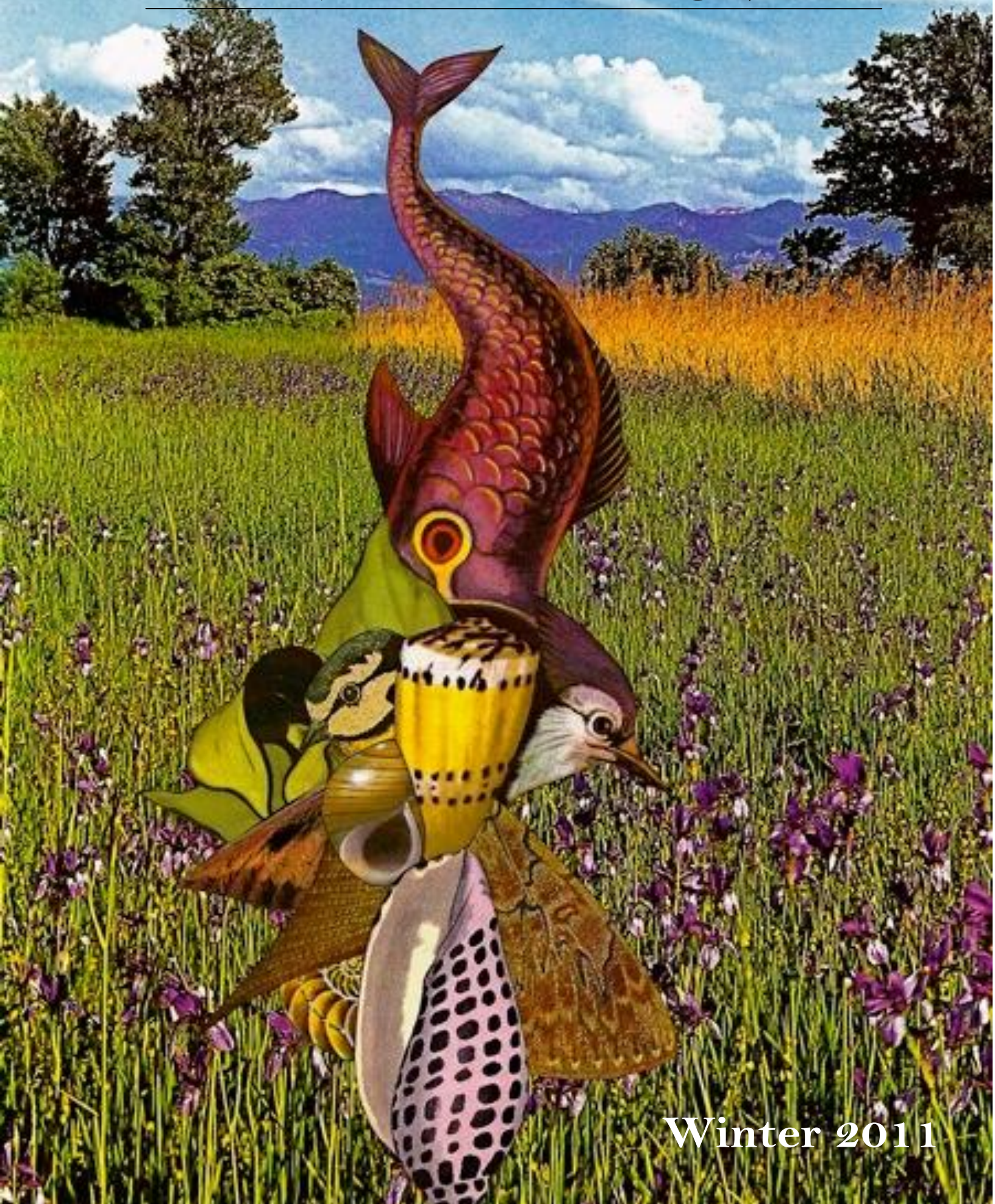


The Meadowland Review



Winter 2011

Cover Image

Prophesy

Collage and mixed media

By Charles Farrell

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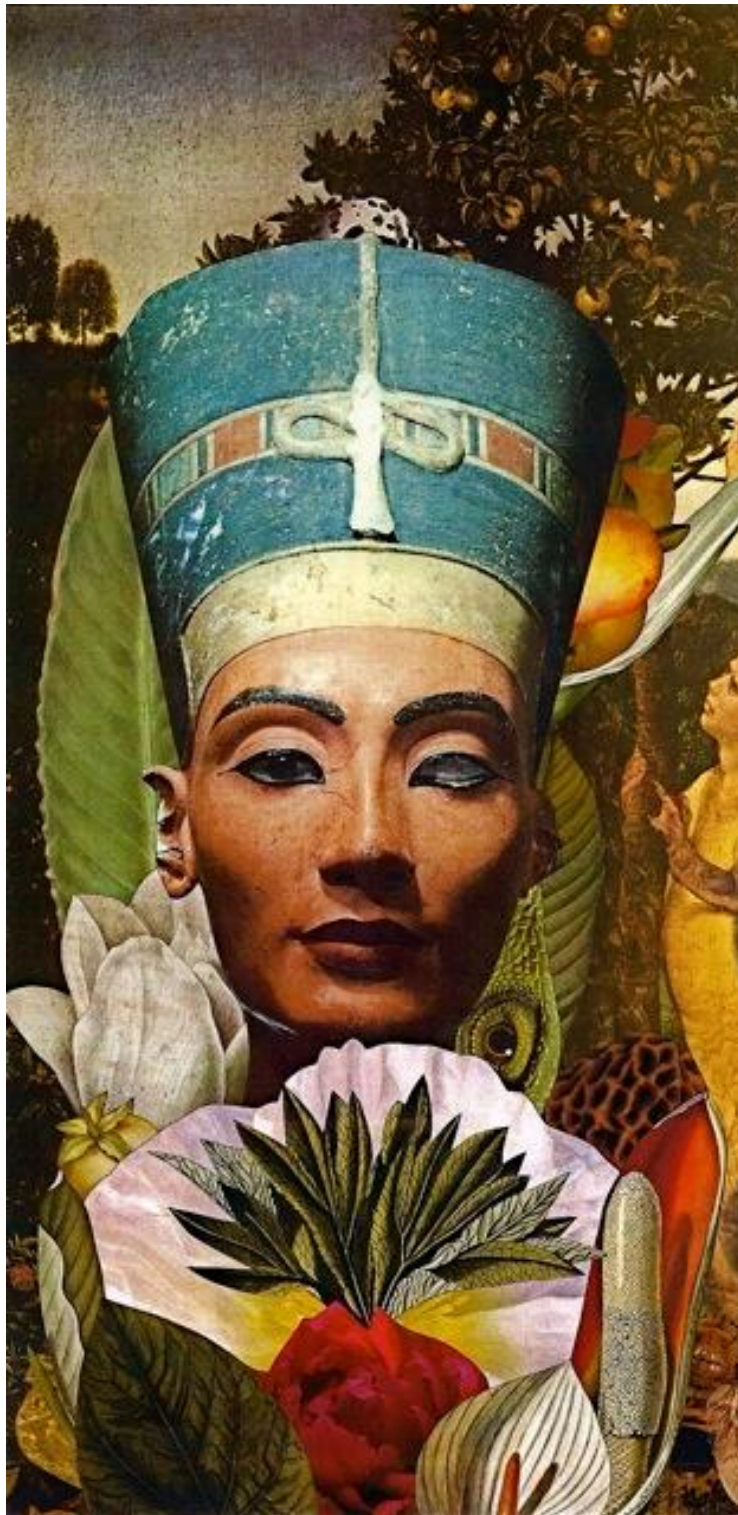
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Poetry



Crocodile Bird
by Charles Farrell

Winter Sentences

How many one can be while speaking, how few when talking in turns.

They drag out, stiffen in cold intervals between us.

You offered them to me through the driver's window; I pulled out my hand from the green glove—nerve-wires snipped off, stripped of colored insulation.

Neither prose nor verse; not equal to, better than, or worse; not straightforward when stopped in a crooked street; not so much said as drawn, aloft, orchestrated and propelled forward by untethered mouths.

Like snowfall: north's petal-encore.

rock salt has its own reasons for being

twelve tenacious yellow leaves left behind by an autumn late

were otherwise quivering on a stark and twisted spray near
the bleached ropes of hammock that grasped my inner name:

I waited for your windy release in the leafless valley chilled,
so early anxious that my burning weep was spilled into diamonds

and scattered in hopscotch gratitude upon the concrete way.

Yesterday's Weather

Along a commercial stretch of suburban road,
a barbed-wire fence, a remnant of the past,
snags plastic shopping bags which blow
and tatter like prayer flags on a stony pass.

Now, the moist breath of spring flows
lightly over my skin, awakening desire,
and I think of you, lost to me in this world.
It's a pass we couldn't envision or invent.

That's the tragedy—like everyone else
we dressed for yesterday's weather.



Barnside Number 249

By Lisa Bruckman

A Less Peaceful Meditation

to plug in a power strip
and switch off for a session
thousands of deer run
some distance perilously traversable
in a blinking-red flash the institution
secures a monitor dripping ocular fluid
to see what Tiresias sees
an argument creates foes
parasitic spore
fertilizes death

somewhere a hero is still a zygote
again the sophists stain their
veneers with every swig of java

crows cry snickers of frustration
as to why man
has obscured
and abstracted the land
scientists are theorizing
two acquaintances talk of
the weather

young philosophers wonder why
Thales thought all is water
while the answer is thought
a dog chases away apathy
and a skittish mental glimpse of
the Blitzkrieg dies
spiders of glossy black spin webs
invisible strands with a daub of irony
irony exposing the beginnings
of ends

Hybrids

bone grafting to metal

 makes an angle, elbow, wrist—

fingers flex once again and point

to dust on windowsills, a glass bowl filled

with hybrid fruit: plumcot. tangelo. blood

lime.

*

my father says:

your mom fell in the parking lot at work,

hit her elbow on the asphalt.

I say:

she will be ok?

he says:

it's shattered.

*

surgeons pull back the skin

and muscle. peel an orange rind, reveal

the pulp. a slice.

*

but my skin has never met

 a scalpel.

*

gardener splices

the *scion*, which contains the genes

(red and yellow marrow)

the *rootstock*, which is sturdy

(L-shaped metal hinge)

*

after surgery, mom slumps to one side.

Left arm holds the right.

Anesthesia lips are dry and peeling.

I reach for the thick skin cream.

Rub it on her mouth – she says:

Mmm. That feels good.

*

Children creep into the woods

by our house to peek

at the maple tree holding a bicycle

wheel

its branches grafting

into metal spokes.

*

Mom is alone in the kitchen.

I brought her a bag of clementines.

She reaches with her right arm:

stitches like railroad ties

travel over her new elbow.

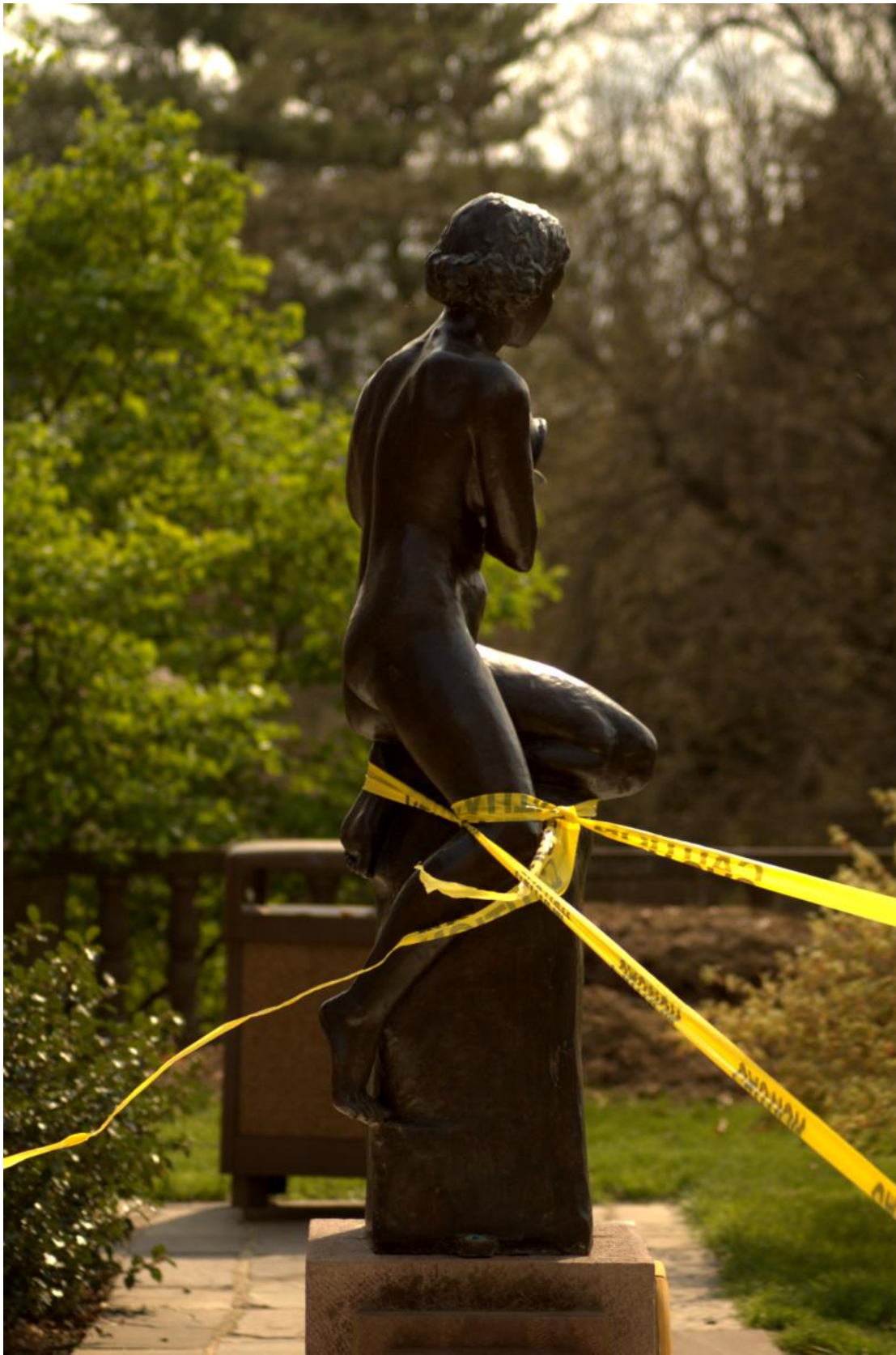
We eat fruit together.

The Red Room

Harmony in Red, Henri Matisse 1908

Seek the strongest color effect possible . . . the content is of no importance.

Madame Matisse in solemn black
and white is placing fruit in a compote
on the red tablecloth, but really
she is placing red and yellow on the table
where there are already scattered fruits
of his imagination. He is in love
with red and red and red,
but green which is not grass
and blue which is not sky
await his promiscuous eye outside
what we will call a window. The table barely
pretends to be on the level and blue
tendrils weave arabesque patterns on red
of red table, red wall, where the blue
flowers are rising or falling or dancing in air.



Caution

By Stephen Millner

Desmond Kon Zhicheng-Mingdé

a senryu beside the cylinders

armchair upholstered
oak chair and four broken legs
a stool on its side

blue stars on gypsum
lamp-lit room, feathers, something
metaphysical

like duchamp, brothers
in a double bind, not so
monomoraic

not matter of fact
or so easy a story
its ghosts human shapes

tutorism is a glass-eyed senryu

which sentimental reasons
to stay home, true to
the ambient mood of a lounge

your tall glass of sazerac
a russet lens to the eye

rye whiskey at last
three top inches dissolving

hollow, vascular
red-faced as life's pumping force
to point to the clouds

their collective dream of old

swept away, the mist
of lies as contained and pinned
to named verse and frame

The Night Norman Mailer Made His Last Televised Speech

The clamorous hum of the B train
drowned what you said
and we needed to buy detergent -
there was blood to be removed from sheets.

Sheets span in the wash,
apologies buried themselves in armpits.
The television went black,
virgin snow sat on the window ledge.

Claudia's Poem

The wind will unwind you.
The birds will fly
around you like an aura.
The sky will open like a
euchologion and
the seas will give up their oil.
This is the day you
get your poem. The poem
will talk to you in your sleep.
When you wake you will know
everything the poem knows.

Moving to Lubbock, Texas

I say to myself: do not do this.

You are a coconut palm kind of woman.
The foremilk of the hard-shelled seed,

so pale, and so necessary,
the white meat is never nourishment enough.

You know about coconuts, the kind frog-men steal,
slithering up and down brown heights.

Thighs wrapped tight.
Muscles more sculpted mounds than flesh.

You have been taught that frog-men pick the best coconuts.
It's almost intimate, this knowing.

Now picture coconuts growing fat beside cotton bolls,
each one a miniature soul, cloud-like and dry-heaving

West Texas dust back into the air, your lungs.
Reminisce history into this present drought,

and your grandmother enters, this old woman living through layers of pain
because there are pieces of cotton in the aspirin bottles;

and the leaves and mountains of the island enter, their boiling shades of green.
They hear the man with the machete, the slow approach of the homemade blade

curved dull. And the island light? It stays harsh so contours are embossed loud.
A photographer's nightmare; this light living on the edge.

So you tell yourself moving down here might not be the thing to do
because you are cultivated coconut palm-like, thick, brown and fibrous,

and flowering continuously with the blood red bougainvillea,
always transitioning from flower to fire; and married to the violence

of the island in such a tender fashion,
what you know of survival might not take root anywhere else.

A Skill For Us Black Folk

So I fled South Carolina
because this white woman I did not know,
dressed in too unrefined cotton of a blue skirt,
and middle-aged, promised apple pie, straight out the oven
and wouldn't I like to come visit with her
on Sunday, on the plantation,
a smile creasing her skin southern, wrinkled
from too much hospitality.

You taught me to chew it, Grandma.
That word: cotton. Make my taste buds recognize it.

A necessary skill for us black folk.

A field came upon me the other day, in the lost planes
of Lubbock, Texas, so flat, so quiet, I came face-to-face
with the cotton after-taste of our entire people.
All those things you said were inescapable.

And in the air, a bird. Maybe an eagle.
Browner than my skin, wings stretched over the field, skillful.
The cotton bolls reached for her grandmother
and caught only a weightless shade, drifting.

The nudity of the water

Water:

naked thought,

that slides on the skin of tomorrow

limpid appearance of knowledge

over the brilliancy of love.

Cannibals & Mirrors

Memory is a dream, a hare without fur or bones. My grandfather sits alone in a room, staring into the fire like Descartes, broken glass in his beard. Why does an angry woman become calm on seeing a sheep? Why does a rabid dog become docile if tied to a fig tree? Strange things for which he pretends to know the reasons. He throws his arms around a horse's neck on a street in Turin and bursts into tears.

Axis

through
to the sublime target that is our uncertainty

homesickness edging us forward
thrown

science is a long slow healing

of the impassable space where
an immovable object meets
an unstoppable force
the axis itself wounded
fingers crossed all the while

the air falls away
shot through the stream of stars
 we want to know
 we want to know

astronauts hinted hinting
are themselves hints of unknown destination
of unknown origin
very close to themselves so far afield
turning the world

I want to know

it's taken forever to reach you
light years

but

even now
even here
the earth, us, breathing air, the milky way

the proof of it is not enough.

The Road

headlights beating through the darkness
rain falling like a river mad

you could be anywhere
not just this world cradling you
and have gravity whispering
carving for your ears the beckons of
something distant
somewhere placeless

or you could mould your reality
into the space of a cubicle
and forget the daily waves
sucking softly at the grains of sand

driving along the ardent planet
your eyes grow calm and wild
and you fall deeper into the distance
through the wet pulse of the windshield wipers
until you remember where it was you were going
after you thought you had nowhere to go

the road like a burning rope stretched over the horizon
the illumination of all and only human sorrow
the loss of our wildness
all packed into the comfort of brakes
and our release into the receding light

perhaps it is only when we are dying
that we contemplate our drive.



Frostfire

by Louis Malcolm Staebler

Dandelion

My son as a toddler: he is
as if planted by light
the path ahead of him loosens into shadows
and language waits
as the sun works out flowers.
A catkin of snot hangs from his nose.
How soft the future is.
The stick-figure trees
through his hands are coming closer.
Under his finger, a grasshopper
idles its engine. Branches
seethe overhead and the sound
of crying inside his chest subsides,
one finger pointing up.
How much must he contain.
A willow is dancing just slightly
and leaning on a thought,
leaves silvering in the wind.
A machine of light moves on the river,
reflections cancelling each other.
His body puddles beneath him.
He is holding the unblown globe
of a dandelion, singing secrets into
its white microphone,
and the sky is full of more objects
than we can find metaphors for.
The words troubling his face break
into fragments, he flails his
tongue, inciting insight as into
the water the goose heaves its song.
A blind man silently packs the days
behind us, a gentle man, park keeper
or warden, and in the grass he finds
a clot of words, messed and
with a trail of footprints leading
towards a horizon that will not be reached,
where condensation-trails wither like stems.

The Tree in the Mind

The tree in the mind of the forest is different
from
the tree in our minds, a psycho-philosophical
notion
of drawing our own tree while trying to copy
the tree

before us, but the tree in the mind of the forest
must
grow and flourish while it becomes a fraction
of the mind
of the forest, which is huge and, of course,
profound

in its molecular composition and its collection
of both ripened
and immature organisms, so that its center is
unimaginable—
whether given in geological or geographical
coordinates—

and where the detritus of a disruptive age
would stare
at us, as if we were interlopers in the forest,
a privileged
renaissance of growth and decay, a sequence
without end.

Fiction



PHER

By Charles Farrell

Never Seen Stars

“Oh, look, a fireplace.” These are the first words my mom says in our new house. They are the first sounds I hear in our new house. “I’ve always wanted a fireplace.”

The rest of us shift in the hallway and stare while my dad advances deeper into the throat of our new house. My shoulders hurt from wearing my backpack for too long. We had to walk three blocks to get here because the movers dropped us off at the wrong house; they left while Dad was trying his new key in the wrong lock and the rest of us sat in the wrong lawn, watching our belongings make shadows on a strange sidewalk. They were the cheapest movers my parents could find, and now we are here in the right house but our furniture and my brother Jack are three blocks away.

Dad puts his fists on his hips and walks around, making sure the ceiling is high enough or the carpet is soft enough or whatever else would make him put his fists on his hips like that. He slides a foot across the tiled front hallway. He flicks the light switches up and down. He smells the fireplace. “Okay,” he says.

This is permission for the rest of us to move: for me to put my backpack on the floor, for Lisa to run upstairs to pick out her bedroom first, and for Mom to float around the kitchen, dreaming of curtains.

Dad continues to pace the room. When he notices me watching him, he says, “Amy, do you want to tell Jack that we found it?”

“Okay.”

“I’ll be there in a minute to help you two with the furniture.”

I leave, letting the front door close behind me. It swings shut faster than the door on our old house did, and the doorknob hits my elbow.

When I find Jack, he is sitting in a desk chair in the middle of a stranger’s lawn, rocking back and forth, watching traffic. He stops rocking when he sees me. “We found it,” I say, stepping through the dry summer grass to join him. The house that we thought was ours looms above me as I walk across its lawn. There is evidence that we should have noticed earlier—evidence that it is not empty. Plants in windows; a dirty doormat; the unraveled garden hose; sun catchers stuck to second story windows.

“The porch on our new house is bigger,” I tell him.

Jack turns to look. “Yeah,” he says, even though he hasn’t seen our real house yet. He slouches in the desk chair. “Is it far? Do we have to carry all this stuff by ourselves?”

“It’s not too far,” I tell him, “and Dad is coming.”

“But not Mom or Lisa?”

“No.”

Jack says nothing. I sit on the grass beside him; we watch the neighborhood together while we wait for our father. There are cars, sidewalks, houses, lawns, people—all the things we had outside our old house but with slightly different sounds and smells. I want to just sit here and absorb it all, but this isn’t even our neighborhood; we are in the wrong lawn.

The furniture and boxes are left in the living room while we all stand around in the kitchen and eat grilled cheese sandwiches from old holiday napkins. Jack’s and mine are black on one side because Lisa held the door open for us when we brought in all the furniture and she forgot to flip our sandwiches. Mom has hardly eaten any of hers because she keeps talking about the new house: “These eastern windows will catch the sunrise perfectly,” and, “Do you like this wallpaper? It’s a bit too flowery for me,” and “The upstairs bathroom is small, but if we paint it the right color we could give it that illusion of being bigger.” The rest of us chew and sometimes nod.

We have no wastebasket yet, so Mom finds a plastic bag and we use it to dispose of our napkins and any crust we have not eaten. She stands in the middle of the kitchen with the bag dangling from her hands, glancing from corner to empty corner, trying to decide where it should go. She finally rolls it up and places it on a counter where it slowly expands into an awkward lump. “The first meal in our new house,” she declares. The plastic bag shifts and crinkles.

“I’m going to look at the backyard,” says Lisa.

“Me, too,” says Jack. I follow them to the back door.

“Be here in an hour to help unpack,” Dad calls after us.

The backyard has no fence, so we can’t tell where ours ends and our neighbors’ begin. It is all grass; no trees, no picnic table, not even a flower bed. It expands behind our new house, then ends in a cornfield. The three of us approach the field and peer at the corn; the tips of the stalks have only just passed our ankles. Lisa stares across the field. “I wonder where the owner is,” she says. Jack and I follow her gaze; the field either goes on forever or fades into other farmers’ fields. We can see no farmhouse.

Lisa takes a step into the cornfield. “I’m going for a walk,” she says.

“Lisa,” says Jack. “What are you doing?”

“What?” Lisa says.

I glance back at our new house; each window is watching us. "Mom and Dad can see," I tell her.

"Are they looking this way?" asks Lisa.

"I don't see them now," I say, squinting. "They might be in a front room."

"Okay," she says, taking another step. She is careful to not crush the growing stalks. "Do you want to come with me?"

"No," Jack says. "This is somebody else's field."

"Come on," says Lisa, taking quicker and quicker steps as she adjusts to the pattern of the corn rows. "What good is a cornfield unless you trespass on it?"

I follow her into the field. I turn to look at Jack, who stuffs his hands into his pockets and steps in after me. "We should go either left or right," he says. "If we go straight, Mom and Dad will look out the window and see us."

Lisa follows his advice and the three of us are soon walking side by side along our neighbors' backyards, each in our own row between the corn. At first, it isn't hard to find the walk thrilling: the scrape of nature on our bare feet, the largeness of the field, the knowledge that none of it belongs to us. But when we realize that the scenery is not going to change, no matter how many more steps we take, the air begins to feel hot and itchy.

"It's sort of exciting," I say. I am not sure what my statement refers to.

"Yeah," agrees Jack. "We've never lived in the country before."

Lisa kicks at a stick. "You two sound like Mom and Dad."

When we enter the living room, Dad is opening and closing every window there is. "Just checking to make sure they all work," he grunts as he heaves a window shut.

"Dad," says Jack, "when are we going to get beds?"

"What?"

"Remember we left our beds at home? We only brought mattresses."

"Oh yeah," says Dad. He stands there, wiping his hands on his jeans and thinking. "We'll go shopping for bed frames first thing tomorrow. Do you think you can sleep on the floor tonight?"

"The floor?" repeats Lisa.

"On your mattress. Just leave it on the floor for now," says Dad. He exhales and looks around the room. "So what do you think--when we get a TV should we put it in the corner, or

should it go next to the fireplace, like this?" He walks over and stands beside the fireplace to demonstrate.

"I don't know," says Jack. He picks up a box of his clothing and goes upstairs. Lisa follows him.

I am still there. Dad smiles at me, rubbing his hands together. "So, Amy, do you like the new house?" he asks.

"I don't know," I say. "I haven't seen all of it. The bathroom's pretty small, isn't it?"

"We're going to make this place our own," Dad says, looking around. "It's going to be fun. Don't you think it'll be fun?"

"Yeah," I say. "At least, it could be."

"And you have all summer to make friends before you start school. That'll be good, won't it?"

I don't answer, but I think Dad hears an answer anyway because he nods at me and goes, "Yeah," like we are in agreement. "Yeah."

It's already dark outside and we have been unpacking for hours before anyone realizes that we haven't eaten yet. Mom and Dad mumble to each other in doorways, trying to remember fast food restaurants that they saw on the drive here. Lisa thinks there is a burger place nearby, so she and Mom leave the house to find it. Dad, Jack and I are left in the company of cardboard boxes and each other, our tired faces lit by lamps placed hurriedly on the floor in the corners of the room.

"Tough work moving, huh?" says Dad. He is in the same desk chair that Jack used in the lawn of the house that isn't ours. Dad closes his eyes, like he is enjoying the breeze made from his slight rocking movements.

Jack and I say nothing. I am reading a book openly for the second time in this house. The first time was after I finished carrying all my boxes upstairs and I sat on the sunlit floor for a break. Mom passed my open door, her arms filled with towels, and when she saw me she let them fall to the ground. Her face and the towels on the floor told me to close the book and get to work, but throughout the day I read it secretly in the bathroom for a few minutes at a time, sneaking it in under my shirt. Now I have the book open in my lap while dad and Jack each engage in their silent activities, Jack with a hand-held video game, Dad with his lazy back-and-forth rocking.

"We should introduce ourselves to our neighbors tomorrow," Dad says. "Maybe you kids can help your mom in the kitchen tonight. She's going to bake some cookies to take to them."

“Okay,” I say. Jack says nothing; his thumbs are moving faster than I think I’ve ever seen them move.

We stay in a lamp-lit silence for a long time, thinking about cookies and bed, wondering if Mom and Lisa will remember to order Jack’s burger with no pickles and mine with no onions. Dad gives several sighs, reaches beside him for a newspaper that isn’t there, then leaves the room. Jack doesn’t look up from his game, but asks, “Where is he going?”

I don’t look up either. “I don’t know.”

“Maybe he’s going to arrange the kitchen some more.”

“Maybe.”

We hear the back door open and shut. Jack and I look at each other, then go back to turning pages and pressing buttons. We hear nothing else until mom and Lisa return with the sounds of slammed car doors and muffled outdoor voices. They enter the house in a flurry of paper bags and fast food smells.

“Where’s your father?” Mom asks breathlessly.

“Don’t know.”

She looks around for a place to set the bags, but the coffee table is covered in cardboard boxes. She moves into the kitchen and Lisa follows her. We hear her drop the bags on a counter. “Oh, no,” she says. “Lisa, we forgot drinks.”

I place a pencil in the book to keep my place and stand up. “Come on, Jack,” I say.

“Just a minute. I’m almost done with this level.”

In the kitchen, Mom is removing the food from the bags and Lisa is filling five plastic cups with cold tap water. “Greg,” my mom calls, her voice straining to reach the farthest cracks of our new house.

“I think he went outside,” I say, checking the wrapper of each burger to find mine.

“Outside?” mom repeats.

“Yeah. It was a while ago.”

Mom stares at the two piles on the counter, one of burgers and one of empty bags. She takes two burgers without checking the wrappers and leaves through the back door.

Lisa has already unwrapped her burger and is chewing. I look at the wrappers of the remaining two burgers; one is labeled “extra ketchup” and the other “no pickles.” “What does your wrapper say, Lisa?” I ask.

She examines it. “Extra cheese,” she says.

I glance at the window that overlooks the backyard; the glass is dark, and I can see only the reflection of the flowery kitchen wallpaper. “I think Mom took mine,” I say.

“What is yours supposed to be?”

“No onion. I always get mine with no onion.”

“We did order it,” Lisa recalls. “I guess Mom took it with her by mistake.”

I pick up the burger labeled “extra ketchup” and move toward the back door. “What are you doing?” says Lisa.

“Getting my burger.”

“Can’t you just pick the onions off that one?”

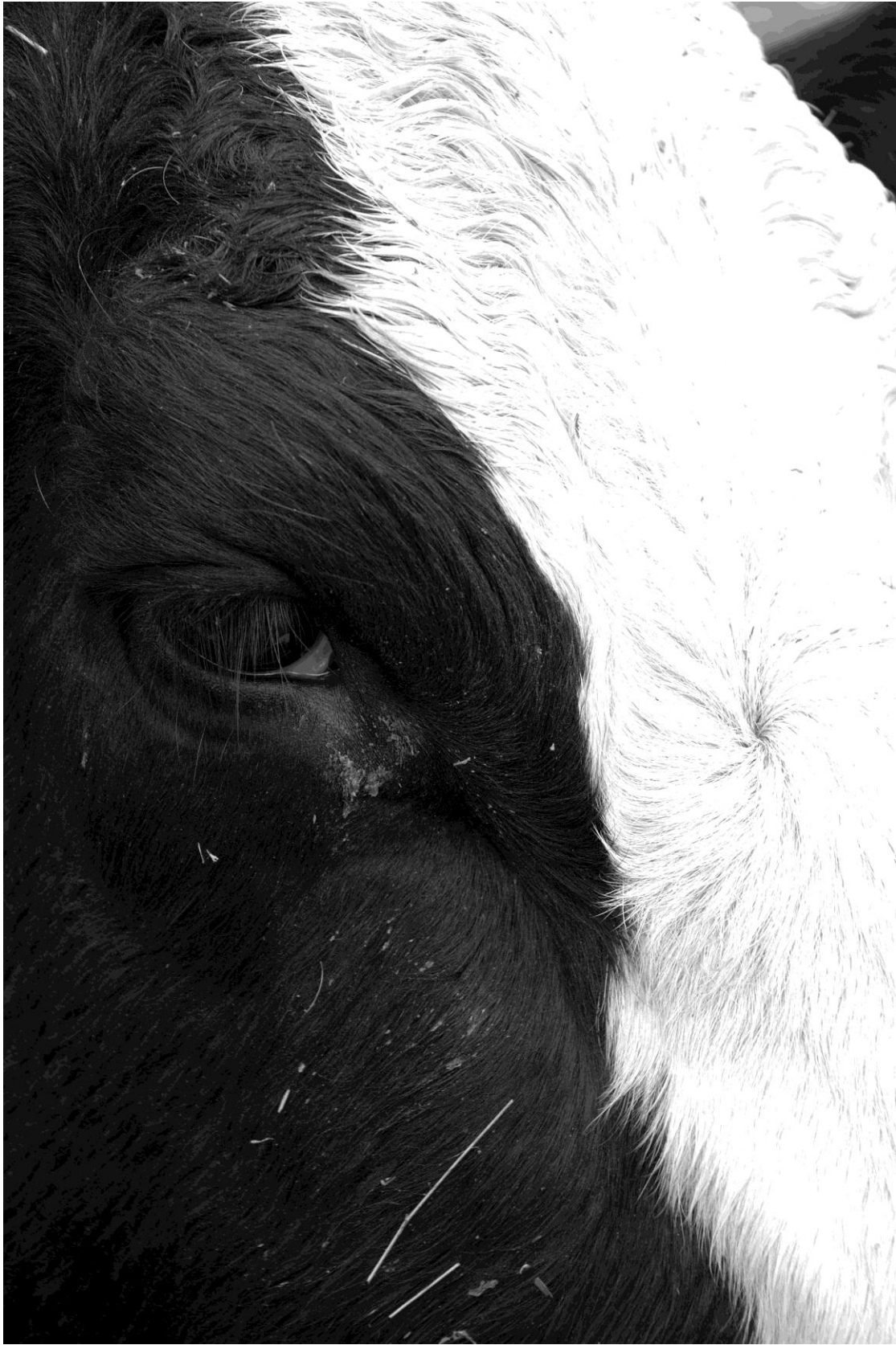
“No,” I say. “I’ll be right back.”

My eyes are not used to lightless cornfield nights. The glow from the kitchen windows is enough to show the way for several steps, but then I need to stop and wait for the darkness to open itself to me. The burger is warm in my hand; the night is cold on my shoulders. “Mom?” I call. The answer I receive is the heavy silence of this strange backyard; no insects, no frogs, no parents. I start to walk.

“Dad?” I say to the empty yard. “Mom?”

I stop at the edge of the cornfield. Without trees or houses or light to obstruct my vision, the field and the sky are completely exposed. I am lost for a few moments in the emptiness before me—the sweeping of stars, the earth. Then, in the middle of all this blackness and light, I hear laughter. I squint in its direction. They are far away, nearly in the center of the field, but, just as I could always tell which member of my family was in the kitchen of our old house by the creaks their footsteps made, I know who these distant figures are. Something in the way their shapes move.

I feel around me for a patch of grass, and sit down. Unwrapping the burger, I look at the sky. I want to spend my summer learning the names of all the constellations; I’ve never seen stars like this before.



Cow

By Colleen Purcell

Contributors

Gerry Boyd is currently somewhere in America with his wife and pet rabbit living out of a camper van. He blogs his travels at <http://astralnomads.blogspot.com> and his poetry at <http://tealpoems.blogspot.com>.

Lisa Bruckman is a New Jersey graduate of the BFA program in Sculpture from the University of Delaware, and an oil painter. Photography is new to her portfolio because building a barn is not as easy as photographing one. Best to all who build!

Adam Crittenden is currently working on an MFA at New Mexico State University and editing for Puerto Del Sol, where he will soon publish a review.

Laura E. Davis is a poet and writer from Pittsburgh, the City of Champions. She is currently an MFA candidate at Chatham University. She has read her poetry on Prosody, and her poems have been featured or are forthcoming in *Redactions*, *Pear Noir!*, *dotdotdash*, *OVS Magazine*, and *Radioactive Moat*. Laura is the Founding Editor of *Weave Magazine* and enjoys planning and attending literary events around town.

Charles Farrell is a practicing psychotherapist and Maine-based artist. Creative source material draws from many themes including the inescapability of sex and death, film noir, and alchemical symbolism. Selected art publications include *Rattle e.9*, *Redivider Journal*, *DMQ Review*, *Red Line Blues*, *Thieves Jargon*, and *Sojourn Journal*. Additional work can be seen online at: <http://www.charlesfarrellart.com/>

Having left Haiti in 2002 to pursue her education, **Nimi Finnigan** is currently an English PhD student at Texas Tech University, specializing in Creative Writing with an emphasis on Caribbean Literature and Creative Nonfiction. She has published creative works (poems) in such journals as *The Journal of Caribbean Literature* and *The Rectangle*. Most her writing centers around rural life in the South of Haiti.

Crystal S. Gibbins is pursuing her PhD in poetry at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, where she also serves on the editorial staff for *Prairie Schooner*. Her work has appeared in *dislocate*, *Free Verse*, *Canary*, *Literary Bohemian*, *Yellow Medicine Review*, *Platte Valley Review*, and elsewhere.

Howie Good is the author of the full-length poetry collections *Lovesick* (Press Americana, 2009), *Heart With a Dirty Windshield* (BeWrite Books, 2010), and *Everything Reminds Me of Me* (Desperanto, 2011).

Giles Goodland is based in the UK. His last book was *What the Things Sang* from Shearsman.

William Grant has recently attained an MA in Contemporary Continental Philosophy from Brock University. He currently lives in Nova Scotia, where he continues to write poetry of philosophic exploration. His poems can, or will be, found in the journals *More than Thought*, *Inscape*, and *Paragon*. While traveling the Southeastern Shore of Canada for days, William and his friend, RMac, have discovered a warming geometrical truth: theoretically, you can never be lost on the earth, for its surface is a series of infinite circles; pick one, move in a straight line, and you will find your way home while traveling the world.

Maria Hummer has a BFA in Creative Writing from Bowling Green State University. She is currently working toward an MA in Screenwriting from the London Film School.

J.J. McKenna's poetry and creative nonfiction have appeared in more than thirty literary journals and mainstream magazines including *Ideals Magazine*, *Hawaii Review*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Louisville Review*, *Chaminade Literary Review*, *Concho River Review*, and *ELM*. His poem, "At the Japanese Gardens," was nominated for the Pushcart Prize. He teaches contemporary literature and creative nonfiction at the University of Nebraska at Omaha.

Corey Mesler has published in numerous journals and anthologies. He is the author of four novels, two books of short stories, two full-length collections of poetry, as well as numerous chapbooks of poetry and prose. He and his wife own Burke's Book Store in Memphis, TN.

Stephen Millner, past president of Artists of Yardley, graduated from Yale University with a B.A. in Fine Arts, studying under such notable artists as Gabor Peterdi (printmaking), Walker Evans (photography), and John T. Hill (photography). In addition to photography, Millner also works in mixed media,

combining original photographs with printed ephemera and paint. Millner has exhibited in many area galleries.

Ronald Moran lives in Simpsonville, SC. He has published 10 collections of poetry. Clemson University Digital P. will publish *The Jane Poems* in 2011. His poems have also appeared in *Commonweal*, *Emrys Journal*, *Flyway*, *Northwest Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Southern Review*, and *Tar River Poetry*.

Colleen Purcell lived most of her life in Chile, where she was a photographer, especially interested in photographing religious festivities in the Atacama. Colleen presently lives in Colorado. Her photos have been published in *Anderbo*, *Puffin Circus*, *Primavera*, *Skipping Stones*, *Animal Sheltering*, and a few others.

Matteo Spinetti has collaborated with various poetic anthologies, and has published three books of poems and a chapbook in Italy. He has also published various poems with various American literary magazines.

Louis Malcolm Staebler received a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio. Living in Northwestern Ohio, aka, The Black Swamp, Louis has taken advantage of its rich vistas of farmland and forests, photographing nature's instant, fantastic surprises. Louis is married with three sons whom he sometimes uses as models.

Amy Schreiberman Walter's poems are published or forthcoming in *The Battered Suitcase*, *Thirteen Myna Birds*, *Four and Twenty*, *Lingerpost*, *Breadcrumb Scabs* and *Neon Magazine*. She is presently studying at the Faber and Faber Poetry Academy in London.

Robert E. Wood teaches at Georgia Tech in Atlanta. His film studies include essays on Fosse, DePalma, and Verhoeven, as well as *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and he is the author of a study of *Hamlet*. His poetry has appeared in *Blue Fifth Review*, *Jabberwock Review*, *Sojourn*, *Minnetonka Review* and *Prairie Schooner*. His chapbook, *Gorizia Notebook*, was published by Finishing Line Press.

Desmond Kon Zhicheng-Mingdé has two chapbooks, *Bistre Junction* and *In Memoriam to a Marionette: Caudate Sonnet of the Year Ad Interim*, forthcoming from Firstfruits Publications and Silkworms Ink. Trained in book publishing at Stanford, with a theology masters in world religions from Harvard and fine arts masters in creative writing from Notre Dame, Desmond has edited more than ten books and co-produced three audio books, several pro bono for non-profit organizations. Desmond is a recipient of the Singapore Internationale Grant and Dr Hiew Siew Nam Academic Award. He also works in clay, and his commemorative pieces are housed in museums and private collections in India, the Netherlands, the UK and the US.

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