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Number One takes its name from a small, unincorporated community two miles west of Gallatin, Tennessee, on the Nashville Pike (Highway 31 E). No one is certain how the community of Number One got its name, but local legend suggests it was a stopping place for travellers on the Cumberland Trail, and it may have been a hunting ground or rendezvous point for traders and long-hunters in the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries. Some say the name originated as a designation for an early school system, and others claim it came from the railroad lingo of the Louisville-Nashville line, which runs parallel to the Pike.

As a journal bearing the mysterious name of a place very near the location of its own origins at Volunteer State Community College, *Number One* features work that examines sense of place in the broadest of ways. We publish poetry, fiction, essays, creative non-fiction, and interviews about places and the people who inhabit such places. While many of the writers appearing in these pages live in the American South, we are open to including work by writers from around the world. *Number One* prints 600 copies per issue and makes a PDF available on the Volunteer State Community College website.



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Featuring

The Thirteenth Annual
Number One Contest Winners

POETRY

“Wetlands Drama”
by F.I. Goldhaber
page 26

PROSE

“Sweet Gum Hollow”
by Elizabeth Howard
page 10



Overheard, 5th & Taylor—

Everywhere you walk
is a risk.

The turn from block to block
a tension, presumptions.

Twenty yards between
good morning and get out of here
a crowd picking up trash on the Cumberland
and lost newcomers casting
nervous glances where
developers uprooted the
originals on Garfield Street.

undercover cops and tall, handsome thieves.

a six-dollar coffee and a fish plate for
whatever you can afford.

the parsity of
affordable housing and a proper meringue.

Turning the corner at dark
onto a street without lights, you learn:

The safest place to be
is in the middle of the road.

~ Dana Malone

Ballad: Matron saint of Stewart County, Tennessee

for Michael Williams, storyteller, Southern Festival of Books 2017

What is that blood
my boy wears on the porch
after I am dead and gone
sure as my sorry George Washington Cherry
is spoken of no more

Son, come home to the cabin
and tell it to me, now.

Why do you lie
cut before the lectern
scissored by pens and insults?

Whose ghost is this
chapped to your marrow,
limbic sting of a high horse saying
you're no count?

I've an apron for your blood and tears after whippings, so
Tell it to me now
from the winter-frozen side of the make-do door
the strap of the lean-to house across the holler
leather supple as the wind in a storm is sideways.

Aunty, I say
It took years to find a Cherokee
across a fire to bundle me, and write him down
snatch Cain and Abel to feed the handmade-and-bound page

Aunty, I wrote it with the blood
of voices from back roads and house trailers
mansions whose dwellers tremble and cannot hide in poems.

Oh, Son
scribe of a heart's needle
tell it with the high king of heaven
carve windows in the make-do dwelling
take pen and ink for your journey

And above all
make this porch your lectern
every creak saying,

Don't you ever stop.
no, don't you ever.

~ Dana Malone

Trip to Africa, Between Inaugurals

And now a *different reality exists*.
I went to the most exotic place.
Left stupidity, preconceptions.

A transferring power:
There are lions all around us.
On this arid landscape
they blend
and like a sudden rainfall
from a chase of zebras
the weakest caught
to begin the cycle
(By the female lion?
I did not know this at first,
watching the tattered, flea-bitten male on the road)

Circling the scene in our vehicle
(Humans in our cage, the opposite of an American zoo)
we witnessed the lion *(act of love?)*
fifteen times until she kicks him in the face
having had enough reward for doing all the work.

In the towns of Tanzania
men sit under trees like lions
the grand scheme laid on them

In the savannahs of Eastern Africa
The women come to print their stories on my paper

Katika Afrika

Into Africa
I have gone to hear

We love our valley
We do not want to go to America
We name our selves, our tools, our businesses after

Twiga

Swahili for giraffe
A word for indomitable
For a people taking
oaths on *rising tides*
and *still waters*
gathering clouds
and *raging storms*.

Ed. Note: This poem was written in response to a story told by an artist whose work was on display at an art crawl in the Wedgewood-Houston area of Nashville. Her work featured words from the inaugural addresses of President Barack Obama, and the poet has included phrases from that address in the concluding stanza. The poet added phrases from President Donald Trump's inaugural address at the opening of the poem.

~ Dana Malone

Last Week

Last week, on her way home,
in the full light of day,
just before she made our driveway,
my wife saw a young Red Fox
cross the shining road,
her head held high
to keep from stepping
on the plastic bag from Wal-Mart
in its teeth.

How fully, sometimes,
in the briefest space of light,
we laugh well, suddenly
we love everything we know.

~ Dan Powers

What Might Be Said

of a wife's hands that part
to set a sleepy infant down
on a folded quilt warmed
beside the ember hearth,
or the path worn from the faithful well
to a kitchen porch filled with sun,
two enameled wash bowls
on the small wood table there
a bar of soap, a blue dish towel
on its nail beside the door,
might be said of clouds that part
to set small sheaves of prayerful light
in the shining field.

~ Dan Powers

Playing Dead

We took turns playing dead, laid out on the coffee table
the way the old encyclopedia showed black-suited men

after disease or duels. We knew nothing except to be still
and cross one hand atop the other like we were shielding

our stopped hearts. I posed you, straightened your legs,
aligned your ankles, knees, and hips, smoothed your T-shirt

of wrinkles, tucking the too-big sides underneath your shoulders
so that your thin chest was squared and flat as an unread bible.

I ran fingers over your face and placed pennies on your eyelids.
I slicked your corn-silk hair with spit, tucked wayward strands

behind your ears and pronounced you dead.
You took one deep chest of air and held it.

Even as your heart beat a steady I'm-alive rhythm,
the quiet of your body took the weight of dark rock or wet wood

and pressed a strange resistance out of my throat. I squeezed
it back and counted the dead moments until I was sure

you'd been dead longer than me. I called you the winner.
Through the window, the bright sun urged another game

and we scrambled outside, where no shadow could claim my face,
nor one of those brief surges of love that drown the heart

for no particular reason.

~ Sandy Coomer

Photograph of Home

This is the photograph I have in my mind -
black and white, the light catching the edge
of my grandfather's face, his hands clutching
each other as if there is something to prove.
This is the vision, a shadow in a small room,
crowded with the government welfare inspectors
sent to be satisfied of need, or of value, or maybe
usefulness. I am chasing my grandfather's words
as he unbuckled his belt, lowered his pants,
told the inspectors I want to show you I'm still a man.

I have tried to be useful. I've let the music in the wind
blend into song, the art in my mind weave into something
I can name like my mother names the treasures she keeps
in her living room - a Tiffany vase, a green Steuben
glass bowl, Quezal art nouveau windows.

I carve my grandfather's voice into a song
that swells from the crowded streets of New York,
to the oceans and mountains of California,
to the rolling hills of Nashville. I have looped
this country and I carry my vision of home
between the generations, where every name
proves its worth simply by speaking it aloud,
the same way light parts the shadows, the same way
every song goes on long after the music ends.

~ Sandy Coomer

Sweet Gum Hollow

As summer winds down, Pansy Huddleston is very busy, preparing her pantry for the winter. She has canned and dried, packed in kegs and crocks until she is worn out with it. But there is one more chore—to dry apples for her fried pies. She has a ministry of sorts—taking fried apple pies to the shut-ins in her church and neighborhood for Christmas. She makes them sugar-free so anyone can eat them. She has always used apples from her father's Winesap because they make the best fried apple pies anywhere. However, the tree is old and gnarled. She'll be lucky if she gets enough apples for her pies this year.

She finds two buckets in the shed and starts down the path to the tree. She hears someone muttering—a man's voice. Who could it be? The nearest neighbor is John Carlson, and he's barely able to walk to his mailbox. Indeed, he's one of the shut-ins on her fried-pie list.

She sees a tattered hat, a tattered man. Who is this picking up windfalls and putting them in a sack? A dog food sack.

Why, he's stealing her apples! Apples she will need if she has enough for all the people on her list. *Hey!* she calls.

The man gathers up the sack of apples and glowers at her defiantly. "Who are you?" she asks.

"Johnny Appleseed," he growls.

Pansy smiles wryly. But his scowling face angers her. *What nerve!* she thinks. "Tell me who you are, or I'll call the police."

He tucks his head. "Johnny Moore," he mutters. He sets the dog food sack down. "Here are the apples. Please don't call the cops. I'm trying to get a job."

All of a sudden she knows who he is. Or at least where he lives. "You're from the homeless camp, aren't you?"

He nods reluctantly. "Keep the apples," she says. "No, wait, I have a better idea. Pick enough apples to fill my buckets, and I'll fix supper for you."

"You got a deal," he says.

When Johnny comes to the house with her buckets full of apples, she serves him bacon, eggs, fried potatoes, biscuits and gravy. She pours him a big glass of milk, pours herself a cup of coffee and joins him at the table. *This man eats like he's starved, she thinks. And he's a lot younger than I thought.*

"I'll make a bargain with you, Johnny Moore," she says. "I have several jobs I need help with. If you'll help me out, I'll feed you. And pay you a fair amount. That'll give you a little money until you get a job."

“Yes, Ma’am,” he says. “I’ll be here early in the morning.”

“The windfalls are yours.” She points to the sack. “Maybe you know somebody at the camp that needs them for supper.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” He picks up the sack. “Thank you for everything. That’s the best meal I’ve had in a long time.”

Pansy watches him walk down the hill. *Not a bad boy*, she thinks. *Just needs a little help.*

Johnny mows, picks tomatoes, cleans out a shed. He works steadily, without complaint. Next she asks him if he can do woodwork. “I used to help my grandfather,” he says, “but that was a long time ago. When he died, I didn’t have nowhere to go. I started wandering around from one place to another. Didn’t know what to do.”

“This old chest is falling apart. Do you think you can repair it if I get some wood and whatever else you might need?” she asks.

“I shore could.” He grins. *He’ll be all right*, she thinks.

She shakes her head. *Cocky. Reminds me of Ted, trying to find his place in the world. I tried to talk Ted into college, but he was bent on joining the Marines like his dad. I had a fear even then, a premonition that he’d come home in a box. Like his dad. Why wouldn’t he listen to me?*

When Pansy sees the finished chest, she’s delighted. The old chest is beautiful. Immediately, she thinks of Fred Marshall and his cabinet business. Fred is getting older. He needs a helper. She calls him and suggests he give Johnny a try.

It all works out just as she imagined it. Fred hires Johnny and is delighted with his work, but she has lost her handyman. Furthermore, Johnny is still living in the homeless camp. *He needs an apartment. What about the basement? Ted and his scout troop worked on projects and had sleepovers there. It’s big enough; it has water and electricity, a bathroom. It’s perfect. Just needs a good cleaning and a little sprucing up.*

She shows Johnny the basement and makes her offer: chores as payment for the rent. Johnny accepts her offer with delight.

The next evening, he invites Pansy to go for a little walk. They walk down the path to the old Winesap tree. Two young Winesaps are planted near the old tree. There is also a marker: Compliments from Johnny Appleseed.

Rescue

My persnickety uncle took me fishing,
though Grandmother warned him
it was still too muddy after all the rain.
We walked downhill toward the creek.
I slowed down to watch a pair of bluebirds
building a nest in a fencepost. Then I saw
a blue-spotted butterfly dancing around
and a squirrel hanging from a limb.
Uncle just kept going. I tried to hurry,
but the ground got squishier and squishier.
All at once, the quagmire swallowed
my shoes with my feet still inside.
I was planted by the creek
like a small sapling.

Uncle, who always left me to fend for myself,
laid down his fishing gear and came back to rescue me.
He released my shoes, released my pink shriveled feet,
wiped my shoes with rags from his fishing gear,
wiped my feet with his bandanna,
put my muddy socks in his pocket,
put my shoes back on my feet.
He lifted me and swung me up on the creek bank.
Grandmother could have done no better.
He gathered his gear and started back up the hill.
When I stopped to check on the bluebirds,
he slowed down till I caught up.

Grandmother just happened to have strawberries
she had picked this morning. She gave each of us
a bowl of strawberries and cream. While we were
eating I studied my uncle, wondering—
Who is this man I've never seen before?

~ Elizabeth Howard

The Song

There must be something that I should read to teach me which way to turn, which hill to climb and how to stop thinking of the same highway leading to the same cul-de-sac I spend all my time trying to drive out of. I think of the day my truck got stuck in the grass beside the swamp in Northern Wisconsin or the chainsaw I once fired to make space for the house I've never stopped building. I don't even know what it's turned into now; like every other old man that I'm coming to be I only keep hearing inside me the song I'm falling in love with. It's the piano melody that I never learned and love to listen to; someone else pushes the keys. The hands playing the tune are of Chopin or Mozart or anything else that never dies. Some days I like to think this may even be it.

~ Barry Silewski

Bottom Land

[Prompts: 12, muddy brown, deer, “who is singing”, dusty hay, our gray dog.]

How do I do this?
I cried to muddy brown tree trunks.
Roughly twelve minutes before eight
I walked our gray dog
through the fields
of dusty hay light
that lead to the small lake’s swamp

I ripped the auburn blooms
of brambles
I condemned as future burrs
as if to purge your betrayal
from my heart
ripped and threw
ripped and threw
back at the spikes of razor grass
and all it took was
one step in
towards the cattails
when out jumped
a fox-sized fawn flashing spots
and white tail
running for life
through the brush
over the creek, up the hill
past the pasture to the fence row
where the raspberries
make it hard to see the barbed wire
and all the while
it was the dog singing

begging to chase wild meat
crying for me to

let him go.

~ Patricia Albrecht

Sitting Shiva

Your mud boots wait empty
for your return
more open than me
to hold your rubber-sided answers
which grow unseen
like wild agrimony
chewed by the rabbit
that sits shiva
up on the hill
above the orchard
she waits, heart-emptied
of her pups
that I, on the mower,
or Buddy, in his nature,
killed two days ago.

I watched her hop
to their crow-picked carcasses
paw the ground
sniff the air
then run for her life
back up to the woods
away from the warren
to escape the hound.

The rabbit wants nothing
to do with you
and doubtful your boots
only this bulge of questions
caught like cud
waits for you to step back
into my life
and
finish
leaving.

~ Patricia Albrecht

Cycle

I sit to meditate
feel a prick
in the soft fuzz
of my robe pocket
this tiny scratch
lodged months ago
won't let go

and I'm supposed to be praying
but I need to buy myself lingerie
only the feel of silk and lace
slaps my face
when I stand
among the new bras
and the store spins
when I spot a skimpy
black and pink thong
on sale

a pair that wasn't matted
like the ones
that had fallen
from her pile of dirty clothes
with tiny bows
while she fiddled with the dials
on our simple washer
and I showed her how to make it spin delicate
then picked up her intimate
sexy pants!!! getting lucky???
I teased this married mother of two

and I spin out of forgiveness

again

again

again

to learn

how lucky she was

getting with you.

~ Patricia Albrecht

What I Don't Tell My Brother

I know what Daddy did to you
behind that door
across the hall
from mine.
The evidence was a lump
rotting
under the living room carpet.
It drew in flies
who swarmed the room
and filled the space
between us
with their buzzing.

Mama turned the TV up,
but the buzzing got louder
and louder
until I could—and can—hear it
from the other side of Georgia
where I sleep now,
nine hundred
and fifteen
miles
from your Eighth Ave apartment.

The flies come after me when I am alone.
They gnaw through my blouse
and burrow into my chest,
hollowing out a place
where there was once
a father
and
a mother.

But I just want you to know,
even though I won't tell you,
that somewhere in the mess
of that gaping,
mangled
cavity,
there still is
and has always been
a brother.

~ Jessica Levine

The Dead Know

"Gone, I say and walk from church..."

— Anne Sexton

They can ride to the grave alone—
They've already seen the purple clouds

That waltz the moon, and the light that
Still travels from burned-out stars,

Filtered by dark matter that holds
The dead's molecules to earth, hoping

To find new life in this sacred soup

OR

They might become creek stones
Where newts search for food,

A little jealous of creatures'
Tiny hearts, tiny fins that breathe

Above the always-sifting sand.
When drought steals the water,

Does the soul's desert have an oasis,
They wonder, or is wonder just

A verb in the silent language of death.

~ Bill Brown

The Stone

There's a grief inside that doesn't
understand—

my oldest cousin set to die,
but when?

I walk a morning field—
a crippled deer hobbles

toward wood-line, stops
to graze on clover.

The frail in me dawdles
at the forest edge, knows

the tawdry with their senseless
steps last for years

while the strong flash a moment
on the freeway and are gone.

An old oak in our yard
tries to shade the world.

A hawk screams from its crown
as crows gather below to scold.

There's a grief inside that doesn't
understand –

on a day when life abounds,
the tomb is empty

and the stone
won't roll.

Silence

“In physics,” my father said while he ate breakfast, “sound is a vibration that travels as a wave through the air, but it can also travel through water and the earth.”

I was only six or seven years old, so his explanation was beyond my comprehension. It had all begun the previous night with a thunderstorm that woke me up and scared me.

“Don’t be afraid,” my father had told me. “It’s just the sound of lightning. When the next flash of lightning comes, notice that the thunder doesn’t arrive at the same time.”

Lightning lit the horizon, and then again and again. The sound of thunder resonated with various intensities. Suddenly, a blinding light came very close to our house, and a deafening sound made my bedroom windows vibrate soon afterwards.

“Don’t be afraid, don’t be afraid,” he repeated as I drifted back into slumber and sleep. That night, I dreamed that I could fly through the clouds.

= ===== =

It was Sunday the following day, so my mother let me sleep longer than usual. When I got up, I went immediately to the kitchen, where my father was finishing his breakfast. That’s when he gave me the long explanation about sound and lightning. He talked and talked while I ate a soft-boiled egg with salt and lime. Then, I drank a *licuado*, a Mexican fruit drink with milk and vanilla, while my father drank a cup of coffee.

After we finished, my father filled a big pan with water. Then, with a dropper, he poured water in the pan, one drop at a time, and said, “Do you see the waves in the water?”

I nodded and looked at him.

“Well, there are also waves of sound in the air. We can’t see them, but they are there. Different waves create different sounds.”

Later on that day, I went with my family to Chapultepec Park in Mexico City. At the zoo, I was attentive to the sound of the big cats. At the lake, the ducks honked with force as they walked by the shore. At the House of Mirrors, laughter moved from room to room as people looked at their distorted images reflected in curved mirrors along the walls. At the botanical garden, the buzzing of the bees was quite loud. I closed my eyes and felt that they were flying near my ears. The sound was clear, and I opened my eyes to ensure that they were not about to swarm over me.

The following morning, I repeated all day to my classmates that sound travelled in waves. We could not see them, but they were there, moving in the air.

= ===== =

A few weeks later, my father gave me a record that he had gotten from a pharmaceutical company. On the cover, it had an ad of an antibiotic for ear infections. In smaller print, it said, “The Song of Whales.”

I asked my mother to play the record in our stereo, and it began with a short explanation by a man with Spanish accent: “Whales are very social creatures, and they make sounds to communicate and socialize with each other. They travel together in groups called *Pods*. Listen to the sounds that serve different functions in their lives. Some are warning sounds while others are used in various social activities.”

Then, a long whistle began followed by strange pulsed calls. The calls sounded like squeaks, squawks, and screams. The whistles had various durations and pitch. Strange vibrations followed laments and click sounds. Some of them were distinct whistles, and they resembled a chamber orchestra. The record ended shortly, and I asked my mother to play it several times until she told me that it was time to do my homework.

= ===== =

Three years later, when I began studying piano, I learned a lot about sound and rhythm. There was much talk about timbre and tone, and I also learned about the importance of silence, which can move an audience precisely because people have expectations of what sound will come next. However, there is no complete silence in music, particularly with the harmonics of the piano that seem to reverberate on the walls. So what is silence? It is an abstract thought created in our minds because we cannot perceive it through our senses. Sounds are the result of movement but nothing remains still, so there is always sound.

“Even if you were in outer space,” my father once told me, “where there is no air, you could still hear your breathing within the space suit. You could probably hear the movement of the body fluids. And even if you could not hear these noises, you would be able to recreate the sounds of previous times in other places when a bird sang or an insane person yelled.”

He was right; there is always sound and no silence. At home in the morning, we are surrounded by sounds that are the essence of background noise. The steady double thump of a heartbeat; the soft slap of bare feet on a cool hallway floor; the gentle swish as clothing caresses skin; the trill of birdsong as they greet the blushing dawn; the staccato high-pitched yip of the neighbor’s French poodle as it runs in frenetic circles in the yard next door; the constant undercurrent of humming as tires roll across pavement; the bass from a passing car that is so loud it can’t be ignored. It isn’t just heard; it’s felt as it rattles your teeth and vibrates your very bones.

At the college where now I work, in a different country, a sea of papers undulates as the day goes on. There’s a ceaseless clacking of keys and murmur of voices in the hallways. At the adjuncts’ office, the copier spits out page after page while professors chat. Chairs creak and groan in protest from the weight of their occupants in the classrooms. Sometimes, during break, students place headphones on their ears to drown out the other sounds that are replaced by music. One sound replaces another in an attempt to “silence” the less enjoyable of the two.

= ===== =

Some years ago, after my father had become completely blind, I woke up one January morning in Tennessee and noticed that the sun was shining and the snow was slowly changing into drops of water that fell from the trees. The temperature reached the mid-forties that day but was around twenty-eight when I returned home late in the evening. As usual, I went to feed the animals in the barn and noticed that the snow had disappeared in the backyard, which surprised me because there was still plenty of snow in the front. On the way back from the barn, a hissing sound got my attention. It was the backyard faucet that had burst due to the freezing temperatures and the subsequent meltdown.

After spending forty-five minutes looking for the cutoff valve that had been

covered with snow, getting a wrench and a flashlight from the garage, and changing

into the proper attire, I began walking in what had become an icy swamp. Grabbing the flashlight with my mouth, I finally was able to remove the broken faucet. Subsequently, I went to the basement to find the replacement. The basement smelled like decay, my hand joints began to hurt, and I wondered why I was even there, so far away from family and friends.

Just after I finished replacing the faucet, clouds began covering the moon. Darkness crept gradually and covered my house and the trees. I watched attentively the progress of darkness, and the white snow of my front yard changed into a gray ash. The moon rays mutated from clarity into a blind and confusing obscurity. I heard a loud noise, a broken branch falling from a tree. Several birds, alarmed and scared, made a clacking noise and flew away. However, in a few seconds there seemed to be silence again.

I went in the house and rested in the living room. Finally, I went to my bedroom and rather than watching television, I remained in my room with the lights off, spending a long period in reflection. I heard my breathing and the purring of my cats as they walked on my bed. I got up to call my mother in Mexico. She told me that my father was unconscious and wouldn't last long. She placed the receiver on his mouth. I could hear his deep breathing while I repeated like a broken record what a great father he was.

= ===== =

My father died the following morning, and I arrived in Mexico three days later. That same day, my mother and I went to the church where my father's ashes had been placed. We slowly walked in the chapel where the dead rest. When we found the place that held my father's remains, my mother invited me to pray in silence. We did not talk, but the prayers resounded in my brain. Then, I realized that within that chapel, within that wall, within that crypt urn, there was complete silence because silence is death. I shivered and raised my hand to reach nothing.

We walked outside a few minutes later. I watched a toddler squealing with happiness as a white dog walked by.

December, 2017

~ Jaime Sanchez

I Have in Mind a Garden of Bees

They come in hordes, the bees,
searching for a place to hive.
the carcass lying in the field, maybe,
the clover so vital to their work.
I watch as the small beast performs
his creative dance, mapping exactly the
route to the burgeoning fields.

Dancing the secret latitudes and longitudes
the way to the honey pots,
little circular flights.

The bees' low thrum resonates
the glade startled by winters migration.
Burrowing deep in the bloated bull,
bees make the sound of a machine, mass
producing and efficient.
The Ox comes alive with the sounds
they create.

The glade buzzes with activity.
The succulent savor of honey.
Wind on the backs of new leaves...

~ Bruce Majors

Wetlands Drama

I did not see the kill, could not identify the victim.
But the keening battle between raptors over the body
Drowned out the tinkle of recycled glass poured into bins, the
Shifting gears of diesel trucks emptying neighborhood trash cans.'

The victor ripped away fur and tore warm flesh from the bones
While the high-pitched lamenting of a hungry hawk echoed off
Suburban condos that border a narrow strip of wetlands.
Cats watch, fascinated, safe behind glass from deadly talons.

The Swainsons abandoned the corpse long enough to carry home
Bounty to its nest, feed its young. It returned, swooping down on
The Coopers that dared try to steal remains, and stripped the last of
The meat, leaving only a heap of fur and bones for the ants.

~ F. I. Goldhaber

Mopping with Clouds

A few minutes ago, the clouds
resembled a dark sea

pulling back, a heavy blanket
in a black and white movie

sucking the color out of day,
your face,

now a funnel so well-defined
I could pour a pitcher of milk

into its mouth
and watch it spill on my feet

baby, bucket and bathtub
where we are hiding

swirling down
the grainy drain.

~ L.M. Harrod

How It Happens

Nothing dramatic, no newlyweds
hurdling head-on, no Odell, Texas,
where such things happen at the Pullet Farm.
No boys finding a strip of new road,
playing chicken until one turns aside.
No nerves of steel, skin of paper, no,
it's all slow motion, the movie of a test crash,
cars easing into each other, the slow accordion,
why not stop the action here before the head,
the chin are tossed up and on, before the neck
breaks, let's allow Nureyev and Fonteyn
to continue floating towards each other, away.
Odd how those airborne suspensions linger
though we seem to have forgotten
how we once held ourselves there.

~ L.M. Harrod

VARIATIONS ON A WEST KERRY SAYING

Mo sheasamh ort lá na choise tinne.

You are the place I stand on the day when my feet are sore.

—Pádraig Ó Tuama

The place where I stand is crowded but there you are,
moving toward me. My feet are sore.

I shift my weight back and forth, looking for a bench.

A cup of coffee in each hand, I try to wave, a gesture
that looks like a toast as if I needed to say

Here's to you.

You are? I ask on the day when my feet are sore.

Willing to move away from our place on the pier,

you lead me in tow to a booth at the café

to ask where I stand. It's all right, I think,

to ease the load and sit down, all right for you

to ask.

It's hard to think when my feet are sore. But the place

is quiet and you are at ease. We decide on the chowder.

When the napkin slips from my lap, I stand to reach another

from the next table. You laugh as I look around

to see if anyone was watching.

No one was.

Your question—it comes down to trust, I began.

I thought of how good it would feel to shed shoes

and socks, to stretch these toes and feel plush grass

beneath. *You are the place I stand*

on the day when my feet are sore, I blurted.

You are the place I stand.

~ Karl Plank

Under the Moon

At year's end, the hermit Paul burned all the baskets
he had made and the hut in which he stored them.
Then he began anew to braid strands of palm and prayer
over and under and over again.

Li Po, it is said, wrote characters that stood like decent gents.
He read his poems to a nearby washerwoman
before folding them into boats to float downstream.
If he died trying to grab the moon as it shone in the water,

he also wrote, *Let us waste not the moon.*

And now, though I know you will not read these words,
I will not squander their moment.
I will write them to kindle fire in the desert
and play in the current that bears this grief away.

~ Karl Plank

From Out of the Bass Do I Cry

There is still something you might do
Listen as if heartwood were whispering words of the lost
Or earth-marrow mercy in your ear

As if a bell had been struck from the back of beyond
Launching waves to soothe your cells

Listen that way when fingers find the node of stopped strings
hear the overtone

As he bows thin harmonics on a dark stage:

tune to it.

~ Karl Plank

Red Lights

Sinister red Christmas lights in the
window of the trailer glow;
we hide in the shadows outside
huddled there in the cold.

In a few days we'll hear the ambulance;
red lights flashing in your bedroom,
in the trailer next door the thin man
in handcuffs; a monster whisked away.

Our eyes first met when your daddy
came to the store to beg for bread;
you stood by his leg - a powerful prop,
filling up bags, the owner stared at your pink face.

On bright Sundays in the snow
you wear snow boots with short summer dresses
and sit close to me on the pew with a big black Bible
spread out on skinny legs.

All winter long we talk of our escape
waiting on spring to push up through the slush.
My ears and nose are numb from the cold
but my hand is hot and sticky in yours.

Today, the rusty trailers perch with peril
on shaky cinder blocks, and I see the nook where we hid,
two hearts hammering fast;
listening to the smashing glass of beer bottles.

~ Andrew K. Clark

Frost Moon

Long past first frost
the grass brittle under foot
that ancient sound of suffering
against the choir of trees
that chant under weight of ice
against the quiet morning moon
that refuses to know her place.

The shiver and crackle
of the coffee pot
whose bright steam
against the cold protests
with orange shock of flame
against the gray of day.

This is the same forest
where in the summer we lay
letting the green moss
grow over our bodies
against the downed trees
formed from too much breeding.

I ache for the bed we made
on the floor of the cabin
by the evening fir,
for our sleeping bag
when first we met
our breath dancing
against the lantern's light.

Against winter's embrace
we warm the world
with our bodies
and fear not
the frost moon's kiss.

~ Andrew K. Clark



Note to the Great-Tailed Grackle that Wakes Me Each Morning at 5:00 a.m.

You have a big voice, my friend,
an enthusiasm for this gritty light
that just won't shut up.

Why not consider perching quietly
like your neighbor the white-tipped dove,
who welcomes the day with a bit of courtesy?

But no, for you it's bustle & bristle
& raucous announcement, your wa-wa-wa-what?
sharp demand to shake off the night,

get to one's feet & on with morning's cabaret.
Now's the time! The moment's arrived!
I squint through the scrolled bars—

from the bloomed-out rose trumpet,
namesake tail fanned & shaking, beak wide,
you belt out your brash call to prayer.

~ Gaylord Brewer

Ten Years from Now, You'll Look Back on This Day

Your mother and father fraught but alive,
and days you thought the bad days—weren't.

The bad days hadn't started. You could
tour your mom's garden, laugh about murder

with the old man. Your sweet dog
hadn't lost her step, her breath, hadn't looked

at you one last dark morning of goodbye.
Some fine years left of romp and circumstance.

Back then, your own body still mostly agreed—
tell-tale aches and goddamned creakiness,

but you could still lift the load, do a few tricks.
Not to be morose, but you hadn't shuffled into

a decade of bleak certainties. To recap
how it was: A gray morning, chilly for May,

and you desired to be elsewhere. Resentful
of the general, tedious grind that caged you.

Look around. First lilies blooming and fading,
dog eager for a fight, your wife—your wife—

singing a nonsense song. Saturday, the farmer
would bring beets and cauliflower, season's first.

Work to do and a new week to do it in.
After their nap, you'd ring your folks, find out

what's for dinner. Don't misunderstand. Nothing
would have intervened with what was coming.

There hung the calendar on its nail. There
ticked the clock on its wheel. And there you sat,

chin in hand at the window. What were you
going to do about it, before the time came?

~ Gaylord Brewer

Bremen, 1883

I walk up the ship's gangplank

without my sister
who helped birth my daughters,
without the warmth of my black iron stove,
its kitchen corner where those daughters
played with their dolls,
copied out their letters,

without tranquility
in a shaded courtyard ever again,
or delirium
of ripe grapes at harvest,
or comfort
of afternoon tea and knitting
with my sister,

without Magda's pet goat, frequent
forager in the kitchen, or weekly prospect
of market day, even with skirt-flapping walks
when my mind was blown clear,
and I had all I could do
to keep my scarf
on my head,

without the first sip
of fresh November wine, or the secret spot
my sister and I shared for end of summer
mushrooming, or sweet spring meadows
where we lay and watched cloud pictures
float across the sky,

without the sewing table my father made for me when I married,
without Mama's clock that presided in the parlor,
sold for passage
to America,

without the husband
who made me crazy with his cards,
the same man who wooed me
with his laughter.

~ Susan Martinello

Beacon

September 21, 1938

Mr. Hay, the head keeper, knocks.
A hurricane is blasting up the coast.
Daddy heads for his ham radio,
but all he hears is static. As night falls,
the pounding of wind and water grows louder.
All of us huddle around the kitchen
table with Mother and Daddy.
I look out the window at a strange darkness.
The flashing light at the end of the breakwater,
is out! We press around the window, hoping
it will flicker back on because we know
what this means. Daddy will have to go out
and light the backup oil lamp. Mother's face is pale
as she helps Daddy with his yellow slicker.
My small *Be safe!* comes out a whisper.

We keep our eyes peeled, must be an hour.
A cheer goes up for glimmers that grow
to a steady glow. We are watching the clock so hard,
we all gasp when the door opens,
and Daddy walks in, dripping. *You're back!*
All he says is, *Ayuh*. He warms his hands
on the mug of hot chocolate I hand him.
Finally he puts it down, and we prick up our ears.

*I was barely off the porch when the wind
knocked me to the ground. I crossed the yard
on all fours and slid down to the lower ledge
of the breakwater. I got a good grip
on the electric cable and edged along.
Sometimes it was all I could do to hang on.
About half way out, I warrant, my foot found
no granite beneath it. I reached my leg out
further to test if the waves had broken clear
through, but found purchase. It was like that
all the rest of the way. The spray almost
knocked me off the ladder as I climbed to the light,
but the lamp lit right off.*

Ayuh. Daddy's a Yankee from Nantucket.

~ Susan Martinello

Honeymoon

Quebec, 1949

The ceremony, shower of rice, Tante urging a sandwich on me all pass like the morning's rain. "Just Married" soaped on the rear window makes knowing folks in other cars smile. The tin cans tied to the bumper keep up their chatter *honeymoon, honeymoon, honeymoon* long after Milt stops to untie them.

I dissolve into giggles when he parks the car in front of our hotel, the Chateau Frontenac. As in a movie, I walk from scene to scene always drawn closer—from the lobby where I loop the letters of an unpracticed name at an ornate desk, past the Grand Salon and dining room with their French furnishings, up to the turned-down bed of our room. I turn to consider dinner—how elegant my emerald green wedding suit and matching suede purse and pumps will feel in the dining room.

The time comes to slip into my silky nightgown, Margot's gift. I should have listened to her wedding night knowledge. The bed feels like a cliff. Later in the dark, I retreat to a secluded corner of my mind's Grand Salon. I draw in all the details of armchairs and potted plants for the kind of place where mannerly ladies drink tea, legs crossed, gloves on their laps.

~ Susan Martinello

Family Reunion

I search other faces for my nose, long and sloped
like a sundial shadow. “That’s definitely a Chambers
nose,” I say, nodding toward a passing cousin, probably.

Then my aunt reveals these people are Ogdens, family
of my father’s aunt, his mother’s side. Only four people
in the room are Chambers, and two of us drove together.

So we occupy the purse table against the wall, focus
on fried chicken and veggie pizza. Tomorrow is
Memorial Day, but for now we have coconut cake.

“When your father came back from Vietnam, his red hair
had turned salt and pepper,” my aunt baritone whispers.
“Your mother wouldn’t view him, but your uncle and I did.”

She talks of a preacher back home who wrote to my father,
who performed the funeral where my mother wouldn’t look.
“So I believe he was a Christian when he died,” she says.

I smile, and somewhere on a two-lane highway
between Obion County and Phu Hoa Dong
a front-lawn Jesus sign sighs at this world

where streets smell like patchouli, where there’s glitter
in the bricks, where goodbye scenes hang like faded flags
from sideways lightning clotheslines.

~ Chance Chambers

Our Saigon

For Neil O. Jones

The guitar solo in “Born on the Bayou,”
the sus-4 toggle that rolls like a cyclo
past a muddy deuce-and-a-half, was the
GI bar, the R & R of time and space,
where we toasted Biên Hòa
with Ba Muoi Ba beer and recalled
our vinyl afternoons. You learned that
solo for a stint in a band after your tour;
I toiled over it sitting on the edge
of my bed with a rusty Silvertone,
a photograph of my father in service
uniform looking at me from my dresser.

You asked me about Vietnam.

My Saigon was rooftop cocktails
with no artillery fireworks show.

Your Saigon was a dusty respite
from foxholes, C-rations, and Tobasco.

Our Saigon was where we both walked
the same streets and left for the same woods
as my father, forty years apart and tracked
with boot prints distinguished by the subtle
change in luminescence between living and ghost.

Our Saigon was where we looked for Jesus,
but found Cool Hand Luke saved from another
night in the box when his disciples cleaned his plate.

Our Saigon was where actors in leather jackets
and Airborne patches performed Shakespeare
on an asphalt stage lit by Harley headlights.

Our Saigon is where we toasted the tremolo soundtrack
of our yesterdays and all the words of our tomorrows
in a GI bar, the one with a neon sign flickering,

“Friend and Hero.”

~ Chance Chambers

Dammit Alan

I smell the breath of Dammit Alan, whiskey thick and alkaline,
in an August wind fractured on the wings of retreating dragonflies,

a mantra drifted from Midtown over smokers' medians where we
cup our hands around addictions unmentioned, where I hear

his whispered plea to call 911. I see the bottle of Jack almost
tucked away in a backpack leaned against the wrought iron chair

where Alan slumps and waves off JJ's manager after lifting
his chin to mumble, just for me, "I'm having a heart attack."

I see craft cocktail pilgrims pass us on their way
to Johnny Cash cover scenes and bourbon-glazed resignation

until Alan lowers himself to the sidewalk, rolls onto his side
and unfolds—a fallen specter in the florescence of the market.

Why did I wait for a pilgrim in a happy hour dress to balance
on her heels and look for Alan's breath before I called 911?

When an EMT with a twelve-hour face said, "Dammit Alan,"
why did I believe the firefighter who told me, "That's his father"?

Why do we talk so much about ghosts when everyone
leaves this world on a faded bus pass and blocks our calls?

The wind only answers with the strained echo of Alan's
dry-throated exit refrain—a prayer to the city, to the street,

to the first responders who lifted him into the ambulance,
to the stretcher he rode half-mast, propped up on his elbows,

to me and my mouth, which begins to move and shape itself
around the words of Alan's curbside invocation:

"Save me."

~ Chance Chambers

For Nina

I didn't love you enough.
Probably a lot of people didn't love you enough.
You didn't love you enough.
I didn't love me enough.
Runners' hearts get big
greedy for oxygen dragging in blood,
sucking out the O2 like any good vampire.
The hard working heart muscle grows.
Selfish heart?
Not really. The heart's just trying to survive
what the feet beating the pavement put it through
and the poor blistered feet trying to make the brain happy
obey because surviving is a group activity.
If the brain's not happy, it does what you did.
Was it a single or double barreled shotgun?
Seeing us together in a photo it's clear
you and I have long arms for women.
Reaching the trigger with the barrel in your mouth
isn't as difficult as some might think. I tried it.
Dying is a group activity.
The brain gives the order.
The fingers push the shell into the magazine,
pull the half-moon steel eyelash.
Wink so I know you're listening.
Loving is a group activity.
If I don't love me, I can't love you,
and you can't love me back.
All cycles are vicious.
The head eats the tail.
We put shit under our tomato plants.
Rally round the agenda.
Mimic the frenzy of whirling Dervishes,
static electricity sparking from their frothing robes
catches you on fire if you're lucky.
Flame the passion. Pass it on.
Hate is passion wanting love.
Hate is a terrible thing to waste.
Love the hater.

~ Leslie Lytle

Earthquake

I.

Below the bones
of my grandparents' house,
I inhale dust
that created my family.

In the corner, on a dusty stool
is a dusty book, I blow
off the age and see, in my grandmother's
handwriting: *Book of the Dead*.

On the first page,
There's a greasy fingerprint.

II.

The salt sucked at his feet,
leaving suction cup blisters.

He pushed at the water,
and it pushed back.
It blew through his bones,
buried smog in his pores,
soaked oil into his skin.

The boat lurched, but never tipped.

When he came home, my grandmother
sat him down and licked the salt out of him.
She spat it all into a bucket.

After, she added water
to the salt and poured it on the flowers.

III.

My grandmother woke with salt
crystallized on her cheeks,
Grainy under her fingers.
She put on her rough slippers
and walked through her silent home.
She avoided her pictures on her wall.

She opened the door to her yard,
cringed at the sunlight,
and called her remaining children.

When she had nothing to do,
she sang the songs her mother
sang to her during the war.

My grandfather listened
just outside the room.

IV.

There are no gravestones
in La Tremblade, France.
Only pictures.

I turn the rasping pages,
hoping the memories will leak
onto fingers, so I can suck them off.

~ Hannah Michele

Semblances

Deep, deep down in the flesh
Ground in like work dirt

The hours and the days are
Seasoned by the seasons

Winter damp and summer haze
Come and go like cirrus clouds

The mountainsides wracked by
Earthen scars show the profits

Of the peddled timber and coal
A dull cast to the skyline

Seeming doleful or dirgelike
Haunts old eyes, tautens lips

As the exigent land, so nakedly
Exposed, so empty, so rapine

Wreaks havoc on soul and spirit
Still it seems the old exist

To tend the wounds of dreams
Paid for by their calluses

And their shortened life spans
The young like ghostly spectres

Are left to oblivion's drift
Once they graduate h high school

Or drop out early as most do,
Forced to leave home for jobs

And semblances of real lives
Then soon gone into the past

Like a hurtful; rasp of breath,
They seem but passing memories,

Echoing footsteps in the dark –
Nights pass in deathly silences.

~ J. E. Bennett



Contributors

Patricia Alice Albrecht has appeared in various anthologies, Recorded, *A Touch of Pizzazz*, poems inspired by the cartoon, Jem & the Holograms for which she voiced *Pizzazz*, Co-producer of the CD, *Domestic Disguises*, features poets from Nashville's Global Education Center. Occasional teacher at Willow Oak Center for Arts & Learning, Springfield, Tennessee and a Poet on Demand for *Versify* on NPR.

J.E. Bennett taught writing and literature at West Virginia University and the University of Delaware. He works as a freelance writer. His work is published in: *Paris/Atlantic* (Fr.), *Orbis, Perspectives, Upstairs at Duroc* (Fr.), *The Cape Rock, Descant, Yemassee, and Litspeak* (Ger.). He received *Descant's* Frank O'Conner Prize for fiction. His poetry chapbooks include *Strange Voices, Other Tongues in 2004*. His latest work has appeared in *Blue Unicorn, The Deronda Review, The Distillery, Plainsongs* and *Straylight*. He is a frequent contributor to *Number One*.

Gaylord Brewer is a professor at Middle Tennessee State University, where he founded and for twenty years has edited the journal *Poems & Plays*. His ninth book of poetry is *Country of Ghost* (Red Hen Press, 2015). His memoir about food, *A Poet's Guide to Food, Drink & Desire* (Stephen F. Austin University Press) appeared in 2015. His latest collection is *The Feral Condition* (Negative Capability Press).

Bill Brown is the author of three chapbooks, five collections of poetry, and a textbook. His most recent titles are *The News Inside* (Iris Press 2010), *Late Winter* (Iris Press 2008), and *Tatters* (March Street Press 2007). In 2011 he won the Writer of the Year Award from Tennessee Writers Alliance. His poems have been anthologized numerous times and have appeared in journals such as *Prairie Schooner, North American Review, The Literary Review, Westbranch, Southern Poetry Review, Tar River Poetry, Asheville Poetry Review, Asheville Poetry Review, Atlanta Review, Connecticut Review, Southern Humanities Review, and Smartish Pace*.

Chance Chambers is a Nashville writer whose work has appeared in the anthologies *Muscadine Lines: A Southern Anthology* and *Gathering: Writers of Williamson County*. In 2015, Metro Arts of Nashville commissioned Chance, along with six other writers/artists, to create a piece inspired by a local public artwork as part of a grant funded by the Bonnaroo Works Fund and The Community Foundation of Middle Tennessee.

Andrew K. Clark is a poet whose work has appeared in UCLA's *Out of Anonymity, Alexandria Quarterly, Good Juju, The Zingara, and The Literary Nest*. He is the recipient of the Roy F. Powell Creative Writing Award from Georgia Southern University. He is a native of Alexander, NC, and is searching for a home for his Southern gothic magical realism novel, *The Day Thief*.

Sandy Coomer is a poet and mixed media artist. Her poetry has been published in numerous journals and anthologies. She is the author of three poetry chapbooks: *Continuum* (Finishing Line Press), *The Presence of Absence* (Winner of the 2014 Janice Keck Literary Award for Poetry), and *Rivers Within Us* (Unsolicited Press). She is a poetry mentor in the AWP Writer to Writer Mentorship Program and the founding editor of the online poetry journal *Rockvale Review*. She lives in Brentwood, Tennessee with her husband and four children.

F.I. Goldhaber's words capture people, places and events with a photographer's eye and a poet's soul. As a reporter, editor, business writer and marketing communications consultant, she produced news stories feature articles, editorials and reviews for newspapers, corporations, governments, and non-profits in five states. Her fourth collection, *Food*Family*Friends* explores how those three things send us feasting, flinching, and/or frolicking through life.

Lois Marie Harrod's sixteenth and most recent collection, *Nightmares of the Minor Poet*, appeared in June from Five Oaks. Her chapbook, *And She Took the Heart* appeared in January 2016, and *Fragments from the Biography of Nemeses* (Cherry Grove Press) and *How Marlene Mae Longs for Truth* (Dancing Girl Press) appeared in 2013. *The Only Is* won the 2012 Tennessee Chapbook Contest (Poems & Plays) and *Brief Term*, a collection of poems about teachers and teaching was published by Black Buzzard Press (2011). She is widely published in literary journals and online ezines from *American Poetry Review* to *Zone 3*. She teaches Creative Writing at The College of New Jersey.

Elizabeth Howard holds an M.F.A. degree from Fairleigh Dickinson University. Her work has been published in *Boston Accent Lit*, *Damfino*, *Inside the Bell Jar*, *Italian Americana Cultural and Historical Review*, *Blue Plant Journal*, *Yellow Chair Review*, and *Drowning Gull*. She lives in Crossville, Tennessee. Her work has appeared in *Comstock Review*, *Big Muddy*, *Appalachian Heritage*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *Möbius*, *Poem*, *Motif*, *Now & Then*, *Slant*, and other journals.

Jessica Levine is a student at Volunteer State Community College. "What I Don't Tell My Brother" won first prize from the national chapter of Sigma Kappa Delta.

Leslie Lytle's poems have appeared in several previous issues of *Number One* and in many other literary magazines, including *The Georgia Review*, *Carolina Quarterly*, and *The Literary Review*. Her nonfiction book, *Execution's Doorstep*, was released in November 2008 by the University Press of New England. Her novel, *Chicken Stock*, was published by Hedgehog and Fox in 2015.

Bruce Majors graduated from Tennessee Technological University with a BS in Education with an emphasis on Music and Psychology. He worked for TVA Nuclear and V12 Oak Ridge. His work has been published or is forthcoming in *Arts & Letters*, *Distillery*, *Feed Your Brain*, *Back Road Travels*, and several other magazines. He has a published volume of poetry, *The Fields of Owl Roost*, and two chapbooks, *Small Patches of Light* and *Last Flight of Angels*. Majors co-edited the anthology *Southern*

Light, Twelve Contemporary Southern Poets which included Number One frequent contributors Bill Brown and Dan Powers.

Dana Malone is a freelance writer/editor living in Nashville where she coordinates the Poetry on Demand project for The Porch Writers Collective (*Versify* podcast with WPLN). She is also a member of the Line Breaks Poetry Collective and Women who Write in Nashville. She co-hosts Writings on the Wall, a monthly poetry event in Nashville. Her previous publications include a collection of poetry, *Front Porch Embraces* (Post Oak Publications), and works in anthologies and literary publications. Her essays have appeared in *The Tennessean* and she has performed for Tenz9 and East Side Storytelling in Nashville.

Susan Martinello lives in Gulf Shores, Alabama. Her poems have appeared in *Grandmother Earth, Birmingham Arts Journal, POEM, the medical journal CHEST, Connotation Press, 2nd & Church*, as well as *Whatever Remembers us: An Anthology of Alabama Poetry, Panik Anthology*, and *Nancy Drew Anthology*.

Hannah Michele is a queer DC-based poet. Her work has appeared in *Voices and Visions* magazine and will soon appear in *Panoply's* most recent zine. In addition to writing poetry, she is also an elementary school teacher. She teaches a poetry unit every January, and nothing brings her more joy than seeing the amazing poems that seven-year-olds can create.

Karl Plank is the author of two recent chapbooks: *A Field, Part Arable* (Lithic Press) and *BOXX: Rewriting Rilke* (Red Bird). His work has appeared in publications such as *Beloit Poetry Journal, Notre Dame Review, New Madrid, Zone 3*, and *Iron Horse Literary Review*. A past winner of the Thomas Carter Prize (*Shenandoah*) and a Pushcart nominee, he is the J.W. Cannon Professor of Religious Studies at Davidson College.

Dan Powers is a retired engineer who lives with his wife Cher and their rescued Wye-Lab Midge in a cabin on the Caney Fork River where they grow prize-winning okra. He appeared in the PBS series "United States of Poetry" and currently has one book of poems, *Mighty Good Land*, published by Black Greyhound Media. His poems have been published in several journals and have been anthologized in *Something We Can't Name* and *Southern Light*. He is a previous contributing editor for *Number One*.

Jaime Sanchez is a professor of English at Volunteer State Community College. His work has appeared in previous issues of *Number One* and in *Mixitini Matrix: A Journal of Creative Collaboration*.

Barry Silesky, poet, biographer and editor, is the author of *The New Tenants* (1992), *Greatest Hits, 1980 - 2000*, and *The Disease: Poems* (2006). He has also published a book of micro-fiction, *One Thing that Can Save Us* (1994). His biographies include *Ferlinghetti: The Artist in His Time* (1990) and *John Gardner: Literary Outlaw* (2005).





Call for Submissions to *Number One*

Guidelines:

Before submitting to *Number One*, we recommend that you read an issue or two to get a feel for the style and content. You can find archived issues on the Vol State website here:

<http://volstate.edu/English/index.php>

We publish poetry, fiction, and creative non-fiction with an emphasis on sense of place.

Poetry: Submit up to three previously unpublished poems, no more than forty lines each.

Prose: (Fiction and Creative Non-fiction): Submit up to six pages of unpublished prose, double spaced, word count not to exceed 1300 words.

Provide a brief cover letter with your name, address, email address and the titles of the poems or prose in your submission. Please include a brief biography to be printed if your work is selected.

Email Submission: Send two copies of your work, one with your name and one without, via email attachment in a .doc, docx, or .rtf file to number.one@volstate.edu

OR

USPS delivery: Send two copies of each work, only one of which includes your name to:

Number One
Humanities Office
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Gallatin, TN 37066

Number One is published annually each fall. Submission Deadline for the 2019 issue is March 15th, 2019.

Contributors receive a copy of the journal in which their work appears.

Prizes: Best prose piece in *Number One* 2019, \$100.00

Best poem in *Number One* 2019, \$100.00







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Dan Powers
Barry Sileski
Dana Malone
Bruce Majors
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Sandy Coomer
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