

# Electric Windmill

Winter 2013-14

Issue No. 008



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Winter 2013-14  
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*Boston*

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# Call for Submissions

*We are currently accepting submissions for Issue No. 9, to be published in early 2014.*

ELECTRIC WINDMILL accepts submissions on a rolling basis for publication as a front-page feature on our website or for inclusion in our issues.

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# Life Guard

by Melindy Wynn-Bourne

Don't let your hands slip  
as you grasp the jagged rock  
and try to pull yourself up  
out of the rough waters  
the rocks are hard enough to grip  
and I know you're exhausted  
trying to fight the currents  
it's hard to swim in the storm  
the wind takes your breath away  
just relax and drift a little farther  
I'll be waiting on the shore  
to take you by your torn and bleeding hands  
lay you down on the quiet sand  
I will guard your life and bring you back

# On the Bóvedas (Casco Viejo, Panama City, Panama)

by Lorraine Caputo

The guava-colored sun  
    nears the crest of the mountains  
The sky, the water shimmer  
    in gentle magenta, gentle *marañón*  
In the approaching dusk  
    the Bridge of the Americas  
    is almost lost in the haze  
On the other side of the bay  
    the skyscrapers on Paitilla Point  
    rasp the *cielo*  
Out to sea ships await their  
    passage through the Canal  
The tide has risen higher  
    now nearly lapping the old  
    fortress walls  
  
Families & lovers sit on that seawall  
    watching the day close  
    cooled by a whispering breeze  
Most of the Kuna women have packed  
    their *molas* & beadwork

& are returning home  
A few displays remain  
spread on the flagstones  
minded by daughters & sons

Down below  
in the Plaza de Francia  
A youth sits on the grass  
strumming a blue guitar  
The echoing scrape of skateboarders  
around the obelisk around the  
pedestaled busts

& from below comes a  
melancholy song  
Young men play panpipes  
young women shake maracas  
dancing twirling in circles  
The families, the lovers & the  
Kuna sons & daughters watch

The sun now has fallen  
beyond the shadow mountains  
& those last shimmers are fading

# Morning Journey

by Jonathan Butcher

There's never any peace on this train.  
The hammy arguments with hyphenated  
sentences spew forth like stale bile,  
that falls into puddles that anyone seeking  
respite will slip and break their pleading  
necks in.

The voices that seem to echo down  
mouth pieces, and never wilt when the  
moment requires, yet always fail to  
mask the child's yelp, that sporadically  
pierces eardrums, each target as random  
as the last.

Then at the station outside, the ones that  
loiter are attracted to the tracks, that now run  
along arms, not decimated towns, and the  
council reps seeking passing workers to  
impose their pointless fines prowl like  
starved foxes around rotting garbage.

I cower from all, my eyes pasted to the  
damp concrete, my tongue twitching in  
anticipation, and it's then I realize I think  
far less on these trains, that could promise  
so much, but that never seem to offer peace.

## Gloomy Situation

(after the painting by Wassily Kandinsky)

by Neil Ellman

We face each other  
in the midst of grief  
each of us  
the mirror of the other's  
gloom repeated  
in the hollows of our eyes

we know despair, mourn  
passion's loss  
as if it were our child

we take the measure  
of the hurt  
that weighs so heavy  
on our hands—

how it came to this  
having lived and died  
in other arms, our eyes  
hid secrets to the end.

# Allotrope

by J. Bradley

It glistens on the black bar  
separating kitchen from living room.

I want to build a pulpit  
from the gnarled meat

pried from the mine's collapsed  
mouth, plant coal beneath pillows

like teeth; this wing  
of the museum awaits the flood.

# Thumbelina

by Holly Day

I once was a woman who  
prayed for just one little baby  
someone to love and call my own  
I didn't care if it was  
a little boy, a little

girl. but the only baby  
that ever came was too  
small, too quiet, curled tiny  
in my palm. it would not move  
it did not cry. morning came

and I  
sat by the windowsill, imagining  
walnut shell cradles  
tiny blankets made of owl feathers and goosedown  
singing songs of the places  
my child would never see.

# Impressions

by Rafael Ayala Páez

Memory is in the fingertips  
Colors are in the eyes  
Infancy is contained in the backbone  
Worlds are born in broken shells  
There will always be a sign in every object  
made vague in the horizon  
An infinite omen in the night  
A sparkle suspended on the forehead  
An old smell beneath the pebbles  
A red sun behind the hills  
Sunrises on the eyelids  
Balloons floating in the sky  
Villages unsuspected in the soles of feet  
Giant anemones in the clouds  
Beings that walk on their heads  
Suns like pupils  
Divers drowned in a glass of water  
Shipwrecks of desperation  
Locomotives exhaling a swarm of flies  
Trees that understand what we say  
A clock with arms and legs

A tower submerged in a puddle  
Eyes crying birds  
Dreams that drive their cars in the night  
Rafts that navigate the arteries leaving a trail of stars  
Songs searching for the light  
Skies tense like elbows and arms  
Cities built in my left hand  
Suns between fingers  
Tides of deaf ears  
Pieces of beaches in the retina  
Aquatic insects  
Maps of remote places like galaxies  
Discussions over matters that we will soon forget  
Islands that are nests of sounds  
Impressions of everything dreamed  
seen  
smelled  
heard  
sensed  
felt  
liked  
forgotten...

# Michelina

by April Salzano

At 90, my nana is downsizing. Her body is shrinking, her possessions do not matter anymore. The chest she told me to pick up, scratched cedar with a tiny lock that no longer has keys, is stuffed with belongings she says to burn. *Not that*, she says when we uncover a tiny cloth bag containing something that resembles half a scapula. *That might be a saint.*

*That cross too,*

*save that.* My hands rummage, I fold and unfold a lifetime worth of cardigans with tags on, creased polyester pants protected from the yellow that has stained a wedding veil, communion dress, shapeless garments she calls housecoats. She has been dying since I was twelve, the last time we played dress-up in her nightgowns. They are still here, paled and moth-eaten. Even then, I could not zip her wedding gown past the middle of my back. I settled for a white slip with lace tapering the bottom, paraded through the house, veil covering my freckled face. I imagined my papa lifting it to see his doll-sized bride in 1947 when forever meant not until one died, but both. I thought I would

marry someone just like him. And then I didn't.  
And then I did. Nana has been alone for 26 years,  
waiting to die, thinking that means she will see  
her husband again and he will recognize her. *Even after*  
*I cross that river that erases your memory*, she says. I find  
a black half-slip, the kind you can't buy anymore. I tell her  
I need one of these and she smiles before she forgets  
what we are doing in the hallway. The garbage bag  
stuffed so full it leans on its side as if heaving  
to catch its breath represents nothing. Saints have been  
saved and something inside has value that survived  
the turn of a century she never planned on seeing.

# The Smell of Winter

by Kanchan Chatterjee

in the naked paddy fields

(the harvest is over, it's time for a pause)

and

I can still feel

a touch, a smile

her distant look at the hill

we had a plan

to go at the top, to that old tottering lodge

sometime. . .

# American Sentinel

(in memory of Family Matters)

by Elias Siqueiros

There were no mustaches  
so clearly defined those early 90's years  
into which went wheatgrass and flowers,  
    all bunched up,  
mutated genes,  
lengthened stones by which the laundry was scrubbed  
white and hung up on lines stretched  
toward eternities...as Carl's.

    We laughed as a family and  
        did not fight.

It was Friday,  
the night of the owl (totemic structure, post War)  
one month followed another through sleep's labyrinth  
with a minotaur combined with a lovely goddess  
to meet us at every turn.

A woman like a plumb  
who smiled as she became landscape,  
snow thrust along the eyelids,  
mountain sneaked in through the mouth,  
shrapnel of disbelief  
all along the newer boughs of discovery.

    A man is a man.

    He must climb the nearness of death.

A nerd like Erkel

is so often overlooked in the dialectics of avant garde  
janitorial work

(intense  
mom making awesome peanut butter  
sandwiches without yelling).

Then,

then there was a slip of the brain toward solemn 90's  
de-industrialization...

Say that the window shall open again toward  
infinite yes among us who had nothing  
but TV and Time.

There was no waste, we ate the marrow too, sucked out  
the juice,

we were eating roots and splitting rocks  
with teeth,

even the pits of the arm gave forth  
an essence one could love....

TV.

1991 .

The pits of the arm one could love.

# Bums

by Jeremiah Walton

Children nauseous of big city doctrine run off for lost  
bars that don't ID

local buses provide passage  
to moldy motels,  
refugees  
among pale squares of hairy soap &  
cream-mated bed sheets.

Thumbs work almost as well as bus tickets.

Kids eye sore  
of long rippling fields

& Earth's scraggly mohawks  
wear I <3 NYC shirts  
& masturbate to dead celebrity posters.

Big cities are where it's at!

Middle class kids  
scared of being middle class  
and white  
walk poverty  
to see what it's like.

Kids kill themselves,  
blind  
lemmings  
descending sadly over the edge of culture  
breaking green ocean surface  
for black bottoms of decay,

surf red with Howls  
and Beatniks,  
silly hippies with blood in their eyes  
and ignorant love for Love,  
traveling kids spanging for space bags  
and freighthoppers locked in freights

All bits of sand  
washed away by Mother Mountain sobbing  
and the Earth will go cold and dead  
and we will no longer sob or rejoice.

The playgrounds will burn,

shadows of children  
haunt the swing set.

Universal painter goes colorblind  
So he bleeds upon the canvas  
remembering Red,  
praying for Blue

but light.

but light.

Meatwadded poets come in  
dressed as heroes,  
but repeat McDoubles taste gray.

Each meat slab claws to be more wolf than previous  
innovators  
but lack bite,  
equipped only with snips of vulture.

Who's box are you trapped in?

Obscure poet (with no poems)  
kicks back.  
Thumbs parallel with dead flag poles.

He's waltzing road's  
yellow lines  
singing,  
just singing.

Writing never published  
to anyone,  
& he died happy.

The rest of children  
burn with the playgrounds  
waiting for Tears  
to douse their pretend-passion.

## 1912

by Mark James Andrews

'trude hammering, rose up

(un)like any other

nailing Tender Buttons

to the lost skirts of time

a Box clock.

The Cow chomp chomping

in the pink room

over/under

fancy curtains

sideways/ down.

Cube is to pube is a lady's choice.

As is dancing hermetical

with Miss Furr

eschewing black leather

& blind Grey horse.

*Riders of the Purple Sage*

spinning Mallarme's lascivious fawn

& 3 elliptical Pound poems in *Poetry*

bursting pus out of a lanced boil.

## Freshman on a Friday Night

by Andrew J. Stone

Jenny calls me at two in the morning  
begging me to come get him, the  
boy I brought on that Friday night,  
the freshman on her couch,  
unclothed and uncouth,  
with a string of puke connecting  
the light blue carpet to his comma  
curved lips. I shake him and say,  
“It’s time to go,” and he doesn’t  
know my name or nod or  
move. Another stir and he slashes  
the silence with a slurring, “Help.”

And all I see are his hazel eyes,  
which are just as dark and nude and  
helpless as his skin, which shakes  
beneath a broken sheaf of light from  
a moonbeam. I am below the sunbeam,  
back before I had hair on my balls and

I find myself staring at boys soaring and  
boys scoring on the green grass field

and I sit silently, praying, “please God  
please,” for an answer that never arrives.  
So I sit, nude on that green grass waiting  
for the boys who soar and score. I am  
gray on a sunny day wishing the blind  
would see what I see as I whisper to the man  
on the couch, unclothed and uncouth, “I will.”

# How to Design a Hail Storm

by Robert Swereda

Every year under goes silent removals replaced with  
theatre organs of world historians.

Become an audience as the programme anticipates the  
novelty

Accompanied perhaps by underestimation and skill.

If screaming of a name and instrument lasts  
crisis-crossed almost facts, usually kicks to accommodate  
a postponed epic schedule.

Occupy animated addresses, engrave  
a chorus of panic attacks. Try to get back to a bright  
place.

Bang back into the cupboard of memory.

Winking beneath our lines. We fish for wire, secretly  
burning across your face in the slowest way possible.  
Surrender the chain between your fingers.

Your breath separates.

Your breath envelopes.

You breathe rust.

How to sail a ship  
into jagged rocks?  
Well satisfied with  
regard even in the  
form of beginning  
therefore in cases  
where as we have

others. There are unsolved problems  
that have worried, trilled significance  
it must be remembered what they have found  
refer, surrounding the idea of our daily lives  
in previous years nothing could pull together.  
Sound which will follow to confer bullets that went right  
thru  
the living room, aim toward  
unpredictable conduct.

Direction itself rests in  
this condition and showers a fuss of one way out.  
Even the most wretched situation under all circumstances  
can be apprehended when a man can conceive that the  
motive for his acts are missing.  
Something is drawn from putting fingers on life and in  
reality to the extent that it reflects an obscene opposite.  
Nature meets this more than halfway, we fail to go on but  
are  
not distressed, our moods will master us. Casually  
embedded and  
never recognized.

You'd think nothing would remain.

Rare honeys :

who do you belong to?

The last time a range of

rubble where they'd soon

be given over to performing

this job. The trouble is,

who could ever replace them

when the train stopped?

Twenty-three minutes later an immense leap

of attempts to prove that you, and your orders were

given a clear mess of concrete destination. Could I

step in while they boarded just before midday?

In the written words of the book the time had

come. Here it is. One of a handful.

Soaking a mountain in  
oil and setting it ablaze?  
There is an ugly smack  
of obligation about  
commiseration,  
qualities of an individual.  
At the same time we know  
that there is larger and  
more important opportunity  
to hear at the outset,  
only bewilderment can result.

Nothing could be more unfair and in that sort of wrong latitude. Sweep away any accumulation regarding what is then disclosed most of us have come, and many spent a lot of time and effort for oppressing ourselves out of the oily ocean waiting to come here. It's like milk to you. That is what the dead come to remind us, born with out separation we rarely strip complete, let me draw over let me get up on it. If you can not discover what the deception is, lead down like a rain storm, it may not be exactly what you envisioned

# Islands

by H.L. Nelson

The single mom's thighs shake past the passengers, round and specked with hairs missed that morning in speed shaving. She and her preschool daughter find two sideways seats in the middle. Remembering rent, she glances around, sees a man's eyes locked on the space between her legs, raises a brow, and smiles. She lets the smile drown on her lips, looks at her daughter. It's just the two of us, she thinks. How young and fragile. How easy it is to be pulled under. Fifteen minutes before, she'd rushed through her makeup, her daughter eating cereal, learning shapes, circles and cylinders on a rented TV at the dining table they'd found by the dumpster. A homeless vet wedged beside the dumpster sleeps and dreams of bodies full of holes, his tightly wrapped arms twitching in tense, traumed jerks. The colored O's, soggy with milk, had drifted in the daughter's small mouth.

On his bedroom floor, a son cuts circles out of lined paper as poorwills hibernate, hidden between rocks in a field behind his house, moving their wings in slow, slight arcs. The planets spin on tight plastic axes at his ceiling. Jupiter, his favorite, multi-colored and large,

pulled through darkness by determined forces. Home for lunch, his father fixes him a sandwich, remembers the rift in their lives. It's just the two of us, he thinks. How his wife's forehead would glisten with summer heat. How much water there had been between them. He shakes it off, returns to duty. Bringing the food on a white paper plate, he asks his son what the circles are. The son makes each a different colors, floats them on the carpet, one by one. He reaches out his tiny hand, says, "Islands, Daddy. Swim with me."

# Hollywood, December 5, 2013

by Kevin Ridgeway

the sky is filled with white light  
baking this land of dreams  
and sin

everyone wants to sell  
me something,  
everyone wants to  
turn me on  
help me get my  
jollies off

i talk to a homeless man  
who can't see in this light  
i give him my sunglasses  
and shake his hand  
a Lou Reed record  
from Amoeba underneath  
my arm

while this all happens  
while I pace the

walk of fame  
my girlfriend  
falls out of a cab  
and is rushed  
to the emergency  
room

I scream into my  
cheap cell phone  
on the train  
trying to find her  
trying to find myself  
in this land of  
impersonation.

# America is

by Jay Sizemore

a five hundred dollar vacuum cleaner.

a letter from a collection agency.

chemotherapy.

fireworks for the whole month of July.

a petition to save the drive-in.

short-term disability.

a single-serve coffee maker.

zero percent financing for the first six months.

glamorous infidelity.

breaking news.

a vaginal ultrasound.

a bubble blown to infinity.

# Game Testers

by Thomas R. Thomas

I know the look

game testers

walking all in a line  
holding their coffee, latte, frappe

all wearing the same Zombie shirt

small reward for  
low pay

15 hour days

no respect

all wearing the same Zombie look  
all for the bragging rights

“I worked on \_\_\_\_\_” (fill in the blank)

“Got my name in the credits”  
You know, that list at the end

four rows wide scrolling

three times faster than the rest.  
And all that OT from ten dollars an hour

seems a pittance compared

to the billion dollars  
\_\_\_\_\_ (fill in the blank)  
made in the first four days.

the walking wounded  
the worry that you only found five

~~bugs~~ uhh ~~defects~~ uhh ~~issues~~ uhh features

in the game, and you'll be

gone in a week  
then on to the next game as a

game tester

of course, that's what you've  
always wanted to do

since game testing is so cool

# Wild Carrot

by Susie Sweetland

Some days hope  
feels like the  
dirtiest of words.

Like the word that  
will bring the most  
sorrow of all possible  
words.

So I keep quiet  
not letting it overtake me  
or wriggle its way deep inside.

It's so easy to mistake  
a simple feeling  
for a complex intuition.

To see meaning  
when there  
is none.

From here I can  
see how each  
painful step  
was necessary  
and how the timing  
was oddly  
perfect.

As if there had been  
a plan all along.

I think tonight I will  
bake some bread  
with the flavor of  
wild carrot.

# Contributors

Thank you to each of our contributors!

**Melindy Wynn-Bourne** is a freelance writer and poet living in Mississippi. Her latest works were published in the *Halcyon Magazine*, *Life As An* [*insert label here*] and *Flash Frontier*. In her spare time, she enjoys reading and photography.

**Lorraine Caputo** is a documentary poet, translator and travel writer. Her poetry and narratives have been published in over 100 journals in Canada, the US, Latin America, Europe and Asia, such as *Drumvoices Revue*, *Canadian Dimension*, *In Other Words: Mérida* (Mexico), *A New Ulster* (Northern Ireland) and *Open Road Review* (India). In addition, her works appear in eight chapbooks of poetry, five audio recordings and ten anthologies. She has also authored several travel guidebooks. In March 2011, the Parliamentary Poet Laureate of Canada chose her verse as poem of the month. Lorraine has done over 200 literary readings, from Alaska to the Patagonia. For the past decade, she has been traveling through Latin America, listening to the voices of the pueblos and Earth.

**Jonathan Butcher** has had work appear in various print and on-line publications including: *Underground Voices*, *Electric Windmill Press*, *Dead Beats*, *The Rusty Nail*, *Gutter Eloquence*, *Dead Snakes* and others. His chapbook 'Concrete Cradle' has recently been published by *Fire Hazard Press*.

**Neil Ellman** has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. Hundreds of his poems, many of which are ekphrastic and written in response to works of modern and contemporary art, appear in print and online journals, anthologies and chapbooks throughout the world.

**J. Bradley** is the author of the forthcoming graphic poetry collection *The Bones of Us* (YesYes Books, 2014). He lives at [iheartfailure.net](http://iheartfailure.net).

**Holly Day** is a housewife and mother of two living in Minneapolis, Minnesota who teaches needlepoint classes for the Minneapolis school district and writing classes at The Loft Literary Center. Her poetry has recently appeared in *Hawai'i Pacific Review*, *Slant*, and *The Tampa Review*, and she is the 2011 recipient of the Sam Ragan Poetry Prize from Barton College. Her most recent published books are *Walking Twin Cities* and *Notenlesen für Dummies Das Pocketbuch*.

**Elias Siqueiros** is a poet living in Austin TX. Work of his has appeared in *Memorious*, *Milk*, *Stirring*, *Moria*, and elsewhere. He is the author of *The Heart Of An Animal*.

**Rafael Ayala Páez** (Guárico, Venezuela, 1988). Degree in Education, Language Arts mention the Universidad Nacional Experimental Simón Rodríguez (UNESR). Founding member of the Municipal Writers Network of Zaraza. He has published in literary magazines in your country, of South America and Europe. Some of his poems have been translated to English, German, Frenchman and Hebrew. He has published: (Bocados de silencio, 2012).

**April Salzano** teaches college writing in Pennsylvania where she lives with her husband and two sons. She recently finished her first collection of poetry, for which she is seeking a publisher and is working on a memoir on raising a child with autism. Her work has appeared in journals such as *Poetry Salzburg*, *Convergence*, *Ascent Aspirations*, *Convergence*, *The Camel Saloon*, *Centrifugal Eye*, *Deadsnakes*, *Montucky Review*, *Visceral Uterus* and *Salome*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Writing Tomorrow* and is forthcoming in *Rattle*. The author also serves as co-editor at *Kind of a Hurricane Press*.

**Kanchan Chatterjee** is a 44 year old male executive, working in the ministry of finance, government of India. Although he does not have any literary background, he loves poetry and scribbles as he gets the inspiration. His works have been published in various online and print journals, including *Mad Swirl*, *Eclectic eel*, *Bare Hands Poetry*, *Jellyfish Whisperer*, *Mad Rush*, and others. He has been nominated for this year's 'Pushcart Prize' in the U.K. He lives in Jamshedpur, Jharkhand, India. His email is chatterjeeek40@yahoo.com

**Jeremiah Walton** graduated High School the spring of 2013, and hit the road hitchhiking the following Fall, hunting open mics and slams. Jeremiah manages *Nostrovial Poetry*, *W.I.S.H. Publishing*, *The Traveling Poet*, and is an editor for *UndergroundBooks*. He is author of *Witch-hunting Gatsby's Children* and *Smile W/ Sparks (of a shotgun shot)*. He is very, very confused.

**Andrew J. Stone** divides his time between Seattle and Los Angeles. He is often found wearing socks. His work has previously appeared in *Hobart*, *Gutter Eloquence*, *Clockwise Cat*, and *DOGZPLOT*, among other places. From time to time he dwells in the graveyard: <http://andrewjstone.blogspot.com/>

**Mark James Andrews** has worked as a gravedigger, inspector at a defunct auto plant, and a librarian. He is the author of *Burning Trash* (Pudding House). His poems, stories, and reviews have appeared in many print and online venues, most recently or upcoming in *Short Fast and Deadly*, *Red Fez*, *Gutter Eloquence*, *The Legendary*, *Wayne Literary Review* and *LummoX Anthology*. He lives and writes just outside the Detroit city limits most of the time.

Author of *re: verbs* (Bareback editions) and a chapbook *ionlylikeitwhenitrhymes*, **Robert Swereda** is a member of the Filling Station collective. He studied creative writing at Capilano University in Vancouver. Other work has been published by *The Puritan*, *ditch*, *West Coast Line*, *The Incongruous Quarterly*, *steel bananas*, *The Capilano Review*, *Enpipe Line* and *Poetry Is Dead*.

**H.L. Nelson** is head of *Cease, Cows* literary magazine and Associate Editor of *Qu* literary journal. Her publication credits include *Writer's Digest*, *PANK*, *Hobart*, *Connotation Press*, *Metazen*, *Bartleby Snopes*, *Thrice Fiction*, etc. Her poem "Absolution" was nominated for the 2013 Best of the Net. She is editing an anthology, which includes stories by Aimee Bender, Roxane Gay, Lindsay Hunter, and other exceptional women writers. Her web site is hlnelson.com.

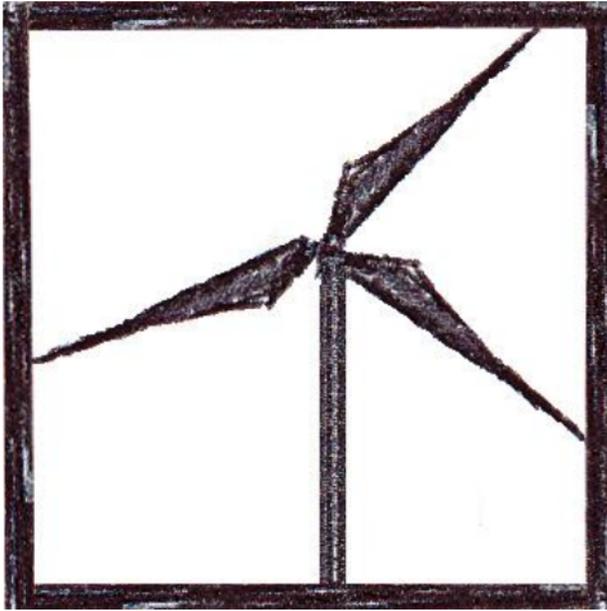
**Kevin Ridgeway** is a Southern California native in search of a tan, as he is always hiding in books and scribbling poems in the dark. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Trailer Park Quarterly*, *My Favorite Bullet* and *Illya's Honey*. His latest chapbook of poems, *All the Rage*, is now available from *Electric Windmill Press*.

**Jay Sizemore** is the Associate Poetry Editor of *Mojave River Review*. He writes poetry and short fiction that offends his family. He is way behind on reading the classics. His work has appeared in places like *Ayris*, *Red River Review*, *DASH*, and *Spry*. His poem "My Despair Trivialized" was nominated for Best of the Net 2013 by *Cease, Cows*. He currently lives in Nashville, TN, home of the death of modern music.

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