

Letter to the Editors, Bios and Other Junk

Howie Good, a journalism professor at SUNY New Paltz, is the author of the full-length poetry collections *Lovesick* (Press Americana, 2009), *Heart With a Dirty Windshield* (BeWrite Books, 2010), and *Everything Reminds Me of Me* (Desperanto, 2011), as well as numerous print and digital poetry chapbooks, including most recently *Love in a Time of Paranoia* from Diamond Point Press, *Inspired Remnants* from Red Ceilings Press and *The Penalty for Trying* from Ten Pages Press.

Michael D. Goscinski lives in the middle of California with the rednecks and farmers. He doesn't shuck corn, chew tobacco, milk cows or jerk off horses. He hides in his apartment smoking cigarettes and drinking beer waiting to die of lung cancer or liver failure. He terrorizes the small press hoping to find an audience for what he calls poetry.

Michele McDannold has spent most of her life living in rural Illinois, surrounded by corn, river rats and rednecks. She went running off to Vegas one year, but we mostly don't talk about that. She likes strings, theories, string theories and blue lights.

J. D. Nelson (b. 1971) experiments with words and sound in his subterranean laboratory. More than 1,000 of his bizarre poems and experimental texts have appeared in many small press and underground publications. He is the author of *On the Toad* (The Red Ceilings Press, 2011), *Roman Meal* (Ten Pages Press, 2011), *Noise Difficulty Flower* (Argotist Ebooks, 2010), and *The Frankendelphia Experiment* (Tainted Coffee Press, 2010). Visit MadVerse.com for more information and links to his published work. His audio experiments (recorded under the name Owl Brain Atlas) are online at OWLNoise.com. J. D. lives in Colorado, USA.

Josh Olsen teaches composition and creative writing at Wayne State University-Detroit and the University of Michigan-Ann Arbor. His poems have appeared in multiple print and on-line publications, including *Zygote in my Coffee*, *Cherry Bleeds*, *Thieves Jargon*, *Wayne Literary Review*, and *Oleander Review*.

M.P. Powers lives in Berlin, Germany. His poems are published or forthcoming in *The Menacing Hedge*, *The Foundling Review*, *Stone Highway Review*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Existere*, *Main Street Rag* and many other fine places.

Misti Rainwater-Lites still buys cds, VHS tapes and paperbacks. Sometimes she buys bread from an Amish bakery. Also, Misti likes candles better than electric light.

Kevin Ridgeway is a writer/hooligan from Southern California. Recent work has appeared in *Red Fez*, *Gloom Cupboard*, *Underground Voices* and *Calliope Nerve*.

John Swain lives in Louisville, Kentucky. He probably should have spent more time learning human language instead of listening for bird calls. His work has received nominations for the Pushcart Prize, Best of the Net, and Best of the Web.

*I love all kinds of bread.
Whenever I crave junk food,
I want salty things like peanuts or potato chips.
--Tyra Banks*

93612

Hello 93612... we have decided against using your work in our next issue...What we think needs work: These poems seemed kind of generic...

my poetry is popping up
all over these days
the pressure is getting to me
I'm expected to write quality work
every time
I hired an android named "93612"
to write for me
figuring if I filled his database
with snuff movies
gangbangs
bukkake
donkey shows
murder
fueled him
with whiskey
and hashish
he'd be able to write poems
far better
than anything I've ever done
after a days work
I sifted through
picked out the best
and submitted
the publisher rejected the work
called it generic
"93612" was promptly fired
he's vowed
to get revenge on all
who wear the Fez
first
he disabled their submission systems
next
he took a beer shit on Leopold's desk
and now he's searching for Timmy
to beat him with a rubber fist
while he's doing his blog radio show
when he finds Michele and Michael
they'll be strapped down
forced to listen to Maya Angelou readings
for 48 hours
and fed a diet of tomato juice and sardines
the only one
who may get off
is that Fez janitor guy
he has a small press of his own
and as long as the poem
is about tits or a blowjob
he'll publish it
no matter how generic
it is

--Michael D. Goscinski