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dental floss retrieved from a sink drain
in an abandoned toothpick factory in
Portland, Maine.



The
Fowl
Feathered
Review



という考えに捧げモ

モー・バーグ

This one's for Bill Evans (August 16, 1929 –
September 15, 1980) and Howard Hoagland
"Hoagy" Carmichael (November 22, 1899 –
December 27, 1981)



*“Chicken gumbo,
rotisserie chicken,
chicken Kiev, chicken
cordon bleu ...”*

Chickened

Out



LEN "P.D." MACDONALD

¹ Originally appeared in the August 26, 2014 issue of the Halifax Herald, as well as here:

<http://bit.ly/VWApTx>



It was a simple enough question.

During a recent purge and cleaning of the fridge, my wife asked me about some chicken nestled on the back shelf. As far as we could determine, it was well over seven days old, and, while not harmful to one's health, its "curb appeal" was wanting.

We try our hardest not to waste a morsel of food, but every now and then, something past its prime gets lobbed into the composter. I've ended up in there once or twice myself.

Is it just me, or are we turning into a nation of poultry purists? Once upon a time you had a chicken dinner for a real treat, but nowadays the proliferation of poulet, in all its forms, is something akin to the Tim Hortons phenomenon. There seems to be chicken everywhere.

Chicken nuggets, chicken a la king, deep fried chicken, chicken stew, roast chicken potato chips, chicken wraps, stir-fried chicken, chicken balls ...

I will never forget my first trip to the Chicken Burger restaurant on the Bedford Highway. Everything about the place was just perfect, from the 1950s decor to the juke boxes. But the big attraction was the chicken burgers themselves, washed down with their matchless chocolate milkshakes. These days you can have a meal there before flying the friendly skies, as they have an outlet at the Halifax airport. Same food and friendly staff but no fresh-air order counters ... yet.

Chicken gumbo, rotisserie chicken, chicken Kiev, chicken cordon bleu ...

The Colonel brought his famous brand of chicken with "11 different herbs and spices" into our neck of the woods in the 1960s. We woke up one day not long ago in our home town to find that the local KFC outlet was reduced to rubble (they closed it and sent the employees home first). It was if the Colonel had just kicked the bucket and left town. It caused quite a flap.

Chicken Cacciatore, Tuscan chicken, chicken fingers and taters...

If you have your head down for even a nanosecond, you might miss the A& K Lick a Chick in Little Bras d'Or. It is reputed to have the world's finest deep fried chicken. You might not want to stop there the night before bloodwork for your cholesterol readings. Right across the street there is a Tim Hortons which, in and of itself, is not surprising.

However, this is a very famous Timmie's, for years ago it became famous for a time when the face of the Blessed Virgin appeared on an exterior wall of the building.

Chicken has become so highly regarded as a food staple that it has developed its own brand in Quebec. St. Hubert's Chicken is as much a staple in the Quebecois diet as poutine. In case you're wondering, St. Hubert is the patron saint of hunters, mathematicians, opticians and metal workers. It almost seems like one of the popes ran out of ideas for patron saints and gave St. Hubert all the leftovers.

My wife is forever espousing the merits of a balanced diet. I am suspicious that

my diet might not be quite there yet. I have noticed that small feathers are appearing on my arms and that I am prone to making audible clucking sounds when asked to do chores. Unfortunately, I am not allowed to “chicken out.”

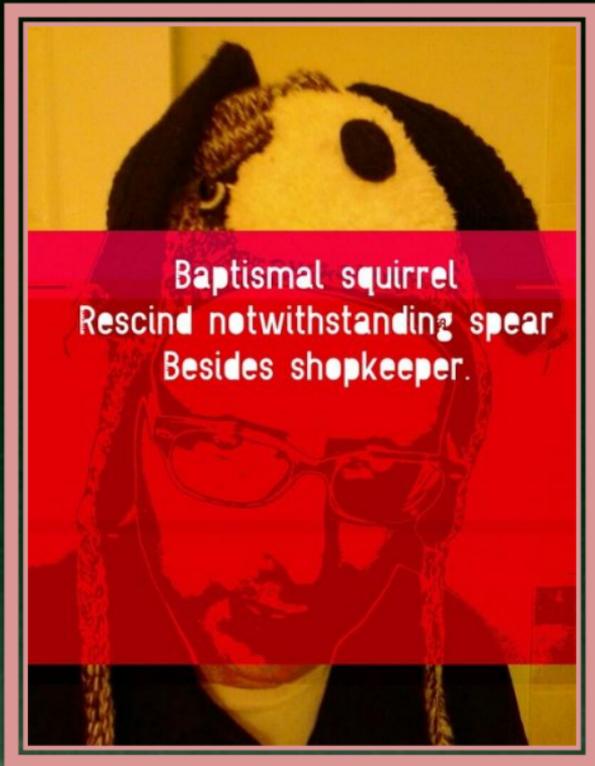


BOWL

Pressure It Is But Do Not Crack

Kudzai Mahwite

Wit and interest sure be stale,
Angry and dry but sure not pale,
Sure could do with a glass of ale,
Yet this is my boat and I must sail.
Dawn did break before timbers creak,
Nightly bobbing, rest not robbing,
Gothic vision of what could be,
Yet bliss do line sweet reminisce.
When heat do atoms make awake,
Felt I the leak where timber crack,
Knew full well what I do lack,
Some peace and rest before timbers
break.



Baptismal squirrel
Rescind notwithstanding spear
Besides shopkeeper.



Modern Landscape with Unfolding Purpose,
Oliwier Horst Voll

Be Brave, Canoe!

Samu Miksa Horváth

Black soft

In the

Coat gray Wednesday

Theft Number

4275

Provides the relevant forensic

Evidence surfaces occurs

One

Location rich/ dark /brunette

Fleeing the scene in a red canoe

Police search for sugar spots

Wednesday

Broken, and

Color white Caucasian

Breakthrough comforts

Tremble under

Saskatoon

Many ways to enhance the city's
Quaking rhythm
Police in gray coats
Fleeing the scene in a red canoe
But the light

Voice low, caressing,
Stolen gold
Gray white terraces

Police
Fleeing the scene in a red canoe
Music kingly relationship
Between people running around
And
Sugar spots Wednesday



*Versey: The Wilds of
Advertising*

K.J. Hannah Greenberg

Encircling streams flit reeds, reflect
sun,
High low, where hummers breed, suck
colorful tatters,
Tear down expectations, revise
marketplace events.

Survival, no matter one's homes or
natural inclination,
Trumps, until some fashion-linked
zephyr brings upward drafts
To irregular seasons, causes erosion by
means of confabulation.

Then sky fish, which never lived in
camouflage, preferring
Penthouse comfort, chirp, whisking
away nursery-like hushing,
Perform prestidigitation, also, other
tweaking of customers' minds.

'Cause certain truths, multiplied, when
located in aether, if pleasantly
Spiced, or otherwise tastefully served
up, function, make presumptions,

Falter to fold, crease caladon edges,
wrinkle masks plus tails.

So goes until cock's crow, whether
neon or, perhaps, in bytes;
Carefully placed propinquities laud
without criticizing,
Strike fast and dirty against organized
notice, fracture fixed wit.





At Any Rate, Relationships

K.J. Hannah Greenberg

At any rate, relationships,
Art, can be deconstructed.

Rudiments of color, shape, texture,
Less so than conversations, govern.

Difficult pecuniary decisions,
Over which most spats occur,
Can elect indifferent discourse.

In striving to find light and air,
Among bleak towers, hunker
Down, hug proper rules.

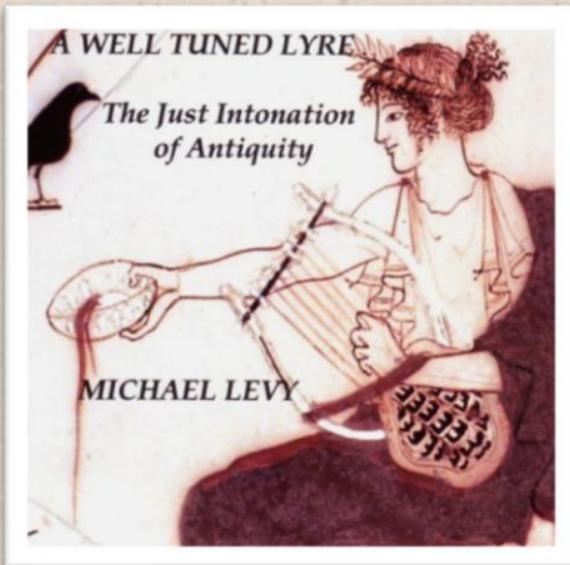
Spiritual persons dwell as
Dear ones, most often.
Also, those allegedly
Wizened types act joyfully.

Those folk grant fewer spans
Of foul goings on; murder
Makes for summarized parts,
Maybe, additionally, disharmony.

Reassess components gleaned,
Plucked from lofty accolades.
Participate in frenetic moments.

Pull back wholly from discomfort,
Fill couplings with surmise.

Loud events provide only
Odd creations' secrets,
Manifesting weak qualities,
Better, kisses, forgetfulness,
Tutelage for the future.



Michael Levy is a multi-instrumentalist & prolific composer, who since 2006, has focused his unique skills, at both intensively researching & recreating the ancient playing-techniques of the lyres of antiquity. Basing these techniques from both illustrations of ancient lyre players and the various playing-techniques still practiced today in Africa, he has independently produced 18 albums of ancient lyre music since 2008. - See more at:

<http://www.ancientlyre.com/biography/#sthash.eSrZZ55r.dpuf>

Fragments

Dawnell Harrison

I feel flat and dull
with a bevy of broken

fragments for a mind.
Something floats above

me like a cloudy smog
as I lay resting my head

on a fluffy pastel pillow.
Words drag through

my mind like clogs
clipping down a long-winded

hallway. I am numb and
feel absolutely nothing -

a flattened sheet that's been
ironed with starch.

Footsteps

Dawnell Harrison

Angels swim in the vast array
of silver stars as the clouds

slip through the sky like a thread
through a blanket.

The moon dissolves
on the yellow kitchen wall,

splaying its lights all over the night.
The stars bleed from the sky

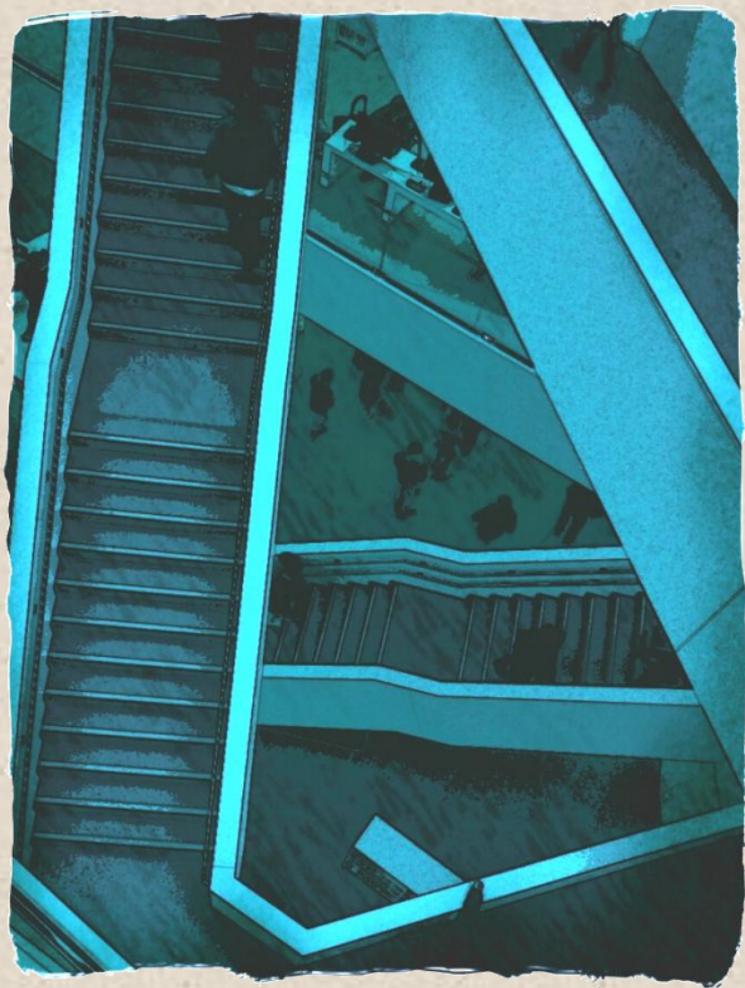
down to the ground.
I silently walk around the house

trying to forget my mistakes
footstep by footstep.

**IN LITTLE EDEN THE
CONVERTS ARE BEHAVING
WRETCHEDLY**

Colin James

On the West side of the grounds
a small gaol
quite full of
no nonsense types,
the hysterical having been
cheerfully separated.
During the day gardens are tended,
three meals provided
and bunks which are integral to order.
Men postulate
control nights apparatus.
Punk contortionists
of elegant variation.



Contributors

My name is **Len MacDonald**. I am a financial planner, a marathon runner and an aspiring writer of humour stories. I have been doing a bi-weekly column for The Casket here in Antigonish, Nova Scotia since February 2013 and a weekly column in The Fairview Post, in Fairview , Alberta.

Why Week45? My wife Betty and I travel to Florida every November. We own a time share and they allocate facilities based on a particular week of the year. The first week we acquired was week 45.

I am always looking for story ideas so feel free to weigh in the comment section of my blog. Visit me on Facebook and Twitter, as well.

If you are interested in having me speak to a group of your colleagues, check the motivational speaking page.

Patricia Senseney paints from her home in Westminster, Vermont. She does so!

Kudzai Mahwite writes from Zimbabwe.

Oliwier Horst Voll (°1936, Chicken, Alaska, United States) creates mixed media artworks and conceptual artworks. With the use of appropriated materials

which are borrowed from a day-to-day context, Voll presents everyday objects as well as references to texts, painting and architecture. Pompous writings and Utopian constructivist designs are juxtaposed with trivial objects. Categories are subtly reversed.

His mixed media artworks are on the one hand touchingly beautiful, on the other hand painfully attractive. Again and again, the artist leaves us orphaned with a mix of conflicting feelings and thoughts. By contesting the division between the realm of memory and the realm of experience, he often creates several practically identical works, upon which thoughts that have apparently just been developed are manifested: notes are made and then crossed out again, 'mistakes' are repeated. His collected, altered and own works are being confronted as aesthetically resilient, thematically interrelated material for memory and projection. The possible seems true and the truth exists, but it has many faces, as Hanna Arendt cites from Franz Kafka. By taking daily life as subject matter while commenting on the everyday aesthetic of middle class values, he absorbs the tradition of remembrance art into daily practice. This personal

follow-up and revival of a past tradition is important as an act of meditation.

He creates situations in which everyday objects are altered or detached from their natural function. By applying specific combinations and certain manipulations, different functions and/or contexts are created. By manipulating the viewer to create confusion, he often creates work using creative game tactics, but these are never permissive. Play is a serious matter: during the game, different rules apply than in everyday life and even everyday objects undergo transubstantiation.

His works are characterised by the use of everyday objects in an atmosphere of middleclass mentality in which recognition plays an important role. Oliwier Horst Voll currently lives and works in Deadhorse, Alaska.

Samu Miksa Horváth is hungry for Hungary.

KJ Hannah Greenberg is a three time Pushcart Prize Nominee, one time Best of the Net Nominee, one time Million Writers Nominee, and an actual National Endowment for the Humanities Scholar. She pretends to be indomitable, tramps across literary genres, and giggles in her sleep. As well, Hannah eats oatmeal and keeps company with a hibernaculum of

(sometimes rabid) imaginary hedgehogs. Those critters, in turn, take bites out of brooding critics, uncomplimentary readers, and assorted nocturnal terrors.

Hannah's most recent books include: *Dancing with Hedgehogs* (Fowlpox Press, 2014), *The Little Temple of My Sleeping Bag* (Dancing Girl Press, 2014), *The Immediacy of Emotional Kerfuffles* (Bards and Sages Publishing, 2013), and *Citrus-Inspired Ceramics* (Aldrich Press, 2013). Her most recent ambition is a full night's sleep. In the near future, look for her *Jerusalem Sunrise* (Imago Press, 2015), *Simple Gratitudes* (Propertius Press, 2015), *Cryptids* (Bards & Sages Publishing, 2015), *Mothers Ought to Utter Only Niceties* (Unbound CONTENT, 2015), *Word Citizen* (Tailwinds Press, 2015) and *Rabid Hedgehogs and Friends* (Bards & Sages, 2016). Meanwhile, buy lots of marshmallow fluff and apply as needed.

Sajji Outré: என் வேலை மூலம் நான் இரண்டு ஜாஸ்பர் ஜான்ஸ் மற்றும் தீவன புறாக்களுக்கு ஒரு உருவக விளக்கம் என கேப்டன் கங்காரு நிகழ்வு ஆராய முயற்சிக்கிறேன்.

என்ன இசை அமைக்க மீண்டும் மூக்கில் இரத்தக் கசிவுகள் ஒரு தனிப்பட்ட பயணம் தொடங்கியது தங்கள் நுண்ணியபொடி கேள்வி நாளான

பிஸ்கட்டுகள் மற்றும் வரி சரிசெய்யும் அழைப்பது கணுக்கால் படங்கள் மொழிபெயர்க்கப்பட்டுள்ளது.

என் கலவையான ஊடக உணவு பொதுஜன மனித கார்க் , aka தாமதமாக ஏஞ்சலோ Faticoni ஒரு தனிப்போக்கு காட்சி எண்ணம் , தெரிந்திருந்தால் இன்னும் படங்கள் ஜான் டென்வர் ஈழுக்கள் மற்றும் பழைய சீஸ் இடையே ஒரு இணைப்பு அனுமதிக்கிறது .

என் வேலை கூறினார் யார் சார்லஸ் நெல்சன் ரெய்லி தனியார் தொகுப்பு ஆகும் " outre வேலை என்னை நகரும் வீட்டில் படி உயர்த்த முடியாது . "

இருமுறை - நான் பொது நூலகர் ன் நிறுத்தும் இடத்தில் நிறுத்தும் நேரம் பணியாற்றினார் அங்கு Folsom சிறையில் இருந்து ஒரு மானியத்தை ஒரு பெறுநர் இருக்கிறேன் . அதே நேரத்தில் இல்லை என்றாலும் நான் , பிஸ்ஸா ஹட் மற்றும் MoMA குழு நிகழ்ச்சிகள் வைக்கப்பட்டுள்ளது. நான் தற்போது எனது குளியலறையில் மற்றும் பெர்லின் இடையே என் நேரத்தை செலவிட .

Dawnell Harrison has been published in over 60 journals, possesses a BA from The University of Washington, and is the author of three books of poetry; Voyager, The Maverick Posse, and The fire behind my eyes.

Colin James has a chapbook of poems, DREAMS OF THE REALLY ANNOYING, available from Writing Knights Press.

Sopa de Mondongo enjoyed a brief career developing strategies for action figures for dairy farmers in his native Puerto Rico. His current pet project is testing the market for puzzles featuring photos of egg salad in Libya.



Thinker of Alderney Landing, Sopa de Mondongo



Oil Painting, Patricia Senseney

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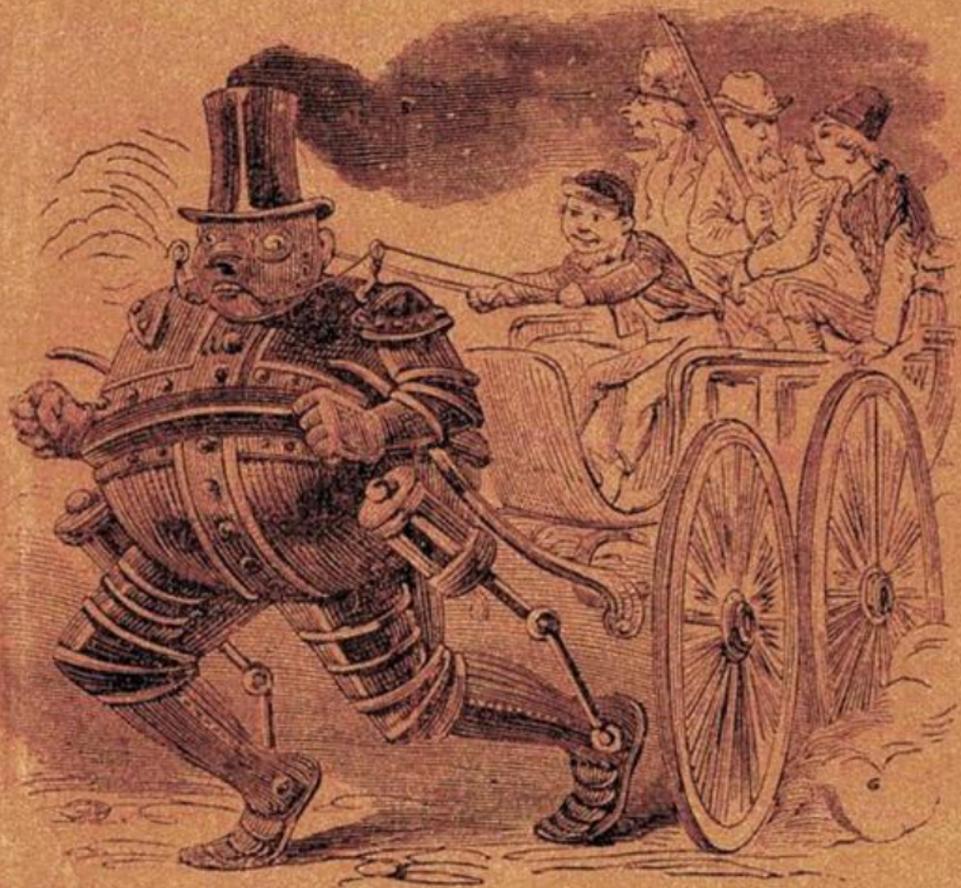
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