

ADANNA

LITERARY JOURNAL

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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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Contents

Introduction

Laura Freedgood.....	5-6
Lynne McEniry.....	7-8

Contributors

Cara Armstrong.....	11
Wendy Barnes.....	12
Joan E. Bauer.....	13
Carol Berg.....	14
Mary Brancaccio.....	15-18
Kaye Lesley Cleave.....	19
Gail C. DiMaggio.....	20
Sandra Duguid.....	21
Dianne Feula.....	22
Laura Foley.....	23
Deborah Gerrish.....	24
Penelope Gristelfink.....	25-27
Rasma Haidri.....	28
Lois Marie Harrod.....	29
Darla Himeles.....	30
Deborah L. Humphreys.....	31-32
Susan Kress.....	33
Susanna Lang.....	34-35
Gina Larkin.....	36
Eve F. W. Linn.....	37-38
Danielle Lovallo.....	39
Kaitlyn McLaughlin.....	40-42
Marjorie Power.....	43
Susanna Rich.....	44-45
Penelope Scambly Schott.....	46
Christine Stewart-Nuñez.....	47-48
Carole Stone.....	49-50
Diane Stone.....	51

Alexandra Yates 52
Lori Wilson..... 53-54
Lisa Wujnovich 55

Biographical Notes

Introduction

Some time ago, at a local art show, I became very interested in the difference between creative writing and the visual arts. I come from an eclectic background: my mother was an artist and my father a novelist. While I did not inherit my mother's talent for painting, I did possess the delight she experienced through seeing. In a happy blend of genetics, I became a poet, using words to express what I felt and saw. As a poet, I had my senses, my observations, my imagination, but nothing to urge them forward into an actual form; only a blank sheet onto which words would tumble, often chaotically, to be revised many times until they shaped themselves into a poem.

In this special Women and Arts edition of ADANNA, we asked for poems that reflect women as portrayed in art. This type of poetry, called Ekphrastic, is inspired by a work of art, most typically, but not limited to, paintings. I am drawn to such poems because they offer a canvas to work from. At the same time, I realize that a poem is not the same as a painting, just as a movie is not the same as the novel it is adapted from. Therefore, there is the necessity to translate from one artistic genre into another, to amplify its meaning, to go beyond what a painting, for example, describes. Like any good translation, a poem based on a work of art must hold its own; it cannot be a gloss, a literal transcription, but must find its own purpose.

Once, at an art opening, I was quite taken by the painting of a nude, inspiring me to write the poem below. The painting showed a women resting, and the tones of the palette were pale, muted, peaceful. Somehow beyond the calm and total quiet of the portrait, the silent way we view art, the suggestion of mortality became foremost in the way I experienced the painting.

ANONYMOUS PORTRAIT: *WOMAN RESTING*

Her body floats
across the canvas,
settles into it.

She's meant to be there,
the tan flesh falling
on the comforter

a pale wash,
one thigh leisurely
bent into the other,

one hand nestling
a breast,
her hair a nest of swallows.

Everything
suggests calm,
the tint of skin nearly invisible.

We walk with tender steps
about the portrait,
not wanting to disturb
its peace,

not wanting to wake
the woman whose
sleep will outlast us.

The poems in our special edition reflect each poet's passion for a particular work of art, either a painting, a photograph, a dance, or a piece of music. What makes these poems stand out is that each offers a unique vision of the work of art that inspired it.

-Laura Freedgood

Introduction

As Laura said at the end of her introduction, each artistic vision or movement or sound inspires a wide range of responses from every person who views or listens. Like snowflakes or our thumbprints, there are some similarities for each of us in experience, but the impression made on us by the artwork is distinctive to each of us. As in my poem below, Pollock's strokes reverberate long after taking his work in.

AUTUMN RHYTHM

you driving north. me back home
with weekend chores as we ponder
Number 30 together. yet when we
lower our gaze and listen
through the static between
our phone lines, we can see the
Pollock there on the
museum wall before us
hear the docent ask
us to consider how the
painter can quicken a line
by thinning it, brush
tip barely dipped in black or
how he can slow it
down by flooding canvas with
blues dripping plump from the brush

Just as no two paintings of a bowl of fruit are alike, just as each dance to the same music has its own unique choreography, so too, do the poems in this special edition of Adanna embrace their own language, metaphors, images, sounds, and ideas as they respond to art. It was such a joy to read each of the hundreds of poems that were submitted for our consideration, and as always, it is difficult for us to do the narrowing down for what the printed size of a journal allows. Yet, Laura and I, with guidance and support from Christine, collaborated to create this new expression of art. It was

a challenge and a gift to finally bring together the poems of these 31 poets, each of them writing in conversation with the arts.

As all good art does, these ekphrastic poems – both individually, and as a collective voice for this issue – will stir your intellect and emotions. They may invite you to think anew about works of art you are familiar with. They will open your senses to fresh and exciting ways to consider new images and sounds. We hope you will enjoy this special issue of Adanna...return to it again and again for beauty and solace and wonder ...maybe read a poem or two aloud to a friend, or share an issue with someone who loves the arts as much as you do. Enjoy, and THANKS for reading!

-Lynne McEniry

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Cara Armstrong

Ringers' Guide to Rehearsal, New York, 2010

Icicles hang
on granite fountains,
but inside the Met Opera,

it's all Wagner, "Welcome
to Planet Earth,
Wotan's time."

Loge's fingers
are burning
embers. Rhinemaidens dangle

in flippered gowns. Brunehilde
sleeps to the left.
The wind

sings and speaks
to you, you
remember.

Undulating islands rise
over night. Ringed
miracles,

hard
acts
to follow.

Wendy Barnes

Jitterbug

drank Schlitz or Dixie in the kitchen
in her curlers, slippers slapping her footbacks
to Peggy Lee.

Storm wind slammed the screendoor,
and she remembered
that time she couldn't sleep
so limped past the plant
to the Texaco
with a nickel for a coke,

and there he was, bad faith on a stick
with a handsome head of hair,
and that was it.
She liked to be a little scared.

What's the rhubarb?

She yawped at the living room,
where kids dragged a grubby doll baby
by the hair and fingernails.

Joan E. Bauer

Impersonation

I'm not about revealing myself.
- photographer Cindy Sherman

Strange how her early photos remind me
of recipes by Craig Claiborne (circa 1975):

wary newcomer to Metropolis, *vanilla custard*
sultry aproned housewife, *hazel cheesecake*
plaid-skirted hitch-hiker with suitcase, *pepper poundcake*
trench-coated Italian bombshell, *zucotta alla Michelangelo*
tear-stained bar girl with cigarette, *pear tarte with ginger*
bedded blonde in bra & slip, *coconut blanc mange*.

Queen of Masquerade, Female Zelig, Wiggy Enigmatic,
Sister of Man Ray & Diane Arbus,
how do you stay with it, pump it, work it, claim it—
Poseur, Feminist, Avenging Angel, what do you feel more:
the pathos or the unhinged humor
in nearly everything?

Carol Berg

Miriam Dances Before Him

“Then Miriam the prophetess...took a tambourine and
led the women in dances.” --Genesis 15:20

I am under prickly pleasure
I am this whirl overlapping
into interior song
I am His His His

My spine spontaneously blossoms

In here I am His own deeper inside
I groan in our glowing circle
sink into swirling

Luminously the whirring looms
Unlocks all my doors
Opens all my mouths

He on a word meaning name unwraps such flight

while the whirl buzzes near me
I am exit beyond earth I am
blue seeking trillium's succor

Mary Brancaccio

Peggotty

*Looking back, as I was saying, into the blank of my infancy,
the first objects I can remember as standing out by themselves
from a confusion of things, are my mother and Peggotty. -*

Charles Dickens. The Personal History of David Copperfield

Ma called the woman in her painting *Peggotty*,
but she bore uncanny resemblance
to my grandmother. This oiled one
smiles less with lips than eyes,
blue as the ocean I swim.
A visitor to our home asks,
Is she your grandmother?
My answer eludes me.

She could be
Grandma, in another universe,
one born of sweeter timbre and sane.
But in this world, *Grandma* is a name
pressed to a harder woman.

This painting of my not-grandmother,
woman my mother preferred, hangs
alongside the father she never knew.
He is tired and creased, but his collar
is bleached as white as sun-dried cotton.
He is dark wood, carved line, grimace.
Long-forgotten father, hard to love,
except through *Peggotty's* eyes.

Ma populates our house with portraits
of family she wants for us, grist
for the hard labor of insisting on respect.

I should ask forgiveness, I was not
the daughter she wanted. I am not
the daughter of her portrait of me
at seven, dressed in white Communion
veil and dress, though once I was.

Now I paint myself in different hues,
Brushed on canvas of forbearance.

Mary Brancaccio

I Dream Grandma Wanda Plays Me Chopin

Lento

(If only I had learned to play
like her) I'd move faster.
Time is all
I have and still her slips
like hemp rope
tug into a knot, her
[empty]self.

Allegretto

In the back seat
of a rusted rambler, I ride
past the asylum
outside some small town.
Too stupid not to, I ask, for I am still a child
[*because the air is fresh, because, because*].
I dream inside: those green empty halls
her room of peeled paint,
her trash can brined with paper
choked with notes (where
are her people) engraved. An unmarked
knoll its leaf blessed tree her shroud
that crowded ward behind wired glass
her suffocation like
caught fish, gills fanning
bubbles on her lips
gulping her gulp
its foam her loam.

Andantino

A wagon idles, two men
(white coats?) one
on either side: how tight
their grasp is. I can't see,
do they leave marks? Look
at her crazy hands, look at all those
flats and sharps!

I search her song's half-notes
search for her in measures, but
never find her. All those
chords all those scales all those
trying turns
all her gifts.

Moderato

In chains
in bed straps in tethered wire
in shock in cranial drill
in pills in pills in pills
wall hairline
crack fracture
suture tincture for her
no cure no cure no
cure expect

sepulcher holy
holey her hole her whole.

Kaye Lesley Cleave

After the House is Sold

I wake in the blue bedroom,
surrounded by packing boxes,
and see a lone painting on the wall.
A copy of an Edgar Degas, *After The Bath*.
The naked girl on a chair,
dries her feet,
her left arm pinned to her thigh,
her long brown hair draping.

My daughter painted this
during those final hard years—
battles over eating, boys, drugs.
When she gave it to me,
I proudly ordered a gold wooden frame.
It's too elaborate, she snapped.

In the morning glow,
I study the young woman
and remember her bare vulnerability.
Wrapped in a towel, cropped hair dripping
as she exited the bathroom in a waft of steam,
bony shoulders like angel wings.
For hours she listened to Nirvana and R.E.M,
face watery with, *everybody hurts sometimes*.

How could I have held onto,
the child who owned my heart,
that crusty organ she stuffed in her box of momentos,
along with her crystal collection?
She never found her way back home.

Now I've slept in the blue bedroom for the last time,
and like picking up a newborn,
I lift the painting off the wall.

Gail C. DiMaggio

Poem for Two Voices

After Paul Resika's Moon in the Bay

Resika never tired of his one pier, these few shapes: tall slab, squat slab, boat-wedge, and—spiking the foreground—a twisted spar. Quartered at the bottom, a disk of moon. His paintbrush sorcery cleans each edge. Slat wall, boat hull—everything—pared down to a blue meditation. Provincetown fuss fades like back-lit scrim, and the visitor thinks she may have found a stone base—some sheer reality.

*This human gets a vision. All I get's second stanza
fourth line: that disk
the one cornered between spar
and horizon. Which would make me—did you notice?—
a drowned moon in a box. Painter boy
will have his little joke, but I
am Moon. Pregnant with light. No flat or half about me.
I haul ocean from his bed, hurl him over cliffs, my beat
pulses in your throat, between your legs, and
when that stops—you're over.
It's art gets hung on a wall.*

Sandra Duguid

Tony's Place

Poetry Reading in the Architect's Office

It's open
from the first entrance—
a door through glass walls—
to the whole room, mobile,
adjustable—quick changes
and the office goes party,
goes program, more global:
others' patterns, designs, constructs
blues-prints go up, hang,
like jazz, a cityscape; scenes
flow on scene—and on screen
words do images; drink, food's
whipped up on tables;
chairs on their rollers are turned,
are whirled; it's a choreography,
a model
of a setting to reset,
to negotiate space for
the teeming world.

Dianne Feula

Refugee

(after *Rosa la Rouge* by Toulouse-Lautrec)

she avoids our eyes
 this silk of a woman
loses her soft
 face
behind the sweep
 of a ravishing
red lock
 forming half
a wish-bone along her cheek

“hardly room to swing a cat”
 her Mom would say of her work space
threadbare
 winter brown
walls and windows
 enforcing the isolation
of her lowly office

Rosa steals a moment
 uses her arm to brush hair
from this life of
 ovens toilets
rivers of laundry
 bathing a boy with eyes like
her brother far away

yet the fullness
 of her ruby lips
embraces
 the strange tongue
she practices daily
 in this fierce city
polishing her future
 like fine sterling

Laura Foley

Debut and Finale

As I strolled beachward
through an alley of palms,
he filmed me from behind,
over and over, in over-lapping
fugue-like sequences,
to match Scarlatti's counterpoint,
then close-up, curled,
lying on a sandy dune,
my nude acting debut, and finale,
shown at the Whitney.
Why remember this now,
walking a drizzly waterfront,
soft spring rain
tapping our cheeks,
like ghostly fingers—
him so long gone,
replaced at last,
by a lover who matches me
in age, complexion,
gender, temperament,
who cherishes me
at my most exposed.

Deborah Gerrish

The Easel

My father paints the world on his easel
planted in sand due east from Down the Beach.
Like a thumbprint he colors the bezeled sky
in stars swirled-blue crystals, the sea in

chiaroscuro charcoal. Gives me
a painted shell, presses it to my ear.
I pass him a turkey sandwich wrapped
in waxed paper & a glass of Grigio.

A straight-backed wing chair
with pin-striped awning overhang,
I wait with him all night for day. His copper skin
like a brass kettle—he paints the canvas
in peacock feathers.

Notice how his brush flourishes
against mid-air, a king lifting the royal staff.
A terry-cloth towel, an imperial robe. Calls me by name,
directs his tenor against the horizon like Placido Domingo.

Wild watercolors. My father regulates
the citrine-moon, the tides. The white-breath
clip-clopping waves, collage of pistachio seaweed,
starfish frosted with dust. Water-polished

conch, the rush of the sea. The tilted
sky.

Penelope Gristelfink

Danaïd

after Rodin's Danaïd

Bend to me, I am small.
I am the veil that will not lift.
I am all that's left of fifty daughters
and fifty sons. I am a portal over
risen stone. No matter
I am shriven here or not.
No matter my hair flings itself
down like a wave beaten and beating,
coming and going. No matter
my buttocks are shorn
of all but their gleam.
I'll lip and curl,
I'll hold up the horizontal torch
of my burnished back
for the wind to howl down
and the rain to chasten.
Leave me a secret,
I will lock it up here,
where the flesh you cannot see
licks the salt of the grave

Penelope Gristelfink

Thought,

after Rodin's *Thought*

Within this rock lodges a mind, mine.
I keep my cap on.
(I'm up to my neck in it.)
Rabbit's foot protruding from a
night-watchman's breast pocket.
Hunk of cloud out of a mad white night,
a milk-white, cubic dawn.
It is always dawn.
To droop is to drown in it.
I'm quite sequestered here,
above; you might think me axed
off, the product of some sort of
guillotine. But the mind peering at
itself is like a disembodied head
stranded on a cliff,
absurd were it not for the fact
that in dreams
all parts of the dream
are the dreamer.

Penelope Gristelfink

Eve,

after Rodin's *Eve*

A little, pale rider is in me,
coated in blood and skin,
small, slick, internal, a caduceus
of shame. I swallowed, and it
hooked in me. I am becoming
that tree I once trespassed.
I am as full of becoming
as that far lake is full
of reflection, of tall trees
bent backwards, of clouds
like feathery, white, unsunken skiffs
skating across. The far shore,
always the far shore, is there
like a brow over a clear, untouchable eye.
The sculptor turns the lamp on me,
and suddenly I am
a glyph in which you can read
emotions like fish darkly razoring
the surface of the water.
I need a groove, a channel,
a way out. But then I forget,
I am that way; my whole body
tends downward, except for my one
raised hand which seems to say,
like a leaf timorous on the branch,
Not yet, not yet.

Rasma Haidri

The Lessons of Oz

Once a year, for seven years, I watched,
terrified by the tornado and snatching trees,
baffled by Dorothy walking all that way
without eating, and not once needing
to use the bathroom.

When older, I withstood the flying monkeys
by repeating *it's only a movie* under my breath,
imagining a film crew, a director with megaphone
just off screen — still I speculated
they must have fitted her with a special pouch.

Only later did I learn how we turn off the camera,
walk away, reappear in new scenes,
clicking our heels and starting over,
as if anything can happen.

Lois Marie Harrod

Love as a Black and White Photograph

Sun takes another slow drink
and holds it in his mouth, the hot lead
of history slipping down the back throat
into the river which is beginning to lose
its whiskey glint, and in the foregrasses,
burdock bends everywhichway
towards the river which you enter again
and again as you enter me, never the same
except in a flick, take a different swill
and kiss the ripple, I like the slick of brandy
and the moment my ear becomes
a microphone, all this white noise downstream
keeps me from paying attention. Do you see
how I am skiffing, nothing but my nose above water,
it reminds me of Ophelia, how you used to say
she smelled like thyme. Of course, some say
write *rosemary*, not *rue*, but I say write *lips*,
write *skin* and the dirty smells it rides.
You know what is rotting in the reeds
so what can this be but a small ad in a photo shoot:
a woman floating in black ink.

Now imagine it in color, the sun rising like lemon ale
and that old boatman sculling towards her,
careening his oily song of perfume and of death.

Darla Himeles

As the Ship Sails toward Death

After Simon Evans

I'd know your organs
anywhere—
tender liver,
gallbladder—

Behind their sketches
diagrammed,
the artist assembled
a three-masted
ship, vacant—

If I squint,
these dueling
depictions collapse
front to back—

Your lungs
stow behind
a porthole—

Your breath—
a secret engine

Deborah L. Humphreys

sinner with seven tongues

bless me, lord
i am a poet, a sinner
in need of confession, guilty
of loving a language which is not my first
or even my second. i confess
to the sin of accumulation
books, tapes, learning aids filling
my room to the doors; my heart with envy
for those with more *blas* than i.

with this partner i would like
to be dancing without stopping
for breath, but i am not able
even to support the weight of a single declension
yet forgive me these slips of tongue, trespasses of idiom, my foot
planted
flat down in the garden of my mouth
where the grafted tongues grow
wonderful and strange as seven tongues of flame

while the garden grows
my dinner molds in the microwave
and dust accumulates
as fast as new snow. my eyes fixed upon
the *foclóir*, banshees dance about
and poems rise out of fairy mounds
fresh and fully formed

oh lord, on my tongue i have the words
of contrition, but not lined up in the proper order
show me your mercy and maybe
a short lesson on the possessive. please
don't send visions. I have sufficient
videotapes. i'll see you next week
give me your blessings:

foighne ort, fáinne ort, fáinne óir ort

be patient; i have a ring for you, a gold ring for you.

amen

Note: a multilingual person in Irish is one who has seven tongues; *blas* is used here as fluency; and *foclóir* (pronounced as folklore) is dictionary.

Susan Kress

Beatrice and Benedict

Remember when you'd nail your wooden
statements to the wall and then

I'd hammer back with mine. Before too long,
we'd covered all the walls,

the ceilings, and the doors, and boarded
all the windows up

against the summer light – all
but one.

Then we broke the bed down to its rigid
bones and pounded

every stake into the soft soil of the yard.

We are old, now, and wary of convictions.
Let's push our battered

chairs out to the porch, sit still, and love
our silence. Shall we drink

a glass of Albariño, cold, share olives, watch
dandelions and the crabgrass spread?

Susanna Lang

The Collector

Florence Ayscough

China was hers: she built a poet's grass hut in stone, Li Po and
Tu Fu playing checkers above the door.

When she left Shanghai for Chicago, she brought her dogs of Fo
to guard the gate.

Filled her houses with treasures, lacquered cupboards, a pottery
horse from the Tang dynasty, wooden screen painted
with orchids, ivory comb given to her by the Empress
Dowager.

In the gardens she planted Chinese cinnamon, bamboo, book
girdle grass, azalea.

Wore embroidered silk robes despite her Roman profile.

And at the end, let it all go, so that anyone can find these ghosts
in a side gallery of the Art Institute,

where they wait at the mountain pass or apply make-up before a
large mirror, repository of memories they are starting to
lose.

She, too, has forgotten.

And we have forgotten her, except for this small label
identifying Yao Luan's paintings as coming from the
collection of Florence Ayscough.

I write this at my desk, Virginia's cast of a mushroom holding
down the dry cleaning slip.

On my dresser, a restrike of Käthe Kollwitz's early self-portrait,
and over my bed Jim Ann's drawing of oak leaves.

A drawing of a geisha dreams over my books as her cat, its small
face so like my cat's, reaches a paw to wake her.
Artemisia's self-portrait glows from my laptop screen.

I am just another crow or magpie, lining my nest with others'
beauties.

Gina Larkin

A Dancer's Warning

*from a painting by Steve Negron:
two crows for mirth #2*

You hear the music
before you reach
the bottom of the steps,
slim-limbed, agile -
you learned the dance
not always the way it was taught.
I try to warn you
to tell you what awaits
around the seeming innocence
of a sapling oak.
I've been there,
climbed the lowest branches
to count the robin's eggs -
the nest was empty.
I try to tell you
how very lonely
that emptiness is.
Just a couple of pirouettes and
you can exit stage left.
But already you are halfway
to the top branches. Eagles
not robins nest there.

Eve F.W. Linn

Portrait of Virginia Woolf, Agaze

I swallowed a lighthouse. I illumine and beacon from within.
Alone I stand. My words foam, then crash on the hard curl.
Render rocks to sand—once glass.

The white flash, then the red—To run aground against
the Stones—No! All this, all this to return to this life
this chair, this room. I save myself everyday.

My head against the upholstered chair back, my neck a
brazen swan, my fingers crusted with letters, my hands
filled with words. Moored in my London study, sweated
against the chill.

A cigarette burns to ash, singes the arm rest. Smolder of
wool stings my eyes. I invent stories after lunch, before tea,
on the borders of an unknown country, pulsed with light.

Eve F.W. Linn

The Bellelli Family

after Edgar Degas, 1860-62

We spilled into Mama's mourning like a bottle of India ink
overturned by accident. Oh, why weren't we birds then—
that spring—

A crayon sketch of Grand-Pere dead now hangs on the wall.
Another baby lives in heaven.

Mama close to Cecile, her hand on her shoulder, my sister her
favorite.

I knew early. More pliant and patient, her hands clasped across
her waist.

My arms bent, hands fisted. One foot presses into the Aubusson
carpet, the other leg drawn under my skirt.

My glance almost meets Papa's. Behind us, the pale blue wall
paper
gleams with white blossoms. The life we sit for reflected in the
mirror.

Danielle Lovallo

In the Old Studio

I don't dream tiramisu or confectioner's
sugar. I dream of broken plates and stale

cakes; once lost myself in ink & paint,
but stacks of stains & glazes sit

untouched for months & I
itch for ruptured intimacy, the distance

between my hands and rough, raw
canvas; I ache for my favorite

shade of red, the smooth glide of thick
acrylic across that familiar, toothy surface.

Kaitlyn McLaughlin

Why Tina Turner Reminds Me of My Mother is Not Why I Love Her

why would anyone wish
for a second hand
devotion

when it takes pleasure in
being hidden,
rarely deals with truth
spoken?

who needs one of those when
one of those, in time, is
broken?

when it has little to do
with goodness,
and everything to do with
motion?

why do synapses form chains
irrevocable,
make love a drug or vicious
potion?

what price would you
pay to turn off
emotion?

Kaitlyn McLaughlin

Geometry of the Mouth

I. Isosceles

You are an avocado,
luscious and fatty with
a hard, black pit
in the middle.

You have thighs wide as
tree trunks. When I wrap
my arms around them
it's like holding another
human.

My favorite resting place lies
somewhere between
the supple flesh
of your hipbone, the
cushion of your belly.

Swollen tree limbs
cage the pit beneath
your sternum. I trace their vines
ripening daily.

Your blunted fingers
engineer multitudes.
When I say *talk to me*,
I mean use your mouth.

From behind you look
like a woman.
I devour
every angle.

II. Bisection

Last January you
pulled me into the uncertain
warmth of your bedroom,
stripped off your clothes
and laid like a Degas
in a sprawl across
the bed.

You wore a Cheshire
smile that outstretched,
welcomed my bones
in sinister embrace.

It was January, like I said.
Mice get cold
too sometimes even
rats need to be fed.

I preyed
index, wrist
curling, toes drifting
nymphish across the space
between our legs.

You sucked me dry
and then I ate you,
choked on the chasm
of your mouth, wet, red.

Sunlight beamed through
frost, broke over
your shoulders.
I basked in it.

Marjorie Power

Seventy-Five Dollar Watercolor

One side of an old barn,
roof about to cave.

Step up close. You'll almost
hear the crunch of frozen grass.

Loose boards. Splinters.
The one window, a cataract.

This painting, a small piece,
hung in our home – a fixed point
among children, changing seasons,
angles of sun. The painting hung
till we stopped seeing it.
Gray and brown wash
seemed to fade away.
Pen-and-ink precision, too.
The color of the mat

soured. That
caught my eye.

A trip to the frame shop
and all is well.
In the foreground
fresh snow just fell.

Halfway down the barn wall
a door hangs open, must have
done so all along. Dark in there.

Susanna Rich

“Multipurpose Woman”:
Budapest’s Ludwig Museum
of Contemporary Art

—In response to Ilona Németh’s installation:
“*Többfunkciós nő*”

Vast blue room, 8 X 10 foot mattress
upholstered in burgundy velvet.
As if in worship, we museum-goers come,
lower our ears to the 28 asymmetrically spaced holes

drilled into the padding, lined with soft velvet—
vaginal, inviting. A woman with backpack, prone,
legs over the edge, presses her left ear into the plush.
A man drops to his knees, sinks his right ear down.

From each hole, a woman’s voice pours
bed sounds: one hole yawns, one snores,
another’s having multiple orgasms (a favorite).
We rise like a school of fish flopping in unison

to point to *must-trys*, giggling in our many accents,
then drop down again—elbows to thighs, bellies to necks—
a boy with a balloon, a man with crutches,
three pubescent girls with navels pierced with rings—

strangers in fetal positions hugging the padded corners,
crawling our common surface, not breathing
to hear heavy breathing, a scream . . .

Back in the long corridor, at the top of the wide stairs,

an exhibit to celebrate the Jules Verne’s death centennial—
a copper and glass sculpted hot air balloon

suspended by steel cables from a vaulted ceiling;
and ships, moons, trains, caverns—

Don't touch in six languages posted
next to an epauletted and badged guard with sharp eyes.
My Hungarian “Good-morning” —*jó reggelt*—echoes
into his silence. No one stops to tempt the man

minding a man's tribute to a man.
No prob—I can play this one, too:
pock my hard heels into the parquetry
to buzz the wires, rattle glass, sound the floor.

Penelope Scambly Schott

Baigneuse

The woman in the bathtub knew she was mythic.
Rows of Impressionists lined up to paint her.
When she tilted her body toward the tall window
her pink, yellow, and blue-tinted breasts
fell plumply to one side and her nipples glinted.
*Ah, say the curators with impeccable coiffeurs,
it's widely accepted that she bedded many artists.*

When at age ten I was first taken to Paris,
my mother asked, did I know about mistresses?
I assured her I did. Today in my seventies
I recline in my claw-foot tub admiring my thighs
and symmetrical breasts. As the sun declines
behind the mountain peak, my faithful husband
clicks away at his computer awaiting his dinner.

Christine Stewart-Nuñez

How Such Constraints Unbind

And there is pansies. That's for thoughts.

—Ophelia in *Hamlet*

Scattered, as if the artist just tossed
them over the oak plank, pansies:
yellow with maroon beard, ruby
edged in pink, plain white, purple
and gold, simple blush, and a few
the hue of wine, periwinkle-lined.
They seem strewn haphazardly
on the torn paper, some upside-down
and overlapping as if the blossom-bag
burst like a mind overrun.

I imagine that Myra Miller, a farmer
of 1,000 acres trained in still life
composition, was not easily overcome.
In her unheated studio, she snipped off
the blossoms, placed each to kiss wood,
and turned them—tiny tea cups—
for balance. The morning of the first
hard frost, her face close to the flowers,
she held her exhale so a word or sigh
slipped from her lips wouldn't moisten
the petals or dull their vibrancy
or send them tumbling over the table,
possibilities of light and line
wrecked with one untensed breath.

Christine Stewart-Nuñez

Visual Thinking Strategies

After *Indian Summer* by Cynthia Reeves

This is my belly's heat
a New Mexico forest fire
green organic matter

This is my lover's hand
on my ass, his tongue
in my mouth

This is a gourd's ovary, a solar
flare, the last resort,
the number five

This means nothing rhymes
with orange, means a lexicon
of springs, means Still Life
with Limes and Grapefruit

This is the moment my lover
lands on an idea, the second
his finger settles

This is the skirt of June, a launch
of mayflies, my spleen's
dream, fried cumin and chili

This means white-light drips
water, a child drawing
on dusty glass, fire as ink.

Carole Stone

Frida Kahlo's *The Broken Column*, 1944

The shock of seeing nails
hammered into your body,
your face, painful
as the bloody backs of the penitents
who corn whip themselves.

Nails tacked into the sheet
draped around you from the waist down,
as if you were in the gynecologist's office
mourning the child you lost.
But even more, the column

held to your chin like a gun
about to go off.
You're sick of it, this sickness,
operation after operation,
suffering the doctors can't shake.

The wreck of your body survives
in the sky, wisps of blue,
and the earth, an undulating green,
landscape of Mexico
whose contours you loved.

Your full naked breasts protrude
from the brace tight around your rib cage.
Martyr, saint, muse,
once you were a woman
with ordinary sorrows.

Carole Stone

Alma Mahler Remembers Her Husband

Mind fixed on his own ambition
to be conductor of the Vienna Court Opera,

Gustav let himself be baptized,
clicked his heels, bowed from the waist

in the Empire's drawing rooms.
He would have time to compose,

time to take *Kaffe* in Wein,
his beloved city, whose coffee houses

mixed *Schlagg* with hate,
those who would be dragged off,

forty years away. A flute begins
its tremolo; kettledrums bang

like the tread of leather.
I see him lift his baton,

like an officer's saber.
His *Lieder* on my lips,

I'm a speck
in the fourth tier.

Diane Stone

Grandmother's Palette

What was art to a woman
of few means and many sorrows?
Orphaned at three by Spanish flu,
a bride by twenty,
a son killed in World War Two.

She didn't paint or sketch or sculpt,
didn't play the piano or waltz.
Summers we spent long evenings
by the lake where she pointed out
loose lines of mallards
sliding through the high bent grass
and the sleek twist of an otter in shadows.
She could name every creep, crawl,
and color of the world around her.

Tolstoy believed that art has open arms:
it can be a symphony, a jar of flowers
on the table, an embroidered sleeve.

With few tools and a local palette,
she paid tribute to the ordinary,
without lessons or an audience.
From her I learned to watch and see,
to hear nature's chatter;
I learned to write a poem
and put her in it.

Alexandra Yates

Pin Box

Success resides inside this golden cardboard, past-life Godiva
Chocolate box. I thought it enchanted as a child, a treasure chest

of glittering pins and ribbons to turn you to someone beautiful
or terrible, princess or witch, pyrite identity—the box

whose absence causes panic: hair won't plait, capes won't fasten.
I pack my pockets with those little contradictions, safe and sharp.

Post-show I'm a ghost, a past prime prima donna, purse
stuffed with bent pins and rolls of old applause. In my hair,

I find an entire pack of bobby pins, bits of mic tape, makeup,
mollusk of solidified hairspray. Trapped sound travels

from matted knots like the ocean in a shell:
rumbles of lines and cues, whispered warm-up's—

she sells seashells, the captured stare of eyes, eyes, eyes—

Lori Wilson

Sculptor in Black and White

She's shutting me out—
she doesn't mean to
but she's turned away.
Her left eye squints
from under a folded lid,
a sparse wiry eyebrow.
Her mouth is my mother's.
Her profile belongs to a chief.
A silver-streaked mane
flows back from her crown,
blown away from a face that's
shrunk as if she's drawn into herself,
her bones grown small for her skin
(now a map: spotted, parched,
crazed with lines). Even if
thin lips, pressed, and muscle,
a rope in the neck, signify
only the artist's sharp focus,
not disapproval, the point is:
she doesn't see me.
On the page, her right hand,
raised shoulder-height,
is open, the fingers
curved toward the palm, toward me,
fixed, intentional, thumb flexed—
wrinkles at the joint:
concentric circles on a lake.
She's ready to catch or she just let go
wet clay or a rock—taut
tendons follow her forearm

from bunched sleeve to wrist
(the shirt cuff is worn to holes).
She's not tired, exactly, more
deliberate—maybe the fingers,
arthritis, won't straighten and nights
she rubs arnica into the wrist.
I wish I could see what she sees.
I want to put a green pear in that hand.

Lisa Wujnovich

Ghent

Mother, the Hudson River Painters stroked
this sky and purple hump-backed mountains
over diamondback of rivers. Shocking pink smears late
afternoon clouds. You see, there's a baby grand piano,
hear the tuner's plink? Ovens in all the commons
a medical office, dining rooms to choose. Don't mind
Gretchen, reading the same pages again and again
under the gilded painting of her little girl self.
Lots of card games, and of course you would not be interested.
Not in the studio room with stains, but maybe you could
reinvent the one-bedroom with the cheery concrete patio. Views
all around. It could be a Florida room gone North
and artist's studio in spring and summer. Select your carved
chairs,
wedding present lamps, end tables. Cull your dresses
to one closet. But what of the chill? In the mirror, lines,
drawn together like threaded silk; *Mother, I am old too.*

Biographical Notes

Cara Armstrong received her MFA in Poetry from Drew University. She is the author and illustrator of two children's books. She ruminates on women, art, and design as the Director of the School of Architecture + Art at Norwich University in Northfield, VT, where she also teaches studio arts, design, and architecture history/theory.

Wendy Barnes earned her MFA in Writing at California Institute of the Arts, where her focus was critical theory and hybrid poetry. She is currently a doctoral candidate at Drew University. Her poetry has appeared in publications like *No, Dear, Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Spiral Orb*, *Podium*, *Section 8*, and *Slice Magazine*. It is forthcoming in a yet-to-be titled anthology of poems about Paris (2016, Serving House Press, editor, Jessie Aufiery). Her chapbook, *So-Called Mettle*, was published in 2012 (Finishing Line Press).

Joan E. Bauer is the author of *The Almost Sound of Drowning* (Main Street Rag, 2008). Recent poems have appeared in *Confrontation*, *Chiron Review*, *Paterson Literary Review*, and *US I Worksheets*. She co-hosts and curates the Hemingway's Summer Poetry Series in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Visit at (www.hemingwayspetryseries.blogspot.com).

Carol Berg's poems are forthcoming or in *DMQ Review*, *Sou'wester*, *The Journal*, *Spillway*, *Redactions*, *Radar Poetry*, *Zone 3*, and elsewhere. She has three chapbooks: *Her Vena Amoris* (Red Bird Chapbooks), *Ophelia Unraveling* and *The Ornithologist Poems*, (Dancing Girl Press). She was a recipient of a finalist grant from the Massachusetts Cultural Council.

Mary Brancaccio's poetry has appeared in *Minerva Rising*, *Edison Literary Review*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *Chest* and in two international anthologies of poetry. Her chapbook, *Mistress of Buttons & Keys* was a finalist in *Minerva Rising's* "Dare to Be" poetry chapbook contest. She currently lives and teaches in New

Jersey.

Kaye Lesley Cleave taught school in Australia before setting off to travel the world and settling in Oakland, California. Her poems have been published in numerous journals including *Red Wheelbarrow*, *Mason's Road*, *Slippery Elm*, and *Bared*. She teaches poetry at Salinas Valley State Prison and is completing a book of poems about mothering and loss.

Gail C. DiMaggio spent decades helping her husband work as a jazz musician in a world where no artist ever gives up his day gig. Refusing to be discouraged, she goes on writing about the life of an ordinary woman for which she has all the credentials. Her work has recently appeared in *Allegro*, *Blue Lyra Review*, *Slim Volume* and *Antiphon*.

Sandra Duguid has published a full-length collection of poems, *Pails Scrubbed Silver* (2013) and numerous poems in anthologies and journals, such as *Journal of New Jersey Poets*, *Modern Poetry Studies*, *America*, and *Anglican Theological Review*. She received a Fellowship in Poetry from the NJ State Council on the Arts and Honorable Mention twice in the Allen Ginsberg Contest. For twenty-five years she taught literature and writing at colleges in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; she is a former Assistant Director of the Academic Support Center at Caldwell College, now University.

Dianne Feula-a glad grandmother-volunteers widely and leads creative writing workshops for seniors in the county. She is published in *NJ Journal of Poets*, *Voices From Here*, *Sensations*, *Submerged: Tales from the Basin* (fundraiser for Katrina survivors), and *Art Ten Ways* for Grounds for Sculpture.

Laura Foley is the author of five poetry collections including *The Glass Tree*, which won a Foreword Book of the Year Award and *Joy Street*, which won the Bi-Writer's Award. Her poems have appeared in journals, magazines and anthologies including *Aesthetica Magazine*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Inquiring Mind*, *Pulse Magazine*, *Poetry Nook*, *Lavender Review*, and *The Mom*

Egg Review. Her new book *Night Ringing* was released in early 2016 by Headmistress Press. For more information please visit her website: www.laurafoley.net.

Laura Freedgood has published three chapbooks: *What I Would Paint If I Could* (2012), *Slant of the Heart* (2010), and *Weather Report* (2007). Her poems appear in *Lips*, *Adanna*, *Hawai'i Pacific Review*, *Stillwater Review*, *Wisconsin Review*, *Journal of New Jersey Poets*, and numerous other journals and anthologies. She received an Honorable Mention in The 2013 Allen Ginsberg Poetry Awards. Nominated for two Pushcart Prizes, she was also awarded a three-year poetry grant from the City University of New York, where she worked as a professor until 2010.

Deborah Gerrish is the author of *The Language of Paisley* and chapbook, *The Language of Rain*. Her work appears in various journals and anthologies. She received her Ed. D. from Rutgers University (2005) and her MFA in Poetry from Drew University in 2015. She facilitates poetry workshops and serves on the Board of Trustees for Women Who Write, Inc.

Penelope Gristelfink lives in Norristown, Pennsylvania. Her poems have appeared in *Loch Raven Review*, *The Potomac* and *Bird's Thumb*. In 2012, *Eclectica Magazine* published her short story, "The General." She keeps a blog at ungloved.wordpress.com. She received a Bachelor's degree in English from Temple University, where she studied women's poetry under Rachel Blau DuPlessis.

Rasma Haidri is an American poet who makes her home on the arctic coast of Norway where she teaches English. This poem is from her full-length manuscript, *As if Anything Can Happen*, which is currently looking for a home of its own.

Lois Marie Harrod's 13th and 14th poetry collections *Fragments from the Biography of Nemesis* and the chapbook *How Marlene Mae Longs for Truth* appeared in 2013. Her poems and stories have appeared in journals and online ezines from *American Poetry*

Review to Zone 3. Read more on www.loismarieharrod.org

Darla Himeles is an assistant editor of the *The Stillwater Review*. Her poems, essays, and translations have appeared widely, including in *Pleiades*, *American Poetry Review*, *Wind Magazine*, *Pittsburgh Poetry Review*, *Off the Coast*, and *Great River Review*. With degrees from Bryn Mawr College and Drew University, Darla currently lives in Philadelphia, where she is completing her doctoral studies in American literature at Temple University.

Deborah L. Humphrey, a poet in three languages (English, Spanish and Irish) and multimedia artist, is the author of *Conventional Wisdom* (Wasteland Press, 2003), Deborah's work appears widely and in commissioned multimedia presentations. She received her MFA in Interdisciplinary Arts from Goddard College (2009) and serves on the Leadership Team of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Elizabeth.

Inaugural holder of the Class of 1948 Chair for Excellence in Teaching at Skidmore College, **Susan Kress** has published on women writers and women's issues in journals such as *Salmagundi*, *Tulsa Studies in Women's Literature*, and *Phoebe*. Her book, *Carolyn G. Heilbrun: Feminist in a Tenured Position* (Virginia U Press) was reissued in paperback with a new epilogue in 2005.

Susanna Lang's third collection of poems, *Tracing the Lines*, was published in 2013 by the Brick Road Poetry Press. A two-time Hambidge fellow and a recipient of the Emerging Writers Fellowship from the Bethesda Writer's Center, she has published original poems and translations from the French in such journals as *Little Star*, *New Letters*, *december*, *Blue Lyra Review*, *Prime Number Magazine* and *Poetry East*. She lives in Chicago, and teaches in the Chicago Public Schools.

Gina Larkin has had poems published in thirty magazines and several online journals. She is the editor of *The Edison Literary Review*.

Eve F.W. Linn received her M.F.A. in Creative Writing with a concentration in poetry from Lesley University and her B.A. cum laude in Studio Art from Smith College. Eve has attended the Bread Loaf Writers Conference and the Frost Place's Conference on Poetry. She lives in Massachusetts with her family.

Danielle Lovallo is a carbon-based humanoid life-form who received her MFA from Drew University in 2012. She is a poet, artist, and teacher living in her native New Jersey.

Lynne McEniry has poems and reviews published in *5 AM*, *Adanna*, *The Stillwater Review*, *Paterson Literary Review*, *The Lake Rises* anthology, *The Wide Shore* and others. She won Honorable Mention for the Allen Ginsberg Poetry Award and was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Lynne curates readings and workshops, including those in conversation with visual arts. Lynne earned her MFA in Poetry from Drew University and teaches writing at the College of Saint Elizabeth in Morristown, NJ, where she is also the director of the Academic Success Center.

Kaitlyn McLaughlin lives in the heart of the Wayne, Pennsylvania and caters daily to the privileged. You can find her working at the local coffee shop or retail establishment clawing her eyes out in existential agony. She is a candidate for the MFA in Creative Writing at Rosemont College and is currently working on a collection of poetry.

Marjorie Power's poetry collection, *Seven Parts Woman*, is forthcoming in 2016 from WordTech Editions in Cincinnati. Her poems also appear in six chapbooks and one other full length collection, all from small presses. Over 400 of her poems appear in journals and anthologies, including *Adanna*. She is married with six grandchildren and lives in Denver.

Christine Redman-Waldeyer founded *Adanna* in January, 2011. An Assistant Professor at Passaic County Community College, she earned her Doctorate in Letters with a Concentration in Writing, Drew University. Her book publications include *Frame by Frame*, *Gravel*, and *Eve Asks* with Muse Pie Press. She also

has been published in *Caduceus*, *Lips*, *Motif Magazine*, *Paterson Literary Review*, *Seventh Quarry*, *Schuylkill Valley Journal*, *The Texas Review*, *Verse Wisconsin*, among others. In 2011, she was a guest poet in residency under the Poetry Project founded by Dr. Mary Ann Miller at Caldwell College. She is currently pursuing a doctorate in Educational Leadership at Rowan University.

Susanna Rich is a Fulbright Fellow in Creative Writing, a Collegium Budapest Fellow, an Emmy-nominated poet, winner of the 2013 Ekphrasis Prize in Poetry, and a Distinguished Professor of English at Kean University (NJ). Her three poetry collections are *Surfing for Jesus*, *Television Daddy*, and *The Drive Home*. Visit at www.wildnightsproductions.com.

Marcos Salazar was born in and grew up in the Bronx in New York City until he moved to Paterson in 2011. He is currently a graphic design student at Passaic County Community College. Marcos predominately works in pen and ink but also has a great interest in photography, graffiti design, graphite drawing and mixed media. The people, places and architecture of the city of Paterson have provided Marcos with an unlimited source of inspiration for the past 4 years. Marcos often takes photographs of people and places that interest him to use as reference for his artworks.

Penelope Scambly Schott's most recent book is *How I Became an Historian*. She lives in Portland and Dufur, Oregon where she teaches a notorious poetry workshop.

Poet and essayist **Christine Stewart-Núñez** is the author of *Untrussed* (2016), *Snow, Salt, Honey* (2012), *Keeping Them Alive* (2011), and *Postcard on Parchment* (2008). Her piece "An Archeology of Secrets" was a Notable Essay in *Best American Essays 2012*. She is an Associate Professor in the English Department at South Dakota State University.

Carole Stone's most recent collections of poems are *American Rhapsody*, CavanKerry Press, 2012, *Hurt*, *The Shadow*, Dos Madres Press, 2013 and *Late*, Turning Point, 2016. Her most recent poetry publications are *Cavewall*, *The Bellevue Literary*

Journal, *Blue Fifth Review*, *Exit 13*, *Marsh Hawk Review*, and *Talisman*. She was co-winner of second place prize in the Allen Ginsberg Poetry Contest, 2015.

Diane Stone is a former technical writer-editor who lives on Whidbey Island north of Seattle. Her work has been published in *5 A.M.*, *Rattle*, *Comstock Review*, *Windfall*, *Through a Distant Lens* (Write Wing Publishing), and other publications. She won first place in the 2015 *Bacopa Literary Review* poetry contest.

Alexandra Yates is a graduate of Drew's MFA in Poetry and Poetry in Translation program. She has a forthcoming poem in *Minerva Rising Literary Journal* and has previously published a review for *Pleiades Magazine*. She grew up traveling with her family's touring children's theatre company and currently teaches theatre to children at the Paper Mill Playhouse.

Lori Wilson is the author of the poetry collection, *House Where a Woman* (Autumn House Press, 2009). Her poems and reviews have appeared in *Women's Review of Books*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Salamander*, *The Laurel Review*, *Cimarron* and elsewhere. A graduate of the Drew University MFA Program in Poetry, she lives in Morgantown, West Virginia, where she works as a software developer.

Lisa Wujnovich writes poetry and farms at Mountain Dell Farm in Hancock, NY. She is the author of the chapbooks, *Fieldwork*, 2012 (Finishing Line Press) and *This Place Called Us*, 2008 (Stockport Flats Press). She co-edited the anthology, *The Lake Rises*, poems to and for our bodies of water, 2013, (Stockport Flats Press).