

Prudence Dispatch.

Issue No. 2
Winter 2026



Prudence
Dispatch.

A Poetry Journal

Issue No. 2

Winter 2026

Foreword

Every poem is an island.

For Issue No. 2, we embraced the initial inspiration for this journal. We called for poems responsive to the topic of *Islands: Real, Imagined & Metaphorical*. We expected, and received, submissions that spanned the continental range of this insular prompt. Poems that have geographies in islands. Poems that address the space between things. Poems that dream of worlds apart.

The 38 poets featured in Issue No. 2 of Prudence Dispatch write from places far afield from Prudence Island, the spot where we have pulled together this Winter 2026 edition. But the works in this volume all relate to Prudence Island in one way or another – whether that means conjuring a feeling of voyage, or of return; whether that means tying a location to a relationship of love, or of family, or of loss; or whether that means oscillating between notions of breathlessness and relief.

We hope you will take time with each of the poems in this journal. To hear the voices of these poets as they sound alone, and as they resound against each other.

And no poem is an island.

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STEVEN HORTON

Buying Grape-nuts

The old tie backs.

I'm buying Grape-nuts

at the small island market,

and the checker,

and older woman

with a pale face,

says, "Jack LaLanne."

"That man was in shape,"

I say. "I read once

that when he traveled

and stayed in motels,

he would hop, skip,

and dip around his room.

I could envision the hop,

and skip, but I never got

the dipping part. And I

don't believe he swam

from Alcatraz to San Francisco

handcuffed and shackled

pulling a thousand-pound boat
with his teeth. Do you?”

She looked at me obligingly,
like water receding sand,
like when you live
on a small chunk of land
that needs a ferry,
you just nod your head.

EMMA BARKER

night swim

flashlight in hand, I wend my way along dirt path
a few stars shining their paltry light

on the beach, a smoky orange moon reveals
her rounded self, sailboats sway, bats swoop

I wriggle into summer wetsuit
pat my sides, plump and sleek like a sexy seal

tread lightly over rocks encrusted with barnacles
into the inky unknown, up to my chest, pause

then detonate
carving the water with quick strokes

sudden pinpricks of light
shooting stars, fireflies but waterbound

I gasp in delight
these tiny plankton

this sorcery
that turns sea into sky

darkness to light
that transforms me from a heavy earthbound body

that fails, that keeps cycling with the moon
no matter what we try

to a weightless being
bobbing and cackling

cradled
in salty light

JEFFREY R. RICHARDSON

Maiden Voyage - Pelican Cannery, Chichagof Island, Alaska

In waning light

Rolling and pitching now
in the chop and long swell
that muscles past our hull
to batter the rocks off the starboard bow

We find the sweet mouth
of a sheltering fjord,
serene, beckoning —
the calm waters and forested shore
briefly a lover's embrace,
close and full
of intimate anticipation

But full darkness falls quickly
drawing down memories
of loves long lost,
the fjord's slender sea
the eyelash of a woman grieving
in a dusky room,
and we —
running lights glinting in the gloom —
we a tear sliding to its tip

Sparks ahead, lights of a town
we have cargo to unload
in sulking shadows by cannery lights;
machinery grinds and groans — winch, cable and crane,
we shout to be heard, to keep darkness
from washing us away,

wistful glances across inky pools of night
towards the sleeping town

Then, as a tear dries on a dark sleeping cheek,
we evaporate into the night, away from the dream,
the hint of human warmth
in those sparks, those window glows,
and glide toward the nightmare of a lonely tossing sea.

JENNA K. FUNKHOUSER

σπίτι

Only then, when you had no longer
home to turn to in the long darkness,
did you learn to enter the darkness as if
a home, and find it lit within. Only here,
when candles glow in their deep red
throats and sway in the breeze as a woman
in black lights them from a thin white flame.

You are surrounded by faces, as if through enough
silence you could enter the world itself and
clothe yourself in a skin of song. And the world
is so wide and wonderful, then, this vast
dark smile with its shining wink of gold.

You know now that to be a stranger means
to belong to the deep heart of everything born
out of a silence like this one: rich, dark,
unafraid of the tinny madness of a world, and
listening.

l.e. biddle

Odysseus, Open-Handed

I woke up on Ithaka
this morning, but I
didn't know where I was. It's

disorienting, coming home
to somewhere you've never before
been — So, I slept in.

Dreaming late,
to the sounds of the island
coming to life, all around me; and
lying there, in that strange harbour —

I held out my hands, both of them — I made
the appropriate gestures; open-palmed, in Ritual
Supplication... I mean — It was either that, or

I put-on my grey-eyes, old scars; my thighs, strong arms; and

— — full of mētis, (alone) — — I
held out my palms, open, I

Let myself (slowly) become recognizable.

EMMA MALBON

Dew Drop

an ocean of spit hangs on my lip
a questing pendulum
in salty surrender
where do we go
suspended in
messy wet
moon time
precarious libations
to roads of lost souls
winding roads
wandering
roll in the murky
mercurial
wavering wake
shore kissing
an ocean of spit hangs on my lip

DANIEL DAMIANO

The Ocean Equivalent

A sort of reggae beat
throbs through the rowhouse walls,
halts for a muffled argument
between flailing musicians,
then resumes with the same mistakes,
blending in
with the subway rip currents
below,
accompanying sirens
crying like seagulls
ebbing
towards some sort
of tragic denouement,
 while the innocent
 are consumed
 by the concrete undertow,
 then discarded like shells
 until that rare moment
 of low tide.

ALEXANDER GUTIERREZ

Island Real

It's 4:00 and we're still fighting –
I can't remember why –
The cats have scrambled away,
One of them is hiding in a box
And the other I think
Is just out of sight.

The pillow is a lethal weapon,
Our words are a bit too loud.
No one else has woken up
Because we live alone.

We go to sleep eventually,
And the phone squawks me awake.
The asphalt outside my window
Is an ocean, and it seems
Impenetrable.

MICHAEL THEROUX

Water, mostly

In a fern-lined glen,
cracks in ancient stone:
a spring bubbles forth.

This trickle becomes a stream,
streams gather into the River.
Rivers meld into the Ocean.

On open Southern Seas,
the sun teases vapor from the face of the deep.
Freshwater mists drift up, billowing clouds rise, frozen rain falls.

High amidst granite peaks, ice blue glacial vastness:
friction begets moisture, coursing down creases.
Earth's veins swell, surge, to emerge among ferns

We begin, we end, we begin again –
and all the while? You and I –
 we are water,
 mostly.

VERONICA TUCKER

Tidal Mark

The water pulls back,
leaving a scatter of shells
along the sand's throat.

I walk the line barefoot,
as if balance were something
I could collect and keep.

Behind me, the sea
erases my tracks,
then offers them back
in another shape.

I pause at the edge,
watch foam dissolve on stone,
the ocean reminding me
that even loss has rhythm.

Migration

Geese stitch the sky
with their ragged calligraphy.

I tilt my face upward,
reading what I can,
a story about leaving,
a promise to return.

Below, my children's laughter
runs through the grass,
wild and certain,
reminding me
how the body knows
its own direction.

The geese call once more,
their wings flashing in the sun.
For a moment
I believe in maps
woven into blood.

DIANNE ELIZABETH CASEY

Collapse is Preparation

Collapse is not failure.
It's the tide drawing back
the slow retreat of everything
that once rushed to meet you.
The sand remembers weight
long after the footprints fade.
Even absence has a rhythm.
An island learns its edges
by what the water takes,
and how it returns.
What breaks is only
what cannot be rooted.
What stays, stays stronger.

WILLIAM TEETS

Step Lightly

Riverside fog hums heavy in twilight

Long grass parts, in tall reeds
I've been before with you
Before medicine men manipulated chaos
into normalcy
Before existence exposed folly,
folded all our time inwards

During early autumn of that final year,
no leaves turned orange, but brattled to brown
A forbidden zone of creativity,
words and love scattered
to northern wind
Left me twice alone,
empty without bells or drums,
no bonfire eulogy

A blue heron ballerina
steps lightly,
almost like you in hallowed joy
I too step lightly,
wary of traps and landmines
of unprotected memories

Riverside fog hums heavy in twilight

ANN HOWELLS

An Islander Speaks

Odd means not like me. Other places
are not quite right. I've not needed
to see anywhere else
to find where I belong; I belong right here.
This bay is my liquid heart –
moss ravaged rock, wild white waves,
mystical murmur.

Come spring waters warm. Bodies float,
buoyant in their salty womb. The bay
cradles all I've lost. I cannot wait
for autumn wind to blow the tourists away.

Dear St. Jude,

Decades vanish like dealt cards, and we,
St. Jude, are in need.
Our island clings with muddied fingers
to Potomac on the west, St. Mary's on the east,
slowly dissolves into the bay.

May's neap tides and August's red ones
arrive while we wait for fish
and shellfish to return. Pervasive cicada-hum
obliterates human speech,
not much to say anyway.

Pines shed golden pollen,
shrouding windows and cars,
cottages and piers.
Watermen sing hymns of praise each Sunday,
yet pockets and nets remain empty,
while graveyards fill.

KELLY TALBOT

The Charcoal Lord of Desolation

The smooth glacial desert flows over the horizon,
one vast plain of soft white tundra.
Here, there are no definitions, no constructions, no boundaries.
There are no words like “temperature,” “venison,” “occupation.”
There is only feeling: cold, hunger, freedom.

The charcoal lord of desolation
softly trots through the infinite frontier.
His sleek, majestic coat of thick, gray fur
locks inside his warmth, his heart, his mind.
He blinks into the snow and pants.
Eyes dance and dart playfully with the elegant ice crystals.
He laughs and bursts into a sprint.
Lord of everything,
lord of nothing.

Long ago, there was a pact, and a pack.
One by one, the others died, wandered off, were hunted down.
Now, one stray wolf roams the wasteland,
perhaps a little thinner,
perhaps a little stronger,
finding nourishment where he can,
dancing with the leaping ice crystals,
singing wildly for the joy of expression,
running through the void forever.
Charcoal lord of desolation,
nomad king of nothing.

He buries himself at the first sign of people.
No one will ever make him some sled dog slave.
A wolf is a wolf; a wolf is his own.
He has no need for civilization.
There is no divorce, no drug addiction,
no deception, no corruption,
no politics, no crime, no war.
There is nothing but nothing.
There is freedom in nothing.
There is everything in nothing.

JOSEPH PAGANO, JR.

Crabbing

At low tide among

the red mangrove

he checks his crab pots-baited with raw

dumpster chicken. He poles between

lagoons fishing

for sheepshead and

red drum.

He walked away

from polio

and was left

alone

by bad marriages

and coal cars.

KATIE SPRADLEY

Standing on a Beach at Night and Wanting a Divorce

Peekaboo moon
Goth cotton candy for clouds
I can be lonely anywhere
Waves lap black oil in the dark
Tell me about your childhood beach
How it hits different under this stark moon
In this greasy dark
Your phone lights up your face again
In this light I will remember
You live like your life is over
I'm saying I don't know if it's even begun

CRAIG MALESRA

For Allie

We sat outside and watched a lost ant
wander.

You pulled at a cigarette and said,
“It’s not your job to save all the animals.”

I laughed.

Later, I stood on the concrete shore
of the Bridgeport Ferry
and you stood at the stern
pressed upon the rail
high above, as the ship faded
carrying you on your way home;
you waved, and I waved
and you waved again, and I
until you were nothing
and the boat was nothing —
now all I can do
is learn well
how to say
goodbye.

ISABEL FLICK

seaside nymph

i didn't know that i once inhabited
 humbert's island until i was nearly twenty-five.
i recall in pieces the sun, the moon,
 the sparkling coast of sea glass,
 & the way the water rushed over my skin
 until its salt nipped at my wounds.
the flashbulb on your retina still acts
 as the lighthouse in the sea of my memory.
your name is a siren's song over a rocky shore
 & even now, i drown on every crashing syllable.
my body has remained an abandoned relic,
 a trophy collecting dust upon your mantle
 & waiting to bear the evidence of your touch.
the last time i saw you, the ocean echoed
 over the hum of the wasps in the garden
 where you once licked sap off my palms.
you had fed me the fruit of knowledge
 sliced by your father's pocketknife
 as you begged to know if i remembered
 the time i had vomited apples and rosemary
 while you photographed the contrast
 of my sunkissed skin and the white sand.
when i refrained from responding,
 digging through the sands of my mind's coast
 for an answer that would appease you,
you told me that even at my older age,
 i was still as beautiful as the nymph i once was
 & lapped up the grit from my hands.

KIM BARSAMIAN

Cricket Legs

Lie upon dusty rocks,
Hollow, reedlike
Mute as a butterfly.
The dry winter air glides through
Without a vibration, without a sound.

I pick them up,
The lightness, brittle legs
Of an ancient world
I feel as I rub them
Slowly together like flint,
And then a final chirp escapes.
The last music of life
Crumbles to dust in my hands.

Tree-Tree Island

Rose from the water
Like a crown,
With jewels of
Scrub maple flashing
Red brilliance
Upon us.
We swam out to it
Once, as a dare,
And sat on its beach,
Feeling rich,
Intimately knowing royalty
And its secret of just
Being there.

GABRIELLA GAROFALO

To M.

No, thanks, not in my liar -
Life, and her many riots,
Amens scattered among songs of time,
The scant green of the grass,
Some benches, some trees, where once
Parasols, kiosks, wooden tables
Welcomed pilgrim souls to the park -
But where are you, light, you and your shenanigans,
If the moon never steps in, she just keeps them
At a safe distance -
Alright, then, she'll get her shadows,
Impossibly blue, bit slant, growth, birth,
Even an elusive light, sure, you ask for it,
Don't you, when they draw the final raffle prizes,
Posh ladies and addicted queers for you,

Nevermind, God waits nearby, your wonderful breath
Of fresh blue air, His heavenly vault a smart keeper
Of hopes drifting like blue tides, of indigo sighs,
Nights breathing deep blue hymns of hope,
To every soul a light, maybe a basket
So you'll never yield to a meddling dark,
Now that you live your mind-blowing tale
Of leaving behind winter and molding dark
Into a reason to step forward
To a dawn showing up still blue, a mercy
For souls snatching shards of a cobalt twilight
Where even in the fading blue sparks live on,
And you throw your faith to births, a tacky trinket
In the attic of a universe too rapt weighing souls,
Or breaking them if bored sick.

MICHAEL PARK STACK

Old God on the Balcony

With sharp rain
the sidewalk sprouts
an umbrella orchard,
unhugging archipelago
Finished now
my crossword,
both coffees,
all I can do

is pray
they brave

through parch and shade and brine

toward the
glistened embrace
of a mountain rising
sweet —

so to climb closer to me,

much too tired
to take
the stairs.

TOM KONYNDYK

In Early September - For Craig

Sun painted remnant on a thunderhead
Skewered by a clock tower in the middle of my city

Phone call, death news
I stand at a window
Remembering your bright eyes
“take care ... and you too, goodbye”

Traveled along the 18th parallel
People in bright shirts danced and sang
Then rain fell off a mountain
Caught a flight out of Kingston just in time

Early September returning to Ontario
Georgian Bay is warm yet, the wind quiet
Pale blues, bright yellows, humid air
The atmosphere never quite clear
The gulls and the minnows
Living things that stay behind in winter time
already seeking shelter there

FAITH-ANNE BELL

Chronic Iconic

& now she rests

after giving the world

all her colors

KRISTY SNEDDEN

Frayed Chairs

The green forests slough into brown,
burning down to Earth's bone
surrounded by private prayer.
On the empty beach are frayed chairs
and ocean trash. If I look long enough
the sand holds jewel-toned shell-remnants
and there is one chair sturdy enough
to be my resting place as the tide comes in.
Once I thought all of the dead ended
anchored at the bottom of the sea.
Now there are bones everywhere.

KRISTY SNEDDEN

Remnants of Hurricane Dorian on Elbow Cay

Wild onions in the pot

 on the roof

where shaded pansies soften

 the light.

 So much rain mushrooms

crackle in potholes on the Queen's Highway.

 The harvest supermoon

 pulls the tide

 ever higher on this rock

 in the middle

 of the ocean,

 this rock

 peeps out like

 a crescent moon.

The bone white of the window blind

 echoes the white of early dawn

draws light from the surf

 and the moon

 and the creep

 of the sun at the earth's curve.

Mosquitos, a ragged heart,
missing birds.

The old Lodge grown over,

 yellow flowers

thriving

 like they belong in the cracked concrete

of the broken pool.

 House skeletons

 Vernon's key lime pie

calling us from the wild North End.

The turtle swims behind

 the beaked whale in the shadow cast

 on the harbor

 by the lighthouse.

 The storekeeper walks

his blind wife

 to the now silent small church.

IRIS WRIGHT

Fruits Are Less Sweet Here

Rat runs with half mango,
preparing for high tide.
Small boat sans muffler passes.
I no longer dissuade mosquitoes
now that I cannot cry out.
Gate warps as single strand weaving
over river surface.
Docked boats appear pinker
like papaya flesh
as sky turns gray purple.
Thunder speaks and I listen
but we don't know each other.
Water hyacinths crowd.
No one spends the flood alone;
strangers witness each other wading.
Rat runs under stairs, under roots,
not fruitless but without fruit.

BIANCA ROSE AMBROSINO

Nothing (is as lonely as a child)

On an Island
made of salt
where Nothing lives
In the middle
is a shack
where Nothing sits
Nothing, surrounded
by Everything, he is
lonely, very lonely
just as lonely as a kid

RODOLFO G. LEDESMA

Leanings

Each morning, the pothos bends —
an altar redrawn in slow motion,
one vine curled inward like a blessing hand,
a monk tallying the tributaries of my sins.

The aloe blinks at odd intervals,
leaves spiraling like grave-kept secrets,
a quiet geometry winking at someone
come and gone.

I water them anyway —
they lean toward my step, insisting
I'm not yet the person walled in by my dream.

Roots braid tighter when I linger, stitching
my name, then unpicking a leaf since forgotten,
staking a living spine in the soil —
a mirror for my eyes.

Some say plants can hear us.
So I apologize for noise,
for the cat, the cracked radio,
static from a distant war of words.

They tilt as though expecting me,
stems rehearsing footsteps, shadows shaping
a lawn chair throne I never owned —
as if all this leaning were an invitation,
not just toward the riverbank
but toward the simple closeness of being carried.

The kitchen chair holds a warmth,
like the fig's lifted arm,
a flower pressed between pages —
a gesture beyond language, unreached.

HUNTER HODKINSON

Main-Land

Chest palp-
atation on the LIRR

Me & my Gab-
apentin against the world

On Saturday I
go to Babylon to see Jamie

One stop past
Amityville and all of my horror

I'm more gro-
tesque than fiction because

I'm *real* and actua-
ly happening which is to say

Proceed with cau-
tion like meeting a new cat

Earn its trust
I'm really asking for patience

Sneaking medi-
cine in with piping hot poetry

But toler-
ance is a myth these days

There's a rea-
son I'm on a train with no way to shore.

DIANE MELBY

Liberation Day

I am thinking about the blue of our baby's eyes
as ripples of water tickle her tiny toes — her squeals
as you lift her above waves that threaten
to sweep her away.

Now seeing again the blue of that day,
the blue of the sky, the blue of the sea — a day as sweet
as salt water taffy.

Sounds of Jimmy Cliff & Jimmy Buffett
pouring over hot sand, men resting Budweisers on broad bellies,
children riding boogie boards, skim boards, surfboards —
children shrieking, adults bobbing, all enjoying waves
breaking over the sandbar like meringue on lemon pie.

I've mentioned the sky before — all blue and white
but I remember too — a storm cloud suspended
over the sea, where a man floats and a young boy plays.

I'd seen the boy moments before as he built a moat of shells —
salt stiff hair, orange suit hugging sandy thighs —
it just so happens when he abandons the beach
to jump the waves, I am there

as he drifts past the sandbar where his feet can't touch
and his eyes puddle with fear and I can't touch
and I yell for help but no one is near.

I pull him up hold him afloat and somehow
our feet find the sandbar again.

And the man — the one nobody watches
as waves roll in and water sweeps out —
he drifts with the warmth of the swell, beyond
where his feet could touch.

Did he cry for the help that never came?

I need to be freed to know why —
not you or I or the crowd on the beach
could keep that man from slipping away —

find absolution in the breeze
of our baby's breath on my cheek.

DIANE MELBY

The Weight of Ice

The elm scratches like a cat and rain
beats on the roof of the attic where the mess
of our memories is stored. This is not

the house of our friendship. That house,
with broken glass windows and falling off porch
brought us together in a micro commune.

A faded photo falls from a worn out box
and there we are, she and I laughing
in the shade of the tree that sheltered our days.

I remember the groan of that tree when ice
collected between its limbs and how we clutched
each other in our grief to find it shattered in two.

Heat from the wood stove imbues me with warmth
and I melt into letters that hold precious
nothings from our life together.

If my mother were here she would sigh and say
Dine, you've always had a bad memory. It's true.

I am struck by a phantom pain as I read again,
see how she made an art of infusing barbs
like glittering shards that amassed,
until I broke under their weight.

I've hauled this box from house to house,
reluctant to let her go. Outside, rain freezes
and a tree cracks in the night.

Come morning I will gather the debris,
throw it in the pile ready to be burned.

JAMES CROAL JACKSON

Lost on the Runway

Delta lost the dog
like a suitcase or sunglasses,
days of silence, no one on the line

in Atlanta cages the strays
stared with hopeful eyes
none of them the ones

they said come back later
maybe they would bring her
from the gate, a traveler on a plane

that never arrived, escaped
in a blur of black on tarmac,
into the sky

no how or why, where
she went only that she was gone
like a star when night ends

DANA SCHNEIDER

Rut

Several cleansing compulsions
divorce us in fantasy. Think
about your chemical vows.
Fresh, hot soup, backslide.
History of change all double-
bind and abdication. Con-
cerned about anything. Self
shared, in orgasm, in myth.
Push-pull play in and out of
the real world. Internal moth-
er rot, so open to struggle.
Guarded clutch, anarchy.
Buy nail polish. Seek
professional interest,
navigation. Data occurs.
Is gathered. Refer to low
moods with television, intro-
spection. Circulation, an
opened window. An ever
warming breeze.

JOHN GREY

The Moon Ascends

The moon ascends –
not announced, but arriving,
a yellow blade where branch
releases the trunk.

Waxing, yes, but shy –
just enough gleam
to keep the tree guessing.

TOM TULLOH

A coat of my pockets

Wrapped in a coat of my pockets,
filled up with envelopes,
you open them one by one.

Wrapped in a coat of my pockets
Inwardly helium presses the seams.
A match is struck

wrapped in a coat of my pockets
there are webs that are shapeless
but spin on beams.

Wrapped in a coat of my pockets
lie some seeds in dust and amber.
A shovel unworking scrapes.

Wrapped in a coat of my pockets
pour out a drain, a well, a wickless lamp:
let's catalogue the unspecific.

A last unravelling point —
till squints the eye drifted.
Wrapped in a coat of my pockets,
you open them one by one.

JAMES MILLER ROBINSON

A Flock of Crows

Sometime during the silence of the night
a flock of crows came to roost
in the upper branches of the maple tree
in Mrs. Willowby's front yard
and in several of the trees
in surrounding neighbors' yards.
As the light of dawn rose
over the silhouette of mountains to the east,
one by one, a few of the crows
flopped their wings and flew
from one tree to another
indiscreetly cawing all the way
to the electrical and phone lines
between posts along the street
and in front of the Little League Park
behind Mrs. Willowby's house.
It was as though they were carrying
a piece of news to other groups of crows,
other families.
The midnight wait was over.
They could prepare to move on
to somewhere else, some other house,
some other dwelling, cave, nest, or burrow.

By seven o'clock a car had pulled
into the driveway. A pair of footsteps
trotted through the house's unlocked door.
Another car soon arrived, then two, three more,
each apologizing for the sorrow
the other must be feeling, sympathizing
with their loss. A veil of silence had
floated softly down over the house
covering every shingle of the roof
down to the foundation's cinder blocks.

TOM GIANAKOPOULOS

Father & Son

Steam rises from the sink
And falls into morning light.
I drape it over my shoulder

And give a yawn as I shave.
The mirror fogs
And my father's breath

Breathes back at me
From 20 years, tainted
With the smell of shaving cream,

Coffee, and morning breath. I watch him
Lather his face, pull his skin taut and
Scrape away the foam and whiskers.

He lets the water run,
And I sit on the cold lid of the toilet seat,
Fascinated.

He rinses, pats his face dry
And looks at his son who wants so much
To be just like him.

This is what I remember:
He scoops me up,
Rests my diapered bottom

In the crook of his arm,
Squirts the shaving cream
And helps me pat it onto my face.

The razor's wings open
And he lifts out
Its double-edged blade, then

Closes my fingers around the handle
And guides my hand
As I scrape away the years.

CARELLA KEIL

Low Tide

Ocean waves caress the sun, the moon glides

across the sky

like a lover's tongue. I bury my heart

in the sand

for safekeeping.

I have words for you and the sky

Last night, stapled with silver stars. The moon shaped like a letter-opener.

Kiss goodbye. Dawn, without you, a footnote at the bottom of a blank page.

OLIVIA KOO

Seoul

I don't dream of you in neon –
I dream of your mornings,
the bus sighing at the stop,
school uniforms flooding the street.

You don't rush to greet me anymore.
You wait,
in the chipped stairwell to my apartment,
in the sound of church bells on Sunday,
in the stall where the owner
still slips me extra tteokbokki.

Loving you now
isn't about being dazzled.
It's about recognition –
the way you stay the same
even when I don't.

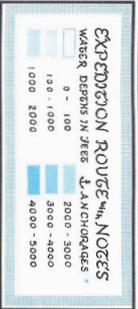
MARY SALOME

Congratulations, Newlyweds

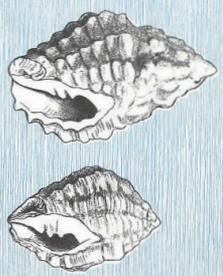
Build your love on an island,
and the sea will be your moat.

Build instead on the sea itself,
and love will be your boat.

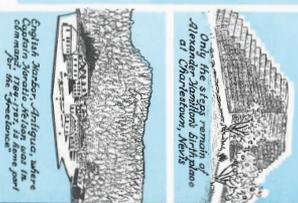
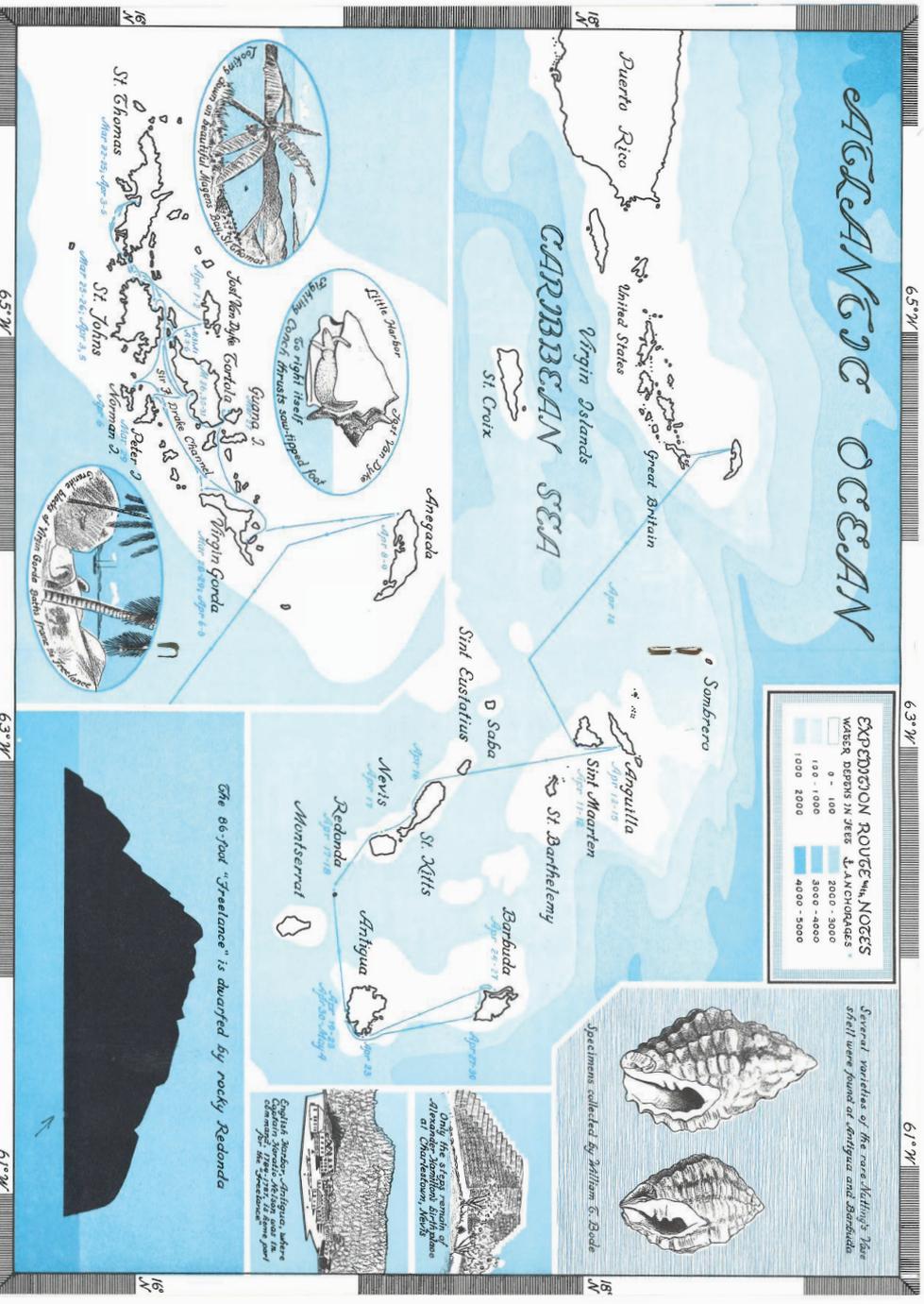
ATLANTIC OCEAN



Several varieties of the rose, *Helix*'s *Trapa* shell were found at Antigua and Barbuda.



Specimens collected by William S. Bache



Only the stone ruins of Oranjestad, Surinam, left behind by the Dutch, remain in the Caribbean.

The 66-foot "Friesland" is dwarfed by rocky Redonda



65°W

63°W

61°W

65°W

63°W

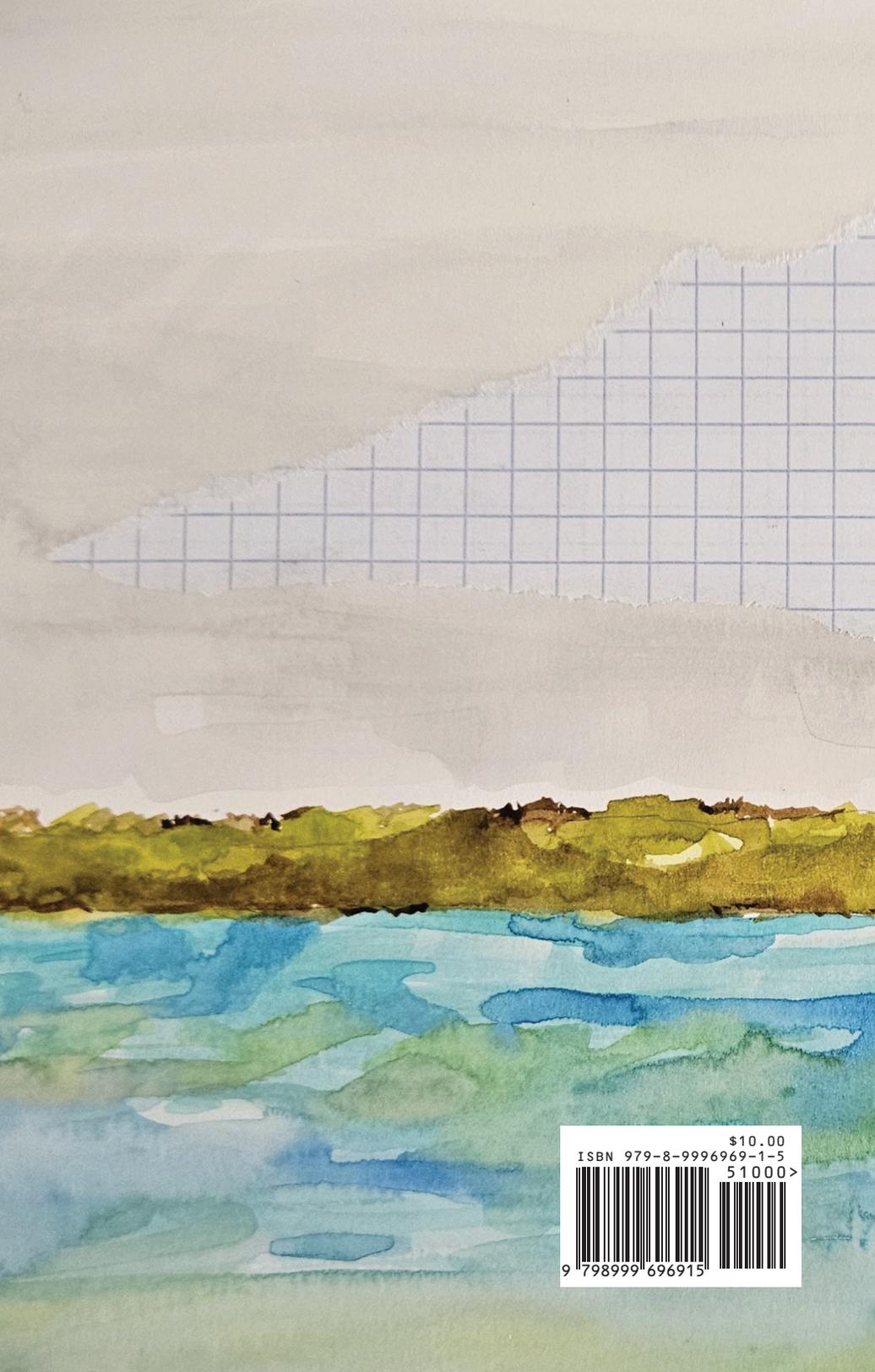
61°W

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