

Volume 56, Number 1, Spring 2023

Southern Humanities Review, 9088 Haley Center,
Auburn University, Auburn, AL 36849

Published quarterly in the United States from the Department of
English at Auburn University. Sponsored by the Board of Trustees.

Printed in Minneapolis, Minnesota, by Bookmobile on stock certified
by the Forest Stewardship Council.

Postage paid at Auburn, Alabama.

Member of the Community of Literary Magazines and Presses.

Copyright © 2023 by *Southern Humanities Review*

ISSN 0038-4186

FIRST PRINTING

To subscribe, access online-only content, and view submission
guidelines, visit us at southernhumanitiesreview.com.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF Anton DiSclafani, Rose McLarney

MANAGING EDITOR Emma Brousseau

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR Lev Barrett

FICTION EDITOR Maria Kuznetsova

NONFICTION EDITOR Justin Gardiner

POETRY EDITOR Rose McLarney

ASSOCIATE EDITORS Samuel Ruddick, Carrie Spell

ASSISTANT EDITORS Cris Bangert, Dalton Bright, Devin Crenshaw,
Frances Klein, William Klein, Remi Recchia, Ajay Sawant, Jordan Sims,
Barbara Yauss

FOUNDING EDITORS Norman A. Brittin, Eugene Current-Garcia, Taylor
D. Littleton

PAST EDITORS Barbara A. Mowat, David K. Jeffrey, Patrick D. Morrow,
James P. Hammersmith, Thomas L. Wright, R. T. Smith, Virginia
Kouididis, Dan Latimer, Skip Horack, Karen Beckwith, Chantel Acevedo,
Keetje Kuipers, Aaron Alford, Caitlin Rae Taylor

Contents

NONFICTION

- 77 W. P. OSBORN The Remnants: Author Note and Review
23 MARIAN RYAN Enchanted

FICTION

- 35 CODA CANEPA Herman
99 ELIZABETH GONZALEZ JAMES The Tiny and Fleeting Pleasure of Feeling Moored
55 MEHDI M. KASHANI The House Behind the Crossed Windows
9 HELENA OLUFSEN Miriam Hour

POETRY

- 47 SHARON ACKERMAN A Walk After Retirement
17 HUSSAIN AHMED Radio
48 CELIA BLAND Shooting Script: *Brazen Jackson*, Season One
50 Episode 8: *Brazen Jackson*: "Tomahawk Chop!"
51 Episode 9: *Brazen Jackson*: "Doggie-Do"
18 TARA SHEA BURKE What on Earth
33 BRITTANY CAVALLARO Tornado in December
92 LAWRENCE DI STEFANO Translation with Traffic
73 TIMOTHY DONNELLY The Voices
4 KRISTINA ERNY A History of Chartreuse
94 JADE HIDE A Natural History of Jade
32 HAESONG KWON Knowledge of Tea
74 ALAFIA NICOLE SESSIONS On Nights My Son Asks to Sleep in My Bed
21 MARIA ZOCCOLA missus johnson goes to church on sundays

COVER ART Sara Gevurtz. *Inorganic Plains*, 2021. Video Still. Courtesy of the artist.

A History of Chartreuse

Inchworm belly, parrot beak,
color not made of halves, but two wholes

one hundred and thirty herbs gathered after
snowdrift, the Alps scoured

by balding Carthusians, murmuring prayers
for the souls of the degenerate

I google a bottle, having never tasted its ink
imagine some licorice hum, hear

listen to God in the shush between the mountains
mouth what you will to the back of a silent brother's head

lily grass, butter slime, mountain dew,
sneaker lace, frog leg, highlighter tip

stat crux dum volvitur orbis
the monks say the cross is steady

while the world turns, I bet I could learn
to drink deeply from the elixir of a life so potent

it could speak secrets of *how to live beyond time*
and also in the present

when Anthony Blanche swallowed the spectrum
was he too wearing a white knit cap?

alien scale, banana pepper, fern mold,
neon pothos snaking through kitchen sun

I can't handle 138 proof of anything
and keep my head held up—once I tilted shots

of cheap tequila in Hongdae, a gaggle of young girls
our skin bright yellow, then green in the flashing lights

of a back-alley dance hall—I'm not young anymore
there's so much salt I haven't tasted

maybe I could still be a bartender's darling
a flashy artisanal small batch booze

acid polish, lemur's eye, baby ginkgo,
tart lime, chameleon tail curled in a smile

I could be a bottle of something only two
old monks know the secret recipe for

ride with them each morning
as their car teeters up the mountain

to the distillery that is also a postcard
of the Alps' broadly shining teeth

the secret to being alone is becoming
vegetal—not needing to know anyone's secrets

KRISTINA ERNY

but the monk Jean-Jacques is an old, old man
and I married sixteen summers ago with a bunch

of loose yellow lilies in my hands
I'm color-coded for ignition, chlorophyll, wedded bliss

life steeped in a color so reckless
could only be a dangerous good

a glass bottle reminder to count my blessings
and my herbs—take life over ice,

slurp a shot of swampwater, neat,
guzzle the last word,

eat all my peaches sweet
soaked in bright green gelée

