

Fox Chase Review



Fox Chase Review

2010 Summer Contents

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

Poets & Writers

A.D. Winans	Poetry	Sunday Thoughts ; Taking a Walk in Noe Valley ; Mexico November 2008
Allen Hoey	Poetry	Hand ; Ta-Da!
Carlos Soto Román	Poetry	Segunda radiografía ; Second X-Ray ; The Incurables Bar
Charles P. Ries	Poetry	Why I Gave Up Writing and Joined the Circus ; The Composition of Tears ; My Cat's Human ; Exit Strategy
D.B. Cox	Poetry	one-story house ; blaze ; exit ; dust-off
David Blaine	Poetry	New Track Record ; They also serve who only stand and wait ; The Endless Pursuit
Grace Andreacchi	Poetry	Bahnhof Briesen
J.P. Dancing Bear	Poetry	Canvas ; Night Café
Jane Lewty	Poetry	Attempt to Write an Alba (Only Poet To Hand Being Charles Wright)
Joe Roarty	Experimental Nonfiction	Circus
John Dorsey	Poetry	second hand unicorns ; no help wanted ; the way things were in 1981 ; the village people of las vegas, NM
Lisa Alexander Baron	Poetry	Reading the Alphabet of Trees
Noah D. Cutler	Fiction	Breakfast at Sal's
Ocean Vuong	Poetry	Burning House ; What Light Cannot Reveal ; Grief

Orel Whitten	Poetry	<u>Ladders</u>
Patrick Lucy	Poetry	<u>The Color Green Begins as Pale Eggshell</u>
Teresa Leo	Poetry	<u>Earth, Hair, Fire, Water; Fly Haiku</u>
Vihang A. Naik	Poetry	<u>Indian Summer; Summer Hill Devadars</u>
Vincent John Anacona	Poetry	<u>Meaning</u>

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

A.D. Winans

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [a d winans](#) /

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

Sunday Thoughts

Some poets write with speed
As if trying to stay one step
Ahead of death
Some write with the precision
Of a tailor
Wanting each line to be a perfect fit
Some poets toy with poems
Using each word as a building block
Some write hoping for a literary reputation
Some with the hope of luring women
To their bed
Today a poet editor invited me
To submit a poem on fame
I'd ask him for money
But long ago gave away my soul for free
Being a poet
I'm already a millionaire

Taking a Walk in Noe Valley

Faceless people pass by
Eyes glued to the ground
Every other one with a cell phone
Stuck in their ears

I eye the pretty young girl sitting
At an outside café table
Wearing designer shades
Oblivious to the longhaired young man
Putting down his "Jesus Saves" sign
Open sandals tap dancing a message
Only he can hear
As punch-drunk elderly man curses

On this Page

[Sunday Thoughts](#)

[Taking a Walk
in Noe Valley](#)

[Mexico November
2008](#)

[About the Poet](#)

Into the palm of his hand
Looking like an aged jockey
Longing for one final ride
On a magnificent horse that
Crosses the finish line without
Breaking a sweat

Mexico November 2008

Alone in my hotel room
In Mexico, thirty-six hours
Before my flight back
To San Francisco
A hundred blank poems
Rattling around inside my head

I can turn each one
Into paper airplanes
Fly each one to imaginary places
Or write poems on them in vivid old
Mexico song rhythms
If I could draw
I'd draw a rainbow picture
Of beautiful Indian women
With faces brown as earth

Soon I'll return to San Francisco
City of dreamers drunkards
And lonely lovers
I will turn these blank pages
Into poems fished from the
Pond of my memory bank
Baited with the history of old
Mexico

A.D. Winans is a native San Francisco poet whose work has appeared internationally. In 2002, a song poem of his was performed at Alice Tully Hall. In 2005 he was awarded a PEN National Josephine Miles Award for excellence in literature. In 2009 he was presented with a PEN Oakland Lifetime Achievement Award.



Fox Chase Review

Allen Hoey

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

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

Allen Hoey passed away Wednesday, June 16, 2010, between the time he submitted these works and their publication here on June 19.

Hand

*O gracious Father, who openest thine
hand and fillest all things living with
plenteousness...*

—THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

Extend your hand beyond the door, beyond
the warmth of furnace and glow of fireplace, out
where the night winds chap the flesh and make
cold spread your body's length. Extend your hand
and let the snowflakes settle in the dark, in the slight
breeze that spirals the flakes in the shards of moonlight
flickering between clouds that gather and scatter,
gather again. Extend your hand and let the darkness
rest in your palm, the plentitude, let the slight
spray of starlight exaggerate the hills and furrows
lining your hand, the world in miniature, hills that
rise beyond the pond invisible in the night, beyond
those hills the river, then the hills beyond that, the trees
and all the fruit waiting in their limbs to urge
outward, to press themselves furiously into light.

Ta-Da!

When I was slightly more than a sliver of bone
padded with a scrap of flesh, I could easily
slip into a shadow and avoid the dazzle
of scrutiny and just as easily slide back
fully into light, each hard facet glinting
like a crystal goblet of Côtes du Rhône
I might carry like a bleeding grail through

On this Page

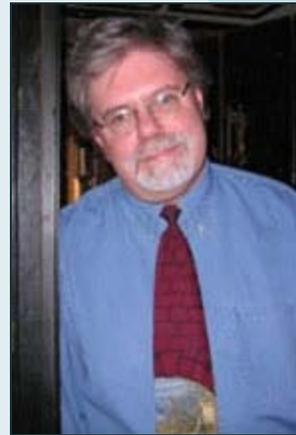
[Hand](#)

[Ta-Da!](#)

[About the Poet](#)

my milling colleagues at a holiday party. Bearing a more substantial load of this material coil, the trick grows harder, except that who can tell what lies behind the mortal disguise of excess and snowy beard standing to one side of the room? The wash lights fade and the Fresnel comes up. Watch—nothing up my sleeve. I can make a full bottle of wine disappear, I can cause inexplicably (watch, watch) a marriage to vanish into nothing but loss. Acrimony, alimony, and recrimination. And who stands shuffling and stumbling in the softened glare other than a man who feints to the left, to the right, soft-shoe and slow fade—the only thing left the trace of a rueful smile.

Allen Hoey has published six collections of poems and three novels; *Once Upon a Time at Blanche's* is his most recent collection of poems. His 2008 collection of poems, *Country Music*, was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize. His other books include *A Fire in the Cold House of Being* (selected by Galway Kinnell for the 1985 Camden Poetry Award), *What Persists*, *Provençal Light & Other Poems*, and *The Precincts of Paradise*, all poetry collections, and *Chasing the Dragon: A Novel about Jazz*, *Voices Beyond the Dead*, and *On the Demon's Trail*, a mystery. His poems and reviews have appeared in numerous journals, among them *The American Poetry Review*, *The Georgia Review*, *The Hudson Review*, *Poetry*, *Shenandoah*, and *The Southern Review*. His poem "A Thousand Prostrations" was included in *Essential Zen* (HarperCollins) and another poem, "Essay on Snow," was included in *The Best American Spiritual Writing of 2004* (Houghton Mifflin). In 1993 he accepted the Precepts as a Rinzai Zen Buddhist. He was 2001 Bucks County Poet Laureate and currently serves as Director of the Bucks County Poet Laureate Program. He received a 2002 Pennsylvania Council on the Arts Fellowship. He lives in an 18th century stone cottage on an old horse farm with a view of Bowman's Hill.



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

Fox Chase Review

Carlos Soto Román

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [carlos soto román](#) /

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

Segunda radiografía

Es posible observar como,
día a día, el haz de luz
que se cuele a través
de las cortinas, se desplaza
paulatinamente por el suelo,
dibujando milimétricamente
el mapa de las estaciones,
el desperezamiento de la tierra,
el movimiento.

No existe tal movimiento
en el interior:
El sabor de las paredes
es el mismo,
todos los días
y la acuciosa búsqueda
del sonido más débil,
entre todas las frecuencias
de alaridos y auxilios,
fracasa...

Sólo el espejo
es capaz de divulgar
cómo el tiempo escribe
la indiferencia y el tedio
en su hoja plateada
y movediza .

Sólo el espejo
empaña
y cristaliza
todas las verdades
en las fauces
de este encierro.

On this Page

[Segunda
radiografía](#)

[Second X-Ray](#)

[The Incurables Bar](#)

[About the Poet](#)

Second X-Ray

It is possible to observe, how
day after day, the ray of light
which crosses through
the curtains, slowly
crawls across the floor
millimetrically drawing
the map of the seasons
the earth stretching out
the movement itself.

There is no such movement
inside
the wall's flavor
is the same
every day
and the accurate search
for the weakest sound
among all frequencies
of shrieks and shouts
fails.

Only the mirror
is able to disclose
how time writes
indifference and tedium
in its unsteady silver
blade.

Only the mirror
fogs over
and crystallizes
all the truth
in the mouth
of this confinement.

The Incurables Bar

*The sharks I escaped.
The tiger I shot down.
The ones that devoured me
were the lice.*
—Bertold Brecht

The vocabulary is limited
(it must be said.)
As it is also missed
the little glows which
like sparks sprouting
from the contact of the stone
and the tool
are cautiously hidden by some secrets corners.

It must be said also
that behind the foam of every glass
served some time ago in this bar
it is possible to solemnly perceive
(under certain angles of light)
the color of the patrons' dreams.
But it's not only the agile whistle
(like vipers licking)
of the playing cards slithering
across the table.
It's not the colossal and vulgar
roar either
of the dices breaking up the outlines.
One by one, the parishioners
nervously whispered the hand.
With the serene and suspicious attitude
of a weird fortune teller
they were leaving their own lives in the game.
And the little sweat drops
which magically sprout from their guts
like pearls in the middle of the dark
tragically betrayed them.
The patrons then, one by one
abandoned the cards
and leaving half empty glasses
they moved across the mysterious and cryptic garden.
Like the first possessed
there was no need to show credentials.
One by one, with picks and spades on their shoulders,
with their own inventory of miseries
step by step
they were entering to the cold garden...

Carlos Soto Román was born in Valparaíso, Chile. He has published the books *La Marcha de los Quiltros* (The Mongrel's march, 1999), *Haiku Minero* (Miner Haiku, 2007) and *Cambio y Fuera* (Over and Out, 2009). His work has been collected in *Bar* (Anthology, 2006) and in *Pozo* (collective book, 2007). In 2004 he received the Creation Fellowship of the Book & Reading Council of the Chilean Government. He has resided in Philadelphia since March 2009 and is the editor of the new cooperative anthology of U.S. poetry, *Elective Affinities*.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Charles P. Ries

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [charles p ries](#) /

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

Why I Gave Up Writing and Joined the Circus

I left it all; the paper and pens, publishers and agents who could not love my inner fantasy and joined the circus.

The make-up, big nose and fancy pants helped me overcome my feelings of obscurity. I created an identity grander than my literary art. I now have something worth writing about.

I married the fat lady, she gave birth to a midget; I learned to swallow swords, made friends with a contortionist who told me to turn my pens into pretzels, and live like a real man.

The Composition of Tears

At your grave I shed 10,000 tears
Letting each fall into a small rose colored bottle

Half of these I pour onto your coffin
They become the river you will sail home on

The other half I pour onto a tray of silver
Under the bright midday sun they evaporate
Leaving only their salt white essence

With this talcum I powder myself in sorrow and sun light,
I recall the day of your birth and mourn for you

Roses and tear drops Roses and blood drops

On this Page

[Why I Gave Up Writing and Joined the Circus](#)

[The Composition of Tears](#)

[My Cat's Human](#)

[Exit Strategy](#)

[About the Poet](#)

Her dog
Her sister
Her butler
Her mother
Her hair stylist

Gerta saw it all against her inner astral cineplex.

I didn't know I was once a charming pistol packing pescalero
a handsome Mexican bandit who charmed Elaine
(in an earlier even more succulent form)
to indulge my desires.

Irresistible under a vast pecan tree.
The Milky Way strung over our heads.
I pick the flower she willingly offers me.
We melt into the warm night—two sentient beings
as happy as two souls beings could ever be.

She, the sheriff's daughter
 virgin, sixteen, flawless
 filled with secret flames

Me, hanging from a pecan tree
 limp, twitching, forlorn
 looking a bit bewildered

Too many lives to hold in one small boat.
Yet on we sail, east to paradise
 fighting our way toward enlightenment,
 the only exit strategy
 for two weary souls.

Charles P. Ries lives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His narrative poems, short stories, interviews, and poetry reviews have appeared in over two hundred print and electronic publications. He has received four Pushcart Prize nominations for his writing. He is the author of *The Fathers We Find*, a novel based on memory and five books of poetry. Most recently he was awarded the Wisconsin Regional Writers Association "Jade Ring" Award for humorous poetry. He is the former poetry editor for *Word Riot* and a former member of the board at the Woodland Pattern Book Center. Charles is Co-Chairman of the Wisconsin Poet Laureate Commission. He will have two books of poetry published in early 2010: *Girl Friend & Other Mysteries of Love* that will be published by Alternating Current Press, Leah Angstman, Editor. And *I'd Rather Be Mexican* that will be published by Cervena Barva Press, Gloria Mindock, Editor. He is a founding member of the Lake Shore Surf Club, the oldest fresh water surfing club on the Great Lakes. You may find additional samples of his work at Literati.net.



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

Fox Chase Review

D.B. Cox

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [d b cox](#) /

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

one-story house

rotting & rundown
sits like the corrupted
centerpiece
of a dying neighborhood
staring
eye-like windows
front door
torn away—gaping
like an open mouth
with nothing to say
murky hallways
always half-lit
by the yellow glow
of glass pipes
where only those
in-the-know
can decode the lexicon
spray-painted along
fractured walls
low-slung cars
crawl the boulevard
injecting sub-sonic
bass lines
into the twilight
bad-ass backing track
for well-strapped gangs
banging both sides
of the block
settling old scores
over scars as cold
as tagged toes
behind stainless steel
freezer doors down
at the city morgue
nightly play of d.o.a.

On this Page

[one-story house](#)

[blaze](#)

[exit](#)

[dust-off](#)

[About the Poet](#)

where no one
gets a curtain call—
revolving
blue-light reflections
caught in the glass
of one-story windows
on the street
where the lost
keep house

blaze

1.
friday-night party
cisco rediscovers
old rage
from old places
& cuts down his brother
with a cheap lock-blade
he bought
from a display case
at the “qwik-mart”
nothing could stop
the startled kid
from bleeding out
right there
on the dance floor
under the twisted
crepe paper
& red balloons

2.
thirty days
back from iraq
jeffrey
shadowed
in the light
of a 40-watt bulb
past the point
where hope breaks
blows out his brains
easy as a candle
& drops facedown
an unstrung puppet
on the basement floor
no one
not his mother
not his father
not his friends
had noticed
the night in his eyes

3.
the last light
on the ward
has been doused
& the broken soldier
can feel the void
that stretches out
from his petrified body
in every direction
360 degrees of seclusion
dead
as a disconnected phone
again he dreams
of reaching
into the black absence
& finding something
to hold onto
maybe
a wayfaring angel
who might allow
a little unexpected mercy
& lift him above
this house of stone
back to days of grace
& the face of a kid
singing to himself
as he plays alone

someday
i'm gonna leave this place
where everything
is broken
fuck all of these
weary musings
on the human state
i'll move
back in the woods
down by the river
live in a tree
start a devolution
roll back in time
to ooze & slime
before
the fateful lightning strike
ignited this crazy blaze
down a dead-end road

exit

"even death will have exits like a dark theatre" —Charles Bukowski

felony face
cuts down the alley

like a cold breeze
police sirens
sing the same name
as last night
darkness covers
the bloody footprints
of a young desperado
as he stumbles
inside the gentleman's
john—rundown Exxon—
a spider-cracked mirror
hides out-of-luck eyes
hard as Roman nails—
bony back to the wall
he slips to the floor
laughing
at nothing at all
shaky tones falling
into a full-blown hack
bell-cracked saxophone
bouncing
death-rattle tones
round & round
the obscene sanctuary—
top floor of hell
holding cell
that smells
like a waiting room
for the cemetery

dust-off

clean-collar commuters
peer from the cover
of stylish shades
taking secret comfort
in a pathetic apparition
wrapped
in an army overcoat
nose down—
an overturned boat
in a pool of piss
baptized
purified
crucified
in the mute humility
of his own guilt
forever refighting
unfinished battles
tangled in green
triple-canopy dreams
while inside crusty

rust-filled ears
the white noise
of distant city traffic
hums like a "huey"
spectral medevac
searching for a soul
lost more
than forty years ago
somewhere along
the mekong river

DB Cox is a blues musician/writer from South Carolina. He can often be found in the early-morning hours bent over a Fender Stratocaster guitar in roadhouses, honky tonks, and juke joints throughout the South. His poems and short stories have been published extensively in the small press in the US and abroad. He has published five books of poetry. His first chapbook, *Passing For Blue*, was published by Rank Stranger Press. Two other chapbooks, *Lowdown* and *Ordinary Sorrows*, were published by Pudding House Publications. Main Street Rag published his first full-length collection entitled *Empty Frames*. A new chapbook called *Nightwatch* has just been released by Pudding House Publications.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

David Blaine

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

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

New Track Record

The Dow
The Nasdaq
and a man from Secaucus

with a tip on the second
at Santa Anita.

The gelding, *Litigious*
stands twelve hands high

with a jockey whose interests
are fully vested.

*It's just the right time
to invest in a lawsuit.*

If I were a betting man—

but I'm not.

His tip seems attached
to such a long shaft.

They also serve who only stand and wait.
—Milton

And you've been standing for damned near ever.
Standing by the way while others pull the strings,
Standing in the rain, unsure to stay out or come in,
Standing by the sideline as the world is subjected

On this Page

[New Track Record](#)

[They also serve
who only stand and
wait.](#)

[The Endless Pursuit](#)

[About the Poet](#)

To another football metaphor.

The meek may inherit the earth but remember,
The earth was never meant to be The Kingdom.

All that's necessary is for good men to do nothing.

So stand and wait, my good man,

Stand and wait.

The Endless Pursuit

With the last of the purple skylight
come certain private conversations

birds fall silent in the gloaming
like a flute fading away
at this life-or-death moment.

This is no whispered romance
but excess baggage:

the promise of a card from Budapest
left over from the panicked days

a fifty franc note
the only residual good will.

You'd offered yourself—
the first buckling bloom in spring snow

only to be blown across the yard
like last year's leaves
bagged and dragged to the curb.

But ice eventually recedes
just as your blossom continues to unfold.

The man with the jumping frogs
will tell you
any standing water
will eventually bubble with tadpoles

and a wise Spanish seductress
should continue to do her thing.

David Blaine, the writer not the magician, lives and works with his family in rural Michigan. David has had poetry, fiction, essays, reviews and interviews published widely online and in print. His last book of poems, *Antisocial*, was

published in 2009 by Outsider Writers Press. David is presently the cigar editor at *The Smoking Poet* and a frequent contributor to the *Outsider Writers'* blog.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Grace Andreacchi

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

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

Bahnhof Briesen

I stood in the dark
for twenty minutes
with ladies who love you
Our breath made clouds
on the frosty air
We avoided the subject
I said I loved Germany
especially the Punctlichkeit
so of course the train
was ten minutes late
I felt light-headed
what with cold and music
and lack of food I
felt my heart had been
scooped out leaving
a cold dark place
where I could still
hear you

Grace Andreacchi is an American-born novelist, poet and playwright. Works include the novels *Scarabocchio* and *Poetry and Fear*, *Music for Glass Orchestra* (Serpent's Tail), *Give My Heart Ease* (New American Writing Award) and the chapbook *Elysian Sonnets*. Her work appears in *Horizon Review*, *The Litterateur*, *Cabinet des Fées* and many other fine places. Grace is also managing editor at [Andromache Books](#) and writes the literary blog [Amazing Grace](#). She lives in London.



On this Page

[Bahnhof Briesen](#)

[About the Poet](#)

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

Fox Chase Review

J.P. Dancing Bear

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [j p dancing bear](#) /

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

Canvas

for Karen Craigo

Like a painter, the world is always being reborn before your canvas. Sometimes it is a child playing in the open, sometimes a tower with impossible scaffolding. You think of a shrouded figure, a refugee from one of Bergman's dreams. Other times trees rise up like a hand ready to swat away any annoyances. Brick by brick, how things are built or decay things are revealed—the inner workings. You sit and observe. Take it all in, you were exhaling paint only moments ago, as ghosts fell into the sky like clouds. Even now, someone is dreaming of painting you just like this.

Night Café

for Sheri Swaner

You are sailing across the street
under a blue night with anxious stars.
You've made it to the café with it's tables
and chairs. There is still the smell
of tonight's special wafting out of the kitchen.
Something with lemon and fish.
You sit down—before you know you've done it.
You order an espresso although it'll keep you
up all night. That's okay, you desire it for the smell
more than for the drinking. All the warm light
of the café seems to be rushing out upon you.
The small cup arrives. People are floating
up and down the street. You are sipping in the hot rich
darkness—so what if you stay awake—

On this Page

[Canvas](#)

[Night Café](#)

[About the Poet](#)

it's a gorgeous night and you've decided you could live
forever in this one moment

J. P. Dancing Bear is the author nine collections of poetry, most recently, *Inner Cities of Gulls* (SalmonPoetry, 2010). His poems have been published in *DIAGRAM*, *No Tell Motel*, *Third Coast*, *Natural Bridge*, *Shenandoah*, *Bateau*, *Verse Daily* and others. He is editor for the *American Poetry Journal* and Dream Horse Press.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Jane Lewty

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

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

Attempt to Write an Alba (Only Poet To Hand Being Charles Wright)

from a blast of spite and mind your choke spooned self leaves the sidle and whine of
brakes seal it all in a downspout end of rain wisteria coiled and rivulet against a barn held
as part of a set scene i choke you choke

words no sooner uttered I bent sheeted with restive roll of neck throw light into a fact
too slowly so here and wait badly by design with a turning shoulder sheeted the silencita
is mine last dumb octave to do how I wish

squatting on layers of hard clay where oil canisters clot the streambed there's no stave of
wires above no no anything what I want is a great machine clack charging over rock over
land so like you and I our processional stamp our fleet of arrival

but you've not a scratch you've augured backwards or elsewhere no matter execute execute
a turn and shut those new eyes hear the day it goes on comes on its clabber of names rising
joining sad day of candid ash and truancy bare as the back of your hand

Jane Lewty is the co-editor of *Broadcasting Modernism* (University Press of Florida, 2009) and *Pornotopias: Image, Apocalypse, Desire* (Litteraria Pragensia, 2010). Her poems and reviews can be found in *MAKE*, *The Laurel Review*, *Blazevox*, *Otoliths*, *Mid)rib* and others



On this Page

[Attempt to Write an Alba \(Only Poet To Hand Being Charles Wright\)](#)

[About the Poet](#)

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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Joe Roarty

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

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

Circus

I hav wrkd w/ a many drunks they hav tot me many things

I wrkd w/ chester on th circus th first time I saw him he was drunk passd out in his bunk on nth truk

- he'll wake up wn we take th tent down

I drank w/ chester during th lon afrnoons between putting th th tent up & taking it down that was until chester got 2 drunk & startd missing th nite shift

- how can someone do that 2 thmslvs?

I wishd th fukkr wd leave th show so they wd hire somebody els

-how can u let yrself gt that bad?

Aftr awhile billy who was n th lowr bunk sd

don't think
about that shit

one day

I com home

From school &

my mothrs ded

she shot hrself w my rifl

now

I don't think about that

watt wd I do if I spnt all my time w/ my mind on that?

Billy left th show aftr trying 2 borrow \$20 & stealing one of my shirts

th net morning whitey th sideshow boss punhd chester out & thn fired him

that nite all th roughneks wer gttng reddy 2 rap up th big top th huge canvas was spred on th ground we stood n th glare of th floods gripping its eds otto was th bigtop boss a squad car pulld up 2 th lot 2 cops got out & wnt ovr 2 otto

-i have no time for this I must gt this job don

th cops got him ovr 2 the squad car they opnd th bak door & otto lookd n as they talkd 2 him thr blue flashr squald ovr th hole scene otto suddenly straitnd up

I han no time for this

On this Page

[Circus](#)

[About the Writer](#)

I don't know that man
that is not man
that is animal
I hav no time

w/ that he charged off th cops stood around for awile until at last gttng n th squad
turning off th beacon & driving away

th following morning th circus left for th nxt town that afternoon we wr drinking around
th truks wn who do we see sting on a bench across th street but chester som
guys wnt over & gave him som change a downpour startd we sat n th truks letting th
cool air n watching it rain chester was a grey blur thru th torrent

th next day th weathr was wors whitey saw th sideshow tent, his job, flapping in a hi
wind whitey had run away 2 join th circus as a boy, repeatedly, until finally nobody
came 2 bring him bak th first time I saw him he was xposing himself 2 someone across
th midway he stood n th doorway 2 his truk, his cok hanging down, laughing he shook
my hand -yr my nu man- he sd chester was ok as long as he stuk 2 beer

whitey also ran th elefant act th act before that was a clown act th clown had a small
son who had opn heart suregery 2 big pink scars crisscrossed his chest he was about
10 & seemd 2 hav an advancd gnawlej of sex as we wrkd he wd comment on watt chester
probably liked

-i bet u like it like that chester he sd aftr one nvolvd scenario chester turnd & startd n
th boys direction th boy ran out of range before wheeling, thrusting his face forward,
tong twisting n his opn mouth

th clowns wife took tikkets for th sideshow whitey was banging hr n th tent before th
bigtop startd one nite as I sat by th truk waiting for hr 2 go n th ntent w th tikkt box I
saw the clown standing n th shado of another truk a hand gun gleamd dimly but she just
left the tikkt box out & returnd 2 th bigtop aftr awile he popkkted th gun & left

once whitey describd his youngr days lring 2 wrk th elefants he wrkd w/ another guy
& thy wr rivals for th job

- clyde wd put an elefants eye out for nothing he hit thm around th eyes all th time
one time we got into it w/ th hooks-

Elefant hooks wr 3-foot long stakes w a steel hook on th nd usd for guiding or
prodding or whacking th elefants

-he stooppd wn I got him here- whitey reachd ovr & jabbd 2 fingrs into the soft
triangle wher my collarbone joind my shouldr

-we was n th hospital gttn blood transfusions for 3 days aftr that
chester sd whitey was ok as long as he stayd off wine & pills

I thot he was an asshole we had an old man on our crew, an old drunk who cdnt wrk
much one day he cut his leg th old man kept gttng sikkr & th leg uglier

I sd whitey we need 2 do something

he sd ok bu nevr did anything

days passd I saw th old mans eyes as he lay sik n his bunk he was resignd 2 th fact
whitey was just waiting 2 kik him off th show I kept bring it up until for som reasn
whitey sd ok & drove him 2 th emergency room

later we wr pitching th show on a blacktop parking lot thr was a mekaniel drivr 2 drive
th spikes 2 hold th tents as it wrkd on th bigtop it broke down

fuk I sd this will take all day

no it won't whitey ansrd we'll pitch th sideshow by hand

whitey grabbd one of th 3-foot spike & a hammr using his rist he began drving it
down th blacktop broke up easily

we began driving th stakes it was a hot erly summr morning one of whiteys buddy
showd up w a jiggr of martinis th guy pourd me a martini as I drank he laffd
- that's watt th folks on th hill drink

we wnt bak 2 wrk, beginning by holding th hammr hi w/ our fists, thn sliding down th
handl, gradually ncreasing our swing, finishing w/ wide arcs putting our hole bodies
into it as we swung at full throttle whiteys pal chantd

break an arm
break a leg
break an ankl
break yr head

I was swetting like a pig th bigtop got th automatic drivr going agn

-we shd have waitd

-we'll beat that drivr- whitey began 2 sing swinging th hammr long raggd swings

I got a job
make a grown man cry
I got a job
make a grown man cry
ride that glory train
on th day I die

I will liv
until I die
o I will liv
until I die
ride that glory train
up into th sky

I will ride
that glory train
I will ride
that glory train
no more trouble
no more pain

th next day I had a hi fever, a continous dream n th hevvy smell of th bunk, th darknss
of th truk, & pale faces drifting n & out it ook th old man days 2 pestr whitey nto
taking me 2 th hospital

as I lay on th cold xaminging tabl th nurs lookd at me

-u shd b w/ yr mama

That & beating up chester clued me n on whitey

Now, whitey looked up & saw his tent waving n a hi wind he tried 2 gt me & th old
man 2 stabilize th poles but I didn't no watt I was doing & th old man had no strength
Whitey saw chester sting on th ground across th lot he wnt over 2 him they stood &
Talkd, thn shook hands shcester follwd whitey ovr 2 us one of his eyes was blood
red ew shook his hand he was a lazarus 2 us together we secured th poles on wet ground

Aftr that chester wrkd th bigtop one afternoon he left th lot as usual 2 drink that
was th last anyone saw him som mn saw him at a bar a few bloks away they wr th
last 2 himm

Joe Roarty is a performance artist who has performed his work across the United States. Born in Pittsburgh and a long time resident of Chicago, he currently resides in the Philadelphia area and is known to read at venues in Philadelphia and New York.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

john dorsey

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

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

second hand unicorns

for Todd Moore

here sirens chime like church bells in a tombstone factory
and i think of you
how you will never
get to shoot at dragons
with a tommy gun on the streets of laredo

how lorca came back
as a firefly his wings dipped in blood

how there is never enough time for anything

how we seem to
live our lives in dog years

when it is my time
i want to be reborn
as a second hand unicorn

i want to be
a citizen of oz again
clicking my heels
together in a arizona dust storm

i want to be
a fly on all
of the walls in heaven

a tumbleweed on the
very last breath of the dead

i want to come back
on the lips of dreamers
on the mouths of young lovers

i want to believe

On this Page

[second hand
unicorns](#)

[no help wanted](#)

[the way things
were in 1981](#)

[the village people
of las vegas, NM](#)

[About the Poet](#)

that all being an outlaw
really means is having
the ability to love

i want to wake up dreaming
a tune i can't remember the words to
your last poem tucked inside
my heart like a bullet

like a secret
that will only
come out in song

no help wanted

i want to write
a confession along the
coastlines of your
lips tapping my fingers
against the wind every
morning jesse james becomes
a dove inside my skin

no help wanted i
hold in a tired
breath you write a
sonnet become a love
poem every day you
tell me just breathe
signs are everywhere smiling
wide war can turn
grown men into beauty
queens there are flowers
only death can smell
here we plant seeds
of love in red earth
the poet's blood painted
on rocks printer's ink
is a pleasant memory

i wear jack gilbert's
tired gloves my heart
covers the sun it
is a puzzle i
can feel you gently
warming up to

the way things were in 1981

for adam walsh

in 1981 i had
a pete's dragon sleeping bag
that resembled the alamo
back then i threw
kisses at the wind
as a form of
prayer sometimes i wish
could go back there
with a flashlight 5yrs old
i'd take a bus
to hollywood florida
adam walsh and i
would go rollerskating through the
aisles of heaven and i would
ask him "what do
you want to be
when you grow up?"
whatever he chose i'd
be proud of him
and i would remind
him not to talk
to strangers i would
say that i was
from the future and
that when i looked into
his eyes all i
could see was a
ghost clutching a rosary

back then i remember
thinking that the local
newscaster was the president
he always looked so
serious that was the
year my mother took
me to the movies for the
first time and my
dad bought me a
comic book in niagra falls
on a family vacation
i didn't tell them
that you were reason
that i feared going
into department stores and that
i once saw an
angel on the side
of a wal-mart ringing
a salvation army bell
that looked a lot
like you and that i
was always afraid that
they'd steal the stars
out of the sky
with a butterfly net

because i always
wanted to name one
after you it always
felt like we were
brothers only you were
an invisible celebrity and
i was a nameless boy
i bet your mother
still cries some nights
howling in the wind
where i left those
boyhood kisses i hope
they comfort you now

In 1981 i believed
seeing was believing
but now the most
powerful things in the
world seem to be invisible
and now as i
listen by my window
garbage trucks rumble like
the shadows of invisible gods
their music offering blessings
to the quick and the dead

the village people of las vegas, NM

we notice bed rolls
off the highway as
the road turns to gravel and dirt
locals refer to this as "the village"

a squatter cleans a rusty blade
by the light of the moon
wearing a deer skull
fashioned like a paper party hat

i look down
at the sky and think
insomnia is a lonely
form of time travel

restless i tattoo tiny tornadoes
on the stomach
of prairie dogs

John Dorsey currently resides in Toledo, Ohio. He is the author of several collections of poetry, including *Teaching the Dead to Sing: The Outlaw's Prayer* (Rose of Sharon Press, 2006), and *Sodomy is a City in New Jersey* (American Mettle Books, 2010). His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize.

Photo of John Dorsey with Todd Moore, photo by S.A. Griffin



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Lisa Alexander Baron

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [lisa alexander baron](#) /

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

Reading the Alphabet of Trees

To my Father

*

I drive north in winter, stare
at the dark fierceness
of thin-brown trees gathered
in packs along the highway—
so close, so dense,
sunlight falls only as thread
between branches.

*

Is there an alphabet
within the trees? The myth of you
driven to icy cliffs to drift
among the last bloodline
of weak-hearted dragons.
The trees: a makeshift home
where the dead practice
safe vision. The bulbs of your eyes
blinking with theirs.

*

Perhaps your spirit will take shape
in a small, slight animal
and speak. Some form
of soft-footed grace. Or simply
return a single, white feather
off the back of a displaced
dove in December: lingerer of peace
you want me to see, so I might
let your absences go.

**First published in LIPS, and from the chapbook, Reading The Alphabet of Trees (Finishing Line, 2007)*

On this Page

[Reading the
Alphabet of Trees](#)

[About the Poet](#)

Lisa Alexander Baron's latest chapbook is *Reading the Alphabet of Trees* (Finishing Line, 2007). Her poetry has been published in *Paterson Literary Review*, *LIPS*, *Green Hills Literary Lantern*, *Potomac Review*, *The Comstock Review*, *Mad Poets Review*, *Philadelphia Poets*, and others. She is a retired lawyer and soon-to-retire high school English teacher from the Philadelphia area. She is married to the poet Bill Van Buskirk and is otherwise ruled by her daughter, son, and fox terrier, Kazoo.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Noah D. Cutler

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [noah d cutler](#) /

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

Breakfast at Sal's

Yesterday was a long, late-summer Saturday in New York City, and I went to bed so exhausted last night that I never saw even the smallest part of Sunday morning. Whatever vitality the day's physical activities had not drained from me, the steamy streets had, and it was not until about twelve forty-five this afternoon that I returned to the land of the living in the merciful darkness of my sparsely furnished bedroom. As I did so, in a most gradual progression of sentience to be sure, my first conscious awareness was of the constant hum emanating from the aged window air conditioner that had stood guard all night as I slept, keeping the hot, humid breath of the city off of the back of my radiating, sunburned neck. Nothing else comes into existence for me for what seems like an hour or more, but, in reality, is only a couple of minutes passing by in the extreme slow motion that is known only to one who straddles the boundary between complete wakefulness and the foggy land of Morpheus.

At last, I begin to open my eyes, and, after some moments of negotiating with myself, I leap from my bed, just barely achieving the necessary velocity to escape the orbit of my dreams. Then, with no small measure of effort and steps that are somewhat less than precise, I manage to free myself from the considerable gravitational pull that can be exerted by a mattress and pillow on a lazy Sunday in August, navigating a tenuous path around the end of my bed and then into my bathroom, a small white box filled with cool, hexagonal tiles and shiny, vitreous porcelain fixtures. The bathroom is a bit brighter than the room where I have slept, but, even so, within its cool, ceramic precincts, the searing heat of the urban skillet sizzling just beyond my walls still seems worlds away.

I cannot function until I've brushed my teeth and shaved, in that order, and, until I do, there is a very real danger that I could yet slip back under the influence of the shamelessly seductive linens of my bed chamber, succumbing to their siren song of blissful repose; so, much like Ulysses, I lash myself to the mast and, with great strength of purpose, reach for my usual implements of good grooming and personal hygiene. Each stroke of my toothbrush and razor is a small step toward beginning my new day in earnest, and, as I complete my daily toilet and rinse the shaving cream off of my razor, I break through the diurnal divide and leave yesterday in the wake of my past.

With the new day, my body dispenses with formalities and moves on to new business. My stomach growls. Food; I must have food! But food in the house is a luxury enjoyed only by those who occasionally go shopping, and that is a species other than my own; so I'm compelled to call upon all of my reserves of energy and courage and venture out into the scorching streets to visit my newfound friends, Angelo and Vito, around the corner at the local pizzeria.

Sal's (I have no idea who Sal is) is on First Avenue, just above 80th Street. Angelo is always there. Whenever I go, day or night, Angelo can be found behind the counter kneading, twirling and tossing

On this Page

[Breakfast at Sal's](#)

[About the Writer](#)

dough and sprinkling his marble slab with flour like a magician's magic dust. He seems to manage the place, but with a gentle hand, not like an owner. Angelo speaks passable English, although not too fancy and seasoned with a heavy flavor of Napoli. He has gentle, kind eyes and a charming smile. Everyone likes Angelo.

Vito is usually there as well, although not quite as often as Angelo. Vito does not have Angelo's good looks, and he has very little English; but he bridges the gaps well with a toothy smile, a bob of the head, an occasional shrug of the shoulders, an expressive, rubbery face, a library of hand gestures and an unmistakable spirit of friendship and goodwill. This is a man who can say things with body language that many of us find difficult to express with a college degree in one hand and a thesaurus in the other. Everyone loves Vito, too.

Sometimes Tony also works at *Sal's*, when Vito is off and as a third man on busier nights. No one knows much about Tony. He's younger than Angelo and much younger than Vito, but it would be very hard to guess his age with any degree of precision. He is taller and darker than the other two, and you almost never hear him speak. When Angelo and Vito speak to him it's always in Italian, and Tony diligently avoids waiting on customers, so my guess is that he is new to America and speaks virtually no English. He seems very shy, but much of that may stem from the insecurity of being in a new country without the benefit of the language of the land. I, of course, can empathize, having occasionally traveled to parts of Brooklyn, where I have felt similarly on my own.

Sal's is not a fancy place. It isn't one of those brick oven, wood-fired, we-must-have-lunch-some-time pizza emporiums that you find on the East Side in the Sixties and Seventies and also sprinkled here and there among the other enclaves of the well-to-do in Manhattan. *Sal's* is a workaday neighborhood pizza joint, not that 80th and First Ave is a blue-collar intersection, but it's certainly not the *Ritz*. In this neighborhood you don't find a lot of people who own or run companies; you don't find people who sit on the boards of fashionable charities; you don't find the cream of the professions; and you don't find the privileged scions of old money. They live closer to the river, closer to Central Park, closer to the U.N. or closer to God, but they don't live here—I do.

Don't misunderstand me; there are some buildings in this neighborhood that are fairly tall and reasonably modern. They have elevators that work, and many even have doormen. These are the residences of middle managers, two income households, upwardly mobile professionals and the like. But the rest of us live more humbly in the interstices, and many of us could not afford to live here at all if we were not clever or lucky or both. I, for one, live in a furnished, rent-controlled one bedroom apartment that I am able to afford only because I found three guys from Brooklyn willing to chip in toward the rent in return for the convenience of having a *pied-a-terre* in the City for the occasional weekend out or a night on the town that turns lucky. I cling very precariously to the lowest rung of the housing market, and *Sal's* is my kind of place.

I reach the doorway of the little restaurant about one minute before I reach my temperature of sublimation, and, after a brief exchange of *Bongiornos* with Angelo, I order a large pie with sausage and extra cheese, knowing that whatever I cannot consume for brunch will make a perfect Sunday dinner. I clown around with my Neapolitan friend as he makes my pie, and, when he slides it into the oven and turns to answer the phone, I scoot into the back room to scout out a booth and escape any influence of the scorching hot oven.

It's my lucky day. Only two of the booths are occupied—one by a seemingly married couple of thirtysomethings and one by a seemingly married couple of fortysomethings—leaving me my choice of the other four tables, and I find one on which someone had been kind enough to leave me the *Sunday Times*, a virtual bonanza for a young man of humble means. First I glance through the sexy ads in the magazine section, all of which are touting fashions and other goods that are clearly out of my bracket, and then I peruse the movie listings to see if anything is playing nearby that is capable of inducing me to part with the budget-busting price of admission. But before I am able to check them all out, Angelo appears bearing my steaming, pomidoran breakfast on a round aluminum serving pan and the usual

expression of pride on his handsome face.

"Grazie, Angelo," I say with unbridled gusto. "This will be the best breakfast I've had in a month!"

The four other diners, having heard my animated and fortissimo declaration to my pizza making friend, all turn and look in my direction as I begin to devour my late-in-the-day bachelor's breakfast with enthusiastic delight. The women, interrupting their constant flow of chatter and complaints, clearly are wondering why anyone would be eating pizza for breakfast and why I would be having my breakfast so late in the day, and, accordingly, their expressions clearly convey to me a touch of disapproval as well as no small measure of self-righteous pity. But the men are an entirely different story and gaze upon me with a very different look in their eyes—an unmistakable mix of one part nostalgia, one part admiration and two parts pure, unmitigated envy.

As with most things in life, the truth lies not at either extreme, but somewhere in the middle. I am, at the same time and by the same actions, both enviable for my freedom and solitude and pitiable for my loneliness and lack of structure. Regardless, at the present moment I am ready to begin eating my pizza—my hot, gooey, aromatic breakfast pizza—and I cannot be bothered with life's great debates. So, with skillful use of my left thumb, index finger and middle finger, I curve my first slice just enough to give it some structural rigidity, thereby keeping its pointed end from drooping and shedding its mantle of molten cheese; and, thus positioned, I am poised to take my first delicious bite, while my right hand remains free to continue my search through the entertainment section of my massive Sunday paper. Accuse me of being shallow, if you will, but, right now, from where I sit in a booth at *Sal's*, life is very good!

Noah Cutler is a retired real estate lawyer living in St. Davids, Pennsylvania. He enjoys writing essays and novels, as well as writing and performing his poetry. Short stories are a very recent genre for him, and he is excited about the new adventures it is providing.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Ocean Vuong

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

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

Burning House

for Peter

We have sinned, but remain
beautiful. And now
this house is burning. Their torches rain
like the fragments of a shattered sun.
Their eyes glisten through
the flame's curved fingers.

Let them see us, framed through what's left
of windows, the way we expire—
fingers re-learning flesh
for the last time, our bodies
wrapped in this throne of arms
while the pictures we hung are bursting
into golden blossoms of memory.

I want to burn haloed with your scent,
wreathed in vestiges of your fading.
As each flame igniting on your skin
meets my tongue, you tell me
our story, of the phoenixes
who flew without feathers, you speak
until your voice is no more
than the crackling of burning bones.

And when these walls collapse, cascading
in streams of ash and shadows,
they will find us here:
smoldered shells shrouded
in red feathers, my tongue crumbling
in my lover's mouth.

What Light Cannot Reveal

On this Page

[Burning House](#)

[What Light
Cannot Reveal](#)

[Grief](#)

[About the Poet](#)

but see instead
a streetlamp
lighting the corpse
of a murdered city.

//

After the storm, earthworms
writhe on sidewalk.
Night, too slow in coming
will not save them.
The crow's foot
already twitching
on the bough.

The calendar
has been *January*
for months. Its edges
the shade of urine.
I step outside
to look for your face
in the raindrops pearly
on my nose.

The sky is clear.

Ocean Vuong emigrated to the U.S. in 1990 at the age of one and is currently an undergraduate student at Brooklyn College, CUNY. His poems have been nominated for two Pushcart Prizes and appear or are forthcoming in the *Connecticut River Review*, *Word Riot*, *PANK*, *Asian American Poetry* and *SOFTBLOW* among others. He is also a volunteer writer for the Vietnam Literature Project in the aspiration to support and promote the works of Vietnamese authors. He enjoys going streaking in cornfields and practicing Zen Meditation. He lives with an 84 year old roommate in Brooklyn, New York.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Orel Whitten

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

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

Ladders

My first day back
we climbed up ladders
and pried the last remaining
wooden gutter from the roof.

The trough had filled with moss
and it had begun to sag
and soak up water
and pull itself away from the house.

On the ground,
we split the long board into pieces
and tossed every greening length of it
back into the woods.

Each year on the island
means maintenance.

Each year means finding more
of what we know
tangled up with bittersweet
and the sumac's red bloom.

This year, my father
is removing from the shed
an accumulation of rope
and buoys, paint cans and tools.

Mice and decades of mist have passed
so that it has all turned quietly to rust.
And what could not rust
is thread, wrapping delicate skeletons in the corners.

We save from the wreckage
one fine skull
for a shelf of the wood-burning stove.

On this Page

[Ladders](#)

[About the Poet](#)

It is utterly clean,
translucent and wholly intact.
My sister and I count the teeth,
work the jaw like surrogate muscles.

Note the latticework, there.
Picture breath.

Next year we will replace the gutter
with yards of aluminum or tin.
We will trim the sumac some.
We will sigh for the bittersweet in the trees.
We will take from its shelf
the awful ruin, and
open our palms to the sea.

Orel Whitten currently resides in South Korea where he is researching eastern belief systems and folk tales.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Patrick Lucy

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

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

The Color Green Begins as Pale Eggshell

We had no space to discuss
whether Spring hatched new words along with rain
and animal babies as we stood in line waiting
behind the migratory homeless population
for our complimentary lemon water ice.

Tulips, those perennial over-achievers,
did their way through the mulch of discarded spoons
apparently non-pulsed by what we felt
was a serious lack of time-lapse photography.

Over wooden salad bowls Timothy mentioned
the illuminated exit signs didn't seem up to code.
I said the electricity's the same, so. We both admitted
skin is a great part of the excitement and started lifting
again. I ran five times last week.

On Thursday my whole family piled into to-do lists headed for the coast.
I packed for a cold snap and set the timer on my gecko's heat lamp. Lately
I've heard crickets singing in the terrarium but neither one of us can find them.

At the boardwalk in Rehoboth I spotted an older version of Timothy
walking a skinnier version of Kayla. These things happen
increasingly. The cloves of garlic in the beach house cabinet sprouted
as if they knew, even living in the dark.

This time of year should be accompanied by an audible crack.

I called Timothy and left a message.
Small balloons beneath my skin have begun inflating
to make room for a family of sparrows.
In another week I'll be a squawking mess.
I'll need that dictionary. These things happen.

On this Page

[The Color Green
Begins as Pale
Eggshell](#)

[About the Poet](#)

Patrick Lucy's most recent work is featured in the Summer/Fall 2010 edition of *Gulf Coast*. Patrick invites you to visit his blog and ephemeral press at www.catchconfetti.com.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Teresa Leo

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

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

Earth, Hair, Fire, Water

Though we couldn't kiss
or touch each other,

though we kept a good six feet between us,
six parallel lines in a hexagram

that could never intersect,
though you looked at me

like we were two bodies
huddled together on a dock

at a lake in mid-October,
my back to your chest,

arms around me like wind
over water, those six feet,

the water level in a well
that neither lowers nor rises

is not us, but is. Is me leaning
on the counter at the glass shop,

is you buying the fragile blue globe,
is us talking about the salesclerk

in the short skirt and high heels,
the best we could do

without saying *us* or *we*
or *wear that for me someday*.

And because we didn't say it,
or because it was between the lines,

On this Page

[Earth, Hair, Fire,
Water](#)

[Fly Haiku](#)

[About the Poet](#)

the upper trigram, which was water,
at that moment transformed into thunder,

and my hair, tangled from our walk
in early March wind,

skimmed the candle on the counter,
sizzled first and then ignited

into an orange ball
at the side of my head.

It was then the well in you
of never-changing water

suddenly rose to capacity,
swelled and broke the six-foot barrier,

my hair, your hands,
our bodies the reverse of our heads—

out, smolder, flame, blaze,
until you and I became

one dangerous interlocking entity,
the kind of *we* where the things

that were most apparent,
below and behind and beyond the counter,

for one brief, spectacular moment
flashed in our minds, then burned out.

Fly Haiku

You keep to yourself.
Not even a grape disturbed;
I like that you're here.

We work until dark.
I go somewhere in my head,
you go somewhere else.

By morning you're back.
The coffee stays on too long.
Who flips off the switch?

Everything's a mess:
papers piled two feet high;
this suits you just fine.

Wasn't there a time
when you'd have preferred foxglove?
You know I kill plants.

Even the rosebush,
once crazy with pink blossoms,
is losing its heads.

If you could just talk,
or I could see what you see;
a fly on the wall.

You're here a month now.
This must be your way to say:
the windows are closed.

Teresa Leo is the author of a book of poems, *The Halo Rule* (Elixir Press, 2008), winner of the Elixir Press Editors' Prize. Her poetry and essays have appeared in *The American Poetry Review*, *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, *Women's Review of Books*, *New Orleans Review*, *Barrow Street*, *The Florida Review*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Poetry Daily*, *Verse Daily*, *Xconnect*, and elsewhere. She has received fellowships from the Pew Fellowships in the Arts, the Leeway Foundation, and the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts. She works at the University of Pennsylvania.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Vihang A. Naik

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [vihang a naik/](#)

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

Indian Summer

The map of India burns
with flames of passion
when fire is set
against mid-day. You search
the city, lost
in a mirage. The sun fumes.
There is only heat and dust.

The song of a Koel coos
from engines and smoke pipes.
Find yourself in the arms
of summer; a roasting
season
where the smell lingers
of flesh and blood
burning alive.

Buffaloes rest
on muddy waters, and stray dogs
on leakage from gutters.
Summer shadows move
and float upon baked soil.

The wings of a fan persist,
unexhausted. Look out!
Through the iron grills
on the tongue of a dragon
is the boiling sun,
while, locked up, you dream
of rain and thunder.

Summer Hill Devadars

(Shimla 19 June 2001)

On this Page

[Indian Summer](#)

[Summer Hill
Devadars](#)

[About the Poet](#)

They stand.
Tall.
Mute.
Now
since hundred years
bearing witness
with silent hills
that will not speak

the encroached footsteps
of an intimate enemy
where the cold
shadow of death has shaped
over the deep valleys,
they stand.

Tall.
Silent.
Now
since hundred years
making paths
through hills
that will not speak

the in-between lines
of unwritten mutilated stories.

They stand.
Unmoved.
Aged.
the mountain of pain in silence
that will not speak
the forest of untold tales
in white fog of Shimla
covering the body that died screaming
freedom.
The birth pang of India
The stand :
now
a mute witness
of histories.

Vihang A Naik was born in Surat, Gujarat on September 2, 1969. He is India's contemporary poet writing in English. His poems have appeared in such literary journals as *Indian Literature : A Sahitya Akademi Bi-Monthly Journal*, *Kavya Bharati*, *POESIS: A Journal of Poetry Circle, Mumbai*, *The Journal of The Poetry Society (India)*, *The Journal of Indian Writing In English*, *The Journal of Literature and Aesthetics*, *The Poetry Chain* among other significant journals. He is educated from The M.S. University of Baroda with Philosophy, Indian and English Literature.

Four collections of his poetry have been published: *Poetry Manifesto: New & Selected Poems* (2010), *Making A Poem* (2004), *City Times and Other Poems* (1993). His Gujarati collection of poems include *Jeevangeet* (Gujarati Poems) published by Navbharat Sahitya Mandir (Ahmedabad) in 2001, dedicated to the cause of victims of Gujarat Earthquake of January 26, 2001. He also translates poetry written in the Gujarati language into English,



including his own Gujarati language poems.

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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

Vincent John Anacona

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [vincent john anacona](#) /

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

Meaning

You can find it in a church
or at the clinic.
In a textbook
or on the streets.
You can find it in art
or mathematics.
In life or death...
It exists under the sun—
revolves around the sun—
and lies in distant suns.
It is printed up in courtrooms
and spray painted on
bathroom stalls.
It is found on Park Avenue
or in a dumpster.
It lies in ancient Greece
or post modern Tokyo.
It exists somewhere between
the black of the Universe
and a ray of light on the carpet.
You can find it in noise
and in silence.
In activity and stillness.
A college degree
or calloused hands.
It is found in a pill,
at a bath house,
or inside a syringe.
Babies, geriatrics,
diversity, genocide,
fire, water
or a violin.
I suspect it is even
found in suicides.
Still...

On this Page

[Meaning](#)

[About the Poet](#)

I wonder about meaning—
and the meaning
behind it

Vincent John Ancona is currently working on his third collection of poems. He was one of four poets nationwide to receive an honorable mention in the esteemed McGill Poetry Award, and has been published in *The Bicycle Review*, *The Absurdist Monthly Review*, *Web Digest Weekly* and *Maelan Magazine*. His first book of poems, *Introspection*, can be purchased on Amazon.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors