

Molecule

~ a tiny lit mag ~



Issue 1

Fall 2019

Molecule

Fall 2019

Issue 1

Founded by Kevin Carey & M.P. Carver

Cover Art: “Rain Print 2019” by Steff Crabtree.

Issue Design: M.P. Carver

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Artwork

G.W. TURNER

Red Square >>> 6

PATRICIA CALLAN

Can't Come Home
Again >>> 12

STEFF CRABTREE

Rain Print 2019 >>> 19

N.A. DOUGLASS

Brushes >>> 28

CAROLYN GUINZIO

Wet Feather >>> 35

C.S. MIERSCHIED

Fig. xxi—The creepily
silent person at a
party >>> 43

AMELIA SCHROEDER

[Untitled] >>> 51

FABIO SASSI

Elastic Mood >>> 58

DEANNA TIBBS

Tiny Snowman >>> 64

Prose

BRENDAN CONNOLLY

#31 >>> 7

JIM DEFILIPPI

Sons of the
Godfather >>> 8

NANCY GOLD

TBI: Superheroes >>> 9

PAM MCWILLIAMS

Swept Away >>> 10

LISA MANGINI

American Girl >>> 11

DOROTHEA MOSMAN

[Untitled] >>> 13

CHERYL S. NTUMY

Robot Breakups Also
Suck >>> 14

MIR-YASHAR

SEYEDBAGHERI

Wanted: New
Mother >>> 15

JO VARNISH

Life >>> 16

Drama

JOHN REPP

First Breakfast >>> 17

Interview

R.G. EVANS

Interview: with Stephen
Dunn >>> 18

Reviews

DUSTIN MICHAEL

Book Review: Hipster
Death Rattle >>> 20

ELISABETH WEISS

Book Review: A Sand
Book >>> 21

Poetry

KATHLEEN AGUERO

Self-Portrait as a
Sunrise >>> 22

KEVIN CAREY, JR.

Placing oats, re:
tonight >>> 23

FELICIA CONNOLLY

sharps >>> 24

DALLAS CROW

Countdown >>> 25

CARLINDA D'ALIMONTE

Gaia >>> 26

R.G. EVANS

[Untitled] >>> 27

VERN FEIN

Oh,
Revolutionaries! >>> 29

JESSICA LYNNE FURTADO

Dramatic Exit >>> 30

ROBBIE GAMBLE

Abandoned >>> 31

RICHARD HOFFMAN

Months Later >>> 32

JULIA HWANG

Dreamy >>> 33

JENNIFER JEAN

Growing Up >>> 34

CHARLOTTE JUNG

Germ >>> 36

K.T. LANDON

Matins >>> 37

KALI LIGHTFOOT

Saturday Walk—

7 a.m. >>> 38

KEVIN MCCARTHY

Pink Jesus® >>> 39

JENNIFER MARTELLI

Listening to June Carter
Cash Sing “Will the Circle
Be Unbroken?” >>> 40

COLLEEN MICHAELS

Jury Duty, January >>> 41

KEN MOOTZ

On One of These
Days >>> 42

TEMPLETON MOSS

A Limerick, Why
Not? >>> 44

REBECCA OLANDER

Long Marriage >>> 45

CARLA PANICERA

If Her Worst Fear Is
Realized >>> 46

CHAD PARENTEAU

Face >>> 47

DAWN PAUL

Thirty Years Ago >>> 48

JON RICCIO

Tracking Station

Life II >>> 49

J.D. SCRIMGEOUR

LS >>> 50

TIFFANY SHAW-DIAZ

It's Not Insomnia If You
Love It >>> 52

DAVID SOMERSET

Camera Obscura >>> 53

SCOTT T. STARBUCK

Wild Oregon >>> 54

DAVID J. THOMPSON

Dictatorship >>> 55

AHREND TORREY

Louisiana Irises, Basking
in the Sun >>> 56

SHARON TRACEY

Waiting for the Show that
is Morning >>> 57

PETER URKOWITZ

Portal >>> 59

CINDY VEACH

Birdsong >>> 60

ERIN RENEE WAHL

The Enterprising

Raccoon >>> 61

ELISABETH WEISS

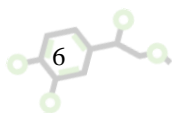
Raising Sons >>> 62

MARK YOUNG

geographies: Mong
Yang >>> 63

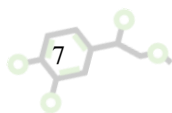
CONTRIBUTORS >>> 65

G.W. TURNER



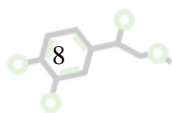
#31

jackie tells me that one of her favorite
things in life is to be in love for one
night as she sits next to me on the couch
and i love that you've read Ulysses
you wont mean that tomorrow, i say
i mean it tonight



Sons of the Godfather

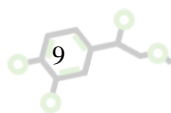
Men go through life hoping to be Michael—smart, methodical, French cuffs over Italian shoes; quietly fearing they'll be Sonny—destroyed by sudden violence or gradual tollbooth slaughter; knowing we are Fredo—dim, befuddled, ineffective, fumbling for our pistol while reciting the Hail Mary.



TBI: Superheroes

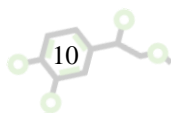
My son drooled constantly. Long, gelatinous strings, a side effect of Amantadine, prescribed to “Help wake him up.”

I heard Adamantium, the metal fused to Wolverine’s skeleton and claws. Although a superhero, Wolverine has rage, memory issues, and poor impulse control. All hallmarks of a traumatic brain injury.



Swept Away

Anguished bridegrooms rushed the rim of the Grand Canyon to part the gathering crowd. Alas, their ladies-in-waiting were but handkerchiefs in the wind, swept away after daring to link arms for a group photograph, doomed by the danger of one high heel with a problematic zipper.



American Girl

Tom Petty's song feels different
when driving down backroads, where the
rust belt and Appalachia overlap: Spring
Equinox, clouds as dark as tire swings.
A man in an undershirt, checking his
mailbox, waves. Hear that guitar? Not
one driveway in the past three townships
reveals a Japanese car.

PATRICIA CALLAN

Can't Come Home Again



Julie didn't know what a jukebox was. Lori only knew from books.

"You girls..." Julie's dad shook his head. "It's like you're from another planet."

His hand was enormous, Julie's tiny, as the quarter passed between. "No disco," he said.

Julie went over, Lori watched. Look, both glowing. Both alive.

Robot Breakups Also Suck

When he ends it I simulate tears.

“Don’t be dramatic,” he says.

The door closes behind him. He forgot his spare battery; he’ll shut down in three hours. I plug into it to be close to him, swearing I’ll delete him from my hard drive tomorrow.

Wanted: New Mother

Wanted. New mother. Eccentric.
Any profession, except psychiatrist.
Smothering very welcome.

Life

I like certain: recess, bullfrogs croaking, lists with gaps for check marks—done or not done. Like the television dads who only get eye-rolly-happy-annoyed, not dads who are smashing-plates-and-ribs yelling then telling Mama sorry and she's beautiful. I like certain, s'mores and horses.

First Breakfast

Bagel shop, winter.

BEN

Cinnamon, please.

MACY

(shocked) Plain. Onion. Sesame.

Poppyseed. Period.

BEN

But—

MACY

(sighs) To think I liked you...

Interview: with Stephen Dunn

Q: What is truth's role in poetry?

A: Auden says, it's "The clear expression of mixed feelings." I'd add that a good poem is a correction of what has passed for truth. Its role is to find language and form for what was sloppy or imprecise in the culture and our thinking.

STEFF CRABTREE



**Book Review: *Hipster
Death Rattle*/Richie
Narvaez/Down & Out
Books/\$17.95/341pp.**

Over his pétanque balls' *clank!*,
Nuyorican journalist Tony hears the
dying gasps of his Brooklyn
neighborhood, profession, and
livelihood. Then hipsters start getting
macheted like it's mainstream. Tony
investigates, grudgingly. A gentrifier
blood-dripping, fresher-than-that-new-
craft-brew whodunit debut by Narvaez.

Book Review: *A Sand Book*/Ariana Reines/Tin House/\$24.95/323 pp.

A Sand Book is a 12 sectioned courageous collection of lyrical language poetry. It makes your mind wander to places you haven't been. The ADD-like apocalyptic and visionary poems "whipping themselves slowly into a cream" urge us to "go down into your bodies and pray there."

Self-Portrait as a Sunrise

Here I am!

Placing oats, re: tonight

Undulant croons hate foes.
Vice stepper, breed wise.
Gee, ilk. our complaint-poem reluctance
 prods intuition.
Curvy one.
Ills, Divisions for Decades.
Morons reoccupy pious mourning:
A Wounded ‘Who’s Who’,
Stockpiling jugs, conking bytes.
Aced minions visit hermitage, fathom
 “Get Ethos” thither.
Hmm... only herds rust abroad...

sharps

the broken parts kept turning
& i mistook that for living
instead of fixing my leaky faucet.

i thought, even the cat drinks from it,
even the water bill don't mean shit.

so when it kept me up at night,
i let it.

Countdown

More and more there's less
and less I'll ever do.

I won't climb Everest
or ever get to Kathmandu.

Less dancing, more rest:
Adieu, adieu to the old soft shoe.

Gaia

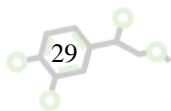
When seeing you, your face against my
breast,
eyes softly closed, open hand resting
on your torso, limbs abandoned to my
arms,
your breath, deep and sure, the fiercest
love
conceivable sprang from my core
and I understood Gaia, after birthing
her children, gobbling them whole.

A paperbird in a flaming tree
spread its wings and burned for me.
The sky was fire, the sun was coal,
the bird that burned had been my soul.
I there, ghostless, in surprise
stood in air that crystallized
a penitentiary for the dead
in a world forever burning red.



Oh, Revolutionaries!

Oh, Revolutionaries! Oh,
Revolutionaries!
Do not so readily disdain the rich.
Someone has to own the basement you
hide in.



Dramatic Exit

The car was on fire,
an SOS stalled on wind.
Warmth on my skin
like practiced fingertips
kneading the needs too often
unspoken. You hit
the brakes, bent on
a dramatic exit.
What's more dramatic
than a bonfire in our bed?
A blazing, blue casket
blistering on pavement.

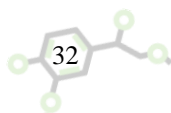
Months Later

He looked like you.

I knew he was not.

I squinted, hoping
to soften you back.

i.m. Kurt Brown



Dreamy

IV.

I'll meet you

where mountains morph into flatlands
and sunshine breaks the jungle floor

where desert sands sweep into swamp
and frozen tundras weep

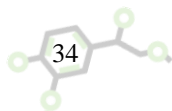
I'll meet you
at the edge

of wanting you so badly
and wishing you had never touched me

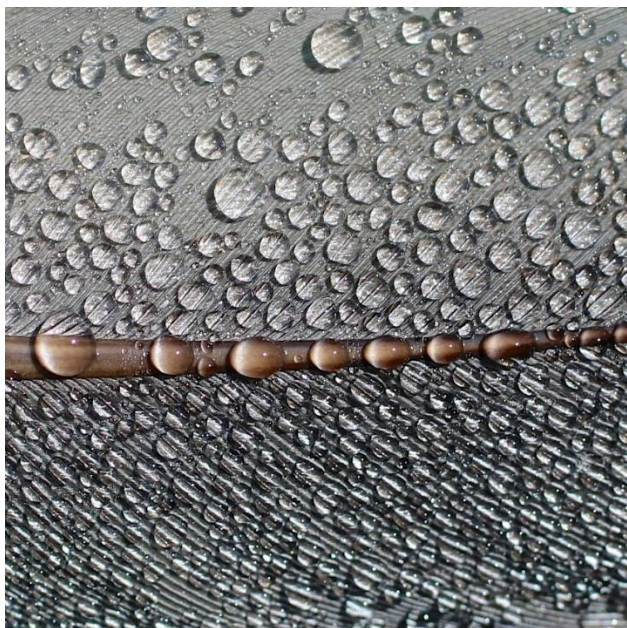
Growing Up

Maybe my first mother, or second, or
third, or
the others, maybe
one held me
above a thin sheen of foaming wave
then lowered my toes
into a swirling
cold. Let me laugh. I loved
Chloe like that many times.

Maybe tomorrow I'll take myself to the
sea.



CAROLYN GUINZIO



CHARLOTTE JUNG

germ

S

S

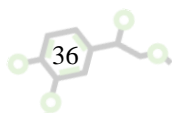
S

S

S

S

S

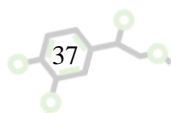


POETRY

Matins

Morning in name only: hour
of darkness, hour of cold. Hour
of the fox, the coyote, the owl.
Hunter. Predator. Raptor.

Hour of fear, hour of regret.
Hour of flight. Hour of
sorrow. Hour of the dying.
Hour of the dead.



Saturday Walk—7 a.m.

No dogs strain leashes,
no sleepy humans carry coffee mugs
and little plastic bags.

Seven runners
flow around me—bright jet skis
buzzing a trawler.

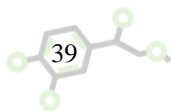
A knot of neighbors idles, two
in jogging suits, four about to walk their
ample bellies out to breakfast.

Pink Jesus®

I am lost on Saturn.....
.....wondering how that
chip of a pill

put me

> here



**Listening to June Carter
Cash Sing “Will the
Circle Be Unbroken?”**

She pointed her guitar neck at my heart,
put me in a bouffant crosshair.

I sizzled in the sweet bye and bye

like a buttery fried egg
in the cast iron pan seasoned blue.

Jury Duty, January

Driving to Lynn District Court

I pass a crib, flush to curb.

On the stoop, a crowded plastic creche.

Shepherds prop each other up like drunk

uncles. Mary in a molded blue gown

leans on the railing, unplugged

her back to slush, waiting to be called up.

On One of These Days

thursdaY

mOnday

sUnday

Monday

satUrday

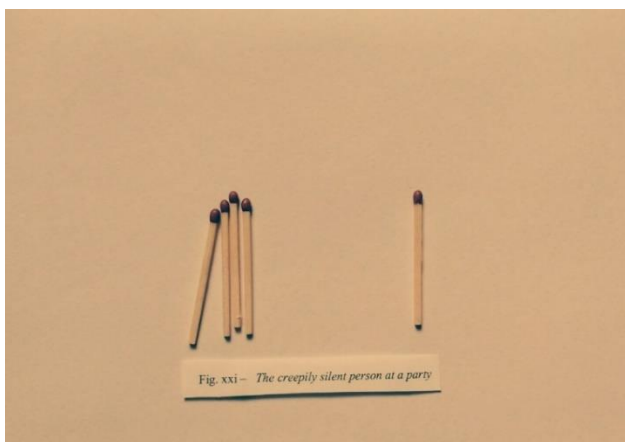
wedneSday

Thursday

thursDay

frIday

tuEsday



A Limerick, Why Not?

My uncle, who lives in Tibet,
Has an ostrich he keeps as a pet.
He's hoped for an egg
But the bird is called "Greg,"
And it hasn't laid anything yet.

Long Marriage

We used to ride so hard, as if we'd fly
over the moon, or make it into tomorrow
unburnt
by harsh stars. Now they snag, rough
diamonds,
not inhuman in their carbon bones,
points
like fingernails on a cliff when a
commitment
to gravity has already been made.

If Her Worst Fear Is Realized

In the
column
on the
right
is every-
thing
she will
not
mind
forget-
ting.

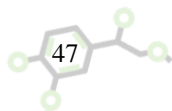
Face

Faux brevity
fills own wit
soy-bases soul.

Save real razors
first argument
last break-up.

Keep smile
lip curled
palm blade.

Dull calm
must do
nothing.



Thirty Years Ago

we weren't speaking much
you knitted woolen mittens for me
pale blue with a cable on the back
mailed them in time for Christmas
and I left them in someone's car
on New Year's Eve
I'd never be so careless now

Tracking Station Life II

from Fabio paperbacks, wrinkle us
as crop-duster species.

I meant *octane*,
phonographed *landscape*.

LS

Is it your being a yogi
That gives your lines their energy,

Or is it from reading Dostoyevsky,
Dark-eyed, agonized dreamer?

At the *Crime and Punishment* adaptation,
You snuck in late. What joy

To discover you when the lights came up.
I'd thought I was alone.

AMELIA SCHROEDER



It's Not Insomnia If You Love It

within
the moon's glow

I understood
why saints

fixed their eyes
upon the heavens

why artists
never sleep

Camera Obscura

day in fog and rain
low light colors bleach away
cloud blankets sunlight sleeping
this is my life, this very day
impermanent obscured gray

Wild Oregon

My jack russell spots a rabbit
and goes crazy
on coastal trail
like 10,000 years
before the leash.

I see a face in a creek,
stone, or giant Sitka spruce
and I go crazy
like 10,000 years
before the leash.

Dictatorship

My new girlfriend told me
she wants our relationship
to be a dictatorship
of the proletariat.

That's fine, comrade, I said.
I love the way you seize
my means of production.

**Louisiana Irises,
Basking in the Sun**

These
purple
mouths
bright
as flame,

hold out
their
tongues

for drops
of rain.

Waiting for the Show that is Morning

This is urgent—
the velvet moon is sinking,
the rabbits are rushing like ushers
preparing for the show.
The purple curtain stirs to rise—



Portal

In my dreams it comes out
In the dark woods
Or on an empty street
I can catch a glimpse of it

I can hear it in you too
If I stop to listen

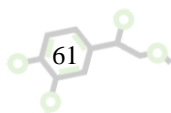
Birdsong

I don't know
their names
or which voice
belongs to which
but somehow
this opera
they put on twice a day
not to me not for me,
the bystander
with voyeur ears,
grounds my free fall
every window, door
yearned open.

The Enterprising Raccoon

sulking in the nighted bush
after retreating from a
principled boisterous beagle,
worries his candle wax paws
around the orange peel snuck
from the dented can.

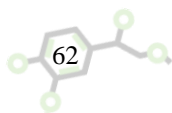
Wringing out his worry,
the scent of ruptured orange
blossoms on the wind, molding
potpourri out of his concern.



Raising Sons

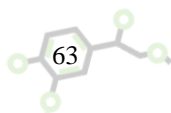
My boys live by
drawing their ribs apart
and filling the house with their music.

Blessed are these days
blessed are these nights
where the same roof keeps us.



geographies: Mong Yang

The elephant in
the room in the
energy debate is
about 23” long &
goes by the name
of anodized alu-
minum 4 Chime.



DEANNA TIBBS



CONTRIBUTORS

Kathleen Agüero's most recent book of poetry is *After That* (Tiger Bark Press). She teaches in the Solstice low-residency MFA at Pine Manor College.

Patricia Callan is a writer, artist, educator, & mom to some tiny humans in Beverly, Massachusetts. Find her at patriciacallan.com.

Kevin Carey, Jr. organizes sounds, images, words. He thinks about deserts, oceans, & genre films.

Brendan Connolly writes stuff. He lives in New York City.

felicia m connolly doesn't much like to talk about herself.

Steff Crabtree is a mixed media artist from KCMO & works at Imagine That!, a teaching arts studio that supports adult with disabilities.

CONTRIBUTORS

Dallas Crow is a writer, teacher, & photographer. His poetry chapbook, *Small, Imperfect Paradise*, was published by Parallel Press.

Carlinda D'Alimonte has written three books of poetry & works appearing in literary journals & anthologies. She has taught English & creative writing.

Jim DeFilippi is a novelist & humor writer.

N.A. Douglass: reader, writer, awesome provider.

Stephen Dunn received the Pulitzer Prize for *Different Hours*. His latest is *Degrees of Fidelity: Essays on Poetry and the Latitudes of the Personal*.

R.G. Evans is the author of the books *Overtipping the Ferryman* & *The Holy Both* & an album of original songs, *Sweet Old Life*.

CONTRIBUTORS

Vern Fein is a retired teacher who has published nearly 100 poems & creative non-fiction pieces in over forty publications.

Jessica Lynne Furtado wears too many hats. Find her work in *apt*, *Hobart*, *Spry*, *Stirring*, & others. Visit her at www.jessicafurtado.com

Robbie Gamble writes poems, bakes bread, & tries to be kind.

Nancy Gold lives on the south shore of Lake Superior, & is currently working on a series of essays about traumatic brain injury.

Carolyn Guinzio is the author of six collections, including *Ozark Crows* (Spuyten-Duyvil, 2018). Her website is carolynguinzio.tumblr.com.

Richard Hoffman has published seven books. He teaches at Emerson College. God help him he just bought a boat.

CONTRIBUTORS

Julia Hwang writes from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her work, narrative & women-centric, has recently been featured in *The Fictional Café*.

Jennifer Jean wrote: *The Fool*; & won: a Disquiet Fellowship & a Her Story Is residency. She's an administrator for The Boston Book Festival.

Charlotte Jung is a minimalist poet & feminist playwright. In her writing she explores the basic building blocks of language & life.

K. T. Landon is the author of *Orange, Dreaming* (Five Oaks Press, 2017). She likes the serial comma, birds, & data engineering.

Kali Lightfoot, Salem, Massachusetts, a poet who has come late & happily to poetry. First full-length book coming out in April, 2021.

CONTRIBUTORS

Kevin McCarthy is an actor & a writer. He's also a painter.....of houses. His wife & Molecule keep him right sized (twenty-three, twenty-four).

Pam McWilliams is a past president of Sisters-in-Crime North Dallas. Her short fiction has appeared in anthologies & a literary magazine.

Lisa Mangini is a teacher, writer, & editor living in Central Pennsylvania. For more, visit,
<https://lisamangini.wordpress.com/>

Jennifer Martelli wrote *My Tarantella & After Bird*, winner of Grey Book Press's Chapbook Competition. She received a Massachusetts Cultural Council Grant for Poetry.

Missouri native **Dustin Michael** teaches writing & literature. He lives in Georgia now. You like dinosaurs? If so, you two would probably get along.

CONTRIBUTORS

Colleen Michaels writes poems & hosts the Improbable Places Poetry Tour on Boston's north shore. She's a wordy braggart but knows how to count.

C.S. Mierscheid is Professor of Modern Psychologies at Miskatonic University, Massachusetts. She holds the Franz Bibfeldt Fellowship for her work on postmodern anxieties.

Ken Mootz's short stories have been published by *Empty Sink Publishing*, *Livid Squid Literary Journal*, *Weirderary*, & *Toad Suck Review*.

Templeton Moss: Twenty-four words? Are you kidding? You want me to describe myself in twenty-four crummy words? That's impossible! No one could possibly do

Rebecca Hart Olander's first chapbook is forthcoming from dancing girl press. She teaches writing at Westfield State University & is editor/director of Perugia Press.

CONTRIBUTORS

Cheryl S. Ntummy is a Ghanaian writer who hopes to be weird & wonderful when she grows up.

Carla Panciera's books include poetry: *One of the Cimalores* (Cider Press); *No Day, No Dusk, No Love* (Bordighera) & a short story collection, *Bewildered*.

Chad Parenteau hosts the Stone Soup Poetry series in Boston. His newest collection, *The Collapsed Bookshelf* is forthcoming.

Dawn Paul has a chapbook of poetry on 18th century botanist & taxonomer Carl Linnaeus forthcoming from Finishing Line Press.

John Repp's *Revenants (The Soul of Rock & Roll)—Poems Acoustic, Electric & Remixed, 1979–2019* is nearing completion.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jon Riccio is a PhD candidate at the University of Southern Mississippi's Center for Writers. He received his MFA from the University of Arizona.

Fabio Sassi makes photos & acrylics using what is considered to have no worth by the mainstream. He lives in Bologna, Italy.
www.fabiosassi.foliohd.com.

Amelia Schroeder dabbles: art, massage, outdoors, tiny houses. She lives in North Carolina, where she eats vegan mayo by the spoonful, & dreams poems.

J.D. Scrimgeour's latest book is *Lifting the Turtle*.

Mir-Yashar Seyedbagheri is a graduate of Colorado State's MFA program in fiction. His work has been published or is forthcoming in journals such as *AHF Magazine*, *Eunoia Review*, & *101 Words*.

CONTRIBUTORS

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz is an award-winning poet & visual artist. You can learn more about her via:
www.tiffanyshawdiaz.com.

David Somerset lives with his wonderful wife & a small disagreeable* dog. He writes & performs poetry, stories & music at open mics.

Scott T. Starbuck's climateblog *Trees, Fish, and Dreams* (riverseek.blogspot.com) has over 50,000 views from 71 countries, & many climate updates.

David J. Thompson is a former prep school teacher & coach who lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

DeAnna Tibbs covets maps in Oakland, California. She also hunts for photos under redwood trees & suffers from altitude sickness in her favorite places.

CONTRIBUTORS

Ahrend Torrey enjoys exploring nature with his husband Jonathan, & their two rat terriers Dichter & Dova. They live in southern Louisiana.

Sharon Tracey is the author of the poetry collection, *What I Remember Most Is Everything* (2017). She lives in western Massachusetts.
sharontracey.com.

After a career in conservation, **G.W. Turner** is now an award-winning miniaturist whose work has been shown in galleries nationwide.

Peter Urkowitz has published poems & art in *Meat for Tea*, *Oddball Magazine*, *Sextant*, & the *Lily Poetry Review*.

Jo Varnish has work in *X-R-A-Y Lit Mag*, *Manqué Magazine*, *Brevity* & more. She loves hydrangeas, Klondike bars, & airports. Twitter: @jovarnish1.

CONTRIBUTORS

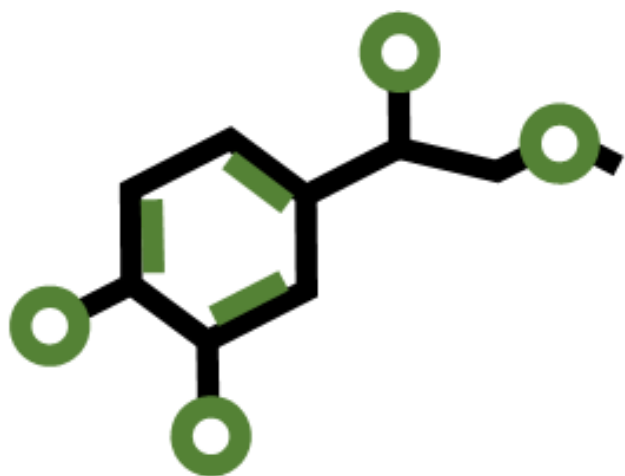
Cindy Veach is the author of *Gloved Against Blood* (CavanKerry Press). She is co-poetry editor of *Mom Egg Review*.

Erin Renee Wahl's work in multiple genres can be found using a cunning Google search. She spends her days being an awesome librarian.

Elisabeth Weiss teaches at Salem State University. She's taught in preschools, prisons & nursing homes. She is the author of *The Caretaker's Lament*.

Mark Young lives in a small town in North Queensland in Australia, & has been publishing poetry since 1959.

*Editor's Note: Dave's dog is a
sweetheart.



Molecule

Spring 2019 Issue Comes in March

Stayed turned! Our reading period will
open December 1.

moleculerinyllitmag.art.blog