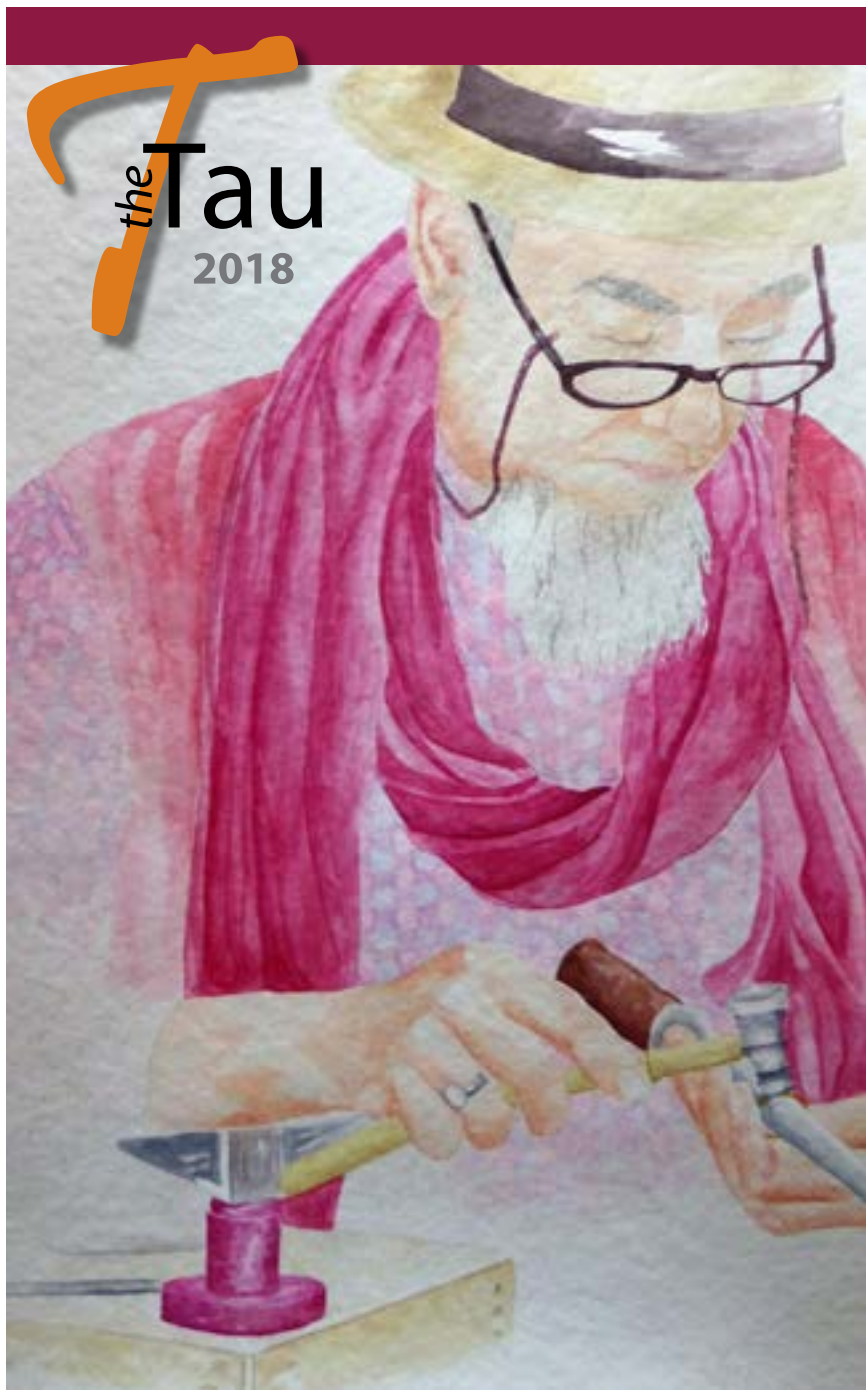


the **Tau**
2018



The literary and visual art journal of Lourdes University

Cover Art:
Artist at Work ~ *by Laura Ott*



Editor:
Shawna Rushford-Spence, Ph.D.

Layout & Design:
Carla Leow, B.F.A.

© Lourdes University

Acknowledgements

Our sincere thanks to the following people and organizations whose generous support made publishing this journal possible:

Department of English

University Relations for Design and Layout
Printing Graphics

Thank you to the judges who generously gave of their time and made the difficult decisions on more than 100 submissions.

www.lourdes.edu/TAU2018

Individual authors retain copyrights of individual pieces. No part of this text may be used without specific permission of the writer, the artist, or the University.

*Lourdes is a Franciscan University that values community as
a mainstay of its Mission and Ministry.*

Every year, the editors of *The Tau* are fortunate to rest our eyes on exquisitely written poetry and short fiction and stunning works of art and photography. We truly appreciate this opportunity as well as the ability to package a selection of this work for the larger creative community. This year's publication, like in previous years, features a wide selection of poetry, art, and photography from authors and artists around the world. We at *The Tau* think that this diversity of authorship lends to a unique reading experience that we are proud to be able to facilitate.

This year, we would like to draw your attention to the cover art and other art pieces in the journal by artist Laura Ott. Ms. Ott is an exceptional artist who has submitted her artwork generously to the *The Tau* for several years. We find this year's cover piece particularly beautiful and relevant to the journal as it is a representation of, as its title indicates, an "Artist at Work." The downcast eyes and softness of the features of this artist while working suggests the kind of patience and calm that art sometimes requires. The pink hues of the artist's shirt and scarf work to further soften our view and to bring us into the artistic space of the piece. We hope you will enjoy entering the space of *The Tau*, 2018 as this cover piece surely invites us to do.

Peace,

Tau Team

Table of Contents

<i>A European Credo</i> , Vaughn J. Fayle	10
<i>Blood Moon Eclipse</i> , William Doeski.....	13
<i>Sleep Paralysis</i> , James Croal Jackson	14
<i>A Murdered Haiku About a Cactus Kicking Back on a Bench and Chilling with a Margarita</i> , James Rovira	15
<i>Sunrise</i> , Laura Ott	16
<i>The Pot of Basil</i> , Jefferson Holdridge.....	17
<i>Pink Flower</i> , Laura Ott	18
<i>Liber Abaci</i> , James Rovira	19
<i>Canticle of Our Common Home</i> , Amy Baskin	20
<i>Seismic</i> , Jane Blanchard.....	22
<i>Autumn Leaf</i> , Laura Ott	23
<i>Stage Sets</i> , William Doeski.....	24
<i>Reflection</i> , Laura Ott.....	26
<i>Snow</i> , Danny Barbare	27

Table of Contents

<i>Black Dog</i> , Vaughn J. Fayle	28
<i>Swan</i> , David Zambo.....	30
<i>Tallow</i> , Bobbi Sinha-Morey	31
<i>#1 2017</i> , Nathan Rawlins.....	32
<i>Playing Hooky</i> , Bobbi Sinha-Morey.....	34
<i>Oak Openings Winter Trees</i> , David Zambo	35
<i>Zhawenim</i> , Charity Anderson.....	36
<i>Untitled</i> , Thomas Gillaspay.....	37
<i>All Souls' Day</i> , Catherine McGuire	38
<i>Untitled</i> , Thomas Gillaspay.....	39
<i>Night Watch</i> , Fayle Vaughn	40
<i>Name That Bird</i> , John Grey.....	41
<i>Afterglow</i> , Viv Eliot.....	42
<i>#3 2017</i> , Nathan Rawlins.....	43

Table of Contents

<i>Untitled</i> , Thomas Gillaspy.....	45
<i>Anywhere, USA</i> , James Croal Jackson.....	46
<i>Garden. Cabbage.</i> , Catherine McGuire	47
<i>Domus</i> , Catherine McGuire.....	48
<i>In Search of Langston Hughes</i> , Shola Balogun.....	49
<i>Hocking Hills</i> , Kayla Hensel.....	50
<i>Lust</i> , Alisa Otte.....	51
<i>Between the Trees</i> , Camryn Brumfield.....	52
<i>Lonely Times</i> , Danny Barbare.....	53
<i>Upper Michigan Blueberries</i> , David Zambo	54
<i>Maps of Redness</i> , Ali Znaidi.....	55
<i>Machine of the Unknown</i> , Ali Znaidi.....	56
<i>Ode to the Sparrowhawk</i> , Dan Wilkins.....	57
Authors' Biographies	58

A European Credo

by Vaughn J. Fayle

“This ceramic pot, this broken urn, once an ornately festooned goblet,
now a cracked vessel complete with the stains of former wines,
still has its timbre if you knock it,”
they said.

“This Appian road, now uneven and crumbling
still cheers when it feels the reverberation of the bare, gladiatorial feet
of those who once raced on it –
creative, univocal and imperial,”
I’m told.

“This chilly vacant room, this cloister, once a *studium* or chapel,
draws back its crusted drapes ever so often,
still screaming for warmth, as north winds sweep it clean
every day and every night whether it needs it or not,”
I learned.

“See this priceless, baroque silver bird-cage?
Polish it! Remove all hopeless rust and,
line it with bits of Gutenberg and then lock the door and throw the
key into the Po, or the Danube or the Thames, because the bird still
sings its chromatic songs from Morocco,”
we discovered.

“So children,
we look to you with the glaucon-eyes of history:
take what is broken and make it like new –
disturb the dust (but just a little!)
and remember that the gods can do this if you cannot,”
they pleaded.

And the rest of the stateless, hungry, nuclear world
stands at attention in all its fecundity,
on punctured Mediterranean rafts,
and with almost obsequious respect,
a requiem –
recited.

Blood Moon Eclipse

by William Doreski

This morning the chill in my study
toughens into slurry of ghost.
Still dark outside. Pines whisper,
plotting to disperse their cones.
Why did last night's eclipse
of the blood moon hurt like a boil?
Cannibal doubts creased the ceiling
with a stagger of earthquake,
revealing the night sky writhing
with an ecru glow. I tossed and turned
to no avail. Dreamed that students
tossed their books into the Charles
and wept to see the moon occluded.

Now the tough New Hampshire dark
refuses to relinquish a frost
that has probably felled my hosta,
and the prattle of commuter cars
thickens on the cross-state highway
four miles south of my foxhole.
I couldn't stay up long enough
to catch the moon escaping

the veil of our planet tossed
so carelessly over its shine.
I couldn't relax like those students
into a world freed of books too raw
for anyone to actually read.

Machines are running, running
already, and the cant of daylight
looms sightless but endearing
over one of many horizons
I don't know how to endorse.
Cannibal doubts meant the taste
of naked flesh lingered. But now,
only a few hours later, that taste
has dispersed to the eight grave winds,
and the startle of being alive
still lingers in the fingertips
I can apply to any surface
as long as I have its consent.

Sleep Paralysis

by James Croal Jackson

At thirteen I awoke to a man-sized bat
waving black-eyed wings at the edge of my bed.

Back then, I believed there were unexplainable things
in the universe. Dad would talk about guardian

angels when he meant luck explains
a kinship with the divine. He still

drove his motorcycle beyond
the age of seventy. He fell asleep

one time in the green countryside
and awoke to blurry shoelaces

of the trucker who slammed into him,
amazed my dad still alive

and the proof in scraped knee
and a busted motorcycle somehow still

operational then driven home. Dad attributed
this, like most things, to angels. I could have believed

for much longer. As a kid, I watched E.T. ride
a bicycle in the window in our lawn every day,

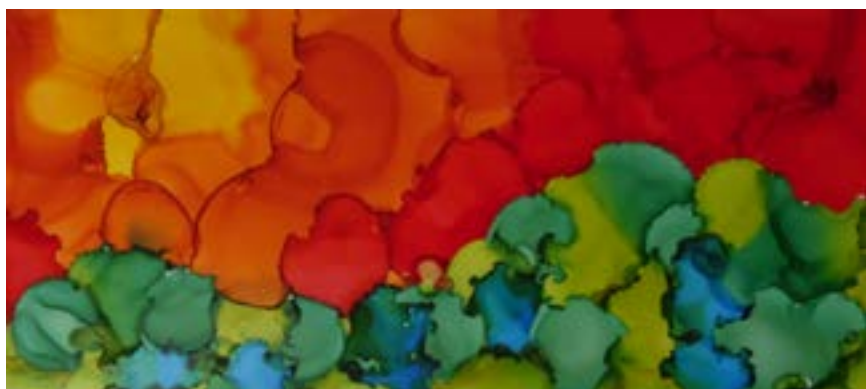
his brown eyes never noticing me. Always
when I pointed this presence to my sister,

he was past the point of seeing,
and soon I stopped believing.

A Murdered Haiku About a Cactus Kicking Back on a Beach and Chilling with a Margarita

by James Rovira

C[oniferous sub-
tle s]a[guaro, extempor-
e Pere]s[kioideae,]:
u [p]a[ssive, prick]l[y]
c-a-c-t[i], [mis]u[nder-]
s[tood pear pining out
of
season.]



Sunrise ~ by *Laura Ott*

The Pot of Basil

by Jefferson Holdridge

~“O cruelty,
“To steal my Basil-pot away from me!”

JOHN KEATS, “ISABELLA: OR THE POT OF BASIL”

Severing makes us remember and forget:
Ten years ago the heat never seemed to lift
As we lay beneath our draped mosquito net
And an old air-conditioner seemed a gift.
Now again, heat and the mosquitoes (always
Present, even in winter) are pestilential.
Only in late afternoon, a breeze plays
In the trees and over the body penitential
(Isabella suffering love and strife).
Out of nowhere, a bell rings and is done
In still air, another anomalous sign of life.
A shutter opens to the oblique sun.
In the Arab window there's a basil plant
To say I will and want to leave, but can't.



Pink Flower ~ by *Laura Ott*

Liber Abaci

by James Rovira

O!

Could

any

great stone,

mountainous

though it is, resist

that wry, gentle, know-

ing look that pierces your dark

surfaces with humor like prismatic sunlight dript

through summer windowpanes in early morning:

you want the light, but don't want to wake up.

Canticle of Our Common Home

*~ dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi, Pope Francis of Rome and
Carl Sagan of the Cosmos
by Amy Baskin*

Oh Pale Blue Dot that hangs unattached in space! We praise you with words, though we desecrate you with actions.

To you alone do we belong. Our mortal lips call you by many names: earth, terra firma, dunia, chikyuu, commodity, profit, resource, mine.

Laudato Si! You, our common home, and neighbor Sun, who shines light on all your auklets and purple sailors washing ashore on west coast beaches. Beautiful splendor, radiant even with the stench of salt and death. We are all dirt; we are all starstuff.

Laudato Si! You, with the Moon and Stars, in the Multiverse, with your excess satellite debris orbiting all bright, precious and signaling.

Laudato Si! You with the Wind and Air, fair to raging, all your weather's moods, with which we tamper, though we cherish you.

Laudato Si! You with the Water, so useful, precious, privately owned, polluted, rising and melting, draining and drying, blasting and fracking, pumping down into your hard core.

Laudato Si! You with the Fire, through whom we light the night by ritual smudging of fossils. Oil is beautiful, ceremonial, robust and strong, and we need it. We are on our knees for it, our hands in supplication.

Laudato Si! You with your flaky crust of loam and womb which sustains and mothers (some of) us, producing red delicious, bacon, kale, corn, wheat, hops, sativa, indica, and bath salts, grant us pardon for the needy ways we take and take and consume you.

Happy are those who endure for peace, and by that I mean do not mean to objectify through international enforcement and supervision. “Illegals” is a violent slur.

Laudato Si! We know that with you or against you, no-one living can escape. Woe to those who turn you into an immense pile of filth! Blessed are they who try to do right by you for at least a few more turns around the Sun.

There is no second chance, no second death. Our first extinction will do us harm enough. Praise and bless and give you thanks, and when we remember to be sore afraid, may we serve you with great humility.

Seismic

~ *in response to 1 Corinthians 15:58a*

by Jane Blanchard

Standing firm is never easy
when the ground itself is shifting—
fears of failing, falling seize me,
nothing steady, firm, uplifting
anywhere around.

Balance never has been harder
keeping in such dreadful quaking—
every bone, nerve, muscle jarred or
marred or worse by current shaking,
calm cannot be found.



Autumn Leaf ~ by *Laura Ott*

Stage Sets

by William Doeski

The pallor of the summer sea
invokes the shades of childhood:
playground equipment in fog;

brown bindings of adult books
in a paper-brown library awash
in patrons from the last century;

crystal moments deep in winter
learning to skate on a tiny pond;
and my first sight of breakers

slopping heavy green on foam
as if mixing something bitter
for a thirsty world to ingest.

Now that same thick Atlantic
lies humbled in its geography.
Continents shoulder up to it

with familiarity I deplore
yet share on hot August nights
when the windows stay open

and gulls travel sixty miles
to visit their favorite landfills.
Those childhood stage sets never

strike themselves, never regret
a lack of audience. The books
in that tough old library sigh

as librarians stamp them red
or green, the snows of long ago
recycle for another season,

and the surf on that public beach
still slops and suds in layers
thick enough to hide whole worlds

plotting to revive themselves--
testing those hypotheses
science mumbles, drowsing at dawn.



Reflection ~ by *Laura Ott*

Snow

by Danny Barbare

At the front door, I'd like
to write about a
memory,
because the snow has not
been trod upon
as if it wants to hear the
crunch of boots
and fill gloved hands with
the soft whiteness.

Black Dog

by Vaughn J. Fyale

I know these sheets very well.
Blindly, I can feel their texture.

These sheets are my sukkot, my sanctuary, my sanatorium.

When hope is snuffed out
and even when all votive lamps are extinguished
they still smell like new.

Their softness cushions me when I cannot move;
putting my head under the duvet and
under pillows of deep water
they blend with dark emerald work-clothes
protecting me.

These sheet are flags on an unmanned ship
and no matter the country, port or the color,
half-masted, they announce -
All is not well.

If I hold one sheet up,
Look! -
shadow-players tease with old voices
scolding and berating
but with the other sheet
I smother and strangle them
and then like a prisoner
try to loop them together attempting to escape
unproductive depths.

These sheets are elastic.
If I stretch them out, with full force,
I might reach my toothbrush continents away,
or my hairbrush in another century
and the cream for my presentable face
ten storeys below.

Some people try telling me that beyond the closed shutters
of my bedroom
it is 11:55 am,
almost mid-day,
and the hand writes: “time to just let the light in”.

Others say that the summer sun is now so bright and joyfully
direct,
that it has the power to pierce even a piece of metal
or at least scorch brocade curtains wrinkled with despair.

And like a little child
(Black Dog Continued)

dreaming of exotic animals on Mars
I try to show an interest, desperately try to find the energy
to believe them:

Yet see nothing written on these sheets.



Swan - by David Zambo

Tallow

by Bobbi Sinha-Morey

I am an unlit tallow in
the blue cold of a December
evening; no fingers, no match
to light my soul, only the big
and little hands when it's nine
o'clock, and I've no warm breath,
no spark of fire for anyone to see
me—just a smooth white pillar
cradled in a candle holder,
myself not yet broken but
halfway there, my spirit for
living beginning to melt,
the taunting moon and stars
pooling me in secondhand light
because I've no potency in this
life. My skin remains untouched
in the icy wind.

#1-2017

by Nathan Rawlins

Standing between a universe
and a dry dead plain. Being
handed a plastic-prepackaged
ministry, when it would be better
my own and made of glass.

Mastering the art of learning of
God, but dying to know divinities
name. Manipulator of nothing,
Vocationed to care for the weeds.
A citizen in exile from his own identity.

Is it by chance that we encounter
the organic structure of the beast
we call Church? Born from the
same Mother as God's own Self,
torn from the womb of Resurrection.

It is change that they call for in
the streets. We think of all that we
have experienced and we know the
style we seek. In disciplined rhyme
and verse we engage in rhetoric.

We engage in logic and grammar. We
reserve Bread and Wine, a body for
our own, it is in unity that Grace rises
from the Spirit within. A God of Hosts,
a city that lives. We cry out for a name.

But still we stand here and sing for a
taste. We could end this here and now
and reach a higher state. As the genesis
of identity is found in one, as the Son is to
the Father and what you are being becomes.

And she engages in Sacrament as she
Transubstantiates. She takes you, she
keeps you, she annihilates you. And you
find yourself standing as a universe with
infinite name, breathing personality

Exhaling the past.

Playing Hooky *by Bobbi Sinha-Morey*

At the stop sign I saw
a group of boys with long
sticks cross the road after
they'd been playing hooky
all day, at batting practice
in the cemetery, knocking
vases of flowers off gravestones,
making a racket for the dead,
unnerving passersby—some
of them too shy to say anything.
The whisper of birds' wings
pummel the wind in their
hurry to leave. And, unless
it's a birthday for one of the
dearly departed, no family
comes for a visit, no elderly
widow or man to honor their
loved one's spirit. The boys
are hooligans at heart; they
unearth anything that will
grow. When they are done
defacing the dead, the buds
on fallen maple and dogwood
are tight fists against the cold.



Oak Openings Winter Trees - *by David Zambo*

Zhawenim

by Charity Anderson

Oshkinawe – your ancestors beckon and knock on
your cedar door you built so long ago, Let her in,
they say. Let her in and stay.

Ohoyo – you called your ancestors and they start
the fire from ember you left long ago, Be with
him, they say. Be with him and stay.



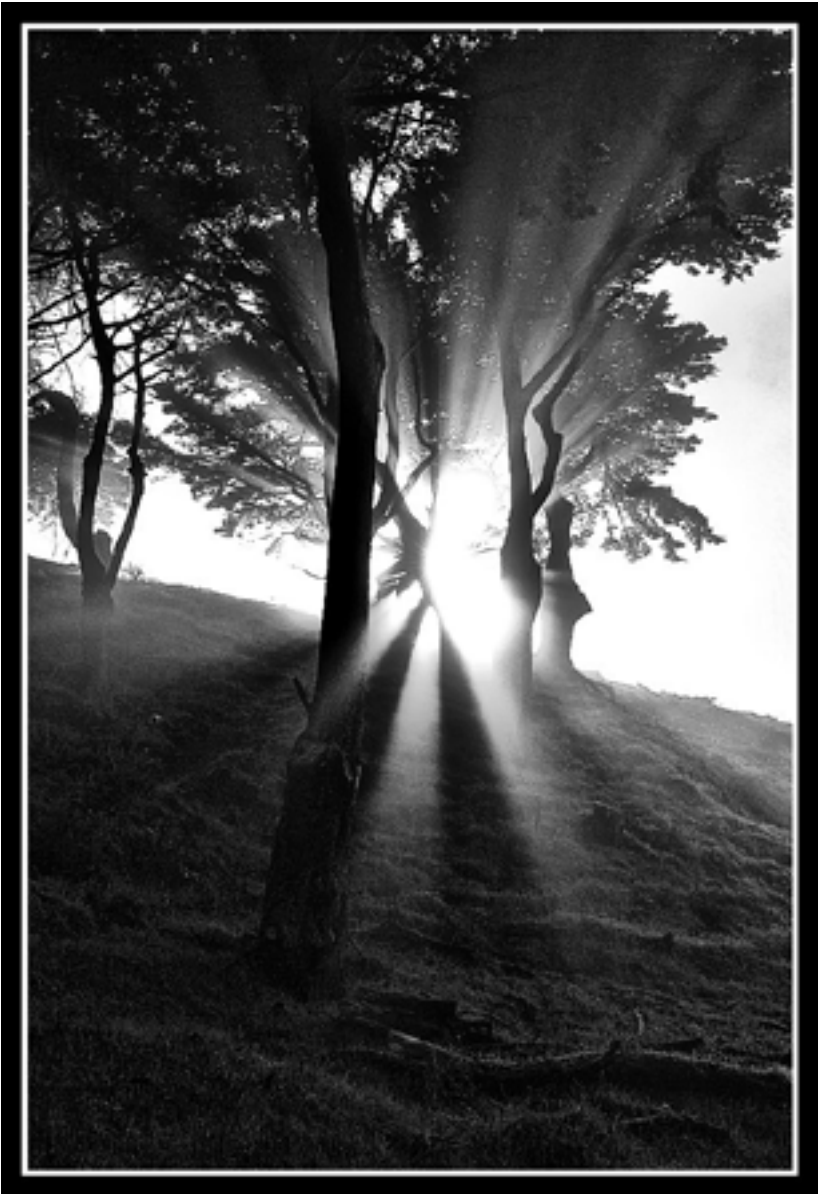
Untitled ~ by *Thomas Gillaspay*

All Souls' Day
by Catherine McGuire

The first chill morning –
steam lifts from roofs
as a winter-canted sun
slides up the cedar,
flashes through river mist
like a lighthouse flare.

Cherry leaves that cling stubborn
to wet limbs have more gold
than this milky dawn.
They glow like flames just above
the roof peak, will o' wisp dancers
in the rising, coiling steam.

Another tilt of sun,
and gold is joined by shadows –
dark ghost leaves dancing with light,
winking in and out
as steam slides and fades –
there and not there,
a trick and gift of the light,
as real as memory,
as phantom as the legions of our dead.



Untitled ~ by *Thomas Gillaspay*

Night Watch

by Vaughn J. Fyale

She said she often took Thomas Merton's night-watch poems with her
and climbing the belfry stairs, crouched, while other nurses were on duty.

Long after the strains of *Nunc Dimittis* had faded
and the sister's
"sleep well, sleep well – que sueñes con los angelitos",
were over,
she stepped
alone
gazing into the dark southern sky ---

No hope, no Aubade, not even tinsel aluminum foil against the skeptical
crescent,
only praying to strike one dry match;
to hold just one, damp, incense stick from the Katrina flooded store.

Then one night while Orion covered himself for sleep,
she saw a Mexican farmhand light a cigarette for his crippled father before bed,
and, in that sacred gesture,
knew that others still poked into her night.

And so stood to sing her canticle with hidden voice –

"This mother earth, this sister moon who tonight is only half-illuminated, loves
to offer more than a cornucopia
for a table of generous acts....."

and reaching for the last book off the high shelf of life
in the darkened library,
knew that she was no longer "on loan"
for one more
night.

Name That Bird

by John Grey

As enamored of the scenery as I am,
the bird flies toward the picture window,
strikes it with a loud thump,
drops to the ground, sits stunned
until its senses slowly return all the way
before flying off
with a skewed opinion of its eyesight.
It was a warbler with lots of yellow.
A Cap May, a Prairie, a Palm, a Magnolia:
even when unwittingly posing for me
some birds don't make it easy to identify them.
The fact is, that bird would have had to suffer
more than just a slight concussion for me to nail
down its type and, from there, its preferred habitat,
its range, its song, its feeding habits.
But then the poor creature would be dead,
not habituating, ranging, singing, or eating.
For now, it's out there somewhere
in the treetops, in the sky.
Its life owes a lot to my ignorance.

Afterglow

by Viv Eliot

Left deep in the afterglow-how to keep
A secret? How to walk away and feel
Beyond the bone deep cold and shiver,
When the disconnect shucks threadbare all that
Time collocates leaving bare walls and empty
Rooms. How to carry the heaviness
Of sighs through a plenary silence thick
With lacrimal accumulations.
How to hold a vitreous heart
When remembrances ring amphoric-
While depredatory echoes fade.
How to speak without turning to dust,
To see beauty in a mirror-
How to keep a secret: love.

#3-2017

by Nathan Rawlins

The value of dust and
Heaven's drum, hanging
from the roots of August
to taste the burning sun.

It is not about escaping the
flesh to become none, but the
body is the soul and we were
raised from infancy to be one.

Feeding her by the hand of love
to stand and write with the sky.
Retrojecting that which we have
only come to see, to understand why.

Struggling to think in the anxious
impatience of a mind outside: light
gives to the classroom to clarify
and bring peace to the word of I.

We were unaware, as a computer is to
its code, she was raised by I from a natal
form. It was in the womb of the world
so that creation may - create the self.

The self by which it was taught, not
mercy, but survival by art. In language
we reach for an image to share. Breaking
the surface of reality to become aware.

Peeling off the face to find numbers in
harmony. Finding symmetry of the
classical design, finding imagination
of another kind. Numbers in time.

Becoming as we were made to learn:
numbers in space and time to navigate the
distance of mind. Employing every living
sense to cross the boundary of humankind.

Stone that lives as a function of I.



Untitled ~ by *Thomas Gillaspay*

Anywhere, USA

by James Croal Jackson

11PM and the street is bleak
in this unseasonably cool May

these parking lots are vast
national parks of the suburbs

their Joshua tree streetlights
ubiquitous luminescence

a steady stream of street cars
these wild intractable headlamp

eyes they know where they're going
that's what makes it sad everywhere

McDonald's flags waving half-mast

Garden. Cabbage.

by Catherine McGuire

Silver-salt grays collude;
green head becomes sculpture,
trophy, undulating line.

The silence of old photos
quashes modern din
to hold us in suspension, like blackened silver,
hold us by the hunger of our gaze.

The cabbage, long eaten, the photographer dead –
c'est ne pas un chou – the image
arrests us. Deathless moment.
Benison of infinity.
To become space and volume,
no longer a churn of cells destined
to bleed into oblivion.

Domus

by Catherine McGuire

In my core, I retain an echo
of wattle and daub, of twigs woven,
of layered fronds or straw.
Something in me doesn't want to stray
too far from the real need,
wants to heat with wood, wrap cloaks
or blankets around me,
feel the nearness of rain and cold.
The lares and penates find no gratitude
from thermostats and wall-to-wall.

So my rooms are small, the woodstove adequate,
drapes thick and afghans plenty.
The rain clatters and ancestors are near,
touching an ember to dry bark, blowing softly,
bringing warmth to a room,
giving thanks for dry shelter,
recognizing the chill as reminder,
the cold clay waiting.

In Search of Langston Hughes

(Songs for Jazz)

by Shola Balogun

A river of wine
In the kiss of your lips:

Let me be the rose
In your rose garden.

There is sweetness of honey
And the aromatic spices
Like the fruit wine of Helbon
In the kiss of your lips.

Even though there is no star
In this night sky,
I see the stars tonight
On the brow of your eyes.

Your name is a poem
Beautifully written.

2.

Wine in the kiss of your lips:

O beautiful, beautiful darling!
Your voice is sweeter
Than the nightingale's song,

Melodious and comely.



Hocking Hills ~ *by Kayla Hensel*

Lust
by Alisa Otte

On his windowsill sat a succulent
Magenta and delicate
Leaves, plump and full
Reaching and rising
Grasping for the sun
That sun which engulfs it
Placed carefully, tenderly
Taken care of and yet reliant,
submissive.

He asks me to water his succulent.
The s, s, s, snug and sensual, soft
Sliding through his teeth, only air.
Then succ, suck, caress
Swift and commanding.

Then the u, you, oh, his you.

That delicious l, closing of the lips
Caramel of the tongue, l.

Ent, endings, efflorescence, effervescence, enter, enter-
Ecstasy.



Between the Trees - *by Camryn Brumfield*

Lonely Times

by Danny Barbare

I have my poems to
shun life's
winter cold
to taste the plump and
juicy blackberries
and make the azaleas
bloom.



Upper Michigan Blueberries - *by David Zambo*

Maps of Redness

by Ali Znaidi

What's the rose in the presence
of the sun?

A redness within redness.

You feel as if in a bed of coral.

Blood within blood.

A nightmare within a nightmare.

Nothing solaces you

but the latent desire

in your imprisoned body.

Nothing solaces you

but the foams of lust;

those beads of sweat

glittering on the faces

of [flame]nco dancers

draped in red tight dresses.

Machine of the Unknown

by Ali Znaidi

Desire can take the shape of unknown bodies. In the forest
you can touch the coarse bark of majestic trees, & since
then your whimsical everything has begun to bleed.—

No birds flew away like speedy successive meteors to brief you
about the latest breakthroughs. No butterflies fluttered their wings
to brief you about rainbows in other distant places. & finally
no fire could melt away your metals sprouting from your guts.

William Faulkner once said, only vegetables are happy. I think
they are happy because they are desirable, eaten raw or cooked,
& so surely they will be sad when they are put in the fridge.

This is the metallic body they hate. They only want unknown
bodies. Desire is a terra incognita! Mysterious! Enigmatic!

There's joy in temptation. There's joy in temptation. There's joy.

Desire is whenever, a time to explore the unexplored, whatever
the result is. {It's only taking risk that makes us cling to it}.

-

Ode to the Sparrowhawk

by Dan Wilkins

Klee! Klee! Kestrel!
Balanced on your catenary throne,
What see you through
Black, depthless eyes?
Defending naught but name
And home,
You sit in silence ...
Patient, wise.

Klee! Klee! Kestrel!
Scion of an ancient strain,
Falcon prince of pole and field.
What creatures still
Beneath your reign,
Blink en garde
Lest fate be sealed.

Authors' Biographies

Shola Balogun, playwright, poet, filmmaker and writer with the Theory of the Mystic Ladder in *The Yoruba World and Judeo-Christian Thoughts*, is considered an important voice in African — and world — poetry. He is the author of several collections of poetry, including *The Cornwoman of Jurare & Other Poems*, *The Wrestling of Jacob*, *Death and Suicide* in selected African Plays, and *Praying Dangerously: The Cry of Blind Bartimaeus*. Balogun has been featured as a guest writer and contributor, especially in the areas of poetry, postcolonial studies and dramatic criticism to various magazines, anthologies and journals. Balogun lives in Lagos with his love Hauwa and his son Eromosele.

Danny P. Barbare has recently been published in *San Francisco Peace and Hope Light the Sky*. He attended Greenville Technical College. He lives in the Upstate of the Carolinas with his family. He enjoys traveling to the Blue Ridge Mountains and the lowlands of Charleston, South Carolina.

Amy Baskin's work has been featured in journals including *NonBinary Review*, *Armarolla*, *Friends Journal*, and *Riddled With Arrows*. She matches international students at Lewis & Clark College with local residents to help them feel welcome and at home during their stay in Portland, Oregon. Her current work explores security, and the feeling of being welcome and at home, in the universe, on a city block, within one's own skin.

Jane Blanchard lives and writes in Georgia. Her poetry has recently appeared in *Artemis*, *Blue Unicorn*, *The French Literary Review*, *The Seventh Quarry*, and *U.S.1 Worksheets*. She has two collections, *Unloosed and Tides & Currents*, both available from Kelsay Books.

Camryn Brumfield is a junior in college, pursuing Recreational therapy, and she hopes to use art within her career.

William Doreski lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire. He has published three critical studies and several collections of poetry. His work has appeared in many journals. He has taught writing and literature at Emerson, Goddard, Boston University, and Keene State College. His new poetry collection is *A Black River, A Dark Fall*.

Viv Eliot is a graduate of Texas State University where she received her MA in Literature. Her work has appeared in the *Pomona Valley Review*, *The Mayo Review*, and *Reunion: The Dallas Review*. Currently, her research centers around the spatiality of ghosts in literature and film. In her spare time, she enjoys conferencing, writing, and watching copious amounts of scary movies.

South African born **Vaughn J. Fayle** is assistant professor of philosophy and a Franciscan friar on the faculty of the Antonianum University, Rome, Italy. In 2007 he was awarded the Shannon Fellowship from the International Merton Society for his work on Thomas Merton's poetry and has also researched and written on the poetry of his uncle, Southern African poet Dennis Brutus. As a classically trained musician, in his own poetry, he tries to synthesize the arts with the international voices of poets and writers in political and spiritual exile.

Thomas Gillaspay is a northern California photographer. His photography has been featured in numerous magazines including the literary journals: *Compose*, *Portland Review* and *Brooklyn Review*.

John Grey is an Australian poet and US resident. He has recently published poetry in the *Homestead Review*, *Poetry East* and *Columbia Review*, with work upcoming in *Harpur Palate*, the *Hawaii Review* and *Visions International*.

Director of Wake Forest University Press and Professor of English at Wake Forest University in North Carolina, **Jefferson Holdridge** is the author of three volumes of poetry, the most recent being *The Sound Thereof* (Bradford, UK: Graft, 2017). He has written two critical books entitled *Those Mingled Seas: The Poetry of W.B. Yeats, the Beautiful and the Sublime* (2000) and *The Poetry of Paul Muldoon* (2008). He has also edited and introduced two volumes of *The Wake Forest Series of Irish Poetry* (2005; 2010), as well as *Post-Ireland? Essays on Contemporary Irish Poetry*, which he co-edited and introduced with Brian O'Conchubhair (Winston-Salem, NC: Wake Forest University Press, 2017).

James Croal Jackson is the author of *The Frayed Edge of Memory* (Writing Knights Press, 2017). His poetry has appeared in *Columbia Journal*, *Rattle*, *Hobart*, *FLAPPERHOUSE*, and elsewhere. He edits *The Mantle* from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Find him at jimjakk.com and [@jimjakk](https://twitter.com/jimjakk).

Catherine McGuire is a writer and artist with a deep concern for our planet's future. In over five decades of writing poetry, she's been published in venues such as *New Verse News*, *FutureCycle Press*, *Portland Lights*, *Fireweed*, and on a bus for *Poetry in Motion*. She has four poetry chapbooks, a full-length poetry book called *Elegy for the 21st Century* (FutureCycle Press) and a de-industrial science fiction novel called *Lifeline* (Founders House Publishing). Find her at www.cathymcguire.com.

Laura Ott has a Master's degree in Organizational Leadership and in spring 2017 completed a Bachelor of Arts degree in Art. She is influenced by the approach of the classical artists whose compositions are serene, idealized and contemplative. Calmness and serenity permeate her work.

Alisa Otte is a junior at Colorado State University and is studying English with a concentration in creative writing and philosophy. This is her first published poem, which she is very grateful for and excited about.

Fabrice Poussin teaches French and English at Shorter University in Rome, Georgia. An author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in *Kestrel*, *Symposium*, *The Chimes*, and dozens of other magazines. His photography has been published in *The Front Porch Review*, the *San Pedro River Review* and more than 200 other publications.

Nathan James Rawlins is first a father and a husband. Nathan has earned a Bachelor's and a Master's degree in theology from Lourdes University, he has served as an instructor of the humanities at Northwest State Community College, and he currently teaches technology full time at a small Catholic Elementary school outside of Toledo, Ohio. He has a book available on Amazon but otherwise shuns social media along with the excessive and reckless use of the internet. Nathan enjoys camping and staying outdoors.

James Rovira is a multigenre/multimodal freelance writer, scholar, and poet. His recent publications include *Interpretation: Theory: History* (Lexington Books, under contract); *Rock and Romanticism: Post-Punk, Goth, and Metal as Dark Romanticisms* (Palgrave Macmillan, May 2018); *Rock and Romanticism: Blake, Wordsworth, and Rock from Dylan to U2* (Lexington Books, February 2018); *Assembling the Marvel Cinematic Universe: Essays on the Social, Cultural, and Geopolitical Domains*, Chapter 8 (McFarland Books, 2018); *Kierkegaard, Literature, and the Arts*, Chapter 12 (Northwestern UP, 2018); *Blake and Kierkegaard: Creation and Anxiety* (Continuum, 2010).

Bobbi Sinha-Morey's poetry has appeared in a variety of places such as *Plainsongs*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *The Wayfarer*, *Helix Magazine*, *Miller's Pond*, and *Old Red Kimono*. Her books of poetry are available at www.Amazon.com and her work has been nominated for Best of the Net. She loves aerobics, knitting, reading, and rock hounding with her husband.

David Zambo is a nontraditional senior in the Art program at Lourdes University. He is retired from the United States Air Force and holds two Associate degrees from the Community College of the Air Force, one in Food and Nutritional Science, and one in Personnel Administration. He is also a retired Ohio School Food Service Director. He is enjoying the opportunity to get back to his first love, art. He's inspired by nature, all the beauty of the outdoors, and the people in it.

Ali Znaidi (b.1977) lives in Redeyef, Tunisia. He is the author of several chapbooks, including *Experimental Ruminations* (Fowlpox Press, 2012), *Moon's Cloth Embroidered with Poems* (Origami Poems Project, 2012), *Bye, Donna Summer!* (Fowlpox Press, 2014), *Taste of the Edge* (Kind of a Hurricane Press, 2014), *Mathemaku x5* (Spacecraft Press, 2015), and *Austere Lights* (Locofo Chaps: an imprint of Moria Books, 2017). For more, visit aliznaidi.blogspot.com.



**Call for Submissions
for
2018-2019 Tau**

Deadline: January 31, 2019

Please email submissions to Tau@lourdes.edu

You may submit up to five, double-spaced entries. Each one should be in a separate, Word-compatible file. Accepted formats are Word (.docx), Word 1997-2003 (.doc), and Rich Text Format (.rtf).

Please do not include your name in the document or the filename of the document. Use the title of your work as the name of the file.



LOURDES
UNIVERSITY

Sponsored by the Sisters of St. Francis

6832 Convent Blvd. • Sylvania, OH 43560

www.lourdes.edu

Published by Lourdes University ~ 2018