

Fox Chase Review



Fox Chase Review

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Steve Delia

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1622 Church Street—The Frankford EI

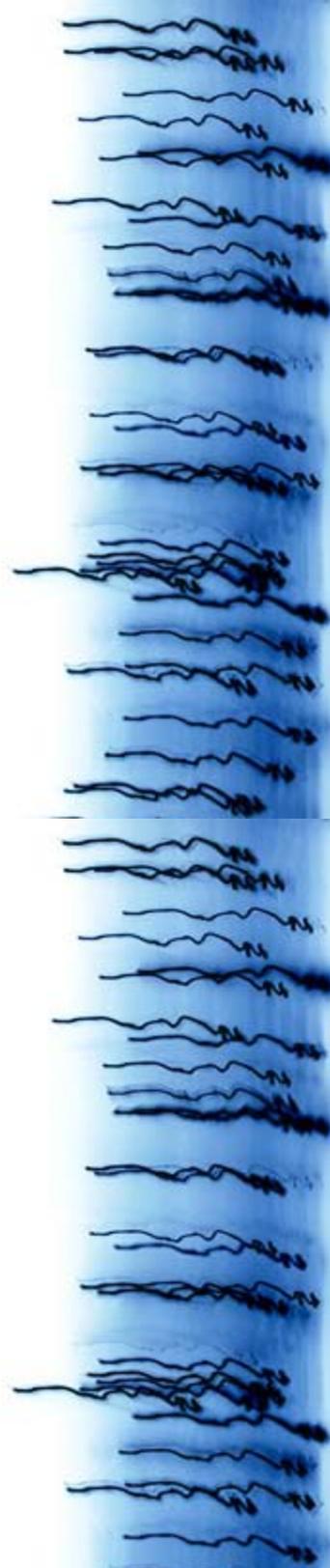
We lived at 1622 Church Street
The fourth house from the corner
Of the Church Street EI station

When I played on the front porch
I never failed to stop
To look at the mighty silver cars
making noises of clackity-clacks
screeches and hisses
I would watch the train leave the station
imitating those sounds
as only a boy would

Even at night
as I rested comfortably in my bed
I could still hear
the music of metal clanging
still see the silver
slipping through the darkness
of my dreams
as I sped down the tracks
to worlds where only a child's
imagination can go



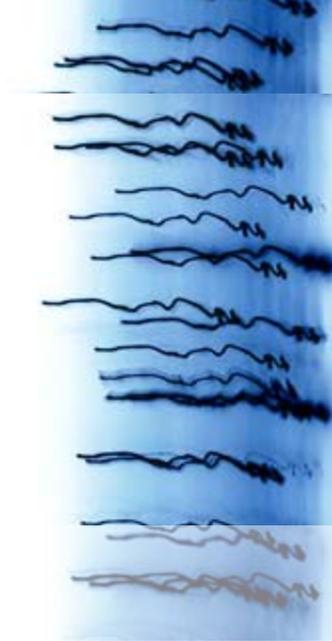
Poet Steve Delia has been crumpling balls of paper into the trash can for 30 years now. The one's he keeps he calls poetry. He has also killed trees with short stories and most recently a homicide with his first essay. His idea of a perfect evening is scrapple by candlelight and a couple of games of naked twister. He



lives with his record
and
CD collections and
ponders why he
can't blow up and
tie balloons. His two
latest chapbooks are
*Revisited, Revised,
Retyped* and *1622
Church Street*.
He hopes his next
chapbook that was
inspired by a trip to
the Philadelphia Zoo
will be out in by late
spring.

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Kristine Grow

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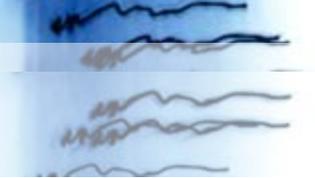
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Dog's First Snow

- I.
an ocean? smell of water.
what has drowned the world
throughout the evening?
- II.
a delicate step onto the muffled crust.
a momentary panic with the
sinking of the paws.
- III.
nose carefully buried, inch-deep.
a tentative lick of the
pale, glittering crystals.
- IV.
cold, but not so bitter –
a gossamer weave that spins a
cotton netting in the belly.
- V.
joy tastes soft and frosted!
scatters and floats with a kick of the heels!
the wonder of flapping to feel it
float against the shoulders,
to see it rain against
the radiance of the sun!



Kristine Grow's poems have been published in various magazines, including *The Schuylkill Valley Journal*, *The Aurelian*, *Ixnay*, and *American Writing*. In 2000 she published her first book, *Long Draw*. Her second book, *Petal Whispers: The Perennial Poems*, is due in the spring of 2008.



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Fox Chase Review

Louis McKee

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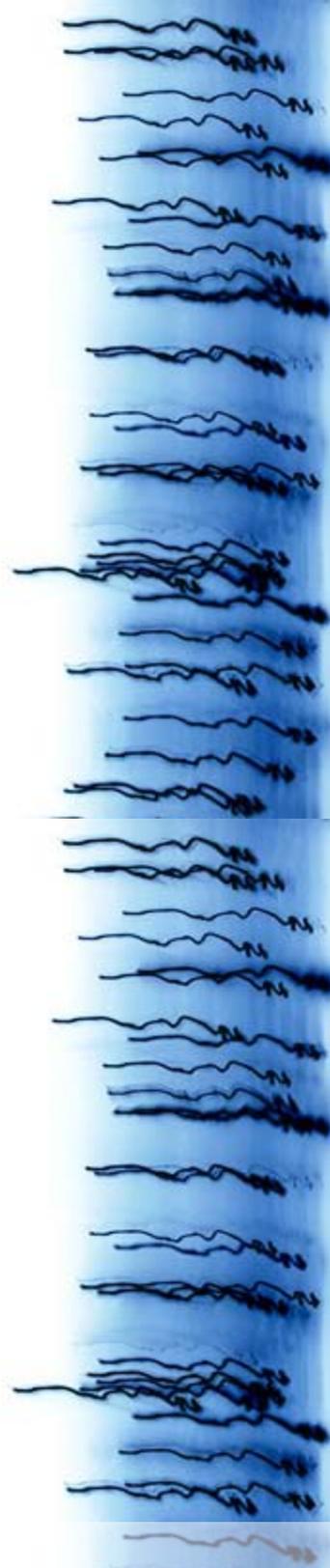
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Still Life

You are not going to find
a bowl of fruit, a complication
of shapes and color, to sit
on the table near the window
where light and shadow
can track across them.
This is a bachelor's home,
a servile place, pedestrian;
bowls of fruit and vases stuffed
with greeny grasses and bright
shocks of color are not its world.
I don't even have a can of soup
on the pantry shelf, nothing
I can set in its place, in its light,
in its moment, and catch in my art.
The dog as always is spread
on the floor beside the chair—
or is he disqualified, what
with his legs sometimes twitching
like he's chasing rabbits
in a happy dream, or because
his tail wags, usually just the once,
as though letting me know from
time to time that he's with me?



Louis McKee's *Still Life* ([FootHills Publications](#), 2008) is his fifteenth collection of poems since beginning to publish in 1970. *Near Occasions of Sin* was published by Cynic Press in 2006, and *Marginalia*, a volume of his translations of monastic poems from the Old Irish, is due later in 2008 from Adastra Press.





Fox Chase Review

Eileen M. D'Angelo

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Toast on a Summer Afternoon

For Louis McKee

I ordered a Guinness and thought of you,
on the deck of The Inn at Jim Thorpe. It is August,
and the wind sighs a hint of fall. The scent of sage
drifts down the mountains, to the stone mansions,
to the Switch Back Railroad on the hill.

Here in Mahoning Valley at the bottom of a bowl of trees,
Sunday falls gently on my shoulders like late summer light,
here where the Mauch Chunk Creek secretly runs
below the streets, rushing all the way to the Lehigh River.

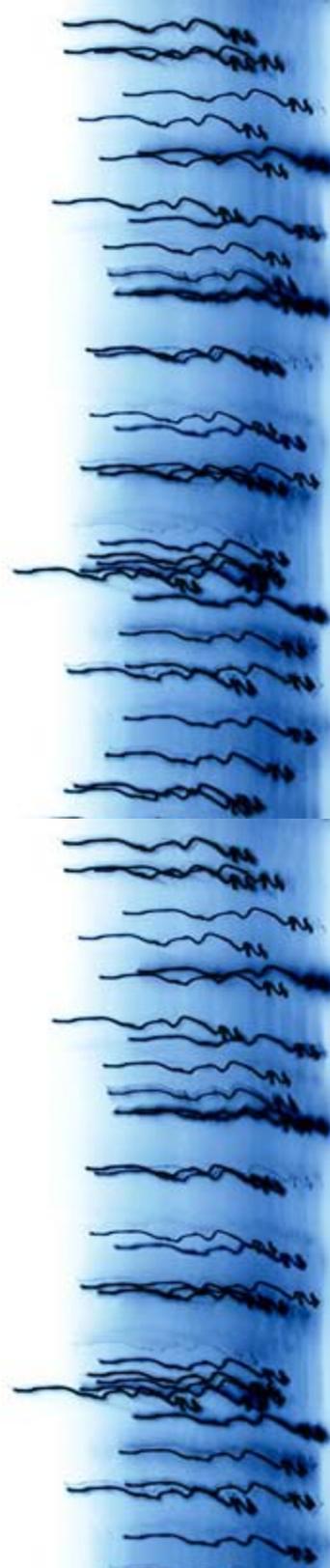
Somewhere in the woods I know the first curled leaf
is beginning to change. It has taken every ray of white sun it can
and will take no more: it has held on for this very afternoon.
When autumn's first chill steals down the valley, it will let go.

The afternoon light shifts on the wooden floor of the pub,
where men walked a hundred years ago, men with dark hair
and light eyes like yours, hearts burning hope in a new land.
Hands full of black diamonds, lungs full of coal dust.

Maybe your ancestors and mine, these mining Molly Maguires,
their very lives owned by the Philadelphia & Reading Coal
& Iron Company. Innocents hanged for crimes invented by rich men,
lies spun to hold Irish mineworkers, to chain them to the land.

Their spirits haunt the old stone jail: Walk now, where their bodies
once swung before a crowd. Strange: the sound of bagpipes on the air.
Whispering voices rise from the dark earth, cry out from dungeon cells,
from collapsed tunnels far below. Their scattered bones
ache between coal veins and underground streams.

Today, I raise my glass to all of them. To you.
The Guinness is dark and strong. The froth soft upon my lips.
Sunlight warms my pale cheek, as the old clock tower,
in the center of town, tolls the hour.

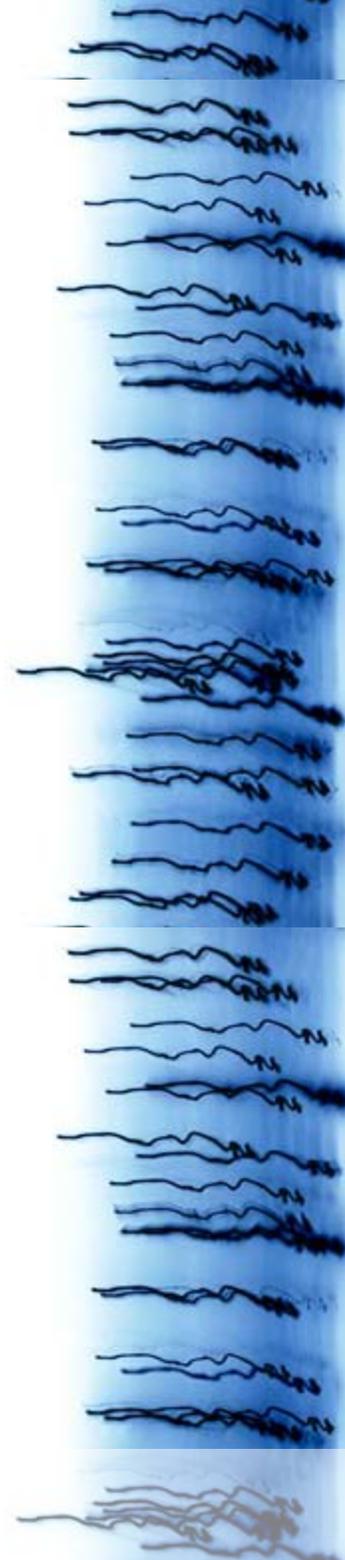


[Eileen M. D'Angelo](#), a two time finalist in the Allen Ginsberg Awards given by Paterson Literary Review, has had her poetry and book reviews published or forthcoming in Rattle, Voices International, Wild River Review, Manhattan Poetry Review, Drexel Online Journal, HiNgE, The Aurealean, Bookends,

Philadelphia Poets, Bitterroot, Jam-Today, New Hope International in the United Kingdom, and others. She has been nominated for a Governor's Award in the Arts, a Pushcart Prize, and was a judge for the Philadelphia open auditions for HBO's pilot/series, Def Poetry Jam, as well as for the Ursinus College's Poetry Competition, and Montgomery County Poet Laureate Program. She is the Editor of the Mad Poets Review and Director of the Mad Poets Society, and received the Victim Rights Award from the District Attorney's Office in Del. County for volunteer work for The Domestic Abuse Project. She has led workshops at the Philadelphia Writers Conference, Delaware County Women's Conference, the National Federation of State Poetry Societies Conference in Harrisburg and the Push to Publish Conference, sponsored by Philadelphia Stories.

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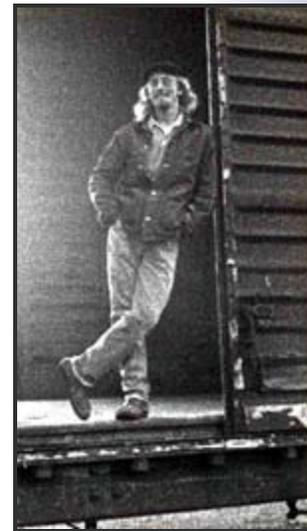
Vincent Quatroche

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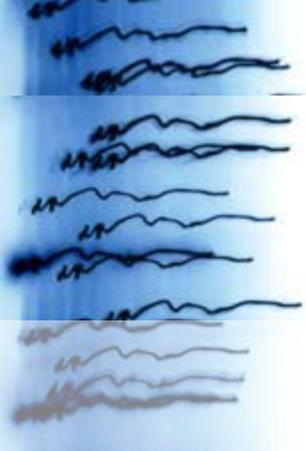
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List of the End of January

Snow coal cone lump ashtray pustule
shrinking in the corner of the parking lot.
(Ah...early spring)
Sound of clogged carburetor gagging on itself.
(Great...now you've flooded it)
Lost key trunk eye hole with yellow handle
long neck Phillip's screwdriver protruding.
(Nope that didn't work either...keep swearing)
False dawn slapping wind banging away
slamming cheap tin bed frame freight train
ready to orgasm and derail.
Centipede shadow crawling measuring spoons
scurrying across the dingy white moon soaked
linoleum floor
looking like a pool of quicksand.
Brown plastic garbage can rolling down the
block
yawning in the gutter.
Air raid siren blast exploding
in a razor blade cable running through your ears
jerking your head off the sound sleep pillow.
(This was only a test)
Child's dream speak night talk back lit in
orange dragon space heater steel teeth
hissing at the bars on the crib.
(Some childhood memories are best forgotten.)



This poem first appeared in Vincent Quatroche's collection of Poem/Prose entitled *Another RubberEden* Xlibris Press 1997. A Spoken Word version with SFX treatments on audio cassette (Rubber



Fresh creme of the New Year
curdling in the calendar's milk carton.
(Who's face is that on the side?) 1/89

Eden Sleeping Giant
Records 1989) format
can
be listened to at
www.rubbereden.com
where those
interested in learning
more about
Quatroche's work
can visit.

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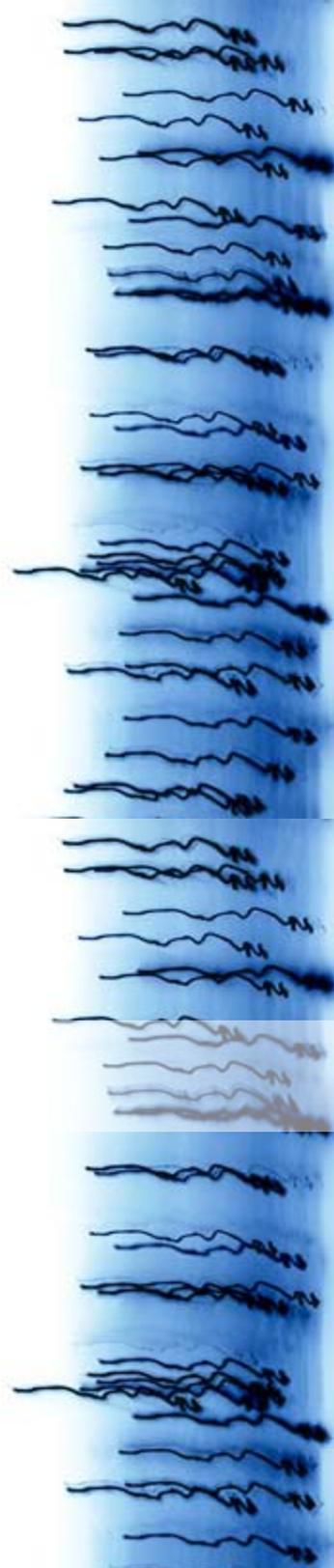
Untitled

Poem removed at author's request.

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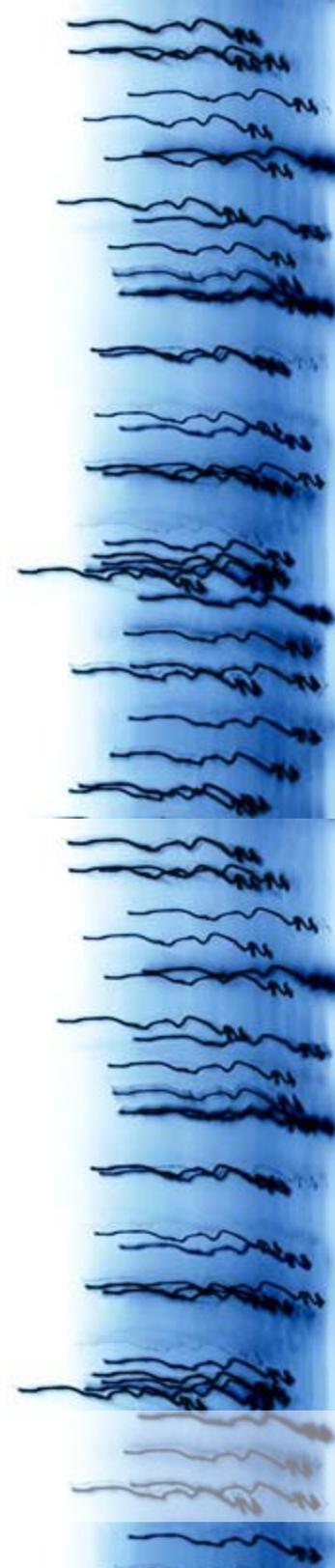
Our Lagrangian Point

There exists a point in space
Between us where the forces of
Our attraction are perfectly balanced.
Meaning that you lying on one
Side of the bed, and me the
Other, creates a spot in the

Middle of us where our emotions
Negate each other and the
Physics of nature are restored.
And it was here that I was attempting
To reach by cutting the distance
Between us in half; not realizing

The point would move towards you
With me, and that my motion would arouse
You, complicating things further.
And thus is the physics of passion:
Two bodies revolving about each
Other, mutually attracted,
Despite their best intentions.

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Fox Chase Review

Glenn McLaughlin

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The Test

was a simple test to confirm
what we knew he did not know

One question was *Which is a part of your body:
A hat, a hand or a sock?*

His answer was *A sock.*

The motion was elegance
grace in the gradual
suspense in the inevitable
as his head, as all of him, slipped
closer to the table
as I waited for the pencil to stop
precisely filling in the circle marking his answer
now with a line attached
a string tied to a balloon
rising to a cloud
a tether remembering shapes
it once touched

it was as if there was singing
though it was not a tune nor dissonance
it was readable in that it was watchable
especially with closed



Glenn McLaughlin is a former plastics sales representative and a soon-to-be-former COO of a bio-medical start-up company. While he started reading and writing at age appropriate times in his life those activities did not include poetry until he was well into his fifth decade (not required for his chemistry degree). In the decade since, he has been published in several regional and



or closing
eyes
noting the comfort of familiar

lullabies

still, he fought the sleep
though with each drift I asked
did he dream when he went?
and were they different
from what he told me each day
before he took the dollar I offered
hid it in his hand for a minute
then folded it into
his sock

online journals,
published
a volume of poems
("Something
Catches," Roland
Street, 2006) and has
been invited to read
at the Philadelphia
Library plus numerous
venues throughout
the
mid-Atlantic area.
He conceived of and
hosts the poetry
series "Otherwise -
Poetry at Churchill" in
Pottstown, PA where
he resides with his
wife and their
numerous pets, his
children having
reached the point
of self-sufficiency and
flown the coop though
still easily able to
show up for dinner.

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Fox Chase Review

Anna Evans

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A Journeyman Piece

Upon a deck that overlooked the sea
he said *You cannot claim to be a poet
until you have written at least one sonnet
about Icarus—I'll help—I can be
your Mentor.* They plucked words out of the
trees
and fixed them on the bones with a delicate
syntax made from molten wax. *I bet
it even flies,* he said and carelessly
cast it over the bay and into the sun
along with a bright eagle of his own.
The poor thing flew the very best it could
with wings not meant for that high altitude.
Watching it sink he said, with no trace of guile:
Not bad for novice verse—almost a mile.

First appeared in the New Formalist.

Anna Evans' poems have appeared or are forthcoming in the *Harvard Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *Rattle*, and *Measure*. She is the editor of the [Barefoot Muse](#), and gained her MFA from Bennington College. Her chapbook *Swimming* is available from Maverick Duck Press.

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Fox Chase Review

Arlene Bernstein

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Metaphor

Last night I ran into your metaphor
posturing at Positano's spangled leather bar
adjacent to the chalice filled with lemons
infusing themselves with vodka
for those potent limoncello martinis the
establishment's so rightly famous for

and it winked and beckoned me to sit

bought me a double crystal portion of luscious
yellow haze

reached its long arm around my waist and hip

pulled me in along its length until our curves
and angles fit

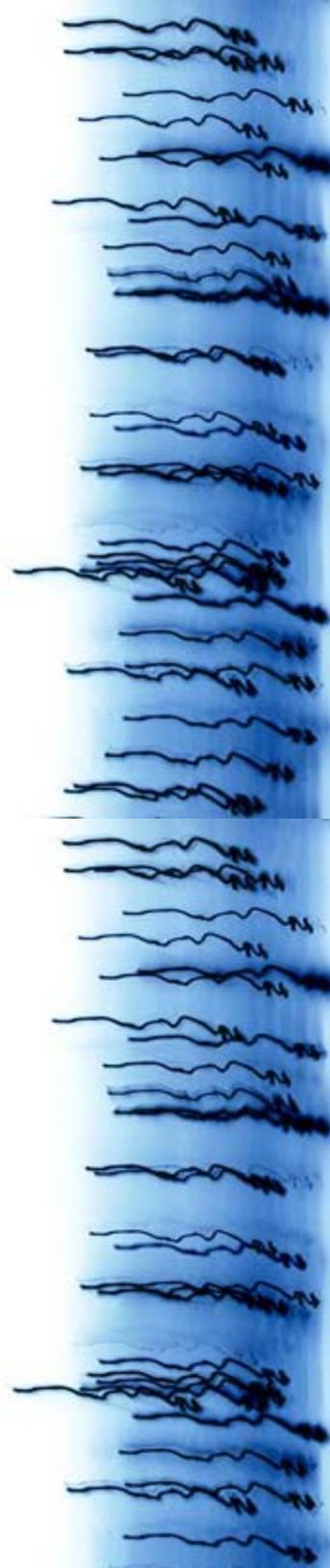
reached down cupped its capacious palm to
capture half my derriere

guffawed and said

Call me conceited but I do intend to penetrate
your words

Just spread your thighs and knees a bit more

Let me sing in you

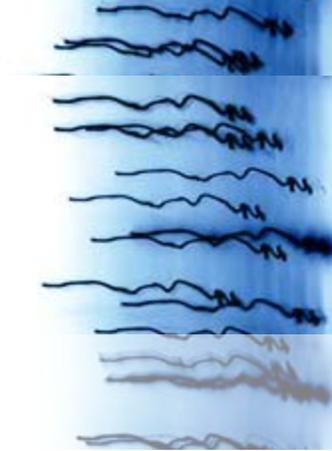


In 2004, Arlene Bernstein created [Friends of Poetry](#) as a vehicle for performing her poetry and to highlight local poets and musicians, which she does regularly throughout the Main Line/Philadelphia/Media area in coffee shops, libraries, book stores, and private salons. She is a member of Mad Poets Society, Freshmeadow Poets of Flushing, NY, and the Bonnie Baillis Havertown Poetry

Circle. Twice
nominated for a
Pushcart Prize (for a
poem and an essay),
she has also won
contests locally and
been published
in many local and
far-flung journals.
She also writes fiction.

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Richard Bank

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Scoutmaster's Report VIII

Becoming Part of It

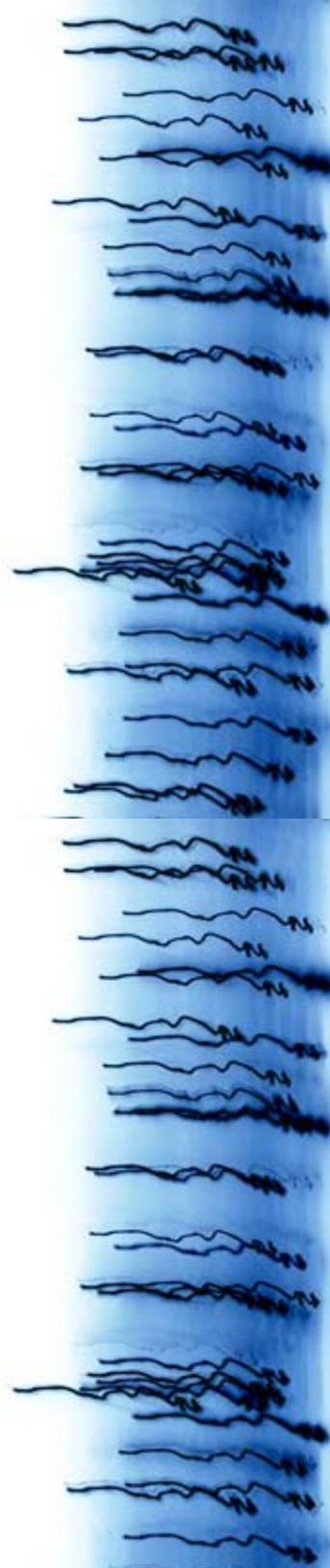
The mountains, I become part of it.
The herbs, the fir tree, I become part of it.
The morning mists, the clouds, the gathering
waters,
I become part of it.
—Navajo Chant

I am out of breath, sprawled on my back on a
wet stone
by the frigid bank of a nameless creek, swollen
with snowmelt.

The roar drives my red blood, cold moss glows
emerald,
translucent leaves of aspen offer shade, the
green fuse is everywhere.

"Mr. Bank, are you OK?" a voice calls from the
trail.
I'm listening to the creek" I reply, "I'll catch
up."

Coming late into the busy camp, I drop my pack
and rest again.
It reminds me how the forest is patient, out
waits its passagers.



Richard S. Bank is a high adventure hiker, a well known story teller, a scouter, an Attorney and law professor. He has been widely published, won several prizes for his work and his poetry has appeared in both law and literary journals. He has run poetry readings in various places in the Delaware valley, including the Philadelphia Free Library, and has taught the poetry course at the Philadelphia Writers Conference on two occasions.

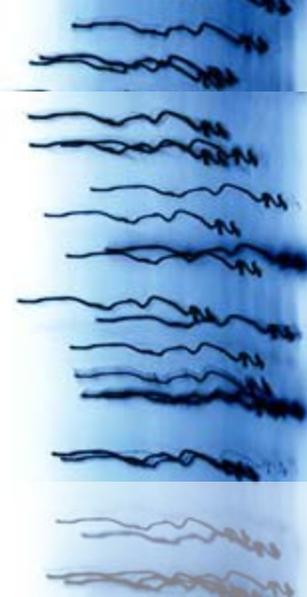
Tonight, under the blue black sky, we will eat
our fill,
The boys will return to their patrols weary with
the days march.

I will lay supine; the Milky Way will fill the
moonless night,
the nocturnal world, the spirits that whisper in
the ancient trees.

Hickory Run State Park 5/03

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MacGregor Rucker

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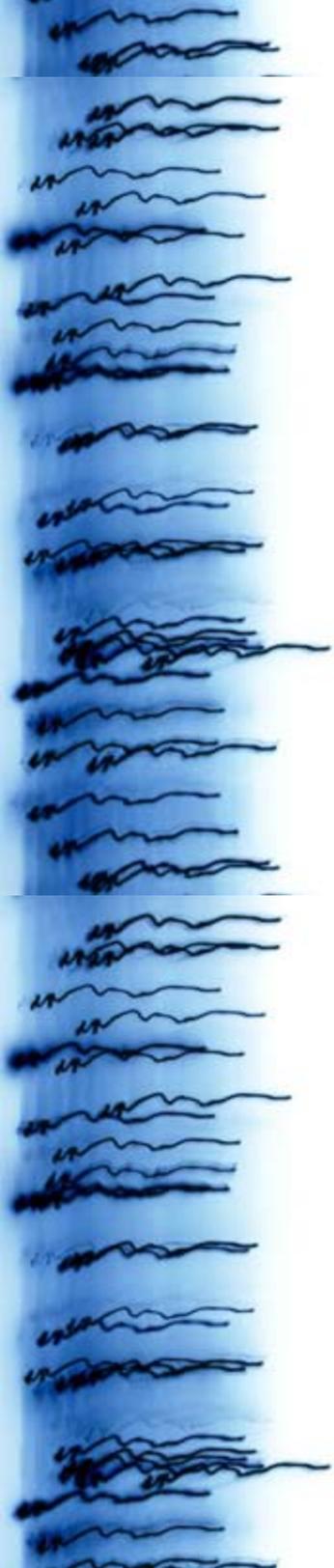
Johnson City

J is for Jubilee, from Latin, to raise a shout of joy. A jubilant celebration from Latin jubilans meaning to "whoop and shout." J is for Just the two of us, in that rented car on our way to Johnson City for a wedding of a friend of a cousin of a friend. How did we get invited? J is for Johnson City. J is for Just doing 55 officer. You told the state trooper who pulled us over. I'm certain I was just doing 55 but I'm not used to this car. And then you asked him if Johnson City was so named because at one time only men lived there? He let us off with Just a warning anyway. J is for just a warning. We laughed joyfully. J is for Joyful, because we are.

U is for Ulalume. We were looking for something to read that night in the bed & breakfast off Route 17. It was back issues of Good Housekeeping or Poe. We laid naked under the quilt and read Poe to each other. Poe and foreplay? U is for Unlikely but it worked for us. U is for Under the quilt naked. B is for Beautiful and I don't know the derivation. I don't need Latin. You are beautiful in any language and especially when you woke up that morning in upstate New York and sat up, your eyes not quite focused. You were more



MacGregor Rucker was born at the dawn of the Great Society and prays to this day that he didn't turn out to be as big a disappointment. He came of age somewhere in between Woodstock and Punk Rock, shortly after Lou Reed had descended from the mountains of



beautiful still behind the wheel of the stupid rented car looking back and forth, biting your lower lip and waiting for an opening to hit the gas and jump out into traffic. You never go easy on the gas pedal. You scare the bejesus out of me. B is for Bejesus and I really don't know what that means but you (insert any old verb here) the bejesus out of me every blessed day. Be is for blessed because I really think we are.

I is for I really really really do. I would be an idiot not to. I is for Idiot and I am not one of those. Nor are you. I is for I think we have plenty of time to get there but I like going fast. The windows are open and the seats are back and the music is loud. I is for I lost my license so you're still doing all the driving but you prefer it that way. You don't like the passenger seat. I is for I will take care of the map and the radio. I prefer it that way.

L is for let's pull over at the scenic overlook and sit for a while. L is for the lone car parked up there, an old couple eating in the car and we park on the opposite end. L is for look at that view. What city is that way over there? L is for the Love and of course making love in the rental car at the scenic overlook with city off in the distance. L is for Looking at us as in oh shit they're looking at us, but we close our eyes and you wrap your arms around my neck and pull me closer and we don't stop and it's joyous and jubilant even if we just whoop and shout a little bit. L is let's be this joyous forever. L is for Late, from the Middle English laet meaning not on time and don't ask me why I know this. We're going to be late and we really don't care because after all we barely know these people and the old couple tore off that scenic overlook pretty quickly anyway.

E. And the other **E**. There are two E's and they are for Ever and Ever. Because we did promise on that scenic overlook on the way to Johnson City, just like a couple love struck teens and it's probably just a coincidence that there are two

Upstate New York, having just invented poetry, performance art, rap music, Delmore Schwartz and leather trousers. He is a survivor of Watergate, Bellbottom Pants, Disco, Reagonomics, Neo-Conservatism, The War on Drugs, Brit-Pop, Giuliani-Time, The War on Terror, Skinny Jeans, and the NYC Smoking Ban and lives in Brooklyn with two knuckleheads that look suspiciously like smaller version of him and claim paternity.



E's in teen also, but maybe not, that we would be this joyous not only forever but for ever and ever as well. E is for Excellent just because I feel excellent and we're back on the highway with just a short way to go to Johnson City, which is not the city we saw on the overlook before we closed our eyes and shut out everybody and everything else. E is for everybody and everything else. It's just you and me in the car and the windows are down and we're sharing our secret smiles and secretly just a little happier than we admit that the old couple didn't call the police. E is for egregious because shocking the bejesus out of old people at scenic overlooks could be considered an egregious example of poor taste. Or maybe, you say, taking your eyes off the road and keeping your foot pressed on the gas pedal, they rushed home to share their own joy and jubilant celebration. Maybe, you say, they are keeping their own promises.

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Mel Brake

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Meet Me

Meet me
On the full moon
Not a minute
Too soon

My mood
Blue
Before
Half past
Noon

Just
You and I

I don't
Have a
Care on
My mind

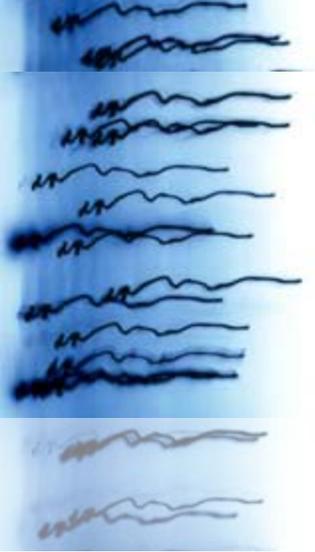
Left my
Worries
Behind

Just
You and I

Meet me

Mel Brake graduated from West Chester University. He was recently published in *Philadelphia Poets 2007* and *Mad Poets Review 2007*. His first CD/chapbook entitled,

"Adoration of The Sol," will be published in the spring of 2008. [E-mail Mel Brake](#) to schedule a reading.



On a full moon
Where
Zinnias
Blown

My heart
Will swoon
When its
Just
You and I

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Cicily Janus

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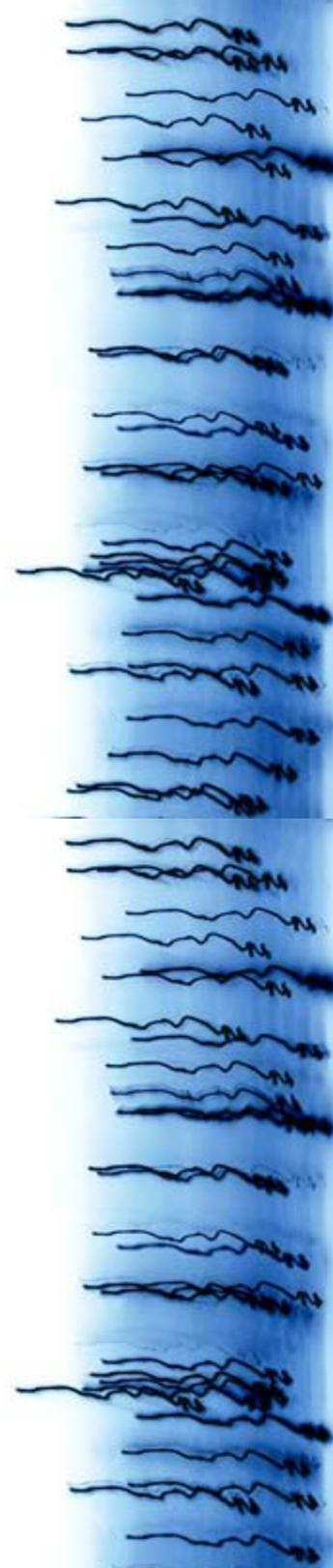
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Visual Perspective

A daily trip among the living
Spoiled, blemished, disfigured and rotting
Beauty of death surrounding
Hoping I could see the world through two eyes
But my face was painted with colors echoing
blindness, despair.
Shades of grey—grayer than colors allowed
through Crayola®
Accepted norms of society reflect nothing.
Suddenly seeing it with hollow pits sparkling in
blue, green, hazel, black.
You realize that these are gifts handed to you
by
Buddha, God, Mohammed

A being other than one inside you blossoms
Only through others may you truly be born
Yet, you do not know this person.
This is a self which refuses to gloat
A self choosing to rejoice at the—Pain of others
In the same breath, reach over, take a mask
Place it on yourself before allowing the other
pleasure and room in this
Claustrophobic prose, breathing.

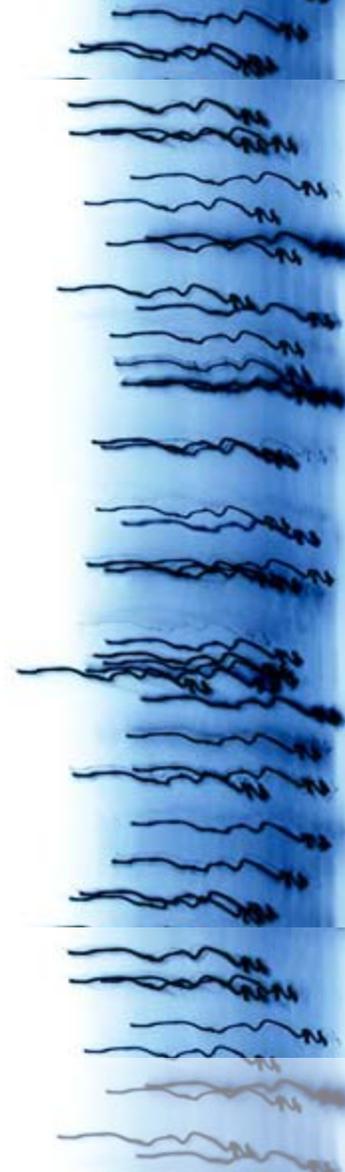
I met a man, or was it a ripe woman with the
figure of the mango in my drawer?



Possibly a child or default of my misfired
thoughts and synapses
Who overcame this burden, the world inside the
picture frame...
Unlike the expected outcome, his consciousness
was not the better for it
He had become the *it* I fear, and was worse off
Rising above noise, confusion of planetary
discourse, he could see.
Wrapping around my face—fresh and thinking
silently, he stopped to ask
Would I want for it to be removed?
I could visualize the tragedy that had become of
my soul.

Masquerading my fractured emotions, I spoke
with silence upon my lips
As the welcomed loss of sight
Turned the sweet to bitter and my thoughts
Fell upon my tongue.
My weary thinking cap destroyed the coarse
hairs upon my head and I slept
While my thoughts began looking for another
place, another time.
A different day to learn
A different day where I could explore the false
judgments
Even as grim beings inhabit my space.

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Fox Chase Review

Katrinka Moore

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A Few Words

kusa, yama, akai
grass, mountain, red

asa, morning
uma, horse

natsu kawa
summer river

tori no koe the bird's voice

Ima, now this world? a boat that rows off
in morning, leaving no trace

Odori is dance—
kuroko, shadow people, move so slowly
the audience can barely see them against the
black backdrop
they separate, reveal a girl, almost a child,
almost naked

she wakes, uncurls, rises, oh she turns
and leaps, it's sweet to live and she doesn't look
at
the *kuroko*, edging toward her, closing in,
herding, pushing

Katrinka Moore has recent work online at *Otoliths* and *listenlight*. Her poems appear in an anthology of the One O'clock Poets, *This Full Green Hour*, coming out in 2008.



Fox Chase Review

Diane Sahms-Guarnieri

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Daisy

She sings aluminum and sometimes tin
while thinking of her hymnal mother:
a chain linking generations of cleaning ladies,
all of whom scrubbed urinals and bathroom
walls
where elementary school boys competed
to see whose stream could hit the target:
a raised radiator steaming.

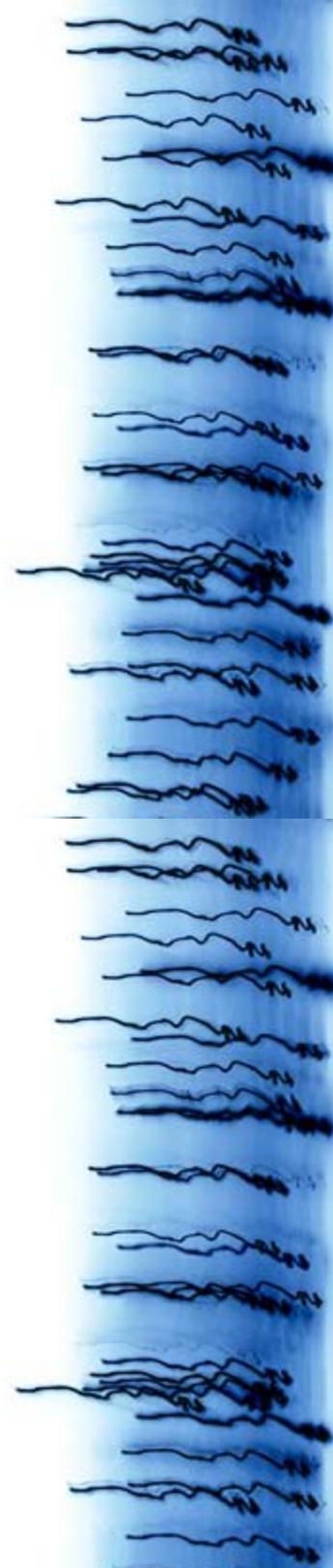
Chalk dust, pollen yellow, lifts like incense
as she claps erasers, prays to her God
for her daughters' deliverance
from this, her daily bread
from this, her daily dance.

Keys jingle, encircling a ring
paper clipped to the elastic waistband
of her polyester pants
adorned by tiny lint balls
that cling close like soft hope.

Her demeanor stems above her perennial labor:
the auditorium pipes snowing asbestos;
chemicals like pesticides seeping
into the petal of her skin.

Her sun filled face droops,

Diane Sahms-Guarnieri has won numerous awards for poetry and has been published in literary magazines, anthologies, and online Web sites, including *Philadelphia Stories*, *Many Mountains Moving*, *Northwest Cultural Council*, and *Mad Poets Review*. She conducts a monthly poetry workshop, (Center City Poets), at Borders bookstore located in Center City, Philadelphia and is a poetry editor for *Philadelphia Stories magazine*. In 2008 she will host the Mad Poets Society Donatucci Reading in South Philadelphia. She is working on the compilation of her



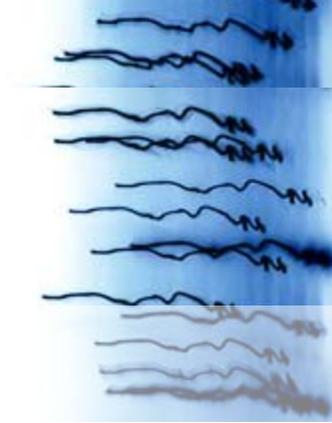
first chapbook,
which should be
completed sometime
in 2008.

stem of her back curving, a cane,
white rays curling from exhaustion.

Her last breath
a release of seeds
caught in an updraft
all the leaves dancing.

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Fox Chase Review

Chad Parenteau

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Our Only Dance

Your presence was a charity
not wanting anyone,
even a non-drinking, semi-recluse
to celebrate his birthday alone.
You, the freelance muse who catered
to many poets and sports writers
before your gay male lovers
who made sure the rumors had
your stamp of approval
revolted to up heave your network.
In that sports bar
with its obligatory dance floor
for the college crowd,
it was almost too much effort
to feign eye contact
by positioning your
controversial fuck buddy
to dance behind me
with your girlfriend
making me lament
my unrequited lust,
Prince's "Erotic City" mocking me,
unaware that you and he
were shielding me from
the slings and arrows
of aspiring society columnists
back on campus.

Chad Parenteau's work has been published in *Meanie*, *Shampoo*, *Wilderness House Literary Review*, and the anthology *French Connections: A Gathering of Franco American Poets*. He edits the journal *Spoonful*, the online extension of the Stone Soup poetry readings in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which he also hosts. Information on both can be found on [Stone Soup's](#) Web site.



I never dared to try and hold you
without a blunt invitation,
too inexperienced to survive
what you merely absorbed
for later excision
while you and your last fling
rested in respective counties
learning new ways to say "I love you"
to rebound lovers.
All this hindsight—
and you're still an ageless fantasy
dancing to newer songs,
untouchable, immune to the truth.

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Fox Chase Review

Sandy Lee

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Tethered

Tethered to the mast of this mighty ship
Lanyard twisting around suspended body
As the hair of Medusa
Reaching out with chaotic venom

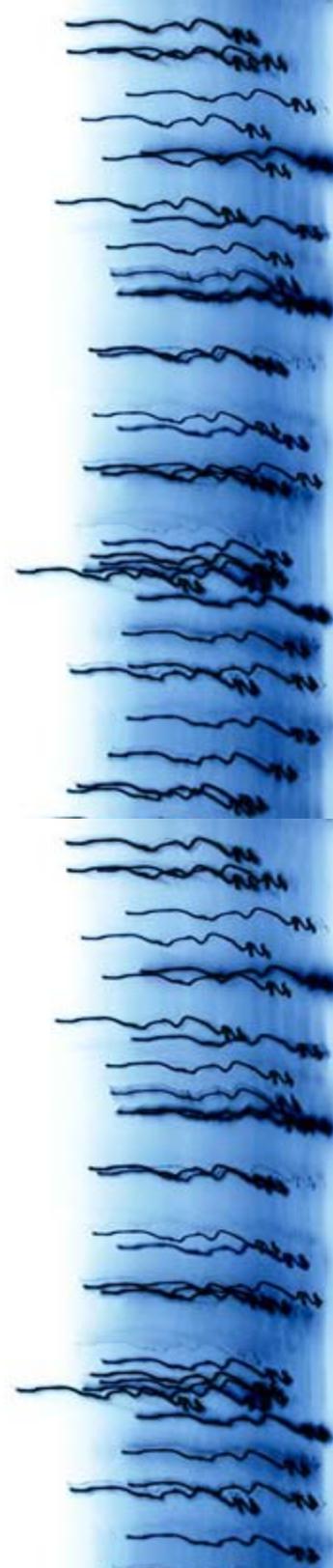
Tethered to the mast of this resilient ship
As it rises and falls inside the murky green
bottle
Rising in anticipation
Falling in futility

Tethered to the mast of this listing ship
Tides ebb and flow
So too, the blood of the heart
Is sucked in and out of the thin green necked
bottle

Tethered to the mast of this wayward ship
Is learned waiting without beacon
Agonizing darkness without lodestar
Eyes fixed on ebony sky in search of Coleridge's

Albatross

Tethered to the mast of this sinking ship
Baptized and eulogized in its own salt
In between baptism and eulogy under glass



Sandy Lee lives and works in a remote area of the Canadian Rockies. When not at the office she loves to go hiking in the mountains and kayaking in the streams and lakes. Though her locale is sparsely populated with humans, there is an abundance of flora and fauna, enough to inspire even the most cynical to write poetry or prose. Summers can be teaming with nature's beauty, winters can be austere and isolated, which helps to give birth to some of this poet's wistful imagery.

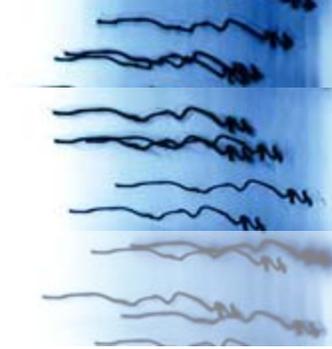
Cracked hourglass seeping sand leaving nothing

Leaving nothing

But a concave vessel of emptiness

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Fox Chase Review

Katie M. Reutter

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Broken

Always forgotten
And never told.
Like a broken mirror,
pieces of me shattered on the ground.

Nameless existence vanishing before me.

Beginning as a blank page,
it ends,
This, the last time,
You who were never there,
the you I thought you were...
memory fades into the dust
I no longer what I was,
You who never knew me at all.
Memory burried underground.
Let me forget...
Shattered Dreams.

Katie Reutter is a student at Philadelphia University. Her poetry has appeared in *Problem Child Literary Magazine*. [Katie](#) welcomes your comments.

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Fox Chase Review

Paulette J. Harper

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My Wild Christmas Rose

This poem is dedicated to my middle daughter, who was diagnosed with Schizophrenia with MPD, and the three young children who are just as much a victim of this debilitating disorder as she.

Face as bright as any sunrise,
Hair as dark and tangled as the night,
Has my wild Christmas Rose.

Most days
She just sits there

In that corner
By the window
In a straight-backed wooden chair

Slowly rocking
Back and forth
To rhythms she alone can hear

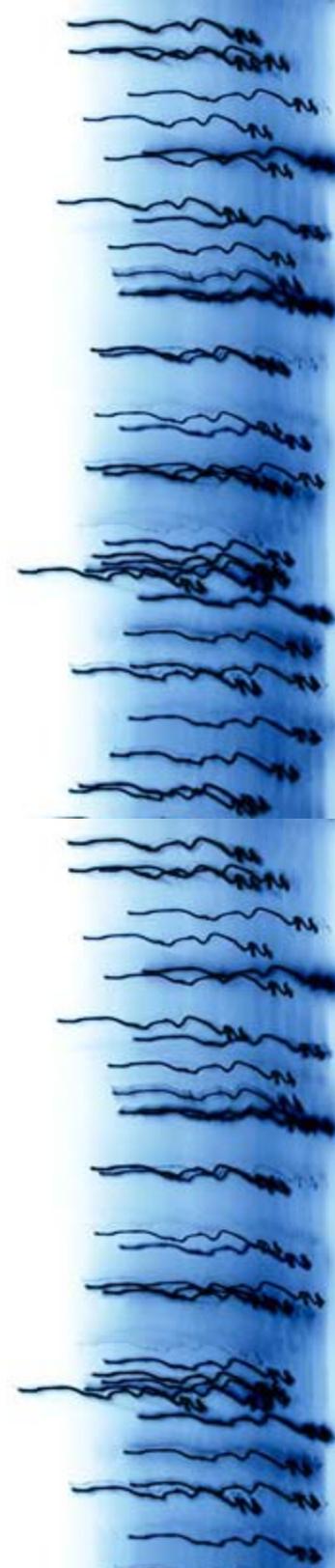
And while the shadows of the passing day
Play across her velvet skin

My heart breaks yet again
And I cling
To the husks of hope and fear

As the light of madness burns in her eyes

Paulette Harper was born and reared in Southern California. She attended San Bernardino Valley College and the University of Redlands, where she was a recipient of the Proudian Honors Research Scholarship in 1983.

After resigning from her position as the executive director of a large private school district in Redondo Beach in 1991, Paulette retired to Oregon where she lives and writes on a bluff overlooking the Columbia River with her fiancé Greg, one of her four adult children, and a wolf-dog named Wa-ya. Paulette is

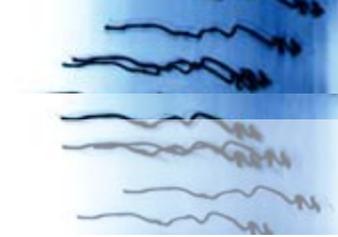


currently working on
a novel.

And sears me with its fire.

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Fox Chase Review

Michele A. Belluomini

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Journey: The Beginnings

*"...you should go alone to the place where you were born. Nothing could be easier than that. Go there and take your chances, whatever they may be." **

That last winter she spent there. That last winter. The bitter cold and damp. How the rains began even before October. Even before October. Day after day of stinging rain. Cold. And then suddenly the sun. Pure white light blasting through everything. Suddenly, the stark edges. Of Oaks. Sycamores. A faint rotting smell. Underneath. A bitter smell. Of leaves. Rotting. Then drying out. Her feet. Her feet crushing through them. Dust and crackle. Blown around. Yards and streets glowing. In white light. How she drifted. The white days. Leaves drifting against stone steps. Stone. A house. Where she lived. An old house. Not hers. Not hers the grey stone house. The two old ladies. Their presence. Somewhere on the first floor. She could sense them. Moving around. The dim quiet. She imagined blue. Two old women moving through blueness. On the first floor. She never saw them. They were there. Always quiet. She was quiet. She did not want to disturb them. She climbed the back stairs to her room. Quietly. The room on the third floor. Underneath

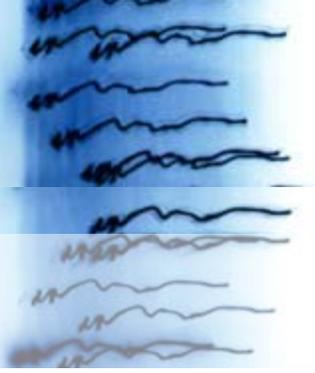
[Michele A. Belluomini](#)

is a poet, storyteller and librarian. Her work has been published in journals such as *The Mad Poets Review*, *Poetry Motel*, *American Writing*, *APR: Philly Edition*, and most recently in the anthology *COMMONWEALTH: Contemporary Poets on Pennsylvania*. Her chapbook, *Crazy Mary & Others* won the 2004 Plan B Press Poetry competition.



the attic. Its many small windows. On three sides. She liked the windows. The light coming in. Pouring over everything. Like water. Not the same as the water pooling everywhere. From the rain. Somebody she knew had lived in that house. A girl. In her grade school. A girl. From a large family. From a different country. The girl was in her class. The family moved. Away. Maybe they returned. To that other country. She remembered that girl. The girl may have been related to the two old women downstairs. She thought about that. But not for long. Her mind drifted. In the room under the attic. Its odd angles. How the ceiling sloped. Because of the attic. The roof. Holding down the house. A quiet house.

That odd room. Large squares of black and white linoleum. On the floor. She would play chess. Sometimes. She hummed to herself. As she made her moves. Across the floor. Queen or knight. Never bishop or rook. She hummed. To herself. Drifting. October drifting into November. Into December. Perhaps nothing happened. Perhaps. She. Stopped. She stopped reading the papers. The ugliness of print on paper. She couldn't look. At it. Its oily feel. On her hands. Her hands would not touch it. Her hands. She would look at her hands. There was something there. In them. Waiting. She knew it. The sharp staccato of hands. Clapping. Together. She listened. Music. Of hands. A stuttering staccato. Like cold rain beating against windows. On three sides of the room. Becoming sleet. Becoming snow. And ice. Day after day like that. Like that. Then a night. Bitter. Pin pricks of stars. Far away. Cold. She was. Outside. On the path. Walking. Away. From the not hers. House. Her feet crushing through snow. Squeak of feet on ice. She slipped. On the ice. On the not hers. She fell. On her back. Flat. On the ice. Stunned. Looking up. At the black sky. The far away stars. Laughing. Down at her. And laughing back. Cold seeping in. Into her pores. Into her. Waking her up. She had been sleeping. She had



forgotten. How long had it been. She had been.
Away. Now. She was. She was ready. To go.

*—from *The Witch's Dream* by Florinda Donner

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Fox Chase Review

S.R. Moser

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Man of Stained Glass

This poem has become a favorite of G. Emil Reutter, so I told him he could have it.

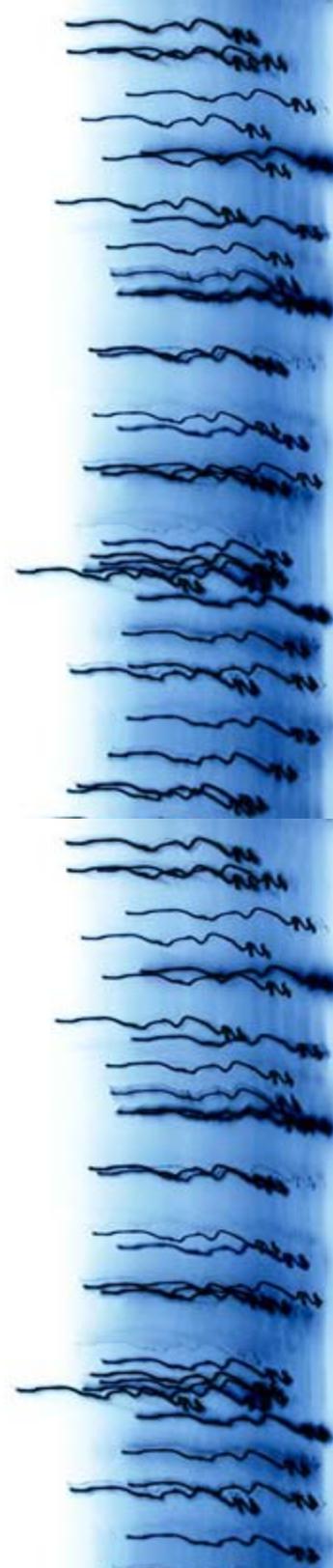
Part of him shatters.
In the darkness, on his knees,
he seeks to find peace,
and each piece.

Tears wash from his thoughts
the stains of circumstance
to pool with the blood of
his quilted hands.

By touch, he collects
shards of self and soul
large enough to salvage,
semblances of the whole.

Within his consciousness,
sharp edges tumble smooth.
The final fragment he settles
by touch, coarse and loose.

He blindly glazes this
fragile puzzle of glass,
leading each free form
to meld with the last.



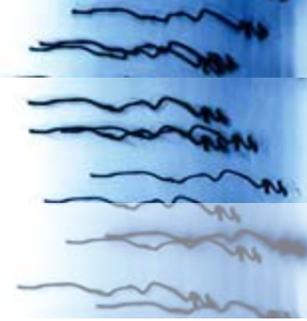
[S.R. Moser](#)

practices writing,
layout and design,
graphic arts, and Web
site design
as often as possible.

To the twilit dawn
he uplifts the pane;
radiant hues kaleidoscope
through fissured stains.

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Fox Chase Review

Alice Wootson

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Music

Songs cram my head:
Lyrics and melodies twist together and twirl
Daring me to try to forget them.
Tunes push their way in
Pulling their words behind them
closer than a U-Haul trailer behind a SUV.
Words squat in front of my mind
Forcing memories to hitch a ride.
Nina Simone and Luther Vandross and Dakota
Staton and Jeffrey Osbourne form a chain.
Old lyrics breathe life into old dreams and
awaken sleeping memories:
Slow dances at campus parties with old crushes.
Wonderings peep out before emerging.
'What ifs' shows themselves.
I look at my life and question the paths not
chosen.

Alice Wootson, a retired teacher, is the award-winning author of nine romance novels which were published by BET Books. Her tenth novel, For Old Times Sake, was released by Harlequin under the Kimani imprint in December, 2006.

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Fox Chase Review

Dee Rimbaud

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The Blood of Christ

I am drunk on the blood of Christ and the rain
is playing a Mississippi swamp trashcan beat
on this caravan roof.

You would not know me now.

I am vacant:

a vagrant drifting through fifteen fictions,
fifteen different versions of myself.

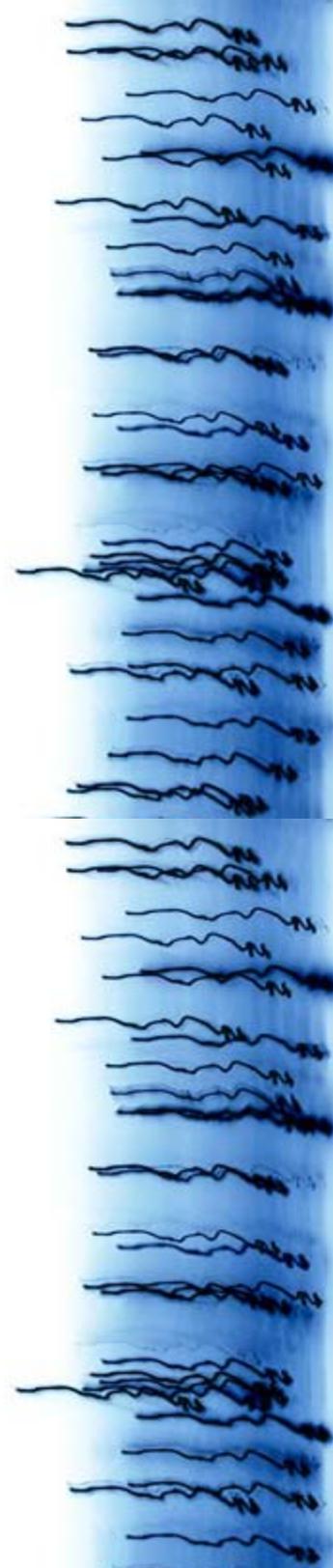
Today, I am a desolate Kerouac,
mouldering away in these northern wastes
after avoiding a romantic death.

I am:

my typewriter rusting
grey clouds of paraffin vapour
cigarette smoke
the cloud soaked sky
a blackbird singing in the sodden pine
the smell of her on my fingers.

The smell of her on my fingers, unwashed
in the wake of a week of sex:
my senses have been re-awoken
and I haven't got enough fingers
to plug up all the holes.

Her absence was not felt before.



online directory of magazines and publishers, hosted on his [website](#) alongside a host of useful writers' resources, as well as a portfolio of his [art](#) and a selection of his [poetry](#). His art is frequently used in magazines and internet zines and has graced the [book jackets](#) of collections by Janet Buck, Rupert Loydell, Norman Jope and many others. Dee's art is now available on t-shirts, posters, cards and assorted gift items via his [CafePress shop](#).

I was inured/ insured against all emotional intrusion:
grey as paraffin vapour, grey as cigarette ash,
grey as incense smoke...
free of confusion,
here, in the ribbon glens that snake through
these god-the-father, great-spirit mountains.

I finger my holes:
there is a rawness verging on pain.

If I poke some more
maybe something red, soft & vulnerable will
issue out:
something sweet and intoxicating
like the blood of Christ.

Her presence was not felt before.

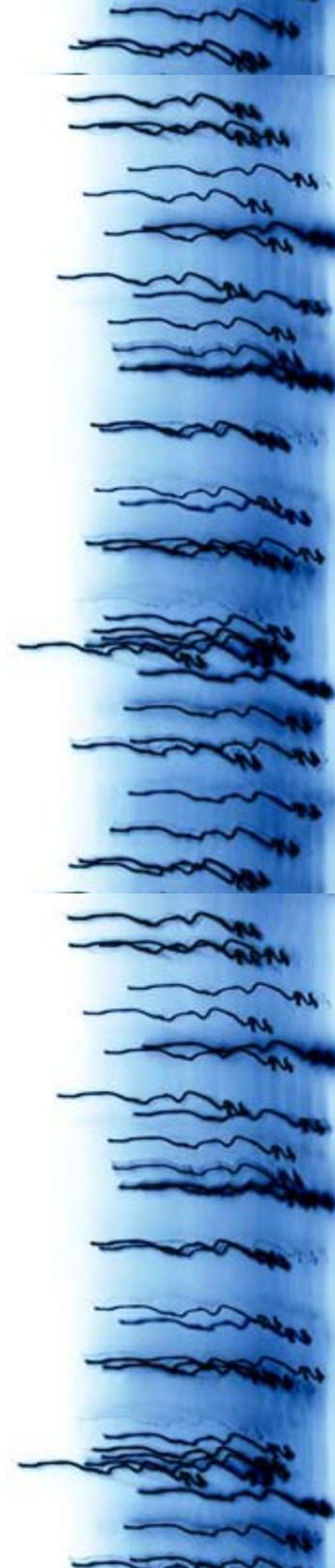
In the prowling of our sex
we explored underworlds:
the drumbeats of some dark unspoken.
She was a she-wolf shaman,
a hybrid of every mythological woman -
she undid me.

I bathe my fingers in the blood of too many
saviours:
damned by the opening of too many eyes, too
many holes.

The smell of her:
it lingers on the tips of each of my fingers.
Mississippi mudflats under each of my nails.
I was Huckleberry Finn to her Uncle Tom,
Mister God to her Anna.

She undid me
and left me pondering over all the broken
pieces.

And then there was the war on my radio.
She said:
here comes the apocalypse,
and so I kiss you on the lips.



When she came,
a sky of missiles skudded the oil black soil of
Iraq.
When she came,
Jehovah and a nest of snakes exploded in my
head.

And when she went, I realised
I had been one of the quietly anxious,
semi-animated, living dead.

Now, the war is almost over:
the conclusion, an inevitable anti-climax.
The world continues sleepwalking and stumbling
on,
drunk on the blood of too many Christs.

I have no more alibis. I am undone:
as empty as a caravan shell on the edge of a
bloated loch.
I wish the rain would wash me away.

These holes are too tender:
the grape of this wine, too bitter;
and the days too long, too wearying without
her.

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