



Window Cat Press

Volume IV | Winter 2017

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Editor's Corner | Back Cover Art by *Fabrice Poussin*

This Cold

Sergio Ortiz

The first suitor gives you a bird, and a cage,
with yellow plumage, a gray and sharp beak.
The tone of the feathers dazzles you, amazes you.
its texture caresses you already.
You find the color, you don't really like, exquisite.
But you think you might love it, enjoy it.
A beautiful animal, but its song is brief,
almost like chirp and it never stops, it distresses you.

A second suitor places his hand on your cheek.
Then your exposed skin gathers a tremor
without anguish on those fingers, a desire that changes
on that hand to the shape it cannot change to on the lips.
You look into each other's eyes and an insane
embarrassment fills your cheeks with purple feelings.
Your hair fenced with implacable relentless hairpins
flaunts you differently: you're not a girl anymore.

You drink from the glass set before you at the table,
with fineness, with firmness, with hunger.
The drink tastes flavorful and you enjoy it.
It's sweet and haunted with a volatile liquor
that will transform your breath into perfume.
You talk and the wooer sleeps to dream you're talking.

Naive, whatever you believe, is nothing more than an illusion.
The words you hear are new dresses for very old fevers.
Your beauty does not matter because that does not matter,
or it only interests as long as it persists or is sufficient.
Your treasure shines like a trembling light.
Insects surround its immediate heat.
From afar I watch you. Callous. I do not participate.

Us

Katrina Grella & Rebecca Linscott

Easy to recognize as fact; “i , us, family” have a similar life cycle. “Shoot,” “spring,” “set,”
“die.”

“I” “us”adapt to barren ground. He cries out “You.”

“Look close” we are short of arranged letters. “Sit” as positioned, conform “I,” “us” as outside
walls fall away leaving interior partition intact. “I,” “us” see in many shapes; but he always talks
like a spiral staircase.

For the people he crushed, leave a smell more-or-less like “us.”

He has been propagated with viable seed. He cultivated “us” in water. “I,” “us” usually made
from the black vine, our common cage. “We” all bred from different parts of “us.”

Contain basic irritants, “can I die or can plaster warm the lungs?”

Utter Fam'I'ly

Katrina Grella & Rebecca Linscott

Family is a window back in time. While other families have retained ancestral characteristics, considered “simple” because the parts of men are all indefinite, separate from one another. The men insert often, difficult in comparison to “lies.” Specific of parts occurring in parts often fused together. Utter “simple,” an evolutionary standpoint. Family, some complex as “mine.” We are “simple” parts, independently attached. In addition, family so variable, it might seem the only consistency is an apparent lack of pattern. “Look again.” The pattern is “I”, “we.”

“I,” “we” are irregular not always sexual. Often numerous “men” are positioned superior to “her parts.” Each mature, dry follicle (a capsule with a seam down one side) or rarely as the purpose of identification at the center. The following families are potentially confused, a subfamily of the mature world. There are families cultivated, bred from the same man. Family is listed poisonous, but most are safe to taste. The taste is acid, stronger in others. “Taste it.” “Spit it out.” “I” “We” the properties unstable and are destroyed by dying. “I,” edible. Careful plan; the residual cause, “lies.” In effect, utter “acid nature.”

He makes these bruises ache; mild paralysis. “I’m healing.” Inside: careful blistering left in place. Too long, quality is beneficial for getting rid of substance.

“WARNING:” This family contains toxic sedatives “I,” “we” depress. “I” should only profess “I.”

The Coffee Table

Lisa Bren

Highlights for Children

Ranger Rick

Marie Claire

Boy's Life

Discovery Girls

Jack and Jill

Birds & Blooms

Muse

Glamour

Allure

American Girl

Taste of Home

Louisiana Cookin'

Meatpaper

Southern Living

Sunset

Real Simple

Food & Wine

Field & Stream

Travel + Leisure

Seventeen

Shape

In Touch Weekly

Popular Mechanics

Hustler

OK!

Popular Photography

The New Yorker

Cigar Aficionado

People

TIME

Paper



Her Home, photography by Fabrice Poussin

TRUMP AS A FIRE WITHOUT LIGHT #66

Darren C. Demaree

Thanksgiving is in two days, and I don't want to talk to anybody. I have rehearsed the nine things I'm willing to say. Thank you for the pie. I'd love some more coffee. Could you turn up the game? Yes. No. No. I'm having a little trouble breathing. I'll go warm up the car. Thank you.

Concept

Adam Schrum

Concept

Grating lemon rinds spat
tartly zested shards, split

Concept

Grating lemon rinds spat
tartly zested shards, split
carbuncle to the nub,
then splat,

Till generous as salt, one
white bulbous tadpole
swam to the
planetary
glow orb

Sprung
from crumpled,
wrung, squeeze
dried rice paper,
and darned a wee
teeny sockstitch

Sewn by hands
like feathers, that
stretching forth alighted,
lighted wicks inside
their orbits,

That bulged as if to burst,
filling flamed meringue
and marmalade,

Till
brand new
eyes,
aghast,

Saw.

Beaten Zone

Natalia Malesa

Barefoot bodies thrash in the vegetation,
Carrying boots saturated with excess drainage.
Our uncommon party with soles exposed.
Greater matter could not save us
Cons from our own fell features.

In the base-deficient countryside—free from
A larger than life general or
Retrospectively giving a demanding major an
Account of having driven a peasant
Into acidic pools where he stood,
Quaking unremittingly. Fine black streamlets drained
Along his soft surfaces. Standard deal.
Water. Salt. Acid. Classified. A group
And a uniform make a man.

In the swallow-holes, in the high
Hour, the world's degrees amount to
Semantics. Pros desert, whole and intact,
As some western pig calls out
Into the rain. Wind-borne, his spray
Is accompanied by a life adjourned.
Conception to soil. Being to been.

This time, carry me from here.



The Farthest Range, painting by W. Jack Savage

Source material: *Word bank generated from Godwin, Harry. The Archives of the Peat Bogs. Cambridge University Press, 1981, p. 55.*

The Blind Fisherman of Gibeon

Laurie Byro

Before I had language, when the earth
held me in her clutches
I was a row of jonquils
entertaining bees

All buzzing around my eyes,
their empty sockets, the roar of lightning,
when the hairs on my wrists rose.

It was easy to speak in visions.
The burst of little suns
in my final moments.
I became as dark as the soil
where I buried bulbs.

Now I am left with fingers to feel
for petals that echo of color.
My wife has a face made perfect
by fingertips and longing.

I live beneath the planks
where light filters through.
I hold my line slack,
not positive of life in brackish waters.

I throw out my hook
again and again,
wait for a tug, a battle--
A fish to reel in, to bloody.

** The Blind Fisherman of Gibeon now appears in "The Bloomsberries and Other Curiosities" (2017) published by Aldrich Press*

Rookery

Natalia Malesa

Weary night
Parting from my three children
Cold sparrows
Cold thoughts

Hearing the wretched cries of a fishmonger outside the wall in the snow
The old man with the broken arm
Alone, not seeing him
Sorrow at the end of the canal

Crows cawing at night
The salt merchant's wife
Confiscating salt
Resentment by the river

The pleasures of the country
Partridge weather
A girl of a poor family
An encounter in the field
My new wadded gown
Given in parting
A beloved concubine in exchange for a horse
A dog separated from its master

At night I hear my neighbor singing
Heigh-ho!
The solitary goose
Facing snow

The black coat lane
A fine lady
Selling ruined peonies
Abashed before the swallows



Window Hoping, photography by Fabrice Poussin

Source material: Titles of poems from the Tang (618 – 907) and Song (960 – 1279) dynasties of China. Poets include Du Fu, Chen Shidao, Yang Wanli, Li Shangyin, Fan Chengda, Bai Juyi, Shen Quanqi, Li Yu, Wang Anshi, Niu Qiao, Wang Wei, Yan Jidao, Qin Taoyu, Li Bai, Du Mu, Zhang Hu, Xue Tao, Mei Yaochen, Li He, Cui Tu, Liu Yuxi, Yu Xuanji, and Zhu Shuzhen.



Dog in a Tiger Suit, painting by W. Jack Savage

Seventeen

Odelia Fried

imagine—freshly labeled seventeen—
still soft and stupid and heartsick and

i wanted to be a poet, goddamnit, the
world hollered at me to write like a

nagging aunt and i complied (*yessir, yes'm*),
scribbling in notebooks and over the soft skin

of my hands. and i fell in love, too, of
course (*of course*). i fell in love hard, probably

breaking a few heartstrings in the process. i was
prepared to tear open the sky if asked.

i wrote about her at night, when the putputput of
the fan accompanied my nothing-if-not-obsessive

thoughts traveling from brain to page. i dreamed i
was stuck in a large jar (*bell jar, of course*), seeing

my reflection in the glass, morphed and glazed over
like a funhouse. eventually, it turned to dust, and i

had to start over. the mania was done. i clawed
out of my skin like a snake, leaving it on my
bedroom floor.

Contributors

Oren Oppenheim is currently a gap-year student at a school in Jerusalem learning Jewish texts. This coming fall he will begin class at the University of Chicago; he plans to study English. When he's not writing or photographing, he can be found devouring chapter of Tanakh or procrastinating on training for a 10k.

Sergio A. Ortiz is a gay Puerto Rican poet and the founding editor of Undertow Tanka Review. He is a two-time Pushcart nominee, a four time Best of the Web nominee, and a 2016 Best of the Net nominee. He is currently working on his first full length collection of poems, *Elephant Graveyard*.

Katrina Grella studied Creative Writing at the New Hampshire Institute of Art. She hopes to one day teach writing workshops in juvenile detention centers and prisons because every person has a voice; we just need to take the time to hear what they have to say, whether through visual art or sign language. She also works with low income students in grades 2-12 as an Education Supervisor at the Boys and Girls Club of Manchester.

Lisa Bren is a Pacific Northwesterner who drinks caramel lattes and wears wool sweaters. She is currently studying creative writing at Central Washington University. Her work has appeared in *Rose Red Review*.

Darren C. Demaree's poems have appeared, or are scheduled to appear in numerous magazines/journals, including the *South Dakota Review*, *Meridian*, *New Letters*, *DIAGRAM*, and the *Colorado Review*. He is the author of six poetry collections, most recently "Many Full Hands Applauding Inelegantly" (2016, 8th House Publishing). He is the Managing Editor of the *Best of the Net Anthology* and *Ovenbird Poetry*. He is currently living and writing in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

Fabrice Poussin teaches French and English at Shorter University, Rome, Georgia. Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in *Kestrel*, *Symposium*, *The Chimes*, and more than two dozen other magazines. His photography has been published in *The Front Porch Review*, the *San Pedro Review*, and more than seventy other publications.

Adam Schrum spends his time thinking in Rochester, Minnesota. His poems have recently appeared in *Brain of Forgetting*, *Dirty Chai Magazine*, *FishFood Magazine*, *Foliate Oak Literary Magazine*, *Fox Cry Review*, and *translitmag*.

Natalia Malesa is a Doctor of Pharmacy candidate at the University of Texas at Austin. She has degrees in both English and information science and previously worked as a youth librarian. Her work has appeared in *The Enigmatist* and *Haiku Journal*. Her writing often melds her humanities and science backgrounds.

W. Jack Savage is a retired broadcaster and educator. He is the author of seven books including *Imagination: The Art of W. Jack Savage* (wjacksavage.com). To date, more than fifty of Jack's short stories and over nine-hundred of his paintings and drawings have been published worldwide. Jack and his wife Kathy live in Monrovia, California.

Laurie Byro has been facilitating the Circle of Voices poetry discussion in New Jersey libraries for over 16 years. She is published widely in University presses in the United States and the United Kingdom and was recently in an anthology: "St. Peter's B List." Laurie has garnered more IBPC (InterBoard Poetry Community) awards than any other poet, currently 49. Her third volume of poetry was published in 2016: "Wonder" by Little Lantern Press (out of Wales). In 2016 and 2017 she received a New Jersey Poet's Prize. A 4th book, "The Bloomsberries and Other Curiosities," will be published by Aldrich Press and includes a 2nd NJ Prize winning poem. Laurie is currently Poet in Residence at the West Milford Township Library where Circle of Voices continues to meet.

Odelia Fried is a student, slam poet, writer, and actor based in NYC. Her poetry has been published in *Cleaver Magazine*, *Melancholy Hyperbole*, *Lavender Review*, and other literary magazines. She performs her slam poetry at UrbanWordNYC as well as open mics in NYC. Her passions include gender, Judaism, and teenagehood, and the intersections between the three.

Editor's Corner | Winter 2017

Dear Internet,

We're excited to share our fifth issue with you and we hope that it helps you pass the last throes of winter.

This installment features much poetry and hybrid forms. Found texts and macros mix well with collaborative poetry and art by Window Cat veterans and debut artists. We are still planning to transition to a new home on Wordpress, but felt that we needed to hole up this season in a warm, familiar den.

The pieces in this issue range from humorous to ironic. Like the cover image, we are all trying to figure out how to stay warm. If winter is evocative of burial and isolation, then these works offer the opportunity to dig ourselves back out again, shake off winter demons, and head towards a new life.

Together, let's warm our hands, eyes, and hearts over this fiery collection, in the hope of a brighter future. Ciao bella, winter '17.

The Editors
Kim & Emily

PS - We're looking for folks who are interested in contributing guest articles for our blog, related to art, lit, the creative process, resources, opinion pieces, showcases (look at this cool thing you might like), etc. And, new this season: anyone interested in helping us create a new logo?!

The Editors

Kim Dela Cruz is a pun-loving poet, freelance editor & tinkerer. Her latest work can be found in Broad! and Eunoia Review. She is now writing a collection of pieces that explores transformative potential through intimacy, identity, and the body, among other things.

Emily Jaeger is a poet, returned peace corps volunteer, and MFA student at UMASS Boston. After living for two years as an agricultural extensionist in rural Paraguay, she returned to the Boston-area and is currently re-discovering the joys of public libraries and the internet. Her chapbook *The Evolution of Parasites* was published by Sibling Rivalry Press in 2016.



Back Cover Art: Frozen gentleness, photography by Fabrice Poussin