

Fox Chase Review



Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

2012 Autumn/Winter Contents

[cover](#) / [contents](#) /

Writers

Ben Nardolilli	When Sartre Talked to Crabs
Carlos Hernández Peña	if in a game of gray madness you would find me; when this wingless fear fears the promise of sunlight at dawn
Christopher Reynolds	Venus is Luna
e. jean lanyon	Without
Grant Clauser	Place to Place
J.C. Todd	A Son of Divorce
Karen Hurley-Heyman	Raptors
Lawren Bale	Snapshot; Snapshot Too
Mag Tan Yee Mei	The Musician and the Muse; The Lampblacker
Maria Keane	Liturgy for the Living
Milissa Studdard	For Baudelaire
MM Wittle	The Installation
Patricia L. Goodman	Snow at Midnight
Ray Garman	Water from the Moon

Ryan Eckes	<u>sluice</u>
Suzán Jiván	<u>Tucked Away</u>
Tetman Callis	<u>Road Rave</u>
Thaddeus Rutkowski	<u>The Looking Glass; <u>New Friends</u></u>
Tony Rickaby	<u>Station</u>
Vinita Agrawal	<u>Thoughts</u>
Wendy Schermer	<u>She Lost Touch with Herself</u>

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Ben Nardolilli

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [ben nardolilli](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

When Sartre Talked to Crabs

In the latest bombshell, the sour underworking
Of the typically hidden machine
Has come to light, almost, what we are receiving
Is a glow of the parts coming through to us,
Yes, I see it too, you are not alone
And there is no reason to begin amassing
Doubts until they break into fears,
These sensations playing out
Are too complicated and invasive
To be dismissed as part of a hallucination,
If we were crazy there would be more colors,
More patterns, more of everything,
The kind of distractions that usually keep
Anyone from seeing what lies under our reality,
Instead of what likes to lie over it,
Our vision is good, almost scientific,
A medicinal view coming out of two eyes,
Things are clearer when the lights go off,
Only a sane mind could see this way,
Grasping at the secrets underlying
The great social game playing all around us.

On this Page

[When Sartre
Talked to Crabs](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Ben Nardolilli currently lives in Arlington, Virginia. His work has appeared in *Perigee Magazine*, *Red Fez*, *One Ghana One Voice*, *Caper Literary Journal*, *Quail Bell Magazine*, *Elimae*, *fwriction*, *THEMA*, *Pear Noir*, *The Minetta Review*, and *Yes Poetry*. His chapbook [Common Symptoms of an Enduring Chill Explained](#), has been published by Folded Word Press. He maintains a blog at mirrorsponge.blogspot.com and is looking to publish his first novel.



Previous | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Carlos Hernández Peña

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [carlos hernández peña](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

if in a game of gray madness you would find me

held up in an old jail mistaken for someone else
could you get up in the middle of the night
bring me a jacket & come to pay my fine—

here, neither a white rabbit nor a black cat aim
to unscramble brisk logic, half spoken thoughts—

now, I'm awake & don't even have a drink
but numb knuckles & a bleeding nose
as if changed into a languid lobster
(not a faun, not a flamingo, nor a frog)
about to be boiled alive

pick me up, please—turn off the burner
risk everything & return me to the sea
far away from the shore & the fisherman's cage

because April has come, but winter won't recede—
for what end—this cold sun swirls, aloof

when this wingless fear fears the promise of sunlight at dawn

once upon a pilgrimage without candles or torches, I met
a frenetic crow on a walrus tusk upon a melting iceberg

I noticed my ears were open but my mouth was not
my nose was open but my eyes closed

later, along a dirt mountain road with capricious turns and forks
I searched my pockets for coins, food, words, or a whistle

On this Page

[if in a game of
gray madness you
would find me](#)

[when this wingless
fear fears the
promise of sunlight
at dawn](#)

[About the Writer](#)

but had to lick my fingers when I saw them full of nothing
as in a gothic cartoon of war, deprived of color and sound

a long hour—grief, over such an unexpected bridge of uncertain purpose
nine blind owls appeared, brought blood as bait to trade for sight

at a distance, from the woods, I heard a falcon spin an arid lullaby—
a fragmented crimson dissonance, almost lament

I invented prayers for this season to glide over a lake hiding secrets—
drowned skeletons, I could not return to the *Ceiba's* crown

far away from collapsing walls of wires and stones, from silos on fire—
a deep purple horizon argued every nocturnal blow, then

I came, or was carried, to a nameless desert where echoes die unheard—
where this wingless fear fears the promise of sunlight at dawn

Carlos Hernández Peña is the author of *Moonmilk and Other Poems*, (Ragged Sky Press, 2006); its title poem was nominated for a Pushcart prize. He has also served as a co-editor of the *US1 Worksheets Magazine*. In 2008 Carlos was the recipient of a scholarship to the Prague Summer Seminar. He organized *Voices* at the Princeton public library, a biannual program of poetry from around the world presented in a bilingual format, featured over 30 different languages. In October 2009 he participated in a panel of poetry and translation at a colloquium at Centenary College, NJ.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Christopher Reynolds

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / christopher reynolds /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

Venus is Luna

Venus is Luna
pleasure of pain butterfly on a wind from nowhere

Venus is Luna bemuser entrapment her gravity she pulls on the oceans, sterling
silver reflects eyes like pearl

Ishtar!

temple of the moon you're the conch for my ear
my hand in your waters the deeps
my mouth to the sound.

Key and the gate

Luna is Venus
pain of pleasure, wed to Mars.

Phallus Breaker

Ruin me as
your mothers and daughters who wane towards madness

you

inspiring the beast rising old and

new
Astride—the night burning star of the morning
tell me your secrets and spells...
so I may enter your shell

On this Page

[Venus is Luna](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Christopher Reynolds was born and raised in East Orange and Montclair, New Jersey by Christian zealots. He received a disenchanting Linguistics degree from Syracuse University in 2008. He is an avid fan of music, language and a good meal. He is an aspiring rapper and misanthrope. Every day he searches for the glorious things in life that engender poetry and make existence worthwhile.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

E. Jean Lanyon

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / e. jean lanyon /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

Without

the smiling scarecrow
now hatless and bald
braves the elements,
shirt faded dirty white
over a stick body.
androgynous effigy
without even crickets
for company in these
snowy fields.
you are not the only one
without a mate to call
you own. somehow
i was born without
a star-crossed lover
written into the script.
wed to brush and palette,
pen and paper
without my consent,
without the knowledge
of how hard it is
to scare those crows away
without a voice
just a silly painted face

On this Page

[Without](#)

[About the Writer](#)

e. jean lanyon is a native Delawarean and both a poet and a fine artist. She studied at Chouinard Art Institute, Los Angeles, CA. She received her BA from Goddard College, VT, and pursued graduate studies at MICA, MD, and Vermont College, VT. She received a DDA Professional Artist Fellowship in 1997; Individual Governor's Awards in Poetry and Art in 2000; and a Biggs Museum of American Art, Dover, DE exhibition, "As the Poet Paints," in 2012. She has been published in tabloids, magazines, anthologies and chapbooks. e. jean served as Poet Laureate for the State of Delaware from 1979–2001.

She has taught many courses and workshops on poetry, and chairs the First State Writers group.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Grant Clauser

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / grant clauser /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

Place to Place

Things get rearranged
but not replaced.
Old bulbs piled
in a landfill recall
their idea of light.
You color your hair
over another color
only to see it return.
Under 18 layers of paint
this wall is still plaster
bare and thirsty.
We wait for age
to bring its promise of calm.
The pond will settle.
The field will turn to forest.
Beneath the trees
the worms still chew
through the bones of mammoths,
and a great magnet
holds our feet to the same ground.
In Ionia Heraclitus dreamt
of a million different rivers,
but here the rain carries water
from north Africa
to flood our pond.
We wait for one thing
to turn into another forever.
We sweep the floors,
clean the windows
to see clearly
through to the yard,

On this Page

[Place to Place](#)

[About the Writer](#)

and yet, my love
we are still here
like two cherished portraits
moved from place to place
in the same house,
the same expressions
on their faces
staring at different rooms.

A Pennsylvania native, I live in Montgomery County and make my living as a home technology writer, though I spend as much time as possible away from high-tech things. My poems have appeared in *The Literary Review*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Cortland Review*, *Wisconsin Review*, *Blueline* and others. In 2010 I was named the Montgomery County Poet Laureate by Robert Bly. My book *The Trouble with Rivers* (Foothills Publishing) was published in 2012. I run the Montco Wordshop, teach poetry writing at Philadelphia's Musehouse and blog at poetcore.com.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

J.C. Todd

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [j.c. todd](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

A Son of Divorce

for Don

When he died
I felt such relief
not to have to worry
Would he? anymore.
His son, my son,
squared himself
upright and a man.

After his father was waked,
the coffin winched down
and the grave backfilled,
our son carried his sorrow
into the room where
his father had lain
until he was missed
at dinner and an aide
sent to check
found him cold.

"It's the mess left
when Dad died,"
he said. "They didn't
even strip the bed."
Our son needed someone
to stand watch
as he rolled up sheets
for the medical waste.

Three hundred and ten miles
of peaks and valleys between us,

On this Page

[A Son of Divorce](#)

[About the Writer](#)

I murmured into a black receiver.
"You stuck by your dad.
A faithful son,"
words I set out like flags
he could steer by
as he soloed his difficult course.

J.C. Todd is the author of *What Space This Body* published by Wind Publications 2008 as well as *Nightshade* and *Entering Pisces*, chapbooks published by Pine Press. Her awards include a Fellowship in Poetry from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, two Leeway Foundation grants, and a fellowship to Kunstlerhaus Schloss Wiepersdorf from the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts. She has an M.F.A. from the Program for Writers at Warren Wilson College and teaches creative writing at Bryn Mawr College.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Karen Hurley-Heyman

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [karen hurley-heyman](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

Raptors

A crooked man, roughly
pushing a grocery cart up a country hill
comes to a halt—regards his plastic bags
of soda cans—squints at the distance yet to go.

Brittle these February fields
he thinks. Feeling a shadow pass
he glances up and sees a hawk,
wings stiff and tilted holding it aloft
in sly currents—felt but unseen.

The man kicks an unaligned wheel
on the cart. He hocks a gob and spits
it on the road. Above, the solo hawk
cuts through the gorgeous blue like
shears slicing silk.

The raptor's eyes scan the field's
earth clods and straw, then
with the single purpose to devour,
lock fiercely on some creature far below.
The man, seeing the power of un-whetted hunger,
for a moment is afraid and ducks his head.

The hawk snatches something
from the ground, flaps off
though unabridged acres
of azure, through bolts of topaz billowing
like full parachutes of Persian silk.

Some bloody mess that soon will be
the bent man snarls, stumbling against

On this Page

[Raptors](#)

[About the Writer](#)

his rusty Safeway cart—*The whole world's
shit is what I think*—but if he could
he might have thought

Should not this glory, flung with such abandon
over steep roads and ragged hills, this grandiosity
throw over my twisted shoulders, this bounty
swirling round raptors that lack song, should not
this natural wealth cause pauper and hawk
homeless and predator to sing?

The prey? There was no thought
for what he could not think.

Karen Hurley-Heyman grew up in the Pacific Northwest. After earning her M.A. and Ph.D. in Dramatic Art at Berkeley, she worked as an actress, teacher and playwright in San Francisco. Karen came to Delaware in 1983 to join the theatre faculty at the University of Delaware. She went on to serve as Director of the Delaware Institute for the Arts in Education and Delaware Wolf Trap, promoting arts based education for children in grades K-12 and children in Head Start programs. She retired in 2005 and turned her full attention back to her first love, writing. Her short story "Hard Sell" appeared in the Lewis Library Anthology "No Place Like Here" last year.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Lawren Bale

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / lawren bale /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

Snapshot

Standing here on the back step
Basking on the sands of a clear night sky
Out here, bundled up against the algorithms of the Sun
Against the cold north wind of the Constellations
Against the regularity of the Moon
Out here the choices seem all so clear

January's leafless trees (deciduous)
Stand deep in winter . . .
Silver gray their branches bare unfolding
Bifurcated reaching toward the heavens
Good old photosynthesis, concretized
Embracing memories of increase, the optimal efficiencies
Growth plotted along spur-of-the-moment pathways

Practiced in not seeking, finding a way of least resistance
Interrupted, temporarily in hibernation's clutch
Frozen in mid-flight and the asymmetrics of living
Unviable boundaries
The limitations of growth and understanding

Our fault perhaps lies within our logic and expectations
Stubbornly ignoring the non-Euclidian
The mathematics of Unpredictability
And yes, these larger patterns
The mere possibilities of which
Have yet to be discovered

On this Page

[Snapshot](#)

[Snapshot Too](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Snapshot Too

Standing here on the back step again
It seems all of my heroes are dead
all booked up
Otherwise indisposed, or So it Seems

We all run together now, finger painted faces in a crowd
A blur of long lost friends, acquaintances, unbekannte
The wealthy in their Teslas, Maseratis and Mercedes
The desperately struggling upper middleclasses
The impoverished
All together now

Our incantations rain on solitude's quieted ear
Inaccessible, silence lies broken at our feet
Out across a clear night sky, we tumble uncertain
With great celestial Bears, beaming aurora borealis
That unfixable point toward which we all are moving
With Orion and Virgo, and all the rest . . .
Their wagons tethered to the rule of asteroids

Driving to the Horse Head Nebula
Through black holes, riding the tail of a comet
Coming once, maybe twice in a lifetime
Fixed upon the movements of our sun
Repeating an unbroken minuet
Now and then pirouetting
Gallantly circumambulating the Pole star
Their messages and meaning flung far
Through non-Euclidean realms
Broadcasting seeds of life
Well into the heavens
Inside us

**Lawren Bale lives in Narberth, Pennsylvania with his wife Martina and their daughter.
His poetry has been published in several anthologies; the journal, "Cybernetics & Human
Knowing;" and on the Internet.**



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Mag Tan Yee Mei

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / mag tan yee mei /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

The Musician and the Muse

What is it inside the heart? What drives him to paddle about the lake in vain? His mossy coracle slides across the watery surface in the grey drizzle and the raindrops become a starburst of spirals all around. Shimmers of purple and green. With his paddle, he sifts about in hope, stabs the lake over and over again.

What does he think of as he wanders through the overgrown garden? The eyes that twinkled at him are no longer there. The ivy leaves have swallowed the gazebo and the roses bloom for nobody. Please don't wander off, I lose sight of you and can only wonder at the empty heavens.

Nobody kicks the scattered pebbles anymore. Nobody steps on the crunchy leaves. The rain leaves the stone walls slimy. What is he thinking when he caresses the rock? He twists the stone this way and that as he sits, nestled in the crumbling foundations. Oh, but you are a lonely fool, Ragdoe!

All those hours of catatonic silence. The moon chases the sun away and still, no sign. The perfume is no longer in the air, but it lingers in his nostrils and he cups his face in his hands. His brown hair is matted and dirty, his clothes unkempt. Yet he waits for me to come back.

I loved you because you were melancholic. I left you because you were melancholic. But still, I come back just to listen to your fingers on the piano when you finally decide to play. What drives you to pound heartache from the ivory keys? Why have you not returned Insanity's kiss, my darling Ragdoe?

I lie, shattered, amongst the thorns and petals. I watch from beneath watery depths. I sit akimbo on the broken rocks. What is love, Ragdoe? Surely not this madness with which you search for me! Has nobody told you what a breakable being a Muse is? This game of Hide & Seek wearies me, Musician.

The Lampblacker

Much has been written of the Erotes, those lovely lusty winged youths but there seems to be no literature about their sooty servant. When hearts are broken and letters are burnt, it is the little

On this Page

[The Musician and the Muse](#)

[The Lampblacker](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Lampblacker who comes along to clean up after the flames have died.

Dark of skin and eyes, he sweeps away the painful debris into his sack to take to his dwellings. But before he can leave, he has work to do. With a brush and a small pot of oil, he prepares a pigment made from powder dusted off his skin. Carefully, he applies the slow drying paste wherever it is needed.

The Lampblacker blots out memories. Have you never felt the coolness of his steady brush gliding over your mind? The calm rhythm brings peace and he is so silent in his work, that most of us do not even realise who brings such sweet relief. And when the last memory is painted over, he leaves as quietly as he came.

His vision is poor, the result of rubbing his own crying eyes eons ago. Poor Lampblacker! His touch is poisonous and only a balm concocted by Anteros brings him respite from time to time. Half-blind, he shuffles home with his sack of pain.

Into a pit that leads to the bottom of the world does he fling the fragments and tears. The Lampblacker dwells in a small cave where no mortal is to set foot for fear that the poor soul might tumble into that pit in the middle. Come nightfall, he sits in his shadowy garden and gazes inwards to read the secrets in his own bleak heart. In the darkness, he is home.

Mag Tan Yee Mei received her B.A. in History of Art and English Literature from the University of East Anglia. She has contributed to *Cha: An Asian Literary Journal* and was recently a guest editor of its 16th issue. Her short stories have been published in *Silverfish New Writing 5* and *Imponderabilia: the international student anthropology journal*. She is currently the Heritage Open Days Assistant at Norwich HEART and works on a collection of short stories during those rare free moments.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Maria Keane

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / maria keane /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

Liturgy for the Living

Eulogies sieve sins of the dead.

Mortal wounds crowd the living
in dark spaces where
backs bend in supplication.

Incense burns from an altar
with the promise of resurrection.

Draped in veils,
widowed women
woven in black
leave a white-washed sepulcher;

children shuffle behind.

Maria Keane is a visual artist and a published poet. She is an Arts and Letters member of the National League of American Pen Women, a member of the historic Howard Pyle Studio in Wilmington, Delaware and the National Association of Women Artists. She received her undergraduate degree from Hunter College, New York and her MA (Phi Kappa Phi) from the University of Delaware. Maria served as an adjunct Professor of Fine Arts at Wilmington University, New Castle Delaware from 1984 to 2009.

Maria's poetry and prose were honored with major awards from the Philadelphia Writers' Conference and the National League of American Pen Women. Her published poems celebrate ekphrastic poetry of art at the Biggs Museum of American Art from 2005 to 2011. In 2006 and 2010 Maria received fellowships in poetry at the Cape Henlopen Center, Delaware. Maria also received a Professional Fellowship in Works on Paper sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts and the Delaware Division of the Arts in 1997.

On this Page

[Liturgy for the Living](#)

[About the Writer](#)



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Melissa Studdard

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [melissa studdard](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

For Baudelaire

In the woods you found a carcass with maggots in its chest,
with waterfalls in its eyes, with the buzz of life still

hovering around its skull, and in commemoration, you grabbed
your sweetheart's hand, with your left, and on your right, you

snatched the clasped hand of the world and said: look here, how
we build skyscrapers in the cavity of death's groin, how we

paint lilacs on its ribs. We will drive motor cars over its
bones and laugh in the waning perfume of midnight, and, my love,

I will write you a poem, a tribute to your beautiful decay,
to your rotting thighs, to the death you will birth with your sex

because, truly, this is beauty—this festering carcass in the woods,
this putrid nag, truth. And in it, you will live forever.

On this Page

[For Baudelaire](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Melissa Studdard is a professor, a book reviewer at-large for *The National Poetry Review*, a contributing editor for *Tiferet Journal*, host of the radio interview program *Tiferet Talk*, and a teaching artist for The Rooster Moans Poetry Cooperative. Her books include the bestselling novel *Six Weeks to Yehidah* (winner of the Forward National Literature Award, finalist for the National Indie Excellence Award), the companion journal *My Yehidah*, and the forthcoming collection of interviews, *The Tiferet Talk Interviews*.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

MM Wittle

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / mm wittle /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

On this Page

[The Installation](#)

[About the Writer](#)

The Installation

Apollo's installation was almost done. He was working on creating the lashes on the right side when he lost control. Maybe he shouldn't have been standing on an empty paint can with a blow torch. But it worked for the other eye. That one had a perfect azure iris. The lashes were long and thick, just like any other All-American model should be and her height- the perfect five foot ten inches. Her weight, two hundred used Barbie dolls infused together equaling a waist size of forty-two. Her breasts, double g's, weren't as difficult to make as he first guessed.

Aollo collected his first Barbie doll when he was five. He was poking the beached jelly fish with a stray piece of wood when he saw it. Her blonde hair was tangled with seaweed and she was naked. The long, thin legs were attached to chewed feet. Her arms were posed to receive a hug or carry a tray full of dishware across her forearms. Barbie's fingers were glued together and there was a hole on the left hand on the third finger. The body was sprinkled with sand and tiny sea creatures. He took the doll to his sister. Alena, with her midnight hair and coffee eyes, looked at the doll and said, "I want to look like this when I grow up." She caressed the plastic breasts and tried scratching the blue eyes. That night, his mother threw the salt crusted doll in the garbage. Apollo rummaged in the trashcan until he found it. He tucked it into his pillow case to dissect it later. He needed to understand why his mother hated the doll yet his sister loved it. Alena was beside herself the next morning when she noticed the doll was missing. She asked everyone if they saw the doll and even chased the neighbor's dog thinking it buried the doll with its other treasured items. Seeing how lost his sister was that day, Apollo waited until after his parents were asleep to offer the doll back to his sister. Alena snatched the doll from his hand and started hugging the doll to her prepubescent chest. In the privacy of her room, Apollo assumed she played dress up with the doll and whispered all her secrets in the doll's small, pink ear.

Growing up, Alena continued to pursue Barbie. Alena's friends were flesh copies of her doll. She wore tight clothes and heels as early as twelve years old to mimic the length of Barbie's legs. Her room remained pink well into her young adult years. Her pink car was a Volkswagen Rabbit with a convertible top. She spent all her time down the shore, walking the beach looking for, what Apollo assumed were, more castaways. At the age of twenty-eight, Alena died from a heart attack caused by the erosion of anorexia nervosa.

It was the memory of his sister, a mere seventy-five pounds at the time of her death, which first inspired this installation. Apollo wanted to show the world how deadly this ideal plastic doll was to little

girls.

But then his foot slipped into the paint can. His blow torch cut off and fell to the ground. To stop his fall, he clung to the silky, blonde hair. That didn't help. The huge head came cracking down. With the decapitation so easily done, Apollo flew into a hellish rage. He grabbed at the double g's yet they remained. With the blow torch again in his hand, he melted the plastic sculpture until it was a pool of salt, secrets, and suffering.

MM Wittle is a professor of writing and has an MFA from Rosemont College in Rosemont, PA in Creative Writing. Her thesis, "Family Guidance" and "The Education of Allie Rose" are two plays that won Thesis of Distinction from Rosemont College. "Family Guidance" had a reading at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, PA and was selected for honorable mentioned at the 5th Annual Philadelphia Theatre Workshop's Playwriting Competition. "The Education of Allie Rose" was a finalist in the Philadelphia Ethical Society Playwriting competition and was shortlisted in the Windsor Fringe Kenneth Branagh Award for New Drama in England. MM's short story, "10-99" will be in the inaugural edition of *Transient*. A short fiction piece, "Lincoln Park After Dark" was in the February edition of the online journal, *Nailpolish Stories*. For the past seven years, MM has been a fiction board member of the local nonprofit literary magazine, *Philadelphia Stories* and has written many book reviews, interviews, and countless blogs for them. MM has also written four book reviews for the creative nonfiction magazine, brevitymag.com.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Patricia L. Goodman

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [patricia l. goodman](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

Snow at Midnight

Half light, half dark,
the preening snow goose,
favorite of all
my late husband's hunting trophies, presides
over my dark bedroom.

All week I've been watching the moon
swell. Now
in fullness it pours over the edge
of a skylight,
leaving one side of the white bird in sharp
shadow, the other side
ethereal in its glow.

As the earth turns, the moon will slowly
envelop
the whole bird n light, eventually leave a shadow
on the opposite side,
then, while I sleep, abandon it in total darkness.

On this Page

[Snow at Midnight](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Patricia L. Goodman is a widowed mother and grandmother and a graduate of Wells College with a degree in Biology and a membership in Phi Beta Kappa. Her career involved breeding, training and raising horses on their farm in Chadds Ford, PA with her orthodontist husband. She now lives in Wilmington, DE, where she enjoys gardening, hiking and spending time with her grandchildren. Her poems have appeared in *Aries*, *The Broadkill Review*, *The Rehoboth Beach Writers Guild website*, *The Hockessin Art Festival* and in the forthcoming *The Widow's Handbook*.



Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Ray Garman

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [ray garman](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

Water from the Moon

Nothing for wanting
my purpose just starting,
I'll be back among the hills
I will always know as home.

My sun is going to set
and I'm going to get,
sweet peace,
when I lay my head
back among the mountains.

Water from the moon,
drinking from this fountain,
I'll get water from the moon,
drinking from this fountain.

Life's so lovely
when the summer sun
lights my way,
the winter's moon
blazes full and makes my way,
north star lights for me,
gives me life, feeds my soul
opens the door to everlasting
charm that keeps from harm.

The land gives these gifts
and beyond compare
I am grateful for an eventual.

Keeps me safe through times of trouble,
the hope that lives in each of us,

On this Page

[Water from the Moon](#)

[About the Writer](#)

and we shall be,
the simple ones we choose.

Water from the moon, drink my full,
water from the moon,
nothing for wanting,
purpose just starting,
I'll be back among the hills
I will always know as home,
my sun is going to set
and I'm going to get
sweet peace,
when I lay my head
back among the mountains.

Water from the moon,
drinking from this fountain,
I'll have water from the moon,
drink my full
of water from the moon,
back among the mountains
drinking from this fountain
water from the moon.

Ray Garman is a poet and photographer, an activist and an entrepreneur.

Ray has read and performed his works around the world including at Robin's Bookstore/Moonstone Arts Center, (Philadelphia), The Bowery Poetry Club (New York), The Nuyorican Poets Café (New York), Neither Nor (New York), The Knitting Factory (New York), Shakespeare & Company (Paris), City Lights (San Francisco), The Fringe Club (Hong Kong), St. Marks Poetry Project (New York), La Mama Theater (New York), The Café (Nairobi), Burning Man (Black Rock City) and in Beijing, Shanghai, Hanoi, Hoi Chi Minh City and along the Hoi Chi Minh Trail, among other hot spots, known and unknown, for spoken word.

Ray graduated from Haverford College and is a father. He is the author of the critically acclaimed, *Crossing Waters*.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Ryan Eckes

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [ryan eckes](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

sluice

sunday again but
the dog counts
i'm no statue
i have to lick up
its yaps, be pulled the
parkway thru city
hall like a kite
downward
to the delaware
for a girl. sewers
gape at all crapjoints
franklin, yaps slashed
thru for water and
air—a bag lady into
a recorder: blue jays
against the rook, tying
knots. i choke up,
nothing american,
something older—
just make contact

On this Page

[sluice](#)

[About the Writer](#)

keep your eye on
the dog, it isn't yours
and what is? i muster
south, and passyunk's
our little parkway,
a diagonal lined
w/ plates of an indian
face every few steps
the kids are getting
tattooed on them.
to be worn and walked
on, native as a board
in a window. to lower
your voice so as
not to come off
as a show off, be
the father father.
here's what i've learned
so far: crossed out,
you cut thru, find
a note in the mail
slot: dear ryan
i have a norman
rockwell painting
you may have it
if you want—it is the one
of the doctor listening
to the heart beat
of a little doll. love,
grandmom
we shall outlive
our minds. love,
the sand in your
heart—the heart's
a metaphor, remember,
i said to my students
whose lost eyes i fall
thru to apology. love,
the sand in our hands.
i'm sorry little kid
on susquehanna
who taught me to play
chess—i forget your
name and the game
remains to me a SEPTA
that never was, small
dabs of train run thru
us as we stare at one
another, mothers
we'll need to be
to ourselves.

Ryan Eckes lives in South Philadelphia. He's the author of [*Old News*](#) (Furniture Press 2011) and *when i come here* (Plan B Press 2007). He works at Community College of Philadelphia and Temple University.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Tetman Callis

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / tetman callis /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

Road Rave

Free Tibet! if you insist, I see it there on the bumper of your car, the sticker that commands me and you and you and you over there pretending not to notice to Free Tibet!, it's very pretty, the sticker is, and I hear that Tibet! is also very pretty, I visualize it just so and as reported though maybe not so primarily red and blue and yellow as the colors of your sticker, my god that yellow glows with a blasting power while I visualize world peace as likewise commanded by another portion of your up-stuck bumper, I can see a whole world of peace for a fleet-footed instant before daring all bypassers to keep kids off drugs, well why not? we all say, or most of us, for as we some of us know, drugs are really expensive, in time and money both and furthermore are quite abusive or so we hear, slapping young druggies around and kicking middle-aged druggies when they are coming down and even have been known to slyly stick a foot into the path of an old druggie hobbling down the street on the way to vote for whomever, I can't quite read your sticky bumper there, it looks scraped and scratched and even to a small measure caved-in, someone must have run into you, banged into you, rear-ended you while you were on your way to support your local belonging and save the unborn whales, but despite my sympathy in some measure or the other for all that is slathered across the back-end of your car, don't pull out in front of me, you don't know how lucky I feel.

Listen, you don't know what I have under the front seat. Hell, cowboy, I don't even know what I have under the front seat, it could be something armed and dangerous, give me a minute while I dig around under there and see what I can see, feel what I can dig out, oh, crap, that's not very nice, whatever that is, stuck all over my fingers like that, I'm sure not going to hold it up to my nose and sniff it, I learned in high-school chemistry class that one does not just go ahead and sniff something unless one good and damn well knows what it is one is about to sniff, there are odors that can stab right up through the nasal passages and into the brain and then where would I be, I'm trying to drive this car.

Where to I don't know, but I did, once upon my own sweet time, however I am presently so distracted that I don't any longer know who has the right of way, could it be you? You, who does not know where I've been up to? You, who does not know the treasures I keep? You, who does not know where they are buried? The gold and jewels, precious, priceless, covered with dirt? Oh shut my mouth, did I give it away with that remark about dirt, well I didn't say what kind of dirt, now did I? Not going to, neither, you can't catch me out on that, I'm gone like a cruel tease and I am not going to say loose and sandy dirt or wet and red clay dirt or black loamy loam in the gloaming when from afar I do come roaming with yet more treasures to store away. Maybe they're not in my back yard, buried there by the apple

On this Page

[Road Rave](#)

[About the Writer](#)

tree as I know you are thinking, I can see it in your eyes, your thoughts there scrolling behind your irises, I admit, I have to squint to read the print, mine eyes are not what once they were, but they'll still do in a pinch, not to get fresh, but you don't know how lucky—you should know, I know the true value of things. Big things, little things, all sizes in between, hard things and soft things, even liquids and almost every kind of gas, name one. Xenon, that's a cinch, twenty-seven dollars a cubic centimeter under seventeen atmospheres' pressure. And shapes and colors? May as well be amoebas and rainbows, let me tell you, I know worth, net, intrinsic, exponential, actuarial, amortized, pre-tax and post-tax, clear down to the brass tacks. If brass doesn't suit you, isn't quite to your taste, is a touch too zincky, well finicky you may be but it's your lucky day today—I can assay, alchemic, lead your lead to its golden zone. By God, this man's a magician! Look at these hands go! Tap-tappity-tap-tap-a-taptaptap! Have you ever seen anything like that?

I didn't think so, I thought not, yet still am. Now who's the wizard, who has the right of way? It's settled then, put to bed, laid to rest, all said and all done, enough's enough. Let me have the fast lane, the one there on the outside, with the sportsters speeding by and the forty-ton mofo trucks out to squash bugs of up to economy size, look at the way they glower and glare, those teamsters, those take-no-prisoners highwaymen hot-rodding down the high road to high profits in which, sadly, they will not much share, but it's a job, somebody's got to do it and you're damn straight they're proud to do it well and truly make their contribution to your dream and mine. But don't dream of getting in their way, scoot over, we are neither frivolous sportsters nor serious conveyors of heavy loads, we must needs leave the outside lane to its rightful drivers and take some other lane, dibs on the middle, I called it, I'm riding shotgun on the middle lane, hell, cowboy, you never did see me finish digging around under my front seat, no telling what may be down there in addition to bluff and crud, vouchers and goo. Be on the safe side, pull over and wait a spell, better to get there whole than not at all, don't you think? There you are, that bumper of yours looks like it couldn't take another hit, looks like it's barely stuck together, best let me have that middle lane, slow down and pull over, let me have the shoulders, too, the culverts, the light posts and guard rails, the passes over and cutbanks through, the grade crossings protected and un, greasy ties bound to rails with iron spikes, stripes of yellow and white reflective paint down black asphalt roads—let me have it all, then stand back and watch me coming down the road with a trunk full of treasure, fresh dug up, piles and piles of the stuff, all glittery.

I tell you truly I always lie, I want you straight up to know that right out, or if not then then now, and not to think of me as lying in wait like some cretin, some stunned guppy in shallow mud who's feeling lucky enough right now, this very instant and the next one on the ever-sliding instantaneous scale, to be your hero, your masked avenger in swirly cape and bright white tights if that's all it takes, your man-in-waiting you may consider me, fortunate enough to wait out the years after years extending into decades as they will and if I must until the day I receive the word that you are sick, oh no not merely sick but that you have taken terminally ill, or are terribly injured in an unavoidable accident, I told you to slow down and pull over, get out of the way, heads up there's a thirty-six wheeler bearing down upon your port quarter at flank speed but you wouldn't listen, now you are confined to bed to await your end while I rush down the road, straight down that middle lane with my horn a-blaring as I speed past the other traffic making way for me, drivers glancing into their rearview mirrors to see me coming so fast my grill is glowing red, they think I'm an emergency vehicle and I am, they swerve aside, I'm like a hot knife slicing through butter as I hasten to your side to comfort you, to be strong, to listen, to hold your hand if that is still possible, or sit in a chair at the foot of the bed while you pass a restless night and I repeatedly doze off, though mightily I try to remain awake, finally I am so tired I fall out of the chair in a dead swoon. But I bounce! when I hit the floor at three or four in the morning the impact snaps me awake and I bounce! back up to my feet and take once again my seat in my ever-vigilant vigil at your bedstead. Come sunrise, fresh and pale yellow-white sunbeams a-peeking over the horizon, springy birds a-twitter in the green leafy trees outside your window, your hair will be tangled in your oil and sweat and you will look terrible but I won't tell you that, no sir or madam, dear me, I wouldn't dream of it, I didn't dream anyway, not of any single thing for any solitary monad of Chronos, I sat right there in that chair all night and that one instant that I passed out and fell over passed so quickly I had not a moment to waste on dreaming before I hit that floor and it hurt, I hit it pretty hard,

I bounced! but that is no matter, you are dying, my love, whatever pain I may have felt recently or before recently or even before that is nothing of note, so let it pass, no more need be said about that, we'll drop it. I will stand beside your bed and smile down at you, my hand held out, tiny treasures cupped in my palm for you to see.

Look what I have brought you. Have you ever seen such such-and-such? And looky here at these this-and-thats. I had to dig and dig, hammer away with the pick of my axen, the dirt beside the apple tree as impacted as one molar too many and dry as cow bones under the desert sky, hadn't had a drop of water since back when we were young, back in the days when we so easily smiled we were rumored to be loose persons of questionable morals, it was whispered everywhere we went we were so quick and easy with our smiles, what were we up to? No good? Couldn't be anyone up to any good who smiled as much as we did and at complete strangers, too, people we'd never seen hide nor hair of before we hit town that very afternoon, the back halves of our cars stuffed to bursting with treasures of every hue and cry, every last one of them precious, priceless, and covered with dirt, taboo totems to fix in place without a moment's notice, stuck to our bumpers both front and back and cluttering the running boards, affixed with rancid adhesive dug from under the front seat and smeared across our fingertips, wiping our hands on the tattered seat covers while we made ready to drive into the sunset and flirt with every disaster we encountered along the way, neither knowing nor even believing we might someday come upon the barricade that blocked the road and brought our progress—

Tetman Callis lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. His stories and poems have appeared in various publications, including *The New York Tyrant*, *Neon*, *Snow Monkey*, *Ontario Review*, *Mad Hatters' Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, and *Cutthroat*. Many of these published works are available on his [website](#). His memoir, *High Street*, was published by Outpost19 in 2012. He holds a bachelor's degree in philosophy, with high honors, from the University of Texas at El Paso, studied creative writing with Gordon Lish in New York City and with various persons at the MFA program at the University of New Mexico, and makes his living as a legal assistant.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Thaddeus Rutkowski

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [thaddeus rutkowski](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

The Looking Glass

The looking glass began to pour over her a light that seemed to fix her, that seemed like some acid to bite off the unessential and superficial and leave only the truth. What was unessential about her? She needed her clothes and shoes. They were essential for getting around. She didn't live in a nudist colony. She wore a watch—perhaps it was not essential. But without it, she might be late for things she had to do. Even with her watch, she sometimes didn't know what time it was. Did this make her unusual? She also wore some pieces of jewelry. They were definitely unessential, but they had emotional meaning, and she would miss them if they were gone. But this looking glass was pouring light over her, and the light was eating away at these trappings, though it was not eating away at her skin. She was not receiving a dangerous tan. But she was basking in something indescribable—it was the truth, which like invisible ink showed up only in this light. The truth glowed like fluorescent colors on a black-light poster, and she looked like a piece of art from the Sixties. Either that, or she looked like a crystal mineral in a natural history museum's ultraviolet display.

On this Page

[The Looking Glass](#)

[New Friends](#)

[About the Writer](#)

New Friends

In the morning, I watched while my father took two bowls from a shelf and placed them on the floor. He spooned canned pet food into one bowl and poured milk into the other. Immediately, the family cat began to eat from the food bowl.

The cat's meal was cut short by the arrival of our two dogs. They used their noses to push the cat away. Then they butted heads for sole possession of the food.

I didn't care which animal won, because I was more concerned with my own food—a bowl of cereal. I was lucky my brother and sister and I didn't have to fight for it. We didn't have to stick our noses in the bowl to see who could lap up the cereal the fastest.

I ate my breakfast with a spoon and watched the pets go through their routine. My father had left the room, and my mother had left the house for work. My brother and sister were still asleep. It was just me and the pets, eating in concert.

My father took me and my siblings to watch a hill-climbing race. During the event, stock cars roared up a closed road one at a time, running against a clock. We were stationed at a curve in the road; we could hear the cars coming and could see them briefly as they rounded the turn. Between the screams of engines, there was relative calm—murmurs of spectators, wind in the trees, bird calls.

Presently, my brother got tired of standing, and my father picked him up in his arms. My brother leaned his head against my father's shoulder. I had never seen my father hold my brother before.

At one point, a car wiped out. It spun off the road and raised a cloud of dust on the shoulder. But it didn't flip over; it rolled on two wheels at an angle to the earth, then bounced down onto four wheels. After a few moments, it crawled back onto the road and continued toward the finish line.

Later, my father took me in his car to visit a boy who lived a few miles away. We parked at the side of a dirt road, then walked across a yard.

I heard a man call someone a shithead. Presently, the boy we were visiting appeared.

"It's the only way I can get his attention," his father explained.

"Hey, buddy," he said to my father. "I brewed something."

The man led us to a small closet off the kitchen. On the floor were a couple of ceramic crocks covered with cheesecloth. The brewmaster lifted a corner of one of the coverings, and a sour smell filled the air. In the containers, wilted yellow flowers were floating on top of brown liquid. "It's dandelion wine," the man said.

"It smells bad," I said.

"I think it smells good," my father said. He bent down toward the crocks to get a better sniff.

My father and his friend drank the hooch while I went outside with the boy. We stood in his large back yard and looked at a pond in the neighboring field.

"I fell in there once," the boy said, "and I didn't know how to swim."

"What did you do?"

"I sank to the bottom, but I was carrying a baseball bat. I used it like a vaulting pole. I stuck it in the mud and pushed myself to the surface."

I pictured him planting the end of the bat and extending his arms, then shooting up through the water, feet-first.

After a while, the boy said, "I'm not a shithead; I'm a spy."

He went into the house. When he came out, he was wearing a suit and tie and carrying an attaché case. "Did you bring a weapon?" he asked.

"I have a compass," I said, "at home."

"What would you do with it?"

"Find my way home, I guess."

We hiked on the dirt road away from the boy's place until we came to the next house. Two red-haired girls were sitting on the steps of the front porch.

"They're twins," the boy told me.

Boldly, the boy approached the pair and said, "Hands up!" When they didn't respond, he reached into his pocket and said it again. Surprisingly, they raised their arms.

"All the way up," he said, and they stretched their arms overhead.

He took a flashlight out of his pocket and pointed it at them. "Security check," he said.

At home, my father told my mother about his new drinking friend. "He spent some time in Hollidaysburg," he said.

"How did he get there?" my mother asked.

"He went crazy," my father said, "it was either Hollidaysburg or jail. He chose the crazy bin."

"How long was he in for?"

"I don't know. But he came out with a certificate of sanity. I saw the paper. He's the only guy I know who can prove he's sane!"

"Did he do something wrong?"

"Listen. He said something that made a lot of sense: 'People wouldn't go crazy if they could only pay their bills.'"

"Where I grew up," my mother said, "the only people who went crazy were the ones who smoked opium. They were dreaming all the time. They dreamed so much they never woke up. That's why we had the Opium Wars, but the wars didn't work."

I rode my bicycle to my new friend's house. At the beginning of my trip, I took a road that passed through a cemetery. The gravestones on one side of the road were smaller and more worn-down than the ones on the other side. On the ground between the newer stones were a couple of rectangles of newly turned earth.

Presently, I came to the foot of the Ridge. The hill was too steep to climb by pedaling, so I got off my bike and walked. At the top, I could see the spine of the Ridge stretching out in both directions. Across the divide, I flew like a bat around hairpin turns. I scraped gravel and raised dust. I raced against a clock in my head, setting a time that anyone coming after me would have to beat.

I turned left onto a farm lane and rolled past the redheaded twins' house. Again, the two girls were sitting on their front steps. Most likely, I thought, they were working undercover, keeping their identity secret from enemy agents.

I gestured with a wave as I went past.

In my new friend's living room, I saw the boy's father sitting in an upholstered chair. His eyes were

open, but he didn't move or acknowledge my arrival.

As I walked by him, he said, "If money is the root of all evil, shoot me the roots, Toots." I didn't know who he was talking to; then I saw his wife in a corner of the room.

In my friend's bedroom, I sat on the floor and told the boy I'd seen the twins.

"What were they doing?" he asked.

"Sitting on their porch."

He took out his wallet, opened it, and withdrew a single-edged razor blade.

"What's it for?" I asked.

"In case I'm away from home when I have to do it."

"What will you have to do?"

"Slit my wrists. Whether I slit them or not depends on what the twins say. If they say the wrong thing, it's all over. But before I do myself in, I'll give them one last chance to say the right thing, the thing that will save my life. If they don't, I'll reach into my pocket, flip open my wallet, and slice, maybe dig, then watch as this world goes dark and the next world takes shape. Maybe then they will see their mistake. Maybe then they will regret letting things go downhill."

"Do you need both of them?"

"Two are better than one!"

On my way home on my bike, I looked for the twins but didn't see them.

My father showed me a charcoal image he'd made by rubbing a headstone in the nearby cemetery. The piece of drawing paper had the outline of the stone, with the name Keturah Candy on it. The inscription said she'd lived to the age of 16 during the 1800s.

"I'm going to put this girl in my artwork," my father said. "I wrote a poem for her. It goes: 'Hello, lover! How is it down there? All stone and leather?'"

"I have a silkscreen print to go with the poem," he added. "It shows the gravesite, overgrown with weeds. Things were better then, when Keturah lived."

In the morning, my father put out the pet-food dishes, and our cat arrived first. Shortly, our dogs got wind of the food and trotted into the room. They frightened the cat away and started to huff and chew. My brother and sister and I ate cereal at the kitchen table and watched the dogs.

"We're going out to the fields," my father announced, "and we're going to pick dandelions. There are acres of flowers. We're going to fill buckets with blossoms."

Soon enough, he was overseeing my brother and sister and I as we pinched flowers off their stems. We picked until there were no more yellow flowers in sight. When we were finished, we had a full quart container.

Our father took our harvest and brought it into the house. "I'm going to start my own winery," he said.

"I'm going to crush these flowers in a tub. I'm going to throw in some yeast, and I'm going to wait until the sugar turns to ethanol. Then I'm going to drink until I go blind."

"You can use the wine to celebrate the lunar new year," my mother said. "Where I grew up, it's a time of harvest and celebration."

Later, I noticed that one of our dogs was missing. I asked my brother and sister to help me search for it.

We found the dog's corpse between our yard and the neighbor's place. Someone had shot the animal with a small-bore rifle.

I walked to the house next door and saw a teenage boy sitting on the back steps.

"What happened to the dog?" I asked.

"I took him out," the boy said.

"Why?" I asked.

"He was running across my yard, so I picked up my .22 and plugged him."

Later, I looked out my window and saw a crescent moon. I saw a star not far from the crescent. The star was behind the curve, not between the points. It didn't make sense, where the star was. I wanted the star to sit in the concave space, between the moon's horns.

I looked out across a farm field and saw animals sleeping on the ground. They might have been horses, cows or bales of hay. I couldn't tell.

It was the start of the lunar new year. Soon, the dandelion flowers we'd gather would ferment, and a sour smell would fill the house. The flowers' sugar would turn into ethanol. My father would drink all of the juice when it was ready.

Thaddeus Rutkowski is the author of the innovative novels *Haywire*, *Tetched* and *Roughhouse*. He teaches literature as an adjunct at Medgar Evers College of the City University of New York and fiction writing at the Writer's Voice of the West Side YMCA in Manhattan.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

Fox Chase Review

[| Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Tony Rickaby

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [tony rickaby](#) /

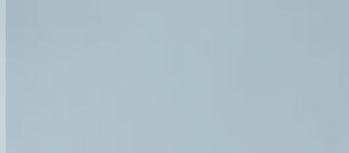
[Previous](#) | [Next](#)



On this Page

[Station](#)

[About the Writer](#)



Station

Someone's standing in front of me. He looks Ethiopian, or Somali. I think he's going to ask me for change, but he bends down, picks up a dog-end lying at my feet and walks away.

The steel wall of the shelter presses against my back. In places like this, where I have to hang around—bus stations, waiting rooms, supermarket queues, post offices—the only way I can cope is to either go into a trance or get obsessed with people: hating the way they speak so loud on their phones (is she talking to someone in Australia?) or wondering why they wear clothes like that (isn't there a mirror in his house?). The time I've spent just waiting around must have added up to years. And what a fucking place this is. A wasteland of billboards and crazy architecture and shitty old tunnels under the railway lines and loads of traffic going round and round and spewing out fumes and no buses on time. Where's the bus? I could start to walk I suppose, but then one will come along when I'm between stops and I'll miss it.

To my left, a woman wearing a blue anorak, turquoise trousers and with her hair pulled back in a bun is standing next to a man sitting down on one of the metal seats. He's unshaven, his eyes are dim and there's a large bump on the side of his head. Clumps of his hair are missing. He's wearing khaki combat trousers, a red beret and a black coat falling off his shoulders. She shakes his shoulder and he sways away, nearly falling off his seat. Holding a can in her hand, she limps away on tiptoes, stops, looks down at the pavement, picks up an old tube ticket and puts it in her pocket. He gets to his feet and shuffles over to a large black man leaning against the shelter window, says something and pushes him in the chest. The black man slaps him hard around his ear and he staggers back surprised. Then he holds out his hand but the black man refuses to shake it, so he walks away, smiling. I wonder whether I should have tried to step in, to explain that he was obviously out of it and didn't know what he was doing. But it's too late now.

I notice a woman coming out of the tube entrance. Is it her? Her face looks the same but different colour hair—darker—and she never wore clothes like that: leather coat, high heels. Thinner too—she looks pretty good. If it is her, what's she doing round here? She'd never come south of the river if she could help it. Perhaps she works nearby. Must be doing well—those clothes look expensive. Surely she's not working for MI6? Not with her sort of politics, unless she's changed in ten years. It must be ten years or more. Ten years? Twelve? I'm no good at working out how long something's been.

Christ, that takes me back. Perhaps I should say hello. Should definitely say hello. But don't know what she'd think about that. She might be pleased to see me or she could be embarrassed. But she must remember me, surely. Though you can never tell—some people are good about not remembering things and most women aren't very sentimental about the past. Well, the ones I know aren't. I forget how long we were together—if you could call it together. It was a bit on and off. But we had a few laughs and enjoyed ourselves, surely. Perhaps I was a bit of a bastard sometimes—I don't know. Not that we ever lived together, she always preferred her flat. It was a terrible flat, but mine upstairs was worse. And that bloke she went out with—he was weird. I can't remember what his job was, but he just used to appear and disappear. Sometimes he'd acknowledge you and other times pretend you didn't exist.

She'd be surprised to see me. Oh, she's off. I'll have to chase after her. Though I wouldn't want her to think that I'm following her or something. That would be a bit uncool. A bit creepy. Like a fucking stalker or something. Perhaps if I nip down one of those side streets and go round, double back and walk towards her, then I could make out I'm bumping into her by accident. But I don't really know where those streets go to. I'd probably get lost or something. I'm not even sure it's her.

[Tony Rickaby](#) has shown his conceptual works, installations and paintings throughout Europe and the US. He has produced animations for *Drunken Boat* and *Locus Novus* and visual poems and writings for *Anderbo*, *Athregeum*, *Aspidistra*, *Cricket*, *20x20*, *London Poetry Systems*, *Otoliths*, *Streecake*, *Suss* and *Word Riot*. He lives in London.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Vinita Agrawal

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [vinita agrawal](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

On this Page

[Thoughts](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Thoughts

Thoughts are peeler like, they scrape nerves
or like a drill machine wear holes
in a soggy handkerchief brain
they are Noah's ark of sorrow and grief
Sheltering one of every kind
as if arresting the species of time.

Thoughts use you. They tame the lower lip, attack the upper
zone-out eyes, rake cuticles, crush phalanges
Re-hash every awkward moment
wonder what went wrong where
thoughts are the socket
where penchant remains plugged-in forever.

In the boulevard of thoughts, scents linger
dangle from fingertips like blooms from tree branches
stifle lung's traffic of breaths
blister the tongue, stain earth's carpet
punish the winds.

Thoughts are steel to be chewed
a sword at work
like acid against the lining of the stomach
thoughts dig up the 3 am soil of night
and palpitate softly at the hearth of dawn
like a pound of flesh heavy on day's back.

Just occasionally, thoughts are some loose night air
a cool moonlit oasis amidst churning chaotic days
they loosen the bricks from walls, flex the hands of time
lend speed to life, brighten its gait. Just occasionally.

Born in Bikaner on August 18th 1965, educated in Kolkata and Baroda, Vinita is a writer, researcher and an Indian English poet living in New Delhi.

Her poems have been published in Constellations, The Taj Mahal Review, Nimba, SAARC Anthologies, Kritya.org, Touch- The Journal of healing, Museindia, Everydaypoets.com, Mahmag world literature – mahmag.org, The Criterion – An International Journal in English, The Brown Critique, Contemporary Literary Review of India (CLRI), twenty20journal.com, Asiancha (March and June 2012), Sketchbook, Poetry 24 etc.

Her poem 'A birthplace but no memories' was nominated for the Best of the Net Awards 2011 by CLRI. Her poem 'Ancient Traumas' received third prize from MuseIndia in 2010.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

Wendy Schermer

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [wendy schermer](#) /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

She Lost Touch with Herself

She lost touch with herself,
forgot the slap
of her bare feet
on the packed dirt
of a country road,
the smell of her armpits
in August heat
and the rhythmic swish
of horses' tails
as they shooed away flies.

She forgot the taste
of a long blade of grass
hanging from the side
of her mouth,
the smell of honeysuckle
by a wooden fence
and the sound of cows
being milked.

She can no longer recall
recklessly crossing a stream
rock by rock by rock,
collecting lightning bugs
after dark,
lifting her skirt
to let the wind caress her bare legs
or lying awake at night,
listening to frogs
and the distant whistle
of a freight train.

On this Page

[She Lost Touch
with Herself](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Wendy Schermer was born in Detroit, grew up in Philadelphia, and is now a resident of Arden, DE, where she has lived for the past seven years. Wendy shares her home with a dog and two cats who have been great companions since her two sons became adults and made lives of their own in Philadelphia and Brooklyn, respectively. Although Wendy works full-time for the State of New Jersey's Judiciary, her real love is writing.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

| [Home](#) | [Events!](#) | [Current Issue](#) | [Archives](#) | [About FCR](#) |

E. Jean Lanyon

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / e. jean lanyon /

[Previous](#) | [Next](#)

Without

the smiling scarecrow
now hatless and bald
braves the elements,
shirt faded dirty white
over a stick body.
androgynous effigy
without even crickets
for company in these
snowy fields.
you are not the only one
without a mate to call
you own. somehow
i was born without
a star-crossed lover
written into the script.
wed to brush and palette,
pen and paper
without my consent,
without the knowledge
of how hard it is
to scare those crows away
without a voice
just a silly painted face

On this Page

[Without](#)

[About the Writer](#)

e. jean lanyon is a native Delawarean and both a poet and a fine artist. She studied at Chouinard Art Institute, Los Angeles, CA. She received her BA from Goddard College, VT, and pursued graduate studies at MICA, MD, and Vermont College, VT. She received a DDA Professional Artist Fellowship in 1997; Individual Governor's Awards in Poetry and Art in 2000; and a Biggs Museum of American Art, Dover, DE exhibition, "As the Poet Paints," in 2012. She has been published in tabloids, magazines, anthologies and chapbooks. e. jean served as Poet Laureate for the State of Delaware from 1979–2001.

She has taught many courses and workshops on poetry, and chairs the First State Writers group.



[Previous](#) | [Top](#) | [Next](#)

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors