

New Poetry by Layle Chambers: “Becoming a Lighthouse #1;” “You Find Wonders;” “Pilot Air”

cold laps the shore
no choice but to step in
stride out, stake my place
transmute into tower

New Poetry from Jeffrey Kingman: “Matriarch,” “Josephine Marcus Earp,” and “Marching: Sophia Duleep Singh”



OCCASION THE BELLY / *image by
Amalie Flynn*

MATRIARCH

ninth great-grandchild
spits up peas
seventh and fourth
declare themselves winners

I bundle the children into categories
high-shouldered daughters gobble minutes
trikes in the hallway

my sidwinding wisdom
laughs into a hanky

why is it I depend on the perpetual
tweed skirt

try reading
a mother
nursing triplets

attagirl

I suppose getting it right doesn't matter
pull the flowers from the earth

an isolated pea is a tiny thing

JOSEPHINE MARCUS EARP

cowboys were the bad guys
one cow hides behind the last one
it was a bad sum
inaccuracies plus chickens

instead traded on horse hooves
kicked up dust and stray dogs

she wanted to be
taken seriously
staked instead a vagabond

her husband's posture straight to the sky
pointing now to the headboard
the tombstone didn't think of her

left with her own version
they rifle through the undergarment drawer
for the sheriff's girl

MARCHING: SOPHIA DULEEP SINGH

voice rattles
a high window
the lyric ricochets
then straightens
to the upper register

breath comes
from the diaphragm
for the belters
on occasion
the belly

trailing skirts out of fashion
wives sing wild
wrapped in bedsheets
to jump from a crawling baby
is not a dance

talk of a women's parliament
words are for lemmings
feet do the work
until the pointlessness is stiff limbed
dogged bobbys
the street scuffle an avant-garde
ballet

she fell down during the struggle
mud on her dress

New Poetry from Laura King: “Orange”



MY ACIDIC PAST / *image by*
Amalie Flynn

ORANGE

It's June, and a few stubborn ones
still hang on the trees.

We stand on the back of the pickup to pluck one—
so easy to peel, this old girl the sun has sugared
since December's sharp tang.

Now it's sweet as honey, sweet as candy,
sweet as that boy child
who wrapped himself up in his binkie,
his raw thumb firm against his upper palette,
who sat on the stairs facing the wall
because I'd snapped at him again.

Why was I upset all the time?

Though everyone forgives me, no one forgets
my acidic past; bright orange, raw rage.

New Poetry by Rochelle Jewell Shapiro: “Each Night My Mother Dies Again”



FALLS ON NIGHT / *image by Amalie Flynn*

EACH NIGHT MY MOTHER DIES AGAIN

Each night the phone rings—

Your mother has passed.

Each night I expect to be relieved, but night falls on night.

Each night she is the mother who makes waffles,

batter bubbling from the sides of the iron, the mother

who squeezes fresh orange juice, and serves soft-boiled eggs

in enchanted egg cups. Each night I squint into her face

as she carries me over the ocean waves, her arms my raft.

Each night she refills Dr. Zucker’s prescriptions

for diet pills and valium. Each night she waters her
rosebushes

with Dewar’s. Each night I see her hands shake,

her brows twitch. Each night she adds ground glass

to the chopped liver, rubbing alcohol to the chopped herring.

Each night she puts a chicken straight on the lit burner

without a pot. Each 2:00 a.m., Mrs. Finch from 6G phones—

Sorry to say your mother is naked

in the hallway again.

Each night my mother is strapped into her railed bed

at Pilgrim State, curled into a fetal position,

her hands fisted like claws.

Each night she calls to me

from her plain pine coffin, calls me

by the name she gave me, the name

she hasn't forgotten.

New Poetry by Emily Hyland: "Rehab Day 1," "Rehab Day 4," "Rehab Day 9," "Rehab Day 11," and "Rehab Day 19"



THAT PARTICULAR REGION / *image by*
Amalie Flynn

REHAB DAY 1

He hadn't told me, hadn't stopped drinking
drank beer in the hallway near recycling

where people bring garbage and broken-down boxes
he guzzled, and I was here on the other side of the door

thinking him sober,

reversing redness and the inflammation
from an otherwise young and healthy liver

and *I* was sober—

how would it help for me to sip a glass of wine
while he drank water with our chicken piccata?

My first thought after drop-off was rebellion

to pull the cork from a long glass throat
and pour full garnet into stemware

I wanted that right again. In my home
the right again

to not finish a bottle and know
it will still be there in the morning

Then I felt a kind of shame

I checked him into a rehab facility
and all I could think of was wine

to unleash my desire for want

drove hours home like a Christmas-morning kid
thrashing through ribbons and crinkled paper

so soon as it was in sight
enrapt and hungry for vice.

REHAB DAY 4

He's been in rehab four days now, four days without hands on
my body

how indulgent that every day I've had hands plying my nerves
into delight

delight like the tickle and lick of sharing a bed with the
same person

and when I finally call my dad, my dad who I'd been avoiding
telling

I tell him how lonely it was to arrive back home after leaving
him there

with nurses in their face shields, yellow gowns, and their

masks

and the globe eyes of his counselor, who stood just back on
the sidewalk

and my dad says with unintended harshness that he takes back
as soon as the truth hits the mouth of his phone: *You don't
have to tell me that*

at least he's coming back and I imagine him there alone,
barefoot

in shorts with a solid color shirt, some sort of mauve,
doodling spirals

and checker-box patterns at the kitchen table on a yellow
legal pad

in felt-tipped pen while he talks to me, and I remember how in
the month

between funeral and stay-at-home, he was well-booked—every day
somebody stopped by with a crumb cake. Baked goods multiplied
on his countertop: cookies mutated into blondies into muffins
into baskets

filled mostly with crinkle paper with pears and crackers atop
and underneath

the suffocation of plastic tied with ribbons. We worked in
shifts

so he would not be alone, alone where he watched her for
months and months

and months and months, he danced with her bald in her walker.
Oh, how

she resisted that walker until she fell over! How there was a

friend each day

on the calendar for lunch, how we took turns staying the night
frying two eggs with toast in the morning—he always ate
breakfast—

the plate hearkening back to the diner in Waldwick. How he
does not have a return.

My call—a child seeking solace from a parent who only
understands

in the way the child will only know as real in some future

hard to materialize in the livingness of abundance and
relative youth

how he too was young once with a wife who had long hair she
permed

curly and he would tug on her locks under their blankets. When
I say *future*

I see Jim again, clear-eyed with warm hands playing my rib
cage,

The National on in the car as we drive up 95 to some version
of our life

twenty-four days from right now.

REHAB DAY 9

of course the doctor finds a cyst

on my left breast uphill from sternum

rolling around like a glass marble

of course this is the first day he calls
of course I cannot tell him this news
washed from normal humdrum stress
he swims in progress
and my secret would not serve him
any more than it serves my own
malicious asshole cells
dense like perennials since puberty
of that particular region
of course I cannot even examine
the terrain of my own human lumps
with one arm raised like a branch
fingers ambling around suspicion
every time I've been terrified
I'll find what mom found
and it all feels like oatmeal anyhow
and he's helpless from there anyhow
to distract from my cycle of peering
into imagined crystal balls and storylines
seeing only the worst, seeing coffins—
if he does not know he cannot worry
and I cannot put that upon him now

make him worry for me

while he does so well in there

REHAB DAY 11

It's time to take the IUD out.

This is what I think about today, my body
doesn't want this preventer centered anymore.

I remember the day it went in:
man-doctor's hand inserting copper
I winced. He said *I know, I know*

generic bedside assuaging
irked my nerves I sharpened back
No, no, you actually don't.

And mom came along for support
all frail in her bird limbs, climbed broken
into a chair next to me at the outpatient place

and pain got to the point I needed her hand
to squeeze like citrus pulp out of my grip
as something external opened me up—

I want to be opened from the inside instead
dragged ragged in the riptide of giving birth—
I realized I'd break her frame of softening digits

and knuckles of chemo bones if I juiced
so I unfelt her skin and took hold of my gown
wrung into wrinkles and sweated holes

it's only a sheen of thin paper anyway...
When he comes back, he will come back
to some levels of absence—and so in turn

open space comes back in, to come in

like syrup into my hungry self.

REHAB DAY 19

His absence heightens hers
so this is how I communicate with mom

I feel each breast one by one smushed
between a plastic pane and its baseboard
goosebumps prickle against machine sounds

in a room alone with the rumbling
inherited path toward lobular cancer

where will my tissue light up a mammogram
like a late-summer campfire sparkler?
Today the ultrasound is a shock

The technician skates a roller over my mound
and I see with clarity a round black orb

She talks to me lump to lump
on the same table she undid her robe years ago
except her skin puckered like a citrus punch

breast vines weighted
by clusters of rotting berries, overripe

mine are bright on the doctor's screen
netted fibers the rind of a cantaloupe's dry skin
I see roadways toward lactation

and roadways toward demise
and this marble eye from god

like an omen is benign
has come out as a reminder
of how to spend my days.

* *Variation on second line borrowed from Barthes's Mourning Diary*

**Last line borrowed from Anne Dillard quote, "How we spend our days is how we spend our lives"*

New Poetry from Amalie Flynn: "Married"



MARRIED TO A MORNING / *image by Amalie Flynn*

*For twenty years I have been married to a morning. Of blue sky that stretches and pulls across me like water filling up a suburban swimming pool. The pit that formed a hole. The bodies falling down as if bloodless dolls instead of kneecaps and muscle shins and thighs hot fingers letting go of metal or chests and ribs an artery that runs down the length of a leg like a hose cheeks that hold in teeth and tongues jaw and soft palates or a brain inside of a skull. How the sky was full of bodies so many falling thoughts fell down or how the word *land* crashes and breaks breaks and breaks apart on impact. How the day still drowns me.*

Today my husband is crouched in our garden calves flexed. Today I reach out and I run my fingers across broad fields of skin between the shoulders. Shoulders of my two sons. And I know.

How I know beneath.

We are bones.