

you are here
the journal of creative geography



Making Sense
a creative exploration of sensing the world

XVI 2013

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Issue XVI - 2013

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Note from the editors:

Western society often favors the visual senses. But these comprise one sliver of the spectrum of ways in which we come to understand the world. In the 2013 issue of *you are here*, we explore the multiple ways through which people come to understand the world.

Memories and smell. Surveillance. Extrasensory experience. Taste. Dreams. Noises. Gazing. Touch. Hallucinations. Humans require multiple forms of accessing, interpreting, and interacting with the social and physical worlds around them. To exist, we must sense.

The following creative works of prose, poetry, and pictures provide a collection of ways people sense and experience their worlds.

GIGI OWEN
JESSE QUINN
HANNAH HOLLINS

Viscera

Fear of Falling

Hair

Lower East Side Brucha

Ting Ting Goes the Volcano

Foxfire Arithmetic

A Block of Wood That Used to
Be, a Strong Tall Family Tree

The Valley Corridor

FEAR OF FALLING
Sandra Soli

Geography as a medical issue:
Everywhere I go, I tend to trip.

It began when a podiatrist informed me
one leg was longer than the other.

From that day, my feet were confused.
Leg bones quiver, unsure of themselves.

Prelude: the Axis blockade of our
small island, zapped supply ships,
pediatric fallout of rickets and bowed legs.

Daily ration per person: one tablespoon of cod liver oil.
Monthly ration per family: one bunch of bananas.

Open the menu.

Breakfast: Leftover grease, spread on toast.
Next day, porridge.

Lunch: Carrot/potato stew, with bits of rabbit
left from Sunday. Next day, bread
fried in mutton grease.

Supper: Cheese toast, turnip soup.

Sundays: Rabbit stew, carrots and one potato each.

Finally, time to kill the pet hen. Sirens at twilight.
In the shelter, below ground like moles, we became
mushrooms, sprouting gills in the sleepless damp.

My knees and the newsreels of memory whir as I tell
you this. We did not discuss war, Vitamin D or how
Prissy looked, flopping about to feed us all.



HAIR
Elaine Sexton

LOWER EAST SIDE BRUCHA
Rachel Trousdale

Blessed art thou, Lord our God, king of the universe, who
maketh Yiddish-English newspapers. Blessed art thou who
redeemeth the stained brown curtains

in billows out the window. Blessed art thou, for thou makest
the Chinese to run a bus from New York to Toledo, Ohio,
and across the street from the bus stop

thou placest the Jerusalem Yeshiva. Blessed art thou, o God,
for thou hast set dim sum restaurants on the second floor of
a mall under the Manhattan Bridge,

and blessed art thou who bringeth bitter melon to the street
stalls. Blessed art thou, who commandeth us to sweat,

who maketh the green ends of turnips to wilt in the heat, and
the air conditioners to drip onto our shoulders. Blessed art
thou, o God, creator of bicycles,

for the twenty-second of July, for on this day thou hast made
an excellent heat, and the reek of rot; blessed, for the work
of thy human hands.

TING TING GOES THE VOLCANO

Evan Morgan Williams

I step from the lodge to greet the sunrise, and my copper earrings shimmer against my skin. Beneath my feet, a million restless stones nudge each other, grumbling of dreams disturbed. In recent days, government men with seismometers and laser sights have marched past the lodge and taken up positions on the flanks of the mountain; they have studied the data, rated the risk, and asked us to leave. Television crews have mobbed the mountain; they take lunch in the lodge, and they leave a mess behind. From the patio, they rig background shots of the mountain, and the pretty newscasters take turns standing before the camera and numbly babbling what I have long known: bulges in the flanks of the mountain, wisps of sour steam hissing from the summit, ash smothering the rattling tin roof of the lodge. When the earth rumbles, stones trickle down the slopes to the forest floor, and my shimmering earrings tickle my skin in sympathy. The mountain is a sleeping dragon about to awaken.

Over the months, I have learned to listen to the mountain, not from any acuteness in my hearing but the opposite: I am totally deaf. For me, listening to the mountain is akin to touch: the tiniest shifts of the earth, the pulsing of magma, bursts of gas threading fissured rock thousands of feet below, or solid swelling where fissures do not exist—igneous rock throbbing, displaced from the only home it has ever known—I pick these notes out, a buzz in the tiny bones in my

ear, a twitching in my spine, a tickle of copper against my skin. The sounds from the mountain register on my skin as a jittery stylus etches a wax disk. It's gotten so I can feel stones popping loose as the mountain groans, steam sputtering from fumaroles on the summit, and, by a desolate numbness, the muffling effect of dirty ash that smothers the forest, worse than any loneliness I have ever known. I hesitate to name such things—ting, clink, rattle, plunk. If you offered names, you would find my fingers touching your lips, skimming your cheekbones, not to understand the words but to feel them. To feel you. My heel on the murmuring earth, my cheek pressed to a shapeless stone that rings pure as a bell, my hand to your skin: I am not alone. Who needs a word for wind through the branches, stirring up ash, whipping my hair, fading away? Words that you cannot hear are the loneliest things.

At night my comb sets off static, a bristling golden glow that hovers around me, and I feel sparks as my palm smooths my hair.

I discuss the coming eruption with no one; to fake my way through speech kindles my loneliness. Better that I send you alone up the flanks, beyond the tree line, to where the stiff wind rushes down, stinging your cheeks with black and red grit, and that in this simplified landscape you say nothing, you hear nothing. Maybe in such a moment you are close to grasping what I feel. Do not grope for words. Press your cheek to the mountain, and gather groans and pops and sighs. If you must assign words, call it loneliness required, because that's as

close as you'll get. The rumble in the belly of the earth means that for the first time in my life I am not alone.

The warps in the mountain flanks are plain now, washboarded ripples that cast their own shadows as the sun dips low. Loose slopes of scree, swollen and deformed, calve off the mountain and thunder down. From the fumaroles on the summit, a sputtering ash lights up the evening sky. The government men say you can't explore the mountain anymore, but I do. Everybody does. Business at the lodge is booming. Tremors jitter the plates in the dining room, they topple the drippings of candles that have burned too long, they ripple across the bowls of soup I serve to chattering guests: I am the only one to notice these small signs, and alone I exit the lodge and head for the mountain. I walk barefoot, crunching the cindery earth beneath hardened heels. Nuances in the mountain's register distinguish themselves. I hear—I feel—nutcrackers peeling their long solitary notes. Working against me: the muffling silence of falling ash. I shake loose the branches of solitary pines with airy branches that do not touch.

The slopes of the mountain are wrinkled as a bed sheet, tugged and yanked during a restless night. I climb higher up the slopes, losing ground across the shifting talus and scree. When I've gone as far as the mountain will allow, I tilt my head in the wind, raise my hands to my lips, and try to coax a whistle. Notes take shape in my cupped hands, breathy, screechy, sputtering air, a wordless whispery call that shakes my lungs because it comes from so deep inside. But every

exhalation has its end. I blow for so long I get wobbly on my feet and sit down. I don't wonder how this will come out; I know it will be despair, and I descend the mountain in my dirty clothes. Soon the mountain will destroy itself, and the quiet will be the only sign. Pity the people swarming up from the lodge, the newscasters, the scientists, the hikers longing to peer from the summit, mouthing conventions that might be "Wow!" and may as well be nothing at all.

The dining room is empty when I return. I close the great wooden door without stirring a draft in the powdery cinders on the floor. In the bathroom, I wash my hands pink and tender and brush my fingers over the shimmering mirror. I return to the dining room and sit with my cheek pressed against the window, eyes closed, concentrating as though following a score. This used to be the loneliest time, but not these days. To feel the mountain's register is to notice the kush of water in a pipe, the logs popping and hissing in the wood stove, a pine branch rubbing against the tin roof, the windowpane rattling from a tremor. My earrings wander through their overtones like a gong. The more acute my sensitivity to these small sounds becomes, the more I accept the silence that is my cell, and the less I care about substituting words as proxies for things I have never heard. Before, I had lived in numbness; words reminded me. Now, what I feel is so immediate that it needs no words at all. It exists like music—if I understand music correctly—in the moment between what was and what shall be. Shall I name

the annihilation to come? Call it the silence at the end of a song.

Cinders settle in the crowns of ponderosa pines, setting off fires that the trees hand from one to another, bright flames bridging the gaps between them.

Breakfast in the lodge is cacophony. To read lips: a parlor trick to wheedle a tip from a hungry guest. I won't do it. I sit by my window, clench a spoon between my teeth, and pluck at the handle. I rub a moistened finger around a water glass and make the water shimmer. I press a paper doily to my mouth, and the membrane vibrates with the jolly voices in the room. The noise! People cannot keep away from the place. They scan the latest news reports, and they lay cash on the tables, betting on the day. They talk knowingly, but they miss the signs as near as their fingertips skimming the tabletop. When a rumble shakes the lodge hard enough for the bluntest hands to feel it, silence freezes the guests and stills their voices, but not for long. They go back to betting and barking. I run from the dining room to the patio in time to catch the tail of a flute-like peal cutting through the forest, a high-pitched, metallic ting in the tiny bones in my ear, the shimmering reduction of everything that is. We all live a kind of loneliness; I am the only one who gets the news.

One night, cutting through the numbness of sleep, I feel a sound that says to get away. Magma surges up; hard rock pushes back, then buckles. It is the largest movement I have ever felt, but pitched too low, too deep, too soft. Imagine rock

too tired to fight anymore, rock giving in like water, rock grateful to surrender with a sigh.

I get up.

I run through the lodge and bang on every door. I make for the patio and clang the old chuckwagon bell; it writhes in the air like a desperate salmon on a line. I run for the mountain.

The forest has become a rippled ocean, but I pick my way up a trail to where campers have set up tents. I bang on rocks, and they ring from the blows. I whack a stick against a tree, and ash showers down. I clap my hands, gusts of air popping out, pain buzzing through my palms. The cinders that fall are larger now, whistling into the trees, then rattling down and thudding on the sandy earth, cool as dead birds. Maybe it is my imagination, maybe my desire, but I begin to feel—to hear—everything. Is this how it is for you? How do you separate the music from the noise? Does it matter? What I hear tonight is profligacy: every sound expends itself. Profligate silence tomorrow.

Above the tree line, I find a pop bottle, empty, drained, curved like a woman's hips. A careless tourist, maybe a child, tossed it here. Where did those sounds ripple to? Did they leave a mark in the register? How does joy inscribe itself? The stylus carves the wax; does anyone notice when it jags?

The mountain shifts, a great lurch that knocks me off my feet. Kneeling, I pick up the bottle, and I blow across its mouth. Pausing only to take another breath, I blow again, tilting the bottle against my lips until the airflow makes it

shake with what you call noise, then clarifies to a single primitive note you might call music. The note begins deep like a foghorn, leaps to overtones, and now I can control it clear and perfect as a flute. The bottle buzzes in my hands. I feel my breath across the bottle, and the churning in the earth, and the wind spraying grit in my face, the flutter of my dress, the rush of blood in my ears. I blow with the uncertainty and determination of a colt learning to stand. But really there are no words for these things, only the sounds themselves, and any words are muffled in my mind. My breath fades, and the sounds settle until there remains only my pulse throbbing in my neck. I fling the bottle into the air. It whirls and whistles, plinks in the gravel, and rolls down the slope, vanishing from view.

Back at the lodge, vehicles with sirens and flashing lights are loading guests and driving them away. Maybe they're handing out muffling blankets too. The news crews have set up bright lights and cameras and microphones. Some of the guests hold out on the patio. They're drinking beer, linking arms, singing songs. The emergency crews will round them up soon. Joy, like the notes from the bottle that trembled in my hands, will not last long. But people need time for it. To make noise is to know you're alive.

Rescuers rush to greet me. I shake off a blanket, and I shake away their arms. When they try to talk to me I close my eyes. I walk off that mountain alone. Behind my back, the marvelous world can obliterate itself on its own time.

The eruption comes. I watch it on a television in a motel off the highway. Great flows of ash smother the forest. Clouds of ash and steam billow into the sky. The eruption wipes out the lodge, the road, a million trees, but mostly the eruption wipes out the mountain itself. It's a hollowed out pit now, a caldera still steaming, the dregs at the bottom of a shepherd's pie. I turn off the television and press my cheek to the window, and the tremors and shudders that come through the glass are the last small jerks and fits of a child who is settling to sleep for a long night. I place my palm against the glass, my fingertips numb to the silence on the other side.

As soon as the government men allow us back to the mountain, I go. The air is so still that ash falls from the sky straight as rain. Everything lies buried under ash except the ponderosa pines, and they are wading in it, their bark charred, their needles singed, golden sap bleeding from their sores. Smoldering giants pop and creak and keel over. The smaller jack pines simmer, cooked all the way to the heartwood, and they crumple at the knees and faint into the soft ash.

Walking the barren land, I pause to pick up four broken old pieces of lava. I fit them together, cradling them in my arms like a hurt dog. I set them back on the ground as gingerly as if they were.

Later, my toes find a pinecone nestled in the ash, and I pick it up. I bend the seeds and let them spring back. Maybe each seed buzzes at a different pitch, but I don't know anymore. I touch the buzzing pinecone to my lips. Nothing. Where is the background noise of the earth, like the ringing in

a person's brain? A single bluebottle fly lands on my shoulder. A twitch ripples through my skin. I have learned to hear the low creaking as trees sway in breezes too gentle to detect on my cheek. I have heard wind weave through jumbled talus and scree. From fifty feet away, I could hear yellowjackets gnawing at the bark of a ponderosa pine. At night, I lay awake for hours and listened to the rush of blood behind my ears. Once, during a hike, I heard the wings of a goshawk swooping among the trees—at least, I think it was a goshawk. Not anymore. Combing black cinders from my hair, I am completely alone. I throw the pinecone away.

Bulldozers clear a road. Trucks haul blackened timber away. In the still air, smoke from the machines takes the place of smoke from the smoldering logs. There's good meat inside a charred roast, I suppose.

Embers hiss around my feet.

It takes a season for the forest to green again, to clutter itself with the thousand things I presume are noisy. Sometimes I think I hear, and I run after phantoms trailing shimmering music, a ribbon of noise woven among ponderosa pine weighted with grey. I find promising rocks and rap them with my knuckle. Nothing. On one trip, I kneel over a broken bottle and gather the pieces in my palm. Maybe the bits of glass make tinkling sounds. I trickle them from one palm to the other, back and forth, a cascade of tinkling notes I cannot hear, but I control their flow like water. Slivers stick to my palms and sparkle. I brush them from my hands, and this

makes no sound either. My lot is to imagine these things, and maybe because of this, I should be grateful for words.

The mountain sputters from time to time. On sunny days I emerge from the lodge—rebuilt from blackened timbers—and I turn my face towards the sun, stretch my arms, and shake out my hair. The gravel crunches beneath my feet, but I don't feel the tumble of distant rocks anymore. I am alert for the murmur in the heart of the mountain—this sound will be back, but it takes a harder kind of listening. I absorb what I can—the first nutcracker, the chickadees, the creaking warmth of the tin-roofed lodge, and for every sunrise begging to be named, I'm grateful. Morning doves burst from the trembling trees. I feel the rush of blood behind my ears. The pulse of the earth, like my tinkling copper earrings, is just another note in the shy unfolding of a day.

FOXFIRE ARITHMETIC
Andrew Koch

Occoneechee mapmakers use fractions
like sextants—

the ratio of barbecue vinegar
to backwater currents—
a watershed engine
for seven half-counties of corn liquor
and cole slaw.

October is
a chilled brown powder,
mixed with one part well-water,
spooned to crippled cats and infants.

Old ladies' finger-bones
curl on four quick knuckles—
resonant at fever pitch,
a low whistle
when drawn through ponytail hair.

Naturalists explore just
one fifth of limestone caverns,
slick with acid water,
sharp as peppermint or possum teeth.

The mapmakers' phrase,
"dead horse topographies"—
antique beasts with bellies of nails and glue—
jawbones cudgel,
shoulder blade bellows pump
thirty thousand breaths.
Their funerals are quiet—
their graves as big
as hills.



A BLOCK OF WOOD THAT USED TO BE, A STRONG TALL
FAMILY TREE
Adriana Brodyn

THE VALLEY CORRIDOR
Jesse Cheng

Amidst the uncertainty that roils the economic seas of
Southern California, the familiar logos of anchor tenant stores

rise above the flotsam of commercial overturn like so many strategically placed buoys. But here, even corporate retailers have their Bermuda Triangle. It's called the Valley Corridor.

Okay, so I exaggerate. What's true, though, is that in this brushstroke of land along Valley Boulevard, running through the San Gabriel Valley's Asian ethnoburbs just south of Pasadena, one segment of corporate industry has decidedly perished: the big-chain supermarket. It's the independent, smaller-scale grocers that prosper, catering to immigrant communities from China, Taiwan, Vietnam, Korea, the Philippines. Big Retail's mistake? Averaging national taste. In the Corridor, the "American" norm is not the norm.

This extinction was only just complete. Right after moving to the area in 2010, I did a GPS name-search for Vons Supermarket, a chain ubiquitous through the Southland. I arrived to find a Vietnamese-operated outfit called 168 Market. A quick Google follow-up back home would reveal no Ralphs, no Pavilions, no Stater Brothers, no Lucky—but there, a familiar Albertsons, mere blocks off the Valley artery! I pulled into a rundown strip mall, surveyed the vacant parking lot as I entered the market, and, after picking through displays of wilted produce that seemed to mirror the staff's glum spirits, departed minutes later. That store would shutter within the year.

The markets that survive and thrive have names like Hawaii Supermarket, Thuan Phat, SG Superstore, HK Supermarket. If the Devil's Triangle sank ships through the physics of meteorology, then the Valley Corridor killed brand-name supermarkets with the chemistry of smell. Sauntering

down the aisles of today's Asian stores, you'll run into thick walls of scents, of roasted sweet chestnuts, butchered animal entrails, fermented shrimp paste, fresh stalks of lemongrass, desiccated ginseng, incense sticks. These aromas stand for a range of human experience that the corporate mainstream simply couldn't connect with. But I knew I had a right to count myself one of the locals—many of us Asian, though not all—when I could breathe in deeply and actually welcome those lungfuls of pungent stench. The stink of durian: I know I'm home.

Wondering about that defunct Vons on my GPS, I dug up an old article online that told of the branch's then-imminent plans to expand its Asian section. Later, business analysts would undoubtedly issue reports identifying the unique consumption patterns of the community's immigrant populations—and the store's inability to meet them. My bet, though, is that upper management never hit on its most important failing. The place just didn't smell right.



BIRDS FLY
Karen B. Golightly

Vibration

Birds Fly

In La Patrona

Breathing Rain

Before Equinox

San Andreas

IN LA PATRONA
Mario Bruzzone



In La Patrona you learn by sound which direction the train is traveling—but not in the obvious way. The trains' oatmeal engine noise gets easily confused with the far-off bounce and clatter of sugarcane trucks wending through newly-cut fields. Train whistles echo off green Mexican hills, and the rumbles of a train churlishly moving south and one exhaustedly lumbering north may both suggest movement in the same direction. Sometimes the trains surprise you, and sometimes you think you hear them coming but they never

appear. You learn to keep your ears attentive, ready, even when you are tired.

There is talk that clouds; or winter; or whether the Pico de Orizaba is visible can tell you how distant you might hear the trains. Women are said to be worse than men at knowing the direction of travel, and all teenagers especially inattentive, but anyone can learn to tell. Even visitors.

The difference is in tone, pitch, timbre. When the train's whorling movement sounds crisp, almost acidic, the train is going south. When you can barely sense the sound, when it is like the softest and lowest tinnitus imaginable, the train is coming north. When it sounds like it might be in the sky somewhere, when it confounds the faculties of triangulation so much that your mind makes sense of the sound as non-directional, from nowhere, from within you: moving south. When it feels bound to the earth, or when it winds through the mango and avocado and tlanepa trees like a boa constrictor: coming north.

La Patrona occasions other sounds. The rain tings tin roofs and plastic bottles littered on the ground. Pickup loudspeakers solicit old iron beds and building materials with scratchy announcements, or play jingles advertising cooking gas. Dogs chase each other through the trees. The ARS buses to Córdoba teeter on their shocks and racket over speedbumps. Roosters crow at any time of the day. Everyone knows the sound of the old, blue Volkswagen Beetle that the tortilleria uses for deliveries.

Your footsteps find the still-wet mud at the bottom of a rut in the road. The train's patter is a heartbeat, is the sound

that announces the circles of circulation: in, out, around, through. In, out, around, through La Patrona; in, out, around, through the state of Veracruz; in, out, around, through Mexico. Migrants sit on top of boxcars or inside the gondola cars or in the wells behind the hoppers. They are unsure where they are, unsure whom to trust. The residents of La Patrona give them food; the food goes out in plastic grocery bags, rice and beans and pan dulce, sometimes eggs or carrots or expired cakes from the Chedraui department store.

Children wander around to watch, kick at the dirt, then go back inside. Visitors come, stay for a while, then move on.

The arrival of the trains taps out the rhythm of days in La Patrona, even though the trains are not regular, do not follow a schedule. One might say it's not the trains that make the circulations, but the residents. La Patrona, its rails clanging and clapping with the passing trains, its cane fields rustling with wind and sheets of rain, shelters a collective of women who call themselves Las Patronas. The Patronas have been giving food, water, and clothing to the migrants nearly every day since February, 1995—in the rain, the mud, the dark, in the smoke of trash fires and of controlled burns of sugarcane stubs.

La Patrona is not a rich town: Here you will not hear French or English, will not hear American indie rock, will not hear the tony hush of a guarded fraccionamiento. The sounds of everyday life are indistinguishable in La Patrona not only from the neighboring pueblos—Coetzala, Cuichapa, Naranjal—but from much of rural and peri-urban Mexico. It's the train, and the Patronas, that distinguish La Patrona.

For the most part, the Patronas do not meet the people who receive their aid, because they give it while the trains are moving. The Patronas cannot give the migrants' names, their birth dates, their brothers or sisters or cousins; cannot say whether they are mean or kind, quick to anger or cool and collected, whether they tend to remember birthdays, whether they have gotten in trouble back home. The Patronas do not know where the migrants' homes are, or why they have left. Some on the trains are not labor migrants at all. Sometimes the trains carry wealthier people, Mexican and foreign, looking to have an adventure. Then there are the drogaditos, a word spoken not only to refer to addicts but sex workers, effeminate gay men, runaways, the homeless, the transgendered. The word ought to be drogadictos but no one uses the c. Such categories as it implies, of course, are not exclusive.

They all get food. Every day the Patronas wait for the sound of the train, the tickle and whisper at their ears, to go out to the train tracks. When the train comes they are ready: plastic bags of comida first, bags of pan dulce after; water passed from a wheelbarrow at the crossing with the dirt road.

When you give, the migrants hanging off the trains shout at you: the young ones joyfully, the older ones more directly but still grateful. Dios te bendiga, they tell you. Gracias, amigo, they say. Or long:

Graaaaaaaaaaacccccccciiiiiaaaaaaasssss,

like the train pulling them away from you. Or short and rapid: Güero-güero-güero tank you. Tank you güero. Tank.

After the train passes your ears are numbed, do not pick

up the sounds and the noise around you. They only hear themselves. Up the track the train screeches and grumbles on, but its distance from your ears, its near-absence, is its own white noise.

For a moment after the train passes you think that perhaps La Patrona is quiet. You don't notice the gravel sound of your own footsteps or the hush of your clothes or your breathing catching up to you. Something has happened, but quiet is not it. You look for dropped bags of food, which crinkle at the touch.

You return. People are gossiping about your love life. It is the only thing to do here.



BREATHING RAIN

A.J. Huffman

The scent curiously arrives before the drops
begin their percussive descent. I am drawn
to this distinctively indescribable precursor,
this welcome herald of calming hydration,
soothing syncopation. It prepares,
alerts. My other senses
turn to standby. Anticipatory
activation accomplished, I inhale
an airy excitement, exhale
meditative awareness, an auric embrace
of what is [to come].

BEFORE EQUINOX

Matt Daly

tree bark leaves

down down down

scratching claws

flakes of bark ground

bound bound

log dry gray cracked

claws scratch

leap

wind under belly cold

belly hits dirt

bound up then haunches then

stem of grass seeds

bend with feet claws

bend down mouth

bend down seeds

claws scramble

claws detach seeds

seeds full

cheeks fill

curve of cheek curve of stem curve of seed

on seed on seed

one seed last

seed falls to dirt

no time to stop

bound

bound away

new stem new curve new seed

beyond log

bright beast

curves

scratches

white flat plane

front feet

make gray

curves

claws detach

seeds

seed to cheek to curve

bright beast

still

cheeks empty

scratch

twitch whiskers

tail twitches

to bound

to stem to seed to sun

curve of sun in sky curve of seed

shallow curve of cheek curve of seed

bright beast cold
 no time no time still
bright beast scratches still
 cheeks still tail no tail
 still
 no bound slow stand

 bent down stem release
bound away from seed from beast
 bound bound bound

still to stem to seed to cheek
bright beast winter cold lingers
 belly fur curve of wind

leap log tree

SAN ANDREAS

Eldon Turner

Sometimes the steady rock rises, a hundred feet,
more often ten or so, neither nature persevering,
nor the steady addings, not thicknesses built of age,
habitations, not filled middens, no shards and bones,
charred meats and anaerobic survivors in muck.
It is a threat, sheer belly swell, loamy child
announces dire collapse and novelty we run from,
the enemy against our dreams, the crack and split
and splinter, brief bellow, final roar and death.
Bricks and slabs condemn the lovers of the sun,
the rugged who revel in glass walls, beauty
on the hill's great breast. Tectonic power throws
a pregnant surge. Small slips stir plates, which
growl and gnash and groan. Tiny fissures pop,
shift, slide whole slabs away and open deeps.
We stand to our elevation. Heave soil! Roil sea!
Shake rock! Fear rises in waves. Walls wobble,
floorboards crack, cupboard doors clap, collapse,
gravity's triumph over shoddy. Structures twist,
sheer. Rooms outlast by sturdy foresight, serendipity.
Fright holds safe those who know caution at ground's
underside of dark force. Faults break forth births.
Leap, heart! Who survives terror – dawn holds
a novel light. Their sighs and moans and cries
rock a world which knocked the carefree low.

Reminiscence

Swirl

Eyeballing the Haunted Air

All the Photographs Failed

Starting Point

A.I.W.

The Neighbor's Pin Oak



SWIRL
Karen B. Golightly

EYEBALLING THE HAUNTED AIR

- at the site of the Colfax Massacre April 13, 1873
Kaz Sussman

Colfax, Louisiana is a weary town,
the asphalt gash of Main Street
an inclusion held immobile
by the amber cyst of summer.

Encircling singlewides laid siege
to the simple homes
clustered near the river.

The mudbrick shell
of an abandoned church
lords over the burial ground
by the drug rehab clinic.

On the flanks of the low-slung shelters
built in the shadow of the levee
the crackled paint is crazed with scale.

In the hollows off the old trails
clapboard shacks lean over the soil
and farm dogs eyeball the haunted air
with its scent of magnolia
and despair.

ALL THE PHOTOGRAPHS FAILED

Peter Goodwin

Accepting that it had to come down
its roots no longer holding it in place
any strong wind sending it crashing
onto my roof, I realized that in all
the years it had been a part
of this home I had never bothered to photograph
this majestic and towering tree.
I had photographed its leaves, its
ragged branches, its birds and squirrels
the light that caressed and colored
its bark and leaves, and its shadows.
I had used it to hang swings, hammocks
bird feeders, I had enjoyed it, taken it
for granted, and soon it was going to be dismantled
limb by limb, and now I needed to photograph
it, so I photographed it from all angles, from
the house, towards the house, in sun, in shadow
but all the photographs failed
they just showed a tree and sometimes
a house and often with other trees
and every photograph diminished the tree
and no photograph expressed
the protection the tree offered
from wind and sun, the privacy
it provided, the comfort it extended
when we needed comforting
the joy on your face as you sat on our deck,
embraced by its presence and its shade—
the memory of that joy
has outlasted the tree



STARTING POINT
Joshua Daniel Cochran

A.I.W.

Ryan Johnson

I'm riding through the Mojave Desert, can you hear it?
 Tonight the mosquitoes will bite me
And leave the horses alone. Occasionally I'm tempted to
survive exclusively on peanut butter,
Coffee and mini chocolate bars, I'd call it expedition
impossible and sneak vitamins when

They weren't looking. I predict this would last three months.
Next I'd put my head down and
Slow time. This would be unpredictable work made mostly of
intimidation. I'd have to get
To them all, the timekeepers, clocks, hourglasses, steady drips,
 bell tollers,

Irascible movers of the sun and precise moon slicers.
 For now, I need to deal with this
Pervasive dampness. Not enough water to smooth me but,
should I stay here much longer,
Enough to change my color from burnt to soggy.
 Don't bother flying over, even though I feel

Gigantic, the land has told me of my meaninglessness.
 My steps won't carry me anywhere I
Haven't been before. All is well. When I come home I'll have
a lunch pail and wear a pinstriped
Tailored suit, a monkey in nice shoes, inside will be the
sounds I gathered to keep you warm.

THE NEIGHBOR'S PIN OAK

Laura Madeline Wiseman

On a lesser plane you blushed in the spring,
bowing over the property line. By summer

your nuts were hard as golf balls. You fanned
the July air, scratched my screens at night, and whispered

nonsense under the dog stars. On a lesser plane
not one seed thrived or shot up from the earth.

Your mate leaves you—drought, prairie wind, storm—
but you stand three-inches taller, limbs harden

as heavy headed hydrangeas topple over one another
in pastel groups hugging the brick wall.

On a lesser plane you watch me all day
through my windows, shifting, feeding, bathing,

one who felt the heat of your open gaze,
the way you rubbed the chain link fence

between us as we shot the breeze. Tell me, here,
what we can never know on these great plains.

Perception

Hot Yellowstone 3

Heaven in September

Monsoon

Candy Toad Milk Pipe Octopussy Bird

A Tale of Power Algonquin Style

Hot Yellowstone

Full Flight from Yuma



HOT YELLOWSTONE 3
Georgia Rowswell

HEAVEN IN SEPTEMBER

Elizabeth Harlan-Ferlo

is an Oregon farmers market where every stall overflows red peppers, purples, golds alongside the shyly crimped cabbage balls. Green shoots up from cream-yellow sweet Walla Wallas and the basil spills in mad bunches from baskets beside flats

of strawberries come back like a lover's surprise. Knobby winter squashes tuck themselves between deep boxes of mushrooms crowding for secrets, black morels pulled in like closed umbrellas, open chanterelles like full skirts in spin,

dirt still coursing their pleats. In Elizabethan collars of leaves, cauliflower preens not just white but gold and purple lace. Whenever you arrive you're always still in time for it, the earnest musicians playing for toddlers to dance near the stands

where the women who make the tamales are smiling. There are mounds of dusty green beans and fat-pod fava beans and flecked, freckled beans near the Indian man with a stack of white coolers where, in the ice,

the salmon just realized it's no longer swimming. It's not that everything's free, exactly, but you can take as much as you can carry. For instance, the peaches and apples like bocce balls, their sample cubes tooth-picked, glittering with juice,

near the very last boxes of blackberries, sweet blues. Of course there's zucchinis, ridged and rococo, or globes or patty pans spun out like flat whizzing tops from crookneck wicks. You stroll from pile to grand pile, under just enough sun

so it's warm, with just enough people around to be festive. Clipboards flutter recipes, rolls of bags twist from tent corners in rustling prisms, and your grand dreams of dinner include people you love, and are foolproof: elaborate enough to satisfy, reliable enough

for innovation. The neighbors you run into are the ones you've been thinking of, healed, and their child smiles up with a tomato bauble's incandescent cheeks. Every farmer looks proud and rested, every teenager pleased, and an angel rings the bell on a popsicle cart.

MONSOON

Will Cordeiro

Like thrown knives
dividing sky—flush

flesh, windblown &
brownout, live wires

of far lightning rushes
over brittle scruff, fire-

nettled scrub & one ripe
globe of a pomegranate,

ruptured. These grain-
stained, sluice-strafted,

summer-sudden rains
which drizzle dazzle—

the thick sweet sweat
of creosote swooshed

upon the air, as the flash
floods rise in every wash,

cutting gashes over dust
& gushing out its glyphs.

A river welters, crests its
crust, out-ravels sinks, &

drives all water to the brink

to drink up day's last ruddy

smudge: gathered, guttered
solutions of alluvium which

ready-make muck; reconstitute
bone-bludgeoned underselves

until a high blank sun blinks
on again & cracked sundered

clay seals its cleavages in heat
& heals itself back into stone.

CANDY TOAD MILK PIPE OCTOPUSSY BIRD

A Childhood in Snapshots
Benjamin Vogt

I'm pretty sure that when I was a child my parents spooned me vanilla extract as a placebo when I complained of not feeling well. When I recently asked them about it, they pretended not to remember.

Growing up in Oklahoma, Little Deep Creek ran along the back edge of our yard. It was not little nor a running creek, but it was deep. I once fell in, sliding down the edge, mouth open and scooping in dirt. I left a trail of vomit back up to the house that ants were eating hours later.

I sat in the back of a school bus with my friend in Minnesota, who was a bus monitor with an orange sash and plastic badge. When he got off at his stop I gave him a Ziplock baggy full of candy I stole from home. I asked him to give it to the girl I liked, and when he did she'd jump and wave her arms as the bus pulled away.

My sister busted out a baby tooth while playing basketball across the street at my cousin's house. We tried to put it back in with some pressure and ice, but she'd just have to wait a year until the adult teeth came in.

Inside a fluorescent green beach pail I dump some twigs and grass on top of a horned lizard—though we call them horny toads. Their heads and backs are sharp like a Stegosaurus. As a defense mechanism they shoot out blood from the corners of their eyes. I've never known such frightening sadness. Now the toads are endangered.

During wheat harvest my dad and I sit in the sharp stubble,

leaning back in the shade of the combine's large front tire. Mom is with the other wives, cars backed up to the field, trunks full of hotdish and tubs of sweet iced tea. The dust of wheat chaff is like cigar smoke.

During wheat harvest I rode with my dad in the combine's cab. When I said I had to go #2 he turned off the engine, dangled me down the ladder until I hit ground, then tossed me a roll of toilet paper. I remember the cut wheat stalks poking my rear.

In sixth grade our entire class went on a weekend camping trip to the Boundary Waters. For three days I held it in.

Hanging on to the tire swing, carpenter ants walk down the rope and tickle my hand. Grandma rushes out with a box of poison dust she sprinkles around the oak tree. The ants carry it away.

It took me all of grade school to learn how to open those tiny, origami-like milk cartons. It had already taken me many special sessions with my first grade teacher to learn how to count change with paper cutouts.

My uncle deadheaded a snake with a shovel.

My dad fit a pipe to the lawn edger's exhaust and shoved it down into gopher holes.

After stealing marshmallows from a kitchen drawer, I'd cook marble and ball bearing soup in a pot over a floor's air vent, using noodle spoons to stir in hollow plastic easter eggs.

Grandma sometimes spoke a Mennonite low German no one

understood. But when she was done she'd exclaim in horror to my confusion with "Phooey!" or "Oh gum!" then offer me Tic Tacs.

The first movies I saw in a theater were Chariots of Fire and Octopussy.

No one else would play with Donny in the sandbox, so I did. We dug exploding trenches and tunnels for our G.I. Joes—when it was over I didn't talk to him until the next day.

I wrote a story about a bird that poops on people's faces. At eight I tried to read it in front of the class, but was laughing so hard—and the class was laughing so hard—I could barely get through it. Sitting on the story time rug afterwards I couldn't stop laughing, so Mrs. Smith had me wait outside in the hall until I was done.

A TALE OF POWER - ALGONQUIN STYLE
Alice M. Azure

*When you are through, get out of Washington, DC.
It's an evil place.*
--Jack Abramoff on "60 Minutes," July 8, 2012

Power. This word
means little to me
apart from old stories—
how our Ancient Ones
revered or feared
powa-filled manitous—
rock piles laced with lichen,
waterfalls crashing over crags,
green-headed forest canopies,
river basins feeding the land.
Animate. Alive.

I announce my new job
in Washington, D.C.,
and my friends' eyes glaze with star-shine.
They rave about the city that primes careers
aligned to clout.

Inside a glass office
bordering the Potomac,
my second story cubicle
gives me a view
of Fairfax Street.
Sleek, black limousines
deliver a Who's Who of American
firms, charities
and labor organizations.

Soon our glass office charges
with nerve-splitting voltage—
changes into a giant fishbowl.
Dark, sinuous Shark-Persons
trail around, brandishing knives.
Tails wave slowly side to side
until some luckless Goldfish-Person
crosses their path.
A swift thrash. Plunge and slash.
Ripped flesh floats away.

In retaliation, the river's Manitou—
Powa of the Potomac—
sends Whirlpool-Person
crashing through the fishbowl.

Terror-frozen, open-jawed,
I watch the vortex
suck our leaders into its maw.
Bone and muscle crunch.
Heads and arms disappear
into its hole of death.

Whether by a Manitou, who took pity,
or special Mi'kmaq luck of *keskamzit*,
I do not know—
but I was led from that city.



HOT YELLOWSTONE
Georgia Rowswell

FULL FLIGHT FROM YUMA

Tom Sheehan

Crackbak Mellon-Mellon sang the song endlessly, "Ain't No Jail Aholtin' Me," sang it, mouthed it, uttered it, yelled it, from one minute of the day to the next. For his five years in Yuma Territorial Prison the guards always knew where he was, in what disposition, secure in one cell or another, or laboring on a prison work detail. Prisoner #127 was known by the only name ever used by him, Crackbak Mellon-Mellon, but history had other versions that are worth unveiling if the man is to be known if not understood. Yuma Territorial Prison, as described by some Arizona folks in the know, was "200 miles of nothing between here 'n' there," and about the driest and hottest place in the territory. He was 24 years old when he was brought to Yuma, the prison then just over a year old, and 29 when he escaped, in 1881.

That truth said Mellon-Mellon was born Richard Bannister Barrows, III, to the Barrows of Jamaica Plain, Boston area, Massachusetts, USA. His parents, the Richard Bannister Barrows, II, were engulfed by the great fire in 1857 that burned to the ground the stately home of the Barrowses in a very posh section of that village. The only child, Richard III, was rushed out of the house at the height of the immense conflagration (fueled by almost 100 oil lamps spread throughout the mansion), by the nanny Auntie Lidz, a large black woman who dearly loved the child as if he was her own. He was four years old and her lap was the warmest, sweetest and most loving lap he had known, and the only one most

likely, because the parents were caught up in a serious social life, the father a successful ship owner.

People of Jamaica Plain village assumed that Richard III died in the fire that leveled the huge home, along with “that governess or nanny they had, with a funny name, who must have burnt with poor little Richard, but nobody can remember her name.”

Before dawn the next day, Auntie Lidz was in the house of a relative in West Cambridge, and a week later in the back end of Rockport, near Gloucester and the Portuguese-manned fishing fleet, at another relative’s place of employment, with another ship owner who saw no color in people, and asked no questions about “the black lady, who could cook like a god sent from Olympus, and a white child, perhaps little more than a tot.”

Even there, Richard III was caught up on two levels, a white boy in the brace of black servitude. But Auntie Lidz’s employer hosted the most elaborate parties with the grandest food imaginable, great reams of it, elaborate loaves and cakes and icings, greens with magical tastes, and a miracle mix of fish and meats, “sea and sod” as the ship owner called it, all cooked up by “that woman in his kitchen, the mother of that poor child with that strange name, Crackbak Mellon-Mellon.” Interest piqued, spoken for, and accepted, so thusly the boy grew up in two worlds, but knowing at all hours the warmest place on earth, the lap of Auntie Lidz who became, one unsuspecting day as declared by the boy himself, Momma Lidz. The woman sang songs to the child the minute she left off her duties as cook, maid, live-in factotum, endless singer in

her own mind as she spun through her duties ... big, black, gracious for her size, elegant of hand, songs in her throat for every deed required of her, mythical songs that called on her past and the memories she strove endlessly to keep alive in her mind, and in so doing presented to the loving child an extension of her own history. From her lap he caught a sense of music that swelled in him but especially off by himself. It was when he was alone that he could enjoy the joy that leaped out of him as he sang, knowing Momma Lidz's voice, the magic of her words, the love that rose from her lap, from her sweet embrace, while she sang "ole Afridca comin' home agin."

Now and then, in moments of deepest sadness, she told him of her journey in chains and all imaginable pains on a dark ship when she was just 13 years old. How she survived by being freed of her chains on calm nights and was brought to the captain's cabin. What her survival had cost her. What she was taking back that was her own to give, not to be taken at threats of death. Only when he had come of age did rage enfold him, the night in the haymow when a girl, another mixed person, played games with him. His rage came apace of all the pleasures he would come to know.

When a white boy of that end of Rockport, a constant companion of Crackbak's, began to steal from Momma Lidz's employer, he dropped clues that it was Momma Lidz who did the thievery, small and unobtrusive clues he had discerned about the woman and "that stupid boy who don't know if he be white or black, who ought to know his place."

Beset by doubt, called upon by friends to “get rid of that disgrace he harbored, that woman and that child,” the employer and ship owner was caught in a quandary. The solution was never his, as he was robbed one night coming back from Gloucester and shot dead on the road. Momma Lidz and Crackbak didn’t last a week, as relatives of the ship owner ushered them out of town. Crackbak was 12 years old. Momma Lidz died of a heart attack in her flight. A week later he snuck back into Rockport, killed the thieving boy, was seen, and ran. When it leaked out later that he had killed the wrong boy, his brother having committed all the thefts, Mellon-Mellon made a vow that he would seek revenge.

He was still running 12 years later, still promising to avenge Momma Lidz’ death, when he was sent to Yuma Prison for holding up a stage outside of Mineral Park, Arizona Territory and taking the strongbox away with him.

Such is history of one person, boy to man, freed to be imprisoned, man on his own in this world of two worlds.

Two passengers of the stagecoach that Mellon-Mellon robbed were from Bisbee, almost 100 miles back on the trail. They had seen the robber on a number of occasions, back in Bisbee. Doc Parsons, a general practitioner, and his wife Mildred, town stalwarts, solid citizens, stood up in court and pointed at Mellon-Mellon as the coach thief. They identified him by the scars on Mellon-Mellon’s body, on wrist and face, that the doctor had seen two visits to his office. Parsons, once on General Grant’s staff as a medical aide, was firm and definite in his identity. The judge, knowing some of Mellon-Mellon’s background, much to his chagrin, said at the

sentencing, "Young man, I hate to see a whole life wasted, so I am going to send you to Yuma Territorial Prison, not for your whole life, but for 10 years. I sincerely hope that you get out of there someday and move on with your life."

The judge never realized, for one minute, that Mellon-Mellon would escape from Yuma. It appeared impossible from his personal survey, the facility new, the walls solid, the guard force strong, the surrounding territory, for miles and miles on end, a sure deterrent to escape. The land was inhospitable to say the least, natural enemies growing out of that inhospitable geography, dangers found deep in canyons, hidden up wadies, in the way of any man on the move. Whatever the judge gleaned about the young prisoner, he did not find the resolve that Mellon-Mellon had formed and held in deep reserve.

Only two days in prison, knowing the jeopardy that daily surrounded him, including one mouthy prisoner making serious jokes about his name, Mellon-Mellon made a small, deadly weapon, a knife of sorts but jugular sharp, out of a metal dish "lost during mealtime." Other prisoners took the hint when the mouthy prisoner was found, in his cell, almost bleeding to death from a jagged wound on his face. Mellon-Mellon, always singing his song, "Ain't No Jail Aholtin' Me," was never bothered after that, and was able to plan his impossible escape from Yuma.

It only took him five years.

Six months after his escape, through the curried intervention of a guard, with not a single sighting of the escapee, the doctor, his wife, and the judge managed to relax their vigilance about revenge. They believed, as did many

people, that the fugitive had perished in the desert. But, then, each got a copy of a letter found secreted at Yuma, that said, "I don't blame none body of my jailin'. Not youse too. I ain't none bad accep what I did to nudder boy. I thot he real kilt Momma Lidz all alown, but his bruder did it. Who come after me gettin' hurt ever time. That come promise. I ain't kep no hate wi me, but mak sure the killer be kilt."

Rockport, Massachusetts was too far away to be reached by an escapee without funds or friends. A letter was sent by Arizona prison officials advising Rockport officials of Mellon-Mellon's promise of revenge.

Yuma, indeed, was too far away to be any kind of a threat to Rockport, or to the real thief who Mellon-Mellon believed had killed his Momma Lidz by causing her heart attack.

It only took Crackbak Mellon-Mellon eleven months to walk into Rockport after dark on the last evening of August, 1882. The August moon was not shining, but a west wind came steady and the tide was out, the air so fully fresh and invigorating that he could easily measure the difference with his Yuma cell. He thought it was like finding a salt cache on his escape route through Utah. The salty air, full of memories, made him cry at first, and then the hateful resolve overcame him. He knew for only bare moments the safety of Momma Lidz's bountiful and heavenly lap. It was never to come back to him, that acre of pleasantness, that sea of warmth.

During his long stay away from Rockport, he found out, the real killer had died, leaving Mellon-Mellon unresolved.

Lost in his desolation, figuring a way out of his present situation, he dreamed of walking back westward as the fulfillment of his life. "I kin do thet less'n a year, betcha betcha betcha," he mouthed to himself in the darkness of the night. He remembered the heat of his cell at Yuma, how it burned his skin, laid him down trying to recall how to breathe properly, saving himself by absolute stillness, wasting nothing of his mind.

At a moment of fearful realization, that Momma Lidz's warm lap might be gone forever, that darkness had stolen her, that the death of a thief had no resolve for him, he found himself at the edge of the sea. Boats and craft of all sizes bounced on the slightly angular waves coming inward with the tide. He heard the music of the sea and the hulls being washed by the grace of the ocean. The stars had flung themselves out over the vast sea and seemed to touch the far line of the horizon. One star close to the horizon blinked continually at him, as if pointing.

"West go east and east go west," he said under his breath, knowing that there would be no place to hide any longer. In the steady motion of tide, the water touched warmly on his legs, not as warm as his Yuma cell, but warm, invitingly warm. The walls in his prison cells had been hot on his skin, some days as hot as the sun itself, but the floor of those cells was really the rooftop of Hell. The threat, ever there every minute in Yuma, disappeared. "Ain't no more fallin' t'rough," he sang, "fallin' down the Devil's lap."

And there was real music out there, where that bright, glorious single star still blinked at him, Momma Lidz's kind of music! The smooth throb of it came on the tide, moved with the breeze, with the full sky of stars keeping pace. His fingers could almost touch it, move with it, as the beat ran on his skin. All of it enveloped him, promising a blanket of heaven.

The revelation came alive; Momma Lidz was still warm in whatever place she waited. He had done his revenge, and she had to be warm as ever, her lap as bountiful. He remembered how she had always wanted him to learn how to swim, always being near the sea, or connected to it somehow, but he had an inevitable fear of water and never learned how. So it was his own miracle when he said, almost sang, "Aint none too late learnin' now, Momma, none too late for learnin'."

Again he heard the music as he had in the foothills of wild western mountains, in Utah and Wyoming and other places on his way to forever, the music that belonged to her, that came with the wind in canyons, across lush prairies, up and off the peaks "prayin' right up to heaven itself."

He leaned into the slight white line coming at him and swung one arm forward. He sang the song that had carried him for such a long time; "Ain't No Jail Aholtin' Me," letting the words rise from his throat as the warm September water washed against his face.

Artist Biographies

ALICE AZURE launched two books in 2011—*Along Came a Spider* by Bowman Books and *Games of Transformation* by Albatross Press. The latter was selected as the poetry book of the year by Wordcraft Circle of Native Writers & Storytellers. She earned an M.A. degree in urban and regional planning from the University of Iowa. A Mi'kmaq Métis, her roots are in the Kespu'kwitk District (Yarmouth) of Nova Scotia.

ADRIANA BRODYN is a graduate student in the Sociology Department at the University of Chicago and works at the Center for the Study of Gender and Sexuality. Her research interests include sociolinguistics, sexual subcultures and queer geographies. Her recent projects can be found on her website <http://conquestofspaces.com>.

MARIO BRUZZONE is a Ph.D. student in Geography at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. His doctoral research looks at transnational migration through Mexico. He earned his B.A. from Oberlin College, where he studied creative writing with the novelist and short story writer Dan Chaon.

JESSE CHENG is a cultural anthropologist from Southern California. His website is jesse-cheng.com.

JOSHUA DANIEL COCHRAN has been a fast-food worker, wildland firefighter, EMT, electrician, landscaper, copy shop

manager and enduring dilettante, and has now decided to pursue his lifelong love of words. He writes and teaches in his hometown of Tucson, Arizona.

WILL CORDEIRO's creative work appears or is forthcoming in *Copper Nickel*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Drunken Boat*, *South Dakota Review*, and elsewhere. He is grateful for recent residencies from ART 342, Blue Mountain Center, and Petrified Forest National Park. He lives in Tucson, Arizona.

MATT DALY is the author of *Wild Nature and the Human Spirit: a Field Guide to Journal Writing in Nature*. He has several pieces published in: *To Everything On Earth*, *Wyoming Fence Lines*, and *Stories of the Wild*. He received a 2013 creative writing fellowship in poetry from the Wyoming Arts Council. His poetry is forthcoming in *The Cortland Review*, *Open Window Review*, and *Owen Wister Review*.

KAREN B. GOLIGHTLY is an associate professor of English at Christian Brothers University in Memphis, Tennessee. She has a PhD in 19th century Irish and British literature and an MFA in creative writing. She takes photos of graffiti in Memphis and everywhere she travels in an effort to capture this temporary art and make it more accessible to those who might never be lucky enough to see it in person.

PETER D. GOODWIN resides in Maryland and writes poetry while providing succulent treats for deer, rodents, birds and insects. His poems are published in his chapbook *No Sense Of*

History and journals including *Rattle*, *Scribble*, *MainStreet Rag*, *Dreamstreets*, *Delaware Poetry Review*, *Yellow Medicine Review*, *Memoir(and)*.

ELIZABETH HARLAN-FERLO's poetry appears in numerous publications including *Poet Lore*, *Valparaiso Review*, *Burnside Review*, *Anglican Theological Review*, *Devils Lake*, and *Relief*. She holds an MFA from the University of Oregon, and has resided happily in the Willamette Valley for almost ten years. Read more at elizabethharlanferlo.com.

A.J. HUFFMAN is a poet and freelance writer in Daytona Beach, Florida. She has previously published six collections of poetry and has also published her work in numerous national and international literary journals. She is the editor for six online poetry journals for Kind of a Hurricane Press (www.kindofahurricanepress.com).

RYAN JOHNSON is a writer and researcher living in New York City. He was born near the water, educated at Harvard University, and is most at home in the mountains.

ANDREW KOCH lives in a holler in Knoxville where he studied English and cinema at the University of Tennessee. On trivia nights at the Bearden Field House Bar he is good for the geography, sports, and movie questions. He has visited all fifty states, his favorite being whichever one he's in at the moment.

GEORGIA ROWSWELL uses art to translate the world around her. Unusual materials and combinations with a heavy emphasis on pattern, color, and texture are her words. Her goal is to present work that inspires an interesting and lively conversation. She received her formal degree in painting and drawing but her connection with art began at an early age under the tutelage of her Mother.

ELAINE SEXTON is a poet, critic, and author of two collections, *Sleuth* and *Causeway*, both with New Issues. *Hair* is one of a series of images of contained things, photos and assemblages to be exhibited in a show sponsored by Creative Haverhill in 2014. She teaches text & image at the Sarah Lawrence College Writing Institute.

TOM SHEEHAN has 20 Pushcart nominations, one Distinguished Military nomination for his eBook *Korean Echoes*, and a National Book Award nomination for his eBook *The Westering*, a collection of western stories. Coming soon is *Death of a Lottery Foe*, followed by *Death by Punishment*, from Danse Macabre/Lazarus Press. He served in the 31st Infantry Regiment in Korea, 1951.

SANDRA SOLI's poetry, short fiction, and photography appear in *Ruminate*, *Parody*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Oklahoma Today*, *SLAB*, *Sugar Mule*, *Platte Valley Review*, and elsewhere. Honors include an Oklahoma Book Award, *New Delta Review's* Eyster Poetry Prize, and two

Pushcart Prize nominations. "Fear of Falling" emerged from early childhood in wartime England.

KAZ SUSSMAN is a curmudgeon, fortunately ensnared by the full moon. He has been a carpenter and disaster response worker, and lives in a home he has built in Oregon from abandoned poems. His work is published or forthcoming in *Cirque*, *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Nimrod International Journal*, *The Dos Passos Review*, *The Misfit Quarterly*, and *Gastronomica*, among other publications.

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ELDON TURNER is a Professor Emeritus of History and American Studies at the University of Florida. He is the inaugural editor of *Bacopa: the Journal of the Writers' Alliance of Gainesville*. His poetry has appeared in *Harpur Palate*, *Inspirit*, *Poetalk*, *Main Street Rag*, *Still*, *the Journal* and others. "San Andreas" is from a developing series of California poems, and reflects public concern in San Francisco after the Alaska earthquake of 1964.

BENJAMIN VOGT is the author of *Afterimage* (Stephen F. Austin State University Press) and has a Ph.D. from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. His work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize in two genres and appears in *Crab Orchard Review*, *Diagram*, *ISLE*, *Orion*, *Sou'wester*, *Subtropics*, and *The Sun*. Benjamin keeps a blog, *The Deep Middle*, where he rants about writing and his award-winning 1,500 foot native prairie garden.

EVAN MORGAN WILLIAMS' work has appeared in *The Kenyon Review*, *Witness*, *The Antioch Review*, and other journals. *Ting Ting Goes the Volcano* is his second story in *you are here*. Although fictional, it reflects his many years exploring the volcano country of Oregon and southern Washington.

LAURA MADELINE WISEMAN has a masters from the University of Arizona and a doctorate from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln where she teaches English. She is the author of seven collections of poetry, including *Unclose the Door*. She is also the editor of the anthology *Women Write Resistance: Poets Resist Gender Violence*.

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