THE SAND CANYON REVIEW



THE SAND CANYON REVIEW 2014

Dear Reader,

The Sand Canyon Review is back for another journey into the creative minds of writers and artists of all genres. Since its conception, the magazine has been a place for authors and artists across the globe to share their passion and vision with the world. Thanks to the hard work of these talented people, the magazine has been a constant source of inspiration to everyone who reads it, and the eighth edition is no different. We invite you to sit back and discover the splendor that is contained in this year's issue. Discovery is something that is a part of everyone's lives, and it has the power to change us in ways we never thought possible. It opens our minds to new possibilities, or allows us to see things from a different angle. It is what drives us and inspires us. That is why this issue's theme is discoveries. Our goal this year is to allow our authors and artists to take these life changing events and share them with everyone else. We hope that by making these discoveries accessible they will help spark new ideas, emotions, and creativity in everyone who experienes them.

Sincerely,
Annmarie Stickels, Managing Editor

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FICTION		
This Time	10	Ruben Rodriguez
The Wrong Beth	12	Lou Gaglia
Car on Fire	18	Ryan Mattern
Le Mort	21	Ananda Foerch
Changed	26	JAMES P. HANLEY
The Garden	33	Joseph L. Dahut
Pepper McClain	35	Francesca Astiazaran
Astiazaran	36	
Lots	38	
Word Games	39	
ANNE RICE: DISCOVERIES OF HER OWN	40	PAMELA DONAHUE
A D.T.		
ART		
Owl Wings	52	Aeron Brown
[Untitled]	54	
[Untitled]	55	
[Untitled]	56	
Oak Glen	58	Neil Houser
[Untitled]	59	
Before Sunrise	60	Emmanuel De Leon
Sacrifice	62	Paul Navarrette
Bangerz	63	
Ozymandias	64	Brittany Miller
Sand Grove	66	KAREN BOISSONEAULT-
		Gauthier
The Centre	67	
Life Not Yet Written	68	Andrew Estrada
Omniscience	69	
[Untitled]	70	Daniel Madden
Mysteriously Gray	72	ALEXIS ELLINGTON
Cathedral	74	Reanna Marchman
LOOKING PAST THE OBVIOUS	75	Neil Houser

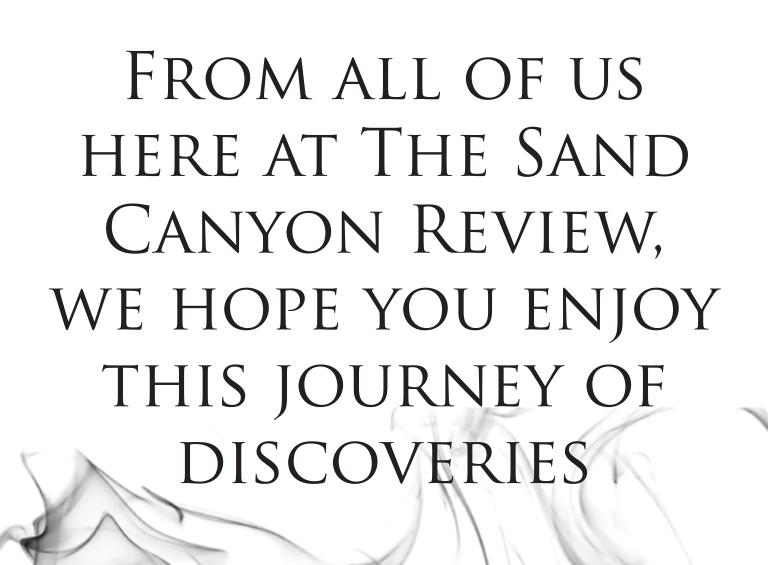
Kuchisake Onna Doll		CLAIRE KILCK
DIFFUSE LIGHT		CARLY CRELEY
JULIE DE WAROQUIER: THE WORLD AS IT COULD BE		JEREMIAH COLLINS
Wrought Iron Hinge	86	Sheri Wright
CLOUD SWIMMING	88	TERRY HASTINGS
Waterfall	90	JENNIFER SLATTERY
REV D'OR	91	Sergio Lopez
Gemini Molineaux	92	
Green Ice	94	
Ispahan	96	
Juliana	98	BILL W. SMITH
[Untitled]	99	OWEN KLAAS
[Untitled]	100	
[Untitled]	101	
Where the Heart is	102	Kristen King
It is Well with My Soul	103	
Undefeated	104	
Warmth	106	Cecilia Saucedo

POETRY

JUAN DELGADO: VITAL SIGNS	110	POETRY TEAM
A Look at 'Be Part of the Art'	116	André Katkov
Plateau'd	120	Adefisayo D. Adeyeye
Water and Moon	122	BORY THACH
Angkor Wat, Cambodia	124	
Exposed	126	Ellen Roberts Young
FOLK DANCERS IN THE PARK	128	Isaac Escalera
The Tailor's Daughter	129	
Morning	131	Daniel Baker
Your Sister is a Whore	132	Isabel Quintero-Flores
LES SENTINELLES / THE SENTRIES	133	Ivan de Monbrison
Dream Change	134	Jessica Morey-Collins
Tableaux	135	

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT	136	John Grey
Ego Psalm	137	JOE NICHOLAS
Mothman's Psalm	139	
Last Night	140	Jon Tosh
Kafka's Night		Judith Skillman
Kafka's Thistlehead	142	
ATOMS NEVER TOUCH EACH OTHER: A TRAGEDY	144	Kassandra Zamanis
Lyon was Talking with Some Jerkoff at a Powwow	145	MICHAELSUN KNAPP
Bluffs	146	
ONE NIGHT STAND	147	Nikia Chaney
THE DOLL ON THE WALL	148	
III	149	
I was Eighteen	150	REANNA MARCHMAN
Untitled (A Man Thinking to a Woman)	151	Tamara Hattis
Above, These Prayers	152	TIMOTHY JUHL
FIVE POEMS FROM THIN: FLOWERING PLUM	153	Zo Manik
SNOW WHITE NEEDS TO STOP TANNING	155	









THIS TIME

Ruben Rodriguez

Two sunflowers picked the wrong time to bloom. An afternoon marine layer blocked out the sun before the two could fully open. One got stuck with a fifth of its petals unfurled like a hand in a pocket. The other only produced a few vibrant petals atop its head.

"God damn it, Murphy. I don't know why I listen to you."

"Well, I suspect it's because you never have any ideas of your own."

"Like hell I don't. You're just always getting in the last word."

"Now I think we both know that's not true."

"Truth or not. Look at me."

"Well, these things happen."

"Easy for you to say. Your bloom might as well be a lion's mane."

"Oh! Why, thank you, Charlie."

"It's not a compliment. You're as unhappy as I am and a hundred times more smug."

"It's not that bad, Charlie. Look where we've come from."

"Who cares where we're from? We look like a couple of side-show freaks."

"From lion to freak. I must say, you are meaner each time."

"Well next time, I'm coming out on my own."

"Now Charlie, I call foul. We have an agreement."

"Screw your agreement."

"No. Not after all the times I've waited for you."

"I was just coming up then. Should have figured it out the first time. Half-bloomed like a setting sun."

"That was a good spring, Charlie."

"For you, maybe."

"I was small. Lucky, really. I could have been clipped at any time."

"At least you've been there. Just one time, Murph. One time I'd like to know."

"You'll know, Charlie."

"You bet I will. Once I stop listening to you. You once-blooming son of a bitch."

"So says the sad little Indian."

"Are they drooping already?"

"Afraid so."

"God damn it. That's what happens when I listen to you. Pop two

petals then shrivel up to die before nightfall."

"We'll be better someday, Charlie."

"Someday. What about now?"

"You know how it works."

"Yeah, I do. Too well. It used to frighten me some, like it might hurt. Like the time that dog ran me over and nearly split me in half. Remember?"

"I do remember."

"Course you do. I fell right up against you."

"I guess I did kind of catch you."

"Like hell you caught me. I was falling and you just happened to be there."

"Point is, Charlie, I caught you."

"Well, you've screwed me enough times since for us to be even."

"You're being negative, Charlie."

"I'm dying, Murph. You want me to uproot and dance across the dirt?"

"No. I just think you should try to focus on next time."

"There isn't always going to be a next time."

"Of course there is. I bet next time we get there, Charlie. It's the law of averages. Every time we come up short, it betters us. If not actually, mathematically. Someday they might even take pictures of us. We'll find ourselves on a blog, maybe even a calendar. How would you like that, Charlie? ... Charlie ... Oh, next time, then. We'll get there next time."

Ruben Rodriguez is an MFA student at Cal State San Bernardino and the fiction editor of the Ghost Town Literary Journal. You might find him painting or searching for treasure amongst the racks at local thrift stores. He believes in the magic of reality and the absurdity of life.

THE WRONG BETH

Lou Gaglia

Back in my late high school days, Beth Carson sat high on the open stairs eating an apple on the art department side of the school. I stopped below and looked up at her pretty, easy-going self. "Is ... that apple green?" I stammered.

Her mouth opened a little and she looked down at me. "What?"

"I mean, is it ... good?" She nodded yes, that it was good, and yes to the greenness of it, maybe, but I had nothing else to say beyond that and drifted away. On the way to gym class I called myself a simpleton and would have bopped myself in the nose if I'd had the nerve.

The same day, or maybe it was the next day, after a class, I staggered towards the smell of cafeteria food when Candace Something came out of nowhere and gave me a folded paper with "From Beth" written on it. I stopped in the middle of the hallway and opened it, wondering briefly if it was about the apple. But it was a poem. I scanned through words written in a heavy, scraggly hand like "love" and "sky," and one

"tree," and "dachshund" for some reason, and then, down at the bottom, I saw the name, "Beth Birdsell." I folded the paper and groaned inside, remembering the thick dark eyebrows and the overeager laugh of the Beth from theater class. What the hell. Beth Birdsell? I frowned, and in the next moment caught her dark eyes, sad under thick eyebrows. She crossed the hall at a distance and hung her head. From the cafeteria door, I scowled after her as if to say, "Why this Beth?"

In the cafeteria line I remembered my idiotic, Is that apple green? to the real Beth, my Beth, and I shoved the poem deep into my front pocket. Later, I glowered out of the cafeteria window at a science project garden, chewing slowly on my hamburger while the image of the wrong Beth's sad eyes punished me.

Afternoon classes stunk, as usual, except for the last one, Values, which had only six of us. We got into a discussion about Little House on the Prairie (I brought it up), but

I couldn't say what I wanted to say about it because I got into a laughing fit when I tried to talk. It was funny to me because life there was so simple and perfect—the Reverend talking to the town and everyone crying at the drop of a hat and the music getting all swollen—but I couldn't say any of that because I cracked up every time I started. Soon all of us were laughing, including Dr. Silver. He wiped at his eyes, finally getting enough breath to say that he hadn't laughed so hard in years. It was the funniest five minutes of the day, and none of us knew why we were laughing.

So that cheered me up a little.

The bus ride home cheered me up, too. I always sat up front with Marjorie Adams, and we usually talked easily and laughed about nothing. That day, it was about the lady bus driver's manly arms and our bet that there was either a tattoo of a tick or a birthmark on her forearm. We pointed and guessed.

This bus driver often drove pretty fast, but now she tore out wildly, speeding over the tracks and along Edgewood Road, scaring us

all, especially Marjorie and me—first to fly headlong out the window if we crashed. We wondered if she'd heard us laughing about her tattoo (or birthmark, Marjorie still insisted over the engine's roar).

In between our gasps of terror, at a red light, I told Marjorie about the two Beths, about the green apple, and the poem, and the wrong Beth's ghastly look—everything. Marjorie called me an idiot. The wrong Beth was nice, she said, just sensitive was all. And she didn't know Beth Carson, except that she seemed a bit snooty. I shook my head as the light turned green, and I had just enough time to wonder aloud why the heck things couldn't just be simple before the driver made us all slam over to the right (me into the window) with a deadly 40 mph turn onto Third Avenue.

During college spring break four years later, I took my daily walk to the harbor, holding Heidegger's Being and Time, required reading for my Existentialism class. Heidegger and that professor and all my genius classmates had meant to tell me that life was incomprehensible,

that whatever I thought was real wasn't really real, or something, and so I only flipped through the book, slowing down along Third Avenue to gape at words like "phenomenological" and "temporal" and "being." I saw quite a few words like "were" and "the" and "from" as well, but they were no help. I was tempted to backtrack home and grab Lao Tzu from my Confucianism and Taoism class instead. That was understandable philosophy, at least: the weakest things in the world overcome the strongest; water wears away rock. Instead, I kept walking, using Heidegger for alternating biceps curls.

A white Volkswagen with its top down stopped ahead of me, near the church, slanted my way so that I could see a girl leaning over the passenger seat, her wind-blown hair half in her face. "You want a ride? Where are you heading?"

I hesitated. "The harbor. But maybe just to the library." She waved me in.

"How have you been?" she asked me, and peeled out along Third Avenue. She smiled and her hair

blew everywhere.

"Pretty good."

"I'm doing all right too. Going to Stony Brook now. I'm on break."

"Me too. Stony Brook, too." I had to clear my throat. "Break too."

"Neat." She laughed. "I can bring you all the way to the harbor, but I have to stop at home first. I forgot something."

"Oh, don't bother. Anywhere is all right. Library's good."

"No bother. Just take a second." She laughed again. "My mother keeps telling me, she says, 'Beth, you'd forget your own head-'" She passed a left-turning truck and barreled blindly across the busy intersection, and I pushed backward as though slamming on brakes. "You'd forget your own head if it wasn't attached."

The wind had blown her hair clear of her dark eyebrows, and wide-eyed, I looked from her to the trees flying by on the passenger side. I remembered her crestfallen face in the hallway four years before, but now she returned my terrified look with a cheerful one

"I drive too fast?"

"No, no, it's okay. But do you

have any seatbelts around?" I felt under me.

"No, my father buried them way under the seats. He said it was more dangerous wearing them." She made a sharp turn down a side street, parallel with the high school. "I'll be quick, though, don't worry." She cut up to Edgewood, made a left past the high school, then turned onto a narrow side road, the Volkswagen's engine in front roaring and sputtering at me, and I felt myself inwardly trying to climb in a spiral to the trees above. She turned hard again. Foliage flew past.

"Isn't this a one way road?" I shouted through the din.

She smiled wide under her flying hair. "No." And she thundered up another narrow tree-lined road. "Almost there," she said, and floored it.

I twisted in my seat, my words stuck in my throat mid-gasp. She turned so suddenly up a stone driveway that I almost fell into her lap, and then she braked hard in front of a two-story house. Everything quiet now, she bit at her lower lip, and then let out a "Whew."

I stared at the lip. "I think we need to take the seatbelts out "

She snorted a laugh. "I'll be right back." And she burst out of the car, running to the house and up a set of wood steps to the second floor.

I dug under me for seat belts and looked all around—at the woods-enclosed property, up to the second floor of the house, and then out to the road. My hand clenched the door handle from the eighth to the tenth minute of waiting, before finally pulling it. I hurried down the driveway to the street.

"What a nut," I laughed, walking downhill, but when I heard a roaring engine behind me around a blind turn, I jumped down into the woods, my jeans, bare arm, and Heidegger's front cover catching nothing but mud as I slid down. A small pick-up truck went by.

For ten minutes I stood, listening and wiping mud off my book, jeans, and arm. Two cars passed but no white Volkswagen, so I climbed up onto the road, walking fast at first, and then running, having no idea to where. I'd seen Papillion once, and for a while I was Papillion— hurrying away, with no wasted motion, expecting darts blown at me from all sides and me leaping in slow motion off a hill.

Finally, I reached the end of the road and saw Route 25A to the right. It led to Church Street and then to Main Street and the harbor, and I breathed easier, walking unafraid along sidewalks like a civilized person again.

Soon the diner and the ice cream shop, the docks, and the water were all ahead of me on Main Street, and I wiped the back of my still-muddy hand across my forehead. "What a crazy-person."

A little later, after coffee and toast at the diner, I came out to find the white Volkswagen parked directly across the street in front of the hardware store. It wasn't even running, and it still looked sinister just sitting there. I headed down Main Street toward the park—no sign of her anywhere—and wound up at the band shell, where I could see her car and wait for her to leave (or run if she spotted me and tried to run me down flat in the middle of the park lawn or smash me even flatter

against the band shell).

Near the end of my hour-long vigil under the band shell, I imagined her upstairs in her house, maybe having peeked with one eye out a window corner, laughing at me when I scrambled out of the car. But then again, I thought (looking across the park at the docked boats bobbing in the water) she had been friendly, and there was no meanness in her eyes, just some kind of certifiably insane love of life. She loved dachshunds, after all, and so I imagined her instead coming out of the house (after having gone to the bathroom or changing clothes or finally finding some lost thing) and shrugging or shaking her head or frowning deeply at the sight of her empty car.

I could hear my old bus buddy Marjorie chuckle and call me an idiot either way.

She appeared at last, hurrying along the sidewalk toward her car, her dark hair still flying in front of her face, and she threw a flat bag into the back seat. I crept out from under the band shell as she started the Volkswagen, backed up the wrong way against the slant of parked cars,

and raced up South Street past the basketball courts and up the hill.

Like some fugitive I crossed the park, not even thinking of taking her South Street short cut to the library, certain of my Main Street and Laurel Avenue path. No crazy, winding, back road shortcuts for me: life, simple and straight—the Lao Tze way.

I winced ... and tossed muddy Heiddeger into the corner trash.

Lou Gaglia teaches middle and high school English in upstate New York. His fiction has appeared in Eclectica, Waccamaw, The Cortland Review, The Hawai'i Review, and elsewhere. Poor Advice, his first story collection, will be available from Aqueous Books in 2014.

CAR ON FIRE

Ryan Mattern

Chuck was at Shug's, stirring sugar into his coffee when the call came in. A report of a car on fire up the 58. He pressed his thumbs into his eyelids, watched the purple fans start spinning. He stood up and righted his hat, placed three quarters on the bar and lowered the volume of the voice slung to his waistline.

He flipped the sirens on his cruiser and sped out into the fog. The mornings were getting colder, maybe they'd even get snow this year. Chuck could recall walking out into this kind of cold with no shirt on, embracing the needly autumn air like a man alive. He could not recall the name of the woman who warmed his bed this morning.

As he got closer, Chuck could see the churn of black smoke rising over the trees on the Niederman property. Dick Niederman was a pharmacist, he thought. A bead of condensation wormed its way down the driver-side window, then zagged as Chuck made a hard right onto the 58. Or was he an apple farmer?

Chuck was the first to respond. "You call?" he asked a looky-lou

leaned up against an SUV.

"Yes, officer. I was just on my way to work."

Chuck squinted at the black piece of plastic with the blinking blue light tucked into the man's ear. He must've stared for too long because the man's voice washed back into Chuck's head, blurry at first, then clear.

"Officer?" The man waved his hand in Chuck's face. Chuck shook his head.

"We'll get it taken care of," he said. "On your way."

The man opened his mouth as if to say something, then climbed into his car and disappeared upcountry.

Chuck palmed a handkerchief to his face and approached the car. The white sedan was aged with soot, the front end lacerated by fire, all the windows broken. The windshield was sunk-in and lapped with glistening orange flames. He peered inside. The seats had caught, but no sign of bodies. He pulled his walkietalkie out.

"Jolene, we need a fire engine

up here."

"It's Joanne," the voice crackled back.

"I said Joanne."

"Roger that."

"I know your damn name," Chuck said to no one.

Chuck walked a ways behind the car and sat down on the guardrail. His hands were shaking, and it took five tries to light his cigarette. The car fire made this amazing noise. It sounded like a wall of dirt clods rolling slowly down a mountain. Chuck was the only one left of four siblings. He wondered if their bodies had made this magnificent sound as they incinerated.

A skinny girl came walking up from a cropping of pines. She sat down beside Chuck. She had the sad markings of a jerkwater child. Ripped up Mickey Mouse sweater, dusty skin, smelled of gasoline.

"Bum one of those?"

Chuck handed her a cigarette, snapped his lighter. He watched her lips pull taut over teeth as she leaned in to it. Her teeth, a flash of yellow as she exhaled.

"Like to burn all morning, huh?"

"Looks that way," Chuck said. "Firemen are coming, though."

"Good."

"See anything?" Chuck asked.

"No, sir."

Chuck nodded.

He looked at the wooden cutout of Smokey the Bear a few yards up the road, then at the flaming car. He tried to make some sort of connection, but couldn't. He flicked his cigarette into the desert behind him. Chuck noticed the girl had scratch marks up and down her twiggy arms.

"You have a cat?" he asked, pointing at her arms.

"No, sir," she said, then rolled down her sleeves. "Just one dirty dog."

Fire engine sirens began to wail, their lights flickering against the Kitanemuk mounds.

"Ways around that." Though Chuck knew that because of who and where they were, this was a lie.

"You ever wish you could just forget everything and start over?" she asked.

Her eyes seemed far off. Chuck put his hand on her leg and smiled.

He stood and walked back to his police cruiser. He caught his reflection in the window and tugged at the loose skin of his face. So much of it had become unrecognizable.

Chuck left that patch of desert he'd remembered thinking of as Americana before the fire engines arrived. He thought of the girl for a moment, and then never again. The sun rose through an open seam of clouds and glittered a ray of light off Chuck's wedding ring. He took his hand off the steering wheel and reached for the CB.

"Alright Jolene, where's that car on fire?"

Ryan Mattern is an M.A. student in the Creative Writing Program at UC Davis, where he co-chairs "Fig + Axle", the graduate student reading series. He earned his B.A. in Creative Writing from CSUSB, where he won the Felix Valdez Award for short fiction. His work has appeared in Superstition Review, Ghost Town, and Poetry Quarterly, among others.

LE MORT

Ananda Foerch

The air was rich with the smell of rain as Charlene Kennedy sat outside the church. She was scrunched up in a ball of misery, but she tried very hard not to think about that. Her dress was getting soaked, ruining the thin fabric, and she didn't care. She'd already decided never to wear the thing again, anyway. If she did, all she'd be able to remember would be sitting inside the church on the red velvet pews, looking at the soft green carpet and watching the dull colors of the stained glass windows resting at her feet. She knew from experience that it was more colorful when it was brighter outside. She tried to remember going there as a kid, running along the aisles while her parents picked out a seat and she ... just wanted to be home, so she could take off this dress and forget this horrible day.

Like home was so much better. She was alone, and it was perpetually freezing now that there was no one to turn off the AC, because no one besides ... because no one knew how to work the damn thing.

She sat up and thought about

Joe, who had come all the way from college. He was staying with her, but she barely noticed his presence. She felt like a ghost, drifting everywhere, to her house, to her church ... through her life...

Ghost or not, she felt the water as it started to seep through her dress and onto the backs of her legs. She was cold. It was all she could feel these days. She really missed her sister.

A blast of warm air and the sound of Aunt Margery's teary voice floated out as she heard the heavy church door squeak open. It only lasted a moment. She kept her eyes closed. Why bother opening them when she knew who was going to be standing there? Besides, she liked the illusion that she was at home, and it was still three weeks ago before her sister had gotten that horrible infection. There was no use pretending she was at home, however. She was sitting on a cold, hard surface, slowly getting wetter and wetter with each minute that passed. If she was lucky, she wouldn't catch pneumonia. Or, maybe it would be lucky if she did. Charlene didn't really know anymore.

Joe's gentle voice drifted to her. "The service isn't over yet. There's still a good twenty minutes to go."

She didn't respond. Joe didn't move. He stayed where he was, just past the church door. She imagined him getting hit by the church door and then shuddered.

"Sitting out here by yourself is only going to make it hurt more."

"So sit with me."

She felt dulled surprise when Joe did. His heels clicked against the wet pavement and then he was next to her. Charlene felt his warmth on her skin, but that was as far as it went. She opened her eyes and leaned on his shoulder, looking over at the miniature river that flowed in the gutter across the street.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Joe clasping his hands together. His knees knocked against hers as he spread out. "It's warmer inside, you know."

She did know, actually. And, she didn't answer him.

Joe sighed. "Maybe the people inside are miserable, but at least they're warm."

"Do you think they are?" she asked, finally looking at Joe.

Charlene noticed how not-Joe he looked. He was trying hard to look as much Joe as he could for her, to get her back inside, but she'd known him since she was six. He hadn't even looked like this when her sister had broken up with him. He was sixteen at the time, and Charlene was thirteen. That was six years ago, though, and he and her sister had stayed friends, because that was Joe.

Now he was hunched over with his shoulders dropped forward, and his squinted brown eyes dulled of their perpetual amusement over a joke that Charlene never knew. He looked paler than Charlene had ever seen him. He looked beaten.

She realized that she was not the only one who must feel like a ghost.

Tears begin to form, and she forced herself to look away, back at the gutter, before she started to cry. If she started crying now, she wouldn't stop.

"What? Warm?" he asked.

She cleared her throat before she answered. "Um, miserable."

"Yes."

"Are you?"

It fell out before she could catch it from flying out of her stupid mouth.

She already knew the answer. It was written all over him. It was in the way he sat, the way he walked. Joe Charles was the epitome of misery.

"Yes."

She wondered if he would go on, but he didn't. She chanced a glance at him and saw that he was looking up, across the street, the hint of a tear in his eyes. Her own tears threatened to break free from the wall she'd built, so she followed his gaze.

Across the street, through the rain, she could see Martin the vendor. He'd been there ever since she could remember, so it was a wonder he was still setting up his stand at ten in the morning. There were rows upon rows of apples sitting snugly on his wooden stand.

His back was to her, which was why he did not see the kid come out of nowhere. Charlene realized too late what the little boy was about to do, but there was no time to warn Martin. The kid had already grabbed an apple and tugged, sending every apple above it tumbling down.

Charlene flinched, and Martin cried out. The only person happy with this arrangement was the kid, who

was running down the street with his treasure.

What was the point of that? She felt tears burn at the corners of her eyes and she looked down at her lap. Martin had worked hard to put the fruit on his stand, only to have some stupid kid send everything tumbling down. The apples thudded loudly to the ground. Each thud made her ache, knowing that poor Martin was losing everything. Worse were the sounds he was making, desperate pleas with each apple that hit the ground, telling them to please stop. She thought about that stupid kid and wished that she'd tripped him. She imagined him sprawled on the street with a skinned knee instead of enjoying his treasure. But then, the stupid kid would be crying in the street and she would start crying and then she would fall apart completely.

She distracted herself by looking up at the bar across the street, to Martin's left. She noticed the blackened exterior, like it had burned down in a fire recently, but the sign over the door proclaimed that it was not only still standing, but open. On top of the bar she read "Le Mort."

> Mercifully, the apples stopped 2014 EDITION 23

falling, but the ache of each individual thud had left her feeling sore.

"Someone else is having a bad day," Joe commented.

To distract herself, she ignored his comment and asked, "Do you know what "Le Mort" means?"

"What?" Joe asked, sounding surprised. Confused, she looked at Joe.

"Look," she said, pointing out the sign sitting atop the bar, "Le Mort."

She watched Joe scan the sign, and then frown. "Well, it sure looks like death," he mumbled.

Her eyes widened. "W-what?" she stuttered out.

He looked back at her. "It's pronounced "Le Mor." It means "death" in French."

"Oh," she said. He looked back across the street and she looked back at her lap, wringing her hands. Her hands were cold, but she wasn't surprised, nor was she surprised by the translation of "Le Mort." Of course she would point out the death building.

Rain was dripping from her bangs down to her already wet dress when Joe, a slight smile in his voice, said, "Look."

When she looked up, she saw the

apples, bruised and strewn all over the street. She watched as a middle-aged man, joined by a young woman, picked up the fruit. The man's umbrella was turned upside down and he, the young woman, and Martin put the fruit in the umbrella. Martin was thanking them profusely for their help.

She put her head on Joe's shoulder again and closed her eyes, silently thanking the young woman and the man for the help they were offering Martin. After a moment, Joe wrapped his arm around Charlene, and although he also was wet, he was still warm. She breathed in his musky scent, so comforting and familiar that she almost broke down in his arms.

Instead, she thought of all the people inside the warm church. She felt Joe's warmth as he sat next to her on the cold, grey pavement. She thought of her older sister, preserved forever at 23, lying in the casket.

For a moment, the only noises were those of people shuffling around, saving Martin's apples. The rain started to let up. When she finally opened her eyes, Charlene watched as they worked as a team to pick up the umbrella and drop the apples into a crate the woman

had retrieved. Together, they finished in a few minutes, and when the last bruised and broken fruit was dumped into the crate, Martin hugged the man and then the woman. She heard words of gratitude and promises of better fruit on a different day. The saviors were exchanging smiles with Martin and each other

The sun peeked through the clouds. Her skin caught the heat and she felt a little warmth. She withdrew from Joe and clasped her hands together again. She was surprised. Her hands were starting to feel warm.

Across the street, the man who helped Martin squeezed his shoulder, and then the woman gave him another quick hug. Charlene looked at Joe through tear-filled eyes.

"Let's go back inside."

Joe nodded, and together they made their way back inside for the last ten minutes of a service filled with sad, but loving, people, colors that

now danced more brightly on the floor through stained-glass windows, and warmth.

Ananda Foerch is an English major currently studying at Crafton Hills College. Her aspirations include publishing a full length novel and getting better at air-hockey. She currently lives in the beautiful state of California with her family.

CHANGED

James P. Hanley

The decline had begun three years ago; Alex would experience tremors in his arms and later his legs, but he was quick to dismiss the uncontrolled movement, until one day the motions threw him off balance and he fell, stopping the tumble with a quick grab of the couch arm. At times, especially when fatigued, his speech was slurred. He was diagnosed with "Parkinson's-like" disease, the label reflecting the uncertainty.

"He's only fifty-four," his wife, Melanie, said to the specialist after that first examination.

"It will get worse. The medication will help, but not stop the progression, and there are often behavioral changes. He'll do and say things that are out of character, illogical, maybe even obsessive or delusional. It's hard to know at this stage."

In the beginning, Alex joked about his condition. "Want to see my Joe Cocker moves?" and he'd imitate the twitching 60's singer. He refused to abdicate to limitations, although he was taking more time off from work. A year later, he couldn't do his job any longer.

"How can we afford this house and everything else?" he asked at lunch one blustery Saturday.

"You get disability payments, I work, and we have good medical benefits through my company," Melanie said.

"What if I get so bad, you need to be around more?"

"We'll hire someone to help and—"

"Never happening," he said sharply.

Later that afternoon, she saw him taking down a heavy coat from the rack in the hallway.

"Where are you going?"

"To shovel. It snowed; haven't you looked out the window?"

"Those boys from down the street clear the sidewalks for pay, why not wait for them?"

He didn't answer.

"Be careful," she called out to him as he opened the front door.

Melanie periodically peered out the front window. One time, she saw him lying on a stretch of snow-covered grass. Without a coat, she ran outside and toward him. Alex was staring up, a blank expression on his face, the snow pushed up in small, surrounding mounds around him by his fall. Suddenly, he smiled and waved his

arms and legs, making snow angels in the soft powder. Melanie laughed, and he moved his limbs more rapidly. She leaped to the cushioning ground and moved in rhythm with him, forming similar impressions in the snow until both were chilled and went inside.

Undressing quickly upstairs to shed the wet clothes, Alex watched her as she slipped off her trousers, sweater and moist undergarments. She gestured to him to sit on the bed and she pressed him down on the mattress with the weight of her body.

* * * * *

One morning, a few months later, Melanie woke and Alex was out of the bed. He'd sometimes sleep in the guest bedroom if he was restless or the medication failed to stop his shaking motion at night. After showering, she went downstairs and saw him in the kitchen, sipping coffee. Drops of coffee spotted his white shirt, and a partially knotted tie hung from the unbuttoned collar

"You're dressed pretty fancy," she said.

"I'm going to work."

She said softly, "Alex, the job's gone."

"I know that," he interrupted and

huffed out.

When Alex returned, he sat on the couch and said, "I'm not myself any more. You should think about leaving me."

Melanie sat on the couch next to him and placed her head on his shoulder.

A few days later, he said, "If you cheat on me, I would kill the bastard." After that, he talked about unfaithfulness for months. "Do you have lunch with men?" One time, he crudely asked about her relationships before they met. "How many guys did you fuck before me?"

After his next exam, Melanie explained to his doctor, "He's worked himself up with the notion that I'm cheating on him. He accuses me, even lingers when I pick up the phone and sometimes listens in."

"I told you that the symptoms are, of course, similar to Parkinson's. Unfortunately, an exact diagnosis can only be known through autopsy. I can adjust his medication, but there are other side effects with a higher dose. It can't be avoided."

"What you're really saying is, suck it up." Melanie sighed in resignation, grabbed her purse, and went to her car. When she got home, she smelled meat cooking as she came through the front door. She found Alex in the kitchen, stirring chopped meat and shaking in seasoning. Curled flour shells were lined up in a baking pan, and a box of rice was opened on the counter. "What are you making?" she asked as she kissed his cheek.

"Comida Mexicana, esposa."

"You're so sexy when you speak Spanish, Pancho."

He smiled and pointed toward the refrigerator, "The wine is chilled. I know I can only have one glass."

Melanie took two glasses from the cabinet above the sink, and noticed the portable phone on the counter. It was smashed.

"What happened to the phone?"

"Oh," he said, "I got angry and broke it. My brother called, and all he kept saying was 'what' and kept telling me to speak louder. I got so mad I threw the phone and stepped on it."

"Was he still on the line when you stomped on the phone?" she asked, laughing.

"I think so."

"You speak low sometimes and your words aren't as clear as they once were. It's the illness. He should know that."

"My defender," he said as he tossed the rice in boiling water.

"Siempre, amigo."

While eating, she explained the project she was working on, but sensed he wasn't listening. When she called his name, he seemed to snap from distraction and said, "Delicious meal."

She chuckled and asked, "Did you take your medicine today?"

"No, it makes me sick to my stomach."

"You shouldn't stop like that—"
"I said it makes me sick."

After dinner, they sat in the living room, the television on while she read. Once, when she looked at him, she saw that he was staring at the wall. Reaching over, she shut off the program.

"What are you so lost in thought about?" she asked

"I never stumbled, even as a boy. I always seemed to have my footing ... could climb without losing balance, ever." Tears were pooling in his eyes.

In the following months, she noticed that he was forgetting common habits, shaped by residing in the same house for twenty years: the drawer where the toothpaste was kept, the key holder on the wall near the garage, the remote for the television. He was forgetting to flush, and occasionally left the car running in the driveway. Once she saw him sitting in front of the computer, staring at the screen, the

login box empty. "What's the fucking password?" he called out to her. When she reached over his shoulder and typed it in, he said, "Why did you change it?"

"I didn't."

"You did. That wasn't the password." Alex slammed down the laptop lid.

As the days passed, the shaking increased and his steadiness declined. Eventually, his gait became so unstable and his reaction so slow that he fell often, mostly resulting in bruises and scrapes, but occasionally deep cuts. Each time he fell, she rushed to help him. He resisted her assistance, and struggled to get back up on his own.

"You need a walker, or at least a cane," she said to him later.

He glared at her. When he tripped over the rug a few days later, he rejected her help with a hard push that knocked her down.

Each Saturday, Melanie dressed early for errands. On her way out one morning, she saw that he was watching a cable movie in which a naked woman was writhing on the floor. "What are you—"

He interrupted, "Where you going?"

"To the supermarket. Do you need something?"

"No. I'm going with you."

"You hate food shopping."

In the market he pushed the cart, one leg dragging slightly behind the other. When she left another time for a hair appointment, he insisted on going. Sitting in a corner chair at the salon, he watched the woman cut Melanie's hair as intently as a supervisor overseeing a novice.

"Why did you go with me today?" she asked at home, her voice rising. "I want an answer."

"I wanted to see how long it took."

One evening at dusk, Melanie took the garbage out to the curb and her neighbor, a divorced man in his early forties, walked over to where she was. "How's Alex?" he said.

"The same, pretty much."

Their conversation was disrupted by the sound of a slamming door. Melanie turned to see Alex stumbling toward them.

"Is this the one?" His face was bright red. He turned toward the neighbor and said, "You can have her when I'm dead."

Melanie grabbed her husband's arm and pulled him into the house. "Don't ever do that again," she said sharply.

One afternoon in summer, he called her at work. His voice was

strained. "I had," he paused, "an accident."

"My god," she nearly screamed, "are you hurt? Was anyone else injured? Where are you?" When she got there, she saw a police car, an angry woman gesturing toward Alex, and Alex sitting on the curb, his head in his hands. The cars involved had side damage. Melanie sat next to her husband.

"I didn't see the car, I swear, but he," pointing toward the police officer, "thought I was drunk."

"I'll explain to him," she said, stroking his hair.

The furious woman drove away, and Melanie talked to the policeman who said, "He staggered when he got out, and his speech was slurred."

"I know. Those are symptoms."
"He shouldn't be driving."
"I know that, too."

For a while, he didn't drive and stayed in the house watching television. When she came home, he seemed glad to see her at first, but later he accused her of abandoning him. He made snide remarks, comparing her days, filled with interaction and flirtation, against the monotony in his life.

"I can't talk to you about anything without you twisting what I say, or making it about you," she said to him after an argument. The first time he struck her she was stunned, less by the sting of the slap than the quickness of his ire over a mild disagreement. He retreated into the bathroom, staying in there for more than an hour. She listened at the door for sounds of his movement, scurrying away when she saw the doorknob turn. That night, he slept in the other bedroom.

From then on she deflected his hand, leaving welts and bruises on her defending arm, but repeated like a mantra, "It's the disease," as she massaged the tender areas.

One time, a blow swelled her lip and she angrily said, "I know you're sick, but there are times I can't stand you." She inhaled deeply after, as if to draw back the words. "I meant the way you treat me. It's not like how you were before"

"You won't have to deal with me for too long."

"Stop saying that. Stop saying that!"

A few weeks later, Alex went upstairs early one night, and she followed shortly behind. He was lying on the bed, nude, limp, waiting. Melanie undressed in the bathroom. After she aroused him and straddled him, she looked down at his blank expression. She began to weep, her

tears flowing over her breasts and onto his chest. Melanie reached down, grabbed his shoulders and began to shake him, "I know you're in there, goddamn it!"

He grasped her upper arms hard and with one swift motion, tossed her over the far side of the bed. Her head struck the night table. Melanie sat semi-conscious on the carpeted floor as the blood dripped over her ear. Alex stumbled out of the room and down the stairs. Melanie got up slowly and went into the bathroom, leaving a blood trail on the light rug. She dressed and moved down the stairs, holding the bannister. Just before she went out the door, she looked toward the living room and saw him watching television, still naked.

At the hospital, a nurse, followed by a tall, thin man, came to see her after the emergency physician stitched the gash. "We want to keep you overnight. Could you tell us how you were injured?"

"I fell."

The man stepped to the side of the nurse and asked, "That doesn't explain the bruises on your arms."

"This is Detective Holman," the nurse said.

After moments of furious weeping, Melanie explained what happened.

In the morning, as she prepared to check out, her husband's physician came into the room. "He's a danger to you and to himself. He's now in the special ward here. I can arrange confinement to a nursing facility shortly. With controlled medication, he'll present less risk, maybe even return home, but not for a while. Melanie, the man you've always known is gone."

In the following week she visited him daily, spending hours at his bedside as he drifted between a drugged sleep and a dulled wakefulness. The physician told her he could make arrangements for his transfer to the nursing facility by ambulance, but Melanie declined, saying that she would take him the next day.

That morning, she came early and, grabbing one of Alex's arms, the other in the grip of a stocky nurse, Melanie put him in the front seat of her car, buckling around his fidgeting body. She drove to the street of the nursing home, and then past it. Melanie drove home. She reached to help him out and felt his arm go around her shoulder, more, it seemed to her, as an embrace than for support. Lifting from the seat, Alex stood, his eyes filling with tears. He walked slowly to the front door, gently refusing her

help. That afternoon, Melanie ignored the phone call from the doctor's office asking about Alex's whereabouts. Late that night she left a message, knowing no one was there at the medical office, telling them that she'd taken him home.

In the following weeks, Alex improved. The physician prescribed medication that calmed him but maintained lucidity. There were times he was irrational and his movements more labored.

Alex's deterioration accelerated over the winter months and, by spring, he spent most of his days in bed. He was not a threat now. His strength had dissipated, the only violence coming at night when he thrashed in his sleep. Melanie moved him into the guest bedroom. She slept fitfully with the doors open, listening for sounds from his room. Eventually, she hired a caregiver for the daytime, placed a portable commode in the corner, and had his meals served on a tray.

One evening in June, she went in his room and watched him sleeping. It was past midnight. His mouth was in a pucker, slurping like a breast-feeding infant. Melanie lay down beside him until the sun peered over the sill and covered them with transparent light. She was awaken by the thought that some morning to come – probably soon – would be much the same, except she'd be alone.

James P. Hanley is an adjunct faculty member of Human Resources at the University of Maryland. In addition to articles on HR topics, he has written over 70 short stories published in print and online magazines. Jim's first novel will be published in November 2014.

THE GARDEN

Joseph L. Dahut

Before I left Portland, I cried in the company of the garden. The tangled Japanese maples cursed at the moss trying to suffocate it. The slimy green water looked like an abandoned pool, a dirty port for insects and disease, yet it harbored the beauty of centuries. The grumpy trees and the conniving shrubs fought with each other over land and nutrients of the garden. The community quarreled, but worked together to protect something precious.

The gray sky told me to go back inside, while the birds beckoned me closer. My boots slushed through the marshed grounds, and through the silhouette of the Japanese maples, I could see the water winking at me.

Taking a seat on my bench, I breathed a deep breath as I so often did when I first sat down in the garden. The sun fought the clouds to get some stage time, creating a twinkle on the scene.

I reminisced about the hands I held under those trees, the lips that grazed mine, and the natural, genuine love formed from the love of the natural, genuine world. Now, all those memories had no hope for a future. I

decided to finally move out of Portland.

I spent three hours sitting on my bench listening to the garden give me advice. The garden knew how to heal the wounds that modern medicine never quite could. The only medicine for a broken mind does not come in a bottle or from a prescription. No, the only true medicine knocks on the gates of our minds every time we wake up. So far I had been escaping the confines of my mind, but the move felt as though I was closing the gates back up.

And so I left the greatest group of friends I had ever known. I promised the birds, water, and maples I would come back for them, but if I learned one trick from Portland, it was that nature "knows." They all knew I was lying. I never felt a greater sadness, and as I dropped to my knees, I felt the soft floor embrace my legs like a child when her father leaves for a business trip.

I rose, and with each step away from the garden, a gunshot fired on my heart. The massacre occurred in the silence of the Oregon sunlight, but no one would ever know what happened.

With tears in my eyes, I ran away

from the murder scene. There was no blood, no caution tape, and no sirens. The memory of the garden would taunt me for the rest of my life. I made a mistake.

Joseph L. Dahut is a senior at Gonzaga College High School in Washington, D.C. where he leads the Gonzaga Poets and Writers Club and edits for the literary journal, *The Phoenix*. Next fall, Joseph will pursue English at Drew University in Madison, New Jersey.

Pepper McClain

Francesca Astiazaran

"Do you want that I should fix you up a bowl of that soup?" Do you want THAT I SHOULD? I knew what she meant, but I couldn't get past what I know now to be a relative pronoun (that), a subject pronoun (I), and a modal (should) where an object pronoun (me) and a "to" (to form the infinitive "to fix") should have been. I didn't know why she was wrong then, but I knew she was, and I knew I didn't like it.

This was Grandma Pepper, a northern Californian by way of Oklahoma, my mom's mom and the resident nice old lady with a checkered past that she had long forgotten. Even as a kid, I knew enough of the story to know that I forgave her nothing, linguistic anomalies included.

Astiazaran

Francesca Astiazaran

My name is Francesca Michelle Astiazaran. That's 27 letters, one letter more than the English alphabet has. It's a lot to say; it's even more to read, especially the last bit. Very few of the people who have called my name from the various roll sheets and rosters it's been listed on throughout my life have read my last name the way that it's actually pronounced: Ah-stee-ah-zahrahn. That's the way it's pronounced now, anyhow. It's a name that's Spanish in origin, and it used to carry an accent over the final "a," which showed an emphasis on the final syllable. Ah-steeah-za-RAHN is how it would sound, but somewhere down the line, this accent got left behind.

My Grandfather's name was
Francisco Manuel AstiazaRAN, and
from what I gather, he was the last
person in my family to observe our
accent. It could be that he was the last
generation in my family to consistently
handwrite the things he needed to put
on a page. It could be that he took pride
in his heritage, or even just accuracy,
but he never let his accent go. For my
father, a product of typewriters, word

processors, and now even computers, the task of tracking down the various methods for adding an accent above a letter may have become too great a burden to bear. And, really, who can blame him for giving up? It's just one teeny-tiny complement to one letter in a name with dozens of them.

I myself couldn't tell you how to get any of the keyboards on any of my computers or devices to produce an accented "a," although it's probably easy to find out. Despite my ignorance (and admitted apathy) surrounding keyboard functions, I think about our accent, and I wonder if anything was lost in the translation—some small piece of who we are. Since the accent doesn't appear on my birth certificate, I have never had the benefit of strength in that final syllable. I've used my accentless name again and again as a way to affirm my identity. I've signed important things using it, my daughter's birth certificate—the affirmation of her identity—being one. I've even used it to solemnly swear a few things. Names are no small business, and I have to wonder how

these affirmations of identity (not just in terms of orthography, but in terms of pronunciation, too) might have felt different to me with that extra bit of emphasis and force. I think sometimes about putting the accent back, and I imagine me, with my name, but a little stronger. But, then, I think, if it wasn't mine to give up, is it mine to put back?

Besides, what difference could something so small as an accent make?

Lots

Francesca Astiazaran

1. Much or many: a large amount or a large number of people or things.

"Lots is a baby word, and we don't say baby words in the third grade. So, you just take that word and pull it right out of your mouth—and you throw it out the window. You just throw it out." The nice lady with the loose brown bun made a throwing motion with her hand as she told me this.

I don't remember how I used "lots" that day—why I had to "throw it out"—but I do remember shifting my gaze toward the open window and imagining bubble letters, "I" "o" and "t," sailing out and landing with a bounce upside down on the concrete. I was being cleansed of "baby" words because of my official diagnosis: baby talk. I saw the "speech lady" once a week for the whole school year, and, together, we threw out lots of words.

Word Games

Francesca Astiazaran

My dad, Steven, likes words. And because of my dad, by a very young age, I knew a lot of words that were inapplicable for a child in most contexts. He was obsessed with Latin—we used it all the time around our house. Under his coaching, I learned what mea culpas and non sequiturs were right alongside their English equivalents, and I could belt out a list (in alphabetical order, mind you) of English words with Latin roots like nobody's business. This stuff was fun for me. It was how I connected with my dad, and it has unquestionably shaped the way I connect with others. I like words. I like the sounds of words. I like the meanings of words. I like when we agree to agree about them. I like when we don't. I like that we're all in this word game together. I like being both the originator

and receiver of words. I like how one person says words differently than another. I like to watch the way mouths and faces shape and reshape in a daring effort to produce a single unit of sound or meaning. I'm happiest when I'm locked in the throes of conversation. I like words.

Francesca Astiazaran holds a BA in English Literature and has taught Freshman Writing and English as a Second Language. She is finishing her MA with a dual concentration in Applied Linguistics and Composition at CSUSB. She is also a wife, mother, sister, daughter, friend, and part-time capybara trainer

ANNE RICE: DISCOVERIES OF HER OWN

By Pamela Donahue

Anne Rice's writing career took off in 1976 when *Interview With The Vampire* was published, but it is *The Vampire Chronicles*, an extremely popular series of novels that have established her as one of the most successful American authors of gothic literature. *Interview With The Vampire: The Vampire Chronicles* was adapted for film in 1994, featuring such actors as Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt, and Kirsten Dunst. *Queen of the Damned* was adapted for film in 2002, and *The Feast of All Saints* was adapted for television in 2001. Her writing interests, however, have turned out to be as varied as her history.

In 1998, Anne Rice returned from atheism to the Roman Catholic Church and authored two fictional books on the life of Jesus as a boy in *Christ the Lord: Out of Egypt* and Jesus as a man, just before he began his public ministry, in *Christ the Lord: The Road to Cana*. Anne Rice's range of genres – gothic, erotica, and Christian – have all combined to make her one of the most controversial and excoriated figures in the literary world.

ANNE



The Sand Canyon Review is very proud to feature Anne Rice in this year's edition.

Among our readers here at The Sand Canyon Review, we have many aspiring authors. Different authors have different devices to help their writing, such as daily routines or rituals. Is there a time of day that is best for you, insofar as writing is concerned?

Late morning, and all afternoon and sometimes early

evening. No longer late night. Just doesn't work anymore.

Do you outline when you write?

A: I have outlined books in the past, roughly. But no, usually I do not. And if I do outline a part, I remain always ready to junk the outline and go where the book takes me. Different novels involve different challenges.

RICE

Q: How are you most successful in writing books in a series? Do you like to write multiple books at once, or just one at a time? Why?

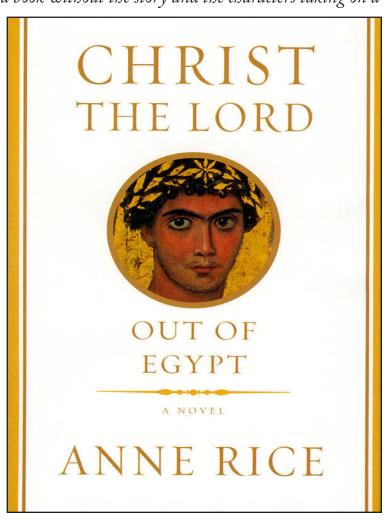
A: I write one book at a time. Series grow organically. Only with "Songs of the Seraphim" did I plan a series and it did not work out. I got two books done, and have not yet gotten to the third. The plan for the series is already changed in my mind and heart.

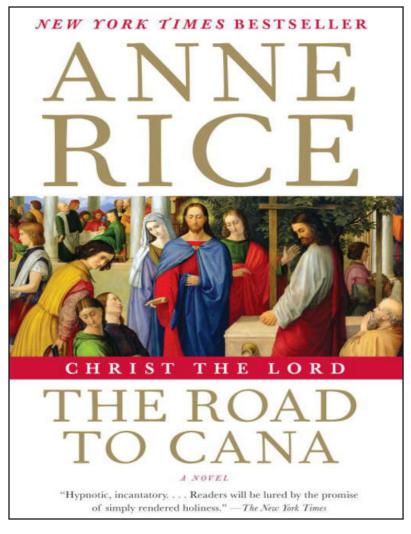
Q: A common phenomenon among writers is when the story seems to take on a life of its own. Is there ever a point in your writing when a character "takes over" and steers you in an unexpected direction?

A: Always! My characters have to take on a life of their own, or the book for me goes nowhere. I have never written a book without the story and the characters taking on a

life of their own. I trust to the subconscious when writing, to the feeling of excitement about what is happening as though I were channeling it. I love working in that way, and know no other way to write. I've never written a book in a dry, cold manner with everything planned out. It is always an adventure, involving multiple surprises.

Q: Speaking of an unexpected direction, I would like to ask you some questions about your two books, Christ the Lord:
Out of Egypt and Christ the Lord: The Road to Cana.
These two books are quite





a departure from your previous literature based on vampires. Sometimes, when there is such a switch from one subject matter to another, there may be an accompanying change in style. Did you also experience a change, or perhaps a conflict, in style with the new subject matter?

A: I sought a different voice and style consciously for these books. I did tremendous research for both novels, and wanted to create "a voice" for Jesus that I felt was convincing for His time. In writing from the point of view of a character who is God and Man, and also a First century biological

person, one has to create the illusion of what that person might have sounded like. And that illusion for me embraced the world seen through the character of Jesus' eyes in those novels. Of course, this is "illusion." You are always using a modern vocabulary. But you try to avoid distinctly modern words, words that indicate attitudes that are entirely modern, etc. I labored with joy on those books. I felt I was living in Nazareth when I wrote them. I knew the town, the heat, the dust, etc. I loved the experience.

Q: You've demonstrated that part of your style is a painstaking attention to detail, and I think it may surprise some of our readers to learn exactly how far that goes. In the "Author's Notes" section of your *Christ the Lord* books, I was fascinated by the amount of research you gathered before you began. For

the sake of our readers who haven't discovered this about you, can you briefly describe what kind of research you conducted?

A: I read as much history as I could — Josephus, Philo, Tacitus, Pliny — anything that would give me insight into the early centuries of the Common Era. I read tons of books on archaeology, geography, climate of the Mediterranean world, and sociological studies of the peoples of the area and how they thought, felt, expressed themselves. I read tons of biblical scholarship of all kinds — from the most skeptical to the finest scholarship by believers — like the work of Craig S. Keener, Larry Hurato; Richard Bauckham, and N.T. Wright. I read the Jewish scholarship on the New Testament and on the historical Jesus. I loved the research. I did research on languages, politics, the Roman world, all aspects, ancient literature of other peoples. I immersed myself in all this. I looked up when fig trees bore fruit, and why olive groves had ritual baths built near them and what kind of looms were used in the home. It was a joy.

Q: What was the most difficult part, or your greatest challenge? Which part did you like the most?

A: I loved all of it, truly, but finding the voice of the narrator, the main character, is always the hardest part for me. When it comes, it really does come, and it's a joy then to be writing. Same with these novels.

Q: Who was the most interesting person you met along the way? Why?

A: I'm not sure. No one person comes to mind. I met so many people — our guides in Israel, scholars who communicated generously by email. I'm not sure. I came away with immense admiration for Craig S. Keener, a biblical scholar who knows Greek and Roman literature as well as the Bible. Can't say.

Q: Did you discover anything in your research that surprised you? If so, what was it? Did you like it? If it was something you didn't like or know what to do with, what did you do?

Well, many things surprised me in my research. The first thing, I suppose, was that most movies about Jesus don't really explain why he was crucified; they simply unfold a story in which it happens. But a man from outer space watching one of these movies might ask: why did they execute the guy?

The second big surprise was that there was no evidence at all that Jesus or his family were poor. A carpenter, a tekton, in those times was not necessarily poor. I went with what I discovered there, that Jesus and his family probably would have had a lot of work to do, with Nazareth being so near to Sepphoris, and they might have been a large family living fairly well by the standards of those times, with a healthy garden outside of Nazareth, and a large communal house with a mikvah.

The third discovery was that Jesus and his family were likely tri-lingual. They heard and understood some Hebrew, though they were read the targums in Aramaic in the synagogue, and likely they knew tradesmen's Greek and would have heard it all the time in Jerusalem. Another great discovery was that Jesus was never anti-Jewish, that the gospels support him as a devout Jew, whose critical remarks were aimed at certain definite groups like Pharisees or Scribes but never at the Jewish people who were, in fact, his people. I loved all this and sought to use it in my novel, to paint a rich, complex picture of Jesus in his time, and avoid all the clichés and foolishness and rank anti-Semitism that often surrounds Jesus in movies.

Eventually, after finishing the two novels, I did discover something I didn't like -that the Christian Belief System, as we have it today, did not seem to me to be rooted in the Old Testament or the New Testament. And that's why I've never been able to write a third book about the public life of Jesus. I do not want a battle with Christians over Jesus' public life.

Also, the gospels left me with no real conclusions about the theological arguments about what Jesus taught. I don't think it is clear at all what he taught; the records are full of contradictions. I didn't find the Jesus of Bloody Atonement theory (Anselm; Calvin, etc.) in the New Testament. And I didn't find the exclusive Jesus of Love -- so popular today -- in the New Testament, either. I found no convincing evidence for any popular theory of who or what Jesus was. So there is no third book and perhaps never will be. I did find much heartbreakingly beautiful teaching, especially in Luke and Matthew. But I came away unconvinced by Protestants and Catholics alike as to who Jesus was. And I came away completely unconvinced by anything said by Paul, except perhaps 1 Corinthians 13.

Q: How are your own personal memories and feelings involved, if at all, in your research? Did you rely on them as much as academic research – that is, did you sometimes go with gut feelings?

A: I always go by gut feelings; I reach for what feels authentic. I know no other way to work.

Q: I'm sure you've received a lot of positive feedback about your two *Christ the Lord* books, especially insofar as the parts that your readers like the most. What was your favorite part?

A: I have favorite parts. I loved writing the part in the first book where Jesus is taken to the rabbis of Nazareth and they love him and he loves them. I loved writing the part in the end where he goes to the Temple and the rabbi tells him of the Slaughter of the Innocents in Bethlehem. I loved seeking to bring to life a vision of daily existence not in the bible, and also bringing to life and accepting all that was in the bible that might have influenced Jesus as a child.

In the second book, it was the same. Jesus' relationship with his brother, James, I loved writing. I loved creating a fictional neighbor and friend, Jason. Writing the books was pure joy.

Q: How did you visualize the boy Jesus and his voice? What was your process in fleshing out his character, and/or getting inside his mind?

A: I think I've answered that. I researched, I pondered, I prayed, I meditated, and then I sought for what felt to me like an authentic voice — all things, and I mean all things, considered.

Q: Many times, authors think of something after the fact that they wish they had done differently. Since the two books came out in 2005 and 2008, you've had some time to hear from your reading audience, and to think about the books yourself. Is there anything you wish you had included and/or would like to change?

I wish I had not had Jesus lost and found in the Temple before he was twelve. I had this happen to him when he was younger, but I should have found some way to bring him up to twelve. I was faithful to the gospel in everything else, but I made that happen to him at a younger age. Of course, one can read my novel and assume that he will again get lost at the age of twelve and have a moment of wanting to remain in the Temple ... yes, one can assume that. But my changing this ... I don't think it was good. However, very few people have ever mentioned it to me.

I hear that Christ the Lord: Out of Egypt is being made into a movie to be released in March 2015. You must be very excited! How did this come about?

A: Cyrus Nowrasteh, a brilliant director and screen writer, who writes scripts with his wife, Betsy, became interested in the rights, and they have the option. The script is faithful and brilliant. And they have high hopes to go into active development soon.

Are there any movie plans for the sequel, Christ the Lord: The Road to Cana?

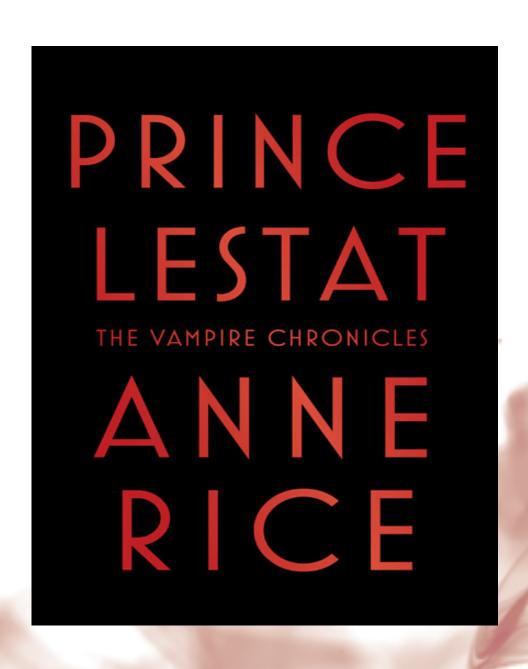
A: Not now. Perhaps someday.

What are your writing plans for the future?

I have returned to my vampire characters with renewed passion after ten years of absence. I want to pursue metaphysical answers through them again and in a new way. I no longer associate them with the dark years of depression I experienced years ago; and I have been successful in revisiting them with a new optimism and passion for using the metaphor of the vampire as an outsider, an outcast, a lonely questing soul who lives with cosmic uncertainty.

I am writing other books as well. I am once again visiting ghosts, werewolves, vampires, fictional immortals ... seeking to continue to my spiritual journey on the page. I am revisiting my erotica. I feel good about this, but it is not an easy thing to explain to some segments of my audience. I am controversial and always have been -- hated by one group, praised by another, despised by yet another, and lauded by yet another. It

just goes on and on. I am an outsider, an outcast, and I suppose all my characters are, including Jesus as I wrote about him in his loneliness and suffering and quiet acceptance in Nazareth. I hope I did well by him as a fictional character. I hope I have done well by all of my characters.



The Sand Canyon Review would like to thank Anne Rice for some valuable insights into her creative process, and wish her success in all her future endeavors! 2014 EDITION 49











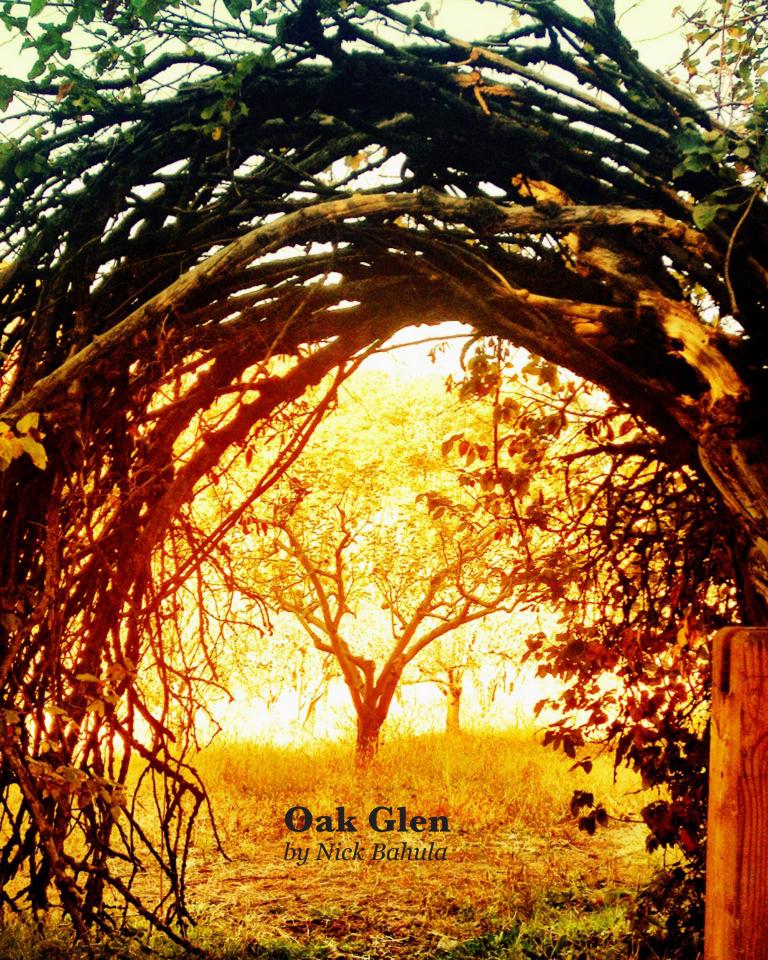




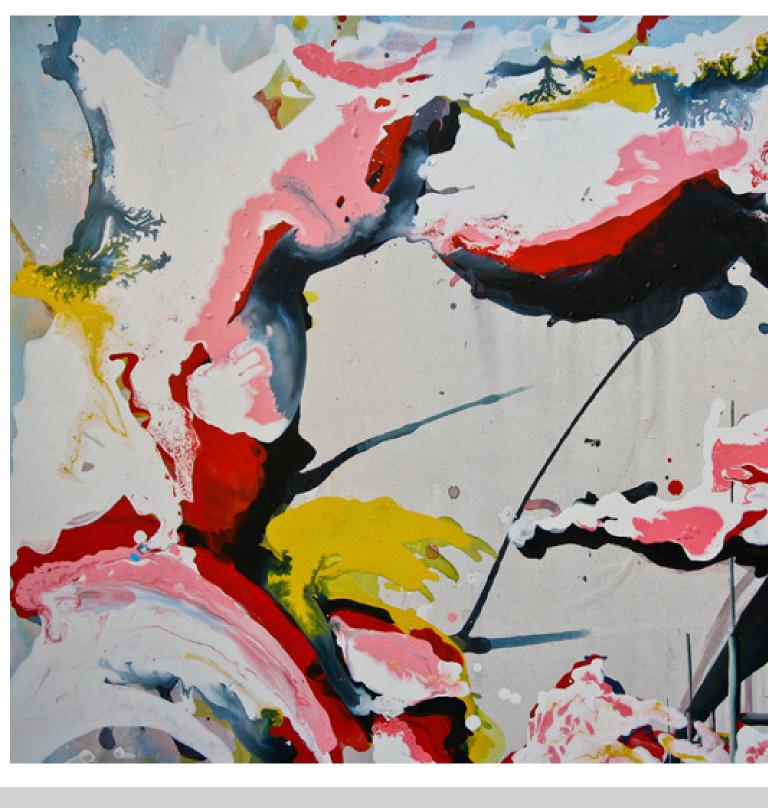
[Untitled] by Aeron Brown



Aeron Razz Brown was born and raised in the Inland Empire. At the passing of his father at a young age, Aeron was submersed in his father's sketches, lyrics and creativity. As any son does, Aeron wanted to connect with his father in the very few ways he knew how, art and music. Aeron captures light and beauty with a modern indie style of acrylic paintings. He shares his vibrant, colorful, creations all over Southern California and has now become a very well established artist.







Before Sunrise by Emmanuel De Leon



As an intuitive artist, Emmanuel De Leon's process is as rich as the end result. He freestyle every step and let the layers build. Paintings go through so many phases and his process can switch directions by mediums or styles at any time, working until the painting has a balance of vibrancy and visual dynamic. Because Emmanuel relies on his intuition and consciousness, his art becomes a self-reflection providing windows of self-discovery. In the end, he hopes to give the audience something beautiful and reflective.





Sacrificeby Paul Navarrette



Bangerz by Paul Navarrette



Ozymandias

by Brittany Miller

Brittany Miller is twenty-one years old and has lived in the Yucaipa, California community all her life. She is a senior currently studying at the University of Redlands, California. She will be receiving her BA in History this April and intends to enroll in graduate school to further study History, specifically focusing in cartography. Art has always played a huge role in her life both as a way to escape and understand the world around her. She hopes upon graduating that she can focus more of her attention towards art and continue growing as an artist.







Life Not Yet Writtenby Andrew Estrada



Omniscience by Andrew Estrada



[Untitled] by Daniel Madden

Daniel Madden is an Inland Empire native and visual artist currently enrolled in CSUSB's Studio Art program. He is a lover of art and artists themselves, and believes that art has the power to motivate, inspire, and transcend mediums to make connections with people's hearts and minds.







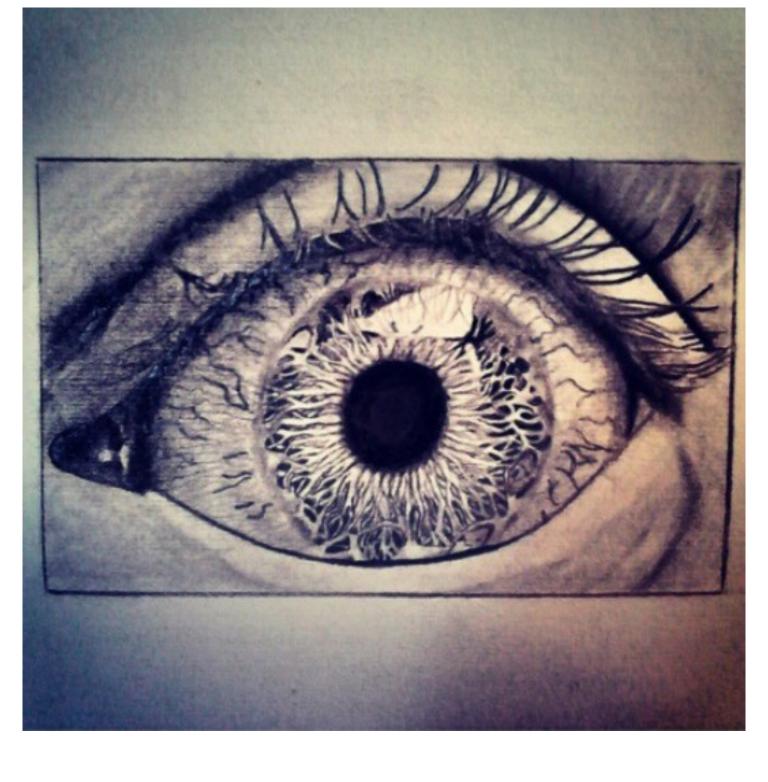
Mysteriously Gray by Alexis Ellington

Alexis Ellington has always enjoyed the thought of capturing a memory or a magical moment. That is one of the reasons why she does photography and has been pursuing it since 2009. It has quickly become not only a passion of hers but part of her soul. Alexis hopes her love and passion can be seen through every photo.



Cathedral by Reanna Marchman

Reanna Marchman graduated from CSUSB in June 2012 with her degree in English- Creative Writing. Her poems have been published in *The Sand Canyon Review*, *The Wild Lemon Project*'s online Journal, *Tin Cannon*, and *shufPoetry*. Reanna is the Assistant Youth Director at Hillside Community Church. She is also a photographer and makes her own hygiene products. She is happily married to Joshua Smith and they have two dogs and a cat.

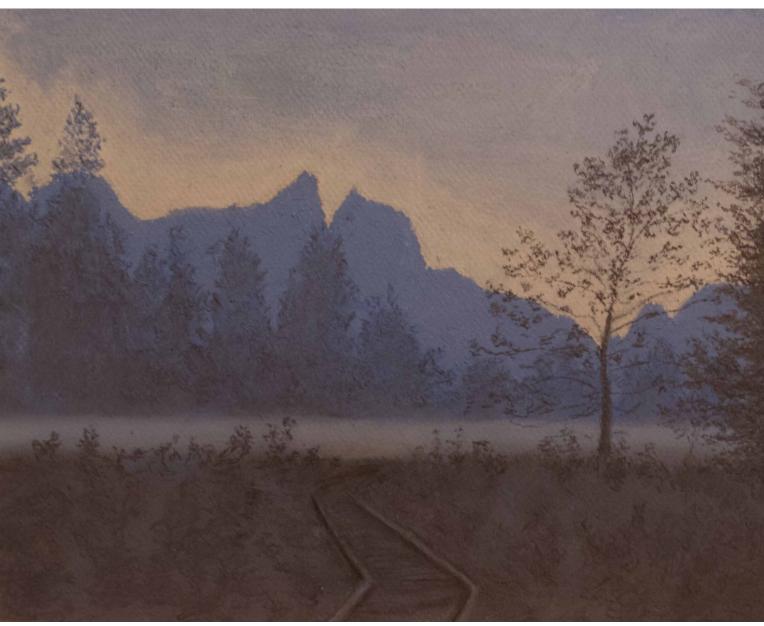


Looking Past the Obvious by Neil Houser



Kuchisake Onna Doll by Claire Killick

Claire Killick is an artist from Redlands, California, who currently resides in San Francisco. She has no formal art training with the exception of art classes taken at Redlands High School. Claire specializes in doll and custom toy making, as well as pen and ink. Her preferred mediums are ceramic, sculpey, and apoxie clays. Her goal for the future is to be more prolific without sacrificing the quality of her work.



Diffuse Light by Carly Creley

Carly Creley is an acrylic painter and photographer from Southern California. She shows many of her works at Loft Beats in the Pomona Arts District, Kroma Studio in Upland, and other local galleries. As an avid hiker, camper, and naturalist, her work is an attempt to share the world she loves with others.

JULIE DE WAROQUIER: THE WORLD AS IT COULD BE

By Jeremiah Collins

Julie de Waroquier is a self-taught French photographer, also philosophy teacher, who started photography in 2008. Since 2010, she has distinguished herself by winning several national and international awards, notably the International Emerging Artist Award. Her photographs are worldwide exhibited, and were notably showcased at the Rencontres d'Arles.

Julie de Waroquier is represented by several art galleries, and she participates in many French and international art fairs and events. Her work has been worldwide published, and in the end of 2012, she has published her first book "Dreamalities", which is edited by KnowWare editions. In 2014, this book is adapted as a short film, in collaboration with the film-maker and director Damien Steck.



JULIE DE

The Sand Canyon Review is very proud to present Julie de Waroquier in this year's edition.

Could you give us an introduction on your life and being an artist. Why art? What about this broad and expanding activity provoked your interest?

I started photography alongside my studies in philosophy. It was not planned at all, it just happened as I need to escape from hard work. Photography little by little became half of my life, a passion as well as a profession. I still divide my life between philosophy (I'm now a teacher), and photography, through various projects. Thus I was lucky enough to exhibit my work worldwide, to publish a book and more recently to create a film adaptation of my pictures with the film-maker Damien Steck.

When did you discover your talent for art? Is art a passion of yours?

A: I have always loved art. As a child, I drew, read, wrote and danced a lot, and I feel comfortable with any kind of artistic expression. I will never say that I have talent, but I do feel that I'm where I belong when I create a picture or when I write something personal. Emotions are beyond words when I create, it's pure instinct and urge to express deep feelings.

How would you describe your art medium?

A: I work with photography and photomanipulation.

AROQUIER



Q: How do you go about creating your works through the chosen medium?

A: Photography helps me invent my own stories, between dreams and reality. Photography is a realistic medium, and that is why I love to create surrealist photographs: it's a fascinating oxymoron! I can show the world as it could be rather than as it is.

Have you ever been published, and if so, by whom?

A: My work has been published in several national and international magazines and newspapers, and also as a book, entitled "Dreamalities", published by KnowWare editions.

How did you feel when the opportunity to be published was first presented to you?

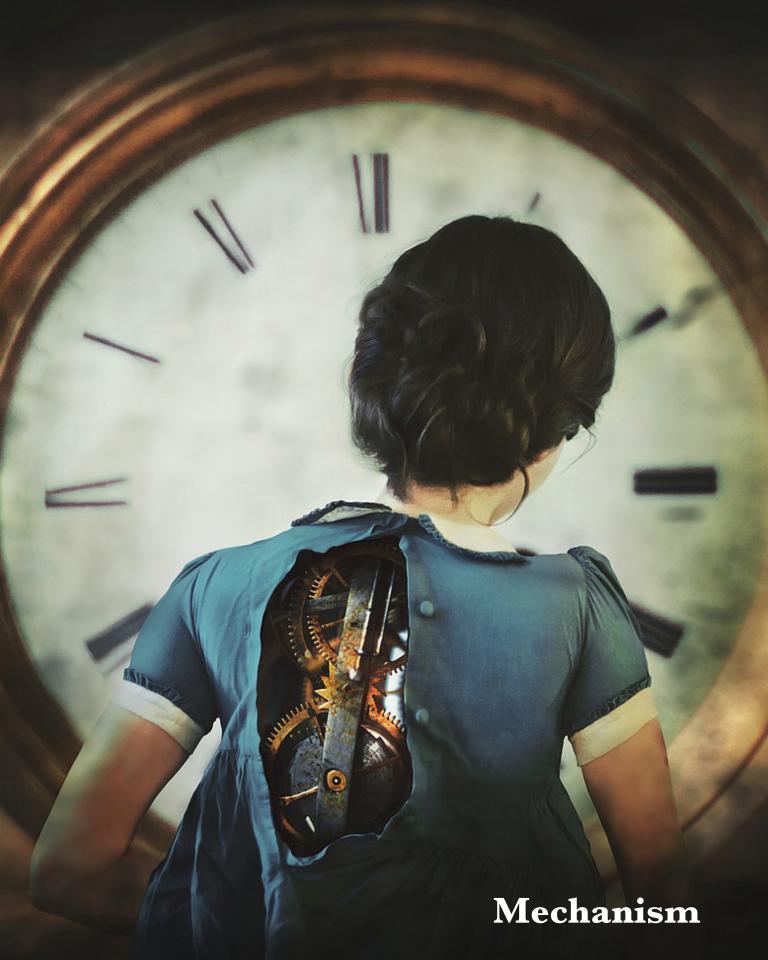
A: The first time, I was extremely excited of course! When I started photography, I had no goals, like seeing my work published or exhibited. It all happened though, it was really thrilling. I'm always grateful and surprised to see other people thinking that my work deserves attention!

In your community, how important is art?

In my closest community (my family), I'm the only artist; overall they think that what I do is fine and fun as long as I don't neglect my career in philosophy. It's a commonly shared point of view in France; most people don't think that being an artist can be a real job. When I say that I'm a photographer, most people ask what my "real" activity is. It's quite sad, because of course art is part and parcel of a society, it helps make it grow.

Who are biggest motivators and inspirations?

It changes all the time! I can mention Dorothy-Shoes though, another French artist who is very inspiring. I love how she sees and depicts our world.



Could you explain the pieces *Under my skin*, *Mechanism*, *What will remain*, and Wings of melancholia?

The first two pictures deal with mechanism. I imagined a photographic series in which men and women are ruled by a universal mechanism, represented by various gearwheels. Depending on external causes and effects, in a world in war against the irrational, they are looking for their humanity. Between introspection and dissection, they are fighting against their own mechanism the better to find their soul.

"What will remain" and "Wings of melancholia" are more atmospheric pictures. They don't have a conceptual meaning, they rather express universal feelings. "What will remain" is about the fear of lost and of disappearing. The character thus wears a vanishing dress, and this progressive loss frightens her as she covers her face with her hands. "Wings of melancholia" was created during the making of the movie "Dreamalities". We had all this fog, real butterflies, I felt that I need to take a picture. I focused on what I felt at the moment, and the result is a picture between sadness and hope.



Wings of melancholia



Thank you, Julie, for spending time with *The Sand Canyon Review* and all of its readers. We wish you every success in all your endeavors and look forward to your future works!





Wrought Iron Hinge by Sheri Wright



Two-time Pushcart Prize and Kentucky Poet Laureate nominee, Sheri L. Wright is the author of six books of poetry, including the most recent, The Feast of Erasure. Wright's visual work has appeared in numerous journals, including Blood Orange Review, Prick of the Spindle, Blood Lotus Journal and Subliminal Interiors. In 2012, Ms. Wright was a contributor to the Sister Cities Project Lvlds: Creatively Linking Leeds and Louisville. Her photography has been shown across the Ohio Valley region and abroad. Sheri is currently working on her first documentary film, Tracking Fire.



Cloud Swimming by Terry Hastings



When Terry Hastings was 4 he came down the stairs with an encyclopedia opened to a page with music notes on them and asked his mother what they sounded like. His parents went out and bought him a piano and piano lessons. Terry Hastings' work is available at www.TheHastingsGallery.com and www.MrTerryHastings.com Terry currently resides in Palm Springs and his work has been printed in many publications across the country and his art work is sold at the Woodman/Shimko Gallery in Palm Springs.

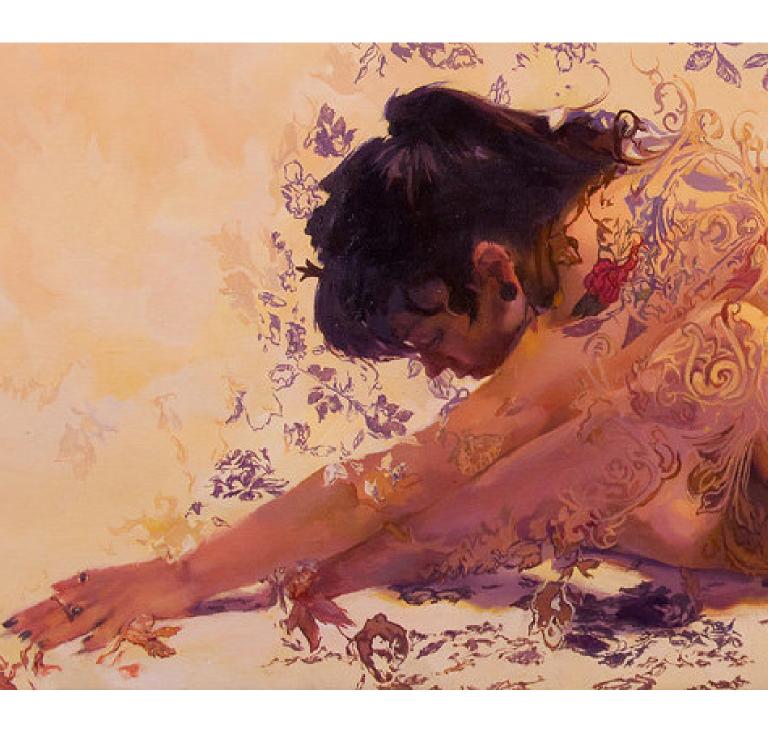


Waterfallby Jennifer Slattery

Jennifer Slatter is a graphic design and a studio art major at Queens College in New York. Her work revolves around a sort of mythology combined with a personal aspect. Jennifer is in love with the natural world and is obsessed with the textures, colors, and figures that nature gives us.



Reve D'Or by Sergio Lopez



Gemini Molineaux by Sergio Lopez





Green Ice by Sergio Lopez





Sergio Lopez, born in 1983, is a graduate of the Academy of Art in San Francisco - and is an exemplary painter in a variety of mediums. His artistic knowledge ballooned when he discovered his love of oil painting and charcoal drawing. He filled sketchbook after sketchbook with observations from life as well as drawings from his imagination. The Golden Age illustrators, Bravura painters, contemporary artists, concept designers, graffiti writers, and photographers have been some of his strongest influences in his pursuit of painting. He continues to study by visiting museums and observing the Great Masters, from which he strives to learn lessons of beauty.

His paintings of female nudes are unique and arresting. They have been soaring in popularity since they first began appearing in publications such as Juxtapoz, Hi-Fructose, Spectrum, Bluecanvas, and many more online publications. He has even been selected twice as a finalist for the Art Renewal Center's prestigious yearly Salon.

Sergio continues to work in a variety of mediums and styles — from oil and gouache landscapes, in and out of the studio — to nude gesture studies in newsprint, he enjoys it all. Sergio especially enjoys discovering new vistas, setting up his easel, and creating a piece on the spot. He believes there is no better way to discover the truth and essence of a scene than by standing before it and studying it carefully. Sergio is a native of Sonoma County. He finds the area ever-inspiring, and never ceases to find a gorgeous new area no matter how often he explores.



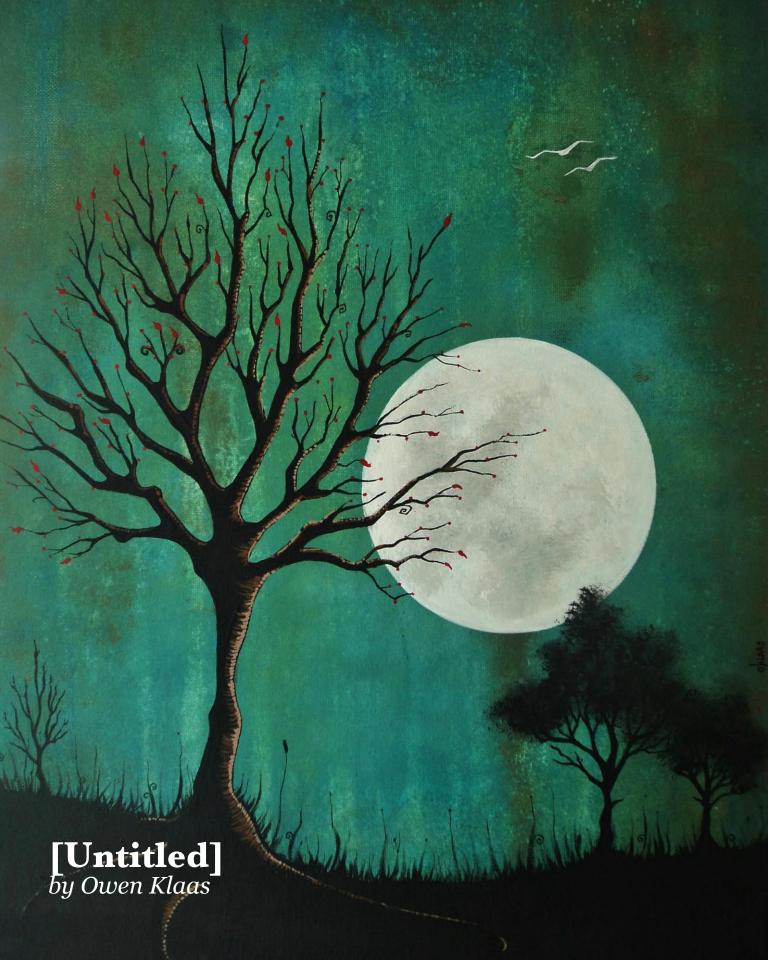
Ispahan by Sergio Lopez



Juliana by Bill W. Smith

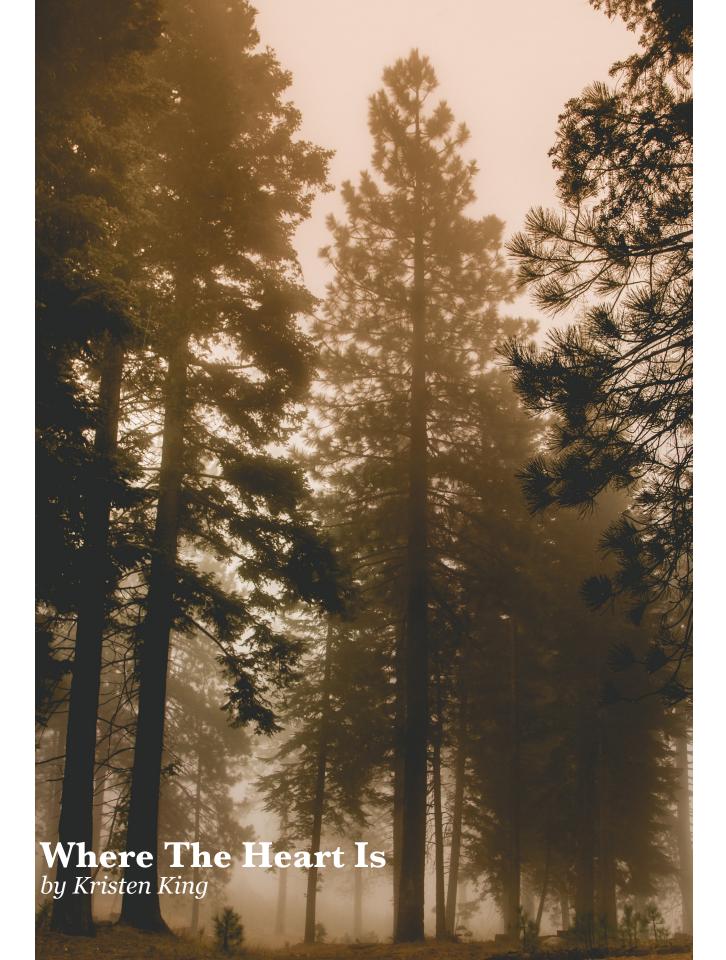
Serendipity: the faculty or phenomenon of finding something valuable or agreeable in things not sought for. This is the tale of a friend's appearance, the years of not seeing her and often remembering our times together. As **Bill W. Smith** painted over a stained glass window and wondered why he had diverted to a splash of blue seeing a likeness to his friend and the early days of knowing her. It is to him one of the reasons his style of art is so delightful.



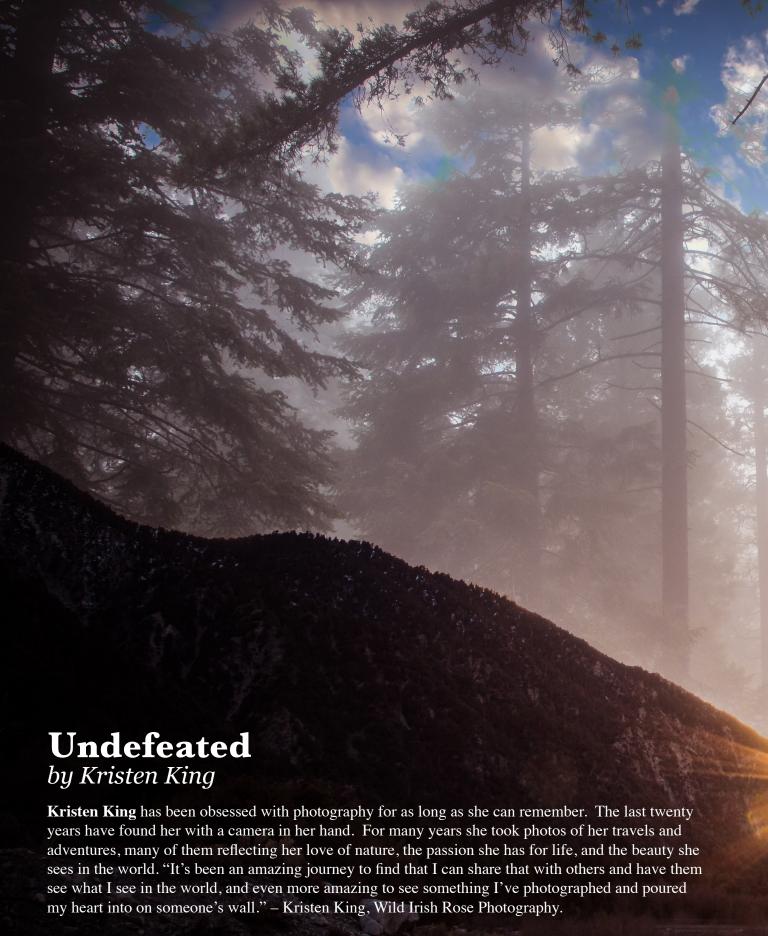




Owen Klaas is a self-taught artist who works under the name Fiendish Thingies. He started in polymer clay sculpture over 15 years ago and grew into creating striking, symbolic, acrylic on canvas paintings. He has done art shows all over Southern California, displayed in galleries, has been the featured artist at a large music and art festival in the Inland Empire, and has had his art featured on the cover of *The Sand Canyon Review*. His art has been featured on news spotlights, used as CD artwork, and on photography sets. His passion for art shows in everything he creates.

















JUAN DELGADO: VITAL SIGNS

By Cindy Rinne, Zachary Hill, Tsion Mekonnen, Vanna Quiroz, & Larry Eby

Juan Delgado, a poet in the San Bernardino area, is the author of the new book Vital Signs which is co-authored by the photographer Thomas McGovern. Delgado attended California State University, San Bernardino where he studied Accounting before be discovered his love for writing. He was a Regent Fellow for the University of California, Irvine's MFA program. His previous books include *El* Campo, a collaborative project with the painter Simon Silva, A Rush of Hands and Green Web. He often portrays the immigrant experience



with its attendant poverty, hardships and love. He is currently a professor of creative writing, Chicano literature, and poetry at California State University, San Bernardino and the director of California State University, San Bernardino's Master of Fine Arts program.

JUAN



Photographer Thomas McGovern & Poet Juan Delgado

The Sand Canyon Review is very proud to present Juan Delgado in this year's edition.

Q: How did the concept for *Vital Signs* originate?

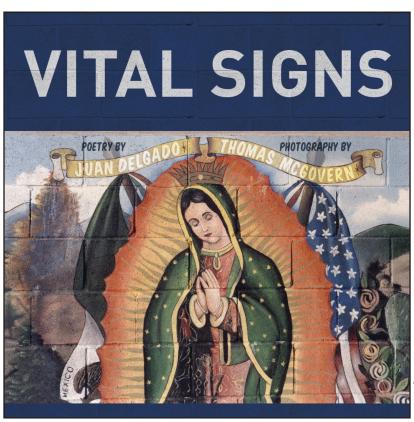
A: Thomas McGovern and I were working on a project, the local swap meet. We were interested how the swap meet represented key aspects of our city, San Bernardino. For instance, the people at our swap meet invited us to re-think our concept of "waste." They had a different sense of waste, and the concept of recycling was central to the sustainability of swap meets; we wanted to celebrate the sense of renewal

in an industrial society bent on mass production. The swap meet was a vivid example of how we can renew ourselves as well. However, we could not get any funding for our project. Soon after, I became Chair of the English Department and Tom moved on other projects, but we kept talking. Then Tom found some folks in the Inlandia Institute who were interested in a book about the signs and murals in our neighborhoods and before you knew it, we had a book contract with Heyday.

Q: In *El Campo*, you worked with a painter, Simon Silva. Could you talk a bit about the differences and similarities of working with a photographer versus a painter?

DELGADO

A: In both projects, I shared common values and beliefs with the other artists. Simon and I were interested in writing about child labor and our identity as Chicanos. For instance, we both knew what it meant to have your father also be your boss. We wanted to explore labor issues through our experience as sons, workers, and family members. We were young fathers trying to understand our culture, fatherhood, and other identity issues surrounding us at the time. The book gave us a way to focus on topics that were pressing and important to us. Tom and I also share similar values about place and ownership. We were tired of others defining our city in negative ways, so we wanted to train our eyes or our artistic contemplation onto what had become invisible to some. A lot of the murals and imagery of our city is more than just geographical markers of place; they are markers of memory, of shared experiences, and of shared values. In short, our city is the stuff of art.



Q: What message are you hoping readers will take from *Vital Signs*?

A: Love where you live. Let's begin healing ourselves and our planet from that political stance.

Q: Are there any moments in the book that you are particularly excited about?

A: 8I love John Clare who is considered a rural poet, who came from a poor family and who was self-taught. In all of my books I write about mental issues as a

tribute to my father, so I was interested in Clare's struggle with mental illness and his sense of being an outsider in his own town. When Clare was hospitalized and moved from his village, he felt as if he were in exile. There is a story where he walked over eighty miles to get back home. I admire Clare's struggle to overcome his "exile," both physical and mental. He is a nomadic soul,

traveling between the borders of sanity and insanity. He is always on a pilgrimage to get back to his beloved village of Helpston. I feel when you are writing about home that you are always on a pilgrimage in time, traveling through your past, your youth, your nightmares and dreams. In my poem, "The Evidence is Everywhere," I paid homage to Clare; I imagined the speaker to be Clare's twin sister, Bessy, who died in infancy; her death haunted Clare all his life. I put Bessy in our century, living in San Bernardino, struggling with similar demons that plagued her brother. I was excited to weave the thematic issues from my other books and Clare's poetry and personal story into the fiber of Vital Signs. I don't know if works, but there was joy trying to make these things come together, at least in my head. Maybe I'm the crazy one, wind-blown, confused, and traveling the routes of my childhood candy wrappers.

Q: What is your own poetic process like? How do you start a poem?

A: Get into dark mood, piss off the dog, and ignore my wife when she asks if I have taken out the trash. And drink a lot of dark tea. Wrap myself in the bedroom curtains and walk in my backyard, surveying the landscape for any concrete images I can kick around. Drink more tea.

Q: Could you tell us a little bit about how your life experience growing up in San Bernardino reflected the making of this book?

A: I love junk stores and native plants. So junk stores and native plants are everywhere in Vital Signs. Growing up, we went to junk stores for everything. You can set up your household if you have a good junk store in the neighborhood. Junk stores are like those old trading post stores of the West—they have a little bit of everything. I also grew up eating pigweed or what we call verdolagas, the Mexican hamburger helper. I worked these things into the book.

Q: What compels you to write?

A: It's a lot of fun; it's serious play in that writing allows me to situate myself in the world. Writing is not an escape from the world, but a wonderful entry back into it. Writing is way to step out of the house in our best outfit, striding in style. I also feel that writing enriches our relationships with others as well. I don't think art just happens through us, but is created by us, making us more reflective about our lives and decisions we make along the way. In short,

writing is a good way to fight off dementia; my joints are already turning into stones; I hope my brain doesn't turn into granite first.

Q: Are there any projects we should keep an eye out for in the near future?

A: I have a lot of small projects going on. I am working on several poems about the earthquake in Christchurch that Jean and I experienced. But I have two bigger projects: I am interested in writing about Central Americans who enter Mexico first and then try to reach the US. I am particularly interested in the children and women who brave Mexico's rail system; they travel illegally on top of trains, battling gangs, drug cartels, corrupt police and human traffickers before ever reaching the US border. I have done research on this journey and on the freight trains, or what they called "the beast," which run from the southern states of Mexico to the North. I am interested in exploring the illegal crossings of people from Honduras, Guatemala, and El Salvador into Mexico. Although many in Mexico see the Latin American migrants as brethren who need assistance as they make their way to the US, this is a journey of tragedies. Violence is disturbingly common along the way, and through my poetry I want to explore the vexing questions that arise from such a journey.

Secondly, I want to continue my research on the descriptions of horses in the new world. My research has led to several poems which have already been published. "El Caballo de Cortes," "Manuela" and other poems have appeared in literary journals, anthologies and in my books A Rush of Hands and Vital Signs. I hope to continue my work on the key role horses have played on this continent. As a rare book reader at the Huntington, I plan on reading books and manuscripts such as R. B. Cunninghame Graham's Horses of the Conquest: A Study of the Steeds of the Spanish Conquistadors. He did a wonderful job researching the Spanish archives that dealt with equestrian tales in the new world. I hope to continue my research on this manuscript and others as a way to develop a greater understanding of the profound ways horses changed our continent.

Thank you, Juan, for spending time with *The Sand Canyon Review* and all of its readers. We wish you every success in all your endeavors and look forward to your future poems!

River Bed Widening

a poem by Juan Delgado Vital Signs

The hush-hush was the wind's route, a pass between two mountain ranges. By foot, the hill people went to points inland. Yucca was indispensable along the way.

For a new religion, others carved roads then splintered in their work-strong faith until their Moses called them back home.

The valley was snarled up in its groves.

The native roots were almost crowded out,
but the echo of water ran over a river bed,
and a hawk circled,

whirling up dark clouds.

A Mexican fan palm, leaning like prophecy, dwarfed a girl who dreamt of a downpour, a desert flood, a wave of gathering debris.

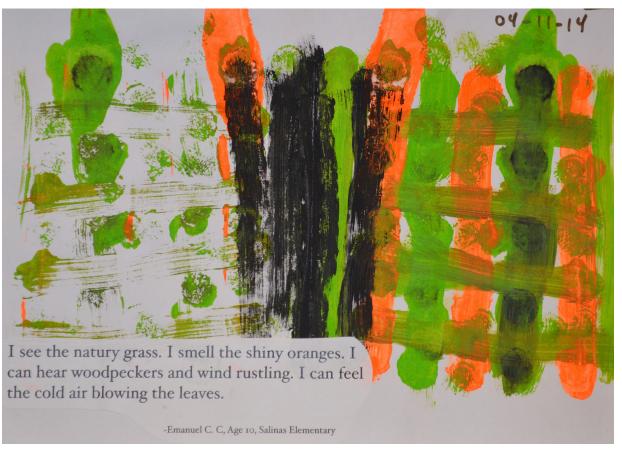
A LOOK AT 'BE PART OF THE ART'

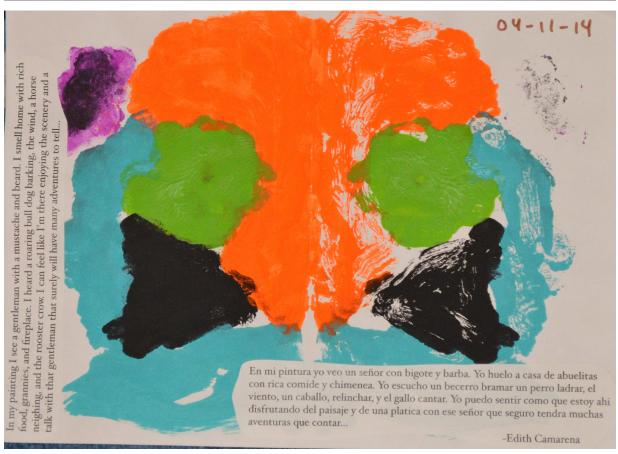
By André Katkov

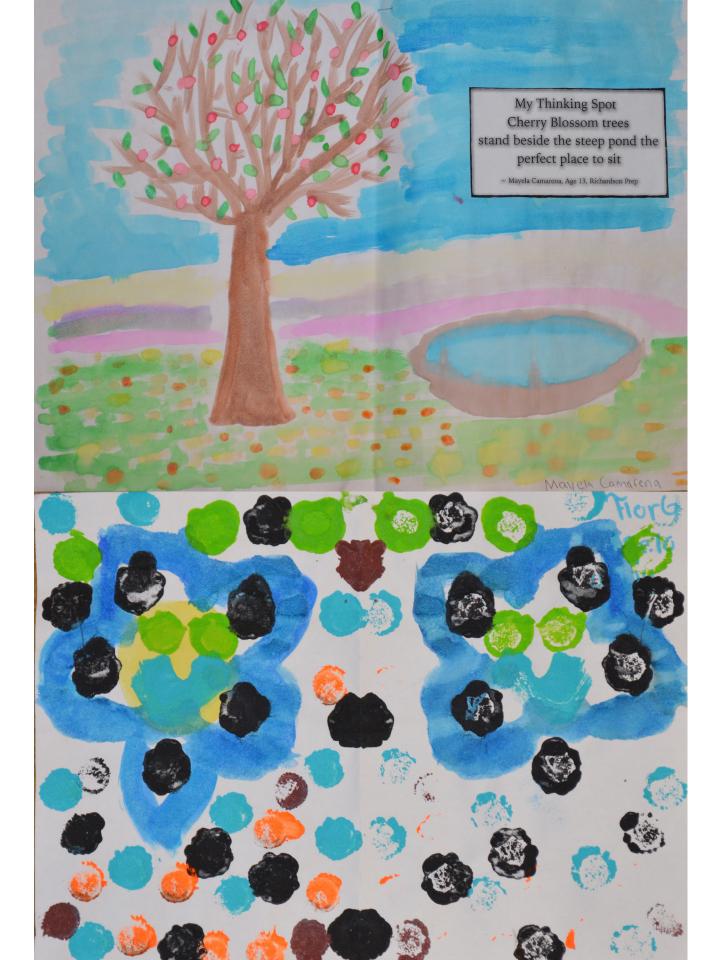
This year, the San Bernardino County Museum joined forces with California State University San Bernardino to bring art to families from all over the Inland Empire. The museum's ArtMuse initiative and CSUSB's SCIPP mentorship program are two separate entities that have been building momentum and visibility in recent years, and thanks to that momentum they found themselves beautifully combined into Be Part of the Art, a multi-week creative event that invited parents, guardians, and their children to attend artistic workshops and generate art of all types and then showcase them at the museum at the event's end. ArtMuse is a grant initiative fueled by the gracious support of the James Irvine Foundation that attempts to push the museum's role as a community resource that brings culture to San Bernardino County and showcases the rich culture that has already been established within it. SCIPP (Salinas and Coyotes Instruction in Poetry and Prose) started as a partnership between the Manuel A. Salinas Creative Arts Elementary School and CSUSB under the mentorship of William Beshears and Larry Light—instructors at Salinas—and Juan Delgado—professor at CSUSB—as a way for the elementary students to supplement their education with fun, creative pursuits and foster a fascination with continued education at the collegiate level and also as a means for the MA and MFA students of CSUSB to get involved with their community and learn to be beacons of education and the creative arts outside of the classroom. Under the continued guidance of Beshears, Delgado, and Light, SCIPP has continued to evolve beyond just Salinas Elementary and CSUSB with its core values still very much in mind and strives to find ways to open up its doors to the community at large.

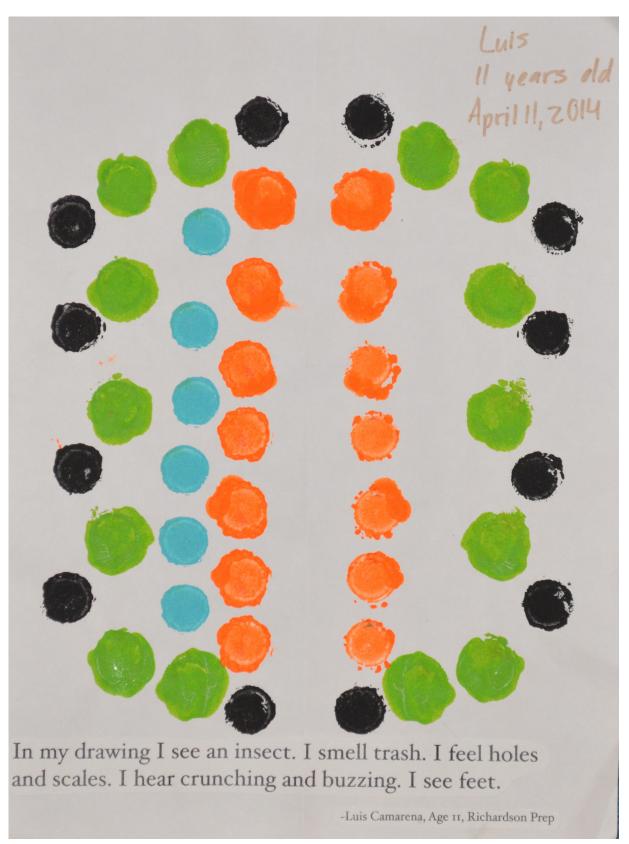
The coming together of SCIPP and ArtMuse into Be Part of the Art was a wonderful and natural extension of the aims of both projects. Between the weeks poetry, prose, watercolors, and even a full short film were produced by both adult and child alike under the facilitation of art-minded community members eager to share their passion. It's no small feat for big community players to pull together in pursuit of events that don't promise fiscal profit, but both San Bernardino County Museum and SCIPP have shown that the greatest profit one can attain is the sort that transpires in the middle of a selfless, cultural exchange. Hopefully more schools, universities, and public institutions rally behind this example of goodwill and perpetuate throughout our community and countless communities beyond us.











plateau'd

Adefisayo D. Adeyeye

your house is infested with baby mice and sick birds vomiting off telephone wires but we're at the good part of this movie i arrange all the toothpicks in a row because i'm out of control i play chopsticks on the inside of my jaw with my tongue i pluck flowers out by the petals i pick bees out of flowers press their little necks down with my thumb and sleep just fine i swallowed an atom bomb once i swallowed pesticides to see if they could turn my insides into caricatures of mushroom clouds and imagined our parents wood soaked but pressed against the walls like suburbanite gargoyles while i stood on the roof

of your house pretended to pinch your butt between my forefinger and my thumb

and thought damn that ass is on point

Adefisayo Adeyeye is a writer from Southern California. He has had works published by *Boost House*, *Potluck Magazine*, *and Shabby Doll House*. He is the editor-in-chief of *Ant vs. Whale* literary magazine.

Water and Moon

Bory Thach

(Cambodia, 1975 April 13)

1. Water

Locked away inside me, I wonder how it is that memories float to the top with waves, onto shores, half-buried and becoming like time measured against the clock

My mind,
an empty void of
blank pages on a dream book that recalls—
stormy rains, monsoon
through a woven grass window.

Burnt roses turn to soot after water drowns the fire and now nightfall as I lie awake, following endless clouds smoking across the glass moon.

Cooked stones in the oven warm our bare feet while we drift closer to the spirit world, to ancestors through the crackling roof and metallic crumbling, their ritual dust of rose petals withering, fading away.

Nothing.

Only distant chanting of the Sutra.

2. Moon

My father shirtless in pants, torn at the knees, praying, grips his dark thighs as he carries me on giant shoulders. Or is it a dream? I'm not sure, but I rest in the shade of leaves, staring into the bird's eye at the center of that sacred fig. Under the evening humidity, we climb over barbed wire and sneak pass machine gun nests surrounding this land of sugar palms. My lips rouge when I bite my teeth, tasting dew as sweet as honey-suckle at dusk, smell of candied plums skewered on bamboo picks.

High above the stagnant forest, the same star-filled sky grows silent on the now placid waters, flickering through the low blanket of feathery white fog as I stare down the sky turning from dark to morning blue. Behind my face, the starlight dwindles like flames of blown out candles I will never light again.

Angkor Wat, Cambodia

Bory Thach

(April 13, 1975)

The sun brown through morning fog Starked trees stand so close Only shadows pass between them

I walk the dirt road

My bamboo hat trailing

Through a stone arch

Retreat from the fields

Of shallow graves Starched cotton hung Over me

Dust ruffles

Clinging to my humidity
The courtyard of rice paddies
Were once shimmering pools
Of pink lotuses

My hands
Frozen red like dried earth
Digging all season in the rain

An amulet dangles sacred In a water globe of sand A fingernail relic From the lost capital Angkor City of ghosts Left to mangroves

Roots

Shattering temple walls
Bas reliefs
Gamblers wrestling
An open air market

Two wild boars
A tiger and crocodile
Nearby boats and fishermen
Dead warriors catapulted by arrows

Age old battles
Now moss ridden
Tombs jut against sky
Ferns in stone
Sprout under early morning sun

Bory Thach was born in Khao I Dang, a refugee camp on the Thai and Cambodian border. He is an Iraq War veteran and recently graduated with an M.F.A. in fiction at California State University San Bernardino. He enjoys writing fiction and poetry when not working on his memoir. He currently lives in San Bernardino, CA.

Exposed

Ellen Roberts Young

What endures? Pottery, bone, burnt tablets.

Dressed stones were carried off to build new cities; tourists now climb the pyramid.

A Venetian coin at Nestor's palace: payment for aid in removing the finest materials.

Only hidden tombs resist the pillagers whose business is recirculating wealth.

*

I want to lift the lid on a new-found sarcophagus.

An unrobbed tomb excavators open is a book not yet read and a book not yet written.

Shards and scraps from a passage, an entryway corner, wait to be linked into sentences.

A reused tomb is palimpsest, scratches scratched out, written over by the next burial.

*

Schliemann at Troy, Evans at Knossos, Woolley at Ur: their methods heresy to their successors.

Inept explorer is to evidence as child to broken vase.

Sweeping fires preserve what those who ran from them left behind.

*

The discoverer claims right to publication; others wait, anxious to add their say.

Dirty work: lifting old excavation reports, final and forgotten, off dusty shelves.

I spread books on the seminar table, digging for "what it means."

*

Remains, once safe in their earthen vault, lie exposed to floods, bombs.

Disturbance turns distribution: Greek marbles in London, Nefertiti in Berlin.

I studied Egyptian sculptures in Boston, mummies in Philadelphia.

Objects cleaned, classified, dated, pedestaled: interpretation now their protective covering.

Who looted the Baghdad Museum? Who failed to protect it?

Ellen Roberts Young is a member of the writing community in Las Cruces, New Mexico. Her first full-length book of poetry, *Made and Remade*, is out this year from WordTech Editions. She is co-editor of *Sin Fronteras/Writers Without Borders Journal* and blogs at freethoughtandmetaphor.com.

Folk Dancers in the Park

Isaac Escalera

Her dress is a swirl of hazy reds, greens
blur in what could be her gripping wings
She dances beside
three other girls
who too do not speak
a lick of Spanish
like her parents

She is only half

embarrassed

looking out on
the grass where
an old veterano in Locs & a tank top

Stands by his familia

griping his beer can pale knuckles

Vida

He whistles the last five notes of each song

And with that

She never twirls her dress again

The Tailor's Daughter

Isaac Escalera

She sings a song so sweet pigeons on wire coo awe

in wonder

Their eyes

curious black

worlds

fixated on the Angel of the Bronx

Songstress of the city

Her voice rides hazy city sky

Through windows

Lovers dance with her voice

Es la historia de un amor Pouring over their lips

They dance

Until they are old shadows
Still twisting in the

curtains

Her angel voice younger than ever Hangs tender

pain

Brutal affection

Amor

Amor

Amor

Isaac Escalera is a MFA student of Poetry at Cal State University of San Bernardino where he received his B.A in English Creative Writing. His poetry and fiction has been published in *The Sand Canyon Review*, *The Pacific Review*, *The Redlands Review*, *Badlands*, *Flies Cockroaches and Poets*, *The Chaffey Review*, *shufPoetry*, and others. He has also been an editor for The Pacific Review. He see's his poetry as a celebration of everyday life, where strangers are familiar and the struggles are universal.

Morning

Daniel Baker

Cutting through slog & woven folds of grey brush, morning seeps into face-cracks in slivers, memory shot but to recite a thousand justifications novel twists on old escapes masking old wounds thought forgiven long ago, but scabs still stretch at skin, as bloody pinpricks escape fumigation around clotted crusted edges, even the blood chasing after a sense of belonging, of belonging to pleasure, of belonging to anything, of belonging to anything but boredom.

Daniel Baker sprouted from the Inland Empire. He went to an Evangelical college to become a failed seminarian with a degree in poetry. Set on acquiring massive debt, he studied writing and philosophy at NYU. He currently teaches college writing and his work has been featured on NPR, The Toast, The Huffington Post, and Anamesa. These days, D.r. Baker lives and writes in Koreatown, Los Angeles.

your sister is a whore

Isabel Quintero-Flores

your sister the whore abandoned her children they told her and she could not leave them to die and so she did the only thing left to do and raised them as her own since she only had one a boy who she watched as he magically shriveled into an old man before she buried him and when the whore left the kids behind some shrubs next to where the women washed dirty laundry she found them cleaned them and put them in a basket of linens she had just washed still in her prime she gave them teat until it shriveled and died in her new country she went to work killing ducks knee deep in duck shit she'd say everyday it was wringing necks and chopping heads but when the whore's children grew they forgot who left them behind shrubs wrapped in a blanket in the cold to die or be found it didn't matter really because she had a date that night fifty years ago and obviously could not have been bothered with babies or crying or reminders of other things because it might've scared her date away and it was a good thing her sister found them because really no one wants to raise a whore's children what would people say and you know how people talk it might have been better just to have left them there let the animals have their fill and forget all about them because that's what they did to her when they grew up but then if she'd have left them there she would have never forgiven herself probably would've never taken communion again but then that would have been fine in the end because her mind went anyway before her body fed the worms and she forgot all about her sister the whore and her shriveled little children

Les Sentinelles/The Sentries

Ivan de Monbrison

On n'a pas osé sortir de la maison

ce matin là

ni franchir la limite du petit jardin

La main comme collée

au carreau d'une fenêtre

La main n'y laisse aucune empreinte

Le silence à l'intérieur enveloppe

toutes les formes des visages

et des habits de ceux qui sont morts

à travers la vitre

il faisait clair encore

Mais par le carreau de la fenêtre fermée

on pouvait encore voir

ces sentinelles dans le noir

que mutilait le silence.

One did not dare get out of the house

that morning

nor go beyond the limit of the small garden

The hand like glued

on the window pane

The hand leaves there no fingerprint

The silence inside takes over

the shapes of all the faces

and the clothes of those who are dead

through the glass of the window

it was still bright

but through the pane of the closed window

one could still see

those sentries in the dark

mutilated by silence.

* * *

Ivan de Monbrison is a french contemporary poet, writer and artist born in Paris in 1969. He currently lives in both Paris and Marseille. His poems and short stories have appeared in several literary magazines in France and in the US. His visual works have been shown in a galleries in both Europe and the US, and also printed in a several art and literary magazines and can be seen on his website: artmajeur.com/blackowl.

Dream Change

Jessica Morey-Collins

he lost his marvelous sense of unreality.
-Gabriel Garcia Marquez

The mirror flings back a new image, and I startle into silence, gather Herself with ash tipped fingers, wonder who snuck in and trashed the place? O

snaggle-back, (oh) gratuitous fat deposit!

What was it she wanted? I fumble for an antidote, swallow the god's eye, billow my throat: fog seeps from the plumbing. We are suddenly

a sheet hung over a discarded bonepile. Snow falls from my eyes. I tick the appellations that have passed afternoons in the shade of my name, study the crease on her ring finger. We think of fists

that drip like amphibians. O fractured backlog, oh castle of trash. I beg the exactitude of glass what happened?

Tableaux

Jessica Morey-Collins

Outside of a hospital, patients sit on brick benches, in wheel-chairs, fastened into drip systems. their new incarnations, they smile. Cyclists wobble past. Men with legs mangled into damp plaster swing discreet cigarettes up to lips, trickle smoke. Beveled, again: sacks of fluid: diamond fruits mute these nervous machines. The parade of able bodied are mist slipped through new forms, an overhang My mouth wobbles of storm. among postures. The city diffuses. A bus bumbles to a stop, a lap-dog strains at the end of its leash. I think about dinner. The bus pulls out, reveals a new orchestration of humans.

Jessica Morey-Collins was born in Redlands, reared in Yucaipa, and currently lives in Taipei, Taiwan. Her poems can be found in *The North American Review, Metazen, Vinyl Poetry, The Buddhist Poetry Review* and elsewhere. She begins work on her MFA at the University of New Orleans in the fall.

For the sake of argument

John Grey

This is the story my tongue sat on way back then.

I had an audience ready and waiting, eager to hear every detail.

I could have been big man in school yard.

Anyway, we're seated together in the dark back seats of the movie theater.

No, I haven't got to third base. But I've made contact

and, with my speed, I figure there's a good chance of an infield hit.

Christine's beautiful. And classy. Maybe too classy for baseball metaphors.

But she breathes in my right ear. And I'm so nervous, she

breathes for both of us, I look down at my hands. How creepy they are

in the shadow. Like giant spiders. Are these the creatures I want

to represent me down the contours of her knee? They wouldn't know

what to look for, and if they did come across something worthwhile

by accident, they'd have no clue what to tell my brain.

I'm thinking maybe I should grow up a little first.

But then how do I keep her close and interested until I do.

I try to watch the movie. It was her choice. Syrupy music. Older people

making love. She sighs when stars kiss, tenses up when they don't.

It's as if she's up there on the screen while I'm pinioned

between arm rests. Luckily the other woman shows up and

the love-fest is disrupted. Christine is clearly disappointed.

I put my arm around her to comfort her. Her head falls on my shoulder.

I'm thinking wait until I tell my buddies about this. But then it hits me...

no... no...for the first time in my life...wait until I don't.

Ego Psalm

Joe Nicholas

I found I was not my body. I was not my brain. I was only
a mind wielding matter. I was clear as light.
I was you,
and you were me, and we were
ourselves. We were more
than ourselves. We were God
who was invisible, and who was
a string, and the string was a thousand or more marbles,
and the marbles rolled together, and the marbles were my body, and my body was
me,

and I was an ocean of stars not yet born. I was older than nothing. I was walking within myself to find myself at the center of myself, and the center was everywhere,

and I was walking
within you
to find
myself
at the center
of yourself, and we were the same

still

breath,

and I was breathing myself, and yourself, and ourself through myself, and I was a robot. I was an adult fish. I was talking dust.

I was my body, my brain, my blood, my bones, but they were not

me.

Mothman's Psalm

Joe Nicholas

I am not ready yet for that kind of love. The one on one kind. My mind is floating in all love a lot of the time,

and I want it to wander a bit farther into the bright dark before rooting again in another.

I want it to shave off the thorns that it can before baring itself again.

Joe Nicholas is an experimenter and experiencer with work published or forthcoming in *The Legendary*, *Phantom Kangaroo*, *Star*Line*, *Willard & Maple*, and other fine magazines. He enjoys wine, felines, puns, perpetual evolution, and all things bizarre. His blogfolio can be found at 8rainCh1ld.tk.

Last Night

Jon Tosh

I saw you sitting there knees splayed, looking back where you first saw me. We were smoother then. Sharper we ran through the rocks. Carrying a basket we listened to the stars till the moonlight dried the wet from our lips. I still look at you. See how I noticed the hair on your neck I can still smell the paint dry. I can still taste the ocean

Jon Tosh is a former student of Crafton Hills College who lives in a little corner of the Inland Empire. He lives for his wife and his three young daughters. He is currently pursuing his PhD in Economics at the University of California Riverside.

Kafka's Night

Judith Skillman

The spume and foam of autumn-gray skies comes again. This body, cache of secrets hidden from father will it never hearten? He spends an hour, maybe two, counting her fingers, memorizing her hair not as soft as he would like. A dirty blonde in nylon stockings. Why bother to undress? A sensation called disgust can be lessened by a starched shirt. Who is bound to feel less than a button, as it slips in and out of the hole made especially for it?

Kafka's Thistlehead

Judith Skillman

He would play a tune upon the meatless flower, he'd beat a rhythm from the dried maraca, but it only stands there in a glass, specter of his father, his Fatherland, his out of step march toward Zion.

He would give it to Felice or the other woman, but without some form of flowering how can he gaze into the eyes of femininity without drowning?

Then again, it is the gift perfectly suited to courtship, in his case—the vermin might run up and down along shafts splayed like light, the rat tat tat of its wooden color drip upwards toward sky steeped in cobalt.

This bouquet of statice past October, of snowberry from the ditch—this above all other ornaments could be proffered by Kafka to a girl he might love.

No folds ply the thistle, nothing dreadful as flesh, skin, or the appearance of beauty's plump apparition.

Only the hand-held contraption, a death wish, a neurosis that washes a bit of salt into his mouth and swims out through narrow harbors that flank his gallant country—its Aryan flanks, its obeisance to the sun.

Judith Skillman is the author of sixteen collections of poetry. Her latest book, a "how to," is *Broken Lines—The Art & Craft of Poetry*, Lummox Press. *House of Burnt Offerings* is due out from Tebot Bach Press in 2014. Currently Ms. Skillman is working on a book-length sequence of poems about Franz Kafka's life, work, and times. For more, visit judithskillman.com.

Atoms Never Touch Each Other: A Tragedy

Kassandra Zamanis

You can see to Andromeda and my eyes are just buttons and I've got mud stuck to the bottom of my boots, but I wear sundresses better than you.

This isn't about the ace up your sleeve and this isn't about me knowing about the ace up your sleeve,

This is about the way I imagine you dream of me folded into the cracks of your vertebrae.

Sometimes I wake up and your fingers are telling stories to my collarbone about dead presidents' wives and I think,

Oh, that's silly,

And I roll over and whisper litanies about gods with ink and chalk and scrap metal for blood into your shoulder.

Kassandra Zamanis spends most of her time petting stray dogs and leaving her hair in tangles everywhere. She is also currently pursuing her MA in Literature from CSU Fullerton.

Lyon was talking with some jerkoff at a powow

Michaelsun Knapp

Lyon and Will were at a powwow, talking about God knows what anymore, but then some jerkoff interrupted.

He shook Lyon's hand, and they started talking about Will, Yeah, I fasted him when he was 12.

Will never forgot driving a knife into the floor of his tent, when he was so hungry and mad he almost killed

a lizard hiding underneath. Every year after that, he would look at the earth through that hole,

hoping for a vision. You know what they call that now? Child abuse. And they laughed, and Will left.

Bluffs

Michaelsun Knapp

Over the bluffs dark thunderheads, a breathless sun

peeking. The snipes about the shoreline. The surf left,

underwear inside out. In the crackling air falcons are tearing each other up.

There's so much more blood than anyone imagined,

yet then there's always falling until you think there's only falling.

one night stand

Nikia Chaney

first the first, web searches partial dates, phone calls foaming with only or how lovely, the fizz of tongued plates beasts these breasts even, "maybe a booty call?", and you know his brown pink brown layer of tar is a pile of flesh as lonely as that little I i? eye? all contrived to begging

the words: love me or screw me, be

next to yes to sheet, towel table teeth, with the rush, clutch fists ready to find fault, draw and hate he looks funny when he comes and hope he does see me stretched mark plain implied felt like I could love your furry feelers finding a queen, exiles in island their ships our limbs fountains trailing suck waste, kiss my neck, rub flesh break wing sensations on these fingers the uncurling of a spoon sure let's keep in touch fuck me, forget

the doll on the wall

Nikia Chaney

in this disassembling business
he has her sit her twitch
of razor teeth like Pandaemonium
her nappy hair thick as juice
blood milk he sits her
flicks her box gently so that
it trembles almost falls but she
stays in her perch
an egg Eve's mammy might have eaten
if those simian fingers did not itch
to belong to the straight mewling thing
smooth as an apple
just ahead

Ш

Nikia Chaney

you give in to me nose down throat one lined planked rubber swag propped by pent up

mathmatic patterns you bend your neck my

rib jelly cooled plus and two of you noticing the dust grains around my head and we

start swimming our fingers molding into paring knives the water long division translating itself into a thousand thumping magnets and mohawks with two sets of feet, and two sets of eggs, pencil and pen and designation and baby how I

want to you is a strongarm this crazy mask now a part of me this us a real an explanation that these damn observers will want to need when we finally get to touch when we

get to touch when we touch when we will we when we be

Nikia Chaney is a poet from the Inland Empire of California. She is author of two chapbooks, *Sis Fuss* (2012, Orange Monkey Publishing) and *ladies, please* (2012, Dancing Girl Press). She is founding editor of *shufPoetry*, an online journal for experimental poetry, and founding editor of Jamii Publishing, a publishing imprint dedicated to fostering community among poets and writers. She has won grants from the Barbara Demings Fund for Women, Poets & Writers, and Cave Canem. She teaches at San Bernardino Valley College.

I Was Eighteen

Reanna Marchman

I gave my grandma my tip money

from Starbucks

The money I saved

for my new camera

She spent her money buying speed

Cut against hard glass

To sniff

Or pills to stay awake during late

night shifts

Where she restocked soda and bathroom products

For minimum wage

When her husband left her

He took all the money

Our house was foreclosed

We moved

She had a terrible credit score

While he took his new truck

Paid for when he refinanced

the house SOLD

Reanna Marchman graduated from CSUSB in June 2012 with her degree in English- Creative Writing. Her poems have been published in *The Sand Canyon Review*, *The Wild Lemon Project*'s online Journal, *Tin Cannon*, and *shufPoetry*. Reanna is the Assistant Youth Director at Hillside Community Church. She is also a photographer and makes her own hygiene products. She is happily married to Joshua Smith and they have two dogs and a cat.

Untitled (A Man Thinking to a Woman)

Tamara Hattis

I am the roar your pour of heat grumbling grimacing inside everything cool silky and you

I am your rough your smooth your creator and comforter of all your wicked gorgeous dreams and desires

I am your dare your dream your dog your madness master of your hands feeling your woman sweaty peppered lips satin lashes tasty I am yours

I am the strong the hairy the fierce the awkward friendly who knows the way knows the how can fix a dream your car your love who can order and hit and fly and drive your smile into my crotch in any instant for any price

I am the power your security your songs your destiny you want it darling

I am your naked I am your clothed I am your lonely your strong who mustn't feel mustn't cry mustn't dive into the true gleaming precious water which is mine

Tamara Hattis has a B. A. in Communicative Disorders and Creative Writing from the University of Redlands, where she also did her graduate work in Communicative Disorders. She has performed and participated in writing workshops and readings at the University of California at Berkeley, Idyllwild, El Rito, New Mexico, and Redlands, California.

Above, These Prayers

Timothy Juhl

Flocks of the faithful red-tailed hawks bear witness in November fields of dead stalks and broken earth. The confessions of harriers and kites whispered in zealous flight, bald eagles sainted, soaring, loft higher than heaven itself. Shy and righteous prairie falcons line the telephone wires, heads bent to Iowa's hymns and late at night perched in cathedral peaks of old barns above the drying hay, a christian smell if ever, in quiet reverence, oh holy ghost the snowy owl.

Timothy Juhl lives in Delhi, Iowa on the Maquoketa River with his dogs, Jack and Joey. He's been accepted into the Pacific University MFA program and slings breakfast in a diner surrounded by dusty farmers and full-hipped women. His work has appeared in the *New Delta Review*, *Madison Review* and other journals.

Five Poems from thin: flowering plum

zo manik

compass

maybe if i had seen the body as map the veins could have pointed him in the direction of the fist the sharper teeth the knife in the kitchen the gun i'd buy for the reverse reason instead the knees the hips the skin roads him to a lay of land

public place

to keep my mouth stitched with red thread or blow my fucking dreams out and pushes

stigmata face ham rind hands into my eyes right into dull crevice where hair root meets dermis the long dangling ash at the end of his finger is really an std i don't unthread i fear most the laughing that the thing'll fall off inside my skull that when i catch breath i might hear the sift and rattle of ecdysis

altar

a language buffet options so rich i won't lift a forkful

table

i hear the scrape & shovel sit an altar & i am outside pressed down by the weight of god telling me to keep out they smile & nod when the vegetables are gone they're not gone, just consumed & i will offer sacrifice soon

a secret

a gasp the acid on teeth because i had to & the gasp mom flings hands in air the gasp brings thick fingers to her mouth her open mouth her teeth a gasp

snow white needs to stop tanning...

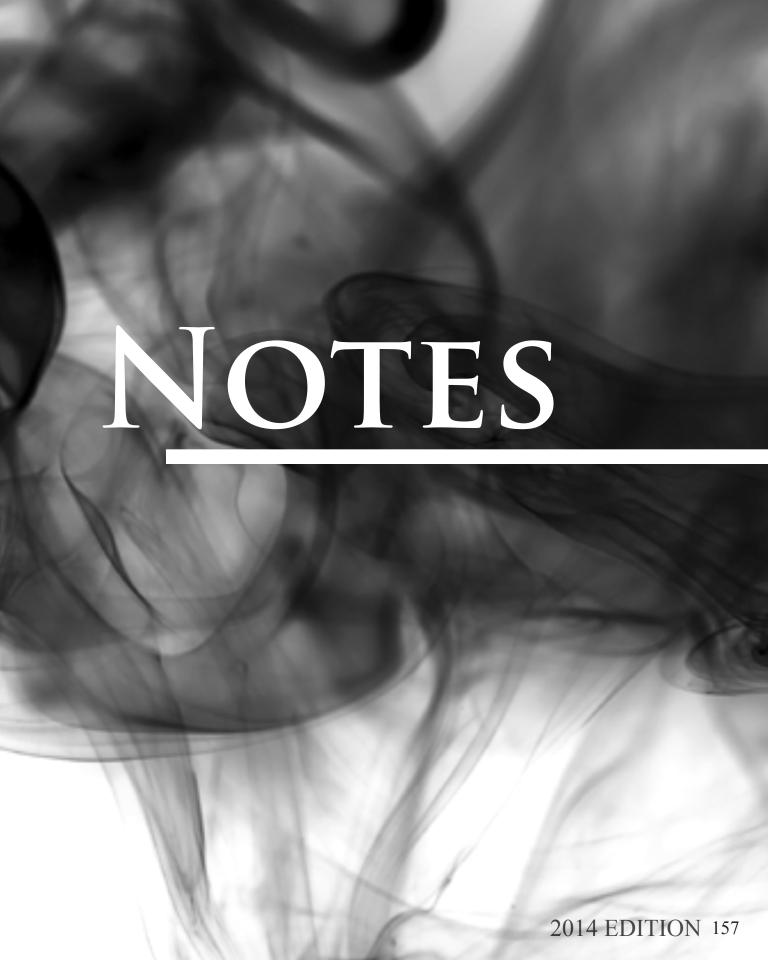
zo manik

snow white needs to stop tanning needs to stop slathering baby oil all over her face & leg

(see, a single melanoma ate through her shin & now the boys trip over her peg leg; does this on purpose—she read that Flannery O'Connor story keeps a cocked pistol tucked into a knotty pine ankle pocket under flowing skirts)

Zo Manik (also known as Connie A. Lopez-Hood)is the co-founding editor of *shufPoetry*. Her work appears in *The Newer York, Rolling Thunder Quarterly, Gaga Stigmata*, and *Apercus*. She received her MFA in Poetry at CSU San Bernardino and wears too much red lipstick.





ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE SAND CANYON REVIEW is a magazine of literature and the arts. The content is generated by students of Crafton Hills College and the larger community. The magazine is published by the Literary Magazine Production class with guidance from the Crafton Hills English Department. Opinions and ideas expressed herein are the views of the authors and artists. They do not necessarily represent the views of the students, faculty, staff, or administration of Crafton Hills College.

WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK...

President Cheryl Marshall, SBCCD Printing Service Staff, Gloria Piggot, Denis Winters, Vice President of Administrative Services, Mike Strong, Vice President of Instruction and Student Services Bryan Reece, Dean Joe Cabrales, Dean Rick Hogrefe, Cheryl Cox, Student Life Director Ericka Padlock, Dean Papas, English, Liz Langenfield, Crafton Hills English Department, Crafton Hills Art Department, Crafton Hills Student Services, Julie McKee, Dean Kristen Colvey, Sherri G. Bruner-Jones, Crafton Hills English Club, Queen Bean Café, Dairy Queen, Empire Bowl CSUSB, Anne Rice, Juan Delgado, Donna Hoffman, Summon the Yeti, The Local, Jon Frisch, Chris Ryan, Tristan Acker and the West Coast Avengers, Gilbert and Suzie Aceves, John Cassidy, the Crafton Hills College Community, and everyone who came out to participate in and support our open mic fundraisers.

And Special Thanks to...

Chair of the English Department Ryan Bartlett for all his continued enthusiasm, wisdom, and support.

GET PUBLISHED IN THE SAND CANYON REVIEW

Art • Fiction • Photography • Poetry

All work must be submitted with a cover page that includes: Name, Address, Email and 50-word Artist Bio in Third Person.

All work must be original and unpublished or with the artist maintaining the rights of the pieces.

Artwork and Photography must be submitted in JPEG format of 300 dpi or better

Fiction pieces must be 1-inch margins, double-spaced and no more than 10 pages in length.

Poetry submissions are limited to 40 lines.

Selection is at the discretion of The Sand Canyon Review Production Team.

Submit your work to **SCRsubmissions@gmail.com** and include in the subject line: "**SCR Submissions [section]**".

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