



Fall 2018

Stories of Revival

Table of Contents

Glen Binger - Multiverse.....(3)

Brett Dionysius - Southern Beech.....(5)

Micah James Bauman - Stoplight.....(10)

Jenica Lodde - My Life as a Leaf(15)

Colleen B. Taylor - [09/19/18].....(17)

LaLa Drew - Molt with Me.....(19)

Janine P. Dubik - Long Ago.....(22)

Multiverse

Glen Binger

observatory echoes and eyes like icons //
revival waves are my kernel panic //
where neon meets darkness and all between

Glen Binger

Glen Binger writes books and helps people learn how to learn. He's the author of *Things You Don't Know*, *eNJoy: Stories by the Sea*, and *Figment*. Some of his work has been lucky enough to appear in Opium Magazine, The 2nd Hand, Monkey Bicycle, and decomP, among others. Check out his blogs ONLY HUMAN and BETTERISM to connect.

Southern Beech

Brett Dionysius

1. beardmore glacier

toes dipped in ink

noses pigeon-livered

dead yellow cheeks

blizzards mutated us

claw hard hands fumbled

seams of broken coal

wilson, with his sharp eyes

beautifully traced leaves in layers

stems, showing cellular structure

our skin followed suit

creating new exoskeletons

bent as crabs we scuttled

fingers split into filaments

or polyps, a dying coral bed

bleached black not white

heroic science reports

discovered gondwanaland's

fossilised fontanelle

where the skull of pangaea's

newborn unstitched itself

to form your bone yards

detoured from south pole

rocks replacing lost kilos

on sleds dogmen towed

lead-shod we trudged as

though underwater, deep

sea divers cabined in iron

2. 11miles from one-ton camp

cold its own supercontinent

our bodies landmasses that

drifted apart from the living

under a frozen sea of canvas

hard as a megalithic barrow

stone, our remains lay in situ

thirty-five pounds of fossils

antarctic weregild, recovered

on our sledge; a king's ransom

found eight months later

rolls of film, diaries, three

emperor penguin eggs proved

birds were once dinosaurs

snapped my arm off to get

at the words under my back

could have made it without me

was about to reason with wilson

when lightness took us triplicate

they gave us a good anglo-

saxon burial, stitched the tent

together like a war wound

made a huge snowball our last

resting place, a cairn topped

with crossed skies for jesus

ross shelf rotated as southern
currents nudged it with its salt-
water snout. no one has seen

us since; fragmented specimens
in size, a little smaller than british beech
and finer in character

Brett Dionysius

B. R. Dionysius b 1969 in Dalby, Queensland, Australia. He has since lived in Melbourne, Brisbane and Ipswich where he is an English teacher, was founding Director of the Queensland Poetry Festival and in his spare time watches birds. He has recently published work in ginosko literary journal, Juste Milieu Literary Review, Remington Review, Sobotka Literary Magazine, Sky Island Journal, The Mystic Blue Review and was short-listed in the 2017 Montreal International Poetry Prize.

Stoplight

Micah James Bauman

I thought I'd never get to leave.

They said "in a few days."

Then, "a few more days".

This time it was my fault.

I had been on a yellow light

Then I got in a fight

and I went red.

I was on the stoplight system,

used in the children's ward

to influence kids' behavior.

The day before, I was green.

I was going home

on the same day

as the kid I would attack.

I had told him this

a few days prior,

during a soccer game.

We kicked competitively.

I was eager to live
beyond the Valley again.
Once I exited that place,
I wouldn't have to see him
or hear his grating voice,
speaking in high pitch tones,
mocking other patients.

He was dribbling
a deflated basketball
on the blacktop.
This, in retrospect,
does not sound like fun,
but he would not share.

Instead of turning
the other cheek, I dug
my fingernails into his.

Then the doctor told me
I could not go home
You can't go on red,
so I sat, unable to move.

When it was time for math,
I asked to go
to the bathroom twice.
I was told then
I was not allowed to color.
What a shame.

I stood in front of
the bathroom mirror and cried.
My fists hit the mirror
over and over again.

Later, I got a phone call
My mother sounded oddly happy.
I was ashamed of myself.

“I am sorry,” I said
She didn’t ask
perhaps she didn’t know
She said “You’re coming home.”

I gave no explanation to
the kids, back at school,
who wondered where I was.

Was I suspended?

Was I thrown in jail?

Was I on vacation?

So I have learned two things.

Some hospitals use safety glass.

and sometimes we need to go

before the light turns green.

Micah James Bauman

Micah James Bauman enjoys photography and audio/video production, as well as poetry and word play. He has read his poems at local art galleries and poetry gatherings, including Faustina's in Lewisburg, The Station Gallery in Lock Haven, and the Osterhout Free Library in Wilkes-Barre. Micah's first published work was in pages of The Lock Haven Express in the form of reviews of young adult literature for the Annie Halenbake Ross Library. He was published in the summer edition of Word Fountain in 2016 and the 2017 Spring/Summer Edition.

My Life as a Leaf

Jenica Lodde

I resent the sap for bearing down on me too hard
(or maybe I'm bitter with myself for taking too long to be born)

The many fingers of the rain
Fold and unfold me like a map

The wind with its minnow teeth tears at my clothes
I hold the sky on my back and light sifts through the hole as stars

I twist around under sun's cold stare
Anxious to be unstrung from the branch

I fall like a clump of ash,
A spot of tarnish on polished silver air

I harden and crack like ceramic
Grit and shadows spill into the broken places

I am soft like over washed cotton
And I rip at the seams

The earth catches me in her hand and holds me
While I breath myself into her skin.

Jenica Lodde

Jenica makes jewelry, writes poetry and unthreads herself from her depression voices. Her poems have appeared in or are forthcoming in *SWIMM*, *Word Fountain*, *Remington Review*, *IO*, *Ocullum*, *River and South Review*, and *Vox Poetica*. She is also working on a verse memoir about her hippie upbringing. Jenica lives in Scranton, PA.

[09/19/18]

Colleen B. Taylor

I kept coming back to you,
drawn by the scent of caffeine in the morning,
or the sound of Pavlov's bell.

You remind me of sunshine, of starlight, of youthful, naive bliss.

I wonder now what I look like to you. Picture me.
Do you see me with suitcases under my eyes? Do you feel my yellowing bruises?

I wonder how you think of me. I wonder if I should even care.

I've learned too many lessons thrust against the wall. Today, for the last time, I am free.

Colleen B. Taylor

Colleen B. Taylor can make a mean grilled cheese, encourages goofy shenanigans at all times, and once wrote an informative speech about cannibalism. She is a recent graduate of Elizabethtown College, where she majored in political science and English literature, and is currently writing a novel about forgiveness. This is her first published work.

Molt with Me

LaLa Drew

Shed your down in favor of
more sturdy wings
they say it doesn't hurt
the shedding
told me its more kin to sigh than yell
I asked if they remembered
where they were
when their wings fell
brilliantly out of their backs
and into becoming
they say
some creatures must start running
before they can fly
not so with you or I
I know you're scared
cracking the shell hurt
word is you fell
rolled out of the nest, tripped

over the ledge

and tumbled down

like Humpty

not quite flying

but you came close

LaLa Drew

LaLa Drew is a Black queer adoptee poet, organizer and freelance writer based out of southern Maine. They organize a poetry and spoken word event called BloodLetting, which amplifies and uplifts PoC queer and femme voices. LaLa writes a column, *Unpacking the New Normal* for the Portland Phoenix, a local weekly newspaper. They have written for *Incomer Magazine* and had their work published in the Maine Sunday Telegram's poetry column *Deep Water* as well as in *Sisu Magazine*.

Long Ago

Janine P. Dubik

Buried history,
dusted off to share,
rekindles light
and love;
remembers when
we became us.

Janine P. Dubik

Janine P. Dubik's writing career has included technical writing/editing, journalism, and radio copywriting. At the 2016 Pennsylvania Writers Conference, she placed third in the short fiction competition. Her six-line poems were selected in 2016, 2017, and 2018 for Poetry in Transit, a Luzerne County Transportation Authority project; her poetry has been published by Thirty-Third Wheel (thirtythirdwheel.com). Janine received her master of arts in creative writing from Wilkes University and is pursuing her MFA at Wilkes. She resides in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

Copyright © 2018 The Electric Rail. All rights to the included works belong to the authors.