandstone, and flat  
round cobbles—brown, tan, and gray.

Dad anchor-held my arm. I, tethered to him,  
swung as a pendulum, scooping fistfuls  
of stones from the stream, my fingers in tight  
reflex, grappled the glinting stones. Flakes

of mica and fine crystals of citrine quartz  
glittered in the broken stones whose skin  
was smooth and hard. They should've been  
unbreakable by anything natural. Even Dad,

with that same hard twinkle, couldn't say why.  
I emptied my heavy pockets—damp pebbles  
and busted pieces spilled on hardwood floors,  
their sparkles evaporating to pale dryness.

I remember squinting through tears as they faded.





*John C. Mannone*

## Dead Leaves

I want to shake down the dead  
thoughts from my tree

of knowledge

—of good and evil. Dead  
leaves aren't suppose to grow there

but they do, sprouting from glitter.  
Fruits dangle from branches:

pride, greed, lust, and envy;  
gluttony, wrath and sloth.

It's Adam's fault, not just Eve's,  
both of them were there

wholly seduced by coppery  
lies lacing cores of forbidden fruit—

golden apples.

They'd see two trees  
in the middle of the garden,

one with beautiful  
dead leaves,

the other, scarlet, bursting  
with life.



*Alicia Mathias*

11:11

We drive    dark  
  amid  
lit petals  
  of cloud



Slate blue  
  rust—chafed  
fenders  
  shycoughpink



[stick shift stuck—  
engine idles...]

With rains  
  that never  
  plash  
Or bloom

They hold their breath/  
brushes turn blue

Tattooed  
bruises  
from temporary  
  skies

(torn canvas  
  of an unseen  
  Monet)



[Suicides  
unstrung  
from harps  
burning  
upon our  
tongues]

black  
shoes      tap    telegrams  
silver

stacked  
tiny  
silences  
slip

Beneath  
the trample  
Of type—  
writers

A field  
of white space  
Dented



*Alicia Mathias*

\*

with/out  
war(n)ing

you light  
a match  
then  
stroll  
away  
as our books  
burn  
around  
me

all three years  
of your  
words  
flame  
into  
scarred  
silence

when i try  
to call  
out  
your name  
only  
smoke  
escapes  
my  
mouth

~



*Barry Peters*

## Dreaming of the Bandstand

The lights. The audience.  
Black mirror of piano lid.

The drummer's little spears.  
Upright coffin of bass.

The inability to read music  
or properly hold the saxophone.

These are great fears. Teeth-  
falling-out, naked-at-the-gate fears

but my greatest is the absence  
of sound, the not-knowing

how to lip the mouthpiece,  
how to breathe through the reed,

how to articulate even a squawk.  
Maybe it's possible to fake it,

to stand beside the other tenors  
with my silent vehicle and pretend.

Maybe not.



my mother brings us to see him at Memorial

He looks at me and doesn't consider the rain that will soon fill the basement. This monsoon is new to our landscape, and we still consider ourselves yuccas, thirsty along the edges of the mountains. My mother stands close behind, her hands waiting for me to collapse into the ground. I admire his hair that turns white at the pace of drying blood. It shifts back to bioluminescent every night. He forgets that twilight breaks beneath night and summersaults into tomorrow again. He forgets a name. He won't forget my eyes. I am growing tall like the elk limbs we buried among the roots of our willow tree. He tells me this. We ripple upwards quickly, pushing the air onto its sides.

.



*Jacob Ryers*

## The Window

The cold  
belongs

to me.  
A deer

stalks the  
snow covered

shelter of  
leaves,

he arches  
his neck

to untie  
the last

fruit  
abandoned by

the decaying  
tree.





## Erase

We have erased the others,  
those men, those women  
who came before us,  
the smeared kisses  
in hallways, the neck nibbles  
in cars, the bar-room tiffs  
and alley seductions.

The all alone of Friday nights,  
long evenings in front of screens  
not being watched,  
listening for phone calls  
that never arrive.

*I* has shifted to *we*  
like that old house  
where the owner bulldozed  
all interior walls  
to create one giant room  
of us.



## Rocket Man

spouts from the mouth of the President,  
an Elton John fan, who wishes he could  
pack his golf bag and leave DC  
instead of enforcing a nuclear ban.

It's lonely in the Oval Office. He misses  
driving, chipping and putting so much  
it sometimes hurts. He knows he's not the man  
he thinks he is. DC is not the kind of place  
to raise a son named Barron.

All these policies he doesn't understand.  
It's just his job seven days a week. Still,  
he knows lyrics from famous songs he used to love,  
bellows them in jest to connect to citizens  
who just don't understand.

And he thinks it's gonna be  
a long, long time until he's playing  
the back nine again. That North Korean  
crisis – he has no clear, strategic plan  
except to refer to that guy as Rocket Man.



*Maureen Sherbondy*

## Hospital

No paradise can be found  
in the hospital, except pink  
flowers in the patient's room.

She stares out the window  
searching for planets  
she might one day inhabit

When the flowers shrivel  
and fall from the blue vase.

.





Anne-Marie Donaint-Bonave, « Celadon », 2018

## Celadon

perhaps at the beginning  
the cracks were etched

who knows

do you know

how they filled with glaze  
who or what  
had spread the glaze  
over the surface of your life

you were anxious about intervals

about absence  
empty spaces



as if separated  
by more than skin and air  
from others dashing away  
in predictable directions  
while playing hide-and-seek  
over the lawns  
in sultry summer  
in chilly autumn

now you look back  
often you look back  
at patterns on the surface  
the foreseeable hiding places

the figures emerge at dusk

they are unmoving  
as if the playing were over  
everything had been settled on  
settled up

circles and spoke wheels  
inescapable continuities itineraries  
eyes eyelids  
hearts and hands

were you free

who were you  
when you ran haphazardly over the grass  
sometimes through the flowers  
through landscapes and languages

when you look on closely  
from afar

you understand so little

or all too well

when you remember  
and anticipate the night  
when the mothers will call you in  
all of you

when all will come full circle



like this celadon in your hand  
with its radiuses and inner circles  
leading back to the ultimate center

only hours have gone by

and will vanish

.





*Robert Schultz*

Chlorophyll Print Images of Walt Whitman





*Robert Schultz*

Chlorophyll Print Images of Walt Whitman



*WAR MEMORANDA:*

*Photography, Walt Whitman, and Memorials*

by Binh Danh & Robert Schultz





*Peter F. King*

**Windwalker**





Untitled 71





*Peter J. King*

**Sunset**





*Jonel Abellanosa* resides in Cebu City, the Philippines. His poetry has appeared in numerous journals, including Rattle, Poetry Kanto, Pedestal Magazine, Mojave River Review, and Star\*Line. His poetry has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize, Best of the Net and Dwarf Stars award. His fourth chapbook, "Songs from My Mind's Tree," has been published in early 2018 by Clare Songbirds Publishing House (New York), which will also publish his full-length collection, "Multiverse," in late 2018. His poetry collection, "Sounds in Grasses Parting," is forthcoming from Moran Press.

*Tobi Alfier* is a multiple Pushcart nominee and multiple Best of the Net nominee. Her full-length collection "Somewhere, Anywhere, Doesn't Matter Where" was published by Kelsay Books. "Slices of Alice & Other Character Studies" was published by Cholla Needles Press. She is co-editor of San Pedro River Review ([www.bluehorsepress.com](http://www.bluehorsepress.com)).

*Cynthia Anderson* lives in the Mojave Desert near Joshua Tree National Park. Her poems have appeared in journals such as Spillway, Crab Orchard Review, Apercus Quarterly, Askew, San Pedro River Review, Mojave River Review, The Coil, and Split Rock Review. Her work has been nominated for Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize. She is the author of seven poetry collections and co-editor of the anthology *A Bird Black As the Sun: California Poets on Crows & Ravens*. [www.cynthiaandersonpoet.com](http://www.cynthiaandersonpoet.com)

*Diane Averill's* two books were finalists for the Oregon Book Award: *Branches Doubled Over With Fruit*, from University of Florida Press, and *Beautiful Obstacles*, from Blue Light Press. She's published in many literary magazines and anthologies around the country.

*Joshua Baker* lives with his wife and pets in Oregon, where he works for the U.S. Postal Service and is slowly teaching himself Spanish. His writing has recently appeared in *Cirque*, *The Opiate*, and *Mad Swirl*.

*Kim Jacobs-Beck* a native of the Detroit area, is Professor of English at the University of Cincinnati Clermont College. She has a chapbook, *Torch*, forthcoming from Wolfson Press. Her poems can be seen at *Postcard Poems and Prose*, *SWWIM Every Day*, and *Apple Valley Review*, among others.



*Darren Demaree's* poems have appeared, or are scheduled to appear in numerous magazines/journals, including *Hotel Amerika*, *Diode*, *North American Review*, *New Letters*, *Diagram*, and the *Colorado Review*. He is the author of ten poetry collections, most recently "Lady, You Shot Me" (December 2018), which was published by 8th House Publishing. He is the Managing Editor of the *Best of the Net Anthology* and *Ovenbird Poetry*. He is currently living and writing in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

*John Dorsey* lived for several years in Toledo, Ohio. He is the author of several collections of poetry, including *Teaching the Dead to Sing: The Outlaw's Prayer* (Rose of Sharon Press, 2006), *Sodomy is a City in New Jersey* (American Mettle Books, 2010), *Tombstone Factory*, (Epic Rites Press, 2013), *Appalachian Frankenstein* (GTK Press, 2015) *Being the Fire* (Tangerine Press, 2016) and *Shoot the Messenger* (Red Flag Press, 2017) and *Your Daughter's Country* (Blue Horse Press, 2019). His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. He may be reached at [archerevans@yahoo.com](mailto:archerevans@yahoo.com).

*Lara Gularte* lives and writes in the Sierra foothills of California. Her writing may be found in *The Gávea-Brown Book of Portuguese-American Poetry*, and in *Writers of the Portuguese Diaspora in the United States and Canada* anthologies as well as various literary journals. The esteemed critic Vamberto Freitas has reviewed her work in *Da Poética ancestral Luso-Americana in Açoriano Oriental* and *Nas Duas Margens*. Gularte earned an MFA degree from San Jose State University. She is a poetry instructor for the California Arts-in-Corrections program at Folsom, and Mule Creek prisons. *Kissing the Bee* is her first full-length poetry collection.

*Ceinwen E. Cariad Haydon* has worked as a Probation Officer, a Mental Health Social Worker and Practice Educator. She lives in Newcastle upon Tyne, UK, and writes short stories and poetry. She has been published on web magazines and in print anthologies. These include *Fiction on the Web*, *Literally Stories*, *Alliterati*, *Stepaway*, *Poets Speak (whilst they still can)*, *Three Drops from the Cauldron*, *Obsessed with Pipework*, *Picaroon*, *Amaryllis*, *Algebra of Owls*, *Write to be Counted*, *The Lake and Riggwelter*. She completed her MA in Creative Writing at Newcastle University in August 2017 and graduated in December 2017.

*Richard David Houff* edited *Heeltap Magazine* and *Pariah Press Books* from 1986 to 2010. He is also a music journalist that's comfortable in writing both poetry and prose. His work has been published in *Academic and Arts Review*, *Brooklyn Review*, *Chiron Review*, *Louisiana Review*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Nixes Mate Review*, *North American Review*, *Rattle*, and many other fine magazines. His most recent collections are *Night Watch and Other Hometown Favorites*, from Black Cat Moon Press, *The Wonderful Farm and Other Gone Poems*, from Flutter Press, and *Adventures In Space and Other Selected Casualties*, from Alien Buddha Press.



*Tim Kahl* [<http://www.timkahl.com>] is the author of *Possessing Yourself* (CW Books, 2009), *The Century of Travel* (CW Books, 2012) *The String of Islands* (Dink, 2015) and *Omnishambles* (Bald Trickster, 2019). His work has been published in *Prairie Schooner*, *Drunken Boat*, *Mad Hatters' Review*, *Indiana Review*, *Metazen*, *Ninth Letter*, *Sein und Werden*, *Notre Dame Review*, *The Really System*, *Konundrum Engine Literary Magazine*, *The Journal*, *The Volta*, *Parthenon West Review*, *Caliban* and many other journals in the U.S. He is also editor of *Clade Song* [<http://www.cladesong.com>]. He is the vice president and events coordinator of The Sacramento Poetry Center. He also has a public installation in Sacramento {*In Scarcity We Bare The Teeth*}. He plays flutes, guitars, ukuleles, charangos and cavaquinhos. He currently teaches at California State University, Sacramento, where he sings lieder while walking on campus between classes.

*Peter J. King* (b. Boston, Lincolnshire) has been published in a wide range of poetry magazines and anthologies. His latest collections are *Adding Colour to the Chameleon* (2016, Wisdom's Bottom Books) and *All What Larkin* (2017, Albion Beatnik Press).

*Laurie Kolp's* poems have appeared in the *Southern Poetry Anthology VIII: Texas*, *Stirring*, *Whale Road Review*, *Pith*, *Rust + Moth*, and more. Her poetry books include the full-length *Upon the Blue Couch* and chapbook *Hello, It's Your Mother*. An avid runner and lover of nature, Laurie lives in Southeast Texas with her husband, three children, and two dogs.

*Franca Mancinelli* was born in Fano, Italy, in 1981. Her first two books of poetry, *Mala krana* (Manni, 2007) and *Pasta madre* (Nino Aragno, 2013), were awarded several prizes in Italy. These two books have now been republished in a single volume, *A un'ora di sonno da qui* (Italic Pequod, 2018). In 2018, her collection of prose poems, *Libretto di transito*, appeared at Amos Edizioni, and this same book, in John Taylor's translation, was published as *The Little Book of Passage* (Bitter Oleander Press). Her poems have been translated into French, Swedish, Croatian, Slovenian, Spanish, Arabic, and Chinese. In January and February 2019, she served as the Chair Poet in Residence in Calcutta, India.

*John C. Mannone* has work in *Artemis Journal*, *Poetry South*, *Blue Fifth Review* and others. He won the Jean Ritchie Fellowship in Appalachian literature (2017), served as Celebrity Judge for the National Federation of State Poetry Societies (2018), and nominated for Pushcart, Rhysling, Dwarf Star and Best of the Net awards. He has three poetry collections and edits poetry for *Abyss & Apex* and other venues. He's a retired physics professor in East Tennessee. He lives near Knoxville.

*Alicia Mathias* is a poet, photographer, and singer. Her poems have appeared in: *Unlikely Stories Mark V*, *The Bitter Oleander*, *Ann Arbor Review*, *January Review Journal*, and *The Canopy Review*, with new work forthcoming in *Clockwise Cat*, and elsewhere. She lives and writes in New York, with her favorite muse, Zeppelin the Wonder Cat.





*Barry Peters* is a writer and teacher in Durham, NC. Recent/forthcoming publications: Baltimore Review, Broad River Review, Connecticut River Review, The Flexible Persona, The Healing Muse, Jelly Bucket, Kakalak, KYSO Flash, Miramar, Plainsongs, Rattle, The Southampton Review, Sport Literate.

*Jacob Rivers* is a writer and translator from New England. Currently, he's an MFA candidate at New England College and serves as the Assistant to the Director at The Frost Place in Franconia, New Hampshire.

*Maureen Sherbondy's* books are *After the Fairy Tale*, *Praying at Coffee Shops*, *The Slow Vanishing*, *Weary Blues*, *Scar Girl*, *The Year of Dead Fathers*, and *Eulogy for an Imperfect Man*. Her work has appeared in *Southeast Review*, *Calyx*, *Roanoke Review*, and other journals. I live in Durham, NC. She received her MFA degree from Queens University of Charlotte. Maureen lives in Raleigh, NC with her three sons.

*John Taylor*, born in 1952, is an American writer, critic, and translator who has lived in France since 1977. His most recent books of poetry and short prose are *If Night is Falling* (Bitter Oleander Press), *The Dark Brightness* (Xenos Books), *Grassy Stairways* (The MadHat Press), and *Remembrance of Water & Twenty-Five Trees* (Bitter Oleander Press). He is also a translator of French and Italian poetry. His most recent translations are Philippe Jaccottet's *A Calm Fire and Other Travel Writings* (Seagull Books) and Franca Mancinelli's *The Little Book of Passage* (Bitter Oleander Press).

*Robert Schultz*, author of six books and an exhibiting artist, has received a National Endowment for the Arts Literature Award in Fiction, the Virginia Quarterly Review's Emily Clark Balch Prize for Poetry, and Cornell University's Corson Bishop Poetry Prize. His books include three collections of poetry, a novel, and two works of nonfiction. In art, Schultz's media include cameraless photography (chlorophyll prints, scanography) and artist's books. Schultz's chlorophyll prints have been featured by LensCulture and are held by the Library of Congress, the Albert and Shirley Small Special Collections Library at the University of Virginia, and by private collectors in the US and abroad. He attended Luther College and received MFA and PhD degrees at Cornell University. He has taught at Luther, Cornell, and Virginia, and from 2004 through 2018 was the John P. Fishwick Professor of English at Roanoke College in Salem, Virginia. Currently he works full time as a writer and artist.





## **January Review 2019**