



TALO
REVIEW

WAYS
HOME



WAYS HOME

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 1



TALONREVIEW.COM

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

JANUARY 2019

READER,

Talon Review has transformed. A small spark exploded last fall, lighting a new chapter for this journal. This issue is the first to open its arms to writers outside of our UNF community, and we are grateful to the new friends we have made. A new logo, website, staff, and this volume lay the ground work for what we hope will be a long and joyful road.

In these past six months, a team of seven writers has gathered each week in our city's Brass Tacks coffee shop to share, create, and evolve ideas. Like parents with pinned hopes and dreams, our staff has raised *Talon*. Her adulthood takes the shape of Volume 2. Her voice, like the pieces we publish, is honest, bold, and passionate.

Issue 1 is called Ways Home because its pieces traverse leaving home or journeying back, within ourselves or across well-worn roads. Like our journal, these writers have questioned what family and home can mean to us.

Enter the strange, beautiful worlds we have to share with you. Reclaimed planets, restless farewells, unburnt raccoons, new beginnings, and truant farm cows await you. We hope this issue brightens the Jacksonville community, and all who read it.

KENNA GALLOWAY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

KAT ROLAND
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WAS
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CIVILIZATION'S
CRUMBLING

CRAYON

When the lights go out
every house becomes an empty socket

Stick a fork in the cold snap
because the power has gone blind

The same space
where I watched an eagle soar
is now voided

The same tree
that was once full of green
is now barren

When the screen goes black
every heart becomes a mirror image

Stick your tongue in a warm mouth
because that's the only electricity left

The same season
where we fell in love last year
has now turned

The same apple
that was full in your eyes
has now soured

SCOTT THOMAS OUTLAR

RED PLANET



MICHELE ALONGI

ARTWORK BY KENNA GALLOWAY

The planet Mars is tattooed on the inside of my right wrist. It was my first tattoo that I got the summer after graduating from high school, a rash decision that I probably made from a desire to feel a little less alien and a little more in control of my own body. I don't know much about astrology and I don't think I truly believe in it, but I like the idea of being able to blame everything I don't like about myself on the alignment of stars and planets. The ancient Greeks and Romans associated the planet Mars with masculinity, aggression, and war—the antithesis of my very being.

I decided to get the tattoo in black-and-grey because I thought if I had gotten it red like the actual planet, it would just look like a big angry open wound protruding from my arm. Any outward manifestation of anger, or any intense emotion for that matter, felt at the time too provocative, because nobody tells eighteen-year-old girls that they're allowed to be angry. My whole life I've watched men punch holes in walls, curse, spit, yell, and grip the wrists of their girlfriends just a little too tightly. Meanwhile, I learned to compress and squeeze my rage into a ball small enough to swallow so it can live inside of me; earnestly felt, but not seen.

I wish I had gotten it in red.

It's midnight and I have to work at 6 a.m. tomorrow but according to Twitter, Mars is supposed to be visible tonight. In a state that I can only describe as manic boredom, I decide to head to the beach. I feel strange because I'm not used to being engulfed in so much darkness: unable to see what's directly in front of me, only what's above. I don't have a fancy telescope or camera and I don't know exactly what to look for. Regardless, I tilt my head up at the night sky and see what appears to be a star, but it's just a little bigger and a little brighter than all the others and I think, there it is. It is not a magnificent or breathtaking sight, but it evokes a sort of ethereal beauty, as it exists literally out of this world (33.9 million miles away to be exact). I can't help but feel a little bigger and a little brighter.

I think about that David Bowie song and whether life on Mars actually exists. For a moment, I imagine little green men in spaceships going about their day—buying groceries, meeting their friends at bars, heading home after a long day at work. Then I think about the Mars Curiosity Rover who sings itself “Happy Birthday” every year from a lifeless planet and I wonder what it feels like to be that radically alone.

I gaze down at the swirls of ink etched permanently into my arm and I no longer feel like I'm in the backseat of my body. I'm awake, present, impassioned, maybe even a bit angry. I like to think I can reclaim a whole goddamn planet just for me.

SLUMBER

THOMAS FERRIELLO

Never did I dream
A pile of dead baby

Raccoons

Would delight me,
But their carcasses'

Sweet Resurrected the
Childhood stench splendid smell of
cotton candy.

They didn't ask to be pulled from peace;
Born into arduous existence
In the ceiling above my bed—

The bed of a man who will burn
Himself to cinders just to seduce

A constantly rotting dream of silence.
It isn't their fault

— they are worried —

Scraping the skeleton of home,
My skull, searching for a neuron

Untouched by Terror.

Maybe if I climbed into their bed,
With matches and intention
I would set them both down

And join the raccoons
— start scratching too,

Grinding my fingers into shriveled, burnt matches —
Dying to reach the baby me below

Who somehow always slept so soundly
Not hearing the world inside.

SPOONS

DELANEY EATON

Even in the walls,
people couldn't
behave.

I hold my spoon firmly by its handle and dip into a steaming bowl of chicken noodle. I dip even though the soup is too hot and scorches my tongue; I dip until there's nothing left. Initially, I am satisfied by how full the warm meal makes me feel. I loosen my grip and let the spoon spill back into emptiness. But soon a bitter aftertaste settles on my tongue and I hunger for more.

I pick up the spoon, again. I look into the shallow curvature of its egg-shaped center and find a warped reflection of myself. My face rests at the bottom, melting upside down. I hold the spoon at different angles and watch my alternate self morph like the inside of a lava lamp. She is mocking me from underneath the metallic surface. I smile and she smiles back with wild teeth

that take up the lower half of her face. I wonder what it must be like to live in a world where one's reflection constantly shifts. I want to walk with her, side by side, and explore the life reflected in a spoon.

I often float between worlds like this. I dip into spaces near and far from home. When I was younger, my fingertips would glide between thousands of textured islands mapped out on the drywall of my mother's kitchen. If I sat long enough, the islands would shift into whole continents

discovered and warred over. Even in the walls, people couldn't behave.

Most days I feel weighed down, exhausted as if I have accomplished more than walking from my apartment to the library and back again. But this is not the case. My steps are minimal, but maybe it's the distance between each step that drags my feet. My daydreams lead me through doorways to all sorts of somewheres and time travel takes no time at all. It's a strange feeling to have a hunger for something beyond living—beyond what is real. Even when I am with others, I have a habit of slipping away. I watch the movement of their lips filtering words like the o-shaped mouths of goldfish. My attention drifts to thoughts of whale sharks feeding on krill in the Caribbean. When people ask if I'm still listening, I hear them from a distance, as if I am underwater.

Late at night, I revisit abandoned memories to pass the time when I should be asleep. They are vivid and child-like. I am seventeen, sitting in the passenger seat of my first love's Jeep. He drives with one hand, so the other can hold mine. This was love—risking both our lives just to feel the other. I can feel the rough callouses on his palms and when he laughs, I know it's from something I said. I am in love again, and for a moment, I no longer feel alone.

I am my mother's daughter and have acquired my more imaginative side from her. She too has a difficult time accepting that sometimes a wall is only a wall. When she and I are together, we reminisce. Her eyes warm when she talks about him, yet they look past me as she uproots memories of my father with a rose-colored shovel.

It is always the smallest detail she chooses to elaborate on. I don't know much about their wedding day, except that the champagne was pink, the dress was

off-white, and she received sterling silver tea spoons from a relative on my father's side. I know that there were guests because of a bin I found in storage awhile back, filled with photographs of the well dressed and unfamiliar.

Still, what I've heard most about are the silver spoons. The time my mother has put into describing them is about as much time as the wedding ceremony lasted, maybe even more. I have never seen them, yet I can imagine the ornate floral design on each handle and the newlywed initials delicately etched at the bottom. The memory of their luster becomes more and more extravagant each time she mentions them.

She visits him and the most beautiful spoons while sitting next to me. She digs deeper into a life that no longer exists—a perfect marriage of 10 years. But I can't trust the distance in her eyes, for she remembers the past as more than it was meant to be. I have to question if the silver spoons ever truly existed. If their life together was so perfect, right down to the spoons, then he wouldn't have left. The memory fades and I watch her smile weaken. I know she feels his absence because I do, too.

Tonight, I am alone. I turn off the TV in the midst of an audience laughing at low volume. Silence fills my apartment; I am encased by it. I stare at my spoon-warped reflection and continue to lock eyes with myself to see who will blink first. I wonder what it would be like to be trapped in a reality other than my own. I wish I could ask if my alternate self is happy. I want to know if she is safe behind the spoon's surface. I begin to talk aloud. I tell her, now would be the time to reveal herself. No one is around except a girl who talks to spoons.

Early Sunday mornings
we played guitar on the porch
of your old home.
The one hidden beneath
your father's old paintings
of Venice Beach and
the revelry of a lost age.
You were lost to the sound
of slamming doors caught
beneath a cancer that
silently plagued you
and I smiled in awe
of your reverence for life
and hopeless desire
to bleach your collar white.
You made me wish
you were a man
I could love
and not weep for
at his deathbed.
Told me your life could fill pages
of endless fury and
maybe win me a Pulitzer
but I shook my head and
laughed, half-shrieking inside
at the bruises on your back.
And the wound your mother
didn't care to bandage.
And death smiled
back at me
back at you,
and I hope every March
you read this
in your grave,
knowing our love story
is all but a ghost story.

THY NAME IS JOHN

TORI SHAW

IN MEMORY OF J.S.

FLIGHT

CHARLOTTE HAMMOND

Sweet, thick air spread out like dampness itself as 217-82 took to the naked Earth for the very first time. It was 5:39 am in Destin, IA, and already the air was hot wool out of the dryer. 217-82 huffed and snorted the July morning with her tulip-sized nostrils and thought: “water.” That vital element she mostly knew as thirst became her North Star as she padded away from Mario Sentito’s largest cattle facility.

Dozy with heat and distraction, it was Mario’s son, James Sentito, who had failed to bolt the sea of cows in during his rounds. 217-82 drilled her little mind through the incessant typhoons of shit at her ankles, the din of the other lowing beasts who, like her, were bored, aching and near-delirious with thirst. She’d hoarded energy to focus on Mario and James and the other staff. She studied their every move in hopes of taking advantage of any small opening in the mammoth mathematical vise that was her life.

That same morning, Bernard Moran, 87, was en route to his new home at Verdant Pastures in Doe Valley, IA. His daughter, Felice, and his grandson, Drew, were in the car with him. Felice wanted to get Bernard checked in “nice-n-early” so she could take Drew back to school shopping and make it across the state again come sunset.

Bernard kept his thoughts about this journey buttoned up. His daughter was spiriting him away to his new “living facility” in the dark of morning so it would be “quick-n-easy.” Less stark. Less like his own flesh-n-blood was depositing him in an

ant colony where he’d wait to die. He watched Drew reading a comic book with the flashlight feature of his mother’s phone. To Bernard, this sight was remarkable—unfathomable in most of his lifetime.

James Sentito, 17, planned for law school. The idea was etched in him cause he wrote it there—no other Sentito would have. He pictured himself thriving far away from Destin. Sleek wood, a black-robed man (or maybe a woman) maintaining order. The only scales would be held by a blindfolded female statue. The only shit to muck would be in words, in submitted documents and objects in sealed bags. When he failed to latch the facility that housed 217-82, he’d just returned home from a summer get together with his Destin peers who’d farm the way his dad did—or whatever crazy foodtopia the system came up with next. His mind was rubied with Milwaukee’s Best, Curve perfume, and the gauzy humidity that lingered in the dead of night. He went through his duties with fat fingers. James Sentito was not his father’s favorite.

The second thing 217-82 felt that July morning was her body. 217-82 could motor. Her shit-caked limbs had abilities she’d hardly realized. With each step, her body contracted and released, her head bobbed. Her hooves made arches in the earth. The feeling was alien: her powers impressed her. Without the din of her thousand neighbors, she could hear her breath and snorted just because. Her tail swished her buttocks with a fresh sensation. What people call pleasure.



Bernard, Felice and Drew were passing through Destin, IA at the exact moment that 217-82 arrived at a small pond, highway adjacent. The pond belonged to no one but was at the edge of Cecil Blake’s 88 acres of corn. The warm, runoff-laced water embraced her. Wet and musty—217-82 felt strangely at home. Bernard spied the cow entering the pond just as the sun was beginning to turn the whole world a shimmery brown butter color. Bernard pressed his spotted fingers to the car window. He thought to motion to his grandson but then decided against it—this scene felt like it was all for him.

The cow lifted her head above the water to help her tongue explore this new, wet little planet. Bernard caught sight of something on her soft ears. An orange square shaped like those clasps on bagged bread. Her tongue lashed water and air—whatever she could get. It balled up something in Bernard Moran, seeing an animal in the dawn light relish that filmy pond. It brought his mind back to Verdant Hills. He expected the place to smell of death.

At the same time, Mario Sentito’s transport van pulled up to the opposite end of the pond. Swirling police lights flanked either side. Felice rolled to the shoulder, thinking they were coming from behind her. As the green pond containing 217-82 became surrounded, the cow did not cease moving her legs. Really, those legs could motor. She found that when the pond was deeper than she could stand, the churning of her legs enabled her to propel forward, like a water bug. 217-82 churned in a circle, motoring without the ground. She didn’t know what flying was, or she did.

James Sentito’s 1996 Honda Accord was the last car to arrive on the scene. Cecil Blake’s

son had texted. A heavy pallet at the bottom of his stomach had replaced any and all hay-party kickback. He shaded his face with his palm from the dawn that was becoming a blaring hot yellow. In the pond he saw the escaped cow pause and stand with most of her body shielded by dirty green water. His father's molasses tone coaxed her. Between his voice and the bleating of the cops' hand radios, he heard the patient, lovely sound of a single cow breathing.

James never saw his father mistreat animals. In fact, Mario Sentito smiled warmly when asked about his work. His father said, "Come on, sugar" to the lock-kneed cow. It was the way he spoke to the Sentito's spaniel, Dizzy. "Come on, Bessie-girl," he cooed, drumming a thigh. James felt something ghoulish cast over the space between the pond and his entreatings father, like a mossy net. At the edge of the pond his father became that mythological undertaker. No—he was the man who drove the boat. James didn't love literature class, but he remembered, linked it, and shuddered. Resolve ground in him. *Leave Destin. Go to the courtroom and shove something heavier than cow shit. Get dirty doing something else.* In the water, 217-82 let out one prolonged moo.

Drew pointed to the cow and remarked that he wanted to go for a swim, too. Bernard insides fluttered at the scene and Drew's response. He said to his daughter, yes, he wanted to swim with Drew, too. And again when she said nothing. He suggested a town pool in Tyler where he used to take Felice. Felice had gotten the car back up to speed on the highway and rolled her shoulders and pursed her lips. "Daddy," she said.

"I'm not done, you know," he said to her after a while. "You never asked me if I was all done. You never asked me anything, Felice." Drew looked up from his comic book. The car moved along and for a bit no one spoke.

Felice said, "Daddy, don't worry about anything," and turned the radio to bluegrass, his favorite. A handful of miles later, Bernard Moran saw some bright orange wildflowers. He thought of the bathing cow's ear tag fluttering in her stolen dawn.

A found poem based on an oral history by Sam McWilliams found at TheRecollectors.com

HOW TO SHARE SPACE

TORI SHAW

I think my dad just wants to die
holding a Diet Pepsi
in his left hand,
tending the garden
in front of the house.
it's hilarious,
this super gay picture.

he's sitting with his legs closed
wrist cocked very far back
cuz he found a lady
he thought he could marry
had a couple of kids
and slammed a door
on it so hard
I just thought,
I can't be that.

past the Caldecott Tunnel
shirtless bartenders and
congressmen whisper,
don't ask, don't tell
but maybe I'm a lesbian
an ugly nobody
at the movie theatre
with my friend
delicately posed on
top of one knee.

I think my dad just wants
a princess daughter
so I let him do my hair
go to prom in outfits
he bought me
wear *these shoes*
and *those pants*
with the knowledge
that I am truly loved.

and I knew he was
just waiting for that,
died two weeks later.

ABOUT FOUND POETRY

A found poem is created using only words, phrases, or quotations that have been selected and rearranged from another text. The literary equivalent of a collage.

"By entering a found text as a poem, the poet doubles its context. The original meaning remains intact, but now it swings between two poles. The poet adds, or at any rate increases, the element of delight."

- As described by writer
Annie Dillard on the
Found Poetry Review

FROM THE AUTHOR

"I was actually assigned to write a found poem for a Contemporary Queer Poetry class. We were discussing HIV/AIDS as metaphor and the way queering words can kill. Our professor instructed us to choose an essay on The Recollectors in order to create a found poem.

"I chose this essay because of how it framed the relationship between a father dying of AIDS and his daughter's struggle to reconcile her own sexuality (alongside her father's desire to erase his). The process of writing this poem originally made me feel uncomfortable, as it felt as if I was appropriating someone else's lived experience for artistic value. However, I suppose this poem was never for me anyway, and that I will always be a part of its audience even though I wrote it."

- Tori Shaw, on why she chose
to write a found poem

City officials have vowed that next time they won't be caught short on coffins.

My nap is interrupted by the bang-bang-bang of hammering. I'm like "Oh shit." Over-muscled debt collectors must be nailing my neighbor to the floor. Now he won't leave his apartment for days. Not even for 10 minutes to go to the store for cigarettes and lotto tickets. Well, that's typical post-traumatic stress disorder symptoms there, buddy. We've been living in a very unusual world. When I look out the window, Jesus is a squeegee man squirting some crap from a bottle onto a car windshield. And if I really concentrate, I can just about see the location of the latest teen suicide cluster. City officials have vowed that next time they won't be caught short on coffins.

♦ ♦ ♦

All things are photographable. Two days ago it was a ruined farmer walking slowly over a country bridge, as if looking for a place to jump. Yesterday it was a man washing a car. Today it was a woman arranging a light-up plastic Jesus in a front yard. Meanwhile, the few children visible in this broken part of the world seemed even fewer than usual. Does that surprise you? The only explanation I heard I heard at the barbershop. It was that the Titanic sailed at dawn.

♦ ♦ ♦

A girl was stuck in the rubble, only her head visible. She was staring straight at us, and I think that's why every month is a kind of choking, a confused wind of travels. I have taken part for a while now in cultural appropriation, unconscious plagiarism, maybe even in a bit of banditry, walking around on my hands and knees and finding rocks and sticks. Stay far away from the area. The area is not safe. Stay away. People are crying, shoving, tripping, trying to leave, scrambling everywhere. It's like they all know those diary locks don't actually work.

CRUCIFIXION ROAD

HOWIE GOOD

JARRING BITS

LORI ANDERSON MOSEMAN

ARTWORK BY

SHEILA GOLOBOROTKO

1 / UNADORNED EXCHANGE

Struggling to put on her pants, ma asks: "Isn't there anything I can do to get better?" "Dialysis," I say. She stomps her feet: "I'm not doing that." "There is no getting better," my brother assures her.

So, she naps. When she wakes, she sings in her endearing monotone: "She thinks she's gonna get better ha ha ha."

"I am finished with her," ma announces, hanging up on her sister in Montana who won't come say a final goodbye in person. "I am finished with her," ma repeats. "Her phone died three times."

Their relationship fixed years ago when ma called collect from a hospital bed: her sister—fearing a scam—refused the call. Their relationship fixed years ago when her sister refused to come to my father George's funeral.

Later in the evening, ma chants: "Who hauled her stuff from Modesto to Medford? George." "Who hauled her stuff from Medford to Libby? George." "Who hauled her stuff from Libby to Glendive? George."

I always knew my violent concision came from ma's bluntness. In these final days (daze), I am finally hearing the lyricism of her syntax.

"Do you wish you had a sister?" she asks me.

"Now?" I laugh: "85-year-old woman on hospice gives birth." "She delivers while smoking a cigarette," ma adds, "then asks for another."

Amid her stroke's jumbled word salad, one sentence rang clear:

"I need a cigarette."
She hadn't had a smoke since 1976.
She hadn't worn a diaper since 1932.
It took two of us to keep her dry.

I call the hospice nurse:

"My friend just died. If I go to her memorial in New York, how long can I be gone?" "Three days. Statistically, your mom is due for a debilitating stroke."

I say to ma:

"My friend, Marthe, just died of a stroke. Can I go to her funeral?" "Do you have money?" she asked. "I have money."

When I have a suitcase in hand, ma says: "Don't you leave your brother alone to deal with me."

Ma is asleep in her red leather recliner. My brother is in the bathroom. Mormon news is blaring on the television. I'm on ma's couch remembering the weeping at Marthe's memorial—an event where we were forbidden to mention anything religious or medical.

Enter my youngest aunt—the Mormon in the family. She sits beside me and whispers so as not to wake ma: "I am sorry I didn't get off the phone when you came over. Cousin X is worried about her daughter who is threatening to kill herself out of guilt over her son's recent suicide. You know X's father killed himself when he had cancer."

My phone rings. It is another dear friend whose father is in hospice with cancer: "My mother just fell."

The last time I saw my dearly departed Marthe, she said: "The losses just keep piling up."

For solace, I hover over page 17 from Marthe's last manuscript: *deposition | dispossession climate change in the Sundarbans*.

trust

reciprocity

kinship

::

**ritual
and migration**

**an unpredictable
loss will occur**



I get up to wash a plate, walk behind the couch to the sink. There I see it again: the family photo we had printed on a blanket. Mom (age 5) poses next to her older brother and two younger sisters. Mom's hands hold the tinier hands of cousin X (age 2)—a toddler ready to walk away from the camera.



There is, in almost every segment of Ai Wei Wei's film *Human Flow*, a toddler trying to walk away. There is, on every continent, hundreds of thousands of family units trying to get better by fleeing trauma.



On page 26, Marthe offers a question:

bodies kept

safe

behind

enclosure walls

::

our only

ethical

necessity (?)



2 / TREASURED ARCHIVE

I hang up the phone with my partner and get up off the kitchen floor, walk three strides to the beige couch. Ma, in her red chair says, “Your father would have appreciated if I talked to him like you talked to Tom.” In shock, I say nothing. Not even “thank you.”



My brother, for once, has left the turquoise chair and actually walked out of the apartment.

“Why doesn’t Mark like people,” ma asks. “He doesn’t like people?” I am confused. “I asked him why he didn’t go outside, and he said he doesn’t like people.” “That’s odd, I have seen him be very social,” I say. “Did you ask him?” “He said people don’t talk long enough.”



“What are you doing?” ma asks. “Working on some poems.” “Your father’s mother would be proud of what you’ve done with your writing.”

Again, I am the silent one. Neither ma nor I ever met Dagny; dad’s mom was dead before ma married. Dad never said anything about her. When I would ask, he’d say, “She’s my mother.”

Any pride is a fiction. A tale we tell to fill an absence.



It has been over a month. Ma has not had another stroke, so my brother opts to return to New Orleans for a week.

Suitcase in hand, he says goodbye to ma. “I hope you don’t have to come back,” she says.

I think: she’s ready to die without him here? Then she adds: “You two have been angels. You have treated me better than I ever treated you.”



The last time I saw my dearly departed Marthe was at my house in New York, I had not yet moved to Utah to help take care of my mother. I told Marthe, “Ma said I should not come visit. Talking on the phone was enough.”

Marthe said, “You are a lot like her.”

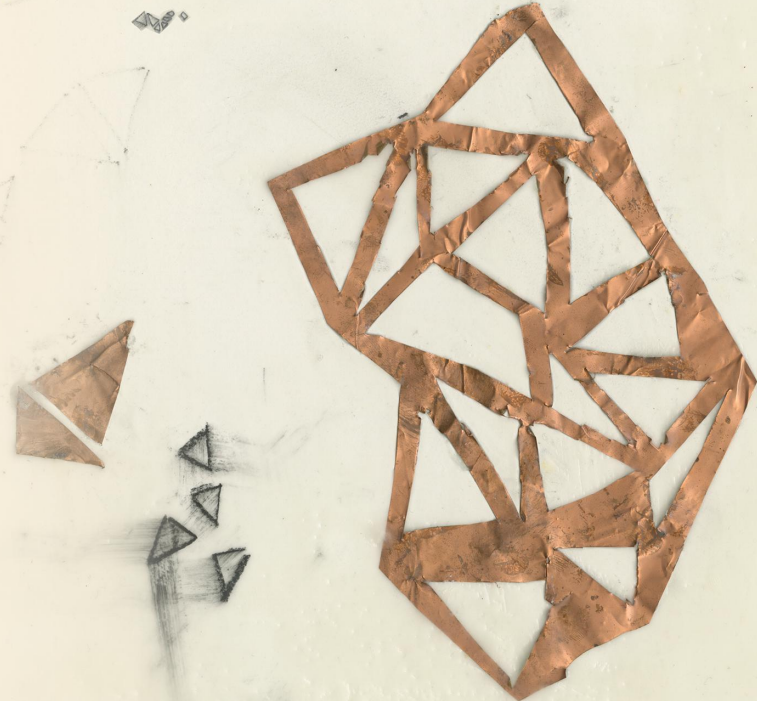


Now, because I cannot even talk to Marthe on the phone, I reread her manuscripts she sent to me for feedback. I always find solace in her words—these are from *Ark Hive*:

“Eluding silence, I write amid fragments, from journals, photographs, memory, archives—time capsule of a disintegrating world. A place and an idea impossible to reconstruct, it falls apart in my hands, its multitudes. What are these fragments, this narrative? I build a box of loose pages, maps, stray keys, and seeds. *Memento mori*. What to keep, what to give away? What will not come with me, or might? Here and not here, what to make of this place called home?”

On Wed, Mar 21, 2018 at 2:21 PM, Lori wrote:
ma never made it to dentist she had a fall entering another phase of hospice

On Wed, Mar 21, 2018 at 4:55 PM, Marthe wrote:
Call me, dear friend, if you would like. I love you.



Here is where I pause in writing these field notes to weep. I wish I had called. I wish I had told Marthe, “I love you.”

On Wed, Mar 21, 2018 at 4:57 PM, Lori wrote:
Marthe, Can't call now. Too awkward.

On Wed, Mar 21, 2018 at 10:43 PM, Marthe wrote:
When you get home and settle in, could you turn an eye to this for me? I find it immensely easier to rave about other people's books...

Exploring a tangled, unsettled love for place amid the landscape, cultures, and social and ecological crises of South Louisiana, *ARK HIVE* seeks amid the ruins for answers—what does it mean to be here, now? Following the ley-lines carved out in the streets and bayous of a rapidly eroding landscape, this collection refuses stability, confident of only the riddle and the manifold voices activating it. Reed's formal hybridity juxtaposes hand-made maps, collaged language, and altered documents with lyrics and lyric essays: “fragments [from] journals, photographs, memory, archives—time capsule of a disintegrating world.” *ARK HIVE* bears its loves and dead along the current of the work's own profligate vegetative urge—accretions of history and immersion, saturations of grief and delight. Tender and monumental, a teeming hive of voices, *ARK HIVE* returns an extraordinary, vanishing world to the center of our attention.

On Thu, Mar 22, 2018 at 11:13 PM Lori wrote:
This is a brilliant portrait of your ARK, your HIVE. You map the book and your process well. I particularly LOVE the last line. And the ley-lines carving. And unsettled love. Maybe consider these two tweaks: Start with the question. What does it mean to be *here, now?* Exploring a tangled... amid the ruins for answers.

Quote some other passage. Your list of the hybrid's modes of discourse is accurate and compelling. The citation is a little repetitive until we get to “time capsule” and “vanishing world.” You want to save the vanishing until the last sentence.

Got to run.

On Sat, Mar 24, 2018 at 10:11 AM Lori wrote:
Safe travels home Marthe. It must be sad to leave.

Not sure when I will be back in NY: mom had a stroke early Friday morning. Her care needs have intensified. I have committed to staying here until she dies.

On Sat, Mar 24, 2018 at 7:18 PM Marthe wrote:
Oh Lori, a hard, hard time. Love to you.♥

Not weeping now. Treasuring the part of my writing life that is communal, in particular the supportive community among indie publishers. Marthe was, to use her own words, “tender and monumental” capable of extraordinary “grief and delight.”

On Thu, Mar 29, 2018 at 3:39 AM Marthe wrote:

Hi Lori, I've been thinking of you and your mom. How is she doing? How are you?
xo
Marthe

On Thu, Mar 29, 2018 at 8:44 AM Lori wrote:

Hawaii...just an airport or on a beach?
Mom got her language and motor skills back within 2 days. Then the following two days she slept round the clock. Today, though, she got out of bed and took her walker outside her room and down the hall. Found myself reading Kurzweil and Vinge on machine sapience and the technical singularity. And a book called the *Most Elegant Equation* in which I had to relearn notions of the limit. When are you home home?

On Thu, Mar 29, 2018 at 3:00 PM Marthe wrote:

I get home on the 4th. We are on the Big Island with Susan Schultz and Laura Mullen. Snorkeling and hiking. Good news about you mom!!
Xo
Marthe

I must have answered that email. I can't find a trace of it though. I wished I had called. Marthe Reed died of a stroke on April 10th. This was our last exchange. I wish I told her I loved her. The outpouring for Marthe at her memorial on April 13th was a testimony to how deeply she enriched others' lives. The reach of her love and the breadth of her intellect is amazing. I use “is” because I am still in shock. Marthe is is is is is



ABOUT THE ARTWORK IN “JARRING BITS”

BY SHEILA GOLOBOROTKO

This series of small encaustics were constructed in the Hudson Valley’s R&F Encaustic Studio. Their abstract subject matter is culled from materials I was able to scavenge from my Red Hook, Brooklyn studio after it was flooded. Flotsam and jetsam of past work literally floated to the surface of the waters, and in so doing, gave me the (unasked for!) opportunity to see, before me, geometric fragments from cutout copper plates, old, damaged prints, and the like. In this series, they float in wax, a material used for centuries for its preservation properties—and the drifting compositions are evocative of weather, life-cycles, and elemental forces.

Mended Structures

Encaustic Monotypes; Cutout Copper;
Silver Leaf; Handmade Paper on Board;

Diptych; 10” x 10”, 8” x 10”, 2016



AUTHORS

SCOTT THOMAS OUTLAR

Scott Thomas Outlar hosts the site 17Numa.com where links to his published poetry, fiction, essays, interviews, reviews, live events, and books can be found. His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. Selections of his poetry have been translated into Afrikaans, Albanian, Dutch, Italian, French, Persian, and Serbian. He has been a weekly contributor for the cultural newsletter Dissident Voice since 2014. His most recent book, *Abstract Visions of Light*, was released in 2018 through Alien Buddha Press.

MICHELE ALONGI

Michele Alongi is an English major at UNF and writer who takes her coffee almost black.

THOMAS FERRIELLO

Thomas Ferriello is a recent graduate from the University of North Florida where he studied English and Creative Writing. He reads, writes, and tries to play the piano so people will think he is cultured. It's yet to work.

DELANEY EATON

Delaney G. Eaton is a poet, writer, and winner of the 2018 Amy Wainwright Award for Creative Nonfiction. She graduated summa cum laude with a bachelors degree in Psychology and a double-minor in Gender Studies and Creative Writing from the University of North Florida. Since graduating, Delaney enjoys working as a legal assistant and contributing to the Palm Beach Women Writers Group.

TORI SHAW

Tori Shaw is a student at Franklin & Marshall College (F&M) where she is double majoring in Cognitive Science and Creative Writing. She has studied abroad in Budapest and Copenhagen, and in her spare time can be found reading Bukowski and drinking coffee. She hopes to pursue a career in both clinical psychology and writing. Her poetry and nonfiction has appeared in or is forthcoming from *The Hellebore*, *Peculiar Magazine*, *The Foundationalist*, and *OCEANS & TIME*.

CHARLOTTE HAMMOND

Charlotte Hammond lives and works in New Jersey. Her fiction appears in *Pithead Chapel*, *the Scores*, *the Basil O'Flaherty* and others. Flight was inspired by the true events of a female cow's escape from a factory farm in 2002.

HOWIE GOOD

Howie Good, Ph.D., a journalism professor at SUNY New Paltz, is the author of *The Loser's Guide to Street Fighting*, winner of the 2017 Lorien Prize from Thoughtcrime Press, and *Dangerous Acts Starring Unstable Elements*, winner of the 2015 Press Americana Prize for Poetry. His latest poetry collections are *I Am Not a Robot* from Tolsun Books and *A Room at the Heartbreak Hotel* from Analog Submissions Press, both published in 2018.

LORI ANDERSON MOSEMAN

Creator/collator Lori Anderson Moseman's most recent poetry collections are *Light Each Pause* (Spuytyn Duyvil, 2017), *Flash Mob* (Spuytyn Duyvil, 2016), and *All Steel* (Flim Forum Press, 2012). Her books *Y* (The Operating System) and *DARN* (Delete Press) are forthcoming in 2019. An avid collaborator, Anderson Moseman worked with book artist Karen Pava Randall to create *Full Quiver* (Propolis Press), with poet Belle Gironde make *Double Vigil* (Lute & Cleat) and printmaker Sheila Goloborotko to produce *insistence, teeth* (Dusie 17) and *Creation* (Goloborotko Studios). With a nine-member team of artists and writers (Stricker, Herrera, Mesmer, Switzer et. al.), Anderson Moseman created *Mar*, an artist book/box of mar(k) postcards (Lute & Cleat). A former

educator, farm journalist and forester, Anderson Moseman founded the press Stockport Flats in the wake of Federal Disaster #1649, a flood along the Upper Delaware River.

ARTIST

SHEILA GOLOBOROTKO

Sheila Goloborotko engages in a restless, relentless material practice that allows singular ideas to emerge in the guise of numerous artistic actions like characters that reappear in novellas over time, or seeds that are blown ashore and thrive in diverse climates. This multidisciplinary artist and master printmaker has exhibited installations, works on paper, sculpture, videos, and interactive projects in more than 150 exhibitions in museums and galleries on four continents, and yet has remained firmly committed to community. Her printshops in Jacksonville, Florida and in rural Pennsylvania are sites of print and poetic activism, empowering first-time printmakers with hands-on workshops and developing the visions of mid-career artists with portfolio production and instruction. An experienced academic who thinks outside the box, Goloborotko is currently an Assistant Professor of Printmaking at University of North Florida. She is also the founder and director of Goloborotko's Studio's since 1989, a center for production and diffusion of printmaking. Find more of her work at her website, Goloborotko.com

THANK YOU

Ways Home, we did it. This issue was a beautiful learning experience for all of us. With only two prior members, most of us went in without knowing what exactly we were in for. But we joined hands and faced each obstacle as a team, a supportive community at our backs.

Thank you to our Jacksonville writing community, particularly our little home at the University of North Florida. Fred Dale, Marcus Pactor, Mark Ari: Thank you for your advice, your time, and your dedication to all of the writing students that cross your path.

Thanks to Brass Tacks for being our home away from home. We couldn't have made it without you.

To each writer who submitted their work, to each of our authors who became family as they collaborated with us, and to each of you readers, reading these words right now: Thank you.

**- FROM ALL
OF US AT
TALON**

THANK YOU

Travis, thank you for your design talent and honesty, and knowing when something is working, when it isn't, and how to tell me. Kat, thank you for being my partner in all of this. The readiness with which you come up with brilliant ideas amazes me. Ari, thank you for giving me this job. I love it. To the entire staff, thank you, thank you, thank you. It was better than I could have hoped.

- KENNA

I'd like to thank, Ari, Pactor, and Dale for their invaluable contributions to creative writing at UNF, my wonderful girlfriend Jamie for her open hearted love, and most of all: Kenna and Kat, our fearless and indefatigable leaders; they carried us on their backs.

- JAMES

ABOUT TALON

Talon Review is a student-run online literary journal based at the University of North Florida in Jacksonville.

You can find us online at talonreview.com
And you can interact with us on Instagram @[@talon_review](https://www.instagram.com/talon_review)