



The Big Windows Review

Issue 13 ~ Fall 2018



The Big Windows Review is a publication of the Writing Center at Washtenaw Community College, Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA. We publish poems and short (500 words or less) prose.

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The Big Windows Review

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Bird walk

On the wire woven through the trees
the bird, gray, larger than a swallow,
lands, seems frantic

to hear a call in return to her high caw

I stand listening beneath the tree
half thinking
we are waiting together

but my dog grows impatient
tugs for the next sniff near the end of the block
he, too, feeding on breath
and instinct and I let him
tug me along,

but I keep listening behind me
for the distance between
the end of her shriek and caw
turn to see the slight cock of her head
as she waits for sound to be met by sound
a companion
who does not seem to be anywhere near

Is she lost? Is the one she's seeking lost?
Is she shrieking to a bird of another type
that does not sound as she does?

What waiting is is never clear
but I can feel it now
as something close

to this lost sound,
a vibration nearly recovered and nearly returned
to the original vibration,
the original shrill of need or love.



It's a Grand Night for Singing

It's the usual cramped hustle between platforms.
Blue tarps and green scaffolds narrow the passage
down and elbowed around the vague gapers
who possibly know where they're headed
but hesitate and rotate below my speed, well
anyway, I find little vacancies to slip between.

Left in my wake, a baritone warbler I almost don't hear.
People sing in the subway, but this is so odd, a voice
of deep mahogany. Not like the flattened
tune-shapes chanted by men (always men)
following their earbuds' commands.

Landed and ready, I bulldozed to no avail.
A ten minutes' wait. The croon approaches,
patient, nearing, a church choir cornerstone.
And I know what he sings—how? This
something that's maybe *more than the moon*,
maybe it's more than the birds

maybe it's more than the sight of the night,
in a light too lovely for words
I want to shut out because I'm ten again,
my mother has choral group ladies
around the piano, downstairs
after bed and I want quiet. Boy galaxy
of boy planet circling boy star,

it's all me, weary of hearing the starts
and stops of this same same music.
For my mother, her women,

it's all *a grand night for singing*.
Each time again, they insist,
the earth is a-glow
and to add to the show,

I think I am falling in love
he booms behind me, gray braid
poked from cloth cap, two-wheeled cart
with trash bag liner, umbrella handle
at the lip. He pushes toward the far end,
his own audience,
falling, falling in love.



Song to No Music

As a boy he yearned to sing only songs
of praise but now his words all sound
like broken requiems. Even the spring
leaves wave goodbye as country roads

turn to rushing arteries supplying nutrients
for a spreading unmentionable disease.
Listen to the lilies' white trumpets play
their dirge and see the yellow poppies

among red rocks show a scarlet stain
as if the stones were bleeding. Something
in us is catching. "When was it, about
1956, when you passed a stranger on

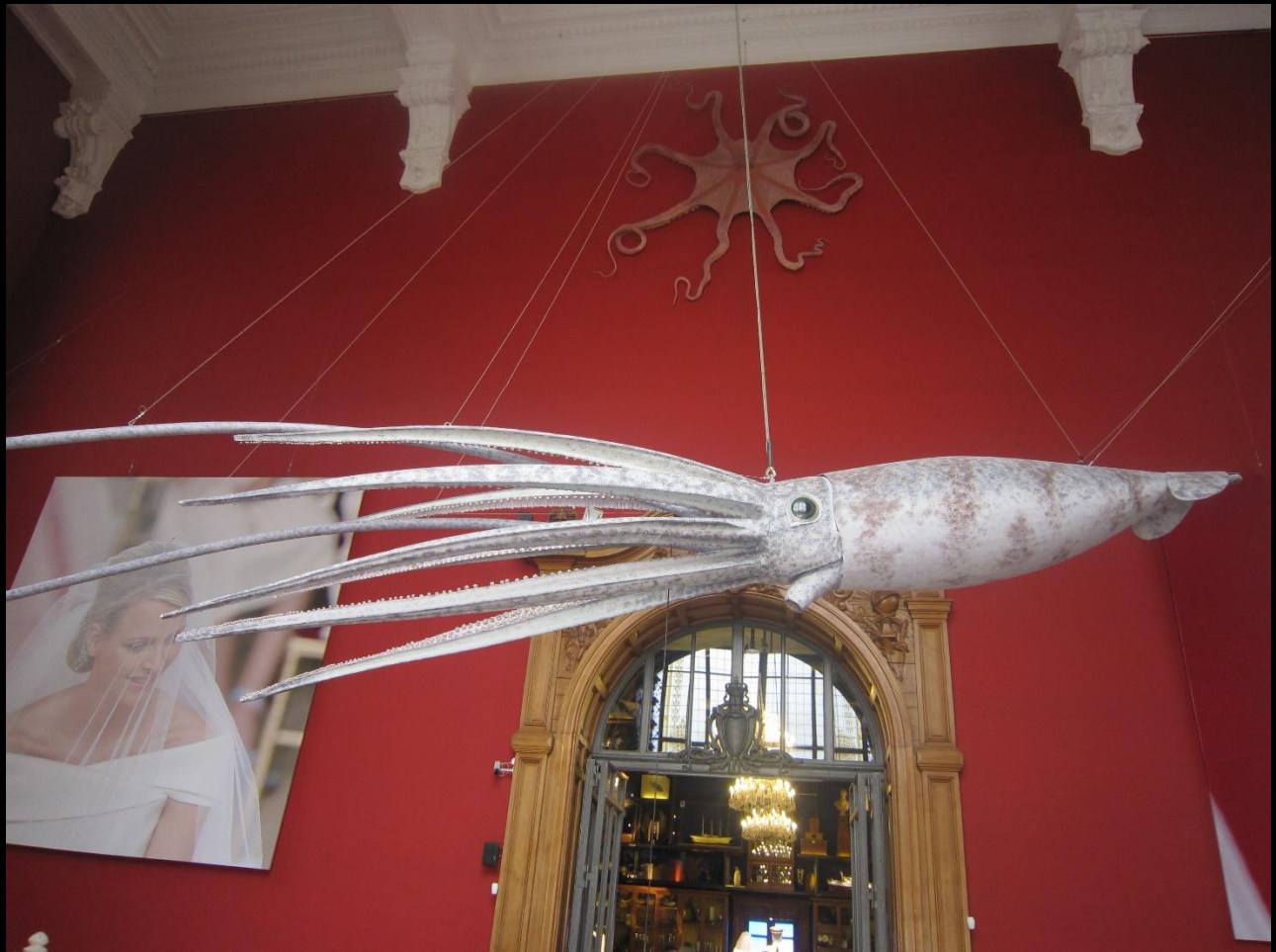
the sidewalk and said hello and that
person didn't answer back?" Kerouac
asked once. The year is now 2018 and
things are stranger since hate elected

its king president. Today my wife said
she'd just learned something she didn't
know before—the octopus has three
hearts, two to pump its blue-green blood

to gills to breathe, the third to circulate
blood to the body, eight legs. I couldn't
help but answer, "That's three more
hearts than many people have." Those

words make no tune. Better to be silent

like the dazed grass along the roadside
after a semi passes and the stalks stand
still as soldiers after a fearful battle.



~ Mark Antony Rossi ~

Vienna (From Vogue)

I skipped my visit to Vienna
Upon learning a Nazi
Helmed
Its current government.
I joined the boycott
I wrote a poem
I watched Austria
From the pages
Of Vogue
And spent
My marks
On a German girl.

~ John L. Stanizzi ~

Ghost-Town

*East Hartford, Connecticut
December, 1967*

When I got home from Fort Dix, East Hartford was a ghost-town. Everyone was either working, at school, in Nam, or dead, so I'd spend long, bleak, suicidal afternoons in the woods naked, one hand on my self, one on my old man's shotgun, practicing being born, learning to die.



~ 11 ~

~ Theodore Worozbyt ~

Glass

With my pinky finger bleeding, Russia disappears, just as expected. It isn't bad. I take out my little black notebook that I keep on my person to record observations. I rub my knuckle on the slide and slip on a cover. I dot myself with India ink. It spreads through my eyes. "A million, million million, million million million cells," is what I read and then climb onto the white-graveled roof to watch the eclipse through a shoebox. It does not arrive like a liquid dart piercing the closer sky and inverting its imago on foil glued to the rear. It does not arrive. I stare through the lunar windows instead, into a kitchen where a black and white television plays and no one is cooking. Life, on those other planets in the book the faceless European lady gave to me, might be possible. Brownian motion is what makes the soul afraid of itself. It's hard to go on much further from here.



Golub

On the bus home you ask me
what we've seen.
I try to conjure Leon Golub—

huge rags of canvas shouting
red and black from gallery walls,
flat, scratchy, torn, bleeding, exploding,
dog fang and tank tread
rendering the dead,
manacled victims dangling,
naked puppets dancing
for laughing torturers,
Moloch triumphant,
a piss-yellow sphinx
slashing at us with knived paws

and you listen, clutching fervently
at what's already being erased
by the flipped-switch gene
that killed your father too
and fifty-fifty might get your kids.
Hold on, Rosendo,
to whatever shards we can save for you
of this dwindling world.

~ **Darren C. Demaree** ~

City Deer #52

it's sweet it's lovely how cold how decisive the mud that holds our prints until
there is new mud there is always new mud but when i dance in our backyard
where the deer have danced where the rabbits have taunted our dogs it feels like
i am the target of all the rain i know nothing of actual blessings but this could be
what all the people at mother's church are talking about



Near Edson Cemetery, South Lowell, Nighttime

Is it just me or is the moon getting thinner?
The more I walk on down Bowden toward the station
and the Quik-Mart, I mean. It's just open till ten.
And so I walk a bit faster past dim houses
toward the little gas station so close to sleeping,
cradled in the little square formed where Gorham and
Edson cross each other near where I'm walking now
on a late-evening run for water, 'Gansett, and,
having missed dinner, crackers, maybe, something small,
probably all I'll want this waning hour beneath
that yellow hangnail sticking thin out of the sky
down toward where Lowell flattens to take in all its dead
across the street from homes still holding so much life.

The moon came too

To our daughter's fiftieth birthday,
a party my son and I
had plotted, pieced and pruned so long,
all to appear an artless, airy evening—
merely a supper at the Sea Cottage,
on the porch, by the water.
But it worked. Who was more surprised?
Nina with her heart-stopping gladness
or me with my so-called effortless effort?
Long thin tables borrowed from the Islesboro school
draped in odd saris, my mother's
faded checkerboard cloths.
Flowers in borrowed vases,
briar-thorn roses, buds of new-green garlic.
The guests all friends from childhood—
girls now lushmotherly
the guys bluff blowhard bearded.
My son recites from Yeats—a family favorite:
We must dance and we must sing
We are blest by everything.
The pale moon another surprise,
hesitating over the violet bay.

We Are Going to the Quarry

They invited me, and I groaned
“Oh no, not another bar.”
Was there nothing else to do
For counselors in Vermont
When not minding the campers
But to spend our cash on beer?

But staying alone was worse;
I hopped inside the last car,
Wondering as we passed each bar,
Left the highway, then the road,
Until the tires crunched gravel,
Then stopped at the very edge
Of a dark limestone quarry.

The full moon was just rising,
Huge twice, once over the trees,
And again in still water
Hundreds of feet down, they said,
Secret, silent, clean and cold.

We were all beautiful then,
So there wasn't any shame
In stripping so that the moon
Turned tanned flesh to fairy white.
Two ladies had brought guitars,
Two boys pulled out jugs of wine.

We drank and sang to the moon
As it grew higher, smaller,
Our bodies more perfect than
They would ever be again.

What My Father Built

A nine-plank bridge,
a waterfall for boasting
bullfrogs, irises by the lake,
thrushes' song.

At sunset he'd clear the table.
Once my mother said Perhaps
Herr Doktor might consider
doing the same at home.

Quiet, he left the cottage
down stone steps to the limestone
rock like a surfacing submarine
lapped by fishing boats' wake.

He stood on his private
island, gazed into
lowering western sun,
gazed away from us.

I stood unseen
behind him just yards away,
troubled by his sulk,
his not wanting to be seen.

The Loom Room at Lyon Silk Mill

Threads like strings of a giant harp,
the shuttle swishing weaving,
feathers of peacocks unfold.

Once I saw a worker's loom break.
She screamed, raised her shaking arms
"I'm done." My father knelt
at the base of her loom
as she eased her leg toward him,
the palm of his hand on her shoulder
his fingers smudged with oil.

He pencils an "x" on the square
of the graph paper to show me
the new design. I stand on tiptoes
lean my hands on his thigh closer to him.

He shows me one thread embracing another.
That's when I begin to think of him as God.

Diary Keeping

Pepys gave up his habit,
aging, for fear it caused
his growing blindness.
At the end of his days
the significance of ink was,
he said, an early death for him.
I kept diaries from 4th grade
through one year of college.
As a child, I read
my wildly-spelled words
to trapped victims at family gatherings.
I copied in and blacked out
"love" notes from little boys
with my many shifts of mood.
I was voluminous with ink,
stuffing extra pages
into the 5-year diaries
so that locks and tiny keys
were useless. Older, my markings
spewed over into letters,
many and long.

My mother saved boxes
of my verbiage, words that now
walk me through forgotten days.
My long-ago chronicles send
me reliving past joys
without the worries, anxieties,
lead me into a stand-still time
formed of the banal
and the extra-ordinary.

My lineal life circles and circles
round and round, endless cycle,
even as the ancients told
and even as Pepys' ink endures.



~ George Thomas ~

Reams of Poetry Adrift

one poetry market
they threw your poems out
distributed them
to barroom bathrooms
bus stop benches
soapy Laundromat counters
they said they wanted to “get ur shit out”
get it out where it might do some good

Bukowski's been in that one
Lin Lifshin too
and old Bull Lee
had Whitman been here, him too probably
and most likely Vachel as well
before he drank Lysol

it's a vision all right—
poems lying in the gutter
reams of poetry adrift in puddles
on whore-night streets
and hangover dawns
beside cum-filled condoms
on blustery streets
the final destination of every immortal thought

ask any drifter with a poem in his pack

~ Rob Plath ~

hit the keys

one
day
the
maggots
will
hang
hammocks
in
my
skull
&
nap
w/ fat
bellyfuls
of
unwritten
poems

The Passing Story

The pond, the light wave
in the water I sit beside
my heart becomes the rhythm

On the porch, thinking of you
the empty air
diminishes the distance

The red candle, igniting
the flame of my body
warms my tears

The passing story blurs
the vast night's
longing

~ Dominique Williams ~

Snowstorm

Blanket me in indifference
Hide me from myself and numb my thoughts of you

But it melts away
Not the pain, but my protection, my cocoon

Blind me from the fatal truth as the carriage horse knows his future is not rest

Freeze me in the past where I could assure myself that romance was shared
between us.



Red Poppy

It wasn't the growth of
baby's breath that brought
me back to my childhood
home, but the brokennesss
of a young woman trapped
inside the room she grew
up in who, with a scrap of
paper and pen, wrote a brief
will at two a.m., day by day
too ill to move from her bed,
her love for God gone,
wanting to give herself up
to death which presses itself
so tightly to her chest. Above
her head a crack in the window
and, every night, her drunken
mother's tongue penetrating
the walls. All but a tiny miracle
saved her, and her spirit flew
away. I see her now, in a mirror:
her eyes, the curve of her lips,
open like a red poppy after
a morning rain.

Cold

I wake senile this morning
unable to remember if my wife's name
belongs to a woman or a man.
Outside, flesh shivers and I
flicker in and out inside surrounded
by a flurry of dogs awake and asleep,
growling and mute. You cannot brake
a breath-thought or destroy
an oxygen-dysfunction.
The dogs burrow themselves
under blankets and I try to recall
something I knew yesterday,
the day before yesterday,
a yesterday a week ago,
but not now, not in this stretching moment,
this thin brain-pause,
this advocate of a life-inadequacy.

Teetering

When the body that's failing
isn't my own
even its smallest cough
wakes me.

I wait for the trees to show up
outside before
I would even consider
moving and waking him.

When he teeters in the bathroom,
collapses against me,
is it time to call the doctor,
the ambulance?

I don't fight him about sleeping
with the cold fan on
or refusing to eat anything
for a day.

Now we just walk to the corner,
not over the hill—
and I watch for the high curb
and the storm drains. . .

Barely Hanging On

I'm constantly harassed
by unrecorded sentences
that loiter like pesky gnats
above the trashcan, the toilet,
the over-ripe bananas.

My diminished capacities
cover a continent, growing
and eroding with each storm.
Sand blown dust devils dance
while the boll weevil infests.

I've been pushing gloom
around all of my life, trying
to navigate obstacles, to win
at rigged carnival games.
There was a lush tempo I

gambled with and lost.
A black umbrella hangs
on a coat rack at the racetrack.
Something orange has left
a faint scent behind my glands.

Being harnessed to helium-
filled balloons I stay airborne
for ten feet between each two
steps I push off with. I would
not call this flying. I would call

it barely hanging on.



The Phoenix

Bit by heavenly bit,
I overcome the rules

of flight and gravity
and life and death.

I plunge from dizzy
heights, alone

unknown,
dependent on

my memories,
off-kilter, lax,

no context
to the flames.

I do not aim to be
askew or split

myself apart from all
I care to join, but why

resist? Nor do I try
to be myself,

too little known,
dependent on old

magic. What happens
is what's born

and comes to pass
and passes on.

An inkling
isn't certainty.

I can't endure
through ages on a whim.

I find myself
wrapped in the time

and place I've lost
a hundred times

before, am ashen
from the fear

I will be too
used up by hopeless

wandering to ever
reach the point,

and then I see
an end. The phoenix

does not choose to be
consumed, and dreads

each death as if
there were no rising.

Off to Thailand

She stay off to Thailand
foa talk to wun Chi Nei Tsang master

to get moa expertise
in da field of therapeutic massage.

I tink she healing da mind too

as she wings her way
on her latest adventure.

Space
it's wun wide open concept

and it looks like dats wat she needed.

I stay tinkin all of dis
in da belly of wun great beast

dat has taken me
to da bottom of da sea.

Heah in solitary
in da illuminating blackness

I'm just like Jonah
in da diving whale.

Da brain can rewire anyting
and in dis strange confinement
heaving to da motion of my host

I can plainly see multicolored kites
dancing and bobbing in da sky
witout looking through my eyes.

Maybe dose
are like da random prayer flags
dat she going view in Chiang Mai
each one wun wish
and wun mystery to behold.

She stay off to Thailand
all da way around da world

while I stay riding
dis unseen leviathan

waiting to be placed
on some newfound shore.

~ Tara L. Carnes ~

Henna Hands

still my profile pic

our arms outstretched

curling flowers and beautiful designs

after the henna dried in the weak sun

we celebrated Holi

busts of color splattered everywhere

puffs of pink, yellow, blue and orange rose up

as we danced and welcomed Spring



Tara L. Carnes

~ Contributors ~

Joe Balaz writes in Hawaiian Islands Pidgin (Hawai'i Creole English) and in American English. He edited *Ho'omanoa: An Anthology of Contemporary Hawaiian Literature*. Some of his recent Pidgin writing has appeared in *Unlikely Stories Mark V*, *Otoliths*, *Tuck Magazine*, and *The Lake*, among others. Balaz is an avid supporter of Hawaiian Islands Pidgin writing in the expanding context of World Literature. He presently lives in Cleveland, Ohio.

Cary Barney was born on Long Island, raised in Massachusetts, received a BA from Marlboro College and an MFA from the Yale School of Drama. He has lived in Spain since 1991 and teaches theater and writing at Saint Louis University's Madrid campus.

Michael H. Brownstein has nine poetry chapbooks including *A Period of Trees* (Snark Press, 2004), *Firestorm: A Rendering of Torah* (Camel Saloon Press, 2012), *The Possibility of Sky and Hell: From My Suicide Book* (White Knuckle Press, 2013) and *The Katy Trail, Mid-Missouri, 100 Degrees Outside and Other Poems* (Kind of Hurricane Press, 2013). He is the editor of *First Poems from Viet Nam* (2011).

Tara L. Carnes is a musician, composer, poet, teacher, and spiritual director. She is a graduate of the University of North Texas (M.A.) and the Haden Institute's program in spiritual direction. Tara's poetry has appeared in *Voices de la Luna*, *The Rose in the World*, *Illya's Honey*, *SageWoman Magazine*, *Cholla Needles Magazine*, and *Presence Journal*. She lives in Houston, TX.

Darren C. Demaree's poems have appeared, or are scheduled to appear, in numerous magazines/journals, including *Hotel Amerika*, *Diode*, *Meridian*, *New Letters*, *Diagram*, and the *Colorado Review*. He is the author of eight poetry collections, most recently *Two Towns Over* (March 2018), which was selected as the winner of the Louise Bogan Award by Trio House Press. He is the Managing Editor of the *Best of the Net Anthology* and *Ovenbird Poetry* and is currently living and writing in Columbus, Ohio, with his wife and children.

Sharon A Foley is an aspiring writer and has poems published in *Solstice* and the *South Florida Poetry Journal*. Ms. Foley has a BA in English from Salve Regina College and an MSW from Simmons College. She is a school social worker and private practice psychotherapist working on a book of poems about her early adult life as a nun.

Carol Hamilton has recent publications in *Southwestern American Literature*, *Bluestem*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *Commonweal*, *Common Ground*, *Louisiana Review*, *Birmingham Literary Arts*, *Broad River Review*, *Louisiana Literature*, *Haight-Ashbury Poetry Review*, *U.S. 1 Worksheets*, and others. She has published 17 books. She is a former Poet Laureate of Oklahoma.

Nels Hanson grew up on a small farm in the San Joaquin Valley of California and has worked as a farmer, teacher, and contract writer/editor. His fiction received the San Francisco Foundation's James D. Phelan Award and Pushcart nominations in 2010, 2012, 2014, and 2016. His poems received a 2014 Pushcart nomination, *Sharkpack Review's* 2014 Prospero Prize, and 2015 and 2016 Best of the Net nominations.

Steve Harvester was a Methodist minister for 25 years, and is now a sales rep for a New England home remodeling company. He and Judy are the parents of four. This is his first year working on his poems seriously.

Maisie Houghton grew up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and graduated from Radcliffe College in 1962. She published her memoir, *Pitch Uncertain*, in 2011 (Tidepool Press). Her poems have appeared in *Common Ground Review*, *Paper Nautilus*, *Avalon Literary Review*, *The Café Review*, and *Third Wednesday*. She currently resides with her husband in Boston, MA.

Xiaoly Li is a poet, photographer, and former computer engineer who lives in Massachusetts. Her poetry is forthcoming in *J Journal* and *Up the River* and appeared in *Off the Coast* and *Gravel*. She currently studies poetry with Barbara Helfgott Hyett.

Julia Lisella is the author of two full-length collections of poetry: *Always* and *Terrain* (both from WordTech Editions) and the chapbook *Love Song Hiroshima* (Finishing Line Press, 2004). Her poems are widely anthologized and have appeared in *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Antiphon*, *Ocean State Review*, *Literary Mama*, *Salamander*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Valparaiso*, and others. She has received residencies from the Vermont Studio Center, MacDowell, Millay, and Dorset colonies, and has received a number of grants from the Massachusetts Cultural Council to lead community poetry workshops. Her scholarship focuses on American women modernists, especially Genevieve Taggard. She is Associate Professor of English at Regis College in Massachusetts, and has recently joined the Board of the Robert Creeley Foundation.

David P. Miller's chapbook, *The Afterimages*, was published by Červená Barva Press. His poems have recently appeared in *Meat for Tea*, *riverbabble*, *Nixes Mate Review*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *HedgeApple*, *Gravel*, *Autumn Sky Poetry Daily*, *Peacock Journal*, and *What Rough Beast*, among others. His poem "Kneeling Woman and Dog," was included in the 2015 edition of *Best Indie Lit New England*. With a background in experimental theater before turning to poetry, David was a member of the multidisciplinary Mobius Artists Group of Boston for 25 years. He was a librarian at Curry College in Milton, Mass., from which he retired in June 2018.

Steve Nickman lives in Brookline, Massachusetts, and takes part in Poemworks: The Workshop for Publishing Poets. He is a psychiatrist and works mainly with kids, teenagers, and young adults. He has a strong interest in the experiences and dilemmas of adoptees and their families, and is working on a book about therapy, *The Wound and the Spark*. Steve's poetry is

forthcoming or has recently appeared in *Nimrod*, *Summerset Review*, *Tar River*, *Tule Review*, and *JuxtaProse*.

Rob Plath is a 48-year-old poet from New York. He has published 21 books so far. He is most known for his collection *A BELLYFUL OF ANARCHY* (epic rites press). He lives alone with his cat and stays out of trouble. See more of his work at www.robplath.com

Mark Antony Rossi's poetry, criticism, fiction, creative nonfiction, and photography have appeared in *The Antigoneish Review*, *Anak Sastra*, *Bareback Magazine*, *Black Heart Review*, *Brain of Forgetting*, *Deep Water Literary Journal*, *Dirty Chai*, *Enclave*, *Expound*, *Farther Stars Than*, *Flash Fiction*, *Gravel*, *Indian Periodical*, *Japanophile*, *Journal of Microliterature*, *Kulchur Creative Journal*, *Mad Swirl*, *On The Rusk*, *Purple Patch*, *Scrivener Creative Review*, *Sentiment Literary Journal*, *Snapdragon*, *Syzygy Poetry Journal*, *The Sacrificial*, *Toad Suck Review*, *Transnational*, *Vine Leaves Literary Journal*, *Wild Quarterly*, and *Yellow Chair Review*. He is the Editor in Chief, *Ariel Chart*, <http://arielchart.blogspot.com>

Bobbi Sinha-Morey's poetry has appeared in a wide variety of places such as *Plainsongs*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *The Wayfarer*, *Helix Magazine*, *Miller's Pond*, and *Old Red Kimono*. Her books of poetry are available on Amazon.com, and her work has been nominated for Best of the Net.

John L. Stanizzi's full-length collections are *Ecstasy Among Ghosts*, *Sleepwalking*, *Dance Against the Wall*, *After the Bell*, *Hallelujah Time!*, and *High Tide-Ebb Tide*. His work is widely published and has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *New York Quarterly*, *American Life in Poetry*, *The Cortland Review*, *Paterson Literary*, *Tar River Poetry*, and many others. *Chants*, his latest book, will be out this summer.

Matt Stefon is the author of the e-chapbook *The Long Contraction: Twelve Rejected Poems* (Smashwords, 2016) and the print chapbook *Shaking the Wind* (Finishing Line Press, 2017). He is poetry editor of *West Texas Literary Review* and lives and writes north of Boston.

Cammy Thomas has two collections of poems with Four Way Books: *Inscriptions* (2014) and *Cathedral of Wish* (2006), winner of the Norma Farber First Book Award. Her poems are forthcoming or have recently appeared in *Tampa Review*, *Ocean State Review*, *The Missouri Review*, and elsewhere. Cammy lives in Lexington, Massachusetts.

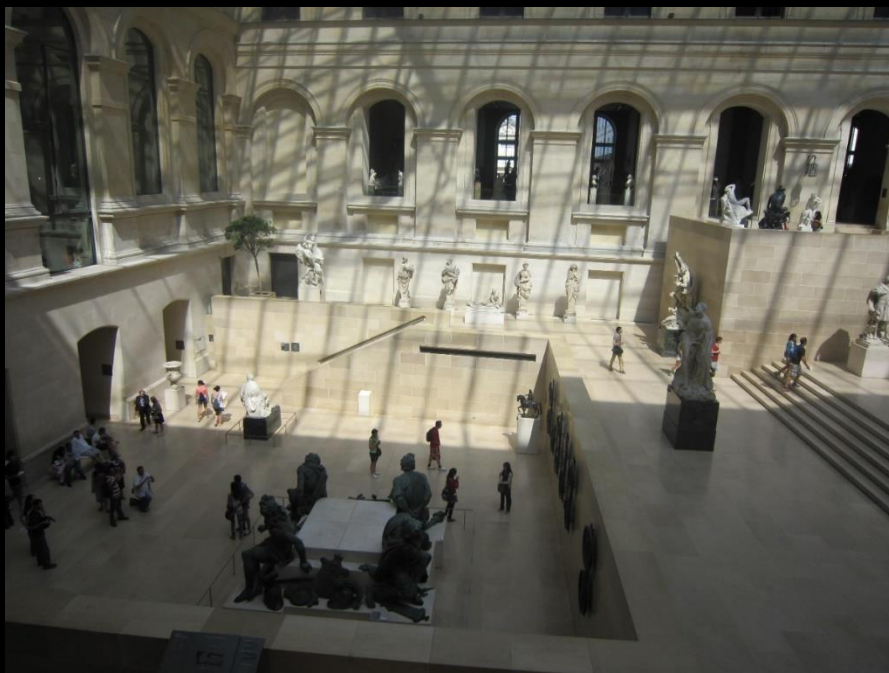
Retired now from life's work as CNC machinist, **George Thomas** has been writing poetry for most of his life with some little success but not enough to encourage him. Recently Washington State poet laureate Tod Marshall included one of his poems in *WA129*, an anthology of Washington poets.

Philip Wexler lives in Bethesda, MD. He recently retired from the U.S. National Library of Medicine. He has had over 150 of his poems published in magazines over the years. He also organizes a free monthly spoken word series, Words out Loud, at Glen Echo Park in Glen Echo, Maryland.

Dominique Williams grew up in New York City's Greenwich Village when still a literary and artistic hub. She inherited a love of the written word from her mother, who is a writer, and a love of art from her father, a Greek-born artist of note. Dominique studied dance, voice, art, literature, and interior design. Her blog dgsinteriors.blogspot.com focuses on design, art, and architecture. Her writing has been published in *Array Magazine*. She lives in East Harlem with her husband and grey tabby cat.

Theodore Worozbyt has published three books, *The Dauber Wings* (Dream Horse Press, 2006) and *Letters of Transit*, winner of the Juniper Prize (The University of Massachusetts Press, 2008), and *Smaller Than Death* (Knut House Press, 2015). *The City of Leaving and Forgetting*, his most recent chapbook, appears in *Country Music*.

Barry Yeoman is a poet from Springfield, Ohio, currently living and writing in London, Ohio. He earned his B.A. in Liberal Studies: Literature and Creative Writing from Antioch University Midwest (Yellow Springs, Ohio). Submitting poetry since 2014 his work has appeared, or is forthcoming, in *Mission at Tenth*, *U City Review*, *Common Ground Review*, *Lost Coast Review*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *Crack the Spine*, *Harbinger Asylum*, *Gravel*, and *Broad River Review*, among other print and online journals. He is working on a first book-length manuscript. He can be reached at barryyeoman@yahoo.com.



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