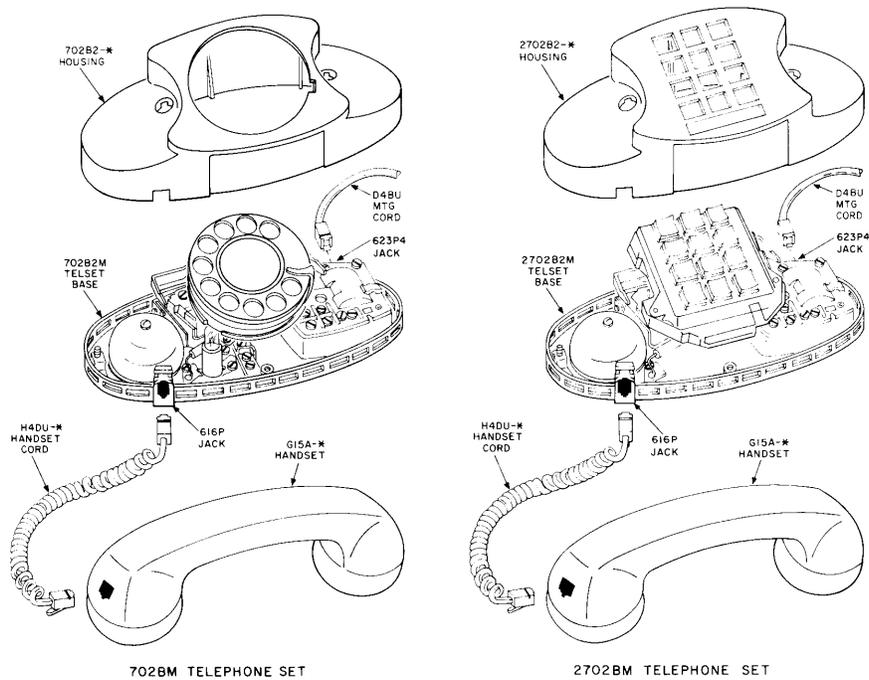


SECTION 503-100-100



702BM TELEPHONE SET

2702BM TELEPHONE SET

* ADD TWO DIGIT COLOR CODE.

NOTE: CORDS SHOWN ARE NOT INCLUDED WITH TELEPHONE SETS AND MUST BE ORDERED SEPARATELY.

Fig. 3—702BM and 2702BM Telephone Sets

THE ROTARY DIAL

ISSUE 23
JANUARY 2015

www.therotarydial.ca

CONTENTS

Jacob Riyeff

A Translation of “Nobility: A Moral Ballade,” by Geoffrey Chaucer 3

Marcus Bales

Hamlet's Cook's Soliloquy 4

Kenneth Sherman

No Tracks 5

Owen Lucas

454 6

Rob Griffith

The Hours of the Day 7

Mark Mansfield

The Last House on the Shore 8

Colin Dodds

I keep the faith in little ways 9

Stewart Sanderson

Snow Day 10

Claudia Gary

Kidney Stone 11

Mad Universe Disease 12

The Cure 13

Ann Keith

SONNET: “Love is the only object...” 14

Contributors 15

JACOB RIYEFF

A Translation of “Nobility: A Moral Ballade,” by Geoffrey Chaucer

That first man, the source of nobility –
those who long on earth to be noble too
must follow his paths, guiding hand and eye
to virtue, ridding vice from all they do.
For worthiness ever longs for what is true,
for nothing less (as I have ever found),
although he wear a collar, suit, or crown.

This first of men was pure on every side:
true of his word, sober, kind, and free,
humble in spirit, always occupied
to ward off sloth and lust and vanity.
Unless his heir loves virtue and charity
he is not noble – nor his conscience sound –
although he wear a collar, suit, or crown.

Vice may well be heir to inheritance,
but no man can (as others plainly see)
grant his heirs his virtuous excellence
(that is no one’s family pedigree
except that first father’s, reposed in majesty,
who freely makes heirs of those his grace surrounds),
although he wear a collar, suit, or crown.

MARCUS BALES

Hamlet's Cook's Soliloquy

To soak, or not to soak: that is the question:
Whether 'tis browner in the pan to float on
the slips and slidings of a medium burner
or to fry hard amid a sea of butter,
to carmelize but yet stay soft in the center,
all hot and crunchy-chewy; to fry, sautee,
no, more – and by sauteeing say we end
the gooeyness and the thousand natural oozes
French toast is heir to, 'tis a consummation
devoutly to be wish'd. To fry, sautee,
sautee: perchance to burn: ay, there's the rub;
for in that heated pan what burns may come
when we have turned too high the electric coil
or gaseous flame that makes calamity;
for who would bear the sears and chars and scorches
before the late fork's prong's turning prod,
the hesitating wrist, the spatula's delay,
who would fingers bare and say ow! ow!
and grunt and suck their heated digits
but that the hope of something left,
the undiscovered middle from which burned
black flakes are rasped, and looks all right,
and makes us rather eat these ones we have
than mix another batch and start again?
Thus laziness makes scrapers of us all;
And thus the naive view of excellence
is sicklied o'er with oh it's good enough,
and meals of great taste and fond enjoyment
with this regard their currents turn awry
and lose the name of breakfast.

KENNETH SHERMAN

No Tracks

Snow falling. Children grown and gone.
Rooms have taken on the hush of a museum.
I pass bedrooms where the only lodgers
are wide-eyed dolls and action figures.

There are no tracks outside my window
to guide a traveller through the deepening snow.
I hear the house settle and creak
as if something within still wanted to speak.

OWEN LUCAS

454

When my father's bald spot shines
Red in the pattern light
From the standard lamp over our
Solid mahogany table,
It is the beaten blood of fifteen
Generations of labour there,
The blunt red of contingent iron
Which led our fathers down
Into the swollen, sootened ground.
It is no wonder he, though
Modestly, drinks amber whiskey;
He has it bred in him
To cleave to heat wherever found,
And not, without undue need,
To let fires melt off in the wind.
As of a swooning night,
He woke one day by the Thames
And found himself
No bondsman, in a clean light.
I am his child, born
Better shot of foul weather,
And though hardly dispensed
To catalogue the practicality
Of things, I know,
In some sense, that none of us
Are far from the dark of earth.

ROB GRIFFITH

The Hours of the Day

At dawn, cold painters rise, their coveralls
still ocean black, and brush the first faint grays
across the eastern sky, a blush of pink
to silhouette the winter trees. Bolder,
they build their fragile scaffolds of cloud
then climb to stroke a shade of robin's egg
across the pale horizon. And higher still,
they'll dab in beryl, teal, and turquoise
then fire the kiln of heaven, glazing all
a perfect cobalt blue. But as the day
goes down to night, the high enamel chips
and flakes, the concrete dome of sky revealed
again for what it is – a brutal arch
of stone that holds all light and time and love.
The painters, tired and streaked with bands of red
and gold, climb down once more. They lid their cans
then wash their brushes in the moonlight.
Like us, they'll wake and do it all again.

MARK MANSFIELD

The Last House on the Shore

There's only one small room
upon its topmost floor,
the last house on the shore
out past the end of town.

From its white turret crown,
her small face peeks some days
to watch a sail or swan,
or ice stilling the Bay.

Mostly, its shades stay drawn
from year to passing year.
And what "folks say 'round here"
much like the tourists' stares

only comes so near
her room, since no one dares
to knock on her front door,
or likely even cares.

COLIN DODDS

I keep the faith in little ways

I keep the faith in little ways
Every center surrendered, I improvise
I'll follow the folly until it pays

In the catacombs, she brought cookie trays
While I malingered in my last disguise
I keep the faith in little ways

In the unknown ends of Saturdays
Am I opening or closing my eyes?
I'll follow the folly until it pays

The women, the dreams all cease to amaze
And I've become such a sad surprise
I keep the faith in little ways

She'd've been mine, in the city's blaze
When I spoke the language of goodbyes
I'll follow the folly until it pays

Waiting for a renewal of the craze
That keeps me far from compromise
I keep the faith in little ways
I'll follow the folly until it pays

STEWART SANDERSON

Snow Day

We stood on top of Primrose Hill
and watched snow fall across the city
endless and amenable
to forms, whose white variety
lay just beyond the visible.

Over the houses and the towers
of glass; over the patchwork squares –
islands of hibernating flowers –
we watched it drift and were aware:
among ten million, this was ours.

CLAUDIA GARY

Kidney Stone

You've whipped the sheets into a funnel pattern.
The window shades are blown
outward, balanced together in a silence
that may yield to a moan.
Some of your words have lodged beside the sink,
and since words have grown scarce
I bring them back to you along with gestures
too desperate to parse
as suddenly the total-body version
of walking on a splinter
commandeers your attention from the small
comforts of early winter –
our past, our plans, our pleasure sponged away
or left to calcify.
Clench these abandoned words until you sleep
and wake without a cry.

Mad Universe Disease

for a prophet of doom

Becoming spongiform
it must acquire gaps –
black holes – but will not stop
its quickening expansion,
turning each hairline fracture
into a mazy crevice.
The flower of our wisdom
will be to name its madness.

The Cure

Could you have freed yourself now from what tugged
your spirit down? They say:

No, you deceive
yourself. You must be treated, doctored, drugged
before a sickness will pack up and leave.
Any disease that's worthy of the name
demands real medicine. You have imagined,
therefore, the plague you say you overcame.
It's no more real than the fake cure you've fashioned,
no more substantial than the energy
you say you now have found for doing good.
Such errors come to light whenever we
come to our senses – and you know you should.
True as your heart may be, your head is wrong.

Don't ever say what cured you was a song.

ANN KEITH

SONNET: "Love is the only object..."

Love is the only object. That is true.
And love is bliss. And severance is pain.
And one soul of itself may not attain
Forever to that goal. There must be two.

Each must seek out another being who
Has understood the dream and shares the same
Desire to be transmuted in the flame,
And to the same degree. Such hearts are few.

And hard to gauge. And difficult to meet.
So this is not an object we can seek
With conscious efforts, systematically –

Yet he who takes some other deity
And sets himself another lesser goal
Has lost that hope of heaven for his soul.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jacob Riyeff is a PhD candidate at the University of Notre Dame where he studies medieval English literature. His first chapbook will appear this winter from Franciscan University of Steubenville Press. He lives in South Bend with his wife and two children.

Not much is known about **Marcus Bales** except he lives in Cleveland, Ohio, and his poems have not appeared in *Poetry* or *The New Yorker*.

Kenneth Sherman's most recent books are the long poem *Black River* and the essay collection *What the Furies Bring* (Porcupine's Quill). A new collection of poems, *Umbrella*, is forthcoming in 2016 and a memoir *Wait Time* will be published in 2015.

Owen Lucas is a British writer living in Norwalk, Connecticut. His poetry, fiction and translations have been published in more than thirty journals in the U.S., Britain, and Canada. Past credits include *Off the Coast*, *Lost in Thought*, *Contemporary Verse 2*, and *Qwerty*, with new work out soon in *Tirage Monthly*, *Ohio Edit*, *Tribe* and *Free State Review*.

Rob Griffith's latest book, *The Moon from Every Window* (David Robert Books, 2011), was nominated for the 2013 Poets' Prize; and his previous book, *A Matinee in Plato's Cave*, was the winner of the 2009 Best Book of Indiana Award. His work has appeared in *PN Review*, *Poetry*, *The North American Review*, *Poems & Plays*, *The Oxford American*, and many others. He is the editor of the journal *Measure* and teaches in the Creative Writing Program at the University of Evansville, Indiana.

Mark Mansfield's poetry has appeared in numerous journals, including *Bayou*, *Blue Mesa Review*, *The Evansville Review*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Iota*, *The Ledge*, *Magma*, *Orbis*, *Salt Hill*, and *Unsplendid*. He holds an M.A. in Writing from Johns Hopkins. Currently, he lives in upstate New York where he teaches.

Colin Dodds grew up in Massachusetts and completed his education in New York City. His poetry has appeared in more than a hundred fifty publications,

and has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. The poet and songwriter David Berman (Silver Jews, Actual Air) said of Dodds' work: "These are very good poems. For moments I could even feel the old feelings when I read them." Dodds is also the author of several novels, including *WINDFALL* and *The Last Bad Job*, which the late Norman Mailer touted as showing "something that very few writers have; a species of inner talent that owes very little to other people." And his screenplay, *Refreshment*, was named a semi-finalist in the 2010 American Zoetrope Contest. Colin lives in Brooklyn, New York, with his wife Samantha. You can find more of his work at thecolindodds.com.

Stewart Sanderson is a third-year PhD student at Glasgow University, writing on modern Scottish poetry. His poems have appeared in various magazines, including *Gutter*, *Magma*, *Irish Pages*, *Poetry Review* and *The Dark Horse*. In summer 2014 he was shortlisted for the inaugural Edwin Morgan Award.

A 2014 finalist for the Howard Nemerov Sonnet Award and 2013 semifinalist for the Anthony Hecht Poetry Prize, **Claudia Gary** writes, edits, sings, and composes tonal chamber music and art songs. She is author of *Humor Me* (David Robert Books 2006) and several chapbooks. Her poems appear in anthologies such as *Forgetting Home* (Barefoot Muse Press 2013) and *Villanelles* (Everyman Press 2012), as well as in journals internationally. Her articles on health appear in *The VVA Veteran* and other magazines. For more information, see http://www.pw.org/content/claudia_gary.

Ann Keith's poems have appeared in various magazines (*Orbis*, *Eureka*, *Byline*, *Acumen* and over eighty others) as well as in a number of anthologies.