

WORD FOUNTAIN

A watercolor illustration of a reindeer skull with large, brown antlers. The skull is light tan with some darker brown patches. The antlers are thick and textured. The background shows a snowy landscape with bare, dark trees and a body of water with dark, wavy lines representing ice or water.

The Literary Magazine
of the Osterhout Free Library

Winter 2017

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The Literary Magazine of the Osterhout Free Library

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**Osterhout
Free Library**

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Winter 2017

Printed by Misericordia University Printing Services.
Cover Art by Ainslee Golomb.

Word Fountain is published twice yearly, in summer and winter by the Osterhout Free Library, 71 South Franklin Street, Wilkes-Barre, PA 18701. All rights reserved by the authors. *Word Fountain* seeks to publish both emerging and established writers of fiction, creative nonfiction, flash fiction, and poetry. *Word Fountain* accepts only previously unpublished works. For information on how to submit, or for past issues, news, and current submission guidelines please visit:

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Ark Drives into the Night

Jerry Wemple

A big rig is coming up fast. Its lights go from far to closer to close. Barely keeping it between the white lines, Ark welcomes distraction. One hundred miles—maybe less—but one hundred is a good number and when more turns out to be less, then less is better, a boost. State line sign, then gone. The big rig that was riding his donkey faded off on the hill climb. Lights in the distance: York. Then Camp Hill. Might go East Shore all the way in daylight, but too many hills and curves, woods, and deer for nighttime. Instead Ark takes the low river road with nothing much for sixty miles, but porn shops, cheap motels, and truck stops. Sixty miles, fifty-nine, fifty-eight. Radio has country, preacher preaching, preaching, country, pop, pop, preaching, pop, country. The moon mirrors on the river, the water low and flat as the road. Thirty-seven. Thirty-four. A few more miles of darkness.

Night Ride, NYC

Steve Klepetar

I was seven or eight, riding at night in someone's car
over a bridge strung with lights,
the Whitestone or Throgs Neck, and we seemed
to be standing still
as the bridge slid past, pillar after pillar,
until my eyes blurred. My identity seemed to slip away

and I repeated my name to myself, silently, over
and over, until those words
meant nothing. Night loomed above, and lights
on the river sparkled, everything
moving but me, who was no one, just a flicker
on a dark river rushing toward a hole where the world used to be.

The Men in the White Vans

C. L. Bledsoe

They wake earlier than some go to bed,
the men with hard hands, and every one
of them smiles when he sees my toddler
daughter flounce by. Breakfast is quick
and on the way because there's no food
in the house, or maybe no peace, and sugar
is cheap. I see them when I leave in the smoky
dark, lining the parking lot, an obstacle course
of battered whaling ships covered with ladders,
poles that resemble harpoons, tools. I don't
know what they do, but it's probably anything.
They ease onto the rutted road ahead of me,
stop at 7-11. A man steps out, grinning back
to those still inside, at a joke only they can hear.

Storm Clouds Over Fairmont

Ace Boggess

I'm in town to read poems about my troubles
"does it bother you
to talk about it?" someone asks
"no" I say "if I can't feel
at home in my history
I'm a man with two faces staring at the sun"
not *this* sun
which hides behind slow-
rolling cumulonimbus
while I stand outside
the hotel's double doors to smoke—
adding my ashes to the graying:
it will rain soon
fanged pellets carving mist
there are no illusions here
the world is what world I have
I gather it around me
like a fireproof blanket
then walk among the flames I've set alight

On Docks Off Eagle Harbor

Raymond Luczak

In the east, the moon rises
a contained ball of flame.

Winds surf the anxious waves
and around the lonely docks.

Unfamiliar stars tip their toes
in the vast lake of night.

Stale clouds coat the lighthouse
blinking its tired pulse.

The moon arches even higher
on the ladder with each minute.

The north leaks a faint light,
an unsettling of ghosts long past.

Isle Royale is a shadow,
trees unshaven in the swath.

Sprinkles of water thunder
across the stiffened benches.

Shedding its residue, the moon
sails clean-white on high.

At Odds

Bob Beagrie

When there's no hope of a phone signal
and I know, if there was, you wouldn't pick up,
these are the things I can use to call you:
the mat of moss sighing damp over a tumble of rocks
among an oak's exposed roots beneath dripping branches,
the wind, carrying threads of fret into a white sky,
a distant dog's clockwork bark, pinpricks of sheep
on the farthest field, the infinite trembling pleats of the loch
running against itself, a low skein of geese, a fallen leaf
caught in the rhythm of a hidden waterfall, all packaged
into an irresistible lure bound to bring your voice to my ear
your shadow striding from a copse of mountain ash
shame berries crushed beneath bare feet
and my own dumb tongue hog-tied with string.

Bus Ride (Little Americas: Wyoming, Oklahoma, Texas, Arizona, California)

Sharlene Gilman

TV, Guns, and Pawn is a square bunker building in Rawlins
boasting big black letters: "Your mom was Pro-Life—
Thank her." Rolls one sign and another:
Wyoming west uncurls
east and back as the midnight
big dog Greyhound stretches and runs:

Past Beans, Feed, and Butchery,
the Viva Mart, the Kum-&-Go
Convenience store, the Lady-Saver
Coin-Op Laundry. Dawn lights the silo
painted like a Coors can in the stubble flying
past the nodding grizzled man whose wallet chain
holds single dollars close while he sleeps.
Mother gives sips of Pepsi breakfast to her child.
No one reads on this bus.

Sunlight comes flashing silver like running water. Sunset sets
and silver lights come up. The Cherokee Strip in OK, Oklahoma,
flickers like film, tick-tick-ticks on a picket fence,
flipped playing cards pinned on a kid's spokes. Plastic covered
signs on parade or bare bulbs swing or dark holes
when signs are busted gape, ghosts out of business,
out of town, out of luck. Floodlights on Pleasant
Valley State Prison. Pale brown dirt into Pecos,
Texas sunrise crossing over Woman Hollering Creek,
Diamond Horse Cafe, the dry Pecos sending prayers upriver
for the peeling Latter Rain Church.

Prayers are like miles run straight through—He Who Stops—the Driver keeps his own reasons when and why. Off the clock, he pulls over. A woman from the clay dirt red shoulder climbs on with a blue suitcase, tells the operator, “You have been sent because the Lord entered my life.” Wedges a suitcase between sneaker feet, untangles long dark hair. Unfolds a twenty found from the side of the road: another miracle, proof that God will pay her fare.

Terry from Key West talks all the way to L.A. “Never been to jail and never got married,” he says, proud because his father took him to the orphanage on Sundays. Taught him to be free: Daddy pointed through the chain-link: Fatherless boys cut grass, a line of push mowers, a row of boys, identical T-shirts, identical crew-cuts crew-cutting the grass, marching and mowing military style.

“Daddy said all that separated me from them was this fence if I didn’t watch my step.” He remembers their white shirts, blue jeans, red mowers forty years ago, a ragged line of boys and machines, the field green, the sky blue, like today, on this bus, all of us, into the horizon in a ragged march, the past moving the future.

Reflection

Notty Bumbo

Every loneliness is the first loneliness.
Every pain the deepest pain.
Watching the cypress trees grow twisted
By the wind's uncaring hand,
We are hard-pressed to rejoice.
Every day another sunrise,
Every night another despair.
Raise the lantern against the world;
What stares back is the face we long for
All the early hours of our lives.

Droning On

Steve Flannery

All the drones service the queen,
while the workers do all the work.
All the humans tax the honey
at a hundred percent its worth.

A dime is dropped through silver
to save you from yourself.
Ten cents can buy your silence,
but really nothing else.

In a world that walks all hunchbacked,
straight crippled from the sun,
I just might crawl through proudly,
on my belly, with no gun.

But while the workers keep on working,
the drones now take orders by remote,
to leave the proud queen sinking
on her throne that just won't float.

On the 75th Anniversary of the Defeat of Poland

Sandra Kolankiewicz

For John Guzlowski, who invited me to be Polish.

Their defeat was lovely, noble except
for the horses, and afterwards if you
were someone, nothing changed. Historically
they went to live at the court of the place
which had just defeated them, dependent,
prisoners of another sort but still
first in line for the potatoes. Likewise
we rebel but underestimate
the problem. Those are shadows coming
across the plains, yet we wait, wanting an
obvious enemy. Seventy-five
years is nothing to a trilobite or
the boy in the bow of a canoe where
the glistening light tells him he will live
forever. I think of you as if you
were already in your bed, myself like
I willingly packed up my clothes for a
life where I should be with the others.

Historical Clerihews

Marjorie Maddox

Franklin, Ben
thought in the dark and then
went out and flew a kite
and made it light.

* * *

Abraham Lincoln,
when all was said and done,
couldn't tell a lie
no matter how he'd try.

* * *

Orville and Wilbur Wright
let their dreams take flight,
and then by dreaming more,
they made that airplane soar.

* * *

Babe Ruth
lost a tooth
somewhere between third and home.
If you can't find it, you're not alone.

Ora Pro Nobis

Harold Jenkins

Between the worn wooden pews
parishioners in a double row
approach the priest to take Communion
rocking with each step

Fewer every year
thinner, fatter, grayer, balder
fewer baptisms, more funerals

No more bazaars to mark the end of summer
with Polkas and bingo and beer
No more ancient pipe organ playing the hymns
sung in the tongue of the people who built this place

Storybook saints line the walls
silent in their stained-glass windows

A dragon hides behind the robes of a Pope
looks warily at the armored figure in the next window over
Does he wonder what fate awaits him
when the pews are empty and the organ falls silent?

He does not. He is colored glass and paint.
It does not matter to him
if in a few years he is a storybook window in a church far away
or shards of colored glass in the rubble
of a church that used to be.

Snowstorm

Mary Buchinger

and after begins
the art of subtraction

the digging to find
what was before

cars follow plows
blinking yellow

along temporary-walled
salted paths

but the river practices
addition lying still

folded into blankets
quiet and absorbing

in this world white
as a padded room

Probation

Raymond Luczak

Days of white don't seem so pure anymore.
They linger like Scrooge's little fingers
that just won't stop tapping on your shoulder,
reminding you there's still a death sentence.
Your house is a prison of unpaid debts.

Then comes a cardinal hopping about,
its sharp feathers startling like spurts of blood.
Puddles of grass congregate in protest.
Your heart picks up an extra beat, a lilt.

You open the window for a quick waft,
but roars of chill rush in, a pipe organ
echoing in the chapel of last hopes.
Ice-covered leaves sway like lynched bodies.
You're next. Spring hasn't got a single prayer.

The Irony of a Snag

Changming Yuan

1.

You have long since died
But you will never fall

Standing deadly among leafy growths
Your body embodies a rebirth
Greening close to your rotten cycles

2.

No one cares how you got
Into the waterway
But you keep trying to return
To the ocean, where all life

Originates, where your skeleton
Poses a navigation hazard
To any boat heading towards a port

The Old Cow Shed

Bob Beagrie

lost its doors an age ago, gable
bearded, eaves browed with ivy,
the corrugated salmon flesh
of its sagging roof—an occasional
perch for scrutinising crows.
The murk within is thickened
by two shafts of sunlight
from missing tiles; swallows
dart in and up to their nest
among the rafters. In one corner
lies a rust-pitted hammer—
the shaft snapped, a beaten stone,
an abandoned stirrup, and it hasn't
shaded a cow's hide in years. Instead
it listens for the lap of the Esk,
the crunch of footsteps on the toll track
to Egton, the hooves' daily plod
of its outgrown herd on the path
to and from the milking yard; suckling
shadow, swallows, creeping ivy,
the quivering heads of cow parsley.

Red Fox

Mehmoosh Torbatnejad

He called the red fox cunning,
in demeaning tone, critical of the
trustless mammal with limb bones,
as if he were not the huntsman
with no fixed abode, shadowing
untrained prey late evening,

leaving carcass abed early morning;
flesh unsuspecting, martyrs long
for the feel of his brilliant fur,
tiers of red, unsteady shades like
manic waves of fire,
veiling the scope of his skin

Nimble body points like arrow
when game is sighted, his oval
eyes a reflection of the egg before
him, leaps and sails above victim
before landing on daydreaming target,
then explores other ranges

for tail softer than his own,
plotting surplus killing, moving
swiftly so pawns never notice
his narrow skull, just the snow
of his chest and lower lips;
at least, I tell him,

they scheme deceitful for survival,
and the cross that forms
from the stripes down their spine
is not worn around their paws,
dangling from smooth wrist,
or clutched desperately in animal grip

A Dog's Life

Mary Kavanagh

My dog likes to play games
Like chase, fetch, and eat the slipper.
There's another game called "If you go out
Without me I'll trash your room."
I keep my door closed, usually.
Recently I forgot and came home to find
My bedroom turned over like burglars had called.
Whoever said "hell hath no fury
Like a woman scorned" never met
A Jack Russell dog with attitude.
Meanwhile I go to work
In boots of tooth-marked leather.

Monday Morning

E. A. Feliu

Head mired in mud,
swaddled in swamp moss.
Atrazine mouth,
throat itching
like a country mouse.
Tongue slithers in sand.
The day assumes the tone
of a metronome.
In fits and starts,
the week lurches forward
like a musket ball

shunting deer heart.

The Origin of Trouble

Daniel Edward Moore

Memory can always be something more
if reality doesn't stand a chance:
a hooker dressed up like a Franciscan nun
feeding bread to the pigeons and poor.

Going there daily in my habit of relief,
dragging the past like a rosary chain
used to pull truckers from ditches of despair,
from beds gone Arctic and wives gone AWOL.

Maybe this is the origin of trouble—
the table of contents in a book called you,
with a broken spine and missing pages
and too much ink on a stranger's hands
with fingerprints matching your own.

Why I will enjoy being a girl

Saddiq Dzukogi

I'll be unrestricted to leave
my face inside a mirror

for more than a minute
and nobody grows suspicious

I might like the boy next door
in fact I will love the boy next door

and mother will think it's ok
what difference does it make now

I hide my warmth for him in a little diary
no one else but darkness has seen

it will be ok to let my senses over his lips
and drown my body in his mouth

it will be ok to want his night
and speak in undertones

there is no better way of escaping
the other things we can't show

when we are out
a closed door won't be the only witness

when I decide to invite a boy home

Ballet Class

Nadine Ellsworth-Moran

“Find a spot on the wall,”
she would say in a labored
German accent too heavy
for her frame.

“Let your head lead,
and your body will follow.”
Her words spinning with me.

She claimed to be
a baroness,
and I claimed to be
a dancer.

Your spot is your anchor,
the only constant as you turn, turn, turn.

In the end
it is the one
truth between us.

Chem Class

Zoë Siobhan Howarth-Lowe

I giggle into my textbook
watching the chem teacher, intending science,
spell out whimsy
in ancient alchemical symbols
that I have recently learned to read.

I hold court
at back of the classroom,
looking into the futures sewn
into the palms of silly girls,
I smudge the lines—
tell them things they didn't want to hear,
read out the imaginary threads
I make up as I go.
Laugh at their furious clucking,
their pleading eyes, asking,
tell me things I already know . . .

The Metamorphosis

John Devers Jr.

Kafkaesque,
I woke up one day
To find I had
A protruding gut
And had aches from sleeping.
23 years of
Fast food, soda, and candy bars
Had finally caught up to me,
Who knew?
So I threw on shorts
And went for a run
Cut short by dry heaving
And charley horses
That felt as though my brain
Pulled the reins on my legs.
I crawled home,
Found you in the kitchen
Cooking something sizzling
And said, gasping,
“What you see is what you get.”
And you were ecstatic.

Literary Clerihews

Marjorie Maddox

Shakespeare
has an ear
for lovely sonnets.
He must know phonics!

* * *

Edgar Allan Poe
loves to scare us so
with thumping hearts beneath the floor
and ravens squawking, "Nevermore."

* * *

Peter Pan
won't ever be a man.
It's too much fun to stay
a boy and fly away.

* * *

Greedy Peter Rabbit
has the nasty habit
of always wanting more
carrots from McGregor.

* * *

Cinderella's
prince-like fellow
met her through his second trade:
selling shoes to nice young maids.

Something Just Above Nothing

Adam Gunther

There are two birds in the park,
I couldn't tell you what kind,
so deliberately they sway back and forth on the branches
and they cackle and sing to one another, like a pair of old friends

And I,
I am left wondering:
what makes those birds first sing out?
I hope it is nothing.

Or rather,
something just above nothing.

Maybe it is the way the wind is hitting their beaks
just right.
Maybe it is the way the twig they found fits perfectly
into their nest.
Maybe it is the way the winter sped by:
inaudible and tepid.

And fittingly,
images of my oldest friend and I pass by and wave.
We were sitting out by the old, decrepit community pool
year after year.

And while all of this went on
the hands of time clicked forward, behind the scenes,
completely undetectable to our young eyes.

But here still are my oldest friend and I,
growing
like two weeds in the cracks of the sidewalk
outside his front stoop.
Watching the ants mull around their hills,
while the ants watch us toss an under-inflated basketball at a hoop
with a large plastic chunk of the backboard long-since broken off,
until his mother would pull in the driveway after a long day of work
and she'd call us inside.

Here now are my oldest friend and I,
still today,
cackling like crows,
at something just above nothing.

Time

Lara Dolphin

After "Blessings" by Ronald Wallace

waits.

Some days I find myself
making my bed but

not having to lie in it.

I have a leg to stand on.

I have a penny

to my name.

All around me people

are asking what the country

can do for them,

sweating the small stuff,

crying over spilled milk.

Words hurt me.

There's a will

but no way.

Some days

a good man is easy to find.

Presence makes the heart grow fonder.

Love means having to say you're sorry.

Love sees clearly.

Love comes when you expect it.

Some days

the ink is dry.

The dust has settled.

Your ship is in.

There is a time like the present.

You can put the toothpaste

back in the tube.

You can get there from here.

Tomorrow's Rain

Steve Klepetar

There will be time to kiss and play
after we roll this rock from your grave.
It might astonish you to know
that the sky is so blue today that it hurts

our eyes to tears. We blink and rub.
We brought the checkered tablecloth,
a basket of sandwiches, but we can't eat;
we have no appetite. You always hated

picnics anyway, so we wander
to the river, past cheerful flowerbeds.
Just ordinary things—pansies and impatiens,
a few geraniums blazing in the sunlight.

We sit on the swing and watch mallards
floating on the water, as if the cold
would never come again, as if our throats
would open soon and accept tomorrow's rain.

Summer Dusk

David Athey

Summer dusk in Minnesota seemed like it would last until midnight, as if Alaska were just around the corner, and we often pretended that we were Eskimos and the small green lawn was open water between glaciers, and we sat in a wrecked canoe behind my dad's shed, whispering about killer whales and killer storms and killer invaders from the unknown; and when Todd's mom opened the door of their trailer to call him home, their big-bellied mutt prowled toward us like a polar bear out of a dream that still had a chance of ending well.

Contributors

David Athey has published poems, stories, essays and reviews in various journals, including *Harvard Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *Tampa Review* and *California Quarterly*. He teaches creative writing at Palm Beach Atlantic University and also has one foot in the music industry, being an executive producer for The Forlorn Strangers.

Bob Beagrie lives in Middlesbrough in the northeast of England. He has published seven collections of poetry, along with several pamphlets. His most recent publication is *Leasungspell* (Smokestack Books, 2016). His poetry has been translated into Urdu, Dutch, Finnish, Russian, Spanish, Danish, Estonian and Swedish. He is a senior lecturer in Creative Writing at Teesside University, co-director of Ek Zuban Literature Development and founding member of the experimental poetry and music collective Project Lono. (soundcloud.com/projectlono-1)

C.L. Bledsoe is the author of a dozen books, most recently the poetry collection *Riceland* and the novel *Man of Clay*. He lives in northern Virginia with his daughter.

Ace Boggess is the author of two books of poetry: *The Prisoners* (Brick Road Poetry Press, 2014) and *The Beautiful Girl Whose Wish Was Not Fulfilled* (Highwire Press, 2003). His novel, *A Song Without a Melody*, is forthcoming from Hyperborea Publishing. His writing has appeared in *Harvard Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Rattle*, *River Styx*, *North Dakota Quarterly* and many other journals. He lives in Charleston, West Virginia.

Mary Buchinger is the author of two collections of poetry, *Aerialist* and *Roomful of Sparrows*. Her poems have appeared in *Agni*, *Cortland Review*, *Diagram*, *Gargoyle*, *Nimrod International*, *Pank*, *Salamander*, *Slice Magazine*, *Massachusetts Review* and elsewhere. She was a featured reader at the Library of Congress and has received numerous poetry awards, including the Varoujan and Houghton. She is Professor of English and Communication Studies at MCPHS University in Boston. (marybuchinger.com)

Notty Bumbo is a writer, artist, and poet living in Fort Bragg, California. His many publishing credits include the *Amphigoric Sauce Factory*, *Words Without Walls*, *Poesis*, *Telling Our Stories Press*, and *Calabash Cadence Taisgeadan*. His novella, *Tyrian Dreams*, is available through Kindle via Amazon Publishing. He has recently been responsible for *Questor's Odyssey*, a daily commentary on life as we seldom appreciate it, from the perspective of a Trans-Universal visitor with three green hairs.

John Devers Jr. is a 24-year-old graduate of Penn State and a resident of Kingston, PA. He was first published in the Summer 2016 issue of *Word Fountain*. When not writing, he can be found playing wiffle ball and Ultimate Frisbee.

Lara Dolphin is a chocolate addict, slacktivist and determined dreamer. As a recovering attorney, pre-PA student and full-time mother of four, she divides her time between looking for lost Legos and breaking up pool-noodle-related combat. She's never been a billionaire but thinks that she would be great at it.

Saddiq Dzukogi studied at Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria. He has poems featured or forthcoming in *Pittsburgh Poetry Review*, *Vinyl*, *Chiron Review*, *About Place Journal*, *Cleaver Magazine*, *Juked*, *The Volta*, and *Grey Sparrow Journal*, among others. He is the poetry editor of the online journal, *Expound*. Saddiq was twice a finalist in the Association of Nigerian Author's Poetry Prize.

Nadine Elsworth-Moran is a Presbyterian pastor shepherding a small congregation in Charlotte, NC. In recent years, she has begun to explore her call to writing and loves working with the written word in all forms, but her first love is poetry. She also loves to travel and encounter new people with whom to share life's joys and surprises along the road.

E.A. Feliu is an author, artist and journalist in San Diego, California. He is the author of *Postcards from the Tattooed Man's Chest*.

Steve Flannery (a.k.a. singer/song-writer Zayre Mountain) Having grown up in a family of eight children, Mr. Flannery finds peace and solace in the madness of a full house—aces over kings, preferably. He now lives peacefully in Forty-Fort, Pennsylvania with his wife, two children, two dogs, two cats, and one hamster. Stephen lives in the moment, not for philosophy's sake, but because science dictates it so. Alas, time travel forsakes us all. For now.

Sharlene Gilman is a Pushcart and O. Henry Prize nominee whose poems and fiction have appeared in journals like *The Distillery*, *Poetry Now*, and *Portland Review*. She received her B.A. from the University of Texas at Austin, her M.F.A. from Vermont College, and her Ph.D. from Pennsylvania State University. She is currently the Assistant Professor of Developmental Writing at Bloomsburg University.

Adam Gunther is a 20-year-old political science major with a passion for creative writing. He hails from Bay City, Michigan, and now lives in the heart of Chicago. Adam's writing explores the beauty within the everyday. He pens "simple" stories and anecdotes that speak to broader themes of struggle, meaning, fairness, and especially love. His work has been published in *Sun and Sandstone Magazine* and *Dark Run Review*.

Zoë Siobhan Howarth-Lowe is a poet and mum from Dukinfield, Greater Manchester, England. Her work has appeared in *Magma*, *Curly Mind*, *Clear Poetry*, *Lakeview Journal*, *Interpreter's House*, and *The Lake*, among others. She also enjoys war-gaming, painting models, and scrapbooking.

Harold Jenkins studied physics and philosophy at the University of Scranton, where his poetic efforts were thwarted by a professor who struck through every line of his submission for the literary quarterly and then admitted she had no idea what a "Mayfly" was, anyway. He spent twenty years in industry before taking up writing again. Many of his poems and short stories can be found on his blog, *Another Monkey*. (anothermonkey.blogspot.com)

Mary Kavanagh is from Wicklow, a small town in Ireland, where she works as an accounting technician. A keen writer since childhood, she stopped writing for many years and only returned to it a couple of years ago. She loves to write comic pieces and poetry in particular and she also writes travelogues from home and abroad. She recently won the poetry section in a writing competition and her ambition is to publish a volume of poetry—someday!

Steve Klepetar's work has appeared in *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Chiron*, *Deep Water*, *Expound*, *Phenomenal Literature*, *Red River Review*, *Snakeskin*, *Voices Israel*, and *Ygdrasil*, among others. His work has received several nominations for Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize. Recent collections include *My Son Writes a Report on the Warsaw Ghetto* and *The Li Bo Poems*, both from Flutter Press. His full-length collection *Family Reunion* is forthcoming from Big Table Publishing.

Sandra Kolankiewicz's most recent work has appeared in *Appalachian Heritage*, *BlazeVox*, *Gargoyle*, *Fifth Wednesday*, *Prick of the Spindle*, *Per Contra*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Appalachian Heritage*, and *Pif*. Her books include *Turning Inside Out*, winner of the Black River Prize (Black Lawrence Press), *The Way You Will Go* (Finishing Line Press), and *Blue Eyes Don't* (Hackney Award for the Novel). *When I Fell*, illustrated by Kathy Skerritts, is available from Web-e-Books. She lives with her family in Appalachian Ohio. (sandrajkolankiewicz.blogspot.com)

Raymond Luczak is the author and editor of 18 books. Titles include *This Way to the Acorns* (Handtype Press) and *Mute* (A Midsummer Night's Press). His work has been nominated three times for the Pushcart Prize. He lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota. (www.raymondluczak.com)

Marjorie Maddox, professor of English at Lock Haven University, has published 11 collections of poetry, most recently *True, False, None of the Above* (Poiema Poetry Series); *Local News from Someplace Else* (Wipf and Stock); and *Wives' Tales* (Seven Kitchens Press). Her short story collection *What She Was Saying* will be released in 2017 by Fomite Press. Co-editor with Jerry Wemple of *Common Wealth: Contemporary Poets on Pennsylvania* (Penn State Press), she also has published two children's books, with several more forthcoming. (www.marjoriemaddox.com)

Daniel Edward Moore is a recent Pushcart Prize nominee whose poems have appeared in *American Literary Review*, *The Spoon River Poetry Review*, *River Styx*, *Rattle*, *Western Humanities Review*, *Mid-American Review*, and *Assaracus*. He has poems forthcoming in *Prairie Winds Literary Journal*, *Riding Light*, *Badlands Literary Journal*, *Broad Street Magazine*, *Common Ground Review*, *Glint Literary Journal*, *Permafrost Magazine*, *Compose Literary Journal*, and the *Tule Review*. He lives in Washington on Whidbey Island, where he is working on his first book of poems. (danieledwardmoore.virb.com)

Mehmoosh Torbatnejad was born and raised in New York. Her poetry has appeared in *The Missing Slate*, *Passages North*, *HEArt Journal Online*, and *Chiron Review*, and is forthcoming in *Natural Bridge* and *Pinch Journal*. She currently lives in New York, where she practices matrimonial law.

Jerry Wemple, a Pennsylvania native, writes frequently about the people and places of the Susquehanna Valley. His work includes three poetry collections: *You Can See It from Here*, selected by Pulitzer Prize-winner Yusef Komunyakaa for the Naomi Long Madgett Poetry Award; *The Civil War in Baltimore*; and most recently *The Artemas Poems*. His poetry and creative nonfiction are included in several journals and anthologies. He is a Professor of English at Bloomsburg University of Pennsylvania.

Changming Yuan, nine-time Pushcart nominee and author of seven chapbooks, started to learn English at age nineteen and published monographs on translation before moving out of China. Currently, Changming edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Yuan in Vancouver, and has poetry appearing in *Best Canadian Poetry*, *BestNewPoemsOnline*, and *Threepenny Review*, among many others.

A Note from the Editors

We'd like to thank all of our readers for a tremendously successful relaunch of *Word Fountain* this past summer. We're also grateful to the leaders of the Osterhout Free Library, for allowing us the time and resources to pursue this project, as well as the Friends of the Library, who have underwritten the majority of our expenses for the year.

When we brought the magazine out of hiatus, our goal—like that of the library who sponsors us—was to bring together a collection of writers from near and far, including those from our own communities and across the nation. And with an influx of submissions that far exceeded our expectations, we were able to do exactly that.

With the present issue, we have expanded even further abroad. Along with local and regional poets, you'll find in these pages voices from as far away as Nigeria and the United Kingdom. While the styles range from formal derihews to free verse and even some experimental pieces, we think you'll find this a thoughtful and moving collection.

You can find recent issues at libraries in Pennsylvania's Luzerne County, or you can visit www.wordfountain.net to make a small donation and have one shipped to you. There you'll also find online versions of our past issues.

To submit your own work to *Word Fountain* please visit our website at www.wordfountain.net for our complete guidelines and instructions. We seek very short fiction, poetry, and even creative nonfiction from both new and established writers.

The beautiful cover art for this issue is by artist and fellow editor, Ainslee Golomb.

Thank you for supporting our publication and our libraries!

Gratefully yours,

David J. Bauman
Sandra Kobos
Ainslee Golomb
Erin Mazzoni
Tiffany Hadley
Editors

Word Fountain is the Literary Magazine of the Osterhout
Free Library in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.



Osterhout
Free Library

71 South Franklin Street, Wilkes-Barre, PA 18701

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