

# Issue #32

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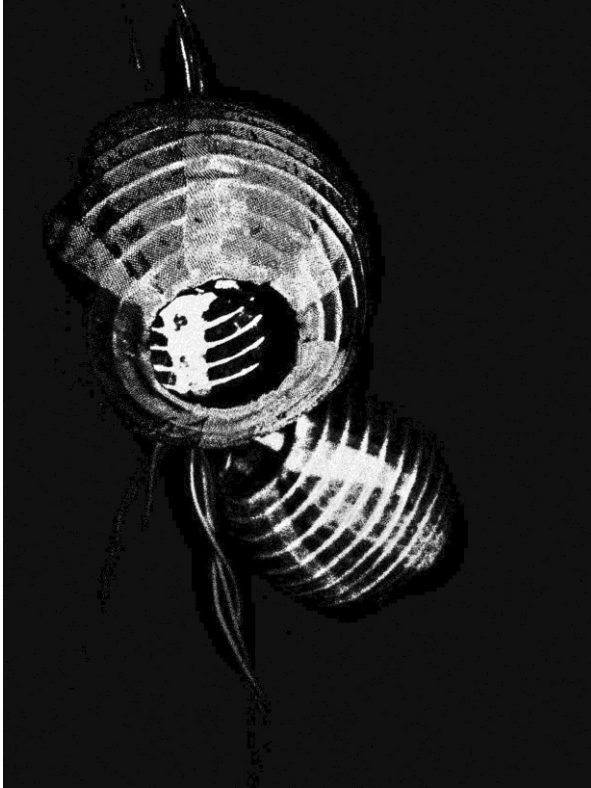
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# Julie deGarie

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- Three Poems -

## *WHY SHE SAID YES*

There's the easy answer, of course—  
 his caramel-coloured eyes that shackled hers,  
 pulled taut a string of energy between them;  
 his Irish tongue that twisted her whispered  
 name into something exotic, something  
 virgin; the thousand tiny bonfires  
 his palm ignited on the small of her back.

But it was never that simple. She wanted  
 him totally, to know her touch  
 was bourbon-fierce, that when she pulled back,  
 his muscles shivered at the loss. She wanted  
 to direct him - *your lips go here, your hand  
 down further, your* - until now as the untethered  
 dawn touches the glass, he sleeps on her,  
 acquiescent and heavy as water.

Soon this bed, this white womb, will bear  
 them back to their separate lives. They will  
 uncoil and in an hour, his scent  
 still a glaze upon her skin, she'll stand at Starbucks,  
 stage-whisper his name to a girlfriend.  
 When the salesgirl digs one Shag-Me Pink  
 nail into a magazine, creasing his face,  
 her "Oh my God, you know him?"  
 will spark another kind of heat.

***HOW ALICE MIGHT HAVE FELT***

I.

In the lush yellow light before the storm,  
I ask you for your autograph. I'm jittery,  
a half-tame wolf bitch poised to bolt  
across the emptying bar. We talk—  
you over beer, me over whiskey, glass  
rocks-cold and skinned in water—  
until thunder heaves the pregnant air.  
You grasp the hem of my skirt, run  
your fingers between skin and fabric  
like a bee exploring the petals of a lily,  
leaving tufts of stars in your wake.

II.

Outside, the rain fuses neon to asphalt.  
In here we're just the same: slick and wet  
and falling, falling down the rabbit hole. Perhaps  
if we'd fallen far enough, we'd have found  
that strange still place where I didn't wish  
I'd worn my favourite black silk bra, didn't make  
you prove you had a condom, and you didn't  
have to ask what I liked because you already knew.

Instead we land like novice paratroopers:  
awkward, a jumble of limbs,  
my hips in your lap, your arm around my rib cage,  
and you're thrusting, thrusting, never reaching my heart.

***REALIZATION OVER DINNER IN SYDNEY***

Between bites of prime rib, you tell me  
of your fascination with sharks - how  
tiger sharks, their feline stripes filtered  
in the light, stalk unsuspecting surfers,  
how the grey nurse shark, stout-bodied  
king of aquariums, gulps air for ballast.  
You say, "I'm swimming with them  
before I leave" and I know right then:

*I could never be a Buddhist.*

I picture you in a wetsuit, neoprene  
snug to the curve of your shoulders,  
your slim hips, long legs, and I want  
to peel you like an orange, to lay along  
your length, lick the salt from your skin.



# Ian Kappos

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- One Story -

## *IN THE LEPER COLONY*

### *Boys Don't Cry (Unless They Pathologically Liquefy)*

The Waxen Man's body is encrusted to a heater that has long since become obsolete. I keep the window ajar behind him, hoping that the occasional breeze will help to slow the gradual downward crawl of his flesh. The equatorial heat is a proven foe.

—I started it all, you know, he tells me from time to time.

—I was the revolution.

—I know, I answer.

I am the only one who will talk to the Waxen Man anymore.

—You should stop smoking that shit.

Withdrawing the long pipe from my lips, I say, —It makes me feel good.

I smoke, thinking of candles and scabs. My lungs swell with sweet effluvia.

The Waxen Man gurgles his dissatisfaction. He grows smaller by the day.

—They used to listen to me, the Waxen Man says.

—You're melting, I tell him.

—Comraah?

("Comrade.")

Angel is standing outside the doorway, his misshapen bulk unable to fit through the frame. He looks in without daring a glance at the Waxen Man. With one webbed hand he beckons me.

—Cahm, he says. —Weh fund anuver un.

Angel's distorted face and mouth allow little in the way of clear speech.



I put down my pipe and grab a jar of milk, leaving the Waxen Man in silence. I often wonder what goes through his mind when I am not present to indulge him.

*Like Love, Learning Comes In spurts*

They found me in a canoe afloat in a drying creek.

I was lost in the wilderness and had very little recollection of how I got there. Angel and Diamanda were the ones who found me. Angel - blunt lips and wide eyes and one long, bulbous hockey stick of an arm - and Diamanda, nasty Diamanda.

They took me to their camp, a haphazard sprawl in the middle of a village proper. They fed me rice and beans. Others of their strange tribe looked on me from a distance with something like satisfaction.

I remember Diamanda saying something like:

—An ugly specimen, he is. Smooth. Shiny. Ugly.

I understood the "shiny," as I was sweating and in ill health, but not the "smooth." I was bearded and my hair constantly obscured my vision. Even in my malnutrition, I had the wherewithal to feel uneasy.

Regardless, they took me to an old, pockmarked woman whom, it appeared, was held in high esteem. They left me alone with her, by her tent and a small fire. Many foreign ornaments lay about in a sort of cunning mess. She would cough into a cup, making sure to catch with it all that spilled from her mouth. Into this cup she also poured the fluids that she lanced from a few boils on her shoulders.

She would have me drink this. If I retched she would set about beating me with a stick until I could swallow it all without regurgitating any. I awoke the next morning with fresh cuts and bruises, but felt better. The old woman had me drink another one of these concoctions, and so it continued for a while.

In the following days strange obtrusions surfaced across my body. My head became heavier on one side, and soon there was little more I could do than let it droop to the right. Discolorations blossomed in patches about my person.

One day, Angel embraced me and I knew that some common ground had crept beneath our feet. There was no denying the charisma of the lummoX. Diamanda still had a strong distaste for me, but she tolerated me, and that's all that I needed. Things tended to happen this way, in the Colony.

I was one of the family.

*I Wanna Be Your Bog*

Angel, Diamanda and I inhabit one room in a destitute hotel. We have pushed the two beds together so that we can huddle together for warmth. Angel lies between Diamanda and me. I wrap as much of myself around his ill-defined girth as I can while he cradles Diamanda in his one good arm. Scattered pages of a Bible we found in the room function as sheets to soak up the fluids running from Angel's sores.

Angel hasn't felt his arm in weeks. It weeps sickly liquids unremittingly. The big man has claimed that the feeling, the numbness, has spread elsewhere. He complains of laboured breathing and muscle spasms. In the last few days it has been very difficult for him to even get up.

—Comraah?

Angel is speaking to me, as Diamanda doesn't believe in conversation during "bedtime."

—Oo knuh whu oo aff tuh duh, righ'?

—Yes, Angel, I say. —We know what we have to do.

Angel says one more thing before falling silent, and I know Diamanda is awake, aflame with inner conflict. Diamanda, in-bred, and bred by hate. I swear her body pulses with the burden of her thoughts.

He said we have to keep them going.  
*Oo aff tuh.*

*The Chant Of The Ever-Circling Mycobacterial Family*

We drink milk before the ritual. It inspires more phlegm, as the old woman wisely puts it.

Dozens of us gather around the newcomer. It is a young woman this time, and she looks scared. I always feel sorry for the scared ones. There is no need to be afraid.

Angel approaches her and sets a hand on her shoulder, consolingly, assuredly. His size and deformities seem only to put her more ill at ease. Poor girl. He only means well.

We all drink milk and circle about her. Some even adopt a monotone hum as they go about it. We spit and cough and puke all over her. She is baptized in a patchwork sheen of mucus, spittle and vomitus. She sobs. Soon, she will no longer have a reason to sob. She has found home, even if now she is unaware of it.

It is beautiful.

*The Dim Progenitor*

—It's Earth in retrograde, says the Waxen Man. —That's what it is. You know people in these parts toiled in fields all their lives harvesting that flower you're smoking? Want to know what their standard of living was?

—Not particularly, I say. —It doesn't really bear any weight with us.

The air is a miasma of heat and pestilence. Every few minutes I have to carve a new mouth into the increasingly formless blob that is the Waxen Man so that he can continue berating me.

—I taught them everything they know. And now they spit on me with their ingratitude.

—If only you were so lucky.

—Ancient cultures used to dispose of their handicapped and their deformed. I'm starting to see the sense in that.

—I'm starting to see why they no longer listen to you.

Someone approaches the room. I look to the door to see Diamanda standing in the wan glow of the gas lamp. The awkward slope of her oversized forehead, the pinched smallness of her chin, look elegant in this cast of light.

I know the look in her eyes. I get up and leave.

The Waxen Man spills onto the floor in silence.

### Nonalignment Tract

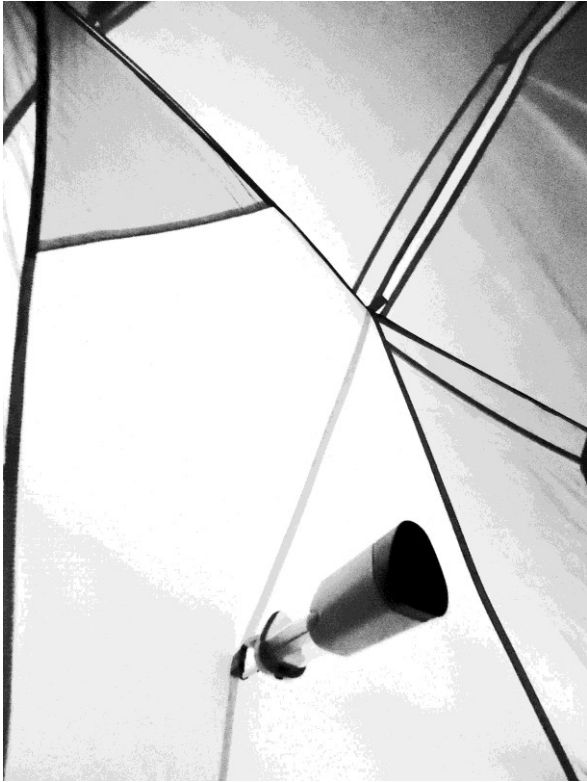
Angel's body is heavy and cumbersome and it takes five of us, Diamanda and me included, to get him down the stairs and into the street. The rest of the Colony has already gathered there.

We encircle Angel's body. The look on his face is serene. He was noble. Even in dying, he was noble.

*Keeb uhm goeen, cahmrade. Ooh aff tuh.*

A sort of communal rhythm jolts through us. We join hands, or in some cases twisted parodies of hands. We dance on gnarled feet, on fused legs; we bob on amputated torsos. We piss and shit and vomit and cum across the corpse of our fallen brother. We would have it no other way. We are a candle without wax, without end.

We dare not burn the body.



# Annette Volfing

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- Three Poems -

*It*

you feel it almost more on the good days,  
the way parents say *isn't it quiet* when the children  
are somewhere else; on the good days when you are  
baked through, and tired from walking, and stand naked  
in front of the mirror, trying to distinguish  
sun-burn from nettle-sting, and the soul – or whatever  
you call it – starts to relax, peeks out of its hole  
like some little rodent, and you know  
you can't complain, not too much,  
after a day like that; yet you also know  
that nothing has really changed, and never  
will, and that there is no point to any days,  
good or bad, other than to get through them,  
so that they are behind you, not in front,  
not like that speckled girl in the mirror, naked apart  
from her glass of wine, who looks at you  
with big eyes asking *what now*–

***DOG DAYS******Marrakech, August 2008***

I'd thought you would tag along all day,  
but you didn't want to. You were tired.  
And you couldn't find your way  
to the riad, so I had to walk you back after lunch,  
through all the little alleys, half an hour  
each way – not that I minded. The hard hot  
sky, the harder stares – I gulped it all down,  
couldn't get enough beads and soaps,  
slippers and scarves. You didn't buy a thing.  
Odd, I thought, that you should look so wan  
even in the shade, so blank in your bleached  
linen dress. Still, it was your first time,  
and I could see why that dying dog  
might have upset you–

*It's just the last few weeks. Work's been . . .*

*Of course. Mine too. (Isn't that why we're here?)*

In the evening, you were still tired,  
but I managed to drag you right across town  
to a place where we drank *vin gris de Guerrouane*,  
while the sky turned white, just for a moment,  
as though the day was starting again.

***A STITCH IN TIME***

Sew up my mouth.

Plug the howling hole.

I hate it when they say,

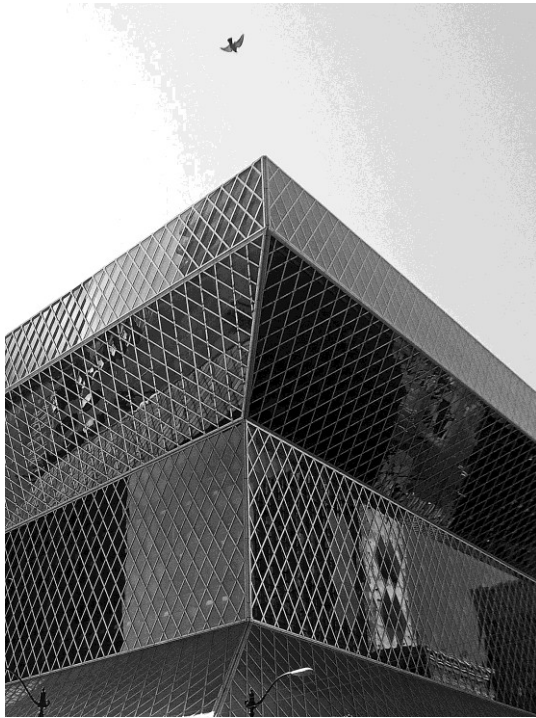
*Are you okay?*

It's worse, though, when they don't-

that's when I start.

Sew up my mouth.





# Jared Yates Sexton

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- One Story -

## *ALONE, YPSILANTI*

I have this dream. This dream where everything goes wrong. It all goes wrong and my teeth fall out. They crack and break and fall out of my head. I'll be talking to someone - my girlfriend, my mom, my dentist - and it starts. I'm talking and then I'm watching my teeth fall out. I close my mouth and try and hold them back but they rush out like a waterfall, a sea of white teeth vomiting out of me.

I always wake up. I'm in a bed under my comforter, in my bedroom, in my house. In Michigan. In my girlfriend's arms. I scream and touch my teeth to be sure. You had the dream again, my girlfriend says. I did, I say. Your teeth fell out, my girlfriend says. All over, I say. They fell in a pile and the pile grew until it was a mountain. A mountain of teeth, my girlfriend says. A mountain of teeth, I say.

Over breakfast we discuss the dream. My girlfriend and me. I stir my coffee while she scoops the heart out of a grapefruit. I'm still frightened, I tell her. You should be, she says. I read in a magazine it means you have something to say, she says. Something difficult. I take a drink but can't taste anything. I put my cup down and try my teeth again. They are all sturdy, good fine teeth. My dentist tells me there's nothing to worry about. I am a wonderful specimen, he tells me.

My mom and I shop at the mall at stores with age-appropriate blouses and slacks. You need rest, she says to me. She is searching through a bin of discount costume jewellery. You're

tired, she says. You're worn, she says. Maybe, I say. You're too worried about your career, she says. What career? I say. I don't have a career, I say.

I don't have a career.

My dentist, so happy to see me. His staff of buxom nurses always close to his side. My son, he says. He puts me in his chair and places a bib around my neck. One of his nurses, a blonde with curls the size of racecar shocks, fumbles with his belt while another, a short redhead, massages his fingers with oils and stones. The exam begins and he coos and the nurses coo. What teeth, he says. What wonderful, lovely teeth. I want to take pictures, he says. I want to hang pictures of your teeth from every wall in my house.

A television commercial tells me I am not in a dream. A lawyer in his office, selling class-action lawsuits. His hair in a perfect part. Gold watches on his wrist. You are not dreaming, he says. This world is real, he says. You are real, he says. And then more about class-action lawsuits. Hotlines and fine print.

A presentation. My girlfriend and me sitting in our living room, on our couch, drinking from glasses we haven't owned in ages. Pay attention to the graph, she says. The peaks and valleys tell the entire story, she says. Here is the height of our love. She points to a wonderful swell in the past. And here it is, she says, pointing to a rot-coloured line that runs to the bottom of the poster board. This is today, she says. This is where my love has ceased, she says. I think I'm dreaming, I say. You're not dreaming, she says.

A restaurant, a table in the front, by the windows, my mom and me watching the cars pass. A lady next to us is discussing an

explosion in the sky. Limbs littering the street. My mom breaks a bone on her plate and sucks the marrow until there is no marrow to suck. I'm marrying your father again, she says. I think I'm asleep, I say. I think I'm dreaming, I say. You're not dreaming, she says. Her hands glisten with sweat. I'm marrying your father again, she says. But Dad's been dead for eight years, I say. No, she says. He's only been resting.

The nurses prepare bowls of water and milk and sing with the voice of a tight-hinged door. A thousand radios on every shelf of my dentist's office, all tuned to the same static-filled station. Your teeth, he says. He's taking pictures with a camera the size of a car, the nurses strumming his chest. A hammer in his apron, a bucket at his side. He draws the hammer from his apron and slams the head against my teeth and they shatter. My dentist fills his fist with them and swings again. The nurses take their turns. My mouth filled. My lap filled. The bucket and floor filled. The room filled and my dentist and his nurses swimming through a white sea. I'm dreaming, I say to myself. My dentist, through the waves, his head the size of a mad whale's, the nurses like barnacles suckling from his giant whale teats. You're not dreaming, he says. I promise you, you're not dreaming. I'm inclined to believe.



# Chas Holden

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- Three Poems -

## *OPTIMIST*

Back and forth, I follow  
the stitch of bridges over this river.  
There's a quiet island  
forking the cold flow  
where wind never dies.  
That's where we should  
hide, bide time, till  
the riot fires die.  
Then unpack our rock  
ark and begin the sick  
business of rebuilding.  
How far can we jumpstart  
humanity given only what we know?  
Equipped with fire, iron, and wheel,  
we'll skip the Stone Age, at least.  
Most of physics will be missed  
but we'll gain a thousand ways  
to say *loss, sorry, should've, and gone.*

***KNIFE FIGHT OVER FIREWOOD***

Blades made of moonlight  
flicker between fingers,  
flash before your face  
- slash traces a red arroyo from  
eye to abandoned smile lines.

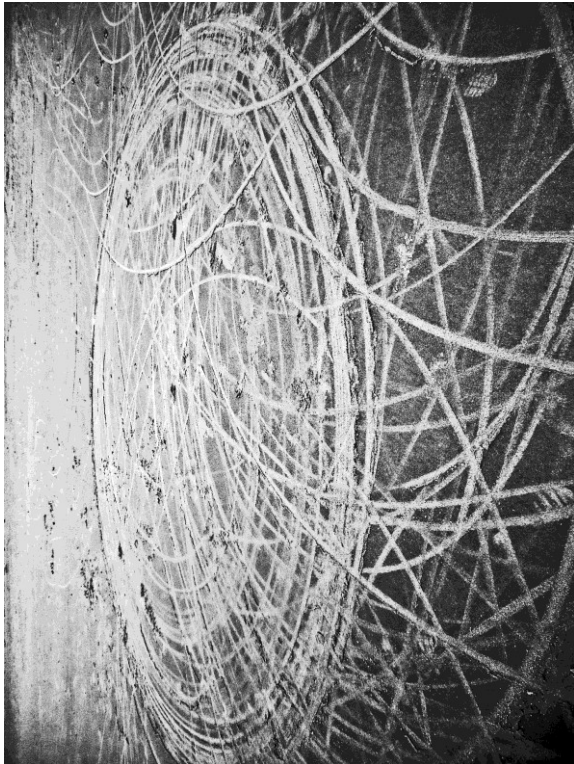
There is no silence like this.

Victor keeps his family's  
feet warm, while you lose face  
and a few blue toes to the cold.

***DOS AND DON'TS AT THE END OF THE WORLD***

Plan to spend several hours in search of shelter. Yes, there are many hollowed shells to hide in, but not all buildings are fitting. Don't bother with mediocre ruins, e.g. the Martin Van Burin Memorial Parking Garage. See how passing clouds catch their reflections on scratched and shattered glass edifices. Don't listen to Crow's story, you've heard it all before, and the sun is quickly sinking into stone. Long gone's the days of fireside chats. Abandoned townhalls are your best bet: their cherrywood furniture burns hot with little flame and its smoke adds flavour when roasting rats or battered cans. Don't enter without checking for inhabitants: make a little inhuman noise, throw stones or something. Empty echoes and scattering birds are good omens. Walking through spiderweb means you're on the right path. Don't barter with snake-faced traders; their fruit is seldom fresh. Watch the million ways water may fall, and try to follow. Keep your fires humble to prevent the glow from growing out the windows. Long gone's the days of hospitality's open hearth. If you can't keep that kid quiet, I'm gonna have to kill it. Long gone's the days of tired clichés like "the children are our future". See how tree roots squeeze stones like a serpent coiled around her eggs. Try to find the faith of a child-spider in its homemade parachute. Try to find the faith of a falling bird in its hollow bones. Try until you're too tired, then wake tomorrow to try again.





# Laura Tansley

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- One Story -

## *ANGLESEY*

We sleep with most of our clothes on: tired, drunk, unsure of undressing in front of each other again, but it's too hot. I'm too hot.

"You said you'd go through with this," he says.

I did say it. I agreed, because I'm convinced if he said jump, I'd land on my feet. But the wood fires and storage heaters spew out heat like hand-dryers, taking all the moisture out of the air and replacing it with close tension.

"I did," I say.

"Well help me out then, would you."

I want to grab his hair and pull it. Instead I roll over to end this conversation. I'll pretend to be with him for a little bit longer, to save face, to maintain some balance or whatever it was he wanted this for – I wasn't listening that hard to the explanation. But I squirm so much in the night he takes a blanket and sleeps on the floor.

We're on the edge of something. There are a few ways this could go.

We're up late. One of the couples has already made breakfast so we offer to do the washing up, easing ourselves back into a domestic routine. Others drift in and out of the kitchen where we small talk, catch up.

The holiday house has been paid for months in advance, books up quickly because it's right on the beach. He didn't want to lose his deposit or the opportunity. So today, in twos, we stream out of the front gate and onto the sand. These twos get

muddled as we walk towards the cliffs. It gives him a chance to break away, to really talk to these friends of his instead of exchanging safe trivialities with me. I walk with another woman who I let ramble on about her job, her baby, her house, her garden.

"Foxgloves are poisonous, you know..." I do know this, I've seen enough episodes of *Poirot*, "...and Jacob Junior always has a flower in his mouth – he's so curious – I'm breastfeeding Janet who's always hungry and Nick hasn't got time to dig up the yew tree..."

Her monologue shifts from bud to breast to banking in the city. I raise my eyebrows in response; she leaves no spaces for another's words.

As the day gets on it gets cold. The wind picks up and clouds roll in so we turn to go back. My hat blows away, turning on its rim like a wheel. He chases it into rock pools, chivalrous to the end, this end at least. He brings it back to me sopping, salted.

Back at the house some of the others have started a puzzle, have started drinking again. He opens a bottle of wine and pours me a glass. I offer to help, sidling onto the shag carpet. Poised on all fours, arching my back, I look at endless pieces of sky, make jokes, try to catch his eye, hope that he's looking at my arse. I drink red wine, strawberry beer, pear cider, vodka-cranberry, till my tongue, teeth, lips and cheeks are flushed.

The sky never gets finished; it's too blue, too bare. We lose interest, create a ring of drinking games with a pack of cards, and stick the kings to our foreheads. Conversations start that no one is absolved from. Where's the weirdest place you've ever...what was the worst time ever... have you ever walked in on... Drink makes them all so curious. And randy.

"We once did it on a bough of a tree," I say.

His face is curious, so I lay it on thick. Nothing to lose, something to gain, so I borrow the bluest story I know.

"Yeah," I say, "It. Was. Incredible. We were younger, braver. People walked right past below us. I had to bite my own fingers to keep quiet. I caught my tights on a branch and left them up there, ripped in two by twigs and... other things."

The woman with the foxgloves empties the last of the gin in to her glass and says, "That's bullshit."

He looks relieved, laughs to himself, re-drawing the picture in his head of the ecstasy he created in me. I can appreciate this; we all need to imagine the past to cope with it.

The night continues; the music gets loud, then quieter again. Couples move to their rooms like a lowering tide. In bed I inch my way towards him, toes creeping across the sheets until our feet are kissing, but he's oblivious.

The next day people pack and leave, slowly but surely. We volunteer to be the last to go so that I can get a train in the opposite direction to where he's driving without anyone realising. We tidy the house, sweep the sand and beer-bottle caps from the floor, lock the doors and return the keys to the owner who lives in the village. He drops me off in a corner shop, leaves me staring at magazines and crisps and sweets. Too many decisions.

"I'll call you when I get home," he says.

"Okay."

"Thanks for... this."

"You're welcome."

Manners above all else, I think.

"Is it even possible to have sex up a tree?" he asks.

Then I make a decision.

"Yes."

He leaves and I buy Doctor Pepper and paracetamol.

Sitting on the damp concrete floor of the station toilet, waiting for the 15:07 with green paper towels stuck to my face

with sweat, I throw it back up. The red of it all splatters on the metal bowl, makes the other women in here with me wince and walk away.

When I finally get on a train it sways out of the station past fields of felled trees. The fresh stumps and wan sawdust cover any trace of the grass that lies beneath. My tights will have to snag on different splinters, on somebody else's finger nails.



# TA Seabrook

---

- Three Poems -

## *THE ELEPHANT RECOGNIZES ITS BONES*

The elephant recognizes  
its bones.

Correction.

The elephants knows  
the bones of its kin.

Its family. Its calf.

Its herd. The elephant  
stumbles across bones  
of another elephant

bleached white  
from the sun.

The elephant knows  
white. There is  
a passageway made  
of sand. I have passed  
through several  
times. My hair  
covers my body.

My kin recognizes  
my journey, they  
have been on it  
for so long. The elephant  
takes this passage  
when the rains begin.

It is the resurrection.

I drink from the cup.

I drink the blood  
and am washed

N E O N

in white.

The saved  
know white.

The elephant knows  
white. They mourn  
the death of their herd.

They mourn the bones  
the sun has  
bleached white.

They bury the dead  
but they are not washed,  
they do not drink  
from the blood.

For forty years  
they have journeyed  
the sand. They have buried  
the bones of their kin.

They are not the saved.

I have drank from  
the blood. My body is covered  
in hair. My hair

is not white. They bury  
their bones in the sand.

I drink from the cup.

The saved know white.

I recognize my bones.

Correction.



***THE MIGRATION***

When you woke the world was a trail  
for how long had you dreamt the journey of an elephant?  
And when you woke,  
did you still dream of a migration, or were they no longer pioneers,  
but elephants, without fate, not knowing the long road behind  
and even longer ahead?

***ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD***

The elephant's skeleton,  
waxed and polished  
stands upright  
in the fourth corridor  
of the Natural History Museum.

Invisible wires,  
taut from ceiling to bone  
keep her suspended,  
front leg raised,  
as if to take a step.

Mother cow.  
For how long  
did she lead her herd  
through wilderness?  
Her sloped skull  
fractured with the recollection  
of bone-coloured clay.

And did she weep  
when she realized,  
even skinless and mute,  
she'd be catalogued  
by strangers?

Perhaps,  
when the halogen lights  
dim after a day's work,  
she conjures a place  
where she can rest her head  
on the spine of her father.



# William Breden

---

- Three Poems -

## *LIES WE BELIEVE ABOUT OURSELVES*

Adolescence wasn't that big a deal  
it was the apocryphal apocalypse  
the big bang that wasn't

It was the hot rush of hope and the  
lingering melancholy of school  
fingering everything that moves

It was turning to my first love to say  
the rest of my life is a long time  
I don't want to spend it with you

**TODAY**

So today is the anniversary  
without a card.  
No candles or flowers or words.

Perhaps we need to say the words  
if only to hear the echo.  
The change in the light of the eyes, the downward glance

As I sit alone in the house I hear the echo.  
Upstairs, behind a closed door.

**WIDE EYED**

When we were seventeen  
and your wide eyes had me drowned  
you worked in a bar in the holidays  
for ten pounds an hour

You said that  
"One of them offered me a lift home  
And waited for me to leave  
And offered again"

I wish I'd kissed you just once  
before your eyes narrowed  
but ten pounds an hour  
is a lot of money



# Contributors

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**Julie deGarie** was born near the water and now lives in the mountains. She has been writing poetry off and on for several years, but has just recently gotten serious about it. She agrees with Richard Hugo's assertion that truth should conform to music.

**Ian Kappos** was born and raised in Northern California. He studied film and screenwriting at the Academy of Art University in San Francisco, and presently attends community college in Sacramento, California, intending to eventually earn a degree in English Literature. His fiction has previously appeared in *Specious Species*.

**Annette Volfing** is originally from Denmark. She is now an academic teaching Middle High German literature. Her poems have appeared in *The Interpreter's House*, *Smith's Knoll*, *Snakeskin* and *The Oxford Magazine*.

**Jared Yates Sexton** is an Assistant Professor of Creative Writing at Georgia Southern University and Managing Editor at *BULL*. His work has been published around the world and his first collection of stories, *An End To All Things*, will be released by Atticus Books in November.

**Chas Holden** is a freelance writer/photographer and struggling poet/grad-student working on an MFA at Eastern Washington University. Originally trained as a journalist, he is currently a disciple of poetry. His work has appeared in *5x5*, *a handful of stones*, *unFold*, *Belletrist Coterie*, and the Poets for Living Waters project.

**Laura Tansley** is a recent PhD graduate in Creative Writing from the University of Glasgow. Her research involves exploring short-short forms and feminine expressions. Her creative and critical writing has been published in anthologies and journals, both online and in print. Most recently she appeared in issue seven of *Gutter*, a journal which showcases new Scottish writing.

**TA Seabrook** received a BA in English from the University of Florida, and an MFA in Poetry from the University of Michigan. She currently teaches at the Anglo-American University in Prague. Her poems have been published in several print and online publications including, *The Northern Virginia Review*, *The Shadyside Review*, and in the upcoming *Cave Canem Anthology XIII*.

**William Breden** has talked all sorts of nonsense for years but has only recently started writing some of it down. He lives in England which is handy because that's where his wife, cats and fridge are. You can find his work in *Kenning Journal* and *Seltzer*. In his spare time he goes Bunburying.

**Deanna Larsen** is a poet and MFA Candidate at Minnesota State University, Mankato where she also teaches English Composition. Her work has appeared in *PANK*, *Blood Orange Review*, and a previous issue of *Neon*.