A Handful Of Dust

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*Denny Marshall's titles were omitted from the final edit due to space and information overflow.
The titles are as follows in the order they appear:
Work #1 "Space #16"
Work #2 "Space #13"
Work #3 "Space #2" 1st Published in Pablo Lennis April 1998
Work #4 "Space #15"

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

When I sat down to compile this issue, I realized that I had three camps of poems. The first group had a relationship feel to them: Human, romantic, what-have-you. On the opposite side were poems with a sharp, gritty coat to them. In the middle, I basically saw bridge/pre-chorus poems.

Since this is being released on Valentine’s Day, I figure the order in which the works appear may prove something important to the overall feel of this issue. So, as the cover states, what you are first looking at are the harder poems. Aftermaths of drive-by shootings and missing persons.

And by the end you get to a really sweet poem by Marri Champie. As the little Asian characters state: From hate (front cover) to love (the alternate/back cover).

Additionally, I have a little motto that runs around in my head like a pudgy hamster that says: If you can’t make them love you, then they probably hate you. And if such is life, leave them with a joke parting. Leave them with a smile. Jim Valvis wraps things up nicely with this in mind with his poem, “Ian.”

With that said, I hope you enjoy what you read here. There’s a wealth of talent coming your way. If you like it, pass it on.

Thanks for reading.

hoderitor
The moment you look away,

everything becomes something else,

Swedish ball bearings,

the opulence of large puddles,

a quiet, elderly couple

captured by the posse

and hanged from a broken tree.
On the Aftermath of a Drive-by Shooting
by Chris Allen

Outside, squinting through the diamonds of this chainlink fence, I see children dart like blood through veins.

On the court, a chalk outline, small, fits neatly in the dotted semi-circle.
No one’s ever heard of Middleburg, Virginia unless you live there but you may have been through it once or twice ‘cause it’s not that far from the Capitol, the Monument and Abe Lincoln’s giant marble feet. She was blonde and tall and easy on the eyes (as southern girls seem to be) and she played the horse circuit of old money Virginia until one day she disappeared from the scene. No one knew what happened (they never do) and her list of lovers was long. Maybe there was a fight or two or an argument or jealousy. Just below this small ‘burb of mansions and horse farms on a road near the Interstate they found her black Jeep and her purse intact.

Mile Marker 31. Near the decayed stone barn and the water wheel that used to churn at the river’s side. They turned the woods upside down and never found her making everything as it was before this blonde fury walked into this ancient grand old town.
The gambler in his tight vest bets everything on black as flashes of red drip his losses through the blood, he is forced on a train with one bag filled with history, clothes of power

Rilke for a cloudless afternoon Heine as the evening turns bright nothing for a rock quarry in heat

his leg is wet from the cold crust of hatred turning the veins from red to black like the madness of a roulette wheel spun by the shiny toe of a jackboot.
Winter cold leaves covered the porch.
Giant wood roaches, flippant in mulch.
Her first hardwood floors.

Happy morning routine:
Wake up – 4 lines
  1-write
  2-shower
  3-get ready
  4-leave

Poems flow, smoking, snorting, ash-dropping
tip-tapping among keys patting, poems.
Up her nose, random

boys beds, always cold.
And then one morning:
Her face, her pillow her thick, black blood.
His little hole in the Boston skyline, 
one window lined with soot 
-facing Fenway Park. 
In the room overhead, 
there was a clarinet 
that stalked Stravinsky’s Three Pieces 
every evening. 
During the day it was mostly quiet, 
the crowd on the sidewalks 
resembled the spiders in the room, 
preying with thick overcoats 
to catch the unsuspecting 
in a web woven with smog 
dimly illuminated with the little light 
that penetrated the building alleys, 
so dark, he could only shave 
with a lamp in his face. 
Every morning at 7:30 A.M., 
students clamored on the staircase, 
rushing en route to classes 
at the universities 
and colleges around the corner, 
the clarinet player would flush the toilet 
then turn on the shower. 
Once in a while, a bird 
chirped or tweeted, like a bell chime, 
so close to his door, 
for a moment, he believed 
he had a visitor.
UNSOLVED
by Alison Luterman

"Birthing" by Shareen Knight
she was a girl who
needed a home and I
was four walls and a roof and a door and
she was seventeen and had been beat up
by life harder than a white woman
can imagine and I had looked over
my shoulder and seen forty passing by and fifty
zooming up fast and she
was a cell phone that talked all night
and I was call waiting
patiently on hold never giving up and she
was a bad debt and I was a checkbook
she was an open womb and it was
closing time at my bar I
was a stop sign and she rolled through me
she was being spit out of the centrifuge into the furnace
and I was being vacuumed into the void like dust
by that same inexorable wave
how can I tell you the story
magpie mockingbird cuckaberry sits in his old nut tree...
even now
her creditors keep calling
thinking they’re going to get something, but she
is a hurricane of broken promises
and I am a warning:
look how your crooked tree
bears its crooked fruit
vase filled with icons in broken glass
black invisible water
heated to be cold

swimming in blood
i drink from

angel with folded wings
opens in my veins

angel holding me
in a glass tornado

my madness sane
watching eyes looking into mine

sun in a closed window
in sand the normal flow

my breath
in a dark light

“Tears Of An Angel” by Grant Palmer
Well, it’s two in the morning on a Saturday and the Union Pacific is just now slidin’ in off the long, black tail-fin of another “just-another-Friday night,” and a faint, red breaklight of a star is idling Far-off on the horizon and the wind is rolling around the streets, kickin’ up newspapers and leaves, lookin’ for some blow and maybe a little love (or somethin’ almost like it).

As the cars line up along the loading docks the brakes begin to screech and hiss and bells and lights are firin’ off up and down the line, and then the driver blows out a high-lonesome moan. And from chasms and caverns and sub-basements deep beneath the state of Kansas a prehistoric thunder roils and rumbles and roars up, pouring out over this steep, craggy embankment made of the broken concrete slabs and abandoned appliances of better days.

The lone light in the depot glows a ghostly fluorescent glow—a pale-blue halo, hovering like a radioactive cloud over the boxcars as they barrel through the broken downtown heart of this once-proud little city-state of the plains-stirring up the deep, sedimentary layers of its sleep, a little, maybe, with dreams of universal, unconditional love (or something very nearly like it).
And here we sit, across the river, on the slope of the bank; hidden under an over-hanging tree’s wild latticework of layered leaves and gnarled cathedral arches; passing a half-pint of Presedente and a quart of Mickey’s, back and forth, talking trash and holding court under the blind eye of a somewhat bi-polar, if not exactly, wrathful god.

And there, mingled somewhere in our meandering little river of wine and words, specially imported by the Union Pacific Railroad Co. (or, merely flown in on some impending weather front)- the distant twang and grit of fine red dust from the fabled train yards of Tulsa.

Well, the wind makes way for the rain to get down and the news of the world streams by like stock-market prices; secret codes spray-painted and scrawled all along the line for the eyes of official train-watchers only. Good news, brothers and sisters, good news, so get it straight and take it to the street; “A.S. LOVES S.H., M.K.+ L.B.=TLA, SCHOOL SUCKS!” and “AC/DC RULES!!!”
Phallacy of the Gods
by Mary O’Malley
(based on John Keat’s “Lamia”)

“Eve” by Denny E. Marshall
first published by “Python Queen” #1 (1999)
There is a slow greenness on my porch serpentine in her undercrawl. Licks her thin tongue around dirt spilled corners and small wholes in rent screens. Wind snapped fern and winding ivy struggle between noon and night. Green leaves turn light brown. Lamia’s bell chimes blow elegies for wrecked pails of moon, while wicker chairs wait to be unraveled by crisped hands of air. Strands of twisted hair mimic wayward jasmine vines. Strangled petals fall, cover weakened ground. Mired roses cry for a dying trellis’s fate. Deer stalk and wait to ruin green things. Grass blades defy angels. Trees bend branches to Athene. Earth turns. Stars end their dance while birds bid them farewell. Lamia listens, refuses to wake. The sun burns her scales.

On the back gate, honeysuckled bees dust pollen over a yellow stained Cerberus chained to an iron stake. To touch or not to touch. The question taints the porched play of a fractal child. See the blue iris erect with semen, edged tight with purple. Nothing reigns. Pan’s garden grows wild. Secrets lie beyond ripe lilacs. And all are drawn to her place where she has chosen to live coiled under the chair.
The nuns were right: Poverty is a blessing. Modern Cubans, healthy, slim and dark-skinned beautiful, Exhaust the few calories they can afford, Either walking, because they have no pesos for gas, Or burning the rumba in the arms of the girl next door.

The priests were right: Poverty is a blessing. In Roman days, when the god Mithras Demanded the offering of a costly bull As payment for the secrets of the afterlife, Christianity was a bargain. Promises are cheap—Forgiveness not much more.

The philosopher was right: Poverty is a blessing. Owning more than a book or two, Will lead a man to doubt his parents’ views; Or worse, See his own mediocrity in the eyes of his child.
Most people think that they live in a reality that they can voluntarily Distort periodically. I live in a distortion that sometimes ventures Into their reality just like you just veered into mine for this panoply. I come out of it like a seal floundering after an oil-wreck, black blubber. Most people think that reality is as solid as a credit card or paycheck; I consider these people to be wanton fodder and hope that they look into Windows of their lovers cheating on them with better clones of Themselves on a regular basis—wandering mists about mesas and ponderosas, The emptiness that may happen to them if they simply accept, on a whim, The status quo stasis—most people think that beauty is accidental—as if They happened upon an oasis. Without haste, solely on the basis of your Quest—don’t listen to the naysayers for they tend to sell you dishwashers. I will continue to hide in the woods, like a satyr, where all satire comes from, Distorting myself in order to understand you, pitiful thing, broken machine, Human being corrupted by free will, sucking the tits of power, please Hand me that winesack—I want to be you again; this wilderness chaffs.
Dance Of The Starlings
by Peter J. Grieco

not in the air
on the broken concrete walk
near remnants of January ice
wings at it
flailing rapid circles
like grounded hummingbirds
twisting & bedding, twisting & bedding
one black ball of feathers
beaks at it
twisting & bedding
on the broken granite-like walk
still for a moment
for a moment more
one black ball of wings
then off—
toward opposite quadrants of sky
strawberry seeds caught between my teeth
begin to sprinkle across your nose
painting a freckled picture
of what you wish to be

your eyes close
sand glazing your smooth eyelids
rapid eye movement beginning
below layers of thought and fireworks

strawberry tops cover your sprawled out hair
turning your blonde strands
a shade of mellow, sipped on lemonade

my mouth drips watery berry juice
upon your sundried forehead
cracked knuckles and cracked bottles
keep holding my hand
hesitation from the black sparks
between slimy, clean squares
you’d like to call yours
He points the car south through one of those gray winter days which depress him sometimes, but he has taken his happy pill. He needs to see a buddy in ICU—liver, stroke, tracheotomy, staph—it can’t go on much longer. He remembers another friend he barely managed to visit through the blind luck of a business trip the night before she died of AIDS. Now he worries, will he be a jinx? He puts Eternal Om on the CD player. His breathing slows; he chants along.

Ahead are an erector set of power lines and the smoking stacks of a refinery. He thinks again, as he often has, how evil he must be. Not outside; he fakes it pretty well out there. Inside, that loop of movies in his head. As usual he wonders, is everyone the same? A hidden half? He doesn’t feel unique. The hybrid hums quietly on cruise control; he relaxes in the absence of traffic. The clouds are breaking up, between them beams of sunlight streaking down, the ones he always hopes are sent by God. The ocean suddenly appears; the rays end here in a golden saber on the rim of the horizon. The motor of his mind keeps running.
in slithers the dampness
with decomposing footsteps
a mouldy slug sound
slurping up the night
and the last dying colours
of rose printed paper
as it flays from the walls

your rose printed dress
lies on the floor
as you reluctantly recline
into the mattress stains
dating way back
to my mother’s conception

with a cracked smile you tell me
how you took the long way home
just to kick a few more holes
in the rotting fences
of our boundaries

you said
there’s no stopping the decay
and stood in a dissociating pause
holding a photograph

of my rubble heart
watching
its monochrome spores
fornicate
with the storm-like draught
blowing through the gaps
in the floor
Late evening, early morning,
I search the night for whores,
young and bloody with desires.
The night streets are silent streets
except for the hookers and the Johns.
One wants the pushing of groins
the other green eyes in dollar bills
are sacred treasures
the snatch of the wallet, a consecrated craft.
Both hit the streets quickly
satisfy the needs quickly
finish in different directions quickly.
I’m an old buck now rich with memories
more than movement, talking the trash,
taking the porn pictures,
peeking Tom expert with a naked eye,
snooping around department store
corners, and dumpy old alleyways.
My hair is gray, my teeth eroding,
my thoughts leaning toward prayer
A.M. Catholic mass,
finishing off the early morning
with a lethargic walk
to pick up my social security check
comforts my needs.

-2008-

“Danalee” by Denny E. Marshall
First published in “Pablo Lennis” July 1998
Mean Streets # 6
by Kyle Hemmings
He was watching the woman in the porn flick undressing during an interview. In the porn industry, she was known as Magnum D. The back of the interviewer’s head was to the viewer. In the film, the interviewer spoke in a low monotone and slowly undressed. Intermittently watching and sometimes wincing from his spot on the sofa, he thought of their three months together, how he paid her college semester, what she had told him, until she could get back on her feet. He remembered her pendulous breasts that reminded him of the swaying trees he once took refuge under as a child, the sun so bright, her white platinum hair that made her look like a diva, how she had entered his life at the HR office, looking for a full time spot in data entry. When she finally admitted who she was, that she was laying low due to an actor’s mysterious overdose, one named Roy B. Tang, he asked her if she had real sex with her co-stars. She said yes, but there were ways she protected herself. She said she couldn’t go into it.

He gave her a lump sum of money and refused to answer his phone calls. On his voice mail, she left a message that she would kill herself, that she was sick of being “fucked over.” Eventually, there was a no call and no show. She was terminated from data entry. He began to buy porn flicks.

So there he was watching on DVD the fabulous Magnum D writhe and gyrate, allowing herself to become perforated by this stranger with an abnormally large penis, chisel-hard, an endless eruption of erase-your-identity fluid. He turned to the woman sitting next to him on the sofa, inspecting her eyes for some flicker, some twitch of excitement. Instead, she sat there motionless as a doll, a doll from his shush-don’t-cry childhood, very much like the one he once threw into the river after his sister discovered he was spying on her in the shower and said she would tell.
All the whores draped in callow, and the rhinestone rabbit’s feet. 
In windowpane and aubergine –
Threadbare o’er the smells of winter.

‘Cross the buildings, ‘tween the black cats, and the pasta sauce and Parker Posey: 
That’s you; walking along the Bowery, Under the scaffolding –
Fashionista and blood-thirsting.

Well, that’s you to me: 
The pinch of salt, a shoulder shrugged. 
The knocked on wood and watermarked. 
And a thread, one –
Of purple lace from the whore’s own swatch, a child wearing, in the stained glass window: pain; 
And Stuart Weitzman high heeled shoes.

The whores, swaying in unison: dizzy, dizzy. 
The stained, glass windowpane: a mirror- 
the purple lace dress that you’ve got on.
I cannot be written away in epistle, elegy, or treatise to another in awe or rapt. I am your mercury, no, mercurial; a mermaid, a lifeguard, a jazz musician bent in a low brow ensemble.

But if you prefer lyrics, then this poem is my fait complete. The many parts of a family, disassembled but delicately said with words written to create new places in the things no longer captured in a poem. Like frost turning crystal, water almost ice and air almost breath, so that your forever is my forever and no one else.

Please be so kind now to pick up these wings, Move this tail off the counter, forgive me, It's been a long day from dragon to lily, from wherever to now.
The officer assigned to take my statement had stopped listening. Nobody wants to hear about false feelings of well being, the woman who was next to me in line but not with me, trees bobbing to the surface holding hands. We’re such elaborate animals. At some point, the chief of police stuck his head into the room. Can you please just skip over the dull parts? he asked. I may have shrugged. Any explanation abbreviates, anyway. It was only two days till spring, and leaving the station, I noticed for the first time the moon’s vacant stare, its black front tooth.
Two birds make love
To the sunrise
Sultry musical silhouettes

Gleaming in the pupils of
Your pastel eyes
I bathe in primordial soup

Lost in sounds and scents
Of open thighs
Of piercing thoughts

A nip, a bite, a sudden cry
Flying off we soar free
Closing the lid of night

How we laugh
Languidly floating like
Dandelions

Searching the dawn to seed
I nestle safely within your
Warm cocoon, enfolded as

Eggs roost on aeries tops
A crack, a rustle, a soft glow
Love hatches with first light
ASKED FOR ROSES
by Marri Champie

When winter was scourged from root and stone,
and purged from each bit of bone,—mine and theirs—and Spring flushed wings of color,
vibrant in the branch, exultant with song,
my expectancy renewed, and I dreamed—again.

I wanted to ask for so many things!
I wanted to ask for love;
for a kiss to brush my lips and breast with absinthe and fire.
I wanted to ask for youth:
for the feel of taut sinews, and heavy, dark tresses, along my back and shoulders.
I wanted to ask for song;
to give voice again to boundless hope without this reedy, breathless rasp.
I wanted to ask for you.
I wanted to ask for you, but I knew better.
Instead, I asked for roses, and iris, and the sweet, flushed petals to draw the bees and spin the breeze with scent.
I asked for bouquets of dreams.
IAN
BY JAMES VALVIS

"THE PROPAGANDA" BY TESSELEANU GEORGE
Night after night, he read poetry at readings. His signature poem was about him sucking his own cock, how he practiced bending forward until he was limber enough to put mouth to penis. He read this poem at every poetry event so that after a time even the shocking subject matter bored everyone.

For a reason I can't recall, Ian hated me and my poetry. He would ask people what they saw in my writing. He would tell them I was an asshole and a bad poet. He would boast he was going to kick my ass. Then he'd read the poem about sucking his own cock that he and everyone else had long ago memorized.

I didn't know if he could really do it. Suck his own cock, I mean. He had the body for it: lean, fit, boyish. It was something, I admit, I could never dream of doing. I was too thick around the middle even then. I suppose it was impressive in a carnival sort of way. It might be a fun talent you could flaunt at family reunions. "Hey, Aunt Regina, check out this crazy thing I can do."

But you see-- there I go making fun of the poor fellow. Maybe he didn't like me because I didn't respect enough the gymnastic accomplishment of bending like a stapler.

This was all a long time ago, almost twenty years. Last I heard Ian was a short order cook at a drive-in dive. He'd stopped writing poetry and attending readings. Sadly, he never got around to kicking my ass. I guess he was just too busy sucking his own cock.
Chris Allen is a former PR flack whose work has anonymously spun unsuspecting readers throughout the Southeast. Since earning an MFA from Southern Illinois University in 2007, he has engaged in more scrupulous work teaching English at Piedmont Technical College in Greenwood, SC.

Joe Amaral spends most of his time spelunking around the central coast of California. He is a paramedic by trade but a world traveler at heart. Joe’s work has appeared in *A Handful of Dust, Carcinogenic Poetry, Edetic Flash, Paradigm, Underground Voices* and in an anthology by *Pill Hill Press*. He has work forthcoming via *Wicked East Press* and *Certain Circuits*.

Peter Bergquist earned a BA in English from Princeton University and an MFA in Creative Writing (Poetry) from Antioch University Los Angeles; and he is currently teaching English, Film and Academic Decathlon in the Los Angeles Unified School District. His poems have been published in *The New Verse News, The Chickasaw Plum, The Sylvan Echo, The Two Hawks Quarterly, The Sea Stories Project of the Blue Ocean Institute, Motif, The Queen City Review* and *The Broad River Review*. His poem “From Here to There” received Honorable Mention in the Inglis House Poetry Contest and was published in their chapbook On the Outskirts; his poem “Red Tide” won second prize in the Bay Days Poetry Contest; his poem “Roosevelt” was named Runner-Up in the Chistell Writing Contest.

Marri Champie has an MA in English Lit, Writing Emphasis and a minor in photography and Earth Science. She won three Dell Writing Awards, and is a published poet, and essayist. Marri is a fishing fanatic, horsewoman, and cook. She’s passionate about the local Farmer’s market, where she sells artisan breads and what-not all summer. She lives on a small ranch overlooking the Great Basin of Idaho.

Shelby Denham is talented young artist from the west coast who has won awards and has sold some of her artwork.

Teseleanu George is an artist from Romania. More of his work can be found here: [http://hrn.deviantart.com/](http://hrn.deviantart.com/)

Howie Good, a journalism professor at the State University of New York at New Paltz, is the author of 16 print and digital poetry chapbooks and the full-length collection of poetry, *Lovesick* (2009). His second full-length collection, *Heart With a Dirty Windshield*, will be published by BeWrite Books.
Peter Grieco is a Ph.D. graduate of SUNY Buffalo (1993). He wrote his dissertation on working-class poetry. He has taught at Bilkent University in Ankara, Turkey, and at Hankuk University in Seoul, Korea, and now teaches at Buffalo State College in Buffalo, NY, his native city.

Kyle Hemmings lives and works in New Jersey. He has a chapbook of poetry titled Avenue C, available from Scars Publications.


Michael Keshigian is the author of five poetry chapbooks. His sixth collection Jazz Face, was recently released by Big Table Publishing Co. His poetry has appeared in numerous national and international journals as well as many online publications, including California Quarterly, Barbaric Yawp, Tipton Poetry Journal, Jerry Jazz Musician, Sierra Nevada College Review, and Ibbetson Street Press. He has been a feature writer for The Aurorean, Poetree Magazine, Chantarelle’s Notebook, Bellowing Ark, Pegasus Review, The Illogical Muse, interviewed by Boston Literary Magazine (bostonliterarymagazine.com/Fall2007 Spotlight) and Reader’s Choice in the Fairfield Review. He is a multiple Pushcart Prize and Best Of The Net nominee. (www.michaelkeshigian.com)

Shareen Knight is an artist, writer and photographer, whose work has been shown in galleries and group shows on the West Coast a decade earlier. She now lives in a remote part of British Columbia with her dog and cat, photographing the interior mountains and lakes of BC, and renovating a 1910 farmhouse. Some of her art work can be seen at Cezanne's Carrot, Oregon Literary Review, and Diverse Voices Quarterly (April 2010). Photography at The Sylvan Echo (archives), Limestone, Women's Studies Quarterly forthcoming in June 2011, to name a few. She will soon have a web site. Email: pupdogs@uniserve.com
P.A. Levy, having fled his native East End, now hides in the heart of Suffolk countryside learning the lost arts of hedge mumbling and clod watching. He has been published in many magazines, and is an original member of the Clueless Collective to be found at: www.cluelesscollective.co.uk.

Barbara Lovenheim teaches in the Master of Arts in Liberal Studies Program at Nazareth College, Rochester, NY. She has published poetry in miller’s pond, Hazmat, Scapegoat Review, Free Focus, and Tygerburning, as well as in the anthologies Of Risk Courage and Women: Our Different Voices and In Other Words: A Poetry Anthology. Her book review on Nicole Cooley’s The Afflicted Girls was included on womenwriters.net. She writes a monthly book review of Jewish books called Sfarim.

Alison Luterman has two books of poems, The Largest Possible Life (Cleveland State University Press), and See How We Almost Fly (Pearl Editions.) Her poems have appeared in The Sun, Oberon, Rattle, The Atlanta Review and elsewhere. She also writes personal essays and plays.

Denny E. Marshall lives in the Midwest and has had art & poetry recently published. This includes art on the current cover Liebamour (Issue #2).

Joseph V. Milford is a Professor of English at Georgia Military College south of Atlanta. His first book, Cracked Altimeter, was published in 2010. He is the host of the weekly Joe Milford Poetry Show (http://joemilfordpoetryshow.com), which he maintains with his wife, Chenelle. He also edits the literary journal Scythe with his wife from their shack in rural Georgia. Currently, he is happy with the Atlanta Falcons football team.

Jimmy Nieto is forty eight years old and lives in San Diego, CA. His credits include Black Book Press, Barbaric Yawp and Cokefish.

Mary C. O'Malley, MSW MFA, has been published in print and online. Some of the zines are: Whiskey Island and Box Car Review. She has five children and even though they are almost adults, she finds keeping track of these things difficult. Her work has been performed at spoken word performances in Cleveland and around the world.
Grant Palmer is an award winning Australian photographer and writer, now living in Southern California. He has lived and created all over the world and continues to explore his art around the globe. He has been published on the Huffington Post, Tattoo Highway and at the Aquarium of the Pacific. His ongoing work and links to select publications may be viewed at www.grantpalmerphotography.com.

Joe Perretta hails from the bustling city streets of Key West, Florida. He received his Bachelors in English from Duke University in ’07. He spends much his time traveling around the world working on new poems and hiding them in dangerous, secret spots for natives to find, then translate. This might be why his poems have not appeared in very many journals in America or in English until now. While none of that is true, Joe currently resides in Antigonish, Nova Scotia with his cat Maccabee and a handful of disoriented local politicians who consider him the town sage.

Jason Ryberg is the author of seven books of poetry, six screenplays, a few short stories, a box of loose papers that could one day be loosely construed as a novel and a couple of angry letters to various magazine and newspaper editors. He lives in Kansas City, Missouri. His latest collection of poems, Blunt Trauma (co-authored with Iris Appelquist and released by Spartan Press), is available at www.prosperosbookstore.com.

L.B. Sedlacek's poems have appeared in such publications as Audience Magazine, Assisi, Red River Review, Tertulia Magazine, Bear Creek Haiku, Heritage Writer, Ginosko, Spiky Palm, The Hurricane Review, sidereality, Illumen, Bent Pin Quarterly, Hurricane Review, and Poesia. She hosts the podcast "Coffee House to Go." Find her at: www.lbsedlacek.com

David Sutherland's work has been published in The American Literary Review, The Mid-American Review, The Adirondack Review, APR and others. He received a Rhysling Award and Pushcart Nomination.

James Valvis lives in Issaquah, Washington. His poems or stories are forthcoming in Chiron Review, Deuce Coupe, Gargoyle, Pig in a Poke, Underground Voices, Yellow Mama, and many others. Red Fez nominated one of his poems for Best of the Web. A collection of his poems is due from Aortic Books.
Allison Wilkins is a graduate of the University of Nevada Las Vegas International MFA program. Her poems have appeared in or are forthcoming with *STILL*, *Broken Bridge Review*, *The Georgetown Review*, *botmetalpress* and others. She currently lives in Virginia and is an Assistant Professor of English at Lynchburg College.

Shanna Williams currently lives in San Francisco, California. She mostly writes poetry and prose, but some fiction and playwriting here and there. She has been published in a few online literary magazines.

Ron Yazinski is a retired English teacher who lives in Northeastern Pennsylvania with his wife Jeanne. His poems have or will soon appear in *Mulberry Poets and Writers Association*, *Strong Verse*, *The Bijou Review*, *The Edison Literary Review*, *Chantarelle’s Notebook*, *Centrifugal Eye*, *amphibi.us*, *Nefarious Ballerina*, *The Write Room*, *Pulsar* and *Crash*. He is also author of the chapbook *HOUSES: AN AMERICAN ZODIAC*, which was published by The Poetry Library and a book of poems *SOUTH OF SCRANTON*. 
A Handful Of Dust

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