

No,
Dear

No, Dear

Issue 2

Land

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Land
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catapult

sense of wild when stacking wood
the crush of leaves in
leaves down a narrow path
the certainty of leaves

not at all but really you
leaving stacking pine cylinders
stacking all stacking at all crunch of a leaf
here and here and you are coming

up the path and I am carefully placing it
is about the wood but the wood stacks
the hand stretches the wavy reflection in glass near

the stacks would for the chill expected months from now
and now because of this chill to come
set down a piece of red wool over sticks
over leaves over and over for hours remaining

among these stacks while you sit in a chair
inside in blue gingham checkered loosely sitting

without a quilt on hand but with a fire and a ladder

Meghan Guss

Dear Iowa City,

Fuck you.

I don't want to sleep on your couch
or drink your beer through a natural disaster.
I don't need bags of sand to save me.
Anyway I quit smoking—
Your cheap little deaths are killing me.
I've got a mound of immortality
dissolving on my tongue.
I got it all. What you got? Horizons? Potatoes?

I may run a poor errand,
but at least I'll call you a dick
to your face.

Go chase your lost dog with your pick-up truck.
My dogs belong to someone here.
My pick-ups can parallel park.

But it's fine. Relax.
Go ask your neighbor for an egg
for that cake you bake
on Sundays. Take your time.
Cause I'll be coming over,
walking two thousand city blocks
for some brunch.

Don't even tell me you don't drink at brunch.

And remind me to take off my shoes.
I don't want to track in
the piss from my neighbor
who's probably still laying there
waving a greeting from his open fly.
As I stepped over him I replied:

Happy Easter, man. Happy Easter.

Don't worry about it.
You're too beautiful to really understand
the awkward bulges of dirty old men.

Love,

Brooklyn

Sara Grosky

equinox

old man winter stands above her, laughing
and his genitalia swooping
like flat swollen pendulum of grandfather
clock (in disrepair); she is not
a mushroom hunter trapped
beneath robe's scrotal folds,
his beard one frozen maw, becoming
stained with flowers defiant and
fidgety from her fingers turning the clock
forward again
soon the white
man is a mess of green tendrils (her sword
impales him, leaving green wounds)
his minions seep into
the earth, lovers
leaving barely indelible
impressions on each other
as they depart bodies and
slip into unconsciousness

Emily Brandt

Progenesis

My mother had a button box,
translucent tupperware tucked just high enough
for caterpillar-thick fingers
to crawl the smooth surface,
curl the braided handle
and pull, *but carefully*, down.

Unfidded: a tiny map of islands
I could dip inside of -
running fingers along coral,
salmon, ripe peaches, flushed pinks,
the boring blacks and whites,
the nameless browns.
The sound of them was cracking nuts,
the knotted meat beneath,
calling out for separation;
categorization according to the laws
of physiology. I could spend...

These were not bought, but found:
sewn into seams, severed from thrift shop mosaics,
collected from cracks in the church floor,
stored like acorns for the brutal winter.
My mother saw this as utility,
colors to be matched,
and sewn to fill the buttonhole,
engendering necessity - the continent.

Emily Beall

A COLLECTOR

anyone makes felt-lined drawers.

A CHANCE REMARK

all chest, all there, all see, what makes a case. gifts stitch box-tops
with the manufacturer. into the attic pushing trends of
fingernails.

A CONSCIOUSNESS

how china makes glass. how glass makes plastic. how the blue
space makes a larger shape with others.

AN ACCUMULATION

the spools, the patents. the grooves stitch spools.

A COLLECTION

dime gift whatnot to a piece. it pockets this it nails. jars all they
out on friends, furnishing there shelves anyone.

Elizabeth Daza

Commuting

I ride trains all day
but have not moved from the cold
room where you left me.

Keisha Warner

Stone Mountain

Tightly pressed asphalt fills the indentation of
paw pad, heel, and webbed feet.

In the days when roads left a soft,
powdery outer skin crust on our foremothers,
every kind of walker was an equal.

Beneath the cataract civilization,
true barriers are defined by limb span,
lung capacity, speed,
some savagery or some love.
(Who can tell the difference?)

Stone Mountain watches,
mocking the regularity of grids,
parallel steel beams,
and the unfairness of lines
made un-invisible
to teach us what cannot be crossed.

This Shoebox Holds an Old Boyfriend

we fled south – a
 desert landscape the Lorax
 managed to revive¹
 in an airless general store I ginger-footed over the
 sleeping Russian wolfhound swaddled
 in spirals of blue-gray furry
 swelter ice sold²
 glittery in my hand seducing
 the shards down my shirt

next the ugliest
 town in America flat with skinny dogs
 hopping their burnt pawpads across
 the cracker-crust yards of cinder³

deeper lower
 in California wasteland⁴
 under aloof chocolate and vanilla mesas

we stopped in the desert's locus⁵
 the transit authority told us
 we were at sea level dressed in a valley⁶
 I posed below the sign
 we still didn't know how low
 we'd descend you snapped⁷
 the word *level* a moment of even-
 ness poised between the bottom of up
 and the top of down where we knew
 we'd be sand some day and briefly⁸

¹ we hushed our soaked skin

² for more than beer, winked

³ block houses, whiter than Georgia O'Keefe's pickled teeth

⁴ flash frozen by the indifferent sun

⁵ where god kept silent

⁶ named for the terminal departure

⁷ a zero's image above my head &

⁸ we were equals

Housing

Linoleum green hospital walls
 Sheltering the shadows of the mouthers
 Mumbling all away into cavernous halls

Array of young flowers spreading their petals
 Display the distance from each point and person
 The mention of strings brings a boiling clamor

Out of the roaming walkers' speeches
 Hospital staff is on a nap—
 Licking up the stale bread of daylight

Threads unraveling by gravitational pulling—
 Arms don't touch arms;
 Flesh doesn't eat, it sinks,

Continually back in time.
 The Moon moans of comforts,
 Lectures on her vague qualities.

Limping away into a crow's night
Banging, Banging,
 The mists of hands squeezing

Katie Moeller

lighthouse

1. I am this way, like this
2. to get back my voice this
3. conversation should be between
4. my body and myself and yet,
5. talk it out I always do my
6. body knows the things I wish I
7. wasn't inert ashamed a lighthouse
8. on your shore and yet,
9. with every coming storm I stand
10. white beam trained on blackest sea

Jacqueline Jones LaMon

Cabin Fever

The world was close, cooped up
from six days straight of steamy
rain. Thursday afternoon, the sun
broke through, pierced the sky
with a single spot of light.
Mottled sidewalks held both
wet and dry, glistened with patchy slick. Then,
in sudden rise, the symphonic call
of child to child, the bounce
of ball, the scrape of skate to street,
the holding off of night. They bounded
out of doors, scattered
like bb's, with touch and ricochet.
It was the heat—the need
to be outside, to be a breeze,
to grab a bike and speed away,
catch air and never land.

from *The Elsewhere Chronicles*

Callie Snow

lightning

i miss your deep, deep chest that
rumbled like thunder and held
more air than the entire
world.

you'd let me lean on you
when you grazed. i twist my fingers
through your mane and
pull and clench
and feel you chewing; you
exist and i exist.

raw fire runs
down your neck and through your
teeth, into the ground.

Kit Frick

City Sonnet

If I angle my head just right on the pillow,
treetops appear, and the moon, through them.
No storefronts, no apartment windows, no cold
stone walls. I can almost imagine a wide sky.

I can't get enough of this simple, perfect pleasure.
This could be Michigan, or anywhere. I used
to live on the bank of a canal. Once divers in police-
issued scuba gear scoured the basin for a body. I watched

until nightfall. I watched from the kitchen window,
alternately praying they would find something or no one.
The prospect of a body held an arcane appeal. I pored
over the paper for days, but nothing surfaced in print.

Some days I am landlocked. Then I hear two birds calling
to each other from the trees outside, and it saves my life.

Contributors

Kit Soleil reads too many self-help books and lately writes about the godly side of sex and the sexy side of God. In her spare time, she records her year of not buying anything new on her blog, A Rare Lucid Moment (<http://rarelucidmoment.info>).

Anastasia Ruiz-Webb is unclear about the past and the future but grateful for No, Dear's interest in this work; also sad to be currently away from NYC, but change is good for the soul, yes? anastasia.ruiz.webb@gmail.com

Katie Moeller a part-time lover and a full-time friend, and occasionally finds the time to write some poetry, too. Currently she is a resident of that most inspirational of boroughs, Brooklyn.. kemoelle@gmail.com

Jacqueline Jones LaMon poet and novelist, teaches at Adelphi University and writes in Brooklyn, New York. jlamon1@optonline.net

Callie Snow writes fiction, poetry and is an actress, and is currently working on two novels, respectively about vampires and serial killers. calliesnow@gmail.com

Kit Frick has a BA from Sarah Lawrence College and a MA in Higher Education from NYU. Her work has been previously published in 42opus, anderbo.com, The Furnace Review, Boxcar Poetry Review, and Sarah Lawrence Review / The Looking Glass. kit.frick@gmail.com

Contributors

Alex Cuff lives and teaches high school in Brooklyn. burgissima@yahoo.com

Meghan Guss is originally from Iowa and is currently a high school English teacher in Brooklyn.

Sara Grosky misses Brooklyn so much sometimes she can still smell the piquant mixture of cheese, subway fuel and Italian baked goods. saramin@gmail.com

Emily Brandt is an artist and activist who teaches English, yoga, and theatre to high school students in Brooklyn and directs TakeBackTheNews.org. brandt.emily@gmail.com

Emily Beall can't help but be obsessed with the incremental and unexpected small ways that technologies change communicating, and what gets abandoned in the process. The manuscript she's currently at work on is called phonebook.

Elizabeth Daza is a journalist and videographer living in Brooklyn. She enjoys songwriting and photography in her spare time. elizdaza@gmail.com

Keisha Warner is self-proclaimed "Bronx Girl" who is currently a high school English teacher and hobby poet. keisha.warner@gmail.com



