

**IN MEMORIAM**  
**1952-2017**



**W**e are saddened to report the passing of Will Hochman. In 1993, he submitted a poem “Not Always Located in Nicaragua,” that we published. Within a year, he had accepted the position of WLA’s first poetry editor, a post he occupied until 2010. PhD in English aside, Will never quite shed his New York City cabbie hustle, and not long after his appointment, we were attracting and publishing many developing poets as well as such established ones as Robert Bly, Richard Wilbur, Linda Bishop, Carolyn Forché, and Robert Pinsky. Will’s contribution to the world of letters extends well beyond his work for WLA. He’ll long be remembered for his seminal scholarship on J.D. Salinger. All who met him valued Will’s energy, warmth, and sensibility. We miss him, as we know others do. Peace, Brother.

## Not Always Located in Nicaragua

The snow has fallen gently  
Along a trail parallel to a swift river  
There's a hidden contour of gray rock and brown trees  
There's a turn and a distance that brings you  
Close, but not touching, red but not rose

Somehow you feel prison, only prison  
And you want a jailer  
But even in this everyday, solitary confinement  
Where dreams are doors without locks  
Even here, not close to sentence  
Your caul becomes cover for the escaping plots  
You never lived out

You learn to live by remembering  
You once wanted to be alive  
Today, it's to a hot spring in the Rockies  
Not far from Yellowstone  
Where you and your lover  
Bathe beside a rushing winter stream  
Wrapped under a pine  
In a blanket of mist and snow

You kiss the extremes of the yelling moment  
And you remember your father  
South of all borders,  
Sublime in his cell