



The Windhover

The Windhover

22.1

The Windhover

22.1

Spring 2018

Editor

Nathaniel Lee Hansen

Contributing Editors

Joe R. Christopher

William Jolliff

Michael Hugh Lythgoe

Graphic Editor

Randy Yandell

Copy Editor

Amy Hansen

Intern

C. Grace Rose

Cover: *Delicate Balance*

by Harvey Ramseur

27.5" x 15" burnished copper

Copyright © 2018

University of Mary Hardin-Baylor Press

Dr. Randy O'Rear, President & CEO

Belton, Texas

The Windhover is published twice a year, in February and August.

Subscriptions are \$22 (two issues).

The most recent issue is \$12.

Back issues are \$6.

For full submission guidelines, subscription and purchasing information,
and samples of back issues, please visit *The Windhover* homepage:

<http://undergrad.umhb.edu/english/windhover-journal>

The Windhover is a proud member of CLMP
(Community of Literary Magazines and Presses)

CONTENTS

David Athey	
Holy Land	1
Steven Wingate	
Fingers, Clay, Leaves	2
Kathleen Hart	
Lending My Voice.....	4
Laurie Klein	
Sister Earth Remembers the Earliest Footprints.....	5
Richard Spilman	
The Poem as Providence.....	6
Bill Ayres	
The Fruit of Good, The Fruit of Evil	7
Maryanne Hannan	
Fear of the Lord	8
Laura Hogan	
Cherith	9
Mark Bennion	
Totality	10
Heather M. Surls	
Dancing Over Bones.....	11
Michael Hugh Lythgoe	
Elegy for Louise	16
Ann Howells	
Perpetual Care.....	17

Marci Rae Johnson	
Christ of the Abyss at San Fruttuoso, Italy	18
Julie L. Moore	
Full Long Nights Moon	19
Alex Mouw	
“Faustus, must thou needs be damned?”	20
Kimberly Ann Priest	
Record of Wrongs	22
Matthew Roth	
Doctrine	23
Joshua Hren	
In a Better Place	24
Maryann Corbett	
Overtures	31
Renny Golden	
Ruined	32
Harvey Ramseur	
Artwork	33
Michael Hugh Lythgoe	
Harvey Ramseur: Artist of Burnished Copper	35
David Athey	
Transfiguration Sailor	37
Sally Thomas	
Lookout Mountain	38

Alexandra Barylski	
On Asking a Seven Year Old, “Do you dare to eat a peach?”	39
Laurence Musgrove	
Church and State	40
Ryan Napier	
Here I Stand	41
Katie Manning	
The Book of Endings	46
David Brendan Hopes	
Drinking Bitter Chocolate in the Piazza San Marco	47
Chris Ellery	
Joseph of Arimathea	48
Thom Caraway	
This is how God showed His love among us.....	49
Carrie Heimer	
To the Woman Singing Beside Me in the Pew	50
Aaron Brown	
What Cannot Be Replaced.....	51
Marjorie Maddox	
Extra	53
Sarah Law	
On the Door.....	54
Toby F. Coley	
[“Enlightened saints they call them”].....	55

Timothy Bartel	
November 1st.....	56
Christopher Snook	
These many are all ikons.....	57
Judith Sornberger	
Lenten Practice as the Climate Changes	58
Leigh Cheak	
Hosanna	59
Bill Stadick	
Stop Calling Me a Christian.....	60
G. Travis Norvell	
Prayers for Sale.....	61
Joshua Gage	
Breviary.....	69
Albert Haley	
Angels at the Car Wash	70
Philip C. Kolin	
Pentecost on the Beach.....	72
D. S. Martin	
The Soul as a Grocery Cart.....	74
Luci Shaw	
Rescue.....	75
Contributor Notes	76

DAVID ATHEY

Holy Land

“Let there be...” is where the old man lived, in the silent ellipsis of a hut beneath a crag with a tunnel leading to beeswax candles and earth-tone images of wild souls enchanting shadows with immovable dance...“light.”

The bedraggled man was just skin and beard, merely bones and manners, and he offered tea, bread, and honey on a cedar stump. “Eat, drink...”

And for every question I had (through the night) he offered another ellipsis, the pause of infinite journey...because that was where he lived.

LAURA HOGAN

Cherith

Before you sent me down to the wadi there was
that goldfinch, shining.
swaying, it lingered warbled, flew away,
away away to the blue mountain, each beat of wing
a stop in my heart—stay
stay, stay the shadow of your bird
in me shifted, my love slipped the green and lilac
banks of the river, beyond rushes and the reaches
of my throat.

Then those days wheeled on the track, puffing,
mechanical and drawn. A thousand tongues choked
on salt, not bread. I turned, turned into a pillar looking
for your warm yellow breast.

A drought later I forgot to remember, how you had taken
yourself away from me my reshaped heart steadied,
bundles and branches worn into grooves, patience
uncounted.

Is that why you sent me down to Cherith, to hide me
in your hands, to drink of the stream in cool deep swallows?
sometimes I am afraid to touch the beauty of the emerald
mossy stones, they make me ache with riparian joy

Your goldfinches alight, feed me presence and song, and it is for
this your finest wheat I have longed.

HEATHER M. SURLS

Dancing Over Bones

Slow down and turn in the gate—the refugees are buried here. Right here, in this corner no one else wants because it's near the entrance, a triangle in this heart-of-the-Midwest cemetery. People who traveled thousands of miles with birth certificates and passports to countries that expelled them—they stopped here to rest, in a land not their own.

I don't know how many of them are here, because they don't all have grave markers. Even the cemetery doesn't keep track; I asked them once. But I do know that Anli lies there, perpendicular to the road. He was a Bhutanese boy, and I'm not sure how he died. I just know about him because of April.

Here she is: April Paw. She was born in a refugee camp in Thailand in 2009, daughter of Neh Meh and Klaw Reh, Karenni refugees. She died at Children's Memorial Hospital here in 2012. Yeah. Just three years old.

Come on, help me wipe the mud and grass clippings from her headstone. Her parents can't drive, so they don't visit often. Don't worry about stepping on her—I felt that way the first time, too, but she doesn't mind. Come, touch it—feel the stone and put your fingers on the little engraved cross.

Let me tell you what happened to her and what happened to me.

You wouldn't have expected it: a white-pillared church filled with Burmese refugees at the funeral of a three-year-old. These kinds of things aren't supposed to happen. Three-year-olds aren't supposed to die.

I stood there with my husband, surrounded by these refugees, our neighbors. I watched April Paw's family in front of the casket, watched her 24-year-old mom. I was tired—wary with grief and pregnancy. Yes, I did expect that, but I didn't expect the timing. The timing was painfully ironic.

After the service, we snapped flags on our cars and drove with flashers on through a downpour. At the cemetery chapel—over there, see it?—Neh Meh, the mother, was one of the last to enter. She crouched near the doorway, wearing the same silver sandals that had walked hospital halls for three and a half weeks. She held a fleece blanket around her shoulders and stared into the wind.

I'm not sure who paid for the casket or if there was a fee for using the chapel. But they did tell us there would be no graveside service because there

wasn't enough money for that. I stood out there as everyone left and listened to the funeral man's diplomatic words. "I don't recommend watching the burial because it will be very industrial." I thought, *Are you telling me this mother should leave before her child is in the ground?*

After a minute a backhoe groaned around the chapel, dangling April's coffin in a concrete liner. We decided to follow, cutting across the grass. I held the hand of a little girl who, for all I knew, had seen people buried in Burma or Thailand, who may have had dozens of unsanitized memories filed away, taffeta dress and hair bow aside.

By the time we got here, April's coffin was in the hole. You could see the edge of Anli's coffin—you know, the Bhutanese boy—in the plot beside hers. The backhoe had disappeared, so as we waited, we threw handfuls of dirt onto the coffin.

A car pulled up and Neh Meh climbed out with a plastic grocery bag. She came near the open grave and threw the bag inside. It opened a little when it hit. I saw a Coke, a couple of packaged snacks, and an embroidered white dress. I don't know if that is a Karenni tradition or what, burying favorite things with the dead. But it made me cry, those snacks, and especially that dress with the tags still on it.

I'd never been to the hospital as much as I was that month before April died. Yeah, it was hard. Seeing her on a ventilator was hard, watching her gag and turn red as nurses drew coughs out of her crowded throat. I spent hours coordinating rides for Neh Meh and her husband and talking to the family about logistics and medical details. No, I don't speak their language, not a word. But they were my neighbors—what else could I do?

The worst day was when the hospital said her father should come. I got in the car and drove in the rain to pick up Klaw Reh mid-shift. He worked at a meat packing plant. Yes, those still exist—I never thought about it either until I met our neighbors—lots of them worked there because the pay was good. He met me at the employee entrance with his lunch bag, wearing heavy work boots and long pants rolled up to keep them off the floor.

There was something about that man's face. I knew he'd run from atrocities in Burma, just because he was an ethnic minority, but there was such peace, something so other-worldly in his eyes.

We found April in the pediatric ICU, wearing only a diaper. She looked like a baby doll, the way her legs were splayed apart. She was on the ventilator

again—we could see her chest rise and fall with its even spitzing. About twenty wires were taped to her head, and a bolted tube came out her skull, taking blood and fluids from her brain.

The minute she saw me, Neh Meh said, “I want to go home.” She was panicked; I guess running away seemed like the best option. I didn’t know what to say, so I tried to buy time. I stood near April as a nurse checked her, but then I started to black out. I lay down on a couch in the waiting room, my hand over my womb. It was one of those ironic moments—while I lay there with my hand over my baby, just four weeks old, Neh Meh watched her baby’s life drain away.

A few hours later, they wanted to have a meeting. Mother, father, and I sat with the doctor, a chaplain, and, finally, a couple of translators. The doctor explained that early that morning, April had been moving abnormally, so they’d done a scan that showed severe bleeding in her brain. Another diplomatic guy: he said brain damage was extensive, but they wanted to see if there was potential for healing.

Klaw Reh got bold; he wasn’t going to sit there and let this American doctor fool around. “And what if she doesn’t heal?” he asked through the translator. I don’t remember the doctor’s answer.

They were in my dreams that night, over and over. When I closed my eyes, I saw April’s eyes—when the nurse spread her eyelids and shined a pen light in them, there’d been no pupil dilation or movement. They were just brown and black and dead. It’s been four years now and those eyes still haunt me.

I remember lots of prayers. The Karenni have strong faith, like other minorities that have been persecuted by the Burmese government. I wish you could have visited our horseshoe of apartment buildings on a humid summer night and heard the Karen and Chin and Zomi singing hymns with the doors and windows open, or come to a prayer meeting and sat with sixty people in a tiny living room.

They prayed for April Paw from the beginning. After she was hospitalized, I went to the two-bedroom place Neh Meh, Klaw Reh, and their girls shared with Neh Meh’s parents, three sisters, one brother-in-law, and a niece. I took off my sandals like they do and sat on the floor. They cover the floors with these woven plastic mats, and their homes always smell starchy and warm, like cooked rice. They don’t have much furniture, but always hang things like baptism certificates and school and wedding photographs and calendars high on the walls.

I read in the Bible about a man named Jairus, who had a daughter who

died. When Jesus heard about it, he laughed. “She’s not dead,” he said. “She’s only sleeping.” On that prayer meeting night, I sat there and prayed this would be true for April Paw, some kind of resurrection. That was hard, trying to have enough faith to believe it possible, or trying to understand why all this had happened—a blood infection, then a mobile infectious cluster in a little girl’s heart.

But prayers and faith don’t always change things. Two days after that awful day in the ICU, the phone rang around midnight, when we were already asleep. It was the family’s pastor. April wasn’t sleeping; April was dead.

My husband and I sat on our bed as I tried to answer questions from the family. I’d been prepared for this; we’d talked about funeral arrangements a couple days before, but it still felt surreal, especially with the family’s wails. Especially on top of that little stirring inside me—I couldn’t feel my baby yet, but you know how a mama can tell without seeing or feeling.

I hung up and we prayed. How? Well, I guess it was the only thing we knew to do, kind of like instinct. Kind of like, things already didn’t make sense, so how could we leave our only comfort. Then we turned off the lights and tried to sleep, which is hard when you are angry and just want to cry. Thunder rumbled deep, and somehow it was comforting, because though I didn’t understand God then, I felt that he was present and that he was weeping too.

You know how when someone dies, we share memories about them? It’s like swapping recipes and baseball cards—that’s the best comparison I can think of. So here’s my memory. It gets me every time, like her picture on the funeral pamphlet I carry in my journal.

Once April had to fast before a procedure. I was at the hospital, keeping Neh Meh company. She climbed on a chair and put a Thai movie in the DVD player to distract her daughter from her hunger. I asked her, “Do you know Thai too?” She smiled and said, “Only a little.”

It was a shared room, divided by a curtain. On the other side was a boy about April’s age. During our movie, a nurse came in to see him. I’m not sure why—maybe to change a bandage or give him a shot—but the boy was afraid, I could tell that. His breaths shuddered, and I couldn’t see, but I imagined he was in his mother’s arms. He said, “I love you, Mommy. I love you. I love you. I love you.” He said it over and over, louder and stronger, like it should take away his hurt. Like love could change things. Like love could take away his pain.

Neh Meh heard the boy too, because she crawled into the hospital bed with

April and they snuggled as close as they could with her wires and monitors. She was wearing a striped gown and wispy black hair fell in her eyes. She looked up into her mama's face, and as well as she could with partial paralysis, she smiled.

After my son was born, I understood how Neh Meh must have felt when April smiled at her like that. While nursing him those first months, he looked at me in total trust, like he thought I could do anything, like he thought I could raise the dead. And that was unsettling, because I knew that wasn't true and that sometimes even God didn't.

Kids have such trust, you know—not like us, all smothered by politics and headlines. “Babies know God in the womb”—another refugee friend told me that. I want to trust that April is running on streets of gold, that the little girl laughter I've heard in my head is real. And I want my boy to always believe there's a love in this world that can raise the dead, even when everything shouts “no,” even when refugee kids get to America and die.

Maybe I'll bring him here and tell him about April Paw too, just like I told you. Maybe we'll crouch here and look at this headstone and just try to figure it all out. Or maybe there won't be contradictions for him, and he'll just dance over her bones, sure that she's dancing too.

MATTHEW ROTH

Doctrine

At first it's satisfying—no use
denying the fact—how good
the hammer feels in the hand
as the soft wood yields
to the glamorous bite
of the bright finish nail.
Even mistakes prove
opportune chances to review
technique and soon
smooth board abuts smooth board,
though your knees are sore
and your left thumb throbs
from an errant blow.
Who will blame you
when, near the end
of your task, the last
nail grotesquely bends,
like you, at the waist?
And though you know you
should pry it free,
the box of nails is out of reach
and the sun, all day
attacking your back,
won't dim. Screw that.
Just swing the hammer
and pound that sucker flat.

KATIE MANNING

The Book of Endings

all that remains of Second Kings

the city wall was broken

the city had become
food for the people to eat

royal blood
fled
for fear

the city
scattered
bound
with bronze
to Babylon

honor
put aside his prison clothes
and
ate the poorest
people

an official
king came
and said
settle down
and it will go well with you

he set fire to
the city

CHRISTOPHER SNOOK

These many are all ikons

The world is ornamented
with ikons shining like shook foil
dripping fragments
of gold leaf
from push carts
in the public park
urban nomads
weeping myrrh

each body a
perambulating reliquary

These many with me now
are all ikons
sad-eyed saints smoke-smearred
and yellowing, damaged
metal-clad and wax-spattered

*O Divine Master, grant that I
may not seek to be consoled
so often*

Like treasures buried in a field
these many obscure, concealed
some poor as God
as loneliness

Everything is burning, she said

Sooner or later
all come to the mountain
unshod

CONTRIBUTORS

DAVID ATHEY's poems and stories have appeared in various journals, including *The Iowa Review*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *The Windhover*, and *Tampa Review*. He teaches creative writing at Palm Beach Atlantic University, and his latest novel is *Joan of the Everglades*.

BILL AYRES loves *The Windhover*. His poems have appeared in *Plainsongs*, *Page & Spine*, *Bird's Thumb*, and *Sow's Ear*, among others.

TIMOTHY BARTEL's poems have recently appeared in *Christianity and Literature*, *Curator*, *Pilgrimage*, *Relief*, *Saint Katherine Review*, and *The Windhover*. His latest chapbook is *Arroyos: Sijo and Other Poems* (Mariscat 2015), which was named a Book of 2015 by the Scottish Poetry Library. Timothy currently serves as Assistant Professor of Great Texts and Writing at The Saint Constantine School.

ALEXANDRA BARYLSKI is a senior editor at the *Marginalia*, *LA Review of Books* and the author of the chapbook *Imprecise Perishing* (Finishing Line Press). Her poetry appears or is forthcoming in *Ponder Review*, *Ninth Letter*, *Ruminate Magazine*, *Phoebe*, *Minerva Rising*, *Ithaca Lit*, and elsewhere. She won the 2015 Morton Marcus Poetry Prize. She was a finalist for the 2017 *Fairy Tale Review* Poetry Prize, the *Yemassee Journal* Poetry Prize, and the *New South* poetry prize.

Over the past 17 years, **MARK BENNION** has worked as a writing and literature teacher in the Department of English at BYU-Idaho. His poems have appeared in a variety of journals, including *Aethlon*, *The Cresset*, *Natural Bridge*, *Third Wednesday*, and *The Windhover*. He is the author of two poetry collections: *Psalm & Selah: A Poetic Journey through the Book of Mormon* and *Forsythia*.

AARON BROWN has been published or is forthcoming in *World Literature Today*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Waxwing*, *Cimarron Review*, and *Transition*, among others. A collection of poetry, *Acacia Road*, is the winner of the 2016 Gerald Cable Book Award (Silverfish Review Press). Brown grew up in Chad and now lives in Kansas, where he is a professor of writing at Sterling College. He holds an MFA from the University of Maryland.

THOM CARAWAY doesn't love writing bios. He doesn't love reading them, either. If you want to know things about Thom Caraway, go ahead and google the name. He does some things: teaches, edits a magazine, resists. Sometimes he spends the whole summer building things.

LEIGH CHEAK is a recent MFA graduate from Western Kentucky University. She is also the Editor-in Chief of *Lost River*. Her poems are forthcoming in *Wildflower Press' Anthology: Wild Voices, Vol. 2*, and have appeared most recently in *The McNeese Review*, *Beecher's Magazine*, and *The Harpoon Review*, among others. Her obsessions include imaginary daughters, names, & her two cats: Mila & Misha.

TOBY F. COLEY completed his Ph.D. in Rhetoric and Writing from Bowling Green State University (OH). He teaches English at the University of Mary Hardin-Baylor. His creative work has been featured in venues such as *The Windhover*, *Black & White*, and *The FictionWeek Literary Review*.

MARYANN CORBETT is the author of four books of poetry. Her work is widely published, has won the Willis Barnstone Translation Prize and the Richard Wilbur Award, and has been featured on Poetry Daily, Verse Daily, American Life in Poetry, and The Writer's Almanac. Her newest book is *Street View*, published by Able Muse Press.

CHRIS ELLERY is the author of four collections of poetry, most recently *Elder Tree* (Lamar University Literary Press, 2016). A member of the Texas Institute of Letters, he has received the X.J. Kennedy Award for Creative Nonfiction, the Alexander and Dora Raynes Poetry Prize, and the Betsy Colquitt Award.

JOSHUA GAGE is an ornery curmudgeon from Cleveland. He is the author of five collections of poetry. His newest chapbook, *Necromancy*, is available on Locofo Chaps from Moria Press. He is a graduate of the Low Residency MFA Program in Creative Writing at Naropa University. He has a penchant for Pendleton shirts and any poem strong enough to yank the breath out of his lungs.

RENNY GOLDEN's *Blood Desert: Witnesses 1820-1880* (University of New Mexico Press) won the WILLA Literary Award for poetry 2011, was named a

Southwest Notable Book of the Year 2012 and a Finalist for the New Mexico Book Award: Pushcart nominee 2016. In 2019, University of New Mexico Press will publish *The Music of Her Rivers*. Golden is Professor Emerita, Justice Studies, Northeastern Illinois University. She worked with Central American refugees in the '80s and currently.

ALBERT HALEY's poems have appeared in *The Christian Century*, *The Cresset*, *The Anglican Theological Review*, *Christianity and Literature*, and other journals. He is a past winner of the *Rattle* Poetry Prize. He teaches creative writing courses at Abilene Christian University in Abilene, Texas, where he serves as writer-in-residence. He is currently at work on a book of poems about angels shadowing humans in the midst of their ordinary lives.

MARYANNE HANNAN has published poems from this Responsorial Psalm series in *Anglican Theological Review*, *Christianity and Literature*, *The Christian Century*, *The Cresset*, *Spiritus*, *Seminary Ridge*, previous issues of *The Windhover*, and several anthologies. A former Latin teacher, she lives in upstate New York. Her website is www.mhannan.com.

KATHLEEN HART's collection *A Cut-and-Paste Country* (Franciscan University Press, 2016) was selected for the inaugural Jacopone Da Todi Poetry Prize. Her work appears in *Glass: a Journal of Poetry*, *Poetic Medicine*, and *Red River Review*.

CARRIE HEIMER has recently published a collection of poems and prayers for advent, available through her website: poetryissalt.com. The collection is called *The Other Stars Hover & Wait*. Her work has also appeared in *Relief*, *Rock & Sling*, and *Dappled Things*. She is currently immersed in a new project in dialogue with the Psalms. She teaches and writes in Fairbanks, Alaska.

LAURA HOGAN is the author of the poetry chapbook *O Garden-Dweller* (Finishing Line Press, 2017). Her poetry has appeared in *The Christian Century*, *PILGRIM: A Journal of Catholic Experience*, *The Penwood Review*, *The Windhover*, *Plum Tree Tavern*, and other publications. Her book, *I Live, No Longer I* (Wipf & Stock, 2017), examines Paul's spirituality of suffering, transformation, and joy. Laura lives in Southern California with her family. Find her online at www.laurarecehogan.com.

DAVID BRENDAN HOPES, a frequent contributor to *The Windhover*, is a poet and painter living in Asheville, North Carolina.

ANN HOWELLS' work appears in *Crannog*, *San Pedro River Review*, and *Spillway*, among others. She has edited *Illya's Honey* since 1999. Her books include *Under a Lone Star* (Village Books Press) and *Cattlemen and Cadillacs*, a DRW poets anthology she edited (Dallas Poets Community Press). Her chapbooks include *Black Crow in Flight* (Main Street Rag Publishing), *Letters for My Daughter* (Flutter Press), and *Softly Beating Wings* (Blackbead Press), which won the William D. Barney Memorial Chapbook Contest for 2017.

JOSHUA HREN has published scholarly articles, poems, and short stories, most recently "Heavyweight," in *Aethlon*, "Sick at the Thought" in *Adelaide*, and "Gates of Eden" in *The Windhover*. He teaches fiction writing, literature, and philosophy at Belmont Abbey College. His first collection of short stories, *This Our Exile*, was recently released by Angelico Press.

MARCI RAE JOHNSON works for Salon.com. She is also the Poetry Editor for *The Cresset* and for WordFarm press. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Main Street Rag*, *The Collagist*, *Rhino*, *Quiddity*, *Hobart*, *Redivider*, *Redactions*, *The Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *The Louisville Review*, and *32 Poems*, among others. Her first collection of poetry, *The Eyes the Window*, won the Powder Horn Prize and was published by Sage Hill Press in 2013, and her second full length collection, *Basic Disaster Supplies Kit*, was released by Steel Toe Books in early 2016. Her chapbook, *A Dictionary of Theories*, won the Friends of Poetry chapbook contest for Michigan authors in 2014 and was published by Celery City Chapbooks.

LAURIE KLEIN is the author of *Where the Sky Opens* (Poeima Poetry Series), and the chapbook, *Bodies of Water, Bodies of Flesh*. A past recipient of the Thomas Merton Prize for Poetry of the Sacred, her work has appeared in *Books & Culture*, *The Christian Century*, *Anglican Theological Review*, *Plough Quarterly*, *Relief*, *Rock & Sling*, *Ruminate*, and other journals and anthologies.

PHILIP C. KOLIN is the University Distinguished Professor of English (Emeritus) at the University of Southern Mississippi, where he still edits the *Southern Quarterly*. He has published more than 40 books, including eight

poetry collections. The most recent ones are *Reading God's Handwriting* (Kaufmann Publishing, 2012); *Departures: Poems* (Negative Capability Press, 2014); *Emmett Till in Different States: Poems* (Third World Press, 2015); and *Benedict's Daughter: Poems* (Wipf and Stock, 2017). His poetry has also been published in such journals and magazines as *The Christian Century*, *Anglican Theological Review*, *Spiritus*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *Christianity and Literature*, and *U.S. Catholic*, among others. He is also the publisher and editor of *Vineyards: A Journal of Christian Poetry*.

SARAH LAW lives in London (UK) and is a tutor for the Open University and elsewhere. She has published five poetry collections, the latest of which is *Ink's Wish* (Gatehouse Press 2014). Recent poems have appeared in *Eunoia Review*; *The Ekphrastic Review*; *Ink, Sweat & Tears*; *Psalter & Lyre*; and *Stride*.

MICHAEL HUGH LYTHGOE is the author of two poetry collections: *Brass* and *Holy Week*. He placed second in the Kakalak contest in 2016 with his poem, "Grief." In 2017 his poem, "Chagall Moons" won first place in the McCray Contest for *The Petigru Review*. His poem "At The Headwaters" will also be published in the 2017 issue. As a contributing editor for *The Windhover*, Mike selects art and artists for the covers. He earned an MFA at Bennington College. Other 2017 credits include three poems in *Pea River Poetry*. He lives in Aiken, SC. Lythgoe will be a featured poet in the SC Humanities Conference hosted in April 2018 in Aiken.

Sage Graduate Fellow of Cornell University (MFA) and Professor of Creative Writing and English at Lock Haven University, **MARJORIE MADDOX** has published 11 books of poetry—including *Wives' Tales* (Seven Kitchens Press 2017); *True, False, None of the Above* (Poiema Poetry Series 2016); *Local News from Someplace Else* (Wipf & Stock 2013); *Weeknights at the Cathedral* (WordTech Editions 2006)—the short story collection *What She Was Saying* (Fomite), 4 children's books, and over 500 poems, stories, and essays in journals and anthologies. For more information and reviews, please see www.marjoriemaddox.com.

KATIE MANNING is the founding Editor-in-Chief of *Whale Road Review* and an Associate Professor of Writing at Point Loma Nazarene University in San Diego. Her full-length poetry collection, *Tasty Other*, won the 2016 *Main Street*

Rag Poetry Book Award. Find her at www.katiemanningspoet.com.

D. S. MARTIN is the author of three poetry collections: *Conspiracy of Light: Poems Inspired by the Legacy of C.S. Lewis* (Cascade), *Poiema* (Wipf & Stock), and the chapbook *So The Moon Would Not Be Swallowed* (Rubicon). His poems have appeared in such publications as *Canadian Literature*, *The Christian Century*, *First Things*, *Sojourners*, and *Spiritus*. He is the Series Editor for the Poiema Poetry Series from Cascade Books, and the editor of the new anthologies, *The Turning Aside*, and *Adam, Eve, & the Riders of the Apocalypse*. He is Poet-in-Residence at McMaster Divinity College.

JULIE MOORE's fourth collection of poetry, *Full Worm Moon*, will be published in 2018 by Cascade Books in its Poiema Poetry Series. Moore is also the author of *Particular Scandals*, *Slipping Out of Bloom*, and *Election Day*. A previous contributor to *The Windhover*, her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Image*, *New Ohio Review*, *Poetry Daily*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Southern Review*, and *Verse Daily*. Her work also has appeared in several anthologies, including *Becoming: What Makes a Woman*, published by University of Nebraska Gender Programs, and *Every River On Earth: Writing from Appalachian Ohio*, published by Ohio University Press. Moore lives in Indiana, where she directs the Writing Center at Taylor University. You can learn more about her work at juliemoore.com.

ALEX MOUW's poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Ruminate*, *poets.org*, *Measure*, *Tahoma Literary Review* and elsewhere, and his scholarship is forthcoming from *Christianity and Literature*. He is also the recipient of awards and fellowships from the National Society of Arts and Letters, the Lilly Foundation, and Purdue University. He formerly served as a poetry editor for *Sycamore Review* and currently teaches at Hope College in Holland, Michigan.

LAURENCE MUSGROVE is professor of English at Angelo State University in San Angelo, Texas, where he teaches creative writing, literature, comic studies, and drawing-to-learn. His new collection of poetry, *Local Bird*, is from Lamar University Literary Press. His poems have appeared in *Southern Indiana Review*, *Concho River Review*, *Buddhist Poetry Review*, *Inside Higher Ed*, *Texas Poetry Calendar*, *Ink Brick*, *Red River Review*, *San Antonio Express-News*, and *New Texas*. He is co-editor with Terry Dalrymple of *Texas Weather*, an anthology

of poetry, fiction, and nonfiction on the power and beauty of the weather of the Lone Star State.

RYAN NAPIER is a graduate of Stetson University and Yale Divinity School. His stories have appeared in *Noble / Gas Qtrly*, *Queen Mob's Tea House*, *minor literature[s]*, and others. He lives in Massachusetts. More information at ryannapier.tumblr.com.

G. TRAVIS NORVELL is the pastor of Judson Memorial Baptist Church in Minneapolis, MN. He is a year-round bicyclist and happily embraces the moniker of the pedaling pastor. His nonfiction work has appeared in *The Christian Century*, *Sojourners*, *The Christian Citizen*, *Star Tribune*, *MinnPost*, *The Times-Picayune*, and the *Charleston Gazette-Mail*. You can find him and his family (and dog Matilda) in south Minneapolis faithfully avoiding lutefisk.

KIMBERLY ANN PRIEST received her MFA from New England College and MA from Central Michigan University. Her academic and creative writing carefully observes the intersections between motherhood, domesticity, abuse, religion, sexual identity, and sexual trauma. Her poetry has appeared in several literary journals, including *The 3288 Review*, *Borderlands*, *Critical Pass*, *Storm Cellar*, *Whale Road Review*, *Ruminate*, and *The Berkeley Poetry Review*. Her chapbook *White Goat Black Sheep* was recently published through Finishing Line Press.

HARVEY RAMSEUR studied classical art expression at North Carolina College (now North Carolina Central University in Durham, NC). His first assignment to Haiti in 1986 as a Foreign Service Officer left a lasting impression on him, and took his art in a new direction. He has a BFA from UNC in Greensboro. His art on burnished copper and brass has been exhibited and enthusiastically received at shows and exhibits in the USA and Haiti, U.S. Department of State in Washington, DC; Muse Gallery in Port au Prince, Haiti; U. S. Cultural Center, Abidjan, Cote d' Ivore; Pelloon Gallery in Washington, DC; L&V Gallery, Atlanta, GA; Aiken Center for the Arts, Aiken, SC; Opera House in Bishopville, SC; Imperial Fine Art & Framing in Silver Springs, M D; Second Baptist Church, Aiken, SC. His residential showings include Maseru, Lesotho, New York City, Alexandria, VA, Miami, Fl, Freetown, Sierra Leone.

MATTHEW ROTH has published a poetry collection, *Bird Silence*, through The Woodley Press in 2009. His poems have appeared in *Ruminate*, *Mount Hope*, *32 Poems*, *Verse*, *American Literary Review*, *Antioch Review*, and many other places. He lives in Grantham, PA, where he is Professor of English and Creative Writing at Messiah College.

LUCI SHAW was born in London, England, in 1928. A poet and essayist, since 1986, she has been Writer in Residence at Regent College, Vancouver. Author of over thirty-five books of poetry and creative non-fiction, her writing has appeared in numerous literary and religious journals. In 2013 she received the 10th annual Denise Levertov Award for Creative Writing from Seattle Pacific University. *The Thumbprint in the Clay*, essays on beauty and purpose in the universe, was released in 2016, as was *Sea Glass: New & Selected Poems*. She lives in Bellingham, Washington.

CHRISTOPHER SNOOK is a native of Cole Harbour, Nova Scotia, a small community at the edge of eastern Canada's largest city. He has taught in Canada's first Great Books programme at the University of King's College, Halifax, and holds graduate degrees in English and Theology.

JUDITH SORNBERGER's most recent poetry collection *Practicing the World without You*, is forthcoming from CavanKerry Press in 2018. Her full-length collection *Open Heart* is from Calyx Books. She is the author of five chapbooks, most recently *Wal-Mart Orchid* (Evening Street Press). Her memoir *The Accidental Pilgrim: Finding God and His Mother in Tuscany* was published by Shanti Arts Publications in 2015. Recently retired from college teaching, she lives on the side of a mountain outside Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, where deer, bobcats, and bears are frequent visitors.

RICHARD SPILMAN is the author of *In the Night Speaking* and of a chapbook, *Suspension*.

BILL STADICK has published poetry in various publications, including *First Things*, *Conclave*, *The Cresset*, *Christianity and Literature*, and *The Christian Century*. He founded and writes for Page 17, which specializes in content creation and writing mentorships for business professionals.

HEATHER M. SURLS is a writer living in Amman, Jordan. Her creative non-fiction, which tends to focus on society's vulnerable and marginalized, has appeared in journals like *Relief*, *Rock & Sling*, and *Ruminate*. Check out her literary-gastronomic guide to Amman at www.eatthispoem.com.

SALLY THOMAS's poetry, fiction, and essays have appeared in *Dappled Things*, *Kindred*, *Relief*, *Ruminate*, *The Windhover*, and numerous other journals. She is the author of two poetry chapbooks, *Fallen Water* (2015) and *Richeldis of Walsingham* (2016), both from Finishing Line Press. Recently, her poem "Deer Apples" was cited for Honorable Mention in *Ruminate*'s 2016 Janet McCabe Poetry Prize competition, while her short story, "A Noise Like a Freight Train," won *Relief Journal*'s Editor's Choice Award in Fiction for 2017.

STEVEN WINGATE's print books include the short story collection *Wifeshopping* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2008) and the prose poem collection *Thirty-One Octets: Incantations and Meditations* (WordTech, 2014). His interactive memoir *daddylabyrinth* premiered in 2014 at the ArtScience Museum of Singapore, and his interactive novel *Boulderpeople* is forthcoming from Choice of Games in 2018. He is currently an associate professor of English at South Dakota State University.

The Windhover

22.1

CONTRIBUTORS

David Athey	Kathleen Hart	Alex Mouw
Bill Ayres	Carrie Heimer	Laurence Musgrove
Timothy Bartel	Laura Hogan	Ryan Napier
Alexandra Barylski	David Brendan Hopes	G. Travis Norvell
Mark Bennion	Ann Howells	Kimberly Ann Priest
Aaron Brown	Joshua Hren	Harvey Ramseur
Thom Caraway	Marci Rae Johnson	Matthew Roth
Leigh Cheak	Laurie Klein	Luci Shaw
Toby F. Coley	Phillip Kolin	Christopher Snook
Maryann Corbett	Sarah Law	Judith Sornberger
Chris Ellery	Michael Hugh Lythgoe	Richard Spilman
Joshua Gage	Marjorie Maddox	Bill Stadick
Renny Golden	Katie Manning	Heather M. Surls
Albert Haley	D. S. Martin	Sally Thomas
Maryanne Hannan	Julie L. Moore	Steven Wingate