THE SOUTHEAST REVIEW



ART, CONTINUED

	Self-Portrait as an Insomniac Soothsayer	101
	If I were a blonde …	102
	Cold Nest	103
	Still Life with Tome and Time	104

WORLD'S BEST SHORT SHORT STORY CONTEST 2010, JUDGED BY ROBERT OLEN BUTLER

FINALISTS

Mical Darley	*Bruce Ismay Commentates the Winter Olympics, St. Moritz, 1928*	117
Betsy Denson	*Impact*	118
Jen Fawkes	*Dear Ahab*	120
M.J. Fievre	*On the Balcony*	122
Amina Gautier	*Prone*	123
Kim Henderson	*The Carousel*	125
Alexandria Marzano-Lesnevich	*A Clean-Shaven Man*	127
Rebecca J. Schmuck	*There Are No Philosophers Anymore*	128

WINNER

Betsy Denson	*Motion*	130
	Rest	132

INTERVIEW

Melissa Pritchard	*The Mystery from Which Everything Arises: An Interview with Melissa Pritchard*	133

NONFICTION

Jim Krosschell	*Felling Trees*	140
Zakariya Loutfi	*What Are the Young Muslims Doing Today?*	145

THE SOUTHEAST REVIEW NARRATIVE NONFICTION CONTEST 2010, JUDGED BY JULIANNA BAGGOTT

FINALISTS

Lisa K. Buchanan	*Sixty-Seven Reasons to Answer the Door on a Saturday at 6:03 a.m.*	156
Caitlin Leffel	*Hope for Dead Letters*	164

WINNER

Deborah Thompson	*See Monkey Dance, Make Good Photo*	170

BOOK REVIEWS

Katherine Conner	*My Bright Midnight*, Josh Russell	179
Okla Elliot	*The Possible Is Monstrous*, Friedrich Durrenmatt trans. Daniele Pantano	181
Michael Shea	*Tongue*, Rachel Contreni Flynn	184

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Betsy Denson

contest winner

MOTION

Your Aunt Sharon had a scar on her right cheek, puffy as cotton, wide as a smile. Your mother just had bruises, but you still worried. When you were twelve, your Aunt Darlene, supposedly the smart one, took up with a fellow straight out of Parchman. Before she left, she tried to explain it to you. "The Chinese had it right," she said, pointing at a circle with what looked like two fish curled inside. "There's somebody out there to fit you close as skin, closer even. When you find them, it sets your world to spinning. You can't get off. You don't want to." You didn't know what she meant then, but later you had a pretty good idea. It was in the white bloom of fingerprints on your arm after a fight at your locker. A boy so tough he could put out a cigarette on his hand and then cry when you broke up with him. There were lots of boys, and you loved most of them, but there were none yet that could keep the world turning. That was what drove you, what fed you. What brings you here tonight. Some people think that bars are depressing places. Not you. Especially this one with its colored lights and deer head draped with Mardi Gras beads. Especially not at ten o'clock when everyone is still on their first or second drink, open and friendly, as close to a clean slate as any of you are likely to get. You're talking to a guy who just finished a stint offshore. Pressed jeans, denim work shirt starched into respectability. He's telling you how good the food is out there, steak and shrimp all the time. And you're listening, enjoying the attention, but to tell the truth, you've already moved on. You're wondering who's next. That turns out to be a guy who wants to talk about his ex and show you pictures of his kids, all scattershot with freckles and stupid with smiling. There are two more after that, both nos, and you start to panic a little. You think about settling, just for a night. But no, you're past all that now, you'll just go home and come back next week. At five till twelve you see him for the first time. It's the way he walks that makes you follow him to the back room. Tight and coiled. You want to see him pounce. It takes longer than you expect. Somebody who couldn't sink a ball finally runs the table when the stakes get high enough. He makes a move with the pool stick and lowers his voice when another man might have raised it. In the middle of all this is when he looks right

at you, quick, with just the barest show of teeth. Not everyone would know this as an invitation. But you do. And now that it's started, now that you're the dog who's caught sight of his own tail, you start running.