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<td>close</td>
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<td>the leaking house</td>
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<td>shoestore</td>
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<td>mondays just wouldn't...</td>
<td>okracoke</td>
<td>the dance</td>
<td>teeth</td>
<td>noxema won't clog your pores</td>
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**mystery poet**

glö. 7.1

g loo extend our deepest apologies to the author of this fine poem, the name of whom we misplaced during the frenetic jumble of judging week. please make yourself known to us and we will be sure you receive the praise you deserve.
arrivals

theresa keefe. drug
kassie richardson. ptry

departure.s

joan olinger. ed
becca w. ington. ptry
allie shreck. phlg
tim morris. ed
andrew wilson. aed
zak salih. prs
david abbott. tpsttr

terminal.2

lisa jes
margaret lindsay
elizabeth

cont. act

gardynews@yahoo.com
jmu.edu/orgs/gardyloo
568 2583   MSC 1801

.on time
.on time
.on time
.on time
.on time
.on time
.on time
.on time
.on time
.on time

hangar

susan facknitz

cover. livery

max hubenthal
~many many thanks

glö. 7.1
I went to the dermatologist for acne and I came out with melanoma. I was expecting simple, painless. I thought the nice RN with the Midwest accent would just look over my corn-rowed-with-zit forehead and prescribe some lotions and crèmes and that would be that. But she asked me to take my shirt off. I really wasn't ready for that in our relationship. I felt violated. She took a black sharpee marker, permanent and cold, and marked up the moles she thought suspicious. As ugly as they are I had grown to like them. Mostly cuz old lovers gave them pet names, one was a UFO landed on my heart, one was the Great Salt Lake of my desert back. She anaesthetized them and sliced them off. They are scabbing over now and there is a dull ache on the biopsied spots, like my skin is migraining. Soon they will send me a postcard... I imagine something cheery in white yuletide cursive saying something like “Your moles came back swell!” or “Congratulations! You’re cancer free!” Or worse, some sad consolatory phone-call with long and scary words like prognosis and metastasize. Maybe even the sweet Midwest accent on the other end. I'm waiting around... but I have come to distrust my body, and every little freckle is a fifth columnist, I'm over sleeping, checking mailboxes and message machines daily for a Christmas card or a professional voice of concern. But I don’t need sympathy. Just knowing that a swell magazine is in your scummy paw right now is consolationenough.

pests

a. wilson

Under the porch, mom said, there’s woodchucks. I can’t stand the thought of them running through the walls, eating out the basement. Like gophers? I asked her, spooning sugar into my cereal, watching it sink through the flakes to the bottom of the bowl. Yes. Like Gophers. But you don’t have a garden, I reminded her. It was making her skin crawl. What are we going to do about it? She took away the sugar bowl. We could shoot them, my little brother suggested. This wouldn’t work, because they (the woodchucks) are quick and don’t come out when they sense danger. Let’s flood them out. We could stick a hose into the hole, and drown them. What about the foundation? Mom was always worried about the foundation, or the walls. Drowning’s the way to go. They can’t escape that. I’ll just call the exterminator, and he’ll poison them. Won’t that poison us? I asked her, but she shook her head, sure of the professional’s tactics. Me and my little brother spent the afternoon waiting by the front porch, with a big rock, until it got to dark to tell what was a woodchuck and what was a bush.
m. hubenthal
paradox in green

j. olivo

cut grass
dead
smells so alive
piles on top of the living clumps of wet green
impressions at howth, ireland

r.hariu

i.
soft shoulders
swing buckets
of pink and purple,
cloud and sun
sprawling from
a bird-ledge of barks and sighs-
talc for thorn bit palms
and City bit eyes.

ii.
the rocks and I are
green children,
lifting a curtain
half open
to glimpse our
great sweet mother-
round as moonpulls and
rosy from bathwater.
That smell was the worst.
walls seeping with smoke
so heavy it appeared as
gray shadows when drops of
moisture from the single shower
condensed in stale sour air.

Smoke and dust and dander
of toil and spirit and loss
now vanished through thin
windows hidden behind	

tattered vinyl blinds,
blind only to that smell.

It is only temporary.
Princess Di passed on the
tv screen and the seventh-grade
dance passed in the polka-dot
skirt, size zero, perfumed by
the smoke and the dust and that smell.

polka ~ dots
e.wilson

mother in the bed-next-door
with no door at all, save the
early sleep of (still tiny)
feet traipsing across brown dirty
mangy carpet, each step of
girlhood releasing soot of
future fires, lingering
puffs of vanishing ghosts all
sweating, spewing with that smell.
I've sold the children to Time-Warner!

Less kids means more time to surf.

I don't feel like you are listening to me.

Could you give me more things?

Thingtown population: things

I think I might buy a bag!!

Watch me dump off this huge pile of people!

DIE!

Bags too big to believe!

Bags!

Bags!

Store!
There was nothing left for her to do but place her chin in her hands and stare out the window where the clouds were getting darker in the sky because, after all, she had already asked every question she could think of concerning this creature who showed no more emotion than a washcloth that had been used three or four days in a row hanging over the side of a shower door with a crease imprinted down the middle of it, and why on earth should she have to initiate the entire conversation when communicating was a twice sided effort and he had done nothing but stare at his Corona bottle and swing it around by the neck, watching the lime swirl around inside: so you’re in stocks? oh, well my brother in-law is in stocks and he said this isn’t a great time to be involved in the market, how long have you been in the business? not very? well you must be quite quick witted to be able to transition so quickly like that; what did you do before? you worked in Flagstaff? excuse my surprise but what on earth could you have done in Flagstaff that would have helped you in the slightest in getting to Columbus? did you run your own business? wait, let me guess you traded hand made afghans with the Indians? oh, well, no I didn’t know that they were specifically rugs and not afghans, you taught at the university?
oh; and the whole time, not once had he stopped swinging his Corona bottle back and forth, not
even to take a sip from the flat third that was left swishing around with the lime, so she placed her
chin in her hands and stared at the wall because really, why should she be expected to try anymore
when it was obvious he had nothing to offer in the way of vivid conversation or good humor and
with that in mind she took a sip of her Long Island Ice Tea and stopped talking.

Her flamingo fingernails glared back at him as she placed her chin in her hands and stared off
into space while he sighed with relief thinking that maybe she would stop talking about how much
she hated her job as the receptionist at the massage parlor on Freeman Street but it didn’t really
matter because she didn’t figure she was going to be there much longer seeing as how she was sure
that the local affiliate of NBC news had gotten her self-promotional tape by now and she should be
getting a call any day she was just certain of it or at least he though that’s what she said but he
couldn’t really remember because his attention kept being drawn away from the words falling out of
her mouth by the fuchsia lipstick that engulfed her mouth like one of those plastic blow up tubes he
had seen kids float around in at the pool all those summers he had been a lifeguard back home, sitting
in the chair, watching, waiting for something to happen, much like this very moment and then he
grimaced at the idea of having to resuscitate this woman floating in the inner tube across from him so
he stared at his flat beer, twirling the bottle about, thinking that the amber liquid captured in the
bottle was just like the splashing waves made by the kids years ago and he thought it funny how the
lime bobbing about could be one of those inflated alligators that used to rest in the middle of the pool
while kids would try to climb on top of it, slipping and sliding off, gales of laughter filling the air but
the laughter and the alligator vanished when he heard the tapping of those neon nails on the table
that was constructed to look like driftwood and he looked up to see the waiter standing next to them,
his sailor hat askew, and at that moment he didn’t know what was worse; transferring to Columbus
to be closer to his son even though he only had visitation rights twice a month or sitting in this
themed restaurant, ordering the Hal-I-But-No-Tub Special.

Roy walked away from the table, sticking his notepad in his back pocket, cursing the coupled under his breath for not wanting to order an appetizer while they waited, realizing that he had been right to label them as soon as they sat down- blind date, mismatched, wouldn’t make it to the movie planned for later, and that their bad time meant bad tips - cursing himself for picking up the extra shift and working tonight at all when he really didn’t need the extra cash but there was nothing he could do about it now and, besides, Sarah would be baby-sitting until midnight anyway so he did his best to forget about the bad night and the bad tip that lay in store for him as he punched in the order for two specials and a Corona and went to the bar to wait for the drink while the bartender got a new case from the back, his tray caught between his elbow and his side, leaving a wet mark on his shirt from the martini he had just dropped off at table five that had sloshed out of the glass but he didn’t move the tray because he didn’t feel the cold spot forming, instead thinking about how nice a Corona would taste right then, or better, how nice Sarah would look bringing him the Corona in that little pink bikini she had worn on their trip to Padre Island last summer but his smile faded as soon as it came and he was grateful they had to wear bulky aprons covered in fish that came down to their knees, smirking as he looked over at table nine where the guy sat with the woman in need of a dye job who twirled her straw around in her Long Island Ice Tea, positive that the guy wasn’t having the same problem or thinking about girls in bikinis and suddenly he couldn’t help but feel bad for him as he brought him his third Corona and realized that when he got off work he could go see Sarah but this guy would be stuck fumbling through the awkward motions of thanks, and you were all so-and-so said you would be.

Sarah grabbed a Diet Coke out of the fridge, walked over to the couch and plopped down, David Letterman making conversation with her about the job the president was doing which brought her back to that ridiculous time she and Roy had gotten into an argument because she had said David Letterman was sexy but the thought was shoved aside, emotion tightening her throat and bringing back into her mind the
conversation she had promised to have with Roy tonight, the words still evading her, not allowing her
to plan out how she was going to tell him that she had been accepted into the Peace Corps and was going
to spend the next two years in Tonga, cringing because she didn't know which was worse; the fact
that Roy didn't know that she had applied or that he wouldn't know where Tonga was, but she knew
she had to go; snow falling outside, she closed her eyes and snuggled further into the couch, imagining
herself in a magenta sarong, walking through a bright green jungle, carrying a basket of mangos on her
hip, gracefully, natively, clumsily they crashed out of the basket when she heard Jason calling from his
room upstairs and as she climbed the stairs she laughed at herself, thinking that if she would be wearing
anything it would be dirty cutoff shorts and if she would be carrying anything it would probably be a
hammer and two by fours but anything, even two by fours in Tonga, would lead to something better
than Columbus even if it meant leaving Roy because life was about growing, changing, leaving and she
didn't know how she would make him understand but he would have to she concluded as she opened
the door to see Jason sitting up in bed, clinging to his pillow, squeezing the strength and protection out
of each end as though it were a marshmallow that had been toasted to long, ready to explode ooze and
cream but Jason looked as though he needed more than a marshmallow.

The beam from the security light that was clamped onto the roof outside crept around the edge
of the blind into Jason's room, outlining the dresser, the desk, and the green bean bag chair that rested
in the corner, becoming an alligator every time he shut his eyes, creeping out of the corner and onto the
bed so he kept his eyes open, focused on the ceiling above, wishing Sarah hadn't left after he said he was
alright, that he would fall back to sleep, but Sarah wouldn't understand even if she did stay to listen to
him talk about the alligator and how his teacher sent a note home with him that afternoon to give mom
but while he was walking home he opened it and wanted to cry even though he was too old to cry,
reading her note that said he wasn't understanding his times tables, ripping it up and throwing it away
because he knew mom would ask him why and he didn't want to tell her that he couldn't remember the
way dad had taught him to remember those hor­rible times tables because if he brought up his dad, mom would get angry, saying over and over again why the had left Arizona, then deciding to call his Aunt Patty and they would be on the phone for hours, mom crying and yelling, so he threw it in the Richards’ recyle bin two doors down from their house and he was glad he did until he heard the ga­rage door open downstairs, mom having just gotten home from her late night at the office so he closed his eyes tightly and imagined himself in his favorite spot, just like dad had taught him to do when he was scared, on the boat at the lake where they would go on weekends before his parents started fighting, where it was so warm he could feel the water drop­lets licked off his skin by the sun after he and his dad had splashed around in the lake, sitting, drying off like rock formations, laughing at mom who kept hidden under the umbrellas so she wouldn’t burn.
b. anderson

i guess you could
say i was in love
if by in love
you mean tired
sick ginger bear.
v. kelley
flavor

but what's in it for me? designer rug
everything's so much better with...
b submitted i could try it once

can i just tell you that i am the latest
you cooked up

seed every

no for heaven's sake, my prin'to steal

sorta need even

cheer conveniently in my mouth...

t. robertson
Most sterilized, sterilized of worlds

An animal act, out of place

Deep, primal, milky black lust

Essential to create the blank, beautiful sunflower mind

Twirling, twirling chaos of billowing plant parts

Climbing higher, faster until it can reach no more

Waves crashing upon an anonymous sand

At the foot of a vast virgin landscape

This most hideous of climaxes

It doesn’t belong, a black dot upon a field of white

But more beautiful than mere life

That the root takes hold

root

f. matTHEWS
In bed
the aftertaste of chocolate
wakes in the dark.
We were joking about American Revolutionaries
and you rolled over,
making a wedge with your knee
at me.
I was talking about our Forefathers
and you said foreskin
So I rolled over,
arms closed.
Closed for business.
I feel it is necessary
to dispel rumours
that Victoria was as wide
as she was tall.
Miscreants and fakirs
have lied
saying that her coffin was square.
I will be buried in a
square coffin
so that people say the same of me
as they did of Victoria.
In this fashion I will
dispell the rumours.
In this way I will
clear her name,
and mine.

victoria
d. abbott
That spot on the wall is from all of last year's rain that had gotten underneath the shingles of the roof and through the crack between the plywood boards that let the water into the attic where tiny bats cling to the greenish wood of the rafters like brown spitballs, and there was (and still is) that slimy, fuzzy odor clinging to the air from the months the cardboard boxes holding the old magazines and clothes had mold and mildew creep over them like a black plague, a plague that would have consumed the house because of one fucking crack in the goddamned roof that nobody noticed until that urine-looking spot defiled the white drywall and ceiling, now tattooed with the neglect of the attic, the attic full of sleeping bats, rotten cardboard, and fiberglass that makes it harmful to breathe without wearing a mask, even though I never use one, so I breathe heavy for about an hour, because I'm lazy, just as lazy as Anita says I am, though she never goes up there either, since she's afraid of the evil little bats and how they might swoop down on her, getting into her hair or worse, down her shirt which she says would make her go completely apeshit, even though those little turd-shaped bats are as stationary as that spot that has dried into a yellowy urine stain that makes me wonder if the house is just slowly pissing on me and my wife.
A conversation on the front porch
reduced your sister to bad habits
and I walked back into the infant cedar house,
away from the autumn air.

Passing kitchen chatter I saw
your mother through a glass pane,
her aging hair a loose cobweb
shaking against the breeze.
Her words fell out with puffs
of cigarette smoke unraveling
into nothing and

The next morning your sister’s feet shuffled
across the hardwood floor,
past the gray labrador still sleeping.
From the guest room door she pulled me
out of bed with a child’s voice,
masking lament from the night before—
the sighs of a womb that could not carry.
Mother cringed when she saw the picture
    Of that day in San Marco Square.
    “Those birds carry diseases!” she warned
In that Haven’t I Taught You Anything voice.

I held my breath and opened my palm to the sky.
    So many pigeons lined up on my arm
    With my free hand shielding my eyes
And my toes curled up, holding onto my sandals.

    I shut my eyes and I could hear that
    He was laughing at me.
    When the flash went off I dropped the seed
And the birds.

If I had known that this was one of our last times
    To take pictures of each other
With nothing to worry about but Venetian pigeons,
    I would have smiled

But three months later we were back
    In the reality called real life, called America,
And anyone who saw the pictures could see
    That what we had in Venice was gone.

He took a long breath when I started crying
    Only seconds after walking through his door
Because he knew that reality had something to say
    And it had nothing to do with Venetian pigeons.
red sneakers

d. waterman

Nobody knew who she was and
then she sat down next to me.
I hadn't seen anyone wear red sneakers before.
Mapping out conversations, I got lost.
She left early but I kept looking for her
on the night's edges.

Next week she showed up again
with a different friend than before,
that I didn't care about again.
She was wearing a taupe skirt I noticed
only because it was attached by fine calves
to red sneakers.

I pretended not to see her when she
stood in front of me with the friend,
but I just paced back and forth
from skirt to red sneakers, along calves.
although the mischief had ended and routine reared her head.

mondays just wouldn't be the same without carl.

mondays just wouldn't be the same without carl

t.j. huff
We had the moon roof down
And my head on my sister's lap
The whole way down the banks
That mosquito bit night I was
Throwing horseshoes in the dark
Like kisses (the ringers and leaners
were the ones that found your lips)
The sunbathed days pinded my cheeks
And splotched my chest and stomach
And you weren't there
To fill the unkissed streets with your bird laugh
Where the tall pines howled
All around me on night bike rides
Where I made eights in the gravel lots
My patron saints folded their hands
And made sunrises over the barrier
Islands melting like bodies together
You know your name was on my lips
When I hammered down the loose nail
The one I slept on
You know my body shrieked
Like the wind through the dunes
That cradled the coastal highway
You know all the landings
Of kamikaze tumbler nights
Couldn't erase the pale memory
Of your throat vibrating with my touch
The night our bodies bent like trees
And we dipped our heads in the surf
In the current that carried us apart.
new york times
“It may be that cosmological knowledge is a community effort, with each individual only able to attain a piece of the truth.”

“He was not trying to create a new doctrine,

emerson

umm.
take in as much as i can about other places.
observe people.
atmosphere.
but then.
destroy it.
art.
like to destroy it.
give it an ugly face, a different angle.
like to take the spontaneous feelings i get and fuck them all up.

umm.
just the enjoyment i get out of being completely spontaneous.

but to break all the bottles,

kim
i walk around all the time just doing stuff and i don’t feel anything.
life moved forward and i’ll do what everyone tells me to do- my teachers, jim, mom and dad- i just want to be myself and i am finding now that i hide that person so far away- i forgot where i put it- i want to feel genuinely happy for a moment just so i know i am human.

all the flasks,
florescent lights that never turn off

on a super religious quest

I dragged the kid I had just met to
the 24 hour food lion

and tried to get him to dance with
me down the soup isle or the
dog food isle.

he couldn’t dance, this kid,
and kept asking me like skin washed too many
times with antibacterial soap

snap

her straw sunhat fought
captivity, a flapping
grin above still lips.

snap

the small boy’s hand falls
to clutch a fistful of sand,
quietly offered.

release
There was a dog without teeth that wandered around our block. He wasn’t too big but he still made us all very AFRAID. If we saw it coming we wouldn’t run but we would be very cautious. Its bark was like rocks hitting a lake. Wet and deep. The teeth were of course a center of interest among all of us. There were many explanations for its misfigurement but most were bullshit. We could never figure out what had happened to its mouth. One day we were all sitting on the lawn talking about the solar system and we saw it coming towards us. He walked weird like its legs were made of wood. I said hello to the dog nervously and it sat down casually in the gutter. The boys urged me to end the debate and ask but I was still afraid. Maybe it was the way the clouds were over the sun but the dog looked very upset, almost on the verge of tears. This was shocking to us considering its usual intense attitude so I decided to finally ask about its teeth. “What happened to your mouth?” This was the most difficult question I had asked in my life. Without hesitation the dog looked up wet and deep. “I don’t want to tell you.” It said plainly. I was still very intimidated so I decided not to press it. “You don’t have to say, we were just wondering.” The dog still looked very tired but it got up and walked to the end of our road. Later my father told me the dog had tried to fuck ours and he had kicked in the mouth. This made me feel awful.
m. hubenthal
noxema won’t clog your pores

a. huegelmeyer
we eat what we like.