



Neon

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A Literary Magazine

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P. Edward Cunningham



Image by Petr Kovar

Steel Lattice In A High Voltage Place

There's a place I stand in the woods with tree-lined eyes. I stand there sometimes below several high steel bodies. Electrical towers humming--six arms and long cords attaching like long thin sperm poised to eat each other's ends. The towers need these bonds. It's their kissing and talking. When humans want to communicate they just open their mouths and whisper hello and they scream goddammit and they say I love you and they yell touch me and they spit out their tongues and lick each other into puddles. The towers are locked into a constant intercourse--static sock-choked nights. It's hard to forever suck lightning through straws that span for miles. It's hard to imagine B. Franklin spending more time with a kite than a woman. He wanted the towers trapped in a hillside orgy. When I look at the towers I know what they're dreaming. Franklin wired up to a transformer--metallic cables flowing out of his mouth and ass. If towers could talk, I'd listen. I'd lie down in the night's grass and listen.

Mule Corpse

My friend has a portrait of a dead mule framed on a wall in his bathroom
it attracts an actual mule that sometimes works in the neighbouring field
he leaves the door open often permitting the actual mule bathroom access
when he invites the mule to the shower it often declines the invitation
my friend forgets the mule will only bathe if accompanied by buckets of
oil and it must be American oil and it must be warm and it must be black
once appeased the mule will coax my friend to watch it lather its coat and
oil paints the mammal and drips down from its ears and blots out its eyes
I will not begin rinsing until the bucket's empty says the mule with focus on
the dead mule portrait above the bathroom's spit-stained 2x4 ft. mirror
it must keep itself a barnyard tractor

Suggestive Adjacency

In third grade he saw his first vagina. A yellow book on the bottom shelf near the back
of the classroom. He recalls the boy who pointed it out to him and he remembers
feeling afraid. Ten pages into the book and he finds a photograph of a chubby little girl
standing in a 1970s abstraction--black & white. Silver hair and nude. The chubby little
girl looked only a couple years older than the boys. They grabbed at their shoulders.
Should we tell anyone? They agreed to remain silent if asked about the yellow book
with no text on the cover. No text on the spine. Just captions and photographs.

In sixth grade he saw his first blowjob three blocks from his house. A neighbour's
garage and a torn-up magazine near the entrance. Page fourteen with half a cock
thrusting itself into page fifteen. Page fifteen with the head of the same cock driving
itself into the mouth of a woman. He drops the book and runs from tepid smegma.
Baked skin. Puberal amenities. He cannot comprehend the moment. No text on the
pages. Just captions and photographs.

In ninth grade he saw his first striptease. His mother worked long hours after moving to Detroit. He took long walks after school to pass the time. He always passed a poorly-maintained motel. Time went by faster after he met a woman working at the motel. Her name was Renee. She would undress in room 305 on the bed furthest from the door. He would tell her to stop but she'd insist on showing off her breasts. She'd tell him to play. She'd tell him her dream was to be naked in films and in books. No text in the books. Just captions and photographs.

In twelfth grade he dropped out of school. He became a moaning telephone. A woman living alone in a house takes a moment to stretch out on her living room sofa. She dials a number and he answers the phone and she tells him she's never done this before. And he says *I'll bet you've always wanted to do this. Don't consider yourself needy. I bet you're a pro. Do you have a picture of me? Do you have the ad where you got this number?* She nods as though he can see her. *Look at that while you listen to me. I'll do all the talking. Do you like my body?* A moaning telephone. She listens with her fingers. *Do you read dirty magazines?* She closes her eyes. *This will be better than a dirty magazine. Better than just captions and photographs.*

The moaning telephone does what he can to keep from crying.

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Three Poems

Robert S. King

Why The Dead Are So Passive

We honour the dead
by flinging dirt in their faces,
by planting thorny flowers
in their chests.

Like shepherds, we round them
up for cosmetic shearing.

They turn the other cheek
when we slap them,
as if to wake them,
as if to make them sting
for leaving us to the wars
of our mirrors.

We do not understand
what is eating them.



Image by Linda McNally

Orphans Adopting Themselves

From our fathers

we inherit feet

from our mothers

long arms

We walk away

always reaching back

Immortality

The thought flowed to my eyes in blood.

There in a crack on the pavement's skull

ran the red life of a little league batter

hugging the black truck wheel to his chest.

I could almost see his final breaths up-flowing

into the deep gasps of purged onlookers.

As I crossed the murderer street to work,

I looked both cluttered ways,

right behind and dead ahead.

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Three Poems

Kate Wyer

Thin Wire

I pull your face
from spools of thin wire
to see how age would
have shaped you.

All I need is a long breath
and fingers to work that wire.

I form your yellow face
and tortoise shell frames,
the cowlick in
the front centre
of your hairline.

I push down the full cheeks,
crease the damp forehead.

This, your face--
something to stake
in the ground and
have tomatoes grow up
or a frame for a
Robin's blind eggs.



Image by Tim Neumann

Ritchie Highway, Brooklyn Park

Two foxes on the side
of the off ramp
like burned off tire tread
like old dress shoes.

I hold my breath between
second and third rib,
their tails in the rearview
their feral faces
and white red mouths.

Bone fire

"In the worship of St. John, the people . . . made three manner of fires; one was of clean bones and no wood, and that is called a bonfire--another of clean wood and no bones, called a wood-fire--the third is made of wood and bones and is called 'St. John's fire'." - Old Irish Archives

Kick sand on the bone fire.

Kick down and bury it.

Her ribs are red glass

My flathead shovel gnashes

to turn over

the clean bones

flamed out.

Watch from St. John's window,

Mother, watch with your brash

hang-nail smile,

your cigarette lip.

Go on, hang me

from my eyelashes

by vibrations of cicada

wings

and stained light.

We amount to so much potash,
teeth, hair, eye grit
no clean blaze
in the streets
will open me.

We slept under the holly,
Mother, I said submit
and she unlocked her knees.
Her ribs are red glass
kick sand on the bone
fire's ash

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Two Stories

Kirsty Logan



Image by Jonathan Monk

Sweeten

Almost sternly, disapprovingly he was saying *it's so important to vote, you really owe it to all the women who struggled so that you could, you owe it to yourself*. And although she didn't want to shatter this little world they'd created, this fort with walls of misspelled menus, this moat of black coffee, there just wasn't enough cake on her plate to choke back the words, and *Voting is just the appearance of choice. There's no real alternative, it's just choosing who is the better liar*.

And behind them someone's baby was screaming, and the radio in the kitchen was stuck between stations, and the waitress was coughing as steady as a metronome, and was there really any point in them adding to the noise?

Carefully, neatly, he was cutting his cheesecake with the side of his fork, the tines messy with crumbs, and he had to lick the fork so it was clean and tidy even

though he wasn't hungry. He wanted to push the sugar bowl over to her half of the table because if she pushed it back it meant she didn't like him and if she pulled it closer it meant she did, but it would make the whole table unsymmetrical and he couldn't bear to see that, so he looked out of the smeared window as he did it. She picked up the sugar bowl and he smiled, it was more symmetrical now and it meant she must like him, and she poured a pool of sugar onto the fake-marble surface of the table and she licked her pinkie finger and she spread out the pool and she drew patterns in the grains, squares and stars and zigzags, and tiny white grains spilled over the edge of the table and he could not look, he could not stand it, he had to go.

When she stood up to leave she could feel her thighs stuck with sweat to the plastic chair, the throb of her heart from too much caffeine, the grit of sugar stuck to her fingertip.

The Gold In Her

She is your crowbar, your vodka chaser, the loudest fastest punk song you ever heard. She'd eat what you discard; she'd lick up your saliva, bathe in your sweat. She is a tick, thick on your blood, sickening on your scent. She'd drive across desert to get to you, even in this wet green land where she'd need a major detour to even find desert. She would, for you.

She is your mistake to make, and you know what you will do. You will detour around your life for a day, a week, a year. You will feed her on poetry, wine, engraved chocolates. You will let her grow fat on you.

You will consider staying. You will imagine life with this scattershot pillarbox muffin of a girl; you will wonder if she could fix the knife-edge cross-hair details of you. You will look for gold in her; scrounge through her insides for the glint of coins, so sure that there is treasure. You will find kidneys and anger and bent cogs and red blood cells and mixtapes and tarnished keys and bone marrow and everything except that glint of gold.

By then she will have scratched at your surface, pushed the dirt of your skin right under her fingernails. She will keep the bits of you there, pushed down with toothpicks so they won't wash away. You won't even notice that the dirt is gone, but she will. She will keep scraping that dirt away until your skins shines like apple-peel, until her face is reflected in it.

But then when she is too full to run, so gorged that she can only fumble around and grasp between her palms, you will let go. She will topple, this leech full to bursting. She will rupture like a glob of mercury.

Later, you will miss the taste of her: that sick-sweet reek of lust and desperation. You will wonder if you could have glued the parts of her together; that cross-hair detail of yours would ensure that the cracks did not show. You could have made her softer, cooler, harder, hotter. You could have made her. You could.

But she wouldn't really be soft; she'd just be less hard. She wouldn't be hot; just thawed at the edges, frozen at her centre. She'd memorise all the words, everything you ever said, and she'd twist it around so it sounded clean and new, so you'd think that she was.

So the sun and the snow will fall, and you will sleep along with the day. Before sleep you will think about stopping and you will think about running. Finally you will realise that you had fun; and end-of-a-chapter fun is what it's all about. You have a party, you take a photo, then everyone goes home and it's another thing to think about in the endless moments before sleep.

Of course, you will forget that your dirt is still under her fingernails. You will forget that the taste of her still sticks to the inside of your cheeks.

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Three Poems

Sean Patrick Conlon

Manhood

A humiliated boxcar,
your right foot turns outward
towards the gutter.
the square-toes of angry shoes
you force yourself into, god
and country, working man,
and father, you open the door
to every room with these roles,
stagger into bed each night,
limping.

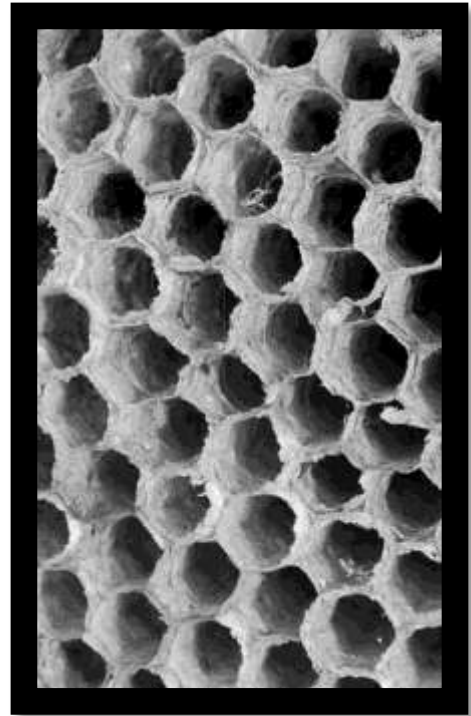
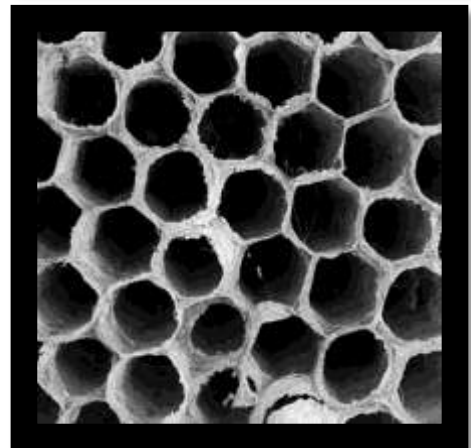


Image by Christine Landis

Your Guardian Angel

"Your Guardian Angel" first appeared in Moonshoot.

Sits behind you on the train,
eating a microwave pizza
and massaging his temples.
he's wondering how long it's been
since he's bothered to tell you
that you aren't fat.



it's not that he doesn't care,
it's just that he's always tired.
everything you do gives him a headache.
you chew the world with an open mouth
he's sick of wiping. he's out of napkins.
you sit inside your body like a three month old
in a recalled car seat. he's afraid to look away
for even one second, certain that if he does
that will be the moment
that you choke.

Chambers

That boy with pistol steel for eyes,
a double-chambered stare-down
with the mirror every morning,
I have been him.

That boy with a body of soft clouds
praying on beaches for an afterlife
of photographs,
I have been him, also.

Neon

That hard mastodon tusk of a moment
when first you realize you are alone
in your bedroom, crying
into the fibres of a carpet,
I have been that moment,
searching for the last shard of a pill
under the furniture, reading 1000
words into every moment, a camera
flash, a broken
sentence
a neon light humming break
up songs into the empty cavern
of your street.

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Baby Talk

Michael Spring



Image by Faik Koseoglu

They look up and gurgle and coo. They are plump and wide-eyed and smiley. They stare at the bubbles that float by. They are hypnotised by the mobile that plays the Brahms Lullaby. They sleep deeply, dreaming of . . . what? The struggle to get here? The months trapped in the warm liquid? The dive through the sump?

They cry.

They knit themselves jumpers. They trade on the Internet selling their used nappies to perverts. They wager huge amounts on the outcomes of miscellaneous events. (What colour is Daddy's car? Will Mummy be wearing a red or blue shirt when she comes in next? Will the story be about the butterfly or the happy train?) IOU's change hands but are quickly forgotten.

They think about the moment when their egg was fertilised. The big bang. They suck their thumbs.

They are powdered and pampered. They are photographed. They are kissed, repeatedly, on their chubby faces.

They smoke cigars after lights out. They play poker and get crumbs in their bed from the chocolate croissants that they find by the bread bin. They drink whisky out of plastic cups and indulge in rough humour. They steal small change, sunglasses, jewellery.

They say their first words, making sounds as close to *dadda* and *momma* as makes no difference. The parents stand and applaud. This is their first standing ovation. They would bow, but a confident weariness overcomes them.

Is it any wonder that things go wrong? Is it any wonder that they end up sucking at food jars, rubbing at sore patches between their legs, thrashing around at the taut pain somewhere around the large intestine? And then come the explosions of bone in their mouths, a metamorphosis.

In the darkness, they lie back and think of eternity. They worry about who will look after them on their journey. The odd couple who attend to them don't seem to have the resilience necessary to bring things to fruition, to help them find peace in a godless world, to set them on the road to truth. But perhaps they can learn.

They chant a mantra, over and over.

They don't understand that they are not prepared for draughts of sweet wine; that grapes, figs and sugared almonds hitting a virgin stomach are going to produce indigestion. They are wryly uneasy, because what they really want is to get outside and wallow in a warm pool of mud.

Love is only skin deep when you have no vocabulary. Their ability to trade stocks, to participate in bridge tournaments and bicycle races, to open bank accounts, to watch television, is limited by the strength in their limbs, the weather, but mostly language.

They are fascinated by drunkenness, addicted to sweetness, reliant on warmth and cannot resist temptations as water cannot resist presenting a smooth surface to the world.

They plan their future careers. One is to be an airline pilot; the other a bond trader, specialising in arbitrage.

Each day, knowledge comes to them in the form of overheard insults, quiet accounting, conversations. And all the while their rosebud mouths are shaping themselves to be ready for invective, calumny, incredible profanities.

Gradually they hold on to more memory. The world no longer has to be reconstructed in their minds each day. Things remain. A brick, a pattern on the wallpaper, a petal on a wet, black bough.

And so, knowledge arrives, and with it frustration, desperate sickness, fecundity.

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Three Poems

Sonia Hendy-Isaac

Daddy

I imagine her pushing
your child from her womb;
you melting pride and nothing
really changing. She will
raise a brood--grow flabby;
chase every phone call,
and random claim of paternity
away from her waking thoughts.
Dwelling in egg-shelled denial,
you will crack under becoming
your father in the late night,
taking what's yours; drunken
bursts regurgitating childhood.
Imagining this; I breathe relief.

Merman

With apologies to T. S. Eliot

You sleep, yet still breathe sea; the curl of surf
slips into your mouth, returns to the shore
of your lips. Crusted with salt, the brine
in cracks of skin that was once scales.

You heard a siren; I played my part,
tempting you from the sea and now,
all we hear is the loss of crashing bodies
on the cliff-edge of wrecked conscience.

When you wake, all that's left is the memory
and sound pounding through bloodied veins
where the ocean once ran. Your fragments;
shored against the ruins of your frame.



Image by Karunakar Rayker

Prayer

We peek through heavy curtains;
children hunting Santa, fingers trailing
the panes, watching the streetlights
manipulate the view. The depth,
breadth of every flake, binds
like candyfloss to leafless limbs.
We sigh another prayer for the world,
to hold itself in the crack of arctic knuckles,
to have another day in each others' hands.

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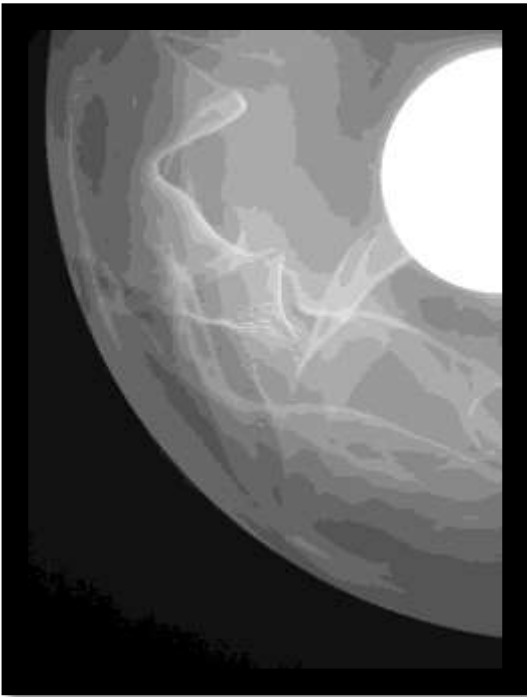
Two Poems

Angela Parker

A Foreign Hotel

I woke up in a strange, slanted room.
Pigeons wept and rocked on the window sill;
I wasn't sure what the problem was.
Gargoyles kept their eyes fixed on the roof
while pigeons smeared them with excrement.
The windows were open in between
iron bars. With one hand outside,
I could feel cool rain. I touched some drops
to my lips; they were bitter. I gagged.
Downstairs, the walls were raw stone.
The concierge was an austere figure
who said I had not checked into this hotel--
he expressed no puzzlement--nevertheless,
I could not leave. You can't be serious,
I thought. How did this happen to me?
You had choices, he said.

Image by Dora Pete



Early Memory Of Hearing Colours, Holding A Cockroach

I was warned about madness as an infant,
had it from the mouths of demons themselves:
green tongues flicked up the bars that caged
me, unnatural, like neon fire. I recognized the strange
power before I could speak; I understood their language.

My world spun black and white clowns above
me; tiny, misshapen mirrors spread the green glimmers,
all the jack-in-the-box energy about to pop at any moment.

Climb from your crib, into a different world--get out, we'll
help, we know the way. You crave brightness; we can give you more, green
light. We will always, always be here, now as a whisper, now a rush of wind

that dies. And rises nearer. Until one day the sulphur-damp breath on my neck never leaves:
I want to go back now and shake that infant myself--tell her take the advice, get out, get out
--kill her myself. Save her, myself.

But that baby in my memory singing such starry sound things to herself, stroking
the armoured insect in one hand like a loved one: she doesn't fear that fear. The world's
hurt is still outside her. Her parents come and go, oblivious, and she smiles and notices
everything. And how can I blame her, really? When the jack has yet to spring the box, when
I still walk through the green cast shadows, trusting it all.

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Everything Binary

Gavin Broom

1. I Named Her Gigi

She spun like a gypsy on the Métro platform, dancing to some inaudible soundtrack, her eyes glazed over, steel in her grasp and then, from behind me, another crack switched her off. Even though I come from New York, I hadn't seen anyone get shot before. I named her Gigi.

2. The Detective

Outside, the detective asked if I knew the drogué. Guessing at the vocab, I shook my head, no. He asked if I was American. I nodded. He asked me my age. I said I was twenty-three. He asked if I wanted to know her name. I shook my head again.

3. Getting Back

I decided to walk to my hotel in the hope that the wind rushing along Boulevard Saint-Germain would clear my head. Instead, the final moments of Gigi's dance consumed my thoughts, so much so that it took a mile for me to realize I was walking in the wrong direction.

4. Translation

The concierge fetched my key without me having to give my room number. He gruffly muttered something that I struggled to translate, so I just nodded, smiled and wished him bonne-nuit. While I waited on the elevator, I worked out that he'd said he thought I was a ghost.

5. *Insomnia*

At three o'clock, I gave up on sleep and stood at my window, watching the plane trees along the avenue bristle in the breeze. As the winds angered, the trees began to dance. I held my breath while I watched and cried. Mornings always dawn, I thought. Winds always die.

6. *Morning News*

I was one of the first customers in the café that morning. I bought three newspapers, a coffee and a croque-monsieur. For an hour, while my breakfast got cold, I searched the papers for something about yesterday's incident in the Odéon Métro station but it was like it hadn't happened.

7. *Killing An Afternoon*

That afternoon, I returned to the station, looking for something that would let me box everything up but all I found was a section of cordoned-off platform and that didn't help at all. As I left, I saw a girl hanging around the exit. Her eyes were puffy, red, familiar.

8. *Shadowing*

I didn't name the girl I presumed to be Gigi's sister, but I followed her when it got late and she abandoned her position near the ticket machine. She walked with her



Image by Herman Brinkman

head down and chain-smoked cigarettes. She never looked back. I'm sure she knew I was her shadow.

9. Illuminated Deconstruction

It was dark when the girl stopped at a phone booth in the Latin Quarter and for an hour I watched her under the fluorescent light while she talked, listened and broke down. When she finished and came out, she stared straight at me until I offered her a smile.

10. Encounter Outside A Phone Booth In The Latin Quarter

In uneasy French, I explained how I was at the Métro yesterday and I couldn't get it out of my head and I hadn't been able to eat or sleep since. She didn't say anything for the longest time and then when she finally spoke, it wasn't what I expected.

11. Forks

People make bad decisions, she said in English, and they choose the wrong fork in the path and usually it doesn't matter but it only needs to matter once and then paths become lost and forks distort. I drew breath to respond. She'd already turned away. I let her go.

12. Loop

Her words filled me up until her words were all I had. I replayed our brief exchange on a continuous loop while I walked back to the hotel and once I got there, I understood as much as I was ever likely to. I just hoped that would be enough.

13. Everything

Pushing down the plunger on a syringe. Picking up a knife. Going down. Pulling the trigger. Choosing direction. Smiling at sad girls. Wanting to miss home. Checking out.

Ordering breakfast. Needing a crutch. Being anxious about leaving. Remembering old telephone numbers. Asking for help. Being terrified. Avoidance. My reaction. Everything.

14. Binary

Eventually, it dawned on me that it all boils down to a one or a zero, a yes or a no, an on or an off, open or closed, living or dead and it applies to everything. But it wasn't something I discovered until much later, after I'd gone home.

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Two Poems

Jason Irwin



Image by Christina Carlin

Apocalypse Love Song

Through a hole in the roof
I watched the end of the world.
It was beautiful, nothing at all
the way its portrayed in books or movies.
I thought of calling you,
but figured you were busy taking a bath,
filing your nails
or dead, like most everyone else.

I felt sad,
remembering our encounter at the shoe store.
You walked in smelling of gasoline
and asparagus, asked for size four--
red stilettos--I brought back combat boots:

size six. You wrote your number
in lipstick in the palm of my hand.

Sitting here looking out the hole in the roof
I thought of you and me and what
could've been.

Outside everything looked like a plate of spaghetti.

I saw a man the colour of burnt earth
and moss, stumble over a sea of corpses.

He carried a bag across his shoulder.

I felt like Noah, looking out from the safety of the ark,
just after the water receded.

I watched the man bend down and scoop the eyes
out of the bodies with his thumb
and index finger, as if they were oysters.

He put them in the bag. When the weight
made him lean to one side he dug a pit
and buried the eyes.

My end of the world buzz must've worn off.

I fell asleep and dreamed you were here
dressed in your stilettos and lipstick.

When I awoke a tree had grown up
where the man buried the eyes.

It was crying.

Dream Of Walking With Van Gogh

You stopped to tie your shoe,
mumbled something about the sanctity of yellow,
the foreboding of cobalt
and the sweetness of a prostitute
named Rachel.

I remarked how your beard
looked like a ball of fire.

Toward sunset we climbed a hill.

Amid the lowly and despised

I watched you unload your easel and box of paints,
watched you dip your brush
into the open sores of a leper
and paint a magnificent scene.

Hours later when everyone had gone,
except a few cripples,

whom the preacher refused to heal
for their love of worldly things,

you set your brush down, and wiping your brow
turned to me and exclaimed,

It is finished.

and in that instant I knew
you meant the world.

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Contributors

P. Edward Cunningham resides in Western Pennsylvania. He co-edits *Radioactive Moat* and serves as the Asst. Managing Editor of *SLAB*. He writes screenplays and poems and some of those poems have appeared in or are forthcoming in *Open Thread*, *DOGZPLOT*, *Ghoti/Fish*, and *wtf pwm*. A book of essays, *This Boy / This Broom* is forthcoming from BatCat Press. He blogs at yellowlightbulbs.blogspot.com.

Robert S. King has been writing and publishing since the 1970s. His work has appeared in hundreds of magazines, including *The Kenyon Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Lullwater Review*, *Chariton Review*, *Main Street Rag*, and others. He is currently Director of *FutureCycle Poetry*, www.futurecycle.org.

Kate Wyer's chapbook, *From Spools Of Thin Wire*, was released by Publishing Genius in October 2008. She has fiction forthcoming in *ML Press* and *Dogzplot*. Goucher college presented her with the Elizabeth Woodworth Reese grant upon graduation. She will graduate in May 2009 from The University of Baltimore with an MFA in Creative Writing & Publishing Arts. She makes linoleum cut prints of nautilus and zucchini flowers. She works in the public mental health field and loves her job.

Kirsty Logan is a writer (kirstylogan.com), editor (fracturedwest.com), teacher, grad student, and general layabout. Her writing appears in *Polluto*, *Popshot*, *Pank*, and some other places that don't begin with P. She lives in Scotland with her girlfriend.

Sean Patrick Conlon was born and raised in rural Virginia. The house where Sean grew up was once a Civil War hospital, believed to be haunted. As a boy, Sean delighted in lifting up the carpets to show guests where the blood from wounded soldiers had stained the wooden floorboards.

Over the past two years, his focus on poetry has led to the publication of seven chapbooks. Sean's first full-length book, *The Pornography Diaries*, (Penmanship Books, 2008) is a collection of poetry discussing the effect of romantic and pornographic media on love and sex in modern society. Sean's work stands as proof that he still loves to peel back the layers and show where the bloodstains are.

Michael Spring thinks the hippies were right: we should never have taken notice of formality. We need to invent our world, not just populate it, but then, as Kavanagh said to Heaney, "Don't have the veins bulging in your biro." It's a subtle skill that one day he may master.

Sonia Hendy-Isaac recently graduated with an MA in Creative & Critical Writing; she is now completing her PhD. Her poetry has been widely published in journals; her most recent work can be found in *Snakeskin*, *The Shit Creek Review*, *Qarrtsiluni* & *Equinox*. Her debut collection, *Flesh*, is due later this year and she is also an editor for *Iota*.

Angela Parker is interested in memory and its reconstruction and the strangeness of life that can make one feel displaced even in familiar surroundings. The possibilities in darkness excite her. Also, she has an MFA from Chatham University in poetry.

Gavin Broom lives in the Scottish countryside with his wife and his cat. Publications featuring his work include *SFX*, *Bound Off*, *Menda City Review*, *Flashquake* and *Espresso Fiction*. He currently doesn't own a house at the beach. Further evidence can be collected at www.gavinbroom.co.uk.

Jason Irwin grew up in Dunkirk, NY, but now lives in Pittsburgh, PA. His first book *Watering The Dead* won the 2006/2007 Transcontinental Poetry Award and was published in 2008 by Pavement Saw Press. In 2005 his manuscript *Some Days It's A Love Story* won the Slipstream Press Chapbook Contest. He has also had work published in several journals, including *Blue Collar Review*, *Miller's Pond*, *Sycamore Review*, *Confrontation*, *Lumina*, and *Off the Coast*.