



PoetsArtists

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Sussanah Martin
Copernican Twilight 2013
Oil on Canvas,
48" x 60"



PoetsArtists

POETRY EDITED BY NIN ANDREWS

COVER ART BY NADINE ROBBINS

A woman with voluminous, wavy red hair and a serious expression is the central figure. She is holding a red McDonald's cup with a yellow lid and the golden arches logo. The background is a solid blue color. A white rectangular box containing a list of names is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Kelli Russell Agodon
Mark Halliday
Shivani Mehta
Maureen Seaton
Denise Duhamel
Remica L. Bingham
Eric Anderson
Laura McDermott Matheric
Kate Lutzner
January Gill O'Neil
Carol Moldaw
Rick Bursky
Alexandra Smyth
Karen Schubert
James Needham
Hesther van Doornum
Victoria Selbach
Susannah Martin
Chad Turner
Jeff Faerber
Cheryl Townsend
Michelle Buchanan



Contributors

Kelli Russell Agodon*Lilies*

It must have been Sappho who first opened their layers. Inside the opening, the stamen, six reasons not to turn back, but I shouldn't count them. It's like trying to count reasons for desire, for wanting the stranger on the corner just because of his curly hair or the way his eyes already seem to have you in them. Let's not allow the dust to stain our fingertips. Just know that we will remember this day not because of the same blue sky, but because there are few times in your life you find yourself naked and holding a bouquet against your chest, repeating the argument that lilies are more erotic than irises, rubbing the last bit of summer against your wrist.

Mark Halliday

Gin Mentorship

We ordered gin-and-tonics and leaned toward each other as if because the bar was so noisy and we wanted to communicate earnestly our thoughts about teaching, about education in general and the human spirit and at a moment when I meant to indicate sudden complete agreement with her perspective I touched her wrist for half a second; and a light flashed in her eye and I thought “I think that happened” and I became a swirling site of enthusiasm for knowledge. Three minutes later she shifted her chair to get next to me – because the bar was so noisy – and my profound remarks about education swelled into vigorous fatuity which she apparently did not disdain because then then then whisper-softly her hand grazed the leg of my jeans – and I thought “That happened I am pretty sure” and my human spirit blazed and then her hand again lightly but unmistakably grazed my jeans and I thought “Fulfillment may come even to such as I because I have a love of learning which rhymes with yearning” and it seemed so possible to soon be earning an advanced degree by way of her tutorial on how the spirit sooner or later needs to get corporeal.



James Needham Business trip 90 x 60 cm oil on canvas

Shivani Mehta

The Happening

My lover brings me a loaf of bread instead of flowers. I place it on the nightstand, glance at it while we're in bed. How effortlessly bread holds its shape, how certain of its boundaries. He might have sliced it, I think, as his lips trace my breast. Outside the window there's a crow in a tree. I watch his silhouette as he watches our shadows converging on the wall. There is the graze of my lover's teeth. My eyes, closed for an instant. When I open them the crow's gone. The spreading of wings, the rise into darkness accomplished in the blink of an eye, the way my dress slips from my shoulders. Everything becomes something else. A scarecrow sways in a wheat field, straw arms raised, begins to dance.

Genus and Species

The package directions state that *peniculum ariosa* grows best in indirect light. I've planted the seeds under a large acacia tree, next to the begonias. Although they don't require daily watering, the instructions advise talking to them regularly "...for encouragement." They must be coaxed to venture out of the ground, out of the perpetual night they have known, like newborns coming into the world. *Peniculum ariosa* flowers up to six times a year. Its flowers are a riot of vivid purples, reds, greens. Their unique hue makes them ideal for use in clothing dyes. Every evening I sit beside them on the grass with a glass of wine, tell them the latest news, my plans for the weekend, the vacation to Seychelles that I'm saving for. They listen, their stems quivering, as if in understanding.

Peniculum ariosa is commonly known as the penis plant, due to the size and shape of the stem, and its propensity to double or triple in length.

The women who grew on trees

There was a time not very long ago when women grew on trees. They started off as tiny pods, thick brown leaves protecting their translucent skin as they matured. Like plums, they grew buxom with age, sheltered from the sun and rain. When the women were ripe they uncurled themselves, dropped from their vines to stand in the gaps between trees. As the sun fell on their bodies for the first time they opened the palms of their hands, turned their faces, their bellies, breasts, to the light.

My great great grandmother came from an old, venerable line of tree women. I still remember how she smelled of wet earth, how on hot summer nights she shed her clothes and slept outdoors, skin shimmering like pearls under the moon.

The Pawn Shop

People walk in and out at all hours. *How much for a brass lamp, a filigreed screen? How much for a gold tooth?* Above the city, crows fly in haphazard arcs, black slashes of paint against the sky's vast canvas. Once, I lived in this city. Once, I made love to a man with a bird's body. I remember the thick beak protruding from the middle of his face. Afterwards, we stood at the window. I leaned against his feathered chest, his wings caressed my breasts. We watched the city go up in flames, I can still feel the heat rising. *How much for a thick black coat, a wedding ring? How much for a plump juicy soul?*



James Needham Green Balloon 162 x 117 cm oil on canvas

Maureen Seaton

The Cellist

The cellist kept her food in her cello case.
When it was gone she played badly,
like a box of old donuts, a cold wheel
of brie. Once, she arrived at my house
with her cello case empty. Out of snacks,
she was gaunter. I said, "Stay the night,
cellist," and she ate everything in the pantry
and in the fridge. My cats and kids
went hungry while the cellist stretched
beside me like a steak. Next morning,
I woke to the din and whine of gluttony,
the cellist between my knees, plucking.



James Needham oil on canvas

When I Went Out with Tattoo Artists

When I went out with tattoo artists
I liked to dress sleeveless and faded
with sunflowers and spirals down both arms

like the tattoos I got when I was eight-
een and addicted to tattoo parlors,
the one in the mall with my mom's name

in the jaws of an anaconda or
Buzzie's, right next door to Precious Blood,
the church where they taught me to labor

through my dutiful scrupulous youth. Who'd
blame a girl for a little Miami ink?
Remember that Man o' War bluing my butt?

Would you join me for tea, Scratcher? I think
I'll staple our ears together or fasten
my nostrils to yours in a way that links

you to me forever. Before long my skin
will glow panoramic and isotope, my
tat-star, my rosy-thorned symbol(ism).

*I'm watching Argo on the small
screen and trying to write an erotic
poem*

about how I sat half-naked in the kitchen last night
while you cut my hair from waist to nape of neck,
trimming, shaping, hair falling quietly to the floor.
Watch out for nipples! I said, diverting your attention
for a split second, until you leaned in and kissed them.
Argo is almost completely devoid of the erotic, I notice—
screen shots of luscious architecture (minarets!) when
Affleck lands in Jordan, but that's about it. Now
I'm getting pissed off at *Argo*, every Iranian face
scripted to look mean, every American's scared or heroic.
Where's the sticky-finger baklava, the dove-blue mosque,
the grace and eros of a whole people censored
(cut!) along with any chance for poetry. (Reality.)
There was a moment when you held the mane of my hair
in your hand, inhaling, then swiveled me around to begin
the transformation. I forgot we're almost old enough
for those rockers we laughed about in the eighties. On
that porch with the large dog and the rifles across our laps.
Or, how about this? We're on that porch. You're playing
the devil out of a violin. I listen with my entire steamy soul.

Denise Duhamel and Maureen Seaton



Erotica 25

Sometimes I float on a flotilla of pink called erotica. You may think pink is much too soft for erotica. But I assure you it's not. Erotica can be red and also read. I'm the disco tail of the erotic comet that blazed the night you kissed the pluralistic erotic fingers I waved in your face, your erotic flushed face. Then a whoosh of erotic air-conditioning, the erotics of temperature, hot then cold, candle wax and ice cube erotica—those staples of girls-in-love-with-pain erotica. I turned my erotica towards your erotica, but where did you go? How often in one lifetime does an erotic woman meet her match? Why is erotica the lovely distraction I long for? My erotic impulse, which implies a pulse, after all, makes erotica all hoof beat and dramatic escape, the erotic strobe light, the act of blinking itself, erotic as a clam on the half-shell, pre-gulp. There's erotica and then there's erotica, the kind where erotic lighting makes everyone glow, the erotic perfume of musk, the painted fingernails of erotica tickling puffy lips. If we finally get together will erotic be a flame? Or will we always live in shame outside erotica?

Denise Duhamel

Viagra

I walk the beach—
the Tupperware breasts,
all the oiled pecs
that look as plastic
as the ball volleying
across the orange net.
So I close my eyes
and let the breeze
have its way with me,
its giant hand with so many thumbs
and pleasurable pinkies. It lifts
the curlicue hairs on my neck,
then I turn my cheek
into it and wait
for the right amount of pressure
on that little spot
under the left corner
of my mouth that a lover found
by mistake in the 1980's.
It must have more nerve endings
than any other place on my face.
I remember how that same lover
used to always hold onto my knee
when we took a cab.

Lest I romanticize
the past, the passion and all the roses,
I will tell you we weren't particularly nice
to each other. We did
rent cars and take weekend road trips
to get out of New York.
He liked to hike—
and once we had sex on a mossy boulder
in the woods, which hurt
my back. Did you know
if you flick off a flake
of Viagra and put it into a vase,
flowers will stand up straight
and last longer than otherwise?
I wonder if there are other spots
on my body I have neglected
to caress. I plan another date
with the wind. How many
inches of human skin have I failed to kiss,
zoning in on biceps, asses, and tits?



Jeff Faerber Ms. Fishnets 17 x 20 inches Acrylic on board

Remica L. Bingham

Ten Lies, Dream Song

I never looked back.

Not once while leaving did I think, *There's room*

to return. When the last latch was fastened,

the space, already big as myth, grew larger and bright.

That night, you appeared faceless and swathed in linen

in my dream, and I resisted you, never leaned near

as you lay across the vast bed to whisper:

Come back by here. And that ring I wore

changed everything—we were without longing;

you never said yes; I left the room intact, clean.

In Other Words

When the morning begins
with and my sliding iridescent
buttons to steady a blouse: then.

When the trees burn near home,
smoke rides the air surrounding us,
and you latch the windows
to keep what's wild in the distance: then.

When music fills the room
while I am a small engine atop you,
wheels turning and landscape racing
steel and time: then and then.

When your hands aflutter
become your tongue,
when we move silent and swift
despite the worn day: then, love.

Then and then and then.

Thirteen Orgasms

1.

He is the boat on the sea. She is the sea
pulled by tides and released. Everywhere they touch
the boat gasps. The sea drowns.

2.

He has a chain of keys he's collected
over the years and often wonders if anyone has
a room full of locks he might try.

He longs for the first key, which he lost long ago.

3.

The door opens. She is there in a black dress. Someone
they love has died. She leads him to the bedroom. The door
is closed. The doorknob is cold or his hands are warm. Or both.

There is a moment when she grabs his wrist
so tightly his breath catches and he stops.

4.

Sometimes his hands are the wings of birds. Once his mouth was a beak.
Sometimes the wings rise from his shoulder blades and she grabs him around the
waist to keep him on the bed. Once he lifted her up

and she felt herself flying around the room.

They flew through an open window. From that height
she saw how small the world was

and also how she could never see it all.

5.

Once he felt as though he was falling through her. At first, there was the clutching, the inescapable warmth, then her body opened and he tumbled down and down, into the ground, under the earth.

When he came he knew his body was the grave, and hers the white light which people mistake for heaven.

6.

Hand on the small of the back. Hand under the arm. Hand on the back of the neck, between the shoulders. Hand in the soft curve of the waist, pulling the sheet, reaching into a cage, stretching towards some high limb. Hand on one's own mouth. Hand on a pane of glass. Hand in water that almost burns. Hand in water that does.

7.

Several were the ways he wandered her house while she slept, soft the breathes he took as he rose from the bed they shared, softer still his footsteps on her floors, his hands barely brushing the walls as he searched for the light switches which would illuminate all the things in shadow.

8.

Sometimes he stopped moving and sat in the darkness by himself, the way an addict might place his addiction nearly but not quite out of reach because it is lovely to want even those things which harm us.

9.

Under her weight he imagines gravestones sinking into the earth. He remembers the time he heard a cracking noise and saw that his house had suddenly settled and a row of old nails had popped out of the floorboards.

10.

The ice on the lake that year heaved and settled then froze again. They could see shattered piles along the beach beside their house, all the jagged edges curved from melting and the new layers formed by night spray before it froze.

11.

Her movement reminded him of the curtains which would rise and fall with the breeze that came through the window of a bedroom they had once shared.

12

She never said anything about the ice. She watched the wintering gulls as they circled before landing out on the whiteness where it hurt .

13.

He wanted to look back but instead flew onto the shore and took away the small shining shells she could see flash briefly in their beaks.



Victoria Selbach Mary 5.5x28 acrylic on canvas

Laura McDermott

Glossary

I. A Childhood Glossary of Auto Mechanics

accumulator: a child who collects memories to write poems about as an adult

anti-sway bar: a device used to correct dad's drunken stagger

dodge: what mom didn't do well when dad's words hardened

expansion valve: the heart's strategy for pain

mustang: the pony that every little girl wishes for

pickup: used for getting mommy's things from the house

shock absorber: mom

sparkplug: a child's toy inside the mechanic's garage

stabilizer bar: a device used to keep dad from falling over when standing

universal joint: a machine shop, a saloon, gallery of nudie posters, day care.

II. Glossary of a First Love

accumulator: a young woman who collects kisses to write poems about in later life

anti-sway bar: a stable relationship

dodge: opposite of confront, which is what I chose to do

expansion valve: a dream-capturing device

mustang: she was built like a...

pickup: what we wish men to be

shock absorber: whatever softens the blow of an initial encounter; a pillow or small talk

sparkplug: what leads to the next date

stabilizer bar: what is missing at the beginning of a breakup

universal joint: what I kicked him in when I found out

III. Glossary of a Heartbreak

accumulator: a woman who collects hurts to write poems later when she heals

anti-sway bar: a stable person suitable for dating; accountant, football jock, CEO

dodge: a scam

expansion valve: the waistline

mustang: what prince charming rode out on

pickup: a sugar high

shock absorber: food and alcohol

spark plug: something to be changed every 30,000 tears or every two years|

stabilizer bar: a saloon, ice cream parlor, drinkery, lounge, bakery, pub, tavern,
patisserie or watering hole

universal joint: therapy

IV. Glossary of the Dating Bluebook

accumulator: a woman who writes poems about old lovers in life

anti-sway bar: a monogamous relationship

dodge: a truck with a tow hitch and a nine foot bed that never needs making

expansion valve: vagina with the insertion of a penis

mustang: my personal pick up line

pickup: any line I fall for

shock absorber: an orgasm

spark plug: one who is sexually promiscuous

stabilizer bar: a man, specifically a mechanic man

universal joint: penis

Mechanics

I. The Airplane Mechanic

He spins her nipples
like the twin prop engines of
a Cessna 310.

II. The Boat Mechanic

Submerged between thighs,
he makes outboard motor noises
in her pussy.

III. The Motorcycle Mechanic

Mounting from behind,
he squeezes her shoulders, fist-
ing the throttle tight.

IV. The Car Mechanic

Working his dick like
a shifter through a gear box,
he comes in seconds.



Chad Turner Sentenced 24 x30 mixed mediums

Kate Lutzner*Cinematic*

Drawn to small places, I try and disappear
between the seats like a crumb. One day I will marry,
but not now. Now, I will reach over to the seat next to me
and kiss whomever I find. The reaction of my neighbor
will reveal my intentions, none of which I am sure of.
I am most afraid of losing at night, when the stars yell
like aliens from the sky. Or inside, in a room, hustled
together for warmth. I shake my fist at the onlookers,
a string of women leaning to see me. I am kissing
their husband, their brother, their boss. On my way
to being drunk, I unravel all my mystery. The dark
has a way of being kind.

January Gill O'Neil

Sleepover

Still in our nightgowns, we giggled our fizzy laughter before breakfast. Annie was a little taller than me with stringy blond hair that fell over her shoulders, an athlete—all the boys wanted to be her friend. We shook popcorn out of the sheets, put away the fold-out couch from our sleepover in my parents' den, wood-paneled and insulated from the rest of the house.

Through her gown, I saw her breasts small and raised, each curved like a cone and firm, not like the flat plains of my sixth-grade chest or the low-hanging fruit I carry now. Hers popped like a tent and I wanted to know what was under them, inside them: milk, water, air? I asked if I could touch them. I placed my hand on one, her nipple firm like a pink eraser. Then I leaned down, put my mouth over her left breast. I remember that first taste of skin and not knowing what to do, whether to kiss or suck. Before I could decide, she pulled away and I unlatched my lips.

The mere contact was enough for both of us to know we knew nothing—we said nothing—and it was over before it began, in that delicate girl-time before we changed and started the day.

Vivarium

The Oriental fire bellies are singing.
They are splayed under a plastic tree branch
beneath a florescent sun, croaking their soft song,
a clinking bell only I can hear.

I am looking at them and they look at me
as a threat, I guess. One clearly arching his back,
rising up with his slimy fat body pressed flat
against the glass, all unkin reflex,

showing me his toxic orange belly and his
“come-hither-and-I’ll-kill-you” bullshit stance.
That’s cold blooded, my friend.
You will never attract a female like that,

but I hear what you’re saying.
The night is long and slippery.
We have no words to speak of
so let’s not talk of dying,

or finding perfect happiness,
not tonight. We’re all in this together.
Show me your true colors
and I’ll show you mine.

Let’s heed the call and rise
out of the trance of ourselves,
secrete our souls into the world.
We are just too young to get old.

Alchemy

—For Jennifer Jean

Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing, there is a field. I will meet you there.

—Rumi

Love, I'm expecting you
to walk through the door

in a suit and sneakers. Belly up
to the bar and order me a sidecar

or a blueberry mojito.
You know me so well, Love,

I'm sitting at the bar's reverse curve,
the stools are worn leather,

the wood's polished smooth.
I'm feeling lacquered and varnished,

Love. I am dark with possibility.
I'm looking for the remix on the B side

of the collector's edition and that's rare,
Love, I dream an alchemy that rounds

the mouth into a kiss and makes it last.
Love, I hear crickets chirping in a field

of wildflowers and have mistaken them for you.
We are social insects in this hot-spot buzz-kill,

on this pheromone trail of tears
yet I'm attracted to your song.

Love, I am smiling with my eyes. Love,
I have hitched my hopes to the wrong stars

in bars, I have muddled
the waters with ice and mint

but there is no substitute for pleasure,
which is all mine, which is all right.

Love, I'm adorable.
Love, I come with a twist

of lime off the rim of the glass.
What are you having, Love?

You are here and it is now.
He loves me, he loves me not.

Love, pull the petals off that flower.
My arms are a bouquet of broken stems.

Tinder

Admit it: you miss the sex.
That part of you closed up shop,
hung a *Gone Fishing* sign
on the marriage after it ended.

It is an unattended campfire
burning itself to the embers
on a cold January night, bits of ash
floating into the air and disappearing.

How can you not think of the campers
around the fire ring, leaning in to warm
their hands over hot tinder? Small kindling
laid over tops of logs. Like a survivalist
you have learned to live on less.

It burns from the inside out
from a place you had forgotten,
where the hot coals reveal what you really are:
awake, ablaze, afraid, alone. A good camper
never leaves a campfire unattended.

You know you are more like the alders
bordering the encampment,
more like a twig among the thin,
brittle branches of leafless trees,

more like the pleasure of the tongue,
the lift and compression of breasts held
closer to the glowing red heart,
closer and closer to earth and below
to the in-door turned out-door
after baby after baby. Anything can be
ignited by a match.



James Needham Kiss 90 x 70 cm oil on canvas

Carol Moldaw

Long Distance

My eyes close
as you instruct
to kiss one lid
one dry tear duct

and then the other.
My lips part
you kiss me slow
with such great art

and then we go
back to the beginning.
The left lid first.
Your voice is winning

me over and over
the long distance phone.
No time difference
in the erogenous zone.

Your voice in my hair,
your hand my own,
to receptive air
this seed is thrown.

Sunday Afternoons

Sundays, nobody emails.
Sunlight turns the curtains puce.

We pull the chaise from the wall
to face the horseshoe fire

and say only what we mean.
I see eyes in the grains

of a ceiling beam, ghost-like
bodies wafting in the saw-cut.

Oiled, my feet climb
then slip from your thighs.

PoetsArtists

Chad Turner
Untitled
mixed mediums
12" x 22"



Rick Bursky

There Were Indications That This Would Happen

She accused me of corruption.
Accused me of happenstance and mortality,
of plotting our future one night at a time.
Such accusations. I tried to explain
how each wind on earth begins in a man's painful lungs.
Thank god for strong teeth, steel lips
– the damage that's possible. Through the entire dinner
the pressure in my chest, and I didn't say a word.
Candle light sparkled on silverware
in a waiter's hand as he listened to her questions.
Imagine a constellation on the side of a butter knife.
I began to think of excuses that would allow me
to leave the table without looking back.
This is the last page of a novel I never wrote.
I loved her. Am I allowed to say that?
You should be taking notes.
In the backyard, the fighting cocks,
razors strapped to the claws,
were saying their prayers before the fight.



Jeff Faerber Koneko 24 x 32 inches mixed on board

Alexandra Smyth*That Kind of Girl*

Three years and you'd still kill for a cigarette. You smile and tell him you gave those up long ago – Told them you were just going to the corner store for another six pack of beer, left them sitting out on the back porch with your torn dime store stockings and the ex-boyfriend with the facial scar, the sad one that you just couldn't bring yourself to break up with. You tell yourself that you had to do it, that self-esteem means leaving behind the things you wanted the most, and anyway isn't the past just that – a lonely echo of your dark cravings? Isn't it better to be in this air conditioned café, with blue oilcloth on the table? You smooth your hair back into a bun and tell yourself you're enjoying this glass of white zinfandel, ignoring the red-manicured voice telling you to take the bottle and run, that it would taste better alone with a pack of smokes, out on your fire escape in your half-slip and bra, June heat like lover's breath, causing your hair to fall in limp curls on the back of your neck, begging you to take your fuck-me pumps out of retirement and go in to the streets in search of a man to ruin just one last time. But you're not that kind of girl anymore. You're just a girl having drinks with a nice man you won't be taking home.

Bloom

Sixteen, heavy with the scent
of sex and cotton candy, I sat
in their basement rec room
studying the wood paneled walls
while the TV talked to itself and
the children slept upstairs.
Sisters, they knew well enough
to be frightened of me, shrieking
with giddy horror each time my
cream colored bra strap snaked
its way out from under my shirt.
They sensed this disastrous ripeness,
the incessant blooming that was
without control. I fed them toaster
waffles and melting ice cream,
begged them to let me French braid
their hair. They shrank from my touch,
fearing my ceaseless burgeoning
was contagious. I sat in lonely fever,
my body a barrier separating me from
the rest of the world. Later, walking
home, I listened to the crickets and
cicadas catcalling, fingered the
twenties in my pocket, tried to forget
their father's hand lingering on my back
just a second too long.



James Needham Afterglow 170 x 110 cm oil on canvas

Karen Schubert

Love Song

Elbows deep in compost, now
that's my idea of a date, you teasing
out roots, me picking peanut shells
from the crumbly mix. We met
late, unlike the prom dates
who teetered past our restaurant window
on new heels, dresses tight
as ski caps, too short for walking.
Come at night and wake with me
in my new orange bedroom with its
polished wood floor. Watch the pink peach
light slip in. Pour yourself some coffee.
We don't have to decide what
to do with the rest of our lives.

Enough

about your flat tire
in the middle of Pennsylvania,

and who left jagged metal
there? I'm saving up news,

going out to pull Rose
of Sharon saplings

in rain. You'd put a stop
to that. Everyone is crazy

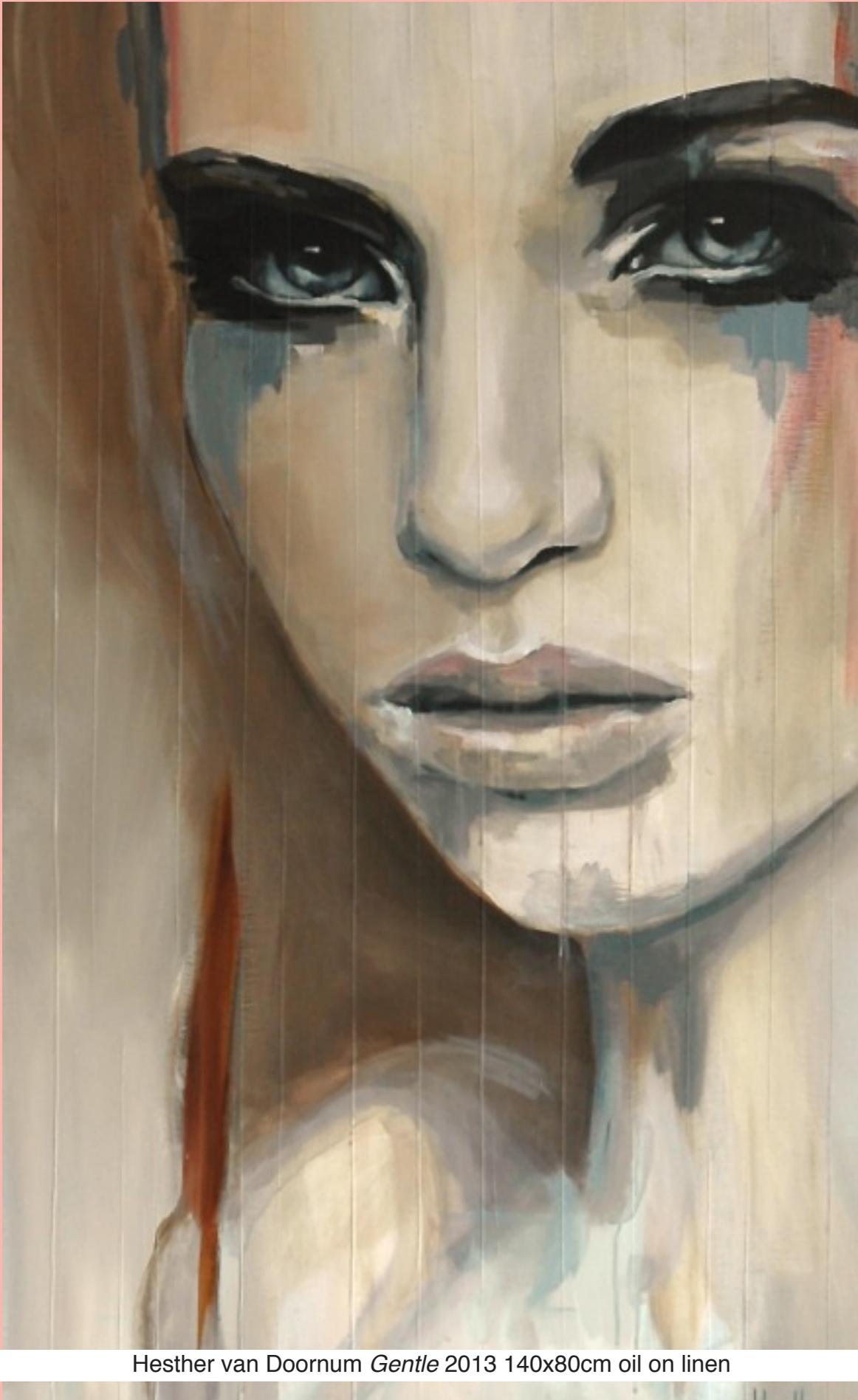
here with politics. I am too,
but I'm sick of the name calling.

Come back on your new tire,
your windshield rinsed clean

in the Delaware Water Gap.
Tell me how it was there

in not-home. Come back
wearing your magenta shirt,

your penumbra. I miss
our Cambrian dreams.



Hesther van Doornum *Gentle* 2013 140x80cm oil on linen

Poetry Guest Editor Nin Andrews

Nin Andrews' poems and stories have appeared in many literary journals and anthologies including *Ploughshares*, *The Paris Review*, *Best American Poetry* (1997, 2001, 2003, 2103). She won an individual artist grant from the Ohio Arts Council in 1997 and again in 2003, and is the author of six chapbooks including *The Circus of Lost Dreams*, with illustrations by Emily Lisker and published by PoetsArtists in 2013. She is also the author of five full-length poetry collections. Her next book, *Why God Is a Woman*, is due out from BOA Editions in 2015.



Cover Artist Nadine Robbins

Nadine Robbins is a Hudson Valley-based portrait artist with a talent for capturing the light and life within her subjects. Nadine takes a modern, uncluttered approach to portraiture. Abandoning the rigid postures and heavy symbolism of many traditional canvases, she invites her subjects to show their silly, sassy, mysterious, or erotic selves, conveyed through a striking pose, sumptuous gown, or nude torso draped in jewels.

Nadine's artistic style has evolved through a lifetime connection with art. She grew up in France, where her mother was an artist. Coming of age in a family and culture steeped in visual art steered her course. Her professional schooling began at Middlesex Polytechnic in London and College de Sollies Pont in France. With a BFA from SUNY New Paltz, Nadine initially chose a career in graphic design. After achieving success as founder of her own firm, Namaro Graphics, she turned her focus to painting full time.

Largely self-taught as an artist, Nadine has worked under master portrait painter and teacher Paul McCormack to perfect her technique. In addition to gallery shows throughout the Hudson Valley, metropolitan New York, Massachusetts and Virginia, Nadine's work has twice been featured in the



prestigious Royal Society of Portrait Painters show in London.

Her portraits garner attention from critics and collectors alike. "The Golden Gown," on display at the Brill Gallery in North Adams, Mass., has been hailed by critic Keith Shaw as "the best nude oil painting I've seen in the Berkshires outside The Clark [Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, Williamstown]. Nadine Robbins is developing into a superb figure painter, and her double portrait, 'The Golden Gown,' is an American masterpiece, both technically and artistically." Nadine's reach also extends to Chicago, where renowned collector Howard Tullman has added her portrait "Moxie" to his impressive array of nudes.

Poets

Kelli Russell Agodon

Kelli Russell Agodon is the author of Letters from the Emily Dickinson Room (White Pine Press, 2010), Winner of the ForeWord Magazine Book of the Year Prize in Poetry and a Finalist for the Washington State Book Awards. She is also the author of Small Knots (2004) and the chapbook, Geography. Recently she co-edited the first eBook anthology of contemporary women's poetry, Fire On Her Tongue. She is the editor of Seattle's literary journal, Crab Creek Review and the co-founder of Two Sylvias Press. She lives in the Northwest where she is a mountain biker, paddleboarder, and kayaker. Her third book of poems, Hourglass Museum will be published by White Pine Press in 2014. She is currently working on a memoir entitled Retreat.

Mark Halliday

Mark Halliday's sixth book of poems THRESHERPHOBE has just been published by the University of Chicago Press. He teaches at Ohio University.

Shivani Mehta

Shivani Mehta's first book, Useful Information for the Soon-to-be Beheaded, a collection of prose poems, is out from Press 53. Her work has appeared in numerous journals, including the *Midwest Quarterly Review*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Narrative Magazine*, among others. Shivani was born in Mumbai and raised in Singapore. A recovering lawyer, she lives in Los Angeles with her husband and children.

Maureen Seaton

Maureen Seaton has authored sixteen poetry collections, both solo and collaborative— most recently, Fibonacci Batman: New & Selected Poems (Carnegie Mellon University Press, 2013).
www.maureenseaton.com.

Denise Duhamel

Denise Duhamel is the author, most recently, of Blowout (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2013) *Ka-Ching!* (Pittsburgh, 2009), Two and Two (Pittsburgh, 2005), Mille et un Sentiments (Firewheel, 2005) and Queen for a Day: Selected and New Poems (Pittsburgh, 2001.) She is the guest editor for Best American Poetry 2013. A recipient of a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship, she is a professor at Florida International University in Miami.

Remica L. Bingham

Remica L. Bingham earned an MFA from Bennington College, is a Cave Canem fellow and a member of the Affrilachian Poets. Her first book, Conversion (Lotus Press, 2006), won the Naomi Long Madgett Poetry Award. Her second book, What We Ask of Flesh, was published by Etruscan Press in February 2013. Currently, she is the Director of Writing and Faculty Development at Old Dominion University. She resides in Norfolk, VA with her husband and children. For more information on her work and upcoming events, please visit: www.remicalbingham.com.

Eric Anderson

Eric Anderson's first collection of poetry, The Parable of the Room Spinning, is available from Kattywompus Press. His guitar has found a new gig as the fourth member of the Deep Cleveland Trio.

Laura McDermott Matheric

Laura McDermott Matheric, is a poet and native of South Florida. Her poems have appeared in The Selected Collective: Volume VIII of Tigertail, a South Florida Poetry Annual, the *Miami Poetry Collective's Cent Journal Series*, *Screw Iowa!*, and the *Virginia Key* website. Her poems have also been recognized by the Poetry Society of Virginia. A graduate of Florida International University's MFA program in Creative Writing, Laura is currently an Assistant Professor of English at Broward College and the Festival Coordinator for the Palm Beach Poetry Festival.

Kate Lutzner

Kate Lutzner's poetry and stories have appeared in such journals as *Antioch Review*, *Poetry Magazine*, *Mississippi Review*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *BlazeVOX* and *Rattle*. She was awarded the Robert Frost Poetry Prize by Kenyon College and is recipient of the Jerome Lowell Dejur Award and the Stark Short Fiction Prize. Kate holds a J.D. from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and an MFA from City College. She blogged a poem a day for a year: katetakesmanhattan.blogspot.com.

January Gill O'Neil

January Gill O'Neil is the author of Underlife (CavanKerry Press, December 2009), and a forthcoming collection, Misery Islands (CavanKerry Press, fall 2014). She is the executive director of the Massachusetts Poetry Festival and an assistant professor of English at Salem State University.

Carol Moldaw

Carol Moldaw's most recent book is So Late. So Soon: New and Selected Poems (2010). Her novel, The Widening, came out in 2008. She lives outside of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Rick Bursky

Rick Bursky's most recent book, Death Obscura, is out from Sarabande Books. His poems have appeared in many journals including *American Poetry Review*, *Iowa Review*, *Gettysburg Review*, and *Field*. Rick teaches poetry at UCLA Extension Writer's Program.

Alexandra Smyth

Alexandra Smyth lives in Brooklyn, NY where she is a MFA in Creative Writing candidate at the City College of New York. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Rufous City Review*, *Scapegoat Review*, *The Smoking Poet*, *Specter Magazine*, and *Word Riot*, among others.

Karen Schubert

Karen Schubert's work appears or is forthcoming in *quickly*, *Ohio Poetry Anthology*, *Conte*, *A Narrow Fellow* and others. She is the recipient of a 2012 Ohio Arts Council Individual Excellence Award, and a 2013 residency at Headlands Center for the Arts. Her chapbook I Left My Wings on a Chair won the Wick Poetry Center open chapbook contest and is forthcoming from Kent State Press in 2014. She teaches English at Youngstown State.

Artists

James Needham

James Needham was born in Rugby, England in 1983. He received a diploma in Fine Art from the Oxfordshire College of Art. His art is focused on figurative works, from the visual, aesthetic beauty of the Human form, to the exploration of relationships and how we interact with one another. His work is intentionally voyeuristic to reflect the human obsession with others and how we are viewed by our contemporaries. James has had 2 solo exhibitions since 2011 and been involved in several group exhibitions around Brisbane, Australia. He has received several important portrait commissions locally as well as having his paintings bought by collectors from around the world.

Hesther van Doornum

Hesther van Doornum (1973) work is included in both business and private collections around the world. People, particularly women, are a key element in her paintings. The choice of subject, expressive use of colour, composition and clearly visible strokes make her work a symbiosis of reason, feeling and symbolism.

Victoria Selbach

Victoria Selbach is a New York Contemporary Realist focusing on light and shadow as it emanates from and dances over the human form.

Selbach spent her childhood in Pittsburgh, studied drawing and pastel at Carnegie Mellon Museum and continued on to art classes at Carnegie Mellon University. Selbach moved to New York City, graduated from Parsons School of Design and continues to live and work in New York.

Selbach's work has shown in galleries, museums and collections nationally including the Heckscher Museum of Art, The Butler Institute of American Art and the Tullman Art Collection. Work is currently available through Dacia Gallery in NYC and www.victoriaselbach.com.

Susannah Martin

Born in New York, Sussanah Martin was a recipient of the SEHNAP Scholarship Award. She studied under John Kacere, Louise Lawler, Sherrie Levine and Peter Campus. Ms. Martin was recently a finalist AW Year in Review International Competition. She has had solo shows in the United States and Germany. Her art has been featured in most recently JUXTAPOZ, Catapult Magazine, Visual Creativity Magazine and others. She currently works and resides in Germany.

Chad Turner

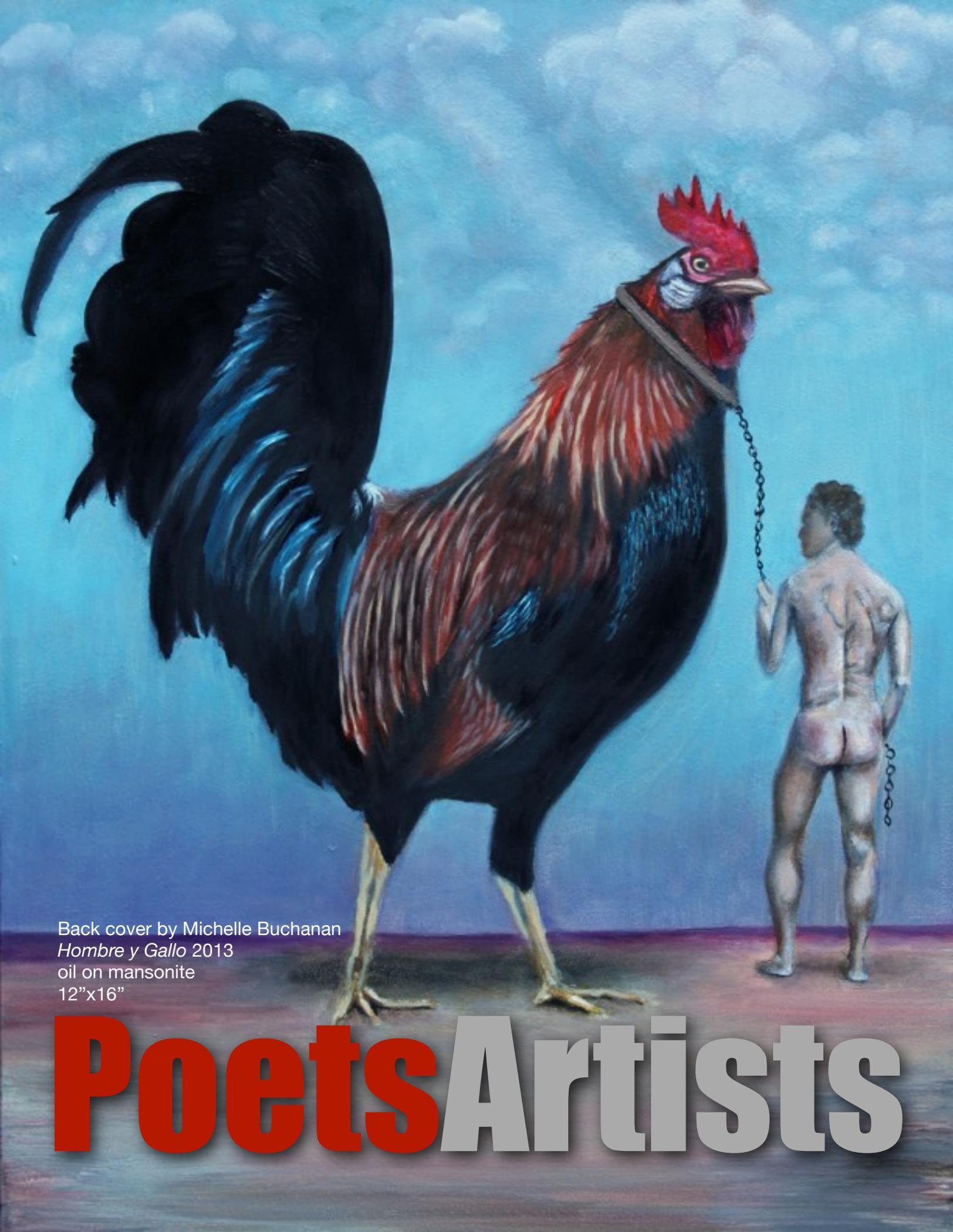
Traditionally trained as an illustrator, Chad Turner's art has never been about one medium or another, more so its about whatever is appropriate for the artistic expression and what feels right at the time of creation, often incorporating painting, drawing, sculpture, photography, design, and collage.

Jeff Faerber

Jeff Faerber grew up in CA and studied art at San José State University (San José, CA) and School of Visual Arts (NYC). His art has appeared in magazines, books, CDs, and websites. He has show extensively in New York, as well as many other major cities in the U.S. and abroad. He currently lives in Brooklyn, NY with a very classy lady and two cats.



Nadine Robbins Miss McDonald 2013 18" x 24" oil on linen
Front Cover: Eggsistencial 50" x 40" oil on linen



Back cover by Michelle Buchanan
Hombre y Gallo 2013
oil on mansonite
12"x16"

PoetsArtists