

The Rozella Poets and Writers Group



Excerpts from *The Rozella Review*, Volume I

Chacharabai had wondered about this Sarosh. She had heard stories, but who knew if they were true? She chewed intently on a chunk of leather to soften it. It needed to become a shoelace; it needed to fit through a small hole.

"They say he had a bright future in the city; he was to attend a big school. But *Shiva*, the destroyer, intervened: his family, both parents and brother, were killed in a terrible bus crash. A tragedy for sure..."

—from *The Long Thirst*, by Cindy Willis

My father was working in a Nebraska factory at a time when Mexicans and blacks were not allowed to drink from the same fountains as "whites." Despite his many compromises he has not forgotten the insults of being a dark Mexican man in the Jim Crow South.... He played baseball like Sammy Sosa, he boxed like De La Hoya and he was as athletic as Michael Jordan. My father played so many sports and his hands spent so much time curled around a baseball that the ends of his fingers are permanently warped like the claws of a grizzly bear.

—from *De Maiz*, by Ricardo Guarnero

"Thank you, Raymond. You almost gave me a heat stroke by leaving me there. Now I need a Coca-Cola to revive me," she croaked.

Raymond felt irritated. It was the second time she had spoken all day. He liked it best when she kept her mouth shut. Lately she could be embarrassing when people were around. He pushed her far into the bushes. Couldn't she keep quiet and just look like the dignified retired biology teacher that she used to be? He headed toward the men's room.

"Shit in the shithouse, shit in the shithouse," she said. "Coca, Coca, Coca."

—from *Weirdo in Woodsmoke*, by Paula Clayton

Printing Services Provided By



The Rozella Review



The Rozella Poets and Writers Group

Summer / Fall 2007

Volume 1

Cover Art: "Ballerina" –by Gabrielle Guarnero.

"This piece was one of my earlier paintings. The ballerina's pose is what interests me most. Instead of painting the subject in a recognizably theatrical pose, as if I were capturing part of a performance, I decided to portray her lacing up her slipper, so that from the smoothness of her movement you could tell she was a dancer."

–Gabrielle Guarnero