

Issue #13 January 2009

Done that—that Christmas business. Now we can get on with watching the days lengthen, wake up from the brief poetic hibernation and start to wax lyrical once more.

The sixteen mostly UK/US poets who have made it into this first issue of 2009 offer us the usual eclectic mix, although there are prominent themes of place, love and family; places as diverse as India, the farmlands of Nebraska and English churches and churchyards, along with poems about wives, widows, mothers and fathers. As always I urge you to read and enjoy.

(Graham the editor)



Contents

Featured poet: **MARILYN HAMMICK** with three poems:
Advice from our Guide, The widow and her dad, Poppies

RUTH M. ANDREWS

Growing Old

CHRISTOPHER BARNES

To Let

JIM BENNETT

Open Day at the Methodist Church

ANTHONY DiMATTEO

Song of Cycles

MORGAN DOWNIE

Yo lo quise...

MICHAEL ESTABROOK
My Wife in our Hotel Room

BRANT GOBLE
Borderlands

CHRISTOPHER KELEN
Carapace

MEL KENNE
A Café Garden Near the University

CHRIS MAJOR
And This Time

ALLY MALINENKO
India, Perhaps
Water, and between the Water
Only Dying Once

RICK MARLATT
The Falcon
Self-Discovery

JENNIE OSBORNE
Reckless
Dartington Hall Churchyard
Arrival

RICHARD F. YATES
Don't Look Now

KENNETH ZIEGELHEAFER
To Do

Christopher Barnes

TO LET

No word of a creepy-crawly
Under the banistered moon,
Cake smithereens on a washbasin's skirt,
All I read
Are personal columns blindfolding windows.
This address is thinking back
To flesh-warm life
Transiently rendering in strong relief
Dogwatch dawns
When overshadows of restless eras
Budge into each other.

Jim Bennett

OPEN DAY AT THE METHODIST CHURCH

a cloud climbs up a wall of sky
an easy wind disturbs the meadow grass
which curls weaves and flattens for a moment
above it a rainbow and its mirror bow the sky
draw two lines between the brightness
and the storm beyond

in the Methodist Church
it is an open day
floral displays hang from window ledges
silently interpret inserts in the glass
a twenty third psalm in dried flowers
wheat and straw plaited into ancient shapes
predate the Christ they worship here

in a brochure
pictures from a mission house
dinner being prepared
fingers rip feathers from a bird
send them to a storm of flight
for the last time

here in the window
wheat and vine
crown and stars
make a communion of light

while outside the first splash of rain
and rumble of thunder

Anthony DiMatteo

SONG OF CYCLES

The fish seems happy licking her pebble.
The bird is blowing a strange whistle.
The dog waits for the egg to drip.
The cat? I haven't seen since noon.
I watch the light dwindle at my shoes.
We float round our sleep and food.

The dog slams off to the call of a whistle.
The cat shuns the floor where he's dripped.
The fish splashes upside down after noon.
The bird's left a feather on my shoe.
We mingle and aver, first sleep, then food.
Later, I sweep out the same pebbles

and roll out the wheels to get more food.
The cat's always first to greet my shoes.
The dog's wounded, his nose drips.
The bird slurs like a wet whistle.
The fish exhales some dark pebbles.
Before we know it, it's noon.

How long would you stand in my shoes
If you knew where I walked past noon?
The toxic fields, the rusted four by four drips
with yesterday's rain clean as a whistle
filled with someone else's spittle, pebbles
of aggregate concrete, the bird thinks is food.

So refreshing out of the house I whistle
on the way back in. From beyond her pebbles
the fish peeps out demanding her food.
The counter's tracked where the cat's paw dripped
the water he hates but loves to fish after noon
when I'm gone as he knows from the crack of my shoes.

Out of the night some day the big whistle
will blast away. Who wants to stand in our shoes
when we six feet beneath the polished pebbles
cannot feel the sun even at noon?
The cat will lay down where the dog's jowl drips,
while the fish and bird will fly off for food.

And may the pebble within keep whistles
wet with song, the way tongues drip for food,
or toes wag for shoes, from dusk until noon.

Morgan Downie

Yo lo quise
y a veces ella tambien me quiso

I loved her and sometimes she loved me too

long is the time
since we spilled
into each other
like oil
and created
our complex
pathology
of love

and in that
dead space
between
when I have lived
a shadow dance
with your memory
in unnamed faces
and unmarked beds
upon which
your impression lies
so recent
I can find
no road to mark
a return
to you

and perhaps yes
in this lassitude
of desire
without you
and your sudden
startling presence
I may finally
have become
tired of life

Ella me quiso
a veces yo tambien lo queria

she loved me and sometimes I loved her too

- from Pablo Neruda

Michael Estabrook

MY WIFE IN OUR HOTEL ROOM

I look up from
my writer's notebook:
"8-7-07 - Metropolitan Museum
of Art – walked around
the modern art galleries again:
Jackson Pollack, Andy Warhol,
Willem de Konig, not sure
I understand it all that well,
but it's amazing, simply amazing,
a fresh new way of seeing
(and interpreting) the world."
"Does your hair always
feel different
when you wash it in
a place like this?" asks my wife
standing naked and beautiful
as a field of yellow flowers
on the other side of our hotel room.
I respond, "Yes, I think so."
"Must be the water," she says,
as she turns and drops her towel.

Brant Goble

BORDERLANDS

Here is the price
of whatever you want
(conveniently listed in four different currencies)
There is where you pick it up

mere yards (and a world) between them

We are blind
but to this one great catharsis
to cure the blues of folk
green at the gills
and frantic-tired
(forever on red alert)

(Please empty your bowels where you will)

Men come throbbing with lust
seeking whores with unquenchable innocence
and knowledge to put a urologist to shame

Women seeking puff powder magic
and itty bitty pills fit to kill
a Shire horse
blush and push and shove
towards knock-off, knocked-out ecstasy
(dreaming of beautiful labels)

This is the land between
(everything)
relinquished even by the statisticians
(whose perversion is otherwise endless)

Here is what you need
deep down (below your SAT scores)
underneath your paperwork
(more sacred, by far, than your clothing)

And when all else fails
and the machines have misplaced you
rest assured
we will know your heart

always

Featured Poet for Issue 13—Marilyn Hammick

ADVICE FROM OUR GUIDE

Stand to glimpse the agora with a partial ornamental lake.
Scan the bouleuterion curves, count seatless niches.
Consider one pillar, three empty corners, marble shavings.
Multiply one half triangle of puzzled together Roman stones.
Raise Lazarus slices of a Doric column.

Slide aside the land, still the quake.

Listen to the bullfrogs.
Bathe in wild flower fragrance.
Navigate an anemone palette.
Tread lightly through daisies.

POPPIES

She came to my door
selling poppies
tin round her neck
headscarf queenly
under her chin.

Today the police broke down her door
she wasn't at Church
the Guides had missed her.
Rope unseemly
under her chin.

My next door neighbour said
You do know her: headscarf, poppies.

THE WIDOW AND HER DAD

He taught her
the difference between silly-mid-on and fine-leg
short and long dividing
that she couldn't sing
the craft of losing.

He taught her children
the difference between silly-mid-on and fine-leg
fly-fishing
two-spit digging
how to make bread pudding.

She taught him
the sense of crying
a bit of hand sewing
how to keep going.

Mel Kenne

A CAFE GARDEN NEAR THE UNIVERSITY

White plaster statues, pecan trees
casting deep shade, we're really
all dead here, aren't we? We've
long since got and lost every degree,
passed and failed every grade.

The molded angel either prays
or only gazes sadly upon her
swollen belly, contemplating
an unlikely event: the sweet fish
that had swum inside her, drawn up
through depths in a filmy parade,
before one at last took the bait.

Now, hands clasped firmly over
her stone breasts and wings
forever half-spread, she presides
over her own leafy niche deep
in the garden's heart, its crèche,
as we devotees, bored magi, chat,
sip drinks, smoke quietly, wait.

Chris Major

And This Time.....



Ally Malinenko

INDIA, PERHAPS

I haven't been sleeping well these days
waking at 3:03 a.m, on average.
I hear that it's the witching hour
but mostly I have been spending my time,
roaming from room to room
like a ghost.
Fair enough,
It's time I started haunting myself.

The other day, over coffee
I noticed that the veins in my feet
are getting bigger
and I can feel my bones growing
segment by segment
like a length of rope measuring out how
long I have left. This tailor,
this spinner, the Fates, hunched over a wheel
measuring out the death age of 33.

We said next year it would be Venice,
because of all Dan's stories
or instead Madrid
because you befriended a Spanish writer.
But I'm thinking that maybe anywhere over the ocean will be nice.

India, perhaps
Because at least it won't be this moment,
with you, breathless and gasping, gazing out the kitchen window,
muttering anything, just not now,
and me,
stupidly holding a useless glasses of water,
wondering what next.
what next?

I sweat to God, I can put up with anything.
With these nights
in my hot little closet writing hysterically
with New York, waking me up at 3 am
with my stomach seizing over and over again
but I can't put up with you

giving up.
Not yet.
Not like this.
So darling, if nothing else, let's talk about Venice
and India.

Because then, it might be true.
And there's still something to plan for.
That is what we are darling,
two plans, two mystics, two lost ones,
crashing together with hope and wine
lost in the witching hour.

Ally Malinenko

WATER, AND BETWEEN THE WATER

I thought that my 30th year
would be a good time to read Proust
so I drag him along with me
weighing down my shoulder bag
all that see through skin thin
paper adding up.

Everyone tells me how amusing it is
that I'm going to read that whole 7 volume set
that they had gotten bored after the first 100 pages,
so don't bother but really,
no one writes about asparagus like this guy

what I'm saying is these days I'm feeling a bit disconnected from everyone else.
My brain has watered itself down to a continuous loop
and I'm telling the same stories over and over again

like the old one about falling off the waterfall
and the look of Ken's eyes in the rearview
for the ride out to the hospital with my bloody matted hair,
a skull like Frankenstein, that they sewed up.

These people I haven't thought about in so long,
are they even still alive?

These are the stories I wish I was telling you
but I haven't the words for it.
Don't you understand?
There was nothing but rocks and water
and my blood swirling between
and now, so many years later
that is all I am inside,

Water
and
between the water, bones like rocks
and these stories in my head that are forcing themselves out.

I'm still the ragdoll,
dangling off bridges
my eyes stitched shut
my mouth flapping open
a stick of dynamite strapped to my chest.

I'm still mailing letters sealed with wax
to homes I don't live at
waiting for a reply.

I'm writing these things, over and over again
because, I swear, next time, next time
they will make sense.

And I can feel all of your eyes on me, waiting for the hammer to fall.
I am cutting out a pencil thin groove with my chipped nail
into the plaster walls of my writing room
like a woman gone insane, swept up in the downpour,

a woman, flooded.

Ally Malinenko

ONLY DYING ONCE

It's a shame I only get to die once,
what with all these beautiful cities.

I can only pick the one place
like New Orleans where, drunk, I won't remember
to look the other way before crossing the street

Or Grants, New Mexico
where the bottle of pills on the nightstand
are just within reach.

With all this beautiful country
It's a shame I only get to die once

I don't know how I'll choose between
drowning in the Pacific
and washing up near Alcatraz
or a car crash on Route 46 near Cholame, CA.

I'll make a deal with the devil
to die twice
at least. Maybe more, even.

and I'll suffer through the pain
the cramping, spasms,
choking, the noise like water rushing in your ears,
the moment when your limbs start to bend back
and the light flashes before your eyes like a picture show starting.

I'll do it more than once,
just to not have to choose between crawling across the Mojave to nothing
or the sensation of being eaten alive by an alligator down in the Keys,
or a heart attack while the jazz plays at El Chapultepec down in Denver.
My last words something like,
"Down in Denver
down in Denver
all I did was die."

With all this beautiful country
It's a shame it's only going to happen once,
because I could spend all day thinking up the best place
to gaze at a bar ceiling, a night sky, the high grass of the plains
that final justifying beautiful moment when I can
say to myself,
"yes, what a perfect choice
I couldn't have planned it better"
before the blood comes to my teeth
and I am mercifully snapped out of existence.

Richard F. Yates

DON'T LOOK NOW

1.

Apollo revs the engine
of his fire-breathing chopper

He ditched the flaming chariot
in the early 70s
after catching Easy Rider
at a drive-in theater
double feature

He bursts from the Earth
balancing a mocha-chino
with one hand
on his handlebars

And climbs into the sky

To the mortals below
dawn begins to break

2.

My therapist is late this morning

He blames traffic
but I'm more inclined to think
he's just indifferent to my case

Dr. Morton pours himself a cup of coffee
and sets it on his desk

He turns to a file cabinet
rifles through papers
and his coffee cup fades into nothingness

I sigh
think about mentioning it
but that's why I'm here:
I notice things

"Well Richard
how have you been?"

I smile
I lie
"Everything's been fine" I say
I know how to play the game
He plays back

"No more visions?
How have you been sleeping?"

I can't help but look at the floor
just for a moment

Dr. Morton's pencil flies
His moustache twitches

Behind him
on the file cabinet
his coffee cup reappears

He won't remember
that he put it on his desk
I wish I didn't remember either

3.

Artemis lives next door to me
apartment 231

She goes out just before dark
wearing a white leather jacket
and black jeans

I wave to her from my bathroom window
as her cream colored sports car
slips quietly
out of her parking space

And rises into the night sky

Rick Marlatt

THE FALCON

My grandfather was struck by lightning,
died in these fields of glory he tended.
Died in his coveralls, his hollow eyes
not once losing vigilance over the corn.

Last May the wind turned out of the east
and white streaks began to spider the sky
like the crushing of pale glass, an unholy
rumble exploded exploded over the valley,

rattled the gnarled bones of the prairie,
awful jolts not felt since its younger days.
My forehead mirrored the windshield
with round splats that channeled downward

as I turned the tractor's rusted chrome
towards the barn in a hopeless race.
In the fusing of light and black, the sky
whispered something I couldn't hear.

I saw her treading through the fiery strobes,
her old veins rivered a delicious audacity
she splashed onto the sultry, eggplant sky
with each sweep of sweet ginger wingspan.

She smelled treasure in the huge firmament
gorged like the silver belly of a spring trout.
Was she to slice it open with a pure talon,
spill guts, jewels, angels washed white, clean?

I pretended to know while she lived, lived
while climbing into the fury to have a word
with the source, one ghost to another, above
the thunder where all the best secrets are kept.

SELF-DISCOVERY

A grave man with a gnarled face
told me once:
a true friend answers
to one who knocks in need.
As things have turned out
I can't lay claim to such
admirable distinction
standing over the kitchen sink
cereal dripping from my chin.
Through eyes lit fluorescent
like a cat's and a half-smile
that shows my teeth
I watch you and your dumb
suffering unravel
in the moonlit driveway.

Hours ago I woke
to your knocks like
the dull slap of moths
against a light bulb.
For self-amusement, I suppose,
I crept here and watched
you stumble the perimeter
of the house-
your face a pale bulge
like a bowled fish in each window
and let you swear in defeated stupor
back to your car.
It's bizarre now-
doors flung open by ghost sick with wit
who swirl around your nightmarish moans.

I couldn't stomach the thought
of granting you asylum-
the stench of your drunken
body oozing into the sofa,
putrid retching like death
chants from the bathroom-
still familiar from the night
I pissed in your soup,
pathetic cries for your lost
German girl mumbled in
drool like pre-dawn dew.
I had your German girl
the weekend you flew
to Denver-
those enormous eyes wore
the emerald of pond water

and her name starts with Z.

So what am I, a wretch, vicious
bastard, what?

I think now of the old man
his hollow, gnarled cheeks,
how he probably found his faith
in some April-fresh river valley
fell to his knees among cool
cattails and prayed with the fervor
of rainbowed butterflies-
a scene with grace enough
to forgive the sins of men,
but here beneath the slumped
walnut tree even begonias
and futia blossoms look dead-
this night mute and stained with violet.

My self-discovery appears
before me in the thin glass-
sharp reflection of contemptibility,
blood rivers gone sour
in emaciated veins,
verified eyes and bare teeth,
quivering knees and a firecracker
swallow,
and there he is at long last-
the funniest man in the world.

Kenneth Ziegelhefer

TO DO

I need to finish these windows
to stop wallowing
to get a ticket to baltimore
to get catfood both
dry and canned
to wait patiently for
fortuitous accidents
to move again probably
to watch tommie's eye
which I think is getting better
to stop remembering
to keep my eyes open
all the time
to sleep well
to not get excited
ever
to stop living in a
vanishing landscape
to pay my tithe
to sulk
to put sheets on the bed finally
to take such good care of
my animals that
each animal would love me with an unquenchable fury
would love me as though I were the last bit of meat on their plate.

Jennie Osborne

RECKLESS

Every day I cut one more thread.
Yesterday, I pulled apart your book
of long-gone names, long-left addresses.
The day before it was your name
I loosened from my shirt. I can be reckless now.
The strands that hold my helium-taut skin
to earth are fraying. Don't watch me
from your clipped rose-garden or painted heaven.
You wouldn't want to see my transfigured form
ride the unchecked thermals
ready to soar, ready to freefall.

DARTINGTON HALL CHURCHYARD

Yew berries, neat brown needles
splatter the grey slab. Only a few words
stand clear in the slant of autumn sun;
a month is March or May,
we guess at 'daughter', 'Devon'.

I try to pick out an age, a date,
but you want to lure the watching robin.
Your knife cuts cubes of apple,
drops them onto the name I can't decipher.

We lean against headstones, still
our breath, as the bird perches,
darts, withdraws, swallows his booty
over 'Everlasting Life'.

Jennie Osborne

ARRIVAL

My arms drop with travel,
my neck knots under a weight of baggage.
I allow the threshold
of a cottage hotel
to tell me about arrival.
Content to let grey close in
on tomorrow's island,
I claim my burrow
in this blue and white warren,
shut the book of my journey,
unpack familiar stuff
I hoped I'd left behind.

Ruth M. Andrews

GROWING OLD

Write it now, don't wait:
write it while you still feel the pain
of watching and waiting for your mother
to accomplish this humble task
of no import;

watch her searching for the phone number
amidst cups and plates,
hear her ask three times which number she seeks,
watch while the sticky red cherry from her favourite cake
falls slowly to the floor
and gathers drifted threads of silver
in the dust;

write while you feel the pain of your command,
and question your right to intrude:
who is confused?
Do these small tasks signify independence?
or do we invent these symbolic motions
to prove (to ourselves)
our elders are still in this world?

Are we denying them their final age,
forbidding them to inhabit a world
where friends all mingle in timeless communion,
where years don't matter,
and all their treasured letters arrived just yesterday?

Do the years matter?
do the minutes?
Does it matter if their day begins on waking
at five in the morning -
or maybe ten?
and then proceeds through various ritual phrases -
phases of drinking and dreaming,
of fulfilling small required tasks,
and slipping in and out of the worlds of old photos, like well-loved doorways;
does it matter if, at some moment after midnight,
or maybe five in the afternoon
the body dictates the need for sleep,
paying no heed to the stairs' ascent,
or the need to reach the bed?

Does it matter if the body simply yields to its ancient fatigue?
Does it matter if the eyes just close?

Christopher Kelen

CARAPACE

look at this shell
this armour on me

shirt from
pants from
underwear
belt
laced up hooves
a tie would strangle

all of it goes where I go

I comb the hair
I brush the teeth
of the naked animal under

CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES:

Ruth M. Andrews was born in the English Midlands in 1950. She wrote her first poems, with illustrations at the age of seven. After hovering between a career in medicine or music – (which began a life-long interest in dilemmas, and multiple possibilities), she chose Music. She resumed poetry writing during O-levels, and again, later, while studying in the University Library. After four years in Manchester she escaped to Florence to begin to teach English language and literature and to write poems - some in Italian. Now living in Amsterdam, she is still teaching music and continues to write. She has had poems published in two anthologies in the USA, and was third prize winner in the International Creative Writing Competition, ('Wrong Response') sponsored by Webster University in the Netherlands in 1997.

Christopher Barnes won a Northern Arts writers award in 1998. He has read his work at various venues in England and Scotland including the Edinburgh Festival. He has also been involved in a range of projects including making a digital film with artists Kate Sweeney and Julie Ballands, a collaborative art and literature project, the Five Arts Cities poetry postcard event, a solo art/poetry exhibition at The People's Theatre, and the South Bank Centre in London recorded his poem "The Holiday I Never Had". He has also written reviews for Poetry Scotland and Jacket Magazine.

Jim Bennett lives near Liverpool in the UK and is the managing editor of www.poetrykit.org. His most recent publication is a poetry collection called "The Man Who Tried To Hug Clouds" by Bluechrome Publishing 2004 (2nd edition 2005). Jim teaches Creative Writing at the University of Liverpool and tours throughout the year giving readings and performances of his work.

Anthony DiMatteo's poems have recently found a home in *Exquisite Corpse*, *Innisfree Poetry Journal*, *Mimesis*, *Penumbra* and *Main Street Rag* and are forthcoming in *Long Island Quarterly*. He is the author of the first English translation of Natale Conti's *Mythologies* (Garland Press, 1994), a 16th century work in Latin on Greek and Roman myth whose clever allegories were plundered by Spenser, Shakespeare, Francis Bacon and Milton. He has also written many published articles on early modern poetry and is thankful for grants awarded by the National Endowment for the Humanities and the New York Council for the Humanities. He is presently working on a novel *Home Boys* based on his ten-year stint as a live-in group home supervisor for teenage boys in New York City. An advisory editor of *College Literature* and *Choice*, he's a professor of English at the New York Institute of Technology.

Morgan Downie is one of the many and varied islands of the mythic archipelago of Scotia. Its people believe in the guiding power of cats, love unconditional, the blue smartie, the clean beauty of a perfect breaking wave and the notion that at least one in six statements should be untrue.

Michael Estabrook has over the years published a few chapbooks and appeared in some terrific poetry magazines, but you are only as good as your next poem and like a surfer looking for that perfect wave, he is a poet prowling for that perfect poem. Right now he is looking for that perfect poem in his wife, who just happens to be the most beautiful woman he has ever known. If he finds it anywhere He'll find it in her.

Brant Goble is a technician, perpetual (graduate) student, and editor (of *Gander Press Review*). His works have recently been published by *55 Words* and *Prick of the Spindle*."

Marilyn Hammick—Featured Poet aspires to share her poetry with others, to receive critical comments and experience the warm glow of an acceptance note. Her poems have evolved as a record of geographical and emotional journeys across bumpy and blessed borders. She writes professional education books and has had one (lonely) poem and a modern fairy tale published on-line.

Christopher (Kit) Kelen's most recent volumes of poetry are *Dredging the Delta* (book of Macao poems and sketches), published in 2007 by Cinnamon Press (UK) and *After Meng Jiao: Responses to the Tang Poet*, published in 2008 by VAC (Chicago, IL). Kelen has taught Literature and Creative Writing for the last eight years at the University of Macau in south China.

Mel Kenne is a poet who teaches in the American Culture and Literature department at Kadir Has University in Istanbul. He has published three volumes of poetry and translated the work of a number of Latin American, Spanish and Turkish poets. In addition, he and Saliha Paker co-translated two novels by Latife Tekin: *Dear Shameless Death* (Marion Boyars 2001) and *Swords of Ice* (Marion Boyars 2007).

Chris Major lives in staffordshire England. He has had poetry in many print and online mags, including *Words Myth*.

Ally Malinenko has previously been published by Posey, Mad Poets Review, Whiskey Island Magazine, The Unknown Writer and HeART. Sometime later this year, her first book of poems, entitled "The Wanting Bone", will be published by Six Gallery Press.

Rick Marlatt teaches English in Nebraska. He has BAs in English and Philosophy and a MA in Creative Writing from the University of Nebraska, and he's currently pursuing an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of California Riverside at Palm Desert. Marlatt's previous publications include *Words-Myth*, *Paradigm*, *Hamilton Stone Review*, *Blue House*, *Trillium*, *Slow Trains*, *Language and Culture*, *Events Weekly*, *The Carillon*, *The Reynolds Review*, *Prairie Poetry*, *The*

Bumbershoot Annual, and the University of Nebraska Research Journal. Marlatt performs prolifically, most recently as the featured poet at the Nebraska State Reading Association annual conference this spring.

Jennie Osborne lives in Totnes, Devon. She is active in poetry circles in the region, is a member of Moor Poets, Two Rivers Poets and Weir Poets, and performs frequently at local festivals and poetry events. Jennie's work has been published in a wide range of magazines, including, Smith's Knoll, Other Poetry and Orbis, and a number of anthologies. She co-edited Moor Poets Vol. 2, an anthology of poems connected with Dartmoor. Jennie has brought out a CD, 'Something about a Woman', and is working on her first collection.

Richard Yates is currently a student at Portland State University in Portland, Oregon, attempting to finish an M.A. in English literature. He is married to an optician and has two daughters. He has had several stories, articles, reviews, and poems published in various college and independent publications including Visionary! Magazine, The WSUV Van-Cougar, The LCC Logos, The Salmon Creek Journal, and several "zines". He has won an Ooligan Press flash fiction contest, served as the poetry editor for The Salmon Creek Journal and he is nearly finished compiling his first poetry collection.

Kenneth Ziegelhefer grew up in Baltimore and lives in Petersburg VA.. He is president and ceo of Petersburg Woodworking Inc.