

# ONE TRICK PONY REVIEW



ISSUE 1 FALL 2013

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Editor: Hannah Cook Cross

The editor wishes to dedicate the first issue to the memory of Steve Sparks, a poet who inspired wonder and a friend dearly missed.

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# Leaves

(for Steve Sparks)

Deborah Geis

*Questions. Questions. Rain out there,  
between here and the mountain.*

*--Rodney Jones, "A Whisper Fight at the Peck Funeral  
Home"*

I am with old friends, college friends,  
in Black Mountain. It is raining.  
Again. Wet leaves.  
We sit, circled, everyone scrolling,  
left to their own devices.  
Mine is a dumbphone, you would have  
laughed, but I scroll too.

And stop, double take, when words appear  
About you but not by you  
And in past tense.

The games you played, the '80s one-hit-wonders  
Whose lyrics you stuck in all our heads,  
and lately, a vacation at the beach,  
where your joy sang through the screen.  
Lately, though, I realize, nothing.

In the early days of email,  
Before we called it spam,  
You used to send me messages  
that made me howl with laughter:

A detailed list of differences

Between the ways that men  
and women take a shower.  
I sent you one right back  
on 50 ways to torment  
the pizza delivery guys.

I'll think of you this fall  
At paper-grading time  
When you'd announce your presence  
at the coffee place  
And not leave till you were done:  
you were my barometer.

You were my student, then my friend.  
Now, from the room upstairs,  
you're playing tacky songs  
and teaching everyone  
a *joie de vivre* lesson,  
a lesson in not leaving.

## Too Cold to Snow

Steve Klepetar

Too cold to snow  
and all night  
wind  
circled houses, peeking  
in at windows while  
stars hid beneath smears of cloud.

A neighbor's dog  
shivers  
in the dark. No  
moon, this night  
of ice  
and dreams,

a burial  
mound and a hatch  
leading down  
deep into frozen earth. Here

the dead feast  
on memories  
and lies

those sweet  
meats  
left for them on  
silver  
plates. See how pale

they are and how  
their hands

open  
and their mouths

struggle to form  
words,  
those smoke

rings half  
remembered  
from a place where  
time

and breath have weight.

## A Singularity

William Doreski

Olive drab afternoon. Computers  
purr in vacant offices, hallways  
crowded with blue packing boxes.  
I'm more a ghost than a person.  
Roaming the dusty summer campus  
with almost no one here, I'm slight  
enough to slip through time and space  
without leaving a ripple of clues.

Pale heat bakes the stump of the tree  
that fell at commencement. No one hurt,  
but the slush of crumpling foliage  
lingers like an audible mirage  
three weeks afterwards. Stump grinders  
have abandoned work because sweat  
blinded them to their vicious tools,  
so they've wandered to the coffee shop  
to slump in the air conditioning  
and complain about their benefits.

Following their muddy footprints,  
I order hot coffee and linger  
to watch a *Seinfeld* rerun  
on the big TV hung high enough  
for the woman behind the counter  
to see it while toasting bagels.

Next year, the year after, or maybe  
the year after that I'll retire,

leaving a hole in the atmosphere  
students and faculty will enter,  
cough once or twice, and leave.  
They won't know they've encountered  
a singularity of unknown  
properties and origin. Maybe  
a physicist will suspect something,  
but on hot afternoons like this  
who feels like wielding science  
with complex instruments and math?

Back to my office where the screen  
of my computer frames a photo  
of a black and white kitten. No one  
hears me close the door and curse  
that kitten for being too cute,  
no one hears me slurp my coffee,  
insisting on the virtues of hot drinks  
on a fatally hot afternoon.

## Pratt and Whitney

William Doreski

Machined parts arrive in batches  
after turbine and whole-engine tests.  
I wash trays of vanes in acid baths,  
then dip them in fluorescent gunk.

The complex alloys resist  
the acid, admit the fluorescence  
into cracks too shy to show themselves  
even to a powerful loop.

In a booth I wield a UV light  
to expose, count, and measure,  
then check my results against specs  
published in a leatherette binder

compiled by Air Force engineers.  
This hot August night the plant  
feels sleepy. I dip a tray of vanes  
labeled "Urgent" and read them

with black light, finding fissures  
crude and jagged and larger  
than specs allow. I reject them,  
rendering them scrap. An hour

later, toward midnight, a general,  
two stars winking, demands I stamp  
these junk vanes with my initials.  
But my foreman intercedes, cursing

the general in rapid Sicilian  
that would stun a charging rhino.  
The dim recesses of the huge plant  
sigh as somewhere something pneumatic

pumps away. The general examines  
his shoes to impress himself  
with their shine. As he stomps off  
to his official office upstairs  
my foreman nods. "Good job," he says  
without creasing his narrow face,  
then limps away on his plastic leg,  
back to his endless paperwork.

# Where I've Always Been

Robert King

The hills hold me. All these years you could have  
felt my spirit gliding here in these mountains  
where the body has finally come to join it.  
At last I disobeyed red lights and embraced  
the daydreams. Flat sidewalks and asphalt hid  
the ancient trails that should have led here long ago.

The hills move me. I am born of waterfall,  
risen of cloud kissing mountaintop, poured like trails  
on peaks and valleys where I am eye to eye  
with the peace of the land.

The hills age me, but do not call me old.  
I am ancient oak; my roots climb the mountain.  
I am the raindrop that ended thirst, the campfire  
that pushed back the night and the cold.

The hills join me. Strings of starlight  
root down into rivers, stitching earth to heaven  
along the long way home.

## **Couple**

**Askold Skakslky**

He calls her Thrash and Stash because she whooshes her anger like a Caribbean wind at his back, blustering for an epithet when she comes home, almost upsetting the hallway vase as she swings her coat around her proud assertive breasts.

She calls him Mr. Dataman because he likes control of facts, speaks softly even as he gets ready to slam the TV set, never letting his voice rise above the ruffled blue of his eyes, and when he prays, he asks, "Dear Lord, please send more information."

# One Glance Through a Kitchen Window

Jon Wesick

at a woman washing dishes  
I abandon the rocket of achievement,  
its tons of adrenaline fuel.  
Soft flesh tones of her arms and shoulders  
How comforting  
to sit in the next room  
while she caresses each plate  
a friendly dog with chin on paws  
at my feet.

Farewell to the iron and concrete workday  
to the sore muscles and ragged breath of competition.  
Farewell to frustration's power drill.

Instead home shelter  
a neighborhood of cozy houses  
Lullaby of surf  
and warm evening breeze  
fan plans and worries  
from my mind  
leaving only awareness I blend  
into black and coral sky

Even the moon  
content  
No need for more footprints  
on its face

## **imagined fortresses**

**Jami Leone**

We are fortresses. We are built in questions and unattainable answers but it is okay here. Dreams, muted and mauled, for the chance to persuade the blood back into our vocal cords. We hold ourselves captive here. How do I make the sky blue? They agree, no other color will do. There are just two things, substance and nothing. Fashioned in the image of the image, it's true, I am just a projection of the eyes. And this, this is the grand illusion that never sleeps. Climb in the solitude of silent thought; quiet though we are waiting for you. Prepare for walls which you have never seen.

## Cousine, Cousine

Jessie Janeshek

St. Germaine couldn't say she saw the strange lambs  
lancing throughout the pasture

when the river gasped her iambs  
spat back Perrier and vine

as she knelt to dunk the baby      born within an arm's length  
no purple crown of lavender      wrapped his distaff spine

## Night Shift/Nuit Suite

Jessie Janeshek

Some say Saint Germaine doveheaded

Rises spits and feathers

Sticky sailors on the rotten

Shawl of Espalais

Some say Lucy's ladies

Strip the river naked

Cedar-switching boys' clean panties

When the soothsayer coos *snake 'em*

# Jar of Light

Thomas Carrigan

At the triangle of West 14th and Hudson,  
jets of steam, like the serpent subdued under Krishna,

hissing secrets into milk. Levitated foam  
spreads over furrows of coffee.

A napkin soaking up spills, the mind embraces  
the outer-space image of the Ganges Delta

in a compostable cup. I think  
of the delta in the Sanskrit hexagram-

*we hover between heaven and earth.* Deep,  
even breaths heat the body and cool the mind.

Absorbed in a sip, I'm nearly taken down-  
a cyclist texting, streaking by. Outrage, a rush

of cortisol- yet, humanity shifts gears, moving on  
*as if guided by a blue hand*, the sky a benevolence!

Ten blocks to a photo show of the Beats. My friend  
Lenny meets me there, a shadow image of Shiva

spilling down his coat- rust on tweed, dried blood  
from a month-old mishap. Hands outstretched, he protests-

*But most of it is perfectly clean!*

Bill Burroughs lounges on a chenille bedspread,

contemplating the ceiling through a plume of smoke.  
Which is to say, eternity. At the same time,

the decor is prim- lacy lampshade, columns  
of cabbage roses on the wall. Continents away,

Allen- solemn, wrapped in a blanket, poses  
with a monkey on a temple balcony in Delhi. Months later,

naked at the Sea of Japan. Life as it happened.  
Trying to gather it, even as it expands like a gas

and ascends. There is a gap, with Allen between cameras.  
Years later, 1964, Kerouac reenters the 5th St apartment.

Slack, rubber lips, shut down, liver battered with booze.  
Slumping in a chair, hallucinating on DMT. Allen,

fresh from Timothy Leary's in Millbrook, only trying to help.  
A view from an open window in the east village flat- rooftops,

compressors, heat ducts, TV antennae.  
A pot of ivy on the window sill, tendrils reaching

toward the open sunshine of Tompkins Square Park. We note  
the dates, we lunch on charred octopus. We have- my friend

suggests *mindful drinking*- a Sardinian wine. Swirling,  
giving it time to breathe, for the glycerine to slide

down the glass, as sure as shadows climbing the wall  
behind us. My friend points to a bank on the corner. *That . .*

*That was The Cookery. A wave of the hand.  
Mary Lou Williams played there, . . . smoky, sacred chords*

*lifting into the air like incense. And Alberta Hunter, her sweet  
comeback. A happy blue. He shrugs and smiles. Sky dimming,*

*we walk west along Greenwich. At a crosswalk,  
a manhole cover and spray-painted orange*

*arrows fading into the pavement.  
Time narrowing its focus, shrinking the moment.*

*A pair of chihuahuas in fuschia sweaters  
blur through a crosswalk on the end of a leash;*

*nearly translucent- moments of reflected light-  
trembling like they might float away.*

## Double-Time

Joanne Lowery

This year October arrived twice,  
once on the heels of September's golden slippers  
and again when the river's glass face  
duplicated both shores of pom-pom maples.  
Move, I said to the water,  
but only one lobed boat obeyed.  
Each tree, each limb and leaf  
cloned a twin while cinnamon  
begat ginger and nutmeg, green the loser,  
stardust from asters showering the ground.  
Spears of goldenrod tried for one more day  
while four weeks lifted sumac sconces aloft.  
Locust trees stuck together like Halloween butterscotch  
until November once and for all  
sent both real and replica south  
with a swipe of gray wings.

## **My Ad for Match.com**

**Mitch Grabois**

I do not have blockages in my sinuses  
I have Dustbowl allergies  
allergies my parents brought from Oklahoma  
in the thirties

I don't sleep  
I'm unpleasant  
I just want you to know the truth

## In a Morisot Mood

John Grey

April dusk,  
I couldn't grasp  
your Morisot fixation,  
bare-shouldered, faceless,  
"Woman At Her Toilette"  
even as, so blue, so white.  
I could have played it  
on a flute -

women painters  
rare as blind owls,  
you would censure  
as if feathery brushstroke,  
nuanced hues,  
were art and credence  
palette-mixed -

coming dark -  
a book, a mouth,  
closed to all that light  
has to say  
on the subject -

## Let Me Be Your Twin IV

Kyle Hemmings

Because I've locked air tight alibis inside this jar. Look what I've kept over the miniature house, over the little porcelain children who once resembled us—a transparent sky-- saved and sealed, composed of the last breath we ever took together at the edge of sailboats.

# Gathered

BJ Jones

Don't get the Christmas candles.  
    Leave them in the basement.  
Let's sit in the dark.  
    The electricity will return.  
Can't see anything.  
    The formless void.  
Here in the sanctuary.  
    No day. No night. No names.  
This is good too. This guessing.

# Cash

John Michael Flynn

The young mother  
    who all day feeds and accommodates  
    her infants and teens  
greet her young husband who after dark  
    leaves his boots in the hall  
        chucks his wallet and keys  
        atop their usual surface,  
and showers off his work-day without singing.

This is a family forging loyalties  
    in their kitchen,  
quietly so, accustomed to each other  
    while Jesus on the cross  
        bleeds down a cracked wall.

There are words about a table  
    that will need mending for the third time.  
It cannot be replaced because it was a wedding gift.

They pray first, with the oldest daughter  
leading the prayer.  
    They pass bowls. They laugh.  
The meat is chewier than usual  
    but none complain.

After dinner and some TV  
    there are kisses goodnight all around.  
There are bed-time stories,

questions to the children about school  
that don't get answered.

Late, with the little house quiet  
the couple moves to their bedroom  
in unsteady irrational surges.

# Birds of the Heart

Timothy Kercher

I.

I close my eyes to the scent of rain,  
put my hands to my ears and listen:  
there's the knock-knock of a woodpecker,  
and I don't know if it's boring a hole  
into the wood of my heart or  
the heart itself. I hear the cloudburst  
of my heart drip, feel it wet  
the land of my body,  
and if I listen close enough,  
I hear footsteps scurrying away  
from who I am, and I wonder just  
what part of me is leaving, if this part  
of me is alone, is the first to go.

II.

On the trail, a pigeon stands vigil  
for one that lies besides it, the one alive  
cooing the most brokenhearted coos  
I've ever heard—and if a pigeon  
can have so much feeling,  
I want my heart to be one, maybe it  
is already, both the one holding  
vigil and the one on the ground,  
and between these two there is great  
feeling, because the dead can  
love and hate like the rest of us,  
the way my grandparents taught  
me to love and hate this world, that

each of their fifty years of marriage  
was a pigeon with a message  
tied to its ankle, those pigeons  
flying to my father's house  
or dying.

III.

And now my parents with  
more than forty years of marriage  
are sending out their own pigeons,  
and I have a forest in my heart  
with plastic-bottle seed holders,  
and right now my forest  
smells like rain, is puddled with water,  
is full of birds, the only thing  
connecting Allison and me, her  
in bed, me on the couch counting  
the pigeons of our shared life  
despite the blackbirds descending  
as if there's no more sky, despite  
the magpies loitering on boughs  
for scraps.

IV.

In this darkness I swear our hearts  
will be the white-  
tailed eagle repairing the nest every year,  
rebuilding, reinforcing it until it reaches  
enormous proportions, swear our hearts  
will always be on the verge  
of cloudburst, that we'll keep  
adding to the nest, that we continually  
watch for the birds that share our bodies,

share in the dampness of breasts  
and torsos, that we make sure  
we don't dry out, the scent  
of rainwater binding us together,  
even those of us sleeping  
in separate rooms, filling the hole  
caused by part of us dying,  
the part that can or cannot fathom  
living alone again, cannot fathom  
being a man or woman who flies  
away from a mate, flies away  
from the dead-pigeon self, flies  
like yesterday is forgotten,  
like tomorrow is filled only with  
feathers and shit, but I will fly  
with a message to my wife and daughters,  
fly to a forest surrounded by concrete,  
fly underneath the trees and their branches,  
land on the rain-drenched earth and step away  
from the dead part of myself.

# **Minnow School**

**Kenneth Pobo**

*For Elizabeth Cocchiarale*

Often when dad took me fishing,  
he made me row. Indolent  
on summer vacation, I

grudgingly took the oars.  
We'd stop and toss  
our lines in,

blue and white bobbers,  
sun on our shoulders.  
I guess it was fun,

more fun to remember it.  
Minnows often passed our boat.  
Dad said they lived

in schools. They all went  
in the same direction,  
like me heading

into Washington School.  
I admired how swiftly  
they turned in a lake

with clear water  
and water  
lilies just open.

## November Bouquet

Kenneth Pobo

I've got no grouse with November,  
welcome it after long sweaty days,  
carry my scissors to whatever remains  
in bloom: asters, mums, toad lilies,  
and a deep red Mirandy rose. My hands  
fill with flowers, possibilities,

love. A cold snap will surely  
blacken them. I have a vase ready,  
cobalt blue against window sun,  
and blossoms that don't believe  
in winter, or if they do, they open,

they deepen in color,  
ignoring the wind's gossip.

## Also Not a Metaphor

Cristin O'Keefe Aptowicz

There is a blank page in my journal.  
It was an accident. I apologize to the emptiness.  
I tell it, *There should have been a poem here.*  
It doesn't say anything back.

## To the Winter Muse

Thomas Zimmerman

I'm thinking of Orion just above  
the chimney and our breaths like roiling ghosts  
among the starlit pines. I'm thinking of  
a darkness velvety and rich, with hosts  
of shadows darker still with knowing us.  
I'm thinking of a long and lovely night,  
but, oh, like beauty pondered, tenebrous  
and odd: one reason reason seeks the light.

So, should we stay out here, or go inside?  
Tchaikovsky's Sixth is playing in the den;  
the chardonnay's uncorked; my TV's wide  
blue glow could swaddle us. . . . My mind's a fen.  
You know this well. That's why you speak, to guide  
me safely clear of safety once again.

## About the Contributors

The work of **Cristin O’Keefe Aptowicz** has been published in *McSweeney’s Internet Tendencies*, *Gulf Coast*, *Rattle*, *Pank*, *Barrelhouse*, *Monkeybicycle*, *decomp*, *Conduit*, and *La Petite Zine*, among others. Recent awards include the ArtsEdge Writer-in-Residency at the University of Pennsylvania (2010-2011), a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship in Poetry (2011) and an Amy Clampitt Residency (2013). Her sixth book of poetry, *The Year of No Mistakes*, is forthcoming in Fall 2013 on Write Bloody Publishing.

**Thomas Carrigan** is a poet and freelance photographer living in the Hudson Valley north of New York City. His poetry has been published in *Big Hammer* and *Big River Poetry*, and his photographs have been shown recently in Art Along the Hudson and on *BBC.com*.

**William Doreski**’s work has appeared in various e and print journals and in several collections, most recently *City of Palms* (AA Press, 2012).

**John Michael Flynn** ([www.basilrosa.com](http://www.basilrosa.com)) also writes as Basil Rosa and has published five poetry chapbooks, a story collection, *Something Grand*; a book of poems, *Moments Between Cities*; and a collection of translations from the Romanian poetry of Nicolae Dabija, *Blackbird Once Wild Now Tame*. His newest poetry chapbook, *Additions to Our Essential Confusion*, is forthcoming from Kattywompus Press ([www.kattywompuspress.com](http://www.kattywompuspress.com)).

**Deborah Geis** writes performance poetry and is proud to have been on the 2000 Knoxville Southern Fried and National Poetry

Slam teams. Her poems have appeared in print in such publications as *Bellicose Lettres*, *Monkey*, *First Class*, *Free Lunch*, and *Mixitini Matrix*. She teaches in the English Department at DePauw University in Greencastle, Indiana, and is also the author of several books and articles in her field of contemporary literature and drama.

**Mitch Grabois** was born in the Bronx and now lives in Denver. His short fiction and poetry appear (or will appear) in over one-hundred literary magazines, most recently *The T.J. Eckleberg Review*, *The Examined Life*, *Memoir Journal*, *Out of Our* and *The Blue Hour*. His novel, *Two-Headed Dog*, published by Xavier Vargas E-ditions, is available for all e-readers for 99 cents through Amazon, Barnes and Noble and Smashwords (which also provides downloads to PCs).

**John Grey** is an Australian born poet who works as a financial systems analyst. His work has recently been published in *International Poetry Review*, *Tribeca Poetry Review*, and the horror anthology *What Fears Become*, with work upcoming in *Potomac Review*, *Hurricane Review* and *Osiris*.

**Kyle Hemmings** is the author of several chapbooks of poetry and prose: *Avenue C*, *Cat People*, and *Anime Junkie* (Scars Publications), and *Tokyo Girls in Science Fiction* (NAP). His latest e-books are *You Never Die in Wholes* from Good Story Press and *The Truth about Onions* from Good Samaritan. His latest collection of prose/poetry is *Void & Sky* from Outskirt Press.

**Jessie Janeshek**'s first book of poems is *Invisible Mink* (Iris Press, 2010). An Assistant Professor of English at Bethany

College, she holds a Ph.D. from the University of Tennessee-Knoxville and an M.F.A. from Emerson College. She co-edited the literary anthology *Outscape: Writings on Fences and Frontiers* (KWG Press, 2008).

**B.J. Jones** writes about rogue pharmacists, phantom limbed windmills, quidnuncs, Luciferian calories, amorous bowling shoes, Funkhousers, martyred coupons, Nietzschean wire hangers, invisible tomatoes, and pen clicking adversaries while living in Dubuque, Iowa, with his wife. Some of it even gets published.

**Timothy Kercher** has spent the last six years living overseas—four years in Georgia and two in Ukraine—and now has moved back to Dolores, Colorado, where he continues translating contemporary poetry from the Republic of Georgia. He is a high school English teacher and has worked in five countries overseas—Mongolia, Mexico, and Bosnia being the others—accompanied by his wife and toddling twin daughters, Ani and Ketevan. His translation of Besik Kharanauli’s long poem, “The Lame Doll,” is set to be published by Intelekti Press in 2013. His poems and translations have appeared or are forthcoming in a number of recent literary publications, including *Crazyhorse*, *Versal*, *Plume*, *upstreet*, *Bateau*, *The Minnesota Review*, and many others.

**Robert S. King** lives in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Georgia. His poems have appeared in hundreds of magazines, including *California Quarterly*, *Chariton Review*, *Hollins Critic*, *Kenyon Review*, *Lullwater Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Negative Capability*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Spoon River Poetry Review*. He has published three chapbooks (*When Stars Fall Down as Snow*, Garland Press 1976; *Dream of the Electric Eel*, Wolfson Publications 1982; and *The Traveller’s Tale*, Whistle

Press 1998). His full-length collections are *The Hunted River* and *The Gravedigger's Roots*, both from Shared Roads Press, 2009. Another, *One Man's Profit*, is forthcoming from Sweatshoppe Publications in 2013. He recently stepped down as director of FutureCycle Press in order to devote more time to his own writing.

**Steve Klepetar** teaches literature and writing at Saint Cloud State University in Minnesota. His work has received several nominations for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. Flutter Press has recently published two of his chapbooks, *My Father Teaches Me a Magic Word* and *My Father Had Another Eye*.

**Jami Leone** has spent her whole life knowing she is supposed to write. She is a writer because writing works. It is both therapy for the writer and the reader. Her favorite author is Henry David Thoreau... both do not fit in anywhere else in industrialized society.

**Joanne Lowery's** poems have appeared in many literary magazines, including *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *Rattle*, *Slant*, *Cottonwood*, and *Poetry East*. She lives in Michigan.

**Dan Nielsen** has always lived and will eventually die somewhere in Wisconsin. He manages an art gallery, Gallery B4S. He's had a few plays produced and was a staff writer on the Public Radio show *Hotel Milwaukee*. His favorite publication has the oddest title: *The Random House Treasury of Light Verse*, wherein Dan shares a page with William Carlos Williams. Recent publications include poetry in *OneTitle* and *Curio Poetry* and short fiction in *Alternate Trigger* and *The Feathered Flounder*. Dan's most recent chapbook, *Tips, Hints, & Shortcuts*, is available

from Penhead Press. He has a blog:  
<http://preponderous.wordpress.com/>

**Kenneth Pobo** had a chapbook published by Finishing Line Press in 2012 called *Save My Place*. Forthcoming is a chapbook from Eastern Point Press called *Placemats*. He has work forthcoming in *The Lake*, *Subterranean Quarterly*, *Floating Bridge*, *Weber: The Contemporary West*, and elsewhere.

Originally from Ukraine, **Askold Skakslky** has published in numerous small press magazines and online journals, most recently in *Permafrost*, *Stoneboat*, and *Tulane Review*. He has also published in Canada, England, Ireland, and mainland Europe, and has been the recipient of two Individual Artist Awards for poetry from the Maryland State Arts Council. A first book of poems, *The Ponies of Chuang Tzu*, was published by Horizon Tracts in New York City.

**Jon Wesick** hosts San Diego's Gelato Poetry Series and is an editor of the *San Diego Poetry Annual*. He has published over two hundred fifty poems in journals such as *Colere*, *Pearl*, *Pudding*, and *Slipstream*. He has also published fifty short stories. He has a Ph.D. in physics and is a longtime student of Buddhism and the martial arts. One of his poems won second place in the 2007 African American Writers and Artists contest. Another had a link on the *Car Talk* website.

**Thomas Zimmerman** works as a community college English teacher in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and writes poems as often as he can. His poems have appeared recently in *The Wayfarer* and *Leaves of Ink*. His chapbook *In Stereo* was published by The Camel Saloon Books on Blog in 2012.