

The Passing of *Windfall*

After our next issue, for spring 2022, *Windfall* will cease publication. The reasons for stopping are manifold. Some are structural in the nature of little literary magazines. Printing prices go up, and so do postage rates. We have never broken even on any issue in twenty years. Now the costs have risen above our capacity to absorb them.

Our revenue has also dropped. We have done our best to keep the price of the journal low to keep it accessible. Our subscriber list remains stable but is not growing. COVID also sank a knife into *Windfall* by eliminating in-person readings and the sales they generated at Broadway Books, as well as most sales at Powell's and Annie Bloom's.

We are grateful to Broadway Books, a critical supporter of *Windfall* over the past fifteen years. Sally McPherson and Kim Bissell appreciated the power of the local in our in-person readings in their welcoming venue. Thanks also to Karin Anna, whose Looking Glass Bookstore featured numerous *Windfall* readings until its closure in 2011. Thanks to poet Curtis Manley for promoting *Windfall* in Seattle area bookstores. Special thanks to Sharon Bronzan for providing cover artwork for every issue over the past twenty years. And thanks to all our contributors, subscribers, and other readers.

Windfall has done what we set out to do. We hoped that *Windfall* could provide a venue for poets to deploy the kind of attention to place that could nudge ecological awareness along. Poetry of place now has the kind of resonance we had hoped for. The poems submitted to and published by *Windfall* have grown clearly more aware in this regard.

Most unfortunate is the extinction of the print literary magazine. Closing *Windfall* deprives many poets of a print venue, especially after *Hubbub* too has closed. But twenty years seems sufficient commitment for the *Windfall* editors. We have agreed that *Windfall* could not continue absent the way we have worked as an editorial team. Mandelstam said the people need poetry. They also need some Pegasus to carry it to them. Maybe you.

—Bill Siverly and Michael McDowell