



Vol 02, Issue 06

Spring Path 2013

Stone Path Review

AN ARTISTIC JOURNAL OF PATHS THROUGH IMAGES AND WORDS





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Stone Path Review

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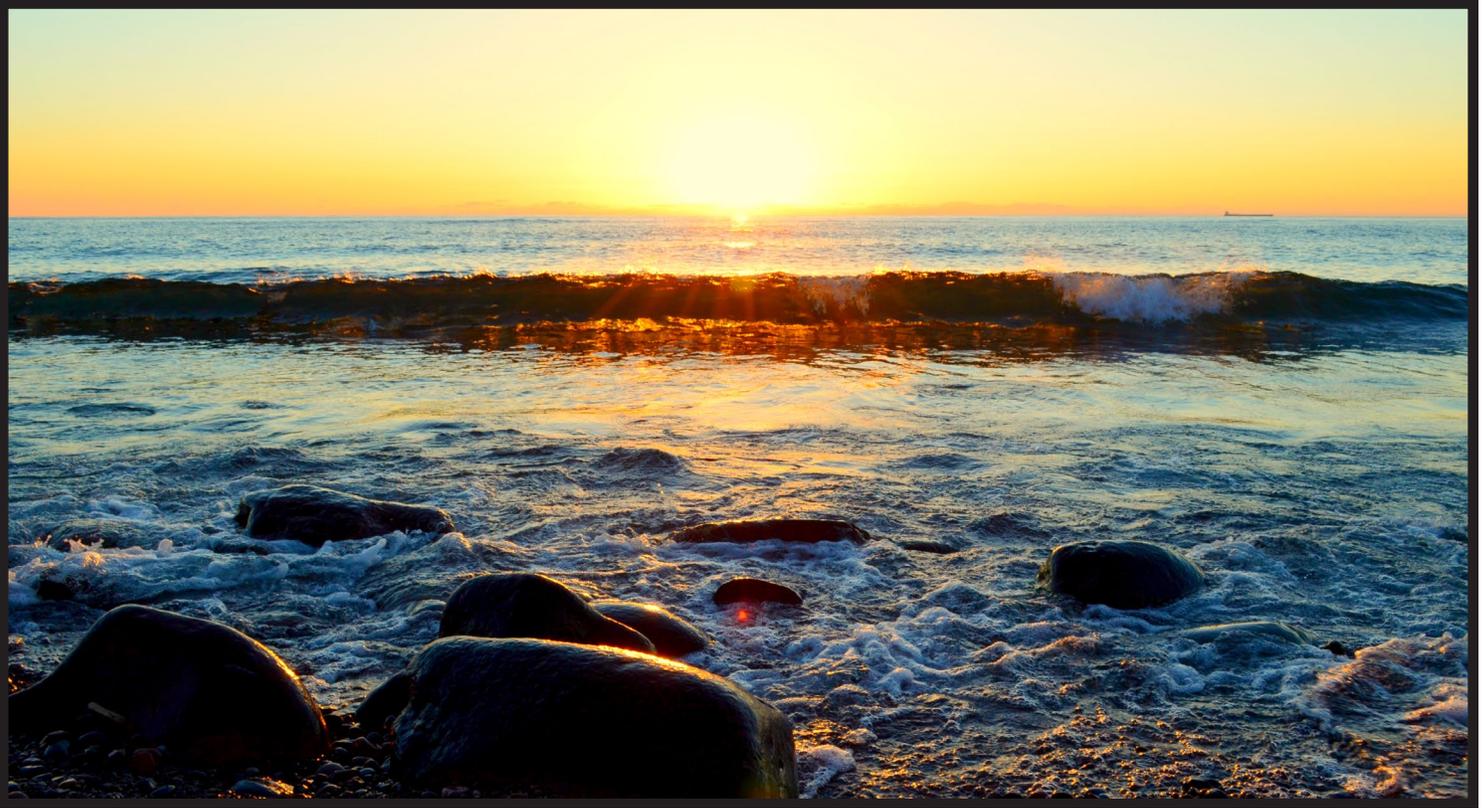
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Contributors

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Oceans

by Pete Armetta

How can you dream
Without grandiose notions?
How can you sail
When you don't have a breeze?

How can you change
When you only have oceans
Of low expectations
And fear and unease?

Why do you settle
For all that just bores you?
And have little faith
That there's more than you see?

And that there is a life
It's the one that you dream of
I hope you will live it
Eventually.

Pete Armetta is a writer of Flash Fiction, Poetry, Short Stories and Essays. With a style that's been called accessible and broad, unpredictable and matter-of-fact, Pete is a genuine, self-taught outsider. His stories and poetry fend off conventionality and he's never easy to pigeonhole.

And doesn't wanna be.

Pete's work has appeared or is upcoming in Zest Literary Journal, Gadfly Magazine, The River Journal, Expats Poetry, Take It To The Street Poetry, Subtle Fiction, Best New Poems, Cynic Magazine, Blue Lake Review, Stone Path Review, The Piker Press, Inclement Magazine and various anthologies.

Website: <http://petearmetta.wordpress.com>

Seeking

by Regina Bou (featured artist)

Nora was looking at the mirror,
Her two daughters sewing in the porch.

When the wind shook the house
and the roots of the apricot trees,
bringing wild smells of the black silence
that used to exist under that roof,
long before any man set his foot in,
Nora saw her animal eyes in the glass.

The sound of the dry leaves rushed her breath
to the lost god of her deep darkness
in the room of solid memories
“Lock the windows” she shouted
And her daughters ran, ran like jumping little
spiders.



Regina Bou is a writer. Some of her short stories have appeared in various literary magazines. She has also written two novels and a novella. One of her novels is under publication from the Australian publishing house LegumeMan Books. She has studied English and Greek literature and has a M.A. in Education. Her favorite subject is people's passions. Big and small ones. She loves literature and art.



Dark

by Valentina Cano

Watching you smile sends
the room flickering.
Light-bulbs bursting one by one,
spraying hot glass onto my skin.
And all I am becomes the darkness around us,
seeping like ink,
passing through my fingers.
Your smile, the only sliver of light
I need.

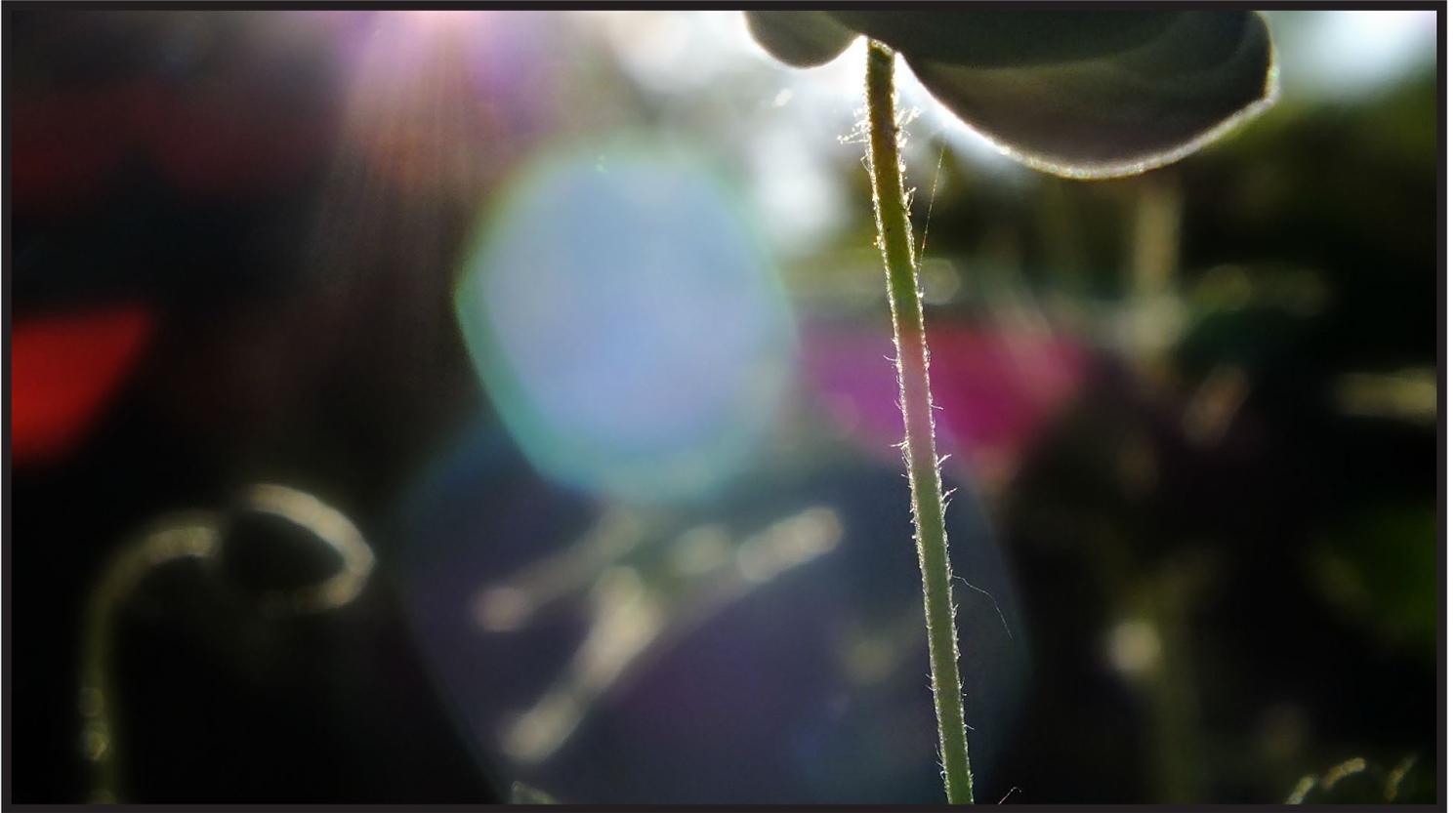
Valentina Cano is a student of classical singing who spends whatever free time either writing or reading.

Her works have appeared in: Exercise Bowler, Blinking Cursor, Theory Train, including several other publications.

Her poetry has been nominated for Best of the Web and the Pushcart Prize.

Visit Valentina's website for further publication information.

Website: <http://carabosseslibrary.blogspot.com>



In the Hush After the Truth

by Don Cellini

the poet
wrote:

stone is older
than word

but younger
than fire.

Wrote: there are
only five

words for
truth:

silver
firefly

laughter
mountain

salt.
Wrote: silence

is the perfect
poem.

Don Cellini is a writer and photographer.

Website: <http://www.doncellini.com>



Signs

by Debbie Crawford

The Winged
Messengers from above
Leading, guiding
People can't see
Look up

Presence has meaning
Our Brothers and Sisters in flight
Communication from above
Signals most miss
All in All
The Winged
We are One

Debbie has always had a love of nature which grew deeper through her study and practice of Shamanism. This wonderful connection with nature is the inspiration for her poetry. A true Gemini she lives a divided life of corporate work coupled with her true passion of assisting others as a Shamanic Guide. She resides in Bloomington, MN with her dog Sky, cat Squeak!

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You Are Tired

by Rachel Dacus

Tonight the stars press
like needles working
through canvas.

You are so tired
that your every word
weighs on your tongue,
each breath a wagon
that won't be pulled.

Why not turn up your face
to the sky's
fathoms of energy overhead,
drink that dark alcohol.

The universe is nothing
but energy slowed
to the speed of the visible
shimmer that's there

to break the dam
of your senses.
Let yourself really look

where the loaded wagon
stalls in dry ruts. Dig deeper
and moisture appears.
The wheels can rotate again.
When words flag,
speak in night colors
twirling like snowflake ballerinas.

Rachel Dacus poetry collections are *Femme au chapeau*, *Earth Lessons*, and the chapbook *Another Circle of Delight*, as well as the spoken word CD *A God You Can Dance*. Her work has appeared in *Georgetown Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Seneca Review* and others.

When not writing poetry, Rachel works as a fundraising consultant to nonprofit organizations.

Website: <http://www.racheldacus.com>



Primrose

by Kenneth Pobo

1.

An hour ago I
sat sweating in the sauna.
Walt Whitman joined me.
Now we walk in my garden—
look! Spring births a red primrose!

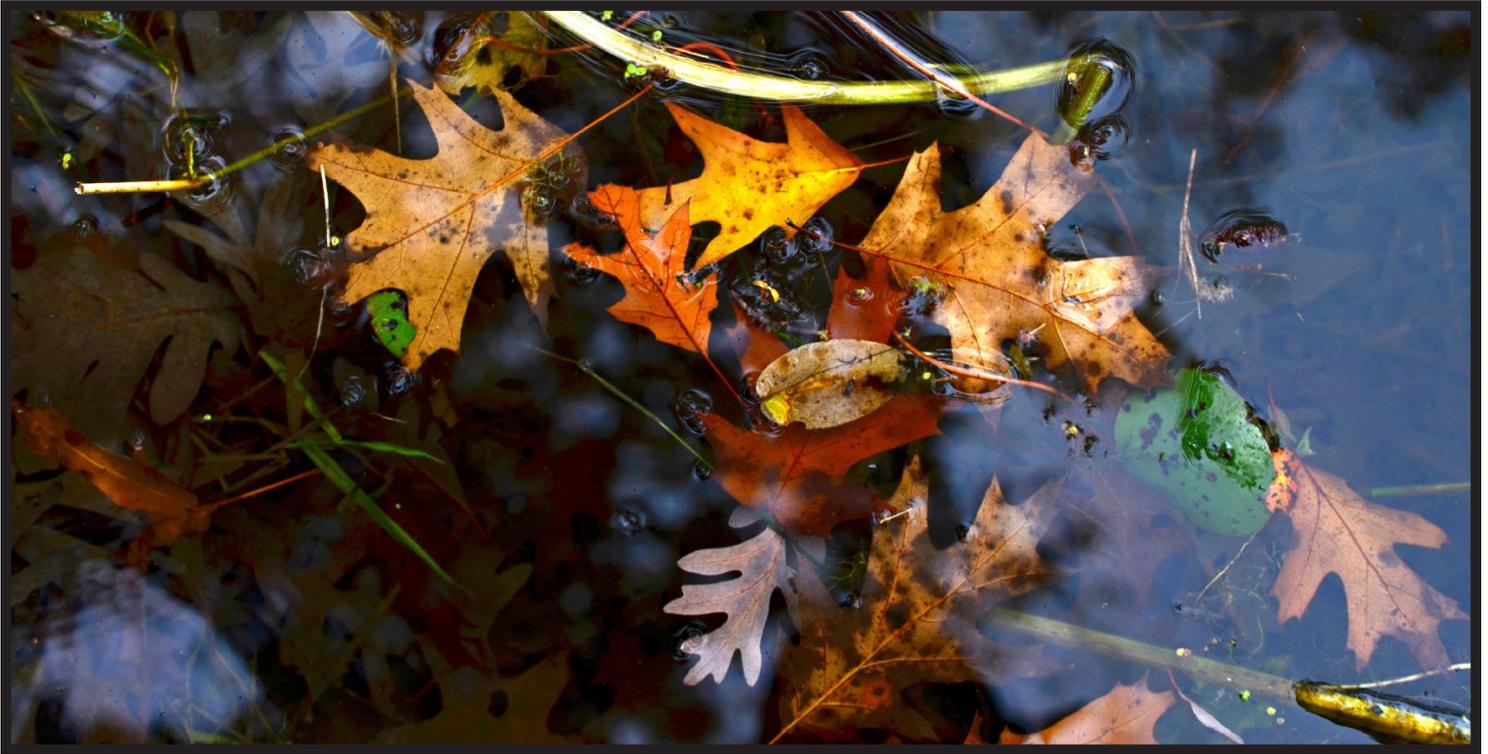
2,

A primrose's eye,
yellow, unblinking—what does
it see? The trash can?
Or a maple tree weeping
for leaves she won't hold again?

3.

When I sing of my
self—each note's a primrose still
in bud. I call on
the sun to open me up,
steady my stem, make me burst.

Kenneth Pobo had a chapbook published in 2012 by Finishing Line Press called *Save My Place*. He won the Eastern Point Press poetry chapbook contest for *Placemats* that will be published later this year.



Submersion

by Thomas Zimmerman

A dish of potpourri beside the lamp
and light enough to see. The ink-pen's had
its squat, but you're not into this. So bad
the art-impulse sometimes. Aesthetic cramp,
creative bends. You try to rise too fast.
You need to stay submerged awhile: a fish,
a stone, a fountain penny with a wish,
the rust that chews a chain to velvet, last
year's brandied cherries. Read Neruda, Bly,
or Rilke. Listen to the blues of Hurt
or Hooker. Surrogates and sources, dirt
and forking roots: to sleep so deep in high
and blackened waters, rich and strange, to let
the darkness fill you, empty in its net.

Thomas Zimmerman teaches English and directs the Writing Center at Washtenaw Community College, in Ann Arbor, MI. His chapbook *In Stereo: Thirteen Sonnets and Some Fire Music* appeared from The Camel Saloon Books on Blog in 2012.

Website: <http://thomaszimmerman.wordpress.com>



* Image courtesy of Yoho2011 Toronto, ON

When the Alligator Goes Away

by Regina Bou (featured artist)

Translated by Ilias Sellountos

All people have an alligator in their house. I had one too and I say, "I had", because I don't have one anymore. Some night, he just opened the door with his snout and he announced to me that he was leaving. Yes, I know, alligators don't talk but did you know that they could communicate with their eyes? He tapped his tail twice on the floor, the tenant from the floor below stroked his broom on the ceiling and then he went downstairs, running the stairs like crazy on his four short legs. There he met some other alligators that were leaving their homes and soon there was a cramming crowd of running alligators on the staircase of the building.

I am not going to say that I missed the alligator, how sad I was, blah-blah-blah because exactly

at this moment a fly is trying her wings in front of my eyes. She is making forceful attempts to sit on my eyelashes and she is buzzing so annoyingly that I wish I could spray some pesticide on her by just opening my mouth, through my teeth. Ha ha, this is so funny! The fly just disappeared when I wrote the word "pesticide". Just imagine if I had written "ten million dollars" and someone rang my doorbell. Wait...I am going to open the door and what do I find? A sack full of dollars out of my apartment! Well, it would be incredible to be able to bring in life everything I write! My alligator used to bring in life everything I was dreaming in my sleep and that's why I didn't use to have the best of relations with him! If I dreamt something pleasant, everything was just fine! I was having a great time! But if, for example, I dreamt about a dead horse dragging me up a hill or a crazy guy chasing me screaming, then...oh god...I don't even want to remember things like this!

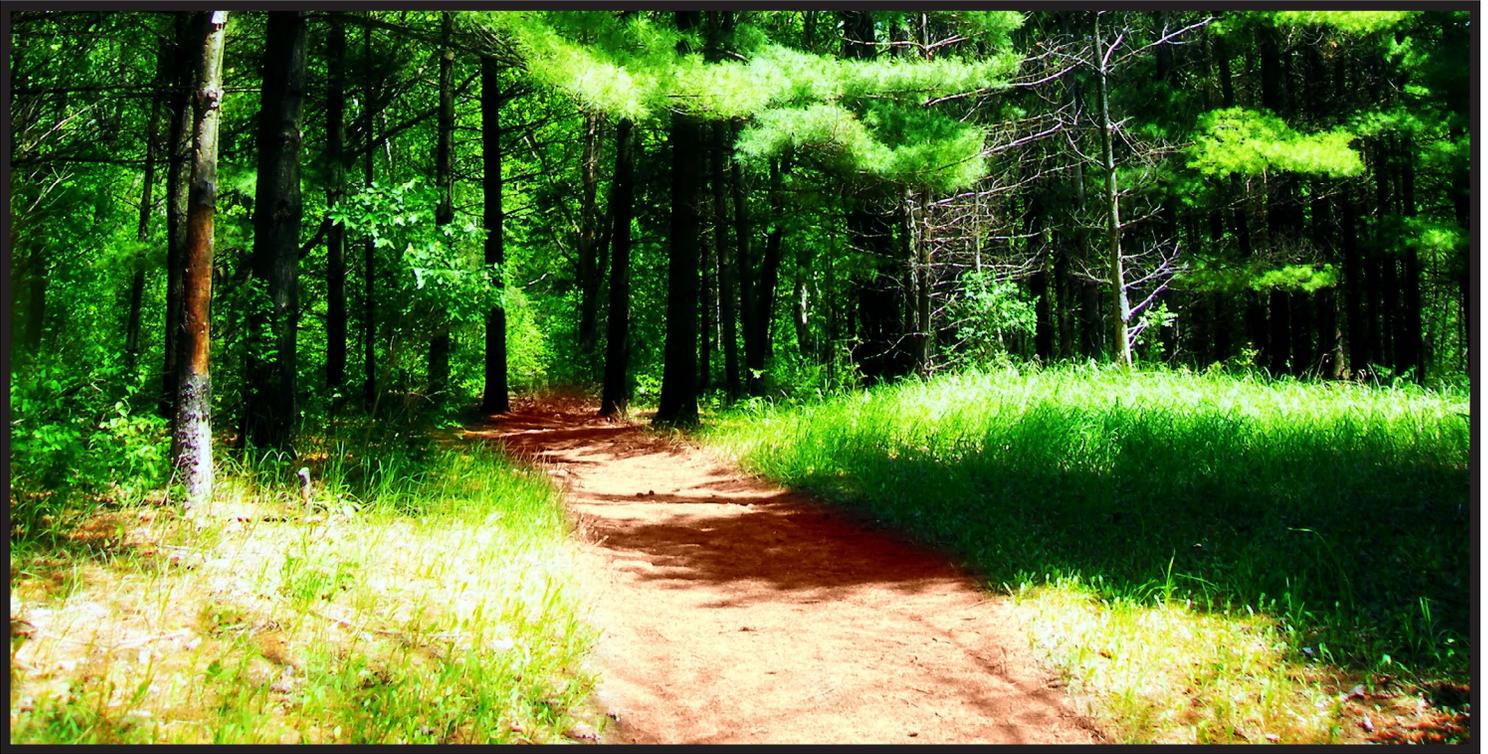
One of the mornings back then, I was just woken fresh and vibrant by a dream and I saw a hanged man in my room performing ballet steps, pulling with all his strength the rope around his neck so as to move forward. I helped him to stop and I asked how the hell he had entered my room. Of course I tried to be calm and not shout. I told the word "hell" gently and smiling. I have been in your room because you called me, he answered to me, so next time don't eat tinned food before you go to bed. I dragged fiercely the alligator under my bed and I was so angry that I threatened him if he dared bring a hanged man in my room again, then I would have to sleep between his sharp teeth. There isn't a worse punishment for a pet alligator, since in this way he is obliged not to press his teeth in the flesh of his snoring master and I am really glad that my mind works in such a sadistic way many times. This scared him to death! He knew that if he forgot about it and let only a little tiny, tiny tooth free to bite or some stray saliva and if he remembered his lower instincts, he would disappear at once in a cloud of smoke! It was my own desire to have him in my apartment, that desire held him in life and controlled his existence. If he had his fangs nailed on my tender throat then how could I have any desires at all?

He was so imaginary as imaginary my imagination could be and so real as my imagination could also be. My imagination can be both real and imaginary. Imaginary in what it creates in the center of its core and real in the same center again. The center of the imagination can be a

real thing – after all it exists! If it didn't exist then I wouldn't be talking about imagination. I suppose that the total blank is the opposite but I really suspect that it isn't so absolute as it wants to show, otherwise I would have flung the alligator in there, a long time ago, just to try my limits.

In the distant past, I used to be hell scared of wells, but now I think I could dive in them just for fun, why not? The alligator used to leave one of his teeth under my bed, every time he brought me a dream in my hand. When he left I pulled the bed and I discovered a real tooth cemetery there, but who cares? I pushed the bed back into its place and I just wished not to have seen that hideous teeth construction. Alligators are deeply silly creatures with stupid habits and unfortunately too many teeth!

Regina Bou is a writer. Some of her short stories have appeared in various literary magazines. She has also written two novels and a novella. One of her novels is under publication from the Australian publishing house LegumeMan Books. She has studied English and Greek literature and has a M.A. in Education. Her favorite subject is people's passions. Big and small ones. She loves literature and art.



Path

by Jay Duret

“As we get older,” her tee shirt said, “we get faster in our youth.”

She ran carefully but briskly down the sandy path. Her hair was pulled behind her head with a rubber band. She wore running shorts and a beaten up pair of Nikes. The path she was running on ran through a pine strand and the sand kicked up gently and efficiently behind her as she moved. Her face had that lack of expression that runners wear when they have moved through the beginning of their run and settled into the steady beating rhythms of their body. She held her hands in shallow cups and they extended slightly in front of her body keeping rhythm with her legs, her hands pulling cupfuls of air and loosing them behind. Spare. Efficient. Forty years old.

The path began to slope and she had to work. Her body leaned into the rise and pumped harder the way a car rises within a gear before demanding to be shifted. She broke rhythms for an instant to wipe her forehead with the back of her wrist. For the first time there was expression on her face but nothing more than determination to keep her speed on the hill. She had a black plastic watch on her wrist but she didn't look at it.

“As we get older, we get faster in our youth.” The phrase was like the woman. Realistic, but not grim. Purposeful. This was a purposeful run through the pine scrub and sandy loam. It was day's end and the day's sun had lost its driving heat. The light had softened. The sounds were like the light. A foghorn miles in the distance. The gentle thud and scrape of her Nikes on the path, a cadence as measured as the ticking of a

clock. Her breathing deep but even.

At the top of the slope the pine scrub ended and now she was in a field of high brown grass. The path was narrower here, more efficiently trodden. The dry stalks of grass rasped against her brown legs and her nylon running shorts.

Ahead on the right there was a couple holding hands and walking towards her. The path was too narrow for them to walk abreast and so the boy walked ahead. The way he held the girl's hand made it seem like he was leading her on some dangerous journey over unreliable terrain. The boy had on a tee shirt that said "Naked Coed Lacrosse" and his face was very red. The girl had long blonde hair in a ponytail. She was wearing a sleeveless peach colored top and on one shoulder the strap had slipped askew and a band of very white skin stood out against her sunburn.

They couple stepped off the path into the tall grass as the runner neared them, but they didn't look at her. "It's going to be fine," the boy was saying.

"Will you stop saying that please. Its not fine," the girl said, her voice surprisingly high and insistent, "it isn't, it just isn't."

The woman ran harder as she passed them. A look of pain or disgust or annoyance spread over the boy's sunburned face and he turned to the girl just as the woman went by. But the boy's movement had turned his hip into the path and it

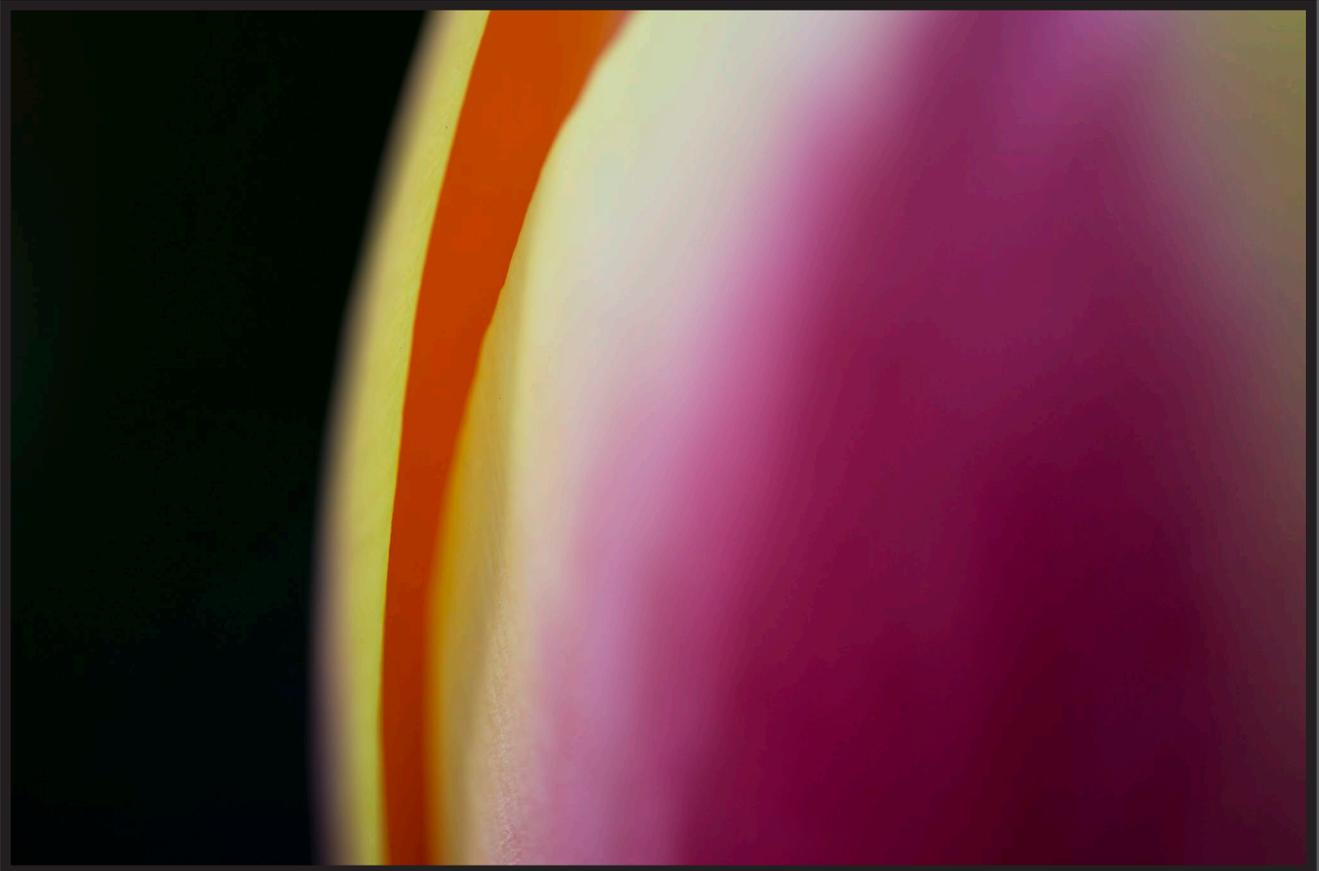
caught her hard just at the top of her own hip and suddenly she was knocked into the long grass out of control, legs overextended, arms flown up, the grass dense and resistant and loud like paper tearing and she couldn't see her feet or find the ground's grade in her mind. But she balanced herself and leaned forward and didn't fall.

She came to a stop and looked back. She had gone fully twenty feet in the high grass and the angle of her departure from the path was revealed for an instant in the parted grass she had left behind.

The boy and the girl turned to look at her, their red faces impossibly young and impassive. The boy yelled something. An apology lost in the wind and the sound of her own panting. She bent over at the waist and put her hands on her knees, steadying herself, looking down into the grass.

When she looked up again the couple had turned back to each other and the wind swept away their voices so she couldn't hear what they were saying. She walked slowly back to the path and began walking in the direction she had been running. After a few minutes she began to run again.

Jay Duret is a San Francisco based writer. He has just started looking for opportunities to publish his work. Three of his stories have been accepted by online journals so far and he is hopeful of getting more exposure for his writing.



Flowers

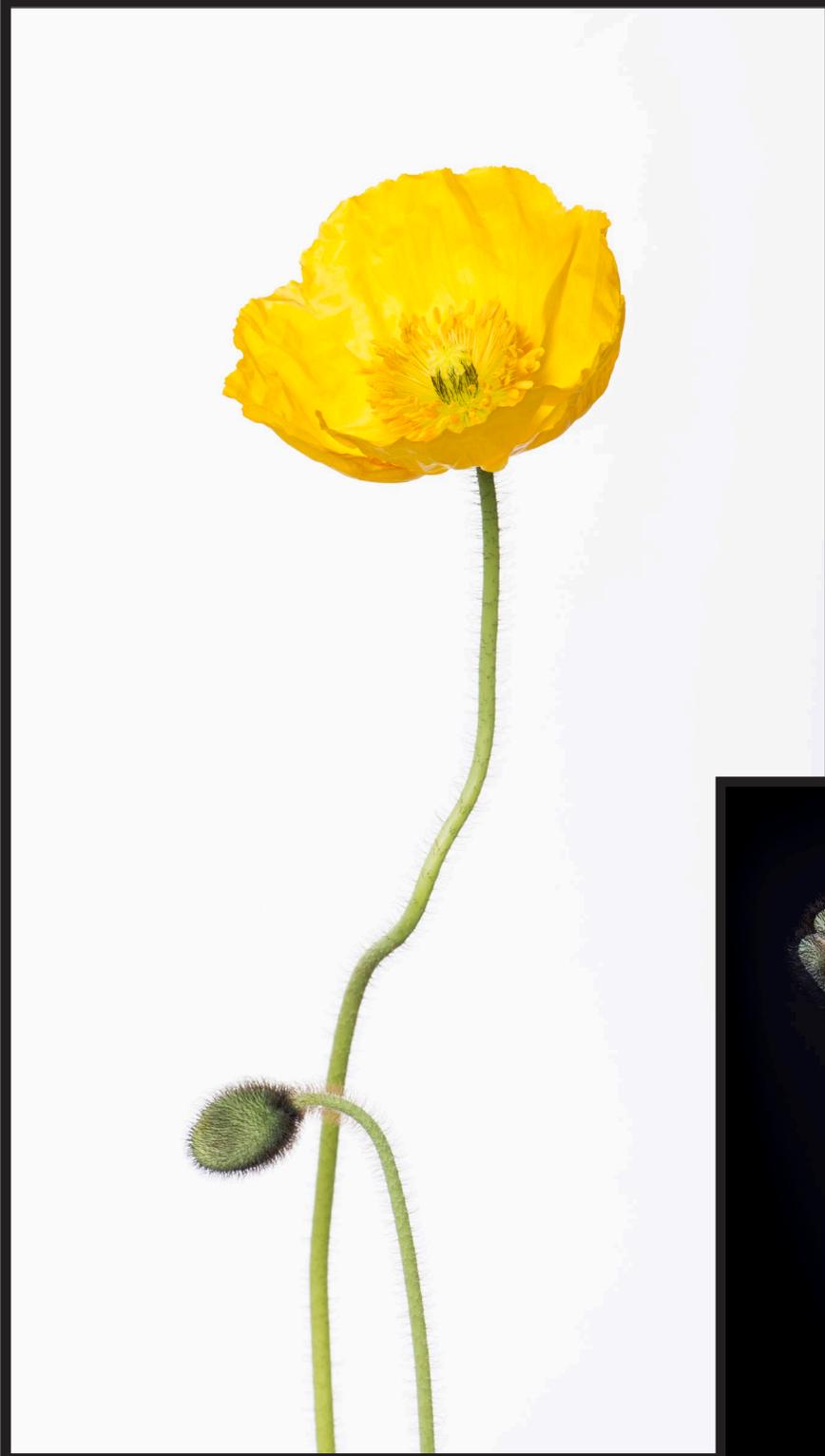
by Aaron Bowen Spring 2013 Dallas, TX

"I am mostly attracted to the abstract colors and light, don't really know how to explain it, but to me the flowers are certainly more than just flowers."

~A. Bowen



Aaron Bowen, Self Portrait









Regina Bou

as interviewed
by William Ricci

I first read some of Regina's work at Northography a couple of years ago before we started Stone Path Review. I have always been struck by the fantastical world she creates, and the images, some startling, some raw and in your face, that are central to her poetry and short stories.

Below is an interview I conducted with Regina.
- William Ricci

SPR: Have you always been a writer? When did you know this was a part of you?

RB: I was 7 years old. I wrote a short story that my teacher loved. He suggested I should become a writer and that was it. I had already been certain at the time that I was a writer. I liked it.

SPR: What did you like about writing then? Compare that to now.

RB: I liked the fact that I was good at it and I had everyone admiring me. I was something like the child pet of teachers. The wonder child who could make up stories and write them in an adult-like way, in order to have grown-ups patting her head saying "Oh this child is terrific! Look at that!". Later, when I was a university student, I realized that writing is not only a way of getting others to admire you but a way of fascinating them as well. I hate to say this but writing has always been something that helped

me to express my narcissism, my need to allure others, and my self-hate. And this goes to other people.

Sometimes you love people and you have to write about them. Some other times you hate people and you have to write about them again.

SPR: What writers have influenced you? What writers or poets are you reading now?

RB: My most favorite ones are Witold Gombrovitch, Thomas Mann, Michael Bulgakov, and Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Each one for different reasons. However, all the four of them used to see people exactly as they are – magical and dark, striving to find their inner light.

SPR: Why poetry or short stories?

RB: I usually write poetry when I have a strong visual stimulus that amused me or confused me so much that I need to do some magic on it! You know magic versus magic, something like homeopathy I suppose.

SPR: Could you explain a bit more about what you mean by "magic"?

RB: "We all talk nonsense when the dream's upon us". This is a phrase I heard only a few days ago in the Mystery of Edwin Drood, a TV series on Charles Dicken's book. When I heard the phrase above, I felt that I had found a key that could help me explain what I meant by using the word "magic". Poetry is like talking "nonsense" when we are deep into our dream, lost into its land. It is

another kind of language, a spell for our dream. It reminds me of this English expression "A penny for your thoughts". It could be "A spell for your dream". Where the word "spell" could be replaced by the word "poem".

Short stories are something different. They need more time, more details, and more attention to their being shaped. And they are hard work. Sometimes even more than a novel, because you have to invent an end much sooner and you have to make yourself be detached from the characters and not let them do whatever they want. My favorite form of writing is the novel though. I enjoy so much writing a novel, do you know why? The heroes are stronger than me. They weave the story and not me.

SPR: What does poetry, as an art form, mean to you?

RB: Poetry is the expression of those who want to destroy the world's solidity and make it viewable as if it is liquidated by words. Words in poetry have the power to make everything around flow in a smoother way. Poetry is my broken glass. I see you through it after dipping it in a bucket of water and hold it in front of my eyes.

SPR: What role does location, such as the landscape, a city, where you are when you write, play in your work? How much does it influence?

RB: I am not easily influenced by the landscape.

In fact, I would really like to write locked in a room all day, a room without windows if possible. I like looking at walls when I write. Walls covered with black and white photos. Light distracts my attention, life outside a window can make me stop writing just to go out and have a walk. Landscapes are distracting, so I try not to be influenced.

SPR: What type of space do you need to write? Do you have a daily routine?

RB: I usually write at nights because it's when the house is quieter. But I can write in mornings as well, as long as I know that no one is going to interrupt me. The only routine that I have is that I like writing while listening to music. Classical pieces mostly. Any other kind of music during writing distracts my attention. I prefer Vivaldi, Chopin, and Sostacovich.

SPR: What advice do you have for aspiring writers and those seeking possible publication?

RB: I don't like giving advice but since you ask me all I could say is that they know better than me and better than anyone else. If someone advised me on how to work, concerning my writing, I would get mad at them. Or I would pretend that I am listening to them but then I would do as I would please. Who has certain answers for this kind of things?

SPR: I understand what you are saying, and the point you are making. Let me rephrase

the question. If a student made the following statement, how would you respond?

“Everything I have submitted has been rejected. I should stop writing.”

RB: I would definitely say to them “Then stop”. What do you think that they would do? If they stopped, then they never wanted to write. It’s quite simple.

SPR: **What can we teach and do to get more children and teens involved with the arts and writing specifically?**

RB: I think that education and schooling should make children be more involved with the creative and artistic procedure, as well as philosophy. Today, schools are focused mainly on subjects that prepare children to integrate in a society of technocrats. Technology is something that we need, as long as its evolution and development is driven by questions that arise from a philosophical framework. Cultural and Humanitarian studies help this framework to be built.



Regina Bou is a writer. Some of her short stories have appeared in various literary magazines. She has also written two novels and a novella. One of her novels is under publication from the Australian publishing house LegumeMan Books. She has studied English and Greek literature and has a M.A. in Education. Her favorite subject is people’s passions. Big and small ones. She loves literature and art.



In-closing we would like to thank everyone who has contributed to the Spring 2013 issue!

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