

# FAIRY TALE REVIEW

The Green Issue



## ANNOTATED TABLE OF CONTENTS

BRIAN BALDI

*The Robot Tree and the Loss of Understanding* · 13

Three mockingbirds wheeled above the pine-whiskered copse, dipped down, and wove themselves into the trees, where could be heard the slow moan of timber, the folk song of grubs masticating on bark, and the plenum chatting of ground squirrels.

JEANNE MARIE BEAUMONT

*Two Poems* · 23

Pssst.

I'm the blonde in the shower  
water too hot      water too cold

JEDEDIAH BERRY

*Inheritance* · 27

At first they didn't talk about it, the beast Greg brought with him to the Saturday night poker game. He tugged it leashed down the basement steps and it sat cross-legged in a corner, muzzled but more sad than mean.

PAULA BOHINCE

*Three Poems* · 41

Voluptuous with slime, in the forest, like a queen  
grown lazy or tired beneath her tiers.  
And the mermaids were her girls, nearly human-  
sized, though broken. Someone  
had chiseled off their tails, and stolen them.

WENDY BRENNER

*The Predicament* · 44

The bunch of us were in trouble. That was how it started: we had to flee, as escapees or refugees or criminals, it was unclear which—because we were to blame for something. Or, considered to be to blame. We were not good, we were guilty, that much was clear.

AYSE PAPATYA BUCAK

*Once There Was, Once There Wasn't* · 53

In a time when camels were beasts and genie were jinn, there was a girl always in love.

RIKKI DUCORNET

*Blue Funk* · 54

People love my city for its brasseries like hothouses, ardent and perverse, its breezes that smell of coffee and of the sea. But when I am in my blue funk I see nothing of all this. Which is why I did not notice the dress shop sooner, although it is on a street familiar to me.

RIKKI DUCORNET

*Paintings: Desirous 1–5* · 57

ANN JADERLUND

Translated by Johannes Goransson

*Four Poems* · 64

Behind a moist spring in a desolate forest lay the red rose. With dried and hair-pipe-fine god veins. In the grave garden beneath the tall trees. The trunks were large as animal limbs and overgrown by tender green stalks.

DANIEL KHALASTCHI

*No Longer: (Less to Say)* · 72

As trees dress  
down. As sleeves  
roll out.

STACEY LEVINE

*The Tree* · 74

Two men met. Living in the blue-hued city, they caught glances, the way adults do. The men grew to know one other quickly; they hurried along the highway exits. A month passed; they knew each other a little. Sometimes they took walks in the forest as if searching together for something.

CATE MARVIN

*The Goose-Girl Speaks from inside The Stove: Intimate Address in Contemporary American Women's Poetry* · 79

In "The Goose-Girl," a Grimms' fairy tale, a princess is betrothed at a young age to a prince in a far-off kingdom. When the time comes for her to marry, she journeys the distance on horseback with only her waiting-maid for company. The princess' horse, Falada, has the power of speech; the waiting-maid rides a nag.

JOYELLE MCSWEENEY

*Novella Excerpts from FLET and NYLUND* · 90

Flet has a secret. Wearing heavy blue vinyl kitchen gloves, she opens the hall closet, tips forward the hamper, and withdraws from behind it a paper bag. Kneeling, she dumps out the bag on the carpet next to her. The contents include a blue comb, a cheap plastic Easter novelty, and a pale green pamphlet.

KAT MEADS  
*On The Palace Steps, She Pauses* · 102

Caught in a crisis of confidence. A cinder wench/wretch not an hour before, en route to dazzle and besot the wealthiest, most handsome of men, the man with a castle, a title, a bloodline with expectations.

LYDIA MILLET  
*Walking Bird* · 106

One of the birds was lame, struggling gamely along the perimeter of the fence. The bird was large, a soft color of blue, and rotund like a pheasant or a hen.

ANDREW MORGAN  
*Fairly Taleish* · 109

And we all wait in the crescent to see  
and identify the double-decap—  
what it means, where it sheds its opinion  
and becomes something blue, something  
moving or at least in need of retelling.

AIMEE NEZHUKUMATATHIL  
*The Woman Who Eats Soil* · 114

What can the unfortunate insect do  
if it is found wanting in weight?

STACEY RICHTER  
*Chapter One from FAIRYLAND, A Novel* · 115

Tina curled under her Dukes of Hazard comforter, picturing the various ways that Gordon could die. He could jam a fork into the wall socket, or hide in an abandoned refrigerator, or chase a puppy into the street—she'd been warned about these dangers herself.

ARTHUR RIMBAUD  
Translated by Donna Tartt  
*Four Poems from Les Illuminations* · 128

An Ideal of Beauty, standing tall before snow. Whistles of death, circles of deafened music make this adored body rise, swell, shudder like a ghost; scarlet wounds and black burst out in the superb flesh.

CARMEN GIMINEZ SMITH  
*Finding the Lark* · 136

Once there was a milkman  
who wore a lark on her shoulder.

*Good God Gave her a Lark.  
Good God broke His Shoulder  
on the Slippery Walk.*

KATE BERNHEIMER  
*Editor's Note* · 140

Contributor Notes · 142

## EDITOR'S NOTE



**I**n fairy tales, all things are interdependent, mysteriously and insanely entwined. I often describe them as containing a deeply ecological world. The Green Issue is devoted to new fairy tales, with a special consideration for nature.

In the unbridled individualism at work in the literary forms most dominant today, I sense a devaluing of the natural world in relation to the human. In fairy tales, the human world and the animal world are collapsed. The collapse remains open to wonder and change. In this way, fairy tales provide the possibility for narratives to shine a different sort of terrible light on the natural world. This world is transparent, imperiled, abstract, and new. In this world, clarity and wonder go hand and hand.

I hope you like this gathering of diverse new writing and art, devoted to the form of fairy tales. The sheer volume of responses to the first issue of *Fairy Tale Review* shows that fairy tales continue to be one of the most viable art forms. It is my belief that we must preserve and celebrate fairy tales, even as they are marginalized by more commercially popular narrative modes.

Since the debut of *FAIRY TALE REVIEW* I have been asked repeatedly whether I think fairy tales are enjoying resurgence today. This new question stands in stark contrast to the old question I was asked for many years, before I was lucky enough to bring this journal into existence. It was, "Does anyone still read fairy tales?" Then, the utterance of the phrase "fairy tale" in connection to serious literature or art was met, generally speaking, with frank and bored condescension. Yet so many scholars, writers, and artists have now written me beautiful letters, thanking *FAIRY TALE REVIEW* for celebrating the complex fairy-tale tradition. For a long time I've believed that fairy tales have never waned in importance; they've simply been quieted by more aggressive art forms.

I write and edit from the idea that one knows fairy tales as a form of reading bliss, through their compositional elements. I work from the premise that there is something strange to love about

fairy tales, and will be in the future.

The next issue of FAIRY TALE REVIEW, The Violet Issue, will be published in 2007. A book imprint of the journal will also debut in 2007. As it turns out, fairy tales are not a thing of the past. They are still cackling away.

Kate Bernheimer  
Assistant Professor  
MFA Program in Creative Writing  
University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa