

RUST & MOTH

Summer 2023

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First Caddis

Musty fur and rusted hook, this is
my oldest elk hair caddis, the first fly
my father let me tie myself. He lifted it
to the lamp, said, *This will do*. And yes,

it raised a bright, native speckled trout
from Trapfall Run, like I'd only seen
before in *Field & Stream*. My father took
the fish from my line, placed it in my hands,

but it shook free, slid down the gravel bank
back into the water. I watched it dart away,
splashing across a riffle to a shaded pool
beyond my casting reach. *Don't worry,*

where there's one... he said, striking
a match against an oak to light his pipe,
an iridescent scale glued to his thumb
glinting in the April morning sun.

I See Everything I Have Not Done

I see everything I have not done today:
The egg skins crinkled on the sides of the pan
float in the cold soapy water, the books piled
high: meanderings on self-help and living
with grief, the dog hair making nests
at the legs of the table, leftover coffee sits
in cups, there are crumbs on the countertops
from the bagels that always fall apart. I think
it's the afternoon but I am still in my pajamas.
We continue like this. The sun melts the snow
in muddy patches. Pawprints waffle the sidewalk.
And I'm supposed to go on living. On the table,
half an orange peeled and ready to eat. Would you
believe me if I told you everything is muted like
a grey Pittsburgh day? Time is a fish I caught
with my father that one time at Moraine State Park—
it's translucent flailing. We were meant to eat this fish
but my father saw the fleck of near death
reflected in my eyes and he let me send it back. Instead,
using his long nails to break orange skin, the sticky
sourness cupped in our hands. I don't even know
how to order these memories that move in me;
a current of loss and remaking. I try to return.
Coil coffee cups on the sink, stare
out a window overlooking a hospital, this is
what longing is: elucidating the remains
of every encounter; memories a catalogue
of leaves—fallen, collected, recreated.

Details I Bury

An Eastern Towhee showed up in the yard
scratching leaf litter for insects and seeds,
a dark hooded male with brick red flanks
and white breast, details I bury myself with today—
filling first my heart, and then the space
around my feet, a carpet of words like “hood”
like “flank” instead of “constant” and “blame,”
instead of “please why can’t we talk,”
or all the codes we have for leave me be,
all the ways two people can be lost
standing in their own back yard,
dragging a twig through the spring mud,
a boundary the rummaging birds will obscure.

Serpentine Syndrome

I'm a sucker for serpentine, its savoir vivre, its hidden horizons and horn of plenty, its rocky refusal to honor the dead, to alter its wardrobe even one day

howling in pews while the preacher mops the chapter house. We drove so far to arrive, mocked up in our innovative pants, our brimmer hats cinched so they wouldn't flutter back to Patagonia, tying Berluti knots in the Sunday dawn with the mountain imposing

like the sea before Moses did his tricks. You have to love bite-sized vegetation, love your fingers enough to work the loupe. You have to understand nitrogen, understand the holy ghost metallic recursion. You have to understand carnivory, the pitcher plant turning its neighbors into meatloaf. You have to understand silicone and talc, hyperaccumulation, the acute angle to keep your green face in the sun, how to make yourself

appear useless, uninteresting, just a faded scar with a boring backstory, all the tissue on your shin that may be from bike pedals or may be from sliding on the gravel path. You always walked away because that's what kids do. Only adults get overthrown by a runny nose or despair the tyrannical splinter, only adults zip over the mountain pass without even glancing side to side.

August is

a haze of fruit flies,
lazy loitering, feet
sticky-sunk in the fuzz
of a rotting peach,

or wing-whiskering
slick freckled skin—
five o'clock shadow
on a weary banana.

Was it only days ago,
we were model organisms,
four pairs of chromosomes
eager to experiment?

Now we're fading, slow-
circling delicious decay,
lured to the leavings
of last night's wine.

Go ahead, succumb
to the sweet vinegar.
Float in the syrup
of summer's remains.

Playing with the Cat

He pretends not to take interest
in the string of yarn snaking by,
but snags it sharply with his paw
just when it heads undercover.

I'm 72, sitting on the floor
with an old cat. We might as well
be buddies at a bar, one blabberer,
one seemingly absorbed in his thoughts,
tasked for an occasional opinion.

What are we doing here in the white light
of eternity, stabbing at yarn and words,
occupied by their entertainment?
There's really no point to this, Kitty,
except that we enjoy it together.

20/20 Lexicon

Author: (n.) a primate who strikes bargains with words

Breath: (n.) an afterthought until it's not

Currency: (n.) cousin to current, it's meant to flow

Danger: (v.) torn from angels, born of anger

Empty: (v.) introduces a present absence

Faith: (n.) is a wicker cage holding invisible birds

Grind: (v.) is a word that skulks between your molars

Hearth: (n.) heart married earth and fire was born

Infinite: (n.) a word extending beyond its first and last letter

Joke: (n.) a staircase descending upward

Knife: (v.) introduces a cutting presence

Listen: (v.) the most useful rearrangement of silent

Maturation: (n.) masturbation with the B.S. removed

No: (n.) how cats say "I love you"

Onion: (n.) a translucent root full of tears

Permanent: (adj.) is what nothing is

Poetry: (n.) a virus that makes us see ghosts

Quibble: (v.) when neither side wishes to bite, so both nibble

Remember: (v.) opposite of dismember

Subtext: (n.) the weird basement beneath the book

Tuber: (v.) just say it out loud, you know what it is

Uvula: (n.) sounds like a genital, but it's not

Violin: (n.) wooden exoskeleton for yearning

Winter: (n.) when seeds play dead and dream of trees

Xenophobia: (n.) now available in concertina wire

Yes: (n.) how dogs say "I love you"

Zoom: (n.) sworn reversal of the Muse, *see also:* Hell

Abecedarian For My Grandmother's Missing Toe

"Amputated" was the word we were never to use, the truth bent, buckled at the joint, like a nail the hammer's talons couldn't coax from wood. We were told to say "removed," delicately, deferentially—the toe an unruly guest escorted from the premises. Unlucky toe, force-folded foot-fist. Mimi, you wanted it gone—better surgery than "sneaks"—high heels little coffins you wore with glee. If only you could have banished your dying like that toe—jutting jagged, driven diagonal—deemed expendable—knotted bunch of nerves ripe for chopping. Left-behind toe, second on the left foot, I loved you more because of it, how calmly you sent it away—no second thoughts. Only you could pull off that vanishing accident. Poor toe! burrowing under its neighbor, blind vole quivering quiet as a maggot, ragged root scrimshawed into submission, severed, sawn off, smashed to pulp in a suede pump, tamed by a tasteful taper—until the doctor prescribed flats, velcro straps: baby shoes. Then a walker, a wheelchair, weightless as you were. O exiled toe, O phantom X marking rot. O buried one, come back. Put on the shoes you dreamt of to the end: slingbacks, stilettos, zip-up boots—black leather, size eight and a half.

Slightest

After I learned it,
my favorite word
for most of the spring
was *susurrus*,
like I'd found the name
for the floor of things,
the low buzzing noise
of whispers, the first layer
of reality as it's built on the void.

But now my new favorite word
is *velleity*, offering that
"slightest of desires" to stir
the shimmering surface
of perfect neutrality.
From it arise the great loves,
the hungers for territory,
the amusements, the skyscrapers—
but why, it says to all of them
in its simplest, most delicate way,
why disturb this lovely pool,
this pleasant murmuring of things at peace
before we need anything,
even a single word.

Inventory

Last night thick snow hurried past
the window. The grandfather clock chipped,
chipped, chipped away.

The phone on the night stand
lay flat on its back, the day's news buried
under its black slab.

Between trains, the subway tunnel
stirred with dusty tremors. A blue spark crackled
on the third rail.

Stuck in January, candle days
melted down into icy pools of wax, wicks
leaning like burnt trees.

Preserving the Balance

"I'm working in the hospital or its surroundings."

—Vincent van Gogh to Paul Signac, April 1889

The Japanese call the blossom *momo*—
rows of fragrant peach, pink and white
beside a thoughtful canal. Echoes of Signac
drift in violet clouds above the town
which sidles into countryside
pretends to look the other way.

Leafless poplars cross the canvas
like the bars of an asylum.
The noonday Angelus calls the labourer
to drop his spade, mumble words
as he unwraps bread and cheese
unplugs his stone carafe of wine.

Vincent favours his own redemption—
a joyful brush of ochre sunshine warms
the farmhouse wall. If he gets it right
he may show he's keeping a certain
steadiness in uncertain times. His brother
marries Jo in Amsterdam while the artist

paints the symbol of his sanity for Dr Rey
(who deals in symptoms, not daubs)
and with any luck the mayor of Arles
who reads from the petition before him—
*Van Gogh is not yet a threat to public safety,
but there are fears he may become so.*

Link to painting

View of Arles, flowering orchards, 1889

<https://www.vincentvangogh.org/view-of-arles-flowering-orchards.jsp>

Magdalene

I felt the prick
of Christ, a loincloth
thrown over his white
marbled carcass.

I wondered, with the candor
of the newly damned,
at the curled contraption
hidden there. Even in death,
he was a pretty man, limp
as a dandelion
in a girl's dirty hand.

The Correct Way to Store Luggage in the Overhead Compartment

I don't know who invented the thought bubble,
that delicate egg, that soliloquy,

or else the thought itself,
that halogen sealed in a bulb,
coiled wire flowering,

but how charming, to possess
something so light,
rather than the axe
the brick,
the stone,
or the piano
tumbling
from
the
sky.

Ten Dollars

When I closed your tender toddler hand
in the car door, the only screams I heard

were my own. You were always stoic in your pain
your frail bird body stretched on my couch,

ribcage rubbing through your skin—when I still
believed I could patch your fractures with sister-love.

You were beautiful, the final stubborn embers
of a dying fire. I see your smirk flash

in my son's eyes and I forget
to remember you are gone—only that siblings

share an equal measure of genes as parents
and children. You were audacious—

wouldn't be surprised if you were offered
a throne to the world you

wished into being—one that is flat
and monochrome with no capacity for nuance or

for me, who glories in the grays.
You were always the smoldering rage

of daffodils that bloomed before the final frost.
I told you the last time I sent you ten dollars,

*I will never forgive myself
if this is the one that finally does you in.*

Silence as a Winter Lullaby

December is white
noise creeping into the alleys:
we open the front door
and take in its ghostly timbre.

Outside, night is falling fast
on the fog-ridden streets
as if mistimed. Like any death,
like a fireplace passing out
with burnt whispers of *remember*—

thus we extinguish another year.

In this month, words are futile:
their temperature so foreign to the air
they vaporise. Outside,
snow is falling like suicides
fizzling out on the pavement, unable to speak.

There should be an afterlife
for each sentence we held back,
footprints we didn't leave—

but for now, let us keep the entrance shut.
Snow will blanket the world soon.
Let our silence be a lullaby.

American Dream

These boys are matches, struck
with swagger. They roam streets like kings,
bob up and down sidewalks as if their bare feet
hold the sea. Charm girls with mango tongues:
burning thin wood. They thought bullets
could not stop them. Boys of fire don't know
what to do when a man with watery eyes pulls you over,
says the rust on your car is wrong, tells you to say sorry.
Boys of fire don't know how to douse. They can only flare—devastate,

though their mothers didn't want to believe what would happen.
Because their boys like red shaved ice, boast raspberry knees
like badges. They're good boys, they cry, holding cheeks
swaddled in damage. As they thumb piss-tinted teeth,
clutch the passed-down bandanas that choke their
baby's throats. Listen. Somewhere, a mother
cradles the face of her burnt, American boy.
She kisses his forehead goodnight
one last time.

Cold Evening on the Central Square

Orange clouds rising like flames from the mountain, I crossed the square,
north to south, chasing light—it went behind buildings and was gone
to grey wisps, while the near full moon rose above the church
and the priest, white-clad and crossed in gold, lifted his hands
to the sky. The wind was strong and smelled of pine. Which prayer is this?

Letter From My Older Brother

Dear Jules,

Your left arm cast free, skin peeling, and oddly white,
we're walking home when a green car pulls to the curb,
the front passenger door swinging open. A stout man
leans across the seat, smiling. *Come see my puppies.*
You run towards the car, and I scream, *no, no*
with such fury it startles the man, who speeds away.
Just two houses from our apartment, we step out
of the deepening shade of the elms lining 8th Street.
Sentry still, eyes locked on his taillights.

*

I begged you to get up ten, or maybe twenty times
after I bounced you off the high end of the teeter-
totter, your elbow first to greet the concrete.
You said, *I can't, I can't*—still as the time
you fell on the radiator and had a concussion,
as the time you fell down a set of cement steps
and a nail pierced your upper lip, as the moment
we saw the shrunken heads in an exhibit at Montréal's
World's Fair, your face whiter than your cast free arm.

American Gothic in the Sunshine State

We feel the ropey heat like home but shiver in
the chill of indoor air. We haven't smelled
ourselves for days or felt our bodies in this place
of skins, of shirtless men in floral swim trunks,
women's sandy feet exposed to all and sundry,
sandal straps that wink with jewels, postcards
thin with lies. Sliding glass opens onto wintry blasts.
Fans rumble overhead too loud to ask a stranger
for directions. We can't begin to tell how cold we are.

There used to be a public restroom here.
Or did we use the head aboard the Twilight
Dinner Cruise? Did I excuse myself before the flans
and wash my hands with dainty soaps,
the ones they had last year, remember?

He wipes his specs in lieu of answer on his sleeve—
the habit covers what he doesn't know he doesn't—
and palms, as if attached, the phantom pitchfork seized
at Cedar Rapids Airport. *Who*, he says,
will stack the hay? In this frame he's adrift,
deaf in the ear he presents to the world. The past is
whittled smooth yet the seasonal itch returns
like destinations. Spiked flora grows on shifty lands.
Flat roofs. Crab Huts. Nothing reminds us of ourselves.
We go to view the sea cows but are lost.

It's worth it for the birds. Slender, tall and white.
Necks so long they kink like plumbing. So many
we don't know. They sleep one-footed; walk like urges
surrendered, fought, surrendered, fought from neck
to buckled step. Sandhill crane, Great egret,
Wood stork. And the funny ones along the shore—
what are they called? Quizzing the sand with long,
curved beaks? We ought to buy a guide.

The people here are eager to please, and so we save
our judgments for hotel mirrors. So many—judgments,
mirrors—our reflections startle. The Ramada's vast,
enumerated beds could sleep or frost a quilting bee.
He shivers beside me beneath chilled Rayon and,
speaking now, says this:

Ibis.

The heart, a lucid pulse inside skins of blackout drapes.

American White Ibis.

I say, *Ibis*, *yes*. *That's the one*, and listen for
the wheeze of snores. This is, my dears, the future.
We are no more here than you are.

Your Nights

Tell me what you sell.
Tell me about your cloudy
days, your sympathies,
the irrational joy of your march.
Tell me how mornings
crash the musical nights
of the furtive love
between warm woods
of your legs. Tell me
how you live in the margins
pretending, and I touch you,
I believe in you.
Tell me how you watercolor
your evenings with regret
on the open night
of your death.
How you allow shooters
to gun down children in class.
Tell me if you cry in secret.

Fathomed

Fathom, from father?

No, its roots are Germanic.

Googled, it hails from Faden, 'six feet'

the span of two outstretched arms

'something that embraces'.

How beautiful that was, to be fathomed by you.

Funny, the number of feet of an embrace

is the same as that of the earth

we are held by in our death.

Six solid feet of wet earth,

the last embrace—

but we don't talk about that.

Psalm for Plastic Jesus

The strongest prayers are made of bodies
 moaned open like a wound. Even now,

like old earth, cathedral ribs are broken
 by constant warring. Sun-burned fields torn

by bullets strip soldiers down to white flags,
 so the doves are in flight. Say my sanctuaries

are pregnant with bombs carried in by families,
 and bullets air out unprayers gasped open by hands.

High above is a god we both surrender to, and mine
 is full of stars. I admit, I am guilty. I barely believed

until I needed to. The last time, I believed until
 I smelled smoke, and plastic was made alive.

And you, before this blood, you were killing it
 in salvation—mistaking thorns for crowns,

poppies to be roses. There were hymns
 in the dirt when you wanted to look for them,

untouched gunmetal and faith in the bodies
 dropped by planes. Say it never hurt anyone.

Say I am not dipped in blood and fire-shaped.

 This is truth. Lives and burnings for a thumbprint's

worth of ash. Chin up, palms together, the pews

 were on fire, and you wanted the water to be holy.

If you can't say anything nice

is how my mother would begin—
so I, like an unassuming mollusk,
maybe an octopus, would compress
myself into a spiraled conch
perched on my inner continental
shelf, where the not-nice lingers,
 submerged,
descending as silt and sediment
 to the seabed—
an abyssal plain,
a volcanic hill,
 hideous,
layers of calcareous ooze
 percolating,
a hydrothermal vent of all
I was not allowed to air
on the sandy surface where I seethed.

These days I'm a scarecrow

hay for blood and sinew,
jointless, sweating through
my Levi's and my father's flannel
shirt—holey, plaid, indispensable.
It has lost his Old Spice scent
and is too heavy for the heat
of these days. Cyclones of ash
and the stink of slag fan out
every which way, everything drab
and dry as Ezekiel's bones
and no faith in resurrection. I flop
limply in the *hamsin*—imported
from the Levantine motherland
of plagues and crystal ball
doomsaying—scaring no thing,
myself afraid of fire, unsure
how to pack for this furnace we
golems stoked. I remain posted
like a spent angel, rooted
and mute—exposed
to elements with no mercy,
pointing skyward
with one arm, heartward
with the other—lips
stitched into a black line
of three dots, three dashes,
three dots, with no one left
to read them. I hang here
guarding a dust bowl of dead
things, barren and birdless.

Elegy

I can't figure out belonging.
Today, in child's pose from the pain
and on the phone with my mother

I hear her chopping scallions and
the pan sizzling with some kind of
specialty that I'm not home for

Charlotte, our littlest bird, is
reading another new book, and
Isabel wakes after noon in

direct defiance of my father
who goes on 'light walks' now,
says, *we're solar creatures*

and loves me, even when I'm too
busy. Sometimes I write *today belongs*
to me, but I don't believe it; I don't know

I've ever owned anything; pain comes
and it comes and anyways how
could I have all this? All of you—

When I'm no longer a daughter
I will still be yours, belonging and
belonging and it's so easy I can't bear it—

After Decannulation

There will always be one
who leads you to the fence

by the neck, his happiness,
a trophy I hold

by the neck and champion
above my head. The child

I hold closer, his skin
still slick, this boy I fished

from the deep, blue odds,
who I kept whole,

and breathing.

Behemoth

The blue whale is king of melancholy:
large, unwieldy,
just under the surface of things.

Listen—it has the cries of
broken machines,
especially when caught in nets.

We made a word
for what whales were—
Whistful which is

like *Wistful* but distinct
somehow, like sadness that's
always far away.

You begged me to go
whale-watching with you.
We never did.

They say a blue whale's
arteries are big enough
to swim through,

but that's just myth.
I think it's the other
way around:

I have blue whales
instead of blood now.
Weighs the same as love.

Corning, NY

A child called down the street
& everyone in my hometown forgave me.
No one mentioned the drugs, the felony, or the Flood of '72.
I stand on the dike smoking & thinking
about the day I convinced my whole class to hunt
down the boy with soft hands who prayed to the forest.
I smoke & shift
between my body & the drag above
 into the bone of sunlight.
My life is half-covered by old, red rain
& everyone in town has forgotten how to sing,
Shame, a deluge, composes across their sleeping lives.

With a war behind me, I walk to the river.
I sail through the crisp air & sink my head
into the Chemung. As a child, I lost control
of a spark & burned a forest at her edge.
My teachers told me that she was sentient, that every decade
she rises to take a human sacrifice, to claim the debts we owe.
Goldenrod, mallards, willows, & water. This water wrote a sonata
that swallowed the Twin Tiers. The Cohocton, Canisteo, Tioga
have long returned to their channels,
slowly bleeding toward the Chesapeake.
 Her water pours
 & glints in the altar of my throat.

A child calls,
down the river, pulling up a steelhead trout,
something clean from the headwaters. In the mountains,
above Route 86, a flame falls asleep in the soft slow
hand of rain.

I walk back to town
where no one remembers my name
& the valley gathers
its silences in.

Arrowhead

My dead are scattered:

forest in elk country, sleeve of island off the city, graveyard filled with stars.

In the shadow of boulders on a mountain—she and I

hiked there each Sunday morning like church. Climbing, climbing

we would pause to catch our breath, pick up a feather or rock,

kiss like we were starving—her tongue tasting of granola and pine.

Foolish thief, I pocketed the arrowhead we discovered one fall.

How could I have known the cost of stealing from the dead?

That the mountain would demand something in return:

the violence of pills, her body in ash.

Lightfall, East Texas

I don't belong here.

After illness I consider again
what the locals call blessings, grace
unmerited, real as patchwork
and pine, right as rain—
the rag-tag houseplants
hanging on, still somehow green,
the leaky house itself, the one
we almost love but not quite,
its many windows, one another.

I study the lightfall as it plays hide
and seek. Some brief fleeting wisdom
from the world's soft morning mind
shows itself, then vanishes. I hear it
rustle like any small god settling back
into thicket. For once I don't chase it.

I don't bloody my fingers grasping past thorns.

I don't ask a thin whisper to shout.

Weight

We were expecting thick air, but there's just
soft warmth, a summer morning come softly.

I hear something in the trees, she says, chalk
clenched in her hand. Just the cicadas, come

back another year, with their incessant purr.
The texture of summer sticky: bubbles, sweat,

something that holds on too long, and I'm searching
for the southern winds of fall. I'm not sure what

I expected of life, but it wasn't this weight. *I didn't*
know life would be so heavy. I'm weeping, voice

muffled through the phone, life squeezing my
ribcage, a swirl in my stomach, tendons unraveling.

I move slow, worried I'll crumble if I'm not careful.
Tragedy comes swift and sudden sometimes. I'm

unsure how to go on, but I do, and this dawn on the
porch, the cicadas here again, I hold your tiny hand

and wade through the thick summer air as if we're
pressing apart sand. We open the gate and enter our

forest. Sunlight flashes through the canopy, there's
Virginia Creeper climbing your playhouse. We walk

down our path, air melting across our skin, enormous
white clouds puffed across the blue sky, weightless.

On a Day Like Today

The dishwasher appears in good spirits,
humming through its *To Detergent* list, passive-

aggressively grinding its teeth down. & you can't help
but notice the rain collapsing

the showy costume of snow. Stalled blank cells,
caught between left & right margins. Setting up

an easel. Tethered to fact but teetering.
I've already let the day down

in surprising ways. Made a rocket into a box.
The sky was elected mayor

of overcast & my vote didn't count.
From the next room, overhearing

my life. Filtering it through a dynamic kidney duo.
What quaint retribution can I mutter? Tweezing the unwanted hairs

makes no difference to the portrait
from a distance. On the chin

of the kitchen counter, a common clementine,
coat removed. A one-piece offering so plump

it might just turn things around.
You can smell the holy ghost in there

filling it up, a body orange-juiced with joy.

While Swimming Laps, I Remember My Tree House

“Bless your heart, I want to say to my younger self:

You have no idea what’s coming.”

—Christie Purifoy

Where the shagbark hickory grew—but wrong,
like a capital J—a skinny-bones kid

could escape. No. I reigned:
over bark and bank and lapping waves.

Sold on riprap, the neighbors disliked
my wildling realm. And yes,

some parents root out what offends
others, explain to their child, afterward,

her kingdom was bound to topple,
come the next storm. Some call this love.

But once upon a tree, Time shed
its yellowing gloves,

and in my freckled, believing
hands, those oblong leaves

became funnels for fireflies,
each tenderly rolled cone

painstakingly stitched
closed, with a twig. I remember

now, during lightless times,
those teeming jewels no longer

a float in autumn twilight. And,
like an exile, I keep feeling around for

the old contours. Shelter. Mostly,
the twinkling.

Oak Tree with Cicada Damage

I found her staring out
from behind a blade of grass. Red-eyed surprise,
left behind her empty skin clinging

to the young oak. Now she's reached her end—
has already deposited the next brood, nestled
in the tree's vasculature. To nurture

is to be consumed. The tree shrugs
out of its own severed limbs.

About the Authors

Richard Jordan's poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Rattle* (finalist in the 2022 Rattle Poetry Prize competition), *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *New York Quarterly*, *Sugar House Review*, *Tar River Poetry*, *The Atlanta Review*, *The Midwest Quarterly*, *Rappahannock Review*, *Verse Daily*, and elsewhere. He resides in the Boston area.

Alecia Beymer is an Assistant Professor-Educator in the English Department at the University of Cincinnati. Her poems have been published in *Bellevue Literary Review*, *The Inflectionist Review*, *Pittsburgh Quarterly*, and *Sugar House Review*. Her research is focused on literacies formed by space and place, considerations of the interconnected resonances of teachers and students, and the poetics of education.

Lisa Rhoades is the author of two full length collections of poetry, *The Long Grass* (Saint Julian Press, 2020) and *Strange Gravity* (Bright Hill Press Poetry Award Series, 2004). A pediatric nurse in Manhattan, she lives on Staten Island with her spouse. Individual poems have appeared widely, including *Calyx*, *American Journal of Poetry*, *Saranac Review*, and *Prime Number*, and are forthcoming in *Cider Press Review*, *Nimrod*, and *The Southern Review*.

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Lana Crossman is an Ottawa-based poet who grew up in rural New Brunswick. Her work has been published in *Arc Poetry Magazine*, *Untethered*, *Pinhole Poetry*, *flo.*, and other journals, and in her chapbook, *Buoyant, at last* (Rose Garden Press, 2022).

After retiring as curator of historic maps at Princeton University Library, **John Delaney** moved out to Port Townsend, Washington. Since that transition, he has published *Waypoints* (2017), a collection of place poems, *Twenty Questions* (2019), a chapbook, and *Delicate Arch* (2022), poems and photographs of national parks and monuments.

Michael Bazzett is the author of four books of poetry, including *The Echo Chamber* (Milkweed Editions, 2021) and the chapbook *The Temple* (Bull City, 2020). Recent work has appeared in *Granta*, *AGNI*, *The American Poetry Review*, *The Sun*, *The Nation*, *Guernica*, and *The Paris Review*.

Arielle Kaplan is a poet and educator from Philadelphia. She holds an MFA from Boston University, where she was the recipient of a Robert Pinsky Global Fellowship in Poetry. She teaches writing in the Boston area and is a member of AGNI's editorial team.

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Ron Stottlemeyer lives with his wife Joan in Helena, Montana. Along with writing poetry, he enjoys cooking Chinese, Italian, and Middle Eastern food, amateur astronomy, and taking daily walks with Teddy, his Australian Shepherd/Collie cross. He is currently selecting poems he'll include in his first book-length manuscript.

Denise Bundred began writing poetry in retirement. She has an MA in Writing and won the Hippocrates Prize for Poetry and Medicine in 2016, coming second in 2019. She has poems in anthologies & magazines. Her pamphlet *Litany of a Cardiologist* was published by Against the Grain Press in 2020.

Amy Thatcher is native Philadelphian where she works as a public librarian. Her poems have been published in *Guesthouse*, *Bear Review*, and are forthcoming in *Rhino* in summer of 2023.

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Andi Myles is a Washington, DC area science writer by day, poet in the in-between times. Her favorite space is the fine line between essay and poetry. Her work has appeared in *Tahoma Literary Review*, *Brink Literary Journal*, and *Evocations Review*, among others.

Inkyoo Lee was born in South Korea and studies philosophy in the UK. His poems have been published in *Phi Magazine* and *The Literary Canteen*, and are forthcoming in *The Hanok Review*.

Carina Solis is a sixteen-year-old writer. The author of *Daughtersong* (Bottlecap Press, 2023), she has been recognized by the Alliance for Young Artists and Writers, *National Poetry Quarterly*, *The New York Times*, and others, and her work appears in *Gone Lawn*, *Heavy Feather Review*, *HAD*, and elsewhere.

Dana J. Graef is an environmental anthropologist with a PhD in Anthropology & Environmental Studies from Yale University. She has taught courses on what it means to be green, environmental and social justice, and the anthropology of climate change. She lives between the rivers and ridges of central Connecticut.

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Robin Turner's poems, prose poems, and flash fiction have most recently appeared in the *Texas Observer*, *Cider Press Review*, *Bracken Magazine*, *The Dream Geographies Project*, and *The Haunted Anthology* (Porkbelly Press). She lives in Texas and works with teen writers online.

Laura Vogt studied literature and history in undergrad and graduate school, focusing on Shakespeare, folk tales, and the history of mentalities. She also attended the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop writing program in Dublin, Ireland. Her poetry is published in several journals, her prose has placed in a few contests, and her novelette *Blue Beyond the Sea* is available as a chapbook with Bottlecrap Press. Her forthcoming debut novel *In the Great Quiet* is a historical fiction and fabulism blend based on her ancestor.

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