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Editor's Note

It's been a while since I edited a regular issue of JDP. I'm rusty at these intros, honestly. Also, my head's a little foggy. I don't drink anymore, but time travel always screws me up. And really what is the dawning of a new year if not a crossing of the threshold into the future? A while ago it was 2018; now it's 2019 (sans flying cars and replicants, sadly.) Moving the annual *Doctor Who* special from Christmas Day to New Year's Day didn't help any, no matter how much I like Jodie Whittaker's Doctor. I'm out of sorts, frankly, reading "Abkhazian" where it's supposed to say "abecedarian," "Sinestro" instead of "sestina." Fortunately, the work in this issue speaks clearly, if darkly, of the world as it is and, occasionally, of the world as it should be. There are four wonderful pieces of flash fiction, two cutting pieces of free verse, a steamroller of an essay, and, yes, an excellent abecedarian and a stunning sestina. (By the way, don't feel bad if you don't know what an abecedarian is; I had to google it and allegedly I'm an editor.) Let these writers' words be the balm on your aching head, the cool mint kiss that soothes your anxieties, and the fresh pack of *Star Wars* cards that makes you feel young, as when the world was new and we just yelled at each in real life instead of over a series of interconnected processing nodes. (Personally, I would've preferred flying cars instead.) Who knows what 2019 will bring any of us, but if it's anything like the writing in Issue 103...maybe it'll be okay.

— Mike Sweeney
Guest Editor

A late night thought

Ilina Gjurovska

have you ever wondered
whose job it is
to determine the distance
between street lights?
have you ever wondered
how much darkness
is ok?

ILINA GJUROVSKA is a 22-year-old Australian university student, currently based in Tübingen, Germany. Her work has previously been published in *The Ibis Head Review* and she hopes to continue to connect with people all around the world through her writing. Love will make the world a better place. She posts more of her poetry and short stories on <https://pensandparcels.weebly.com/about.html>.

A Statue of a Crazy Horse

Joshua Storrs

Six nameless months passed before we noticed the statue of a crazy horse on the lawn of the old courthouse. Some could sense we put it there, but none remembered why. Black onyx, it rears back, eyes wild, tongue flailing. There's a mark on its forehead.

Tonight we crowd around it. City council's giving an award to the man who wrote the book about the statue. The rest of the town's shown up to protest. We're upset about all of it—the award, the book, and the statue. Makes us uncomfortable.

We can't remember what happened in those six months after the statue showed up. Didn't even see it till there were already leaves falling. Only thing anyone could say about that summer was that it was hot. That was eight years ago.

It's a quiet town—the amnesia could be from boredom, but that wouldn't explain why it feels like there's folks missing. Nobody we can name, but there's less of us now than there were before.

We're still not looking at it, not really. We've got our signs and our flashlights and we're closer than most of us are comfortable with, but we're looking past it, at where the podium's set up. The mayor's saying some words about the man who put the town On The Map, as he says.

Really it was a professor who started it. Came in from New York a couple years ago on some kind of grant to study “Midwestern sculpture.” Ended up going nuts looking at the thing all day. We stopped looking at her, like there was some word of warning we forgot to pass on. She went back to New York and

raised some hell at her university over the mark on the thing's forehead. The story ended up in magazines. If anyone put us On The Map, it's her, but that wasn't the kind of On The Map city council could be proud of.

So this local man wrote a bestseller in response to the controversy. The book didn't actually answer anything. It condemned the woman in New York and her pretentious attitudes about small town Midwesterners. The book confronted the statue, defended it, said it was a symbol of pride for a misunderstood people. Didn't even mention the missing people. Its author knew just as much as anyone, which was nothing. But it started one of those "National Conversations," and soon everyone had an opinion.

A handful of folks at this protest just want to go back to not having an opinion. They don't want to think about it. They don't want to think about the unsaid warnings that could have saved that professor's brain. They don't want to think about the six months that they *can't* think about. But to get back to all that not thinking, they've got to hold a sign a while.

But for most of us it's about those missing people. No names or records show anyone missing, but there were gaps in work schedules, shifts with no one to cover them. There were cars in parking lots that didn't move for months before finally getting towed away, no owner on the registration. There's a footprint in the air of this place, something we can't see or taste, but still squeezing the air from our lungs.

The author's knuckles turn white as he grips the podium and tries to speak, but we're out-shouting the PA system. We're not as angry about the statue as we are about someone being proud of it.

He's looking at the speech on his phone, but the screen keeps turning off because he can't get a word in edgewise. He goes off script. He takes the mic off the stand and charges us with it. He tries to move around the statue to get in our faces—shouting, pointing, not looking at the crazed horse any more than the rest of us—but we move too, circling the statue opposite him, keeping it between us.

The cord of his microphone wraps around the base of the statue. This thing that puts our guilt in the center of town for us to glance at every day—to catch out of the corner of our eye as we eat breakfast across the street—something we don't want to look at, but of course we do. This symbol of our delirium.

The cord wraps tighter. The man's circles get shorter. The statue of the crazed horse stays between us. We are a vortex spinning round a bottomless pit. Falling closer, the friction lights a fire, and we drink his words like fuel.

JOSHUA STORRS is a finalist for the 2017 Barry Hannah Prize for Fiction for his short story, "Holy Ground," which he sold to a journal that never published it and then disappeared. When he's not shaking his fists at the sky and cursing the name of God, he makes comic books with his friends, which you can read at JoshuaStorrs.com. Joshua lives in Pittsburgh and goes by @Bloombeard on twitter and instagram.

Tag

Emma Munro

Ella tracked the untagged male to Costco. Like everyone else, he pushed a shopping cart, referred to a list and then selected goods. He wore the perfect outfit to blend in—minimal makeup, silk top, long flowing cardigan, soft flared culottes, and espadrilles. She wanted to grab him and holler, but that would expose his recklessness. Males had been torn apart for less, despite how few there were.

On her left, down past the freeze-dried mozzarella, he reached for a large bag of jerky. Ella palmed her tranquilizer gun and dialled a sedative dose. To camouflage the shot, Ella simultaneously coughed, dropped a box of snack bars and fired. The dart skimmed his bicep. Not surprisingly he spun away, darting back and forth between women bulk-buying for their households. His nimble footwork delighted Ella until she lost sight of him in small appliances. She dashed along the central aisle, checking left and right.

The male's topknot flashed behind a tent display and disappeared.

"There you are," she muttered. Wheeling about, Ella lumbered down the camping supplies aisle. No sign of him.

After several minutes, she turned a corner into the food court. Luck was on her side today. The male sat at a corner table stuffing purchases into his backpack. He looked around him constantly. Skinny but not malnourished, a rarity for the untagged. He'd need training; what male didn't. But a woman had paid for those clothes and taught him manners, illegally of course.

"All right," Ella whispered to herself, "this time make sure it's a good shot." She raised the dart gun. The dart glinted in the bright light, clattered to the floor. The male yelped and swung his backpack. Exposed to all, he fled toward the checkouts.

Women shouted to each other across the low tables and food counters. *Shoot, shoot! He's bolting. Get him.*

Ella rushed, heart soaring at the thrill of the chase. A gang of women matched her pace, stamping, shouting promises. *Hey sweet thing. Come home with us. We'll do right by you.*

She'd be kind to him, she'd take care of him and protect him. She had to get to him before any of these women remembered how close they were to rows and rows of weapons.

"Please," the male cried from somewhere in the crowd.

"He is mine," Ella bellowed. "I saw him first." She crashed toward his voice, shoving women and shopping carts out of her way.

He's breaking.

The male burst into a clear space not twenty feet away. He leapt across a closed checkout, spectacular in full sprint, backlit by the waning sun.

Ella darted him. He flung his arms out wide. Then he twisted and sunk to his knees. Ella hurried over, reached around his shoulders and supported him against her chest. The second dart had struck him dead in the heart.

"Are you okay?" Ella gently clipped his earlobe, tagging him. The tag winked red, then blue: registered. Legal.

He blinked.

"You're mine now."

EMMA MUNRO lives in the Blue Mountains of Australia with one wife and two cats. Her stories have appeared in *Hashtag Queer LGBTQ+ Creative Anthology Vol. 1*, *Hello Horror*, *Pure Slush*, *Cosmos* and other places. She was born in the year of the Tiger and collects books beyond her ability to read. She's an avid couch-dreamer, gardener, and bush-walker, and is a sucker for life's simple pleasures: food, coffee, friends, and reading. She reads for *Flash Fiction Online*. You can find her at www.emmamunro.com.au.

Takeover

John Grey

Something's moving through old town,
a shadow, a shape,
a humming sound.

Some people see,
others hear,
some sense it like the breeze.

If they're not thinking,
it's the default in the brain,
not feeling,
it takes over the heart.

You can tell by the eyes,
blank as brick walls,
if that something's moved in.

Or an ashen look on the face,
a double shake of the head,
if it's being resisted.

But that something is patient
and insistent.
Eventually,
everyone succumbs.

Avoid old town
is my advice.
Unless, of course,
you're so weary
of piloting your own life,
you're willing for this other
to take the wheel.

JOHN GREY is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in the *Homestead Review*, *Harpur Palate*, and *Columbia Review* with work upcoming in the *Roanoke Review*, the *Hawaii Review* and *North Dakota Quarterly*.

Abecedarian on Drinking with Indians

Cooper Shea

Ages ago, when I was a kid and my grandfather got
bored with watching me, he'd say —

*"Come on! We're going
drinking with the Indians!"*

Equipped with a 30-pack, we'd go to a guy named
Frankie Youngbear's

green slab-

house so they could drink and play euchre.

"Indians," he'd say *"are*

*just like us but they were the land's first people,
Kid."*

looking at them like a student looks at a

musty history textbook, I

never thought they were that different.

Only thing that stuck out was that we were

pale and they looked kinda sunburnt.

Quality booze was

rare for my grandfather, but

sometimes, they'd get a real nice bottle of

Teeling, this Irish whiskey that he loved. They could

usually drink it dry over two games, my grandfather

viciously condemning the government and what they did to the
natives.

We'd leave when it started to get dark. The old man not exactly walking straight from Frankie's house, still yelling that he was sorry about Wounded Knee and myself zig-zagging with him back to our own, separate life.

COOPER SHEA is a poet from Iowa. He is a recent graduate from the University of Northern Iowa and contributed to the literary magazines *Inner Weather*, *Periphery*, and *Sun and Sandstone*. He's just...he's trying, man.

Life in the Sky Circa 1998

Dominic Stabile

"We're up here bakin'," Les said to the man pissing on the back of his parents' house. The man looked up, squinted at the two boys peeking down from the roof. We had crawled out Les' second floor window, hoping for privacy.

"Nice to meet you, Bacon," the man said. He zipped his fly and went back into the house.

We laughed and scooted to the wall. The window yawned above us, the noise of the party like distant radio chatter. Truly, it was more humid than hot. The shingles were slick with dew.

"You talked to that girl?" Les asked.

Every time he asked, it was like a knot loosened in my stomach. No one but Les ever asked about her.

I shook my head.

"You need to say something to her."

"Every time I start to, I feel sick."

Les sucked his teeth and said, "You just have to do it." His voice *never* shook when he said things like that, a thing I envied about him.

We stared across the narrow yard. The dogwood tree and the dead garden were shadows in the orange fog.

"I could talk to her for you," he said, and I looked at him.

"Why would you do that?"

"Why not?"

Still, his voice was *steady*.

“Because you don’t know her,” I said. “And I wouldn’t know what to say.”

He got up and paced toward the edge of the roof. He spat into the yard. His hands were in his pockets, and he stood in a cool way I could never manage—feet splayed out, shoulders rolled forward.

It took a moment for me to realize he’d pulled his phone.

“What are you doing?” I said.

“Calling Dej. He’s got her number.”

“Why does Dej have her number?” I said.

I got up and started toward him. My foot slipped on the wet shingles, but I steadied myself.

“Give it to me,” I said.

“It’s fine,” he said.

I reached for the phone and he jerked away from me, stepping closer to the edge of the roof.

I pulled back and said, “Watch the edge.”

“What’s up, Dej?” he said into the phone.

“Give it to me,” I repeated, reaching out again.

He swung back with an elbow, just missing my jaw. “Hold up.”

“Please, Les,” I said.

Les turned and looked at me. His features slackened in a familiar way. I wanted his sympathy, not a girlfriend. But it always made me feel like shit when he took pity on me. Pity was more demeaning than sympathy.

He lowered the phone and opened his mouth to speak, but before he could get a word out, a three-dimensional triangle the size of a microwave floated out through his window and hovered between us. Its translucent, black exterior caught the afternoon light like a dark marble.

Les looked at me and sucked his teeth like I was playing a joke on him.

"I got to go," he said into the phone and hung up. He put the phone in his pocket. He looked at his shoes and shook his head. After laughing to himself, he looked up at me. Purplish light from the triangle painted his face.

"What is it?" I asked.

Les sucked his teeth again, shaking his head. He stared at me.

The object began to hum, and the purple light brightened.

"Seriously, what is it?" I asked.

Les turned away and looked out over his yard. The fog had begun to thin. The dogwood tree had come into view, and I could make out the dead tomato plants hanging from stakes in the garden.

DOMINIC STABILE's bizarre fiction has appeared in numerous magazines and anthologies, including *Sanitarium Magazine*, *Atticus Review*, and *Fossil Lake III: Unicornado*. He is a regular contributor to Manor House Productions' horror podcast, which produces haunting audio dramas. His bizarro-noir book series, *Stone*, is published by Sinister Grin Press. Connect with Dominic on social media or at his website, dominicstabile.com.

The Secret Life of Randy

Ben von Jagow

Sometimes, when I have the house to myself, I pretend to be a dog. I get down on all fours and roam around with Sutch and Rusty, who are also dogs. It sounds more exciting than it really is. For the most part, we nap, or lie by the front door and await the return of one of the humans. But sometimes it's fun. Sometimes, we bark at people walking on the street, or we make a mess of the garbage, or we lie on the furniture which mother, sorry Master, says we're never to do. But what mother doesn't know can't hurt her. That's what Sutch says. Actually what Sutch says is "Bark bark bark bark," which I assume means what mother doesn't know can't hurt her.

One day, mother leaves to run errands, which usually means she'll be out of the house for an extended period of time, which is when I prefer to well, be a dog. On this particular day though, mother does not close the front door. The screen door is closed but the front door is not. So myself, Sutch, and Rusty do what any three dogs finding themselves in that situation would do, we go outside.

Rusty pushes the screen door open with his snout and Sutch and I file out after him. The sun is bright and the air resplendent with a million tantalizing smells, all of them beckoning. Sutch signals that we should go left but I, being the alpha, say we go right. I actually prefer we go left too but sometimes it is nice to impose your authority on those beneath you.

To the right we go, I say in dog, and the three of us trot down the street. Sutch and Rusty are faster than I am, they're seasoned

and more adept at four-legged transport, but I am nothing if not a trooper. I crawl behind earnestly, eagerly, and bask in the glorious day.

We pass Mrs. Black who says “Now just what are you doing young man?”

I bark at her and she says “Lord have mercy.”

Then we spot the mailman. We detest the mailman. The three of us begin growling and barking and he says “What the fuck are you doing kid?” So I growl some more and try to bite his leg. He says “I will fucking end you,” but he backs away.

We continue up Dorchester Street, all the way to Billingsley. The walk is wonderful and the three of us revel in our newfound freedom. Perhaps we will never return home. We carry onward, towards the park that is nestled between Billingsley and Abbott, when something captures our attention.

A ball, tiny and red, bounces twice, three times, down a nearby driveway and immediately we—Rusty, Sutch, and myself—are in pursuit. The ball picks up speed as it hops down the asphalt. The three of us are hot on its tail. The ball is red, made of Indian rubber, and is hefty. It is undoubtedly a lacrosse ball. That is what the human in me would have noticed. But right now I am in dog mode and all I see is a ball, something to be retrieved at all costs.

The ball is rolling now, down the driveway and into the street. We continue after it. The human in me knows that to follow a ball into the street would be foolhardy but right now my animal instincts take precedence. So I chase the object. It must be chased. It must be retrieved. I’m close. I can almost reach it an-

SCREEEEEEEEEEEECH.

The noise is loud and piercing. Like a tortured bird. It fills my ears. I'm afraid to move. The dog in me has been vanquished, supplanted by something more visceral, more human. Panic and fear flood through my veins. I look up to see Rusty and Sutch clearing the street. They look scared. But soon they will forget about what happened. I do not have that luxury. The screech will be embossed in my conscious for some time to come.

I turn toward the car that almost hit us. It is stopped only a couple of feet away from me. I can reach out and touch the fender but I don't. Instead, I look up, through the windshield and lock eyes with my mother.

BEN VON JAGOW is a writer from Ottawa, Canada. He studied business at the University of Western Ontario before leaving the country to wander. Ben's work has appeared or is scheduled to appear in *Splickety Magazine*, *Foliate Oak Literary Review*, and *American Football International*. For more of Ben's work visit benviajando.wordpress.com.

A Rose's Reckoning

Hilary Gan

Today is the day someone else's Messiah rose
to deteriorate finally into a figure on a small wood cross in the attic
waiting for a final coat of varnish.

How many years before He is brought into the light?

How many poor remedies prescribed by the village witch?

How many broken farmers' fields sown with salt?

I have trudged miles, scanning the horizon looking for the salt
of the earth, for a solitary rose

but underneath my feet the plants wither; I am a witch

devoid of craft—a cackling granny given distant lodging in the
attic—

sunspots on my face and liverspots on my hands from too many
years in the wrong light—

my body a boat's figurehead with deep folds the color of varnish

Oh, and what varnish!

Slice me and barrel me and salt

me down in trust for next year's famine, tie me in a kerchief for a
light

snack on the road. I wear my years on my face. I am one who never
rose

beyond my circumstance. An average life was my house's attic.

Daughter of a witch,

Now mother to a witch—

Yes, she is, and all that witching entails. I will not varnish
the truth. Ever since that day on the attic
stairs I have known her soul to be a pillar of salt.

Children never imagine their mothers on the receiving end of a
rose—

Young, and standing in a parlor filled with afternoon light—

But I had thirty years before I even invented her name, ambition a
fiery light

burning in my uncanny witch

heart, my hair dark as night and my cheeks a dusty rose

the late flowers of fall my beauty's only varnish

striving like a Roman soldier for my bag of salt

howling at the stars, shouting my body's defiance into the attic

of heaven. Begging my Lord above to come down from His attic
dwelling and grant me a spark of His light—!

But the saltiness has gone out of this salt.

And I am no longer even a witch

I am a broken table, a grey streak of wood worn of its varnish,
a dried and pressed and colorless rose

found between yellowed pages, too light for life, an inefficacious
witch's

brew. I go soon to His attic; and my beauty's varnish

now will be the stillness of the great dead sea, the salt of purity;

soon He prunes the rose.

HILARY GAN lives in St. Louis, MO, with her D&D-playing husband and terrifyingly curious infant daughter. After stints as an ecologist, line cook, candlemaker, package tester, and museum educator, she has settled into library work. Find more of her fiction and essays at www.hilarygan.com.

Earthly and Immediate Causes

Gwen Werner

A phrase I heard a lot when I was a Christian, one that stuck to my skull, was, “find your identity in Christ,” but what I wanted was an identity in anything concrete, something tangible to hang from, something to reckon with.

Toward the beginning of high school, before I got diagnosed with Celiac’s Disease, a doctor said I might be hypoglycemic. They took my blood, but before we got the results back, I had already told everyone I was hypoglycemic. I’d eat spoonfuls of honey and pretend to fall asleep in front of boys and girls I had crushes on.

A few years ago, a friend of mine said, “You’ll always be my first girlfriend,” and I held onto that with both hands. I started calling her my ex and it started to feel true.

When I started dating my husband, I said things to him like, “I have perfect pitch.” I told him that one night when we were first dating and I was drunk and he was driving us to his parents’ house in Southwest Wisconsin. Right before we hit a deer, he said, “Sing me an E.”

And then I said, “I don’t have perfect pitch, I just want you to like me.” Then we hit a deer.

My parents’ fundamentalist Christian church is a hands-at-your-sides congregation. The chapel isn’t flashy because flashiness isn’t godliness. There was a little uproar from the older folks when a guitar was brought in for worship, even though it wasn’t to be used

during the more meditative service. It is a sterile experience, driven by simple faith.

I wanted grit and bile and broken teeth, but Christ was never on our cross.

There is something about Catholicism that I've always liked, though. I like the rituals and the relics, the Latin. I like the idea of eating and drinking God. I like that by some spookiness the bread and wine become literal skin and blood. I like the big choral numbers reverberating in high ceilings and the stained glass and the paintings of fat ladies and bearded dudes in skirts.

At bible camp, where I first got saved, I felt like I was acting in a play. It felt good. I was finishing the first act and relishing in the ovation.

When I got kicked out of bible college the first time, it was for giving a guy a blowjob. He felt as though he had sinned, so he confessed to the administration and the administration included my mom. If I hadn't fit in with those Kid Christians before, I definitely didn't afterward.

The next year, when I returned to bible college the second time, the other girls had been warned about me: the trouble-maker, the whore. Eventually I became the whore both on and off campus because finally I was being identified by something true, something I'd done. The repressed Christian girl finding her sexuality is an easy part to play when she's you.

Later, I'd figure out that my identity could be found in anything I made or did with my two human hands. I could hang from the neck of anything, not just the neck of Christ's cross.

I moved in with my boyfriend after I'd known him for three months, without really asking him. I brought over my stuff a box at a time and he gave me a drawer so I took two and then half the closet and here we are.

He and I did the kind of adjusting you do when you love someone. The daily changes people make when they want to scream at each other for leaving their shit everywhere, but somehow still find a way to bang a couple times a week. He would work all day and then come home and write for hours while I kicked the back of his chair until I decided to go get drunk at the bars.

He used to tell me to "be sweet" as I'd leave the house, an "I love you" and a "be careful" and a "stay calm" all rolled in one. He was patient and I was an asshole, because that was who I was trying to be at the time, because I sure as hell wasn't ready to scrub out laundry baskets or settle down.

I was and am notorious for saying things like, "I should get into gardening" or "What if I got really good at upholstering?" and he always says, "Do it." And I don't want to give him too much credit, but over the years he's given me the right amount of space and the right amount of handholding for me to be the kind of person who says yes to the things that make me better and no to the things that don't.

He showed me what a real writing life looks like. He showed me writers like Amy Hempel and Rick Bass, bands like Polvo and the Drive-by Truckers, art worth holding in the air and spinning around for a while. Then he showed me with all that magnificence how to make room for me.

After I left the church, I took my mom out to lunch and told her, “I am pursuing earthly and immediate causes. I’m really happy.”

And while she wasn’t altogether satisfied with that answer, still sincerely and kindheartedly concerned for the state of my eternal soul, I settled myself into the idea that this self was the self I’d been crawling toward.

My esthetician friend talked to me about charismatic Christianity while ripping out my pubic hair last week. She casually asked about my writing, but this particular friend of mine is one of those earnestly interested people, remarkable at asking big questions, accepting any answer no matter how short or stupid, then moving on to the next big idea. She’s one of those offhandedly bared people, the kind of person who will tell you they enjoy Fleetwood Mac and they dream of sorting out the foster care system and they don’t enjoy wearing underwear, all in the same breath.

I told her about my current project. I said the kind of idiot things you say when you’re describing your art or your kid.

She ripped out a section of hair and held it up to show me, laughed. “That was a good one!”

“I guess I don’t really fucking know,” I said, “I’m afraid of some of it. I don’t want to make my mom cry,” I finished.

She laughed again and yanked out more hair, slapped her hand down where the wax had been and held it there. “So, where are you on God?”

We talked for a while and pretended we weren't both sort of thinking about my vagina. She said, "I'm way off the deep end. You know, I got baptized in the spirit last year and I speak in tongues and all that."

We talked about her spiritual gifts and they sounded like magic to me. For the first time in years, talking about God didn't make me wince, because I get it. The invisible god just doesn't speak to me like the one carved from stone hanging in a great big cathedral or the YouTube videos of people falling on the ground, touched by something mystical, speaking in tongues, the art and performance of the big guy in charge.

There's something living and breathing in something created, whether it lasts or not. Words hold history and future. They are holy. And the daily-ness of making them is like taking the sacrament. It's ritual enough for me. The writers and artists who came before me and all of us who scribble down our shit for all different reasons, choosing this sometimes lonely, slow, and thoughtful life, are my church and congregation and my body of Christ; each of us making art for the sake of art and identifying ourselves for the sake of identity.

I don't have an "identity in Christ," but on my best days I have an identity in the only things about religion that ever made sense to me: verse, craft, community. The noise worth worshiping.

"Earthly and Immediate Causes" originally appeared in print in I'm Ruining My Own Life by Gwen Werner, a chapbook published by Passenger Side Books. You can get a copy at <http://passengersidebooks.blogspot.com>

Gwen Werner is doing fine, thanks for asking. She shares a bachelor pad with a mutt, a blind kitty, and a toothless kitty. You can find her here, if you give a good goddamn: www.gwenwerner.com.

On the cover:

“Garysaurus”

JIM GARY (1939 – 2006) was a New Jersey sculptor known for figures (often dinosaurs) compiled from old car parts. This “Garysaurus” sculpture (one of many Garysaures) lives near Roadside Diner in Wall Township, New Jersey. (Photo credit: Mike Sweeney)

