
From the First 10 Years of
32 Poems Magazine

OLD FLAME

Edited by Deborah Ager,
Bill Beverly & John Poch



WORDFARM
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

WordFarm
2816 E. Spring St.
Seattle, WA 98122
www.wordfarm.net
info@wordfarm.net

Copyright © 2012 by Deborah Ager, Bill Beverly and John Poch

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of WordFarm.

Cover Image: iStockphoto
Cover Design: Andrew Craft

USA ISBN-13: 978-1-60226-013-9
USA ISBN-10: 1-60226-013-3
Printed in the United States of America

First Edition: 2012

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Old flame : from the first 10 years of 32 Poems Magazine / edited by Deborah Ager, Bill Beverly and John Poch. -- 1st ed.

p. cm.

Anthology of poems appearing in 32 Poems Magazine during its first 10 years of publication.

ISBN 978-1-60226-013-9 (pbk.) -- ISBN 1-60226-013-3 (pbk.)

I. American poetry--21st century. I. Ager, Deborah. II. Beverly, Bill. III. Poch, John, 1966- IV. 32 Poems magazine.

PS617O43 2012

811'.608--dc23

2012021935

P 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Y 17 16 15 14 13 12

*for Stuart Friebert, David Ludley
and Stanley Plumly*

Contents

<i>Introduction</i>	13
<i>Believing Anagrams</i>	16
Kelli Russell Agodon	
<i>Verge</i>	17
Melanie Almeder	
<i>Childless</i>	18
Amanda Auchter	
<i>Experienced Worker, Employment Wanted</i>	20
Curtis Bauer	
<i>Come On</i>	22
Evan Beaty	
<i>When at a Certain Party in NYC</i>	23
Erin Belieu	
<i>The Fatherless Room</i>	25
Paula Bohince	
<i>The Missing Link</i>	26
Bruce Bond	
<i>Marion Crane</i>	27
Kim Bridgford	
<i>Exercitia Spirituality</i>	28
Geoffrey Brock	

<i>First Astronomy Globe</i>	29
Stephen Burt	
<i>Why We Love Our Dogs</i>	30
Amy M. Clark	
<i>Love Letter 41</i>	31
Esvie Coemish	
<i>The Pencil</i>	33
Billy Collins	
<i>Poetry Doesn't Need You</i>	34
Ken Cormier	
<i>The Match</i>	36
Chad Davidson	
<i>Men</i>	37
Lydia Davis	
<i>The First Age of the World Economy</i>	38
Carolina Ebeid	
<i>The Lord's Prayer</i>	39
Gregory Fraser	
<i>The Problem with Describing Night</i>	40
Bernadette Geyer	
<i>Dankness and Cathedrals</i>	41
Lohren Green	
<i>Look at the Pretty Clouds</i>	42
Austin Hummell	
<i>Canapés</i>	43
John Jenkinson	
<i>When the Rider is Truth</i>	44
Carrie Jerrell	
<i>Parallel</i>	45
Marci Rae Johnson	

<i>Love and the National Defense</i>	47
Holly Karapetkova	
<i>The Wolf</i>	48
Brigit Pegeen Kelly	
<i>The Previews</i>	49
David Kirby	
<i>At the Loom</i>	51
Jacqueline Kolosov	
<i>Hometown</i>	52
William Logan	
<i>Tastebud Sonzal</i>	53
Amit Majmudar	
<i>American Apparel</i>	54
Randall Mann	
<i>Ice-Tea</i>	55
Kevin McFadden	
<i>Come Home Late, Rise Up Sleepless, or Just Act Troubled</i>	56
Erika Meitner	
<i>Phobia</i>	57
Jennifer Militello	
<i>St. Benedict</i>	58
Daniel Nester	
<i>Two Egg, Florida</i>	59
Aimee Nezhukumatathil	
<i>The Place above the River</i>	60
Kate Northrop	
<i>The Dead End</i>	61
Dan O'Brien	
<i>As a Damper Quells a Struck String</i>	63
Eric Pankey	

<i>So</i>	64
Anne Panning	
<i>Lower Limit Song, the Chord</i>	65
Jeffrey Pethybridge	
<i>Iceland</i>	66
Dan Pinkerton	
<i>Airplane Downed, in the Winter Pines</i>	67
Kevin Prufer	
<i>No Mark</i>	68
Matthew Roth	
<i>Palm Heel</i>	70
Natalie Shapero	
<i>Tyrannosaurus Sex</i>	72
Eric Smith	
<i>Mercatale</i>	74
Hope Maxwell Snyder	
<i>After John Donne's "To His Mistress Going to Bed"</i>	75
Lisa Russ Spaar	
<i>Ultrasound</i>	76
A. E. Stallings	
<i>Matchbox</i>	77
Maura Stanton	
<i>Want Me</i>	78
Melissa Stein	
<i>What I Know for Sure</i>	79
Alexandra Teague	
<i>Fabulous Ones</i>	81
Jeffrey Thomson	
<i>Back Then</i>	82
Eric Torgersen	

<i>Tenth Flight</i>	83
D. H. Tracy	
<i>Piñata</i>	85
Laura Van Prooyen	
<i>Toilet Flowers</i>	86
Adam Vines	
<i>Justice</i>	88
William Wenthe	
<i>Rock</i>	90
Greg Williamson	
<i>The Darker Sooner</i>	91
Catherine Wing	
<i>Clotheshorse</i>	92
Terri Witek	
<i>What's Wrong with You</i>	93
George Witte	
<i>Trying Not to Cry Before Dinner</i>	95
Josephine Yu	
<i>Commentary</i>	97
<i>About the Editors</i>	112
<i>Aknowledgments</i>	113

Introduction

IN 2002, WHEN WE FIRST CONSIDERED publishing a new poetry magazine, one of the first thoughts that entered our minds was: “Why on earth would we want to do that?” There were plenty of other literary magazines in the world doing a good job with poetry. Some of them were dedicated to publishing only poetry. What did we have to bring to the table that no one else had already served forth? When there were literary magazines piling up on shelves all around us, what did we want to see? Well, we wanted to see more poems. 32 of them in one little magazine. No reviews. No essays. Just 32 astonishing poems, maybe one or two that might change the way a reader saw the world for a day or two or a lifetime.

Obviously, we sought the kinds of poems that we like: dense, dynamic lyrics that excel in imagery, convey formal beauty, offer a well-crafted line and a well-crafted sentence. We wanted every now and then a well-earned abstraction that dropped on our heads like an acorn or towered over the poem like a monstrous live oak. We favor simplicity and complexity. We wanted poems that would immediately draw in a reader and poems that would hold onto the collar of this reader when she thought she was done reading the poem. We wanted poems from a poet who had never published a poem. We wanted poems from the established poets who had made us first fall in love with poetry.

A decade later, we are pleased with our work and pleased by the poems we have published in this span of time—so pleased that we thought we should gather a selection. Of course, now we ask ourselves a similar question: “Does the world really need another poetry anthology?” Our answer is this book.

The range of the poems in this anthology is far-reaching: sonnets, vil-

lanelles, pantoums, ghazals, prose poems, nonce forms, and free verse poems in love with their lines. These are poems to read (especially aloud), to share, to learn by heart, to teach, to return to. While we have published a longer poem now and then, mostly we have focused on shorter lyric poems that fit on a single page. We know there is (has been?) a movement afoot to bring back traditional forms to the page and to the classroom, yet we certainly understand a poem need not be composed in a series of iambs to succeed. Each poem's diction, subject matter, tone, idiom, and a host of other elements will always determine how the rhythm will create a kind of music with words. We have an affection for all kinds of subject matter: poems about dinosaurs, academia, dinosaurs in academia, mothers, fathers, the unemployed, Iceland, iced tea, childhood, dogs, birds, movies, God, evolution, and, of course, those two grand themes: Love and Death. We don't mind a political poem if the poem has at its core Yeats's understanding that of our quarrels with others we make rhetoric and of our quarrels with ourselves we make poetry. Maybe we should admit we especially love poems consciously in love with their words. And let there be no doubt that we love the love poem.

In an appendix to this anthology, you will find a brief prose paragraph by each of our poets. While no poem needs an explanation, sometimes it pleases a reader to know the catalyst of the poem, or some etymology that might have been passed over, or some formal discovery or other imaginative action taken by the poet. Poems in an anthology can seem completely abstracted from a poet's personality, and while we recognize there could be something positive about that, we hope this appendix might ground these poems in some approachable and interesting way if not provide some insight as to how various poets go about their business or "necessary laziness," as Eliot once put it.

We have never been satisfied to merely publish poems we like. We have always taken extra steps to get these poems further into the world by nominating our poets/poems for prizes, by blogging about them, by interviewing the poets and promoting them through whatever social media we could figure to use. The poets we have published early in their careers have gone on to win dozens of prizes and fellowships and other recognitions including MacArthur, NEA, Guggenheim, Stegner, and Amy Lowell Traveling Fellowships, Best American Poetry and Best New Poets re-publications, dozens of appearances on Poetry Daily and Verse Daily

and many more recognitions, including book publications. Not that publication and awards are the measure of a poet's success, but they provide one confirmation that we have had our hand on the pulse of American poetry. And this anthology is yet one more step we take to get fine poems just a little more recognition and, perhaps, new readers.

So many people have been of assistance to us throughout the years, and we need to thank them here. First, we have to thank every poet published in the *32 Poems* pages. Though we have made mistakes, we have not regretted one poem we published. At times we have regretted we didn't publish more. Thanks to the poet who said, "Poets talked of *32 Poems* in hushed tones . . ." or another who told us, "Oh, this magazine is actually good!" and to the one who said it was simply "Pure." Thanks to Chad Davidson for the pure title. Thanks to CLMP for creating a useful and affordable database template and to Maribeth Batcha for inspiration and advice. Thanks to Rikki Campbell Ogden and to Dirk Fowler for making the magazine visibly astonishing. Also, thanks to our assistant editors through the years: Sarah Walker, Jessica Oswalt, Joellyn Gray, Anne Keefe, Sara Schroeder, Patrick Whitfill, Meredith Entrop, Lauri Anderson, George David Clark, Marco Dominguez, Brent Newsom, Adam Houle, Jake Ricafrante, Trista Foster, Carrie Jerrell, Michael Shewmaker and Chloe Honum. Texas Tech University has been a stalwart supporter during the whole run, especially Dr. Sam Dragga. We are grateful to our Board of Directors: Elizabeth Coleman, B.H. Fairchild, Grace Schulman, Lee Slonimsky, and C. Dale Young. We also thank these generous ones who have given us good advice over the years: Meghan Poch, Jeanine Hall Gailey, Jeffery Bahr, and Richard Peabody. We wish the very best to George David Clark and Elisabeth Clark whose capable eyes, ears, and hands are now at the helm of the magazine. We thank our families for their unflagging support of us and of poetry.

—*Deborah Ager, Bill Beverly and John Poch*

Believing Anagrams

.....
Kelli Russell Agodon

—after being asked *why I write so many poems
about death and poetry*

There's *real fun* in *funeral*,
and in *the pearly gates*—*the pages relate*.

You know, I fall *prey to*
poetry,

have *hated*
death.

All my life,
literature has been my *ritual tree*—

Shakespeare with his *hearse speak*,
Pablo Neruda, my *adorable pun*.

So when I write about *death and poetry*,
it's *donated therapy*
where I converse with
Emily Dickinson, my *inky, misled icon*.

And when my *dream songs* are *demon's rags*,
I dust my *manuscript* in a *manic spurt*
hoping the *reader* will *reread*

because I want the world
to *pray for poets* as we are only a *story of paper*.

Verge

.....
Melanie Almeder

The landscape prayed its litany
of dusk, grieved us, did not need us.

Daylight grew fat, grew slack with fatigue;
the pond scum thickened.

If you listened, the limestone sunk
beneath your tired feet told you

you were water before you were flesh,
and wind before that.

Your bones may leave a fine shape, like old fish,
like curved shells; we happen

the way light happens:
after the thunderstorms ride the sky,

day's skin darkens. Beneath it, a hawk
quiets. Pink lizards skirt the window light

and the Luna Moth bangs like an amnesiac angel
against the screen. Later sleep will weave

the wet through our ribs; we will grow wide
slatted, unmoored, born by the tide-heave of dreaming.

o body, old boat of time and breath, no less, no less.

Childless

.....
Amanda Auchter

This was not *all of the sudden*. I was not
thinking of the daughter my body

could not grow;
not ticking along with the other women

in line at the bank or at the post office, or
with my mother

and sisters, each one bending to touch the fat
cheeks and foreheads, unable to pass the yellow

dresses and white mary janes in department stores;
not looking

at the little boy with the ducks
on his shirt and saying to myself

what would mine look like?

I will not eat for two. I will not leave the house

with bags of Cheerios or crackers or stash
juice boxes in my purse. There will be no

vomit, shit, hungry crying at 3 am. I am not
thinking of my useless egg,

its stupid descent, how my body absorbs this
little plant, this fingernail, this blood,

this human blossom wrapped around
my heart, this hair wisp I've named

and renamed,

my Katie, my Aaron, my Anne.

Experienced Worker, Employment Wanted

.....

Curtis Bauer

I watch the dead gather on the sidewalks
from my car. Every Friday I remind
the garbage man of his promises. I talk

to the old women stranded on the street
corners, pick up their teeth when they fall
from their mouths; I know how to wait

for traffic to thin, for the Dutch bakers
to throw out their scraps and the butcher
to kill a hog. I should add that I am multi-

lingual and the translator of last squeals:
in this instance it means the pig is confused.
I understand pigs; they don't like confusion.

I dig back yard crypts, line them with pine
paneling and shelves; I stock them with wine
and fine cheeses. I'd like to add spoons,

guitars and such but music sounds funny
when it's tarnished and warped. I will teach
myself to play these instruments anyway.

I am not honest. I bake stale bread for the starving
swallows shivering in the cold air. They are nervous
little birds, always afraid. I know their history:

a man threw a torch down the chimney of their temple
because he wanted to see fire fly. It flew as it burned
an arc in the tails of swallows small enough to fit

in the palm of his hand. Their song is a repetition
of that memory—they explain this
when pecking the crumbs from the lines in my palm.

Come On

.....
Evan Beaty

—*for Sarah Shepherd*

Kick off your sandals; the grass is wet
and will help your blisters. Summers
come quicker the closer you are. Tiptoe
into my arms, murmur the language

of cream and vapor, all agate eye-glint
and rising hum of afternoon. Already
I forget the name of this small, bright stream.
But there is cold chicken in the basket.

Take it out, spread all the good things
you have brought before me on the blanket.
Hold ice in your fist and drip the cold melt
onto my shut eyes, where red

and purple phosphenes will burst
from black. I will carry you back,
if you like. My hands have grown stronger
because I fight.

Come on, let's get some dirt
under those pretty red nails,
sugarplum.

When At a Certain Party in NYC

.....

Erin Belieu

Wherever you're from sucks,
and wherever you grew up sucks,
and everyone here lives in a converted
chocolate factory or deconsecrated church
without an ugly lamp or souvenir coffee cup
in sight, but only carefully edited *objets* like
the Lacanian soap dispenser in the kitchen
that looks like an industrial age dildo, and
when you rifle through the bathroom
looking for a spare tampon, you discover
that even their toothpaste is somehow more
desirable than yours. And later you go
with a world famous critic to eat a plate
of sushi prepared by a world famous chef from
Sweden and the roll is conceived to look like
"a strand of pearls around a white throat," and is
so confusingly beautiful that it makes itself
impossible to eat. And your friend back home—
who says the pioneers who first settled
the great asphalt parking lot of our
middle, were not in fact heroic, but really
the chubby ones who lacked the imagination
to go all the way to California—it could be that
she's on to something. Because, admit it,
when you look at the people on these streets,
the razor-blade women with their strategic bones
and the men wearing Amish pants with

interesting zippers, it's pretty clear that you will never cut it anywhere that constitutes a *where*, that even ordering a pint of tuna salad in a deli is an illustrative exercise in self-doubt. So when you see the dogs on the high-rise elevators practically tweaking, panting all the way down from the 19th floor to the 1st, dying to get on with their long planned business of snuffling trash or peeing on something to which all day they've been looking forward, what you want is to be on the fastest Conestoga home, where the other losers live and where the tasteless azaleas are, as we speak, halfheartedly exploding.

The Fatherless Room

.....
Paula Bohince

Electric as wasps unfurled from a dresser,

literal wasps that were sleeping
in drawers lined with torn bills and sugar packets
like unopened envelopes.

A humidifier haloed in watermarks.

Meanwhile, the white-wigged branches and wrens
go on like nothing's missing.

They make a cocoon for the mind.

When the eye is bruised from looking
at worms dried in half-circles
and carpet starry with blood and gunpowder,

there is the shorn field and snow
to make a lacy curtain.

Because truly the carpet is blood-wrecked.
And the floorboards beneath it.

If this were spring, there would be more birds
to look at. *My* birds, I would think,
in these trees that were his.

The Missing Link

.....
Bruce Bond

As a child I looked to the evolution
of things as if it were seamless, this trail
out of the sea, the mud, the fury, the one

bloodline of fish to apes, to early man,
those generations who raised their heads a little
like a child. I looked to the evolution

as a beast parade that would never turn
back, that followed each diminishing tail
out of the sea, the mud, the fury. The one

exhausted mantra on the lips of oceans,
it washed away the shore, the crumbling castle
in each child I looked to. The evolution

of prayer led me ever more uncertain
toward a stumble of dice inside each cell.
Out of the sea, the mud, the fury, the one

god rose each day in the face of the sun,
breaking into many, into animals
as a child I looked to, the free volition
of the sea, the mud, the fury, the one.

Marion Crane

.....
Kim Bridgford

Sometimes you do a thing, and it is hot
Inside your skin, and hot inside your head.
Sometimes if you don't live as if you're heat
Itself, you feel you might as well be dead.

But then the moment passes, and you're cold,
The way your conscience, glasses on, will scold,
And you wonder what it is that you have done.
You'll make it right. You will erase the sun

That lived inside your body for a while,
And held you, like a wild thing, in its smile.
Pity that you don't perceive the warning,
That in another person something's burning:

Not passion but a way for it to surface,
And, face to face, the two of you find purpose.

Exercitia Spiritualia

.....
Geoffrey Brock

We met, like lovers in movies, on a quay
Beside the Seine. I was reading Foucault
And feeling smart. She called him *an assault*
On sense, and smiled. She was from Paraguay,

Was reading Saint Ignatius. Naivete
Aroused her, so she guided me to Chartres
And Sacre Coeur, to obscure theatres
For passion plays—she was my exegete.

In Rome (for Paris hadn't been enough)
We took a room, made love on the worn parquet,
Then strolled to Sant'Ignazio. Strange duet:
Pilgrim and pagan, gazing, as though through

That ceiling's flatness, toward some epitome
Of hoped-for depth. I swore I saw a dome.

First Astronomy Globe

.....
Stephen Burt

Incapable of glowing
under my own light, I spin
instead. I do my best work when you are in bed,
either quiet & wide-eyed, or else asleep & unknowing,
& though I have an infinite supply
of darkness & silence, I let it all go by,
preferring not to scare you with the void.
I cut up my space into parts, & the parts fit in
to stories: *the boy who grew a giant fin*,
for example, & others you made up, *the anteater's tail*,
the trapezoid you named *the cellular phone*—
absurd or anachronistic, but no more so
than the camel, the hunter's belt and torso,
the dog star, the giant ladle, the lesser whale,
a cross to light the flags of southerly nations.
The wise
young gazer will memorize
not the names for made-up constellations—
those dotted lines, those rules religions trace—
but the ranks of the stars themselves: keeping close to my face,
the attentive child past his bedtime sees
dim numbers that connect the faintest dots
to their glow-in-the-dark parameters, the plots
that cut my sphere
into right angles, minutes and degrees.
He finds in that firmament
no sign of human intent,
not even to ask what we are doing here.

Why We Love Our Dogs

.....
Amy M. Clark

Once, while walking, I happened
across a woman throwing rocks
into a creek pool for a dog to fetch.
Each time, the dog—a muscled, golden
pit bull—plunged into the green
water and searched, in vain,
for the rock, which had, meanwhile, sunk.
The woman coaxed her dog to the shore.
Then, she tossed another rock. Again, straight
into the creek followed the very good dog.
Earlier, over sandwiches, a friend I hadn't seen
in quite some time, told me of another friend
I hadn't seen in a long time. Our friend,
three times married, now single, and in love,
was moving to another state to join a man
in his hometown. There was nothing
we could say without appearing to judge,
we agreed. Anyway, she'd still go!
Once, somebody told me dogs lack a sense of time.
Five minutes, five years—it's all the same to them.
I find this hard to believe. Still, that night,
while driving home in a steady downpour,
I made up a dog. We quivered
with bedrock faith. I'd be there, in no time at all.

Commentary

Kelli Russell Agodon: “Believing Anagrams,” began when I realized “death and poetry” was an anagram for “donated therapy.” I laughed when I learned this because writing does help me understand a topic or emotion more deeply. I played with anagrams of other words as well as two of my favorite poets, Emily Dickinson and Pablo Neruda, then just got out of the poem’s way.

Melanie Almeder: That summer, in trade for a writing studio, I tended the animals at an old farm turned meditation retreat center. Florida’s late July metaphysics was hot, inescapable, hyperreal. Its priests: lightning, fire ants, palm fronds in a shuffle, sinkholes. The “Mindfulness Meditators” chewed so slowly I thought I would weep. Buddhists laughed as if it were their first nature. One humid, sleepless night, listening to the Barred Owls chatter, I drafted this poem. In a small studio, not far from the big house of the seekers.

Amanda Auchter: This poem grew out of my mother and sisters’ baby obsession and my own inability to conceive (and also choice to be childless). Also, women are often seen as “clocks” that tick off childbearing years and if you cannot/chose not to have a child, you are often looked at as “strange.” People—women—imagine what their children might look like even in the face of being childless. It’s about walking through a department store with other women and looking at all of the adorable clothes and being aware that *this is not for me*.

Curtis Bauer: I grew up in a multilingual household—Hog was one of the languages—and I once lived above a Dutch bakery. Though Dutch,

the bakers were kind and sometimes gave me pastries. I also suffer from insomnia and take walks at night. Once I saw a little sparrow repeatedly flying into a window. When I put out my hand he hopped into my palm and let me carry him around for a while. Though to say this poem comes from real life would be a lie. . . . True, I'm not honest. Or I am, but I arrive at honesty through the persona poem.

Evan Beaty: This poem was written in June 2005, when I attended the Bucknell Seminar for Younger Poets. Its dedicatee, the Ohioan Sarah Shepherd (now Burke), was a fellow poet there. One day, a group of us participated in an exercise in which we listed images/words, swapped them with someone else, and wrote poems from the foreign list. "Come On" was my poem; it owes "sandals," "tiptoe," and likely other notes as well to Sarah. It is based on no actual picnic sex between us or anyone else, unfortunately.

Erin Belieu: My poem was written after I'd attended a posh, slightly obnoxious art event in New York and I came away feeling conflicted—that is, glad to be invited and simultaneously uncomfortable with the event's intentions. When I look back at my previous work, it appears this state of discomfort may be a permanent one for me. As Notorious B.I.G. says, "Mo Money Mo Problems," though I suppose most of us wouldn't mind managing the struggle, even if for a little while.

Paula Bohinc: "The Fatherless Room" belongs to my first book, *Incident at the Edge of Bayonet Woods*. The poem's images move between natural and manmade, soothing and jarring. The metaphor "electric as wasps" against "literal wasps" is representative of this movement: escaping into simile, but returned roughly to reality. This happens again when "carpet starry with blood" is followed by "truly the carpet is blood-wrecked." In the end, neither nature, nor beauty, nor poetry can restore the father.

Bruce Bond: Even as a kid, I saw in those evolutionary charts a stubborn sense of mystery, hardly the opposite of metaphysics, but rather the gaps that require "chance" to move things along. Chance was what I called "the finger of God in our test tube messing up our science." This made me love science all the more, the science of the mind, for instance, that leads to a

horizon where volition, the engine of meaning, challenges the faith that is philosophical materialism.

Kim Bridgford: The choices we make in our lives shape us, and their effects are felt forever. For me, the movie *Psycho* is about just that: both in terms of Marion's initially stealing the money and then deciding to return it. At the same time, our choices will inevitably cross with those of other people, sometimes in appalling and shocking ways. What should be a cleansing shower—and a return to goodness—turns into one of the most memorable scenes in cinema history.

Geoffrey Brock: First came the idea of using eye-rhyme as a rule rather than an exception. I began meditating on illusion, and soon I was thinking about trompe-l'oeil paintings and in particular about Andrea Pozzi's masterpiece in the Chiesa di Sant'Ignazio in Rome. I wanted to do what painters like Pozzi did: present the observer with an architecture that the brain reads one way and the eyes read another. For days I made lists of eye-rhymes. Once the first line (and the rhyming lovers) came to me, my arbitrarily chosen constraint acted as a generative force.

Stephen Burt: The globe speaks the poem. It's a real globe our son owns, just smaller than my head, and mounted like a globe of the Earth, so that an interested child, or adult, could spin it and learn about constellations. I find theodicies, justifications of God's ways to man, largely implausible; they seem to me as arbitrary, as unreal, and sometimes as beautiful as the constellations that we create (they are human creations) when we observe, and try to connect, the stars.

Amy M. Clark: A friend brought several women writers together for a workshop in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Recently heartbroken, I came for companionship. One afternoon I witnessed a dog who was much like a beloved dog I'd left along with the relationship. Later, I tried to sort through my grief. Midway through Scott Cairns' poem "The Theology of Delight," I found the language and cadence for my poem's opening lines. My poem seeks comfort in blind faith and owes a debt to the lifelines offered by the words and friendship of other writers.

About the Editors

Deborah Ager is founding editor of *32 Poems Magazine*. Ager is author of *Midnight Voices* (2009) and co-editor of *The New Promised Land: A Contemporary Anthology of Jewish American Poetry* (Continuum, 2013). She received the Tennessee Williams Scholarship and, later, the Walter E. Dakin Fellowship to the Sewanee Writers' Conference. She's received additional fellowships from the MacDowell Colony, the Mid Atlantic Arts Foundation, and the Atlantic Center for the Arts.

Bill Beverly is a contributing editor of *32 Poems Magazine* and the author of *On the Lam: Narratives of Flight in Edgar Hoover's America* (2008). He is also assistant professor of English at Trinity University in Washington, D.C. His fiction has appeared in *Mississippi Review*, *Indy Men's Magazine* and *Big Lucks*.

John Poch is a founding editor of *32 Poems Magazine* and the author of several poetry collections, including *Dolls* (2009) and *Poems* (2004). He is also a professor of creative writing at Texas Tech University. His poems have appeared in journals such as *The Nation*, *New England Review* and *Paris Review*.