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J. B. MULLIGAN

How to Run the Snow Device

The river's frozen. Snow is crusted and creased
atop the ice, shaped by the wind and sun.
Somewhere in each direction, motors run
and gears and axles whir. Here, that has ceased.
The bright parade has passed,
leaving that first full silence here, at last,

different music on different instruments,
but orchestration has its single rule:
play it in time. So note and silence feel
a common pull, a binding knot. So chance
encounter everywhere
opens a sideless box, and all is here.

MICHAEL FOLLOW

Collecting Goosefoot

Good King Henry's hunter green
And we, the hungry steed;
Each spring the woods are cold and lean
Like him, without a need.
The summer will be thick and warm;
The starving will be fed;
In fall, the hunt, each night a storm,
The king sleeps in his bed.

HARVEY O'LEARY

In the Wake of the Storm

Wind drives across the dunes and falls,
 Sprinkling a little sand;
Undisturbed, the petrified grass
 Crowns the crest of the strand.

A buried chair of driftwood shows
 Four broken, sunken legs;
Tossed by the tide, stones round and smooth
 Like scattered cuckoos' eggs.

A pile of neatly folded clothes
 Close to the rising sea,
Nestling coins and keys and rings
 And coral jewellery.

The sea's huge shoal of random coins
 Glitters gold and silver,
Shines in the eye and spills from the chest
 Of the abandoned swimmer.

CHRIS O'CARROLL

Inhalation

A spectrum of sweet, sharp, smooth, spicy scents,
Lilac to linden, complicates the air
With mortal dread and living recompense.
These perfumes bayonet me with despair,
Reminding me that there must come a spring
When they'll all flourish and I won't be here
To seize the brief joy of their blossoming.
Yet fear begets the antidote to fear
As I learn with each urgent inhalation
The fragrant truth I know in your embrace:
Each moment of attentive celebration
Is opulent with an immortal grace.
The here and now that you inhale with me
Is aromatic of eternity.

CHARLES HUGHES

Spring

A man and two small boys are digging worms,
Because it's Saturday. Clay soil turns up
In chunks – dark, heavy, holding day-old rain,
Baring sheer facets formed by shovel cuts
That glow like polished shoes in the May sun.
Sometimes it's hard to pull a worm out whole.
The worms don't like the light and desperately
(Especially the nightcrawlers) tunnel down –
Or try. There is an art: use too much force,
The worm will tear apart; too little, it
Will slip away. So when a wriggling gem
Makes its appearance on a mud-caked palm,
They smile, all three of them. So also when
The man digs the same soil another spring
(Dividing hostas by himself), he smiles
At worms he spots and at the broken earth
Still home to him, still soaked in slippery joy.

C. B. ANDERSON

Eros Fools Around with Echolalia

after Fred Chappell's "Narcissus and Echo"

Will you consent to have my baby *Maybe*
if I can earn again your trust *rust*
and show that I'm the ever-pleasant *isn't*
inhabitant of sunlit hallways *always*
that lead anon to love's retrieval *evil,*
and reinstatement? Long before *or*
forgotten promises were broken *oaken*
by one who to this day adores *doors*
you, Noah's quintessential patience *agents*
was proven righteous when a dove *of*
bore olive-twigs from rainless islands *silence.*
the sinking deep revealed. And now *Endow*
I drift aboard my frail canoe, *anew*
a vexed disconsolate neurotic *erotic*
afraid he's lost his luscious peach. *speech.*

ANNA M. EVANS

My Life as a Serving Wench of the Round Table

Everyone seems to think those knights were sainted.
I have to say I didn't see much sign
and I was, how to put it, well-acquainted,
with quite a few of them. I served their wine.
After a jug or two they would get loud
and try to feel me up. Gawain was cute –
I let him have me right before he vowed
off women. Gareth acted like a brute
and tried to force me once but I got clear.
Percival was kinky, so was Kay.
Lancelot would call me Guinevere.
I did love Galahad, but he was gay.
King Arthur, though a noble man and kind,
was, to all their faults, completely blind.

LEN KRISAK

Sonny in the Rain

Oh, Sonny sits across the street;
He sits and sometimes waves from where
The sun beats down upon his face.
His little throne's a cheap lawn chair
From which he waves good-bye...to greet.
Sonny's always in his place.

Except when he goes walking out.
(He slips away from where he sits
To shuffle down to Lower Falls –
And give his sister perfect fits.)
Eighty-nine beyond a doubt,
Sonny waves, and hears my calls.

(I “hallo” him.) He's ninety pound
If he's an ounce, so when he hits
The pavement when he's caught in rain
It looks like he'll be smashed to bits.
I saw him fall and hug the ground.
I saw him fall; I felt his pain.

I ran to Sonny fallen down.
I ran and bore him up and bore
Him back to where his sister stood
Aghast behind her own front door.
She took him in, but with a frown
That said, “Oh, Sonny, it's no good.

It's just no good. From now on in,
You can't go down there any more.”
And with that word, I took my leave
To go about my rainy chore.
Now Sonny grins a great big grin
And wipes his eyes upon his sleeve.

CLAUDIA GARY

A Difficult Choice

Bottomless as a fable,
his gaze caught hers across the conference table
and nearly rendered tears.
Was this the woman he had sought for years
before giving them up?
He blinked hard, drank deep from his coffee cup,
recited words well set,
squeezed her hand, and marched back to his Corvette.

The Woman Who Jumped

for Shari

You remember more
than I. They only told me
after years had fallen
across the memory.

You and I were neighbors,
small, in love with life.
Then one night she fell
down past a balcony –

maybe yours. I heard
sirens in the street,
gossips in the hall,
words I didn't yet know.

Men came stomping up
and down the fire escape.
Flashlights danced around –
maybe in my window.

What about the angel,
the dazzling beam of light,
the resonating voice?
"Don't be afraid," it said.

Isn't that what angels say?
Or was it a policeman
or fireman consoling
while checking on the dead?

CONRAD GELLER

Enemies

We must be done with battle. We are old.
The heart-high fantasies that pricked us then,
the fierce, quick kindling, never will again
make such great fire. We languish in the cold
of dark, forgotten cellars ripe with mold.
Our causes gone, we are diminished men.
Our only course to tell the stories when
it was delight to watch the time unfold.

They say that age is wise. That is a lie.
Old tyrants counsel peace because they must.
What seems like careful husbandry is just
a smaller measure from a feeble hand,
and when the mouthing elders standing by
keep still, it is because they do not understand.

GEORGE SZIRTES

Tritina

Every morning they waited for the postman.
They talked and fretted, or would go for a walk,
examine their nails or fetch something from the cupboard.

Even when there was nothing in the cupboard
it filled the time between rising and the postman
whose steps they listened for, recognizing his walk

on the gravel drive. There was nothing but the postman.
There was always the waiting, and the long walk
up the hill. There was always the talking and the cupboard,
as if the postman could walk straight through the cupboard.

CONTRIBUTORS

J. B. Mulligan has had poems and stories in several hundred magazines, including recently, Elohi Gadugi, Ballard Street Poetry Journal, Hawai'i Pacific Review, Unlikely Stories, and Gone Lawn; has had two chapbooks published: *The Stations of the Cross* and *THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS*; and has appeared in multiple volumes of the anthology, *Reflections on a Blue Planet* as well as the anthology, *Inside/Out: A Gathering Of Poets*.

Michael Follow lives in Nova Scotia. His chapbook, *Twelve Fables*, will be released in 2014.

Since graduating from University College Cork, **Harvey O'Leary** has been living in London and working as a teacher and educational manager. He has written magazine articles, poetry, reviews, short stories, a play, and a novel. His play, *Closing Time*, was stage at the Battersea Arts Centre, London, and he published his novel, *Nidiya and the Children of the Revolution*, in 2010.

Chris O'Carroll is a writer and an actor. His poems have appeared in *Angle*, *14 by 14*, *Light*, *Literary Review*, *Snakeskin*, and other print and online journals, and in the anthologies *The Best of the Barefoot Muse* and *20 Years at the Cantab Lounge*.

Charles Hughes worked as a lawyer for thirty-three years before his retirement. His first collection of poems, *Cave Art*, is due out from *Wiseblood Books* in May of 2014. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Anglican Theological Review*, *America*, *Dappled Things*, *First Things*, *The Iron Horse Literary Review*, *Measure*, *The Rotary Dial*, *The Sewanee Theological Review*, *Verse Wisconsin*, and other publications. He lives with his wife in the Chicago area.

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Len Krisak has taught at Brandeis, Northeastern University, and Stonehill College. His two chapbooks, *Midland* and *Fugitive Child*, came out in 1999 from Somers Rocks Press and Aralia Press, respectively. In 2000, his full-length collection *Even as We Speak* won the Richard Wilbur Prize and was published by the University of Evansville Press. *If Anything* is available from WordPress and Amazon, and his complete translation of Ovid's *Ars Amatoria* and the *Amores* is forthcoming from UPenn Press. His work has appeared over the years in *The Hudson Review*, *PN Review*, *The Sewanee Review*, *Raritan*, *The Hopkins Review*, and others.

In addition to the Richard Wilbur Prize, he is a past recipient of the Robert Penn Warren and Robert Frost Prizes, and is a four-time Champion on *Jeopardy*.

Claudia Gary writes, edits, sings, and composes (tonally) near Washington DC. A 2013 semifinalist for the Anthony Hecht Poetry Prize and 2014 finalist for the Howard Nemerov Sonnet Award, she is author of *Humor Me* (David Robert Books 2006) and several chapbooks. Her poems appear in *Forgetting Home* (Barefoot Muse Press 2013) and *Villanelles* (Everyman Press 2012), as well as numerous journals. She also writes articles on health for *The VVA Veteran* and other magazines.

Conrad Geller has published more than a hundred poems, electronically and in print. His awards include the Charles E. Tuttle Prize, Bibliophilos Prize, and several awards from the Poetry Society of Virginia. A Bostonian, he now lives and writes in Northern Virginia.

George Szirtes was born in Budapest in 1948 and came to England as a refugee in 1956. He was brought up in London and studied Fine Art in London and Leeds. His poems began appearing in national magazines in 1973 and his first book, *The Slant Door*, was published in 1979. It won the Faber Memorial prize the following year. By this time he was married with two children. After the publication of his second book, *November and May*,

1982, he was invited to become a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. Since then he has published several books and won various other prizes including the T S Eliot Prize for Reel in 2005.