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INTRODUCTION

POETOGRAPHY

In celebration of the 10th anniversary of Heights Arts, the *Poetography* project brings together 10 poets and 10 photographers. Paired at random, each duo was asked to select some aspect of Coventry Village to feature in their art.

While all 20 poet and photographer partners agreed to approach the same subject, each individual worked independently to produce his or her piece. The subjects, words, and images are as varied as the perspectives of the participants. Each poem and photograph, though, celebrates some aspect of our community.

The results of these poet/photographer creative collaborations—and evidence of the richness of the Coventry neighborhood—appear on the pages that follow.

–Gail Bellamy
2009–2010 City of Cleveland Heights Poet Laureate
2010 CPAC Creative Workforce Fellow

BEHIND A CLOSED COVENTRY DOOR, 1931



Herbert Ascherman Jr.

Feathery rime from her breath etches eiderdown designs across the windowpane in her scantily furnished room; an unintentional handprint stamps the undercoat of wall paint, its blot barely visible in the glint of afternoon.

She debates whether to call herself Dorothy or Cecile in this stylish new life, recalls shivering back in the Flemish corner of France—her flesh like creamery butter, her wrap too thin—on her way to see the film *Le Blanc et Le Noir* in Dunkerque.

Things will be different now. Her exhalation creates a palpable gust. A draft filters under the door, striped awnings flutter one floor below, flapping like flags with such freedom they nearly tickle customers trickling into Weinberger's Drugs.

She breathes in the bustle of Coventry Road, expels memories, embraces possibilities, turns her back on the cold, then settles in to seek whatever it is that grows and flowers in this place of promise.

Gail Bellamy



David A. Brichford

PASSAGE

Remember, the point building on Coventry was never pointing at you. It was too hip to bother with you and your 13-year-old pals, too busy sailing or docking somewhere much more intoxicating than any place you'd ever been. Coventry wasn't Hough burning, and it wasn't the Ganges or the River Styx, but it was a sidewalk crack that could break your mama's back. And the point building was a pirate ship steered by glassy-eyed hippies. Best way to get there was to skip class, row your hitchhiking thumbs into badass Cleveland Heights till you were rocking past cop cars on clouds of patchouli. Oh, man, remember those gold-hooped, bandana-headed clerks at the Generation Gap? The way they lounged around like sun-stoned cats at the end of a long pier of Landlubber jeans? You tried so hard to be welcomed aboard, but nobody shouted *Aboy!* when you skulked through the door, nobody called you *matey*. You should have known by then—even the pet store parakeet down the street had cussed at you like a ghetto jazzman when you flashed him a peace sign. And the Hells Angels revving up in front of the C-Saw Café didn't even look when you shook your booties at them while crossing on red. In a last-ditch effort, you tried to flirt with the clerks, but they just yawned and drawled, *We don't serve teenyboppers at this establishment* and finally, *Teenyboppers, you are getting on our nerves*. You understand all that now, but back then, you may as well have been the kosher chickens across the street, who could give a flying fuck about your rite of passage. They were too busy getting their thighs prayed over and their heads chopped off.

Katie Daley



Margo Brown

CLEAN FIX

Last time I saw Johnny, he threw an arm around me,
our skin damp with August sweat. We jostled across
to the parking lot, he must have been twenty then

and me fourteen, his black slicked-back hair, face shaded
by the night, little goatee bobbing as he laughed, *I'd
marry you but your shoulder doesn't fit my armpit.*

It was Johnny who found me the school that saved my life,
Johnny who kept an eye out, when I got off work at midnight
with no ride and the buses done for the day,

three miles from home on the wrong side of town.
I ducked into his beat-up MG that night, heaved open
the creaking door he'd hammered out after it got hit,

yanked it shut, and the glove box popped open on my knee.
Out rolled a rubber tourniquet, a plastic syringe.
I stuffed them back and latched the box

and he drove me home in silence. First time
I laid eyes on Johnny, he leaned on his Triumph
in the bowling alley lot, beside his boys in their colors

and leather bombers, taunting kids who scattered
down the steps as if their lives depended.
He looked me in the eye, smiled a tight smile

and nodded as I crossed. I never asked him why.
Last I saw Johnny, he nodded out on the lunch counter
as I cleared and washed and served. Been telling me for months

he was getting clean. Sold his bike, got a job and a place to live.
I poured cup after cup, acid-black, nudged him awake
before my boss could see. He was home with hepatitis,

the last time I saw Johnny, doc told him another drink
would kill. Propped on his couch with an
unfiltered Camel in one hand, Bud in the other

and I wished I'd kissed him goodbye.

Sammy Greenspan



Stephen Cutri

COVENTRY SET FREE TO ROAM IN TIME—

Coventry full of passing shades,
turkey, rattlesnake and wolf of the wooded ridge,
the choppers and plowmen,
shades of hands and shoulders worn in lives of mortar and concrete—
--who was the first to set the stone? The cabbage man? The patch-armed brick-layer
with sore teeth?

John D. drunk on escape, ambling along sidewalk planks and bluestone,
worn out in the late day—

Or Rosie some 70 years later serving chicken sandwiches at 3am...

The metal and grease of street cars—all in time and now gone...

now not even a shoelace is left of wild Bill

no hard tack or candy confections, no C-Saw dust on the floor,

no Saloon with the endless sweeping of peanut shells...

as itinerants hold temporary sway, a-glow through it all...

Coventry who found Paris at the Heights,

Coventry of the old scissor sharpener

who hobbled up the sidewalk with his carrying case...

Coventry of the window washer borrowing on the future...

All that has changed hands, caught now in glimpses remarked, remembered...

like the angle of the sun

behind the door, off guard,

or the wash of night over all this...

Bricks, buildings, chimneys, awnings,

Bruder's, Irv's and Carroll,

J. Benkovitz selling Nick Thomas Beer,

a language of names for Coventry...

Cofantreo as Cofa's tree to mark the boundary,

Couaentree as a meeting of the waters,

Coventina from the Celtic-Roman goddess as protector of the stream

and Coventre, "tre" as the settlement, "coven" as the convent of an old church...

the old English tongue as obscure in origin as store names on buildings,

or images of light across the afternoon alley...

the school, the grounds, the library, always reshaping,

the shops, the laborers, the endless carousel of faces,

street sweepers, waitresses, cashiers,

painters and masons in the revolving night,

settling home to move on...

arriving in this shell game of shades, this changing terra of leases and deeds,

arriving and moving on...

shade and light,

names and origins carried along...

yet always the shade changing with the light—

Ben Gulyas



Nina DeRubertis

GROG SHOP WORLD

A lively crowd streams toward the door
then hovers on the threshold
waiting for the perfect moment
to leave this world, enter the next.
Most are booted and scarved
but one girl, wearing lipstick-red
stilettos, rides her boyfriend's
back over the icy sidewalk.
Orpheus, in a leather jacket
and Eurydice, in a lacy shawl
meet me, as arranged, just inside.
Cerberus, bearded, huge-shouldered
sits on a stool pawing a roll of tickets.
He clamps a collar round my wrist
growls, and waves me on.
Solicitous Orpheus, lyre tucked
in the waistband of his jeans
gives me earplugs, saying
"If you ever want to make music
again, wear these tonight."
The din is outrageous, so impenetrable
that the three guitarists
and one bare-chested drummer
seem to play in a silent movie.
Hundreds of souls, drift
around me, opening and closing
as gracefully as jellyfish.
They've been here for eons
attaching themselves to the music
absorbing its energy like collapsed stars.

Meredith Holmes



G.M. Donley

COVENTRY CROSSWALKS

Morning feet cross
slush-sullied streets
to usher in
coffee heat.
Too cold now
to sun on ice-bit benches
but skaters find their curve
between the trenches.

Noon feet cross
February Flakes
to Tommy's Hippy--
hippy shakes
or follow FREE SMELLS
to Jimmy John's.

Night feet cross
lights from the street up
over to BIG FUN
and then
before the night is done
bop and crow
to music all a-Grog
under dust deep as snow.

Amy Kesegich



Mike Edwards

ON THE CLOSING OF VIDSTAR VIDEO

Your gorgeous cornice drew my eyes upward,
Craned my neck in awkward awe, before I'd head
In your neon panoply of the latest releases,

Looking for release. I'd browse your cases,
Prismatic slices like plastic keys which,
When slipped inside, drove me into someone

Else's eyes. Popcorn free on Fridays. Weeklies
To gather weekly, recycled paper fabric
Of a fraying community. Your "adult" section

Curtained off modestly, like a secular
Confessional. Vidstar, forgive me, I discovered
The library, I fathered two babies, I economized.

But when I drive past where we used to meet,
My mind drifts back—before everything went
Digital—to the book-sized VHS, its gentle reminder

To rewind. Time, that senile magician, stuffed you
In his black hat, never to be found again.
Perhaps you still exist, like Osiris, across this city,

Carried in the video cases of a thousand brains,
A thousand and one stories of the one story: lose.
Forget. Rewind. Then: lose. Forget. Rewind.

Philip Metres

FIRE ESCAPE



They probe with piquant
Tongues, the punk picara and picaro
On the fire escape, fervently necking,
The Coventry Road din below a cant
They laugh about every night, sipping
Cloudy beer mixed with amaretto.
The icicles drip succulent drops
On the worn wood railing assembled
By the bald handyman everyone says
Served time for something. Cops
Greet him like any other dude
On the street, fully assimilated.
You can't salt a fire escape, he chides;
The punks say, Baby, it's cold outside.



William Sheck

LOOKING THROUGH GLASS

Sit on cool wrought iron in front of Tommy's
Wrap hands around hot fresh cup.
Suck rich brown fluid thru slotted top.
Let it kiss the tip of my tongue.

Bright splash of sunlight reflects off
angular glass tube across the street.
Movement within distracts me.
Young couple lock in passionate embrace
as elevator rises to the top level.
Suddenly she pushes him away,
Waves arms in anger
Large truck stops for the traffic light,
Blocks my vision of the scene.
When it moves on, the glass shaft is empty.

They reappear, exit the garage in separate cars,
Head off in opposite directions.
The coffee now tastes bitter.
Toss it in the trash bin,
go back inside for another.
Hope for a better ending.

Loren Weiss



Michael Weil

RECYCLED STORIES.

I don't believe in Valentine's Day.
I won't be peer-pressured
by society to give my loved one
chocolate, roses & diamonds.
I want to celebrate
Love Day—any day, really, where
the urges to express
my happiness & appreciation
for my wife, Trin, gushes up
like a lava flow, a geyser stream.
My love can't be contained, a solitary
confinement, to one lonesome day in February.

This was my Patrick Henry declaration,
my campaign pledge, for Love Day.

Part 2.

Love Day's a toddler now, 3 or 4 yrs old.
No longer wobbly & unsure.

Usually I get Trin some
vintage jewelry from Attenson's—
hibernated cicada pins, lovebird earrings,
sad, Elvis-ish hound-dog buttons, etc.
Plus, I'll normally throw in
a couple Romance Story comics.
You know the kind.
Lichtenstein lifted the covers for Modern Art:
some worried, fly-eyed blond,
tears melting icicles, lamenting on her bed—
thought-bubble mushroom-clouding
anxieties—"How could he fall
for that other woman? I wish I was dead!"

Jason Floyd Williams

Part 3.

I already have a few items on hold at Attenson's—
a silhouetted, Siamese cat pin,
a crazed, Groucho, Scottie dog button—
because this year Love Day will arrive
a week before Valentine's Day.

You see, Amazing Gary—
Coventry's Copperfield ruffian—
is taking his old men from
Menorah Park (he's
a volunteer coordinator there)
to a Monster Truck Rally on the 14th.

I'm helping him out,
so I get a donated ticket.

We'll be among thousands of men
watching Gravedigger & Bigfoot
trample abandoned clunkers
like ants at a picnic.

Maybe the giant T-Rex robot
will be there—ripping cars in half (like
Neanderthal Oldsmobile love letters),
spitting fire upon them,

coating us in exhaust fumes
& twists of smoke.

TEAMS AND THEMES

Herbert Ascherman Jr. and Gail Bellamy

For our chosen theme, “Behind Closed Doors on Coventry,” we both agreed to feature one woman in an imaginary place, a room in a sparsely furnished apartment in the Coventry neighborhood, at a predetermined time—the 1930s.

Margo Brown and Sammy Greenspan

Margo and I were moved by the story of a custodian who once lived in the hidden apartment above Coventry library, and as we pursued this subject, past and current faces and events wove themselves into a broader theme of the “invisible” people of our community.

David Brichford and Katie Daley

We explored Coventry Village together, and, after traipsing down mystical alleys of memories and taking many trial photographs, discovered that the point building spoke most powerfully to us.

Stephen Cutri and Ben Gulyas

We met and went in together on the idea that what perhaps makes Coventry is behind, underneath, to the side or off in some detail of an overlooked image or moment in place and time. What is this land of popular vision? It is a corner of the world changing, re-arranging, decomposing, re-composing in the tiniest images of this neighborhood, this road called Coventry.

Nina DeRubertis and Meredith Holmes

The Grog Shop, a place frequently inhabited by Nina DeRubertis and once completely exotic to Meredith Holmes, was poetographed in an improvisational and “fly on the wall” format this past February.

G. M. Donley and Amy Kesegich

“Coventry Crosswalks.” In discussing how to convey the bustling character of Coventry—the variety of people moving back and forth and their diverse destinations—we came upon the idea of focusing on street crossings.

Mike Edwards and Philip Metres

By documenting the closing of Vidstar Video, a once-vibrant independent store, we wanted to explore the loss of local independent businesses to our community; we also wanted to show that Coventry is not static, but is constantly disappearing and reappearing, dying and being reborn.

Lynn Ischay and John Panza

For our collaborative piece called Fire Escape, we decided voyeurism would be our theme and settled on an image of two Coventry Road denizens kissing on an ice-covered fire escape.

William Sheck and Loren Weiss

“Looking through Glass”—We both agree the poem has a great “captured moment” feel to it, that meshes with the photo’s intention . . . an observer looking in on a situation.

Michael Weil and Jason Floyd Williams

At the poet’s suggestion, we met before noon in February inside Attenson’s: the poet placed a long bug pin on hold while the photographer purchased slightly used *Rembrandt’s Eyes* and Adams’ *An Autobiography* at a discount. Then the snow came.

BIOS

Herbert Ascherman Jr.

Herbert Ascherman’s professional career has spanned 35 years as a photographer, gallery founder and director, writer and photo historian.

Since opening his studio in 1975, Herb has established an international reputation for his black and white and platinum portraiture. He has had numerous one-man exhibitions of his portraiture, photojournalism and nude work in Paris, Tokyo and Cochin, India, as well as in galleries and museums throughout the U.S. The Kinsey Institute of Bloomington, Indiana, has over 900 of his photographs in their permanent collection. Herb established the Cleveland Photographic Workshop in 1977 (until its closing in 2005) as a non-profit exclusively photographic gallery that held over 170 contiguous exhibits of contemporary photographers drawn from a worldwide network of associations.

Having written numerous articles on contemporary and classic photography, drawing largely in part from his 2,000 volume photo book library, Herb has published and lectured for over 150 local, national and international organizations and conferences. www.ascherman.com

Gail Bellamy

Gail Bellamy is the 2009 and 2010 City of Cleveland Heights Poet Laureate. She is the author of *Victual Reality* and *Traveler’s Salad* poetry chapbooks, *Cleveland Food Memories*, and two other books. Her poetry has appeared in over 80 publications and numerous anthologies. Gail is an award-winning journalist with a Ph.D. in Creative Writing. Most recently, she received a 2010 Creative Workforce Fellowship in Poetry. The Creative Workforce Fellowship (CWF) is a program operated by the Community Partnership for Arts and Culture, generously funded by Cuyahoga County residents through Cuyahoga Arts and Culture. Visit Gail’s websites at www.gailbellamy.com and www.poetryat30framespersecond.com.

David A. Brichford

David A. Brichford began pursuing photography after serving in the U.S. Navy as a sonar technician. He holds an associate’s degree in Applied Science with a concentration in photography from Cuyahoga Community College.

He has worked at the Cleveland Museum of Art since 1998, where he is now Associate Photographer and Digital Imaging Specialist. He has documented the expansion of the museum since construction began, and has photographed events such as Parade the Circle, and Chalk Festival.

“My personal work is with a plastic pinhole camera. In fact, the camera body is all that is left of the original camera. These pinhole images are captured on roll film, scanned and digitally printed using archival inks. Pinhole photography allows me to strip away all the pretenses and technical constraints of modern cameras. Its simplicity forces me to think about the subject, location, and view point, and to sometimes forget the ‘given’ aspects of photography as an art form.”

Margo Brown

Margo Brown is a photographer who lives and runs a studio in Little Italy. She gained a B.S. in Photo-Illustration from Kent State University’s School of Journalism and Mass Communication.

Margo enjoyed poetry readings at Kent’s Brady’s Café and befriended and photographed poets on her 4x5 camera. She then traveled to Italy for a year and photographed the people, landscapes and architecture. She illustrated books on Italian restoration projects. When she returned home, she worked for a year as a neuro ophthalmology technician but found the career depressing. She went on to work with Herb Ascherman for 6 years and progressed into her own studio and gallery in 2000.

She has shown her work in many galleries over the years, but recently has concentrated on her portrait and wedding work. Due to the inspiration of this book, she has decided to once again make more art. www.sofiaphotography.com

Stephen Cutri

I started in photography as a photojournalist working at different newspapers in Ohio and Colorado. Since moving to Cleveland, I started Cutri Photo Arts, where I use the same style of candid photography in wedding and portraits. I enjoy the occasional diversion to still-life work and art photography because it helps me think in a different way.

Katie Daley

Katie Daley spent her childhood living up and down the east coast, but came to Coventry for her rite of passage into teenage hippiehood. She's performed her poetry in theaters, nightclubs, and subway platforms across the U.S. and Canada, has received two individual fellowships from the Ohio Arts Council (OAC), and was the 2004 OAC Writing Fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Massachusetts. She is currently deep in the process of creating a new CD as a member of the Undercurrents, a band that marries spoken word with slide guitars, mandolins, and song. www.katiedaley.com

Nina DeRubertis

Nina DeRubertis is a 19-year-old photographer, singer, student, knitter, worker, writer, friend, and gluten-free eater with a big appetite for adventure. In a sea of chemicals, heavy machines, and an inspiring teacher, Nina first fell in love with photography in her high school's dark room. Now, with an Associate of Arts degree on its way, she is currently in the process of transferring to Kent State University in the fall to pursue photojournalism. Eventually, she'd like to travel and invest in different communities as a freelance photographer to bring attention and worth to the stories of the less known. You can find some of her images at www.flickr.com/photos/ninjaskills.

G.M. Donley

G. M. Donley has worked for the Cleveland Museum of Art since 1991, and now heads the museum's creative services department. His artistic pursuits have often combined the verbal and the visual—a duality that traces its way back to a contrarian refusal to be “pigeonholed” as either a writer or visual artist while in college (or maybe it was just a short attention span). Lately his photo-based work has often involved overlapping images that in composite suggest multiple perspectives and/or the passage of a few moments of time.

Mike Edwards

Mike Edwards is an award winning photographer with over 30 years of professional experience. He has worked with American Greetings for over 25 years and previously had his own studio. He has shot assignments as diverse as landscapes in Hawaii, street scenes in Paris, and, most recently, model sessions in Miami. His client list includes Cleveland Ballet, Karamu House, the Cleveland Play House, and *Cleveland Magazine*. He has taught at Lakeland Community College and for 10 years at the Cleveland Institute of Art. Mike and his wife Deborah own Boommodern, a vintage modern design gallery in Cleveland Heights.

Sammy Greenspan

Sammy Greenspan's poems and stories have appeared in *Heartlands: A Magazine of Midwest Art and Writing*, *Del Sol Review* and various anthologies. Her chapbook, *Step Back from the Closing Doors* (Pudding House Publications, 2009), was a Pushcart nominee. Sammy runs the Pudding House Salon Cleveland poetry workshop at Coventry Library. She has worked previously as a waitress, research technician, pediatrician and homeschool teacher. She can be found online at northcoastpoet.com.

Ben Gulyas

Ben Gulyas has been encountering Coventry for around thirty years. His first forays in the 1970's found him gawking at snakes and fish in Heights Pets, which is now perhaps Pacific East, while his older brothers hunkered down in the old Record Revolution. He has worked on Coventry continuously since the late 1980's with a life-line stretching from Suzanne at Mac's Backs to the Coventry Library. Forever drawn to images, he finds his home easily in poetry and photography in what he sees, hears, remembers, envisions or finds a-float through the walk-through of this world. He has gained much from Crudley and Daniel; warmth, declarations, and gone years.

Meredith Holmes

Meredith Holmes is a freelance writer and editor. She has lived in Cleveland Heights for 30 years and was the first Poet Laureate of Cleveland Heights, serving from April 2005 to April 2006. A collection of her poems, *Shubad's Crown*, was published by Pond Road Press in 2003. Her poems also appear in Garrison Keillor's anthology, *Good Poems for Bad Times*; in *Cleveland in Prose and Poetry*, edited by Bonnie Jacobson; and in *Awake at the End*, published by Heights Arts and Bottom Dog Press.

Lynn Ischay

Lynn Ischay has been a photographer for more than half her life. Currently on the staff of the *Plain Dealer*, she shoots both stills for print and video for the paper's online component, cleveland.com. Lynn lives in Euclid, as close to the lake as money would allow.

Amy Kesegich

Amy Kesegich, Ph.D. teaches English at Notre Dame College of Ohio. She has published poetry in *Whiskey Island*, *California Quarterly*, *Frost Notes*, *Poetry Motel*, *White Pelican Review* and *Rubbertop Review*. She has a chapbook, *Spare Change*, published by Bits Press. She lives in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, with her husband and their two children.

Philip Metres

Philip Metres is the author of numerous books, including: *To See the Earth* (2008), *Behind the Lines: War Resistance Poetry on the American Homefront since 1941* (2007), and *Instants* (2006). He teaches literature and creative writing at John Carroll University in University Heights, Ohio. Check out his website at www.philipmetres.com, and his blog, dealing with poetry, the arts, and nonviolent social change, at www.behindthelinespoetry.blogspot.com.

John Panza

John Panza serves as board president of Heights Arts and co-edited Heights Arts' poet laureate anthology, *Awake at the End* (Bottom Dog Press 2008). John plays drums in Chief Bromide, whose debut album *Chief Bromide Land* (2009) was described by *Pink Eye Magazine* as evoking the feeling one gets “swimming in an above-ground pool and drinking in the garage.” Visit the band's website: www.myspace.com/chiefbromide. John lives in Cleveland Heights with his wife, Jane, and daughter, Eva.

William Sheck

William Sheck is a 1973 graduate of Cleveland Heights High School. He graduated from Kent State with a B.A. in Journalism in 1978. Having excelled in the photography courses under Charlie Brill in the journalism curriculum, he says, "I have enjoyed both writing and photography. While being a mild-mannered store manager for Seitz-Agin Hardware for 31 years, I have also been doing event photography such as weddings, Bar and Bat Mitzvahs, reunions, anniversaries, high school seniors and families. I've also produced two film documentaries over the past ten years and won an award in 2003 for a feature length screenplay."

Loren Weiss

A 1944 graduate of Shaker Heights High School, Loren Weiss earned a B.S. in Mechanical Engineering from the University of Wisconsin in 1947. He is a varsity golfer, instrument rated pilot, and a retired die casting business owner/executive. A late-in-life writer, his work has been published by *Ohioana Library*, *Ohio Writer*, *PaloAlto Press*, *Tributaries*, the Hessler St. Fair poetry books, and the Heights Arts poet laureate anthology, *Awake at the End*. He has attended workshops for poetry and creative writing with Rita Grabowski, Linda Robiner, Gina Tabasso, Neal Chandler, Alice Sebold and Sarah Willis. He was the Poet Laureate of Cleveland Heights, 2006/07, and has been a featured reader at Poetry in the Woods, Mac's Backs, Deep Cleveland, the Galleria, Literary Cafe, Cain Park, and the Beachland Ballroom.

Michael Weil

I don't fully understand the ineluctable magic of light's desire to make its mark, but photography is a heck of a way to explore the possibilities. A doctorate in art history from CWRU with a concentration on photohistory, and a few years of teaching keeps me wondering. Four generations in Cleveland Heights, my family continues to thrive here, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

Jason Floyd Williams

One of thirty-seven discovered Sasquatch children lurking in the Midwest region, Jason Floyd Williams has been whittling poems out of hitchhiking sentence fragments for thirteen known years. His first book, *Inheritance Tax*, disproves his political connections to the Castro regime. This book, according to VC Andrews, is "the new Dianetics that should inspire us all to lightly pack our carry-on luggage and wait on the nearest roof-top for the UFOs."

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Herbert Ascherman Jr.

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**Poetography**

Gail Bellamy: Poetography project coordinator for Heights Writes, a Heights Arts committee

Book and poster design: G. M. Donley

Editing: Gail Bellamy

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Peggy Spaeth, director

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**P
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POETS

Gail Bellamy
Katie Daley
Sammy Greenspan
Ben Gulyas
Meredith Holmes
Amy Kesegich
Philip Metres
John Panza
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