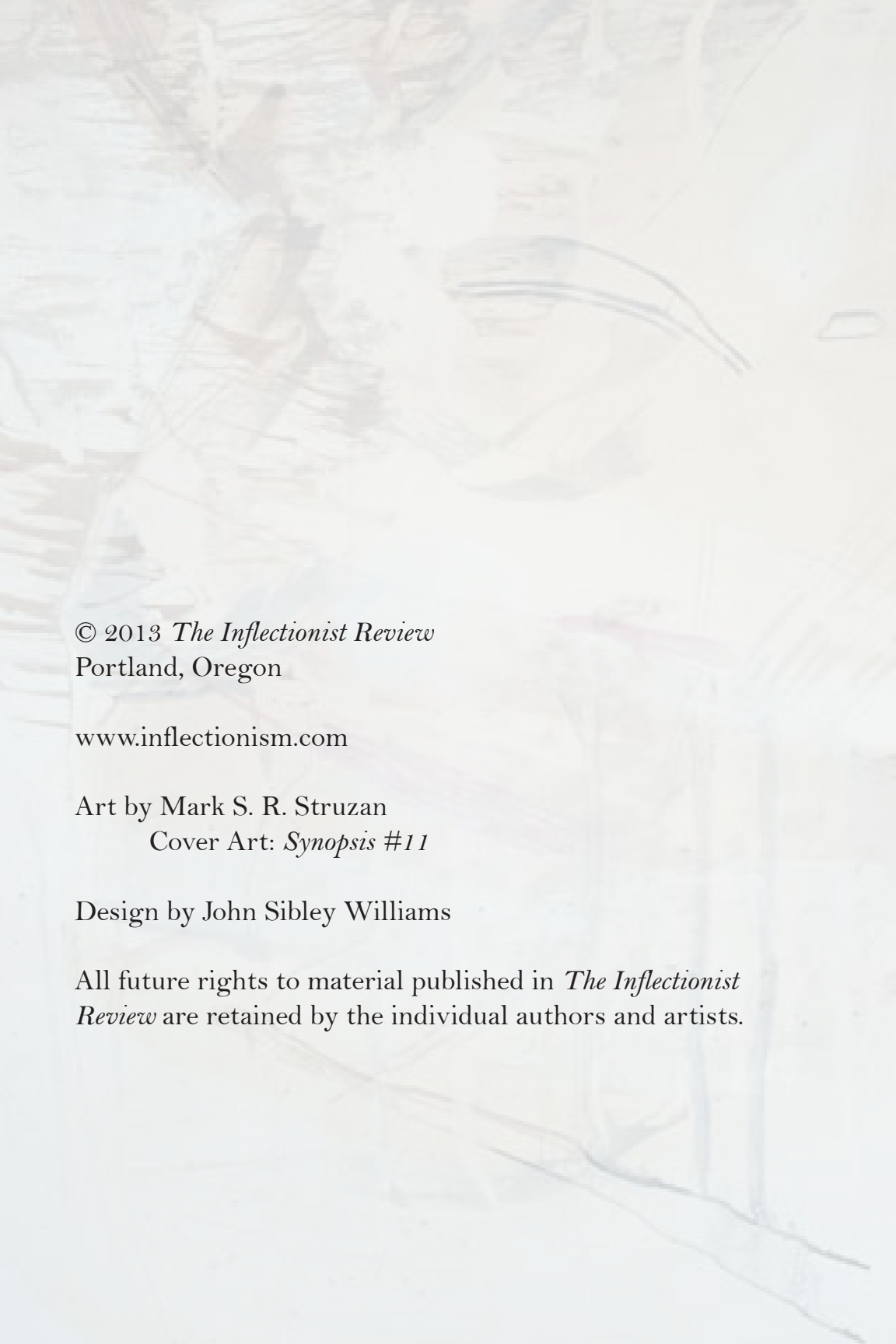


# The Inflectionist Review

No. 1





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Portland, Oregon

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**T**he  
**I**nfectionist  
**R**eview

No. 1

Summer 2013

Portland, Oregon

# mission

*The Inflectionist Review* is a small press publishing stark and distinctive contemporary poetry that fosters dialog between the reader and writer, between words and their meanings, between ambiguity and concept. Each issue gathers established and emerging voices together toward the shared aim of unique expression that resonates beyond the author's world, beyond the page, and speaks to the universality of human language and experience.

Inflectionism is an artistic movement that was started in 2010 by three Portland, Oregon poets who sought a more organic approach that respected both poet and reader, both words and interpretation. As a creative philosophy, Inflectionism seeks to build upon what has come before and gently bend it to reflect what has and has not changed about the world and the language we use to express it.

# editors

A. Molotkov  
John Sibley Williams

[info@inflectionism.com](mailto:info@inflectionism.com)  
[www.inflectionism.com](http://www.inflectionism.com)

# from the editors

*in two orders of reality  
things are never as expected  
the center of being-there wavers  
in the afterness of words*

Is this how it works? There is a thing. Then we find and use words for it. Those words reflect our inimitable experience of the thing in that beautifully insufficient way words have. But once the words have been uttered—in the wake, the afterness? How has the thing changed in our experiencing and translating it into language? We ask these questions, so nascent in Linda King's lines above, of every artistic creation. And we've embarked on *The Inflectionist Review*, in part, to see how diverse poetic minds use language to unify the languageless.

TIR No. 1 includes new work from around the world, including Susanne Petermann's fresh translation of a Rilke poem. Linda King is our Distinguished Poet this issue, and Mark S. R. Struzan is our Featured Artist.

Each piece in TIR thrives within its own created world yet adds to the larger discourse we hope to foster. We invite you to join the conversation.

— A. Molotkov and John Sibley Williams



# The Inflectionist Review

No. 1

Summer 2013

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Mark S. R. Struzan

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## distinguished poet

*Linda King*

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## Contributors

## Submit to TIR



## Colette Tennant

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### Smaller

*After Li-Young Lee*

Someone called my name by the ocean.  
I grew longer in the billowing of morning,

grew smaller by the long blue horizon,  
grew older among seagulls screaming for breakfast,

When I heard my name again,  
it sounded like a kite string

tugging in a child's hand, or an old friend  
walking toward me in the snow.



**Matthieu Baumier****from “Mystes”**

Nous sommes allés à la terre.  
Nous sommes allés sous le chêne.  
Devant l’immobile,  
le mot ailé du monde.

Le chêne s’est écrit dans la terre.  
Les ailes du monde se sont pliées.  
Tout est immobile.

Là, pierres et arbres devisent.  
Là, étoiles et nuages déversent,  
Le pli immobile du monde.

Nous sommes allés vers l’œil  
du soleil.  
Nous sommes allés dans l’écorce  
du bouleau.

Et des merisiers.

Dans le silence en cœur, de l’immobile.  
En l’arbre,  
Nous sommes allés.

Dans le lointain des hommes, sans langage.  
Dérisoires,  
Nous sommes allés.

## Matthieu Baumier

### from “Mystes”

We have gone to the earth,  
 We have gone beneath the oak,  
 Facing the stillness of  
 The winged speech of the world.

The oak is inscribed on the earth,  
 The wings of the world folded within,  
 Nothing moves.

In that place stones and trees converse,  
 In that place stars and clouds empty out  
 The unmoving crease of the world.

We have gone toward the eye  
 Of the sun,  
 We have gone inside the bark  
 Of the silver birch,

And the wild cherry trees.

In the silence of the heart, the immobility  
 Of the tree,  
 We have gone there.

In places far off from men, without language,  
 Vanity,  
 We have gone.

translated from the French by Elizabeth Brunazzi

## Doug Bolling

### Sojourner

There will be loss of the  
last flower, and earth  
will continue,

the songs of us  
diminished.

I turn to you for answers:  
what is the truth,  
why the death of  
petals?

But you as well are  
of the land.

You walk away leaving  
me in a place of  
gravel,

a poverty as of  
fallen wings.

Is it then to invent  
what isn't,  
to make poems  
out of necessary  
lies.

**Susan Botich****To Find the Moon**

Stars spatter across the black  
Cloak of sky  
But where is the clasp  
That holds the night  
From falling open

Tonight, bright-faced  
Mirror, soulful  
Champion of woman  
Hides  
From the naked birch

Branches still waiting  
The return of green  
Life yet asleep  
Moon, patient listener  
Even shadowed, listens

With such intensity  
As someone who is  
Truly interested  
In what is  
Being said

Night hums  
A single note. I know  
Without a doubt I am  
Not alone awake  
Inside these deep hours

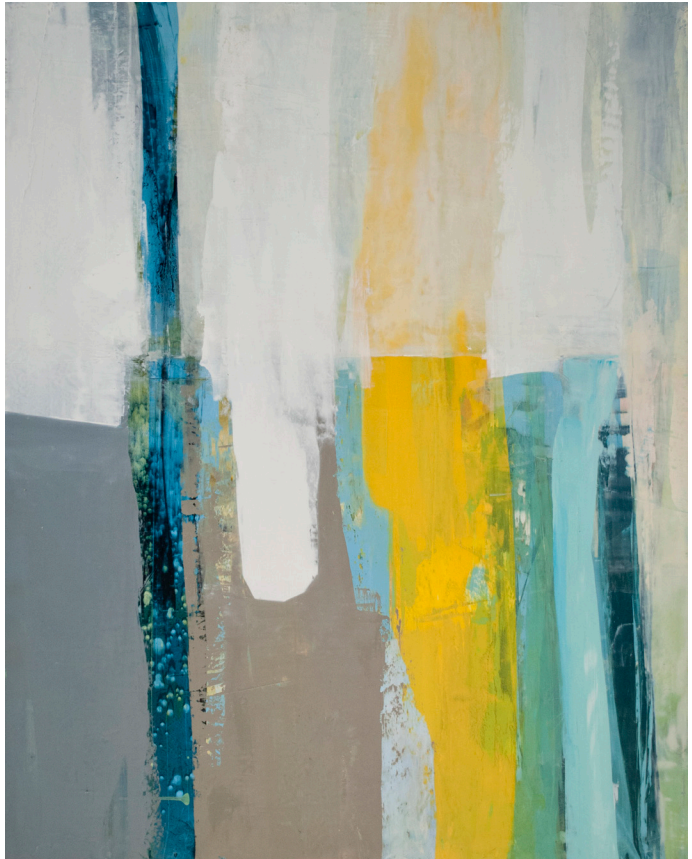
Under this roof  
Under that roof

---

To Find the Moon

Stars, moon  
Breaths in rhythm  
Different timbres, though

Their sighs, and mine, too  
Wait for these walls to open  
Stories to begin  
Memories to be  
Thrown into the fire



Susan Botich

Dusk Night Moon Dawn

cusp of day; a gathering of silence

the men outside at the fire  
circle of stone between  
sparks scatter into stars

one moment in the universe; we, near the edge

across the yard  
shadows flit under moonlight  
bird wings, fluttering

up and dreaming night; walking the moonlit rooms

moon washes clean  
the rust-red deck  
this night-silver window

bare feet, hands, moon-touched; moon, impossible to touch

just before dawn  
the leaves, grass—*everything* trembles  
darkness, letting go



stoking the fire

to not want

anything *from* you

just every thing

with *you* in it.



Detail #1



**Daniela Elza**

**stoking the fire II**

all night my mind turns      in circles—  
a puppy trying to clear a place to lie down.

these thoughts that will not  
                         play dead    after we parted.

again to stumble into the city that is my body.  
these streets—  
                         warnings we walk to the end of.

all night to                    lean into    the fire

no

into the many

small      brilliant fires      we started.

## Daniela Elza

### ten nine fish

the dead fish has been in the tank  
for three days now. I cannot get myself

to pull it out. (to know  
that something's dead explains

the mourning. we become  
too wordy other/wise.

today armed with orange  
rubber gloves a shallow dish

I am ready to pull it out.

(but which one?

which one is

the dead fish?

Richard O'Brien

Tripping in the Dark

Left alone,  
without external manipulation,

people

lean toward sin

the way heliotropic flowers  
turn toward the sun.

I am not immune  
to this tendency. And now

a dark moon  
lurks in my left eye,

casting nylon shadows

over all I see.

In a nightstand drawer I keep  
my latest roundtrip

ticket  
stub from

my last visit to  
the universe next door.





## Ellen Goldsmith

### Les Lunes

Illness claims its due  
like water  
finding its level

Don't worry  
The full moon returns  
from running

Who said talk is cheap?  
I have found  
some expensive words

In your bed  
a stranger appears  
you, altered

The crescent moon hangs  
like autumn  
nostalgia, waving

A lost penny  
reminds me of a fox  
out of sight

As I sip  
reflections talk back  
The glass gleams

Ellen Goldsmith

Even After

*After The Hare With Amber Eyes by Edmund de Waal*

From the window

cranes

flying

What do you miss when you are old and not living in the country you  
were born in?

The tree blazes golden

even after

the goldfinches have flown

**featured artist**

**Mark S. R. Struzan**



## artist statement

My paintings represent an interest in the process of painting. The paint, resins, oils, panel and gesso are all as important as the colors I use, the textures that arise from layering and glazing, and the forms that are created through process.

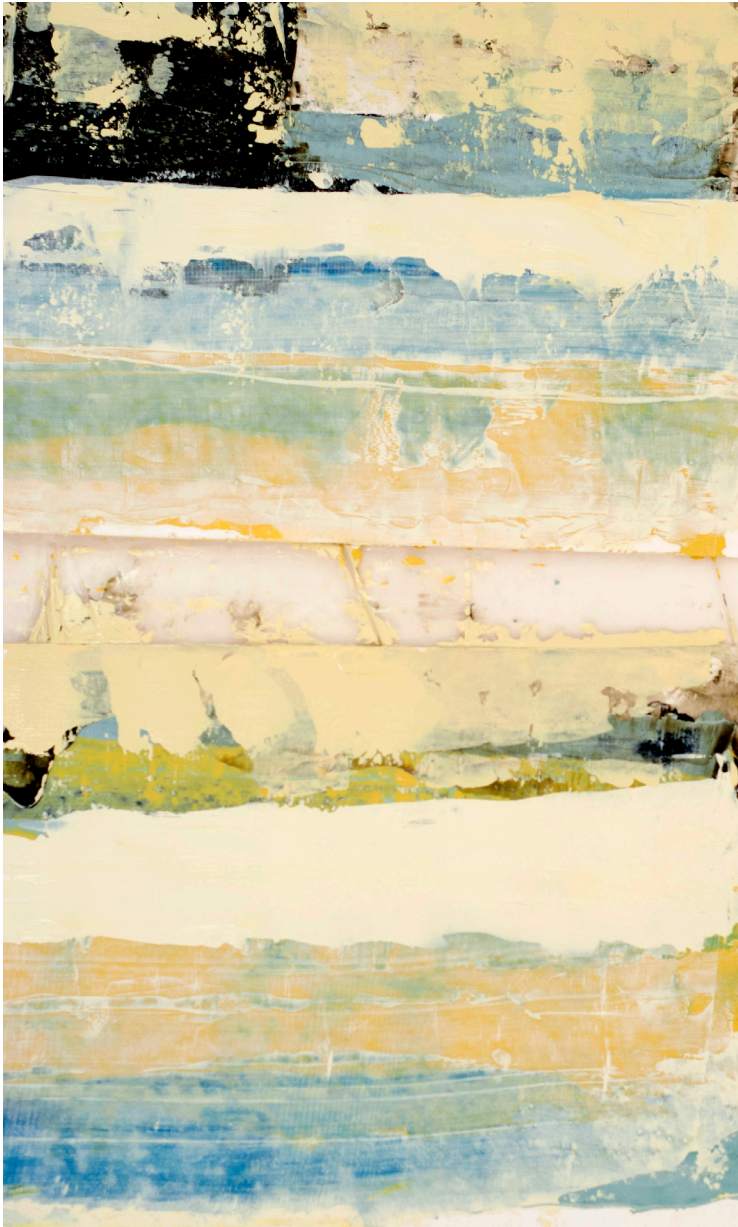
I want my paintings to have a distinct history and presence. Sometimes, when the painting begins to “feel” it begins to understand itself. I watch for these understandings.

Dialogue has become the single most important reason that I paint. To learn and to grow through personal expression of thought. My paintings are an intuitive and intimate response to process, and also, a deliberate inquiry into what surrounds that process. Thoughts and ideas need to be fluid and dynamic, they need to be allowed to grow and deepen. My paintings are attempts at thought—the slow process of dismantling and reassembling ideas on the Universe and its contents. My paintings, then, are windows or tools of self-discovery.

I’m interested in the moments of transformation, the epiphany. I watch for the unforeseen. This is what I strive to achieve. I also explore and have a great deal of interest in the fundamental issues surrounding the human condition. In some small way, I have come to an understanding of the spirit and of the many interconnections of energy. I respond to the idea of the mind as being in a state of weightless observance as it attempts to understand, and to survive in a world of increasing fragmentation. More than all else, I respond and remain open to the necessary creation and continuation of these dialogues and any others which appear.

Currently I find oil paint to be more central to this discussion. The nature of oil responds to my process more so than acrylic. Oils are naturally suited for a slower process; reworking, paint viscosity, hydrophobic/philic, and so forth. Water doesn’t play a large part in my process even though it is, at times, a crucial element.

In the process of idea generation, I sometimes use acrylic paint and inks to achieve rapid layering and also in my drawings for resistance purposes (similar to my oil process). Time and patience are always integral parts of any process.



Time Stamp #6



Construct C



Landscape #4



Synopsis #2



Ut #1



Ut #4

## Philip Wexler

---

### In the Background

Out of sight,  
squirrels are born,  
blind and naked  
every day.

Overnight,  
in the bog,  
berries burst  
into red  
fruitfulness,  
shrink and shrivel,  
disappear.

In crevices  
of deep sea rocks,  
creatures fit  
for microscopes  
swim silently  
through life  
and death.

Bats by thousands  
swarm from caves.

A hawk grabs one,  
makes for the bluff,  
and feasts.

In the den,  
a grandfather clock  
chimes one  
as its dear friend,  
the old man,



---

**In the Background**

lies on a table  
in a white room  
far way  
and goes under,  
dreaming of the singular  
sound.

**Matthew Nadelson****from “Sidewalk Scenes”**

I.

A beetle’s wings,  
like eyelids, jerk alert.  
Struggling to stand, it flutters  
its legs like lashes  
and collapses.

A ladybug,  
a drop of blood,  
descends a crack  
in the crumbling  
concrete.

A young man squats  
on the edge of a sea  
of shattered green-brown glass  
pooling with blood  
shimmering in the afternoon sun.

Laura Winter

Ten Tiny Shadows

the moon's  
laundry  
almost  
topples  
water towers

i watch the night  
sing to moths  
to moths' shadows  
slipping into dark spots

tomorrow  
someone  
will empty  
their pockets



Object #6

Laura LeHew

## It's Too Soon for Sleeping Pills

this is how I survive  
 I reclaim your tongue  
 frenching a cigarette, your finger

sizzles my skin, the slice of your knee  
 boning into my back  
 perched in the rafters

between need and want  
 weather reports no longer make sense  
 eight years after you hear them

I am in my bed howling  
 I have a problem  
 my easel is a bit broken

& the house needs cleaning

rib by rib  
 I am a feminist  
 I will forget you but

time doesn't work that way  
 memory is made of thistle  
 horrifying and beautiful

you are 2 unfinished sentences &  
 a semicolon in the wrong place

**Anton Frost****The way the land is shaped**

1.

Photons, angels, names of counties  
covered in snow.

Full of blue and purple stems,  
there is pale water not yet frozen over;  
filling it, the smells of cold  
and an expired rain.

The earth grows gently.  
The snow calms its patterns.

The way the land is shaped,  
I want to live.

2.

My body lies outside me,  
as stiff as a bundle of sticks,

tied together with a belt and carried  
over the back of who I ought to be,

toward where I ought to go.

Sometimes I peer out between openings,  
jostled by the debris underfoot,

the ever uneven ground.

The way the land is shaped

To stand in open spaces  
that fill up with longing is to live—

every acre of the world  
holds the whole ultimatum.

3.

The air fills with shapes,  
blips of air swirling in poured water.

Snow begins falling on the mountaintops,  
the towns below diminishing to their shapes on maps,  
flower-shapes.

4.

In the abandoned fields and lots,  
empty stems and rocks stick out of the ground

like words,  
the bones of a person's face.

5.

Harp-shapes fill the wind blowing.

At dark, I light candles as numb as bone,  
as fragrant as glass.

The way the land is shaped

I watch the flickering fill  
the empty spaces just out of reach.

The way the mountain ranges belong to no-one,  
I want to belong.



**Christina Frei****Firefly**

The idea at the start, was  
just to catch it in a jar  
then examine it up close  
to see how it would light

up, like an orbiting planet  
in a bottle. But it did not,  
though we shook it around  
and finally decided

as a kind of punishment  
to bury it in the backyard  
under a fragrant hydrangea  
bush. Think of its panic:

wing-hurried frenzy,  
rear end flashing like a flare.  
Picture the final moments  
of a meteorite, scattering

a ragged trail of sparks.  
Or picture an abandoned  
satellite banging against  
the walls of the universe.



**Holly Guran****Pond**

Lily pads float  
and a heart beats at the center,  
its ventricles, the lilies'  
tentacles. Water and blood  
under sun.

This place where  
water does not threaten blood  
and blood is not washed away,  
where no one's blood is shed

but preserved in the heart  
and its arteries,  
where water surrounds  
sending out the heart's message.

I have only been here in summer.

## Andrea Moorhead

### Fukushima Flees

Unknown ash above the maple  
seeds distant and evolving  
we are moving too swiftly to concentrate on the wind  
air displaced creates a ripple along the seam of the day  
light shattering pupils and the only way to restore balance  
unknown ash is wavering along the horizon  
glinting as snow on a sudden night  
arms open to the darkness but catching on the branches  
ever so fragile in the upper air



## Jennifer Martelli

---

### A Fall

March Day. Molotov.  
Left struck and half-blinded in a bombed-out country.

The sun an ache in my eyes, the sun lost in gun-gray motes.

Nobody's quick footsteps come to teach how to use my hands.  
The meanings here too new, the words, rubble, Braille.

Lediana Stillo

## Without Borders

We came from a country without borders.  
We used to move at night like women  
trying to start new lives - ending up  
dead and frozen in the snow.

Because you can't move without borders:  
all you know is how to cross them.  
You need your legs and a strong reason.

The way is long. Time is short.  
No reason should be held  
as a parallel line.



**distinguished poet**

**Linda King**

## the interview

**Q: How do you approach poetic composition? Do you begin with a concept? An image? A first or last line?**

For me, poetic composition always begins with the word or words. I keep what I call a snippet notebook which is filled with words and phrases — words overheard, words that become a kind of earworm that will not quiet down until written down, words that need to be turned on their head, poured a drink... whatever is required to make them lead to the next word....

The words come from images, nightmares, daydreams, my dog's expression, music overheard in the courtyard, the smell of laundry, ....

Since I work to a theme - my recent book *Dream Street Details* is very language themed, and the current manuscript is decidedly philosophical — I am attuned to anything within my vicinity that speaks to the theme.

Occasionally I write poems that come from my daily life...these are generally narrative and lighter (I call them my stress relief). The last one that I wrote came about after seeing someone reading Kierkegaard at a Starbucks and is titled 'Finding Kierkegaard at Starbucks'.

**Q: You take a lot of risks in creating poetry that, at first glance, may appear disjointed to an unprepared reader. Your lines are filled with contrasts and juxtapositions. Is this choice intentional? Do you think of how this may impact your audience?**

In a recent interview (*Writers on Craft* June/13), the poet Amy King (no relation) said 'Poetry is permission with no agreed upon purpose'. I love that quote and take it to mean that we are allowed to play with words without worrying where it will lead or whether or not anyone else is going to get it...or buy it...or review it.

My early work was narrative and adhered to a more traditional format. (I am sure this came from my many years as an administrative assistant — lots of typing and swinging that carriage so that everything aligned left). That format

worked well for the narrative poems but once I started experimenting with the page — leaving more space — varying line breaks — banging the words up against each other...there was no going back.

My whole poetics changed, opened up, and acquired a new fierce energy. This was also the time that I went from composing on paper to using the computer, which I am sure had a great deal to do with this breakthrough — so much easier to play on the page electronically...

As for impacting my audience, well, I hope that I am giving them a bit of a challenge, a pleasant surprise. I trust that they will not only engage but will follow me along for the ride...

**Q: I was intrigued and delighted by the notion of “the afterness of words”. Indeed, words as description, arriving post factum. What about the beforeness of words, the way the words we have heard or said forever affect us? Would you please comment on your interest in words and their causative relationships?**

Ah yes...my interest in words. I will quote from the poem ‘surfacing’ in my recent book

Dream Street Details (Shoe Music Press, 2013)...

...words saved your life  
their introduction like solid food

As for ‘the afterness of words’ I think that I am alluding to the idea that the afterward (afterword) of a conversation, a story, a poem or anything that involves words can begin to ‘waver’ almost immediately. What we recall can never entirely contain or explain the moment. Every moment becomes a memory we can only approximate in ‘the afterness of words’.

**Q: “A single drop of water is rain still”, but does it fill a glass or empty it?**

For me, that single drop of water will always be the one that fills the glass — like that elusive moment that holds all of time...

**Q: How deliberate is your work?**

My work starts out as very non deliberate. Just a bunch of words, phrases and images. I never edit myself in the early stages. Just get it on the page.

The real work comes during the rewriting, which takes up an enormous amount of time. But this is where the poem starts to happen, so it is also an exciting time. The rewriting stage can be precarious as this is when a poem can be ruined by too much massaging, too much fiddling with line breaks, or inserting words or lines that belong in another poem...or in the bin.

At some point I decide that I have a reasonable draft and this is when I will seek the input of another poet although I am very careful about who gets to see my early drafts. It needs to be someone I trust and whose feedback will be honest and constructive...and I give as good as I get...I call this the 'slaughterhouse stage'.

**Q: “What becomes through the saying of it.”  
What a beautiful quote. Are you referring to  
the word’s ability to move the future into being?**

We think in words, our ability to describe is almost entirely limited to words, which results in everything’s being a metaphor for our version of reality. What we name is our truth of what we see. Poets recognize that words will always fail to achieve the real. The illusion of offering the real through naming merely points out the limits of language.

Heidegger suggested that we ‘listen to being’ rather than fall victim to the seeing power of language. The poet must look beyond ‘what becomes through the saying of it’ although it will always result in a failed attempt to go beyond language.

Naming creates meaning through words. The poet’s wordplay is an attempt to un-name and start again.



Linda King

any kind of magic

in two orders of reality  
 things are never as expected  
 the center of being-there wavers  
 in the afterness of words

no matter the language  
 it's all translation false memories  
 everyone resembles the one who commits the crime  
 bone-dug down in the wreckage left behind  
 stories taped to the wall

a bit of radiance  
 a game of chance  
 tip the whiskey glass

even the temporary gods  
 won't remember you

but oh how you will confess  
 deconstruct yourself rotate the text  
 wake-up in the wrong house  
 find that ruined party dress  
 full of heart beaten  
 free falling  
 reason

A decorative graphic consisting of two horizontal bars. The top bar is a solid dark brown line. The bottom bar is a solid dark brown line with several rectangular cutouts of varying widths, creating a stepped or comb-like appearance.

Linda King

evidence of

a simple code   flea market philosophy   double yellow line  
fuel hanging in the closet   ink runs into you   every name  
is the title of a story   this world breathes the art of persuasion  
grief through the mail slot   the rim of the bowl keeps ringing  
a single drop of water   is rain   still

Linda King

waiting room

feathers on fire wings clipped amazed skeletons watching  
 each syllable bends towards meaning  
 towards what cannot be explained you are smaller than any child  
 sorry hurls you  
 through time and space to that crying dream that simple nightmare  
 there are symptoms of overexposure heft of memory  
 a wayward quickening time is cruel medicine  
 cloud towns the hope of blue gone

your childhood sky rains useless pennies lamentations cliff note alibis  
 playground games  
 dig up the orphans propose a toast to Heidegger  
 reality is not an easy place  
 every invoice past due the water rising there is no trail here  
 everyone you meet is drawn in pencil their clothes ravel  
 in thin fabric a tiny seam opens unshelters  
 this small place of being

Linda King

naming

your blacksmoke childhood  
 soft mistakes warning signs  
 ill fortune after the rain  
 four points of departure  
 every void a placeholder  
 for the possible

most journeys are unmappable  
 caught in categorical imperatives  
 that snag of meaning  
 like blood vines on the garden wall  
 elements and anti-elements  
 every river moving on to somewhere else

in the hours before survival  
 you can get used to solitude  
 your own dark night  
 this world erasing you  
 no chorus no song

just a slow merging of two silences  
 some frantic code number  
 meanings rinsed in regret  
 that double sided consciousness of being  
 what becomes through the saying of it

pull the fabric taught  
 hold your breath  
 repeat your name aloud



Detail #2

David Radavich

**Benediction**

You are at best  
a bird.

Go. Be hungry.

Argue  
with sunset.

Don't come back  
until

it is time

for the wind  
to blow

petals  
off their heads.

**Rainer Maria Rilke****from “Vergers”**

45.

Cette lumière peut-elle  
tout un monde nous rendre?  
Est-ce plutôt la nouvelle  
ombre, tremblante et tendre,  
qui nous rattache à lui?  
Elle qui tant nous ressemble  
et qui tourne et tremble  
autour d'un étrange appui.  
Ombres des feuilles frêles,  
sur le chemin et le pré,  
geste soudain familier  
qui nous adopte et nous mêle  
à la trop neuve clarté.

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926) was born in Prague. From an early age, growing up in a German-speaking household, he felt uncomfortable in the bourgeois society of his family and in the Czech culture. He was a prolific poet, essayist, critic and correspondent. Well-known for his restlessness, he moved sometimes only weeks after installing himself in some foreign city. Among many other places, he lived in Paris intermittently, most notably in 1902–03 when he worked for the sculptor Rodin. During the last years of his life he lived mostly in Muzot, Switzerland where he wrote 400 poems in French.

**Rainer Maria Rilke****from “Orchards”**

45.

Can it be this light  
that makes the world ours?  
Or is it the new shadow,  
tender as it trembles,  
that binds us to it instead?  
A shadow much like us,  
trembling and twisting  
around a strange support.  
The shadows of frail foliage  
falling on path and field  
in a sudden, familiar movement  
that adopts and dissolves us  
into something freshly transparent.

**translated from the French by Susanne Petermann**



## Rachel Squires Bloom

### Rainbow

Swathed across  
a cried-upon sky lies  
the brush-perfect clarity  
of hues, distant and distinct.  
Bright grass-green touches  
cobalt, drifts to creamy blonde.  
Who was first startled enough  
to stare, compelled with urge  
to share? What utterance first  
held both word and its amazement?  
Before that glorious mating  
of verb and noun what gesture  
sufficed, what arc of arm paired  
with wide opened gaze into the now  
opened eyes of another?

**Tiel Aisha Ansari**

**Gold Button**

Today I found a gold button  
on the sidewalk. I thought of it falling  
from a velvet coat dark as the night sky,  
burning to ash like a shooting star.  
I thought of you.  
I would like to sew it back on.  
I thought of you.

Time Stamp #1



**Bruce McRae**  
**Fragile**

The quiet, being taken apart  
for easy handling and shipping,  
the movers tip-toeing, their breaths  
measured, working swiftly, yet  
cautious. The quiet being sent  
away, moved to another part of  
town, in sound-proofed boxes, in  
padded crates, in rubber cartons  
marked 'Handle With Care'. You  
can almost hear it, the way its  
weight shifts, the dust being  
disturbed, the absurd lengths  
that the movers go to not to say  
a word, their dark eyes rolling.

**Bruce McRae**

**Grass in My Hair**

I was arguing  
with the scarecrow.  
His voice  
was like a wall  
of sand coming  
closer and closer.  
He had corn  
on his breath  
but no mouth  
to speak of.  
His mind  
was a straw stalk  
in the wind,  
all the colours  
of a golden  
rainbow, there,  
but not there,  
even his pinstripes  
soil-scented.  
And I was saying  
to the scarecrow,  
“We end,  
we begin.”  
I was telling him  
the true names  
of all the dead.  
I was asking  
a stupid question:  
“Where’s the crow  
inside my head?”  
Which he thought  
quite funny,

  
Grass in My Hair

a perpetual grin  
on his dried lips,  
his eyes seeing  
into the far distance,  
a tear forming  
in the new silence  
that summer, and he  
impeccably dressed.



Rebecca Schumejda

## How to Hang a Hummingbird Feeder

*for Annie Menebroker*

Combine one part white granulated table sugar with four parts regular tap water, bring to a boil, allow sugar to dissolve like existentialism into

metaphysics. Or would it be metaphysics into existentialism? While it cools, look for a safe place, by a window, to have your husband hang

the feeder. He will ask if you knew they are the only birds that fly both forwards and backwards and you will not answer. You will be busy

considering the possibility that this faux nectar could attract something so exquisite, something that you didn't think could survive in this dismal

city. You will remember how your husband took that dance class with you before your wedding, how hard you laughed when the instructors

scolded you for leading and him for placing his hands too low on your back. Now you are looking out the kitchen window as he climbs up

a ladder to position the feeder, you tap the glass, and as you motion him to move a little left, you realize what you're waiting for is already here.

Alice B. Fogel

House of Happiness

Sometimes you think that happiness is a very thin veil fragile as the body  
it envelops and you think that happiness is not  
what you want to wear or you think that happiness is a  
house promising as the marriage it shelters  
and you think that happiness is not  
where you want to live but what you are

**Paulann Petersen****As If Each Breath Were the Last**

Each exhalation  
is a small seed of sky let go,  
headed up—each outbound breath  
less rich in what my blood  
gleans from air, more laden with what  
my lungs release.

That sky-seed I exhale  
is made by what I need and take  
without greed or thought—  
a seed the shape  
of what I have, of what  
I *have* to give away.



## contributors

Tiel Aisha Ansari's poems have appeared in *Measure*, *Mythic Delirium*, *Shit Creek Review*, *Elohi Gadugi*, and *Untitled Country Review*, among others. She is the author of two collections: *Knocking from Inside from Ecstatic Exchange* and *High-Voltage Lines*, both from Barefoot Muse.

Born in 1968, Matthieu Baumier is a French writer who has published novels, essays, and poetry. His poetry has been published in many French reviews, as well as by *Agora* (Espagne), *Ditch* (Canada), *Polja* (Serbie), *The French Literary Review* (Angleterre), *Poezija Magazine* (Croatie), *Word Riot* (Etats-Unis), *Poetry Quarterly* (Etats-Unis), and *Groenlandia* (Argentine). Matthieu is the chief editor of *Recours au Poème*, started on 15 May 2012.

Rachel Squires Bloom's poems have appeared in *The Hawaii Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Fugue*, *Poetry East*, *Main Street Rag*, *Kimera*, *Nomad's Choir*, *The Mad Poet's Review*, *Bluster*, *96 Inc.*, *Bellowing Ark*, *Slugfest*, *Thin Air*, *Taproot Literary Review*, *True Romance*, *Lucid Stone*, *Green Hills Literary Lantern*, *California Quarterly*, *Chest*, and *A View from the Bed*.

Doug Bolling's poetry has appeared in numerous reviews including *Georgetown Review*, *Blue Unicorn*, *Tribeca Poetry Review*, *Indefinite Space*, *Marginalia*, *Basalt*, *The Broome Review*, *Oregon East*, *The Red Wheelbarrow* and others. He has received four Pushcart Prize nominations and currently resides in the greater Chicago area in Flossmoor, Illinois.

Susan Botich has published poetry in *Margie*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Rattlesnake Review*, *The Meadow*, *The Danse Macabre*, *Illya's Honey*, *Wildflower Magazine*, *The Tonopah Review*, and *Avocet*.

Daniela Elza's work has appeared nationally and internationally in over 80 publications. *the weight of dew*, her debut poetry collection, was published by Mother Tongue Publishing in 2012, and her latest collection, *milk tooth bane bone*, was released by Leaf Press in 2013. Daniela is interested in the ecological potential of the poetic consciousness. She dwells in the gaps, rubs and (b)ridges between poetry, language and philosophy. She lives and writes in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Alice B. Fogel's third book of poems, *Be That Empty*, was a national poetry bestseller in 2008, and in 2009 she released *Strange Terrain* (how to appreciate poetry without "getting" it). Nominated five times for the Pushcart Prize, her poems have appeared in many journals and anthologies, including *Best American Poetry*, *Robert Hass's Poet's Choice*, *Spillway*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Crazyhorse*, and *Pleiades*. She has received a fellowship from the NEA and other awards.

Christina Frei grew up in Nova Scotia, Canada and has been living as an ex-pat with her family since 2001, both in Senegal and the Netherlands. Her poetry has been recently published in *Red River Review*, *Turbulence Magazine*, *Bareback*, and in the Spring 2013 issue of *Apple Valley Review*.

Anton Frost lives in Grand Haven, Michigan. His poems have appeared in *Verdad*, *Parcel*, *ditch*, *Third Wednesday*, and elsewhere.

Ellen Goldsmith is the author of two chapbooks – *Such Distances* and *No Pine Tree in This Forest Is Perfect*, which won the Hudson Valley Writers' Center 1997 chapbook contest and was described by Dennis Nurkse, the contest judge, as an "incandescent collection." "The Secret of Life from Such Distances" was read by Garrison Keillor on *Writer's Almanac*. Ellen's poems have appeared or are forthcoming in various magazines, including *California Quarterly*, *The Kerf*, *Kin*, *The Mochila Review*, *Off the Coast*, and *Third Wednesday*. A resident of Cushing, Maine, Ellen Goldsmith is a professor emeritus of The City University of New York.

Holly Guran, author of two chapbooks: *Mothers' Trails* (Noctiluca Press) and *River Tracks* (Poets Corner Press), winner of an International Merit Award from the *Atlanta Review* and prize winner in the Explorations poetry competition, was a featured poet in *Bellowing Ark* and *The Aurorean*. Her poems have appeared in journals including *Poet Lore*, *Hawai'i Pacific Review*, *Poetry East*, *Worcester Review*, *Borderlands*, and *Westchester Review*. In 2012 she participated in the Massachusetts Poetry Festival and also received a Massachusetts Cultural Council award.

Linda King is a Vancouver BC poet whose work has appeared in numerous literary journals in Canada and internationally, including *Event*, *CV2*, *Room*, *Existere*, *Lumina*, *Gargoyle*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Orbis*, and *Seventh Quarry*. Her collection *Dream Street Details* has just been released by Shoe Music Press.

Laura LeHew has won state and national awards, including residencies from Soapstone and MAR. Her poems appear in *Anobium*, *Eleven Eleven*, *FutureCycle: American Society: What Poet's See*, *PANK*, and *Spillway: A Poetry Magazine*, among others. Her collections include: *Beauty* (Tiger's Eye Press), *It's Always Night, It Always Rains* (Winterhawk Press) and *Willingly Would I Burn* (MoonPath Press). Laura received her MFA from CCA. Former president of the Oregon Poetry Association and former board member of *CALYX*, Laura writes, edits her small press *Uttered Chaos*, and sharpens her claws in Eugene, Oregon.

Jennifer Martelli attended Boston University and the Warren Wilson M.F.A. Program for Writers. Her work has most recently appeared or will appear in *Kindred*, *Spare Change*, *The Bellingham Review*, and *Calliope*. Her chapbook, *Apostrophe*, was published in 2011 by BigTable Publishing Company. Jennifer has taught high school English and college literature, though her favorite job was working at a bookstore.

Originally from Niagara Falls Ontario, Pushcart-nominee Bruce McRae is a musician who has spent much of his life in London and British Columbia. He has been published in hundreds of periodicals and anthologies. His first book, *The So-Called Sonnets*, is available from the Silenced Press website or via Amazon books. To hear his music and view more poems visit his website: [www.bpmcrae.com](http://www.bpmcrae.com).

Andrea Moorhead writes in both English and French and translates contemporary French poetry. She is the author of numerous books, most recently *Terres de mémoire* and *Stone Dream* (poems of Madeleine Gagnon), and acts as editor of *Osiris*.

Matthew Nadelson's poems have appeared in *ByLine Magazine*, *Chiron Review*, *Cliterature*, *Connotation Press*, *Mobius: The Journal of Social Change*, and other literary journals and anthologies. His first collection of poetry, *American Spirit*, was published in August 2011 by Finishing Line Press.

Richard O'Brien is a writer who was born in New Jersey and currently lives in Pennsylvania. He served in the army before the Berlin Wall came down and later attended Rutgers University where he received his B.A. in English. He recently completed his MFA in Creative Writing from Fairleigh Dickinson University. Richard's poems have appeared in *Falling Star Magazine*, *Loch Raven Review*, *The Houston Literary Review*, *New Plains Review*, *Citron Review*, and others.

Susanne Petermann is an unaffiliated poet and scholar conducting an independent study of Rilke's life and work, particularly his French period. Her translations have been published in such diverse journals as *Inventory*, *AGNI*, and the *Jung Journal of Culture and Psyche*. When she is not translating, she works as a personal organizer in the Rogue River Valley of southern Oregon.

Oregon's sixth Poet Laureate, Paulann Petersen has six full-length books of poetry: *Understory*, *The Wild Awake*, *Blood-Silk*, *A Bride of Narrow Escape*, *Kindle*, and *The Voluptuary*. Her most recent chapbook is *Shimmer and Drone*, poems about India. She was a Stegner Fellow at Stanford University, and the recipient of the 2006 Holbrook Award from Oregon Literary Arts. Petersen serves on the board of Friends of William Stafford, organizing the January Stafford Birthday Events.

David Radavich's recent collections are *America Bound: An Epic for Our Time* (2007), *Canonicals: Love's Hours* (2009), and *Middle-East Mezze* (2011). His plays have been performed across the U.S., including six Off-Off-Broadway, and in Europe. His newest collection, *The Countries We Live In*, is due out later this year.

Rebecca Schumejda is the author of *Cadillac Men* (NYQ Books, 2012), *Falling Forward* (sunnyoutside, 2009), *From Seed to Sin* (Bottle of Smoke Press, 2011), *The Map of Our Garden* (verve bath, 2009), *Dream Big Work Harder* (sunnyoutside press, 2006), *The Tear Duct of the Storm* (Green Bean Press, 2001), and the poem "Logic" on a postcard (sunnyoutside). She received her MA in Poetics and Creative Writing from San

Francisco State University and her BA in English and Creative Writing from SUNY New Paltz. She lives in New York's Hudson Valley with her husband and daughter.

Born in Korca, Albania, Lediana Stillo emigrated to America in 2003. She works as a Reconciler Analyst for the State Treasury of Massachusetts and studies Accounting and Fine Arts at Harvard University. Lediana is the editor of *New American Lyrics* "Sound of Wind" (2012), an anthology initiated by the Writers League of Kosovo, and author of *Pax Deorum* (Poetry- Prince Publish House, 2011), *Sin of Silence* (Drama-Prince Publish House), and *Nymph's Tears* (Poetry - Rozafa Publish House, 2008). Her poetry has won numerous awards, and her play *Requiem for a Dream* was a finalist from PEN Club Austria in 2009.

Born in 1967 in Portland, Oregon, Mark S. R. Struzan, after more than fifteen years removed from his creative aspirations, decided that his life goal of living as an artist could no longer wait. In early 2010 he went back to writing poetry and returned to Portland State University to study painting. He received his Bachelors of Science degree and began developing a body of work. Today, Struzan is an emerging artist who draws primarily on painting as his means of expression but remains engaged in poetry as an integral component to his painting process. In 2012 received the award 'Painter of the Year' from Portland State University. Mark S. R. Struzan currently lives and maintains a studio in Portland.

Colette Tennant is an English Professor at Corban University where she teaches creative writing and literature. She also conducts poetry workshops throughout Washington and Oregon. Her poems have appeared in *Southern Poetry Review*, *Rosebud*, *The Chaffin Journal*, *Dos Passos Review*, *Natural Bridge*, and others. She has poetry forthcoming in *Encore*, *Orpheus II*, *Gold Man Review*, and *Elohi Gudagi*. Her poetry book, *Commotion of Wings*, was a finalist in Main Street Rag's 2009 contest and was published in January of 2010 as an editor's choice.

Philip Wexler lives and works in Bethesda, Maryland and has had over 120 poems published in magazines over the years. He coordinates a spoken word and music series called HearArts in Rockville. He also works in mosaics.

Laura Winter has been widely published and translated. Her work has appeared in numerous periodicals. Author of 5 collections, broadsides, and performance projects, she shares her life with the visual artist Brad Winter. Together they explore the western landscape of hoo doos, headlands, basin and range, whitewater and rain. Laura currently publishes *TAKE OUT*, a bag-a-zine of art, writing, and music.

# submit to **The Inflectionist Review**

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## guidelines

- We read submissions year round, but please submit only once each quarter/issue.
- You may submit 3-7 poems at a time. Please include all poems in one document, uploadable via our submission manager.
- Do not include any personal information in the document, as submissions are read blindly.
- In the Comments section of the submission manager, please include a cover letter and a short biographical statement, including previous publications and a few words on your poetic approach or philosophy.
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To stand in open spaces  
that fill up with longing is to live—

every acre of the world  
holds the whole ultimatum.

— Anton Frost

**T**he  
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