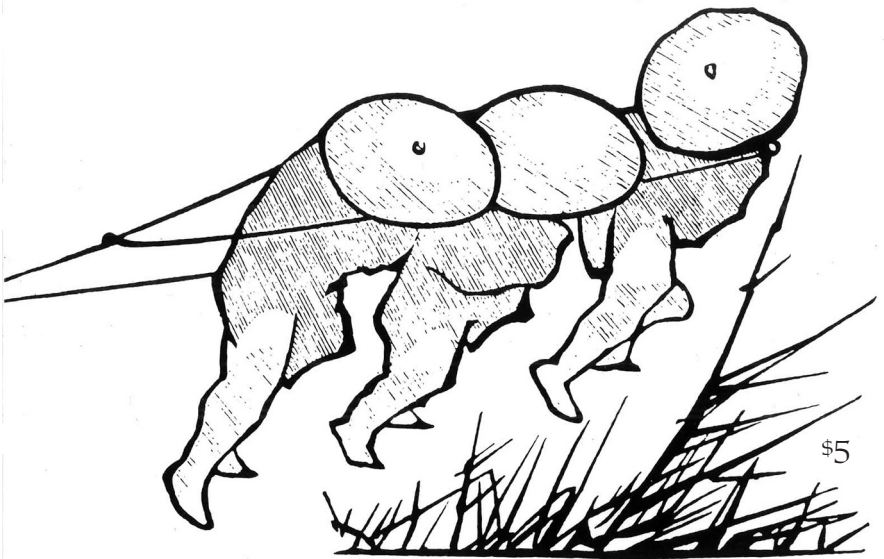


# HAWK & WHIP POOR- WILL



*poems of man & nature*



# HAWK & WHIPPOORWILL

Volume 2, Number 1

Summer 2010

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<i>an illustration after a bronze tile by Nancy Webb</i>		

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Cover art from *Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Japan and China*,  
by Thomas W. Knox, Harper and Brothers, 1880.



## FROM THE EDITORS

“Let’s understand what is not hidden,” begins the poem by Ilya Gut-  
Lner which opens this issue. This is sound advice, for isn’t it true that we are already close to a mystery when we set ourselves to noticing and getting a handle on all which is *apparent* in the natural world around us? Without having to delve deeper into metaphysics or history, we already find ourselves immersed in detail. The work of understanding, and cultivating an appreciation for, the non-hidden aspects of nature, can occupy a lifetime. How dizzying to realize that once we do dig into and through that not-hidden world, there are vast realms beneath and above the visible. And even if we restrict our attention to the surface layers of nature – to snails and islands, the sands of Ogunquit and the aroma of lilac blossoms in Arnold Arboretum – somehow the denizens of those hidden strata make themselves known, as in the poem by SATNROSE which closes this issue: “the name forgotten and a salt wind picking up & the leviathans dancing.” Whew! The plenum practically vibrates with meaningful beauty and beautiful meaning. If we had an editorial *raison d’être* in selecting the works in this issue, it was to somehow point to the staggering richness in the non-hidden, and the corresponding vastnesses of the territories beyond.

— Zachary Bos & Nora Delaney

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ILYA GUTNER

*from* End of June 2010

Let's understand what is not hidden,  
That terminology and truth  
Are not a mirror and its image;  
Nor unreflecting hurry – good.

And in the evening backyard shade  
The light slain by the neighbor trees  
Falls peaceful on the bleeding plate.  
And it is wise to sit in peace.

\*

But fierce cuts the catamaran  
To make the point of rendezvous  
Where the white winged Leviathan  
And the White Whale bid all adieux.

\*

Sea sickness: everything depends  
On staying true to my own lungs.  
Enchanted circles on the edge  
Of the serrated probable.

Enchanted circles round and round –  
Away from this harsh orphanage  
Which used to be the Mother Earth! –  
The whales are leaving for the stars.

\*

While in bright rooms all kinds of people  
In different ways do not perceive  
That there is no such thing as simple  
Emotions about dying seas.

\*

The suburb shouts behind our backs  
The names of strangers who let live  
While we respect their mute demands  
Like the harsh silences of myth.

We sit there like the evening shades  
As light escapes the neighbor trees  
And falls upon our bloodied plates.  
And it is wise to sit in peace.

\*

There where I go to read, there at the sea,  
There at the sea where in despair I go  
From stiff complexities and thoughts of grief  
Which overtake me in the night of hope,

There at the sea forgetting hesitation  
Light I leapt up upon the steepest rock  
And read twelve lines of infinite duration  
Unto that murmur which will never stop.

\*

Strange intersections of the flying cosmos  
Or sleek entwinings of the growing world  
But He spoke less and less and I more loudly.  
And then I understood I was alone.

There was a tattered book clasped in my hand,  
My clothes were torn from walking through the brambles  
And a dark cloud concealed the sounds of language  
And all around was strange to understand.

\*

What have I learned except not questioning  
The seed's bizarre necessity of growth?  
Strange news begin for me in Genesis  
At chapter four; most strange the Book of Job;

And strangely sounds that God, too, might be tortured  
About this world. But through the haze at last  
I saw Him weep over the dying ocean  
And did not dare to whisper: *Thou art blest.*

MICHAEL HEALY

## Island in Milton Cemetery Pond

Even a satellite can record the oddity.

From back then, from a swampy promontory  
jutting into a peaceful pond that lulls  
the dead into staying asleep.

To let us know how close  
we might've gotten: a chunk of Eden  
floats near the headstones; a green clearing  
hardly can dull its own brightness,  
its centricity rubbing away at the secrecy  
and subtlety of the surrounding shrubs.

Nowadays I could stomp or swim across the pond,  
but crossing the invisible line that maintains  
that principality as being within and against this one  
would disrespect the sanctity that comes down  
from the sun and centers this place,  
keeps my heart inside my head.

And beneath the sanctity, even the short blades of grass  
cast shadows and the center would move  
and who anyway wants to be in the center.

The black iron of the cemetery gate might come  
from those shadows. In any case,  
I have to return beyond the gates of the cemetery  
back to that other universe, the one containing  
all the time from that day back then until this day,



two moments demonstrating how memory springs into action  
and folds your life over and over  
    into a lilting accordion song.  
I have been so folded and therefore  
    taste the sting and am alive.

JOHN A. GRIFFIN

*from* Stations Against Ruins

I

We arrived at evening in a garden named Gethsemane,  
and there in one corner above a torpid pool,  
where a fountain used to gurgle,  
but now lies stagnant with clotted algae,  
a swarm of moths circled and glowed  
beside a bouquet of night bloomers – the phlox  
opened its vanilla throat and drank  
the drunken moths who reeled and fluttered  
in dizzying luminescent arcs; pink clusters  
cracked open their globes and the musky air  
was showered with snowy pollen and limned  
with the spiralling traces of the insects' eyes.

II

Fireflies wove haloes round the pinwheels  
where dowaynes danced their sexy masques.  
The nenuphars averted their eyes and trembled  
with false modesty where you came kitted in robes  
and followed by your adepts – magnolias cupped  
their petals to receive the dripping honey of your tears.  
You wept because the marques were set.  
The passion fruit was sunken and dry and the ways  
of sorrow already led beyond the precincts  
of the walled arboretum: whatever moved now  
moved regardless of the sly peculations  
of the night butterflies and their selenic frenzy.

### III

You hesitated at the garden gate – A quiet  
balm'd the narthex where a rat was and slunk away,  
and the hyacinths stunk of the blood of betrayal –  
Rest and be soothed, my child, before you walk that way,  
and let the humus beneath the grass heal your soles,  
never mind the bats that have come lured  
by the Mach Bands spinning off the fluted fronds –  
they seek only the pap of distended leaves and then to go to  
massaging the night with their sonars:  
the Night Court has picked up their cues and issued  
its verdict. What's done is done. The call  
of the laughing owl makes you stumble and fall.

---

*This poem owes its title to the line from "The Waste Land," "These fragments I have shored against my ruins." It is based rather loosely on Jacqueline Carey's Kushiel's Saga, and so the Stations of the Cross correspond roughly [and profanely] to her thirteen Houses of Mont Nuit. There's also allusions to the Megilloth, or those exegeses by rabbis of the Song of Solomon, Ruth, Ecclesiastes, Esther, and Lamentations.*

—JAG

MELISSA GREEN

*from Akeldama*

In the kingdom of birds, children, birds of prey are the ruling class, hawks and falcons are the barons, and ravens are the clergy, or so they say. This morning, we are going to draw birds. How many can you think of? Doves, eagles, vultures, goldfinch, larks, owls, partridges, cranes, swallows, wrens and sparrows. A symbol of the Holy Spirit, another name for the Paraclete, which we have carved up over the scriptorium door, is actually a falcon. The falcon looks straight into the sun. He can see a mouse from the top of the mountain.

~ ~ ~

I have drawn a falcon and two other birds for you to copy. While you are drawing, children, let me tell you about the caladrius. It's only found in king's houses, a kind of white heron with yellow legs and beak and a long neck like a swan. If it doesn't look at a sick man, the man will die, but if it stares into the face of the patient, the man will live. The caladrius draws the illness into itself and guards open the doors and it flies up over the trees toward the sun where the sickness will be burned away. This bird is like Christ who takes the whole infirmity of man upon himself. The robin and the goldspink came to the dying Christ, attempting to ease His pain by trying to pull out the nails and thorns in His Crown, and that's why they're red-breasted.

SIMMONS B. BUNTIN

## Bosque

*Bosque del Apache National Wildlife Refuge, New Mexico  
January 1, 2009*

Not the riotous snow geese or the cyclone  
of tungsten wings beneath the dawn's red rise.

Not the silent teals drawn like musical notes  
across the vellum of the marsh.

Not even the scarlet-capped cranes slowly rowing  
above copper hills. Rather, my daughters,

bundled in bright plumage on the observation deck  
– the unfathomable water glazed in blue ice, the ruby

woods distant and luring – their own capped heads  
and arms lifted skyward, and rising.

DON RUSS

## The Bridegroom

*Steve Rayman Chevrolet, Marietta*

As he arrived, so in time  
he left, no man of us knowing  
the day or hour or for that matter  
exactly how. Out

of time, he seemed – and place:  
our world paved in, five gassy lanes  
of highway yards away, chain-  
linked acres of parked cars.

We'd heard the sun come –  
self-announced, a raucous copper call  
behind the few last trees – and then  
we saw him, his feathers

all fire and blue-green night.  
He was himself, but we named him  
one of us and bought a little hen.  
He left us more alone.

## A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

**The whole story of this poem is true.** Before my Camry, I had a Chevrolet regularly serviced at the dealership where the events took place. Over a period of time I'd heard about and even heard the bantam rooster. Before I had a chance to see him, though, he had disappeared, was gone except for an image of him in the computer of one of the dealership's car bays. Nothing the men had said prepared me for how beautiful their one-time mascot was. The man at "my" check-in bay, the man who had first begun feeding the creature, hypothesized that someone thought he was a prize fowl and abducted him.

Nobody even knew where he had come from – he just showed up like a noisy sunrise in a little patch of woods, a bit of unspoiled nature, at the edge of the Chevrolet lot – and then he was gone. No matter that they'd fed him, tried to make him one of them, even procured him a wife. He was gone.

I suspect that I'm the only one who ever fancied him a sort of unrecognized "divine emissary." Incarnation and the other details of New Testament "wedding" eschatology are my own secular but I hope not irreverent addition to the story. I appropriated the religious language and ideas to make the point about a re-entry of the sacred, of the eternal, into the everyday world of matter and time.

I am not religious myself, but do subscribe to the idea of the all-importance of nature – of its sacredness, even. In a world paved over, fenced off, poisoned with exhaust, I am trying to say something about our sometimes too proprietary human attitudes and behaviors in an already compromised world.

- DR

ERIC ANDERSON

## The Ontology of Sight

From the highway,  
the heat of slaughtered cows  
is mistaken for mist.

The tour guide says,  
“The fields breathe  
this time of year.”

This time of year,  
buses filled with strangers  
draw in the hills.

To them, this is new:  
seeing their pain take the form  
of birds piercing trees.



J. SACKETT, JR.

## Intimating Snow

Winter creeps its icy underbelly, staggering  
legs, crooking arms, extending the air's crisp

bite, scarring the afternoon with a memorable  
wound. Sky's white shards fragment, puzzle

purity's glass pane portrait. The cold noise  
shatters. Trees bend in obedience to this seasonal

burden; servants to demands of a tyrant wind.  
Some snap in jagged edges, severing their root

strangle. And men scuttle, crunching the snow  
beneath abundant layers and wobbling boots.

Women watch crystal daggers descend from  
branches; the children blow warm air between  
fingers, night collapses from thoughtless clouds.

SANDRA KOHLER

## Transformations

*Great Meadow, near Walden,  
Two days before my sixty-ninth birthday*

On one side of the trail through the marsh  
my husband balances camera on tripod  
setting multiple exposures  
for the meadow's frieze of water lilies:  
acres of them yellow, cream  
blossoming  
flickering butterflies  
The wind ruffling the lily pads turns them  
into a flock of birds – fat green  
herons grazing on leaves  
green as they

On the other side of the trail  
a sleeping goose balances on one foot  
yoga stork pose  
black head tucked under one wing  
left foot under the head  
tiny feathers at the tip  
of his tail quivering  
when his balance falters

Behind the goose among purple loosestrife  
yellow mullein a burst of rose pink  
hibiscus flowering  
such lush rococo petals  
the other wildflowers  
seem weed

The river that runs along the meadow,  
dammed, turns pond, surrounded  
by woods ... woods decaying,  
never to be decayed...  
Water moving – rippling, shirring,  
crimpling – like the bay  
at sunrise. All these waters – bay ocean pond marsh  
river – a skin on the earth  
eternally wrinkling  
never to be shed.

D. A. LOCKHART

## Pool Beneath the Old Bathhouse

I wonder what I'm doing here,  
soaking as old  
Flathead slides around  
the poolside in thick flannel.  
He's been here all his life.  
Not looking so healthy.

Our simmering water flows smoothly,  
colliding with disappearing hillsides.  
No sky, only clouds, steam  
and sulphur.  
Flathead says nothing.  
"That's the smell of healthy,"  
utters a bearded berry farmer  
from down Oregon way.  
He's the only other one  
moving inside our shared tempest.

Yet, we know nothing  
of each other but our forms  
against dead thickets of grass  
towering above snowdrifts.  
While wind fearfully shakes them  
under boarded up hotel above us.

Plywood,  
not so distant,  
creaks in gusting flurries.  
It's this twenty-foot cement tub  
and old Flathead holding forth  
in the enveloping whiteness of storm.

Mountains become walls,  
sky ceases to be sky, we sit.  
As visitors we've come  
to a place haunted by memories,  
faded, crumbling vistas  
of what place failed with promises.  
Old Flathead takes our five dollars,  
drives up the vanishing road.

LINDA M. FISCHER

## The Red Fox

That hour when shadows prink  
then dissemble in first light  
I sit like a stone palmed by water,  
waiting for the view from my window  
to reassemble itself in living color,  
and think myself lucky when I see  
the red fox whose morning circuit  
runs through backyards along the creek.

COLLEEN S. HARRIS

## Violet Petals

The violet petals are twelve shades shy of twilight.  
I lick them hoping for grape-flavored sugar,  
find nothing but purple pulped on my tongue.  
The violet petals are the velvet of my mother's best dress,  
dark like shadows beneath Catholic pews.  
They are royalty, dressing us up for confession  
then falling asleep by the cuckolded clover.

AMIT MAJUMDAR

## Contemplating Adam

No fangs. No claws.  
No poisonous blue skin.  
No pincushion-  
Porcupine  
Spines.  
No ink,  
No sting.  
No canines  
To give the stray paw  
Pause.  
No lizard-swift  
Lick-thwip.  
No alligator  
Padlock-jaws.  
No burnished tortoise  
Armor plate or  
Poison-ivy  
Just you try me.  
No boar  
Tusks.  
No skunk's musk.  
No fur.  
No python maw.  
No roar,  
No grr.  
Not even a caw.



Yet before  
Him all Creation  
Heels and neighs and  
Bows and scrapes in  
Sacred horror,  
Sacred awe.

CALEB KLACES

## Trusted Sources

*or, Everything I've ever wanted to say,  
as recorded in Environmental Research Letters 1,  
October–December 2006*

A frankness of pretty and horrid life steeps a little pool  
cupped in tough, splayed mottled green-pink leaves.  
Cockroach nymphs fleck outer axils. Mosquito pupae bob.  
Bluish-brown salamanders dissolve heavy-winged ants.  
The whole business held aloft on a forest branch's branch.  
(I imagine like Liberty's flame). Meanwhile, in what's now  
Chad 10,000 years ago senseless photosynthesis drove algae  
to glim the wide lakes that glimmered there, time-heat-dried  
to a deep sandbowl, which gets a wicked wind now, thicken-  
ing that air with dust: leavings of algal clot along with hard  
spicules lathed in long-gone grasses are by satellites caught  
streaking brown the blue Atlantic. Yearly, forty million tons  
of it from the Sahara's tiny navel airdrops in the Amazon,  
which would be sludge, the authors say, without African dust.

RYAN BAYLESS

## The Forest's Daughter

Rise to meet the sun  
dancing on water.  
I tell everyone I see  
about the forest's daughter.

I followed her this far—  
a tree bends near the stream.  
A leaf drops slowly down  
like sleep into a dream.

Make a sort of net  
to catch the river in.  
A finger lace is best  
for such a subtle skin.

She comes and goes as one  
who knows where moments meet.  
The letter that she left me  
still lying at my feet.

The wind shifts on the plain—  
the waking of a storm.  
The ocean to the west  
becomes another form.

HANNAH CRAIG

## Another Engine

I.

We enter the house of the winter, carrying our birdseed bride. She will scatter, soon. She will fade. In a month, the bag of fat will be drained. The house full of mice and dried sage. In a month, memory will demand an actual image. A crutch. A sequence of events. A quest.

II.

Go into the field and bring back sheaves of wheat. Go into the olive groves and the grape arbor and bring back the bodies of your brothers. Go to the battlefield and pick the asphodel which grows there.

III.

We enter the house of January. Should I forget you, oh January?

IV.

The dove-cote has been painted blue, dust cantilevered into the massive eaves. Struck out, voices buckle behind tunnels, columns, girder, beams. The voices buckle already—the precious structure is collapsing. We enter the house of January clothed in robes of fire. My father is dead. The children come to me and open their hands. Look the beginning...[]...a...to find from (2 lines unrecoverable)... defilement which....

V.

The fallen bodies complicate matters—the stacks of bodies, the unclean roses of bodies, the cabal of rotting plums. Everywhere we fly by. We fly...the everywhere. Some space into which the word is already flown, created, recreated. Some wind returns the blade-edge light and then beats forward.

VI.

Go into the field and bring back the dead. Go to the edge of the world and retrieve all who have fallen. Who can teach me to find God? Those that [...] all in a [...] blessed, and they [...] like a salamander. So many of these, my brother. So many of these. No more in the body or frayed soul. No more in the word or thought of a word.

VII.

We enter the house of snow, carrying our tinsel bridge. Soon she will fade. Soon she will be torn apart and reconstituted as a series of pipe cleaners. In bottles on the window-sill. In the steam from mulled wine. Forget the quest—we demand sleep. Forget sleep—we demand dreams. Waking dreams. Foreign dreams. And after those, even more.

VIII.

Go into the body and bring up the soul. Temper it, coil it like malleable copper. Teach it. Teach it to mend its own clothes. To find the rip in the hem, to thread the needle with fine-lit-wire. With burning wire. With fog and the hair of angels. The body, it complicates things. My body's heart is pure—it's the spirit sister that can't be taught, that can't be tooled down, that can't be stopped. O there she goes. O there.

WILLIAM NEUMIRE

## Anniversary

Again this year the magnolia leaves  
bloom and fall and punctuate the grass  
with pink apostrophes. There is possession  
in them, in that they were mothered  
and forgotten. In that they own  
my eyes for now, after work  
but before the invasion of voices  
and barking. Each one is a little girl  
without a father. Staring up at me.  
Each one has a mother too barren to care.

## The Whales Sing an Old Song

black sea cold water pressure down 300 feet upside down is right side  
up the bubbles advance to the surface that is the way to go so rising to  
the light scattered breaking through the waves jumping over the sun  
smashing down into the roils up past the beach there is a fire in a cave  
shadows standing on the edge listening for the keen listening the whales  
sing an old song old when the world was young young from the Arctic  
to Mexico and beyond dolphins running down their game birds shouting  
the name forgotten and a salt wind picking up & the leviathans dancing

## New & Recommended Reading

*Our World of Water* by Beatrice Hollyer, from Francis Lincoln (2008). \$9.43. Follows six children from different countries, answering the question of: How does water play into one's daily life? Topics range from how the children use water to drought and flood threats in their areas.

*Gifts of the Crow: How Perception, Emotion, and Thought Allow Smart Birds to Behave Like Humans* by Tony Angell, from Free Press (2012). \$16.50. Highlights the intelligence of corvids and their similarities to human beings through storytelling and diagrams, accompanied by full illustrations.

*Building on Nature: The Life of Antoni Gaudi* by Rachel Rodriguez, from Henry Holt and Co. (2009). \$16.99. Children's book about Antoni Gaudi, with a focus on how his architecture reflected his observations in nature.

*My Side of the Mountain* by Jean Craighead George, from Puffin Books (2004). \$6.99. A young adult novel about a young man who leaves city life to live in the Catskill Mountains in upstate New York. He lives in a burnt-out hemlock tree, befriends a hawk, a weasel, and a raccoon, and learns self-reliance. See also the sequels *On the Far Side of the Mountain* (1990) and *Frightful's Mountain* (1999).

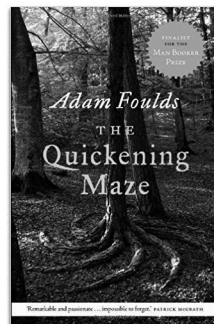
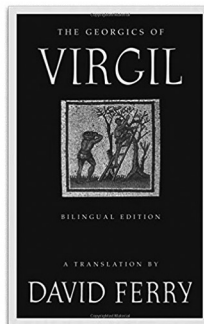
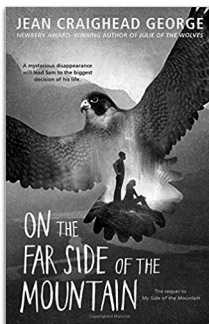
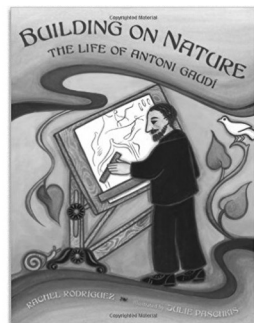
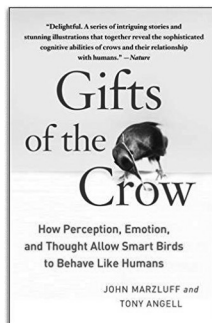
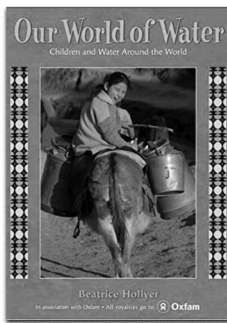
"A Place for the Bees" by Virgil, translated from Latin into English by the Boston-area poet and scholar David Ferry. Appearing in the January/February 2005 issue of *The Atlantic*, these lines of verse specify the ideal setting for establishing a bee-hive. Agricultural acumen and a gentle,



humane sensibility are hard at work here: “And there should be a limpid spring nearby, / Or a moss-edged pool, ... / And there should be sweet blooming marjoram near... / and violets / Drinking from the trickling spring or stream.” An excerpt (Book IV: 8-32) from Ferry’s complete translation of the *Georgics*, published by FSG in 2006.

In “Everywhere an exile,” an essay in *The Guardian* (May 2009), Adam Foulds argues that we should not dismiss John Clare’s “poems of peasant life” as “naive and unliterary.” Rather, we should view Clare as “our greatest ecological poet.” Foulds’s *The Quickenning Maze*, a historical fictionalization of Clare’s madness, was published by Jonathan Cape last year.

*Find more recommendations online at [www.penandanvil.com/bw/3](http://www.penandanvil.com/bw/3).*





*Anas platyrhynchos*

The MBTA agent was bewildered to find members of the *H&W* editorial staff sprawled on the floor of the Alewife station on the Red Line. We were there, Nora Delaney and I, with paper and graphite pencils, to make rubbings of low-relief bronze tiles created by local artist Nancy Webb. The tiles, a hundred of which had been set into the station's mezzanine floor in 1981 as part of the T's "Arts on the Line" initiative, each feature one of a dozen different species of plant or animal indigenous to the marsh-and-meadow Alewife reservation, the largest intact wetlands in Cambridge. The image above (a mallard) began as one of these rubbings, before being scanned and cleaned-up in photo-editing software.

We thank Ms. Webb for her kind permission to publish these images in print and online. Readers may enjoy learning more about her work at [www.nancywebbstudio.com](http://www.nancywebbstudio.com).



*In this issue:*

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