

TRAILER PARK QUARTERLY

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Nicholas Watts-Fernandez

Dead Man's Cap

A pilot
on my last ship
left his cover
(his cap)
on the ship
after he transferred
He never called
to ask about it
I kept it
stashed
in my locker
waiting
for the day
when he'd call
for it back
Eventually

I started wearing it
It was nice
and fit my skull
better than my old
beaten
stained
cover from indoc

Two years later
the cap is still pristine
though I wear it
on special occasions
I got word
a year ago
that the pilot
who left the cap
was killed
in a car wreck
His DD
was drunk
and ran into

a pole

His cap

fit so well

I still wear it

though I know

he will never call

to ask for it back

That his life

like the name in the cap

has been scratched through

and my name

scrawled in its place.

Senses from Abroad

When I hear your tears
falling
from thousands of miles
they sound like glass breaking
shattered flakes
hitting pavement
and I wish I could sweep them away

when I smell your fears
creeping
uncertainly through space
malodorous on the wind
nose wrinkling
scent of anxiety
I wish to burn it with incense of my hope

When I feel your smile
stretching
wide across horizons

it calms
the raging sea
of my dreams
I wish to never wake

When I see your laughter
ringing
across three continents
it gleams
light through raindrops
on sun flowers
I wish would never dry up

When I taste your kiss
lingering
on my lips across time
flavors of happiness
cherry blossoms and chocolate
I am home and
I wish to never leave again

Caleb Tankersley

the love of saints

Round, milky slices of sushi,
the Pabst couldn't gargle down.
Grains of rice slithering through my teeth,
I'm trying not to embarrass you
as I'm gagging in front of a crowd.

Happy St. Valentine's Day.

Later, spooning on the bed,
I'm choking on humidified vodka.
Vodka like sweat, vodka like cologne
settling into a thin layer
across your slick, milky skin.
I can taste the inconsistencies
crackling open like Russian dolls.

Practicing Latin, *acta sanctorum*,*

I'm swung like a bat,
sending invisible baseballs flying
into chic lamps you admit
are too good for you.

The change in lighting killed the mood,

*omnes una manet nox.***

But you don't listen,
gargling down the last you'll ever taste of me
with the clear syrup that sustains you,
barely and somehow.

* *acta sanctorum* = "the acts of the saints"

** *omnes una manet nox* = "the same night awaits us all"

Church Bells

When I hear church bells
drawing out their sound
I can't help but wish they'd
explode.

I'd like to hear the rising pitch,
the dome propelled, clanging to the street,
fire bursting out the doors
and windows
raining shards of stained
glass

Trust me, God,
it doesn't make you any less
of a man,
every once in a while,
to clean house

Mark Allen Jenkins

Forklift Tattoo

Sitting in this small, torn, vinyl seat
I keep staring at my blank bicep,
thinking about a drunken promise
to needle an emblem of my work on it:
a yellow and black forklift in a comet flame,
racing to another waiting semi.

But will I always think so highly of a forklift?
The variety of lumber lifted daily,
the skid of shingles shoved
into the back of so many pickups.
How many times have I felt the back wheels lift off
the ground as I set a twelve-foot stack
of drywall on the top rack.

I know that slow moment between fluidity and caution,
the sudden explosion of a load dropped
crashing to the ground.

Why do I know that there are 294 boards
in a bunk of 2 X 4s,
that there are 42 bags on a concrete pallet?

Why do I have so much extra time
to ask these questions, to imagine

this symbol of another loathed job on my arm?

Something half forgotten
yet forever emblazoned,
to show that I know what work is
and the importance of putting my feet up
on the dashboard to wait for the next truck.

John Grochalski

man boobs

the ten year-old
turns to me and points

you have man boobs, she says

then she grabs the right one and honks

kids say and do the darndest things

an hour ago
she grabbed and shook
some of my beer belly

a part of me thinks this kid
is turning into a fat fetishist

but she's right
i do have man boobs

had them ever since i was a child

probably inherited them from my grandfather
because he had man boobs too

i've tried to hide them
most of my adult life
wearing button down shirts
and clothing a size bigger than i needed

i guess i'm vain in that way

but who gives a fuck now?

i've been found out by a ten year-old

my shame caught red handed
my dignity handed to me

by a pair of sticky hands

all those years of hiding shot to shit

i feel free in a way

the kid's mother laughs
tries to discipline the child

but she's running around
laughing at my man boobs

she's shouting

man boobs!
man boobs!

doing cartwheels on the pavement

her face red and round

the picture of health
skipping up and down the block

i stand there and i watch this child
my arms crossed over my man boobs

as if hiding them matters now

i think about how precious children are
what lights they are in all of our lives

war and famine and over population

i remember that this little
precious snowflake of god's love and joy
is being fitted for braces on friday

i figure if i catch her
when her mother is not around

maybe i'll get a little bit of revenge

i think maybe it's going to be open season
on that little metal mouthed freak

at least until she starts to cry

autumn in new york

it's autumn in new york

and my mother says
the hair follicle tests are costing my brother
one-fifty a pop

he hasn't even been able
to afford the urine tests

how much are those? i ask

fifty a piece, she thinks
but we're getting through it, she says

next month your dad
is going up there with him to see the baby

they're going to bring pumpkins
and carve them at the family center

like real halloween

we're getting the baby a costume
so she can wear it

your brother is going to take pictures
and maybe we'll do face time while they're there
so that i can see her in the costume
and see the pumpkins that they carved

we'll that sounds nice, i say

it is, i guess

but your brother is trying to get a second job
so that he can keep affording to go up

because it's hard
with these hair follicle tests
and now these urine tests that she has him doing

even though he hasn't touched anything in two years

plus he needs a second job
because all of the money goes to going up there
and seeing the baby

because your brother has to see the baby

your dad has to see the baby, too
he's her grandfather after all

i mean it's already the autumn

soon it'll be winter
and with this crazy weather we get now

who knows how long it'll be
after this.

CL Bledsoe

Jimmy Said It Would

When he came over in the evenings, the weatherman would sit on the couch, out with the kids, which was weird. Usually, Tommy's friends got nervous around the kids when they came to the house. They wouldn't tell their names, and Tommy had instructed the kids never to ask. Some of them would avoid eye contact or even hide their faces. But the weatherman was different. At first, Tommy and KT would stay out with him, but they'd quickly get bored and leave him alone with the kids. He'd sit there with a beer or a joint in his hands or just twirling his handlebar mustache and tell stories or watch TV. And he answered all of Joey's questions.

“How do you tell the weather?” was Joey's first.

“I don't, man,” the weatherman said. “The meteorologist does. He's got all these fancy computers and shit. He says he consults with some assholes in Little Rock and Tulsa or whatever. But between you and me, I think he makes that shit up.”

His laugh was quick and jarring, like a hyena. It always caught

Joey off guard and made him flinch.

“Are you nervous being on TV?” was Joey’s second question.

“Not when I’m high, man,” the weatherman said. He let out a stoner’s laugh, a slow, confused-sounding giggle. Chyna took her eyes from the TV long enough to nudge Joey.

“Close your mouth. You’ll catch flies,” she said, which set the weatherman giggling again.

In the afternoons, they’d watch him on the local station out of Jonesboro.

“There’s a 70% chance of rain tomorrow. So when it rains, just remember, Jimmy said it Would.”

“He’s funny,” Joey said. “I like his voice.”

Chyna considered trying to explain to Joey the way the weatherman looked at her – he’d hidden it a little at first, but it was obvious, now – but it was beyond her.

“I don’t like him,” Chyna said, instead. “He’s weird.” Joey didn’t answer. “Just be careful around him, just like any other of Tommy’s friends.”

“He’s different, though.” Joey struggled to explain why. “He’s famous.”

“He’s not famous.”

“He’s on TV.”

“Local TV.”

Joey shrugged.

Jimmy Wood didn’t get to the house until nearly seven p.m., most nights, and he’d sit there until the kids went to bed, which was usually around midnight. When they got up to leave, the first couple times, he sat on the couch and kept watching TV, but then he started calling them back to talk. Joey would linger while Chyna stood at the top of the stairs, urging him to hurry up. Finally, after maybe a half hour, the weatherman would let Joey go, but each night, he’d keep Joey longer and longer, until he finally just asked them not to leave him alone.

“What do you want to go to bed for?” he asked.

“We have school tomorrow,” Chyna answered, tersely.

“Pretty girl like you doesn’t need to go to school,” he said.

“Well Joey does, Mr. Wood,” Chyna said. The weatherman was silent for a moment until Joey started up the stairs.

“Wait-wait-wait,” he said, shotgunning the words. “I can give you something to keep you awake during school, then you won’t need to sleep.”

Joey started back towards him, but Chyna snatched her brother's arm and pulled him up the stairs. "Thank you, but no thank you," she said without looking back.

Most mornings, the weatherman was downstairs, either passed out on the couch or still watching TV when the kids went down for breakfast. Their parents wouldn't be up for hours, usually, so they ate breakfast in silence. The weatherman wasn't as chatty in the mornings; in fact, if one of them said anything to him, he was liable to spit out a cutting reply. He'd eat cereal with the kids and follow them out as they hiked to the bus station. They'd see him drive his cherry-red convertible up the gravel drive while they stood, waiting for the bus. He never waved.

One evening, he brought a girl, a youngish, skinny thing with acne and dirty blonde hair he introduced as an intern. The kids never learned her real name. They stayed in Tommy and KT's room and didn't venture out to the couch.

"Finally some peace and quiet," Chyna said.

That night, after they went to bed, Joey woke as someone climbed in to bed with him. The person kept mumbling, though Joey couldn't tell what and he couldn't tell who it was. He could tell it wasn't Tommy or

anyone in his family. The person snuggled up to Joey, and then he remembered the intern and realized it was her. A thrill rippled through him. She started snoring softly, and while Joey tried to decide what to do, he fell asleep again. When he woke up, she was still there. Her arms were around him. He could feel one of her small breasts pressed into his arm. He lay for a moment, trying to decide what to do, again. Finally, he sat up on one arm and looked at her. There was blood on her face and her hair was matted and greasy-looking. She looked young like she might be his age. Not really very pretty. There was something wrong with her teeth. They jutted out too far. She smelled like sweat and something metallic. He extricated himself from the bed without waking her and went and got ready. Before he went downstairs, he thought about waking her up, but just left her. He could see one of her legs sticking out from under the cover. It was skinny and pale and her knee was scabby. It was still the sexiest thing that had ever happened to him.

When the kids got home from school, the girl was still there. All the food in the house was gone, not that there was ever much there, and she was watching TV boredly. She'd left empty boxes of cereal and dirty dishes all over the place. When she saw the kids, she fixed them with baleful eyes.

“Don’t you have a remote for this thing?”

“No,” Joey said. “Sorry. It broke.”

The girl gave him a horrible look. “What are you, some kind of hicks?”

“Sorry,” Joey repeated.

“Well, will you change the channel for me? I’m tired.”

“No,” Chyna said. “We have to clean up the mess you made.”

“How about you do that, and he changes the channel for me?”

Chyna fixed her with a raised eyebrow.

“Not like it matters,” the girl added. “This place is a real dump.”

“Well then get the fuck out,” Chyna said.

The girl gasped. “You can’t talk to me– “ She started to say, but Chyna went over and snatched her up by the greasy hair and dragged her off the couch, banging the girl’s head against the wooden spool coffee table. The girl screamed, but Chyna kept dragging her through the living room to the door. Joey ran and opened the screen door for her, and Chyna dumped the girl down the steps.

The girl was crying, loud, pathetic sobs. Chyna stood in the doorway with her hands on her hips.

“I don’t have anywhere to go,” the girl said.

“I don’t care,” Chyna said.

The girl got to her knees and tried to get up but fell back on her butt. She sobbed again. Joey tried to go to help her, but Chyna pushed him back. The girl achieved her feet and wiped herself off. “What if I clean up?” she asked. “Will you forgive me?”

Chyna shook her head. “Whatever,” she said. “Do what you like.” She disappeared inside. Joey held the screen door until the girl came in and closed it quietly behind her.

Her name was Jenny, which she hated. She was in high school – the same grade as Chyna, actually. She worked at the station for college credit. That’s where she’d met the weatherman. She called him Jimmy.

When he came back that night, Jimmy’s smile dropped the moment he saw Jenny. She squealed like she was at a rock concert and jumped on him. He hugged her with one hand. He stayed in Tommy and KT’s bedroom all evening. She kept going back and knocking on the door, but they’d locked it and wouldn’t open it, so she ended up on the couch complaining about the poor reception on the TV.

When the kids went up to bed, Jenny tried to follow them.

“Where are you going?” Chyna asked. She put a hand on Jenny’s chest and pushed her back to the couch. She kept the hand there until Jenny sat down. Then Chyna went upstairs, followed by Joey who kept

looking back at Jenny apologetically. He lay in bed, awake for much of the night, hoping she'd come up and get into bed with him again, but she didn't.

The next morning, Jenny was sprawled on the couch. They ate as quietly as they could and snuck out without waking her. When they got home from school, she was there, wearing some of Chyna's clothes.

"Mine were dirty," was all she had to say. Chyna walked away, but Joey sat down beside her.

"Hi," he said. She didn't answer. A little while later, Chyna returned with a smile.

"So won't your parents miss you?" she asked.

The girl shrugged. "They're tools," she said.

"Yeah?" Chyna asked.

Jenny launched into a tirade about her domineering parents who wouldn't let her date a significantly older man, even though he was famous. Chyna listened politely, which surprised Joey. After a while, Chyna got up and went into the kitchen, picked up the phone, and took it into the hall.

"So where do you go to school?" Joey asked. Jenny ignored him. "Do you go somewhere in Jonesboro?" She cleared her throat and didn't answer. "What's it like living in a big city?" Finally, Jenny laughed.

“Jonesboro ain’t a big city.” She didn’t even turn to look at him.

“Well no, I mean, not like Memphis. But it’s bigger than Crowley’s Ridge.”

She didn’t answer. They sat in silence until Chyna came back and joined them. She had a satisfied smile on her face. Joey wanted to ask her what it was for, but he knew better.

Jenny’s father came that evening and dragged Jenny out, screaming. The weatherman ran out after her and pushed her father a couple steps. The man turned and advanced on the weatherman, who backed towards the house with his hands up and fell on his butt in the dirt.

“Ought to be ashamed, running with a little girl,” the man said.

The weatherman kept his hands up.

“I’m not a little girl,” Jenny said. “And Jimmy loves me, Daddy!”

The man looked at her and then at the weatherman, still on the ground. “Well do ya?” He asked. The weatherman put his hands down and looked from the man to Jenny and then back. Then he got up and went inside, dirt still clinging to his pants. Jenny started crying, and her father pulled her to the car.

The kids watched the weatherman on the news the next day, and

he looked fine, at first. He got through the local forecast, but when he got to the weekend weather, he lost it. He started coughing and couldn't stop. When they switched back to the news casters, he was sobbing noticeably until they cut off his mic. That night, he showed up, already drunk. Tommy and KT wouldn't even let him in their bedroom. He sat on the couch and sniffled about how much he'd loved Jenny.

“So why didn't you fight for her?” Chyna asked.

He shook his head. “I'm a coward. I'm shit.”

He looked terrible; his eyes were even more bloodshot than usual. He chain-smoked cigarettes, hunched down into himself.

“Easy to say that,” Chyna said.

He nodded and shook his head.

“I fuck everything up. Everything I do turns to shit. That should be my motto: ‘Jimmy said it would turn to shit.’”

“It wasn't meant to be,” Joey said. The weatherman sniffled. Chyna laughed a little.

“Someday,” the weatherman said, poking Joey. “Someday you'll be old and you'll understand.”

Joey nodded, which made the weatherman look gloomier.

“I'm just an old man,” he said, digging for something.

“You sure are,” Chyna said.

He scowled and went quiet.

The next day, Jimmy was there early. He stayed in the back, partying with Tommy and KT. When the news came on, there was a different weatherman.

“Huh,” Chyna said.

They introduced the new one – a perky little blonde thing named Darla – and that was that. There was no more mention of Jimmy Woode, the former weatherman.

His car was still outside the next morning. They spent the weekend working at their grandmother’s, and the car was still there – possibly in the same place – when they returned late Sunday. It went like that for the next few days until the kids saw Tommy and Jimmy looking under the hood. Jimmy told stories about the car, his arms animated. Tommy nodded, his arms crossed. He looked sideways at the car and shrugged. The kids went inside, and later, heard the car start. Tommy and Jimmy left, and didn’t return for a long time. When they came in, Jimmy looked haggard. He avoided the kids eyes and wore a glazed grin.

“What’s going on?” Joey asked. He got up and looked at the car. “His car’s over by the shed.”

“Tommy’s car, now,” Chyna said.

That night, the kids were woken by the sounds of shouting downstairs. Joey went to the top of the stairs to find Chyna already sitting there. Jimmy was downstairs, his voice a high-pitched squeal. He kept trying to go deeper into the house, but Tommy – who the kids couldn't see, but they knew it was him – would push him back. The noise was mostly coming from Jimmy's arguing.

“Come on, you know I'm good for it,” was the gist of what he was saying. “Come on, we're pals, right?”

“You got something to put on the table?” Tommy said.

“Yeah, man, sure, sure. You got my car, right?”

“The car's gone,” Tommy said. “That was yesterday. The car squared us.”

“Yeah, sure. So you know I'm good for it. So maybe you could give me a little credit.”

Joey shifted his weight, which made the stairs squeak. Jimmy looked at the kids, sitting, watching. His face was bloody, just like Jenny's had been. His eyes were wild; his hair was ragged.

“Hey,” he said. He took a step towards them. Chyna put a hand in front of Joey.

At that moment, Tommy exploded. “Get the fuck out of my

house!” He shoved Jimmy – picked him up and pushed him back to the door, really. The kids couldn’t see what Tommy did to him outside, but he was only gone for a little bit. He stalked back in and slammed the door closed. He took a step and glared at the kids.

“The fuck are you doing out of bed?”

Before the kids could respond, there was a thud on the door. Tommy turned and marched back out. They heard Jimmy yelling and then begging, his voice getting higher and higher. When Tommy came back inside, the kids were back in their rooms.

The next morning, Joey was quiet at breakfast. As they packed up to walk to school, it started to rain. They pulled on tattered coats, and, before they stepped out into the downpour, Chyna nudged joey.

“Jimmy said it would,” she said. Joey laughed a little, but it was a start.

John Thomas Menesini

Another One from When I Was 8

we knew him to see him
never by name

women's glasses
too big for his face

blue knit cap
bad teeth
oily black
cactus needle
hairs poked
through his
rubbery cheeks

trash bags full
of the free romance novels

from the box
in front
of the library

he was always there
filling up
on the worst
of the forgotten

he smelled that same smell
we're all familiar with

piss
sour
sweat
old
stale
mad

he'd spend time
with the born-again couple

in the trailer
next to my
mom's

the husband & wife
so tragic
so perfect

Heather Bell

Letter to Prisoner IZ453820821

You write that you were 13 the first time
you raped a woman. I think about that:
first time. How, when I was 13, I

would sit in my backyard doing nothing but
pushing dry ground over my feet. My father gave
me my first butterfly net and that

was that: the kitchen counter tops became lined

with glass containers of butterflies. How odd

that must have seemed to the prostitutes
who came to visit my father. How they probably thought

here was the house of a crazy man,
and clutched their purse-knives closer.

My father simply ignored my obsession, cleaning around
the butterflies like they were potted plants.

I don't know what my point is here. You shouldn't
hurt people, Reginald, but I come from a place of
understanding, I guess. Maybe try something else:

collect insects or Disney paraphernalia. If
people are going to avoid you on the street,

I'd rather it be for a pair of Mickey Mouse ears
and not because you're about to strangle them.

God, I miss being outside too. The dirt, you know,
that I used to push over my feet, well if he had let me,

I would have kept going. Just pushing more and more
over my skin until I was just a nose sticking up to

breathe and maybe I would have stayed there like
that forever. Maybe if we had known each other then

we both would have done that, I would have taught you,
and we never would have hurt anyone.

Tony Gloegler

Crossing

Larry turned eighteen
in May. He knows
what red and green mean,
walks to the corner
and looks both ways.
Today, he's on his own
for the first time.
He walks out the door.
I count to thirty, follow.
Hidden behind the stoop,
I watch him. Head down,
hands deep in pockets,
he drags his feet,
twirls on one foot
every twenty steps,
then bends and pulls up

his socks. He turns
the corner. I run down
the block, duck behind
a black Cadillac
When he reaches the curb,
I sneak closer, crouch
in the hardware store's
doorway. Larry lifts
his head, sees a red
light. His lips quiver,
right hand karate chops
his open left palm.
I recognize the sign
for stop, whisper
"Good." Larry looks up
and the light's green.
His right fist winds
around his clenched left
hand, tells him to walk.
He checks for cars, half
runs across Bergen Street.

Safe, Larry pirouettes
and faces me. He bows
at the waist, straightens

up, yells “Okay Tony”
and laughs out loud.

John Dorsey

Mary Ellen

wore an eye patch
and hung paintings on the wall
just above my barstool.
she noticed the little things
like the moon hung crooked
on your lips
and all of the little ghosts
in our eyes.

Harold

could've had any woman
in the bar
instead he just kept drinking
waiting for a happy hour
that never came.

Sarah

had meth teeth
& an ass that hadn't quit
since just after vietnam.
she had barely finished the 10th grade
and was as good a therapist
as anyone with an ivy league degree
and she could pour a drink
like the virgin mary.

Bill Gainer

The Least of Thoughts

Every morning
the blue blanket
holds me
a little longer
than the morning
before.

Even the clock
on the nightstand
says stay.

Someday I will –
stay forever,
disappear
into my dreams
and no one
will know

where
the blue blanket
took me,
or why it never
brought me
back...

The First Five Lines of a Blues Song

He wanted to write
a blues song,
then found her note,
she wrote it
for him...

Kevin LeMaster

Making Pork

Dad shot it in the head
and hung its corpse, trophy-like,
from the bucket of a caterpillar.

It dripped clouds of red smoke
in the mouth of our driveway,
evaporating life from a fresh wound.

We scalded fur to reveal naked flesh;
death stench alive in our nostrils
and murderous thoughts gaping our maws.

Hot water rolled, fur-caked,
thick as thunder clouds
from its now rigid body,

and as I drew
the knife further down,
the earth gorged on all
we didn't want.

J.D. Isip

Promotion

Tragedy is a violence of smiles.

-Christopher Arigo

Lunch was the worst. *Congratulations!*

A banner adding to the others at the El Torrito
drinking Coronas like carefree twentysomethings
looking nothing like in cheap slacks, women
coworkers
slapping the table after one drink
the hilarity of a story involving

Roberta's sister so-and- so

and, well

You know who. Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha.

“The man of the hour!” all glasses raised

great, great joy, great, great good cheer
like pirates or Vikings contented
to the current plunder

and dreams of mutiny. “I just want to say
I could not have done it without...”
Everyone whoops, louder and louder
so sure it is he or she whose name
will hang off of the flaccid end
of the acknowledgment.

“Hey, awesome job,” some face says
and he takes it, like he has all day, smiling.
Cell phone buzzing, buzzing – third time
in the last hour.

“You got it didn’t you?”
“Please don’t leave.”

Tetman Callis

Supermarket

There was only one cashier on duty and she wasn't there. The manager was pissed off and pushed the restocking cart into one of the customers, careful to avoid eye contact. The automatic change dispenser didn't dispense any change. The cashier arrived and told the manager, You put it on backwards. She unlocked her register, rang up the customer's purchases, made change from her own purse.

Kevin Ridgeway

What Grandpa Left Behind

the backyard was all
split shards of concrete
and twisted metal
surrounding a battered
swing set I sat upon
an old stove with ashes
from a ten-year old
fire and a locked wooden
shack stood decorated
with black widow
spider webs across
all of his old tools—
he was long dead,
and he left the
ruins of his

ancient toys
to no one.

BIOGRAPHIES

HEATHER BELL's work has been published in *Rattle*, *Grasslimb*, *Barnwood*, *Poets/Artists*, *Red Fez*, *Ampersand*, and many others. She was nominated for the 2009, 2010 and 2011 Pushcart Prize from *Rattle* and also won the New Letters 2009 Poetry Prize. Heather has also published four books.

CL BLEDSOE is the author of five novels including the young adult novel *Sunlight*, the novels *Last Stand in Zombietown* and *\$7.50/hr + Curses*; four poetry collections: *Riceland*, *_____ (Want/Need)*, *Anthem*, and *Leap Year*; and a short story collection called *Naming the Animals*. A poetry chapbook, *Goodbye to Noise*, is available online at Right Hand Pointing. Another, *The Man Who Killed Himself in My Bathroom*, is available at Ten Pages Press. He's been nominated for the Pushcart Prize 8 times, had 2 stories selected as Notable Stories by Story South's Million Writers Award and 2 others nominated, and has been nominated for Best of the Net twice. He's also had a flash story selected for the long list of Wigleaf's 50 Best Flash Stories award. Bledsoe reviews regularly for *Rain Taxi*, *Coal Hill Review*, *Prick of the Spindle*, *Monkey Bicycle*, *Book Slut*, *The Hollins Critic*, *The Arkansas Review*, *American Book Review*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, and elsewhere. Bledsoe lives with his wife and daughter in Maryland.

TETMAN CALLIS has worked as a dishwasher and in a factory, but not at the same time.

JOHN DORSEY is the author of several collections of poetry, including *Teaching the Dead to Sing: The Outlaw's Prayer* (Rose of Sharon Press, 2006), *Sodomy is a City in New Jersey* (American Mettle Books, 2010), *Leaves of Ass* (Unadorned Press, 2011) and, most recently, (Epic Rites Press, 2013). His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize.

BILL GAINER contributes to the literary scene as a writer, editor, promoter, publicist and poet. He reads and works with a wide range of poets and writers, from the emerging to the nationally known. He has won the San Francisco Beat Museum's Poetry Contest and the *Sacramento News and Review's* Flash Fiction Contest. He continues to edit for the Pen Award winning R. L. Crow Publications. His latest book, *The Fine Art of Poisoning*, is available from Amazon.com. Visit him at billgainer.com.

Tony Gloeggler is a native of NYC and manages group homes for the developmentally disabled in Brooklyn. His books include the two full length collections *One Wish Left* (Pavement Saw Press, 2000) which went

into a second edition and *The Last Lie* (NYQ Books 2010). "Crossing" is part of his next collection *Until the Last Light Leaves*.

JOHN GROCHALSKI is the author of *The Noose Doesn't Get Any Looser After You Punch Out* (Six Gallery Press 2008), *Glass City* (Low Ghost Press, 2010), *In The Year of Everything Dying* (Camel Saloon, 2012), and the forthcoming novel, *The Librarian*. Grochalski currently lives in Brooklyn, New York, where he constantly worries about the high cost of everything.

J.D. ISIP's academic writings, poetry, plays, and short stories have appeared (or will appear) in a number of publications including *The Louisville Review*, *Changing English*, *Revista Aetenea*, *St. John's Humanities Review*, *Teaching American Literature*, *The Citron Review*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Scholars & Rogues*, *Mused*, and *The Copperfield Review*. I am a doctoral student in English at Texas A&M University-Commerce.

MARK ALLEN JENKINS is currently a PhD student in Humanities with a Creative Writing Focus at the University of Texas at Dallas where he serves as Editor-in-Chief for *Reunion: The Dallas Review*. His poetry has appeared in *Memorious*, *minnesota review*, *South Dakota Review*, and elsewhere.

KEVIN LEMASTER has been writing poetry for over twenty years, but more seriously for the past seven years, and has been sending it to publishers for submission during this time. His poetry has appeared in *Ygdrasil*, *Counterpunch.org*, *Tapestries*, *Silhouette*, *Word Catalyst*, and *The Portsmouth Times*. Kevin lives in Kentucky with his wife of 26 years and four children. He has said, "If I couldn't write poetry, I couldn't breath. It is like oxygen to me."

JOHN THOMAS MENESINI is the author of *The Last Great Glass Meat Million* (Six Gallery Press 2003), *e pit ap h* (Six Gallery Press 2007), and *endo Poems and Sketches 2007 - 2011* (Six Gallery Press 2011). He also appeared in the anthology *Honeysuckle, Honeyjuice: A Tribute to James Liddy* (Arlen House 2006). He lives among the throng & filth of Manhattan.

KEVIN RIDGEWAY is from Southern California, where he resides in a shady bungalow with his girlfriend and their one-eyed cat. Recent work has appeared in *Gutter Eloquence Magazine*, *Zygote in my Coffee* and *The Idiom*. His latest chapbook of poems, *All the Rage*, is now available from Electric Windmill Press.

CALEB TANKERSLEY is a doctoral candidate at the Center for Writers at the University of Southern Mississippi. He's had previous work in *Midwestern Gothic*, *Cutthroat*, *Big Muddy*, and other magazines. He's held jobs at a call center, a corn syrup factory, a Dairy Queen, and a drug rehab facility. He feels at home in trailer parks.

NICHOLAS WATTS-FERNANDEZ is an Officer in the U.S. Navy and 2001 and 2005 graduate of Southeast Missouri State University. Prior to joining the Navy, he worked a variety of jobs in the education, food service, and hospitality industry, with brief interludes in the pest control and haberdasher fields. With no insurance and a newborn son, he signed up for the Navy and has been traveling the world ever since. He now has two sons and is still very close friends with their mother, an awesome Colombian woman and excellent nurse.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Want to submit to *Trailer Park Quarterly*? Cool, feel free. That said, TPQ envisions itself as a place for real writing, something that an actual human being might want to read. Which isn't to say make it mainstream; shoot for the big, weird world, but remember that clever isn't always a compliment and quirk doesn't quite fill the glass. Basically, we want stories about knives in the heart, not crumbs in the butter. Write something that matters in a non-emo way and send it to us. We want to marvel at your talent, we want to love you. There's a lot around here with your name on it, and when you move in, we'll show up with Tuna Noodle Casserole and a case of Pabst. Promise.

Send all submissions to trailerparkquarterly@gmail.com. I don't care if it's been published before or whatever. I just care if it's good. Just keep in mind that by quarterly, we mean whenever we get around to it. Also, do not send work if you are a hipster. All work by hipsters will be returned unread. Grow a pair, work as a dishwasher for a bit, or in a factory or something, then send me some work. Fiction, nonfiction, poetry, hot chicks, recipes and reviews.