

Kitchen Sink Magazine



Issue III

Spring 2021

Editor's Note

With the new year in full swing, I am honored to announce the third installation of *Kitchen Sink Magazine*. As always, we are incredibly grateful to our contributors and readers and their continued support of our magazine.

During this digital age, so much of our time is spent online. Between attending work, school, and other commitments virtually, we find ourselves trudging through the day, glued to our computers. It's easy to feel as busy and distracted as the speaker of Bree Rolfe's poem "November":

The leaves turned from orange
to brown, emptied from the trees.
I hardly noticed.

I hope that this issue—although digital—provides you with an interlude from a hectic day. I also hope that the pieces reconnect you with the small, beautiful, intricate details of life.

As I leave you with the incredible contributions of this issue, I encourage you to keep reading and writing. Words are a vehicle of expression, connection, and community, and I hope you find these values within the pages of *Kitchen Sink Magazine*.

Be well and stay safe,

Isabella Dail

Editor-in-Chief

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Dancing with the Shadows ~ Robert S. King

The shadows of leaves
dance like feet on the sidewalk.

The shadows of clouds
stain the light.

The shadows of humans
hide in other shadows.

The shadow of light
is light.

Paisley: Once Upon A Time ~ Linda Imbler

Bright shirts with hippie pantaloons,
Persian pickles, printed swirls,
Sixties music, signature tunes,
Playing on lazy afternoons,
Tie-dyed ornamental whirls.

Printed jackets, so Nehru necked,
Music scene these teens took part in,
Patterned paisley where forms connect,
Woven shawls worn for best effect,
Their quest for peace unshaken.

Empty Fruit Bowl ~ Allan Lake

Apples, of course, bunch of bananas,
lemons, one nectarine, two pears.

More or less how my bowl appeared
until now ...

Today empty but, initially, I imagine
what isn't there, was usually there.

Then, silent mouth in scream mode,
a gaping chasm with single dry leaf
as evidence of previous abundance.

You suspected this day could come,
wished your paranoia unjustified
but here it is: the end of plenty,
bottom of the seemingly bottomless
well of sweetness on which you feasted,
took for granted despite occasional
absurd dreams of pre-Eden emptiness.

And there is interior of naked bowl,
which must have always been there.

Single piece of hardwood, hollowed
by hand tools and a focused mind
that did not seek credit for working
this transformation from tree
to understated imperfection.

Never bothered to leave any mark,
evidence of artistry. This to ponder
in empty silence, in time of pandemic,
before going shopping.

Untitled ~ Tom Montag

If to be posed into this
painting is to be kidnapped
the woman in the painting

has no one who will come
rescue her. She is as
lonely as the only

palm tree on a deserted
island. As the pole light
in an empty farmyard. As

the wind in the mountains,
or light in the Sahara.

No one comes, except to

see her in the painting and
feed their own loneliness.
Rescue lies beyond her hope.

Aunts Dressed in Black ~ Antonio Vallone

The same flock of wild turkeys
lingers in my back yard early
every morning. They remind me

of old Italian aunts, *zietta*,
dressed in black for mourning
since the day their husbands died.

Their clucks and purrs, gossip
they share in hushed tones,
sound like *Death here? Death here?*

I stand at the back porch's sliding glass doors,
tapping on the smudged glass they wouldn't approve of,
and call out to them:

*Move on, zietta, to the house
next door. Unlike me today, they may need
your expertise in grief!*

The Panama Hat ~ Lucas Zulu

He spent his springtime in and out of trumpets, tubas and trombones, trying to find one brass instrument that gelled with his saxophone. He bumped into a French horn when he was in the Eiffel Tower last week and changed his mind, argh he wasn't pleased with the way the woodwind talked to him when he returned to Harare and ran after mazhanje on his way to imbira his eyes were stolen by its appearance. He didn't think its love as much as lust, it didn't last, a harmonica vroomed to sax and couldn't see how badly the panama hat treated her, greying too fast, ended up without a djembe of his taste, because he couldn't stay in one place like an upright piano always moving from one instrument to another.

November ~ Bree Rolfe

The leaves turned from orange
to brown, emptied from the trees.
I hardly noticed.

You cleared your stuff
from our house—
the guitar, the good knives,
the Tom Petty box set, gone.

I remember the fall leaves— red
like the couch you wouldn't let me buy.

The day you moved I went to Salem—
looked at plastic witches.
Saw houses of famous writers.

I ate salt-water taffy on the car ride home.

Everything emptied out—
leaves flushing down
the sewer, the taffy wrapper
I let float out the window.

Levitation ~ Patricia Walsh

This is how it is, a sleeping partner
spoiled from praise, being pushed by kin
understated art cluttered the innocent wall
infinite generosity drawing a blank.

Ambulating the menu of a cold sigh
quietly vacating at a distressed presence
the polished doggerel still rhymes sweetly
failure of architecture rolling slowly.

Look at the mirror, for improvement
not showing us your stock in trade
illuminated through embarrassed successes
achieved by repetition through beatings.

Catching fire no longer an accident,
rolling through smoke a happy ending,
the overweight muse starts another war
strange likeness the worst in the language.

“But what does it mean?” a loss to define
closed circuits a way of holding fast
preferments not starting a way forward
intoxicating food of a mature approach.

Sharing being caring, the engine still falters
hiding from the spectrum of simple art,
bereft cities taking nothing seriously

a complexion ravaged through boredom.

The Cycle of Missing ~ Helga Gruendler-Schierloh

Thinking of my parents:

They are both gone
and I miss them so much.

They dwell in another dimension.

Thinking of my children:

They are close by
and I miss them so much.

Their activities are overwhelming.

Thinking of my friends:

They are all busy
and I miss them so much.

We worship different priorities.

Thinking of my youth:

It rests in the past
and I miss it so much.

I conjure it up into the present.

Thinking of tomorrow:

It is still invisible
and I miss it already.

The cycle of missing continues.

Snow on a Ferris Wheel ~ Sonya J. Nair

Yet again,
I dreamt that
we were at the fair.
And it had begun to snow.
You twirled,
sticking your tongue out
and were young again,
It was the first snow
of the year and
tasted of ash
mixed with desire.

With each twirl,
your eyes flashed
obsidian and
sometimes green,
sometimes manic.
I think I am in love.
I must tell you so
over dinner.

A man escorts
97 ducklings
to the fair.
He said it was
an annual affair.
Every year new ducklings.
"What do 97 ducklings

do at a fair?"
"They duck," he said,
"under rides and
popcorn stands,
bill cotton candy
and help
lost people
stay lost.
Some work at
the hospital.
They like it there
The doctor is a quack.
and a bad cricketer."

When I looked for you,
you had become
webbed prints on fresh snow
that waddled into a church
where they were mourning
a nun who
forgot her
extreme unction,
but
foresaw that
I would turn up.
The flowers on
her coffin were
eggshell blue roses
and poppies hiding

under the wimples
of windflowers.

Afterwards the nuns
served roast duck
with apple sauce.
It kept snowing.
Rivers, mountains,
birds, bicycles,
dead nuns
snowed under.

There was no sign of you.

Turn of the Century Paris ~ Ann Privateer



Lag ~ Allison Whittenberg

When you realize,
'Please return the library books
They're on the table'
As her last words
Balances every "I love you" she'd given

Instead of goodbye
The incessant, familiarity of instruction
the sum

of my mother

**Sonnet about the fallen moon and morning star ~ Pawel
Markiewicz**

Heavenly sailorling spy out the wan light-sheen of star.
Baffling unearthly time: weird having just thieved by elves.
One of pale mornings longs for some meek fulfillment of night.
Moony and nostalgic chums – comets are upon the skies.

Lonely dreamery – lying just blink-sea, weird above.
Endless nostalgia is being of pang. Hades is fay.
Heavenly moony lure, beings seem dark, Ethics fly off!
Poignant decease has become drab black, comet has picked rain.

The glow, which is deathless, at length in the sadness full bane.
Grim Reaper loves more than You dream – a bit lights of the worms.
Marvel of starlit night: I have found a little of my name.
Starry night – dreamy glow are only in the tender souls.

Sensing the moonlet, demise of cool-blue song will be free.
Your worm bawls after all certainly. Death blubbing like me.

twisted ~ Sergio Ortiz

all this falling
in and out of love
every weekend
deviant

it started at the family
dinner table, listening
to questions directed
at digging up dirt
about...

gnawing in and out
of love twisted

Small Talk ~ B.A. Brittingham

“A loner,” said he.

So we are, you and me

I thought.

But knew better than to say
something to steer the talk my way.

He'd caught

my eye but like the rest

he spoke of what was holiest:

Himself.

Oh, he was quick of mind,

a superior bit of humankind...

The shelf

beside my books is where

I store the heart that doesn't dare

to lose

itself within a charming man;

surgically over before it began.

Love's a ruse,

Caring a bore, commitment a chore,

Reasons enough to bar the door.

Rainbow Glow ~ Allan Shawa

I adore the rainbow when non obscure
The absence of its glow is what I adjure,
It has radiance, so radiant and pure;
Healing all dullness in the absence of a cure,
I crawl towards its glow and allure
Calling it to wander within me, in my heart to tour,
A stable home for its splendor to endure,
To implant its sparkle and sprout for sure;
Its abundance has a hope to assure,
Strength eternal, for the soul conjure
A flame for the faithless, to warm the insecure;
An embrace for the homeless, to shelter the poor,
Despite the unbridled stares of the stars getting fewer.

Permafrost ~ Gerry Fabian

A November frost film
covers the city for winter.
The air has fight to it
and the gridiron mentality
has reached its peak intensity.
Snow has threatened
for the past two weeks
but to date
it's an idle boast.

From the corner apartment room
I watch the cold ice
crawl up the inside
of the window.
I despise winter
to the same degree
of indifference
that it holds for me.

I build a small fire
to melt the frost;
outside a light snow
begins to fall
and the sky waivers
like an eerie smile.

On the Bank of Sea ~ Guna Moran

Translated from Assamese by Bibekananda Choudhury

It is river till it flows

River flowing on

Merged at sea

Sea is the epitaph of river

The sonorous whimpers of the seashore

Is perhaps

Silent reverberation of the souls of river

Lying at peace

the world ~ Ann Privateer

wakes up to a new
consciousness
new blood, new youth
unearths something

no more masquerading
dictators wearing
oil company jackets

squabbling for trust
we, the zero people
forage alone
without giving up

because our world
won't run out of disasters
or sell out dealer's
unhinged allegiance.

dinosaurs ~ Sergio Ortiz

everything
disappears

rock bands
labyrinths
boroughs
cities
exact points
and spectators

I prefer
irreplaceable
playful

a walk through
the margins
of survival

strawberry pancakes
for breakfast
a smile and two
goodbye kisses
to guard you
this Christmas

Author and Artist Bios

Julianna Grace is a photographer, artist, and mathematician.

Robert S. King lives in Athens, GA, where he serves on the board of FutureCycle Press. His poems have appeared in hundreds of magazines, including *Atlanta Review*, *California Quarterly*, *Chariton Review*, *Hollins Critic*, *Kenyon Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Negative Capability*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Spoon River Poetry Review*. He has published eight poetry collections, most recently *Diary of the Last Person on Earth* (Sybaritic Press 2014), *Developing a Photograph of God* (Glass Lyre Press, 2014), and *Messages from Multiverses* (Duck Lake Books, 2020) His personal website is www.robertsking.info.

Linda Imbler is the author of five paperback poetry collections and three e-book collections (Soma Publishing.) This writer lives in Wichita, Kansas with her husband, Mike the Luthier, several quite intelligent saltwater fish, and an ever-growing family of gorgeous guitars. Learn more at lindaspotryblog.blogspot.com.

Allan Lake is originally from Saskatchewan and has lived in Vancouver, Cape Breton I., Ibiza, Tasmania & Melbourne. Poetry Collection: *Sand in the Sole* (Xlibris, 2014). Lake won *Lost Tower Publications* (UK) Comp 2017 & Melbourne Spoken Word Poetry Fest 2018 & publication in *New Philosopher* 2020. Chapbook (*Ginninderra Press* 2020) *My Photos of Sicily*.

Tom Montag's books of poetry include: *Making Hay & Other Poems*; *Middle Ground*; *The Big Book of Ben Zen*; *In This Place: Selected Poems 1982-2013*; *This Wrecked World*; *The Miles No One Wants*; *Imagination's Place*; *Love Poems*; and *Seventy at Seventy*. His poem “Lecturing My Daughter in Her First Fall Rain” has been permanently incorporated into the design of the Milwaukee Convention Center. He blogs at *The Middlewesterner*. With David Graham he recently co-edited *Local News: Poetry About Small Towns*.

Antonio Vallone is an associate professor of English at Penn State DuBois. He is also founding publisher of MAMMOTH books, poetry editor of *Pennsylvania English*, and a co-founding editor of The *Watershed Journal* Literary Group—which provides journal and book publishing opportunities for Pennsylvania writers and runs Watershed Books, a writer’s space and used bookstore. He is also a board member of *The Watershed Journal* and the Pennsylvania College English Association. His collections include *The Blackbird’s Applause*, *Grass Saxophones*, *Golden Carp*, and *Chinese Bats*. He is forthcoming in *American Zen* and *Blackberry Alleys: Collected Poems and Prose*.

Lucas Zulu is a South African poet. His work has appeared in Zimbabwe, South Africa, Singapore, Ireland, India, Canada, Malaysia and United States of America. He lives in Emalahleni, Kwa-guqa Mpumalanga Province.

Bree A. Rolfe lives in Austin, TX where she teaches writing and literature to the mostly reluctant, but always lovable, teenagers at James Bowie High School. She is originally from Boston, Massachusetts where she worked as a music journalist for 10 years before she decided

she wanted to dedicate her life to writing poetry and teaching. Her work has appeared in *Saul Williams' poetry anthology Chorus: A Literary Mixtape*, the *Barefoot Muse Anthology Forgetting Home: Poems About Alzheimer's*, the *Redpaint Hill Anthology Mother is a Verb*, and *5AM Magazine*. She holds an MFA from the Writing Seminars at Bennington College. Her first chapbook *Who's Going to Love the Dying Girl* is forthcoming from *Unsolicited Press* in September of 2021.

Patricia Walsh was born in the parish of Burnfort, Co Cork, and educated at University College Cork, graduating with an MA in Archaeology. Her poetry has been published in *Stony Thursday*; *Southword*; *Narrator International*; *Trouvaille Review*; *Strukturrus*; *Seventh Quarry*; *Vox Galvia*; *The Quarryman*; *Brickplight*; *The Literatus*; and *Otherwise Engaged*. She has already published a chapbook, titled *Continuity Errors in 2010*, and a novel, *The Quest for Lost Éire*, in 2014. A further collection of poetry, titled *Outstanding Balance*, is scheduled for publication in early 2021. She was the featured poet in the inaugural edition of *Fishbowl Magazine*, and is a regular attendee at the O Bheal poetry night in Cork city.

Helga Gruendler-Schierloh is a bilingual writer with a degree in journalism and graduate credits in linguistics. Her essays, memoirs, short stories, and poetry have appeared in the USA, the UK, and Canada. Her debut novel, *Burying Leo*, a MeToo story released in 2017, won second place in women's fiction during Pen Craft Awards' 2018 writing contest.

Sonya J. Nair is the editor of samyuktapoetry.com. She is working on her first collection of poems. She has been published in the *Shimmer*

Spring Anthology and *Rewriting Human Imagination*—an anthology published by IASE and the Centre for Digital Humanities.

Ann Privateer is a poet, artist, and photographer. Some of her work has appeared in *Third Wednesday* and *Entering* to name a few. Her Instagram handle is annershea.

Allison Whittenberg is a Philadelphia native who has a global perspective. If she wasn't an author she'd be a private detective or a jazz singer. She loves reading about history and true crime. Her other novels include *Sweet Thang*, *Hollywood and Maine*, *Life is Fine*, *Tutored* and *The Sane Asylum*.

Paweł Markiewicz was born 1983 in Siemiatycze in Poland. He is poet who lives in Bielsk Podlaski and writes tender poems, haiku, and long poems. Paweł has published his poetries in many magazines. He writes in English and German.

Sergio A. Ortiz is a retired English literature professor and bilingual poet. His recent credits include Spanish audio poems in *GATO MALO Editing*, an important Spanish, Caribbean publication, *Maleta Illegal*, a South American journal, *Indolent Books*, *HIV HERE AND NOW*, *Communicators League*. His poems are also forthcoming in *Spillwords*.

B.A. Brittingham, formerly of New York City and South Florida is currently a resident of Southwestern Michigan, and has published essays in the *Hartford Courant*; short stories in Florida Literary Foundation's hardcover anthology, *Paradise*; with the University of

Georgia Center for Continuing Education; in the 1996 Florida First Coast Writers' Festival and in Britain's *World Wide Writers*. "The Note in the Wood," was a semi-finalist in the 2003 Nelson Algren Awards and was published in the June 2008 issue of *Shore Magazine*. "Loose Ends" was published in *Storyteller-Short Fiction*.

Allan Shawa is a Zambian creative writer, with an insatiable appetite to curve a legacy as a writer. Aside from other endeavors, writing is his passion, especially storytelling.

Gerry Fabian is a retired English instructor. As a poet and novelist, he has been publishing his writing since 1972 in various literary magazines. His web page is <https://rgerryfabian.wordpress.com>; Twitter, @GerryFabian2. He has published three books of his published poems, *Parallels*, *Coming Out Of The Atlantic*, and *Electronic Forecasts*.

Guna Moran, a winner of the Creator Of Justice Award 2020 by International Human Rights Art Festival, is an Assamese poet and critic. His poems have been published in various international magazines, journals, webzines, blogs, newspapers, and anthologies of different countries. He has three published poetry books to his credit. His poems have been translated into more than thirty languages to this date. He lives in Assam, India.