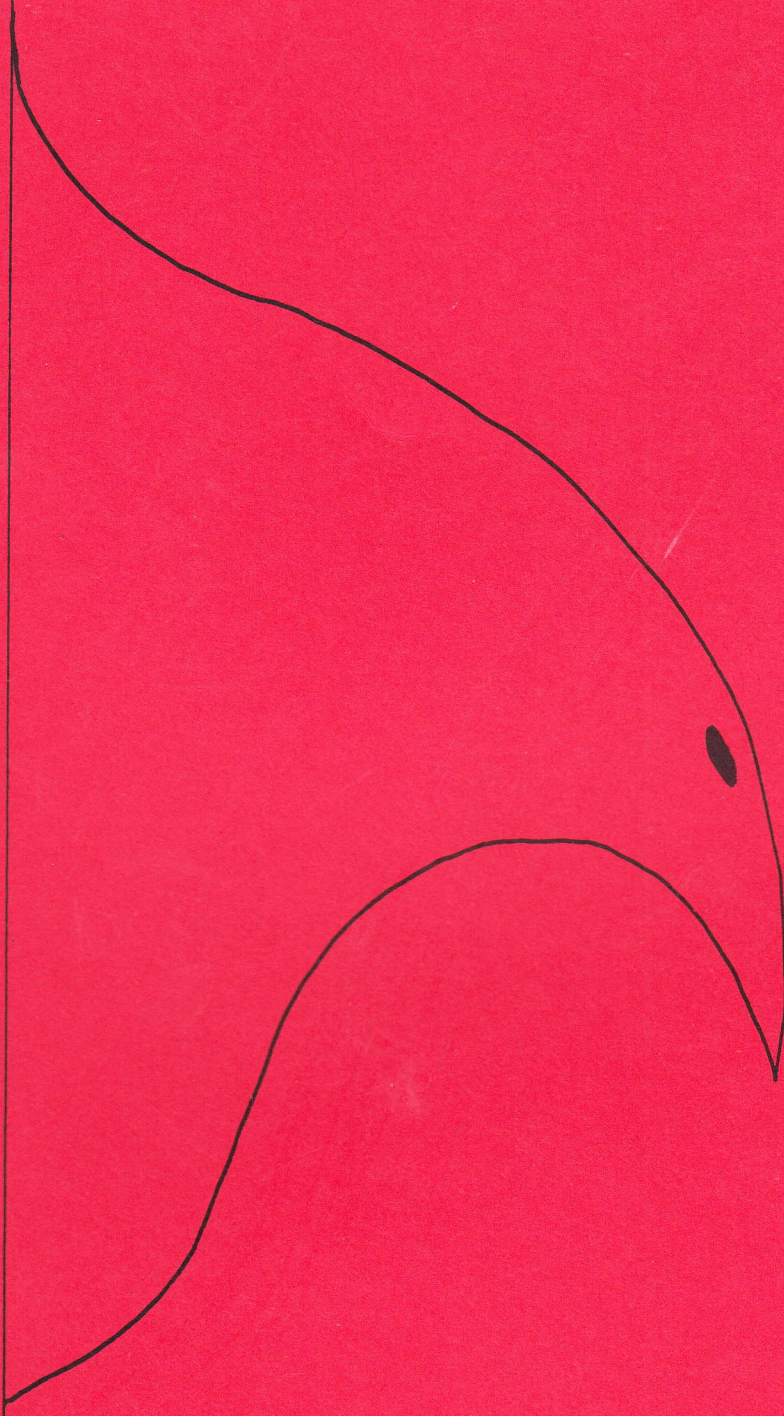


**A  
L  
B  
A  
T  
R  
O  
S  
S**



# ALBATROSS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Vol. #2 Issue 2

Wendy Innis	3
Stephen Meats	4
ivan arguelles	7
Kathryn A. Knox	8
Barbara Smith	9
Tobey Kaplan	10
Robert F. Whisler	11
Tom Sexton	12
Ruth Marie Katchentz	13
Norma Sullivan	14
Bernard R. Hewitt	15
Lisa Yount	16
Mary Gilbert	17
lyn lifshin	18
Margaret Ballif Simon	19
Duane Locke	20
Al Ortolani	21
JBMulligan	23
John Grey	25
Yvonne Sapia	26
Ree Young	28
Gerry Stewart	29
A Conversation With Richard Eberhart	31
Biographical Notes	34

ALBATROSS

Co-editors: Richard Smyth  
Richard Brobst

Advisors:  
Pamela Brobst, Jackie Smyth, Daniel Wolber

Subscriptions: One issue \$2.00  
Two issues \$3.75

Checks payable to Albatross

Subscription orders, manuscripts and donations should be sent to Albatross, 4014 S.W. 21st Road, Gainesville, Florida 32607. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. Please allow six to eight weeks for a reply. Thank you for your support.

Copyright 1988 Richard Brobst

ISSN 0887 4239

THE DAY BEFORE SAINT PATRICK'S

Rochester Gas and Electric sends notices  
That it will raise prices whenever price escalates price.  
The cost of stove wood may soon match that of oil.  
Despite dead elm, limbs felled by ice and age,  
Like India--denuded, a wasteland in part--  
The Northeast may strip itself bare.

When our cat fends off a tom out back  
That hopes to steal the bird she caught this morning,  
And I go to look--finding an inch of tulips  
In bare earth warmed by white-sun off the house  
And melting snow revealing pruned rose twigs  
For the first time in two months--

I seem to myself a refugee,  
Weeks into mud-clogged roads,  
Who, having finally sighted chimney smoke,  
Is being handed hot tea and a blanket.

WHILE YOU ARE GONE

This spring has been a season of absence and waiting, and the routine of mine you know so well of waking, dressing, teaching, cleaning, cooking, feeding, caring for kids, pets, flowers, and garden has been empty of your voice and touch. But I have kept one secret from you--how I fill these empty hours with a game of hide-and-seek. When I wake each morning, I search where you slept beside me last to find the place your body pressed the sheet and your hair left that trace of scent. Then the shadows coalesce, and I can almost touch your face. Around the house where I left them undisturbed I

find your shoes, the newspaper, a coffee cup, and in the bathroom, a wash cloth on the tub spout, your razor in the shower, a pair of socks in the laundry hamper. Then I see you like an apparition, in jeans and T-shirt, hair curling down your forehead, walking from room to room, pulling weeds in the garden. But everyday of seeking is a day of hiding, too. In the morning, I nestle in the folds of bathtowels, curl quietly under glasses in the cupboard, tuck myself in creases of our bedsheets. Afternoons I settle on a broccoli flower, crawl inside a

bean pod, fold myself into the petals  
of marigold and hollyhock. In these  
places I wait for you to come home and  
find me as light finds a mockingbird's wings  
or as wind lifts up silver maple leaves.  
Then I will come to meet you like yellow  
leaves from forsythia, or like a thunder-  
storm comes courting the prairie, flashing a  
smile and shouting a loud greeting as I  
stride toward you on my spidery legs of  
lightning. And you will be like a meadow-  
lark waiting in the tall grass for the wind  
to lift you, or like dry earth thirsting  
for the first tap tapping of the rain.

JUST ANOTHER WINDY NIGHT

What little sleep I was starting is now a scrap of paper tumbling somewhere across the dark fields. In the past hour the wind has battered this old frame house so hard the creaking has made me think, half-seriously, that it might explode in kindling-sized pieces as in a tornado or be pulverized like the test structures in those atomic blast pictures. A broad grain patterns the surface of the oak table in front of me like a diagram of shock waves. I peek through my secret window in the top gable and see a sight that makes

me laugh: trucks are dumping scrap metal at the trailer park. A tornado is putting trailers back on their foundations. This wind seems to be blowing everything in reverse. Dead leaves are flying into the trees. The ash and elm and sycamore I see from my window have shrunk to saplings and are disappearing into the ground. Creeks are running backwards. Raindrops are leaping from earth to sky, and the oak across the street throws the lightning bolt that split it back at the clouds. Iron ore in my water pipes swirls back to the mines. Hey, this isn't

funny! Things are out of control! All over town graveyards are giving up their skeletons. On the prairie, fences are coming down, highways are blowing away, road cuts are filling in. Elk, grizzly, buffalo, and wolf materialize out of the sod. Things alive have shrunk to nothing, things dead have returned to life. I try to protest but the only sound I can make is the rough carol of blackbirds in the cedars. I search for my pulse, but feel only the dark rhythm of antelope galloping with the wind across the plains.

From CANT ESPIRITUAL

and then the rains begin centuries and centuries  
carbon skeletons and the poetry of light and confusion

I ask millions of years later how the light has passed  
through stone and the water of stone into this Legend

sand is shaped into a woman children proceed from the black pod  
gods perhaps unknown and unknowing harrowed in their beds

unequivocal scales of sound music of flesh transparent as jelly  
swimming toward a surface of light in broken pools

I am a wave a darkening liquid surging on the back of some god  
answers to riddles mirrors with black holes eyes of eternal Heat!

a decision to fix circles in the steam and walk parading  
miles of skin naked eyeless in the subterranean light

a mind in decay still seeing the first things the orders of heroes  
agonizing in the elysian ditch the water immense on their brows

centuries of precipitation pounding with invisible knuckles  
the infirm geography with its pitiless and colorless raiment

becoming more visible then less visible in suburbs of hail  
fire bursting through veins and ice I freeze being on fire



THE THINGS THAT ARE FREELY GIVEN TO US OF GOD

Beyond speech or thought  
a quiet, thankful listening  
like the resonance  
of a ruby in a cave  
till a ray  
of light hits  
and music erupts  
from a thousand, blood-illuminated prisms...  
a sparkling  
all around  
like rain  
unfettered and unconfined.

CONTACT

There is talk of it being like rain  
That falls filling a growing need,  
Or an ocean of unknown shores  
And soundings that invite deep loss,  
Or a stream touching as it passes.  
Instead,  
It is a clear, deep pool  
In which I know myself submerged,  
My feet on the smooth, impregnable rock  
That defines and supports us all  
While what gives us meaning this moment surrounds.

FIRST RAIN

the first rain damp beginnings  
wet season as the sun rises into curtains of grey air  
paper sheets of secrets  
I'm always hungry and looking for poetry.

waking up to the streets silent rain  
grey smoky haze glare yellow  
families and echoes of airplanes in clouds  
the children stay in front of the tv  
teenagers on the phone, gaps in words  
boats stuck to the damp dock  
slick rain slick lettuce

I walk into the place where  
people like to sweat and forget about lonely  
and hungry and family  
they look at the clouds and the tv  
they like their cars and objectives  
how little here anyone knows one another  
later, drinks and dinner.

when we sleep it's always something else  
purple fuzz night sky distant  
I hear the garden hose, why is it on?  
what is it watering?

the baby is pushed through into air  
those openings dripping warm  
begin life  
and we catch the baby.

WINGED AND BROWNING

Planted by the windstorm  
and fed by the rain,  
euglena blooms on the pond.  
Floating eyes look up at me.  
I am a maple seed  
winged and browning  
on your tree.

EXTENDING THE RANGE

Day lengthens.  
The ravens have departed  
taking winter with them.  
Hares dream of green passage.

After these seasons  
of burlap, humus, and manure,  
honeysuckle  
buds in the yard.

One morning  
the clouds will part  
and hummingbirds descend,  
their small wings wild with desire.

TO AN EVENING AFTER RAIN

This day  
So overswept with clouds  
That wept  
Into the parted mouth  
Of earth  
Is over now,  
A triggered flash  
Of sunset arcs  
Into the plum-hilled East.

Everywhere  
Is music from the rain.

Zig-zagging down  
A wet black road  
Opal rivulets;  
The drain  
A gushing protest.

Trees  
In heavy postures  
Summer storming;  
Invisible  
The birds  
Through babbled oneness  
Communicate.

I penetrate  
The cool  
And many sided twilight,  
By noon tomorrow  
Filled with dust  
The swinging rain bells,  
Imageless  
The thousand mirrors.

ESSENTIAL WATER

I am not desert born nor raised  
My ears still hear the roar  
Of white water over boulders next to a tent

And I can find a spring covered  
By yellow bells and water cress and clover  
On a fern-filled forest hillside

And stretch out flat, rocks digging in my chest,  
And suck up icy water, staring back  
At sand and pebbles magnified

And smell the dust puffs, hear the silky splat  
Of giant raindrops after flash and crack  
Which fell like ritual every day at four  
One summer in Wyoming

And revel in the river where we dove  
And risked our necks and built a raft and lived  
Adrift for months

But not this desert, land of dry denial.

Well, one day finally it rained,  
Not drizzle, burned-out threats, nor fog's retreat,  
But really rained, the eave spouts spilling over,  
Obscured the street with ricocheting drops,  
Flooded the gutters level with the lawn.  
I shed my shoes and sallied forth full tilt,  
Straight down the gutter the whole length of the street,  
Striding and stomping straight through neighbors' stares,  
Squished my toes in rotting leaves,  
Splashed and baptized body and soul,  
Offered praise for rain on desert days,  
And memories of mountain childhood not yet lost.

ONCE WAS

the land was beautiful  
in solitary silence.  
purple sunsets contrasted with  
the sea of red sand dunes.

only grass grew sparsely  
and then in prickly spikes.  
tracks of animals disappeared  
under the constant wind.

silence is eloquent  
and the wind makes it more  
evoking a vision of how  
the red dunes had once been.

before the climate changed  
a sea of water rolled  
where now sandstorms sweep all away  
cleaning and erasing.



SNAKESKIN

Every bump and nubble of your body  
is reflected in this moon-colored ghost,  
thin as paper bees are born in.  
Its folds brush together:  
your startled voice sounds from a distance,  
dry rattle in the throat of the desert wind  
that tonight will carry your past away.

Nearby you hide,  
shelled in darkness.  
Your brilliant colors  
are so new they hurt.

SAND MAP

I watch you scoop sand,  
make a mountain,  
crease it,  
show canyons and water,  
put in sage sprigs for trees.

You tell me:  
"This is the way to Wakalla,  
paint your face with pine-pitch  
and ashes,  
singe your hair,  
meet me there in the spring."

A DISTANT SOUND

It is the same wind  
that stretches your death  
from one country  
to another,  
carries ashes  
that turn to shadows;  
as they move  
across stone,  
I hear the voice of Jalisco:

"This is all I have to bring you:  
Look back across  
the black mountain.  
Listen for the sound  
of the coyote  
as he goes away  
from his own howl  
with no one  
to belong to."

ALBUQUERQUE

dark fingers

abode sweating  
in blood sun

mesquite, sage

skin colored slopes

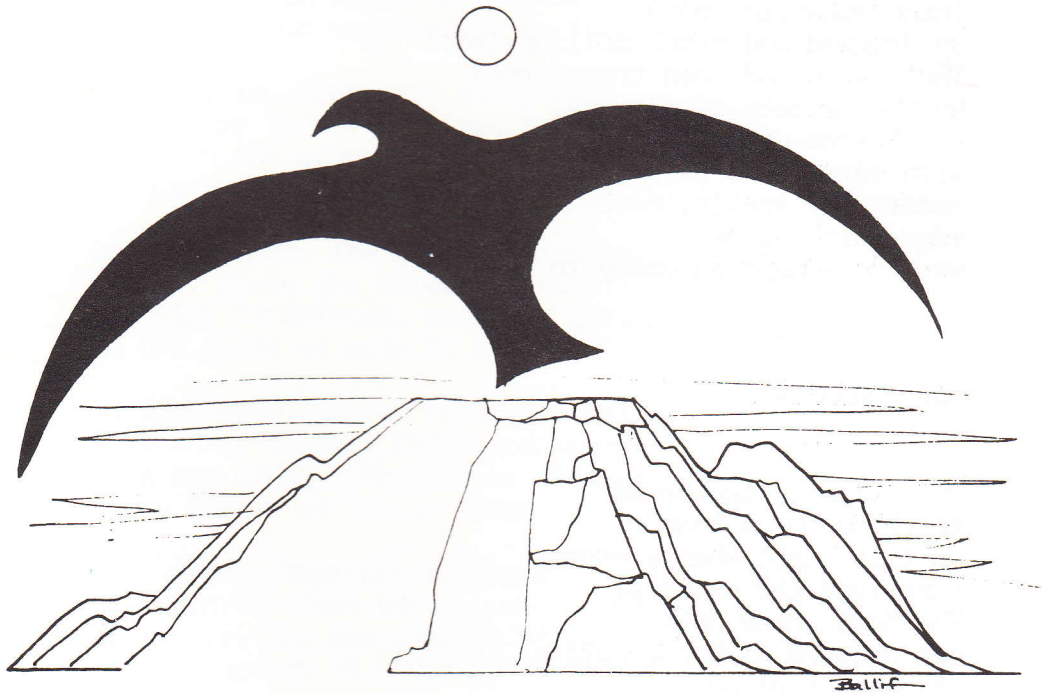
pale stones  
slope to the

gulch coyote,  
crosses birds

I don't know

AFTERWARD

it's like a beach  
at low tide  
husks of what  
life went out of  
what decays dies  
tho in certain  
light, the  
shells glow



THE WRECKED BOAT

We found boards from the boat,  
the boat whose propeller  
had sliced manatees,  
the boat that had been whipped  
into fantastic leaps  
by drugged and drunk millionaires.  
The boards had been transformed  
by the secrets of the sea,  
the boards covered  
with barnacles, oyster shells,  
smeared by snails, eaten by sea worms,  
edged with algae,  
were no longer an enemy to life.

AN EMPLOYEE

He sat in a lighthouse  
to throw out a beam  
on this night when a storm  
surprised the experts.  
The boat whose deck  
was colored with the color  
of whale's blood  
was being beaten  
by the god who is the wind.  
He remembered a whale  
that walked on water  
and saved him  
from the betrayal of the world.  
He shut the beam off.

THE INVASION OF CRAYFISH

We went mad, pouring a love for life  
into relentless destruction. Wading  
the spring run off with plastic swords,  
we chopped our way through an invasion

of crayfish. They were everywhere  
that steep summer evening, piled  
one upon the other in their style  
of mud-bug migration. We were deliberate

in our attack. The granddaddies were prized  
highest above the others--pinchers  
rallying in defense, suddenly garish  
in the piles we made of them.

We destroyed without reason, cutting  
a swath of severed tails and bug-eyed heads  
down the creek bank. And we thought  
again little of it, in terms

of guilt or improper attitude.  
But several times since, when reminded  
of beauty, the sun glances stunningly  
off the memory of their slick bodies,  
struggling to pay the price of passage.

CUTTING BACK THE MIMOSA

I remember the way Weiner Simpson's dad  
would cut back the sprawling mimosa  
each summer after he'd drunk his evening's sour

and grew sick enough of the relentless choke of limbs  
to move from his television aimed Lazy Boy  
and crank the saw. The neighbors praised

this circular destruction that rent the day  
the way piss from a tree house cuts the sun.  
But I was shocked with the fever Weiner's dad burned

as he hacked and tore the limbs to nubs,  
leaving the pink flowered mimosa as naked as the judgement  
of a woman you've loved.

There I'd stand, hands in my limb hauling gloves,  
the wood of this grand summer tree  
splintering in an order I would fail to see.

6 am (SPRING LAKE, N.J.)

The bushes and beach grasses tremble.  
The wind trembles.  
The sky is grey, and  
trembles with the early morning  
light.

The ocean bursts into shreds and tatters  
of foam  
on the black rocks of the jetty  
with a steady crumpling sound.

The gulls' cries crack  
on the cold air.

A fisherman sleeps in a beach chair,  
his pole stuck in the sand beside him.

On the horizon, a boat slips  
away unnoticed.  
Only the crazed white wings  
of a page of newspaper  
flap after it clumsily,  
and fall into the sea.



THE SMOOTH PATH

The smooth path  
to a doorknob shiny  
with entering and leaving  
is littered with  
the red and yellow promises  
I'll sweep away  
on the weekend.

The bare branches  
of the pussywillow -  
God, how it's grown! -  
are full of soft presents  
the summer will open.

The light above the door is on.

A SINGLE BEAST

Who can deny that the flock of sparrows  
thrown like a quivering net  
across the sunset sky  
is a being?

Who can deny that the breath of wings,  
the single thought,  
one stomach, single womb  
that scatters and returns  
and disappears  
against the red and mortal sun,  
is alive, and knows it is living?

WAMPANOAG TRAILS

I drag myself in a trunk to this Wampanoag forest  
for I don't want anyone to see my pagan expression  
as I contemplate the way fractured light through  
upper branches can twist and distort shapes and  
shadows into a carnival of many living things.

I'd rather let the mask drop when I'm alone.  
Have my face do its Algonquin dance, eyes tied  
up neatly by the saturating greenness of  
unmarked woods, as if the color green itself  
was an offering to nameless forest gods.

I want to move about hurriedly like wind but  
it is enough to twist on my neck, see and be  
seen, something in my heart that is never  
forgotten even when I don't remember it.

The rustling, fluttering, crackling around me  
does not invite belief in the cold separation  
of matter. Instead, that noise makes my body extend,  
grass, shaking trees, wild animals becoming  
bits and pieces of my flesh.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT

What is the sense  
of hoping  
they will stay  
in their home earth?

Overnight  
they fall  
from the trellis  
because  
they are not ready.

They want  
to reach  
for the lights  
beyond  
the distant horizons  
of their blind buds.

Living  
in other places  
among strangers  
doesn't bother them.

Green  
and optimistic,  
they rise  
upon the wood,  
upon the warmed air,  
so productive,  
so mysteriously moving  
to each rung,

until  
they are strong  
enough  
to show  
they don't need you  
anymore,

until  
they become  
the victims  
of everyone.

FIELD

On a night before autumn,  
the moon pulls me off the road.  
I pace an ocean so long dry,  
the memory's nearly gone  
from the ground. Only sand  
and my own tide's urgings  
hint at a prehistoric sea.  
I shed jeans, flannel shirt,  
pray no jack-lighting hunter  
wanders across the field.  
I swim against dark pines,  
kudzu, sumac's sharp eyes,  
against morning and time.

MOONWATER

each time the moon is ripe  
I scoop blue water from the lake  
store it in preserve jars with rubber stoppers  
pressed to my ear  
I hear the magic gurgle and splash

dark cold bone nights  
I spill some in your whiskey  
smile at your amber eyes  
bright moist lips

later at dawn  
we watch the moon  
curl down the sky

STONEHENGE

winds draw across frosted moon  
shadows squat on silent monuments  
your skin like dorset wheat  
bloomed our first spring

pale mythical moon  
you ripened in summer's glow  
afraid of offending the gods  
I laid aside love's declarations

autumn bitter as bruised fruit  
you were picked to quench the barren soil  
at dawn - pentacled  
your naked breast shivered on sarson stone

windflowers sighed  
scythed by equinox - moon and sun  
spurt notes of sorrow  
each note an eon  
each sob an ocean

I chose my path and now hinged  
by mists chasms and doubt  
I wait and tend the garden  
where your blood flowered  
red anemones in white chalk

Richard Eberhart was educated at Dartmouth, Cambridge University and Harvard. He has been Poet-in-Residence at Dartmouth since 1956, following Robert Frost in that title. He has won the Pulitzer Prize in 1966, the National Book Award in 1977, and the Bollingen Prize for Poetry in 1962. Eberhart's Collected Poems 1931-1986 has recently been published by Oxford University Press, and this fall Oxford Press is bringing out a new book of verse called Maine Poems, which were written either in Maine or about Maine.

### On Youth and Age

I got an article this morning by a colleague in the English Department, Dr. Carolyn Smith, who has written an article unlike any I've seen on my work in that she deals primarily and totally with the ideas I have about youth and age. She finds a great consistency in the poems I wrote when I was quite young and just beginning to write, and she finds out that the same ideas occur through my career and that now in old age I'm dealing with the same problems. I guess I have to agree that she's on to something that I would never have thought--that I had this much consistency through the years. She seems to think that even as a boy at the age of 15 I was remarkable in empathizing so much with my grandfather who was then about 85 years old and in sympathizing with his condition--he had three strokes and yet was able to walk and wanted to walk, though with a cane. So then the question is this: Is it valuable to live long or does it matter? She mentions that I admire several poets like Keats or Dylan Thomas who only lived a short time, not even 40 years. She thinks I'm a philosophical poet in that I've always been cogitating even from this early time on the meaning of life and on what it means to exist and how do we fulfill ourselves. She thinks I am a viable human being in that I have not succumbed to despair, although everybody knows despair to some extent, and I have not committed suicide. On the other hand, I'm not a sentimentalist about life, nor do I think it's all happ-



iness. She finds a balance between pessimism and belief and between positive and negative states. I must compliment her on her article, because as I've said I've never had such an article written about me up until now.

#### On Writing Verse Plays

About ten years ago they had all of us Consultants in Poetry at the Library of Congress and we were interviewed by the press. They asked this very same question, and I had an answer then that I stand by now. I think verse drama is inimical to America--it's not in our psyche. And I hated to say that because when I wrote that entire book of verse plays right after WWII there were about ten poets who were around Cambridge, Mass. at that time and we were all enamored of the Abbey Theater. We were enamored of the verse drama of William Butler Yeats. And somehow all of us had a terrific urge to move from writing lyrics, where you talk with one voice usually about one subject, to the higher, or fuller, stage, where you have conversations between several characters. So we were all trying to grow up from being lyric poets to dramatic poets. It was a most exciting time. I happened to be one of the fathers and first presidents of the Poet's Theater. It lasted for about eight years and then it gradually faded out. Finally everybody moved away--they all had to go make a living somewhere else. But for about the first three years all of us wrote heavily in verse drama. We had our plays produced either in Boston or in Harvard Square or in our own theater. But not one of us became known principally as a verse dramatist. It's too intense a form, it's too sophisticated, it's too limited to learned people. Active theaters of verse drama were not for a vast general public. They were too tied in with universities--with the university mind.

#### On Being a Product of the University

My own life, or the first half of my life, is obviously a product of the university. I will say that in the last half a dozen

years or more I have changed from being entirely devoted to Eliot, who ruled over everybody and who was one of the two or three great poets of our century, to being devoted to Whitman. I feel that in the last few years Whitman is more valuable because he spoke to the people, whereas Eliot spoke mainly to the university intelligence. Now it's a dangerous thing if I try to write poems that I think can be loved or at least reacted to by everybody--who is this everybody? Now we're sitting in Gainesville on a beautiful spring afternoon and there are thousands of people around here, and we're probably the only three who are talking about poetry. The people don't go for poetry, they don't understand it. Though they might read a poem in a newspaper now and then, it's usually superficial. So trying to address humanity in general is a very big question, but if you think of almost any name in an anthology, most of their audience is the university trained poets.

#### On the Role of the Poet

I can't imagine that there is one role for the poet in America. We've had thousands of poets in America. And each one has had thrust upon him somehow, or given to him, a role that he or she plays or fulfills. I go by some of the old standards. Whitman said that where there are no poets, the people perish. Actually, poetry must be vital to our society, even though 99% of society is not aware of this vitality. And yet the poet's role is probably to refresh and reinvigorate the language--to keep it pliable. You have to write according to the feelings and intake of your sensibility, from the time that you are living in. And then, theoretically, if you have some type of original slant on things, your work can refresh the language, make it valuable in a new way. So it's probably vital to the cultural health of the society.

## CONTRIBUTORS

IVAN ARGUELLES lives in Berkeley, California.

MARY GILBERT is a graduate of San Jose State University and teaches and tutors part-time. Her work has appeared in Inkling, Ripples, Blue Unicorn and others, and she has poems forthcoming in River Rat Review and Rag Mag. She now lives in Santa Clara, California.

JOHN GREY was born in Australia and has been a U.S. resident for the past ten years. He has widely published in such journals as Gypsy and Dekalb Literary Journal. He is a singer-songwriter as well, performing occasionally in the Providence area.

BERNARD R. HEWITT is a resident of Papua, New Guinea and has published in more than a dozen American magazines.

WENDY INNIS lives in Geneseo, New York.

TOBEY KAPLAN has been poet-in-residence at mental health facilities and teaches through the California Poets in the Schools Program. She has been published in numerous periodical and literary mags. A recent chapbook, No Turning Back, was published by e.g. press.

RUTH MARIE KATCHENTZ has had published poems in The Christian Science Monitor, Inkling, and The Villager, among others.

KATHRYN A. KNOX teaches English and ESL at Colorado State University. She has written for publications including MUSE Literary Arts Mag., Career World, and The Christian Science Monitor.

LYN LIFSHIN is an internationally known poet and editor. More than 70 of her books and chapbooks have been published, and her poems have appeared in most literary magazines in the country.

DUANE LOCKE has previously published in Albatross. He is currently working on two novels and has had poems recently published or forthcoming in Pulpsmith and American Poetry Review.

STEPHEN MEATS is the poetry editor of Midwest Quarterly and has had poetry appear recently in Kansas Quarterly and Blue Unicorn. He lives in Pittsburg, Kansas, where he is a professor at PSU.

JBMULLIGAN has had poems in several dozen magazines, including Sand, Rhino, and Blue Lights Review. He has also published two chapbooks: The Stations of the Cross and This Way to the Egress.

AL ORTOLANI has work appearing recently in several magazines, including Kansas Quarterly, The New York Quarterly, Earthwise News-Letter, and others. He lives in Pittsburg, KS and teaches at PSU.

YVONNE SAPIA currently lives in Lake City, Florida, where she is resident poet at Lake City Community College. She is editor of Woodrider, and her second collection of poetry, Valentino's Hair, has recently been published by Northeastern Univ. Press.

TOM SEXTON has previously published in Albatross. He is poetry editor of The Alaska Quarterly Review.

MARGARET BALLIF SIMON lives in Ocala, Florida. She is market news editor of SPWAO (Small Press Writers/Artist's Organization). Her poems have appeared in numerous mags, including Amazing Stories.

BARBARA SMITH lives in Philippi, West Virginia.

GERRY STEWART is a resident of Mississauga, Ontario. He is a short story writer and a published poet in Canada, England, Australia, and the United States. He works in local government. When published, he celebrates with the nectar of the Gods: Guinness and Champagne from a balloon glass.

NORMA SULLIVAN was born in 1931 in McCall, Idaho. She received a BA from UC Berkeley and an MA from California State in Los Angeles. She has taught since 1953, mostly in community colleges. She has published a few poems and articles in local/regional newsletters.

ROBERT F. WHISLER has previously published in Albatross. He lives in Glen Burnie, Maryland.

REE YOUNG is a writer and artist living in North Carolina. Her work has appeared in The Texas Review, Southern Humanities, Blue Unicorn, Croton Review, Laurel Review, and others.

LISA YOUNT has had poems appear in numerous magazines, including Anima, WomanSpirit, and the Minnesota Review. A book of her poems, Stones and Bones, was published by Half-a-lump Press in 1986. She lives in the almost-invisible community of Richmond Annex, California.