



The Windhover

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Statement from cover artist, Michael Marks

My work reflects my role as a consumer and producer of images in the twenty-first century. I use a wide variety of materials, including painting, drawing, installation, and virtual reality software to create immersive visual experiences. These works blend imagery and techniques from both high and low art sources, often assimilating the visual languages of classical painting, animation, illustration, and comics into a single image.

The works are a sort of reverse-history painting, with deconstructed and distorted realities that traverse themes of science fiction, changes in the natural world, symbols of permanence, puzzles, and my role as an artist in society. They are captive moments that both reveal and obscure meaning while reveling in their own illusion. Within this assortment of images and environments, I invite viewers to contemplate and explore the collection of narratives present in these visual possibilities.

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G.C. WALDREP

Llantwit Major

Wear the distant scaffold on your brow, as you would
a seed, a kernel, a husk. The beggars will burn you
from their halls of wax, insects will scorn you, in your
footsteps the breath of the afflicted will pool.

Only, be a builder, resign yourself to the soft bridges,
immortal, that wish nothing more than the relays
of sparrows. You will be the harp that scans winter
over the gray gauze of intersecting effacements.

Be a builder, & in this way defy the lightning's instant
vigil. Carve exile's tongue into the sleepwalking
antiphon of each furled spire. Let them perform their
marriage vows in your shadow, sharp as the sullied
earth down upon which your needles, forged
in the forceps of wine's fused hoard, gently surrender.

JOHN ZEDOLIK

Felt Charisma

The Magdalene anoints your feet,
Christ, and mingles her hair's oil
with that in the vessel, so what honor

you must have felt—equal to hers—
as the proffered locks cleansed your flesh
as smoothly as salvation, smothering as soul

(Accept this service, these threads of me.)

she might say, silent in the act of ablution,
silk coils engaged, a deep cascade,
muscles intent on the ministering grace.

ii.

In Istanbul stands the hooped (lopped)
column of Constantine, *Çemberlitaş*,
in Turkish, at whose base

(now muffled in stone of a millennium)

—legend has it—

rests the Magdalene's oil,
Christ's leftover loafs,
and Noah's ax.

So does that unction hold a trace of contact with Him—

atoms accreted with divinity's
extra-electromagnetic pull—
waiting for the stones to shear

and spill the vessel to the needy streets,
miles, and souls?

iii.

And if settled then buried
in Provence, long miles
from the Levantine launch,

does her dust and bone

(the stain of the chrism
her remains in earth retain)

communicate the touch,
the massaging of sacred skin
turned long since to spirit?

iv.

I sense the slippery stuff
slide through the ages,
a thick river, current complete

as flows those through
carven caves in ever night
of blind fish and crawlers

but channels unbroken,
no empty pockets sundering
self and many from source,

unseen, but too deep to erase

—ευ χάρις—

that course of good grace.

LESLEY CLINTON

Stay Here and Keep Watch With Me

A long match smokes, the hot end quiet now,
gone crisp and gray. Behind, a choir of flames
makes harmony of light and gleams the names
of loved ones lost. There, on the bottom row:
a quarter lit the wick that bears my prayer
and keeps late watch with me. But fire dies out.
This kneeler's worn with centuries of doubt.
How will one dim-soft drop of firelight fare
in loss this cavernous? Ghosts slip back through
the noose. My skeletons shadow around.
One tea light can't illuminate profound
despair. The warmth burns low and pales to blue,
and as the small flame leaves me at wick's end,
the faintest chord of dawn sings soft *amen*.

LAUREL STEVENS

Sometimes in Church

Sometimes in church I get a glimpse. A hint of revelation. The curtain pulled back just for a moment. We, a well-dressed gaggle of Republicans and Democrats, sober addicts, infertile women, porn-watching men, gossipy mothers, distant fathers, pharisaical older sisters, and brand new baby Christians are all gathered here for something big.

“We are the body of Christ,” we sing, and my knees knock with the weight of it. My knees knock and my heart aches, and feels like it’s being pulled out of my body in the tension of what it means to believe right now that Jesus Christ died, was buried, and descended into hell. On the third day he rose again.

It’s a truth so old to me and so familiar that sometimes I breeze right past it. I look back with nostalgia to the days of amazement, when our children were small and we would read the Bible stories and act them out in our living room. One Easter time I read, and four-year-old Elisabeth hid behind the couch, waiting for her cue. Was she Jesus? Was she a guard? I don’t recall.

I read from Matthew, when the Marys went to the tomb bringing spices. “And behold, there was a great earthquake.”

“Tremble, Tremble,” I heard my daughter’s voice, tiny but deep and serious, improvising from behind the couch.

She heard the story, she felt the fear of the guards, the power of that moment when death cracked wide.

I’ve suffered in church—I’ve wept for my brother who died, who believed lies told to his heart. And I’ve received comfort in my grief when the pastor told me that Jesus wept too.

I’ve mourned in church at the horrible loss, the pain inflicted, Christian upon Christian, as our selfishness piles up.

And if this were merely a human endeavor, I vouch for it to be an utter waste of time, in fact, a farce.

But when we gather, weary week after weary week, and proclaim the mystery—Christ has died, Christ has risen, Christ will come again—we join ourselves bewilderingly to the countless women and men and awe-struck children around the world who say the same.

I stayed one week at a Benedictine abbey in rural Michigan, sleeping, eating, reading, writing and praying. Every week the monks repeat the pattern

of reading and singing through the book of Psalms—all 150 of them. This means awakening before dawn every day for the first of seven times of prayer.

I never got up for the 4:00 prayer, and only once did I rise early enough for Lauds at 6:00. It was my last morning—I woke to the bells chiming ten minutes before the hour. I jumped out of bed and threw on clothes, careful to silently close my door behind me.

The congregation was small—perhaps two or three of us—and then the bells chimed again and the six monks filed silently in. Brother Martin, white hair and round glasses, brought up the rear. His light blue pajama cuffs hung down from under the hem of his black habit.

Half a lifetime earlier, during my second year of teaching at a Christian school in Florida, one of my students—Hannah was her name—wrote a delightful and surprising poem about God’s grandeur and beauty in creation. I showed it to the assistant principal to see if it could be printed in the newsletter. He agreed with me that it was beautiful and needed to be shared. Except for one word: magic.

With her eight-year-old lack of inhibition, Hannah had described God’s work at sunrise as magic. She bravely spilled her ideas, Holy Spirit waking us up, but we scared adults, too afraid to let in too much light, worked to close the blinds.

I tried to argue with him, but my 23-year-old self was no match. Defeated, I was sent to tell dear Hannah, favored one, that no, we cannot use the word *magic* to describe what God does. She bore the news with a nod and edited out the magic. But I’ve never forgotten her bold and startling words, nor have I released my shame at asking her to erase them.

For two years in a row now, I’ve joined a choir that gathers annually for a service of celebration of the life of Dr. Martin Luther King. It’s a service that joins Baptists, Methodists, Church of God in Christ, Presbyterians and more groups than I can name. We combine choristers who have perfect pitch with those who can fill the room with a single voice. Some of us learn by ear and some of us learn by reading the music. And for one hour it’s a beautiful picture of what worship in heaven will be. Fine points of theology are set aside, because who can argue theology when you’re confronted by the Holy One, the One who joins us all together in Christ? We sang the gospel—“The enemy’s defeated. The battle is won. The chains are broken through Jesus Christ God’s Son.” And we spoke community to each other: “I need you. You need me. We’re all a part of God’s body.” And I sang as loud as I could but couldn’t hear myself because the

cloud of witnesses surrounding me was so strong.

And we stumble along, pajama cuffs hanging out from under staid robes,
witnessing light, hope, truth.

ARTHUR POWERS

All Things Visible and Invisible

Bahia—Brazil, 1973

1.

"I'll have nothing to do with it." Luiza's dark eyes flashed. "It's irreligious."

"Be quiet and sit down," Luis Antonio said.

Duca sighed. He would never dare talk to Luiza like that. But Luis Antonio was her older brother—as bossy, even bossier than she was. Luis Antonio's wife never challenged *him*. Duca sighed again.

"It's not really irreligious," he said. "Actually, it's very religious...."

"What do you mean?" Luiza's voice, sharp-edged as usual. She was still standing—despite her brother's order—her hands clenching the back of a hard wooden chair. Her brother and husband sat on similar chairs at the small table in the large clay-walled kitchen. The wooden windows were open onto the neat dirt farm yard, and beyond to Luis Antonio's farmhouse a hundred yards away. Both families' children could be heard playing down by the creek. The clay, wood-burning stove, its fire tamped down, stood cooling after the mid-day meal, the sharp smell of wood smoke drifting pleasantly through the room.

Duca stared at his wife. It *was*, after all, his idea. He groped for words.

"It's no disrespect to Our Lady.... People will come because of her, to honor her...."

* * *

The idea had been born - or at least nurtured into life - on the thirteen hour, overnight bus ride back from Bom Jesus da Lapa. On the bus going, Duca—bored—had fitfully dozed. But on the way home his mind was alive, excited, weaving a mere thread of thought into a broad colorful mantle.

Gentle Maria do Carmo, Duca's mother-in-law ("my children all take after their father," she often told Duca), was stubborn in one thing only. Her faith. She wanted to go to Bom Jesus da Lapa, and she wanted to go to Bom Jesus da Lapa, and she *wanted to go to Bom Jesus da Lapa*. Her persistence wore even Luiza down, so the two families scraped together bus fare.

The old lady couldn't go alone, so Duca—the most expendable—was sent with her. An all-night bus ride there—eight boring hours at the shrine—with

an extra hour for an over-priced meal. Then the long bus ride home.

It was near the end of the eight hours. Dona Maria do Carmo was inside praying, and Duca —thoroughly worn out—had wandered around all the stands that sold food, pamphlets of popular poetry, and religious (and not-so-religious) souvenirs. He found a spot on a hard bench, sat down, looked up at the rock, and it reminded him....

The shrine of Bom Jesus da Lapa is a natural cave cut into rock along the Rio São Francisco. Discovered in the 1690s by a painter—an escaped slave—who converted the cave into a church, the shrine is known for its miraculous healings. Pilgrims flock there by the thousands from all over the Brazilian backlands—coming up the river in boats, over dirt roads and narrow highways in buses and open-back trucks.

Duca was looking at the large gray rock. Up the hill, at the back of their stony little farms—almost on the dividing line between Luiza’s land and Luis Antonio’s—there was a rock that color—smaller, of course—with a little concave opening. Not really a cave, but many years ago Luiza’s grandfather had planted a wooden cross in the ground, and it still stood there. A few people went up there to pray—now and then Duca would find a bouquet of plastic flowers, or some other small offering of hope or gratitude, lying at the foot of the cross.

By the time they boarded the homeward bus, the idea - well beyond the embryo stage—was kicking at his mind’s womb, insisting on being born.

* * *

Luiza was sitting down now. She glanced at Luis Antonio and—although she didn’t say it (she had said it many times before)—her glance said “You see. He *does* have ideas,” as though to justify why she had married Duca in the first place. And he did. Hadn’t planting ginger been his idea, and the dwarf cashew trees. And experimenting with the new breed of pig, and running the water down in plastic pipes from the spring on the hill? Of course, Luiza and Luis Antonio were better at actually *doing* the ideas, but he’d thought of them....

Her eyes returned to the center of the table. “So how much?” she asked. The question was for Luis Antonio, Duca knew, not for him.

“Nine hundred contos.”

“Nine hundred!” Luiza was tighter than Luis Antonio. “Five hundred.”

Her brother shrugged. “We want a good one.”

She looked at him again, this time intensely. “Seven,” she said. She thought for a moment. “We’ll each have to sell a pig.” She started calculating, scratching out figures with a pencil on a scrap of paper.

* * *

“We won’t tell your mother.” Duca spoke tentatively.

Luiza looked up. “We won’t tell *anybody*. If more than three people know anything, the whole village knows.”

She stood up—a signal that the time for action had arrived.

The next day, Luis Antonio took the bus to Salvador to go hire an actor.

2.

Two weeks later, on a Saturday afternoon, the bus from Salvador to Iramaia dropped a man off on the highway across from Zeca Grilo’s bar. The man was clearly sick—palsied, partially crippled—and the men loitering around the bus stop (always there on Saturday afternoons) saw him holding to the side of the bus while the conductor handed down crutches. The bus pulled away and the stranger started slowly, painfully across the highway. There wasn’t much traffic on this stretch, so it was more curiosity than concern that moved three of the loiterers to walk forward and assist him. By the time they reached the front of the bar, Zeca himself was standing in the doorway, and every man in the bar was looking their direction.

“Thank you, thank you, friends,” the stranger said to the loiterers. “Tell me, is this Santa Maria do Rosario?”

They confirmed that it was.

“Thank God!” The stranger’s face, so weary, suddenly radiated relief and joy. “I’ve been hoping....”

Residents of Santa Maria do Rosario were not used to people expressing joy—or even interest—upon arriving at their village. The loiterers, Zeca, the patrons of the bar, were intrigued.

“Tell me....” The stranger lowered his voice so that only the three loiterers and Zeca could hear. They leaned slightly toward him. “Is there a place....”

He paused in mid-sentence, clearly half reluctant, half afraid to continue.

“A place?” Zeca asked, his voice taking on the low tone of the stranger’s.

“No—I should tell you my story....”

He was ushered into the bar, seated at a table, a glass of *cachaça* set before him—he could barely lift it with his shaking hand, but managed. He set the glass down and looked up at them.

“How old do you think I am?”

There was no answer.

“Fifty?” he asked. A few heads nodded. “Yes—I look fifty—but I tell you I’m not yet forty....

“Five years ago, I was as healthy as any man here. I was successful in business, engaged to a beautiful woman, the toast of my friends....

“One night, two of my friends and I were out drinking—in the *Pelourinho*—you’ve heard of the *Pelourinho*?”

The men nodded. They had heard of the low-life neighborhood in Salvador, though none had been there.

“We were going from one bar down the street to another. We were passing in front of the Church of Our Lady of Rosario when a girl came walking the other direction... a pretty girl—dark haired with a pert little walk....” He paused for a moment, smiling to himself, and the men smiled in empathy.

“Well, I reached out and grabbed her, and she screamed—said to take my hands off her, that we were right there in front of the Church of Our Lady of Rosario, and I said....” Again he paused, but this time his face flickered with pain. “I said, ‘Who cares about Our Lady of Rosario. *Damn* Our Lady of Rosario.’”

There was an appalled silence in the bar. Two or three men crossed themselves.

“Yes—that’s what I said. My friends pulled me away and took me home. The next morning, I woke up like this—shaking, half crippled, in constant pain.

“Five years. The doctors have looked at me—they can’t explain it. There’s nothing they can do. Five years.

“Then, three weeks ago, I had a dream. I dreamt a lady—Our Lady—appeared to me and she said, ‘My son—you have suffered enough. Go to Our Lady of Rosario and repent your sin.’

“The next morning I rushed in a taxi down to the Church of Our Lady of Rosario. All day I sat in a pew, praying, begging forgiveness. Nothing happened. That night I hobbled home, heartbroken. Again she appeared to me in a dream—but this time she showed me a hill—a hill in the country. Three nights more she appeared to me, and showed me that hill.

“So I understood that the Our Lady of Rosario she was speaking of was not the church in the city, but someplace in the country. And not a country chapel—there was no chapel on the hill—but a place by that name. I started looking, asking, checking every map of Bahia. Your village is not easy to find, but finally a friend of a friend told me of this place. I came here, hoping....”

He looked up and around at his intensely absorbed audience.

“This hill,” Zeca said. “What is it like?”

The stranger seemed to be looking with his mind’s eye. “It’s high up. There’s a gray rock with a small overhang—not a cave, but a carved out area made by wind and rain. And in it there’s a tall, old wooden cross, planted in the ground...”

“Why that’s on Luis Antonio’s farm,” one of the men said. “I’ve been there many times.”

Other voices chimed in, agreeing.

The stranger looked at them eagerly. “Is there a bus that goes near there? Or a car?”

A general shaking of heads. “A mule,” someone said.

* * *

By the time they reached the hillside, there were two dozen mules and horses, many of them bearing two riders, and a growing number of people walking alongside them. They had helped the stranger mount his mule—they went slowly, as it was clear that each bump was painful to him—but the men were impressed by his courage, his desire to press on. As the rock and cross came into site, his face lit with joy. “That’s it,” he cried—“that’s the rock Our Lady showed me!” They helped him down from the mule and he slumped in front of the cross, useless legs folding beneath him, but his eyes lifted, his lips moved in prayer, his face turned radiant with hope.

Ten minutes went by, twenty, half an hour, an hour. Still he sat in prayer—usually his gaze upward, but sometimes his eyes would shut as though intensified in prayer, sometimes his head would fall as though in remorse. More and more people were arriving—women, young people, children—standing back silently, or softly whispering among themselves—waiting, intensely expectant.

Two hours passed, three. The stranger turned to the men close to him, his face pained.

“It’s no good,” he said. “I must have misunderstood. She is not going to heal me.”

A sigh of disappointment rippled through the crowd.

“Help me mount.”

They lifted him up onto the mule. They could feel the pain twitch through his body. Slowly, sadly, they started back toward the village.

The stranger paused his mule for a moment and lifted his eyes to heaven.

“Oh My Lady,” he cried out. “I am sorry to have offended thee. Forgive me.”

He lowered his head and burst into tears.

Zé Nastacio, the son of old Zé Mano, was the first to notice it. Or so he always claimed—though others—some of whom nobody remembered having seen there - claimed it too. The stranger's hand seemed to shake less. Minutely, minutely, he seemed to be sitting straighter in his saddle. He looked up, still weeping—then his face transformed.

“Look!” he cried out. He held out his hand –it was firm and steady. His body seemed to straighten before their eyes, his face radiated happiness.

* * *

They left the crutches by the cross. The horses and mules were able to return at a trot to the village, leaving the walkers far behind. So there was time for the stranger to buy a round of *cachaça* for his fellow riders before the bus for Salvador pulled up in front of Ze Grilo's bar. The stranger, tall, radiant, ten years younger, boarded the bus and turned, smiling, to wave to them.

“Wait!” Ze Nastacio called out. “What is your name?”

“Ro...” the stranger started. Then—“No, no. She swore me to secrecy,” he shouted. “You too. None of you say a word about this.”

He smiled and waved again, the bus starting up, the door closing. He was gone.

3.

“One thousand, seven hundred and twenty this week,” Luiza said. She was seated at the kitchen table, painstakingly adding up columns of figures.

It had taken work. Luiza had gotten Isabella Gomes up to the cross. Isabella, Luiza knew, loved the attention of being sick. Somehow, with Luiza there, Isabella realized that there would be even more attention if she were miraculously cured—and she was. She talked about her cure to anyone who would listen—willingly or not.

Then Manoel Chagas felt he was coming down with the flu—so he rode his horse over by the cross and said a prayer to Our Lady—and, sure enough, he didn't get sick. And Ana Valencia, nearly nine months pregnant, heart-sick worried about the new baby, made her way up to the cross—and the baby was born, healthy and happy—her fifth.

A teenage girl said she saw Our Lady there. Then another said, well she'd seen her too. Then a third said that, of course, Our Lady had always appeared there—she'd seen her lots of times—but just hadn't said anything to anyone because it was a secret.

Word spread, and not only people from the surroundings came, but people from Milagres, and Amargosa and Jequié. Then from further—Feira da Santana, Vitória da Conquista, an excursion bus from Salvador.

* * *

“That young man cured of epilepsy. Did you hire another actor?” Luiza asked Luis Antonio.

“It doesn’t hurt to grease the wheel.”

“Be careful,” she said. “We have a good thing going. Don’t risk it.”

* * *

“Two thousand, nine hundred, and twelve this week,” Luiza said.

People climbing the hill were thirsty, so they started selling drinks. And hungry—so they set up a food stand. A neighbor asked to sell home-made popsicles, so they rented her space for a booth. Zé Grilo noted that many husbands were dragged up there by their wives—they might need beer and (quietly, under the table) *cachaça*—so he rented a booth also, and did a booming business. The pharmacist from town thought people might need a few band aids and remedies.

“But that’s ridiculous,” Luiza said. “This is a place where people are *cured*.”

“Our Lady isn’t going to cure every headache, every cut, every case of diarrhea,” the pharmacist said. At least he hoped not. “Let me give it a try.” So they did—and it worked; the little booth was profitable.

* * *

“That kid whose broken arm was healed—that was good. Where did you find him?”

“What kid?” Luis Antonio asked.

“You didn’t hire the kid?” Luiza looked at him, sharply. But Luis Antonio looked genuinely puzzled. Even he couldn’t hide anything from Luiza.

Duca began to feel uncomfortable.

* * *

“Three thousand, four hundred and seventy-seven this week,” Luiza said.

4.

Sunday. The hill was alive with people. Pilgrims. Vendors. Zé Grilo selling beer. The pharmacist chatting with customers. Stands selling souvenirs, scarves, sun-glasses; candy, cigarettes, T-shirts.

Duca looked around. *His* idea. He felt proud of his idea—proud that it

had been brought to fruition, proud—as an artist feels proud—to see it take on concrete form, bright colors, lively sound.

Yet somewhere, like an itch on the back of his neck, there was that discomfort.

Suddenly everything went silent.

Duca could see that people around him were still talking, laughing, buying and selling. But he couldn't hear them. It was as though someone had turned off the sound. He could see Luis Antonio—finishing up the sale of soft drinks to a young couple—glancing toward him.

Then he saw Luiza. She was down on her knees, her eyes in the direction of the cross, her hands held in prayer, her lips moving silently. He had seen her act it out before—she was a much better actor than he would be—but never this intensely, this convincingly.

'What an amazing wife I have,' he thought.

The itch at the back of his neck grew stronger. He brought his hand up to slap it and turned around.

He stood stunned.

Floating over the cross, in mid-air, was the most beautiful woman Duca had ever seen. She wore a green mantle, and her dark hair flowed, curling down over her breast. Her oval, olive-toned face was loving, her dark eyes tender, but piercing. She looked at him, shaking her head gently, the reprimand of a tired mother.

"Duca, Duca," she said. "What have you been doing?"

He dropped to his knees, his mouth babbling incoherent apologies, and he didn't see, even out of the corner of his eye, his brother-in-law glaring across at him as if he, Duca, had gone crazy.

OLGA DUGAN

The Augury—June 24, 2019

a few mornings into last summer's break
my little girl sees a baby house sparrow
fallen from its nest onto our front step
she weeps as we attempt rescue
I see the beginning of sorrows—
 a sign of present times
when city nights sing in sirens
not crickets when a day lasts a year
a year no more than a day
when climate changes what we
think we know about the seasons—

next morning I read of a migrant
father with daughter whose small arm
rests across the nape of his neck
both wrapped in his shirt
both face down in the mud
of the Rio Grande's reedy shore
backs to heaven blue skies
bare feet surfacing shallow water
pointing at the home of Old Glory
and I weep as we attempt burial—
 even in the times to come
which are now when truth stands trial
while treachery snabs reward
when freedom songs top charts again
You-tube rockin' "We Gotta Pray"
while a runaway virus strapping
the globe baffles the wise starves
the power-hungry opens up prisons
shuts down homes schools churches
makes separation the newest way to love
as we stand together each a grave apart—

for once they see it—
this image of “ignoring obligations
to humanity”—this modern pieta
of father daughter drowns the world
in one day’s flood of headlines
that will surge for years

CONTRIBUTORS

CHRIS ANDERSON is a recently retired professor of English at Oregon State University, a Catholic deacon, and author of a number of books, poetry and prose.

C.J. BELL is a Catholic priest who serves in the Midwest. He has been a pastor, high school chaplain, high school president, and university professor. He believes good storytelling has the power to protect us against getting lost, as individuals and a society. He hopes his fiction speaks heart to heart and reveals the beauty we live in.

MARK D. BENNION is a husband, father, teacher, and writer in the Upper Snake River Valley. For the past two decades he's taught composition and literature courses at Brigham Young University-Idaho. He is the author of two poetry collections: *Psalm & Selah: a poetic journey through the Book of Mormon* (Bentley Enterprises, 2009) and *Forsythia* (Aldrich Press, 2013).

CHRISTINE H. BOLDT, a retired librarian, has lived in Texas for forty years. She was a Peace Corps Volunteer in Nigeria in the 1960s, and lived in Italy during the 1970s. Her poetry has appeared in *The Christian Century*; *The Windhover*; the *Texas Poetry Calendar*; *Enigmatist*; *Bearing the Mask*; *Adam, Eve and the Riders of the Apocalypse*; the *Poetry Society of Texas Book of the Year*; the *Red River Review*; *Ilyia's Honey*; and *Encore*. Her collection *Missing, One Muse: The Poetry of Sylvia St. Stevens* was selected as the winner of the 2018 ASPSP Morris Memorial Chapbook Competition.

JOHANNA CATON is a Benedictine nun from Minster Abbey in Kent, England. Born in Virginia, she lived in the United States until adulthood, when her monastic vocation took her to England. She writes poetry as a means of understanding the work of God in her life, whose purposes and presence can be elusive until viewed through the more accommodating lens of art and poetry. Her poems have appeared on *The Catholic Poetry Room* website, in the journal *Time of Singing*, on the Daily Reflections blog of the website *Agnellus Mirror*, and in *The Christian Century*.

LESLEY CLINTON has won awards from the Poetry Society of Texas and the Houston Poetry Fest, where she has been a Juried Poet three times. Her poems have appeared in publications such as *Ever Eden*, *Mezzo Cammin*, *Texas Poetry Calendar*, *Gulf Stream Magazine*, and *By the Light of a Neon Moon*. She serves as a Board Member of Catholic Literary Arts. Her chapbook, *Calling the Garden from the Grave*, is forthcoming from Finishing Line Press.

WILLIAM FOY COKER is a native of the Arkansas Ozarks who has lived most of his adult life in Nebraska, where his influences have included Ted Kooser, William Kloefkorn, and Art Homer. His poetry has been published in a variety of venues, including several issues of *The Windhover*, and, most recently in the anthology, *Adam, Eve, and the Riders of the Apocalypse*. He has also presented his poetry twice at *The Windhover* Writers' Festival. A former mathematics teacher, he is also a songwriter with over sixty titles registered with CCLI.

OLGA DUGAN is a Cave Canem poet. Nominated for Best of the Net and Pushcart Prizes, her award-winning poems appear in *The Southern Quarterly*, *Virga*, *Kweli*, *E-Verse Radio*, *The Sunlight Press*, *Typehouse Literary Magazine*, *Peacock Journal*, *Origins*, *Cave Canem: XIII*, *The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku*, *Tipton Poetry*, and other publications. Articles on poetry and culture appear in *The Journal of African American History*, *The North Star*, and Emory University's "Meet the Fellows."

REBECCA EDGREN lives and writes in Jackson, Tennessee, where she spends her spare time trying to grow tomatoes. Her poetry and nonfiction have previously appeared in *Whale Road Review* and local magazines.

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MATTHEW E. HENRY (MEH) is a multiple Pushcart and Best of the Net nominated poet. His theological works appear in *The Windhover*, *Amethyst Review*, *The Anglican Theological Review*, *Dappled Things*, *The Other Journal*, *Perspectives*, *Relief: A Journal of Art and Faith*, *Rock and Sling: A Journal of Witness*, and *Spiritus*. The author of *Teaching While Black* (Main Street Rag, 2020), MEH is an educator who received his MFA from Seattle Pacific University, yet continued to spend money he didn't have completing an MA in theology and a PhD in education. His work can be found on MEHPoeting.com.

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LAURIE KLEIN is the author of *Where the Sky Opens* and *Bodies of Water, Bodies of Flesh*. A multiple Pushcart nominee and recipient of the Thomas Merton Prize for Poetry of the Sacred, she lives in the Inland Northwest.

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MICHAEL MARKS spent his formative years growing up in rural Georgia. In eighth grade, he acquired his first set of oil paints from his grandmother, a *MAD* magazine from an older cousin, and took a computer-coding class at an afterschool program. He has lived most of his artistic life between these experiences. Later, he received his BA from Georgia College and State University and MFA from Clemson University. Currently, he is an Associate Professor of Art and Chair of The Department of Art + Design at the South Carolina School of the Arts at Anderson University

D.S. MARTIN is the author of four poetry collections, including *Ampersand* (2018), & *Conspiracy of Light: Poems Inspired by the Legacy of C.S. Lewis* (2013), both from Cascade Books. He is Poet-in-Residence at McMaster Divinity College, the Series Editor for the Poiema Poetry Series, and has edited three anthologies: *The Turning Aside* (2016), *Adam, Eve, & the Riders of the Apocalypse* (2017), and *In A Strange Land* (2019).

MEGAN McDERMOTT is a poet and Episcopal priest living in Western Massachusetts. In 2018, she graduated from Yale Divinity School where she also earned a certificate from Yale's Institute of Sacred Music, an interdisciplinary program dedicated to religion and the arts. Her poetry has been published or is forthcoming in a number of journals, including *The Christian Century*, *Relief: A Journal of Art and Faith*, *Rust + Moth*, *Rock & Sling: A Journal of Witness*, *The Cresset*, *Psalmery & Lyre*, and *Amethyst Review*.

DAVID E. POSTON is the author of three poetry collections, most recently *Slow of Study*. His work has appeared lately or is forthcoming in *Flying South*, *moonShine review*, *Pedestal Magazine*, and *Atlanta Review*. He leads writing workshops at his local hospice and other venues and is a co-editor of *Kakalak*.

ARTHUR POWERS went to Brazil in 1969 as a Peace Corps Volunteer and spent most his adult life there. He is author of two collections of short stories set in Brazil: *A Hero for the People* (Press 53, 2013) and *Padre Raimundo's Army* (forthcoming from Wiseblood Books). He received a Fellowship in Fiction from the Massachusetts Artists Foundation, the 2012 Tuscany Novella Prize, the 2014 Catholic Arts & Letters Award, and many other writing honors.

SUZANNE UNDERWOOD RHODES has recent poems in *The Christian Century*, *Image*, *Anglican Theological Review*, and *The Cresset* (forthcoming). Her second full-length collection of poems will be published in 2021 (Paraclete Press). She also has published two books of lyrical prose, *A Welcome Shore* and *Sketches of Home* (Canon Press). Suzanne makes her living as an editor and copywriter, and teaches poetry workshops in Fayetteville, Arkansas, where she lives with her husband, a landscape photographer.

JACOB RIYEFF is a translator, editor, and poet who studies medieval literature and monastic culture. His most recent book makes available the poems and

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MATTHEW ROTH's first book, *Bird Silence*, was published by the Woodley Press (Washburn University). His poems have appeared in *32 Poems*, *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *Rock & Sling: A Journal of Witness*, *Ruminate*, and, once previously, *The Windhover*. He teaches Creative Writing and Literature at Messiah University, in Grantham, Pennsylvania.

J.C. SCHARL holds an MFA in poetry from Seattle Pacific University. Her poetry has been featured in *Measure Review*, *Euphony Journal*, *Ekstasis*, and *The Scores*, (among others), and is forthcoming from *Dappled Things*, *Plough Quarterly*, *Presence Journal*, *St. Katherine Review*, and *Convivium*. Her criticism has appeared in *Plough Quarterly* and *Dappled Things*, among others. To see more of her work, please visit www.jcscharl.com.

BILL STADICK has published poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction in *Relief: A Journal of Art and Faith*, *The Christian Century*, *Dappled Things*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *Christianity and Literature*, *First Things*, and *The Cresset*. His poetry chapbook, *Family Latin*, is available from Finishing Line Press, and a selection of his work appeared in *In a Strange Land: Introducing Ten Kingdom Poets*, available from Wipf and Stock as part of its Poiema Poetry Series.

LAUREL STEVENS lives in The Woodlands, Texas, and is a homeschooling mother of two. She enjoys writing to make people laugh or think something new, but is most content when it helps them feel not so alone. She writes about grief and hope, and tries to follow Frederick Buechner's imperative: "Listen to your life...because in the last analysis all moments are key moments, and life itself is grace."

SALLY THOMAS is the author of a poetry collection, *Motherland*, a finalist for the 2018 *Able Muse* Book Award and published in 2020 by Able Muse Press. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Dappled Things*, *Forma*, *Local Culture*, *North American Anglican*, and *Presence*; her short story, "A Fire in the Hills," was a finalist for the J.F. Powers Prize for Short Fiction. She lives with her family in North Carolina.

G.C. WALDREP's most recent books are *feast gently* (Tupelo, 2018), winner of the William Carlos Williams Award from the Poetry Society of America, and the long poem *Testament* (BOA Editions, 2015). Newer work has appeared or is forthcoming in *American Poetry Review*, *Poetry*, *Paris Review*, *New England Review*, *Yale Review*, *PN Review*, *New American Writing*, and *Conjunctions*, among others. Waldrep lives in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, where he teaches at Bucknell University and edits the journal *West Branch*. His seventh collection, *The Earliest Witnesses*, is due out in November 2020 from Tupelo (USA) and Carcanet (UK).

JOHN ZEDOLIK is an adjunct English instructor at a number of universities in Pittsburgh. He has published poems in such journals as *Commonweal*, *Poem*, and *Transom*, and in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*. In June of 2019, he published a full-length collection, entitled *Salient Points and Sharp Angles* (CW Books), which is available on Amazon. John's iPhone is his primary poetry notebook, and he hopes his use of technology in regard to this ancient art form continues to be fruitful.

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