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This is our first issue published November 2013.

If you would like to contact us, please email us at eds@everywritersresource.com You can find us on the web at www.everywritersresource.com

Featured art in this issue...

As you read this issue you will see works from Mario Sanchez Nevado. The artist honored us by sharing his work. Mario S. Nevado is a dynamic illustrator and Art Director based in Spain. With a solid style, his conceptual work creates an emotional impact on his viewer with pieces that are both personal and political. His striking collection is deeply woven with bold narratives that drive each image. Part magical storyteller and part sober messenger of society’s ills, Mario’s work begs deeper consideration of the world around us.

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In our next issue....

We are in the process of putting together our first Christmas issue. We are looking for Any articles, poems and stories that are Christmas Related. We want to put together a traditional Christmas issue asking the question, Why can't literary magazines be sentimental? Please send your stories up to 1000 words, or 3 to 5 poems to eds@everywriterwritersresource.com

We will run our issue around the first of December, so let's say we will be looking for submissions until the 28th of November.
How to publish a Poem

It seems silly to some, but a lot of new, young, or new to publishing writers ask me, “How do I publish a poem?” They usually have specific questions, “I was thinking about submitting a poem, but I don’t know a lot about poetry…” Even though it is usually a simple process there are a few pointers that will help new writers have the best chance of publishing a poem. It takes time, and you have to keep trying.

1. Read the Publication! Find a Market

This goes for any submission of your work. You need to find a market, and the best way to do this is to read read read. I know some writers that get offended that a certain publication rejected them. They say something like, “I’ve been published in [insert outstanding publication] and this little journal rejected me?” Well the truth is most editors know what they like. Many have a certain quirks to them, and if your writing doesn’t fit, it doesn’t matter how good it is, they won’t publish it. I knew a writer once that started sending his work to great publications, and worked his way down a list until he got to what he thought of as a bad publication. All of them said NO. He took a step back, spent a lot of time reading, and then sent his work to a very good publication that had recently published a story like one of his. They accepted it. Know your editors. Know what they are looking for. Read the publications you are sending your work to.

2. Pick your best work

Don’t fall into the trap of “Oh that publication isn’t good enough for my best work.” If you have been published many times that might be an argument, but if you are just starting out, try, try, try. Send your best.

3. Simultaneous Submissions

Many writers ask about this, and most editors hate them. The truth is it is a reality of publishing. You more than likely will have to submit your work to more than one publication at a time. Editors tend to hate them because they have gone to publish a good poem and found it has already been published. Speaking as someone who has edited a few journals and zines, I know how much of a pain it is not to be told a work has been published. Should you tell the editor that you are submitting simultaneously? Most magazines say that you have to disclose the fact that you are submitting to another journal.

The truth is, yes, and I’ll say it, it does count against you. If I’m considering 2 pieces and my return time is say 6 months or even 3 months, I know that this author has been submitting this work over and over again. The truth is all editors of poetry should know that the work is going to be submitted to more than one publication, and it is silly to even ask.

MOST IMPORTANT RULE: if your work gets published make sure you email or contact each publication you have submitted it to and tell them. If they send you a letter of acceptance and you send back that it has been published already, you will be blacklisted. This means you will never be published in this journal, ever ever. Also if you think you’ll just let it go through remember that most journals take the first time publication rights. Just keep that in mind.

4. 3 to 5 to 6 poems

Most magazines or journals
will put a limit on how many poems you can send. Do not exceed this limit. Many times the editors will simply throw out the whole submission if they get too many poems from one author. Make sure you stay within the limit. It makes you look desperate if you send more than the number of poems they ask for. On the other hand make sure you send at least the lowest number they are asking for. If it says send 3 to 5 poems at least send three. You are increasing your chances, of course. You also look smug if you send only one poem.

5. Line Breaks

Make sure your formatting comes through to the editor. If you are sending an email, and you paste it in the body of the email, sometimes the poem won’t keep its formatting. You may have to attach an rtf. If the journal says they will not take attachments don’t send them, they will simply delete them. If you send your poem in the body of an email you might want to write later to ask if it came through okay. Most very well established journals are using submission software. If they have their own system use it. Sending it in a pdf. is a good idea, if the journal accepts the format.

6. Send your work to the right place!

Pay close attention to the submission guidelines outlined by the journal. Many journals will have a specific editor you need to send the submission to. If you send your submission to the wrong editor it goes in the trash. Also, some journals now are using online submissions programs. Make sure you follow all their guidelines so your submissions makes it through.

7. Cover letter

Writer a cover letter to send with your submissions. You can write one letter and change it each time you send a submission, but make sure to include some niceties like “I read your journal and liked...” also include what you are sending “3 poems titled...” so the editor knows what to look for.

Make the letter professional. Many editors are used to taking snail mail submissions from the yesteryears of 5 or 6 years ago. Some are, I hate to say, a little bitter about taking online submissions in the first place. Don’t give them more reasons to toss your work. Make your letter professional, and be polite about the process.

8. Bio

Yes you need to send some kind of bio. If you have published before include your “best” publications, if you haven’t published just say your city and occupation: John Smith is working on his first collection of poetry to be finished April of 2009. He is a truck driver who has been influenced heavily by the open road. He currently lives with his dog Adam in New York city.” Write the bio in third person. Many zine editors will just cut, clean up, and paste your bio. It saves time and effort, so help them as much as possible. It is not always a strike against you if you have not been published. Most editors will give more cred to well published writers, but they do not disqualify if you have not published.

9. Keep a log

Sending out poetry gets a little complicated sometimes. Keep a log of when, where, and what you send. If you forget where you published a piece you might just publish it twice, or worse you might get mixed up and not know if it was published at all. It happens more often than you might think.

If you send 4 poems to 3 journals a week for a year you will have submitted to 156 journals, and you will have submitted 624 poems. That number could be on the low side. If you consider you are
only submitting to about 12 journals a month, this isn’t too far outside what persistent writers do. Keep a chart.

10. Keep trying

Journals are going to say no. It is that simple. Every writer is rejected. Use the time you are submitting your works to write new pieces. Keep writing. Keep trying.

Mark Twain on First Getting Published (1906)

My experiences as an author began early in 1867. I came to New York from San Francisco in the first month of that year and presently Charles H. Webb, whom I had known in San Francisco as a reporter on The Bulletin, and afterward editor of The Californian, suggested that I publish a volume of sketches. I had but a slender reputation to publish it on, but I was charmed and excited by the suggestion and quite willing to venture it if some industrious person would save me the trouble of gathering the sketches together. I was loath to do it myself, for from the beginning of my sojourn in this world there was a persistent vacancy in me where the industry ought to be. (“Ought to was” is better, perhaps, though the most of the authorities differ as to this.)

Webb said I had some reputation in the Atlantic States, but I knew quite well that it must be of a very attenuated sort. What there was of it rested upon the story of “The Jumping Frog.” When Artemus Ward passed through California on a lecturing tour, in 1865 or ’66, I told him the “Jumping Frog” story, in San Francisco, and he asked me to write it out and send it to his publisher, Carleton, in New York, to be used in padding out a small book which Artemus had prepared for the press and which needed some more stuffing to make it big enough for the price which was to be charged for it.

It reached Carleton in time, but he didn’t think much of it, and was not willing to go to the typesetting expense of adding it to the book. He did not put it in the waste-basket, but made Henry Clapp a present of it, and Clapp used it to help out the funeral of his dying literary journal, The Saturday Press. “The Jumping Frog” appeared in the last number of that paper, was the most joyous feature of the obsequies, and was at once copied in the newspapers of America and England. It certainly had a wide celebrity, and it still had it at the time that I am speaking of—but I was aware that it was only the frog that was celebrated. It wasn’t I. I was still an obscurity.

Webb undertook to collate the sketches. He performed this office, then handed the result to me, and I went to Carleton’s establishment with it. I approached a clerk and he bent eagerly over the counter to inquire into my needs; but when he found that I had come to sell a book and not to buy one, his temperature fell sixty degrees, and the old-gold intrenchments in the roof of my mouth contracted three-quarters of an inch and my teeth fell out. I meekly asked the privilege of a word with Mr. Carleton, and was coldly informed that he was in his private office. Discouragements and
difficulties followed, but after a while I got by the frontier and entered the holy of holies. Ah, now I remember how I managed it! Webb had made an appointment for me with Carleton; otherwise I never should have gotten over that frontier. Carleton rose and said brusquely and aggressively,

“Well, what can I do for you?”

celbfrog1867 I reminded him that I was there by appointment to offer him my book for publication. He began to swell, and went on swelling and swelling and swelling until he had reached the dimensions of a god of about the second or third degree. Then the fountains of his great deep were broken up, and for two or three minutes I couldn’t see him for the rain. It was words, only words, but they fell so densely that they darkened the atmosphere. Finally he made an imposing sweep with his right hand, which comprehended the whole room and said,

“Books—look at those shelves! Every one of them is loaded with books that are waiting for publication. Do I want any more? Excuse me, I don’t. Good morning.”

Twenty-one years elapsed before I saw Carleton again. I was then sojourning with my family at the Schweitzerhof, in Luzerne. He called on me, shook hands cordially, and said at once, without any preliminaries,

“I am substantially an obscure person, but I have at least one distinction to my credit of such colossal dimensions that it entitles me to immortality—to wit: I refused a book of yours, and for this I stand without competitor as the prize ass of the nineteenth century.”

It was a most handsome apology, and I told him so, and said it was a long-delayed revenge but was sweeter to me than any other that could be devised; that during the lapsed twenty-one years I had

I had in fancy taken his life several times every year, and always in new and increasingly cruel and inhuman ways, but that now I was pacified, appeased, happy, even jubilant; and that thenceforth I should hold him my true and valued friend and never kill him again.

I reported my adventure to Webb, and he bravely said that not all the Carletons in the universe should defeat that book; he would publish it himself on a ten per cent. royalty. And so he did. He brought it out in blue and gold, and made a very pretty little book of it, I think he named it “The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches,” price $1.25. He made the plates and printed and bound the book through a job-printing house, and published it through the American News Company.

In June I sailed in the Quaker City Excursion. I returned in November, and in Washington found a letter from Elisha Bliss, of the American Publishing Company of Hartford, offering me five per cent. royalty on a book which should recount the adventures of the Excursion. In lieu of the royalty, I was offered the alternative of ten thousand dollars cash upon delivery of the manuscript. I consulted A. D. Richardson and he said “take the royalty.” I followed his advice and closed with Bliss. By my contract I was to deliver the manuscript in July of 1868. I wrote the book in San Francisco and delivered the manuscript within contract time. Bliss provided a multitude of illustrations for
the book, and then stopped work on it. The contract date for the issue went by, and there was no explanation of this. Time drifted along and still there was no explanation. I was lecturing all over the country; and about thirty times a day, on an average, I was trying to answer this conundrum:

“When is your book coming out?”

I got tired of inventing new answers to that question, and by and by I got horridly tired of the question itself. Whoever asked it became my enemy at once, and I was usually almost eager to make that appear.

As soon as I was free of the lecture-field I hastened to Hartford to make inquiries. Bliss said that the fault was not his; that he wanted to publish the book but the directors of his Company were staid old relics and were afraid of it. They had examined the book, and the majority of them were of the opinion that there were places in it of a humorous character. Bliss said the house had never published a book that had a suspicion like that attaching to it, and that the directors were afraid that a departure of this kind would seriously injure the house's reputation; that he was tied hand and foot, and was not permitted to carry out his contract. One of the directors, a Mr. Drake—at least he was the remains of what had once been a Mr. Drake—invited me to take a ride with him in his buggy, and I went along. He was a pathetic old relic, and his ways and his talk were also pathetic. He had a delicate purpose in view and it took him some time to hearten himself sufficiently to carry it out, but at last he accomplished it. He explained the house's difficulty and distress, as Bliss had already explained it. Then he frankly threw himself and the house upon my mercy and begged me to take away “The Innocents Abroad” and release the concern from the contract. I said I wouldn't—and so ended the interview and the buggy excursion.

Then I warned Bliss that he must get to work or I should bring suit for damages. That ended the trouble. Half a dozen copies were bound and placed on sale within the required time. Then the canvassing began, and went briskly forward. In nine months the book took the publishing house out of debt, advanced its stock from twenty-five to two hundred, and left seventy thousand dollars profit to the good. It was Bliss that told me this—but if it was true, it was the first time that he had told the truth in sixty-five years. He was born in 1804.

Get Help on Publishing

Every Writer's Resource is happy to announce a new service for writers. We get 100s of submissions, and we always feel guilty about not sending feedback to those authors we do not publish. We also get 100s of requests for help on publishing, anything from information about a magazine to where might the author publish their work.

We want to help, but we are getting overwhelmed in the requests we get. So now we have created a new service to help writers, publishers, and us.

Now we will be your publishing consultant. Instead of spending hour after hour looking for markets, ask us to do it for you.

Our New Publication Consulting will give you honest feedback AND we will find 10 markets that are close to your work. If you are interested in this service please email us at eds@everywritersresource.com

He has been awarded fellowships and grants from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, National Endowment for the Arts, Poetry Society of America, Ohio Arts Council, Society of Midland Authors, and others. He has a PhD in English from the University of Utah and has taught at Kenyon College, the Ohio State University, and the University of Michigan. He currently holds the Thomas B. Fordham Chair of Creative Writing at Denison University, in Granville, Ohio. He is the poetry editor of the prestigious Kenyon Review. We were honored to have this interview with Dr. Baker. We corresponded with him by email.

**EWR:** You published your first chapbook of poetry when you were only 21 years old.

**Baker:** It’s hard to trace back to the real inspiration for anything, especially something that goes back 35 or 40 years. But to make a stab: I started writing poems in college, with the help of Robert C. Jones at my alma mater, Central Missouri State University. I’d converted from a pre-law major to an English major and loved the density of the poems I was reading—Wordsworth and Pope and Dickinson, I remember especially, Cummings, Merwin, Moore. Bob gave me books and encouragement and looked at my poems, and by his teaching and his guidance he inspired me.

But also I was a musician, a guitar player, who started playing at about age 8. I was performing in my hometown, Jefferson City, Missouri, and around central Missouri, in my early teens and through college. Also in college I realized I didn’t want to do that for a living. When I first started to slow down as a guitar player, I turned to poetry, more or less without hesitation and without much deliberating thought, because of its related musicality. I realize that now. I don’t think I knew it then. But the sounds, the performative
aspects, the staffs and bars and lines and blueprints and measures and measurements, the phrasing, the intonation, the math of it all, the language of passion and interiority—all of these things transferred directly from music to poetry, and back. My father was a surveyor and mapmaker, and I think that was part of it, too. But as I said, I was playing jazz and rock-and-roll and country; I was playing solo and in duos and combos and dance bands and big bands. It hardly mattered what kind of music I was playing, and likewise I wrote all kinds of poems. Poe says it’s the musical aspect of poetry that distinguishes it from other forms of language, and he’s right, the focus on musicality, the density and compression, the phrasal effects. The sound of sense.

**EWR:** You’ve talked about and lectured about connection to place in your poetry, and I’m wondering how you deal with time. You spoke in an interview about loving the old wooden barns of the Mid-West, and how those have inspired you in some cases. How do you deal with the disappearance and changes of the landscape in your poetry? More directly as the landscape and places change do you find that your poetry is changing or is there some holding on to the past through memory and imagination?

**Baker:** This is a huge question. And a quick answer says, of course, I am heartsick at the horrible decay of the rural land and the small towns and all the ways of life here and there. I shudder at the velocity of disappearances everywhere—habitat and green space, old growth woods and farmlands, watersheds and family businesses. I don’t want to romanticize those things: life is tough on farms and in little villages sometimes, and the people can be as brutal or small-minded in the country as in any massive urban setting. But the connection of people to work and place, to a place that grows in some kind of “natural” way, is so fundamental. And we are watching that vanish or morph into corporate structures, corporate greed.

I have written about small towns for a long time, and rural lives, and the animals and things outside in the Midwest. But recently I have been writing more explicitly, trying to articulate my outrage and sadness and trying to name names. I want to be able to write about a Midwest that has those falling-down barns and deep woods, but also those meth labs and mega-farm labs and franchise monopolies. I have been working on a new poem, a long sequence or a book or something, for many months now. It is “about” all of these things—from the Montano protection act to meth-as-the-new-crop to all kinds of disease and dysfunction. It is also about illness and dying, and part of its impetus is the death of my mother this past May. I think of it as a poetic sequence, but I also think of it—as I listen and revise and imagine it into being—as a kind of contemporary symphony, spare, partial, with different movements and changing voicings. So perhaps the musical and the political and the begrieved are all helping me to shape this one. It’s called “Scavenger Loop,” taking its title from a phenomenon in biology.

I am dubious about the conservative part of us that tends toward sentimentality or self-pity. Yet I do want to retain some things, too, as you say. It’s important to remember that the business of art, of living our lives, is not the past, it is the present and the future. Poetry can help to shape the present and the future, as it gives voice—I mean, gives words, gives embodiment, that essential sense of presence and presentness—to things and feelings and ideas. Outrage is not a particularly effective intonation, but concentration and commitment can lead to other kinds of intonations like insistence, fearlessness, and sympathy.

**EWR:** We know that poets like Walt Whitman and
Wallace Stevens created a connection to culture and place in their writing, and that connection helped to shape place, or at least our view of it. Can you talk a little about how your poems capture and even change our perception of the landscape and place?

Baker: Most of the previous response addressed this, I imagine. I don’t know and can’t say how my poems change someone else’s perception. You’d have to ask readers. I guess I can talk about my hopes: I hope my poems please people. I hope that pleasure leads to a depth of awareness—whether that is the awareness of the changes in our natural world or awareness of each other’s presence, each other’s place. One of the deepest achievements of a poem is to create sympathy. I don’t mean pity. I mean connection, adhesion, empathy. I mean the fact and necessity of that splendid paradox: each of us living our individual lives with care so that we may live our collective life with care. Poetry can give us hope, just as it can powerfully indict.

EWR: In your early career you were a high-school English teacher. You went on to get your doctorate, and it seems you have been consistently teaching over the course of your career. You have also been an editor for much of your career. Do you feel sharing your dedication to words is an important part of your passion for writing?

Baker: I feel like a lucky guy most days. I have two or three pursuits to shape my life, and I love doing them all. I was a teacher well before I was a poet. I started teaching the guitar in junior high, and then throughout high school and college. I find teaching an invigorating, hopeful thing to do among people. And I started editing 30 years ago, in grad school, when I worked at Quarterly West at the University of Utah, where I was Poetry Editor and then Editor of that magazine.

I have set of unusual academic degrees for the poetry world these days. I hold a BSE in English, a bachelor of science in education, which includes a public-school teaching certificate. I taught high-school English for two years. I hold an MA, not an MFA. And yes, I have a PhD in English, and this particular degree included both critical and creative components. Much of my scholarly preparation is in American literature—and I mean all the way back to pre-Columbian native American cultures, and those early European exploration narratives, and I have done...
quite a lot of work in Puritan and Federal American literature, and even more in 19th century American. Right now I’m teaching at Denison an intro course in creative writing and a seminar in Modernist poetry—one writing and one literature class. I really would not be fulfilled doing just one or the other.

So it sounds like a platitude, but editing and writing and teaching all inform each other in my work. They also wildly collide, in that whatever I’m doing—reading Kenyon manuscripts, consulting with a student, revising a poem—I should probably be doing something else. This doesn’t even begin to touch on those “other” aspects of my life. I am a father, a partner (to someone who lives far away, so we have a lot of traveling to do), a neighbor, on and on. Just like everyone else.

I think, in short, though, perhaps because writing poems can be so solitary and solipsistic, I find myself impelled into the more social prospects of the art—that is, teaching, editing. They are parts of my need to be a good citizen in ways that deepen whatever I am able to contribute as a poet.

**EWR:** Is there any advice about writing that you give to your students that you would like to share with our readers?

**Baker:** It’s hard to extract advice about class outside of class. Context is everything. But I’ll try. These are simple things and probably sound silly outside of any particular class or workshop. Here are things I emphasize so much that I should have t-shirts made emblazoned with these ideas.

*There is no hurry.*

**Creative Writing should be called Creative Rewriting.**

*It’s not enough to have one good idea to write a poem. You have to have two. (Or three—.)*

*There is no crying in poetry.*

**Read everything.**

*Don’t be afraid of being clear. You are not the hero of your poems.*

Poetry is not a career. Poetry is not a profession. Poetry is a devotion.

**EWR:** You are the editor of The Kenyon Review, one of the best literary magazines in the United States. I’m wondering how the poet and editor in you work together when assembling an issue of the journal.

**Baker:** I am very pleased you like the magazine. It is an honor that constantly surprises me to be part of this magazine. But let’s clarify. I am not the Editor of The Kenyon Review. The Editor is David Lynn, my old friend and colleague for many years. I am the Poetry Editor. In our case that means I do not handle finances, business, production, the Board of Trustees (who are wonderful), or any of the day-to-day practical matters of running a literary magazine. I read the poetry, at least some of it (there’s too much for one person to read these days, way too much) and I have the privilege of picking the poetry we publish, and conferring with David about the criticism and reviews relating to poetry. In fact, I do everything in consultation with David. We have become a really good team, I think, and close friends to boot.

I also don’t have much to do with putting together any particular issue. Sometimes a new issue shows up at home and I’m surprised by what’s in it. I don’t work at Kenyon College or live in Gambier, Ohio, though I did, for a year, nearly 30 years ago. I live half an hour away in Granville, where I teach at Denison University. I do know that David and our production folks think hard about each particular number of the magazine—sometimes issues are more or less miscellanies, and on occasion they are thematic, and sometimes,
within a particular issue, there will be groupings of things that speak to each other with some direct association.

As Poetry Editor, I do pay attention to the poet in me but also to the critic and reader. I think—I know—I am more diverse in my preferences as an editor than as a writer. As a poet I have very specific things I want to do, and hear, and create, and learn. As an editor I want to be surprised in a different kind of way, and I want to represent a wide aesthetic and cultural world. I mean by this I want to find and publish the very best of an art that is itself expansive, inclusive, plural, and spreading exponentially. This is an exciting and challenging time for poetry. That leads me to your next question.

EWR: Can you talk a little about the state of American poetry today? In what way do you see voices and visions changing?

Baker: It is a rich, wild time for poetry. It’s hard to separate the evolutions of poetry from the larger and smaller evolutions of the cultural and political world. There are significant challenges in poetry now. I won’t say anything about the electronic media just now, since you ask about that shortly. But related to the electronic media is the traditional book, and we know that books—editing, publishing, distributing, marketing, the future thereof—are in a state of crisis. That crisis may result in fabulous things, or it may not. There are only a couple of trade presses now with vital poetry series, though the independent and university presses have picked up lots of the slack. There is a strange kind of patronage system in book publishing, too, which we are calling contests. There are all kinds of schemes and plans and formulas for publishing books. The real pinch is, of course, the corporate bottom line. Poetry does not pay, or hardly. So it is an endangered thing among bookmakers and publishers and their boards of trustees, whose degrees are MBAs instead of MFAs. But publishing means to make public, and poetry is finding a powerful system of publication in the form currently of public readings, slams, and workshops, as well as the online media forms of distribution. I love the local and occasional identity of poetry—its being-in-the-world as a performed thing. That’s the old musician in me, who loves records but also loves shows and performances and concerts. Schools have reading series, libraries and arts councils and workshops and care-centers have poetry series. I am cheered by the variety of audiences and uses for poetry and by the subsequent varieties of poems themselves that are evolving to suit those audiences and venues.

Poetry has found a home in academia, too. I can’t say this is a good thing or a bad one; it is more complex than that. Writing workshops became cash cows for academic boards of trustees, one of the few “growth industries” in the humanities in the 70s and 80s especially. The result is a glut of MFA programs, and the hundreds upon hundreds of annual graduates of those programs. Many of those graduates in turn go right back into the system to teach. That’s the definition of a self-fulfilling prophecy, and the results are scary. Academic poets have also very quickly adopted the other English Department “growth industry”—that is, critical theory. There are so many poets whose work sounds like Crit-Lit 101 arranged in lines. All of this will shake out in the wash, I know, in time, but the current effect is tedious. Of course the upside is that so many more students are able to take workshops, and to learn how a literary work is made, learn it from the inside, and perhaps that knowledge will provide them with a deeper appreciation and hunger for the art itself. Workshops make readers in a more important way than
workshops make writers.

There’s much more to say. I shudder at the team-spiritedness of poetry currently. If you are in one group, you support your teammates by getting them readings, reviewing them, touting them, reading them, and thus closing off yourself from the others. And finally I shudder at the hyper-professionalism of it all. There are people who teach workshops in how to give a good public reading, in how to find an agent, in how to “be” a “professional” poet. Poetry is not a profession, though teaching is and editing is and publishing is. I aspire myself to be an amateur, a devoted, astute, curious amateur.

EWR: The Kenyon Review is offering an ipad version of the journal, and I’m wondering how you feel about bringing poetry to electronic devices. I know this might seem like a silly question, but with the ever-growing influence of technology on writing, does it translate well or is something lost?

Baker: In fact we are now essentially two magazines. We publish the print journal The Kenyon Review, and we publish the online journal Kenyon Review Online or KRO. They have separate content. At first I resisted David’s enthusiasm about the online forum, but now I’m a convert. We have readers who read only one or the other of our journals, and we have readers (very many) who follow us in both places. In fact, our website is the home of KRO but also of a very active blog, events page, news page, and more. We do lots of linking, pointing from the magazine to KRO or vice versa. Maybe poems in the print KR are coupled with an interview in KRO. Maybe an essay in one speaks to a story in the other. Sometimes we make those connections explicit in the form of a note; sometimes not.

There’s much more to say, but we, all of us, are panting just to keep up with the changes in format and delivery of literary journals. I admit I still have trouble reading poetry online, on a small screen; I still print out many things to have hard copy. I love the feel and texture of a “real book” in my hands (and nose and eyes). I worry about the velocity of reading online, the instantaneous appearance—and the potentially very quick disappearance and erasure—of a poem in an electronic format. But the democracy of the online forum is fabulous, the ease of sharing work and ideas, the global potential.

Of course there are things lost in the transfer to electronic devices like an Ipad. With poetry, at risk is form itself. But with a new forum also comes the prospect of new forms, right? We have Twitter poems, we have a speed-of-light potentiality. Poetry evolves. It is sung, it is read, it is IM’ed and Tweeted and emailed and published, and in all of these methods, it evolves and prospers.

EWR: What do you hope your readers will find in your work? Is there a particular part of your poetry that you hope will influence them?

Baker: I never know what someone may think or take away. Hope? I don’t want to influence them as much as please and challenge them. I want to speak to someone in a complex, demanding way, and not pander and not talk down and not coerce that person. I would like to think the poems I write and the poems I read will elevate or intensify our conversations. I don’t want language to be a potato chip or a data-machine, at least not only. I want it also to be music and beauty (though beauty isn’t necessarily pretty) and rigor. There’s no hurry—that was one of the t-shirts, right?

As to what part may do that, may influence someone . . . it beats me. Maybe the story, maybe a phrase, maybe the shape of a line. I hope a reader will find an authentic and artful expression of our shared humanness.

EWR: Lastly, what is next in
your writing? What can we look forward to reading from you?

**Baker:** Just this week I am proofing a new book of essays, *Show Me Your Environment: Essays on Poetry, Poets, and Poems.* This is part of the Poets on Poetry series at the University of Michigan Press, due for release in February 2014. I’m excited about the book, with essays that range from autobiography to theory and that address poetry by looking, at times, at the genre itself, at the lifework of a poet, a book, or a single poem.

My other big task right now is putting together a new book of poems, poems I’ve been writing and rewriting for the past several years. Well, the oldest of the poems dates back—in an earlier very different draft—more than fifteen years, though most of these have come along since *Never-Ending Birds* in 2009. So I’m in the complicated place, writing and revising individual poems, shuffling and reshuffling the parts and sections and poems of a new book.

And I have plans, too, for more poems, for a prose book about teaching poetry, for another prose book about individual lyric poets. I look forward to the work. One line at a time. There’s no hurry.

**EWR:** Thank you so much for doing this interview.

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Lewis Carroll

**How to End a Letter**

by Lewis Carroll

*From Eight or Nine Wise words About Letter-Writing (1890)*

If doubtful whether to end with ‘yours faithfully’, or ‘yours truly’, or ‘yours most truly’, &c. (there are at least a dozen varieties, before you reach ‘yours affectionately’), refer to your correspondent’s last letter, and make your winding-up at least as friendly as his; in fact, even if a shade more friendly, it will do no harm!

A Postscript is a very useful invention: but it is not meant (as so many ladies suppose) to contain the real gist of the letter: it serves rather to throw into the shade any little matter we do not wish to make a fuss about. For example, your friend had promised to execute a commission for you in town, but forgot it, thereby putting you to great inconvenience: and he now writes to apologize for his negligence. It would be cruel, and needlessly crushing, to make it the main subject of your reply. How much more gracefully it comes in thus! “P.S. Don’t distress yourself any more about having omitted that little matter in town. I won’t deny that it did put my plans out a little, at the time: but it’s all right now. I often forget things, myself: and ‘those who live in glass-houses, mustn’t throw stones’, you know!”

When you take your letters to the Post, carry them in your hand. If you put them in your pocket you will take a long country-walk (I speak from experience), passing the Post-Office twice, going and returning, and, when you get home, will find them still in your pocket.
How to Publish a Short Story

I’m astonished by how many are terrified to have others read their work. I’ve found that many people are happy to have a few readers. Some writers will post work on their facebook, myspace or web pages and let 100s of people read it, but they are afraid to get 1 rejection from an editor. This is silly. Writing might be a lone process, we may be alone in creating our worlds, but sharing your writing with others is one of the most fulfilling experiences of the literary process. See our literary magazine listings to find a magazine to submit your work to.

This is a short article about how to publish your short story. It’s not a perfect article. What I wanted to do with it is to give those writers out there who are somewhat afraid of this process, some reassurance. There is no magic here. Everyone does it the same way. Many professional even well-know writers still do this. Now don’t email me or post a mean comment and say Stephen King doesn’t follow this process. That’s true I’m sure. He has an agent. He doesn’t have to submit a short story really. I’m sure the magazines are looking for him, but some professional writers still follow this process.

1. Spend time with your work

There used to be cost involved. You had to print, mail, and stamp your submissions. Imagine those of you who have never seen a typewriter, how it would feel to go through 5 or 6 hours of typing just to get your work in shape to send it out. Starting a new file meant crunching up the paper and tossing into the wastebasket. The time and energy it took to create a piece ready for submission was substantial. Now it just tap tap tap and the mistake is all gone.

I believe computers tend to make the finished product better, but they make it much easier to overlook mistakes. A writer doesn’t have to labor over a sheet of paper to get his or her writing to LOOK professional. There is a lot of difference these days between looking professional and having a professional

Deliberation by Mario Sanchez Nevada
prepared piece.

But the point is here, you have more time to spend writing and editing and less time typing. It is easier, so check, check, check double check. (And I’m sure there are some typos in this piece, so do better than I did when you send your work to a magazine for publication, and don’t send hate mail!)

Just spend time with your writing. Like the days of old, spend time reading and rereading. Labor with it. Spend time with your work.

2. Find a market: Find the Guidelines

In the old days before the internet writers dug through books like Writer’s Market to find a publishing solution for their writing problems. They spent a great amount of time reading entries to find the right place to send their work. It wasn’t difficult. It just took time.

Today most magazines and zines have their submission information listed on their websites.

FIND THE SUBMISSION GUIDELINES BEFORE YOU SUBMIT YOUR SHORT STORY. Simply, if you write horror fiction do not send it to an erotic publisher. Learn as much as you can about the publisher first before you send your work. Write the work without influence. You’ll find a market. There is a place to publish for everyone. Make sure you read the magazine. Writer’s used to buy many “sample copies.” It helped to keep magazines going. These days you just have to read the examples on the website (most of the time, don’t send hate mail!)

3. What does the editor want?

Does the magazine or zine take online submissions? Many writers now simply send out there work before they look. If you know a little bit about the market, the first thing you learn is that many magazines take email and some do not. Do not send your work without being absolutely sure. Sites might not specify. Query before you send your work. Some magazines take months to respond about a work of fiction. If you send your work to a site that does not take online submissions, you might be waiting a long time to hear back from them just to find they disregarded your submission. Most editors will delete unwanted work without ever reading it. Make sure you know first.

4. Format

The format for most submissions is pretty simple. You can use 1 inch or the default settings in Word or a word processing program, and most of the time it will be fine. Just make sure to look for any special requirements in the submissions section of the magazine or zine. The most important part of formatting today is making sure what file format to send the work in. Most zines or magazines specify this on their site. Many times sites avoid viruses by restricting file submissions but some sites want a .doc or .pdf attachments. It is all up to the editor and preferences vary greatly. If you do not know which format to send your work in, email and ask. Most editors will be kind in their responses. If they are jerks move on to the next publication. Find out first. If you send a file in the wrong format it will be disregarded. Make sure your name, address, phone number and email are on the top of the first page of your short story. There is NO NEED FOR A TITLE PAGE.

5. Writing a bio

Write your bio in the 3rd person. Keep it short, and list your publications if any. You can follow this short bio scaffolding if you are having trouble.

Keep it simple and to the point. Some magazines create almost gag like bios, but
before you make it to that point you want to make yourself look good. Honestly it should be based solely on the merit of your work, but small zine editors are trying to build a name. Sometimes you do see work published just for the bio. It happens much more now than ever before. It won’t matter with larger better established publications. They won’t really give a frog who you are.

6. Write a cover letter

It is good practice to write a cover letter even for a short story submitted through email. You need to tell the editor a little about yourself.

7. Wait

Zines and magazine editors tend to be busy people. They take an ungodly long time to respond. Just sit and wait. Usually it is okay to follow up after a couple of months, but do not email, call, mail, or fax everyday asking if you’ll be in next month’s issue. Just wait.

8. Don’t be ashamed.

I hear many writers shaming themselves for not sending in their work. Don’t be ashamed just do it. The worst thing that can happen is you getting a rejection letter.

9. Repeat

I get emails all the time from writers who are self-conscious about their writing. It’s always a little difficult to let someone else into what you’ve written, but you can’t let that hold you back. Even though the act of writing can be a lone process your work still needs to be out there. The point of writing, in many ways, is to have someone read what you’ve written.

There are several ways to gain your confidence. There are things that make it easier to get your work out there. Getting rejected is a fact of writing, but if you feel too awkward to even submit your work, here are some things that will get you confident enough to get your work out there.

1. Education, education, education.

The best way to feel good about letting others read your work is to get educated. If you’ve been through college on any track other than a writing or English major, you most-likely didn’t have writing as your sole focus. If you were a tech major or a some other field not related to writing, you might feel great about writing a tech manual, but you might not have that much faith in sharing your thoughts and personal words outside of your career’s jargon. For some people the last writing course they had was in high school. It maybe difficult to recall your last English course. The ins and outs of grammar might be a long distance memory. Either way, getting an education is a good way to start.

Now unless you are ready to leave your job and start college full time, you might want to look into something other than a writing program. We have an article on Should I get an MFA in Writing on our site. Read it if you are considering that track.

If you have time to take a writing course at a university, and actually go to the university to do it, great!. Most people in their busy lives don’t get that opportunity. If you want help but don’t have much time you can take an online writing course.

2. Message boards

If you are ready to plunge in
and get people to read your work you can try writing message boards. We have some listed in our social networking for writers page. A few warnings here. You will find two types of forum feedback, from my experience. You will have people who will be brutally honest and sometimes hurtful, or you will have others who are too nice and simply say “I like it.” That doesn't help. They can at best give you a few good pointers, but you will not get full feedback like you will usually get from an online writing course.

3. Workshops

Now you can have many types of workshops. You can have either one where you share work with friends and family. This is good, but you might not get the constructive criticism you are looking for. You can also join a group of writers in your community. For writers I would say this is one of the most valuable interactions you can have, BUT I think it is best if a writer goes into a writers group with some experience. You’ll find that many times the egos of some members can be a little much for new writers. You might find that someone is giving you advice that you don’t really know how to make a judgment call about. I highly recommend that before you start with a writers group, that you have some lens or filter as a writer.

So we recommend, again, education, education, education. In the end you are the one who decides what goes into your work. Your are the one who will live and die with your characters, settings, and plot. You have to take and reject advice. Get a professional to help you get started, get your feet moving, and get you the confidence to get your work out there.

Short Story: Moving On by Denis Bell

“Picked her up last week at Lincoln Mall. She’s hot, man!”

“Sweet. Been out much?”

“ Took her to a dive in Old Town last night.”

“How’d that go?”

“A-okay!”

“Glad to hear it, man. You deserve some joy in your life, after the business with Charlotte.”

“Ain’t that the truth.”

“Bit rough, there, by the sound of it.”

“You don’t know the half of it. Five years. Everything hunky dory. Then she goes and has this major melt down. Just like that. Lucky to get out of there with my skin intact.”

“Jesus. What happened, man?”

“You’re guess is as good as mine. She just ... exploded on me.”

“Exploded.”

“Only way I can think to describe it.”

“What set her off?”

“Damned if I know. Never saw it coming.”

“Weird. Something like this, you think there’d have been signs that things weren’t right. Signals along the way. A red light.”

“You’d think, wouldn’t you? That’s what I’ve been pondering myself. Racking my brains ever since it happened. I’m thinking that perhaps the signs were there and I missed them.”

“How’s that?”

“I don’t know, seems like she was acting cranky for a while. Whining, like I wasn’t treating her right. Sucks. I always did the best I could by her.”

“I know it. I was saying to Sheila just the other day, never was a man so committed as old Bilbo – took
care of her real good.”

“I so much want to believe that.”

“Yeah, well... What happened to her afterwards?”

“What do you think? They came and took her away. State Police. Fire Rescue. Looked like a scene from NCIS.”

“Sounds like a total nightmare.”

“Tell me about it.”

“You haven’t seen her since, I suppose.”

“Nope. Nor do I intend to.”

“It’s just good to see you getting out and about again.”

“Well, I thought about it and thought about it and finally I figured, what the hell. The kind of shape she’s in, no way she’s ever gonna be ... rehabilitated. Figured I needed to suck it up and cut.”

“Smart. Gotta be tough on you, though. After five years. Seeing how attached you were to her, and all.”

“Five years, fifty years. What you gonna do, sit around the house forever moping over spilled milk? Can her and move on.”

‘Really.”

“Course, the whole frigging business is costing me an arm and a leg.”

“I hear your pain, man. Nothing comes cheap these days.”

“Yeah. Gotta be worth every last penny, though.”

“Nice to see you taking it so well.”

“Life has a way at times of compensating us for our losses. Wait till you catch a load of this hot little number I’m into now!”

“Charlotte’s replacement.”

“Yee-haw.”
“Something a bit special, I’m guessing.”

“You might say.”

“Cool. When can I meet...?”

“Christine. She’s right outside as we speak. I asked the valet to pull her up to the back door.”

Walt Whitman

Walt Whitman on Thanksgiving

From the Philadelphia Press, Nov. 27, 1884, (Thanksgiving number)

Scene.—A large family supper party, a night or two ago, with voices and laughter of the young, mellow faces of the old, and a by-and-by pause in the general joviality. “Now, Mr. Whitman,” spoke up one of the girls, “what have you to say about Thanksgiving? Won’t you give us a sermon in advance, to sober us down?” The sage nodded smilingly, look’d a moment at the blaze of the great wood fire, ran his forefinger right and left through the heavy white mustache that might have otherwise impeded his voice, and began: “Thanksgiving goes probably far deeper than you folks suppose. I am not sure but it is the source of the highest poetry—as in parts of the Bible. Ruskin, indeed, makes the central source of all great art to be praise (gratitude) to the Almighty for life, and the universe with its objects and play of action.

Goldfish

by Brian Wake

He taps, each morning, on the glass.
I play the fish and dash my skull against the bowl to demonstrate
an understanding of the indeterminable lines of little choice.

I try to think that there exists the perfect possibility of happiness,
and swim to please him, swim to cheer him up, and also, if the truth were known,
to wear my way out of the bowl.

At breakfast he will contemplate the pattern of his day. A man, he’ll say, might find that he is living upside down, outside the boundaries of love, and, with his head set firmly in a book or goldfish bowl, consider separation as a kiss of glass between us all.

What kind of love is this, I think. We meet by inference and neither ever sharing space the same and neither ever able to embrace.

UK (Liverpool) born Brian Wake has published eight books of poetry over some forty years. He has been published in literary magazines and journals all over the world and has had work broadcast on radio and television for many years. His latest book is ETCETERA – New & Selected Poems (published by Headland Publications in 2011).
“We Americans devote an official day to it every year; yet I sometimes fear the real article is almost dead or dying in our self-sufficient, independent Republic. Gratitude, anyhow, has never been made half enough of by the moralists; it is indispensable to a complete character, man’s or woman’s—the disposition to be appreciative, thankful. That is the main matter, the element, inclination—what geologists call the trend. Of my own life and writings I estimate the giving thanks part, with what it infers, as essentially the best item. I should say the quality of gratitude rounds the whole emotional nature; I should say love and faith would quite lack vitality without it. There are people—shall I call them even religious people, as things go?—who have no such trend to their disposition.”

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

Chinatown by Rebecca T. Kaplan
Winner of the 2013 Horror Shot Story Contest

I found a store in Chinatown, full of exquisite pens. On one shelf I noticed a severed human finger. It was swollen, distended, obviously dead a while. I bought it, curious, and began writing. From it flowed another’s stories, confessions. It tells of murderous longings. Can’t put it down. My fingers ache. Help, please. Anyone?

Rebecca T. Kaplan is a freelance writer in Brooklyn. Her work has been published in The Vegetarian Journal, Chicken Soup for the Soul, and The Purchase Beat. She graduated from Purchase College in 2013 with a creative writing and journalism major.
by C. Gregory Thompson

Three-thirty sharp. A shrieking tea kettle. Over the roof tops if floated. A constant in my life. A stranger’s daily routine. On temporary assignment in London, my American company rented me a flat in the East End. Someone living in one of the buildings out my back window and across the garden took their tea at the same time each afternoon. Often I wondered whose kettle it was, and pondered how odd it was to have such a fixed schedule.

Then one day the whistling did not let up. Usually it went on for a few minutes and stopped. Presumably the tea drinker was pouring boiling water over tea leaves. After ten minutes had gone by I grew uneasy. I went to my window to see if I could figure out which building the sound came from. I could not.

After thirty minutes a sick feeling in my gut. Something must have happened to the tea drinker. At forty-five minutes the whistling abruptly ended. Should I call 999? Now I watched for smoke. An hour and fifteen minutes later the first wisps. Now, at least, I knew what building the tea drinker lived in. I dialed 999, to report the fire. When I hung up I knew it was not a good end for the tea drinker. I sat at my window and watched the billowing smoke gather in the weak light of late afternoon. Sirens, a replacement for the whistling, sounded in the distance and grew closer. Flames erupted from the tea drinker’s flat. Neighbors all around looked out open windows. I felt helpless. I grabbed my coat, umbrella, and briefcase; late for an afternoon meeting.
The next day neighbors told me that the tea drinker was an elderly woman, Gladys Brown. She’d had a heart attack while preparing her afternoon tea. The firemen handily put out the fire but were unable to save Gladys. Now, at three-thirty sharp I missed Gladys’ screaming kettle. The following week I attended Gladys’ funeral at East London Cemetery. Gladys’ daughter and I were the only two people at the service. She was buried next to her husband, Frank.

C. Gregory Thompson
C. Gregory Thompson lives in Los Angeles, California where he writes fiction, non-fiction, and memoir. He has a BFA in Film & Television from New York University. He’s been known to cook a meal and write about it. His food writing has been published on 100 Miles and Honest Cooking.

Call for submissions
This month we are looking for sentimentality, believe it or not. We want poetry and short stories that are classic Christmas stories for our December issue. Please send short story 1000 words or less or 3 to 5 poems to eds@everywritersresource.com

Scene from a food court
by Alokesh Duttaroy

The Korean girl offers a chicken sampler on a toothpick, grinning. The woman on a wheelchair asks for a medium regular coffee while the man in the red checkered fleece says hello. Two young girls in purple and a bright red torsos sway along. The security guard follows them adjusting his large-sized waist belt and the blind black man with a cockered spaniel on a leash smiles at a distant. The glass-ceiling brightens up with the sunlight. In-between commercial flashes on TV show updates on immigration bill and gay rights and American values.
Meet Your Maker
by Sydney Avey

Powerful, often silent but attractive spirit seeks companion who is adventurous and outgoing for a committed relationship. Must be a good listener.

Sunday morning and Shiloh walks through the door of the Beanpunk Café reading aloud from the Personal Times. Joining her friends, she plops down on a worn leather couch and spreads the paper on a table—a wooden shipping container with train wheels for legs.

“Tall, dark and handsome, I want some.”

“May I point out that you are not adventurous or outgoing?” Jaye shoves a cappuccino in front of Shiloh. The other girls are drinking coffees with names like Bard’s Brew, Cupola Joe and Rococo Mocha.

“I don’t listen all that well, either, but I’d like to be all those things.”

“Do you remember when you applied to be a pastry chef’s assistant and said you knew how to decorate cakes? Kaye lips her refreshment—layers of espresso and Guinness. “How did that work out for you?”

“I lasted about two hours,” Shiloh slumps into a depression in the sofa’s seat.

“I’m just saying.”

Elle sets down her pewter mug of m.u.d.—a blend of Mbeya, Urubamba and Djimah beans. “Well I say, go for it. We’re not suggesting you misrepresent yourself, just show up and see what happens.”

“Yeah, maybe all he means by ‘outgoing’ is someone who is willing to go out with him.”

Shiloh has been texting while talking. She has responded to the ad and received a message directing her to follow a set of GPS coordinates to a public place where we can meet. She drains her cappuccino and cedes her position in the conversation to her Scrabble board of friends.

A few blocks away, Shiloh finds herself in front of the Shiloh Community Church. This guy must have a terrific sense of humor.

A young man greets her and they exchange names. “Welcome Shiloh. Did you know that your name is a place of worship?”

“Actually, I’ve never been in a church. I’m meeting someone.”

“Is your friend here yet?” he scans the small assembly inside the sanctuary.

“I don’t know. I’ve never met him,” Shiloh says. “I think I’ll just go in and take a seat and let him find me.”

Music puts her at ease. She prays, “Lord, make me a better person.” She feels His Presence, hears Him say “Shiloh, I am your Maker. You are the person I made you to be. Walk with me and your life will be the adventure you seek.”

“But Lord, You advertised for someone who is outgoing.”

“And Shiloh, you showed up.”

END

Driving
by Jill Chan

She didn’t know how to drive. She had tried to learn. Had lessons for months and months. Finally, she gave up. She thought, It’s beyond me. Plus, she had no sense of direction. When she went out, you were most likely to find her walking around in circles. Or playing with her sense of turning away, loosely condoning the future, the future of where and how people got there.

She had the uncanny ability to laugh at everything. Whatever you said, you were most likely to get a smile and a laugh. Her reactions were many but these were the most logical, the best honesty there was in the world, with her in it. Her laugh was worth many conversations put together. You could say a lot by agreeing with a laugh than by disagreeing with a smile.

In turn, she gave you nothing but a fierce demand. Even when you drove nowhere, she was there beside you, holding the map and turning it over and over, trying to find the place you were. If you were lucky, she’d find it after you arrived at the destination. She’d laugh again at her cautious inability. Sometimes, she’d shake her head slowly and find nothing in her ability to be silent but more silence. She’d squeeze your arm with her thin, delicate fingers and everything would seem to dissolve into something like happiness or regard.

So many things eluded her: fear, assumptions, power. But she was not simple, far from it. She could see farther with her nearsightedness than you and your perfect vision. And in return, she asked for something more than you would find out.

Dependable in spite of it all. You would be lost and found with her. Enjoy the practice, the practicality of being where you most wanted but were afraid to know.

With her, you played no game but that which made you win without the benefit of a result. For each destination was a further road, a further middle toward an end. And you were always there at the start and in the middle of knowing her.

Jill Chan is a poet, fiction writer, and editor based in Auckland, New Zealand. Her poems and stories have been published in MiPOesias, Blue Fifth Review, foam:e, Mascara Literary Review, Otoliths, Eclectica, Snorkel, Broadsheet, JAAM, Poetry New Zealand, A Year of Flash and other magazines. She is the author of The Art of It: Three Novellas (2011), and five books of poetry: On Love: a poem sequence (2011); Early Work: Poems 2000-2007 (2011); These Hands Are Not Ours (ESAW, 2009), winner of the Earl of Seacliff Poetry Prize; Becoming Someone Who Isn’t (ESAW, 2007); and The Smell of Oranges (ESAW, 2003). She is one of the poets featured in the New Zealand Poetry Sound Archive.

“Hi”
by Lauren K. Sweeney

Nine-oh-eight Glenview Road was the best part of carrying the mail. Ten blocks into my suburban trek, there she’d be, stretched out on a neon towel, sweet and slick as a glazed cruller. I took extra care with her magazines and college brochures, stacking them into a neat pile secured with a rubber band. Usually, she slept through my visits. Or ignored them. I couldn’t tell which.

But once, a butterfly landed on her thigh. It breathed its wings open before she sat up and to brush away. She lifted her sunglasses and was arching her back a graceful stretch when she saw me. Eyes locked, legs locked, jaw locked.

Our future dangled in the silence, the weight of a million little hopes testing the thread.

With a single word, she broke it.
Tips on How to Use Twitter

For Writers

Yes, if you are a writer, you need Twitter. If you have published your own book or have a website, you need Twitter. It’s that simple really, but most people have no idea how to actually use Twitter. I always over hear people talking about Twitter like it is some kind of blow by blow life app that people only use to let the world know when they are having a meal or using the restroom. I think this comes from how celebrities use Twitter. People don’t realize that celebrities use Twitter to increase their reach, and gain people’s interest. People care what their favorite celebrity eats. This is not the recommended use of Twitter.

Being that 100s of millions of people use Twitter every day, it goes without saying that most, if not all, ideas and lifestyles are pretty much represented. The way to get the most out of Twitter is to connect with people who have similar ideas. You have to build a following of people who care about the same things you care about. If they see the world your way, they have a better chance of liking your book or the new short story you just wrote.

Build a following

Ok, so you believe me, you need a Twitter account. You just sign up. Now what? Yes the difficult part of twitter is finding people like you or people who want to hear what you have to say. This isn’t easy, but here is what I recommend. You want to search twitter, use the search feature or other websites that will search by keywords. If you are a science fiction writer for instance, you would search for scifi or science fiction, or even find people who are talking about your favorite science fiction writer. So you would need to look up people who are talking about “Ray Bradbury.” You then need to follow that person.

DO NOT just go out and follow everyone, and there is more to following someone than just pressing the follow button. The next thing you want to do is INTERACT with that person. You want to retweet tweets that interest you. So the person said “Ray Bradbury is my fav…” You would retweet this, and maybe add, “me too.” Interactions are the key to Twitter. Interacting with people who have similar interest is the BEST way. Don’t treat it like a computer push button relationship. Think about it like it is the real world. You want to talk to that guy because he is talking about something you are interested in. Retweets and replies are your best bet. Spend sometime doing this. It’s nice easy to get a following, you have to build it over time.

DO NOT buy followers. This would be great, if it worked. It would be awesome to just push a button and have thousands of followers. It doesn’t work this way. You CAN buy followers, but what you find is that most of these services are very expensive, AND the followers you get from are just brain dead zombies. They are just accounts, and not real people. So they are not worth it. They won’t go around telling people about your work. They will not interact and they do not share your ideas.

Having a Twitter following is about having like minded people who are interested in a subject you are interested in. You do not want millions of zombie followers. They simply won’t do you any good.
Sharing your work on Twitter

On Twitter you share by links, of course. When you publish your first book you want at least a few thousand people who will support your efforts, buy the book, and talk about your ideas. See you have built a following through interaction with people who like what you like. So when and send out a tweet that says your new scifi book is the bomb, you have a very good chance having people take interest.

In order to share something on twitter, you need a website, or a home base of some kind. You want to be able to get people interested in the links you post. You also want new ideas and maybe even to support their efforts.

What do you tweet?

Tweet the most interesting things you’ve got. Maybe it is a blog post or an excerpt from your book, whatever it is, make it interesting. Also retweet people’s tweets that you agree with or what to support. If you see a tweet that has a link in it and you like the site, retweet it. Twitter tends to be a very supportive community. If you retweet it they will retweet you.

Tags

On Twitter tags, which use the number sign # mark certain subjects that are shared throughout the community. There are many, but some are only on Twitter. For instance, #FF stands for follow Friday. This is when you create a list of Twitter followers who you like, and then recommend your followers follow them. You pick people who have retweeted you or who you are interested in. So if you say #FF and then a list of people like @everywriter, some of those people will already be following you, and some of those people will not. Then ones who are not following you, you hope will follow you after the #FF. This tag is of course only used on Fridays.

Twitter for news

Yes, Twitter is great place for news. If your webhost goes down, you can search Twitter and see if others are having the same problem. If you’re wondering who just won the un-televised writing awards like the Hugo, you will see it on Twitter first.

Don’t be rude

Be nice to people. That’s generally a good rule, but you want to really pay attention to it on Twitter. You do not want a bunch of people Tweeting you are a jerk. You’ll get a lot of unfollows that way.

Follow/Unfollow

Do not unfollow more than 50 people in a day. Do not follow over 50 people in a day. It’s a really good rule of thumb to make sure that you do not get flagged.

Twitter everywhere

List Twitter on your site. List it on FB and myspace, list it everywhere.

Why?

Why do you do all this? If you post a new blog, you’ll find that some die hard fans might stop by to see it. The first time your Tweet your blog post to your dedicated followers, you’ll know why people use. It works. Better than running ads, or waiting for search engines, and 100 times better than email, Twitter gets people interested in what you have to say.

So, here is my 2 cents on how to use Twitter and why. I’m not an expert by any means, but I know how it works for me, and I know how I’ve gained my following (mistakes and all). This is my best advice.
There are 4 ways most sites are make money on the internet. They are the same for every site. The only variation on these 4 sources of revenue is audience. I will be right to the point about these revenue streams. We at EWR have used all of them, and I'll give you my experience with each.

Quick to the point:

Pay per click

Pay per click is just like it sounds, you get paid for people clicking ads on your site. There are two types of ads, usually, intext (those little blue double lines) from sites like Infolinks, and side banner ads like what you get from Google Adsense. Pay per click is a great way to start making money. It's fast and easy, but it is usually a low earner.

Affiliate

Affiliate marketing is where you promote products on your site, and if your readers click the ad and BUY something from the affiliate, you make a percentage. This is the way many blog owners are making so much money. It can be a high earner.

Sell something

It takes a lot to get this up and running. You can sell a t-shirt through services like Cafepress or your magazine. To be upfront, this will not make you a lot of money. It is hard to put together and a low earner for most sites.

Contests

Contests are a great way to promote your site, and a bad way to make money.

The Explanation

Pay per click.

Some advertising systems on the internet use this type of model to buy and sell users. Basically the way it works is that advertisers pay so much per click, and you put ads up on your site and take part of the profit for clicks. Yes, this means that every time someone clicks on your ads you get money. There are different types of ad services, Google adsense is at the top. With Google you sign up for an account and begin dropping ads on your site.

Most of the time you can not do this with a free site, so make sure you have your own domain name.

This is the beginners way to make money on the internet, and it should bring in enough revenue to pay for minor costs like domain hosting and domain purchase over time. It is very easy.

There are also intext link services that you can advertise with. These are those little double underlines you see all over the web. They pop up when you hang your mouse over them, and they do pay per time they are clicked. You can sign up with Infolinks or Kontera.

Apply to these services, if you are accepted, you can easily implement them. They are very easy to use, and even with low traffic they will bring in some revenue.

Affiliate Marketing

An affiliate marketing program is a program that gives you money if someone clicks on their site from yours and buys something. It is harder to do, but it will bring in more revenue. It can be a
much bigger money earner. The way it works is that you put a link on your site and then sell their product by promoting it. At EWR we only pick affiliates that 1. have something to do with our target audience, and 2. services that we think are fair and worthwhile. The only affiliate programs we use are of affiliates we think will help our readers and are useful. There are affiliate warehouses out there like LinkShare that have done a lot of the work for you. If you sign up with the, you will have a store of different marketers to choose from. They might have 100s of markets for you to pick from.

Selling things

Yes, this is the time honored way of making money for many literary magazines. For instance selling an issue or a T-Shirt or something to do with your magazine. This is a more advanced method of making money. You’ll have to have a way to buy and sell products on the web. Pay pal is the easiest way to take purchases over the web from consumers, but remember you’ll have to ship and do everything else in the real world with a real product. You can use a company like Cafépress but you might find that they take so much of the revenue, you will be left with little money after all is said and done. If you have high traffic on your site this might work for you, but speaking in general terms, it is not a way to make good revenue. Most literary sites would have a great deal of trouble sustaining themselves this way.

Many of the best literary magazines in print do not make money. They are not profitable, so it is better to look at the money making side of your site as a website that can make money. Selling copies of your literary magazine will never do it. Selling ads yourself isn’t going to cut it either (in most cases).

The services I talked about above are the method by which sites are making a profit. The best way to look at this is that you are going to bring services and products to your readers that are valuable for them. They may come to read a poem, but if they leave through a link that is about publishing their book, it may help them. If bloggers talking about their kids can do it, a literary magazines, with interested readers, people submitting their work can do it.

Contests

Most of the time contests are used to bring in traffic, but they can be used to make a little money. It is not a great method. Even with high traffic some sites out there are loosing money when they give away cash prizes. If you have a reading or entry fee you might collect enough to break even, but most of these contests, like I said, are promotional, not money makers.

Summary

In the end pay per click and affiliate marketing is your best bet. If you are just starting, or if you are just starting out making money with your site, start with pay per click programs. See what you can bring in. Then you have to increase your site traffic. I’ll address promotion of your literary site in a later article.

It is true that some sites bring in a great deal of money on the internet. Your literary magazine probably won’t bring in millions of dollars. The market for them is small, but it can make enough to take some of the burden off you for running it. If you have started a literary magazine you most-likely love writing and writers and the like, so why not make it worth your while and begin to make a little money to sustain the publication. Many literary magazines come and go everyday. I see them start, and I see them fold. That doesn’t do anyone any good. Treat it like a website that can make money. Be patient. Give
it time, and with pay per click or affiliate marketing you should be able to start to see a little profit, maybe even enough to pay some other bills besides the cost of your site.

There are bloggers making lots of money, I’m not going to promise that, but with the internet, anything is possible.

If you are interested in advertising with us, we are run all size magazine ads. Please email us for a rate card. We are also happy to work with magazines publishers on a case by case basis with tailored promotional packages. Email us at eds@everywritersresource.com
Fruit Loops are never Enough
by KJ Hannah Greenberg

Fruit loops are never enough to satisfy.
Likewise, malabi leaves social strata wanting.
Blowing kisses binds attention, secures wills.
Where oboes chant, cattails won't grow.

No ebullient child paints on small smiles.
Asking parents to remove jumbotrons, or
Leave glossies behind at checkout lines,
Makes for lapsed, mawkish moments.

As well, cultural phenoms regularly impress
By changing Facebook status.
East of Eden, Jarls, chieftains, other natives,
Thumb young entrepreneurs’ body parts.

Wendigos, chimeras, also imaginary lions
Roar when listserve-using writers aid,
Offline, data hunting and gathering.
Eidetic memories ought not use algae-frothing.

Meaningful sock fibers, ketchup recipes,
Acrylic paint, maybe seatbelts, equally,
Sequence heartsong with prosaic lyrics,
Bring table sacrifices, senior proms, pumpkins.

One thousand suicidal monkeys, all dogma potion,
Establish rationales for hiding enemies, excavate
Small bits, gawk mercenaries, crows, clairvoyants,
Keep on pouring milk over sugared cereal.

KJ Hannah Greenberg, who only pretends at being indomitable, tramps across literary genres and giggles in her sleep. As well, she eats oatmeal and keeps company with a hibernaculum of sometimes rabid imaginary hedgehogs. Hannah's poetry books include: Citrus-Inspired Ceramics (Aldrich Press, 2013), poetry chapbook; Intelligence’s Vast Bonfires (Lazarus Media, 2012), poetry collection; Supernal Factors (The Camel Saloon Books on Blog, 2012), poetry chapbook; Fluid & Crystallized (Fowlpox Press, 2012), poetry chapbook; and A Bank Robber’s Bad Luck with His Ex-Girlfriend (Unbound CONTENT, 2011), poetry collection.
you can tell everything

by Kate LaDew

from a person’s hand, the lines of their palm
the stretch of their fingers, the bend of their wrist
everything held within flown to your sightless eyes
warmth or cold, smiling lips and beating heart
I ask you to read my future
and you say, hands tracing the flow of blood up and down my arms,
I can feel the sun in you, and our pulses meet in that place where vision blurs
and only touch matters
when I help you back to your room,
you let go of me, push me gently behind
the shadows you feel showing you the way to go

Kate LaDew is a graduate from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro with a BA in Studio Art.
Painted Bride Quarterly, established in Philadelphia in 1973, is one of the country’s longest running literary magazines. PBQ is a community-based, independent, non-profit literary magazine published quarterly online and annually in print, making it accessible to a broad and diverse audience. This hybrid format allows for immediacy, accessibility and permanence simultaneously. The book allows us to transcend any questions of legitimate publication for authors, while serving our contributors with the timely, and easily shared, publication of their work online. PBQ does not limit itself to specific regions or genres, and we publish poetry, fiction, and prose from emerging and established authors from across the country and around the world. The combination of PBQ’s volunteer editorial board and ever-changing student staff makes its published voice unique.

What type of submissions are you looking for?

Painted Bride Quarterly accepts up to 5 poems, fiction up to 5000 words, and essays and reviews up to 3000 words, in any genre or school (occasional exceptions are made.) All artwork: photographs, paintings, etchings, lithographs and line drawings are now accepted in black & white and color for publication on our website, and in black & white only for our print annual. We appreciate photoshop files (psd.), or jpgs; size 1024×768.

Tell us about upcoming events or contests

50/50 Fiction Contest
Michael Martone, author of 4 for a Quarter will judge PBQ’s 50/50 fiction contest over the next 50 weeks. Why? Because we want to throw a party to celebrate our 40th Anniversary and...you! Our party is your party. Prize: Since we firmly believe there’s no good writing without good readers– it’s a 50/50 split! 50% of whatever we collect and publication in Painted Bride Quarterly. Get it? The theme: 50/50 (Why? Because 50/50 can be so broadly interpreted it’s almost like we don’t have a theme!) The fee: $20 Submit: Please submit original works of fiction of 50-5000 words that have not been previously published and draw on theme of 50/50 (and we mean what we said above: interpret 50/50 as you see fit). Submit by entering via Submittable, or by entering through our store and paying us directly—MORE MONEY FOR US BOTH!!! When submitting and paying via the store, please send your story via pbq@drexel.edu and put 50/50 somewhere in the reference line. The deadline for all submissions is September 1, 2013. All participants will be notified of the winner via e-mail. All submissions will be considered for publication in Painted Bride Quarterly. The party for our 40th will be held in the fall of 2013, in Philadelphia, along with readings and other celebratory events in Boston and New York. You will be invited to it all!

Editor’s Take

Painted Bride Quarterly is an outstanding literary publication. It has been publishing for 40 years. They are well established and honored. This is a 1st tier literary magazine. PBQ is much more than their yearly print publication. Check out their very well down website.

Website

http://pbq.drexel.edu/
Cease, Cows

From the Publisher
Cow_anatomy_musculatureCropWhiteSpace

At Cease, Cows we want to explore the contemporary, the strange, the big questions. We want to feel cultural pulses, expose mental arteries, bathe in both the sanguine and sanguinary. We want to publish prose and poems with fire and truth. Humans may be animals, but the power of words can allow us to revel in and transcend the physical; the best literature achieves both.

What type of submissions are you looking for?
Flash fiction up to 1500 words and prose poems. Themes/Genres: strange literary fiction, magical realism, slipstream, metafiction, minimalism, dream-like, social commentary, supernatural, absurdist, utopian and dystopian, apocalyptic and post-apocalyptic, existentialism, and just plain weird fictions. Surprise us. Pretty please. ***All pieces MUST have literary fiction underpinnings. We’re not interested in straight science fiction, fantasy, horror, etc.***

Website
http://www.ceasecows.com

Information
Editors Name h. l. nelson
Print publication? No
Approx. Response Time? 1-2 weeks
Year Founded? 2013
Do you pay? No
Do you take online submissions? Yes

Mount Hope

Website
http://www.mounthopemagazine.com/

From the Editor
We are published in the Creative Writing Department of Roger Williams University, Bristol RI.

Submissions
Fiction, poetry, memoir, essays, photographs, graphic novel excerpts and stories. We value good storytelling and publish both established writers and first-timers. Fiction/Nonfiction up to 5,000 words; please send 3-4 poems at a time. See guidelines for more.

Information
Editors Name Edward J Delaney
Print publication? Yes
Circulation 250
Approx. Response Time? 3-5 months
How often do you publish? Twice yearly
Year Founded? 2011
Do you pay? 2 contributor’s copies
Do you take online submissions? Yes

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The Provo Canyon Review
A new literary magazine out of Provo, Utah is accepting submissions for poetry, fiction, and nonfiction. We have already published many award-winning writers and our next issue will feature an interview with Robert Olen Butler, a Pulitzer Prize winning fiction writer. For guidelines and a look at our magazine: http://www.theprovocanyonreview.net

In our next issue....
We are in the process of putting together our first Christmas issue. We are looking for Any articles, poems and stories that are Christmas Related.

From the Editor
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Books

Dr Hafiz Shahid Amin - October 15th, 2013 at 11:35 am
"The Rise Of Peace " A Novel like this! ..never before…
Author, Dr Hafiz Shahid Amin (MBBS,DLO)
ENT Specialist…Pakistan

pages 169 …words 75000 images 9
A novel…based on fiction,adventure,political fiction, action , thrill , war, terror

drshahee@yahoo.com