
THE EXHIBITIONIST

JAN/FEB/MAR 2015

THEXZBT.WORDPRESS.COM



POSER-FREE SINCE 2012.

The Exhibitionist is an online literary magazine.

<http://thexzbt.com>

Editor & Designer Khadija Ejaz editor@thexzbt.com

Cover

Curly

Khadija Ejaz



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Friday Night Fights : <i>robert ferrier {poetry}</i>	4
Memories from <i>1440 Bananas, 76 towns, & 1 million people: samir nazareth {photography}</i>	6
First Sunday on the Job : <i>lance hawvermale {poetry}</i>	12
the Night : <i>justin hill {poetry}</i>	15



Friday Night Fights (Hugo, OK, somewhere in the 50s)

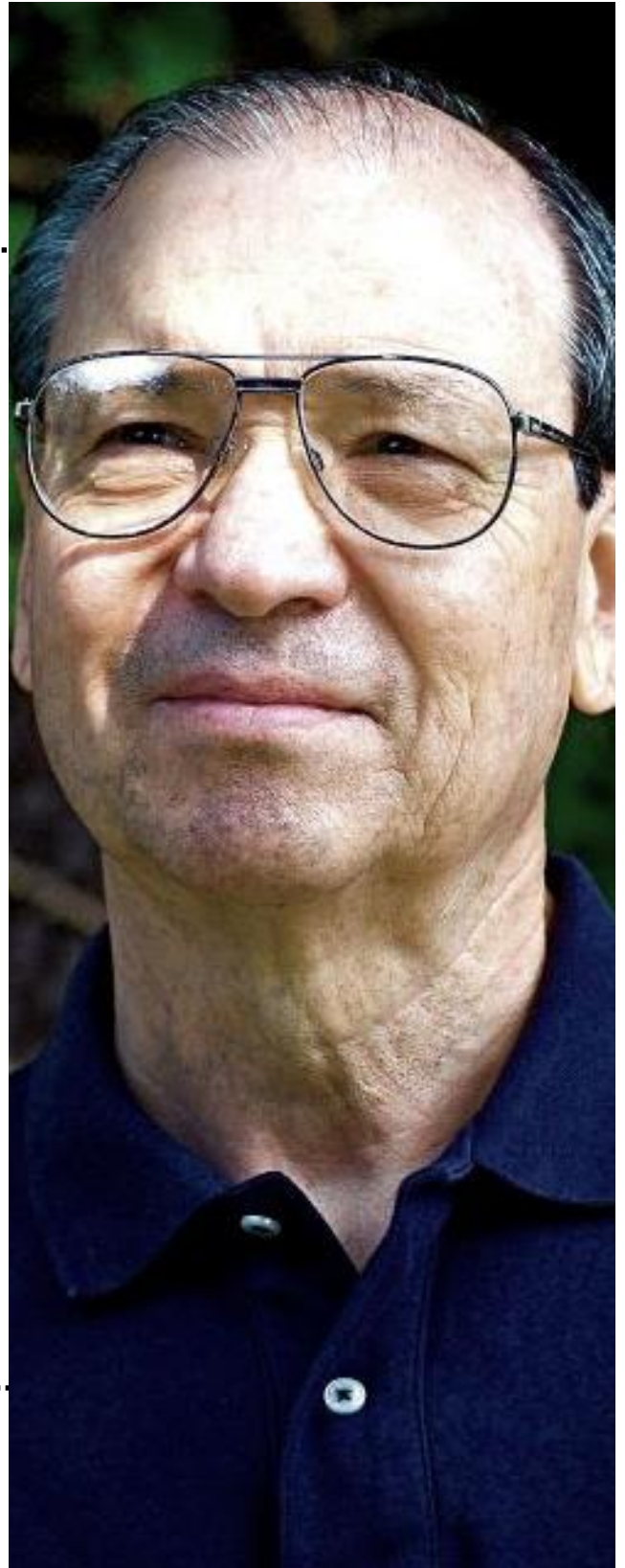
robert ferrier

We sat on the hoods
of pickups and Chevies
ticking engines warming our butts
red glow of Lucky Strikes
competing with fireflies
moths hammering the window
of the Goodyear store,
all drawn by the light
of a single displayed TV--
jabs and counters splashing blood
the volume turned down
as if hearing the grunts
would somehow hike the bill.

We sat mute as they boxed
saving crop failure stories
till breaks between rounds,
hardworking men come in from the farms
kids living dreams in commercials.

By 10 the taillights bled away
leaving a Dallas talking head
updating Korea to lightning bugs.





Robert Ferrier's poetry has appeared in *Oklahoma Today*, *Möbius*, *The Mid-America Poetry Review*, *Blood and Thunder*, *Broomweed Journal*, *Crosstimbers*, *Westview* and *Metro Library Magazine*. His books, *Rhythms* and *Ambient Light*, each won the Oklahoma Writer's Federation Inc. award for Best Published Book of Poetry. He was a 2007 nominee for Poet Laureate of Oklahoma in the US.

Memories from 1440 Bananas, 76 towns, & 1 million people

samir nazareth

Click [here](#) for free pages from Samir's latest book, "1440 Bananas, 76 towns, & 1 million people."



I spotted these windmills while on a bus from Kanyakumari to Tuticorin. These white knights of clean energy stood silent as they powered the Kundakulam Nuclear Power Station a few kilometers away.



Bhimuniapatnam is a small town in Andhra Pradesh that has nothing going for it, and that's why I liked it. The beach is empty, save for the fishermen and sculptures relating to Buddhism and the Mahabharata. There is a Narainswamy temple on a nearby hillock from where this photo was taken. Locals tell me that parents come here to tonsure their children's hair. Though the town became a municipality in 1861, there is a graveyard where there are graves of Dutch sailors dating back to 1661.



Gopalpur is a beach town in Odisha. I reached this place at the tail end of a cyclone. The weather was still bad enough to prevent fishermen from going to sea. As they had not gone to sea for a couple of days, they had not earned anything and therefore had not been able to purchase essentials. Therefore many of them scoured the beach searching for white crustaceans they called "konkada." Lines of them walked up and down the beach in the drizzle hunched looking down in to the sand. Every now and then they would stop and use their feet to scoop and flick sand as they searched for these creatures.



Maneys are a form of prayer wheel powered by the flowing streams seen frequently in Sikkim. The prayer wheel is protected by a delicate shed built over the stream. This type of prayer wheel is built by the rich for the well-being and prayers of the population.



Koteshwar is a Hindu pilgrimage spot on the Rann of Kutch. Except for the temple and a small outpost, there is absolutely nothing here. From the bus-stop the temple is a walk of a mile or two. When I visited, there was a religious meeting going on. The sermon of the preacher was carried through the void to my ears. It was clear that I would not be able to enjoy the beauty of the Rann under such circumstances and so I returned by the next bus.

Samir Nazareth is a freelance consultant whose focus lies in the areas of research and writing on socio-economic and environmental issues. He has been associated with setting up community-based waste management projects and has worked on national policies for hospital and municipal waste management. His concerns for the environment have led him to work with organisations that promote these causes, both in India and abroad. Samir has also worked with a national Hindi newspaper as Senior Editor for special projects. Someone who revels in all creative pursuits, Samir enjoys spending time in writing and cooking. He has also registered three designs with the Indian Patent Office and is working towards a Masters degree in Psychology. For Samir, travelling is all about endless opportunities to experience new places and know people.



First Sunday on the Job

lance hawvermale

When a mirror was known as a looking-
glass this was easier because you could surprise
them, having not been Googled beforehand

so they knew your face, your insipid blogs,
your credit history before you appeared,
the church's new minister, manning the pulpit

where an aneurysm occurred. Your necktie
must strike a balance not taught in seminary;
the congregation is no longer white and straight.

There are Hispanic fathers and vegan mothers,
twentysomething boys holding hands, agile
green streaks drawing them left like water

that goes down the wrong pipe: it's still water,
but the body reacts. Had no man died here
this would be easier; he charmed them, he

made words like balloon animals, bending
the truth until it took on acceptably
entertaining form; he caressed them, a lover

who made loving sexy, as if God were a bed
and wanted nothing but an orgy on earth;



the Golden Rule always works when you're screwing.

The tie at last complies, but what of this coat,
bought at the boutique while your predecessor
shopped the second-hand store because he gave

his suit money for soup? He is louder than you,
hipper than you, and even dead more alive than
you, counting less on the Bible and more on

the head. In your reflection you imagine at least
one of his revised commandants: *Thou shalt not
suck in thy gut*, or in the non-King James version:

Be yourself. Pleated pants make anyone look
old, firm, unwilling to bend in the New Air. We
don't live on oxygen anymore, not the young

and racially-sexually-spiritually diverse, but give
us mouth-to-mouth with pure human breath
and we will love you, as we loved him. You

touch the looking-glass and shake hands
with yourself, or at least fingertips, almost
there, almost more than whorls on your thumb.



Lance published his first two novels under the pseudonym of Erin O'Rourke. He released his third novel, a murder mystery titled *The Tongue Merchant*, under his own name - and he hasn't looked back since. His writing has won over 20 awards. His novel *Fugitive Shoes* was named to the University of Oklahoma's "Books That Inspire" exhibit. Currently an Assistant Professor of English at Ranger College in Texas, USA, Lance teaches film, poetry, and creative writing courses.



the Night

justin hill

Poem:

the Night is raw.

She is pure

the Night removes sheep clothing

and in the Night

our sins aren't sins.

they're appreciated,

respected.

all that we must refrain

within the bleaching conformity

of daylight,

She sets free.

but She isn't free

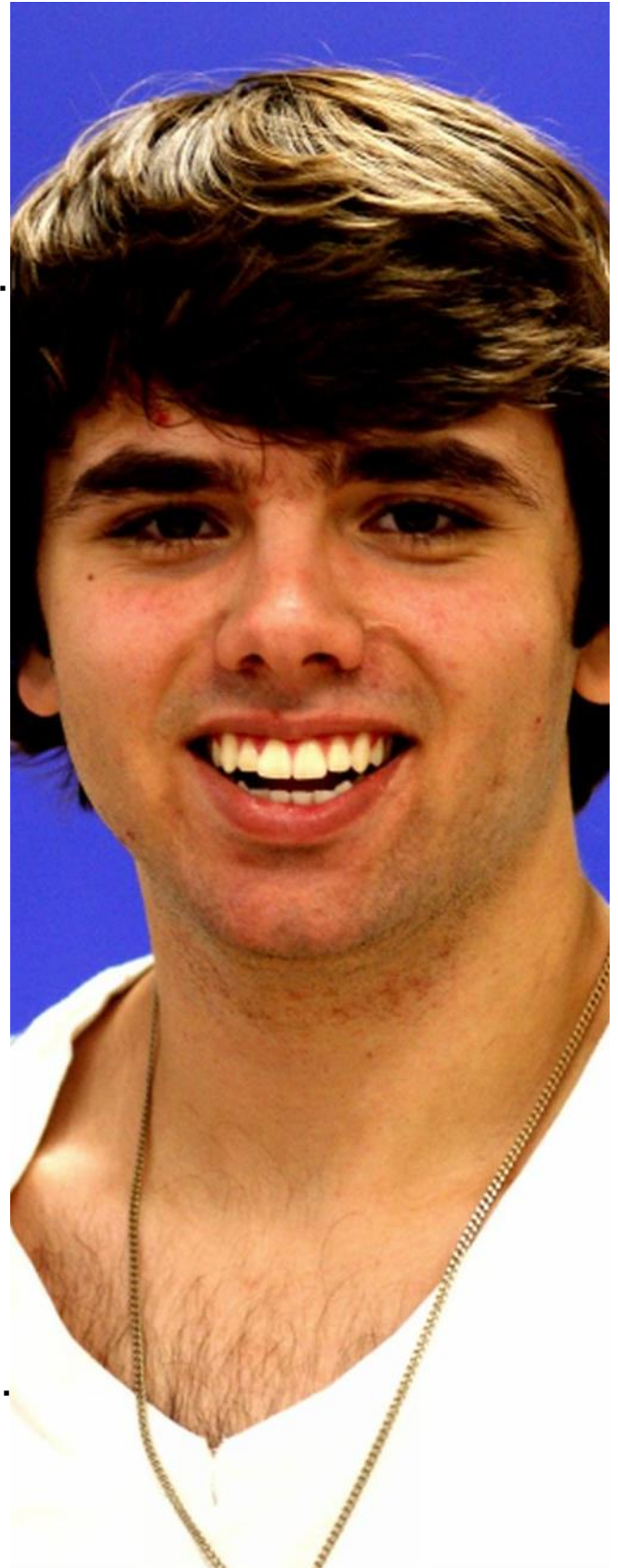
no, the Night is not a place of freedom.

the Night is a place of honesty.

society's restrictions removed,

and Honesty remaining.





Justin Hill graduated from a tiny high school, leaving him in his current state, acclimating to big city life as he attends the University of North Texas in Denton in the United States of America. He wishes to become a foremost expert on adolescent sociology. In his spare time, he likes to write poetry, paint, and play the guitar; his favorite books are *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *Atlas Shrugged*, both of which he is very passionate about. Justin was also named a 2014 National Merit Commended Student.

What did you think?

Let us know through:

Email: khadijaejaz@hotmail.com

Facebook: <http://facebook.com/thexzbt>

Twitter: <http://twitter.com/thexzbt>

(#thexzbt)

Submissions are now open for the April/May/June 2015 issue! Send us your work by **March 31, 2015**, at khadijaejaz@hotmail.com. See our guidelines for details

<http://thexzbt.wordpress.com/submissions/>

Partner up with us. Teachers, do you want to use XZBT as part of your curriculum? Are you a magazine that wants to increase its readership? Or does your business want to reach XZBT's readers?

Send us an email at

khadijaejaz@hotmail.com to talk about how we can help each other!



