

Bone Bouquet

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Editor | Krystal Languell

From the Editor:

The premiere of the first issue of *Bone Bouquet* is personally significant to me, but I think more importantly it's a meaningful moment for all woman poets. This publication exists as a response to the pervasive boys' club style culture at all levels of publishing. It seemed to me that the proper course of action, rather than studying the problem of how so much predictable and predictably masculine writing by men seemed to rise to the top, was to promote excellent work by woman writers. *Bone Bouquet* is not a venue for feminine poetry or the poetry of 'women's issues;' rather, we seek to highlight the best new writing being produced by artists both established and emerging.

This orientation makes the magazine necessarily a feminist endeavor. Which means I think women are important and the art we make is crucial. We can write about daughterhood or motherhood, and we can write about boxing or Peter Pan and Wendy. The content of this issue is a glimpse into the range of current poetic strategies, agendas, efforts. But a glimpse is just that—a partial view—and it is an editor's job to continue collecting those views toward a more complete picture.

Roger that.

Yours,

Krystal Languell, *Editor in Chief*

In future issues, we are interested in featuring interviews, reviews, and essays on poetry and publishing culture. Submissions should be emailed to bonebouquet@gmail.com.

For additional guidelines, please view our website:

<http://www.bonebouquet.wordpress.com>

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Toni L. Wilkes
Bethany Towers

I roam the streets for my mother. The redhead in the next room, Rickanna, said she'd gone out with a velvet camel each of them received last week—part of a recreational therapy offering by some lovely intern from the J.C. Rickanna couldn't remember if Mother had the camel on a lead or had ridden it astride—Rickanna had hers in the bathroom where it seemed happiest and was unlikely to be stolen by other retirement home residents or taken to the hospital if it refused to eat—no, Rickanna reassured me that Mother's camel wanted out so Mother simply obliged; however, there could be a possibility that Mr. Harrington and she had eloped to Nevada City because yesterday Mother talked about eloping and how she'd been lulled by the weather and Mr. Harrington's dark twitching eyebrows, yes, now that Rickanna had more time to consider the question, Mr. Harrington and Mother rode the camel to Nevada City—I should hear from them any day. It certainly sounded like Mother, flowing in and out in secret, but the camel troubled me some, so I took to the corridor, down a narrow staircase, and into the evening stillness when an attendant suggested I try Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital since Mother'd called the Towers complaining that the nurses there refused to feed her camel. When at last I arrive, I find her with her tongue jutting involuntarily between her teeth, looking for her wedding ring, and kneading tawny fur.

Meghan Brinson
Field Trip

Some trees are so old and so tall
that it takes a classroom's worth
of schoolchildren to wrap their arms
around. There are ferns as big as houses.

Bumblebees live underground,
solitary. When I was little, I wanted
to have one as a pet. I imagined
that the bee was lonely, hermit
of salvia and monkeygrass hedges,
azaleas and crab apple trees.
I would build it a tiny doghouse
in a corner of my room, it would
perch on my finger and sing
as I stroked its bicolored fuzz.

When a bumblebee stings you,
the home remedy, besides scraping
out the still pulsing stinger and its
full organ of poison, is to pack
the wound with pipe tobacco and spit,
or at the very least a split cigarette.

Reading Birds

On the long drive across town,
a sudden burst of black darts
against the reddened
horizon—later the blush
of taillights in the thickening traffic—

above your bed, a poster to remind you
of home, the sand dunes that have grown
dirty. Bright arrows
of gulls move
above the great fresh lake
as though they spiral
out of the black iris
of a red beach umbrella

I'm reminded myself of the river town
where I stopped between homes—
how it was late December
and miles of wrens followed
the Ocmulgee and the railroads
North against the season

What is the right time?
A long flock of songbirds migrates
north along the riverbed
of my body. In the hour
I have stood here, they
have not stopped.

Sarah Vap

Small braids, drawn back from temples

Unsophisticated children note
the human spirit

in grasshoppers, which fly like popcorn
from each of our steps

through the deer field. For two summers,
our shirts unbuttoned.

Shirrtails tied at our belly-buttons
like moviestars. Sage—a small

rosette crown. We memorized taxonomy's
slow-turning sky; we bloodstained

Saturn eating his children with bread-mold

and maple sugar. With pond algae, father buried the roses
in manure for the winter. The autumn

stilled the grasshoppers, stilled our field. Stilled

that morphologic affront to human pride:
happy children

apologizing to the cow whose hooves are cut off
before she's slaughtered. And not knowing

where to delight in the round yellow cake.

Yes I like you

There is enough
noise, enough of what you want.

It won't be too long to wait,

and then the children will be born in winter
after your legs

clutch from behind. Your mouth, slightly open
in concentration

as you look down. We are
green silk, stupidly chirping, then

you slip. But it is still
before that. That's me, right now.

Hair in skinny braids in a small bathroom,
the tips of my arms and toes clacking together.

Pulsing, like a belly-dancer,
delicately away. Lumbering. Trying

not to be the first. Well, I just
can't keep this up.

I really want to see you
completely explained.

Becca Barniskis
The Queensbury Rules

RULE # 3

The rounds to be of three minutes duration and one minute time between rounds.

Fix a finite number on it. How much are you willing to endure? For instance, I held my baby for eighty-six minutes before she died. If you fall from a bridge, say, or it collapses beneath you while you are driving home for supper, how long does it take for meaning to dissolve into erratum, loosely jumbled? Beat. Hearts beat erratically as they take in new facts, made strange by unnatural events. That space between rounds sometimes provides advantage. A shot of adrenalin to the cut above the eye, nose packed with swabs, sent home from the hospital carrying nothing but extra painkillers. Have you noticed how learning to breathe correctly (one breath coming up from the belly, the exhale just falling...) allows one to continue ad infinitum?

RULE # 4

If either man fall through weakness or otherwise, he must get up unassisted, ten seconds be allowed to do so, the other man meanwhile to return to his corner; and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the three minutes have expired. If one man fails to come to the scratch in the ten seconds allowed, it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favour of the other man.

I had a paperweight once of a Sherman tank—small, rusted, dense. I could have thrown it at my brother in fury, but instead I kicked him in the kidneys and wondered at his pain. Division: Heavyweight: we don't teach girls how to fight. We teach them how to get away. I cannot summon up that old rage anymore—the urge to destroy one's sibling once and for all. Stance: Orthodox: left as the front jab, right as the cross. In the ring, small intimate grunts accompany each blow. Silken shorts gleam like money. Then a left hook flush in the throat. The mouth a beggar mouth. The heart an unlucky bastard. *Get up, don't get up.* Doubled over, on my knees, *praying*, for Christ's sake, at age twelve, for the Lord to take away my sins. Give me hands that wing; feet that gazelle. (Here is the last place to change your mind. Never mind the flesh.)

RULE # 6

No seconds or any other person to be allowed in the ring during the rounds.

Face smitten by bees. Temple blow. That was a pretty move, his trainer concedes. *The cutman staunches; I continue my punishment.* To play needs much work. But nothing can be rehearsed. We are all waiting (half-hoping) for more. *If I keep moving, maybe he won't kill me.* Some part of his death reached out to us. One felt it hover in the air. *I don't like to hurt nobody, but it's my job, and I do it as best as I can.* Why do some watch and others get to move? Their arms slipping around each other's slick bodies, heads resting on each other's shoulder—a moment of obdurate privacy just before we enter.

Note to poems:

The Queensbury Rules were written in 1867 as a boxing code. They were named so because the 9th Marquess of Queensberry publicly endorsed the code. This code of rules superseded the Revised London Prize Ring rules (1853), which had themselves replaced the original London Prize Ring rules (1743) of Jack Broughton. This version persuaded boxers that “you must not fight simply to win; no holds barred is not the way; you must win by the rules” (17, sect. 5, pt. 1).

Juliet Cook

What Nellie Oleson Really Is

Plain old mean. I may not be ready to say it
to her screwed-up face, but she's the witch.
She's only pretty if you like a blonde priss
bully. She's only nice if you like an embossed
wig box. Inside is a Styrofoam head on a stick.

Nellie Oleson is a glorified lollipop.

A flouncy petticoat. A glass-jarred confection. Another
grubby hand will grab another ungrateful handful until
her sugared flesh melts like a witch.
I'd stick my own hand in her mouth
to pull out that tongue by the roots,
but it doesn't have roots. It's just a sugar fish
in a glittering sugar cave. It's just a sugar egg.

I do too know what a jawbreaker is.
It's like a bigger, fancier version of a fire ball,
except it's not bright or hot. It's an extraneous
swirl of colors and a bland taste. Layer after layer
of sweet synthetic with nothing at the core.

I know that real cinnamon sticks and mud are the same color
as my hair. My split ends give me more than one direction
to consider. If my tongue was tarry, then I could lay a little road
with my words and my kiss would be harder to forget

than a candy stick. I could hiss at Nellie and she would break.
I'd be starry and she would sink like a soggy piece of layer cake
in a shallow puddle of sugar water and green food coloring.

Danielle Pafunda

In This Plate My Illness is Visible

I wear a bag of hammers. I alter
my gait through the knife house.
My face pigs and expels symmetry.

What will you ask me to do,
my *tunica intima* thick with teeth
and my neck herky-jerky
with an ethanol samba?

My illness is visible. For the first time
in centuries. A technician
can wheel me into the sick meat tube
and my meat will register.

In This Plate My Illness is a Wire that Can Easily Cut Meat and Bone

Lately, my illness agitates
just beneath the skin layer.
In the dark, it will dumb you. It will twitch
over the border and take your hand.

My muscles flare, bullish. Contracted,
I accompany them above the bed. I lapse
just a ml. of fluid, I lap you.

I did not want a bridle infection,
but now I am mad with injustice.
I string you, a fucked instrument,
a wire riddled perma-slaughter.

I shard and glisten. What sludge
for a bridegroom.

Jenny Bouilly

from *not merely because of the unknown that was stalking towards them*

Mother *moves away*, Peter, and all the little baby birds fly, too. It's nothing *personal*; it's just that the husband just thinks that maybe perhaps you've had your last trouncing about. Why, you know, a *future* husband. We see him on the train platform; he's there to meet a woman of ever-so-uncertain age. You're so fond of writing about things that happen in the future; you should know what by this I mean. Island all a bit too pew-y now, too quiet now. No matter what, Peter, baby swans follow their mother; see: just like that constellation in the stars. Your soup: all a-brimming, swan flesh and stars, and it's all make-believe.

The rope marks will not *disappear*. Oh, happier days, when Peter was just a dream that 'came more and more. Real. I have hurt myself, she says, falling. That is the story she tells Peter to get Peter to forget about lovers. Are you so surprised, Wendy, that I should now come for you. Flowers are still, still in bloom, even this late, in bloom; how far, how long does it take for the heart to grow fond, fonder still? You see, I break things up *here* while you're still the girl Wendy to spare us, spare us. Is that copper? Has it turned all a pretty green? Why, yes, Wendy, it was new and shiny when you first gave it to me.

The Home Under Ground

Old fat cloud shunt up against the moon now. Lay on your back, Wendy; like this, and see now you can sleep. This layer of cloud: a little less *turbulent*. I don't quite think I like where it is that you are taking me. After all: there were *preparations* made. I don't think I like to go where there have been *preparations*. I haven't quite been *prepared* for the. Is it because your water gourd is breaking? Old umbilical vine twisting towards where we are going.

Yes, it is a dull beginning. I say, let us pretend that it is the end (93). But how should it be, the end? You see, Peter, I too, alone, without you, can have *adventures*. And that is why I now must go. I can leave *you*. Imagine that! Bet you didn't quite think. Of that. And I will take all my stories, the children, and half the furniture, too. But I didn't quite want to leave, like that. I should like to spend some time with my pumpkins, with my roses too. Will everything be just like this, just like this when I return to you? Please don't say that there should be another girl sleeping. In my bed. Why look, Peter. You can, without me, *entertain*. Why, look at your Neverland silver, your single-serving spoon.

Mummy and daddy will take us. I am sure they will take the whole lot of us. They've a house *full of nurseries*, and if it isn't enough, why, they'll move from 27 to a completely different house, a house far out in the

The Home Under Ground

Peter, Peter: you're quite the *grave digger*. The babes newly planted here by you, all mossed over by now with tombstones, too. And when I die, will you, will you dig a grave for me? Or will I be just too big, too ordinary? I should require a bit more digging, you know. The ground now so terribly shattering. Perhaps it is better to go out the way of the pirates: something certain and sinister anyway about their ship: all a dead black bird; the sails all a crushed bird wing. I should require a bit more *digging*. In the case of the love story here inserted: certainly a bit more digging. I, too, shall be a *ghost*: I think; I know; I connote. The Never locust: all wedged into a bale of hay. And where has this wheat field come from? Suddenly, a wheat field just sprung, just sprung: a new life. Cross it, Wendy, and you shall see. See how the twilight catches the grains: so sparkly. Here: I'll walk with you, but only part of the way. But I want to go all the way with you, Peter: all the way.

country, so far that the old man of the stories cannot come out to visit us. That's the way maybe that it should be, maybe. Old Nana anyway wants to run, to run. She'll die soon anyway, and she too will be *replaced, replaced*. How is *that* for a *story*? Mummy and daddy will *take* us; I'm sure they will take the whole lot of us. Why, and if they haven't enough nurseries, we'll transform the parlor into one and move beds in there and everything. And to think! To think that when you've grown, you can have a job that you go to by railway. There's no railway in this here Never. And, well, quite simply: aren't you weary of going about with bare feet? How is *this* for an ending? I complain of Wendy, says Tootles; I complain of Wendy, who is always wanting to give us endings.

Perhaps we will save *that* for the very, very end. *That* should be reserved for the very end. A storyteller knows that. Knows that much, at least. Illuminate then the earthbound tree; Mr. Caw all taking attendance there. Are all the children accounted for, accounted for? Only one of us knows how to perch right, just so. Peter's talons can quite curl around the bark.

The Home Under Ground

Poor old pussycat: you'll live out your life on the plank forever. Maybe ole Smee will throw you the remains of some fish or other. Poor old pussy cat: you've been chased out of the pantry. Old geese, you won't chase them down, just yet, just yet; those there *can fly*; they're the *wild* kind, but not those; those have been *domesticated*. And, you, too, like the Peter bird, somewhat feral, a Betwixt-and-Between: that is why you aren't being pet, you know. No one wants to love forever a wild thing. We know just what happens when you get bored and weary: there will be a late night; there will be a *mystery*. That is why you have dreams of the jungle, dear pussy. Dear pussy, the big cats will come soon; they'll take on you.

Sarah Rose Nordgren

August Postcard

The men here are failing and the women
failing to help them. Mother sews

a whole forest to replace the other,
inventing fragile creatures.
Without warning, creditors clean
the accounts. We can't begin to repay each other.

The frog's eye follows from a pond of silk
at evening. Pillow for a perching
stone. Above the trees is pillow and she
from her window
hair pooling on pillow

leans on it while for nearly a week now
lightning pierces the rumpled field.
Night and day.

Concurrent Dream for Two Voices

Rehabited and rooted
where I awoke starting
my right arm numb
ordered and shaken
then ordered again
the infant born native
breathless, you descended
your ear in gold
inaudible buzz
in the nighttime knowing
that order to make
instead of theory.

When the weather turned
you were detained, in a way
making bread pudding
felt the maple warming
you must have unfrozen
unfinished—the claim unworkable
umbrella in one hand, paralyzed in bed
like a bee traveling over town
the direction changing and you
appeared under me, knowing
to cut the lines straight, a break

Susan Briante

June 12—Dow Closes Up 8799

Restless as a mourning dove all day.

Across the ocean

do you wake without power? Do you wake in a city
that cut its workforce?

The mourning dove sings the same song on either side of the Atlantic
like Vallejo her song is fully formed
like Dante she knows that at sunset in Purgatory
it is midnight in Spain, in Jerusalem it's dawn

Such simple separation.

8 799 87 99 8 7 9 9

To gather information from various sources,
leaves us knowing nothing gaps
between branches of sunlight, gaps in a desert breeze,
But I want to know how you wake this morning across the ocean
where wind strung power-lines through the live oak,
and a storm sent doves under eaves.

May 20—Dow Closes Down 8422

Night floats in the backyard beyond
the basketball hoop, a poem between us,
thoughts to tame, a path through wildflowers.
Over there what do you call them? I want to know the names
of everything you see without me. A hinge swings.
To write is act, footstep, shovel, clear the mind
of all matter, then religion. A phone rings at the edge
of your perception in a season of young
death

will come, waits for you
forest thick or as web frail
last footprint on the trail,
a message? your number pulled
from early morning cloud

Wendy Taylor Carlisle
On Art and Literature

1. Fairy Tales Now

Don't use the word tower or the word magic
Don't use stepmother or roses
Or red, red lips or tragic
Don't describe the woods
Don't throw their braid out the window,
Climb the vine or the glass mountain,
Could have a vampire, but never
Describe the river unless somebody drowns.

2. *Reading the Section on Prose*

You will have to go through it, of course,
Organizing your disappointment
Like Bachelard, searching
For the beautiful, *the sudden*
Flash of poetry, hoping
To find at last a chapter
Large enough to hold
Your capacious disinterest.

3. *Ending with a Quote from Yves Klein*

We thought the sky would amount to something
Different, hanging as it does above
Strange flowers, a new lake, a lime tree,
Above lavender blooms
Beside the Musee Chagal which brims over
With late lithos by the master: the Biblical,
The chicken and the fiddler. We found it the same.
In art, foolishness is essential.

Allison Layfield
Wooden Stakes

I reject your request for mercy.
I have no prejudice against monsters,
but any skin makes you salivate. Then
it's out with your ready teeth, hunting
the innocent artery, blushing for attention.
You eat yourself. It's gross.

Don't plead. I understand hunger.

A slayer is achy gut. Awake to beauty
in puncture wounds. That slight resistance,
a cracking ribcage. The way the heart
gives itself with a delicate sucking.

I have my inner prom queen,
you have your inner demon
that needs reminding of its human
body. That it's dead.

We are both beasts who know
how the body wears thirst.
Wet, vascular waiting.

Maximilian is Offered Mexico

I. Notes from Napoleon

What a luscious beard you have oh what a luscious boy oh what a luscious thing you are. They said what a grace you grow. I said but what about uprisings. They said oh what charming parades you march, I said what *about* full rebellion, oh, they said oh, but your gorgeous ambition you are the perfect monarch, everyone needs a friend, everyone needs a king in brass buttons, everyone needs, even the Mexicans. I said what about language they said you run a divine court and your negotiations are so what about my wife I said. Go they said. Ask.

II. Charlotte's Response

Let's take that country like snakeskin boots, let it slick across our toes then dirt its way between and under our scales. Crusting like an empire should. I am not bothered by a soggy hem, there is no shame in waltzing your shoes. We might get muddy Maxi, but what did you think boots were for?

Paula Koneazny

from *Field Guide to a Girl*: eighth of

getting up from the story goes on and on. allergic to staying away—*Almanac of the Dead/ Das Kapital*—to the mall to finish headaches alone. very life-affirming. later, sparrows, linden trees and the mountain beyond *grivoise*: licentious self-absorption. hike uphill. stagger into a circus theme. excitement in the spotlight. French comedy? thriller w/ Hitchcock references? mood more caustic. coastal valley overlooking a profusion of tar weed. consider a shorter stride when feet tire. switch to “waking” on the floor. taste, then buy. many become *fleuristes*. seek out bouquets to put themselves. move on to the meal. the mix of generations. 50 years of photos wear the earrings. weather improves. party continues. 65# of books arrive. frazzled from the traffic. good works for lunch—still hungry after. President in Jurata on the Baltic Sea. quest for souvenirs without magnets. strawberries cheaper but won’t last. view the appearance of the mechanical goats all looking up at the same time. according to the pedometer—14,276 steps. reed-clogged shoreline. but the room is fine. turn down from the *centrum* to settle there. find dark beer. undamaged in WWII. homage to works on paper considered. coolish.

Carmen Giménez Smith

List of Phobias

Fear of heteroglossia.

Fear of mail fraud.

Fear of carpeted stairs.

Fear of being perceived as phony-allergic.

Fear of noun plague.

Fear of magazines about walking.

Fear of mispronounced tenderness.

Fear of pens with chewed blue caps.

Fear of the memory lacquer.

Fear of stale cookie cups.

Fear of celebrity cellulite.

Fear of exile.

Fear of the vengeful God.

Fear of the slag curves of compact fluorescents.

Fear of lost Monopoly pieces.

Fear of the unsalvageable CD.

Fear of the memory that loops.

Fear of the empty telephone.

Fear of the metal coil of your notebook.

Fear of public bleeding.

Fear of Hummers.

Fear of nickels.

Fear of white rooms.

Fear of the fear that the current will take you.

Fear of feather.

Beauty Regimen

The bottles and tubes on my vanity
make my room a factory with no union.
I'm the scab eager for a few nickels,
the one who builds piecework in and around hangers.
I'll find the face in the marble if I'm diligent
reads the affirmation in the mirror.

I rinse my face's one thousand minutes
and look for the mistakes which is not to say
I'm not beautiful. If I could finish with erasure,
I'd prop my face on a stand to keep the dust from it.

Before bed I look at women's magazines
for myself, an old familiar slice. I rub envelope
fragrances against my neck like they're mash notes
about the slippery inference of my lips.

The TV casts its viridian glare, makes me
a tepid silhouette against the mouse hole.
The hole's a shadow tunnel into my chest,
one way ticket. If only diligence was love.

Contributors' Notes

Becca Barniskis lives in Saint Paul, Minnesota where she works as a poet, teaching artist and freelance writer and coach in arts education. Her poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Mid-American Review*, *Conduit*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Blackbird*, and other journals.

Jenny Bouilly is the author of the forthcoming *not merely because of the unknown that was stalking towards them* (Tarpaulin Sky Press) and *The Book of Beginnings and Endings* (Sarabande), *[one love affair]** (Tarpaulin Sky Press), *The Body: An Essay* (Essay Press), and the chapbook *Moveable Types* (Noemi Press, 2007). Her work has been anthologized in *The Next American Essay*, *The Best American Poetry, Language for a New Century*, and *Great American Prose Poems*. Her work has been published in *Boston Review*, *Gulf Coast*, *Fourth Genre*, *Columbia*, *Verse*, *Seneca Review*, *Conduit*, and other places. She is currently a Ph.D. candidate at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York and holds previous graduate degrees in creative writing from the University of Notre Dame and Hollins University. She teaches at Columbia College Chicago.

Susan Briante is the author of *Pioneers in the Study of Motion* (Ahsahta Press, 2007). Recent poems have appeared in *Ploughshares*, *Court Green*, and *POOL*. Briante is an assistant professor of literature and creative writing at the University of Texas at Dallas. She lives in East Dallas with the poet Farid Matuk. The poems that appear in *Bone Bouquet* come from a new series entitled *The Metaphysics of the Dow* and were generated by using the number from the Dow's close to randomly guide the author to a variety of texts through search engines and archives as diverse as Project Gutenberg, Bartlett's Quotations, and Google.

Meghan Brinson hails from Charleston, South Carolina. She served as poetry editor of the literary magazine *Hayden's Ferry Review*, and is currently editor of *MisFit: A Journal of Long and Short Poems*. She has poems appearing or forthcoming in *Gulf Coast*, *Puerto del Sol*, *The Greensboro Review*, and *Copper Nickel*. She has a chapbook forthcoming from Anabiosis Press, and another

forthcoming from Midwest Writing Center.

Wendy Taylor Carlisle has lived for the last twenty years on the edge of Texas. She is the author of two full-length books of poetry, *Discount Fireworks* and *Reading Berryman to the Dog*. More about her publications and some about her can be found on her website at <http://www.wendytaylorcarlisle.com>.

Juliet Cook's poetry has recently been published or is forthcoming in *Abjective*, *Action Yes*, *Diagram*, *Diode*, *Oranges & Sardines*, *Robot Melon*, and many other online and print sources. She is the editor and publisher of Blood Pudding Press. She is author of numerous chapbooks, most recently *PINK LEOTARD & SHOCK COLLAR* (Spooky Girlfriend Press), *Tongue Like a Stinger* (Wheelhouse), and *FONDANT PIG ANGST* (Slash Pine Press). Her first full-length poetry collection, *Horrific Confection*, was published by BlazeVOX in 2008. For more information, visit her website at <http://www.JulietCook.weebly.com>.

Paula Koneazny lives and writes in Sebastopol, California where she earns her living as a tax consultant. Her poetry has appeared recently or is forthcoming in *POOL*, *Aufgabe*, *New American Writing*, *Avatar Review*, and *OR*. Her reviews have been published in *American Book Review*, *Verse*, *Rain Taxi*, and *Tarpaulin Sky*. She is an assistant editor of *Volt* and has a chapbook, *The Year I Was Alive*, out from dpress.

Allison Layfield is currently working on her M.F.A. in poetry with a minor in Women's Studies at New Mexico State University.

Sarah Rose Nordgren was a 2008-09 Fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Massachusetts and a 2009 Bread Loaf Work-Study Scholar. She holds degrees from Sarah Lawrence College and the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, and her poems have appeared recently or are forthcoming in *Cincinnati Review*, *Quarterly West*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Mid-American Review*, *Lumina*, *VerseDaily*, and other journals. She currently lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where she is working on her first book manuscript.

Danielle Pafunda is the author of *My Zorba* (Bloof Books, 2008), *Pretty Young Thing* (Soft Skull Press, 2005), the forthcoming *Iatrogenic: Their Testimonies* (Noemi Press), and the forthcoming *Manhater* (Dusie Press Books). She is on the administrative board of WILLA (Women in Letters and Literary Arts), and is an assistant professor at the University of Wyoming. More can be found at her blog: <http://www.daniellepafunda.blogspot.com>.

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