

	TRIPLE WORD SCORE		G ₂		DOUBLE LETTER SCORE			TRIPLE WORD SCORE	
			Y ₄				DOUBLE WORD SCORE		
DOUBLE LETTER SCORE		DOUBLE LETTER SCORE	R ₁	E ₁	V ₄	I ₁	E ₁	W ₄	
	DOUBLE LETTER SCORE		O ₁	<i>Fine poetry to turn your world around</i>					
			S ₁	DOUBLE WORD SCORE					
			C ₃				TRIPLE LETTER SCORE		
DOUBLE LETTER SCORE		DOUBLE LETTER SCORE	O ₁		DOUBLE LETTER SCORE				
	★		P ₃		DOUBLE LETTER SCORE			TRIPLE WORD SCORE	
DOUBLE LETTER SCORE		DOUBLE LETTER SCORE	E ₁		DOUBLE LETTER SCORE				
			TRIPLE LETTER SCORE				TRIPLE LETTER SCORE		
				DOUBLE WORD SCORE					
	DOUBLE LETTER SCORE				DOUBLE WORD SCORE			DOUBLE LETTER SCORE	
DOUBLE LETTER SCORE		DOUBLE LETTER SCORE	W ₄	I ₁	N ₁	T ₁	E ₁	R ₁	
			TRIPLE LETTER SCORE	2	0	2	0		
	TRIPLE WORD SCORE		/	S	S	U	E	20-1	



Gyroscope Review

Fine poetry to turn your world around

Issue 20-1
Winter 2020

Copyright © 2020 *Gyroscope Review*
Constance Brewer & Kathleen Cassen Mickelson

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage retrieval system, without permission from the editors. For information about permission to reproduce selections from this magazine, contact the editors by email at gyroscopereview@gmail.com.

Submissions: *Gyroscope Review* accepts previously unpublished contemporary poetry submissions through our online submissions system, gyroscopereview.submittable.com/submit.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

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

Editors:

Constance Brewer
Kathleen Cassen Mickelson

Assistant Editor:

Elya Braden

Logo design, cover design, layout, and interior:

Constance Brewer

Social Media:

Kathleen Cassen Mickelson

This issue's cover art:

"Midwinter Games" © 2020 Constance Brewer

FROM THE EDITORS

Welcome to a brand-new decade, everybody. Take a look at what's new here at *Gyroscope Review*. Editor Constance Brewer designed a fresh logo for us; nice to start the year with a bit of an update. The full-color version is on our website.

We've also added Assistant Editor Elya Braden to our masthead. Elya joined us in the fall and this issue is the first one for which she read submissions. She lives and works in the Los Angeles area, and her work has appeared in past issues of *Gyroscope Review*. Elya is not only a poet; she is also a visual artist, former lawyer, and has been known to sing in jazz clubs. We are excited to have her on our team.

We are also excited about this first issue of 2020. What struck us about the poems that we read for this issue is how strong the threads of activism around political and social change are. As poets, we are called to reflect what is happening in our societies and these poets have stepped up in numerous ways. They tackle the current administration, equality, justice, and climate change. These poems spare no words, offering sharp-tongued critiques on those who do damage to the planet and each other. These poets mourn the widespread atmosphere of distrust and despair at the same time that they offer hope and a call to action. These poems are testaments to the capacity human beings have to be better, to do better, to evolve. To count our blessings.

We are blessed, sing the elephants,
it is the world that is in trouble and distress.
There is too much damage to the earth,
and its sadness is felt through our feet
as we travel in a herd towards the polluted river.
The Geiger counter of our hearts detect
the smallest shift in the microscopic insects.
Something is amiss.

- from *The Elephants Sing About Everlasting Love*
by Martin Willitts Jr, in this issue

Something is amiss, but we still have options. It's a new year, a new decade, and we can choose to make changes. We can choose to work at what needs to be fixed. We can choose to create art that inspires us along the way. Let's get on with it.

Constance Brewer, Editor
Kathleen Cassen Mickelson, Editor
January 2020

Table of Contents
Issue 20-1
Winter 2020

Section 1	1
The Elephants Sing About Everlasting Love	2
by Martin Willitts Jr	
Far Away is Mt. Fuji	3
by Bill Rector	
January 25 – Any Year	4
by Sheree La Puma	
President Angry at Nearly Everyone	5
by Ace Boggess	
Shame and Guilt	6
by Matthew Babcock	
Ghost of a Gun	7
by Juliana Gray	
Breaking News	8
by Alexis Rhone Fancher	
why i'm choosing mental health	9
by Astrid Evenson	
Clay Pigeons	11
by Roman Casper Wallfisch	
Raw Edge	12
by Jennifer Hambrick	
The Forecast	13
by Ace Boggess	
but the ghost needs a home	14
by John Sweet	
Roshomon Redux	15
by Joanna Sit	
Pigeon	17
by Yael Veitz	
Section II	18

Haiku	19
by Roberta Beach Jacobson	
Dance	20
by Jack Cooper	
Winter Skies in the Rockies (haiku series)	21
by Art Elser	
The Floating World	22
by Deborah H. Doolittle	
Cold Harvest	23
by Elton Glaser	
Owls in the Night	24
by George Longenecker	
My Words	25
by Mark Robinson	
Overnight	26
by Nancy K. Jentsch	
How to Change the Weather	27
by Barbara Daniels	
Section III	28
Senryu	29
by Ayaz Daryl Nielsen	
Finding the Perfect Simile for a Seizure	30
by Brandyn Johnson	
Pluto Talk	31
by Hannah Wagner	
What an 85 year old man said today	33
by Malcolm Miller	
Every day	34
by Bill Rector	
Ebb	35
by Stefani Cox	
Sitting Shiva	36
by Ruth Holzer	

Body Shop	37
by Alexis Rhone Fancher	
Section IV	38
in that skeleton there are a number of parts to be recognized	39
by Carole Anzovin	
The First Time I Commit Osculation	40
by Alexis Rhone Fancher	
Death Threats to Ted Hughes	41
by Bryn Gribben	
Burnt Music	42
by Cordelia Hanemann	
Love Me Like You Know Me	43
by Saraswoti (Sara) Lamichhane	
Of Strays And Leashes	44
by Joseph Hardy	
Hours	45
by Robert Manaster	
Because the city	46
by Lucia Leao	
Beijing Bathhouse	47
by Gail Eisenhart	
I Can't Afford To Complain	48
by Alexis Rhone Fancher	
Click If You're Not a Robot	49
by Juliana Gray	
Wedding Snow	50
by Carol Tyx	
Section V	51
Hear Say	52
by Daniel Edward Moore	
Petrichor	53
by Katherine Huang	

Islet	55
by Eliot Hudson	
A Poem that My Son Will Never Read	56
by Dorsía Smith Silva	
Whistler Lights	57
by Yulia Aleynikova	
7:32	58
by Kristen Moraine	
Trimming the Evergreens	59
by Jeff Schiff	
Knitting	60
by Sujash Purna	
Practice Fire	61
by Bartholomew Barker	
Have you decided what you want?	62
by Bill Rector	
Puddle	63
by Douglas MacDonald	
The Wild Address	64
by Cate Graves	
Conjuring Mary Oliver in Wolsfeld Woods	65
by Elizabeth Weir	
Aria	66
by Daniel Martin	
CONTRIBUTORS	67
ANNOUNCEMENTS	75

POEMS

Section 1

THE ELEPHANTS SING ABOUT EVERLASTING LOVE
BY MARTIN WILLITTS JR

According to Science, elephants communicate through singing and they understand each other

We are blessed, sing the elephants,
it is the world that is in trouble and distress.
There is too much damage to the earth,
and its sadness is felt through our feet
as we travel in a herd towards the polluted river.
The Geiger counter of our hearts detect
the smallest shift in the microscopic insects.
Something is amiss.

We change our songs yearly
as we discover new destruction,
a mourning, keening from the soil.
We sing, nevertheless, across the horizon
to where the land descends into wretchedness.

The way we respect the dead lasts generations —
an unending music of legacy and respect.
We remember. We honor the bones
of our ancestors with the same joyful caring
for the land, for the air sharing our chorus
with those who have no reason to sing.

We are blessed. The dirt we toss on our backs
is blessed. The savanna and the shrub trees
providing leaves to eat are blessed. The sun,
like an eye watching over us, is blessed.
The water we drink with blessedness
sprays over us to consecrate ourselves
in the survey of all that we see. The water
contains the spirit of every song ever sung
and every refrain waiting to be shared.

FAR AWAY IS MT. FUJI
BY BILL RECTOR

Let us therefore replace
contemplation of the ideal
with conversation about the human.

Let us speak for a moment, if no
longer, about lightning,
not those forking bolts beyond

Our power to command or recreate,
but rather their after-images, our own fading
memories, and the incomprehensible

language of thunder. How are we to translate
the world's message into words?
As if summoned by our questioning,

our ignorance, a few characters appear,
some resembling the bones of a hut,
others a tree bent before a storm,

or scudding leaves or bits of straw,
drawn from the clouds down
toward the earth.

A great wave is about to break.

JANUARY 25 – ANY YEAR
BY SHEREE LA PUMA

The anniversary of our disrupt
comes too soon, as it does
each year, having no regard
for milestones,
works in progress.

It finds me where I am
and where I am not,
learning the art of deconstruction
reconstruction.

I have joined a knitting circle.

PRESIDENT ANGRY AT NEARLY EVERYONE

— CNN

BY ACE BOGCESS

Nobody likes him. Those who say they like him
don't like him; they like the idea of him
or that he has power that somehow trickles down
to them. His roommates
in the policy dorm say they side with him;
in secret, whisper how he keeps his stereo
too loud, awful music blaring at 2 a.m.,
leaving all edgy or asleep with vivid dreaming.

Nobody trusts him. He has the handshake
of a man whose palms have been oiled
with tree-frog poison. His free hand
holds a shiv filed down from one of those
plastic Statue of Liberty tchotchkes.
Even his children know to stay away
when his tie is crooked.

Nobody likes him, & that enrages him.
He thinks he's likable enough; enough for what?

SHAME AND GUILT

BY MATTHEW BABCOCK

Rise before dawn and jog the parking lot around the Liberty Sleep Inn, the traffic on the wet highway a slow rip in the curtain of the universe, the air a soupy haze. With the one good eye of a man who has abandoned memory, believe in colored lights bleeding from the bleary world. Count chain smokers clustering around the exits like shoddy supplicants at The Neon Temple of the Butane Flame. Their translucent flesh glows like onionskin pages. The rumpled surfing T-shirts and khaki shorts they have slept in match the humble robes of pilgrims. When they glance up then cast down their eyes, cradling cursed wombs, wonder if you are the founder of a new American religion. The one that fuses all doctrines and summons the final awakening. No commandments, no tomes, no sadness. Only the wise red sun smiling in the eyes of those who embrace The Three Affirmations:

In you beats the Blood of Revolution!

In you roars the Breath of Reformation!

In you blazes the Golden Sunrise of Eternal Rebirth!

A beer-bellied truck driver in green golf shirt and pure white sneakers limps from the strip mall and, witnessing your ascension from the cigarette butt he flicks under your shoe, becomes a wandering sage. His good will caravan rambles to remote hideaways so every outcast who sees the grinning black woman, redhead, Hispanic man, bald spectacled man with a gray mustache, and blond mother on the side of his HyVee Foods truck knows the ancient tribes cleansed the movement of racism, sexism, ageism, height-ism, hair-ism, and ism-ism. No remorse, only the sacred blossom of the open throat. No blame, only cicadas in horsetail grass, drumming the burden of a Missouri summer from their backs, sawing brittle tunes on camp fiddles. For a totem, a jackrabbit darting from shrubs like the frightened heart seeking sanctuary. Marvel, a mystical figure materializing in the shape of a disgruntled city worker on the overpass at the height of the commute. With a voice of warning he proclaims that he descends from an alien race that watched earth for eons but now lives among the blind and proud. He pleads for the chosen ones to welcome the bullet of belief that stills the heart. The cause joins you, he calls, to the vast shooting gallery of martyrs, the cars and trucks roaring like a relentless urge into the amplified soul of Kansas City. If you don't resist, he whispers over the guardrail, taking aim. If you keep moving and don't stop to think you may never have to feel again.

GHOST OF A GUN
BY JULIANA GRAY

Columbine blossoms stink
of sulphur. In the nightclub, dance beats
crack against the walls, against

swaying bodies. Cold spots
beneath a desk, inside a closet.
America is full of ghosts.

See them in certain lights, red
and blue flashes glinting
off spent brass jackets.

Hear the echoes. They haunt
a church, a synagogue,
a music festival field,

an Army base, a Navy yard,
a movie theater, a banquet hall,
a restaurant, a grocery store,

an immigration center, a mosque,
a newspaper office, a school,
a school, a school, a school, a school.

When all the trials and appeals are done,
the weapons used in crimes are sold
at auction or destroyed, chopped

into pieces like black licorice
and melted down, molded and cast
as rebar, used in freeways and bridges.

Feel the recoil as your tires pass
on your way to somewhere safe,
some bright and wholesome ground.

BREAKING NEWS

BY ALEXIS RHONE FANCHER

It's a wet winter. *Brutally raped*, the TV anchor says. *Snatched at noon, in the 400 block of 11th Street as the woman entered her home.* I watch the anchor wring her small, lovely hands. They look like my mother's. The same white slimness. *Even if the rapist owns a car*, I hear my mother say, *in California, no one drives well in the rain.* Anyway, I-5's impassable, the Grapevine an ice sheet. Can't leave, even if I wanted to. I buy mace. A Beretta. *You're a natural*, the range master smiles. He hands me the silhouette, notes the tight cluster of shots between the eyes. Still, I feel unsafe, a target. And the rapist's still at large. On TV a generic sketch fills the screen. Now, every "slightly built white or Latino male with a mustache and sleeve tattoos between the ages of 25 and 40" looks suspect to me. Almost every man on the streets of my town. If the sliding glass door to my kitchen opens, I'll shoot first.

This poem was created by stringing together words that were only used in the recent article, “Why I Am Choosing Not to Seek Professional Mental Health Care” from The Cornell Daily Sun. I describe my emotional reactions to the opinion piece: how I was deeply triggered and wanted to revert to unhealthy coping mechanisms, but was ultimately able to manage my own toxic thoughts through social support and validation. I hope to share the importance of choosing our words, trigger warnings, and the de-stigmatization of mental healthcare by applauding the immense courage there is in those who seek it.

trigger warnings: self injury, suicide

WHY I’M CHOOSING MENTAL HEALTH
BY ASTRID EVENSON

A well-meaning
apology
I politely insist
for my own mental wellness

I cut.
a parallel
numbing relief
a familiar disquiet

lies recently said.
confession: your absence of courage
tossed my mind back through a tricky
process

what happened?
a call,
reality distorting,
to dismiss
to suppress
the damage

i process nothing.
in excess stress,
to ground myself,
it’s hard.
lines
are drawn.
precisely,
because I
demand attention

there's so much a friend can do.
and i realize
the earth-shattering boundaries in
our existing systems

yet
suicide
the illusion
I had begun contemplating
seeking the precise solution

so
grasp
the collateral damage
on
our needs
the world
us

CLAY PIGEONS

BY ROMAN CASPER WALLFISCH

I am sick and my nose will not stop for even a second the veins on my thumb as it presses on the page to flat it to keep it (stable) are rectangular and red under my pastry flesh pastry butter sugar flour water butter cold presssssssed-- I know there is a war for clean air and for oil and water against drugs and christmas and terrorism against clay pigeons and tourists against the whites and waged on the poor against history and the T word, what an ugly fucking letter. I am sick and world is *sick*, my sister my nose runs from the rain both pouring both sick both feet that support too much, with cracked ankles and buckled knees and flab that hangs above them, yes, shielding them but the shield is so ugly the stretch marks so pale. The rain so empty and standing for the color purple and the nose for time, all infinite and leaving, *leaving*, leaving, gone.

RAW EDGE

BY JENNIFER HAMBRICK

after Andrea Myers' fabric sculpture *Zig Zagged*

Everything blows up in a cosmic second
and tears a life to rags and remnants,
leaving scraps of what had been a person
standing firm in the firmament floating
in a sea of chaos and confusion.
War widows bring their husbands' suits
to my grandmother, who makes her pittance
trimming trousers into skirts, curving
boxy jackets to hourglass figures
new to punching timeclocks in a place
in every way so far from home. Bombs
and bloodshed blister the walls of domestic
tranquility, gouge out a no-woman's-land
where every paycheck is a size too small
and hierarchy shears woman from onion skin
and pins her in place on futile fabric.
Wallflower, step forward and be
cut off at the knees, be hemmed in,
the mouth of your heart sewn shut
by surge after surge of holes punched
through the skin of your dignity. And all
the shreds of who you might have been
stitched together by mismatching thread
so taut it frays the mind to think about it.
The world is not round, it is angled.
It is not smooth, it elbows through air
and ether like fins slicing waves into sea
glass, wake healing only until the next seam
sears through. The world rewards those
tailored to its pattern, makes them light
their own orange flames that burn
then fade beyond the horizon line basted
in the space between what could be and what is.

THE FORECAST
BY ACE BOGCESS

states a range from nothing to ten inches of imprisonment,
power outages or not, impassible roads or not.

We're staying in, stir crazy, though it hasn't started yet,
or it has —yard jade, sky opalescent, wind steady.

It's doubt that paralyzes, uncertainty bids us worry,
worry, worry. On television, the meteorologist

changes his mind once more as if rearranging furniture,
deciding on a gift for his wife: a vacuum or Tiffany silver?

He can't decide, blinding us to the future, the same
as yesterday, except with weather to confuse us.

We want an honest prophecy, blurry Second Coming,
a highway to freedom we'll cross come one dry day.

BUT THE GHOST NEEDS A HOME
BY JOHN SWEET

age of crows or the
season of bright laughter

some goddamn useless
moment in time
waiting to become an event

some small rusted piece of christ
broken off and sold but
i have no money and
i have no faith

i find out later how many
people were disappeared by
government on the day we met

i consider palaces
built from the
bones of the butchered

dream of vast machines
fueled by human blood and
when we wake up we
wake up alone in
strangers' beds

trade dirt for ashes and
call it even

call it love

ROSHOMON REDUX

(AFTER THE 1963 MOVIE "ROSHOMON" BY AKIRA KUROSAWA)

BY JOANNA SIT

Go through the open gate and you'll walk
Into a cage of lies. What's not
A lie is in the beginning

 There are three
 A man. A woman. A man.

In the beginning
 there is a forest (of course)
in which the first man dozes
but his sword tilts up to alert
 his bandit lust the moment she goes by

These are the facts:

 A man and a woman are married
 A bandit crosses their path
 A man is murdered

At the inquest it seems to matter
 which perspective to take:

1. she was still in love
2. she was not loveable
3. she was deluded
4. she was a survivor
5. she was a vicious slattern

These are the things we could say:

- a. She was of wealthy family
 and he is of wealthy family
- b. They were betrothed to consolidate wealth (Call it merger.
 Call it union. Call it love
 of money.)
- c. He was an opium addict
- d. He was a good artist
- e. They have a son
- f. He is named "Forest Mirror"

The ghost of the dead man accuses his wife of betrayal
 His sigh of despair hangs in air
 His body a white and mournful scarf
 drifting in the lying breeze

Perhaps that's the story we prefer but really
 he'd escaped and sold art on the street
 to pay for his addiction
 that he couldn't be found
that when he was
 found he was
 another man
 with another life
 in another movie
married again in Singapore
 while Mirror grew up singing
opera in another cage by the sea

PIGEON
BY YAEL VEITZ

Bird of refuse
drinking at the sewage grates
kicked and chased

has found a friend .

She, fourteen, is friendless
but she casts out crumbs.
She whispers to him,
talking of pills she used
to kill the thing

inside of her.

And he, who has many children
drinking at the sewage grates,
just coos and coos.

Section II

HAIKU

BY ROBERTA BEACH JACOBSON

female cardinal
a hint of color
on the woodpile

DANCE

BY JACK COOPER

The rumba of winter
came late this year
buds holding their breaths
to the point of bursting
birds unsure
when to claim their space
humans refusing
to check their coats and boots
as snow shimmied
down to the deck
like sequins
collecting in a ring
around the bird bath
like whipped cream on a pie
bunching up in corners
like shy boys
transfixed on the dance floor
secretly hoping
to be rescued from anonymity

WINTER SKIES IN THE ROCKIES (HAIKU SERIES)
BY ART ELSER

through low fog
the sun's a silver disk
winter magic

the sky closed in
brought softly falling snow
filling the day

evening cirrus
rainbows the failing light
winter magic

white chiffon
morphs to soft pink wool
winter sunset

winter sunset
ends the day with fire
mountain wave flames

after the sun sets
and the sky loses its light
a fingernail moon

THE FLOATING WORLD

BY DEBORAH H. DOOLITTLE

Three nights now, an owl has swept low
across the front yard. The edges
of its feathers, spread out like fans,
glow in the street light. Silence sweeps
in behind it. No movement stirs
the grass or underbrush. Nothing
shows its face, not even the owl,
who could be a Barred or a Great
Horned. That big. With a wide open
wingspan hovering on awe. I
can see the downy belly
ripple in its slow descent and
the striped bands of alternating
dark and light that mark its downward
trajectory. The trees, the cats
that prowl the neighborhood at night,
and I pause mid-sway, mid-step, mid-breath,
the moment hangs between us as
the moon, caught in the poplar tree
like a balloon, deflates, weightless.

COLD HARVEST
BY ELTON GLASER

In north Ohio, before the last snow
blows into the green gusts of spring,

they tap a little spigot in the trees
to drain from the maples a thin sap,

a trickle that makes its slow way
down to the bottom of the bucket,

a kind of cold honey leaking from the wood
before the leaves come back, or the bees.

and where else can you find anything
so sweet slipping out of winter?

OWLS IN THE NIGHT
BY GEORGE LONGENECKER

We heard great horned owls call during the night
catching us between consciousness and dream.
I wasn't quite sure if the owls were real,
then they moved from tree to tree in the dark,
calling each other like hungry lovers,
I imagined watching the forest floor,
not far from our side yard, then swooping down,
to capture a chipmunk or meadow mouse,
who'd made a fatal error — didn't turn
quickly enough. So it could be for us,
between sheets of dreams and reality;
when we are neither asleep nor awake,
we hear great horned owls call from tree to tree,
not knowing if by dawn we might be gone.

MY WORDS
BY MARK ROBINSON

When you asked
from over the bookshelf
about the peonies in her poems,
I fell in love (again) with your eyes
and with your voice
and with the way you value
someone else's story.
*Everyone has their words,
and peonies, it's one of my words.*

I remembered my own words:
*Absence, ghost, moon.
Nowhere, distance, sky.*

The room expanded
like a single blooming peony:
Any word that ends with a question mark.

And finally:
Listen.

OVERNIGHT

BY NANCY K. JENTSCH

Overnight the wind whipped so hard
that stars shivered stones cowered

while silent breaths of will
just as inscrutable unfolded

the opaline petals
of my kitchen orchid

HOW TO CHANGE THE WEATHER
BY BARBARA DANIELS

Open your old black umbrella.
Step into the parking lot.
Already you're wet to the skin.

Your weather hand reaches out
of your body into a gesture.
It waves, turning the clouds

to a sunstorm. Waxwings
start flocking, flesh of the day
like flesh of an orange.

Forget grief so strong it pulls
elephants down. Sorrow
will pass like a season.

Flowers wait under the frost line,
curled inside bulbs. Sand
shifts in the bloody bag

of your heart. Your extra hand
catches sky-circling stars
before they fall down into mud.

Section III

SENRYU

BY AYAZ DARYL NIELSEN

beneath this costume
all my fallibilities
and some navel lint

FINDING THE PERFECT SIMILE FOR A SEIZURE
BY BRANDYN JOHNSON

Like a Discman skipping in my head –
like a reference the reader won't get,
which makes it perfect,
you see, I, too, don't get –
If eyes are keyholes of the brain, mine
fogged over, lenses unable to read,
nothing to do but flash error,
stalling while I tried to find my way
back to the body, trying to do
what it tried to do, spinning,
tumult adrift in its own sudden orbit –

resume miles down the playlist,
IV, Velcro-cuffed to hospital bed
nurses floating in and out,
their auras defrosting by the minute.
Then they bring Her. She's so afraid.
She holds my hand. Words don't make.
They false-start, tripping over themselves.
Like skipping a perfect Discman across
my glossy surface, leaving ripples,
something diluted by me, now part,
coursing me, polluting, this song
about how answers are only more questions,
and about leaves twirling downward,
and about how you're inevitably wrecked
and nothing will ever be the same,
but how everything's probably okay,
and about how it doesn't really exist
no matter how much I keep humming.

PLUTO TALK
BY HANNAH WAGNER

I.

I used to be a planet.

I used to be a lover too
until my belly went soft.

If you type me into Wikipedia
they use the term “dwarf” which
is really the worst way to put it.

I’d accept miniature or petite.
I used to like fun size until I
realized it made me sound
like a sex toy.

Eris is the biggest dwarf planet, so naturally
she thinks she’s better than the rest of us.
She hardly ever gets carded for buying
scratch tickets.

Once at a bar I said,
I’ll have what she’s having, the bartender
laughed and never brought me the Rosé.
I had to slam my fists on the counter.

It’s true what they say
about the Napoleon complex.

II.

I don’t mind the demotion,
anymore. I was never looking for
too much responsibility.

I have a book of birthdays that tells you
what kind of person you are based on the
day you were born. Under a list of my weaknesses
was “disturbing”. Is that even a weakness?

When you segregate a planet away,
it doesn’t go very well.

When you take something that has always been
theirs then they’ll spend light years trying to get it back.

III.

Since as long as I can remember
I've been getting asked about my size.

They want measurements,
diameter, circumference.

They always think they're being clever.
Or worse, flirting.

It's been a lifetime of jabbing,
which is about a week here.

Humans think their suffering flows
like a river going on for eternity.

Up here time stretches like taffy
and drags behind me everywhere I go.

WHAT AN 85 YEAR OLD MAN SAID TODAY
BY MALCOLM MILLER

it would be a beautiful thing to die
under the winter stars after midnight
with the streets cleared
of rabble rousers mock
joyous on hastily made ale
and the deep snow quietly calling
out its whiteness to the moon
to the dark endlessness with its billion
unstoppable stars

it would be most satisfying to the poise
and curiosity of the eventual soul
to sit in a park heaped
with radiant snow and trees
destined to green and flowering and dream
there your way into the future
of all things
and be found there red
cheeked as a boy for whom a life
like snowman is something holy the sky sends
just about to utter
the dawn of a word

EVERY DAY
BY BILL RECTOR

The cliffs of Ireland are being wiped
away like a child's chalk drawing
by the wet eraser of the sea.

On schedule, cirrus clouds pair
with fraying contrails to arrow
the way from Dublin to Boston.

While here, headstones,
so lichen-mottled they appear
to have been dusted for fingerprints,

tilt this way and that, like dozing parishioners
in turfy pews, or rest upon the ground,
footprints of wandering spirits.

In a far corner is one freshly-cut,
smooth but for its legend:
Seamus Heaney: 1939-2013 Walk On Air

Against Your Better Judgment. Not a long
span by modern standards, but long enough.
The wind picks up. It's hard to stand against.

The vault wants us back, and one day we'll go.

EBB

BY STEFANI COX

If I told you a story of liquid
a ballad for the ages, a body
washed ashore
rusted bruised on
wave-washed corals,

would you seek to meet
placid tide of days?

Beat kelp, tip foam, call sprites
at spiral seashell rise

while hands ply ocean, crabs and kin
lift wet packed sand.

It's true that sharks here
trouble dark deep,
 and someday
you may well
 be one.

SITTING SHIVA
BY RUTH HOLZER

Mourning his mother, he rent his clothes.
His wife complained: a good suit ruined,

when any old necktie would have done.
He shrouded the mirrors with sheets.

She said, *leave mine alone at least.*

He crouched on a stool for a week
while she grouched, *you're under my feet.*

His beard grew in bristly white.
She didn't like it one bit.

BODY SHOP

BY ALEXIS RHONE FANCHER

The same week
the oncologist
severed my son's
cancerous arm
to save his life, (which it didn't),
a second blow.
My vintage Mercedes,
winged in a fender bender.

At the bodyshop
I fantasized a "body" shop,
spare knees, replacement arms,
shoulders, legs, slim and sturdy,
stored by make/model,
rebuilt while you wait.

I envisioned entire lives, un-lived,
abandoned by suicide, accident,
murder, drowning, execution.
Discount priced.
Aftermarket.

Do you know
how often
I dreamt of this?
My boy, whole
on someone else's dime?

Section IV

IN THAT SKELETON THERE ARE A NUMBER OF PARTS TO BE RECOGNIZED
BY CAROLE ANZOVIN

i love the very bones of you
the rise and fall of ribs
the jut of a hip
smooth curve of a socketed shoulder
knobbly kneecaps
brave cheekbones
fingers that grip and grasp
long snake of a supple spine
hidden things
pale, priceless, secret, strong
articulate in motion
silently bearing all burdens
like you

THE FIRST TIME I COMMIT OSCULATION
BY ALEXIS RHONE FANCHER

Strep. Mono. A broken heart. *Kissing leads to tragedy in flu season,*
my germaphobic mother swears, *especially kissing animals, and men are animals.*

Come back when you aren't a virgin, E. says. Perched on the couch at his studio
in Westwood, I refuse to leave. I want kissing and lift my smooth face to his,

begin at his neck, the bulge of Adam's apple an unscaled peak, my rapacious lips
at his throat. He tastes of salt and provocation. I lick the cleft of his chin.

He doesn't know I'm barely 15, brazen with desire gleaned from bestsellers, misled
by implausible plot twists and their carnal resolution.

E. smacks of Marlboros and vacillation. Then he shrugs, nibbles my lips,
urges them apart. *You want this, right?* I guide his thick tongue down my throat.

Desire wildfires my body. But when I close my eyes I see my mother,
dousing my flames. As always, I am doomed to disappoint her.

DEATH THREATS TO TED HUGHES
BY BRYN GRIBBEN

We're sending death threats to Ted Hughes,
that colossal daddy,
descending like darkness
on the light of our lit.

We've got gift baskets of anger
and of needles, of birthday letters,
baked goods — each little loaf
is laced with strychnine, trace
of arsenic: no muffin man for us.

We're fuming like an oven,
hanging fire like a noose.
We're running out in front of cars
so you can witness our despair.

If we don't tell you now,
send you the bill for damages
done to and undoing us,
if we don't flash mob you
with fury,

how many more journals will you burn,
bury, beat back into your burden
which only you will sing,
crying on the graves of our best work:
my wife is dead.

*What happened that night, inside your hours,
Is as unknown as if it never happened.*
Yet we surround you
like every widow ever wishing
to rewrite the eulogy,
arrogant in our assurance
that but for men like you,
each one of us would live.

BURNT MUSIC
BY CORDELIA HANEMANN

your musicianship
caressing ivory
of my blouse
disciplined fingers
inside the neck
evoking a music
nimble fingers finding
all the stops
chopin
ravel
liszt
rachmaninoff
debussy
or nothing

when you stop
playing

~

your predatory white lies
like egrets rising
from a swamp spooked
seems a falling
like black truths

the moment i stop dancing dark music
makes mottled shadows across the floor

strangled roses appear
from behind the looking glass
there is nothing
but burnt music
exploding in grains
of purple sand
choking the throat of the hour glass

LOVE ME LIKE YOU KNOW ME
BY SARASWOTI (SARA) LAMICHHANE

Don't offer me palaces, it's no different from a prison.
Undo these threads woven, your ropes of charm,
why dwell, when you've got wings to wander free.
Love, don't weep a rain, let these yearnings die.

Come to me as a night does, a complete wholeness.
What light shows, vanishes in the dark, be that dark
guarding my sleep. Quiet. Slip into my dreams softly
like a bubble, when you leave, dissolve happily.

Love, don't tell things to me, be an enormous silence
From a far, whisper that patience. Wait behind my horizon
like the sun does, glisten your presence at dawn, gentle.
Dew drops still are sleeping on the leaves.

Forget everything like a morning does, don't repeat.
Become new each moment, like a waterfall, be enough.
Love, don't always seek me in my realm, I fly with the dust
during the day. Halt with traffic, I move with the crowd, I vanish in a city.

OF STRAYS AND LEASHES
BY JOSEPH HARDY

In those days of teeth and need,
days of abandon,
my heart rose wild and easy on its own —
to meet those girls,
the daring ones
who'd call me out to play
with lips so soft and leading
I could feel them before touching.

Days I believed in true love's promises,
days spent dodging love's raw leash.

In these days, I'm held.
These days, mistrustful
as an old stray dog might be, I find
I cannot live without it — that tie,
twisted fast and knotted,
as much a part of me as breathing,
belongs to me now
as I belong to her.

HOURS

BY ROBERT MANASTER

Computers, pizza, gym, another planned
weekend at home without you — how you've taken
me up, taken this bland crust of time
into your mouth: *It's ok, that's how things
go.*

That's our fate:
to save our tastes for later, for the sweetened
cherries in pies like these rushed-through
lines for you etched red in my crust.

BECAUSE THE CITY
BY LUCIA LEAO

is my lover, I don't
visit it every day.

I save copies of her
streets, corners, bread
shops she keeps drawing
on the back of her
mist.

Fantasy is a costume
she feeds me mostly
in winter.

In the summer it's me
who awakens her
in my steps, it's heat.

There are pronouns floating
in the river, we grab margins
and branches, the letting go
and our partings

reminding me in my original
language, city – is feminine.

BEIJING BATHHOUSE
BY GAIL EISENHART

The new owner stands in front of a foggy mirror,
bowing as I enter. He puffs his chest and tells me
this was the first public bathhouse in China
exclusively for women.

It's called *Sanba*—March 8, 1916, the opening date.
He seems embarrassed, ducks his head, says
he is forced to charge 10 yuan to enter.
“Inflation,” he hisses.

The ladies arrive, giggling. Camaraderie is instant
and warm like the bath. The old ones chat, tell tales
of childhood, drink tea, discuss what people do
on Tomb-sweeping day.

Tubs are filled at 6 a.m. and topped with hot water
several times a day. He hands me a towel, tents
his fingers as if praying, says sometimes
they add a body massage

to postpone returning home. He winks,
purses his thin lips as if we are conspirators, says,
“Class has no advantage here.
All are equal when submerged.”

I CAN'T AFFORD TO COMPLAIN
BY ALEXIS RHONE FANCHER

Joe Zamborelli sits across from me at his desk
at Line-X Spray-on Truck Bed Liners.
His fingers form a "V" in front of his lips,
while his lizard tongue darts in and out.

*How're you doing today, babe?
You miss me?*

His open leer, as always, half dare,
half invitation.

Each week I wonder what he'd do
if I took him up on it, if an old man like Joe
could even get it up, what with his gimpy leg,
saggy ass, and that pasta-gut spilling over his belt.

But a man can dream of oral sex
with the hot sales rep
who sits across from him week after week,
her low-cut blouse and sultry voice a magnet.

There's a thin line between compliment and assault.
I admit my complicity - I can't afford to complain.
I mean, how bad can it be? A blowout sale, a price change?
A whole new ad? I take his file from my briefcase.

Joe Zamborelli stares at my breasts,
licks his lips, considers his options.

And I, who work on straight-commission,
who have rent, and daycare, and a car payment due,
fix a smile on my own, fresh-painted lips,
tell him I'll take good care of him,

and how very, very happy
I always am to see him.

CLICK IF YOU'RE NOT A ROBOT
BY JULIANA GRAY

Republican Congressman Jason Lewis, who in 2018 lamented that it was no longer socially acceptable to call women "sluts," in 2012 "suggested that women who make birth control a voting priority are not human beings." – *Time.com*

Click if you're not a robot.
Strike if you're not a match.
Go wide if you're a gunshot.
Smile if you can't scratch.

Break if you're a bootstrap.
If you're a knife, then scrape.
If you're a ride, be kidnap.
If you're a drinking game, be rape.

Become a laurel if you can't turn
into a pillar of salt.
Some girls just refuse to learn
the lesson: it's all their fault.

WEDDING SNOW
BY CAROL TYX

While everyone is complaining about
the snow blowing across the roads today,
all those lines swirling around us, creating
a dizzying mirage as if we were in a desert,
those lines lead me somewhere else,

to a night in North Dakota, driving
in the dark to the airport
so we wouldn't miss our morning
flight and thereby miss
the wedding we had pulled out
of a hat two weeks ago, our lives
heading in a whole new direction,
shifting and mysterious
as the sinuous lines of snow.

I was driving and could not see
the road ahead of us, the defroster
unable to compete with the fierce cold
but certain love would lead us

and even though twenty years later
we had another difficult drive that led
to a divorce, driving through this
rippling snow gives me great tenderness
for all who drive in uncertainty,
for all of us driving through
a shifting landscape.

Section V

HEAR SAY

BY DANIEL EDWARD MOORE

Twilight's modern talk
made the sky a rumor.

There, beside the sea,
a kiss required traction

sipping on the sand
beneath a stranger's tongue.

Above the swallow's rush,
the twinkle in your eye,

allowed the moon to peek
at the heaving of our breath.

A sand dollar died
mid-air without collision

as we waited patiently for
the boomerang's rebirth,

for something flat & sad
on the shore you called a home,

to remind us why we stayed,
to cut & bone the whisper.

PETRICHOR

BY KATHERINE HUANG

This was the year
we remembered
the important things, like how

we think of the before-storm
as simply a smell
while we color the after-storm

with the blood of ancient gods,
and how a home should be full
of the rooms that make a heart

whole again. This house
was not our home, but it was
where we put our feet

on the porch railing at 1am
and taught ourselves how
to pronounce words like

zephyr and *arabesque*
again, laughing stars and PBR
into the midsummer air.

As our concept of time
stretched, we dreamed
of alarm clocks melting

into sand, their nimble hands
sewing our eyes more and more
shut. What finally woke us up

was suffocation
by unfamiliar voices
the walls had retained.

We plucked our backs
off the dented floorboards,
slipped on our quietest shoes,

and walked miles in the rain
beneath cavernous umbrellas,
each the smallest breath
in the universe.

ISLET
BY ELIOT HUDSON

When you leave
home you must carry
a clod of dirt
next to your heart
until you have the dream
nursing earth
with milk from your breast
and that dirt turns into a beautiful
soul with whom you should consummate
and when you throw me into the sea
I will grow into an island
on which your descendants
will live.

A POEM THAT MY SON WILL NEVER READ
BY DORSÍA SMITH SILVA

I wish you could trace the Prime Meridian
and map your way back to me,
tell the cartographers to spin the compass rose,
so that your south is my northwest.
When I turn to the horizontal plane,
will you recognize my remaining degrees?
In another universe, there is a new legend with a key:
5 miles to reach home,
0.001 million light years to touch the Sagittarius Dwarf Spheroidal Galaxy,
2 klicks to find fault lines without blame,
like a suspended globe
in the symmetry of winter.

WHISTLER LIGHTS
BY YULIA ALEYNIKOVA

When you look for a place to call home,
you are exposed, roaming, trapped
in a motionless reach for The Land Without Fingerprints.
How could we know that the first touch is as tart as raw ginger?
Somewhere between the Okanagan and The Black Tusk
stratovolcano we forgot which path we came from
and found ourselves in a winter town.
(A town is any place that has a story. Winter is optional.)
After five years of living here,
Whistler has become an abandoned moon, too purple
to be warm for people living in minivans,
too doubtful to be reverent for the desires
of humans whose lives aren't governed by
punctuality or formality but something
as bedraggled as discovering mice droppings
on the table on an overcast morning,
bawling with surprise: the Earth's shadow,
sweeping like a searchlight
across the snow.

7:32

BY KRISTEN MORAINÉ

With the noise of rushed mornings,
the gurgle pop of the old coffee pot
and the crunch of cheerios underfoot,
we almost missed
the deer, right outside our window.
Two, no three! walking by,
silent,
and impossibly close.
Our eyes met,
a little embarrassed,
all of us,
to be caught so.
“They’re eating breakfast,” my son said,
as if this fact might change his life.
And maybe it did.

I was late for work,
and forgot to run the washer,
but what else should I have done?
What if watching deer eat weeds
on a Wednesday morning
turns out to be the reason for everything?

TRIMMING THE EVERGREENS
BY JEFF SCHIFF

Granted it is scut work
bottom rung stuff

And he will drift in the process
toward internal speech

first and then toward more pungent
or elegant gods

Still
returning from his own infinities

his own removals
thumb-eyeing those evergreen

flanks he must know where one
may lop cedar

from cedar
& where cedar remains essential

to the cedary eye: tree
versus image of tree: work

versus image of working for others
by the hour by the day

KNITTING
BY SUJASH PURNA

The process is looping in and out of the tumbling blocks,
soft shadow fortes separated at the edges
measuring the dilemma, oust the threadbare,
break the ricochet: crispy thuds, a click by the napping
flesh of finger tips, a magic creating a magic,
story book, kids come and see our age old tradition
spinning out of control and making you mittens.
When it's cold outside, and not just hot chocolate,
a foam topped mousse, the off guard spill, stain
the rug and watch an avenged grief little by little
flower with spools of waves, but pools of swings.
Enrage the calm with a soothing yank,
raise a level of skirmish between the seams,
a trick or treat. Press until warm.

PRACTICE FIRE

BY BARTHOLOMEW BARKER

"Local Fire Departments participated in a live practice fire at an abandoned motel yesterday. Over 80 firefighters participated and learned elements of fire behavior and crew operations."

The News of Orange County (NC)

I want to set a practice fire
in my life this weekend.

Watch it burn —
gaudy orange flames,
pillars of black smoke
visible for miles
so even school friends
I haven't seen in years
comment on Facebook.

Hop in the car
and just drive.
Withdraw money
from my 401(k).
Run up credit cards
in hotel bars.
Pay a Russian stripper
to marry me in Mexico
before she stabs me
in the back
at the border.

But just for practice
so I can return
to my tidy apartment,
quiet and alone,
then back to work
Monday morning,
smell of soot
still on my breath.

HAVE YOU DECIDED WHAT YOU WANT?
BY BILL RECTOR

In the time it takes me to reply, *Angel*
Hair Pasta with White Wine Sauce and a Garden

Salad with Raspberry Vinaigrette, the waiter
jots a poem on his small, lined pad.

How I envy the thoughtless ease
of his composition. Were I told,

write a poem about your supper,
I'd still be at the kitchen table.

I'd be picking my teeth with the pencil.
I'd be warming up left-overs.

So I ask, Why does poetry
often fail to wield its stub as sharply

as the day-to-day business of living?
Why does the quest for meaning,

meticulous, agonizing, not reliably
supply my hunger, my bones and marrow,

ever-gnawing, with meat that pleases?
Almost transparent, the young man asks,

Will That Be All? and takes our little
work to the kitchen for the cook to see.

PUDDLE
BY DOUGLAS MACDONALD

Puddle

What's the purpose of a steeple that stirs a cloudy sky what's the purpose of a bell that rings & rings but cannot sigh what's the purpose of a road what's the purpose of a sunset what's the purpose of a dust storm that whirls across the plains what's the purpose of a puddle that holds a child's face what's the meaning of it all what's the purpose of a gargoyle that squats upon a wall what's the point of shadows what's the meaning of it all what's the purpose of a song that swirls out into the night what's the purpose of a purpose can a purpose ever die

THE WILD ADDRESS
BY CATE GRAVES

The first morning arrived
with a shift towards *yes, yes* curiosities.

Life no longer a collection of mistakes,
too many secrets to pay up on.
No more growled longing.

It was a take some chances morning,
where slippers recited jokes,
and the newspaper became a paper boat.

I basked in the simple, generous light,
risking moods,
singing and dancing regrets,
thanking gravity
for it's thoughtful marks upon my age.

It was as if the morning said,
Let's get home girl.
Here.
This is the wild address you've been looking for.

CONJURING MARY OLIVER IN WOLSFELD WOODS

POET, 1935 – 2019

BY ELIZABETH WEIR

The uncut woodland takes us in its arms,
and she's like a doe, white flag raised, until
she's within the comfort of maples and oaks.

Easier now, she drifts, silent as owl flight,
tread weightless on a trail of sodden leaves,
her passing, like autumn mist in quiet air.

I follow, awkward—longing to converse,
but she's beyond company—
has no need for earnest admirers.

At a rotting stump of basswood, clad
with bracket fungus, she pauses and
tilts her nose to the scent of endings.

Further she slips into mossy woods,
where her form pales in the ochre light
of low sun, screened through maples leaves.

It's time for me to let her be, as away
she planes between rough trunks, until
she's but a thought in uncut woodland.

ARIA

BY DANIEL MARTIN

Grace notes of your finale
cross the jetty between
the harbor and the sea al niente
As you leap from stage
boats bob at their moorings whitecaps
seagull wings ruffle with tender applause
Cadenza in morning light invisible
as piano notes you drift through the window
a breeze gently swept into lilacs
and maples by the porch
It's all sweet accompaniment and tempo
you say as you cross the water
But the voice did I sing well
You step through chimes of harbor bells
between the tandem light of days
Yes honey you sang well very well

CONTRIBUTORS

Yulia Aleynikova was born and raised in a Siberian town nobody knows but now can be found at twitter.com/bodylize. She is a poet, author and runs the Write Fresh retreat in Europe for aspiring writers. Her work has been published in *The Stanza Project Anthology*, *Filling Station magazine*, *Ascent Aspirations Bizarre Anthology*, and *Event magazine*. Her poem “A Girl who Fell to Earth” was longlisted for the 2014 CBC poetry contest. She is currently seeking publication for her first book of poetry *Power Powder: the Zen of Whistler*.

Carole Anzovin is a writer, poet, and stay-at-home parent in the Pioneer Valley of Western Massachusetts. With a BA in English from Smith College and a deep appreciation for all things seasonal, she infuses her poems with natural details from the gardens, woods, and farms of her beloved home. She is dedicated to nurturing community and living with joy and presence amidst life’s challenges. Her poetry appears in the journals *Silkworm* and *borrowed solace*.

Matthew Babcock — Idahoan. Writer. Failed breakdancer. Books: *Points of Reference* (Folded Word); *Strange Terrain* (Mad Hat); *Heterodoxologies* (Educe Press); *Four Tales of Troubled Love* (Harvard Square Editions); *Future Perfect* (forthcoming, Engine Books, 2020). Awards: Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Poetry (\$5,000); Juxtapose Poetry (\$500); Lucidity Magazine Poetry (\$1.00).

Bartholomew Barker is one of the organizers of Living Poetry, a collection of poets and poetry readers in the Triangle region of North Carolina. His first poetry collection, *Wednesday Night Regular*, written in and about strip clubs, was published in 2013. His second, *Milkshakes and Chilidogs*, a chapbook of food inspired poetry was served in 2017. Born and raised in Ohio, studied in Chicago, he worked in Connecticut for nearly twenty years before moving to Hillsborough where he makes money as a computer programmer to fund his poetry habit. www.bartbarkerpoet.com

Ace Boggess is author of four books of poetry, most recently *I Have Lost the Art of Dreaming It So* (Unsolicited Press, 2018) and *Ultra Deep Field* (Brick Road Poetry Press, 2017), and two novels, including *States of Mercy* (Alien Buddha Press, 2019). His writing has appeared in *Harvard Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *RATTLE*, *River Styx*, *North Dakota Quarterly* and other journals. He received a fellowship from the West Virginia Commission on the Arts and spent five years in a West Virginia prison. He lives in Charleston, West Virginia.

Jack Cooper is author of the poetry collection *Across My Silence* (World Audience, Inc., 2007). His poetry, flash fiction, essays, and/or mini-plays have appeared in *Bryant Literary Review*, *bosque*, *The Briar Cliff Review*, *Rattle*, *Slant*, *Slab*, *The Main Street Rag*, *North American Review*, and others. Recent awards include Grand Prize Winner in Crosswinds Poetry Journal's 2016 Poetry Contest. His poetry has also been selected for Ted Kooser's “American Life in Poetry” and “Every Day Poems.” He is co-editor of www.KYSOfash.com.

Stefani Cox is a poet and speculative fiction writer based in Los Angeles, as well as an MFA candidate in UC Riverside's creative writing program. Stefani's poetry has been published to *Lost Balloon*, *Corvid Queen*, and *The Mantle*, among other outlets. She has received fellowships to Hedgebrook and VONA, and previously served as an associate editor at PodCastle. Find her on Twitter @stefanicox or her website <http://stefanicox.com>.

Barbara Daniels is the author of *Rose Fever*, published by WordTech Press. Her second full-length collection, *Talk to the Lioness*, is forthcoming from Casa de Cinco Hermanas Press, which previously published her chapbooks *Black Sails*, *Quinn & Marie*, and *Moon Kitchen*. Daniels' poetry has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Mid-American Review*, and other journals. She received three fellowships from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts.

Deborah H. Doolittle has lived in lots of different places but now calls North Carolina home. She has an MA in Women's Studies and an MFA in Creative Writing and teaches at Coastal Carolina Community College. She is the author of *No Crazy Notions*, *That Echo*, and *Floribunda*. Some of her poems have recently appeared (or will soon appear) in *Common Ground Review*, *Comstock Review*, *I-70 Review*, *Pilgrimage*, *Rattle*, *The Road Not Taken*, *SheMom*, and *Slant*. She shares a home with her husband, three housecats, and a backyard full of birds.

Gail Eisenhart's work can be found in *OVS Magazine*, *Soul Lit*, *Spirit First*, *Adanna Journal* and *The Tishman Review* as well as in several anthologies including *Flood Stage: an anthology of St. Louis Poets*. A retired Executive Assistant, she lives in Belleville, Illinois and travels when possible, collecting memories that usually show up in her poems.

Art Elser is a poet and writer whose poetry has been published in numerous journals and anthologies. His books include five poetry books, *We Leave the Safety of the Sea*, *A Death at Tollgate Creek*, *As The Crow Flies*, *To See a World in a Grain of Sand*, and *It Seemed Innocent Enough*.

Astrid Evenson is a senior at Cornell University studying pre-medical sciences. They are from Tokyo, Japan and when not studying for their many classes, is passionate about mental health, mixed race and multicultural community building, feminism and trans rights, true crime, and many more. They wrote this piece after feeling incredibly uncomfortable upon reading an article regarding mental health that was written in incredible poor taste, which was published in The Cornell Daily Sun, the university newspaper. It is a found poem, and all of the words that appear in this piece were taken directly from the article and arranged to express their anger and reverse the harmful narrative against mental health awareness that was shown in the article.

Alexis Rhone Fancher is published in *Best American Poetry*, *Rattle*, *Poetry East*, *Hobart*, *VerseDaily*, *American Journal of Poetry*, *Duende*, *Plume*, *Diode*, *Wide Awake: Poets of Los Angeles*, and elsewhere. She's authored five published poetry collections, most recently, *Junkie Wife* (Moon Tide Press, 2018), and *The Dead Kid Poems* (KYSO Flash Press, 2019). *EROTIC: New & Selected*, publishes in 2020 from New York Quarterly. Her photographs are published worldwide, including *River Styx*, and the covers of *Pithead Chapel*, *Heyday* and *Witness*. A multiple Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee, Alexis is poetry editor of Cultural Weekly. www.alexisrhonefancher.com

Elton Glaser has published eight full-length collections of poetry, most recently two books in 2013: *Translations from the Flesh* (Pittsburgh) and *The Law of Falling Bodies* (Arkansas).

Cate Graves is a poet and songwriter based in Nashville, Tennessee. She has recently begun writing poems and has been published widely by the HP Envy 4500 printer in her living room. She was a member of the The Bushwick Book Club of Seattle and the founder of the Santa Barbara Chapter, a group that tasks songwriters with a monthly challenge to reading the same book and writing songs based up the reading experiences. Cate regularly attends writing workshops at The Porch Writers Collective in Nashville. She was also awarded third place in the 2019 Red Lodge Songwriting Contest.

Juliana Gray's third poetry collection, *Honeymoon Palsy*, was published by Measure Press in 2017. Recent poems have appeared in or are forthcoming from *The Chattahoochee Review*, *Dunes Review*, *NELLE*, and elsewhere. An Alabama native, she lives in western New York and teaches at Alfred University.

Bryn Gribben is a senior lecturer of English at Seattle University, teaching literature, creative non-fiction, and composition. She was once an assistant professor of British literature and the assistant editor of fiction for The Laurel Review before leaving to be back in the city she loves. Her manuscript, *Amplified Heart: An Emotional Discography*, is a series of essays on intimacy and music in need of an agent, as is her chapbook of persona poems, *What They Said Inside*. Recent poems and non-fiction essays can be found in such places as *Superstition Review*, *The Rappahannock Review*, and *great weather for MEDIA*.

A Pushcart Prize nominee, **Jennifer Hambrick** is the author of the poetry collection *Unscathed*. Her poems appear in *The American Journal of Poetry*, *the Santa Clara Review*, *The Main Street Rag*, *POEM*, *The San Pedro River Review*, *Third Wednesday*, *Chiron Review*, *Frogpond*, *Modern Haiku*, the major Japanese newspapers *The Asahi Shimbun* and *The Mainichi*, and elsewhere. She has received numerous awards for her poetry from the Haiku Society of America, Tokyo's NHK World TV, the Ohio Poetry Association, and others. Jennifer Hambrick recently served as the inaugural Artist-in-Residence of historic Bryn Du Mansion, Granville, Ohio. She lives in Columbus. jenniferhambrick.com.

Cordelia Hanemann is currently a practicing writer and artist in Raleigh, NC. She has published in numerous journals including *Turtle Island Quarterly*, *Connecticut River Review*, *Dual Coast Magazine*, and *Laurel Review*; anthologies, *The Well-Versed Reader*, *Heron Clan VI and Kakalak 2018* and in her own chapbook, *Through a Glass Darkly*. Her poem, "photo-op" was a finalist in the Poems of Resistance competition at Sable Press and her poem "Cezanne's Apples" was nominated for a Pushcart. Recently she featured the poet for *Negative Capability Press* and *The Alexandria Quarterly*, she is now working on her third novel.

Joseph Hardy is one of a handful of writers that lives in Nashville, Tennessee that does not play a musical instrument; although a friend once asked him to bring his harmonica on a camping trip so they could throw it in the fire. His wife says he cannot leave a room without finding out something about everyone in it, and telling her their stories later. Joseph has a BS degree in psychology from Stanford University. His work has been published in *Inlandia*, *Gyroscope* and *Waving Hands Review*, and is forthcoming in *Seven Circle Press*, *The Bookends Review*, *Poetry City*, *Sheila-Na-Gig*, *Reality Break Press*, *The Tiny Journal*, *Glass Mountain*, *Funicular Magazine*, *Penultimate Peanut*, *Kind Writers*, and *Crack the Spine Literary Magazine*.

Ruth Holzer is the author of five chapbooks, most recently, "A Face in the Crowd" (Kelsay Books, 2019) and "Why We're Here" (Presa Press, 2019). Another chapbook, "Among the Missing," (Duck Lake Books) is scheduled for publication in Spring 2020. Her poems have appeared in *Poet Lore*, *Clockhouse*, *Faultline*, *Passager*, *Slant*, *Connecticut River Review*, *Southern Poetry Review* and elsewhere. She has received several Pushcart nominations.

Katherine Huang is a graduate student in genomics and computational biology at UPenn. Her work has appeared in *Rattle*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, and *The Oakland Review*. When not writing or sciencing, she enjoys dancing and taking naps.

Eliot Hudson is a native New Yorker and has been featured as "Author of the Month" for *The Missing Slate* and read at their Edinburgh Reading; he's also represented Lalitamba by reading at the Popsickle Brooklyn Literary Festival. His work has appeared in *Mystery Weekly*, *Cleaning Up Glitter*, *Helen*, *Story Of*, *Every Day Fiction*, *The Punxsutawney Spirit*, *Exploration*, *The Missing Slate*, and *Lalitamba*. His poems have been featured in *Gravitas*, *The Book Smuggler's Den*, *Helen*, *Castabout Art & Literature*, and the collections *Garlic and Sapphire*, and *Cleaves*. Hudson also writes music and performs as "Eliot Hudson and the Hudson Underground".

Roberta Beach Jacobson is drawn to the magic of words – poetry, puzzles, song lyrics, stand-up comic humor. As a student of tanshi (short poems), she strives to include humor whenever possible. Besides poetry, she writes greeting cards, game clues, and flash fiction ... anything to avoid a day job.

Nancy K. Jentsch has taught German and Spanish for over 35 years. She has recently published poetry in *Eclectica*, *3 Elements Review* and *Panoply*. In 2019, her poetry has appeared in the anthologies *Riparian* (Dos Madres Press) and *A Walk with Nature* (University Professors Press). Her chapbook, *Authorized Visitors*, was published in 2017 and was the Fall/Winter Editor's Chapbook Choice (2017) of the *Aurorean*. Seven of her ekphrastic poems appear in the collaborative chapbook *Frame and Mount the Sky* (2017). Her writer's page on Facebook is <https://www.facebook.com/NancyJentschPoet/>

Brandyn Johnson can't surf. He is an English Instructor at Black Hills State University in Western South Dakota. His poems have appeared in several online and print journals including *Sugar House Review* and *Gravel*.

Sheree La Puma is an award-winning writer whose personal essays, fiction and poetry have appeared in or are forthcoming in *WSQ*, *Juxtaprose*, *Heron River Review*, *The Rumpus*, *O:JA&L*, *Plainsongs*, *The Main Street Rag*, *SWIMM Every Day*, *Burningword Literary Journal*, *I-70 Review*, *Inflectionist Review*, *Levee*, *The London Reader*, *Bordighera Press - VIA: Voices in Italian Americana*, *Gravel*, *Foliage Oak*, *PacificReview*, *Westwind* and *Ginosko Literary Review*, among others. She received an MFA in Writing from California Institute of the Arts and taught poetry to former gang members.

SaraSwoti (Sara) Lamichhane comes from Alberta, Canada, originally from Nepal. She is a life celebrator and loves exploring beyond her world. She draws inspiration from nature and people around her. She is an optimist and a continuous spiritual learner. She serves as a board member with Parkland Poets and her poems have appeared around Canada, India, USA and Nepal.

Lucia Leao is a Brazilian-American writer and translator who has been living in Florida for 25 years. Her poems have been published in the *South Florida Poetry Journal* and at the *Chariton Review*. In Brazil they've been published in online literary magazines. Lucia has a master's degree in Brazilian literature (Rio de Janeiro, Brazil) and a master's degree in print journalism from University of Miami.

George Longenecker's poetry and fiction have been published in *America*, *Bryant Literary Review*, *Evening Street Review*, and *Main Street Rag*. His book *Star Route* was published by *Main Street Rag* in 2018. He's president of The Poetry Society of Vermont.

Douglas Macdonald has published recently in *Santa Fe Literary Review*, *Spillway*, *Hayden's Ferry Review* and elsewhere. Last year he was nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

Robert Manaster's poetry has appeared in numerous journals including *Rosebud*, *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *Image*, *Maine Review*, and *Spillway*. His co-translation of Ronny Someck's *The Milk Underground* was awarded the Cliff Becker Book Prize in Translation. He's published poetry book reviews in such publications as *Rattle*, *Colorado Review*, and *Massachusetts Review*.

Daniel Martin has lived and worked in Arizona for the past 30 years. This is his first publication.

Malcolm Miller was an eccentric, occasionally homeless poet of Salem, Massachusetts, who died unaccompanied in public housing in September of 2014. He arranged for a writer friend to submit his writing for publication. His poems have lately appeared in *Paterson Literary Review*, *The Journal* (of Ohio State), and *Vallum*. He is the subject of the documentary film *Unburying Malcolm Miller*.

Daniel Edward Moore lives in Washington on Whidbey Island. His poems have been in *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Columbia Journal*, *Cream City Review*, *Western Humanities Review*, *Phoebe*, *Mid- American Review*, *December* and others. His poems are forthcoming in *Weber Review*, *Cultural Weekly*, *Tule Review*, *Poetry South*, *Plainsongs*, *The Cape Rock*, *Artifact Nouveau*, *Panoplyzine* and *Sheila-Na-Gig*. His chapbook "Boys," is forthcoming from Duck Lake Books December 2019. His book, "Waxing The Dents" was a finalist for the Brick Road Poetry Prize and will be released February 2020. His work has been nominated for Pushcart Prizes and Best of the Net. Visit him at Danieledwardmoore.com.

Kristen Moraine earned an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of San Francisco. Her work has appeared in *Every Day Fiction* and *Literary Mama*. She is a writer and English teacher living in California with her family.

ayaz daryl nielsen, veteran and former hospice nurse, lives in Longmont, Colorado, USA. Editor of *bear creek haiku* (30+ years/155+ issues) with poetry published worldwide, he is online at: bearcreekhaiku.com. Among other deeply appreciated honors, he is especially delighted by the depth and heart of poets worldwide whose poems have a home in *bear creek haiku's* print and online presence.

Sujash Purna is a graduate student at Missouri State University. He serves as an assistant poetry editor to the *Moon City Review*. His poetry appeared in *Naugatuck River Review*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *English Journal*, *Harbinger Asylum*, *Stonecoast Review*, *Red Earth Review*, *Emrys Journal*, *West Trade Review*, *Inwood Indiana*, *The Menteur*, *Prairie Winds*, and many more.

Bill Rector is a retired physician with one full-length poetry collection and several chapbooks to his credit.

Mark Robinson studied English at the University of Iowa and is currently working on his MFA in poetry at Lindenwood University. His poems have appeared in *Levee Magazine*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *Bending Genres*, *Red Flag Poetry* postcard series and other journals. His first volume, *Just Last Days*, will appear in 2020. Mark currently lives in his hometown of Des Moines with his wife Jen and their children Lyla, Aya, Liam, Cora and Minni.

In addition to *That hum to go by* (Mammoth books), **Jeff Schiff** is the author of *Mixed Diction*, *Burro Heart*, *The Rats of Patzcuaro*, *The Homily of Infinitude*, and *Anywhere in this Country*. His work has appeared in more than a hundred publications worldwide, including *The Alembic*, *The Cincinnati Review*, *Grand Street*, *The Ohio Review*, *Poet & Critic*, *Tulane Review*, *Tampa Review*, *The Louisville Review*, *Tendril*, *Pembroke Magazine*, *Carolina Review*, *Chicago Review*, *Hawaii Review*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *River City (The Pinch)*, *Indiana Review*, *Willow Springs*, and *The Southwest Review*. He is currently serving as the interim dean of the school of graduate studies at Columbia College Chicago, where he has been on faculty since 1987.

Joanna Sit is the author of three books of poetry, the most recent is "*Track Works*." Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. She teaches at Medgar Evers College and lives with her family in New York City. At the moment, she is working on an ethnographic narrative on immigrants and Cantonese Opera as well as a new book of poetry.

Dorsía Smith Silva is a Full Professor of English at the University of Puerto Rico, Río Piedras. Her poetry has been published in several journals and magazines in the United States, Canada, and the Caribbean, including *Apple Valley Review*, *New Reader Magazine*, *Portland Review*, *Rock & Sling*, *Heartwood Literary Review*, *Stoneboat*, *Misfit Magazine*, *Nassau Review*, *Shot Glass*, *Atlantis: Critical Studies in Gender, Culture & Social Justice*, and *Moko Magazine*. She is also the editor of *Latina/Chicana Mothering* and the co-editor of six books.

John Sweet sends greetings from the rural wastelands of upstate NY. He is a firm believer in writing as catharsis, and in the continuous search for an unattainable and constantly evolving absolute truth. His latest poetry collections include *HEATHEN TONGUE* (2018 Kendra Steiner Editions) and *A FLAG ON FIRE IS A SONG OF HOPE* (2019 Scars Publications).

Carol Tyx is the winner of the 2018 Willow Run Poetry Book Award for the forthcoming *Remaking Achilles: Slicing into Angola's History*. Her poems have appeared most recently in *Concho River Review*, *Big Muddy*, and *Iowa City's Poetry in Public*. Currently Tyx is the artist-in-residence at Prairiewoods eco-spirituality center, where she visits Grandmother Oak daily and wanders the prairie with the deer.

Yael Veitz is a New York-based poet and professional empath. Her works, which have appeared in *The Ogilvie*, *The Showbear Family Circus*, *Sheila-Na-Gig*, and *Castabout*, reflect her geographically-diverse background, her work in mental health, and, occasionally, her love for her cats.

Hannah Wagner is a resident of Salem, Massachusetts. She graduated from Salem State University. She is also an actor and can be seen in many productions across the North Shore. Her work has been featured in *The Broke Bohemian*, *Mass Poetry's Poem of the Moment*, *Door is a Jar*, *Soundings East*, *Twyckenham Notes*, *Still Point Quarterly*, *Incessant Pipe*, *Sweet A Literary Confection* and others.

Roman Casper Wallfisch is a poet from New York. He is the 2019 recipient of the Binghamton Foundation's George R. Dunham Poetry Prize, and his work has appeared in *Sheepshead Review*.

Elizabeth Weir lives in Minnesota. Her book of poetry, *High on Table Mountain*, was published by North Star Press of St. Cloud and was nominated for the 2017 Midwest Book Award. She received four Writer-to-Writer awards and her work has been published in many journals, including *Evening Street Review*, *Water ~ Stone Review*, *Comstock Review*, *The Kerf* and in *Holy Cow!Press* anthologies.

Martin Willitts Jr has 24 chapbooks including the winner of the Turtle Island Quarterly Editor's Choice Award, "*The Wire Fence Holding Back the World*" (Flowstone Press, 2017), plus 16 full-length collections including the Blue Light Award 2019 winner "*The Temporary World*". His recent book is "*Unfolding Towards Love*" (Wipf and Stock). He is an editor for the *Comstock Review*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Gyroscope Review celebrates its 5th Anniversary with the Spring 2020 issue.

In celebration, consider submitting poetry based on the number 5. We'll be posting trivia about the number 5 throughout the reading period. Or consider anniversaries in general, not just marriage, but everything under the sun, divorce, dental appointment, first ice cream, 'Gotcha Day' for a new pet, or how about the day you set yourself free from something momentous?

Our next reading period begins on January 15, 2020, and closes March 15, or when the issue is full. During that time we will read submissions of previously unpublished contemporary poetry for our Spring 2020 issue. The Spring issue comes out in April, so we welcome spring-themed pieces. Please do not send summer/fall/winter poems. All submissions must come through Submittable. Any submissions sent to us via email or any other method will not be considered. (Don't even think about sending your work via drone, carrier pigeon, miniature pony, or other creative delivery systems. Unicorn is acceptable.)

Please put your poems - no more than four - in one document, each poem on its own page. Title your file with Last Name, First Initial, and Spring 2020. More information is available in our guidelines (www.gyroskopereview.com/guidelines/). We encourage you to look at past issues and become familiar with the kind of contemporary poetry we publish. New writers, old writers, established writers, and emerging writers all have a place among our pages.

Thank you for reading!