



ISSUE 5, 2012



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Note from the Editor

Josh-Wade Ferguson

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I hope that this edition of the *Fieldstone Review* is as exciting and refreshing for you as it was for all of us here. We are particularly excited about this edition because it is both the Fieldstone's first special edition and it is also our return to print. It has been a lot of fun – mixed with serious dedication – to get this journal back on its feet. I must say, none of this would be possible if it wasn't for the wonderful effort put in by the entire editorial staff. Jon deTombe, Adar Charlton, Jon Bath, Shakti Brazier-Tompkins, and Rob Imes have more than outdone themselves. I found myself awed by their devotion and creativity each and every time that we met to put this edition together.

This edition is brimming with literary delights. The poetry section offers varying poems that move from ecological issues, identity, and place, to whimsy and – much to my delight – swashes of Saskatchewan flavour. It is my hope that the prose section will engage and entertain you with the same fervour that it has me. There is enough existential angst and country-n-western to keep me sated for a while. I was surprised and pleased by the abundance of talented submissions we have received and I hope that these chosen pieces surprise and please you too.

We are also blessed here, at the University of Saskatchewan, to have recently started an MFA program in creative writing. This past year was the first year of the program, and, from what I have heard, it has been quite successful. We are lucky that our new coordinator is an old friend of the *Fieldstone* and she was kind enough to give us a few words. I highly recommend reading Jeannette Lyne's "Musing in Work Boots." I feel that she accesses the sense of literary community that we strive for here at the *Fieldstone Review*.

This experience has been wonderful, and I hope you enjoy what we have put together here for you.

All the best,
Josh-Wade Ferguson
Editor in Chief

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POETRY



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Musing in Work Boots

Jeanette Lynes

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Iconic singer-songwriter Joan Baez has said that when she writes songs, the words just “crawl down [her] sleeve and come out on the page.” In a similar vein, I’ve heard this or that fiction writer claim that once the story kicked in, it just ‘wrote itself.’ Or that the characters ran away with the story and the author became a mere conduit, a sort of secretary transcribing the movements and words of these upstarts formed from syllable and syntax, adjective, verb, and noun, who then leapt off the page. Such notions make writing sound easy and if the words slide down the songwriter’s sleeve and onto the page, I’m delighted for her as I am for *any* Fictionista whose characters step up to do the heavy lifting. For most of us, though, writing is hard work. There’s no auto-pilot, no cruise control, no real shortcut. If any of you editors, contributors, or readers of *The Fieldstone Review* has found a way for your story or essay or poem to ‘write itself,’ please Facebook me immediately. I want to know what computer program you’re using, or substance you’re smoking. If writing really, truly ‘wrote itself,’ wouldn’t there be many more writers? At the risk of coming off as gloomy, my own predisposition follows more closely along the lines of poet Louise Glück’s contention that “[t]he fundamental experience of the writer is helplessness.”

I don’t think this is as bad as it sounds. A sense of helplessness may impel us to get to work by triggering an enabling humility, a critical stance, or a feisty aggression towards the compositional task at hand. The first students in the new two-year MFA in Writing at the University of Saskatchewan are now working on the book-length projects that will be their theses in poetry, fiction, or creative non-fiction. My hunch is they won’t tell you writing is easy. Still, they write. There are stories to be told, poems to be penned, language to be mined, imagination to be tapped.

Magazines don’t ‘edit themselves,’ either. Putting together a magazine involves real labour and I commend the editors of *The Fieldstone Review* for bringing this publication back into the light again. It will provide a lovely venue for writers at the University of Saskatchewan and beyond. Writers need venues. Venues make us feel less helpless.

Notice that Louise Glück said “helplessness,” not “loneliness.” Yes, it can be lonely being a writer. But the editorial collective of *The Fieldstone Review* is an anti-lonely brigade, a community, hub, pre-emptive strike against isolation, just as being situated in a literary culture as rich and varied as Saskatchewan’s affords us an artistic home. Home is our stay against helplessness. If we have an artistic home, whether virtual, physical, metaphysical, or some combination thereof, we’re not entirely forsaken, over a literary barrel, up a compositional creek without a paddle. We share this home with others. *The Fieldstone Review* and all the intrepid writers at the University of Saskatchewan bear tangible witness to our collective labour; even as I type this, I can hear work boots thunking their determined daily paths along the floor to the writing desk.

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Blood and Trees

Courtney Bates

I remember being told:
ink was once made with blood.
Turns out it was actually ashes,
but who is to decide where skin
ends and blood begins?
I can see blood oozing over bark
– human or tree?
Isn't it ironic that we preserve
our words in blood on the trees,
our trees in blood for our words.
What wound do words open,
gushing onto the page?
Language that both gives breath and brings death,
like blood.
Is it the tree or the blood that survives?
Or do they carry each other,
piggy-backing across fire, floods, and time.
Can I put my hands on this tree,
here,
and divine meaning
from Brailled bark,
fingertips catching on rough slivers,
leaving their blood mark.
Eventually, we all wish to end as trees.
Baucis and Philemon, dead at the same moment,
but living intertwined.

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A Shining Light

Cory Baumgardner

A shining light amidst the shadow of “discovery,”
there came on tides of blue and grey
fresh death of stories lost to all recovery,
veiled by “seize the day.”
Histories laid to “rest” in porcelain tombs,
there came The Pale Hand that wrote
The History, stifling colonial gaze,
the stories of those who arrived by boat.
“This thing of darkness I acknowledge mine.”

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Saskatoon 2020 A.D.

Gary Chappell

my tears land
unnoticed
on the clean sheets
in room three-oh-four
I vacuum, change the towels
disinfect the tub and sink
new soap, glasses
on to three-oh-six
treadmill job, a flat in the slums
with my two sons
thirteen and eleven
rooms too small to breathe
their friends with knives
baseball bats and no ball
the street the only game
where admission is free
each morning I walk to work
past River Landing's new art gallery
see the Mercedes parked in front
eight dollars to go in
last night we saw the fireworks show
at the river, so many colours
no charge, everyone was welcome
like when we go to the food bank
sometimes I watch lazy lovers
on the grass near the Bessborough
they walk the river path, point at yellow
kayaks in their whitewater heaven
my boss lives in a condo village with a gate
hydro-turbines in the weir
heat the hot-tub in his back yard
not the shower water in my flat
mud sturgeon and suckers swim at the weir
the fish ladder helps them climb
out of their trap, to a better place
where is the ladder for me?

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The Prize Cat

Merrill Edlund

a mash up poem inspired by E.J. Pratt

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1973

Analyze the poem she said

I was an optimistic poet studying Canadian Poetry

I searched for answers in the stacks of the library periodical room

no google god would save me

I observed "The Prize Cat demonstrates an instant reversal to primal nature in a pet that has

been tamed and comes from a pure blood line."¹

Held my hand high "The human race is primal and uses instinctive needs as well as ethics in

order to survive and progress."²

"No it's not about that!" a sudden sharp assault.

"Could it not also be about human relationships?" I said gentility was in the fur.

"Is that the best you can do?" she gleamed.

"Though it pertains to a prize-tabby yet it also applies to the most cultivated of the humanspecies, male and female."³

"No, you are wrong!" the jungle strains within the cells and in veins of her throat.

"Certainly there are different levels of meaning in the poem?" I said soft-mannered, musical in purr.

"You are wrong! It refers to Mussolini's attack on Ethiopia just before the Second World War."

Her eyes rolled back in a trance and caught me on the wing.

"You. Get out!" anger ever arched her back. "Get out of my class!"

"The sudden assault implies colossal powers uncontrolled and irresistible– not just out there in
the external world but here, close by, inside the domestic cat and within our own
civilized self."⁴

From behind the desk came the leap so furtive-wild.

"Why don't you just go home and have babies!" she hissed.

And crying like an Abyssinian child had cried out in the whitethroat's scream.
That's exactly what I did.

¹ Mensch, Fred, 1972, *Aspects of Heroism and Evolution in Some Poems by E.J. Pratt*. Univ. of Lethbridge. A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts. P 23.

² *Ibid.*, 12.

³ Retrieved from: The Prize Cat: Annotations Box 7, no. 60. On his life and Poetry 95, www.trentu.ca/faculty/pratt/poems/annotations/134annotations.html.

⁴ MacDonald, R. D., 1995, *E.J. Pratt: Apostle of the Techno/Corporate Culture?* Canadian Poetry 37, p. 17-41. Retrieved from: <http://canadianpoetry.org/volumes/vol37/macdonald.html>.

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Modi says Hello

Milton P. Ehrlich

Addicted to absinthe
and hashish,
Modigliani
was a troubled soul.
Impoverished in Paris
before the war,
he lived without running water
and moved whenever
the rent was due.
He roamed the streets
in drunken squalor,
desperate to sell his art
for a drink.
He clowned around
with razor-sharp wit,
meningitis eyes
and sparkling lips.
Incensed by anti-Semitism
in France,
he'd take off his pants,
and dance naked
on caf tables to show
he was circumcised.
Painfully aware
of the Royalists' role
in the Dreyfus Affair,
he'd gaze intently
in to the eyes of a bourgeois
and greet him
with a blazing surprise:
“Hello, I am Modigliani;
I am a Jew.”

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Light fingered (Once a thief)

dee Hobsbawm-Smith

She reads the news online,
the latest heists, secrecy
liberated, documents freed
from government vaults, seniors separated
from savings. It sounds so effortless
compared to an inhuman being in black balaclava waving
a gun, running out with millions,
bodies in his wake like jetsam. Actual
theft, so physical,
compared to cyber-stealing, flaming
texts illuminating the wrong face,
blue-bell computer screens
broadcasting glorified gangsters,
barracuda bugs clandestinely recording every show she watches,
every tiptoe through the illicitness
of chatrooms and online porn.

The real future as a crook
is online, look ma, no hands.
Today she catches herself
pouring the extra glass of wine at dinner,
the afternoon's uncounted
cookie and espresso, the coffee cake's last slice, accumulating,
psychic weight made manifest.
Her oesophagus can't contain it all, valving
open, gas reminding her. And she remembers
the bulge of purloined earrings
chiming together, secreted under her narrow teenage waistband,
past the oblivious clerk,
remembers too the stealthy slide of surreptitious fluids
down his thigh onto her palm,
as she rode home late one night
in her best friend's boyfriend's car.

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Life Under the War Memorial Bandstand: An Amputated Labour Day Sonata

Holly Keeler

Seasonal Washrooms:

Open: First of May

Hours: 9:00am to 10:00pm

Closed: Labour Day Evening

A sign with so many colons,

I didn't know

bathrooms existed here.

I sit on the bandstand

barefoot and superior

writing poems extolling

war dead, people peeing

beneath me. Signs, labels

separate the sexes.

Men, shown with pants

women, the dress

Ladies to the last. Behaviour,

curbed to suit the image.

Latrine land for men

means, no privacy.

Real men have no problems

Showing off their dicks and

Dying for their country

Rosie left

to screw the nuts

back home. Anything for the war

effort. Death by gun

Is now an equal opportunity,

So, you would think

they would put doors

in the men's shitter,

equality only goes so far.

As a woman, in my enclosed

cubical, the only blood

I spill is when I change

a tampon, and...Who

cleans this place anyway?

Tomorrow, this place will close

But for today,

I write a poem

And flush a toilet.

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The Refuge of a Hill Town

Mercedes Lawry

Drowsy men in piazzas wait for their souls
to step forward. I come quiet as winter,
bereft of stories and caution.
The blue hills keep my eyes.
I'll go nowhere for a long while.
The arduous ways of time
steeped in sage and warm lemon.
The salted fish, brown potatoes,
small cracked cup of weak tea.
No one prays out loud. No avenue
of birds, or lovers waiting by the gate,
that eagerness not even a memory, or page
in a dusty book. There must be knives,
there are always knives when the night
turns grim and somebody cannot bear the truth
and so becomes the lie, as if that will change
his bones to gold. Dinner is served
at a regular hour under the stars,
which even the blind can carry deep in their pockets,
letting their fingers trace the shape
so as not to pierce their skin,
releasing pills of blood, startlingly red.

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Cut

Nico Mara-McKay

Fat yellow roses
Sip from a jar
Baby's breath and greenery
Accentuate golden knots
And grape heavy heads tilt
Toward a moment –
When the question of god
Becomes unnecessary

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Brooklyn, 1952

Dave Margoshes

We board the bus together,
me first, so I take
the first empty seat,
there's plenty more further back
but that's the one she wanted.

Me 10, 11, innocent
as a certain lamb.
I don't even notice her
till she's pausing beside
me, glaring down, grey-haired,
grandmotherly. "Kike,"
she spits, lumbers on.
The bus trembles.

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I spy a pair of eyes: a riddle

Cassidy McFadzean

This creature is hidden behind walls,
concealed in confines clasped tightly shut,
or whisked away in wheels and hutch.
A pair of eyes inside steel slots,
peer into mine, pupils brightened
black as onyx, an unblinking stare.
I touch a tuft of tangled fur,
long hairs flecked with fleas and dirt,
a tail flicking teeming flies
from scuffed hooves, hard as stones.
I see such pale nostrils flared
smelling soured piss on matted hair,
the grating wet with waste and gore,
or poison methane masking air.
Still, I discern two docked ears
through tiny cracks carved in the wall
and hear the moans, muffled and dull,
the clang of cage, the cold, hard metal,
and two dark pupils placed on me.

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ANSWER: livestock in truck

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Pigeon on a London Street

Charlie Peters

The bobble-headed pigeons of London
saunter around because they own the place,
I shuffle out of the tube and stare wrinkle-eyed
as the collared shirts and pressed skirts
flowing around me fold their foreheads
at me, I see it, and know suddenly
that I am a child to them; as are
the children of London, I am fascinated
by the pigeons, imitating their pecking trot
without thinking. “Like a silly child, this foreigner”
say the eyes of this world city
and my colonial t-shirt gaze is ashamed
because there are no pigeon feet on cobblestone
in Saskatoon.

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Heather

Hilary Sideris

Miss Mather called
me Heather all
first grade. My bully
brother named me
Floor. You dwell
in subpar, marshy
soil: who'd think
your creeping
grayish stem
could break into
this violet spike
& bell-shaped *flor*?

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Dandelion

Hilary Sideris

The jagged edges
of your leaf explain
your name, *dent*
de lion, also known
as Pastor's Crown,
Swine Snout. Humid
Indiana afternoons,
blowing your gray seeds
out like cake candles,
I'd count the souls,
like it or not, I'd bring
into this world.

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enough

Greg Stacey

“thin sun”
she liked that.
what else did I say to her,
that I “just can’t understand the ability to become something.”
this was my poetry teacher.
this was a poetry class.
ten of us
mostly women
from Chapters.
and they liked mine best
and like Charles Bukowski
I wrote a poem about Bukowski
and they liked that one best
and I longed to remember why I started to drink alone, but
no
I ate it up; the poetry class loved it,
the poetry class loved me.
the attention,
later I sent her an e-mail
saying how much i liked
it
and her.
and after, always,
the red
and green lights
led me home.

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On Writing

James Tyner

and then there was blood in her eyes, running over cheeks like tears. I'm in a stadium of twenty thousand praying people and this four foot Mexican woman is screaming now, grabbing Luis by the front of his robes, flinging him down a row of seats, chairs rippling over the monk. It's my first year in the monastery and I'm thinking this bitch is gonna get socked for throwing Friar Luis when this priest shows up, right out of the crowd. And he is praying, and there's a bible in his hands, and the words are flowing from English to Spanish to Latin. The woman seems smaller now, hooting, screeching, writhing in her seat like a snake and someone whispers "Exorcism." The priest flicks his wrist, calls me over, and I'm holding a bible for him now, as he reads, but I can tell he's not even looking at it, this is rhythm, this is practiced, and I can't wait for this to be over, and all the faces around me are dark, the stadium lights off. But it's like they see more than a woman with bloody eyes, and I keep thinking if she moves again I'm dropping this bible, and kicking her fucking ass.

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Trace

Lesley Washington

it appears you have not noticed
but i have disappeared
gone from you and this house of
bleached bone we once lived in
together
i watch you through the parlour window
your mouth moves
you make wild gestures
i do not understand what you think you see there
looming in front of your anger
if i can i shall send a letter:
i am sorry, but you have lost me
to pyramids, sphinx, and mummified kings
i have picked up a handful of myself
slipped through my own fingers
have scattered
and gone

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Learning in spite

Christine Wessel

I understand where I am in this place.
The brown walls dripping with mediocrity,
The incessant reminder that I am as effective as a Q-tip on an eyeball.
I recognize that I am insignificant
Like rain the day after a monsoon.
Dreaded, feared, respected, unwanted.
Sometimes there can be too much—
In this place where the walls continue to close in
Creeping in
Caducity caging me in.
It's a sin to waste this education.
They'll gnaw off their own left legs before they listen.
A special few will absorb as much as their pores will allow.
Sponges who will spew out while they take more in.
And I will be a part of this liquidity.

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Controlling the Masses

Christine Wessel

Sitting at a worn picnic table in a wide open field,
The woman teaches illiterate men how to read and write.
While she scribes for one man, the others stand to leave
With no explanation.
The remaining blue-eyed, dark-haired, soft-skinned man
Instructs the woman to write his story.
He tells of his life as a mercenary.
He adds that he is never happy,
He doesn't know why,
But he cannot feel.
The woman leans in and whispers—
We are test subjects, we are being watched, we aren't free to be happy.
The killing man and the teaching woman kiss.
He doesn't like her lip gloss because it tastes like cinnamon,
But he likes the feel of her salty skin.
They giggle.
She points out that he has now felt three things.
There is a connection.
Two scientists emerge from nowhere.
Furious that the killing machine and educator have met.
They weren't supposed to.
Strength and intelligence are a threat.
The two desire each other, but sense they cannot be together.
Why are they here? How do they get out?
The field is wide open.
Few can read and write.
They cannot be together.
His instinct is to fight.
Hers is to think.
The test subjects weren't supposed to meet.
This connection might suggest defeat.
And freedom is too dangerous.

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Desecration

Anne Whitehouse

I placed it like a reminder
in the corner of my computer screen;
all day I kept coming back to it:
the web cam a mile underwater
recording clouds and plumes of filth
expelled like an explosive diarrhea
from the bowels of the earth,
convulsive, unstoppable,
polluting the soft, blue-green waters
and pure white sands
of the warm, salt sea,
its rich, teeming, varied life –
dolphins playing at dawn,
stealthy, sinuous sharks,
fish the colours of the rainbow,
vibrant corals and seaweeds,
mollusks and crustaceans,
the most magnificent birds
and intricate shells –
fouled and mired in the earth's shit.
The very substance of our greed
come back to contaminate the world,
until the last fires of internal combustion
are quenched.

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Worldy Affairs (6): Today's Special

Changming Yuan

Appetite:

North Korean pickle soup

Iranian hard nuts

Venezuelan sour coffee

Main Courses:

American democracy steamed with socialism

Chinese communism fried with free market

Desserts:

Sushi with Oettinger

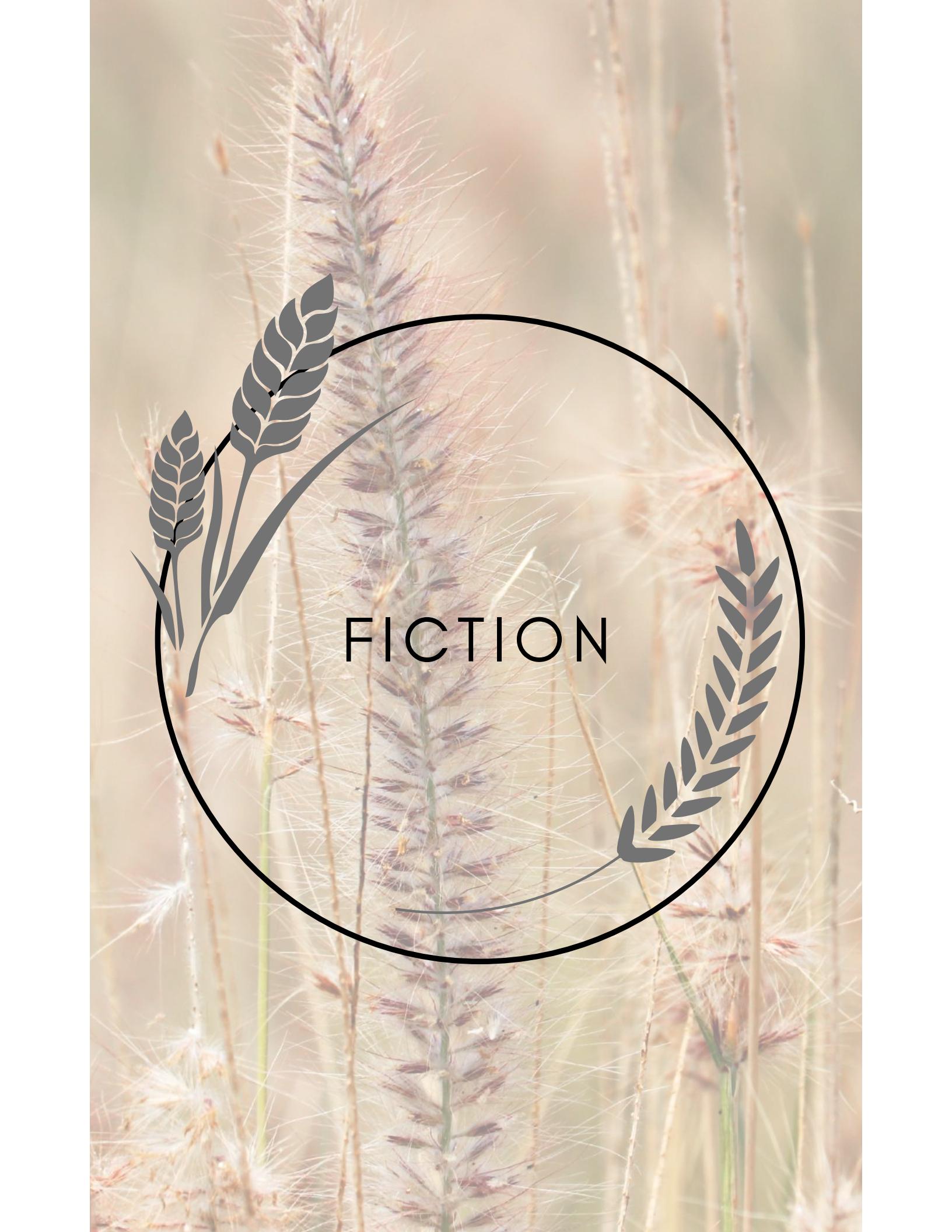
Curry with Brigadeiros

Fortune Cookie Slip Reads: Syria

Oops, here's another hidden one: c-h-i-n-a?

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Gray Matter
Dan Algarra

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There are places I can't go. Fields and ripples of something called grey matter that are closed off to me since – well, I can't remember that either. I may have lost them in the pool; my mother said I was so deep that I looked like a stick in the water. Maybe it was later.

I go to school. The doctors told us it was 'against the odds' that I'd learn anything. I like it. The kids are nice, my mom's pretty, and I think it helps them forget their stupid ways. I do. I used to do things like thinking about math, but I can't with it. I don't know where under all the words. It's too dense. Some things are things that the teachers say that sink deeper into places that I can't get to. Deeper into the grey matter, I suppose. It makes me unable to learn. I don't know why a snake hisses, or even why a cloud appears like a white ghost in the sky. I was told many times that I would never get them back. Sometimes I wonder if I could get to those places that are now bottomless pits and get back some of what the pool took, but I can't, as hard as I try.

I wonder a lot. About things like birds flying (where are they going? are they afraid?), or leaves that die and fall to the ground (why does it happen? must hurt). I know they are simple. I've been told many times that these things that happen are natural, but natural seems like an odd way to explain what I see.

Every morning my mother makes me a waffle. I won't have anything else. It makes me feel good to see the square full with butter and syrup. I can see the whole thing happen and it doesn't happen fast. I understand it.

"Your mother loves you," she says to me.

I respond when I can. Sometimes I ignore her. I think she knows I hear her either way. Even if I couldn't hear anything – even if the pool took my ears, too – she would still say it. Anyway, sometimes it's hard for me to put all the things I can think into what I say. I think she knows I love her back.

"I love you, Mom," I say in return, just to be sure.

She likes it when I talk. It makes her cry. Even I know there are two reasons to cry, but I can never tell which kind she does.

"Your father will be here tonight. He has had a long shift and he wants to see you. He loves you, too."

"I don't want to see him," I tell her.

"What a thing to say, Man. He loves you."

"Not like you, Mom. You stay with me."

"Your father works very hard. He cannot be here all the time like me."

Mom has tried to tell me why he can't be here. He makes money, she says, but I cannot see how it brings the things she says it does: waffles, blankets, and the car. I know he is not here, and here means love, I think.

"Can I play outside today?" I ask.

"I don't know – last time..."

"I'll stay in the back. I like the hill. It's up high."

We live in a different house now. Our yard goes up and up to a hill that I can see the whole town from. I just sit.

My mother stares into the backyard from the kitchen window. I don't know why she does that; this house doesn't have a pool like our other one, but sometimes she looks out there like she still sees.

"Oh, honey, maybe you can play inside today. We can call Sarah, and you can play house."

"I don't want it, Mom. I want to be alone, up high."

"Maybe I could go up the hill with you," she tells me, but I think her crying has switched to the other kind.

I hate that sort of crying and even though I wanted to be alone I say, "Alright."

There isn't much sunlight left. It is going down. It always seems to go down faster once it gets near the top of the hills.

"Do you think there's a heaven?" I say to her.

"I used to think so," Mom sighs.

"Sarah's mom says there is."

"It's a tough thing to prove."

"Maybe there's no heaven, like with harps and all happiness, but there's another place, where things are easy to understand."

"I hope so."

The sun goes down and it gets cold. Below, in the fields before the city, mist fills in the dips of the hills. Usually when I go inside it's before dark, but I want to stay.

"If there is no heaven," I say, "then there's no bad place either. So all the bad people can be bad and if they don't get caught here they don't get punished at all. That's not fair."

"I guess," she sighs again, "but what about the things that are nobody's fault?" She kind of says this to someone else, but we are alone. "Bad things happen, too many bad things."

"Good things happen too, Mom." I tell her and then think for a while. The sun is almost gone and an orange fountain springs up from behind the mountain before it disappears. "But if bad things mean there is no heaven, does it mean that good things make it real? Then it would depend on what there is more of. Is there more good or bad in the world?"

She kisses me on the head. "I don't know the answers."

"They're too far in. I can't get to them either. Too deep."

"I think your father's home. Let's go in."

My father expects a hand and I give it to him, but I don't mean it. I think he knows I don't really expect much from him. I just like to think of a way that he loves me. They say that you should love everyone, especially your parents. I don't understand it. Maybe I can't understand or maybe it's not true. I'm not sure.

After all of the time is spent together, we go to bed. It's raining tonight. I want to sleep in my mom's bed, but it's different when my father is here. He's not here a lot. My mom says he fights fires, but I'm not sure. I didn't know fires could fight, and it doesn't make sense that he would do to after I was in the pool. Mom says he is the real dad. I am. When I think about it, I thought; how can he be an expert at both? She wants me to love him, but I can't.

My father leaves again after a few days, and after a few more he comes back and we do the whole thing again where we have dinner, talk, then go to bed. I don't want to sleep, so after they tuck me in, I fake that I am asleep for a while then I get up to look out the window. My door creaks and someone walks in. It's my father.

"Hi."

I don't feel like talking, so I return to the window.

"Your mom says you've been sitting on the hill a lot."

"I like it. It's high up. I can see things."

He sits in the chair in the corner of the room, the rocker from when I was a baby. My father always liked the chair and I noticed a long time ago that he never sits anywhere else. It bothers me that he is in here with me and for some reason I say something that I never thought of saying before.

"Did you save me from the pool?"

He doesn't answer me right away. It's a little dark and I hear him sniff before he says to me, "I did."

"Are you a water expert? Do you go to deep places when you go away?"

"I'm not an expert. I just know how to get water out of someone when they swallow too much."

"I swallowed too much."

"Yes."

I still want to be alone, but I can't help talking to him. I look down and then there's another thing I have to say. It's like words are coming up from the places I could never get to before in my grey matter. I always wondered if the places that were too deep were blue instead of grey.

"What if I didn't want you to save me?"

My father sniffs a few more times, but doesn't say anything.

"Maybe there is more good in the world than Mom thinks and I could've gone to heaven."

"I don't know," he says, but his voice sounds higher than normal.

"Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Will you stay?"

My father doesn't say anything. He comes to the floor and gets on his knees. He is below me and I am above him. I think he's crying in the sad way when he tells me, "I will never leave you again."

I think I understand more now.

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The Only Good Indian

Will Tinkham

Pêche kicked a rock through the Rushmore workers' parking area. She spotted Bad Glove Hand adjusting the saddle on his horse, Henry Ford. Above them, on Mount Rushmore, the faces of Presidents Washington and Jefferson loomed. "How you doin', Bad Glove?" Pêche called out.

Johnny "Bad Glove" Hand turned and smiled. "Greetings," he said, tipping the bill of his baseball cap, which kept in place his long, black hair. "Say, I looked up *Pêche* in a French-English dictionary. Figured you were sick of people asking you about it."

"My father, who I never met, was French and called my mother his *petite pêche* and she just passed it on to me."

"All it said was: *fruit*." Bad Glove Hand went on. "I figured it meant peach, what with the spelling and folks calling you *Peaches*."

"Everybody thinks that, so I let 'em," Pêche said, playing with the horse's mane. "I like that you named him Henry Ford. It seems to fit."

Bad Glove Hand shrugged. "I figure, when horses are obsolete, or go by way of the buffalo, Henry Ford might return the favor and start naming automobiles after horses."

Pêche chuckled and waved to her husband Ernie, as he made his way down from the area on Mount Rushmore that would be Abraham Lincoln. "You know, Bad Glove, I've always wondered how you feel about working on this shrine to white men carved into an Indian mountain," she said, concentrating her attention on Henry Ford.

"An Indian mountain stolen by the wasicu of South Dakota and named after some New York lawyer who happened to be passing by at the time." Bad Glove Hand laughed without smiling.

"I haven't found anyone who can explain that one to me," Pêche admitted, then guessed: "Wasica? White man?"

"Nothing gets by you," Bad Glove Hand chuckled. "Truth is, I'm just in it for the baseball." A Lakota Sioux and grandson to the treaty signing Bad Left Hand, Bad Glove Hand hit third in the Rushmore line-up and anyone who had seen him play first base understood the nickname. "And it's not like this Great Depression of yours doesn't affect the Indian, so I don't mind taking the *wasicu* money."

"I don't blame ya..." Pêche watched Ernie trudge over from the steps built into the side of Rushmore. He'd worn his dust mask all the way down the mountain, as if to prove to her he'd been using it all day. He had quit school at sixteen — often it showed — to work the monument and play shortstop for the Rushmore Memorial Ballclub. He lifted up the mask and gave her a dopey, lovable grin.

"Anyway," Bad Glove Hand continued, "I'm sure there are reasons why I shouldn't have worked on Washington and Jefferson, but I'm afraid I'm gonna have to draw the line at working on Lincoln. The Great Sioux Uprising of 1862, you know."

"...No... I don't," Pêche confessed.

"The Santee Sioux got fed up with reservation life over there in Minnesota." Bad Glove Hand tugged on a saddle strap. "So they went on a rampage, killing four or five hundred whites over some time — which, I'll admit, never solves anything. Anyway, your great man Lincoln takes some time off from your Civil War and hand-picks thirty-eight Santee warriors and hangs them the day after your Christmas. Largest public lynching ever, even for your guys." Bad Glove Hand seemed to pause for rebuttal, and hearing none, went on: "A week later comes that Emancipation Proclamation deal, frees your slaves to fight in your war, and — just like that — he's a big hero. He and that bastard Sherman, why that —"

"William Tecumseh Sherman?" Ernie asked to the bemusement of both Pêche and Bad Glove Hand.

"Where'd you come up with that name?" Pêche asked.

"School, I guess," Ernie answered with a shrug. "I liked that *Tecumseh* name."

"Yes, your man, Sherman, named for a Shawnee warrior, and later he vows to exterminate all Indians. How do you like that?" Bad Glove Hand spat on the ground. "If he'd had the gumption for politics, he could've been President and would've been a cinch for the fifth spot on this mount, too. After the Civil War, they put him in charge of cleaning up the West — cleaning out the Indians — so the railroads could come through. He started by kicking off the Cheyenne, like he did when he scoured the earth west of the Mississippi River to California, taking away their source of food and starving them out. He didn't care about women or children or the elderly; his goal — and the government's policy — was to rid the West of all Indians, herding them off and killing as many as possible in the process. 'Only good Indian is a dead Indian' — that was one of his. Clever bastard, huh? These days, everyone's up in arms over this Hitler guy in Europe, gathering up and killing Jews for being Jews. And up in arms they should be! But where were they seventy years ago when Sherman was playing Hitler with the Indians?"

"Snakes alive! You're always coming up with this stuff," Ernie grumbled. "How do you know all this?"

Bad Glove Hand climbed atop Henry Ford and replied, "They might make us go to their *wasicu* schools but they can't keep us from learning." He gave the horse a little kick and Henry Ford slowly made his way down the trail.

"You're coming over for dinner, right?" Pêche called out and Bad Glove Hand gave a little wave in response.

"Wasica? White man?" Ernie guessed.

"Nothing gets by you," Pêche giggled, slipping an arm around Ernie's waist.

Pêche saw Bad Glove Hand coming through the yard. Entering the back door with a bottle in hand, he started pouring drinks before saying hello.

"Ernie, did you see that Borglum was already out looking for the right rock for your Roosevelt's big head?" Bad Glove Hand called out, referring to the sculptor and Rushmore creator, Gutzon Borglum. He poured a drink and raised a toast to nothing at all.

"Is that what he was doing today?" Ernie asked, entering the kitchen. "I always get scared when I see the old man swinging from a harness."

"Borglum can handle it, especially when it comes to your Rough Rider," Bad Glove Hand said, sitting at the table. "Bad Left Hand used to say: 'I was surprised by how much land they gave us back, but not surprised at all when they took it away again.' To the Lakota, Teddy was just a thief, stealing land that had been given to them after they'd been held captive. When he was there he called 'em 'white men,' and when he stole 'em back he called 'em 'National Parks.'" Bad Glove Hand paused and shrugged. "Of course, we called it sacred even though we stole it from the Cheyenne just a hundred years before that. Don't remember what they called it or who they stole it from."

"You know," Pêche said, "they talk about this being a memorial to Presidents — ignoring Susan B. Anthony, Sitting Bull, and Crazy Horse — but when you look at Teddy: he served twice, went for a third and lost, then went for a fourth and couldn't even get nominated. How bad must he have been that second term?"

"Rough Rider, war hero, and the Panama Canal will get you on the rock anytime," Bad Glove Hand said, slugging from his glass. "Don't hurt to be buddies with Borglum either."

"Don't hurt to be the only one of the four that anybody alive can remember," Ernie laughed and raised a toast, presumably to the mountain.

Bad Glove Hand stood and pulled a piece of paper from his pocket. "I stopped in at the library and found a Teddy quote I just had to write down. Now, before I read this, picture him up there with your great white leaders — he'll be the one with the glasses. And I quote: 'I don't go so far as to think that the only good Indians are dead Indians, but I believe nine out of ten are, and I shouldn't like to inquire too closely into the case of the tenth.'"

"He said *that*?" Pêche gasped. "Sounds like he gave it a lot of thought, too."

"That was my thinking," Bad Glove Hand agreed, still looking at the quote. "Nobody says 'I shouldn't like to inquire too closely into the case of the tenth' like it's a thought off the top of his head."

"When did he say this?" Pêche asked. "Was he drunk in some bar?"

"Nope, he said it in a speech in New York in 1886. Fifteen years before he became President."

"Snakes alive..." Ernie murmured.

Bad Glove Hand slammed down the remainder of his drink and poured another.

"How do the French say it? *Sacre bleu!*"

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Leveraging the Power of the Cloud	<p>Cloud computing has transformed the way we work, providing businesses with access to powerful computing resources without the need for physical hardware. In this article, we'll explore how cloud computing works, its benefits, and how it can help your business grow.</p>
The Benefits of Cloud Computing	<p>Cloud computing offers a range of benefits, including cost savings, increased scalability, and improved accessibility. In this article, we'll discuss the key benefits of cloud computing and how they can benefit your business.</p>
How Cloud Computing Works	<p>Cloud computing is based on a simple concept: instead of storing data and running applications on individual computers, they are stored and processed on remote servers. In this article, we'll explain how cloud computing works and how it's changing the way we work.</p>
The Impact of Cloud Computing on Business	<p>Cloud computing has had a significant impact on business, revolutionizing the way we work and operate. In this article, we'll explore the impact of cloud computing on business and how it's changing the way we do things.</p>
The Future of Cloud Computing	<p>As cloud computing continues to evolve, it's important to stay ahead of the curve. In this article, we'll look at the future of cloud computing and what it means for your business.</p>
Conclusion	<p>In conclusion, cloud computing is a powerful tool that can help your business grow and succeed. By leveraging the power of the cloud, you can access powerful computing resources without the need for physical hardware, leading to cost savings, increased scalability, and improved accessibility. As cloud computing continues to evolve, it's important to stay ahead of the curve and take advantage of the latest developments.</p>

