



BALDHIP MAGAZINE  
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# BALDHIP MAGAZINE

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the editors enthusiastically thank our donors and contributors,  
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*Academe*

Deer invaded the building today, singly and in pairs, a panic of white-tailed shadows, campus police in bulletproof vests rushing to the roof to escape the sight of wolves crossbreeding with dogs in dirty red bandanas, a small crowd of assistant deans already up there, pointing at a collapsing star, while down in my suddenly empty classroom, I could barely feel the air shudder or hear the boom-boom of far-off explosions, a nameless longing for something that doesn't exist.

# SARAH GRINDLAY

## *i knew i was fat*

the day i climbed into dad's  
wheelbarrow to bury myself in branches  
he'd lopped from our sycamore, and  
stomped a foot-hole out the bottom. he  
left the punch-mark, so every time he did  
yard work, my fatness followed like a  
snigger. maples leaves. silver twigs.  
spider-laced cedar fronds. i'd prow  
round our lawn, stuff debris to my  
ribcage till my arms were bursting, and i  
was pregnant with greenery—call me  
mother earth—is she full?

dad had shown me  
how to smear gray  
paste on the branch  
stumps so they would heal: a  
gummed mucking  
with his all-thumb  
fingers over red-  
ringed maw. i stuck  
my pointer into the  
jar. it came up like  
an elephant's trunk,  
shining with fresh  
drink. move fast or  
it'll stick. the funny  
thing about holes is  
they like to stay  
empty.

the best branches were spoils of the  
compost. bruised or mossy, gray at the  
tips—there was always one i could call  
mine. i'd prep a pot filled with soil from  
the vegetable garden: dig a hole where  
anything might go.

SARA SUTTERLIN

*2 poems*

he looks like Tchaikovsky  
autographed the lower  
part of my back  
with cum  
watching True Romance  
I know the violence  
he was born with

an Iranian man once told me  
the Italians invented the  
French language  
he'd been milk fed in the  
black hills of South Dakota

sometimes I think it's all about  
where you plant the flag  
a wet spot on my shirt

I am a very bad dinner guest. Chopping off my hand with a butcher knife! (My elbows did not touch the table once.) A bloodied tablecloth, a phone vibrating in my pocket. "Why are my hands shaking?" I ask with disgust for my own body as I attempt to shove the tip of a key into my nostril. He places a hand on my knee and I shake off his affection. I wipe off the backwash from the rim of my wine glass with a disinterested finger while I nod politely; EVERYONE'S GETTING PUBLISHED NOW! EVERYONE'S GETTING FINGERED NOW! I cross and uncross my legs. I turn to him and ask him if he thinks they'll still be able to re-attach my hand if we wait until after dessert.



KLAUS PINTER  
*2 pieces*





# CHRISTOPHER EVANS

*O, Protect Me My Love, My LabelTech 3000 Professional  
Label Maker*

Please my love,  
I need you help to define  
my surroundings, to categorize  
each and every experience,  
so there are no surprises anymore.  
Label this phenomena ALLSPICE,  
Classify that one CUMIN SEEDS.  
Index for me all that can't be explained!  
Disambiguate the greyest recesses!  
Christen this one CAMPSTOVE,  
Brand that as HOUSEFIRE.  
Pigeonhole the masses!  
Let nothing go unnamed!  
Differentiate between HEARTBREAK  
and CARDIAC ARREST.  
Define! Distinguish! Demarcate!  
Let your rigid, polymer shell  
forever mirror my own.  
Let us be finally free  
of this wretched, unsigned freedom.

KALLIE FALANDAYS

2 pieces

her house was  
alive And  
& The words were

the

also before and

after

The Confession  
She thinks  
her body was also  
many people &  
their pretty

The blackout poems are sourced from *The Salem Witchcraft Papers*.

ROB MCLENNAN & CHRISTINE MCNAIR

*Gridlock,*

I worked on us  
for weeks.

Matthea Harvey, *Pity the Bathtub Its Forced  
Embrace of the Human Form*

knows everything, best. An hour's drive south,  
Montreal, might as well be the moon.

Although we can see the moon.

2.

Hold up the flaws. A body, bends light.

Weak tea is no witness. Excuse.

3.

We have never been on a paddleboat.  
Together, I mean.

4.

Bed was full of your fingers. Took nothing  
for granted. Not even the bed.

I remember the frontline.

5.

A red ochre specimen. Today,  
follows a sentence.

Outside, peeled green. Few words accompany.

STEPHANIE DE COUTO COSTA

*2 pieces*







NOAH BURTON

*2 pieces*

*Feelings are Pointless*

Walking up to the top of Mount Takao,  
looking down, seeing the jagged switchback,  
a grey white anxious topography, and  
today, closing the pickle jar, I broke  
the glass, sour in my hand, and  
the shards cut me. Yet, I feel  
my flesh, like this path on the mountain  
where the first loom was crafted  
and shawl woven, covering,  
when finished, a sword that beamed  
as the weaver watched the sun and day  
and said, You—you are pointless, Day,  
and the day turned darkly from the peak  
to the night, and the sword, covered  
with the shawl, hid its point.

### *Tax Season*

It scrolls down the screen  
to the next page and there's  
a box to check whether  
you're fling taxes for yourself  
or someone else or someone who died  
so, Zach, someone must be doing this  
this season for you,  
all the lights are on in their den  
and the computer is on  
and your name is typed in the HR block website.  
But in York, Maine the arcade  
opens at 7pm,  
the ski-ball machines firing up,  
getting loaded, the quarters  
dropping into the slots,  
the tickets coming out, and  
just of work we look like mimes  
in our striped chef pants.

## LOUISE ROBERTSON

### *Bleeding Out*

Yesterday in the car, when they asked,  
I told them the whole damn myth: how  
many years it was before they were  
born, how the street was hard denim, the sun up there,  
the leaves waving their green hands, and where  
the car was when it hit me, and how fast.  
I told them how people reported  
back about the blood, when I went out  
for the second time. I even told them  
that you really do feel like everything  
is wrong and you know everyone's name  
and then nothing.

## Contributors

Noah Burton was born in Kansas City, Kansas, grew up in Springfield, Virginia, and now lives in Madbury, New Hampshire. He writes poems, plays a banjo like a sitar, and hangs out with his goat friends, Agnus and Sophie. He is currently a teacher and MFA student at the University of New Hampshire. His poems have appeared in Basalt Magazine, Scapegoat Review, The Doctor T.J. Eckleburg Review, and Kenning Journal.

Stephanie De Couto Costa is an emerging artist born in Montreal. She received her BFA from Université du Québec à Montréal in 2010. Since then, she has participated in a number of exhibitions and residencies and actively participated in the development of collective printmaking based project and exhibitions throughout the city of Montreal by sitting as Vice President of Graff Studio's board of directors in 2013. She is currently pursuing an MFA in Print Media at Concordia University.

Christopher Evans lives in Vancouver, BC with his wife and young daughter. He is new to poetry, but his fiction has previously appeared in Grain, The New Quarterly, Joyland and more.

Kallie Falandays is the author of *Dovetail Down the House* (forthcoming from Burnside Review). She runs Tell Tell Editing and has poems in PANK, Black Warrior Review, Salt Hill, and elsewhere.

Howie Good's latest book of poetry is *The Complete Absence of Twilight* (2014) from MadHat Press. Sarah Grindlay is in her final undergraduate year studying poetry, fiction, English Literature, and Professional Writing. She is the Editor-in-chief of *The Warren Undergraduate Review*, co-founder of the Unreal City reading series, and the recipient of the 2014 Philip Pickering Award in Poetry. In her spare time, Sarah paints with toothpicks and makes obscure movie references.

Christine McNair's work has appeared in *cv2*, *Prairie Fire*, *ditchpoetry.com*, *Arc*, the *Bywords Quarterly Journal*, *Descant*, and assorted other places. Her first collection of poems *Conflict*, appeared with *BookThug* in spring 2012. She works as a book doctor in Ottawa, is one of the former hosts of *CKCU Lit Landscapes*, and blogs at [cartywheel.wordpress.com](http://cartywheel.wordpress.com).

Born in Ottawa, Canada's glorious capital city, rob mcLennan currently lives in Ottawa. The author of nearly thirty trade books of poetry, fiction and non-fiction, he won the John Newlove Poetry Award in 2010, the Council for the Arts in Ottawa Mid-Career Award in 2014, and was longlisted for the CBC Poetry Prize in 2012. His most recent titles include *notes and dispatches: essays* (Insomniac press, 2014) and *The Uncertainty Principle: stories*, (Chaudiere Books, 2014), as well as the poetry collection *If suppose we are a fragment* (BuschekBooks, 2014). An editor and publisher, he runs *above/ground press*, *Chaudiere Books*, *The Garneau Review* ([ottawater.com/garneaureview](http://ottawater.com/garneaureview)), *seventeen seconds: a journal of poetry and poetics* ([ottawater.com/seventeenseconds](http://ottawater.com/seventeenseconds)), *Touch the Donkey* ([touchthedonkey.blogspot.com](http://touchthedonkey.blogspot.com)) and the *Ottawa poetry pdf annual* ([ottawater.com](http://ottawater.com)). He spent the 2007-8 academic year in Edmonton as writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta, and regularly posts reviews, essays, interviews and other notices at [robmcLennan.blogspot.com](http://robmcLennan.blogspot.com)

Klaus Pinter

\*1968

lives and works in vienna

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Louise Robertson has earned degrees (BA Oberlin, MFA George Mason University), poetry publications (*Pudding Magazine*, *New Verse News*, *Third Wednesday*) poetry awards (*Mary Roberts Rinehart*, *Columbus Arts Festival Poetry Competition* (twice)), and performed at national poetry slam competitions (2013 National Poetry Slam and 2013 Women of the World Poetry Slam, both as a

representative for Writers' Block Poetry). She is active as a poet and organizer in her local Columbus, Ohio poetry scene serving as staff and marketing director for Writers' Block Poetry and as curator for First Draft Open Mic.

Sara Sutterlin was born in 1988. She writes and lives in Montreal, Quebec. She is the editor and curator of the anthology WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE?, which features 34 women writers. It is available both [digitally](#) and in print (limited copies). She publishes [e-books](#) as well as [zines](#). Her most recent zine, PISSY BABY, is available via [LETTERS FROM BUMMERCAMP DISTRO & PRESS](#) for 3\$ or [digitally](#). Published work can be found in [THE CHAPESS zine](#) (vol 4 & 5), [THE BOHEMYTH](#), at the [RPD SOCIETY](#), [IN INCONNU MAG](#), [GLAMOUR GIRL ZINE](#), and in [THE ALTAR COLLECTIVE](#) (vol 2), in [FIELD NOTES \(#3\)](#) as well as other places around the web and in zines.