

UNTENURED 2.3



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Sheehan's of Dublin
By Kirby Wright

Red pub with black-and-white awnings. Open door aromas of Guinness, whiskey, deep frying. I enter. Men pretending to be McGregor-tough shoot shots at the bar. Fish and chips float by on white platters. Luke, a waiter, brags famous visitors: the Cranberries, Whoopi Goldberg, and Lana Del Rey. He lands me at a window booth overlooking Chatham. Thick glass with bubbles magnifies frowning elders, parents herding children, and stumbling tourists. Nobody smiles.

I construct a boilermaker out of whiskey and Beamish. Toast Joyce! Drink through scabbed lips. I'm tempted to jig after being struck by the first wave of drunk. I lunch on lamb stew with carrots and celery out of a cup with a spoon. Using a teaspoon makes my order feel like a meal. Dublin always tight with portions. Luke wants to know how everything's going. He answers my "perfect" with "perfect." Bald man one table over sticks steaming fry in his mouth and yelps. His woman lets him gulp her stout.

Outside, clouds blacken. Thunder rumbles—umbrellas spring open. Heels rush wet cobbles. The confused circle. Am I part of a rudderless mob driven by neither joy nor sorrow?

Love
By Juheon Rhee

And here, in this god-forbidden hellhole, I'll think you look a little too beautiful. We're drunk, so you're probably not blushing. Or maybe, we're drunk, so you're blushing.

I map your face with my hands. The bump of your nose, the wrinkle on the side of your eye, the crevice of your lips. Your skin, perfectly warm, against my perfectly cool skin. Our eyes are open, but it's too dark to see. I start to create your face from my map, and here, you're perfect.

But it breaks as fast as it's created. It breaks and slips out my fingers, your fingers. Because we're not laughing as we crash into the walls of that bathroom, your hands on my neck, as we're meeting again and again. Because we're not running out of that movie theater, drunk on euphoria. Because we're busy and we're not busy at all. Because I'm afraid and you don't want to wait. Because we were never meant to be, because we never tried.

When I open my eyes, you're a little too tangible. And I realize this as we talk, as we laugh, as we kiss. Sometimes when we're calling, late at night, and we're a little too desperate.

I've written a lot of stories and messages to you, that I'll never send. I won't send this one either. I've published a couple of them, hoping you'll find them, hoping you'll never find them. They say love is inherent. And that our desire for love is hard-wired. I try to shove this thought away. I want to believe we're different, but we aren't. The songs have already sung our story, books have expanded on it, and I'm staring at your mouth before your eyes, the darkness that bellows when you tell me you love me.

And this is how we break. I didn't want to watch your beauty fade, your eyes turn cold, the leaking tar swallow you whole. But sometimes, when the silence becomes a little too much, a little too overbearing, I'll wish you loved me. And I'll wish I loved you too.

On The Nuances of Preparing Chai

By Sura Hassan

Here's my first advice to you. Don't stay over at my house. Seriously, even if it's 2 am in the morning and you're completely captivated by Nana's tales of the Partition, don't do it. Even if Khala Bi says that the guest room is ready, or if Nunna suggests a traditional Murshidabadi breakfast in the morning or- worse yet- if Mummy suggests brunch. Don't do it. Seriously, just **don't**. It's not worth the headache. Why, you ask?

Well, for one thing, we're a tea-drinking household. For another, we're all crazy. But you don't have to worry about the second part. Yet. Anyway, *chai*, as we like to call tea in Urdu, is a huge part of our day.

But not the way you think. I'd love to say we're one of those people who drink tea a million times a day but I'd be lying. For one thing, it's not just tea. It's the essence of life, the true mead, the magical potion that has the ability to make or break familial ties. If you mess up tea, you're already a stranger. There is no redemption for you unless you master the art of *chai*.

So, in spite of all of my warnings, if you do end up staying over, and decide you want to be useful during breakfast prep, let me run you through what will happen.

First up, everyone's going to be super, *super* hospitable. Like, you don't have to do anything, *you know*. That is a lie. Now that you're in the kitchen, everyone's got their eyes on you. We judge people based on how they make *chai*. You're already in the viper's den. Tea makes a person in my family, and if you're brave enough to volunteer to make tea - well, you're a braver person than I would ever try to be.

Everyone's going to be hovering around the kitchen, silently noting your method. It's quite simple, actually. It just requires...feeling. If you're worried about impressing everyone (though

why'd you volunteer to make *chai* if that was your intention is beyond me), don't worry - I've got you covered.

Let's start with the kind of pot you'll be using. There's the cabinet on the top left of the stove that houses all of our kettles and pots - stuff you need to brew the perfect *chai*. Don't let the pristine kettles fool you; they're gifts. No one ever uses them to actually make tea. What you're looking for is the big, bronze kettle. You can't miss it. It looks worn out, has a black leather handle, and it might look old, but it's best for *chai*. Usually Nunna keeps it right at the front, but I'm pretty sure, to test you, Mami's probably hidden it at the back of the cabin. Look for it. It's the only one that looks like it's from ZAB's era.

Hopefully, you've found it. Next step's pretty simple. There are thirteen of us, and presumably one of you. I recommend filling the kettle with the equivalent of fifteen, maybe sixteen cups of tea. While no one really drinks two cups of tea in one go in our household, my father is prone to having another one just to be sure you've done it right.

Blast off the stove. Keep an eye on the kettle, and right when the water starts to bubble, add in the *chai ki patti* (tea leaves). Through trial and error, I've determined that the perfect amount of tea leaves is a 4:1 ratio; four teacups need one teaspoon. It might seem less to you but hear me out. In my humble opinion, more tea leaves don't make the perfect tea. What makes the perfect tea is how long, and how well, you brew it. After adding the tea leaves, you want to lower the heat, the flames in the stove should be simmering at best. Forget about it for at least twenty minutes. You want to occasionally increase the heat, giving the amber liquid some time to rise. Of course, be sure to lower the heat immediately once that happens. It's a cardinal sin in my household to let *chai* spill over the stove.

I'd say, you should do it, once every seven to eight minutes. The very last one should be a minute or two before you completely kill the fire. While you're letting the tea boil, you'd do best to start adding sugar - *cheeni*, as we call it - to the teacups. I recommend working your way up to the amount of sugar you're going to add. Here are the following categories you need to keep in mind:

1. The 'No Cheeni' Squad

Yours truly is diabetic, or pre-diabetic (I don't know the difference to be honest, I'm not allowed to have sweets and need my insulin pen to function. But every time there's a *rishta auntie* over, trying to set me up with a boy, I'm magically, medically fine) and so there's no sugar for me. Munni Nani, Nunna and Masooma prefer no cheeni at all as well. Feel free to add as much milk as you want though.

2. One Teaspoon A Day

Next up, there's the group that has a teaspoon of sugar in their *chai*. Make sure it's an exact teaspoon or the *chai's* too sweet. Mummy, Abeeha and Nana fall in this category, and they're your worst critics. You better measure that teaspoon before adding it to their cups.

3. The Majority One and Half Report

Khala Bi, Mum and Zehra Mami take one and a half teaspoons in their *chai*. I call them the majority report 'cause they're cool.

4. The Smoker's Ratio

My eldest uncle, my Mumma, is the only one in the entire family who dares having two teaspoons of sugar in his tea. In my experience, tea gets really sweet at two. If you're after my mamoo's approval (you know who you are), go for this ratio. You'll have a nice conversation with him during tea, and he doesn't talk to anyone, if you mention that you take two teaspoons too.

5. The Sweetener Squad

Dad and Mami (this is Mumma's wife, we tried calling her Bari Mami once and she thought it made her sound old. Feel free to call her that if you plan on being on her bad side, incidentally my good side) take sweeteners. Just two pellets and the family is convinced it's not helping their diabetes. They used to be part of the Smoker's Ratio, but the doctor got in the way.

6. The Bahir Walay

If you're truly unlucky and stumbled across my household during the holiday season, you're probably going to run into our relatives from Canada, the States and England. These guys don't really care about their tea, but you've got to get the cheeni right for them. If you ask them how much sugar they take, they can't answer. However, my experience has taught me the following:

- The Londoners

Ajoo Nana likes having 1.5 teaspoons of sugar but don't tell his wife, as he, too, has diabetes. If Syedda Mami is in the kitchen, don't add any sugar to his cup. She'll love you and he won't hold it against you.

- Little Murshidabad

Most of my extended family lives in a gated community near Manchester that I like to call "Little Murshidabad" since all of them are either neighbours or live within a block from each other. They're like Mumma, they prefer two teaspoons, diabetes and doctors be damned.

- The Canadians

All of our cousins from Canada take 1.5 teaspoons of sugar in their tea. Even if Grannie and Niyaz Nana say they want two teaspoons, add one and a half, they won't notice it.

- The Americans

The Americans don't take any sugar or milk in their *chai*. Maybe it's Chicago, maybe they've forgotten how real tea is supposed to taste. I don't make the rules here.

So, that's about it. However, if you're feeling fancy and really want to impress everyone by adding some spices to the tea, here's what you need to know:

- *Elaichi* (Cardamom)

Elaichi's a win in my household. Everyone loves it. *Elaichi wali chai* has the ability to wake your soul. It's particularly smart to serve it in the afternoon. Don't serve it to Mumma though. He says it triggers his sinus.

- *Long* (Clove)

Nunna, Mummy and Abeeha love *long wali chai*. It allegedly relieves their sinuses. The rest of us can't tell the difference.

- *Saunf* (Fennel)

If you're serving *chai* after a long, tiring event, this is the perfect tea to impress everyone. Everyone, including Mumma, likes *saunf wali chai*. You can't go wrong with it. Unless you serve it in the morning, of course. We all get sleepy after this one.

- *Doodh Patti*

It might surprise you, since most of the population of our country likes *doodh patti* (you literally boil the tea leaves in milk), but in our house, the general consensus is that it's too strong, has too much milk and the sugar ratios are off. Don't try this one.

- *Kashmiri Chai*

In spite of the fact that my grandmother, my Nani, from Kashmir (hence, the name) and probably made *Kashmiri Chai* at one point in the house, everyone hates it. I'm very concerned about any future relationships of mine.

- *Darcheeni* (Cinnamon)

Like the *Kashmiri Chai*, no one in our house really likes *darcheeni wali chai* but we drink it in the winters anyway. Mami, Khala Bi and Nana think it's too bitter.

- *Adrakh* (Ginger)

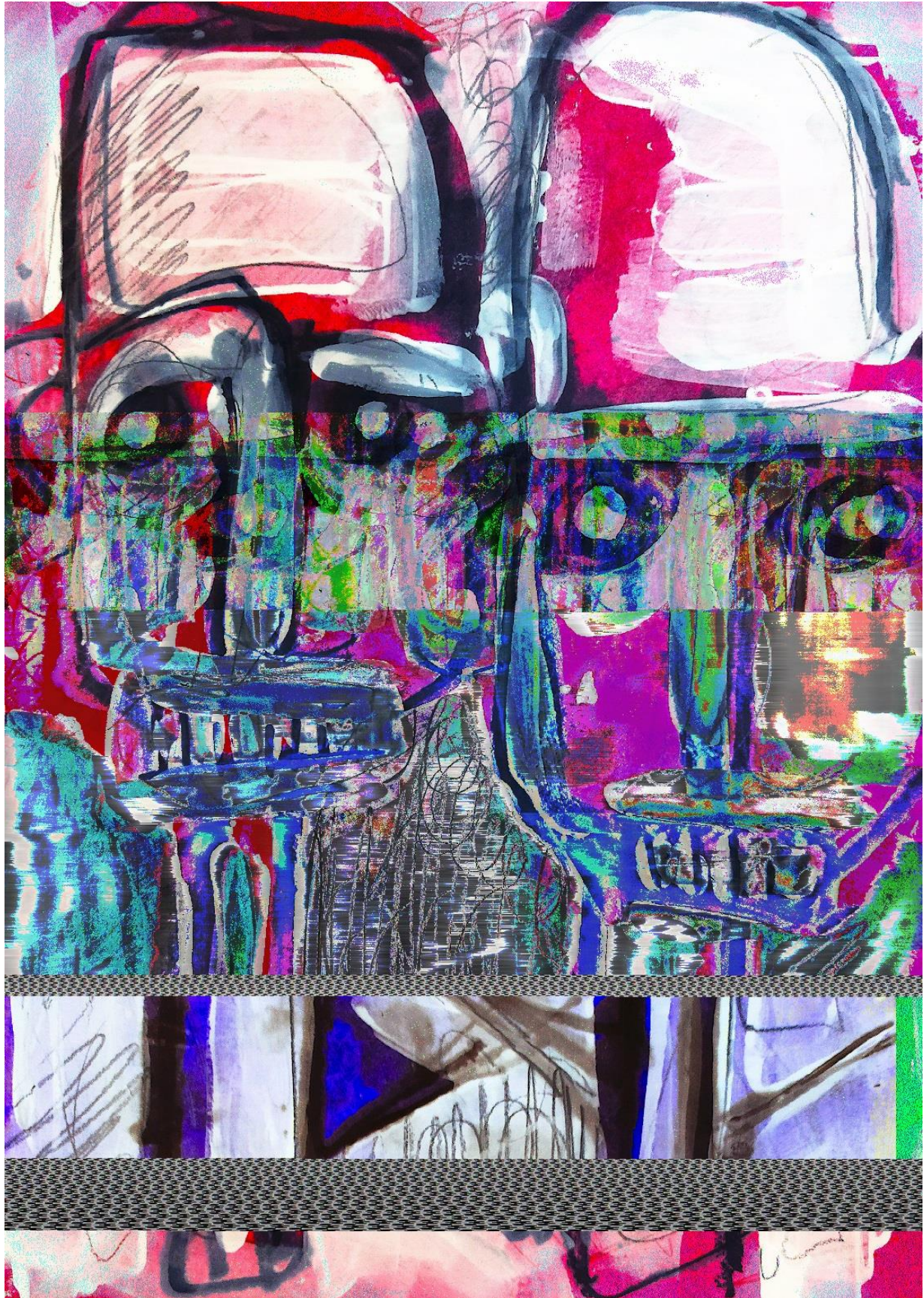
Once again, the collective likes *adrakh wali chai*, except Mumma. He won't drink it. Point blank. So, if you want to piss off my uncle, you know what to do. Oh, and don't tell my Nani that you served it to me and my sisters. She's convinced it's not good for the fertility of a woman. Abecha will drink two cups of it, though.

- Espresso Shot + *Chai*

Why you'd serve this monstrosity is beyond me. HOWEVER, you can totally only serve this to Dad and Mumma, they love talking about their early bachelor days at the office in the 90s, when the economy was great, and they'd drink this while betting on Dot Com companies before the Bubble burst.

Note: In our household, we add the spices about five minutes before the tea's done. You can generally tell how strong the *chai* is based on the smell, don't let the spices overpower the *chai*. Everyone hates that.

And that's it really. Once the tea's done, and you've added the right amount of cheeni to everyone's cups, you're done. Adding milk shouldn't be an issue. Generally, you want a caramel colour to come through once you've added milk. I'd say good luck but I know my family. Get ready for *constructive* criticism, and remember, you did this to yourself!



The Cobra
By Tommy Vollman

Morning practices were always hard to stomach. Somewhat slowly, I made my way up to the big field at Parson's. The sun, weak and silver, seemed to have gotten stuck about a quarter of the way up the flypaper sky. I'd left my hat in Hutch's dad's Cherokee, so I borrowed a back-up from the bin—a big rubber tub Hollings set outside his office—a tub that, along with extra hats, held practice jerseys, belts, and even one or two pairs of socks for those of us that, as Hollings said, might forget our hands if they weren't attached to our wrists.

I always remembered my hands, but I grabbed a back-up this or that from the bin more often than I cared to admit.

As I approached the diamond, I noticed Hollings was already there busily arranging tees against the fence that ran from the end of the first-base dugout to the right-field corner. He'd already placed a half-dozen tees the same way against the third-base fence.

"What's he up to?" Hutch asked as he squinted toward Hollings.

"Dunno," I answered. "Tee work, I guess."

"No shit, Tommy," Hutch snorted. "You think?" Hutch smiled and pointed across the diamond to the third-base line. "And," he continued, "who the hell's that?"

I followed his outstretched finger to a beast of a man dressed in baseball pants and a bright-red Mizuno pullover—the rubberized ones that the pros wore.

I shook my head and shrugged.

"Oh shit," Jimmy Rollins exclaimed. Rollins had silently strolled up alongside Hutch. I hadn't even noticed he was there. "That's the fucking Cobra."

"Who?" Hutch replied.

"The Cobra," Rollins repeated. "You know," he added, "Dave Parker."

I looked back across the diamond and wondered why the hell Dave Parker would've been at our practice. Then, I stowed my bag in the dugout.

As a team, we ran a pole, all of us scattered along the warning track at various intervals. Our metal-spiked footsteps were paced by the sound of sand and crushed gravel. I glanced to my left. It was hard to tell for sure, but Rollins may have been correct: The guy on the third-base line could well have been Dave Parker.

Dave Parker was a member of the Pittsburgh Lumber Company: the heavy-hitting, hard-slugging bunch of Pirates who racked up wins, homers, and RBIs by the boat load during the late-1970s. Parker was famous for swinging a sledge hammer in the on-deck circle. In June of 1978, Parker collided with Mets' catcher John Stearns during a play at the plate and suffered (among other things) a fractured left cheekbone. Doctors advised him to rest and heal, but The Cobra wanted—perhaps needed—to play.

“I’m the toughest man in the world,” he reportedly told then-Pirates manager Chuck Tanner. “I can see,” he added. “If I can see,” he continued, “I can play.”

To protect his injury, he was fitted with a hockey mask that he promptly painted half-yellow, half-black. Parker claimed that he added the paint for “maximum intimidation.” He only wore it in one at-bat due to the fact that the mask’s oval-shaped eye holes impeded his ability to effectively track pitches at the plate.

Dave Parker was a legend. And he may have indeed once been the toughest man in the world. By the time he turned up at our practice, though, he was an aging All-Star angled to finish his career in his hometown.

After running our pole, we stretched in right field and watched Hollings and The Cobra cut it up along the third base line. Just before we broke for our throwing progression, Parker went into the third base dugout and grabbed a small gym bag. He brought the bag over to Hollings, unzipped it, and showed Hollings what lay inside. Hollings erupted in laughter and Parker smiled a wide, toothy grin before he set the bag back on the dugout bench. He and Hollings continued to chuckle until Hollings put two fingers in his mouth and whistled.

“Fellas,” he shouted. “Hey, fellas,” he repeated. “Bring it on in.” He motioned us over toward third base, his arm flapping above his head.

We jogged to the third base cutout and gathered around Hollings.

“So,” Hollings picked up. He gazed all of us. “I asked Dave to come out and talk to us about being more efficient at the plate.” His voice was a bag of gravel dragged over asphalt. “Efficiency is everything, and Dave’s always been efficient. Always,” he added. “But,” Hollings continued, “most folks don’t really know what they’re looking at. His hands,” Hollings said, “are some of the quickest in baseball. There’s efficiency in that quickness, which is why he’s able to generate so goddamned much power.” Hollings smiled. “By staying efficient and getting to the ball quickly, you can generate more power, too.” He laughed, mostly to himself. “Or, at the very least, you’ll become a better hitter by keeping your hands inside and not getting so damn long and disconnected.”

Hollings turned around to face the third base dugout. “Dave,” he said, his arm extended.

With that, The Cobra emerged. We clapped as we always did, and then as if scripted, we all let out a collective gasp as Dave Parker jogged toward us clad in baseball pants, a BP pullover, Reds hat, and that famously-terrifying, black-and-yellow hockey mask.

None of us, I think, knew whether to laugh or run away, but Hollings said it was the quietest, most attentive he’d ever seen us.

The Cobra stood there for a few moments—for an eternity. His eyes flashed behind the mask, and then he spoke. “Gentleman,” he said, his raspy voice drawling syllables together as if they didn’t exist. “It’s good to be here, good to get out this morning.” He paused and flexed his neck side-to-side as he stretched. “Y’all seem a little quiet.” He glanced around, the yellow half of the mask glinting in the strengthening sun. “Somethin’,” he continued, “on your mind?”

The uncertainty was palpable. Hollings erupted in somersaults of laughter. Immediately, we stared at him as if he was on fire. “Man, Park,” he said, finally. “I really think you coulda done the whole damn lesson in that thing.”

“Prally still could,” Dave Parker said as he shrugged and pulled off the mask. He set it on the grass beside him. His smile was contagious, and almost instantly, we relaxed, loose but still focused.

“Look,” The Cobra chirped, “Hollings asked me here to talk about hitting, and that’s what we’re gonna do. Specifically,” he added, “we’re gonna talk about keeping our hands inside. ‘Cause, you know,” he rasped, his tone easy, “the quickest route between two points is a straight line.” His eyes connected, it seemed, with each of us in turn, and if I didn’t know better, I might’ve thought The Cobra saw something—some tiny, unique thing—in each of us that we hadn’t yet seen in ourselves. I hoped, I remember thinking, that eventually I’d see in myself whatever he saw that day. I’m still not certain I have, and it bothers me—the thought that maybe I’ve missed it all this time, obscured it with my fears and worries, my anxieties. Maybe, though, it makes me sad more than it bothers me, but it’s really tough for me to be that honest.

Dave Parker adjusted the tee Hollings set in front of him, and we all tuned in even tighter.

“So look,” The Cobra said. “Tee work is the most important thing you can do as a hitter. It’s essential,” he added. “Anybody can hit a ball off a tee—,” he continued, “it ain’t moving, just sittin’

there, waiting. But,” he said, his eyes now roving our team, “you gotta do your tee work intentionally like it matters more than anything else you do.” He stared at us and paused. “Tee work can be your best friend. It’ll let you breakdown little parts of your swing. It’ll expose,” he continued, “your faults and shortcomings. Tee work,” he said, “will shine a light on those nasty, little dark parts of your game. Parts,” he added, “you might just otherwise ignore or try to forget about.” He smiled a wide, Cheshire Cat grin. “But the tee won’t let you. It won’t let you forget a goddamned thing.” He laughed and twirled what at the time was the biggest baseball bat I’d ever seen. “So look,” he continued, “when you’re doing your tee work, start with the set-up.” He reached into his back pocket and pulled out a lily-white baseball. “The seams,” he said, “make two Cs—one forward, one backward. For a lefty, it’s forward, righties see it backward.” He held the ball in his massive hand and showed us the seams. “See that?” he asked.

We nodded and murmured affirmations.

“You get loaded, here,” The Cobra said, his enormous bat clutched in only his top hand, “and everything in the whole chain follows.” He pinched his scapula to exaggerate the load position as he tapped the bat knob with his bottom hand. His stride was easy, and I noticed how solid, how balanced he was. “Get here,” he continued, still holding his bat one-handed in the load position, “and your hands can’t help but be inside.” He brought the bat forward slowly, one-handed, to let us see his path. It was tight, orderly, and connected. “Hands inside,” he said. “Hit the C and stay through the ball. Remember,” he repeated, “the quickest way between two points is a straight line, and straight lines come from deliberate connection.”

At that point, Dave Parker was probably talking over most of our heads. The things he said were, perhaps, a bit too complex for us at 14. But I can vividly remember the moment I finally understood precisely what he meant.

My son, Will, was born a week-and-a-half after his due date. He was my wife Emma's and my first child. And while his late arrival didn't pose any significant problems, he had a whole mess of trouble exceeding the blood-glucose level benchmark the doctor wanted—needed—to see. Over and over, they tested him, and each time he writhed as the nurse or attending dug at his tiny heels. Both of them were bruised, torn-up and bloody, and I winced as I forced myself to look each and every time because not to look felt more awful. I was his dad, after all, so looking was the least I could do, though I really felt like I needed to do a lot more.

When one of the nurses asked me if I wanted to come with Will while they gave him the state-mandated newborn hearing screening, I eagerly said yes.

"You don't have to," the nurse replied through a soft smile. "I mean, most dads just stay and sleep because, you know," she shrugged, "there's no sleep after this."

I squinted at her, past her, and shook my head. "No worries," I said. "I'm good."

I stood, forced a smile, and pushed the weird, plastic bassinet behind her down the wide hallway. We twisted and turned past room after room after room until, finally, the nurse stopped, scanned her badge, and motioned me through a sliding door that terminated in a small, dark room.

The nurse fumbled for the light bank, then adjusted the overheads to a soft, amber glow. She outfitted Will with a pair of headphones that squished his tiny cheeks so his lips pursed. I wanted to laugh but stopped myself as I thought about his awful heels.

I watched as the nurse fiddled with some sort of instrumentation, its panel complex and partially illuminated. After a few moments of somewhat audible, frustrated sighs, she spoke. "I've

got to go find a different unit,” she muttered, suddenly checking her herself. “This one,” she continued, her tone brighter, “hasn’t been updated.” She smiled again. “You can stay here. No need to keep moving him,” she motioned to Will, “all over the hospital.”

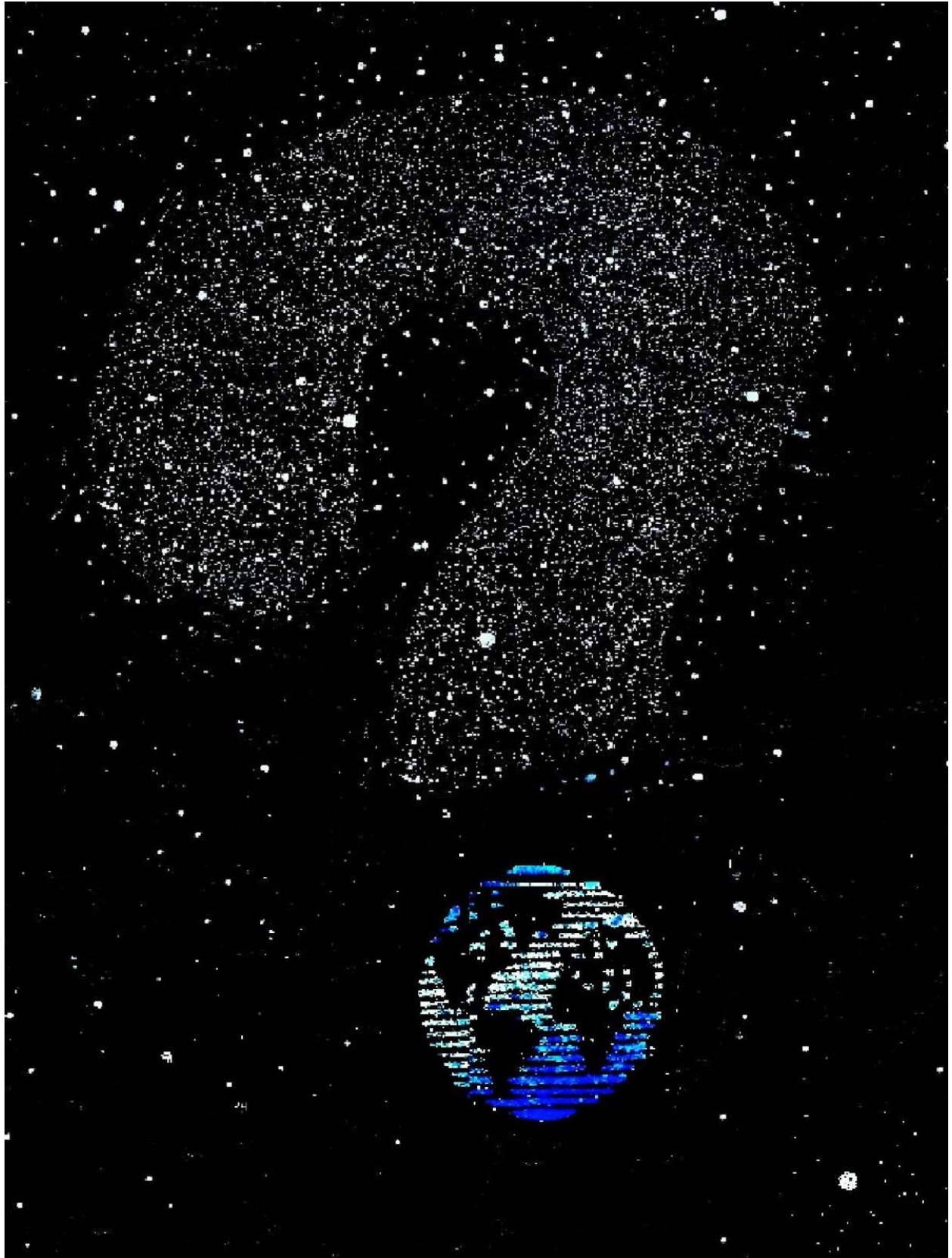
I nodded. “Thanks.”

She disappeared as the automatic door swept her out in the hall.

I leaned over Will’s bassinet, the headphones still pushing his lips toward me. His eyes rattled around the room, their pupils swollen in the low light.

I leaned close, as close as I possibly could, and I knew immediately what Dave Parker meant all those years ago when he talked of deliberate connection. I knew as I whispered to Will, “I love you, and I always will. I love you, and I’ll always be here for you, to help you, to protect and support you. I love you more than anything.”

I knew then what it meant to be deliberately connected, and I hope like hell I never, ever forget.



Broken Children, Endless Dreams
By Diego Arias

One of my earliest memories of America was my father taking me to Warinanco park in Elizabeth, New Jersey. It was late February and we had been driving around looking for Catholic schools. I had been too young to enroll for public school kindergarten and my parents did not want me staying home because there was no one to watch me. My father had also thought it would be best that my sister and I received an education like those offered in Colombia, where we would have had Catholic teachings regularly in public schools. The day after he decided on a school, he took me to Warinanco and drove around in circles for about twenty minutes through a winding route around the park. He had been searching for something and I could tell by the look on his face that it was something he wanted to show me. After about five minutes of a third lap around the park's snake line trail, he came across a blue truck with a metal opening on the side. He parked the car. "Wait here, I'll be back in a second."

When he came back, he handed me a pretzel with mustard. I had never seen or tasted one, and I took two bites. My father played with my hair and asked me if I liked it. I nodded my head and took one more hearty bite of the pretzel. It was a wonderful pretzel. The first one always is.

Several days later, my mother drove me and my sister to a church that was connected to a long building with blue windows. We entered and she kissed me on the cheek, informing me she would be leaving for the day. Extreme fear came over me, and a woman with curly blonde hair and thick rimmed glasses smiled at my mother and mumbled words to her that I did not understand. I do not think my mother understood much either, but she did her best to say yes and nodded her head. I noticed people spoke to my mother in English without hesitation and had noticed the same was not done with my father. My mother is a white Colombian, my father often was mistaken for a middle eastern man when we went out in public.

A group of women hustled me into a classroom full of children with wet faces and rosy cheeks. Most of them were Cuban and Italian. They all seemed to know each other. Tears streamed down my cheeks and hot flashes of loss and sadness overcame me. My teacher was a young Black woman with a friendly smile and an afro that wrapped around her head like a halo of beautiful hair. I was not used to seeing Black women wear their hair this way, and I was not used to the Italian kids yelling things out and being reprimanded by the teacher's aides with long, bellowing shrieks of "Anthony! You stop that right now!" "Carmelo! Whaddaya doing to me?!" "Mikey! Get in your seat!" Some of the first words I learned in English were Italian-American kids reprimanded by New Jersey teachers. It's no wonder I have issues yelling at people in overly emotional tones.

To cure my crying and keep me sedated, the older woman with the curly blonde hair and thick rimmed glasses brought me a small carton of a darkly colored, but refreshing, orange juice and a hot dog with mustard and ketchup. I had been in the country for a month, and it was the first American hot-dog I had consumed. It was different, saltier, the mustard and ketchup mixing in my mouth like a plethora of spice and salt I had been deprived of my entire life.

"See, everything's gonna be okay," the curly haired woman said.

Many of the kids knew each other and none of them spoke to me. I learned, over several weeks, that there were some Colombian children in the class. There were two twins, Jessica and Jennifer, a quiet child named Eric, and a thin girl with glasses named Monica. I had professed my love to one of the twins, Jessica, during my second month at St. Anthony's. I had gone home, drawn a heart and colored it in with blue and pink crayons. When I returned to class the next day, I gave the heart to Jessica and walked away. She smiled and showed it to her friends. At first, I thought that we might become girlfriend and boyfriend, but this became a short-lived expectation. One day she came up to me, tore the heart in several pieces with her pudgy fingers, and threw it at me in front of several

children in the cafeteria. A wave of laughter erupted over the students. Besides that one unsuccessful attempt at communicating with the children in my class, I made little to no effort at interacting with my classmates. There were, however, some minor successes. I became friends with Eric Camacho. Although his breath was awful, he made up for it by drawing with me during activity time and I enjoyed watching the goofy faces he would make when he was scared or worried about something. My father knew Eric's father and would often comment on how strange his family was when he talked about them at home. I wasn't surprised. Eric smelled like Cheetos on a constant basis, and he opened his eyes in an exaggerated fashion whenever he was angry, sad, or on the verge of some existential break down, which seemed to occur almost every other week. I also became friends with a boy named Franky, an Italian child everyone teased at school. I did not make friends with any other children.

The first two years at the school were an academic and cultural learning experience. The early 90's in New Jersey were a period when many schools were adjusting to recent immigrants from South America and the Caribbean. There were little to no Mexican or Central American children in the school systems.¹ Most children were from Puerto Rico, Cuba, Colombia, or other nations that had political or economic strife. Teachers and school systems were unaccustomed to students that did not speak English, and I was thrust into a kindergarten class with English speaking children. For some reason I have no recollection of ever learning the language. I remember speaking it, but I have no memory of ever hearing it and not understanding what was being said. In the first grade, I adopted the language very well and participated in a school play where I was selected to play a chubby Joseph in front of a church recital. My parents were particularly proud of that event despite my selection having occurred from my name being picked out of a hat and not by some competitive

¹ That influx wouldn't occur until the late 1990s, more than likely coinciding with signature treaties such as Bill Clinton's North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) and the immigration that followed those trade policies.

selection process. I had been a quiet child and kept to myself in class. Therefore, when I was selected to hold baby Jesus in my hands in front of hundreds of people, it was a heartwarming experience. I had been raised by a very Catholic grandmother before leaving Colombia, and her religious influence had a profound effect on me as a boy. On the stage, surrounded by a plastic nativity scene in a church in the middle of a New Jersey ghetto, I felt particularly special as a principal figure of the school's Christmas nativity scene. My mother had painted a beard on my face, and I wore a long Middle Eastern garb. As a quiet child with little to no friends, the opportunity to participate in the event continues as a cherished memory.

Many parents smiled and took pictures with me and the girl who played Maria, an Ecuadorean girl named Carolina. Eric, the boy with the bad breath and superb drawing abilities, was in love with her but never spoke to her. Several months later, on the last day of first grade, he had a piece of paper in his hand. I asked him what the paper was and he replied that it was a note he had written Carolina. "Why don't you give it to her?" "I can't. I can't," he replied. His eyes were wide and large, bulging out of his sockets like a drugged animal. His hands shook and he quivered. It was the middle of June and there was no air conditioner in the school. But he shook. I didn't understand what was wrong with him, and I blurted out laughing. I laughed and laughed and laughed, and he just sat there on the last day of class, shaking in his little blue first-grade seat, a love-struck fool that seemed to know more about the subject than me. I never saw Eric after that summer. I heard he moved to Queens.

Throughout my time at St. Anthony's the teachers fluctuated from young or older women with teaching degrees to more hardened, experienced nuns with severe anger issues. Second grade was dominated by Sister Elba, a tough as nails Cuban nun who had a gravelly voice and ran the classroom with an iron fist. In an earlier life, she must have fought alongside General Batista defending Cuba with a rifle in one hand and a bottle of Bacardi rum in the other. I picture her taking swigs of her bottle in between shooting down communist guerillas perched on rooftops of

overtaken American hotels. Elba the grunt, Elba, last woman standing. She must have been a real one that sister. However, in 1992, in her ancient form, she was assigned to teach children in the ways of the Lord. And she had just the right dog-eat-dog world perspective to do it.

Sister Elba was part of the managing clerical staff assigned to St. Anthony's. Most of the nuns were Cuban, but the friars, brothers, and priests were all American-born and young. My sister had several complaints about a young man studying for the priesthood, Brother Codey. Brother Codey would call out students when they weren't "cool" enough for the class. One day, according to my sister, he asked students to write down hip-hop groups that they were listening to and what songs students liked and wanted to share with the class. My sister, not having any interest in hip-hop and having picked the only group she saw on television, came home in tears complaining about Brother Codey. Apparently, she had selected Kriss Kross², the nineties teen group who wore their clothing backwards in music videos, and Brother Codey had launched a thirty-minute roast and allowed the class to participate. She had been deemed uncool by Brother Codey and the classroom. I didn't know what bothered her most: that the class had laughed at her or that Brother Codey had been disapproving. Regardless, my sister would spend several years retelling the event to me, referring to Brother Codey as a despot and tyrant seeking the approval of fifth grade inner city children to solidify his popularity. Brother Codey was also an avid guitarist and would come to our second-grade class and play several acoustic renditions of old Catholic songs. He was tall and overweight with a bowl-cut hairstyle and rosy round cheeks. When he first came to our class, he seemed kind, but I already knew he was a charlatan and was in no mood to be his friend.

² Kriss Kross were one of the youngest hip-hop groups to ever gain success. Chris "Mac Daddy" Kelly and Chris "Daddy Mac" Smith debuted in 1992. Jermaine Dupri discovered the group in 1991. In urban New Jersey, kids considered Kriss Kross to be posers and, despite some success, no one admitted to liking them. Kids did, however, wear their clothes backwards, which was a style that the group had made popular. St. Anthony's had a strict "no backwards" clothing policy instituted as a result of "Jump", the song and video that made Kriss Kross famous.

The nuns were mostly in their fifties and above, often implementing a teaching style bordering on abuse, if not outright felonious. Even in the 1990s, before the sensitivities of teaching began to take into consideration the role of teacher as an emotional counselor and the overall “all children are special” approach to education, it was widely unacceptable to hit children or psychologically abuse them. St. Anthony’s however, tucked away in the inner city and funded by working class parents seeking a better life for their children, continued to believe that corporal punishment was acceptable within their weekly curriculum. The nuns would often hit the students or, at the very minimum, participate in psychological shaming that would force the children to feel extreme guilt over minor issues. If you stayed out after recess ended by five minutes, Sister Elba would make sure you were paraded around the class as a pariah and asked to kneel in a corner for twenty minutes. She once made a child stand in front of our class for about an hour because he had whistled out loud when the class was settling in during the morning. She had somehow identified him and forced him to confess as she stood over him asking him to seek forgiveness from the lord. Surprisingly, the lord had not forgiven him, or perhaps had not forgiven him quite yet. Sister Elba asked him to stand an entire school day while we went about our daily business. He was instructed not to speak and to keep his arms at his sides. We learned from the boy, his name Herly, and never whistled in her presence again. It appeared that whistling was, as she had explained, the Devil’s whisper.

Shaming children became the nuns’ preferred method of discipline. When a child committed an act they deemed unacceptable, they went out of their way to punish the child in front of as many people as possible. And you felt it, God almighty did you feel it. When it was your turn to take it from a nun and watch everyone watch you suffer the consequences you had no other option but to burn in deep red shame as society watched over you. Despite the entire class being vulnerable to this sort of punishment, we seemed to distance ourselves from the child being ostracized. The punished child became a recluse, a gadfly, a thing not human or perhaps too human, forced to wander the entire

school after her individual form of humiliation. Sister Elba exemplified the sheer ignorance of St. Anthony's social conditioning. Children were forced to sing at recess and chided if they did not sing in cue or if they refused to enjoy the singing. How did they know that we were not enjoying the singing? Well, Sister Elba knew how to evaluate your level of enthusiasm. "Sing it with the lord! This song is for the Saints. How dare you disrespect the Saints!" she yelled. She would whack a child over the head as she screamed that out to us. Every so often we were lined up outside of the school, in the recess playgrounds, and forced to sing, under the hot sun, "When the Saints Come Marching In." To Sister Elba, it must have been appropriate elementary curriculum, preparing angry little cherubs, creating an army of second graders standing at attention singing a song with forced North Korean-style enthusiasm. Second grade was difficult, and I missed the young Black woman with the curly afro that had been so kind and tender to me when I attended kindergarten. In Sister Elba's class, there was never a smile. I remember her pale white face, the wrinkles unmoved, carved out of ivory and turned to flesh like a grotesque Gargoyle watching over poor Catholic waifs from eight in the morning to three in the afternoon.

As an adult, I have asked myself why I never spoke up at home and informed my parents that I hated waking up every morning and attending St. Anthony's. I just put up with it, like so many of the injustices I had experienced as an immigrant child. It also seemed to me, as a prepubescent student, that adults always knew best. If my parents had sent me to this school, in this foreign country made my new home, then anything that went down at that place must have been right for me, for us, for everyone involved in the social construct that are catholic schools endorsed by our state government and sanctioned by the Holy Roman Catholic Church. My parents never knew how awful I felt every morning. The absolute terror: waking up and taking a shower, putting on a blue and black uniform while I contemplated walking past the statue of St. Anthony of Padua, the church's brick exterior, the light blue classroom that trapped me for eight hours every day in the

fierce grip of Sister Elba's totalitarian regime. I faced this crisis every morning sitting on the edge of my bed, dreading the moment my mother walked me out of the house and dropped me off at that school.

I returned, several months ago, to St. Anthony's in Elizabeth. After coming home from my third tour of duty, I drove into the city and parked my car across the street from my old elementary school. It was no longer open, the result of dwindling catholic school enrollment across the state. I had read that the institution had merged with another local private high school, and then, several years ago, had closed permanently and been bought by the city. It is now a public school serving local children and offering STEM-focused college preparation courses. No more saints, no more rulers and erasers to the head, no more Brother Codey's public humiliation trials. And Sister Elba was now long gone, deep inside the catacombs of time, lost to the eternal abyss, but for some reason still a memory I cannot escape. Its closing is cathartic to me. No more children would ever know that sort of psychological, physical, and spiritual abuse. I was happy to see that it had shut down, that parents no longer believed in sending their kids to such a dark, unholy place. After taking in the school's faded exterior for a couple of minutes, I hopped into my car, turned the engine on, and thought of that little boy recently arrived from Colombia. He had been so scared and lonely, seeking affection and friendship. I wished I could hug him, tell him everything would be alright, and then I caught a glimpse of my face in the rearview mirror, and he was still there, he looked back at me, his shy eyes watery with guilt, and I thanked him for never letting go, for always staying by my side.

“Let's get a pretzel at Warinanco, kid.”

melipona
By Jonathan Kelley

dance has become necessity

this art communication

coordinates in microcosm

"turn left" by turning left

buzzing their own instrument

they dive into these gowns

they build these golden complexes

in this eusocialism, liberated

"humanities" a narrow misnomer



Two California Condors Stage a Takeover of the Baltimore Catechism Volume 2, Lessons 1-

7

By Alison Davis

Q: Who made us?

A: God didn't not make us & God didn't make us alone & God didn't unmake us.

Q: Who is God?

A: My deepest me. Your deepest you. The sky from which all wings are born. Certainly not *a* being. Certainly another name for *being itself*.

Q: Why did God make us?

A: We have a lot to learn about love and attention.

Q: What must we do to cultivate our love and attention?

A: Up here on the trails, the parents are always hurrying their children on. *Come on, let's go, keep it moving, just a little farther.* The children have better things to do than get somewhere. For example, being here. The dust, the serpentine, the swallowtail and painted lady, the wild mustard, the child—all together in being here on this map of time, which is what humans call a mountain, singing a song of life.

Q: From whom do we learn to love?

A: See above.

Q: Where do we find the chief truths?

A: See above and below.

Q: Recite the Apostles' Creed.

A: We believe in *viriditas*, in the greening from within, in the factual miracle of our own aliveness. We believe in the life pouring through us, which did not begin and will not end with us. We believe in the pain and the rising, in the gap and the pause, in the primal flaring forth, in the readiness to receive warmth and light. We believe in the everyday alchemy of dying and becoming, which have never been separate phenomena. We believe in the range where we were released to start again, in

starting again, and in the goodness in the researcher's hearts. We believe in what hearts know, what hearts grow, what hearts let show, and the joyful challenges ahead. *Per omnia saecula saeculorum, amen.*

Prairie Haibun: Between Two Storms
By Alison Davis

We gather juniper berries and dandelion greens along the trail. We ask before we pick, and we sing thanks while our hands and hearts move over stems and branches. We are all bodies, full of wild. I don't come from the People of the Walaheen. I don't come from the People of the Buck Moon. I come from beech rosary beads and ninety-five grievances. I come from in search of a new world life. But I am of the earth, a native species. I am trying to live non-invasive. Last month's storms, next month's storms, every season's storms will wash away something cherished, and what will we do with that space? The water is murky, but our vision, at least for a short time, is clear: space is another word for *spirit*. When our baskets are full, we walk over to the creek and play where crawfish zig zag their way from one slick rock to the next. The child beside me and the child inside me greet them as friends. We ask them what they need. A life where the balance between giving and receiving is rarely tipped is a language I haven't learned yet. I stumble through the perceived silence, through the inflections of the fawns in the meadow and the emphases of the black swallowtails among the milkweed. Back at home, we char the juniper and roast corn in its ash. We give thanks for its flesh, now flecked inky blue, indigo

as deep as night sky
where sleep will return
us to our knowing.

Yours is the Pink
By Sam Kaspar

yours is the drip of pink foundation down a wall of face, color of the year effaced of substance when skin becomes adjectival fact, and only that, newly named anxieties, fashionably used to be just a thing, unjust names thrown out like edicts, evicted, eviscerated meaning, praying masses are benign after surgically removed from queasy abdomens, or some other violent side stabbing that gushes serosanguinous pleural fluid from just under the rib, stigmata, after the day of flogging, erupts like diluted wine turned lighter by the water, rosé blessing without bouquet, verbiage caused by blood that shouldn't be there, water darkens.

yours is the pink of baby mice, nests of progeny, consequences, your pests instead of those bold creatures, my own wilderness; their defenseless in-common universe As ours Less realized, unexamined spin around the sun, sticky skin prickles, Harsh brambled farm ground, forgotten lineage curves chokingly, Sharp weeds Lost harvest, entering minds as thorns into a scalp, significance Lost without understanding, but existence needs no audience, just matter, differs from sentience, feeling lost without His fallen body's guidance

yours is the pink blush of cheeky face that exits elevator doors, confusedly searching for a cafeteria sign at the hospital, signs designed and hung, but it's Friday's fish fry, you can seek the scent, can we find the crowds feeding, ascend to those who are fed, your presence adds to the numbers, they will order more bread if you come, fish the menu

yours is the pink of coattails I thought existed when they dress high and mighty, seeing only you exiting, at cocktail parties full of drunks and superficiality, moneyed and wondering why you're there. But you're outside, hit and miss, matches, warmth but only briefly, catching just the tail end of cold harsh reality when crime sneaks up on your vulnerability – it's not fair, you're awash with wealth of spirit, a good, good person – and you're dying.

yours is the pink of chemical powdered blush, tickling your made up face as you prepare for a meeting, nothing spoken, to seek justice for your people, at a court of decision makers who want you there for show, they thought this out with more effort than they'd want to use for governance, and they dismiss you as a variant, populace token, thanks for your time is superficially said, they stoke their own fires But be careful or they'll burn you

yours is the pink brocade you weaved with your actual self, an image of the crane legend, it tired you, and not for a living wage, a sacrifice I'm not completely sure was voluntary, when you cried as the fabric sold.

yours is the pink flesh of Christ, released in the real world to swim like a fish and wander, schooled and please come home, you've expanded, i'm uncertain now if He really said what you're preaching, or if source-checking even matters anymore – wrapped your mind, self, in that multiplicity, and will you superficially do the right thing when you have power... It's free, but carries hard weight and bears a steep steep price, the strength and vulnerability of diluted blood.



Glasses
By Matt Cooper

On the sunny Kansas October day
I rumble off the side of the road
In not the car of my dreams,
Stopping to take a piss and think.
Before I unzip my pants and try to find my
Prong, I sit my black shades on the trunk so I
Can let the sun talk to me while I water the
Grass in the highway ditch.
And we, the sun and I, we have a talk.
It's good. A real conversation is had. It's
Lots of tacit stuff about perpetual motion
And Revolution and absolution. We talk
About leaving things behind and watching
Things die and knowing that even if it takes a
Billion years, you and all the thoughts of you
All the atoms, all the shadows of the light you left, how they
Are going to dissolve and even then, even in death—
Be it mortal or stellar—
All the rocks eventually roll back around some time.
And there was the part about how when things
Drop off the side of the earth, and how
About all of it you can't be for all that long blue.
The sun has had so much time to become
Wise on these things.
But then, I get back in my car, a lighter man,
And I screech off into the highway planes.
Though the thing is, by the time I get 15 miles down
The road, I remember I've left my glasses sitting
On the trunk lid. I consider turning around
And trying to find them on the gravel apron.
But then I remember. This is exactly what the Sun and I
Were talking about. So I leave them so someone else
Might find them, so that person might be safe
From god's high beams. But me?
As I dictate this, I'm another 25 miles down the road. And I'm
Trying to tell you about the ethos of the sun dance.
And how I just need to spend the next few life times
Riding, riding, riding and getting somewhere—anywhere—knowing
That leaving the world doesn't mean being gone and
That if the trees and the water and the seasons do it
Why can't I?
And spring comes round in my mind as
The next city, the next stage the next iamb:

They Wait.

Life as We Know
By Matt Cooper

If I'm honest god's been lifting like dew
Midmorning, been heading back for the sky
For granny reading her Tyndale Bible at the gates
Of that old paradise. He's been receding into
The back of the class, leaving me for the burnt
Solipsists up front with their chipped yard sticks they
Use to paddle the asses of the insolent, reciting figures and facts
At me like they forgot the music of all this.
God, he's been living in the recesses of our minds
Like a good stinging tooth ache we had when we were
Nine. I sip a cup of coffee with six-months expired creamer in it,
My whiskey grimace pointed toward Lucifer Morningstar.
Some mornings I have faith, the moon will come
Back each night. And though the tattered books that the elders
Hold close disclose for us a trail to walk and point
Us in the direction of rainbows our forefathers knew.
The old treatises on prayer amid the torrent?
They drift off: a broken cork in the middle of the southern sea.
The ink on all the pages of god's words turns to dirt
And blows in the wind again. The babies breathe them in
And my children will know there was a thing called
Salvation once, a thing called piety and how at one time
The Catholics decided it could be bought and sold.
They'll learn the poor could never hope to get in.
When I'm dying, the documentation of my life will have informed
The doctors that a Chaplain should come and read
My last rights. I'll listen with one foot stepped across
The doorframe of the next life and I'll laugh a little in my sleep
Hoping the recitations, the poetry, the oratory of believing
Flows on into the next thing, whatever it is. And I'll fall
Into the grasses of heaven with a snicker. The lights will flicker off.
And that will be it.

Revisionist History
By Matt Cooper

On your death bed
You look up
At the big sky
Like your crow
Mothers.
The Blackfoot River
Flows slow,
Nearly dry through
Your infantryman's heart—
And I see you turn
Your head east
On the morning you die,
And look out the window,
Nodding right at
Mary on the Mountain
On the continental divide
That surely separates
This world from the next—
Then you whisper with your
Motorbreath grin and the
Horny schoolboy in your eyes:
“Fuckin’ A, amigo.
You’re Don Quixote now.”
And you flick your eyes at me
And laugh knowing
This is pretty much it.



Pallglimmer
By Mord McGhee

I prayed the second opinion wouldn't also be *terminal*. With the ritual complete there was little else to do. Superstitious fucks. Who gives a...? Not me. But it was the sweetgrass rose which drank the blood of the beast, and in its glory I'm reborn.

Saturday.

Cold.

First ice storm in as long as I can remember. Started with me collecting perfectly formed frozen magnolias and placing them in the freezer. Beautiful art, and something I'd not experienced until then.

Then it happened.

Being suddenly disabled isn't in anyone's plan. Falling. Hitting your head. Having a clot in the brain. Confusing fog. People telling you that you did the right thing "in coming here. It could've been worse." Some little hospital with no surgeons on-call.

It's how it begins though. For me it was going through three separate hospitals, by expensive ambulatory shuttle, before landing in Charleston, South Carolina. The first is too small to mention. The second a cluster. Finally, after a two-hour ride to good old Charles Town, I was home for thirty-six hours.

Coming out in a wheelchair three days later was something entirely different. *Wait! You skipped over three days?* Yeah, because. After though, I passed all the tests. I could walk and talk again, but they preferred I pay.

That's fine. It was my turn to go with the flow. I did too. Here my life changed when I met Ed. He came to me, like a knight storming a castle. I'll preface by telling you upfront what it took me a year to figure out... *She* was behind it even then. She lives in the darkness and Ed is her unflappable servant. A man bound by the unattainable, like Van Gogh's Circus, and a love sharp enough to tear away my heart as a thorn tears a sleeve. Don't run, it'll catch you.

Then there's the blood to consider.

If *She* has a name, I don't know it. She lives upstairs in an Easy Town Rental, right smack in the middle of the oldest quarter of the once French, once English, port city, not too far from a place more recent called the Battery.

She doesn't come down the stairs. Ever. Ed does it for her, with those thumping heavy, iron-nailed boots. *Thump, thud, thump*, his fanfare and warning. The way he knocks matches his doldrum stomp. *Thump, thud, thump*. And the first time I opened the door I barely remembered him, or how he'd gotten me there.

"Hi," I said, running a hand through strangely thinning hair.

I was new in town, and he was anything but. His eyes were sunken and black, old souls of onyx-colored glass, and he always looked defeated. His hands were dirty, I know now why. From digging, always digging. In the backyard under the shadow of the tall slat fence.

His delivery was slow and curious. A drawl yet there was more to it. “Y’all ought come up for a beer,” Ed said.

“You are?” I returned.

“Your landlord,” he said, turning away. A mechanical thing, that movement. Over his shoulder he said, “I get drunk every night.” Then up he went, *thump, thud, thump*. Although, it wasn’t until the next time I was approached that my curiosity piqued.

My bare feet on the wooden stairs leading to his flat above were light and tapped gently.

“Who’s out there?” came a woman’s shrill voice. “Ed, is that you?”

The door opened with a creak before my knuckle met the door. “Uh, hey,” I said, peering into a very dark room. So dark I couldn’t see anything within. Heavy black fabric (think it was black) covered the windows. Nervously, I added, “Uh, a man invited me to have a beer?”

“You already reek,” she muttered. “Come in. Make yourself at home.

I don’t know why I didn’t turn around and leave, but before I knew it, I was in love with her. Ed was there, too. Moving around the room, gliding without the sound of his boots. *She* was a shadow. Noiseless. Breathless.

Ed was suddenly beside me as I stood with my hat in my hand. “How long have you lived in Charleston?” he asked, shoving a cold bottle into my hand. I tasted it. It was bitter and sweet. Bittersweet.

“I haven’t,” I replied. “I had a stroke. I’m just here for medical stuff.”

I smelled his breath just then, and it was strong enough to knock me over.

“Anytime you desire it,” he said, “y’all just come on in.”

“Very kind,” I said, squeezing the bottle with trembling fingers so that I didn’t drop it.

There was a curious metallic taste to the air in there. She caught me sniffing and laughed. Ed’s silhouette danced past... yes, *danced*. Like ballet. He then vanished from my perception.

“I like you,” She said. “Do not leave me.”

I nodded. What could I say? My heart skipped a beat.

I loved her.

“I’m a boo hag,” She said, cackling. “There’s a sweetgrass rose painted Haint near the door. Take it with you, my dear.”

Somehow, I was holding it instead of the bottle of beer.

“What is this?” I asked.

“Gullah magic,” She said. “Keeps me awake.”

“You made this?” I asked.

Around me moonlight descended through the open door, and I saw the handcrafted rose in dim exhibition. It was beautiful, with pale blades intertwined into its shape. Delicate yet sharp. It pricked my hand and though I didn’t know then, I was bleeding. Dripping on the floor.

Ed laughed, unhinged and unseen.

She fluttered past, the smell of old clothes and stale perfume.

The sweetgrass rose fell from my hand, red with blood.

My blood.

It was then I was shoved out the door. I stood in a daze on the porch for some time until I slowly descended to my own apartment. I placed one palm over the other in the hopes of staunching the flow from my wound. There was a two-inch incision. Yet despite all this— despite knowing something was desperately wrong with the people upstairs —I’m powerless to stop going back night after night.

There’s something about her.

Her voice haunts me. I love her. I cannot get enough of her. And Ed is no help, though he helps in ways he wishes. Call on me if you will, but hope is a fading memory and my lament a shroud forevermore. *She* is my obsession.

There Are Thin Green Shoots
By Justin Hare

emerging where the deer reposed,
peeking past the grasses she had matted,
her four limbs tucked
between her torso and the earth.

How labored her breath; what frowzy fur.
She would not run away as I hollered from the door;
she only looked at me and panted
like a locomotive sputtering in place,
issuing its *choo-choo* clouds in vain.

Chronic
wasting
disease,

my father had said,
replying to the photo I had sent.
Something to do with those pesky prions,
of which I'd heard but little knew.
He told me what to do. I left her there
and went upstairs and made
a solemn telephone call.

On returning to the scene
how glad I was to find her absent,
preceding the arrival of Animal Control.
I knew they would have killed her
had she refused to move from that spot
where the shoots now grow...

Then again, she may have elsewhere died,
within some hidden cove of earth—
a shame, yet still preferable
to the blaze of the government gun—

and maybe this is what is meant
by the climbing of the shoots.

Life is an Inelastic Good
By Maggie Bower

They brought me into the operating room and your parents brought you lunch / Your sister sent hydrangeas and our niece created another masterpiece for our fridge / Uncle Jimmy told me about TSA pre-check in case we fly for our honeymoon and I still have my feeding tube / You unbox formula while our cats swarm me, rubbing away the unfamiliar smells of a hospital stay / Sometimes I'm afraid to admit I am terrified but you whisper my worries away with sweet nothings / Your kisses are just as fierce as the first month, before the first surgery, the third mobility aid, the constant caretaking / You swat the sorries out of the air and lay your head in my lap / I tend to take everything to the extreme, so you scratch my back while I have an anxiety attack over supply orders and night nurses / I lament over the career I let go of and you remind me life pried my fingers open / I offer to schedule your follow up and help you flesh out your resume while you tend to our tomatoes / We pot up cosmos for my parents and remind each other existence is about more than working / We sit in the garden, rubbing ourselves with catnip and watching the mosquitos bounce off our skin while giggling / All I can hope for is a lifetime like this

The Glittering Mess
By Luisa Barron

WINTER

Her paws fell lightly through soft snow. All was white and buried deep. Everyone was muted, burrowed into tree hollows and underground tunnels, shivering, sleeping, waiting.

She lifted her nose to the air, trying to catch something on the wind. The spine of her coat bristled, thick fur on edge, at sudden attention. A soft gale swooped around her, carried up flakes, rattled bones of branches. She turned where the wind pointed her. A low huff with a warm gust of breath came out of her muzzle as she shifted her body east.

Her paws moved with ease on the cold ground. The firs swayed on both sides. Silently, she sniffed again, crouching low.

She sprang, paws up, at a brown rabbit tucked behind a bush. The rabbit's feet were quicker than his eyes as they widened in shock while his powerful legs leapt to safety. She gave to chase, barreling, all four paws in the air before hitting the ice again. Her lips curled back, exposing fangs and gums.

The rabbit disappeared into the snow. She stopped suddenly, took another sniff to the air, and abruptly turned in a different direction. She padded to a nearby tree, whose bark she closely examined, inhaling the secrets of the marks left there.

The air was cold but still. Each huff she took clouded her sight, but as it got darker, she kept walking. The smell was faint but she followed, stomach twisting like claws scraping the hollows of her body.

She heard distant shrieks, cries from what sounded like a pup but smelled faintly like meat. Slowing, she wandered toward the noise, paws cracking the ice, the fur between her pads stiff and frozen. She slipped, then stood still, waiting for movement. Her right ear flicked toward the noise and her eyes narrowed at the crackling fire, smoke rising through the trees, gathering like breath just below the stars.

A branch snapped a few strides away. She tilted her head towards it. A furless pup-like thing with wide eyes stared back at her. She turned her gaze downward. A dribble of saliva trailed from her mouth, and she sniffed again. The pup-like thing ran suddenly, and before she could chase it, a chorus of shrieks and sounds echoed out from the fire light. She stopped, huffed once more, then turned back the way she came. Her strong but thinning shoulders arched one in front of the other as she walked, jagged mountains pushing out of her thick grey coat.

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The video plays on a loop as guests enter the gleaming lobby through glass sliding doors. A soothing female voice greets the group of middle schoolers: "Welcome to Wolf Spirit Sanctuary. Your support keeps the spirit of the wolf alive today. Please wait here, and your tour guide will be

with you shortly.” Shiny aluminum accents reflect their small grinning faces back into their own irises.

A dark-haired girl stares at the video blankly as her classmates chatter around her: *do you get to pet it? I heard you can ride it! Dibs on riding the wolf! No that’s not fair!*

She does not join the chatter, just fiddles with her contacts. She begins her ritual of rubbing her eyelids, blinking repeatedly, tilting her head back and forth, rolling it around her neck slowly, as she so often has to do when the glowing slivers envelop the surface of her eyes. They let her feeble eyes see the world in high-definition, though her head pounds as a result. She squeezes her eyes shut, hoping the slivers of glass find a better place to rest, but they stay put.

She opens her watery eyes and watches the video as it starts its loop once again. A full-grown, thin but sturdy, gray wolf walks along the forest line. The girl admires the lightness of the wolf’s step as she navigates the mountain, drinks from a half-melted stream, bares her teeth in a snarl that seems directed at the camera but also through it, directed right at her watching. She forgets the thudding pain for a moment, enraptured.

But all this footage came from a hundred, two hundred years ago, her teacher had explained to anyone who was listening on the bus ride over. This was the only place they would ever see a real-life wolf, at least in this region. The girl had been half-listening, with her long-sighted eyes focused out the heavily tinted windows, out at the dull, deadened sun resting on the horizon.

The tour guide, a young pale man in a white lab coat and illuminated glasses, enters the lobby. “Hello, everyone. My name is Jack. We’re so happy to have you all here today, as are the wolves.”

The children cheer as if on command, many with blinking watches and their own illuminated glasses out, flashing. Their enthusiasm dances in reflection on the surface of the tour guide’s shining glasses. He then ushers them past the stainless steel display into the darkness of the sanctuary.

Howls greet them in the next room, startling some of the children. One of the boys snickers. The girl frowns, looks around but can’t see anything. She blinks one eye, then the other, struggling even with her enhanced vision. A hum of cicadas and deep throated frog calls, rustling of foliage, a heavy creature cracking twigs quickly on forest floor, the fall and snap of dry branches, all echo out in the space above and between them.

“Now, that’s what the forest sounded like about 130 years ago. Scary, right? Thankfully today there’s no risks in going out camping with your family, thanks to the Northwest Region DNR Wolf Initiative. We keep you safe by keeping them safe.” The group continues walking along a path glowing on its sidelines, the sounds of a night long past emitted by invisible speakers.

“But when wolves started to have too many unfortunate run-ins with us – and our own dogs and pets – the DNR worked with our founder to find a way to peacefully coexist.” His glasses lead the way above the heads of the children. The girl stays near the back of the pack, staring intently into darkness, willing something to appear there. She is convinced she hears movement there, movement of something real, and just as she reaches to pull one of her contacts out, her teacher taps her on the shoulder and hisses, “Catch up to the others.”

The boys at the front *oooh* and *abbb* and punch each other in their bony shoulders as the girl sees more flashes from her classmates' faces. The tour guide waves a hand over them, then gestures to his right. A soft light switches on, and all the children gasp.

A wolf is curled up, nestled beneath a single giant, too-perfect-looking fir that reaches into an unknown ceiling. The sides of the room are fuzzy like the edges of a video game, and the girl cannot quite see where the wall breaks though she senses there isn't much room. The wolf's eyes are closed, paws out front, pointy head nestled between them, haunches tucked in a tight ball. Her deep silver coat moves softly up and down with her regular breaths. The girl forgets the limited space and blinks quickly, focusing her lenses' full strength on the wolf, gaping in awe. The tour guide continues: "This is Mika. She's been with us eleven years, still going strong."

The children clamor over each other to have a spot near the front, to flash their glasses and contacts and watches, to save their photos and reaction shots to their clouds, sharing them with parents, jealous siblings, and each other instantaneously. The girl keeps looking at Mika through the gaps in the crowd, waiting. Finally, Mika's eyes open, a cloudy, milky white of winter sky. She stares through the milkiness, then juts her head back and unleashes a rattling howl.

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SPRING

She walked through dingy grass, her belly full with the leftover meat abandoned in a young patch of woods. Her snout followed a recurring scent, a fellow traveler heading west.

The sun peeked through heavy clouds and her paws stopped, her head turned in every direction, slowly, before her limbs folded beneath her, curled up on the edge of a clearing. She sniffed the wind again. An ear pricked to the sound of flying beings, raucously singing in the naked trees. She licked her sharp teeth, then tucked her head on the muddy but softening ground, emitting a deep sigh.

When she woke from her rest, a trickle of water sputtered from overhead. She looked up, looked around with curious sniffs, then continued to the edge of the blooming forest. A hardened pile of scat greeted her, her snout furiously sniffing its edges. As rain dampened her coat, she shook off the first few drops, then continued past, quicker with her step.

Square mountains outlined the horizon as she crested a small hill, layers of flat lines cutting sharply through the inky sky. A crack broke the sky open but she did not move in response to it, only stopping to smell the air. Buds of green sprouted on the ground she walked through, landing each paw deliberately, without fear, following the shape of someone else.

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"What's on her eyes?" a loud boy in the front shouts out.

"Does she have iSight too?" another calls out excitedly.

"I just got mine!" another crows.

The tour guide grins, baring his teeth in a way that disturbs the girl. He turns to the invisible barrier between the children and the wolf and waves his hand downward. The surface of the barrier becomes a startlingly clear image of a mountain range, the camera quickly swooping in, catching sight of Mika. Another chorus of *oohs* and *that's sick* echo out into the empty hallways.

“We have Mika safe here in the enclosure, so she can’t harm anyone, or herself.” The girl hears emphasis on his last word. Her lip curls upward involuntarily. “But thanks to the VR lenses and enclosures we’ve formulated for her – and all the wolves that reside here – she can explore the wild at her leisure, never worrying about hunger or thirst or the cold.” He points and waves his hand upward, and the camera now sees out from Mika’s lenses as she gets up, shakes out her coat, and looks around at the wash of millions of green and blue pixels.

Children’s sticky hands and greasy noses crowd the glass. The tour guide taps an unseen button and the viewpoint disappears, leaving Mika standing, cloudy-eyed, in her fuzzy-edged enclosure.

“But what if she runs?” a timid voice calls out.

“She gets the *experience* of running, but without needing all the space,” the tour guide responds.

Another child calls out, “How?”

The tour guide chuckles. “How do you shoot at your friends in Call of Duty: Warzone 15 without hurting them? How do you rip out your fellow player’s spine without actually moving your hand?” He taps his forehead above his illuminated glasses. “Everything you experience in the world around you is already in here. It just needs to be harnessed.”

The children murmur and prod the glass. The girl, still blinking in discomfort, watches Mika as she stares through her milky orbs at the far end of her enclosure, teeth bared. The wolf runs in a stilted way, running in place, like she’s stuck on a hamster wheel. Some of the boys laugh.

“Where are all the other wolves?” the girl suddenly squeaks out. Several of the loud boys turn to stare at her. She clenches her teeth and focuses on keeping her eyes wide open.

The tour guide squints through his lenses at her. “Don’t worry, we’ll visit them soon. Mika here is a lone wolf. She didn’t cooperate well with the pack, so we created a separate reality for her to roam free, unobstructed.”

The girl’s eyes shift from the tour guide back to Mika, now gnawing at open air and digging her claws into the floor. She squints at the cracks of cement that are shimmering, trying to trick her into seeing grass. “But how does she eat?” the girl asks.

The tour guide presses another unseen button on the glass barrier and a pile of meat is shot up through the solid ground. She lunges at it blindly, tearing the bloody flesh apart. “We give her the experience of hunting, then reward her efforts. Win-win. The wolf stays wild.”

Some of the children echo a chorus of *ewwww* and *yuuuck* as Mika devours the flesh with bloody teeth and the sounds of bones breaking, stringy meat and gristle hanging out of her mouth

and caught between fangs. The girl feels the small pit in her stomach harden, and she looks away from the wolf, to her side, eyes finally squeezed shut. She opens them to the deepening darkness of the hallway and a conjured sound of trees whispering in the wind.

**

SUMMER

Her head lifted as the bright sun peeked out beyond the strange square mountains. She opened her jaw in a silent roar, stretched her long limbs in front of her, and took her nose to the breeze. The air was heavier, dense with moisture and heat, breathing movement into the sticks and earth around her.

She smelled life crawling, creeping, running, buzzing. Her paws hit solid ground, a tangle of soft grass and ferns, as she walked out of the nook between clumps of trees.

She shook off the heat working its way inside her layers of fur and moved off at a brisk pace, legs almost at a trot. Her nose followed the faint scent laid down on this strange trail, smelling like stones but not quite. Wary of it, she followed its winding path down to the valley on its green side, steering clear of the hard surface itself, but sniffing occasionally at the green shoots sneaking up through the cracks in the stone.

Her head whipped at the breeze bringing her a strong smell of food. Quietly, she padded away from the stone trail and back into the trees, turning her head quickly from side to side, nose still focused.

A young, tall creature drank from a narrow stream, his body oblivious, tender. She inhaled deeply and crouched lower into the grass and mud. Her eyes narrowed to slits and her ears folded back onto her head as she licked her teeth and gums.

Several others on the opposite side of the stream leapt out of the trees, the creature quickly turning to run. She blinked, weighing the food against the fight, and rose out of her crouch. Her ears flicked back at the growls in the distance, the cry of the food as he went down.

She followed their scent deeper into the forest – more of the others, but also blood and bones drawing her closer. She walked slowly, ears pricked for movement, mouth already salivating at the pile of viscera looming ahead.

Another female, larger than she, growled from behind small trees. She heard the yelps of this other female's pups and hid, buried herself deep into the drying mud. The larger female stepped out into the open, fangs bared, not seeing her but smelling she was still there. She considered the meat, the potential challenger, the balls of fur playing behind her, considering life and death with a twitch of her snout. The larger female let loose a long howl, its menace vibrating out from the trees into the mountain slopes.

She stood up, looked at the large female still growling at her from a distance, and walked back the way she came, looping far around the path she first took, far from the bleeding food and the others who were now returning the female's call in unison.

**

The girl stays behind as her school mates hurry down the black hallway, their wrists and faces lighting up the polished concrete path, reflecting like lasers off the glass walls. She feels a shiver run down her arm though the temperature is the same – the same as outside, the same as the bus, the same as at home.

She looks in at Mika, now laying down next to the pile of bones and blood. She keeps staring at her, blinking alternate eyes, willing her to look up. Mika licks her right front paw, licks and licks and licks.

A glow comes marching down the hallway in the girl's peripheral vision. "Come on now, you're behind the group," the teacher tells the girl in a sharp voice as she taps her shoulder. The girl gazes at Mika, who finally looks up. She taps a small fingernail on the glass as Mika stares in her direction through cloudy eyes.

The teacher moves the girl to the dark hallway, and the girl lets her limbs turn to obedient jelly and follows the rest. She turns her head to see Mika digging futilely at the hardened ground, pawing at earth that was no longer there.

"—pups are blind until four to six weeks of age, which is when they get their very own sight installed," the tour guide says proudly. More flashes from the children's devices light up the walls.

"Can we see them mate!" the class clown yells from the middle of the group. The boys laugh and the girls giggle as the teacher makes her way to quietly scold him.

The tour guide chuckles and shakes his head. "As of now, no, that is not a part of our tour."

The girl creeps to the side of the group to peer behind the glass at the wolf pups, rolling around and stumbling. Their mother lays, milky eyed and staring at nothing in the distance, as they paw at her stomach and mouth.

"Is anyone ready for the gift shop? We have our very own wolf simulator available, if your parents gave you extra lunch credits," the tour guide winks at them. The children fall over each other to follow him first into the next brightly lit room behind another set of sliding glass doors.

The girl looks around at the toys and games for sale, the screens showing wolves, standing in knee deep snow, running in a pack, howling at a night sky filled with stars. She had never seen so many stars in her life as appeared on this screen. Once, her father took her off-grid on a camping trip, and that night, over a real fire he had built instead of using their portable heater, he told her to look up. Only a few faint traces of stars dotted the sky, but she thought it was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen. That night was dead silent outside as they slept in their climate-controlled van, with only the faintest hum of the electric engine to disturb the night air.

Her classmates take turns putting on the VR headset and howling and growling at each other. The girl watches her teacher look uninterested, scrolling through something on her watch instead. She tiptoes back through the sliding doors.

As she walks, her footsteps echo off the smooth surfaces, back down the perfectly climatized hallways to Mika's enclosure. Her head still throbs, so she sits against a wall and fiddles with her eyes, using her fingernails to dig out the near-invisible lenses. Without them, she has been told she would be legally blind, everything on any screen unreadable, the world before her blurred.

But she blinks out of habit, then realizes her eyes no longer itch and burn. She frowns, looking in at the enclosure that previously at least resembled the natural habitat of a wolf. Her bare eyes take in the cold concrete floors, unpainted walls, confined dimensions. There is no sky above Mika, only ceiling fixtures, no grass or dirt or snow or leaves beneath her paws, just a dirty food bowl to the side. She must sense it too, even if the piped-in smells from the sensory stations on the walls and her specially fitted iSight lenses try to trick her into feeling that she is where she should be.

She sees an older man come in through a metal door at the back of the enclosure, so she hangs back, just out of his sight. The man mops up the bloodied remnants of her meal, then he turns to Mika. He flicks her ear, and she whips her head wildly. He laughs and she gets up, stumbling, confused. She cowers into a corner of the room, disoriented by the walls that shouldn't be there, as he towers over her. He laughs mockingly again and grabs her head, gripping it. Her powerful jaws snap open, and her teeth nab a piece of his flesh. He yelps in pain and hits a button on his glowing watch. A dart buzzes out of the concrete wall and hits Mika in the neck, and she collapses.

The girl realizes she is not breathing, that tears are trailing down her already wet cheeks. She exhales a shuddering sob. The clack of someone's footsteps comes closer down the hall to her and she braces herself. She blinks through her blurry vision, not because of her missing lenses but her salty tears. She sees Mika's chest moving, but she cannot be certain without watching longer.

But the teacher comes into her periphery, sighs and grabs her shoulders. "Stop running off, the class is ready to leave," and snaps her small body around toward the gift shop, toward the exit.

As the driverless bus zips past buildings, houses, condos, strip malls, weaving up and past these square mountains effortlessly, the girl looks back at the glass and chrome building. She stares harder, without blinking, without any thudding pain in her head, as they move farther away, still willing Mika to get up. She clutches the tiny contact lenses in her palm, and while nobody is looking, drops them to the floor and crushes them beneath the heel of her boots. She pushes the small pile around with her foot, letting the glass slivers spread far over the bus floor, each so tiny they can barely catch a glint of the light.

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FALL

She keeps walking, past dusk, past the absence of the evening sun in the sky, past hunger. She smells another through the swirling of golden leaves, the brisk snap in the wind.

She feels him moving closer to her, his scent sharpening in her nostrils. She keeps roaming, days past needing another meal. But the next day, when she wakes before dawn, she smells him on the dirt just around her.

She stands up, sniffs curiously. He appears next to the firs, stopping some steps in front of her, and bows, one front leg extended, one bent. He looks at her.

They both approach cautiously, sniffing the air with hesitance. They circle around each other, their fur just nearly touching. Her head nudges his back haunches, and he turns sharply at her. They circle again, edging closer. After several turns, they stop. She walks out of the clearing, leading a way through the trees, and he follows.

She had smelled food on her journey here, and as they trot, now side by side, he smells them too. They pick up their pace, not in a rush to hunt but to feel the shifting leaves, dying grass, damp dirt in the spaces between their paws.

She stops suddenly, sniffing their path out. Through a break in the trees, she gazes to the valley below. The strange square mountains here are almost overcome by vines and shrubs. Their silvery sides are melted and crooked, jutting out at jarring angles. The pieces shine when the sun pokes through the clouds. The ground sparkles, almost blinds her, reflecting back the milky white light of the midday sky. The hardened gray path she had taken down from the mountains led here, but it suddenly ends in this large patch of hard surface, cleared of trees and places for anyone to make shelter. The piles of shining objects stand inert, not threatening, but not useful. Most of the things they smell there are neither alive nor dead. There are only the flecks of green that have begun to creep into the space, their intrepid stems reaching up for sunlight, bringing life where there was none.

She looks at him, and he sniffs all around in confused tandem. But then they hear gentle hoof steps, and their eyes refocus, ears flip back up in alert. Without looking back at the glittering mess, she breaks into a run back to the trees, paws thudding light as the mountain air, him close behind.

Toulouse
By Kendyl Harmeling

Kam peppers her weed with tobacco

no more cowboy killers for us

Teresa takes a picture

they look at me and ask “do you think we’re bad people?”

we steal just a little wine cooler from the bodega on the way

the park is full, a full plate of hot-dog families

turning slowly and gently browning on charcoaled asphalt

our blanket, a relic from before the divorce, presses some litter into the earth

escaped from the pile of trash under the tree, its shade

a once embrace. Kam’s tote bag full of goldfish, and one wine cooler. We smoke,

and Teresa takes another picture. I eat some goldfish and

the sun moves just a moment across. We remember the ways we tried to die.

Ten million lightning bugs turn yellow at once and we pretend to be satisfied.

Visitations // Breakers
By Kendyl Harmeling

The yet-again dawn of this mourning
wakes the young ghosts of this basin,
their slumber turned restless over
in the diurnal embrace of a new day.

Their wandering haunt pulled toward
the never-found — just past the
breakwater's calmed cerulean,
where the endless walk soft the all

can you see it —
in just a moment, the beacon will spin round again

Easterly Winds
By Kendyl Harmeling

He watches the sea
following the tracks osprey and cormorants
leave across the sky – easier to see in the pink morning light
but his eyes never fail him

see the curled glass smells, how they shatter
when the wind comes from the East -
that wind which dooms the seafaring

He has tried to raise sea-hardy children,
lending them his eyes to trace the terns
their small, dark, delicate lines smattered between the clouds,
the timing of the albacore's strike, the beauty of this place

when you leave for the sea, speak it -
never leave for the water without part
of you left ashore

From his harbored walk, he sees through
the dusk's early fog, keen eyes tracked on a small vessel
caught in the once taciturn agitation — the raging East wind's
symphonic clash against the hull of the boat

the waters change with the wind,
her uneven cooling – untempered
and sudden violence

In the bitter water, he burns. In rescue,
he heralds with open arms of protection – *swim closer*

if he can reach them, if he can make way through the
beating sea

*They say he is the protector of
this water, its travelers – they say he's
stronger than the wind*

Reflections of America
By Mark Strohschein

It is fall,
when things are
destined to descend.

Rain falls on the open park grill
and inside the exhausted flame box
an empty can of Michelob Light
shivers among burnt-out coals.

The party is over.

Left behind
on the picnic table
among polarized pine needles,
cheap American flag sunglasses,
once proud, once witness
to dignified days.

In each lens,
a reflection of the trickling creek,
where the salmon once danced
with conviction
before upriver dams
stifled their spawning lives.

And now,
when it rains,

the river remembers

the time

when it didn't

have to look back.

To the Fetal Pig
By Vincent Worsley

Really you should disgust me.
Snout wrinkled like a
trainwreck smile, limbs
shriveled to your sides.
You give me the taste
of sulfur and rot. Like something
in you is terribly, vitally wrong.

But still. I see you for what
you are
a child. Malformed but still
forming,
scrambled inside.
Clumps of cells and tissue.
You are an animal

just like I am.
So when you squeal and run,
your mouth whisper-calling me
names that show up
as little black stars,
your uniform stretched like skin
over your back

I see your un-melded bones.
Younger than life should allow.
Your glossy eyes with
books of blank pages behind them.

And I wonder, did someone else
ever see me this way?
My grotesque snort-laugh,
my acid smells, the thing I was
before I learned to be a person

4.38	24.38		67.40	48.88	CarPWRt	18	58.25	58.81	58.89	-12	68.00	46.76	FedRty	39	66.67	65.97	66.52	-28	75.98	36.75	HelmiPay	29
4.57	55.80	+14	17.30	11.49	CypD	49	17.29	16.73	17.34	+49	78.05	54.98	FedRDS	11	68.08	67.02	67.10	-85	34.10	14.92	Herbalife	cc
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1.76	21.29	-30									19.89	11.78	FelCer	dd	119.98	19.60	19.72	+17	67.37	51.30	Hershey	25
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5.16	45.82	-32									45.19	32.70	FidPedi	20	44.10	13.40	44.01	+56	20.93	14.20	Hewlett	19
1.60	11.71	+21									49.50	38.00	FidAmCo	10	47.32	46.31	46.99	+50	12.24	9.78	Hightlnd	65
3.57	31.60	+20									46.70	35.58	FidDep	22	45.24	44.50	45.05	+06	32.26	24.25	HightlndP	ifcc
9.56	35.95	-15									44.80	34.78	FidHorizon	11	38.26	17.64	38.15	+06	57.00	44.81	Hiltlnd	dd
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0.89	41.24	+35									73.27	20.89	FidMarb	11	34.49	33.74	33.75	-12	71.85	28.70	HollyCo	17
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6.90	38.90	+30	71.43	41.11	Deere	48	71.43	41.11			68.18	53.50	FidRSc	26	67.85	67.22	67.37	-38	38.16	23.75	Howa	
8.96	24.12	-24	38.19	17.21	Deere	48	38.19	17.21			67.96	36.00	FidRSc	22	54.78	53.95	54.55	+1.83	39.50	32.68	Howlnd	20
4.94	44.99	+37	7.15	15.28	Deere	48	7.15	15.28			60.61	18.51	FidRSc s	31	28.06	27.44	27.41	-36	35.44	29.16	Normal	18
8.47	20.59	-36	56.10	36.15	Deere	48	56.10	36.15			45.64	23.09	Flomsterv	if	46.75	45.10	46.72	+72	39.45	28.10	Normbeck	70
6.47	20.59	-36	34.45	17.18	Deere	48	34.45	17.18			67.92	51.07	Floor	36	68.79	87.51	87.71	-20	45.63	28.35	Hospira	28
7.43	58.03	+50	39.76	27.58	Deere	48	39.76	27.58			29.95	18.74	Footlockr	14	22.55	22.34	22.41	+09	45.94	38.80	Hosppt	27
4.83	34.99	-19	17.96	16.29	Deere	48	17.96	16.29			13.54	7.57	FootMk	8	8.80	8.57	8.77	+12	20.00	15.46	Hosplannr	61
6.90	20.59	-36	46.48	38.05	Deere	48	46.48	38.05			57.30	27.10	Formc pfs		32.48	31.25	32.35	-23	71.47	45.60	HowEx	15
1.29	51.91	+28	38.74	21.77	Deere	48	38.74	21.77			44.69	24.77	FidGCOt	7	41.89	41.24	41.71	+50	37.40	42.50	HowmanE	gs
5.08	43.91	+91	43.20	27.09	Deere	48	43.20	27.09			45.21	32.46	ForestLab	23	45.38	44.67	45.13	+42	54.20	42.56	Hubbels	17
3.89	42.31	+91	43.20	27.09	Deere	48	43.20	27.09			54.76	32.97	ForestOil	23	51.59	50.77	51.37	+66	46.40	25.29	HughSup	22
4.34	98.61	+352	70.03	14.02	Deere	48	70.03	14.02			96.18	73.50	FortuneBr	17	76.86	76.29	76.75	-05	58.26	30.53	Humana	32
6.78	28.95	-19	106.55	78.16	Deere	48	106.55	78.16			46.98	20.65	FidCoal	31	44.64	44.17	44.34	+24	20.00	16.30	Huntsman	n
6.70	26.70	-12	21.70	15.68	Deere	48	21.70	15.68			82.20	46.85	FourSH g		59.13	56.67	58.90	+2.20	32.42	17.50	ICICh	Co
7.06	17.13	+14	49.49	38.74	Deere	48	49.49	38.74			32.00	22.49	FranceTel		23.22	23.07	23.17	-22	16.39	11.28	IDT Bk	dd
7.40	19.13	+13	70.25	38.74	Deere	48	70.25	38.74			32.80	63.56	FrankRes	23	101.63	100.16	100.47	-47	53.90	37.97	IHOP Co	24
3.90	53.61	+25	29.21	19.39	Deere	48	29.21	19.39			68.70	54.46	FrankRac	cc	68.35	67.95	67.65	-27	78.59	22.65	IMS Hill	22
5.94	15.57	+26	61.63	54.25	Deere	48	61.63	54.25			64.00	31.52	FRCCO	14	63.33	61.95	63.95	-12	36.70	26.80	ING	
2.05	22.21	+13	37.73	40.51	Deere	48	37.73	40.51			28.05	15.87	Freescalc	19	25.82	25.30	25.65	+40	41.40	21.06	ISBrazil	
4.56	14.85	-15	83.67	39.68	Deere	48	83.67	39.68			28.11	16.20	Freescb		25.97	25.49	25.94	-36	13.64	11.33	IS HK	q
2.04	32.22	-02	18.20	11.40	Deere	48	18.20	11.40			26.99	18.86	Fresmont	5	24.60	24.28	24.45	+01	14.10	9.26	ISJapan	
1.22	51.71	+08	40.42	26.95	Deere	48	40.42	26.95			20.35	8.37	FriedBr	11	11.92	11.54	11.75	+09	48.20	30.16	IS Kor	q
5.25	86.48	+125	27.81	33.19	Deere	48	27.81	33.19			46.18	13.81	FriedOil	13	47.17	43.41	46.90	+1.85	7.67	6.64	ISMalaysia	
4.42	24.35	-01	28.90	18.91	Deere	48	28.90	18.91			57.97	35.89	FrostInc	3	40.35	39.71	40.11	+21	14.26	10.50	ISTaiwan	q
5.85	15.92	+02	16.79	13.17	Deere	48	16.79	13.17			37.99	25.25	FuellerHB	18	37.39	36.29	36.96	-51	38.99	17.38	IS UK	q
3.35	53.88	+26	24.65	14.91	Deere	48	24.65	14.91			24.95	16.07	FurnBnds	21	24.66	24.21	24.48	-05	64.68	57.20	ISBJDy	q
7.33	27.95	-12	25.45	14.90	Deere	48	25.45	14.90											107.90	101.65	ISLTPS	q
4.89	24.90	-01	22.80	18.34	Deere	48	22.80	18.34											72.34	52.50	ISChin25	q
8.29	38.64	+17	86.50	87.75	Deere	48	86.50	87.75											77.54	60.26	ISBUTR	q
0.20	51.01	+17	75.11	16.40	Deere	48	75.11	16.40											129.43	113.53	ISSP50	q
7.46	58.97	+36	38.27	29.54	Deere	48	38.27	29.54											61.67	54.53	ISSPCO	q
8.91	39.35	-25	44.50	7.84	Deere	48	44.50	7.84											67.53	58.37	ISSPVJ	q
4.75	64.94	+23	45.48	34.11	Deere	48	45.48	34.11											78.07	62.36	ISSPMki	s
8.13	78.75	+21	56.75	40.18	Deere	48	56.75	40.18											79.38	63.37	ISSPCM	s
9.71	91.78	+1.93	43.10	31.94	Deere	48	43.10	31.94											74.94	60.00	ISSPCVal	s
9.96	61.73	+1.85	80.84	55.06	Deere	48	80.84	55.06											69.14	55.48	ISWEST	q
7.06	47.67	+05	37.92	19.05	Deere	48	37.92	19.05											65.13	56.77	ISWHBce	q
1.25	61.84	+16	35.62	17.85	Deere	48	35.62	17.85											67.42	65.35	ISWing	q
4.35	84.98	+22	61.59	24.84	Deere	48	61.59	24.84											62.72	49.15	ISWSPM	q
2.07	22.18	-18	54.90	37.50	Deere	48	54.90	37.50											85.92	72.65	ISWSP50	q
4.82	66.55	+1.96	30.55	25.06	Deere	48	30.55	25.06											70.00	55.84	ISWSPVal	q
2.45	72.61	-38	36.43	29.28	Deere	48	36.43	29.28											124.31	97.71	ISWSPGH	q
9.50	49.79	-27	74.79	56.90	Deere	48	74.79	56.90											44.49	37.78	ISW	13
9.73	30.09	+62	27.66	17.77	Deere	48	27.66	17.77											67.55	41.58	ITT Ed	25
1.96	51.97	-43	5.81	3.21	Deere	48	5.81	3.21											116.10	84.53	ITT Inds	27
6.67	45.97	-10	23.48	10.53	Deere	48	23.48	10.53											32.45	26.22	ITecorp	19
4.70	85.65	+52	36.75	27.63	Deere	48	36.75	27.63											46.10	36.62	IDEX	22
6.38	36.72	+11	18.88	11.10	Deere	48	18.88	11.10											11.73	8.95	IronOffSol	18
7.64	67.69	-20	82.06	42.94	Deere	48	82.06	42.94											14.64	78.50	ITW	26
6.00	27.03	-31	60.84	48.27	Deere	48	60.84	48.27											59.33	31.90	Imation	18
2.26	22.51	+18	86.32	36.63	Deere	48	86.32	36.63											33.98	8.41	ImpactMg	2
6.50	67.07	-51	172.70	74.89	Deere	48	172.70	74.89											58.98	32.27	INCO	13
9.85	20.87	-21	171.75	72.40	Deere	48	171.75	72.40											49.59	21.59	Indef	q
9.79	10.13	-23	61.80	44.10	Deere	48	61.80	44.10											46.25	32.83	Indymac	9
4.72	65.85	+40	36.19	20.77	Deere	48	36.19	20.77											79.30	56.73	Indymc an	10
7.17	48.35	+36	71.12	58.95	Deere	48	71.12	58.95											15.66	9.53	Infrasoc	50
8.56	16.81																					