

The  
Night Bomb  
Review



Verse at the intersection  
of guts and craft

Fall 2009

Editing, design, and layout  
by Amber & Chris Ridenour



**Night Bomb Press**  
**Portland, Oregon**

Copyright 2009

All rights reserved. Don't copy this stuff.  
Write your own.

## Contents

<b>After Dinner /</b> Rachel Robertshaw	1
<b>Mermaid Ave. /</b> H.L. Evanson	2
<b>from <i>Ithaca is Bleeding</i> /</b> Travis Cebula	6
<b>Architecture I /</b> Rita Delamatre	7
<b>October /</b> M.F. McAuliffe	9
<b>Evening/Sunrise /</b> Jaye Harris	10
<b>when my brother was sick /</b> Elizabeth Archers	11
<b>Bird Breath /</b> Judith Fay Pulman	12
<b>Nonsense /</b> Hollyanna McCollom	13
<b>13 Words /</b> Robyn Smith	15
<b>diagnosis /</b> Noel Franklin	18

<b>VINCENT'S SUNFLOWERS /</b> Curtis White-Carroll	20
<b>All the Pretty Colors /</b> David Matthews	21
<b>Sewing Basket /</b> Jenette Purcell	23
<b>When Nothing Gets Bored /</b> Mike G	25
<b>BLUE STREAK I /</b> Doug Spangle	27
<b>Banshee Time /</b> Tommy Gaffney	28
<b>Hilly the Healer /</b> Jenna 'Astrid' Alexia	29
<b>Prophecy /</b> Dennis McBride	33
<b>First Step /</b> Gary Aker	34

## **After Dinner**

*- Rachel Robertshaw*

Look at those two people through the window  
fucking like they're making love;  
it's almost you. You  
sat patiently at dinner waiting for someone  
to arrive. When he didn't  
you got drunk and ruined someone  
else's life. I'm not saying  
this is all your fault.

Curl up into a ball.  
Your brother is in jail.  
There is no farm. Your dog isn't  
chasing birds or sticks,  
muddy, running free.  
You've got a drinking problem.  
A speaking, dreaming, running-away,  
lying problem. A thinking problem.  
And the electrician, who you somewhat  
love, is old enough to be your father.

There is no other feeling like this, except  
when an infant starts eating solid food  
growing teeth,  
bone through flesh.

## **Mermaid Ave.**

- *H.L. Evanson*

he calls at 2 am  
having  
8 bottles of wine  
and a 9 mm  
as payment  
for 7 days of  
house-sitting in  
the middle of nowhere  
with a cockatoo  
and a horse

I can hear the squawking  
in the background  
and the clip of the gun  
while Wilco pays  
tribute to Guthrie  
on Mermaid Ave

8 bottles of wine  
for 7 days  
but  
it's the 3rd day  
and the last bottle  
is trickling  
down his throat

he says  
he's going to  
shoot himself

good  
I say

tells me he needs  
something  
to laugh about

then he asks me  
again  
to marry  
asks me for one  
good reason  
why  
I'd say no

just one  
I ask

he says  
you know  
I don't love you  
but I'd really like  
citizenship  
in the EU  
and I suppose  
I like you  
more than most

not good enough  
I say

he says it's the best  
either of us will find  
that he cares about me  
more than anyone else  
ever will  
and that I care for him  
more than anyone ever should

maybe  
I say  
but the answer  
is still  
no  
not good enough

what he doesn't understand  
is that  
I'd rather be alone  
than settle

he offers a vineyard  
in France  
friends of the family

not good enough  
I say

I don't want  
to get married  
to live in France  
to settle  
I don't love you

clip of the gun  
rattles  
the cockatoo  
squawks

I don't love you either  
he says  
don't you see  
it's perfect

perfect?  
no

dial tone  
dial tone  
dial tone

he's not going to shoot himself  
but maybe the bird will get him

**from *Ithaca is Bleeding***  
*- Travis Cebula*

the children stare with Ithaca  
as the ball slows

in untrampled grass  
just past her fingers.

anywhere is enough,  
and this has gone beyond the almost  
of green knees.

it is the last time she loses.

it is the last time she plays.

## architecture I

- *Rita Delamatre*

1.     eli you are a million miles away  
today sunlight on cobblestones  
on buildings  
on glass that leaps out  
the million little daggers blinding and  
stabbing  
through the eyes and soul  
cauterize                                   leave blinding  
scars of brilliance

2.     you are a million miles away  
now cobblestones  
buildings  
sunlight on glass  
stabbing and blinding:  
daggers that leave                   scars of  
brilliance  
cauterize  
the eyes and soul today  
eli

3. daggers  
sunlight on cobblestones  
blinding, cauterize  
the million little scars of glass  
now a million miles away  
eli  
stabbing  
the eyes and soul  
through buildings, windows  
brilliance  
that leaps out                      today

## **October**

- *M. F. McAuliffe*

The long light lying orange on the earth

and I the sky transDanubian blue,  
and all the past crystal in my hands.

## Evening/Sunrise

- *Jaye Harris*

My plans fall from me like baby teeth,  
little holes, replaced with  
fat mottled gravestones chipped and wide. I can take  
the days  
to ground dust like pumice stones, lifting mornings  
on the wide white backs  
of the tales I've been molting, making real, repeating  
my faith:  
These things turned slower than my mind's torn  
waltz,  
trailing myth, a high-heeled faith in whatever  
endeavor  
leads again to filling my mouth and gently spilling  
out.  
I am their mother, and I know some teeth, while tiny,  
are rotten.  
You only need  
what comes back and through, you bronze a single  
pair of shoes....

When I'm through, I'll have a body as wide  
as a wisdom gap, a big knowing grin across all my  
hands  
and toes as long and strong as my tongue. I'll curl  
them around  
storm drains and tree branches, a big bat-mouth  
hanging upside down  
swinging under the dark and laughing in the wind. I  
will eat and eat and eat damnation  
out of the bundling dark like stars until the light can  
get through.

**when my brother was sick**

*- Elizabeth Archers*

with burning fevers  
the last time I was small,  
under a heavy mahogany  
and cotton lace cloth,  
my ears sucked every morsel  
my mother's friends spilled  
from the coffeepot and the tips  
of cigarettes  
how my grandmother died,  
my father's letters from overseas,  
and once  
a fireman's mouthful of ashes  
when lifting a corpse.

## **Bird Breath**

*- Judith Fay Pulman*

Dickinson heard the breath of a hummingbird  
one morning.

Henceforth covered head,  
shaded eyes,  
dreamed of catacomb drafts,  
and no longer sought human shields.

What ballooning brick secret  
was behind flit of quick winged distraction  
in the bird's precious inspiration?

Impossible knowledge.

Ever windowed Emily,  
bee stung brain lady  
your long lone collapse  
    brought frost petalled wisdom  
    to college students and train hoppers  
    far past dreary Amherst.

If it were I and buzzing bird,  
would I dare listen  
    or simply  
        cottonball ears  
        to preserve own pink  
but never ever ever  
write poems in the language  
    of bells?

## Nonsense

- *Hollyanna McCollom*

Like a serpentine cloud from the ashy caverns of the  
crematorium  
Your laments wend their way in,  
Tickling my ears with their diphthongs and  
rosemary-scented resonance  
Yours is an aesthetic endeavor  
Like dandelion baubles, like a metaphysical  
blueberry  
But your syllables of criticism manipulate  
me out of this statuesque asylum  
into a tangible tumultuous shroud of steel and nettles  
burnished by twilight and dripping with rhetorical  
remembrance.  
Standing at the threshold, the bellicose button of my  
heart devours  
your lifeless silhouette like an allegorical hiccup.  
My mourning seems irrational in the face of this  
melancholy asphyxiation,  
and my anecdotes seem to hang like placid  
soliloquies on my tongue,  
waiting for a moment when some chaotic Bolshevik  
maelstrom  
will allow for symbiotic serendipity as the hierarchy  
of morbidity begins to collapse.  
If I had my druthers, I'd wait for that pearlescent  
synthesis of your words  
when the promises, like opulent tapioca pearls drip  
through the splendor of your anachronistic  
declarations.

But hysteria, like cumulus clouds coagulates,  
    eradicates all sense, all hope of symmetry.  
How like a mistress, these expectations tease me away  
    with promiscuous whispers  
Of some omnium gatherum of monkeys and  
elephants, turtles and squirrels  
A veritable circus of seductive promises.  
So intoxicating is your lithium grandeur,  
That I, like a metronome, fall in sync to the  
    tintinnabulation,  
Never suspecting that your lyrical bubble may burst.

## 13 Words that Should *Never* Appear in Poetry

- Robyn Smith

### 1. *heart*

Possibly the most overused metaphor in the English language. Avoid it. The Roman physician Galen said the liver, not the heart, is the true seat of human passion. Considering the number of alcoholic poets with fucked-up love lives, this seems a plausible hypothesis.

### 2. *feel*

Nobody cares how you feel. Instead of writing poetry about how depressed you are, try writing something original, like how depressed your poetry makes everyone else.

### 3. *moon*

Yes, the moon is pretty. No, the moon will not make your poem pretty. This rule applies to many words, like “star,” “flower,” and “rainbow.” If you really think your poem needs to be prettier, try writing it in glitter.

### 4. *dream*

Writing about dreams is like writing about masturbation, except masturbation is funny. If a word seems better suited as a pop lyric than a poem, it's best avoided.

### 5. *cigarette*

Smoking didn't make you cool in high school, and it won't make your poetry cool either. Just because something occupies 50% of your waking thoughts

doesn't mean it should occupy 50% of your written work.

6. *the soul*

You don't even believe in the soul, so why are you writing about it? Try writing a poem about something you do believe in, like how someday you'll actually make a living writing poetry.

7. *anything Buddhist*

If you want to be Beat, then pop some pills, hitchhike to Mexico, and fuck whores. Until then, spare me the bodhisattva bullshit.

8. *love*

If you still believe in love, you haven't lived enough to write poetry. If you're writing a poem about how you no longer believe in love, please, save it for therapy.

9. *mirror*

Like “door,” “window,” or “stairs,” mirror carries a standard symbolic meaning and should only be used if referring to the thing itself. Try an original juxtaposition, like “dishwasher of compassion.”

10. *names*

Kitschy name-dropping is forgivable, but pretentious name-dropping never is. Just because I don't read books doesn't mean I need to be reminded of it.

11. *beautiful*

If you need to say it's beautiful, then it probably isn't.  
Kinda like personal ads.

12. *mysterious*

Nothing kills the mystery faster than calling something mysterious. In fact, eliminate *every adjective from your poetry*. And the adverbs, but that should go without saying.

13. *poem*

Self-referential poetry is the surest sign you've run out of ideas.

## diagnosis

- *Noel Franklin*

you have heard them i know  
the love poems  
citing the frailty of the human heart  
featuring crinkled crumpled tinfoil hearts  
left in the sun saran wrap hearts  
tupperware hearts with missing lids

all the fragile itty bitty baby biscuit hearts  
are enough to make you doubt the existence of  
modern science, medicine

have you seen the heart?  
i've been to the heart  
its muscular chambers are tougher than a jock sock  
left in a high school gym locker over summer  
break

knives bounce right off of it, and if scalpels hit  
it can bear more stitches than the human head  
while continuing to pound out its einz-vi-drie,  
einz-vie-drie

hup-two-three such and punch in our chests  
the heart's a fighter, not a lover  
brutal as a battle front  
it beats our blood

the true seat of emotion is the liver  
arched tremendous, sopping red in our guts

fragile as a cream puff  
softer than a lamb's bleat

with the consistency of toilet tissue paper  
that we wad up and drench in alcohol  
when we no longer want to feel

my liver broke today  
in the way they're wont to do  
an orchestra of teflon pans dropped from the top  
drawer  
a cymbal crash and the warm sound thud  
of that huge bag of purifying blood  
hitting the pavement

oh liver, in your condition  
i should put you in a plastic bucket and hope to sell  
you at the grocery store  
i could frighten children and lovers alike  
eat your liver!  
out  
wear your liver on your sleeve  
giant cow-fat cross sections of liver on your sleeve  
refuse to speak because your liver's in your throat  
see liver  
glisten  
in your eyes when you're excited  
and when love has ended  
there is no broken heart here  
we are all dying of cirrhosis

## VINCENT'S SUNFLOWERS

- *Curtis White-Carroll*

Portraits of sunflowers show both the genius and  
sadness of a man who sold only two paintings  
and I understand in my own way his solitude, lack of  
emotional connection with others  
causing one to delve deeper into that empty fog that  
settles on the mind in these dark hours

hoping to at least find the warmth needed to stay  
alive, in maneuvers devoted to art,  
hoping that something inside ourselves can be  
cultivated and prove to ourselves it is worth it  
the stress of staying individuals, though still like links  
of a chain, kernels on an ear of corn  
it is ironic that people in this life are striving for  
identity, yet it's so easy to fade from this

all of us on whatever day will meet our fates of falling  
past identities of skin curtains  
where eyes hang like buttons on weak thread,  
knowing where we have spent so much time  
unaware of where we spend so much more

and those of us who, at the end of the day must walk  
away from crowds  
into these cold corners of our mind, setting up  
canvas and mixing up paint  
or looking for pens and arranging papers, hoping the  
words come  
whether they do or not, there are entire kingdoms of  
wheat fields that will accept us

## All the Pretty Colors

- *David Matthews*

You know, Saturday night,  
I found myself in one of those moods.  
I drank some wine  
And threw in my lot  
With some of those old, old blues.  
I am talking about Skip James  
When he sings in that haunting falsetto,  
"You know, I would rather be the devil  
Than to be that woman's man."

Maybe you know what I mean.  
Maybe you have been there  
When that lonesome sun goes down  
And the dark and the silence left behind  
Are all that we know of love and truth.

I poured out wine  
That maybe strictly speaking I did not need,  
But since when did what I need  
Have much to do with anything?  
I cannot say that I have been mistreated.  
It is more that where there was a wrong turn,  
I zeroed in on it.

You can flip through the leaves of the book  
Of who I was  
And who I come to be.  
You may find some pretty colors there,  
Some silences, and some despair,  
Where Buñuel's razor  
Rakes my eyeball raw

And the film tangles in the projector  
And the screen goes white.  
This is nothing but life as it is.  
The pretty colors I once thought I found there,  
I do not know where they are gone.

## Sewing Basket

- *Jenette Purcell*

You are a child,  
Your mother, sewing, says,  
Remember, buttons in the basket,  
Three gold coins on top,  
One, two, three.

This was the initiation:  
You follow her scent  
From scarf to pillow  
And down the  
Path to sleep.

In the dream  
There was a waterfall,  
Stones, silk,  
Catullus and calla lily,  
I went there too.

But you were already gone  
When they knocked  
On the window in my head...  
"An artist," I tell them.  
He's an artist."  
There's no rush.

Red, summer, fire,  
Flannel against my cheek,  
The coins fall to the floor, detached.  
You're the only one  
Who hears.

Someone sewed pajamas for me  
In the dream, they were plaid.  
You ask me for help, then  
"It's the universe," you say,  
Waking somewhere else.

"The universe is like that."

## When Nothing Gets Bored

- *Mike G*

In the beginning was nothing,  
and nothing got bored.  
Now I look upon the lady in my mind  
holding the hourglass,  
each passing grain a cosmos,  
through the neck, top to bottom  
blur of the worlds I've lived in.  
The hourglass glows,  
what has passed away is radiant,  
what lies ahead, who knows?  
The lady dons a white lab coat,  
she's got a working thesis on reality  
she won't share with me,  
she observes keenly,  
fondles the elements, takes notes  
she knows what my soul is,  
she is witness to my bent sideways mind,  
scribbling bent sideways poems  
as the hourglass glows  
in her sideways hands.  
I'd kiss her if I could  
but she says "no, you can't kiss this witness."  
I might get flustered,  
forget my work, drop the hourglass.  
Then I remember she's in my head  
no lips in there, just an idea of lips  
and a bent idea of penis which has known  
its portion of shame and glory.  
I am the nothing that got bored,  
made Satan, Twain,  
out of the trial-and-error clay,

a restless play of words  
that dreamed the rest of you  
into restless animation,  
not god, just a thought born from boredom  
like nightgowns, chairs, oranges,  
Sunday mornings and Wallace Stevens.  
I wish the lady and the hourglass gone now,  
wish them away to the field of nothingness,  
wish away the idea of self, it's time  
for another nothing to glow in boredom,  
and make the new things come.

## BLUE STREAK I

- *Doug Spangle*

I've been torching dandelions again today;  
dandy and also the candydate also  
confuses cause with effect:  
the homework ate my dog.

Wheezy old man, skeezy old men  
of Deadwood, read the polls:  
one of you limber-dicked cocksuckers  
buy me a fucking drink!

Boy-emperor, sun-god crossdresser  
would fuck or be fucked by anyone.  
The crazy spider spins out on a limb  
to a mortgage-derivative lilac.

Elagabalus, his head beaten in,  
floats down the river next to his mother.  
Leave me alone, maybe a million,  
cork-sticker, murder-forker.

So I go on a blue streak to tourette,  
lobster under my Crowley hat, husband  
to the daughter of a soldier, mother of a soldier,  
grandma of a soldier . . .

On the road to Fallujah  
the little tin kettle  
jumped into the fire  
where dandelions burn in the sun.

## **Banshee Time**

*- Tommy Gaffney*

Head for cover right around banshee time.  
Dusk comes about like a fattened bottom lip,  
pouting.  
The willows pull in their ears  
while lightning bugs hunt down  
little kids to taunt.  
Sonnets crawl into the dog-houses out back,  
boarding spiders and prey  
now that the half-breeds are dead.  
It's hard to feel brave in open fields,  
no corner to back yourself into.  
If genes were balls,  
maybe I'd be tougher by now  
instead of scared of the dark.  
Harrods Creek pulls down its blinds.  
The county locks away the mowers for the night  
while bluegrass winks at cartographers.  
Crickets clear their throat  
and banshees tip-toe the starting line.

## **Hilly the Healer**

- Jenna 'Astrid' Alexia

Hilly the healer was a wheeler, a leader  
a gondolan heroine  
webfooted paresis, tempted kinesis and a wobbly  
kneeses  
mind your step miss dragon mouthed breather,  
homeostatic  
bar goer. Is your lamens tongue shaved though? Are  
you on the same page, eating from a different  
trough, so.

## *Limpy the Leper*

took me to the parking lot of meditative shriners  
up and down with the waving arms began to cry and  
writhe upside canoers in love's cove. Begin the  
leaning probe zone, a gathered drunken dream alcove,  
zenithed the core of self-loaf. Brought about a  
constant growth, inward and on loan (from another)  
have ousted themselves completely from the world to  
replace it with another identity. Crackpots love to  
crackpot.

## *Tilly the Teaser*

open spots crawl out trustworthy clones, providing a  
biscuit made of moon rock, rolls down the spacebar  
window to whistle at a maiden in polka-dot tights and  
rubber yellow boots with red laces. If it wasn't fun to  
be scared sometimes, some clones would die of  
shock.

*Saviour the Senseless Santa*

it remains to be the groan of her inner village she fears most. Look at the orb of ancient wisdom, take the hand of the one-eyed octopus with a talent of lulling.

*Hooper the Handsome Elf*

the gray whale hunted with its best friend the hammerhead shark, sometimes they would party with Hooper the Handsome Elf and Fudgy the Flamingo. Least honorable, the lemonheaded laureate of lingo, Lister the Thing-a-ma-jig.

*Beasley the Beagle-Headed Human*

a good man, drools a bit of business. He is a gigolo, hence he dates lonely women for money. Don't ask me what his specific parts are down there for I dare not look. His plastic hot dog is his favorite toy.

*Bjorn the Forelorn*

originally, he played fifty-two card pick-up, then through the icebox with mittens his new home had no snow and brownouts galore. Rescued from a monk-day retreat, chanted so beautifully that he became an angel.

### *Minnie the Morrow's Eve*

Minnie had a tall bill to fill. She was the most beautiful of all the night skies. A deep purple hue, swirling in borealis grandeur with the wind's lilt lifting her honor system for all to read she bowed her head to the garden gnome, Frank Narmian Niffdrow. It was all seeming so special and awkward at the same time.

### *Creamy Cryogenic Cake Man*

well, this man made the best creamy cryogenic cake-hearts in town. Everyone lived to be nine hundred and ninety nine. Florida became very overpopulated, sunk, and now they are all really old mermaids.

### *Abracadabra City*

abracadabra city is a ghost town with real ghosts, they sing to the tourists and play ragtime piano tunes. This city is hidden in the harbour of timeless gaze. Nifty Ned is its caretaker and he really isn't so nifty. In fact he is an executioner, heartless and guilt ridden.

*Weeds, Cattails and Pussywillows*

they're likeable, those furry ones next to the cattails and pussywillows, always grew in culverts our house was full of them in vases. Grasses galore. We are family. We three bikerode through the trees. This friend remains to be the broken down home of me.

*Shield of Summer's Hint-a-tron*

they make fun of my white skin here. I say "Yeah, better keep those sunglasses on! Or else this white glow will blind you." They don't get it. They continue to stare. "Yeah, get a tan, you'll feel better."

## Prophesy

- *Dennis McBride*

When my brother and I were very young our  
Grandmother would read us the happy  
excitement of our little gypsy fortunes  
in the tea leaves at the bottom of the  
empty cup then we would rush  
out to the playground.

It's October. I am Grandmother's  
age and the mind is mostly  
cemetery. Outside in the  
yard the tree's leaves  
are scattered  
all over the  
ground.

## First Step

*-Gary Aker*

My mother sleeps in Chicago  
the nursing home aide just looked in  
on her and confirmed  
I say goodnight  
My sister drinks in Chicago  
seeking another oblivion  
quiet as a fist striking through air  
I read the Tao Te Ching  
in Portland pressing  
the same ancient rut of words  
worn like old shoes  
trying to keep the snow out  
or let a friend in

No one asked to be here  
Everyone wants to stay here  
Everybody wants to leave here  
Mother and sister are not talking tonight  
Son and brother walking through  
their sorrows' melting muddy snow  
wishes for the first step of  
Spring begins for some  
And who decides when  
The snow refreezes the stars tonight  
I may ask the first witness  
Can I please  
always come last

## about the contributors

Gary Aker's work--poetry, memoir and sudden fiction--has been recently published in *The Smoking Poet* (smokingpoet.net) and *Writers Dojo* (writersdojo.org). He is proud as a duck's ASS to be included in this inaugural Night Bomb Press anthology. Aker has been lurking around poetry venues through four decades. Pray for him.

B. Curtis White-Carroll was born in Twin Falls Idaho, lived his poetry in eastern Oregon, now bounces around the better cities of the northwest, especially Portland, Oregon. His work has been in numerous magazines and websites and his first book by major publisher is in preproduction.

David Matthews is a native of the South Carolina Midlands who now resides in Portland, Oregon. He is author of the chapbooks *Notes to One Who Is Far from Here* (2003) and *A Portable Bohemia* (2008). Poems have appeared in *Chattahoochee Review*, *Quill and Parchment*, *Red River Review*, *Tryst*, and other journals, the poetry blog *Magnapoets*, and the anthologies *Blown Out: Portland's indie poets* and *Raising Our Voices: an anthology of Oregon poets against the war*.

M. F. McAuliffe has published fiction and verse in many venues in the U. S. and Australia. In 2002 she co-founded the award-winning, Portland-based multi-lingual *Gobshite Quarterly*, where she continues as contributing editor.

Travis Cebula currently resides with his wife, Shannon, in Colorado--where he is just finishing the MFA program in Writing and Poetics at Naropa University. He has published poems, photographs, essays, and stories in various print and on-line journals. His first solo collection of poetry and photographs, *Some Exits*, has recently been released from Monkey Puzzle Press.

Tommy Gaffney was born and raised in Kentucky, somewhere between the projects and the trailer parks. He is the author of *Three Beers from Oblivion* and the forthcoming *Whiskey Days*. Gaffney's favorite colors are John Deere Green and Joey Ramone Black. He can often be found wandering the streets of Portland, Oregon.

Judith Fay Pulman is a former actress who is doing her best to live life honestly, intensely, kindly, and full of bounce. She just got a Peruvian guinea pig named Harry.

Douglas Spangle is a longtime nuisance on the Portland literary scene, and has over the past thirty years perpetrated poems, reviews, graphics, translations, editorial interference, proofreading, and many other literary offenses. He and his lovely wife Christine herd cats on the lower slopes of Mt. Tabor, perhaps the world's only urban volcano.

Elizabeth Archers lives in Portland, Oregon. Her work has appeared in various local small presses, including *Broken Word: The Alberta Street Anthology, Volumes 1 and 2*, which she co-edited, and *Walking Bridges Using Poetry as a Compass*, Urban Adventure Press. In 2008, she published a photographic anthology, *Blown Out: Portland's Indie Poets*. A chapbook of her poetry is forthcoming.

Rita Delamatre is a Portland resident originally hailing from the midwest. She currently spends her days as a PSU liberal arts major cleverly disguised as a retail clerk and has been seen dabbling in prose as well as film. More of her work can be found at [damascus---calling.deviantart.com](http://damascus---calling.deviantart.com).

Hollyanna McCollom is a Portland-based freelance writer and the editor of *PDX Magazine*. A mother of two, Hollyanna is thrilled to have passed her passion for art and words on to her otherwise rambunctious, sword-obsessed boys, Brady and Parker (because the pen is still mightier, naturally!)

Rachel Robertshaw lives in Portland in an orange house, is daydreaming about making her very own hot air balloon, and received her MFA from Vermont College. Her poetry has appeared in *Floating Bridge Review*, *Byzantium* and *New Times*. “Sometimes,” she says, “I think writing makes more sense than talking.”

Mike G's shocking candor belies a childlike and infectious grandiosity: he “goddamns” God even while exhorting us to greatness. In his poems Mike G is acutely himself, flailing against a world where both the mundane and the sacred are profane. Indeed, profanity is where he best succeeds – even greatly. Someday he'll get a book published.

In both flesh and word, Robyn Smith is a radical agent of transformation. Make no mistake; she will change you even as she changes herself (though never to her satisfaction). Robyn's is a transpoetry: as much a medium of mutation as expression and craft. Also, she's a fucking *hawtie!*

Jamondria Harris is a Poet living in Portland, Oregon. She has been writing poems for 22 years and will continue doing so.

Dennis McBride is the author of *Looking for Peoria* and *Killing the Mockingbird* and received the 1996 Northwest Writers Berger Award for Poetry. His work has appeared in the Washington Post and the Los Angeles Times. He is presently entertaining the gift of life below the poverty line in Portland with his cat Eliza Doolittle, tutoring beginners in shoplifting etiquette, and evading respectability as a freelance loiterer and writer.

Jenna 'Astrid' Alexia originally hails from 48192 and her work has been described as 'Gertrude Stein's Patti Smith Playing Toy Piano on the Brilliant Moon.'

Noel Franklin is a Seattle-based writer and artist. She's participated in the Seattle National Poetry Slam team, Jack Straw Writers Program and received a Seattle Arts Commission grant for poetry. Her work has appeared in *Raven Chronicles*, *Rain City Review*, *Chrysanthemum* and the Poetry Nation anthology. She also co-founded the Seattle Poetry Festival.

Miss Jenette Purcell leaves her best clothes at home because the most beautiful clothes make it difficult to disrobe. You see, she's only loved with a constant soul Portland poets and poetry and fashion and art and you. Oh! And she wants her words to leave you naked, too.

H.L. Evanson is a Portland-based creator of poetry and short fiction as well as an adherent to the notion that good writing and good wine are necessary ingredients for a good life.

For information about Night Bomb Press  
or details on submissions,  
visit [www.nightbombpress.com](http://www.nightbombpress.com)

Chris and Amber Ridenour are the  
editors and founders of Night Bomb Press.  
They like you. They like poetry.  
Send them some of yours.