

Gyroscope Review

Fine poetry to turn your world around



Issue 19-3
Summer 2019





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Constance Brewer & Kathleen Cassen Mickelson

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For further information, visit our website: gyroscopereview.com.

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Whiteline woodblock print

A Day At The Beach © 2019 Constance Brewer

11 x 12.5 inches

Stonehenge paper

Daniel Smith Watercolors

FROM THE EDITORS

As our cover indicates, we are in high summer mode here at *Gyroscope Review*. A day at the beach — or several days — where time stretches across sun-warmed sand and waves sing against the shore feels like the perfect way to let our minds ponder those things that poets ponder. Every poet has their territory to whittle into its finer points. Time and space to do that whittling is essential to the art form. By the way, our cover was whittled — sort of, since it's a woodblock print — by our very own Constance Brewer, a poet, artist, weaver, knitter, and corgi wrangler whose nearest sun-warmed sand is in Wyoming. A beach is a little hard to find there but one can dream.

Along with our summer mood, we are moving into a new era here at *Gyroscope Review*. For one thing, this is the last issue that Joshua Colwell will be a part of. He has found another opportunity to do some good work and is leaving us to pursue it. Josh has been an important part of our development over the last year and a half, not only as an assistant editor but also as a social media manager. We'll miss him and wish him all the best as he moves on.

Another change that we are making is to our submissions process. Starting on July 1, poets may submit all their poems in one submission. One document. One submissions form to fill out. This is a change that a few poets have wished for and it is a change that allows us to lessen the chance of hitting our submissions system limit in any given month. This will result in more work on our end, but we think it'll be doable. Summer is a good time to test it out.

Finally, we have big plans for our fall issue. Last fall's Crone Issue was so well-received that we have decided to do it again. We are calling it The Crone Power Issue. This time, there will not be regular submissions alongside the themed submissions. All submissions must be dedicated to the theme of what it is to identify as a woman over the age of 50. (We will return to regular poetry submissions for our winter 2020 issue.) We believe that there is more than enough interest to support this and welcome the opportunity to give it a try. Women poets over 50 remain an underrepresented group and we are here to say that must change. Bring it on.

In the end, *Gyroscope Review* is all about sharing fine contemporary poetry with as broad an audience as possible. If you have suggestions for other underrepresented groups of poets to showcase in future issues, please let us know. In the meantime, enjoy the poems we've selected for a dreamy, thought-provoking summer read. Please take us to the beach with you.

Kathleen Cassen Mickelson, Editor
Constance Brewer, Editor

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POEMS

SECTION 1

IN BETWEEN THE FERNS
BY JENNIFER GAUTHIER

In between the ferns you could hear the wind
slicing stems that shot from the dirt

With a slight backward glance he grabbed my hand
and pulled me past the campfire girls

Giggling with sticky 'smore smiles
hunched over flickering fingers as charred sticks popped

The popping stuck in my head because I thought
that's what my heart might do

If your smile could gouge my gut what
wound would your touch inflict?

Framed by darkness on all sides we two
moved through the trunks stolid like sentinels

Breeching their line we ran until
the creek crept up to halt us, laughing

Then you dove toward me and I fell
with your weight onto the grass

Damp with evening dew and
dotted with pebbles

I watched the moon rise over your back
and thought about 'smores

I could've said no but the night was so quiet
and your hair glowed gold in the moonlight

I don't recall what happened after
but the next day in the shower my back

Was dotted with bruises and
I don't eat 'smores anymore

MICHIGAN HAIBUN

BY RENÉE CHRISTINE EHLE

Forty acres of corn, and a forest slinking back to life. By the side of the state road, an old farmer leans back in a frayed, bent camp chair. Rusted tools crescent in front of a pocked and peeling green tractor. Between knees and the ditch, a hand-painted *For Sale* sign.

at the river's edge
blue flowers quiver and bow
sowing pollen like mist

SATURDAY NIGHT OUT IN BAMAKO
BY RUTH GOOLEY

The entry is cracked,
the floor cobbled of dirt
and planks of uneven wood,
tables aslant, chairs tumbling down,
the restaurant recommended, though,
so we stumble to our seats.

We order from a small man,
sweat on his forehead winking
like the coal in the oven,
the dough thrust in,
a long wooden stick as burnt
and slivered as the cook's ancient skin.

Lanterns gutter, we fall
into darkness, coolness,
the hum of mosquitoes,
the cadence of Bambara,
night ripe with skitters
and the wet rot of millet and peanuts.

A misstep, my pizza on the floor.
The server picks it up,
dusts it off,
lays it before me,
his laughter gleaming
along with his golden tooth.

CLUES

BY MAUREEN KINGSTON

I'm acting on spit knowledge, my DNA heritage test: 7% Iberian, 9% North African, 50% Celt, 100% black sheep. All of my sides fit here in Ronda, Spain — City of Dreams — a mountainous crossroads town where rebel cave painters, Romans, Visigoths, Berbers, guerrillas, and centuries of refusés and refugees have sandaled before me. On this hot afternoon, while locals pass time sipping sangria, I'm wedged between the fleshy ghosts of Orson Welles and Ernest Hemingway in the Plaza de Toros. Both men are passed out, drunk-gesturing, their arms flicking imaginary muletas, luring chimeric bulls to their deaths. In the distance, day-trippers from the Costa del Sol scream, thrilled by the prospect of throwing themselves (or others) off the high bridge into El Tajo gorge. I slip away from my napping companions, climb into the bullring. I have no desire to reenact the toreador's moves. It's the arena floor I'm after: yellow albero sand, prized for its absorbency. I stuff my daypack with it, head back to the Hotel Reina — the ending to my romance finally in place. Family and friends often miss the early signs of murderous intent. They believe the tales told in vacation photos. The whitewashed exteriors of Andalusia similarly mislead, project coolness onto raging scald. Only the red geraniums decking the walls hint of design flaw, of the aneurism about to blow.

THE GARDEN OF NIGHTFALL
BY SANDRA KOHLER

In the garden of nightfall we remember
all the loves of our earliest lives, called up
by the blister of memory.

What rubs is a splinter, frayed edge, nub
of a past that cannot be shed, embedded
in a sole, soul.

The garden of nightfall is viewed by eyes
of night, closing and opening, lungs in
dewsoaked air.

They breathe in the glimpsed movement
of owls, mice, cats – predators and prey,
frightened, cruel.

This is not what I set out to say. What
I did and what I do are alien, estranged.
The earliest waking

is not early enough, burning midnight's
oil not late enough, to do what day, what
night demand.

NOTE IN A PARTLY READ BOOK
BY PETER SCACCO

In a slender volume
tucked away on my bookcase
a note in a familiar hand
long since forgotten
comes suddenly back to life—
once a marker neatly slipped
amid these yellowing leaves
now a fossil dug out of a past
intruding on the present
with disquieting insistence.

And it draws me in
to read this abandoned book
disinterred from its resting place
among the faded monuments
I carefully stacked and shelved
in a time that should have passed
into its proper oblivion
stirred back to consciousness
with all these partly read lines
still waiting for me.

LOVE POEM WITH FAULTS

BY KATE KEARNS

Old as land and sea, the approximate shoreline blinks while, ever separate,
neither sand nor water dissolves. Draped in its own disguise,

deep beneath the mirror, the earth knocks its crusty elbows.
A continent erupts from the floor, and though its moves are slow

it shifts, commits, shifts, commits. The land is made of meeting places,
an interruption grown all over with grass and dandelions.

Fissures form and settle, fill with water, sky, and tiny flecks
we don't yet know exist. Its center, a magnet. This impossible balance

was, in the beginning, a singularity of dense potential,
a forest inside an acorn that burst apart into sand

flesh, amygdala, and birchbark that burns even when it's wet.
I'm saying there are days I want to shake you, days I love

better far away. I'm saying that, unlike land and sea,
I choose to bind to you undissolved, at once feast and unconsumed.

I'm thinking love is a glance back at singularity, the body's memory
of a universe, all its fault lines and fig leaves, pressed together

unalone and undifferent, patient and light as a dandelion seed,
but I'm too comfortable with silence to tell you so.

GONE GIRL
BY JENICA LODDE

How 'bout that flower--
petals tremble
to the tide of your breath.
How 'bout those clouds
and your hair
all mixed up with the sky.
Are you throwing out apples
to trip up my steps
or do you just naturally sweat
gold drops?
I want to walk backwards
and give back what I asked for.
The weight of this sun
is hot metal on my arms
I want to go back
and unstitch the seconds
that tied me up in your thoughts.
I want to forget my name
and be the leaf you can't reach,
the most gone girl
to ever catch your eye,
a blue enigma: the sky in October
still catching color
after the sun stops talking to the trees.
I'm so tired of being weightless,
grief scattering my ashes,
I want to swallow all of my tears
and be the river
sliding through the shade
where you walk.

DREAM, GIRL
BY BONNIE LINI MARKOWSKI

Jump off that dream, girl!

Crinoline's too clumsy . . .
and can't no woman really walk
in glass shoes . . .
and cinderella sequins'll just make you scratch.

Jump off that dream, girl!

prince charming's got nothin' for you.

BLUES OF AN ELEGY
BY LAUREL SZYMKOWIAK

Truth lit the space between our bodies held apart by reluctant exertion

You needed me for a straight edge to put your back against

I made you my counted-on margin, that red line down the left side of my notebook life

An old Korean shopkeeper in a lawn chair next to her crockery stall places her money box
and a shallow white dish small, perforated with lucky seedlings to pluck, \$1 — sacrifices for
wishes

A song splits from the shop's speakers,

“As a Flower Blossoms
(I Am Running to You)”

To allow thoughts of you, this is dangerous — a cool breeze in search of a neck

I'm stronger
and am often wrong about this
and still can't write your name

You loaded your car with possibilities and didn't wave goodbye

my heart pinched in a vinyl purse

I am juniper And the hill just beyond? A moon of surprise

I am the woman who sits next to you
in the empty rooms of your dreams

HIDE AND SEEK
BY JAMES PENHA

It's been sixty years since my first visit to MoMA when Jeanne and Mara, the cultural avatars amongst our little high school clique, could not wait to sit us down in front of Tchelitchew's "Hide and Seek" where we did not hide our awe. We needed to sit to see the terrible children there and then not there screaming, pissing, dying, out lining the tree of life — their lives, their bodies — where the girl in red or the red girl climbed roots of toes and would become one of them if she reached the summit. This was no game. It was the portrait of our coming to art, to Irene Pappas as Electra and Montgomery Clift as Freud on screens that year, from the floor of Brentano's — Lily and I, the actors, performing Ferlinghetti aloud — to the balcony of Scribner's bound with Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Wolfe to the Eighth Street Bookshop where we heard Ginsberg read *Kaddish* as Carmen, our quiet beauty, cried, and my best friend Rich learned to parody Allen perfectly. We were all so smart and aware of the gift of New York and the possibilities. The year after graduation, Lily and her college boyfriend died in a double suicide, Jeanne soon after blew up a building downtown to protest the war and ran on the lam for years before turning herself in to do hard time and a book. Mara found herself a woman and films to love while I, whom Mara had rightly complained was just so, so normal, hid in a fraternity from the boys I hungered after — my closet protecting me, as the world turned, from the virus. Rich climbs still on stages with his comedy. Carmen has disappeared — from my frame at least. We hid and sought, climbed and fell, avoided the screaming children to become them in dreams and nightmares.

TAR

BY MARIEL YOVINO

The crackle of fire
 (almost)
 sounds like rain.

* Anger is the engine that makes you run
and fear dissolves its puddles
by the feet of new romances.

History packs itself
tight in your corners
and futures build
on idioms
like,

*Don't worry —
this journey is meant to be hard
because all roads
all paved in tar.*

HAIKU

BY HADI PANAHI

Standing on the bridge,
the cars under my feet,
the wind in my arms

SOUTH BEACH, SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND
BY MANTZ YORKE

Not drawn to the seafront's arcade and shops,
I peel away and down, past the Grand Hotel
towards Lowry-ish figures sprinkling sunlit sand.
Beyond the Spa, cumulonimbus is heading my way:
the cliffs across the bay – charcoal grey
and fading, save where the sun is crayoning in
a slant of green – glissade into a turquoise deep
lit vividly as if from below, until the closing clouds
douse its fluorescence and all is drab. The rain,

heavy enough for waterproofs, clears from the beach
all but a few swimsuited kids who go on paddling,
watched by parents who know the downpour
won't last long. The returning sun highlights,
brilliant white against the departing shower,
the still-tumescient thundercloud's softening top
and the lighthouse on the harbour wall, all inverted
in the graphitic sheen of dissipated waves.
I could spend hours watching changes in the light

but a text tells me time's up for contemplation.
I find the children obsessively rolling coins
down the slot machines' chutes, hoping to trip
teetering heaps of cash and win trashy trinkets
worth far less than the money they put in. One day,
maybe, they'll give up these diversions, DVDs
and Xbox games, hooked instead by the disorderly
play of sunlight and shade as the wind snaps,
driving a flock of clouds swiftly across the sky.

Note: L S Lowry painted many scenes of industrial life in northern England, which were characterized by multitudes of small figures.

UNLAUNCHED
BY LAURA JOHNSON

(In response to Berthe Morisot's painting, *A Woman and Child in a Garden*, 1883)

They are in the same garden,
same whorl of grass and trees,
same straw hat and fine dress.
Yet also in separate gardens,
the woman's face turned downward, she
studies something we can't quite make out,
listens to something, perhaps said at
last night's dinner table--
words she wishes she'd never heard.
The child doesn't hear.
She only ever hears the rippling brook,
Longs to let her little boat sail.

WHAT THE WEEDS IN MY YARD TAUGHT ME ABOUT SOCIAL JUSTICE
BY ASHLEY MEMORY

You know how to pull up a weed, don't ya? Gotta yank it up counter-clockwise, same direction it grows. – As told to me by an old Quaker farmer

Creeping purslane — no matter how tiny
you are all it takes to start a revolution
is one stout root.

Stinging nettle — pluck me up, I dare you
your skin will blister, burn for hours
next year you'll face the wrath
of my sisters.

Crabgrass — crowbar your way
through a crack in the concrete
and when no one's looking,
burst into seed.

APOCALYPSE, DELAYED
BY ALEX PICKENS

What if the universe has already ended
and we just can't see it yet on Earth,
the last outpost of light?

SECTION 2

FIG

BY LILLO WAY

If you are a woman and have grown a fig tree,
and rested a pair of the ripe fruits
warm, wrinkled against your palm –
If you have gently lowered and raised them
to weigh the compelling fullness in their sac –
you know the thing is male.

To the nasty-benevolent invitation
from its parchments off-sweet,
you reach out, trace your hand
against the glove of the fig's leaf, follow
its fingertips down to cup the scrotal fruit,

barely in time before it plummets swollen
from its curved stem, just before sugary rot-fuzz
starts to nestle within what – if you are a man –
your tongue tastes as the pale seeded rose
of its female flesh.

THE RED TEA

BY HANNAH YERINGTON

What does it mean to be known by your name?
Hear your name whispered from the burning bush,
the shameless trees,
the overstated bullfrog.

First, last and middle name.
So official for such a little hummingbird.
The heavy voice of the seal.

A coyote drank from my teacup this morning,
it was the same tea water Moses parted.

This name, given as a gift;
my greatest legacy.
Covered in yellow acrylic,
and frayed blue jeans,
that were never supposed to fit.
I thought I would always need a belt.

Yet, you've been yelling my name for centuries.
And I've filled my ears with beeswax, spider webs,
gingko leaves, and recently the skins of persimmons.

My name is not easy.
A warrior of grace and mercy.
I can not even skip a stone.
Barely know the phrases of implied confidence,
have no general ability to conjure up Benadryl and seaglass,
Much less the sort of things that scare off hungry rabbits and men the shape of bears.

This name, this name, my name, I hold with doll hands and unevenly clipped nails.
I was born correcting people's pronunciation of this name.

But when you speak it, there is too much rain, too much moss and wide mountain.
I do not have the shoulders for the weight with which you hold it on your tongue.

What does it mean to be known by name?
To hold the name given to you by the mud,
the glowing thorn brush,
the wonder of your being?

Say:

This is the name by which you shall know me.

This is the name by which I will know myself.

THE PAGAN CIRCLE
BY STEVE ANDERSON

I am reclaiming a corner
of the yard ignored too long,
fall leaves still blanket
the ground in May.

I lay claim to rocks
Pushing skyward
Through clay dirt.
The first pagan circle
I build around a clump
of irises — a white,
smooth stone for mother,
A clean, round one
for Germany, a darker stone
one end broken off
for Berlin, a dimpled one
for the cousins and aunts
and uncles never met.
Rock after fist-sized rock,
A monument to a past
Now beyond the veil.
A final rock, misshapen
And red, for my father
Not the one who raised me,
But he who abandoned
Mother and me before
I could even remember him.
I put him to rest,
Believing that his guilt
Outweighs my anger.

RIVERBANK CEREMONY
BY LAURA GRACE WELDON

Step out on mossy water's-edge rock,
let the river's rush take you
beyond yourself.

When you're ready, kneel,
and select a secret
from the heavy chandelier
inside your chest.

Whisper it to the water.
She will carry it in her molecules
around the bend, out of sight.

Your secret will
steam from tea sipped in Vietnam,
slide down an antelope's throat
and out again in its blood,
trickle from a glacier in Greenland,
hurl from cumulonimbus clouds
onto cobbled streets in Belgium,
trill through secret underground paths,
rise up a redwood's trunk,

turn into a silver helix
twisting from your bathroom faucet,
translucent, transformed,
washing over you.

A HUGE TOAD SITS
BY CAROL L. DEERING

in an old tree hollow,
the shade of deliberate cloudy skies,
breathing grief and wonder

death and hunger, bare shrubs
pulsing a footworn trail.

We prowl its feral dusk.

*A siren's gangly orange scream,
crooked stair-step chase dream,
traffic in wild-turkey panic.*

How shall we survive this night?

Cold, bereft, we pull soft shadows
to our chins, exhaling violet stars.

Dawn we sit rotund, absorbing

*smoke and flames,
a smirk, slick money,
wars, and scarcity*

summer's end. The ashen
blue of Russian olive. Premeditated
news and silence. Violence.

How shall we survive this day?

EDEN WITHOUT EVE
BY MICHAEL DEMARANVILLE

The garden was dry
no green
leaves on the potted trees
had long since hardened like wings and flown away
crisp twigs and flowerless thorns
remain
paradise was always her domain.
He shakes a water-can
dousing them
like an arson in the summer heat
if only to revive
a single plant, prove
some roots can survive
this harsh circumstance
but his careless sloshing
water spills along the stones
and evaporates
like she did, he surveys
the brown grass, naked trees
unsure whether he wants to
resurrect or burn

JUNE'S MIXED REWARD

BY MICKI BLENKUSH

It becomes so much easier to pick the peas
when finally the time comes
to yank them by the roots.
Reluctant cleave from clutch of earth
so lively to the ears.

Better to stand straight than stooped
and peering from below, divining pods
in a clinging camouflage of green.

Of course one must wait
until the vines begin to yellow,
until the peas fulfill a certain fullness of strain
against their taut, withered cases.

By solstice, the weak promise of scattered blossoms
fails to compel compared to the fact
that pods that are hiding –
dried past the point of desire,
poised to become seeds in their own right.

You can now maneuver extracted vines
while standing in full, upright position.
A person can even rip apart the plants,
feel between each leaf, pick as though blind.

No one can blame the way your hand gropes
each segment of rupture. How the rejected pile
pulls your gaze even from the spill
of the overflowing bowl.

NOT YOU
BY BABO KAMEL

in your yellow shirt, open at the neck
or your voice and its withholding
or the hunger of your full mouth,
or the crowd collaging around us
when you entered the room,
when I hid behind my friend
the way a terrorist might use
the soft body of a civilian
or later, our words uttered small
and tentative, we could have been
our own kids, my hands
that were never so large
or yours, plunging for pockets
like wingless birds, or our smiles
each half a parenthesis
around the unsaid, or the path
snaking the lake offering its tangle
of roots and vines or the full throated bullfrog
inclined to solo serenade
and not later in the garden when you
offered the half promises of roses again
that still revisit the air on nights like this
when I am alone under the stars
and remembering none of it.

WILD GOLD

BY GINGER DEHLINGER

I.

tufted parachutes
twirl in summer's breath
begild the grass

II.

She lives but for an hour
a lioness resolute—
this gold that is a weed that is a flower
with healing in her roots.

A lioness resolute,
she grows in impossible places;
with healing in her roots,
produces hardy golden faces.

She grows in impossible places.
Her wind-borne mane takes hold,
produces hardy golden faces
that turn white when they grow old.

Her wind-borne mane takes hold,
making summer rife with riches
that turn white when they grow old,
then soar on children's wishes.

Making summer rife with riches,
she lives but for an hour,
then soars on children's wishes—
this gold that is a weed that is a flower.

INCANTATION/OBSERVATION
BY NATE MAXSON

Grape to raisin and sun to star
Ash to fire and wound to scar
Stone to wall and sky to snow
Iron to coin and egg to crow
Blade to beast and spice to broth
Hand to clock and breath to loss
Seed to tree and eye to glass
Smoke to cough and roof to thatch

*

Keep thinking
About that polar bear
The one swimming on a chain
In the Thames in the 1300s
Let this melody
Distract you
From the weight

COUNTING BEARS

BY TRAVIS STEPHENS

Spring shadow bear in the thick mosquito
house of alder, chewing skunk cabbage
because it is the first green thing she's found.
Sailor bear rolling along the beach, pausing
at a boulder, hunker hug it— Crossfit bear--
lift & roll it to get the mussels and shells
underneath crackling crunching chewing,
the sound of nightmare bear.
Rednecked red-eyed linebacker bear not
liking you, college boy, what you got to say?
Ursus arctos, cousin, americanus, Bro.

That famed island of bears where one man
lived alone, chased bears from his cache of
freeze-dried peas, whole wheat berries. He said
they chose cans of anchovy paste first.
Decades later some kid tried the island
& got eaten.
Blame video games.
Blame the education system.
Don't blame the bears.
White bear of guilt.
Brown bear.
Black in his mortuary suit.
Panda cute & inscrutable.
Once there were gigantic Ice Age bears,
up to 3600 pounds,
who eventually ate themselves smaller.

I fished in Alaska, & rarely saw bears
where there are so many;
exceeded only by Pennsylvania &
New Jersey or the tidy streets of Berne.
Bear flag.
Bear meadow.
Bear bait.
Gone bears. Bear market.
Some of us are becoming bears.
Bear of the underpass,
burrowed into leaves, sage & litter.
Bear of the LA River. Barrio bear.
Bear in the back alley, Venice bear, working

at the new pizza place,
belly bear glad to knead the dough
to lick tomato paste, anchovy off a blade.
Bear asleep in the last shady part of
Dodger Stadium. Bear cups & dogs plus
those packets of unsalted peanuts.
Home run.
Happy bear.
Lumber around the bases.
I am the cousin, hairy & rank,
come to visit too often, stay too long.
Bad bear, the last bear of
misunderstanding.

CRISIS

BY NICHOLAS ALEXANDER HAYES

Apple-cheeked and apple-bottomed, the Bartlett pear admits to an identity crisis as it is submerged in a jar of brandy. "Love me for who I should be and not for what I will be," it yells as a lid is sealed above.

MYTHOLOGY

BY KATE KEARNS

Turn her into a forest stream,
her hair and hands slick, heavy as river stones.
Wade in—your feet, knees, thighs: water, too.

Make her a mare and yourself a stallion.
Chase her into the waves that call you master.

Convince her you're a swan, a bull,
an eagle. Think of the demi-gods.

Careful—when you cut out her tongue
and locked her in a tower
she fed you your son, became a swallow,
and sang about everything but you.

Draw her insides as an inverted phallus,
a deadly orb with spikes, a medieval weapon.

Turn her into a bowl of pears on a canvas,
the light nestled in the curves you like best.
Worship her.

When you turned her goddess against her,
her hair into a nest of snakes, she turned you
to stone, so when you write the earth
into existence, make sure she fucks it up
from the beginning.

When her coven develops magical abilities,
give the credit to the devil and tinder her
like a dry oak branch. Marry her. Don't marry her.

Turn her name into a smudge,
eraser dust in the binding of history.

Careful, when you turned her into a bear
and called the hunt, she ascended to stars.

FERMENTATION

BY KENDALL MALLON

when the ravenous slurry
is pitched into a sea of opportunity it gorges
devouring simple solutions excreting
ethanol CO₂ esters crude compounds
in an introverted orgy of food
and multiplication turning into a
suffocating tempest-whirl of its own
excrement until what progeny
remain fall asleep
on the lifeless bodies of their mothers

MOTH OF HIS IMAGINATION

BY ART ELSER

The red and green lights of his airplane wink
between the darkness below and the galaxies
of stars and Milky Way above. A solitary light
shines in the black of the New Mexican *llano*.

He's mesmerized, wonders what he'd see
in the blue-white circle of that beckoning glow.
The moth of his imagination flutters through
the darkness to circle in the gleaming and sees

weathered boards of a barn, rails of a corral,
three horses, a windmill, a square of light,
soft yellow in the still of early morning.
In that square a man stares, cradles a coffee cup

in beefy hands, listens to the weather forecast —
hay still too green to bring in — beef prices —
if they don't go up soon, he won't make
next year's mortgage and tractor payments.

A voice on the airplane's radio calls, breaks
the spell. The distracted moth flutters too close
to the brilliant heat of that solitary light.

A STRANGER TO HER WAYS
BY CHARLES GROSEL

Though still a stranger
to her ways, or because
of it, he's become
the curator of her things.
Ceramic angels,
photographs of family
and friends,
costume jewelry,
clothes hanging limp
in the closet, books
of hope and inspiration.

Nothing has been moved,
as if her spirit resides
not just in the things
themselves
but in their precise
arrangement,
as if a civilization
can be decoded
from the abandoned
comb of bone and the way
it lies in the dirt,
as if she's left clues
to solve the mystery of
their life together,
her intricate equations with
their endless variables
and infinite unknowns.

If only he could solve for X and Y.

SECTION 3

FUGUE

BY JENNIFER GAUTHIER

sometimes I'm not here
my body present, but
spirit disembodied
like a shell whose mollusk has vacated the premises
taken off for greener pastures
 or beaches
limping on one leg to a new abode

and the shell sits empty in the sand
nudged by the tide
tumbling up the shore

sun shining through its surface
like a china cup
so thin you can see the tiny hairlike fractures
in its swirled skin
pearly-white laced with lavender

I find it beached in a pile
I pick it up and peek

inside

Its vast emptiness speaks of lifetimes past
layers twisting to a bottom
too dark
to
see

I HAVE SEEN THE COULEE
BY REN PIKE

I have seen the coulee
adorned with tenacious grasses
so mean, so wiry, suspicious of
tender shoots pushing through
whenever thunder heads roll
this brutal sun, this shuddering cold
ruthlessly prune the wolf-willow
stunt the buffalo-berry, here
there, pincushion cacti
bloom in defiance

I have seen the coulee
wend its waters hidden by the plain
wresting from forgotten sea beds
these righteous hoodoos
holding out and giving in
grain by grain, knurled
and knobbed creation
kerned by winds and gods
table top pedestals
offering up pure grit

I have seen the coulee
lit by sun blaze, cool orange
bumping up on burst-fruit pink
chill blue shadows stretching dusk-long
under bands of palimpsest pastels
forest-fire plums, dirt-storm blondes
there, in the distance
ragged young mountains lope
in purple-grey hesitation
kicking up dust

SEPTEMBER RASPBERRY
BY ASHLEY MEMORY

Raffish canes of savage splendor,
a bohemian candelabra,
lone scarlet thimble.

Goggle-eyed Scylla
nipple of Venus,
her curved needles
scrape, then claw
when you flee
with the prize.

Crush the bubbles
with your teeth, suck
the juice to your tongue
abb, a tang edged
with decay, sweeter
still because it's
the last.

Frost soon will pinch,
verdant leaves curl to ochre,
only the canes endure,
tattered pennants of war
string bag of summer.

THE SCENT OF BURNED TREES

BY ART ELSER

The air in the city has the scent of burned trees,
and smears the view of the drought-brown hills.
Since it's barely September, the fires will burn
'til winter's first snows snuff out all their flames.

Big sky Montana's blue skies gray with smoke
as fires belch flame from their feast of dry trees.
Next year at this time different forests will burn;
the smoke from today will be gone with the wind.

The trees tinder dry so they flame very fast,
from a spark by a man or lightning's brief flick.
The burning and belching and billowing smoke
remind us that greed has caused all of this mess.

As we stand there helpless to stop Nature's ride,
we recall that Canute couldn't halt ocean's tide.

SENSES

BY ELIZABETH JORGENSEN

He looks like crimson sunrises,
 smells like tangerine skies.
He tastes like silver shadows,
 sounds like Caribbean breezes.
But when he asks me to marry him,
 he feels like suffocation.

HOME-ING

BY RENÉE CHRISTINE EHLE

hopper painted a girl rocking
white vase blue linen
blooms upraised to windows rows
of windows *windows look dark*
in the daytime painting
an inward-scape enclosure
spare secure *i like a view*
but i like to sit with my back
turned to it back to the sky
roofs behind looking maybe
at the square of light on the floor
rocking into it the way you
would rock into me beside
the plain gray wall where
the old dog tilts her spine curved
turns into the chair she used
to know like her own tail
ricochets slowly *moving through*
negative spaces she finds her bowl
and dwells in positive spaces she
knows this one thing

i know a maasai man
who moved to canada walking
between drifts of snow like termite
hills *a dreamer of houses sees*
them everywhere dreams of maasai
women building homes of mud
and branch that's what they do
they build then leave the homes
for other women they roam
over hills like northern snows
habitants délicats
des forêts de nous-mêmes

ewald left his forest with lydia
left black dirt coaled
air like abraham took sarah
from ur to wander inhabiting *alternate*
security and adventure telling
one version of a family
story ewald raises a daughter
keeps chickens goes to clean
work daily still he dies
young while abraham searches
for stars turning into sons

mary carries her belongings in
plastic bags and a boxy shopping
cart this week she is reading
a poet's journals under the church's
overhang rain does not become
anyone unless lovers who kiss
ironically exposed the rest
of us only sogged ragged
lines in search of a home a poem
hiding in the splintery shade
of a lean-to we must find
a way to make a *tent work*
keep the fabric up and spread
out but the fabric is so
thin it cannot stand on its own

i saw a starling pull a grass-thin
twig into a hole in the plane-tree
just a weed unrooted then
named

SCIENCE VS. HUMANITIES: CAMPUS DUELLO
BY MAUREEN KINGSTON

She compares rifling impressions through the magnifying base of her shot glass, concludes their lands and grooves don't match up. They won't be passing through any revolver door together, she says. Nor will they ever share novel walls—being stranded on an island of wood paneling; flying hot from a cannon's mouth into circus tent flesh. When he appears let down she shrugs, says he expects too much. It's not the Victorian era after all. Nobody's moved by pathos anymore—Oliver Twist's plea, the disfigurement of Frankenstein's creature—too over-the-top. What about Heathcliff? he asks. She rolls her eyes, says she prefers straight trajectory to wild pot shots. His derringer-do spirit swivels left on the barstool, attempts another field of honor.

OLD MOVIES

BY JOSEPH HARDY

I break against the softest things;
can't stay in the same room
with a sad movie playing, leave
when I see one lover is going
to fail the other in the next scene,
or speak to actors as if they hear me,
like I'm at a horror movie, yelling,
Don't-do-it. Don't open that door;
love being hard enough to keep
without betrayal.

WATCHING AN 80'S MOVIE
BY LAURA GRACE WELDON

At each age we think we're complete
only to look back at who we were,
flummoxed by the aspirations
we wore, music we blared,
politics we thought our generation
would refashion into something better.
We'd never make the mistakes our elders made.

Now you and I can barely endure the first minutes
of an 80's movie. Gaudy effects,
contrived dialogue, cars like boxes on wheels.
Did we really drive those cars?
It's almost quaint, our youthful rage
over Reagan's every utterance.
We knew, back then, we'd never
see a worse president.

We sip our drinks, enjoy the worst lines.
Barely eight minutes in we turn it off,
agree we've been spoiled
by vastly better films of our time.
In time, this time will be vintage,
our clothes, cars, and politics a faded retro.
Incomplete, with so much yet to know.

PROOF

BY LAUREL SZYMKOWIAK

No empty envelope
bookmark, no group photo,
no betraying souvenirs,
just our fears and secrets
strung like invisible prayer flags
across years. Even this
should be written on air.

We were two fractured bones, you and I,
bound by rags of our messy lives.
You mended first—
and I broke a second time.

FRESH SOCKS

BY KAREN WHITTINGTON NELSON

Laundered socks lie restless and twisty,
color-coded snakes in the mood for love.

Red touches yellow, look out fellow!

I'm the matchmaker come to bring
domestic tranquility to the wool, cotton, poly-blend
orgy upon my bed.

I hold back tears and pull the emotionally fragile,
lace-trimmed anklet from the embrace
of the burly winter-woolen.

They twirl madly in my grasp, recklessly arch,
lunge toward one another like Shakespearian lovers,
hiss at me, let fly sparkling obscenities on crackling breath.

Theirs a whirlwind romance, love at first sight.

They curse in stage whispers, "How dare ye interfere
with love!"

Of course, passion's too brittle to sustain such sizzle.
And their backgrounds? One from a highbrow dresser
drawer with compulsive-obsessive tendencies. The other?
At home in the dark, nether regions beneath a twin bed.

I beg their pardon, fold each into the gentle embrace of
their own, long-suffering mate. Come next laundry day
I'll sway on the porch swing, flip through a *People Magazine*,
suffer the smitten hosiery a few, discrete go-rounds in the dryer.
Oh, but life is short, Chérie, and love fickle!

In the end, it's nothing if not our own unraveling.

AQUARIUM ZOO
BY DIANE WEBSTER

In the aquarium room
I stand in darkened air
pocket with plexiglass
linings protecting my lungs.

Like with binoculars I cup
my eyes against the barrier --
fish a foggy breath away;
bubbles mock my cave
as otters dart like children
up and down the street -- waving
"Come out and play!"

I hold my breath as a test --
fingernails leave no scratches
on polished glass,
my fist inept to crack
the veil between,
I gasp and drown and revive
wondering if eels envy
my walking away.

MILK MUSHROOMS
BY OLGA LIVSHIN

For J.S.

Woodland sculptures, *Lactifluus piperatus*:
milk-flowing, milk-caps. Morning rolls
over their generous white crowns,
leaks down their
dwindling
columns,

wakes them up, and they babble: *Don't worry, darling, we
are the safe mushrooms, you've known us since childhood,
we are so happy you found us here in the US—
kneel, please,
eat like Alice—*

I pluck and bite. The mushroom bites me back —
capsaicin on the lips. “Edible but too bitter
to bother,” *The Audubon Guide to Mushrooms*
declares. Then, memory on the lips: of famine, war;
women run home from work across a field,
quick-gathering buckets of these *gorkooshki* —
bitter littles — and salt them, boil, and cleanse
of sharpness. Hunger, poison, death itself —
they prayed — preventable — with salt and heat
and clean hands in the sink. And wasn't it?
Sad mushrooms, granting years of human life.
Milk mushrooms, granting years of *Soviet* life.
Cleansed from necessity, by the goddesses of—
necessity. While, living in my richest country, I
can't clean the world. Or heal my own mother
and father of their time —

Mushrooms of stinging milk. The best mushrooms
to grieve among. Their bare soft skins. My pets.
We sit and feel exactly what we feel.
No one will judge us as too-
anything: not here,
on this old
playground
of unwarm sun.

JUNK DRAWER
BY CLAIRE SCOTT

Doesn't everyone have one? You know the drawer in your desk or the kitchen or under the tools hanging on a pegboard in the basement. A cluster of screws, a widowed cuff link, six birthday candles, a gardening glove, picture hangers, numbers scribbled on scraps of paper, receipts for things you never heard of, double A batteries (undoubtedly drained), assorted keys, a packet of radish seeds, undecipherable plastic objects that must go to something somewhere so you better save them, a half-empty bottle of baby aspirin, an orange vial, a crumpled visitor's pass for Saint Joseph's ICU. I open the drawer a few times a year. Then close it quickly. Let ghosts of the past lie still.

SUITCASE, PREMIER HOTEL

BY JOHN SIERPINSKI

Did I leave my meds in the suitcase in our room (there was no safe) in Seattle, trusting that housekeeping wouldn't help themselves to bipolar drugs, thinking they were more fun? The medicine that keeps me from plunging down into the abyss, the mind spinning in place into the darkened cell in a well. How rude to think

that hardworking housekeepers from Mexico, Vietnam, El Salvador, have it out for me. Hard traveling, a long day, we just dealt with the terseness of check-in. I haven't yet left my usual paltry five dollars in the room to take care of me, and begged for extra coffee packs. I used to travel light: toothbrush

stuffed in a pocket, a comb in another, clean underwear and socks in a plastic bag. Didn't pack much else. When did I start carrying all of this excess baggage, more to worry over? Blood pressure and cholesterol pills, too. Right about then the obsession/compulsion disorder kicks in. We have to return to the room,

and now I'm rummaging feverishly through suitcase pockets, two, three, four times. Do I really have what I need for the night? I envy people who are "normal," doing normal activities (kids, church, college, jobs) taking it all for granted. In the meantime, *do I take all of the meds with*

me or just what I need for the evening? Do I put them in a pill bottle or carrying case? Do I hide the rest under the bed? When do I need to take the next dose? Did I skip one with all of the obsessive thoughts, hours of flying, traveling? "What are you doing?" Lynn asks. "Oh shit

the pill bottle broke open in the carry-on, pills are everywhere." Lynn is impatient. "Oh, this again. We'll be late for dinner," she says. "I'm almost ready," I say. While I think, the red oyster bird of Karachi has fought loose...Now, damn paranoia. I'm discussing panic in my head,

an argument, really. I have to jump into the mini-rental car and slip into the racetrack...People enclosed in metal boxes with wheels, zipping in and out of lanes, a manic pace, a manic pace, a manic pace.

PROVERBS FOR TWITTER
BY DARYL MURANAKA

be patient. know your moment

love and hope are scarier
 than fear and hate
for those who lack a spine

we cloak our blows tight
within a veil of logic

helping yourself by helping someone
isn't the same
as hurting them

tough love
is an opioid
to the wicked

you're sad because you've learned
the world never was
made the way you found it

hope is the luxury
of the knowledgeable
the hopeless drown
in ignorance

the view from a tower
is better than the bottom of a silo

you don't get heard if you never say anything

just because you said it, doesn't make it true

the stubborn screw
never drives down

dashing yourself on the rocks
doesn't turn them into sand

a lot of talent ends up being
paper cups on the sidelines

the wind doesn't care
if you resist it today
it will come again
the other way

understand the democracy of money

the whole world
cannot be contained in one
technocratic grunt

CONTRIBUTORS

After graduating from Florida State University, where he studied under David Kirby and the late Van Brock, **Steve Anderson** wrote and published poetry in magazines such as *Slipstream* and *Snake Nation Review*. And then he retired from writing to raise a daughter. Now that she is grown, he is coming out of retirement. Steve lives in Carrboro, North Carolina.

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Ginger Dehlinger writes in multiple genres, and though better known for her novels *Brute Heart* and *Never Done*, her poetry and essays have appeared in several journals and anthologies, including *Shout Out*, *Panoply*, *Persimmon Tree*, and the *Longridge*, *Gold Man*, *Zingara Poetry*, and *Indian River* reviews. An active member of Central Oregon Writer's Guild, Ginger lives in Bend, Oregon, with her husband and a cat. She can also be found at <http://gdehlinger.blogspot.com>.

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Joseph Hardy is one of a handful of writers who lives in Nashville, Tennessee, but does not play a musical instrument although a friend once asked that he bring his harmonica on a camping trip so they could throw it in the fire. His wife says he cannot leave a room without finding out something about everyone in it, and telling her their stories later. He has a BS degree in psychology from Stanford University. His work has been published in *Waving Hands Review* and is forthcoming in *Crack the Spine Literary Magazine*.

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Babo Kamel's poems have appeared in literary reviews in the US, Australia, and Canada. She holds an MFA from Warren Wilson's Program for Writers, is a Best of Net nominee, and a five-time Pushcart nominee. Her chapbook, *After*, is published with Finishing Line Press. Find her at: babokamel.com.

Kate Kearns is a poet and editor based in southern Maine with an MFA from Lesley University and an unashamed obsession with Elizabeth Bishop and Rachel Carson. Her poetry collection, *How to Love an Introvert*, is available at Finishing Line Press, and her writing has appeared in *The Perpetual You* magazine, Red Bird Chapbooks, and in *Mothering Through the Darkness*, an anthology from SheWrites Press.

Maureen Kingston's poems and prose have appeared or are forthcoming in *BODY*, *Contemporary Haibun Online*, *Gone Lawn*, *Haibun Today*, *KYSO*, *Maudlin House*, *Modern Poetry Quarterly Review*, *Stoneboat*, *Unbroken Journal* and *Whiskey Island*. A few of her pieces have also been nominated for Best of the Net and Pushcart awards.

Sandra Kohler's third collection of poems, *Improbable Music*, appeared in May 2011 from Word Press. Two previous collections are *The Ceremonies of Longing*, University of Pittsburgh Press, 2003 and *The Country of Women*, Calyx Books, 1995. Her poems have appeared over the past forty-five years in journals including *Prairie Schooner*, *The New Republic*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, and *Tar River Poetry*. In 2018, one of her poems was chosen to be part of Jenny Holzer's permanent installation at the new Comcast Technology Center in Philadelphia.

Olga Livshin is the author of *A Life Replaced: Poems and Translations from Anna Akhmatova and Vladimir Gandelman*. She was born in the Soviet Union and arrived in the US as a teenager with her parents. Her poetry, essays, and translations from Russian are published in *The Kenyon Review Online*, *The Common*, *Poetry International*, and other journals. She lives outside Philadelphia, where she co-organizes From Across the Waters, a reading series by refugee and immigrant poets.

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Kendall Mallon is a Colorado-born writer with a background in philosophy as well as creative writing who has co-written several screenplays produced by a director in New York. When Kendall is not writing or spending time with his wife, Cora, he enjoys playing the Irish sport of hurling.

Bonnie Lini Markowski currently lives in Northeastern Pennsylvania. She fell in love with words at a young age, and has devoted her career to teaching students how to use them to make significant meaning. She is a full-time faculty member at The University of Scranton where she teaches rhetoric and composition and digital writing. Bonnie holds a B.A. and an M.A. in English, and has been teaching for over 25 years. She is married with two grown children and has two cats. She loves wine, cooking, gardening and writing.

Nate Maxson is a writer and performance artist. The author of several collections of poetry, he lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

A native of Randolph County, North Carolina, **Ashley Memory's** poetry and prose have appeared in many publications, including *Naugatuck River Review*, *Pinesong*, *Gyroscope Review*, *The Thomas Wolfe Review*, *CAIRN*, *Romantic Homes*, *Wildlife in North Carolina*, and *Raleigh News & Observer*. Her writing has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and she has won the Doris Betts Fiction Prize sponsored by the North Carolina Writers' Network twice. In November, Finishing Line Press will publish her first poetry collection, *Waiting for the Wood Thrush*.

Daryl Muranaka lives in the Boston area with his wife and two children. He enjoys aikido and tai chi chuan, and exploring his children's multiple cultures. His poems have appeared in *Eunoia Review*, *the Roanoke Review*, and *Spry Literary Review*. He has published one collection and two chapbooks.

Karen Whittington Nelson graduated from Ohio University and has worked as both a registered nurse and public school educator. She has lived most of her life in Southeast Ohio. Karen performs her work with the juried Women of Appalachia Project, facilitates a writers' group and shares her work at venues throughout her rural community. Her fiction and poetry can be found in the Women Speak chapbooks, *Gyroscope Review*, *Pudding Magazine* and *Common Threads*.

Hadi Panahi is a PhD student of psychology, living in Tehran, Iran. He writes poetry, in particular short poems.

A native New Yorker, **James Penha** has lived for the past quarter-century in Indonesia. Nominated for Pushcart Prizes in fiction and poetry, his verse appears this year in *Headcase: LGBTQ Writers & Artists on Mental Health and Wellness* published by Oxford UP and *Lovejets: queer male poets on 200 years of Walt Whitman* from Squares and Rebels. His essay "It's Been a Long Time Coming" was featured in *The New York Times* "Modern Love" column in April 2016. Penha edits *The New Verse News*, an online journal of current-events poetry. Twitter: @JamesPenha

Alex Pickens grew up in the forgotten mountains of Appalachia, where he jogged on logging trails, read the classics, and stargazed. Recently his poetry appears in *Gone Lawn*, *The Inkwell Journal*, *Pretty Owl Poetry*, *Jersey Devil Press*, *Crack the Spine*, and *Litbreak*, while his fiction has been nominated for a Best Microfiction, 2018 anthology. He graduated Magna Cum Laude at the age of 33 and is now in the M.F.A. program at North Carolina State.

Ren Pike has a BSc in Computer Science and Physics. She should be content helping people wring meaning from data in Calgary, Canada. But, the truth is, she feels compelled to write poetry and short fiction. Her work has been published in *antilang*. She can be found on Twitter @sputta.

Peter L. Scacco is the author of six books of poetry and a translation of *Théophile Gautier's Salon of 1850-51* (2018). Mr. Scacco is also an accomplished woodcut artist whose work can be

seen at www.scacowoodcuts.com. His poetry and graphic art have appeared in numerous print and online journals. Mr. Scacco has lived and worked in New York, Paris, Tokyo, and Brussels, and he now makes his home in Austin, Texas.

Claire Scott is an award winning poet who has received multiple Pushcart Prize nominations. Her work has been accepted by the *Atlanta Review*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, *New Ohio Review*, *Enizagam* and *Healing Muse* among others. Claire is the author of *Waiting to be Called* and *Until I Couldn't*. She is the co-author of *Unfolding in Light: A Sisters' Journey in Photography and Poetry*.

John Sierpinski has published poetry in many literary magazines such as *California Quarterly*, *North Coast Review* and *Spectrum*, to name a few. His work is also in six anthologies. He is a Pushcart nominee. His poetry collection, *Sucker Hole*, was published in 2018 by Cholla Needles Press.

Travis Stephens, a graduate of University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire, is a sea captain who resides with his family in California. Recent credits include: *Crosswinds Poetry Journal*, *Consumnes River Journal*, *Apeiron Review*, *The Finger*, *Gravitas*, *Cirque*, and *Tiny Seed Literary Journal*. Online his was a Poem of the Week for *Silver Needle Press* and poems have appeared in *Ink & Voices*, *Rue Scribe*, *Sheila-Na-Gig*, *Open: Journal of Arts & Letters*, *The Scriblerus Arts Journal*, *HCE Review* and *Dead Mule School of Southern Literature*.

Laurel Szymkowiak is a member of Madwomen in the Attic and resides in Ligonier, Pennsylvania. She has published in several journals, including *Peribellion*, *The Del Sol Review*, *US 1 Worksheets*, *Rune*, *Pretty Owl*, and *Voices from the Attic*.

Lillo Way's chapbook, *Dubious Moon*, winner of the Hudson Valley Writers Center's Slapering Hol Chapbook Contest, was published in March 2018. Her poem, "Offering," is the winner of the 2018 E.E. Cummings Award. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *RHINO*, *Poet Lore*, *New Letters*, *North American Review*, *New Orleans Review*, *Tampa Review*, *Louisville Review*, *Madison Review*, *Poetry East*, among others. Way has received grants from the NEA, New York State Council on the Arts, and the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation for her choreographic work involving poetry.

Diane Webster grew up in Eastern Oregon before she moved to Colorado. She enjoys drives in the mountains to view all the wildlife and scenery, and takes amateur photographs. Writing poetry provides a creative outlet exciting in images and phrases Diane thrives in. Her work has appeared in *Better Than Starbucks*, *Eunoia Review*, *Philadelphia Poets*, and other literary magazines.

Laura Grace Weldon is the author of the poetry collections *Blackbird* and *Tending* as well as a handbook of alternative education titled *Free Range Learning*. She's written collaborative poetry with nursing home residents, used poetry to teach conflict resolution, and painted poems on beehives although her work appears in more conventional places such as *Verse Daily*, *J Journal*, *Neurology*, and *Penman Review*. Connect with her at lauragraceyweldon.com.

Hannah Yerington is a recent university graduate and emerging writer. Her work has been published in *Werd*, *The Bolinas Hearsay*, *The Fem*, and *Bearings Online*, *Algebra of Owls* and *Rogue Agent*. Hannah Yerington runs the Bolinas Poetry Camp for Girls every summer and is a spoken word artist and poet. She writes about many things; primarily the space between Judaism and feminism, as well as talking flowers, post-memory, and sometimes seals.

Mantz Yorke lives in Manchester, England. His prose and poems have appeared in a number of print magazines, anthologies and e-magazines in the UK, Ireland, the US and Hong Kong.

Mariel Yovino has poetry forthcoming in *The West Trade Review*, *VerbalArt Journal* and *The Loch Raven Review*. She pursued a BA in literature at Boston University and now works as a freelance writer in the Boston area.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Our Fall 2019 Issue will be a special issue: The Crone Power Issue. Submissions will be limited to poets over 50 who identify as women. For this special issue, we seek work that examines what it is to be a woman over 50 - one's power, dreams, contributions. We want work that thinks beyond the usual and celebrates wise women, crones, matriarch, elders, strength, experience, the end of child-bearing. If you are not a poet over 50 who identifies as a woman, please do not submit for our fall issue. We will resume regular submissions for all with the winter 2020 issue.

Submissions for The Crone Power Issue open July 1, 2019 and close no later than September 7, 2019. If we accept enough poems to fill the issue before September 7, we will close the reading period early.

Please see our guidelines on Submittable here: <https://gyroscopereview.submittable.com/submit/142234/submissions-for-fall-2019-issue-crone-power-special-issue>

Thank you for reading.