

805



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"805" is the Dewey Decimal number for literary journals. The subject breakdown is:

800 Literature & rhetoric
805 Serial publications

We're looking for prose, poetry, and art that is unexpected, striking, and moving. We accept submissions from residents of Manatee County and the rest of the universe. Submissions are accepted year-round, and there is no fee to submit. Please submit works not published elsewhere. Submissions can be made at www.805lit.org/submissions.html.

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Lit + Art Journal

Volume 2, Issue 1

2016

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From the Editor

One year ago, our editors met for the first time to plan the launch of this journal. Since that first meeting, we have had the honor of publishing many authors and artists and sharing their talent with the world. In each issue, we aim to highlight at least one unpublished author or artist. In this issue, we have the nonfiction piece, “Count the Semis” by debut author Liz Dean.

We also feature a winner in this issue. The Manatee County Public Library held a flash fiction contest for a chance to win a free ticket to attend **“Bookends: An Evening with Two Literary Giants: John Grisham and Stephen King.”** This event is a fundraiser hosted by the Manatee Library Foundation. Participants in the contest were asked to write a flash fiction story or poem inspired by Ann McGrath's “Edinburgh Photographer.” The winning entry was “The Impossible Promise” by debut author Joshua Joel Mohr. We are proud to publish “The Impossible Promise” and “Edinburgh Photographer” in this issue, as well as two honorable mention stories, “Sarah” by Jennifer Ammon and “On a Quiet Street Where Old Ghosts Meet” by debut author Mary O’Flynn. We thank everyone who submitted an entry to the contest.

Enjoy.

Stephanie Katz
Editor-In-Chief

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The Ribbons
Steven Kenny



The Jellyfish
Steven Kenny

Life of Pisces

John Grey

Between sips of coffee,
she reads her near future
in the astrology column
of the morning newspaper.

Love life: not to be taken lightly.
The job: success comes your way
Money: bright prospects
despite your lack of a meaningful degree.
Okay, so it doesn't say this last part.
But she's adept at reading between the lines.

Her husband's urging her to get a move on
as he munches cold toast
while fixing a thin blue tie.
"Why do you read that crap for,"
he snaps for the ten thousandth time.

Slowly she abandons the prospects
for those born under the sign of Pisces
for another day at the desk
beneath a whole other sign,
the blue-striped logo of a bank.

He reckons fate is not in the stars
but somewhere behind the officious face
of a certain Duncan Pope,
the odious presence in the corner office.

She slowly readies herself
for another eight hours of drudgery.
That pseudo-science provides
the last good news of the day.

Her lucky numbers are 7 and 4.
Her colors are blue and purple.
Thought for the day:
don't give this another thought.



Edinburgh Photographer
Ann McGrath

The Impossible Promise

Joshua Joel Mohr

The war was over. Pa was finally home. Never again would he photograph trenches, barbed wire, dying boys, or burning cities. Though when he slept mortars still fell, boys still died, chlorine gas crept low and silent, and he screamed until Ma shook him awake.

Shortly after arriving Pa stowed his beloved camera in the closet. There it rested, almost forgotten. Sometimes, though, Pa's gaze would snap to the closet door and he would turn away - shoulders hunched and jaw clenched. He seldom smiled, and when he did it seemed to require immense physical effort - a grim flexion of strained facial muscles never quite reaching haunted eyes.

Pa forced a smile on my birthday, for my sake, but in the dancing light of fourteen small candles his smiling face became a leering skull. I blew out candles, ate cake, opened presents - and in one small box was Pa's camera.

"This camera has seen so much evil," Pa told me. "Evil necessary to achieve peace. It's yours now. Show it something beautiful."

"I will," I promised.

It's 7 September 1940. I'm glad Pa is gone. He died before we realized it was all in vain; the war to end all wars. Those seventeen million bright souls extinguished like so many small candles only hardened our hearts and taught us better ways to kill. It's happening again, but I'm keeping my promise. Even now, as the new war rages, London is beautiful in the quiet minutes before the blackout.



Sarah

Jennifer Ammon

She stays at Trinity College in Dublin. She eats mussels at the Bloody Stream, sips Green Spot whiskey with her professor and new friends, sees the Book of Kells, reads Joyce but prefers the gossip in *The Sun*. She meets the coolest long-haired singer of an Irish band and sings songs with him. They share a furtive kiss. They are kindred spirits, suffering in Irish gloom, tangled up with lovers who cannot love.

She snaps pictures of castles, cemeteries, sheep, bales of hay in golden light, the dazzling Cliffs of Moher, the little girl standing on O'Connell Street, her hair all wavy and red, so red, it's almost all she can see, that crazy wild hair blowing in the wind.

She has a beer at the Dame Tavern. A young guy tries. He wants to know something about her. She wants to tell him, I think I see things that other people don't see. No, she better not stay. She takes a parting shot of him pumping his bicep.

It's very dark. On the way back to her room, she feels frightened and at the same time, exhilarated. She comes to an old building with bars on the windows and bars on the doors, a luminous lamp its saving grace. There's a perfect shadow cast by the light. She pulls out her camera from her bag. Her black and white shots suck but it's got to be a black and white shot. She revs up the ISO. Okay . . . *focus*.



On a Quiet Street Where Old Ghosts Meet

Mary P. O'Flynn

I picked up the World War I field glasses that I purchased at an antique store on Grafton Street in Dublin. I was now in Galway on a quiet street off Eyre Square on a cool, spring evening. I leaned against the stone and picked up the field glasses, twitched the knobs of each lens until the scene became clearly focused to my eyes. I aimed the glasses towards the third floor window of the old, Victorian building. Many years ago, it had been a convent, the home of the Sisters of Charity. The building was dark and no lights appeared in any of the windows. The building had fallen into disrepair and was empty. The lamplight on the street illuminated the façade of the stone building.

I raised the glasses and immediately I saw her standing in the third floor window. The gas lamplight in the room illuminated her outline in the window. She was dressed in an off white shirtwaist with a lace white collar and a long, brown tweed skirt. Her chestnut hair was upswept in a swirl above her head. In her arms, she was holding an infant swathed in a heavy knit blanket. She looked anxiously through the curtained window. My grandmother, Emily Riordan, age 17, was holding her son, waiting for some one to come for them. I lowered the glasses to the street and saw a black horse and carriage rumbling along the cobblestoned street.





Aunt Fay
Jane Horton



Camp Deerfield
Jane Horton



Johnny, Fay, and Skip
Jane Horton



**Horace
and
Fay**
Jane Horton



John and Tod
Jane Horton

Paper Words

Brian Burmeister

On July 12, Sara wrote home to her parents:

In a different IDP camp there was confusion.
Word spread
That some were being moved.

Which was true.

But the gossip was quick and panicked and
Evolving.

Within one day there became great belief
That those being moved
Were being taken to Europe.

When the cars and jeeps pulled into their line,
Mothers swarmed the cars
With their children,
Holding them out,
Thrusting them out,
And where windows were open
Throwing them through the space
Between metal and glass
Chanting,

Take my baby, take my baby.

It took two or three hours that day

For the children to be returned
And for all that were there to know no one,
Not one,
Was going to Europe

Just twenty miles further west,
To someplace not good,
Save for better supplies.

Each week Sara wrote to her parents like this:

Of the things she heard,
And not what she saw.

As if the two steps of separation
From parents to action
Would allow them to place her into the role
Of story-teller,
Not daughter.

More

Brian Burmeister

April 27, 2007

The camp crowds around radios:

The static, British voice tells
them that names have been
released
by the International Criminal Court.

Those gathered hold each
other, cry,
and await the list.

They say nothing for
fear they will miss
this *joy*.

And the promise of it comes:

Ahmad Harun and Ali Kushayb have been . . .

But there are no more.

The crowd
waits, waits,
and the promise is gone.

As the report continues for hours
it is clear that only
two names have been charged.

“Where is the devil Bashir? Where is his name?”

Voices raise, embraces release.
A small pot shatters as a young Sheikh walks away.

“How can there be only two?” someone asks
as most of the crowds go back to their tents.

The only reply anyone remembers says,
“There will be more.
God will make there be more.”

Present Tense

Brian Burmeister

“It’s like stepping through a time machine,” he says. “Have you seen this?”
She sets their coffees down, Garfield ceramics steaming.
Morning reds flood the room.
“No.” She takes the paper, sighs. His index tapping at the words.
Her eyes scan, rescan. “They have to use wood? Like camping?”
He nods, says, “There’s nothing else.”
“Every day? In order to survive?”
He says, “Keep reading.”
She sits, keeps going.
He leaves to wake the children.

When he returns she asks, “Why do the police do nothing?”
“They’re part of the government.”
He pulls two bowls from a cupboard, says, “They’re all on the same team.”
She folds the paper, stands.
Kisses the children on their brows as they drudge in.
“So there’s nothing for the women to do? That’s it. Gather the wood and—”
“That’s it,” he says. “Simple. Die in the camps from starvation or—”
“But the things that happen to them out there.”
“I know.”
“It’s terrible,” she says. “So terrible. How can this happen?”

He pours Cookie Crisp into each bowl as she gets the milk from the fridge.
The youngest says, “Mommy, what are you talking about?”
And smiling, she says, “Nothing.”

Count the Semis

Liz Dean

We were still so young as we peered over the edge of the car door and out of the dirty window watching the road zip by. The white stripes on the road were moving so fast that if we stared at them long enough, it eventually looked like one blurry line. After a while, I'd lose interest and would crawl over the black garden trash bags stuffed with clothes that covered the floor boards.

But not him. He stayed perched on his knees, quickly absorbing the scenery as fast as it was disappearing, searing it to a memory that I wouldn't get to share. Occasionally I would get hit in the arm when he dove over the center and shouted "Slug Bug!" followed by whatever color it was for the VW Beetles. There seemed to be a lot of yellows. Most of all, it was his goal to get every semi to blow its horn for him.

As we sped down the freeway in the summer of '92, my brother stood on the passenger side, pumping his arm up and down, expectantly, until the driver would concede and pull the overhead string, letting his horn bellow a short and long burst for the excited six year old boy. My brother would turn around and briefly crow with delight until we were passing the

next semi. By the time we were falling asleep, we'd count them as mom drove, faster and faster until sleep finally took us, forgetting the number.

Back then, no one told me about what it was going to be like to grow up. They never told me to expect loss, or that I would endure a pain so intense that it would shake me to my core. That I would feel so alone, and sometimes so ashamed, that I'd cry myself to sleep because no one else understood. They didn't tell me that I would be yelled at by my sister, who had drunk too much and wasn't coping well--that I wasn't grieving right. They never said that life would be unfair.

I'd give anything to relive my last phone call with my little brother as he asked me for my blessing to get married. That was New Year's Eve, 2007. Anything at all to share one more Marlboro on Grandma's porch before we both started out on our life, trying to make something of ourselves. Just to make him one more grilled cheese because I was better at it.

I cherish those three miserable days that we spent counting the semis, like sheep, until we fell asleep.

The Fastest Vending Machine in the World

Daniel Davis

Stephen had a bong shaped like Squidward. Elise had it custom-made for him for his twenty-second birthday the year before. Why Squidward, Carter had no idea, since he'd never heard *Spongebob* mentioned in their apartment before. Maybe it was a private joke, or one of Elise's momentary mental flings.

She had another a week before classes began. "Let's take CC to Lerna," she said. "He's probably never been."

A true statement, because Carter had never even heard of Lerna. He said as much.

"It's this little dog turd town," Stephen said. "About fifteen, twenty minutes from here." He took a hit off what was probably Squidward's tentacle, but looked suspiciously like something else. He blew out the smoke and said, "They've got the fastest vending machine in the world."



Carter glanced at Elise, purposely ignoring the cleavage revealed by her tank top. She didn't notice. Stephen did, but he probably didn't think Carter would. Or didn't care. You couldn't break the two of them up with a crowbar, not that Carter had any intention of trying. He knew the futility of it. Didn't want to break up the status quo, either. Plus, thinking about it too much made him yearn for something he couldn't define, which made him feel childish and ignorant, and not a little bit hopeless.

"It's true," Elise said. She nodded emphatically. "You push a button and *boom*, your soda's right there. Everyone around here tries to catch it. It's like a rite of passage or something."

"I heard someone did it once," Stephen said.

"We've all heard that," Elise told him. "It's bullshit."

He shook his head. "No. This kid. Adam Wright. From a few years back, graduated like a year or two before we got into high school. They say he caught it. Cream soda."

Elise gave him a maternal smile, then turned to Carter.

"May as well be named 'Joe Everyman,' right? Fuck, the kinds of things that become myth around here." She took a drag on her cigarette, then put it aside while she took a hit from the bong and then passed it to Carter.

"She never believes shit," Stephen said as Carter inhaled. He didn't mean it though.

"I just never believe shit *you* say," Elise said back. She may have meant it, but that didn't change anything.

"Why," Carter said, his throat a little raw, "did they put the fastest vending machine in the world in a town no one's ever heard of."

"Not no one," Stephen said. "There's people who live there. They've heard of it."

"Not his point, dear," Elise said. "What he means is, shouldn't it be on display somewhere."

"They've got the world's biggest wind chime over in Casey," Stephen said. "Bet you never heard of Casey before you got here, either."

"But that's a wind chime," Carter said. "No one cares about wind chimes."

"This vending machine isn't exactly the *Mona Lisa*," Elise

explained. She leaned back on the futon, curling up her legs so that her toes almost brushed Carter's legs. Stephen sat on the floor opposite them, propped up on a pillow. The cat, Wiggles, hung out in the far corner, glaring at Carter for a reason that had yet to be explained.

Carter shrugged. "It's just, you'd think it would be more popular. Headlines. CNN. That kind of thing."

She smiled. "Well, I don't suppose the *Guinness* people have been here to check it out. The Guinness people, though, definitely." She turned to Stephen. "That was a pun, dear."

He gave her a thumbs up.

Carter rubbed his eyes. He wished they would crank up the A/C. He knew why they didn't; Stephen had recently lost his job, and classes were starting up again, which meant Elise would be quitting her summer position at the bank to study full time. Carter had harbored thoughts of eventually going to grad school, until Elise had shown him the mounds of research that came with it. He'd begun thinking he was wasting his time with an English degree. Better late than never, though try explaining that to his parents.

"Everyone knows it's the fastest," Elise said, "because it *is*. I mean, you really can't get much faster. It's not the *best*; no one ever says that. I mean, the cans are lukewarm when you get them, though not fizzy, I'll give it that much. Honestly, I don't think I ever drank anything I got from there. It's the experience that matters most. The speed."

"Mine was cold," Stephen said, "but maybe they'd just restocked it." He grinned. "I can't picture them restocking it. I really can't. I mean, as a kid, I always thought little elves did it or something. That's how my dad described it to me, I mean."

"I can't see your dad talking about elves unless they're Keebler," Elise said.

"Well, shit, maybe I was stoned even then. It's just funny, thinking some Coke vendor has the world's fastest vending machine on his route. Do you think he brags about it?" Stephen sat up a little straighter. "Do you think he even *knows*?"

"Wouldn't he?" Carter asked. He scratched the back of his neck, brushing away a mosquito. There were no screens on the windows.

Stephen shrugged. "Maybe not, man. I mean, do those guys test the merchandise? If not, then he probably has no idea. It's probably just a ratty old vending machine to him. I bet he thinks, *Boy, they'll replace this someday* every time he restocks it. And eventually, he starts to think, *Hmm, I wonder why they haven't replaced this yet*. I guess, give it enough time, he might *have* to try it, just to see why he's still servicing it. It's so old, there's a picture of an A&W on the front. You don't see that anywhere anymore. Do you even know what A&W *is*?"

Or maybe it had been a flea. Carter thought maybe Wiggles had fleas; the cat spent an inordinate amount of time licking himself, glaring Carter's way the whole time. He wondered what he'd done to piss the cat off. Maybe something as simple as break up the social structure of the apartment three or four days a week. He thought maybe cats could be sensitive to that sort of thing, but he'd never actually had a cat himself. A dog, once, a long time ago, but it'd died and his parents hadn't bothered to replace it.

"I'm sure he knows," Elise said. "Sometimes you act like you're a grandfather, Stephen. Which I'm fairly certain you aren't."

"It doesn't even have A&W anymore," Stephen added. "Ain't that weird?"

Elise stretched out her leg and fondled one of Squidward's tentacles with her toe. "Did I ever tell you about the first time I went?" she asked.

Carter started to shake his head, then stopped himself.

Stephen said, "Maybe?"

She sighed. "I was with Beth." She turned to Carter. "That's my sister."

"You have a sister?"

"She died a couple years ago."

"Oh."

"Cancer. They say everyone knows someone who has it? I guess that's true." She shook her head. "Anyways, Beth was driving, and her friend Nessa was in the front seat. I sort of tagged along. I mean, here are these college girls, and I'm all of ten years old, so they sure as shit don't want me there."

"I'd want you there," Stephen said.

"Damn right you would. But I'm in the backseat and I know enough not to say anything. Like, a part of my brain is saying, *Elle, this is the best fucking thing that's ever happened to you, don't you do anything to fuck it up, you just stay cool and collected and act like you know what the fuck's going on*. Or something like that. So I'm being a good little girl and smiling when I'm supposed to even though no one's talking to me. I don't even ask where we're going. I thought they were just cruising through the country. Well, I guess they were. Just listening to music. Maybe drinking; I don't remember. I don't think so. I don't remember Beth drinking very much."

Wiggles came out of his corner and trotted through the living room, towards the kitchen. Carter eyed the cat warily, thinking maybe it would flash across the room and sink its claws into his face. It held his gaze until it disappeared into the kitchen. He listened and heard the sound of water being lapped greedily. It made him thirsty, but the nearest drink was in the fridge, and he wasn't going in there until the cat came out.

"Well, we drove until it started getting dark out," Elise said. "And I'm thinking I really need to be home, but maybe it's okay 'cause I'm with Beth, who seems to have even forgotten that I'm there. Then Nessa says she's thirsty, and not a minute later the car just comes to a complete stop. We were there. The vending machine. Beth said to me, *This is the fastest vending machine in the world, just watch*, and she and Nessa both got Cokes and it *was* the fastest vending machine in the world."

"What did you get?" Stephen asked.

Elise shook her head. "I wasn't allowed to have soda."

Stephen looked disappointed; he sank back into the pillow with his head hung low on his chest.

Elise turned to Carter. Her eyes were clear and brown, almost too big, stopping just short of being freakish. Somehow, they managed to complement the rest of her face. Over the past few months, Carter had often found himself wondering how Stephen had managed to land a girl like this. The pot didn't explain it. The graduate program didn't explain it. There was something else, something Carter hoped he would understand one day, but had the vague suspicion it would forever elude his grasp. Some guys just *get* it. Guys with Squidward bongos.

"We got into a wreck on the way back," Elise said, her eyes on Carter's, her gaze steady. "A deer jumped out in front of us. Beth had forgotten to turn the headlights on. The deer caught the corner of her bumper. It flew off into the ditch, and Beth came to a stop in the middle of the road." She smiled, and somehow the gesture seemed appropriate. "We were all okay. But the deer was still alive. I remember Beth holding her hands over my ears when the sheriff's deputy put it out of its misery. I don't know if she thought that would actually stop me from hearing the gunshot. It didn't."

Carter swallowed and looked away. Wiggles had returned to his corner, with his attention again divided between glaring at Carter and licking himself in obscene places.

"I was in a wreck, once," Stephen said. "Junior high."

Elise nodded. "I know. You were drunk."

"I was. But I wasn't driving."

"You were still drunk."

Stephen shrugged. "What can you do? At that age, if someone offers you a beer, you take it."

That age. They kept forgetting Carter wouldn't see twenty-one for another two-plus years. Sometimes, he took that as a compliment, except when Elise said it, in which case he wished he was older.

Carter glanced beyond Elise, into the glare coming through the sliding glass door. He had a class in a couple hours across campus. He reeked of pot, but so would half the students around him. Probably even the professor. He'd been so surprised, upon arriving at college, to find the usage of such substances so easily accepted. Like a fact of life. A small slice of modern progressiveness, from a community college in the depths of the cornfields. The improbability of it still had the potential to knock Carter off-kilter, if his brain dwelt on it too long. Which it often did, locked in this apartment with Stephen and Elise.

He'd met her in a Shakespeare class. He was meeting his requirements, she was slumming. They'd been paired together over *The Merchant of Venice*. He'd come up with some hair-brained theory on a whim, not quite able to form coherent thoughts while looking her in the eye. She'd laughed and said he reminded her of her

boyfriend, and did he want to hang out sometime. He did.

Funny, how things like that start. You don't know it's the start of something until you're so far along the significance seems laughable.

"I need a nap," Stephen said. He fell forward against the coffee table, shaking the bong. "Think I took too big a hit or something."

Elise smiled at him. "You don't know your own strength, dear."

Carter cleared his throat. "We gonna go see the vending machine?"

She turned to him. "Get you all worked up over it?"

He nodded, thinking, *Yes, that.*

"Some other time." She gestured to her boyfriend. "I'm gonna have to take care of him."

Carter nodded, fairly certain what that meant even if she wasn't intentionally implying it. He stood, catching himself on the arm of the couch. A decent walk back to his dorm, but he could make it. He'd done so before.

Wiggles stirred in the corner, slowly uncoiling his lithe black body. Ready to chase Carter out the door, or take over the vacated seat on the futon, Carter wasn't sure which and wasn't in a mood to find out. He waved his goodbye and stumbled to the door. As he grabbed the knob, Elise called out to him.

"Hey," she said.

He glanced over his shoulder. She'd gotten down on the floor beside Stephen. The front of her shirt hung open just enough.

"We'll go Friday," she said. "Try not to have any soda before then. It'll taste even sweeter that way. Okay?"

Carter nodded. No soda. Okay. He could try that. He doubted he would make it but at that moment he could convince himself of anything, absolutely anything at all.



Author & Artist Bios

Jennifer Ammon received her MFA in creative writing from Florida International University. Her pieces have been published in *Absolutely Florida*, *Gulf Stream Literary Magazine*, and *805*. Besides writing, Jennifer has a penchant for getting right turn on red tickets.

Brian Burmeister is Program Chair of English and Communication at Ashford University. He earned his MFA in Creative Writing from Iowa State University, where he was President of Ames-ISU for Darfur. He can be followed @bdburmeister.

Daniel Davis is the Nonfiction Editor for *The Prompt Literary Magazine*. His own work has appeared in various online and print journals. You can find him at Facebook.com/DanielDavis05 or @dan_davis86 on Twitter.

Liz Dean lives in Texas with the love of her life and her two cats. She is pursuing a degree in teaching and works as a correctional officer. She believes the three things every writer needs are a good pen, a great idea, and time. She has plenty of the first two, but never enough of the last. Her ideas often end up on the back of official documents and torn off page corners. This is her first piece to be published.

John Grey is an Australian poet and U.S. resident. He was recently published in *New Plains Review*, *Big Muddy*, and *Sanskrit*, with work upcoming in *South Carolina Review*, *Gargoyle*, *Mudfish*, and *Louisiana Literature*.

Jane Horton began working with the encaustic medium at Stetson Universities studio art program. There, she learned a love of using a muted color palate applied directly to wood panel to create high contrast works. These works are from her exhibition 'Shelf Life'; after the death of a family member, she took these family photographs and transcribed them to the encaustic medium. She currently resides in Sarasota, where she continues to work with encaustic and travels around the area, creating sketches and watercolors for inspiration.

Steven Kenny was born in Peekskill, New York. He attended the Rhode Island School of Design, receiving a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. His final year of art school was spent studying independently in Rome. First gaining notoriety as a freelance commercial illustrator, Kenny later devoted his full attention to the fine arts. His award-winning paintings are exhibited in galleries and museums across the United States and Europe.

Ann McGrath was born and lives in Edinburgh, Scotland. She was given her first camera at the age of 8 and has never stopped taking pictures. By day, she is a Software Analyst and spends the majority of her free time capturing the magic of historic Edinburgh. She specialises in black and white and her work has appeared in some of the UK's foremost publications including *N-Photo* and *Professional Photographer*. Many of her photographs have been acquired by businesses in Scotland, including hotels, restaurants and real estate web sites. McGrath is currently working on her first book, which is due to be published in the 3rd quarter of 2016.

Joshua Joel Mohr, with the help of the children's department of the Manatee County Central Library, developed a love for fiction at an early age. He spent the majority of his life living internationally and working as a paramedic prior to returning to Bradenton, FL several years ago. His work and travel provide much of the content and perspective found in his writing. He lives and writes in a small cottage in Bradenton's Village of the Arts. This is his first piece to be published. Concerning his winning short story, he says, "Writing 'The Impossible Promise' was both difficult and cathartic: a tiny exploration of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), hope, and mortality. In granting my narrator a final moment of introspection, beauty, and (admittedly melancholic) contentment seconds before the commencement of the 57-day bombing Blitz on London, I tried to close her life without the randomness and triviality that I've so sadly witnessed at the end of many real lives."

Mary P. O'Flynn is a native of Massachusetts and has lived in Bradenton for the past three years. She loves to read fiction and history. She has worked as a social worker and teacher. She loves to travel and her last visit to Ireland this spring inspired her to write the flash fiction contest piece after a visit to Galway. She hopes to travel to Italy in the near future to get more story ideas. This is her first piece to be published.

Call to Artists

“Florida Cracker Cowboy: Past and Present Artwork”

The Palmetto Historical Park and Manatee County Agricultural Museum will feature Florida Cracker Cowboy artwork during Manatee Heritage Days 2016.

Eligibility: Artists are invited to participate in this show based on samples of their art work submitted with a letter of interest. Manatee County artists will be given preference, but geographic location is not a determining factor for acceptance.

Entry Parameters: Works must be original (no giclee or commercial prints). They can be any medium (acrylic or oil paints, photography, ceramics, mixed media, etc.) and can be two or three dimensional. Works must be tasteful and appropriate for all museum audiences (G- rated). Works may be listed for sale with a 30% commission on pieces sold retained by the facilities. All sales will run through the Agricultural Museum. Sales tax is the responsibility of the artist. Please contact the Museum at agriculturalmuseum@manateeclerk.com or call 721-2034 to obtain paperwork needed for works to be considered for submission. No registration fee is required.

Receiving & Exhibit Fees: Receiving of art work will take place on Monday, February 22nd, 2016 from 9:00 – 10:30 AM and 1:30 – 2:30 PM at the Palmetto Historical Park Carnegie Library.

DATES TO NOTE:

Receiving: Monday, February 22nd, 2016 from 9:00 – 10:30 AM and 1:30 – 2:30 PM

Date of Opening Reception: Saturday, March 5th, 2016, 2-4 PM

We would love to have artists in attendance. The reception will be open to the public. Please invite your family and friends!

RSVP for Opening Reception: Wednesday, March 2nd, 2016

Dates of Exhibit: March 5th through April 16th, 2016



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