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RICHARD MANLY HEIMAN

### **99 to the Columbia**

No one recalls tan children running then—  
our slender bodies spinning on the wind.  
We thumbed rides north by east  
from San Joaquin, crawled  
through deserted playgrounds,  
huddled blind. We left false clues  
in Bend, and made up codes

without regret like bile in our throats  
or empty promises for antidotes.  
And at the Snake, down past the  
switchback stair, while I stood mute  
and shivering by the road,  
you took another, and I didn't care.

Now when that hotel music starts to play,  
and I still smell the campfires  
in your hair, I curse the verglas  
on the windowpane, and thaw /  
freeze blistered pictures of that day.

## LOGAN RAILS

### **Frontier**

I miss the countryside, where stars shine bright,  
And grass glows blue when sun gives way to moon...  
Here, shades of sickly yellow taint the sky.  
I miss the countryside, where stars shine bright,  
Where swaying trees would dance in moon's soft light,  
And caterpillars stir in night's cocoon.  
I miss the countryside where stars shine bright,  
And grass glows blue when sun gives way to moon.

JEAN L. KREILING

**“Her Voice Is Full of Money”**

*(after a line from Fitzgerald’s The Great Gatsby)*

Her voice is full of money,  
his house is full of flash,  
the shoreline drips with honey,  
their hearts both drip with ash.

Her husband runs around,  
and she’ll have her fun, too.  
Beside Long Island Sound,  
such news is hardly new.

Her hats are broad and chic,  
his yellow car is bright;  
their consciences are weak,  
and this won’t be their night.

CATHERINE CHANDLER

### **Summer of 1970**

The Bennetts lived just half a block away.  
When Father Flynn came knocking on their door  
that sweltering August afternoon, we knew  
it wouldn't be just any other day.

Their rebel eldest boy was off to war  
in Nam, his visits back home short and few;  
the other one, the timid younger son,  
was hiking at the tubs near Laurel Run.

He'd lost his footing on a boulder wet  
with algae; others said he took a dare.  
Though many years have passed, I can't forget  
her primal scream sent ripping through the air,  
my monstrous mix of respite and regret  
as Father Flynn led all of us in prayer.

RANDALD BARNICOT

**Lisbon**

My city of the slow, sad walkers,  
city of hills, frozen green waters  
where palaces and hovels lie adrift,  
cluttering, clutching ridge and rift.

The earth will overturn and throw  
you open to the sea's anger.  
Carmo wears rags of stone, and I  
must leave you in your danger.

Exiled from exile, memories march,  
decay and linger.

JEFF BURT

### **Colorado Commune**

They have no chaff to cull, the barley scythed  
with little dust. These last few workers hatched  
from private life, like wash hung out on lines  
pulled taut, tend a field where antique shrines  
lack motors combusting and engine oil.  
They sing, their tongues and lips freed by toil.  
Notes wander, seek to simplify, sky  
an ordinary blue, no clouds of why  
or should or statements of the deepest must—  
no signs of motivation, just wander, lust.  
Lilt turns work into grace, barley into beer,  
symbol of unity embodied here.

DANIEL GALEF

**The Pond-Skipper**

(from *Entomological Poems*)

The pond-skipper captains a one-man craft,  
Antennae fore,  
Abdomen aft.  
It slides across the surface  
Devoid of any purpose;  
Passing through the lives of those below  
As a scanning eye passes through the lives of characters in a book.

C.B. ANDERSON

### **Bathtub Madonna**

An artifact of simple faith,  
Beyond derision or rebuke,  
As typic as a farmer's snathe,  
As lucent as a verse from *Luke*,

The painted hollow shell displays  
A likeness of the Virgin Mary,  
Enrobed in blue and full of grace.  
From Whitsuntide through February

It stands inside a backyard garden  
Along with grapes and hollyhocks,  
And there the faithful ask for pardon  
Among the weeds and whitewashed rocks.

Beneath the old mulberry tree  
Kneels Grandma in her woolen shawl,  
Endowed with natural piety,  
Transfigured by receptive awe.

Although she counts herself a sinner,  
Few others think of her that way,  
For when it's time for Sunday dinner  
She lingers in the yard to pray

Before that unpretentious shrine.  
Less focused on her appetite  
Than on the gift of light divine,  
She magnifies the Roman rite.

JARED CARTER

**Kronstadt**

Though few were sailors. Most instead  
    were spawn of serfs  
Belonging to the land, their bread  
    wrested from earth.

So house to house, and room to room  
    they fought, as though  
Defending something every groom  
    and horseman knows—

That promontory where you stand  
    and look with pride  
Far out across your native land.  
    For that they died.

EDMUND CONTI

## **Smoking, USA**

We smoked them all with impunity  
Inspired by the movie community.  
Camels, Chesterfields, Old Gold—  
The stars all smoked and we were sold.

Our heroine was Bette Davis  
Blowing smoke rings (Heavens save us!).  
Straight unfiltered Lucky Strikes  
The movies helped confirm our likes.

Lucky Strike and Philip Morris  
Were the cigarettes that bore us  
Through those long depression years.  
Smoking helped to soothe our fears.

How those old brands all appealed!  
Old Gold, Camel, Chesterfield,  
Philip Morris or a Lucky—  
Got us through and made us plucky.

Old Gold, Chesterfields, Luckies  
Camels, Philip Morris, duckies.  
Those happy days when we were broke.  
The years have all gone up in smoke.

## **Scripture**

His eye is on the sparrow.

His mind is on the beach.

Time flies like an arrow.

Fruit flies like a peach.

RICHARD MANLY HEIMAN

**The solitary life holds splendid treats**

The best part of the day is in decline. A magnum Zinfandel jug threatens bloat. I swallow one part brandy, three parts wine. It turns to bloody fire in my throat.

Picnic-for-one is such a curious show. Ants stagger down the label from the cork—with hints of caramel, cherry, toffee, oak, I'm best with pasta, chocolate, or roast pork.

Later, raccoons zig zag along the road. A revenant sniffs my shoe, and passes on. I grandly toast the winter in my bones. Stumble through vespers, bleat out all the psalms. I curse the screech owl, whisper to the lark. Toss back the demons scratching in the dark.

## Contributors

**Richard Manly Heiman** lives in the pines on the Sierra Nevada slope in Northern California. He works as a substitute teacher, and writes when the kids are at recess. He holds an MFA from Lindenwood U. and his work appears in *Rattle*, *Bop Dead City*, *After the Pause*, *Spirit Fire Review*, and elsewhere. Richard is a two-time 2016 Pushcart Prize nominee. His URL is [poetrick.com](http://poetrick.com).

**Logan Rails** is a 19-year-old college freshman at Colorado Christian University studying English. He developed a passion for writing during his junior year of high school and decided to pursue it, and poetry quickly became his primary focus, with fiction close behind.

**Jean L. Kreiling's** first collection of poems, *The Truth in Dissonance* (Kelsay Books), was published in 2014. Her work has appeared widely in print and online journals, and she is a past winner of a New England Poetry Club Award, the Great Lakes Commonwealth of Letters Sonnet Contest, the *String Poet* Prize, and the *Able Muse* Write Prize.

**Catherine Chandler** is a Canadian/US poet living in Saint-Lazare-de-Vaudreuil, Québec, and Punta del Este, Uruguay. Her poetry blog, The Wonderful Boat, [cathychandler.blogspot.com](http://cathychandler.blogspot.com), includes a complete bio, reviews, podcasts, a list of awards, and sample poems.

**Ranald Barnicot** is a retired EFL/ESOL teacher who has worked in Spain, Portugal, Italy and the UK and lives in Watford, just outside London (UK). He has a BA in Classics from Oxford University and an MA in Applied Linguistics from London University. He has had or is having original poems and translations (Catullus, Horace, Verlaine and Mallarmé) published in *Priapus*, *Acumen*, *Sentinel*, *Stand*, *The French Literary Review*, *Ezra*, *Brooklyn Rail* and *Metamorphoses*. His main interest currently is translation—so far French, Spanish, Portuguese, Latin and Ancient Greek. His ambition is to publish his translations of Catullus in book form.

**Jeff Burt** works in mental health. He has work in *Atticus Review*, *Across the Margins*, *Spry*, and *The Watershed Review*.

**Daniel Galef** writes light verse, heavy verse, and just about everything else. He was born in Oxford, Mississippi, and currently resides in Montreal, Quebec.

**C.B. Anderson** was the longtime gardener for the PBS television series, *The Victory Garden*. His book of poems, *Mortal Soup and the Blue Yonder*, was published in 2013 by White Violet Press.

**Jared Carter's** sixth book, *Darkened Rooms of Summer: New and Selected Poems*, is from the University of Nebraska Press. He lives in Indiana.

**Edmund Conti** is 88 and hopes to stay 88 forever and ever.