

ORIGAMI CONDOM

issue #2

ULTRA POETRY • INTELLECTUAL LUBRICANT

origamicondom.org



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© Scott Nichols

fortune cookie says
“I don’t bite”
shaken, I don’t either

↻ Scott Nichols

Last time I checked, the world was round. Do you know how I came up with that? I threw a rock at a second-story window. The rock arced up and then quickly down to the planter alongside the building with a rough clang. Then I went upstairs and had mad hot sex with the most beautiful girl I have ever laid my eyes on. She said I didn't need to throw the rock. A flat-earth person wouldn't have thought like that.

© Bryon D. Howell

I wrote a handful
of free-style poems
with subtle bite—
the kind of bite
one might have received
from a laboratory mouse
wearing wire-rim glasses

in the sixties.

He was the only
rodent who
persistently attempted
to push
the same button
over and over,
and in the process,
proved to the world—

he was genius.

I'm going to continue
writing my sonnets
of love and peace
and celebrate my

chewed-up fingers.

Sooner or later,
even the
toughest critics should
Break,
and give meece—

a chance.

∞ Mel Waldman

Apocalyptic seasons of doom and the wind blows with fury.
A tempest shrieks madness-drills a mass grave and tomb and the wind blows with fury.

The artist paints a surreal seascape and dreams of a divine mermaid.
Alone, he creates in a suicide room and the wind blows with fury.

The scientist designs experiments in search of absolute truth.
She discovers the galaxy's womb and the wind blows with fury.

The ghostly rabbi prays to G-d in his ancient synagogue and waits for death.
Soon he will be with Hashem in eternity's room and the wind blows with fury.

A mustang leaps across my dreamscape. It carries me far away.
I stop by woods-listen to the ululation of doom and the wind blows with fury.

Buried Alive

☞ Mel Waldman

Inside the old dark house, I'm lost, almost dead, and buried alive.
Ancient times beckon me—an old man, almost dead, and buried alive.

The fortune teller warns me about leaving my house tomorrow.
I'm traveling on the Road of Yesterday, almost dead and buried alive.

The cruise ship to Heaven passes through the Bermuda Triangle.
On this Ship of Destiny, I'm asleep in bed and buried alive.

After midnight, I dream dark dreams of Hitler and the Holocaust.
I'm traveling on the Road of Yesterday, almost dead and buried alive.

Inside the Caves, where I search for who I really am, I vanish.
Ghost-man drifting in Oblivion, almost dead and buried alive.

© E. Michael Desilets

from a pre-dawn pantry raid
Joanie awoke in a collapsed
lawn chair in the laundry room
a queen sheet folded neatly
in her lap. She hated
folding sheets except apparently
when she was shitfaced.
She remembered

smoking a few pre-cocktail
joints in The Drawing Room
parking lot with . . .
with with with with with . . .
Garth, that's it, Garth
and then she must have
gone inside. Simple
enough. Then it would

have been Cape Codders
until the cranberry bogs
were spent along with all
her spare change. It had to be
Sunday. Her headache
tolled with the bells.

© E. Michael Desilets

No poetry to see in Uncle Ralph,
misshapen slipshod slob lumbering past
the platform at Branch Motor Express
to heave himself into his rattling rig

and hit the Mass Pike hard at Exit 8.
At Romeo's Motel he lost a day
just waiting for his hemorrhoids to burst
but made it up with pills and bloodshot nights

in whining asphalt caverns. Yesterday
his socks were both surgically removed.
We all had a great laugh over that one,
though none of us dropped by to say so long.

I don't drink or gamble or smoke cigarettes.

Never screwed a whiskey-soaked woman
or passed out in the backseat of a borrowed car.

Never bet my paycheck on the third race at Belmont.
Never puked my guts out when the damn horse came in last.

Never jerked off during lunch break at the factory.
Never tipped a waitress with a smack on the ass.

Old Hank would say I've never lived.
He may have a point.

I'm a clean, creased pair of jeans
straight off the ironing board,
and who the hell irons jeans, anyway?

When I see Old Hank in Heaven,
he'll tell me to get the hell out.
"You need to live, boy, before you can die."

"Old Hank, you're right," I'll say. "But how did you get into Heaven?"

He'll choke back the phlegm. "Played Five-Card Stud with God.
Drunk off my ass, but sometimes you draw the right card.
Know what I mean?"

"No," I said,
but I closed his book of poems,
told him I'd find out.

∞ Dan Campbell

It's a hundred degrees in the shade;
walls are splattered with graffiti
in a foreign tongue, a trio of blind
angels tap their crooked canes
down the dirt road, bony saints
roast parched corn on an open
fire in cardboard shacks and frowning
cherubs juggle cinders and cobs.
Then at last, the blare of a trumpet,
we think at first, but it's only the horn
of a rusty bus stacked with chickens and
iguanas in cages driving us forward
into a cloud of dust.

∞ Dan Campbell

He's now at the age where
his wobbling howl uses a walker
to hobble over the mountains,
the spark in his eyes is so dim
it's only seen on moonless nights.
But still, he waits for the full moon
and howls a dark tune on a rocky slope
reading the stars of the Milky Way
like jazz notes scribbled on a napkin.

My daughter who carries
the unfulfilled fantasies
of those around her
(she is so beautiful
how could it be otherwise
her dark eyes and quick humor
the quality of her attention
that of a robin on a wire
listening for worms)
finding herself empty
retreats into a crystal castle
no human hand
has made where she is served
by invisibles who whisper
soothing as she waits for
the wintergreen breath
that comes to her at night
as heightened sensation
by day an odor on the wind
until she becomes bored
with too much safety
too much waiting
impatient
to see love's real shape
terrified of what it might be
but drawn none the less
initiates the dissolution
of her secret place
in the shape of an ideal
she can never possess
in the light of day
watches it dissolve
into a memory
the resonance of which
will return to her now
and then as birdsong
or wintergreen on
the wind

I see you at the scanner rolling
oranges onto the conveyor belt oh
the same bouffant grin same electric

chair hair hey wait a minute maybe
that's Blythe Danner by the scanner
but she's not a man is she we had some

history rare steaks at the Branding Iron
romantic food poisoning after with gentle
Immodium kisses all I could have

hoped for but it blew
up and rumor has it that you're telling
people that I never really seduced

Neil Diamond you're cruel like that
even then when we played badminton
with words like true and love and Bar

the cashier asks do you have an Acme card
no I hear you say tempted to loan you mine
but I might not get it back and soon

you'll be a brown bag floating out the door
and I'll face Bar and leaked chicken juice
challenging the scanner's digital truths

In the library I hear a junior
high history teacher badger his
sister-in-law: You have to read
Neil Boortz's new book, have to,
I'm not going to give up on this. His

clothes drab as a fern wilting
by the window. I picture some girl
in his class on an April afternoon,
longing for a Pepsi and potato chips
but listening to him say that the Iraq War
will prevent them from coming
to our shores. She raises her hand,

asks how he knows. Then that smolder
that he gives his sister-in-law
when she says she'd rather read
a mystery, her orange stretchpants
slipping behind the globe.

∞ Renee E. D'Aoust

The dirt mound of one enters
your embrace, I am digging

your embrace. I am digging
to China where a child mourns.

To China where a child mourns
her body of fluid holes—

the dirt mound of one enters.

She had the most beautiful beakerful
and he couldn't look at her and he couldn't stop looking at her
and his own beaker was sloshing around and running
over and he was dying to spill its contents
into her contents or even just onto her stomach,
and her breasts seemed to beckon under her white
lab coat as he passed her in the narrow
space between two Bunsen burners
and accidentally bumped her beaker
which led to a chemical reaction
on the floor. And it was the greatest discovery
in the field of chemistry ever, and the world
benefited from this discovery and named it
after them, and they won the much coveted
chemistry prize, and shared the money
and grew rich overnight and stayed rich overnight
for many, many nights. Then came the day
their discovery was called into question,
their method challenged, their results
called apocryphal, mistaken, a travesty, a joke
by none other than the two eponymous chemists
themselves. And they went their separate ways
impoverished and obscure.

I'm afraid that I'm not going to have
enough eyes to count the stars
when sky goes to spawn
for the last time.
And then, when you're gone,
when all indecision (doubtfulness)
of water comes,
when you leave and say:
I wasn't got drunk by him, it was wine.

I watched,
from the bridge,
every night
one Sun dying.
I watched the streets,
people in their coats
with umbrellas;
cars with dark windows,
everyone walks
with his own dusk.
I watched,
one Sun dying
every time at the same moment,
more precise, full,
then time.
And there is no one to stop.
And, with the eyes of a dog,
To follow him
while he gets cold,
repeats his ceremony,
ploughs the sky of sclera
with his own plough,
repeats his ceremony
until he gets covered
with grass; until he gets soaked
with the first rain.
I watched from the bridge.

Morphe, morphe...
Water wails!

The wind takes away forgiveness,
turns it into a thousand snake tails.
The river turns into roar,
cries for thousands of children elbows.

They could call it
Naked Survivor, or
Sex on a Motorcycle, or
Death to Weaklings, or
whatever would make people
tune in.

It would show a bunch of
people, no – make that one
woman, a young woman who
has already been voted off the
island in the Family & Marriage
reality show and has the
shame and fatigue and
two kids to show for it.

So in this new show she works
a job that conflicts with her
kid's school schedule, she wants love but
doesn't have the time or
energy, she can barely keep up with
the need for clothes and food and
shoes and dentists.

So each week she gets up in
front of America and juggles a small
child, a sharp knife, a wooden heart-shaped
box and a lit candle while singing
I Will Survive.

If she drops anything she
loses and gets to weep in front
of an audience. If she
wins she gets to come back
next week and do it
again.

Who the fuck you looking at? I,
sir, am a poet! The second oldest profession,
more mysterious than the Masons, more
powerful than small armies or
large nations, I am magic,
I am speaking in tongues, I am the
anti-Houdini: stripped naked I can
create a prison out of thin air.

Every man wants my words, every
woman wants my child, every child
dreams of the day she can
throw balls of flame at an
unsuspecting room and
raise the dead.

I don't need food or water or money, I
don't need recognition or adulation, I'm the
cockroach who will write all the
beautiful eulogies that no one will be
left to hear, I don't need marble or canvas or
board, I'm a conjurer, Jack, I'm God if
God crumpled the newly made
earth every day and tried to make a
better one.

Oh, be afraid, because I can't be bought, that
transaction doesn't exist, I am the most
necessary of men yet no one wants what I offer, so
that makes me the nightmare enemy; the
ragtag skeleton, house blasted to gravel,
nothing left to lose and no dreams to
lug about, just a belly filled with bitterness and
words words words words words, and
who the fuck you looking at?

∞ Alan Catlin

Visit graveyard

library

I wondered which one
she was afraid

she might forget

∞ Alan Catlin

Evasive light, blood orange
amid the filtering mist

above barely visible trees
as black clouds recede;

as the day clarifies, heat
intensifies, the landscape

sheds its mysterious skin.

Face an empty canvas. Pocket
your palate, the one with color.
Produce charcoal, the only suitable tool
for this gray sky, the fog that bellows
in from the ocean to consume you.
If you make a mistake, use chalk
to scumble it.

In a few weeks, the air will cleanse
as wind draws the smog out to sea.
But you will not be the same:
doctors whispering seasonal affective disorder,
a chemical storm brewing acid rain off the coast,
the prayer of a Hindu god
whose long name has been long lost.

Sandman falls in love with Death

∞ Jeff Calhoun

It happens instantly like her swift scythe.
He begins to speak every sonnet taught to him
by lightning bugs speaking love over bright flashes.
She departs to watch a man toss wheat crusts
at a pond full of ducks. She covers her tracks,
makes it look like a heart attack;
Sandman is sure of her coy behavior and is desperate
to build upon their silent bond. He opts for scissors
and they enjoy the shortest first date on modern record.

some things change even though you kind of wish
they wouldn't
no static cling here
he is off and running
a horse I could not ride
the story always begins
with beauty
How Great Thou Art
mesmerized over coffee & bear claws
it usually ends with
I Thought You Were Hot & Brilliant & Just What I Needed
But...Uh...I've Changed My Mind
the thing to do is go on with grace & style
no Jack Daniels box wine cheap vodka puke & piss puddles
on your mom's linoleum
no suicide notes written in cheap burgundy lipstick
no whiny messages on his voice mail referencing Bob Dylan
no the thing to do is buy a new dress
move to a smaller country
take out your heart
superglue it
to the statue of the iguana
with its tongue
sticking
out

roses were inspired
unusual roses
lavender and turquoise roses
that smelled like chocolate
at least six dozen
for you
with a card that in crimson cursive read
You Are A Genius & So Is Your Penis
all of that for you
on a saturday night that should have happened
but didn't
it was all in my head
a cartoon bubble
you laughed and gave me the best sex of my life
on a road trip of mix tapes and honey buns
going west
toward the dinosaur truck stop

∞ Jacqueline Lapidus

Last week in the sandbox with little Didi
I picked up a tennis ball someone had batted
out of the court and immediately
thought of you that first night on the beach,
full and ardent and moaning *oh, yeah!*

I remembered how the racquet felt in my small hand
years ago before my knees gave out,
smooth leather firm grip you said *wait*,
you said *slow* I couldn't see you in the dark
you kissed me wherever you could reach

never mind the tide cops neighbors
nothing mattered but the stroke and the swing
then my whole body followed through
scattering clothes and flashlight over the sand
and we both scored, love-all, *oh, yeah!*

∞ Chuck Swaim

Fire beside his table, is there a picture to
remember again? The remembrance of her
lithe frame was hauntingly sultry in the immaculate
darkness.

When you have broken bones, that's breaking news.
Having sex is a form of peaceful meditation.

This is the dawning of the Sage of the Aquarium.
Earth-quaking love, she's sweet as nectar, more
thrilling than honey. We're watching astronomy
to improve our mental economy.

Fire beside his table, is there a picture to
remember again?

Go now unabated.
Remember your loss as unworthy
of mind.

As we leave, the ground grows hard
and the leaves brittle.
Think of how the less and the little
grow large in imagination.

Fear is unworthy of your mind.

Alas, rest welcome and be welcome
in the Land of Dreams, making pleasant
all foresight.
Disqualify all dead hindsight that made waste
of you.

As we leave, go now unabated.
Be nimble in both eyes and hands.
Your defense must be wary.
As we leave, at large we are many.

Be polite, never mind free speech.
Close up your clam shell, get wasted
on gin & tonics, the tinny bartender
will make you toast and eggs, he feels
sorry for you, your ripped grocery bags and
cleaning-lady outfit. The last time you
went to church the homily was precious,
like a lakeshore at sunset (sliver moon barely visible).
You just remember the priest enjoyed curling,
guitars rather than organs. He was a hip guy.
One day you knelt in the confessional,
(you were a banshee of a child)
and pressed face to screen and whispered
“I might die of exposure one of these days.”
He was a hip guy, Father Tom. In summer
at ice cream socials orange pop stained your tongue,
in a flurry of hallelujahs you slid
through Sunday services. You tried to
read the entire Bible, scrunched
in a booth with coffee and tight
with constraints. You were a polite girl,
prolific, you took it all in
like one great lung,
and at night if your cold hands touched yourself
you knew better than to confess it, your
scorching, secrets, hands faltering into flesh, finally
singing hallelujah, oh god yes hallelujah.

☞ Steven Klepetar

I extend to you my pale white arm, my briefcase
sewn of golden thread, my periwinkle
wigs. Last night with trembling hands, I wrapped
your gift, wild tape stuck and dangling from my lips
and nails, wedding paper crinkling by my ear.
I extend my body like the Verrazano-Narrows
Bridge, that swaying ribbon of curving steel,
that complex necklace strung with colored beads,
that shimmering memory of wind. All week I walked
your frenzied dog, leapt with her at gray squirrels
and sparrow flocks, dove through bushes with my
wet nose driven into mud. We worried geese
into May blue Mississippi mirage, wandered hot
and panting down the Beaver Island trail. I extend
to you her sweaty leash, that fierce ribbon line of pull.
I extend the golden ratio, its lovely widening spirals,
fractal patterns etched on the scrimshaw of your eyes.
I extend to you this magic ball of twine, this clutch
of jangling keys. When you wind your way
to the labyrinth's heart, when you lean breathless
against the final red door, think of me, of my good
will extended at the end of a branch still scented with spicy sap.

I woke to the personals in the LA Free Press:

Kids grown, dog dead, coast is clear!
Minimalist seeks woman!
Theater & fine dining & worshipping me!
Transgender seeking stable couple for fantasies!
Independent, fat & stubborn & deserving the best!
Soulmate sought by spiritual sex vixen!
Theater, travel, fine dining, no anal!
Wealthy one sought! age/gender unimportant!
Sinner seeks Jesus Christ!
Buddhist into rubber & water games & pain!

I stare out my kitchen window as
two seagulls hump each other
until the widow next door
turns the garden hose on them.
They shiver & steal away into the bushes.
I watch bees assaulting flowers
& hear the heat-cry of the neighbor's cat!
Across every city park—pods are opening,
& throughout the county
every garden is dripping with nectar.

Ahh...spring has arrived!

God didn't really want his stars.
A salesman told him they were a bargain:
an infinite number for as much
matter and energy he could supply.
Not only were they simply beautiful,
his angels would ooh and ah,
they also gave him a way to amaze
spirits with spectacular light shows.
Pure black space wouldn't do
for the creator of the universe.
It's too dull to inspire masterpieces.
God just wished to escape the endless
sales pitch. He signed his unutterable
name on the dotted line, snapped
his fingers – red dwarfs, black holes,
and the sun. That didn't look quite right,
he needed planets for symmetry.
He examined one globe closely,
which led him to imagine little gods
walking on its surface, lording it
over water, air, rocks, and dust.
He formed the beings out of clay,
who soon got in trouble over one
of his brainstormers. Such forbidden
knowledge was too tempting a dessert.
He should've guessed that. It was O.K.
Later on he used one star to guide
a few kings to his next art project.
If it went awry, as they sometimes do,
he'd whitewash the entire canvas,
clean his brushes in the implosion.
He'd stay in the darkness, find out
what's next for him from doing that.

How long have we been burying bodies?
I'm not sure, I keep looking at my watch.
The minute hand is turning backwards.
The cuckoo bird is sick and dying.

Sure, someone else should be doing it.
The hard jobs they give to working stiffs
who should be sculpting a new David,
writing a poem that brings back God.

Ladies and gentleman, I give you
crushed fingers and ruptured torsos,
maggots sliding out the throats
into a mass of identical limbs.

Shovels break, they say use your hands.
Hands bleed, they give you some gloves.
Gloves tear, they toss you needle and thread.
If they should rip, you're beyond repair.

Mini-Biographies

[Alan Catlin](#) (NY) his most recent chapbook is *Still Life* from Black Buzzard Press. He expects a full length collection from March Street Press to be called [Self-Portrait of the Artist Afraid of His Self-Portrait](#) soon. He is working on a collection of poems inspired by the life and work of Georgia O'Keeffe among other projects

[Bryon D. Howell](#) (CT) has been writing poetry for over thirty years. He is currently working on his first "official" chapbook. Over the course of the last few months, Bryon's work has appeared in *Good Intentions*, *SHALLA Magazine*, and *Silenced Press*. Bryon also writes and submits under the names Levon DeBranch and Dr. Bob Boston.

[Chuck Augello](#) (NJ) lives in central New Jersey with a dog, two cats, and a growing collection of dust. His fiction and poetry have appeared in *Rattle*, *Pindelyboz*, *SLAM*, *Word Riot*, and other publications. He spends his days in a cubicle, slowly plotting his escape, and can be reached at beatleduck23@yahoo.com. Please love him.

[Chuck Swaim](#) (WA) is an obscure journeyman of sorts. He's a native of Pittsburgh, PA and now resides in Olympia, WA. He says, "Puget Sound is one big pool for reflection."

[Dan Campbell](#) (VA) is a web manager for the U.S Agency for International Development in Washington DC and served in the Peace Corps in El Salvador.

[Dave Morrison](#) (ME) Boston 1959 • School hard, music easy • Playing in bars at 17 • Came this close • Married, moved to NYC • Waiter, guitar player, lonely Red Sox fan • New School writing program • Books books books write write write • Move to Maine • Poetry.

[Donald Illich](#) (MD) no bio provided.

[E. Michael Desilets](#) (LA) the eldest of seven sons, was born and raised in Framingham, Mass. He now lives in Los Angeles because his wife is a senior executive at Warner Bros. Before retreating quietly from academia into his air-conditioned basement, he taught at Framingham State, Rowan University and the University of Judaism. His work has appeared in *Diner*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Poesy*, *The Rambler* and other fine places.

[Felino Soriano](#) (CA) is a case manager working with developmentally disabled adults, and philosophy student. The existence of being a classic and avant-garde jazz enthusiast juxtaposed with his philosophical studies, one can ascertain his poetic inspirations. His poetry appears widely in print and online.

[Jacqueline Lapidus](#) (MA) grew up in New York City and lived abroad for more than 20 years, first in Greece, then in France. A lifelong editor, teacher and translator currently based in Boston, she holds degrees from Swarthmore College and Harvard Divinity School. Her poems have appeared in numerous periodicals and anthologies and in three collections: *Ready to Survive*, *Starting Over and Ultimate Conspiracy*. Her fourth, *Scheherazade's Menopause*, is seeking a publisher.

[Jeff Calhoun](#) (MI) recently began a PhD program in biomedical science at the University of Michigan. His writing credits include *2River View*, *Lily*, *Softblow*, *Poetry Midwest*, *Stirring*, and *Triplopia*. His recent chapbook is freely available online from Lily Press and is entitled *Navigating the Throes of Concrete Ravines*. When he's not mining the human genome for patterns or found poems, he's probably dreaming about banana pancakes or chocolate milkshakes.

Jessica Morrow (MI) is (still) finishing her (creative) thesis, the missing piece to the puzzle known as an M.A. in Creative Writing from Northern Arizona University. She now resides in Michigan with her dog, Isaiah, where she is pursuing a promising career as a barista and a starving poet. She owns too many books, likes to pretend she plays the piano, knits (somewhat poorly), and is really good at driving over curbs and backing into other people's cars. Her poem "For Jen" won third prize in the 2006 Tom Howard Poetry Contest. She still believes that one day The New Yorker will accept her work...

Ken Pobo (PA) His collection of poems, *Glass Garden*, will appear from WordTech Press in 2008. His work can be read online at *Forpoetry.com*, *Three Candles*, *2River View*, *Cherry Blossom Review*, *Iddie*, and elsewhere. Catch his radio show on Saturdays from 6-8pm EST called "Obscure oldies" at *WDNR.com*.

Mel Waldman (NY) is a licensed psychologist. He is also a poet, writer, artist, and singer/song-writer. He is a past winner of the literary *Gradiva Award* in Psychoanalysis and was nominated for a Pushcart Prize in literature. His mystery novel, *Who Killed the Heartbreak Kid?*, is available at the iUniverse bookstore: <http://www.iuniverse.com/bookstore>.

Milos Petrovic (Serbia) is a poet with 4000 poems that have not yet been published, nor translated in English. In 1999, when he finished high school, he published his first book and two years later his second book was published. He won one national and several local poetry awards. Over 20 US magazines and e-mags have published his work.

Misti Rainwater-Lites (NM) has several self-published poetry collections and a couple of novels available at *lulu.com*. She has a collaboration chapbook with Doug Draime, *Next Exit: Three*, available from Kendra Steiner Editions. Misti has four upcoming chapbooks from three different publishers. Watch for updates at her blog, <http://mistirainwaterlites.wordpress.com>.

Paul Hostovsky (MA) his poems appear widely online and in print. He has been featured on *Poetry Daily*, *Verses Daily*, and *The Writer's Almanac*. He has two recent poetry chapbooks, *Bird in the Hand* (Grayson Books) and *Dusk Outside the Braille Press* (Riverstone Press). He works in Boston as an interpreter for the deaf. To read more of Paul's poetry, visit his website: www.paulhostovsky.com

Paul Pines (NY) grew up in Brooklyn around the corner from Ebbet's Field and passed the early 60's on the Lower East Side of New York. He shipped out as a merchant seaman, spent 65-66 in Vietnam, after which he supported himself driving a taxi and tending bar, until he opened his own jazz club, The Tin Palace. His memoir, *My Brother's Madness*, (Curbstone Press, 10/07) explores the unfolding of two intertwined lives and the nature of delusion. Pines presently lives in Glens Falls, NY, with his wife, Carol and daughter, Charlotte.

Renee E. D'Aoust (ID) lives with a Plott hound named Truffle.

Scott Nichols (CA) Scott Nichols lives and writes between Los Angeles and Long Beach, CA. Long-standing interests include storytelling, lesbians, and free jazz. Father of a daughter who is way more talented than he is. Has published quite a bit over the years, but spends more time writing than licking envelopes, so he'll see you when he sees you. Or you'll see him when you see him. So it goes.

Steve De France (CA) Steve De France is a widely published poet, playwright and essayist both in America and in Great Britain. He has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize in Poetry in both 2002 and 2003. A few recent publications include *The Wallace Stevens Journal*, *The Mid-American Poetry Review*, *Ambit*, *Atlantic*, and *The Sun*. Most recently his poem "Gregor's Wings" has been nominated for The Best of The Net by Poetic Diversity.

Steven Klepetar (MN) teaches literature and writing at Saint Cloud State University in Minnesota. His work has appeared in a number of journals and he has received nominations over the past three years for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Web.