

Fox Chase Review



Fox Chase Review

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

2013 Winter/Spring Contents

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

Writers

Rosebud Ben-Oni	Off the Q
Steve Burke	Gravedigger Reverie
Margaret Campbell	Abstract Poems
Jim Daniels	The St. Vitus Dance of the Factory Floor
Barbara De Franceschi	Harm; Winter on the Brink
Frank Diamond	All Right, Then, Damn It: A Love Poem
Melody S. Gee	The Dead in Daylight
Walter Howard	Twilight Song; Passage
W. Todd Kaneko	Insomnia Song; A Man Walks Into a Bar
MaryAnn L. Miller	Duty; My Student Killed at the Wawa
Bert Moniz	After the Earthquake
John Timpone	Door to the River
Alice Wootson	Choices
Kirby Wright	The Diamond Head Memorial Park after Christmas
R. Scott Yarbrough	Upon My Cousin's Decision To Kill Himself

Fox Chase Review

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

Rosebud Ben-Oni

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [rosebud ben-oni](#) /

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

Off the Q

Did I taste a toadstool
sitting in a white-walled room
off Lincoln and Ocean Avenue,

where the trains no longer keep me awake
passing by below, open and exposed,
the sharp sound of metal and voltage

like a grace note off a drum roll,
the snare head loose and low.
The blinds have never been gentle

with the dawn, the harsh glare
stabbing through like an evangelist
jumping up and down to move

millions. But when I needed hell-fire most,
in the late morning, especially on Shabbat
when I shouldn't be writing at all,

The light fades to a rubbish gray,
and the Q train shakes my solid desk,
the canopy bed— even the floors creak

and shift in protest. Yet I love the lobby
too large and impractical, its yearly
winter gash of a collapsed

floor from above. Then there's the super's boys
who pretend to be *muy padre* when my ceiling
comes loose and the outlets are falling out of the wall,

I'm scared to change the bulb

On this Page

[Off the Q](#)

[About the Writer](#)

in the bathroom fixture, it requires
four hands minimum and a kamikaze spirit.

There are the boys whose father sits outside
in a wheelchair late on school nights
and twice in a year he's risen

to give a shake-down to those
who've dared to follow me home.
Teenage girls hang near the tiny mailboxes

that hold nothing, until the grandmas
come over with their laundry carts
and tell them they'd better get to school,

or they'll always be in this falling apart
and given to leak. Bumper stickers on a 2nd floor
front door proclaims "Jesus loves you"

and across the building lies Prospect Park
where swans stretch their spines in indifference,
enormous trees and the clearest of skylines.

Even deep within I hear the rumble of the train,
and for that reason I'm moved to believe
that Jesus might very well love me,

a Jew who writes on the Sabbath,
as another train rolls in,
though more faintly.

I'm still waiting
for what grows in broken concrete
among the weeds and jagged ends.

A former Rackham Merit Scholar and Leopold Schepp Scholar, [Rosebud Ben-Oni](#) is a playwright at New Perspectives Theater, and at work on a new play. Her work appears in *Arts & Letters*, *B O D Y*, *Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review* and *Puerto del Sol*. Her first book of poems *SOLECISM* is forthcoming from Virtual Artists' Collective in 2013. She's co-editor of *HER KIND*, the official blog of *VIDA: Women in Literary Arts*.



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

Fox Chase Review

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

Steve Burke

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

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

Gravedigger Reverie

I like how we tread upon the earth
soft as a lullaby, I like
how I can estimate the hour
by the shadows of the monuments.

Business of course is good,
cloudy days timeless, but at this moment,
in August heat, the dark soil
doesn't seem an unpleasant place to be.
The transference of warmth
an equitable transaction.

So, leave the backhoe where it is,
hand me my spade; give me the touch,
the shiver of taking away then replacing.

I like the reunions, how the mourners
never rush back to their vehicles,
how, in its own time, the fresh soil settles.

Steve Burke lives in the Mount Airy section of Philadelphia with wife Giselle & daughter Mariah, he has worked for many years as a labor & delivery nurse, and has been writing poetry even longer than that.



On this Page

[Gravedigger
Reverie](#)

[About the Writer](#)

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

Fox Chase Review

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

Margaret Campbell

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

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

Abstract Poems

Chartreuse

The chartreuse of your eyes
spilled onto the map
I was making of paradise,
and there I found us
in a sea of what you saw.
Sit where the blue is
and I will serve you tea.
Later we will visit
the pearl everglades.

A Piece of Sun

It wasn't a sunrise or
sunset but a piece of sun
fallen from the sky
onto the granite.
I sat waiting for you
all day. Except for the sun,
you never came.
I left my scarf behind
to mark where we were not.

Finding Ourselves

After making the bed,
we could see a shape

On this Page

[Abstract Poems](#)

[About the Writer](#)

under the sheet,
but nothing was there.
We ran our hands
over each other
to find ourselves
in the hidden
and the missing.

Seeing the Resemblance

We climbed to the
top of the hill
before we realized
we had forgotten
the baby. The stroller
was empty. Behind us
an old woman asked,
"Is this Chihuahua yours?"
We saw a resemblance.

While Colors Sleep

It is unusual
for young birds
to leave the nest
in the middle
of the night
when most colors
sleep. Mothers
worry in the absence
of color. Cats know why.

Hiding the Triangles

He was always
hiding the triangles
as if he was afraid
she would steal them.
The rectangles and squares
he spread out on the
table. She spent all
day looking for one
triangle to feed herself.

New Colors for Breakfast

At night the colors mated
with one another
to make new colors
for breakfast. A few insisted
on their independence.
He respected
that in colors.
That's what
they liked about him.

The Fluorescent Puce of Truth

She could never get
naked enough,
taking everything off
to get at the truth.
He lifted her up
and dressed her
in fluorescent puce. "I would
never wear this color,"
she said. That is the truth.

Margaret Campbell of Easton, PA has a BA in French from Muhlenberg College and an MA in Comparative Literature from NYU. She studied with Gilbert Sorrentino and Marguerite Young, and in 1995, edited a book entitled *Family: A Celebration*, a collection of essays, poems, and short stories about contemporary and non-traditional families. Since 2003, she has worked with fellow artists to bring language and art together in the following installations at Lafayette College, Northampton Community College, and galleries in Long Island City: "Physical Sentences: James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and Samuel Beckett," "Housedress: the Sheltering Dream," "Reading the Shared Hallucination," "I Stand Here Ironing: Homage to Tillie Olsen," and "Linguaduct: Diagrammed Sentences from *Here is New York*." *The Journal of the American Medical Association* published her poem "Still Life Within the Painter's Heart" in its July 4, 2012 issue and will publish "Hands" in a future issue.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

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

Jim Daniels

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

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

The St. Vitus Dance of the Factory Floor

*When thrown into the den of a hungry lion, the beast merely licked Vitus affectionately.
...Some 16th century Germans believed they could obtain a year's good health by
dancing before the statue of Saint Vitus on his feast day.*

Ed in Dept. 53 painted gold foot-
prints on the factory floor
around his machine—like dance steps:
a pattern to keep him clean
while welding brake-line clips
onto axle housings.

He wore button-down shirts,
slacks, and the steel-
toed dress shoes of management.
Midnights—the foreman cared not.
Spotless Ed, poster boy
for Good Attitude
though it earned him
no more money
and less good will.

Why did we paint those foot-
prints black one night
when he wasn't there?
We cupped our hands
around the dark candle
of cruelty in the dank swirl
the sharp steel clamor.

The next day, we punched in
early to watch his wax face
melt into the numb stare
of the rest of us.

On this Page

[The St. Vitus
Dance of the
Factory Floor](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Jim Daniels' recent books include *Having a Little Talk with Capital P Poetry*, Carnegie Mellon University Press, *All of the Above*, Adastra Press, and *Trigger Man*, short fiction, Michigan State University Press, all published in 2011. *Birth Marks*, BOA Editions, will appear in 2013.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

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

Barbara De Franceschi

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [barbara de franceschi](#) /

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

Harm

Magpie attacks its own reflection
in a window pane,
inside the room you pretend not to notice/
self mutilation
is something you want to forget.
You did not listen when he said
I love you as he left for work,
thoughts too busy with the scars, the blood.
Like the magpie you rely on misguided combat
to survive.

Winter on the Brink

What shall I write with frozen eyes?
There is a stripping back,
a gradual change,
that separation between sight and mind.
Murmurs cross the earth – some inaudible,
others just loud enough to forge doubt.
A new dialogue must be learnt/
somewhere between permafrost and slush.
Visual thinking falls apart, the desert
where I live slides into a seamless pantomime,
red sand struggles to read the script,
ochre days suffer without the sweat-pouring heat.
My dialogue with spade and garden gnomes
will have to be rebuilt on log fires, the simmer of barley soup.
Here there are no alps to ski, no fishing on ice,
no sea to foam against shore and rock,
ah ... but the vista that stretches across ancient plains
where the earth's curvature can be seen on a naked horizon,
where the caw of crows is the only sound you need
to feed the relationship with nature and wild fauna
like kangaroo, goanna, fox.

On this Page

[Harm](#)

[Winter on the Brink](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Seasonal engagement will insist I fall into a time-twist
filled with goose feather quilts,
a grey place with lifestyle side-effects,
a place to examine regeneration
and learn about myself.

Barbara De Franceschi is an Australian poet who lives in the outback mining town of Broken Hill. Her work has been published widely in Australia and also in other countries; she has two collections of poetry *Lavender Blood* 2004 and *Strands* 2009. Since 2010 Barbara has been involved with a programme titled ENRICH (Enhanced Rural Remote Inter-professional Cultural Health) collaboration between Department of Rural Health, University of Sydney and West Darling Arts (an arts and cultural service organisation that operates in partnership with Local and State Government). This is a pilot study to introduce a range of art topics (e.g. creative writing) to under-graduate medical students and health professionals to determine if such programmes can be relevant and beneficial in clinical practices by increasing skills such as observation, interpretation and communication.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

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

Frank Diamond

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

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

All Right, Then, Damn It: A Love Poem

Old man next door
Dying from love
45 years married
Wife gone (what?)
About 45 minutes
We say he lost his love
But he looks for her still
Shakes out the laughs
She's not there
The sunsets, and rain baths
Not there either
Moments of "glad grace"
Jeez, not a friggin' trace
He stands by the memory chute
But they're no substitute
I catch him in his car
Staring beyond the driveway
Ask him, "You OK?"
Tells me it's day-to-day
I know what he means
Man wants to die
Dark hands his only hope
Of seeing love again
There's nothing that rhymes
Or explains away the unending,
Sharp-stabbing grief —
Which leads me to us
That's right, you and me
You've never asked
What you mean to me
If you did I'd just point
Across the way
You never asked
But for once I tell

On this Page

[All Right, Then,
Damn It: A Love
Poem](#)

[About the Writer](#)

You are air and water
And, yes, "shadows deep"
So, now, can we
Get something to eat?
And then later maybe catch
Some serious Zs by the fire?
And murmur, softly murmur,
Our incommunicable joy

Frank Diamond has 30 years writing and editing experience for newspapers, magazines, and television, and is currently the managing editor of *Managed Care Magazine*. Diamond has released a novel, *The Pilgrim Soul*, and a short story collection, *Damage Control*. He's had hundreds of articles and columns published in outlets including the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Philadelphia Daily News* and the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. His short stories have appeared in *Innisfree*, and *Kola: A Black Literary Magazine*. He also wrote the Bloom's Guide (competitor with CliffsNotes) for *The Handmaid's Tale*. Diamond lives in Langhorne, Pa., with his wife, Kate, and daughter, Emily.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

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

Melody S. Gee

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [melody s gee](#) /

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

The Dead in Daylight

Dreams and the dead are for daylight.
If in the dark a dream tries to walk

through my mouth, I bite it back.
If the dream escapes, it will grow

legs and strangle me.
If the dead open my eyes,

I lead them by the hand outside,
where my mother exiles snakes

of incense ash, rotted ancestor
fruit, and clipped hair.

*In mourning, before a funeral,
do not walk through anyone's door. Do not curse
a good home with your white arm band.*

We build no houses for the dead,
and so they come lie with me, staining me

with inky breath. When my mother asks
why I am crying, I tell her *a bad dream*.

The moon brightens her dread.

In the darkness, I speak of dark things.
She hurries from my room.

*On a holiday, do not sweep. Do not bathe.
Let the fortune cling to your oily head.*

My mother's greatest fear is that we
would cause our own misfortune

On this Page

[The Dead in
Daylight](#)

[About the Writer](#)

when there are so many ways to prevent it.
We bow. We cajole. We keep arms length.

*Do not buy a house at the mouth of a street.
Do not extinguish your porch light
the night of a holiday. All bad spirits will come
streaming through your door.*

In the morning there are still shadows
cutting through palm and fig, etched under

every stucco groove. My mother does not search
me for a lightening of my fear. She eats instead.

Mho gong. Do not talk.

A bowl of rice noodles and scrap meat
she chews and chews.

All the darkness she will not hear—she would
iron them to her skin, she would break

her own teeth against their escape, she would
leave me, I am certain of it, pack them all

upon her sacrificial host body,
and give me the empty house, scrubbed

clean of any harm or mother.
So I learned to speak the ash instead.

Spit the raw paste and leave home first.

Melody S. Gee is the author of *Each Crumbling House*, which won the 2010 Perugia Press book prize. Her poems and essays most recently appear in *Connotation Press*, *failbetter*, *The Collagist*, *Copper Nickel*, and *Town Creek Poetry*, among others. She lives in St. Louis, MO with her husband and daughter, and teaches writing at St. Louis Community College.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

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

Walter Howard

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

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

Twilight Song

Feb. 1998

*On the needle's head
love spins*

Lorca

Twilight shadows secret themselves
in the thick of cedar gardens
smooth-fleshed
crowded maples.

Snow—The holy snow—carpets the forest floor
It's white cloak no party to betrayal.
Old Deacon Blackbird, starched in his high collar,
His Prince Albert coat,
Stiffly stations himself on a lone limb.
The wino whispers his ancient song.
Through the leaves the moon painstakingly sifts her soft light

The past has pitched its tent in my blood.
In my head yesterdays shadow box!
Dumb show!
Dim parlor of illusions!
In my flesh the tracks of forgotten kisses burn.
On the needle's head—love spins!

Passage

Oh, when you pass
dark rose
under the wanton moon's gaze.

on the phantom haunted tower's watch
slip through the broken gate

On this Page

[Twilight Song](#)

[Passage](#)

[About the Writer](#)

unnoticed
where the crippled echo stumbles
as the tree's leaves nervously stir
shadows gather
the white carnation blooms
you--never to return...

Your soft cheeks touch
taste of kisses left to die
tenderness of old memories
birth tears.

If you appeared
your eyes—two flames
your hair afire!
your proud pear breasts
pointed to the sun...

I would call your name
I would give myself to certain children
I would plunge into the bottommost folds of the sea
oh troubled poets
I would seek a death
full of light
that consumes.

Walter Howard is a retired history professor, English teacher, and journalist. He is a member of the Longfellow Society, Natick Writers, and the Wayland Poetry Workshop. His poems have appeared in *Motive*, *Longfellow Journal*, *Ibbetson Street Press*, *Journal of Modern Writing*, *Endicott Review*, and others.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

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

W. Todd Kaneko

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [w t kaneko](#) /

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

Insomnia Song

Some nights it's those crickets fiddling
in the hedge, those frogs murmuring in
oily beds the way old men grumble about
loose kneecaps and September frost.
I keep wondering what it's like to breathe
through new skin, how it feels to sing in the dark
and listen to the night chant back. I keep sleeping
pills in the medicine cabinet and refuse
to swallow them.

Some nights I'm a deep sea diver dangling
my feet in the Mariana Trench, my face
trapped in a goldfish bowl. If I could throw
my voice, the ocean would offer to consume
that dull ache of vertebrae, the weight of a star
like heartburn. If I could breathe life
into the shadows of my hands, the barracuda
would slumber under my pillow
where they can do the least harm.

Tonight it's the Milky Way—that brood of tadpoles
coated in the sky's rime, that tangle of threads
spun to trap comets and poisonous fish.
It's hard to ignore what we see with our eyes closed.
It's hard to ignore how much we feel.

A Man Walks Into a Bar

He ignores the monkey with its head in the peanuts, sits
next to you and your chimpanzee friends. He disregards
that wide-mouthed alligator on the table and that gorilla
who forgot his wallet. Outside, the crosswalk crowds

On this Page

[Insomnia Song](#)

[A Man Walks Into a
Bar](#)

[About the Writer](#)

with chickens headed to funerals. The ducks brim with false bravado. Further off, the man's daughter lies

to her boyfriend about her dead father. Your mother threw her husband out and now just sits around the house.

When the man starts to tell you about his family troubles, you stop him—you have heard that one before.

W. Todd Kaneko lives and writes in Grand Rapids, Michigan. His work has appeared in *Bellingham Review*, *Los Angeles Review*, *Southeast Review*, *Lantern Review*, *NANO Fiction*, *the Collagist*, and elsewhere. He has received fellowships from Kundiman and the Kenyon Review Writers Workshop. He teaches at Grand Valley State University.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

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

MaryAnn L. Miller

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [maryann l miller](#) /

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

Duty

Last weekend, when I cared for him
in our childhood home, after surgery,
my brother said the cold of his pistol
made his incision feel better.

In the kitchen, a mousetrap snapped in my hand
like a shot in the sunlight.
I ladled hot chicken broth
into his washed cup.

I slept in Mother's dusty bed surrounded
by statues of saints and plastic roses
and I worried
about reanimated rodents gnawing on my elbows.

Brother had planted grass in the shape of a cross
on Mother's grave to keep away George Romero's zombies.
Should I set traps around me or count on the crucifix
above my head for protection?

I was an unburied box of frightened bones;
as the days ended he let me organize his papers.
I left for New Jersey. In the rear view mirror,
he got into his pick-up truck before I turned the corner.

My Student Killed at the Wawa

An icy boy platinum hair and
crystal eyes, lived near the sneakers
slung over the telephone lines.
Came to us in seventh grade,
barely made it out of eighth
to serve time in high school.

On this Page

[Duty](#)

[My Student Killed
at the Wawa](#)

[About the Writer](#)

I want to join the Marines, he said.
Even then I knew he hoped to kill.
My parents want me to be a lawyer.
You're smart enough,
I said, his reading teacher.

Brilliant under that slick exterior
he glittered and gleamed from the
front page of the local newspaper
not ten years later: shot trying to rob the Wawa.
I thought he had traded killing
for being killed, a twisted dream
swinging back at him like a wrecking ball.

No mention of him as a military man;
no mention of his quick wit and quagmire wish.
He had roomed behind the doll shop in the
county seat. Now his landlady doesn't need to
be afraid of him shining at the back of her store
coming and going at all hours.

He thawed,
ice broke into slabs
strewn along his stony bank,
his hardness dissolved, melted,
a warm stream
poured on the pavement.

MaryAnn L. Miller grew up in Western Pennsylvania and has lived in rural New Jersey for over forty years. She earned an MFA from Rosemont College and is currently completing a Postgraduate semester with the poet David Wojahn at Vermont College. She has been published in two editions of Philadelphia Poets Anthology, Certain Circuits, the International Review of African American Art, and other publications. MaryAnn was the Resident Book Artist at the Experimental Printmaking Institute, Lafayette College for eleven years. Her work is in the National Museum of Women in the Arts. Miller's book of poems, *Locus Mentis*, has been published by PS Books. She creates and publishes hand bound artist books, pairing artists with poets, through her Lucia Press.



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

Fox Chase Review

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

Bert Moniz

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

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

After the Earthquake

After the earth retched and all hope died
God was well and truly castigated
by the lesser number who remained

Just like the husband of the sleeping spouse
for he was up and early, gone to work
when their home collapsed on her existence

His existence too became a darkened pit
he persists from day to day
no habitat no precious souvenirs

No longer prays to the vilified God
spills silent rage on One who is meant to love
as he endures the long slow waltz alone

On this Page

[After the
Earthquake](#)

[About the Writer](#)

Bert Moniz was born in India, grew up in England and lived in Canada. He now resides in Wilmington, DE. Bert is a materials engineer who has written several text books, but also enjoys poetry, which he usually mails to unsuspecting friends on postcards. He is a member of the Delaware Literary Connection and is starting up Happy Hour poetry sessions at Catherine Rooney's Pub in Wilmington for those who like a drink with their mental stimulation.



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

Fox Chase Review

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

John Timpane

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

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

Door to the River

[Willem De Kooning, 1960](#)
[Whitney Museum of American Art](#)

On this Page

[Door to the River](#)

[About the Writer](#)

She said, "That one's my
Favorite De Kooning. His
Women, not so much.

That one, though. Who could resist?
I'd like to step through that door

Into – water? – space? –
Wherever it leads is an
Invitation to

Cool. A woman could walk right
Through." Taupe gash in a pumpkin

Wall: horizon of
Roofbeam, frame foursquare to the
Floor, door a dun slant

Inward, sfumato gesture
Beyond, to grey churn, river

Melody, glassy
Where door is river, river door
Open as cold flow

Friction, electric water,
Arousal and currency . . .

Woman who will not
Settle for surfaces, you
Hunger for open.

Brought you, me, to the threshold.
Hunger led me: Manhattan

Museum where *The*
Door is always open to
The River. But you

Can't see the river. It spoke
De Kooning, spoke you, spoke. I

Merged through the atoms
Of betweenstanders, neared the
Painting (that guard must

Have been surprised *Please do not*
Touch the artwork) I/and/stepped

Across into its
Charged surface, brain ionized
Slashed yellow crazy

Strokes clearer by not looking
Like anything. Rush, brush-urge,

Pregnant breakers of
Paint – I pressed beyond I pressed

Through! The Door! To what
Mouths feint at calling love or
Is it afterlife

The open, the cool surge Door
Into the side of River-

Fresh thrash of water
Mother murmur and attar
Riverine blessing

Always, like a river, where
We are, where we've been, where we're
Headed. I knew you

Known as rivers know, turned hinge,
Wide open door so long shut.

John Timpane is Media Editor/Writer and Assistant Books Editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. His poetry has appeared in *Sequoia*, *Vocabula Review*, *Apiary*, *ONandOnScreen*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Per Contra*, *5_Trope*, *Wild River Review*, and elsewhere. His books include (with Nancy H. Packer) *Writing Worth Reading* (NY: St. Martin, 1994); *It Could Be Verse* (Berkeley, Calif.: Ten Speed, 1995); (with Maureen Watts and the Poetry Center of San Francisco State University) *Poetry for Dummies* (NY: Hungry Minds, 2000); and (with Roland Reisley) *Usonia, N.Y.: Building a Community with Frank Lloyd Wright* (NY: Princeton Architectural Press, 2000); and a book of poetry, *Burning Bush* (Ontario, Canada: Judith Fitzgerald/Cranberry Tree, 2010). He lives in

Lawrenceville, N.J., and is husband to Maria-Christina Keller, copy director at *Scientific American*. They are amazed parents of Pilar and Conor.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

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

Alice Wootson

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

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

Choices

"Ain't no sense lying about it. I know she's dead. I ain't hang around to find out. But I know she's dead. I guess it was the way she fell and the sound she made: like a door slamming shut that ain't nobody going to open again. Like the door between life and death. She should of given me the money. That's all I wanted. Then she be here instead of her kids crying and carrying on over what I did to their mama.

"I say to her: give me the money. She be talking about she ain't got no money. I told her I ain't stupid. What she be doing going to the mall if she ain't got no money? Still she ain't give it up.

"I shot her figuring to take it, but the noise was like a finger pointing at me and I took off.

"I guess my mama be proud of herself wherever she is now. She was all the time telling me I wasn't no good and I'd end up on trouble. I guess she be happy knowing she was right. Maybe

she don't even know. Probably she do. Mamas know everything, right? No matter what kind of mama they be.

"I guess she done the best she could by me. I mean, when she saw she couldn't take care of me, she left me in that house. She knew one of her friends would take me to somebody who could help me.

"I didn't expect it though. Her leaving me, I mean. She been taking me to that house or others like it since I can remember, but she always took me with her when she left. Maybe it was because I went to sleep. I shoulda stayed wake. Instead, I crawled over into the corner and found a mattress wasn't nobody using. It was dark. Maybe she couldn't find me. Maybe that's why she left me.

"She loved me. Probably still do. She always took me with her. She said seven be too little for her to leave at home. Say I might get hurt or something. She always saw I was tucked safe in a spot before she picked up the pipe. She loved me. She just couldn't find me when she was fixing to go, is all.

"I ain't the only one to shoot somebody, you know. Lots of my friends done it. They ain't never killed nobody, though. I'm the first one I know to do that. They was giving me high fives. I didn't feel much like celebrating.

She should have give me her money. She made me look bad in front of my homies. They be laughing and stuff if I just take

On this Page

[Choices](#)

[About the Writer](#)

her word 'bout no money and turn away. They be thinking I'm weak if I let her dis me like that.

"I ain't rape her or nothing. I only shot her once; I guess I'm just a good shot.

"Mr. Harris, my science teacher last year, he say I could do good in class, if I put my mind to it. I wonder do he know. I hope not, but he probably do. Teachers know everything just like mamas do. If I could see him, I could make him understand I had to do this. He say we always have a choice, but I didn't.

"She wouldn't give me the money. She made me look stupid. She should a give me the money. I ain't stupid like my grandma always say. I ain't, you know. I ain't stupid.

Alice Wootson grew up in a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She attended Cheyney University which is located outside of Philadelphia. She remained in the area after graduating with a BS Degree in Elementary Education. She earned a Masters Degree in Education and a Principal's Certification from Cheyney University as well. Alice earned a Reading Specialist Certification from the University of Pennsylvania.

She retired after teaching for thirty-one years in the public schools of Chester, Pennsylvania first and then Philadelphia.

As a reading specialist Alice was responsible for conducting writing and reading workshops for teachers. She is the award-winning author of ten romance novels.

Alice Wootson has conducted writing workshops for chapters of Romance Writers of America in various areas of the country, for the Philadelphia Writers Conference, the Romance Slam Jam conference in Dallas as well as for adult and children's writers groups in the Philadelphia area.

Alice Wootson spends any spare time she can find reading, traveling and enjoying her three grandchildren. She lives in Philadelphia with Ike, her husband of forty-nine years. Alice is also an award-winning poet and a member of the Mad Poets Society. She has been featured at several local venues.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors

Fox Chase Review

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

Kirby Wright

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

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

The Diamond Head Memorial Park after Christmas

Urns rust in dungeons
Beneath the lawn.

Kiawe and shower trees
Spot shadow the park.

Heliconia, ginger, antherium
Crammed into vases.

Man shaves mondo grass
Off a marker.

A cardinal pecks a banana
Between Lopez and Kagimoto.

A St. Bernard circles
The statue of Christ.

Green Waste receptacles
Stuffed with poinsettia.

Oranges stacked on granite:
Fruit of the dead.

On this Page

[The Diamond Head
Memorial Park after
Christmas](#)

[About the Writer](#)

irby Wright is the author of the companion novels Punahou Blues and Moloka'I Nui Ahina, both set in the islands.



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

Fox Chase Review

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

R. Scott Yarbrough

[cover](#) / [contents](#) / [r scott yarbrough](#) /

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

Upon My Cousin's Decision To Kill Himself

He used a German Luger his father toted back from WWII. Imagine what that gun had to do to get back to Abilene, Willis Street. It could have just as easily rusted under sand on Omaha beach, but someone decided it needed to float an ocean. He shot himself in the chest.

Suicide is a secret that is just about to spill and color the earth a color besides blood red. Blood is easier.

He was left-handed, so he would have had to hold the barrel with his right just away from his chest and pull the trigger with the thumb and index of his left hand, like a looking glass searching for a purpose.

I mean, suppose the calculation. Suppose he would have hung himself: cutting the rope; is it strong enough; which tree; how far should I fall before it catches; the measuring tape; looking up "Hangman's Noose."

That might be where he saw a picture of the human heart, in the "H's," and how it's just to the left of center like he was.

Then, he must have considered how that indifferent bullet with hollow head would spread and push its way into his heart like an instant cancer, indifferent.

Suicide is everything that leads up to it. But ultimately it is that second when one jumps or pulls or thinks the world is better off without them. None are right.

On this Page

[Upon My Cousin's Decision To Kill Himself](#)

[About the Writer](#)

We needed him suffering or not.

At the family reunion I'll have to make my own Colorado Bulldogs and try to remember his megaphone laugh and his Texas running shorts pulled up so high we had to turn our eyes.

What was so bad that a bottle of wine and key lime pie couldn't cure? I really wish he wouldn't have done that.

R. Scott Yarbrough has published poetry, short fiction, and drama in The United States and Canada in over fifty national literary journals. His work has appeared in The American Poetry Review, The Hollin's Critic, Puerto Del Sol, Descant, The Nassau Review, and others. His Spring publications of 2012 include The Evansville Review, Bluestem/Karamu, and The Concho River Review. Yarbrough is The Honored Texas Piper Professor of Creative Writing/Literature of 2001 and Editor of Forces Literary Journal of Arts and Literature.



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

All Written Works Copyrighted © by the Indicated Authors