



Summer Path 2012

Stone Path Review

AN ARTISTIC JOURNAL OF PATHS THROUGH IMAGES AND WORDS



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A Message from the Founders of Stone Path Review

Stone Path Review is an artistic journal about the paths we create to navigate this space and the reality we choose to believe. It is about taking control of our reality and existence, and laying the path we will follow. This journey is defined and accomplished by the creative works we produce.

Stone Path Review publishes: poetry, short stories, prose, paintings, drawings, photographs, memoirs, fiction, non-fiction, artistic prints, videos, voice recording – anything that is an extension of the human mind.

Why you should submit your work to Stone Path Review: we are about the artist. Founded by writers, editors, and photographers, we have been on both sides of the literary and publishing world. We know that what is being said or shown comes from within the artist, and the mission of Stone Path Review is to help bring that forth into a new light.

We are different from most publishers because we:

- will provide a personalized response to your submission.
- will provide suggested edits and critique of your work.
- will work with you to polish a piece prior to publication, as needed.
- will review and accept any media and genre.



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23 Evening Walk

by Aaron Bowen

On the Cover

Artist Patricia Youker

Location Cascade State Park, Lutsen MN 2012

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Stone Path Review

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photo by Pete Armetta

STAND

by Pete Armetta

I've said what I've said
And I've done what I've done
Today I've decided
To just let it stand.

Let it stand
Let it stand
There's no turning back
Why fret or regret
When you can just let it stand?

The past is the past
And it's gone now for good
Today is the present
And I gotta let it stand.

Let it stand
Let it stand
You can't do it again
Say goodbye and don't cry
Take a sigh, let it stand.

Rehashing is futile
With the future at hand
A strong man or woman
Will just let it stand.

Pete Armetta is a writer of Flash Fiction, Poetry, Short Stories and Essays. With a distinct writing style that's accessible and broad, Pete is the consummate, self-taught outsider. For this he doesn't fit in any specific category or genre.

And doesn't want to.

Pete lives in Charlottesville, VA where he gets to pursue his love of the outdoors in the beautiful foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains. Currently applying for writing fellowships and residencies, Pete writes full-time, having given up his former corporate and button-down existence to dedicate time to embracing and honing his craft.

You only live once right?

Pete's work has appeared or is forthcoming in Gadfly Magazine, The River Journal, Expats Poetry, Take It To the Street Poetry, Subtle Fiction, Marco Polo Arts Magazine, Best New Poems, Cynic Online Magazine, Blue Lake Review and Occupy Poetry. One of Pete's stories, Craters and Rocks, is currently featured in the recently published National Flash Fiction Day Anthology.

In his spare time Pete volunteers with the Fledgling Arts Collective, a vibrant and inspired 3000-plus member collective with a focus on writing, the visual arts, original music and short film. Pete also founded Flash Fiction 1000, a Facebook group of working writers focusing solely on the love of short fiction, and Poetry Posse, a troupe of aspiring poets.

<http://petearmetta.wordpress.com>



Back to Pan

by Micheal Gause

This weekend I decided to embrace my inner Pan, who breaks free of his provincial bonds every summer and fall, and return to the waters that sated and bathed me, those earliest years of my new life in Minnesota. I saw a faerie there (yeah, really) and the energy of that place helped ease the turbulent transition from my old life in TN to my new one so far north. It is a certain spot on the Mississippi, just west of where it joins the Minnesota. This space is a sacred cloister for me, a place to recharge the soul batteries and get perspective from the daily grind. It would be fifteen more years before I would discover that this area is also sacred to someone else, the local Dakota who consider the place where the two rivers join, the Bdote, nothing short of the center

of the universe. The place of Dakota genesis. I'm telling you; you feel something here.

My spot is waiting for me, though the weather has transformed it from a hidden sanctuary to a pit stop on a well-traveled path. I feel I have traveled sideways through time. Enormous puppets and madrigaled beauty surround me. Ren Fest made real. People of all ages in some kind of celebration. Seems like something to be imagined, but it is only good timing. Lovers holding hands. Feudal love, requited. How wonderful. I am passed without a glance, shielded by indifference or native glamour. The old driftwood tree, which has always centered my visits here, has somehow escaped the spring floods and glows in the afternoon sun. It is more beautiful in how less it has become. Once imposing, now a stark piece of art Zen against all thought it could be so.

Its protective skin long gone, smooth grooves hardened perfectly by everything it has weathered.

There are still nymphs about. I can't see their ethereal curves; I feel them. They approach me, whisper in enticing breeze, giggle out of nostalgia. They ask me where the hell I've been. I try to respond, but have nothing. One pulls on my shirt and I smile. Pan, the wrong time, always the right place. And the old Pan simmers here in the light between the trees. Visions. Primordial drive and open sky. Earths moved by desire alone. I am shone fires that still burn beyond the day. A silent proposition. The sun laughs. Pan, too. He smiles at the newness of everything. He wants to make long love to the modern world. Remind it through coarse sweat what it keeps leaving behind. He wants it to call him in the morning.

As I prepare to leave, the modern self begins to take over. "Where am I?" The sand just laughs. It wonders why the question is always the same. A day trip to Fey, I tell myself. The rumored madness not a fear, but a blessing that prepares me for the return. The timeless clearing seems at odds with the world that waits. Come here as you become the thing that does not fit. Join them both inside you. Tighten the bands while opening the soul. Rectify infinity with the stone ticking of the clock.

Michael K. Gause was sprung from the wet earth of Nashville, TN while the Beatles were still together. He cut his teeth on forest solitude and the Diet Rite Cola. In 1995 a freak nuclear explosion sent him sprawling into a parking lot in St. Paul, MN. He decided to stay and see what the north was all about. After 17 years, he's happy to say he's never felt more southern.



Seed

by Ricci Milan

Don't take for granted the seed I planted
in the cold dark river bed in the jagged
terrain of your broken heart.

That vulnerability in your frustrated
gestures, and your snips and rough
textures, are giving us all lectures on
how dark it can be when a heart
blossoms prematurely.

Stay there through the cold night.
Don't fight.
Don't find a fake fire to ignite.
The overly emotional emotionless status
of being truly alone.

That is all yours....
Deep cold visible breaths.
Yours.
You are Alive.

Counting distant stars while clinging to
warmth radiating from a hyperactive
imagination named memories,
I see your night.
I see you.

If you can live through without collapsing,
without closing up, quitting, and snap-
ping. Without fighting for control of
nature and its role on your soul.....

The light of day will work its way into
your solitude. The warmth will fill you with
movement, energy and hope! And that
seed will grow! It will grow into a mighty
tree that will reach out beyond the realm

of those night stars. It will blossom and spread the fruit of your heart, and its essence, your spirit, to all living things!

Don't take for granted the seed I planted in the cold dark river bed in the jagged terrain of your broken heart.

It is my love.

It is all that I have.

And it can't grow without you.

Ricci Milan is an accomplished spoken word artist and freestyle rapper. He has been performing, and writing, for 15 years. His performance credits include, Redvolution equidorian tour, Cookin at the lab theater in Minneapolis, with Robert Karimi. And Break in the 2001 NYC fringe festival. As well as 100's of readings and freestyle performances all over Tokyo, New York, and Los Angeles. He is currently the artistic director of Rhythmic Circus. A performance troupe based in Minneapolis.

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* photo courtesy of www.Thai.gr

Slow Return to Sanity

by Mitchell Gunderson-Palmer

I awoke this morning a burned out house,
only crispy bones standing against the wind.

A whiff of smoke breaks against my frame
and I feel
strong for a moment.

But then I open my mouth to catch a drop of
rain and collapse
in a heap of ash.

Against reason I created a self where no such
thing could exist.

With bottles of gin and match books,
black tar hash, and feathers I sculpted it and
hid it under
my ribs until the ink-bold boundaries between
us bled.

But now

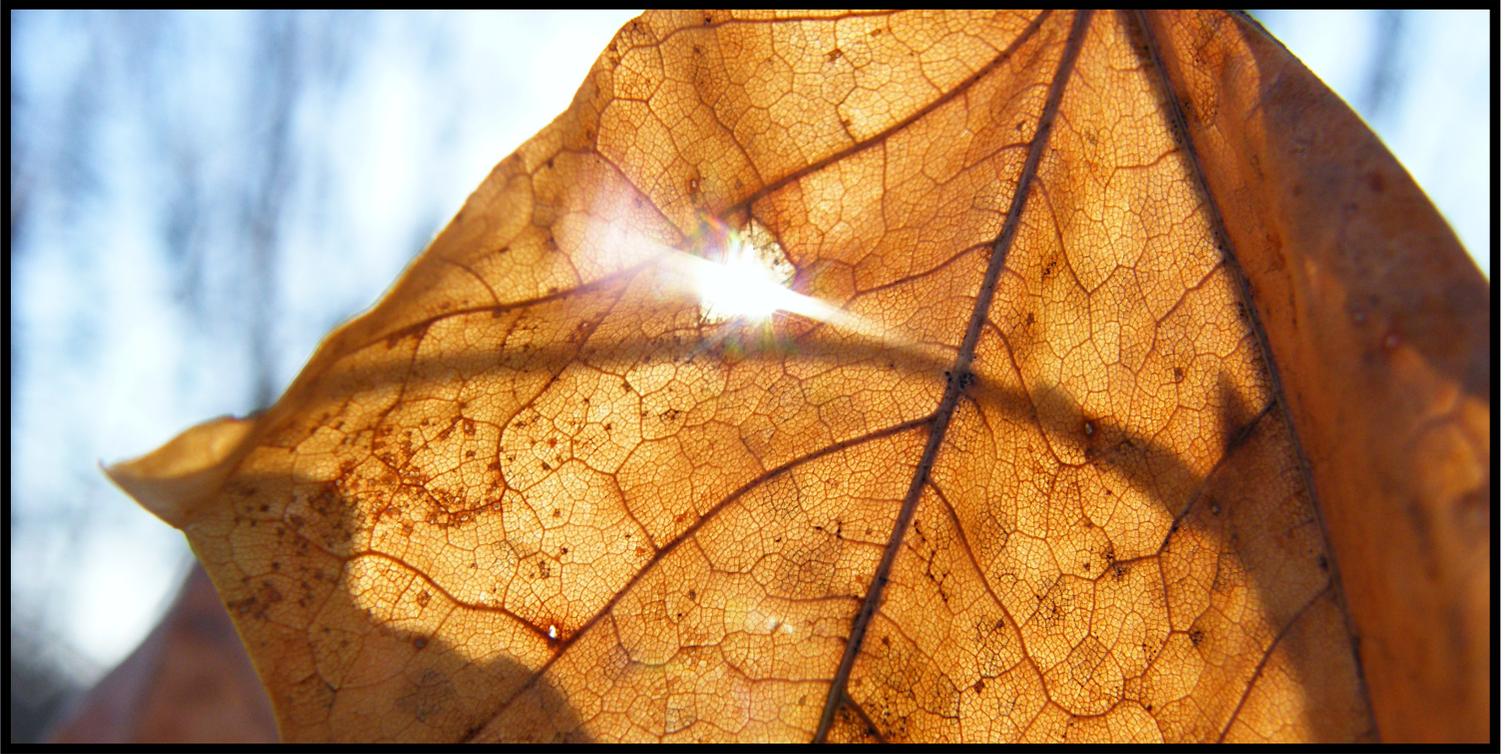
Now I carve it from my chest like a tumor and
hold it to the light.

The once gleaming bottles are empty and
broken,
the matches have all been struck,
and there it sits, a reeking heap.

I look at this pitiful thing, smoldering and
stinking.

I want to smash its face against the ground,
kick away its stained teeth and make it speak
pretty,
but I don't have the heart to.

With no anger left for anyone, not even for
myself,
I gather it into my arms and like a father for
his dying child,
I tell it stories and listen to its soft breathing
rush, rush...
and stop.



Jupiter

by Mitchell Gunderson-Palmer

That morning
I was at home
making oatmeal for my son
while you were dying in a dark bedroom
somewhere.

My life is a tin can full
of tiny things;
taking a shower, writing checks, making
coffee, holding my son...
Not like war or poverty
but tiny things.
Tiny like you Jupiter.

I look into the dark sky and there you are,
just a key hole of light in my eye.
Yet past what I see, you are a storm;
fierce and beautiful.
A bulldozer driving through space,
plowing up darkness

Mitchell Gunderson-Palmer
mitchgp@gmail.com



Slaves

by Deanna Reiter

We spend our lives

Cleaning

Working

Washing

Perfecting

Hurting

Crying

Talking

Planning

Singing

Watching

Hiding our power

We spend our lives

Plucking

Shaving

Waxing

Shopping

Cooking

Eating

Restricting

Lifting

Running

Hating the scale

Each other

Our bodies

Our lives

We spend our lives

Lost

Searching

Hoping

Praying

Wishing

Dreaming

Sort of living

Sort of dying

Seeking the answers outside of
ourselves from

Teachers

Magazines

TV

Religion

God

Santa

Doctors

Lawyers

Judges

Friends

Family

Culture

Backwards, isn't it?

Because all the while

The answers

The freedom

The peace

Lie dormant

Within.

Deanna Reiter, MA, is an expert in positive thinking and releasing sabotage. She is the author of *Dancing with Divinity Positive Affirmations for any Situation*, *The Nine Scoundrels How to Recognize and Release Subtle Patterns of Sabotage* and *Running A to Z*. Deanna is a Certified Yoga Instructor, Breathworker, Reiki Practitioner, stand-up comedian and public speaker residing in Minneapolis. Deanna is a Master Trainer for the National Exercise Trainers Association, teaching certification workshops nationwide.

Visit her website at <http://www.dayawati.com>



Down a Mountain, Up a creek

by Justin Teerlinck

“Do you want to go back?” I asked. The sky was getting dark, but it had been dark all day. We had been told to expect rain. What began as a thick, humid mist, had morphed into something more ominous. We watched as cloud banks rolled down the steep-sloped, lush mountain sides like panthers stalking their prey. They eventually became one, indistinguishable mass, hovering over us and teasing us with light, cold, steady droplets. “Maybe it will let up,” I suggested. I recall that we had been told to expect rain, that indeed, rain in a rainforest was quite common. Still, I

thought it was still the height of the “dry” season, and that meant more of a light, misty, dainty drizzle. Apparently not. The intensity seemed to be increasing even as the temperature kept dropping and the angle of the slopes sharpened against our feet.

We had been told to expect rain...

I looked at each of my companions. Darcy stood, like myself poncho-clad with her hood pulled tightly around her head. Her pale, exhausted face stared back at me. “I don’t know,” she said. “What do you think we should do?”

I turned to Laura, whose face was pointing at the ground. “I never wanted to do this,” she said quietly. “I hate this.” Dirty, soaked strands of her blonde

hair hung loosely from her scalp like a drowning victim.

“Does that mean you want to go back?” I said.

“I don’t care anymore. This is your deal.”

I clenched my jaw. We had been hiking for about five hours through the mud, uphill in a steady downpour. Laura had slipped and fallen twice. I slid down a cliff and my fall was only arrested before the cliff’s edge by a hefty log that blocked my passage into oblivion. We were attempting to scale Celenque, the highest mountain in Honduras. It seemed unreal that we were having so much difficulty given that we had planned and prepared for this trip for days in advance. The guidebook said there was a cabin at the top and a view of all of Central America that would blow our minds. So far we could see nothing but jungle and glimpses of other mountains through the occasional clearing. There were no signs, markers or guideposts and our map was a single page in the guidebook. We had packs full of dried spaghetti and ramen to be consumed immediately upon the kindling of a fire in the cabin. We had spent several hours in a hot spring in the town of Gracias Lempiras talking to some Canadians over beers, and they said the journey was hard-going but totally

doable—never mind that one of their lot had broken her ankle and needed to be carried off the mountain and their gear abandoned. On our way to the base camp, we observed another gringo being dragged off with a compound leg fracture, and were then charged with finding two parties’ abandoned gear. The second couple we ran into also said that in the previous week another gringo went missing on the mountain and had not been heard from in two or three weeks. This seemed like enough information for me to encourage our companions. We were a hale and hearty lot! We had our health, some ponchos and food. All we needed to do was be methodical about not breaking our legs and the adventure was absolutely within our power.

“Okay,” I said. “I have an ‘I don’t know’ and an ‘I don’t care anymore’.

We must be closer to the cabin than to base camp by now, so let’s keep going.”

Laura and Darcy said nothing, but slowly turned and resumed their death-march up the side of this beast called Celenque.

As I marched in front of them, I thought about Papa Hemmingway. I thought about the Snows of Kilimanjaro and I realized that this was supposed to be romantic, like a hero’s quest. But hero’s quests were a Joseph Campbell sort of thing. Papa Hemmingway

wouldn't sit around analyzing shit. He would just slip some gaiters over his cowhide boots and haul ass up the friggin' mountain. Papa Hemmingway would never let a little rain piss on his parade. He would...He would...be like a tough burro that never gives up, even after it's all wet and runs out of hay and the other burros stop talking and pretty much hate what they're doing.

Persistence, I realized was the key to a good many things. Success was one of them, as were bruises, callouses, hypothermia and starvation.

We walked for another two hours. As what little light there had been, began to fade I noticed that Laura and I were shivering uncontrollably and Darcy was no longer shivering at all. Not only had our pace slackened to that of a hip-surgery patient taking their first walk after waking up, but we were lurching all over the place like zombies—even where it wasn't steep. There was no map, sign or any objective indicator that we were anywhere near the cabin, or if it even existed any longer. I decided not to tell Darcy and Laura that we all had hypothermia. I decided not to tell Laura how angry I was at her for not bringing rain gear to a rain forest, or how stupid I felt for not being better prepared myself.

None of us had spoken in hours. I signaled my companions' attention by

simply coming to a dead stop and lowering my hood. I was already soaked to the skin and it no longer mattered that the rain was pounding down on us harder than before. "We need to go back," I said.

"Finally!" said Laura. "We never should have come here to begin with; we shouldn't be here right now."

"No one forced you to come along," I said. "I asked you hours ago if you wanted to go back and you said you didn't care. Am I a mind reader?"

"What was I supposed to do, stay behind while you go off and have fun with your new best friend?"

"That's your problem, not mine. I came here to do things, not just sit around on my ass the whole time."

"Whooooooa," said Darcy. "I didn't do anything."

Laura started to cry. "You don't even care that your girlfriend is miserable and doesn't even have a rain jacket."

"This is a rain forest! We've been here for months. Why do I have to be responsible for everything you forget to bring?"

“You’re the biggest asshole I’ve ever met. I wish I could forget I’ve ever known you, ever! When we get to the bottom of this goddamn mountain we’re through! Do you hear me? It’s over! I don’t ever want to see you again you bastard!” The exclamation points of her words were marked by plumes of steam as her warm breath hit the now frigid air.

What would Papa Hemmingway think of this drama? He would probably just shrug it off with a shot of whiskey and a game of pool. He wouldn’t let it eat at his conscience, or examine his conflicted emotions toward the two women he was with. He certainly wouldn’t die of hypothermia. No, he would generate heat from the force of his will. He would soldier on.

We had been told to expect rain, but not cold or anger.

We began a rapid, perilous descent through jungle canopies of the cloud forests of Celenque. What had been sloppy hiking on the ascent, was now pure mud soup on the way down. Our wrinkled feet squished around for traction in our soaked hiking boots as we slid more than hiked down from the mountain in the dark. On the way down there were no words at all except expletives shouted from Laura as she fell down. During each of these

occasions, I silently paused and turned to make sure she could get back up, but then proceeded.

Somehow the hours passed and we made it back to base camp without injury. Our home was an ancient, unheated structure made out of concrete and corrugated steel roof. Our only source of heat and light was two or three votive candles we had found in a drawer full of cobwebs. Overcome by utter exhaustion, we stripped off our clothes and slipped into our merely damp sleeping bags. It was fortunate that we had planned to leave behind a set of dry clothes, but there was no wood or fuel to make a fire and cook our food and even if there had been, our energies were lower than the candles that shed their weak glow and cast long shadows over our frames and against the bunker-like enclosure. The rain pounded on the steel roof like a thousand carpenters, and it was this ear-splitting cacophony that sent us off to the sweetest oblivion in the most dismal hole.

I entertained the faint hope that in the morning, rest, warmth and dryness would create a much needed change of mood for my girlfriend. But as I awoke, I heard a familiar sound greeting my ears: abject sobbing. I approached Laura’s bunk and found her curled in the fetal position, sobbing without pause.

“What’s wrong?” I said. There was no response. I stood looking down at her for several long minutes, unable to conjure words or gestures. My stomach growled and twisted like a wounded animal.

“Why are you standing there?” she said, her back turned to me. “Fuck off. We’re through.”

“I thought you would be feeling better today. Yesterday was rough, but here we are. We made it back.”

“I don’t care. I wish I was dead. Why did you have to come into my life?”

Darcy looked at me from across the bunkhouse. She rubbed her gazelle-like belly and pointed to it with an undeniable sense of urgency. I nodded.

“I think you should eat something.”

“We don’t have anything we can eat.”

“Darcy thinks there might be a little comedor around here. We could get a hot meal, or try to.”

“I can’t believe I’m in the middle of nowhere with the biggest asshole who ever lived.”

“Darcy and I are really hungry. We’re going to try to get some food. I think you should come with us.”

“Why? I’m too slow for you anyway. You don’t need me slowing you down do you?”

“I never said that.”

“Well, you thought it.”

I had thought it, but since when was thinking a crime? “Look, you should eat.”

“Why?”

“So you don’t starve,” I said somewhat sarcastically. My stomach was squeezing itself into knots and then slowing untying itself.

“Oh, so now you care what happens to me?”

I sighed. “I’m not playing these games with you, Laura. Darcy and I are starving. We need to eat. If you want to come with, you can come with.”

“Why don’t you just go to hell, fuckhead? Just leave me alone. That’s what you want to do anyway. Go off with your new girlfriend. Why don’t you just fuck her instead?”

“Okay...bye. We’ll see you soon.”

“I hope not.”

On that happy note, Darcy and I set off in search of warm nourishment. None of us had eaten in at least 24 hours. The guidebook suggested that there might be a comedor about a kilometer down the mountain, and while it seemed like an impossibly long way to walk at this point, it at least was on a partially rutted, dirt track rather than a goat trail. On the way in, we had been chauffeured up the rugged mountain by a tiny, candy-apple colored, cartoon-like rototivo—the Honduran word for a three-wheeled taxi. The three of us had been crammed into the doorless, go-cart-sized vehicle with all of our gear and the engine just barely pushed the tortoise-like contraption up the steep mountain road to base camp. On several occasions the driver hit a rut and lost traction, causing tires to spin and nearly toppling us over. There may have been comedors on the way in, but we had not been paying attention to the scenery. It seemed like this trip was providing us with one near miss after another.

I looked at Darcy and what Laura had said rang true. Here was someone who could keep up with me, who was mellow and easy-going, who provided no

complications. She seemed like she had resolved life’s problems and mysteries and was no longer troubled by anything. How hot was that? She was pretty, smart and seemed like she might be a bit kinky. How many times had she subtly informed Laura and I that we could go ahead and have sex in front of her? Was this a good thing? Her boyfriend was in jail, suffered from deep depression, and sounded like a complete drainbow. Darcy seemed concerned for him but complained about him every day. It appeared that we were both trying to take care of people we wanted to be free from, or perhaps I was assuming too much.

“What’s wrong with Laura?” Darcy asked when we had been walking in silence for some time.

“I don’t know. She’s been pissed off as long as I’ve known her. I thought she would be happier, coming out here. This was her idea.”

“Really?” Darcy said. “She was so happy and fun in our Spanish class. I had no idea she was like this at all. It seems like she did a 180 as soon as we got off the plane. Do you think she’ll come out of it?”

“I don’t know. She seems to be getting worse, and she’s getting more mad at me with every passing hour.”

“What are you going to do?” she said, her wide, green eyes staring into mine all of the sudden. Could she read my mind? Could she feel the vibrations of my heart, pounding against my rib cage.

“I don’t know how much more of this I can take,” I said. “What do you think I should do?”

“Maybe just hang in there and see if things get better. I’m sure she still loves you, deep down.”

Right, I thought. But did I still love her? I was afraid to answer that question, afraid that the question even existed, but it did exist and it was boring its way into my soul, slowly burning and digesting my insides.

There was still some rain in forecast, it seemed.

We reached a tiny house further down the mountain. It was the first dwelling we had seen since exiting the base camp. Our last pairs of dry clothes were being soaked beneath our ponchos. Ours, was a forced march, but not like the march that the Smothers Brothers’ father had to endure in World War II. We could see rags hangings from a bit of wire, a small fence made of sticks enclosing some cooing chickens. A

friendly mutt ambled up to the gate to greet us, wagging his tail. There was no sign of the human occupant, but smoke was issuing forth from a chimney.

“Maybe there’s someone inside who can tell us how to get to the comedor,” I said.

“Yeeeeeeeah,” said Darcy. “That would be awesome.”

We let ourselves through the gate, and muttered a few half-hearted “hola”s. After the second or third attempt, an old woman appeared at the door. She glanced at us curiously, then smiled.

“Good afternoon madam,” I began, my Spanish becoming less sophisticated with each syllable. “Very pleased to meet you. We very hungry, so need food place to the eating. We eat anything thank you much. Know you where a food place here?”

The old woman let out a cackle and gestured us inside. She patted some benches and bid us sit down, and before we knew it we had steaming cups of instant coffee in our hands—with sugar. “This lady is niuuuuuuice,” Darcy said. “Too bad Laura didn’t come. It’s so warm in here!” Warmth was something we had not previously lacked in our sojourns through the tropics, but in the higher elevations, our paper-thin shorts and

t-shirts were not enough to keep the damp cold at bay.

“I wonder when she’s going to get around to telling us where we can get some grub,” I whispered to Darcy.

“Look,” she said, in the wonder-filled voice of a small child. “She’s makin’ it. I think she’s gonna feed us, dude.”

“No way,” I said. “No way.”

“Seriously.”

My stomach let out another spine-twisting spasm as my olfactory bulbs detected frying eggs and ham. The woman stirred a pot of fresh black beans in a kettle hanging over an open fire.

“I have a feeling this is going to be totally home-made,” I said to Darcy. “I’m talking Little House on the Prairie-style.”

“Mmmmmmmmm.”

We watched her cook in silence. I could see steam coming off of my wet t-shirt as it began to warm up. Several puppies ambled up to us and sat in our laps. The woman told us their names but I forgot immediately. Her house was tiny, packed end to end with utilitarian objects but tidy and orderly. Other ancient, dented pans and metal cookware hung

from home-made hooks on the walls, as did clothes, boots and other objects. It looked like Yoda’s hut in Empire Strikes Back. In the corner there was a mat, probably her humble sleeping space. Sleep...in a warm place...with no one hollering bloody murder...it sounded like such a sweet, sweet dream.

My head began to nod, the sedative effects of the warmth and the friendly animals lulling me back into blissful oblivion. When I awoke, the woman stood before us smiling and there were huge plates of bread, eggs, ham and beans in front of us. A giant mother cat was purring away in my lap and several more were meowing and kneading close beside us. Our trembling hands held wooden spoons and devoured every ounce of food placed before us. It was as though we were dead, in a fog, unable to see in color, or think. Our bodies soaked up the nourishment and reveled in its simple, satisfying completeness. A new kind of light seemed to radiate from everything that had previously been so gray. I could see all the details of the room, the house and the many dogs and cats that I had just moments ago barely realized even existed. Just minutes later I realized that my arms and legs had been numb, and so cold, but were now so quickly restored and full of vigor I could climb the mountain again—but wouldn’t dare try, given inflammatory effect it would have on my already

distraught girlfriend.

Darcy and I sat for another hour or so, just digesting and luxuriating in the calm crackle and glow of the fire as though we were at some kind of four-star day spa—but this was better. Finally, after an eternity of needed rest, we extricated ourselves from the kind lady's abode and her many loving animals and warm fire. I held out twenty wet, crumpled paper lempiras—about ten paltry bucks, all the mad money I had left. The woman carefully folded each bill and put them in a hidden pocket in her dress.

“Gracias, muchas gracias senora,” I said.

“A la orden,” she said, beaming broadly.

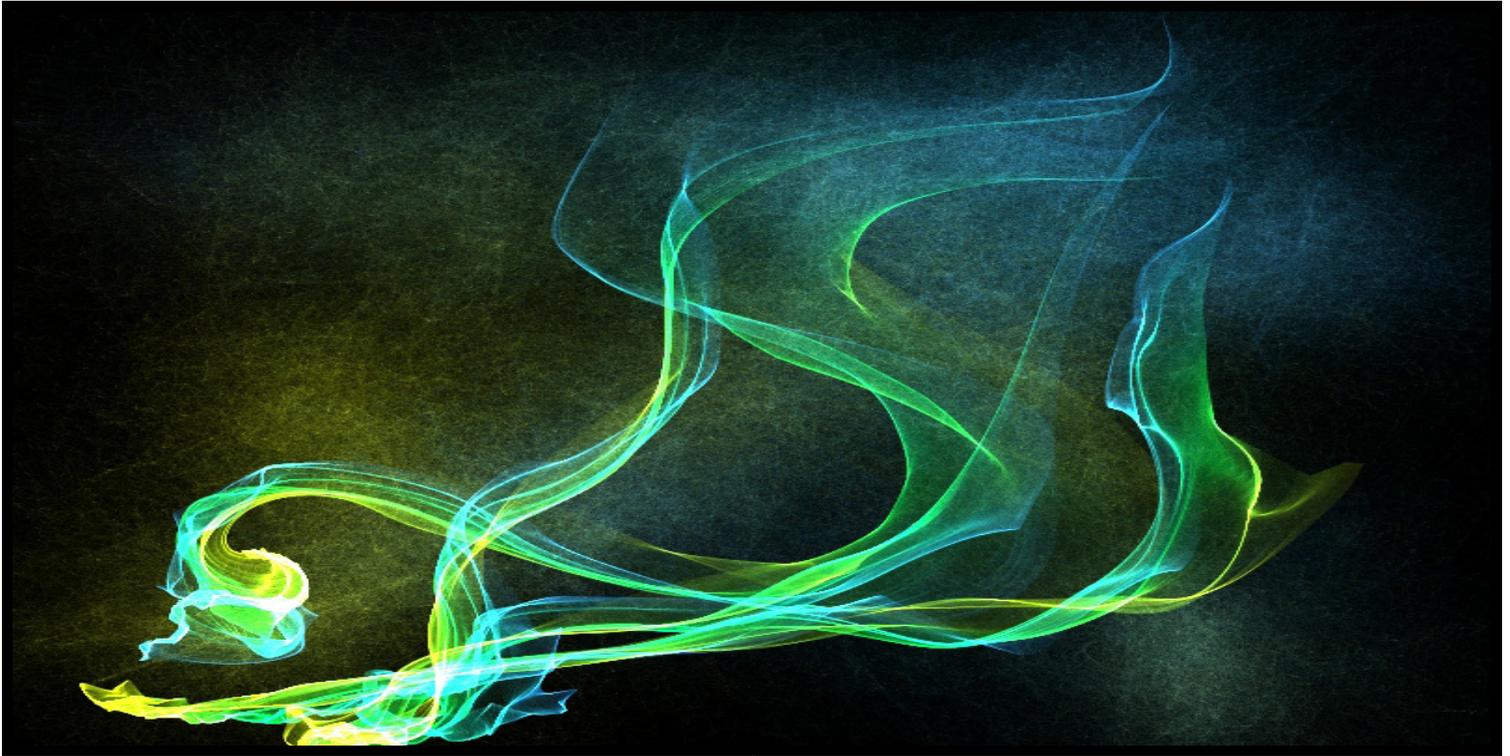
The rain had stopped, and the sun was poking out from somewhere. It was still cold, and I worried about how my messed up girlfriend was doing. I hoped she had exhausted her ability to cry and be angry. I hoped she wouldn't yell when I opened the door of the concrete bunker we were calling home on the mountain. The steaming bowl of beans I held in my hand was no longer steaming, or even warm. I opened the door and tentatively peeked inside.

It would be a lie to say Celenque was cruel to us. We were cruel to ourselves.

Justin Teerlinck

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My work has appeared in *Kaliedotrope*, *Whistling Shade*, *Cynic Online Magazine*, and at Restroomratings.com



UNTITLED

by Felice Scrittore

Gently tapping against the granite tiles
Glitter marks her passage
Even the soles of her feet sparkled with a
fine glimmer of dust
As she danced across the cool stone steps

Arms extended upward and undulating to a
tune from a forgotten memory
Twirling until the sheer layers of living
energy transformed into the rainbow
Just beyond the ink black lashes that lined
her eyes

Echo of laughter behind a covered path
Sheltering grape vines that grasp at the
transparent flutter of flight
Upwards into the failing light of a perfect
violet sky

Petting the stars that dangle dangerously
close to her smile and tangle in the wave of
her curl

Felice Scrittore lives everywhere, she is active
in written and visual arts. She believes that all
things have a story to tell and she enjoys
telling those stories with her own voice. Felice
is a happy writer!



Evening Walk

by Aaron Bowen

Location - Highland Park, Dallas TX, U.S.A.

The detail of the limbs on the trees from the underside in full summer foliage creates an interesting texture and a feel of mystery through an unexpected vantage point.

About the artist - Aaron Bowen resides and enjoys life in Dallas, Texas. His interest in photography took root in the 10th grade. Aaron is an accomplished portrait photographer as well. One series which had been on exhibit at a local coffee shop in Wichita, KS.



Evening Walk

by Aaron Bowen

A cropped version of the same photo on page 23. This an example of how editing can change the expression of a photo.



Evening Walk

by Aaron Bowen

Aaron is a collector of Daguerreotype* portraits. The photo from page 23 has been edited to resemble this type of photography process. The image takes on a haunting quality where one could almost imagine the sound of a horse drawn carriage filtering through the trees.

* Louis Daguerre, inventor of the first practical process of photography. Additional information about the invention of this process can be found at:

<http://inventors.about.com/od/dstartinventions/a/Daguerreotype.htm>

Stone Path Review

AN ARTISTIC JOURNAL OF PATHS THROUGH IMAGES AND WORDS

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