

A cityscape at sunset, featuring various buildings and a prominent dome. The sky is a warm, golden color. The text is overlaid on the image.

# *Gyroscope Review*

*fine poetry to turn your world around*

*Issue 17-4*  
*Fall 2017*



# *Gyroscope Review*

*Fine poetry to turn your world around*

Issue 17-4  
Fall 2017

Copyright © 2017 *Gyroscope Review*  
Constance Brewer & Kathleen Cassen Mickelson  
[gyroscopereview.com](http://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](mailto:gyroscopereview@gmail.com).

Submissions: *Gyroscope Review* accepts previously unpublished contemporary poetry submissions through our online submissions system, [gyroscopereview.submittable.com/submit](http://gyroscopereview.submittable.com/submit). Please read our guidelines before submitting.

For further information, visit our website: [gyroscopereview.com](http://gyroscopereview.com).

Editors: Constance Brewer and Kathleen Cassen Mickelson  
Logo design: Constance Brewer  
Cover layout: Constance Brewer  
Interior layout: Kathleen Cassen Mickelson  
Front cover photo: “St. Paul’s Golden Hour” by Kathleen Cassen Mickelson

## FROM THE EDITORS

Poets who respond to the authors' proof we send out for every single issue always thank us. From our point of view, a poet's name and body of work is everything. If we don't get that right, we aren't fulfilling our commitment. I hear from poets that many other small poetry publications don't do that step. A long time ago, I worked as a publications manager for a foster care agency and we published a biannual journal on foster care. Production always included a proof copy to authors before the final run. There were a lot of little nits caught during that phase which made a difference. That step makes perfect sense to use here, where every word, every punctuation mark, makes a difference in how the poem is read.

As a poet myself, I'm constantly thinking about how I would take whatever I say to the poets we publish here. I think about other places where I've been on staff and how the work there was handled. When Constance and I conceived of this journal three years ago (wow, that went by fast), we were pretty clear what we did and didn't want. That doesn't mean we haven't learned a thing or two as we've shaped *Gyroscope Review* into a quarterly digital and print journal. Our contributors are our number one priority. They are the reason we exist.

And what a selection we can offer you this issue. We welcome back some poets who have been published with us several times, such as James Graham, Oonah V Joslin, Lyndi Bell O'Laughlin. These poets never disappoint in their observations of life's complexities and its beauty. We have work that deals with issues not often visited in poetry, as in Deborah L. Davitt's piece, Candy-Colored Dreams. We have timely, biting current event pieces from poets such as Janaya Martin (Philando, a Follow Up), Debra Stone (Don't Wanna Be) and Adam Szetela (Why I Don't Write Poems About the South). And we have 18-year-old Daniel Kuriakose's piece, Poem Teacher. Daniel, we hope you aced your class.

We think this issue is pretty good. Maybe damn good. Maybe our best yet.

*-Kathleen Cassen Mickelson, Editor*

One of the things I love about editing *Gyroscope Review* is the diversity—the diversity of poets, of thought, of poems. We see poems that tell us a story from a different point of view, poems that are raw with fury or longing, poems that shout for justice. This is a good thing. Poets should lead the charge, be the first to tell people about the unfairness of the world, about the state of love and lust, about the day to day things we might miss in our rush to be elsewhere. I love that our poets come from a diversity of countries, whose perspective is different enough from America that we notice. Poets are the flag carriers, the drum beaters. Please keep at it. The world needs more poet rabble rousers, more dreamers, more social justice warriors. If not us, then who?

*Constance Brewer, Editor*

TABLE OF CONTENTS  
ISSUE 17-4  
FALL 2017

**FROM THE EDITORS .....II**

**SECTION ONE**

**CLEMENTINE.....5**  
BY AJE BJÖRKMAN

**TOWARD AN AUTOPSY OF THE HEART LINE.....6**  
BY S.R. AICHINGER

**CHARACTER OF STRESSES BY INSPECTION.....7**  
BY JOANNIE STANGELAND

**WHY I DON'T WRITE POEMS ABOUT THE SOUTH.....8**  
BY ADAM SZETELA

**PHILANDO, A FOLLOW UP.....9**  
BY JANAYA MARTIN

**HYSTERECTOMY .....10**  
BY BETH BOYLAN

**NOTE FROM MY DEAD RELATIVE .....11**  
BY MICAH BRADLEY

**NOW LET'S.....12**  
BY MATT ZAMBITO

**DON'T WANNA BE .....13**  
BY DEBRA STONE

**LIKE TIME.....15**  
BY MARK A. FISHER

**ATONEMENT.....16**  
BY JAMES GRAHAM

<b>ANIMA.....</b>	<b>17</b>
BY M.P. POWERS	
<b>IN THE HEYDAY OF LOVE .....</b>	<b>18</b>
BY SERGIO A. ORTIZ	
<b>DANGEROUS SKIES .....</b>	<b>19</b>
BY CARL BOON	
<b>IT WAS US.....</b>	<b>20</b>
BY BILL GARTEN	
<b>POEM TEACHER.....</b>	<b>22</b>
BY DANIEL KURIAKOSE	
<b>EBB TIDE .....</b>	<b>23</b>
BY M. STONE	
<b>SECTION TWO</b>	
<b>I WATCH THE CRANES.....</b>	<b>27</b>
BY OONAH V JOSLIN	
<b>PLAYING HOOKY FROM WORK ON THE FIRST SUNNY DAY IN MONTHS .....</b>	<b>28</b>
BY CATHERINE BULL	
<b>IT’S LIKE THERE’S A MUSHROOM CLOUD TATTOOED ON MY ASS.....</b>	<b>29</b>
BY LYNDI BELL O’LAUGHLIN	
<b>REVOLT.....</b>	<b>30</b>
BY MARK J. MITCHELL	
<b>SISTER .....</b>	<b>31</b>
BY BETH BOYLAN	
<b>THE CYMBALS IN THE LENINGRAD SYMPHONY.....</b>	<b>32</b>
BY JUDITH TAYLOR	
<b>REWIND .....</b>	<b>33</b>
BY JAMES CROAL JACKSON	
<b>LOVE POEM DESPITE THE UGLINESS AND FUTURE END OF THE WORLD.....</b>	<b>34</b>
BY MATT ZAMBITO	

<b>WHEN I MET WILLIAM C. WILLIAMS.....</b>	<b>35</b>
BY ADAM SZETELA	
<b>HOME.....</b>	<b>36</b>
BY JAMES GRAHAM	
<b>SEISMOGRAPH.....</b>	<b>37</b>
BY JOANNIE STANGELAND	
<b>COCA COLA JOHNNY &amp; THE LOST CAUSE.....</b>	<b>38</b>
BY LAURA HOFFMAN	
<b>CANDY-COLORED DREAMS.....</b>	<b>40</b>
BY DEBORAH L. DAVITT	
<b>TWENTY-FOUR WEEKS, WORRIED .....</b>	<b>42</b>
BY AJ OXENFORD	
<b>BENDING MOMENT .....</b>	<b>43</b>
BY JOANNIE STANGELAND	
<b>ENDING SEPTEMBER.....</b>	<b>44</b>
BY BETH MCDONOUGH	
<b>SECTION THREE</b>	
<b>SCRIBAL ERROR.....</b>	<b>49</b>
BY DEBORAH L. DAVITT	
<b>ON CREATIVITY .....</b>	<b>51</b>
BY LYNDI BELL O’LAUGHLIN	
<b>VOICE MAIL.....</b>	<b>52</b>
BY TERRY JUDE MILLER	
<b>HERE IN TURKEY’S EAST .....</b>	<b>53</b>
BY CARL BOON	
<b>WHEN I GOT THE NEWS .....</b>	<b>54</b>
BY JACQUELINE JULES	
<b>MY EXAMPLE.....</b>	<b>55</b>
BY MICAH BRADLEY	

**MR. FONG GOES TO LUNCH .....56**  
 BY MARK J. MITCHELL

**FAREWELL PARADISE EMPIRE .....57**  
 BY DANIEL EDWARD MOORE

**SINCE ELVIS BELIEVED HE COULD MOVE CLOUDS WITH HIS MIND—.....58**  
 BY MATT ZAMBITO

**MARILYN MONROE.....59**  
 BY JAMES CROAL JACKSON

**I CAN'T SMELL EASTER ANYMORE .....60**  
 BY FLETCH FLETCHER

**SKETCHES OF MY MOTHER.....61**  
 BY SAMUEL SALERNO

**STILL .....63**  
 BY VIRGINIA BOUDREAU

**SHELLS .....64**  
 BY M.P. POWERS

**EXPEDITION .....65**  
 BY PIGPEN MADIGAN

**THE SCHOOLYARD BRAWL TO END THEM ALL? .....67**  
 BY CLYDE ALWAYS

**CONTRIBUTORS.....69**

**ANNOUNCEMENTS.....74**

# *Poems*





# *Section One*



## CLEMENTINE

BY AJE BJÖRKMAN

This morning I woke up to a clementine peel  
resting on the bed stand. A curve and a scent  
a citrus folding fan — orange as autumn's lip.

## TOWARD AN AUTOPSY OF THE HEART LINE

BY S.R. AICHINGER

you chase dopamine    epinephrine    your best friend  
    (what does that make me?)

    your palm is a sketch    eraser smudge    graphite stain  
tender    (appalling)

at night you slip out    (i slept)    you huffed    slicked silent  
    morning    door ajar

    (a heart in creases)    aluminum foil crumple  
matte side out    disposed

find a coroner    (chiromancer)    ridge reader  
    splay me    what's inside?

    new word on the street    your dose    not accidental  
(i still think you'll call)

## CHARACTER OF STRESSES BY INSPECTION

BY JOANNIE STANGELAND

In the house of paper  
dolls change outfits,  
tabs creased  
across flat shoulders.

Around their thin frames,  
garlands of afternoons  
with lemonade  
and gravity.

On the way down  
the rows, a program  
in each hymnal,  
verses shades of carmine,

which is to say blood,  
or forgiveness,  
the deepest blue,  
the softest cloth

a field, sheep knee deep  
in grasses combed  
by the wind's younger brother.  
In the deepest blue,

could the mother  
forget the soldiers,  
a sword thrust,  
the sun scorching?

The sun a stone,  
lonely. In the news,  
daily windows  
to the houses built

on sand, homes made  
of glass, made of paper,  
talk rustling,  
the click of scissors.

## WHY I DON'T WRITE POEMS ABOUT THE SOUTH

BY ADAM SZETELA

A bronze neck can't  
feel a noose slide tight  
around its throat, snapping  
the spine and crushing the  
bony cartilage wrapped  
around its larynx.

Last night I dreamed of  
white faces laughing  
around the elm tree  
where a student from my  
class hung like a date  
smothered in flames.

When I was a boy in Charlottesville, my parents only said mean acts happened. I picture my father's red cap turn into a white cone with the eyes hallowed it. He tells me we need to protect our beautiful monuments.

I have made a nest in Boston from  
the twigs of Southern shame, from  
the receipts of shopping mall  
multiculturalism. I lean into  
the headlines. I am gone.

**PHILANDO, A FOLLOW UP**

BY JANAYA MARTIN

I have not forgotten about you,  
it's just sometimes my throat  
is tired of screaming.  
Sometimes justice is so far  
off that I can't seem to bear  
the weight of its distance.

Putting this to paper now,  
I see that I am just like them.  
I can decide when and how to  
be of use, this choice is in my blood.

When I was young I was more  
eager to practice bloodletting,  
always pushing to come out  
from under the hammer,  
the hook, the tooth, the nail.



## **HYSTERECTOMY**

BY BETH BOYLAN

Management chopped down another one of the large trees,  
I notice on my morning walk,  
leaving just a stump and shavings in the grass,  
strands of vines still climbing the brick wall,  
clinging wildly in a prayer for sustenance

like the renegade tendrils and blood vessels  
that grew outside of my uterus,  
suffocating my organs  
and a tumor the size of a plum;  
    they did not perish easily either  
    as my doctor snipped and cut  
        to clean out my withering womb

On some of these summer nights I think of them  
as I lie awake and finger the silverfishy scars on my sweaty skin:  
did they weep as they were sliced off and discarded in the bin labeled *Waste*  
did they try to creep back as I craved a newborn to suck at my breast

I wonder

did the tree howl as the first ax-blow tore open her gut  
did she keen for a tiny sapling to cleave to her roots?

**NOTE FROM MY DEAD RELATIVE**

BY MICAH BRADLEY

Nothing is written on my skull.  
Not an imprint of a thought, a gasp of a desire.  
My tibia holds no thoughts of greatness,  
My femur recollects no fantasies,  
My ribs have forgotten the gentle lift of breath.

At the end of the day, all that is left of me is a white bowl, dangling a jawbone, that once held my universe.

Maybe, if you wanted to, you could scoop out my thoughts, my feelings, my loves.

But I know that you have your own bowl to take care of, one still filled with that indefinable spark.

I am not bitter. There is nothing left of me to feel bitter.

Please, continue about your day.

Please, let that beautiful, working skeleton carry you wherever you want to go.

Think whatever thoughts you like.

I will never know the difference--

but maybe, maybe, maybe, think of my once whispered name, my fizzled spark.

I live beneath the crust of the earth, beneath the crust of your thoughts.

## **NOW LET'S**

BY MATT ZAMBITO

This breath. Now  
this one. And now  
you forget to keep on believing  
in oxygen. Just going on. (Now

*there's* a myth for ya.)  
And now new molecules  
connect in your lungs  
like galaxies in one another's

gravitational grip. Here: Hold  
my hand—oh, please!—  
will you? Half the prayer will be  
mine. Half yours. Now

let's together start whispering—  
in the direction of  
whatever's left of Heaven—  
to put the kibosh on movement—

blinking, and everything, and wind—  
so this moment of supplication  
never has a need to jump ship  
and just become a memory.



cussing everyone out  
cameras rolling for the  
6 & 10 pm news on tv  
me forgetting all of my  
bougie civility.

**LIKE TIME**

BY MARK A. FISHER

clouds drifting  
    like the voices of women from the next room  
while the hills sleep  
    like old men on a Sunday afternoon  
dreaming of when  
    they were once mountains  
        reaching for the sky  
    while the rain  
        loved them  
    and ground them down to  
        comfortable hills  
    snoring out the epochs  
as they become sand

## ATONEMENT

BY JAMES GRAHAM

The silent kitchen was full of cries.

The working spoons were happy,  
the enlisted knives, forks, ladle, spatula  
content. But the old drab tablespoon  
that my mother and my mother's mother  
used to use, slept fitfully, awoke at dawn,  
began to cry, 'Oh! Use me! Use me!', its pitch  
almost too high for the human ear, 'Oh! Let me  
tingle in the great hot wash-box! I am dull,  
but polish me!' Cries too

from the heart of my once-untroubled  
pineapple corer-peeler-slicer, now abandoned  
since I had lazily and cruelly succumbed  
to snacksize ready-cored-peeled-sliced:  
'Oh! Use me! Use me! I am sharp!'

And then one morning at first light  
I daydreamed hooded Death, thought  
*I am not ready*, sent him on his way

but gave my old dull spoon a duty,  
and that same day brought home the armoured fruit.

## ANIMA

BY M.P. POWERS

She'd turn up just enough  
so you couldn't forget she existed  
and disappear as quickly as she came.  
And then you'd look for her  
with helicopter searchlights, with Hindu prayer  
beads, high in the Rwenzori Mountains,  
by midsummer fire, along opulent murmuring shores,  
in abandoned old insane asylums.  
"Where'd you go?" you'd mutter to yourself.  
And just when you were about to give up  
you'd see her elegant shadow in a hallway  
of Veronese marble;  
or she'd become the taste of strawberry milk,  
or the flashing fingers of a pickpocket,  
or ripples on an ocean glittering  
like dragon scales. "Come over here  
and stay with me," you'd say, your voice cracked  
with desperation.  
But then she'd be gone again,  
and you'd be left again  
to your vagaries,  
or whatever you spend all your life chasing,  
knowing but never admitting to yourself  
the chase was all there was.



**IN THE HEYDAY OF LOVE**

BY SERGIO A. ORTIZ

Today I speak to you about affection  
and everything I say I share with the flame.  
I'll talk about lifelong friends  
—When a man loves he cannot be compared  
to an extinguished fire

and his silent language never ceases—

I'm cursed with the sayings of dusk.  
It's like talking about a redundant path  
and dining under the moon  
inside a lifeless rose bush garden.  
I remember the memories  
that danced in the wine.

## **DANGEROUS SKIES**

BY CARL BOON

The birds know first,  
they hear the happening  
before the happening,  
and the terrible instinct  
guides them away.  
It could be a weighted branch  
crackling, thunder  
a county over, or a man  
ripe with grime and explosives.  
Perhaps he cracked a knuckle  
or swallowed his ring  
and it rattled  
in his throat. Perhaps  
he held his telephone  
and stuttered. The birds'  
flutter is the moment  
we must decide: Elysium  
or this insubstantial air  
that usually sustains us.

## IT WAS US

BY BILL GARTEN

Four boys who drove you to it -  
Shooing us out of your kitchen

None of us ever learned to cook  
All leaving for college knowing only

Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches as chefs  
It was your way of showing us

You needed validation for not  
Working and barely getting your GED.

Years later, I bought your Victorian home  
From your estate and my three older brothers

Its single tower where at the turn  
Of the century they had ball room

Dances and where there are two  
Known ghosts. One, a four-year old girl,

Who drown in the bathtub on the fourth  
Floor and the other, the son of the original

Owner, who died in World War II.  
He appeared one night in the foyer

In full uniform - until he rolled up like a venetian blind,  
Only to disappear. We never saw the four-year old girl

Only heard from neighbors about the lights in certain rooms  
Turning on and off after midnight right before dawn

One morning I saw you in your brown slip,  
Cooking us all eggs, grits, bacon and biscuits

The gravy of your silhouette running like water  
Out of the rusty old pipes. You moaned, but I was unsure

If it was at me or just that you were still in pain

- Not over my successes with money  
But my failures with love.

## **POEM TEACHER**

BY DANIEL KURIAKOSE

Hey Bruce.

I was under the impression I'd already brought my  
non-vital organs to the workshop.

I swallowed so many seeds at six or so,  
my mother'd run her work-worn, paperweighted fingers  
down the back of my neck as if  
it'd stop the throat pain.

So many seeds, Bruce,  
how am I supposed to know which trees  
grow through my ribs like around a metal fence?

Apologies never seem intense enough in writing.  
They flatten like a rain drop you expect to bounce.

I'd peel off my work-in-progress beard,  
and the ghosts that climb my fingers like a rock wall.  
I'd sell the chapstick I use on my life,

if it would show I'm sorry.  
I'm aware of the flecks that keep  
falling off me.

I'm sorry I stuff them  
so deeply  
and disfigured,  
in the sand jars I bring to class.

## **EBB TIDE**

BY M. STONE

The slate gray Atlantic laps my ankles  
while farther down the beach,  
a man takes advantage of the sunset  
and drops to one knee,

offering a ring to a young woman.  
Their grins are contagious even as I weigh  
the pros and cons of going on living.

The ocean is no temptress;  
I carry the epigenetic burden  
of my grandmother, so afraid of water  
she never showered, only bathed,  
and washed her hair in the sink.

I cannot load my pockets with stones  
and surrender to whatever abyss  
waits beyond the second sandbar.

Instead I study broken shells at my feet  
and spot a piece of sea glass, milky white.  
Between my fingers, it is a tooth extracted,  
with edges eroded like weak enamel—  
a harmless bite held in my fist.



# *Section Two*





**I WATCH THE CRANES**

BY OONAH V JOSLIN

on  
one  
long  
leg  
precisely  
balanced  
balletic  
strain their long necks again and again, across the sky  
lower lift pause lower  
in this, their daily ritual  
building  
a future  
invisible  
beyond  
my reach  
for Dublin

## PLAYING HOOKY FROM WORK ON THE FIRST SUNNY DAY IN MONTHS

BY CATHERINE BULL

I went to Golden Gardens beach with a lunch bag  
which remained unshared to the disappointment of several  
interested avian parties but other than that everyone was happy for half an hour,  
the bicycle guy taking a break with his squeeze water bottle,  
the group of Japanese tourists, the little kids in fleece jackets  
and bare sandy feet. The boats, they were happy for that half hour  
to be bobbing in glitter, the ducks, the heron loping above them,  
the couple with a couple wiener dogs and an orange Vanagon,  
the woman in the wheelchair and her push-alonger.

I want everyone everywhere to have been happy  
for that same half an hour of the first sunny day after months of rain.

Not all-out movie-ending happy or new-love happy just  
hooky-from-work-for-half-an-hour-in-the-sun-by-the-water happy,  
all the unpaid staffers in congressional offices fielding a million phone calls,  
all the tired politicians bringing their dull knives to a gun lobby,  
all the overworking activists, all the immigrants in airplanes  
not sure where they'll be let down, all the worried people  
with bodies that might break or stop bending and be unfixable,  
everyone getting a divorce, everyone who has to be in a wedding,  
everyone with a Vanagon and dachshunds and everyone without a van  
or a hot dog dinner, just that level of happy, just for half an hour.

## IT'S LIKE THERE'S A MUSHROOM CLOUD TATTOOED ON MY ASS

BY LYNDI BELL O'LAUGHLIN

It might be time to blow the whistle  
on the sense of myself  
as having some place to go,  
somewhere important to be  
where a disaster is imminent,  
and I'm the only one who can  
tackle the imaginary guy in my head,  
who is leaning across the rail  
of an overpass in Loveland.  
A cinderblock rests between his hands.  
He waits for my sons to drive by below,  
on their way from Wyoming to Dallas  
with a load of bucking horses.

Just in: Tornado warnings.  
They're all over the place.  
I better blow and blow hard  
if I'm to stop myself  
from heading out afoot because  
my car is in the shop,  
and who else is going to dig  
a hole to the center of the earth  
and throw those boys in it  
before they are lifted off their feet  
and carried to a small town  
in South Dakota, where no one  
appreciates them and  
phone reception is iffy?

Now that they have wives and kids,  
and receding hairlines,  
I'm thinking maybe I should  
slack off a little.  
They've asked, in so many words.  
That's why I bought this whistle,  
the one hanging around my neck  
that I keep forgetting is there.

## **REVOLT**

BY MARK J. MITCHELL

We asterisks ask  
to be counted  
just like the notes  
privileged enough  
to be numbered.

We are not askew—  
no different than  
the averages or  
zeniths of your  
oh, so perfect graphs.

Asterisks one day  
will rise to the top  
of your always  
pristine white page  
and put your ass at risk.

**SISTER**

BY BETH BOYLAN

What do I know of love  
but long-distance and suicide

my heart is just a hunk of blood and gristle

less than a pound of sinew and tissue,

beating faster working harder than others its size just to keep up

We used to play detectives in the dusk of summer,  
sneaking stealthily as cats around the cars  
in the boardwalk parking garage  
doing our best *Hart to Hart*

eons before you caught his eye, before he tossed you aside,

else I would have signaled to you,  
snuck up on him  
pointed my loaded cap gun at his heart  
and pulled.

## THE CYMBALS IN THE LENINGRAD SYMPHONY

BY JUDITH TAYLOR

We  
want to be major-key  
marching-band  
optimism.

Can't help  
our natures.  
We associate  
with the fife and drum.

When everyone's playing  
fear  
despair  
destruction, we

clang and suddenly  
everything sounds  
wrong beside us  
- can't help

our natures -  
like the whole  
sorrowful symphony is  
mistaken.

Like they're all  
out of step but us.

## **REWIND**

BY JAMES CROAL JACKSON

I agreed to have coffee with my ex then she bailed  
which is a good thing, a great thing, a g-rated thing

unlike our love in which we consecrated tongues with holy  
water on the bed, on the swings, in a forest green as eternity

meaning as far as an eye can see because in any ship  
you only look forward at the lush and when it's over

watch it rewind, rush into what was a dream  
of lilies turned a desecrated winter wither.



**LOVE POEM DESPITE THE UGLINESS AND FUTURE END OF THE WORLD**  
BY MATT ZAMBITO

So that people will generally keep the hell away  
and not distract me from us,  
I want an absolute *legion* of FCC censors  
to march three paces behind me  
and bleep my every declaration more often than necessary—  
which is *never*,  
but let's not get political  
about language and freedom  
and hope and joy and poetry and purpose  
*yet*. What's disgusting is that we live  
in a culture in Spokane, America,  
wherein there's time I can't be in your presence  
as if you weren't the only proof  
this planet has of a hope in a meaning  
for me. What's obscene is that our children  
will die one day as if  
they're lives don't matter more than everyone else's  
to us and thus  
any decent God should have the wherewithal  
to do what we need  
and save them all three eternally yes straightaway and always  
since we're the ones reinventing It.  
We were children, and we will always be children,  
and I want to die  
when it's best for you  
if and only if  
I can find the least insulting words  
as the final ones  
I say to you for infinity.

**WHEN I MET WILLIAM C. WILLIAMS**

BY ADAM SZETELA

the first time i met William C. Williams  
i licked his chalk-dust bones  
off the side of a paper plate.  
the keys of  
God's air piano hung above  
my head. i skated them  
with pursed lips.  
the sky exhaled as  
i opened my hostel  
window.

in my diary i wrote:

*so much depends  
upon*

*a bumblebee  
in a striped dress*

*buzzed off  
nectar*

the first time i died reading poetry  
is after i met a taxi driver who asked me if i  
wanted a prostitute,  
a necklace with a hollowed-out tooth,  
or a copy of *Spring and All*.



## SEISMOGRAPH

BY JOANNIE STANGELAND

Some days hellfire  
    & brimstone  
up to the rim  
    of the cup  
& runneth  
    over spilling  
mock prophecies,  
    chilling apostasies,  
cake & fake news  
    wake me hard,  
head voice yelling,  
    railing tailspin,  
trembling—on the fault  
    dreading temblors—  
this the nature  
    of heartbreak,  
shimmer & rip,  
    the muscle  
chambers split,  
    riven, the house  
    divided falling.

## COCA COLA JOHNNY & THE LOST CAUSE

BY LAURA HOFFMAN

the iconic kiss  
spills  
dark  
down  
my pink  
esophagus  
& I am  
waitin' on  
a hurricane  
inside  
*The First Coast*  
*Coin Laundry*  
I thumb  
Tennessee  
Williams

the steam  
ascends  
& I wish  
I had  
milk tea  
& a blonde liar  
riding  
on his  
dad's Harley

but my life  
stands still  
like the headless  
statue  
downtown  
whose boots face  
the South

without him:  
I am forever  
sipping warm  
Coca Cola  
& waiting

for the final rinse  
of tides  
unturned  
against  
bedsheets

## CANDY-COLORED DREAMS

BY DEBORAH L. DAVITT

Don't talk to me about your notions of  
children with carousels in their minds  
who prefer to listen to animal voices,  
rather than their unpalatable human family.  
It's not a special power; they're not  
superhuman creatures being fed  
a daily diet of kryptonite in the form of  
candy-colored pills—

you've never been their mother,  
they've never slammed their heads into your breasts,  
never bitten you till they've left bruises,  
screamed that they hate you,  
that you're the worst mother in the world,  
that you could die, and they wouldn't care;

they've never done any of that to you,  
as you struggle to keep their flailing limbs  
from hurting themselves, or you, or others.

You've never felt your heart die inside you  
as they hurl every toy they own at you,  
break what you've made together.

You have no idea of the demons that a disease  
can vomit up out of your own child's mouth,  
adult curses piping in a childish voice;  
you have no idea how much it hurts  
to endure abuse that you cannot turn your back on.

If your child were a spouse,  
you'd have divorced them long ago,  
but you can't leave,  
couldn't live with yourself if you did.

Don't spin me fairy tales of how  
he has special qualities that will let him  
walk through mirrors or dance among the stars,  
if I just don't give him the pills;  
you haven't walked his road, or mine—  
you haven't heard the other kids,  
laughing at him, calling him names:  
angry boy, idiot, and worse.

By all means, keep your candy-colored fantasies  
of how you're right and I'm wrong;  
I'll be over here, doing for him the best I can,  
this day and every other one, hoping against hope  
that this combination of medication  
will still the snakes slipping out of his mouth,  
keep him from the paranoia that makes him  
lash out at terrors both perceived and real.

He doesn't dream of carousels or of magic powers;  
he's Pinocchio, and all he wants  
is to be a normal boy.

If you as adults choose to go off your meds,  
because you feel too dull and normal,  
and think it's far more thrilling  
to ride a roller-coaster in your minds?  
By all means, do so, but if you do,  
you're not allowed to whine  
when no one wants to play with you.



## TWENTY-FOUR WEEKS, WORRIED

BY AJ OXENFORD

Branches scuttle against the bedroom window; I watch their jagged movements, hold tight to you in my expanding stomach, listen to your father snore, the covers he stole cocooned around his body. I hoist myself up, walk the hallway by my phone's dim light.

In the nursery readied with diapers, bedtime stories, and little boy blue, I stand over the crib meant for our first child, the one that never came. I rub my growing stomach, wonder if you'll arrive in sixteen weeks or if we'll lose you, too.

Months ago,  
I dreamt of you both as toddlers,  
chased you through a pumpkin briar  
full of thistles, crimson sunflowers,  
vines thick as Copperhead snakes.  
You held hands, skipped through  
the vines—I was ripped by thorns.  
Your laughter echoed; I fell behind.  
Vines wrapped up my legs  
and when I tried to yell, bubbles  
hiccupped from my mouth.  
The earth swallowed me whole.  
Grass sprouted from my stomach—  
I was a seed planted only as a canvas  
for the roses and lilies to grow on.

**BENDING MOMENT**

BY JOANNIE STANGELAND

Cut, the tulips bow  
down over the verge

of the vase, later  
serif up, look

dayward, winter sun  
wavering, lake lapping,

the air's curve luring  
us higher—Lauds,

give us this world  
on loan, our morning

loaves and fishes,  
ladder leaning

to the eaves, this  
looming apparatus,

this loss, this love.

**ENDING SEPTEMBER**  
BY BETH MCDONOUGH

The month's cusp releases held moons,  
masses in ground swollen gourds  
at neck-sever fullness.  
October struts by to rub scents  
on doorsteps, finds what similes bide,  
afraid of metaphor, before  
next month leaves  
presents in death.





# *Section Three*



## SCRIBAL ERROR

BY DEBORAH L. DAVITT

Words used to have physical weight  
packed on a monk's back  
or carried by his mule  
along a frozen Alpine pass,  
sheaves of parchment  
instead of grain,  
as he made the journey  
from one monastery to the next.

Candlelight reflects off silver  
and gold mirrors embossed on each page,  
illuminates his face as he reads  
the words out loud to the novices—  
reading wasn't silent or private,  
the words didn't jump and skip  
and glide straight through the eyes  
dangerously into the brain; they had weight  
on the lips and tongue  
like bread torn and soaked in wine,  
like the flesh of the divine.

But as he works to copy  
WORDSALLINORNATECAPITALS  
because miniscules haven't yet been invented  
and spaces between words  
are a newfangled innovation,  
his tongue stumbles over Latin words  
that he barely understands;  
his eyes skip from one similar phrase  
to another, and his hand, obedient,  
elides what lies between;

glosses from older scribes  
in the margin, jostle in from the edges,  
take prime position (and the fishmen  
will be rained with arrows, and  
knights will ride cats into battle)  
in the body of the text, give ideas  
of nameless scribes all the weight of authority.



Content that he's done his job  
after weeks of dull toil,  
he packs his sheaves of parchment  
back on the mule's back  
and returns to his home monastery,  
where the words will be read out loud,  
heavy on every tongue,  
and found to taste mildly of vinegar—  
or, perhaps heresy.

## ON CREATIVITY

BY LYNDI BELL O'LAUGHLIN

She runs amok  
without even asking.  
Joyrides through nights  
in the driver's seat of a  
stolen tortilla van with  
no working headlights.  
During the day she floats  
on her back, kicks her feet atop  
the squinting eye of a still pond.

There is the temptation  
to bridle her blinking purple head,  
but some say, best to let her go.  
Follow her to that place  
between skin and soul,  
where the edges begin to blur,  
and nothing looks familiar.

Keep going, on into the reeds,  
and don't flinch  
when a covey of quail  
flush and brush your arm.  
Don't stop, even when  
your hair lights up like the  
business end of a firefly,  
and the silhouettes of buildings  
fall from sight.

Don't cry when  
monkeys with big heads  
and strange faces, begin to  
crouch in the white space  
around your poems,  
and splashes of blood congeal  
beneath the severed leg of Frieda Kahlo.  
Even if Frieda looks up—asks for  
a Bandaid and a bowl of grapes.

**VOICE MAIL**

BY TERRY JUDE MILLER

weeks after your death  
I called to hear  
your recorded message

the low thunder of your voice  
asked me to leave words  
that you would never receive

but I left them anyway  
the way a dog leaves a dead bird  
at his owner's doorstep

paying tribute

## HERE IN TURKEY'S EAST

BY CARL BOON

Here in Turkey's East, the past is myriad stones carried by birds, and comes to us when we try to sleep. My husband lies diagonally across the bed. I sit by his side, certain our walls have been sketched upon, erased, then sketched upon again. Words in Kurdish, Armenian, Ottoman script from a peasant's child. If I close my eyes and take my husband's hand, the past clarifies. The words become stories; the script a warning: jagged heroines, the line at the Breadbox Mosque to curve and disappear behind a girl's shoulders, a Ferda. We live in a place called One Thousand Lakes, each weeping, each in denial. My husband awakes, thirsty.

I stoop to gather water from the clay jug that was his grandmother's. It, too, is sketched upon, is mapped. Cracks and fingerprints, the past alive in the worry of skin, hours spent where the Erzurum road twists into the mountains into other clay, pink and foreboding. I study diaries all day, but this is real, this sense that comes of all that came before me, all who drank and all who were turned away. Outside the window locusts burst into laughter, a name for panic, a name that means we can never be still. But morning will be beautiful—I shall slice herbed cheese and tomatoes. We shall eat to remember.

## **WHEN I GOT THE NEWS**

BY JACQUELINE JULES

I was on a beach  
in North Carolina,  
watching the waves  
crest and curl,  
with the tears  
I knew she would not cry,  
not yet, when the riptide  
was still too swift to feel  
anything beyond the terror.

But I imagined  
paddling out to her  
with a big black inner tube,  
made of heavy duty rubber.

Imagined her arms  
dangling inside the ring  
as we floated together  
in a sea I didn't want to share,  
especially not with her,  
the one who came first  
to my house with casseroles  
less than two years before.

Nothing stops the tide  
or the currents beneath it.

No platitudes  
calm the sea or bring  
a safe coast closer.

All I can do  
is offer an inner tube  
and hang on beside her.

**MY EXAMPLE**

BY MICAH BRADLEY

Look at the way she dances barefoot  
And the way she swings her hips.  
She smiles with her toes.

Smell her—the scent of flour,  
The cloudy aroma of sweet potatoes  
Dipped in semi-sweet chocolate.

She is who I want to be,  
Spine straighter than a book's,  
Shoulders with only a memory of tension.

She told me that she lost herself,  
And found herself,  
Until she knew herself—

She stamps biscuits and hearts  
Without even thinking.

## MR. FONG GOES TO LUNCH

BY MARK J. MITCHELL

### *Homage to Nerval*

and leaves a lobster roaming on his desk  
under unfiled enemies lists. He knows  
it can breathe evil schemes until the snows  
return to San Francisco and that the next  
fall's expected after an eclipse. No  
sooner and not later. He will propose  
to his crustacean friend and that will wreck  
almost everything—his new snakeskin shoe—  
he only has one—and, of course, his lunch,  
which is over now. He climbs the long block  
of Jackson Street seeking analog clocks  
to ignore. This day is like no other  
and it must be extended, massaged, touched—  
gently as a lobster strokes its mother.





SINCE *ELVIS BELIEVED HE COULD MOVE CLOUDS WITH HIS MIND*—

BY MATT ZAMBITO

—*I* look skyward hoping to morph the heavens,  
but while focusing, I get lost in the thought  
of dying in fifty years and working  
as a rock star up above. I open for myself,  
tell hack jokes about angels I've heard  
*getting* high, then hit the stage with my band,  
Big A and the Postles, play *all*  
the fan favorites—hey, we have forever,  
man. I'm soloing in G while Courtney Love  
cranks out power chords in time  
with Bonzo behind the kit, when suddenly  
I rip a cherubic riff, rattle  
and roll sweat off my haloed hair  
into the crowd, and catch a glimpse of  
my godmother, who died at ninety-three,  
kissing Madonna, then Lisa Marie, love  
overflowing, no heartbreak  
in this hotel, no Elvis either—he's still alive  
and well earthbound or stuck  
in Hell, shaking hips in all that heat.  
But as we finish up The Guess Who's  
"No Time," and just as 200 billion hands begin  
to clap, my mind fogs like Hendrix's,  
my neuro-nebula overwhelmed  
by the universe, and those clouds  
up above dance the Mashed Potato out of  
my control. I walk down to end  
of this boring street, slowly give myself up  
to what seems lost, then start  
to hum "Return to Sender," feeling slightly  
rockabilly, adoring my mere possibility.

**MARILYN MONROE**

BY JAMES CROAL JACKSON

& part of her phrase of course is  
*if you can't handle me at my worst*  
but there's a left turn into darkness

no one wants to take &  
the signal's jammed so no one knows  
the direction anywhere anymore

just a mirror of the night  
reflecting night, a ninety  
degree warming sadness glued

onto a body. one silhouette  
low into evening, a heat repenting  
unknown sin, a snake slithering

out from its hole into you

**I CAN'T SMELL EASTER ANYMORE**

BY FLETCH FLETCHER

Worn hardwood floors and chipping linoleum  
every grease  
    bacon hitting the griddle  
    engine in hands  
        wood paneled corners  
        bones of the tired couches  
mixing dander and decades  
    a litany of long dead dogs that  
        every one  
        loved the motor oil hand that fed it  
vinegar and hardboiled eggs and  
    blue  
        I swear it had a scent in the yard  
            under the shrub that took swatches of skin  
            repayment for the years of holding  
            nothing in return for these  
blossoming trees  
    oak over the deck and pine  
        Douglas Fir from the one Christmas in the 70s  
        it refused to die

## SKETCHES OF MY MOTHER

BY SAMUEL SALERNO

### I.

#### ICEFALL

The rivulets of water  
run down the crevasse  
the hole into the abyss  
spirals to blinding light

Arms of a galaxy  
spin tendrils  
as they move toward darkness  
the center is a fire pit.

I imagine the sick falling  
weightless, sky divers  
adrift on thermal seas  
the ice is salt on the tongue.

I cross an icefall,  
my eyes look down  
and I can see glaciers moving  
my hand holding hers in May.

### II.

#### OPALS

It's the water from your eyes  
the dazzling, opaque colors  
swimming from your smile

It is October and rainbows  
are everywhere—the rain  
touches stained glass and I am singing.

A child feels safe in the forest  
invisible to wolves and nightmares  
He finds a stepping stone in the river.

III.  
MOTHER'S DAY

You ask me what I'll do  
when you've gone, and I say  
I'll move to Ireland and stare at the ocean  
till it drowns me. So we  
take a drive and watch the  
cauldron of the Monterey coastline,  
an incandescent fire of life and death  
and you tell me that God is a terrible engineer  
and that you wouldn't have designed  
so much suffering.  
And this is why I love you so,  
that you remained uncertain enough  
to have a better plan.

## STILL

BY VIRGINIA BOUDREAU

A blue heron stands motionless in the eel grass  
his tufted crown bent, peering intent

he could be studying the morning headlines,  
an architectural blueprint, or trigonometry

I like to think it's a map  
evacuation routes clearly highlighted

I wait for him to gather it up,  
fill his slate feathered wings,  
extend his graceful neck,  
tuck his spindled legs beneath, and  
lift

I want him  
floating, untethered,  
in the still air,  
warm as breath  
calm as dawn  
before he drops it,

upon the flowing ground  
at my shrivelled feet, stuck fast  
here in the mire.

## **SHELLS**

BY M.P. POWERS

Men that I have known who once had the strength  
of the mighty Pacific in them, with backbones made  
of molten organ pipes, and minds in torrid wakefulness;  
to see them now reduced to the echo of an empty shell,  
to husks of long-departed insects, thinning, dried-up, cracked.

Men that I have known who once were brimming with wild  
stories and undiscovered ferocities, washed-up now,  
longing for long-gone days, trying to subsist off songs  
and culture they'd long since drawn the blood out of.

Maybe you've seen one standing in line at the supermarket,  
or mowing his lawn, or driving in the car next to you,  
this angry, decomposing, pot-scraping infertility,  
a dryness hollering out for death, a stone-gray shadow.

With nothing left to say. With nothing left to be.  
With nothing left to give. With nothing to look  
forward to but death. Men that I have known.

**EXPEDITION**  
BY PIGPEN MADIGAN

the  
poles of

the world                      once  
s  
t  
a  
n  
d  
i  
n  
g

firm, once

brimming with c

onfidence,

w    e    l    l

they were found lopsided and

b

e

n                      t



in the afore

mentioned snow,

the pale light (he thought) looked like

her eyes.

the wind

stung like her

too.

## THE SCHOOLYARD BRAWL TO END THEM ALL?

BY CLYDE ALWAYS

The sunniest playground is where it all started  
between all those mischievous boys  
who each to the gatherin' happily carted  
a wagon of dangerous toys;  
they boasted their blasters were bigger and meaner  
and showed off their boom-banger-bombs  
then each to another said 'wussie!' or 'wiener!'  
or 'eat it!' or 'choke!' or 'yer Mom's--!'

Big Jakob the bully was powerful brawny  
and savage to all of his foes,  
but Boris, his neighbor, was sneaky and scrawny  
and suckered 'im right in the nose.  
So, Jakob he shouted, all steamin' and sweaty,  
li'l Boris he threatened to hit,  
but Ivan, the brother of Boris was ready  
to sock 'im back lickety-split.

Well, Jakob's pal Otto, already disdainful  
of Ivan and Boris, the pair;  
he promised 'em punches so terribly painful  
it gave the two brothers a scare.  
Pierre was a buddy of Ivan's forever  
and Otto was causin' 'im grief  
so, up went his dukes in the noble endeavor  
to come to dear Ivan's relief.

Another boy, Lukas was just a bit lazy,  
and said he'd stay out of the fight  
but Otto was throwin' his knuckles like crazy  
and clobbered poor Lukas on sight.  
This really got Reginald angry and huffin'  
so, added himself to the brawl;  
he swore then-and-there that he'd knock out the stuffin'  
from Otto for-once-and-for-all!

Then other boys jumped to get in on the action  
like Omar and Marco and Sam;  
they walloped each other with gruff satisfaction  
and gave not a shit nor a damn.  
They fought 'til the playground was tarnished and muddy.  
They fought in the gravel and dirt.  
They fought 'til their fists and their faces were bloody.  
They fought 'til their gall-bladders hurt.

At last they grew tired of punchin' and bruisin',  
then entered the somber adult,  
and all of those boys pointed fingers, accusin'  
that Otto was solely at fault.  
So, Otto was punished in all of his sorrow  
and into detention was hurled,  
but, brooding, said Otto, he'd conquer tomorrow  
the playground and later...the world.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**S.R. Aichinger** recently earned an MFA in creative writing from Creighton University. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *|tap| lit mag*, *Into the Void Magazine*, *Alternating Current Press*, and *Marathon Literary Review*, and his work was named a finalist for *Tethered By Letters's* Spring Poetry Contest. He lives in Omaha, Nebraska.

**Clyde Always**, for the promotion of bliss, writes and recites his own blend of tall tales and clever verses.

**Aje Björkman** is a freelance-journalist based in the south of Sweden, Karlskrona. His creative work in English has appeared in, among other places, *Bird's Thumb*, *Bitterzoet Magazine*, *Coachella Review*, *One Throne Magazine*, and *Pea River Journal*.

**Carl Boon** lives in Izmir, Turkey, where he teaches courses in American culture and literature at 9 Eylül University. His poems appear in dozens of magazines, most recently *The Maine Review* and *The Hawaii Review*. A 2016 Pushcart Prize nominee, Boon is currently editing a volume on the sublime in American literature.

**Virginia Boudreau** hails from the southwest corner of Nova Scotia, Canada, where she can often be found on a beach. Her work has appeared in a wide variety of international literary magazines and anthologies, both in print and online.

Originally from New York, **Beth Boylan** lives and teaches English at a high school and community college near the ocean in New Jersey. She earned her M.A. in literature at Hunter College, and she has recently published poems in *Chronogram*, *Apeiron Review*, *A Lonely Riot Magazine*, and *Dying Dahlia Review*.

**Micah Bradley** is from Nashville, Tennessee, and recently graduated with a degree in English and creative writing. She has had short stories appear in *Apeiron Review* and *The Magnolia Review*. While studying in England, she had a poem published and awarded "Editors' Choice" by *Lancaster Flash*. She has also published articles with WPLN Nashville Public Radio and *Nashville Lifestyles* as an intern.

**Catherine Bull's** work has appeared in *Bellingham Review*, *FIELD*, *Literary Bohemian*, *The Operating System*, and others. She holds degrees in poetry and English from Oberlin College and U.C. Davis. She lives in Seattle, Washington. [www.catherinebull.com](http://www.catherinebull.com)

**Deborah L. Davitt** was raised in Reno, Nevada, but received her MA in English from Penn State. She's worked as a technical writer on contracts involving nuclear submarines, NASA, and computer manufacturing. She currently lives in Houston, Texas, with her husband and son. Her poetry has garnered two Rhysling nominations and has appeared in over twenty journals; her short fiction has appeared in *InterGalactic Medicine Show*, *Compelling Science Fiction*, *Altered*

*Europa*, *Silver Blade*, and *The Fantasist*. Her well-received Edda-Earth series is available through Amazon. For more about her work, please see [www.edda-earth.com](http://www.edda-earth.com).

**Mark A. Fisher**, a 2015 Pushcart nominee, lives in Tehachapi, California. His poetry has appeared in *A Sharp Piece of Awesome*, *Dragon Poet Review*, *Altadena Poetry Review*, *Penumbra*, *Elegant Rage: A Poetic Tribute to Woody Guthrie*, and others. His first chapbook, *drifter*, is available from Amazon. His second, *hour of lead*, won the 2017 San Gabriel Valley Poetry Chapbook contest. His plays have been performed in Pine Mountain Club, Tehachapi, Bakersfield, and Hayward. His column, "Lost in the Stars," has appeared in Tehachapi's *The Loop* newspaper for several years. He has also won cooking ribbons at the Kern County Fair.

**Fletch Fletcher** is a science teacher, a poet, a brother, a friend, and an observer of how all people connect to everything around them. We need to strive for connection if we are to ever be better than we are.

**Bill Garten** has published poetry in *Rattle*, *Interim*, *Asheville Poetry Review*, *California State Poetry Quarterly*, *Portland Review*, *Wisconsin Review*, *Antietam Review*, *The Comstock Review*, *The Chaffey Review*, *Hawaii Review*, *Portland Review*, *Poet Lore*, and others. He is a graduate student in the MFA Program in Creative Writing at Ashland University. He also has been anthologized in *Wild Sweet Notes*, *And Now The Magpie* and *What The Mountains Yield*.

**James Graham** was born in 1939 in Ayrshire, Scotland, in a rural cottage lit by oil lamps and surrounded with meadows and woodland. He was a teacher for thirty years, but would rather have been a celebrated journalist and best-selling author. Most of his published work has been poetry, which has appeared in print magazines including *The Dark Horse* and *The Linnet's Wings*, and several anthologies including *Scottish Poetry* (Edinburgh University Press), and the first and second Every Day Poets anthologies. His second collection, *Becoming a Tree*, published by Troubador Press, is currently available.

**Laura Hoffman** is a United States Marine Corps veteran currently pursuing her undergraduate degree in English at The University of North Florida. Hoffman's work is forthcoming or appears in *Bop Dead City*, *Clear Poetry*, *The Bangalore Review*, *Pouch*, *Twisted Sister Lit Mag*, *Lady Blue Literary Magazine*, *Penultimate Peanut*, *The Write Launch*, and *WOWsdom: The Girl's Guide to The Positive and The Possible* by Donna Orender (to be released Fall 2017).

**James Croal Jackson** is the author of *The Frayed Edge of Memory* (Writing Knights Press, 2017). His poetry has appeared in *FLAPPERHOUSE*, *Rust + Moth*, *Jet Fuel Review*, and elsewhere. He has won the William Redding Memorial Poetry Contest and is founding editor of *The Mantle*. Find him in Columbus, Ohio, or at [jimjakk.com](http://jimjakk.com).

**Oonah V Joslin** is poetry editor at *The Linnet's Wings*. Her book, *Three Pounds of Cells*, ISBN: 13:978-1535486491 is for sale online. Part of her novella *A Genie in a Jam* is serialized at *Bewildering Stories*. Find her on Facebook or at Parallel Oonahverse ([oovj.wordpress.com](http://oovj.wordpress.com)).

**Jacqueline Jules** is the author of three chapbooks: *Field Trip to the Museum* (Finishing Line Press), *Stronger Than Cleopatra* (ELJ Publications), and *Itzhak Perlman's Broken String*, winner of the 2016 Helen Kay Chapbook Prize from Evening Street Press. Her poetry has appeared in over 100 publications including *The Broome Review*, *Sow's Ear Poetry Review*, *Hospital Drive*, and *Imitation Fruit*. She is also the author of 40 books for young readers. Visit [www.jacquelinejules.com](http://www.jacquelinejules.com).

**Daniel Kuriakose** is an eighteen-year-old high school senior who loves poems and is scared of dying.

**Pigpen Madigan** is poet who used to live in Chicago. Used to.

**Janaya Martin** began writing poetry at a young age as a way to cope with the sudden loss of her father and has continued to use writing as a way to get through tough times. A true introvert, she avoids people as much as possible, except every second Thursday when she hosts the monthly reading series, Writers Read, in NE Minneapolis. Her poems have appeared in *Oddball Magazine*, *The Grief Diaries*, *The Real Us* and *AutoAnatta*. *Tiptoe and Whisper* is her first book.

**Beth McDonough** has a background in silversmithing and teaching, completing her M.Litt at Dundee University. Recently Writer in Residence at Dundee Contemporary Arts, she reviews for *DURA*. Her work is strongly connected to place, particularly the Tay, where she swims. *Handfast*, (with Ruth Aylett, May 2016) explores autism and dementia.

**Terry Jude Miller** is a poet from Houston, Texas. The recipient of many poetry awards, his work has been published in scores of publications including anthologies. Miller's books of poetry are titled: *The Day I Killed Superman*, *What If I Find Only Moonlight?*, and *The Butterfly Canonical*. He is the creator of the Texas Poets Podcast. Terry is a retired professor of eMarketing and held an Innovation Fellowship at Kaplan University.

**Mark J. Mitchell**'s latest novel, *The Magic War*, just appeared from Loose Leaves Publishing. He studied writing at UC Santa Cruz under Raymond Carver and George Hitchcock. His work has appeared in the several anthologies and hundreds of periodicals. Three of his chapbooks—*Three Visitors*; *Lent, 1999*; and *Artifacts and Relics*—and the novel, *Knight Prisoner*—are available through Amazon, and Barnes and Noble. He lives with his wife Joan Juster and makes a living pointing out pretty things in San Francisco.

**Daniel Edward Moore**, a Pushcart nominee and author of *Confessions of a Pentecostal Buddhist* (available on Amazon), lives on Whidbey Island, Washington. His poems are widely published, with current work in *Mandala*, *Lullwater Review*, *Prairie Winds*, *Common Ground Review*, *Badlands Literary Journal*, *WA 129 Washington State Anthology*, *Sweet Tree Review*, *Clackamas Literary Review*, *New South*, *Birmingham Arts Journal*, *District Lit*, and *Street Light Press*. Publication is also forthcoming in *Broad Street Magazine*, *Tule Review*, *Weber Review*, *december Magazine*, *Natural Bridge*, *Picaron Poetry Journal*, *Scalawag Magazine*, *2 Bridges Review* and *Big Windows Review*. Visit [danieledwardmoore.com](http://danieledwardmoore.com) for more information.

**Lyndi Bell O’Laughlin** lives in Kaycee, Wyoming. Her work has appeared, or is forthcoming, in *Nasty Women Poets: An Unapologetic Anthology of Subversive Verse* (Lost Horse Press, Fall, 2017), *Troubadour: An Anthology of Music-Inspired Poetry* (Picaroon Poetry, 2017), *Blood, Water, Wind, and Stone: An Anthology of Wyoming Writers* (Sastrugi Press, 2016), *Gyroscope Review*, *The New Verse News*, *Picaroon Poetry*, *Unbroken Journal*, and elsewhere.

**Sergio A. Ortiz** is a two-time Pushcart nominee, a four-time Best of the Web nominee, and 2016 Best of the Net nominee. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Loch Raven Review*, *Drunk Monkeys*, *Algebra Of Owls*, *Free State Review*, and *The Paragon Journal*.

**AJ Oxenford** lives in West Des Moines, Iowa, where she teaches at a local college; she also owns a business with her husband where they take down barns and make furniture. She loves the Iowa Hawkeyes, reading mystery novels, and cat naps (with her cats).

**M.P. Powers** was born in Illinois, bred in South Florida, and is based in Berlin, Germany. More info here: <http://poets.nyq.org/poet/mppowers>

**Samuel Salerno**’s previous poems have appeared in *Free Verse*, *The Wayfarer*, *Fresh Ink*, *Catamaran Literary Review*, *The California Quarterly*, and *Red River Review*. Sam has published three collections of poetry: *Pygmalion’s Cross*, *The New World*, and *The Soul Collects Its World*, and a collection of plays (Sweet Forgiveness/Black Lodge Press). A lifelong resident of California’s central coast, Sam is an English instructor at the Stevenson School and an avid musician. He is currently working on another collection of poems entitled *Holding Spaces*.

**Joannie Stangeland** is the author of *In Both Hands* and *Into the Rumored Spring* from Ravenna Press, and three chapbooks. Her poems have also appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Cimarron Review*, *The Southern Review*, and other journals.

**Debra Stone** is a poet and fiction writer from Minnesota and has poetry published in the *Saint Paul Almanac* 2017 edition, *Weatherbeaten*, and *Random Sample Review* with other publications forthcoming.

**M. Stone** is a bookworm, birdwatcher, and stargazer who writes poetry while living in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *San Pedro River Review*, *SOFTBLOW*, *Calamus Journal*, and numerous other print and online journals. She can be reached at [writermstone.wordpress.com](http://writermstone.wordpress.com).

**Adam Szetela** is an assistant professor in the liberal arts department at Berklee College of Music. His recent work has been published by *Vice*, *Salon*, *The Nation*, and the edited collection *Black Lives Have Always Mattered*.

**Judith Taylor** comes from Perthshire and now lives and works in Aberdeen. She is the author of two pamphlet collections, *Earthlight* (Koo Press, 2006) and *Local Colour* (Calder Wood Press,

2010), and her first full-length collection, *Not in Nightingale Country*, will be published in October 2017 by Red Squirrel Press.

**Matt Zambito** is the author of *The Fantastic Congress of Oddities* (Cherry Grove Collections), and two chapbooks, *Guy Talk* and *Checks & Balances* (Finishing Line Press). New poems appear in *Slice*, *Pembroke Magazine*, *Soundings East*, *Broken Plate*, and elsewhere. He writes from Spokane, Washington.



## ANNOUNCEMENTS

We will accept submissions for our Winter 2018 issue from October 1, 2017, through December 15, 2017.

All submissions must come to us through Submittable ([www.gyroskopereview.submittable.com/submit](http://www.gyroskopereview.submittable.com/submit)). We do not accept submissions via email, social media, snail mail, or any other channel.

Please read our submission guidelines at [www.gyroskopereview.com/home/guidelines/](http://www.gyroskopereview.com/home/guidelines/) for complete information.

Stay up-to-date with us at our website ([www.gyroskopereview.com](http://www.gyroskopereview.com)), on Facebook, Twitter (@gyroskopereview) and Instagram (@gyroskopereview).

Email us at [gyroskopereview@gmail.com](mailto:gyroskopereview@gmail.com).

Thank you for reading.





# *Gyroscope Review*

*fine poetry to turn your world around*

2017 All rights reserved  
[www.gyroscopereview.com](http://www.gyroscopereview.com)

\$8.00