

Gyroscope Review

Fine poetry to turn your world around



Issue 17-1
Winter 2017



Gyroscope Review

Fine poetry to turn your world around

Issue 17-1
Winter 2017

Copyright © 2017 *Gyroscope Review*
Constance Brewer & Kathleen Cassen Mickelson
gyroscopereview.com

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage retrieval system, without permission from the editors.

For information about permission to reproduce selections from this magazine, contact the editors by email at gyroscopereview@gmail.com.

Submissions:

Gyroscope Review accepts previously unpublished contemporary poetry submissions through our online submissions system, gyroscopereview.submittable.com/submit. Please read our guidelines before submitting.

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

Gyroscope Review logo design by Constance Brewer, ©2016.
Front and back cover photos by Kathleen Cassen Mickelson, ©2017.

FROM THE EDITORS

Welcome to a new year and a new edition of *Gyroscope Review*. As with any new year, changes are rumbling on the horizon. I'll let Kathleen fill you in on what's coming up for the magazine. I'd like to talk about poetry and its place in the upcoming years. With the world in turmoil, we need poetry more than ever. As poets we know how important it is to have something to say, and say it. It is a poet's place to put words and shape to the thoughts others have but can't articulate. Some poets write amazing political poems, while others remind us of our connections with nature. Still others examine our tumultuous relationship with family, or self.

Whichever way you lean, be sure to speak. We're poets and we've got something to say. Tack your poems to bulletin boards and telephone poles. Read aloud where ever there is a gathering – it's scary, I know. As an introvert, I have to challenge myself to get out there and do what's right for poetry. I seldom write political poems, but I feel I need to reawaken the side of me that objects to unjust behavior in any guise. And I challenge you to get out there and say your piece, with eloquence and passion. *Gyroscope Review* is one way of getting your thoughts out to people. We hear you, and we'll do our best to get what you have to say out there, in the real world.

It's time for all of us to speak.

Constance Brewer, Editor

Happy 2017! A new year brings some new ways of doing things at *Gyroscope Review*. For starters, we discontinued our affiliation with Joomag as an online magazine platform. We will now offer *Gyroscope Review* only as a PDF that is readable across all devices for its digital component (it looks great in iBooks, for example) and are working on a print-on-demand (POD) hardcopy option in which readers will have the opportunity to purchase copies as they wish. The POD version is not quite ready, but we have hopes that our first POD issue will be available soon. We will announce our POD version in all our usual social media places when we finalize everything. Choosing the right site for our POD version and getting it set up takes time and we want to do it properly, so we ask for your patience. And the back issues of *Gyroscope Review* will remain accessible as PDF versions at our website.

This first issue of 2017 surprised us. Submissions flooded us during the last several days of our reading period and the issue suddenly ballooned to a feast of poetry, much of it from voices new to us. For example, contributor Amber Scott let us know this is her first poem published in a magazine and she is a recent college graduate; we wanted that fresh point of view. Raji A. Samuel is a Nigerian poet whom we have not previously published and whose edgy piece is a much-needed voice. Judith Waller Carroll wowed us with several of her pieces that zero in on the

poignant moments that prick our hearts. And old friends returned to us, with their steady poetic voices and their skill in creating images and visions that matter.

Poetry does matter, now more than ever. After a tumultuous election season here in the U.S. and a seemingly world-wide movement toward violent and isolationist solutions to problems, poetry can offer just the sort of laser-point dissection of everything that allows us to realign our world. It can soothe us unlike anything else. In the end, those words in our heads and our hearts cannot be taken away.

Happy New Year.

Kathleen Cassen Mickelson, Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS
ISSUE 17-1
WINTER 2017

SECTION 1

Dimensions of the Heart by Judith Waller Carroll	4
What the Ear Hears, But Eye Has Not Seen by Lois Marie Harrod	5
The Sea Turtle by Laura Foley	6
My Mother's Fox by Kelly Terwilliger	7
Every Day Is Mother's Day by Alexis Rhone Fancher	8
Ice-Out on Newfound Lake by Suzanne Rogier Marshall	9
Two Months After the Failed Military Coup by Jennifer A. Reimer	10
some of its parts by henry 7. reneau, jr.	11
The P(r)o(ph)et as Chemist by Ed Werstein	12
On a Theme from Max Ernst by Mark J. Mitchell	13
Words in tongues by Jude Dillon	14
Big Fish by Jota Boombaba	15
Gibraltar by Toti O'Brien	16

SECTION 2

A Murder of Crows: Lexicon of Humanity by Sarah Bigham	18
In The Meadow by Steve Klepetar	19
Learning from the Crows by Judith Waller Carroll	20
Fries by Ron Pullins	21
Marxism by James Penha	22
The Mind Seeks by Raji A. Samuel	23
Crossroads by Janet Barry	25
Hologram by Marian Kaplun Shapiro	26
Snowman by Terry Severhill	27
Diner Breakup by Laura Grace Weldon	28
Ways to Keep Warm by Judith Waller Carroll	29
Lab Art of a Half-Life by Sabrina Hicks	30
Scripted Ruse by Mike Jurkovic	31

SECTION 3

The Morning After by Claire Scott	34
The Uses of Violins by Lois Marie Harrod	35
A Dream of Flood by Steve Klepetar	37
Says the moth watching me read from outside the window by Greg Lyons	38
Coriolis Effect by Suzanne Rogier Marshall	39
No Lie by Amber Scott	41
Bucket by Michael Chin	43
Choices by Jane Roop	45

Spell by Mark J. Mitchell	47
The Man Who Explained Maps by John Grey	48
In The ER Today by Marian Kaplun Shapiro	49
My Father by Claire Scott	50
That Piece Of Cake Hit The Cocaine Receptors Of My Brain by Kristian Kuhn	52
SECTION 4	
Cleave by CL Bledsoe	56
The Expanding Universe by Laura Foley	57
Dining with Darkness by Judith Waller Carroll	58
This Particular Dawn by Robert L. Penick	59
Handkerchief by Kelly Terwilliger	60
Gossip by Alan Elyshevitz	61
Bad Start by Laura Grace Weldon	63
The Waning Stars by Steve Klepetar	64
Remembrance by Toti O'Brien	65
Once by James Penha	66
Needle of the Present Moment by Lois Marie Harrod	67
Poppies by Natalie Crick	69
Constellations by Micki Blenkush	70
Contributors	73

POEMS

SECTION 1

DIMENSIONS OF THE HEART
BY JUDITH WALLER CARROLL

A blue whale's heart
is the size of a male gorilla,
but human hearts are measured
in more fanciful terms:
as big as Texas, hard as stone.
Soft. Sinking. Restless.

My own fickle heart
craves solitude in a crowd,
company when I'm alone.

All those years by the ocean
and it only wanted mountains,
the smell of blue spruce.
Now it longs for salt spray and sea weed.
A mild winter. Fresh crab.

Or maybe those whispers of longing
really come from the soul—
that immeasurable space
somewhere between the mind,
with its reason and logic,
and the hollow muscular organ
pumping blood through the body,
oxygen to the brain.

WHAT EAR HEARS, BUT EYE HAS NOT SEEN
BY LOIS MARIE HARROD

And do we differ from that baleen whale
who drones on like none other, love songs unheard
at 52 Hertz? The ghostly howls
of a drowned tuba player.
We hear him but other whales cannot.
Scientists say he keeps on singing,
healthy and alone. Twenty years of bellowing
without answer. I write for myself,
said the woman who pulled out
of my writing workshop. And haven't we
said that too, we small singers, piccoloining
our way across the pond? Anyone listening?
Can anyone hear? What is the sound
of one hand laughing, one shingle
flapping against a tin ear?

THE SEA TURTLE
BY LAURA FOLEY

My granddaughter's in no hurry to emerge,
floating inside her mother's belly
this March, a time of waiting,
our yard one day a rink for skating,
the next a pond for passing geese,
the next snow-covered ice again.
We escape for the day to Boston Harbor,
ride a whale-watching boat,
see a sea turtle rising,
its back emerging slowly from black water;
an hour of counted minutes passes,
as boiling sap slowly turns to maple syrup.
Buddhists liken the preciousness of human birth
to a blind sea turtle emerging
through a life preserver
thrown somewhere in the ocean.
We think to shock the captain
by tossing every life preserver
overboard, as if to win the ring toss,
as if the turtle needed saving.

MY MOTHER'S FOX
BY KELLY TERWILLIGER

She saw it once, on the road of her childhood
where the pond and the woods
curved away. At the shadow's edge,
an exclamation point—

leftover grasses whisking

and I can't remember exactly how or if
she described it—
the air between us rubbed clean by crickets,
the sky already blowing leaves
over the stones we'd come to sit on.

There, she always said, *That's where*.
And every time I passed thereafter
I looked, in case, into the space still waiting
for the fox to come again, an emptiness

having shaped, once, a small red
thought, a white-tipped brush,
a sharp quick jump over the lazy
dog of late September, this

dart of *yes*
pulled from her landscape,
put into mine.

EVERY DAY IS MOTHER'S DAY
BY ALEXIS RHONE FANCHER

If you had only
one child and he died, are
you still a mother?

“I was but he died.”
Hard to say harder to hear.
Someone feels like shit.

“Yes, a son. Just one.”
or: “No. I have no children.”
That’s unthinkable.

Like he never was.
Say it and then catch yourself:
Such cruel betrayal.

I could say he died.
How each day he dies anew.
How I fell apart.

Broke into pieces.
How I grew old, and how the
wind blew right through me.

ICE-OUT ON NEWFOUND LAKE
BY SUZANNE ROGIER MARSHALL

A thin layer persists, melt-freeze cut
by the wind's brushstroke, the crisscross
of old snowmobile trails. A calloused surface,

shirred, translucent like a snakeskin.
Wrapped in a restless wind, I watch oak leaves
brittle-skitter across the lake. Sky in pools,

crows sip clouds underfoot. Along the edge,
an icy slurry shivers – broken glass shifting.
I've been here before, winter weary,

dark months behind. Perhaps it's enough
to know there will be no great crack, no
splintering heave. Only thaw and letting go.

What had been frozen so long
just grows soft, sloughs off its skin.
Waterways zig-zag through ice, seams

opening to all that's hidden below –
tangled weeds, muck, startled life.
And in the distance, mist lifts, seeping light.

TWO MONTHS AFTER THE FAILED MILITARY COUP

BY JENNIFER A. REIMER

Two months after the Failed Military Coup falls during The Feast of Sacrifice. It is the final day of Eid al-Adha. *101 So We gave him the good news of—You're on your way to Copenhagen—a boy ready to suffer and forbear.* The first day of the feast *the 10th day of Dhu al-Hijjah* was Monday lasts for four days and begins with a prayer of two rakats you were in Finike followed by a sermon (*khutbah*). On the first day of the feast, the Turkish Word of the Day is *fikir*—idea. *Sana bunun neden kötü bir fikir olduğuna dair bir düzine sebep gösterebilirim.* I can give you a dozen reasons why this is a bad idea. Because he went to say the prayers for his dead father—*inverted sacrifice.* When you ask, he—*an act of submission to God's command.* It's the only night he refuses to drink. *It honors the willingness of—*He leaves the feast to be with you *to sacrifice—.* He tells you the story of the stowaway cat. He tells you the story of how Hayrettin Bey passed the breathalyzer. He tells you the story of the terrorist, the Molotov cocktail and his flaming uniform *before God then intervened sending—.* If you want to know more, you'll have to ask *thus indeed do We reward those who do right.* His first day in prison was his birthday (4 July). You don't speak of archangels. You don't use future tense. But "winter I come there"—*if Allah so wills. The meat from the sacrificed animal is divided into three parts.* Demre, Simena, Finike. Google translate. *Yoğun* means intense. *The family retains one third of the share* this night you don't turn on the music. This night another close *given to relatives, friends and neighbors.* In the morning, he *the remaining third* leans against the balcony *given to* smoking as sunrise over the marina. You snap the camera *poor and needy* but "Thou hast already fulfilled the vision!"—The first day of Eid al-Adha is the last time you'll see him *106 For this was obviously a trial—.* You run after him before the elevator and—*107 And We ransomed him with a momentous sacrifice* you hold back—*keşke—.* You won't remember it anyway. Across the continent, you carry *Neşko I,* the tumble-down streets of Demre at night, and the six hours in Anadolu Hotel (before you're kicked out for not being married). Two months after the Failed Military Coup, the Turkish Word of the Day: *suçlamak:* to blame—*keşke—.* Two months after the Failed Military Coup, you learn that the government has decreed that Turkey will no longer practice Daylight Savings Time. *108 And We left (this blessing) for him among generations (to come) in later times:* Suspended in summer, you will not Fall Back, oh—you—will not Spring Forward.

THE P(R)O(PH)ET AS CHEMIST
BY ED WERSTEIN

A poet is a prophet on hydrochloric acid
no (r)evolutionary following and no (pH) factor at all,
a prophet lacking a base.

Is anybody listening?

I need to drink milk, avoid vinegar and tomatoes,
swear off citrus, pick up a piece of chalk
get to a blackboard and write

dust off my hands on my tongue
and speak some basic truth.

Is anybody listening?

When Jesus said,
the poor you will always have with you
it was a challenge not an excuse.
Mark and John left out the next line,
for as long as we allow Caesar to rule us,

and when he said, *render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.*
Think!
Do the poor have anything that belongs to Caesar?

ON A THEME FROM MAX ERNST
BY MARK J. MITCHELL

*Thanks to an ancient, closely guarded monastic secret, even the aged can learn to play
the piano with no trouble at all.*

—Max Ernst

The words she sang
were almost German.

Her upright piano
listed to the left.

Smoke kissed draperies
dripped with blue kittens.

The black keys match
teeth in her bent mouth.

Her fingers raked ivory
and the g-string snapped.

Small nuns, disguised as birds,
mark out flat notes in snow.

They're uncloistered, toneless,
and close to starving.

WORDS IN TONGUES
BY JUDE DILLON

Words in tongues

step up

beg the stranger

stop

and listen

talk

a midnight

song

streetlamps point north

from nothing

a coin

drops into a hat

BIG FISH
—*restaurant & bungalows*
BY JOTA BOOMBABA

Last year, a beach-view balcony
a midnight breeze brought salt
thirsty lime juice on our lips

At lunch, cotton-stuffed cushions
tables tall as crisscrossed knees
curries spiced with dragon weed

This year, a cold-water room out back
garden dogs, mosquito verandah
laptop lines and letters glow

Tonight, back for another sea breeze
pineapple curry on chicken and rice
I breathe the freedom absence brings

Your absence, a ghost seated beside me
stirs her own papaya pleasure
same same, yes yes, but different

GIBRALTAR
BY TOTI O'BRIEN

I recall the fragility of the boat
the immensity of the ocean.
The incredible depth
of color blue with its oily thickness.
The dense surface
tensed like the skin of a snake
throbbing like the heart of an animal
prehistoric and blind.

With my eyes wide open
I only could see my oar
breaking the water.
The sky was pale gray
empty of clouds. Not a bird.
Nothing was ahead or behind me
but a terrifying absence.
I thought I had reached alone
the top of the curve.

One more inch and I'd plunge
the void swallowing me
like a grain of sand.
But no sand was in view.
I felt I'd never touch land again.
They were all dead all sunk.
The night sooner or later would fall.

SECTION 2

A MURDER OF CROWS: LEXICON OF HUMANITY
BY SARAH BIGHAM

A casket of dearly departed
An embellishment of white liars
An enigma of crossword puzzlers
A hedgerow of uninspired gardeners
A perversity of busy voyeurs
A placebo of dramatic hypochondriacs
A séance of those unsure of the realm to which they belong

IN THE MEADOW
BY STEVE KLEPETAR

horses sing to each other about grass
and the color of sky.
Each names a boy or a girl

who has ridden for miles behind
the orphanage. Wards of the state,
these children gallop past the river,

through popple and underbrush
late in the afternoon. They have
finished cleaning the dining hall,

and are free until dinner to feel wind
brush them beyond the world.
Horses leap into clouds, manes

scattering as children cling to their
muscular necks. I saw this once as
I hiked the trail from the university,

a dozen orphans and their horses,
swept into air like crows in a
painting, unchained across distance and time.

LEARNING FROM THE CROWS
BY JUDITH WALLER CARROLL

This morning my mind
is as flexible as a gymnast:
bending toward the possibility of your idea,
reaching for the likelihood of mine,
willing to admit you might be right,
not entirely convinced I'm wrong.
How I envy the crows
as they orate on the neighbor's fence,
the strong opinions of one
countered by the other's *Nah*,
balancing on the thin wire
of their own certainties
with the ease of trapeze artists,
then flying off together
through the day's dense fog
as if it were just an easy stroll.

FRIES
BY RON PULLINS

It is madness.
We have opened.
Now it's lunch.
I man the window as drivers pass.
It is my kingdom, throne, my reign.

They line up for my food from rear to street.
Cheeseburgers. Fries. And sodas of all kinds.
I hear a half familiar voice. Then I'm lost in work
Behind the window.
Money. Food. And change.
Money. Food. And change.
Out there they follow one another in their cars.
One another.

I look out, and see, and give, and get.
Draw cokes. And wrap. And help to cook
When the cookers fall behind:
Two pickles, onions, ketchup, ketchup, cheese:
Two pickles, onions, ketchup, ketchup, cheese,
Then her car pulls up out there,
Our better car. The yellow one. The Jeep.

What are you doing here?
I'm leaving you.
You can't. Let's talk. I can't come out just now.
Not during lunch. Look. Cars lined up.
She looks. She shrugs.
I won't be home. Take what you want. And go.
Then I'll come back and get the rest. And go.
That's it?
It's over now. I'm done.

She takes the bag I hand to her.
She drives through like the rest
But in our better car. The yellow one. The Jeep.
She hasn't paid.
And she forgot her fries.

MARXISM
BY JAMES PENHA

Harpo speaks
so eloquently
'tween Groucho's wit
and Chico's bit
with silent madness,
hysterical truth,
high strung
with melody.

THE MIND SEEKS
BY RAJI A. SAMUEL

The mind seeks,
doesn't find, stumbles upon.

So when next it seeks, it doesn't seek to find,
but seeks to stumble; and so, stumbling, finds.

(An unconscious repeat becomes conscious; {so it was never a repeat,
just a segue of different kinds of sameness; [or the same kind of differences]

})

Abandon all hope, ye who enter here; where your happiness
is anchored on probables, and you swim towards life; death, the purest idea.
But first here's an idea for you; ideas spoil everything.

There's no point making your weaknesses mine.

But if you seek to stumble,
and, as a rule, you don't find what you seek,
do you cease to stumble?

But things are never perceived the way they are,
and hell has lost its fire, that's what Dante said,

that Limbo is when you don't find what you seek,
and don't stumble because stumbling is what you seek,
(Thus an unconscious repeat becomes conscious—thus, Limbo.)

Ye who enter here—I promise— will walk forward with
your face backwards.

And when the time comes, please, just drop me into the river,
do not hold me by the heel, dip me fully. (There is no point
in making your weaknesses mine.)

I'll probably find my way up, swim to shore,
drown fighting, pay Charon his coin.

I'll probably anchor my happiness on probables.
But things are never perceived the way they are.

So when the time comes,
please, just drop me into the river,
do not hold me by the heel,

dip me fully. If I'm meant to I'll find –
or stumble upon – my way back up

From this limbo you're in,
There's no point making your weaknesses mine.

CROSSROADS
BY JANET BARRY

I have decided to be in love
with that which is not perfect.

The magnolia bud opening to new sun,
rot already showing on petal tip, or

the bright maple leaves, infant green
already pierced by insects, and that piece

of metal, abandoned so long ago
in the woods. What was it anyway?

A milk pail? A lantern?
I have decided to love it too,

how it is old and mostly buried
in last year's fallen oak leaves

how it has learned to rest
comfortably, half blended

between rust and forgotten purpose.

HOLOGRAM
BY MARIAN KAPLUN SHAPIRO

Today we're home together. I have all of you

with me at the kitchen table *skinbonesvoiceeyes* I hear you touch you see you you have more dimensions you are more complex than the most sophisticated hologram that the most sophisticated engineering physicists create you have become the *you-you-are* the *you-I-love*

and when I do not have the *all-of-you* when one of us is on a trip at work swimming playing tennis taking a solitary walk in our little neighborhood I have that mysterious structure in the mind that is *almost-you, sort-of-you*, all those dimensions those molecules dissolved and waiting waiting to be reconstituted so there is that mysterious dimension, the dimension of wanting worrying anticipating yearning remembering imagining that is called waiting

and is final and infinite and permanent beyond death do us part, and unknowable unseeable and more real than real has ever been

SNOWMAN
BY TERRY SEVERHILL

I lie down amongst pines and
tamarack, watch birds fly into
the dwindling twilight.

Cold is the wind that blows
into the dying season. Prayers
mingle with the smoke from a
river stone chimney, the river
miles away far down the
mountain. I rise in the
stillness before first light,
quietly, habits of a lifetime
together no longer required,
steady me. Coffee: making,
drinking, a familiar ritual to
carry me across the hours.

Hope is not a forgotten
virtue. Hard is not a proper
description for living with or
without things. The cold wind
of November hurries the
remaining deer downslope.
First a few flakes, then more,
a flurry that crushes
hope. No children or
grandchildren this season.

DINER BREAKUP
BY LAURA GRACE WELDON

The vinyl-topped table softens
where the cup's hot circle touches.
Coffee they make here, even swirled with cream,
tastes like hot rubber bands.

Late, he window taps, exhales on the glass,
fog face wearing a hat.
Doorway snow stomp and booth slide,
his eyes speak every language at once.
He waits for her to say something,
rearranges fork, spoon, napkin.

She turns her head away.
Watches his breath's condensation
roll down the window's cheek.
Traffic lights splay the droplets
into blinking gems:
green, amber, red.
She unrolls the words she'd planned
while a few feet away
the cook scrapes the grill,
slides paper off a patty,
slaps flesh onto the flame.

WAYS TO KEEP WARM
BY JUDITH WALLER CARROLL

Emulate the titmouse,
feathers fluffed around her like a quilt,
the red fox burrowed deep in her den.
Wrap yourself in the wakening morning
and imagine a house in the distance,
a plume of smoke rising from the chimney,
soft light at the window.
Someone is waiting on the gabled porch.
Climb its broad steps.
Stamp off your loneliness like snow.

LAB ART OF A HALF-LIFE
BY SABRINA HICKS

Everything comes down to
petri dish masterpieces,

the motion of color,
silent masquerade of cells,

burgeoning mutations to flourish
in a game of roulette.

Option 1: bartering for the unseen
until a swell of grief and acceptance.

Option 2: an extended honeymoon
in the marriage of life.

One entails the other,
prodding cattle to wake.

I press his hand to my lips wondering
if I could crawl under his skin to breathe,

why I ever refused to dance,
if the kids know to take the bus today,

while I await the review
of my viral exhibition.

SCRIPTED RUSE
BY MIKE JURKOVIC

And like always, it is.
Something else. Someone else.
Some eclipse of cognition
and character.

I come from a fine home
but veered left as the driveway crumbled.
Bad w/maps, some come to dance.
Some come. Hunt. Gather.
I cozen w/o conscience,
so what? I breathe beyond
the contractual. Talk shit.
Shit blind.

We've deleted common manner
and I'm the class clown. Pawn. Punk.
Pessimist. But I digress and
never leave the house
in a suit and a tie. That's for later when eulogies
cast about for their own. When the auditor goes deep
and the angel in charge of admissions
asks for picture I.D.

I've never gone straight
from A to B but I bear no premise.
This scripted ruse
is a cylindrical beast: Small words
mocking time. Alpha. Omega.
And all in between.

SECTION 3

THE MORNING AFTER

NOVEMBER 9, 2016

BY CLAIRE SCOTT

no one is safe

safety pins like tooth fairies
santa clauses
easter bunnies
tucking pastel eggs among spring daffodils
like children's fairy tales that end
with a light skip
a merry song
ogres giants fiends demons all
melted beheaded
buried drowned
tossed willy-nilly into ditches
summarily dismissed by
the swish of a sword
or the whispered words
of a sorcerer's spell

except the witch
who never burned
despite Gretel's stoking the fire
stuffing and wedging
with her too thin arms
except the witch
who walked out of the story
into the arms of a waiting world

THE USES OF VIOLINS
BY LOIS MARIE HARROD

The *scroll* becomes
a history of trees
jays policing the peregrine,
mobbing it's called.

And the peg, Peggy Gahagan
with Huntington's Disease,
her arms flailing, all that is left
of the violin she played.
Her sister the cello.
One long-ago Halloween
we dressed as ducks.

And the neck, mine too long,
my lover's too short,
Some nights I let him rest his chin
on my spine like a warm stone.
Something about love-making
wants vertebral cadenzas.

Niccolo Paganinni
showed us what an extended fingerboard
on a Strad or del Gesu can do.
No known *Stradivarius*
exists with its original neck and fittings.
So many lost secrets.

I wish I had the ear
to fine tune, the narrow fingers.

There are others like me
who can hear what is out of tune
but cannot sing on key.

I think too of the yellowed paper
inside the belly—
that can be counterfeited,
is this my song?

Let the birds
return to the trees,
spruce and maple, varnish.
Let the hawk vanish
briefly.

All this and more,
the sly secrets of the violin makers
Guarneri, Amati, Sanctus Seraphim
all they knew
that we cannot replicate.

That too is useful.

A DREAM OF FLOOD
BY STEVE KLEPETAR

*"I'm still not sure how many
meters of water were above me, how
far beneath the surface I was then."*

Laura M. Kaminski

It may have been a dream of flood in this quiet house,
where winter disappeared into mist and gray cloud
and spring tangles in detritus of last year's growth.
I'm never sure when waters rise which river has come
to claim my breath. Since I've forgotten so much,
it may be the north fork of a stream I fished one
summer as if silent sun would warm my back forever.

Maybe it's the river of flame or anguish or turbulent
tide of tongues and song. Who knows? I've come to rest
at bottom, though, in a squishy mess of stiff green weeds
and mud. Oaks have grown gills, grackles swim through
dust and light, their wings greenish-black as they swoop
past the windows of my eyes, their calls lost in a gurgle
of noise that might have been promise or prophecy or prayer.

SAYS THE MOTH WATCHING ME READ FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW
BY GREG LYONS

You're reading pages aged to the color
of my wings, mottled mocha in dark edges
and a white chocolate center shifting
like moonlight behind wispy, cirrus clouds.

My bristled legs prick against this bone-
smooth window. Scrawling like a 5-o'clock
shadow dry across cold nipples. Scratching
and scratching. A man in your dreams.

Page by page your fingers slide over the spine,
wedging your narrow thoughts between each
vertebra. Dragging your long finger down the paper's
crease. It flaps and folds like skin.

CORIOLIS EFFECT
BY SUZANNE ROGIER MARSHALL

Over great distances, long periods of time, moving objects
veer off-course.

Half a world away, you search, find my name, remember
half a lifetime ago, a semester abroad
reading Tennyson and Keats.

Once, in a field of primrose, violet, forget-me-not,
I woke in your arms, sky larks trembling overhead.

If a pendulum swings in free flow,
its path rotates clockwise, marking the passage of time.

You want to see me. Will fly anywhere to meet.
My pulse quickens.
Long-forgotten longing.

If a pilot flies a straight line from London to LA,
he will curve right, never reach his mark.
He must constantly correct for the Earth's turn.

The same moon has risen each night over me
that rose, hours before, over you.
But the moon grows old.
So do we.

I'm married now. My son in college. A dog.
A husband who works too much.

What happens when high pressure systems collide with low?
Cyclonic flow spins out of control.
Irene, Katrina, the Angry Red Spot of Jupiter.

You sit across the table; talk about what you've done.
Not done.
All I see are your shoulders slumped,
vein-webbed cheeks too red.

A moth's flight – hunter in the night. Vibrating hairs sense
the turns as it dives through air.

But the Earth has turned too many times. Moving objects
veer off-course.

I reach for the check, dog hair on my sleeve,
touch your hand as I leave.

NO LIE
BY AMBER SCOTT

I told my coworker plan B was stripping;
 It was a lie.

I don't want eyes on me
unless I post a photo with
my cleavage casually on display
for free because boobies are for

Bae: noun; 21st century evolution of
"baby;" swaddled in crib at home with mommy.
Acts like a dog—hangin' out his bro's
passenger window salivating.

Meanwhile, I'm second-guessing the
price of these Snapchat thirst traps
Tumblr thots got figured out. Do sugar babies
call their pimp daddies "master" now?

If so, I need one—
 that's a lie.

I need a job to cover the rent I
wished I was paying and the
car I need to own. My jalopy
won't make it past winter.

At twenty-four I'm tired of coming
home to Mom and Dad asking how my
day at work was: *alright*. At twenty-three
I was still insecure about finally graduating
from a university I could've gone to
straight out of high school, but
didn't because my closet mirrors
were getting too familiar with my
rosey nostrils and corneas filled past the lid.
Spent a year and a half being black,
learning black, then settling back
to community college.

I hate Sally Mae. I envy valedictorian grants.
Cash converts to water washed down with
a fifteen dollar burger. It was delicious.
It was worth it, and the first meal
I ate since last pay.
 No lie.

BUCKET
BY MICHAEL CHIN

I had a yellow one-gallon plastic bucket. Originally, it contained a set of blocks.

For our annual car rides from Upstate down to Queens to visit your parents, you brought along the bucket, lined with a plastic grocery bag, in case I needed to puke from motion sickness.

As a child I collected action figures. First He-Man, then wrestlers, then Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Grandma couldn't speak English. I couldn't speak Cantonese. She watched me play with these dolls in hopes of understanding a story, but my plotlines were a moving target.

In *Bluets*, Maggie Nelson writes so lovingly about the color blue. But when it comes to yellow, she describes "baby-shit yellow showers." And though a mother might love her baby, shit and all, this passage gave me pause. Could yellow be anyone's favorite color?

My high school lab partner revealed why he wouldn't talk to me when we were younger. That he mistook my shyness. That he thought I couldn't understand English, and worried we couldn't communicate. "I didn't want to offend you," he said.

Freshman year of college, a Chinese friend professed her love for me. In retrospect, it was obvious. That her insistence we write a stage play together had less to do with the creative endeavor than the desire to sit huddled close at her desk, and to talk our way through hypothetical situations our two main characters—lovers—might fall into.

We kissed on her insistence that we should just once, just to see how it felt. Remembering when I'd made the same argument to a girl from high school (and failed), I relented.

It was my first kiss and it was awful. All of that wetness and teeth on teeth and bad breath from pizza with garlic-soaked crust. I remember how rosy her cheeks looked afterward and the taste of bile in my throat.

I don't write with partners anymore. Too many conflicting ideas and hidden agendas, and I don't know how anyone ever winds up happy.

Now and again, I ponder learning Cantonese. But my childhood recollections of the sounds are all sharp and loud. Grandpa yelling at his dogs. Your version, mostly inflection—a Chinese word or two, then a string of English to make up for the language you had lost by degrees.

I've been called a banana. Yellow on the outside, white on the inside. I eat a banana most mornings with my breakfast and remember these claims, these taunts, these simplifications. I used to bite around the bruises, or cut them out with a table knife, but now I eat straight through.

I want you to know, if you ever read this, that I'm not embarrassed of my skin, my eyes, my hair, nor the way, when I was little, you would sometimes confuse your Ls and Rs on words like *milk*.

Let me rephrase. You are a part of me. As are fried rice with bits of yellow scrambled egg and char siu pork, barking dogs, and my bucket. The yellow house where the next-door neighbors lived, and the green house where I grew taller and you grew older and we fought for years, and later drank cheap beer over small Thanksgiving dinners, against the blare of the evening news—God, your hearing is shot.

This is where I am from. This is you and me.

CHOICES
BY JANE ROOP

Have I stayed too long at the fair?

inhaling the buttery waft of kettle corn,
stuffing my mouth with clouds of cotton candy,
weaving through the oiled, canvas tent of mirrors
where I shift, squat as a hippo to spindle thin.

I shun the hammer ride,
never one to trust, even when young,
the stringy haired men who cage
the thrill seekers. A sally port to screams,
the cage ascends, then plummets,
avoids destruction by inches.

Instead I'm diverted by bumper cars,
carousels, and goldfish in glass bowls,
things that go round and round.

I could choose to stay longer,
even remain in the darkness
after the kaleidoscope of lights dim.

If I did,
I'd forgo the dawn,

I'd miss

the thunder rumble of the four a.m. train,
and the comforting, accordion wheezes of its whistle,
the droning engine of the first morning flight
as it climbs into Orion's fading belt,
the whack of newspaper on the front porch
tossed by an Asian boy with incognito eyes

I'd miss
the awakening aroma of coffee,
the bitter-sweetness of orange marmalade,
the generosity of hot water,

travel breathless into the night.

SPELL
BY MARK J. MITCHELL

By lamplight, by Lethelight, by lustlight—
She summons shadows and they obey.
They obey but dance their own dance.

By songfall, by dancetrip, by sharpnote—
She pulls shadow strings. But they move
away, along, and past her to night.

Where rains lift, where stars drop, where poems surf—
They sin under cool darkness but still
her slow smile knows they desire her call.

THE MAN WHO EXPLAINED MAPS
BY JOHN GREY

He unfolded the map on the kitchen table.
We kids sat around those capes,
the inlets, the tiny fishing villages,
like they were Sunday dinner plates.

His finger sketched the journey we'd be taking,
hugging the coast mainly
but occasionally jutting inland
to some lumber town
where one of his old army buddies
had a shack.
And he pointed out tiny islands.
"We can rent a boat and go there," he explained.

The map seemed huge
but he had a way of making
a dot, a bustling town,
a blue circle, a pond for swimming,
a brown strip, a perilous mountain range.
We figured if his hand could describe the way,
than our old family car would get there.

My mother stood apart from us,
to save her the trouble of scoffing..
She knew we'd stop, as always,
at the first cheap motel with a vacancy,
as long as there was a trout stream,
a liquor store and a diner.

IN THE ER TODAY
BY MARIAN KAPLUN SHAPIRO

Valentines

Bouquets of roses

Chocolate. Earrings, earrings,

and more earrings.

Nightgowns from Paris

A book of poetry

Kisses on the subway.

What matters at 3 a.m.?

None of these.

Last night, in the dark dark dark my foot

inched carefully, gingerly across the sheets

canopied by blankets, comforters,

memories, plans, old scars. And dread.

You are there. Quiet. But warm. The best

of what matters. You. Me. Alive. Tonight.

MY FATHER
BY CLAIRE SCOTT

I told him I loved him as
he lay there, a Malevich *White on White*
except with a trach

staccato words rasping
get-me-the-fuck-outa-here
belly swollen, toothpick arms
IVs tick-tocking into refractory veins

this man at least once removed
more often twice or thrice
confused our names, called me Samuel
or Stuart

strode past our birthdays
like a track star in a four minute mile
racing to meet the CEO of *Tumblr* or *Twitter*
or *Twank*

this man never read us *Treasure*
Island or played pirates with
eye patches & wooden swords
Ahoy Mate

and yet, and still
he looks so small against the pillow
his face collapsed, his eyes pleading

I told him I loved him to
spare me from being marooned
in nights of restive sleep

days of self-loathing, self-lashing
eating bone soup and
hardtack riddled with weevils

guzzling bottles of rum
never enough never
to chase away lingering
 ghouls of remorse

I told him I loved him
my voice choking on brackish silt

I held his hand
he looked almost like someone I loved
 some long ago

someplace pure, *White on White*

THAT PIECE OF CAKE HIT THE COCAINE RECEPTORS OF MY BRAIN
BY KRISTIAN KUHN

I met a man on the park bench today who said
that he can't remember ever having had
one decent fuck in twenty years of marriage.

Poor guy.

He and his wife still share a bed but he says
he'll split as soon as the youngest
goes off to college.

The thing that people need to understand
is that all human energy is bound to the eternal,
it buzzes and swirls and comes to know
the colors inside the endless circle
of raindrops, it never complains about
Jesus's lousy table service or pleads
for raspberry sherbet instead of another
cup of blood.

I once met a woman who studied recipes for croutons.

She was so wrecked over the fact that she could not
control her husband's drinking.

What it came down to though was the difference between
a gas oven and an electric one.

She opened a wrist or two in a tub of bubbles
and listened to chamber music,
cast her whiskey eyes on mirrors
and thought about all of her mistakes,
hair the color of red velvet cake,
a house one block from the emergency room.

Sometimes it's hard to think we die just once,
that we don't even get a second chance
to come back as a pond scum wind instrument
or an Arby's roast beef sandwich.

For quite some time today I watched
a purple leaf cling to a white sheet
hanging from a clothesline.

Sometimes it's just hard to let go.

SECTION 4

CLEAVE
BY CL BLEDSOE

I'm in your house, alone for the first
time, waiting. I need to call my father
so that neither of us can acknowledge
that today's the day my mother died.
Instead, I'll ask about his crosswords,
the way the light dies differently these
days if he still can feel it. After I talk
to him, I need to call the woman
whose heart I failed. I can't tell her
where I am or she might cry again.
My father knows something about failure.
about damage ignored because the heart's
already bloody. If I could really speak
to him, I might ask how a person
is supposed to bear it all and stay open,
like a window in case a breeze comes.
He wouldn't hear me, or he'd pretend
not to and tell me, instead, how, yesterday,
from the paper, he learned the word cleave
means both to cling to and to sever.

THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE
BY LAURA FOLEY

I

Nephew Miguel's first visit from Spain,
saying *Yes*, in halting English,
to my daughter, who leads him
to the stage-lit dance floor—
no hesitant tremor
from this shy young man,
stammerer in a foreign tongue—
Yes, to dance after dance, opening
like a flower in sun to all of us.

II

They arrive in time for the waltz,
his wife in flowing black dress
with tiny white constellations,
revolving like Gemini
around a sun only they can see,
a bump of new life rounding her waist—
a galaxy of stars
circled by my son's guiding arms.

III

His father lies buried in the field
near the house where our children
were born, where crickets
must be calling same as here,
where they augment fiddle and guitar
seeking mates in creation.

DINING WITH DARKNESS
BY JUDITH WALLER CARROLL

When darkness makes a place at the table,
I feed him and teach him what hospitality feels like,*

but like a difficult uncle, he refuses conversation,
just asks for more sauce to sop up with his bread
and eats all the raspberries.

When we adjourn to the drawing room
for a game of charades, he skulks in the corner
with the ill-tempered cat, calls for a brandy.

What else to do but roll up the rug and bring out
the fiddlers. There. He's tapping his toes,
the slightest hint of a smile turning up
at the edge of his mouth.

**First two lines are a quote by Adriene Crimson Coen*

THIS PARTICULAR DAWN
BY ROBERT L. PENICK

The old man walks home
with a box of donuts
under his arm.

His other, palsied hand
shakes like a whore
in church, spilling
a shower of coffee
onto the sidewalk.

Seven A.M. on a
Sunday morning.

Not even the birds
are awake.

He totters on,
spilling and shuffling.

Hoping to get home
with just a little bit
left.

Gossip
BY ALAN ELYSHEVITZ

You are
 they say
 a remarkable woman

At times
 they say
you faint from low
 pressure or low
 sugar

They say
you have two middling
 children
but speak only of
 the son

They say
an undergraduate
 coaxed
your husband
 into an empty room

And they say much more

They say
polar ice floes migrate day
 after day
to escape the solid North

They say
cauliflower proves the essential
 whiteness
of the world

They say
the governor of California
 is lighter
than air

They say too much

When your divorce was final
 they say
you dined with a man who does
 the same thing
you do to make ends
 meet
where they are meant
 to meet

He spilled wine in your
 spaghetti

Now
 they say
 he owns you

BAD START
BY LAURA GRACE WELDON

to the day, what with finding
feathers, then bodies
of two hens killed by hawks.
And power out, so I can't
work despite glaring deadlines.
Picking tomatoes and chard
for breakfast, I step on a bee
whose final act is to heave
her brave sword in my sole.
Startled, I skid on dew-wet grass,
fall sharply, my face whirling
a breath's distance from
a swath of roses
prickled with scarifying thorns

and laugh. I'd been soggy
cereal in the bowl,
mail dropped in a ditch,
a garden wizened by blight,
and now

foot in lap, I pinch
out the stinger,
stabbed by gratitude
for an insect's
venomous antidote.
Now all I see is a shining
curtain of light pulled open
to the third act of a comedy
performed the same time
it is lived.

THE WANING STARS
BY STEVE KLEPETAR

If, in these late days, our hearts have burnt
to ash, let us turn away from tortures

of the sun. Let us wade into cool waters
where frogs congregate at dawn.

There we can shrink down into our true
bodies, wet and sleek among lily pads.

Our tongues can flick and taste summer
as it shimmers on the lake. Together we

can watch it fly, long days peeling
away as hours glide by in the green heat.

Let us rain music on the desert places
of the earth. Let us sing together, melodies

rising deep from lungs up into our throats,
so that the waning stars can have their lullabye.

REMEMBRANCE
BY TOTI O'BRIEN

We met on grass, sand
dead leaves. Reclined of course.
Autumn ghost
you looped ends with ancient
beginnings. How I relished
your nameless status
your lack of age
spilled on me like a virus.

I abandoned my hand
into yours
with a question. Wake me up
when the moment comes
I whispered
while I slipped unconscious.
A slight pressure replied.

Then we loved
with the lightness of wind
on Sahara dunes.
Air dancing on dust.
The next thing I knew
you were dead.
The news came cold as stone.

But I kept my fist closed
for hours, as I did
when father in dreams
hid a marble inside it.
Or was it a seed?
Warmth trickling away slowly
slowly.

ONCE
BY JAMES PENHA

Upon a fig tree
a tiny pipit fresh
from the nest
searched for
caterpillars
but was forced
in the face to learn to fly
 of a butterfly
 twice its size.

NEEDLE OF THE PRESENT MOMENT
BY LOIS MARIE HARROD

aguja del instante presente, Circe Maia's "Rechazos"

The needle I can't thread . . .
see how the strand
frays into an impossible fan . . .

*Oh cross your heart and hope to die,
stick a needle in your eye,
my brother-in-law*

with his countless procedures,
retinal surgery, replacement of vitreous fluid.
And here I am, jealous in Stockholm,

look at those eyes, look at that skin.
My sister says my eyes haven't faded
which is almost true and odd,

because she always—past, present, perfect—
had the blacker eyes. Do you see why
mending takes so long?

Nothing in the blink of eye,
And beauty, how do we thread beauty
through the eye of the beholder?

*In silence flies fine fear,
needle of the present moment.*
Didn't Leonardo da Vinci ask,

*Why does the eye see a thing
more clearly in dreams
that the imagination when awake?—*

this from a man who could map
the landscape from above
as he was threading through it

far below on horseback.
Is this how we stitch now
to something like eternity?

POPPIES
BY NATALIE CRICK

The poppies smoulder,
Lit matches struck in the dark

Where we brought my sister's ashes
When her life wicked out.

Each red flower
Is black at the heart

Of every burning
Wide bloody mouth.

Sunlight shines through,
Translucent.

Excitement quivers.
It is Winter here.

Frost waits nearby,
Sharpening his scissors.

CONSTELLATIONS
BY MICKI BLENKUSH

The week before they close the Lake George rink
we gaze into Milky Way bubbles
trapped beneath layers of ice
as you would any galaxy about to die.

Stirred with a fire needing to burn,
I widen arcs around my family.
My daughter kneels as if to court the fish
trapped below. Shining schools

she would name and train
and rescue from all peril.
Her gravity moves her father
in narrow ellipses

around the warmth of their laughter
as he shows her how to skate backward.
She faces the wind,
curves her feet like an hourglass.

She turns in sharp angles
before falling with snowpants-padded whumps.
I squeeze the hood around my neck
to protect from bite of wind,

skate faster to keep warm.
My husband and I touch mittened hands
in silent passing.
I focus on small cracks

for they will trip you every time.
Beyond the scratched surface of the ice,
I see dendrites and neurons.
Microscoped slides of a mind viewed close

rather than the webbed dimensions
of the universe. The one time I fall,
I'm careful to go down slow.
As the wind spins me into sideways spiral,

one gloved hand reaches in a dangle
that feels almost graceful,
like a shooting star
before its lone descent.

CONTRIBUTORS

Janet Barry is a musician and poet with works published in numerous journals and anthologies, most recently *Little Lantern Press*, *Clementine*, *Snapdragon*, and *Third Wednesday*. She was Featured Poet in *Aurorean*, and has received several Pushcart and Best of the Net nominations, as well as having her poem, *Aubade*, chosen for inclusion in *BiLINE* (Best Indie Lit New England.) Janet holds degrees in organ performance and poetry.

Sarah Bigham teaches, paints, and writes in Maryland where she lives with her kind chemist wife, their three independent cats, and an unwieldy herb garden. Her work appears in *Bacopa*, *Entropy*, *Fourth & Sycamore*, *Pulse: Voices from the Heart of Medicine*, *Rabbit*, *skirt! Magazine*, and elsewhere. Find her at www.sgbigham.com.

CL Bledsoe is the assistant editor for *The Dead Mule* and author of fourteen books, most recently the poetry collection *Trashcans in Love* and the flash fiction collection *Ray's Sea World*. He lives in northern Virginia with his daughter.

Micki Blenkush lives in St. Cloud, Minnesota, and works as a social worker. She is a 2015 recipient of an emerging artist grant awarded by the Central Minnesota Arts Board, funded by the McKnight Foundation. Her writing has also appeared in *Sequestrum*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *Star 82 Review*, and elsewhere.

Jota Boombaba, when not on the road, writes in and around San Francisco, where he lives and kicks back with his son. Catch him most days at www.jotaboombaba.com.

Judith Waller Carroll is the author of *The Consolation of Roses*, winner of the 2015 Astounding Beauty Ruffian Press Poetry Prize, and *Walking in Early September* (Finishing Line Press, 2012). Her work appears in *Persimmon Tree*, *Fiftiness*, *Mom Egg Review*, *Clementine Journal*, *damsel fly press*, *Home* (Outrider Press, 2016), *River of Earth and Sky: Poems for the Twenty-first Century* (Blue Light Press, 2015), and *Joys of the Table* (Richer Resources Publications, 2015), among other journals and anthologies, and was nominated for Best of the Net. She lives in the Ouachita Mountains of Arkansas with her husband, the novelist Jerry Jay Carroll.

Michael Chin was born and raised in Utica, New York, and is a recent alum of Oregon State's MFA Program. He won *Bayou Magazine's* Jim Knudsen Editor's Prize for fiction and has work published or forthcoming in journals including *The Normal School*, *Passages North*, *Iron Horse*, *Front Porch*, and *Bellevue Literary Review*. He works as a contributing editor for *Moss* and blogs about professional wrestling and a cappella music on the side. Find him online at miketchin.com or follow him on Twitter [@miketchin](https://twitter.com/miketchin).

Natalie Crick, from Newcastle in the UK, has found delight in writing all of her life and first began writing when she was a very young girl. She graduated from Newcastle University with a

degree in English Literature and plans to pursue an MA at Newcastle this year. Her poetry has been published or is forthcoming in a range of journals and magazines including *The Lake, Ink Sweat and Tears, Poetry Pacific, Interpreters House* and *Jet Fuel Review*. Her work also features or is forthcoming in a number of anthologies, including *Lehigh Valley Vanguard Collections 13*. This year her poem, *Sunday School*, was nominated for the Pushcart Prize.

Jude Dillon was born in Kingston, Ontario. He graduated in English from Queen's and spent a few years as a news photographer, winning several awards. His poetry has been published in magazines online and in print, throughout Canada, the United States and Europe. The untitled poem in this issue of *Gyroscope Review* is from Jude's latest manuscript, *Let Me Know When You Get to Paris*. Two earlier collections of poems have been published - one by B House and one self-published. Solitary walks, guitar playing and reading are distractions that inspire. He lives in Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Alan Elyshevitz is a poet and short story writer from East Norriton, Pennsylvania. His collection of stories, *The Widows and Orphans Fund*, was published by Stephen F. Austin State University Press. In addition, he has published three poetry chapbooks, most recently *Imaginary Planet* (Cervena Barva). He is a two-time recipient of a fellowship in fiction writing from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts. Currently he teaches writing at the Community College of Philadelphia. For further information, go to <https://aelyshevitz.ink>.

Alexis Rhone Fancher is the author of *How I Lost My Virginity to Michael Cohen and other heart stab poems*, (2014), and *State of Grace: The Joshua Elegies*, (2015). She is published in *Best American Poetry 2016, Rattle, Slipstream, Hobart, Cleaver, Wide Awake: Poets of Los Angeles, H_NGM_N, The MacGuffin*, and elsewhere. Her photographs are published worldwide. A multiple Pushcart Prize and Best of The Net nominee, Alexis is poetry editor of *Cultural Weekly*, where she also publishes a monthly photo essay, *The Poet's Eye*, about her on-going love affair with Los Angeles. Find her at: www.alexisrhonefancher.com

Laura Foley is the author of five poetry collections, including *Joy Street, Syringa* and *Night Ringing*. Her poem, *Gratitude List*, won the Common Good Books poetry contest and was read by Garrison Keillor on *The Writer's Almanac*. Her poem, *Nine Ways of Looking at Light*, won the Joe Gouveia Outermost Poetry Contest, judged by Marge Piercy.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in *New Plains Review, Stillwater Review* and *Big Muddy Review* with work upcoming in *Louisiana Review, Cape Rock* and *Spoon River Poetry Review*.

Lois Marie Harrod's most recent collection, *Nightmares of the Minor Poet*, appeared in June from Five Oaks. Her chapbook, *And She Took the Heart*, appeared in January 2016, and her 13th and 14th poetry collections, *Fragments from the Biography of Nemesis* (Cherry Grove Press) and the chapbook *How Marlene Mae Longs for Truth* (Dancing Girl Press) appeared in 2013. *The Only Is* won the 2012 Tennessee Chapbook Contest (Poems & Plays), and *Brief Term*, a

collection of poems about teachers and teaching was published by Black Buzzard Press, 2011. *Cosmogony* won the 2010 Hazel Lipa Chapbook (Iowa State). She is widely published in literary journals and online ezines from *American Poetry Review* to *Zone 3*. She teaches creative writing at The College of New Jersey. Links to her online work at www.loismarieharrod.org.

Sabrina Hicks is a poet and writer living in the Southwest. She was the Grand Prize winner of the *Writer's Digest* 85th Annual Writing Competition for her short story, *Blink*, and has published several poems online at *Poetry Breakfast* and *The Drabble*, as well as her own site, sshicks.wordpress.com.

Mike Jurkovic is a 2016 Pushcart nominee whose poetry and musical criticism have appeared in over 400 publications.

Steve Klepetar's work has received several nominations for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. The latest of his nine collections include *My Son Writes a Report on the Warsaw Ghetto* and *The Li Bo Poems*, both from Flutter Press. His book, *Family Reunion*, is forthcoming from Big Table Publishing.

Kristian Kuhn lives in Fairport, New York. He is a graduate of Brown University and has been teaching for several years in the SUNY system.

Greg Lyons lives in Oakland and is currently seeking collaborative partners.

A retired English teacher, **Suzanne Rogier Marshall** has published professional articles, poetry, and a book on teaching writing. Her poems have appeared recently or are forthcoming in *Watershed Review*, *U.S. 1 Worksheets*, *Tinderbox Poetry Journal*, *The Tule Review*, and *Freshwater* as well as other journals and anthologies. Her first chapbook, *Blood Knot*, was released in June 2015 (Porkbelly Press). When not scribbling poetry, you might find Suzanne swinging her tai chi sword or hiking the New Hampshire mountains with her husband.

Mark J. Mitchell studied writing at UC Santa Cruz under Raymond Carver, George Hitchcock and Barbara Hull. His work has appeared in various periodicals over the last 35 years, as well as anthologies including *Good Poems*, *American Places*. It has also been nominated for Pushcart Prizes and The Best of the Net. He has three chapbooks in print: *Lent 1999*, (Leaf Garden), *Three Visitors* (Negative Capability Press) and *Artifacts and Relics* (Folded Word) and a novel, *Knight Prisoner*, (Vagabondage Press). Another novel, *The Magic War*, is available from Loose Leaves Publishing. He lives in San Francisco with his wife, the documentarian Joan Juster.

Toti O'Brien's poetry has appeared in *Extract(s)*, *Gyroscope Review*, *The Lightning Key*, and *Surreal Poetics*, among other journals and anthologies.

A native New Yorker, **James Penha** has lived for the past quarter-century in Indonesia. He has been nominated for Pushcart Prizes in fiction and in poetry. His essay, *It's Been a Long Time*

Coming, was featured in *The New York Times* Modern Love column in April 2016. Penha edits *TheNewVerse.News*, an online journal of current-events poetry. Find him on Twitter: [@JamesPenha](#).

Robert L. Penick's work has appeared in over 100 different literary journals, including *The Hudson Review*, *North American Review*, and *Plainsongs*. He lives in Louisville, Kentucky, with his free-range box turtle, Sheldon. More of his work can be found at www.theartofmercy.net.

Ron Pullins is a writer and playwright in Tucson, Arizona, whose works have been read or produced on stage at such theaters across the country as Madlab, Mildred's Umbrella, Whistler in the Dark, Rebelyard, Revolution Theater, No Shame Theater, Actors Studio of Newburyport, and Abbie Hoffman Died For Your Sins Festival, among others. His fiction and poetry have appeared in *Shenandoah*, *Kansas Quarterly*, on line at *Box of Jars*, *Sourland Review*, *Steeltoe Review*, and *Oasis*, among others.

Jennifer A. Reimer's first book of prose poetry, *The Rainy Season Diaries*, was published by Quale Press in 2013. Her poetry and fiction have appeared in *Our Stories*, *The Denver Quarterly*, *The Berkeley Poetry Review*, *The Chaffey Review*, *580 Split*, *Tinfish*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Weave*, *Zoland*, and *14 Hills*. She has an MFA in Writing from the University of San Francisco and a PhD in Ethnic Studies from UC Berkeley. Jennifer is the co-founder and co-editor of *Achiote Press*. She currently lives and works in Ankara, Turkey, where she is an assistant professor of American Culture and Literature.

henry 7. reneau, jr. writes words in fire to wake the world ablaze: free verse illuminated by courage that empathizes with all the awful moments, launching a freight train warning that blazes from the heart, like a chambered bullet exploding inadvertently. His poetry collection, *freedomland blues* (Transcendent Zero Press, 2014), was released in September of 2014. He also has an e-chapbook, entitled *physiography of the fittest* (Kind of a Hurricane Press, 2014), which was released in December of 2014. Additionally, he has self-published a chapbook entitled *13hirteen Levels of Resistance*, and is currently working on a book of connected short stories. He is a Pushcart Prize nominee.

Jane Roop is a retired financial broker living in Kennewick, Washington.

Raji A. Samuel is a writer of prose and poetry from Ibadan, Nigeria. Find him on Twitter: [@rasamuelng](#).

Amber Scott graduated from Montclair State University as an English bachelorette in May 2016. Amber enjoys challenging egalitarian-inspired conversations, blasting music while cooking and cleaning so she can drink and sing obnoxiously, and watching Bob's Burgers on a loop.

Claire Scott is an award-winning poet who has been nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize. Her work has been accepted by the *Atlanta Review*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Healing Muse* and *Vine Leaves Literary Journal* among others. Her first book of poetry, *Waiting to be Called*, was published in 2015. She is the co-author of *Unfolding in Light: A Sisters' Journey in Photography and Poetry*.

Terry Severhill resides in Vista, California, with his best friend and wife of 40 years. He gardens, does peer-to-peer counseling with veterans with PTSD, and writes as much as he can. He is a regular at several spoken-word open mics around San Diego County.

Marian Kaplun Shapiro is the author of a professional book, *Second Childhood* (Norton, 1988), a poetry book, *Players In The Dream, Dreamers In The Play* (Plain View Press, 2007) and two chapbooks: *Your Third Wish*, (Finishing Line, 2007); and *The End Of The World, Announced On Wednesday* (Pudding House, 2007). A Quaker and a psychologist, her poetry often embeds the topics of peace and violence by addressing one within the context of the other. A resident of Lexington, she is a five-time Senior Poet Laureate of Massachusetts. She was nominated for the Pushcart Prize in 2012.

Kelly Terwilliger's poems have appeared in journals including *Cider Press Review*, *Comstock Review*, *Inflectionist Review*, and *Nimrod*. Her chapbook, *A Glimpse of Oranges*, was published by Finishing Line Press, and a full length collection of poems is forthcoming in 2017 with Airlie Press.

Laura Grace Weldon is the author of a poetry collection titled *Tending* and a handbook of alternative education, *Free Range Learning*. She lives on a small farm where she'd get more done if she didn't spend so much time reading library books, cooking weird things, and singing to livestock. Her poetry appears in various anthologies as well as *J Journal*, *Literary Mama*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Flyover Country Review*, *Dressing Room Poetry Journal*, *Mom Egg Review*, *Red River Review*, *Rose & Thorn Journal*, *Penman Review*, *Shot Glass Journal*, and others. Connect with her at lauragraceweldon.com

Ed Werstein, spent years in manufacturing and union activity before his muse awoke and dragged herself out of bed. He advocates for peace and against corporate power. He is the East Region VP of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets and a member of the Hartford Avenue Poets. Ed's poetry has appeared in *Verse Wisconsin*, *Blue Collar Review*, *Stoneboat* and *Gyroscope Review*, among others. His chapbook, *Who Are We Then?*, was published in 2013 (Partisan Press).

ANNOUNCING SUBMISSIONS FOR OUR APRIL 2017 SECOND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

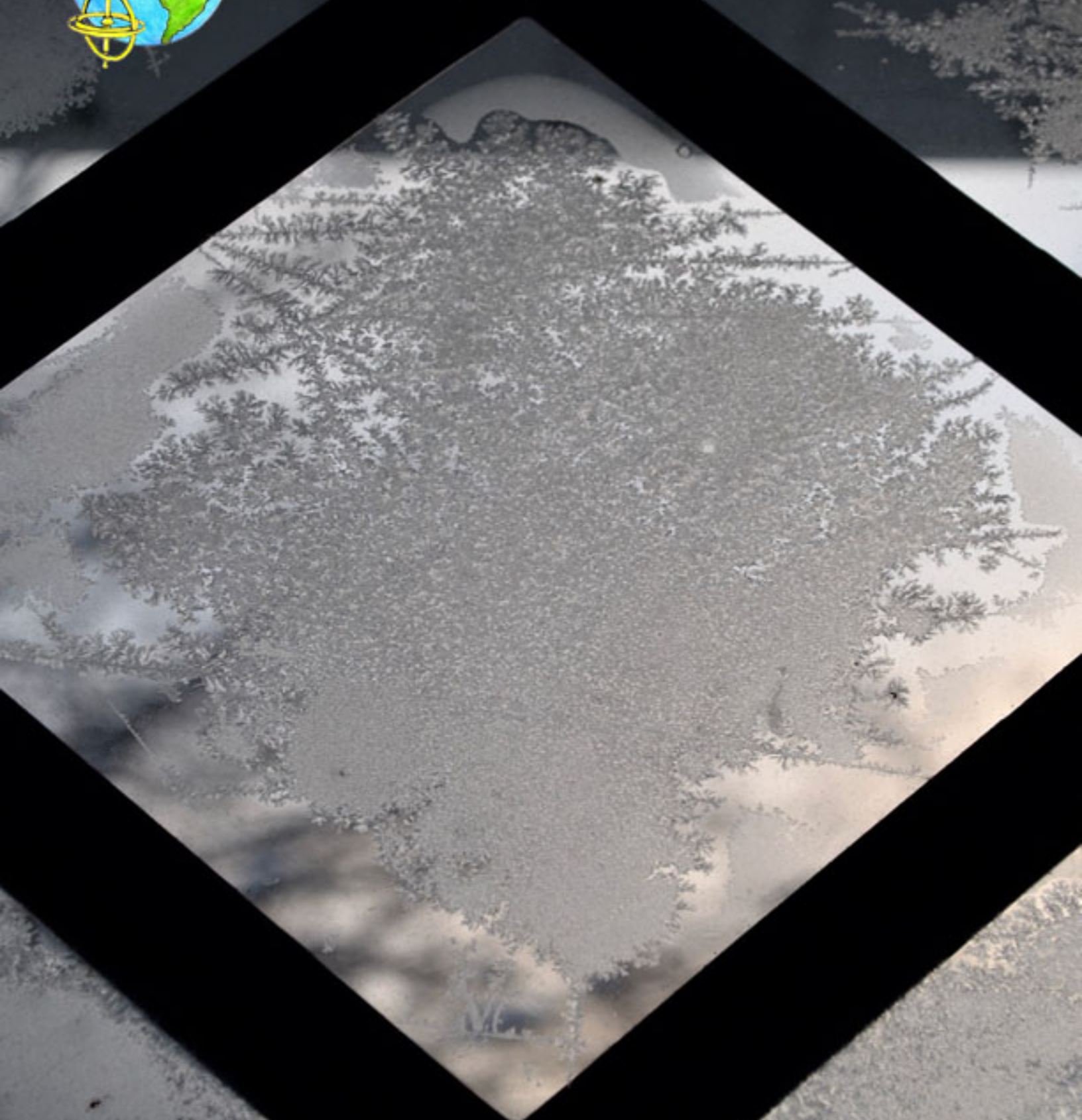
In addition to our regular submissions, we invite poets to send work to our themed submission category, “Planting Ourselves”. In the moving, transient world, how do you plant yourself? Do you plant yourself in place or are you a tumbleweed who scatters bits over a wide area? Are your roots shallow or deep? Are you a perennial or an annual? Must you be carried to a new place via a power other than your own? Dig deeply. Unearth your own gems.

The themed submission category as well as our regular submissions will be open January 1-March 15, 2017. Please read our full guidelines, available at <http://www.gyroscopereview.com/home/guidelines/>, before submitting.



Gyroscope Review

Fine poetry to turn your world around



Issue 17-1
www.gyroskopereview.com

