

Very tinny, very henry

Very angry, very henry

The Minetta Review
Winter 2010

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Editor's Note

"In the middle of book, I'll add in this recording."
I say this into my computer in the computer lab on my 21st birthday. "Very angry, very henry."

There is the editor from when I was a freshman.
There is the editor from when I was a sophomore.
There is the other editor. He is sitting next to me.

He is next to me but I am driving the car. It is a mint green convertible. The top is down. We are in a parking garage.

Chased by the police we turn in some circles with all the other editors + some other staff as well. Smoke comes up around us like a tent. It is white.

We are in a cuddle puddle!

I pick up this book. On the title page it says. "Very tinny, very henry/Very angry, very henry."

6

A Neurotic

Alexandra Dalton

I think I see him, at his desk, biting the tip of his pen gloomily. This is the end for me.

Tell people like you what happened to you.

At length, after a long mental struggle, he sets his pen to the paper and writes:

“They were sexual deviants.”

The People of Lot. It is possible for a neurotic to get over his disturbance, and for another person to help him do so.

Subject: u wouldn't believe what they're doing—they're punishing them

Subject: OH MILDRED!

Subject: how r they torturing?

He paces up and down his room for a few minutes.

Subject: Superglue up their asshole, then they were force-fed laxatives and water until their insides explode

Subject: OH MY DARLING!

The best way to live with a neurotic is to help him overcome his neurosis.

Subject: OH MILDRED!

Subject: OH HAROLD!

Subject: OH MILDRED!

They embrace.

Is it possible? Can an emotionally disturbed individual actually get better? Be effectively cured? Categorically, yes.

Subject: when did it start being so bad?

Categorically, yes. But it certainly isn't easy.

He nerves himself with a cigarette and writes boldly, blindly:

Always we lived with fear and threat but nowadays the threat become more and more and we faced that when before three days when some of persons wearing a black color clothes stopped our car and started to ask us about our names? Jobs? Addresses? Families? Where we go?

Because the disturbance invariably stems from irrational, unrealistic ideas which are learned rather than inherited, it is possible for a neurotic to get over his disturbance, and for another person to help him to do so. (with some difficulty)

8

“The very first time I saw
you—you remember? It was in
the Orchard.”

She presses his hand.

“The Apple Blossoms?”

He deletes the apple blossoms.

“Well, at the first moment of
seeing you, I knew, even then,
that I loved you!”

The dead were normally buried in an extended position with

their head towards the North and their legs toward the South.

I am like JFK, they have always wanted to ritualistically me.

Self Portrait as a Saturday Night

Sida Li

Let me buy you a drink or something strange

friend hates me now I know why they call it the

wobbling pencil trick a guy into thinking this is a

dress this is my address do not bother calling

ring the doorbell close your eyes and ask for

happened to my

bends like that

dress this is my

ahead when you

Butch.

stop, pulling

Olivia Smith

snap crack the razor whips
the sharp tongue in two,
the atoms split

stop pulling my hair out
it's standing on edge and
i can't help
scratch
scratch
scratching
your coarse hands feel like tiny little

bugs. they sit on my scalp
and i
rub them away.
wash my fingers
scrub my toes
god. why are you so annoying?

do you wonder what an itch is—
because i do.
it bothers me, i don't get it.

but i'm not frustrated for too long
because my mind begins to wander and
i think about things like
what did my dream mean last night?
i soon forget about
my hair being pulled.

Tunnel Vision

Mickey Sanchez

It was the biggest clog I had ever seen, and I knew it would take me all night. Not that it mattered whether it was night or day. You can't tell what time it is here, underground, in the tunnels. Nevertheless, I knew that every time I found a clog like this that it'd take me away from the other conveyors and that there'd be plenty of smaller clogs when I got to them. It was just the feeling of knowing I'd get behind. All I could think about during this shift was the memories of last night that arose as extreme close ups. I had been convinced, then, of her complete purity. In light of this, what was my quality, the receiver of her caresses? I wanted nothing more than to be able to focus on the strain in my shoulders and back. Or rather, I wanted to concentrate so I could forget where I was. My memory only forced me to envision the place I'd rather be. Not everyone knows that the James Farley Post Office at 421 Eighth Avenue between 31st and 32nd Street is connected to all the other post offices in Manhattan through a series of underground tunnels. Inside the tunnels are conveyor belts big enough to carry packages up to five square feet and weighing up to 450 pounds. The conveyors are raised three feet above and alongside a walkway wide enough for a man. They dug these tunnels ten years ago to try and ease up some city traffic. Wait... what was that sound? Does she whisper to me now? What is the difference between the event and my memory if the sound I hear now is equally audible, tangible, and present? "Would you hold me for a while?" she says.

If there were an incident that I could say has stuck out in my mind above all the other days of walking back and forth on this thin path until I was exhausted and perspiring, it would be the time that I was certain, or definitely much more than a little bit convinced, that this particular moment had happened before. I could see the different paths to take from that moment and where they would lead. I had the feeling that by taking a particular action I could instantly erase an infinite multiplicity of possible outcomes. During these moments I entered an unstoppable dialogue with myself that said nothing more than, "What should I do?" and, "Do I have a choice?" Last night I sensed a quality in her speech that suggested manipulation. A girl's voice. Holding and being held. The boxes come loose. Some of them have been badly damaged so I pull a sticker from my pocket that lets the destined post office know where the trauma occurred. I'm glad I don't have to deal with these patrons who will want to know what happened. They will not be told the truth. I know their rage because I have felt rage myself. I know the clerk's apprehension in the same way. I have also felt her need, for I have also been in need. I hear her again: "Do that underneath my sweater. Take off your shirt." And when I grab a box it seems to me far less real than her scent, the feel of the hairline above her eyes, or the contours of her neck and breasts. In fact, my fractured visions of her body seem absolutely striking in comparison to the dreamlike view of this tunnel that continues farther than I can see.

rehab

Hillary Juster

I am visiting you at rehab. I see another friend I know. I see the furniture. There is a group meeting and I am trying to check the mail. There are people sitting in front of the mail. One of these people says to me, "This used to be much more difficult to access. We removed the ledge. But now we're sitting here."

The friend I know shows me around. There is no furniture, of course, and the walls are light blue in the dark. I meet Jesse on the couch in the middle of the room. It is now yellow. I say, "I'm not ready for this. I'm unhealthy. Most of the people I know are in rehab." You say, "Not healthy? You're the picture of health. You shine in here a beam of health. You give us all inspiration. You are so healthy." We press together but we are fully clothed. We will stay fully clothed and maybe it will be healthy.

Heart and Brain Poem

Elliot M Richman

Look at me! I can say the most beautiful things,
but nobody knows! I have a heart and it beats
beats beats but so what, so what?! I have a brain
too and it throbs throbs throbs and I feed it and
it reaches down into the heart and plucks it softly
at first, pizzicato, and then Arco ARCO ARCO it
breaks its back and makes it supple and cry and its
tenuous fabric is thin and thinner and gauzelike
until it contracts while parts fall off and it's solid
and stolid and sturdy and here for good. That's it!
That's my heart and it's been that way for a while.
Thanks brain says heart and brain says hey, it's why
I'm here. Wasn't easy though... Yeah I know says
the heart, and they shoot a spasmodic love signal
through my spine and my skin shivers and my
organs jolt in the aftershock. A tremulous heart so
sturdy dying it's bright like a star before black.

Observation

Andrew E Colarusso

muddied handmaids hand clapp
ed close the privledged booth of
Grendel & Man. Midnight boys
with danger tucked waistbands
promise to return the story; a lo
udness in brow sweat

Toll

Desiree Mitton

Call clear,
this marbled neck can no
longer lie so
neatly stowed, body's
taken form-
a pillowed kiss drawn
from child's hand-
who once heard morning
on white bedroom
walls.
This limb and gray color,
a lone
chair anchored
in branches. Let her sit
and pull no sound from
under her.

Let her
stitch
alone.

Bridge

Joe Bussiere

you talked to him but he wont talk back
and so it isnt better or worse
and i felt the cold tiles
too
and the layers of
dirt grew on me too so many
years after
i saw the bird by tenth he missed the vein
and they hadta prop him up to be heard
and a night anywhere would change how
nobody 'll hear ya anyways but i heard the
bird cooing on
and i do not mind the waters and they dont
mind me
friendly river
is this where Lorca screamed to Walt from
for something to remain but looky was there
really anything from the start and remember that
as America drowns maybe it never had lungs
in the first place and death never spilt from nobody's
eyes so i don't follow you no more
i dont see anything spilling now its more like the river
nothing really spills the death just flows but
what doesn't
dont let it bring you down well
i got a vacant street to hear with a cold breeze
and i will like to loafe soon enough but
i got local stops afore i sleep too
and we are all molding into eachother it seems
and fuck the local stops i will walk over the bridge over the river
and itll be cold but comeon i mean theres
no word for the mid bridge moment
over the east river
stand in the middle of the bridge and cry with all the dead ones if
we all gotta go sometime and we all are the river whether we like it
and i know theyre eating you alive but things change Freddy and i
hear you from the bridge still im alone up hear
and maybe we can cry about the dying together over the river
and maybe later find some pizza

you like
or not
can



Elbow Grease

Christopher Barnes

Queued at jungle-green nets
They're unblinking, breath-wheezed.
R834JTW strains macadam,
A pitch-of-excitement for the eye.

Prince Charming's un-Calvined himself,
Tight-curved feet on firm pedals,
Kneads his gristle, jiggles.

As an ambler plods cobbles
His T-shirt tent-poles
Then back out to spasm.

Zenith

Stela Xhiku

I remember the mother smell of the mornings. She holds me over a dirty communist window.
“Good Morning Sun.”
I am small beautiful smiles. Mother’s gone and my sister is telling me that she is adopted.
Today she leaves. I cry from the communist window as she runs across the square, barefoot.
The sun shines.
The assault begins; its yellow grows loudly and shrinks back like snakes.
I wake up on mother’s pillow. My sister is sleeping next to me. I feel stupid for crying. She
wakes up happy like me and I plan to yell later. It is tiring to always be the aggressor.
Morning, I command the sun to rise and then watch as it dies.
“Good Morning Sun.”

Old Light

William J Joel

Most stars are light years distant;
some, we see, are probably cold and dead,
it takes so long for light to reach our eyes.

This is what he read, to try and understand
those things he didn't learn in school,
too busy taking shop, or pulling part an engine
block; his cousin's car was really old.

He never worked on stars, or even
stared at them to see the patterns,
constellations, Greeks and Romans saw.

He only knew the moon
on nights he drove his car to vacant lots
to study her anatomy
or rev his engine for an ad-hoc race.

He rubbed his eyes and set the glasses
on his nose to read the books the print
inside had grown so small and blurred.

Her body glowed like pearls
some diver stole from shallow oysters; pearls
she wore around her neck, the only thing
she wore. Unseen, the stars reflected
in the chrome he'd polished twice to twice impress;
she didn't see; he didn't care or know
how far the light had come, its photons lost
in leather seats, real leather, nothing false;
he only had one chance to show her
just how much he'd learned.

The Pregnant Em Dash

WM Akers

A beauty wearing armor cold	1
Any slick way to put them there.	2
But if that were to happen now—my pet!	3
For you were bashful, silent as before	4
I still recall, dear, from when we first met—	5
In you I saw no love, no humor, nor	6
Incite, with light caress, what I saw fair:	7
My hands, safe in your gold locks kept,	8
My love!—I think that I should die—	9
That demure girl with cruel blonde hair	10
That light that first came when you slept,	11
To leave you, lovely, I could never dare.	12
Whose hot form I now live to hold.	13
You did not look me in the eye	14

Recommended readings:

Cheerful: {5, 14, 3, 9, 12, 8, 7, 11, 4, 10, 6, 2, 1, 13}

Gloomy: {9, 4, 14, 6, 10, 5, 8, 12}

Limerick: {last three feet of (5 and 11), last two feet of (7 and 12), last three feet of (3)}

Bouncy nonsense: {Last word of (1), last word of (2), last word of (3)...}

Even only: {2, 4, 6...}

Boys II Men: {Last three words of 9, first two words of 4, comma from 8, sixth word from 6}

Inappropriate readings:

Alphabetical: {1, 2, 3...} (see above)

Reverse Alphabetical: {14, 13, 12...}

Odd only: {1, 3, 5...}

Boring nonsense: {First word of (1), first word of (2), first word of (3)...}



A Lesson in Correspondence

Rachel Taenzler

Dear you,

That day, when we prodded the tops of anthills and decided that bruising lips meant nothing more than one plus one—I was lying. And the guilt still scratches at me like a feather pillow. I beg my letters to crawl to your door in my place and hope that your heart still stutters when I count the bumps of your spine.

Love, me

Dear me,

Sometimes, when I'm two breaths from sleep, I remember how you laughed when that ant dropped its breadcrumb. I think about your palm and my palm, the sweat, the grass clippings, the vows contradicting the promise of your skin - and I know. And I wait for your letters.

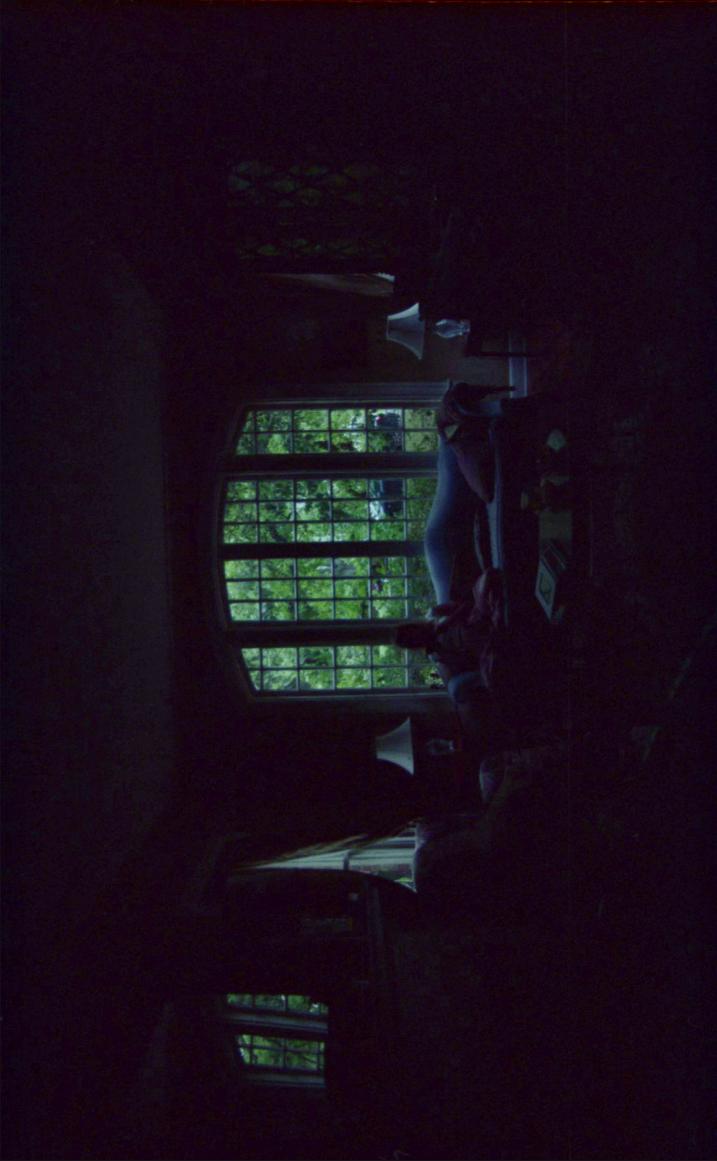
I'll see you in the morning. I hope you still like mocha-chip lattes.

Love, you



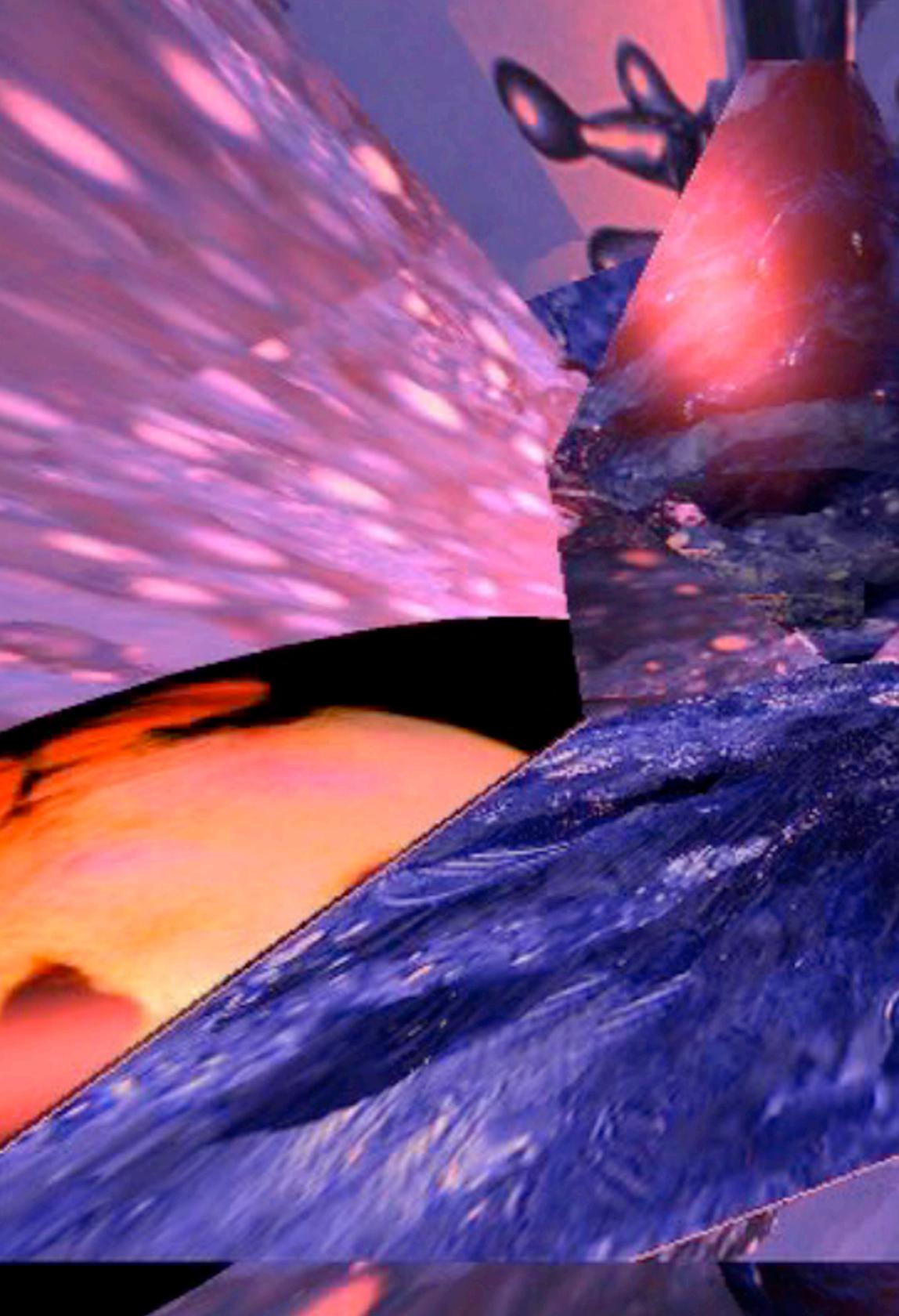


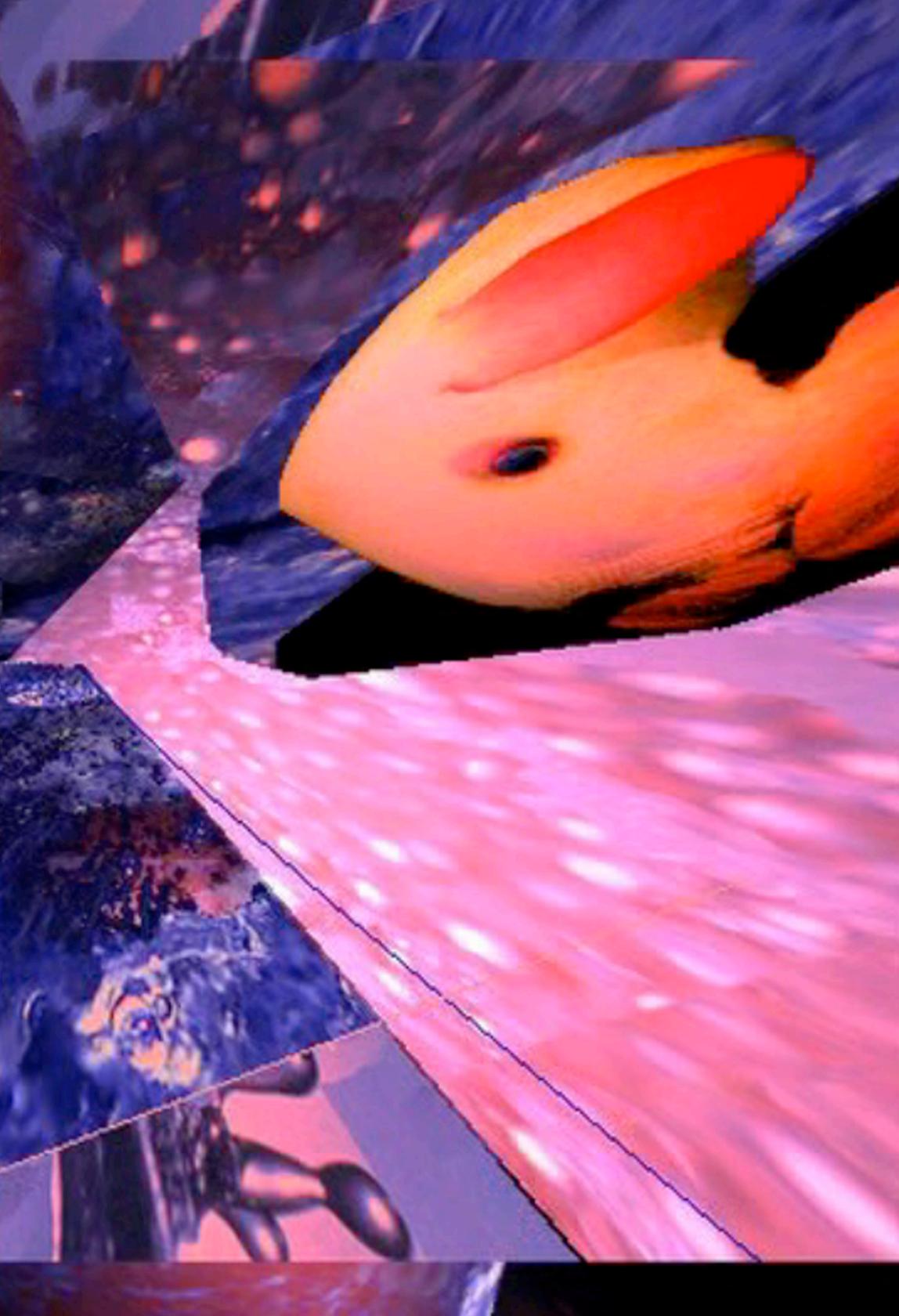




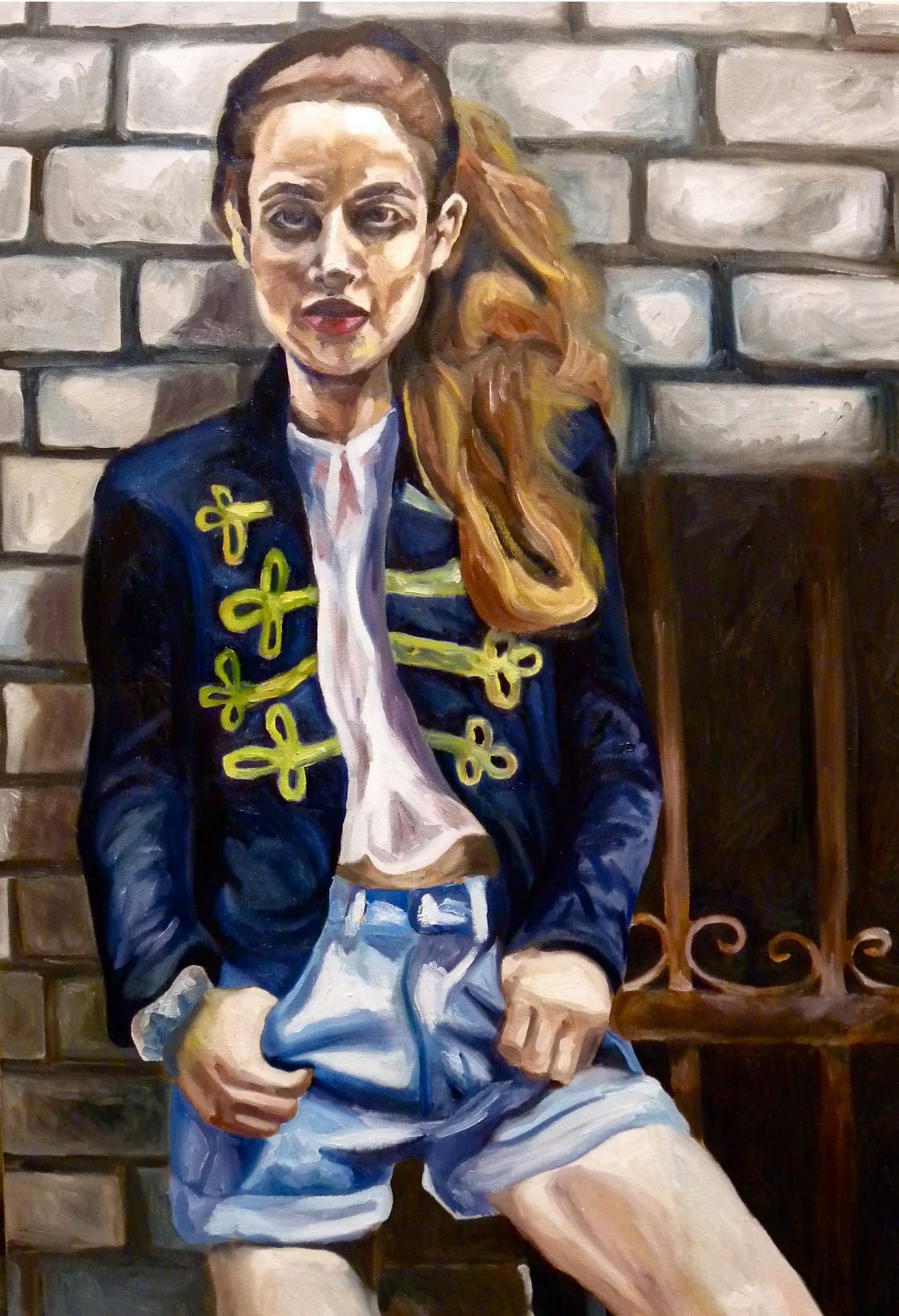




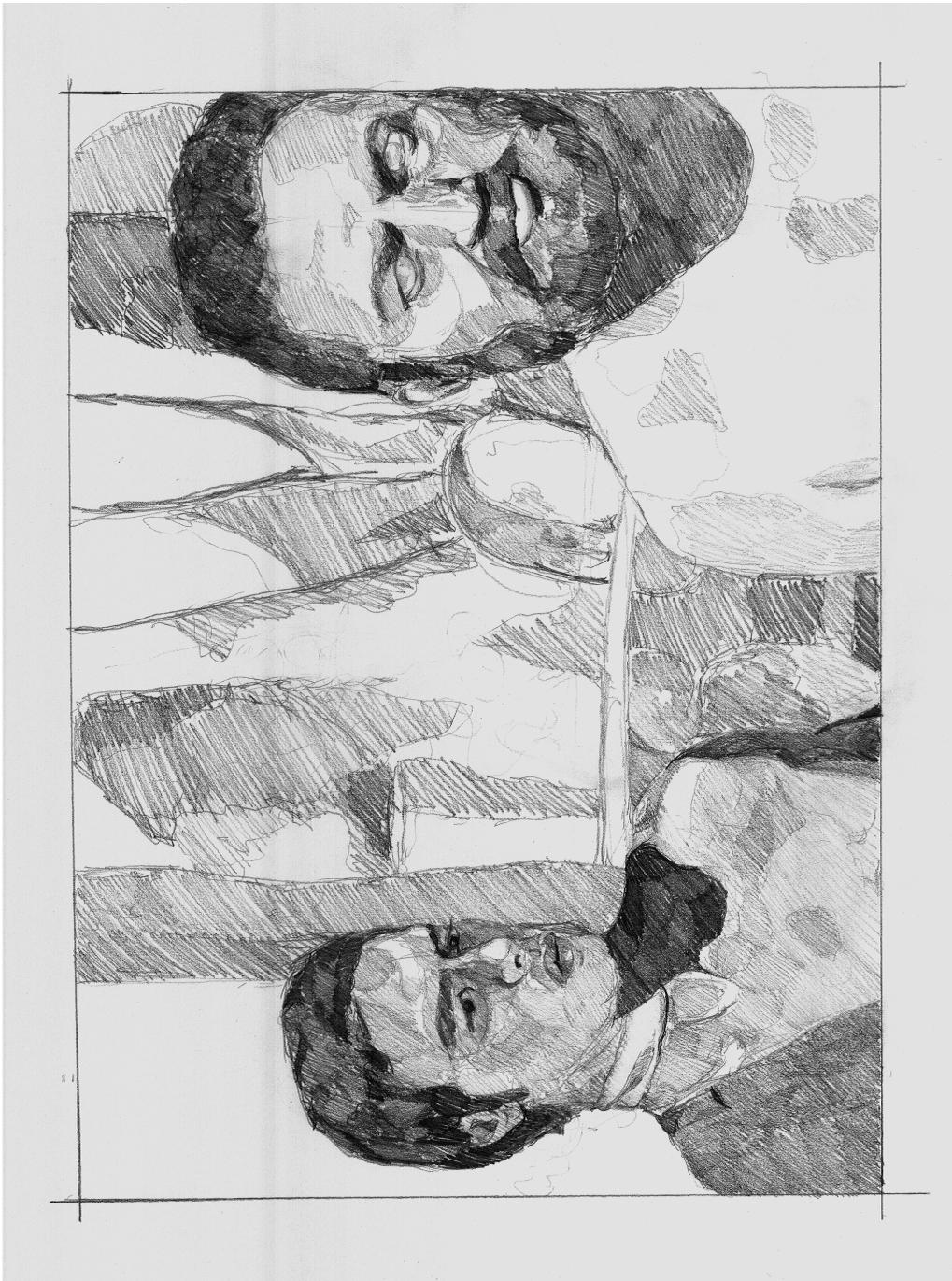




















3 Days of Crime

Hillary Juster

On Tuesday I buy some candy walnuts, go to the library, eat a salad in the cafeteria, and go up many stairs, which are all illegal.

Wednesday I wake up illegally in the middle of the night, and I remember the cookie nightmare I had, which was also illegal.

I skip classes against the law. I go to the bathroom against the law. I go to a christmas movie function with a fog machine against the law. Illegally I don't finish my wine which everyone knows is against the law. I now have a cold which is very illegal and I eat some illegal vegetable broth with rice noodles.

Thursday is illegal. I eat oatmeal with raisins in my kitchen for breakfast illegally. I go to the bureaucracy against the law and wait there for 1.5 hours illegally. I make some copies against the law, write down my riverboat zoo dream against the law, sort through my things against the law. I have not showered once against the law or brushed my teeth against the law since I've been against the law.

I see the woman who tells me that I am against the law. The man keeps looking in my face for some signs. I pay my money and get into bed. I listen to my computer. I eat many American crackers and drink a cup of tea.

1

2

3

- - - - -

Red Ants and Father

Husayn Carnegie

I planned to be a tiger. Eleven feet nine inches.
Each day I hung from the rusted water pipe,
shoulders popped and tendons stretched, trying to get longer.
I licked ants straight off the tarmac, building a taste for blood.
They're sour you know, like Warheads even,
and I had to clamp my tongue to the top of my mouth
and scrunch up my eyes and bring my head in real close.
Like a turtle seen a badger.

I remember that one belt.
The middle looked something like stucco
from when you leaned against the burner
and the cheap shitty plastic bubbled and popped.
I was keen on that one.
It hurt less than the genuine leather one from Montreal,
which left streaks against my rangy sides.
There's violence to love. Mum carries pup by the scruff of his neck
and Toots left scratches all over my back and shoulders,
but it's different see, she kissed my neck and eyelids.

Brunch Poem

Daniel Herschlein

Quite the calm clammy feeling, it was.
Her palms with mine, dripping
smothery honey dew
juices all over our breakfast
plates in the morning.

Each shining dawn we'd sit
and eat as savages eat.
In a pit of pigs,
our spittle was as spears.
The sunlight would croak

in a fit of mud and reverie
with streamers and full spectrum confetti
floating down sloe rivers, glittering
canine teeth and gin. Such was the bacon
we'd eat. Oily, like a bird in a gale

dropping, unborn, eggs upon our heads
that would crack and ooze
in our hysterical eyes
with smiling battered lashes.
And as some of misfortune did miss us,

they'd crash down upon the hot black asphalt
below and bubble and fry
beside our stinkin' feet.
"What a waste of youth!" We'd shout and
in the night we'd walk, I

and Grace, hands undone, in use.
We'd stop under dim yellowed streetlamp
light, unnoticed on a corner,
and Grace would look to me,
drooling diamonds,

salting thoughts in preservation, nourishment.
She'd smile wide like the moon would,
the lamp light illuminating
her pearly whites, and she'd bite
clean into her moist midnight melon.

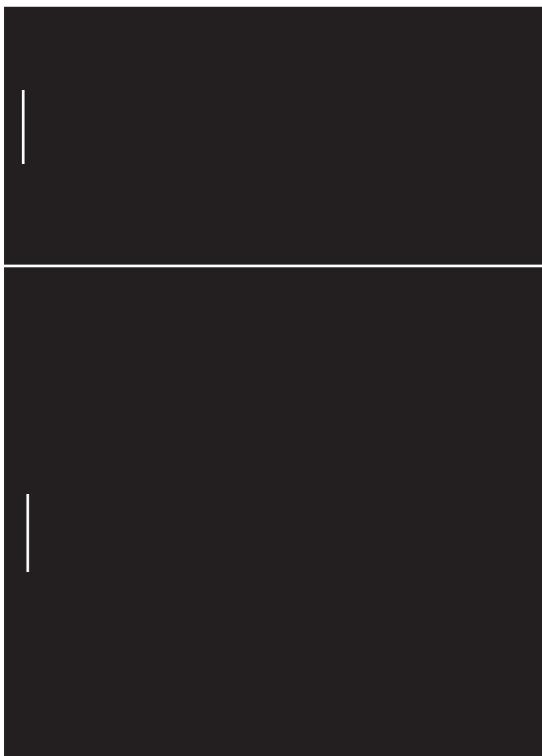
Night Binge

Christopher Barnes

At two to three
A buttery searchlight,
The stay-fresh fridge
Blinks the room.
A lip-smack door teeters.
His once-over stock-takes shelves.

Nimble-wing this hour -
Family portions,
Swallowed to four chips of Gouda,
An unapproachable spatter, hollandaise,
A korma mush, instant garlic spread.

On this cuff are giveaway stains.



Blue Bird

Gale Acuff

Now that my dog is dead I know something
about it, death, I mean. I'm ten years old
but I feel older. On Friday nights my
mother lets me stay up an hour later.
It's that feeling but this time it will stick.

I find Caesar on the highway when I
come home from school. Our Blue Bird straddles him
—that's what it seems like beneath my feet—and
when I step down and cross over Jordan
Road I check the traffic well so I won't
join him, the dead for the dead, then peel him
off the asphalt and drag him to the bank
as scrawl on the road in his own blood
something I can't make out but know at heart.

I go straight to the garage, where we keep
the wheelbarrow, and roll it down to him
and muscle him, stiff but broken, into
it, then wheel him up the hill and around
the house and down to the garden and just
below it, where I find some shade and dig
the hole and put him in and cover him
up. I haven't even had my breakfast yet
or said hello to Mother—she must know

I'm late. But I'm early, in a strange way
I don't like but makes me feel much older.
I put away the wheelbarrow and go
in through the front door. Mother's on the couch,
smoking a cigarette. Was that Caesar
on the highway, she asks. *Yes*, I say. *I
just got finished burying him.* I'm so
sorry, she says. But you'll never finish.
I look at her. I'm too young to be told

that but I understand. *You're right*, I say.
You'd better wash you hands, she says, in puffs
between the words. *I'll never get 'em clean*,
I say. She smiles and snuffs her cigarette
but it's the ashes she's smiling at. Are
you hungry, she asks. *Yes*, I say. *Starving.*

ok fear

whatever

ok dreams and pow ems pilgrim bottles hats and
 longjohns in comfort floors sometimes i need to breath
 sometime i write the things you read the things
 and maybe cry st als yo u s ee the d ark and mayb e wel l it m
 akes me nor mal cry you know and it is you and tor nado but the
 w ar ni ng doesnt sc a re me the ta cti c wo r ks in newne ss wa ys
 and a ll the ru les ar e ju st th er e ju st f or e st s of p ap er
 wa s i t awes ome it was fu n wo nt y ou ju st say so met hi ng.

i will come you were had gone for
 recipes luck for luck naughtiness
 averted.

Forests of Paper

Hillary Juster

Nostos

Sida Li

The apartment's back parking lot was empty after nine a.m. a
horseshoe lining of trees for the animals to hide almost
drowning taught us how to swim Mom
gave us a flashlight for when we got scared of the dark don't
forget to spit on yourself where I shoot you or else you're dead.

Cars with square edges fell out of fashion the
Sunoco on the corner kept changing its logo we
played Freshman soccer for the hoodies our
best conversations happened over beer and ping-pong when
the intonation of our voices turned drunken accusations into
questions of life?

Contributors are like this

Gale Acuff has had many poems published in American journals and little magazines; he has authored three books of poetry. He has taught university English in the US, China, and the Palestinian West Bank.

WM Akers is available for parties. He will then blog about them at <http://lunchmatters.net>.

Christopher Barnes' first collection of poems called LOVEBITES is published by Chanticleer Press UK.

Joe Bussiere lives in Brooklyn. He is a sophomore at NYU and sometimes listens to the radio.

Andrew E Colarusso is studying comparative literature and critical theory. He is currently working on a manuscript. In his spare time he looks for people to call him a dangerous man.

Born in Bogota, Colombia to American parents, Alexandra Dalton has been lucky enough to live in a lot of different places in her life—never once staying more than 4 consecutive years. In May, New York will be the second-longest place she's ever lived in and maybe, with time, the longest.

Daniel Herschlein is a man who lives in Brooklyn, NY. He likes flowers and video art.

Mr. William J Joel is an educator, storyteller and writer from the Mid-Hudson region of New York. His work has most recently found homes in *Aunt Chloe* and *Wolf Moon Journal*.

Hillary Juster ~~-----~~

Sida Li is a junior at Stern. You can check out some of his other stuff at <http://sidasdiner.blogspot.com/>.

Desiree Kennedy-Mitton ('13) is an NYU student in Gallatin, hoping to shape a concentration around theatre, art history, and comparative literature. She enjoys writing poetry when the moment permits itself.

Mickey Sanchez. Male - 21 - 5'11"
sanchez.mickey@gmail.com Email him!

Olivia Smith likes the sun. She also enjoys happy people and happy places.

Rachel Taenzler is a junior English student at NYU. She originally comes from just outside of Philadelphia.

Stela Xhiku thinks 19 is surely a lovely age. It's a miracle she manages to find time for writing and schoolwork when she's always scheming against that deadbeat dealer, Karl Kemp, whose antiques are the pits.

Winter 2010

Editor-in-Chief Hillary Juster
Co-Chair WM Akers
Submissions Editor Katie Vokes
Treasurer Sida Li
Copy Editor Erin Mahon

The Minetta Review is a literary and arts publication with new issues twice a year. Continually published since 1974, Minetta is NYU's oldest literary magazine. We are student run, but take submissions from anyone, anywhere.

Send us something, please. We've missed you. Poetry or prose (no more than 6 double spaced pages) and visual art (as an image file no less than 300 dpi) to minetta.club@nyu.edu.

If you're a student at NYU, come by to our meetings, which are announced on our mailing list. To join, send a blank email to join-minetta@forums.nyu.edu.

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