

# *Gyroscope Review*

*Fine poetry to turn your world around*



*Issue 16-4*

*Fall 2016 The 'Honor' Issue*







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Fall 2016

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Constance Brewer & Kathleen Cassen Mickelson  
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## FROM THE EDITORS

Welcome to our first issue with a theme. When Constance and I decided to issue a call for poems with some underlying idea about honor, we hoped that we would get pieces that went beyond people in uniform. We wanted poets to explore the ideas that hold the very foundation of honor. How do we learn it? Who teaches us? How do we show honor, act with honor, feel honored? But in this contentious election season, and with the recent 15th anniversary of 9-11, thinking about honor beyond the obvious images of military and politics proved to be difficult. But perhaps that is the conversation we desperately need to have: how to be honorable in the face of ferocious disagreements about how to live in this world.

And that is the task of a poet or any other artist: figuring out how to define what is happening around us, how to hold it up for others to consider. We offer you 11 poems that came in at the behest of our themed call, and they are the most varied group we could assemble from the submissions we received. These pieces cover war, of course, both current and past, as well as human rights, hard work, acceptance, courage. They consider the aftermath of honorable service, the history that honorable acts create.

We've nestled the honor poems in their own special section in the middle of this issue. Our regular submissions, as we've come to expect, are widely varied. We love reading what poets are thinking about. We love seeing all the different styles and structures poets employ to get their ideas across. Relationships, home, nature, and details of everyday life are constant sources of poetic inspiration.

If you are so inclined, after you have read this issue, let us know what inspires you.

*Kathleen Cassen Mickelson, Editor*

In this quarter's publication we ask, "How do you define honor?". It wouldn't be fair to pose that question without attempting to answer it ourselves. At first glance there would appear to be somewhat of a dichotomy between honor and poetry. What does one have to do with the other?

It's interesting that discussions of honor usually focus on the military, as Kathleen states in her editorial. We look to the military as a sort of John Wayne keeper of our honor, content in the idea the military will do the honorable things for us, so we don't have to think about it. It may surprise you to learn I served in the U.S. Army. I come from a family of military veterans and grew up hearing stories of service in WWII, Korea, and Vietnam. Service was a duty my relatives felt obligated to do. They went without resentment. They served, and when the time came, they got out and came home. It was no big deal. They did it because it had to be done. They did it because it was expected of them - by themselves and others. They did it because it was the right thing to do.

That was what was imparted to me growing up. Do the right thing. Even when you don't feel like it, even when it's hard. Sometimes you will have to buck the crowd and do something unpopular. You will be the voice of dissent. You will do it because it's the right thing to do. Nobody said honor was easy. We can look to others to be our example, but sooner or later you have to stand up and be counted. Don't take the easy way out. Do what's right. That is honor to me. This is what I look for in poetry. Does the poem stand up, stand out? Does it avoid the easy ending, the clichés, and dig deep for what matters? Is it true to itself? Honor matters - in everything.

*Constance Brewer, Editor*

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# POEMS



**A MOMENT OF SILENCE**  
BY VERN FEIN

Today they called for a moment of silence.  
After violence, a moment of silence.  
No one ever killed in a moment of silence.  
No bombings or shots in a moment of silence.  
Hold a moment of silence  
For the rest of time.

**AUTUMN DAWN**  
BY KIM BAKER

lingering Moon  
jilted lover  
flaunts its satellite skirts  
pulled up into sexy crescents  
flirts with Earth  
who can't commit  
prefers to spin

Moon blames its aging craters  
lunar moods  
as Earth  
no longer moonstruck  
turns gamma gaga  
towards Sun  
no matter that Moon can  
perigee and apogee when  
all Sun can do is  
pose

but oh  
that fiery magnetism  
solar glare  
come hither stare  
eclipses Earth's yearning for  
the tenderness of gloaming

and so  
wilting Moon hovers  
hoping her lover  
fickle but wistful  
might pause this once  
quash this starlet infatuation  
fall back under the covers  
for an ice age  
for an hour

**DOING THE MATH**  
BY JANE COLLINS

Unless time can be rounded  
up or down, unless angles  
let us figure how  
love gets bounded by  
an idea of division,  
then I can't find  
the difference, can't equate  
this moment with loss  
or gain. You can calculate  
infinity if you hold  
not more than,  
not less than,  
this moment.

**IMAGINE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A BRIDGE**  
**IMAGINE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A GAME OF HOPSCOTCH**  
**IMAGINE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A FAT CAT**  
BY KIT KENNEDY

1.

You're seven in a friend's car thinking  
her Dad will drive up the bridge cables.  
Petrified and silent, wondering why  
your parents didn't prepare you.

2.

Someone stumbles upon an abandoned game  
of hopscotch. Analyzes the markings  
evidence of an early civilization  
steeped in runes.

3.

Then you awake to morning light  
through blinds which the cat rearranges  
into the ideogram  
*emptybowl.*



**ONCE UPON A TIME**  
BY ADEN THOMAS

Somewhere the world begins.  
A book opens. A toddler stands.  
The air smells like cinnamon.  
A man lies in the branches of a cottonwood tree.  
He notices the leaves flow like waves  
just before they glide into the shore.  
A seagull, thinking he's an albatross,  
flies into the fist of circumpolar winds.  
Spanish syllables let loose their hounds.  
Soon you're running with the pack  
gathering dandelions under the moonlight.  
A poet swallows lava. The legend opens true.  
His tongue forks lighting.  
A old woman takes her last breath.  
Her hand opens. A white carnation  
blooms inside her palm.

**A HANKERING AFTER THE HERBACEOUS**  
BY OONAH V JOSLIN

Maybe I like  
the way weeds grow  
during heavy rain  
steam rising  
visible heat  
from stone to stem  
the droop, drip, drop  
rose petals to ground  
the sky in a lily flower  
how leaves turn.

Maybe I like  
the snail's progress  
up damp brickwork  
how coarse grass lies limp  
water courses down glass  
a vertical drench  
turns toy windmills  
quarter by quarter spilling  
from the tips  
of foxgloves.

Maybe I love  
the way mint reflects freshness  
chives reflect heat  
rhubarb creaks as it grows  
sea holly spikes  
my strange cocktail of a garden.  
I drink it all in  
and who are you to criticise?  
I may not have a gardener's eye  
but they're my weeds.

**ON THE ROAD EAST OF THE RED BARN**  
BY PAT ANTHONY

Deep in the woods, we sit the grey plank  
bridge above the creek, no more really  
than three 4 x 12's with a bit of framing.  
Too narrow for the county mowers so  
everything's grown up into bowers and  
caves, poison ivy, smilax, horse weeds.  
Sometimes, if the water's low, a turtle  
will share a rock with a speck of sun,  
but it's mostly dappled shade, damp  
and rank, green mud, leaf drift. Go  
farther east past the farm with all  
the dogs and you can count frogs  
beside the arrowhead, but here  
it's just the silence above and  
beneath those splintered timbers,  
the smell of air so ripe it drips.

**MY DEAR**  
BY KEITH MOUL

Given almost no time at all,  
you'll begin a song.  
Without reminders of classics,  
you'll sing  
*du wa diddie, zip scat zip.*

I am confident that you will do this  
whether you bake in the sun  
or you drench in the rain  
or you clutch any anchor in the wind.

It doesn't pay to be too hip,  
*du wa diddie, zip scat zip.*

**STEREO**  
BY GEOFFREY ANDERSON

Uncle got grandma's stereo  
to play music louder than she did,

bass dropping onto the hardwood  
until B.B. unplugged his guitar.

It's strange using another person's tools  
the first time she is gone.

Turning the volume right after months  
of silence, the voice that escapes

could shake this house  
even if it whispered.

**STUCK BETWEEN STATIONS**  
BY DAVID COLODNEY

After I'm dead, I'm sure my kids will curse me  
for leaving the burden of sorting through my possessions,  
scattered random papers, boxes and notebooks  
shoved, pages bent, on shelves, ripped, yellowing.  
Stacks of books in the closet, stealing space folded jeans  
and sweaters should hold.

A man can accumulate a lot of worthlessness in his life.  
I may as well sift through this now, revisit  
my own history, place this stuff in its context, its time.

I find a spiral notebook and touch it like velvet,  
twirling the ripped shreds embedded in those metal rings,  
seeing my college girlfriend's swirling penmanship  
on paper thinner than my hair.

I can't let the kids think they're obligated to keep any of this.  
I think of George Carlin's routine about how all his shit was stuff  
and all my stuff was shit.

It's all shit to someone who didn't live the back story,  
days chronicled upon days until they become lives  
driving in circles, pushing buttons on car radios,  
drifting in the atmosphere  
stuck between stations.



**MINIMALISM**  
BY GARRETT HOFFMAN

Ever since the  
clocks fell back, as if  
in surrender, a lot  
more than just the sunset  
has been manipulated.

The infrequent spells  
of sleep are now being  
accompanied by headaches,  
a wicked cocktail I wasn't  
prepared for.

And the actual alcohol  
that usually fuels my step has  
now dried up, in sync  
with my wallet,  
leaving me reminiscent of  
a bobble-head during  
an earthquake.

Everything is shrinking:  
the importance of love,  
the value of time,  
the strength in my voice,  
my life into boxes,  
all reduced to measly  
white shadows.

I've paid for almost  
everything I own and  
yet I feel as if all  
that I own is someday soon  
going to make me pay,  
like a dependable premonition.

I like to tell people that I  
Tripped into my minimalist  
Life, prodded by circumstance  
And the illusion of choice, but I  
Hold on to the precious truth,  
Rightly afraid that it might,  
In the hour of my reckoning,  
Be all I have left.

**AT HOME**  
BY IRIS N. SCHWARTZ

I. “Have all your friends over.  
Everyone’s welcome,” they said.  
Tall Dora with deep coffee skin,  
plump Sharon, café au lait,  
Elyse, nearly translucent, freckled,  
Lina, olive by June:  
We combed a Barbie doll’s straight hair.  
With her tiny nose, pale-Band-Aid skin,  
and exaggerated hourglass shape,  
she resembled none of us.

II. My parents hired painters  
to double-coat all rooms of our house.  
One year, the painter,  
a slim black man,  
took my mother up  
on her offer of cold orange juice  
on a blistering August day.  
I prayed he didn’t catch her  
placing his drained glass  
in a corner of the sink, and,  
later, washing it twice.

III. My father’s brother,  
during coffee and pie,  
whispered to my parents  
tales of “Sambos” and “jigaboos.”  
(I’d never heard these words, but  
understood them in context.)  
After he left for Long Island,  
I asked my mother  
why neither she nor Daddy  
stood up to him.  
“Oh, that’s just George,” she  
batted the air.  
“That’s how he is. What can you do?”

III. In my Brooklyn neighborhood,  
some Italians and Jews used code:  
Black people were *moulinians* (eggplants)  
and *shvartzers* (blacks).  
When those epithets became  
familiar to their subjects,  
my Jewish mother spoke of *kuzines*.  
“They won’t know it’s them,” she explained,  
“if we use the word for cousins.”

**COMING HOME**  
BY PAT ANTHONY

I'm crossing the Zócalo, alligator heels clicking across the cobblestones, blisters burning the backs of my feet, marbling my toes. I keep half an eye on where I'm going, the other on the deep, darkness hovering in doorways, the whispered *Buenas noches, Señora*. I don't bother to correct them, but it's as if they can see my swelling belly, the baby lurching with my uneven steps, the swing of my bag. I head for the cross street leading into the Colonia, the lights burning from the concrete framed windows in their faded pastels like women in worn out dresses, bare feet tucked into the extra folds. Tonight there will be nothing but empty air, faces with flaming cheeks from the hot liquor but no food, the rind of lemons still in the sink. I search for a piece of bread left over from the children's breakfast. Ease off the shoes. Why, he asks me, after a day of playing fútbol, don't you take the bus? I look at the socks thrown on the floor, gone grey with road dust and again, have no reply.

**BITTERSWEET**  
BY KIM BAKER

There is never a good time to break up.  
Something always makes you doubt yourself.  
It's Christmas.  
She claims to be changing.  
Your mother loves her, the way she brightens up Thanksgiving.  
But her cherry eyes, green sleeves,  
the way she wraps herself around everything you love  
feels smothering.  
So. When to say enough.  
Summer is no good.  
She hides inside the evergreen.  
And once, at a May Day picnic,  
she got so wild,  
she embraced the leg of a guest.  
Face it.  
She's a flirt.  
Maybe you can't just break up.  
Last fall, after watching QVC,  
you threatened her with a pearl-handled axe.  
Kill her pretty.  
Then, preserve her like so many dried vines.  
You know winter is best.  
She hangs around until autumn abscission.  
Then, every leaf exposes her location.  
The delicate yellow flowers she wears in her hair.  
The coquettish red accessories.  
You love her in autumn.  
You release her from the tree begging you  
to obliterate her with your potions,  
so you bring her inside to finish dying.  
See. You can't split with this exquisite siren.  
You find her more beautiful as window dressing.  
Display her in all her November spectacle.  
You've done better than break up.  
You've tamed her.



**SOUVENIR**  
BY MICKEY KULP

His pride was a useless  
souvenir from younger  
days, a cracked  
thing with peeling paint  
that sat in his blind  
spot, like a junk  
plastic pendant on a  
carnival necklace  
that had blown around  
to dangle between  
his shoulder blades  
on the bike ride home.

**THE THING ABOUT YOUR DAD**  
BY KARI GUNTER-SEYMOUR

I could lay on the guilt.  
Say if you hate your dad  
you'll end up like him.  
Bitch your own Karma.  
Not like if you got caught  
with a joint or skanked  
on someone's girlfriend.  
I'm talking about *divine decree*.

I would be the first to admit  
heartless disregard is the worst.  
Not even a postcard  
the whole time you were in Iraq.  
Though there was that one summer  
he taught you all the words  
to *Rubber Soul* and to shave  
even before you needed to.

Face it: he's a phenomenal liar.  
Off the tracks more than a little,  
he said it made him mental,  
thinking of ways other people  
could fuck up perfectly good lives.

You're wasting years, Son.  
Simple math.  
A person can't go around  
telling people what to do with their lives  
as long as he has  
without eventually believing  
he knows what he's talking about.

# THE HONOR POEMS

*A GYROSCOPE REVIEW*  
SPECIAL SECTION

**PETITION #21485637**  
BY JENNIFER CLARK

We heard Ellen  
roasted George's  
wife an apple.

She is small,  
very good looking,  
sound and healthy.

Not the apple. Ellen.

The apple—once cut  
open by the wife—  
was rather unusual.

Slavery wasn't  
suing Ellen. So,  
after she swept

and cleaned, made  
beds, and folded fine  
linens, she poked

a hole in the apple,  
filled it with mercury,  
scraped from the back

side of a gilded mirror.  
Passed down,  
like a number

of things from our late  
father's estate, she may  
be sold, we pray.

Ellen. Not the mirror.

Just like that boy  
of forty-five the Wilsons  
sought the court's

permission to sell—  
Sam, his name was—  
a prolific source

of trouble, wild,  
ungovernable, well, we  
as do all our neighbors,

fear Ellen has the same  
immoral attributes  
and vicious habits.

Oh, praise be Honorable  
Samuel D. Frierson Chancellor  
for petition granted.

**SERVITUDE**  
BY LUCIAN CARTER

It's the smoke that gets to you.

Not fetching gallon after gallon of water.

Not having to spew praise like a sycophant.

Not the constant hauling and shuffling of priceless loot you'll never get to spend.

Not polishing the scales.

No.

When a dragon offers to spare your life in exchange for servitude, think long and hard.

It's the smoke that gets to you.

## HANDS

BY JENNIFER HOLLEY LUX

I will wash my hands. With water, with soap. I will wash with vigor. And often. Today, I touched machines both inside and out. Their greased gears. Their levers handled by one thousand men. Before I touch myself again, I will rid myself of dirt that stains my clothes and of germs that sink unnoticed into my pores. I will make myself worthy of touch. I will wash my hands of the fights of yesterday and ready them for the fights of today. The work is hard. My hands are raw. In the morning, after I step out of the shower, I view my long, white body behind the fog in the mirror. My red hands dangle from my long, white arms like someone else's hands sewn onto my wrists. Too much lifeblood fills my hands. I cannot control what they will do. Late last night, for instance, I walked into a doughnut shop to wash my hands. A woman stood in my way. She would not let me past the line. My hands, they hit her. I said "I'm sorry," but no one heard because everyone was yelling and the lights were bright. The strangers in the shop surprised me by pointing at my chest instead of my hands. They cannot see inside me. They cannot see what I have done right. The nights I listened for morning birds, letting a woman beside me sleep. Not touching her at all. Sometimes my hands don't listen. They go their own way. I am blamed for this. If people saw how I hold back. If they saw how many bruises I have not let happen because I hold back, they would love me. At every step, my hands are part of me yet are not. Like wings on a bird. You see? My hands, they fly.

**BATTLEFIELD**  
BY EILEEN MALONE

An engraved brass sign proclaims  
this field as an historical  
battle site

to the rest of us born here  
poor and remaining poor

it makes very little difference  
what was fought for

or who won

this war happened  
because the ones who started it  
thought they could win

but it's the rats and cholera  
that won

you already knew  
all of this?

of course you did

we are all tourists visiting  
one battlefield after another

we all know better



**AN ADMIRABLE VIRGIN OF ADVANCED AGE**  
BY JENNIFER CLARK

Apollonia stands rooted in faith, even as  
stones and fists strike her face, again and again.  
The Romans threaten to burn her alive unless  
she bows to their heathen idols. She refuses.

Fists again, bashing her once beautiful, Egyptian face.  
Teeth crackle in her mouth, remaining ones wrenched  
out with pincers. This deaconess who inspired many  
to convert to Christianity is offered one final chance  
to cast aside her God.

She draws breath as if to speak, quieting the crowd.  
With last scrap of freedom, Apollonia offers up a silent  
sermon, heaving her broken body into the fire.

There is no record indicating who plucked her bones  
from the ashes. Her splintered jaw is now on display  
at St. Basil's, teeth lodged like sacred bullets in churches  
throughout Europe. The tooth as relic, under the microscope.  
This is what is gleaned of faith:

upper premolar, all angle and arch, resembles a small church.  
The tooth, ripped from its once pleasing u-shaped congregation,  
is covered in a cracked, white coat; edge pearled, quite rare.  
Kidney-shaped surface, a gnawing prayer.

*Note: Appollonia is considered the Patron Saint of Dentists. She died in 249 A.D.*

**SEEN THE MOVIE**  
BY LEE CHILCOTE

When I was eight or nine  
I asked my father if he'd killed anyone.  
He shook his head.

"We didn't see much action," he said  
as if Vietnam were just a long walk  
in the jungle.

I pictured men in camouflage playing poker  
and flipping through girlie mags,  
waiting for the enemy.

Did you ever get shot?

Dad thought a minute.  
"There was one time.  
I was pinned against a tree.  
There was a guy shooting at me  
and I couldn't go anywhere."

My father, who had volunteered  
and become a platoon captain at 24,  
had five or six stories like that.

So what happened? I asked.  
"He ran out of bullets."

On Saturday nights, he watched war movies on TV,  
the bottles from a six-pack  
stacking up in the sink.

He dozed in the recliner,  
glassy-eyed and listless.  
We crawled over him as the credits rolled.

Is that what it was like, Dad?  
"Not really," he said.

**DIGNITY OF SLEEP**  
BY JOHN C. MANNONE

The teakettle steamed.  
A blue bowl teetered on the edge  
of the table, half-full of lentils and rice.  
He stared at it for most the night,

watched it congeal, his eyes still glued  
on the cold black-and-white paste  
when they came for him. He took  
his last sip of hot water with honey.

Straggly hair curtained his hard brown  
eyes; morning sun piercing the glint in them.  
In and out of shadows, his face washed  
with shades of blankness. And his mouth,

once again too dry to spit at the man  
chanting prayers. His long shuffle  
to the scaffold, no longer prolonged  
by emptiness of night—the sun always

climbs faster in the dawn—as fast as  
a black hood would settle over his head,  
a new kind of darkness falling.  
What did he yell into its silence?

Indignant epithets, the muffled  
*Shahada* mumbling through draped  
sackcloth? No ashes at his feet.  
But he must have heard the deafening

cries in that darkness sift through  
dirt, through graves of thousands,  
to threads hanging next to his ears:  
all the ghosts of gallows, plaintive wails

of spirits of the dead, Kurds massacred  
—Barzani, Sardasht, Anfal—  
for a moment, resurrected  
to jeer at the indignity of their long wait.

The executioner yanked the lever,  
gravity heaving the body through  
where the floor was, until the snap  
of his neck stopped the fall. His torso

twirled with the hemp rope, twisting,  
untwisting, swayed as an effigy  
tethered between heaven and hell,  
but hell dragging it down.

His body, slumped over, swung  
in elegant pirouettes, quivering  
as it vacated bodily fluids,  
his spirit ushering out

while tea in the backroom still steamed,  
its vapors fading with his.

*Sadam Hussein was executed on Dec 30, 2006 at 06:00 local time for crimes against humanity*

**OFF SIDE**  
BY CHERYL J. FISH

Prepared for rain, we arrive early wearing ponchos  
Search for soccer field number two, Red Hook, Brooklyn  
In striking distance of Ikea's flagship  
Stockholm-on-the-Gowanus  
Blackened factories, ships' containers  
Trucks fire up tacos, serve plantains and guava drinks

Our team gets called off-side  
Again and again, a whistle, a hand, nothing counts  
A foot might wedge or pivot in air  
And end up east or west, anywhere  
They don't stand a chance against the bulky Latino strikers  
elbows gnash their bony-boy physiques  
in fancy uniforms, shiny red-and-yellow cleats  
Our coach's panicky indignation fails to ignite passion  
The ball arrives first  
The others barrel it into our net when we miss  
Their siblings mock-kick on the sidelines, a dog runs on the field.

Losing takes grace.  
I head to the truck for a shake  
Amid whistles, bewilderment  
One boy boots a crushed Pepsi can  
Into the blinding sun.

**WORKING HARD**  
BY ANN BRACKEN

I move through the sea of men in gray  
as they gather in the library for the show.  
Posters on the wall encourage reading, working hard.

One man approaches me and offers his hand.  
*I'm getting out in a few weeks, he tells me. I really need a job.*  
“What have they taught you in the prison?” I ask.

He shrugs his shoulders. *All we have here is GED classes  
and I finished them a long time ago.*  
Our eyes search each other's faces.

“I'll pray for you,” is all I can give.  
When I ask another man what would have made school meaningful,  
he nearly charges at me, raises his hands over his head,

moving them in time with his words.  
*Nonviolent conflict resolution. They're teaching us now,  
but we needed it a long time ago.*

**MICAJAH “CAJOE” PHILLIPS, 1736?-1861**

BY JENNIFER CLARK

Good at getting passengers  
one place to another, Micajah  
gets his old self to Waterford,  
becomes a grand conductor.

*This here is mighty fine work.  
Laying down tracks of hope  
that will not burn. To and fro.  
Riding folks to paradise.*

As a mansion smolders  
in the night, Micajah  
helps the people  
go.

**MIDDLE EAST VETERAN'S WIFE**  
BY KARI GUNTER-SEYMOUR

Sunshine finds you on the sofa,  
heat inching forehead to chest,  
stillness with a tremble of movement.  
Sacred in that landscape,  
where sleep knits real and unreal.

They say your mama was a whisperer,  
reaching out to stray or wounded.  
Not just dogs and cats, but crows,  
mice, once a raccoon.  
Her eyes, that touch,  
silent words from a language  
she somehow knew she had—  
for wellness or the good death.

Soon he will wake,  
stumble from the bedroom.  
You will love him even as he screams,  
a rapid fire of bitter words, despair  
like fever dampening his upper lip,  
eyes feral, memories in flashes and arcs,  
chaotic, like mongrels  
spilling through a torn fence.  
He imagines himself as being held  
in some kind of pen, waiting  
to be released back into his life.

Edging up, you'll breathe his name  
like a secret, reach out, give off a glimmer  
of something like light, or hope.





### **How do you define honor?**

*Story Stones from the Minnesota Military Family Tribute, St. Paul, Minnesota.  
Photo by Kathleen Cassen Mickelson 2016.*

**PSALM TO FIRE LONG EXTINGUISHED**  
BY KIT KENNEDY

Knew this barrel of embers wasn't hell  
Knew this place couldn't be reached by car  
Knew this heat needed matches not anger  
Knew the lilac bushes paid the fire no mind  
Knew the unsmiling neighbor standing guard  
Knew this was the hue of my favorite shoes  
Knew this was magic

**THE PHILISTINE SKULL**  
BY DARYL MURANAKA

I scream or laugh.  
After 3000 years  
who can really tell  
anymore? My open  
jaw, my stony teeth  
taunt you,  
your lack of progress,  
of imagination. Here  
I am disembodied,  
broken, with no nose  
for my effort,  
being handled  
and brushed  
and washed  
across my dimpled face,  
and still here I am  
with more life  
than you.

**TORCH FISHERS**  
BY JOHN N. MILLER

Dusk is brief so near the tropics  
where darkness snaps shut like a lid  
on the horizon following sunset,

with no long wait  
for the salt wash of the sea  
to ebb under a new moon,

draining the fringe of reef  
off Ka'a'awa. Look for the torches'  
orange flames rising from the past

stretching their glow on shallow water  
toward your vantage point on shore.  
Through a whiff of kelp breathe deeply—

smell the kerosene-fed flames  
fueled from rag-stuffed canisters.  
You can't make out the dusky figures

holding their torches—fishermen  
probing with twin-pronged spears for squid,  
impaling light-stunned food fish,

*kumu* or *mo'ano*. You won't know  
whether I'm still one of them,  
the smallest and least successful,

if I have a vantage point on shore,  
or if I'm a continent away.  
No matter which darkness clamps down quickly;

when the moon is new and the tide low,  
look for the reef that fringes Ka'a'awa  
to spout orange flames once more.

**PEONIES**  
BY BETH MCDONOUGH

Through Junes I urge your frail buds –  
burst! Offer oriental pallor, pink  
your scent delicacy here. After all,

those fast ruddy cousins spill  
heavy heads, to ruby up  
their shrubbery. Yet, annually you

teeter, nervous into next month, when  
you can ravish blackbirds as I holiday  
elsewhere. I return in rotting rains

find all your presents opened – already  
spent. Nonetheless, I can't quite  
grub you up and now, unexpectedly you

arrest me. Before I reach the stoop-  
full sapling's plums, before the year falls  
dark, you stop me with your leaves' red light.

**NO WARNING (EARLY DAMAGE)**  
BY DANIEL THOMPSON

What's the use, only to see it coming  
just before it puts out your eye.  
Whip smart  
at the speed of a knife

narrowed to a point,  
while  
at the same time  
growing wider;  
a slice of pie, as it punctures

high price for inner sight,  
the lights already starting to blur  
into the final turn of the attractor  
stretched to a thin filament  
around the edge  
echoes between all points along its path

while,  
on the other side (inside out)  
it's the best, most natural thing  
so lucky it could have happened to you  
removing the splinter from your eye  
designating that interior one,

still as a secret  
underground stream  
lucky enough to drink from, but  
we'll never see its source  
inexhaustible because nothing is ever extracted  
only absorbed







Interject an injection here, to mimic  
wrinkle-free fabric, erasing the faces' character.  
Add some angel to our skin through bacterial  
toxicity, gifting paralysis to our muscles so our smiles  
don't damage our dimples. Tox wrapped  
in a Bo, commercializing cosmetic alteration,  
hemming an identity dress. I can't change  
the channel away from the trending towards  
Chanel sunglass masks.

I've seen enough and it's not even noon yet.

A fading vignette is the picture of today's synthetic superlative,  
yet the flawed have far less flaws than the flawless.  
Still, the sum would rather obscure into the mainstream marketing  
glamour guzzle than suffer the illusion of living unnoticed lives.  
It is the masses' manufactured marveling  
that will cause them to fade out of focus,  
and disappear in the glitz.  
\_\_\_\_\_ ← This is them.

See the sparkles?

Let me spare suspense its 24-7 workload.  
Your crazy is crazy, but society is mad bonkers insane.  
Three hundred years ago it wasn't crazy  
to burn innocent women on suspicion of witch-work,  
(and sometimes we still do,  
with a different kind of fire.)  
So if you think you're not make-it-to-tomorrow material, stop.  
If you think you're not not not together, stop.  
And tell the sheep-shit-show-media-marketing-sewer-stew  
to stop.  
To just stop.

**IF YOU HADN'T CALLED**  
BY JANE COLLINS

I wouldn't know  
your voice feels like  
sunlight, so warm.  
The sound spilled  
over my skin,  
I felt my cells  
settle in that light,  
all the particles  
of my self letting go  
and floating down  
toward the surface  
of your words.  
But you won't be  
here for weeks,  
so I can't meet  
your eyes, can't touch  
your skin. I know  
desire is suffering,  
but I want this  
longing. I'll wait  
for you, tasting  
this silence.

**SMOKE RISING**  
BY LIZ GLODEK

A crackle of burnt sticks in the center  
of a wide, flat circle of dirt; a black  
eye on the brown meadow. A drought,  
a summer of no rain has everything  
taking its last breath and we are  
no different. You bend over the fire,  
its heat matching the dirt's heat  
coming up through sandals, which show  
toenails thick with mud. Another day  
marked by the turn of the earth,  
like a wagon wheel turning in soft sand.  
I have always hated the sun; but  
I have always loved the fire.

**HOW IT MUST HAVE BEEN**  
BY OONAH V JOSLIN

all along Bridge Street from the Old Gaol to the Town Hall  
Whalebone to Queen's Head to King's Head to Turk's Head,  
George and Dragon like pieces on a chess set  
the yards alive with industry  
the cattle market in full swing  
steaming pats and urine, mooing kine,  
straw and hay strewn on cobbles.

Coming through to Newgate Street  
clinking bridles, hard wheel rims, never still,  
to-ing, fro-ing, private trap and public carriage,  
tuppence a mile from the Packhorse Yard,  
its name eponymous with purpose,  
day after day, hitched and shod, iron on stone  
and men's voices pitched high against the clamour  
and racket of it all, buying, selling,  
making deals sealed with Irish spit and English ale.

Lads in flat caps smoking pipes  
turn towards a moment's history.  
Men in bowlers discuss  
the price of meat and politics.  
The price of politics is high indeed  
but the cattle don't notice and the horses don't fret.

It's market day in Morpeth 1898.  
There are friends to be met  
and the hands of the clock tower indicate the hour  
when the men at the Hollon Fountain halt  
and the woman at the centre of it all  
checks change forever.



*How It Must Have Been* is an ekphrastic poem after ***The Clock Tower Morpeth (1898)*** -- Jan Radwanski greetings card shown above. For more information on Jan Radwanski's art, please visit [www.jan-radwanski.co.uk](http://www.jan-radwanski.co.uk). Image used with the artist's permission.

**A WAY IN**  
BY ADEN THOMAS

Sometimes our chariots are pulled  
by hummingbirds. Their wings  
flash little ghosts of silver  
in the searchlight of the moon.

They create a ripple in the wind  
the color of infinity.  
It's the same ripple  
we imagine passes through a lion's mane.

We swim through caverns to find a light.  
That light is a ripple that never left.  
We keep a pocket full of vines  
for ripples tethered to the ground.

We let go of the handlebars  
or remove them completely  
before the ride begins.  
We feel that tiny wind.

We close our eyes and run with cheetahs  
to swell our veins again.  
We climb into the tower and feel time  
from the concussion of the bells.

We swim into the sea.  
We listen to the whales  
and their echolocation through water.  
We return with knowledge of the tides.

**CONVENIENCE STORE**  
BY SARA TRATTNER

it's been a long time since anyone said he was a writer  
a rust belt poet  
browsing a campus convenience store  
picking up shitty beer and circus peanuts  
fingerprinting "everything is beautiful" in condensation on the chest freezer  
he wants to drink nicotine  
wraps himself in cigarette  
smells like mothers arms and mother's clothes back in grade school  
he took it literally  
when you said  
"take me for what i am"  
so he took you  
made you the patron saint of aching bones  
i'm sure someone's got a god for that  
and he paces the aisles  
wishes he ate to be full of catharsis  
like krispy kreme would heal his muscle spasms  
he asks you if people can be symbols  
people can be symbols  
but there's probably a god for that too  
who says  
"one too many"  
like it's a gift  
at the udf  
he pays for his haul with a matchbook and two keys  
pulls the midwest from his wallet  
and leaves a penny

**TO THE WOMAN TAKING A HIGHWAY SOBRIETY TEST**  
BY ADEN THOMAS

I judge you. I condemn you under my breath. I laugh  
while you stumble  
to walk a straight line, recite  
the alphabet backward,  
touch your finger  
to your nose.  
How deaf from alcohol you must have been  
to drive the length  
of this two lane highway where sagebrush is all we can believe.  
Intoxication never imagined you,  
your insect frame, your hair like elderberries.  
Cars slow to pass the siren lights.  
Your face is the color of the wind.  
I think of the sorrow that caused your flight and the creatures  
you thought you were leaving to find humanity out here  
with sparrows weighting power lines.  
They watch you stand and let your head back, your eyes  
closed, your arms  
outstretched until  
the world spins  
and crashes down.



**CATS**  
BY JOHN P. KRISTOFKO

twenty years they lived with us,  
swaggered through the rooms they let us have,  
letting us participate like statues  
at the ritual of their disdain,  
deigning to array our laps,  
our beds when it was necessary,  
kicking up the dust, their hair,  
to davenports, chairs, everywhere,  
in air we breathed,  
the fine mist of their passing,  
swept up, scrubbed down when we sold the house, moved,  
choosing what to keep and leave;  
we brought them in two boxes with the names on top,  
set them on a bookshelf in my room,  
quiet as their time curled in the sun,  
still enigmatic, cryptic,  
still letting us attend them  
every time we come to dust the shelf

HOW MUCH I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE ORDINARY  
BY KIT KENNEDY

For instance, dinner plates.  
It amazes me how a plate takes  
whatever is placed upon  
without argument  
without treatise on nutrients  
say, spinach rich in flavonoids  
and antioxidants.

*looking at any object, the personal seeps in*

I can't cook  
spinach without olive oil and garlic --  
union of bulb and leaf.  
As I stir  
I observe I am the hand  
of my father.

*how the non sequitur is quick-step and glue*

Cooking takes us here to there.  
How do any of us distinguish color  
sun creates or understand  
chlorophyll's trick with photosynthesis  
wringing energy from light.  
Or, for that matter, the confluence  
of steam and spirit?

**LOVE POEMS**  
BY KRISTEN SHARP

- I. I woke to an immense thunderstorm, the rain pressing in through the screens and the smell of dirt and running water volatilized in the moonlight. You were sleeping. Everything was wet and expansive and resounding. The rushing water smelled like shale and Campari. I climbed out to the fire escape and watched the deluge from the fifth floor, leaned against wet bricks, the Bronx streets shining.
- II. You taught me how to smoke cigars on a lawn on Liberty Island, New Jersey, in view of a Midtown skyline that shimmered in heat haze as if viewed through the exhaust of a jet engine. Drinking champagne and lying on the clipped grass in pink sunglasses and seersucker, the skirt of my dress spread around me, and you in pastels, arms splayed out like an archaeopteryx wing, a fossil bird. We watched polo under a crowd of saffron umbrellas.
- III. Once, your roommate's mom let me in on a night when you fell asleep waiting for me to get off the subway. When I woke you up you asked me how I got there—it seemed like more than just a logistical question. And when you lay under sheets you looked like one of those mummies in the Egyptian wing at the Met, dried up, strangely small, your hands folded on your chest, a galaxy of freckles on your pale left shoulder.
- IV. You said the time you spent with me was the only time when you felt comfortable in your own skin. Afraid of who you were and where you came from. A family history of suicide. Snow on a stoop in Brooklyn, the steps slick, the tree outside your house covered in ice. Your hair pulled back, combed behind your ears, hunched over your knees in a wool sweater. You stared at the ground. You said I wasn't what you hoped I'd be.
- V. The last time I saw you we weren't speaking. The group sprinted down Miami Beach in the dark, spilling sugar and mint leaves from mojitos in plastic cups, glow sticks around our arms fluorescing pink and yellow. We splashed into the surf and ran out, wading into the warm gulf waters.

The rest of the group had dispersed across the beach until they were out of sight and you and I found ourselves alone, out in the ocean. I could barely see you treading water, swimming in our clothes.

When we returned to shore I lay down on the sand and I expected you to do the same—I believed that was the moment our trajectory could change, if we both wanted it enough. You didn't stay. You went back and rejoined the others.

**SPILLING OVER AND WASHING US ALL**  
BY SANDRA KOLANKIEWICZ

We decided we'd walk after the ice  
    cream so stumbled into sandals, the summer  
hanging on, sky still light at a time that  
    in a few weeks would be dark, the fat black lab  
eager for the leash, our voices silly  
    from happy birthday and chardonnay served with  
dinner that had never been better, the  
    wondrous right to go around the block and  
look at asters, check out who yet had a  
    red dining room, see which cats belonged to what  
houses, for there they'd be, licking their paws  
    and waiting for someone to let them in, an  
occasional late cicada making  
    itself known but the rest of the evening air  
blank, the mounds in the park at the center  
    of town calling for us to come watch Venus,  
Jupiter, Mars clustered on horizon,  
    Little Dipper pouring itself into the  
Big, spilling over and washing us all.

**A PERSON FROM PORLOCK**  
BY MERCEDES WEBB-PULLMAN

There's no room for slackers  
in this posting, Mr Coleridge,  
or for dreamers.

Was that you wailing?  
Have you been drinking?  
It's not even five.

Dismantle that  
stately pleasure dome  
this moment

and clean up those caverns  
of ice. You know what  
the tea lady's like.

And for pity's sake, man,  
do something about that hair.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Geoffrey Anderson** unveils the secrets of "there", "their", and "they're" to foreigners in Columbus, OH. His work is forthcoming or appears in *Red Eft Review*, *Cider Press Review*, and *Wherewithal*, among others.

**Pat Anthony** writes from the rural Midwest, anchored by nature and place. Most of her work is in response to an event or moment that merits framing in words. She has work published or forthcoming in *Waterways*, *Penwood Review*, *Plainsongs*, *Avocet* and *Nature Writing*, among others.

When she isn't teaching the abundant virtues of the comma and writing poetry about big hair and Elvis, **Kim Baker** works to end violence against women and end hunger. A poet, playwright, photographer, and NPR essayist, Kim publishes and edits *Word Soup*, an online poetry journal that donates 100% of submission fees to food banks. Kim's chapbook of poetry, *Under the Influence: Musings about Poems and Paintings*, is now available from Finishing Line Press. Kim is currently working on a book of ekphrasis poems about the stories and portrayals of women in the paintings of female artists.

**Ann Bracken** is the author of two collections of poetry, *No Barking in the Hallways: Poems from the Classroom* (2016) and *The Altar of Innocence* (2015), both published by New Academia Publishing. Her writing has appeared in several anthologies and journals, and her poem, "Mrs. S" was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Ann is a contributing editor for *Little Patuxent Review* and leads workshops for creativity conferences, adult education programs, and local prisons. Ann lives in Columbia, Maryland.

**Lucian Carter** lives in Toronto.

**Lee Chilcote's** poetry has been published in *Great Lakes Review*, *Oyez Review*, *Steam Ticket*, *PacificREVIEW*, *Kaws Mouth* and other publications. His essays have been published in *Out of Line*, *Muse*, *Riverwind*, *Whiskey Island*, *Belt* and the books *Rust Belt Chic: The Cleveland Anthology* and *Cleveland in Prose and Poetry*. He has written for *Vanity Fair*, *Agence France Press*, *Yahoo.com*, *Land and People*, *Home Energy*, *Belt*, *Cleveland Magazine* and other publications. Lee completed an M.A. in English and Creative Nonfiction Writing from Cleveland State University in 2002, where he was awarded the Leonard Trawick Creative Writing Prize for nonfiction writing.

**Jennifer Clark** is the author of the full-length poetry collection, *Necessary Clearings* (Shabda Press). "Petition #21485637" and "Micajah "Cajoe" Phillips, 1736?-1861," published in this issue of *Gyroscope Review*, are part of her second poetry collection, *Johnny Appleseed: The Slice and Times of John Chapman*, forthcoming from Shabda Press. Her work has been published in *failbetter*, *The Nassau Review*, *Amsterdam Quarterly*, *The 3288 Review*, *Flyway*, and *Ecotone*,

among other places. She lives in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

**Jane Collins** teaches creative writing and literature at Pace University in Pleasantville, NY.

**David Colodney** realized at an early age that he had no athletic ability whatsoever, so he decided to focus his attention on writing about sports instead, covering everything from major league baseball to high school flag football for *The Miami Herald* and *The Tampa Tribune*. David holds an MFA from Converse College and an MA from Nova Southeastern University. His poetry has appeared in the New York School and Diaspora issue of *Valley Voices*, *Gyroscope Review*, *Kentucky Review*, *Shot Glass Journal*, and *Night Owl*. David lives in Boynton Beach, Florida with his wife, three sons, and golden retriever.

**Vern Fein** is a retired teacher who finally has the time to write and is delighted to do so. He has published one poem in *\*82 Review*, two poems in *The Literary Nest*, a poem in *Silver Birch Press*, and has two poems pending in *Bindweed Magazine* and a short story pending publication in the the online magazine *Duende* from Goddard College in Vermont.

**Cheryl J. Fish**'s short fiction has been featured in *Liars League NYC* and she was a finalist for *L Magazine*'s Literary Upstart search for pocket fiction for an excerpt from her novel manuscript *Off the Yoga Mat*. Her short story "Never Buy Dope in Washington Square," from the innovative fiction journal *Between C&D* was featured in an exhibit at the Fales Library, New York University. Her most recent poetry chapbook is *Make It Funny, Make it Last* (#171, Belladonna Chaplets, 2014). Her work has appeared in journals and anthologies including *The Bloomsbury Anthology of Contemporary Jewish American Poetry*; *Far from the Centers of Ambition: The Legacy of Black Mountain College*; *Terrain.org*; *New American Writing*; *Talisman*; *The Village Voice*, *Santa Monica Review*, *Kudzu House Review*, and *Volt*. Fish has been a Fulbright professor in Finland and writer in residence at Mount St. Helens National Volcanic Monument. She teaches at Borough of Manhattan Community College, City University of New York.

**Liz Glodek** lives and works in the Midwest. Her work has appeared in several journals including *The Greensboro Review*, *Lumina*, *North American Review* (finalist for the James Hearst Poetry Prize), *The North*, and *Janus Head*. Her book, *Birds of Mississippi*, is available from Finishing Line Press. She received her MFA from Sarah Lawrence College where she also founded the SLC Poetry Festival. She works in management consulting and is an instructor at Simpson College.

A Pushcart nominee, **Kari Gunter-Seymour** holds a B.F.A. in graphic design and an M.A. in commercial photography. Her poetry appears or is forthcoming in several publications including, *Rattle*; *Crab Orchard Review*, *Main Street Rag* and *The LA Times*. Her chapbook *Serving* is a finalist in the 2016 *Yellow Chair Review Annual Chapbook Contest*. She is the founder/curator of the "Women of Appalachia Project," an arts organization (fine art and spoken word) she created to address discrimination directed at women living in Appalachia. ([www.womenofappalachia.com](http://www.womenofappalachia.com)).

**Garrett Hoffman** is a 25-year-old writer from NJ. He finds inspiration in everything the world and life has to offer. He's been writing seriously since 2008 and has been published five times as of this past June. He loves mythology, hats and cats.

**Oonah V Joslin's** new book of poetry, *Three Pounds of Cells*, will be available mid-October 2016 from the Linnet's Wings Press. She is Poetry Editor at *The Linnet's Wings* quarterly journal and you can find her on Facebook or at [Parallel Oonahverse](#).

**Kit Kennedy** has published three collections of poetry including *while eating oysters* (CLWN WR BKS, Brooklyn). Her work has appeared in *FLRev*, *Runes*, *Great Weather for MEDIA*, *Van Gogh's Ear*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Switched-on Gutenberg*, among others. She lives in San Francisco where she serves as Poet In Residence of *San Francisco Bay Times*. <http://poetrybites.blogspot.com>

**Sandra Kolankiewicz's** work has appeared widely over the past 35 years, most recently in *Appalachian Heritage*, *BlazeVox*, *Gargoyle*, *Fifth Wednesday*, *Prick of the Spindle*, *Per Contra*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Appalachian Heritage*, and *Pif*. *Turning Inside Out* won the Black River Prize at Black Lawrence Press. Finishing Line Press published *The Way You Will Go*. *Blue Eyes Don't Cry* won the Hackney Award for the Novel. Her novel with 76 color illustrations by Kathy Skerritt, *When I Fell*, is available from Web-e-Books.

**John P. (Jack) Kristofco's** poetry and short stories have appeared in about two hundred publications, including: *Folio*, *Fourth River*, *Slant*, *Cimarron Review*, and *Sierra Nevada Review*. He has published three collections of poems and has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize five times. He lives in Highland Heights, Ohio.

**Mickey Kulp** is a writer and father of two mostly grown children who have survived his shenanigans through smarts they inherited from their mother. His creative nonfiction, fiction, and poetry have appeared in consumer magazines, newspapers, and literary journals. His first book, *Random Stones: A book of poetry*, was published in 2016. More at [www.MichaelKulpWriter.blogspot.com](http://www.MichaelKulpWriter.blogspot.com).

**Jennifer Holley Lux's** poems have appeared in *The Best of the Prose Poem*, *Connecticut Review*, *Louisiana Literature*, *The Southampton Review*, and *The Midwest Quarterly*. She lives in Atlanta.

**Eileen Malone** lives in the coastal fog at the edge of the San Francisco Bay Area. Her poetry has been published in over 500 literary journals and anthologies, a significant amount of which have earned citations, i.e., three Pushcart nominations. Her award winning collection *Letters with Taloned Claws* was published by Poets Corner Press (Sacramento) and her book *I Should Have Given Them Water* was published by Ragged Sky Press (Princeton).



**John C. Mannone** has over 500 works published/forthcoming in venues such as *The Drowning Gull*, *New England Journal of Medicine*, *Drunk Monkeys*, *Inscape Literary Journal*, *Windhover*, *Artemis*, *2016 Texas Poetry Calendar*, *Southern Poetry Anthology (NC)*, *Still: The Journal*, *Town Creek Poetry*, *Tupelo Press*, *Baltimore Review* and *Pedestal*. Author of two literary poetry collections, including *Disabled Monsters* (The Linnet's Wings Press 2015), he is the poetry editor for *Silver Blade* and for the Hugo-nominated *Abyss & Apex*. He has been nominated three times for the Pushcart. He is a professor of physics in east TN. Visit The Art of Poetry: <http://jcmannone.wordpress.com>

**Beth McDonough** trained in Silversmithing at GSA, completing her M.Litt at Dundee . She was Writer in Residence at Dundee Contemporary Arts 2014-16. Her poetry appears in *Gutter*, *The Interpreter's House*, *Antiphon* and elsewhere and her reviews in *DURA*. *Handfast* (with Ruth Aylett), was published in May 2016.

Though born in Ohio (1933), **John N. Miller** grew up in Hawai'i (1937-1951). He retired in 1997 from teaching literature and writing at his undergraduate alma mater, Denison University (Granville, OH), and now lives with his wife Ilse in a retirement community in Lexington, VA.

**Jacob Minasian** received his MFA in poetry from Saint Mary's College of California, where he was the 2016 Academy of American Poets University and College Poetry Prize winner, and was awarded two MFA Advisory Board Fellowships. He was also a 2012-13 Ina Coolbrith Memorial Poetry Prize winner, placing third overall. His work is forthcoming on Poets.org. He currently lives in Walnut Creek, California.

**Keith Moul** is 70, retired and loving it. His mind senses more than it ever has. What's not to like?

**Daryl Muranaka** was raised in California and Hawaii. He received his MFA from Eastern Washington University and spent three years in Fukui, Japan, in the JET Program. He currently lives in the Boston area with his wife and two children. In his spare time, he enjoys aikido and taijiquan and exploring his children's dual heritages.

**Iris N. Schwartz** is a fiction writer, as well as a Pushcart-Prize-nominated poet. Most recently, her work has appeared in *Grabbing the Apple: An Anthology of Poems* by New York Women Writers; and in such journals as *The Gambler*, *Gravel*, *Jellyfish Review*, *MUSH/MUM Journal*, and *Siren*. She has work forthcoming in *Pure Slush* (Volume 12) and *The Flash Fiction Press*.

**Kristen Sharp** is a Physician Assistant student at the University of California, Davis. Her poetry and fiction has previously been published in *Cleaver Magazine* and *The Ampersand*, the literary magazine of Fordham University. She was the 2012 recipient of Fordham University's Bernice Kilduff White and John J. White Prize in Creative Writing. She just moved back to the west coast after eight years in New York City.

**Aden Thomas** grew up in central Wyoming. His work has been featured in numerous literary journals. He now lives southeast of Jackson Hole.

**Daniel Thompson** has an M.F.A. from the University of Victoria and has been published in a range of literary magazines in Canada and the US. He is a reader and contributor to the Tongues of Fire reading series and has written several books, all currently seeking publishers.

**Sara Trattner** is a Columbus, Ohio, based poet whose work has previously been featured in *Bop Dead City*, *Imitation Fruit*, *Mad Swirl*, and *Heartbeat*. When she isn't writing, Sara likes to watch videos of cute animals who are too large for her teeny apartment.

**Mercedes Webb-Pullman**: IIML Victoria University Wellington New Zealand MA in Creative Writing 2011. Her poetry has appeared in *Turbine*, *4th Floor*, *Swamp*, *Reconfigurations*, *The Electronic Bridge*, *Otoliths*, *Connotations*, *The Red Room Company*, *Typewriter*, *Silver Birch Press*, *Kind of a Hurricane Press*, and *Cliterature*, among others, and in her books. The latest, *The Jean Genie*, explores the work of Jean Genet through a series of contemporary sonnets. She lives on the Kapiti Coast, New Zealand.







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