



Mar 7, 2022



"Two Photographs" by Ann Quinn

1. Connecticut hospital
June, 2020

This piece is about space and speed. Within the almost unbearable confinement of the corridors, we have a sense of motion in the figures of the nurses, their hips splayed out, creating a curve that offsets the straight lines of the bed rails, the wall railings and baseboards. While the two female nurses appear in motion, the three men seem in prayer, eyes cast down. Only the central figure, the man in the bed, is permitted color—the rose sheets and the indigo gown tenderly tucked around him. An oxygen tank attached to the foot of the bed is the only vertical gesture in this picture of tranquility and motion.

2. Crematorium, Mexico City
June, 2020

Vertical orange pipes intersect with
a horizontal titian desk in an altar
composition both emphatic and dynamic.
The axis of a neon helmet hanging
from a valve directs the viewer to the fluorescent heart
of the largest of four Christ figures.
All seven crucifixes angle towards
the Blessed Virgin, placed tenderly mid-altar.

The bagged body on a cart to the right
of the composition leads the eye
to one of the central figures in this piece:
an empty chair adorned with a peeling
coca cola sticker, its red
echoing the color of Christ's gown.

Ann Quinn's chapbook *Final Deployment*, was published by Finishing Line Press (2018), and her compilation of teaching ideas and resulting poems, *Poetry is Life*, is available from Yellow Arrow Publishing. Her poetry has appeared in *Poet Lore*, *Potomac Review*, *Little Patuxent Review*, and *Broadkill Review*. Ann holds an MFA from Pacific Lutheran University, is poetry editor for *Yellow Arrow Journal*, and lives in Catonsville, Maryland. Visit www.annquinn.net



Poetry



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"Final Entry" by Matthew Freeman

I took a long flight far away from reality. It wasn't me who set me going. It's why when I was walking around campus pretty sure I was soon to die and tripping on all those backpacks bobbing and eaves



Three Poems by Dani Putney

Kevin I thought we created a constellation out of Mango Carts & Fireball shots Tuesday night. You, me, & the cowboy bikers shooting pool for what— pride? the women at their backs? I turn back & you de

