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Literature and Art withstand the centuries of time because women and men have the courage not only to tell their stories but also to spread them far. The individuals who dedicate their lives to their passion do not tell their stories for the glory or the greed, but for the lives they wish to touch. Each word, stroke of a brush, and snap of a camera is carefully chosen, reflected upon, and meticulously mediated to provide a tale that may have taken days, weeks, months, or years to complete. This edition of great literature and art dedicates itself to the courage of local and global creators alike. This annual collection, The Tau, allows courage and passion to thrive within its pages and to light a spark within those who read it.

Diving into these pages, you will discover that creativity comprises of variety of forms. From non-fiction to photography, the spectrum is as limitless as one’s imagination. Each author and artist expresses their ideas in vivid details and unique imagery so that you may see a glimpse of a reality you may not truly understand. Each piece chosen to be presented for The Tau represents an experience, a moment of time, or a celebration of life that deserves to be immortalized in ink. As you turn the pages of this collection, take your time, absorb the words, and step out of your daily life. Breathe the worlds these artists crafted because they were created by courage.

Creativity takes courage, and comprehension takes consideration.

Isabella Valentin
President, Literati

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The women knew of great painters
Of acrylic paint and smooth strokes
Studies of Bernini and Caravaggio
With pages of notes preparing for a condescending baptism,
Reborn as housewives who hung portraits
That gathered with a dry dust
As their children’s hands grew sticky from fruit snacks
And greedy in a desire for the toys
That scattered across the floor, sliding over the rough, brown carpet.

The women looked to the sky, seeing an ever-growing cobweb
Instead of a fresco ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.
Paintings began to look like husbands, drawn by the hand of Kandinsky,
Confusing the women, since they had studied works in the Romantic.
The women found that art courses in a curriculum did not
Leave them with a level of class and pride, but rather
A sweaty child grasping for his mother’s arm,
Fat from takeout and soccer team snacks,
A man aware of creases in the temper of his wife
And a house not meant to be an artistic exhibition, but
Chipped, off-white tile bathrooms, and
A kitchen consumed with the smell of fried food,
Even though there was a colder salad made in the fridge.

It was not a lovely, nor a respectable artwork
But it fit in some kind of gallery, slightly tilted and still hanging.
Birth and Death Among the Trees

by James Gillespie

Here, the dim drum of heartbeats
and last light

hang in vague differentiation, and then
the sky –

an influence
where the road cannot go, a kind
of evidence
of where I haven’t gone, perhaps
will never go –

in fact – a very slow trench work
of walking down to heaven’s old roots, a vision

clearer now than ever, a dried-up vein
of cobwebs

where the sun still goes
in the morning for a glance, for a moment,
for normalcy, but now without me
inside, weighing things down
with thoughts of the moon

coming up late
upon everything else down here misplaced

in their own places, training
their feet to dance

on the patterns of winter’s
breath as she cleans the thorns through the freeze
and the sun flanks the tree line
but never finds me
on the other side, never sees me

in the wild shadow of an oak
lifting my arms as they all do, standing in place until the blood
runs out, until I am too cold to feel
how the angles and the shadows work
to remember the pain
of birth

when my head was wet
and new like yours once was, when my eyes
were weak and wild awake as yours once were,
when my skin – red, blue, and purple-black –
as we all once were
in the distance of trees
in the proximity of a pink-fringed sky

the rural rim of artfully wasted
flames, a ceremony

that forever erases the site where we fell
to pray against the shimmering wind of winter
that killed our young
and reinvigorated everything
with emptiness.
A Handful
by Nicol Nixon Augusté

of love is all it takes
to quench the thirst of God
to evangelize his love,
her light, to
souls who only offer
bones showing
beneath thin layers of
skin

Frozen Wonderland - by Aaron Iffland
Another breathless boy separated from a pack. He slept in a room with too many of his sisters, in an apartment where the TV talked the most of anyone. He waited for another to file past. In front of him, a green-gray statue. Somehow, these figures had appeared to him before and he had known them all. When the hiss of voices became a whisper, he approached the statue and placed one fluttering hand. And then the other. Waiting for the sirens, the infrared motion detectors to betray him. Boys like him should never put dirty fingers on things lovely like this.

Silence.

The stone was warm beneath his fingers, and he gasped. Barely breathing, he butterflied his hands across the curve of the statue’s stomach. When the stairs thumped behind him, the boy pulled away and felt like he was stepping out from sunlight back into the dark apartment.

Outside in the shadow of the bus, a young man pulled a peach from his backpack. Beneath the lonely students, leaning out of bus windows, he held the curved tension of the furred fruit.

“Hey, can I?” The other boy looked only at the fruit in the first one’s hand.

He bit past the part that felt like skin, his soft tooth sending sharpness towards the top of his skull. And then, the sweetness.
the fog of mountainsides
a rager caged
between tree canopy
and entrenched roots

party sweat blinded gray
until the hateful sun
breaks it up
beams morph
glow sticks to nightsticks
tear gassing eyes
pupils contract and
dew drawn up
an ascent to heaven

weather thieving green
the life
from leaves as it rises
an inexact study of
pre-mature gerontology
warm autumn tones
burning in the memories of summer
into death
Sic Transit Gloria Mundi
by Robert Beveridge

She hops the bus at East 34th
and heads into the heart of town.
Too many buildings, all too tall.
None contain places to hide.
They are the field of the next skirmish
in the war between bird and mayfly,
renewed every year. She gets off
two stops early. Diesel fumes
in her nose, transfer clutched
in bony fingers. She has time,
will walk to the station.

Pilgrimage
by Nicol Nixon Augusté

A warming early morning during the Extraordinary Jubilee Year of Mercy
brought with her a bit of a line to walk through Santa Maria Maggiore’s
holy door. A little Roman woman stands erect at the entrance, projecting
her alarm “nessuno fotografia!” above the heads of pilgrims trying to take
close-ups with their iPhones:
kissing the skin of your holy door, your panels taste
like your lips: charcoaled, holy, with a hint
of pomegranate from about a billion years ago
before I became an ish, a meish, when we loved
in the midst of the thickness of musical nothingness that would
chaotically, beautifully, violently create
us.
Morning Mass ends: seminarians and sisters rise and go in peace—
seemingly with joyful ecstasy—while tourists look on, wondering at this
peculiar passion. Just outside, taxis and tour guides await their harvest.
Too often once I have reclined,
A phrase or clause pops in my mind
For work that I intend to write
As soon as dark gives way to light;

And so I turn to grab a pen
With which to put words there and then
On paper meant to bear my scrawl
And keep me from forgetting all.
Then Steve had needed more socks, another pair of shorts, another practice jersey, and in Dick’s, next to the registers, there had been a display of chairs. They weren’t blue. They were all different colors. And they were on sale. She sat in one, just to see what it was like, and realized it was comfortable. Distressingly comfortable. Maybe, she thought, it might be good to have one. For camping. Or picnics. For the backyard. For emergencies of some kind. They wouldn’t use them at festivals. They would not take them to Rock the Block. Ever. They would not be those people. But, she needed to be less intolerant, less prejudiced. The chairs might have their uses.

Then, since she had a chair in her trunk anyway, she might as well get it out at practices. Especially since it had become clear that she was going to spend hours of her life there. This part of parenting took her by surprise. She had been ready for the expenses, but she hadn’t fully understood how much of a commitment her children’s interests would require from her. Not the hours driving around, but the hours spent watching or at least pretending to watch. The hours she had to sit somewhere. Parenting, at this stage, was mostly like being in a big waiting room, flipping through old magazines. They went off and played and she waited on a bench, on the bleachers, on a chair. This was her job. Waiter. She admired those who didn’t do it. The ones who dropped their kids off and then drove away to come back at the end of practices or games. But that wasn’t her. She was a waiter, and, since she was, she could at least be comfortable. It didn’t mean anything. She hadn’t changed. The chair was just a piece of furniture.

When she had bought the chair, she had told Steve, “We’ll just keep this in the trunk.” She had wanted to say, “Don’t tell your father,” but that would have increased the likelihood he would. Nick had heard her rant far too many times, and she didn’t want to hear it turned against

Purchase
by Joe Mills

For years, she had mocked the “blue chair people.” They infuriated her, the way at outdoor concerts and street parties, they would stake out turf, so she had to thread through them like they were a haphazard trailer park. Who sat in chairs and listened to music? Was Woodstock covered in blue chairs? Was the floor at the Savoy Ballroom? A mosh pit? Did Astaire sing about “putting on a white tie/folding out my blue chair”? If they wanted to sit, they should stay home. To her, blue chairs and blue hairs had been synonymous. Blue blobs sitting there, old, taking up space, space that could be used for dancing, for mingling, for moving. It had been a simple equation in her mind. Blue chair = Death.

Then, a couple years ago, she had taken Steve to his first practice, when the team used to meet at Jackson Park, and she had looked around for a place to sit, expecting bleachers or benches or tree stumps or something, but at that field, there was nothing. Just scrubby grass and a cracked parking lot. There hadn’t even been curbs. The other adults had pulled collapsible chairs out of their trunks and backseats. That season, she would try to sit in the grass, even when it was wet, but by mid-June, she would be bitten within minutes. She would walk, but that grew boring since it was a park in name only and with nothing of interest. Sometimes she sat in the car, but that felt pathetic and got hot, plus it was too far away to see and be seen. If she was going to be there, she wanted to get the credit from her son for being there. So she would stand on the sidelines, pretending to be interested in the drills, her feet hurting. It was the price you paid to parent. Sore feet. But, still, she had no intention of becoming one of those people. Clearly they weren’t the elderly, but they were still soccer moms, mini-van, “blue chair” zombies. The sitting dead.
her. She didn’t want to hear the slightest indication that she was changing, compromising, selling out, getting old. Already she felt him looking at her sometimes as if assessing whether her hair was going gray or she had gained more weight or she had new wrinkles. Sometimes she thought that was ridiculous, and sometimes she didn’t. He was aging as well – that gut she pretended not to notice, the glasses he needed a few years ago, the way he didn’t take the stairs two and three at a time anymore – but there was nothing like a pregnancy to take its toll on the body.

She relied on her son being oblivious, not thinking to tell his dad, not seeing it as important enough to remember or being too excited about his new clothes. Which is what happened. You rarely went wrong counting on the obliviousness and self-centeredness of men.

She kept the chair in her car. A secret. One that embarrassed her. One that made her feel oddly guilty. It wasn’t the only secret she had; she kept plenty from Nick. Shoe purchases, lunches out. Nothing like an affair, nothing big, but he didn’t have to know everything. This one, however, felt odd. More serious somehow. Like she was someone different.

She used the chair just during practices. Not games, for those there were bleachers, and Nick came to those. Sitting next to her. Like now. It was nice. They watched their son together, held hands sometimes, but if she was honest, her chair was more comfortable. A lot more. That was what was upsetting. The realization that she preferred practices because she could sit in her chair. Yes, it was red, but it was a blue chair all the same, and she wondered what had died.

71 Words and Photopaper
by Peter Faziani

Red lights at railroads
and red lights in dark rooms
developing photographs of dark
memories and blurred focal points
mistimed shutter clocks
but in there somewhere
two silhouettes of friendship
soliloquies of secrets
told to each other with the
promise of telling no one else
fueled by the whiskey talking
over the other
with their own ragged truth

An American declaration of resistance
resilience in the face of father’s critical abandonment
Things I Now Know
by Kevin Brown

How much an obituary in the paper costs.
What death doesn’t cost in grief, it costs in more and more money.
The fact that newspapers charge for obituaries.

How to find my way around a funeral home—hallways
that only lead to bereavement or an exit, where it
follows us home—the quickest way from the visitation line.

How it feels to stand in front of over a hundred
people and speak about my father. And cry.
Which he never wanted me to do.

That my mother sounds like a little girl when
she cries. That she can cry in front of me.
Which she never wanted to do.

How it feels to bury my father.

What it feels like to hold my mother as she cries and assures us again and
again and again she will be okay, trying to calm and convince
herself. How small and frail she has always been, almost like a baby
bird I could break if I didn’t hold her correctly.

What so many people knew about my father,
but I didn’t. It’s impossible to see things
when you stand too close to them.

What it costs to cremate a body. Even when
he was too tall and the urn too small, so some
of the ashes have to be buried in a box.

No one knows what to say at a funeral.
Meaningless words matter.

The parts of a funeral I thought would be hard
are (mostly) not. The easy parts felt like I
was watching my father die again and again.

Every billboard on the interstate between our house
and my parents’ (now just my mother’s), ranging
from HIV testing to Miss Kitty’s pet daycare.
None of them contain information I need
for how to grieve a father’s death.
In Rwanda  
by Shola Balogun

At the borders of Kivu and Gisenyi,  
The land mourns her emptiness.  
There is stirring silence  
In the fragments of lone bricks  
On patched earth.  
Sprawling tombs retell  
The litany of a mother’s sorrow  
At the crossroads of an Eastern soil  
When she heard the wailing  
From the wall of her home  
And the ballads of her children in exile.  
Mothers’ sorrow is in Africa too.  
You may not know what their eyes  
Have seen in the lands  
Where they call their homes.  
You may not understand their silence  
And the fire of their lips.  
In Africa, mothers see their children  
Die in the streets.

Acetaminophen  
by Mia Scissons

Fall.  
After serendipity of the calm, blusters in bitterness of the disgraced.  
Ice, a chill to those fragile, yet precious bones,  
greets her with a sinister grin,  
disguising its cruel tongue with promises of a perfected white.

She remains untouched, yet unchaste.  
The cold graces her gray skin and whispers silently the fault in her crystals.

After the fortuitousness of Judas’ kiss, dances in joy of the infamous.  
Ice, a rupture to that frangible, yet willful soul,  
shuns her with amiable embrace,  
relinquishing its bitter secret with falsities of a dissolute ash.

She remains unfinished, yet ever-present.  
The demons in her winter penetrate  
the frost in her unreachable spring.

The ice has melted,  
yet the snow still  
stands.
Slats
by Lyn Uratani

Unceasingly I search
For family,
Whose names,
Livelihoods,
Essence,
Have not departed as they did,
Ever-present
In microfilm and
Eroding headstones,
Encoded
In my DNA.

Compulsively I document
Their existence
As if they depend on me
To keep them alive
On paper,
A website,
Something tangible, so as to say:
“Here is my family.
This
Is who they are and
Where they come from.”

Rather,
I need these strangers
Far more than they need me
To satisfy
This desperate,
Narcissistic,
Quest
For birthplaces, surnames,
Conversation starters,
Relentlessly hoping
They can tell me who I am.
Of Body and Tales

by Ali Znaidi

How come winter rain and summer nectar merge?
How come the apparitions of a dream weave
a formidable mirage? How come her body
transgresses those peripheries? How come
it weaves an aura for itself? How come
she becomes the center? Stop asking questions
and just let her colour the sky as she likes it.
It’s not a matter of seduction. It’s another matter.
—A matter beyond philosophy. Her body
is not made of ivory, nor of ebony: Her body
is made of tales which every agenda wants to repress.
But, there is a silent tempest looming in the sky and
lava will ooze from her pierced punk tongue letting
the colours of her freedom embellish the universe.

Serenity - Laura Ott
In her spare time, Malory Jones burned books.

Not just any books, though. She had a type. She stalked her victims quietly, prowling, she imagined, like a cat from shelf to shelf. Used bookstores and musty libraries particularly called out to her; the well-lit, spacious survivors of the bookstore-business-apocalypse made her shudder. Coffee. In a bookstore. Really, now.

And let’s not even discuss Amazon. How would one burn an e-book, anyway? Release a virus? Malory had neither the time nor the interest to learn how to code, and she bore independent authors no particular ill will. If they had founded a new genre for randy young adults, so be it. More power to them.

It wasn’t like she indulged her particular hobby all the time, or even at all frequently, anyway. Her job kept her far too busy to leave her small town and drive forty-five minutes away, to a city big enough to allow a few used bookstores to stubbornly cling to life. Murrayville, where she lived, actually did have a bookstore, and she’d been in there once. Bibles. Bibles. And more Bibles. In every possible version and binding. The elegant-but-simple ones promised to humble the purchaser’s soul, whereas the shiny leather ones inlaid with metallic scrollwork vowed to illuminate hearts and lighten wallets. Malory had beaten a hasty retreat. She had no interest in committing religious sacrilege, and it wasn’t like she herself didn’t claim to be a Christian. Her great-granddaddy had been a Baptist preacher, way back when, and, although Malory couldn’t remember the last time she, herself, set foot in a church, she figured that her venerable ancestor could be trusted to pave her way into Heaven. If such a place existed, of course. Malory had her doubts, which she quietly kept to herself.

She had basically accepted her fate, after all. Thirty-two years old, with a solid lower-middle-class job that didn’t promote mobility, she was basically stuck in Murrayville. The town’s limited stock of eligible males was getting smaller with every passing moment, and she couldn’t afford to rule out the religious ones. In fact, if she included football, every male in town worshipped something on Sundays. So Malory had smiled, purchased a very cheap Bible that honestly didn’t say very much, beyond be kind to others, and walked out the door. That Bible lived in the unopened drawer of her bedside table, where it gathered dust and contemplated the darkness of eternity.

Each morning Malory got up and put on her uniform: slacks or a skirt, top and cardigan. If the weather was sufficiently cold, which it rarely was in the South, she added a fluffy coat, bought on deep discount one March a couple of years ago at Macy’s. But she dressed differently when headed into the city: nearly-designer jeans that the salesperson had promised, nay sworn, hugged her ass in all the right places, and a rather skimpy blue camisole with lacy straps. The top was just a little too young for her, but Malory considered her rare trips to the city a special treat, and besides, there was no harm in digging her nails into her fading youth until time ripped it out of her grasp.

But her first stop, Shady Glen Books, had become Shady Glen Daycare. Part of the once spacious parking lot had been stripped of pavement and fenced in, and a few grim shrubs and some pulsatingly yellow swing sets had grown up, seemingly overnight. Malory thought about it. Two or three months had passed since her last visit. That, apparently, was time enough for yuppie spawn to take over her favorite bookstore. Her car’s clock ticked over to 2:00, a door in the newly christened daycare popped open, and small humans poured out, just as if someone had stuck a stick in a large ant hill. Like ants, the creatures would probably bite.

Malory drove away. The ant babies reminded her of her own rapidly expiring eggs.

Fortunately, the next bookstore, a good twenty minutes away and in a less affluent part of the city, had not transformed into a hardware store or a paint-your-own pottery date stop. She parked and sighed and walked through the satisfyingly creepy doors. As usual, there was no one to greet her at the center desk. The owner, a nice man in his sixties, never came out of the back unless a customer forcibly dragged him out, usually by
frantically waving cash at his face. She thought the owner was probably deaf, and either a former English professor or suffering from the earliest effects of dementia. He had that abstract, spaced-out look exhibited by both types of people. Either way, he had books, and the right kind of books.

From the front, Malory snagged two hardback romances, both with nicely lurid covers. Malory never burned these books, since they promised exactly what they delivered, a bit of R-rated escapism.

Then she headed past the mysteries, past the biographies, past the self-help selections too (although Malory had considered spending some time there, since she was self-aware enough to know that her hobby was a bit unusual).

There they were. Her victims. And they deserved every bit of heat her backyard barbecue could dish out. She smiled grimly, showing a bit of canine. It was payback time.

Malory was leafing through nearly four hundred pages of sadly scrawled notes and dog-eared pages and the occasional anatomically correct drawing of both male and female genitalia when a voice made her jump.

“Miss Jones!”

The racy romances fell to the floor, and Malory was left holding a copy of Moby-Dick.

“Uh,” she said, intelligently, as her brain froze. It tended to do that when she was surprised, or when she had to do her taxes, and especially during parent-teacher conferences.

“Ah, you probably don’t remember me. I’m Brad Doyle, Miss Jones. You were my high school English teacher right before I graduated, nearly ten years ago now.”

“No,” she said. “I’m sorry. I teach so many students, you see.”

He picked up her books and handed them to her, and she felt a blush start. He was really quite good-looking, although he would never make it as a cover model for one of her romances. No muscle tone, for one thing. A strange haircut. Spectacles (these were not glasses), for another. But he had nice eyes behind the wire rims.

“Yes, of course. But I always remembered you. American lit,” he said and glanced down at the copy of Moby-Dick she still held.

“You never got me to like that book,” he admitted. “My uncle owns this bookstore, and I’ve got an aunt who writes cookbooks, so you could say I have books in the blood. But I always hated Melville.”

“Me too,” she said. Even worse than Melville were the student study guides. And the tortured students themselves. Not a one of whom actually liked Ishmael or Ahab, and all of whom rooted for the whale, when they bothered to remember that the book even had a whale in it. “I hate Moby-Dick with a passion,” she added. Also, she hated Shakespeare, and Emily Dickinson, and, indeed, every author on the state-approved syllabi. But she figured that was too much information for a little casual flirting.

“Really? I’d never have guessed. Mostly I read popular stuff now. John Sandford and the like. It’s nice to see you again, Miss Jones. Or, is it Mrs. now?”

“Nope,” she said. “Malory is fine.” She smiled at him, showing all of her nicely white teeth. Maybe it was time to get a new hobby.
A body scarred by the fingernails of exile. Wet wounds constellating on an errant isle. That old feeling does not need a symposium. It just needs some clarifications. Scars can go their own way.

—Something akin to an eloping plot from a badly written novel. Racing through time, this body tries to expel the intrinsic scars from inside the errant isle. This body wants to anticipate the surfeit in the inconsistent breaths of a ghost jailed in the smallest crevice, away from the expansive shadows. The sun has always been a blessing the body can completely and tectonically lose itself to it because it is always ready to stitch any wound it could come across.
O!
Could
any
great stone,
mountainous
though it is, resist
that wry, gentle, knowing look that pierces your dark
surfaces with humor like prismatic sunlight dript
through summer windowpanes in early morning: you want the light, but
don't want to wake up.
The Orgiastic Silence
by Ali Znaidi

I was expecting a storm
not because I was reading Kate Chopin’s
“The Storm,” but (rather) because
there was an orgiastic silence
infesting the termite-eaten old attic
since last night.

It seemed like every part of my tongue
wanted to utter a word.
But you can’t speak
when you are expecting a storm.

You can’t speak when you are warned
that termites are about to infest the dining room
of your oral cavity.

You only stand still listening to the orgy.
You only stand still remembering the taste of milk.
Time-lapse Daisies  
*by Peter Faziani*

fed from life  
feeding bees  
to feed other daisies  
making work for other bees  
covered tree canopies  
that shade petals like memories  
from sun burnt  
oblivion

An Immortal Souvenir  
*by Ali Znaidi*

Behind an avalanche of flies  
I saw a bird in agony defying death.  
I kept watching till my gaze rusted.

What a scene! It (really) gnawed at my heart:  
[Disintegration began (to occur) under a bare tree.  
and the hungry flies started strumming the bird  
with their labra]. Perhaps a prophecy of decay.  
Perhaps an apogee of history. What a noble  
death accompanied by blues! How soon

you will be a strange bird in a strange world!  
Will you remember the worms? Will you recall  
the chirping? I took a feather as a souvenir.

There is no secret to tell that the display case  
of my dreams will look better with such a souvenir.
Ossuary
by Jane Blanchard

Each time I toss or turn I seem
To have the same unpleasant dream.

I walk through—not a fine museum—
But some macabre mausoleum.

The rooms I pass are full of bones—
None coming from long-gone unknowns.

These ossified remains belong
To those who chose to do me wrong.

Only if such has been confessed
Can bones transform from cursed to blessed.

May flesh and blood bring me release
From all that is averse to peace.

You Never Know - Fabrice Poussin
Going Back Again, The Movie  
by John Grey

It's time to go back again
to the ordinary suburban home
where I was raised
in a family of average love and comfort
until I moved out
in my early twenties.

I stroll slowly by,
risking an occasional glance
at a color it was never painted in my time,
new curtains, even an addition,
and complete strangers
playing on the lawns,
peering out the window.

There's nothing for me here.
My memories wrote the script.
But nothing or no one
appears to have read a word of it.

If this a scene from my early life,
then the art director has failed
in a number of areas
from the privet hedge
to the rose bush
and the swimming pool out back.

And the kid with the ball is badly cast.
Almost as much as I am.

Muffler  
by Kristie Betts Letter

and I forget
each car self-announced with undeniable ferocity beneath
what gentled rust one with HoneyLoversStickTogether sticker always
inching (neverstopping) through radio lines unbroken medley of
motor and song

that night face kiss-flushed from pressing the entirely wrong boy
radio clears for the drive deep darks and headlit whites radio furs
then clear (bass)
alone with the road's shimmering (lines) and then sound presses (in)

with the lights out, it's less dangerous
willing red to switch to green before hitting middle thousand dollar
cars with three thousand dollars to keep the sounds going to
keep sliding through the one a.m. drive when the song almost crashes
over you

radio's magic an intention uncontrolled (unknown) engine
thrum pulsing behind and with no one has ever heard (this song)
no one is hearing (just this) just now one radio just you (and that
bass-line) and this humming machine

oh well, whatever, nevermind
apertures in seats peek-a-boos in floorboards perforations
beneath the wheels whirring the Dodge almost-deserted
taken back until final sputter - now, good grown-up sedans begin to
louden against too-perfect inside sounds

(unchosen) songs whirl drive in dark next to bridges mouth slightly
open for the moment inappropriate lips (impart) deserted drives
when the notes tremble (unbidden) and wash (unselected) over you
(un-alone)
The moth fluttered by the porch light
trying to make its way inside:
bopping closer with each flit
but never quite approaching
the door frame.

She tilted her head at an odd
angle as she watched the dusty
grey creature smack against
the brick wall and then
the wood of the door jamb.

Its shadow looked like a dirty
piece of cloth—a rag—ripped from
Thumbelina’s body. As it inched
closer it got caught in a spider web,
its wings now entangled.

Charlotte  ~ Aaron Iffland
Looking Back
by Allison Pattison

We never picked daisies together.
We never rode in an Oldsmobile either.

I wanted us to get similar tattoos of Egyptian symbols while you were alive. Alone, I got on my upper back
the ankh and the Eye of Rah, and the fleur-de-lis on my wrist. In an old notebook I found drawings
of tiny pink (with no black outline)
fleur-des-lis for your wrist tattoo — small

enough to fit under a watch band when you’d be a doctor and would need to hide it.

We never got angelfish or palm trees on our ankles, like we’d all agreed to on that trip when you were studying in Trinidad.
You didn’t do much studying.

I realized that when I went to Sweden.
All I did was the necessary homework

and a lot of what you probably did in your spare time on the tropical islands.

I don’t know what made me think of daisies and Oldsmobiles. I picture you

with light pink roses and a black Nissan.
I always imagined you as my matron of honor,
carrying a bouquet of purple flowers,
in a lavender dress that defined your pear shape. I would let you have the small waistline, to match our little sister, and I would hide my larger midriff beneath beaded satin and show off my cleavage.

Later at the reception, we’d toss our shoes to the side and dance in a circle like we did at your wedding,
only nobody would cry because another man was taking away our big sister. Your husband added himself to our family as our brother, the one we never had but always wanted.

Now, I hope to marry a man who loves me and our little sister, and although he has heard about you, he will have never known you, but he has agreed to name a child after you if we have a little girl. And maybe she will have a little sister with whom to pick flowers and learn to drive and have in her wedding and have her forever or until they are ninety-five.
Van Gogh
by Mia Scissons

Why the fields of wheat evoked a vindictive sense of solitude was unknown to her.
They threaten her, call out to her, and tempt her with grandiose visions of the purest constellations.
But she cannot reach them.
A star cannot transcend above a mountain peak,
A field of wheat cannot conceal the anonymous sufferings she masks with frost.

How the city of lights brought a calm thought of solidarity was unknown to her.
They welcome her, call out to her, and tempt her with perfect premonitions of the bluest heavens.
But she should not reach them.
A star will not aspire below city soil,
A closet of skeletons cannot tempt the boldface longevity she masks with dust.

When the rays of light sought trepidations of courage was unknown to her.
They embrace her, call out to her, and tempt her with premonitions of the wildest spheres.
A star can rise above a city light.
A constellation will tempt the false altruism of a field of wheat.
She does not know this, and it silences her.
Why she survives was unknown to them.
But the starry night knew.

First-born
by Dina Greenberg

—previously published in Lime Hawk

Selengei had chosen the name during the wet season, many months before. This one was to be a daughter. She would call her Adia, a gift from Ngai—for this baby would be a precious gift, her first-born. Already fourteen, Selengei had attended many births and yearned for the time her own baby would suckle at her breast.

Now, as she felt the insistence of her unborn baby’s head, Selengei knew she must push harder. Down, down, down! Her mouth stretched wide, tusks arcing to the heavens. Only Ngai would hear Selengei’s silent screams from atop his mountain throne. She thought of nothing then—not of the others who stood and soothed her—only of her baby. She pushed again and her birth water rushed out like the great river Karura. The swill of water and blood washed over her feet as she stepped carefully over her baby. The girl-calf lay curled and silent against the earth.

Selengei prodded the infant, first gently with the fingers of her trunk, listening for the breath. She pressed one foot to the baby’s shoulder, rocked her, and then—as she knew she must—began to kick, harder, then harder still. If her baby did not stand, she could not suckle. Selengei’s heart surged with anguish. Tears slipped down her wrinkled face. The others drew closer. Selengei slipped her trunk under the baby’s head and lifted the sweet face toward her own. She kicked at the dry-season dust. She kicked, and the others—daughters, sisters, aunts, mothers, and grandmothers—kicked until all were certain. Until the baby Adia lay covered in dust.

Selengei’s baby was stillborn and so her sorrow swelled and churned. Again, she remembered the river, Grandmother Rukiya, leading the herd across the shallows, Selengei’s mother—then the others—coaxing baby Selengei on that very first crossing. Then, year after year, Grandmother leading them further, further, beyond the crashing falls.

Now Selengei held the infant closer. As she lifted her gift to Ngai, Selengei wept, her keening rising, rising along with the others’, until the swollen river spilled.
Transactions in Sicilia
by Jane Blanchard

The merchant was polite as I came in
on Monday afternoon to browse for wine,
but conversation happened only when
we spoke the common language of the vine.

A dozen bottles were selected, then
examined, labels studied, line by line,
until last set back into the proper bin,
except for one most likely to taste fine.

It did, so I returned to that same store
throughout the week and found the bill to be
a little less each time. I said no more
than grazie, smiling ever pleasantly.

By Saturday, I had a patron’s status,
awarding me a bar of chocolate gratis.

Burial Rites Before Sunrise
by James Gillespie

In the beginning when our fathers gazed
on the waning fire

a break in the fever
a moment
in the night

when the family’s
fears were
as quiet
as empty crowns
as dark
as twisted thorns –
a sentence made from the ground.

In the middle
when we realized the stars
were silent
for the dead
and for the living
for the flesh and for the blood
of everything
invisible

at the end
of a stranger’s field
where the sky is still too far away
and the roots too deep
for our faces
in between
anonymous
twilight

a new brotherhood
out of a placid pool
of cool earth
stirred
up for the lame's sake

in the beginning
a generation of wanderers
mirrored in the hazy horizon — amulet
and wheel— the crux
of white elephants

transfigured
by speech – unspeakable
similes –
a protuberance

of blood
letting shadows hatch cross-legged
at the door –

a dunghill for the corpse
we planted
last year in our plot
of burnt-out stars where dead men
lost their bones

in the middle
of a flower

the infinite
metaphor
of place
where the boundaries of beauty
are born

at the end, and the silence
remembers
nothing
but the agony

of an empty
garden

made in the beginning with the narrative
of a bird
above black water

a corridor
of the unconscious

ladder to our moth-stirred
memories
spiraling uninterrupted
somewhere
between

the end of the tree's
tethered shadows
and the moon's
false eyes.
Silence Sestina
by James Rovira

In what darkened,
ragged,
screaming
fire
does the kiss
of silence never

see? Or ever
darkly,
kisses
raged
evening fire
that loves while screaming?

In what screaming,
never
fired,
dark,
hot ragged
tropic does your kiss

descend to kiss
my scream:
ragged,
nev’r
silent, dark
burning yearning fire?

You rise to fire
my kiss
in dark
screams
that never
suffer your ragged,
silent, blunt rag-
ing fire;
never
kiss
my screaming
silent darkness?

In my forced silence, I can never kiss
your ragged fire, your oblique passion,
in the shared silence of our screaming dark.
Come Away to the Water
by Lauren Poslaiko

Not all snakes are coated in scales,
Most look just like you and I.
The boy with gorgeous brown eyes?
He was a breed of this kind.
Our love started off strong
As he lured me in:
I was his naive prey,
He wanted my skin.
With charming words
And whispered kisses,
He wrapped me in
His spell, well-rehearsed.
As though the roles
Of snake and charmer
Had been reversed.
Little did I know
He ached for two ewes,
And my happiness would
Soon turn to doubt;
His dirty little secret
Was bound to come out.
That was the day that
Everything changed:
The day I transformed
From a lamb to a snake.
Flowers of Evil

by Ali Znaidi

Flowers of embers in a certain period of time were amulets for devils.
Flowers of clay in a certain period of time were original copies of pleasure.
Flowers of ash in a certain period of time were apocalyptic representations in the corridors of myths.
Baudelaire’s *Les Fleurs du mal* in a certain period of time was my panacea.
Chanel
by Jane Blanchard

No one but Coco would have thought
Of such designs so often sought.

Hat, handbag, sweater, suit, or dress,
Most every style had great success.

Her clientele could not consume
Enough of No. 5 perfume.

Each item in her chic boutique
Made all who wore it feel unique.

However priced, her haute couture
Possessed a powerful allure.

Though she has passed, her name today
Lives on—but carries less cachet.

Buddha as the Backdrop
by Darrel Dela Cruz

who covers my recycling bin
with his left hand. The right,
holding a bowl with Explorer

inside. How attached I’ve been
to electronic karma; the recycling
of motivational quotes as long

as they are under a certain limit.
Responses in the form of anonymous
animals – screeches and grunts,

outstretching and tense, in love
with the distraction of imagined
alternatives which Buddha would have

embraced, bare his empty stomach
and mind, and receive the nothingness
of all the voices read in silence.
Cursive Lines of Our Lady

by James Gillespie

When the honeycomb
of the sun's storied womb

was made from the flower-legged
prey of a wild god

it wrapped itself in the beauty of its own strangled
breath – purple and white

as a babe in the washing
water's warm yarn – the angel's voice
a little more than a dream

in the scooped-out throne of a rock
where rain-gathered prayers watched
the birds as they worked their wheels
against us

until their synchrony cut through
a generation of forgotten songs, the skeletons
of golden calves

and every memory
gathered
to fire
us

in the kiln

but her belly bulged with God
before the corpse screamed for air,
the ivory cameo of a solitary soul,
a thing as paternal
as the crane's sprawled turn
to water

and memory
of our ash when the ghost was flesh
of our flesh and the temple
was the sound
of a few

gathering to watch
their days carved in the dust
with a rib.

- A Version of this Poem Appeared in New Mystics
she is no longer
the old babushka
who bows in the stony garden
to the god of her cabbage
amorphous, grey
breasts that nurture
the corpse of Lenin

now she is sleek, sensual
a Soviet Aphrodite
sweet enough for Pygmalion
to recognize, cast
in stone, reveal
poetry is an eighth-grade personality
most usually with hobbies of burning fires and flowing waters
and one or two...
...okay- three works about a Holocaust gas chamber

it is the point just before Bob Ross paints a purple sunset
and just 3½- minutes after Van Gogh swallowed yellow pigment

verb: to feel joy

poetry is the store bought, Kroger-brand frosting
glued to the whitest vanilla cornmeal cake ever baked
with bloody buttercream designs twirled in the only way
to catch the glance of a fifth-grade teacher
and prematurely poke the corpse we nicknamed “creativity”

poetry is Original Sin in a disguised cult of Christianity
where a church missile is a free online thesaurus,
but you ain’t gotta take notes
and it is the extra temper-tantrum incited from the depths of
a little girl who refuses to “see Jane run” or “watch Dick sit”

we are the slaves to interpretation in glass eyes of Literature
without hope of a deliverance from which we reimburse
our familiar symbols of Venus and Ares and a golden cow
who hums the Hail Mary while it is milked

but, in its being, it will not grow till its muscles sore
quoth the raven, “Nevermore”
Head first down into the cave at an angle that made them push their hands ahead of them on the sloped sand, waiting for the floor. “Shine the light down more,” the leader said. They needed the light to touch the floor before palms did, before faces did.

The follower handed off the light. Her slimmer hips slid through the aperture easily, and she dropped down onto the finally-flat surface. The smell was earth, not sand. They were deep enough that the sand stopped and moist ground began. It was a great place to hide from the enemy. The smaller girl dug into the dirt until it pressed up against the softer half-circles of flesh beneath her fingernails. Then she dropped.

**Biology**

Earlier, in front of a science classroom, a broad-shouldered boy swooped down on the taller girl and pressed his beaky nose into her clean hair. He inhaled and closed his eyes. As the smaller girl watched, she wondered if no one gravitated toward her hair because she had not showered that day, or if the pull of the other girl went to the voice, to the boobs, to the far-wider smile. What part of popularity was breasts, and what part fastidious cleanliness? The taller girl put oils, lotions and fruity scents across everything bodily.

Although the tall girl walked with a certain sense of expectation, the science incident was startling to both of them. Later, the same popular boy grabbed the tall girl by the flesh on her upper arm. He half-dragged her to the shadows beneath the bleachers, kissed her so hard his teeth left purpling marks on her lower lip, and told her to meet him at a bunker later.

“You can bring a friend,” he said.

**Language Arts**

Besides differences in the height of waves, the ocean never changed and neither local girl found the sight of it particularly interesting. Up the beach, the state park had more mystery, with its three tall observations towers positioned according to some antique war strategy. In the towers’ shadows, subterranean bunkers lay officially dormant, part of a much deeper strategy and a darker surprise.

Arms entwined, the girls walked down a long hallway in the central bunker. Each black door required a leap of faith to pass, shoving the
i wrap my thoughts around me
smile and stumble on
the masses laugh
inside i cry
“where do i belong”
“kindness” “love”
words we use
like salesmen hawking cars
compassion smells like Chevrolet
light bulbs look like stars
dim the morning still i sleep
with eyes that cannot see
someday i may awaken
someday i hope to be
each soul a cosmic fragment
the whole a midnight sky
the reasons thoughts and living get lost
when we must ask
why

Mathematics
“They’re not here.” A tall boy scraped a flashlight beam across the sand.
“You think they chickened out?” the scrawny boy said to his broader friend, the leader.
“Yeah. I guess they were prudes anyway.”
“So. It’s just the two of us. You wanna go down there?”
“What’s the point? We were gonna scare the girls. Let’s go see if we can score a couple of beers from your older brother.”
Guidelines: No Poems About Flowers, Pets or Grandparents
(Unless They’re Nazis)
by John Grey

Okay already, editor.
I’ve read your guidelines.
So I decided no more poems
about flowers
but then I find myself
out in the fields
and the musk mallow’s blooming pink
and milkweed flatters the air
with a whiff of juicy orange
or I’m wandering a hospital ward
and every patient’s bedside table
is adorned with a vase of blooming roses
or I’m in the kitchen of a friend
on the downslide
and the lilies that centerpiece the table
droop as low as her head
and their stalks are black and withered.
The thing is I cannot
not write about flowers.
And you insist - nothing about pets.
But my dog trots over,
comforts me with a lick of my hand.
How can I possibly leave him out of all this?
And you have this thing about family -
you’ve no wish to know how much I love them,
especially those in their eighties.
But my grandmother’s face
stares at me in homely, nostalgic black and white
and another artistic resolution
joins the squished up first drafts
in the waste basket.
Sorry editors but,
as long as there are flowers and pets and grandparents,
I will write about them.
And, speaking of editors...
surprisingly, they’re not on the list you sent me.

An African Angel
~ for Saint Monica
by Nicol Nixon Augusté

confident in chaos
because
angst can’t survive, can’t be alive
in a mother’s prayers
against her son’s
acid Manichean tongue
a machine of rhetoric,
philosophy
and meology

birthed that child
his father’s son,
kingdom come,
the Cain of the family
inheritance to carry on, and yet
her living deity
would call him, create in him
a friend

a mother’s prayer
always takes care
her call, an agent
her greatness
communicates
elucidates
escalates
venerates

Him
Sawfish 3 AM II
by Robert Beveridge

Let us go then, you and I,
and get drunk
and steal mail
at 3AM
ride shotgun
with a bunch
of rowdy
adolescent sawfish

we’ll use
their noses
to razor open
the envelopes
and throw away
everything but
love letters
in the tradition
of Jean-Paul Sartre

“there is nothing
but us, my love,
but us, and we
have lost our names
they were thrown
from the windows
of my little apartment
in Montparnasse
and now
we are only
each other”

You say
you’re reading
Foucault now
Discipline and Punish

a 1984-esque vision
that brands itself
behind your eyes

everyone watches
us these days
and they’ll know,
they’ll know
if you engage
in interspecies dating

These sawfish
around us drink
behind the wheel
and it occurs to you
they need discipline

you think they need punished

but in the end
it was your hand
it was our hands
on the window
every twenty seconds

that pulled envelopes
from their once-
private boxes

and by god
or whatever you take
to be divine

there is nothing
but us, my love,
but us.
The March of Dusk
by Mia Scissons

I sleep to wake, and wake to nightmare’s fear.
I feel in the morning, still I will dream.
I run by walking where Psyche appears.
Men know when darkness falls light brings no cheer.
What of this nothingness halts you to scream?
I sleep to wake, and wake to nightmare’s fear.
We know breath. How if by death’s volunteer?
A mushroom cap nests near pools of egg cream.
I run by walking where Psyche appears.
Oh, Great Creator, why silence seem near?
I know where I go. And go it must seem.
I sleep to wake, and wake to nightmare’s fear.
You who walks far; lest you who walks so dear.
What must you think of the oak tree’s regime?
I run by walking where Psyche appears.
Halt by Sun’s mistress before the sky veers.
I know where I stay. And stay I must dream.
I sleep to wake, and wake to nightmare’s fear.
I run by walking where Psyche appears.

Free Flowing Genetics
by Caroline Dziubek

jagged, raw tears result in pink blankets
mothers burn candles that smell of tonka bean and pine
ashy rose skin scorched from the adhesive strips
that reek of Neosporin and iron
fathers burn steak and onions on negro char
wipe that crimson syrup from knuckles
dapple the dark liquor that drips from nostrils
smear wine that tastes of gasoline around the neck
wear it as a collar, your necklace
swallow the gore within contorted muscle
sons shine bright with rice crisps crumbling in a fist
ruby glass pierces a colonized vein far downstream
where Brita-filtered water meets a fermented wound
daughters twist blonde braids into thick, hairy knots
sagged skin rips and drips into thorough puddles of ancestry
it is so long
it is never done
families fear color on waxen, plump skin
blood brands each and every one
Within the Eye of a Sandstorm
by Robert Beveridge

In this landscape
of cracked earth, bluffs,
and dry scrub,
a single dandelion is more
than every rose
in Ireland

Call to Prayer
by Nicole Auguste

come to me.
how, Lord?
in prayer.
when, Lord?
now.
when, Lord?
now.
okay, Lord.
the Light is the way.
in the resting body?
yes.
in the calm of the evening?
yes.
in the chaos of distraction?
I am.
the cicadas sound loud, Lord. I can’t hear you.
I am.
And they calmed
I feel your heat on my cheek, Lord.
this is my Way
Authors’ Biographies

Robert Beveridge makes noise (xterminal.bandcamp.com) and writes poetry just outside Cleveland, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in Survision, Loud Zoo, and Ghostlight, among others.

Kristie Betts Letter’s poetry collection Under-Worldly came out in April from Editorial L’Aleph. Other works have appeared in journals such as The Massachusetts Review, The North Dakota Quarterly, Washington Square, Passages North, Pangolin Papers, and The Southern Humanities Review. She’s won several teaching awards in Colorado for forcing Hamlet on high school seniors, and also plays a mean game of pub trivia. For more please visitkristiebettsletter.com

Joseph Mills, a faculty member at the University of North Carolina School of the Arts, has published six collections of poetry with Press 53, most recently Exit, pursued by a bear which consists of poems triggered by stage directions in Shakespeare. He also writes fiction, criticism, and non-fiction, and his essay “On Hearing My Daughter Trying to Sing Dixie” won the 2017 Rose Post Creative Nonfiction Competition. More information about his work is available at www.josephrobertmills.com.

Laura Ott has a Master’s degree in Organizational Leadership and in spring 2017 completed a Bachelor of Arts degree in Art. She is influenced by the approach of the classical artists whose compositions are serene, idealized and contemplative. Calmness and serenity permeates her work.


Kevin Brown is a Professor at Lee University. He has published three books of poetry: Liturgical Calendar: Poems (Wipf and Stock); A Lexicon of Lost Words (winner of the Violet Reed Haas Prize for Poetry, Snake Nation Press); and Exit Lines (Plain View Press). He also has a memoir, Another Way: Finding Faith, Then Finding It Again, and a book of scholarship, They Love to Tell the Stories: Five Contemporary Novelists Take on the Gospels. You can find out more about him and his work atwww.kevinbrownwrites.com/
Allison M. Pattison is an Assistant Professor of English. Her work has appeared in *Failed Haiku, Ground Fresh Thursday, Feminist Spaces,* and others. She is also a peer reviewer for *Whale Road Review.*

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in *Sheepshead Review, Studio One* and *Columbia Review* with work upcoming in *Louisiana Review, Poem* and *Spoon River Poetry Review.*

James Daniel Gillespie is a PhD student studying English literature of the early modern period at the University of Memphis, Tennessee. His poetry has appeared in journals such as *Counterexample Poetics, Burningword,* and *The Kitchen Poet.* Gillespie serves as editor of *Hieroglyph,* the literary journal of Southwest Tennessee Community College, where he teaches composition and literature.


Darrell Dela Cruz’s work has appeared in or will appear in *The Ignatian,* pamplemousse, Stillwater, and Soliloquies Anthology. He has a blog where he analyzes poems: retailmfa.blogspot.com. He graduated with an MFA in Poetry from San Jose State University.

Caroline Dziubek is a senior at Notre Dame Academy in Toledo, Ohio. She renewed her interest in poetry during her junior year of high school while taking a creative writing class. At the moment, she intends to study either English, Film, or Political Science. Caroline would like to thank Mrs. Laura Gallaher, Mrs. Lindsay Sutton, and Mrs. Kelly Wood, three of the teachers in her high school’s English department, for encouraging her to pursue her interests and work harder to become a better writer. Without their help, she would not have pushed herself in this subject (or have studied for those vocabulary quizzes). This is Caroline’s first time being accepted into *The Tau.*

Mia Scissons is a sophomore at Lourdes University. She is currently working towards a degree in biology with a minor in chemistry. Recently, Mia received Lourdes University’s “Excellence in Writing” award for her outstanding achievements in literature. When she isn’t researching the evolution of filoviruses or composing poetry, Mia can be found outside under the sun, riding her horse.

Nicol Nixon Augusté, PhD is a Professor of Liberal Arts at the Savannah College of Art and Design. Her research interests include Women & Theology, Rhetoric & Composition, and Native American studies. Her work has appeared in *Sandhill Review and Catholic Medical Quarterly UK.* She is an American Academy in Rome Affiliated Fellowship recipient (2016). Her book, *Rome’s Female Saints: A Poetic Pilgrimage to the Eternal City* (2017) is a multidisciplinary work comprised of biography, prayer, and poetry stemming from her passion for telling the stories of underrepresented women (see https://www.facebook.com/romesfemalesaints/ for the companion website).

Lyn Uratani works for the City and County of Honolulu and is a PhD student at the University of Hawaii at Manoa. Her MA thesis, “Not Everyone Was Asleep: Personifications of Antiquity and Progress in José Rizal’s *Touch Me Not and El Filibusterismo*,” was awarded the Boise State University Distinguished Master’s Thesis Award (non-STEM category) in 2014. “Slats” is her first poem in ten years.

James Rovira is a writer and scholar who lives in the greater Jackson, MS area. He has been publishing poetry, short stories, creative non-fiction, reviews, and literary and film scholarship since the 1990s. His most recent poems have appeared in Issue 7 of *SPECS Journal* (April 2016) and in the November 2014 issue of *Truck.* His book, *Blake and Kierkegaard: Creation and Anxiety,* was published in 2010 by Continuum, and he is currently at work as editor of the anthologies *Rock and Romanticism* and *Reading and History.* He calls his more experimental poems “Mondrian Haikus” because they are based on haiku but use brackets to create windows that make possible different conceptual and linguistic spaces. He blogs at jamesrovira.com.
Peter Faziani is a PhD Candidate in Literature and Criticism at Indiana University of Pennsylvania as well as the Founding Editor of Red Flag Poetry, a poetry postcard project at heart that has recently started publishing longer works. Recently some of his poetry has been published in Words Dance, Ocean State Review, Rising Phoenix Review, among others. Additionally, his first full-length collection, Warning Shots, will be published by Words Dance in July 2017. He is a Michigander at heart living in western Pennsylvania supported by his wife, lovely children, and boisterous corgis.

Jane Blanchard lives and writes in Georgia. Her poetry has recently appeared in Artemis, Blue Unicorn, The French Literary Review, The Seventh Quarry, and U.S.1 Worksheets. She has two collections, Unloosed and Tides & Currents, both available from Kelsay Books.

Kayla Hensel is a junior enrolled in the Pre-Art Therapy program at Lourdes University. Never one for athletics, she has always had a passion for the arts and has been using it to express herself since she was a child. She hopes to one day utilize this passion to help others after becoming a licensed art therapist.

Fabrice Poussin teaches French and English at Shorter University. Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in Kestrel, Symposium, The Chimes, and dozens of other magazines. His photography has been published in The Front Porch Review, the San Pedro River Review and more than 200 other publications.

Lauren Poslaiko is a sophomore at Lourdes who is studying Pre-Medicine and is a member of the women’s soccer team. She has been writing since she was young, and is extremely honored to be among the authors and artists published in this edition of the Tau.

Shola Balogun, playwright, poet and writer, whose creative Muse is the Mystic ladder of the Yoruba world and Judeo-Christian thoughts, is from Yoruba South-Western part of Nigeria, West Africa. He has featured as a guest writer and contributor, especially in the areas of poetry, Postcolonial studies and dramatic criticism to various Magazines and Journals.

Call for Submissions for 2017-2018 Tau

Deadline: January 31, 2018

Please email submissions to Tau@lourdes.edu

You may submit up to five, double-spaced entries. Each one should be in a separate, Word-compatible file. Accepted formats are Word (.docx), Word 1997-2003 (.doc), and Rich Text Format (.rtf).

Please do not include your name in the document or the filename of the document. Use the title of your work as the name of the file.