

ADANNA

LITERARY JOURNAL

GUEST EDITORS

Diane Lockward

Lynne McEniry

FOUNDER AND EDITOR

Christine Redman-Waldeyer

Adanna accepts poetry, fiction, essays, and book reviews. Please send a proposal for reviews. All submissions are electronically accepted in one file, preferably a word document file with a cover letter and a three to four line bio.

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Credits

Cover Art: Linda Hillringhouse

Cover Title: Green Tea

Artist Statement

I come out of a folk tradition, as I am self-taught.

My work contains a theatrical/psychological motif: the feeling that something happened, is trying to happen, or will happen—externally or internally—or in a dream.

The figures display themselves in imaginary landscapes or interiors. They appear to be self-conscious actors who know something the artist doesn't. They reflect surprise, a kind of gawky bemusement, and, perhaps, a touch of dread at finding themselves painted into existence.

They seem to struggle to become fully conscious and to feel at home in their bodies and in their surroundings. They seem stunned by the miraculous visible world but somehow know they are darkly bound to the invisible world. It seems my paintings occur on the border between these worlds.

— *Linda Hillringhouse*

Notes from the Founder

My mother used to repeat what my grandfather told her, “Eat to live; don’t live to eat.” From my father’s side of the family, my sister and I were reminded often to clean our plates and not be wasteful. My grandmother, a German immigrant, remembered the rationing of eggs, milk, sugar, and flour during the War. Food was an important part of her daily life.

Today, we are driven to consider food more than ever before. We are preached to by the media, by our doctors, by fitness gurus—to consider what we eat, how much we eat, and how we eat it. Women especially continue to share a special relationship with food. Memories are tied to our loved ones, often by dishes and aromas. Some of our recipes are legacies.

My grandmother left behind her recipe for the chestnut stuffing we try to recreate every Thanksgiving. My mother-in-law is often vexed by trying to recreate her mother’s potato pancakes Easter mornings. She has already divulged her secret to making everything taste better—sugar. The women in my family vie to hold family holidays and even when one woman wins out, the competition is not over. Heated discussions over how gravy should be made and kitchen takeovers are not uncommon. And My Aunt Millie loved her chocolates as much as I do.

Diane Lockward, a previous guest editor of *Adanna* and editor for this issue holds a poetry reading each March celebrating women and food. Readers bring homemade cookies and we linger long after the reading talking and enjoying. Lynne McEniry, also a previous guest editor of *Adanna* and editor for this issue helped organize a reading at the College of St. Elizabeth during a February celebration of “Love Poetry.” We spent countless hours deciding what to serve. I am thrilled to have both of them join *Adanna* again where we attempted to provide a platform that lends itself to the idea of “karma yoga,” that which allows us to get on the balcony and observe the party.

— *Christine Redman-Waldeyer*

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Introduction

From the end of summer into fall last year, food was the topic everywhere I turned...two family weddings being planned, an invitation to do some interdisciplinary programming with an art exhibition and a film festival at the College of Saint Elizabeth – both centered around food. I visited friends at a college in Maine with its own farm and a food service director committed to using all of its resources. One of my closest friends is a farmer who was in the midst of moving from one farm to another, and we were having fascinating conversations about animal and nature and process and beauty and wonder, all centered on growing seasons and birthing seasons, and habits and tricks of the trade.

I had a moving, personal experience of forgiveness and reconciliation that happened as a bunch of us gathered on Thanksgiving morning to prepare the holiday meal for the residents of the Eric Johnson House. All of this made me, once again, face my own issues with food: from a certain lack of it in my childhood, to my concerns for my local soup kitchen and food pantry. And my own recent physical and emotional health has made it once again necessary for me to pay more attention to eating too much or not enough of the *right* or *wrong* foods – a life-long struggle with its own pleasures and sorrows.

At the same time all of these events and thinking were going on, I was working on creating a chapbook with a mix of some old and new poems. I noticed a good number of my poems had food in them. The first two of my poems ever accepted for publication were food-centered in very different ways. Even when my poems are *about* loss or beauty or something else, there is often food mentioned or the preparing or sharing of a meal happening. Or the senses in my poems are being enhanced or informed by the aroma of a beloved herb, the textures and colors of favorite ingredients, meals shared, or food withheld.

I talked with Christine about all these poetry and food ideas. She had been thinking about it, too, and said Diane Lockward had

also brought this topic up with her. So, we put out the call for submissions for the *Adanna* special issue: Women and Food.

The poems began pouring in before the first week was up. In just two months, we received hundreds of them. The approaches, ideas, and experiences of food are as diverse as the poets who sent them. Some of the key words we used in our call were: *growing, eating, sustenance, comfort, sorrow, delight*. We asked for poems about food that spans cultures and generations, about women who prepare food or for whom food was central to their earning a wage. We received all of this and more. It was not an easy task to pare down the offerings. We saw early on that we would not have the space for all of the excellent poems we received. Yet, we were committed to choosing the best of these poems, both for their individual contribution to the world of poetry, and those that, when shared collaboratively in this special issue of *Adanna*, would collectively give voice to the joys and concerns so many women have in relation to food.

It has been a gift to work with Diane and Christine, learning from them, sharing our mutual knowledge and commitment for the delights and complexities of poetry and food, and to spend time deeply reading and considering the work of every single poet who submitted to our call. Even if your poem is not physically printed here, the spirit and meaning of it has influenced me as an editor – so, too, this issue.

I also thank especially our featured poet, Yesenia Montilla. From the moment I first envisioned this issue, I heard her poetic voice in my ear and recalled our many conversations either *while* eating or *about* eating. I hope you, too, will love her sensual, passionate, vulnerable, true, and challenging essay and poems on *women and food*. It will encourage you to explore and embrace your own relationship with food, and it even offers you a suggestion to keep the sharing of meals and the writing of poems going on long after you've consumed the contents of this journal. Enjoy!

– Lynne McEniry
Poet, Co-Editor

“One cannot think well, love well, sleep well, if one has not dined well.”

– Virginia Woolf, A Room of One's Own



Artwork; Linda Hillringhouse, “Woman Sleeping Under a Tree”

Lee Upton

The Poetry of Food

I have measured out my life with coffee spoons.

—T. S. Eliot

With ladles, with buckets,
with spatulas and pails, with bottles, with slotted spoons
and colanders, with oil and water
—my life's measure.
Searching for the lost poetry of food
in a lonely kitchen,
I often watch bread being buttered
with strokes of meaningful repetition.
The apple brandishes its red skin like a warning
that the wishful thinking of a villanelle is about to begin.
The oyster applauds its own analogies,
and a water drop slipping down a cabbage leaf
stirs the radish to pained lyricism.
The cheese stands alone,
like one of the doomed Romantics.
The pudding plugs away at the sestina,
praying to bring to the language
the brooding glory of existence.
Nevertheless, sometimes it is sad in the kitchen.
That tea bag looks like a pair of pants
that crawled away from a corpse.
But then I remember
hunger is an immortal god, born again
and again, and I am not his muse.
I have chosen my weapons and eaten my words
and slowed his advance.
And I have not worked on my own.
I look again at the cheese,
standing alone,
and feel solidarity with the whole kitchen.

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Cara Armstrong

Lola

She's not quite The Kinks' song, but still full of surprises,
Watusi-ing in and out of lives
with way-out body-rhythms, food, drink, staccato laughter,
a touch of glissando, maybe, but it's a fast glide.

We met eating smoked mussels at New Year's, popped
champagne—mere months
later I'm 1 of 2 witnesses for her *Mangrove Mistress* marriage
near Saddlebunch Keys,
responsible for the cheese tray balanced on the bow, pears
arranged to frame the bride.

Already I know her stories, her cinemagraphic flourishes, proof
she's in "the business,"
Vaselined lens, steady hand when needed,
no drag-assing across dance floors for these scenes; cut to

Uncle Saul, face down in borscht at Wolfie's, dead before his
nose hit the bottom
of the bowl, a kind of drowning with an assist from South Miami
Beach humidity
served with sour cream; followed by a slow fade to

bacon in a cold climate, a crisp communion wafer
her mother slipped onto her tongue the morning after her own
father died,
newly liberated to 1 set of plates, senses released, for the buildup
to colder weather where

her youngest son, 19, after the Super Bowl's half-time pizza,
jumps into night,
every bone broke as his body met sidewalk after a 23-story
introduction, and then it's
a pause, with the dead beat of mind-smothering Mickey Mouse
music in Florida.

The shot holds until a friend's husband's golf course collapse,
and she's gone—away—
never seen again, unleashed with the swirl of Costa Rican and
Canadian condo rumors,
and the calamari I wouldn't eat on Higgs Beach. *Fin.*

Tara Betts

Eating Alone

When you sit down to the colorful, hot meal,
you realize you cooked too much, enough for two
with leftovers for lunch or snacks for later.
The twinge of chest pain dissipates, the ache
pounds so hard and strikes against ribs
until passionflower extract soothes into slower
pace and sleep. You read feeling on the verge
of cardiac arrest is a common divorce aftershock.
The same with losing appetite. You forget

colors, smells, tastes, textures of food until
a friend says try to eat once a day. You slowly
consider how the plates you made for others
should be mirrors for what you serve yourself,
what is deserved. You relish savory soups, fresh
baked breads, crisp salads with dark leafy greens,
even buttered popcorn with oregano and a little salt
fresh from hot air popper finds its taste again.

You finally step toward every healthy food
that the ex-husband snuffed at and mocked
even though he ate every bite. You served his plate
pretty, fork poised on the edge. Asked if he wanted
water, wine or something else to drink. He barked
his choice without thank you or noticing the spice,
the tender, or the crunch. You noticed every bite,
every silence. Then, it was always like eating alone.

Now, seating one feels like the renegade has returned
to the eye the food unjudged, peek at the men between
tables, switch a swivel of hips out the door, satisfied.

Tara Betts

Fancy

Slice the rye bread a bit
thicker than pre-sliced wheat.
Ease a knife down the chunk of cheddar,
thin planes of orange. Add two slices
of tomato for each sandwich.
Drop the blade in a steady chop
on fresh cilantro.
Peel away dried sheaths
shrouding cloves of garlic.
Chop their earthiness
into tiny cubes.
Take the half-globe of onion,
cut it into squares that join the garlic.
Let them dance in the heavy black skillet
until they sizzle golden.
Lift the spatula and slide
under a pile of savory layers—
rye, cheddar, tomato slice,
cilantro, garlic, cheddar, rye.
Gently add one sandwich,
then another, a pair caught
in the hissing song of the skillet's wide mouth.
The one with cheddar melted just so
is on your lover's plate.
Notice his noticing when others
chose to court oblivious.
Sit down with grilled cheese
that he proclaims fancy.
Consider tomato soup.
Food is not your only comfort.

Mary Brancaccio

Too Late

I am too late to the garden. Red tomatoes rest
in the dirt, under sturdy weeds. Snails curl
inside rain pools in fallen foliage. Mud
speckles leaf bottoms. I fill jars with Japanese
beetles to feed the carp. I walk plant rows,
search for fattened peppers, bouquets of kale
and parsley. Too often I neglect my duties here.
Wandering the wide world, I sought
sustenance there, when all along,
such bounty here.

Cathy Carlisi

Big Wine

My mouth is full,
cheeks stuffed with fists
of poppies and lilacs.
A garden on my tongue,
violet, pepper, plum.
It's a fugue of fog
and fire, a ruddy smudge
of earth and sun
dissolving from grape
into oblivion.

Robin Chapman

Garden

How it ripens daily, the red flush rising in the green tomatoes, tomatillos filling out their papery skins, the poblano peppers lengthening, sunflowers weeping their yellow pollen on the okra, green beans late-flowering, finally cool enough to pollinate, green raspberries' small hard berries expanding with the rain, reddening, softening, and the okra's fingers pointing; grape clusters already distilled to jelly, armfuls of lovage, oregano, and sage for freezing, drying; dill and fennel seeding all the rows, the red cabbages slow purple blush swelling slowly; ballooning crookneck, pattypan, requiring daily checks for harvest; chard and collards burgeoning; beets in their grand cage flourishing away from mice and voles: what we set in motion in cold mid-March keeps us running now, setting out potatoes on the floor at home to dry and wrap in the weekly news, red and white onions to dry and caramelize, a hundred heads of garlic to peel and chop with olive oil and freeze; the cartons of tomatoes daily skinning, chopping, drying: all winter we'll eat our bounty at tables set for summer memories and friendship's ripening.

Robin Chapman

Madison

Dear Ones, I am full of happiness because all morning I have been speaking to the late August tomatoes pulled steaming from their tumbles in a hot water bath, their skins split and shrugged as easily as we slipped out of our garden clothes last night, thanking them for their bursts of sweet and acid, the Amish pastes' solid meat, the Brandywine's bravura taste, thinking of marrying them to the low undertones of garlic, onion, poblano simmering on the stove in olive oil—but no, already they are perfect in themselves, no sauce needed but their own red glow, richness that comes as summer goes.

Jessica de Koninck

Another New Year

I invite you to dinner for Rosh Hashanah

I will bake apple cake
I will make tzimmes
I will make pot roast

Clover, tupelo, orange blossom

I will infuse each dish with honey
Honey for sweetness
Honey for hope

Sage, eucalyptus, sourwood

I will invite

My mother. My father is dead
My children
 who may have to work
 and not come for dinner
My sister, her husband, her children

Acacia, alfalfa, pumpkin blossom

They will treat you like family

They will try not to ask
too many questions

We will dip
crisp apple slices in honey

Camelthorn, clover, lavender

I will not say

being happy makes me sad

I will not say

anything about love

Fireweed, linden, wildflower

Lori DeSanti

Carlotta Makes Breakfast in Genoa

The breeze moves through the streets of the open-air market as if it were a patron; brushing lightly against masonry walls like Carlotta's loose sleeve. The sun weighs heavy on canopy-covered carts, filled to the brim with ripened skins of every color. She picks one up, perfectly round, its cream-colored rind balancing on one palm. She knocks twice; the soft echo recedes into the melon— she trades four Euros for the promise of its orange flesh.

*

Gently, her palm pushes on serrated knife, slicing pieces shaped like crescent moons onto the cutting board. She pulls away the peels, warm fruit lying on the cool, stone counter. Wrapping prosciutto, crimson thin and tight around the slices, only the pointed ends still showing; her greedy teeth melt through both layers of flesh, her eyelashes flicker shut in the light of the kitchen. Her taste buds read like Braille, rubbing salt, then bathing in sweet syrup that translates like honey. With mouth puckered, she watches morning filter into her window through Italian sun.

Victoria Dym

Eating Shlosta with Granma Bungie

Swirled glass Pepsi bottles on the padded white tablecloth; she pours into the opalescent pitcher. She stirs the gasses from the syrup, slips the flat liquid into shot glasses.

My brother and I drink: *L'chaim!*

The huge mahogany circa 1930's dining set, the sideboard and glass hutch with its gleaming crystal contents, she takes her coffee, heavy with sugar and cream.

Sometimes we have her Hamantashen cookies: three corners oozing with apricot, cherry, prune or poppy seed, sometimes fresh baked bread with strawberry jam, fruit from the truck that delivers on Flemington Street on Fridays.

Sometimes Granma Bungie makes stinky cheese.

Shlosta, she says in Russian-Polish, farmers cheese that hangs in slings and drips to the sink, cloth fastened to the handle of the cabinets above.

It takes days for the whey to drip away.

What's left: dried curd, and when unwrapped, the white cheese is covered with a green hair-like mold.

Granma Bungie mixes in butter, eggs, and salt—scrambles.

Victoria Dym

The Bath

There was a time
when you waited like the cats,
for me to appear from the bath:

mandarin orange or lavender sweet
thighs and buttocks, breasts and back
delicious hot cup of bergamot black,

from primordial soup
like a tadpole, like Venus,
perfumed and nude.

Rebecca Ellis

Chocolate from Los Angeles

Thank you for these thin wafers
in blue and silver foil. They are delicious
and taste like memory. My tongue
is a rose-colored boat.

Rebecca Ellis

Our Dead Mothers Come Back to Visit

You finish painting the last wall
of the living room and I carry away
the ladders, the brushes. Together we roll up
the old canvas drop cloth, its spattered pentimento
a scroll of all our rooms.

We're pulling chairs
back into place when my mother, solid as ever,
leans in from the kitchen doorway
like the first robin, head tilted, appraising.
“Nice color,” she says, a smile, and
just as I remember her, she's clutching
her purse with both hands.

I should be startled to see her there, but instead
I'm wondering if her purse still holds
that worn brown leather checkbook,
or green packs of Wrigley's gum
with toothed inner slips of silver,
perfectly creased and tissue-thin.

And then right behind my mother, there's yours,
cradling something in her arms—
a casserole dish wrapped in towels.
“I've got hot apple crumble,” she says.

Doubly surprised, we still remember
our manners, as we were taught—
I make coffee, you get the plates. You start to introduce
your mother to mine but she interrupts,
“Oh, we're old friends by now.” They both nod,
smiling back secrets it's obvious they don't want to share.

The afternoon passes with small talk, coffee,
warm dessert gone in spoonfuls.
Your mother says, “I like what you’ve done
with this place.” You point out the blue crocks
you took from her kitchen. She nods slowly, remembering.

The windows fade and when you stand
to get the lights, the room is empty—as if we blinked—
but for the two of us.

The smell of apples
still floats, a reservoir of nutmeg
drifting away toward the unlit living room

where the color we picked out together
is drying, lush, even in the dark.

Ann Fisher-Wirth

For Marilyn, Evie D, and Two McCullar’s Orchards Peaches

Right peach round and plentiful, left one a bit smaller. Right one, perky nipple. Left one, nipple shy, and I think of a girl folding her skirts around her as she sits uninvited in a corner. But the skin is soft and downy, just the same. Ah, the privacy of desire, the intensity of the unchosen—as I was once, though my husband can never believe it.

A faint tracing of brownish spots, some minor blight or imperfection. But what colors would we use for the flush around the spots?—Sunlight? Fire on the mountains?—Same as the colors we’d use for love. Swollen flesh, July-in-Mississippi eagerness—take a bite, it runs down your chin and on to your hands, your forearms: full of juice, isn’t it?

How Evie D and I Make Pie for the Butterfly Bakery

Evie D climbs on her chair.

I scald and skin the fuzz off
 ten big peaches,
 slice the slippery flesh.

She adds a bit of sugar,
 a tablespoon of flour,
 shakes on cinnamon,
 squeezes lemon, “just a little bit,”
then scooches it—“gently,
 gently”—to combine.

She licks her fingers.

And when Marilyn pounded that ball on an elastic band, the game in the bar in “The Misfits,” every bit of her peachy body thwacked and jiggled and shimmied. First her breasts, as she hit

the ball sideways, bouncing unconstrained in her polkadot dress. Then her butt, and the camera going crazy, zooming in on her flesh as she pounded that paddleball into submission. Rolling loose and sweet and wild and doomed.

Virginia Bach Folger

Summer, Maine, 1968

That precise moment
we crossed the border
from New Hampshire into Maine
we sensed something magical

breathed it in with the sharp
clean scent of pine
rising from the forest floor
like some supernatural mist.

It floated through the window frame,
lifted the gingham curtains,
settled on the quilted bed
in the back room with the blue walls.

We ingested it eating lobster on the pier,
cracked the sweet juicy claws,
lapped it from tiny cups of ginger ice cream
bought at a roadside stand.

It played among the sea caps, joined
eider ducks bobbing on fingerling waves,
floated like an invisible skin over
tide pools dotting the rocky beach.

Tami Haaland

Graveside

We sit on the edge, legs dangling,
and she's wise-cracking her way toward
something final. *What are you doing?*
she asks. *I'm putting lotion on your face.*
Her eyes close. *It's too late*, she says.

The earth smells musky and rich.
We both like it, have spent hours
cultivating and planting, taking
its harvest in strawberries and zucchini.
This time, the trench is deep, and

we know what the seed is. *You don't know*,
she says, *what it's like*. I nudge her,
suggest we get up, take a walk.
Her long hair shines silver, a late glimmer.
Let's drive, she says. The path to the car

is today's eternity. *There's garbage*
on the floor, I say. *Help me get this leg in*,
she says. *It's not garbage yet*.
We pass over a plateau, a hundred miles
of visibility, mountains in the distance.

But she's foggy with low clouds, bent fingers
warming to sun through glass. For now,
we have luck and speed. A tail wind.
I vote we keep going, head west,
wash her feet one last time in the tide.

She says no. She doesn't want to miss dinner.
What if they forget to feed her?
And she misses the late night comfort
of kicking her heels, one and then the other,
against the damp and looming earth.

Tami Haaland

Song for the Solstice

In December she eats the last tomato from her garden
and puts the year to bed over pasta and reggiano,
its worst sorrows and hours blended in a moment.

The tomato is bright and acidic, not like vine-ripened,
fuller fruit collected in sun. Each year she saves
the green harvest to see them mature or shrivel.

Small meal at a wooden table near a restless dog.
Small celebration of last fruits, the aunt dying
in her ninety-third year, the mother already gone.

In honor of tea cups and saucers, the fine,
inherited silver and glass come to order her life.
A toast to the darkest day, to light finding these rooms.

Maryanne Hannan

Counter Talk

*We must have a pie. Stress cannot exist
in the presence of a pie.*

—David Mamet, *Boston Marriage*

until one day he says, *I'm not really a pie person*,
and she sees twenty years of lard, butter, shortening experiments,
pastry-cutter crumbled, flung skyward, splatter her counter,
kitchen backsplash. *You love my pies*. She won't allow this to
blast their world.

Any fool knows a pie is only as good as its crust, and hers
are perfect. Eight secrets to, ten secrets of—she knows them all.

Ice water spritzing, a spoonful of sugar, a touch of salt,
how to coat that fat, relax that gluten, bowls and pin cold,
cold, cold, everything cold, the freezer-chilled vodka.

Yours are good, but I never was much for pies.

What about pecan? Like your mother made.

Too sweet.

Pumpkin?

It's all right.

Apple? I know you like apple.

Yeah, but not as much as applesauce.

Tamam Kahn

Planned Famine: Mecca, around the year 617

No one in Mecca was allowed to... sell goods, including food and water, to any member of (Muhammad's clan).

—Reza Aslan

There was a perpetual shortage of foods ...(that) bordered on Famine.

—Martin Lings

Thinking dulled from such painful hunger. Some just blurred it, blotted it out. Hallucinations flared up—skeletal hands that grasped at nothing.

Nothing Fatima said would make a difference. Stealing food in her dreams, by day she begged at wells disguised as a nomad. Bowl and legs were shaking— anger and prayer, her tongue all bitten. She began to use Names-of-God for flavor, filled the family plates with light and scraps that seemed to brighten the children, soothe the mothers.

Come! Those outspoken graves, they said, would call them: *Mother, Come to me!* No one brought them, sent them food— at risk of harsh beating. Lives just peeled down.

Daylight rubbed all those onion eyes for water. Twilight pushed on a shovel, served the graveyard.

Marie Kane

Hearing in November of the Arrival
for Sarah

Upon news of the upcoming arrival,
our Japanese maples clap
in raucous approval, throw the last
of their crimson leaves upon
late-fall grass. We all clap too,
and I hug you, my daughter.
We forget about Thanksgiving pies,
until your husband reminds

us of the one in the oven.

Ochre scent of hot pumpkin
fills the steamy kitchen; your blue
eyes focus on distances
opened by leafless trees.

We speak of cribs and colic,
of flour and its refusal to be rolled
into a perfect circle,

of apples and grandmother Nellie's
talent of peeling them
in a continuous red and white loop.

I marvel at this layered,
complex being, want to touch the place
of it. But I'm suddenly shy,
not wanting to intrude on your
veiled smile, new knowledge

of woman's power. Later, Chinese food
cartons unfold like origami
on the oak table. Your chopsticks grasp
sushi's compact, bright center,
pluck beef, broccoli, and snow
peas out of one package, water

chestnut crunch out of the other.

You eat your way back

to childhood: always Chinese before

Turkey Day. Camera flash

records you, your sister, and me behind

the glass and chrome table

that holds eight pies for cooling.

Your long hands smooth

your white sweater over what is to come

in full-throated July

Kathleen Kirk

Cold in the House

Coming home after picking up two fresh pies—
apple and Dutch apple—from the restaurant

where my daughter works: The giant white
mallow is blooming at the neighbors' mailbox

as it does every year in late summer, early fall,
a mass of full moons or huge ghostly faces

gathering and gathering until they crowd out
all the breath in my lungs and it rushes out

the cracked car window before I turn right,
into my own driveway, gasping, still alive.

But now it's cold in the house, air seeping in
from the wind tunnel between us—too soon,

too soon. In the spring, I stood on the walk
talking with my neighbor:

suddenly we were
naked; he needed to tell me about the operation,

his new bladder, getting used to the apparatus
that lets him pee, and the time it spilled in bed.

Easy to speak of intimate things. In the end,
I will know him so well, his wife. First, the dog

will die, the blind, deaf dog, first to wear a sweater
in the fall, a tiny, ridiculous, dog-shaped sweater

but a necessary thing. Now, I bring out the basket
of gloves and hats, wrap a scarf around my neck,

pre-heat the oven for a way to be neighborly:
banana bread from these two black ones, hanging?

Or, sooner, this fresh apple pie. Carry it over,
warm, joining his wife on the sidewalk on her way

home with the delicate dog, brushing up breathless
against the white mallow.

Amy MacLennan

Peeling Kiwis

It's delicate work. Skim of my knife
under furred skin, tender tug from flesh.
A slip-pull-slip-pull from pole to pole
until each sits bare on the board.
For company this effort, to display
speckled slices across cantaloupe,
honeydew in a cut-crystal bowl.
And what I want is to get up
from the table, put the napkin down
and ask my guest to come to the kitchen
where we will eat kiwi,
not peeled and pared but quartered
next to the sink, then the grab
to gouge the meat with our teeth,
flipping each spent skin to the drain,
and we'll talk lush, tell of
the flying dream from last night, the way
a job just isn't working out, how we miss
our mothers though they're not gone,
as we move to each new chunk,
fruit after fruit until we stand
out of breath, chins dripping,
kiwi seeds on our lips

Lynn Pattison

Soup

shank of hard knocks
 cheesecloth bundle of thorns
and thimbleberry cane all depends on the simmer
 how you brave the steam

experiment: roe, spelt, pig's blood,
 coconut milk, puffballs
don't be afraid of salt let onion tears fall
 into the broth

a twist of tobacco smudge of rennet
 pinch of fungus from cistern wall
yesterday's coffee
 tomorrow's wine

oak gall, a page from the divorce decree—
 paper always starts as soup
swiss chard and mustard leaves
 for envy vinegar for fear

reduce past reason fortify
 with powdered antler
add the tongue from your old leather boot
 angst makes it meaty

no one likes thin soup
 steep & stir
you never saw what your mother
 added mid-afternoon

Lynn Pattison

Starve

a fever, and those clouds that fatten on the horizon, threaten
to rain again on the bowed and beaten blossoms by the walk,
the voice under your third rib, that whispers *flat*

as you begin your song, & *wrong* as you raise bow to strings.
Do not starve the artist in his unheated rooms any longer, he
paints his hunger in oils he's forced to dilute

on the only paper he can find, a remarkable effect that leaves
his cousin wealthy after he's gone. Do deny the river even
one more mouthful of collapsing bluff, raging fires

in western canyons one more gulp of hilltop timber.
Withhold water from pots of ivy you brought inside
for overwintering: a signal they'll need to harden down.

They say what grows in us is the part we feed. Here,
doorknobs hunger for the warmth of my daughter's grasp
and, lacking light, the yellow feathers of the finch

wither to famished. You can starve a house to sticks but
it takes a while. Oh, to starve the gorging cells that ignore
the difference between *self* and *other*, chew

through the bodies of too many friends, and cancers, growing
like a child's crystal garden. To starve the war machines,
the fever that fuels predators, shooters in clinic

parking lots—those incessant feeders. In the corner a spider
starves where I swept away flies, and in the grate flames
thin when I shut glass doors at bedtime.

Stars blink, faint behind a veil of snow, middles rumbling,
hungry for human gaze, the heat that rises from where we
watch in summer. What if somehow, we starved

the moon and it wasted to nothing: no red eclipse magic,
no tidal bore, always the unlit path at midnight?
What if we could see the hidden fever

we feed each day, that consumes our light and repays
us with darkness, the twisted limb that slows us down—
the thing we need to tie off until it withers. Starves.

Paige Riehl

An Almost Encounter at the Supermarket During a Blizzard

Other-worldly, we few lean
on carts, shuffle
feet. I still search for you,
wander in fresh produce,
the colors ironic,
so bright and orderly.
Men's broad backs
draw me in. I study
the way their heads bend
toward what their smooth
hands hold. Once

my heart, that small leap
like the moment the doe
senses the fence and pushes
with legs and blood—
trusts the landing—
but oh, it is not you.
The deception is in his neck,
the incline to his
shoulder. This man
turns, glances
beyond me. Although

this was years ago,
his eyes still stop me.
Such dangerous days.
Somewhere else,
alone and waiting
in a small café,
a book beside her cup
a woman lifts her eyes
each time the bells

on the door announce
the wrong arrival.

Paige Riehl

Adoption Webinar

The laptop lodged between our plates,
my husband and I sign in, watch the PowerPoint slides,
listen to the faceless voices—our voices muted—

on spring's first 70 degree day. The sunlight
slants shards across the deck, the grill's heat
shimmering a dreamy haze. We chew quietly, are thirsty

wells. There is a small box, as wide as two baby fingers:
a space to type questions. Program changes curdle
like wishes in the sun. New Korean judges take

extra steps, the flow chart unclear evolution.
The biological mother will be found and asked again:
Is she sure she wants to relinquish parental rights?

I envision her white dress, her gleaming hair, her hand paused
above the straight line. She has not seen her daughter
since birth. Neither of us has kissed the baby's face

as she grew, our daughter's face now framed
on my kitchen counter, on the refrigerator. This mother
and I are both empty flower pots waiting

through winter. Now, dusk's mouth yawns to black. Here
in Minnesota we eat. Feel edible. Across the state
in another town, other waiting parents type into the little box:

*Have any of the mothers changed their mind? Have any
taken their babies back?* The crocuses push against
the still frozen earth. Above our heads, a sparrow

trills as if filling the suspended pause with his call.

Martha Silano

Not Exactly Meditating at Lake Sammamish State Park

Not mourning the loss of believing I can, with words,
describe these many-lumped fruits, these brambles

and branches, these toothy stalks, these grabby
leaves on this contemplative August morning,

so what am I doing? Reaching out with magenta fingers.
Plunking them into a bucket tied around my neck.

Noting that for every drupe I manage to keep,
several fall to the dead-leaved dark.

Talking into the night, Hass discovered *everything*
dissolves, like dropping Alka-Seltzer into water,

but here in this prickered, decaying thicket,
in shorts when I should be in pants, the insides

of my arms scattered with constellation-y scrapes,
dissolve feels sterile, medicinal for what's going on

in these woods, for what my daughter's calling
a caterpillar when it's not on its way to becoming

regal, ethereal—Blue Morpho, Goliath Birdwing—
but a maggot, larva of a beetle or fly sent down

to devour the dead. Hass says *a word is elegy*
to what it signifies because there's no specific

utterance to describe a child whining *stop,*
don't pick enough for a pie, skip the swim in the lake.

It's not the imprecision of language eating me—
bucket, bramble, branch—but the worms

I've been eating all morning, *thin wires of grief*,
my body not exactly numinous but embodying

what tenderly dismantles all that is falling
more quickly than anyone can gather.

Linda Simone

Because I never learned the names of poisons

Love sometimes demands a potion
deadly delicious
voluptuous in ruby on-fire globes
served up in cool lick-the-lips wedges
Scattered confetti over eggs
like heart gone to pieces.

Pull the nightshade way down.
Embrace the evening.
Peel away thin red silk
expose naked flesh
touch the cherry
finger fibrous walls
tongue one beefsteak.

You are plum lucky
perhaps a little green.
Amour, surrender!
There is no antidote.

Erin Elizabeth Smith

The Accidental Orchard

I have planted my fourteenth pear tree.
This accidental orchard,
almost overwhelming.

Light from Knoxville
splinters the trees,
the fruit, neon and comely,
in its travels.

Yesterday, you told me
about the jingwei bird,
how it gathered the town's stones
in the purse of his cheeks,
determined to fill the mouth of the sea.

This, you say, is my way with trees.
How I'd trowel the country with fingers
but not to gather fruit.

Erin Elizabeth Smith

The Dormous Dreams

It's always six o'clock now,
the grey hour when the pines

flicker in a black madness
of wind. That almost hour

where the kitchen is not yet alive
with onion skin and cutlery

but light bleeds out along the ridge
and the hares huddle in their holes.

When you are home, but parked
in the flashing dark of computer screens

while I pace between rooms
deciding where to be sedentary.

It's not tea-time in Tennessee,
though I could set the table

with biscuits and warm chamomile,
could riddle endlessly

about where we go in the bright hours
when the slippery sun sets itself defiantly

in the sky. Before we go mad, I want you
to slip your fingers in my soft clothes,

unbutton this restless dusk
until the day quickens to star –

but the crown no longer turns
in its buttery yoke springs,

and I keep waiting for you to find me,
curled, sleeping while I breathe.

Kate Sontag

Her Hat

—*after Edward Hopper*

The yellow bell-shaped hat says it all—
doesn't it always? Sloping suggestively
over her face in shadow. Streetlights
through moonless café windows reveal
she is somewhere at night which is also
like a hat pulled down over the world,
her eyes lowered toward her solitary
table, the wool felt soft as her own
mouth about to sip a white cup.
And what if she were permitted
to speak? Would her voice ring
like yours, like mine, during some
muffled moment of confession?

Say two friends are just now meeting
in daylight in a different café, one
already sitting, the other standing
with her back to us, both wearing
the same cloche hats. Surely they feel
the other woman's absence, cut off
as she is by time and distance. If only
she could join them in her green coat,
slip it off, share their meal of Chop Suey.

If only they filled the chairs still
empty of chatter beside her. Alone
yet not quite alone in a city of
millions, the three of them separate
but together as a triangle of figures
framed in a museum. Her hat
bright as wheat, whatever it is
she might tell us ripens like
a bowl of red fruit placed

hungrily on the drafty sill
behind her, offers possibility
for passersby like the gold
radiator against cold glass.

Kate Sontag

House Special Soup with Vernie

Here is the white linen tablecloth
and napkins, the silver serving bowl

set down before us. Let the waiter
light the flame to keep it warm, lift

the lid to steam rising. With half-
abandoned notions of the dainty,

let us slurp with giggly elegance
the clear broth, balance snow peas,

water chestnuts, bamboo shoots,
thin slices of smoked pork whose

lipstick pink edges smile and wink
back at us between chopsticks. Let

this meal be as complex as it is simple
each time we come back the clear

broth, its long simmer of bones and
aromatic spices filling the restaurant,

sink teeth into earthy shiitakes,
broccoli florets, zigzagged carrots,

spears of softened baby corn. To help
satisfy deeper hungers, let there be

occasional grains of rice on the side,
slivers of ginger for pungent heat.

Whenever I order this soup, let me
always order it for you too. Say yes

to sips of jasmine tea that will turn
our comical conversation ceremonial,

make calorie free fortune cookies
less mundane. But first let us

return to the clear broth, its animal
and vegetable nature, let formality

fly as we share these last tidbits
of chicken like gossip, sunken

sugar snaps garden green bursts
of bottomless laughter.

Laura Whalen

Foraging for the Blue Milky

Each year, the September season fruits—
Harvest changing:
Paw paw, quince, elderberry—
This year the fruit is azure,
a shade of deepest blue.

“Life is mushrooming!”
said the mycologist
on one of our woodland walks—
Then, an indigo glow
grown from the hyphae and mycelium
in the duff beneath the white pine—
soft cap revealing dusty gills,
sturdy stem,
connecting to the earth.

I’ve been waiting for this
my whole life:
a color that rises up,
stops me in mid-step.
Lactarius indigo
Blue Milky—
delicate flavor, rare treat.

Mushroom,
teacher, fruiting body.

Anne Harding Woodworth

Hannah as Accomplice

I remember mealtimes.
Through the kitchen window
my father would see a woodchuck,
a *goddam* woodchuck, in the orchard.
Hannah, go get my gun.
Out the back door,
he'd blow shot
into that woodchuck,
return and pick up
where he'd left off at the table:
meatloaf, corn pudding,
beets from the garden.
while fur and guts lay in a red pile
beside an apple tree,
How fortunate we are, he'd say,
how blessed, to have
such good food on the table.

Featured Poet

Yesenia Montilla

Sobremesa and the Making of a Poem

I wanted to sit down and write a food essay that was radical and political. One that maybe talked about the concept of “farm to table,” or “agriculture and the environment.” I spend time studying food when not writing poetry. Sunday afternoons you can find me learning to make the perfect *beef bourguignon* and then bringing it to my neighbors and hearing them swoon, their bliss sounding like violins in perfect tune. I could write a great essay on food. But food and poetry? I wasn’t so sure. So I began to think of my own poetry life. When do I write my best poems?

There is a magic that can occur when one sits down to write. If things go well, the feeling is that of kismet, and for the poet there is nothing like it. But what about the moments before the first word is written, the spaces in which the mind’s synapses spark and drop the seeds of a poem in our lap like a precious baby? For me there is a moment I cherish among all others, an event that can be as subtle as the sliver of a lace hem shown on a woman’s thigh or as wild as a tongue in the mouth. I always go home and dream and write afterwards. There is only one word for it, the Spanish word: *Sobremesa*.

In English it can be translated as “table talk,” but it is so much more than that. It makes sense that the home of Lorca would name the moments after a meal when conversation flows freely among friends and the wine bottles are almost empty. There is a sweetness to spending a night eating great food; our brain awakens when fed delights and the music continues when you are sharing the experience with others.

I myself fall in love in these moments. Life seems simple like bread dipped in olive oil and intricate like wedding cake. Imagine all of life’s most wonderful moments not starting or

finishing with food—life would be a disaster, or worse, not worth living.

When I am home alone without a neighbor or visitor in sight, I'll make a nice green salad and call it a day. I might try to write a poem and I might be successful if I rummage through my journal. However, after sitting across a table for hours surrounded by a plate of oysters or pork belly or fried squash blossoms, discussing the state of the world, Berryman's Dream Songs or the Bop form, I go home and write pure magic.

So maybe this is not an essay but a prompt. Call your five favorite people, set a date at a restaurant where you can linger. Then afterwards go home and write, write about all the tastes your tongue experienced, not only the food but also the words that flowed freely from your lips like a hum. I dare you to dream of the perfect pasta dish. I dare you to be intoxicated by the frenzy, the laughter at the end of a delicious dinner, the dessert, each time like a first kiss.

Yesenia Montilla

Prayer to the God of Pad Kee Mao

Once it was pizza,
that was until I met you,
with your rice noodle beard all flat
& drunken starlight.
Your holy basil eyes.
Your mouth full of a fish-soy
sauce mix that
only you could make kissable.
I want to drown in you.

I imagine myself combing a rice
paddy field on the day of your birth.
Holding you in my arms, baby
deity, baby wizard who grew in deep
rice water, muddy & smelling
of oxen. I pray to you tonight over my
lackluster mixed green salad.
My hands pressed tightly, desperately
wanting pressure to turn
your semi-aquatic rice grains
into expansive straw that when dropped
in water, make your loving locks.
I wish to
tame
ingest
slurp
those thin tentacles. Suck the sauce
through my teeth, then
let it sit on my tongue
like communion.

I call upon you tonight. Visit me.
Make me a bowl of your stir-fried
drunken side rib, recreate me
so that I may know what love is.

Know what it feels like
to eat from the divine fields of that
otherworld, where the shake of your
head drops into a platter all the good
that makes my mouth raw.

Impregnate me, make me fat
and round full of you. I promise to not
fight it, but only consume. Make me
a spicy bowl so that my eyes
water, as right before a lover touches me
there.

Drop on this deserted island
all the noodles dressed in couture
I could eat.
Make them high off rice wine.
Make the ground muddy
plant yourself
on a hillside
let me slope myself
against your body
as I devour
you
whole.

Yesenia Montilla

Dinner in Four Stages

Stage I

Heat the oil, watch it spark. Add garlic
the onions
peppers
celery
sweet, spicy, cool

Small roach crawls across
the counter you just wiped down with Ajax
Kill it! Toss tissue in the toilet and flush
Return to kitchen. Wash hands. Add shrimp

Gaze at your reflection
in the steel spatula
adjust your lipstick
pluck a stray hair

Contemplate what you will do
when he arrives:
dance
read poetry
maybe take a walk
after all
has been said and done

Stage II

Walk away
Sit a moment then spring
out of your chair
Set the table
Compose it

Decorate it
as though today were
it's wedding day

Shrimp almost done
toss in ginger
sesame oil

honey mixture
Add the snow peas
Savor the crunch that bounces against your tongue
Grab gum, the first kiss should not taste nourishing
It should taste dangerous, make him lay down his arms,
bit by bit –

Stage III

Glance at clock
Twenty minutes:
Shrimp done
Bring out bottle of wine
Stemware stands
like queen and king on the mahogany table

Run to the bathroom
Pee
Don't forget
You don't want to have to do this during dinner

Wash your hands
get the garlic out
Spray perfume
behind the knees
a little in your underwear
Grab stilettos
Practice walking on daggers
Take the pain *take it.*

Bell

Stage IV

Rings once more

Make him wait

Open door

Let him gulp the air around you

Make him wait

Do not let him penetrate without

his knees surrendering

Offer him a glass of wine

Turn on music

Coltrane's *Russian Lullaby*

Turn into him

let him kiss you.

Dress unwraps like a Christmas

gift, drops to the floor

It's over in minutes

He grabs a strawberry

Re-dresses

Combs his hair with

his glossy nails

Instructions on how to

navigate leather wallet,

take \$500 you're so great, you know

that?

Door slams

you turn on TV

eat everything left on the table

Wash dishes

Hum

Coltrane's

Every time

we say
Goodbye
it vibrates
and shatters
the wine
glass he
left by
the door

Biographical Notes

Cara Armstrong grew up cooking in Kent, Ohio, and has gardened and gratinéed in New York, Florida, and Pennsylvania. As the Interim Director of the School of Architecture and Art at Norwich University, she now stews and sautés in Northfield, VT, where she has a farm stand share at Green Mountain Girls Farm.

Tara Betts is the author of *Arc & Hue* and *The Greatest: An Homage to Muhammad Ali*. She is a Ph.D. candidate at Binghamton University and a Cave Canem fellow. Her writing has appeared in *Paterson Literary Review*, *Essence*, *Black Renaissance/Renaissance Noire*, and both *Spoken Word Revolution* anthologies.

In **Mary Brancaccio's** poetry, foods offer opportunity for communion, nourishment, gratitude and love. Her work has appeared on the pages of *Naugatuck River Review*, *Minerva Rising*, *Edison Literary Review*, and *Chest*, among others. She has an MFA in Poetry from Drew University.

Cathy Carlisi's poetry has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Mid-American Review*, *Southern Review*, *Atlanta Review* and many others. She is Chief Creative Officer at BrightHouse, a consultancy that serves organizations that serve society.

Robin Chapman's most recent books are *Dappled Things* (Paris: Revue K, 2013), a portfolio pairing 23 of her poems with Peter Miller's photogravures, and *One Hundred White Pelicans* (Tebot Bach, 2013), poems of climate change.

Jessica de Koninck is the author of one collection, *Repairs*. Her poems appear in a variety of journals including the *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Adanna*, *U.S. 1 Worksheets*, and *The Ledge*. A longtime resident of Montclair, New Jersey, she holds an MFA from Stonecoast and a BA from Brandeis.

Lori DeSanti is an MFA candidate for poetry at Southern Connecticut State University. Her work is featured in *Mojave*

River Review, *Drunk Monkeys*, *East Coast Literary Review*, *Mouse Tales Press*, and elsewhere. She is a 2013 Pushcart Prize Nominee, and serves as the Poetry Editor for *Noctua Review*.

Victoria Dym is a graduate of Ringling Brother's Barnum and Bailey Clown College, and has an MFA from Carlow University. She has appeared in movies, on stage, television, and radio and has had a stand-up comedy career. She was one of ten finalists in the Coal Hill Chapbook Prize, Autumn House. She is the Founder of Writers in the Woods with poet, Stacey Waite.

Rebecca Ellis lives in southern Illinois. She has poems published in *Sugar Mule*, *Sweet*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Natural Bridge*, and *Crab Creek Review*. She edited Cherry Pie Press, publishing nine poetry chapbooks by Midwestern women poets.

Ann Fisher-Wirth's fourth book of poems, *Dream Cabinet*, was published by Wings Press in 2012. Her other books of poems are *Carta Marina*, *Blue Window*, and *Five Terraces*. She coedited *The Ecopoetry Anthology*, published by Trinity University Press in 2013. She teaches at the University of Mississippi, where she also directs the minor in Environmental Studies.

Virginia Bach Folger, a native of New Jersey, now lives in Schenectady, New York. She has worked as a gas station attendant, paralegal, switchboard operator, claims adjuster, and corporate learning and development manager. She has published poems in *Horticulture* magazine, *Constellations: A Journal of Poetry and Fiction*, and *Muddy River Poetry Review*.

Tami Haaland is the author of two books of poetry, *Breath in Every Room* and *When We Wake in the Night*. She is a graduate of the Bennington Writing Seminars and a professor of English at Montana State University Billings. Her work has appeared in many journals and anthologies and has been featured on the *Writers' Almanac* and *American Life in Poetry*. She is Montana's Poet Laureate.

Maryanne Hannan has published recent poetry in *Gargoyle*, *Rattle*, and *Sentence*. This is her second appearance in *Adanna Literary Journal*. She lives in upstate New York, and as far as she knows, her husband is a "pie person."

Linda Hillringhouse is a painter and poet. A self-taught artist, she has shown her work at the Newark Museum, the Paterson Museum, and the Yale School of Art, among other venues, and is included in the 20th Century Self-Taught Artists Archive Collection at the American Folk Art Museum in New York. She is a recipient of poetry fellowships from Yaddo and the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts and in 2012 won second place for the Pablo Neruda Prize for Poetry sponsored by *Nimrod International Journal*.

Tamam Kahn is the author of *Untold: A History of the Wives of Prophet Muhammad*, Monkfish Books, 2010. *Untold* won an International Book Award, 2011. In 2009 she was invited by the Royal Ministry of Morocco to read her poetry at a world-wide Sufi conference in Marrakesh.

Marie Kane is the poetry editor for *Pentimento Magazine* and the 2006 Bucks County (PA) Poet Laureate. Her poetry has appeared in the *Bellevue Literary Review*, *U.S. 1 Worksheets*, *The Schuylkill Valley Journal*, *Naugatuck River Review*, and elsewhere. Her chapbook, *Survivors in the Garden* (Big Table Publishing, 2012), centers on her life with multiple sclerosis.

Kathleen Kirk is the author of four poetry chapbooks, most recently *Interior Sculpture: Poems in the Voice of Camille Claudel* (Dancing Girl, 2014). Her work has appeared previously in *Adanna*, where she won first prize in the Love Poetry contest. Her work also appears in *Arsenic Lobster*, *Eclectica*, and *Nimrod*. She is the poetry editor for *Escape Into Life*.

Diane Lockward is the author of *The Crafty Poet: A Portable Workshop* (Wind Publications, 2013) and three poetry books, most recently *Temptation by Water*. Her previous books are *What Feeds Us*, which received the 2006 Quentin R. Howard

Poetry Prize, and *Eve's Red Dress*. She is also the author of two chapbooks, *Against Perfection* and *Greatest Hits: 1997-2010*. Her poems have been included in such journals as *Harvard Review*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*, and *Prairie Schooner*. Her work has also been featured on *Poetry Daily*, *Verse Daily*, and *The Writer's Almanac*.

Amy MacLennan has been published in *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *River Styx*, *Linebreak*, and *Rattle*. Her chapbook, *The Fragile Day*, was released from Spire Press in the summer of 2011, and her chapbook, *Weathering*, was published by Uttered Chaos Press in 2012.

Lynne McEniry is a poet, editor, and presenter, published in *5 AM*, *Adanna*, *The Lake Rises Anthology*, *The Stillwater Review*, *Paterson Literary Review*, and others. She won Honorable Mention for the Allen Ginsberg Poetry Award, and "My Son, Philip Seymour Hoffman, and Me," was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. She curates readings and workshops, including those in conversation with visual arts and is an assistant editor for *Organs of Vision and Speech* and a guest editor for *Adanna Literary Journal*. She earned an MFA in Poetry from Drew U., and works at the College of Saint Elizabeth in Morristown, NJ.

Yesenia Montilla, a 2014 Canto Mundo Fellow, is a New York City poet with Afro-Caribbean roots. Her poetry has appeared in the chapbook *For the Crowns of Your Head*, as well as the literary journals *5 AM*, *OVS*, and *Adanna*. Her manuscript *The Pink Box* was a first book award semifinalist with Crab Orchard Press, Trio House Press, and Alice James Books. In 2012 her poem "Notorious" was nominated for a Pushcart prize.

Lynn Pattison's work has appeared in *The Notre Dame Review*, *Rhino*, *Atlanta Review*, and *Atticus Review*, and has been anthologized in several venues. Her poetry collections include *tesla's daughter* (March St. Press), *Walking Back the Cat* (Bright Hill Press), and *Light That Sounds Like Breaking* (Mayapple Press).

Christine Redman-Waldeyer is a poet and Assistant Professor in the Department of English at Passaic County Community College in New Jersey. She has published three poetry collections, *Frame by Frame*, *Gravel*, and *Eve Asks* (all with Muse-Pie Press). Her work has appeared in *Lips*, *Paterson Literary Review*, *Texas Review*, and *Verse Wisconsin*. With Carol Smallwood, she co-edited *Writing After Retirement: Tips by Successful Retired Writers*, Scarecrow Press. She is a graduate of Drew University's D.Litt program with a concentration in poetry and is currently pursuing a doctorate in higher education at Rowan University.

Paige Riehl's poetry has appeared in many publications such as *Meridian*, *South Dakota Review*, and *Nimrod International Journal*. Poets Jude Nutter and Oliver de la Paz selected Paige as a winner of the 2012-2013 Loft Mentor Series in Poetry in Minneapolis. She won first place in the 2011 *Literal Latte* Prize for Poetry and was also a semi-finalist for the 2011 Pablo Neruda Prize for Poetry.

Martha Silano is the author of four books of poetry, including *The Little Office of the Immaculate Conception* and *Reckless Lovely*, both from Saturnalia Books. Her poems have appeared in *Paris Review*, *North American Review*, where she won the 2014 James Hearst Poetry Prize, *American Poetry Review*, and elsewhere. She edits *Crab Creek Review* and teaches at Bellevue College.

Linda Simone's work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and has appeared in numerous print and online journals, including *Octavo*, *Cezanne's Carrot*, and *Potomac Review*, and in a number of anthologies, among them *Lavanderia* and *Avanti Popolo*. Her chapbook, *Cow Tippers*, won the 2006 Shadow Poetry Chapbook Competition. She lives in New York.

Erin Elizabeth Smith is the Creative Director at the Sundress Academy for the Arts and the author of two full-length collections, *The Fear of Being Found* (Three Candles Press 2008) and *The Naming of Strays* (Gold Wake Press 2011). Her

poems have appeared in *32 Poems*, *Zone 3*, *Gargoyle*, and *Crab Orchard Review*. She teaches in the English Department at the University of Tennessee and serves as the managing editor of Sundress Publications and *Stirring*.

Kate Sontag is co-editor of *After Confession: Poetry as Autobiography* (Graywolf) and teaches at Ripon College. Her work has appeared in such journals as *Prairie Schooner*, *Seattle Review*, and *Verse Wisconsin*. Her work has also appeared in the anthologies *Boomer Girls*, *Are You Experienced?*, *Sweeping Beauty* (U. of Iowa), and *Villanelles* (Everyman's Library Pocket Poets).

Lee Upton is the author of thirteen books, including *The Tao of Humiliation: Stories* (BOA, 2014); *Swallowing the Sea: On Writing & Ambition, Boredom, Purity, & Secrecy*; five books of poetry, including *Undid in the Land of Undone*; and four books of literary criticism. She is the Writer-in-Residence and a professor of English at Lafayette College.

Laura Whalen lives in Albany, New York. She has studied at the New York State Writer's Institute and The Vermont Studio Center. She currently writes grants for New York State school districts for Capital Region BOCES and has an MS in Education from the University at Albany. Her work has been published in *Blue Line*, *Adanna*, and *Sugar Mule*.

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