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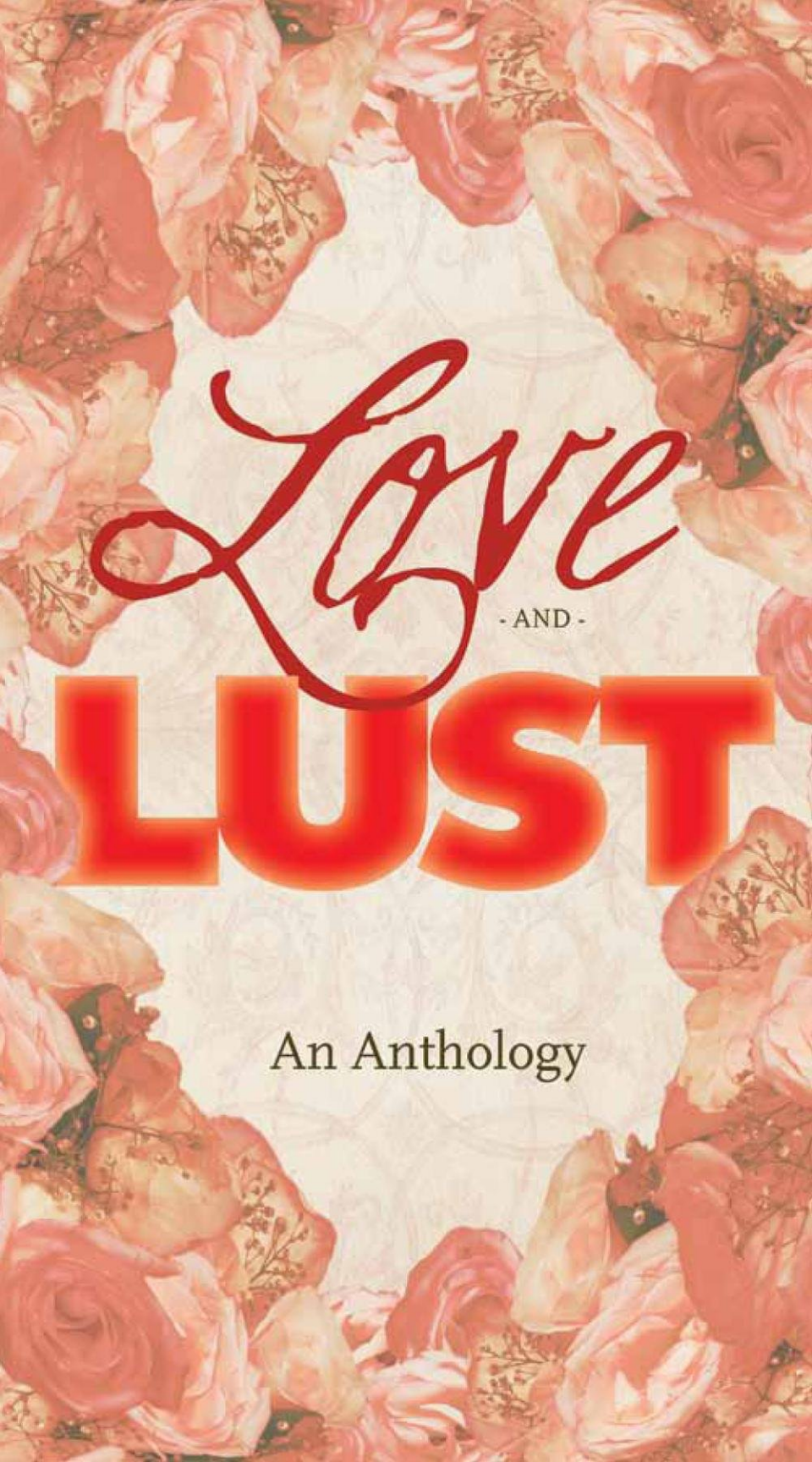
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Love

- AND -

LUST

An Anthology

A PARALLEL PRESS CHAPBOOK

Love and Lust: An Anthology

Celebrating 17 years of love & lust poetry at
A Room of One's Own bookstore

Edited by
Andrea Potos

Parallel Press/University of Wisconsin–Madison Libraries

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anthology.

Contents

Marilyn Annucci	9
Crossing Guard	
Things I Tell My Tea Pot	
Ghost Writer's Undoing	
Bridget Brown	13
California Girls	
Robin Chapman	19
Valentines	
The Half Glass	
Order and Disorder Marry	
Rhonda Lee	23
Sharp Against Flat Ice Gray	
Bath Brush	
Andrea Potos	27
First Kiss	
Reasons to Stay Put	
After His Massage	
Eve Robillard	31
when gertrude married alice	
Of Course	
The Letter "A"	
Nicky Sund	37
Advancing Phases	
We Defy Definition	
Katrin Talbot	41
Good Morning, Class	
States Altered	
I Lean on Emily's Slant	
Marilyn Taylor	45
Gotta Getcha Some	
Why Don't You	
At the Cocktail Party: A Monorhyme	
Lauranne Bailey and Ancestra	49
Song: "My Baby"	
Contributors	52



Crossing Guard

I drive toward her—
crossing guard who scowls into traffic.
So butch she might have been

an inventor of steam shovels.
Stop me! I pray. She steps out
Stronger than Steel.

Kids in knit hats,
nylon jackets, straggle before my car.

I want to rev my engine.
Guardian.

I want to stall out.

She eyes me, turns away. *Oh*
to be crossed! She lowers
the brim of her cap, waves us on—

us, not just me. *You're no one*
special, her strut says
Heartbreaker.

Things I Tell My Tea Pot

All morning you rest on the stove, a lovely
long-necked creature who won't come any nearer.

Haughty, yet resolute,
you wait for me, like the woman
who knew she was beautiful, how
she waited for me to look,
how she lifted her red shirt
and her breasts hung like bells
so that I was afraid to move,
so stunned by the great ringing
that had begun.

Ghost Writer's Undoing

I carried

snow in a chalice of fire
orange poppies

shedding their stamen
all down

my bare legs I carried

an aching of lake ice
unstitching

undoing in every direction

a shifting

a rain wash

a stripping the eaves

the leaves yes yes

I carried whatever I could
not put aside

caught in the cave
of our clay

I carried our beating

our slow netted

wing span of breaths

our fingers not meeting



Questions Remain Regarding “California Girls”

Though released 40-plus years ago, questions still remain regarding assertions made by the Beach Boys in “California Girls,” a hit song that continues to enjoy popularity both on radio airwaves and as a tune for U.S. high school and university marching bands.

The song opens with a cataloging of the merits of girls from different regions of the United States. East Coast girls are credited for hip fashion choices, Southern girls for the knock-out dialect they speak, Midwest farmer’s daughters for their disarming hospitality, and Northern girls for their cold-weather osculation techniques.

Next, a chorus expresses the desire that all girls could be California Girls, followed by the explanation that on the West Coast, with its possession of the sun, the girls get tan.

Attention then turns to international travel through which the singer has had the opportunity to view a wide variety of girls, but anxiously returned to the United States, where the cutest girls in the world reside.

The first area of confusion lies in the boundaries for these regions. If the Eastern Seaboard is the area referred to in East Coast, does it not also contain states that are

traditionally considered Southern? If a state lies south of the Mason-Dixon Line, are the girls from that state known for their fashion or their speech? If an Eastern Seaboard state, such as Maine, is known to have cold winters, are the girls from this state appreciated more for their heat-generating kissing techniques or their clothing?

The confusion grows as one moves on to the area of the country known as the Midwest. Compounded with the aforementioned question of the division between North and South is the reference to “farmer’s daughters” rather than simply “girls.” With farming currently occupying less than one percent of the U.S. population, even in the Midwest this leaves a sizeable group of females unaccounted for.

Then there’s the question of the West Coast. If it is considered the place with the sun, are the girls of cloudy Washington and Oregon then Northern Girls, even if their winters are relatively mild?

This, of course, leads to California itself. While the southern part of the state is quite sunny, much of the north is frequently covered in fog, and girls there may not be all that tan. And if they are not tan, are they, then, still California Girls?

Additionally, while Hawaii is given prominent mention (French bikinis are appreciated, as are “dolls by a palm tree in the sand”), Alaska, the other noncontiguous state in the union, is not. Also not included are the commonwealths of Puerto Rico, Guam, and Samoa, which, like Hawaii and California (and Florida—otherwise known as the Sunshine State but not located on the West Coast), are known for their sunny beaches.

The contradictions continue when one explores the wider Beach Boys’ oeuvre. In “Salt Lake City,” it is stated that “girl for girl they’ve got the cutest of the Western states.” Does California not also belong to this Western state region?

Finally, is the desire that all girls could be California Girls even sincere? Is it desired that all girls in the United States relocate to California, the population of which has skyrocketed since the end of the Second World War, sending housing costs through the roof? Though girls are not typically major players in the real estate market, if they are under eighteen, they are likely, if they move, to bring their families with them.

Or, do the Beach Boys simply wish that all girls would

better resemble California Girls in appearance? Would, for example, mandatory use of tanning booths, skin darkening agents, or regular vacations to sunny climes suffice?

Complete text of "California Girls" (from *Summer Days* [*And Summer Nights!*]). Released June 28, 1965, Capital Records T-2354, charted July 24, 1965, highest position: 2. Irving Music, Inc. BMI. Brian Wilson/(Mike Love uncredited lyricist).

Well East girls are hip
I really dig those styles they wear
And the Southern girls with the way they talk
They knock me out when I'm down there

The Mid-West farmer's daughters really make
you feel alright
And the Northern girls with the way they kiss
They keep their boyfriends warm at night

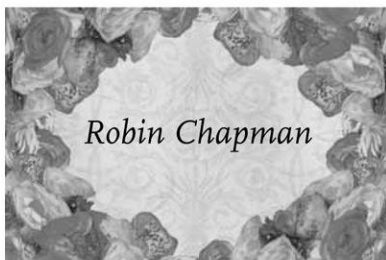
I wish they all could be California
I wish they all could be California
I wish they all could be California girls

The West coast has the sunshine
And the girls all get so tanned
I dig a french bikini on Hawaii island
Dolls by a palm tree in the sand

I been all around this great big world
And I seen all kinds of girls
Yeah, but I couldn't wait to get back in the states
Back to the cutest girls in the world

I wish they all could be California
I wish they all could be California
I wish they all could be California girls

I wish they all could be California
(Girls, girls, girls, yeah I dig the)
I wish they all could be California
(Girls, girls, girls, yeah I dig the)
I wish they all could be California
(Girls, girls, girls, yeah I dig the)
I wish they all could be California
(Girls, girls, girls, yeah I dig the)



Valentines

In first grade, punching out
 The cartoon speaker's ballooning "Be mine,"
 Laboriously copying names on the backs,
 I learned who belonged to my class,
 Not to leave anyone out,
 And the terror and power of words—
 Whether to sign this one "from" or "love";

By fifth, the list mastered,
 I concentrated on
 The handmade art of the singled-out heart,
 Folding the red construction paper in two
 And cutting out half of the imagined whole
 For a boy I was too shy to speak to,
 Worrying over whether I should send
 The one that was too skinny or too fat;

And so it went, over the years,
 The ones I sent, the ones I read,
 The ones signed "from" or "love."
 The ones that didn't come, the ones
 I didn't send, the too-fat, too-skinny
 Lopsided ones, the ones I bought myself,
 While the real heart in the body beat steadily,
 Keeping its faithful pace awake or asleep,
 From first breath to last;

The morning paper last week to the hungry face
 Of the Sudanese mother carrying the bones
 Of her starving son on her shoulders,
 Heart the only muscle he had left—
 No words for the courage and power in her face,
 Or the terror of the world,
 Though I am frantically cutting out hearts
 For every one of us,
 All of them signed 'love.'

from *The Dreamer Who Counted the
 Dead* (WordTech Editions, 2007)

The Half Glass
for Will

Some see it half empty, some half full.
This one you bring to me
Is half of the glass of beer we agreed to share,
Poured into glasses the cheerful waitress has sized to fit.
Our two half-glasses I see have become,
Like this late life with you, not a test of temperament
But the doubled gift
Of a full glass for each.

Originally appeared in *BabelFruit* (2009)

Order and Disorder Marry

Order alphabetizes the spices and throws out any cans of food that lack bar codes, grinds freshly roasted Jamaica Blue Mountain beans for twelve seconds, filter-drips two pottery mugs, adds heated half-and-half, frames and posts the kitchen rule—"If you use it, put it back"; steps outside to cut a just-open tea rose, stays to deadhead the overblown.

Disorder throws the mail on last month's pile of papers, photos, bills, flyers for hot air balloon rides; smears peanut butter on a bagel, spills orange juice on the stove, rushes out to look for migrating spring warblers, leaving the radio turned on loud to mid-morning jazz, yesterday's clothes, wet towels and leaking toothpaste dropped on the bathroom floor.

Order removes the unused words from Disorder's poetry cluttering the refrigerator door and files the family photos in the new album and goes out to dig up Disorder's yellow dandelions—and though they work miles apart, Order remembers a line of magnetic poetry, Disorder the taste of freshly brewed coffee, the blue ceramic glaze and heft of the cup. The day brings them both the crepe myrtle warbler, moving through.

Originally appeared in
WordWrights! (2000)



Rhonda Lee

Sharp Against Flat Ice Gray

Only things big enough, and bold enough,
and close enough can I see,
yet I see you so clearly—
even with my eyes closed,
or in the window of this train—
twilight snow falling around you, through you,
lights warming distant homes behind you.

Annie took me to see Sequoias,
and where elephant seals come ashore.
“They’re big enough,” she says.
“You can see them!”
And I mirror wonder
from the giant, furred infant on the sand dune.

I wish to see you everywhere. I hold you nowhere.
An unruly gale tosses the bare tree by your window.
It only lost some branches in the storm, you say.
It still stands firm, whistling lonely, strange without leaves,
sharp against the flat ice gray November sky.
Only things big enough,
and bright enough can I see—
but not too bright. Intensity blinds me.
How do I see you so clearly? And why?
Even with my eyes closed, or in the window of this train.
Everything else I see in fog that thickens, but never lifts.
Like Monet’s morning mist, pale colors fade softer.
Could you be a trick of light—
Ophelia’s face among water lilies?
I wish I’d never seen you. I hope I never stop.
Like too much summer sun, I cannot shut you out.
I try to draw the shade across,
but you are patterned in the weave.

West Coast sentinels stand guard on the ridge,
needles moaning.
We stare straight up into trees so tall their tops blur.
Annie points out a rainbow,
arcng from one tip to another.
She takes a photograph, and keeps it to herself.
I stretch my arms straight out
to embrace the ancient Redwood.
Seed cones at our feet, sealed like jewels,
open only to flame.

Maybe a day goes by
that I only think of you once or twice,
but not often.
If I feel your fingertips across my shoulder,
I catch myself before I slip,
seal in something elegant and dangerous —
a perilous icicle that forms
when too much heat escapes.
Only things close enough,
or sharp against flat ice gray can I see.
Yet I see you clearly
in the window of this train,
twilight snow falling around you.
 So clearly,
 even with my eyes closed.

Bath Brush

What I most miss after all these years
is washing each other's backs—
 tracing, erasing places hard to reach,
 steam fogging the mirror and our senses,
 time slipping, sliding away between us.

I should have known
when he brought home
that new long-handled bath brush
he would leave me for another.

Well,
I have a new bath brush—
 soft, natural bristles
 mending, blending places hard to reach,
 time lingering, lasting as long as we need
 for washing each other's backs.



First Kiss

With Cindy's divorced Mom mysteriously absent,
we spun the bottle in her basement
to the voices of Blood, Sweat and Tears,
Neil Young aching from the HiFi.
When the bare snout of the seagreen bottle pointed
at Jim Burbach, he didn't pause, he pulled me up
off the shag carpet and led me into the playroom
whose paneless doors and windows kept us within
reach of all my friends,
though I had no fear,
figuring a kiss was a simple
matching of sorts, like one sock laid atop another
in a scented drawer,
lips pressed to lips creating
a unified whole, a sealed body of trust,
not this tongue—slick and more certain
than I'd ever been of anything,
darting its way through my mouth like a serpent
coiling through a gash in my life
as if this were its true beginning.

Originally appeared in the online journal
Blue Fifth Review, 2006.

Reasons to Stay Put

Because didn't my ancestor Odysseus
once tie himself to a mast
to save himself,

because didn't I once almost
enter a field where snakes tangled
near an open hole, big enough to catch a wandering
foot, and tall tilting grasses
nearly concealed them, grasses that could tickle
and scratch and nearly coax one into believing
they would make the perfect bed
for some ancient, exhausted ache?

After His Massage
for my husband

On the way to the restaurant tonight,
he doesn't swear at pokey drivers.
He navigates the lanes like rivers
ushering us where the lamps

whisper their glow. Across the table,
every piece of him sits with me,
a seamless body of light.
Words leave his mouth,
land on my chest
like nestling birds.

Our child is happily dreaming at home;
the sitter has all night to stay.
Between us right now, the old spasm
gives up and sighs.

Originally published in
Yaya's Cloth (Iris Press, 2007)



when gertrude married alice

when gertrude
married alice

sturdy gertrude
slender alice they lived

among the paintings
that no one else

would buy a picasso
in the parlor

a picasso
in the hall and woman

with the hat done by one
henri matisse when gertrude

married alice
slender alice

like a flower sturdy gertrude
with her laugh *boom boom* now gertrude's

laughing *boom boom* her knee
is slapping while alice who is lovely

very lovely
very lovely

makes a delicate sandwich
with her delicate hand

for the parties for the people who are going
to be famous rich and very famous very soon

and when the party's over
in the morning of the dawning

on the gray and rainy left bank of the lovely
river seine sturdy gertrude slender alice

flyingflying up the stairs
past the paintings

in the hallway
past the woman

with the hat and they find
a little flower and they find

a little flower
hour after hour
in their curious

room nibble alice scribble gertrude
scribble gertrude nibble alice and everywhere

the paintings
and the garden

of their bed.

from *when gertrude married alice*
(Parallel Press, 2004)

Of Course

We'd begin in a bookstore, somewhere
between Kandinsky and Klee, I asked

if Van Gogh was in V or in G, and then
someone said *coffee?* and there we were

at a table, cups and saucers chattering
politely and me trying not to stare at

your hands. It had been raining,
and now as we walked rain clung

to the leaves before falling, each drop
unhurried, its own slow event. When

you asked *Can I give you a call* I reached
into my pocket and pulled out the bookmark

I'd found that morning on my way to the store—
The Kiss, by Klimt, and wrote down my number.

from *when gertrude married alic*
(Parallel Press, 2004)

The
Letter
“A”

everything
in the world

(writes gertrude stein)
begins with “A”

she of course
means Alice—

her apple her angel her
april her autumn

her asterisk her ampersand
her *aperitif*



Advancing Phases

Candlemas half-moon's big backside
tipped up to a clear starry night is
relaxing after a bright sunshine day
a little longer than the one before it.

She was more of a cup than a wedge
last year when the Evening Star and I
both marveled at her shining potential, a
brief taste of the goodness we now share.

That sliver of a moon gave me hope the
year before we met.
I first recognized it on a Tarot card,
the Two of Cups, a promise that sent me on a
long journey of hope with the confidence that
something good would come of it.
I flew over an ocean, mountains, deserts
and felt as if the history of the whole world
was on my side, my quest one of many—crucial
to a global desire for something to believe in.

I saw the slim crescent again when it
gleamed bright over a city dark
without electricity,
and a promise of fire rekindled in my cold heart.
The woman who stood smiling at me
in that match-struck moonlight
was destined only to be a friend,
but it was the hope she gave me
that I had traveled across the world to find.

I went through a whole book of matches
and burned myself a few times before I
gave the moon at this latitude a last try and
found a hot fire waiting for me to come home to.

A new phase begins and I'm in awe of the
increasing light we bask in,
moon-gazing for eight seasons through
blues, eclipses and bright rings
followed by magic snow kingdoms
that sparkle like ballrooms.

The promise that the Two of Cups foretold
is now in our hands.
Together we drink and look forward to spring.

We Defy Definition

You and I are a blurred photograph.
No film is fast enough
to capture the fleeting intimate energy
that streaks between us—
an electrical shock across my car
as we close our doors.



Katrin Talbot

Good Morning, Class

Today we will discuss
the heart,
its unfathomable strengths
its astonishing weaknesses,
in light of new developments
in the cutting edge research
I've been involved with,
the hot steel of the knife
as it slips in
to do its duty,
the somber chant of
the heartbeat
as it informs the soul,
and the judicious physiology
of the muscle itself,
as it tightens
on cue,
with the distinguished pedigree
of instinct

Originally published in the anthology
And Again Last Night (Indigo Dreams, 2009)

States Altered

I've always loved
Sublimation . . .
such a poetic process,
skipping along a
well-worn path,
then the sudden
growth of wings
for the ethereal part of cycle,
but you . . .
you're a functional
phenomenon,
the way I could heat
you up with a passionate flux
and shuddering stabilizer,
your gritty essence
cooling into a rigid condition,
and I could finally
see right through
you

I Lean on Emily's Slant

Tell all the truth but tell it slant

—Emily Dickinson

Especially, of course,
on the *l*, the *s*
being too slippery, the *t*
too awkward, the *a*, the *n*,
not enough surface area

I am Goldilocks in
a bedroom of letters,
the kitchen of lower case,
the just-right seeker

I let him take me against
the *l*, in the river's warm waters
I explore his palatal potential,
as *t* looks the other way

Emily, I heard about your truths,
and then the leaning,
the offering

We tilt like windmills'
italicized dreams
Into, against, within our
alphabetical lovers, Emily,
our women of letters
our lettered man
and we lean towards
truth's preposterous tonic



Gotta Getcha Some

If I can promise you a frosty draft
of Bud Lite when we get there, can we go
to Nashville? Kansas City? Branson Mo?
I'm craving country music—that whole raft
of anthems from the boys who do it best,
star-twangled-banners from the girls who strayed
and lied and loved, and finally got laid
by some hot cowpoke in a leather vest.

Been thinking, off and on, of Toby Keith,
the way his fingers pluck that blue guitar;
I dream up dirty movies (he's the star)
on how those fingers feel from underneath—
but never mind; it's high time we departed.
Get in the car. Shut up. Don't get me started.

Originally published in *The Seven Very
Liberal Arts* (Aralia Press, 2007)

Why Don't You

Shut up. Shut up, shut up, shut up. Okay?
You're not my lucky star, you are a damn
black hole. I do not love you, Sam-I-am.
Get lost. Scram. Beat it. Go away.
Clear out your retrosexual groceries—
that loaf of bread, the jug of wine—right now,
and as for your adoring little *thou*,
just watch her kick you in the fantasies.

I get the sense you're painfully aware
that you're a sorry-ass. The Big Dumpee.
How sad. Let me extend my sympathy
by offering you a simple little prayer:
*May your next cocktail be a Molotov,
and everything that you hold dear fall off.*

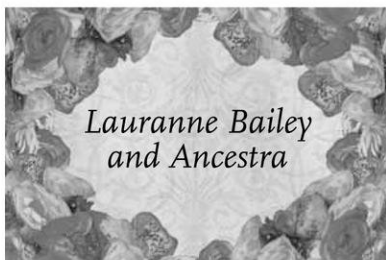
Originally published in *The Seven Very
Liberal Arts* (Aralia Press, 2007)

At the Cocktail Party: A Monorhyme

I can't ignore, I can't explain
the way my retrogressive brain
can almost always ascertain
with little effort, zero strain,
the men with whom I'd stand to gain
what every grown-up would maintain
was one of those adult, humane
relationships that entertain
no possibility of pain,
no *Here I Go Again* refrain—
and wouldn't nurture my insane
desire to go against the grain,
seeking out the perfect vein
in which to shoot some Novocain.

And yet I'm always heading for
those characters I should ignore—
the ones with habits I deplore:
their tendencies to hog the floor
intoning words like "*heretofore*"
and dumping too much private lore
on those they've never met before,
like they've had kinky sex galore
but found it a terrific bore—
then whispering just how much more
a night with *me* might have in store.
Nevermore. Ah, nevermore.
Just watch me march: one two three four
bass-ackwards out the kitchen door.

Originally published in *Poemeleon*
(Winter, 2008/2009)



Song: "My Baby"

My baby loves to play
My baby loves to play all day
My baby loves to play
So look out girls he's a comin' my way

I work so hard all night long
So when I comes home at the crack of dawn
He greets me with his song and a well-earned smile
And wraps me in his arms to escape my trials

My baby loves to play
My baby loves to play all day
My baby loves to play
So look out girls he's a comin' my way

He says the babies they've been cryin'
But so sweet when they're a lyin'
In their beds so safe and warm
The dog's a howlin' tunes
To the cat jumpin' the moon
While we sneaks ourselves a tender storm

My baby loves to play
My baby loves to play all day
My baby loves to play
So look out girls he's a comin' my way

There's nothing like my honey in a blissful tryst
Believe me sweet heaven on earth exists
So see ya later girls I've got business so fine
With the man who said "I do" way back in eighty-nine

My baby loves to play
My baby loves to play all day
My baby loves to play
So look out girls he's a comin' my way

My baby loves me
All night long and through the day

This version has the verses/chorus, etc.

Chorus

My baby loves to play
My baby loves to play all day
My baby loves to play
So look out girls he's a comin' my way

V1

I work so hard all night long
So when I comes home at the crack of dawn
He greets me with his song and a well-earned smile
And wraps me in his arms to escape my trials

Chorus

My baby loves to play
My baby loves to play all day
My baby loves to play
So look out girls he's a comin' my way

Bridge

He says the babies they've been cryin'
But so sweet when they're a lyin'
In their beds so safe and warm
The dog's a howlin' tunes
To the cat jumpin' the moon
While we sneaks ourselves a tender storm

Chorus

My baby loves to play
My baby loves to play all day
My baby loves to play
So look out girls he's a comin' my way

V2

There's nothing like my honey in a blissful tryst
Believe me sweet heaven on earth exists
So see ya later girls I've got business so fine
With the man who said "I do" way back in eighty-nine

Chorus

My baby loves to play

My baby loves to play all day

My baby loves to play

So look out girls he's a comin' my way

Tag

My baby loves me

All night long and through the day

from *You Remind Me of Someone* (2007);
reprinted with permission

Contributors

MARILYN ANNUCCI is the author of *Luck* (Parallel Press, 2000), and her poems have been published in numerous journals in print and online. She is an associate professor in the Department of Languages and Literatures at the University of Wisconsin–Whitewater.

BRIDGET C. BROWN's writing has appeared in various wee literary magazines and the *Utne Reader*. Her more passionate pieces usually regard traffic and can be found at www.pedestriana.net. Her short film *The Plight of the North American Bipeds* was included in the 2008 Milwaukee Short Film Festival.

ROBIN CHAPMAN's books of poetry include: *Images of a Complex World: the Art and Poetry of Chaos* (with J.C. Sprott's fractals, World Scientific, 2005); *The Dreamer Who Counted the Dead* (WordTech Editions, 2007); *Smoke and Strong Whiskey* (WordTech Editions, 2008); *Abundance* (Cider Press, 2009); and *The Only Everglades in the World* (Parallel Press, 2001). Her poems have appeared in *The Prairie Schooner*, *Qarrtsiluni*, and *Calyx*, among others.

RHONDA LEE has performed her narrative poetry since the 1980s in numerous venues, including grade schools, Tracey Doreen's ReaLibrary, bookstores, coffeehouses, restaurants, botanical gardens, a ballroom in San Antonio, and a mule stable in Montana. Lee has also contributed to the anthologies *A Voice of One's Own*, *Poets Without Borders*, and WORT-FM's *The Poetry Buzz: An Aural Year-Full*. Lee co-founded, with Andrea Potos, the annual Love & Lust Readings at A Room of One's Own bookstore. She has volunteered for WORT's Radio Literature collective since 1998.

ANDREA POTOS is the author of three poetry collections: *Abundance to Share with the Birds* (Finishing Line Press, 2010), *Yaya's Cloth* (Iris Press, 2007), and *The Perfect Day* (Parallel Press, 1998). Another full-length collection, *We Lit the Lamps Ourselves*, is forthcoming from Salmon Poetry in 2012. Her poems can be found in many print and online journals, and anthologies. In 1994, Potos co-founded, along with Rhonda Lee, the annual Love & Lust Readings at A Room of One's Own bookstore.

EVE ROBILLARD writes for both adults and children. Publications include two chapbooks of adult poetry: *everything happens twice* (Fireweed Press, 2002) and *when gertrude married alice* (Parallel Press, 2004). Her poetry has been read by Garrison Keillor on his NPR Program, “The Writer’s Almanac.” Eve is a former children’s librarian living in Madison, WI.

NICKY SUND is a Madison-based poet, drummer, and cab driver. She has been a participant in A Room of One’s Own bookstore Love & Lust Readings for many years.

KATRIN TALBOT’s poetry has been published in many journals and anthologies. Her chapbook, *St. Cecilia’s Daze*, was recently published by Parallel Press, and she has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize. She is also a violist and photographer, and her multi-media work *Schubert’s Winterreise: A Winter Journey in Poetry, Image, and Song* was published by the University of Wisconsin Press in 2003. She holds masters degrees in Molecular Biology and in Heartbreak.

MARILYN L. TAYLOR is the author of six collections of poetry, the most recent of which, *Going Wrong*, was published in 2009 by Parallel Press. Her award-winning work has also appeared in many anthologies and journals, including *The American Scholar*, *Poetry*, *Valparaiso Review*, *Measure*, *Mezzo Cammin*, *Able Muse*, and *The Raintown Review*. She taught poetry and poetics at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee for many years, and currently serves as a contributing editor for *The Writer*, where her columns on craft appear bimonthly. Taylor was the Poet Laureate of Wisconsin for 2009 and 2010.

LAURANNE BAILEY AND ANCESTRA is the musical side dish for Love and Lust Poetry readings. The a cappella group writes most of its songs and arranges them all. With signature dissonant chords plotted throughout their songs, they’ve been known to melt hearts with resonant harmonies, and challenge the mind with compelling lyrics. “My Baby” lyrics comprise one of the group’s more whimsical songs, about Lauranne’s husband, Merle, who is himself a musician who likes to “play all day.” The current trio Kathryn Ripp, Carol Harm, and Lauranne Bailey have been together since 2003. Ancestra released their first album of all original tunes, *You Remind Me of Someone*, in 2007. In 2009, the group completed a commissioned interactive CD/video project, *Living First Peace*, for the World Foundation for the Discipline of Peace. For more information, see <http://ancestra.org>.



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