

East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

- [Home](#)
- [About Us](#)
- [Contact Us](#)
- [Submit](#)
- [Meet the Editors](#)
- [Issue 23- Spring 2022](#)
- [Previous Issues](#)
- [Join Our Team](#)

Poetry

[back](#)

[1984](#)
By: Les Kay

[Cloud Formation](#)
By: Les Kay

[Cryptozoology](#)
By: Les Kay

[Marlene Dietrich on the Radio](#)
By: Les Kay

[The Night's Tragedy](#)
By: Marc Eddington

[My Ignorant Son](#)
By: Marc Eddington

[Debauchery](#)
By: Josh Bunnell

[He Always Wanted To Be A Dentist](#)
By: Josh Bunnell

[7:02 A.M.](#)
By: Thomas Dowell-Howko

[Haiku Contest](#)

East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-
Spring
2022](#)

[Previous
Issues](#)

[Join Our
Team](#)

1984

[back](#)

By: Les Kay

In Safeway, a boy in a black cap slips
quarters into slots to buy new lives.
He loops his bomber past pixel tracers
from digital MiGs, pounding his fingers
numb on red buttons. A burst of flack
grazes the wing, and his money is done.

Outside, a swept-wing B-1 banks
above suburban rooftops, trembling
lace-curtained windows. The Lancer
touches down behind razor wire, searing
rubber into tarmac as it screeches to a halt.

For a better view of the base, the boy
clanders up a dogwood, blooming cloud-white.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

CREATED BY
WebsiteBuilder

East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-
Spring
2022](#)

[Previous
Issues](#)

[Join Our
Team](#)

Cloud Formations

[back](#)

By: Les Kay

Great Britain sulks across starlight
through the channel. Betelgeuse, blinking
orange, appears where ships have sunk
with Dover in sight. A North wind

drowns cicadas as Europe approaches.
I have work to do; banks need semicolons.

Later, the island will empty itself of rain
over the corn fields of Southern Indiana.

and punctuation shall be set free
to marauder down empty streets

making sentences from what's left of night—

(First published in Blue Earth Review)

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

CREATED BY
WebsiteBuilder



East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-
Spring
2022](#)

[Previous
Issues](#)

[Join Our
Team](#)

Cryptozoology

[back](#)

By: Les Kay

Mornings before I woke, my father would be up by five,
sitting at the kitchen table, brewing blended coffee,
boiling water, and spreading mustard (or was it mayonnaise?)
on sandwich slices of white bread for a baloney lunch.

He would open two paper packets of instant oatmeal,
pour their dried flakes into a bowl dolloped with margarine
and baptize the concoction with boiling water.

Every workday for fifteen years, this was his breakfast.
Hollandaise sauce was as likely as holding hands with a hobbit.
Elaborate omelets bursting with ham were rare as Sasquatch sightings.
Lattes were serpentine tales from Scottish lochs.

Now, I can't remember a single conversation
we had before he drove twenty miles to cut cardboard all day.
Maybe he told me tall tales about a boar his grandfather

killed with a ball of twine, a duck whistle, and a bottle of moonshine.
Most days, though, he'd let me float through the ocean
of sleep, spotting narwhals and megamouth sharks
from a bathysphere of bunched up blankets.

Since then, I've seen a skeleton of *Homo floresiensis*.
I've learned to burn water while making macaroni for my wife.
I've dreamed tiny hobbit hands stretched forth toward mine.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

POWERED BY
WebsiteBuilder

East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-
Spring
2022](#)

[Previous
Issues](#)

[Join Our
Team](#)

Marlene Dietrich on the Radio

[back](#)

By: Les Kay

Lyrics held falsetto
Linger in the larynx

And syntax dissolves
Into pitch and tone.

Relics from behind barbed
Fences clutter the kitchen:

A sepia photo,
Creased faces, catalogued

Forearms, etched forever
With concertina wire;

A dingy medal, clipped
From its tricolor ribbon;

Letters from a fiancée
On her endless way to France.

(First published in Eclipse: A Literary Journal)

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

CREATED BY
WebsiteBuilder

East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-
Spring
2022](#)

[Previous
Issues](#)

[Join Our
Team](#)

The Night's Tragedy

[back](#)

By: Marc Eddington

The night eavesdropped onto the city below: The lights, authors of insomnia, breathed for a moment but returned to the bustle.

The skyscrapers, stretching underneath the silver, slept - although their sleepless belly removed them from dreams.

The automobiles coughed and sputtered but never slept.

The roads have been asleep for eons, a by-product of ourselves. The streets have always been slick with exhaust, but we seek to silence it.

The children dream, but they do not rest. One day they will rest, but never dream.

And the birds - we have lost them. Why have they flown away without us?

The night, flushed, bit its lip and rushed the morning star.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

Created by
WebsiteBuilder

East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-
Spring
2022](#)

[Previous
Issues](#)

[Join Our
Team](#)

My Ignorant Son (Poetry Winner)

[back](#)

By: Marc Eddington

I remember the warming eclipse of buds,
the orange petals waltzing with the cherry
which felt the weaving of vanilla
within, the voluminous world was so very
fulfilling as the old oak
that I have proudly birthed.

I recall the first work of my son.
Well done, I remarked, tasting the cold
the concrete delivered.

My son believed he could fly
plumeless, the plummet cut brief
by the crack of the noose
that ignorance believed was rebirth.

I cried
from the cut of such selfish drilling
into my spine, the surgeon's saw never shaking
until my blood caused a grotesquely slick bathing,
a slippery death for my son.

The eclipse of my children
is marked by the monuments
left behind to wither, marked by the pride
of selfish ambition.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

POWERED BY
WebsiteBuilder

East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-
Spring
2022](#)

[Previous
Issues](#)

[Join Our
Team](#)

Debauchery

[back](#)

By: Josh Bunnell

It almost seems like nostalgia;
the feeling of foam against my lips.
An entrancing amber color,
such is ambrosia.

The taboo it used to be has me longing;
Leather never had me so enamored.
The epitome of teenage angst;
such is contingency.

I recollect lust looming over me;
what felt like love, was truly prurience.
The top down, a gentle breeze brushes over;
such is intemperance.

I wouldn't really call that night a soiree;
though she did look rather dashing.
The evening was mine.
Such is debauchery.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

Created by
WebsiteBuilder

East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-
Spring
2022](#)

[Previous
Issues](#)

[Join Our
Team](#)

He Always Wanted To Be A Dentist

[back](#)

By: Josh Bunnell

Dry leaves fill my nose with
the slight undertone of moist Earth.
I've got to find a place for this bag
I have no room on the shelf.

A garden of Iris, all a titian hue,
I learned this method from the history books.
Squanto used the process on corn, so it goes.
Looks like Jenkins won't be presenting on Tuesday.

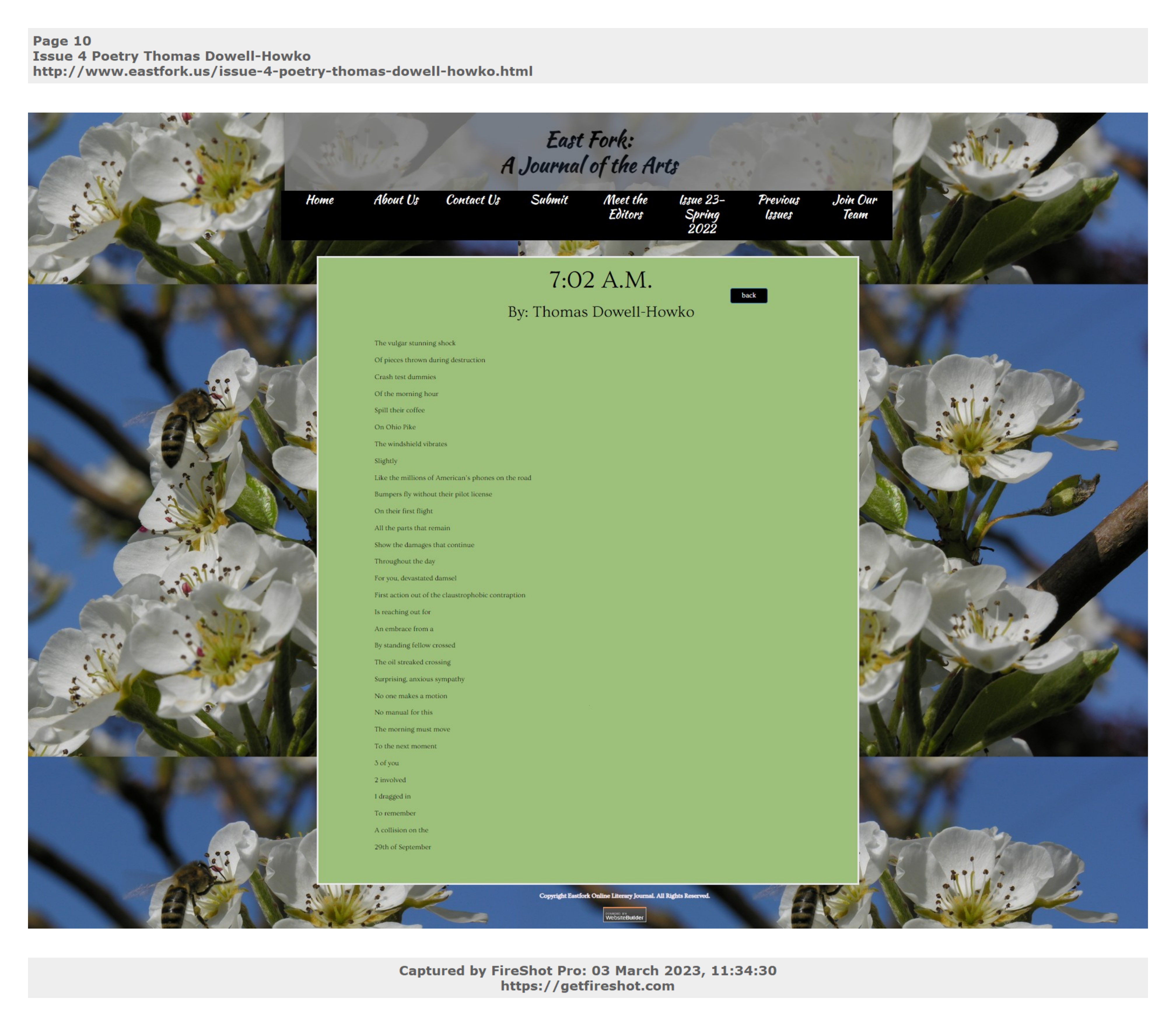
I always wanted to play dentist;
Jenkins was the perfect specimen
he didn't even scream at all, not bad for my first patient.
I had to have memorabilia, but no jars to be found.

First one, then two,
trophies of my work.
He wanted to be knocked out.
Little did he know, he'd be sleeping over, permanently.

The clay is cold on my hands as I dig.
The dry leaves fill my nose with
the slight undertone of moist Earth.
Looks like Jenkins has a green thumb after all.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

Created by
WebsiteBuilder



*East Fork:
A Journal of the Arts*

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-
Spring
2022](#)

[Previous
Issues](#)

[Join Our
Team](#)

7:02 A.M.

[back](#)

By: Thomas Dowell-Howko

The vulgar stunning shock
Of pieces thrown during destruction
Crash test dummies
Of the morning hour
Spill their coffee
On Ohio Pike
The windshield vibrates
Slightly
Like the millions of American's phones on the road
Bumpers fly without their pilot license
On their first flight
All the parts that remain
Show the damages that continue
Throughout the day
For you, devastated damsel
First action out of the claustrophobic contraption
Is reaching out for
An embrace from a
By standing fellow crossed
The oil streaked crossing
Surprising, anxious sympathy
No one makes a motion
No manual for this
The morning must move
To the next moment
3 of you
2 involved
1 dragged in
To remember
A collision on the
29th of September

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

POWERED BY
WebsiteBuilder

East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-
Spring
2022](#)

[Previous
Issues](#)

[Join Our
Team](#)

Haiku Contest

[back](#)



First Place
Contain By: Seth Teegarden

Petals scythed and broken,
Mower blades net our world,
Hope is manicured.

Second Place
By: Tobbs Chapman-Johnson

Hot tears on a cold face
around the corner
Spring

Third Place
Winter By: Benjamin Pedigo

The white woods whisper
Snow falls, like ash, from heaven
A new moon rises

Fourth Place
By: Clayton Belcher

Write haiku, they said.
But how do you write a sneeze?
Gesundheit, mein herr.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

