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The Poetry Issue



Lit + Art

805 (ISSN 2379-4593) is a literary and art journal published quarterly, online, by the Manatee County Public Library System. Online issues are free to read. An annual teen issue is published online and an annual print anthology of selected works is available to purchase.

"805" is the Dewey Decimal number for literary journals. *805* was founded in 2015 from the library's commitment to promote the vast creativity of our community and beyond. The editorial board is composed of librarians, writers, and a professor.

The editors seek short fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and art that is unexpected, striking, and moving. *805* accepts submissions from residents of Manatee County as well as the rest of the universe. Unsolicited and simultaneous submissions accepted. Submissions are free.

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Lit + Art

Poetry Issue
April 2017

from the editor

April is National Poetry Month, and the editors at 805 could not think of a better time to publish our first poetry issue. Our cover, “Muse at Work II” by Karen Neuberg, is a mixed media collage that perfectly illustrates themes of transformation and art as liberation. Each poem was selected for its vivid imagery, sweeping themes, and fresh voices. This special issue features 14 talented poets and artists that arouse our consciousness. They invite us to participate in their creations and realities.

Spring has arrived, and with it, the potential for a sociocultural awakening through art. Change and metamorphosis are happening all around us. People are coming together to challenge and reshape societies throughout the world. Poetry, along with all of the arts, has the ability to cross cultures and generations, bend time and space, and bring us together by illustrating our common experiences. It shows us the reflection of the world around us and of other worlds we never knew existed. Poetry can change the way we view the world, each other, and ourselves.

Allen Ginsberg said, “The only thing that can save the world is the reclaiming of the awareness of the world. That’s what poetry does.”

Let’s save the world together.

Jennifer Aleshire
Poetry Editor

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Karen Neuberg
Muse at Work II

Thomas Tucker

Storm

By the time I reached the cellar
the storm had passed,
sirens drifting east.

The corrugated door, red paint
crackled like gold leaf
on a Bronze age urn,
was still there, half-hinged.

Anyway, it was still
locked since last winter.

Our house looked dazed.
Pea sized drops of hail
drained through the gutter
spouts like frozen tears, rattling
as they rolled out.

The sun quit its reticence
and sputtered, shattering
a poplar into shards
of purple shadow flung
against the house.

The window panes
abruptly lit and you too
lit up in one.

By then the sky seemed
marooned
in a sea of yellow
and the house no
longer quivered.

We Burn the Wood

We burn the wood
gathered from the forest floor,
our campfire dancing
alongside our silhouettes.

The trees gather around
to breathe the ancestral smoke,
boughs bowed, as if in prayer.

Embers whirl above our heads
like tongues of Pentecost.
Our ecstasies glow to ash.

We open the tent
and the walls rush
towards the firelight.

We climb into our Chinese lantern.
From our sleeping bags
we can hear the bones
of the forest burn.

Books never to be born.

Not even this paper
on which I write
will reveal its secret of death.

Nothing is fixed.

Seth King
At The Church

when I looked to heaven
there were barn beams and a ceiling fan
slowly spinning

my friend's father
had been cooked down
to a dark boxed powder

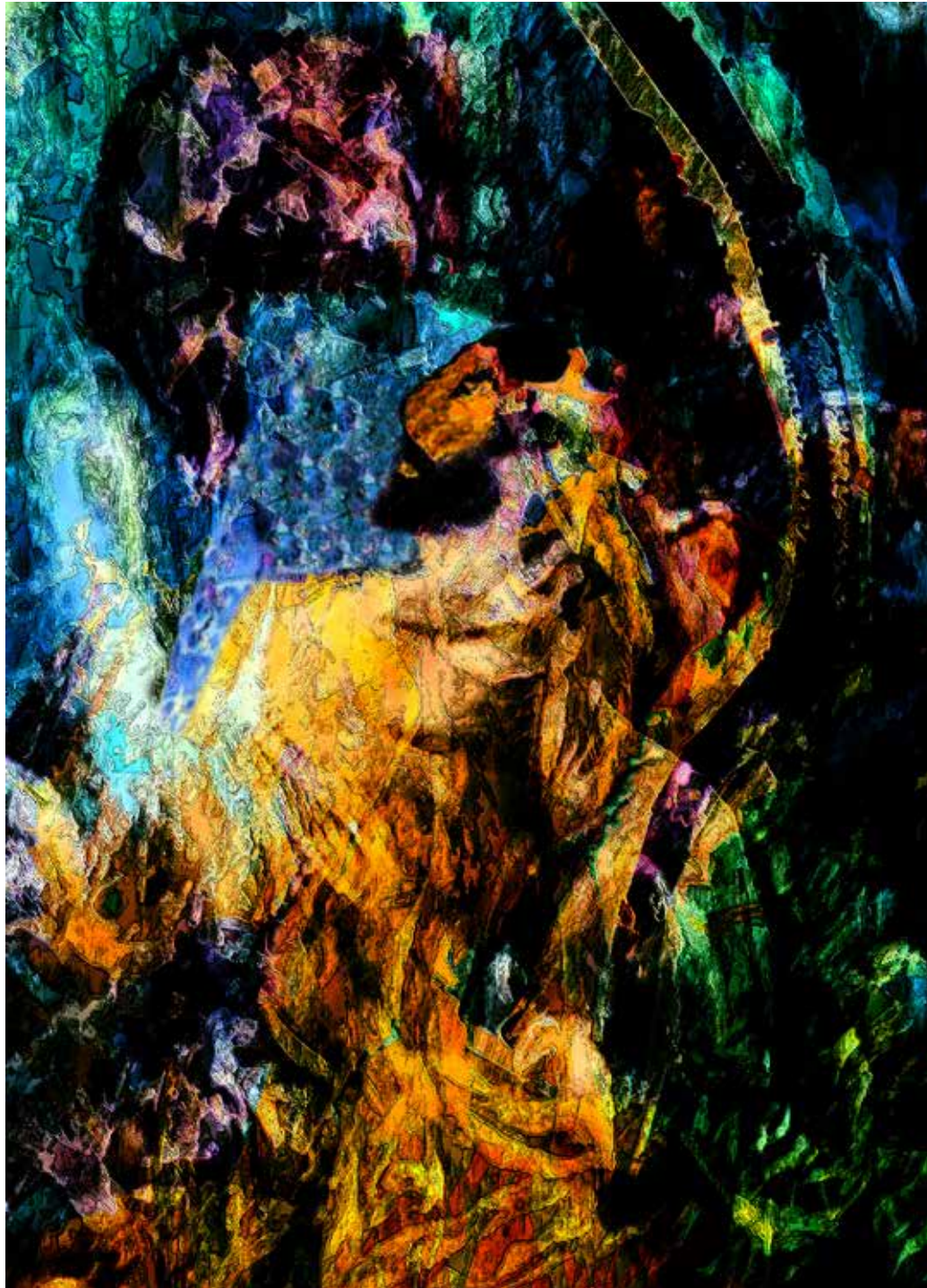
the story of The Resurrection
was told inside porcelain panels
arranged along one wall
above the altar
Angels
pinned like butterflies
held trumpets to their pressed gold painted lips

the woman at the organ sang hymn 784
the priest peeked his sandals beneath vestments
decorated by flowered swirls that shined like Chinese silk
spun his smoke through the air
sipped his wine
kissed the napkins
rang the dinner bell

people came up two by two
to eat the host
made from flour
baked in the same state
as my friend's father

across the street the sidewalk
grew shadows
towards Mary's Bakery wall
a nun leaned with baguette bags
against her hip
waiting to cross

behind her a box truck un-filled its flour
piled limbless sacs like torsos
at the curb
destined for the ovens.



Alex Duensing
Apocrypha

Mary Honaker
A Far Peak

Last night, you turned
toward a man my father's age,

your eyes like the sunset hour when orange
gently erodes the edges of verbs,

your face as if emerging from a pool,
slack with pleasure, rinsed of years,

and a deadbolt was thrust
through the catch in my chest.

When you speak to me,

your eyes cast a grappling hook
for a far peak, one behind or beside me,

your eyes the splinters of an axed oak,
a dull blade, a blunted violence;

your face like age rings of a felled tree,
finished and revealing everything.

Mary Honaker

Fog on Derby Wharf

The heat was dense and buttery
but the fog lay cool about the bay.
The fog like shutters sealing

Salem into itself, ocean beyond
sight, boats dissolving ghostlike
into the oncoming nothing.

“The powerplant is *gone*, man,”
said one of the Pokemon players
seated on the rocks of the wharf,

who looked up, with laugh and shrug,
just long enough to note the encroachment
before falling again into his screen,

his dream, and his friends too,
concentration momentarily tickled
out of itself, shivered once and slid

back into their cells. I’m alone
as I would be were the wharf empty,
my dark skirts an altarcloth

over this table-like rock, alone
as a priestess watching the fog eat
the water, ripple by ripple, ease

toward all of us gently, breathing cool,
breathing rest. All the shores vanish,
the way back is lost.

We seem to occupy the one last stretch
of sunlight, we—the players and I—
are left untouched by the wet hands

of the land-fallen cloud. Why not us?
I ask myself, why so clear in this circle
of bright? But then I know it:

we’re in it. If we’d move our circle
would move with us. You never think
you’re in the fog; you’re always safe

in your little capsule of knowing.
You walk toward and toward it.
It seems to part to let you pass.

Bria Rivet

For Avi

This is how I know you, ladybug:
Her at the door, barely showing,
with a black and white picture of the best thing, the scariest thing.
I can just about see you, not quite all built yet,
and she tells me it's good, she's happy.
She is Persephone in the summer, not ready to go home.
She is smaller than I remember, younger—
bringing company, bringing you.

This is how I know you, baby:
Coming into this world, splitting open
the woman you came to put back together,
with your spring-window eyes and your cinnamon smile.
She needed you, darling,
needed your ricochet rage and your curious heart—
she longs so deeply for that fire.
Your daddy does not let her see how he fades
when she is beside him, how her light could swallow him whole.
But you, baby, you keep her warm, keep her soft.
You keep a light on for her to follow home.

This is how I know you, sunshine:
Enough hair to be messy, enough courage not to fear anything,
a laugh that sends monsters back into the closet.
You look for her in the dark, you know,
and her hands will always find your baby fingers.
This is how you'll grow, ladybug:
With her love, and her strength, and her kindness.
Keep your fire, keep your heart;
keep her within your reach.
See her standing, always, your little hand reaching back,
ready to pull her on with you into the dawn.



Kyle Hemmings, *Odds/Ends*

Riley Welch

On a Wednesday

Light twinkled through bangs glinting more gold than usual when backed by the sun.
And a light breeze carried her feet *one after another* over the soft trail.

—

He laughed across the coffee counter while she ordered overpriced pastries.
And he stared for more than a moment at her scribbled out signature,
messy and rushed on the curled end of the receipt.

—

The music was live and average but no one ever pointed that out,
swaying back and forth.
Casually exaggerating motions in beat with the drummer singing much, much too
loud.

—

The library stayed as quiet as they wanted it to, only the sound of pages turning,
one after another held the silence together.

Riley Welch

Goodnight

Blood rushing,
pumped full of too much caffeine.

We sat cross-legged out by the lake.
It was sticky-hot.

Wet.

My shirt stuck to my back,
but my feet were free.

I chipped off broken bits of pale pink polish.

It was starting to curl at the edges.

Moss grew in thin knit patterns on rocks.

Your jaw opened and closed with your words.

And the edges of your hair hit your cheek each time you
shook your head.

I listened,

but I couldn't hear you

and the sun got eaten up by the trees.

And for the second or third time,

I walked home alone.

I carried my shoes,

but the uneven rocks tore up my soft toes.

Jordan Nate
After 50 Years

-for Harold

My uncle carried her casket last summer
on the back of the ranch truck,
tied down with her horse's lead ropes
and buried her next to a tree
under a cowboy poem.

On summer afternoons
you can find him
lawn chaired with a cup of coffee,
watching the horses graze everywhere she set foot,
smiling with the bent grass under wind
in front of the barn,
where he tied spurs and lariats
above their saddles,
as if to say—
I won't ride on without you.



Jennifer Gibson, *Chris*

Carol Hamilton

Inventories

Miró, they said, carried on
the meticulous accounting
of his Catalan childhood:
every tool, every slant of light
with its attendant shadow,
every polished implement,
the cows, the pigs, the goats.
Every brush stroke or thread,
cube of colored glass,
his litany of longing.
Near the end, all he needed
was an emerald field,
an orange canvas,
a blanket of red.

Then, with no tremor
of his finger, no squint
of calculation, one grand
sweep of color, it might
be two. He sang it all,
aria cutting landscape,
scar holding the stroke
even as the thunderstruck bark
of the tree that stood too tall
goes on telling that moment,
the ledgered script all leaning
into its own rhythms,
a balance sheet perfectly kept.

Plaster, Straw, Brown Paper Bags: Nicola Hicks (1960-)

This sculptress chooses
the abrupt, the cheap,
no breath left for sentiment.
Her pre-sketches are done
on crumpled bags in bold swipes
of charcoal. Here in self-portrait, feral,
with a stare to challenge
beneath the knitted cap
with jester peaks for ears.
Draped layers, coats and scarves,
her form bulky, ready
for field, wood and stream.
There her other subjects hide themselves.
Like a grizzly, she stands her ground.
Her lifted nose has caught our scent.
She warns us: not one step closer.

Carl Boon

Gavriilo

Bored with the classics,
the waxed mustachios of those in charge

as he crouched and aimed
inside the image

of Wilkes Booth leaping,
crying out his honor.

Later his father wondered,
wrangled the word *audacity*, was it

the barn he played in as a boy,
the books the priest supplied

in secret nights of June and July?
He could've been a poet

of marvels, angers, alert to passion, too,
the pale girls with parasols

in Sarajevo, ladies who wore
black ribbons in their hair.

We see the photos, the note in his glance
undone, the boyhood joys

that narrowed into sorrows,
miracles that were mistakes.

Memorial

She dying notes the morning
she most lived, stooped
on a stretch of Carolina sand
pink with seashells. The basket
was her mother's, the straw hat
her father's, the one he wore
in France two months before
she was born. In her drawer
the diaries he kept: Argonne's
forests at dawn, the gas,
the calls of crows sometimes
the only sounds. Remembering
them was enough then,
as she gathered scallops,
coquinas, and buttercups.
Across the ocean her father's
silhouette still waited somehow,
calling her, and she listened.

Anne Britting Oleson
Hampstead Heath

The trees are bent into riotous shapes,
writhing, serpentine, gray bark
shimmering in the sunlight like scales.
Beyond the pond where bathers
laugh in ways that sound like memories,
the path climbs uphill, muddy
from recent rains, puddles
drawing themselves together where
the ground flattens out. Even
the worn bench we finally settle on
is tilted, turning its back to the track,
looking over a shadowed ravine
from which water whispers conspiratorially.
Are you tired? you ask, and I'm not.
I'm living in a story I read long ago,
walking with a writer past Keats' house,
up onto this Edenic heath.
I'm living my own romantic imaginings
on a sunny Thursday in July,
telling you my secrets although
I know you mine them for gold
with which to gild your next novel.
I could never tire of this, and I lean back,
eyes closed against the day's dazzle.



Harshal Desai, *Psychedelic Oil Bubbles*

Poet + Artist Bios

Carl Boon lives and works in Izmir, Turkey. His poems appear in dozens of magazines, most recently *Two Peach*, *Jet Fuel Review*, *Blast Furnace*, and *Poetry Quarterly*.

Harshal Desai is an artist and journeys through lenses of photography, inks of writing and creating. He has completed his Master of Design. He is inspired by sensory perceptions and is intrigued by realms of nature and anthropomorphism. A keen learner with an innate striving for understanding everything around him, you can see him photograph on a regular day and take long walks. He has published his photography in *National Geographic's Special*, *Life In Color*. You can write him at hersheydesai@gmail.com and see more of his work at <https://www.behance.net/harshaldesai>

Alex Duensing. Graduate of William Paterson and Columbia? Yes. Ran for St. Petersburg, FL City Council? Yes. Won? No. Stopped Mayan Apocalypse on rooftop with performance art? Yup. Strange but nice fellow? Clearly. Protégé of Arakawa+Gins, masters of the architectural body? Ongoing even after the supposed end. Able to create mechanical engines that run completely on the energy a person creates while appreciating a painting? On delightful rare occasions.

Jennifer Gibson is an upstate New York-based illustrator/artist who loves to work in gouache and oils. Her work has been featured in *CALYX*, *The Sandy River Review* and the *Park Slope Reader*. In the summer of 2016 she was awarded an artist's residency on Norton Island, Maine, where she worked in plein air. Her BFA is from Carnegie Mellon in fine art. She is currently dividing her practice between fine art realist studies and a variety of narrative illustration techniques, from traditional to digital. She is also a member of SCBWI and 12x12 writing group, and is an illustration reviewer for *School Library Journal*.

Carol Hamilton has recent and upcoming publications in *Louisiana Review*, *Pontiac Review*, *Sanskrit Literary-Arts Magazine*, *Poet Lore*, *Limestone*, *Louisiana Literature*, *Off The Coast*, *Palaver*, *San Pedro River Review*, *Hubbub*, *Blue Unicorn*, *Poem*, *Tipton Poetry Review*, *November Bees*, *All Roads Lead You Home*, *The Aureorean*, *The 3228 Review*, and others. She has published 17 books, most recently, *Such Deaths* from the Visual Arts Cooperative Press in Chicago. She is a former Poet Laureate of Oklahoma and has been nominated six times for a Pushcart Prize.

Kyle Hemmings has art work in *The Stray Branch*, *Euphenism*, *Uppagus*, *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, *Black Market Lit*, *Red Bird Press*, *Snapping Twigs*, *Convergence* and elsewhere. He loves pre-punk garage bands of the 60s, manga comics, and urban photography/art.

Mary Ann Honaker holds a B.A. in philosophy from West Virginia University, a Masters of Theological Studies from Harvard Divinity School, and a Creative Writing M.F.A. from Lesley. She has previously published poetry in *2 Bridges*, Harvard's *The Dudley Review*, *Euphony*, *Off the Coast*, *Van Gogh's Ear*, *The Lake*, and many other online and print publications. Her first chapbook, *It Will Happen Like This*, was released by YesNo Press in 2015. She currently lives in Salem, Massachusetts.

Seth King currently lives in Brooklyn, NY with his wife and two boys. His recent work has been published in *The Furious Gazette* and in Issue 7 of *Yellow Chair Review*.

Jordan Nate is a former U.S. Marine pursuing an MFA creative writing degree in poetry. His work has been published in *The Merrimack Review*, *Outlet*, and *JuxtaProse Literary Magazine*.

Karen Neuberg lives in Brooklyn, NY. She has recent poetry and collages in *Forage*, *Gyroscope*, *Otoliths*, and *S/tick*. She's a multiple Pushcart and a Best of the Net nominee, holds an MFA from The New School and is associate editor of the online journal *First Literary Review East*. Links to some of her online works can be found at karenneuberg.blogspot.com.

Anne Britting Oleson has been published worldwide. Her novel, *The Book of the Mandolin Player*, was published in 2016. She lives on the side of a mountain in central Maine with her cats.

Bria Rivet is a fourth year full-time student at Saginaw Valley State University, and is currently pursuing her bachelor's in creative writing and literature with a minor in psychology. She also works at the university's Writing Center, where she tutors students to help them become more effective writers. Though she enjoys writing in all formats and consistently applies herself in many different areas, lately she has been working extensively in the realm of poetry. Her work has also appeared in *Cardinal Sins*.

Thomas Deane Tucker, a native Floridian, lives on the high plains of Northwestern Nebraska where he is on the English and Humanities faculty at Chadron State College. His poems have been published in *Cider Press Review*, *Ice Magazine*, and *Tenth Street Miscellany*.

Riley Welch is an undergraduate student at the University of Texas at Austin studying Human Ecology and Rhetoric and Writing. She runs a cleverly named poetry blog, arhymeaday.blogspot.com, out of her Colorado-gone-Texas-gone-Colorado home. She has previously had poems published in *Coldnoon: Travel Poetics*.



Lit + Art

Submissions Information

We can't wait to see your work! We seek writing and art that is unexpected, striking, and moving. We accept submissions from residents of Manatee County as well as the rest of the universe. We take submissions from debut, emerging, and established authors and artists.

Before submitting, read our publishing agreement on our website. By submitting your work(s), you are agreeing to the outlined terms.

Our submissions are rolling. There is no fee to submit. Submit works not published elsewhere. We accept simultaneous submissions, but if your work is accepted elsewhere, please withdraw it from Submittable.

Submit text in standard manuscript format. We accept files in the most common formats including .pdf, .doc, .docx, .rtf, .jpeg, .tiff, and .png.

Art & Photography: Five at a time

Fiction or flash fiction: Two at a time, max 2,500 words each

Creative nonfiction: Two at a time, max 2,500 words each

Graphic fiction/nonfiction: Two at a time, max 8 pages each

Poetry: Three at a time

Submit at www.805lit.org/submissions.