

# The Zodiac Review Winter-Spring 2016

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The Zodiac Review | Winter-Spring 2016

"The creative mind is  
mankind's greatest tool."  
- Anonymous

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## LATEST NEWS

Feb. 29, 2016

**New issue, new look for Zodiac!**

**Re-opening for submissions  
October 1, 2016.**

**Next issue scheduled for late  
September, 2016.**

## FLASH FICTION

**All the Comforts**, by Alex Bernstein

**The Sad Lament of a Cabbage**, by Ray Clift

**Secondhand**, by Tim DeLizza

**Poverty**, by Charles Hayes - Editors' Choice

**Sparklies**, by Simon Hole

**Coyotes**, by Kathryn Holzman

**The Amber Light**, by Emily Larkin

**The Asterisk**, by Charles Rammelkamp

**Jesse's Mute Violin**, by Rebecca Shepard

**The Magic Hour**, by Missy Stacho - Editors' Choice

**Rental Units**, by Alina Stefanescu

**About the Author**, by Jeremy Townley

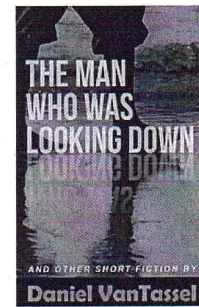
## PROSE POETRY

**Orion**, by Charles Hayes

**Duct Tape Fixes Everything**, by Richard Manly Heiman

**Fate is a Duck**, by Christopher "Irish Goat" Knodel

## PUBLISHER RELEASES



Digital version available  
at [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

Print version available  
mid-year, 2016 at [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

by Kathryn Holzman

IN OUR JEANS and sneakers, we were noticeably out of place in the elegant hotel lobby with its art deco sconces. A young Indian movie star emerged from the elevator, her sari glimmering gold. "She is going to introduce Hillary," her proud father announced. She looked down bashfully. At that very moment, the presidential candidate's limousine snaked down Broadway towards Lincoln Center.

We didn't have tickets for the Women's Conference and decided to wait outside the stage door to get a glimpse of celebrities which included not only the ex-President's wife but an actress who played a conniving President's colluding wife on cable TV. Such encounters are, after all, the reason for visiting New York. What a story to tell my book club! Larry took photos of the fountain while I watched people's faces and wondered what it felt like to be somebody else.

TV satellite trucks lined the curb. Several bored Secret Service men repeated jokes that they had heard on late night TV. A young man with dreamy, dark brown eyes, curly hair and a Yankees baseball hat approached the small gathering nonchalantly, standing not very far away from us, maybe 25 feet.

A woman wearing zebra-patterned leggings with boots turned down at the ankles and a black sleeveless top talked into her blue tooth as she waited for the traffic light to change.

"The headhunter assured me he was well connected. He said that my resume had been circulated widely. Nevertheless I don't have a single interview and my bank account is almost empty. I'm spending all day on Facebook trying to create the illusion of a life. In the middle of this shit, Ralph said to me last night, 'In eight months in New York I've achieved all my life goals' and I said "Fuck you."

The light turned green and the woman stepped off of the curb. Police cars slowed to let her pass, honking deep horns impatiently. She moved on, clearly annoyed.

The men at the door came to attention. Traffic shrieked to a halt; cops blew frantically on their whistles. A large black limousine pulled up in front of the TV vans, police cars stationed in front and back. The young man reached into his backpack.

While the driver prepared to open the passenger door, a very young cop with "Antiterrorism Squad" embroidered across his shiny and obviously brand new jacket shouted out a warning. "On the right!" The agent at the stage door hugged the young man in a startling embrace as the young cop scooped up the red backpack and placed it in a bulky reinforced container labeled "bomb squad."

"Show's over. Clear the area," The ATS guy, a boy really, younger than my own son, looked me directly in the eye as if swearing me to secrecy about the incident. More cop cars and sirens approached the Conference. Attendees continued to enter the theatre unaware of the disruption in the rear.

Excitement over, we decided to take the subway to Rockefeller Center to see the Today Show studio. A burly man, dressed in camouflage, overflowed the subway seat in front of me. His arms and shoulders, flabby yet powerful, stretched the fabric of his military attire as if the contradictions of his desires threatened to tear him apart. Was he a soldier, AWOL from his post? Had he just been rejected by the army recruiter for being too heavy, too soft to defend his country? Was he determined to fight?

The train squealed around dark corners without warning. This time, I was alert to danger

Before I could decide a proper course of action, the man lumbered out of his seat at 51st Street, carrying a shopping bag crammed with Lord knows what.

That evening, Larry and I watched the news in our unbelievably small hotel room, lavishly stocked with overpriced goods for sale. A glamorous newscaster, skinny as all get out, never mentioned the incident at the Conference. The night's top story was about a coyote prowling the Upper West Side.

*Studied at NYU and Stanford. Wrote poetry and Co-ran Backroom Readings in NYC. Published in numerous poetry journals. Now writing short stories. Recently published in Calliope Magazine.*

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